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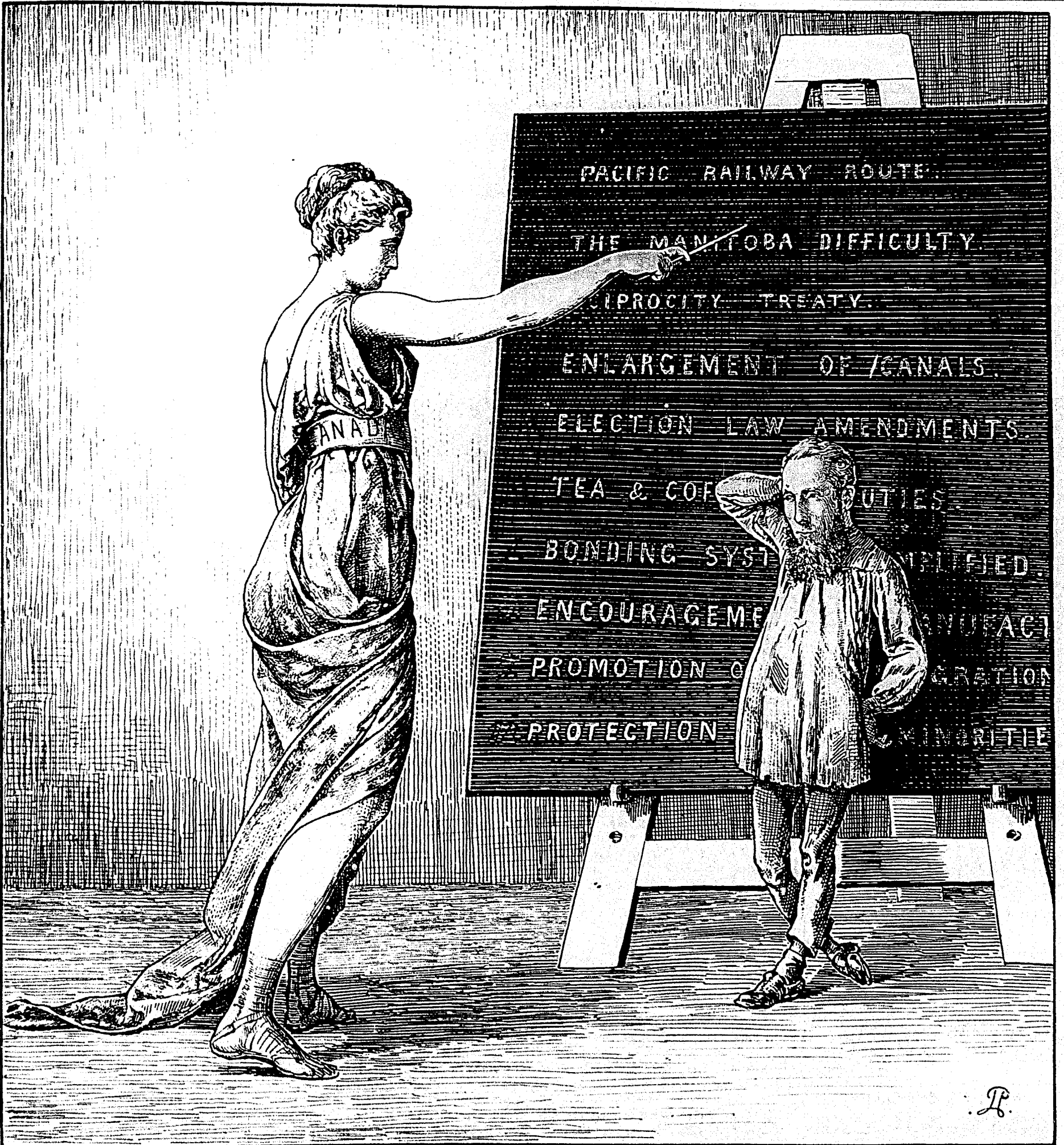
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Illustrated News

Vol. XI.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

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



SETTING THE TASK.

SCHOOLMISTRESS, (*Canada*): There's plenty work for you Aleck! If you get through those problems, to my satisfaction, in the next three months, you'll remain Head of the class, my boy!

R.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to "The General Manager, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

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THE NEW STORY.

In this issue we give a further liberal instalment of WILKIE COLLINS' new story,

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

This story, considered the best yet written by Mr. Collins, was begun in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of Nov. 7, (Number 19).

Back numbers can be had on application.

We beg to call the attention of News Dealers throughout the country to the fact that we have secured the sole right for Canada of publishing "The Law and the Lady" in serial form.

FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED

for the advertising and subscription departments of this paper. Good percentage, large and exclusive territory, given to each canvasser, who will be expected, on the other hand, to furnish security. Also for the sale of Johnson's new MAP OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Apply to THE GENERAL MANAGER, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal.

PARLIAMENTARY.

During the session of Parliament just opened, we shall devote a weekly column to a digest of all its proceedings, carefully collated, and which our readers can preserve as a brief, but authentic history of Parliamentary work. In addition, we have the pleasure of announcing a weekly

Letter From the Capital,

by our correspondent CHAUDIERE, who will deal with personal sketches, delineations of character, social gossip, and current events in and about Ottawa.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 6th, 1875.

OUR PROGRAMME.

In announcing a new series of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, we promised a variety of improvements and the introduction of divers new popular features. The proof that we have, in a measure at least, redeemed our pledges, is evinced by the marked and constantly increasing favor with which the paper is being received. But we are by no means willing to stop here. We have had to contend against difficulties which only initiated and professional journalists can understand. These difficulties can be overcome only one by one, but that they will all be surmounted, and that speedily, is a further promise which we feel justified in making to the public. The paper is in the hands of a strong Company, able and willing to make this national enterprise of ours a thorough success, and it is managed by business talent well known in every part of the country. Both the Company and the Manager believe that there is a field for such a journal as ours, and the assurances they have received personally in all the Provinces are to the effect that our people are most willing to encourage it, provided it is a faithful reflex of the spirit, events and general features of Canada. This we are determined it shall be. Our artistic department is fast rising to the best standard of excellence, and arrangements have been perfected which shall result in still further improvements therein. The

letter press will aim yet more at variety, freshness, and lightness, always coupled with literary finish. Our paper is intended to be a family journal in the largest and highest sense of that word. We shall try and please every body, and for that purpose, our tendency will be to write, collate and edit such matter as will procure pleasure, entertainment and instruction to the greatest number. New features will be introduced as opportunity offers, or necessity demands. Our chess column, recently renewed in the hands of one of the best players in America, has proved a great success. It has met with rare favor, as abundant letters from all quarters testify. While, on our side, we endeavor to do all we can, we trust our friends will see the propriety of aiding us to the full extent of their means and influence. Although we have introduced the system of prepaid subscriptions, yet there are numbers of old subscribers, and new ones from the interior, who have not yet sent in their contributions. Upon these we call for fulfillment of a very reasonable obligation. We beg our friends also to aid in spreading the circulation of the paper. If they are pleased with it, let them pass it to their neighbors and induce them to subscribe. Our subscription list is already large and steadily increasing, but we are determined to double it in the course of the present year. Let all our patrons assist us therein. All the money thus received, it is intended shall go into the paper, to improve and beautify it still more. Ours is regarded by ourselves as a national undertaking, and we entertain the belief that the public, viewing it in the same light, will take pleasure in assisting and patronizing it.

NEW BRUNSWICK RIOTS.

Very sad news, indeed, reaches us from New Brunswick. The town of Caraquet, in the County of Gloucester, is represented as having been in a state of riot since the annual school meeting, held on the second Thursday in January. The inhabitants are mainly French, and bitterly oppose the common school law of New Brunswick. The rioters damaged considerable property on the day of the meeting, and on the following day they also threatened peaceable inhabitants who supported the law, and, it is said, extorted money from them to purchase liquor. They went so far as to procure a rope with which they threatened to hang Mr. Sheriff Vail. The Hon. Robert Young, who resides at Caraquet, was absent, but soon returned. He procured men fully armed and barricaded his residence. A band of rioters surrounded the house on the 25th; but, when they found the house barricaded they retreated, threatening to return with a larger force on the following day. A number of special constables left St. John at once, for the scene of the riot. They arrived there on the 27th. One of the number, John Gifford, was shot dead by a Frenchman on the same afternoon. A Frenchman was also shot, but he is not dead yet. Thirteen rioters have been arrested, and are now on their way to Bathurst gaol. Preparations are being made to call out the military of Northumberland. We can only hope that there is exaggeration in this statement, and if not, that the excitement will soon subside and that further trouble will be obviated. There is no disguising the fact. The question is fraught with peril.

Break the sluices of religious passion, and there must be an overflow. Sectarian differences have always been the standing danger of Canada. The efforts of our best and greatest men have ever been directed, with yearning and courage, towards appeasing the feelings arising therefrom, and fostering the noble spirit of conciliation. That they have only partially succeeded is the melancholy truth. That the danger remains imminent and menacing on almost every occasion is unfortunately the fact.

We have had frequent opportunity to treat of the New Brunswick School ques-

tion, in the columns of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS. To us it was more than a religious dispute. We foresaw all along its political consequences and have called the attention of sober men of all parties to them. Our opinion repeatedly expressed still is, that this question is the most momentous of all those which have occupied public attention since Confederation. It carries in its flanks the union of these Provinces.

The situation lies in a nut shell. The minority, in New Brunswick, will not accept the law under any consideration, and they appeal to the Federal Parliament for redress. The majority, in the same Province, will not recede from an iota of the law and absolutely refuse Federal interference. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, with his usual sagacity, saw the root of the difficulty, and how far reaching were its ramifications. He referred back the matter to the Province itself. We know not what Mr. MACKENZIE'S views are in the premises, as he has not yet been officially interpellated. But it will be a wonder if he does not side with Sir JOHN. The Province did take up the subject again and made the last general elections hinge thereupon. The result was an overwhelming affirmation of the School Bill. The next step proposed to the minority is an appeal to the Imperial Authorities. But here, they are met again by the majority, which declares that it will not abide by an Imperial decision. Its doctrine is Home Rule in merely Provincial matters, and it by no means covertly announces that New Brunswick would secede from the Dominion rather than allow any outside intervention.

Political difficulties can be tided over, and political dissensions healed, as was the case with Nova-Scotia, at the inception of Federation. But in religious quarrels, no such consummation can be hoped for. Mr. COSTIGAN was induced to keep silence during the last session of Parliament, but the critical aspect of events will force him to speak, at the ensuing session, and we may expect a full debate on the whole question. We wish we could persuade ourselves that good will come of it. But we know in advance that Parliament, or at least, the Government *dares* not pronounce upon the question, and that consequently, the agitation will continue with the most deplorable results.

FRENCH RIGHTS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

This old question is again brought forward, and this time, not merely for the want of something better to write or speak about. As Newfoundland progresses, and her material resources are being developed, it is found that the French claims are really a serious drawback. The facts in the case are briefly these. By virtue of three different treaties—that of Utrecht, in 1713; that of Versailles, in 1783; and that of Paris, in 1814, the line of coast, extending from Cape Ray, at the southwestern extremity of Newfoundland, to Cape John, on the north-eastern side, being fully half the entire coast of the island, was ceded to the French as fishing grounds. The French have, all along, interpreted the rather doubtful wording of one clause in the Treaty, so as to claim the exclusive right of the fisheries; and although Britain has never formally recognized such right, and Newfoundland has constantly claimed it for herself, yet, practically, this portion of the coast is closed against the people of Newfoundland. "The French cannot cultivate the soil, or open a mine, or go beyond such erections as are necessary for fishery purposes; but under the plea that the settlement of the coast would constitute an interference with their fisheries, they deny that settlers have any right to be there at all, and have only permitted a number of squatters, on sufferance, to retain a local habitation there, because beneficial to their own fishermen. This squatting population has increased till it numbers about 10,000. These people—British subjects—are living there

without the protection of law, under the jurisdiction of no magistrate, and without the means of spiritual or secular instruction, beyond what chance or benevolent effort may throw in their way. Such is the extraordinary condition of half Newfoundland, an island one-sixth larger than Ireland." The remedy to this anomalous condition of affairs is not so easily discovered. On more occasions than one, the Imperial authorities entered into arrangements with France for modifications and mutual concessions, but Newfoundland has as often refused to be a party to any such negotiations. Confederation with Canada has also been suggested, as a mode of extrication, but, so far, the island has shown scant sympathy with the Dominion. The latest project is that France should sell her rights to Newfoundland. There is no doubt, that for a moderate compensation, France would be quite willing to rid herself of this incumbrance. Of course, open resistance to French claims would answer no good purpose, as these claims are legitimate, and have never been unreasonably enforced. The Home Government would, doubtless, lend a helping hand in bringing about this negotiation, and even advancing a part of the compensation money. Late explorations in the French part of the island, represent it as full of promise, and geological discoveries, of considerable value, are said to have been made there.

CONGRESSIONAL DEAD LOCK.

An amusing and a rather disgraceful mode of legislation was practiced in the United States Congress, last week. The Civil Rights Bill of the late Senator SUMNER, which he so earnestly recommended to his friends almost with his dying breath, was brought forward with his usual spirit by BENJAMIN BUTLER. The Republicans were somewhat divided upon it, while the Democrats in a compact body were opposed to it. Despairing, however, of defeating the bill upon a division, the latter resolved upon delaying a vote as long as possible, and, with that view, kept the House in session for a day and night, in the hope of tiring out their adversaries. It was a question of physical endurance. The scene is represented as singular and comical. At one time Speaker BLAINE called Mr. CESNA to the Chair. The Democrats took advantage of this and worried Mr. CESNA with points of order and parliamentary questions, until Mr. BLAINE was compelled to resume the chair and extricate the House from the noise and difficulty into which it had drifted. Good feeling prevailed among the members, and all laughed heartily when BUTLER, Republican, and RANDALL, Democrat, were appointed by the Speaker to count the House. The proceedings were enlivened for a few minutes by a proposal to have the last National Democratic platform read. The voices of half a dozen reading clerks were used up by the continuous strain, and substitutes had to be introduced during the night. The intercourse between the members of the opposite camps was friendly, but no attempt was made on either side to come to any understanding. The floor of the Chamber was strewn with torn and crumpled pieces of paper, and sadly in need of a wholesome cleaning. As a rule the members showed no symptoms of flagging.

This species of horse play has an element of rough logic in it which should not be overlooked. The Republicans by the brute force of their present majority can pass the Civil Rights Bill, but the Democrats resort to every means to prevent it, because when they get into power, at the next Congress, they will either have to repeal it, or bear the odious burden of its enforcement. Hence they adopt physical means to parry an odious act of tyranny, if possible. The mode is not graceful certainly, but it is in keeping with the violent abuse of their power in which the Republicans are at present indulging.

THE COST OF CRIME.

One of our New York contemporaries has a very interesting study on the cost to the community of a single crime, when traced down in its effects from generation to generation. The history is full of instruction and interest, and may teach a lesson to us in Canada, as well as to our American neighbours. Eighty-five years ago the authorities of a county on the upper Hudson knew of a little neglected waif floating about through the villages and towns. Had some benevolent overseer of the poor or philanthropic supervisor thought it suitable, the child could, for a few dollars' expense, have been placed in some honest farmer's family, provided with schooling, and would have grown up—as thousands similarly cared for have done—and been a mother of honest men and virtuous women. Instead of this, she was left to grow up on the lanes and roads, sometimes fed by the kind-hearted, sometimes sheltered with a wicked gang of older vagabonds in the county poor-house. She fell, of course, as by a law of nature, into criminal courses; and this career, it should be remembered, in a rural community, does not mean an unrestrained life and early death, as in the city, but a life of comparative health, as an outcast, and a progeny, more or less vigorous, of similar characters. These children, as they grew up, drifted naturally back to the poor house, and resorted to crime or vagrancy for a living. Some of the bolder took to more violent crimes; others were petty thieves, others tramps, others prostitutes, and again, as the line extended, and criminal qualities were intensified, many became drundards, lunatics, and idiots. The unhappy "Margaret" had two sisters like unto her, and equally neglected. The descendants, mainly from Margaret, however, now number *six hundred and twenty-three* criminals, paupers, and prostitutes. We do not hear of any virtuous members of the line, but there may be such, unknown to those engaged in investigating this extraordinary genealogy, or who have not been mentioned. Now an interesting inquiry would be, what Margaret and her line have cost thier country. We hear of one generation in which, out of seventeen children, nine served an aggregate term of fifty years in the State prisons for high crimes. The average annual cost of these prisoners was probably two hundred dollars. This would make a single generation cost the public \$10,000 in prison expenses. But all these convicts destroyed or appropriated, besides, a considerable amount of property. Then, their brothers and sisters were constantly in the almshouse or the county jail. It is but an estimate, yet twenty thousand dollars would seem a small estimate for the expense of that one group to the country. But, besides these seventeen, we are to consider how much the other six hundred have cost, or are costing, the public. The Kingston Journal informs us of a number of the line who are still chargeable on the county or State. To estimate that the descendants of the pauper girl have cost that county one hundred thousand dollars would certainly not be an exaggeration. And, beyond this, what annoyance have they inflicted on the whole neighbourhood; what loss of property; what temptation have they caused to the children of the virtuous? And yet a judicious expense of ten dollars, eighty-five years ago, would have saved it all.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.

I. THE START.

Stanley's swift obedience has been greatly praised. He started from Madrid one morning, arrived at Paris one evening, drummed up James Gordon Bennet, jr., from his bed, at the Grand Hotel, and asked him what he wanted. "Go and find Livingstone!" "I go." And he went.

This was prompt, decided, military. But I see nothing particular to boast of about it. Every journalist is a soldier. He must be ready to start for the earth's end at a moment's notice. This is precisely what I did, and I never thought much of it, though, upon reflection, I think there was something in it after all. Indeed, I mean to relate the circumstance. Besides, it is always well to begin every narrative *ab ovo*. It happened in this wise.

In the beginning of June, 1874, the Manager of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS received a letter from Colonel French. This officer was then at Toronto, making final preparations for the departure of the Manitoba Mounted Police, which he commanded in chief. His letter contained an invitation to an artist of the News to accompany the expedition on its march through British territory to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The artist would be supplied with a free passage by railway from Toronto to Moorhead, and thence with rations, horse, and full outfit, at the expense of the Government. He would be treated as a member of the staff, and shown every attention. He would likewise be afforded all facilities for sketching, exploring, and hunting, being restricted to merely general military regulations.

Managers of newspapers are generally a matter-of-fact sort of people, not much given to romance. But this particular invitation rather tickled the fancy of our manager. He thought the matter over with more than his usual serenity. He read the letter a second time, and actually smiled. Then he scratched his head with the butt end of his lead pencil, rose rapidly to his feet and muttered:

"I must see the editor about this."
Editors are a very different race from managers. They care nothing for dollars and cents, so long as their paper is lively. Our editor snapped at once at the proposition. He was only sorry he could not go himself.
"So you think we ought to accept the offer," said the manager, after showing him the letter.
"Most assuredly."
"And do you think it will pay?"
"Certainly it will . . . that is . . . in the long run."
"H'm, well, I'm half inclined to believe you're about right."

When our manager says that he is half inclined to a thing, it means that he is wholly inclined. That's his way. And so it proved in this case. He left the editor's room, and came over to mine. I was sitting at my easel, in front of my little Mansard window, working leisurely at a crayon sketch of the last Lacrosse match. I had just been giving the finishing touches to the figure of a tall, gawkish fellow, running across the field in hot pursuit of the ball. His weapon was brandished aloft, one leg was high in the air, and—

"Well."
"Well, sir."
"Want to go to the North-West?"
"To the North-West?"
"With Mounted Police. Here's a letter from Col. French. Asks an artist to go. Not a bad idea. Think it'll do. What do you say?"
As I did not understand what it all meant, I did not say anything. But probably my looks betrayed no unwillingness, for the manager immediately subjoined:
"Will you go?"
"I don't care if I do."
"You'll have to ride hundreds of miles bare-back."
"Yes."
"You'll have to eat pemmican for months."
"Yes."
"You'll perish of thirst in the desert sometimes."
"Yes."
"You may get scalped."
"Yes."
"You may get lost and devoured by bears."
"Yes."

If the manager thought to frighten me by these pictures, he was mistaken. The stronger he put it, the more I liked it, and by the time he got through, whatever little misgiving I may have had, entirely disappeared, and the expedition spread out before me as glorious fun. So when the manager repeated his question:

"Will you go?"
I jumped up from my seat, gave my trousers a good shake, and answered promptly:

"Yes."
I made instant preparations for the journey. I left my studio—forgive the word—to take care of itself. My running Lacrosseman gave me a suppliant look, as if he asked me to let down that uplifted leg of his. But I did not mind him. He must balance on that other leg for the next six months. If he doesn't, he will fall and break his nose.

II.

THE MOUNTED POLICE.

From Toronto to Dufferin.

I departed from Montreal with hardly any luggage but my drawing materials. Everything needful was to be furnished at Toronto, where I arrived on the 3rd June. I at once reported myself to Colonel French, produced my credentials, and was by him very kindly received. Soon after I made the acquaintance of my future travelling companions.

The Manitoba Mounted Police is a military body, formed by special parliamentary legislation, to serve in the Province whose name it bears and throughout the North West Territory, east of the Rocky Mountains. Its duties are generally

to keep the peace throughout that vast country; to protect the Indian against the dishonesty of the white man; the white man against the treachery of the Indian; to prevent the smuggling of liquor over the frontier, and, in case of any outbreak or incipient war, to disarm and disperse the belligerents. The whole Force numbers 309 men, one half of whom were already quartered at Fort Dufferin, on the Manitoba frontier, near Pembina. The other half had just been recruited in Ontario and Quebec, and Col. French, commander of the entire body, was commissioned to lead them up to their destination. For convenience, I shall at once give the divisions of the Force:

STAFF.

Lieut.-Col. French, Commanding.
Major McLeod, Second in command.
Kittson, Surgeon.
Col. Griffiths, Adjutant.
Poett, Veterinary Surgeon.
Walsh, Inspector.
Walker, Sub-Inspector.
French, " "
Nicol, Quarter-Master.
Chapman, Guide for Boundary Com. Road.
Nevitt, Assistant Surgeon.

TROOP A.

Jarvis, Inspector.
Gagnon, Sub "

TROOP B.

Brisebois, Inspector.
Allan, Sub "

TROOP C.

Winder, Inspector.
Jackson, Sub "

TROOP D.

Was the Staff troop.

TROOP E.

Carvel, Inspector.
McIlree, Senior Sub do.
Lecaine, Junior " "

TROOP F.

Crozier, Acting Inspector.
Welsh, Senior Sub "
Diney, Junior " "

On the 6th June everything was in readiness, and orders were received to proceed to the railway station. There we found two special trains in waiting for us. The work of embarking the horses was long, tedious, and amusing. A sketch of it was given in the tenth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, page 52. In the same place will be found an interior view of the officer's car on the way. At half-past three, the whistle sounded, and, amid the cheers of a vast crowd, we glided out of the city of Toronto. Away across the western counties of Ontario, through the Michigan peninsula, to Chicago, which we reached on Sunday, the 7th, at 6 p. m. There our train halted at the stockyards, on the outskirts, and we found ourselves amongst thousands of pigs and hogs, the stench of whose pens was rendered doubly offensive by the rain and mud. We soon got out of this unsavoury neighbourhood, however, the officers going to the Merchant's Hotel for a comfortable night's rest, and the men seeking refuge in different inns. Only a few of them were detained to take care of the horses during our absence. The next morning was devoted to a stroll through the beautiful and wonderful city of the Lakes, and at 3 o'clock we re-embarked for St. Paul, where we arrived on the morning of Wednesday, the 10th. We were exceedingly well received here, and complimented on being the finest set of men which had ever appeared in the Queen city of Minnesota. Our clothes were new, our horses were fresh, and we had had ample time to wash and brush up, so that we received the tribute with excusable complacency. One whole day was allowed for rest, and early on the 11th we set out on the last stage of our railroad journey. We were booked for Moorhead, but, on reaching it, we found that the train could run a couple of miles farther to Fargo. Moorhead is already "considerable of a town," but Fargo is no more than a station. As we stepped out upon its platform, at 10 on the morning of the 12th, the novelty of the situation burst upon us all. This narrow strip of planking was the dividing line between civilization and the wilderness. Behind us lay the works of man, with their noises. Before us stretched out the handiwork of God, with its eternal solitudes. The first sight of the prairie is as impressive as the first sight of the sea. There at our feet it spread out, silent, immeasurable, sublime. In a few moments we were to go forth upon it, and for months and months it was to be our home.

We camped around Fargo station till the 13th June, having naturally considerable labour to go through. Our two long trains were there at a halt. They had to be unloaded. Our waggons were in pieces. They had to be put together. Our saddles had to be unpacked. Our horses had to be properly groomed and shod. Finally, on a beautiful Saturday evening, we set out in two bodies for our march across the prairie to Fort Dufferin. We followed the line of the Red River.

This historic stream takes its rise in Elbow Lake, near Lake Itasca, the fountain head of the Mississippi. Its first direction is southward, then it majestically turns to the north, and maintains that course through innumerable windings to its mouth in Lake Winnipeg, where it divides into a delta. Its total length is 900

miles, and it is navigable for almost the whole of its extent. The river is not true to its name, so far as the colour of its waters is concerned. That is of a turbid white. The origin of the name is traced to an Indian legend, which tells of a great battle formerly fought on the banks, and of torrents of blood which dyed the waters. From Georgetown to Pembina, Red River divides the State of Minnesota from the territory of Dakota. On the former side, it is lined with stately trees, while on the latter it is fringed with prairie, extending in a clean sweep to the farthest edge of the horizon. It was on this prairie side that we rode along, with no other incident than the loss of three horses, who fell suddenly on the plains. At length, on the 19th, just as the sun was going down at the close of a beautiful summer day, we reached Fort Dufferin. Here we were at last on Canadian ground. A view of this frontier post was given in the tenth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, page 221. The place is not much to look at, consisting only of a few frame houses standing close together and partially shadowed with trees, but the importance of its site is unquestionable. It has therefore very properly been selected as the headquarters of the Mounted Police. It is needless to add that it is named after our very popular Governor-General. In time it will be the chief frontier town of Manitoba, and a port of entry both for river and railway merchandise. Its rival on the other side of the line is Pembina.

At Dufferin we met the rest of the Force which had been stationed there awaiting our arrival. All together, we began the work of organization. This was completed in a comparatively short space of time, but our progress was unexpectedly retarded by a terrific thunder storm, which overturned all our tents and stampeded our horses. The fright and flight of horses on the prairie is a wonderful spectacle, but as it occurred several times, I shall describe it more fully later on. After recovering our horses, with the loss of only two, we at length set out from Dufferin. An illustration of this event will be found on another page. Our force consisted of 22 officers; 287 men, called constables and sub-constables; 310 horses; 67 waggons; 114 ox carts; 18 yoke of oxen; 50 cows, and 40 calves. This long procession filed out of Dufferin in the afternoon of the 18th July, and camped about two miles out.

(To be continued in our next.)

VARIETIES.

THE Countess Mirafiore, wife of Victor Emmanuel, is a coarse, common looking woman of about forty-eight or fifty years, but is quite as good looking as her *caro sposo*.

THE astronomical clock used by the English party which took observations of the transit of Venus at Cairo, will be presented to the Egyptian Government as a mark of appreciation for the kind offices rendered.

THE Lord Mayor of London, when he went to Paris recently, delighted the French cher by wearing his state robes and gorgeous paraphernalia and by driving about in his splendid state carriage drawn by fine bays.

LADY Dudley, who recently had her diamonds stolen from her, has the poor satisfaction of knowing that the only jewels in England to be compared with them are those of Mrs. Mendel, the wife of a Manchester Cresus.

THE Pope was given a Christmas cake by his chair-bearer, who is a baker. This dolce was of enormous size, and was ornamented on the top by a clever copy in sugar of the celebrated picture, "Communion of St. Jerome."

THE Emperor William made Christmas gifts to Prince Bismarck and Count Von Moltke. They were carefully executed miniature models of the Column of Victory at Berlin, erected in commemoration of the three last victorious campaigns.

MESSRS. BASS & Co., according to their annual custom, have distributed the following presents among their Burton employees, numbering about 2,700 clerks, managers, men and boys:—20,500 lbs. of beef, 100 turkeys, 250 geese, 20 couples of ducks and fowls, 20 brace of pheasants, and 20 hares.

FULL inquiry into the case of the man arrested at Gwalior by the Maharajah Scindia has proved that he is not the Nana Sahib, but a humble individual named Jumna Dass. The Calcutta telegram announcing this fact says nothing of his history excepting that he is supposed to have been born at Benares.

THE Swiss, Austrian and Belgian Governments have, it is stated, adopted stringent measures against the importation of American potatoes infected with the Colorado beetle. The British Government have thanked Herr Von Tschudi, the Swiss envoy at Vienna, for directing public attention to this dangerous insect.

THE war club of the king of the Fiji Islands is the latest present to the Queen. King Cakobau had given the weapon to Sir Hercules Robinson to be forwarded to Her Majesty, and it is now being exhibited at Sydney. The club is a formidable looking piece of wood, richly ornamented with silver, and was used in times of peace as a sceptre.

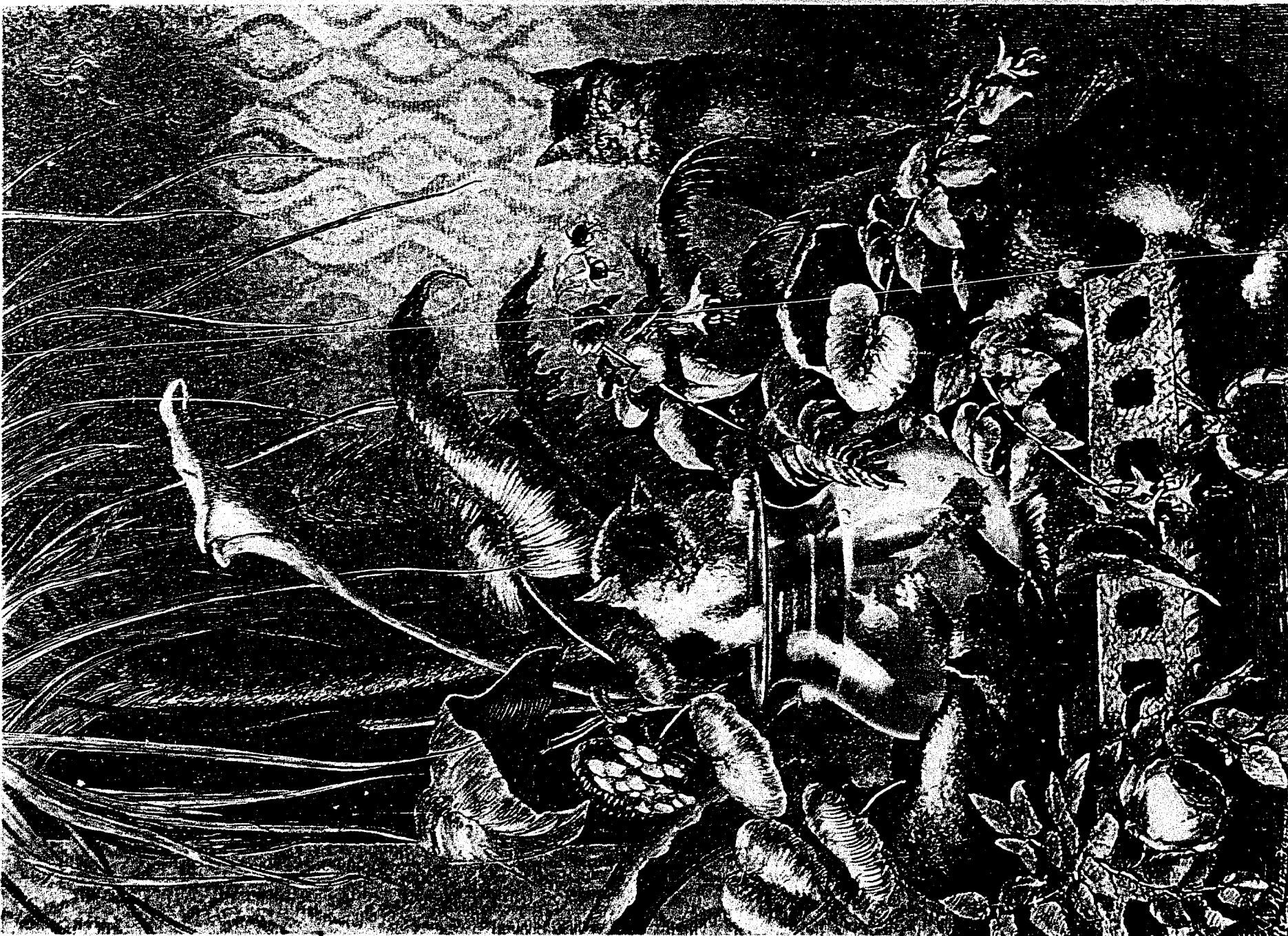
THE great snowstorms which descended upon Scotland at the end of the last week caused the loss of several lives. On some of the northern lines of railway the drifts were 20 feet in depth, and the suffering of the railway passengers were very great. The recent thaw has caused the rivers to overflow their banks in all directions, and vast tracts of land in the valleys are covered with water.

A CURIOUS skin cure has been practised by an Indian hakeem in Rajpootana. He encased the legs of his unfortunate patient in clay, and when, after some weeks, the extremities of his subject were released from their imprisonment, the legs were found immovably bent, the heels touching the thighs and the knees quite stiff. The sufferer was ultimately cured by an English doctor.

THE Paris *Liberté*, in its catalogue of the events of the year, states that during 1874 there died 19 sovereigns, chiefs of the state, or princes, French or foreigners; 65 politicians, functionaries, judges, or barristers; 22 prelates or ecclesiastics of high rank; 20 eminent, scientific, or literary men; 43 dignitaries of the French army or navy; four celebrated French physicians or surgeons; nine great merchants and manufacturers; 12 journalists; 11 painters, draughtsmen, sculptors, or engravers; 19 musicians or dramatic performers; and 22 influential personages.



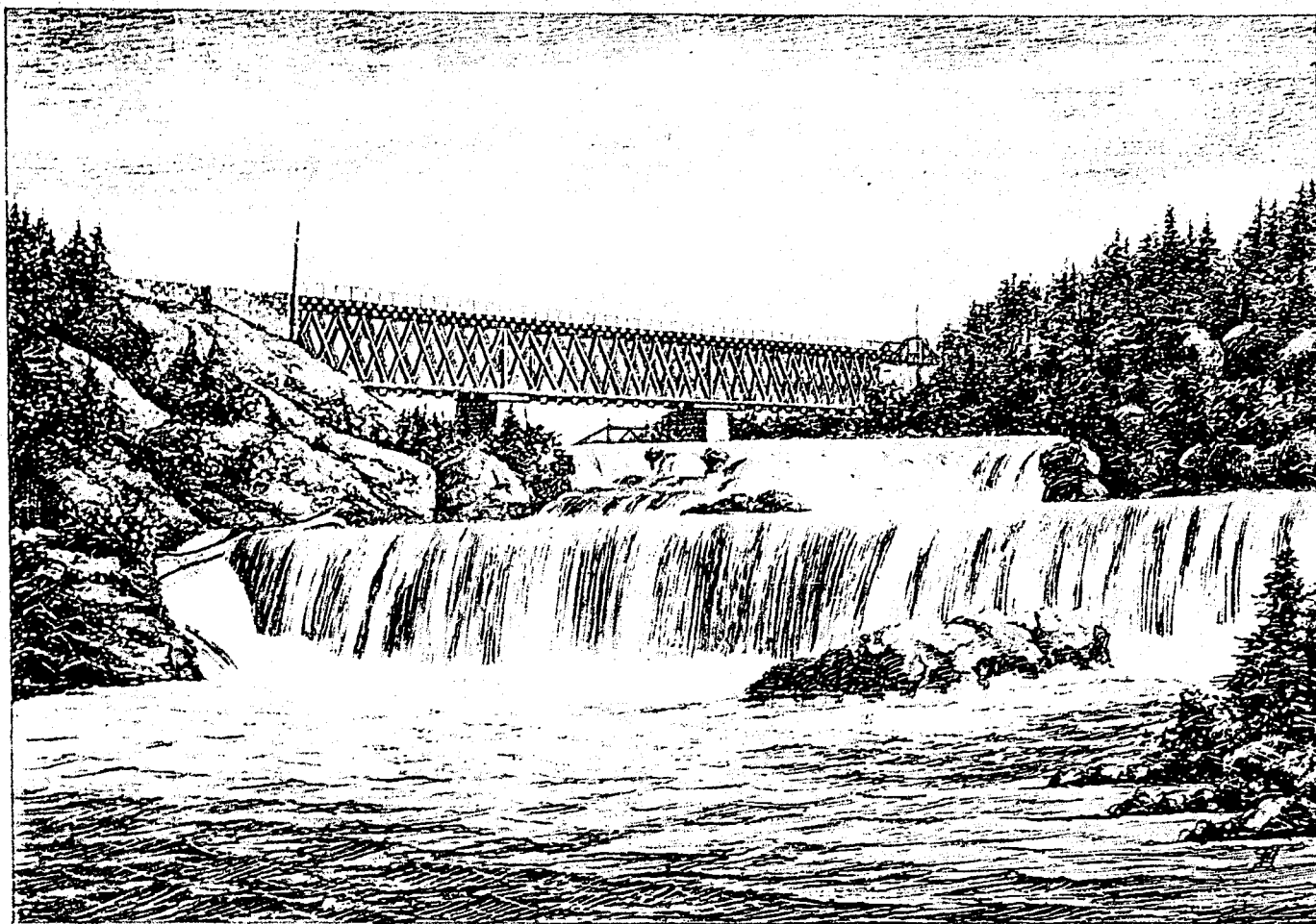
THE CHATEAU IN THE FOREST



PLAY FOR THE KITTENS, BUT DEATH TO THE FISH

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
BRIDGE AT RIVIERE
DU LOUP.

We are indebted for the following particulars to Mr. Hazelwood, late engineer of the St. Lawrence District. It is built on the "Howe Truss" principle. It was designed by Mr. Sandford Fleming, the chief engineer of the Intercolonial Railway, and is composed of three spans of 100 feet each, with roadway on top. The depth of the truss is 18 feet, and the roadway above the bed of the river 40 feet. This bridge is supposed to be one of the strongest Howe trusses at present in existence. There is a little bridge of 30 feet span on the west side of this one, but connected with it, for the purpose of carrying the railway over the Temiscouata road. The Riviere du Loup and Isle Verte bridges, together with the one over the Missisquoi River, in Nova Scotia, are the only wooden bridges on the entire line of the Intercolonial Railway. They were built before the commissioner consented to comply with the suggestions of the chief engineer to have them all of iron. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. W. A. Campbell, of Riviere du Loup, en bas.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BRIDGE AT RIVIERE DU LOUP.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

Sardou's early years were worked out in Paris. His first dwelling was a smoky garret on the Grands-Augustins quay, where very shaky houses managed to support one another before came the destructive but beautifying trowel of M. Haussmann. The young man toiled at anything his hand could find to do, waxing thinner each day, and acquiring that unfading sallown tinge of the insufficiently fed. His landlord was a merry cobbler, who let him one of his two rooms. To reach his, Sardou had to traverse the Crispin's, full of a blending of

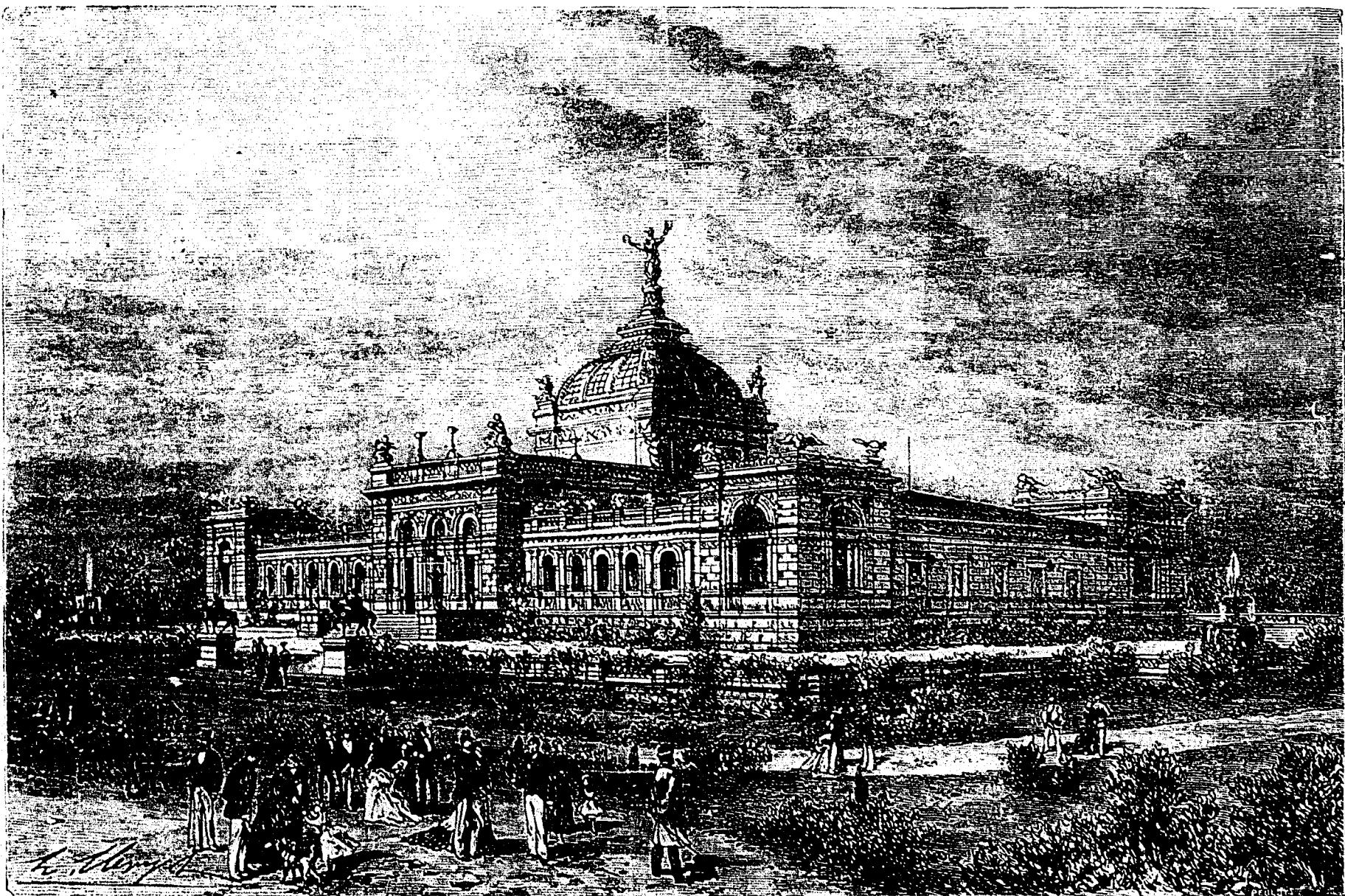
smells from heelballs, wax, and leather, which "appeased his appetite, and made his heart heave up into his gorge," says he, often recalling that abominable atmosphere in the midst of his present splendor. Even then, however, he had those roscate dreams which charm the young. Like so many before him, he would come home of an evening and sit supperless, blocking out with charcoal on the table-top the plan of the mansion he would build when rich. But he has reached his ideal, neither slain by starvation nor led astray from the path of money-making by the innumerable sirens on the dramatist's course. As he stalked the streets, inhaling the per-

fumes of the "frying-shops, the pie-crust bakers', or the fruiterers', he would feast in imagination. Spite of absence of waistcoat, which compelled that buttoning-up of the seedy coat for which De Quincey in his college career was also famous, Sardou would actually walk into the shops of curiosity and picture-vendors, or of old booksellers, and price their rarities. "The terms suit," he would say, "and perhaps I shall call for it in about a week." Sometimes, a little less hopefully, he would frankly answer the man, "When I am well enough off, I shall buy those prints of you." In fact, there is one

Palissy platter among his treasures now which publishers' and theatrical managers' offices, and he learned "all the ropes" over pipes of tobacco from veteran authors. What a young writer can hardly do alone he can perform in Paris by attaching himself to those whose name is made. Thus the first piece of Sardou's was executed in collaboration. In November, 1859, the Folies Nouvelles being transformed into the Dejazet Theatre, that ever-popular actress inaugurated her management by the first comedy of our author. The lady was so eager to make it a success, that she suffered stage-fright, and the writer himself stood in the wings to prompt her.

was "put by" for him for ten years! However, he began to earn a trifle here and there upon his gleanings from the National Library, and in 1856-'57 took a suite of rooms, very compact and modest, in the Avenue des Feuillantines, near the Odéon Theatre, on the unfashionable bank of the Seine—"the sorry side," as the pupils in English of Professor Hamilton at the Polytechnic nickname it. He was still poor—so poor that when he had the audacity to ask the hand of his present wife in marriage (Mdlle. Soulié), the father significantly desired him to wait a great deal longer.

He was not of prepossessing aspect, having a tall, bony form, beginning to stoop somewhat in the shoulders even then. He wore his black hair long, like many other romantic slaves of the pen, and he had that firm cast of features and those deeply-penetrating eyes which marked Bonaparte when young. The police had him ticked off in their black book as likely to be prominent in event of an outbreak. Thanks to his slenderness, Sardou looked younger than he was. His Bohemian life gave him at least full knowledge of the way to approach such citadels as



THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL: FINE ARTS EXHIBITION BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.

THE COAL-IMP.

I was sitting one night by my fire—
"Twas a fire of Westmoreland coal
With a mixture of coke, which I recommend
As a comfort for body and soul.

My chamber was cosy and warm;
The curtains were closed all around;
And the snow at the windows rattled away
With a soft and tinkling sound.

As I sat in my easy chair,
I think it had got to be late;
And over the top of my book I saw
A face in the glowing grate.

An ugly old face, too, it was—
With wings and a tail—I declare;
And the rest was ashes, and smoke and flame,
And ended—I don't know where.

So odd were the features, I said
"I must put you on paper, my friend;"
And I took my pen and jotted him down—
Face, wings, and wriggling end.

A queer old codger he seemed,
As vaguely he stared and shone;
But I fixed him in outline as well as I could,
And added a touch of my own.

He flapped his wings in the grate,
And struggled and puffed to be free,
And scowled with his blazing carbuncle eyes,
As if he appealed to me.

Then I said—but perhaps I dreamed—
"Old fellow—how came you there?"
"I'm not an old fellow"—the face replied,
"But a prisoned Imp of the air.

"In the shape of combustion and gas
My wings I begin to find out;
So I flap at the bars and grow red in the face,
And am ugly enough, no doubt.

"I am made for a much better lot;
But I cannot escape, as you see;
Blistered and burnt, and crammed in a grate,—
What could you expect of me?"

"I once was a spirit of air.
A delicate fairy page
Long, long ago—in fact before
The carboniferous age.

"For centuries I was kept
Imprisoned in coal-beds fast,
When you kindled your fire this evening, you see,
I thought I was free at last.

"But it seems I am still to wait;
No wonder I'm cross as a bear.
Make faces and flutter my wings of flame,
And struggle to reach the air."

"My ruby-faced friend," I said,
"If you really wish to be free,
Perhaps I can give you a lift or two,
It is easy enough we'll see."

Then, taking the poker, I punched
A hole in the half-burnt mass—
When the fire leaped up, and the Imp flew off
In a laugh of flaming gas.

St. Nicholas for Feb.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

A TALE OF THE BUSH.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Greta and I were very young when we made up our minds to unite our destinies. Not that it mattered much, for we had known each other long enough, being brought up together as brother and sister might have been.

Not on the same equality, however; for she was the only child of a well-to-do farmer, while I was an orphan, rescued from destitution, and expected to give my willing services in return for the food and clothing I received.

I cannot recall the precise date when I first realized my love for my pretty Greta. I suppose the feeling stole insensibly upon me, as is usual in such cases. I do know, however, that I should never have had courage to avow my sentiments to my master's daughter, but for an untoward event, which left her without another friend in the world.

Her mother had been dead some years, and she had long acted as her father's housekeeper—and a neater, trimmer, prettier little body, it would have been impossible to find in all the country; at least, I thought so, and a good many others besides, for Greta had plenty of beaux—some with money, too, though she never gave encouragement to any of them, so far as I could see, and love made my eyes and ears pretty sharp.

One night, about this period, her father was returning late from market, on horseback, too palpably in a state which testified that he had encountered many friends, and had been unusually solicitous respecting their health. Whether this was the sole occasion of his mishap we never knew, for he was brought home, crushed, insensible, and dying, having been thrown from his horse, sustaining severe injuries. He died, having recovered consciousness but for a few moments—not sufficient time to make any arrangements for the future of his weeping orphan.

After the funeral, an unprincipled brother of his, stepped in and claimed everything, showing papers to support his claim, which baffled even the astute lawyer I had engaged to defend Greta's interests. It was then I offered my poor friendless girl the support of my strong arms, and the sympathy of my true heart. To my delight, and I may say, my surprise, they were willingly, nay, lovingly, accepted. It was then she made the confession, very sweet to my ears, that her affection was as long cherished as my own; but, woman-like, she had awaited the overtures I had been too modest to make.

There was no need to stand on mourning etiquette where the girl needed a protector, and in less than a month we were married, and look-

ing to our future from a new standpoint. I had some savings—very little—and some things which had belonged to Greta's mother, realized a little more. This small capital we desired to invest to the best advantage. Greta whispered: "It would pay our passage to Canada."

Hint quickly acted upon—and another week found us bowling over the blue Atlantic, as full of wonder and delight as two children, and as careless of the future as though our pockets had been weighed down with gold.

Well, we landed at Point Levi, and I had just three and sixpence in my pocket, while Greta had her clothes, and a few trinkets remaining from her days of affluence. Some few of these were disposed of, and a little more money realized, and then we struck off boldly for the Eldorado we firmly expected to find.

We had heard of the land where bread was to be had for the growing, and meat for the hunting; whose woods were stocked with game, and whose rivers teemed with fish; and what better spot could be found, I questioned, for a youth of my capabilities, and a woman of my wife's many estimable qualities?

On we jogged, our rosy English faces, and strange manners, eliciting wondering remarks from the kindly habitants, whose hospitality we frequently claimed.

And nobly was it dispensed, these simple people setting before us the best of everything they possessed, and making much of us, as if we had come to enrich them, instead of decreasing their oft-times scanty store.

At length we reached settlements where our own tongue was spoken; and at one of the farm houses where we sought a night's shelter, the owner offered me work. I accepted it, acting under Greta's advice, who had begun to weary of her journey, and who thought it was time we settled to something, although I would willingly have kept on for another month.

The farmer's wife employed Greta's skill with the needle, while I was initiated into my duties, which I found very different to what I had been accustomed to in highly cultivated England. But the experience did me good, and soon I was quite an adept at felling trees, driving oxen, making fences, boiling maple sugar, and other pursuits peculiar to Canada.

After a few months, however, Greta and I began to think of getting, by some means, into a little house of our own; but, how to do this, was the question. We were unable to buy a farm, even if there had been any to sell, which there was not.

We took counsel of our host, our employer, rather, who delivered himself of this oracular observation:

"You might squat."

Seeing that his advice was lost upon my ignorance, he condescended to explain that 'back ten miles, there was a block of land, the owner of which, if there was an owner, which, in itself, was questionable, lived at such a distance that it was morally impossible I should ever be disturbed.

Should I settle upon it? Acting upon this hint, I left Greta where she was, and set off to build me a home.

I found a "human habitation" within half a mile of my future residence, the occupants of were likewise squatters; but there was room enough for all, they assured me, and kindly lent me all the aid in their power.

My late employer had presented me with an axe, the first necessity of a settler, and with this, and the proffered aid of three or four stout fellows, I went to work.

First, we selected several straight young spruces, and while some of our number were trimming the branches, others were clearing off the underwood, to leave a clear space for the house, or shanty, for it was little else. This concluded, we laid the spruce logs in a square, and saddling the corners, soon had an edifice of the required height. This was topped by some rude beams and rafters, the whole roofed in with squares of bark, to provide which, some giant spruces and hemlocks in the vicinity had to peel off their jacket literally. A rude, rude dwelling, even when completed, but still the dearest spot on earth, for was it not home?

Too much could not be said of the kindness of our widely scattered neighbors, who tried to supply, as far as their means lay, the articles we needed, which, in that backward settlement, were only to be procured with difficulty, even though you had money. Some gave us their own labor; some, the use of their horses, or oxen; some lent such articles of furniture as they could spare. My first acquaintance sold me a good cow, the payment of which I was to work out when I could spare time. It is needless to say that Bessy soon became our chief comfort, and was greatly petted by Greta, whom she appeared to love dearly; but then, who could help it—even a cow?

Soon we had another pet, in the shape of a lusty young Canadian, who made the gloomy old woods resound with his healthy cries. With my wife, my child, my cow, a yoke of hardy steers, and a few acres of clearing, I felt as independent and happy as a prince. Indeed, perhaps I was truly happier than many princes are.

The next year we had added to our belongings four fine sheep, and Greta was going to do wonders in the wool business, for the thin calicoes and muslins of her outfit were poorly calculated to stand the wear and tear of bush life; and she was beginning to estimate the worth of a good home-made gown.

What was our chagrin, on awakening one morning, to the routine of our daily life, to find our best ewe missing. A thorough search was

instituted, but without success; but my nearest neighbor, of whom I made enquiries, opined that a bear was at the bottom of the mischief. This view of the matter was confirmed, when on searching the probable route pursued by the captor, we found tufts of wool sticking on the undergrowth, and spots of blood here and there, where the bear had apparently rested his burden. No search availed to find the carcass—the hungry brute had taken care of that; for, emboldened by hunger he must have been, to venture so near our dwelling, and to carry off a full-grown sheep.

This having been the first loss of the kind we had sustained, we were much distressed, and Greta became quite nervous. Partly to allay her fears, and partly from a love of adventure, I borrowed a gun, and safe in the knowledge of its possession, watched our sheep pen for several nights, hoping to get a pop at the predatory monster, and wipe out old scores with him. I also procured a good dog, but he was carefully kept within doors on these occasions, lest his barking should frighten off my hoped-for target. Mr. Bruin, however, was not entirely ignorant of these measures, or else had business elsewhere, for he failed to put in an appearance; and other matters soon drove this one from my mind. I trusted a good deal to my dog, and for a time all went smoothly as before.

One day, it became necessary to take a grist to the mill, which was distant about seven miles. I set off at sunrise, hoping to get my grain ground, and to return before night; so I yoked up my lively steers (I had not arisen to the dignity of a horse,) and set off, taking care, as I thought, to leave the dog as a guard for Greta and the baby, and not until I had arrived at my destination did I discover that the wily little wretch had skulked behind me all the way, not daring to show himself while there was any risk of being sent back. As I felt ashamed to vent my anger on the attached brute, who now came fawning up to me, I consoled myself with the thought that I should be home before Greta could begin to feel alarmed, for I knew bears seldom venture out by daylight.

The day passed slowly and wearily on, and never did poor prisoner receive his freedom with more joy, than I felt as I turned the horny heads of my cattle in the direction of home, longing for the sight of my darling's bright face, and the soft clinging arms of my little Willie. I was much later than I had hoped or intended to be, and my utmost endeavors did not suffice to hasten our advance, for oxen are proverbially slow, and seldom quicken the weary jog which is their delight. One by one the stars dropped into the sky, and the woods around scintillated with fireflies. The distant barking of dogs alone broke the stillness, but evoked no answer from Pompey, who now contentedly toddled at my heels.

As I passed on, amid the wild, and often picturesque scenes with which I had now become familiar, I fell into a reverie, and thought carried me back to sunny old England, and the early days when I was a poor laboring orphan, and my Greta the petted darling of her home; and I wondered if God would bless my endeavors, so that in this new world I could restore to my cherished wife the comforts she had once enjoyed. Whilst thinking thus I got over my journey, and was quite unknowingly entering my own clearing, when a loud growl from the dog awoke my attention, and caused me to discover where I was. The fireflies flashed continuously, but that pale, steady light, just ahead, I knew to proceed from the windows of my lowly home. Just then, the dog, with a loud yelp, sprang past me, nearly upsetting me, and disappeared into the darkness in front.

I was now quite close to the house. The night was very dark, but not so much but that I could perceive a dark form running, or rather, leaping away from the door of my cottage, hotly pursued by the dog. A turn in its career revealed its broadside, and I knew that the sanguinary robber of my sheep pen was before me. I cheered on the dog, which, however, could do nothing save give chase—while, as to my getting a shot, that was now out of the question.

Hastening to the door I shouted for admittance. The door was opened by Greta, candle in hand, and pale as a corpse. I had no sooner crossed the threshold than she fell insensible in my arms. Laying her upon a rough couch of my own manufacture, I hastily relit the candle, which had fallen from her hand, and looked around me in surprise. In the cradle lay our eighteen months boy, wide awake, and staring with all the might of a pair of very blue eyes, while, huddled in one corner were our three remaining sheep, standing with their noses thrust together, as if for mutual protection and comfort. The door, I now perceived, had been nearly carried off its leather hinges, which were almost worn in two, while the staples which held it were strained considerably. A hole, large enough to admit a small pig, had been grubbed in the soft earth beneath the sill.

I had no time to ask myself what all this meant, for my fainting wife absorbed all my attention.

It was not till Greta had passed through a long and severe illness, and another little Greta had usurped Willie's place in the cradle, that I learned the full particulars of all that had occurred that night, although I had guessed much.

It appears she had watched in vain for my home coming, at the expected time, and missing Pompey as well, became quite nervous—more so, in fact, than the occasion warranted. As the

darkness came on apace, and the distant, but easily recognizable howl of a bear broke the painful stillness, her fears reached their climax. As regarded her own safety, she had much faith in the efficiency of her blazing stove, well knowing that such animals are usually afraid of fire.

But what of the sheep? In imagination, she already saw the largest and finest of her remaining woolly treasures triumphantly carried off by the relentless foe. Here a happy thought, born of the extremity of despair struck her mind.

With a glance assuring herself that our boy lay peacefully sleeping in his cradle, she went out and drove the docile sheep indoors, and firmly, as she thought, barricaded the door; then not a little proud of her achievement, sat down to await my return. Presently, what was her instinctive horror to hear hoarse, stealthy breathing without the door, which soon after received a push that might have been delivered by the shoulder of an ox.

Again that horrid breathing, so close at hand, chilled poor Greta to the heart, palpitating wildly, as low suspended growls broke on her ear. She knew then that fear was not likely to deter the terrible beast from seeking the prey he keenly scented under her roof. He must have been horribly pressed by hunger, or perhaps, for who shall limit the instinct of these creatures, he knew that he had only a defenceless woman between him and a rich repast. After a few minutes, what was my poor girl's horror, to hear him commencing to root beneath the door, and after another interval his hog-like snout protruded beneath the frail barrier, which actually shook with his tremendous efforts.

With no definite idea of what she was going to do with it, Greta had held the poker in her hand till now. At this juncture, scarcely knowing what she did, she thrust it into the blazing logs, in the stove, and withdrawing it red hot, made a desperate lunge with it at Bruin's nose.

A howl of pain, and it might be defiance, showed that her effort, though directed at random, had been successful.

Again, and again, the action was repeated, but only seemed to madden, instead of intimidating the brute, who must soon have effected an entrance, but for my timely arrival as before described, when the revulsion of feeling caused the overwrought girl to faint in my arms.

After her recovery, Greta declared we must remove to a more settled district, as she repelled the thought of continuing in our present lonely habitation.

The way to this was opened sooner than we expected.

A neighbour kindly lent me a Quebec news paper, in which he observed, by a singular coincidence, an advertisement setting forth that "if Margaret Hilder, wife of William Fowler, were living, she would hear of something to her advantage, by communicating with Messrs Quill P. Holdfast, of Chancery Lane, London."

Need I say that no time was lost in acquiring this desirable information, which was to the effect that my wife's uncle, Benjamin Hilder, was dead, and in dying had confessed the wretched forgery, and deception of which he had been guilty, and had restored her rightful inheritance to his niece, besides willing her his own property, in the fervor of his death bed repentance? With ample means at command, I purchased a well stocked farm in a thickly settled part of the Eastern Townships, close to a thriving village soon to become a town, where Greta runs no risk of a repetition of her dreadful experience.

MARY J. WISE.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The London *Hornet* believes that Mile. Titiens will find her chief triumph in New York.

MR. H. H. WOOD, the actor who played the clergyman, *Julian Gray*, in "The New Magdalen," when it was first brought out, is to abandon the stage for a Unitarian pulpit.

JENNIE LEE, the apple blossom of an actress, who has so many admirers, played *Polly Eccles* in "Caste" for her benefit, at the California Theatre, San Francisco, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Seguin have withdrawn from the Kellogg troupe. Mrs. Seguin's roles have been shared by Miss Beaumont, and Miss Randall sang "Siebel," recently, in Philadelphia.

NEVER, according to a London critic, have the varied abilities of the Vokes Family been displayed to greater advantage than in the pantomime of "Aladin" at the Drury Lane Theatre.

MME NILSSON is established in elegant apartments in the Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris, and her friends and admirers keep it converted into a perfect bower of flowers.

ERNST'S VIOLIN, a "Stradivarius" of the great period, and in perfect preservation, has just been purchased by the eminent violinist, Madame Norman-Néruda, from Mr. David Laurie, of Glasgow, for the sum of £500.

A MUSICAL journal of Milan gives a list of the new operas brought out in Italy, during 1874. The number is thirty-five, being an increase on the preceding year, when it was only twenty-four, whilst in 1872, fifty-two were produced.

At the Italiens Theatre Bellini's "Sonnambula" has been produced for the *début* of Madame Moriani, a lady in good society in Paris, as Amina. Her nervousness was, however, so great that she could scarcely get out the notes. On a second performance there was a perceptible improvement.

Mlle. Broisot, a young Parisian actress, is very pretty, and, having to act the part of an heiress who is quite plain, tried to get rid of some of her charms by painting the corners of her mouth so as to make it look large, and wearing a large ruff to disguise her neck. Never did ugly actress try so hard to look pretty as this lovely one strove for homeliness.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PARIS GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The entrance is by the Rue Halevy and the door which leads directly into the *Salle d'attente*. This entrance and all the adjacent accommodation, is reserved exclusively for *abonnés*, or holders of subscription boxes, whose carriages here drive close up to the doors of the waiting-room. The latter is a vast circular hall, completely free from draught and similar in conveniences, and leading to the grand staircase, which fronts the chief facade of the Place de l'Opera, by a spacious and commodious corridor. Nothing can be more admirable than the whole of this arrangement. It is on emerging from this corridor that the grand staircase bursts upon one in all the magnificence of its present unrivalled decorations. It is literally one mass of gold and bronze and marble and onyx combined with the richest draperies, statuary, and everything that the most lavish expenditure and elaborate ornamentation can bestow upon it. The sight of it is absolutely overpowering, and the impression certainly is that the decorative part is overdone, and yet it is impossible to deny, or not to feel, how very effective and striking it is as a whole. The dimensions, in fact, are so vast that it seems capable of bearing almost all that has been put upon it. The view from the foot of the staircase up to the first grand gallery above is one of the most gorgeous, perhaps, to be found in the inside of any building. The gallery itself is a change of style, for its ornamentation is entirely Italian. Its roof glitters with the most brilliant glass enamel and mosaic work of Byzantine character, while the floor is inlaid with marble mosaics of the same country and period. No less than five hundred millions of these mosaics have been employed either on the roofs or walls or floorings of the galleries and corridors. From the first gallery we proceed to the grand *foyer* or saloon, which runs along the whole breadth of the facade, and immediately behind the gallery and its *loggie*, as the Italians call them, which faces the Place de l'Opera. Here, new sources of amazement await the eye; for nothing can exceed the stupendous grandeur of this gigantic gallery. Its sides are lined with columns of part Indian, part Byzantine, part classical composition—all these styles and periods being more or less combined in the decoration of their bases, which ascend as high as one-third of the shaft, and in their not less elaborate capitals. The effect is gorgeous in the extreme, and baffles all verbal description. The lofty roof is adorned with the paintings of Baudry and other French artists, and the walls are adorned with antique masks, exquisitely carved, with marble pannels, gold and glittering enamels and mosaics in lavish profusion. And now re-passing again the first circle, we enter the theatre proper itself. The dimensions of the parts already visited are so gigantic that the *Salle* itself seems hardly proportionate, and it is only after a longer survey that you discover it to be equal to, if not beyond, the utmost limits of which the human voice is capable of making itself heard effectively. Its form is an elliptical semicircle of great elegance, the centre of the arch being deeply depressed, so as to give a frontage which is at once imposing in its wide sweep and commodious and roomy in its arrangements. The angles of the house are broken by double ranges of columns, between which tiers of boxes are placed.

HON. ISAAC BURPEE.

The Minister of Customs is new to public life. He was first returned to Parliament for St. John, N. B., at the general elections of 1872, and appointed to office, November 7, 1873. He is the eldest son of the late Isaac Burpee of Sheffield, N. B., and was born there, 28th November 1825. He was also educated there. He is Vice-President of the Evangelical Alliance of New Brunswick, Treasurer of St. John Industrial School, and a Director of the Confederation Life Association. He has also been Mayor of the town of Portland for several years. For the particulars concerning Mr. Burpee and Mr. Fournier, we are indebted to that excellent little publication, Morgan's *Parliamentary Companion*.

HON. TELESPHORE FOURNIER.

This gentleman was born at St. François, Rivière du Sud, Montmagny, in the year 1824. His education was performed at Nicolet College, after which he undertook the study of law. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1846, and created a Queen's Counsel in 1863. He has been *Batonnier* of the Quebec Bar, and President of the Council of the Bar of the Province of Quebec. Mr. Fournier always took an active part in politics, and his stand was uniformly in the van of advanced Liberalism. He was one of the editors of *Le National*, Quebec. He presented himself as a candidate for the Canadian Assembly, in 1857, but was defeated. He was unfortunate on other occasions, but he never lost courage and was finally returned to the House of Commons for Bellechasse, in 1870. He still represents that County. He sat for Montmagny in the Quebec Assembly, from 1871 till November 1873, when he resigned on being sworn of the Privy Council, and appointed Minister of Inland Revenue. When Mr. Dorion accepted the Chief Justiceship of the Province of Quebec, Mr. Fournier was promoted to the Department of Justice, in 1874.

SETTING THE TASK.

Aleck Mackenzie need not put on such airs, for he is only a school boy after all, and on his good behaviour. If he doesn't look

sharp, he may be supplanted by other boys in the form. True to say, however, Aleck is a shrewd boy; and he has worked hard to get to his present place. Dame Canada, the school marm, is well pleased with him, and to show him off, she has set before him a series of pretty rude tasks. Aleck has plenty of work out for the next three months; but, evidently, the mistress feels confident that he will get through with it successfully—and that is also the general opinion.

FRENCH INTENDANT'S PALACE.

Every reader of Canadian history is acquainted with Talon, the first Intendant, who came over with Tracy. Talon was a great man. His office was as important as that of the Governor, and his palace was filled with courtiers. Under one of his successors, Bigot, the palace was the scene of many an intrigue, worthy of Versailles. A French Canadian writer, Marmette, has made the old palace the central point of one of his best novels.

KITTENS AND FISH.

Pussy probably means no harm, as he peeps down into the glass where the golden fishes swim; but his green eyes, and rigid whisker frighten the poor little floaters, and out of very dread they may shoot to the bottom of the water and die. Perhaps, too, Pussy's pacific intentions may not altogether be trusted. The cat is a treacherous animal at best.

CHATEAU IN THE FOREST.

Embowered in foliage, and looking out on the dusk, leafy avenue, it reminds one of a scene in Boccaccio. In such a wood, and before such a casement, might Romeo have first spied his Juliet, and whispered his first avowals of love; or, perhaps, the maiden in the window is Leonard, and the dark figure between the trees is Manrico, the Troubadour, singing his delicious ballad, *deserto sulla terra*.

CECILE IN ROME.

A perfect type of the plump-faced, black-eyed, round-armed beauty of Rome, such as is often met in the Trastevere, amid the lowliest scenes of poverty and discomfort. When grown to maturity, Cecile may yet be the *diva* of the stage, or the wife of a decayed Italian nobleman.

MARITANA.

Who has not heard the opera of Wallace, the old English band-master? He has immortalized Don Cesar de Bazan, in song, and Maritana as well. As she sits there, pensive and musing, where may her sweet thoughts be straying? Perhaps she is crooning that divine melody, "Scenes that are brightest."

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

This noteworthy event, which will take place in 1876, is already beginning to attract world-wide attention. Vast preparations are being made for its fit celebration throughout the United States, and especially in Philadelphia. All the nations of the world will be officially represented there. We give to-day a view of the splendid building destined to contain the gallery of fine arts.

COURRIER DES DAMES.

LOVE IN MIDDLE AGE.—Perhaps love is never so potent as when it seizes upon those who have passed the prime of life. The choice made is then likely to be thoroughly suited to the nature of the man; and any intellectual gifts on the part of the woman are likely to be more attractive to a man of this age than to a younger person. Besides, there is a feeling that, as life is not likely to be very long, this late love is the last thing to be clung to; and that after it, should it be lost, all will be desolation.

ATTENTION TO THE OLD.—A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old. They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the call shall reach them. How often they must think of absent, lamented faces; of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy which fell with theirs, now all gone. Why should not the young cling around and comfort them, cheering their gloom with songs and happy smiles?

WOMEN AGAINST WOMEN.—Tale-bearing and idle gossiping is, under all circumstances, and by whomsoever indulged in, a most unprofitable and disreputable business; but when it assumes the form of malicious slanders, it at once becomes a crime, even though the poisonous darts are so shaped that the strong arm of the law may be unable to protect or redress the wrongs of the ones thus injured. But the most serious, very worst feature of slander, is that which is invented or circulated by one woman against another. A woman writes of this great wrong as follows. It is appropriate to the present time, and may be read with profit by all:—"Women against women is a problem none can solve. Why do women stab their own sex so mercilessly—strike so ruthlessly? Many a pure, sensitive woman has been stung to death by such injustice—too often by unfounded rumour. Who that has ever traced the torrent of rumour to its source did not find that vivid imagination

had coloured it till facts and reason had been lost in the whirl? Slander rears its hydra head everywhere, and all good, pure women—and, thank heaven! there are many—disdain to listen to a story against another, unsupported by proof. If women could realize how pained and disappointed all true men are to hear too often nothing, while in their own society, but depreciation of their own sex, they would be nobler and truer women. Men—even bad men—never endorse a woman's trying to injure her own sex; whatever her motive may be it matters not."

CHINESE MAXIMS.—Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles. Great wealth comes by destiny; moderate wealth by industry. The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out. Dig a well before you are thirsty. Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in great minds.

HOST AND GUEST.—"In all grades of society," says a modern writer, "the host is too often the generous simpleton who squanders his money in entertaining his supposed friends, and the guest is the man who fattens at his expense and laughs at him for his trouble. I am sure it would puzzle my readers to remember many parties they have attended at which some invidious remarks were not made about the host or hostess. If the host and hostess are all right—that is, if he owes no man a copper and is as pure as Elijah, and she is dead-in-life enough to escape censure, the management of the entertainment is at fault. Somebody is present that should not have been invited; others are not invited whose absence is regretted. If nothing else, the viands are at fault. The guest forgets that to him the people whose bread he eats should be sacred, and does not always realize that he is under obligations for hospitality, which he is often either disinclined or unable to return. I speak in the masculine gender, because men are frequently more censorious, and always more sarcastic than women. Yet women do their share in that direction. I remember an instance where two sisters, while enjoying a friend's hospitality, had occasion to repair to the dressing room in the course of the evening. There, while adjusting the nameless but indispensable accessories of dress, believing themselves alone, the conversation turned upon the family whose hospitality they were abusing. Those only who have not heard or indulged in the interchange of such gushing confidence need be told the pungent personalities, mortifying reminiscences, and disagreeable facts, together with idle gossip and false reports raked up. Meanwhile, the ladies were not alone. Two little visitors in the family were hovering around the doorway, and, attracted by the subject of conversation, settled down, stiller than mice, on a sofa within earshot. As a natural consequence, the sisters were deliberately cut by the lady so ill-naturedly "talked over" the first time she met them in public; and thus they lost a valuable friend, to their mortification, as her position in society was superior to their own. Is it not possible that other society friendships have been terminated for similar reasons? Not taking into consideration the fitness of things, it is a matter of policy for the guest to outwardly respect his host, and he who will not do so should be placed under a social ban."

THE DIANA KNOT.—A Washington correspondent writes: "The new Diana knot has been adopted by a few brave pioneers in hair-dressing. It is what, familiarly known as a 'peeg,' has been popular always among ladies during their morning toilets. Indeed, too many of them, now trying to combine the basely modern 'changs' with the severely classical twist, look for all the world as if they were getting ready to wash their faces. They have yet to learn that the statuesque coiffure requires, if not a glossy smoothness, at least only a suspicion of crimps. It is a very rational fashion, and theoretically ought to be universally becoming, for its simplicity would be a foil to beautiful and a relief to plain faces, and a conveniently moderate style to those that are not strictly one thing or the other. It was displayed to perfection by a lovely blonde at Mrs. Fisk's the other night, who wore her waving golden hair in a low, small twist fastened by a silver arrow tipped with diamonds."

HAGARENE.

Tom boys are very well in their way, but they ought to know when to stop their fooleries. There comes an age when a girl is a girl, and can no longer afford to carry on the wildnesses of the other sex. Marriette seems never to have learned this lesson. As she said herself, she "never had a chance, even as a child." She had to make out for herself, and her character spread out as it would. Her father had held a good position, but lost it through disgraceful conduct, and left Marriette to take care of herself. She did this with a vengeance. She began life by disguising herself as a beggar, and hanging around a racing stable, picking up professional secrets which she could make use of to advantage. Using this information, her scape-grace father and an associate of his were enabled to make large sums of money. This was well enough, so far as it went, but Marriette was ambitious of making some money for herself. For this she thought marriage as convenient an avenue as any other. So she married Leonard Clyde. Leonard was a poor miserable drunkard, but he was heir to a fortune of millions. Marriette married him in the hope

that he would soon drink himself to death, and that thus she would be free to inherit his millions. Her husband was an officer in a British regiment, and that regiment was quartered in Ireland. Thither Marriette followed Clyde. Of course, she soon had an adventure there. Mrs. Clyde was a handsome, dashing woman, and at once found many admirers among Leonard's brother officers. Two of these—a major and a subaltern—were particularly captivated by her charms. The usual result followed. The two rivals quarrelled, and the major murdered the subaltern. The latter had been rather the favourite of the twain with Mrs. Clyde, but this did not prevent her visiting the major in prison, and clandestinely supplying him with just that dose of poison which saved him from the gallows and her from further disgrace. She thus rid herself of both these encumbrances "with as little remorse as she would have drowned blind puppies fifteen in the litter."

Still Mrs. Clyde was not satisfied. Her husband disappointed her. Leonard had not drunk himself to death, and, what was worse, he had been deprived of his prospective millions by the utter bankruptcy of his father. For a spirited woman, this was a situation not to be endured. She insisted upon a divorce, and got it. Clyde went off somewhere to South America, where his broken down constitution soon succumbed to dissipation and the climate. Mrs. Clyde gathered up all the money still remaining to her from her turf speculations, and, in conjunction with a typical and congenial French woman, opened an elegant card-salon in a central part of London. There the butterflies of fashion were soon allured in crowds, and there the gold-dust of their wings was filched from them. Among the frequenters of the salon was a young fellow called Tempest, whose antecedents no one knew, not even himself. He had some money, a handsome face, elegant manners, and for all else in the world he cared nothing. Yes, there was an exception, he loved the fair widow of Leonard Clyde. To her in time he was married, but, by mutual agreement, the marriage was kept a profound secret, so as not to injure the business of Madame. This mystery, of course, left Marriette open to other suitors, chief among whom figured Lord Ormskirke. He proposed to her, but she durst not refuse him, because that would be betraying her secret. What was to be done? The position became all the more embarrassing when she discovered that Lord Ormskirke was probably no other than the father of Tempest. The unsuspecting progenitor wanted his son to marry the daughter of an attorney about town, so as to get him out of the way. As is evident, all those circumstances must bring about a crisis. And it came. Lord Ormskirke sent one day to the salon and invited all its inmates to a cruise in his yacht, to be followed by a visit to a famous race course. The voyage was made, and it extended along the pretty coast of France very pleasantly. Then the return to the races. After the races, the whole party rowed back to the ship. A danger, a catastrophe. The boat upset. Marriette floats to a place of temporary safety, but Tempest swims to her rescue. Before doing so, he and Ormskirke confront each other, and the secret is told. Then Tempest plunges forward, seizes his wife by the waist, they kiss fervently, and sink to rise no more. We are not quite clear whether Ormskirke drowned himself then and there, or whether he swam to shore, a sadder and a wiser man. The French woman emigrated to Provence, and there entered upon a life of rigid asceticism. Such is the outline of a story called *Hagarene*, by the famous author of "Guy Livingstone." Our readers may judge of it for themselves. We preferred to give them this outline, rather than any critical remarks of our own. They will probably be able to decide, as well as we, whether such novels are worth writing, or, being written, whether they are worth reading. Mr. Lawrence is a man of learning, of an evidently wide knowledge of the world, and as a writer, he holds a high rank. It is a pity that he does not see fit to turn his talents to better advantage than to the production of such perishable stuff. The book is published in the usual paper series of Harpers, and is for sale by Dawson Bros., of this city. If anybody wishes to pay seventy-five cents for it, he is welcome to the book, and, we doubt not, will find the value of his money.

DOMESTIC.

TURNOVERS.—Flour, two pounds; lard, one pound; salt, half a teaspoonful. Water enough to make paste. Take any berries you like, and lay them in the centre of the crust. Turn over the crust. Lap the edges together. Lay in piepan and bake.

HEADACHES.—For sick headache, dissolve equal parts of table-salt and Epsom salts in water, and take a very small quantity on getting up in the morning. For nervous headache, shampoo the head with a quart of cold water, in which a dessertspoonful of soda has been dissolved.

SARDINE OMELET.—Break two or three eggs into a basin, beat up well with a little salt, warm your pan, melt some butter; when it ceases to bubble, pour in the mixture; as it sets put in two or three cleaned sardines, turn the omelet over them or double it up, when sufficiently fried send to table at once. An omelet should be eaten directly, or it falls and gets tough.

OYSTER SOUP, No. 1.—Take two quarts of oysters, and drain them through a fork from their liquor; wash them in one water to free them from grit. Take two thin slices of the lean of ham, and cut in small pieces; some parsley, thyme, and onion tied in a bunch as thick as your thumb; strain the oyster liquor; put all in together, with pepper and salt. When almost done, add a lump of butter as big as an egg, rolled in flour, with a gill of good cream.



MARITANA.



LITTLE CECILE IN ROME.

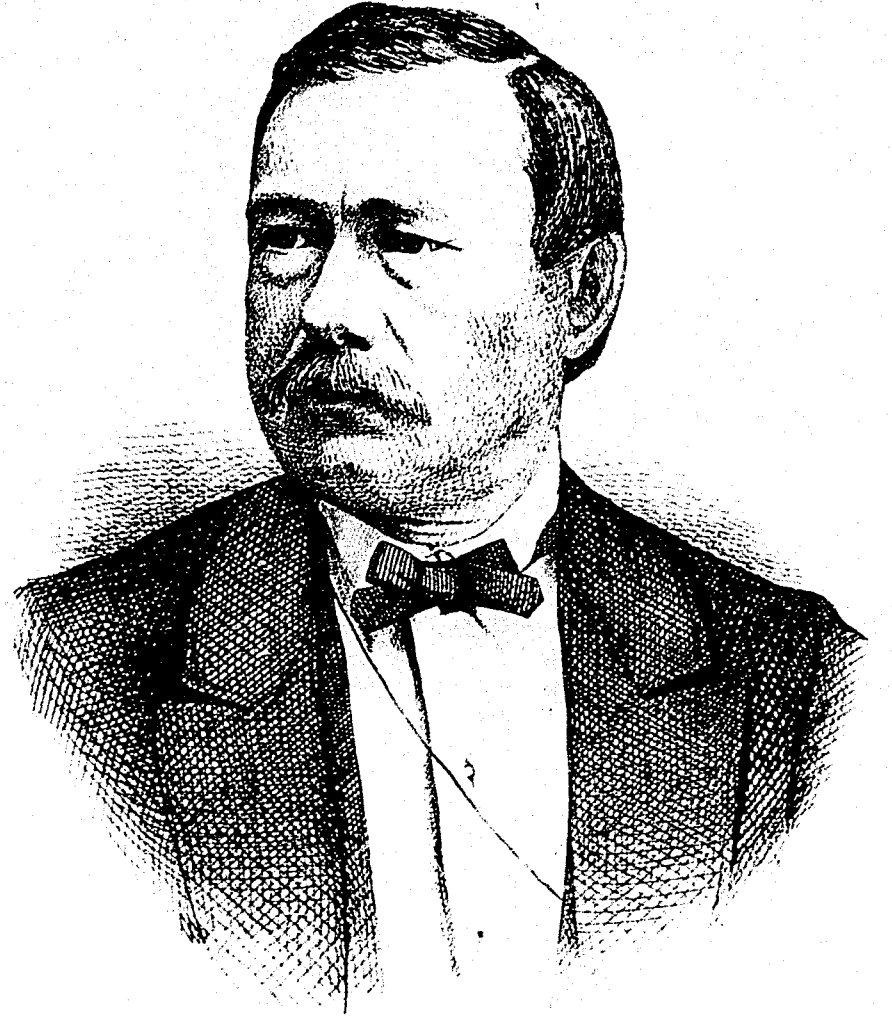


SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST: THE START FROM FORT DUFFERIN.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

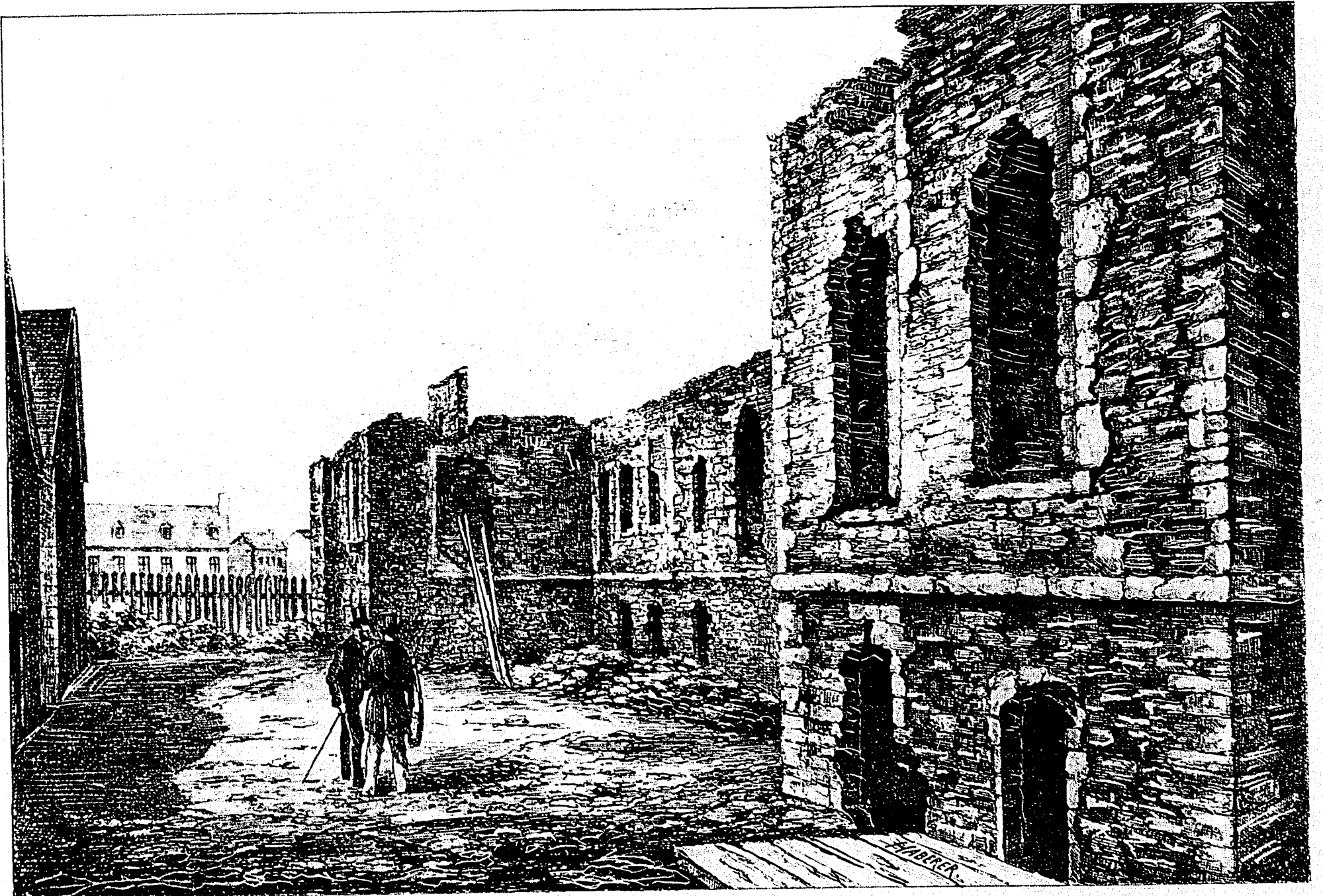


No. 215.—HON. ISAAC BURPEE, MINISTER OF CUSTOMS



No. 216.—HON. TELESOPHORE FOURNIER, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPLEY, OTTAWA.



QUEBEC. RUINS OF FRENCH INTENDANT'S PALACE.

TWO SONNETS.

EVENING.

O Maiden, russet-stoled, whose subtle power
Can soothe our pain and anguish keen alloy,
Such tribute pay we not to garish day,
As that we tender to thy sober hour;
What time we stray where trees o'erhead embower
Their fretted canopy, 'tis thou dost lend
Their chiefest charm, and puissance extend
O'er all the sylvan scene, like April shower
That all green Nature, germ and flower, renews,
Shedding a gentle influence o'er the soul:
What wonder therefore 'tis thy hour we choose,
Away from men, that press toward the goal
Of wealth and honour, and alone with thee
Devote the time to contemplation free!

MORNING.

Emblem of hope, O Morning fresh and new,
That comest to flush the eastern hills with gold,
Day's harbinger, what time thou back hast rolled
The dusky gloom of night: the mountain dew
Shines through thy roseate radiance, that grew
Distilled of mist and exhalation cold:
As light thou spreadest o'er this darkened world,
And callest men to action, e'en so few
But hail thy coming gladly, though to hind
Toil only is thy dower: but the new birth
Of Nature every morning o'er the earth
Reviews the spirit of th' unquiet mind,
Imparts fresh vigour, bidding troubles cease,
And sheds within the holy calm of peace.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

WITH SAND AND SEAWEED.

When Jack Frost the democrat is biting at our toes and the January fires are in close conjunction with the Carnival turkey; when the world outside is white, then is the time to remember the days when the world was green, when we took holiday in a sunshine now alas! a thing of remembrance only. Let me recall my sea-side pleasures.

"Laudabant alii claram Rhodon."

Other folks may cry up their swell continental tours, and praise the charms of Paris, the convalescent, with its new fashionable self to day striving to forget its unfashionable self of yesterday in the gay pastures of the "Elysian fields," content enough to exchange bombs for bonbons once again; of Venice "Preserved" and Rome destroyed into fit harmony with the 19th century; and last, if they will—and I could easily forgive them for that—of dear old England, green with tall hedge rows and stately elms and oaks, and yellow with the golden corn. For me, I sing the charms of a new love, and my Lalage is—Tadousac. Possibly the other grapes were out of reach.

I hear it on the authority of that best and fairest of judges on such a subject—the local "Guide Book,"—that the Saguenay, which rolls its deep cold waters into the lap of that very Alderman amongst rivers, the St. Lawrence, is "far-famed." The title is deserved. But, some three hundred and thirty eight years ago, when guide books to the Saguenay were not, and but few things were for Canada save the red man and his brothers, the bear and beaver, a gallant little party of three ships, sailing tediously, but full of hope and expectation, up the strange broad tide which sprung from the very feet of the setting sun, stemmed the mighty waters of a mountain-girt river, its tributary, and landed Jacques Cartier and his adventurous companions at an Indian village nestled, like a maiden waiting for her lover's kiss, modestly at the mouth of the then fameless Saguenay. This was Tadousac. Poor unwise souls that they were, the simple natives, kindly hospitable, welcomed the wonderful, brilliant strangers with feast and favour, little dreaming that they saw before them the germ of that deadly power which was to sweep them and this grand savage race from off the grand savage land that the "Great Father" had given them. The stranger was the shadow of death, the harbinger of many a dark day for the Indian. As to those dark days, it is just possible that the "Great Father," the "Giver of all good things" even to such inferior folk as he, forgetting his drunkenness and evil ways in the greater sin of those who led him to them, and forgiving all his treachery and crimes in memory of the heedless selfishness of those who provoked them, may have provided elsewhere happier hunting grounds for the poor much abused Red Skin, free from the iron tread of the white man's "civilizing" heel. But enough of Tadousac past. It is with the "sand and seaweed" of the Tadousac of to-day that we have to do.

I fear much that the modesty of Tadousac has gone for ever. She was too pretty not to be told of it. Association with the "far-famed,"—upon the principle that "who drives fat oxen most himself be fat,"—has had a decidedly detrimental effect upon that primeval simplicity which greeted Jacques Cartier, and Tadousac has fairly started in the race for "a name in the world." Who knows but that, in place of sitting like a meek maiden waiting for her river lover's kiss, she may not some day throw her girdle across him and tie his mouth with a railway bridge?

Meantime from the small cluster of primitive-looking shanties which constitutes Tadousac proper, and which owes its existence to the great lumbering interests on the Saguenay, there has crept up the road, connecting the river and the bay, a succession of neat little holiday-season cottages (whose capacity for stowage is as out of proportion to their external appearance as was that of the Noah's arks of our young days) till at a distance of some three quarters of a mile from the wharf, surrounded, on three sides, by picturesque ridges of sand mountains, bush-clad, and looking out towards the south east upon a noble bay, at whose broad mouth the

waters of the Saguenay and St. Lawrence join currents, lies Tadousac the "watering place." It is not much to boast of. A good sized hotel, well situated, facing the bay; a quaint little wooden church, whose tiny dimensions represent an ecclesiastical establishment coeval with, if not prior to, the earliest at Quebec; more cottages, of varying degrees of pretension; a couple of stores where all that the (native) human heart can desire is to be found, from fish hooks to flour and frying pans, boots, buttons and "Radway Relief" to say nothing of cheap Manchester prints and feminine fal lals; and a few fishermen's huts—whose owners are now-a-days fishers of men and "boating parties"—no more, save that the present Governor General has built a large and commodious cottage on the ridge above the bay as a summer residence for his family, the broad verandahs of which seem to have an irresistible attraction for the American tourist, who persists in thinking the Vice-regal cottage as much a Tadousac "show," as the old church, and endeavour to "do" it accordingly; add to the above a charmingly cool air even in sultry July and August days, a sky as clear as that of the Mediterranean and the most glorious effects of glowing sunset and bright moonbeams falling on rock and mountain, sandy beach and restless tide, and you have Tadousac minus its humanity.

We are simple minded, easily amused people who come here. I don't believe that there is such a thing as a ball dress amongst us; there certainly is not a dress-maker. Swallow tails are unknown and we dig holes in the sand without gloves. Surprising to say, the world nevertheless rotates as usual; at least ours does. As for that outside, beyond the blue water, which we lie lazily blinking at with cap-shaded eyes while some jolly little party of "smalls" fills our pockets with sand and ornaments our back hair with seaweed, for that world I say, what care we? What care we though kingdoms fall and empires are blown away? We are far more interested in the way the wind blows, or the glass falls, for on the one depends our sail, and on the other our picnic on the rocks, or our chance of tickling some of those fine trout yonder in the Saguenay. The humanizing influence of the telegraph is far from us, and we don't read our papers as if we had any very practical share in their news. Telegraphs are the cancers of an otherwise calm world; they have much to answer for. Uneasy his the mind within the reach of their clutch. In your happiest moments—say when with a crab in each pocket, your shoes full of wet sand and your hat loaded with periwinkles, you are peacefully grubbing amongst the rocks, when the tide is down, for a specimen of that rare thing *amyarius what d'ye callit-olus*, the object of your heart's desire—down comes the woeful little slip which tells of wars and rumours of wars, of a fall in stocks or sugar, the death of your wife's pet poodle (left in charge of June with strict injunctions to remember that "fly papers" were not wholesome diet for dogs) or else the total destruction of the new and splendid mansion which, on your return, was to have made Mrs Brown's heart happy by setting her a suit of rooms and a conservatory above those stuck-up Smiths. No, thank you; we have no telegraph to Tadousac. Why! there was an aldermanship in the very ante room of that house, a mayoralty in the drawing room, and heaven only knows what high dignities lurking playfully under your mahogany, only waiting for that general second bottle of "old crusted" to fall into your lap. No, we dispense with telegraphs.

What did we do with ourselves? Well, we lounged through breakfast, dawdled through dinner, loafed through tea, strolled on the beach, scrambled over the rocks. Great fun that. Our maidens became as agile as the "chamois" and our young men as the "Alpine hunter." I verily believe the former had the best of it. We bathed uproariously and inhaled as much ozone, bromine, iodine and other chemical constituents of salt-water as were get-able. Then we had fishing excursions on the Saguenay, whose reward was many a fine dish of trout or noble salmon, whose one rash bite was the signal for the gathering of all the clans of mosquitos within half a mile to avenge that one by thousands. Ah, me! their cheerful "grace before meat" beginning invariably "Fee-Fo-Fum," and continuing till they saw fit to sit down to the feast, still rings in my ears. Prayers and supplications, bad language and nets were of no avail. I found, however, that the genus *culex* objects to tar and castor oil. So did I! Then we boated, and sailed, making sailing expeditions round and about the bay, and past "Dead Man's Point," into the Saguenay, where the breeze would surely be found, even when elsewhere was "nary a zephyr," picniced on the rocks, read lots of dog eared novels, and did nothing very successfully. Evening brought us a quiet rubber, music or a dance, and the welcome sleep of the just wound up our simple day. Once, oh, glorious vision of fair forms! we got up "tableaux," and I much doubt whether anything much more picturesque and charming was ever seen on any "boards" than our grand group of "Brigands dividing the spoil." We flatter ourselves that we possess something of beauty in Tadousac. We had that curtain up half a dozen times, and if the fair outlaws had only stayed in their place it would probably be going up still. One young gentleman of misogynistic and misanthropic turn of mind, betook himself with a cigar and a novel to his bedroom, disdaining our fun; with profound repentance he confessed afterwards that he would have sacrificed both had he "only known."

Amongst the "things to be done," at Tadou-

ac, is a drive round the Concession, in one of the rough country carts, whose wheels are innocent of springs, and tenderest mercies cruel. I am asked by a mischievous young lady, "Will I come for a hay-cart drive round the concession?" Certainly, I will, and I accordingly find myself with a party of four ladies and a native, whose language is a fair average result of what may be obtained by mixing Brittany French, "pigeon" English and Huron, to say nothing of other ingredients, seated on the floor of the cart. It certainly is rough, and its open sides with their rickety rail are not productive of confidence. However, there is plenty of straw, and the ladies being stowed forward and myself behind, we cry, "En avant," and "forward" it is. He who has ever given the signal for his own execution, or unexpectedly pulled the string of a shower bath, or stood for shelter under a coal shoot in full swing could best sympathise with my sentiments. They are those of a pea, shut up in a muscular infant's rattle, might be supposed to have. Commissioners of roads are not at Tadousac. Roads make and improvise themselves, and are accordingly not only examples of the ups and downs of life, but a superior series of realised proverbs beginning at "Evil Communications," and winding up (literally) with "Rolling Stones." Jolt No. 1 assures me, happily falsely, of a mouth full of loose teeth and a bisected tongue. "From one learn all." That jolt is a fair sample of the thousand and one which follow. Holding on with the clutch of an epileptic, I meditate as to which portion of my osseous system I can least inconveniently dispense with, and endeavour to arrange matters accordingly. Visions of splints and an amiable row of bottles, small and big, with their ridiculous white tongues ever protruded to the tune of "The Lotion once every three hours" rise before me. I have just decided where I will be buried, and willed away my personal property (twenty-five cents and a clean pocket handkerchief) to my most deserving friends, when a stronger jerk than ordinary sends me sprawling ignominiously into the midst of the billowy mass of fluffiness in front of me. "S-t-o-o-o-o-p f-o-r G-o-o-o-d-n-e-s-s s-a-a-a-ke," I cry spasmodically, in a voice choked with emotion and muslin. I cry to the winds. As it was with Mazepa's steed, so with ours; he only "urges on his wild career." As for the details of that drive, the gullies we descended, the precipices we crawled up, the ruts, logs and stones we jolted over, are they not written in the book of my memory? I did not rise with the lark for a week. Strange to say, the ladies sat throughout with beaming faces and apparent comfort. Was it that the feminine nature really is so far superior to the masculine in power of endurance, or that there was another explanation possible? But the driver with regard to whom there could be "no deception," he sat on the very shafts of his crazy machine, and through he rose and fell with the regularity of a piston rod about sixty times a minute, seemed as unaffected as was Skryme, the "earth giant" of Scandinavian story, by the hammer of Thor. Truly, familiarity with haycarts breeds pachyderms.

The incoming of the steamboat from Quebec, is our one daily excitement. As evening comes on, we anxiously scan the horizon through the one telescope we boast, a telescope whose glasses are misty and joints stiff with old age or telescopic rheumatism, but whose virtues are still slightly in excess of its vices. At last, a thin line of smoke is made out, some twenty miles away. Opinions hover between the probabilities of its belonging to our boat or a down channel steamer bound for the Maritime ports or the wide world beyond. Our oracle being consulted, the reply is favourable. It is ours. "Won't be in for a couple of hours, though." That couple of hours is a superfluity of time and drags by unregretted. Its end sees all the available population of Tadousac—and it mostly is available at all hours,—down at the rickety old wharf waiting in anxious expectance the goods the gods and little fishes may please to send it. We don't "dress" in Tadousac, but leaving the glories of seaside fashion to Saratoga and, say, Cacouna, come down, "as we are." Perhaps we look none the less captivating on that account. Even now, though near, the blissful moment has not yet arrived. We are not to be laid hold of and taken captive, at once, by every rough rover of a steamboat as are some places I could name. The mighty current of the Saguenay is a jealous guardian and a strong to boot, and they that would would win us must woo long and delicately, content to endure repeated failures before the final triumphant hitch of the ropes makes boat and wharf one.

Then comes the scanning of the faces which line the steamer's promenade deck. Magnificence on deck, in silk of the latest fashion, and the "last sweet thing" in hats nods smilingly to Simplicity in cotton, on the wharf. Says, Miss Simplicity, "There are those odious Fitz-doodle girls, I declare! Horrid minxes! Don't tell them I said so, though." Then, with her most engaging manner, oh, woman! woman! "How do you do, dear, so glad to see you, (Oh, Simplicity in cotton!) hope you're going to stay with us." The "horrid minxes" are not going to stay. They only come over to see the "far-famed," and are "going on." Out of the abundance of their pity for our cast-away condition, (they come from Cacouna opposite, where fashion reigns) they ask condescendingly, "Ain't you all very dull here?" "Not at all, quite the reverse." The "minxes" had always understood this was such a "stupid little hole." Was there any one here?" Simplicity has an oppor-

tunity; she takes it, concluding a long list of names with those of the "Wellington de Boots." Now, young Wellington de Boots is—but no matter. The enemy turns aside quite discomfited. By this time, the American tourist "doing" the "far-famed" is straining up the gangway by the dozen, in company with barrels of flour, firkins of butter and other provisions. He starts off to "do" our little church and bay, and comes back virtuously glowing in an hour, satisfied, and probably warm.

At the post-office, above the wharf, there is an animated scene. During the sorting of the tag, we walk up and down in front of the little window in the gathering dusk, and much innocent badinage flies about. The window opened, there is a general rush. "Miss Smith," Miss Smith has a whole budget, and goes away smiling and contented. "Mrs. Brown." Nothing for Mrs. Brown. Messrs. Jones and Robinson received their respective allowances, and so through the alphabet. A indignantly shows her share of the plunder in the shape of a newspaper, and Z, who is suffering from a plethora of communications, is besought piteously for a crumb or two from her share. It is quite usual for those who have to give to those who have not, and that sweet charity for which woman is so notorious, is constantly shown by one gentle kindly hearted girl, giving a whole side of her own letter to a letterless sister. It is true that the side is too often the outside.

The best of friends must part, and my holiday is over. I say, good-bye, to Tadousac, the simple and its kindly inhabitants. Good-bye, Johnny, my pleasant companion in sailing expeditions, may your boat always sail "secundo vento," and steer clear of "Dead Man's Point" for many a day. As we used to say in long ago days, "Good-bye church, good-bye steeple, good-bye town and all your people," and so with kindly recollections of pleasant days and nights spent within hearing of its voice, I reluctantly bid "Good-bye to the bar and its moaning."

HUMOROUS.

WHEN is a literary work like smoke? When it rises in volumes.

WHY is a married man always single? Because he and his wife are one.

WHY is a kiss like some sermons?—Because there are two heads and an application.

WHAT is that which is both innocent and wicked, although it never did anything?—A candle.

WHO is the largest man?—The lover; he is a man of tremendous sighs.

WHICH is the singer which never gets a cold?—The tea-kettle.

WHERE should a man go to when short of money?—Go to work.

ANN Eliza says that thirteen of Brigham's daughters sat in the front seats and made faces at her the first time she lectured.

THERE is nothing more hazardous than to be bothering an irritable woman with foolish questions on wash day.

"TOO THIN" has become obsolete. "Not sufficiently materialized" is the latest form in which this idea is clothed.

THERE'S where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hair-pins out and her shoes untied.

BROWSKY Bunker of Carmel loafed around all day trying to get the highest bid for his vote. He wanted three dollars; but just as they were about to compromise on two dollars and a half the sun went down and the inspector declared the polls closed. All the remarked was, "Great Caesar! it is possible I'm not in time to vote for the Constitutional amendment prohibiting bribery at elections."

HERE is a poet who says: "I'm sitting sadly on the strand, that stretches to the water's brink; and as the day slips slowly by, I idly fold my hands and think." Whilst he is sitting on the strand with idle folded hands, his family at home may be suffering for the necessities of life. He should skirmish around before the day slips slowly by, and secure a job at digging a cellar.

THE widower's grief has been pronounced by competent authority to be lovely while it lasts, but it is not constructed to endure the rude assaults of time. A Connecticut man who only last spring threw himself upon the cold turf that wrapped his beloved's clay and wept until his eyelashes fell out, has since had three women following him around for alimony.

ARTISTIC.

THE Queen has received from the Emperor of Austria a portrait of his Imperial Consort, specially copied from a picture by Winterhalter.

MR. THOMAS FAED, R. A., has just been elected Honorary Member of the Vienna Royal Academy, and his election has been approved by the Emperor of Austria.

THE historical painting of M. Terenzio, representing the defeat of the Venetian fleet by the Turkish fleet at the Dardanelles, and the death of the Doge Mocenigo, has been despatched for Egypt.

THE committee recently appointed to report on the condition of MacIise's water-glass picture in the Royal Gallery at Westminster, have reason to believe that experiments soon to be undertaken for its restoration will be successful.

THE committee for the erection of a monument to Auber announces that the amount of subscriptions received for that object through private sources, is 11,000*l.*, of which the pieces of the composer gave 3,000*l.*, and the widow of Mr. Scribe 2,000*l.* Subscription lists are to be deposited, from New Year's-day, at all the lyric theatres and with MM. Brandus and Co., music publishers, 103, Rue de Richelieu.

A SALE of sixty-eight pieces of sculpture by Carpeaux, in marble, bronze, and terra-cotta, at the Hotel Drouot, has just taken place. "Spring," a statue in marble, was adjudicated for 1,200*l.* "The Three Graces, marble, was bought for 700*l.*; and "A Wounded Cupid," same, 400*l.* The statuette of "Figaro," terra-cotta, 170*l.*; the bust of Gérome, 100*l.*; of Gounod, 105*l.*; and of Dumas the younger, 280*l.* The whole proceeds only reached 23,183*l.*

Correspondence.

THE MOURNING QUEEN OF THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

SIR,

I had intended sending to your ILLUSTRATED NEWS my annual letter in regard to the displays of our masked secret societies. That of "Twelfth Night Revelers," which was to have occurred on the 6th inst. had been prepared at great expense, the costumes and furniture imported as usual from Paris, and I am betraying no secret, when I state that the pageant would have equalled any of the "Mystic Krewe's" previous efforts. Our political troubles had, some months since, not been anticipated, at least we did not apprehend such a Gordian appearance of our difficulties, and though, unlike that of Alexander, the sword of the "Piegan" hero, did not solve the difficulty, it was agreed by the members of the "Revelers" that an appearance of such a procession on our streets at such a time, would cause an accusation of heartlessness to our people, that would benefit us to no extent. The display has been therefore postponed to a more fitting season, and the other societies—the "Mystic Krew of Comus," and the "Knights of Momus" have most properly followed in the footsteps of the "Revelers." Whether "Rex," the potentate of the Carnival season, will likewise abstain from contributing to the public entertainment is a matter yet undecided.

To those of your citizens who have visited our burgh during the winter season, the "Crescent City" would doubtless wear a strange look. There have been no parties or private entertainments, the theatres have only held small audiences, and the lessee of the Opera House was compelled, last week, to announce that he would have to close its gates, as far as he was concerned. And so all pleasures, all business, have the same impress of dullness, consequent on a dull season, caused by mal-administration of public affairs, and an enforced submission to the will of a few adventurers, fattening, vampirelike on our life-blood. With State and City securities daily depreciating, with real estate gradually diminishing in value, but as rapidly advancing in the rate of assessment, with no immediate prospects of relief from any quarter, small wonder it is, that men's eyes will flash, and their jaws set firm, hands clench, while they mutter: "How long, oh God, how long?"

E. B.

New-Orleans, Jan. 20, 1875.

FORT McLEOD.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—I am glad to be able to communicate to you the latest news received from Fort Hoop Up, (now Fort McLeod), on Old Man's River. Col. McLeod arrived at that place, on the 1st of November, and had to build quarters for his three troops. He has met with no trouble, except the arrest of two parties of outlaws with liquor which was spilt in the river. The men tried to collect some but could make nothing out of it. A pity; for the poor fellows were under canvas when the thermometer marked 20 below zero. The chiefs were fined from \$150 to \$200. One of them was retained, as the supposed Chatham murderer, who was to be taken down to Fort Garry in the spring, but the fellow effected his escape at the peril of his life, while being led by two keepers. Being a nigger, ball-cartridges had no effect on his skull. They have had plenty of splendid sport, and won't have any butcher's bill in the spring. All necessaries have been provided, and the men seem to be satisfied. Col. McLeod has unbounded confidence from his men.

X.

Fort Dufferin, Jan. 20, 1875.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PENN MONTHLY.—If working out of the beaten track is a benefit to the reader, and a recommendation to the publisher—and we believe in both—then the young Philadelphia monthly deserves credit for its enterprise, as well as its learning. There is certainly something odd in the idea of the German Protest against slavery in 1688, but a perusal of the article shows principles and precedents of the highest actual utility. We look forward to much instruction from the series of papers on National Education, the first of which appeared in the February number. As we have often had occasion to day, the PENN MONTHLY is a solid publication, always well stored with new and substantial information.

MR. BLAKE'S AURORA SPEECH.—We hail as a good sign the publication in permanent form of the utterances of our public men. They go to form the history of the country. Americans have been in the habit of publishing such pamphlets and the effect has always been apparent. MR. BLAKE'S speech deserved to be thus preserved, not so much for what it is, though its merits are undeniable, as for the tendencies to which it pointed. The work is published by our national annalist,

Henry J. Morgan, is printed by Perry, Ottawa, and is for sale at Dawson Bros. The comments of the Canadian press, forming a copious appendix, are no less curious than the speech itself, as showing that, spite of party differences, an appeal to national sentiment is well received by writers of every stamp.

STARK'S ALMANAC.—We have to thank the publisher of this useful little work—the Whittaker of Canada—for a copy of his Almanac. In small compass, it is crammed with every variety of useful information to the merchant, the professional man, the student, and the ordinary reader.

ST. NICHOLAS.—The February number of this excellent juvenile magazine reached us in due time. As usual, it is replete with instructive, entertaining and amusing matter for the young. We heartily recommend all families to procure this unrivalled publication. The yearly price is only a trifle. Every single number is worth it, while at the end of the volume, the collected series is simply invaluable for the purposes to which it is devoted. We publish in our present issue a poem extracted from the present number.

SCRIBNER'S.—We have no space this week to give a list of the papers which constitute the February number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, but we may say briefly that the chapters of Seven Oaks which it contains, and the second paper of Powell on the Canons of the Colorado, hold the first place, and are sufficient in themselves to ensure a large sale of the number. Scribner's monographs are a feature, and the present one on Thomas, the leader of the best orchestra ever heard in America, is in every way worthy of its predecessors. It is true that it is Hazzard's, one of the finest pens of the Tribune.

LIPPINCOTT'S.—From the Rhine to the Tiber, what a charming transition, and this is what LIPPINCOTT has furnished us. The only pity is that the papers on the Tiber were restricted to two, and that the concluding portion of the second, that describing the old river below Rome to the sea, was rather vague and hurried. The illustrations are beyond criticism. LIPPINCOTT promises a host of new features for the succeeding numbers to which we shall look with pleasure. In lightness, freshness, variety and beauty of appearance, this magazine is unsurpassed.

THE ATLANTIC.—How rich in resources must be that magazine which can give us, in one number, poems by Bryant and Longfellow, and verses by Celia Thaxter, Trowbridge and Stedman. All good, it goes without saying, except perhaps "The Skull in the Gold Drift," of the last. Stedman is an admirable critic and a finished literary scholar, but he is not a poet. His rhyme is good, his rhythm is good, the "make up" of his matter is good, but the *mens divinator* and *os magna sonaturum* are wanting. He is perfect in the mechanics of verse, but no more. But the ATLANTIC has something better than even its poetry in this February number. It has revealed a new writer at least to us. The sketch "Two Girls that tried Farming," is exquisite, not exactly for its matter which is charming humbug, but for its original manner. Dolly Shepherd must write again, and if she does, she will make a name, or we are mistaken. The description of Lou Burney's breaking of the aristocratic horse Pampas deserves a place in the next "Reader."

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.—Full and satisfactory as ever. "Animals not Automata" goes over old ground and is complete, but hardly clear enough, and, as a consequence, not conclusive. It is too much the fashion to scoff at pure metaphysics, and yet it is only the trained metaphysician, the schooled ontologist who can adequately treat this vamped up question of the origin of physical things. The old masters, from Aristotle to Aquinas, were not pigmies, but giants, and what they did not know about this question, is not worth knowing, and cannot be taught us by Tyndall or Huxley. Tyndall's "Reply to the Critics," in the present number, is worthy and much of it is good, but *extra viam*. In mere autobiographic statement it is fair and satisfactory, but in disputation, it is lamentably weak. It will not help the writer's reputation. "The Relations of Women to the Professions and Skilled Labor," is exhaustive, matter of fact, and as such, deserving of wide attention.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY.—As a national enterprise we cannot commend this periodical too highly. It should be supported by every lettered Canadian. Like all attempts of the kind in a young country, it has had its initial period of trial and loss, but now, it has fallen into active hands, and we believe will be pursued bravely and confidently. The typographical execution is equal to the best. We may well be proud of the appearance of our Canadian Magazine. Its matter is very creditable indeed. The paper on "Atomism and Theism" is old fashioned in the sense that it goes honestly back to first principles and works out its logical conclusions carefully, but the substance is magnificent and unsurpassed by any thing we have read in more pretentious publications. The review of Draper's last work is also remarkable, as the first outspoken criticism, which we have seen, of an overrated book, crammed with padding and second hand information. "Current Events" which had undue importance attached to it, on account of its former writer, should be more accurate and better written, if it is to be retained as a feature. It reads too much like a hasty newspaper summary. We wish the CANADIAN MONTHLY every success, and if readers will only encourage it, we know there is talent and learning enough in the country to raise it to a high standard.

PUZZLES.

THE WONDERFUL TAKING.—Can you take forty-five from forty-five and let forty-five remain?—O yes. Subtract the digits 1 to 9, which added together make 45 from the same figures placed backwards, thus:—
9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1=45
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9=45

8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2=45
TO TELL THE FIGURE STRUCK OUT OF THE SUM OF TWO GIVEN NUMBERS.—Command those numbers only that are divisible by nine—such, for instance, as 36, 63, 18, 117, 126, 162, 261, 360, 315, and 432. Then let a person choose any two of these numbers, and, after adding them together in his mind, strike out from the sum any one of the figures he pleases. After he has done so, desire him to tell you the sum of the remaining figures; and it follows that the number which you are obliged to add to this amount, in order to make it 9 or 18, is the one he struck out. Thus, suppose he choose the numbers 162 and 261, making together 423, and that he strike out the centre figure, the two other figures will, added together, produce 7, which to make 9, requires 2, the number struck out.

ANOTHER PUZZLER.—What is two-thirds of three-fourths of elevenpence-halfpenny?—Answer. Fivepence three-farthings. The two-thirds of the three-fourths of anything are just the one-half of the whole.

ONE MORE.—Place the nine digits (that is the several figures or numbers under 10) in three rows, in such a way that adding them together, either up or down, across, or from corner to corner, they shall always make fifteen. Can't you do it? This, then, is the way:—

15	6	7	2
15	1	5	9
15	8	3	4-15
	15	15	15

DON'T YOU SEE WHAT THIS IS?—T. U. C. Co.—Does it not plainly say—After tea you see company.

NOW, YOU CAN DO THIS?—To half-a-dozen add six more, and put to that five hundred, when you will take out of it a lively word. What is the word? Answer. VI VI D (*vivid*).

BUYING A HORSE.—A man bought a horse to a fair. The price was a hundred and fifty guineas. "Can't you take less?" asked a buyer. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. The horse has four shoes, and six nails in each shoe, and you shall give me a farthing for the first nail, halfpenny for the second, penny for the third, and so on." "Done!" said the buyer. "But," said the man, "will you promise if you do not like this arrangement, you will pay me the original price?" "Willingly," said the gentleman. So he began to reckon; so great was his astonishment, however, that he gladly paid the first price. How much was the second price?—Answer. 1st nail, ¼d; 2nd, ½d; 3rd, 1d; 4th, 2d; 5th, 4d; 6th, 8d; 7th, 1s 4d; 8th, 2s 8d; 9th, 5s 4d; 10th, 10s 8d; 11th, £1 1s 4d; 12th, £2 2s 8d; 13th, £4 5s 4d; 14th, £8 10s 8d; 15th, £17 1s 4d; 16th, £34 2s 8d; 17th, £68 5s 4d; 18th, £136 10s 8d; 19th, £273 1s 4c; 20th, £546 2s 8d; 21st, £1,092 5s 4d; 22nd, £2,184 10s 8d; 23rd, £4,369 1s 4d; 24th, £8,738 2s 8d. The sum total being £17,476 5s 3¼d.

A NEW-OLD FRESCO.

Concerning the recent discovery of a fresco in Pompeii a writer says: "The excavations are being made in the centre of the city, in the Strada Stabiana, leading to the Gate of Vesuvius, which is still underground; and it was at the eastern corner of the street, south of the Strada Nolana, that the fresco in question was discovered. Orpheus, seated on a rock by the side of a lake, is amusing himself by playing on a lyre. Many animals are running to listen to him. A panther has taken a seat on his left, and with open mouth, and a face expressive of wonder, is listening attentively. On the other side a lion, extended at full length on the ground, has changed his usually fierce expression for one of mildness; below his paws are a stag, a wild boar, a hare, an ibis, a stork, whilst two ducks are swimming rapidly across the lake, as if to approach Orpheus; above, on either side of the painting, are a panther, a leopard, tigers, cattle, and other animals. Not the least surprising feature is an eagle, in the midst of this assembly, holding a rabbit in his talons, but which he has ceased to devour, so charmed is he by the attractions of the music. On each side of this fresco is a picture representing birds, arabesques, flowers, and fruit-trees. So much for the subject. As to critical observations, the wall itself is about seven metres in length and five in breadth. The beauty of Orpheus surpasses all description, especially the head, which is covered with curly locks; the face is cheerful, and full of the fire and vigor of youth. Amongst all the discoveries made in Pompeii this subject is unique, and whilst it is most interesting to art from its exact representation of life, it is equally so to archaeology."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

JAN. 28.—The Home Rule members have decided not to take part in the election of a Liberal leader for the Opposition in the British Parliament.
A Bill has been drafted in the French Assembly which authorizes a Government grant for the construction of a

Submarine Railway Tunnel between France and England.

The Marquis of Hartington, in a speech delivered last evening, declared that he did not think the British people were prepared for such radical changes in the church and Parliament as Mr. Bright recently supported.

JAN. 29.—The Carlists have been firing on a British vessel on the Biscayan coast.

The death is telegraphed of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, the Rev. Dr. Leahey.

A bill has been introduced into the German Parliament for the prohibition of the import of potatoes from foreign countries, on account of the introduction of the Colorado beetle.

A despatch, quoting from the London Globe, says that the English Government have adopted a defensive system, by the aid of torpedoes, for the harbors of Bermuda and Halifax.

A vote is to be taken to-day in the French Assembly on the Constitutional Bill of M. Ventavou.

A battle seems to be imminent between the Carlists and the Alfonsists, to prevent the latter from relieving Pampeluna.

Mr Duncan Macmillan has been elected for East Middlesex by a majority of 173 over his opponent, Mr. Armstrong.

The Khedive of Egypt has presented General Sherman's daughter with a diamond necklace and ear-drops said to be worth \$250,000.

The electors of Greenwich have passed resolutions expressive of confidence in Mr. Gladstone, and regret at his retirement from the Leadership of the Liberal party.

The United States Senates Privileges and Election Committee have decided that the Kellogg Government should be recognized as the legal administration of Louisiana.

JAN. 30.—The Queen has telegraphed from Osborne for the immediate attendance of the Cabinet Ministers.

The French Assembly have rejected M. Laboulaye's amendment to the Ventavou bill by a majority of 24.

The first fancy dress skating carnival ever held at Fort Garry took place on Thursday night, some 300 people attending.

The Army of the North have made a move, and have already captured several important Carlist positions, a general attack being expected to day.

Thirteen of the Caraque rioters have been lodged in jail. The excitement is said to be intense in the vicinity of the disturbance, and further trouble is apprehended notwithstanding the presence of the military.

A despatch from Quebec states that the Beauport Asylum was burnt down last night. Two of the patients were burnt to death; and the loss, which is little provided against by insurance, is said to be about \$75,000.

Archbishop Manning has published a 200 page pamphlet in reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Expostulation."

FEB. 1.—Small pox is very prevalent in Yeddo.

Russia has recognised Alfonso as King of Spain.

The Bank Bill has passed the German Reichstag.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat race is fixed for March 20th.

M. Carlyle has declined the proffered honor of the Order of the Bath.

A new planet of the twelfth magnitude, has been discovered in Berlin.

The coal mines of South Wales, to the number of 120,000, have struck work.

A cordial interview took place, last week, between General Garibaldi and King Victor Emmanuel, when the unhealthy sanitary condition of the Campagna was discussed, and the General submitted proposals for an alleviation of the evil.

There was great excitement in Fort Garry, on Friday, the day fixed for the execution, in consequence of Lepine's commutation papers not being arrived. The difficulty was got over, however, by his being reprieved for a week by Chief Justice Wood.

In a report presented to the U. S. House by the Secretary of War, in reference to deepening the connection water-ways between Lakes Huron and Erie for the accommodation of vessels drawing 20 feet of water, the estimated cost was shown to be \$4,000,000.

A letter from Victoria, B. C., complains of the daily in fixing the boundary line between British Columbia and Alaska.

LITERARY.

THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN is busy on a new book of poems.

ALEXANDER LEIGHTON, the author of the greater part of "Tales of the Borders," died, lately, in Edinburgh at the age of seventy-four.

A LITTLE work on British wild flowers considered in their relation to insects has been written by Sir John Lubbock.

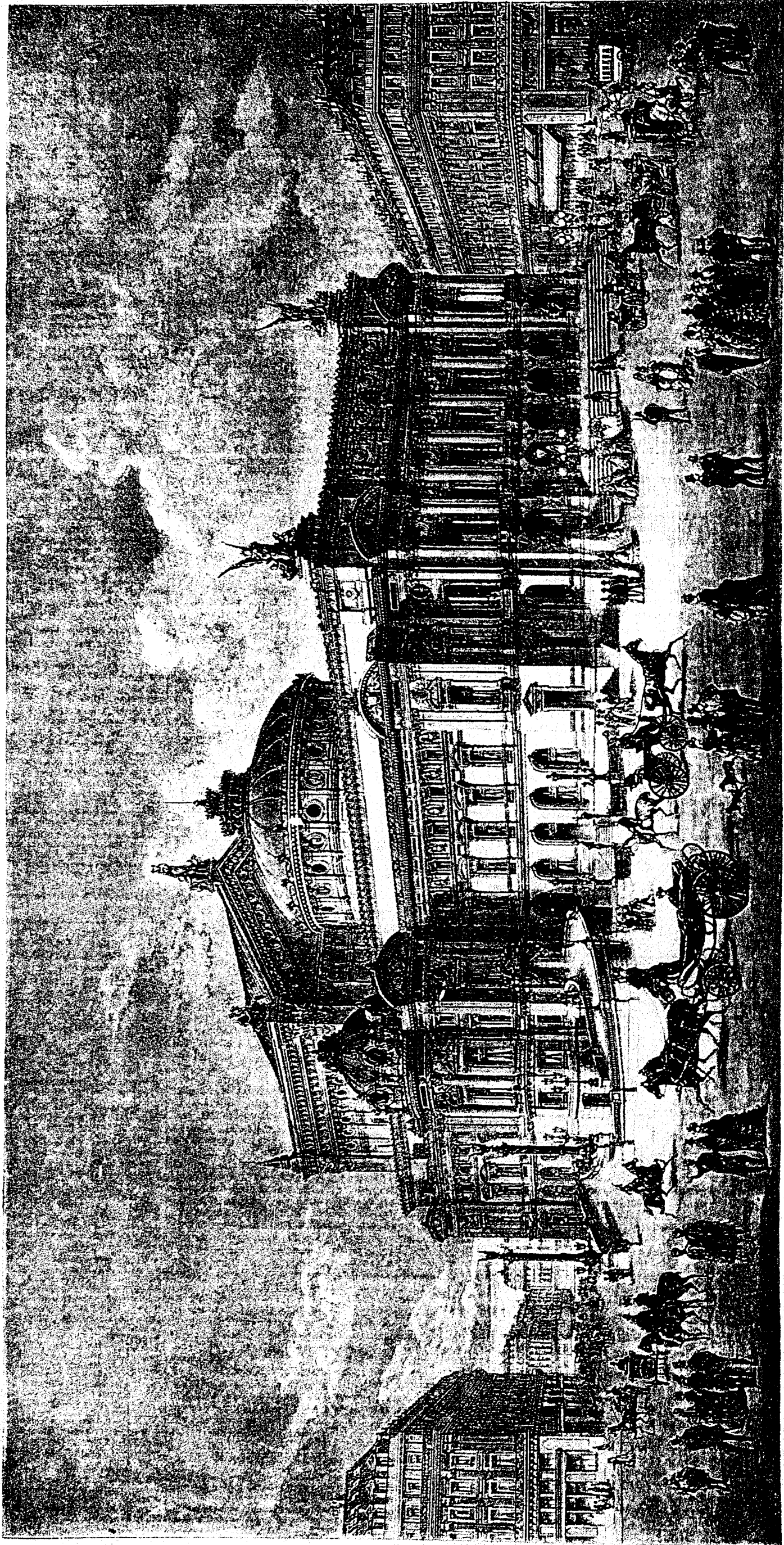
A WORK by Captain Burton, containing a history of Congo and an account of all that is known of the river from the days of Diego Cam to recent times, is in the hands of the publisher.

SIR CHARLES LYELL has just been elected Foreign Member of the Royal Academy of Turin, in the room of the late Perpetual Secretary to the French Institute, M. Elie de Beaumont.

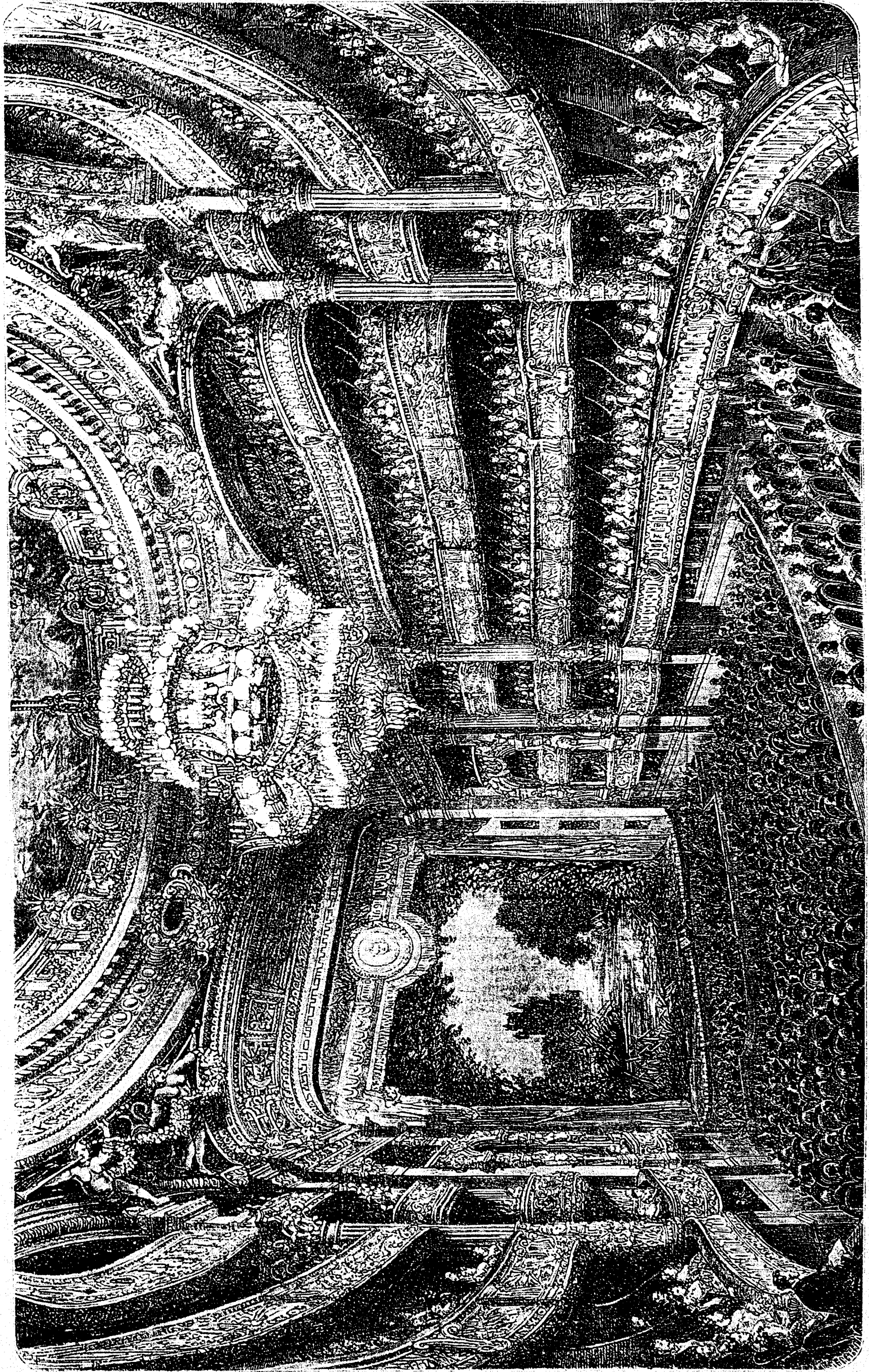
THE PROPERTY and title of the *Gazette de France*, one of the oldest papers published in Paris, have just been sold to M. Gustave Janicot, principal editor of the journal, the price and costs amounting to nearly 200,000' f.

A NEW work, entitled, "The Inner Life of Syria; or, Benoni the Child of My Sorrow," is about to be published. This work contains an account of the habits and customs of the harem, and also enters upon the kind of life that an Englishwoman may make for herself who takes up her abode in the East.

THE BOOKS OF 1874.—The *Publisher's Circular* states that in the year 1874, there were published in Great Britain 3,351 new books, 961 new editions of older books, and 291 importations from America, making a total of 4,603; or 388 less than in the preceding year. This falling off may be accounted for by the increase in the cost of production. There is a decline of nearly 150 in the theological books, but an increase in the number of scientific works and in the books classed under the title "Essays, Belles Lettres, &c." The publications of the year are divided into 14 classes. There are 664 theological works, 478 of them being new books, and not merely new editions nor American importations; of educational, classical, and philological works the numbers are 365 in all, 301 being our new books; of juvenile works the two numbers are 229 and 107; novels, 825 and 516; law, 124 and 71; on politics and trade, 133 and 101; arts, science, and illustrated works, 623 and 421; travels and geographical research, 244 and 178; history, biography, &c., 393 and 265; poetry and the drama, 305 and 223; year books and series in volumes, 249 and 243; medicine, 135 and 95; belles-lettres, essays, monographs, &c., 211 and 159; miscellaneous, including pamphlets, but not sermons, 103 and 93. Of our own 3,351 new books, 133 were published in January, 225 in February, 310 in March, 204 in April, 370 in May, 238 in June, 234 in July, 207 in August, 186 in September, 284 in October, 369 in November, 501 in December.



PARIS.—THE NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE: EXTERIOR VIEW.



PARIS.—THE NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE: INTERIOR VIEW

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOONSTONE," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC.

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

[ENTERED according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1874, by WILKIE COLLINS, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GLENINCH.

"Practice, my dear Mrs. Eustace, has given me an eye for the little weaknesses of human nature. You are (quite naturally) disposed to be jealous of Mrs. Beaulieu; and you are, in consequence, not in full possession of your excellent common sense, when Dexter uses that lady as a means of blindfolding you. Am I speaking too freely?"

"Certainly not! It is very degrading to me to be jealous of Mrs. Beaulieu. My vanity suffers dreadfully when I think of it. But my common sense yields to conviction. I dare say you are right."

"I am delighted to find that we agree on one point," he rejoined drily. "I don't despair yet of convincing you, in that far more serious matter which is still in dispute between us. And, what is more, if you will throw no obstacles in the way, I look to Dexter to help me."

This roused my curiosity. How Miserrimus Dexter could help him, in that or any other way, was a riddle beyond my reading.

"You propose to report to Dexter all that Lady Clarinda told you about Mrs. Beaulieu," he went on. "And you think it is likely that Dexter will be overwhelmed, as you were overwhelmed, when he hears the story. I am going to venture on a prophecy. I say that Dexter will disappoint you. Far from showing any astonishment, he will boldly tell you that you have been duped by a deliberately false statement of facts, invented and set afloat, in her own guilty interests, by Mrs. Beaulieu. Now tell me—if he really tries, in that way, to renew your unfounded suspicion of an innocent woman, will that shake your confidence in your own opinion?"

"It will entirely destroy my confidence in my own opinion, Mr. Playmore."

"Very good. I shall expect you to write to me, in any case; and I believe we shall be of one mind before the week is out. Keep strictly secret all that I said to you yesterday about Dexter. Don't even mention my name when you see him. Thinking of him as I think now, I would as soon touch the hand of the hangman as the hand of that monster! God bless you. Good bye."

So he said his farewell words, at the door of the hotel. Kind, genial, clever—but oh, how easily prejudiced, how shockingly obstinate in holding to his own opinion! And what an opinion! I shuddered as I thought of it.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. PLAYMORE'S PROPHECY.

We reached London between eight and nine in the evening. Strictly methodical in all his habits, Benjamin had telegraphed to his housekeeper, from Edinburgh, to have supper ready for us by ten o'clock, and to send the cabman whom he always employed to meet us at the station.

Arriving at the villa, we were obliged to wait for a moment to let a pony-chaise get by us before we could draw up at Benjamin's door. The chaise passed very slowly, driven by a rough-looking man, with a pipe in his mouth. But for the man, I might have doubted whether the pony was quite a stranger to me. As things were, I thought no more of the matter.

Benjamin's respectable old housekeeper opened the garden gate, and startled me by bursting into a devout ejaculation of gratitude at the sight of her master. "The Lord be praised, sir!" she cried, "I thought you would never come back!"

"Anything wrong?" asked Benjamin, in his own impenetrably quiet way.

The housekeeper trembled at the question, and answered in these enigmatical words:

"My mind's upset, sir; and whether things are wrong or whether things are right, is more than I can say. Hours ago, a strange man came in and asked"—she stopped as if she was completely bewildered—looking for a moment vacantly at her master, and suddenly addressed herself to me. "And asked," she proceeded, "when you was expected back, ma'am. I told him what my master had telegraphed, and the man says upon that, 'Wait a bit' (he says) 'I'm coming back.' He come back in a minute or less; and he carried a Thing in his arms which curdled my blood—it did!—and set me shivering from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. I know I ought to have stopped it; but I couldn't stand upon my legs—much less put the man out of the house. In he went, without your leave, or by your leave, Mr. Benjamin, sir—in he went with the Thing in his arms, straight through to your library. And there it has been all these hours. And there it is now. I've spoken to the Police; but they wouldn't interfere—and what to do next is more than my poor head can tell. Don't you go in by yourself ma'am! You'll be frightened out of your wits you will!"

I persisted in entering the house, for all that. Aided by the pony, I easily solved the mystery of the housekeeper's otherwise unintelligible narrative. Passing through the dining-room (where the supper table was already laid for us), I looked through the half-opened library door. Yes! there was Miserrimus Dexter, arrayed in his pink jacket, fast asleep in Benjamin's favourite arm-chair! No cover-lid hid his horrible deformity. Nothing was sacrificed to conventional ideas of propriety, in his extraordinary dress. I could hardly wonder that the poor old housekeeper trembled from head to foot when she spoke of him!

"Valeria!" said Benjamin, pointing to the Portent in the chair. "Which is it—an Indian dol? or a man?"

I have already described Miserrimus Dexter as possessing the sensitive ear of a dog. He now showed that he also slept the light sleep of a dog. Quietly as Benjamin had spoken, the strange voice roused him on the instant. He rubbed his eyes, and smiled as innocently as a waking child.

"How do you do, Mrs. Valeria?" he said. "I have had a nice little sleep. You don't know how happy I am to see you again. Who is this?"

He rubbed his eyes once more, and looked at Benjamin. Not knowing what else to do in this extraordinary emergency, I presented my visitor to the master of the house.

"Excuse my getting up, sir," said Miserrimus Dexter. "I can't get up—I have got no legs. You look as if you thought I was occupying your chair? If I am committing an intrusion, be so good as to put your umbrella under me, and give me a jerk. I shall fall on my hands, and I shan't be offended with you. I will submit to a tumble and a scolding—but please don't break my heart by sending me away. That beautiful woman, there, can be very cruel sometimes, sir, when the fit takes her. She went away when I stood in the sorest need of a little talk with her—she went away, and left me to my loneliness and my suspense. I am a poor deformed wretch, with a warm heart, and (perhaps) an insatiable curiosity as well. Insatiable curiosity (have you ever felt it?) is a curse. I bore it till my brains began to boil in my head; and then I sent for my gardener, and made him drive me here. I like being here. The air of your library soothes me; the sight of Mrs. Valeria is balm to my wounded heart. She has something to tell me—something that I am dying to hear. If she is not too tired after her journey, and if you will let her tell it, I promise to have myself taken away when she has done. Dear Mr. Benjamin, you look like the refuge of the afflicted. I am afflicted. Shake hands like a good Christian, and take me in."

He held out his hand. His soft blue eyes melted into an expression of piteous entreaty. Completely stupefied by the amazing harangue of which he had been made the object, Benjamin took the offered hand, with the air of a man in a dream. "I hope I see you well, sir," he said, mechanically—and then looked round at me to know what he was to do next.

"I understand, Mr. Dexter," I whispered. "Leave him to me."

Benjamin stole a last bewildered look at the Object in the chair; bowed to it, with the instinct of politeness which never failed him; and (still with the air of a man in a dream) withdrew into the next room.

Left together, we looked at each other, for the first moment, in silence.

Whether I unconsciously drew on that inexhaustible store of indulgence which a woman always keeps in reserve for a man who owns that he has need of her—or whether, resenting as I did Mr. Playmore's horrible suspicion of him, my heart was especially accessible to feelings of compassion, in his unhappy case—I cannot tell. I only know that I pitied Miserrimus Dexter, at that moment, as I had never pitied him yet; and that I spared him the reproach which I should certainly have administered to any other man, who had taken the liberty of establishing himself, uninvited, in Benjamin's house.

He was the first to speak. "Lady Clarinda has destroyed your confidence in me!" he began wildly.

"Lady Clarinda has done nothing of the sort," I replied. "She has not attempted to influence my opinion. I was really obliged to leave London, as I told you."

He sighed and closed his eyes contentedly, as if I had relieved him of a heavy weight of anxiety.

"Be merciful to me," he said; "and tell me something more. I have been so miserable in your absence." He suddenly opened his eyes again, and looked at me with an appearance of the greatest interest. "Are you very much fatigued by travelling?" he proceeded. "I am hungry for news of what happened at the Major's dinner-party. Is it cruel of me to tell you so, when you have not rested after your journey? Only one question to-night! and I will leave the rest till to-morrow. What did Lady Clarinda say about Mrs. Beaulieu? All that you wanted to hear?"

"All, and more," I answered. "What? what? what?" he cried, wild with impatience in a moment.

Mr. Playmore's last prophetic words were vividly present to my mind. He had declared, in the most positive manner, that Dexter would persist in misleading me, and would show no signs of astonishment when I repeated what Lady Clarinda had told me of Mrs. Beaulieu. I resolved to put the lawyer's prophecy—so far as the question of astonishment was concerned—to the sharpest attainable test. I said not a

word to Miserrimus Dexter, in the way of preface or preparation; I burst on him with my news as abruptly as possible.

"The person you saw in the corridor was not Mrs. Beaulieu," I said. "It was the maid, dressed in her mistress's cloak and hat. Mrs. Beaulieu herself was not in the house at all. Mrs. Beaulieu herself was dancing at a masked ball in Edinburgh. There is what the maid told Lady Clarinda; and there is what Lady Clarinda told me."

In the absorbing interest of the moment, I poured out those words one after another as fast as they would pass my lips. Miserrimus Dexter completely falsified the lawyer's prediction. He shuddered under the shock. His eyes opened wide with amazement. "Say it again!" he cried. "I can't take it all in at all in at once. You stun me."

I was more than contented with this result—I triumphed in my victory. For once, I had really some reason to feel satisfied with myself. I had taken the Christian and merciful side in my discussion with Mr. Playmore; and I had won my reward. I could sit in the same room with Miserrimus Dexter, and feel the blessed conviction that I was not breathing the same air with a poisoner. Was it not worth the visit to Edinburgh to have made sure of that?

In repeating, at his own desire, what I had already said to him, I took care to add the details which made Lady Clarinda's narrative coherent and credible. He listened throughout with breathless attention—here and there repeating the words after me to impress them the more surely and the more deeply on his mind.

"What is to be said? what is to be done," he asked, with a look of blank despair. "I can't disbelieve it. From first to last, strange as it is, it sounds true."

(How would Mr. Playmore have felt, if he had heard those words? I did him the justice to believe that he would have felt heartily ashamed of himself!)

"There is nothing to be said," I rejoined; except that Mrs. Beaulieu is innocent, and that you and I have done her a grievous wrong. Don't you agree with me?"

"I entirely agree with you," he answered, without an instant's hesitation. "Mrs. Beaulieu is an innocent woman. The defence at the Trial was the right defence after all."

He folded his arms complacently; he looked perfectly satisfied to leave the matter there.

I was not of his mind. To my own amazement, I now found myself the least reasonable person of the two!

Miserrimus Dexter (to use the popular phrase) had given me more than I had bargained for. He had not only done all that I had anticipated in the way of falsifying Mr. Playmore's prediction—he had actually advanced beyond my limits. I could go the length of recognising Mrs. Beaulieu's innocence; but at that point I stopped. If the Defence at the Trial was the right defence—farewell to all hope of asserting my husband's innocence! I held to that hope, as I held to my love and my life.

"Speak for yourself," I said. "My opinion of the Defence remains unchanged."

He started and knit his brows as if I had disappointed and displeased him.

"Does that mean that you are determined to go on?"

"It does."

He was downright angry with me. He cast his customary politeness to the winds.

"Absurd! Impossible!" he cried contemptuously. "You have yourself declared that we wronged an innocent woman, when we suspected Mrs. Beaulieu. Is there any one else whom we can suspect? It is ridiculous to ask the question! There is no alternative left but to accept the facts as they are, and to stir no farther in the matter of the poisoning at Gleninch. It is childish to dispute plain conclusions. You must give up."

"You may be angry with me, if you will, Mr. Dexter. Neither your anger nor your arguments will make me give up."

He controlled himself by an effort—he was quiet and polite again, when he next spoke to me.

"Very well. Pardon me for a moment, if I absorb myself in my own thoughts. I want to do something which I have not done yet."

"What may that be, Mr. Dexter?"

"I am going to put myself into Mrs. Beaulieu's skin, and to think with Mrs. Beaulieu's mind. Give me a minute. Thank you."

What did he mean? What new transformation of him was passing before my eyes? Was there ever such a puzzle of a man as this? Who that saw him now, intently pursuing his new train of thought, would have recognised him as the childish creature who had woke up so innocently, and had astonished Benjamin by the infantine nonsense which he talked? It is said, and said truly, that there are many sides to every human character. Dexter's many sides were developing themselves at such a rapid rate of progress, that they were already beyond my counting.

He lifted his head, and fixed a look of keen inquiry on me.

"I have come out of Mrs. Beaulieu's skin," he announced. "And I have arrived at this result:—We are two impetuous people; and we have been a little hasty in rushing at a conclusion."

He stopped. I said nothing. Was the shadow of a doubt of him beginning to rise in my mind? I waited, and listened.

"I am as fully satisfied as ever of the truth of what Lady Clarinda told you," he proceeded. "But I see, on consideration, what I failed to see at the time. The story admits of two interpretations. One on the surface, and another under the surface. I look under the surface, in your interests; and I say, it is just possible that Mrs. Beaulieu may have been cunning enough to forestall suspicion, and to set up an Alibi."

I am ashamed to own that I did not understand what he meant by the last word—Alibi. He saw that I was not following him, and spoke out more plainly.

"Was the maid something more than her mistress's passive accomplice?" he said. "Was she the Hand that her mistress used? Was she on her way to give the first dose of poison, when she passed me in the corridor? Did Mrs. Beaulieu spend the night in Edinburgh—so as to have her defence ready, if suspicion fell upon her?"

My shadowy doubt of him became substantial doubt, when I heard that. Had I absolved him a little too readily? Was he really trying to renew my suspicions of Mrs. Beaulieu, as Mr. Playmore had foretold? This time I was obliged to answer him. In doing so, I unconsciously employed one of the phrases which the lawyer had used to me, during my first interview with him.

"That sounds rather far-fetched, Mr. Dexter," I said.

To my relief, he made no attempt to defend the new view that he had advanced.

"It is far-fetched," he admitted. "When I said it was just possible—though I didn't claim much for my idea—I said more for it perhaps than it deserved. Dismiss my view as ridiculous; what are you to do next? If Mrs. Beaulieu is not the poisoner (either by herself or by her maid), who is? She is innocent, and Eustace is innocent. Where is the other person whom you can suspect? Have I poisoned her?" he cried, with his eyes flashing, and his voice rising to its highest notes. "Do you, does anybody, suspect me? I loved her; I adored her; I have never been the same man since her death. Hush! I will trust you with a secret. (Don't tell your husband; it might be the destruction of our friendship). I would have married her, before she met with Eustace, if she would have taken me. When the doctors told me she had died poisoned—ask Doctor Jerome what I suffered; he can tell you! All through that horrible night, I was awake; watching my opportunity until I found my way to her! I got into the room, and took my last leave of the cold remains of the angel whom I loved. I cried over her, I kissed her for the first and last time. I stole one little lock of her hair. I have worn it ever since; I have kissed it night and day. Oh, God! the room comes back to me! the dead face comes back to me! Look! look!"

He tore from its place of concealment in his bosom a little locket, fastened by a ribbon round his neck. He threw it to me where I sat; and burst into a passion of tears.

A man in my place might have known what to do. Being only a woman, I yielded to the compassionate impulse of the moment. I got up and crossed the room to him. I gave him back his locket, and put my hand, without knowing what I was about, on the poor wretch's shoulder. "I am incapable of suspecting you, Mr. Dexter," I said gently. "No such idea ever entered my head. I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

He caught my hand in his, and devoured it with kisses. His lips burnt me like fire. He twisted himself suddenly in the chair, and wound his arm round my waist. In the terror and indignation of the moment, vainly struggling with him, I cried out for help.

The door opened, and Benjamin appeared on the threshold. Dexter let go his hold of me.

I ran to Benjamin and prevented him from advancing into the room. In all my long experience of my fatherly old friend, I had never seen him really angry yet. I saw him more than angry now. He was pale—the patient, gentle old man was pale with rage! I held him at the door with all my strength.

"You can't lay your hand on a cripple," I said. "Send for the man outside to take him away."

I drew Benjamin out of the room, and closed and locked the library door. The housekeeper was in the dining-room. I sent her out to call the driver of the pony-chaise into the house.

The man came in—the rough man whom I had noticed when we were approaching the garden gate. Benjamin opened the library door in stern silence. It was perhaps unworthy of me—but I could not resist the temptation to look in.

Miserrimus Dexter had sunk down in the chair. The rough man lifted his master with a gentleness that surprised me. "Hide my face," I heard Dexter say to him in broken tones. He opened his coarse pilot jacket, and hid his master's head under it, and so went silently out—with the deformed creature held to his bosom, like a woman sheltering her child.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ARIEL.

I PASSED a sleepless night. The outrage that had been offered to me was bad enough in itself. But consequences were associated with it which might affect me more

seriously still. In so far as the attainment of the one object of my life might yet depend on my personal association with Miserrimus Dexter, an insurmountable obstacle appeared to be now placed in my way.

I rose late, and sat down at my desk, trying to summon energy enough to write to Mr. Playmore—and trying in vain.

Towards noon (while Benjamin happened to be out for a little while), the housekeeper announced the arrival of another strange visitor at the gate of the villa.

"It's a woman this time, ma'am—or something like one," said this worthy person, confidentially. "A great stout awkward stupid creature, with a man's hat on, and a man's stick in her hand. She says she has got a note for you, and she won't give it to anybody but you. I'd better not let her in—had I?"

Recognising the original of the picture, I astonished the housekeeper by consenting to receive the messenger immediately.

Ariel entered the room—in stolid silence, as usual. But I noticed a change in her which puzzled me. Her dull eyes were red and blood-shot. Traces of tears (as I fancied) were visible on her fat shapeless cheeks. She crossed the room, on her way to my chair, with a less determined tread than was customary with her. Could Ariel (I asked myself) be woman enough to cry? Was it within the limits of possibility that Ariel should approach me in sorrow and in fear?

"I hear you have brought something for me?" I said. "Won't you sit down?"

She handed me a letter—without answering, and without taking a chair. I opened the envelope. The letter inside was written by Miserrimus Dexter. It contained these lines:—

"Try to pity me, if you have any pity left for a miserable man; I have bitterly expiated the madness of a moment. If you could see me—even you would own that my punishment has been heavy enough. For God's sake, don't abandon me! I was beside myself when I let the feeling that you have awakened in me get the better of my control. It shall never show itself again; it shall be a secret that dies with me. Can I expect you to believe this? No. I won't ask you to believe me; I won't ask you to trust me in the future. If you ever consent to see me again, let it be in the presence of any third person whom you may appoint to protect you. I deserve that—I will submit to it; I will wait till time has composed your angry feeling against me. All I ask now, is leave to hope. Say to Ariel, 'I forgive him; and one day I will let him see me again.' She will remember it, for love of me. If you send her back without a message, you send me to the madhouse. Ask her, if you don't believe me.—MISERRIMUS DEXTER."

I finished the strange letter, and looked at Ariel.

She stood with her eyes on the floor, and held out to me the thick walking-stick which she carried in her hand.

"Take the stick"—were the first words she said to me.

"Why am I to take it?" I asked.

She struggled a little with her sluggish-working mind, and slowly put her thoughts into words.

"You're angry with the Master," she said. "Take it out of me. Here's the stick. Beat me."

"Beat you?" I exclaimed.

"My back's broad," said the poor creature. "I won't make a row. I'll bear it. Pray you, take the stick! Don't vex him. Whack it out on my back. Beat me."

She roughly forced the stick into my hand; she turned her poor shapeless shoulders to me, waiting for the blow. It was at once dreadful and touching to see her. The tears rose in my eyes. I tried, gently and patiently to reason with her. Quite useless! The idea of taking the Master's punishment on herself was the one idea in her mind. "Don't vex him," she repeated. "Beat me."

"What do you mean by 'vexing him'?" I asked.

She tried to explain, and failed to find the words. She showed me by imitation, as a savage might have shown me, what she meant. Striding to the fire-place she crouched on the rug, and looked into the fire with a horrible vacant stare. Then she clasped her hands over her forehead, and rocked slowly to and fro, still staring into the fire. "There's how he sits!" she said, with a sudden burst of speech. "Hours on hours, there's how he sits! Notices nobody. Cries about you."

The picture she presented recalled to my memory the Report of Dexter's health, and the doctor's plain warning of peril waiting for him in the future. Even if I could have resisted Ariel, I must have yielded to the vague dread of consequences which now shook me in secret.

"Don't do that!" I cried. She was still rocking herself in imitation of the "Master," and still staring into the fire with her hands to her head. "Get up, pray! I am not angry with him now. I forgive him."

She rose on her hands and knees, and waited, looking up intently into my face. In that attitude—more like a dog than a human being—she repeated her customary position, when she wanted to fix words that interested her in her mind.

"Say it again!" I did as she bade me. She was not satisfied. "Say it as it is in the letter," she went on. "Say it as the Master said it to me."

I looked back at the letter, and repeated the form of message contained in the latter part of it, word for word—"I forgive him; and one day I will let him see me again."

She sprang to her feet at a bound. For the first time since she had entered the room, her

dull face began to break slowly into light and life.

"That's it!" she cried. "Hooray! If I can say it, fool I hear if I've got it by heart."

Teaching her, exactly as I should have taught a child, I slowly fastened the message, word by word, on her mind.

"Now rest yourself," I said; "and let me give you something to eat and drink, after your long walk."

I might as well have spoken to one of the chairs! She snatched up her stick from the floor, and burst out with a hoarse shout of joy. "I've got it by heart!" she cried. "This will cool the Master's head! Hooray!" She dashed out into the passage, like a wild animal escaping from its cage. I was just in time to see her tear open the garden gate, and set forth on her walk back, at a pace which made it hopeless to attempt to follow and stop her.

I returned to the sitting-room, pondering on a question which had perplexed wiser heads than mine. Could a man who was hopelessly and entirely wicked, have inspired such devoted attachment to him as Dexter had inspired in the faithful woman who had just left me—in the rough gardener, who had carried him out so gently on the previous night? Who can decide? The greatest scoundrel living always has a friend—in a woman, or a dog.

I sat down again at my desk, and made another attempt to write to Mr. Playmore.

Recalling, for the purpose of my letter, all that Miserrimus Dexter had said to me, my memory dwelt, with special interest, on the strange outbreak of feeling which had led him to betray the secret of his infatuation for Eustace's first wife. I saw again the ghastly scene in the death-chamber—the deformed creature crying over the corpse, in the stillness of the first dark hours of the new day. The horrible picture took a strange hold on my mind. I rose, and walked up and down, and tried to turn my thoughts some other way. It was not to be done; the scene was too familiar to me to be easily dismissed. I had myself visited the room, and looked at the bed. I had myself walked in the corridor which Dexter had crossed, on his way to take his last leave of her.

The corridor? I stopped. My thoughts suddenly took a new direction, uninfluenced by any effort of my will.

What other association, besides the association with Dexter, did I connect with the corridor? Was it something I had seen, during my visit to Gleninch? No. Was it something I had read? I snatched up the Report of the Trial to see. It opened at a page which contained the nurse's evidence. I read the evidence through again, without recovering the lost remembrance, until I came to these lines close at the end:—

"Before bedtime I went upstairs to prepare the remains of the deceased lady for the coffin. The room in which she lay was locked; the door leading into Mr. Macdian's room being secured, as well as the door leading into the corridor. The keys had been taken away by Mr. Gale. Two of the men-servants were posted outside the bedroom to keep watch. They were to be relieved at four in the morning—that was all they could tell me."

There was my lost association with the corridor! There was what I ought to have remembered, when Miserrimus Dexter was telling me of his visit to the dead!

How had he got into the bedroom—the doors being locked, and the keys being taken away by Mr. Gale? There was but one of the locked doors, of which Mr. Gale had not got the key; the door of communication between the study and the bedroom. The key was missing from this. Had it been stolen? And was Dexter the thief? He might have passed by the men on the watch, while they were asleep; or he might have crossed the corridor, in an unguarded interval while the men were being relieved. But how could he have got into the bedchamber, except by way of the locked study door? He must have had the key! And he must have secreted it, weeks before Mrs. Eustace Macdian's death! When the nurse first arrived at Gleninch, on the seventh of the month, her evidence declared the key of the door of communication to be then missing.

To what conclusion did these considerations and discoveries point? Had Miserrimus Dexter, in a moment of ungovernable agitation, unconsciously placed the clue in my hands? Was the pivot on which turned the whole mystery of the poisoning at Gleninch, the missing key?

I went back for the third time to my desk. The one person who might be trusted to find the answer to those questions was Mr. Playmore. I wrote him a full and careful account of all that had happened. I begged him to forgive and forget my ungracious reception of the advice which he had so kindly offered to me; and I promised beforehand to do nothing, without first consulting his opinion, in the new emergency which now confronted me.

The day was fine, for the time of year; and by way of getting a little wholesome exercise, after the surprises and occupations of the morning, I took my letter to Mr. Playmore to the post.

Returning to the villa, I was informed that another visitor was waiting to see me; a civilized visitor this time, who had given her name. My mother-in-law—Mrs. Macdian.

CHAPTER XXXVII. AT THE BEDSIDE.

Before she had uttered a word, I saw in my mother-in-law's face that she brought bad news.

"Eustace?" I said. She answered me by a look.

"Let me hear it at once!" I cried. "I can bear anything but suspense."

Mrs. Macdian lifted her hand, and showed me a telegraphic despatch which she had

hitherto kept concealed in the folds of her dress.

"I can trust your courage," she said. "There is no need, my child, to prevaricate with you. Read that."

I read the telegram. It was sent by the chief surgeon of a field-hospital; and it was dated from a village in the north of Spain.

"Mr. Eustace severely wounded in a skirmish by a stray shot. Not in danger, so far. Every care taken of him. Wait for another telegram."

I turned away my face, and bore as best I might the pang that wrung me when I read those words. I thought I knew how dearly I loved him. I had never known it till that moment.

My mother-in-law put her arm round me, and held me to her tenderly. She knew me well enough not to speak to me at that moment.

I rallied my courage, and pointed to the last sentence in the telegram.

"Do you mean to wait?" I asked.

"Not a day!" she answered. "I am going to the Foreign Office about my passport—I have some interest there; they can give me letters; they can advise and assist me. I leave to-night by the mail train to Calais."

"You leave?" I said. "Do you suppose I will let you go without me? Get my passport when you get yours. At seven this evening, I will be at your house."

She attempted to remonstrate; she spoke of the perils of the journey. At the first words, I stopped her. "Don't you know yet, mother, how obstinate I am? They may keep you waiting at the Foreign Office. Why do you waste the precious hours here?"

She yielded with a gentleness that was not in her everyday character. "Will my poor Eustace ever know what a wife he has got!" That was all she said. She kissed me, and went away in her carriage.

My remembrances of our journey are strangely vague and imperfect.

As I try to recall them, the memory of those more recent and more interesting events which occurred after my return to England, gets between me and my adventures in Spain, and seems to force these last into a shadowy background, until they look like adventures that happened many years since. I confusedly recollect delays and alarms that tried our patience and our courage. I remember our finding friends (thanks to our letters of recommendation) in a Secretary to the Embassy, and in a Queen's Messenger, who assisted and protected us at a critical point in the journey.

(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. P. P. Whitby.—Solution to Problem 3 received; and also, Solution to problem for young players No. 1. E. Hawkesbury.—Solution to Problem No. 1 received.

We notice in the news from England the death of Mr. Bone, whose Problems have afforded so much amusement and instruction to Chess players.

We give this week a problem of his which appeared in the Chess Player's Chronicle, years ago. We invite again the attention of young players to the problems inserted for their study and shall be glad to acknowledge solutions in our column.

We are informed that many games by correspondence are being played in Canada at the present time. We shall be glad to receive particulars respecting them.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution to Problem No. 3.

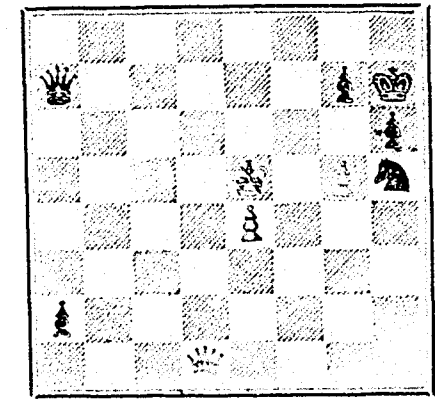
- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q B 3 (ch) 2. Kt to K 5 (ch) 3. Q to Q K 2 mate. BLACK. 1. K to Q 6 2. K takes Kt

Solution to Problem for young players.—No. 1.

- WHITE. 1. K to B 6 2. R to Q 5 3. R to Q 8 mate. BLACK. 1. K to his square 2. K to B's square

PROBLEM No. 5.

By Mr. Bone. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and draw the game.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 3.

- WHITE. K at K R 4 Q at K R 5 R at K R 2 R at K B's sq Kt at Q B 5 Pawn at Q 5. BLACK. K at K B's sq Q at Q R 5 R at Q R 5 R at Q B 5 Kt at K R's sq Pawns at K R 2 K R 2, and Q K 7

White to play and make in five moves.

GAME 7TH.

Played in the late Telegraphic Match between Montreal and Quebec.

(Board C.)

- Quebec. WHITE. (Mr. F. A.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to K B 1 4. P to Q 4 5. Castles 6. P to Q B 3 7. P to Q K 4 8. P to Q B 4 9. Q takes P 10. Q B to Q R 3 11. K B to Q K 3 (a) 12. Q Kt to Q 2 13. Q to B 2 14. Q R to Q sq 15. K Kt to K R 4 16. P to K K 3 17. K Kt to B 3 18. P to Q B 4 (d) 19. P to B 5 (e) 20. K B P takes P. Montreal. BLACK. (Mr. J. G. A.) Scotch Gambit. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. P to K R 3 4. P takes P 5. B to Q B 4 6. P to Q 6 7. B to K 3 8. P to Q R 3 9. Kt to K 2 10. K Kt to K K 3 11. P to Q 3 12. K Kt to K B 5 (b) 13. Q to K B 3 14. Q to K 3 15. B to Q B 4 16. P to K R 4 (c) 17. P to K R 5 18. P to K R 5 19. R P takes P 20. K R takes K R P (f) Resigns.

(a) Q to Q 2 seems better. (b) A capital move, as the sequel shows; this Kt is now well posted. (c) This move allows Black to carry on his attack. (d) Well played. (e) Played in order, next move, to shut out Black's K B. (f) An excellent move. The latter part of this game is carried on in a spirited manner by Black.

GAME 8TH.

Game played in Paris some years ago between Kieseritzki and Rousseau of New Orleans.

King's Bishop's opening.

- Rousseau. WHITE. 1. P to K 4 2. K B to Q B 4 3. Q Kt to B 3 4. K B takes P ch 5. Kt takes K 6. Q P to Q 3 7. Q to K B 3 ch 8. Kt to K R 5 9. P to Q B 3 10. Q Kt to K R 3 11. Q B to Q 2 12. Castles 13. K Kt to K 2 14. K R to K Kt sq 15. P to K Kt 4 16. Q to K 3 17. P to K B 4 18. P to Q Kt 3 19. K Kt takes P 20. K to Q R 5 ch 21. Q Kt to K Kt ch 22. Q to K R 3 ch 23. P takes K Kt P 24. Q to K R 5 25. P to K R 6 26. Q takes R 27. R to K Kt 3. Kieseritzki. BLACK. 1. P to K 4 2. K Kt to B 3 3. Kt takes P 4. K takes B 5. Q Kt to B 3 6. Q P to Q 4 7. K to K Kt sq 8. Q to Q 2 9. P to K R 3 10. K B to K 2 11. K to K R 2 12. P to Q R 4 13. P to Q Kt 4 14. P to Q Kt 5 15. K B to K B sq 16. P to Q R 5 17. P to Q R 6 18. P takes Q B P 19. Q Kt to Q 5 20. K B to Q Kt 5 21. P takes Kt 22. K to K Kt 23. Q R to Q R 3 24. P takes P 25. Q R takes P 26. Q takes B 27. Q to K B 2 (b) and White resigned.

(a) An injudicious sacrifice. (b) Bringing matters to a close.

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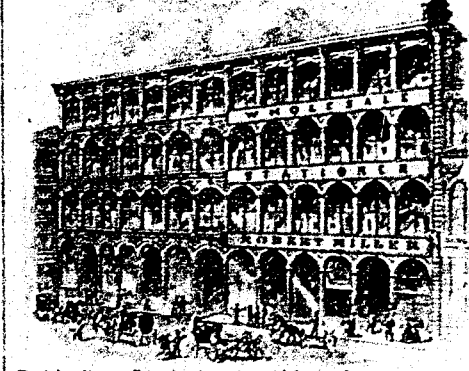
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