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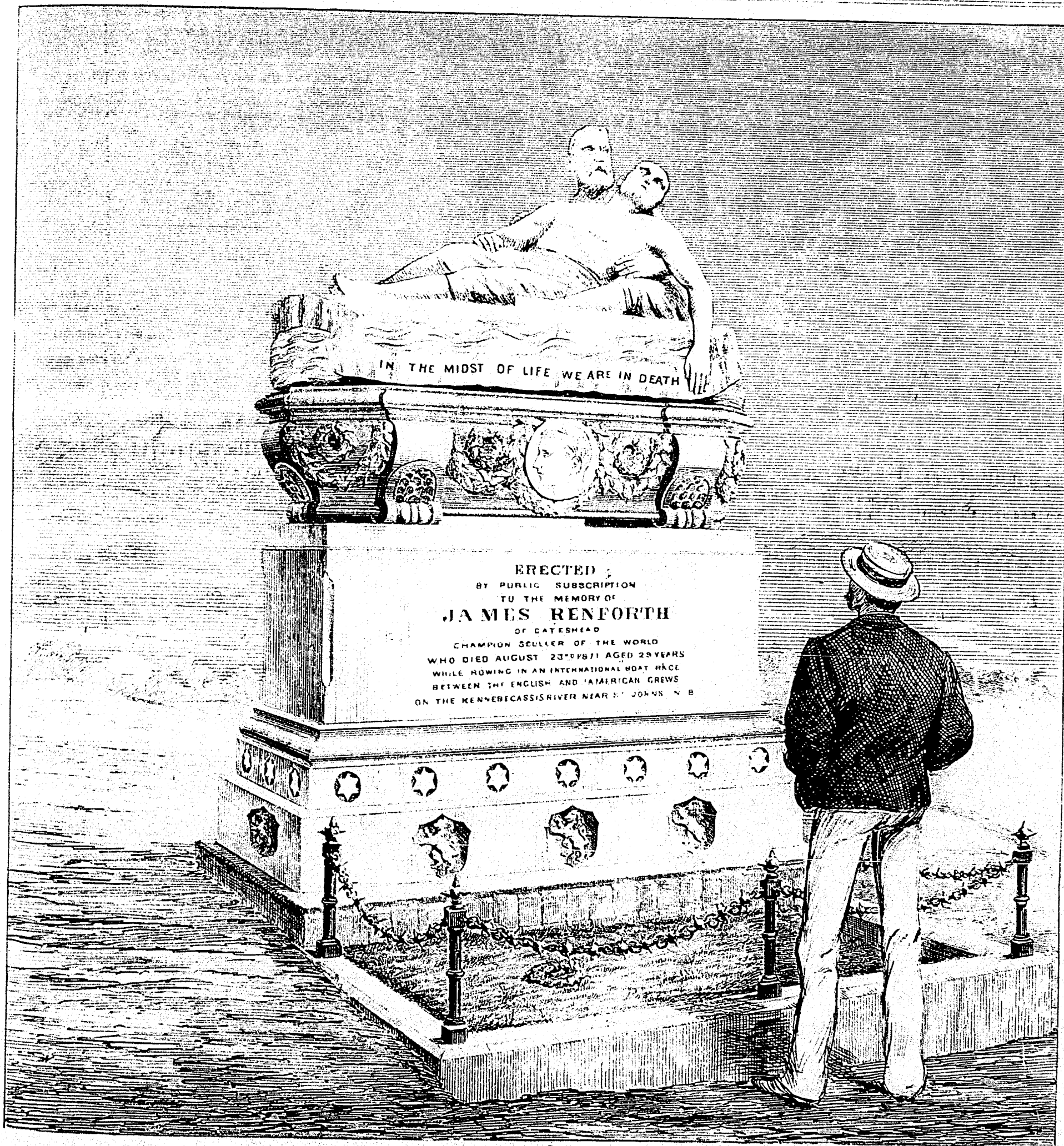
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GRAND AND Wholesale News

Vol. VII.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1873.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



NEWCASTLE, ENG.—THE RENFORTH MEMORIAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURN.

THE JAUNTING CAR.

You may pull away, scull away,
Boat away, flow away,
Moisten your throat away, smoke your cigar,
'Tis all botheration,
Such slow navigation,
Compared with the rowl of the Jaunting Car.
'Tis sporting and spacious,
'Tis genteel and gacious,
Likewise efficacious 'gainst hail, rain, and snow;
To go any way hence,
From Dublin to Mayence,
Take the Irish conveyance wherever you go!

Pelides, Tydides,
The great Alcibi'des,
Car-borne, each tried his proud foeman in war,
Likewise noble Hector,
Troy's valiant protector,
Of fleet steeds the rector, rode out on a car,
Cytherea and Rhoea,
Queen Boadicea,
And that charmer Medea, when wandering afar—
Old O'sian's great heroes,
Singing lillyballers,
They all of them rattled away on a car.

Long life to car-driving,
And long be it driving,
For courting or wiving, in peace, or in war.
If at elbows you're out, sir,
And in love are devout, sir,
Put your coat up the spout, sir, and hire a car.
To show the girl's faces,
And set off their graces,
At reviews and at races, wherever they are;
And for soft conversation,
There's no situation
Comes up to the side of the Jaunting Car.
By the "Irish Whiskey Drinker," in the
Bentley Ballads.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Of a personage so celebrated as the National Saint of old Ireland it is scarcely necessary to state that his anniversary is on the 17th day of March, whether the day of his birth or the day of his death it is perhaps difficult to determine, as in the lives of the Saints, the word *birth* is commonly used by biographers to determine both events—"a nativity or natal day" being the day on which a Saint is released from mortality here, and born to eternal life. No matter whether the 17th of March is the day that the Saint came into the world or went out of it, St. Patrick's Day has been long carefully observed by all good and pious Irishmen; not indeed with painful abstinence or melancholy seclusion, but with glorious feasting and jollification.

A fig for St. Denis of France,
He's a trumpety fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitted an heathenish dragon;
And the saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers;
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared with that patron of swipers,
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

The song "St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!" was composed by Dr. Maginn, and according to its facetious author, it is a theological one, as it contains many of the principal acts of the Saint—his coming to Ireland on a stone—his never emptying can, commonly called St. Patrick's pot—his changing a leg of mutton into a salmon in Lent time—and his banishment of the snakes. The song originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, 1821, and is adapted to the tune of "The night before Larry was stretched;" it is too long to give the whole of the verses, but one is so irresistible that we must quote it, as, probably, it is the key-note to part of the jollification of the day—though it may not be in strict accord with the doctrines of Father Mathew.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago
How the snakes, in a manner most antic,
He marched to the County Mayo,
And tumbled them into the Atlantic,
Hence, not to use water for drink
The people of Ireland determine:
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin
And vipers, and such other stuff.

Poets are privileged persons, and due allowance should be made for their historical blunders,—no accurate idea can be gathered from the words of the song as to the manner of the miracle of St. Patrick, when

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses,
Where blind worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.
Oh success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a Saint so clever;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
He bothered them for ever.

The purgation of Ireland from noxious animals has been the subject of the old alliteration—"Ubi nulla venena veniunt, nec serpens serpit in herba." It is considered among Irishmen the most famous of the Saint's miracles. History or Tradition, or both, inform us that from the top of Croagh Patrick, one of the highest of the Wicklow Hills, the Saint stretched out his hand and blessed the surrounding country; and it is added that it was on this spot he bestowed his curses on all venomous reptiles, so that from thenceforth they should never more infest the Emerald Isle.

If you were to apply a doubt upon the miracle to a Wicklow man his reply, probably, would be:
"And, sure your honour believes that St. Patrick could asily do all this, and a mighty dale more."
And if the said Wicklow man was a songster he would immediately give you this distich:

'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick preached his sermons,
That drove the frog into the bogs, and both'd all the worms.

But to return to the day on which all true-born sons of Erin feel peculiarly happy and are inclined to view everything in a favourable and mellow light.

Merry-making in honour of St. Patrick is by no means confined to Ireland. Wherever Irishmen have penetrated—and where is the quarter of the globe in which they are not to be found?—the fame of St. Patrick cannot be unknown. For instance, it is recorded in the "Annual Register," that "on the 17th March, 1786, His Excellency Count Mahony, Ambas-

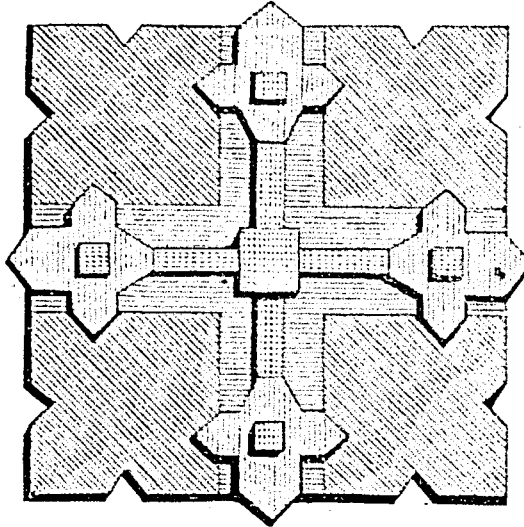
sador from Spain to the Court of Vienna, gave a grand entertainment in honour of St. Patrick to which were invited all persons of condition who were of Irish descent; being himself a descendant of an illustrious family of that kingdom. Among many others present were Count Lacy, President of the Council of War, the Generals O'Donnell, M'Guire, O'Kelly, Browne, Plunkett, and M'Eligot, four chiefs of the Grand Cross, two Governors, several Knights military, six staff officers, four privy counsellors, with the principal officers of State, who, to show their respect to the Irish nation, wore crosses in honour of the day, as did the whole court."

A few words may be permitted upon the subject of the crosses that used to be worn in honour of St. Patrick,—but now discontinued, at least in this country—what Holt calls the "ornaments due to his memory."

Lawrence White, a "lover of the muses and mathematics," as he styles himself on the title-page of a volume of poems, which he published one hundred and thirty-one years ago (1742) in Dublin, describing the progress of a love affair, says:

"He gained the affections of the maid,
Who dilt with curious work o'boss,
For him a fine St. Patrick's Cross."

It appears from this, that these crosses were made of silk and embroidery—we have annexed a faithful representation of



one of these crosses of one-third the original size, heraldically tricked—(a green ground with a red cross, overlaid with a gold cross with blue finials). The cross of the Saint was worn on the left arm, or attached to the cap or hat; now-a-days this old distinguishing badge formerly used on the anniversary of St. Patrick is substituted by a bunch of shamrock or trefoil, by the size of which an estimate may be formed of the amount of the patriotic zeal of the wearer. The shamrock, however, appears to have been formerly considered only as an apology for any less splendid decoration. When the wearing of the crosses went out we have no positive testimony. In 1780 the Loyal Volunteers of Cork appear to have contented themselves by wearing the shamrock as a national decoration, on the occasion of their public appearance in honour of St. Patrick. Fitzgerald thus chronicles the matter in his "Cork Remembrance," 1780, March 17: "The armed societies of this city paraded on the mall with shamrock cockades, and fired three volleys in honour of the day."

A noble train, most gorgeously array'd,
To hail St. Patrick, and a new free trade.

A dinner, with a liberal allowance of whisky-punch and patriotic speeches, of course, followed upon this occasion. At this dinner a song by John Shears was sung to the tune of "Ally Croker." We give the opening lines of this popular ballad:

St. Patrick, he is Ireland's saint,
And we're his volunteers, sir;
The hearts that treason cannot taint,
Their fire with joy he heats, sir.

Cherry, a comedian and the author of a popular comedy called "The Soldier's Daughter," has given us a song well known to most Irishmen, "The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland;" we select the following lines:

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
And the sun of his labour with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
In each climate that they may appear in.

The popular notion respecting the shamrock is, that St. Patrick, by its means, satisfactorily explained to the early converts of Christianity in Ireland the Trinity in unity, exhibiting the three leaves attached to one stalk as an illustration.

The trefoil ornament is still used in all Christian churches, (at least in the Anglican and Roman) as an emblem of the Trinity.

In the transactions of the Royal Academy, Vol. XV., Miss Beaufort remarks, "that it is a curious coincidence, the trefoil plant (*shamrock* and *shamrick* in Arabic) having been held sacred in Iran, and considered emblematical of the Persian Triad."

A facetious essayist in the *Dublin Penny Journal* observes that,

"St. Patrick, when he drove all living things that had venom (save man) from the top of Croagh Patrick, had his foot planted on a shamrock; and if the readers of your journal will go on a pilgrimage to that most beautiful of Irish hills they will see the shamrock still flourishing there, and expanding its fragrant honey-suckles to the western wind"

Irish botanists assert that the *scamer oye* or shamrog is the *trifolium repens*.

It is impossible to pass without noticing the superstition attached to that *lusus nature*, a four-leaved shamrock, which is popularly believed in Ireland, and indeed in Lancashire and other parts of England also, to be a sure omen of wealth, and to endue the lucky finder with supernatural powers. Lover has made this notion the subject of a beautiful ballad, but he is in error when he asserts that a four-leaved shamrock "does not exist," because T. Crofton Crocker asserts that it had been found in his garden.

From the "Irish Hudibras," however, it would seem that the performance of some spells were necessary upon finding one of those magic leaves, to develop its powers.

Tom Moore has associated with this dear little plant that springs from the soil of Ireland a beautiful allegory:

"A type that blends
Three God-like friends—
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever."

As for the love-making powers of the Irish, that is, perhaps, too delicate and tender a subject to write about. An Irishman's heart has been compared to a sprig of shillelah in the following song, set to the air of "The Kinnegad Slashers:"

Oh an Irishman's heart is as stout as Shillelah,
It beats with delight to chase sorrow and woe;
When the piper plays up, then it dances so gaily,
And thumps with a whook for to leather a foe.
But by beauty lit up, faith, in less than a jiffy,
So warm is the stuff, it soon blazes and burns;
Then so wild is each heart of us, lads of the Liffey,
It dances and beats altogether by turns.
Then away with dull care, let's be merry and friaky,
Our motto is this, may it widely extend;
Give poor Pat but fair freedom, his sweetheart, and whisky,
And he'll die for old Ireland, his Queen, and his friend.

The Irishman's valour has been tested, and never found wanting, from the days of the entrenchment of New Ross, 1264, mentioned by Holinshed, to the siege of Salamanca in 1812, and more lately the siege of Sebastopol. It has shown itself ever ready and terrible when fighting the foreign enemies of our country.

Should French invaders dare to come,
In ruffles full of starch, sir;
A ruffle boat upon our drum,
Like Patrick's mouth—"tis March, sir.

And then in memory of this day
Our Saint has made so glorious,
Each man will seventeen men slay,
And Ireland make victorious.

And as for Irish wit, it is proverbial. The Bench, the Bar, the Pulpit, the Senate, all attest.

In conclusion, we heartily wish every son and daughter of Erin long life and many happy returns of St. Patrick's Day. Long may the Shamrock,

The plant that blooms for ever,
With the rose combined,
And the thistle twined,
Defy the strength of foes to sever.
Firm be the triple league they form,
Despite all change of weather;
In sunshine, darkness, calm or storm,
Still may they fondly grow together.

Dramatic Notes.

Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" has been translated into Spanish. A new comedy by M. Sardou, "Andréa," is in rehearsal at the Paris Gymnase.

Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" has been reproduced at the London Crystal Palace.

A new tenor Salomon, is about to make his *début* at the French Opera, Paris, in "Guillaume Tell."

Shakespeare's historical plays, translated into German, will be played in chronological order at Berlin this winter.

A Medieval Mystery, bearing the title of "The Mystery of the Holy Childhood," was played in St. Roch's Church, in Paris, on the 2nd ult.

On Saturday last the Holman Opera Troupe closed a most successful season at the Theatre Royal, Montreal. They have now returned to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault are under an engagement with Mr. B. F. Lowell to play the first two weeks in March in the leading cities of New England, beginning at Providence.

Offenbach will commence theatrical management at the Gaité in April next, and he is said to have signed an agreement with Victor Hugo for the exclusive performance of "Marie Tudor."

Verdi's "Don Carlos" is to be revived at the Paris Grand Opera. It was withdrawn during the Empire through the influence of the Empress, whose Catholic zeal was offended at the *auto-da-fé* business.

Madame Marie Sass has obtained a splendid success in "L'Africaine" at Madrid. The receipts were 20,000 francs, and the *prima donna* received bouquets, laurel crowns, valuable presents, and from the Queen a magnificent bracelet.

Capoul was hissed recently at Lyons. He went there with Mile. Marie Roze to give four representations of "Faust," but after such a reception he cancelled the rest of his engagement, desired the manager to distribute to the poor the twelve hundred francs he was to have received for the first evening, and then shook the dust of Lyons from his feet.

NEW ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE, TORONTO.—Messrs. Farron and Baker have had a successful week here, in their special play, "Chris and Lend;" or, "German Life on the Upper Mississippi," the house being well filled every night, especially Saturday, when they took their benefit. There is nothing special in the play, the chief interest lying in the songs and dances by Messrs. Farron and Baker, who are clever artists in that particular line, and on their appearance before the curtain, at the close, loud cries greeted them from the gallery and pit for "another week." This week Mr. Joseph Murphy, the Irish *comedia*, appears in "Hisp."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was but twenty-three years old when he finished his well-known and popular comedy of "The Rivals." It was written at the request of the manager of Covent Garden, and within a period of two months during the year 1771. The comedy failed on its first representation, chiefly from the bad acting of one performer; but this being remedied, it at once met with public favour. "The Rivals" was said to be Sheridan's own history, and Falkland his own experience in love-making. From its lively plot and the exquisite humour of its dialogue, this play, even without the aid of its more famous successor, "The School for Scandal," would have placed Sheridan in the first rank of comic writers. "The School for Scandal" appeared when Sheridan was about twenty-six years old, and was immediately popular. It is singular that during the life of Mr. Sheridan no authorized or correct edition of this play should have been published in England, the author having kept back the manuscript for nineteen years, endeavouring to satisfy himself with the style.

There is some talk of an Ecumenical Council of Presbyterians to be held in London; and one of the denominational organs speculates on the effect of a sitting of a month's duration by 500 or 1,000 representative men from all parts of the world.

Our Illustrations.

THE RENFORTH MEMORIAL.

We are indebted to Mr. Walton, of the Newcastle Chronicle, who, it will be remembered, visited Canada with the members of the Tyne crew, for a photograph from which we reproduce our first page illustration. The following account of the inauguration of the monument is condensed from the Chronicle:—

The substantial and appropriate monument recently erected in St. Edmund's Cemetery, Gateshead, to the memory of the late James Renforth, champion sculler of the world, was inaugurated on October 29, 1872, by Mr. T. J. Pickett, the chairman of the memorial committee. It will be remembered that the deceased oarsman received his death-blow while endeavouring, in company with James Percy, Robert Chambers, and Henry Kelly, to uphold the aquatic supremacy of the old world in an international four-oared match on the Kennebecasis River, with the champion crew of St. John, N. B., and when the sad intelligence was conveyed to England the first desire of poor Renforth's friends and supporters was to perpetuate his memory, as well as to make a provision for the widow and orphan girl left behind. A committee, with Mr. Thos. J. Pickett and Mr. John Elliot, Chief Constable of Gateshead, at their head, was appointed, and under their management subscriptions towards the contemplated objects flowed in so rapidly that in a very short time close upon £500 was raised. Provision having been made for a monument, and the cost of bringing home the body of the deceased oarsman having been paid, along with other necessary expenses, the sum of £370 was left for division between the widow and orphan. Of that amount, £170 was handed over to Mrs. Renforth, in order to place her in business, and the remaining £200 has been sunk at interest in the names of Mr. Thos. J. Pickett, Mr. John Elliott, Mr. Wm. Blakey, and Mr. Joseph J. Bagnall, for the benefit of the child, who is to receive the principal when she arrives at the age of seventeen years. From several designs, that by Mr. George Burn, of the Neville Arcade, Newcastle, the sculptor of the Chambers's Monument, was selected as most suitable and economical for the memorial, and that gentleman was commissioned to execute the work. The difficulty of obtaining blocks of stone of sufficient size and quality for a considerable time retarded the progress of the monument, but finally it was finished, and carted away safely to Gateshead. The monument is composed entirely of fine Prudham stone, and is eleven feet six inches in height, the width at the base being eight feet, whilst the weight of the entire block is about 14 tons. It is parallelogram in form, being composed of three basement courses, on which are carved in relief the three rampant lions of England and the seven stars of America, which give an international character to the design. On the basements is placed a large oblong die, with the following inscription cut on it in clear bold letters:—"Erected by public subscription to the memory of James Renforth, of Gateshead, champion sculler of the world, who died August 23, 1871, aged 29 years, while rowing in an international boat-race between the English and American crews on the Kennebecasis River, near St. John's, N. B." Immediately above the block bearing the inscription is carved a sarcophagus, surrounded with wreaths of bay and oak leaves as emblems of victory, whilst on the front and back are sculptured in high relief the life-sized medallions of James Percy and Robert Chambers, who were in the boat with him when his death occurred. The monument is surmounted by a carefully studied and well arranged group representing the incidents of the painful occurrence. In it the figure of Renforth is seen falling into the arms of his friend and companion Harry Kelly, in the boat, which is surrounded by a ribbon scroll carrying the well-known text, "In the midst of life we are in death." In the treatment of the figures the sculptor has closely observed nature, for not only has he been successful in producing good likenesses, but by the manner in which he has shown the relaxed muscles and fading expression of consciousness of Renforth, the intensity of seriousness and wonder, as well as the fine manly and vigorous form of Kelly, he has imparted to his work considerable effectiveness.—Mr. Thos. J. Pickett, the chairman of the committee, after all things had been put in readiness for the inauguration, addressing the company, said they were met there for the purpose of witnessing the unveiling of the monument, erected by public subscription, to the memory of their late and estimable friend James Renforth, who in many a race upheld the aquatic supremacy of the Tyne against all comers. Many of those present knew more about the late champion than the speaker, and they would therefore bear him out when he said that as a public man and as an athlete he certainly was one of the best men in his particular profession that ever lived. He was possessed of great ability as a sculler and an oarsman, he was conscientiously honest and straightforward, he was gentle and kind, and lived upon the best of terms with all mankind. It was undoubtedly a pleasing duty for him to have to perform the ceremony of inaugurating that monument to the memory of a man who had endeared himself so extensively—a proof of which was given in the liberal response by the public to the appeal for a memorial, as well as a provision for the widow and orphan—but the duty had also its painful aspect, and that was that they had lost a good friend, and one whom they once looked up to as being able to uphold the championship for many years to come. The sad scene on the Kennebecasis, which had been so truthfully depicted by the sculptor, was represented to them in the figures on the top of the monument—Renforth falling back unconscious into the arms of horror-stricken Kelly—and the memorial would, therefore, remind the people in this district of the painful circumstance of the time. He would not have been in the position he (the speaker) then found himself, had it not been for the absence of Mr. Joseph Cowen, jun., who had been requested and had kindly promised to discharge the duties, but unfortunately he was indisposed and could not attend. As an old supporter and admirer of the late champion, however, he had great pleasure in calling upon the gentlemen who had charge of the work to unveil the monument, which was in every respect creditable to all who had subscribed to it, but doubly so to the eminent sculptor who had executed the work.

The Union Jack was then removed, and the spectators minutely examined and expressed their admiration of the character of the memorial, and the artistic manner in which it had been cut from solid blocks of stone. Photographs of the monument of various sizes have been taken, and for these a copyright has been secured by Mr. Burn, the sculptor.

THE FANCY DRESS ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

The second fancy dress entertainment at St. John took place on the 19th ult. at the Rink. The attendance was, perhaps owing to the unpropitious weather, smaller than on the previous occasion. Music was furnished by the 62nd Band, but the Telegraph complains of the "few rather abortive attempts to utilise the splendid music furnished by the band by getting up sets of quadrilles. It is certainly to be regretted that this practice is not more resorted to. The beautiful figures and mazes of the dance are never so beautiful at any time as when well performed by good skaters to the music of a good band. Many of the costumes were striking on account of their oddity, others were conspicuous through their extreme gracefulness. Prominent amongst the gentlemen was the "Clown," whose skating and acting were alike inimitable making him the observed of all observers, at least so far as the members of the male persuasion were concerned. "Ivanhoe" was there, but the coat of mail enclosed a different form, or else he who wore it on the former occasion had somewhat improved the character of his skating in the interval. Conspicuous for height, if not for duplicity, was the wearer of the "Papper's ghost" costume. The acting of "Mother Goose's son Jack" accorded well with the assumed character. Beautiful Snow was extensively patronised by "Jack Frost," "Snow King," "Alaska" and others. There were two "Perfect Cures" on the ice, but neither of them seemed ever to be at hand when one would naturally suppose they were most needed by the unfortunates who lost their equilibrium and furnished food for merriment to the spectators by coming down on the ice. The Heathen Chinee was well represented in both winter and summer costumes, while the rink swarmed with Orientals, Spanish Grandees, Muleteers, Huntsmen and Divers, with others too numerous to mention.

"The costumes and skating of the ladies were still more interesting than those of the gentlemen. "Maui Muller" was there, looking naive and innocent enough for even the Quaker poet's ideal, but of course without the "feet so bare and the tattered gown." "Little Red Riding Hood" was charming, and the coquettish looking "Tambourine Girl!" well nigh bewitching. The impersonation of "New Brunswick" would have been interesting from patriotic considerations, even if her neatness and grace had not rendered her attractive on her own account. "Beautiful Snow" had its feminine as well as masculine patrons, the most notable being "Winter" and "Snow Queen." "Night" was there as before, though perhaps a little less conspicuous. "Liberty," draped with the stars and stripes, was a beautiful figure; and even more so was the childish "Bride," clad in a costume white as the driven snow.

"At eleven o'clock the band commenced to play "God Save the Queen," which was the signal for departure, and in a few minutes the ice was cleared."

THE SCENE AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION

is the first of a series of parliamentary sketches to be furnished during the session by our artist now at Ottawa. It will be remembered that on Monday week the Rouge members for Montreal and outlying constituencies proceeded to Ottawa, their departure being made the occasion of a demonstration by their friends. On arriving at Prescott the unfortunate legislators discovered that they had failed to make a "connection," and were compelled to spend a dreary time at the half-way house on the road to the capital.

Another view of

THE NARROWS, ST. JOHN RIVER

appears in this issue; also the fourth of Mr. Pranishnikoff's series of

QUEBEC SKETCHES.

The latter requires some little explanation. In Quebec it is the custom for merchants and men of business to patronize each his particular "jarvey" with whom a special arrangement, generally for monthly payments, is made. Should however, a gentleman not find his own carter on the stand, another carter takes him to his destination, without charge, and then arranges with carter No. 1 for his fare. The loafer in the illustration is endeavouring to obtain a ride gratis by imposing on the credulity of a Canadian carter, who is evidently more than half disposed to believe him. The other man's unbelief is manifest.

TORONTO—THE MASONIC CONVERSAZIONE.

On Thursday evening, the 20th ult., the Masons of Toronto held their Annual Conversazione in their hall, which proved one of the most brilliant and successful parties of the season. About four hundred and fifty persons were present, embracing a large number of the *élite* of the city. The hall was beautifully decorated with the banners, &c., of the Order, while every preparation had been made that could conduce to the enjoyment of the company. The Chapter Room was fitted up as a drawing-room, with a piano, that those who chose might retire and amuse themselves with music and singing, and the Encampment Room as a card room. Shortly after nine o'clock the brethren assembled in the Chapter Room, and forming up marched in procession into the hall according to their rank in the Order, Professor Davis's band stationed in the gallery playing the Masonic march. Having marched round the hall they then opened ranks and ranged themselves along the sides, and the officers of the Grand Lodge advanced to the master's chair. After an address had been read to the Most Worshipful Grand Master Wilson, who made a very suitable reply, the brethren were dismissed to enjoy themselves. Dancing then commenced, and the hall presented a beautiful appearance, the various dresses of the members and the costumes of the ladies giving a fine effect as they whirled round in the dance. At about three in the morning the party broke up, "happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again."

TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.

This picture we copy from the *Art Journal*. The original painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1870; in all its component parts it is certainly one of the best works Mr. Pettie has produced; if it may not, in fact, take precedence of them all in point of individuality of character. The scene lies in the forest of Arden, where the half-witted clown Touchstone meets Audrey, a "country wench," in charge of her flock of goats, and offers to make her his wife, prefacing the proposal with a kind of appeal to her favourable consideration on account of his personal appearance. As he approaches the buxom lass—and the artist has not erred in his representation of her on the side of refined beauty—he ad-

resses her thus: "Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Dost my simple feature content you?" The question puzzles, while it seems to amuse the girl, who only replies—"Your features! what features?" There is something inexpressibly ludicrous in the bearing and general "get up" of the enamoured clown as he presents himself before Audrey, stroking his chin while he bends forward that she may the more closely take note of his good looks, while she regards him with a half-humorous, half-unintelligible expression, scarcely knowing what she shall answer. Audrey's figure is capital, thoroughly genuine, even to its awkward attitude and the handling of the stick with which she drives her goats. The contrast between her rustic costume, which scarcely covers her, and Touchstone's elaborate dress and accompaniments, is very striking.

Not the least attractive portions of this admirable picture are the animals, and the forest-glade with its rich adornments of ferns; these are all most naturally painted; while the former are so distributed that they rather aid the effect of the figures than draw attention from them. Every part of the composition is painted with great care.

TYPE OF BEAUTY.—THE SNAKE CHARMER; CYPRIOTE.

Among the nations of antiquity whose history has come down to us, none would seem to have so utterly passed away, and left so few traces of their existence, as the Phœnicians. Greeks, Romans, Chaldeans, Hindoos, Hebrews, and even the ancient Median fire-worshippers, are still represented, and in their several localities we can still place our hand upon them and say, Here they are; and in most cases their language has survived, with only such changes as the lapse of centuries was certain to effect. With respect to the Phœnicians this is not so; notwithstanding their genius for colonization, their great trading energy, and the number of countries in which they established themselves, the records of their existence would seem to be only such as are mixed up with the history of the surrounding countries. A few stones still mark the site of Carthage, and a range of sepulchres yet show that they colonized Sardinia; these, with a doubtful stone at Cadiz in Spain, and another at Marseilles, would seem to be the only monumental remains of a people who carried on a trade with England from a period probably before authentic history commences; who occupied Spain long enough to exhaust its gold and its tin mines; who colonized Sicily, Sardinia, and probably Southern Italy, before the name of Romulus was heard of; and who reigned supreme in the Levant for a longer period than any of their successors, be they Greek, Roman, or Mussulman. Among the earliest places in which they established themselves was the island of Cyprus, to which place they carried with them their worship of Astarte, afterwards the titular deity of the island under the appellation of Venus. Other evidences of their occupation may still be traced in the customs and mode of life of the people; and a peculiar distinctive class of feature and expression distinguishing them from the other inhabitants of the Greek Islands, is still referred to as indicating their Phœnician origin. The original of our illustration, "The Snake Charmer," is a Cypriote, who may still be seen on festal and gala days frequenting the resorts of holiday makers in the environs of Constantinople, with an attendant lad, a basket of (apparently) poisonous snakes, amongst which a cobra is easily distinguishable, and a kind of drum, or Indian tom-tom, on which she keeps up the low monotonous intonation that would appear to exert such a peculiarly sedative effect on certain individuals of the ophidian family; for, as she informed the present writer (in Levantine Italian), it is only the poisonous snakes that are musical—and they were not always so, but only since a great musical musician overcame the snakes' ancestors by his performances; and, from what could be gathered from the barbarous language in which it was spoken, the inference was suggested that the power is confined strictly to the descendants of the great musical magician, male and female.

For the above description and the illustration we are indebted to the *Queen*.

Art and Literature.

"May" is the title of Mrs. Oliphant's forthcoming novel.

The new work which Victor Hugo is now writing is said to be a history of the events of 1793 in France.

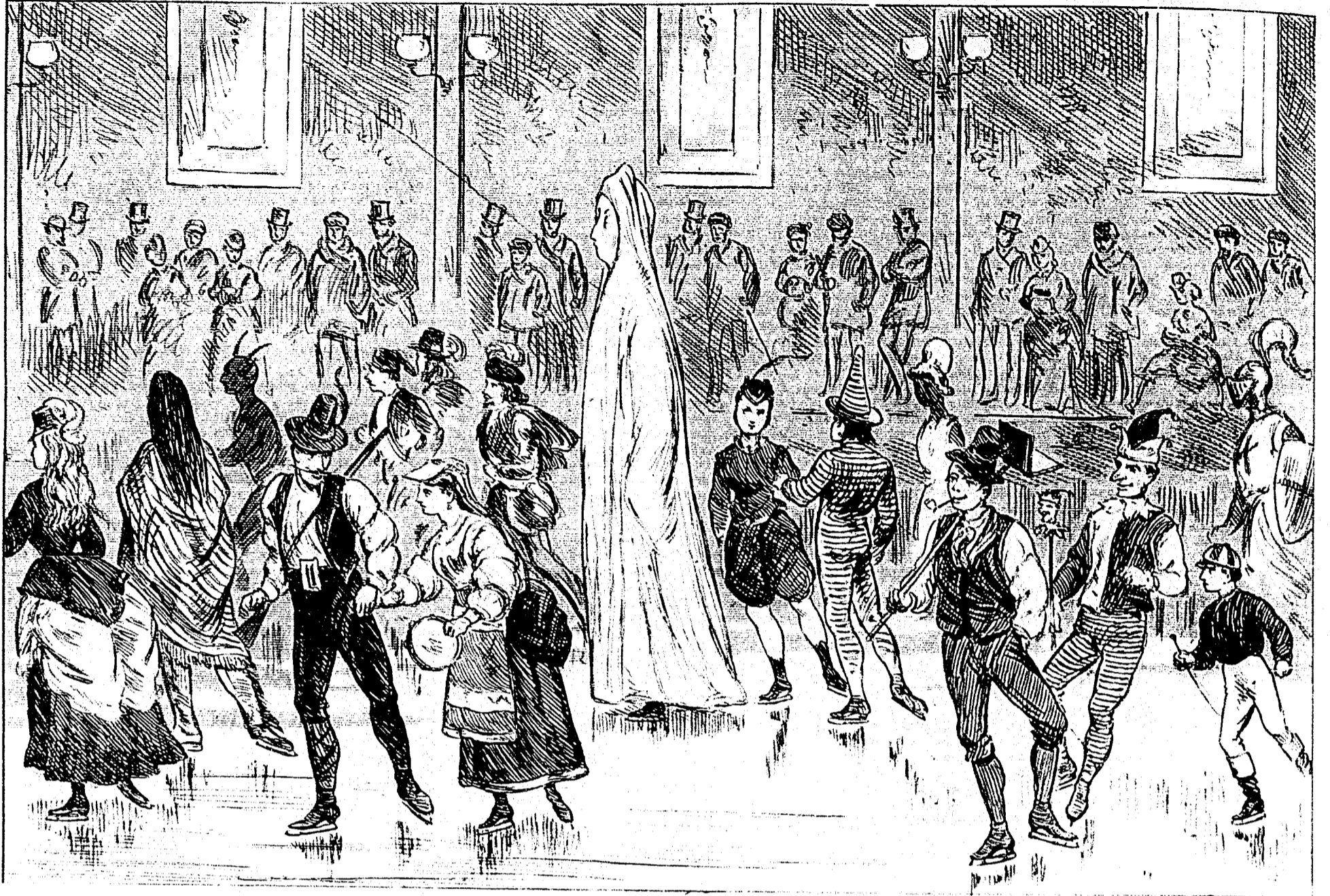
Dumas' "L'Homme Femme" has been translated into English and published by Lippincott & Co. under the title of "The Man Woman."

It is announced in the Paris papers that M. Henri Rochefort has written a novel entitled "Les Déspravés" during his imprisonment. The Minister of the Interior has, however, forbidden the publication of the work in France.

Gérome gets good pay for his handiwork. His last picture is valued at 40,000 francs, and is reckoned one of his best. It expresses touchingly the attachment of an Arab to his horse. He is represented alone in the desert with the dying animal, and holds his head caressingly between his hands.

The Japanese are to have an illustrated newspaper. It is to be published in London under a Japanese proprietor and editor, who will have the assistance of Rev. Mr. Summers, the professor of Japanese at King's College. It is named the *Tai See Shimbun*, or *Great Western News*. This journal is to publish the writings of the numerous Japanese now in England and America, and thus to communicate their observations on Western proceedings to their countrymen at home. The number of these Japanese is estimated at 700, and a large proportion of them are students.

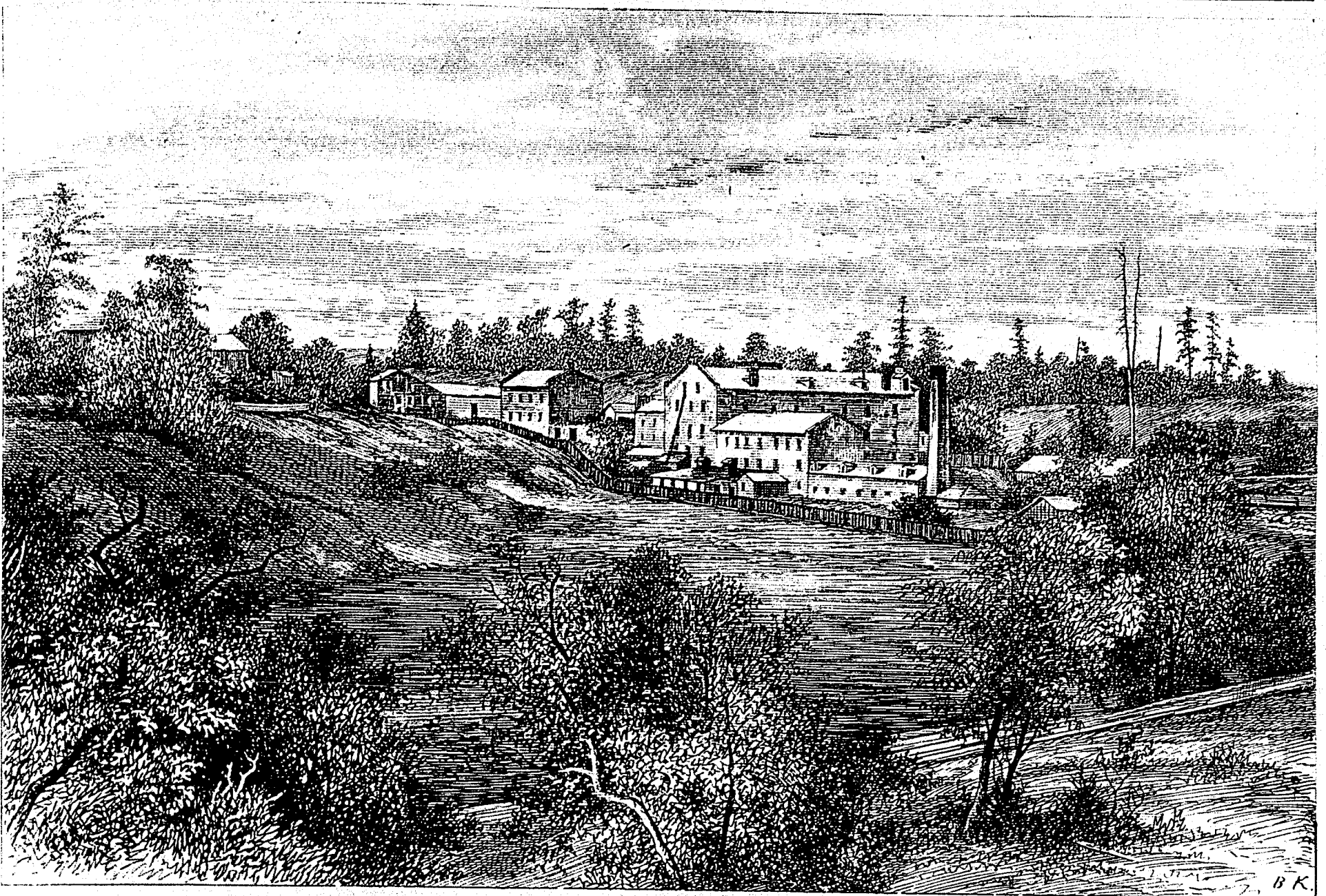
Those of our readers who have a copy of Harper's edition of Tennyson's poems will find on page 231 a poem entitled "Timbuctoo," with a foot-note stating that the said poem obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, 1829. The circumstances under which the prize was awarded to Tennyson render it a questionable honour. The adjudicators in this strife are the vice-chancellor and two others, who mark the poems as G (good) when they strike their fancy. On this occasion the vice-chancellor, having read "Timbuctoo," and probably regarding it as a poetical conundrum, marked it with a note of interrogation (?). This mark the two associate judges mistook for G, and, out of respect for the vice-chancellor's opinion, marked it G also, and thus it won the prize! Of course the merits of the poem are the same, whether it won or lost the prize, it being the vice-chancellor who now comes up for judgment and not the poet laureate. But the circumstances, for our statement of which we have unquestionable authority, are very curious.—*Harper's Weekly*.



ST. JOHN, N. B.—THE FANCY DRESS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE SKATING RINK ON THE 19TH ULT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. R.



THE SEASON.—No. 1.—EN ROUTE.—THE REFRESHMENT ROOM, PRESCOTT JUNCTION, AT 1 A.M. ON THE 4TH INST.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP



STREETSVILLE, ONT.—THE TORONTO WOOLLEN MILLS ; MESSRS. BARBER BROS., PROPRIETORS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORTON.



No. 4.—IMPECUNIOUS LOAFER.—“JUST MY LUCK! I NEVER COULD CATCH MY MAN,” (which was not unlikely, as his ‘man’ was a myth.)
QUEBEC SKETCHES.—BY J. PRANISHNIKOFF.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1873.

Table listing dates from Sunday to Saturday with corresponding names and events, such as 'St. Patrick', 'Rev. Laurence Sterne', and 'Robert Southey'.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 25 Beaver Hill, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending March 11, 1873.

Table with columns for Mean Temp., Max. Temp., Min. Temp., Mean Rel. Hum., Mean Height of Bar., Gen. Direction of Wind, and State of Weather.

ALMANAC OR KALENDAR, MARCH, 1873.

Table showing sunrise and sunset times for Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, and St. Johns, N. F.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have the pleasure to announce that the Premium Chromo for 1873 will be ready for delivery on and after the 15th March inst., to all our subscribers who have paid us for the current year.

To those who have not as yet sent us their subscriptions we would request them to do so without delay, so that the Chromo may be mailed on receipt of remittance.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS OFFICE, Montreal, 8th March, 1873.

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.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS.

The undersigned has the honour to announce that he has been entrusted by the Honourable Commissioner of Patents for the Dominion of Canada, with the publication of the OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE PATENT OFFICE, to be illustrated by diagrams of all the patents susceptible of illustration.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE will be published once a month. The official portion will cover from 16 to 32 pages, comprising from 100 to 240 patent claims, specifications and diagrams.

The unofficial portion, or MECHANICS MAGAZINE, will give in each number 32 pages of carefully selected articles and items, gleaned from the very best foreign technical papers.

The subscription price of the CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE is fixed at ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, invariably in advance.

The first issue will be dated 1st March, 1873, and will be distributed about the 25th instant.

ADDRESS: GEORGE E. DESBARATS, PUBLISHER, MONTREAL.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1873.

The first session of the second Parliament of Canada was opened at Ottawa on Wednesday week, the 5th inst. For the first time since his appointment His Excellency Lord Dufferin represented Her Majesty before the Senate and Commons of the country.

Contrary to custom the speech from the Throne was not delivered, His Excellency simply declaring the House open, and announcing that on the following day he would give his reasons for summoning Parliament.

On Tuesday, His Excellency came down to the House in state, and delivered the following speech from the Throne:

Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentleman of the House of Commons:

In addressing for the first time the Parliament of Canada, I desire to express the satisfaction I feel in resorting to your advice and assistance, as well as my deep sense of my own good fortune in being permitted to associate myself with you in your labours and aspirations for the welfare of this Dominion.

I rejoice to think that my assumption of office should have taken place at a period when the prospects of the country appear so full of promise, when peace and amity prevail amongst all neighbouring nations, and when so many indications are afforded of the success with which Canada herself is consolidating her political unity and developing her material resources.

In accordance with the decision of Parliament, and to carry into effect the legislation of last Session, I have caused a Charter to be granted to a body of Canadian capitalists for the construction of the Pacific Railway.

During the past year the surveys for the improvement and extension of our system of Canals, for which appropriations were made last Session, have been in active preparation; and I am glad to inform you that the plans and specifications for the enlargement of the Welland and the construction of the Baie Verte Canals have been completed, and that the works can now be put under contract.

The surveys for the St. Lawrence Canals will, I am assured, be finished in time to commence the works at the beginning of next year. This will insure the completion of all these great undertakings at the same period.

It is gratifying to know that the efforts made to encourage immigration have met with a great measure of success, and that the numbers seeking a home in Canada have been greatly augmented during the last year.

The compilation of the first Census of the Dominion approaches completion, and this would, therefore, seem a fitting time to provide for the establishment of a proper system for the accurate collection and scientific arrangement of statistical information.

It is important that provision should be made for the consolidation and amendment of the Laws, now in force in the several Provinces, relating to the representation of the people in Parliament.

Your attention will be invited to measures for the amendment of the Laws relating to Pilots, to Salvage, and to the Trinity Houses of Montreal and Quebec, as well as for the improvement of the Laws generally, affecting our Merchant Shipping.

Experience has shown that the duties now performed in the Offices of the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of the Provinces, may be readjusted with advantage to the public service.

Among other measures, bills will be presented to you relating to the Criminal Law, to Weights and Measures, and to the amendment and consolidation of the Inspection Laws.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I have given directions that the accounts of the past, and of the first six months of the present financial year, shall be laid before you without delay. You will be gratified to learn that the finances of the Dominion are in a prosperous condition, and that there is no reason to doubt that the revenue will be sufficient to meet all contemplated charges upon it.

The estimates for the ensuing year, which will be submitted to you, have been prepared with as much regard to economy as is compatible with the efficiency of the public service, and I venture to hope that you will be of opinion that the supplies which my Government will ask you to vote, can be granted without inconvenience to the people.

Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Many of the subjects I have enumerated are of the greatest importance. It is with full confidence in your patriotism and wisdom that I commend them to your consideration, and I trust that a gracious Providence may guide your counsels in whatever way may best promote the happiness of the people of Canada, and the welfare of the Empire at large.

The Speaker and members having returned to the House of Commons, the Speaker reported that House that he had been to the Senate Chamber, and that he had, in their name

and in their behalf, made the usual claims for the privileges which His Excellency had been pleased to conform to them.

THE SENATE.

A short debate took place on Friday on the question of taking up the consideration of the address, but this was finally postponed until Monday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The first struggle of the session took place on Friday, on a motion by Mr. Blake declaring Mr. Bertram (Opposition) the member entitled to the contested seat for West Peterboro'. To this Sir John moved in amendment to refer the election return to the Committee on Elections and Privileges; which was followed by an amendment from Mr. Mackenzie in the contrary sense.

The astonishing extent to which the price of coal has lately increased in England has become the subject of much complaint and no less surmise as to its cause. It has hitherto been principally attributed to the combinations of the miners and the difficulties thus experienced in working the mines. There is no doubt some truth in this, but it is evident that is not the main cause of the evil.

Is a recent number of the News, in drawing attention to the appeal of the Governors of the Montreal General Hospital, and suggesting the taking up of a collection in aid of the institution in all the Protestant churches of the city, we added: "We say the Protestant churches, for the poorer members of the Catholic community are well provided for at the excellent establishment of the nuns of the Hotel Dieu."

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT OSSINGTON.

The Rt. Hon. John Evelyn Denison (Viscount Ossington) late Speaker of the House of Commons, died on Thursday week, the 6th inst. at the age of 73. The deceased was born in 1800, and was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B. A. in 1823.

Notes and Queries.

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

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS UPON THE PORTHMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB.

"Anything for air and exercise," as the werry old donkey observed ven they voke him up from his death-bed to carry ten gentlemen to Greenwich in a tax-cart. Illustrate this by stating any remark recorded in the Pickwick Papers to have been made by a previously dumb animal with the circumstances under which he made it.

What was the ordinary occupation of Mr. Sawyer's boy? Whence did Mr. Allen derive the idea that there was a special destiny between Mr. Sawyer and Arabella?

What seal was on Mr. Winkle's letter to his father? What penitential attitude did he assume before Mr. Pickwick?

Deduce from a remark of Mr. Weller, junior, the price per mile of cabs at that period.

Write down the chorus to each verse of Mr. Sam Weller's song, and a sketch of the mottled-faced man's excursions upon it.

T. K.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Overland Monthly* is this month even better than usual. The principal features of the number are, firstly, an excellent article from the pen of M. G. Upton, on the newspaper of the Future; and secondly a paper on Napoleon III, embracing the late Emperor's history from 1818 to 1865. The writer is intensely Napoleonic in the views he advances, and evidently a firm believer in the restoration of the dynasty. The opening paper in this number is a translation from the German of Adelbert von Chamisso, describing a visit to San Francisco in 1816. The Gossip of Gold Hill is one of the class of mining stories of the Pacific Slope for which the *Overland* is justly renowned. Prentice Mulford contributes a pleasant sketch, entitled "Twenty years from Home," and Charles Warren Stoddard another of his characteristic Hawaiian pictures.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

I have just, this very night, partially recovered from the fatigue of a three days' journey by rail over a route that should have been finished in one day. I had to sleep all night in a railway train on a wild marsh, across which the winds came winter laden and wild. All day almost I had to watch the daylight dawn and deepen and grow downward into dark again; and there was nothing to contemplate but the mile wide marsh and the snowy clouded sky and the fence rails that rose from the snow-drifts and the unfrequent barn that stood against the horizon a sentry on the outposts of civilization. The party consisted of senators, members of parliament, lawyers, and business people of more, manually, active pursuits. Of course it was tiresome. But do you know who suffered least from the tedium? Don't you think that the active-minded M. P.'s and senators and lawyers were on the fret all the while because they were deprived of their wonted mental exercise? Not at all. They were the most contented of all. They were so unused to being idle that the enforced idleness was a blessing to them, as I think. What I Think About It is this: that enforced idleness to a hardworker or a person of pursuits not purely mental is irksome and irritating; but the active minds need and gladly take long rests. Don't you notice how the parvenu so often takes to drink? He needs the bodily stimulant of active labour; he misses it; and he likes to drink in consequence. He cannot rest from labour with comfort any more than Ulysses could rest from travel. But see how the lawyers can rush off to the mountains and the moors during the long vacation, and how the doctors go to the seaside and are all the better for it.

I have noticed that the dead Baron Bulwer has left behind him an unfinished novel, which is to be published soon. What I Think About It is this: Our chief regret for the loss of great literary men consists of a hidden sense of Loss. We love them for what they have done; we regret them for what they might have done. How they all drop at their work! Thackeray goes to his bed, probably from his desk, on the cheerful Christmas Eve; and the Christmas finds him dead, the busy brain stilled, the kindly heart stopped, the manly voice silent forever—and Denis Duval just going into battle in his desk. Do you know how much we lost by that man's death? For my part I loved and love him; and I mourn yet the genius departed and Denis Duval unrevealed to us forever.

Charlotte Bronte, too, died off with her "last" story unfinished; and the kind-hearted Thackeray embalmed her memory in tenderest language in his delightful magazine. Dickens, too, (Ah, Master! whither have you gone away from us?) dies with Edwin Drood just coming into the world, an immortal, full grown from the teeming brain of the great Charles, Jupiter Charles. And Bulwer, too, dies like them, and his executors find a new volume unfinished in his desk. So it goes on. The voice of the poet is stilled when it is at its highest and sweetest. The hand of the harper is stayed when the music is grandest and most inspiring. The pen falls from the hand of the literary magician when his creations are becoming most weird and wonderful. My brothers, shall not we, too, go away some sad day with our work unfinished. We are not geniuses perhaps like these. We may have nothing left but a pointless pen, a palsied hand, and an ink-stand nearly empty, but the record of a few clever things which our friends praised and the publishers paid for; but we shall try to leave an honest name, please Heaven, and the record of Christian gentlemen.

ARTHUR PENNENNIS.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

GOSSIPS ON POPULAR SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

NO. VII.—VAPOUR, DEW, AND MIST.

The sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his elemental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at ev'n
Supps with the ocean, though in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar, though from the boughs each morn,
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Covered with pearly grain.

PARADISE LOST, BOOK V., 423.

Since clouds are merely condensed vapour, their formation is regulated by the causes which tend to convert vapour into liquid. Such liquifaction implies the presence of a quantity of vapour greater than that which, at the actual temperature, would be sufficient for saturation, a condition of things which may be brought about by the cooling of a mass of moist air in any of the following ways:—

1st. By radiation from the mass of air to the cold sky.

2nd. By the neighbourhood of cold ground, for example, mountain tops.

3rd. By the cooling effect of exhaustion, when the mass of air ascends into regions of diminished pressure. This cooling of the ascending mass is accompanied by a corresponding warming of the air which descends, it may be in some distant locality, to supply its place.

Causes two and three combine to produce the excessive rain fall which generally characterizes mountainous districts.

4th. By the contact and mixture of cooler air—for contact with cooler air may be regarded as equivalent to mixing—for vapour diffuses readily. It is obvious, however, that this cooler air must itself be warmed by the process; and as both the temperature and vapour-density of the mixture will be intermediate between those of the two components, it does not obviously follow that such contact tends to produce precipitation. Such is, however, the fact, that it depends upon the principle that the density of saturation increases faster than the temperature.

On the surface of the earth mists are frequent in the morning and evening, in the latter case extending over all the surface; in the former principally over rivers and lakes. The mists of evening are due simply to the rapid cooling of the air after the heat of the sun has been withdrawn. In the morning another cause is at work. The great specific heat of water causes it to cool much more slowly than the air, so that the vapour rising from a body of water enters into a colder medium, and is there partly condensed, forming a mist, which, however, confines itself to the vicinity of the water. This mist is doubtless familiar to all our readers, more particularly in the winter time, when the thermometer descends below zero, and the open patches of water in the St. Lawrence River appear to evolve steam.

Dew is the product of a condensation of vapour by the mere difference, in clear weather, of the temperatures of day and night. It is propagated upward as the vapour rises, and, with it, the cold produced by radiation—which commences at the surface of the earth; hence dew is found at the bottom of the valley, or near the stream; otherwise, once separated in those minute particles of which it consists, it falls in the manner of the other products of vapour, subject still to a variety of attractions differing in various substances which collect it in different quantities. Dew is often visible in the horizon, and to a considerable height above it, as a purplish or reddish haze on the face of the otherwise clear evening sky.

Every one is acquainted with the bright deposit of limpid little drops—"rosate dews"—which glisten in the morning light on the leaves of plants, and on the grass like pearls, opals, and diamonds; as Milton says, "or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun imparts on every leaf and every flower." How few inquire into the cause of these dew-drops—minute water globules—which Shakespeare describes as, "sometimes on the buds was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls, stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes, like tears."

Briefly, dew is caused by the condensation of atmospheric vapour on substances sufficiently cooled during the night by radiation, or the loss of heat through the air.

In fine autumnal mornings, when the dew lies in large drops on the grass, if we select one of the sparkling gems which it presents, we shall find, by varying the angle under which it is seen, we can draw out of it the prismatic colours, blue, green, red, orange, and yellow, in quick succession. This is due to the refraction of light in its passage back from the posterior inner surface of the clear globule to the eye.

Nature, that makes out of the condensation of atmospheric vapour these globular liquid diamonds, converts a small quantity of black and friable carbon—a piece of charcoal—into a transparent diamond which, when cut into a "brilliant," as the light enters the large upper surfaces, is reflected backward, traverses the side facets, is refracted, and produces the most beautiful prismatic effects. Striated surfaces also offer effects not less brilliant; so that, to clothe certain insects more vividly, nature has grooved the tissue that envelopes them; take for instance, the *Diamond Beetle*, again amongst the Mollusca, more especially the family *Halitidæ*: for instance, the magnificent colouring of the *Halotis*, the sea-ear, or ear-shell, or among the feldspars, the exquisite *aventurine*, and also the iridescent agates, out of which the celebrated Myrrhine vases are made.

Mr. John Stearns, in the reports of the Smithsonian Institution, has given the exact theory of this iridescence; and Sir David Brewster has also demonstrated that the colour of sea shells is also due to their surface being striated by undulating and closely approximated minute lines.

The globules of clouds between us and the moon produce, also, with white light, the most vivid colour; and above all in beauty, the *Iris*, or rainbow, which the sun paints in brilliant colours in the drops of the falling shower, is the transcendent effect of decomposed light. Nature always, with a palette, so to speak, charged only with white, knows the art of spreading over all her pictures the magic and glow of the most brilliant colouring, compared with which Turner's magic rendering of spots, light, atmosphere, seem but a mere phantasms of cloud paint.

This meteorology, of which these Popular Gossips have for some time been composed, ought not to be a subject of tame and unfeeling contemplation. The nice adjustments of cause and effect here proposed to us as proofs of creative energy and skill, is an argument that God himself intends we should minutely examine and critically prove the perfection of His handiwork, and deduce from the search further matter of admiration and praise. Yet this science is not taught in our colleges, neither does it form any portion of instruction in the "arts course" of our universities.

Goethe, the poet and philosopher, says: "The spectacle of the various conditions of the sky, the changing aspect of the clouds, the rain, the hail, and the tempest, as they form above our heads; the appearance of luminous meteors, such as the Aurora Borealis, the Halo, and the Rainbow, have in them something marvellous that enchains attention; and for an intelligence capable of deep appreciation, such studies must have a resistless charm."

Let us return more directly to the subject of vapour.

When a current of cold air penetrates to a warm apartment suddenly it may produce snow, if the room be full of watery vapour. The story is told that upon one occasion in St. Petersburg, a pane of glass was accidentally broken in the window of a saloon where a large party were assembled, and a gust of wind bursting in through the orifice, congealed the vapours of the room and scattered them over the astonished guests in the shape of snow flakes.

Snow is probably formed by the direct passage of vapour into the solid state; and hail is probably due to the freezing of rain drops in their passage through strata of air colder than those in which they were formed.

Whenever the temperature of the clouds fall below zero their drops congeal and form snow, which then falls through the air in flakes until it strikes the ground or water. The latter is feelingly and beautifully referred to by Burns in his *Tam O'Shanter*:—

"But pleasures are like popples spread,
You seize the flow'r, its blossom is shed!
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place.
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

Professor Tyndall says: "These snow-crystals being formed in a calm atmosphere, are constructed on the same model, their molecules group together to form hexagonal stars. These six-leaved flowers assume the most varied and wondrous forms. They are patterned in the finest gauzy films, and all around their angles are sometimes seen rosettes of still more microscopic dimensions. Beauty superadds itself to beauty, as though, when once at work, nature took pleasure in showing, even in the narrowest sphere, the omnipotence of her resources."

Would that some of our readers would apply some portion of their time to this department of knowledge, and make it the subject of a regular course of enquiry; surely their daily occupations will afford them some little leisure to contemplate and observe and note the varied phenomena of the air, the weather, the seasons, with the varied and interesting appearances which they present.

A modern author has beautifully said: "The more familiar we become with Nature, with a greater veneration and love do we return to the masters by whom we were initiated; and as they have taught us to understand Nature, Nature in turn teaches us to understand them." The author is alluding to such masters as Eschylus and Aristotle, Shakespeare and Bacon, whom he designates as "priests who preach and expound the mysteries of man and the universe."

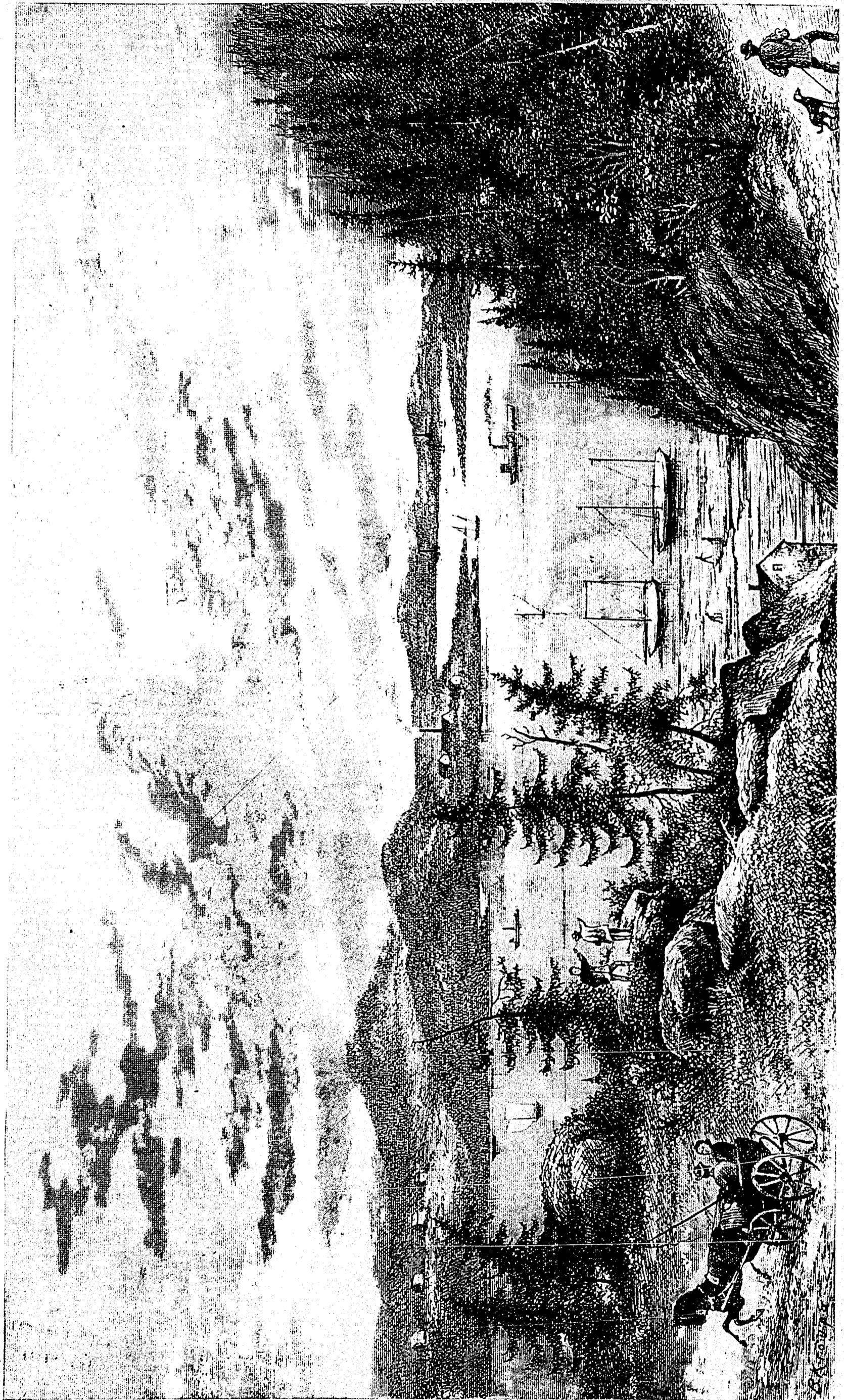
THE LAST FETE AT THE TUILERIES.

But I wish to allude to the last fete at the Tuileries—certainly not select, nor was it celebrated as a festive season. The ticket should have been printed in blood, and the envelopes illustrated by fire and flames. The much and most deservedly abused Commune—and here let me distinctly declare that, as far as the stranger was concerned, it was more polite, obliging, and anxious to "make friends" than the aggravating, irritating National Defense Government, with its anonymous denunciations, listened to till every foreigner was liable to arrest as a Prussian spy on the oral evidence of the next ruffian in the street—was determined not to be behindhand in charity, and so the powers that were determined to give a concert for the benefit of the sick and wounded—the site the Hall of Marshals, and the tickets three francs each. You must kindly remember that half-a-crown, during these "Commune" days was certainly equal to five shillings, and that money and food were, even then, "articles of luxury"—articles far beyond the reach even of many people who had been entrapped back into Paris by the delusive hope that after the Prussians had *mangé leur entrée* and gone back home the "dove of peace and promise" had permanently settled on the Palais d'Industrie. The timidity of the Government frightened away that pigeon, and events—created by Thiers—gave us the Commune concert.

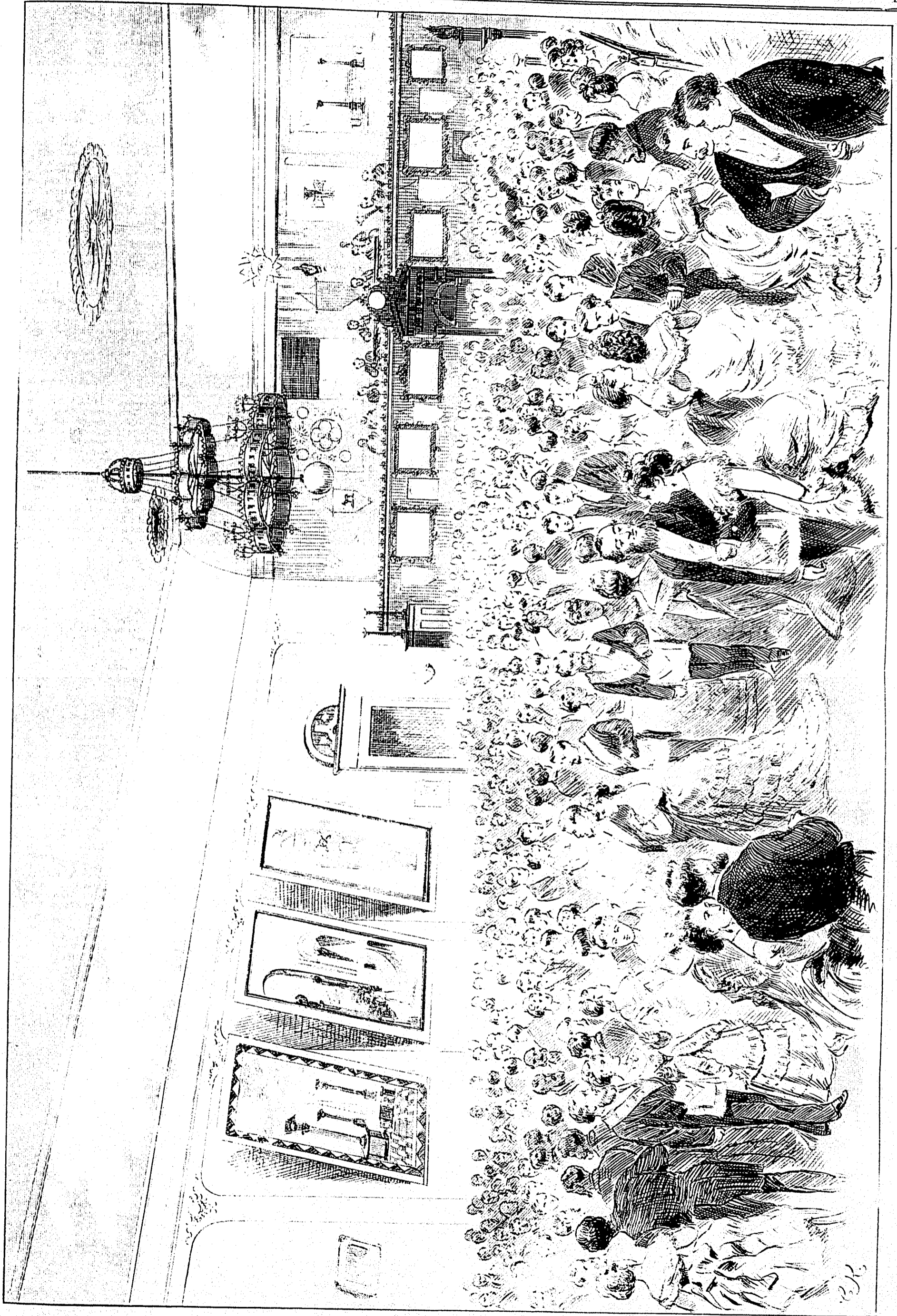
A small party—as many ladies as men—agreed to pay the three francs each and witness this peculiar scene to be performed on so curious a stage. It was a gloomy evening I well remember, but all was gloomy then, when we went down into the artillery camp (which was once the Tuileries gardens) in which "Nisus and Euryalus" were always about to start for their "match"—which now will never "come off"—and where that wonderful old man used to tell secrets to the sparrows—which, I am persuaded, under pretence of eating-bread from his hands and mouth, listened to him; perhaps they were scattered *à vol d'oiseau*, and the sparrows were the real cowards, which have done more to ruin the capital of inflammatory France than the larger birds ever did to save the Capitol of the Eternal City.

We found a queue, four deep, extending half-way up to the Tennis Court. In vain we tried bribing; we went as far as tenpence, and shook our francs at the money-taker.

"Each in his turn, citizen," said a man with a scarf. Why does a "patriot" always wear a scarf? We waited, and waited, and waited. At last some one said, "I think charity had better go home to the cradle in which it was born." Then a brilliant idea struck one of the party; he suggested trying the "Grand entrance" in the Rue de Rivoli. We went there. I confess that I felt low when I saw red scarfed citizens by dozens stopped at the point of the bayonet.



THE NARROWS, ST. JOHN'S RIVER, N. B., LOOKING TOWARDS SOUTH BAY — FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. B.



Toronto.—THE MASONIC CONVERSATION ON THE 20TH ULT.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

We, too, were arrested and bayoneted. We asked politely for an officer.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"To pay our money and go into the salon."

"Oh! is that all? You know the way. Go up the old staircase, and you will find it—all right."

So up the old staircase—which was wont to be lined with well set-up Cent-Gardes and drooping palms—we proceeded through what I am afraid I must describe as a deuced odd lot of sundries. We wished to pay those three francs. (We did not, in fact; for dear to the household was even that half-crown which a virtuous wife could, in those days, offer to her husband.)

"Allez donc!" said a cobbler. "Go in—but look after your citoyenne."

We went in. It was an old scene—a political orgy. A dense mass of men, women and children, in every costume that imagination can conceive. As in old times, at Almack's a bunch of patronesses, the ladies of the horse flesh market in the Place de St. Pierre. In one room, orators; in the Hall of Marshals—where the disciples of Poole, Smalpace, Cumberland, and Dusautory have "danced before the King," in the best-made clothes to be found in Europe—were National Guards in somebody else's uniform—in shirts and trousers, (I was almost going to say, without,) in cavalry cloaks, rags, and tatters. On one side they sang, on another they lectured; and every three minutes broke out the "Marseillaise."

"I shall sing a song next," says a charcoal-seller, with a very black face, very white teeth, and a capital expression of countenance. "I have not come all the way from Belleville to remain dumb as a coal. Allez!" "Silence à la mort!"

I hope that that is not a British diplomatist who is looking on. It would be such a blow to the Radicals, if they thought that one of that aristocratic class was "reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting," the intimate workings of this curious social eruption—looking on with sorrow and sympathy, too, in spite of the atrocious "Red" doctrine. Beer and the "Marseillaise;" a mother suckling her poor babe—whose child is that poor atom? Marriage is annulled—faith is ignored, and religion is a crime! Speeches from true patriots, spirits and pipes, a classical concert—private political lectures, and my friend the charcoal-seller intoning the "Ça Ira" (which he don't know)—all this at once! No wonder there was a dense, almost a dangerous crowd.

"Take care of Madame, and go away," said a voice.

I looked round, and found that two men—a blacksmith, who might have been, and a man in a blouse who evidently was, a gentleman—had formed a guard, for the lady who was on my arm. They cleared the way for us, and we went home.

We had no business in that galley; but I am not sorry to have rowed in it. And when, later, I saw the dead piled in heaps round my doors, and then buried in the gutter—when, after months and months, I see these ignorant misguided men judicially murdered, I think of the behavior of these infatuated lunatics and of the calm, cold-blooded conduct of those whose indecision caused this "midsummer madness."

On the morning of 24th of May, 1871, I walked into the Place de la Madeleine: it was enveloped in a thick smoke. I had been blockaded for forty-eight hours and was ignorant of everything save the awful carnage before my eyes.

"What is it?" I asked.

"What?" said a dear siege-friend of mine who sold vegetables in the Rue Trenchet—"what, citoyen?—why all Paris is in flames, and the cloud you see there is the smoke from the expiring ashes of the Tuileries."—*London Society.*

DISCONTENT.

But are not people discontented already, from the lowest to the highest? And ought a man, in such a piecemeal, foolish, greedy, sinful world as this, and always has been, to be anything but discontented? If he thinks that things are going all right, must he not have a most beggarly conception of what going right means? And if things are not going right, can it be anything but good for him to see that they are not going right? Can truth and fact harm any human being? I shall not believe so, as long as I have a Bible wherein to believe. For my part, I should like to make every man, woman and child whom I meet discontented with themselves, even as I am discontented with myself. I should like to awaken in them, about their physical, their intellectual, their moral condition, that divine discontent which is the parent, first of upward aspiration, and then of self-control, thought, effort, to fulfil that aspiration even in part. For to be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ and first upgrowth of all virtue. Men begin at first, as boys begin when they grumble at their school and their schoolmasters, to lay the blame on others; to be discontented with their circumstances—the things which stand around them—and to cry, "Oh that I had this!" "Oh that I had that!" But that way no deliverance lies. That discontent only ends in revolt and rebellion, social or political; and that, again, still in the same worship of circumstances—but this time desperate—which ends, let it disguise itself under what fine names it will, in what the old Greeks called a tyranny; in which—as in the Spanish Republics of America, and in France just now—all are the voluntary slaves of one man, because each man fancies that the one man can improve his circumstances for him.

But the wise man will learn, like Epictetus the heroic slave, the slave of Epaphroditus, Nero's minion—and in what baser and uglier circumstances could human being find himself?—to find out the secret of being truly free: namely, to be discontented with no man and no thing save himself. To say not, "Oh, that I had this and that!" but, "Oh, that I were this and that!" Then, by God's help, (and that heroic slave, heathen though he was, believed and trusted in God's help,) "I will make myself that which God has shown me that I ought to be and can be."

Ten thousand a year, or ten millions a year, as Epictetus saw full well, cannot mend that vulgar discontent with circumstances, which he had felt—and who with more right?—and conquered, and despised. For that is the discontent of children, wanting always more holidays and more sweets. But I wish my readers to have and to cherish the discontent of men and women.

Therefore I would make men and women discontented, with the divine and wholesome discontent, at their own physical frame, and at that of their children. I would accustom their eyes to those precious heirlooms of the human race, the statues of the old Greeks; to their tender grandeur, their

chaste healthfulness, their unconscious, because perfect might, and say—There; these are tokens to you, and to all generations yet unborn, of what man could be once; of what he can be again if he will obey those laws of nature which are the voice of God. I would make them discontented with the ugliness and closeness of their dwellings; I would make the men discontented with the fashion of their garments, and still more so just now the women, of all ranks, with the fashion of theirs; and with everything around them which they have the power of improving, if it be at all ungraceful, superfluous, tawdry, ridiculous, unwholesome. I would make them discontented with what they call their education, and say to them, "You call the three Royal R's education? They are not education; no more is the knowledge which would enable you to take the highest prize given by the Society of Arts, or any other body. They are not education; they are only instruction; a necessary ground-work in an age like this for making practical use of your education; but not the education itself."—*C. Kingsley.*

MODERN SMUGGLING.

Some time ago a large number of broomsticks were imported from New York. Such a consignment of course created no suspicion. As they were not owned they were stowed away in the Queen's warehouse, where they lay for six months, and they were then put up to auction and sold as turnery. Just as they were about to be cleared out, however, one of them was accidentally broken, and it was then discovered that they were hollow and were filled with cigars. Another very singular contrivance for cheating the revenue was in the form of a ship's pitch-pot. This was carried ashore again and again apparently empty, and again and again brought on board full of pitch. Suspicion was at length aroused, and the pot was examined, when it was found to be double—one pot within the other, and a sufficient space between them to carry a considerable quantity of spirit, which was poured in through a hole in the bottom of the outer one. In another instance a passenger came ashore carrying a neat little green box, constructed for the conveyance of live pigeons. Like the pitch-pot, however, the box has a double bottom, and three pounds and a half of tobacco is concealed in it. This little speculation cost the ingenious inventor his tobacco, his pigeon case, and three guineas. On another occasion a basket of live ducks was by a similar trick made to conceal contraband goods. False lids and bottoms, however, are among the clumsiest of smuggler's devices. A far more artistic and talented manoeuvre was one in which tobacco had been made up in excellent imitation of ropes. A quarter of a hundred-weight of it was found in this form, thrown carelessly down on the deck of a vessel. In another case the wheels inside a number of blocks—ship's pulleys—were found to be so many round cakes of tobacco. On one vessel a Custom House officer noticed something peculiar about the soles of a pair of boots. They also proved to be Cavendish tobacco, and 18 cwt. of it was discovered in this form. A cooper's "flogger"—an instrument like a policeman's staff, used to drive bungs into barrels—was found to be hollow, and was used for conveying spirits ashore. At one end was a little piece of leather tube, which was dipped into the spirit to be smuggled. The mouth was applied to an orifice at the other end, and the fluid drawn in. The "flogger" thus charged, was taken ashore and emptied. Among the most ingenious attempts to impose upon the lynx-eyed officers of the Customs was one in which some years ago cigars and tobacco were enclosed in what were ostensibly brown loaves. The contraband goods were first tied in a wrapping of newspaper, and then the whole was surrounded by dough modelled in the shape of a loaf and slightly baked. It appears, then, that it would be difficult to name an article of any description which an officer whose duty it is to search for smuggled goods might pass by without suspicion as to its genuineness. Logs of wood lying about deck or hanging over a ship's side as "fenders" are hollow and stuffed with lace or cigars. A bundle of willows, such as are used for basket making, contains 8 or 10 lbs. of tobacco in the centre of it. A man was found to have a kind of waistcoat padded with gold watches. A hundred and forty-six gold Geneva watches and one silver one were stitched into this garment. He was unsuspected, and would probably have disembarked in safety but for an uneasy conscience, which led him to imagine himself to be the subject of special attention on the part of the officials, and he gave himself up. It turned out that he was the agent of a man upon whose premises 800 watches were found, all of which had no doubt been smuggled, and all of which were seized. He himself, however, escaped by flight. A few years ago a lady was detected in the attempt to smuggle a handsome lace shawl. The fair impostor had a skirt on regularly constructed for the conveyance of contraband goods, and this shawl was part of her burden. She was taken into custody, but liberated next morning on payment of a fine of £100. The ladies must certainly be numbered amongst the most audacious of smugglers. Their dress appears to constitute a perpetual source of temptation. In one case a lady proved to be fairly surrounded by long bladders of spirit suspended from her waist. Another had 21 lbs. of tobacco concealed beneath her skirts, which were fitted with braces to enable her to support the weight, while a companion had 18 lbs. of cigars similarly stowed away.—*Globe.*

In high life in Madrid this season the fashion has been "carriages drawn by four and six white asses."

Prussia proposes to substitute for the jury system a mixed court consisting of three judges and four laymen.

The revised Census Returns show that the population of the United Kingdom in 1871 was 31,628,388, against 29,070,931 in 1861.

The rumour that the Royal Geographical Society intended to give £5,000 to a whaler to assist, in the absence of a Government expedition, in the work of exploration during one summer north of Baffin's Bay, is contradicted.

One of the great characteristics of the French army is on the eve of being abolished. The soldiers, according to the *Figaro*, will henceforward wear grey instead of the red trousers which have procured for the Gallic troops the universal *sobriquet of pantalons rouges*.

A gigantic patriarchal oak has lately been sold in Schaffhausen, Switzerland. The tree was 255 years old, and covered eight square perches of ground. The trunk was fifty-nine feet in length and twenty-seven and a half feet in diameter, and the total amount of timber yielded was 350 cubic feet.

Miscellaneous.

Madrid is to have an International Exhibition in 1875. The London Exhibition opened on the 15th ult.

The spring rage for exhibitions has already set in in Paris. In a few days there will be a gastronomical exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie, including everything relative to the culinary science, wonderful dishes, cooking utensils, table-linen, desert services, &c. In conjunction with this will be a flower-show, while this will be followed by a canine, feline, and galline exhibition, with dog races, rat hunts for the terriers, and mouse hunts for the cats.

We have all heard of a man's character being correctly told by his handwriting; but in Paris "a wise man" has just died who used to unfold the vices and virtues of a man by the manner in which he walked down his boot. Another of his peculiar talents was an extraordinary faculty of foretelling the weather, which a highly-organized nervous system enabled him to do far in advance. Gardeners and florists would frequently come from a considerable distance to consult him, and rarely were his prognostications falsified. He was thus generally known by the *sobriquet* of Père Baromètre.

The *Medical Record* tells us of a man named José Martino Coutinho, living at Cape Frio, Rio de Janeiro, who was born on May 20, 1691, and is consequently 178 years old. He was in perfect possession of his mental faculties, and complained only of stiffness in his knee-joints. He is said to have fought when young against the Dutch at Pernambuco; and remembers the principal events of the reigns of John V., Joseph, and Maria I. (circa 1750—80). He is said to have been married six times, and to have had 42 children, and to be able to count in his descendants 123 grandchildren, 86 great-grandchildren, 23 great-great-grandchildren, and 20 children of the latter.

On the summit of the Sierra Nevada a rare gem has been found, something in appearance like a ruby, and yet so differing that it is believed to be a stone unknown to lapidaries. The owner, a Mr. Stuart, picked it up from the surface gravel in a ravine. The stone is surrounded by a ring of white stone of peculiar formation. The gem, or central stone, is about the size of a ten-cent piece, while the whole specimen is about the size of a half-dollar. This stone, being viewed through a powerful glass, shows the most wonderful rays of light, with specks of gold and silver. It is said that three other stones of the same kind are in the possession of the Indians of that region, who regard them as talismans, and refuse to part with them for any price.

The special correspondent of the *Times* in Paris has now furnished his version of the intentions of the Bonapartist family. It has, at least, the merit of novelty. The "family council," he says, have decided that on the 20th of March the Prince Imperial (who will attain his 17th birthday on the 16th) will be emancipated from his minority. "This will enable the Prince," says the writer, "to present himself personally as Emperor to the French nation on any occasion which he may judge opportune after the month of March, and, considering the forces at work in the country, and the elements of confusion which it contains, he would be a sanguine man indeed who could feel sure that such an occasion would not arise before the Republic is very much older."

A select committee was some time since appointed by the British Parliament to inquire into the subject of drunkenness in the Kingdom, especially in its legal and sanitary bearings, and an elaborate report has been made. The committee argue that there is a difference between the paroxysm of intoxication and insanity proper, so distinct as to forbid the plea, in bar of punishment, that an offence was committed while drunk—but, at the same time, placing inebriates in insane asylums is improper, and should not be allowed. The committee also declare it as their judgment that, when acts of violence or other offences are superadded to the drunkenness, the ordinary punishment awarded by law to those offences should be carried out, and commitment to a reformatory may form part of a sentence, or it may be left to the discretion of a magistrate to send the offender at once to an inebriate reformatory.

In Paris they have already begun to worship the late poor Emperor. A story is told of one of the merchant women of the Central markets who was condemned to prison for six days for some breach of rule. She appealed against the sentence to a higher tribunal, and engaged the famous advocate Lachaud to plead her case. But M. Lachaud had been to the funeral at Chislehurst, and did not appear in court when the case was about to be called. The old woman was in despair, and going into one of the passages, she knelt down and devoutly prayed to the Emperor for his intercession, as follows:—"Oh! my Emperor, you who are in heaven, will you send M. Lachaud to me in time, and I promise to have a mass said every year in your memory." Half an hour after, as it happened, the desired advocate made his appearance, and, what is more, got his client off her imprisonment. She attributes all to Napoleon III. And yet people will tell us this is not a superstitious age!

The sudden death of Napoleon has been a sad blow to those ingenious gentlemen, the interpreters of the prophetic portions of Scripture. One of these modern seers is editor of a periodical called *Signs of the Times*. In an article on Napoleon shortly before the decease of the ex-Emperor, the writer says:—"Woeful is their ignorance of the prophetic truth that he, as Daniel's Wilful King, is yet to plume his wings, and soar to an elevation of imperial powers never yet attained by any mortal man, and entirely to eclipse the grandeur of all previous empires by a New Roman Empire which, as a modern Cæsar, he is to rise from the dust of ages, and to re-establish for three and a half years in more than its pristine earthly splendour and predominance over all the nations, and kindreds, and tribes, and peoples, after his Sedan deadly wound shall be healed." *Rev. xlii. 3, 5, 7.* Again at page 718 in a note by the Editor. "The Imperial restoration of Napoleon III, from his present retirement at Chislehurst, is absolutely certain."

Some thirty odd years ago the secretary to St. Bartholomew's Hospital ran down to a watering-place in Wales for his vacation. While there he met accidentally with a very intelligent little boy who used to run about doing errands, and always turned up at the right moment, and when a penny was to be turned. Dr. ——— noticed the lad with interest, and soon, by chattering with him, found that he had the stuff in him to make his way in the world if he only got the chance. His passion for learning was very great. "Suppose I were to try to get you into the Blue-coat Boys' School in London," said Dr. ——— to his little man one day, "and suppose I were to succeed, would you do me credit, do you think? Would you work very hard?" "Would not I, though, Sir?" was the reply, and the boy's eyes actually danced in his head with delight. Dr. ——— tried and succeeded, and his protégé kept his word. He did him such credit that on leaving the school with his arms full of honours his patron was able to get him into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where, in course of time, he succeeded to Dr. ———'s post of secretary. Years went on and brought new successes to the young doctor, till at last he became court physician, and is now Sir William Gull, the observed of all observers, and one of the most honourable notabilities of that most honourable of all professions.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]
HOW TO DRESS SISSIE.

Sissie is three years old to-day. She is quite a little lady now, and she feels her importance. There she sits on her little plush stool near the grate, with her hands folded in her lap, her lips tightly closed and her great brown eyes looking far away to the cedars that fringe the garden fence. What is she thinking about? What mighty care is overshadowing the white baby brow?

Only this: Aunt Jennie, who is also Sissie's godmother, has brought a fine dress, a fine new hat and fine ermine pelisse for her birthday. Uncle John, who is also her godfather, has given her a nice morocco case, lined with white satin, and in that case there are two such beautiful ear-rings, shell-shaped, a lovely brooch with a yellow stone and a little ring with a blue stone. These presents are up there on the console.

Why doesn't Sissie put them all on and go about showing herself? Ah! why? That is just what she is thinking of. A tremendous dilemma. The first great trial of life. Ah! Sissie, my little mistress, may you never see worse.

The trouble is this: Papa, when he saw all these presents, was just as delighted as the child herself. Of course Sissie must put them on at once. The dress, mantle and hat would be sure to fit. Auntie had seen to that. As to the ear-rings, he was prepared to bore the rosy lobes himself.

Girls take after their fathers; boys after their mothers. Sissie was delighted to hear the parental decision and clung to him, begging to be taken out for a drive with all her fiery on.

But mamma had other thoughts. She told Sissie she would allow her to wear her nice dress on her birthday, and, if she was a good girl, on other holidays. But as to her ear-rings, brooch, and ring, on no account would she be permitted to use them. Did Sissie cry when she learned this decision? No. Her white face grew a little longer than usual, her eyes were dry and fixed, and she went off into the library. She there sat down near the grate and looked out at the distant cedars of the garden. Sissie knew her mamma well. She knew that when her mother said something, it had to be abided by. Papa would sometimes argue with mamma, but never long, and when he went off smiling and pinching her ear, Sissie understood that her mother had again carried the point. Yet mother was kind, indulgent, never scolded. Indeed she adored her little girl. But she had been spoiled herself when young, had suffered many privations in consequence, and was determined that her child should be raised within strict conditions of simplicity and moderation. Sissie was not to wear silks and satins before her fifteenth year. She must be dressed neatly, but plainly. A costly dress upon a child is so much money wasted that might be employed in clothing the nakedness of many poor. As far as the child herself is concerned it makes no difference what she wears, so long as she has been kept out of all premature ideas of vanity. If she is dressed, therefore, in rich raiment and bedecked with jewellery, it is for the sake of outsiders and passing gazers. In other words, the child is made a puppet whereon to display the parent's own vanity. She is no better than the wax-doll which she dandles in her arms, or the wood models in show-windows where extravagant millinery is flaunted to catch the covetous eye of fashion's votaries.

Give me—so reasoned Sissie's mother—a little girl well washed, well combed, and clad in calico. She will be as handsome as I wish her to be, and then she will have no foolish notions in her head. A calico well ironed is always pretty and neat. Why is it that even ladies dressed in calico, look tidier than when dressed in merino or alpaca? I refer to inside wear. For out of doors it is right to change tolets.

In regard to jewellery, mamma's rule was more stringent. Indeed it was inexorable. For herself she wore diamonds, on certain occasions, but it was merely to please her husband. Her little daughter, however, must not wear them to please anybody. If Sissie were wise and followed her mother's teachings, the first ring slipped upon her finger would be that of her bridal. Ear-rings she ought not to wear until she is married. What right has a father or a mother to pierce its child's ears and hang thereon bits of gold wire? Why teach a child so early to be a toy? Women have something else to do in this world—though few realize it—than to adorn themselves with barbaric metals and metetricious finery, like so many beautiful animals, to be ogled at by the Don Juans of the street corners. How much sin does this excess of feminine luxury produce, and to what shameful consequences it frequently leads.

Then there is the question of expense.

Sissie's father was well able to give her any toilet or trinket that she wanted. But the day might come, when prosperity would cease to smile upon him, and then what would become of his spoiled daughter? Better never to have worn jewellery than to be obliged to give it up, or wear it at the risk of being sneered at by more fortunate neighbours.

Sissie sat on the plush cushion, looking out at the cedars, and through that little head of hers trotted in wonderful sequence all the thoughts which we have just set down. Her mamma had told her all these things that morning, and she sat there rehearsing them. Not a word of the argument was lost by Sissie. She studied the question, as only a child can, having glimpses and intuitions denied to our prouder and grosser intellects.

And at length, Sissie came to a determination. She arose, went up to the mantel, took down the holiday parcels and brought them to her mother. The child had made up her mind, with the subtlest logic, that the best thing a good little girl could do is to follow her mother's advice and directions to the letter.

It was a hard struggle for Sissie, but she went through it like a little heroine. She obeyed her mother. She persuaded herself that her mother was right. If you fancy that a girl of three cannot come to a persuasion of that kind, you do not know what girls are. Happy Sissie! The chances are that her great sacrifice will work her a life-long blessing.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]
TRAINED NURSES FOR THE SICK.

We have all, no doubt, at some time of our lives been sick and required more or less attention, and, therefore, know in how large a degree recovery is due to proper nursing. Every lady knows that the nurse is practically the doctor's head assistant, for in his absence the patient is under her care. Upon her zealous watchfulness, and constant attention to the requirements of the patient depend, not only speedy recovery, but all the ease and comfort, little though they be, which mercifully come to the invalid even in the sorest trials.

The art of making the sick contented and calm in the midst of their affliction, whilst using every means to promote the return of health, is unfortunately possessed by too few amongst us. We are bound at the same time to admit, that with the hurry and bustle of life now-a-days, sickness is more prevalent than formerly, and thus it has come about that while nurses are in greater demand, there seems to be in some cities a constantly diminishing supply, and those too of a most infirm class.

Nursing requires both skill and experience. Many who are very willing and kind in their intentions often, through ignorance, make bad nurses. They are rough instead of gentle, and cannot understand, particularly if they are strong and healthy themselves, the many little delicate attentions required by the sick person, to whom perhaps their creaking shoes, loud voice, or unskilful handling is torture. How often have lives, precious to many hearts, been sacrificed to improper nursing. These who are ill away from home feel this ignorance of the first principles of nursing perhaps the most keenly, when they have to depend upon the nursing and scant sympathy of boarding house keepers, who generally do only what is absolutely necessary for the sick boarder, and that grudgingly. But it reaches also the wealthy class who, despite their wealth, frequently find it difficult to obtain capable nurses to attend upon sick members of the family. And if the lack of skilled nurses is felt by those in comfortable circumstances, it bears with double hardship on those who are comparatively poor and entirely without friends in the city in which they dwell. How sorely trying it must be to the business man with ailing wife or sickly child, to find himself obliged to hand his dear ones over to persons quite unsuited for the delicate charge. Fortunate indeed are those who have sisters or even cousins to whom they can look for kindly assistance in attending to their many wants during times of affliction; but, alas, in a community like ours, composed mainly of odds and ends of families, these cases are the exception and not the rule.

Much remains to be done before we shall be able to rid ourselves of ignorant, awkward, and sometimes ill-tempered nurses. That it can be accomplished, many of us are deeply convinced. We know that institutions for the thorough training of nurses have been established in many large towns in England with much success. The women who undergo the necessary training are drawn from that class which "has seen better days;" they attend the wards of the hospitals, and by the sick bed of the merchant's wife or child they are frequently seen attending with womanly devotion to their patients. In the poor districts of London and other cities these trained nurses are established ready at call to tend the sick and teach, as far as many be, sanitary laws. It is to Miss Florence Nightingale that England is indebted for the formation of a corps of well trained and experienced nurses whose

good work has been heard of, and is held in high esteem by the ladies of every country. The system followed is something of this kind: A training school for nurses is formed and brought into connection with one of the hospitals, whereby the nurses become acquainted with the mode of dealing with particular diseases; these nurses after passing through a course of training receive certificates of competency so that the public are protected from imposition; and when engaged subsequently from the institution by private persons, they receive very fair remuneration. What every one wants is some institution well known to the people, where a family may at once proceed in the event of any serious accident or sudden illness occurring, and obtain the services of a thoroughly qualified woman to attend upon the invalid. If such training institutions were established in our principal cities,—I understand one will ere long be founded in New York,—it would result in relieving many families from sore trials when sickness enters their circle. They should be unsectarian of course, and of such a character that for a specified money consideration the services of trained nurses could be obtained without fail. At all events let us see to it that the whole community when sick or disabled shall not be given up to the care of utterly inexperienced persons.

BLANCHE B.

One of the Italian papers proposes to make a complete list of ladies who have become distinguished by their literary attainments (*per opere d'ingegno*), and begs that all ladies who can do so will forward bibliographical notices required by the undertaking.

A NICE TASTE.—He told us that only one lady he knew could make tea properly, and that he had taught her. Even she sometimes committed a mistake, and spilt a brewing by not sufficiently seasoning the spoon with which she put the tea into the pot.—*Reminiscences of Mr. Buckle.*

Designing, in its various branches, flower-painting, colouring photographs, and copying paintings are among the pursuits mentioned as ministering to the love of the beautiful which almost every woman possesses; and in all works of art requiring nicety of detail, delicacy of touch, and patience she, in general, would excel.

Women suffrage is, it appears, an old institution in some of the Nonconformist bodies, which freely allow women to vote, but not to speak in public. Some suffer women both to speak and to vote. It has been alleged that such was the rule in the primitive Church, so far at least as the voting is concerned. A book, published some twenty years ago or more, says of the earliest Christian times, "The Church, moreover, befriended woman, not only by teaching that in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female, but by exemplifying the truth in the not less effective, because modestly silent voice which it gave to her in all the affairs of the society." It is to this right of female suffrage, recognized by Christians, that Porphyry, who lived at the close of the third century, still alluded with a sneer. "Matrons and women," said he, "compose their senate and rule in the churches; and the priestly order is disposed according to their good pleasure."

A number of young women in New York have united to form the "New York Business Women's Union," and are now occupying a large house, at No. 222 Madison Street. The design of the association is to secure good lodging accommodations for respectable women whose incomes are small. There are about eighty rooms in the house, which are to be let, furnished, at very low rates. The rooms, however, are not all furnished as yet, and friends of the Union desire such assistance as shall enable them to furnish the house completely, and also to establish a suitable restaurant for young women, where plain food may be obtained at prices within their means.

SEPTICEMIA.—Lately at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, of Paris, Dr. Devaisne related some experiments to prove that septicemia is a putrefaction of the blood during life, in a living animal, quite similar to that which takes place after death, without the odor of putrefaction. Dr. Devaisne commenced his experiments with the blood of an ox, putrefied and warmed to 39o Centigrade. When this putrefied blood was inoculated upon rabbits and guinea-pigs, the experimenter found that death was determined in a guinea-pig by the thirtieth part of a drop of putrefied blood, and by the 2-1,000th part of a drop in a rabbit. If the blood is taken from an infected animal, a much less quantity is required. He concluded from this that the same thing must hold good in other animals and in man. But to conclude from rabbits and guinea-pigs to other animals is a mistake. M. Bouley, a veterinary doctor, showed that these things do not hold good in the larger animals. Further experiments in the same direction are required.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid Cures Rheumatism.

Dr. Colby's Pills are approved by all who use them.

OFFICE OF THOROBRE METCALF & Co.,
TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, Oct. 7, 1871.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.—Sir: We are happy to say that the sale of your Syrup has been very large for the past two years. It is prescribed by some of our best physicians.

We remain, yours very truly,

THOROBRE METCALF & Co.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The first levee of the new Lieut.-Governor of Quebec was held on Saturday afternoon last.—Major-Gen. W. O'Grady Italy is to succeed Gen. Doyle in command of the forces in British America. The lists for a testimonial to Sir H. Doyle are being rapidly and liberally subscribed.—Hon. Alexander McKenzie has definitely been chosen to lead the Opposition in the House of Commons.—At a public meeting held at Port Elgin, it was unanimously resolved that proper measures be taken forthwith to extend a branch line of the T. G. & B. Railway, from some point on the main line at or near Chatsworth, to Port Elgin, on Lake Huron.—The action of the Ontario Legislature in throwing out the bill for the incorporation of the Orange Association of Eastern Ontario has created intense dissatisfaction among Orangemen. At a recent meeting of members of the Order at Toronto resolutions were passed condemning the Ontario Ministry, and calling upon all men throughout the Province to be unanimous in their endeavours to effect a change of Government at the next elections.

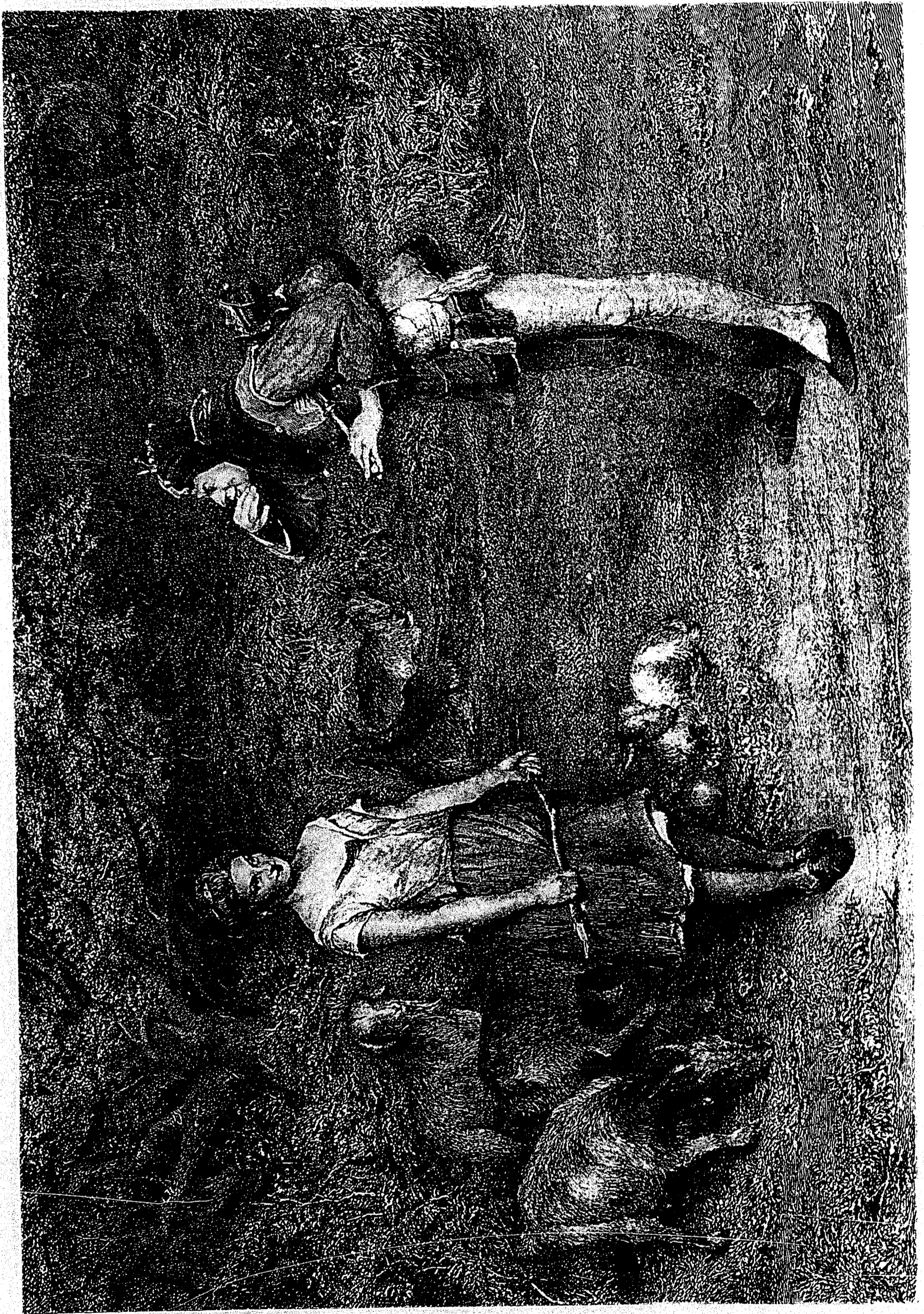
UNITED STATES.—The Inauguration Ball on the 4th instant was largely attended.—The Modoc squabble seems to be at an end, Captain Jack having accepted the terms proposed by the United States Government.—The master carpenters of New York have, at a meeting, fixed ten hours as the length of a day's work.

The war between the rival governments in Louisiana raged with intensity, the latest phase of the contest being an organized opposition to the collection of taxes throughout the State.—At a recent meeting of various delegates of the St. Patrick's Society of New York it was asserted they would march through streets other than assigned them by the police, and if interfered with there will be trouble.—An armed mob at New Orleans attacked the Court House and a police station, but were resisted by the police and fired upon by the military, several being killed or wounded. The members of the fusion Legislature who were arrested by the police were released soon afterwards. The fusion Legislature passed a resolution protesting against the interference of the military arm of the United States Government in capturing State troops, and in again supporting the city police in the seizure of the State House at the time of its session, and in debarring therefrom members of the general assembly, and in violently seizing and imprisoning members of the body.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Cardinal Cullen has denounced in a public speech the Irish University Bill.—Viscount Ossington, John Eveylyne Denison, died on the 6th in the 73rd year of his age. He was a member of Parliament almost continually from 1823 to 1872, and Speaker of the House of Commons for several years.—At a meeting of the Royal Institution of Great Britain resolutions were unanimously adopted congratulating Professor Tyndall on the success of his visit to the United States, and expressing satisfaction that America had been enabled to share with England the advantage of his scientific instruction.—A movement is on foot among the Irish population of London for a great meeting in Hyde Park in favour of an amnesty for the Fenians. The meeting, over which Dr. Isaac Butts, member of Parliament for Limerick, will preside, will probably be held on the 16th of this month.—Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said at a public dinner that the Government would accept amendments to the Irish Educational Bill, even such as would not better the bill, to avoid a worse measure.

FRANCE.—A London special says the condition of President Thiers justifies serious apprehension. He cannot sleep, and his weakness increases without definite symptoms other than sleeplessness.—A terrible explosion occurred last week in a cartridge manufactory at Fort-Mont Valerien; one hundred persons were injured, twelve of whom, it is stated, cannot possibly recover.

SPAIN.—A party of carbiniers belonging to a prison guard in Andalusia attempted a demonstration in favour of Don Carlos, but the movement was suppressed.—The excitement at Madrid is reported to be intense; crowds paraded the streets, troops were stationed at the public buildings, and a conflict was momentarily expected.—In Madrid, the consideration of the bill for the dissolution of the Assembly threatened a ministerial crisis and the excitement continued. A mixed Directory, to assume the Government, was talked of.—The Andalusians in the Assembly at Madrid held a meeting to consider the proposition to declare their Province independent.—Twenty-two of the Provinces, it is said, have threatened to ignore the Madrid Government if the Assembly is not dissolved.—The Spanish Government have concluded to contract no new loan at present.—A contradiction is given to the report from Madrid that the Spanish Government has received an intimation that the European powers will jointly refuse to continue diplomatic relations with Spain if a Federal Republic is proclaimed.—A bill to dissolve the Spanish National Assembly and to summon a constituent Cortes, is now under consideration.—President Thiers has recognized the belligerent rights of the Carlists in Spain. The impression grows in London that Don Carlos will succeed. It is rumoured that the Carlists intend to raise a loan.—Senor Olozaga, the Spanish Minister to France, has notified Senor Castelar, Minister of Foreign Affairs, by telegraph, that the representatives in Paris of the different powers of Europe have decided to send a collective note to the Government of Spain, declaring their belief that their respective governments will cease to hold diplomatic relations with it in the event of the proclamation of a Federal Republic.



“TOUCHSTONE AND AL DREY.”—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. PATTIE, A. R. A.



TYPE OF BEAUTY.—THE SNAKE CHARMER, CYPRIOTE.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868. 1

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—Mablethorpe House.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"I will leave it to events to answer that question," he said. "You will not have long to wait. In the meantime, I have put you on your guard." He stooped, and spoke his next words earnestly, close at her ear. "Hold fast by the admirable courage which you have shown thus far," he went on. "Suffer anything, rather than suffer the degradation of yourself. Be the woman whom I once spoke of—the woman I still have in my mind—who can nobly reveal the noble nature that is in her. And never forget this—my faith in you is as firm as ever!"

She looked at him proudly and gratefully. "I am pledged to justify your faith in me," she said. "I have put it out of my own power to yield. Horace has my promise that I will explain everything to him, in this room."

Julian started. "Has Horace himself asked it of you?" he inquired. "He, at least, has no suspicion of the truth."

"Horace has appealed to my duty to him as his betrothed wife," she answered. "He has the first claim to my confidence—he resents my silence, and he has a right to resent it. Terrible as it will be to open his eyes to the truth, I must do it if he asks me."

She was looking at Julian while she spoke. The old longing to associate with the hard trial of the confession the one man who had felt for her, and believed in her, revived under another form. If she could only know, while she was saying the fatal words to Horace, that Julian was listening too, she would be encouraged to meet the worst that could happen! As the idea crossed her mind, she observed that Julian was looking towards the door through which they had lately passed. In an instant she saw the means to her end. Hardly waiting to hear the few kind expressions of sympathy and approval which he addressed to her, she hinted timidly at the proposal which she had now to make to him.

"Are you going back into the next room?" she asked.

"Not if you object to it," he replied.

"I don't object. I want you to go there."

"After Horace has joined you?"

"Yes. After Horace has joined me."

"Do you wish to see me when it is over?"

She summoned her resolution, and told him frankly what she had in her mind.

"I want you to be near me while I am speaking to Horace," she said. "It will give me courage if I can feel that I am speaking to you as well as to him. I can count on your sympathy—and sympathy is so precious to me now! Am I asking too much, if I ask you to leave the door unclosed, when you go back to the dining-room? Think of the dreadful trial—to him as well as to me! I am only a woman; I am afraid I may sink under it, if I have no friend near me. And I have no friend but you."

In those simple words she tried her powers of persuasion on him for the first time.

Between perplexity and distress, Julian was, for the moment, at a loss how to answer her. The love for Mercy which he dared not acknowledge, was as vital a feeling in him as the faith in her which he had been free to avow. To refuse anything that she asked of him in her sore need—and, more even than that, to refuse to hear the confession which it had been her first impulse to make to him—these were cruel sacrifices to his sense of what was due to Horace and of what was due to himself. But shrink as he might, even from the appearance of deserting her, it was impossible for him (except under a reserve which was almost equivalent to a denial) to grant her request.

"All that I can do, I will do," he said. "The door shall be left unclosed, and I will remain in the next room, on this condition—that Horace knows of it as well as you. I should be unworthy of your confidence in me if I consented to be a listener on any other terms. You understand that, I am sure, as well as I do."

She had never thought of her proposal to him in this light. Womanlike, she had thought of nothing but the comfort of having him near her. She understood him now. A faint flush of shame rose on her pale cheeks, as she thanked him. He delicately relieved her from her embarrassment by putting a question which naturally occurred under the circumstances.

"Where is Horace all this time?" he asked.

"Why is he not here?"

"He has been called away," she answered, "by a message from Lady Janet."

The reply more than astonished Julian; it

seemed almost to alarm him. He returned to Mercy's chair; he said to her eagerly, "Are you sure?"

"Horace himself told me that Lady Janet had insisted on seeing him."

"When?"

"Not long ago. He asked me to wait for him here, while he went upstairs."

Julian's face darkened ominously.

"This confirms my worst fears," he said.

"Have you had any communication with Lady Janet?"

Mercy replied by showing him his aunt's note. He read it carefully through.

"Did I not tell you," he said, "that she would find some excuse for refusing to hear your confession? She begins by delaying it, simply to gain time for something else which she has in her mind to do. When did you receive this note? Soon after you went upstairs?"

"About a quarter of an hour after, as well as I can guess."

"Do you know what happened down here, after you left us?"

"Horace told me that Lady Janet had offered Miss Roseberry the use of her boudoir."

"Any more?"

"He said that you had shown her the way to the room."

"Did he tell you what happened after that?"

"No."

"Then I must tell you. If I can do nothing more in this serious state of things, I can at least prevent your being taken by surprise. In the first place, it is right you should know that I had a motive for accompanying Miss Roseberry to the boudoir. I was anxious (for your sake) to make some appeal to her better self—if she had any better self to address. I own I had doubts of my success—judging by what I had already seen of her. My doubts were confirmed. In the ordinary intercourse of life, I should merely have thought her a commonplace uninteresting woman. Seeing her as I saw her while we were alone—in other words, penetrating below the surface—I have never, in all my sad experience, met with such a hopelessly narrow, mean, and low nature as hers. Understanding, as she could not fail to do, what the sudden change in Lady Janet's behaviour towards her really meant, her one idea was to take the cruellest possible advantage of it. So far from feeling any consideration for you, she was only additionally embittered towards you. She protested against your being permitted to claim the merit of placing her in her right position here, by your own voluntary avowal of the truth. She insisted on publicly denouncing you, and on forcing Lady Janet to dismiss you, unheard, before the whole household."

"Now I can have my revenge! At last Lady Janet is afraid of me!" Those were her own words—I am almost ashamed to repeat them—those, on my honour, were her own words! Every possible humiliation to be heaped on you; no consideration to be shown for Lady Janet's sake and Lady Janet's position; nothing, absolutely nothing, to be allowed to interfere with Miss Roseberry's vengeance and Miss Roseberry's triumph! There is this woman's shameless view of what is due to her, as stated by herself in the plainest terms. I kept my temper; I did all I could to bring her to a better frame of mind. I might as well have pleaded—I won't say with a savage; savages are sometimes accessible to remonstrance, if you know how to teach them—I might as well have pleaded with a hungry animal to abstain from eating while food was within its reach. I had just given up the hopeless effort in disgust, when Lady Janet's maid appeared with a message for Miss Roseberry from her mistress: "My lady's compliments, ma'am, and she will be glad to see you at your earliest convenience in her room!"

Another surprise! Grace Roseberry invited to an interview with Lady Janet! It would have been impossible to believe it, if Julian had not heard the invitation given with his own ears.

"She instantly rose," Julian proceeded.

"I won't keep her ladyship waiting a moment," she said; "show me the way." She signed to the maid to go out of the room first, and then turned round and spoke to me from the door. I despair of describing the insolent exultation of her manner—I can only repeat her words: "This is exactly what I wanted! I had intended to insist on seeing Lady Janet: she saves me the trouble; I am infinitely obliged to her." With that, she nodded to me, and closed the door. I have not seen her, and I have not heard of her, since. For all I know, she may be still with my aunt, and Horace may have found her there when he entered the room."

"What can Lady Janet have to say to her?" Mercy asked eagerly.

"It is impossible even to guess. When you found me in the dining-room I was considering that very question. I cannot imagine that any neutral ground can exist, on which it is possible for Lady Janet and this woman to meet. In her present frame of mind, she will in all probability insult Lady Janet before she has been five minutes in the room. I own I am completely puzzled. The one conclusion I can arrive at is, that the note which my aunt sent to you, the private interview with Miss Roseberry which has followed, and

the summons to Horace which has succeeded in its turn, are all links in the same chain of events, and are all tending to that renewed temptation against which I have already warned you."

Mercy held up her hand for silence. She looked towards the door that opened on the hall; had she heard a footstep outside? No. All was still. Not a sign yet of Horace's return.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what would I not give to know what is going on up-stairs?"

"You will soon know it now," said Julian.

"It is impossible that our present uncertainty can last much longer."

He turned away, intending to go back to the room in which she had found him. Looking at her situation from a man's point of view, he naturally assumed that the best service he could now render to Mercy would be to leave her to prepare herself for the interview with Horace. Before he had taken three steps away from her, she showed him the difference between the woman's point of view and the man's. The idea of considering beforehand what she should say never entered her mind. In her horror of being left by herself at that critical moment, she forgot every other consideration. Even the warning remembrance of Horace's jealous distrust of Julian passed away from her, for the moment, as completely as if it never had a place in her memory. "Don't leave me!" she cried. "I can't wait here alone. Come back—come back!"

She rose impulsively, while she spoke, as if to follow him into the dining-room, if he persisted in leaving her.

A momentary expression of doubt crossed Julian's face as he retraced his steps and signed to her to be seated again. Could she be depended on (he asked himself) to sustain the coming test of her resolution, when she had not courage enough to wait for events in a room by herself? Julian had yet to learn that a woman's courage rises with the greatness of the emergency. Ask her to accompany you through a field in which some harmless cattle happen to be grazing, and it is doubtful, in nine cases out of ten, if she will do it. Ask her, as one of the passengers in a ship on fire, to help in setting an example of composure to the rest, and it is certain, in nine cases out of ten, that she will do it. As soon as Julian had taken a chair near her, Mercy was calm again.

"Are you sure of your resolution?" he asked.

"I am certain of it," she answered, "as long as you don't leave me by myself."

The talk between them dropped there. They sat together, in silence, with their eyes fixed on the door, waiting for Horace to come in.

After the lapse of a few minutes, their attention was attracted by a sound outside in the grounds. A carriage of some sort was plainly audible, approaching the house.

The carriage stopped; the bell rang; the front door was opened. Had a visitor arrived? No voice could be heard making inquiries. No footsteps but the servant's footsteps crossed the hall. A long pause followed; the carriage remaining at the door. Instead of bringing some one to the house, it had apparently arrived to take some one away.

The next event was the return of the servant to the front door. They listened again. Again, no second footstep was audible. The door was closed; the servant recrossed the hall; the carriage was driven away. Judging by sounds alone, no one had arrived at the house, and no one had left the house.

Julian looked at Mercy. "Do you understand this?" he asked.

She silently shook her head.

"If any person has gone away in the carriage," Julian went on, "that person can hardly have been a man, or we must have heard him in the hall."

The conclusion which her companion had just drawn from the noiseless departure of the supposed visitor, raised a sudden doubt in Mercy's mind.

"Go and inquire!" she said eagerly.

Julian left the room; and returned again, after a brief absence, with signs of grave anxiety in his face and manner.

"I told you I dreaded the most trifling events that were passing about us," he said.

"An event, which is far from being trifling, has just happened. The carriage which we heard approaching along the drive turns out to have been a cab sent for from the house. The person who has gone away in it——"

"Is a woman, as you supposed?"

"Yes."

Mercy rose excitedly from her chair.

"It can't be Grace Roseberry?" she exclaimed.

"It is Grace Roseberry."

"Has she gone away alone?"

"Alone—after an interview with Lady Janet."

"Did she go willingly?"

"She herself sent the servant for the cab."

"What does it mean?"

"It is useless to inquire. We shall soon know."

They resumed their seats; waiting, as they had waited already, with their eyes on the library door.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LADY JANET AT BAY.

The narrative leaves Julian and Mercy for a while, and, ascending to the upper regions of the house, follows the march of events in Lady Janet's room.

The maid had delivered her mistress's note to Mercy, and had gone away again on her second errand to Grace Roseberry in the boudoir. Lady Janet was seated at her writing-table, waiting for the appearance of the woman whom she had summoned to her presence. A single lamp diffused its mild light over the books, pictures, and busts round her, leaving the farther end of the room, in which the bed was placed, almost lost in obscurity. The works of art were all portraits; the books were all presentation copies from the authors. It was Lady Janet's fancy to associate her bedroom with memorials of the various persons whom she had known in the long course of her life—all of them more or less distinguished; most of them, by this time, gathered with the dead.

She sat near her writing table, lying back in her easy chair—the living realization of the picture which Julian's description had drawn. Her eyes were fixed on a photographic likeness of Mercy, which was so raised upon a little gilt easel as to enable her to contemplate it under the full light of the lamp. The bright mobile old face was strangely and sadly changed. The brow was fixed; the mouth was rigid; the whole face would have been like a mask, moulded in the hardest forms of passive resistance and suppressed rage, but for the light and life still thrown over it by the eyes. There was something unutterably touching in the keen hungering tenderness of the look which they fixed on the portrait, intensified by an underlying expression of fond and patient reproach. The danger which Julian so wisely dreaded was in the rest of the face; the love which he had so truly described was in the eyes alone. They still spoke of the cruelly-profound affection which had been the one immeasurable joy, the one inexhaustible hope, of Lady Janet's closing life. The brow expressed nothing but her obstinate determination to stand by the wreck of that joy, to rekindle the dead ashes of that hope. The lips were only eloquent of her unflinching resolution to ignore the hateful present and to save the sacred past. "My idol may be shattered, but none of you shall know it. I stop the march of discovery; I extinguish the light of truth. I am deaf to your words, I am blind to your proofs. At seventy years old, my idol is my life. It shall be my idol still."

The silence in the bedroom was broken by a murmuring of women's voices outside the door.

Lady Janet instantly raised herself in the chair, and snatched the photograph off the easel. She laid the portrait face downwards among some papers on the table—then abruptly changed her mind, and hid it among the thick folds of lace which clothed her neck and bosom. There was a world of love in the action itself, and in the sudden softening of the eye which accompanied it. The next moment Lady Janet's mask was on. Any superficial observer who had seen her now, would have said, "This is a hard woman!"

The door was opened by the maid. Grace Roseberry entered the room.

She advanced rapidly, with a defiant assurance in her manner, and a lofty carriage of her head. She sat down in the chair to which Lady Janet silently pointed, with a thump; she returned Lady Janet's grave bow with a nod and a smile. Every movement and every look of the little, worn, white-faced, shabbily-dressed woman expressed insolent triumph, and said, as if in words, "My turn has come!"

"I am glad to wait on your ladyship," she began, without giving Lady Janet an opportunity of speaking first. "Indeed I should have felt it my duty to request an interview, if you had not sent your maid to invite me up here."

"You would have felt it your duty to request an interview?" Lady Janet repeated very quietly. "Why?"

The tone in which that one last word was spoken embarrassed Grace at the outset. It established as great a distance between Lady Janet and herself as if she had been lifted in her chair and conveyed bodily to the other end of the room.

"I am surprised that your ladyship should not understand me," she said, struggling to conceal her confusion. "Especially after your kind offer of your own boudoir."

Lady Janet remained perfectly unmoved. "I do not understand you," she answered, just as quietly as ever.

Grace's temper came to her assistance. She recovered the assurance which had marked her first appearance on the scene.

"In that case," she resumed, "I must enter into particulars, in justice to myself. I can place but one interpretation on the extraordinary change in your ladyship's behaviour to me downstairs. The conduct of that admirable woman has, at last, opened your eyes to the deception that has been practised on you. For some reason of your own, however, you have not yet chosen to recognize me openly. In this painful position something is due to

my own self-respect. I cannot, and will not, permit Mercy Merrick to claim the merit of restoring me to my proper place in this house.

There she stopped abruptly—not for want of words, but for want of a listener. Lady Janet was not even pretending to attend to her.

"Have you done?" "Is your ladyship's purpose in sending for me to treat me with studied rudeness?" Grace retorted angrily.

"My purpose in sending for you is to say something as soon as you will allow me the opportunity."

The impenetrable composure of that reply took Grace completely by surprise. She had no retort ready. In sheer astonishment she waited silently, with her eyes riveted on the mistress of the house.

Lady Janet put down her papers, and settled herself comfortably in the easy chair, preparatory to opening the interview on her side.

"The little that I have to say to you," she began, "may be said in a question. Am I right in supposing that you have no present employment, and that a little advance in money (delicately offered) would be very acceptable to you?"

(To be continued.)

Amusements.

A tobaccoist said to a youth who had been turning over the stock of pipes for the last quarter of an hour, and had bought nothing—"Ah, I see what it is. You're so partickler, you ought to be measured for a pipe!"

Erle, Penn., is one of the liveliest towns in Western Pennsylvania, and is a great railroad centre. Last month the freight receipts at this point were two boxes of sardines and a bag of oats, but this month it will be nearly double that.

The editor of a Newark paper heard, the other day, that a new pass had been found in the Andes. He immediately wrote to a man in South America that the pass was his, and he would be much obliged if the man would forward it at once.

A chureyard in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth has a curious memorial of a smuggling adventure in the shape of a headstone. "To the memory of Robert Trotman, late of Rowd, in the county of Wilts, who was barbarously murdered on the shore near Poole, the 21th March, 1765."

"A little tea, one leaf I did not steal, For guiltless bloodshed I to God appeal; Put tea in one scale, human blood in t'other, And think what 'tis to slay a harmless brother."

The New York practice of using a reflector and throwing a ray of rose-coloured light upon the bride's cheek as she passes up the aisle of the church was sought to be introduced in San Francisco, but the man managing the reflector was a little nervous and directed the rays upon the nose of the bridegroom, and the consequence was that those who assembled to witness the marriage—and were not in the secret—thought the bride was throwing herself away on a magnificent ram-blossomed nose.

Inspectors of agriculture in France are often appointed who quite understand a salad, but do not know a turnip from a beetroot. A story is told of one of these gentlemen who was parading a farm with the owner. Seeing a crop of rye growing next a field of barley, the sapient official asked why on earth one was so much taller than the other. "Because," replied the farmer, with a grin, "one is corn growing for two years!" "Hah! that's it, is it?" exclaimed the inspector, taking out his tables and making a note.

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solution of Problem No. 74 received from G. E. C., Montreal, and J. H., St. Liboire. J. H., St. Liboire.—Thanks for the problem; it will appear in due course.

TORONTO V. MONTREAL.

This interesting inter-civic contest resulted in each city scoring a game. As the local papers have already supplied the main particulars, we omit them, appending one of the games. (The notes to which we have been favoured with by one of the players conducting it on the Montreal side) and shall present the other next week. The thanks of chess players in general, and of both Clubs in particular, are due to the Dominion Telegraph Company for having courteously accorded their line on the occasion.

White, (Montreal.) Black, (Toronto.) Prof. H. Aspinwall Howe, Messrs. Hermann Von Bokum, J. G. Ascher, and John Barry.

- 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. to B. 3rd 3. K. B. to Q. Kt. 5th 4. B. takes Kt. 5. Castles. 6. R. to K. sq. 7. P. to Q. B. 3rd (b) 8. P. to Q. 4th 9. P. takes P. 10. Q. takes B. 11. B. to K. Kt. 5th 12. B. takes B. 13. Q. to K. 2nd 14. Kt. to Q. R. 3rd 15. Q. R. to Q. sq. 16. Q. R. to Q. 2nd (d) 17. K. R. to Q. sq. 18. K. to B. sq. 19. R. to Q. 3rd 20. P. to K. B. 3rd 21. K. R. to Q. 2nd 22. P. to K. R. 3rd (f) 23. R. takes R. 24. Q. to K. B. 2nd 25. R. takes Q. 26. K. to K. 2nd 27. Kt. to Q. B. 4th 28. Kt. takes Kt. (A) 29. K. to K. 3rd 30. K. to Q. 3rd 31. R. to Q. 2nd 32. K. to Q. B. 2nd 33. P. to Q. B. 4th 34. K. to Q. B. 2nd 35. R. to Q. Kt. 2nd (m) 36. R. takes R. 37. K. to Q. Kt. 4th (n) 38. K. takes P. 39. K. to Q. Kt. 4th 40. P. to K. R. 4th (o) 41. P. to K. Kt. 4th 42. P. takes P. 43. P. to K. Kt. 5th 44. P. to Q. R. 3rd 45. P. to Q. R. 4th 46. P. to Q. B. 5th 47. P. takes P. ch. 48. P. to Q. Kt. 6th (r) Resigns.

(a) Not considered good. P. to Q. R. 3rd, or else K. Kt. to B. 3rd, is the move.

(b) An essential move in this opening.

(c) Seems to us bad, because his Pawns on the Queen's side are immediately rendered weak. Better have taken the Pawn.

(d) The subsequent moves show that it would have been wiser to have first offered an exchange of Queens at Q. B. 4th, the refusal or acceptance of which would equally have prevented Black's strong move of Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd.

(e) Good. This, and the two previous moves of Black, effectually stop White's operations.

(f) White seems hard up for a move.

(g) He might here have straightened his doubled Pawn, but seems to have preferred a position of attack, for which his Kt. is well posted.

(h) White is compelled to take the Kt. instead of the Q. R. P., which was the original intention when he offered the exchange of Queens at the 24th move, overlooking an awkward move which his opponents might here make of Kt. to Q. 8th.

(i) Exchanging Rooks would have drawn the game. No more.

(k) Losing time. By vigorously pushing forward the Q. R. P., Black might have obtained the advantage in a few moves, as follows:—

- White. Black. 31. K. to Q. B. 2d (best) P. to Q. R. 5th 32. P. to Q. B. 4th R. to Q. Kt. 3rd 33. K. to Q. B. 3rd P. to Q. R. 6th

And White's King and Rook must stay at home, for fear of Black's playing Rook to Q. Kt. 7th, while Black's King is free to support the advances of his Pawns on the King's side.

(l) Whether he should have played at his 27th move. All these moves of the Rook are weak, enabling White to better his position.

(m) Hoping that Black would allow his Rook to be taken, as this straightened the doubled Pawn, Black fell into the trap, and from this point the game turns in White's favour.

(n) Intending to check with the Pawn next move, which would have won the game.

(o) The Pawn fight on this side, if rightly played by both parties, must end in a dead lock, throwing the move on White, who therefore keeps the move of P. to Q. Kt. 3rd in reserve.

(p) This loses the game. P. to Q. Kt. 4th would have resulted in each party Queening a Pawn, when White would probably have won, owing to the better position his King would have occupied.

(q) It is easily seen that when the two rival Pawns on the Queen's side fall, the White King can gain the opposition against Black and capture the pawn at K. 4th.

We think that Black, starting from his 29th move, ought to have won. The game, after the exchange of Rooks, exhibits some very nice Pawn play, worth examining.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 74

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

VARIATION.

- 1. K. to Q. 4th K. to B. 3rd 2. K. to Q. 4th K. moves. 3. R. to Kt. 6th dle. ch. and mate.

LACHINE CANAL.

SEALED TENDERS, ADDRESSED TO F. Braun, Esq., Secretary of Public Works, will be received at this Office until noon of Thursday, the twentieth instant, for the Blacksmith Work necessary for the repairs and maintenance of the Lachine Canal for two years from the first day of May next, 1873.

The materials to be furnished and work executed by the contractor from time to time as may be required, classed and described as follows, viz:—

- For cast iron of every description required, fitted for the work..... per pound " Wrought Iron, best quality, fitted for the work..... " " Common English, do do..... " " Cast Steel Chisels, Drills, &c., &c..... " " Picks and Crow Bars..... " " Sharpening Picks or Crow Bars..... per point " Sharpening and Steeling do do..... " " Drills..... " " " Chisels..... " " Brass of every description required, fitted for the work..... per pound " Working Old Iron furnished by Department..... " " Welding, Cutting, Straightening, or Fitting Hand Rails..... per hour " Stanchions, &c. for Lock Gates and other Work..... " " Blacksmith Work performed on the Line of Canal..... per day

The tenders in every case to cover the cost of delivering the iron in the vicinity of the place where it is to be used. Each article must be of the best quality of its respective kind, and the work executed to the full satisfaction of the officer in charge.

By Order, (Signed,) JOHN G. SIPPELL, Supt. Engineer. LACHINE CANAL OFFICE, MONTREAL, } March 10th, 1873. } 7-11b

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TAKE NOTICE,

THAT AN APPLICATION will be made to Parliament of the Dominion of Canada at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate the "EMPIRE FIRE, LIFE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY," 7-4-h ARTHUR M. JARVIS.

TELEGRAPHY.

YOUNG MEN and LADIES desiring to qualify for the numerous situations which will be offered in the Spring on the several Telegraph Lines, are invited to attend at the Dominion Telegraph Institute, No. 75, St. James Street. The mode of instruction followed in this Institute has received the approval of the highest authorities in the country, and the best proof we can offer is that all the new situations filled within the last two or three years have been so filled by pupils from this Institute. As to the success of the method followed here, read the following testimony:

"To Mr. MORGAN, Proprietor of the Dominion Telegraph Institute: SIR.—I hereby certify that only eight weeks' study and practice in the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE has enabled me to receive messages at the rate of 23 words a minute, and that I consider the mode of instruction followed as excellent. Yours, etc., "S. J. Osgood."

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Canada, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, In the Matter of LUSK, LOUGH & CASTLE, Insolvents.

THE UNDERSIGNED, two of the members of the firm of Lusk, Lough & Castle, the above named Insolvents, have filed in the office of this Court a consent by their creditors to their discharge, and on Thurs. day, the seventeenth day of April next, they will individually, and as members of the said firm, apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected. ROBERT JAMES LUSK, By MONK & BUTLER, his Attorneys ad litem. WILLIAM LOUGH, JR., By MONK & BUTLER, his Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, March 6, 1873. 7-10-o

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW, GENERAL, AND DETAIL MAP OF THE WHOLE DOMINION OF CANADA, FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO VANCOUVER ISLAND.

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 25 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 bona fide 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.

The following are some of the most important details, which have been collated with great care, from the latest Official Plans and Reports:—Recent Explorations and Surveys in the "N. W. Territory;" New Boundary Lines; Electoral Districts and Divisions; New Townships and Mining Locations; all New Railways; Canals and Colonization Roads; the "Free Grant Lands;" and New Settlements; Elevations of the Inland Waters and Mountainous regions above the Sea—marked in feet—and the correct delineation of all prominent Topographical features. In connection with the General and Detail Map, there will be two SUPPLEMENTARY or COMMERCIAL MAPS exhibiting the relative geographical position of the Dominion and other countries, showing the great Routes of Travel both by Land and Water; shortest lines of communication; Telegraph lines in operation and projected; distances, &c., with much other new and valuable information.

The explored route for the Canadian Pacific Railway with its connections—East and West—with accompanying Profile, will be accurately laid down from data supplied by the Government Engineer; also, the Route of the Northern Pacific Railway (United States), of which a correct plan of the actual location, specially prepared for this Map, has been sent to Mr. Johnston by the Chief Engineer.

ALL ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS WILL BE MADE TO DATE OF PUBLICATION.

Mr. Johnston has been engaged on the compilation and drawing, unremittingly, for a period of nearly four years. Neither labour nor expense has been economised in the endeavour to gain for this great Geographical and Topographical work the merit of being the STANDARD MAP OF CANADA for many years to come.

The manuscript has been submitted to the following eminent authorities, receiving their unqualified approval and recommendation:—ANDREW RUSSELL, Esq., Geographer to the Dominion Government. LIEUT.-COL. DENNIS, Surveyor-General. THOS. DEVINE, Esq., F.R.G.S., Surveyor-in-Chief, Ontario. SANDFORD FLEMING, Esq., Government Engineer-in-Chief.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for New Custom House, Toronto," will be received at this office until Wednesday, 26th day of March next, at noon, for the erection and completion of a new Custom House, at Toronto, P. O.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Office of R. C. Windover, Esq., Architect, Toronto, on and after Monday, the 18th March.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, } Ottawa, 27th Feb., 1873. } 7-10-b

TO LITHOGRAPHERS.

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7-5-f

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1872-3. Winter Arrangement. 1872-3.

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BLEWIS CARVELL,
General Superintendent.

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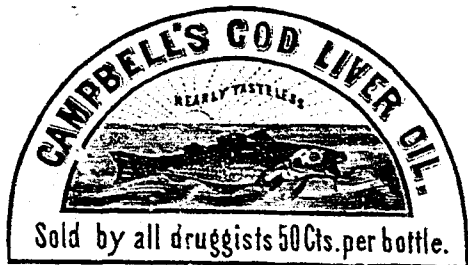
"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.—See Lancet, 1st December, 1864.

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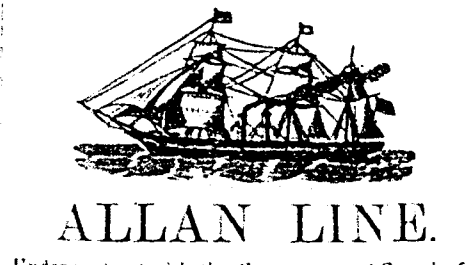
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Printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS
1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.