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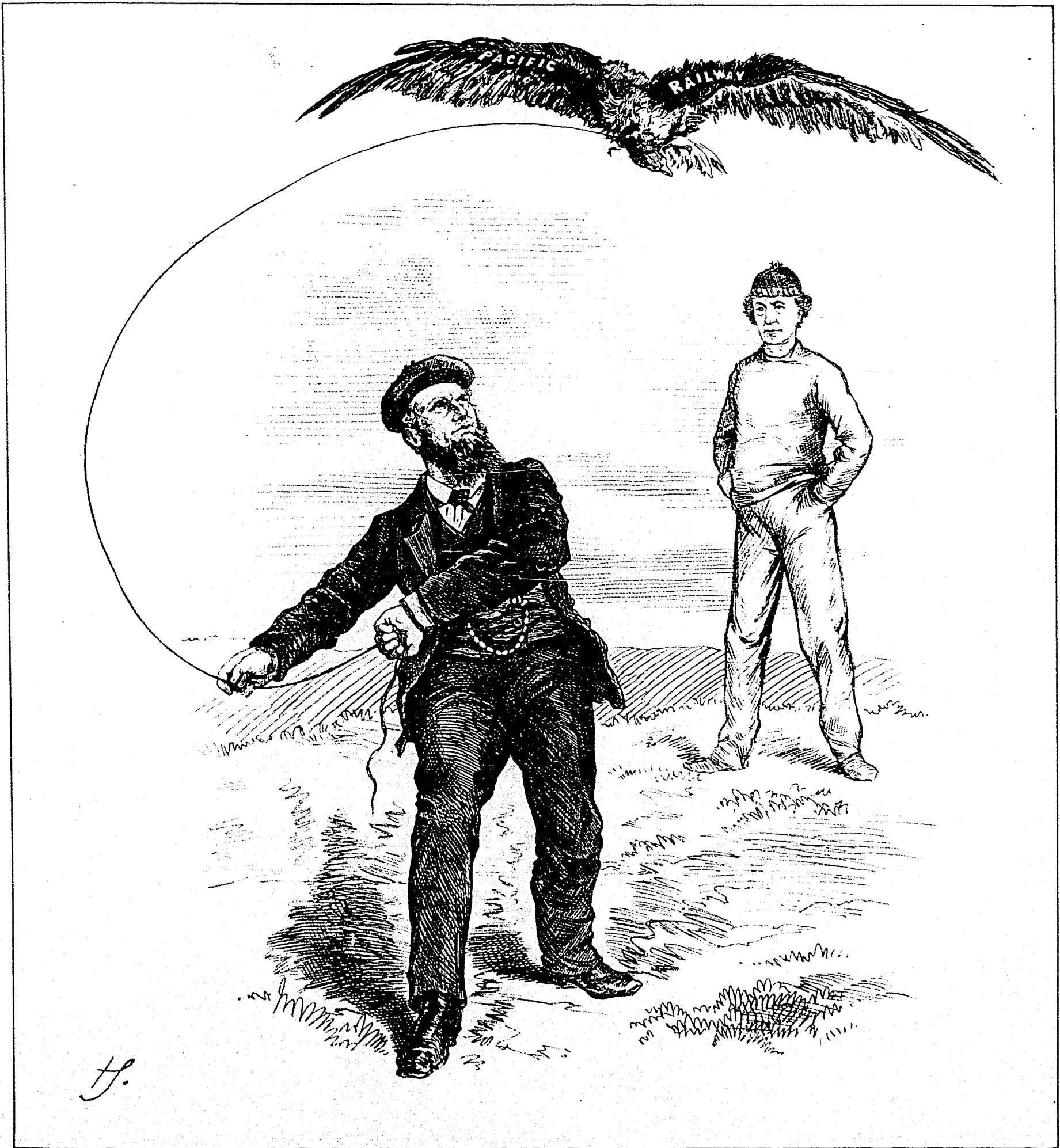
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Illustrated News

Vol. XIII.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1876.

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



PACIFIC RAILWAY FALCONRY.

JOHNNY MCK—D:—Yon's no the way to train a bird, mon. If ye dinna tak care he fly awa'.
SANDY MCK—E:—Indeed that's just what I'm wishing the noo.

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PUBLISHERS,—MONTREAL.

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In reply to several inquiries, we beg to give notice that our CHROMO is supplied only to those persons who have paid their full subscription and whose names are in our books. It would be impossible to furnish the CHROMO to all parties who buy the paper by the single number. Any person, however, who pays his subscription, in one amount, to a news dealer to be remitted by him to this office, will receive the CHROMO at once.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, Jan. 15th, 1876.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876.

ON THE OPENING OF A NEW YEAR we feel justified in calling upon the public in every part of the Dominion to aid us in making the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS second to no journal of its class in the world. We have accomplished much in the way of improvements, and we think we have fulfilled the promises we made twelve months ago. *But we feel that there still remains much to be done*, and we call upon our friends to assist us in doing it. This is the only illustrated newspaper in the Dominion. As such it has special claims upon the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect PICTORIALY and EDITORIALY the life, the sentiments, and the daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

Its principal features are:—

- 1st. The pictorial illustration of all leading Canadian events as they occur.
- 2nd. A complete gallery of all Canadian celebrities with biographies attached.
- 3rd. The reproduction of the finest works of art.
- 4th. A great variety of original and selected literary matter.
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- 6th. Special attractions for the home circle.

Every Canadian ought to be interested in the success and continued progress of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and should consider it his duty to encourage it to the extent of at least one year's subscription. None know better than ourselves how

much it can still be improved, and we warrant that if we receive the patronage which we solicit, no effort on our part will be left untried to introduce a number of the most desirable improvements. Let the public throughout the country come forward generously with their support and we guarantee to furnish them a paper which shall be a real credit to the Dominion. We will supply the material if our friends will only furnish the patronage. Our terms are very moderate:—

1st. FOUR DOLLARS in advance, including the postage paid by us.

2nd. To those who neglect paying in advance, FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged to cover postage and other expenses.

3rd. Clergymen, Professors, and School-teachers, THREE DOLLARS in advance.

PACIFIC RAILWAY FALCONRY

On our front page there will be found a cartoon representing the Premier of the Dominion taking lessons in falconry by flying a bird which is to dally with a gyrfalcon. The falcon himself is kept out of sight for obvious reasons. In the background stands the Leader of the Opposition who is an old hand at falconry, and who seems to enjoy the exhibition made by his rival. He warns him good humoredly that, unless he have a care, the bird will escape him altogether. The trainer replies as good naturedly that that is precisely what he would like to see accomplished.

This pleasant little sketch does not inaptly figure the present position of the Government in regard to the Pacific Railway. They are trying to carry on the scheme, but they foresee all manner of difficulties in the way, and would be delighted to see it go out of their hands altogether. If the road could be built, within the period specified by contract, they would be only too glad to construct it, and thus connect their name in the history of the country with an enterprise of such national magnitude and importance. But the appearances are that they do not believe in the feasibility of the project, and that they are gradually preparing the public mind to share their views.

The question is a vital one and must be maturely considered in all its phases before a definite conclusion is arrived at. Theoretically we are all in favor of the Pacific Railway. Our minds have been schooled to it for the last five years; our imaginations have been fired by it, and we have based many of our plans of future greatness on its realization. It has come to be considered a necessary bond of our Union, the ligament of our nationality. Our confederation was rounded off by it. British Columbia joined, and would join us, on no other terms. Manitoba was incorporated with the view of making it the first relay. It has been instrumental in increasing the volume of our immigration. Our agents abroad were instructed to put forward the Pacific Railway, as among our chief inducements, to settlers and pioneers. All these are facts and not one of them can be gainsaid. Furthermore, we have founded many of our pretensions upon it. Our name has gone forth as a rising, thriving people, our commerce has extended, our industry has multiplied and Canada has taken a sudden rise, not principally indeed, but in great measure, because of the Pacific Railway.

In view of all these facts, the very possibility of an abandonment of the Pacific Railway is a matter of the most serious moment. The people at large have not yet awakened to this possibility, but when they do we shall be mistaken if they do not manifest their astonishment and chagrin in effective terms. There is only one argument which will reconcile them to the abandonment, and that is the proof in black and white that the road cannot be built without enormous taxation, and the assumption of such burdens of credit as the country is plainly unable to bear. Before the hard logic of figures they will have, of course, to bow and renounce their

dreams of national consolidation and aggrandisement. But these figures are precisely what the Government are obliged to show. The matter is and ought to be a non-partisan one, but, unfortunately, the two parties will take hold of it and make confusion doubly confounded. The wise patriotic cause would be to ascertain first whether the plan of the present Government is really impossible of fulfilment. If so, then whether the plan of the late Government is also impossible. We admit neither, but allowing the facts to tend that way, we should advise, as a final resort, a direct appeal to the people. They are to pay the money, and they ought to be the ultimate arbiters.

THE RIFLE AT THE CENTENNIAL

We beg to call the attention of volunteers and others interested in rifle shooting to the following letter received by Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, Secretary of the Quebec Provincial Rifle Association, from the Secretary of the National Rifle Association, New York, making known the fact that it is intended to hold a "World's Competition" during the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and inviting the co-operation of Canada. The Dominion Rifle Association will, no doubt, take the matter up at the annual meeting in February. The matter is of such importance and so pressing, that although the document comes to us at the last moment, we make room for it, in the only space left us, the editorial columns. We may add that, owing to our removal from our present offices to our new building on Bleury street, the strain for time on the present and following numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is unusually great.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION

OFFICE, 93 Nassau Street.

GEN. ALEX. SHALER.....President.
GEN. JOHN B. WOODWARD....Vice-President.
COL. HY. A. GILDERSLEEVE....Secretary.
GEN. MARTIN T. McMAHON....Treasurer.

NEW YORK, December 6, 1875.

*The Province of Quebec Rifle Association,
Montreal, Canada:*

By authority of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association of America, we have the honor to transmit herewith a copy of resolutions passed at their last meeting, and we cordially invite your attention to the same.

It is the desire of our association that your country should be represented in the matches contemplated in honor of the Centennial anniversary of American Independence. These matches will constitute one of the features of the Centennial exhibition, and will be conducted under the auspices of the Centennial Commission.

The principal match will be for the "championship of the world," open to teams of eight from each country; distances, 800, 900 and 1000 yards; Creedmore rules; prize a "Trophy" presented by the citizens of the United States.

A programme will be prepared as soon as possible, which will embrace other matches for shorter distances, and for military and other rifles, and copies will be furnished you for distribution among your riflemen.

Permit me to add that it is the intention of our Association to make the American Rifle Tournament of 1876 one of great interest to all who participate, and we take much pride in being the medium of announcing to your countrymen the earnest wish of the American people to meet you on that interesting occasion.

With high regard,

Your most obedient servants,

(Signed) ALEXANDER SHALER,
President.H. A. GILDERSLEEVE,
Secretary.

Resolved.—That in furtherance of the steps already taken for a grand international competition on the occasion of the Centennial anniversary of American Independence, and for a proper observance of such anniversary on the part of this asso-

ciation, a series of rifle matches be inaugurated to take place during the summer or autumn of 1876, and a general invitation be—and hereby is—extended to riflemen of all countries to participate.

Resolved.—That the President and Secretary be authorized and requested to notify, in the name of this association, riflemen of England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Austria, the Dominion of Canada, the South American States and all countries having rifle associations or clubs, of the opportunity presented to them to participate in the competitions instituted.

The St. John Board of Trade have resolved to memorialize the Dominion Government to procure the necessary legislation for placing St. John Harbour in commission, by introducing at the approaching session of Parliament an Act to define the limits of the harbour of St. John; to vest the management thereof in a Board of Commissioners; to authorize the Government to lend to such Board such amounts from time to time as may be necessary to acquire a title to rights and properties in said harbour. The Board also passed the following resolution in reference to the Baie Verte Canal—"That we view with satisfaction the attitude of the Government in seeking full information as to the practicability of the building of the Baie Verte Canal, and trust our delegates will take an opportunity to interview the Minister of Public Works, pressing upon him the utility of opening a canal or water way between the waters of the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence; this Board fully agreeing in the report of a former Canal Commissioner, who designated the Baie Verte Canal as of primary importance."

There has been a conference of members of the House of Commons who belong to the Home Rule party, in order to agree upon the course to be pursued during the present session of Parliament. They decided to support the Land Bill which is to be introduced by ISAAC BUTT, the member for Limerick City. The basis of this bill will be fixity of tenure and fair rent. Mr. BUTT will also ask leave of the House to introduce a bill making better provision for universal education in Ireland. The question of Home Rule will be raised in the Commons at the close of the recess invariably taken at Easter, when the attention of the House will be called to the severity of the coercion act, the questions of taxation, cattle trade, and the amnesty bill.

A reply has been received from Secretary Fish to the protest sent to Washington by the Dominion Government against the refusal of the United States authorities to allow Canadian vessels to navigate the United States canals under the terms of the Washington Treaty. The document is simply an acknowledgment of the protest, but conveys no intimation as to what are the intentions of the United States Government in the matter.

Private telegrams received in Berlin assert that France and other Powers have adhered to the proposals of Austria. The *Golos* insists that the Montenegrin loan is an accomplished fact, and asserts that 10,000 rifles and sixty cannon are to be delivered from America by March. It adds that in consequence of the threatening attitude of Turkey 3,000 Montenegrin guards have been armed with breechloaders and sent to the frontier.

A royal decree has been issued creating a Commissioner charged with installing exhibits from the Spanish colonies at the Philadelphia Exhibition. The Commission will draw up a memorandum relative to the exhibition. The Governors of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Phillipine Islands will appoint members.

A. R. C. SELWYN, Esq., the geologist, gives it as his opinion that British Columbia will never be a country until the Pacific Railway is built, and from personal observations he believes Canada would be justified in incurring a very large debt to have it built.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DEJAZET.

Déjazet wished to die when the sunshine was merriest and the flowers most gay. She has passed away in frosts. Theatrical France deeply laments the once incomparable actress, though she had entered on her seventy-eighth year. With her disappears the last of artistes who depended on a natural gaiety of heart and brilliant wit to conquer admirers. She was all talent as she was all juvenile. She appeared first on the stage at the age of five years, and the routés of the ex-Directory threw her bags of bon-bons instead of bouquets. She pleased by her precocious gracefulness. She remained at the evening of life what she was at its aurora, smiling, insouciant, and popular. Her youthful appearance was proverbial; similar to Ninon de l'Enclos, she had the secret for putting the wrinkles under her heel. Like that famous courtesan, too, she could remind adorners she was seventy-eight years of age. Once she received a letter after a brilliant evening's performance, thus conceived:—"Mademoiselle, when one sees you, one loves you, and when one loves you, how can one see you?" She had the judgment to discover the dramatic talent of Victorien Sardou; his works everywhere refused, he tried as a last attempt—Déjazet. He called on her at her country house, in fear and trembling. After a while she entered her salon, apologizing to the visitor for causing him to wait, as she was repairing a garden wall, and showed her hands, covered with mortar. The result of the interview was the bringing out at the theatre of the successful piece, "Les Premières Armes de Figaro," in 1850. She had a little altar erected in her boudoir, on which was placed the bust of Sardou, as she felt proud of having discovered his talent. Sardou, who is now wealthy, never forgot his benefactress. It is at his expense she has been embalmed and buried; he organized the magnificent ceremony in the Church of La Trinité, and he leaves to France the erection of a monument to her memory. A quarter of a century ago she found herself at Sceaux, one of the prettiest suburbs of Paris. She entered the humble village ball, and amused herself as if she was still in her teens. The orchestra was composed of two violinists, who had been playing from eight o'clock till midnight. The proprietor of the ball invited Déjazet to supper. "And the musicians?" she demanded.—"Oh! they are preparing to return to Paris."—"And supperless?"—"Yes."—"Well, I accept your invitation, on condition that the violinists share it." One of the two violinists was Faure, the now celebrated baritone, who a few months ago was the dinner guest of the Prince of Wales. Déjazet, returning to die like a pagan, duly received the last rites of the Church, and the Church buried her with all pomp and ceremony, in presence of a united congregation numbering nearly five thousand persons. With Déjazet disappear three generations of play-goers, and it may be truly said "we shall ne'er look upon her like again." Among her most distinguished patrons was the First Napoleon. Her memoirs are complete to the few days of her death; but they are so full of intimate revelations that their publication will be as distant as those—say of Talleyrand.

WELLAND CANAL.

During the past season the greatest activity has been shown by the contractors on the new Welland Canal in pushing forward this great work. Lock No. 12 which is illustrated is the first lock that has its stone work finished on the new canal, Captain Mosse the contractor of this lock has received the praise of the Government Inspector for the fine work done on this lock—it is a sample of what all the new locks will be—its whole length is 375 feet, length between mitre sills 270 feet, width 45 feet, about 8500 yards of stone used, cost of mason work on this lock was about \$95,000 (ninety five thousand dollars,) when finished the entire cost of this lock will be about \$130,000, and the entire cost of the new canal about fifteen million dollars.

The steam derrick at work on lock No. 7, of which Chas. Peterson is contractor, easily lifts and places in position blocks weighing 4 tons. A side road was built from the G. W. R. R., by Mr. Peterson in order to facilitate the carrying of the immense blocks of stone from the Queenston Quarries to this lock (No. 7). The steam dredges do an immense amount of work and the immense iron scoops are buried at every dip down into the hardest soil as easily as a man would use an ordinary shovel. The excavators are used a great deal instead of shovellers and will each take out, after the soil has been ploughed, about 60 yards of earth apiece every day.

KINGS OF ENGLISH SONG.

MR. SIMS REEVES

was born at Woolwich, Kent, in 1821 and received his initiatory training in the musical profession from his own father. At an early age he became organist and director of the choir at the church of North Cray, and sub-

sequently took instructions from that accomplished musician, J. B. Cramer; whilst he received lessons from Tom Cooke, Hobbs, and other distinguished professors.

The young organist, however, imbibed an early liking for the theatrical profession, and about the year 1838 or 1839 embraced the stage, and made his first appearance at the Newcastle theatre. At this time he sang the baritone music, and opened in the part of Rodolpho in "Sonnambula," with complete success. The great and apparent advantage of this stage practice was the knowledge of acting which it inevitably invoked, and which was of real service to him when he became an opera singer. Tempting offers came to him from London, but the young actor, aspiring to greater things, preferred visiting Paris, where he studied under competent masters. From thence he proceeded to Italy, and took up his abode at Milan, where he became a pupil of Mazzacota, with whom he perfected his vocal training, and then appeared at La Scala, as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor." The renowned batonist Julien was about this time collecting an English opera company for the home of Siddons and Kean. Mr. Sims Reeves was induced to accept an engagement, and came out at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, December 6, 1847, as Edgardo, and passed through the ordeal with triumphant success. The only other opera he played in that season was in Balfe's "Maid of Honour," in which he sustained his first original character. In 1848, he joined Mr. Lumley, at Her Majesty's Theatre, performing, on May 26, Carlo, in "Linda di Chamouni," and was admitted to be equal, as actor and vocalist, to any Italian singer on the lyric stage. This engagement was of short duration, and in the autumn of the same year, Mr. Reeves sang at the Norwich Musical Festival, returning to London in the winter to appear at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society. 1849 saw Mr. Reeves at Covent Garden as Elvino in "Sonnambula," and Roderick Dhu in "La Donna del Lago," fairly dividing the honours with Mario. He continued in the autumn at Covent Garden as the leading member of the English Opera instituted by Mr. Bunn. In the course of the season he appeared in "Haydee," in which his accomplished wife, then Miss Lucombe, made her first appearance. In the winter he was the great attraction at the Wednesday's concerts. He returned to Her Majesty's Theatre in 1850, where he sustained the parts of Ernani and Edgardo, playing with Miss Catherine Hayes and Madame Sontag. In the spring of 1851 he visited Paris, and played at the Italian Opera as Ernani, and then returned to England to renew his engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, the great events of the season being his appearance as Florestan, in "Fidelio," and Thalberg's opera of "Florinda." This winter saw him again a member of the English company under Mr. Bunn, enacting the principal character in Balfe's "Sicilian Bride," where he also made a marked impression in Auber's "Fra Diavolo." In April, 1860, Mr. E. T. Smith opened Her Majesty's Theatre, and produced Macfarren's "Robin Hood," in which Mr. Reeves played Robin Hood with such originality, force and power, that he nightly drew very large houses; he likewise made a great hit in Gounod's "Faust," and in Wallace's "Amber Witch." In 1867 he was engaged to sing the music assigned to Francis Osbaldiston in "Rob Roy," at Drury Lane Theatre, but did not appear, and the disappointment resulted in legal proceedings against him for breach of engagement. Since that time Mr. Reeves's vocal efforts have been confined chiefly to concerts and oratorios, and whenever he finds it convenient to favour the patrons of music by appearing in public, the warmth of his reception shows how anxious the English public are to honour the man of their choice.

MR. CHARLES SANTLEY.

It is impossible to account for the neglect shown by the English public to native musical talent.

The stand of the Pyne and Harrison troupe will be fresh in the recollection of savants; and it will not be forgotten Mr. Charles Santley was one of the number whose abilities were first admitted under the Covent Garden management in the interest of English opera. He made his first appearance in London, October 3rd, 1859, as Hoel, in the beautiful pastoral opera of "Dinorah." His reception was flattering and satisfactory; but the personation which made him a public favourite was Rhoneberg, in Vincent Wallace's "Lurline," in March, 1860. Still the most versatile vocalist of our day was ultimately driven to attach his fortunes to Italian opera.

Mr. Santley is a native of Lancashire, and was born at Liverpool. He received in his native city a liberal education, and early acquired a taste for music and singing, which he assiduously cultivated by the aid of his friends. The promise he gave of becoming an acquisition to the lyric stage was followed up by his going to Italy to complete his musical training. His debut in the metropolis showed how sound was the judgment formed respecting him, and once having passed the ordeal, his professional course has been one of unbroken triumph. This is not at all surprising, for Mr. Stanley has a voice of remarkable quality. His upper notes are those of a tenore robusto, while the lower are those of a fine basso profundo. This unusual range was shown in Gounod's opera of "Faust," in which, the same season, he performed with brilliant success Valentine and Mephistopheles.

Mr. Santley has visited most of the cities of the Continent, where his reception has been, if

possible, more enthusiastic than that which has welcomed his histrionic and lyrical efforts in England. At Her Majesty's Theatre, Her Majesty's Opera, and the Royal Italian Opera, under Gye, Mapleson, and Smith, he has played a range of parts allotted to but few men in a generation, and for which still fewer have the requisite qualifications of voice and action. On April 18th, 1868, he appeared at Her Majesty's Opera as Rigoletto in the opera of that name. His impersonation was acknowledged to be in no respect inferior to Ronconi, whilst his singing was allowed to be far superior. In May came Fernando in "La Gazza Ladra." It was Tamburini's great part. He sang Rossini's florid music in a manner which left all competitors far behind. Then he alternated Don Giovanni with Mr. Gassier, and played the Count in "Le Nozze di Figaro" to Gassier's Figaro. His next triumph was Creon in Cherubini's "Medea," Titens being the heroine. He first played it well in 1865; in 1868 he was perfection. In October, he enacted, for the first time at the Opera, Count Rodolpho, in "Sonnambula," taking the part instead of Tagliafico.

Under the Gye-Mapleson management, in the "extra season," Ambrose Thomas's opera of "Hamlet" was produced June 19, 1869, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Santley was the Hamlet. The success was enormous. Hamlet night implied applications for places at the box-office days in advance, and a crush on the stone staircase for the venturesome spirits who patronise the gallery. His performance of the part was simply the perfection of vocal and histrionic achievement. In it he preserved the traditional points of the part as understood by patrons of the English drama, and avoided the excesses of the Continental personators of the melancholy Dane. The same season he represented Hoel and Rigoletto and other parts. In 1870, after the dissolution of the operatic league, Mr. Santley joined Mr. Mapleson at Drury Lane, and during the summer placed Tom Tug, in "The Waterman," the Brigand Zampa, Fra Diavolo, and other pieces at the Gaiety Theatre. On the opening of the Carl Rosa Company at the Princess's Theatre in 1875, he joined it, and has performed there an extensive range of English opera.

QUEBEC HISTORICAL MONUMENTS.

Our excellent contemporary, the Quebec Chronicle, published as a holiday supplement a view of the plans devised by Lord Dufferin, through Mr. Lynn, the eminent civil engineer, for the preservation of the historical monuments of the Ancient Capital. It published also a full letter-press description of these improvements. We take pleasure in reproducing both for the benefit of our readers in all parts of the Dominion. It is proposed that all the gates, with the exception of Hope Gate, or rather the present apertures, are to be bridged or arched over, in viaduct fashion, with handsome bridges either in iron or stone, so as to preserve the continuity of the fortifications. In this way, the openings in the ramparts, including that for the extension of Nouvelle street, will remain as free to traffic as they are at present. St. John's Gate is, of course, included with the others in this category. All the bridges or arches over the gates will be flanked with picturesque Norman turrets, of different size and design, such as are frequently seen in old French and German castles. Hope Gate, it is contemplated simply to flank with such turrets, some twelve more of which will also at different points adorn and relieve the monotonous effect of the long dead line of wall from Palace Gate to the Parliament Buildings. His Excellency next proposes a boulevard or continuous drive around the entire fortifications, commencing at the Durham Terrace, which he wishes to have prolonged to the westwards to the King's Bastion and thus make it one of the most magnificent promenades in the world, with an unequalled view of river, mountain, crag and island scenery, and taking in both the upper and lower portions of the harbor. Thence the boulevard will continue, rising by an easy incline to the foot of the Citadel, and thence will run along the crest of the cliff at the foot of the walls round to the rough ground or Cove field, through which it will be carried, following the line of the fortifications, crossing St. Louis street and entering the Glacis on the north side of that thoroughfare; the square of which comprised between St. Louis street, St. Eustache street, the extension of Nouvelle street and the walls, His Excellency wishes to have formed into a park or ornamental pleasure ground, communicating with the Esplanade by means of a sally-port through the rampart. Through this park, the boulevard will be continued down across St. John street and around through the gardens and grounds of the Artillery Barracks, to Palace Gate, crossing in its passage three other openings in the fortification wall to give direct communication with the city to D'Aiguillon, Richelieu and St. Olivier streets, such openings being bridged over in the same fashion as the others. From Palace Gate the boulevard will follow the present line of Rampart street round to the Parliament Buildings, in rear of which it will pass, and then traverse Mountain Hill over a handsome iron bridge flanked with turrets, on the site of old Prescott Gate, to Fortification Lane in rear of the Post Office, which will be enlarged and graded up, back again to the Durham Terrace or original point of departure, thus making a continuous, unbroken circuit of the entire fortifications and providing a public promenade that will undoubtedly be unsurpassed by anything of the sort in the world and cannot fail to attract

thousands of profitable visitors to Quebec. The cost of the undertaking would not be so enormous, as might appear at first sight. It is estimated that His Excellency's capital idea in this respect could be carried out at an outlay of ninety thousand dollars, of which the city would only be asked to contribute thirty thousand, the Federal authorities making up the difference. But His Excellency does not seem satisfied to stop short even at this work of embellishment in his desire to promote the interests of our good old city. He wishes that it should become also the abode of the representative of royalty in Canada, at least during the summer season, and in order that it should enjoy to the fullest all the importance and material benefit likely to flow from the circumstance, he further proposes to have a regular and fitting vice-regal residence erected for himself on the Citadel, to be styled the Castle of St. Louis or Chateau St. Louis, and to revive the ancient splendors of that historic residence of the early Governors of New France. We have also seen the plans and sketches of this building and must admit that, if constructed, it will of itself materially enhance the appearance of Quebec, and, when taken in conjunction with the proposed new Parliamentary and Departmental Buildings and new Court House, will contribute largely to the scheme of the city embellishment. As Quebec is approached by water or from any point whence the Citadel is visible, it will be a striking object, as it will stand forth in bold relief to the east of the present officers' quarters, with a frontage of 200 feet and a depth partly of 60 and partly of 100 feet, with a basement, two main storeys and attics, and two towers of different heights, but of equally charming design. The style of architecture is an agreeable "mélange" of the picturesque Norman and Elizabethan. The intention is, we believe, to have the quoins and angle stones of cut stone and the filling in of rough ashlar—the old stone from the fortifications being utilized for that purpose. The estimated cost of the structure is \$100,000. We should add that in the general scheme of Corporation improvements are included the projects of a stairs, leading directly from St. George street on the ramparts to Sault-au-Matelot street, in the vicinity of the Quebec Bank, which would obviate the present tedious detour for foot passengers by Mountain Hill, of a street parallel to St Paul street, and of an elevator for vehicles and foot passengers from the Champlain Market up the Cliff and underneath Durham Terrace to the north end of the Laval Normal School.

OUR CHROMO.

We have received from the Burland-Desbarats Publishing Company a chromo after Wylie, given as a premium to the subscribers of the Canadian Illustrated News. It is printed in thirteen colors, and is in advance of anything of the kind hitherto published in the Dominion, with the exception, perhaps, of Raphael's Early Bird Catches the Worm. The subject is a boy in a (Glen-garry) bonnet, looking over the rail of a fishing smack, holding supinely a line from which the bait seems to have been abstracted by some cunning fish which probably knew too much to hook himself. From the lanyard hangs a string of mackerel, at which a terrier is looking intently, possibly from interested motives. The expression of the boy is exceedingly natural, and in his handsome face, so strongly typical of his race and country, there is a charm which awakens a sympathetic feeling in the beholder. The dog's impatient look is also drawn to the life, and altogether the picture is very interesting and pretty, and will, no doubt, be highly appreciated by the subscribers to our excellent contemporary.—Montreal Star.

We are in receipt of the premium Chromo of this valuable illustrated newspaper. It is entitled the "Young Fisherman" after a painting by a celebrated English artist, and in point of artistic merit far excels anything of the kind we have seen in what our neighbours across the line have been pleased to facetiously denominate the "Chromo dodge business." The Young Fisherman is presented to every subscriber whose subscription is paid in advance to January 1st. Apart from this tempting offer, to subscribe to the Canadian Illustrated News, there is an excellence of taste in the intellectual nourishment which it weekly imparts to its readers that should commend it to every true Canadian.—Montreal Herald.

We have received a copy of the really beautiful chromo with which the proprietors of the Canadian Illustrated News reward their subscribers who know how to pay their debts regularly. It is a picture of a young fisherman who, with his dog, is leaning over the bulwarks of a fishing boat, while, with extended line, he awaits the advent of the fluky prey. The whole scene is very finely executed and the chromo is a credit to Canadian art.—Montreal Gazette.

The chromo promised by the proprietors of the Canadian Illustrated News is now being supplied to all those entitled to it. The subject of the same is the "Young Fisherman" after a painting by the celebrated English artist, W. M. Wylie, and it is not a mere colored print, but a genuine chromo—a real work of art, which would be worthy of a rich frame and a conspicuous place on the walls of any drawing room. All true Canadians should subscribe for the above illustrated paper and secure this picture.—London Ev. Herald.

ARTISTIC.

THERE are more artists in the United Kingdom than would be ordinarily imagined. It can boast of possessing, 16,562, of whom 2,210 are under twenty years of age, and 1,834 women. The distribution of this very considerable number into classes is as follows:—Painters and artists, 5,005 males and 1,069 females; sculptors and engravers, 799 males; lithographers, 4,021 males; photographers, 694 females; miscellaneous, including persons filling several positions, 100 males and 71 females. On the whole, this is a very respectable array of artists.

THE famous stone memorial-pillar of the Moabitish king, Measa, discovered some time since, has just been placed in the Jewish section of the Louvre. The administration purchased several fragments of this valuable monument which were in the possession of M. Clermont Ganneau. Some other pieces belonging to the English Palestine Exploration Society were kindly presented, and thus completed the surface, on which is engraved that considerable text. The monarch relates on it his wars with the Israelite princes, and the inscription corroborates the Bible account, confirming it in the most striking and unexpected manner.



*W. Whistler 1871 Nic
T. Allen.*

*il faut boire Ca
W. Whistler
Nov. 1875*

CARPEAUX'S LAST SKETCHES.



THE SONGS OF BÉRANGER.



BONAPARTE AT BRIENNE.



LAUZUN.



M. GARAT.



LISETTE.



VIRGINIE DEJAZET



M. GARAT.



GENTIL BERNARD.



VOLTAIRE'S YOUTH.



LAUZUN.



RICHELIEU.



THE DOWAGER OF BRIONNE.



LE DÉGEL.

VIRGINIE DEJAZET IN HER PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

THE WIT OF FOOTE, THE DRAMATIST.

No man was ever so free from toadyism ; rank was no shield against his wit, which would strike as hard at a duke as a menial. 'Well, Foote, here I am, ready as usual to swallow all your good things,' said the Duke of Cumberland, one night, in the green-room of the Haymarket. 'Really, your Highness must have an excellent digestion,' replied the wit, 'for you never bring any up again.' A Scotch peer, notoriously thrifty, served his wine in very small glasses, and descanted eloquently upon its age and excellence. 'It is very little of its age,' observed Foote. Sometimes this humor amounted to insolence ; as, for instance, after dining at a nobleman's house, not to his satisfaction, and finding the servants ranged in the hall when he was departing, he inquired for the cook and butler, and upon their stepping forward said to the first, 'Here's half-a-crown for my eating ;' and to the other, 'Here's five shillings for my wine ; but, by —, I never had so bad a dinner for the money in my life.' Dining with Lord Townsend after a duel, he suggested that his lordship might have got rid of his antagonist in a more deadly way. 'How !' inquired his host. 'By inviting him to a dinner like this, and poisoning him,' was the sharp reply. The Duke of Norfolk, who was rather too fond of the bottle, asked him in what new character he should go to a masquerade. 'Go sober,' answered Foote. Being taken into White's, one day, a nobleman remarked to him that his handkerchief was hanging out of his pocket. 'Thank you, my lord,' he replied, 'thank you ; you know the company better than I do.' A rich contractor was holding forth upon the instability of the world. 'Can you account for it, sir ?' he asked, turning to Foote. 'Well, not clearly,' he responded, 'unless we suppose it was built by contract.' 'Why are you for ever humming that air ?' he asked of a gentleman who had no idea of time. 'Because it haunts me.' 'No wonder, for you are for ever murdering it.' Garrick, of whose great fame he was undoubtedly envious, was a constant butt for his sarcasms ; and yet Garrick, whether from fear or friendship it would be difficult to determine, did him many kindnesses, was always ready to oblige him with money, and stood firmly by him throughout the Jackson prosecution, which last act of friendship touched Foote at last with gratitude, for in one of his letters, addressed to Garrick, he writes : 'God forever bless you ! May nothing but halcyon days and nights crown the rest of your life, is the sincere prayer of Samuel Foote.' Garrick's notorious meanness, however, furnished him with many a witticism. At one of Foote's dinner parties an announcement was made of the arrival of Mr. Garrick's servants. 'Oh, let them wait,' he replied to his footman, 'but be sure you lock up the pantry !' One day a gentleman, while conversing with Foote, was speaking of Garrick, having reflected upon some person's parsimony, and ended by observing, 'Why did he not take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's ?' 'Because,' retorted Foote, 'he is not sure of selling the timber.' 'Where on earth can it be gone ?' said Foote, when Garrick dropped a guinea at the Bedford one night, and was searching for it in vain. 'To the devil, I think,' answered the actor irritably. 'Let you alone, David, for making a guinea go further than any one else,' was the reply. He could never forego his jest, however solemn the occasion. He had been to the funeral of Holland, the actor, whose father was a baker. 'Poor fellow !' he said in the Bedford that evening, the tears scarcely dry upon his cheeks. 'I have been to see him shoved into the family oven.' He once said of an actress, who was remarkably awkward with her arms, that she kept the Graces at arms' length. But Johnson considered that Foote surpassed every one he had ever heard in humorous narrative ; and that although Garrick, the great conversationalist of the age, surpassed him in gaiety, delicacy, and elegance, Foote provoked much more laughter. A gentleman who had conceived a prejudice against him, related to Boswell his first meeting with him at a dinner. 'Having no good opinion of the fellow,' he said, 'I was resolved not to be pleased. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair and laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible.' This most unscrupulous of mimics and satirists was himself exceedingly thin-skinned. When at one time Woodward, and at another Wilkinson, threatened him with a retort in kind, he ran away to Garrick and Rich, their managers, foaming with passion, and threatening the most violent retaliations. Boswell relates that, after hearing him at a dinner-table indulge in all kinds of coarse jocularity against Johnson, he observed that he had heard the great lexicographer say a very good thing of Mr. Foote himself. He (Boswell) had asked him one day if he did not think Foote an infidel. 'I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel,' replied Johnson ; 'but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel ; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject.' Boswell adds that he never saw Foote look so disconcerted. 'What, sir !' he exclaimed, indignantly, 'to talk thus of a man of liberal education ; a man who for years was at the University of Oxford ; a man who has added sixteen new characters to the literature of his country !'

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S GUESTS.

I.
The district school-master was sitting behind his book-laden desk, Close-watching the motions of scholars, pathetic and gay, and grotesque.
As whisper the half-leafless branches, when Autumn's brisk breezes have come, His little scrub-thicket of pupils sent upward a half-smothered hum.
Like the frequent sharp bang of a wagon, when treading a forest path o'er, Resounded the feet of his pupils, whenever their heels struck the floor.
There was little Tom Timms on the front seat, whose face was withstanding a drouth ; And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him, with a rainy new moon for a mouth.
There were both of the Smith boys, as studious as if they bore names that could bloom ; And Jim Jones, a heaven-built mechanic, the slyest young knave in the room,
With a countenance grave as a horse's, and his honest eyes fixed on a pin, Queer-bent on a deeply laid project to tunnel Joe Hawkins's skin.
There were anxious young novices, drilling their spelling books into the brain, Loud-puffing each half-whispered letter, like an engine just starting its train.
There was one fiercely muscular fellow, who scowled at the sums on his slate, And leered at the innocent figures a look of unspeakable hate,
And set his white teeth close together, and gave his thin lips a short twist, As to say, 'I could whip you, confound you ! could such things be done with the fist ?'



“ AND NODDED OBLIQUELY, AND MUTTERED, ‘THEM ‘ERE IS MY SENTIMENTS TEW.’ ”

There were two knowing girls in the corner, each one with some beauty possessed, In a whisper discussing the problem which one the young master likes best.
A class in the front, with their readers, were telling, with difficult pains, How perished brave Marco Bozzaris while bleeding at all of his veins ;
And a boy on the floor to be punished, a statue of idleness stood, Making faces at all of the others, and enjoying the scene all he could.
II.
Around were the walls gray and dingy, which every old school-sanctum hath, With man's a break on their surface, where grinned a wood-grating of lath.
A patch of thick plaster, just over the school-master's rickety chair, Seemed threateningly o'er him suspended, like Damocles' sword by a hair.
There were tracks on the desks where the knives blades had wandered in search of their prey ; Their tops were as dusky spattered as if they drank ink every day.
The square stove it puffed and it crackled, and broke out in red-flaming sores, Till the great iron grating trembled like a dog fierce to rush out-o'-doors.
White snow-flakes looked in at the windows ; the gale pressed its lips to the cracks ; And the children's hot faces were streaming, the while they were freezing their backs.
III.
Now, Marco Bozzaris had fallen, and all of his sufferings were o'er, And the class to their seats were retreating, when footsteps were heard at the door ;
And five of the good district fathers marched into the room in a row, And stood themselves up by the hot fire, and shook off their white cloaks of snow ;

And the spokesman, a grave squire of sixty, with countenance solemnly sad, Spoke thus, while the children all listened, with all of the ears that they had :
‘We've come here, school-master, intendin' to cast an inquirin' eye 'round, Concernin' complaints that's been entered, an' fault that has lately been found ; To pace off the width of your doin's, an' witness what you've been about, An' see if it's payin' to keep you, or whether we'd best turn you out.
‘The first thing I'm bid for to mention is, when the class gets up to read, You give 'em too tight of a reinin', an' touch 'em up more than they need ; You're nicer than wise in the matter of holdin' the book in one han', An' you turn a stray g in their doin's, an' tack an odd d on their an'.
‘There ain't no great good comes of speakin' the words so polite, as I see, Providin' you know what the facts is, an' tell 'em off jest as they be. An' then there's that readin' in concert, is censured from first unto last ; It kicks up a heap of a racket, when folks is a travellin' past. Whatever is done as to readin', providin' things go to my say, Sha'n't hang on no new-fangled hinges, but swing in the old-fashioned way.’
And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due, And nodded obliquely, and muttered, ‘Them 'ere is my sentiments tew.’
‘Then, as to your spellin' : I've heern tell, by them as has looked into this, That you turn the u out o' your labour, an' make the word shorter than 'tis ; An' clip the k off o' yer musick, which makes my son Ephraim perplexed,

An' when he spells out as he ought'r, you pass the word on to the next. They say there's some new-grafted books here that don't take them letters along ; But if it is so, just depend on't, them new-grafted books is made wrong. You might just as well say that Jackson didn't know all there was about war, As to say that old Spellin'-book Webster didn't know what them letters were for.’
And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due, And scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said, ‘Them's my sentiments tew.’
‘Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's, as they are reported to me, Is that you have Tare an' Tret out, an' also the old Rule o' Three ; An' likewise brought in a new study, some high-steppin' scholars to please, With saw-bucks an' crosses and pot-hooks, and w's, x, y's and z's. We ain't got no time for such foolin' ; there ain't no great good to be reached By tiptein' child'n up higher than ever their fathers was teachd.’
And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due, And cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said, ‘Them's my sentiments tew.’
‘Another thing, I must here mention, comes into the question to-day, Concernin' some things in the grammer, you're teachin' our gals for to say. My gals is as steady as clock-work, an' never give cause for much fear, But they come home from school t'other evenin' a-talkin' such stuff as this here : ‘I love,’ an’ ‘Thou lovest,’ an’ ‘He loves,’ an’ ‘Ye love,’ an’ ‘You love,’ an’ ‘They—’ An' they answered my questions, ‘It's grammar’—’twas all I could get 'em to say.

Now if, 'stead of doin' your duty, your carryin' matters on so As to make the gals say that they love you, it's just all that I want to know ;—”

IV.

Now Jim, the young heaven-built mechanic, in the dusk of evening before, Had well-nigh unjointed the stove-pipe, to make it come down to the floor ;
And the squire bringing smartly his foot down, as a clincher to what he had said, A joint of the pipe fell upon him, and larruped him square on the head.
The soot flew in clouds all about him, and blotted with black all the place, And the squire and the other four fathers were peppered with black in the face.
The school, ever sharp for amusement, laid down all their cumbersome books, And, spite of the teacher's endeavors, laughed loud at their visitor's looks.
And the squire, as he stalked to the doorway, swore oaths of a violent hue ; And the four district fathers, who followed, seemed to say, ‘Them's my sentiments tew.’

LITERARY.

Two of Tennyson's idyls, ‘Elaine’ and ‘Enid,’ have been translated into Spanish.
THE Neapolitan poet, Vincenzo Baffi, is about to publish a version of Moore's poems.
MR. LONGFELLOW will soon be seventy. He is said to be a fine picture of beautiful manhood.
HARRIET HOSMER's book, will be entitled ‘On the Loggia : a Story of Art and Rome.’
CHARLES READE denies that he is the author of ‘The Queen of Connaught,’ and it is understood that the writer is a lady.
THERE is in the press a third series of ‘The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson,’ by the Rev. Andrew K. H. Boyd.
CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE has joined the Church of England leaving the Roman Church in which he was born.
THE title of Mr. Wilkie Collins's new novel, which was commenced in the January number of *Temple Bar*, is ‘The Two Destinies.’
THE Rev. William Arthur, the well-known Wesleyan minister, is writing a history of Ultramontaniam, based upon documents not hitherto made public.
MR. GLADSTONE is busily engaged on his new book on Homer, which will be an expansion of what he has already written for *The Contemporary Review* on the same subject.
La Vie au Temps des Cours d'Amour, a work on the beliefs and domestic manners and customs of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is announced in Paris, by Antony Méray.
A hundred years ago four newspapers were published in New York, the *Royal Gazette*, organ of the British authorities, the *Mercury*, the *Constitutional Gazette*, and the *New York Journal*, the organ of the Sons of Liberty, published by John Holt, who at one time was compelled to take groceries and other goods in exchange for his paper.
THE King of Bavaria has bestowed the knighthood of the Order of Maximilian on Professor Max Müller. This order is confined to a limited number of men distinguished in science and in art. As in the case of the order *pour le mérite*, the right of election belongs to the knights themselves, but their choice has to be confirmed by the Sovereign.

MISS FLORENCE DUNCAN, of Ottawa, was in New York, last week, and read a paper on art before the Ladies' Art Association. She was formerly a resident of that city, where she has a sister, Miss Alice Donlevy, the artist. She is, on the staff of the *Ottawa Citizen*, having adopted journalism as a profession, adding another example of the success of ladies in that department.
GEORGE MACDONALD intends publishing a verse translation of ‘The Spiritual Songs of Novalis.’ This was the assumed name of Friedrich Van Hardenburg, one of the most remarkable mystics of modern Germany, whose ‘Hymns to the Night’ are a sad and beautiful setting to music of fine thoughts, with a somewhat consumptive tendency. The author of ‘David Elginbrod’ has also nearly ready ‘The Wise Woman,’ a parable.
SEÑOR CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO has, amid the worries of active political life, found leisure to write an introduction to the ‘History of Philip III, of Spain,’ about to be published, which is from the pen of the Marqués de la Fuensanta del Valle. The main feature of the introduction will be the discovery by Señor Canovas of the real author of the history of that king, hitherto attributed to Vivanco.
An autotype fac-simile edition of Milton's *Commonplace Book* is to be published in London from the manuscript recently discovered. It contains notes in Milton's handwriting from upward of 80 works read by him, and these notes are in general his deductions, and not mere extracts from the works read. There are other entries by four or five different hands, presumably made at Milton's dictation. The MS. is quarto size, and contains 80 written pages.
‘THE BELLS’ of Poe was first published in the November number of *Sartain's Magazine*, for 1849. The poem, when first left for publication, some time in June or July of the year, consisted of only two short stanzas, as follows :

THE BELLS.—A SONG.
The bells ! hear the bells !
The merry wedding bells !
How fairy-like a melody there swells
From the silver, tinkling bells
Of the bells, bells, bells !
Of the bells !
The bells !—ah, the bells !
The heavy, iron bells !
Hear the tolling of the bells !
Hear the knells !
How horrible a monody there floats
From their throats—
From their deep, doleful throats !
How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells, bells, bells !
Of the bells !

This was the entire poem in its original form, as first offered to *Sartain's Magazine*. It was accepted in that form and put in type, but before its appearance the author enlarged it to nearly its present size and form, and again, before its actual publication he sent a second version in the form in which it finally appeared.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

MONEY IS POWER.

If a wise parent had a sum of money entrusted to him to distribute yearly among his scattered children, to help to induce them to behave well, would he fulfil his trust by sending it annually in a registered letter? Would he not lay down conditions on which it shall be received or withheld, especially for the more careless and reckless among them?

If a schoolmaster receives prizes, so to distribute as to increase the efficiency of his school, will he distribute suddenly and in a moment to his most advanced pupils, regardless of their order, discipline, and regularity of attendance? Will he not rather lay down rules and regulations, by a steady observance of which each scholar will get a proportionate reward?

Our Government has a fund to distribute for the promotion of High Education. Shall it be dealt round haphazard? Shall not those whose whole attention is devoted to the subject enact, for the guidance of chance trustees in country places, such regulations as have been found to work wonders in education in other countries? Shall they not warn the unpractised schoolmaster against the pit-falls into which he is otherwise sure to fall. Shall Government not see where things have gone badly in the past and ensure their doing well in the future.

We would humbly suggest for emendation and enlargement the following list of conditions on which an academy shall receive a grant.

CONDITIONS FOR A GRANT TO AN ACADEMY.

1. That the building be certified by the Inspector of High Schools to be in good repair, to have the requisite amount of floor-space (10 sq. feet), and of air-space (100 cub. feet), and supplied with blackboard, maps, and desks; and a desk with lock and key, and a dais for the master.

2. That there be two closets as separate as possible, made of "sanded" or unplanned lumber.

3. That the uniform (to be prescribed) text books are in use, except for special reasons to be approved of by the Inspector and duly reported by him to the Minister of Public Instruction.

4. That the teacher have an Academy or Model School Diploma as the case may be.

5. That the Trustees engage the teacher for a fixed salary, by a written agreement (blank forms for which might be supplied by the Department) and that they allow him to take three (3) school days to attend the teachers' convention, and that one-half his actual travelling expenses be paid if he go.

6. That the Trustees provide the school registers according to prescribed form, and that the Principal keep them duly filled in daily.

7. That the punishment be not more severe than standing out on the floor, impositions, sending home, and corporal punishment by the taws alone. That the Principal put a p opposite the pupils name in the register when he receives the taws. That the Principal may suspend and the Trustees expel.

8. That the Principal be required to keep away from the school any pupil not vaccinated or coming from a house where there are infectious disorders.

9. That Singing or Drawing be taught alternately to the whole school for a short time in the middle of each forenoon or afternoon.

10. That a Time-Table or Programme of Studies be made out and posted up in the school.

11. That school should open on September 1st, and go on for four terms of ten weeks each, and not closed without written notice to the Inspector of Academies, except for a fortnight if wished at Christmas and Easter, and posted up in the school.

12. That the Government Grant be supplemented by local aid to a minimum fixed proportion at least.

13. That the school hours be not longer than five and a half at most, with short recess both in morning and afternoon.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

1. That there be a play ground attached to the school of not less than half an acre in extent, and fenced in, and if possible that it contain shade trees, swing, and gymnastic appliances.

2. That the school-house face the South, have no windows to the North, and that no light be admitted facing the pupils' eyes.

3. That two windows at least open at the top for convenience of ventilation.

4. That any wood work about the entrance of the school, &c., &c., be of "sanded" rather than painted wood, to obviate its being cut or written upon.

5. That arrangements be made that the elder girls may use the closets in some of the neighboring houses.

6. That trustees or scholars present any schoolmaster whom they respect with a microscope, a set of globes, a magic lantern, &c., for his and their pleasure and profit.

7. That a school library be provided with books both of instruction and amusement suitable both for pupil and parent, and that a librarian be appointed to stimulate the use of the books.

8. That there be frequent written examinations of the school, both partial and general, private and public.

9. That merit cards be given daily or weekly for punctuality, good conduct, and perfect recitations, and that prizes be given at the end of term for the children who have the most.

But it will be said, "Leave people to themselves and they will do very well." They are left to themselves and they do very badly.

When the new School Act came out in Ontario, Inspector after Inspector was told by School Trustees, all over the country, "Your power to compel will now enable us to do for our schools what we have long known to be for the benefit of all, but which we have been prevented from doing by one or two of the most ignorant, narrow-minded, and loud-mouthed among us.

Let us take one of the points most certain to be objected to—the universal teaching of singing and drawing. Now the most ignorant do not want to send their children to school at all. They are compelled to do so as a protection to society. Similarly the less ignorant do not want their children taught what is good for them, until the state steps in and says, "If you send your children to schools supported by the national money, they must be taught the subjects which it is best for them and the nation at large that they should learn."

SINGING AND DRAWING

elevate and make better citizens of those who learn them. National instruction in drawing raises the commercial value of a country's manufactures. National instruction in singing improves the national health, makes children love their school, promotes order, and raises the moral character.

Moreover, by devoting twenty minutes to singing or drawing in the middle of the forenoon,

MORE OF OTHER SUBJECTS

is learnt in the remainder of the morning.

Yet almost all teachers will say "I cannot teach singing or drawing." But if a school learns the words of three or four good songs, any one could teach the scholars the tunes by ear. Give each boy a set of progressive copies, and he will teach himself how to draw. Dominic, by criticising the results, will soon learn how to teach these subjects more or less. Demand will create supply, and soon an army of skilled trainers of the ear and voice will go forth from our excellent Normal Schools.

On other subjects we would like to enlarge. Suffice it to say that in only three or four of our academies is a time-table posted up; and that whereas hardly ever now dare a teacher demand a written agreement, trustees are constantly accused of breach of faith. Who will deny what an advantage to a school the former would be, and what a disadvantage the latter is.

REVIEW.

We call particular attention to the verses—The Schoolmaster's Guests—which we publish in another column together with an appropriate illustration. They are taken from the Canadian reprint, by Belford Bros. Toronto, of William Carleton's famous FARM LEGENDS. The Messrs. Belford have been distinguishing themselves of late by the issue of a number of American and English popular works, and the enterprise which they exhibit is worthy of the cordial support of all Canadians. Their publications are in general beautifully printed and elegantly bound, and the taste of choice which they display proves that they understand their mission well and we take pleasure in recommending the above and all the other works of this house. In this edition of the FARM LEGENDS is found the well-known and popular ballad, "Betsy and I are out," together with its sequel "How Betsy and I made up," two lines of which are sufficient to make it live:—

"And she said in regard to heaven, we'd try and learn ^{[its worth—} By starting a branch establishment and running it here ^[on earth.]

PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICISM in their bearings upon the liberty and prosperity of nations, a study of political economy, by Emile de Laveleye, with an introductory letter from Mr. Gladstone, is the title of a pamphlet which has lately attracted a great deal of attention in connection with, and as supplementary of, the famous controversy initiated by the ex-Prime Minister of England. We have no time to do more than glance through this little volume, but the general impression we have derived from dipping into its pages, and especially its foot notes—which are often the best indication of the character of a book—is that it is written in a tone of commendable moderation and with considerable learning. It is published by Belford Bros., Toronto, and is for sale in this city, by Dawson Bros.

BETTY'S BRIGHT IDEA is a charming holiday story from the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Indeed it is the most vivacious bit of hers which we have read for a long time. The little book contains two other holiday stories. Published by Belford Bros., Toronto. For sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

UGLY CELEBRITIES.

Amongst celebrated ugly people one may mention Marguerite, Countess of Tyrol, whose portrait adds another terror to the Versailles Gallery; Leoncius Palatus, a Greek scholar of the fourteenth century; Giotto Campagni, an Italian writer of the fifteenth century; De la Trémouille, the friend of Madame de Sévigné; the famous visionary Bourignon; Saint Martin, the French litterateur of the seventeenth century; Mdlle de Scuderi, the novelist; Delille;

Florian; our own Gibbon; Chauvelin, the great adversary of the Jesuits; the epicure Grimrod de la Reynière; Maribeau, Danton, Grassi, and our own Charles Mathews the elder, who was as ugly as Lekain, his rival in dramatic glory. The ugliness of Polisson has become proverbial, and some good stories are told about it. One recounts how he was one day requested by a lady to sit for a picture of the devil; and one says when they were hesitating to propose the Jesuit Martineau as confessor to the Duke of Burgundy, because of his repulsive figure, the Prince said, "Bah! nothing could frighten a man who has set eyes on Polisson." The great moralist Vauvenargues was so disfigured with small-pox that he could not go into society. The Prussian naturalist, Hilsenberg, was popularly called *vourroundoule*, which being translated stands for barn owl. He had a supernaturally white complexion; his hair and eye-brows were very light, while the membrane round the eyelids was of a reddish tinge—suggesting forcibly the apparition of that bird of night to which he was so unkindly likened. Becker, the German author, who was also partially ill-favoured in his person, was famous for the denial of the existence of the devil; whence the epigram, "Yes, by you the power of Satan has been broken; but you have not yet done everything that is necessary. If you wish to obliterate altogether our notion of His Majesty—Becker, suppress your portrait." A very similar compliment was paid to Saint Fariau, the translator of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, whose ugliness was the object of the constant sarcasms of his contemporaries.

THE COMING MARRIAGE OF A POETESS.

In the reign of William IV. Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton was a noted beauty. She was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and with her two sisters formed the "Three English Graces." One of these sisters, the Lady Dufferin, is the author of the once popular ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament;" another is Lady Jane Seymour, who presided at the Eglintoun tournament as the "Queen of Love and Beauty." Mrs. Norton was in early life married to George Chappell Norton, and at his instance the young wife figured as respondent in a celebrated divorce suit, the charge being adultery with Lord Melbourne, then Premier. Melbourne won in the legal fight for damages, but the reputation of the lady was so injured by a decree of divorce that she retired to private life. It was in her sorrowing hours that she touched the harp and sounded the chords of song. Her earliest poems bear evidence of a heart full of grief, and are among the best of their kind in our language. Later years developed her genius, and Mrs. Norton has long ranked among the foremost of British female poets. Every one will remember her better when we mention "Bingen on the Rhine," a gem in its way. It was a strange coincidence that her famous grandfather should write the "School for Scandal," and the grandchild should realize it in its worst London form. Mrs. Norton is soon to be married to Sir W. Stirling Max, well. She is not young—rather in the "serethe yellow leaf"—but a genius, and a woman purified by suffering.

THE GLEANER.

FATHER HYACINTHE contemplates establishing himself in Boston.

THE Duke of Modena, just deceased, left the historical Grand Duchy, in his will to the Holy See.

MAX MULLER insists upon the necessity of compulsory and gratuitous education among all the nations of the earth.

PARIS modistes and milliners confess that the American fashionables residing in that capital are its life and pocketbook to an appreciable extent.

THE Chicago Saturday Evening Herald thinks that business men are learning that advertisements pay best in society and literary papers which are taken into the home, and carefully preserved until every member of the family has read it.

THE Suez Canal is rapidly filling up with sand, debris, &c., and the English engineers say it will be necessary to deepen it. Dredging will require another outlay of pounds sterling. Great caution was observed during the passage of H. M. S. Serapis, with the Prince of Wales on board, to prevent scraping or fouling her bottom.

A grand chess-match by correspondence, to last two years, is about to be played between England and France for a stake of 10,000 fr. The head-quarters in Paris will be at the Café de la Régence, where the principal players, under the direction of Rosenthal, will form themselves into a committee. Three days will be allowed for each move, which will be made by telegraph.

MR. PLIMSOLL has secured immortality already whether he ever has a monument or not. A short yellow band, painted amidstships, about six inches below that which has always been regarded as the ship's water-line, which is being put upon British vessels by order of the Board of Admiralty, is called by the sailors "Plimsoll's mark." It will make a considerable difference in the amount of cargo which it will be lawful for the ship to carry.

DOMESTIC.

EGG BALLS.—Boil five fresh eggs quite hard and lay them in cold water to get cold. Take the yolks out, and pound them smoothly with the beaten yolk of one fresh egg; put a little cayenne and salt, roll the mixture into very small balls, and boil them for two minutes. Half a teaspoonful of flour can be worked up with the eggs.

PEA SOUP.—After well washing one quart of split peas, soak them for the night, and boil them with a little carbonate of soda in just sufficient water to allow them to break to a mash. Then put them to three or four quarts of beef broth and stew for one hour; then pass the whole through a sieve, and heat again. Season with salt and pepper. One or two small heads of celery sliced and stewed in it, will be found a great improvement.

OYSTER SOUP.—Take four dozen oysters; parboil them in their own liquor. Beard two dozen, and set them aside. Pound the rest and the beads with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs; add the oyster liquor and as much white stock as you want soup; let the whole boil, and pass it through a hair sieve. Put in the oysters; make the soup hot, season with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg, and, just before serving, stir in, off the fire, a gill of cream beaten up with the yolk of a raw egg.

Take two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of flour, mix over the fire and add one quart of fish stock, when it boils add two dozen of oysters, blanched in their liquor, each cut in two or three pieces; add also the strained liquor, some grated nutmeg, a small quantity of minced parsley, pepper, and salt to taste. Stir in at the last, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs beaten up with the juice of half a lemon and strained.

THERE has lately appeared a terse Latin epigram, supposed to have been written by an accomplished French chef de cuisine, who had been asked to advise how the expenses of the basement could be best controlled, consistently with a due regard to taste and elegance in the dining room. The accomplished professor in question was, we are told, a graduate of the once famous University of Paris, and his reply to the problem propounded to him was the following tetrastrich:

Anne parvi vis cenari,
Ne quid sumptus sit anari
Semper domine stet bellus
Super famulas ocellus.

It is excessively difficult to give the full force of these four lines. The following renderings, however, are all so good that we have no hesitation in asking our readers to choose between them.

- 1. Say, wouldst thou live that frugal life
Whose peace no idle waste invades?
Your one chance is for your fair wife
To keep her bright eye on the maids.
- 2. O what bliss is his,
Whose fair Missis's
Eye bewitching
Watches the kitchen.
- 3. Cheaply to dine if you incline,
Keeping health, not wasting wealth,
With watchful eye let Missus try
Each act of Cook and Jane to spy.
- 4. Cheaply if you wish to dine,
Nor at the cost repine;
Ready be the mistress's eye
Servants' failings to espy.
- 5. Would you in peace partake
Whilst you your supper make,
Nor fear to lie awake
Dreading the cost,
Here then the secret lies,
Let nought escape the eyes
Of a good housewife wise,
Ruling the rout.

The day, of course, is not far distant when each "lady-help" in the lower story will, in the intervals of basting and scouring, helpfully reminiscences of Giron by composing Latin epigrams on her own account. Meantime the four lines in question have compressed into them a very vast amount of sound sense.

HUMOROUS.

A good suggestion is like a crying baby at a concert—it ought to be carried out.

Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? Yes—unquestionably.

TRYING to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark; you may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" was recently very ably discussed by the members of a debating society. The conclusion arrived at was that it was not wrong, but impossible.

A blind beggar in Paris was absent from his usual position in a doorway during the late cold weather. In his stead was a placard with the inscription, "In consequence of the severe cold I solicit alms at home," accompanied by his address.

ACCORDING to a French journal, one dines in England for recuperation, in Italy for the utilization of indigenous products, in Spain for the enjoyment of the post-prandial cigarette, and in France for the sake of dining—that is, for chatting, for the enjoyment of life, and for the exchange of social amenities.

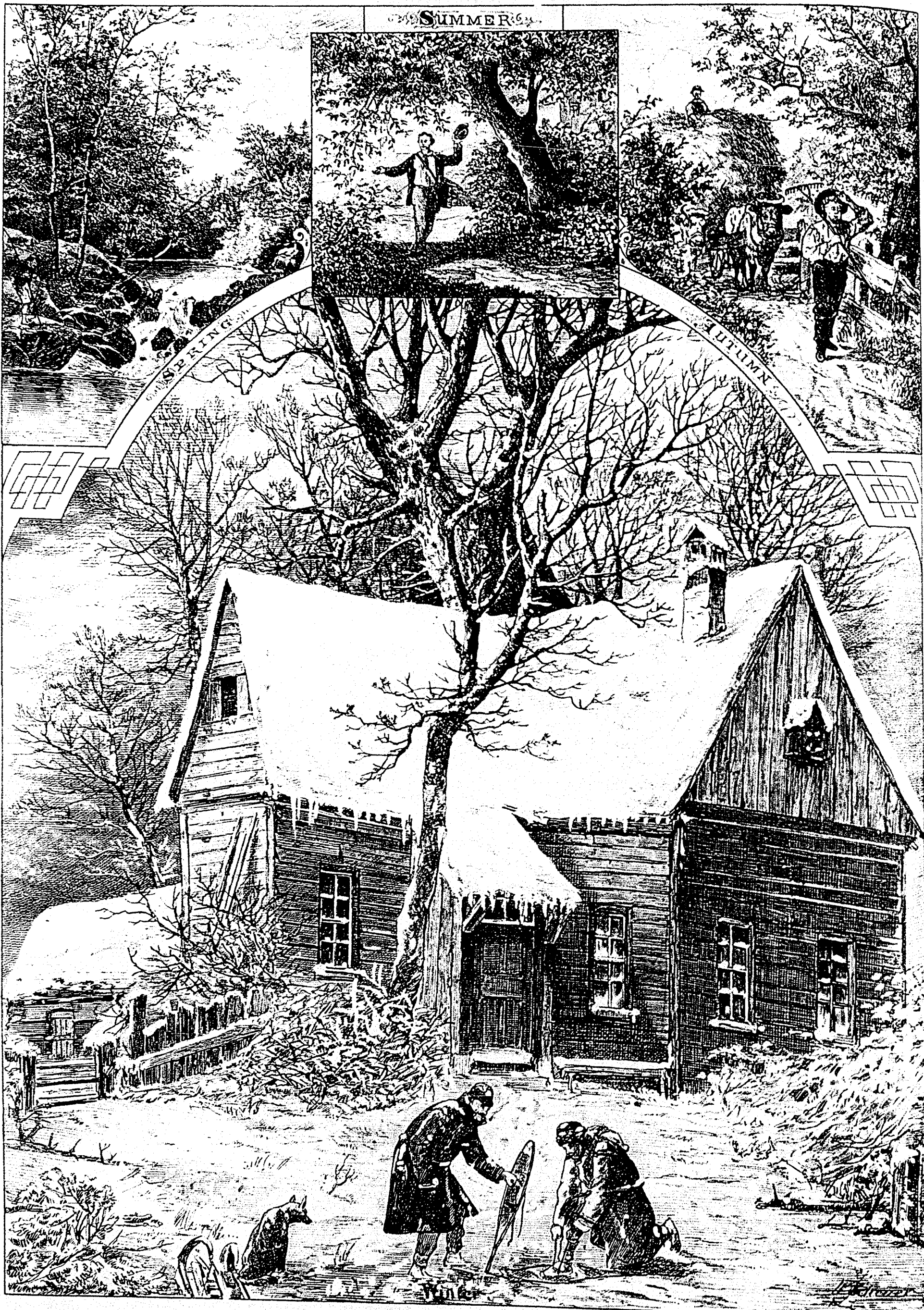
"He had made a hearty meal at a restaurant, and rising up, he said to the cashier: "I declare, if I haven't forgotten my wallet." The cashier fired up, and hurled big words at him for full three minutes before pausing for breath. When a chance came the stranger continued:—"But I have fifty dollars here in my vest pocket." The cashier couldn't smile to save him.

THE other evening, when a Detroitier and his wife felt lonesome, they decide to go over and call on an acquaintance and pass an hour away. "Ah! I'm glad to see you!" exclaimed the acquaintance as he opened the door. "Come right in and take off your things. I've got 160 verses of a poem written, and I want to read them to you and see what you think of my talent."

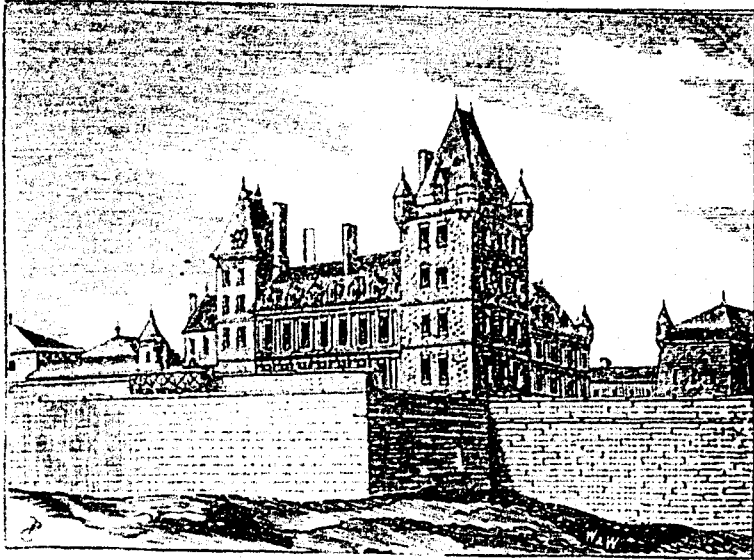
A book agent called on a farmer the other day, and was told that the farmer was too busy to talk with him. "But," said the agent, "your farm work is all done. You have nothing to occupy your time?" "Yes I have, too," retorted the farmer; "I've got to plant my foot and raise a book agent." And he did. He raised him about four feet.

THE Eureka, Nev., Sentinel says: "At the El Dorado saloon they have a kind of ticket currency on which is inscribed: "Good for one drink." It so happens that the tickets of one of our Sunday schools are of the same style and color, and lately several of them have been 'wring in' on the barkeeper of the El Dorado. Mr. Whitton, the proprietor, requests us to say that it don't go any more."

A Harvard professor went down to one of the beaches of the New England coast to bathe, one stormy day, but the man in charge refused to let him go in on account of the dangerous swell. On his way back he expressed his disappointment and indignation to the driver of the omnibus. "Well, I'll tell you how it is," said the driver, "we don't like to have strangers come down here and get drowned. It hurts the beach."



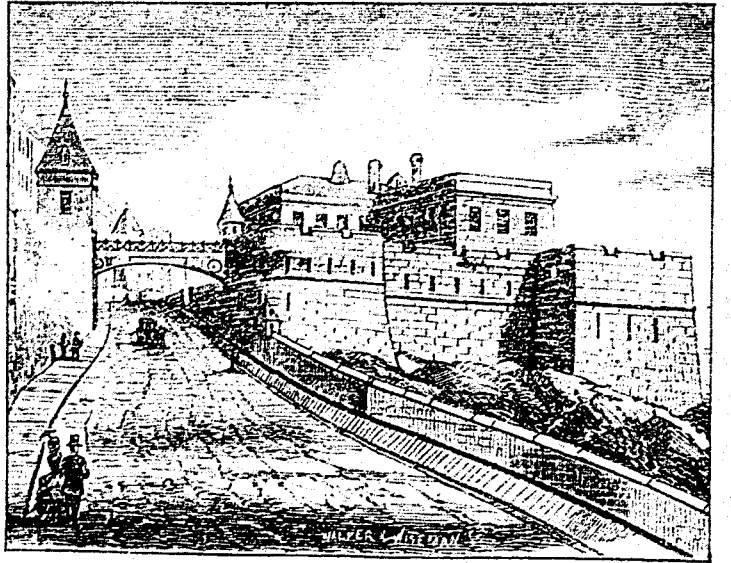
WINTER IN CANADA.



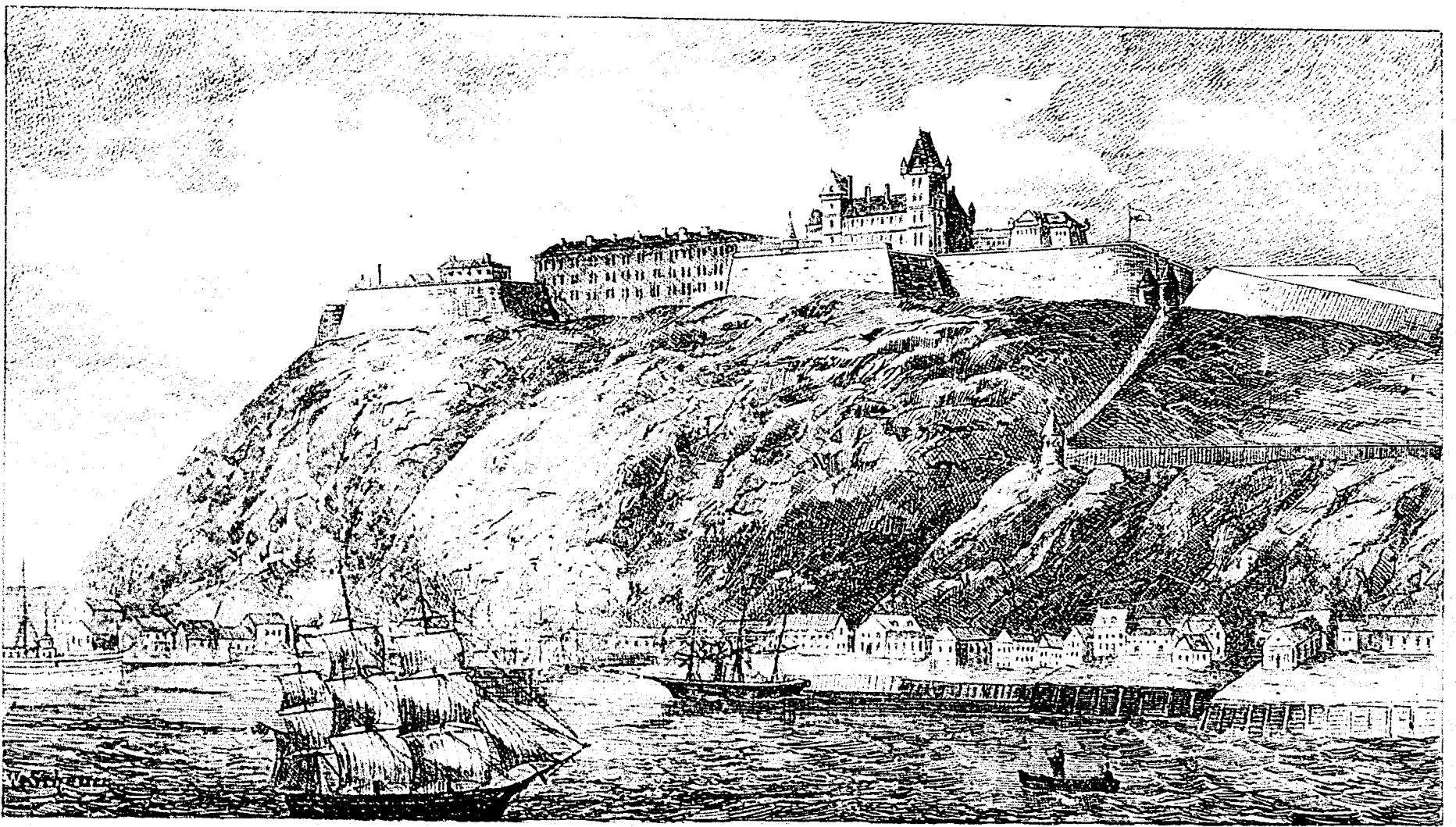
THE NEW CHATEAU ST. LOUIS.



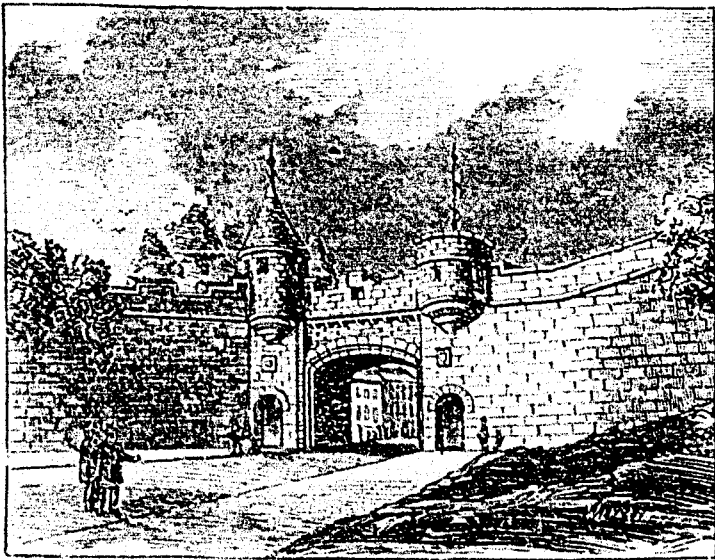
HOPE HILL.



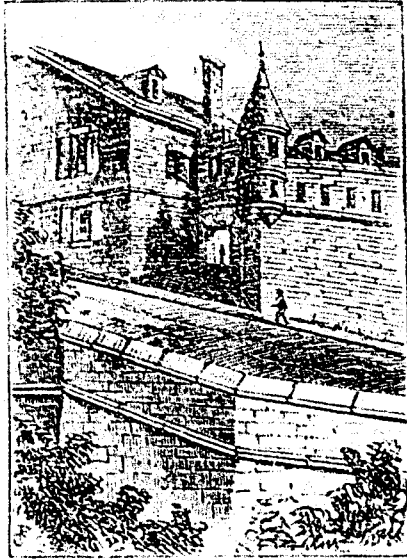
MOUNTAIN HILL.—Iron Bridge.



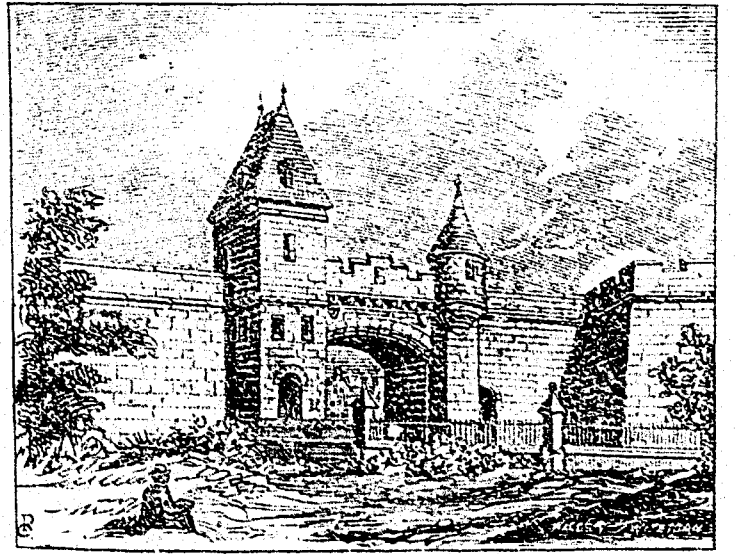
CITADEL WITH NEW CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS.



ST JOHN'S GATE.



ARTILLERY STORE—PALACE GATE.



ST. LOUIS GATE.

QUEBEC:—LORD DUFFERIN'S PLANS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ITS HISTORICAL MONUMENTS.

[Registered according to Act of Parliament in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK I.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

VIII.

THE HERMIT OF MONTMORENCI.

His name was Baptiste, but he went by the more familiar appellation of Batoche. His residence was a hut near the Falls of Montmorenci, and there he led the life of a hermit. His only companions were a little girl called Blanche, and a large black cat which bore the appropriate title of Velours, for though the brute was ugly and its eyes

"Had all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,"

its coat was soft and glossy as silken velvet. The interior of the hut denoted poverty, but not indigence. There was a larder in one corner; a small oven wrought into the chimney to the right of the fire-place; faggots and logs of wood were piled up near the hearth, and diverse kitchen utensils and other comforts hung brightly on the wall. In the angle of the solitary room furthest from the door, and always lying in shadow, was a curtained alcove, and in this a low bedstead over which a magnificent bear-skin was thrown, with the head of the animal lying on the pillow, and its eyes, bulging out in red flannel, turned to the rafters above. Directly behind the door stood a wooden sofa which could sit two or three persons during the day, but which, at night, served as the couch of little Blanche. A shallow circular cavity in the large blue flag of the hearth was the resting place of Velours. On two hooks within easy reach of his hand, rested a long heavy carbine, well worn, but still in good order and with which, so long as he could carry it, Batoche needed never pass a day without a meal, for the game was abundant almost to his very door. From the beams was suspended an array of little bags of seeds, paper cornets of dried wild flowers and bunches of medicinal herbs, the acrid, pungent odor of which pervaded the whole room and was the first thing which struck a stranger upon entering the hut.

The habitation of Batoche was fully a mile from any other dwelling. Indeed, at that period, the country in the immediate vicinity of the Falls of Montmorenci was very sparsely settled. The nearest village, in the direction of Quebec, was Beauport, and even there the inhabitants were comparatively few. The hut of the hermit was also removed from the high road, standing about midway between it and the St. Lawrence, on the right side of the Falls as one went toward the river, and just in a line with the spot where they plunge their full tide of waters into the rocky basin below. From his solitary little window Batoche could see these Falls at all times, and under all circumstances—in day time, and in night time; glistening like diamonds in the sunlight, flashing like silver in the moonbeams, and breaking through the shadow of the deepest darkness with the coruscations of their foam. Their music, too, was ever in his ears, forming a part of his being. It ran like a web through his work and his thoughts during the day; it lulled him to sleep at night with the last ember on the hearth, and it always awoke him at the first peep of dawn. The seasons for him were marked by the variation of these sounds—the thunderous roar when the spring freshets or the autumn rain-falls came, the gentle purring when the summer droughts parched the stream to a narrow thread, and the plaintive moan, as of electric wires, when the ice-bound cascade was touched upon by certain winter winds.

Batoche's devotion to this cataract may have been exaggerated, although only in keeping, as we shall see, with his whole character, ut really the Falls of Montmorenci are among the most beautiful works of Nature on this continent. We all make it a point to visit Niagara once in our lives, but except in the breadth of its fall, Niagara has no advantage over Montmorenci. In altitude it is far inferior, Montmorenci being nearly one hundred feet higher. The greater volume of Niagara increases the roar of the descent and the quantity of mist from below, but the thunder of Montmorenci is also heard from a great distance, and its column of vapor is a fine spectacle in a strong sunlight or in a storm of thunder and lightning. Its accessories of scenery are certainly superior to those of Niagara in that they are much wilder. The country around is rough, rocky and woody. In front is the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence, and beyond lies the beautiful Isle of Orleans which is nothing less than a picturesque garden. But it is particularly in winter that the Falls of Montmorenci are worthy of being seen. They present a spectacle

unique in the world. Canadian winters are proverbial for their severity, and nearly every year, for a few days at least, the mercury touches twenty-five and thirty degrees below zero. When this happens the headlong waters of Montmorenci are arrested in their course, and their ice-bound appearance is that of a white lace veil thrown over the brow of the cliff, and hanging there immovably. Before the freezing process is completed, however, another singular phenomenon is produced. At the foot of the Falls, where the water seeths and mounts, both in the form of vapor and liquid globules, an eminence is gradually formed, rising constantly in tapering shape, until it reaches a considerable altitude, sometimes one-fourth or one-third the height of the Fall itself. This is known as the Cone. The French people call it more poetically *Le Pain de Sucre*, or sugar-loaf. On a bright day in January, when the white light of the sun plays caressingly on this pyramid of crystal, illuminating its veins of emerald and sending a refracted ray into its circular air-holes, the prismatic effect is enchanting. Thousands of persons visit Montmorenci every winter for no other object than that of enjoying this sight. It is needless to add that the youthful generation visit the Cone for the more prosaic purpose of tobogganing or sledding from its summit away down to the middle of the St. Lawrence.

IX.

THE WOLF'S CRY.

It was an hour after sunset, and the evening was already very dark. Batoche had stirred the fire and prepared the little table, setting two pewter plates upon it, with knife and fork. He produced a huge jack-knife from his pocket, opened it, and laid that too on the table. He then went to the cup-board and brought from it a loaf of brown bread which he laid beside one of the plates. Having seemingly completed his preparations for supper, he stood still in the middle of the floor, as if listening:

"'Tis strange," he muttered, "she never is so late."

He walked to the door, which was flung open into his face by the force of the wind, and looked long and intently to the right and to the left.

"The snow is deep," he said, "the path to the high road is blocked up. Perhaps she has lost her way. But, no. She has never lost her way yet."

He closed the door, walked absently over the room, and after gazing up and around for a second or two, threw himself into a low, leather-strapped chair before the fire. As he sits there, let us take the opportunity of sketching the singular being. His face was an impressive one. The chin was long and pointed, the jaw firm. The lips were set as those of a taciturn man, but not grimly, and their corners bore two lines as of old smiles that had buried their joys there forever. A long and rather heavy nose, sensitive at the nostrils. High cheek bones. A good forehead, but rather too flattened at the temples. Long, thin meshes of white hair escaping through the border of the high fox-skin cap. The complexion was bronze and the face beardless. This last feature is said to be characteristic of low vitality, but it is also frequently distinctive of eccentricity, and Batoche was clearly eccentric, as the expression of his eyes showed. They were cold grey eyes, but filled with wild intermittent illuminations. The reflection of the fire-light gave them a weird appearance.

Batoche sat for fully half an hour in front of the fire, his long thin hands thrust into his pockets, his fox-skin cap dashed to one side of his head and his eyes steadily fixed upon the flames. Although immovable, he was evidently a prey to profound emotions for the lurid light, playing upon his face, revealed the going and coming of painful thoughts. Now and then he muttered something in a half articulate voice which the black cat seemed to understand, for it purred awhile in its circular nest, then rising, rounded its back, and looked up at its master with tender inquiry in its green eyes. But Batoche had no thought for Velours to-night. His mind was entirely occupied with little Blanche who, having gone into Quebec upon some errands, as was her wont, had not yet returned.

The wind moaned dismally around the little hut, at times giving it a wrench as if it would topple it from its foundations. The spruces and firs in the neighborhood creaked and tossed in the breath of the tempest, and there was a dull, heavy roar from the head of the Falls. Suddenly, amid all these sounds, the solitary old man's quick ear caught a peculiar cry coming from the direction of the road. It was a sharp, shrill bark, followed by a low whine. He sat up, bent his head and listened again. Velours's fur stood on end, and her whisker bristled like wire. The sound was heard again, made clearer and more striking by a sudden rush of wind.

"A wolf, a wolf!" exclaimed Batoche, as he sprang from his seat, seized his gun from its hooks and rushed out of the house. He did not hesitate one moment as to the direction which he should take, but bent his steps straight to the main road.

"Never. Oh, it can never be," he gasped, as he hurried along. "God would never throw her into the wolf's embrace."

He reached the road at last, and paused on its border to listen. He was not disappointed, for within one hundred or two hundred yards of him he heard for the third time the ominous yelp of the wolf. Then all the hunter showed itself in Batoche. He became, at once, a new man. The bent form straightened, the languid limbs became nerved, the sinister eyes shot fire, as if lighting the way before them, and the blank melancholy features were turned and hardened into one single expression—watch. In a moment he had determined the exact direction of the sound. Cautiously he advanced from tree to tree, with inaudible footfall and bated breath, until he reached the outskirts of a thicket. There he expected to bring the wolf to bay. He peered long and attentively through the branches.

"It is a den of wolves," he whispered to himself. "Not one pair of eyes, but four or five pairs are glancing through the dark. I must make quick work of the vermin. They must not be allowed to build their residence for the winter so near my cabin."

Saying which he raised his carbine to his shoulder and pointed. His finger was upon the trigger and was about to let go, when he felt the barrel of his gun bent from its position and quietly but firmly deflected towards the ground.

"Don't be a fool, Batoche. Keep your ammunition for other wolves than these. You will soon need it all," said a voice in a low tone.

The hunter immediately recognized Barbin, a farmer of Beauport.

"What are you doing here?"

"No time for questions to-night. You will know later."

"And who are those in the thicket yonder?"

"My friends and yours."

Batoche shook his head dubiously, and muttered something about going forward to satisfy himself by personal inspection. He was an enemy of prowlers of all sorts, and must know with whom he had to deal before abandoning the search.

A low whistle was heard and the thicket was instantaneously cleared.

Barbin tried to retain him, but the old man's temper rose and he snatched himself away.

"Don't be a fool, I say to you again, Batoche. You know who I am and you must understand that I would not be out in such a place and on such a night without necessary cause. These are my friends. For sufficient reasons, they must not be known at present. Believe me, and don't advance further. Besides they are now invisible."

"But why these strange cries?"

"The bark of the wolf is our rallying cry."

"The wolf!"

"Do you understand now?"

The old man passed his hand rapidly over his forehead and his eyes, then grounding his musket, and seizing Barbin by the collar, he exclaimed:

"You don't mean it! I knew it would come, but did not expect it so soon. The wolf, you said? Ah! sixteen years is a long time, but it passes, Barbin. We are old now, yet not broken—"

He would have continued in this strain, but his interlocutor suddenly stopped him.

"Yes, yes, Batoche, it is thus. Make yourself ready, as we are doing. But I must go. My companions are waiting for me. We have important work to do to-night."

"And I?" asked the old man reproachfully.

"Your work Batoche is not now, but later, not here but elsewhere. Be quiet; you have not been forgotten."

Barbin then disappeared in the wood, while Batoche slowly returned toward the road, shaking his head, and saying to himself:

"The wolf! I knew it would come, but who would have thought it? Will my violin sing the old song to me to night? Will Clara glide under the waterfall?"

X.

THE CASKET.

Little Blanche had not been forgotten all this time. The old man, when he reached the road, looked in the direction of Quebec for a moment, as if hesitating whether to turn his steps in that direction. But he apparently changed his mind, for he deliberately walked across the road, and plunged into the narrow path leading to his cabin. When he arrived there, he saw a horse and sleigh standing a little away from it under the trees. He paid no attention to them, however, and walked up to the door, which was opened for him by little Blanche. Bending down, he kissed her on the forehead, laid his hand upon her hair, and said:

"It is well, child, but why so late?"

"I could not return earlier, grand-papa."

"Who detained you?"

She pointed to a muffled figure seated in a shaded angle of the room. Still trailing his carbine in his left hand, Batoche walked up to it. The figure rose, extended its hand and smiled sadly.

"You don't know me, Batoche?"

The old man looked into the face of the stranger for a long time, then the light of recognition came and he exclaimed:

"I must be mistaken. It cannot be."

"Yes, it is I—"

"M. Belmont!"

"Yes, Batoche, we remember each other, though we have not met for some years. You live the life of an anchorite here, never coming to the city, and I remain in retirement, scarcely ever going from the city. We are almost strangers, and yet we are friends. We must be friends now, even if we were not before."

The old man did not reply, but asked his visitor to sit down, while he having hung up his weapon, and drawn a chair to the fire-place, took a seat beside him. The fire had burned low and both were seated in deep shadow. Blanche had offered to light a candle, but the men having refused by a sign, the child sat down on the other side of the hearth with the black cat circled on her lap.

"I brought back the child to you," said M. Belmont, by way of opening the conversation. "She was in good hands with Pauline, her god-mother, but we knew that she never spent a night out of your hermitage, and that you would be anxious if she did not return."

"Oh, Blanche is like her old grandfather. She knows every path in the forest, every sign of the heavens, and no weather could prevent her from finding her home. I have no fear that man or beast would hurt the little creature. Indeed, she has the mark of Providence upon her and no harm will come to her until she has closed my eyes in death. There is a spirit in the waterfall yonder, M. Belmont, which watches over her and the protection is inviolable. But I thank you, sir, and your daughter for having taken care of her."

"I kept her for another reason, Batoche," and M. Belmont looked furtively at his companion, who returned his glance in the same dubious fashion.

"It gave me the opportunity of paying you a visit which, for special reasons, is of the greatest importance to me."

Batoche seemed to divine the secret thought of his guest, and put him immediately at his ease by saying:

"I am a poor solitary being, M. Belmont, severed from all the world, cut off from the present, living only in the past, and hoping for nothing in the future except the welfare of this little orphan girl. No body cares for me and I have cared for nobody, but I am ready to do you any service in my power. I have learned a secret to-night, and—who knows?—perhaps life has changed for me during the last hour."

M. Belmont listened attentively to these words. He knew in the presence of what strange being he was, and that the language which he heard had perhaps a deeper meaning than appeared upon the surface. But the manner of Batoche was quiet in its earnestness, his eye had none of its strange fire and there was no wild incoherent gesture of his to indicate that he was speaking outside of his most rational mood. M. Belmont therefore contented himself with thanking the hermit for his good will. A lull then ensued in the conversation, when suddenly a low howl was heard in the forest beyond the high road. By a simultaneous impulse, both men sprang to their feet and glared at each other. Little Blanche's head had fallen on her shoulder and she was sweetly sleeping unconscious of all harm, while Velours, though, she stirred once or twice, would not abandon her warm bed on her mistress' knees.

"Wolf!" muttered Batoche.

"Wolf!" replied M. Belmont.

And the two men fell into each other's embrace.

"We are brothers once more," said M. Belmont, pressing the hand of the old man, while the tears flowed down his cheeks.

"Yes, and in the holiest of causes," responded Batoche.

"There is no more mystery between us now," resumed M. Belmont. "That call was for me. I must be away at once. I have delayed too long already. What I came to you particularly for, Batoche, was this."

And he produced, from the interior of his huge wild-cat over-coat, a small casket bound with clasps of silver.

"In this small casket, Batoche, are all my family relics and treasures. For my money I care nothing; for this I care so much that I would give my life rather than that it should perish. You are the man to hide it for me. You know of secret places which no mortal can penetrate. I confide it to you. This has been a dark day for me; what to-morrow has in store I almost fear to guess. The times will probably go hard with all of us, including you, Batoche. For ourselves the loss will be nothing. We are old and useless. But Pauline and little Blanche! They must survive the ruin. Should I perish, this casket is to go to my daughter, and should you too come to grief, entrust the secret of its hiding place to Blanche that she may deliver it. Take it, and good night. I must go."

Without waiting for a word of reply, M. Belmont embraced the old man on the cheek, stooped to imprint a kiss on the forehead of the sleeping child, rushed out of the cabin, threw himself into his cariole and drove away.

As he disappeared, the same low cry of the wolf was borne plaintively from the forest.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES.

THE young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

WHY is your wife like dynamite? Because she's apt to blow up if harshly handled.

SAY what is right, and let others say what they please. You are responsible for only one tongue—even if you are a married man.

"I do declare, Sal, you look pretty enough to eat."—"Well, John, ain't I eating as fast as I can?" replied Sal, with her mouth full.

A WELSH PROVERB.—If a woman were as quick with her feet as with her tongue, she'd catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning.

It isn't so much the beauty of the thing as the thought of the other hearts that will ache which makes the thoroughly fashionable woman delight in her new bonnet.

A WIDOW once said to her daughter, "When you are at my age it will be time enough to dream of a husband."—"Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless beauty, "for a second time."

WE know of a beautiful girl who would prove a capital speculation for a fortune-hunter of the right sort. Her voice is of silver, her hair of gold, her teeth of pearl, her cheeks of rubies, and her eyes of diamonds.

A RAPTURED writer inquires: "What is there under heaven more humanizing, or, if we may use the term, more angelizing, than a fine black eye in a lovely woman?" Two black eyes is the only answer thought of at present.

A POPULAR POET was much attached to a young lady who was born a day before him, and who did not return his passion. "Yours is a hard case," said a friend—"It is indeed," said the poet, "for I came into the world a day after the fair."

"How OLD is your mamma?" asked a love-smitten old bachelor of the daughter of the widow who had enchanted him—"I don't know, sir; her age varies from about forty-three to forty-five," was the artless reply. The bachelor was disenchanted.

"THE excuse of the third man," said Mr. Moody, illustrating the parable of the guests who were backward in coming forward, "was more absurd than any—"I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." Now, why didn't he take his wife along with him?"

A COMPANY of young ladies lately discussed this question: "What is the great duty of man?" "One of them, dressed a la mode from head to foot, contended that it was to pay milliner's bills. This was agreed to without a dissenting vote.

THE Rev. Mr. Shipman, of Norwich, says that he was once called to marry a man who was to be united to his fourth wife. As he approached the couple he said as usual, "Please rise." The man fidgeted about on his chair, and finally remarked, "We've usually sot."

"You mean elastics," replied a Broadway clerk to an old lady who asked for garters. "I suppose some high-nosed people call 'em 'lasticks,'" she said, "but when I git too stuck up to ask for garters, I'll not box my Susan's ears for saying hose when she means stockings." She got her garters.

THAT was a shrewd girl, and not devoid of sense either, who remarked, when other girls were making fun of her short skirts, and affected to be much shocked at the exhibition thereof at a party, "If you'd only pull up your dresses about your necks, where they ought to be, they'd be as short as mine!" She was not troubled any more.

SOME young tourists, travelling last summer in Wales, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought an enormous bowl of milk, and and sat it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

AT the Major Examination of the Pharmaceutical Society in England the other day, Miss Isabella G. Clarke, having passed the examination satisfactorily, was admitted a pharmaceutical chemist. There are several ladies on the register as "chemists and druggists," but this is the first instance in Great Britain in which a lady has passed the Major Examination as a pharmaceutical chemist.

Two French ladies were looking for the little daughter of one of them in a group of baby-carriages.—"Did you see her?" asked the friend of the mother.—"Her!" I am looking for her nurse.—"Her nurse?"—"Yes. All children look alike. I know the nurse, and I can find the child best that way."—"As for myself, I think all nurses look alike."—"How do you find yours, then?"—"Oh, I know the soldier who is her beau!"

A YOUNG man in Olathe, Kansas, who is particular about his washing, the other day wrote a note to his washerwoman and one to his girl, and, by a strange fatality, put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washerwoman was well pleased at an invitation to take a ride the next day, but when the young lady read "If you muss up my shirt bosoms, and rub the buttons off my collar anymore, as you did the last time, I will go somewhere else," she cried all the evening, and declares that she will never speak to him again.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently bide his time; not in idleness, in useless pastime, or querulous dejection, but in constantly accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much what the world says of us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our voices.

CARE OF CHILDREN.—The woman who, having children of her own, deposes them to the care of others, while she lolls on a sofa and reads a novel, or talks scandal with her acquaintances, is not only shirking her responsibilities, and therefore degrading herself, but she is also laying the seeds of future suffering. Yet there are a large number of ladies who never meddle much with their children except at stated times, and whose lives are simply one round of lolling, novel-reading, shopping, calling on acquaintances whom it would be an abuse of terms to designate as friends, and eating that which, as they take little exercise, and do no honest work, does them more harm than good.

CONNUBIAL MISERY.—Men are generally blamed for the major part of the connubial misery that is in the world, and probably it is not without some justice that it is laid at their door; but still justice holds equal balances, and we cannot put all the weight of wrong upon them, if their shoulders are broad. Some men are too bad to become husbands, and some women too false to be wives. The first haunt society like vultures, using all the powers of their eloquence to win the hearts of innocent maidens but to destroy them. Once in a while they run against a woman who is more than a match for them—who withstands their assaults, and comes off unscathed, while the enemy is obliged to beat a hasty retreat. May such women be more frequently met!

THE HABIT OF READING.—"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book-perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It is not the books we finish at a sitting that always do us the most good. Those we run through in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested, than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

STUDY.—To study successfully, the body must be healthy, the mind at ease, and time managed with great economy. Persons who study many hours in the day should perhaps have two separate pursuits going on at the same time,—one for one part of the day, and the other for the other; and those of an opposite nature as possible—that the mind may be refreshed by change, and all the bad effects of lassitude avoided. There is one piece of advice in a life of study which we think no one will object to; and that is, every now and again to be completely idle,—to do nothing at all; indeed, this part of a life of study is commonly considered as so decidedly superior to the rest, that it has almost obtained an exclusive preference over those other parts of the system, with which we wish to see it connected.

HOW PEOPLE BECOME ILL.—By eating too much and too fast; by swallowing imperfectly-masticated food; by taking too much fluid during meals; by drinking spirits and other intoxicating drinks freely; by keeping late hours at night and sleeping too late in the morning; by wearing clothing too tight, so as to relax the circulation; by wearing thin shoes; by neglecting to take sufficient exercise to keep the hands and feet warm; by neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores of the skin open; by exchanging the warm clothes worn in a warm room during the day for light costumes and exposure incident to evening parties; by starving the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress; by keeping up a constant excitement; by fretting the mind with borrowed troubles; by employing quack doctors and swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill; by taking meals at irregular intervals.

HONOURABLE EMPLOYMENT.—There is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well-being of the race. The ploughman that turns the clod may be a Cincinnatus or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clod he turns. It is every way creditable to handle the yard, and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick, and as narrow as the tape. There is no glory in the act of affixing a signature by which treasures of commerce are transferred, or treaties between nations are ratified; the glory consists in the rectitude of the purpose, that approves the one, and the grandeur of the philanthropy that sanctifies the other. The time is soon coming, when, by the common consent of mankind, it will be esteemed more honourable to have been John Pounds, putting new and beautiful souls into

the ragged children of the neighbourhood while he mended their father's shoes, than to have been set on a throne.

LAMARTINE'S MARRIAGE.

The story of the marriage of the great French poet and statesman is one of romantic interest. The lady was of an English family named Birch, and very wealthy. She first fell in love with the poet from reading his *Méditations Poétiques*. She was slightly past the bloom of youth, but still young and fair. She read and read the *Méditations*, and nursed the tender sentiment in secret. At length she saw Lamartine in Geneva, and her love became a part of her very life. Not long after this she was made acquainted with the fact that the poet was suffering, even to unhappiness, from the embarrassed state of his pecuniary affairs. Miss Birch was not long in deciding upon her course. She would not allow the happiness of a lifetime to slip from her if she could prevent it. She wrote to the poet a frank and womanly letter, acknowledging her deed interest and profound respect, and offering him the bulk of her fortune, if he were willing to accept it. Of course Lamartine could not but suspect the truth. Deeply touched by her generosity, he called upon her, and found her to be not only fair to look upon, but a woman of a brilliant literary and artistic education. He made an offer of his hand and heart, and was promptly and gladly accepted; and in the after-years Alphonse de Lamartine owed not more to his wife's wealth than to her sustaining love and inspiring enthusiasm.

XANTIPPE.

It seems that the memory of this woman, like that of her renowned husband, is likely to be kept alive to the end of time. She is said to have possessed a very irritable temper, and her name has become a synonym of "vixen," or "scold." It is more than possible, however, that the judgment passed upon her by mankind has been too severe. A more charitable disposition would undoubtedly have discovered in her, many good qualities, and have attributed her failings more to physical infirmities than to moral obliquity. The party most intimately acquainted with her, and therefore best able to form a correct opinion, gives her credit for many domestic virtues. It is now well-known that many of the diseases to which women are subject, have a direct tendency to render them irritable, peevish, cross, morose, unreasonable, so that they chafe and fret over all those little ills and annoyances that a person in health would bear with composure. It is fair to infer that most of the tantrums of Xantippe were due to these causes alone: and could Socrates, as he returned from the Senate, the Gymnasium, or the Athenæum, have stopped at Pestle & Mortar's Drug Store and carried home a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, now and then, no doubt he might have evaded many a "curtain lecture," allayed many a "domestic broil," made it much pleasanter for the children, and more enjoyable for himself, and rescued his wife's name from the unenviable, world-wide, and eternal notoriety it has attained. Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was first made known to them. A single bottle often gives delicate and suffering women more relief than months of treatment from their family physician. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from internal fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, and its strengthening effects tend to correct displacements of internal parts, the result of weakness of natural supports. It is sold by all druggists.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M. Quebec. Problem No. 51, is open to the objections you mention. Your solution of Problem No. 50 is correct.

We see that Mr. Bird, the distinguished English Chess player, is in New York, where he has been daily contesting with some of the best players of that city. It is expected that he will attend the Chess Tournament of the Centennial Exhibition, and take an active part in its proceedings. This Tournament is to be an important feature of the great Exhibition, and it is proposed that representatives from all parts of the world where Chess is cultivated be asked to take part in forming the rules by which the various contests are to be regulated. Mr. Bird appears to have gained the good opinion of our neighbours, not only by his Chess skill, but also, by his pleasing address, and quiet, gentlemanly manner. It will be recollected by our readers that it is to Mr. Bird that we owe the excellent collection of games which appeared a short time ago under the title of "Chess Masterpieces."

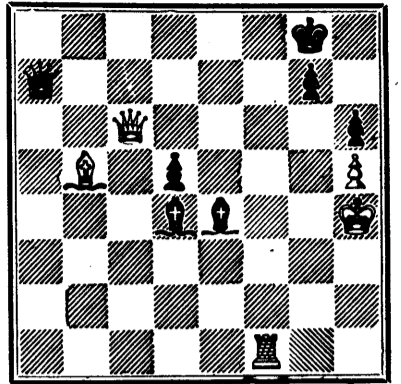
The match between Messrs. Potter and Zukertort has terminated in the favour of the latter.

The final score in games actually won was:—Zukertort 4; Potter 2; drawn 8; but owing to the arrangement mentioned in our last issue respecting the counting of every draw after the first five as half a game for each player, the score stood, Zukertort 5; Potter 3. As the victory was to be obtained by the player who first gained five games, it will be seen that Mr. Zukertort won the match with half a game in hand.

We subjoin another of the games of this match. It will be found full of interest, and deserving of attentive study on the part of all Chess players.

The games of this contest which have appeared in our columns, we owe to Land and Water.

BY SARRATT. PROBLEM No. 54. WHITE



BLACK.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

GAME 67TH.

Played in the late match between Messrs. Potter and Zukertort

(Irregular Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Potter.) 1. P to K B fourth 2. P to K third 3. Kt to K B third 4. B to K second 5. Castles 6. P to Q third (a) 7. P to K R third 8. Q to K sq 9. P to K Kt fourth (b) 10. Q to R fourth 11. Kt to K sq 12. Kt to Q B third 13. P takes P 14. Kt to K fourth 15. Kt takes Kt (ch) 16. B takes P 17. Q to Kt third 18. P to Kt fifth 19. Kt to B second (g) 20. Q R to K sq 21. B to Q second 22. B to Q sq 23. R takes R 24. P to K R fourth 25. P to R fifth (i) 26. P takes Kt 27. P takes B P (ch) 28. B to R fifth 29. Q to Kt third (ch) 30. Q to K R third 31. K to R second 32. Q to Q Kt third 33. Q to Q third 34. B takes Q 35. Q takes P (ch) 36. R takes R 37. K to R third 38. K to Kt fourth 39. K to R third 40. K to R fourth 41. K to R third 42. K to Kt fourth 43. K to R third 44. K to R fourth 45. K to R third 46. K to R fourth 47. Q to R third 48. B to Kt fourth 49. Q takes B
- BLACK.—(Dr. Zukertort.) 1. P to Q fourth 2. Kt to K B third 3. P to K third 4. B to Q third 5. Castles 6. P to Q Kt third 7. P to B fourth 8. Kt to B third 9. P to K fourth (c) 10. P to K fifth 11. Kt to K second 12. P takes P (d) 13. P to Q fifth 14. P takes P 15. P takes Kt 16. Kt to Kt third 17. P to B fourth (f) 18. R to K sq 19. B to Kt second 20. Q to B second 21. R to K second 22. Q R to K sq 23. R takes R 24. P to B fifth (h) 25. P takes P 26. P takes Kt 27. R takes P (k) 28. R to K second 29. K to B sq 30. Q to B fourth (ch) 31. R to K eighth (l) 32. B to Q fourth 33. P Queens (m) 34. R takes B 35. K to Kt sq (n) 36. Q to B seventh (ch) 37. B to Kt seventh (ch) 38. Q to B seventh (ch) 39. Q to Kt seventh (ch) 40. Q to B seventh (ch) 41. B to Kt seventh (ch) 42. B to B sixth (ch) 43. Q to Kt seventh (ch) 44. Q to B seventh (ch) (e) 45. Q to Kt seventh (ch) 46. Q to R seventh (ch) 47. Q takes P (ch) 48. B takes P

Drawn Game.

NOTES.

- (a) We prefer developing the Q B at Q Kt second. The text move blocks up one Bishop in order to let out another. When the K B has been played to the Q Kt fifth, P to Q third may be a good move.
- (b) Very hazardous; attacks of this kind, before the Queen's pieces have been developed, generally end in disastrous retreat, and the present is no exception to the rule.
- (c) The proper answer, giving Black the advantage at once.
- (d) Kt to Kt third first seems preferable.
- (e) This manoeuvre is very able. The superiority of Black's position is now evident.
- (f) Why this square was selected in preference to Kt second, where the piece would have defended the King, is quite beyond our comprehension.
- (g) Another very good coup.
- (h) He has no better play.
- (i) Moving the King to B sq would have saved time, and have been quite safe.
- (j) Very well played. This move ought to have been decisive. It is evident that the Rook cannot be taken, yet Black threatens to Queen his Pawn, and win a piece.
- (k) Comparatively weak. B to B fifth would have won, as also would R take R.
- (l) Another error. K to K second would have secured the game. After the move in the text a draw is inevitable.
- (m) This repetition of moves was done to gain time for consideration. No way to win, however, presented itself, and Black drew by perpetual check.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 52.

WHITE. (Murphy.) BLACK.

- 1. Kt to K B 3 1. Q to K 3
- 2. B to Q B 4 (ch) 2. K to K 5 (a)
- 3. Q to K B 5 mate
- 3. R takes P mate 2. K takes P
- if 1. Q takes R
- 2. Q to K B 5 (ch) 2. Q interposes
- 3. Q takes Q mate if 1. R to K 3
- 2. Q to K B 5 (ch) 2. R interposes
- 3. Q takes R mate if 1. Any other move
- 2. Q or R mates

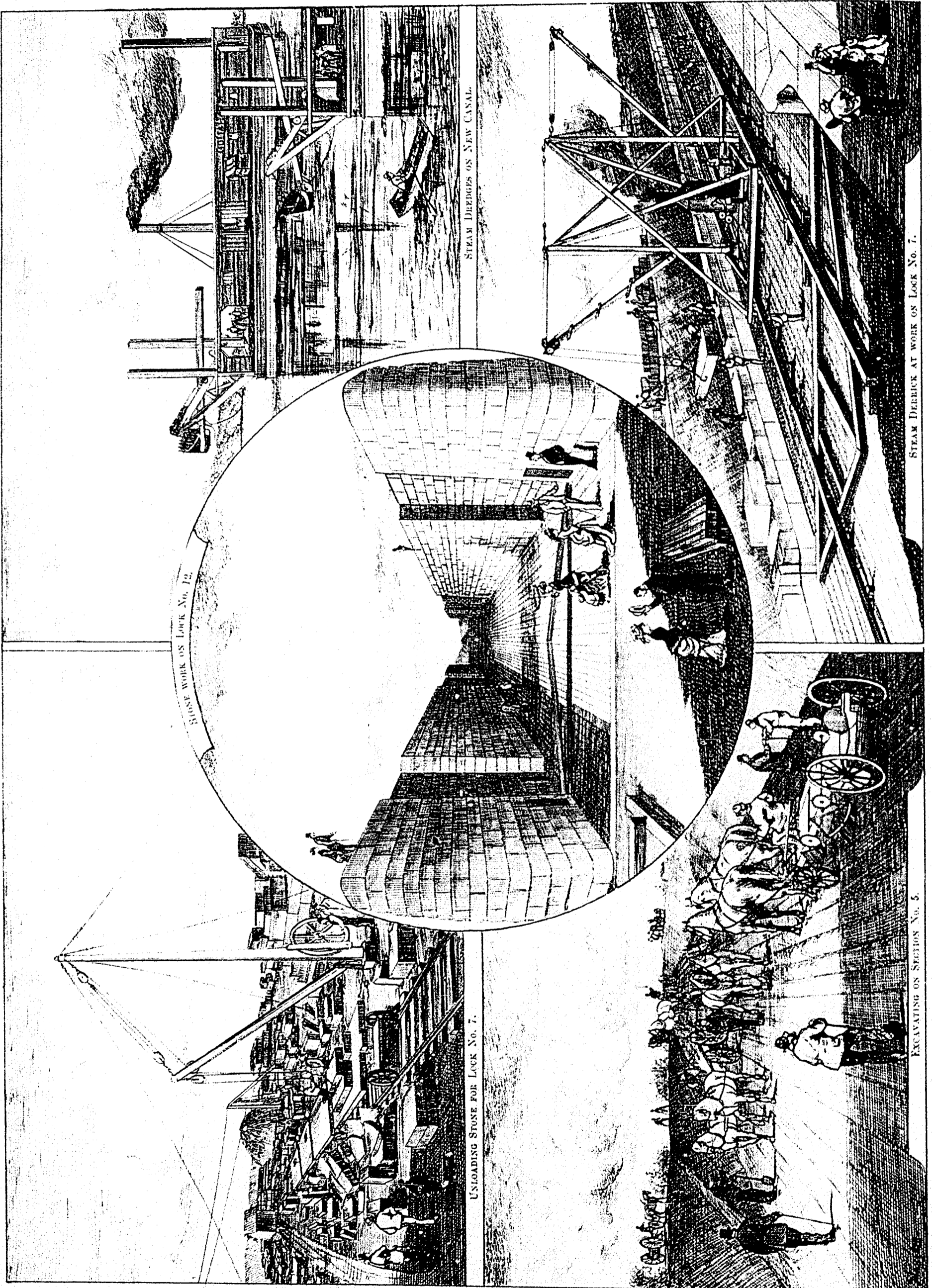
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 51.

- WHITE BLACK
- 1. K to K Kt 6 P to K R 5
- 2. B to Q 6 P to K R 7
- 3. R to K B 8 P Queens
- 4. B to K Kt 7 mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 52.

- WHITE BLACK
- K at Q Kt sq K at Q Kt 3
- Q at Q B 4 B at K 2
- R at Q 8 Pawns at Q B 8
- Pawn at Q 7 Q Kt 3 and Q R
- White to play and mate in three moves.



HOUSE WORK ON LOCK No. 12.

STEAM DREDGES ON NEW CANAL.

UNLOADING STONE FOR LOCK No. 7.

STEAM DERRICK AT WORK ON LOCK No. 7.

EXCAVATING ON SECTION No. 5.

SCENES ON THE NEW WELLAND CANAL, ONT.—SKETCHED BY C. J. DYER.

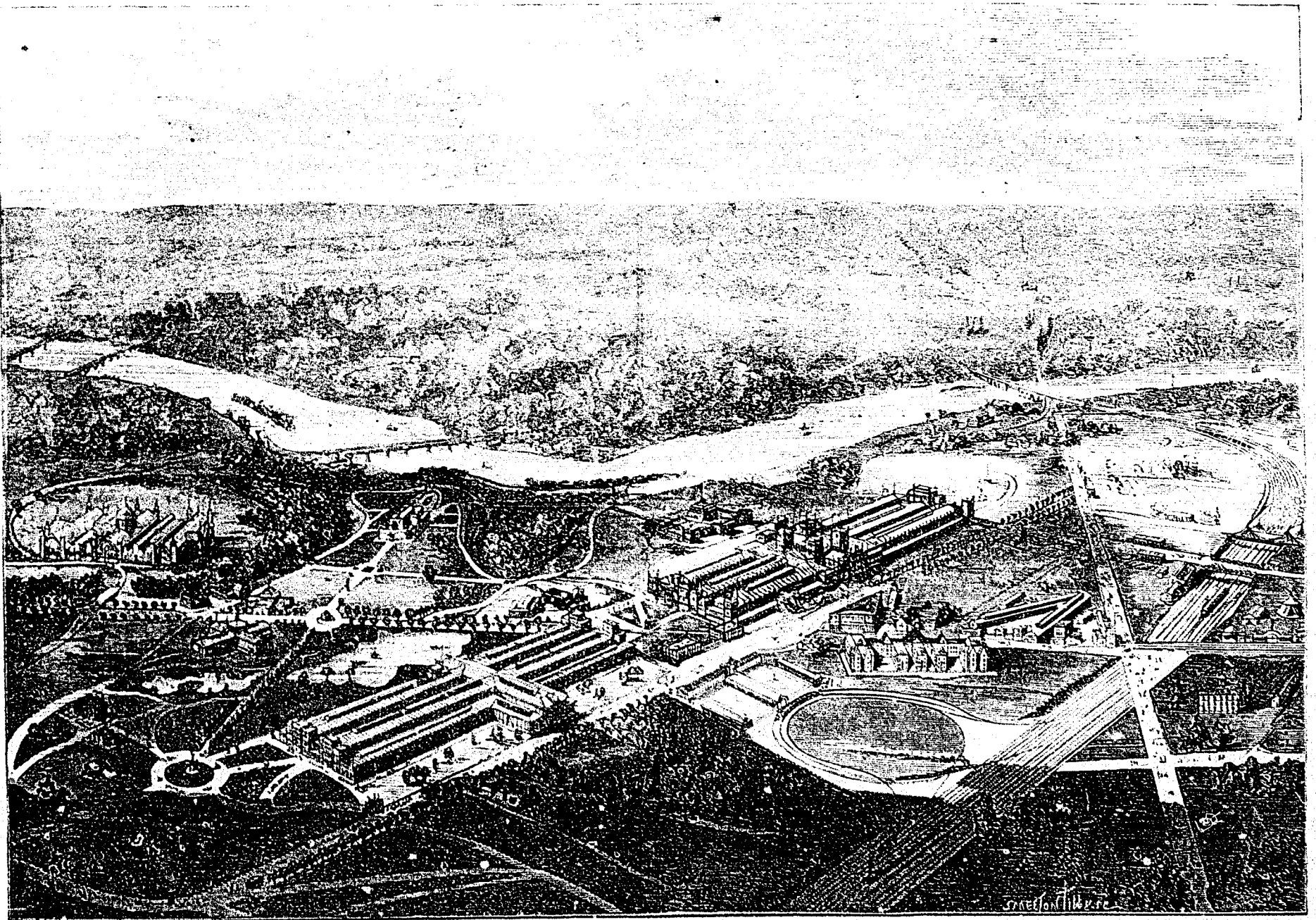
KINGS OF ENGLISH SONG:



CHARLES SANTLEY.



SIMS REEVES.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

L'UCCELLO CANTORE.

(Cansonneta per musica.)

'Sono angel d' umili piume,
Fendo l' aria, e passo il mar.
Mi cred del cielo il nume
Per amare e per cantar.
Per cantare e per amar.

'Canto allor che appar l' aurora,
Canto ancora al tramontar,
Canto sempre ed amo a ogni ora,
Fui creato per cantar.
Per cantare e per amar.

'Lascio al falco la rapina,
Lascio l' aquila imperar,
Sprezzo piuma peregrina,
Nacqui solo per cantar.
Per cantare e per amar.

'Purchè lo veggia un ciel sereno,
E colei ch' lo voglio amar
Lieto son, son pago appieno
Ch' io son nato per cantar.
Per cantare e per amar.

TERESA GUICCIOLI.

These pretty verses are taken from the "Recollections of an Old Habitué" in the last number of *London Society*. In connection with them, the writer says:—

My first introduction to Madame Guiccioli, the friend of Byron, and future Marquise de Boissy, occurred in a box at the Italiens, and I had afterwards frequent opportunities of seeing her; she had but recently arrived in Paris, and occupied an apartment jointly with an old female relative in the Rue de la Victoire. I do not think she could ever have had any real pretensions to beauty, beyond the alabaster whiteness of her complexion and a most luxurious profusion of yellowish hair; nor did her face or figure at all come up to the ideal portrait I had imagined of her. Her manner was peculiarly unaffected and engaging, and her conversation that of a sensible and well-informed lady. Of her poetical talents my readers may judge from the above very pretty song written by her and presented to one of my own countrywomen, who has kindly authorised its publication.

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

"Saintis is married!"

The news flew from one to the other, and was received with every degree of incredulity, amusement, astonishment and dismay, according to the character of the hearer.

For, if music, understood as a science as well as an art, in the severest and most abstract form, was to be considered as a religion, then Camille Saintis was its high priest, and he had by the fact of his ministry condemned himself—at least his friends averred that he had—to celibacy.

"Not more than six weeks ago," exclaimed a young man with dreamy eyes and wild hair, a composer himself, "not more than six weeks ago, at our monthly dinner, Saintis delivered himself of a speech in his very best style of eloquence: 'Feminine influence is the bane of our modern civilization; it degrades art—makes it the slave of amorous sentimentality; painting, sculpture, poetry, are lost through it; let music at least, the purest and most immaterial of arts, make the effort to shake off this baneful and ever encroaching influence. If those composers who should be our masters, men of real talent, have debased music in France, let us of the young school try to keep it at such a level that—'"

"That no one," interrupted the youngest of the band, "will be able to make anything out of it but noise and a jangle of sounds. Oh, Wagner! thou hast much to answer for!"

"My dear Durand, you are but a painter, and therefore a profane outsider."

"But the marriage! let us hear about the marriage!" called out several young men.

"Profane outsider though I am," retorted Durand the painter, "I can probably tell you more about Saintis and his wife than any of you dotters of music-paper. I had the story from an eye-witness."

"Out with it!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.

"You know as well as I, that Saintis has a mother, living in a provincial town, whose principal purpose in life, ever since her son's beard appeared, was to see him married. Saintis, in his supreme devotion to his art, as a matter of course always rebelled. However, it seems that at last the old lady's eloquence prevailed. Saintis consented to let himself be married, but he laid down his condition in a truly characteristic way. Instantly the mother began her search after a model daughter-in-law. This is what she found: a young girl of eighteen, an orphan—our friend's first condition was that he should have no mother-in-law—brought up by an old aunt, in a dull routine of life; beside this, a modest but snug dowry; good-looking enough, and fond of music. When all the preliminary arrangements had been made, Saintis, between two concert-days, found time to go and see his intended. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'my mother has probably told you that I have no time, absolutely no time to pay my court to you. I love my art; I am absorbed in it. Very likely I shall not make a very amusing husband, so you had better think the matter over before deciding to take me in that capacity. Perhaps, when the summer season comes, and there are no more concerts or musical evenings, perhaps then I may find time to devote myself a little to you; but even then I write. Oh! I write all the time. I am not a bad fellow, you know; I have every desire to please you, in as far as it does not interfere with my music; for instance, if you like, I will take you to the concerts; there are the concerts of the pure harmonists, those of the anti-melodists, those of the severe counterbasists; all are exceedingly

interesting to the lovers of musical progress. You will see quite a number of women there; not that they, for the most part, are real lovers of musical progress, but because concert-going has become the fashion. Yes, I shall certainly be willing to take you out with me in the evening; you must not expect me to sit by you, however, for when I hear music I must be at liberty. You see I am frank; it is best so. I must have quiet in my home; I could not stand scenes of recrimination, tears would make me nervous. When you have thought all this over, you can give your answer to my mother; if it is favourable, I shall be delighted of course, only you must arrange everything between you, without consulting me; then you will let me know when I am to come down for the ceremony. Oh! never fear. I shall be sure to be in time—provided, naturally, that it does not come at a moment of particular interest. And, ah! yes, I knew that there was something else; I am told that you have musical tastes. Now I feel bound to tell you that I hold the music of young ladies in profound horror; my nerves cannot stand it. It sounds brutal to say so, does it not now? but it is my duty, as an honourable man, to tell you everything very clearly beforehand."

Durand stopped for want of breath. "The brute! and after all that she accepted him—they are actually married—the wedding took place?"

"Actually married, legally and religiously, just five days since. What could you expect? The girl was not happy with her aunt, it seems—the prospect of living in Paris is always tempting to a provincial; probably her friends reasoned with her; all that, to an old romantic idea that she was born to be an artist's wife, probably decided her. Besides, Saintis, in spite of the brutality of his language, looks the very picture of good-nature, and we all know that his looks do not belie him; he is by no means an ugly fellow, and probably compared favourably with the men she had hitherto seen. I feel certain that Saintis won't miss Mme. Vernier's next Thursday evening—he was at her last. I shall certainly be there too!"

With one accord the friends agreed to meet in Mme. Vernier's *salon* the following Thursday evening.

Mme. Vernier was the queen of a certain musical society in Paris; she was a woman of great intelligence, who in her youth had possessed a superb voice; by her marriage she had attained a very solid social position, and it was not to be wondered at, if all there was of young and original talent circled around her. But as a rule she did not like women—she tolerated them in her *salon* as a tiresome necessity of society; her favourites were young men, those as yet unknown to fame, and whom it was her pride to discover and push forward. Saintis was one of her pets, he was never known to miss her Thursdays. Mme. Vernier, unlike most of her neighbours, had a house to herself—an old-fashioned place, without any of the pretensions of the millionaire's *hôtel* about it, but a snug comfortable house, with a bit of a garden round about it. She was a woman of great taste, and was fond of other arts beside that of music. Out of one of her two *salons*, down half-a-dozen steps, was a tiny picture-gallery; a charming nook, octagon in shape, lighted from above, and containing a dozen or two really excellent pictures. There were heavy curtains instead of doors to this delightful sanctum.

On the much-talked-of Thursday evening, half hidden by those curtains, a young woman, an evident stranger, sat silently. Saintis had placed his wife, for it was she, in that corner, after the necessary ceremony of presentation to the mistress of the house, and here, shrinking more and more behind the folds of the drapery, she remained.

The reception was a very large one, and rather solemn in its character. The women, on their arrival, were all placed in one compact group, at the extreme end of which Marthe Saintis found herself; the men, except the few privileged musicians who fluttered about the mistress of the house, were huddled together by the doors, in the window-embrasures, in the antechamber; they talked to each other in awed whispers, or examined their own boots with pensive interest. As to any conversation in which men and women equally joined, in which Marthe could have admired any of the wit for which, as she had heard, Parisians were celebrated, that was out of the question.

Long-winded compositions, by future great men, succeeded each other. People yawned, but agreed dutifully that it was very fine indeed. Marthe, however, was roused from the apathy in which she had gradually fallen, when Mme. Vernier herself sang. She was no longer young, and her voice had lost not only its freshness, but its perfect sureness of intonation as well; but the method was so perfect, the power, the depth of expression, in one word, the genius, was such that the effect on the depressed company was electric. Marthe, from her corner, listened and wondered; that was how one should sing! She eagerly followed every intonation, every effect of voice; she was captivated, entranced. Those ladies who sat near her, and who had during that long evening quite ignored the silent ill-dressed young stranger, looked at her now, and were forced to acknowledge that if she was no regular beauty, her eyes were certainly fine.

"Saintis, is your wife here? Present me, that's a good fellow!"

"Yes, yes, certainly—later; we are going to have the 'Symphonie Magistrale,' and Saintis dashed off toward the piano. But Durand, for it was he, was an enterprising young fellow, and

not to be so easily put off. He had vowed to find out what sort of person the bride really was; he had already spied her out; and the difficulties of approaching her only sharpened his wits. Quietly, during the first movement of the symphony, he slid from group to group, until he found himself close to the phalanx of ladies. The steps leading down to the picture-gallery were comparatively free, and at last, by dint of skillful maneuvering, he stood by the side of Marthe, his head about on a level with hers. Profiting by a pause in the music, the enterprising painter drew aside the drapery and said:—

"Pardon me, madame, but Saintis, who promised to present me, is too busy to keep that promise, so I have ventured to present myself. I am Ernest Durand, an intimate friend of your husband."

Marthe was dreadfully startled; she had thought herself so thoroughly hidden by the curtain on one side, and by a voluminous lady on the other, that it had never occurred to her that she could in any way be approached.

"Monsieur—I"—she stammered, blushing painfully.

She was not allowed to stammer out anything more; the voluminous lady aforesaid turned round with sudden interest.

"Is it to Madame Saintis that I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"Yes, madame;" and Marthe this time blushed at hearing the unfamiliar name, rather than at the fact of being addressed.

"Now if that is not like Camille Saintis! Who would believe that I have known him since his boyhood, that his knife and fork are regularly put every Sunday at my table? He profits by the delicate attention when by chance he remembers it—that is about a dozen times a year—and with all that I have to present myself to his wife. If Saintis were like the rest of mankind, I would never speak to him again. But he is not; one passes one's life in forgiving him something or other. I trust that you, madame, are of a magnanimous turn of mind, otherwise—"

The lady did not finish her sentence, except by a very expressive nod and smile.

Marthe looked down uneasily; she was saved the necessity of answering, however, for at that moment the symphony recommenced, and silence was once more established. Durand kept his post on the step, and Mme. du Ruel, such was the voluminous lady's name, examined Marthe from behind her fan, with thorough feminine clear-sightedness. During the next pause, the young wife had regained some composure, and was able to answer the remarks of her new acquaintances with comparative ease.

"Of course you admire your husband's music above all things?" wickedly insinuated Durand, who himself, as we have seen, was a profane unbeliever in the "pure harmony" system.

"Oh yes, certainly!" answered Marthe, with a candid hesitation which delighted her two listeners. "But I should doubtless admire it much more if I could only make out what he meant by it. My provincial education is sadly against me," she added, half smiling.

Marthe had a modest unaffected way of speaking about herself, which entirely disarmed criticism; Mme. du Ruel was quite won by it. It suddenly struck her that it would be a feather in her cap if she could form and bring out "la petite Mme. Saintis;" there was evidently something to be made of her, so as she rose to go she said—"Of course, if your husband were like other Christians, it would be his duty to bring you to me; you ought to make your *visites de nocces* together in grand style; but since he is what he is, the thought of performing such a duty has, of course, never entered his head. But I want to know you, Mme. Saintis, and I mean to pay you an unceremonious visit—expect me soon—and if in the mean time you should need any service which I can render you, here is my address. I should really like to oblige you."

The musical evening at last came to an end; nearly all the guests had gone, and Marthe, in her corner, wondered whether her husband would forget her there. Durand, in telling the story, as of course he did, here, there, and everywhere, asserted that Saintis was on the point of leaving, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Tiens! did I not have my wife with me when I came in?" in the same tone as a man exclaims, "Bless me! I was just going to forget my new umbrella!" but then Durand was a facetious young gentleman, and his stories were not always in puritanical accordance with truth.

M. Saintis, when he married, had not thought it necessary to change his apartment, or his fashion of living, or his old, ugly, cross cook, or, indeed, anything whatever. What was good enough for him must be good enough also for little provincial school girl, whom his mother had chosen to be his wife. So Marthe found herself installed in an old-fashioned house on the Ile St. Louis, facing a narrowed branch of the river, and with a cheerful view of the Morgue in the distance. The place was solitary, and very solemn. The quay itself, bordered all along with other houses, which must have looked much the same in the days of the Fronde, was rarely traversed except by the gliding figures of the old-fashioned dwellers of this forgotten quarter. The streets of the island were dingy, and the uneven paving stones were smeared with mud, of a peculiarly black and greasy kind; the small dark shops were the last resting-places of old rusty iron, and all other refuse which the gay and modern parts of Paris refused to traffic in. Marthe, when she was forced to walk along these dirty streets, always shivered, as though she had been in a place of ill omen. The quay

itself, at least, was sunshiny, and there were no rusty-iron shops about, no shops of any kind indeed; the river rolled its sullen waters onward, with a measured rhythm; other voices there were none, save the subdued hum of distant life.

Her husband explained to Marthe that the stillness of the place was a necessity to him; then the apartment boasted two superb rooms, such as could not be found in modern Paris—lofty, with great beams supporting the ceiling; rooms admirable for sound; in these he had disposed all his artistic treasures; rich, heavy draperies, armour, odds and ends of every description, brought with him from Rome, where he had spent some years as "grand prieur"; musical instruments, ancient and modern, were placed with great care in appropriate corners; music-books were piled one on the top of the other; loose music lay about on the chairs and tables; the piano was nearly always open; writing-materials were close at hand, in readiness for the inspiration which might seize upon the composer at an instant's notice. Such was the *salon*, library, work-room, or whatever else one might choose to call it; the draped doors opened into the equally large and lofty bedroom, so that there was plenty of space for hasty strides, when inspiration required free movements. The rest of the apartment was very small and inconvenient, but that was of very little importance, Camille said.

Everything about her new life seemed exceedingly strange to the bride. She had been accustomed to provincial ideas of neatness and order; the artistic and somewhat chaotic character of the musician's surroundings bewildered her; she wanted sadly to put things to rights. Then, too, the sudden liberty in which she found herself, liberty of going out alone, without asking her aunt's permission, alarmed her; she was still so entirely a timid young girl in appearance, that in the street passers-by looked at her as though she had no right to be thus walking alone. Altogether life wore a strange aspect; she seemed to be out of place somehow—out of place especially at those famous concerts or musical *soi-ées* to which her husband dutifully took her, and where she felt so lonely that she had great difficulty to keep from crying. Marthe had not been brought up with romantic ideas of life; she had not been accustomed to expect much poetry in her marriage. She knew that it was the destiny of young girls to be married, just as a well-fattened chicken is destined one day to be roasted and eaten. With her the time had come; she was married, and every one said that she, with her moderate dowry and moderate good looks, was fortunate to have been so well married. She also was quite of that opinion; still, in spite of a sensible mode of bringing up young girls, they generally succeeded in nourishing, in a secret corner of their little hearts, a longing for something more than the dry bread and clear water of life. Marthe, at all events, asked for something more, and at times the craving became almost intolerable. Camille was very good to his demure, quiet, little wife; he approved of her; she was not at all in his way; indeed it was rather pleasant than otherwise to feel that she was sewing in the corner of the room while he was working at his piano; she did not want to chatter and make a fuss like most young women; she was gentle, always ready to do whatever he suggested; neat and pleasant to look at—yes, decidedly pleasant to look at; on the whole, marriage was not the bugbear he had so often pictured to himself. If he only had a little more time; well, when the concert season was over, he certainly would find more time—not that his theories were in any way modified, oh, not at all; female influence, female fascination, must be kept out of art, or, at least, merely used as a motive power, to give the first impulsion to inspiration.

(To be continued in our next.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELAIDE NEILSON LEE will return* to this country in the fall of 1876, and play in "Anne Boleyn."

CARLOTTA PATTI has been offered £75,000 to sing in Calcutta for three months, but has not as yet accepted the offer. She is staying in Paris.

"WHAT is 'going on,' theatrically speaking, in the English metropolis is briefly 'hit off' by the correspondent of the N. Y. *Home Journal*—"Mr. Irving is not, despite the wonderful support he has received from the papers, a success in *Othello*. Many think and say he lacks the qualifications for a tragedian. Jefferson is the most genuine success—that is success without clap-trap or puffing—we have had in London for many years. The quality, the character of the persons who go to see him is remarkable. For instance, the other night I saw Ruskin most intent on, and interested in, the performance, and I never before saw Ruskin in a theatre, although I am a *habitué*. Tom Taylor's new play, 'Ann Boleyn,' in which Miss Neilson makes her re-appearance here on the seventeenth of January, has certain passages in it which are likely to contribute to its success—such as a reference to the Pope's authority and some eloquent words concerning the New Testament. S. W. Will's blank verse play, 'Buckingham,' at the Olympic, is a failure. It is likely that George Clarke, (yours, from New York,) will, in the provinces play *Con in 'The Shaughraun'*. Clarke's engagement at the Opera Comique terminated last night."

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the PARLIAMENT of CANADA, at its next Session, to amend the Charter of

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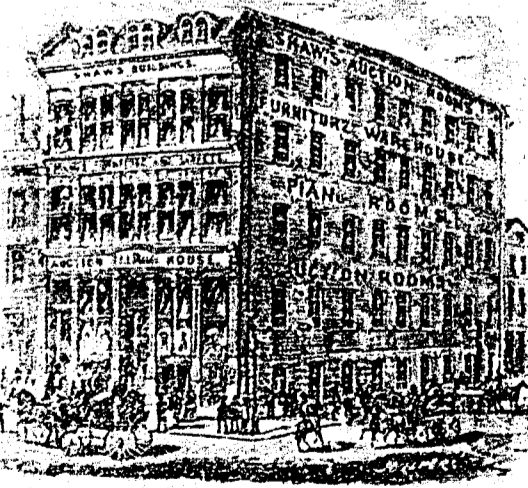
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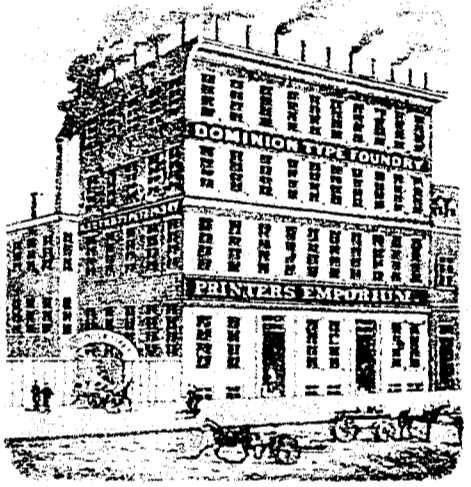
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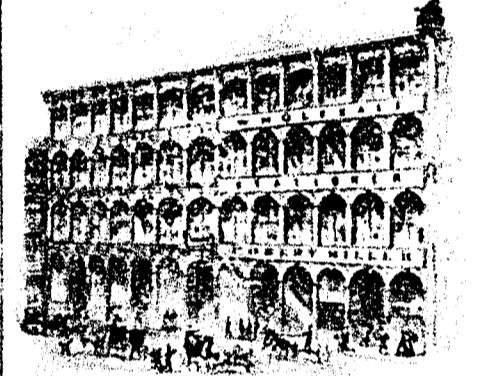
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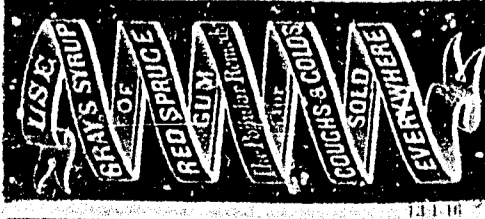
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THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER dated 30th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Hornleigham, near Westminster, Wiltshire:—
 "I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep, and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 74 years old."
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