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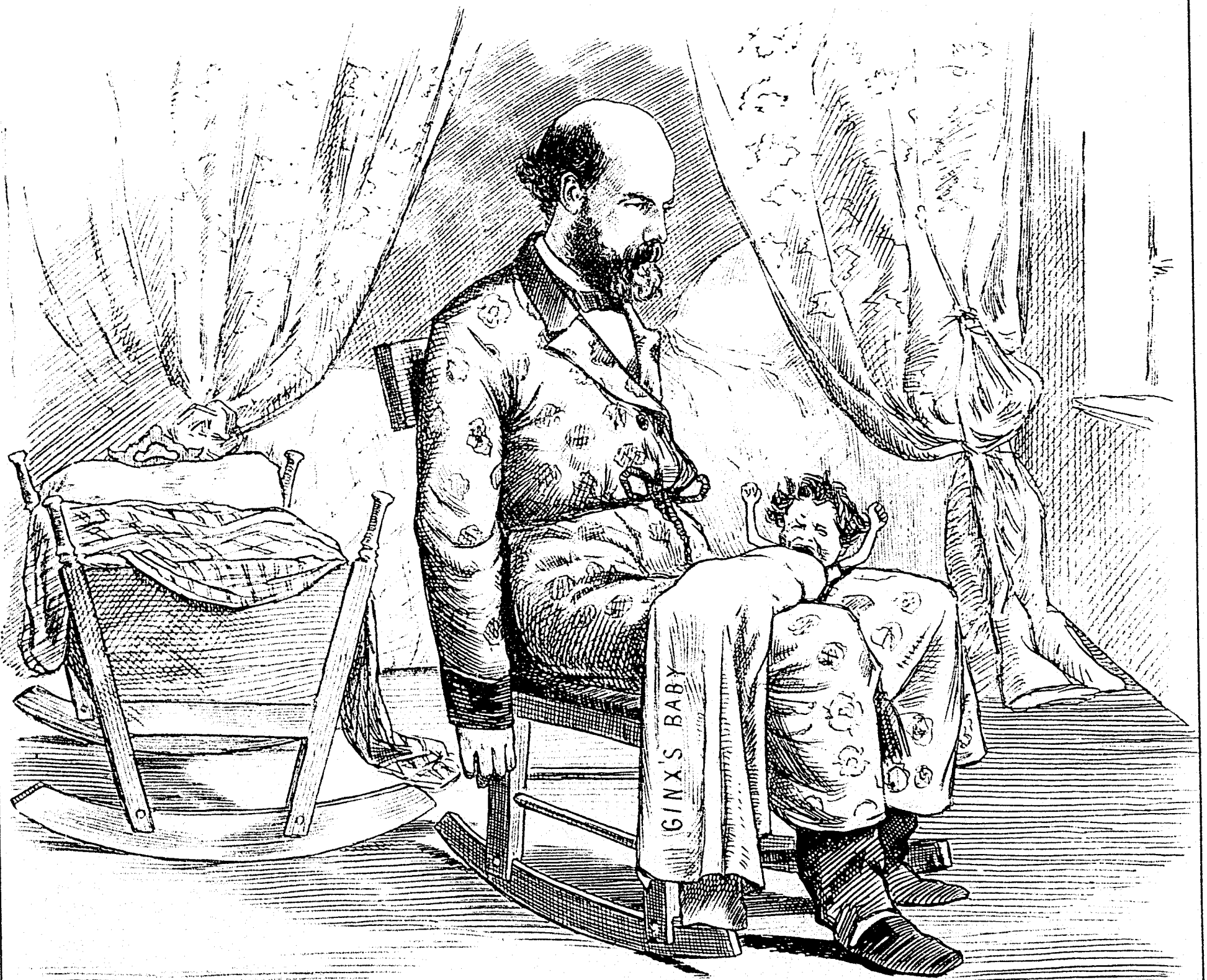
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Wholesale News

Vol. XIII.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1876.

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In reply to several inquiries, we beg to give notice that our CHROMO is supplied only to those persons who have paid their full subscription and whose names are in our books. It would be impossible to furnish the CHROMO to all parties who buy the paper by the single number. Any person, however, who pays his subscription, in one amount, to a news dealer to be remitted by him to this office, will receive the CHROMO at once.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, Jan. 22nd, 1876.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876.

ON THE OPENING OF A NEW YEAR we feel justified in calling upon the public in every part of the Dominion to aid us in making the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS second to no journal of its class in the world. We have accomplished much in the way of improvements, and we think we have fulfilled the promises we made twelve months ago. *But we feel that there still remains much to be done*, and we call upon our friends to assist us in doing it. This is the only illustrated newspaper in the Dominion. As such it has special claims upon the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect PICTORIALY and EDITORIALY the life, the sentiments, and the daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

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Every Canadian ought to be interested in the success and continued progress of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and should consider it is his duty to encourage it to the extent of at least one year's subscription. None know better than ourselves how

much it can still be improved, and we warrant that if we receive the patronage which we solicit, no effort on our part will be left untried to introduce a number of the most desirable improvements. Let the public throughout the country come forward generously with their support and we guarantee to furnish them a paper which shall be a real credit to the Dominion. We will supply the material if our friends will only furnish the patronage. Our terms are very moderate:—

1st. FOUR DOLLARS in advance, including the postage paid by us.

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3rd. Clergymen, Professors, and School-teachers, THREE DOLLARS in advance.

OLD QUEBEC PRESERVED.

The illustrations which we published last week representing the improvements proposed by the Governor-General for the preservation of the historical monuments of the Ancient Capital have attracted wide attention and won general approval in all parts of the country. Judging from the tone of the press it would appear evident that the sooner the work of preservation and rehabilitation is begun the better, and it is urged that the city of Quebec should not delay its inauguration beyond the present summer. Indeed this year is particularly suited for the commencement of the task. It is Centennial year and Quebec bears a large share in the memories of the Centennial, for although the attack upon the city by MONTGOMERY and ARNOLD took place on the 31st December, 1775, the American army occupied all Canada, and remained around Quebec till May, 1776, when they were repulsed by the arrival of heavy reinforcements from England under Burgoyne. Nearly all these incidents will be touched upon in the Centennial story which we are at present publishing in our columns.

Not only have the Canadian and American papers referred in laudatory terms to the proposed improvements of the fortifications of Quebec, but the English press has also taken up the project with favour. The *Pull Mall Gazette* is particularly emphatic and judicious. It says that at a time when the attention of all classes in England is directed to the value of historical memorials, it will be interesting to learn that the efforts of those who proposed, under the guise of improvement, to destroy the beauty of the city of Quebec, have been foiled. Since the withdrawal of the Imperial forces the walls of Quebec have been falling into decay, and the ramparts—considered useless as means of defence against modern artillery—have begun to crumble into ruins. The town council, anxious to improve the thoroughfares of the city, and imbued with the idea that an American right-angled town is the acme of beauty and utility, proceeded to pull down the walls. Happily, the assent of the Governor-General was necessary before this could be done, and by the exercise of considerable tact and judgment he has been able not only to induce the leading citizens of Quebec to forego their proposed schemes, but even to agree to the employment of an eminent engineer, Mr. LYNN, in order that the picturesque appearance of the city may be preserved, and at the same time that facilities for increased traffic may be afforded. The walls are to be repaired, and wherever pierced by the new streets to be spanned by light arches such as are used for the same purpose in York; and towers are to be erected to break the uniform line of the ramparts. Durham Terrace, commanding one of the most beautiful views in the world, is to be prolonged beneath the walls of the citadel, and a park is to be laid out beyond the St. Louis Gate. There is even some talk of reviving "on the citadel" the ancient Chateau of St. Louis, to form a summer residence for the Governor-General. To

these improvements the town council have agreed, and have even voted a considerable sum of money towards carrying them out. While heartily congratulating them on this course, our contemporary ventures to express a hope that they may be directly rewarded by the influx of American tourists, who will infinitely prefer the historical memorials of Quebec to the straight streets, numbered from 1 to 100 and crossed by avenues lettered from A to Z, of their own country. Quebec is, however, more than the chief city of the province that bears its name; it is the ancient metropolis of Canada, the standing evidence of the greatness of the French rule, as well as the witness of one of the most splendid achievements of the British arms. As such it is the property, not only of Canada, but of the Empire, and Lord Dufferin and his Government will have earned the gratitude of many who dwell beyond the limits of the Dominion by their efforts to preserve the historical reminiscences of this picturesque city.

UNITY OF THE EMPIRE.

Three remarkable men, two in Canada, and one in Britain, have recently made remarkable utterances on the important subject of the Unity of the British Empire. First came the address of the Hon. Mr. FORSTER in Scotland; then a speech of Sir JOHN MACDONALD in Montreal; and third a speech of the Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE in Ottawa. These three utterances have been followed by general discussion of the newspaper press in the United Kingdom, and to some extent by the press in Canada. The utterances of no man, on the Liberal side in Great Britain, could have more importance than those of Mr. FORSTER; and they were directly referred to with marked approval, both by Sir JOHN and Mr. MACKENZIE. Mr. FORSTER did not propound any direct scheme. He dwelt simply on the evidences of popular feeling in Great Britain, the Dominion of Canada, and the Colonies of the Empire. He showed how almost unspeakably great were the interests involved. He showed that the great mass of the people, both in the Mother Country and the Colonies, had more warmly at heart than any other national sentiment, the desire to preserve intact the Unity of the British Empire. Sir JOHN MACDONALD said that no greater idea could be presented to statesmen in the Dominion and the Colonies to develop. And the remarks of Mr. MACKENZIE were "in the same sense. The political fact which is thus established is that of the National sentiment. It may be difficult to define and describe it particularly. But its power in shaping political destinies cannot be overstated. It is that which governs parties.

Those who like to cavil may object that no scheme has been proposed. But it is not desirable that any should be. The English speaking peoples, who now spread over so large a portion of the globe, have never shaped their political principles in accordance with any logical rules or theories, but have simply lived along, and then acted as circumstances and common sense dictated. It is in this illogical way that our present system of Government, the most perfect in the world, was established; and in that way will the destinies of the empire be finally shaped. We, therefore, distrust all schemes and schemers.

ALD McLAREN'S system for the ventilation of sewers seems excellent, and should have the widest publicity. It provides for the free escape of the lighter gases above the level of respiration, and only raises the question whether the outlet should not also be higher than the snow-level of the roof. It will bring to mind at the same time the important principle in pneumatics that it is of no use to raise the heavy gases a little way into the air by the agency of heat, seeing that they must certainly come down again by the force of gravity and so suffuse the lower atmosphere. The best way to prevent the

evolution of carbonic acid gas from decaying matter would be by flushing the sewers frequently and rather copiously with lime-water. We believe typhus is practically conquered, if these plans be only faithfully carried out with the necessary addition of the constant removal of all solid refuse.

While upon sanitary topics we may once again express our earnest hope, reawakened by the sad loss by fire of the Lennoxville College, that the construction of fire-proof buildings which is already almost reduced to a question of expense and local advantages in materials, should receive early attention from our scientific and practical men in this advancing country. The saving in insurance is an advantage that should not be lost sight of, although the chief motives to action are certainly of a much higher order.

The Week of Prayer with which each New Year is now ushered in by union of several of the churches, offers a pleasant anxiety, of that closer union of Christians which the eye of faith sees in the future of this disordered world. As the spirit of kindly social intercourse advances, the institution may be expected to progress, even though it should still have to be carried forward in the presence of the gigantic warlike preparations of Christian nations.

"Lashed to the Mizzen" and "Giles and Janey," by FRANK JOHNSON of the Eastern Townships, are remarkable poems built upon actual experience of life. The author is about to publish a story named the "Village of Morrow," depicting incidents in emigrant life. LOVELL & Co., are the publishers.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Week before last saw a new departure at this justly favorite place of amusement in the addition of Mr. Neil Warner to the company, and a consequent revival of Shakespere. Mr. Warner has appeared on more than one occasion before Montreal audiences previous to his present engagement, and proved himself to be a tragedian in more than name. Since his return, however, we have had no opportunity of appreciating him in that capacity, the parts allotted to him being only "Benedict" in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and "Theseus" in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, neither of which afforded sufficient scope for his eminent talents. We hail his appearance with pleasure, and trust before long to be rewarded, after our long, very long fast, by a return to the great tragedies in which Mr. Warner has achieved a wide and fully deserved reputation. During last week he has appeared as "Count Rodolf" in Dion Boucicault's adaptation *Led Astray*, in which character he proved the versatility of his power, by the able manner in which he fulfilled his interpretation.

Having carefully watched the company since its first appearance, we are now better able to give an opinion on their individual merits. *Place aux dames*. Till last week we have not seen Miss Victoria Cameron in any parts sufficiently strong to judge of her powers, but have yet been more than pleased with the manner in which she has handled those, but few, entrusted to her. As the "Countess Armande," however, she has attained a satisfactory success, and though not perfection yet, bids fair to fill with credit the position of leading lady in the company, a want which has hitherto been perceptibly felt. Her acting in *Led Astray* showed careful study, and although in some parts lacking in power, yet fully realized our ideal of the dreamy, infatuated, but virtuous wife as intended by Boucicault. Miss Cameron has succeeded in pleasing her audiences with whom we expect to see her become a great favorite. Her appearance is striking and handsome, and she dresses her parts excellently. Miss Fanny Reeves has charmed us throughout. She is a clever, painstaking, pretty and vivacious actress, handling with care and dexterity every character in which she has so far appeared. She is already a favorite, and we trust will long remain so. Miss Clara Fisher has proved herself to be not only a good actress, but an accomplished musician; endowed with a naturally fine voice, she has trained it to a high pitch of excellence, and her every appearance has increased the good-will and admiration of all who have heard her. She is a host in herself, and we trust will long remain a member of the company in which she is one of the brightest ornaments. Miss Weaver deserves praise, especially for her delivery, but requires to give more careful study to her profession. Miss Vincent has given great satisfaction, not only by her acting, but by her "make-up," which is always peculiarly apt. Mrs. Stoddart, too, is a welcome addition to the company, performing her

parts with great care. Of the gentlemen, Mr. Morris has so far proved himself the most accomplished actor, having given the utmost satisfaction, and afforded great amusement to all who have seen him; excepting only, as "Bottom" the Weaver, he rather shocked a number of his hearers by imitating the bray of an ass, quite forgetting that "Bottom" was himself ignorant of the fact that he had such an appendage as an ass's head. He is, however, a very good comedian; indeed, one of, if not the best we ever had in stock, and far superior to many of the "stars." The reception he nightly receives shows how highly he is appreciated here. Mr. E. A. McDowell has proved himself an able manager, and deserves to be liberally patronized; he has worked hard, and with the assistance of his stage manager, Mr. Sidney France, and his courteous business manager, Mr. J. Benison Green, has succeeded in providing the Montreal public with the most comfortable and best arranged theatre the city ever had. As an actor, Mr. McDowell brings with him the reputation of being one of the greatest Irish character actors in America, and in the *Shogun* has proved himself but little inferior to Dion Boucicault, its author. He is an active member of his company, having appeared in every piece since the opening of the Academy, and has succeeded in pleasing all who have seen him. Generally "dead-letter perfect," he reads his lines well, but is apt to interpolate the text with expressions that are not always acceptable. He is endowed with considerable talent and an excellent voice, and we doubt not, will take a much higher position in his profession. Of the Messrs. Smith the less said the better. So far they have not succeeded in creating a very favorable impression. Mr. France has not appeared often enough to form any decided opinion, but his interpretations have been satisfactorily received. Of the other members of the company we reserve our opinions till later. The building, both its exterior and interior, has already been described in our columns, and the experience fully comes up to what was claimed for it. The scenery throughout is magnificent, and the *miscellaneous* are the most perfect out of New York, neither trouble nor expense having been spared to make them a thorough success. The season as yet has proved successful, and we trust the public will continue to support Manager McDowell and his company in the future as heartily, if not more so, than in the past.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We group together in the present issue a number of sketches illustrative of European events and the Prince of Wales' tour in India. There is also a skit at our late agent-general in England, which only partially represents his situation inasmuch as, though he loses his pecuniary title, he still retains the substantial salary of \$1,000 a year. We also call attention to the little pictures illustrating the varieties of kissing. The fancy and ball dresses, to which a page is devoted, will be found interesting at this season of parties and festivals.

SIX NATION INDIAN RESERVATION CO. OF BRANT, ONT.

Old Mohawk Church was erected by Brant and his followers in 1785, and was the first church built in Upper Canada; was repaired within a few years, and is now used by those who attend the Mohawk Educational Institute which is near by. Captain Joseph Brant or Thayendawage, the noted chief of the Mohawks, during the Revolution rests in a tomb just in the shadow of the church, on the right. The inscription on the tomb is given. The Indians on the reservation are nearly all comfortably situated, many of them having good modern houses and farms which are well cultivated. The Council House—illustrated—is used by the Six Nations on all occasions when meetings are necessary for them to deliberate for their welfare; they have their own Indian physicians, who have been educated at the first medical college in the Dominion. Many of the families support themselves by making baskets, etc., etc. They have a fine Educational Institute.

ONTARIO COURT OF ERROR AND APPEAL.

THE HON. WILLIAM HENRY DRAFER, C. B.—This venerable and much respected Judge came to this country in 1800, and some years afterwards began the practice of his profession in Toronto. Entering the political field he was appointed Attorney-General for Upper Canada in 1817, and in the following year was appointed to the Court of Queen's Bench as its junior Justice. His Lordship was sworn in as the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas on 6th February 1856, and was elevated to the position of Chief Justice of Upper Canada, in 1856, in the room of the late Sir John B. Robinson, Bart., and received the honour of being created a Companion of the Bath. He was subsequently appointed to the Presidency of the Court of Error and Appeal, and on its reorganization in 1874, (37 Vict. c. vii), he continued as its Chief Justice. He is the oldest Judge on the Bench of this country, and is undoubtedly the ablest and most eloquent member of the Judiciary of the province of Ontario. He celebrated his golden wedding on the 11th January of this year.

HON. GEORGE WILLIAM BURTON is the second son of the late Admiral Burton, R. N., and was born on 21st July 1818, at Sandwich, in the

County of Kent, England, and educated at the Grammar School at Rochester, Kent, and was partly educated at Walmer and afterwards at the Proprietary School at Rochester, Kent, then under the management of the Rev. Robert Whiston so well-known for his able advocacy of reforms in the disposition of the funds under the control of the Dean and Chapter of that city, and the author of a work entitled, "Cathedral Trusts and their fulfilment." He came to this country at the age of 18, during the Rebellion, in which he took a part—after which he began the study of the law with his uncle, the late Mr. Edmund Burton, at the then village of Ingersoll, in the County of Oxford, and was called to the Bar of Upper Canada in Easter Term 1842, and immediately began the practice of his profession at Hamilton and subsequently attained the head of a firm having the most extensive practice in Western Canada, outside of Toronto. In June 1859, he married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Perkins of Jamaica. Was created a Q. C., by the late administration in 1863, and in 1870 was re-elected a Bencher of the Law Society, of which he had been a member for many years. In 1871, Mr. Burton, Q. C., was appointed one of the Justices of the Ontario Court of Error and Appeal under its new organization, and was sworn in on 17th June of that year. His Lordship now takes the position of Senior Justice of that Court in the room of the Hon. Mr. Strong, raised to the Supreme Court organized a few days since. The learned Judge was well-known as an Insurance and Railway counsel, and particularly noted as a lawyer well skilled in Municipal Law.

HON. CHRISTOPHER SALMON PATTERSON was born in London, England, spending, however, most of his early life in Ireland. He came to Canada when a young man and entered the office of Mr. Philip Low, Q. C., of Picton, with whom he became a partner and practiced his profession until his removal to Toronto, in July 1856, where he became a member of the firm of Wilson, Patterson and Beatty, the other members being the present Mr. Justice Adam Wilson and Mr. James Beatty, Q. C. On Mr. Wilson's elevation to the Bench Mr. Patterson became the head of the firm of Patterson, Beatty and Hamilton and was distinguished as a sound and well read counsel with an extensive and constantly increasing practice. He was made a Queen's Counsel by the present Ontario Government and also by the Dominion Government some years ago. He was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Error and Appeal for Ontario on its reconstruction on the present basis in June 1875, and at once entered on his duties at the Toronto Assizes. Judge Patterson is held by leading Counsel as one of the best Nisi Prius Judges on the Bench.

HON. THOMAS MOSS, the Junior Justice of this Court was born at Coburg on the 20th Aug., 1836. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Moss, and was educated at the Toronto Academy and Upper Canada College. He, afterwards, graduated as a Master of Arts at the Toronto University, taking three gold medals for Classics, Mathematics and Modern Languages. He was called to the Bar of Upper Canada in Michaelmas Term 1861, and married Amy, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Justice Sullivan, in July 1863. He was created a Q. C. in 1873, and elected Bencher of the Law Society in 1870. The learned Judge was for years a member of the firm of Harrison, Osler and Moss, having the most extensive practice in Ontario, which firm has recently contributed two of its members to the Bench. Mr. Moss was perhaps better known as a Counsel than either of his two brother Judges, and was eminent as one of the leaders of the Chancery bar. No appointment to the Bench has ever given more satisfaction to the profession of the province of Ontario and the public generally, than his, and he has well earned the distinguished position he has attained. He was sworn in on 9th October last at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, to fill the vacancy created by Mr. Strong's removal to the Supreme Court.

REVIEW.

We have received the January number of the CANADIAN MECHANICS' MAGAZINE AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD, which forms the first number of the fourth volume. Its appearance amounts to a transformation, the improvements being a handsome new illustrated cover on tinted paper, new type, and an altered distribution of letter press. We have looked through its contents, and are free to say that it can now compare favorably with any scientific paper or magazine published, either in Great Britain or the United States. No expense seems to have been spared to make it, for all Canadians who are interested in architecture, civil engineering, and mechanical pursuits, a most suitable volume for their requirements, containing more varied information, more illustrations and articles on the most recent important subjects connected with science and mechanics generally, than is to be found in any other magazine of its kind. We can therefore recommend it to scientific men and artisans of every class as a most desirable publication. In addition to its character as a mechanic's review, it has the further inappreciable advantage of being the official and only organ of the Dominion Patent Office, publishing monthly the inventions recorded there, with designs and descriptions of patents, names of patentees, and other information. The subscription price is only \$2. The Burland-Desbarats Co., proprietors and publishers.

Our French readers, and those among our English readers who desire to improve their French by the perusal of a literary journal of the first class, cannot do better than to subscribe to *L'Opinion Publique*, the illustrated weekly journal published by the Burland-Desbarats Company. This paper has just entered upon its seventh volume, in a thoroughly renovated shape, with new paper, new type, and several other improvements. It is under the sole management of Mr. George Desbarats, its founder, who has rallied around him a staff of the principal and most popular French Canadian writers. From the two numbers which have been laid upon our table, we feel justified in recommending it as altogether worthy of the mission which it undertakes to fill. It contains the cream of a wholesome French literature, and there is a great variety, adapted to every taste. The illustrations are also excellent.

AN ESSAY ON FISH.

Fish may be divided into classes—codfish and fresh fish. The propriety of dividing them into classes will be at once apparent when we reflect that they are usually found in schools.

The mackerel is not exactly a codfish; he comes so much nearer being a codfish than a fresh fish that he is for the present classed with the former.

Fish exist in sizes to suit the purchaser, from minnows to whales—which are not fish, strictly speaking. Neither is the alligator a fish; but if we attempt to tell what are not fish this article will far exceed its intended limits.

The herring is not absolutely a fish; he is a suggestion of departed fish. But the strongest suggestions of departed fish are smelt. The herring sustains the same relation to the finny tribe as the Egyptian mummy to the human race.

Fish are caught by measure and sold by weight—that is, they are caught by the gill and sold by weight—wait till you get a bite.

Contentment is the chief respite to the successful fisherman.

Surveyors are apt to be good fishermen, because their lines and angles are apt to be right.

The mermaid and fisherwoman may also be mentioned in this connection. The former is a good illustration of what is meant by the ideal, and the latter as fitly represents the real.

Many land animals are reproduced in the sea. Thus we have the dogfish, the catfish, sea-lions and sea-horses, but no sea-mules. None of the above have hind legs, and any manner of mule without hind legs would be a conspicuous failure.

It may not be out of place to mention Jonah in this connection. He was not a fish, but was once included among the inhabitants of the deep. There has been considerable dispute as to the name of the fish that swallowed the gentleman above mentioned, some persons arguing that the throat of a whale is not large enough to swallow a man. This objection seems to be un-consequential.

Jonah might have been made in a smaller mould than other men. Moreover, it is certain that he was cast over before being swallowed—cast over the rail of the vessel.

There has been much speculation, also, as to the cause of Jonah's expulsion from the whale's interior, but the theory most generally accepted is that he soured on the whale's stomach.

He was very fortunate in reaching land, since he had no pilot. If he had taken a pilot with him into the stomach of the whale he would doubtless have selected Panncheous Pilate as the proper man.

Jonah was the first man who retired from the Department of the Interior, and Delano the last one.

But we digress. Let us return to our fish. The codfish is the great source of all salt. In this respect Lot's wife was nowhere; however, it would be well to "remember Lot's wife."

The saline qualities of the codfish permeate and percolate the vasty deep and make the ocean as salt as himself. Weighed in his own scales, he is found wanting—wanting considerable freshening. He is by nature quite social, his principal recreation being balls—fish-balls.

The codfish was worshipped by the Greeks; but he is only half as well treated by the inhabitants of Cape Cod—he is simply shipped. Hence the difference between the Greeks and the inhabitants of Cape Cod.

Small fish are usually harmless, but parents can't be too careful about permitting their children to play where large fish abound, as it is an established fact that the big fish frequently eat up the little ones.

The jelly fish is, perhaps, the best understood of all the finny tribe, because, being translucent, it is easy to see through him.

The greatest number of fish is eaten on Friday, and the next greatest number on Saturday, because those that are left over are warmed up for Saturday's breakfast.

Argumentative persons are fond of stating that it is grammatical to say that the five loaves and three fishes were ate, since five and three were always eight. They should be treated with silent contempt.

Fish are provided with air bladders so that they can rise from the depths of the sea by simply filling these bladders with air. If any one is disposed to ask where they get the air for such inflation let him understand in advance that this article is not intended for the solution of petty conundrums.

There are many interesting rumors about fish which might be mentioned, but the foregoing facts may be considered as of-fish-al.

MARRIED WOMEN AS ARTISTS.

Many women have naturally artistic instincts, refined sensibilities, and a love of beauty; but then they are not well-grounded. Art is required, as much as a taste for olives or the sword exercise. We never hear of women of genius in the aristocracy; perhaps high-birth is not conducive to talent. Hugh Miller, Faraday, Keats, Stephenson, Shakespeare, Joshua Reynolds, were men of low origin; but even genius is worth nothing without training: with neither the one nor the other we must sink low indeed. If women have not studied architecture, color or proportion, how can they even furnish a house, not only on correct principles, but so as to please and satisfy the eye, and inspire that feeling of *bien-être* which invariably accompanies good taste? Yet the first thing a girl does as soon as she is married is to choose and decorate her future home. Men are sometimes surprised after having married an accomplished girl to find of what very little use she is, either artistically or otherwise; they do not trouble to inquire the reason for such a result, but remark somewhat vaguely that "women never keep up their accomplishments after they are married." Why should they not? Is it not as soothing to a tired husband's mind and to his jaded nerves to hear Mendelssohn or Beethoven executed conscientiously and well as to have "Mme. Angot" massacred on the jingling piano like the diabolical echo of some deceased street organ? Would he not rather see hanging over the chimney-piece a head from Titian or Correggio done in chalk or oils, with some life and expression about it, than the orthodox cottage with a pond and three ducks in the foreground executed in spinach and mud color? Because a man is not himself an artist, does it follow that his wife should have no notion of the beautiful, except what she gathers from the Paris fashions or the upholsterer's designs? Art is the link between the material and the ideal, the highest outcome of our spiritual aspirations, a breath of divinity, and an instinct of that beauty that is eternal in the heavens. Shall a lady leave all this to the vulgar herd and not rather raise herself by her knowledge of what is excellent and her rejection of what is vile to be the court of appeal for public opinion? We have enough frivolous, foolish, or culpable leaders of fashion. For a change let us desire to see highly refined artistic women, who would cultivate the English love of beauty, now at too low an ebb, and tend it with even a modicum of the care and attention which are at present bestowed on the most senseless or evanescent of pastimes.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. FARRER'S new play is founded upon his novel "London's Heart."

MISS AMY SEDGWICK is said to purpose re-appearing upon the stage.

WILKIE COLLINS'S new drama, "Miss Gwilt," which is founded on incidents in his well-known novel of "Arundale," was produced at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool.

HER Majesty the Queen of Denmark, who is at present in Paris, paid a visit to the Theatre Francaise recently, and between the acts visited the green-room and remained for a short time among the performers.

MR. CORRADI COLLIER, a distinguished French instructor in music who has resided some years in the United States, lately took his departure to join a monastery of the order of St. Bernard, two miles out of Louisville, Ky. His resolution is said to have caused much distress to his family and friends.

TOM TAYLOR'S historical play, "Anne Boleyn," is now in rehearsal, and will be produced at the Haymarket Theatre on the 17th of January. Miss Neilson, as the heroine, is provided with a strong part, and Miss Walton is also included in the cast which is a very large one.

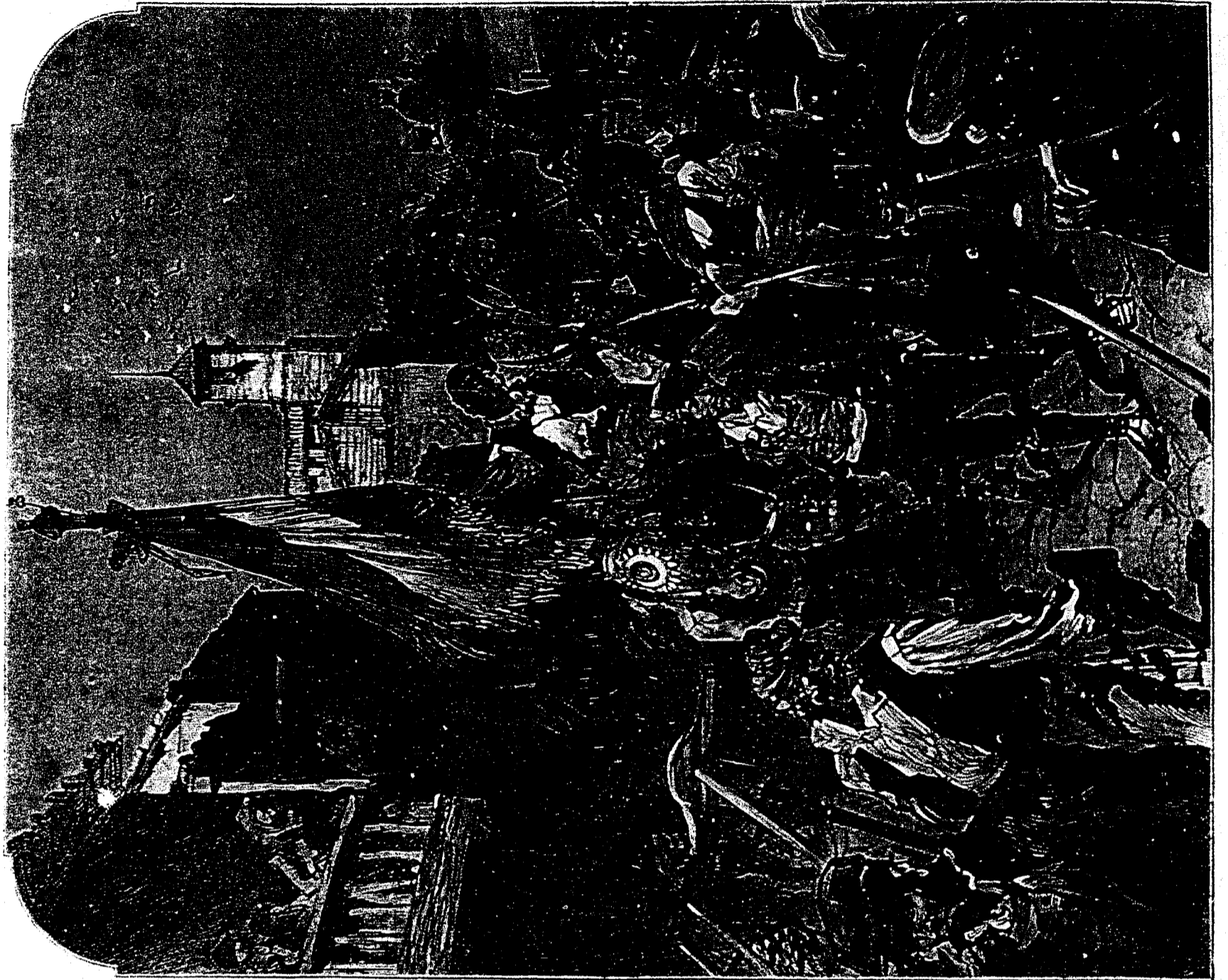
ON the twenty-fourth instant at the Academy of Music, N. Y., Mile Theresa Titeus will make her first appearance in Italian opera. She will impersonate *Norina* one of her most celebrated roles, and Max Strakosch announces that she will be supported by an able company. The season will continue but a few nights.

THERE is a musical prodigy among the coal mines near Massillon, Ohio. He is a boy of 17 and seems devoid of intelligence, except in musical matters. Brought up in the mines, without training of any kind, he has nevertheless remarkable powers for mastering music, and readily learns and plays difficult airs without missing a note.

SOPHOCLES' tragedy of "Antigone," with Mendelssohn's music, was performed at the Crystal Palace lately. The chorus consisted of forty voices. The chorus was placed in front of the stage, which was divided longitudinally, the action and spoken dialogue taking place in the rear, on a platform raised about two feet above the chorus stage. This experiment is to be followed by the revival of "Edipus at Colonus" and other classic dramas hitherto unknown to the English stage.

A CURIOUS novelty is in the course of rehearsal at the Castelli Theatre in Milan. Dante's *Inferno* has been set to music by Maestro Bozzano. The first performance, which will be given shortly, will consist of a symphony by the orchestra, the Third Canto of the *Inferno*, to be sung by soprano, tenor and baritone, a grand chorus and band, will be followed by the exquisite Fifth Canto, containing the narrative of the tragic end of Francesca di Rimini: this will be sung by contralto, soprano, tenor, baritone, and bass, with chorus. Dante's *Inferno* is one of the finest poems written in any language, and the world-wide popularity of the father of Italian poetry leads us to believe that this innovation will not be long in attaining success.

IF Apollo's lyre in ancient days could "make hugo Leviathans forsake unsonded depths to dance on sands," the playing of Von Bulow can, even in this prosaic nineteenth century, produce results as wonderful. Lately it charmed the rats of the Academy of Music, N. Y., to such an extent that they forsook the cellars and appeared on the stage. Several of them were seen to come out, listen, disappear again, come back, and some of the boldest even ventured as far as the piano, and ran around it. The above is an actual fact, as can be attested by numbers of the audience who witnessed the strange sight. One gentleman avers that he saw an old gray-bearded rat nod his head approvingly, and beat time to the music with his forepaws, but then New Year's is only past about four or five days.



THE SOCIETY OF LEVY IN MASS IN CATALONIA AGAINST THE CARLISTS



ELECTION OF SENATORS IN THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.



The baby kiss.



The greeting kiss.



The coquette's kiss.



The grandmother's kiss.



The lover's kiss.



The telegraphic kiss.



The mother's kiss.



Friendship's kiss.



The father's kiss.

THE VARIATIONS OF THE KISS.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA :—PARSEES.—MAHOMETANS.—HINDOOS.

THREE LINKS OF A LIFE.

From Will Carleton's FARM LEGENDS, Canadian Edition published by Belford Bros., Toronto.

I.

A word went over the hills and plains
Of the scarce-hewn fields that the Tiffin drains,
Through dens of swamps and jungles of trees,
As if it were borne by the buzzing bees
As something sweet for the sons of men ;
Or as if the blackbird and the wren
Had lounged about each ragged clearing
To gossip it in the settlers' hearing ;
Or the partridge drum-corps of the wood
Had made the word by mortals heard,
And Diana made it understood ;
Or the loud-billed hawk of giant sweep
Were told it as something he must keep ;

As now, in the half built city of Lane,
Where the sons of the settlers strive for gain,
Where the Indian trail is graded well,
And the anxious ring of the engine-bell
And the Samsons Steam's deep, stuttering word
And the factory's dinner-horn are heard ;
Where burghers fight, in friendly guise,
With spears of bargains and shields of lies ;
Where the sun-smoked farmer, early a-road,
Rides into the town his high-built load
Of wood or wool, or corn or wheat,
And stables his horses in the street ;—
It seems as to each and to every one
A deed were known ere it well be done,
As if, in spite of roads or weather,
All minds were whispering together ;
So over the glens and rough hill-sides
Of the fruitful land where the Tiffin glides,
Went the startling whisper, clear and plain,
" *There's a new-born baby over at Lane !*"

Now any time, from night till morn,
Or morn till night, for a long time-
flight,
Had the patient squaws their child-
ren borne ;
And many a callow, coppery wight
Had opened his eyes to tree-flecked
light,
And grown to the depths of the wood-
land dell
And the hunt of the toilsome hills as
well
As though at his soul a bow, were
slung,
And a war-whoop tattooed on his
tongue ;
But never before, in the Tiffin's sight,
Had a travail bloomed with a bloss-
som of white.

And the fire-tunned logger no longer
pressed
His yoke-bound steeds and his fur-
nace fire ;
And the gray-linked log-chain droop-
ed to rest,
And the hard face softened with sweet
desire ;
And the settler-housewife, rudely
wise,
With the forest's shrewdness in her
eyes,
Yearned, with tenderly wondering
brain,
For the new-born baby over at Lane.

And the mother lay in her languid bed,
When the flock of visitors had fled—
When the crowd of settlers all had gone,
And left the young lioness alone
With the tiny cub they had come to see
In the rude-built menagerie ;
When grave Baw Beese, the Indian chief,
As courtly as ever prince in his prime,
Or cavalier of the olden time,
Making his visit kick as brief,

Had beaded the neck of the pale-face miss,
And dimpled her cheek with a farewell kiss ;
When the rough-clad room was still as sleek,
Save the deaf old nurse's needle-click,
The beat of the grave clock in its place,
With its ball-tipped tail and owl-like face,
And the iron tea-kettle's droning song
Through its Roman nose so black and long,
The mother lifted her baby's head,
And gave it a clinging kiss, and said :

Why did thou come so straight to me,
Thou queer one ?
Thou might have gone where riches be,
Thou dear one !
For when 'twas talked about in heaven,
To whom the sweet soul should be given,
If thou had raised thy pretty voice,
God sure had given to thee a choice,
My dear one, my queer one !

" Babe in the wood " thou surely art,
My lone one ;
But thou shalt never play the part,
My own one !
Thou ne'er shalt wonder up and down,
With none to claim thee as their own ;
Nor shall the Redbreast, as she grieves,
Make up for thee a bed of leaves,
My own one, my lone one !

Although thou be not Riches' flower,
Thou neat one,
Yet thou hast come from Beauty's bower,
Thou sweet one !
Thy every smile's as warm and bright
As if a di'mond mocked its light ;

Thy every tear's as pure a pearl
As if thy father was an earl,
Thou neat one, thou sweet one !

And thou shalt have a queenly name,
Thou grand one ;
A lassie's christening's half her fame,
Thou bland one !
And may thou live so good and true,
The honor will but be thy due ;
And friends shall never be ashamed,
Or when or where they hear thee named,
Thou bland one, thou grand one !

E'en like the air—our rule and sport—
Thou meek one,
Thou art my burden and support,
Thou weak one !
Like manna in the wilderness,
A joy hath come to sooth and bless ;
But 'tis a sorrow unto me,
To love as I am loving thee,
Thou weak one, thou meek one !

The scarlet-coated child-thief waits,
Thou bright one,
To bear thee through the sky-blue gates,
Thou light one !
His feverish touch thy brow may pain,
And while I to my sad lips strain
The sheath of these bright-beaming eyes,
The blade may flash back to the skies,
Thou light one, thou bright one !

And if thou breast the morning storm,
Thou fair one,
And gird a woman's thrilling form,
Thou rare one ;
Sly hounds of sin thy path will trace,
And on thy unsuspecting face

Since we've had the young Professor here,
Have not had much of you !

But lovers be lovers while earth endures ;
And once on a time, be it known,
I helped a girl with eyes like yours
Construct a world of our own ;

And we laid it out in a garden spot,
And dwelt in the midst of flowers,
Till we found that the world was a good-sized
lot,
And most of it wasn't ours !

You're heavier, girl, than when you come
To us one cloudy day,
And seemed to feel so little at home,
We feared you wouldn't stay ;

Till I knew the danger was passed, because
You'd struck so mortal a track,
And got so independent an' cross,
God never would let you back !

But who would ever ha' had the whim,
When you lay in my arms an' cried,
You'd some time sit here, pretty an' prim,
A-waitin' to be a bride !

But lovers be lovers while earth goes on,
And marry, as they ought ;
And if you would keep the heart you've won,
Remember what you've been taught ;

Look first that your wedded lives be true,
With naught from each other apart ;
For the flowers of true love never grow
In the soil of a faithless heart.

Sat in an unfrequented place,
Hiding e'en from the dark his face ;
And a solemn silence rested long
On all, save the cricket's dismal song.

But the mother drew the girl to her breast,
And gave to her spirit words of rest :
Come to my lap, my wee-grown baby ; rest thee
upon my knee ;
You have been travelling toward the light, and
drawing away from me ;
You turned your face from my dark path to
catch the light o' the sun,
And 'tis no more nor less, my child, than children
ever have done.
So you joined hands with one you loved, when
we to the cross-road came,
And went your way, as Heaven did say, and who
but Heaven to blame ?

You must not weep that him you chose was all
the time untrue,
Or stab with hate the man whose heart you
thought was made for you.
The love God holds for your bright soul is more
to get and give
Than all the love of all the men while He may
bid them live.
So let your innocence stanch the wound by
another's guilt ;
For Vengeance' blade was ever made with neither
guard nor hilt.

Who will avenge you, darling ? The sun that
shines on high.
He will paint the picture of your wrongs before
the great world's eye.
He will look upon your sweet soul, in its pure
mantle of white,

Till it shine upon your enemies, and
dazzle all their sight.
He'll come each day to point his
finger at him who played the
knave ;
And 'tis denied from him to hide,
excepting in the grave.

Who will avenge you, darling ? Your
sister, the sky above.
Each cloud she floats above you shall
be a token of love ;
She will bend o'er you at night-fall
her pure broad breast of blue,
And every gem that glitters there
shall flash a smile to you.
And all her great wide distances to
your good name belong ;
'Tis not so far from star to star as
'twixt the right and wrong.

Who will avenge you, darling ? All
the breeze that blow.
They will whisper to each other your
tale of guiltless woe ;
The perfumes that do load them your
innocence shall bless,
And they will soothe your aching
brow with pitying, kind caress.
They will sweep away the black veil
that hangs about your fame :
There is no cloud that long can
shroud a virtuous woman's name.

Who will avenge you, darling ? The
one who proved untrue.
His memory must undo him, whate'er

his will may do ;
The pitch-black night will come when he must
meet Remorse alone ;
He will rush at your avenging as if it were his
own.
His every sin is but a knot that yet shall hold
him fast ;
For guilty hands but twine the strands that fetter
them at last.

Lay thee aside thy grief, darling !—lay thee aside
thy grief
And Happiness will cheer thee beyond all thy
belief !
As oft as winter comes summer, as sure as night
comes day.
And as swift as sorrow cometh, so swift it goeth
away !
E'en in your desolation you are not quite unblest ;
Not all who choose may count their woes upon
a mother's breast.

Catarrh is a common disease, so common that
snuffing, spitting, and blowing of the nose, meet
us at every turn of the street. Your foot slips
in these nasty discharges on the sidewalk and in
the public conveyance ; and its disagreeable odor,
contaminating the breath of the afflicted, renders
them offensive to their associates. There is the
highest medical authority for stating that with
fully one-half, if not two-thirds, of those afflicted
with Consumption of the Lungs, the disease
commences as Catarrh in the nose or head, the
next step being to the throat and bronchial
tubes—lastly to the lungs. How important then
to give early and prompt attention to a Catarrh !
To cure this loathsome disease correct the system
by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical discovery,
which tones it up, cleanses the blood, and heals
the diseased glands by a specific influence upon
them ; and to assist, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Re-
medy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche. This is
the only way to reach the upper and back cav-
ities where the discharge comes from. No danger
from this treatment, and it is pleasant to use.
The two medicines with instrument are sold by
dealers in medicines.



" E'EN IN YOUR DESOLATION YOU ARE NOT QUITE UNBLEST ;
NOT ALL WHO CHOOSE MAY COUNT THEIR WOES UPON A MOTHER'S BREAST."

Hot lust will rest its tarnished eyes,
And thou wilt need be worldly-wise,
Thou rare one, thou fair one !

O that the heaven that smiles to-day,
My blest one,
May give thee light to see thy way,
My best one !
That when around thee creeps The Gloom,
The gracious God will call thee home,
And then, increased a hundredfold,
Thou proudly hand Him back His gold,
My best one, my blest one !

II.

A word went over the many miles
Of the well-tilled land where the Tiffin smiles,
And sought no youthful ear in vain :
" *There's a wedding a-coming off at Lane !*"

They stood in the shade of the western door—
Father, mother, and daughter one—
And gazed, as they oft had gazed before,
At the downward glide of the western sun.
The rays of his never-jealous light
Made even the cloud that dimmed him bright ;
And lower he bent, and kissed, as he stood,
The lips of the distant blue-eyed wood.

And just as the tired sun bowed his head,
The sun-browned farmer sighed and said :

And so you'll soon be goin' away,
My darling little Bess ;
And you ha' been to the store to-day,
To buy your weddin'-dress ;

And so your dear good mother an' I,
Whose love you long have known,
Must lay the light o' your presence by,
And walk the road alone.

So come to-night with mother and me,
To the porch for an hour or two,
And sit on your old father's knee,
The same as you used to do ;

For we, who ha' loved you for many a year,
And clung to you strong and true,

Look next that the buds of health shall rest
Their blossoms upon your cheek ;
For life and love are a burden at best
If the body be sick and weak.

Look next that your kitchen fire be bright,
And your hands be neat and skilled ;
For the love of man oft takes its flight
If his stomach be not well filled.

Look next that your money is fairly earned
Ere ever it be spent ;
For comfort and love, however turned,
Will ne'er pay ten per cent.

And, next, due care and diligence keep
That the mind be trained and fed ;
For blessings ever look shabby and cheap
That light on an empty head.

And if it shall please the gracious God
That children to you belong,
Remember, my child, and spare the rod
Till you've taught them right and wrong ;

And show 'em that though this life's a start
For the better world, no doubt,
Yet earth an' heaven ain't so far apart
As many good folks make out.

III.

A word went over the broad hill-sweeps
Of the listening land where the Tiffin creeps :
" *She married, holding on high her head ;
But the groom was false as the vows he said ;
With lies and crimes his days are checked ;
The girl is alone, and her life is wrecked.*"

The midnight rested its heavy arm
Upon the grief-encumbered farm ;
And hoarse-voiced Sorrow wandered at will,
Like a moan when the summer's night is still,
And the spotted cows, with bellies of white,
And well filled teats all crowded awry,
Stood in the black stalls of the night,
Nor herded nor milked, and wondered why.
And the house was gloomy, still, and cold ;
And the hard-palmed farmer, newly old,

THE GLEANER.

A street car moved by condensed air pressure has been successfully tried in Paris.

A plan is being elaborated in Paris for the recovery of small commercial debts through the Post Office.

EXAMINATIONS are being made of the geological features of the bed of the English Channel for testing the feasibility of the tunnel.

THE English scientists now employ exclusively Webster's unabridged dictionary, as being the most correct authority of the English language.

Gov. CONNOR, of Maine recommends that juries be authorized to pass sentence upon criminals in capital cases, which, he says, has been successful in California.

A winter pair of boots has been invented lined with a material which takes out and in, and, being heated and placed in the boot, retains the warmth for an incredibly long time.

Kentucky has a law that all money won in betting on elections shall be confiscated to the school fund, and the Grand Jury at Louisville are rolling up a fearful list of indictments.

MINNESOTA is to have a State inebriate asylum for which the liquor sellers will have to pay, as the Supreme Court has sustained the constitutionality of the law imposing a tax for this purpose.

THE German census so far shows an increase of population in almost every part of the Empire, with the exception of Metz, where there has been a falling off of 10,000 in the population since the annexation.

THE increase during the last five years of letters and postal cards in Canada amounts to sixty per cent., the increase in the number of post offices to twenty-five per cent., and of the post office revenue to forty-six per cent.

THE last descendant of the famous navigator Amerigo Vespucci, who gave his name to the New World, has just died near Florence. He bore the same name as the great sailor of the fifteenth century.

THEOLOGY is not a favorite study with the rising generation in Germany. At the University of Heidelberg only nine out of the entire number of 433 students have entered their names for the theological lectures.

MEAT has been sent from Buenos Ayres to France in a perfect state of preservation in a pickle composed of two parts of bi-borate of soda, two of boric acid, three of saltpetre, and one of muriate of soda to 100 parts water.

IN cycles of 21,000 years the earth has been through alternate periods of unusual heat and cold, either of which is said by the scientists to superinduce on its surface an entirely new and different set of animals. Fortunately we are not yet at the close of such a cycle.

MR. MENZIES, who has just published a valuable work on forest trees in England, says that lightning never strikes dead trees, but always selects the strongest, and those full of sap. It is well worth knowing that the ivy often acts as a lightning conductor.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL, the *Times* correspondent, and secretary to the Prince of Wales during his Indian trip, has sent a telegram to the Foreign Office requesting a further consignment of presents at once, as the stock which the Prince took with him is nearly exhausted.

AN absurd performance was the recent experiment of a ball on skates with rollers, at Brighton, England. The movements of the skaters proved to be utterly incompatible with the musical requirements at a dance. Here in Montreal, dancing on skates has been tried at the Victoria Rink with admirable success.

MONSIGNOR DEBS, the Maronite Archbishop of Beyrout, has presented to the new Montmartre Church of Paris a gigantic cedar, described as one of the trees of Lebanon contemporary with those of Solomon and Hiram, which was lately blown down. Twelve fine planks from it, being a sacred number, will soon reach Paris.

A new form of insanity has been discovered. It beats even kleptomania. It is called cheiro-graphic insanity, and was invented by a highly ingenious lawyer, who had to defend a client charged with forgery. The counsel pleaded that the prisoner was in the habit of spending his evenings in signing imaginary cheques and bills.

OUT of a total population of 35,000,000 in France there are stated to be 500,000 Protestants and 49,000 Jews, half of the latter inhabiting Paris. The number of Frenchmen who have formally declared that they do not belong to any religion is about 82,000, and 3,071 are classed as members of "divers sects."

F. W. CLAPP, of the Massachusetts Legislature, has refused a railroad pass. "I believe," he says, "that no member of the Legislature can receive favor of this kind consistently with his duty to his constituents and the respect which he owes to himself." Four other members have also returned passes, but there are 274 to hear from.

MR. RUSKIN has obtained a site near Sheffield and also subscriptions to the amount of £8,000, in support of his scheme of an Arcadian village, to be elevated into the ideal of cultivated taste for the beautiful. He intends to build a number of cottages on the purest aesthetic principles, to found a museum, and, in short, to carry out his long-cherished plan on the best footing so far as funds will allow.

THE largest revolving gun that has probably ever been manufactured is now at the royal gun

factories in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, England. It is a revolver with five chambers, firing successively through an open-mouth barrel, and moving about on a kind of truck. It weighs 35 cwt., and appears to be very ingeniously contrived. It will shortly be forwarded to Shoeburyness, to undergo a series of trials in competition with various charges of gun cotton.

A couple of weeks ago, Judge Torrance, of Montreal, was married in Louisville to Mrs. Laura Pugh, a native of Frankfort, Ky., a lady who is justly celebrated for wit and many accomplishments. The marriage was the result of a nineteen years' courtship, during which the lover had small hope of success. He renewed his suit annually, and last summer his constancy was rewarded by the promise of the fair lady to become his wife. Mrs. Torrance's first husband was the brother of Senator Pugh, of Ohio.

LIEUT. CAMERON the *Academy* says, will probably arrive in England in the middle of January. His splendid exploit places him, without dispute, in the very first rank of American travellers. He left Ujiji almost destitute, suffering from disease, and utter loneliness. Against him were the stupendous difficulties of the task; on his side were indomitable pluck, devotion to duty, and that gentle courage which had already earned for him the respect and love of the natives. There will be no stories of bloodshed in the narrative of this gallant naval officer. A glance at a map of Africa will at once show the magnitude of Cameron's achievement, and the importance of his discoveries. Excepting Livingstone and Silva Porto, he is the only European who ever crossed the continent of Africa within the tropics.

A GREAT OVERTURE.

What an overture it is, that of Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro!" how varied, how rich, how expressive, and how melodious! Every time one hears it, familiar as it is, it suggests new ideas. How shall it be described in detail? First of all, the strings start off gaily by themselves—all is smooth and in unison, as it ought to be in the house of Count Almaviva. Almost at once the oboes join, and the flutes immediately answer them. The strings repeat the original theme; but the oboes and flutes have something to say. Although everything seems so smooth and harmonious, you see there are other people besides his lordship in the great house with little plans and wills of their own, although they do not make themselves prominent. Listen how the instruments chase each other over the gamut, and occasionally slip round an unexpected turning—is not Cherubino always at his tricks? Barberina, too, is a wily little maiden; and the Count can turn adroitly round out of the way, to avoid discovery of an awkward incident, as seems to be suggested by the way in which the 'cello runs up the scale when you expect it to keep on its even course. The second violin and viola (I am now at the fifty-eighth bar) begin a placid, rocking movement, calculated to lull anybody into a false security—the Count lays his sly little plot with reference to Susanna very cleverly, and nothing appears on the surface; but Figaro is slier still. He catches a hint, some trifle out of the ordinary course (the lower G sharp suddenly replacing the A which has thrice been sounded), and he is down on it all like lightning—notice how the first violin, which has been meditating in silence for a while, pounces on that E, reflectively hovers a moment between it and the D sharp, and then gaily runs up to the A—Figaro comprehends it all, and has hit on a plan to avert the threatening danger. In the eighty-fourth bar the 'cello, tired of simply carrying out the whims of the violins and flutes and oboes, begins to suggest a little notion of his own, and submits it to his companions. He attracts little attention at first; but he repeats it, and then the violins, ten bars later, try it by themselves, and rather like it, the base instruments coming in with a couple of approving chords. The 'cello, as I imagine, is the Count with another of his base designs, only Figaro's quick ear catches it, and—this is the repetition of the phrase by the violins—grasps it with the utmost clearness. After this, about the hundredth and few following bars, there is some slight discord in the palace. Figaro shows that he knows more than his master likes him to know; and the Countess has her own griefs; but all this soon disappears from the surface, and everything goes on merrily. About the hundred and twentieth bar, again the second violins and viola begin their attempt to beguile the watchfulness of Figaro with regard to his wife Susanna, and, as before, his keen wit aids him—here the first violin reflects with rapid brains between the A and G sharp, and away up to the D it starts—as before, Figaro is wide awake. So it proceeds, and does not end until Cherubino has had one or two narrow escapes. Away down the scale run the strings, and after them in hot pursuit is the wind; a sharp slip aside, and the wind has got down to the bottom of the scale to find nothing except the 'cello and a couple of bassoons, and when it gets up to the place from whence the strings started, they are well on their way to the bottom of the scale again, until at last all unite with one consent into a harmonious finale. Figaro and Susanna are married, the Count and Countess reconciled, Cherubino leaves the girls alone, and, smitten with military enthusiasm, sings "Alla gloria militar!" with the best of the regiment. Such, at least, is part of the story which the overture conveys to me.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A lively lady remarked:—"I notice that these woman's right's people are invariably men's lefts."

THE most bashful girl we ever knew was one who blushed when asked if she had not been courting sleep.

A British barmaid married one of her customers and cured him of his passion for drink. He died an M. P. and left her \$400,000.

YOUNG ladies who wear clanking chains around their waists, and large hoop bracelets, as far as the elbow on their arm, are called "fashionable convicts."

"Go out, young man's; she's not here?" said a Pennsylvania preacher last Sunday, in the midst of his sermon, to a youth whom he saw hesitating in the doorway.

As old Mr. — heaved the last scuttle of four tons of coal into his cellar, he was heard to remark: "If they had been boys instead of girls, it wouldn't have been thus. One ton would last all Winter."

A LADY in Halifax having occasion to enter a milliner's shop, had her attention attracted by a beautiful and expensive French bonnet, and inquired the price; she was told it was sold. "Oh, I had no idea of buying such a bonnet," said the lady; upon which the milliner said, "it is a joint-stock bonnet—that is, it belongs to three factory girls, who wear it by turn on Sunday."

ONE of the curates belonging to a large and poor parish entered the home of an aged couple, and found the "gudewife" in a very exhausted condition from pain and disease. In the hope of alleviating her suffering, he quickly procured some brandy, saying that it was purchased from the offertory alms. A day or two afterwards he went again to see the old people, when the poor woman made the following statement—"That brandy, sir, did me a power o' good, and a kind gentleman sent me some money, so my old man went ever so far to find the 'Offertory Arms,' to get me some more. He couldn't find out where it was, but he found the 'Bedford Arms,' and the brandy is just as good."

ODD FISH.

We have received from W. F. WHITCHER, Esq., of the Marine and Fisheries Department, at Ottawa, the following memorandum on the "Wonderful Fish" exhibited at Sarnia, and described in our illustrations last week:—

"The queer fish sketched in a recent number of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, is a remarkable specimen of the order *sturioidans*, known to naturalists as the SPOONBILL STURGEON, (*polyodon spatula*), variously called the "DUCKBILL, PADDLE FISH, and SHOVEL FISH. There is a different member of the *sturioidans* group, named the SHOVEL FISH, (*scapiorinus cataphractes*), belonging to the sub-genus *sturioides*, with reference to which this similarity in nomenclature is apt to lead to confusion. It differs radically from all others of the order in having a smooth skin; an enormous leaf-like expansion of snout; a membranous gill-flap extending its points nearly mid-way between the pectorals and ventrals; and, lastly, by a shark-like mouth, fringed with minute teeth. In general appearance it bears very little resemblance to the sturgeon. The flattened snout of the SAW FISH, but for its tooth-like projections, might entitle it, on sight, to claim relationship with *polyodon* more readily than its bony-plated kinsfolk. It is certainly a rarity in Canadian waters. Individuals have been taken in the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. This is probably the species seen by Father Hennepin in Lake Pepin, in 1680, and which he says he at first mistook for 'the devil.' The Sarnia monster is most likely a Queen Dowager of the Royal Family of Sturgeons. Maybe she approached the shore to interview the 'Premier,' who has doubtless seen some queerer fish in the sea of politics, and some not so easily classified. The description given by your artist is in substance the same as that obligingly sent to me by Mr. David McMaster, the local Fishery Overseer; and the drawings now published resemble those made by Mr. H. T. Bell to accompany the report. The Minister authorized me to negotiate for the purchase of the specimen, but the ignorance and greed of the captors defeated our wishes. They demanded \$1,000.

YANKEE DOODLE.

After the Ministers Plenipotentiary of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their pacific labors at Ghent, the burghers of that quaint old Dutch city determined to give an entertainment in their honor, and desired to have the national airs of the two treaty-making powers performed as a part of the programme. So the musical director was directed to call upon the American Ministers and obtain the music of the national air of the United States. A consultation ensued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored "Hail Columbia!" while Clay, Russell and Adams were decidedly in favor of "Yankee Doodle." The musical director asked if any of the gentlemen had the music, and receiving a negative reply, suggested that perhaps one of them could sing or whistle the air. "I can't," said Mr. Clay, "I never whistled or sung a tune in my life—perhaps Mr. Bayard can." "Neither can I," replied Mr.

Bayard, "perhaps Mr. Russell can?" Mr. Russell, Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Adams in turn confessed their lack of musical ability. "I have it," exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing the bell he summoned his colored body servant. "John," said Mr. Clay, "whistle 'Yankee Doodle' for this gentleman." John did so, the chief musician noted down the air, and at the entertainment the Ghent Burghers' Band played the national air of the United States, with variations."

SLANG PHRASES.

At regular intervals there comes to the surface some peculiar slang expression which the American people seize upon and hold on to until they wear it threadbare. It may be said, too, that Americans are prone to the use of slang. For a long while the saying, "That's so, Johnny Roach!" had free sway, and "Bully for you!" was equally a favorite. "You bet!" had its origin in the mines of the Rocky Mountains, while "If you don't believe I'm a butcher just smell of my boots!" emanated from the old district of Spring Garden, and was the pet of the members of the Fairmount Engine Company. "I'll bet my pile!" "I can't see it!" "Too thin!" and "How's that for high?" have "gone to take a rest" with "everything lovely" and the "bully boy with a glass eye." The street Arab no longer asks, "Do you see anything green in my eye?" but with a degree of nonchalance such as can only be obtained through the nomadic life he leads, will hurl at you, "Oh, take a bath for fresh air!" "Shoot it!" was an importation and applied to any odd style of hat, but the expression never took firm root in the East. Occasionally a bore is saluted with "Oh, hush!" or "Go hire a hall!" And the latest for "Let's go see a man" is "Let's go have a tooth pulled." The most popular slang expression of the day, however, is, "Pull down your vest." After doing good service in the Western country, it has at length reached the Eastern cities, and is to-day as freely used as ever were any of the slang phrases that preceded it.

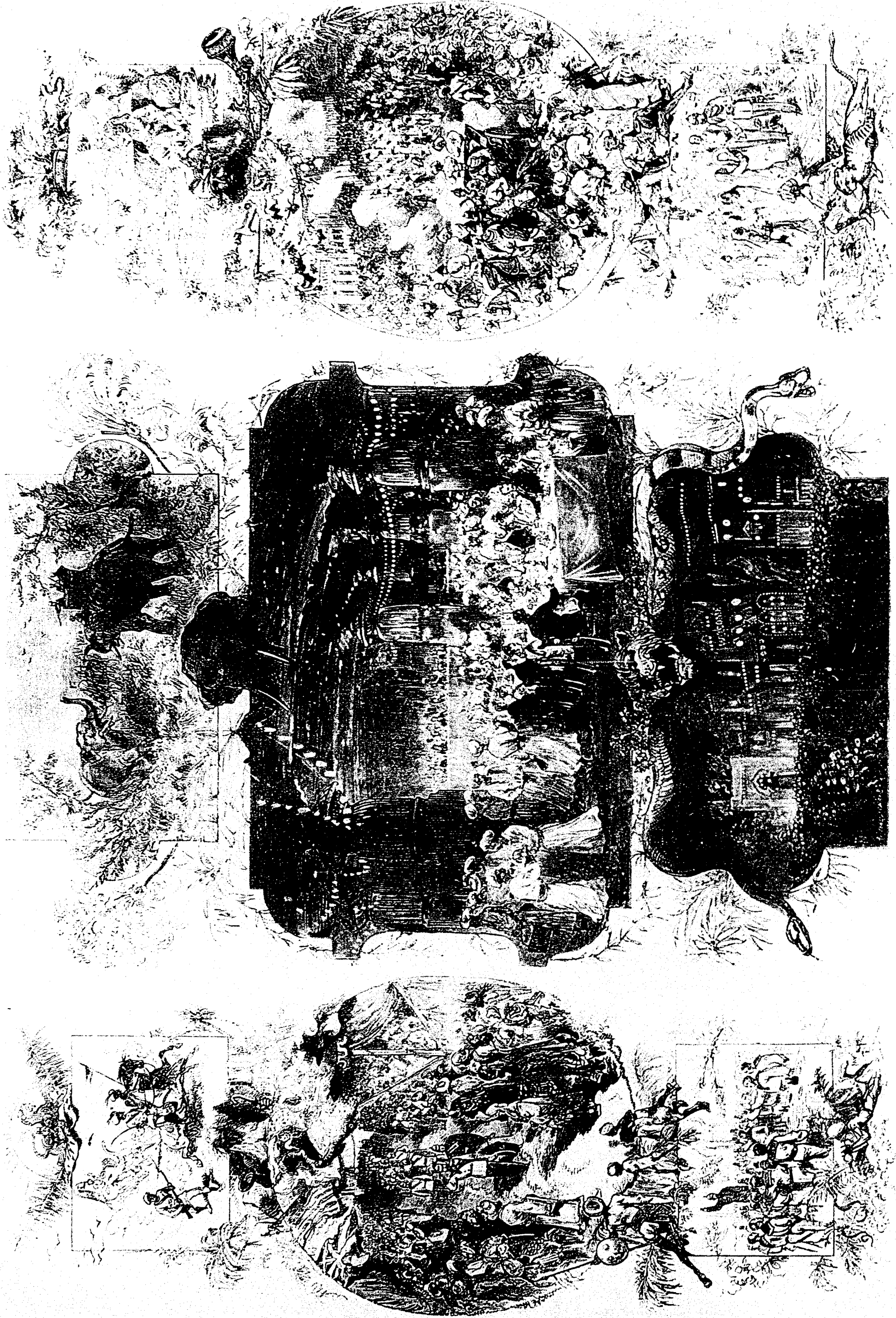
HEARTH AND HOME.

A TRUE LADY.—A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and a woman with kindly disposition and well-balanced mind and temper is lovely and attractive, be her face ever so plain and her figure ever so homely.

A SISTER'S LOVE.—Who can tell the thoughts that cluster around the word sister? How ready she is to forgive the errors, to excuse the foibles of a brother. She never deserts him. In adversity she clings closely to him and in trial she cheers him. And when the bitter voice of reproach is poured in his ears she is ever ready to hush its harsh tones, and turn his attention away from its painful notes.

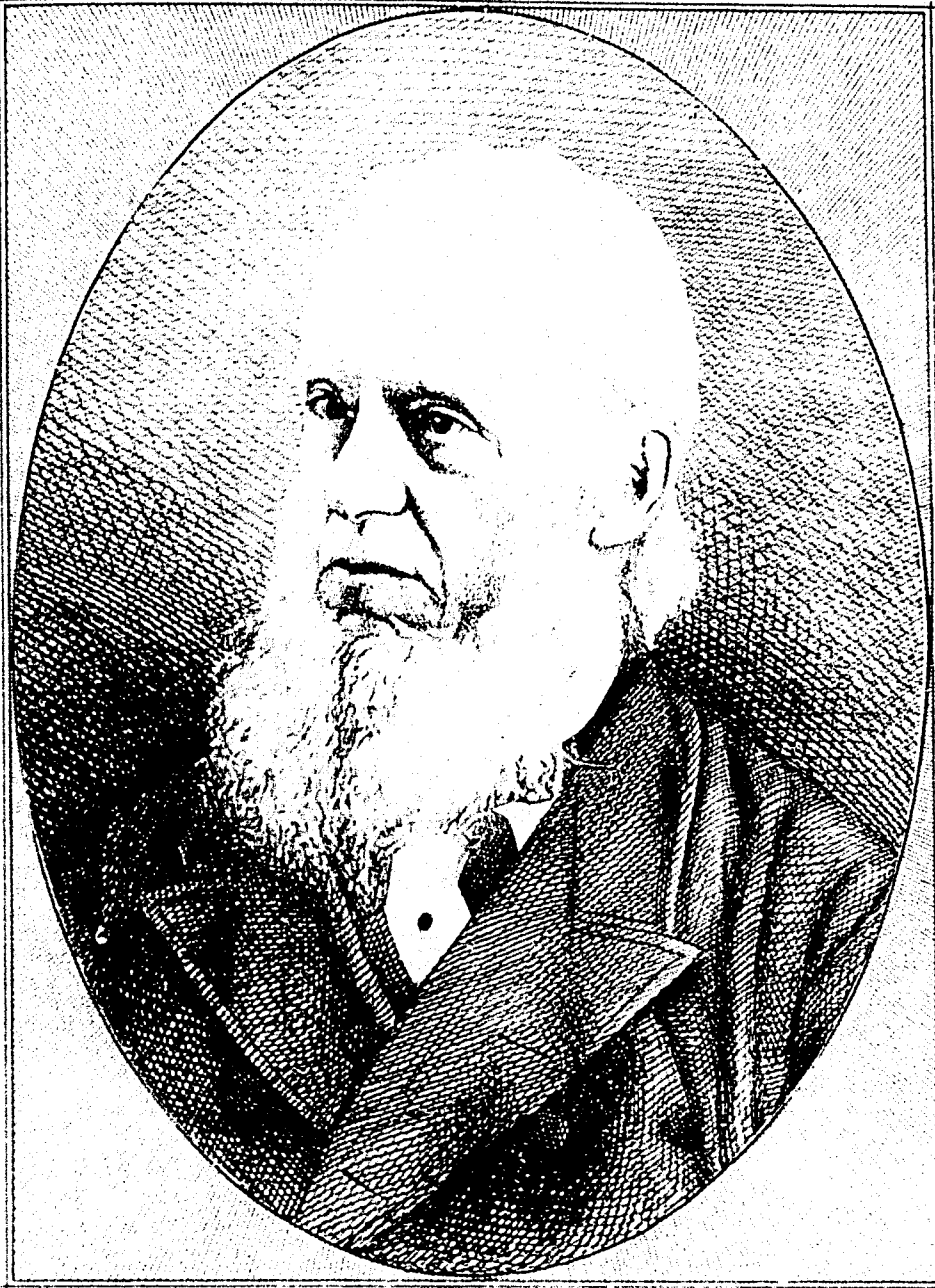
OCCUPATION.—How many persons there are in this world who entirely ignore the golden search for genial occupation! They are almost constantly striving after something which is entirely different from what they are capable of enjoying. We are not opposed to enterprise, but it is the habit of constantly changing from one thing to another against which we protest. There are thousands of men, and women too, who are to-day fast approaching the grave, and who are striving and toiling to keep soul and body together until the last hour, because it has been their habit all through life to be discontented. In their time they have tried perhaps a hundred different things, and all with little or no success; while, if they had chosen one pursuit, and devoted their time and attention exclusively to it, they would to-day, in all probability be spending their declining years in ease, surrounded with all the wants and comforts of life; for there is scarcely a single pursuit that, if followed with some purpose, will not yield a golden future.

A MOTHER'S HOME.—The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. Six hundred dollars served for a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was a creator of home, and her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen. Even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created. Every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or the clover leaf which, in spite of her house work, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She always has been, and always will be, my ideal of a mother, a wife. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite tact had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargement of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it is the best I have ever seen. It has been more than twenty years since I crossed its threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But as I see house after house in which fathers, mothers, and children are dragging out their lives in a haphazard alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that little cottage by the sea-shore, and the woman who was the "light thereof," and I find in the face of many women and children, as plainly written and as sad to see as in the newspaper columns of "Personals"—"Wanted—A Home."



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.
 Escort of the Prince of Wales at Bombay.—Banquet to 2,000 Marinos.—Elephant hunt.—Banquet in the subterranean temple of Elephanta
 Illumination in Bombay.—The young Gungwar of Baroda.—Solemn entry into Bombay.—The Prince at the children's feast.

ONTARIO COURT OF ERROR AND APPEAL.



HON. CHIEF JUSTICE DRAPER.



HON. C. S. PATTERSON.



HON. G. W. BURTON.



HON. THOS. MOSS.

[Registered according to Act of Parliament in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK I.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

XI.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERFALL.

Batoche gave a single moment to deliberation. He stood silently holding the latch of the closed door. Then he walked slowly across the room and entered behind the chintz curtains of the little alcove. What he did there is unknown, but when he issued forth his face was hard set, every lineament bearing the stamp of resolution. He took up the silver casket which had been left in his charge and balanced it in his hands. It was heavy, but heavier still appeared to him the responsibility which it entailed, if one might judge from the deep sigh which escaped him. He glanced at little Blanche, but she still slumbered quietly, with her head resting on the wall and bent over her shoulder. Velours was more wakeful, looking furtively at her master from the corners of her eyes but, knowing his habits well, she did not deem it prudent to stir from her nest or make any noise.

"There is a place of all others," murmured Batoche, "where I may hide this beyond all fear of detection. There neither the birds of the air, nor the beasts of the forests, nor the eye of man will ever discover it. Blanche only will know, but I will not tell her now. She sleeps and it is well."

He then placed the casket under his arm and stole out of the house. He took a footpath leading from his cabin to the Falls, and having reached their summit, turned to the right, descending from one rock to another, until he reached the depths of the basin. There he paused a moment, looking up, as if to ascertain his bearings. An instant later, he had disappeared under the Fall itself. Grasping the casket more tightly under his right arm, he used his left to grope his way along the cold wet, wall of granite. The rocks underneath his feet, some round, some angular, some flat, were slippery with the ooze of the earth fissures above and the reflux foam of the cascade. Beside these dangers, there was the additional peril of darkness, the immense volume of descending waters effectually curtaining out the light of heaven. When he had attained about the middle of the distance between the two banks of the river, Batoche paused and stooped at the mouth of an aperture which would admit only his bent body. Without faltering, and as if sure of his locality, he thus entered into the subterranean cavity. He was gone for fully half an hour, but when he issued forth, he straightened himself up with ease, and by the assistance of his two hands, rapidly retraced his steps to the foot of the Falls. There he stopped, looking above and around him, to assure himself that he was really alone with his secret.

But no, he was not alone. Upon the brow of the waterfall, along the perilous ridge, where the torrent plunges sheer into the chasm below, a fragile figure in white glided slowly with face turned towards him. Her yellow hair, bound with a fillet about her forehead, fell loose upon her shoulders, there was the light of love in her eyes and a sweet smile irradiated her lips. Her white hands hung at her sides, and from under the hem of her flowing garb, a tiny, snowy foot appeared barely touching the surface of the water.

What was it—a phantom or a reality? A mockery of the vapor and the night, or a spirit of God truly walking over the waters? We cannot say, or rather we shall not stop to inquire. Enough that the poor old hermit saw it, and seeing was transported into ecstasy. His whole being appeared transfused into the ethereal vision which shone before him. The gross outlines of old age and shabby costume were melted into the beautiful forms of exultation and reverence. Under the misty moon, under the faint light of the stars, he fell upon his knees, stretched out his arms, and his face turned eagerly upwards in the absorption of prayer.

"Once more, O Clara! Once more, O my daughter! It is long since I have seen you, and my days have passed sadly in the loneliness of solitude. You come once more to smile upon your old father, and bring a blessing upon your orphan child. She sleeps sweetly yonder near the hearth. Protect her from the harm which I know must be impending and of which your visitation is the warning. You are the guardian angel of my cabin, shielding it from all the dangers which have threatened it these many years. Give me a sign of your assistance and I shall be content."

These were the words the old man uttered as he knelt upon the wet rocks. Let no man smile as he reads them, for even the ravings of a diseased brain are beautiful when they have a spiritual significance.

Batoche rose and advanced nearer, with arms still outstretched, as if he would clasp the Spirit

of the Waterfall, and seize the token which he implored. But in this he was disappointed.

Not a word her lips did utter, and without a start or flutter, She crossed her hands upon her bosom in the attitude of prayer; And his stricken soul beguiling with the sweetness of her smiling, Raised her bright eyes up to heaven, and slowly melted into air.

A thick bank of cloud floated in the sky, veiling the moon. The stars paled, and it was very dark. The great Falls thundered with a sullen roar. The wind beat against the forest trees with a moan. The hermit knelt once more and engaged for a long time in silent prayer; then rising, returned directly to his hut. He found little Blanche standing in the middle of the room and in the full light of the hearth, with a scared look in her brilliant, black eyes. He stooped to kiss her, and noticing the supper still untasted on the table, said:

"You have eaten nothing, my dear."

"I cannot eat, grandpapa."

"Then go to sleep. It is late."

"I cannot sleep."

The old man understood. The white wings of the mother's spirit had hovered over the child. "Then pray," he said.

And dropping on her knees, little Blanche repeated all the prayers which her godmother, Pauline Belmont, had taught her.

XII.

THREE RIVERS.

Roderick Hardinge's mission to Three Rivers was completely successful. He found that town and the surrounding country in a state of alarm and excitement consequent on the march of events in the upper part of the province. The whole Richelieu peninsula was overrun with Continental troops and the Montreal district was virtually in their power. The only chance was that the British army might make a stand at Sorel, which commanded the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence, at the confluence of these two rivers, and accordingly around that point concentrated the interest of the war in the first week of November. It was only natural, therefore, that the people of Three Rivers should be in a turmoil of excitement, for if the British were unable to hold their own at Sorel, the whole of the St. Lawrence would be swept by the Americans, and Three Rivers would be the very next place which they would occupy.

The arrival of Hardinge was not calculated to allay the excitement, and the tidings which he brought were spread through the town that very night notwithstanding all attempts at official secrecy. The Governor of the town was considerably alarmed.

"The news from above was bad enough," he said to his principal secretary, after reading Hardinge's despatches, "but the intelligence from below is not more reassuring. Three Rivers thus finds itself between two fires. Montgomery from the west and now Arnold from the east. I am very much afraid that we shall have to succumb. And the worst of all is that being masters of the intervening country, with emissaries in all the villages along their route, they improve their opportunity by tampering with our simple-minded farmers. Here in Three Rivers the disaffection among our own people is already quite marked and I very much fear that this new source of danger will only increase it."

The secretary was a very old man who listened attentively to his superior, biting the fingers of his pen and giving other signs of nervous excitement.

"I am certain, sir, that you do not exaggerate the situation," he said, speaking slowly, but with emphasis. "We are on the eve of a crisis, and I suspect that this time next week the town of Three Rivers will be in the hands of the Bastonnais. We have no means of resistance, and even if we had, there is too much dissension in our midst to attempt it with any hope of success. The next question which arises is whether it were best for you to provide for your own safety as well as that of the archives and registers of the town."

"I will do neither," replied the Governor with dignity. "As for myself the duty of my office is to remain in charge until I am dispossessed by force. Personal violence I do not fear, but should I be subjected to such, I will endure it. Remember that you and I know what war is. We both passed through the terrible years of the Conquest. With respect to the archives, you will see that they are properly guarded, but they must not be removed. The enemy are not barbarians. On the contrary it is their policy to conciliate us as much as possible. Besides they will only pass through Three Rivers."

"They will do more than that, sir. As they intend to march upon Quebec around whose walls they will more than probably spend the winter, it will be a matter of military necessity for them to occupy all the little towns and vil-

lages on their route between Quebec and Montreal, both for the sake of their commissariat and as recruiting stations."

"Recruiting stations? Don't use those hateful words."

"They are hateful words, sir. But they express a fact which we must face. Unless we are very careful, this war will be aggravated by the circumstance of many of our countrymen turning their arms against us."

This conversation which we have briefly introduced in order to afford the reader glimpses of the situation, relieved as much as possible from the dryness of mere historical detail, was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger who delivered a letter to the Governor.

"This is from Sorel," exclaimed the official. "It comes just in time to throw light upon our affairs and will enable Lieutenant Hardinge, who returns to-morrow, to bring the latest news to Quebec."

Saying which he read the despatch.

(To be continued.)

Owing to the hurry and pressure of removing our offices from one part of the city to the other, we are obliged to cut the story short at this point for the present, but in the next number we shall give a double instalment.

CONVERSATION WITH NAPOLEON AT LONGWOOD.

Before leaving the Briars, Napoleon went to Mr. Balcombe's apartments, and invited the young ladies to Longwood, where he said he would always be happy to see them. We reached Longwood in safety, Napoleon evincing no feeling of any kind that night respecting the change. Next day, however, he seemed irritable, and it was some days before he could reconcile himself to the place. By degrees his irritability wore off; but his anger was aroused when he learned that an order had been given forbidding any person to enter Longwood gates without a pass signed by the Admiral; that sentinels were posted all around Longwood; and that Lieutenant (? Captain) Poppleton was to live in the house as his orderly officer. Sir George Cockburn treated him with marked kindness; allowed him to go to a certain distance from Longwood alone, and permitted him to visit any part of the island he thought proper, provided that if he went beyond certain bounds the orderly officer was to attend him. Much about this time a ship came from England with despatches, and informed us that the 68th Regiment had embarked for St. Helena. Sir George came to Longwood with the orders he had received from England, and read them to Napoleon and his generals. He also informed Napoleon that General Sir Hudson Lowe was appointed Governor of the island, and had taken his passage on board of H.M.'s frigate *Phaeton*, which was expected to arrive in about a month's time. At this news Napoleon was greatly chagrined, as he appeared to know Sir Hudson Lowe well. Napoleon remarked to the Admiral, "I hope Sir Hudson Lowe will act in the same manner as you have done, then I shall be comfortable."

Sir George bowed, and remained silent. Mr. Jones having a standing pass from Sir George, often came to Longwood. In a conversation about the war with Bonaparte, the latter spoke very highly of some of his own generals, saying that none could exceed them in their art. Mr. Jones replied, "You were very lucky to fall in with such clever men." "Not at all," said Napoleon. "My maxim was never to promote any man unless he deserved it. No matter how humble a man's origin might be, if he possessed merit or any good qualities I always encouraged him, and by experience he promoted himself. To make a thoroughly good general a man should go regularly through all grades in the army—that is, he should rise from the ranks. If a man had talent, I developed it. Now the practice in the English army is always to promote persons of high birth—money easily purchasing the commission of a Lieutenant-Colonel for a man with little or no military experience; the sons of noblemen can be captains and majors without ever having had a day's march with a regiment, while good soldiers who have fought for their country and experienced the fatigues and hardships of war, if they happen to be of obscure birth, in low circumstances, and to lack wealthy or influential friends, are totally and most unjustly neglected." Mr. Jones then asked Napoleon what he thought of Lord Wellington. "Why," said Napoleon, "Wellington is a good soldier and a brave man; but he does not possess that experience which is requisite in a Field-Marshal. Sir Rowland Hill should have been your Commander-in-Chief. He is far superior to Wellington, and so was General Picton. During the latter part of the war I am convinced that Wellington only followed General Hill's directions. Poor old Hill is a general who fought hard and well for his country, and he ought to have had the honours that have been given to Wellington. The English had several officers more experienced in the field, and who were better commanders than Wellington. I had read an account of Waterloo written by an Englishman, from which it appears that Wellington did the sole business himself; but let any man read a true account of the battle, and then he will see who was really the conqueror. I do not wish to disparage Wellington—far from it—but what would have become of him and his army if Blucher had not come to his assistance so soon?" Mr. Jones remarked that the action must have been dreadful, from

the accounts he had read of it. "Yes," replied Napoleon, "it was sharp; but if I had had taken the advice of Marshal Bertrand and Marshal Ney, I could have destroyed the English army, and afterwards have attacked the Prussians. I was deceived. I thought the Prussians were Grouchy coming to my assistance. Had he come as I expected, the allied army would have been annihilated—we should have taken it *en flagrant délit*; but Providence turned the scale against me."

HOW A FRENCHMAN DRINKS COFFEE.

He leans forward and picks three lumps of sugar from the bowl with his chubby fingers. Then he carefully piles them like cotton bales in the hollow of his spoon, which is poised across the top of his cup of black coffee. Then he pours over the sugar a tiny glass of cognac, which costs him ten cents extra. The liquor fills the spoon and runs over into the coffee. The sugar is now touched with a lighted match, and the brandy burns with a blue flame which runs all over the spoon and leaps down to the liquor which is floating on the top of the coffee. This is the closing scene of that dramatic entertainment which constitutes every true Frenchman's dinner. While the brandy is burning he takes out a little book of cigarette paper and paws with his finger and thumb in his left breast pocket for a pinch of tobacco. The cigarette is made with a skill which is his natural inheritance, and which is made perfect by the practice of years. It is lighted in the blue flame, and then the burning sugar and brandy are unceremoniously tipped into the coffee, which is now ready to be slowly sipped as the cigarette is smoked. During all this time he has been talking vociferously with the field-marshal already described.

LITERARY.

THE report is that Mr. Disraeli has flung off a new novel during his "hours of idleness."

IT is stated that Miss Braddon will shortly go to the United States on a reading tour.

AN appeal is made for the relief of the widow and children of the last remaining son of Theodore Hook, who died in poor circumstances.

MR. GLADSTONE'S *Italy and Her Church* has just been published in an Italian dress by the Marchese Carlo Guerrieri-Gonzaga.

COLONEL VALENTINE BAKER, who was sent to the Perso-Turkoman frontier in the spring of 1873, has a volume in the press, under the title of *Coming Events in the Spring: Travels on the Perso-Turkoman Frontier*.

PROF. CROOM ROBINSON, of University College, London, is to edit a review, of which the first number will appear in January, under the title of "Mind." Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Venr, the rector of Lincoln College, Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, and Mr. Henry Sedgwick, as well as the editor, are to contribute to the first number.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S new volume, which is entitled "Social Aims," comprises much new matter, and includes his essays on "Poetry and Imagination," "Eloquence," "Quotation and Originality," "Progress of Culture," "Persian Poetry," "Inspiration," and other articles never before collected.

IN examining the papers of the late George Grote, his widow has discovered a remarkable essay exhibiting the historian's opinions of Aristotle as a moral teacher. This precious paper, so interesting to the philosophical world, is printed among a group of posthumous papers, which will be published in a few weeks.

HERBERT SPENCER is passionately fond of the society of children. He attends the Christmas pantomimes in London regularly, and is a warm friend of all the harlequins of the day. He is on excellent terms also with the various species of clowns, regarding them as a necessary outcome of nature. He is 55, and unmarried.

JOAQUIN MILLER calls Walt Whitman the Milton of America, and declares that he will live when "the dome of the Washington Capitol no longer lifts its rounded shoulders against the cycles of Time." Walt is fearfully worked up about it, and is labouring day and night to say as much for Joaquin, but he's afraid his imagination will require a Jacob's ladder to reach anything to match that "rounded shoulders against the cycles of Time."

A RARE and valuable book was sold at the Hôtel Drouot lately, being a missal, on vellum, of Flemish origin, which had been in the family of M. de Gauvain, of Nancy, for more than 100 years. It is enriched with twenty-three miniatures, five small and eighteen large. The former represents the four Evangelists, and Jesus taken from the tomb by angels. The eighteen others, with their borders, fill the whole page, and some of them have numerous figures, one as many as fourteen. This precious manuscript was put up at 10,000f., and in a few minutes was bought for 20,000f. by M. Labitte, who was said to be acting for the Duc d'Aumale. It has many points of resemblance with the *Book of Hours of King René*, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, MSS., No. 547.

THE following is the substance of a letter from Mr. Carlyle to one of the subscribers to the address:—"This of the medal and formal address of friends was an altogether unexpected event, to be received as a conspicuous and peculiar honour, without example hitherto anywhere in my life. . . . To you . . . I address my thankful acknowledgments, which surely are deep and sincere; and will beg you to convey the same to all the kind friends so beautifully concerned in it. Let no one of you be other than assured that the beautiful transaction in result, management and intention was altogether gratifying, welcome, and honourable to me, and that I cordially thank one and all of you for what you have been pleased to do. Your fine and noble gift shall remain among my precious possessions, and be the symbol to me of something still more golden than itself, on the part of my, many dear and too generous friends so long as I continue in this world.—Yours and theirs, from the heart, T. CARLYLE."

ARTISTIC.

THE statue of Burns will be erected in Central Park this year during the Centennial festivities.

A statue of Metellus, the Roman conqueror of Crete, has been found during excavations of that island.

SHOPPING.

The commercial spirit is not peculiar to men only, women, too, being largely impregnated with it. Though the latter in a general way have not much opportunity of selling in the dearest or any other market, they are constantly showing that they are fond of buying in the cheapest. They are as much elated when they have made what they flatter themselves is a good bargain, as is an Arab guide when he imagines that he has successfully victimised an English tourist. Their love for getting things cheap finds an outcome, much to the delight of a number of enterprising tradesmen, in the feminine occupation of shopping. . . . Now, the ladies go shopping in a perfectly serious fashion, fully persuaded that they are superior to the dodges by which smart tradesmen seek to entrap the unwary. Unlike most men, who, when they go shopping, want a certain article, and therefore start upon their pursuit with a definite purpose, they are unfettered by conditions. Without requiring anything in particular, they feel that they will find a use for a hundred articles, and so they glory in the circumstance that they have a licence to snap up anything which may be cheap or out of the common. Thus situated, it is but natural that they should decline to go to work in the humdrum way of the man who, standing in need of a coat, enters a tailor's shop, and in five minutes comes out again, having ordered what he required. They are above selecting a shawl in five minutes, the task being an important one which, in their opinion, must be performed without haste and with due solemnity. Thus, when they see a certain shawl which takes their fancy, they do not, as an inefficient male shopper would do, cry out, "There, that will just suit." They are superior to falling into the folly of such precipitancy. They have come to see the greater portion of the mercer's stock, and they will do so, though they are perfectly assured that they will hark back to the particular shawl which has taken their fancy, and which, with the view of deteriorating it in the eyes of the shopman, and thereby getting it a little cheaper than they might otherwise do, they have spoken of with well-feigned indifference. The assumption is that they experience a sweet joy when they see a shopman disarranging his stock, and putting it apparently into a state of hopeless confusion, perspiring profusely, and looking unhappy meanwhile, for their delectation. Nor do they shrink from telling the miserable man at times—and this is the crowning part of the glory of their proceedings—that they will think about the matter, and perhaps purchase upon some future occasion. The fuculent smile which plays upon their lips as they depart should be sufficient consolation to the shopman for what he has suffered. It must be understood that he is not disheartened, though his temper may be sorely tried, by this sort of thing. He is aware that in nine cases out of ten his victim will come back, and that he will be able to revenge himself upon her, notwithstanding her cleverness.

It has been said that the shopping lady does not work upon a system. Having resolved that she will do a day's shopping she sallies aimlessly forth, determined upon one point, however—to have a good rummage through more than one establishment. So she wanders up and down her pet street, and scrutinises the windows of her pet shops, sniffing at the price of this, and declaring that the price of the other is cheap. Having taken a general bird's-eye view of the state of the battle-field she attacks the enemy in other words, she enters a shop. "What can they show her?" is the query which the saponaceous human ornament of the establishment puts to her. Her reply is somewhat vague, but it leaks out that "they" can show her a great many things, and this is done. One by one "sweet things," "the greatest bargains ever offered," and "the latest novelties" are laid before her admiring gaze. Then some "sweet thing"—which she does not want—inspires her with a feeling of admiration, which is fermented by the wiles of the crafty shopman. "It is nice," she says longingly, "and so cheap" urges her tempter; "it would look well," she murmurs, "and it would suit you so beautifully," echoes the cunning one; "she really will think about buying it some other time," she says, hesitatingly, but she will never have such a chance again, suggests Mephistophiles. So the matter ends by her buying the "sweet thing" at a price at which the tradesman is really ashamed to sell it, and she takes her departure in a state of triumphant delight. The shopman, notwithstanding her extreme cleverness, bows her to the door with charming urbanity, and longs for another such customer. The transaction, however, does not satisfy her ardent nature, and she resumes her perambulations, with the result that here she buys a gimcrack, there a mantle—unhappily at a ruinous cost, as even she has to confess—which will put that of her rival, Mrs. Brown, quite into the shade, and so on. It should be noted, that notwithstanding her mania for getting things cheap she is perfectly well assured that certain things cannot be good unless they cost a certain figure, so she often declines to buy grand things unless they are charged at a price commensurate with their grandeur. Fortunately, shopkeepers generally are able to accommodate her in this matter, and are kind enough to give a practical effect to their appreciation of the fact that she cannot hope to eclipse Mrs. Smith's five guinea bonnet except with a work of art which has cost half as much again as that sum.

Gathering her bargains and "sweet things" together, the shopping lady goes home, and there awaits her husband. To him she shows

her treasures, and admiringly invites his approval. That she often fails to get it is perhaps due more to the weakness than the depravity of human nature. Possibly if he liked parting with his money as much as he loves getting it he would not look with disgust upon the trumpery and expensive articles which a cunning shopkeeper has foisted upon her, but as it is he heaves many a sigh, and occasionally says things which are not conducive to connubial bliss. Knowing his weakness, she sometimes prudently declines to let him into the secret of the full extent of transactions, and occasionally, in order that talents may not be checked through paucity of resource, she manipulates the domestic finances in such a marvellous manner that though he becomes annoyed he is so mystified that he cannot find ground for reasonable complaint. He is, however, led to regard gloomily the extraordinary cost of mere living. Perhaps his wife's abilities at last prove too much for him, and he has to compound with his creditors, and see auctioneers in possession of his house. Then does his wife declare that there never was a man so stupid at business as he, and his friends avow that he brought it upon his own head. Thus domestic peace is often incompatible with "shopping." Those ladies who are continually bewailing because their tyrannical lords have "such horrible tempers" might advantageously condescend to learn a lesson from this fact.

"PALIMPSESTS."

The discovery of a MS. of Strabo may render a few remarks about palimpsests acceptable. It is well known that the ancients used either papyrus or parchment for writing upon. When a work did not sell, the owner or bookseller would take the leaves on which it was written, efface the characters by means of a scraper, and cover the surface with new writing. Such parchment was called "palimpsest," from the Greek *palin*, again, and *psao*, I scrape; but as the latter operation was often imperfectly performed, the old writing would be often visible under the new one; and this is the case with the manuscript in question. Publishers in those days had neither compositors nor presses, but they had slaves of a higher degree who could read and write. These used to sit in a circle round a reader who dictated to them. They had a tablet on their knees on which they wrote; each man was provided with a sponge and scraper, for the purpose of effacing or making corrections. Papyrus leaves were in use as well as parchment, and would allow of erasure like the latter; only, instead of being made into books like ours, their ends were glued together so as to form a long strip, which was then rolled on a cylindrical stick fixed at one end, and which was called the *umbilicus*. Such a papyrus bore the name of *volumen*, from *volvare* to roll, whence our word "volume." When placed on a book-shelf, the extremity of the cylinder was seen; for elegance's sake it was adorned with ornamental nails, of tipped with florn, whence the word *cornua* applied to it. The leaves of the Egyptian seed known by the name of "papyrus" were not taken in their natural state for writing purposes; they underwent a preparation; the fibres were peeled off and laid, first lengthwise, then crosswise, on each other on a board, with a glutinous substance to hold them together; they were then pressed hard and dried in the sun. After this their surface was brushed over with a sort of size to correct their bibulous nature, and they were then ready for use.

THE CREEDS OF THE WORLD.

AUSTRIA, HUNGARY, year of enumeration, 1869.—Number of Protestants, 3,509,018; Roman Catholics, 23,954,233. Proportion of Roman Catholics to Protestants, 87.22 per cent.

BELGIUM (1870).—Protestants, 15,120; Roman Catholics, 5,069,105. Per cent., 99.71.

DENMARK (1870).—Protestants, 1,774,239; Roman Catholics, 1,857. Per cent., 0.104.

FRANCE (1872).—Protestants, 511,621; Roman Catholics, 35,497,235. Per cent., 98.57.

GERMANY (1871).—Protestants, 25,581,709; Roman Catholics, 14,867,091. Per cent., 36.75.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—Estimated Protestants, 26,100,000; Roman Catholics, 5,520,000. Per cent., 17.45.

GREECE (1870).—Protestants, 6,522; Roman Catholics, 6,013. Per cent., 49.56.

ITALY (1871).—Protestants, 39,480; Roman Catholics, 26,624,600. Per cent., 99.85.

NETHERLANDS (1869).—Protestants, 2,193,281; Roman Catholics, 1,313,084. Per cent., 37.44.

PORTUGAL.—Estimated Protestants, 500; Roman Catholics, 3,994,600. Per cent., 99.98.

RUSSIA, in Europe (1867).—Protestants, 2,565,345; Roman Catholics, 7,209,464. Per cent., 73.75.

SPAIN.—Estimated Protestants, 20,000; Roman Catholics, 16,710,000. Per cent., 99.86.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY (1871).—Protestants, 5,903,587; Roman Catholics, 889. Per cent., 0.015.

SWITZERLAND (1870).—Protestants, 1,566,347; Roman Catholics, 1,084,369. Per cent., 40.09.

TURKEY, in Europe.—Estimated Protestants, 25,000; Roman Catholics, 640,000. Per cent., 96.24.

DICKENS AND LEMON AS ACTORS.

Mark Lemon and Charles Dickens were both good actors, and were frequently associated with theatrical representations in connection with the Guild of Literature and Art. These performances commenced in 1845, at Miss Kelly's, now the Royalty Theatre, Dean-street, Soho. The first performance consisted of Ben Jonson's play, "Every Man in his Humour," (Mark playing Brainworm, and Dickens Bobadil), and the farce of "Two o'clock in the Morning," in which Mark Lemon was the Mysterious Stranger, and Dickens Snobington. In the playbills no names were given, but few failed to recognise the burly editor, and the well-known features of "Boz." Soon after this and other performances of the Guild, the Tavistock House theatricals commenced. The first of these amateur representations was given in order to exercise the vocal powers of one of Dickens's younger children, who, although of tender age, possessed a wonderful voice, and great dramatic power. This performance took place on the 6th February, 1855, at "the Tavistock, or the smallest theatre in the world." The bill included Fielding's burlesque of "Tom Thumb," supported chiefly by children. Mark impersonated Glendalen, "the beautiful queen of the gypsies," under the name of "The Infant Phenomenon," and the Ghost of Gaffer Thumb fell to Dickens, who styled himself in the bills "The Modern Garrick." A second performance quickly followed, the piece chosen being "Fortunio; or, the Seven Gifted Servants," by nearly the same company, Dickens changing his name to that of "The Modern Roscius, while Mark, who weighed twenty-one stone retained the characteristic sobriquet of "The Infant Phenomenon." In 1856, under the same roof, Wilkie Collins' melodrama, "The Lighthouse," was given, and a farce previously performed by members of the Guild, written by Dickens and Lemon, called "Mr. Nightingale's Diary." This performance may be specially remembered from the fact that the drop-scene, which was painted for the occasion by Clarkson Stanfield, sold at Dickens's sale for a fabulous price. Referring to the painting, Dickens writes in the preceding May, little anticipating the value to be hereafter set upon what, to them, was but a part of their theatrical property:—"Tavistock House, 1856.—Dear Mark,—Stanfield is sorry it is not the outside of the lighthouse with a raging sea and transparent light. He enters into the project with the utmost enthusiasm, and I think we shall, with our combination of forces, make a capital thing of it. Yours, C. DICKENS." The result of this piece made the ambitious amateurs eager for more triumphs, and on the 6th of January, in the following year, another piece by Wilkie Collins was performed at Tavistock House. The author appeared as Frank Addersley, Charles Dickens as Richard Meadows, Mark Lemon as Lieutenant Crayford, and Augustus Egg as John Want. The farce, "Animal Magnetism," followed the new play, which was repeated a week later, with Buckstone's farce, "Uncle John." In 1857, the Guild gave representations at Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham.

THE BRONTES' STRUGGLES.

The literary history of the remarkable sisters Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë illustrates in a very interesting manner the exigencies of authorship. These girls lived with their father in a secluded hamlet in the North of England, and were desirous of publishing a volume of poems. They wrote to a publishing house, and arranged to have the book printed and published at the author's expense. The volume fell dead from the press, and the girls remitted the bill, which amounted to about seventy pounds. It was a hard loss and made a gap in the little funds of the family, but there was no avoiding the result, which was borne with cheerfulness. These poems were published as the production of three brothers, Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, and the best notice which any of them received was accorded to the poems of Ellis (Emily), who was considered by Charlotte the most talented of the family. The gifted sisters were not disheartened. Charlotte had written a novel, which was sent to a publisher, who returned it. It was afterwards sent to six other houses, and was declined by every one. The book was called *The Professor*. Charlotte, while the work was going the rounds, commenced *Jane Eyre*, which she determined to make more of a sensational novel than *The Professor*, and succeeded to a remarkable degree. The MS. was sent to Smith, Elder & Co., and was published at their risk, and had a ready sale. Subsequently the author and her sister Anne went to London to see the publishers, and the latter was astonished to behold two diminutive young women clad in dress of rural simplicity, who represented so popular a book as *Jane Eyre*. Charlotte had Smith, Elder & Co.'s business correspondence as a proof of her identity, and this removed all doubt. Then, for the first time, the publishers learned that Currer Bell, once supposed to be a man, was a delicate girl, whose studies of life and society had been of a very limited character. Such was the entrance of one of the most talented families of the present age into the literary world. How tedious and thorny a path they trod can only be learned by experience. Perhaps the history of this remarkable trio is one of the most striking in the modern history of genius, and has an almost tragical character. Seldom has the world witnessed three such talented sisters, who withered rapidly under misfortune, and followed each other in quick succession to the grave.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

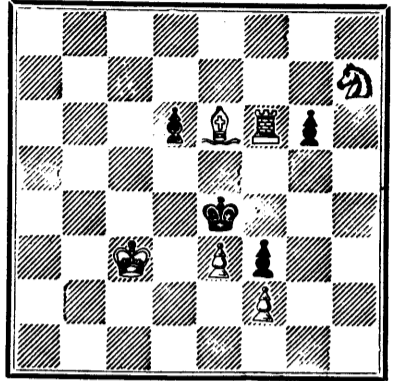
All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 52, received; also, Solution of Problem No. 53. Both correct.
M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 50 received. Correct.

PROBLEM No. 55.

By A. CYRIL PEARSON.
BLACK.



WHITE
White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 68TH.

Played in the late match between Messrs. Zukertort and Potter. It is a brilliant performance on the part of the winner.

(Irregular opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Zukertort.) BLACK.—(Mr. Potter.)

1. P to Q B 4th
2. P to Q 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd
4. P to K 3rd
5. B to K 2nd
6. Castles
7. Kt to B 3rd
8. P to K 4th (b)
9. Q takes P
10. P to B 5th (c)
11. B to Q B 4th
12. Q to Q 6th
13. P takes P
14. R to K sq
15. B takes P (f)
16. B takes B
17. P takes R
18. Q R to Q sq
19. B to K 6th
20. B takes Kt (ch)
21. Kt takes P
22. Kt takes Kt
23. B takes P
24. R to Q 4th
25. R to Q Kt 4th
26. Kt to K 7th (ch)
27. R to Kt 7th (ch)

And White mates in two moves.

NOTES.

- (a) A very eccentric opening, leading the second player into difficulties speedily.
- (b) Good, gaining an immediate advantage.
- (c) This also is well played, as it prevents Black from castling.
- (d) Had he castled, the check of the White Bishop, followed by Kt to Kt 5th, would have won.
- (e) Exchanging Queens would have been better.
- (f) This manoeuvre, giving up the Queen, is sound and well calculated.
- (g) There is no good move left. White plays the finish in capital style.

GAME 69TH.

Played a few days ago, at the Montreal Chess Club between Messrs. H. Aspinwall Howe and Hermann von Bokum.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. (Mr. Howe.) BLACK. (M. Von Bokum.)

1. P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th
3. P takes Q P
4. B to Q Kt 5th (ch)
5. P takes P
6. P to Q 4th
7. P to Q 5th
8. B takes B (ch)
9. P to B 4th
10. Kt to B sq
11. Kt to K R 3rd
12. Kt to B 3rd
13. Q to R 5th (ch)
14. Q takes Q (ch)
15. Kt to Q sq
16. B to Q 2nd
17. Kt to K 2nd
18. P to Q Kt 3rd
19. R to Q Kt sq
20. B to B 3rd
21. Kt takes B
22. P to R 4th
23. R P takes P
24. Kt takes P
25. P takes R

And Black mates in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 53.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K 6th | 1. B takes Kt |
| 2. Q to Q R 4th | 2. R takes Q |
| 3. R to Kt 3rd (ch) | 3. Anything. |
| 4. Kt mates. | |

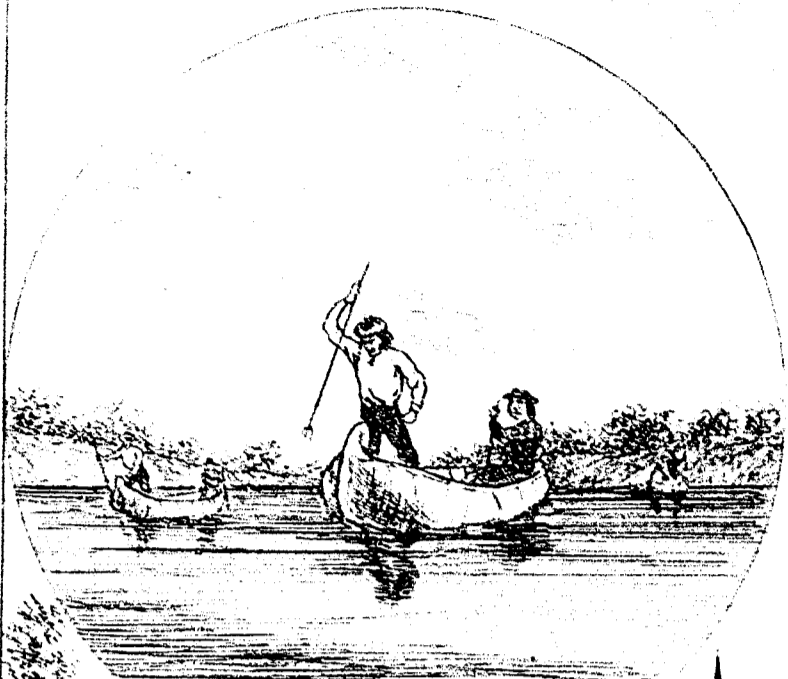
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 52.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| WHITE | BLACK |
| 1. R to Q Kt 8th (ch) | 1. K takes R |
| 2. Q to Q R 6th | |
- And play as Black can, he must be mated next move.

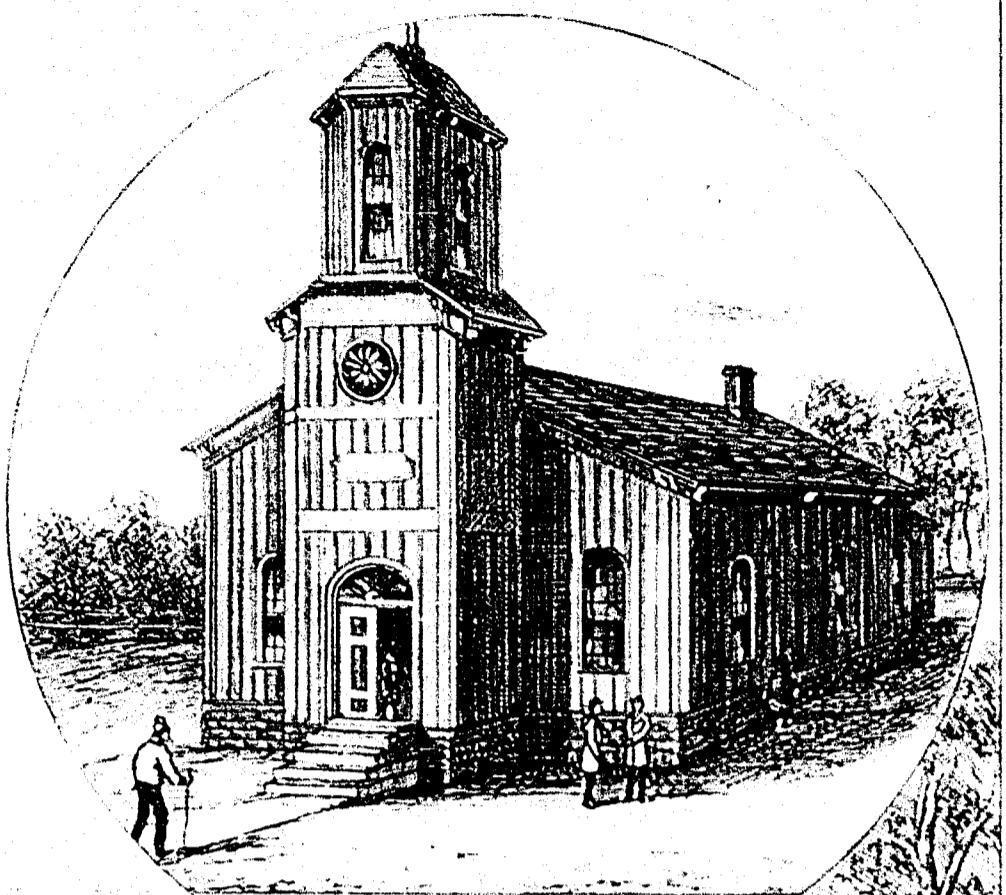
PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 53.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at K Kt 2nd | K at K Kt 5th |
| B at K Kt 5th | Pawn at K Kt 3rd |
| Kt at K Kt 3rd | |
| Pawn at K B 2nd | |
- White to play and mate in four moves.



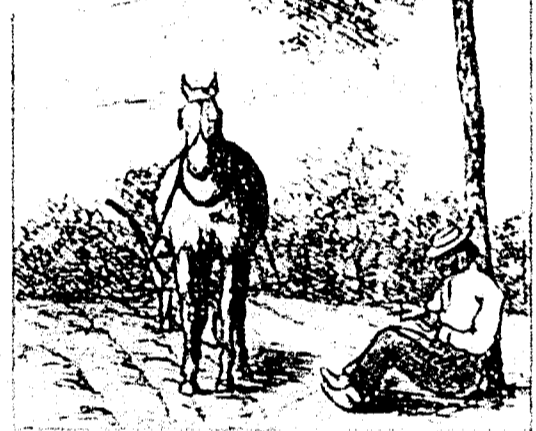
INDIAN FISHING ON THE GRAND RIVER.



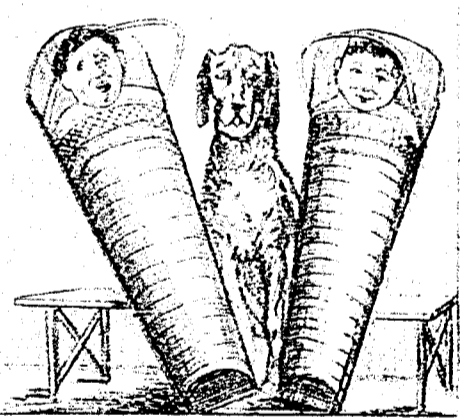
COUNCIL-HOUSE SIX NATION INDIANS.



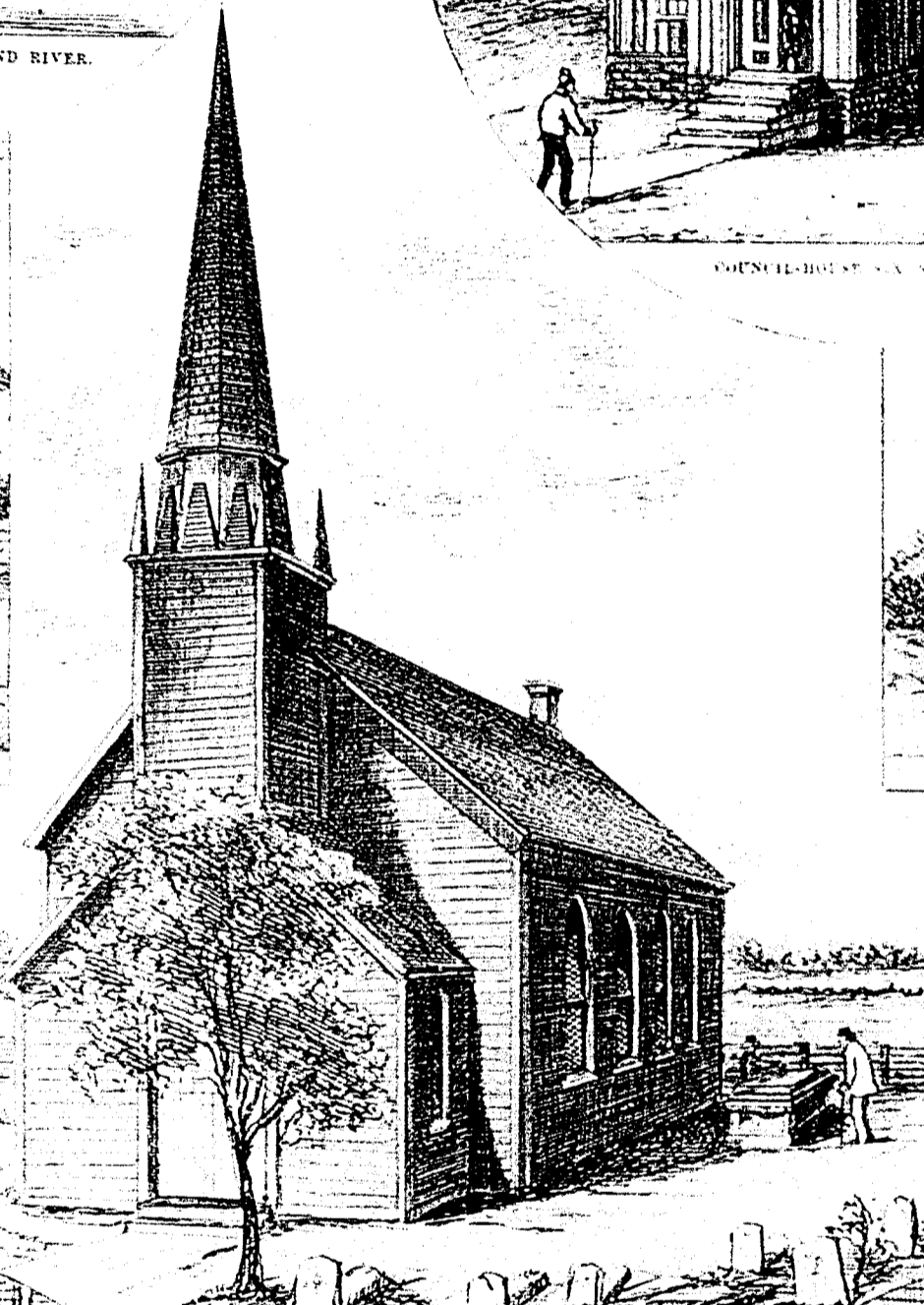
INDIAN HOUSE.



INDIAN BOY FARMING.



MEMBERS OF EVERY HOUSEHOLD.



OLD MOHAWK-CHURCH, FIRST CHURCH IN UPPER CANADA, ERECTED BY BRANT IN 1785.



INDIAN WOMEN CARRYING WOOD.

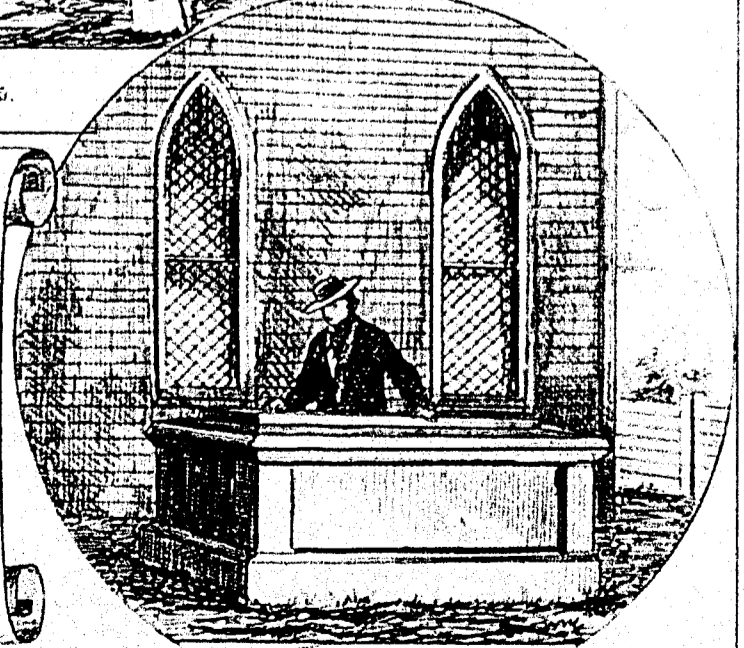


INDIAN WOMEN MAKING MOCCASINS AND BASKETS.

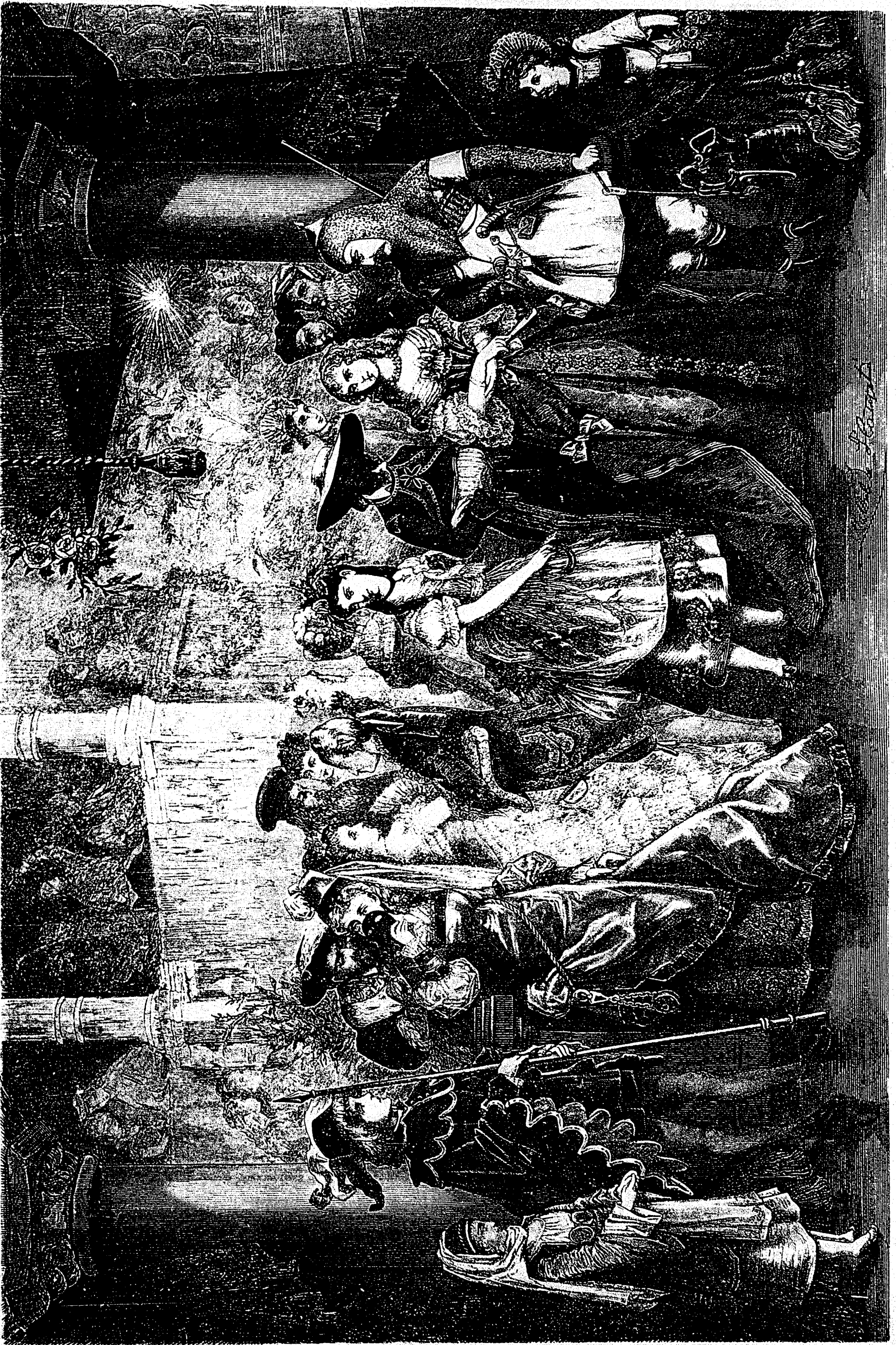
THIS TOMB IS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THAYENNES-EE OR CAPT. JOSEPH BRANT, PRINCIPAL CHIEF AND WARRIOR OF THE SIX NATION INDIANS BY HIS FELLOW SUBJECTS AND ADMIRERS OF HIS FIDELITY AND ATTACHMENT TO THE BRITISH CROWN. BORN ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO RIVER 1742. DIED AT WELLINGTON SQUARE U. C. 1807.

IT ALSO CONTAINS THE REMAINS OF HIS SON AHOOWAGHIS OR CAPT. JOHN BRANT, WHO SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER AS TEKARRHOOGA AND DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN THE WAR OF 1812-15. BORN AT THE MOHAWK VILLAGE U. C. 1765. DIED AT THE SAME PLACE 1832.

INSCRIPTION ON BRANT'S TOMB.



BRANT'S TOMB.



FANCY AND BALL DRESSES.

THE DEAD LETTER

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

And can it be? Ah, yes, I see
 'Tis thirty years and better,
 Since Mary Morgan sent to me
 This musty, musky letter.
 A pretty hand (she couldn't spell),
 As any man must vote it;
 And 'twas, as I remember well,
 A pretty hand that wrote it!

How calmly now I view it all,
 As memory backward ranges—
 The talks, the walks, that I recall,
 And then,—the postal changes!
 How well I loved her I can guess
 (Since cash is Cupid's hostage)—
 Just one and sixpence—nothing less
 This letter cost in postage!

The love that wrote at such a rate
 (By Jove! it was a steep one!)
 Five hundred notes (I calculate),
 Was certainly a deep one;
 And yet it died—of slow decline—
 Perhaps suspicion chilled it;
 I've quite forgotten if 'twas mine
 Or Mary's flirting killed it.

At last the fatal message came:
 "My letters—please return them;
 And yours—of course you wish the same—
 I'll send them back to burn them."
 Two precious fools, I must allow,
 Whichever was the greater;
 I wonder if I'm wiser now,
 Some seven lustros later!

And this alone remained! Ah, well!
 These words of warm affection,
 The faded ink, the pungent smell,
 Are food for deep reflection.
 They tell of how the heart contrives
 To change with fancy's fashion,
 And how a drop of musk survives
 The strongest human passion!

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

(Concluded from our last.)

One day he was working out an idea at his piano, when by a sudden impulse he rose, and going to where Marthe sat working, kissed her, saying, dreamily, "My dear little wife!" then quickly he returned to his place. He had scarcely seemed conscious of his act, the far-way artist look was in his eyes, his voice was veiled—in a word, the inspiration and the thought of his wife had somehow become mixed. Marthe ceased working; a deep flush spread slowly over face and neck; eagerly she listened to the sounds from the piano. Camille sat working for an hour or more, now dotting down the notes and words—for there were words, though Marthe could not well catch their sense—now trying the development of a new idea on the piano. Finally, after a pause, during which he seemed lost in thought, he rose; his aspect was changed, taking the music-paper he crumpled it in his hand and threw it away with the gesture of a man who is indignant with himself. He turned round, his eyes full of reproach; "Oh, Marthe!" he exclaimed, then he quickly left the room, and the young wife heard the front door slam behind him. Marthe picked up the crumpled paper, spent all the afternoon in copying off the smeared characters as best she could; then putting her copy under lock and key, she threw back the original where she had found it. The words ran as follows:—

L'ean dans les grands lacs bleus
 Endormie
 Est le miroir des cieux:
 Mais j'aime mieux les yeux
 De ma mie.

Pour que l'ombre parfois
 Nous sourie,
 Un oiseau chante au bois;
 Mais j'aime mieux la voix
 De ma mie.

Le temps vient tout briser;
 On oublie:
 Moi, pour le mépriser
 Je ne veux qu'un baiser
 De ma mie.

On change tour à tour
 De folie:
 Moi, jusqu'au dernier jour,
 Je m'en tiens à l'amour
 De ma mie.

Madame du Ruel did not forget her promise to call on Marthe; more than this, she showed herself affable, kind, familiar. Marthe was grateful, and little by little the woman of the world won the confidence of the poor, little, lonely bride.

Since that one moment of expansion, Camille had become more reserved than ever, and Marthe suffered from this coldness far more than she had done in the very beginning of their marriage. She could not tell all that was in her heart, for she did not understand it herself; but her broken confidences were indications more than sufficient for a woman of Madame du Ruel's experience.

"Of course; of course! I understand it all!" exclaimed the good lady, interrupting Marthe's disjointed confession. "Have I not seen it a hundred times? A nice little girl, carefully brought up, modest, with very proper ideas of duty, and all sort of thing, has been told that until her marriage-day she is not to think of love—that it would not be proper for her to do so; but on that marriage-day she is suddenly to change from white to red—a sort of legerdemain trick, which is by no means easy; she, who does not even know the meaning of the word, finds that she is bound to love her husband, and what is stranger than any of M. Robert Houdin's performances, she does begin by loving him usually; she asks nothing better, poor little soul, than to worship this man, whom she did not know two months before; to invest him with all the virtues and qualities which her ideal ought to

possess. My dear, the great wonder of my life is that there should be so many good marriages in our world; it only proves that human nature is better than it is reputed to be. Sometimes, however, the experiment fails, and in those cases you will find on examination that it is nearly always through the man's fault."

"But, dear madame, I do not accuse my husband."

"Of course, you do not."

"On Sunday, for instance, when from my corner in the church I listen to his playing, tears come to my eyes; his music tells me that it is my fault if he does not care for me much; I feel that a man who plays like Camille is capable of loving very deeply, and that if I were less insignificant—"

"That's right! put it all on to your own shoulders. In plain words, this is the truth: Camille is the best organist in Paris, and you are peculiarly impressionable to music—when it is not too scientific and learned; that I saw at Madame Vernier's. As to his capacities for loving, I do not really doubt them. I have known him since his boyhood, and I am not the woman to put up with all sorts of negligences, if I did not really esteem the qualities of the neglectful one; only he has theories, and theories are the worst stumbling-blocks in the way of matrimonial happiness. In the first place, he is quite willing to surrender his outer man to gentle care, to have his comforts attended to; but he guards with savage determination his inner man from your influence, because as I have often heard him say, an artist requires interior liberty and solitude; besides, a woman takes up so much precious time. In our Paris life the differences of education of the two sexes are so great—women being taught to see all white and men to see all black, so to speak—that they have but very few points of intellectual contact or of common interest. Society is getting more and more like a funeral service, where the solemn beadle places the men on one side, the women on the other!"

Marthe listened to her new friend almost in silence. She had no theories of her own on education; she had been brought up like all the other girls about her, and it had never struck her that the system was a bad one, or, indeed, that any other was possible. Madame du Ruel, on the contrary, was a woman who had travelled and thought more than her countrywomen usually do. She had become very sincerely interested in Marthe, and meant to make something out of her. She continued her harangue until she had completely won her new friend's confidence, and obtained a promise that she would submit to be guided. "Only, my child, never let your husband guess that it is my advice that you are following; there is no one who has the power of exciting a man's jealousy as much as his wife's female friend and adviser."

Some little time after his conversion M. Saintis was rather astonished when he discovered that his wife wished to go to a certain Madame Dupré's evening entertainment to which they were invited. Madame Dupré was the wife of a deputy—a deputy of the Left. She had pretensions to make her house a rallying-point—to be a sort of humble Madame Roland. She liked men, was a bit of a blue-stocking, and, at the same time, was gay, talkative, and as fond of dancing as of politics. It was a house which M. Saintis usually avoided with great care; the music at Madame Dupré's—for music sometimes came in as an interlude to dancing—was of a kind to make the severe musician grind his teeth.

"Why, if you wish it, Marthe, of course."

"It is a long time since I have had a dance."

"You like to dance?"

The tone in which he said those words meant much. He was rather pleased, on the whole, to discover such a weakness in his wife; it gave him a delightful sense of superiority; so with the greatest good-nature he promised to accompany her on the following Tuesday.

Music is an absorbing occupation as we all know—so absorbing to a man of Camille's disposition, that most occurrences of life passed unobserved by him; but when on the evening of the party Marthe came before him ready dressed, his abstraction gave way suddenly; he looked at his wife, as though he then saw her for the first time.

"Why, my love, how pretty you are!"

Marthe blushed and laughed softly; she knew that he would never again look upon her as a mere provincial schoolgirl whom fate has cast upon the Paris world. Perhaps for an instant a feeling of bitterness came across her as she thought that her dreamy husband had needed the aid of a fashionably-made ball-dress to discover that she was really good-looking as well as young; but hers was a sweet and gentle nature, so the bitterness passed at once. Marthe really did like dancing; and when she found herself in Madame Dupré's well-lighted, gay-looking rooms, her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed, so that more than one grave politician moved round to ask who that pretty, fresh-looking young woman might be. The first to come forward and claim her hand was her old acquaintance, M. Durand the painter. Camille watched his wife for a few minutes whirling around, and then turned away, to wander rather disconsolately from room to room. He was out of his element; the dance-music grated on his ears, and he felt a great contempt for the frivolous crowd in which he found himself. At last he discovered, in a lost corner, a friend, musician like himself; the two cronies fell into a learned and lengthy discussion. Suddenly the dance-music ceased; there was a hush in the heated rooms; around him every one was listening to a young thrilling voice, which rose, at

first trembling, then sweet and clear, above the subsiding noises.

"What a fine voice!" exclaimed Camille's companion. "How clear! Wants training, however. Who is it?"

His friend did not answer. At first he had but a confused sense of familiarity with the music, then suddenly he recognized his own melody, thrown aside as unworthy of his artistic theories. After the first few minutes he clearly distinguished the words:—

Le temps vient tout briser;

On oublie:

Moi, pour le mépriser

Je ne veux qu'un baiser

De ma mie.

On change tour à tour

De folie:

Moi, jusqu'au dernier jour,

Je m'en tiens à l'amour

De ma mie.

The burst of applause, when Marthe had finished her song, was enthusiastic; her triumph was complete. The young painter hovered around her, one of a crowd. She could scarcely answer the numberless compliments which assailed her on every side. She stood blushing—half-frightened, half-proud. Now and again she glanced quickly around, as though in search of some one, and then again the glance fell.

"Why did you not tell me before that your wife had such a splendid voice?" asked the busy mistress of the house, who, however, had no time to wait for an answer.

"Your wife!" exclaimed the musical friend, who, being short and thick, had not been able to force his way into the principal drawing-room where the singing had taken place. "I congratulate you, my dear fellow; but by whom is the music? It is modern, of course; probably by some young man still full of freshness and illusions; he has talent, very great talent indeed, but he is on the wrong track."

"Undoubtedly," answered Saintis.

"My good friend," exclaimed Durand, coming up with the heroine of the evening on his arm, "I appeal to you! Madame Saintis will not tell us who is the author of that adorable song. Between ourselves, I suspect that it is one of her own composition; if so, look out for your laurels; it is better than anything you ever wrote!"

"Camille, I am tired; I want to go home,"

whispered Marthe, whose bright colour had quite left her cheeks.

The dazed musician mechanically took his wife from her attentive partner, and they left the crowded, heated rooms. As they were passing out, Madame du Ruel took Marthe's hand, and pressed it encouragingly.

When husband and wife were shut up in the rattling hack, Camille at last broke the long silence, and said in a constrained voice,

"Why did you not tell me, Marthe, that you were so good a musician?"

"You gave me to understand that young ladies' music was distasteful to you; you even begged me only to practice in your absence."

"I could not guess that you had so remarkable a voice; I could still less imagine that you had been tolerably well taught."

"My teacher was a good one; then, I think, I have recently learned a good deal from hearing Madame Vernier sing."

"And—and—how did you manage to learn that song?"

"When you threw it aside, I took it up and copied it—I liked it so much, so very much!" Her voice trembled a little as she said this, but Camille did not seem to notice it. There was a struggle going on in his mind, and as yet the victory was doubtful. At last they arrived before the solemn old house by the narrow rapid river. The cabman, delighted at an exorbitant *pour boire* which Camille had absently bestowed upon him, rattled away at a furious rate, and then everything returned to its usual dead quietness.

"Marthe," said Camille—"my wife—forgive me!"

He was deeply moved; he was conquered.

Eighteen months later there was great excitement in the musical world. An opera by Saintis was brought out at the Opéra Comique, and it proved to be a genuine success. The musicians praised it—the public applauded heartily the charm and grace of the melodies.

"And our musician's theories?"

"His theories!" exclaimed Durand, addressing the circle of friends assembled to talk over the affair between the acts of the first representation—"his theories! he has shown himself wise in keeping them in the background this time; they led him to nothing but failure with his first opera. He owes this evening's success, I can tell you, to an influence which is quite independent of thorough-bass."

"Oh, we know!" exclaimed several young men laughing. "You ought to remind the director to have printed on the play-bills—'Music by M. Saintis and wife!'"

"You have been her champion since the first, Durand."

"And I do not mean to resign the post. Laugh if you will, but to me the week has no pleasanter evening than Wednesday, when all the old friends and cronies of Saintis are made welcome by his wife; to hear her sing her husband's music is a perfect delight. She is charming. But there goes the signal; it would be a pity to miss the chance of watching her face as the curtain goes up. *Au revoir!*" and he went off, humming—

On change tour à tour

De folie;

Moi, jusqu'au dernier jour,

Je m'en tiens à l'amour

De ma mie.

MARY HEALY.

DRESS AND FASHION IN PARIS.

Tight-fitting costumes are more than ever in vogue; skirts are tightly strained in front over the hips; bodices are worn tight and long, with the very evident aim of making the figure look slim, in spite of all obstacles to the contrary. The costumes of the middle ages are rifled for closely-fitting dresses, stiff bodices, lined with whalebone, and metal waistbands, while our long trains, our historical sleeves, and our head-gear are all imitations of bygone fashions. A very pretty novelty for young ladies is the polonaise corselet. It is made very low at the front and at the back, and is not buttoned, but fastened over the shoulders. Sometimes it is laced at the back rather low on the bust, like a cuirasse. Some cleverly arranged drapings of the skirt are joined to the end of the laced part. This model is worn with scarcely any tournures. Flat figures are likely to become as exaggerated as tournures were. The elegantes fasten their skirts to the edge of their corsets. Fur is being worn everywhere at present—on men's coats and women's dresses, and even on boots and shoes. It is also used for trimming chapeaux, and is not unsuitable to the shapes now made. Round, soft velvet and plush hats find their most natural trimming in fur; but the taste for fur this winter does not stop here; it has brought us back to the round capes so dear to our grandmothers, and other vêtements entirely covered with fur outside. Sable and ermine are now taking rank in ladies' toilettes. Fur has been used as a lining for some time past, but "nous avons changé tout cela"—our elegantes now wear sable pelisses, lined with quilted satin, and tight-fitting jackets and mantles, also made entirely of fur. These vêtements are trimmed with bows of ribbon, passementerie, and metal ornaments. Ermine, that has so long been in the shade as a fashionable fur, is now used for making the most charming jackets for young ladies. They are ornamented with large filagree buttons; but the *ne plus ultra* of elegance is to wear precious stones, surrounded with brilliants, as buttons, on these vêtements. A mantle has lately been made for a princess, ornamented with turquoise buttons set in diamonds. Another elegante fastens her fur cape with two splendid sapphires. There is, in fact, no limit to the luxury and love of all that is brilliant and expensive. There is a perfect rage for the new braid and braid-brocaded materials, interwoven with gold, silver or steel.

HUMOROUS.

JIMMY says he doesn't understand all this fuss about worked slippers. He doesn't like to receive slippers worked by his mother.

"I'll be down again in a few days and bring you father's full name and address," was the thoughtful remark of a New Hampshire youth the other day, when he dropped in at a marble worker's to select a grave stone for his paternal relative.

"I WOULDN'T be such a christian as you are, John," said his wife, as she stood in the doorway dressed for church. "You could go with me very well if you wanted to."

"How can I?" he half sobbed. "There's the wood to be split, and the coal to be shoveled over to the other side of the cellar, and no dishes washed for dinner yet."

"Ah, I didn't think of that," she murmured, thoughtfully, and giving her new cloak a fresh hitch aft, sailed out alone.

A LARGE number of the young men of Detroit have purchased diaries for 1876, and they will take up their pencils with a firm determination to keep track of every day in the year. Every young man should keep a diary. When he is old and gray his grandchildren will fish it out of the rag-bag and find it more valuable than gold or silver. There is no set style of jotting down thoughts and events, but perhaps it will be well to give the record of 1875 as taken from the diary of an average young man:

"January 1—Went to see my girl. Shall leave off swearing, drinking, suchre, smoking, chewing, being out of nights, going to the opera, and shall try to save \$10,000 a year."

"January 7—Went to see my girl. Lost a box of cigars somewhere."

"February 1—Won \$25 betting on a dog-fight. That's the way to scoop 'em. Am trying to get along on fifteen cigars per day." Went to see my girl. She says I shouldn't swear."

"April 20—Went to see my girl. Nothing new."

"July 4—This is the glorious Fourth."

"September 1—Went to see my girl."

"November 11—Glorious weather. Went to see my girl."

"December 1—This is the first of December."

"December 25—This is Christmas."

"December 31—This is the last day of the year. Must commence to-morrow to save money and break off my bad habits. Went to see my girl last night, and made her happy by telling her that I was going to save \$10,000 next year."

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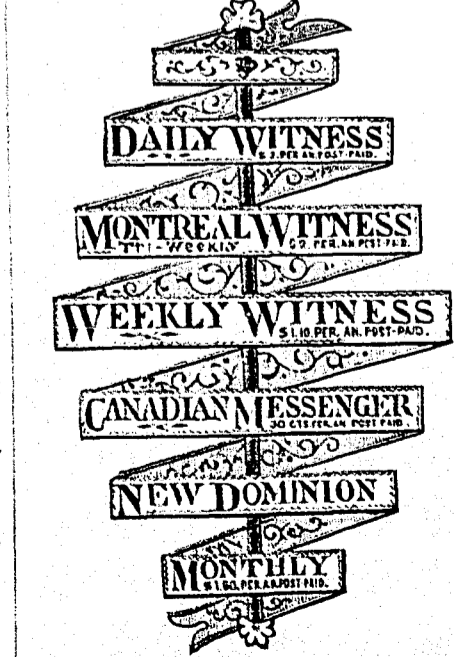
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THE WEEKLY SUN.
1876. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington; and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and everything connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in THE SUN.
The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by THE SUN, will steadily and diligently investigate the corruptions and misdeeds of GRANT'S administration; and will, it is to be hoped, lay the foundation for a new and better period in our national history. Of all this THE SUN will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing its readers with early and trustworthy information upon those absorbing topics.
The twenty-third Presidential election, with the preparations for it, will be memorable as deciding upon GRANT'S aspirations for a third term of power and plunder, and still more as deciding who shall be the candidate of the party of Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, those who read THE SUN will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed.
The WEEKLY SUN, which has attained a circulation of over eight thousand copies, already has its readers in every State and Territory, and we trust that the year 1876 will see their numbers doubled. It will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the general news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment; and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner.
It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the best family newspaper in the world, and we shall continue to give in its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, tales, poems, scientific intelligence and agricultural information, for which we are not able to make room in our daily edition. The agricultural department especially is one of its prominent features. The fashions are also regularly reported in its columns; and so are the markets of every kind.
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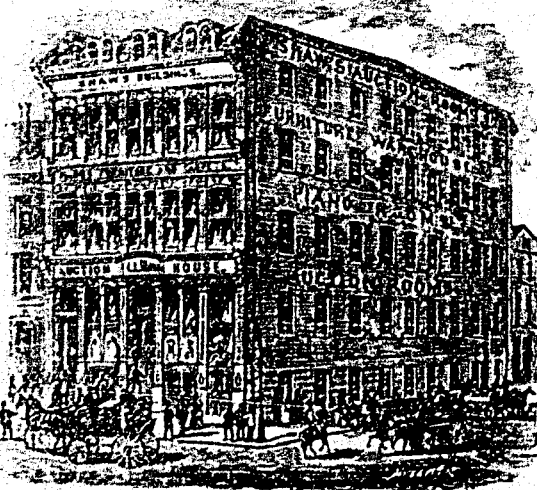
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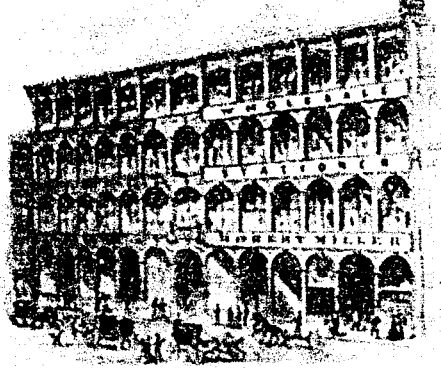
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