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CANADIAN Illustrated News

VOL. VIII.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873.

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

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

We particularly desire to call the attention of our readers to the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, which will be devoted to Christmas, its customs, traditions and literature, and which we intend shall go forth as a specimen

number of our paper. The illustrations will be of a high order of merit, and the cartoon will furnish matter for much amusement. As we have mentioned in our prospectus, it is the ambition of the management to make the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS a model family paper, filled with light, sparkling, and varied literature, while its pictorial department

will embrace all notable events of the day, occurring in any part of the world. The Christmas number will give a very good idea of what we intend doing in this respect. For that reason we recommend it to intending subscribers as well as to all our old patrons. News agents will find it to their advantage to supply themselves with this number.



THE EXILE OF SIBERIA IN SIGHT OF ST. PETERSBURG.

1874.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The month of December of this year closes the eighth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, under the most favourable auspices. The paper has not only retained the success which it enjoyed from its inception, but it has gone on adding to its popularity, and, at the beginning of a new year, finds itself with a large and

STEADILY INCREASING CIRCULATION.

This state of things is so far satisfactory that we have been encouraged to introduce new and important improvements both in the management and editorial composition of the paper. Henceforward, particular attention will be given to

REGULAR DELIVERY.

so that newsdealers in all parts of the Dominion will be punctually served, and readers may rely upon having their paper in good time, every week. Experience shows that, while this country is well provided with a daily press, there is an ample field for the development of weekly family papers, which shall embrace, besides the usual amount of literary matter, a comprehensive account of the current events of the day. It is our ambition to take rank with the best weekly papers of Britain and the United States, in both ability and influence, and our new arrangements to compass this end are complete. Our political course will be, as usual, independent and non-partisan.

LITERATURE.

in its lightest and most attractive phases, such as serials, short stories, sketches, and poetry, will receive unremitting attention; and an immense variety of miscellaneous matter will be furnished in every issue.

The specific character of the paper will be maintained in the department of

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We have every facility for producing them in a style that defies competition. Besides the pictorial representation of interesting incidents all over the world, we shall continue our gallery of PORTRAITS of male and female celebrities. Occasionally an ART-PICTURE from one of the masters will be produced, and the periodical FASHION PLATE will appear at appropriate seasons. It is intended also to make a specialty of

CARTOONS.

setting off leading events of the day. These will be finished in a style of high art, and, from their historical interest, will form a collection worth preserving.

In addition, then, to a summary of current events, political intelligence, religious news, literary, scientific, and artistic progress, the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will have a weekly series of pictures and sketches so disposed as to promote, in the highest degree, the great desideratum of art culture.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873.

The result of the Bazaine trial has not caused any very great surprise. It was only natural that some scapegoat should be selected to bear the sins of the nation; that some victim should be sacrificed to the ill-timed vanity of the French people. Who more likely than the general who after the most dogged resistance, sustained the most disastrous defeat? To such a trial, of such a man, there could have been but one end, viz: a conviction, with a strong recommendation to mercy. Opinions differ greatly as to the justice of the verdict, though the feeling of pity for the ex-marshal of France is shared by all alike, outside of his own countrymen. We are told that the verdict of the court was received with applause. There is nothing new in this. A discomfited general, like a fallen minister, is always held in ill-favour by the vulgar crowd. It was something at all events to be told, even by a court of unknown officers, that the grand defeat which laid France in the dust was due more to the want of ability and patriotism on the part of the French leader than to any military skill on that of the enemy. And so the nation goes its way hugging the idea that had MacMahon, or Douay, or Faidherbe, been in Bazaine's place at Metz, the glory would never have departed from the French arms. And yet throughout the whole of the evidence, so much of it as has reached us *in extenso*, the most critical observer can find nothing which seriously inculpates Bazaine. He was simply overpowered by stronger numbers, hedged in in a position from which, knowing only what he did, he could see no outlet. Had he followed the line of conduct for neglecting which he is now so strongly condemned; had he gathered up his forces and made a last attempt to escape when it was too late, the result would only have been a tremendous slaughter that would have raised an outcry from one end of the land to the other against his wilful waste of French blood. We regret extremely to see that some of our Canadian journals have not refrained from decrying the services of the fallen warrior. We are told that Bazaine is not a commander of whom great things could ever be expected; that his high rank was due more to his tried fidelity to the Imperial *regime* than to any implicit confidence in his military talent. It is only at the unfortunate that such stones are thrown. Unless he had been possessed of true ability Bazaine could never have risen, as he did, from the ranks to one of the highest positions in the French army, that of Marshal of France. As to his services to his country it is not too much to say that he can lay claim to having seen more hard fighting, and done more to advance the military glory of France than any of the Algerian warriors who sat in judgment upon him.

The secession of Bishop Cummings from the Protestant Episcopal Church has created not a little stir in religious circles. And well it might. The novel manner in which the schism arose, the unusual circumstances connected with the case, and the rapidity with which the departure was effected are new things in ecclesiastical history. Of the advisability of the movement opinions are naturally much divided, while as to its effect there appears to be but one voice. By members of the Church to which the seceders belonged—a Church which has always upheld as one of its fundamental principles the heinousness of schism—it is very generally condemned and regretted. To that party especially in the Episcopal Church whose darling object is the promotion of unity in Christendom, it will be a deadly blow—a cruel awakening to a truth which they have long persistently ignored, viz., that before directing their efforts to the formation of an alliance with other religious bodies it would be well for them to concentrate their energies on the healing of the divisions that already exist among themselves. By the section known as the Evangelical party the secession of Bishop Cummings will probably be less deplored, for the simple reason that it will tend to check the so-called 'Anglican' extravagances of the extremists on the other side. It has ever been the pride of the Protestant Episcopalians that their church is based on broad enough lines to embrace widely different shades of thought. Whether this is an advantage or not is open to question. It has indubitably given rise to much licence which was never contemplated by the founders of the Church. And the undoubted effect of the new movement will be to bring about considerable modifications in the doctrine and discipline of the Church, and to do away with much of the liberty in which its members of both extremes have hitherto been able to indulge. Regarding the matter from a totally unbiassed point of view we cannot too strongly deprecate the schism. But it is not the mere separation—on which the majority of writers on the question have laid the greatest stress—that is chiefly to be deplored. It is the fact that the leader of the movement, not satisfied with withdrawing from the Church, has established a new religious body with himself as its leader, that calls most for regret. Why did Bishop Cummings not content himself with entering the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he could have enjoyed all the advantages without what he looked upon as the drawbacks of the Protestant Episcopal Church? Surely he thus had it in his power to effect his object and satisfy his conscientious scruples without adding another to the

already numberless sects that are the reproach of Protestantism. We do not wish to be understood as imputing unworthy motives to the reverend gentleman, but we must remind him of the recommendation to avoid giving to unbelievers an occasion for scandal.

There was a dramatic scene in the United States House of Representatives, the other day, which offers a subject for the pencil of the historic painter, similar in character to some of those old Venetian canvasses which are the subject of so much admiration. In the debate on the salary bill, Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, formerly a leading member of Congress, subsequently Vice-President of the Confederate States, made a speech which no one will be surprised to learn was the ablest effort of the day. While addressing the House, he is described as standing behind his seat and leaning upon his crutch on one side, while partly supporting himself upon the other by placing his hand upon a desk. The peculiar effect produced by his feeble and emaciated form, and his sunken, parchment-like cheeks, and keen, dark eyes, was heightened by his sluggish costume. Upon his head he had a black velvet skull cap, from under which fell a thin fringe of white hair. His hands were incased in loosely-fitting gloves, and he wore a suit of the blackest of black clothes. His voice was sharp and penetrating, and at times had a shrill falsetto quality, while at others, when apparently fatigued by exertion, it sank to a lower tone, and became with difficulty audible. The members thronged around him, leaving the distant seats to congregate in dense masses where they could best see and hear. Some compared him afterwards to a picture of an old Spanish "inquisitor," and others saw a resemblance to Booth's *Richelieu* in his bearing and gestures.

Science has experienced an almost irreparable loss in the death of Professor Agassiz, who departed this life at Boston, on the 15th inst. He was one of the boldest and most successful naturalists of this or any other age, and his discoveries have immensely enlarged the domain of science. This illustrious man was born in Switzerland, in the year 1807, so that he was only in his sixty-sixth year at the date of his demise. He studied medicine and the experimental sciences at Zurich, Heidelberg and Munich, occupying himself more especially with comparative anatomy. Even at this early stage of his career, Ichthyology became his favourite study. In 1839, he published "Natural History of the Fresh-Water Fish of Europe," "Researches on Fossil Fishes," and "Description of Echinodermes." The work by which he attained his great European reputation is "Studies of Glaciers," in which he advanced a theory tending to change the prevalent views of geologists as regards the incoherent and post-tertiary formations of the globe, and the dynamical causes by which those deposits have been affected. In 1846, Mr. Agassiz quitted Europe for the United States. After teaching for a few seasons in the medical school of South Carolina, he settled in Boston and became attached to Harvard University. There, through the liberality of friends and his ceaseless activity, he gathered a splendid collection of fossils and other curiosities of natural history, which he used to pursue and perfect his classifications of the lower marine animals. He surveyed the Lake Superior region, and subsequently made a long tour of the Pacific Isles with a scientific view. His last work was the establishment of a school of science at Penikese Island, on the Massachusetts coast, where his labours were so assiduous as to bring on the attack of paralysis to which he has succumbed. Mr. Agassiz was member of all the learned societies of Europe, and was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour.

The third Annual Report of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes has been laid upon our table. This institution, situated on the Cotedes Neiges Road, is interesting to the philanthropists and humanitarians of the Province, from the difficulties by which it has been surrounded since its inception, and from the truly noble efforts which have been made, in spite of these obstacles, to provide a comfortable home and adequate instruction to the unfortunate Protestant children who have been deprived of speech and hearing. While the language of the report is generally encouraging, we are concerned to learn from it that the wants of the Institution have gone on increasing and are, at present, very urgent. As it is, the building is overcrowded, although it affords room for only thirty persons. Considering the wants of this particular class, there ought to be accommodation for at least one hundred pupils. In consequence, the Board of Managers earnestly appeal for liberal donations to the Endowment Fund. These are the more needed because a balance of \$4000 is due on the property, and for the maintenance of the Institution there was, at the end of the last financial year, a deficit of \$454.50. The number of pupils who attended the school during the past session was twenty-one, viz: seventeen boys and four girls. Of these fifteen were free pupils, four paid full fees, and two paid only in part. This is the largest number of pupils in the Institution since its inauguration. We learn further from the report that, according to the Census of 1871, there are in the Province of Quebec, 1,689 deaf-mutes, of all ages and creeds, of whom 883 are males and 786 females. This gives an increase of 805, or nearly a duplication on the preceding decade. Judging by the relative proportion of the Protestant and Roman Catholic populations of the Province, there are probably

NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Howells has poetic sensibilities and a fine fancy, but he is not a poet. He is another example of those graceful, facile writers who having won distinction by some elegant prose pages, imagine they must tempt public favour by compositions in verse. As usual, Mr. Howells will find himself mistaken. His name will cause the book to be purchased, but the memory of it will not last beyond a few months. It is none the less true, however, that there are fine verses in Mr. Howells's volume. From a man of such cultivation nothing less could be expected. Indeed we may select "Forlorn," as a poem of genuine power, which, if the rest of the book corresponded with it, would lead us to reverse our estimate of Mr. Howells's poetic abilities.

There is something grandly suggestive in these lines :

"The languor of the crimson shawl's abasement,
Lying without a stir
Upon the floor,—the absence at the casement.
The solitude and hush were full of her."

A good, fresh thought in verse counterbalances many a deficiency and Mr. Howells has several of these. Thus :

And the colonel that leaped from his horse and knelt
To close the eyes so dim,
A high remorse for God's mercy felt,
Knowing the shot was meant for him.

The following is short, sensuous and realistic :

He took the rosebud from her hair,
While "you shall not," she said;
He closed her hand within his own,
And, while her tongue forbade,
Her will was darkened in the eclipse
Of blinding love upon her lips.

Mr. Howell is fond of attempting the hexameter, but he is not generally successful.

We have seen a few of the numbers of "Picturesque America" now being published by subscription by Appleton & Co., New York. It is a pictorial delineation of mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, valleys, cities and other picturesque features of America from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The best artists have been employed, among their number such celebrities as Church and Bierstadt. The letter-press is by William Cullen Bryant. We have no hesitation in saying, and that emphatically, that it will, when completed, be one of the most magnificent illustrated works ever produced in America. The work will be completed in forty-eight parts, price fifty cents each part, size imperial quarto. We are glad to learn that Messrs. Appleton's agent has already obtained a large subscription list in Montreal.

Those who are acquainted with the Trotty Book by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps will gladly welcome at this season of the year Trotty's Wedding Tour. † It is the very book for a child of the present age, wherein boys and girls are not quite so simple as they were in our grandfather's time, when stories such as "Goody Two Shoes" and "Jack and the Bean Stalk" were all-sufficient. The wedding tour of a child may seem to some nonsensical, but if they reflect, or know anything about children, it must be remembered that children begin as early to talk of marriage as of death, from attending a wedding or following a funeral: a new young visitor is introduced into the family, and from association they soon think of the conjugal bond. Apart from the cleverness of the story, the book is admirably printed and prettily illustrated. The frontispiece is a photograph-portrait of Master Trotty, a manly little fellow about eight years of age. We feel certain that all the young ladies of that tender age will be apt to fall in love with any of their associates if they in the least resemble Master Trotty, either in person or character.

As a rule, the life or works of metaphysical women are dreary reading enough, presenting an abnormal ideal which does not sufficiently counterbalance their novelty. In the case of the daughter of the great Coleridge, however, there is a tender human interest and a force of curiosity which render any account of her mental life well worth the investigation of the psychological student. The book before us ‡ consists of a series of letters written by Sara Coleridge from 1833 to 1851. They are addressed for the most part to her husband, her eldest brother, her son, Justice Coleridge, and such literary celebrities as Rev. F. D. Maurice, Aubrey de Vere, John Kenyon, Henry Taylor and Professor Henry Reed. The contents range over literature, poetry, sociology, theology, domestic economy, classic criticism and politics. They furnish likewise a fund of interesting anecdote, with occasional glimpses into the private life and intellectual habits of the great poet, Samuel Coleridge. The talents which Sara Coleridge inherited from her illustrious father and the severe education which she received at his hands give her the right to be heard on such subjects as those mentioned above, and the reader will derive a fund of entertainment and instruction from perusing the pages of this book. The work is not one to be read through at a sitting, but it deserves a place in the library for consultation, or occasional reading.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"PLL CROSS IT, THOUGH IT BLAST ME."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS :

DEAR SIR,

Will you give me leave to correct the errors either of your proof-reader or of your *sub*, who, perhaps, are both congenial, yet not congenite. From whence they obtained the word *congenous* I know not, certainly it is not of my invention; I distinctly wrote *congruous*. Therefore, for the benefit of your readers will you let my sentence run thus:—"The crossing the path of a ghost is congruous to the common traditions of the causes of apparitions, in Shakespeare's time."

* Poems. By W. D. Howells. 18mo. Red edges. \$1.50. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: F. E. Grafton.
† Trotty's Wedding Tour and Story Book. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: F. E. Grafton.
‡ Memoirs and Letters of Sara Coleridge, Edited by her daughter. 8vo. Cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

You have also another error quite as fatal to my meaning—"On Friday there appeared a tall man whose voice crossed him swiftly."—It ought to be, "a tall man who twice crossed him swiftly."

Having done with your sins of commission will you allow me to allude to your sins of omission.

I gave as additional reasons why Denmark could not, when the play of Hamlet was written, have been a Roman Catholic country.

First, that James I. of England was married to Anne, niece of Christian IV of Denmark, and by the law of the Protestant succession could not have been married to a Roman Catholic. Secondly, that Wittemberg, where Hamlet and Horatio were fellow students, was the University especially dear to the Protestant heart of England from its memories of Martin Luther; dear also for its publication of a host of popular books, such as the tale of Faustus.

THOMAS D. KING.

FROST CRYSTALS.

BY
A

This is fine frosty weather, *ma belle Rosie*, and your young blood glows and dances in your veins as you take long walks with the gallant Captain. The next time you are out in the morning look at the frost work hung on cobwebs and tree-branches and humbler vegetation, flashing the light from their tiny crystals. They teach a lesson. For my part, I am old and my blood has a chill on it, and I take my observations at the window. You have noticed those fern-like forms which cover the glass on a cold morning. Breathe on them, *mes petite*, and reduce the solid crystalline film to a liquid condition, then take your magnifying glass and watch. The film appears alive, lines of motion run through it, molecule presses up to molecule, fern-like branches run out and grow under your observation until the thin sheet of water has once more passed into crystalline repose. This is a magic picture painted by winter.

I said I am old. This feeling comes especially to me in winter. I do not care to go out snow-balling or skating or frolicking in the snow as I did a certain number of *us-ra* back. But I like to sit by the window, wrapped up in my padded dressing gown, with a good fire burning, with something warm and fragrant steaming in a tumbler by my side, and a pipe of good tobacco. I like, I say, to look out and see the merry little folks shouting and laughing and enjoying the clear exhilarating cold. I like to see the pretty damosels, with their rosy faces peeping out of furs and clouds. But my enjoyment is frequently disturbed by a miserable shadow clothed in thin summer garments, with blue pinched face, shivering along, breathing upon her poor half-frozen fingers. What an envious look she casts upon that fur-decked lady, and what a silent appeal she makes as she glances up at my old rubicund face and the steaming mixture,—God help the poor in winter!

I read an article in a daily journal a short time since—I am told a clergyman wrote it—in which we are warned against almsgiving. We are to turn the suppliant from our doors. They are to work for their living, they are to exercise their faculties and labour for bread, and we are not to give them a crumb. I hold some such theory myself in summer time; but with the first breath of frost it vanishes. I am not proof against the piteous appeal of hungry, frozen-looking faces, ill-clad bodies, and limbs scarcely draped against the bitter biting wind. They may be "vagrom," and I'll preach heartily to them next summer; but in the meantime—well, I sin with my betters and break my theory in practice.

I am perfectly aware of it, reverend sir. That haggard young woman, with the big-headed infant tugging at her breast, went straight with my five cents to the tavern round the corner and had something hot. Poor soul, I shall not be the first to throw the stone at her. Well clad and well fed, I sometimes like, when exposed to the cold, to take some steaming drink; and does not that poor creature crave for it more than I do? Come to me about June, sir, with your mission scheme for the Pacific Islanders; while it is cold I prefer giving what coppers I have to spare to ill-clad little children.

I freely confess the cold weather makes me very cross. I may be singular in this, but I do not think so. A frosty morning before breakfast does not, I fancy, find most of us in our most amiable mood. We do not, as a rule, say our prayers best with cold feet! What homes our poor must have. What fighting and swearing and crying and grumbling, while the frost bites them and the wind pierces their sides with its cruel spear! What rheumatic aches and colics, what hacking coughs, as the poor wretches crouch and shiver! The beautiful snow brings no gladness to their hearts with wood at seven dollars a cord.

My good ladies, as you wrap yourselves up in your furs, as you return from your sleigh rides, as you sit down to your ample meals, as you stretch out your limbs in healthful repose, don't banish your poor sisters altogether from your mind. You can do something to ameliorate their condition. Organize soup kitchens in your districts. It will cost you very little, *mes belles*, and the blessings of the poor, like white-winged angels, will receive you at the other side of the narrow stream when, by and by, you go into a strange country. Rosie, my girl, take this work in hands, and you may put down my name for a small subscription to the good work.

There is another class, a step above the vagrant and the unemployed, who suffer much. I mean the poorly paid workers, the factory-girls, the milliners, and other female labourers. The other morning, going to catch an early train, I saw a girl of about seventeen, clad in a thin merino dress, which clung to her limbs, a little black cloth jacket that barely met across her chest, and a thin rag of a comforter twisted around her neck. She was one of our virtuous working sisters. A little further on I saw a girl a couple of years older, smothered in furs, walking jauntily along in the same direction. This was one of the Pariahs of Society—a sinning sister. God help the poor. Do not let us be very hard upon them if some of them, for a little warmth and food, slip out of virtue's ranks.

While we observe the good old Horatian advice, sirs and mesdames :

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Largo reponens, atque benignius
Deprome quadrivium Sabina,
Merum diota.

let us not forget those without our gates; but let us with the breath of tender charity dissolve some of the frost crystals from above the hearts of the poor.

about 145 Protestant deaf-mutes and of those about 75 must be of school age—from 6 to 25 years. Of the 1,669 returned by the Census, about 1000 may safely be set down as of school age; but of these only 220 are at present in the three institutions devoted to their instruction, in the Province. It follows that 780 of school age, of both creeds, are uneducated. This is certainly a painful exhibit which deserves the consideration both of the public authorities and of the charitably inclined. Of the Protestant Institution at Cote des Neiges we may state from personal observation that, considering its opportunities, it has deserved well of its promoters and the country. The system of instruction, in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Widd, is a judicious blending of the most approved modes of deaf-mute education now in vogue, relieved and supplemented in most cases, by assistance adapted to the special wants of individuals. The industrial and domestic departments are likewise well managed, while the attention and zeal displayed by the office-bearers and managers are deserving of all praise.

For a dull unreasoning belief in the dicta of royalty and tithedom, simply because they emanate from royalty and tithedom commend us to the English fashionable journals. Touching on the question of sectarian education, the *Court Journal* says:—The following extract from the Queen's book, 'Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands,' must be read with great interest at the present moment:—"From here we drove to the Model School (Dublin), where we were received by the Archbishop of Dublin, the Roman Catholic Archbishop Murray, and the other gentlemen connected with the school. We saw the infant, the girls', and the boys' schools. Children of all creeds are admitted, and their different doctrines taught separately. This is truly Christian, and ought to be the case everywhere." The system, therefore, which Her Majesty deliberately characterises as "truly Christian" ought to have some weight in this matter so stupidly contested—this fine hair on which it is sought to hang a ton." We are getting rather tired of having the sayings of royal personages eternally held up to us for our admiration, but this last is too much. Greatly as we respect the person of Her Majesty, her religious feelings and her conduct in private life, we are unwilling and we should be sorry to believe that such a feeble argument as that which the *Court Journal* puts forward will have any weight with men of independent thought. It does not follow that because Her Majesty expresses her belief on a point of no small public importance, all her subjects should blindly subscribe thereto. Nor does it follow that because the *Court Journal* is the devoted slave and parasite of whatever is royal or noble, we should all fall a-tail-eating together.

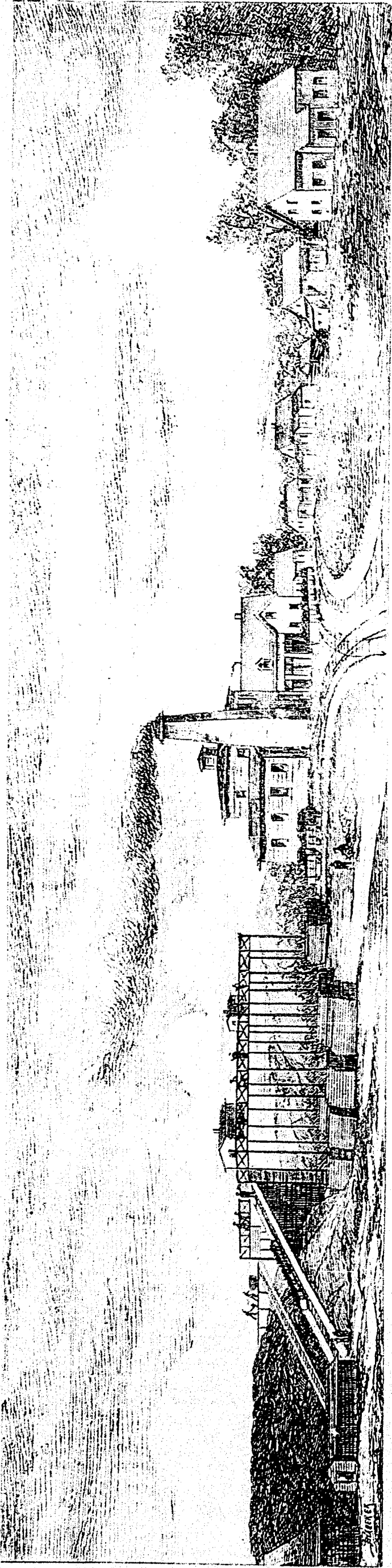
There is nothing like a little travelling to teach wisdom. The Superintendent of the Boston Public Schools has come back from Vienna with the conviction that the American system is very far from being ahead of the European. He found all the Austrian schools of the middle and higher grades most thoroughly equipped in regard to libraries and apparatus; some single schools he saw have philosophical instruments, etc., worth as high as \$20,000. Their buildings also were complete in every requirement, and many of them cost upward of \$500,000. He also found that the girls in the higher as well as the lower schools were taught needlework, and that everywhere the gymnasium was a part of the regular course of instruction.

Some of our heavier and more intensely political journals might do worse than follow the example of the *Paris Figaro*. The editors of that paper, thinking that their readers must sometimes be bored with politics, have determined to give them a holiday every Monday, the number for that day being filled with literary and artistic gossip, amusing stories, etc. By adopting this plan, with necessary modifications, some of our moribund journals might obtain a fresh lease of life and vigour. The public loves to be amused as much as it hates being bored.

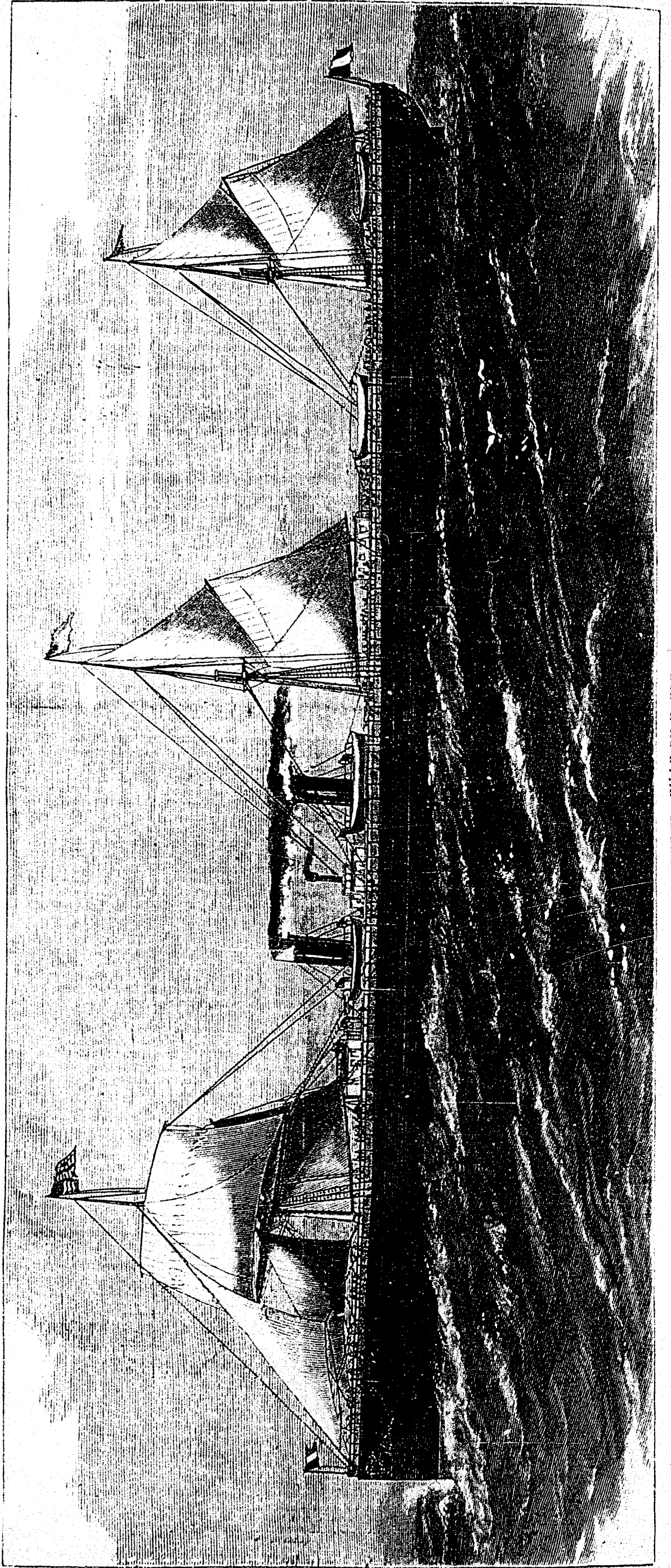
A "O that mine enemy would write a book," is an imprecation which is about to receive a singular fulfilment. It is said that Tweed has carefully kept a diary of his life, and he proposes, now that he occupies a felon's cell, to give the world some startling disclosures. He proposes to tell his manner of doing business, whom he bought to serve his purposes, and what the average price of Albany legislators is.

Anything new in these dull plagiaristic days must not be overlooked. Hence we must give the Lord Bishop of Lincoln a hearing. He is said to have preached a sermon directly against the temperance pledge. He denounced it as unscriptural. He said that it "undermined the godhead of Christ," and he wound up by saying that it leads to lying and that "it is a deadly sin for Christians to sign it."

The Congress of the United States are busily engaged in discussing the Salary Bill and the Currency question. Meantime, it is complained that the public interests are being neglected for.



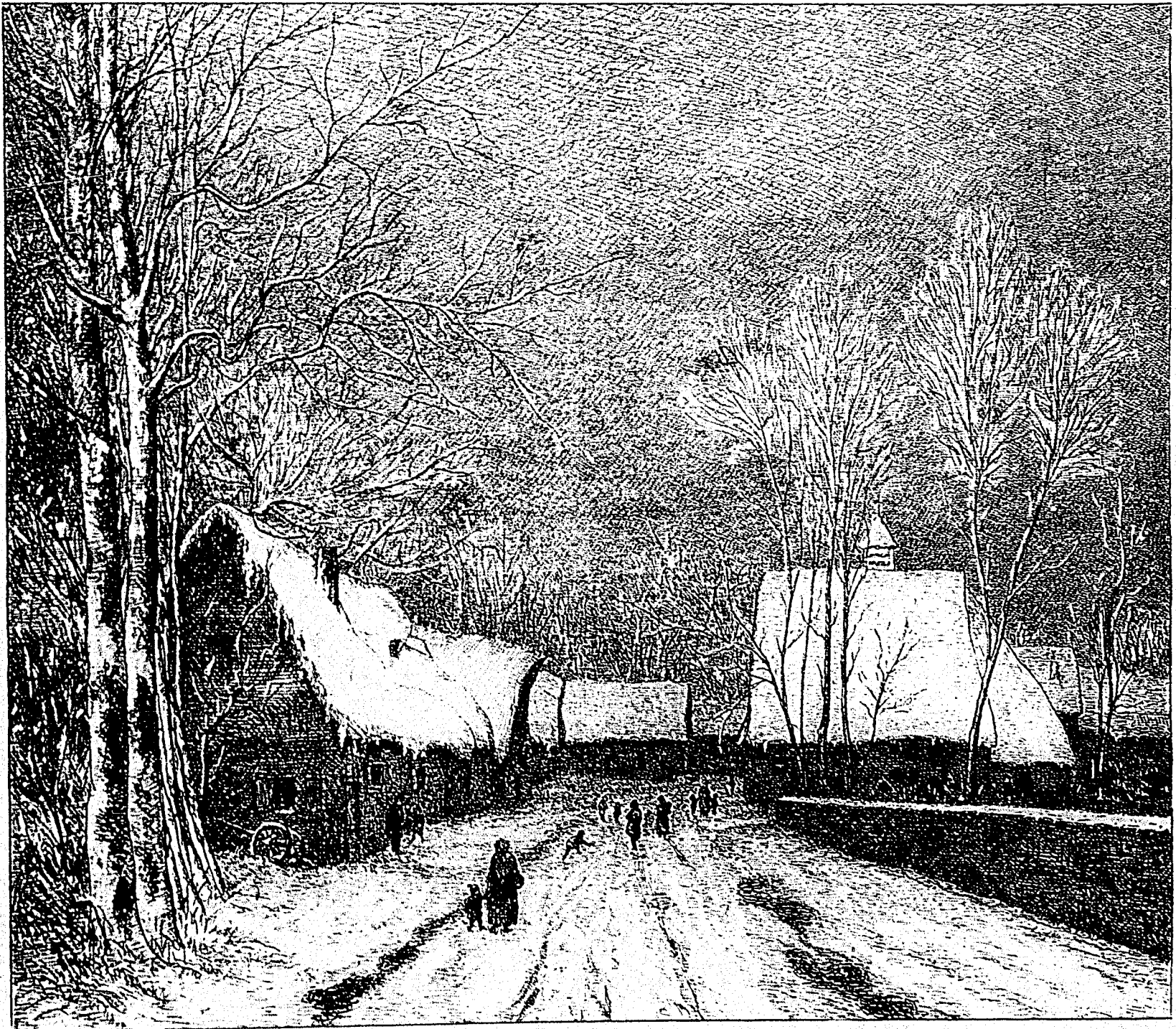
THE EMERY COLLIERY, CAPE BRETON.



THE SS. "VILLE DU HAVRE."



THE LATE HON. JAMES LESLIE.



A WINTER SUNDAY MORNING.

WILL-MAKING ECCENTRICITIES.

Wills have been made of every conceivable shape and form. We find them consisting of only a few words, like that of Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, dated April, 1865, which merely said: "One thousand pounds to my brother Tom; all the residue to my dearest wife absolutely;" and we have seen them in the shape of portentous-looking documents, containing a score or more of folios. Among the number are numerous interesting specimens of original composition, both prose and verse. Many examples of poetical wills, written in rather rough doggerel, are extant, one of the most amusing being that of a Mr. Joshua West, and dated December 13, 1804:

Perhaps I die not worth a groat,
But should I die worth something more,
Then I give that and my old coat,
And all my manuscripts in store,
To those who shall the goodness have
To cause my poor remains to rest
Within a decent shell and grave.
This is the will of JOSHUA WEST.

Another specimen of this kind is the production of one William Jackitt, of the parish of St. Mary, Islington, and for thirty years a clerk in the firm of Messrs. Fuller & Vaughan, once of Cornhill. It was proved at Doctors' Commons on the 17th July, 1789:

I give and bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters, most dear,
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted me here.
And that none may prevent
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law racket,
With a solemn appeal
I confirm, sign, and seal,
This, the true act and deed of WILL JACKITT.

Very frequently the most extraordinary provisos and conditions are attached to the wills of certain eccentric individuals. Thus, at Montgaillard, in 1822, a man died who by his friends and relations has been called the "misanthrope." In his will he left directions that any of his relations who should shed tears at his funeral should be disinherited; but that he who laughed the most heartily should be sole heir. He also ordered that neither the church, nor his house should be hung with black cloth, but that on the day of his burial those places should be decorated with flowers and evergreens. In addition to this, all the musicians of Montgaillard and its environs were to attend the funeral, and fifty of them were to open the procession with hunting-tunes, waltzes, and minuets.

A Mr. J. Sergeant, of Leicester, a staunch upholder and practiser of early rising, inserted a clause in his will to the following rather disagreeable effect to those concerned: "My nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in the morning, and I wish them to prove to the satisfaction of my executors that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business or taken exercise in the open air, from five till eight o'clock every morning, from the fifth of April to the tenth of October, being three hours each day; and from seven to nine o'clock in the morning from the tenth of October to the fifth of April, being two hours every morning." This was to be done for some years, to the satisfaction of the executors, who were empowered to excuse the heirs in case of illness; but even then the task was to be made up when they had recovered—the penalty in case of non-performance of the conditions, being total exclusion from participation in the property. The reason given by Mr. Sergeant for these conditions were, that "temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous. It is temperance and exercise that can alone insure the fittest state for mental or bodily exertion." The inconvenience accruing to the recipients of this bequest was, however, far surpassed by that resulting from the condition attached to the will of a spiteful old citizen of Berlin, to the effect that the heir should always wear thin white linen garments, and at the same time indulge in no extra under-clothing. If this condition were only once violated, the money was to go to the executors.

Several of our London churches have had bequests made to them with rather strange conditions attached. In the window of the middle aisle of St. Mary's the mother church of the parish of Lambeth, is painted a pedler with his pack and dog, said to represent the person who bequeathed to the parish of Lambeth "Pedler's Acre," provided that his portrait and that of his dog were perpetually preserved in one of the church windows. When the painting was first put-up is unknown, but it existed in 1608. "Pedler's Acre," originally called the "Church Hopes," or Hopps (an isthmus of land projecting into the river), is entered in the register as bequeathed by a person unknown.

Another remarkable class of bequests is that in which the testator leaves the whole, or some part of his body, to one or more of his friends, to be used for the furtherance of science or art amongst his survivors. Such was the bequest of Professor Byrd Powell, an American physician and phrenologist. "Furthermore," ran the will, "I give and bequeath to Mrs. T. Kinsey, of Cincinnati, Ohio, my head, to be removed from my body for her use, by H. T. Keckeler, or his agents." The said Mrs. Kinsey was one of the professor's most enthusiastic pupils. Some weeks after the remains of this lover of his art had been placed in the vaults of a cemetery, the bequest was carried out, the executors of the deceased employing Dr. Curtis, of Cincinnati to take off the head, which forthwith came into the possession of Mrs. Kinsey. Dr. Gall, another phrenologist, who died in Paris in 1828, left a similar direction in his will.

In University College is the skeleton of Jeremy Bentham. This eccentric individual left his body by will to Dr. Southwood Smith, who wrote a letter on the subject to "Notes and Queries." "Jeremy Bentham left by will his body to me for dissection. I was also to deliver a public lecture over his body to medical students and the public generally. The latter was done at the Well Street School. After the usual anatomical demonstration was over, a skeleton was made of the bones. I endeavoured to preserve the head untouched, merely drawing away the fluids by placing it under an air-pump over sulphuric acid. By this means the head was rendered as hard as the skulls of the New Zealanders, but all expression was gone, of course. Seeing this would not do for exhibition, I had a model made in wax by a distinguished French artist. . . . I then had the skeleton stuffed out to fit Bentham's own clothes, and this wax likeness fitted to the trunk. . . . The whole was then

inclosed in a mahogany case, with folding glass doors; and I ultimately gave it to University College, where it now is."

In 1871, the New York Times stated that a Mr. S. Sanborn, of Medford, Massachusetts, hatter, made and recorded a will by which he bequeathed his body to Professors Louis Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Harvard University, requesting that it should be prepared "in the most scientific and skillful manner known to the anatomical art," and placed in the museum of anatomy attached to the university. He also directed that two drumheads should be made of his skin, which were to be presented to his "distinguished friend and patriotic fellow-citizen, Warren Simpson, drummer, of Cohasset," on condition that he should beat, or cause to be beaten, on the said drumheads the national air of *Yankee Doodle*, at the base of the monument on Bunker's Hill, at sunrise on the 17th of June annually. On one of the drumheads was to be inscribed "Pope's Universal Prayer," and on the other the "Declaration of Independence," as it originated in the brain of its illustrious author, Thomas Jefferson. The parts of his body useless for anatomical purposes he desired to be "composted for a fertiliser for the purpose of nourishing the growth of an American elm to be planted, or set out, in some rural public thoroughfare, that the weary wayfarer may rest, and innocent children playfully sport beneath the shadow of its umbrageous branches, rendered luxuriant by my carcass."

These are but a few instances amongst many. We shall mention one more, that of Professor Morlet. This gentleman, who filled the chair of geology in the Academy of Lausanne for some years, left a clause in his will, directing that his head should still be made useful to science after his death, and that it should be preserved in the museum at Berne, with his name legibly engraved on the skull, so as to prevent its ever being mistaken for any other. His wish was complied with and the skull may be seen in the anatomical department of the collection at Berne.

We hear of a Mr. Zimmerman, who died in 1840, and gave by will particular directions for his funeral. "No person," he says, "is to attend my corpse to the grave, nor is any funeral bell to be rung, and my desire is to be buried plainly, but in a decent manner; and if this is not done, I will come again—that is to say, if I can." Quite as whimsical was the injunction of a Mrs. Reading, who by will in 1870, requested her coffin to be packed in a plain deal box, and sent to Brankstone Tower by a goods train, so that the charge for carriage to the place of burial would be no greater than for an ordinary package. We do not know how this *post-mortem* attempt to cheat the railway companies succeeded.

The fear of being buried alive has often led to the attachment to wills of very strange clauses. The will of a Mr. John Lewis Grefulke, proved on October 8, 1867, contained an instance of this kind. It ran thus: "I do not wish to be buried, but that my body be embalmed and placed in a coffin, the lid of which shall be glazed, and not nailed down, so that the body be not deprived of air and daylight, and ultimately buried, if the law will permit."

Our contemporary, the *Illustrated London News*, has lately presented a number of amusing eccentricities of this kind. One of the cases quoted is that of a Mr. Budd, who left a particular estate to his eldest son, provided he did not wear a moustache; if he did, the estate was to go to his second son. Another case, equally whimsical, is that of Mr. James Robbins, who, in the event of his dear wife not complying with his request to wear a widow's cap after his decease, enjoined that she was to suffer a diminution of an annuity from £30 to £20; and she was to undergo the same penalty if she married again.

An amusing instance of carrying a joke beyond one's own death was that perpetrated in his will by Jasper Mayne, a humorous dramatic writer of the seventeenth century. In this document he left an old trunk to his man-servant, saying that he would find in it something to make him drink. When the funeral was over, the poor fellow hastened to enjoy his treasure, but, on opening the trunk, found only a red herring!

There could be given innumerable instances of *post-mortem* benevolence, often of a whimsical character. We content ourselves with the following: In a late number of the *Times*, there appeared an account of two curious customs which took place on Good Friday. One of them occurred just outside the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, in the oldest churchyard in the city. The venerable incumbent of the parish put down twenty-one sixpences on a gravestone, which the same number of poor widows picked up. The custom is nearly as old as the church, being the result of the will of a lady, who left money for the annual donation, and the preaching of a sermon. On the same day, at the church of All-hallows, Lombard Street, a sermon was preached under similar provisions of the will of Peter Symonds, dated 1587, and gifts distributed to sixty of the younger scholars of Christ's Hospital, each receiving a new penny and a bunch of raisins. Under the same will the children of Langbourn Ward Schools who help in the choir, and the children of a Sunday-school, received each a bun and various sums of new money, ranging from a penny to a shilling, besides a shilling and a loaf to each of the poor of the parish. The various gifts were distributed over the tomb of the donor, until it was effaced by railway operations.

NAPOLEON'S DEATH AT ST. HELENA.

In the exhibition this year in the Mechanics' Hall, Dumfries, there was shown, by Major Young of Lincluden, a lock of hair cut from the head of the Great Napoleon after death, a letter in connection with which is of some historical value. Hitherto French writers have represented that the *post mortem* examination of Napoleon's body was unwarrantable liberty, taken in opposition to the deceased's wish. The letter was only discovered, along with the lock of hair, three years ago, by Major Young, in a secret drawer of an old writing-desk belonging to his father, to whom the epistle was written by Dr. Short, a native of Dumfries, who held the office of principal medical officer of the British staff at St. Helena, and who superintended the dissection. It is as follows:—

St. Helena, 7th May, 1821.

"My dear Sir,—You will no doubt be much surprised to hear of Bonaparte's death, who expired on the 5th May, after an illness of some standing. His disease was cancer in the stomach, that must have lasted some years, and been in a state of ulceration some months. I was in consultation and attendance several days, but he would not see strangers. I was officially introduced the moment he died. His face in death was the most beautiful I ever beheld, exhibiting softness and every good expression in the highest degree, and really seemed formed to conquer. The following day I superintended the dissection of his body—(at this time his countenance was

much altered), which was done at his own request to ascertain the exact seat of the disease, which he imagined to be where it was afterwards discovered to be, with the view of benefiting his son, who might inherit it. During the whole of his illness he never complained, and kept his character to the last. The disease being hereditary, his father having died of it, and his sister, the Princess Borghese, being supposed to have it, proves to the world that climate and mode of life had no hand in it, and contrary to the assertions of Messrs O'Meara and Stobo, his liver was perfectly sound; and had he been on the throne of France instead of an inhabitant of St. Helena, he would equally have suffered, as no earthly power could cure the disease when formed."

LORD BYRON AND LORD CADURCIS: MR. DISRAELI'S "VENETIA."

Mr. H. A. Bright, of Liverpool, to the *Athenaeum*:—The following autograph letter of Lord Byron has, so far as I know, never been published—and, whether published or not, has a curious literary interest attaching to it. It was given to me some twenty years ago, and the friend from whom I received it believes that he bought it at a sale at Sotheby's, in or about 1843. It is addressed to Sir Godfrey, Webster, Upper Brook-street, London, Angleterre;—Inghilterra (on the side). It bears the post-marks of Pisa and Milano, and the broken seal shows the Baron's coronet and the horse supporters of the Byrons, but the coat of arms cannot be properly made out, and, from what is left, I do not detect the three bendlets. The letter is as follows:—"Pisa, April 12, 1822. Dear W.—Why don't you take a turn in Italy? I should be delighted to see you again, which is far more than I shall ever say or feel for your island, or anything therein. They complain of my abusing England, my mother-country; a step-dame, I take it. I made out a list the other day of all the things and persons I have been compared to. It begins well with Alcibiades, but it ends with the Swiss giantess, or the Polish dwarf—I forget which. I have now to add another description, sermonized by Parson Styles, depicting me as "a denaturalized being, who, having drained the cup of sin to its bitterest dregs, is resolved to show that he is no longer human even in his frailties, but a cool, unconcerned fiend." That's damnably cool—that's flat—Parson! Well, I hope that neighbour-loving divine's holy rage will not put you in bodily fear of being cannibalized by such an ogre as the author of sundry blasphemous works—should you cross the Alps. A fig for all their clamour—"Come one, come all"—we will fight it out. When I once take you in hand, it will be difficult for me not "to make sport for the Philistine." Now we look upon ourselves as something, oh! fellow with some pith—now we could lay it on. I think I see them wincing under the thong, the pompous poltroons. Sunburn me if I don't tan their asses' skins for them. As to what I have said about you, never mind, it was only behind your back, and, under those legitimate circumstances, why even our best friends cannot expect us to spare them. Pray reply; news are worth money.—Believe me, always, yours very affectionately,—BYRON." And now I wish to call your attention to a very odd circumstance—coincidence it cannot be. In Mr. Disraeli's "Venetia," Lord Byron is drawn under the name of Lord Cadurcis, and in Chapter IV. of Book VI., we have one of his conversations with Herbert (Shelly). Here is an extract:—"Now is not it the most wonderful thing in the world that you and I have met," said Cadurcis. "Now I look upon ourselves as something like, eh! Fellows with some pith in them.—By Jove, if we only joined together, how we could lay it on! Crack, crack, crack! I think I see them wincing under the thong; the pompous poltroons! If you knew how they behaved to me!" A few sentences more—and Cadurcis continues, "I made out a list the other day of all the persons and things I have been compared to. It begins well, with Alcibiades, but it ends with Swiss giantess or the Polish dwarf—I forget which." Again in Chapter VIII. of the same book, Cadurcis says, "and then they complain of my abusing England, my mother-country; a step-dame, I take it." It is, then, apparent either that Mr. Disraeli made use of this, published or not, in writing the character of Lord Cadurcis; or else that this is one of the curious Byron forgeries of George Gordon, which attracted such attention in 1852. It illustrates either Mr. Disraeli's mode of workmanship, or that of the clever forger. Certainly the letter reads like a genuine letter of Lord Byron, and the handwriting appears undeniably in his autograph. The water-mark on the paper is a crown with *fleur de lis*, a sort of knot underneath, and the initials WS. interlaced together. I should add that the donor of this letter does not seem certain as to the date at which he got it; but if his impression is correct, it of course bears out the view that it is an undoubted autograph.

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE POET GRAY.

A correspondent says:—A few days ago I paid a visit to Stoke Pogis, and soon found myself "beneath these rugged elms, those yew-trees' shade," that I might see where Gray was laid; but though I took great pains to find it, I could nowhere see his name. At the moment when I began to despair of finding it, a person came out of the church, who showed me to a tomb—the one on which Gray sat when he wrote his soul-inspiring "Elegy."—"This," said he "is where he lies"; and after scraping away the rust and corrosion of a hundred years, I read the following epitaph, penned by Gray himself, to the memory of his aunt and his mother:—"In the vault beneath are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of Mary Antrobus. In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow; the tender, careful mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her; she died March 11th, 1753." But not a line does it bear to tell of him who afterwards found his last resting-place beside her whose death he so touchingly recorded. As I did not conceal my surprise and astonishment at this, my attention was directed to a small stone, a tablet it could not be called, roughly daubed on the church wall, which was almost unreadable from neglect and decay; and which told that "in the tomb opposite rest the remains of Thomas Gray, author of 'An Elegy written in a Churchyard,' &c. &c., who died August 6th, 1771." Here, I thought, "in this neglected spot, is laid a heart once pregnant with celestial fire, which waked to ecstasy the living lyre;" and, for 28 years after his death, not a single line was written which told where his body lay. But in 1799 a monument was raised on the confines of the park in which the church is situate, "in honour of Thomas Gray, among the scenes celebrated by that great lyric and elegiac poet, and who lies unnoticed in the churchyard adjoining." I have sought to discover some members of his family, but have been told that there are no descendants, and that no one interest himself in the matter.

LIGHT.

BY BOURDILLON.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

GERMAN TRANSLATION.

Tausend Augen hat die Nacht;
Eins nur giebt dem Tage Licht;
Doch erlischt der Welten Pracht,
Wenn der Sonne Glanz gebriecht.

Tausend Augen hat der Geist,
Eins nur hat das Herz dabei;
Doch ein ganzes Leben reist
Mit der Liebe Tod entwei.

FRENCH TRANSLATION.

De mille yeux la nuit scintille,
Et seul le jour n'a qu'un oeil;
Mais quand le soleil ne brille,
Le monde est en deuil.

De mille yeux l'esprit nous arme,
Un seul au coeur appartient;
Pourtant la vie est sans charme
Quand l'amour s'éteint.

Miscellaneous.

Suicidal Quadrupeds.

A cattle disease, of so disagreeable a nature that it causes the animals affected by it to commit suicide, has broken out on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, and has been officially reported at Constantinople. It is characterized by frothing at the mouth, running from the eyes and nose, a total loss of appetite, great heat, and a thirst so insupportable that some of the beasts attacked by the illness cast themselves into the adjacent rivers and streams and are drowned.

A Mushroom City.

Of all the mushroom cities of the Western plains the history of Pueblo City (an oil creation) is the strangest. It had an \$80,000 hotel its first month; in its second, a daily paper, in its third, a theatre, and in its fourth, another hotel, another theatre, and an academy of music. In six months it had 71 hotels and saloons in full blast, and a population of 15,000. Now the wood-bine holds possession. All the above-mentioned institutions are "shut up," and but nine families live there.

Elastic Stone.

"We have been shown," says the St. Louis Republican, "a piece of elastic stone, which was quarried near Goldstone, North Carolina, and recently presented to the St. Louis University by Judge Finney. It is a bar of white sandstone, one foot in length by one inch in width and thickness; it is easily bent in any direction, returning with a spring when suddenly loose to its proper axis. It may also be compressed with slight pressure, or extended, and it recovers its shape as readily as caoutchouc or indiarubber."

Critics Criticized.

The guild of musical and dramatic critics, says the Georgia Musical Eclectic, who "write up" concert and dramatic performances for the papers, especially those of country towns, are, in the mass, a sorry set. They seem to think that a hash of flattery, bad taste, and adjectives in the superlative degree, is all that is necessary to please the performers and the public. They do an immense amount of harm by obstructing the growth of esthetic culture, and should be banished forthwith from the Republic of Art and Belles-Lettres.

Caution to Dentists.

Dentists should be careful not to pull the wrong tooth. A New Hampshire practitioner extracted a half dozen from the mouth of a lady against her orders, and found himself arraigned in court on a suit for damages to the amount of \$5,000. It might have gone very hard with him but that death extracted the woman before the trial came off, and he escaped with a fine of \$20. That death was a lucky pull for him. It is always dangerous to take liberties with a woman's mouth. In fact, a woman's jaw is a thing not quite safe to meddle with.

An Imperial Thermometer.

Professor Palmieri, of Naples, has recently completed a very ingenious and elaborate registering thermometer for the private use of the Empress of Russia. The instrument is of metal, and is provided with bells, which give a signal whenever any considerable change of the surrounding temperature occurs. It is said to be so sensitive that the indicator is in a state of almost perpetual motion. Suitable devices show the extreme range of temperature during given periods of time. The apparatus is placed in the Imperial travelling carriage.

The English Channel Tunnel.

More attention seems to be paid to the idea of the construction of a tunnel under the English Channel by the French than in England. At the various prefectures of the Pas de Calais plans of the proposed submarine line from St. Margaret's Bay to a point north of Cape Grisnez are on view. Suggestions from visitors are invited, and in November a meeting of the French Commission on the project will be held, and a formal report drawn up for presentation to the Government.

A Coincidence in the Pulpit.

Speaking of the Rev. William Thorpe, of Bristol, England, an English paper tells us that so large was he that in preaching an ordination sermon he had to be hoisted into the pulpit over the side, the door being too narrow to admit him. Curiously enough, his sermon was on "the importance of a right introduction into the Christian ministry," and he founded his discourse on the parable in which it is declared that "he that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep."

Substitute for Coffee.

Another substitute is suggested for coffee, which is said to be better than chicory. We hope it is. Grape stones or seeds, when roasted or ground, possess an aroma very much like East India coffee, and the beverage made from them, though inferior in quality, is not unlike coffee in taste. Now that there are so many destitute of employment, it is possible people enough might be found to prepare a supply of grape-seeds for the market.

But in ordinary times the business must be a slow and small one. Many hotels and restaurants furnish a beverage which would be greatly improved by the admixture of something that possessed even a distant resemblance to coffee in taste.

Nothing Like a Lucid Explanation.

Nothing satisfies some people so quickly as an explanation of some kind. At least it so seemed when a Detroit woman, who was told by her grocer the price of a pound of butter, exclaimed, in amazement, "Thirty-two cents!" "Yes, 'm," he replied, with a bland smile. "You see, the grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the government calls in the bonds due in 1874, and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money market a little, butter must find its level, with every thing else. Butter is very panicky just now, but I think the worst is over." She paid the money without further growling.

The Parisian Theatre Claque.

To illustrate the practical working of the claque, let us instance one of the most popular of the Parisian theatres, the Bouffes-Parisiens. The claque here is posted in the second gallery, generally in the front row, which it well-nigh fills. The chef is stationed on the extreme left-hand side of the theatre, looking at the stage; the chef holds up one finger, and the claque applaud lustily; the chef holds up two fingers of his right hand, the applause of the claque is redoubled, and loud cries of "bis" are heard from the direction of the second gallery. The song is of course encored. A great amount of judgment is required to make a good chef de claque, and the emoluments and perquisites attached to the office are often very valuable.

Canadian Oysters in England.

An experiment has been made at Liverpool to introduce Canadian oysters into the English market. Ten barrels, each containing 1,000 oysters, were brought over by one of the Allan steamers in good condition, but all efforts to sell them privately to dealers were unavailing. They were then offered by public auction at prices varying from 6s. 6d. to 9s. 6d. per barrel, about the cost of their freight and charges. Considering the present enormous price of English oysters, and the apparently good quality of this Canadian importation, it is to be regretted that the importer has been so unsuccessful in his venture, for they can be sold in England at 1s. a score, and leave a fair profit. But in articles of food no nation is so prejudiced as Britishers.

A Mennonite Colony.

The St. Paul Press says that twenty families of Mennonites have already arrived at Mountain Lake, on the line of the St. Paul and Sioux City road, and purchased improved tracts of land at prices ranging from \$500 to \$1,500. These tracts are intended simply as the foundation for still more extensive farms, as the members are abundantly able to open large farms wherever they may happen to locate. At Yankton, D. T., there is already a colony of 150 families of German Lutherans from the country bordering on the Black Sea, who arrived at their destination before they had been informed in regard to the advantages of Minnesota as an agricultural and stock-raising country, and it is further claimed that large numbers of Lutheran and Mennonite colonists are already preparing for a departure for the United States in the spring.

A Curious Cure.

The gaseous smoke which arise from gas works has medicinal qualities that are largely appreciated by certain classes of people, and the popularity of the medicine is on the increase. The fumes are credited with speedy cures of whooping-cough, including, in several instances, very obstinate cases. The San Francisco gas works have become a regular resort for people afflicted with coughs, for whose comfort and convenience the company has erected several roomy benches. Adults, upon whom the cough has a disastrous effect, and little children, who cough and laugh and cough again, and only seem annoyed when whooping, may be seen sitting side by side on those benches, and inhaling the fumes. Thus the exhalations that are not kindly regarded by healthy persons become a blessing to the sick.

A Strange Story.

Apocryphal of the awful story of the sudden death of the spiritualist while maintaining the power of thrusting the hand into the side of Divine Love, comes another story almost as remarkable: "Eli H—, aged about seventy-five years, is now living in a village near Glastonbury. Before he was born his father made a vow that if his wife should bring him a girl, she having had three in succession, he would never speak to the child as long as he lived. The child turned out to be a boy. And now what is most strange and remarkable occurred. This boy would never speak to his father. Moreover, during his father's lifetime, he would never speak to any one but his mother and three sisters. As soon as his father died, he being then thirty-five years old, his tongue was unloosed to every one, and he has remained an ordinary loquacious individual ever since.

The Mendicant's Code.

An old Parisian mendicant was recently noticed to manifest apparent caprice in selecting the objects for his importunity. He would allow a number of persons to pass unheeded, and then attach himself to others and take no denial. A bribe of half a franc from a curious spectator induced him to give his reason. "I have a code of rules, which I invariably follow," he said. "Thus I never ask alms of 'one who has dined,' as *rosbif* renders a man selfish; nor of 'stout men,' as it bores them to stop; nor of any one putting on their gloves, nor of a lady alone, but always of any one manifestly going to dinner, or of people walking together, as their *amour-propre* makes them generous, or officers in grand uniforms, and of people apparently seeking favour from the Government—they think that a gift will bring them luck."

Must Be Crazy.

A Dublin merchant named Johnson was very hard on his clerks, and when a visitor left the store without a purchase he would discharge the clerk. He took up a position near the door, and as customers passed on inquired if they had been properly served. On one occasion a lady was negotiating with a clerk for a shawl, but the sale was not made. The clerk called the lady's attention to the old gentleman, who was, as usual standing near the door, waiting to waylay the lady with the customary question. "That old man," said the clerk, "is crazy. He may attempt to stop you as you go out, and you had best avoid him as he is sometimes dangerous." The lady started for the door, and as the old gentleman approached her gave a shriek and darted out. Johnson was greatly astonished, and walking back to the clerk asked: "Do you know that lady?" "No sir," replied the clerk, "but I think she is crazy." "You are right," returned the old gentleman, "she must be crazy."

Ancient Linen.

The long linen bandages in which the ancient Egyptians swathed their mummies, after the lapse of 3,000 years, are frequently found in an excellent state of preservation, though much discoloured with age. A recent writer on this subject says: "The beauty of the texture and the peculiarity in the structure of a mummy cloth were very striking. It was free from gum or

resin, or impregnation of any kind, and had evidently originally been white. It was close and firm, yet very elastic. The yarn of both warp and woof was double, consisting of two fine threads twisted together. The woof was single. The warp contained ninety threads to the inch, the woof or weft only forty-four. The fineness of these materials, after the manner of cotton yarn, was about thirty hanks in the pound. The subsequent examination of a great variety of mummy cloths showed that the disparity between the warp and woof belonged to the system of manufacture, and that the warp had generally twice or thrice and not seldom four times the number of threads in one inch that the woof had."

Suicide.

A touching case of suicide is reported from Paris. A poor little deformed boy had been left by his dying parents to the care of an aunt, who abused him, and finally drove him from the house to get his living as he could. He tried various means to obtain bread and clothes; but what troubled him most was that other boys constantly mocked him, and often inflicted a blow upon his deformed back. One Sunday morning the poor little hunchback was found hanging to a tree in a forest near Pantin. In his pocket was a little note, written in bad French, as follows:

"Gen al assé. Porté moi ché ma tente. 31 Ru Sainte Margerite. J'y pardone. JEREMIE LEVY."

How pitiful the brief life-story of the poor boy—deformed, an orphan, abused, and turned into the street; and how touching his simple words: "I have had enough. Tell my aunt that I forgive her."

Bradlaugh on Royalty.

That very outspoken man, Charles Bradlaugh, in a speech delivered recently at Cincinnati, appeared to enjoy his little ironical tribute to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. "We pay the Prince," said he, "£50,000 a year for being Prince of Wales, and £63,000 a year for being Duke of Cornwall, but we have the benefit of him as a military man. (Laughter.) We pay his salary as general in the army and as colonel of two regiments, which he never sees. At his majority he received \$5,500,000, the accumulations of the duchy during his minority, and year before last we paid £7,669 for repairs to the house he lives in. We pay the Duke of Edinburgh \$75,000 for being Duke. We pay him his salary as a naval officer. Recently he visited the colonies, and we voted him £3,400 to enable him to be generous there. The colonial papers say that although he took the money, he left the colonial committees to pay for many of the presents. I have been recently reading our blue-books, and in the portion devoted to irrecoverable balances from dead and absconding paymasters, I find an item of £450 borrowed by the Duke from the pay-chest of his ship and never returned."

Unwelcome Sympathy.

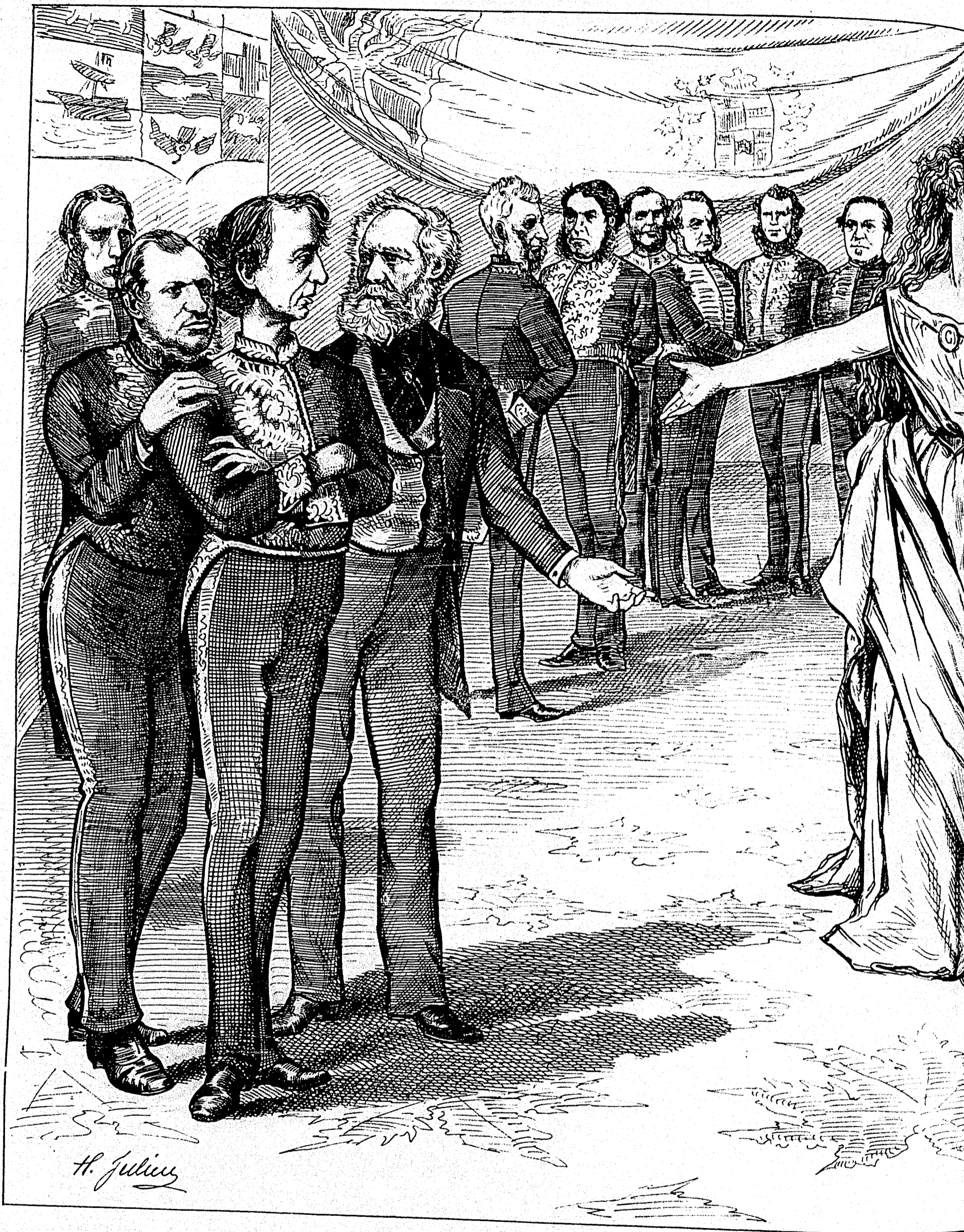
A Vienna paper relates an amusing incident which occurred to a great lady just recovered from a long and severe illness. Seated in her boudoir, she was looking over the cards of condolence that had been left for her while ill. Among the names of counts, barons, and other aristocratic sympathisers emblazoned with coronets and coats of arms, she came across a simple card with the plain inscription "Hermann Berger." In vain the lady asked who Hermann Berger was. None of her servants could give her any other information than that the individual was a remarkably handsome young man. The lady's curiosity became excited, and she gave orders to admit the person if he should call again. The order was punctually obeyed, and on the next day she received a really charming young man, dressed in exquisite style, who evidently appeared greatly embarrassed at the honour of a *vis-à-vis* with the still charming, though somewhat faded beauty. "I can hardly find words," said the lady, with a blush, "to thank you for the sympathy you have manifested for a stranger." "I beg your pardon, gracious lady," stammered the dandy, "but I am the agent for Messrs. A. B., the undertakers!"

An Uneven Tenor.

An Italian journal has a curious story, to the effect that towards the year 1847 a Neapolitan monastery possessed in one of the monks so charming a tenor voice that they were wont to compare it to that of Fraschini, then in all the freshness of youth. Father Abraham, as this singer was called, had attracted the attention of Ferdinand II., who would often request him to go and sing in the Chapel Royal, and in a short time Father Abraham had quite a reputation among the *dilettanti* of Naples as the mysterious tenor who charmed pious ears by singing like a seraph. One day, intoxicated with success, and thinking only of the theatrical baits, the monk threw away his frock and fled to London, where he became singer and Protestant. Under the name of Arturo Gentile, which he has rendered famous, he traversed America, gaining glory and fortune, laurels and dollars. In some unexplained way, however—perhaps through speculation—good luck suddenly deserted him, and he found himself poor. He was married by this time, and could no longer keep up a costly household. Added to the ills of wife and poverty, he also found a new misfortune; his marvellous voice disappeared with his goods; there was no more chance for him in opera. He took to management, but became more involved; fortune had finally turned her back; creditors pursued, and at last—only a month ago, says our authority—he sought refuge in the very convent where he had passed his early years. Abjuring his heresies and his faults, the worried ex-tenor re-entered the asylum he had quitted, and the Superior received him like a prodigal son or a strayed sheep returned to the fold. Arturo Gentile is dead, and Father Abraham has revived in his stead.

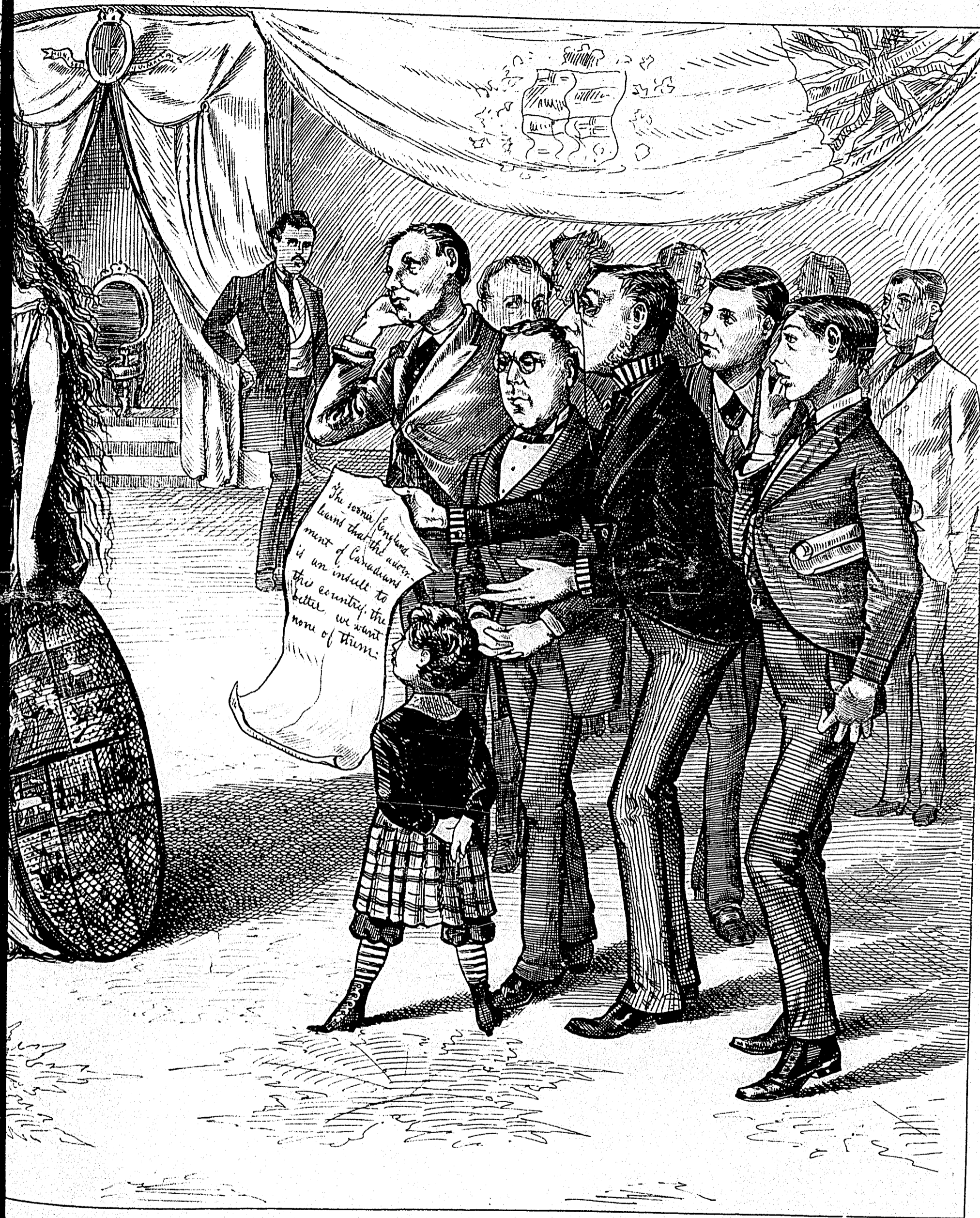
M. M. Erekmann-Chatrian.

A correspondent says of two well-known literary copartners: "If one were to judge from appearance, few men are more unlike each other than M. M. Erekmann-Chatrian. The latter is of medium height, he is very dark and his complexion rather swarthy. He looks more like a portrait of Vekusquez than like an Alsatian. Erekmann is his physical antithesis. He is a tall and rather bulky man, with a broad, full, and smiling face, and eyes sparkling with gaiety and joy behind their gold spectacles. His manners are supremely frank and hearty. M. Chatrian is cold, reserved, almost icy in his way; M. Erekmann is as expansive as possible. He may be seen occasionally in a certain *brasserie* of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. He is a joyful companion, a great beer drinker, and when he leaves the *brasserie* at night his table is covered with empty *chopes*, for his absorption of beer while smoking his large Dutch pipe recalls Tenier's 'Kermesses.' He is very gay, affable, and kind, and seems profoundly convinced that there is no greater happiness for a man who has worked hard during the day than to converse in the evening with old friends, smoking a large pipe and drinking numerous glasses of fresh Strasbourg beer. He is, in truth, just what the reader would imagine him to be from his works. This evening *far niente* in the *brasserie* is his only recreation; but the gravest events would hardly induce him to give it up when seven o'clock strikes. The writer of these lines remembers how, on first night of Erekmann-Chatrian's drama, 'Le Juif Polonais,' he found Erekmann sitting as usual in the *brasserie*. When asked the reason of his absence from the theatre on so important an occasion, Erekmann replied: 'Oh! Chatrian is there; and besides,' he added, smiling, 'I know the drama?'



CANADA. — *I am quite ready to hear your pretensions, young people. You say you object to Imp*

THE YOUTH



distinctions being bestowed upon Canadians, yet these are my great men. Can YOU replace them?

L ASPIRANTS.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

PETER BROWZER AS A TOMBSTONE AGENT.

By Dr. J. A. KEWAY.

Peter Browzer did an immense quantity of thinking. He sat by the fire in the morning, while his mother was making the pancakes for breakfast, his elbows resting on his knees, and his head upon his hands, and there he would think until roused up by his mother's gentle voice, floating across his meditations as follows:

"Pete, wake up, you stupid sleepy head. Pancakes is ready." Thereupon Peter would place himself before those pancakes and stop thinking. Peter never made a habit of thinking at meal-times. He was too busy. After his stomach had cried enough, he would go out to his work. As his parents were farmers by persuasion his pathway was directed towards the harvest field. Here he would think and work, and work and think, until his head became dizzy, and a strange feeling of faintness came over his stomach. Then he would have to go and lie down under a tree and think until he felt better. He usually did not get much better until dinner-time, when he recovered for an hour or two, only to have a worse attack in the afternoon. He said he was subject to sunstroke, and there is little doubt that he was, though his father had another name for his complaint. The cause of all Peter's thinking was, that he was not satisfied with his manner of living. His high-toned mind longed for an opportunity to assert its superiority over ordinary intellects, and he yearned for the time when he should stand out prominently before men as a something great, but what he hardly knew himself. Long had he meditated over the subject, but in vain; the way before him was full of obstructions and beyond was darkness impenetrable. Finally, however, when his cup of discomfort was nearly full, a faint glimmer shone indistinctly before him, and as he gazed eagerly forward, it increased to a bright light, which illuminated the path he had chosen, and made it appear clear and beautiful. Peter obtained this mental light one day by looking over the advertisements in the newspaper. Here he found a firm offering splendid inducements to agents. "The business is a cheerful, highly respectable one, and one of the greatest importance to mankind. The work is light and the profits great. Enclose stamp for further particulars."

Peter read it and made up his mind to write immediately to the parties for the "further particulars" above mentioned. He did so, and in due course of time received an answer to the effect, that the "cheerful" business for which agents were required was in the tombstone line. The enclosed circular dilated so much upon the incalculable amount of good accomplished through the medium of the tombstone trade, if conducted on proper principles, that Peter resolved to accept an agency, and act as a species of missionary by pursuing the business upon the highest moral footing. He made arrangements to that effect, and having studied up the subject in detail for about two weeks, he started off on his first trip. The second day he was out he was fortunate enough to come across a bereaved parent, who gave him an order. Elated by his success, he marched into the hotel, where he intended staying over night, and greeted whomsoever came into his way with a patronizing smile in keeping with his lofty position as a reliever of man's woe.

In the evening a number of men came into the bar-room, so he concluded to mingle among the rustic throng a little, and endeavour to find out whether any one in the vicinity was suffering for lack of his services.

He approached a group of what appeared to him as the most respectable portion of the company present, and began to introduce himself and his occupation, when one of the men turned round and interrupted him by saying, "Oh, yas, I see you're one of them fellers that peddles gravestones."

"Ah—hum—Yes. My vocation is that glorious one which has for its object the lessening of human sufferings, by perpetuating in imperishable marble the virtues of near and dear friends, who have been swept away to the silent tomb by the relentless hand of the destroying angel."

"Hold on, Mister, that'll do for one dose. I'm afraid I can't stand any more."

"I say, Tom," spoke out another man, "it's a good job this man's come, for you know Abe Kerr has lost his woman, an' I'll bet he'd take one to remember her by."

"That's a fact," said the other, "you jest go for him, Mr. Gravestones. It's your best chance."

Peter took out his note-book, and set down Mr. Kerr's name and place of residence, and then retired to his room to post himself for the undertaking. He studied up all the epitaphs that he had with him and which he thought might have any bearing on the case in point, and finally went to bed at midnight feeling proudly conscious that he was prepared for his duties.

The next morning, Peter found himself in full view of Mr. Kerr's place of abode. The appearance of things was not very prepossessing, but he accounted for the loose state of affairs by concluding that the man was so overcome by the loss of his wife that he had allowed the house and surroundings to go into mourning also. Here, thought he, is a magnificent opportunity afforded of bringing sympathy to a wounded spirit. Fired with this noble idea, he tied his horse to the fence, climbed up the hill through the mud, and knocked at the door of the dilapidated looking log mansion.

After going through a series of knocks, which increased in force as he progressed, a little girl with a face adorned in a very fantastic manner by streaks of molasses peeped through a broken pane of glass in the window and in an excited manner demanded why he was trying to break their door down.

"Oh, my child, I only wish to see your papa, is he in?" "Well, you're a queer'un. If you wants to see dad, why don't you go round to the barn and see him, and not stand there tryin' to knock the house down."

After delivering these remarks the molasses-covered countenance was withdrawn from sight.

Peter concluded to take her advice, and started off to find the barn. He found Mr. Kerr's lap dog, however, before he found the barn; the dog also found him.

This dog, one of the turn-up-nosed variety, had heard the noise at the house, and was on his way up to see what was going on when he met Peter. He immediately took part with

Peter in an extraordinary species of dance, before which Highland flings, Irish jigs, &c., sank into insignificance. Both Peter and the dog furnished the music, while a huge individual, with his shirt sleeves rolled up above his elbows and his pants in his boots, called off, that is to say, he called off his dog. This animal did not show any disposition to obey, however, until the man gave him a few kicks in the neighbourhood of his tail, when he walked away in a very discontented manner, licking his lips as he went.

Peter felt slightly relieved when he saw the dog disappearing behind a log building, which he supposed was the barn. He then became aware of the fact that there was a solution of continuity of considerable extent on one of his pant legs, while a sensation of a smarting nature, here and there, proved satisfactorily that the damage had extended deeper than the pants.

"He's not over fond of strangers, that dorg. He'd hev made sassage meat of you, if I hadn't come round."

The man grinned, when he said this, as if he thought it would have been a capital joke if he had.

As soon as Peter had sufficiently recovered his wind, he began to tell the man his errand.

"Having heard, sir, with feelings of deep regret concerning your recent painful bereavement, I concluded to wait upon you this morning and try, as far as it lay in my power, to alleviate the pain which must rend your breast whenever you are reminded of the lost partner of your joys and sorrows." When Peter began addressing the man in this sympathetic strain, that individual opened his eyes very wide, and his mouth still wider, while other symptoms of astonishment, too numerous to mention, gradually developed themselves.

"Look here, stranger, draw this thing mild, and tell a feller what you wants. If it's a fair deal, jest wade in."

"To be plain with you then, sir, I would beg leave to inform you that my mission is one of great importance to you. Your beloved wife is no longer near you. Never again will her voice and smile charm you when you return from your arduous toils at even fall. Her form has faded away from your sight and"—here the man began to assume an expression that startled Peter considerably—"but I fear, sir, that you do not understand me."

"No, I reckon not, but if you think anything of your hide you'll handle your tongue less lively."

"Ah," thought Peter, "poor man! in his ignorance he imagines I am tampering with his feelings. I must tell him my business distinctly, so that he may understand my motives."

"I am a tombstone agent, sir. Having learned that you had lost your wife, I concluded to call and see if I could sell you a tombstone. If I—"

Peter did not say any more, the other man thought it was his turn. How lively that man got! He just walked up to Peter, and put his big fist close to his nose, and spoke in tones that would have been distinctly audible had Peter been half a mile distant.

"Look here, you feller, if my wife did take a notion to clear out with another feller, I don't think it's any of your business. I'll let you know that Abe Kerr is not the man to be made fun on, in the way you're tryin' it." So saying he lauded his big fist on the bridge of Peter's devoted nasal appendage, with an emphasis sufficient to stand the poor fellow on his head in a remarkably short space of time. Then Mr. Kerr sent out one of his number 12 cowhides on a message of woe. Peter has but an indistinct recollection of what followed, but he has an impression that he reached the road by a series of remarkable jumps, and he also thinks those boots came very close to him several times as he journeyed along.

Mr. Kerr did not follow him over the fence but contented himself by throwing overgrown pebbles down the road, until he was out of reach, and Peter is willing to back him against all creation as a straight shot at all ranges. Peter did not think it worth while to try his hand at business again that day, but wended his mournful way homeward, and for a week or two evinced a great regard for salves and sticking plaster. He never went out as a tombstone agent again. Life in that particular line for him had no longer any charms. Years have passed since then, and he is now a staid, hard working farmer, happy and contented, but his recollection of the dog, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Kerr's boots, and the overgrown pebbles, is yet fresh and fadeeth not.

DONN PIATT ON NAST.

In a recent letter from London, Donn Piatt makes the following unbandsome remarks upon the great caricaturist: "It is believed at home that this distinguished caricaturist left for Europe last summer in search of good health. This is not correct. He went to London looking for employment. He might have secured an engagement, but, unfortunately for the little fellow, he carried with him certain specimens of his skill. The Englishmen could not appreciate his local political hits, and his illustrations of the 'Pickwick Papers,' done for the Harpers, quite disgusted the publishing Butts, and well they might. We were quite astonished when we saw them for the first time. The artist not only fails to understand his author, but while so doing vulgarizes the subject, and extracts all the humour to which we have been accustomed in the famous illustrations of Dickens. The English journalists and publishers listen to an American while he eulogizes Nast with a good-natured air of wonder that is easily read and is not complimentary. We must say that we are not particularly sorry. Nast has not only been running on a false reputation as an artist, but as an honest artist. No end of enthusiasm was worked up in his behalf while caricaturing the Tweed Ring that was crystallized by the report that he had been offered an immense sum by the culprits to abstain, and had proudly declined the bribe. And yet since then we have had the Credit Mobilier transaction—the most infamous fraud ever practised on a Government—and Nast not only fails the side of virtue, but gives his pencil to a shameless quasi-defence. Ben Butler, 'salary-grabber,' as the indignant people style him, marches by this virtuous attacker of public vice, with the President and a host of Congressmen, and all unharmed. He cannot see the infamies of the armed occupation of Louisiana by a corrupt Administration. He is blind, in a word, to every outrage save those pointed at and paid for by his partisans. And while the public sins of the day pass him unnoticed his mercenary pencil is bought up to libel the religious belief of the Catholic and the shortcomings of Poor Patrick. He sold himself, body and soul, to Republican partisans, and then permitted the fact to leak out that his purchasers had not paid him enough to secure his family from the poor-house. Take him altogether, there is not much in this nasty Gustave Doré of America of which we can be proud."

Chess.

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

INTRODUCTION.

CHESS IN NOTTINGHAM, ENG.—The annual meeting of this club was held on Friday, November 14, at the Mechanics' Institution, when upwards of 100 members and visitors attended to witness the proceedings. At six o'clock Mr. Blackburne commenced a number of simultaneous games, encountering all comers over the boards, sixteen of which were suitably arranged in the lecture hall. These sixteen boards were constantly engaged, for as soon as one of the combatants succumbed he was replaced by another. Twenty-seven games were thus played, of which three only were scored against the single player, being won by Messrs. Hamel, Marriot, and Mellor.

The following is the second game in the match of two games played by correspondence between D. J. Wallace, Belleville, and W. H. Ramsay, Cobourg, commencing October 3rd, 1872, and ending October 2nd, 1873.

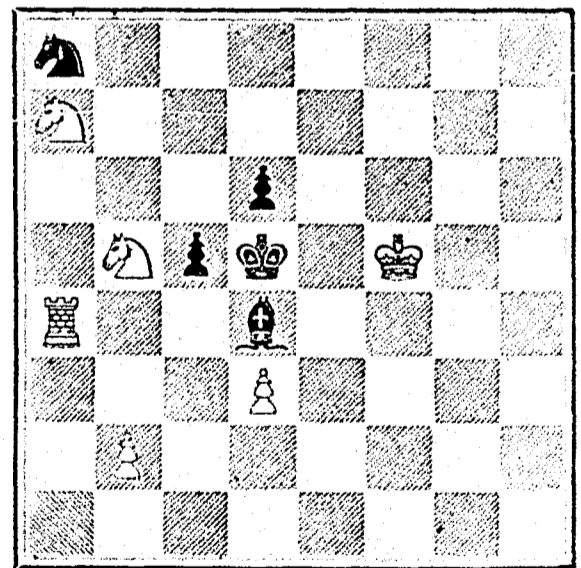
French Opening.

- White.—R. H. R. 1. P to K 4th 2. P to Q 4th 3. P takes P 4. B to Q 3rd 5. Kt to K B 3rd 6. B to K 3rd 7. Castles 8. Q Kt to Q 2nd 9. P to Q B 4th 10. B takes P 11. P to Q R 3rd 12. Q to B 2nd 13. Kt takes B 14. Kt to K 5th 15. B to R 2nd 16. P to Q Kt 4th 17. Q takes Q 18. P to R 3rd 19. B to Q 2nd 20. K R to K 1st 21. Kt to Q 7th 22. Kt to B 5th 23. Kt to K 4th 24. Kt takes K 25. P to K Kt 4th 26. K to Kt 2nd 27. Q R to Q 1st 28. B to Kt 1st 29. K to Kt 3rd 30. R to K 4th 31. P to B 3rd 32. Q R to K 1st 33. P takes R 34. B to R 2nd ch 35. B to Kt 1st 36. P to Q 5th 37. B to K 3rd 38. P takes P 39. B to Q B 5th 40. P to Q 5th 41. B to K B 5th 42. R to Q 1st 43. B to K 3rd 44. B to Q Kt 5th 45. B to B 7th 46. R to K 1st 47. R to K 3rd 48. K to R 2nd 49. R to K 4th 50. B takes Kt ch 51. P takes R 52. R to K 1st 53. R to Q B 1st 54. R to B 7th ch 55. R to Q R 7th 56. R takes P 57. P takes P 58. R to Q Kt 6th 59. P takes P ch 60. R to Kt 6th ch 61. R to Kt 2nd 62. R to Kt 5th ch 63. R to Q B 5th
- Black.—Mr. D. J. W. 1. P to K 3rd 2. P to Q 4th 3. P takes P 4. Kt to K B 3rd 5. B to Q 3rd 6. Castles 7. B to K Kt 5th 8. P to K R 3rd 9. P takes P 10. Kt to Q B 2nd 11. P to Q R 3rd 12. B takes Kt 13. Kt to K 2nd 14. P to Q Kt 4th 15. Q to B 4th 16. Q to B 4th 17. Kt takes Q 18. Kt to K 2nd 19. K Kt to Q 4th 20. K to R 2nd 21. K R to Q 1st 22. R to R 2nd 23. P to Q B 3rd 24. R takes Kt 25. P to K Kt 4th 26. K to Q B 27. Kt to K Kt 3rd 28. Kt from Q 4th to B 5th ch 29. P to K B 3rd 30. R to K 3rd 31. Q R to K 2nd 32. R takes R 33. K to B 2nd 34. K to B 1st 35. R to K 3rd 36. R to Q 3rd 37. P takes P 38. K to B 2nd 39. R to Q 1st 40. Kt to K 4th 41. Kt to K 3rd 42. Kt to Q 2nd 43. Kt to K 4th 44. R to Q 2nd 45. Kt to Kt 3rd 46. Kt from Kt 3rd to B 5th ch 47. P to K R 4th 48. P to R 5th 49. R takes B 50. Kt takes B 51. Kt takes P 52. Kt to K 3rd 53. Kt to Q 5th 54. K to K 3rd 55. K to K 4th 56. P to B 4th 57. K takes P 58. P to Kt 5th 59. K takes P 60. K to B 4th 61. K to K 4th 62. K to B 5th 63. Resigns.

PROBLEM No. 110.

By Alpha, Whitby, Ont.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 108.

- White. 1. B to K Kt 8th 2. Q takes R ch 3. B takes P mate.
- Black. 1. P takes Kt 2. K takes Q
- White. 1. R takes Q 2. K moves
- Black. 1. Kt to K 3rd 2. K to Q 4th
- White. 1. Kt to K 3rd 2. K to Q 3rd
- Black. 1. R takes B 2. K moves
- White. 1. R to K B 3rd &c. 2. Any move.

Our Illustrations.

The Exile of Siberia represents a scene of pathos often enacted in the vicissitudes of Russian history, especially in the old days when Poland still struggled for her independence. The devotion of the beautiful daughter, subjecting herself to all the hardships of a boreal winter, in order to obtain the release of her aged father recalls one of the most magnificent episodes in Lamotte's great novel.

The steamship "Ville du Havre" was not a new vessel, but the old Napoleon III lengthened and altered. She was originally built in London in 1866. Early in the autumn of 1872 she was withdrawn from the line for the purpose of being lengthened and improved. Her length was increased 63 feet, making in all on deck 423 feet 6 inches. Upon her arrival at New York, after being lengthened, May 18, this year, she was surveyed by the Underwriters' engineer, and reported "Class three A1," and security and provision against fire "good." The accommodations of the last steamship were of the most elegant description. The staterooms were of unusual size, and furnished in an elaborate manner. They were below the main saloon, leaving the latter apartment the entire width of the vessel. This saloon, nearly 60 feet in length, was furnished and decorated in a manner altogether unequalled by that of any other steamer afloat. All that costly woods, rare marbles, elaborate carvings, tasteful gilding, immense mirrors, brilliant chandeliers, rich carpeting, and luxurious upholstery could afford in the way of regal splendour was here combined in one gorgeous concentration of magnificence. A noticeable feature in this saloon was a splendid library, containing an assortment of well selected works. Further forward were the ladies' boudoir, reading and smoking rooms, bathrooms, bar, &c. The officers' quarters were spacious, and the crew had more than usually comfortable accommodations. The value of the "Ville du Havre" was \$1,500,000.

The Emery Colliery, of which we give a representation on another page, is one of four already in successful operation, recently purchased by the "Cape Breton Company," a powerful corporation of British capitalists who have for their objects the development on a gigantic scale of the mineral wealth of that valuable island, the construction of the Louisbourg and other lines of railways and possibly the extensive manufacture of iron of which immense deposits have been proven to exist within a short distance of the Company's coal properties. The Emery Mine, now only a twelve month old has been rapidly and successfully developed under the direction of F. N. Gilborne, Esq., and his assistant Albert J. Hill, Esq., C. E., and will be in a position the coming season to ship 100,000 tons of coal of a quality unsurpassed by any on the Island.

The Golden Horn of Stamboul is one of the glories of the world. The old bridge, which figures in our illustrations, is a passage always covered with persons of every nationality, Turks, Persians, Arabians, Jews, Franks. All kinds of wares and fruits are sold here. Travellers in the East resort thither to study human nature in many of its most grotesque phases.

The Hon. James Leslie, Dean of the Senate, died at his residence in Parthenais street, Montreal, on the 6th inst. The deceased was in his eighty-eighth year, being born Sept. 4th, 1786. He was a son of Capt. James Leslie, 15th Regt. of Foot, who was Assistant Quarter Master General to the army of General Wolfe at the capture of Quebec. He was born at Kair, Kincairdine, and educated at Aberdeen. For many years he was engaged in business as a merchant at Montreal. He was a member of the Executive Council of Canada, and President of that body in 1845. At a later date he held the office of Provincial Secretary and Registrar. From 1821 until the Union of the Provinces in 1840, he represented the East Ward of Montreal in the Lower Canadian Assembly, and he afterwards sat for Vercheres from 1841 to 1848, when he was summoned to the Legislative Council. After Confederation he was called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation. The deceased was a Conservative in politics.

A Winter Morning is a quiet picture suggestive of comfort and repose in the country, amid the hardships and rigour of the cold season. It is remarkable that winter pictorial scenes generally have a character of quietude, in obedience to the great artistic law of contrasts.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The Hon. J. W. Johnston, late Judge in Equity of Nova Scotia, died at Cheltenham, England, on the 11th inst. A Liberal Conservative Young Men's Association has been formed in Toronto.

UNITED STATES.—Prof. Agassiz died on Sunday night. The Rev. Dr. Cheney has accepted the office of Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

UNITED KINGDOM.—A heavy fog prevailed in London during three days of last week. Several fatal accidents occurred. England has asked France to co-operate with her in instituting an investigation of the "Ville du Havre" disaster, offering to pay all expenses of witnesses. France cordially accepts, and promises the investigation shall be searching and complete. It is now said that the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the daughter of the Czar has been postponed until February.

A special to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, as Baron Reuter did not begin the works of internal improvement in Persia within the time fixed upon, the Shah declared the convention void. The Baron denies that he has failed in his portion of the contract, and states that that the convention has been declared void solely on account of his refusal to accede to certain arbitrary demands.

FRANCE.—Bazaine's sentence has been commuted to degradation, without the attendant ceremony, and twenty years' seclusion on the island of Ste. Marguerite, off Cannes.

GERMANY.—A Berlin despatch says the commander of one of the German vessels seized by a Spanish man-of-war in the Soloo Archipelago and carried to Manila, writes home that himself and crew were sent to prison and kept there two months, during which time they received very harsh treatment at the hands of the Spanish officials. Public feeling in Germany is much excited over the seizure of the vessels, and the fullest satisfaction for insult to the German flag is demanded.

SPAIN.—The bombardment of Cartagena has been temporarily suspended.

RUSSIA.—The Czar has ordered the Grand Duke Alexis on another journey around the world. The Grand Duke will set out on his tour next spring.

AFRICA.—Sir Garnet Wolseley has been laid up with the fever. Disturbances have occurred near Natal. A band of natives having been committing many excesses the volunteers have been called out and sent against them.

CUBA.—The "Virginius," and the surviving prisoners have been sent to Bahía Honda, where it is expected they will be handed over to the American authorities.

Art and Literature.

Taine is a candidate for a seat in the French Academy.

Carlyle is writing a pamphlet on the relations of the Emperor Wilhelm and Plus IX.

Richard II. Stoddard is bringing the Female Poets of America down to the present time.

George Augustus Sala is to go to Russia to write up the royal marriage for a London paper.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, the author of "Happy Thoughts," is going to give readings from his works in London.

William Black is the fashion now in London. His last novel "The of Princess Thule," has a great run there.

Miss Savita Brady, of Washington, has given up a position in the Treasury to accept a place on the editorial staff of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

The Lowell Institute was inaugurated the last day of 1839 by an address delivered by Edward Everett, who predicted the value of the institution and foretold its popularity.

Lives of the late American Chief-Justice Chase and Professor Morse, the telegraphist, are announced in New York. General Joe Johnston is publishing a work upon the civil war.

Professor McCandless testifies against the agricultural department of Cornell University. He says the students don't care for farm stock and the farm don't pay the expense of carrying it on.

A new story from the pen of Sir Arthur Helps is in the press. It is concerned with Russian conspiracies, and gives an account of the economics of Siberia, to which his chief characters are transported.

A committee, including the Right Hon. G. W. Hunt, M. P., Lady Sarah Spencer, Lady Gunning, and Lady Knightley, has just been formed in Northamptonshire to promote the higher education of women in that county.

A letter from Toulouse states that the sculptor Falgulères has finished the group which is to be presented by that town to Switzerland, as a mark of gratitude for the care lavished during the war on the soldiers of the Haute-Garonne.

A company has been formed called "The Protestant Newspaper Company, limited," for the purpose of starting a newspaper in Manchester, the object being to have in Lancashire an organ to uphold Evangelical principles in opposition to Ritualism. The *Manchester Protestant Standard* is to be the title of the new journal.

A new volume of sermons by the Archbishop of Westminster, entitled, "Sin and its Consequences," is in the press, and will be ready very shortly. The publishers are Messrs. Burns & Oates. The same firm are about to issue an English translation, by Mr. C. F. Audley, of Montalembert's "Letters to a School-fellow."

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been graciously pleased to transmit, through General Sir William Knollys, K. C.B., a donation of twenty-five guineas to the secretary of the Newspaper Press Fund, for the purposes of the society, accompanied by the expression of his good-will towards the institution, and of the interest his Royal Highness takes in the success of the Newspaper Press Fund.

Music and the Drama.

"The Geneva Cross" is a great success in Boston.

Salvini is to have "Metamora" translated into Italian.

Miss Kellogg has appeared as *Lucia* and *Martha* in Chicago.

Blind Tom has been giving a series of concerts at Steinway Hall.

Mrs. James A. Oates succeeded well at the Providence Opera House.

Clara Ziegler, the German actress, is not dead, as has been reported.

Vieuxtemps is recovering from an attack of paralysis of his left arm.

Mr. Arthur Cheney, of Boston, is in negotiation for a site for a new Globe Theatre.

Julia in the "Hunchback" is to be given in Cincinnati by Miss Nelson shortly.

"Signor Giulio Perkin" (Mr. Perkins) has created a favorable impression in Liverpool.

Dr. Hans von Bulow, the celebrated pianist, has made his first appearance in Liverpool.

Miss Augusta Dargon lately played in a piece called "Unmasked" in Philadelphia.

The three finest contraltos of the day are American women Miss Phillips, Miss Cary, and Miss Sterling.

Joe Jefferson is said to expend as much as \$10,000 annually in providing for his connections and professional friends.

A new comedy, the joint work of the late Tom Robertson and Mr. Albery, is to be produced at the Royalty Theatre, London.

The chief success at Charles Reade's theatre, London, has been achieved by Mrs. John Wood, the wife of Stephen Fiske, of the *Hornet*, in the part of *Phyllipa*.

After thirty evening performances and ten matinees, the Strakosch management closed operations on the 6th at the Academy of Music, N. Y., until February next.

The London Philharmonic and the Galety are both playing the "Fille de Madame Angot," and the Albani are doing the "Belle Hélène," with Kate Santley for its prima donna.

M. Louis Raphael Bischoffshelm, the banker, to whom the erection of the Athénée was due, has just died in Paris. M. Bischoffshelm was the father-in-law of the composer, Jules Beer, a nephew of Meyerbeer's.

"New Year's Eve; or, False Shame," the piece which was in progress of representation at the time of the fire which destroyed the first Fifth Avenue Theatre, was presented at the new house in Twenty-eighth street, N. Y., last week.

The *Choir* states that, under the title, "L'Envers du Théâtre," M. Jules Moynet, a distinguished scenic painter, has published a book giving a curious account of the interior of theatres. An account is also given of the expense of placing certain operas upon the stage. "Robert le Diable" cost 45,545f.; "Nathalie," 20,076f.; "La Juive," 45,000f.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh has appointed Thursday, December 18, to lay the first stone of the National Training School for Music. The building will be on the west side of the Albert Hall. The Society of Arts, which has been mainly instrumental in promoting the establishment of the school, intends to celebrate the occasion by holding a *conversazione* and concert during the evening of that day in the Albert Hall.

Scraps.

There are twelve thousand Good Templars in the Province of Ontario.

The vells of the Parisians are now ornamented with armorial bearings.

A society has been formed in London for the protection of the public against the police.

President and Madame MacMahon have contributed 5,000 francs to the "Ville du Havre" survivors' fund.

A rich Bostonian, of ritualistic proclivities proposes to build an Episcopal church, in that city, costing \$500,000.

Dr. Dollinger has been presented by the Emperor of Germany with the order and star of the Red Eagle of the Second Class.

Eleven cardinals are to be created and four nuncios appointed in the consistory which is to be held at Rome on the 22nd inst.

The Comte de Waldeck sent a bouquet to the ex-Empress Eugenie on her birthday, with a note saying that his age was 109 years old.

New York has a milk bath establishment which is patronized chiefly by ladies, who think the bath improves their health and complexions. Cost of a dip five dollars.

The widows of Capt. Jack, recently deceased, have laid aside their garb of mourning and arrayed themselves in red and orange flannel and number 9 cavalry boots.

England exports to America foreign-made toys to the value of over £15,100, while for the amusement of her own children, England pays over £200,000 to her Continental neighbors.

They have a *luxus naturæ* at Port Hawkesbury, C. B., in the shape of a child three years old, that has never eaten anything except a spoonful of milk every three hours during its lifetime.

"Home, Sweet Home," was written by John Howard Payne, an actor and dramatist, when he was near starving in an attic in Paris, and produced in the opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan."

A California showman is wandering around the country illustrating the execution of the Modocs captives by means of puppets. The agony of the hanging is worked up in a most skillful manner.

According to *The Philadelphia Press*, the Cambria County Scientific Institute gravely inquires whether "you was" is allowable, and whether punctuation should be taught in the common schools?

The Montana papers are terribly scandalized because an American saw fit to marry a Chinese woman. If he had killed her instead, drinks all around for the judge and jury would have made it all right.

Statistics show that the larger part of crimes committed by men is committed by young persons between twenty and thirty years old, and of the crimes committed by females, the greater share is committed by persons between thirty and forty years of age.

The boy O'Connor who threatened the Queen with an unloaded pistol a year or two ago is now a clerk in a merchant's office in Australia. He has written the Queen three letters in verse, which he says he regard as infinitely better than anything the Laureate ever wrote.

It is suggested in an English journal that balloons would be of inestimable value in the Ashantee war, not only because by means of them the movements of the enemy would be easily discovered, but the balloon itself would doubtless be an object of superstitious dread to the savages.

A society has been formed in Belgium for collecting all waste paper, and selling it for the benefit of the Pope. The society has appealed to the possessors of all "bad books, such as the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Volney, and other detestable authors," to hand them over as waste paper.

A company of British iron-masters has just purchased about twenty square miles of land in Auckland, New Zealand, which includes 8700 acres of coal and ironstone. It is calculated that this field contains about 126,000,000 tons of coal, and the iron ore is reported to yield on an average fifty per cent of fine iron.

Some samples of a lady's hat, of American invention, have been received in Germany from Paris, which have the quality of producing blushes at will. They are furnished with invisible springs, which, when the wearer bows or moves her head in a certain manner, stimulate the arteries on each temple, and cause a rush of blood to the cheeks.

The word Mizaph is frequently used on engagement rings, and means literally a sentinel, or that waits for. It is first used in Genesis xxxi., wherein a covenant is made between Jacob and his father-in-law Laban, and they made a heap of stone as a witness to it, which they called Mizaph, Laban saying, "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

A firm of granite sculptors at Aberdeen have just completed, to the order of the Queen, an elegant sarcophagus for the remains of the late Napoleon III. The work was forwarded on Thursday from Aberdeen to Chislehurst by rail. The stone used is red Peterhead granite, and the design of the memorial is exactly like that made for the last resting-place of her Majesty's mother, the Duchess of Kent.

Fun.

A Burlington, Iowa, man bought a light axe because his wife was sick, and couldn't chop very well with a heavy one.

Since the new-fangled buckles came in vogue, it is extraordinary how door-plates in the rural districts have disappeared.

A physician writes, asking the renewal of a note, and says: "We are in a horrible crisis; there is not a sick man in the district."

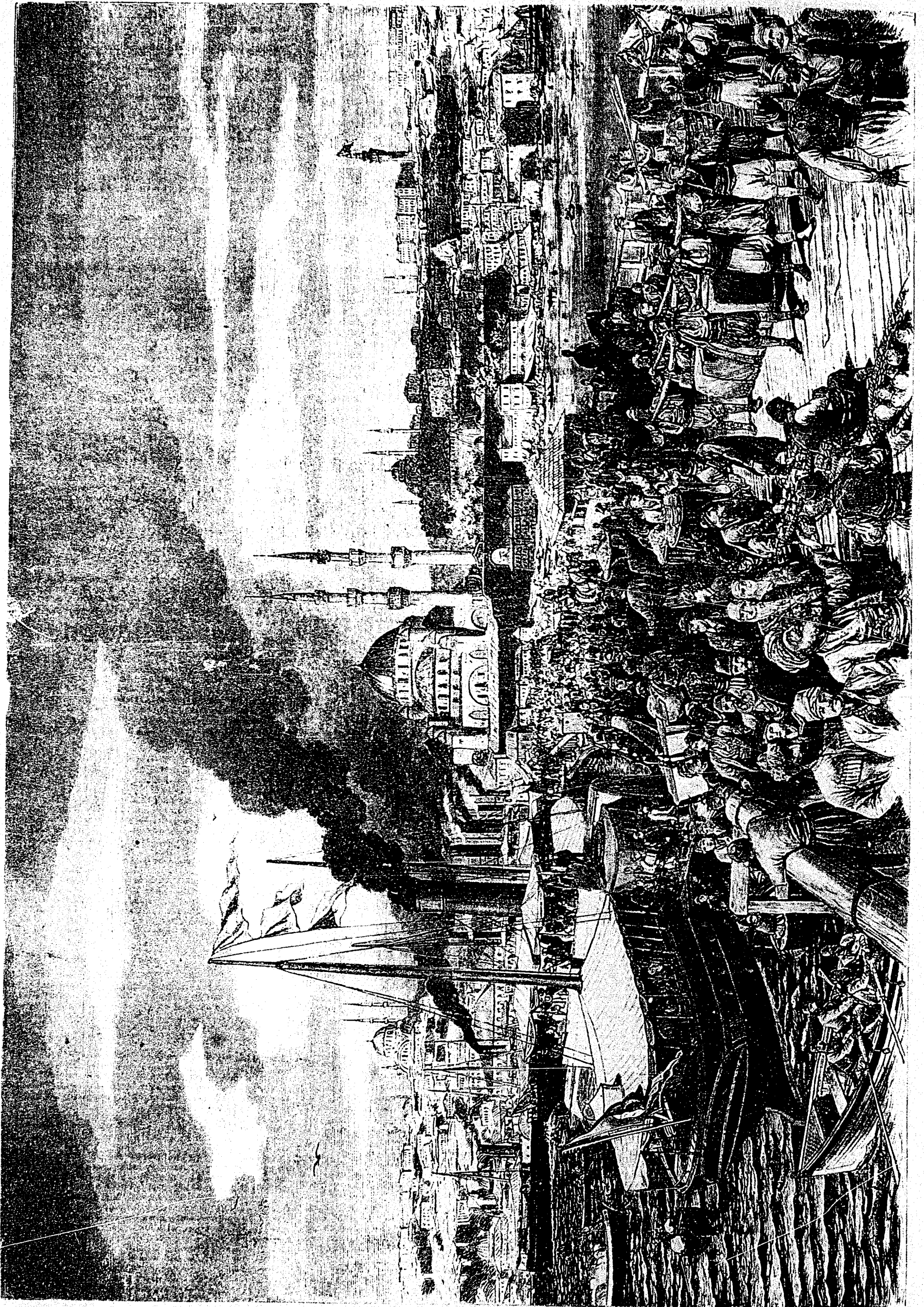
An Arkansas obituary notice: "J. P.—, of Helena, on Monday, 3rd inst., aged fourteen years. His last words were: 'I didn't know it was loaded.'"

"Our fellow-townsmen John Knox went galloping out of Centerville on a pile horse last night," is the gist of a feeling obituary notice in a Louisiana paper.

A Rochester editor went hunting the other day for the first time in twenty-two years, and he was lucky enough to bring down an old farmer by a shot in the leg. The distance was sixty-six yards.

A bunch of shingles fell from a waggon on the Troy ferry-boat recently, and struck fairly upon the head of a coloured woman, who said, "Y' oughter b' shame to muss a culud woman's hat dat way. I wish de shingles fell ovah board."

A Missouri person, who recently undertook to commit suicide, deserves credit for the thoughtful care of the comfort of others which he manifested. Most men about to cut their throats select a friend's room, with a nice carpet, as the proper place to perform the bloody act. Not so the thoughtful Missourian. He took his razor and waded out into a river, in order that he might cut his throat with a due regard to cleanliness and without inconvenience to sorrowing friends. Unfortunately he dropped his razor, and, after wading back to purchase another, decided that he would postpone the matter until the water should have grown warmer. His example in selecting the middle of a river for the comfortable cutting of his throat should, however, commend itself to other suicides, and in that hope we give it the publicity of our columns.





CORMORANTS' NESTS, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

In a dusty dark chamber
We store up in mind,
What, when we remember,
But worthless we find.

The joys of a season,
The loves of a day,
The tears and the treason
Long since passed away.

Now mingled together,
A melody they lie;
Not one worth a feather,
Not one worth a sigh.

Did Lillian prove sickle,
Why Love, too, proved blind;
And all 'neath Time's sickle
Prove finite we find.

Of yore though the days were
In youth's early prime,
As sweet as the lays were
When love gave the rhyme;

Yet hope in the morning
Was a false light to lure
Us on to the scorning
Of all that is sure;

And past days of pleasure,
And nights of much pain,
Seem now but the measure
Of time spent in vain.

Then hide them, forget them,
Ner think them again;
Though we may not regret them,
There's death in the strain.

Let an ever-closed chamber
Conceal in the mind
What, when we remember,
But worthless we find.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER XXX.

A BITTER BLOW.

Edmund Standen had been nearly three weeks in Demerara, and had conducted the greater part of the business that was required to be done in the settlement of the late Mr. Sargent's affairs, when the English mail brought him Sylvia's letter—the letter of renunciation.

He sat for some minutes after he had finished reading it, stupefied, powerless even to wonder. It seemed like a bad dream. That she, Sylvia Carew, who had laid her head upon his breast in that fond farewell, and vowed eternal fidelity, that she could thus deliberately renounce him, seemed a thing impossible of belief.

He read the letter slowly, thoughtfully, his senses coming back to him by degrees. No, it was not a jest, not a sportive girl's playful trifling with her lover. It had been written in sober earnest. It was a thoughtful, deliberate letter—logical even,—and demonstrating the reasons for the writer's decision.

"She has grown very wise," he said to himself, bitterly, and then read the letter for a third time.

Love had such potent dominion over him that he could not long feel bitterly towards the writer of that miserable letter. The third perusal let in a new light upon the lines. This foolish epistle, which had given him so keen a pang, was but a proof of his darling's unselfishness,—it showed him the noble mind of her he loved. For his own sake, out of concern for his welfare, she renounced him.

She preferred to remain in her obscure position, to endure her joyless life, rather than to accept the chances of his future; simply because she would not have him forfeit fortune for her sake. The letter breathed regretful love; her heart overflowed with tenderness for the man whose affection she renounced.

"Foolish child," murmured Edmund, with a fond smile, "more than foolish to think I would sacrifice her love for anything fortune can bestow. How could she have wavered so soon, after our mutual vows of fidelity, when she knew that there was nothing but hopefulness in my mind. Can my mother have influenced her to write this letter? It looks rather like it. But, no, that's not possible. My mother could not be guilty of a dishonourable action. She promised to be kind to my darling while I was away. She would never take advantage of my absence to persuade Sylvia to renounce me."

Whatever influence might have caused the writing of that letter, Mr. Standen had but one thought after receiving it, and that was an eager desire to get back to England as soon as it was practicable for him to return there. He hurriedly completed the remainder of the business in hand, doing it well, though hastily. He persuaded Mrs. Sargent that for her own health and her children's an immediate departure was advisable, and prevailed upon the stricken widow to make herself and belongings ready to start by the next inter-colonial steamer to St. Thomas. Poor Mrs. Sargent obeyed her brother willingly enough. Had he not come to her as a protecting angel in the hour of her bitterest need? She was glad to leave the scenes where all her happiness was associated with the dead. The little black-frocked children were rejoiced to go to England in the big steamer, and talked rapturously of seeing grandmamma, whom the eldest could just remember. Edmund dilated on the delights of the Dean House gardens, and the English fruits and flowers, which were so different from the guava, tamarinds, plantains, and pine apples familiar to these small colonists.

The duty of consoling his sister and amusing her children kept Edmund Standen too constantly engaged for much in-

dulgence in morbid thoughts. The widowed voyager was ill and broken spirited, and her brother had hard work to cheer her were it ever so little. The small nephew and nieces were exacting. Edmund had actually no time for gloomy forebodings, which are generally the growth of leisure. He grew to think of the letter quite lightly. "Dear foolish Sylvia, how could she suppose I would give her up?" he said to himself.

Although duty kept him closely employed it could not altogether stifle impatience, and the voyage seemed longer than it would have appeared to a contented mind. He so longed to see his darling again, to gaze once more into the darkly luminous eyes and read there the tender denial of that foolish letter. When at last the steam wheels turned gaily in English waters, and the pretty Wight, glorious in autumnal verdure, stole up out of the blue, his heart beat loud with joy. Southampton, common place enough to the common traveller, to the lover seemed a fairy city, whose pavements were golden.

Mr. Standen allowed the widow and orphans but one night's rest at the Dolphin, ere he whisked them off to Monkhampton by the South-Western Railway. It was a long day's journey, with some changing of trains, and much delay at the junctions where they changed, and again uncle Edmund was fully employed by the claims of the widow and the small children. He was tired when they arrived at Monkhampton, where his mother's roomy landau and a cart for the luggage were in attendance. Edmund felt somewhat surprised that neither Mrs. Standen nor Esther had come to meet the travellers.

It was late in October, and even in this genial climate, autumn's decaying touch had made havoc. The woods were lovely with that glowing splendour which is the forerunner of death. The bare fields and busy plough spoke of seed time and winter. The carriage wheels went silently over fallen leaves that lay deep in the unfrequented roads. How welcome was that simple beauty of English landscape to Edmund after the more lavish nature of South America.

He uttered that favourite exclamation of Englishmen. "After all, there is no place like dear old England." And England held Sylvia, that one loadstar of his soul.

Mrs. Sargent sighed plaintively. "How happy I should be to return if I were coming back with George," she murmured.

The children were gay enough, craning their young necks in all directions, straggling out of their nurse's arms, pointing to every dwelling they beheld, near or distant, and asking if that was grandmamma's house. Finding by degrees that a great many houses did not belong to grandmamma, they began to have a diminished idea of that lady's possessions.

But they came to Dean House at last: the staid, sober, old mansion, fronting the high road so boldly, and not pretending to be anything better than it was. There was the familiar iron gate, there the green tubs of scarlet geranium, still flourishing with luxuriant bloom. Edmund gave a little impatient sigh as he thought how much greeting he would have to go through, and how many maternal questions, fond and anxious, he would have to answer, before he could hurry off to Hedingham and clasp Sylvia to his breast. It would be night ere he crossed the old churchyard and opened the little gate into the school house garden, and saw the lighted windows of Sylvia's parlour. He could fancy the glad look of surprise when she opened the door in answer to his summons and saw him standing before her in the moonlight. Come back from the other side of the world, as it were; come back to claim her in spite of her letter.

The neat parlour-maid opened the glass door. The gardener and his underling came out to assist with the luggage; and while Edmund was lifting the children out of the carriage his mother appeared on the threshold with Esther Rochdale after side.

The first glance told Edmund that their faces were not cheerful. It was in honour of George Sargent, of course, that they put on those sombre looks.

"It's a pity they should look so doleful," thought Edmund. "I've had sadness enough from Ellen all the way from Demerara, and now they remind her of misfortunes instead of trying to make her forget them."

He kissed his mother, who received him with deepest tenderness. "My own brave son," she said. "Thank God for having brought you back to me."

"How is Sylvia," he asked eagerly. They were a little way apart from the widow, nurse, and children. The little ones were being kissed and welcomed by Esther Rochdale. She was delighted with these new claimants for her affection. The happy, loving nature overflowed in fond caresses, and pretty girlish talk.

"It does seem sweet to come to you," said poor Ellen, and then melted to tears at the thought that she came without that other half of her own being, the fondly loved husband.

Edmund repeated his impatient question. His mother was so slow to answer, but hung upon him with half-despairing fondness, as if he were going to be led off to execution in a minute or two.

"I don't know," faltered Mrs. Standen. "She is very well, I believe. I have not seen her lately. Come to your room, Edmund: you must be so tired. Change your dusty clothes, and come down to dinner. It has been ready for the last half-hour."

"You haven't seen her lately," repeated Edmund, ignoring Mrs. Standen's maternal solicitude. "You promised you would be kind to her, mother."

"Edmund," said Mrs. Standen, with that steady, resolute look which her son knew so well, "I will not say a word about Sylvia Carew till you have dined and rested a little."

"Then I shall go to Hedingham this moment," cried Edmund, snatching his hat from the slab where he had just now put it down.

"What, run away from your mother in the first hour of your return to her? I am sorry you have no better idea of a son's duty."

Edmund put his hat down again.

"You are too hard upon me, mother," he said, melted but yet reproachful. "You don't consider how my heart yearns for her. I have had but one letter from her during my absence, and that a letter calculated to make me uncomfortable. I am dying to see her. But if you wish it I'll dine first. Only you might gratify me by speaking of her. Tell me that she is well and happy. That will last till I have dined, and can get to the dear old school-house."

"I have every reason to believe that she is well and—prosperous."

"Meaning happy. That will do, mother. I see Sylvia will

be always a sore subject with you, and a bone of contention between us. But I must make the best of it. My affection for you shall not be diminished by your prejudice, nor my love for Sylvia lessened because you refuse to love her."

He went upstairs to his room, the fresh bright English room, with its English comforts. There was a fire burning in his dressing-room to welcome the voyager from a warmer climate. But this material luxury could not restore Edmund Standen's good temper. He flung himself into the arm-chair before the fire, and sat there in gloomy meditation instead of hastening to make his toilet for dinner.

"Domestic dissension!" he muttered, "how hard it is. Will my mother never reconcile herself to my choice? Will this sort of thing continue for the rest of our lives? It tempts me to think that my mother's influence was at the bottom of that wretched letter."

He went down stairs a quarter of an hour later, refreshed as to his external appearance, but by no means comfortable in his mind. The three ladies were already assembled in the dining-room, and Mrs. Sargent was looking almost bright, now that she was once more under the mother's wing. But Mrs. Standen and Esther both had a cloudy look. Except for their first greeting, Edmund and Esther had hardly spoken to each other once since his return. Miss Rochdale looked very small and slight, and insignificant in her black dress, and seemed anxious to avoid Edmund's notice.

The dinner progressed in the usual stately manner—that respectable stateliness and slowness which makes even a moderate dinner such a lengthy business. It would have been pleasant enough if there had been plenty of talk to fill the pauses in the service, but this was rather a silent party. Ellen and her mother talked a little, in confidential tones, chiefly about the lamented deceased, and the details of his fatal illness. Edmund, whom inclination would have kept silent, felt that for civility's sake he must talk to Esther.

"Anything stirring at Hedingham while I was away?" he asked. "Have you any news to tell me, Esther? You ought to have quite a budget after three months."

Miss Rochdale blushed, and looked down at her plate. "I don't think there's much to tell," she said, "Hedingham is always quiet, you know, Edmund."

"Yes, it's a dreadfully dead and alive place, no doubt, still in three months there must have been some remarkable events—cricket matches, football—"

"I really don't know anything about cricket or football."

"Dinner parties, births, deaths, marriages?"

At this last word Esther's blush deepened to such crimson that Edmund could but remark it.

"Come, there has been a wedding," he exclaimed, "and one that you are rather interested in, I should think, by the way you blush. What does it mean, Esther? Have you been getting married yourself, and kept the news to surprise me on my return?"

"No, Edmund. I am never going to marry. I've been making a solemn vow to that effect to the little ones upstairs. I'm going to be Aunt Esther all my life, and a nice old maiden aunt by-and-bye."

"Nice you must always be; but we shan't allow you to be always a spinster. My mother must have some of the propensities of her sex, superior-minded as she is. Now, you know, all women are matchmakers. When they've done with matrimonial schemes on their own account they begin to plot for some one else. I've no doubt my mother has her views about you."

Esther was silent, and looked even a little embarrassed by this mild badinage.

"Then there is positively no news in Hedingham?" said Edmund.

"None that you would care to hear."

Dinner was over at last, and the produce of the Dean House grape-ry duly praised—the largest bunches sent upstairs to the children by the fond grandmother. Edmund left the room with his mother, put his arm through hers, and led her towards the study, a snug little room where there were always candles ready to be lighted when anyone wanted to write a letter or find a book.

"Come in here, mother," said the young man, "I want to have a long talk. I suppose it's too late for me to go to the schoolhouse to-night, though I had set my heart upon seeing Sylvia before I went to bed. Our dinner is always such a long business."

He struck a match, lighted the tall candles in the massive old silver candlesticks, wheeled a comfortable chair forward for his mother, and then seated himself opposite her.

"Now mother," he said, "I've dined and rested, in obedience to your behest, and now tell me all about Sylvia."

"Edmund," faltered Mrs. Standen, looking at him with unspeakable tenderness, "I have something to tell you which will, I fear, make you very unhappy, yet it ought not to do so, if you can only be wise, and see the matter as I see it. You have had a most happy escape."

"What do you mean?" cried Edmund, with quickened breathing. "I don't understand a word you say."

"Sylvia Carew is married."

"Married?" he cried, looking at her in sheer amazement, and then he broke out into a laugh, singularly harsh of sound as compared with that genial laughter which was natural to him. "Come, mother, this is a joke, of course. Or you're trying me—you want to find out how I should take the loss of her, were it possible for me to lose her. But it isn't possible, except by death." Then, with an awful look he cried out, "She's not dead, is she? You said just now that she was well, but you may have been paltering with me in a double sense. The dead are well. For God's sake, speak," he cried violently, "is Sylvia dead?"

"No, she is well enough, as I told you when you asked about her; and she is what the world calls wonderfully fortunate. She is married to Sir Aubrey Perriam."

"Mother, do you want to drive me mad? Whose invention, whose lie, is this? Married to Sir Aubrey? Why she had never seen the man's face. I heard her say so the day before the school feast."

"True, but he saw her at the school feast, saw her and fell in love with her. They were married about five weeks after you left. A very quiet marriage. No one, except the Vicar and the people concerned, knew anything about it till it was over. It was a nine days' wonder. They came back to the place a fortnight ago. I have seen Lady Perriam driving about in her carriage."

"Lady Perriam," cried Edmund, with a still harsher laugh, "How well it sounds, doesn't it? I suppose it was for that she married a man who must be nearly old enough to be her

grandfather. Lady Porriam! No, it was her father forced her to marry him. I'll not believe that she was base. I know that she loved me. I felt the beating of her heart against my own in the moment of our parting—the heart that beat so strongly, and seemed all truth. I know that she loved me!

"She may have loved you in her own selfish way; but you she loved rank and wealth much better."

"It was no act of her own free will. She was goaded to it, forced to do it."

"She renounced you of her own free will, in less than a week after you left," answered Mrs. Standen; and then she told the story of her first and only visit to Sylvia Carew.

"Esther was present all the time; Esther heard all," she said in conclusion.

"Oh, I am not going to question the truth of your statements," returned Edmund, wearily. "She has married—that is enough. It matters very little by what degrees she arrived at that baseness. Enough to know that she lied to me; that when she looked up in my face with tearful eyes—those love-

ly eyes and swore to be true to the very last, she was capable of deceiving me; a fine house, a carriage, a high-sounding name, could tempt her away from me. Say even that her father persuaded her, threatened, tormented her, had she been loyal she would have borne the uttermost torment, she would have died under the torture, rather than broken her faith with me. The struggle would not have been for very long. She knew that I was coming back. A little courage, a little constancy and I should have been at her side to claim and hold her for my own against all the world.

The strong man was vanquished by the force of that stronger passion—and for the first time since his father's death, Edmund Standen wept bitter tears.

The mother flew to his side, knelt down by his chair, hung upon him fondly, trying to comfort him, with overflowing love.

"Edmund," she sobbed, "it is not my fault—you will not hate me because of this sorrow that has fallen upon you. Believe me, I did nothing to influence that false, wicked girl. I

went to her, prepared to take her to my heart—I promised to be generous to you by-and-bye, if she proved a good wife—I tried to conciliate her, but she was false to you in her heart at that very moment. She seized upon the shallowest pretext for jilting you. She is a base, designing creature, not worth a thought."

"Hush, mother," said the young man, with an almost solemn quietude. He had dashed aside those unmanly tears, and bore the sharp pains of this new sorrow like a martyr. "Hush, mother—not one word against her. Let her name be dead between us. Let it be more utterly dead than the names of those we have loved and lost. We speak of them sometimes. We will never speak of her."

His mother, wise even in her love, kissed his cold brow—damp with the anguish of this mental struggle—and left him alone with his sorrow. Whatever form his passion took, were it despair or anger, it was best that he should fight his battle alone.

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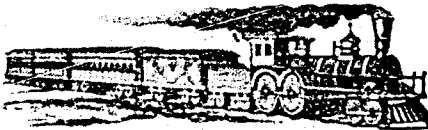
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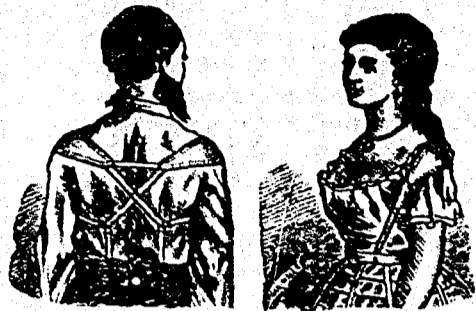
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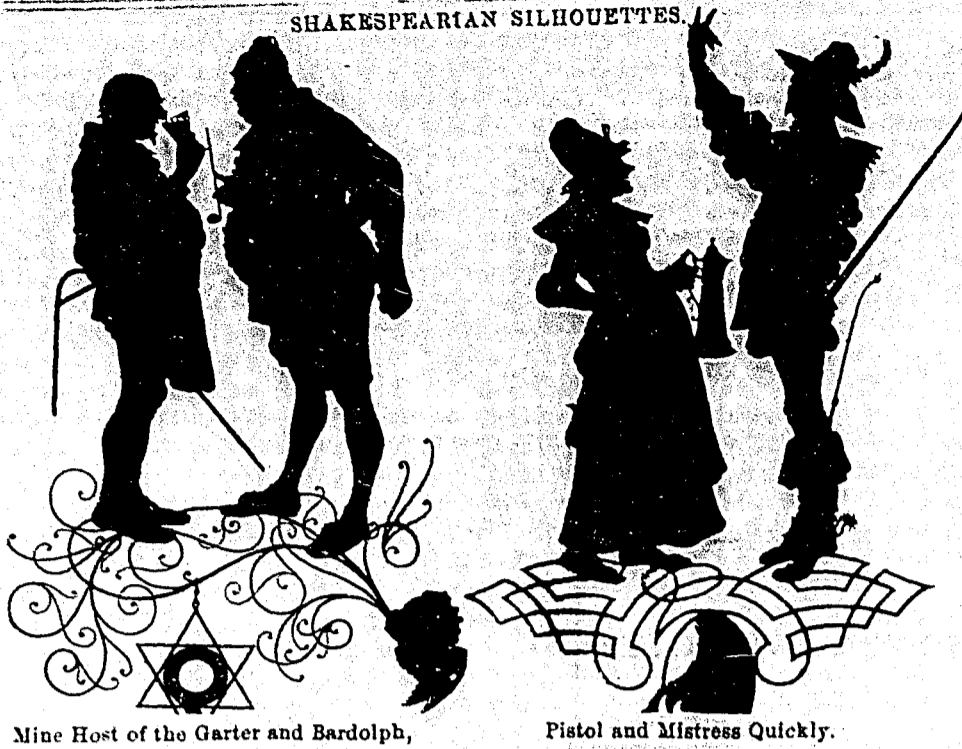


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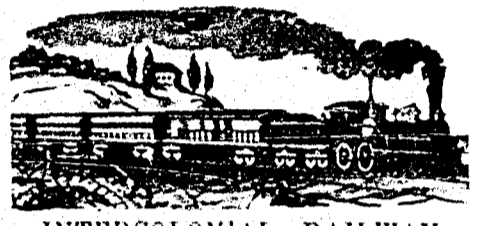
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