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QUEBEC — B. BATTERY GUNNERY SCHOOL.—COMPETITION IN FIELD GUN PRACTICE ON THE RIVER ST. CHARLES.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. R.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

ANTIGONE.

If Homer ne'er had sung; if Socrates
Had never lived in Virtue's cause to die;
If the wild chorus of the circling seas
Had never roared back poor Sisyphus' sigh;
If Sparta had not with her parent blood
Tread on all time the name "Theropyia;"
If Greece writhed through the surging flood
Of Persian pride had not arisen free;
If nought of great or wise or brave or good
Had proved thee, Hellas, what thou wast to be;
Save that thou didst create "Antigone"—
Thou still hadst in the van of nations stood.
Fall'n are thy noble temples, but above
Them all still stands thy shrine of Woman's Love.

JOHN READE.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

(By our Newfoundland Correspondent.)

Should any one have the happiness to possess a true Newfoundland dog, let him cherish the noble creature as one of his best treasures. Gold should not induce him to part with such an embodiment of unswerving fidelity, rare intelligence and undying love. The moral qualities of this high-couraged dog render him invaluable as the companion and attached friend of man. Robert Burns, in one of his admirable letters, says "man is the god of the dog." When we see a noble Newfoundland dog, with his deep muzzle, broad chest, robust form and grave intelligent aspect, how reverently and affectionately he regards his master,—how he watches for the approving word, the encouraging caress, and is thrown into raptures of delight even by the cheering tones of the voice, and how he gives up his whole faculties and powers to the service of his master, not from the hope of reward or the dread of punishment, but from pure gratitude and friendship, in the fulness and freedom of unjudging love, then we will admit that Burns' opinion is no rhetorical exaggeration but simple truth. The generous creature seems to find his highest happiness in fulfilling and even anticipating the wishes of those whom he serves. It is impossible not to return such self-forgetting affection as his. Like the old Douglas family, his motto is "tender and true." He never wounds the hand that has caressed and cherished him; never betrays a trust; even neglect and ill-usage can scarcely damp the ardour of his affection. In prosperity and poverty and misfortune he is still the same—"faithful unto death." Human friendships are fickle and changeable as the wind, and too often we have to say:

"What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep?
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

But the friendship of a noble Newfoundland dog swerves not, and often clings to a master who is by far the more ignoble of the two. He guards his master's property and the members of his household, no matter what perils he may have to encounter; listens for his footsteps; mourns his absence, and greets his return with glowing delight.

Most visitors, on arriving in Newfoundland, make a point of inquiring, at once, for the noble dogs who have made the name of the island more widely known than even its celebrated codfish. They naturally expect to find, in the cradle of the race, the purest and finest specimens; and anticipate getting possession of some youthful specimen to become the pet and guardian of their households. Great is their disappointment when their eyes rest on the wretched, degenerate representatives of the once noble breed that roam the streets of the capital. Abject in aspect, cowardly and thievish in habits, starved and ill-treated, they bear the same relation to the true race that modern Greeks bear to the grand, heroic Greeks of Homer. True, there are still some traces of departed greatness. In almost all, you can trace the well-known intelligent-looking head, the large pendulous ears, and even the form of the tail has not materially altered. But "his living Greece no more." This miserable, mongrel race, haunting the butcher's stall, with dishonest intents, howling, and flinging from the smallest boy who "heaves a rock" at the starving cur, are a melancholy proof how low a once noble doghood may fall, through ill-treatment and inattention to preserving purity of blood. A large number of them are owned by the fishermen, who employ them during winter in hauling fuel from the woods. These unfortunates are often treated most unmercifully,—beaten and kicked savagely by the lowest class of the population,—ill fed and worked to the condition of skeletons. In summer, they prowl around the fishing stages, living on the offal of fish. Many of them have reverted partially to the condition of their progenitors, the wolves. At the dead of night they form themselves into packs and start on the illicit prowl, in search of the farmer's sheep or smaller cattle. No fence is sufficiently strong to resist the teeth and claws of these powerful brutes. They have been known to force a strong door from its hinges; and where the fastenings are too strong for their efforts, they will set to work and tunnel a passage underneath the foundation, and emerge in the midst of the terrified flock of sheep within, not one of whom is found alive in the morning. It is remarkable that they seldom eat the flesh, but only drink the blood of their victims. The destruction of sheep by these wolves in dogs' clothing is such that, in many large districts, the rearing of sheep has been abandoned, to the great injury of the people. In the neighbourhood of St. John's, farmers have the greatest difficulty in guarding their sheep from the attacks of dogs, and the utmost vigilance often fails. I am aware of one instance in which a farmer, at different times, has lost sixty sheep in this way. Recently the Legislature passed an Act imposing a dog-tax, and granting compensation, out of the fund thus realized, to such as may lose "sheep, cattle or horses" by dogs. The results, so far, are anything but satisfactory. The innocent pay for the damage caused by the guilty, who own the dogs but evade the tax. One of our ablest magistrates proposes that the colony should set aside a good round sum for the purchase of the whole guilty race of sheep-stealers; that a dog-guillotine should be erected, and each criminal decapitated, without trial by judge or jury, as soon as purchased. It is to be feared such an arrangement would raise the price of dog's flesh immensely and would hold out an inducement for the secret propagation of the condemned breed in order to sell them to Government. I fear there is nothing for it but leave the matter to time, "the

great rectifier of all wrongs," and, meantime, enforce the existing law as well as possible. Advancing civilization will "improve these dogs off the face of all creation."

Whence came the race of Newfoundland dogs that are now known by that name, and specially valued? These handsome creatures, big as a jacksack and hairy as a bear, are not indigenous to this island. Far finer specimens of them may be met with in Britain, America, or Canada than here; and no doubt they are a product of civilization, and have been brought to their present perfection by good feeding, kind treatment, and much care in preserving the blood pure. We have here a few fine specimens of the race. I number among my most esteemed acquaintances some half a dozen of these, which it is a pleasure to look at. The best of them are entirely black, with the exception of a small white star on the breast or chest, and very strong and muscular. Formerly there were here a few dog-fanciers, who bred this race for purposes of sale, and made a living by the trade; but I believe they have disappeared. The fine dog we presented to the Prince of Wales when he visited us, and which he valued so highly, was supplied by one of the now-extinct race of dog-fanciers. We named him "Cabot," after the great seaman who discovered the island—a mode of complimenting the memory of the great departed which may seem questionable, but which has been largely acted on in the case of Caesar and other warriors and statesmen. We consider the Labrador dog the best of the species. I suspect he is a descendant of the Esquimaux dog. Whether the aborigines of this island possessed dogs from which have come the celebrated race is a doubtful matter.

Old settlers tell us that the ancient genuine breed consisted of a dog about twenty-six inches high, with black ticked body, gray muzzle, and gray or white-stocking legs, with "dew-claws" behind. When one of this rare breed can be found, he proves to be the very best. His retrieving capabilities are wonderful. He will dive and raise a seal weighing some four hundred weight, and then drag it to the shore; and the same dog will retrieve geese and ducks' eggs without injuring them. These are the progenitors of those Newfoundland dogs of whose aquatic propensities and powers we read so often, and who have so often rescued human beings, in the most gallant manner, from a watery grave. Their sagacity and fidelity cannot be equalled. Their gentleness towards and love of children is wonderful. How delicately chivalrous they are in their conduct towards ladies may be gathered from the following anecdote related by Jesse in his *Gleanings*.—A gentleman had a remarkably fine Newfoundland dog, so innately gallant and polite that unless ordered to remain at home, he invariably, unbidden, preceded his master's wife and sisters when they walked abroad, if they were unattended by a gentleman. He compelled every person he met, by a significant look or growl, to make way for them; but when a gentleman accompanied them he always walked behind. When with him, by night or by day, they were safe, for his courage was equal to his sagacity, and on the slightest signal from them of alarm, he was ready to give battle. Who would be ashamed to reckon such a gallant chivalrous dog among his "poor relations?"

The retrieving proclivities of the Newfoundland dog occasionally take a curious development, as the following anecdote, taken from *Jakes' Excursions in Newfoundland*, will show:—This dog caught his own fish. He sat on a projecting rock, beneath a fish stake, or stage where the fish are laid to dry, watching the water, which had a depth of six or eight feet, and the bottom of which was white with fish bones. On throwing a piece of cod into the water, three or four heavy, clumsy-looking fish, called in Newfoundland "sculpins," with great heads and mouths, and many spines about them, and generally about a foot long, would swim in to catch it. These he would "set" attentively, and the moment one turned his broadside to him he darted down like a fish-hawk, and seldom came up without a fish in his mouth. As he caught them he carried them regularly to a place a few yards off, where he laid them down, and they told us that in the summer he would sometimes make a pile of fifty or sixty a day just at that place. He never attempted to eat them, but seemed to be fishing purely for his own amusement. I watched him for above two hours; and when the fish did not come, I observed he once or twice put his right foot in the water, and paddled it about. This foot was white; and Harvey said he did it to "tell" or entice the fish; but whether it was for that specific reason, or merely a motion of impatience, I could not exactly decide. The whole proceeding struck me as remarkable, more especially as they said he had never been taught anything of the kind.

A FEW FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS ON BOOKS.

- Mankind are the creatures of books.—*Leish Hunt*.
Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a good book.—*Charles Kingsley*.
Books are men of higher stature, and the only men who speak aloud for future times to hear.—*Mrs. E. B. Browning*.
Books well chosen neither dull the appetite, nor strain the memory; but refresh the inclination, strengthen the powers, and improve under experiments.—*Collier*.
Books are the immortality of speech.—*Wilmott*.
Books are true friends that will neither flatter nor dissemble.—*Bacon*.
Lose no time in the perusal of mean and unprofitable books.—*Ascham*.
Titles and mottoes to books are like escutcheons in the hands of a King. The wise sometimes condescend to accept of them; but none but a fool would imagine them of any real importance.—*Goldsmith*.
Books are the true levellers.—*Channing*.
Some people use books like lords, knowing only their titles, they brag of them as intimate acquaintances.—*Anon*.
Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are.—*Milton*.
All government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge but by the gathering of many knowledges, which is reading of books.—*Sir P. Sidney*.
Every great book is in action, and every action is a book.—*Luther*.

The late Lord Lytton's last novel of the "Kenelm Chillingly" was to have appeared on the 27th ult.

Miscellaneous.

The restoration of the Palais Royal is to be recommenced immediately.

It is rumoured that Dr. Lushington's secret about Lord Byron has not died with him, and will be made public before long.

A burglar who was lately sentenced, at the Maidstone Assize, to seven years' penal servitude, offered to toss the bench whether it should be fourteen years or nothing.

A subscription opened in Germany early last year for a statue in honour of Gen. Von Moltke, has just closed, and the total amount has been found to be 6,511 francs.

An enterprising Aberdonian left last week for Egypt, where he hopes to be able to arrange for a five years' lease of the pyramids, and then to charge for exhibiting them.

Rabbits' fur is by a new invention woven with wool and cotton in the manufacture of textile fabrics, and an important industry seems likely to grow out of the experiment.

Among the objects with which the Shah of Persia will visit London (the *Financier* says) a lion is understood to be included, whether for railway or other purposes is not known.

At Yokohama an enterprising trader recently imported 22 rabbits, which the Japanese eagerly bought up at enormous prices. The 22 creatures realized upwards of \$1,100.

M. J. B. Weber, the Director of the Botanic Garden at Dijon, considers the potato disease to be quite analogous to the mildew of the vine, and believes that it may be successfully combated in the same manner—i. e., by sulphur dusting.

In the debate on the marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill in the House of Lords on Friday, Earl Beauchamp said that a petition had been presented from Protestant Dissenters in Dundee in favour of a man being allowed to have more wives than one!

Gastronomers will be glad to learn that pigeons can be nurtured to the fatness and delicacy of ortolans by feeding them with wheat steeped in cod-liver oil. Those who have partaken of pigeons thus fattened say that it is the pleasantest way of taking cod-liver oil yet tried by them.

About two years since a company was formed in France to recover the treasure supposed to have been lost in the Spanish galleons sunk in Vigo Bay in 1702. The expedition has just returned unsuccessful, and the diving, &c., apparatus are the sole vestiges left of the company's capital.

The sea-serpent has turned up again—this time in the Bay of Biscay. Its head is described as like that of a hippocampus, and its length is reckoned at about twenty-five feet. A large devil fish was in close attendance when last seen. He was supposed to be one of the serpent's first cousins in the maternal line.

Man has not yet exhausted his ingenuity in making animals work for him, and the Australian papers speak of a convict who has put a kangaroo to work. A machine is put in motion by the animal. It works at about half-power, and turns a grinding-stone, chaff-cutter, bean mill, turnip-cutter, and a washing machine, and all at the same time. The contrivance also lifts water separately for irrigating the garden.

M. Raoul Duval, a noisy member of the Right in the French Assembly, has composed an epitaph on M. Thiers, which, to say the least, is very pointed. It is as follows:—

Here lies Adolphe Thiers,
President of the French Republic,
He gloried the First Empire,
Was the justification of the Second,
And prepared the Third."

Rattling has long been a favourite amusement of the Parisians, but the authorities of the Jardin d'Acclimatation have discovered a novel "sport" which may in time become highly popular, namely, combats between vipers and a newly imported bird—the Secretary. The bird is placed in a cage surrounded with glass, and the reptiles are subsequently admitted. At first the viper tries to find an outlet to its prison, but on seeing the bird draws itself up, hisses, and strives to strike its opponent with its tongue. The Secretary quietly waits until the snake is quite close, and then dashes at it with his bill, generally cutting the antagonist in two, and then becoming engaged, mimes the reptile into innumerable morsels.

Here is Mr. Emerson's opinion of the British patron saint, which will rather startle the good people who have a romantic opinion of that mystical personage—George of Cappadocia, born at Epiphania, in Cilicia, was a low parasite, who got a lucrative contract to supply the army with bacon. A rogue and an informer, he got rich, and was forced to run from justice. He saved his money, embraced Ananias, collected a library, and got promoted by a faction to the episcopal throne of Alexandria. When Julian came, A.D. 361, George was dragged to prison. The prison was burst open by the mob, and George was lynched, as he deserved. And this precious knave became, in good time, Saint George of England—patron of chivalry, emblem of victory and civility, and the pride of the best blood of the modern world!

Although M. Gustave Courbet has received his full measure of abuse for pulling down the Vendôme column, there is one person at least who owes him a debt of gratitude for something. Five years ago an Englishman made a bet of £2,000 with a fellow countryman that he would throw himself from the top of the column, and, thanks to a parachute he had invented, reach the ground unharmed. Both men, however, were suddenly called to Australia on business, and the trial was put off. A few days ago they returned, and the parachute inventor announced himself ready to fulfil his wager. His friend asserted that the column being pulled down, the bet was void, but the other declared that he had made no stipulation as to the height of the column, and since the Communists had been obliging enough to leave nothing but the pedestal, he would jump from that. Of course he won his wager easily, but even his parachute did not save him from receiving a bruise or two.

The last publication of the British death-rate and its causes is curious reading. One man died from the bite of a cat; and two more from the bites respectively of a ferret and an alligator. Another was stung to death by bees. A man and a boy died of falling from velocity sleds, and an old lady was killed by injuries inflicted by that agreeable machine. The swallowing of a shell, a screw, and a cherry-stone put a period to the lives of three infants, while two died of putting one's stone, the other a bead, into the ear. Swallowing bones sent three people out of the world, swallowing coins finished two, and swallowing a pin quickly pricked on grim death for one. A scratch from a thorn killed a woman of middle age; improper medicine poisoned eight people, and improper food five. Four hundred and forty-four young children were smothered by bed-clothes; and 200 persons during the year lost their lives in railway accidents. The proportion of suicides to every million of the population is about seventy—the deaths by hanging, the knife and drowning being most numerous. Heart disease the year's record shows to be increasing—a state of things which is said by eminent physicians to be caused by the greater wear and tear of business and the increased mental activity of the age.

Our Illustrations.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE AT QUEBEC.

Having already more than once treated of the organization and the manœuvres of the "B" Battery, it will not be necessary to enter into any detailed description of our illustrations, which are sufficiently explained by the titles. In this connection however, the following tables—giving the scores made by the five best marksmen of the English Artillery Volunteers in August, 1871, and the five highest scores just made by the "B" Battery under the same conditions—will be found to possess great interest. The following were the conditions in either case:—Practice carried on with 32-pounders at 1,250 and 1,500 yards—five shots per man, three at 1,250 and two at 1,500 yards—time allowed, eight minutes—aiming alternately at each target.

SHOEBURNESS.

PRIZES.	NAMES.	Count.	Shots.					Total Points.	Time.	Pts. deducted.	Grand Total.
			1	2	3	4	5				
1st prize.	6th Cinque Ports Vol. Art.	32	5	7	11	6	11	40	7 22	40	
2nd do.	10th Kent	32	5	7	11	6	11	37	5 42	31	
3rd do.	10th "	32	5	7	11	6	11	38	5 39	38	
4th do.	4th East York	32	5	7	11	6	11	36	6 46	35	
5th do.	1st West York	32	5	7	11	6	11	25	7 20	35	
			183					32 45	183		

"B" BATTERY SCHOOL OF GUNNERY.

PRIZES.	NAMES.	Count.	Shots.					Total Points.	Time.	Pts. deducted.	Grand Total.	
			1	2	3	4	5					
1st prize.	Serjt. Stewart, Q. G. A.	32	8	7	11	6	6	38	8 06	1	37	
2nd do.	Gunner Shiller, La Beauce Field Battery	32	6	7	6	7	11	36	7 16		36	
3rd do.	Mr. Gautier, (Fred.), (Govt. armed corps, "La Caradienne")	32	5	7	4	11	6	33	7 40		33	
4th do.	Gunner Canby, Q. G. A.	32	5	5	7	7	7	31	6 50		31	
5th do.	" Forbes.	32	6	7	7	5	6	21	7 54		31	
			162					37 44	1	163		

The English score shows the points gained by the five best shots out of 105 competitors who were themselves the selected gunner marksmen out of the artillery volunteers of all England (30 000 strong.) The 1st Prize National Association £50, was won with a score of 40 points. Against this we have to compare the score made by the best five marksmen out of only 40 men selected to fire from the school of gunnery at Quebec, comprising all told, 165 of all ranks. The competitors of Shoeburness had the advantage of perfect accuracy of measured range, stability of platforms and excellence of material of all kinds. The Canadian gunners had to contend with difficulties of all sorts, among which may be mentioned, platforms and targets placed on the thawing snow on the ice of a river rising and falling unequally with the tide; the Battery being placed on ice which rose and fell, being on a shoal, only about 3 feet, while the targets rose and fell from 12 to 18 feet; added to this must be taken into consideration the rottenness of the old gun carriages and baulks of Alderson's platforms, both of which constantly gave way during practice. The effect of the glare on the snow, the ice collecting on the platforms themselves, and the strong north winds and snow-storms having at times interfered with the practice, and last, though not least, the disadvantage of using old powder that necessitated an extra degree of elevation and consequently greater curve of trajectory.

Nevertheless the average score of "B" Battery, C. A., 19.8, is higher than the English average up to 1870, which runs:

1865	17.3 Points.
1866	15.2 "
1867	18.5 "
1868	17.2 "
1869	17.2 "
1870	16.4 "
1871	20.1 "
"B" Battery, C. A., 1873	19.8 "

It is not possible to compare the Canadian score with any average figure of merit for the Royal Artillery, for it is one of the "queer things of the science" that the Royal Artillery is the only corps who have no system for selecting marksmen, no competitive trials or prizes for skill with their magnificent weapons. A committee of artillery officers drew up a system which has not been put in force, though recommended three years ago.

The practice on the ice illustrated on the first page of this issue took place on Thursday and Friday, the 27th and 28th March, between the different detachments of Field Batteries, viz.: Quebec, Granby, and La Beauce. Practice was carried on with 2-pounder smooth bore field guns on sleighs at 1250 yards range on the St. Charles River—five rounds each man. The Quebec Field Battery made the straightest shooting, but lost points for time; eight minutes only being allowed for each five rounds; one point being deducted for every twenty seconds or portion of twenty seconds over that time. Consequently the Granby Battery won the competition by one point against the La Beauce Field Battery.

THE "ATLANTIC" DISASTER.

The reading public by this time have been well supplied with news from the ill-fated steamship "Atlantic." A great many facts and a vast amount of fiction have been served up both typographically and pictorially, and the theme will not be worn out for some time. The sketches in this week's issue are from our special artist, who has carefully prepared them, and may be considered accurate. The bow, with about sixty

feet of the forward part of the ship, is broken sharp off, and lies close to the shore, and at a distance of nearly fifty feet from the rest of the vessel. The bow and stern now point in the same direction. By some means one or the other has changed position since she first struck. The ship now acts like a breakwater to the small bay in which she lies, occupying nearly the whole of it. The divers and draggers are busy looking with an eager, professional eye to what is coming to the surface in the shape of salvage. Several respectable looking men are watching likewise from the side of the vessel with a different object. Beneath those iron walls lie the mortal remains of those whose memories are dear to them, and occasionally there is something floated upwards that they claim. There are many sad and anxious countenances among that quiet knot of strangers. One of them lately repaired to a certain port-hole indicated by the steward as the one which communicated with the state-room which two young lady friends occupied during the voyage. While anxiously inspecting the spot a lady's hand came to the surface, but before he had time to grasp it the wash of the vessel inside, with the floating debris, carried the body away. Incidents of a sad character occur every day, both as regards the loss of life and property. The crew of the schooner in which our correspondent went to the scene of the catastrophe were using pieces of the beautiful teak wood polished saloon doors for fuel.

Capt. Williams is a stout-built Englishman, of about 45 years of age, who has followed the sea for many years. He was for a long time captain in the Guion Line. For upwards of a year he has been in the White Star service, first as chief officer of the "Celtic," and latterly, for two voyages, as captain of the "Atlantic." He met with an accident a short time ago which disabled him to a certain extent, and recently he has been compelled to use a stick and abstain from great exertion. Notwithstanding this, however, he so conducted himself at the trying time as to win the highest commendations from the passengers.

John Hindley, a boy of eight years of age, was the only survivor of the hundreds of women and children who embarked on the "Atlantic." He is a native of Ashton, Lancashire, and left England, with his father, mother, and an elder brother, for New York, at the invitation of two of his married sisters who had settled there. At the time the ship struck the little fellow was asleep in his berth; he was awakened by the general stampede which followed, stumbled out of bed and joined the crowd. The greater portion passed him; but he saw six men crowding into a top berth in the upper stowage. He followed them. One of the men broke through a window and got out, and the boy did the same, one kind-hearted individual pushing him through before he had made the egress himself. Once outside, he held on by the ropes until himself and his companions were rescued by the life-boat. What became of his parents and brother he did not know, but it is certain that they were lost. The little fellow was an object of great interest, and at almost every corner he was stopped, questioned, and received assistance in the shape of donations from those who heard his heart-rending story, and who sympathized with the little waif. He has since been sent to his destination via Portland.

THE OLD MILITARY HOSPITAL, QUEBEC.

This is the building which, it will be remembered, has been used for the transaction of the legal business of the district since the destruction by fire of the old Court House on the 2nd of February last. It has been found extremely commodious, and has given every satisfaction to the members of the Bench and of the Bar, and to the public in general. The rear door is the private entrance for the Judges, the Bar, and the officers of the Court House. In this part of the building are the Prothonotaries' Offices, the Stamp Office, the Office of the Circuit Court, the Judges' Chambers, Enquête Room, etc., etc. At the far end of the building are the Sheriff's Offices and Jury Rooms, the Court Room, intended for the holding of the Queen's Bench (Criminal Side), the Superior and Circuit Courts and the Advocates' Room. One of the rooms on the third flat is used by the Committee employed in investigating into the cause of the fire at the old Court House, and preparing a bill to be submitted to the Legislature for remedying, in so far as possible, the losses sustained by suitors consequent upon the destruction of documents and records by fire. The public entrance gives access to this portion of the building. The Court of Appeals sits in the building close at hand—at one time the Officers' Mess-Room. The Police Court and the offices of the Clerk of the Peace face the Court of Appeals. The members of the Quebec Bar express themselves well satisfied with the arrangements made for their reception, and fully appreciate the energy displayed by the Board of Works in transforming the old hospital into a Court House. The highest praise is given to the Assistant Commissioner, who has been indefatigable in pushing on the work, so that as little loss of time as possible shall be suffered by the public. Already new vaults are nearly ready, and in a short time the work of transformation will be completed.

RENEWAL OF THE LEASE REFUSED.

An Irish scene this, of course, and by an artist well known as a skilful delineator of Irishmen and Irish manners. The scene lies in the office or "business-room" of an estate-agent who is visited by a frieze-coated tenant occupying, perhaps, some eight or ten, or more, acres of land, of which the lease is expired. The man is decent-looking enough, and probably has done his best to turn his holding to good account; he desires to have his lease renewed, but is met by a refusal; it is evident from the stern and unyielding countenance of the agent that no argument, nor appeal to pity, nor threats—if such were resorted to—would move him from his determination: there is something vastly expressive of inflexibility in that hard face, with its compressed lips and contracted eyebrows, and even in the clasped hands with the upturned thumbs: the man is a study of an inexorable nature. It is just possible, however, that, in the interests of his employer, he is only performing his duty, though it seems to be much in accordance with his own feelings. The applicant has received his answer, but is unwilling to take it, and stands by the agent's table hoping, but vainly, for a reversal of the decision. His looks are downcast, and certainly move the spectator in his favour: who knows but that he may leave the room with thoughts and feelings widely different from those with which he entered it? The interview is graphically portrayed throughout, even to the agent's clerk, who, pen in mouth, is rummaging a box of documents—leases, agreements, and deeds—indicative of territorial possessions.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]
THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

NO. V.—ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

TRADITION has in no instance so clearly evinced her faithfulness, as in the transmitting of vulgar rites and popular opinions. Of these many are lost in antiquity; many have indeed travelled down to us through a long succession of years, and the greatest part of them will be of perpetual observation: for the generality of men look back with superstitious veneration on the ages of their forefathers: and authorities grey with time, seldom fail of commanding those filial honours, claimed even by the appearance of old age.

The Christian Church has borrowed many of her rites, notions, and ceremonies, in the most luxurious abundance from ancient and heathen Rome. Our holiday games and sports have been countenanced by the best and wisest of statesmen, and even though they have been sometimes prostituted to the purposes of riot and excess, yet were we to reprobate everything that has been thus abused, religion itself could not be reclaimed; perhaps we should be able to keep nothing. The working people, confined by daily labour, require intervals of relaxation; we consider it of great political ability to encourage innocent sports and games and the observance of stated holidays among them. St. Patrick's Day, so carefully observed by all good Irishmen, may be reckoned as the last day of winter. St. George's Day heralds in the spring, and sets our glorious river free, and makes us realize the picture so strikingly conveyed in Milton's lines:

"The winds, the waves, and all the finny drove,
Beneath the moon in mazy morris move."

St. George and Merrie England—What hallowed associations are present with Englishmen on St. George's Day, specially with those exiled from home. Many of the old customs and rites connected with this day still exist in England. Many of them were conducted with great devotion, according to Robert Herrick. Charles Knight, a genial writer and a lover of all our good old English customs and festivals, speaking of them says:—"Devotion lived amongst old ceremonies derived from a long antiquity; it waited upon the seasons; it hallowed the seed-time and the harvest and made the frosts cheerful. And thus it grew into Religion. The feeling became a principle." He laments that puritanism and formalism, which requires men to be devout without imagination; to have faith, rejecting tradition and authority—and all the genial impulses of love and reverence associated with the visible world,—the practical poetry of life, which is akin to faith.

The story of Saint George and the delivery of the Princess of Silene from the power of the dragon was, on the twenty-third of April, wont to be dramatized in some country towns and places, upon which occasion all the dignitaries of the town being duly assembled, Saint George and the Dragon marched along amidst the ringing of bells and the firing of guns and the shout of the patriotic population of "Saint George for England." These joy-inspiring days, numerous as the calendar shows them to have been, were kept up with the greatest zeal all over the country, and with a grateful, pious, sober, heart-stirring, soul-elevating hilarity!

Romance casts its halo round St. George, transforming the symbolical dragon into a real monster slain in Libya to save a beautiful maiden from a dreadful death. Butler, the historian of the Romish calendar, insists that England's patron Saint was born of noble Christian parents; that he entered the army, and rose to a high degree in its ranks, until the persecution of his co-religionists by Diocletian compelled him to throw up his commission, and upbraid the emperor for his cruelty; by which bold conduct he lost his head and won his saintship. Whatever the real character of St. George might have been, whether he fought for Godfrey of Bouillon at the battle of Antioch, or appeared to Count-de-Lion before Acre as the precursor of victory, there is one thing certain he became the chosen patron of arms and chivalry. In the reign of Henry V., of England, a council held at London decreed, at the instance of the King himself, that henceforth the feast of St. George should be observed, and for many years the festival was kept with great splendour at Windsor.

In olden times the standard of St. George was borne before our English kings in battle, and his name was the rallying cry of English warriors. According to Shakespeare, Henry V. led the attack on Harfleur to the battle cry of "God for Harry! England! and St. George!" and God and St. George was Talbot's slogan on the fatal field of Patay. The fiery Richard III. invokes the same saint, and his rival can think of no better name to excite the ardour of his adherents:—

Advance our standards, set upon our foes,
Our ancient worst of courage, for St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.

The 23rd of April is a day that ought, for another circumstance, to be dear to every Englishman; it is the birth-day of Shakespeare, that man of universal genius who seems to have the power ascribed to a wonderful Arabian devise of diving into the bodies of men, and in that way became familiar with the thoughts and secrets of their hearts. In conclusion, long may our readers live to enjoy the protection of the beloved St. George's ensign, and long live England's Queen!

Mrs. Grote has, it is announced, completed the memoir of her late husband.

A site for the proposed monument to Beethoven, at Vienna, has been granted by the Emperor.

Mr. John Forster is in bad health, and the third volume of his "Life of Charles Dickens" is likely to be delayed for some time.

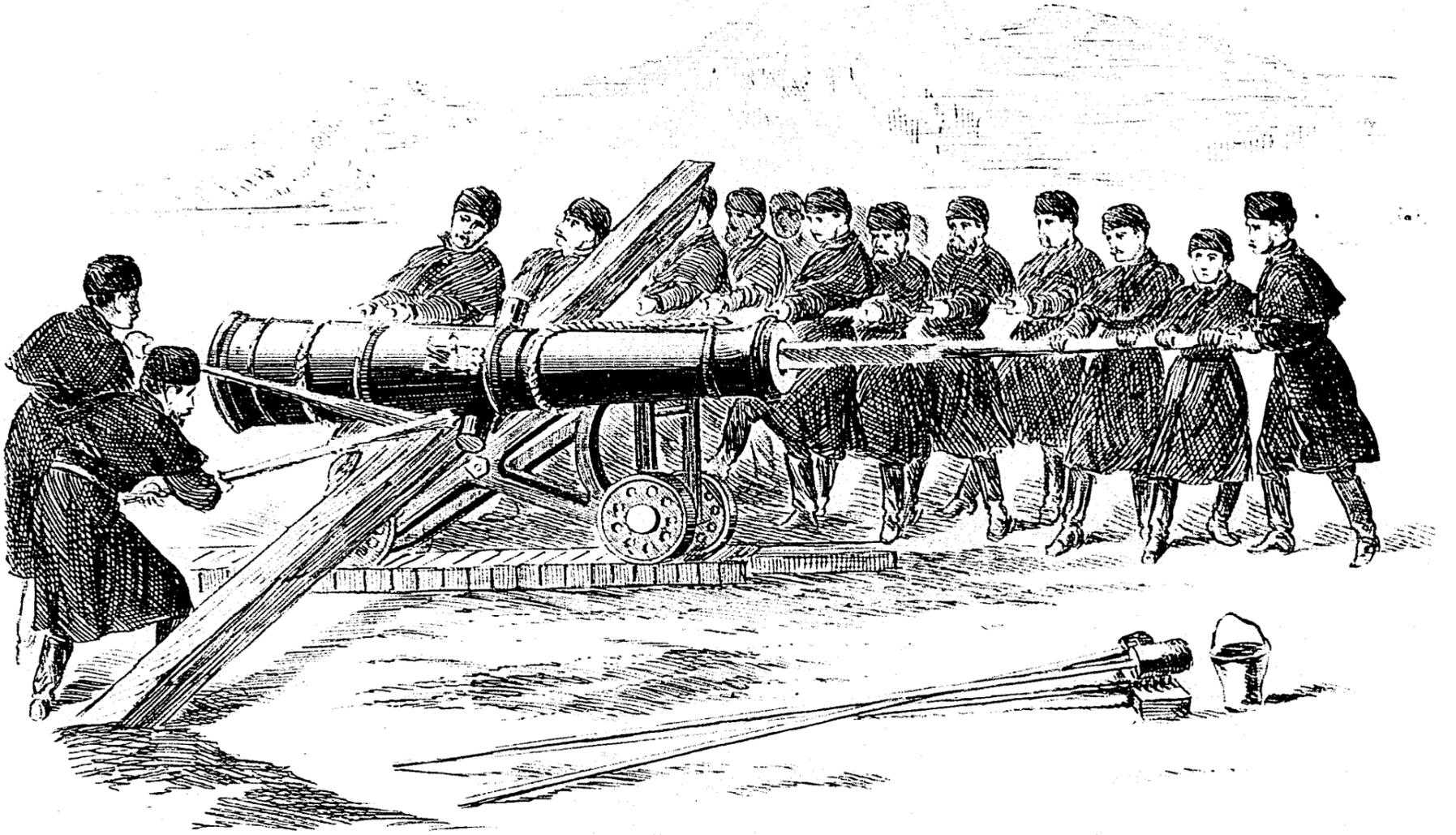
Messrs. Longmans have now nearly ready a new work by Lord Dunsany, entitled "Gaul or Teuton? Considerations as to our Allies of the Future."

At the sale of the books of M. Ruggieri, the pyrotechnist, at the Hôtel des Ventes, Paris, the "Cérémonial du Couronnement de Charles-Quint," a unique copy, was knocked down at £1,300.

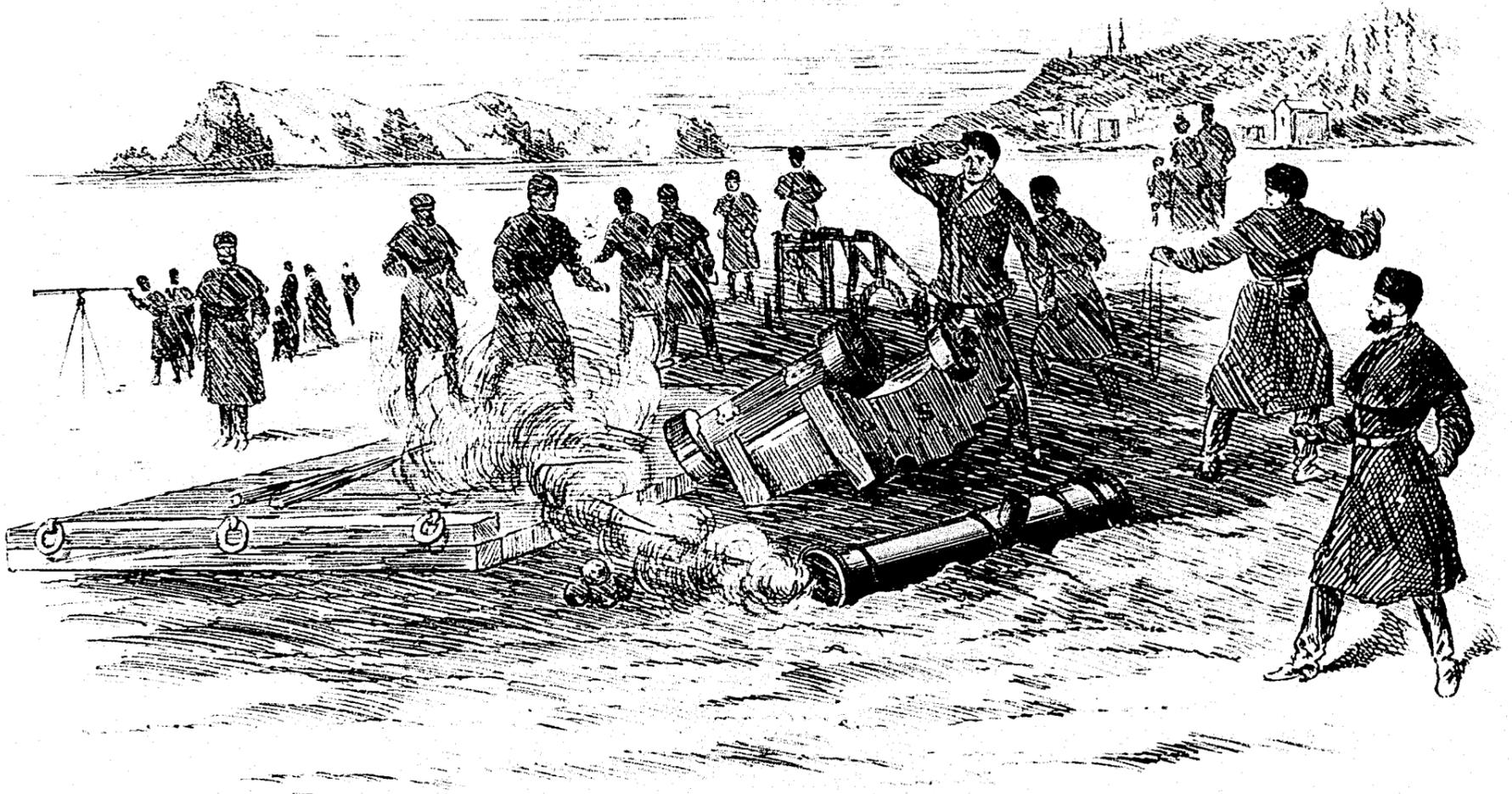
Miss Braddon, it is said, gets £2,000 for the new novel which she is said to write for the new weekly, the *Home Journal*—viz., £500 from the new paper, £100 from America, and £1,000 for the home reprint.

The late Sir F. Madden has attached a hard condition to his bequest of books and papers to the Bodleian Library. He required that within a week of his decease they should be sent in a box to the library with a stipulation, on the testator's behalf, that the box should not be opened till the 1st day of January, 1920.

QUIBEC BATTERY GUNNERY SCHOOL. FROM SKETCHES BY T. B. S.



Mounting a 52 cwt. 32-pounder on an iron carriage by a single timber under the centre of gravity



Heavy gun practice on the St. Charles river. An upset by recoil off a broken platform

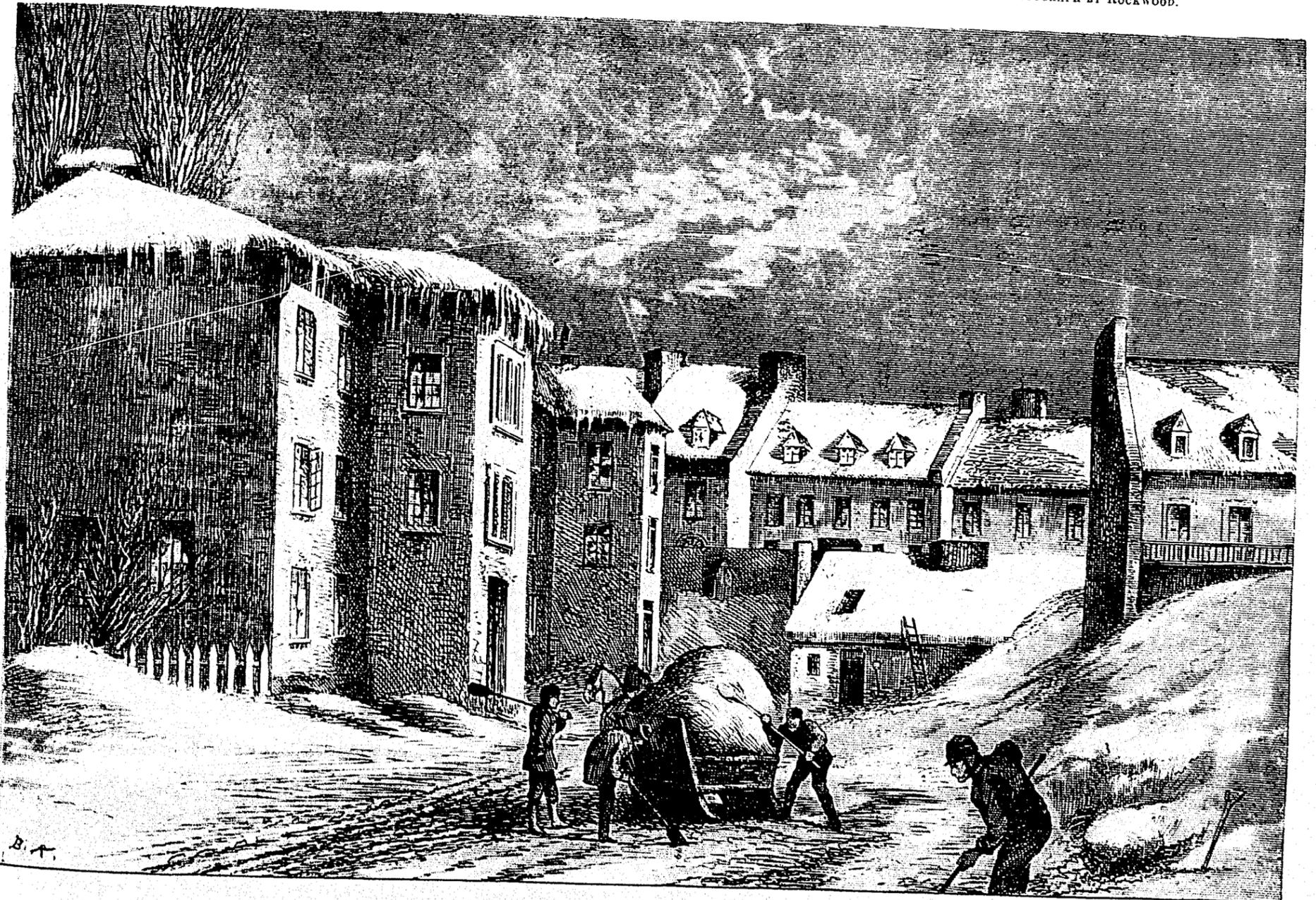
THE "ATLANTIC" DISASTER



THE REV. MR. ANCIENT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHASE.

JOHN HINDLEY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHASE.

CAPT. WILLIAMS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.



QUEBEC.—THE OLD MILITARY HOSPITAL, NOW USED AS A COURT HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS H. C.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 24 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, from the 1st to the 11th inst.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 9 P. M.	Mean height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
April 1	38.1	47.0	33.0	73	29.88	W.	Fine.
2	37.7	41.5	34.5	75	29.75	S.	Fine.
3	35.0	46.0	33.0	76	29.93	Vari.	Cloudy.
4	35.8	42.0	32.0	73	30.11	Vari.	Fine.
5							
6	36.7	39.0	34.0	99	29.87	E. & N.	Rain. Thunder.
7	37.0	41.0	33.5	82	29.80		Cloudy.
8	38.4	4.0	33.	86	29.78	N. W.	Rain.
9	31.5	38.2	32.5	87	29.04	N. E.	Rain.
10	37.2	41.0	34.0	85	29.90	W.	Cloudy.
11	33.3	32.0	33.5	72	29.97	Vari.	Clear.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1873.

SUNDAY, April 20.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
MONDAY, " 21.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
TUESDAY, " 22.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WEDNESDAY, " 23.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
THURSDAY, " 24.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
FRIDAY, " 25.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SATURDAY, " 26.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Both in England and in the United States it is the invariable rule that newspapers—and especially illustrated newspapers—shall be paid for strictly in advance. It is only a matter of wonder that so excellent an arrangement has not been adopted before this by Canadian newspaper proprietors. It has frequently been proposed, but nothing has really come of the proposal. Now, however, it is our intention to inaugurate the movement. In future the News will be sent only to those who have paid their subscriptions in advance. The barren honour of non-paying subscribers we do not care at all about. Our establishment is a very large one, as large as any in the country, our staff of writers, artists, and agents very numerous, the expense of publishing a paper like this is, as may be imagined, enormous, and it would be preposterous to suppose that we can furnish the product of money, time, brains and talent without any return. The system we propose to adopt will be as follows:—Subscriptions payable strictly in advance. Each subscriber will find on the label bearing his address two figures indicating the time when his subscription expires. We use only two figures because each subscription dates, in our books, from the first day of the month in which it is received. Thus, for instance, 7-73 will indicate that the subscription is paid to the first of July next; 12-73 to the first of December next; 1-74 to the first of January next, and so on. When the subscription expires, on the date indicated by the label, unless it is at once renewed the paper will be discontinued.

With regard to our delinquent subscribers we are compelled much against our will to have recourse to measures to which we have great repugnance, but which they have themselves rendered necessary. We must request them to accept this notice as final. We have already been put to too great expense and loss of time in collecting the numberless small amounts due. All unpaid accounts will, therefore, be put at once into our solicitors' hands for collection.

THE "ATLANTIC" DISASTER.

THE enquiry into the causes of the lamentable misfortune to the steamer "Atlantic" is still in progress at Halifax. The evidence, as is usual in such cases, is somewhat conflicting, the officers being anxious to clear themselves of blame; and the passengers and some of the crew throwing the onus of the disaster on the incompetency and neglect of duty of the captain and other officers. As the enquiry is still in progress it would be premature to pass judgment on the officers as yet; but some facts as to the management of the company have been elicited which will bear comment. It may be remembered that at the time of the accident the Liverpool agent of the White Star Line telegraphed the New York agent that he could not understand why Captain Williams should have to put into Halifax for coals, as the "Atlantic" had on board when leaving Liverpool nearly two hundred tons more than

she usually took. Now it appears, from the evidence, that she only had a supply for thirteen days, and that when Captain Williams decided to put into Halifax he was not only short of coal, but of provisions also, there not being sufficient salt meat left to feed the steerage passengers for two days. Under these circumstances the captain was certainly justified in putting into Halifax instead of continuing the longer voyage to New York; but what must we say to the parsimony of the company which will send a vessel containing 952 souls across the Atlantic with only thirteen days provisions and coals, when it is well-known that fourteen days is a short winter passage, and that much faster steamers than the White Star Line have been taking seventeen and eighteen days to cross this year. The captain may, perhaps, be somewhat to blame for the disaster; but the prime cause was, undoubtedly, the meanness of the company in not giving him sufficient supplies for his voyage; and their conduct seems to have been highly reprehensible, if not criminal. Steamship and railroad companies have heavy responsibilities resting on them, the proper precautions for saving the lives of those entrusted to their care; and when disaster comes it is not enough to shuffle the blame upon the shoulders of the captain of the vessel, or the engineer of the train. The best workman in the world cannot work without tools, and the most experienced seaman ever known cannot cross the Atlantic without coals or provision. As to Captain Williams' conduct in going to bed when he knew he was near a dangerous coast, we say nothing at present; but of the culpability of the company in compelling him to go near that coast—when he had no business to go—there can be no doubt.

In one of our illustrations of the manoeuvres of the "B" Battery of Artillery at Quebec, it will be noticed that the antiquated gun the Canadian gunners are mounting so skilfully, bears the old Royal cypher G. R.—George Rex. In these days of rifled ordnance old gas pipes would be about as effective weapons, as the armament left by the British Government to defend their flag and ours. Notwithstanding the loyal talk at Ottawa, it appears from the English papers, that the Canadian Government in September last, wished to decline the gift from England of an armament of rifled guns. This gift was one of the stipulated articles of Canadian Confederation. We presume the Ottawa Government has taken to heart the lessons launched at Canada by the thunderer of Printing House Square, and wishes to make believe, that Canada, the typical maiden our poetic Governor-General found admiring herself in the mirror of her translucent lakes, was no other than Pallas, brought back into being, and armed *cap à pied* from the brain of the London Jove! We fail to see either the armour or the wisdom of Minerva, in selling for something less substantial than a mess of pottage the birth right of a young nation, i. e., its possible power of self-defence, its *raison d'être* among the peoples of the world. Why refuse the tangible gift of guns, coupled as it is, with a guaranteed loan for building detached forts to keep an enemy beyond bombarding distance of Montreal, the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, for the sake of an extra guarantee for our Pacific Railroad, have we not given enough—our fisheries, our boundaries, the claims for Fenian raids, &c. Is Canadian credit so low that it requires this *Nomina Romani umbra*. Give us guns, possibly the best "Pacific Guarantee."

QUEEN'S HALL.—We are pleased to notice that the University Literary Society have secured the services of Mr. J. M. Bellew, to give three readings at the Queen's Hall, on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 23rd, 25th, and 26th inst. Mr. Bellew has for years borne the reputation of being one of the best elocutionists England has ever produced; and his readings in the States and this country have fully maintained his reputation. The first evening will be devoted to readings from Shakespeare, Thackeray, Longfellow, Tom Hood, &c., including Hood's world renowned "Bridge of Sighs," in which Mr. Bellew is acknowledged to stand without a rival.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.—At a Convocation held on the 10th inst., the following degrees were conferred:

D. C. L.—James A. Miller, Barrister, St. Catharines.

M. B.—Alexander McLeod, Dingwall University Gold Medallist; Henry Howitt, Faculty Gold Medallist; William Blake, Faculty Silver Medallist; Cornelius East, Wilson W. Bredin, Charles Stuart Murray, Charles F. Patten, Alexander McLaren, David W. Mitchell, and Thomas Millman, of Manitoba.

M. D.—Richard Ardagh Calighen and Walter Lambert.

Certificates of Honour.—In the final examination, Mr. Cornelius East; in the primary examination, D. B. Fraser, D. Fraser, William Lowry, and William J. Gracey.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL.—The second special Annual Convocation of the Medical Faculty was held at Lennoxville on the 4th inst. The following students successfully passed their examination in Botany: William Edgar Coquilleto, Montreal; Joseph Lawrence Palmer, Montreal; William M. Hunter, Cornwall, Ont.

The following passed the Primary Examination, which includes Anatomy, Chemistry, Materia Medica, Institutes of Medicine and Botany: George F. Slack, Montreal; George B. Shaw, Ottawa, Ont.; Frederick Charles Lawrence, Richmond, Q.; Robert Costigan, Montreal; G. Upton Peltier, St. Guillaume, Q.; Robert Fred. Godfrey, Montreal; William H. Hunter, Cornwall, Ont.

The following gentlemen passed their Final Examination,

consisting of Practice of Medicine, Surgery, Midwifery, Medical Jurisprudence, Pathology and Hygiene: George F. Slack, M.R.C.S., Montreal; George B. Shaw, Ottawa, Ont.; Frederick Charles Lawrence, Richmond, Q.; Robert Fred. Godfrey, Montreal; Godfroi Dubuc, Chambly, Q.; William McDonnell, Montreal; Gaspard Upton Peltier, St. Guillaume, Q.; Isaac Fontaine, St. Barnabé, Q.

The Faculty Prize for the best Primary Examination was awarded to George B. Shaw, of Ottawa. The Faculty Prize for the best Final Examination was also awarded to George B. Shaw, of Ottawa.

The following gentlemen are entitled to honourable mention in the Final Examination, viz.: Frederick Charles Lawrence, Robert Frederick Godfrey, and Godfroi Dubuc. The prize for the best Dissector in the Senior Class was awarded to Robert Frederick Godfrey. In the Junior Class, first prize to William Edgar Coquilleto, and the second to Joseph L. Palmer. In the Class of Physiology, the Professor's Prize for the best Written Answers to Written Questions, in the Senior Class, was divided between George B. Shaw and Robert Costigan. In the Junior Class there was not any competition.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

MONDAY, April 6.—During the early part of the session the House was occupied with a question of privilege, Mr. Dorion calling attention to the fact that Mr. Tassé, editor of the *Courrier d'Outouais*, and also a servant of the House, had in his paper commented in improper terms upon some of the members. After recess Mr. Tassé was called to the Bar of the House and subjected to an examination. Finally it was agreed that the Speaker should be allowed to deal with the offender. An important debate took place upon a motion by Mr. Jones for the appointment of a committee to consider the agricultural interests of the Dominion. Several members supported the mover in favour of protecting agriculturists, and the House finally adjourned without closing the debate.

It was agreed on Tuesday, after some conversation, that the House should adjourn for the Easter holidays from Thursday until Tuesday. A motion offered by the Hon. Mr. Tupper for a committee to provide for the inspection of gas and gas metres was carried. Sir John A. Macdonald then proceeded to move the resolution of which he had given notice asking for a committee to investigate the charges which had been made against the Government by Mr. Huntington in connection with the Pacific Railway matter. He explained that the motion of the hon. member for Shefford had been accepted by the Government and the House as a motion of want of confidence and had been treated as such. But in order to allow the Opposition an opportunity to prove the charges against the Government, he had decided to call for a committee to investigate the matter. Mr. Mackenzie denied that the previous motion was put forth as one of want of confidence, but in case a committee had been appointed, and a report made adverse to the Government, then, of course, the result would have shown want of confidence. It was finally carried that a committee should be appointed by the House, and the following members were chosen by ballot:—Messrs. Blanchet, Blake, Dorion, McDonald, (Pictou), and J. H. Cameron. The House then went into committee on the resolutions respecting Customs duties in Manitoba. The resolutions, amended so as to extend to the 12th of May the time for bringing the Canadian tariff in operation in the Province, and prohibiting the importation of spirituous liquors into the North-West Territory, were finally adopted. After passing some items of Supply the House adjourned.

WEDNESDAY.—Mr. Tilley stated, in answer to Mr. Chisholm that the Government did not intend bringing in a prohibitory liquor law. The time until recess was mainly taken up with conversation respecting the Welland and Baie Verte Canals. Mr. Mills brought up his motion for an elective Senate, but was cut short at six. After recess the House took up Mr. Tremblay's motion for the second reading of the Ballot Bill, which was carried after a lengthy discussion by a vote of 73 to 55—the announcement of the result being received with loud cheering from the Opposition benches.

On taking his seat on THURSDAY the Speaker read a letter from the Clerk of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, submitting a memorial from that body setting forth that 352 petitions had been presented to the Legislature, from upwards of 29,000 inhabitants of the Province, praying for the passage of a bill to prevent the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and from 39 municipal bodies for the same purpose; that it had been ruled by the Speaker of the Legislature that the House had not the power to grant the prayer of the petitioners; that it was the opinion of the Assembly that the Act would be beneficial, and they, therefore, prayed the passage of the Act by the Parliament of the Dominion. But little business of any interest was transacted. A resolution for the negotiation of a naturalization treaty between Great Britain and Germany was adopted. A debate followed on a resolution against the practice of members appearing as counsel before committees in controverted election cases, which was finally referred to the Committee on Privileges. A motion for the return of the revenue derived from postage on newspapers was carried, on the explanation of the mover that his object was to ascertain the amount of revenue that was derived from this source, and if it was small he thought it would be to the interest of the public to abolish it; but if the revenue derived from this source was large there might be an objection to abolishing it altogether, but he hoped the postage would be reduced. Mr. Pope's registration bill was advanced a stage. Several items were passed in Committee of Supply. Under that of \$37,000 for meteorological observations, Mr. Mitchell explained that with the \$10,000 voted last year a very fair progress had been made in the introduction of a system of meteorological observations. Of course, by this increased grant he did not hope to obtain anything like as complete a system as was to be found in the United States, where between three or four hundred thousand dollars were annually expended for this purpose, or in the United Kingdom, where the service was principally voluntary, being performed for the most part by benevolent and scientific individuals. He explained that it was intended to extend the system of observation from British Columbia on the one hand to the Straits of Belle-Ile on the other hand, and to utilize the services of those lighthouse keepers along the coasts whose intelligence was sufficient to enable them to take the necessary observation. Under the item of \$327,210 for immigration, Hon. Mr. Pope explained that during the past year there had been an increase of immigration into the country of 10,000, and those who had announced their intention of settling in the country was

27,000. An arrangement had been made for bringing out families at a rate of £2 5s. per head, who had a certificate of good character from a clergyman or magistrate, and expressed their intention to settle in the country. A much larger immigration was expected this year than last year. After passing several items the House adjourned until Tuesday.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE LOUNGER AT OTTAWA.

NO. IV.

MORE ORATORS.

Perhaps the most remarkable man in the House of Commons is the leader of the Opposition, Alexander Mackenzie. For my taste there is somewhat too much of a lack of mode about him. I am partial to an eye-glass myself, and have a weakness for kid gloves. All the literary characters about Ottawa are the same, especially the big ones, and it tells, you know. I have often observed that when a well-dressed man sticks an eye-glass on his optic, and stares about him, let the stare be ever so idiotic, the action has a considerable effect. It is indicative of mental energy. But just fancy Mackenzie daintily dangling an eye-glass with a hand neatly gloved, and staring at the ladies in the gallery. I am confident if such a phenomenon were to occur, Stirton and Rymal would resign on the spot, and Pope would go into brass spectacles. But the supposition is absurd. Confound it, he does not even wear a ring. Nevertheless, Mackenzie is in more respects than one the most remarkable man in the House. He has not a fine or attractive voice by any means—his modulation is not in any way conformed to the rules—his action is nil, save a strange way he has of catching his spectacles by the two ends—it is rather an uncomfortable way he has of doing it, and he looks as if he would rather lay them down, but doesn't like—his pronunciation is at times extremely Scotch, but he speaks with more precision than any man I have ever listened to. His sentences as a rule are short, but at times he gets into an apparent confusion, and mixes his particles up so that one would imagine he was sure to break down. But no. He always comes out finished and elegant, every sentence complete and neat as if he were reading from a carefully revised manuscript. This is a faculty few speakers possess, and is only acquired, as is manifest in Mackenzie's case, from a thorough concentration of the mind on what it is about. The galleries may be crowded with the elite of the capital, and youth and beauty may be congregated so as to make most men feel flustered; but I question very much whether the leader of the Opposition ever looks towards the gallery at all; and if he does its appearance has no visible effect on him. Another characteristic of the oratory of the member for Lambton is the wonderful memory he possesses as to Parliamentary facts and figures. It is all but impossible to trip him up. While many members indulge in random statements, and throw off a date or so, without much regard to chronological accuracy, Mackenzie never does so. He is precise as a book, and his memory seems as retentive of impressions received in the House as is paper under the action of the printing press. This faculty is a great power in his hands, and it is at times sometimes amusing and sometimes painful to see some members on the opposite side of the House wincing under the lash as he makes pass before them their old utterances, and recalls statements made long ago, which even they themselves had forgotten. Oftentimes an opponent will jump to his feet and deny some statement imputed to him, but it is no use. Book, day and date are always ready, and it often happens that the member for Lambton proves himself to have been quoting almost verbatim. It has often occurred to me that Mackenzie is in his proper element, in opposition. His well-stored memory and keen perception enable him to detect the weak and assailable points in a budget; but I question how far he is fit to frame one for himself. Critical—one might say final—he is an excellent and healthy check on anything like extravagance or indefiniteness; but his penchant for details would make the framing of a year's estimates a work of prodigious labour with him. The leader of the Opposition is a plain outspoken honest man, and I believe if he were relieved of that incubus which weighs down him and his party, and had that elbow room necessary to the growth of a great statesman, he would take wider views of things, and would probably have a wider following.

Crossing to the Government benches again, I would refer to two of the Ministry who are by many regarded as orators of no mean order. The first of those is the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. He was brought down from the Upper House I believe for two reasons. First, it is asserted he made too much noise there. The equanimity of these sage men of the Senate was occasionally disturbed by the vivacity he manifested in dealing with subjects, so he was removed. But the second, and probably the most likely reason for his entering the Commons, was the lack of forensic talent among the Ministry. For O'Connor does not say much, and when he does venture on a harangue, Sir John becomes exceedingly watchful and looks by no means comfortable. The Minister of Agriculture is also a working member, and retains a wonderful taciturnity, though when he does speak he does it with a vim quite peculiar in its way. But the Hon. Peter Mitchell makes up for both. It does not matter whether it is a bill on deck loads, or carrying lucifer matches, or the appointment of a harbour master, it is all the same, and the eloquence with which the Minister of Marine surrounds such ordinary dry subjects is very edifying. He gesticulates in the most lively and vigorous way: any slight interruption sets his arms a-flying more briskly than ever; sometimes one would think he was scolding, but he isn't, he is only explaining. The Opposition seem inclined to tense him at times, but that only makes him get along all the faster. Anything more inimitable than a little piece of acting he performed the other day I have rarely witnessed. An honourable member rose in his place and called his attention to the wreck of the "Atlantic" steamer, and called his attention also to the fact that if a light-ship, for which money had been voted the previous session, had been built as it ought to have been, the wreck would probably never have occurred. Never was indignation more honest than that manifested by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries on hearing this charge. He accounted for the loss of the "Atlantic" and so many lives! No. He hurled back with disdain and contempt the insinuation. Look at the number of light-houses that had been built since Confederation, and light-ships too, and he pointed with his finger into

the distance, and actually I almost imagined I saw the shores of the Atlantic studded with dancing light-ships. The effect was irresistible. The honourable member who had raised the point looked culpable in the extreme, and when the honourable minister, at the end of the peroration, turned and looked at him, as if he were saying "is that enough, or will you have a little more," it taught that young man a lesson which he will remember for a long time. If the honourable minister's voice was not so monotonous, and his ideas more concentrated, and his style of gesticulation less mixed, he would be an orator of no mean order. Mouldes regards him as an oracle; but Boulter, who always rushes to the smoking-room when the "Admiral," as he irreverently calls him, gets up,—well, he does not feel inclined to give an opinion when it is not an absolute necessity.

The other member of the Cabinet to whom I have referred, is the Minister of Customs, and with a great many people he is, as an orator, placed foremost in the House. When real business is being transacted he makes no attempt at anything like fine speaking, and in fact is perhaps a shade too concise in his remarks, lacking altogether that discursiveness so characteristic of his colleague to whom I have just referred. But sometimes all at once, without any warning given, and without any apparent cause, he will burst into the most vigorous invective. His voice rings through the House like a bell; he throws out his right arm at full stretch, and with his fingers pointed at some opponent, and with his face shewing the utmost earnestness if not passion, he asserts, denounces, contradicts, accuses, in a torrent perfectly irresistible. On these occasions the members become attentive; the galleries are hushed; not a word is lost, but somehow at the close of every one of these philippics, I have caught myself repeating *Vox, et preterea nihil*. Action is a valuable adjunct to oratory—so is a fine voice—so is passion real or assumed—so of course is language, but I have always had an impression that ideas were of some little consequence too. Of course that is altogether a matter of taste, and I interfere with no man's predilections in that or any other respect. If the ladies are satisfied I am.

"He's the mainstay—the mainstay," says Mouldes, referring to the Minister of Customs. "Of course Sir John is the mast, but the Doctor is the mainstay—no doubt about that, the mainstay." On occasions when such references are made, Boulter tolls out in his great round voice, some nonsense about "the winds their revels keep," but nobody minds him.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

19. PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.—In looking over some English papers recently received I found the following paragraph which may be interesting to your querist "F."

"This sect sprang into existence between 1533 and 1535, in Plymouth, Dublin, and other places, and has extended itself in the British dominions, among the Protestants of the Continent and also in the United States. It originated in a movement against the very high Church party, and is ascribed partly daily to the labours of Mr. Darby, a barrister, who took orders as a clergyman of the Church of England, but afterwards left it and became an evangelist unconnected with any Church."

"NEVER LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH."—It may be interesting to some of your readers to learn that this proverb is by no means modern. We find it mentioned by St. Jerome as common in his time—*Esca dentes inspicere Jonani*.

THE LOUVRE.—The Paris *Figaro* avers that the Louvre derived its name from an immense oak, then called a "Rouvre," which stood on the present site of the palace. In later years "Rouvre" became corrupted to "Louvre."

PREMIER.—The term "Premier" to denote the chief of the Cabinet is not very ancient. It is usually said to have been first applied to Sir Robert Walpole, and in a derogatory sense. But in a book published anonymously in 1711, it is used to designate Roger Mortimer and Robert de Vere, "Prime Ministers" in the reigns of Edward II. and Richard II. There is also a somewhat scarce pamphlet, entitled "A Short History of Prime Ministers in Great Britain," dated 1733, in which the name is applied to other Royal favourites, and to them only—from Olo, Bishop of Bayeux, step-brother of William I., to Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. The author mentions that ten of his heroes died by the axe and three by the halter. In a speech made by Walpole shortly before his resignation in 1742, he complains of being called "Prime Minister" as an insult.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A SMALL CHAPTER ON BELLS.

The church bells which were silenced on Maunday or Holy Thursday after the *Gloria in Excelsis* and on the following Saturday were allowed again to rejoice to usher in the Easter Even, has suggested a few thoughts upon bells and bell-ringing which may be acceptable to the readers of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Bells have furnished some of the most beautiful similes and comparisons of most of the English poets. Thus says Cowper:

"How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear;
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on."

Wordsworth thus speaks of the entrance to an English country church-yard:

Part shaded by cool leafy elms, and part
Offering a cool resting place to those who seek the house of worship;
Whilst the bells that ring with all their sweet and plaintive voices,
O'er the last hath ceased its solitary knoll—
Then he enters—

There is a sublimity in the gradual increase of sounds. It is equally sublime to listen to sounds when they retire from us. In bell-ringing, Crescendo and Dimuendo, so delightfully charming and so difficult of exquisite execution on any

musical instrument, is by these performed with the air, in the highest perfection. Milton writes:

"Ring out ye metal spheres,
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow."

And again—

"With other echo late I taught your shades,
To answer and rebound far other song."

Also, the following part of a beautiful song by Tom Moore, which most lovers of music know full well:

"Thou evening bells, thou evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime."

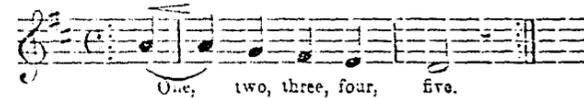
How sublime, indeed, would be the effect of a merry peal from the parish church, their various melodious changes being reflected back by Mount Royal. How rich in effect would be a well-graduated lively peal heard in the early morning after the ear has been refreshed by sleep. There are few persons who are not affected by the sound of bells, when rung in a scientific manner. When heard at a distance, they fall with a delightful softness on the ear, and in the midst of rural scenery they powerfully excite the imagination, and recall the most pleasing scenes of our youth. Hurdis sings:

"So have I stood at eve on *his* banks,
To hear the merry Christ Church bells rejoice;
So have I sat, too, in thy honoured shades,
Distinguish'd Magdalen, on *Chancery* banks,
To hear thy silver Wolsley's tones so sweet;
And so, too, have I pause'd and held my ear,
And suffer'd the slow stream to be in my home,
While *Wolfe's* peal along the meadows ran."

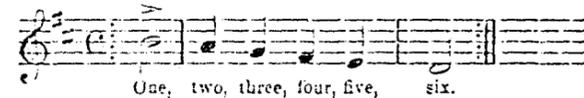
There is a pleasing loquaciousness about bells, appealing finely to every imagination; this loquacity has given rise to the following saying: "As the bell tinkles, so the fool thinks," or vice versa: "As the fool thinks, so the bell tinkles." Man boasts of being the only creature endowed with language, but a piece of mere mechanism can feelingly hold forth most sensible discoursing, as the verse quoted from Tom Moore so beautifully sets forth.

Bells may be said to have long tongues and empty heads, like some garrulous men who in all their talk nothing good is learnt from them.

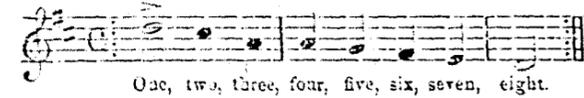
Everybody must have remarked the cheerful gaiety of some bells, and the mournful tones of others. Who can have listened to a succession of five without feeling their touching melancholy?



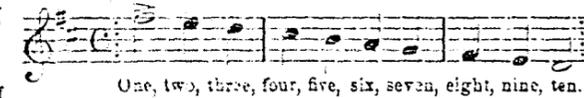
Or not have noticed that tone of regret we hear in the village peal of six?



How delightful at even tide to hear their plaintive song! For a livelier strain we must seek the cheerful peal of eight:



Or that of the sprightly ten, warbling forth their notes of joy.



From the ringing of bells we derive an expression in music of all others the most delightful, that increasing and dying away of the sounds, as they are wafted to and from us by the swelling breeze. How their voices come swelling on the ear, like the revelry of friends! but no sooner heard than the wind has swept them away, and they retire in the faintest whispers, but only to be heard again in the never to be (exactly) twice repeated changes. These effects are highly poetic, and will forcibly touch the feelings as long as sound remain.

On days of rejoicing, the whole peal, often consisting of twelve heavy bells, are all struck together, which produces loud reports, equalling, but far more musical and enlivening than—

The cannon's roar,
Bursting from the bosom of the hollow shore;
The dire explosion the whole concave fills,
And shakes the firm foundation of the hills;
Now passing deep, now belowing from afar.

Bells were rung in former days in England, and are at this time on the continent of Europe, to announce coming storms, and thus give early notice to those who are away from their homes to return and make proper security or precaution in closing up their houses or out-buildings or other things such as crops, &c., which may be exposed.

Bells also serve as historical records; a peal of eight bells was put in St. Helen's church tower, Worcester, 1706, with couplets to Blenheim, Barcelona, Ramilies, Menia, Turin, Egen, Marlborough, and Queen Anne.

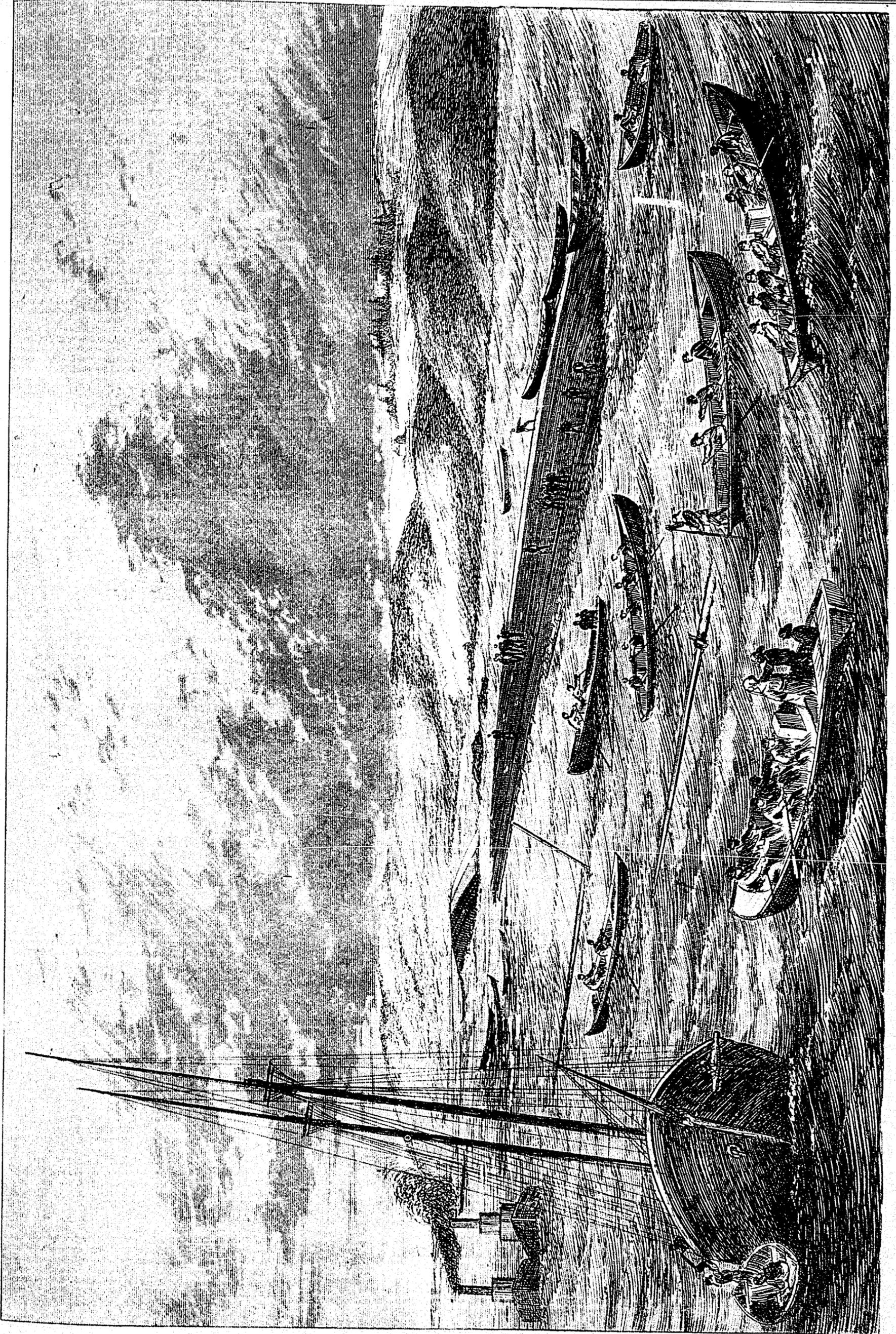
Were there a peal of six or eight bells in a properly constructed tower on Mount Royal;—the — bells, the music highest bordering on heaven,—and were they rung on a fine summer's evening, how many hundreds would enjoy their melody, and how many by-gone associations would their music arouse in the imaginations of old England's children.

A NEW YORK paper accounts for the number of centenarians dying in Philadelphia, by saying that "when people have become so old in other places that they are utterly wearied of life, they move to Philadelphia, knowing that if anything will finish them, that will."

A KING humbly recently asked his pet scholar, why they took Stephen outside the walls of the city to stone him to death. The little fellow was silent for a moment, as though absorbed with the problem, when, brightening up suddenly, he replied, "So they could get a better shot at him."



THE "ATLAS" DISASTER - THE WRECK ON MEAGHER'S ISLAND.



THE "ATLANTIC" DISASTER.—ACTUAL POSITION OF THE HULL.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.

THE DINER-OUT.

There are three classes of people who dine out—the people we must ask and like; the people we must ask and do not like; and the people we do not like and need not ask. Of these three the last are the diners-out *par excellence*—the guests of election. The former two are guests of necessity, accompanied by annoyance or pleasure as it may chance; debtors and creditors rather than chosen friends: people who buy with a ball and are paid by a dinner—who sow in a *soirée* and reap an *At Home*. But the favourite diner-out is in another category altogether. For him rival hostesses bid against each other, and offer bribes of the kind they think will touch him most nearly. Some ask him—simple commoner as he is, with a garret for his bedroom, and his club for his address—to meet the highest and grandest of their titled friends and merchant princes, “angels unawares” being possible to all men. Some, mindful of his adoration of beauty, and his presumed need of a rich wife, tell him that he shall sit next to the beautiful bride or the fascinating heiress who has taken the town by storm and turned as many heads as she has captured hearts. Others, knowing his zeal and his critical acumen in the direction of the sauce boats, quietly hint at the new *chef* whose field day this is to be, and they think he will not be disappointed; and others again give private information as to the particular vintage, and that seal, they have decided to dispense. All dangle some bright inducement before him as the conclusive reason why he should bestow himself on them, and not on any other—that is, why he should make their dinners go well by his ready wit, his lively talk, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and the tact that is equal to any emergency for his own part, coupled with the good nature which is ready to extricate anyone else out of a dilemma.

And when he has accepted, and is fairly caught, he never fails the unwritten programme he has been asked to fulfil. That part of the table where he sits he all alive with sparkling fun and ready humour. If the rest of the company are dull, as it may well happen—more likely indeed than not—he and his laughing *convives* make a kind of moral oasis in a prandial desert. You hear their words of amused surprise flash through the clatter of the plates and knives, and wish you had some better part than the share allotted you of talking against time with a monosyllabic partner, who has not even life enough to evince any interest in his or her dinner. You catch tantalising fragments of some rare jest or well-seasoned anecdote, and lose the rest in the ponderous tones of your next but one neighbour, asking, across the bulk of florid matronhood that intervenes, if you have read the last new squib on the Government—you being an ardent supporter thereof—or if you have watched the strange fluctuations of Spanish and the unaccountable depression of Egyptians? while you, not having a sou besides your salary, know as little of the Stock and Share List as you do of hieroglyphics, and care to about the same amount. But you enjoy wit and fun and humour at all points, and could act chorus to a drama of jests without the faintest sense of fatigue, how long soever it might last. Sitting down, then, in the midst of the heavy respectability and brainless substantiality of the party, you envy the fortunate ones who have had seats assigned them near the diner-out. He is the sun, and they are the favoured planets; while you are only a poor neglected asteroid pushed out into the dark, neither shining nor shone upon.

The diner-out is a man of exquisite attire and faultless manners. The raw recruits of society copy his coat, his embroidery, his necktie, down to the amount of leather to cap he patronises in his boots. His jewellery is always of the simplest kind and in the best taste; and he changes it with the seasons—save in such instances, which are rare, when he has inherited a diamond or two of notable size and purity, and then he wears nothing else, and is known by his studs as a soldier by his buttons. Else he is great in plain chased gold; and no one looks too narrowly at the work. He is a man of perfect breeding, and without convictions. On one side of him sits a rabid Tory, on the other a furious Radical. Without committing himself to either he manages to appease both, and the cleverness with which he can soothe these excited partisans is real genius in its way. If he does it by no other method than leaning a little back in his chair, half shutting his eyes, while he joins the tips of his fingers together, saying, with a pleasant if deprecating smile, “Do you think any good was ever done by arguing politics over a vol-au-vent? Had we not best agree to differ as to the merits of this bill, and join hands in praising this Steinberger?” his admirers are ready to swear that no man ever showed such tact as he, and that but for him the whole dinner would have been a *fiasco*. So far, indeed, he is right. People do not go to a dinner party to argue about politics, and party passion is like poison to the digestion. But, living in public as he does, and his *métier* that of soothing and softening, it is not surprising that his convictions become at last as elastic as down and as limp as ironed silk, and that even his most intimate friends cannot catalogue him? How can he have fixed principles, he whose life is passed in “making himself agreeable” to men of all parties and women of all faiths, to people of all shades of opinion, and givers of dinners of all grades—provided only that these have sufficient gastronomic education to secure a favourable *menu*, and that the host understands the orderly progression of the wines? His business is to tell good stories, not to testify; and a brilliant pun coming at the right moment, and just when there is an awkward pause in the dishes that brings the colour into the cheeks of the hostess, is more his idea of duty than any exposition of moral sentiments or political opinions. He is not one of those lions whose roar is mighty, and the fear of whose fame oppresses the small deer with inward awe and outward submission. He is only a tame poodle kind of lion, who has neither fangs nor claws; a scented, clipped, and curled lion with whom a child might play—if the father and mother revered Brillat-Savarin as he deserves; a lion who likes his venison on the turn, and his buffalo hump à la Bechamel; a lion who sits up and begs in the prettiest manner possible at the skirts of those dispensers of bread who dispense with grace, liberality, and judgment.

Sometimes, but more rarely, the diner-out by vocation is a woman. At the best she is not so successful as the man. Nature, which makes all nice women more retiring than not—and a woman who was not nice would not be a favourite dinner guest—has shortened the tether and dimmed the sparkle of the lady conversationalist, as she has neither shortened nor dimmed with men. An anecdote with just a dash of doubtful spice, that would come well enough from a man's lips, would sound gross and shocking from a woman's. Those fine shades

of *double entendre* which a man who knows his business can give with such a light touch and delicate hand, are sure to be laid on with too much emphasis by a woman; or she shows herself too conscious of her second intention, so that no way of escape for timid modesty by pretending not to see is possible, as it always is by the nonchalant crafty ease of a man. And if she does not show herself conscious, then she is set down as hard and bold, and no better than she should be—at least in mind if not in deed. But to tell anecdotes that shall be well seasoned, yet not too much so—to have salt in one's jests, yet not to make them briny—can anything be more difficult? Even in our days, when doubtful subjects are considered bad taste, and however wittily presented are apt to raise more frowns than smiles, it is almost impossible to avoid them in the trade of a professed dinner-table conversationalist. And this is one of the reasons why women are not so successful in their trade as their fathers and brothers; and why for one favourite dinner guest in petticoats there are half a dozen in broad cloth.

We must except, however, pretty women, when the hostess is not jealous, and cares more for her dinner than for herself. Pretty women who dress well and have nice little speeches and pleasant smiles at command, who are amiable and not spoilt, and whose consciousness of beauty has not made them indifferent to please, are always at a premium. They enliven the end where they sit much as a beautiful flower or a dainty little melody might; and the men near them are charmed, if the women feel eclipsed and look askance at their evident triumph. Women of notorious sympathy also go down well and often in the list; they make a good audience, and are safe for bores. And those whose only forte is an ultra-magnificence of attire; or those who are famous for that light, touch-and-go, easy prattle which is so like a soap bubble or a chameleonic shuttlecock; those who have made themselves a name and are lionesses in their own way, even if they are of odd appearance and eccentric manners; and those who are ready to come at a moment's notice, and who do not give themselves airs of offended pride if, being lone women in their degree, and not dinner creditors at any time, they are asked to fill up a vacant space not originally assigned to them—all these are dinner guests of frequent invitation, and all may be trusted to bring their store of small talk and good humour, of beauty or of sumptuousness, as their contribution. For we ought never to forget that we all owe our best to our hostess, and that the duty of the guest is to aid, as far as he is able, in making the party pleasant to every one: with whom he comes in contact. Society has its requirements other than the rigour of costume; and to help our hostess with our fellow-guests is one of the first duties in the catalogue. He or she who does that best by any lawful means whatsoever, is the hero or heroine who is invited most frequently and welcomed most heartily; who is the favourite dinner guest of his—or her—circle, and the one whom all dinner-givers desire to see at their board.—*Queen*.

Dramatic Notes.

Elwin Booth is making a Western tour. Ben De Bar has been playing “Falstaff” at St. Louis. Rubinstein plays in Montreal to-night and on Monday. Charlotte Thompson was playing last week at Savannah, Ga. Wagner's “Tannhauser” continues to increase in popularity at Brussels.

Ambrose Thomas is about to bring out a new opera comique, entitled “Mina.”

Sir Michael Costa has completed Balfe's “Talisman,” which the latter left unfinished.

The Vokes Family have appeared during the week at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Pauline Lucca appeared last week with Miss Kellogg at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati.

Signors Mario and Abruznedo, and Mrs. Dion Boncleault, sailed for Europe recently in the “Cuba.”

Johann Strauss's new operetta, “Le Carnaval de Rome,” is said to have won a complete success at Vienna.

The practice of hissing a dramatic performance was first introduced at the Théâtre Français on the 14th of January, 1828.

Lester Wallack's professional tour around the world, advertised in the London *Era*, turns out to be one of Mr. Estlin's jokes.

A drama based upon Eugène Sue's story, “The Wandering Jew,” is about to be produced at the Adelphi Theatre in London.

Signora Cucchi, the principal *danseuse* at San Carlo, Naples, has created a *furor* in the new ballet, “Dyellah,” in eleven tableaux.

Carlotta Leclercq has been playing at the Pittsburgh Opera House during the week. The English Opera Combination Troupe has also been at Pittsburgh.

Minnie Hanck is about to transfer her services from the Imperial to the Comic Opera House at Vienna. She has signed an engagement with the latter for three years.

It is rumoured in London that Lord Londesborough, who furnished the money for the production of “Babil and Bjon,” at Covent Garden, is to become the permanent lessee of the St. James Theatre.

An odd novelty has made its appearance at the Paris Vaudeville in the shape of a translation into French verse of Aristophanes's “Plutus”—of course somewhat altered and adapted to the modern stage.

Mr. Gye is reported to be lying ill at Vienna. While returning from Italy he was suddenly seized with acute inflammation of the joints of the right foot, and has been unable to leave his bed for several days.

The superintendent of the Imperial Russian theatres has arrived in Paris to engage a great number of young and pretty women for a fairy spectacle to be entitled “Mouchatt,” to be given at St. Petersburg.

Six new theatres are being built in Vienna for the great Exhibition—City Theatre, Opera Comique, Court Theatre, Residence Theatre, Academy Theatre (for French plays of the higher order), and International Theatre.

The manager of the Vienna Theatre has given Dumax \$1,600 for the right to produce “La Femme de Claude.” M. Bellotti Bon, manager of the Théâtre Commedia, at Milan, offered \$300 for the same privilege, and was refused.

At the conclusion of her last performance in St. Petersburg,

Adelina Patti had the honour of shaking hands with the Czar of all the Russias. On the same occasion she was presented with a diamond coronet, valued at \$7,000.

Signo Aramburo, Mr. Mapleson's new tenor, has appeared in Edinburgh; and, according to the Edinburgh and Glasgow critics, he is a really valuable addition to the slender stock of operatic tenors. His voice is pronounced “remarkably sweet, pure, tender, and even superb.”

According to the papers, those always reliable chronicles of the time, Adelina Patti was so overcome by the warmth of her reception on the occasion of her farewell performance in St. Petersburg that she fainted, and Mme. Nilsson-Rouzeaud, forgetting her marriage, begged her manager to be allowed to remain in that city a while longer, because the people of the Russian capital were her “betrothed.”

In New York Alméida and the Opera Bouffe Company made their appearance on Thursday at the Academy of Music. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre the week opened with “Divorce,” and at the Union Square Theatre with “Frou Frou.” “Monte Christo” will be produced at the Grand Opera on the 25th inst.; it is stated that Mr. Fechter is to receive \$1,000 for each performance during a four week's engagement. Fechter's Theatre, owing to some difficulty with the contractor, etc., is not to open so soon as was anticipated.

TORONTO ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—Last week the attraction at this Theatre, was Miss Lillie Eldridge, in the plays, “Ella” and “Mignon.” This lady, though young, displays a good amount of dramatic talent, which we have no doubt time will improve. In both plays she was very successful, particularly in the character of Ella, and was loudly applauded each evening. Mr. Vernon as “Bob” the frank and open-hearted sailor, and Mr. Tannhill as “Joe Chirrap” the blind sailor, were also very good in the rendering of their parts, while Mr. Melville as “Sallove” the showman, was very humorous as usual.

The managers keep up the attractions, and this week the talented actor Mr. Tom Riggs, appears in “Shin Fane.”

From London we learn that a new play, “The Stone Jug,” which is simply Jack Sheppard's story with a toned down, with the names of the characters altered, has been produced at the Adelphi. Wycherly's “Country Girl,” as altered by Garcia, has been revived at the Charing Cross Theatre. An extravaganza on the theme of “King John” or “Magna Charta,” is to be put on the boards at the Strand. The Easter novelty at the Gaiety is a new burlesque, founded on the opera of “Martha.” Jerrold's comedy of “The Prisoner of War” will also be revived. At the Philharmonic the new opera-bouffe of “Fleur de Lys” takes the place of the long-lived “Genevieve de Brabant,” which has nearly reached its four hundred and fiftieth night.

Forrest the actor, to use a slang word, was extremely apt to “bully” all in the theatre, from the manager downwards. But he once met his match. It was when he was playing at the old Broadway Theatre, near Peat Street. His pieces were followed by an exhibition of lions by their tamer, a certain Herr Driesbach. Forrest was one day saying that he had never been afraid in all his life—could not imagine the emotion. Driesbach made no remark at the time, but in the evening, when the curtain had fallen, invited Forrest home with him. Forrest assented, and the two, entering a house, walked a long distance through many devious passages—all dark—until finally Driesbach, opening a door, said, “This way, Mr. Forrest.” Forrest entered and immediately heard the door slammed and locked behind him. He had not time to express any surprise at this, for at the same moment he felt something soft rubbing against his leg, and putting out his hand to feel what it felt like a cat's back. A rasping growl saluted the motion, and he saw two fiery glaring eyeballs looking up at him. “Are you afraid, Mr. Forrest?” asked Driesbach, invisible in the darkness. “Not a bit,” Driesbach said something; the growl deepened and became hoarser, the back began to arch and the eyes to shine more fiercely. Forrest held out two or three minutes; but the symptoms became so terrifying that he owned in so many words that he was afraid. “Now let me out, you infernal scoundrel,” he said to the lion tamer, “and I'll break every bone in your body.” He was imprudent there, for Driesbach kept him, not daring to move a finger, with the lion rubbing against his leg all the time until Forrest promised not only immunity, but a champagne supper into the bargain.

Art and Literature.

Mr. Anthony Trollope starts a new serial story in the April number of the monthly *Fortnightly*.

A cantata, by Rubinstein, founded upon Goethe's “Wilhelm Meister,” has just been published at Leipzig.

Mr. Layard has contributed to the *Revista de Espana* an article on the painter Velasquez, which is stated to have been received with much approval in Spanish artistic and literary circles.

Mr. Froide is preparing a series of brilliant articles for *Scribner's Monthly* on monastery life in England in the olden time. He will disclose what a great abbey of those days really was.

The works of Bouget de Lisle, who wrote the “Marsillaise,” are about to be re-edited. The “Marsillaise” is the only one of his songs which is generally known, but in 1825 he published fifty French songs at his own expense, at his residence, 21, Passage Saubier, in Paris. The most important of these are “Le Chant de Roland,” “La Vengeance,” “Le Vengeur,” “Le Chant du Combat,” and “La Mort de Kriber.”

The *Daily Telegraph* has received a telegram from Mr. George Smith, who is now at Mossoul prosecuting his search for Assyrian records, stating that, thanks to the exertions of Sir Henry Elliot, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, the Turkish Government has sent orders to the Governor-General of Bagdad, directing that Mr. Smith may be permitted to commence operations at once, and he has already made several discoveries.

OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or inactive, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as “Morson's Pepsine,” and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morson and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the “Pepsine” prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name

6-1222

T. MORSON & SON.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

OUR HOME SERVICE.

"When your servants find out that you are ignorant of their duty, you may be assured that the family business will be ill done."

In the days of our great-grandmothers and grandmothers the management of a household and servants and some considerable knowledge of cookery were rationally held to form part of every girl's education. Now, however, the reverse is the case. In no class of society, as it at present exists, are young girls taught such things except in a haphazard, accidental, or perfunctory fashion, and certainly amongst the higher ranks of society domestic questions are hardly ever alluded to even, and it would be thought utterly *infra dig*, for the ladies Ethel or Madeline to have any knowledge of the culinary art or of the general details of home service.

What would be said if that esteemed and trustworthy woman, Mrs. Rushett, the housekeeper, were called upon to take her turn in the school-room with the professors of music, of drawing, of German or Italian, to give an hour and a half's lecture to the young ladies twice a week upon practical house-keeping? What would be said if the Misses Pattara's prospectus of their establishment for young ladies contained an item amongst the extras setting forth that Signor Gallipoli, the eminent *chef de cuisine*, held a class four times a month for instruction in *les affaires de la cuisine et du ménage*: terms, two guineas per quarter? Why! modern society would believe the world was coming to an end, and probably there would be a general *l'emeute* amongst parents and guardians to suppress such ebullitions of vulgarity and bad taste, even if put forward in a less ostentatious fashion. No! better a thousand times that the mothers of our "lords to be" should remain in helpless ignorance of the management of their homes than that they should have their delicate minds sullied by such commonplace, mental ideas.

The result, therefore, of this great blank in female training is, that when the young wife for the first time finds herself placed at the head of a household, she is as completely at sea as a newly-joined ensign of a marching regiment who might be suddenly called upon to take command of the divisions of an army in the field. To put the machine in motion even is difficult, but to control it when once set going, with any rational views of adapting means to end, is entirely out of the question in both instances.

Open to impositions (whether arising from ignorance or something worse) from all quarters, but from her servants particularly, the young housewife would naturally seek advice, and any printed page dealing exclusively with this very important element of her establishment would be an extremely difficult, if not an impossible, thing to find. Cookery books and books devoted to all that thereunto appertains abound, but these contain only the driest and scantiest hints with respect to her dealings with her servants. A few moral platitudes, not always in very good taste, inasmuch as they appear to dictate at what hour she should get up, how she should dress, what she should read, who her friends should be, and so forth, strung together with a few trite quotations from eminent authors (smacking, in fact, rather of the tone of a book of etiquette than of anything practical or useful), make up the whole store of information afforded.

Narrow-minded prejudice alone would echo the cry raised by certain well-meaning but non-discriminative housewives against the rapidly-multiplying advantages offered in the present day with regard to the higher education of women of all classes, on the plea that too great an amount of intellectual culture leaves no room for increased knowledge of domestic matters. The more thoroughly educated a woman is the better mistress of a household will she make. If she has been trained to habits of accurate thought the more able will she be to direct her establishment, not the minutest detail of which a clever, sensible woman will hold it beneath her to be acquainted with. She will know where interference should begin and end, and at once be able to place an error, in whatever department it may occur, at the right door.

And although much has been done for years past in setting on foot institutions for training servants, and although many influential country ladies have striven hard to teach the daughters of the labourers and petty farmers in their neighbourhood the several duties appertaining to cooks, housemaids, nurses, &c., an immense deal still remains to be done. Training institutions should be multiplied, and the sons and daughters of our labouring men led to understand that distinction and reward await all faithful and able members of our domestic "home service;" but it is much to be feared that at present in that department inequity is the rule, and therefore it is that the young housewife at the outset of her career so much needs assistance.

To present her, therefore, with some sort of a guide in her intercourse with her servants, apart from bills of fare and recipes for succulent dishes, and to tell her what the actual duties of each domestic in her house really are, is the main object in view in some succeeding papers on "Home Service"—to afford her a manual of reference upon which she may rely, and which is the result of a wide personal experience and close intimacy with practical authorities. For the sake of systematising what has to be said, and facilitating reference, it will be desirable to classify the main points of the subject.

"Home Service" divides itself into two great classes, the in and the out door; but as the readers of *The Queen* have but little to do with the latter, the first will claim our sole consideration. The control of out-door service belongs to the master rather than to the mistress, and any discussion on it would be out of place in a ladies' newspaper; and even if it were not the fact that most gentlemen are very fairly acquainted with the duties of coachmen and grooms, gamekeepers and gardeners, all details respecting their daily works, and in what manner it can be most completely and perfectly performed, are set forth and treated of fully, in plenty of manuals already in existence.

The gardener, perhaps, is the only out-door servant who may legitimately come occasionally within the lady's dominion; but, with the exception of his supplying flowers, fruit, and vegetables for the table, he comes no more under the housewife's supervision than the game-keeper; therefore, no space will be devoted to him, as it is solely towards the household servants that attention will be directed. Dealing, therefore, exclusively with in-door servants, we may consider them under the various heads of male and female, upper and lower; but, as female servants in the majority of households form the most important element, we may assign to them the first place. Under the head of each of the three principal departments of the "Home Service"—viz., the kitchen, the house, and the nursery—the duties of every individual member serving therein will be clearly set forth and enumerated.

In the servants' hall, the housekeeper, lady's maid, butler, and cook take precedence of all the other domestics, whose duties and position vary somewhat in different households.

Yet there is one person whose responsibility and importance must give her precedence over all, and who, as the guiding spirit of every household claims our first attention, and this naturally brings us to her whom Mr. Ruskin calls the "Domina," or house-lady.—*The Queen*.

WOMEN DOCTORS.

The University of Zurich has now had a somewhat extended experience of the results of admitting ladies to medical studies. And it may be interesting to note, on the authority of a writer of credit, what have been the consequences of this action, and how it has been developed. Dr. James Chadwick has examined the facts and collected materials on the spot, and his summary of these facts is worth attention. The first lady student admitted was a Russian lady, who entered in 1861; she was followed by a second. After attending all the classes, she applied in 1867 to be admitted to "matriculation and examination." The rector, after consulting with the Swiss Minister, interpreted the law, which neither allowed nor forbade the matriculation of female students, in favour of the applicant; and, being duly matriculated, she was submitted to examination for a degree, which she passed with great credit and received the medical diploma. This example did not produce the rush of female students which was anticipated. In the following two years only three Englishwomen, one Russian, and one American studied medicine in Zurich, and came up for degrees, while one Englishwoman and three Russians were matriculated, but left soon after. In the summer term of 1865 the first female student, an Englishwoman, was matriculated by the philosophical faculty, but left at the end of the term. In the winter term of 1869-70 six Russians appeared, of whom three departed without examination. In the summer term of 1870 three Russians arrived, who also left without degrees. In the winter term of 1870-71 the number of those newly matriculated rose to eleven, of whom five left without degrees. In the summer term of 1871 one woman was matriculated, whereas two left without and one with the diploma. Thus of the twenty-five female students who had attended the medical faculty for irregular periods after 1861, three left with and seven without their degrees; of the seven matriculated in the philosophical department, three departed without the diploma. In the summer term of 1870 only fifteen women studying medicine and four philosophy remained. In the next term, 1871-72, the number rose from nineteen to thirty-one; and in the summer term, 1872, from thirty-one to sixty-three. But with the increase in quantity there was a depreciation in quality; and it is noted that "a number of them had not the requisite age, training, and devotion to their studies."

The University has not suffered in prosperity. The number of students has increased from 232 in 1864 to 351 in 1872. The medical department of the University has thriven; it was attended by 107 male and 1 female student in 1864, whereas in the summer of 1872 there were 157 male students and 51 female students. Of the women who have passed, two have been noted as "very good" and four as "good." The senior graduate is now in large practice in St. Petersburg. The third gained special commendation for her excellent conduct in the ambulance at Belfort in January, 1871; Professor Rose, the director, reported that "she soon won all hearts by her modest, self-sacrificing activity." The second graduate is now one of the physicians of the Women's Hospital in London. The fifth is resident medical officer of a women's hospital in Birmingham. The fourth is about to receive an appointment at the Children's Hospital in Boston. The sixth is clinical assistant to Professor Biermer in the women's department of the Zurich Hospital. On the question of the conduct and influence of women students the Professors of Zurich University have officially replied to queries of the Faculty of Wurzburg that "no unpleasant event has occurred," and that "after six years' experience the Faculty looks forward with satisfaction to a further continuance of the trial," and they

speak warmly of "the earnest desire to work and the discreet behaviour of the young ladies studying medicine here." Dr. Chadwick observes finally that this is not the first time that women have studied and practised medicine in a continental university. On June 2nd, 1754, Frau Dorothea Christiana Erxleben received the medical degree after proper examination. She practised in the small city of Quedlinburg, and was wife of the deacon of St. Nicholas Church. She solved the marriage question also to her own satisfaction, for in the history of her life she wrote that "marriage was no obstacle to a woman's studies, but that their pursuit was far pleasanter in the companionship of an intelligent husband."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Extract from a letter of Messrs Avery, Brown & Co., one of the oldest and most respectable firms in the Maritime Provinces.

HALIFAX, N.S., Oct. 4th, 1871.

JAMES I. FELLOWS, Esq.—Dear Sir: Our sale of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites has been very large, and, notwithstanding its high price, has far exceeded that of any other medicine. We have had from you within the past year six hundred cases of one dozen each, which have gone into almost every part of the Province, and given, so far as we know, universal satisfaction.

As it is no "quack medicine," but compounded, as we believe, upon the sound principles of Pharmaceutical science, we trust you will not allow the public to lose sight of a remedy so well calculated to be of Permanent Value.

Very respectfully,
AVERY, BROWN & CO.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid Cures Frost Bites.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Hon. Mr. Fortin has been re-elected for Gaspé in the Quebec Assembly—having vacated his seat on accepting office as Commissioner of Crown Lands.—Mr. Wood has been elected by acclamation for West Durham, the seat resigned by Mr. Blake.—The Welland Canal will be opened for navigation on Monday.—The Archbishop of Quebec reached home on his return from Rome last week.—The Pontiac County by-law for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in favour of the Northern Colonization Railway has been approved by an overwhelming majority.—It is rumoured that the Better Terms arrangement with New Brunswick consists of the grant of a lump annual sum equal to \$150,000 a year.—The Direct United States Cable Company offers to lay cables via Newfoundland if the Government exercise the right of pre-emption in the existing line.—A despatch from Lord Kimberley sets at rest the question whether Lieut.-Governors are supposed to be acting for the Queen. It is stated that on ordinary occasions they represent the Governor-General, but on such occasions as the opening or closing of an Assembly, celebration of Her Majesty's birthday, or a levee, they should be deemed to be acting directly on behalf of the Queen.—The surveys for the Central Pacific Railway are pushed vigorously, and a connected line of surveys between Ottawa and Red River is finished. Mr. Jarvis and party have returned from the instrumental survey of over 360 miles of line between here and Lake Superior complete, with over 1,000 miles of exploratory and track surveys.—A strong company of Canadian capitalists has been formed at Toronto, with a capital of a million and a half, to work a mineral location on Thunder Bay, Lake Superior.—At a meeting of friends of the lost cabin passengers of the "Atlantic," held at the Halifax Hotel on Friday last, resolutions were passed condemning the White Star Line managers for not taking more vigorous measures for recovering the bodies.—The *Canada Gazette* contains the announcement of the appointment of Eugene Clinic, of the City of Quebec, Esquire, as Senator for the Gulf Electoral Division, in the stead of the Hon. Ulric Joseph Tessier, resigned.—The health of Sir George Cartier is represented as greatly improved. He sails for Canada on the 20th inst. (? 19th.)—The laying of the shore end of the new Atlantic Cable has commenced near Chebucto Head.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—A letter to the New York *Evening Post*, dated April 1st, says the House of Assembly has agreed, by an overwhelming majority, to accept the provisions of the Treaty of Washington, which have reference to Newfoundland. Only four out of a house of 30 members voted against the ratification of the treaty, and they did so on technical grounds, arguing that the question should have been first submitted to the constituents.

UNITED STATES.—A St. Domingo letter intimates that there may be some trouble as to land titles in connection with the settlers who may go to Samana Bay.—Another gigantic railway swindle: Paris advices say it is proved that of 27 millions of francs subscribed in France for the construction of the Memphis and El Paso Railroad eighteen and a half millions went into the pockets of those engineering the scheme, who had fraudulently stated that Congress guaranteed the road with land grants.—The New York horse car conductors have resolved to strike on the 10th of May for eight hours and \$3 a day.—A commotion has been created in Wall Street by the announcement that the Grand Jury has summoned several leading bankers, who are inclined to tell all they know about the cliques formed and forming, and to give the names of the usurers.—A collision took place between the striking gas-men and the police last week in New York.—The Modoc Indians have treacherously

massacred Commissioner Thomas and General Canby, and intense feeling prevails against them.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—Parliament re-assembles on Monday after the Easter recess.—The Prince of Wales is to be installed Grand Commander of the Order of Knights Templar.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has arranged to carry a reduction of 50 per cent. on the sugar duties into effect next month. The reduction on raw sugar will take place on the 8th, and on refined sugar on the 23rd.—Great distress for want of food is reported to prevail on the islands on the Irish coast of Galway. Sheep even are starving. Subscriptions have been opened for the relief of the islanders.—At Kinsale, Ireland, a conflict has taken place between some striking fishermen and the police, in which two of the former were killed.—The latest developments in the Bank of England forgery case conclusively establish the fact that the forgeries were committed by Austin Bidwell, who is under arrest at Havana, and whose surrender has been ordered by the Spanish Government; George McDonnell, who is held for extradition in New York, George Bidwell, whose arrest in Edinburgh has been already announced, and Noyes, the alleged clerk of the parties, who was the first person taken into custody in London.

FRANCE.—The Republicans have carried the civic elections in Nantes and Marseilles.—The French Assembly meets to-day after an Easter recess of eleven days.—Up to the 5th inst. 4,250,000,000 francs had been paid by France to Germany on account of war indemnity, etc.—In the Assembly a bill has been passed for reimbursing Paris its war contribution of 28,000,000f, and granting indemnity on the same account to the Departments to the amount of 21,000,000f.

GERMANY.—On Saturday the Emperor, accompanied by Bismarck and Von Moltke and a brilliant retinue left Berlin for St. Petersburg on a visit to the Czar. On the same day the Crown Prince and Princess left for Vienna.

ITALY.—The Pope is suffering from rheumatic fever and ulceration of the leg. He is reported to be in a dying condition.—His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel will visit Vienna during the Exhibition, if the condition of Italy will permit of his departure from the country.

SOUTH AMERICA.—There has been a revolution in Panama in favour of ex-President Correso. President Niera is a prisoner.

CHINA.—The Grand Duke Alexis left Shanghai on the 9th inst. for Japan.

Charities.

A paper recently alluded to a man as a "battle-scarred veteran." The compositor was so agitated when the editor made him correct it that he changed it to "bat-e-scarred" veteran. And still the veteran in question was not satisfied.

"I suppose," said a physician, smiling and trying to be witty while feeling the pulse of a patient who had reluctantly submitted to solicit his advice, "I suppose you think me a bit of a humbug?" "Sir," gravely replied the sick man, "I was not aware that you could discover a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

The Bishop of Wurzburg once asked a sprightly shepherd boy: "What are you doing here, my lad?" "Tending swine." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week." "I also am a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may all be, but then I suppose you have more swine under your care?"

And now comes Rufus Whitmore, of Orwell Vermont. What a man it is! In his ninety-fifth year and in perfect health! He has been a constant user of tobacco for more than seventy-five years. And that's not the worst; his father and grandfather did the same thing before him, and they lived to be respectively ninety-eight and ninety-six years old. What shall we say of this?

A few Portuguese and a few Chinese words, all wrought into Chinese idioms, make up the business language which is used between the Chinese and English speaking traders. This language is called "Pigeon-English." An Englishman translated into Pigeon the familiar address, "My name is Norval; on the Gramplan Hills my father feeds his flocks," and the result was, "My name is bl'og Norval. Top side kehlanplan hills my fader ehov ehov he sheep." But the next sentence beggared the language, and "A frugal swain, whose constant care is to increase his store," had to be freely "done" in this shape—"My fader very small heartee man—too much like dat pieclee dolla."

A wealthy New Yorker visited Hartford a week or two ago, and wishing to drive about the city, went to a livery-stable to hire a "team." The man of horses was loath to trust a valuable "turn-out" to an entire stranger, and so asked for references. The gentleman replied that he could give no references, but that he would buy the horses and sleigh, and when he returned from his ride the stable-keeper might refund the money. A price was agreed upon, and the cash paid down. When, later in the day, the stranger brought the team back to the stable, his money was returned and he started to go.

"Hold on," said the man of horses; "you have not paid your horse hire!"

"Why, my dear sir," said the New Yorker, coolly, "I have been driving my own team this morning!" The stable-keeper looked disgusted, but did not force his claims.

Dr. Colby's Pills are Anti-Constive and Anodyne.



Γαίδημος Λίσσιωφ

C. J. Fawcett

THE CLASSICAL GALLERY OF CANADIAN HEROES.—No. II.—THE VALIANT HECTOR.

"'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean; he wins it or he dies!"

POPE, *Iliad* XVI. 575



“RENEWAL OF THE LEASE REFUSED”

AFTER THE PAINTING BY FRISKIN NICOL, A. R. A.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—Mablethorpe House.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GREAT HEART AND LITTLE HEART.

THERE was a pause. The moments passed—and not one of the three moved. The moments passed—and not one of the three spoke. Insensibly the words of supplication died away on Julian's lips. Even his energy failed to sustain him, tried as it now was by the crushing oppression of suspense. The first trifling movement which suggested the idea of change, and which so brought with it the first vague sense of relief, came from Mercy. Incapable of sustaining the prolonged effort of standing, she drew back a little, and took a chair. No outward manifestation of emotion escaped her. There she sat—with the death-like torpor of resignation in her face—waiting her sentence in silence from the man at whom she had hurled the whole terrible confession of the truth in one sentence!

Julian lifted his head as she moved. He looked at Horace, and advancing a few steps, looked again. There was fear in his face, as he suddenly turned it towards Mercy.

"Speak to him!" he said in a whisper. "Rouse him, before it's too late!"

She moved mechanically in her chair; she looked mechanically at Julian.

"What more have I to say to him?" she asked in faint weary tones. "Did I not tell him everything when I told him my name?"

The natural sound of her voice might have failed to affect Horace. The altered sound of it roused him. He approached Mercy's chair, with a dull surprise in his face, and put his hand in a weak wavering way on her shoulder. In that position he stood for a while, looking down at her in silence.

The one idea in him that found its way outwards to expression was the idea of Julian. Without moving his hand, without looking up from Mercy, he spoke for the first time since the shock had fallen on him.

"Where is Julian?" he asked very quietly. "I am here, Horace—close by you."

"Will you do me a service?" "Certainly. How can I help you?" He considered a little before he replied. His hand left Mercy's shoulder, and went up to his head—then dropped at his side. His next words were spoken in a sadly helpless bewildered way.

"I have an idea, Julian, that I have been somehow to blame. I said some hard words to you. It was a little while since. I don't clearly remember what it was all about. My temper has been a good deal tried in this house; I have never been used to the sort of thing that goes on here—secrets and mysteries, and hateful low-lived quarrels. We have no secrets and mysteries at home. And as for quarrels—ridiculous! My mother and my sisters are highly-bred women (you know them); gentlewomen, in the best sense of the word. When I am with them I have no anxieties. I am not harassed at home by doubts of who people are, and confusion about names, and so on. I suspect the contrast weighs a little on my mind, and upsets it. They make me over-suspicious among them here—and it ends in my feeling doubts and fears that I can't get over: doubts about you and fears about myself. I have got a fear about myself now. I want you to help me. Shall I make an apology first?"

"Don't say a word. Tell me what I can do." He turned his face towards Julian for the first time.

"Just look at me," he said. "Does it strike you that I am at all wrong in my mind? Tell me the truth, old fellow."

"Your nerves are a little shaken, Horace. Nothing more."

He considered again, after that reply; his eyes remaining anxiously fixed on Julian's face.

"My nerves are a little shaken," he repeated. "That is true; I feel they are shaken. I should like, if you don't mind, to make sure that it's no worse. Will you help me to try if my memory is all right?"

"I will do anything you like."

"Ah! you are a good fellow, Julian—and a clear-headed fellow, too, which is very important just now. Look here! I say it's about a week since the troubles began in this house. Do you say so too?"

"Yes."

"The troubles came in with the coming of a woman from Germany, a stranger to us, who behaved very violently in the dining-room there. Am I right, so far?"

"Quite right."

"The woman carried matters with a high hand. She claimed Colonel Roseberry—no, I wish to be strictly accurate—she claimed the late Colonel Roseberry as her father. She told a tiresome story about her having been robbed

of her papers and her name by an impostor who had personated her. She said the name of the impostor was Mercy Merrick. And she afterwards put the climax to it all: she pointed to the lady who is engaged to be my wife, and declared that she was Mercy Merrick. Tell me again, is that right or wrong?"

Julian answered him as before. He went on, speaking more confidently and more excitedly than he had spoken yet.

"Now attend to this, Julian. I am going to pass from my memory of what happened a week ago to my memory of what happened five minutes since. You were present; I want to know if you heard it too." He paused, and, without taking his eyes off Julian, pointed backwards to Mercy. "There is the lady who is engaged to marry me," he resumed. "Did I, or did I not, hear her say that she had come out of a Refuge, and that she was going back to a Refuge? Did I, or did I not, hear her own to my face that her name was Mercy Merrick? Answer me, Julian. My good friend, answer me, for the sake of old times."

His voice faltered as he spoke those imploring words. Under the dull blank of his face there appeared the first signs of emotion slowly forcing its way outwards. The stunned mind was reviving faintly. Julian saw his opportunity of aiding the recovery, and seized it. He took Horace gently by the arm, and pointed to Mercy.

"There is your answer" he said. "Look!—and pity her."

She had not once interrupted them while they had been speaking: she had changed her position again, and that was all. There was a writing-table at the side of her chair; her outstretched arms rested on it. Her head had dropped on her arms, and her face was hidden. Julian's judgment had not misled him; the utter self-abandonment of her attitude answered Horace as no human language could have answered him. He looked at her. A quick spasm of pain passed across his face. He turned once more to the faithful friend who had forgiven him. His head fell on Julian's shoulder, and he burst into tears.

Mercy started wildly to her feet and looked at the two men.

"O God!" she cried, "what have I done!"

Julian quieted her by a motion of his hand.

"You have helped me to save him," he said. "Let his tears have their way. Wait."

He put one arm round Horace to support him. The manly tenderness of the action, the complete and noble pardon of past injuries which it implied, touched Mercy to the heart. She went back to her chair. Again shame and sorrow overpowered her, and again she hid her face from view.

Julian led Horace to a seat, and silently waited by him until he had recovered his self-control. He gratefully took the kind hand that had sustained him; he said simply, almost boyishly, "Thank you, Julian. I am better now."

"Are you composed enough to listen to what is said to you?" Julian asked.

"Yes. Do you wish to speak to me?"

Julian left him without immediately replying, and returned to Mercy.

"The time has come," he said. "Tell him all—truly, unreservedly, as you would tell it to me."

She shuddered as he spoke. "Have I not told him enough?" she asked. "Do you want me to break his heart? Look at him! Look what I have done already!"

Horace shrank from the ordeal as Mercy shrank from it.

"No! no! I can't listen to it! I daren't listen to it!" he cried, and rose to leave the room.

Julian had taken the good work in hand: he never faltered over it for an instant. Horace had loved her—how dearly, Julian now knew for the first time. The bare possibility that she might earn her pardon if she was allowed to plead her own cause, was a possibility still left. To let her win on Horace to forgive her, was death to the love that still filled his heart in secret. But he never hesitated. With a resolution which the weaker man was powerless to resist, he took him by the arm and led him back to his place.

"For her sake, and for your sake, you shall not condemn her unheard," he said to Horace firmly. "One temptation to deceive you after another has tried her, and she has resisted them all. With no discovery to fear; with a letter from the benefactress who loves her, commanding her to be silent; with everything that a woman values in this world to lose, if she owns what she has done—this woman, for the truth's sake, has spoken the truth. Does she deserve nothing at your hands in return for that? Respect her, Horace—and hear her."

Horace yielded. Julian turned to Mercy. "You have allowed me to guide you so far," he said. "Will you allow me to guide you still?"

Her eyes sank before his; her bosom rose and fell rapidly. His influence over her maintained its sway. She bowed her head in speechless submission.

"Tell him," Julian proceeded in accents of entreaty, not of command, "tell him what your life has been. Tell him how you were tried and tempted, with no friend near to speak the words which might have saved you.

And then," he added, raising her from the chair, "let him judge you—if he can!"

He attempted to lead her across the room to the place which Horace occupied. But her submission had its limits. Half way to the place she stopped, and refused to go further. Julian offered her a chair. She declined to take it. Standing, with one hand on the back of the chair, she waited for the word from Horace which would permit her to speak. She was resigned to the ordeal. Her face was calm; her mind was clear. The hardest of all humiliations to endure—the humiliation of acknowledging her name—she had passed through. Nothing remained but to show her gratitude to Julian by acceding to his wishes, and to ask pardon of Horace before they parted for ever. In a little while the matron would arrive at the house—and then it would be over.

Unwillingly Horace looked at her. Their eyes met. He broke out suddenly with something of his former violence.

"I can't realise it, even now!" he cried. "Is it true that you are not Grace Roseberry? Don't look at me! Say in one word—Yes or No!"

She answered him humbly and sadly, "Yes."

"You have done what that woman accused you of doing? Am I to believe that?"

"You are to believe it, sir."

All the weakness of Horace's character disclosed itself when she made that reply.

"Infamous!" he exclaimed. "What excuse can you make for the cruel deception you have practised on me? Too bad! too bad! There can be no excuse for you!"

She accepted his reproaches with unshaken resignation. "I have deserved it!" was all she said to herself, "I have deserved it!"

Julian interposed once more in Mercy's defence.

"Wait till you are sure there is no excuse for her, Horace," he said quietly. "Grant her justice, if you can grant no more. I leave you together."

He advanced towards the door of the dining-room. Horace's weakness disclosed itself once more.

"Don't leave me alone with her!" he burst out. "The misery of it is more than I can bear!"

Julian looked at Mercy. Her face brightened faintly. That momentary expression of relief told him how truly he would be befriending her if he consented to remain in the room. A position of retirement was offered to him by a recess formed by the central bay window of the library. If he occupied this place they could see or not see that he was present, as their own inclinations might decide them.

"I will stay with you, Horace, as long as you wish me to be here." Having answered in those terms, he stopped as he passed Mercy on his way to the window. His quick and kindly insight told him that he might still be of some service to her. A hint from him might show her the shortest and the easiest way of making her confession. Delicately and briefly he gave her the hint. "The first time I met you," he said, "I saw that your life had had its troubles. Let us hear how those troubles began."

He withdrew to his place in the recess. For the first time, since the fatal evening when she and Grace Roseberry had met in the French cottage, Mercy Merrick looked back into the purgatory on earth of her past life, and told her sad story simply and truly in these words.

(To be continued.)

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Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Correspondents will note that the time for receiving solutions to our Problems has been extended to a fortnight.

C. S. B., Montreal.—Your interesting end-game received. Could you not favour us with the moves in an important variation consequent on Black's playing 2. R. to Q. R. sq. instead of 2. R. to K. R. 3rd; the solution is not complete without them.

Correct solution of Problem No. 76 received from T. D. S. M., London, Ont., and F. T. J., Toronto; of No. 77 from C. S. B., Montreal, J. H., St. Laiboire, J. T. W., Halifax, N.S.; and of No. 78 from G. E. C., Montreal.

D. J. S., Belleville.—Thanks for the game; will also expect Problem.

G. E. C., Montreal.—Your last problem will appear soon.

J. H., St. Laiboire.—Yours of 12th received. H. W. G., Streetsville.—See "Chess Praxis," p. 28 and 30, for rules applicable to the case you mention. We will present the game soon.

INTELLIGENCE. The prizes for the Problem Tourney in connection with the Toronto Globe have been awarded as follows: 1st prize: Mr. H. Northcote, Toronto; 2nd: Mr. J. Henderson, St. Laiboire, P. Q.; 3rd: Mr. R. H. Ramsey, Cobourg.

The first prize in the Problem Tourney of the Mail has been awarded to Mr. J. Henderson, of St. Laiboire, P. Q., who also wins their prize for solutions.

The prize for the best single problem was won by Mr. R. H. Ramsey, Cobourg; and four best games by Mr. W. F. Mackay, Hamilton.

The third game by telegraph—Toronto v. Montreal—is in progress as we go to press; we shall endeavour to present the game next week.

The past year has been characterized by considerable activity in Australian chess circles. The Sydney Club opened the campaign by a telegraphic match with Queensland, in which the former were victorious, and came off with flying colours also in a contest with South Australia. Melbourne's large and flourishing club.

Capt. Mackenzie has commenced editing a chess column in the New York (Estimote Post) a German newspaper of considerable standing.

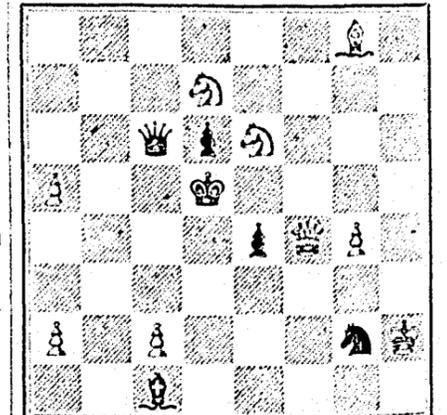
BELLEVILLE V. COBBOURG. The following game was played, per Dominion Telegraph Company's line, between the Belleville and Cobourg clubs on Friday evening, March 15th. The Belleville players were Rev. H. Canfield, Messrs. D. J. Wallace and A. M. Terwilliger; and for Cobourg: Messrs. R. H. Ramsey, H. J. Ruttan and P. J. Hayden.

- White. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th 4. Castles. 5. R. to K. sq. 6. B. takes Kt. 7. Kt. takes K. P. 8. Q. to K. 2nd (c) 9. P. to Q. 4th 10. B. to Q. 2nd 11. P. to Q. B. 4th 12. P. to Q. B. 5th (f) 13. P. to K. B. 3rd 14. Kt. takes Kt. 15. P. to K. B. 4th 16. Q. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 17. Q. to K. 3rd 18. Kt. to Q. 3rd 19. R. to K. 2nd 20. P. to K. R. 3rd 21. K. R. to K. sq. 22. Kt. to K. B. 2nd 23. Q. to Q. 2nd 24. R. to K. Kt. 4th 25. R. to K. B. sq. (e) 26. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd 27. Q. takes Q. R. P. 28. R. to K. B. 2nd 29. Kt. takes B. 30. R. takes R. 31. Q. to Q. B. 3rd 32. R. to K. sq. 33. Q. to K. 3rd Resigned.

(a) The more given in "Praxis." (b) Q. P. takes B. would have been better, the effect of this error is seen throughout the game. (c) White develop their attack in the best style, if Black now castle, they might play Kt. takes Q. B. P. (d) Black have not much choice in moves here. (e) A hazardous attempt to free their game but perhaps as good as any move at their command, if P. to Q. 3rd. White might have retired Kt. to Kt. 4th with a fine position for attack. (f) If P. takes P., Kt. takes P. and Black have more liberty.

The following problem was awarded the place of honour by the decision of the solvers of the "Globe" problems, 1872, and consequently took the prize—Stanton's "Handbook" and "Praxis"—presented by two members of the Toronto Chess Club:—

PROBLEM No. 75. By Mr. J. Henderson, St. Laiboire, P. Q. (Dedicated to Mr. G. E. Jackson, Seaford, P. Q.) BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 75. White. 1. Q. to Q. 6th ch. K. moves. 2. Q. takes B. P. moves. 3. [P. takes P. mate.]

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7-16 b

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TO

VANCOUVER ISLAND.

WITH THE

Northern and Western States.

BY J. JOHNSTON, C.E., MONTREAL.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE EARLY PART OF 1873.

BY GEO. E. DESBARATS.

Size of Map, about 7 ft. x 5 ft. Extending (East and West) from Newfoundland to Manitoba and (North and South) from Hudson's Bay to latitude of New York, drawn on a scale of 15 miles to the inch, and compiled from the latest Astronomical Observations, Official Surveys, and Records of the Departments of Crown Lands, as well as from County Maps, Local and Railway Surveys. From Manitoba to Vancouver Island will be delineated on a scale of 50 miles to the inch. This arrangement of the Map admits of the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being mapped on a scale large enough to show accurately all boundary surveys. The Great N.W. Territory and British Columbia—where comparatively little has been done in the way of actual survey—a smaller scale answers every purpose. The whole Map is thus kept within the dimensions best adapted for general office use.

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JAMES MCCLURE.

By MONK & BUTLER, his Attorneys ad litem.

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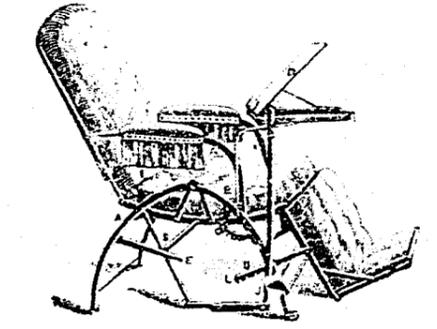
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Taken internally it relieves instantly the most acute pain. Used externally it is the best liniment in the world. PRICE 25 & 50 Cts. PER BOTTLE. PERRY DAVIS & SON. 7-15-73

GRAY'S Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum. BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT, ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC. (Delicious flavour.) A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally. For sale at all Druggists. 25 Cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist. 7-12-73 MONTREAL.

BEST IN USE. THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15-73 FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Yverness, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 146, St. James Street. 4-12-73

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS ever perfected in musical instruments has lately been introduced by GEO. WOODS & Co. in their improved Parlor Organs. It consists of a piano of exquisite quality of tone which will never require tuning. The instrument was lately introduced at a musical soiree in Baltimore and received the cordial applause and endorsement of the many eminent professionals present. See advertisement in another column. 7-12-73

NEW ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO, ONTARIO. SAPHORE & WAUGH, Lessees. STERLING ATTRACTIONS EVERY EVENING. 7-12-73

LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE water will be drawn out of the Lachine Canal on the first day of April next, or as soon after as the repairs can be proceeded with, and will remain out until the necessary repairs have been completed. By Order, (Signed) JOHN G. SIPPELL, Supt. Engineer. Canal Office, Montreal, March 17th, 1873. 7-12-73

TO MANUFACTURERS, PATENTEES, INVENTORS, and OTHERS.

THE Canadian Patent Office Record AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, Of which the first number, (March, 1873) has just been issued.

Offers the very best medium for advertising your business. Every practical man, whether Mechanic, Engineer, Builder, Architect, Chemist or Manufacturer, every Producer, Vendor, and consumer of Manufactured Goods, Chemical Compounds, or Labour-Saving Devices, must take THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE if he wishes to keep pace with the progress of the age.

ADVERTISE THEREFORE IN THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.

And if you have not already done so, send in your subscription. Only \$1.50 Per Annum.

The first or March number of "The Canadian Patent Office Record and Mechanics Magazine" contains 32 pages of interesting illustrations and letter-press on mechanical and scientific subjects; the short descriptions or claims of 25 inventions patented in Ottawa from October 17th to December 13th, 1872, with complete index; 24 diagrams, illustrating the same; the whole forming a handsome quarto pamphlet of 72 pages.

For sale by all News-Dealers at 15 Cents per number. Advertisements for the April number should be sent in at once. Address: Geo. E. Desbarats, Publisher, Montreal. 7-14-73

TO LITHOGRAPHERS.

ONE OR TWO FIRST-CLASS ENGRAVERS, and One expert CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC ARTIST can find permanent employment at the office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Applicants must exhibit specimens and references. Address: GEORGE E. DESBARATS, PUBLISHER, MONTREAL. 7-5-73

Canada Engine and Machinery COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A Special General Meeting of the Proprietors in the Canada Engine and Machinery Company will be held in the offices of the undersigned, 229 St. James Street, Montreal, on Thursday, the 21st April, at Eleven a.m., for the consideration and adoption, if so decided, of a scheme for the enlargement of the Capital of the Company, and also to consider, and if so decided, adopt a plan for the removal of all or a portion of the works of the Company from Kingston to Montreal.

R. J. REEKIE, President. Montreal, March 27, 1873. 7-14-73

MONTREAL ICE OFFICE. RICHMOND SPENCER, CHEMIST, Corner of Notre Dame and McGill Streets. MONTREAL.

The undersigned begs to inform his customers and the public generally that he has in store one of the largest stocks of Ice in the city, and has made new arrangements with old practical drivers to have the Ice left punctually.

Table with prices for ice delivery: 10 lbs. per day for the season \$ 6.00, 20 lbs. " " " " " 9.00, 30 lbs. " " " " " 11.50, 40 lbs. " " " " " 13.50, 50 lbs. " " " " " 16.50, 10 lbs. " per month 1.50, 20 lbs. " " " " " 2.00. IN BULK, \$5 PER TON. L. H. HEXNAULT. 7-15-73

MAYNARD'S HOTEL.

THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC HAVING felt the want of a first class Hotel in the Village of Arron, the undersigned begs to inform the public that he has now completed a large and commodious brick building in the most central part of the Village, and furnished it with all the comforts necessary for a first-class house. Guests from all parts of the Dominion may rely upon prompt attention to all their wants. Four good Sample Rooms. Omnibuses meet all trains free of charge. Terms: \$1.50 Per Day. J. E. MAYNARD Proprietor. 7-15-73

Geo. Woods & Co's Organs

COMBINATION SOLO STOPS.

The Piano—A beautifully toned piano, which will never require tuning. The Vox Humana—a harmonium, solo, not a fan or tremolo. The Melodeon—A most delicate soft or breathing stop. See advertisement in another column. 7-12-73



MANITOBA AND NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES

After the 10th of June next, emigrants having through tickets, will be sent from Toronto to Fort Garry, Manitoba, at the following rates:— TORONTO TO PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING BY WAY OF CHILLINGWOOD OR SARNIA.

Adults, \$5; children under twelve years of age, half price; 20 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra baggage, 35 cents per 100 lbs.

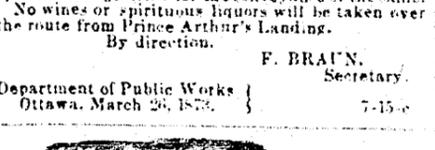
PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING TO FORT GARRY. Emigrants, \$10; children under twelve years, half price; 20 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra baggage, \$1.50 per 100 lbs.

Emigrants should take their own rations. Provisions will, however, be furnished at cost price at Shebandawan, Port Frances, and the North-West Angle of the Lake of the Woods.

Can be had at Toronto, at the Stations of the Northern, Great Western, and Grand Trunk Railways. Emigrants are requested to take notice that packages of baggage are limited to 200 lbs. weight for convenience of transport on the Portages.

After 30th of June next, will be transported from Prince Arthur's Landing to the eastern terminus of the Fort Garry road, North West Angle, at the rate of \$2 per 100 lbs., or \$10 per ton of 2000 lbs.

Each piece or package to be of convenient size, not exceeding 70 lbs. in weight, and to be firmly bound or fastened. Horses, Oxen, Waggon, and heavy articles, such as castings and machinery, can be sent through to the same point, on giving due notice and making special arrangements for the conveyance of the same. No wines or spirituous liquors will be taken over the route from Prince Arthur's Landing. By direction, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, March 26, 1873. 7-15-73



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1872-3. Winter Arrangement. 1872-3. On and after SATURDAY, 21st inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:35 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 9:30 p.m.

At Paines with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations. At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations. At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railways. At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Banor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent. Railway Office, Montreal, N.B. Dec. 1872. 7-11-73

Geo. Woods & Co's ORGANS

are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them to be far in advance of any other. Their

COMBINATION SOLO STOPS, Eoline, Vox Humana, and Piano,

(the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning.) give to them a wonderful capacity for

Beautiful Musical Effects,

while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. The New York and Boston Piano Company of Montreal have secured the agency for them, and will be pleased to exhibit them to all interested in music. 7-12-73

MARAVILLA COCOA.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS. "Those who have not yet tried Maravilla will do well to do so."—Morning Post. "It may justly be called the PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA."—British Medical Journal.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

The Globe says: "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and supercedes every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the parent elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For Invalids and Dyspeptics, we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."

HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA.

This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS under the ablest HOMOEOPATHIC advice aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE. MADE IN ONE MINUTE WITHOUT BOILING.

THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest manufacturers in Europe, and sold in the finest packets only, by Storekeepers and others all over the world. Steam Mills, Brick Lane, London. Export Chicory Mills, Bruges, Belgium. 5-19-73

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street.

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1873. DEAR SIR—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "DOARHOUND AND HERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost any body who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE.

Mr. RICHMOND SPENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

STAMMERING

Cured by Bates' Patent Appliances For description, &c., address 6-18-73 SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, N.Y.

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather.

From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully, F. W. GLYNS, President.

Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at MESSRS. LYMAN'S, CLARE & CO., 332, 334, & 336, St. Paul Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 5-8

NEW YORK & BOSTON PIANO FORTE COMPANY.

432, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Sole Agents for the Celebrated HALLET DAVIS & Co's Piano-fortes, Boston, U.S.; W. H. JEWETT & Co's Piano-fortes, Boston, U.S.; GEO. WOOD & Co's Parlor and Vestry Organs, Boston, U.S.; WEBER & Co's well-known Piano-fortes, warranted for five years. THOMAS A. HAINES, Manager.

SPLendid STOCK OF PIANOS & ORGANS. Pianos for Hire. Organs for Hire. Pianos sold on instalments. Repairs properly done. Pianos sold on Liberal Terms.

Remember the place—132, Notre Dame St. next door to the Record House. CHEAPEST INSTRUMENTS IN MONTREAL. MESSRS. A. & T. VEZINAS. Are sole Agents for Quebec. 5-16-73

Printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.