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Wholesale News

Vol. IX.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

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



HON. A. MCK.—E.—I would not strike ye when ye're down, but I'll just cap ye over 'er' your big sins.
RT. HON. SIR J. A. M.—D.—Fast you wait a bit. I'm not extinguished yet.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING
 COMPANY.

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

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 a conspicuous and convenient locality in this City, where the
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 to push the existing business to the utmost extent compatible
 with its present location; to improve the above mentioned
 publications in every particular, and to satisfy its customers,
 as to promptness, style of workmanship, and moderation in
 prices.

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

THE FLANEUR.

A little boy had been endowed by his parents with a god-
 father who was rather close-listed.

On Christmas Eve the child asked him:
 "What will you order St. Nicholas to put into my shoe, to-
 night?"

"Come, come, my boy, you are too big now to put your shoe
 in the chimney."

"That's not it," replied the little rascal "Say rather that
 you find my shoe has grown too big."

Dr. Kenealy, in his famous speech for the Tichborne claimant,
 had now and then some very clever points. One of the most
 malicious was that in which, referring to the testimony of
 some French priests on the trial, and not wishing to be too
 personal, he applied to them the old Leonine verses, written
 by a monk:

Mel in ore, verba lactis;
 Fel in corde, fraus in factis.

Of course, the hit caused much merriment, in which doubtless
 the priests themselves joined.

The most patient industry and the queerest tests of author-
 ship I ever read of are those of the Shakespearian scholar, who
 claims to have settled the authorship of the plays passing
 under the names of Beaumont, Fletcher and Massinger, and to
 have assigned the share of each in plays written jointly by
 more than one author; to have determined for the first time
 rightly the share of Shakespeare in "Timon," "Pericles," and
 "The Taming of the Shrew;" to have adduced new evidence
 as to the authorship of "Henry VI." in the First Part of which
 one scene is certainly Shakespeare's; to have gathered some
 evidence adverse to Mr. Ellis' conclusions as to Shakespeare's
 pronunciations; and finally, by the application of four distinct
 metrical tests to every line of his plays, to have produced a
 plausible scheme of the chronological order of their pro-
 duction. He considers that this order coincides more nearly
 with that of Germinus, which is based solely on æsthetic
 grounds, than with any other yet proposed; and differs much
 from that of Bathurst, which is founded on "the unstopped
 line & st."

Guess and remember, my beauty.

Ah! tu seras bien fine
 Si jamais tu divines
 Pourquoi les moutons blancs
 Mangent plus que les noirs!
 Si jamais tu l'apprends
 Garde-s-en bien la mémoire!

A wit has truly said that when a woman sells her honour, she
 disposes of that which she does not possess.

I remember having first seen the following lines some years
 ago, applied in a striking and memorable manner. But I
 cannot make out who wrote them. Will any correspondent
 enlighten my ignorance?

Tender-handed touch a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains;
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.

So, it is with common natures—
 Treat them kindly, they rebel;
 But be rough as nutmeg graters,
 And they will obey you well.

I know of at least one man in the city who can do two things
 at once.

He is a very studious individual and works constantly in
 his own house. He has a little railroad connecting his study
 with his *arcana domus*, and when he goes thither, (as even
 kings must), he pushes his writing table into it and there
 quietly and comfortably pursues his double labor.

As I expected, the classification which I gave in a preceding
 number, of the pretty girls of the Dominion, has given rise to
 many gallant recriminations. I cannot answer any of these,
 but I publish the following letter from a Charlottetown cor-
 respondent, who takes up the gauntlet for the beautiful
 daughters of Prince Edward. I print the letter for another
 reason—because it sparkles with wit:

"SIR,—The "critical and artistic admirer of the fair sex,"
 whose catalogue appears in your issue of 17th instant, must
 have "travelled" the "whole Dominion" before Prince Edward
 Island was made a part of it, and in doing so he has probably
 been favoured with glimpses of the Island girls who reside at
 Toronto, Ottawa, Halifax, &c, and whose presence in the
 cities named, increases the average in all the points of beauty
 referred to by your "admirer of the fair sex," who, it is hoped,
 will during the coming summer visit the "Fair Isle of the
 Sea." After which, (if he be really a judge of the matter and
 things of which he speaks), he will tell you, that having
 "visited" every part of the Dominion of Canada, he is bound
 to say that the girls of Prince Edward Island and of Charlot-
 tetown in particular, are the prettiest, the best made, the gay-
 est, the jolliest, the most stately, the most dashing and the
 most refined.

"Yours, &c.

"ANOTHER ADMIRER OF THE SEX.

"N.B.—There are none of the girls of Prince Edward Island
 at Hamilton."

This anecdote is not inappropriate when we consider the
 hard times:—"My dear sir," said a venerable clergyman to
 one of his wealthiest parishioners, one day, "You must give
 me thirty pounds for an object that is most deserving—one
 which has enlisted my feelings and demanded my prayers for
 days." "Thirty pounds! Why, my dear sir," said the astonish-
 ed layman, "I am so embarrassed by the calls for money in
 my ordinary business that it is impossible for me to give you
 a pound." "But," exclaimed the enthusiastic parson, "re-
 member, sir, that you have nothing of your own—you owe
 everything to the Lord. You are indebted to Him for every-
 thing." "Yes," replied the reluctant parishioner, "but the
 rest of my creditors—contrary to Him—have no consideration
 for my weak powers of payment."

Lord Eskgrove, at the Glasgow Circuit Court, had to con-
 demn two prisoners to death for breaking into the house of
 Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, assaulting him, and robbing him
 of a large sum of money. He first, as was his constant practice,
 explained the nature of the various crimes—a assault, robbery,
 and hamesucken—of which last he gave the etymology; and
 he then reminded them that they had attacked the house and
 the persons within it, and then came to the climax—"All this
 you did, and God preserve us! just when they were sitten
 doon to their dinner!"

ALMAVIVA.

THE ELECTIONS.

The following is a list of returns up to the close of last week.
 Names of members elected by acclamation are preceded by an
 asterisk. Names in italics are those of members of the last Par-
 liament:

Constituency.	Ministerial.	Opposition.
Addington,	<i>Shibley.</i>	
Albert,		
Algoma,		
Annapolis,		
Antigonish,	*McIsaac.	
Argenteuil,		
Bagot,		
Beauce,	*Pomer.	
Beauharnois,		
Bellechasse,	*Fournier.	
Berthier,	*Paquet.	
Bonaventure,		
Bothwell,	<i>Mills.</i>	
Brant, N.,	* Fleming.	
Brant, S.,	<i>Patterson, 400.</i>	
Brookville,	<i>Buett, 50.</i>	
Brome,	* Pettis.	
Bruce, N.,	* Gillic.	
Bruce, S.,	<i>Blacks, 300.</i>	
Cape Breton,		
Cardwell,		
Cariboo,		
Carleton, N. B.,	Appleby.	
Carleton, Ont.,		
Chambly,		
Champlain,		
Charlevoix,		
Charlotte,		
Chateauguay,	<i>Holton, 338.</i>	
Chicoutimi & Saguenay		
Colchester,		
Compton,		
Cornwall,		
Cumberland,		
Digby,		
Dorchester,		
		<i>Pope, 332.</i>
		A. S. Macdonald, 30.

Constituency.	Ministerial.	Opposition.
Drummond, Arthabaska,	Laurier, 275.	
Dundas,	<i>Gibson, 100.</i>	
Durham, E.,	<i>Leeds, 250.</i>	
Durham, W.,	<i>E. B. Wood.</i>	
Elgin, E.,	<i>Harvey.</i>	
Elgin, W.,	<i>Casey.</i>	
Essex,	McGregor, 737.	
Frontenac,		Kirkpatrick.
Gaspé,		
Glengarry,	D. A. Macdonald, 700.	
Gloucester,	<i>Brouse.</i>	
Grenville, S.,		
Grey, E.,		
Grey, N.,	<i>Snider.</i>	Fisher.
Grey, S.,	<i>Lauderkin.</i>	
Guysboro,	* Thompson.	
Haldimand,		
Halifax,		
Halton,		
Hamilton,	<i>Samilus Irving, 308.</i>	Chisholm, 15.
	A. T. Wood, 337.	
Hants,		
Hastings, E.,		
Hastings, W.,	<i>Jas. Brown.</i>	White.
Hochelaga,		<i>Booth.</i>
Huntingdon,		<i>Desjardins.</i>
Huron, O.,		<i>Scriver.</i>
Huron, W.,	Horton.	
Huron, S.,		
Iberville,	* Bichard.	
Inverness,		
Jacques Cartier,	* Lafamme.	
Joliette,		
Kamouraska,	* Peltier.	Baby, 44.
Kent, N.B.,		
Kent, Ont.,		
King's, N.B.,		Stephenson, 130.
King's, N. S.,		
King's, P.E.I.,		
Kingston,	* Hon. A. Mackenzie.	Sir J. A. Macdonald.
Lambton,	* Gairbrath.	
Lanark, N.,		
Lanark, S.,		
Laprairie,		
L'Assomption,		
Laval,		
Leeds and Grenville,		
Leeds, S.,		
Lennox,	* Cartwright.	
Levis,	<i>Frechette, 83.</i>	
Lincoln,	Norris.	
Lisgar,		
L'Islet,	* Casgrain.	
London,	Walker, 62.	
Lotbinière,	Bernier.	
Lunenburg,		
Marquette,		
Maskinongé,		
Megantic,	Richard.	
Middlesex, E.,		O. Willson, 26.
Middlesex, N.,	* Scatcherd.	
Middlesex, W.,	* G. W. Ross.	
Missisquoi,		<i>Donahue.</i>
Monck,		<i>McCallum, 26.</i>
Montcalm,		<i>Dugas.</i>
Montmagny,	* Tuscher au.	<i>Langlois.</i>
Montmorenci,		<i>Ryan, 326.</i>
Montreal, C.,		
Montreal, E.,	* Jetté.	
Montreal, W.,	F. Mackenzie, 599.	
Muskoka,		
Napierville,		
New Westminster,		
Niagara,		Plumb, 200.
Nicolet,		<i>Gaudet, 300.</i>
Norfolk, N.,	Charlton.	
Norfolk, S.,	Stuart.	
Northumberland, N.B.,		
Northumberland, E.,	Bigger.	
Northumberland, W.,	Kerr, 75.	
Ontario, N.,	Gordon.	
Ontario, S.,	Malcolm Cameron, 149.	
Ottawa City,	St. Jean, 12.	Carrier.
Ottawa County,		
Oxford, N.,	<i>Oiver.</i>	
Oxford, S.,	<i>Bedwell, 700.</i>	
Peel,	Smith, 22.	
Perth, N.,		Monteith, 150.
Perth, S.,	* Trow.	
Peterboro, E.,		
Peterboro, W.,		
Pictou,		
Pontiac,		
Portneuf,	<i>De St. Georges, 342.</i>	* McKay Wright.
Prescott,	<i>Hagar, 16.</i>	
Prince's P.E.I.,		
Prince Edward,	W. Ross.	
Provancher,		
Quebec, O.,		
Quebec, E.,	* Chasbon.	
Quebec, W.,	* Thibodeau.	
Quebec County,		McGrewy.
Queen's, N.B.,		* Caron.
Queen's, N. S.,		
Queen's, P.E.I.,		
Renfrew, N.,		
Renfrew, S.,		
Restigouche,		
Richelieu,		
Richmond, N. S.,		
Richmond and Wolfe,		
Rimouski,		
Rouville,		
Russell,		
St. John City,		
St. John City and Co.,		
St. John's,		
St. Hyacinthe,		
St. Maurice,		
Saskatchewan,		
Shefford,	<i>Huntington, 567.</i>	
Shelburne,	* Coffin.	
Sherbrooke,		Brooks.
Simcoe, N.,		
Simcoe, S.,		
Soulanges,		
Stanstead,		
Stormont,		
Sunbury,		
Témiscouata,		
Terrebonne,		
Three Rivers,		
Toronto, C.,		
Toronto, E.,		
Toronto, W.,		
Two Mountains,		
Vancouver,		
Vaudreuil,		
Verchères,		
Victoria, B.C.,		
Victoria, N.E.,		
Victoria, N.S.,		
Victoria, N.,		
Victoria South,		
Waterloo, N.,		
Waterloo, S.,		
Welland,		
Wellington, C.,		
Wellington, N.,		
Wellington, S.,		
Wentworth, E.,		
Wentworth, N.,		
Westmoreland,		
Yale,		
Yamaska,		
Yarmouth,		
York, N.B.,		
York, E.,		
York, N.,		
York, W.,		

A MIDNIGHT MEETING.

I always did think my brother Solomon a little hard on me, though I confess that there was reason for it. Mine were not exactly his ways, you see; for mine were more the ways of pleasantness and his the paths of peace.

But could I help it that I was not born a parson, like Solomon. *Everybody* isn't born a parson. Indeed, I don't find that, as a rule, it runs much in families; and even if it did, you couldn't expect that two such parsons as Solomon could be born and reared in the bosom of one homestead.

A long time ago, when we were boys together in tight blue jackets, with gilt buttons and deep frilled collars, I used to try with all my might and main to imitate Solomon, and when we were exhibited in society I always echoed verbatim every remark I heard him make, so that I might share his fame. But that was, as I said, long ago, and gradually such close following in Solomon's steps grew tedious, so I chose a wider way. I was warned a great deal against this wider way, but somehow I lounged easily into it when I found how difficult it was to be always as good as Solomon.

After any particularly jovial evening at the Squire's or at Jo Fleming's at Blagly (the Squire bred the best fighting cocks in the country except Jo's, and Jo's whiskey was the primest that ever escaped duty), you may guess that my heart didn't bound with joy at the sight of Solomon's long figure and long face; still on ordinary occasions Solomon and I were good friends, and I looked forward to the day when he should convert me to his own ways, and we should read the book of sermons aloud by turns through our old age. But then I knew there was plenty of time for that.

Well, we had marked the flight of the season, and I had backed Jo's bird heavily. The little affair was to come off on Sunday afternoon, and for all the week before we were so excited (Jo and I and our chums, and the Squire and his chums) that we spent every evening together, discussing our birds and our pets, not to mention the despatching of a good deal of the Squire's home-brewed, and of my old port, and of Jo's Scotch. You see we didn't read so much in those days as you do now, and so spent more time over these lighter duties. We didn't talk very much either. One of Solomon's sermons divided among us would have lasted us all for a week; but we smoked—well, pretty steadily.

The Sunday came at last, and in the morning I sat in my corner of Solomon's pew, paying the greatest attention to him; for I wouldn't for the world he should know where I was going in the afternoon, or that I had the slightest interest either in Jo's bird or the Squire's. What was my horror then when Solomon, in the very middle of his discourse (I always knew it was in the middle, when he began to say "lastly"), alluded darkly to a "besetting sin of the age." "And he," concluded Solomon, and I felt his eye upon me, "chuckles with glee to see men so degrade themselves." I broke out into a damp head. Could any one have turned traitor and told Solomon? I kept my eyes down upon the carpet and tried to make a resolution that this should be my last cock-fight; but somehow the resolution jumbled itself up with speculations as to how the Squire would feel to-night when he was beaten, and how I should feel, when I pocketed my £100 winnings.

"I should certainly buy that colt of Jo's; and now I think of it, I may as well get Solomon a new umbrella. I dare say he didn't mean anything about cock-fighting after all. He always had whims for attacking our sports, and of course that innocent diversion must take its turn, like bowls and billiards."

I had forgiven Solomon by the time he had doffed his gown and joined me in the churchyard, and I only said amiably, "You were rather hard upon us all to-day, as usual, Sol."

"Was I?" he questioned, in his slow way. "Hard or soft it does but little good, Jacob."

I turned the conversation gingerly. I could not easily prove his words to be untrue, and it wouldn't be polite if I did—so I didn't.

"Good-by, Sol," I said with great relief, when we reached the parsonage gate.

"Shall I see you at service this evening?" was Solomon's most unfortunate inquiry, as he slowly removed his umbrella to his left hand preparatory to giving me his right.

"I hope so, but I cannot say I am quite sure," I answered in that way for the purpose of breaking it to him as gently as I could. I knew Solomon felt this sort of thing as sharply as I felt a razor scratch in shaving, so I put it that way, that I hoped so, but could not say that I was quite sure.

"I'm sorry you're not sure, Jacob," said he; "I should have liked to have seen you at church to-night. I don't feel very well to-day, so will you come in now and stay the afternoon with me?"

"I wish I could, Sol," said I as jauntily as possible, "but the fact is I've promised an old friend at Luckheaton" (Luckheaton lay in the direction exactly opposite to Blagly) "to go over and have a quiet chat with him. He is not able to go about much himself."

I suppose Solomon was shaking hands in his ordinary manner, but his long fingers seemed to me to have tied themselves about mine to hold me back.

"You want a new umbrella, Sol," remarked I, neatly preparing the way for the gift I had in store for him; and, I thought, turning the conversation with consummate tact.

"Do I?" asked Solomon, looking down upon the machine as if he had never seen it before in his life. "We both of us want a good many new things, Jacob—new habits, new aims, new—"

"Ah! yes, indeed we do," sighed I, cheerfully, as I felt the grip of his fingers relaxing. "You're looking all right, I'm glad to see. Don't go and fancy yourself ailing, Sol. It's a womanish trick, and not at all like you."

"No, I am not fanciful," he said tucking his book tenderly under his long arm. "Good-by, then, Jacob. I shall see you again some time to-night, shall I?"

Awkward, that query at the end, but I nodded yes to him just as if I had known—let me see—where was I? Well, Solomon and I parted very good friends. He looked back at me with a smile as I waited; and afterwards I looked back at him—with a smile, too, for the moment I turned a branch of his old pear-tree caught his hat, which he always wore at the very back of his head, and kept it; and he walked on to the parsonage door without an idea that his head was bare. I hurried on cheerfully then, feeling pretty sure I was safe. Solomon would be in his study all the afternoon, and in his pulpit in the evening. Then he would drink his cup of strong tea and sleep the sleep of a parson until morning, with

his lattice window wide open, and a square of the night sky exactly before his eyes.

"My sleep is calm," he used to say, "if my last look has been on heaven."

And calm I believe it always was, though his bed was narrow and short, and he—though narrow too—was long. Sol never could be induced to spend on himself any money which he could spare to give away, and so he persisted in using still the bed he had had as a boy. As for mine, I had been glad enough to discard it for a better.

Well, we had rare sport on that Sunday afternoon, and our bird came off the winner, though the Squire's was as plucky a little cock as ever got beaten. There he lay when the tussle was over, with his comb up and his mouth a little open, as if he was only taking in breath for a new attack; yet as dead as if he were roasted with stuffing.

Jo gave us a supper after the fight; then we despatched a bottle of port apiece over settling our bets; then we gave our minds to pleasure, and enjoyed a good brew of Jo's punch; and the Squire, though he had been beaten, was one of the cheerfullest of us all.

As it was a Sunday we determined to separate in good time; so when it got towards eleven we set out, while Jo stood in his lighted doorway shouting hearty good-nights after us. I had waited to make an appointment with him for the next day that we might conclude the bargain for the colt, so I was a little behind the others in starting.

"Take care of yourself," called Jo, "you have the most money and the furthest to go. Mind the notes. Five twenties, and I've copied the numbers that we may be safe. Tell the squire so if he waylays you in the dark."

This was Jo's parting joke, and when I answered it I gave a kindly touch to the pocket-book in my breast pocket, and the Squire, who heard us, called out that he daren't try to-night as there was a moon behind the clouds.

I was riding a favorite little mare who knew every step of the way between my own stables and Jo's, so I rode peaceably on in the dark, recalling the flavor of Jo's whiskey, and singing over one of the verses of a song the Squire had given us:

With five pounds your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabb-ages,
Buttermilk and barley-bread.

Suddenly the mare made a deliberate stop, and roused me from my melodious dreaminess. Certainly at the end of this lane a gate opened on the heath, but then she understood quite well that she had only to lift or to push this gate, and she had never before roused me here when I had been riding sleepily home from Blagly.

"Steady, my girl! Why, what is it?" cried I, for she was shying back in to the lane, and behaving in every way like a lunatic. I gave her such a cut as she had not felt since she was broken in; and then, without a word of warning, she reared entirely upright; took me at a disadvantage, and sent me sprawling into the ditch; then turned and galloped back towards Blagly without me.

I was none the worse for my fall, only shaken a little, and astonished a great deal; so I picked up first myself and then my hat, and stumbled on to find the heath gate. I had my hand upon it, when the moon came smiling from under a cloud, and the whole level waste of heath was made visible in a moment. But the sight of the heath, in all its barren ugliness, was not what struck me with such a chill, and made my eyes prick and my throat grow spoplectic. I never gave a second glance in that direction, for there close to me, only on the opposite side of the closed gate, stood my brother Solomon. I could not have mistaken him if there had only been the faintest flicker of light. There he was, in his long coat and his high hat, with his arms folded on the top bar of the gate, the brown book under one of them as usual, and his eye fixed steadily on me.

"Solomon," I said, growing very cold and uncomfortable under his gaze, "it's getting chilly for you to be out."

He did not answer that, and so presently I went cheerfully on: "I've been—you remember where I said I was going"—I stopped again here. I did not want to confess where I had been if he did not know, and I did not want to tell another falsehood if he did know. So I put it to him that way, intending to be guided by his answer. It was so long in coming that I took heart of grace to try another tack. "Where have you been Sol?"

Another pause, and then he answered, in his old, slow way: "I've been at home expecting you, Jacob; waiting for you until I could wait no longer."

"I'm sorry for that," I said, feeling a little cherrier to hear him speak. "I would not have been so late only I had to go round by Blagly on business. I dare say you notice I'm coming from there now. I only went on business, Sol."

He made another pause before he answered, and, though it was a trick of Solomon's and always had been, I felt myself growing uncomfortably cold. Why could he not have stayed at home, as parsons should on Sunday nights?

But the icy chill turned all at once to a clammy heat when Solomon asked me quietly, and without turning his steady gaze from my face, "How much of that filthy lucre have you won, Jacob?"

"You—you have been dreaming, Solomon." Unlinking his long fingers which had been clasped together on the gate, he stretched one hand towards me. "Five notes," he said, still with the unmoved gaze. "Five worthless, ill-won notes."

I clasped my breast pocket anxiously. "I have a little money here, Sol," I said, as airily as I could, "a few pounds more or less; and I want to buy you a new umbrella, yours is getting shabby. I'll go into town to-morrow and choose one."

I tried to get up a little cheerfulness over it, but Solomon's gaze damped it all out of me; and, besides, he had taken back his long, hungry, outstretched hand.

"Five notes," he said again. "Five worthless, ill-won notes, Jacob!"

"Even if I had the notes, Sol," I began, trembling like a leaf in a storm, "even if I had them—ha! ha! what an absurd idea what should you want with them? And—and," I added, clutching desperately at a straw of courage, "what right have you to them?"

"There is no right in the question," said Solomon, and his face grew longer and longer. "It is all wrong."

"You don't often joke, Sol," said I pretty bravely, though I was trembling like any number of aspens, "but of course you're joking now, and it's rather late for a joke, isn't it? Come along home with me."

"I'm not going your way now," he answered. "Shall you be home to-night?" I asked, trying to finish up the scene in my natural tones.

"To-night! It is midnight now." "God bless my soul, is it really?" I exclaimed, not so much surprised as ridiculously, flurried and nervous under my brother's intent gaze.

Solomon had shivered as the words passed my lips, and for the first time he looked away.

"Good-night," he said, in his slow, absent way; and then I think he added three other words, which he often did add to his good-byes; but he spoke so low that I scarcely heard, and I felt so angry with him, too, that I didn't even try to hear.

I walked on moodily across the heath. All the benign effects of Jo's punch had evaporated; all the pleasure of the sport had been swept away in one chill blast; the only definite idea that possessed me was the determination not to buy my brother Solomon a new umbrella.

I always carried my own key, and forbade the servants to sit up for me, so you may guess I was surprised to find my groom watching for me at the gate.

"Walking, sir?" he exclaimed, meeting me with a hurried step and worried face. "I hoped you'd ride home that you might be the quicker at the parsonage. They've sent for you twenty times at least, sir, Mr. Solomon—"

"I know," I interrupted; "Mr. Solomon is missing. I've just met him. I'll go and tell them so, for I'll be bound the parish is all up in arms."

All the parish was up in arms and had all gathered at the parsonage, as it seemed to me; but strangest of all—Solomon was there too, lying on his narrow bed opposite the open window, with the square of moonlit sky before his closed eyes.

They tell me something about a swoon or some such womanish trick, and it may be true and it may not. At any rate, I remember nothing after the first few sentences they uttered. Solomon had been ailing for some time—so the words went—and had felt worse than usual that day, and lonely and restless. Still he had insisted on preaching in the evening, and afterwards had toiled up to my house to see if I had returned. Just once he had risen excitedly in bed, then his strength had failed; and those who were listening heard him bid his brother good-night, with the whispered prayer, "God bless you." Then he had lain quietly back with his fading eyes upon that glimpse of heaven beyond the lattice-window, and died quietly at midnight.

What? The money? Don't ask me what became of the money. Over those five notes I worried myself at last into the most serious brain fever that ever man came back from into life again. They were gone. No trace could I ever find of my old pocket-book, though I made it well known that the numbers of the notes had been taken. When I had offered £50 reward and that he did not bring them I doubled it and offered one hundred. Who would care to keep them then? Who would keep five notes which were stopped, when they could receive five available ones of equal value by only bringing the worthless old pocket-book to me? But no one brought it, and then I advertised anew, offering £150 reward for those five £20 notes. Of course I tried to make out that it was the old pocket-book that I set the value on, but after all I didn't much care who had the laugh against me if I could only set this matter straight, and give it an air of daylight reality. But no—~~that~~ never brought them.

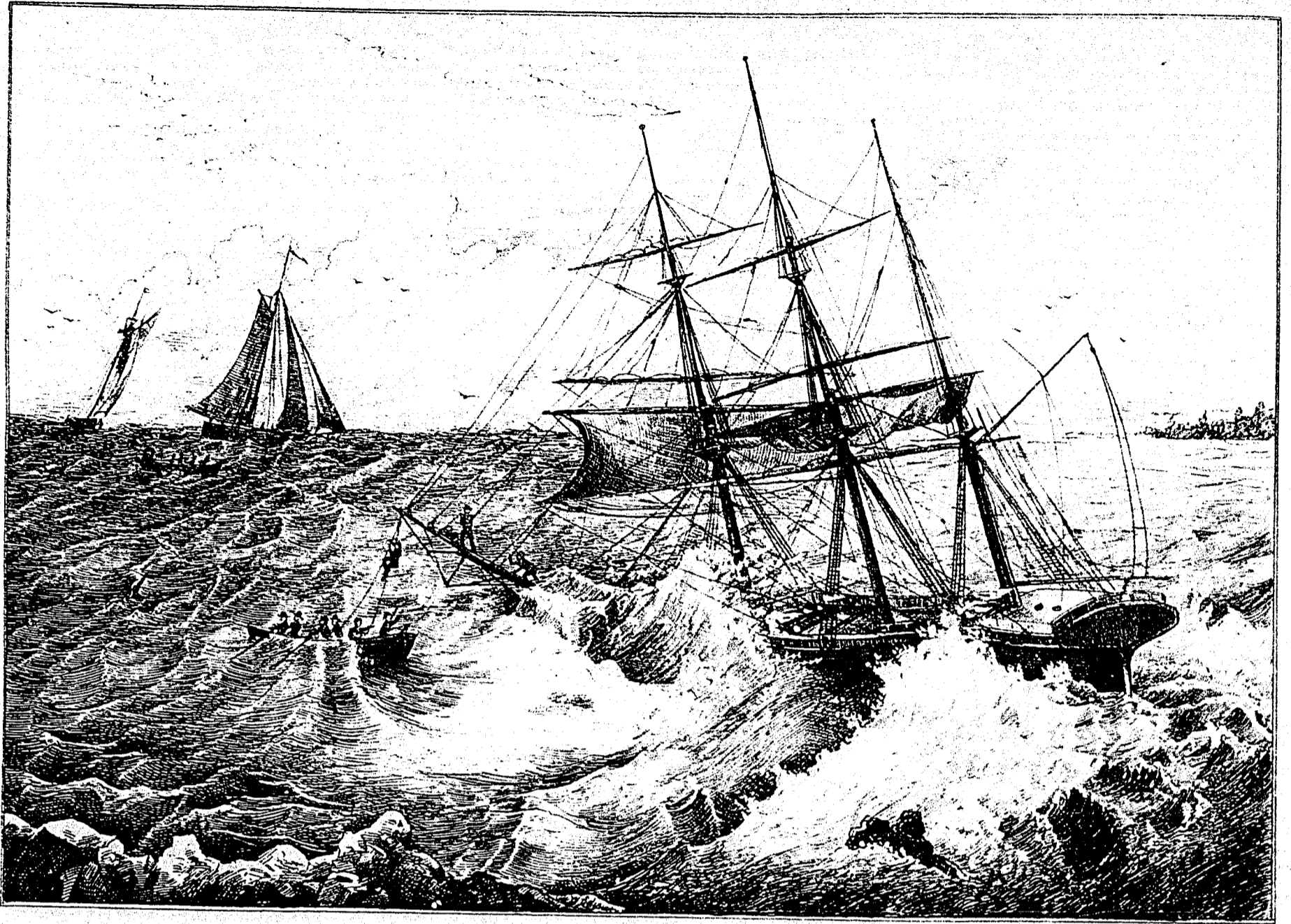
Another cock-fight? No, I never saw another cock-fight. Don't ask me any more. It's five-and-thirty years ago—let it rest.

A WORD FOR THE UNMARRIED.

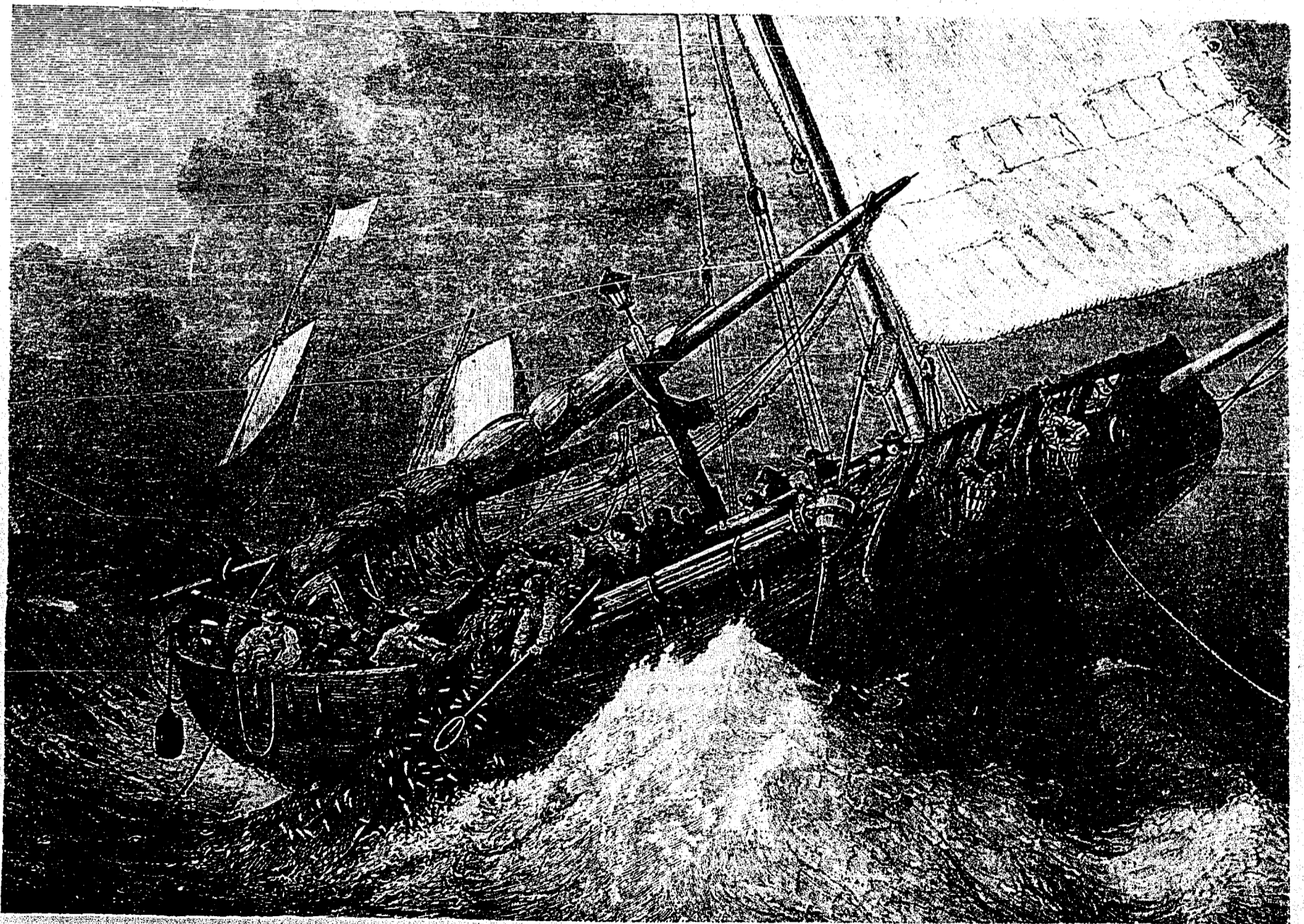
Mrs. Horace Mann has an appreciative and sensible review of Dr. Clarke's "Sex in Education" in the *Herald of Health* for February. In the course of her paper she has a good word for the unmarried women, of whom there are so many, and is likely to be a great many more. She says:

"I believe it is a fact that the higher the state of civilization and refinement the more unmarried women there are, and yet Dr. Clarke could add his voice to the vulgar hue and cry against them. Such is the prevalence of this hue and cry that women who are not elevated above its influence by early inculcations of noble principles of self-respect, and of a lofty ideal, rush into matrimony because they are ashamed to appear to be unsought."

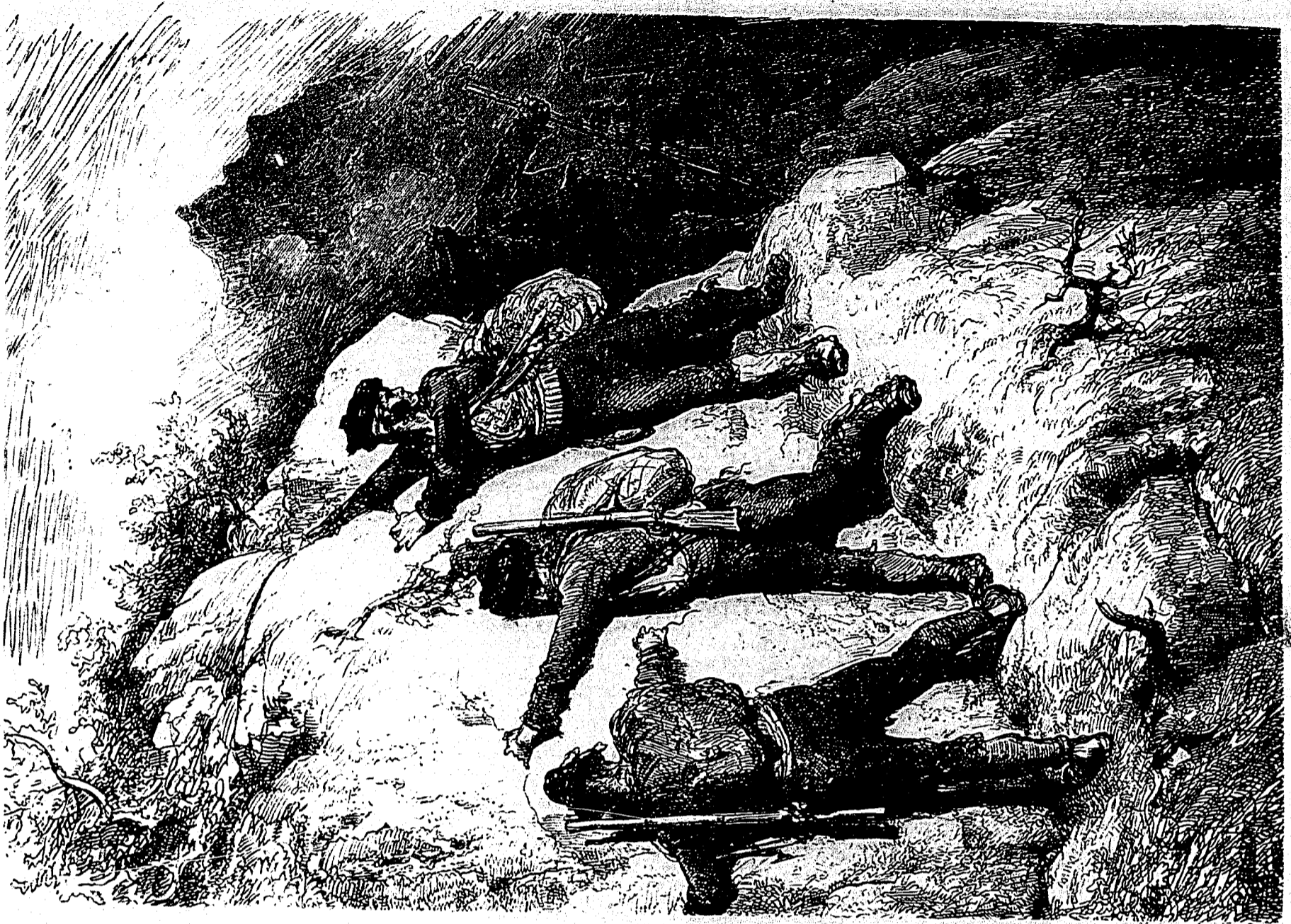
"The maternal feeling is as intense and pure in many unmarried women as in their married sisters. Indeed, if we each take an observation in our own circle we shall see it far more developed in many of them than in many married women, to whom children are a burden and a hindrance, and always considered and treated as if of secondary importance to their pleasures, and even to their more rational pursuits. The world cannot be divided in that way. The maternal sentiment is planted in the heart of every sympathetic and affectionate woman—indeed woman is abnormal without it—and if not developed by maternity itself, this sentiment may be so by right education, and thus saved from becoming a root of bitterness such as opinions like Dr. Clarke's are calculated to plant. How many an orphan child has found the very essence of motherly feeling and life-long devotion in a maiden aunt? The man is to be pitied who has not seen this in his acquaintance with society; one almost wishes to cite names to prove one's words. Has Dr. Clarke no touchstone within himself to prove such characters? For he must have seen many of them. The maternal feeling is often more judiciously exercised where the passion of maternity—what some moralists have called brute maternity—has not been roused into activity by actual motherhood. I would further explain this by a reference to those mothers in whom every other sentiment, even that of good wifehood, is absorbed by the maternal feeling, and where, if they are undisciplined in mind, this feeling makes it impossible for them to see the faults of their children, or to allow any one else to note them, or give them any aid in their correction. Even the father is deprived of his natural right to share in the care, and is treated as their natural enemy if he criticises them. The loving but unimpassioned aunt, or co-operating educator, whose maternal feeling has been cultivated by her vocation, can see the facts more clearly than such mothers, and can often suggest the remedies. I think it may safely be asserted that the first proof of improvement in the popular feeling about marriage will be the respect for those unmarried women whose independent lives bear the noble fruits of culture, benevolence, and devotion to human improvement. Dr. Clarke misses the truth greatly also in asserting that the advocacy of



WRECK OF THE BARQUE 'HELEN PATTERSON,' LIVERPOOL HARBOUR, N. S.



SARDINE FISHING.—FROM A WATER COLOUR BY G. H. ANDREWS.



SKETCHES IN SPAIN.—CONTRABANDISTS OF THE SIERRA KONDA.



SKETCHES IN SPAIN.—AN INTERMENT AT BARCELONA.

high education for women emanates chiefly from unmarried women. None are more eloquent in its cause than the mothers—the good mothers, of course—who have felt the pain of their own deficiencies of education when they found themselves mothers, and too ignorant to fulfil their duties to their own satisfaction. 'What can I do for my child? I do not know anything about its needs, of how to supply them; my own education had no system or definite object, and now I feel it worthless.' Such complaints are continual, and give one the feeling that every woman should serve her time, be she sick or be she poor, in practical education, by actually being brought into contact with children, and being taught how to instruct them. I have often ventured the remark that the best educated women I knew were those who had been practically engaged in education. I make it more earnestly than ever, for education is not merely the knowledge of sciences, languages, or systems of philosophy, but consists in the use of the faculties and their application to life thus developed by these and other studies. 'The proper study of mankind is man' is an utterance that has often been quoted to prove that the exact sciences were inferior objects of pursuit to the study of language and philosophy; but man cannot be studied aright without a scientific basis, and this is the greatest argument for the complete education of women, in whose hands is the moulding of the human race. When they do not hold their normal place and function—which they cannot do if uncultivated—the condition of such portions of the human race shows it palpably."

BEE SUPERSTITIONS.

In ancient days it was a popular belief respecting bees that morning and evening, like a camp in time of war, sentinels were fixed over the community, who hummed in a peculiar manner at change of guard, like a trumpet sound, as Pliny observes. The same voracious authority states that only clean persons physically and morally could take the honey from the hive; a thief is specially hated by bees. A swarm of bees, it was said, had settled upon the mouth of the infant Plato, as an omen of the entrancing sweetness of his language and philosophic speculations; much in the same way, we suppose, as Byron said that a nightingale must have sung on the head of the bed when Moore was born. Bees were by the ancients supposed to detest strong scents; the smell of a crab, if it were cooked near a hive, would half kill the inmates. If winter killed your bees, ancient Latin folk-lore directed you to expose them in spring to the sunshine, and to put hot ashes of the fig tree near them, when they would come to life again. If a bee stung a person, it was thought that it lost its sting in the wound, and either perished at once or became a drone. Multitudinous were their enemies supposed to be. Swallows, bee-eaters, wasps, hornets, gnats, either seized bees on the wing or stole into the hive and made free with the honey; frogs and toads laid wait for them at the water's edge as they came to drink; even sheep were thought baleful, as the bees entangled themselves hopelessly in their wool. The popular voice at the present day adds to this black list of their foes, sparrows, tom-tits, and hens. It is certain that mice are amongst their worst enemies; happy is the bee-keeper who has not fancied his hives unusually still some winter, and on opening one discovered that a colony of mice has taken up its abode amongst the combs, laying waste the honey. Snails, too, frequently enter and plunder the honey; as the bees have a great repugnance to touching such cold slimy creatures, they are allowed to come and go at will. The death's head moth is also said to enter, deceiving the bees by imitating the buzzing of their queen, and so getting at the stores unmolested. Many are the stories told of the bees immuring such robbers in cells of wax, and so destroying them. The truth, however, seems to be that, when the door is once forced, bees yield the rest of their fortress up to the invader in sheer despair.

Great as is the difference between the facts which modern science and more exact observation have established with reference to bees, and the vague popular ideas on their economy which were entertained respecting them by antiquity, not the least curious circumstance is that ancient and modern bee-keepers alike meet on the common ground of bee superstitions and folk-lore. The hatred of bees to an echo, which was an ancient article of the bee-master's faith, does not seem to be confirmed on investigation. Much modern folk-lore on bees may be picked up by any one who converses with the peasantry in almost any part of England. From some reason or other, bees are looked upon as peculiarly "uncanny" creatures. Thus we are told in Lincolnshire that bees would desert a hive on the occasion of a death in the family, unless some one knocked at their hive and told them of it. The same superstition we find to prevail in Essex, and even Cornwall. Similarly the belief that after a death hives ought to be wrapped in crape or mourning of some kind is current in Lincolnshire and East Anglia very generally. It is even found in Lithuania, and is probably connected with an ancient idea that honey was a symbol of death. In Yorkshire there is a custom of inviting bees to the funeral. If a wild or humble bee enter a Northamptonshire cottage, it is deemed a certain sign of death; if a swarm of bees alight on a dead tree, or the dead branch of a living one, there will be a death in the family within the year. It is curious why the bee should in Europe be so connected with death, whereas in Hindoo mythology the bowstring of Kama (the Hindu Cupid) is formed of bees, perhaps as a symbol of love strong as death. It is worth while mentioning one or two more bee superstitions. They will never thrive, it is said, in a quarrelsome family, nor when they have been stolen. There can be no greater piece of ill luck than to purchase a swarm; it must always be given, and then the custom is to return something for it in kind—a small pig, say, or some other equivalent. Money should be avoided in the transaction as much as possible. In Hampshire it is a common saying that bees are idle or unfortunate in their work whenever there are wars. At the risk of being esteemed credulous, we may mention that the martial year (1870) was an unlucky honey year. East winds and drought seemed in that year to have repressed the secretion of honey in the nectaries of many flowers.—*Sunday Press*, Albany, New York.

THE FOOD OF LONDON CENTURIES AGO.

Hammond Winter, in the days of Elizabeth, writes:—"The bread in England is made of such grains as the soil yieldeth. The gentry commonly provide themselves with wheat for their own tables, whilst their household and poor neighbours, in

some shires, are forced to be content with rye and barley; yea, in times of dearth, with bread from bran, or pease, or oats, or in part with acorns mingled; and these the poorest have who cannot procure better." Yet great precautions were taken to secure honest corn-dealers. There were laws against having above ten quarters at once; one imposed a heavy penalty on such as bought corn to sell again; another made it necessary for a dealer in corn to be licensed by three justices; they were to be householders not under the age of thirty—they must be husbands or widowers—must renew their licenses annually, and give security against "engrossing" or "forestalling." The plan of setting up granaries to sell corn under the market price to poor citizens never answered. The Pepysian Library at Cambridge contains a drawing representing the granaries and corn mills at the end of London Bridge in 1598. There were two water-wheels under the granaries, between the starlings, and these wheels worked the mill-stones. The companies had also ten ovens, constituting a great flour factory and bakehouse. Of course, the object in view was highly benevolent, but it seems to have yielded no commensurate advantages. The feastings of the sixteenth century were on a grand scale; a reference to Cavendish's "Life of Wolsay" will fully prove this. The "Northumberland Household Book" gives the following prices of provisions:—Wheat, 6s. 8d. per quarter; wine, £4 13s. 4d. per tun; ale, 8d. per gallon; bread, 1d. six loaves; beer, 8s. 4d. per gallon; young cattle, 10s. each; sheep, 1s. 5d.; hops, 13s. 4d. per cwt.; malt, 4d. per quarter; salt, 4s. per quarter; pepper, 6s. 4d. per lb.; mace, 8s. per lb.; cloves, 8s. per lb.; ginger, 4s. per lb.; prunes, 1½d. per lb.; sugar, 4½d. per lb.; currants, 2d. per lb." Thus a pound of mace was more costly than five sheep. Here is a list of provisions for a year:—124 beeves, 667 muttons, 25 porks, 28 veells, 60 lambs, 140 stock fish, 942 salt fish, 9 barrels of white herrings, 104 score of salt salmon, 3 firkins of salt sturgeon, 5 kegs of salt eels, 550 lb. of hops, 40 gallons of vinegar. Here is a set of breakfast bills of fare:—A Lenten breakfast for my lord and lady:—A loaf, 2 manchettes, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, 2 pieces of salt fish, 6 baconed herrings, 4 white do, or a dish of sprats. For flesh days (in addition)—Half a chene of mutton, or elles a chene of beef. For my Lord Percy and Mr. Thomas Percy:—Half a loaf, a manchette, 1 potell of beef, a chebrynge, or elles 3 mutton bones boiled. For the nurserie of my Lady Marguerete and Mr. Ingram:—Beer, manchettes, and boiled bones. For my lady's gentlewomen:—A loaf, beer, 3 mutton bones, or elles a piece of beef, boiled. There is a record of the funeral repast of Sir John Redstone, Lord Mayor in 1531; sugar was charged 7d. per pound (hardly more than its present price), 8 eggs a penny; butter, 4½d. a gallon; swans, 6s.; rabbits, 2d.; pigeons, 10d. per dozen; a strolin of beef, 2s. 4d.; half a veal, 2s. 8d.; claret, 10d. a gallon; salt, 4d. per peck. This was the City tariff for poultry in 1575:—Capons 16d. to 20d.; geese, 8d. to 14d.; chickens, 3s. to 4d.; swans, 6s. to 7s.; herons, 2s. 6d.; turkey coocks, 3s.; woodcocks, 6d.; snipes, 2½d.; coocks, 5d. to 8d. per dozen; black-birds, 10d. per dozen; geese, 1s.; eggs, 5 a penny. Here are items from a household account dated 1594:—A quart of malmsey, 8d.; a lamb, 5s.; 28 eggs, 8d.; a calf's head, 10d.; a peck of oysters, 4d.; 50 oranges, 9d. The aristocracy under Henry VIII., dined at 10 a. m., Queen Elizabeth dined at 11 a. m., while the merchants dined an hour later. James I. had his chief meal at 2 p. m., George II. waited till 3 o'clock, and now it is the *ton* to dine at 8, and even at 9 p. m.

A PEEBESS ON TRIAL.

A writer in the *Boston Commercial Bulletin* says: "A few years after George the Third's coronation, on the 15th of April, 1776, Westminster Hall was the scene of an event which the wits and writers of that day have made famous. It was the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy. She had been a famous beauty in the latter days of the last reign, had married the Earl of Bristol, and after a course of profligacy on the Continent, had wedded Augustus, Third Duke of Kingston, the Earl being still alive. There seems to have been little sympathy for the prisoner, and small care for the result, but the trial of a noble lady in Westminster Hall was too uncommon an affair not to be made the most of by the pleasure-seekers of London. Of course neither civil nor military pomp was lacking. Galleries and balconies, guards and pursuivants, crowds and processions made Palace Yard a lively spectacle. The hall itself was glorious. The beauty of the decorations, the richness and rarity of dresses, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, the waving feathers and powdered tresses, and flashing jewels and pontifical robes, and ermined capes and gold staffs and diamond blazing crossiers, made it a scene more splendid even than had been the coronation. The avenues leading from every side were lined with soldiers. Space for the procession was kept clear by cavalry. As it moved through Oharing Cross and wended its slow way past Whitehall and the Guards towards the Hall of St. Stephen, drums beat and fifes played and trumpets brayed and bells rang and artillery fired and the people shouted. Of all this, Hannah More writes: 'Mr Garrick and I were in full dress. You will imagine the bustle of twelve thousand people getting into one hall; yet, in all this hurry, we walked in tranquilly. When all were seated and the king-at-arms had commanded silence, the Black Rod was commanded to bring in the prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, walked in, curtsying profoundly to her judges. The peers made her a slight bow. She was dressed in deep mourning—a black hood on her head, her hair powdered, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze, deep ruffles, and black gloves. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. She affects to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote as they do their love epistles on the stage—without forming a letter.' The character of the Duchess of Kingston's trial may be judged from this quotation. There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense. It concerned no great principle, stirred no wide sympathies, evoked no splendid oratory. The lady was convicted and unduchessed, though she escaped branding in the hand."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Du V.—You forget to give your address, in ordering change of direction.
FREDK. S. L.—No stamps enclosed for reply.

Literary Notes.

M. Alexandre Dumas has been admitted to the French Academy.

Lieut. Colonel Paget, 5th Punjab Cavalry, is compiling under official direction, a history of the Punjab Local Force.

Messrs. Longmans are about to publish a posthumous work of John Stuart Mill's, with the title of "Human Nature."

The death is just announced of Mr. Ed. Hyde Clarke, who was fifty years ago a prominent writer on West Indian questions.

The third and concluding volume of Mr. Foster's "Life of Dickens" is advertised to appear at the end of this month.

Prof. Karl Elzle, the author of a Life of Lord Byron, is going to publish a translation into English of some essays on Shakespeare.

A Paris bookseller has just published a book entitled "Mémoires de Chislehurst," and Mr. Rouher has subscribed for 2,500 copies.

Prof. Geikie is making rapid progress with the life of Sir Rodrick Murchison, and the work will, in all probability, be issued in the Spring.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper has, it is stated, received a pension of £120 a year on the Civil Service List, as the author of "Proverbial Philosophy."

Mr. Evelyn Jerrold is concluding a series of French articles on Ireland in the *Illustration*, and will shortly publish a book in the French press on the same subject.

The *Athenæum* is authorized to state that the letters and journals of Lord Macaulay are in the hands of Lady Holland and Mr. Trevelyn, with a view to publication.

Dr. Karl Marx, the leader of the elder branch of the International Association, is engaged in translating his work on "Capital," which has not yet appeared in an English form.

M. H. Taine is engaged upon a history of the French Revolution, which has for the past three years exclusively occupied his time. The first part is now approaching completion.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. expect to be able to issue Sir Samuel Baker's new book about April. The work will be more a record of personal adventure than of geographical interest.

The famous Miss Longworth, now advertising herself as Lady Avonmore, will again appear before the public as an author. She has in the press volumes of travels, entitled "Terresina Peregrina."

Some incidents in the life of Prof. Gellert, of Leipzig, the poet and fabulist, we understand, will shortly be given to the public, mainly written by Mr. J. Russell Endean, of the firm of Kirby & Endean.

A popular edition of the works of the Poet Laureate is shortly to be published, consisting of one 6s. volume. It will be issued by King & Co., who have succeeded Strahan & Co. as Mr. Tenneyson's publishers.

According to the *Printer's Register*—the trade organ—there are now published in Great Britain and Ireland 181 daily newspapers, distributed as follows: London, 24; Provinces, 72; Scotland, 18; Ireland, 18; Wales, 2; Channel Islands, 2.

The death of M. Philartès Chasles has left vacant the chair of Northern Languages and Literature at Paris. After mature examination two candidates have been found for succession. One is M. Bossert, a learned professor in the Faculty of Letters, at Douai; and the other M. Guillaume Guizot.

The first volume of a work devoted to the popularization of the history, religion, and literature of Egypt and Assyria is on the eve of publication. The title is "Records of the Past." Dr. Birch, president of Biblical Archaeology, is the editor.

The *Peking Gazette* is the oldest journal in the world. It is printed on a large sheet of yellow silk, and appears in the same form, with the same characters, and on the same kind of stuff as it did a thousand years ago. The only change is in the writers.

A communication from Privas states that the police have seized in the offices of the *Réveil de l'Ardoise* 8,000 copies of the "Almanach Républicain" for 1874, prosecuted for outrages on public and religious morals, and other contraventions of the law.

A new Hebrew monthly magazine is just being published at Frankfort-on-the-Main. It will be chiefly from the pen of the celebrated Hebraist, Joseph Kahen Zedek. A new Hebrew fortnightly magazine, edited by Dr. Berliner, will be published at Berlin.

The Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, B. D., precentor and prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, is about to publish a history of all cathedral, conventual, and collegiate churches, and other religious or benevolent foundations in Scotland. It will be entitled "Scotti Monasticon."

A curious book is being published by two French firms and Messrs. Trubner & Co., of London. It is a manual of the Chinese, mandarin language, compiled after Ollendorff's method. The object of this publication is to teach Chinese to all who speak English.

Mark Twain lectured on the 8th January at Leicester. On the 9th and 10th he was announced to lecture at Liverpool. He sails for America in the "Parthia" on the 13th, and after lecturing three nights in New York, he retires from the public platform for ever.

A new book from the pen of Azamat-Batuk will shortly be issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. It is entitled "Spain and the Spaniards," and will comprise an account of the author's experiences in Spain during the past year, with many interesting particulars.

The Oriental Society, of Italy, on the proposal of the vice-president, seconded by the general secretary, have elected the Princess Dora d'Istria a fellow of the society. The Princess is authoress of "Indian Studies in Upper Italy," "The Rāmāyana," "Popular Poetry of the Finno-Mongols," &c.

A reporter says: "For thirty seconds it rained buffaloes, and the white sand at the foot of that bluff was incarnadined with the life-blood of wild meat, and not until the tails of from fifty to seventy-five of the herd had waved adieu to this wicked world did the movement cease."

An impromptu epigram has been composed in court, by a wearied auditor of the Tichborne case:—

"Kenealy states if Orton's ear
Were pierced or bored, it must appear.
If true, our ears some sign should show,
Since he has pierced and bored them so."

A Californian *Illustrator*, objecting to terse phraseology, alters the normal wording of a well-known proverb about stones and glass houses into the more refined and somewhat flowery remark that "Dwellers in crystal palaces should refrain from the propulsion of irregular-shaped particles of granite formation." Another Trans-atlantic writer, however, is the reverse of long winded. Here is his account of an attempted suicide: "Lizzie Smith, weak woman, laudanum, Sunday, doctor, stomach-pump, life again."

IN HOLDERNESS.

The wind blew over the barley, the wind blew over the wheat,
Where the scarlet poppy toss'd her head, with the bindweed at her feet;
The wind blew over the great blue sea, in the golden August weather,
Till the tossing corn and the tossing waves show'd shadow and gleam
together.

The wind blew over the barley, the wind blew over the oats,
The lark sprung up to the sunny sky, and shook his ringing notes,
Over the wealth of the smiling land, the sweep of the glittering sea.
"Which is the fairest?" he sang, as he soared o'er the beautiful
rivalry.

And with a fuller voice than the wind, a deeper tone than the bird,
Came the answer from the solemn sea, that Nature, pausing, heard,
"The corn will be garner'd, the lark will be hush'd, at the frown of
the wintry weather,
The sun will fly from the snow-piled sky, but I go on for ever!"

Miscellaneous.

A Puzzle.

The young ladies of a country seminary are puzzled over the exact meaning of the following inscription, recently discovered on the wall of the building. "Young ladies should set good examples, for young men will follow them."

A Wise Interpolation.

Lieutenant Hill's little boy, who is nothing if not practical, came to the line in his prayers the other night, "Give us this day our daily bread," and remarked *en parenthèse*, for fear probably there might be a misunderstanding about it, "I mean gingerbread."

Confidence.

It is a good idea to let your wife know, as a writer affirms. He says much good could be accomplished, and much care to the husband be saved, by letting the wife help to bear the burden. And he is quite right. There are plenty of men who plod on through life without communicating or receiving. When the scuttle is empty they do not let their wives know, as they should, but they go fill it themselves. It is all wrong.

Aids for the Grand Duchess.

The following ladies will be attached to the household of the Grand Duchess Marie on her marriage with the Duke of Edinburgh: Lady Frances Baillie, daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin; Lady Emma Godolphin Osborne, sister of the Duke of Leeds; and Lady Mary Butler, sister of the Marquis of Ormonde. The selection would seem intended as a representation of the three kingdoms.

Spread Eagle.

Political orators in the West indulge in some high-flown asseverations in regard to their firmness of principle. The following is a moderate specimen: "Build a worm fence around the winter's supply of summer weather; skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon; catch a thundercloud in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; ground-slucie an earthquake; lasso an avalanche; pin a napkin on the crater of an active volcano—but never expect to see me false to my principles."

A Useful Precedent.

An application having been made to Captain Maxse for a subscription towards the erection of an organ in an East-end tabernacle, he replied as follows: "Dear Sir,—I am a candidate for the Parliamentary representation of the Tower Hamlets at the next general election. I am very anxious to avoid all appearance of purchasing the good-will of electors (a course too common with moneyed candidates) by subscribing to local charities and institutions when I should not have done so had I not been a candidate. For this reason I am compelled with regret to decline responding to your appeal, Yours faithfully, FREDK. A. MAXSE."

William Tell.

Recently two young men living in Detroit anxious to exhibit their nerve, laid a wager with a third person which resulted in some rifle shooting extraordinary. A dozen apples were procured and one gentleman stood forty feet distant from the other, who shot with the rifle each of the dozen apples in succession from his friend's head, after the manner of the late William Tell. Not satisfied with that the apple-holder produced a common pasteboard match box cover and held it close to his head, between his finger and thumb, and in that position permitted his friend to fire three shots at it, each going plump through the centre.

The Artist and the Children.

Some individual who has had the joy of seeing Madame Nilsson Rousaud in the domestic circle says: "She has the most wonderful way of ingratiating herself with children. She will get down on the floor among them, enter into all their fun and infantile architecture, and then precipitate them into ecstasies by whistling for them (and she whistles like a flute or a nightingale) or playing the violin. It is really wonderful to hear her whistle; no one ever could do it better. There is nothing she is fonder of than a good romp with a lot of lively children. She makes them all infatuated with her in less than a minute, and she kicks up more noise than an eight-horse-power school girl."

Father and Son.

The late Mr. Bischoffshelm, of Paris, one day entered a store in which was exhibited a fine painting of Ingres's, and inquired the price. "Ninety thousand francs," was the answer. "Oh! that is too much for my small purse," exclaimed Bischoffshelm, and he hastily quitted the shop. In the course of the day he was again about to pass the store, when, observing one of his sons admiring Ingres's painting, he was tempted to enter. The merchant received him with a smile and said "Your son, you see, is not so economical as you are, sir; he has bought the painting you thought too dear this morning." "Oh, my son can spend more money than I can," quietly answered Mr. Bischoffshelm, "his father is rich."

Devonshire "Fixings."

Devonshire cream and "junket" are two dishes rarely found outside of Devonshire and the borders of the adjacent counties. Devonshire cream is a thick, clotted cream, from scalded and slightly sweetened milk, and is used for ordinary cream in the tea and coffee, and with tarts and cooked fruit, or in the place of butter on bread, toast, and biscuits. One can hardly think how delicious it is. Junket is only a soft curd flavoured to suit the taste, and eaten like a pudding or custard. This dish, which the Devonshire people believe came to them from the Phœnicians, because travellers now find it in those eastern countries, is not uncommon on American tables, but it can by no means take rank as a delicacy compared with Devonshire cream, nice little dishes of which you will find for sale at all the dairy shops.

Small Boy.

It is well known that the qualities for which the Small Boy is most remarkable are a sort of picturesque ingenuity, and a devoted consideration for the prejudices of other people. In a little Bolton office-boy we find an unusual development of them. While mourning, not long ago, his employer's absence in a distant town, a delightful idea suddenly came to him. Why should the hours slip by so drearily, all unlighted by genial and innocent amusement? That inventive and original Small Boy determined

to grieve no more. From the gas-burner in front of the office-door he hung a dreadful effigy, with a black cap over its face, its throat gashed and crimsoned, a sword in one hand, and in the other a small jug marked "Poison" in large letters. Then he advertised for feminine cooks and housemaids to apply at the office, upon the door of which they read this inscription: "Walk in; back in five minutes." Then hidden near, this Small Boy laughed with the careless sunny glee of childhood as a crowd of excellent and industrious women screamed and fainted.

Too Thin.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says: "In a recent issue of your paper appeared the following: 'The saying 'It's too thin' is not a vulgarism. Sheridan Knowles puts it in the mouth of *Alonso*, in the play of 'Rose of Aragon.' Allow me to inform you that the immortal William Shakespeare is the author. Thus, in 'King Henry VIII.,' Act 5, Scene 3, we have Bishop Gardiner's flattering speech to the King and Bluff King Hal's reply, viz:

'You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offence.
To me you cannot reach,' &c., &c."

Marrying Days.

January is the worst and October the best month for committing matrimony—the actual unlucky days being these: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10, 15; February 6, 7, 18; March 1, 6, 8; April 6, 11; May 5, 6, 7; June 7, 14; July 5, 8; August 12, 17; September 6, 7; October 6; November 15, 18; and December 15, 16, 17. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all:
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

What a Woman Can Do.

The most puzzled man in the United States lives at Sandusky, O. The other day he waxed at once vindictive and ingenious, and resolved to protect the sanctity of his hearth and home by an acute stratagem. In pursuance of this idea he mingled arsenic in a bottle of wine and placed it where any burglar would see it, and unless practical believers in total abstinence, would drink therefrom, and surely die. Now, the wife of this intelligent Sandusky man is an orderly woman, and when she found that bottle of wine placed in a conspicuous position, she said that that "was just like John: he never did have any neatness, and she knew it when she married him." Then she took the bottle and put it in the cellar with eight dozen other bottles, and arranged them neatly in rows, and contemplated her work with innocent pride. Then she told her husband about it. Since he exhausted his vocabulary of profanity he has been spending all his leisure in looking at these bottles and trying to recognize the one which he prepared for the poor burglar, and unless he can solve the problem soon he expects the brain fever.

The Balloonist's Trick.

On the 18th June, 1786, took place the ascension of the physicist Testier. After starting from Paris alone, and in a balloon of small dimensions, the learned man came down at the village of Montmorency. He descended, however, in a field of nearly ripe corn, and the proprietor, indignant at the damage done, came out with a number of his peasants to clamour for compensation. Testier refused obstinately to pay anything, on the not very sane ground that the harm done was accidental; whereupon the labourers, with the view of dragging him before the local magistrature, seized hold of one of the ropes and towed the balloon after them, whilst a farm boy, in order to prevent the experimentalist from escaping, climbed into the car and took his seat opposite him. After going half a mile, Testier began to reflect that, being clearly in the wrong, he should in all probability be forced to pay; but this idea being in all ways uncongenial to him, he as soon set to planning his flight, and threw out at once a large portion of his ballast; this done, he opened his knife and quietly cut the rope by which he was being hauled before justice, upon which, to the immense stupefaction of the rustics, and to the unspeakable disgust of the farm boy, the balloon rose swiftly into the air and disappeared in the clouds. It is said that when the farm boy descended an hour later, and a few leagues off, in the company of the aeronaut, his hair had turned grey.

The Origin of "Hail Columbia."

In the "Recollections of Washington," just published, occurs the following anecdote: The song of "Hail Columbia," adapted in measure to the "President's March," was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, in 1798. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Hopkinson one morning and said, "To-morrow evening is appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the 'President's March' I feel sure of a full house. Several about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done; yet I think you may succeed."

Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mr. Fox, who sang them to a harpsichord accompaniment. The tune and the words harmonized. The song was soon finished and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience delighted. Eight times it was called for and repeated and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night, "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre, and in a few days was the universal song of the boys in the streets. Such was the origin of the national song, "Hail Columbia."

The Wives of the Siamese Twins.

A writer in the Philadelphia Press, speaking of the Siamese Twins, says: "Much speculation has always been rife as to how the twins courted and finally became joined in the bonds of Hymen. It happened that they were travelling through the South, and stopped at the town of Traphill, in Wilkes County, North Carolina. The country in this locality being very romantic, and the land good, the twins determined to settle, and accordingly engaged in business in the village, being excellent traders, and their novel condition soon attracted many persons to them; among these a farmer named Yates, who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, and who was possessed of two bouncing daughters. Chang and Eng looked upon these women tenderly, and evinced great affection for them, and, like ordinary young folks, made numerous calls at the residence of their bewitchers, and there being a pair of them all around, a match was soon made, and the four were two (or one). These wives always displayed great affection for their liege lords, and manifested the usual jealousies common to the human family. From this double union there were some twenty-two children born. Mrs. Chang presented her husband with some nine or ten, and of these but two were boys, while in the Eng family the daughters were proportionately outnumbered. The offspring, contrary to the general opinion and preceding statements, with few exceptions, were healthy, robust children. Great difficulty arose when the time for conferring names upon the young Changs and Engs came. They could not all take their paternal and maternal relatives' titles, and they had no Christian names. The difficulty was sur-

mounted, however, and the appellations of Christopher Columbus, Patrick Henry, Stephen Decatur, Nancy Bunker, and names of a like sort were given to the retinue of little ones. The fathers seemed anxious that all their immediate descendants should be well educated, and purchased a house in the town of Mount Airy, shortly after their removal to that place, where the larger children lived and attended the school in the district. They were all apt scholars, and seemed to inherit a large amount of natural acuteness from their fathers."

Swinburne to Hugo.

The death of Francois Victor Hugo has moved Mr. Swinburne to address the following sonnet to the bereaved father. The *Athenæum*, which publishes the poem, hastens to explain that the allusion in the opening lines is to Prometheus. The apology is necessary, for there is a suspicious air in the reference of being levelled at a far Greater than Prometheus. It is not usual to speak of the son of Iapetus as God (with a capital G); as he was simply one of the Titans, an inferior and dispossessed family of deities.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

He had no children, who for love of men,
Being God, endured of gods such things as thou,
Father; nor on his thunder-beaten brow
Fell such a woe as bows thine head again,
Twice bowed before, though godlike, in man's ken,
And seen too high for any stroke to bow
Save this of some strange god's that bends it now
The third time with such weight as bruised it then.
Fain would grief speak, fain utter for love's sake
Some word; but comfort who might bid thee take?
What god in your own tongue shall talk with thee,
Showing how all souls that look upon the sun
Shall be for thee one spirit and thy son,
And thy soul's child the soul of man to be?

The Iron Clads of the European Powers.

The Cologne Gazette prints a list of the ironclads of maritime powers of Europe in 1873: "England has a war navy of 88 vessels, of 28,000 horse-power, and 595 guns. Its home fleet consists of 14 large plated vessels, four plated batteries, and five plated gun boats, of more than 310,000 horse-power, and carrying 162 guns. The war navy of Russia counts 15 plated frigates and four cupola vessels, of 13,000 horse-power and 154 guns. The home squadron includes ten turreted ships and three plated batteries, with 2,710 horse-power and 94 guns. Germany has a war navy composed of three plated frigates of 2,900 horse-power, and 84 guns (not including five plated frigates and one plated corvette of 5,100 horse-power and 48 guns), now in course of construction. The German Coastguard fleet consists of two turreted ships of 600 horse-power and seven guns. The war navy of France is composed of 17,200 horse-power in all, and carrying 816 guns. The French home squadron contains 14 turreted vessels, 16 plated batteries, and six rams, of 9,320 horse-power, and carrying 268 guns. Austria has a war navy of seven plated frigates and four casemated ships of 8,150 horse-power, bearing 182 guns. There is no Austrian home squadron. The Italian war navy consists of twelve plated frigates, and two plated corvettes, and one ram of 9,109 horse-power and having 168 guns. Turkey possesses a war navy of considerable strength, composed of fifteen large plated war vessels, two of which have 9 inch plates, of 8,530 horse-power in all, and carrying 116 guns of heaviest calibre. Spain has seven plated frigates, of 5,900 horse-power, and 145 guns, while in her coast fleet there are three turreted ships of 1,800 horse-power, and carrying nine guns. Finally, the Netherlands dispose of a coastguard fleet of twenty-two vessels of various kinds, of 8,800 horse-power, and bearing 114 guns."

Dean Swift's Amours.

Dean Swift's amours have become famous from their tragic nature, and the obscurity in which they are hidden. Betty Jones, the first of Swift's loves, was certainly the most fortunate, thanks to her humble station and homely mind, for, probably, as Mrs. Perkins the innkeeper's wife, she enjoyed more real happiness than the admired bride of the great Dean. Miss Jane Warying, the sister of his college companion, next fills up the void of his tender heart; and strange to say he offers to make Varina (as he poetically calls her) his wife. But this lady only took four years to consider, and succumbed when too late. Esther Johnson, the celebrated Stella, next won his affection. This accomplished and beautiful lady was Swift's pupil, and her attachment for him grew as her mind, pure and beautiful to cease only with death. Swift wooed and won this beautiful girl, whose noble heart he broke by his strange and mysterious conduct. Hope deferred, and an unenviable position in society, were not enough to try the constancy of poor Stella, she must have a rival, and that she soon found in Miss Vanhomrigh. Swift became acquainted with this lady when at the height of his power and full vigour of his faculties; when the chosen companion of statesmen and courtiers. Indeed he was well qualified to find favour with the fair sex, for

"He moved, and bowed, and talked with too much grace,
Nor showed the parson in his gait or face."

This lady possessed a graceful person, a lively disposition, and a taste for mental cultivation, which Swift soon perceived and admired; and the gratitude she felt for his attentions soon ripened into the love which broke her heart. While Swift found pleasure in the society of Vanessa (her poetical name), Stella suffered alone in Ireland the pangs of wronged affection. He could not be blind to the nature of Vanessa's regard, nor the hopes that she might reasonably entertain from his attentions; nor are we to suppose this love one-sided, since the tone of his journal to Stella implies the contrary. Vanessa waits anxiously the Dean's declaration of his passion—but in vain, so at last she determines to know her fate, and discloses the secret of her heart to the Dean. Without power to accept her love, or courage to refuse it, he offered his friendship and esteem, and strove to parry her just remonstrance by his wit. After her mother's death she followed the Dean to Ireland, which placed him in peculiar circumstances, for how could he treat one, whose only misfortune was to love him too well, harshly, for well might a lady of youth, fortune, and a fine genius, expect more from her lover. Meanwhile, the sorrows of Stella began to show on a delicate and sensitive frame, and to save her from a premature grave the Dean made her his wife. But only in name did she enjoy this sacred title; they lived apart till death at length relieved her of her sorrows. What added fresh hope to the fond dreams of Stella proved fatal to her less fortunate rival. After having nursed her passion for eight years for the Dean, and refusing two suitors for her hand, she wrote to Stella to learn if her suspicions were well founded; and Stella, wounded to the heart that another should share the Dean's love, wrote back a reply that marriage united them, at the same time forwarding her letter to the Dean. Swift's fury was as unreasonable as his former conduct; he hastened to Marley Abbey, the residence of Vanessa, threw her letter in a rage on the table, and departed: having sealed the doom of one who loved too well, for soon after she died. A few years after Stella followed her unfortunate rival, and so end the amours of the mysterious Dean Swift.



THE FIRST LESSON.



A LOOK IN PASSING.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

AN ADVENTURE WITH A MADMAN.

BY KITTIE GRANT.

Some years ago, I was engaged as a teacher in the western part of Ontario, where I had an encounter with a madman the remembrance of which, even now with kind friends around me, causes my blood to thrill with horror, and a sensation of almost frozen terror to creep over me.

I was educated for the profession of a teacher. My parents dying when I was quite young left me to the guardianship of well-to-do but niggardly relatives, and as I had little or no money, they resolved to rid themselves of the responsibility as soon as possible by placing me in a position to care for myself. I was sent to the district school with my two cousins, and finding I was "apt to learn," to use their expression, they decided to give me what education could be obtained in their country school, and a few months' finishing at the High School in the town of B— which ought, in their estimation, to fit me for the arduous duties of a public school-teacher, and at the same time satisfy their own conscience by having "done the best they could for poor Mary's child."

I pursued my studies with that avidity and eagerness which a young ardent spirit panting to escape from a loveless and unsympathetic life alone could give, and at the age of seventeen, found myself after a hardly contested examination, the possessor of a third class certificate of qualification, and duly installed as "mistress," of a country school in the township of L—, county H—, then in almost a state of primitive wilderness.

It was hardly the situation I had looked for or expected, but it was an escape from my almost intolerable life at the farm-house, where I was made to feel too plainly my dependent position, and I gladly accepted it as a stepping-stone to better things, resolved to do almost anything rather than return to my uncle's and be pronounced a failure.

Then too, my blood was fired with indignation by the remembrance of the meagre manner, and grudging spirit in which his small pittances had been dealt out to me, his petted sister's only child, and I mentally determined to repay to the uttermost farthing the expense he had been to in giving me an education, and which I was doomed to hear of continually while under his roof.

"Now, Kitty," so they called me, declaring my own name Henrietta too long for Christian use; "I have spent a great deal of money in givin' you your larnin', gal, a great deal, and the last you can do now is to be a credit to yourself and them that's eddicated ye. Let me see; not reckonin' your expenses to hum for vittals, clothes and sich like, which amounts to purty considerable, and you've never been a sixpence worth of profit to us, I've laid out for you, let me see." And here my uncle produced a well worn memorandum book, and proceeded to read the items (which items, by the way, were carefully written out, and stowed away in the bottom of my box for future use.) "Board and lodging at B—, for six months at five dollars a month, £7.10s., tuition fee, 15 shillings, Grey's Elementary Arithmetic, two and sixpence, Lennie's Grammar, one and threepence, a quire of paper, one shilling, a bottle of ink, twopence, total, £8 9s. 11d. Counts up, Kitty. Counts up." Such was the farewell that sounded drearily in my ears, as the lumbering old stage bore me away from Highgate farm for my first encounter with the world.

I found a warm welcome awaiting me at the house of the worthy couple where it had been arranged I should board; for, longing for some quiet nook that I could at last call home, I had steadily refused the urgent request of the committee that I should "board round," as had been the custom of previous teachers, and even consented to some reduction of my salary that I might be permitted this luxury.

I was very happy there in that secluded spot, for besides the sweet consciousness of independence that gave new life and spirit to my whole being, I learned to dearly love those wild woodland blossoms entrusted to my care, and teaching was with me a labour of love as well as a necessity.

But I fear I am digressing. Your pardon, gentle reader; but I dearly love to linger over the memory of those happy days, when I rivalled in careless gaiety and freedom the joyous warblers of the woods and groves, where merry little songs helped to make my life so beautiful that pleasant summer.

I had been in my situation about six months, when on returning from school, one evening, I found a letter awaiting me (quite an advent in my then quiet life) and in a gentleman's handwriting, as the neat superscription "Miss Henrietta Williams," evidently attested.

Noting my look of wondering surprise as I took it up, Mr. Atkins jocosely remarked, "Sly puss, some poor youth no doubt smitten with the charms of our demure little school-mistress has penned his glowing thoughts where 'rushing river,' rhymes with 'Cupid's quiver,' &c. It proved however to be a note from the County Inspector containing an order for \$45.67, the Legislative grant apportioned to School Section No. 13, Township of L—. It was payable at the Town Hall, a building situated in the centre of the township, and about four miles distant from my school. I had all a child's eagerness to see and touch this my first earnings, and as the succeeding day was bright and beautiful, I determined to walk to the hall after school duties were over to receive the money; so sending word to Mrs. Atkins with one of my pupils where I intended going, and instructing her not to wait tea for me, I set out buoyantly for my destination. My road lay partly through a thick wood, and altogether remote from any dwelling; but I was entirely fearless and really enjoyed a ramble through the dense, magnificent forest, the lofty trees towering above each side of my path, and casting strange, grotesque shadows around the immense net-work of green leaves, with here and there a patch of blue sky or golden sunbeam visible, the peaceful, quiet stillness that pervaded all around were charms of which I never wearied. It was very beautiful this evening; for Autumn had begun to deck my grand old forest in her robe of sadness, scarlet, green, and yellow were blended together fantastically and beautifully, and I lingered longer than I intended collecting autumn leaves, the most beautiful to be kept as souvenirs of that happy summer.

The sun was just visible above the tree-tops when I reached the hall, and I had already formed some forebodings about my long walk back, when to add to my uneasiness I was obliged to wait some twenty minutes before the clerk was at leisure to wait upon me; for in addition to his other duties he was

a tailor I believe, and busily engaged in doing up, and settling a bill for a suit of grey homespun, his customer being evidently a farmer of the better class.

The preliminaries were at last gone through with, and my apprehensions entirely vanished when I found myself the happy possessor of four new crisp bank notes and some additional silver. Safely securing my treasure I started home at once, and though I walked fast I found to my dismay that the sun had already sunk in a bank of crimson and gold ere I reached the edge of the wood. The almost impenetrable forest very nearly shut out what little daylight there was left, and I could not repress a little shiver of terror as I left the open road and stepped briskly into the wooded highway.

There was a by-path that led through the wood direct to L—, but fearful of losing my way when darkness had once set in I determined to go by the longer and as I thought safer route—the general highway. I had gone but a short distance, when the sound of carriage wheels coming at a furious rate attracted my attention, and turning I saw a carriage drawn by a pair of bays dashing rapidly on, and but a short distance behind. I quickly stepped aside in the bushes to allow it to pass unperceived, but too late. I had already been seen; as was apparent from the fact that the driver reined in his horses to a walk, and actually to a halt as he came opposite my hiding place. A pair of bright, piercing eyes peered eagerly through the bushes, and at last rested significantly upon the leafy screen behind which I had ensconced myself. Seeing I was discovered I stepped boldly into the highway, and with a look of angry annoyance was passing swiftly on, when the gentleman politely lifted his hat, and in a condescending manner said:

"Pardon my perhaps impertinent curiosity, but it grows late for a lady to be travelling alone here; you are doubtless going to L—, and as I am travelling in the same direction I shall only be too happy to give you a lift?"

He had alighted while speaking, and now stood waiting to assist me in the carriage. His quiet gentlemanly tone reassured me at once, and with a few hurried words of thank I accepted his offer. Soon we were whirling along at as rapid a pace as before.

While mentally congratulating myself upon having escaped from the dilemma of being benighted in the woods I suddenly became aware that my companion's eyes were searching my face with more than ordinary scrutiny. I bore the ordeal as well as possible for a few moments, during which the very intensity of his gaze seemed to scorch me, when venturing to steal a glance at my companion astonishment was changed to terror. There was a look of deadly ferocity and hate in his eyes, as they met my own for a second, that it was impossible to mistake, and with an irrepressible shudder I drew farther back in the carriage. My movement, slight as it was, was quickly observed, for turning suddenly he violently grasped my wrist, and hissed in my ear:

"If you do that again, if you stir or make the slightest movement I shall kill you at once! Do you think I have dodged your path for the last fifteen years to be cheated of my revenge now?"

Almost paralysed with fear, perplexity, and wonder, I gazed helplessly into his face, and there—merciful Heavens! read the confirmation of my worst fears. *I was alone with a madman.*

"Take your eyes off my face," he commanded, menacingly, "how dare you look at me in that way? Years ago, it was foretold me, that a black-eyed siren would be my destruction. But I have you now. Ha! Ha! I have you now! I will kill you and then the spell shall be broken. Aint it splendid to think how I have outwitted them all?" And he laughed a low, exultant laugh.

With the courage of desperation I tore myself from his grasp, and while trying to jump from the carriage shrieked wildly for aid.

"Fool, poor little fool," he hissed, as he held me with a grip of iron, "what help can reach you here? You shall die, girl, die. Nothing but blood can break the spell; nothing but blood, and I shall have it too."

And again his low, unearthly chuckle sounded in my ears. What a lifetime of horror I seemed to live in those few moments, with the madman's fierce grasp upon my wrists, his burning eyes peering into mine, his hot breath upon my cheek. I shut my eyes and I tried to pray, for I felt that my last hour had indeed come, but I could think of nothing save death in that lonely wood, and merciful Heaven, such a death! My very senses seemed frozen with terror.

The horses, evidently frightened by my shrieks, had become extremely restive, and their frantic plunges served to divert his attention somewhat, as with a fierce threat, he loosed his hold of me and turned to the management of his team. Oh, how ardently I wished a strap or a line might break, as with whip and rein he maintained a fierce struggle with the animals, and that I might at least have a chance of escape, even if it would be through the peril of a runaway. But no—the man was perfectly at home in the management of his team, and I could scarce restrain a feeling of admiration, as I saw with what perfect skill he brought the panting terrified creatures into complete subjection to his will. His admirable coolness and dexterity in controlling his horses drew my thoughts from my own imminent danger, and recalled me to my senses again (for fear had completely overcome all my powers of mind) so that when the madman turned to me with a smile of sardonic triumph I was astonished at my own nerve and calmness.

"Admirable," I exclaimed, enthusiastically, "that was well done."

"So you admire my horsemanship," he asked.

"Admire is a feeble word. It was perfect."

"Girl," he returned quickly, the cunning of madness in his eyes, "don't think to cajole me by flatteries, die you must. I must have your life, girl, your life!"

"Oh, I had forgotten that," I returned, coolly; "but why do you wish to kill me?"

"Haven't I told you? There is a spell put on me by a black-eyed enchantress. I loved her once, oh, how I loved her! I loved her as I now hate her. But she would have none of me. She put a spell on me, and I swore to kill her."

"But I am no enchantress. I have never seen you before. I am only a poor school-teacher who—"

"Silence," he thundered, "do you think I wouldn't know you under any disguise. You have her hair, complexion, form, and those fatal eyes. Bah," and he laughed scornfully, "I knew we should meet again. It is useless to try to deceive me. The time has come at last, and this meeting shall be death to you." He drew a large knife as he spoke, and held it

threateningly toward me. I shuddered and recoiled as I saw the glitter of the keen blade.

But my courage did not forsake me. Coolly, almost indifferently I answered: "I am not your enchantress, and I know nothing of her. But I am not afraid of you, sir, and am perfectly willing to die."

He looked at me suspiciously a moment, but I returned his gaze with steady frankness.

"I have no friends to grieve for me," I continued, "and I am almost tired of living; only promise me to do your work well and quickly, for I do not like to suffer."

"I will promise to sever your head almost from your body at a single stroke," he answered, savagely, and I felt the cold steel drawn backwards across my throat.

I felt blood creeping through my veins with icy chilliness at the touch, but quietly I continued: "I have a few affairs to settle before I die, but as I cannot return to do it, you will be so kind as to attend to it for me. This money which I have just received," and I drew my hoarded treasure from my bosom, "you will please forward to Mrs. Atkins in L—, for my board; my trunk and clothes can be returned to my uncle at Highgate farm; my watch and a few other valuables I will give to you as a reward for sending me from present misery to lasting peace."

I could scarce repress a great cry of sorrow as I handed him the watch, for it was my mother's, and the only thing of value of hers that I possessed, but it was my only chance of life.

The madman's eyes never left my face while I was speaking, but my voice did not lose its even monotone, and my movements were as calm and collected as if I were speaking of the commonest topics of the day instead of a matter of life and death. I saw at a glance that he was completely deceived.

With a steady hand I loosened a small scarf from my neck, unfastened my collar and brooch, and announced: "Now, I am quite ready."

He turned to me with the deadly weapon in his hand.

"But would it not be as well, sir," I exclaimed, glancing around, as if struck by an idea, "to alight from the carriage. It would be a great pity to dabble it with blood, and besides it might prove disagreeable for you."

He seemed greatly pleased with the suggestion:

"The very thing. The very thing. How stupid of me not to think of it. It would never do to stain the carriage."

He jumped quickly to the ground, throwing the reins loosely over the front of the carriage, and politely offered his hand to assist me out.

Now was my time. I must make one final effort to escape. Quick as a flash I grasped the reins, as they fell from his hand, and by my voice and a lash of the whip urged the team into a gallop.

Though my movements were quick the madman was still quicker. With a fierce imprecation he caught the bridle of the horse nearest him, and now commenced a frightful struggle; for knowing it was my only chance I plied the whip with desperate energy. The maddened, infuriated animals leaped frantically forward, but still he maintained a firm hold of the bridle—the strength of ten men seemed to be in his arm, and I saw with a sickening sensation of terror that eventually he must conquer.

Rising in my seat I brought the whip down with all the force I could command on the haunches of the animals, a more frantic plunge brought the madman to his knees, and before he could recover himself the whip descended a second time, another desperate leap and the bridle is jerked from his hand, he is trampled beneath their feet, and the horses speed away with the rapidity of a bird.

I caught a glimpse of a white, still face lying across the path as we dashed madly on, and then—my overtaken nerves gave way and I remember nothing more. When I recovered consciousness I was for a moment puzzled to comprehend the meaning of the anxious faces bending over me, but a glance at my bandaged arm, and the dull, dizzy pain in my head slowly revealed the truth.

"The madman," I gasped, "where is he?"

"Gone to appear before a higher tribunal," was the solemn answer, "but think of him no more. Poor child! You have sustained a terrible shock, and the greatest quiet is necessary, or the consequences may be fatal."

Yes, he was indeed dead, that terrible maniac. The carriage wheel had passed directly over his head, killing him almost instantly. He had escaped from the asylum a short time previously, and was recognized as one of the most daring and dangerous of its inmates, whose cool craftiness had more than once circumvented the officials in charge.

With careful nursing I soon recovered from the injuries received on being thrown from the carriage; but it was long, long before I regained my usual spirits, and to my dying day I shall never forget that fearful night in the forest.

In a recent lecture on "Caricaturing," delivered before an immense audience in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Mr. Thomas Nast remarked that he was often requested by different persons to draw a caricature of them. But a caricature was rarely pleasing to the subject of it, who seldom could take any joke of which he was the point. In general he would laugh when he first saw the picture, say it was very funny, but then gravely remark, "But you don't mean that for me? I don't see the slightest resemblance—not a bit!" Toward the close of the lecture Mr. Nast, turning his eyes toward one of the front seats, said, "I wish to draw a historical picture, and I wish one gentleman in the audience would request me to draw his caricature." Assent was manifestly given, and the lecturer sketched in an off-hand manner an exaggerated portrait of Mr. Beecher, from a small photograph which he held in one hand, while the subject of it shook with laughter. The artist then speedily developed a small caricature of himself in the lower corner of the same sheet of paper. Pointing to the picture of Mr. Beecher, he said, "From the sublime"—then pointing to his own—"to the ridiculous!" In the midst of the mirth of the audience, Mr. Beecher rose, and with mock-gravity said, "Perhaps some here think you mean me by that picture, but I don't see the slightest resemblance!"—a remark which sent the entire audience into long continued bursts of laughter and applause.

EXERCISE; AN ILLUSTRATION.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

Two friends are in a canoe in the Mozambique Channel. A sudden flaw of wind upsets the boat. Before they can right her, she fills with water, and sinks; and the two men are swimming for their lives.

That story that man told me. Now, what is the difference between those two men? Why does one give up the contest at once, and resign himself to what people call his fate, while the other fights the circumstances for hours, and wins the battle?

Take that as a precise illustration, where nobody questions the answer, of the difference wrought in two men merely by exercise, or the steadiness of training.

A SEMINARY OF BULLFINCHES.

A great number of piping bullfinches are annually sent to this country, after going through the usual course of instruction. No school can be more diligently attended by its master, and no scholars more effectually trained to their own calling, than a seminary of bullfinches.

Our Illustrations.

On Monday, the 18th December last, the barque HELEN PATTERSON, Captain Horne, from Pictou, bound to Portland, with a load of coal, having sprung a leak, put into this port for a harbour and anchored outside the breakwater.

As a pendant to the wreck of the "Helen Patterson," we give the quiet view of a SARDINE FISHERY on the French Coast, not far from the bay of Biscay.

The eighth and ninth pages are graced with two companion pictures representing female experiences in skating.

The twelfth and thirteenth pages are reproductions of German male and female types. The former is a group of the Heidelberg Allomania drinking their beer at a country inn.

Scraps.

The new British Parliament will meet on the 5th March. The Halle of the 17th ult. announces that an admirable statue of Hercules was discovered a few days ago at Esquiline.

Mr. Hunt has intrusted the engraving of his picture, "The Shadow of Death," to Mr. F. Stacpoole, and the impressions are expected to be ready for delivery to subscribers in about eighteen months' time.

Paris, according to a correspondent, was never more brilliant than now. The boulevards are crowded with the finest equipages. The Bois de Boulogne is as well attended as during the Empire.

The pianoforte (or rather harpsichord) on which Rouget de l'Isle's "Marseillaise" was first heard, as also Cherier's "Chant du Départ," and other patriotic songs, has been placed in the library of the Paris Conservatoire.

The late Bishop of Liechfield was once travelling in a railway carriage, when a blustering man exclaimed, "I should like to meet that Bishop of Liechfield. I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him."

A perfect mania for phenomena has sprung up in Paris. In opposition to their homme-chien and the Two-headed Nightingale, the manager of a cafe concert recently announced the first appearance of a female with two heads, four legs, but only two arms, named Mlle. Lini-Catherine.

A young girl was about to be married to a journeyman carpenter, whose suit was by no means agreeable to her. She had refused and protested against the match, but her father was inexorable on the subject, and insisted on her marriage.

The mantua-makers, hairdressers, milliners, and costumiers are, they say on the Boulevards, to present next week a diamond ring to M. Sardou. Certainly no public man so well deserves the thanks of these honourable corporations.

Music and the Drama.

This is Wienlawski's last season in America. Offenbach's latest opera is entitled "Richelleu." P. S. Gilmore seems to be doing fairly in New York.

Fechter left New York suddenly, in company with Miss Lizzie Price. Frau Abt has written an opera for America, called "The Sharpshooter."

Albani was recently called before the curtain in Moscow more than forty times! A London critic calls the Wagner movement "a weed growing on Beethoven's grave."

Lydia Thompson will retire from the stage of this country at the close of the present season. Adelaide Nelson, the actress, has broken down her health, and has gone to Florida for rest.

The Camilla Urso troupe has been the most successful concert organization of the American season. W. P. Spaulding has been presented with an elegant masonic gold Keystone, by the members of his company of Bellringers.

Carl Rosa's English opera company is said to be the best organization of the kind that has been heard in England for many years. It is vastly successful.

The Mexicans are good judges of opera, and when they don't like a performance they let the performers know it. Lately an audience in the city of Mexico became exasperated at the atrocious massacre of the music, and put a stop to it by hurling chairs, benches, cushions and other portable appurtenances of the house upon the stage.

In private life Miss Kellogg is even more charming than she is upon the boards. She is a sparkling and vivacious conversationalist and withal a most intelligent and sensible one.

Professor Cairnes will shortly publish a work on which he has been for some time engaged, and which will contain new expositions of some of the leading principles of Political Economy.

Quillies.

An American literary gentleman says—"I find plenty of people who are willing to tell all they know, if you tell them all they know, but the mizry of the trade is, they don't know much."

Rev. Gent.—"But you really can have no serious reason to wish to be parted from your wife." Rustic.—"Well, no, Sir. I like my wife well enough, but, you see, she don't please mother."

News is scarce in Minnesota. In the effort to present something fresh, a Lanesboro paper has found it necessary to publish the Ten Commandments, under an excuse of "a gentle reminder now and then."

"I am weary of life—bury me deep on the hillside," wrote a young man in Dubuque; but they pumped him out, and the same night he went to the circus and laughed till he cried at the antics of the trick mules.

Could anything be neater than the old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor, missus," said he, "I'se use to lifting barrels of sugar."

A bachelor says if you hand a lady a newspaper with a paragraph cut out of it, not a line of it will be read, but every bit of interest felt in the paper by the lady will center in finding out what the missing paragraph contained.

The stringency in the egg market is painful. There has been a large falling off in deposits of late, many of the hens having entirely suspended, while others are holding on to their reserves.

The Peoria Review says that a lady teacher in one of the public schools was amazed the other day by seeing a perfect forest of juvenile hands fly up in the air and shake and gesticulate with violent agitation.

Attention is called to the size of the pop-corn balls now sold for a cent, as evidence that something is radically wrong in the condition of the country. In this connection it may be remarked that, nowadays, three cents' worth of gum will not last a schoolboy half a day, whereas it would formerly give his teacher a subject for conversation for a week.

Dr. Livingstone says that Schele, a famous African chief, observed to him, on the occasion of his preaching to his tribe, "Do you imagine that these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and, if you like, I will call my head men, and, with our whips of rhinoceros hide, we will soon make them all believe together."

Young Smith was walking out with the idol of his heart, the other evening, and they choose the favourite resort of lovers, the goat pasture near the dam. While admiring the falls and getting their noses reddened by the north wind, she burst out rapturously, "Isn't that dam splendid?"

An inebriate, some little while back, got into a car, and became very troublesome and annoying to the other passengers, so much so that it was proposed to eject him; but a kind-hearted and reverend doctor, who was also a passenger, interposed for him, and soothed him into good behaviour for the remainder of the journey.

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. P., Montreal.—We suppose it is possible to do so, but it would detract from the merit of the problem by pointing out the key move.

J. W. B., Toronto.—With reference to Problem No. 114, the position of the Black Rook was well defined as K. Kt. 4th, but no doubt it was a mistake made in writing down the position, and K. R. 4th was meant.

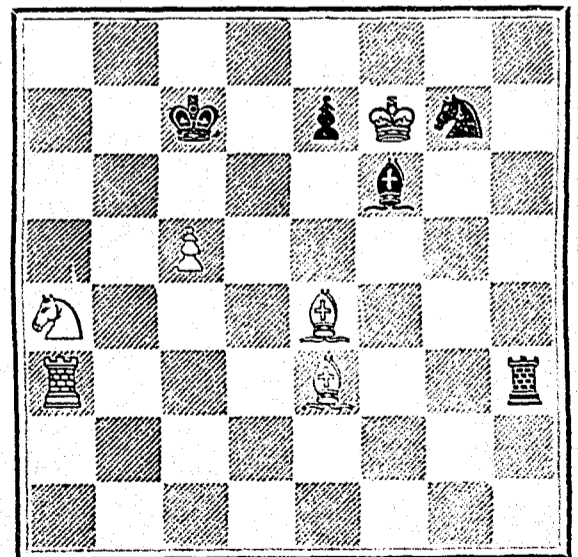
EUREKA.—Your solution of Problem No. 114 is not correct, for if Black play 1. B to K 5th, white plays 2. Q to K B 6th ch, and mate next move. The following is the solution as given by the author:

- White. 1. Q takes Kt ch 2. Q takes Q ch 3. B to K Kt 7th ch 4. B takes R checkmate. Black. 1. Q inter. ch 2. B takes Q. 3. R inter ch

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—No. 115. Delta, Rock Island; Junius; F. X. L., Ottawa, and M. J. C., Hawkesbury; No. 116, W. H. P., Montreal; F. X. L., Ottawa, and J. W. B., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 117.

By Mr. F. X. L., Ottawa. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 115. White. 1. B to K Kt 7th 2. B to K B 8th 3. B to Q B 5th 4. B mates. Black. 1. P to R 5th 2. P to R 6th 3. P to R 7th

- SOLUTION AS GIVEN BY CORRESPONDENTS. White. 1. K to Q 3rd 2. K to B 3rd 3. B to K 4th 4. R to B 6th dis ch mate. Black. 1. Any move. 2. " 3. "



GERMANY.—THE ALLEMANNIA STUDENTS' CLUB AT HEIDELBERG.



Laibach. Switzerland. Tyrol. Hungary. Carniola. Styria. Italy. Switzerland. Salzburg. Styria. Upper Austria.
 Poland. Carinthia. Greece.

TYPES OF EUROPEAN BEAUTY.

REMEMBRANCE.

(Andersen)

I think of thee
When the soft voices of the nightingales,
In sweet and plaintive warblings to the night,
King through the vales.
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee,
By the cool waters of the shaded fountains;
While in the shimmering rays of twilight glow,
Glisten the mountains.
Where thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee,
With many tender hopes and anxious fears,
Passionate longings for the one I love,
And burning tears,
How thinkest thou of me?

O, think of me,
Until we meet again some happier day,
Till then, however distant my feet may roam,
Still shall I think and pray
Only of thee!

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER XLI.

SYLVIA ASKS A QUESTION.

That feeble lamp of life which burned in the sick chamber in High street, Monkhampton, survived the gloom of deepest winter, now sinking almost to extinction, now flickering faintly back to life, now brightening so visibly that the anxious children began to hope for their mother's recovery. They might have her with them a few more years even yet, they thought. Early in February Mrs. Bain had improved so much as to come down stairs once more, and occupy her accustomed place by the household hearth, but she was not strong enough for the resumption of the domestic keys, or the economical housewife's duties. All she could do was to instil principles of thrift into Matilda Jane, to impart old secrets of good management, wise saws that had been handed down to her by her mother, look over the butcher's book now and then, and sigh plaintively as she noted how the weekly totals had risen since her illness.

"I told cook what you said, mother," answered Matilda Jane, "and she said it was the gravybeef for your beef tea."

"My dear, the bills could hardly have been heavier if she'd boiled down a bullock. I'm very much afraid the servants have been eating meat suppers."

Delighted with this obvious improvement in his patient, and sincerely anxious to preserve the cherished wife for the anxious husband, whose devotion was a fact patent to all Monkhampton, Mr. Stimpson told Shadrack Bain that now was the time for his wife's removal to a milder climate.

"If you can yet get her out of the way of our east winds we may have her strong again by the summer," said Mr. Stimpson, cheerily.

There was just a shade of uneasiness in Shadrack Bain's expression as he reflected on the doctor's suggestion.

"I thought our climate was pretty nearly as good a one as you could have," he said, "I didn't see much difference between Monkhampton and Cannes."

"Perhaps not, my dear sir. In robust health like yours one is hardly conscious of change in temperature. Had you consulted the thermometer you would have found that Cannes is six or seven degrees higher than Monkhampton."

"Very likely. If you think Mrs. Bain ought to go she shall go, though it could hardly be more inconvenient than it is just now for me to take her. But she has been a good wife to me, and I wish to do my duty."

"Everybody knows that," replied the doctor with feeling. He had attended Shadrack Bain's family from the very beginning, had ushered the children upon the stage of life, and conducted them safely through all their infantile ailments, and was sincerely attached to the household.

"If she goes to Cannes and improves as you think she will, is there any hope of her being spared for some years to come?" asked the anxious husband, with a watchful eye upon the practitioner's countenance. "I should like to know the truth. Patching a person up is one thing, and curing them is another. Have you any hope of a cure in this case?"

The doctor shook his head regretfully. Mrs. Bain had been one of his best patients—a small annuity to him for the last five years. Would that she could have lasted for ever, and been handed down in reversion to his sons.

"My dear Mr. Bain," he said, overflowing with sympathy, "your dear good lady's malady has long been chronic. There can be no such thing as a cure, but by escaping our cold spring we may carry her safely into the summer."

"To lose her when winter comes again. A poor hope, at best."

"We are in the hands of Providence. We can but do our uttermost. There is but one thing to be done, removal to a more congenial climate."

"And that you consider essential?"

"Most decidedly."

"Then it shall be done," said Mr. Bain. "However inconvenient I'll take her over to Cannes myself. No one in Monkhampton shall be able to say I did less than my duty."

"Bravely spoken, my dear sir. We all honour you for your devotion to your most estimable lady; a devotion equally creditable to you and its object," said Mr. Stimpson, as if he had been making an after-dinner speech.

Mr. Bain, who held, like Macbeth, that whatever was well done when done should be done quickly, announced his intention of starting with the invalid on the next day but one. The girls made haste to pack their mother's trunks, tearfully, yet not without hope. Cannes to their minds meant restoration to health. Matilda Jane was to stay at home and keep house, and rule the boys, a hardy race of grammar-school students with indescribable appetites. Clara Louisa was to accompany her mother as nurse and companion.

"After all," thought Mr. Bain, "I don't see that anything can go wrong in my absence. Sir Aubrey is likely to hold out in his present condition for some time to come, and if there were any appearance of a change Chapelain would write me word of it."

Chapelain, the valet, had a profound respect for the land steward, whom he regarded as the actual master of Perriam Place. Sir Aubrey since his illness was but the shadow or eidolon of his former self. Lady Perriam had but little power, and what little she possessed she seemed to hold at the pleasure of Mr. Bain. The valet told himself therefore that Shadrack Bain was the idol before which he must bow down, if he desired his service to be a profitable one. Chapelain had reason to accord Mr. Bain even more subservience than is usually given by a time-serving domestic to the powers that be, for he was conscious of failings which if once discovered by the steward might lead to his swift doom and downfall. It may have been the joyless monotony of Perriam Place, or it may have been some inherent weakness in the man himself, but, whatever the cause, it is certain that since Sir Aubrey's illness Jean Chapelain had acquired the habit of taking more alcoholic liquid than was good for himself, or for the household in which he served. He had always liked his comfortable glass, but had kept the propensity tolerably well in check so long as he feared Sir Aubrey's scrutiny. But of late, since his master's eyes had grown dull and unseeing, Jean Chapelain had given the reins to his favourite vice, and had allowed that fatal charger to carry him very near the verge of ruin.

The Perriam cellars were too well guarded by the faithful white-headed old butler, who had held the keys for the last twenty years, for Mr. Chapelain to indulge his dangerous propensity at his master's cost. He had a certain allowance of beer and wine, and a liberal one, for servants, however faithful, are not apt to stint one another. They take a large view of servants' hall rations. But anything for which Mr. Chapelain craved beyond this ample allowance he had to provide for himself, and he did provide himself with some of the vilest brandy ever extracted from potatoes, brandy which was guiltless of grape juice, but which addled the valet's brain, with a somewhat agreeable obfuscation, and took possession of his feet and legs, where it tortured him under the name of gout.

Little by little, tortured by the gout, and solaced by the brandy which produced the gout, Jean Chapelain fell away from his duties in Sir Aubrey's rooms.

The baronet, though apt to be peevish, and at times exacting, was not a very troublesome invalid, and there were few services he required which Mrs. Carter could not perform to his liking. He had taken a wonderful fancy to the sick nurse. Her quiet unobtrusive manner, her soft voice pleased him—even the subdued colour of her garments, and her pale refined face were agreeable to him. Sometimes when his mind was a little weaker than usual he would take her for his wife, address her as Sylvia, and remain unconscious of his error till Lady Perriam entered the room, when he would look wonderingly from one to the other.

Thus it happened, the sick nurse being always on duty, that no one complained of Jean Chapelain's inattention. He dressed his master in the morning, but was very often out of the way when Sir Aubrey went to bed at night. On these occasions the gout furnished him with an ever ready excuse.

"My legs have martyred me the evening," he would say to Mrs. Carter, in his curious English, "and I could not descend. I hope the Old did not ask me."

"The Old was Mr. Chapelain's name for Sir Aubrey."

Mr. Bain left Monkhampton with his wife and daughter about the middle of February—nearly a year after Sir Aubrey's paralytic seizure, and about seven months after the birth of that baby heir, who had been baptized without pomp or splendour of any kind at the little church in the dell. At the baronet's express desire, repeated many times, without variation, his infant son had been christened St. John Aubrey, the more surely to perpetuate that friendship which had obtained between Sir Aubrey's ancestor and the brilliant statesman.

The child had grown and flourished in the dull old house, a vigorous sapling. The servants were never tired of praising him. He had Sir Aubrey's blue eyes, or such eyes as Sir Aubrey's had been when they too looked joyously and ignorantly on life's glad morning. He had not inherited those wondrous hazel orbs of his mother's, and indeed bore no resemblance to Sylvia, either in feature or expression.

That interview with Mary Peter had told Lady Perriam very little about her lost lover, but when Miss Peter brought home the dress that had been entrusted to her for manufacture, the talk between the dressmaker and her patroness again fell upon Mr. Standen's affairs.

"I think it's a settled thing now, my lady," Miss Peter remarked, as she tried on the dress, and settled a fold here, and pinched a trimming into place there.

"What is a settled thing?" asked Sylvia.

"Between Mr. Standen and Miss Rochdale. I met them out walking in Hedingham yesterday, quite like sweethearts."

"How do you mean like sweethearts?"

"Well, I don't know. He had such an attentive way with him, and was carrying her waterproof. Besides it's in everybody's mouth at Hedingham. Alice Cook got it from her father, and her father had it from Mr. Vancourt himself, and he'd be likely to know."

Sylvia said nothing, but suffered the business of trying on as quietly as if she had been a statue.

"They say it's to be in the spring, as soon as Mrs. Sargent leaves off crape. She'll have worn it more than a year and a half by that time."

"Unfasten the dress," said Sylvia, imperatively; "you've almost strangled me."

Her breath came thick and fast, as if the dress had indeed been tight enough to throttle her.

"Yet it isn't a bit tight about the throat," said Miss Peter, as she unfastened the body; "thirteen inches—your old measure."

After that day there came a restlessness upon Lady Perriam which she strove in vain to conquer. Were those two going to be married? That was the question which tormented her, the question which was perpetually repeating itself in her distracted mind. There were times when her own release seemed so near, when she believed that Sir Aubrey's sand ran low in the glass of Time. Yet what avail widowhood and liberty, if he whose love she counted upon regaining were to wed another before the day of her freedom.

She could not sit quietly at home to consider this question, but ordered her carriage, and told the man to drive to Croyley Common, a drive which must take her past Dean house and through Hedingham.

Nurse Triugfold and baby went with her, the customary companions of her drives; but to-day she took less notice than usual of the infantine St. John's endearing ways. She

wrapped herself in her own thoughts, and sat looking out of the window with a gloomy brow.

They passed Dean House, but the untenanted windows looked blankly down at her, telling nothing of the interior. They drove through Hedingham without meeting a creature whom Sylvia knew, and thus on to Croyley Common, a noble stretch of unbroken ground, clothed with furze and heather, commanding the distant sea, and far to the left the little sandy bay, and white walled town of Didmouth.

Here, even in winter, it was pleasant to walk on the close cropped turf, though not on the loose ragged gravel road up which the horses struggled with their load. Half-way up the hill the coachman stopped at a wind of the road where there was a bit of level which served as a landing stage for vehicles, and here Lady Perriam and the nurse alighted for a walk on the Common.

To-day Sylvia—never fond of the nurse's company—was particularly indisposed to be social. She walked on rapidly, with her light footstep, winding in and out among the hill-tops and furze bushes, and leaving nurse Triugfold in the distance, trying to pacify the complaining baby, who was afflicted by an obstinate bottom tooth.

How bare and desolate the landscape looked in the bleak winter. The day which had been bright enough when they came, was now darkened by a cloud which threatened rain. Distant Didmouth gleamed whitely against a storm-charged sky. But Lady Perriam was singularly indifferent to that ominous darkening of the heavens. She had walked about half a mile away from nurse Triugfold and the carriage when she was awakened from a profound reverie by big drops of rain.

She had neither cloak nor umbrella, nor was there any nearer shelter than the carriage; not even a gipsy encampment or a hawker cart within view.

Sylvia looked round her helplessly, not very much minding the rain, but with a sense of desolation at being thus alone and unprotected.

The sky had darkened almost to night. They had started for their drive directly after luncheon, yet it seemed evening already.

While she was thus looking around, a dark figure came between her and the sombre sky, a figure armed with that indispensable companion for a west country pedestrian, a large umbrella.

"Let me take you back to your carriage, Lady Perriam," said the pedestrian. It was that one man whose voice Sir Aubrey's wife most feared, most longed to hear.

The sound of that voice coming suddenly upon her took her breath away. That he should speak to her at all seemed wonderful. To her mind—remembering that bitter look in the churchyard—it would have appeared more natural that he should pass her by and leave her to battle with the elements alone. But he had spoken to her, and she determined that she would not part from him till she had resolved the doubt which tortured her.

"You are very kind, Mr. Standen," she answered with well assumed indifference. "Yes, I shall be very grateful for the shelter of your umbrella. This kind of downpour is rather overwhelming."

Edmund Standen held his umbrella over Lady Perriam's head, but did not offer her his arm. He had not desired such a meeting—nay, would gladly have avoided it; but he could hardly leave his sometime love to be half drowned on Croyley Common. There was nothing romantic in their encounter. Indeed that umbrella shared between them savoured of the ridiculous.

"Where did you leave your carriage, Lady Perriam?" asked Mr. Standen. He seemed to find a pleasure in giving her the benefit of her title.

"At the bend of the road, half way up the hill, I can hardly see my way back to it."

"You may trust yourself to my guidance. I know Croyley Common very well indeed. I often come here for a lonely ramble."

After this he could hardly avoid offering Sylvia his arm. The ground was rugged, and slippery with the rain; her feet stumbled now and then.

She felt that the time was short. If she wanted to speak she must speak quickly, no matter how abrupt her questioning might seem.

"I wonder you have any time for lonely rambles," she said, "I hear you are very much occupied."

"With the business of the bank? Yes, I work rather hard there sometimes. However, I like the work."

"But, I heard that you had another and pleasanter occupation for your time, in the society of a young lady to whom you are engaged to be married."

"Pray who is that young lady?" Edmund asked coolly.

"Miss Rochdale."

"And from whom did you hear the report?"

"From common rumour."

"Common rumour is a common liar. I am not engaged to Miss Rochdale."

"Nor likely to be?"

"I will not say as much as that. There is no knowing when a man, who has missed his first chance of happiness, may seek a milder form of joy in a second venture. There is only one summer in a man's life, but autumn is sometimes a warm and genial season. There is that serene and beautiful autumn which is called an Indian summer. I may have my Indian summer yet."

"With Miss Rochdale, I suppose," said Sylvia.

"Why not with Miss Rochdale? She is a girl who might make any man's happiness, one would think—pretty, amiable, refined, intellectual, unselfish. What more can a man ask for in the wife of his choice?"

"I see rumour has not been false, Mr. Standen."

"Why do you trouble yourself about my fate now, Lady Perriam? It gave you very little concern a year and a half ago when you married Sir Aubrey. As you did not think about my happiness then, you need hardly consider it now. I live, you see; that is something. Here we are at your carriage."

The footman opened the carriage door. Edmund saw the baby, splendid in purple and fine linen, fast asleep just now and therefore a picture of infantine serenity. He touched the round, soft cheek gently with his finger, unseen by the mother, whose eyes, gloomy and despairing, were cast down.

Lady Perriam hardly thanked him for the shelter of his umbrella, hardly replied to his courteous "Good evening," and was driven away through rain and darkness with a gnawing pain at her heart.

To be continued.

VICTOR HUGO AND THE COMPOSERS.

Students of dramatic effect may be invited to consider the number of different ways in which the great musical situation of "Lucrezia Borgia" has been presented on the stage and always with success.

Amis, vive l'orgie!

J'aime la folle nuit Et le vin et le bruit Et la nappe rouge, &c. &c.

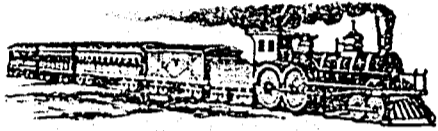
When the monks commence their dirge, that, again, is the first time that choral singing has been heard in the piece; and the solo, full of life, and the chorus, which tells only of death, stand out from the rest of the work in striking opposition one to the other.

burial party, to which for a time they give no heed, is highly effective. From a comparison, however, of the various modes of presenting Victor Hugo's thoroughly dramatic idea, it must appear that his own is infinitely the best.

"Esmeralda" has been set to music by no less than eight composers, of whom Mdlle. Bertin was the first. It was, indeed, for this young lady, that Victor Hugo prepared his "Esmeralda" libretto.

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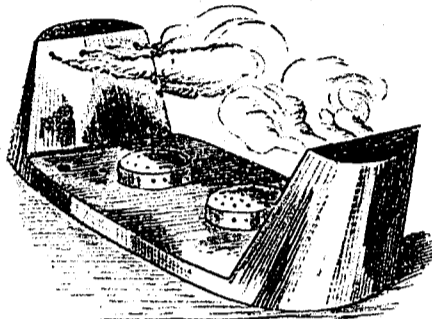
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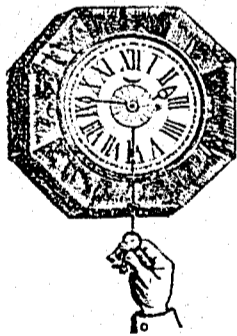
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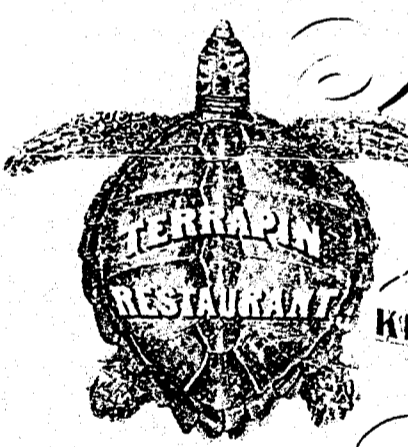


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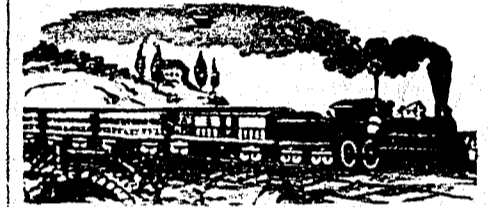
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