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Wholesale News

Vol. X.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1874.

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



MONTREAL WEST *log.* : Never mind, Tom, I'll be a widow again bye and bye, and then perhaps you'll have better luck.

J I L T E D .

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

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

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

We are happy in being able to announce that we are preparing to issue an exceptionally brilliant

Christmas Number

of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, which will be published on Thursday, the 24th inst. Besides the usual literary and pictorial attractions of our ordinary issues, this number will contain several

Splendid Illustrations

symbolical of the season, and CARTOONS of a political nature connected with the celebration of Christmas in Ontario and Quebec, together with the portraits of the principal office-holders of

THE QUEBEC GRAND LODGE

of Free and Accepted Masons. These portraits will be acceptable on the eve of St. John's Day. The letter press of the number will likewise be appropriate to the Christmas holidays.

THE NEW STORY.

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

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

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

Back numbers can be had on application.

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

FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED

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

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 19th, 1874.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

The first annual general meeting of this Company was held on Monday last, at the Printing Office, 311 to 319 St. Antoine Street. A full and influential gathering of Shareholders assembled. Mr. G. B. BURLAND, Provisional Manager, occupied the chair, and Mr. W. SALTER acted as Secretary. The Manager read a report of the present state of the Company's affairs, shewing good progress and indicating a liberal and at the same time economical management. The By-Laws of the Company were read and passed *seriatim*; and the Charter under signature of the Governor General, was laid on the table for the inspection of Shareholders.

A board of seven directors was chosen by ballot. Messrs W. D. McLAREN, and BOND acting as scrutineers, who declared the following gentlemen elected:

G. B. BURLAND,
G. E. DESBARATS,
GEO. LAFRICAINE,
T. E. FOSTER,
CHAS. GARTH,
W. G. ROSS, M.D.
W. D. McLAREN,

Subsequently, at a meeting of the Board of Directors, Mr. G. B. BURLAND was chosen President and General Manager, Mr. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Vice-President, and Mr. J. H. ROSS, Secretary and Treasurer of the Company.

We are happy to state that since the assumption of the business by the new Company, our advertising and subscription patronage has largely increased; and we hope that the public appreciation of the efforts still further to be made to improve the *Canadian Illustrated News*, will extend its circulation and influence into every Canadian Home.

EBB AND FLOW.

In ordinary circumstances, barring a crisis or a revolution, the current of popular opinion follows the laws which govern the tides of the sea. It has its rise and fall, its ebb and flow. The attentive observer of public affairs whose vision is not blinded by personal ambitions or partisan hopes, can trace out the regularity of this course with almost mathematical precision. Men are not precisely machines, but they are largely governed by routine, and their political action runs steadily along a certain level for a considerable length of time, till it stops hesitatingly, then gradually recedes. The masses of men, the bulk of electors, are dominated by the idea of power. Without much reasoning, they cling to the government in office, and it requires a long while, before they can be persuaded to withdraw their confidence from it. Examples of this are abundant in quite recent history. In England, the Tories held power for some forty years continuously, from the days of Pitt to those of Wellington. Then the Whigs succeeded them and have kept the ascendant, with only slight breaks, down to our time. In the United States, the Democrats were in office almost uninterruptedly from 1800 till 1860. They were replaced by the Republicans who, from that date to within one month ago—a period of nearly fifteen years—have ruled the Union. In Canada, the Conservatives had the upper hand for nigh twenty years and were followed, only a twelve month ago, by the Liberals, who at present command an overwhelming preponderance in Parliament.

A careful study of the history of these governments will show the steady onward and retrograde march of public opinion to which we have referred. During the first half, or two thirds of their existence, they were almost universally supported by the people. Then came a turning point, next a downward movement, till finally it ended in their withdrawal from office. The late GLADSTONE administration is an example. It took office in the autumn of 1868 with an immense majority. For the three first years it ruled supreme. Then symptoms of weakness began to appear, partial elections were lost, and two years later, when Mr. GLADSTONE again appealed to the people, he found himself unheeded and cast off. The same thing happened to the late MACDONALD government. In 1867, it swept the country and maintained its strength till 1871, when the tide began to turn, majorities decreased, and the Pacific Railroad only precipitated a fall, which could not have been long delayed in obedience to the natural law of reaction.

This review of the movements of the popular will, gives curious insights into the existence of political parties. When a new government comes thundering into power on the full tide of popular favor, the death knell of the opposing and defeated party is always pronounced by the reckless or despondent. Thus when DISRAELI was ousted in 1868, the Liberal papers in England declared that he would not live to be Prime Minister again. When SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD and SIR GEORGE E. CARTIER stood forth triumphant at Confederation, their exultant friends predicted that the Rouges were dead for ever, and GEORGE BROWN buried out of sight. Since Mr. MACKENZIE carried the country

by storm in January, it has been said over and over again that the Conservatives would never hold up their heads in Canada. Such prophets overlook the fact that the two parties in a State represent the ebb and flow of public opinion, the upward and downward movement, the voice of the people, first supporting, then opposing the existing government. The Reformers of Canada are not dead, but rule to day. The Conservatives of Canada are not dead, and may rule to-morrow.

It follows that a government, like Mr. DISRAELI'S, or Mr. MACKENZIE'S, in the first year of its existence, is nearly all powerful. It follows too, that it is next to impossible to defeat a government candidate, when that government is in the full flush of its strength. The hotly contested election of Montreal-West is a striking proof of this fact. There is as yet no symptom whatever of reaction against the present Federal administration. Not only has it carried every partial election in its own contested constituencies, by increased majorities, but it has won two Conservative seats, and when the strongest men of the Opposition, such as Mr. COCKBURN and Mr. WHITE presented themselves against it, they have been obliged to go under. This is all very natural, as we have shown. There is nothing in it to induce undue exultation among the Liberals, or undue disappointment among the Conservatives. It is the repetition of the history of all constitutional governments, in normal times and circumstances. The MACKENZIE government is simply the expression of the opinion and wishes of the Canadian people for the time being, as the MACDONALD administration was before it, and as somebody else's cabinet will be after it. It is the part of statesmanship, on the one hand, and of patriotism, on the other, to recognize this fact and to act accordingly.

AGREEMENT WITH BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Important news has arrived from England respecting the obligation of the Dominion as to the period of time within which the Pacific Railroad shall be built. As is known to every one, the McDONALD Government pledged by Act of Parliament the good faith of Canada to complete the work within ten years after the passage of the Bill. This the MACKENZIE Government declared, as soon as it came into office, could not be done; that it was, in fact, an impossibility from the delays and the failure of negotiations which had taken place during the tenure of office even of the Ministry which recommended Parliament to make the pledge. This announcement of the new Government caused the greatest excitement in British Columbia, which found vent in threatening public demonstrations. Mr. MACKENZIE, recognizing the full force of the obligation of Parliament, sought, if possible, to make some compromise; and for this purpose sent Mr. EDGAR on a mission to the Pacific coast. But Mr. EDGAR found the British Columbia Ministers in a very excited state. The consequence was he could do nothing, and the negotiation came to a rough rupture. The British Columbia Government now, more angrily than before, charged the Dominion Government with Punic faith, and sent its Attorney-General, Mr. WALKEM, to England, to make a protest to the Imperial Government, and to endeavour to induce it to take some steps to compel Canada to respect its publicly pledged faith to fulfil those conditions on which alone that Province was induced to enter the Confederation.

We shall probably not learn what course Mr. WALKEM'S negotiations took with the Imperial Government until Parliament meets, but we are now informed of one result which is in the highest degree important for Canada, and Mr. WALKEM appears to have gone home highly satisfied, if we may judge from what took place at a banquet recently given to him in London, at which Sir John Rose presided. Mr. WALKEM stated that he could not announce in that place what had transpired, but he

gave it to be understood that he was content therewith.

It appears, however, from what has leaked out, that the Imperial Government has given very prudent advice, and suggested that the year 1890 should be fixed for the completion of the Pacific Railway, a sum of not less than \$2,000,000 being spent annually within British Columbia upon the works. We believe also that the Imperial Government has specially approved of Mr. MACKENZIE'S proposal to utilize the magnificent water stretches which nearly reach all the way across the continent, pending the construction of the railway. The whole compromise is not very different from that which Mr. EDGAR was authorized to propose. The principal difference is that he offered, on behalf of Mr. MACKENZIE'S Government, the expenditure of a million and a half, instead of two millions a year.

The fact of this understanding, apart from all question of its merits, is one on which the country may be congratulated, and sixteen years from this date is a reasonable time within which to fix the completion of so great a work as the Pacific Railway.

It was not a desirable thing for the success of the Confederation to have a recalcitrant Province, declaring that the Dominion is guilty of breach of faith solemnly pledged by Act of Parliament, however imprudently that pledge might have been made. The public faith once pledged, should be held sacred.

Another feature of great interest which this matter presents, is the fact of the Imperial Government acting as a referee. We have no Supreme Court, as in the United States, to which questions of public obligation may be referred; and that has been held by many to be a fault of our Constitution. It was proposed to be remedied by the creation of such a court by the late Ministry. And we noticed that Lord DUFFERIN, during his recent tour in Ontario, made some allusion to this question in more than one of his speeches. He indicated plainly that the Imperial Government might stand to us in the position of a kind, disinterested and enlightened friend, to arbitrate in possible matters of difficulty.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The message of the President of the United States is at all times a document of public interest, but this year it assumed particular importance from the position of General GRANT, in presence of the overwhelming defeat of his party at the November polls. The chief point to which we naturally turned was the currency question, on which it was supposed that the President would change front, in favor of the inflationists. Almost the first lines of the message proved to us that the President had manfully maintained the position he had taken in his celebrated veto of last spring. He says emphatically that the first duty of the American people is to secure a currency good wherever civilization reigns, one which, if it becomes superabundant with one nation, will find a market with some other; a currency which has as its basis the labor necessary to produce it, and which will give it its value. Gold and silver are the recognized medium of exchange the entire world over, and to this Americans should return with the least practicable delay. In view of the pledges of the American Congress, when the present legal-tender system was adopted and debt contracted, there should be no delay, according to General GRANT, —certainly no unnecessary delay—in fixing by legislation a method of return to specie. With regard to the doctrine of inflation, the President utters no uncertain sound. He pronounces it neither honest nor prudent. His views on the disadvantages of a paper currency are sound, if not novel. He holds that a nation dealing in a currency below that of specie in value, labors under two difficulties. First, having no use for the world's acknowledged medium of exchange—gold and silver—these are driven out of the country, because

there is no demand for their use. Secondly, the medium of exchange in use being of a fluctuating value, a larger margin must be allowed for profit by the manufacturer and producer. It is months from the date of production to the date of realization. Interest upon capital must be charged and the risk of fluctuation in the value of that which is to be received in payment, added. Hence high prices acting as a protection to the foreign producer. To the President as to every student of political economy, nothing is clearer than that the greater part of the burden of existing prostration in the United States, for the want of a sound financial system, falls upon the workingman, who must produce the wealth, and the salaried man who superintends and conducts business. The burden falls upon them in two ways:—by the deprivation of employment and by the decreased purchasing power of their salaries.

With regard to foreign relations, the President congratulates his countrymen upon the good will reigning between the United States and all other nations. He makes a rather remarkable reservation, however, respecting Spain, on account of the Cuban war. The paragraph has created considerable indignation in Madrid, where it was construed as a threat. Indeed, the language of the President is sufficiently explicit, for he goes the length of saying that if the strife in Cuba is to continue purposelessly and indefinitely, "it may make some positive steps on the part of other powers a matter of self-necessity."

It has been said and, we fear, with truth, that the South has no longer any thing to hope from General GRANT. The parts of his message relating to Southern affairs seem to point to no other conclusion. While deprecating the necessity of Federal interference, especially armed intervention, in the internal concerns of any State, he holds to his initial mistake in regard to the recognition of KELLOGG, justifies his course in Louisiana, and intimates not obscurely that he is ready to act in the same way should similar circumstances require. Considering the enormous majorities cast throughout the South, always excepting poor South Carolina, in favor of the Democratic party, it is perhaps natural that President GRANT should indulge in no superfluous generosity towards the rebellious States, but it was hoped all the same that he would at least adhere to the policy of non-partisanship and non-intervention.

Some surprise has been expressed at the total silence of the President on the subject of the Reciprocity Treaty. No capital need be made of the circumstance, as it is easily explained. The instrument is not a treaty, but only a draft or memorandum. It has already been submitted to the Senate, in a separate message sent in shortly before the close of the last session. At that time, the President recommended immediate attention to the same, but the Senate adjourned without taking any action. The matter thus passed out of the President's hands. Furthermore, it is presumable that General GRANT is sufficiently aware of the feeling of the Senate on the subject, not to give undue prominence to the same. He probably knows, what must be evident to any attentive reader of the American press, that it is no use insisting upon a measure, which, from present appearances at least, has no chance of favorable consideration from the American Senate.

THE BATTLE OF PRINCIPLES.

In referring to a late speech pronounced by the Marquis of SALISBURY, the present Secretary for India, a writer recalls the curious words uttered by the same nobleman, then Lord CRANBORNE, in a debate on a clause of the Reform Bill, of 1867. In a passionate outburst, he exclaimed: "the monarchy is dead, the aristocracy is doomed, democracy is triumphant." The writer aforesaid, contrasting these words with the actual Tory sentiments of their author, takes occasion to read him a lesson on consistency, and proceeds to show that

Lord CRANBORNE was right when he leaned to the theory that the present century has been fatal to monarchy. He then goes on to establish his proposition by passing in review all the governments of Europe. This is one of those bold, loose statements which lead so many unreflecting readers astray. On going over the list given by the writer, it will found that, so far from making good his statement, he has succeeded only in showing that democracy has failed in overturning a single one of the European monarchies. The war between democracy and monarchy broke out in 1789. The BOURBON was guillotined and the Republic proclaimed. We know how long it lasted. BONAPARTE replaced the BOURBON. In 1815, the BOURBON replaced BONAPARTE. In 1831, ORLEANS replaced the BOURBON. In 1848 the Republic overthrew ORLEANS. In 1851, BONAPARTE overturned the Republic. In 1870, the Republic deposed BONAPARTE, but it is clear that the present Septennate is leading direct to monarchical restoration.

Take Italy next. The Carbonari took up the principles of the Sans-Culottes as far back as 1821, and have been fighting their battles ever since. True, they revolutionized Sicily and the Peninsula, but they did not succeed in establishing a republic. Italy is now ruled by one monarch instead of several, and power is more centralized there than ever it was before. Greece was torn from the grasp of Turkey. But the republic of Pericles was not restored; a monarchy was founded instead. Belgium was separated from the thrall of Holland, but only to raise a Leopoldine dynasty of its own. Hungary long contended with Austria, but not with democratic aspirations. KOSSUTH was not heeded, DEAK'S policy prevailed and FRANZ-JOSEPH was crowned King of the Magyars, amid the wildest enthusiasm. Prussia and Russia are sternly monocratic. Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Portugal are swayed by monarchs whose families are dear to the people. Spain is in a chaotic condition, but the accession of the Prince of the ASTURIAS is among the probabilities. As to England, who will deny that royalty is associated in the mind of her people with the security of their rights and a proper share of liberty?

Our writer has not stated the question properly, and he certainly cannot prove it in the sense in which he puts it. We apprehend that the battle of principles in Europe, and, indeed, all over the world, is not between monarchy and democracy, but between constitutional liberty and absolutism. Thus understood, the triumph is undoubtedly in favor of the former. Everywhere, but in Russia and Prussia, the principles of freedom have prevailed. In those two countries a species of despotism is still mercilessly exercised.

The mass of mankind love liberty, but the liberty which they love is constitutional liberty—a freedom that can be enjoyed in a monarchy just as well as in a republic. They hate tyranny, but they hate it equally in the polyarch as in the monarch. The mob—the old spectral Demos of the Greeks—is as hideous a tyranny in a republic, as in a monarchy. Popular radicalism is as bad as autocratic absolutism. If by monarchy our writer means absolutism or Caesarism, he is right in stating that the present feeling of the age is against it. If he means constitutional monarchy, as in England, the facts will not bear him out.

OUR WINTER SPORTS.

People living outside of Canada, especially Englishmen, accustomed to the mild temperature of their native island, have very false ideas about our winters. They imagine that we are literally isolated from the rest of the world for three or four months of the year, are buried under mountains of snow like the Esquimaux, endure the hardships of Siberia, and that our commercial prosperity is impeded by the rigors of our climate. There is no doubt that, until ten or fifteen years ago, the length and severity of our winters were

a serious drawback to our mercantile progress, but since the era of railways, this objection has in great measure disappeared, and it will be totally removed when our means of communication are perfected, as they soon must be, to meet the growing necessities of this promising country. When the beautiful favorite of Louis XVI. shrugged her ivory shoulders, on hearing of the cession of Canada to England, and consoled her ladies-in-waiting with the remark that the loss consisted only of a few acres of snow, she little understood the capabilities and adaptabilities of our winter climate, nor how easily the spirit of enterprise could conquer the few obstacles which it presented.

To our winters we are indebted for the salubrity of our climate. We may be literally buried in snow, but life is the more enjoyable on that account. Indeed, there is a keen and pleasurable enjoyment in these winter months which one never experiences in warmer climates. The air is sharp, but the pure oxygen exhilarates the blood, and with moderate exercise a genial glow insinuates itself into the whole system. There is no dampness in the atmosphere, and consequently few of the maladies incident to moist, rainy countries are felt. Some physicians have as much confidence in the dryness of the Canadian climate as in southern regions, for the relief of pulmonary complaints.

The fact that Canadians appreciate and enjoy their winters is shown by the number of sports which distinguish that season. We say nothing of tobogganing, which is reserved particularly for children. Nor of sleighing, which, as a mere amusement or exercise, is peculiar to the aged, the infirm and to mothers of families. We refer more especially to our three great winter sports—snow-shoeing, curling, and skating.

The first of these has, of late years, been reduced almost to a science. The different clubs established throughout the country have systematized it admirably, while annual games, competitive marches, and an authentic record of special tramps have brought about feats of swiftness and endurance which recall those of the legendary *coureurs des bois*. As a manly exercise, snow-shoeing surpasses all our winter and summer sports. It requires fortitude, courage, and perseverance. It has a wonderful effect on muscular development. With proper precautions, it can conquer lung disease. Mentally and aesthetically, its results are admirable. The memorable torchlight procession across the brow of Mount Royal, in honour of the Governor-General, two years ago, was as poetic a spectacle as we ever witnessed, and Lord DUFFERIN declared that he had never seen anything more picturesque.

Canada is second only to Scotland in its cultivation of curling. Our clubs throughout the Dominion are not only numerous, but they are animated by a commendable spirit of emulation, and many of their scores have been remarkable. The Bonspiel is well adapted to middle-aged men. It is quiet, clean, and not fatiguing. It is a game of precision, requiring nerve, tact, and calculation.

Canadian skating is unsurpassed in the world, and this compliment applies particularly to our female skaters. There are few sights more beautiful than that of a pretty girl gyrating on her silver sandals. And positively there is nothing more characteristic and fairy-like than a masquerade on the ice, such as we have had in our principal cities during the past few years, where you see an Albanian corsair plotting with a Calabrian bandit; a Tyrolean hunter flirting with a Gazza Ladra; a Castilian girl dancing a national dance to the sound of tambourine and castanets; a Mandarin waving his tropical fan; a painted Huron returning to revisit his ancient Hochelaga; Satan himself coming up to cool himself and while away an hour in chasing with a pitchfork a troop of imps in the shape of swart, ugly negroes; and queerest of all, Mephistophiles skating side by side with a modest, demure nun. And such skating!

So long as Canadians maintain their winter sports, there need be no complaints

made against the severity of the climate, for, admitting that it has its disadvantages, they are amply counterbalanced by the health, vigour, enjoyment and manliness which the season imparts.

SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

The aesthetical sentiment in youth ought to be developed as early as possible. In children this cannot be done through the imagination merely by means of books, for the mind is not sufficiently expanded to admit of such instruction; but it may be done through the eye, by the aid of the pictorial art. There is much discussion going on in England and the United States in regard to elementary or primary instruction, and all the best judges agree that hand in hand with rudimental notions of literature and science, there should be some attempt at schooling the childish mind in the principles of art. If the tendency of the age is to popularize letters and science, we see no reason why art should be excluded, inasmuch as the aesthetical instinct is the one that is most developed in a very great number of children.

We should propose, therefore, that in all our colleges, academies and schools, there ought to be classes of Design. We think that this has been too much neglected heretofore. Strange to say, children are put at the earliest age, by their parents and teachers, to the study of music, and kept to it whether they have a talent for it or not. Now it is well known that a large proportion of children have neither taste nor talent for music. The time they spend at it is lost time and a great burden for children. The theoretical study of music is a difficult science, which young minds cannot master, and the mechanical execution of it on the violin or piano is a task, and not a recreation for those whom nature has not endowed with proper dispositions. We are not writing against music. Far from it. As an art, we rank it above painting, as more varied in its scope, and far more expressive in its psychological effects. But we hold that, as an exercise for children, it is inferior to drawing.

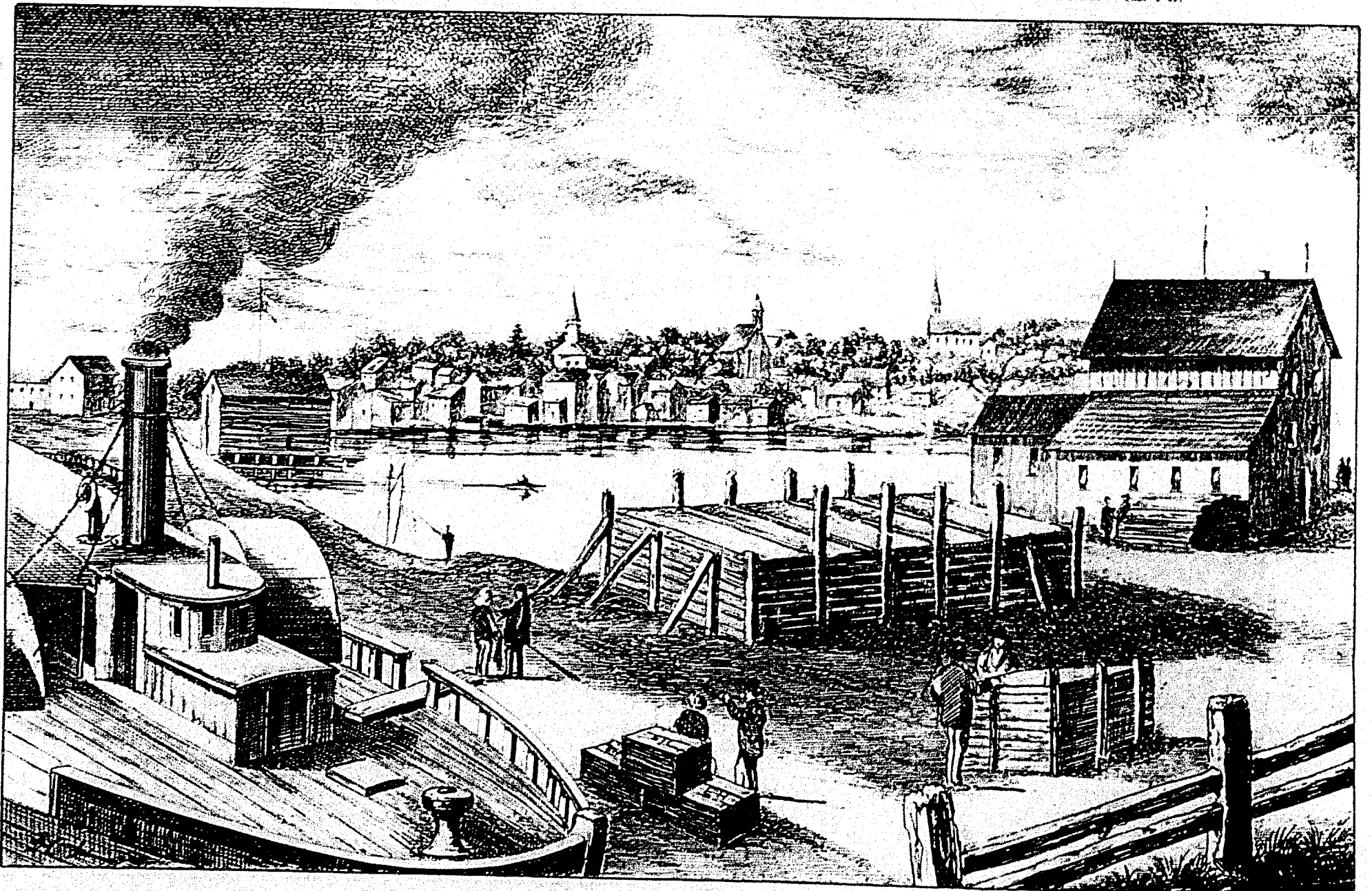
The advantages of learning to draw are chiefly aesthetical, it is true, but this in itself is no little recommendation. According to each one's fancy, or talent, an album of crayons may become a lyric, an idyl or a tragedy. It is a pleasant thing too to be able to sketch whatever one sees in animate or inanimate nature—in quiet nooks, on wooded heights, in grassy valleys, on the seaboard or the riverside, in white winter, in green spring, in multi-coloured summer, in russet autumn. We have admired a beautiful sketch of a scene on the Mississippi, hastily taken on the back of a common commercial card, as the packet steamed by. The author was no professional artist, but he had learned to draw at school. We have seen an album of ruins sketched in the North of France, by a young man who was busy with scientific studies, and who amused himself once a week with his pencil, on the Thursday holidays. What souvenirs, too, the faithful crayon can preserve for us. How many scenes witnessed only once in life, serious or ludicrous, grave or gay, can a few pencil strokes keep indelible for pleasant and eternal remembrance. Drawing was the chief solace of Prince Albert's empty life, and it was the sole occupation of poor Carlotta at Tervueren.

No special aptitude is required for drawing as for music. Of course, there are stiff, awkward fingers that can never learn to trace graceful lines on paper, but the great majority of children can. Most children have the bump of imitation more or less developed, and their book margins, copy-books or wrappers are generally covered with grotesque attempts at design.

We think this subject should engage the attention of our Councils of Public Instruction. In our colleges, schools of design should be established at low rates, and all the students encouraged to enter them. We have not referred to the utilitarian aspect of the question, because it is obvious.



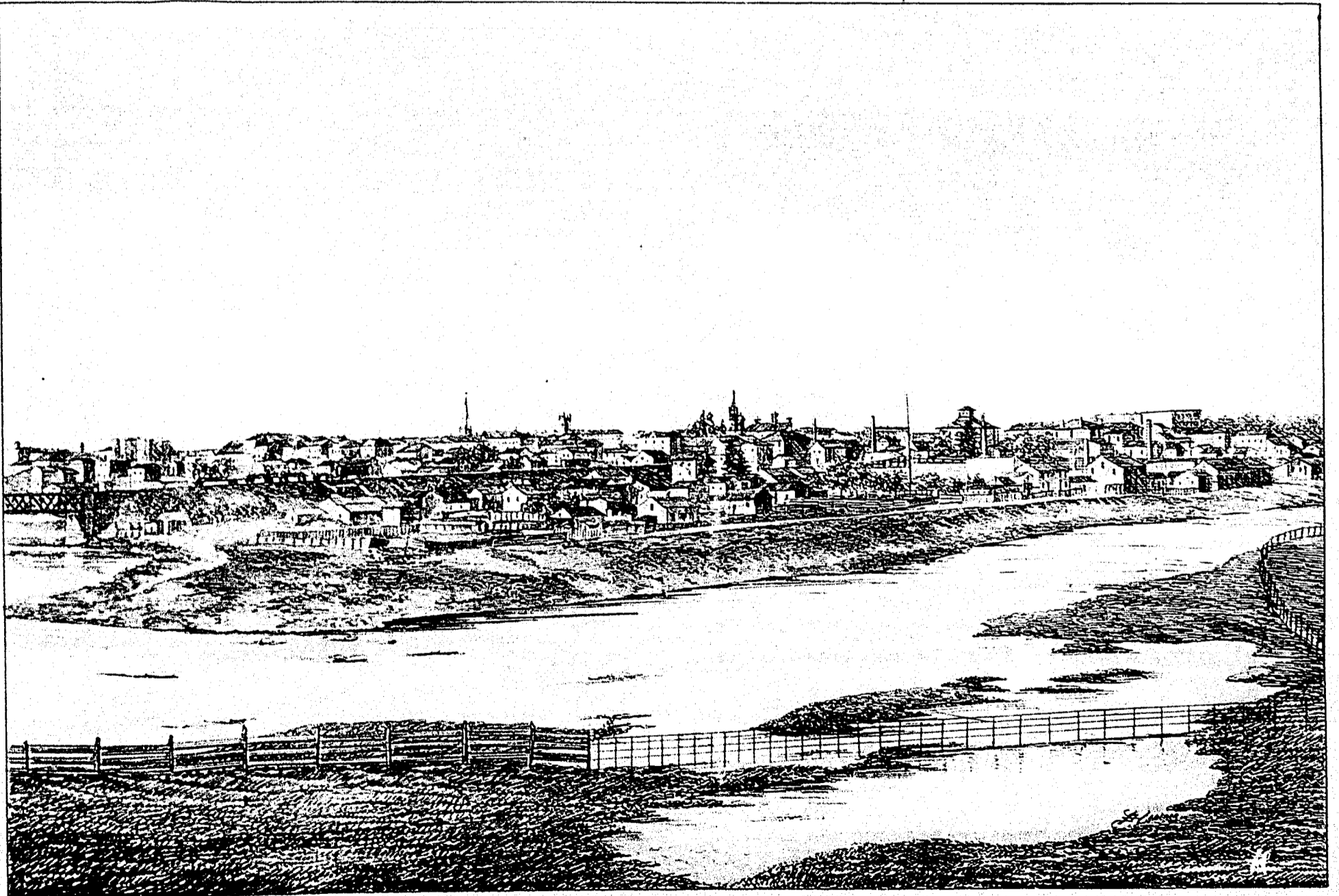
PARIS - ARRIVAL OF COUNT ZUBOWITZ AT THE PLACE DU TRONC, IN FIFTEEN DAYS ON HORSEBACK FROM VIENNA.



VIEW OF NEWCASTLE, N. B., ON THE RIVER MIRAMICHI. - FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.



ALFRED PERRY Esq.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



VIEW OF LONDON, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOPER.

COURRIER DES DAMES.

THE FASHIONS. The following are the directions:—

1. BLACK FAILLE COSTUME.—The front of the skirt is trimmed with 3 bias flounces separated by a band of curled feather: the back-breadths form train and are plain. The tablier is trimmed with two rows of lace and a band of feather; it is tied behind, the square ends bordered with lace and feather. Corset in black velvet, open heart shape, with revers in black silk.

2. BLACK FAILLE COSTUME.—Demi-train skirt covered with plaited flounces; tablier tunic draped at the sides and tied behind with a faille scarf, the ends of which are trimmed with the same fringe and gimp as the rest of the costume. Basque-body, gimp round the armholes, neck, down the front, etc., as seen on engraving.

3. JACKET in sicilienne, trimmed with a thick quilting of black lace.

4. DOLMAN in iron-gray cloth; square sleeves trimmed with 4 rows of narrow black braid and feather border; bows of black faille on the shoulder.

5. SASH OF PINK GROSGRAIN.—The width of the silk is a matter of taste, but the effect requires that it should not be too narrow. The knot or tie is arranged in puffs.

6. SASH OF BLUE AND WHITE REP.—The arrangement of this beautiful sash depends in a great measure on taste. The effect of the two colors is both pleasing and attractive.

WOMAN'S WORTH.—Beauty and style are not the surest passports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood that the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and a woman with a kindly disposition, and a well-balanced mind and character, is lovely and attractive, be her face ever so plain and her figure ever so homely; she makes the best of wives and the truest of mothers. She has a higher purpose in living than the beautiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to flaunt her finery, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by exacting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

THE BLISS OF MARRIAGE.—Time whirls along the down-hill path of life with the velocity of a locomotive, but we have one comfort—we can make love on the road.

What the negro preacher said of Satan may be said of love—

“Where he finds a weaker place, dere he creeps in.”

There is a warm corner even in the coldest heart; and somebody, if that somebody can only be found, was made expressly to fill it.

Thousands of both sexes live and die unmarried simply for want of a proper introduction to one another. What an absurdity!

There is not a woman nor a man of any age who might not find a suitable partner by using the proper means.

The fact is, that affection is smothered, choked down, subdued and paralyzed by the forms and conventionalities of this etiquettish world.

“Society” attaches a ball and chain to the natural feelings of the heart.

The fair girl, with her bosom running over with love for a worthy object, must take as much pains to conceal the fact as if it were a deadly sin, and Heaven had not implanted within our bosoms the tender spark that bade us “to love and be loved.”

Is this natural?

No, it is artificial.

Why should innumerable marriages be prevented by chilling rules and penalties?

Nature is modest, but she is not a starched-up prude! Look at the birds.

There are no old bachelors and old maids among them.

The hearts that flutter under their feather jackets follow the instinct of love, and they take to billing and cooing without the slightest idea that courtship should be a formal affair.

Why should there be forlorn bachelors and disappointed old maids, and lonely widows and widowers among the unfeathered any more than the feathered bipeds?

Oceans of happiness are lost to both sexes every year, simply because parties who wish to be married are not permitted by etiquette to make the fact known.

These unfortunates might very properly say to the happy married folks, as the frogs said to the boys who were pelting them with stones—

“This may be fun to you, but 'tis death to us.”

TACT.—Love swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is Tact.

Tact is nimble-footed, and quick-fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs his head against a stone wall; tact always spies a sycamore tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curious-fashioned-keys, which turn all sorts of locks; tact plants its monosyllables wisely for, being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with the familiarity of friendship; tact is, versatily, diving, running, flying tact—

governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

IMPOLITE THINGS.—Loud and boisterous laughter. Reading while others are talking. Reading aloud in company without being asked. Talking while others are reading. Cutting your finger-nails in company. Leaving church before public worship is over. Whispering or laughing in church. Gazing rudely at strangers in the streets or elsewhere. Turning your head or body in order to see who enters the church. To neglect the aged under any circumstances.

WOMAN.—Woman is a very nice, and a very complicated machine. Examine her sense; how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding; how subtle and acute! But look into her heart; there is the patchwork, composed of parts so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen through a microscope to be clearly comprehended. The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning; her penetration is intuition—we had almost said instinct. By a glance of her eye she will draw a deep and just conclusion; ask her how she formed it, and she cannot answer the question. As the perception of a woman is uncommonly quick, so their souls and imaginations are uncommonly susceptible. If few women write, they all talk; and every man may judge of them in this point from every circle he goes into. Spirit in conversation depends entirely upon fancy, and women all over the world talk better than men. Have they a character to portray, or a figure to describe, they give but three traits, either one or the other, and the character is known or the figure is before our eyes.

MISPLACED IDOLATRY.—One of the most painful instances of unworthy idolatry—or rather, more correctly, of idolatry for an unworthy object—is that of a mother for a bad child. Reared, and loved, and believed in as the epitome of all the manly graces and all the heroic virtues, he is, in fact, a scapegrace, and going bodily to the bad. And, though the idolatry of a mother is more tenacious than any other, and harder to be beaten from its faith and its holding, still it has to come to disclosure sooner or later, and the big splay feet must be shown standing in mire and made of the coarsest clay; the robe of deception must be raised, and its frayed and ragged fringes shown to the world at large; the love and reverence, which knelt daily at his shrine, must be barred out from further exercise, as were Adam and Eve from Paradise, and the base reality made manifest. It is woful to see how mothers, like wives, cling to their belief in the idol, and to his gold and purity of ring, long after others have seen his actual hideousness and vileness of material. Heaven gave women for some good purpose this fidelity of faith, and men take advantage of it, and use it cruelly. How many hearts have broken before now for the shattering of their idol—for the discovery of clay in the place of refined gold!

THE FATHER'S ADVICE.—Whatever else you may do, or leave undone, young man, don't disregard or underrate the advice of your father—“the governor,” you may call him. If so, well, but let him be your governor in this most important sense. Be governed by his counsel; and if he is not free to offer it, ask him for it. He may be a very indulgent parent—possibly rich—and you expect he will give you of his earthly substance sufficient to start you in life. He can give you nothing, aside from a good moral and intellectual training, so serviceable to you as his love, which, if you encourage it, he will manifest in “suggestions” for your good. A father's love is necessarily unselfish, which cannot be said with certainty of advice from other quarters. In receiving or rejecting counsel you have always to consider one thing; namely, whether it was prompted by an unselfish desire to benefit you. And, generally, the latter consideration should have more weight than the former. Not that we should blindly follow even the advice of “the governor;” but that advice, which is in its very nature unselfish, and which comes from those who are wiser than you, has ten chances of being right to one of being wrong. Whatever other foolish things you may be guilty of, young man, don't scorn the advice of a father.

GIRLS.—Girls do not always know their power. It is far greater than they think; and, were they true and brave enough to exert it, they might almost, in a generation, revolutionise society about them. Exert your power for good upon the young men who are privileged to enjoy your society. Gentle and good, be also brave and true. Try to exhibit the ideal of a woman—a pure and good woman—whose life is mighty as well as beautiful in its maidenly dignity and attractive loveliness. Do not let it even seem that dress and frivolity constitute your only thoughts; but let the elevation of your character and the usefulness of your life lift up the man that walks by your side. Some of you are in intimate associations, which, under exchanged promises, look forward to a nearer and more enduring relation. In these hours do nothing to lower, but everything to refine and ennoble, each other's character.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE COMPANY.

This Institution was incorporated by special Act of the Dominion Parliament the 23rd of May, 1873. The first policy was issued on the 13th of August of the same year, after a deposit of \$50,000 with the Dominion Government had

been made, when a license was issued. The total number of policies issued is 31,000. On the 5th of July, 1874, a deposit of \$200,000 was made in the United States as required by law, and on the 5th of August the first American policy was issued. The chief offices of the Company in the United States, comprising the States of Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, are located in Boston, with C. F. Sise, Esq., as manager for the Eastern Department; in New York, with Messrs. St. John and Hughes as managers of the New York branch, with jurisdiction over the States of New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Ohio; in Chicago, with Messrs. Richardson and Nighten as managers of the Western Department, comprising Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana, and Iowa; in Philadelphia, with Messrs. Sabine and Allen as Agents for Pennsylvania; in Baltimore, with J. A. Rigby, Esq., as manager for Maryland and Virginia; in Detroit, with H. F. Crawford Esq., as manager for Michigan. These control 260 sub-agencies. In the Dominion the Company has twelve branch offices, with local boards of directors, and seventy sub-agencies. The boards are located at Halifax, St. John, N. B., Quebec, Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Hamilton, Guelph, Kingston, Brantford, Windsor, and London. Head office at city of Montreal, with Alfred Perry, Esq., as General Manager, and Arthur Gagnon, Esq., as its intelligent and urbane Secretary.

For further details concerning the financial standing of the Company, and the component members of the Directorate, we refer the reader to our advertising pages.

ALFRED PERRY, ESQ.

The biography of Mr. Perry promised in our last is, we regret to state, too extended to allow of its insertion in this number. We therefore present the following synopsis of it. Mr. Perry was born in 1820, and came from England to Canada in 1832. His father and a younger brother died of Asiatic cholera within a week after their arrival at Quebec, and his mother, with six children, came to Montreal. The struggles of his mother to support her fatherless children, and to rear them respectably, though aided by her youthful sons—Alfred being only twelve years old—were severe.

Mr. Perry joined the Volunteer Fire Brigade of Montreal in 1840, on the incorporation of the city, and soon became foremost in their ranks. He originated the system of a paid fire department by the city, an example which has been followed by most of the chief cities on the continent. He has always earnestly advocated the granting by a public law of pensions to disabled firemen, and also for “long and faithful service,” and allowances to the families of those who lose their lives in the fulfilment of their duty, as are made with respect to soldiers by most governments.

Mr. Perry's services in the Fire Department are well known, and a list of gifts and medals and other testimonials and acknowledgments of his praiseworthy acts, in letters from Governmental and clerical authorities, and prominent individuals, exceeds fifteen in number, and it is stated, but is not boasted, that in number they are more than have been received by any other fireman on this continent.

Mr. Perry went to the London Exhibition in 1851. The personal care, arrangement, and custody of the products and articles in the Canada Department was entrusted to him, and the Government of Canada acknowledged his services, and reimbursed him his expenses. He took with him to the Exhibition an “Improved Fire Engine,” constructed by himself and his brother in this city, and he was awarded a prize therefor, and it was purchased by the English authorities, and sent to Her Majesty's gardens at Kew.

In 1855 he was sent out by the Canadian Government to the Paris Exhibition. He took with him another and a still further improved engine, manufactured by himself and brother in this city. Whilst in Paris a fire took place in some Governmental store-houses, and obtaining from the authorities a detachment of men to act as firemen, which his knowledge of the French language enabled him to command, he rushed to the scene of conflagration, and by active and conspicuous exertions, rendered essential aid in its extinguishment, and secured the commendations of the Emperor therefor and a letter of thanks from Marshal Vaillant, who was in command of the city. Mr. Perry's course during the political troubles in Lower Canada in 1837-8, as well as in those of 1849, when the Parliament House in this city was burned, and the carriage of Lord Elgin, the Governor-General, attacked by a crowd of incensed citizens, forms one of the most important incidents in his career. His connection with the Royal Insurance Company for many years won him a reputation throughout Canada, and his association with the late E. H. Parsons in the *Daily Telegraph* gave him a prominent place among Canadian journalists. His generous and kind deportment to many of the fugitive Confederates who came hither in 1862-3-4 and 5 will be ever one of the brightest spots in his memory. The establishment of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company of this city, chiefly through his energy and ability and superior knowledge of insurance matters on this continent, and of which prosperous Company he is Chief Manager, is fully referred to in another part of this paper.

THE FLANEUR.

The White population of Montreal increased about six hundred, from the third to the tenth of December.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.—In this city, on Thursday, the 10th inst., Frederick Mackenzie, Esq., merchant, to Miss M. West. The happy couple will soon start on their bridal tour to Ottawa. We wish them a happy return.

Sissie is studying geography. “What is that?” asks the mother, pointing to a dark, irregular area on the map.

“That is Van Diemen's Land,” replies Sissie, readily.

“And why is it coloured black?”

Sissie shakes her chesnut locks, looking puzzled.

“Because convicts are sent there.”

Sissie brightens up. A sudden thought strikes her.

“O, ma, and that's why they call it *demon's* land!”

The Right in the French Assembly has a majority over the Left. This is not a bad joke, but it is rather old, and certain professedly comic papers ought not to use it more than once a month.

A little lady, in a certain village not far from Montreal, lately married a tall, portly, dignified, and handsome man. Naturally, the other ladies, great and little, were jealous.

“He is rather stiff and pompous,” said one of them.

“Yes,” replied another, “and he will do admirably in our funeral and other processions.”

Two country bumpkins were coming out of the Recorder's Court, after paying their fine for drunkenness.

“What does it mean?” said one to the other, “I remember distinctly having paid for my drink last night. And here this old fellow makes me pay for it over again. That's swindling.”

Russia is convinced that soon, though not immediately—in two or three years about—she will have a terrible struggle with Germany. A mass of German spies are already spread over Livonia and Courland, the Russian language is taught to Prussian officers, and the railway waggons adapted to Russian lines.

The hatred of the middle class for the working class is only the usual spite of the reigning king against the heir-apparent.

Why do so many people in Canada look upon the Reciprocity Treaty with suspicion? Because it is Fish-y.

A good story.

An elegant lady goes out shopping. While she is engaged, a violent rainfall occurs. The streets are flooded, and to add to her distress, her carriage stands on the far side of a large open square, which has become a lake. She signals to the driver, but his horses, being young, will not face the water. She stands on the edge of the curb, stamping her little feet, and not knowing what to do. A gentleman passes and takes in the situation at a glance. Throwing his cigar aside, he steps up to the lady, seizes her by the waist delicately, plunges into the tide, and lands her safely on the lower step of her carriage door. Recovering from her astonishment, she turns around and mutters:

“Insolent!”

The gentleman loses no time, but steps back to the lady, seizes her by the waist delicately, plunges into the tide, and lands her where she stood before. He then takes off his hat, bows politely, and walks away.

A companion story.

A young and beautiful lady, attending on some bazaar or other, had occasion to step forth early in the evening. On issuing outside, to her dismay, she found the broad street overflowing, and was nearly blinded by the rain. It seems her errand was imperative, for she ventured forward until she came to the crossing. There she stopped, in a quandary. Of course, a gentleman happened to pass by, and of course, his first impulse was to assist the perplexed girl. He picked her up in his arms and started to traverse the sheet of water. But half-way, the misty light of the corner lamp fell suddenly on the face of his delicate charge. The gentleman was so struck by its beauty, that he stopped there and then, and said:

“Now really, Miss, you must give me a kiss.”

“Never.”

“I will drop you into the water, if you don't.”

“I won't,” exclaimed the heroic maid.

And the brute dropped her splash into the water!

At the late Mendelssohn concert in this city, Miss Jeannette Vogt, the brilliant graduate of the Berlin Conservatorium, favored us with several gems of execution on the piano. During the performance of one of her most difficult and beautiful passages, a lady in the audience, bent over to a lady friend sitting in front of her and whispered:

“My dear, what FINGERING!”

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Quebec Government was sustained by a vote of 35 to 25, on a motion of non-confidence, taken on the 10th inst.

On Thursday, the 10th inst., the nomination for the Nova Scotia Legislature took place.

The election in Montreal West resulted in a majority of six for Mr. MACKENZIE, Ministerial candidate.

The observations of the transit of Venus were completely successful on the 8th inst.

The BEECHER-TILTON suit has been postponed till the first Monday of the January Term.

A distinct shock of earthquake was felt in New York about half-past ten on Thursday night, the 10th inst.

The German gunboats "Nautilus" and "Albatross" have been withdrawn from Spanish waters.

The Spanish press is said to be exceedingly wrathful at President GRANT's message to the U. S. Congress.

The noble ladies of Westphalia, who were fined for signing a seditious address to the Bishop of Paderborn, have appealed from their sentence.

VON ARNIM admitted to the Court recently the authorship of several newspaper articles attributed to him.

The Ultramontanes in Germany are actively opposing the passage through the Reichstag of the Landsturm Bill.

The editor of a German Ultramontane newspaper, the *Germania*, has been imprisoned for publishing seditious matter.

The advance posts of the Russian army in Central Asia have received word of the first Russian trading caravan that has ever penetrated that region, having arrived safely at Khorasan.

The report of the insurrection in Uruguay is confirmed by despatches from the commander of a British man-of-war on that station.

The Board of Trade of St. Catharines have passed a resolution recommending the Government to have the locks of the new Welland Canal deepened to fourteen instead of twelve feet.

The bonuses granted to the London, Huron and Bruce Railway Company are to be handed over to the Great Western, which has undertaken the building of a road to the village of Blyth.

An international difficulty may possibly grow out of the arrest of a passenger on board a schooner flying the British flag by a Spanish gunboat. The occurrence took place on the coast of Cuba.

The fight at Vicksburg is now said to have resulted in the death of no less than 250 negroes. Governor Ames, of Mississippi, has convened the State Legislature to consider the matter.

The Imperial Parliament meets on the 5th of February next.

A petition has been laid before the United States Congress to restore the President's salary to \$25,000.

Reports have reached Chicago that a number of men have reached the Black Hills region, where they have fortified themselves against attack. It is said they have found gold in paying quantities.

It is proposed to establish a regiment of Zouaves as one of the local militia corps of Montreal.

The Western Bureau of Railway Commissioners, which met at Indianapolis, determined on a reduction of seven cents for eastern-bound freight during the winter.

It is reported that all the Montreal Insurance Companies have agreed upon a uniform tariff.

Gen. ARREDONDO, the last remaining representative of the insurgents in Buenos Ayres, has been defeated and captured by Gen. ROCCA, of the National Army. An amnesty has been proclaimed to all implicated in the insurrection, and complete order restored throughout the Republic.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NURSERY NOONINGS.*—The name of the author of this dainty volume is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Gail Hamilton's special walk in literature is the popularization of art and social science, and in the present volume she has pursued her favorite theme in a vein adapted to the understanding and appreciation of children. The chapters on "Dead Leaves," "The Children of the Church" and "Baby Talk," are specially deserving of commendation. Dawson Bros., to whom we are indebted for this and the other publications noticed in the present issue, have their usual thorough and tasteful assortment of literary wares suited for the holiday season.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.†—This is not the first attempt of Miss Muloch in juvenile literature, nor her first contribution to the Christmas enjoyment of boys and girls. But there is a sweetness in the story of the LITTLE LAME PRINCE, which reminds the reader forcibly of AVILLON. The little book is beautifully illustrated, and its typographical execution throughout makes it very suitable for a Christmas or New Year's present.

THE MERCHANT OF HAARLEM.‡—An English work in a light and agreeable historical style, being a tale of King Philip's reign in the Netherlands. The little volume is produced in holiday style, and is intended for presentation. We recommend it to our young readers.

* Nursery Noonings. By Gail Hamilton. Harper & Brothers, New York. Dawson Bros., Montreal. 16 mo. Red Cloth. pp. 310.

† THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.—By the author of "John Halifax," &c. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. Dawson Bros., Montreal. 16mo. White linen. pp. 194.

‡ THE MERCHANT OF HAARLEM.—By W. H. G. Kingston. S. W. Partridge, London. Dawson Bros., Montreal. 16mo. Cloth. pp. 128.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

JLTED.—The cartoon on our front page is a pendant to that published last week, and which, we are pleased to know, met with unusual favour as a comic representation of the close contest in Montreal West. The elected candidate, with his fair constituent hanging on his arm, is off on his bridal tour to Ottawa. The defeated candidate walks by, not too much discouraged, although showing his discontent in the wrinkles of his brow. The pretty flirt is not inexorable, however. She intimates to the disappointed suitor that on some future occasion he may have a chance of winning her affections.

ARRIVAL OF COUNT ZUBOWITZ.—Our illustration represents the hardy and valiant Hungarian rider arriving at the Place du Trône, Paris, on the fifteenth day after his departure, on horseback, from Vienna. Full particulars of this remarkable equestrian feat will be found in a paper entitled "Horse and Horseman," published in another column of the present issue of the NEWS.

VIEW OF NEWCASTLE, N. B.—This is a pretty town on the left bank of the Miramichi river, thirty miles from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. It is the shire town of the county of Northumberland. A large amount of shipbuilding is carried on there, and a very extensive trade is done in lumber and fish. The Miramichi is navigable to this point for vessels of the largest class. Large quantities of salmon, bass, and mackerel are annually taken from its waters and exported from Newcastle. A good business is also done in oysters and in preserved salmon and lobsters. Newcastle is one of the principal stations on the Intercolonial Railway, and is likewise a port of entry. During navigation the North Shore and Gulf Port steamers call there regularly.

OUR CARTOON.—The recent election in Montreal West, and the pending one in Toronto East, show the strong feeling on the question of amnesty, and the necessity of its serious consideration. We therefore present our readers this week with a very clever cartoon on the subject. It is entirely non-partisan in character, striving only to delineate the situation as it stands to-day. In its editorial columns, as well as in its pictorial representation of current events, the NEWS will maintain an independent, observant attitude, never descending into the arena of personal and party criticism. On the right of the Governor-General's throne stands Mr. Mackenzie; on the left, Mr. Letellier de St. Just. The Metis, impersonated by a female, is before the throne. On one side, Messrs. Bowell and Blake plead their cause, and, on the other, Messrs. Mousseau and Jetté argue theirs.

VIEW OF LONDON, ONTARIO.—The westernmost city in the Dominion of Canada, is beautifully situated on the river Thames, county of Middlesex. It is the chief seat of the county, and honestly boasts a more rapid growth than any city in British North America. Forty years ago its present site was a wilderness; now it is a fine city, regularly laid out, having wide streets, well built upon with handsome buildings, and has the best of railway communication with all parts of Canada and the United States. By bestowing on its streets, bridges, and surroundings familiar names to former residents of the metropolis of the world—such as, among others, Pall Mall, Bond, Piccadilly, Oxford, Waterloo, and Clarence streets, Westminster and Blackfriars bridges, &c.—it endeavours to cluster round it fond recollections of its great namesake. Its situation has justly earned for it the title of the "Forest City." It is surrounded by a rich agricultural district, which furnishes it with a large wheat and other produce. In the city are a number of manufactories, mills, machine shops, foundries, and breweries, while immediately outside its limits are very extensive petroleum refineries. These all give employment to a large body of men, and add greatly to the wealth and importance of the city. Richmond and Dundas are the principal business streets. Some of the buildings on these, as on other streets throughout the city, give evidence of good architectural design and beauty in construction and finish. Covent Garden Market is situated on King-street, the court-house, gaol, and law offices on Ridout-street, and throughout the city are churches of all denominations, schools, colleges, masonic, odd-fellows, and temperance lodge-rooms, &c. On an eminence in the northern part of the city, surrounded by extensive grounds, is Huron College, established in 1863, Hellmuth College, established in 1865, and Hellmuth Ladies College, established in 1869. These are all fine brick structures, and have at their head the Lord Bishop of Huron. The best of professors are attached to each, and the highest branches of education are taught. To the energy and zeal of the late Dean of Huron, Dr. Hellmuth, is this section of the Dominion due for the successful establishment of the two excellent institutions bearing his name. Four railway companies run their trains through the city. On Richmond-street is the Tecumseh House, one of the largest hotels in the Province. On the corner of Richmond and King streets is the Revere House, and on Dundas-street, near Richmond, is Strong's well-known hotel. A short distance from these hotels, at the foot of Dundas-street, are the White Sulphur Springs, the famed medicinal and health invigorating qualities of which attract large numbers of invalids and tourists during the summer months. London is lighted by gas, is a port of entry, has a Board of Trade, and has three daily besides several weekly newspapers. A number of its business men, and others employed in the city, reside in Westminster and Petersville, beautiful districts surrounding the city, and situated on the opposite bank of the

river Thames. The population of the city is about 25,000.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—In the number before last of this journal, there was published a sketch of "The Lumberman's Shanty." We are pleased to acknowledge that the photograph from which this sketch was taken came from the studio of Mr. Alex. Henderson, landscape photographer, several of whose views we have still in hands, and will shortly reproduce in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)
HORSE AND HORSEMAN.

A Hungarian Hussar, Count Zubowitz, recently rode from Paris to Vienna, a distance of about 800 miles, in fifteen days, and on the same horse. Considerable wagers had been made on the feat. The journey was performed at a moderate trot. During the last seven days, the rider knowing that if the animal lay down, it would arise enervated by repose, passed the nights beside it, with a hempen whip in his hand to force it to stand up. The journey began on the 25 October, and he entered Paris on the 7 November, at eleven o'clock, two hours ahead of time. He lost two days, however, on the road, owing to accidents. A nail entered one of the front hoofs of the horse, and he strayed several hours in one of the many forests which he encountered. The animal is a mare named Caradoc, dark bay and seven years old. Count Zubowitz, a strong man of thirty, showed no unusual signs of fatigue on alighting at the Place du Trône.

The ride of the Hungarian was a wonderful exploit. But as there were heroes before Agamemnon, so there were mighty riders before Zubowitz. Take the case of Capon. Mr. De Sourdis, having an important message to send to Cardinal Richelieu, inquired after a skilful and courageous horseman. The name of Capon was mentioned to him.

"Let him come."
"But, Monseigneur, the man is a Huguenot."
"So much the better," said the Archbishop. "I had as lief break down a heretic as a good catholic."

"Sir," said the prelate to Capon, when the latter appeared before him, "they tell me that no man in France can carry a message with more despatch than you."

"That is possible, Monseigneur; I will do my best."

"Here is an order for horses. The posts are all notified and relays will be well furnished. How long will it take you to carry this missive to the Cardinal?"

"Starting, now, at noon, I will be at the Cardinal's Palace before to-morrow noon."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the prelate. "Thou art a merry Gascon."

"Monseigneur," said Capon, "Huguenots never lie."

M. De Sourdis smiled, and handing the message to the cavalier, said:

"Go, Sir, and may Heaven accompany you. You will be well paid."

The next day, at the stroke of noon, the Cardinal received, with extreme joy, the message of M. De Sourdis which he did not expect for three or four days. As the post-script recommended the bearer to the generosity of the Cardinal, Richelieu ordered one hundred pistoles to be delivered to him.

An hour later, when the Cardinal was going out, he heard a loud noise in the antechamber. He was told that it was caused by a Gascon who pretended to have come from Bordeaux since the day previous, and who wished to complain to the Cardinal of an injustice which had been done him.

Richelieu took the message from the table, and having examined the date with astonishment, ordered the man to be brought before him.

"What do you desire, Sir? Of what do you complain?"

"Monseigneur," answered Capon calmly, "M. De Sourdis told me yesterday, at noon, to fetch you this message, and that I should be well paid for it."

"Yesterday, at noon?"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"One hundred and fifty leagues?"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"That is admirable, and you find that I have not paid you enough!"

"No, Monseigneur. On the contrary, your Eminence is too generous. But your treasurer wants to put me off three days, and I should like to return at once."

"On horseback?"

"On horseback."

The Cardinal, who was of delicate constitution cast upon the valiant cavalier a look full of admiration. Then a suspicion crossed his mind, and he exclaimed:

"You are an impostor. It is impossible for you to have performed so long a ride and to be so little travel-stained and fatigued as you appear to be."

Capon smiled sadly, and for all answer, he drew down his hose from the top of his boot legs and showed his bleeding knee-caps.

"Very well, Sir, very well," said the Cardinal. Excuse me and take these two hundred pistoles. It is your own fault if you do not remain in my service."

"It were the greatest glory for me, Monseigneur, but they say that your Eminence is preparing an expedition against Rochelle, and I am a Huguenot."

"I thought as much," murmured the Cardinal, dismissing the messenger.

J. L.

VARIETIES.

JOEL T. HART, the sculptor, contemplates a trip to his native Kentucky next spring. He has finished his conception of "The Triumph of Chastity," after a devotion of eighteen years to his ideal.

THE mocking bird in Florida has a special fondness for the berry of the Pride-of-China tree, upon the juice of which he gets exceedingly tipsy. The spectacle of a flock of intoxicated mocking birds is said to be equivalent to half-a-dozen temperance lectures.

GARIBALDI is condemned by the committee appointed by the French Assembly to inquire into the operations of the army in the east of France during the late war. They state that were he a French general he should be tried by court-martial for quitting his command towards the close of the war without leave.

THE colossal statue of Adonis, which was said to have been lately discovered on a farm near Mount Onandaga, in America, and which Prof. Schottmann, of the Congress of Philologists in Innsbruck, declared to be of Phœnician origin, has been proved to be a forgery. As the statue is 10 ft. long, and made of alabaster, the expense of the forgery must have been considerable.

SENATOR CARL SCHURZ, who of late has been addressing the public from the lecture-room, expresses the opinion that one of the great obstacles in the way of educational progress is the inadequate pay which teachers receive, not only in America, but in all countries. He condemned the practice of compelling scholars to get their lessons by rote, and called attention to the importance of home influence in the education of girls.

FOLEY'S statue of Stonewall Jackson, for Charleston, is now nearly completed, and is one of the best of the sculptor's works. It is of heroic dimensions; a single figure, standing, with a drawn broadsword in the right hand; this hand grasps, while it rests on, the hilt of the weapon; the point of the sword is placed on a piece of rock at the side of the figure, which is thus sustained, and in leaning on it sways slightly towards its support. Otherwise the form is firmly placed, and in repose, with abundance of energy in reserve; the head is turned a little to the left, the face seeming to look resolute and far off, with a direct and keen gaze.

THE rage for velocipede riding has become so general in Paris that the police authorities have felt called upon to issue a series of regulations on the subject. The first requires all velocipedes to be provided with a bell, to give fair warning of their approach; after dark a lamp or lantern must be carried. Then each must be provided with a plate bearing the name and address of the owner, and any velocipede which does not fulfil these several conditions may be seized and impounded, and the person using it cited before a competent tribunal. In certain streets and boulevards velocipedes are absolutely prohibited; and, finally, trespassing on footpaths and public promenades is not to be permitted.

If complete readiness for war is the best means of insuring the continuance of peace, the tranquillity of Europe must have been effectually secured this year, in which large additions have been made to the forces of every European power. The proposed legislation in reference to the German landsturm will increase the military strength of Germany to an extent hardly yet realized, though the *Spener* estimates the increased force arising from a first call of the landsturm at 300,000 men. The French army will, beginning from this year, be increased within twelve years to 1,900,000, a force supplemented by a landsturm organization not less extensive than that of Germany. Russia will, in the same period, muster a standing army of 750,000, and a reserve of 1,740,000. Austria has made so much progress in the development of her military resources that she could take the field with from 500,000 to 600,000 men. Italy could follow with 400,000 men, and Turkey with 200,000, while England has 500,000 men to defend her soil, and could contribute from 70,000 to 80,000 men towards the prosecution of a European war.

DOMESTIC.

CODFISH SAUTE.—Boil a piece of codfish, but do not over do it. Pick out the flesh in flakes, put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter, pepper, and salt to taste, some minced parsley, and the juice of a lemon, with a dust of cayenne. Put it on the fire quite hot, and serve.

PLAIN GRAVY.—Mince an onion finely, fry it in butter to a dark brown colour, then add half a pint of broth or stock, pepper and salt to taste, a small piece of lean ham or bacon, minced small, a little Worcester sauce, a sprig of thyme, and one of parsley. Let it boil five minutes, put it by till wanted, and strain it before serving.

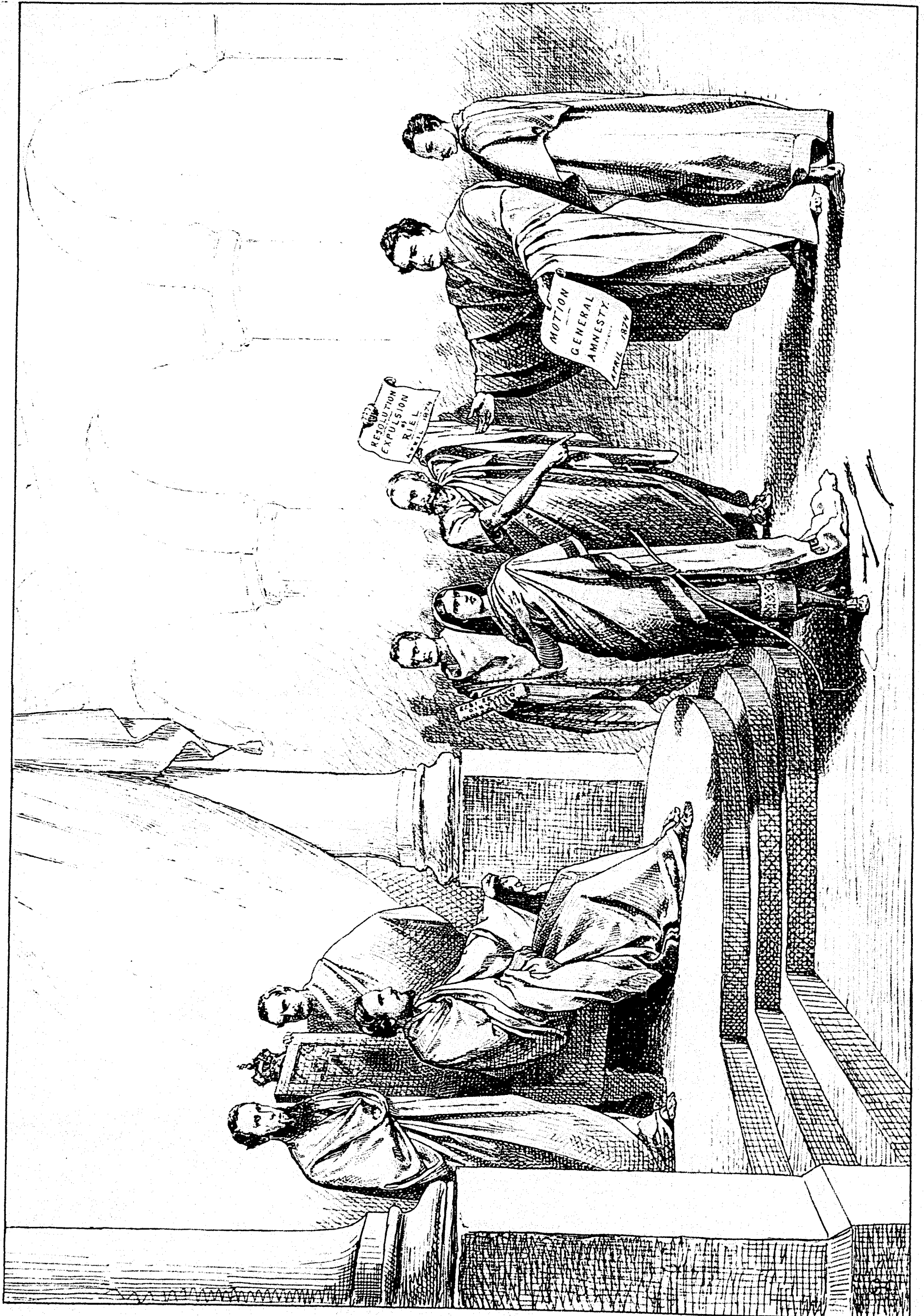
BREAD SAUCE.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teaspoonful of fine bread crumbs, add a small onion stuck with three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns, and salt to taste. Let the sauce simmer five minutes, add a small pat of fresh butter, and at the time of serving remove the onion and mace.

MACCARONI SOUP.—Boil a couple of ounces of macaroni (broken up in convenient pieces) in a pint of stock free from grease, to which add a good pinch of salt, when cooked (ten or fifteen minutes) drain them, and put them into the soup tureen containing one quart of well-flavoured clear stock boiling hot. Grated Parmesan to be handed round at the table.

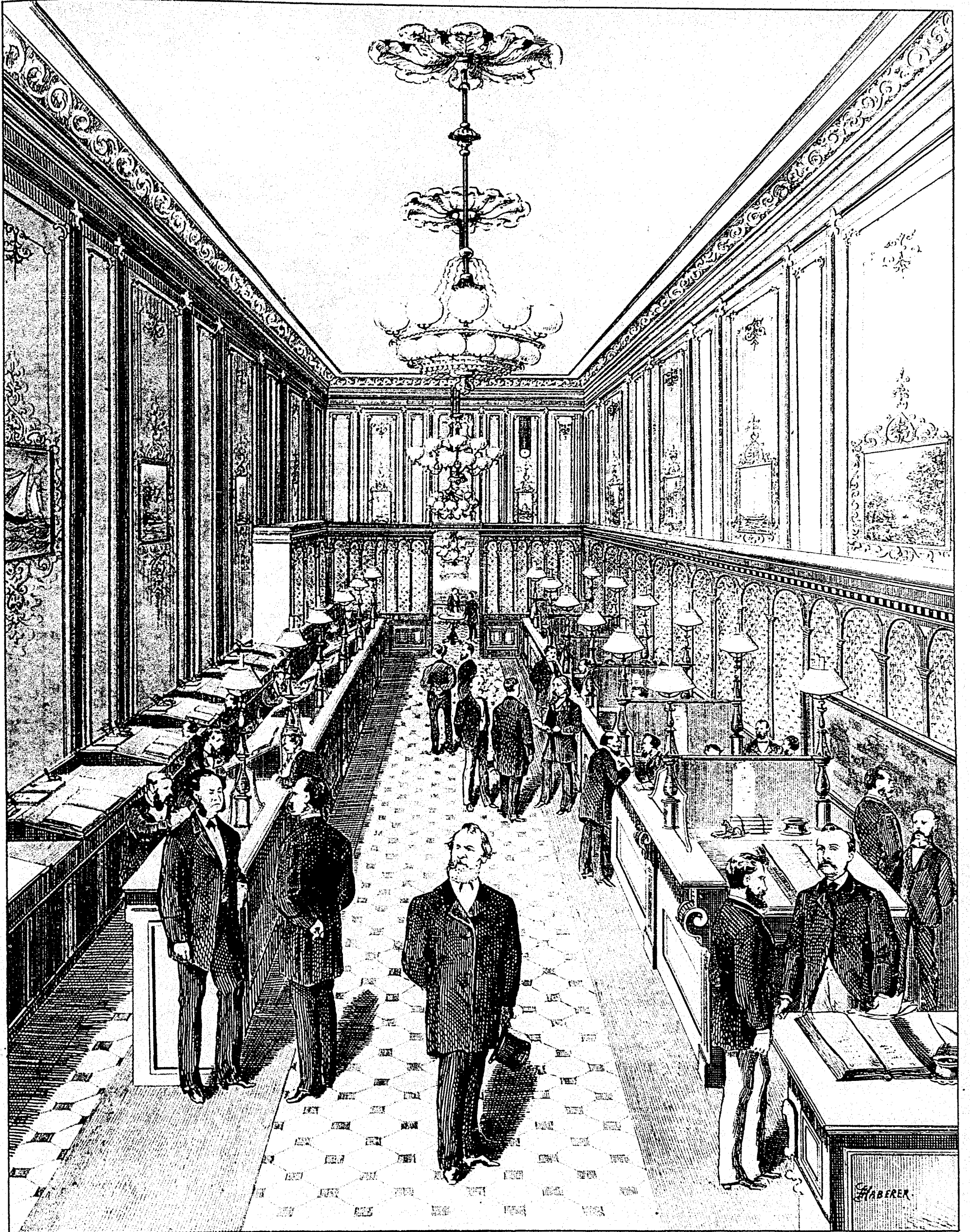
GRUYERE SANDWICHES.—Cut some slices of bread a day old and of gruyere cheese, both an eighth of an inch thick; butter the bread with fresh butter, sprinkle the slices of gruyere with mignonette pepper, put them between two slices of bread, press them lightly, cut out the sandwiches the shape of savory biscuits, and serve immediately.

OATMEAL FOR THE COMPLEXION.—The complexion may be improved by the use of oatmeal, which contains a small amount of oil that is good for the skin. The hands may be made soft and white by wearing at night large mittens of cloth filled with bran or oatmeal and tied closely at the wrist. A lady who had white, soft hands confessed that she had a great deal of housework to do, and kept them white as any idler's by wearing oatmeal mittens every night.

APPLES are now considered more nutritious than potatoes—indeed, many go so far as to think that they contain more brain food than any other fruit or vegetable. However that may be, they certainly exert a healthful influence upon the whole system when eaten raw or cooked in a simple manner. When compounded with butter, eggs, and flour they are far less wholesome than when baked or steamed. Apples nicely baked and served with cream are a delicious dish, and an ingenious housekeeper can easily devise numerous ways of preparing them for the table. Many methods have been suggested for keeping apples in a good condition through the winter. One is to wrap each apple—as oranges and lemons are wrapped for importation—in paper; old newspaper will answer. Paper is not only impervious to air, but serves to keep the fruit at a uniform temperature. Another method of preserving apples is to put some dry, fine sand into each barrel and shake it down gently; powdered plaster is sometimes used instead of sand. Another way is to pit the apples in a dry, sandy soil. A hole three or four feet deep should be dug, the fruit put in upon dry straw, and covered with a layer of straw and dry earth. The earth should be raised above the general level of the ground, so as to shed rain. When thus protected, the apples are said to keep well until spring.



THAT AMNESTY QUESTION.



MONTREAL.—HEAD OFFICE OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE COMPANY, ST. JAMES ST.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Eugene PANET has been appointed Deputy Minister of Militia, vice Mr. FUTVOYE, who is placed on the superannuated list.

Hon. Mr. HOWELLS, Consul for the United States, kindly consented to deliver a lecture early this week, on behalf of the Ladies' Protestant Home, Quebec, on the subject of "Camp Meetings in the West."

Hon. H. BLANCHARD, of Nova Scotia, who has been ill for some days, is very low, and his friends fear he cannot survive many days.

Dr. SCHULTZ, M.P. for Lisgar, has been committed by Judge BÉTOURNAY, to stand his trial at the next Court, for perjury. Mr. CORNISH was for the prosecution; Dr. SCHULTZ defended himself. Bail was accepted. Considerable interest is manifested in the case.

Marshal SERRANO has visited the headquarters at Logrono, and has had a conference with Generals Lazerna and Moriones.

EXPERIENCES OF A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BY "ONE OF THEM."

BRANTFORD, Dec. 5th, 1874.—Archie did wake me—woke me with a series of sounding rat-tats at the door, that at first dimly mingled themselves with my dreams, shaping them in swift rotation into a hundred gliding fancies, but all terminating in some odd way with the rapping reality, and all attributing it to some different cause than the right one, as if the half-roused consciousness tacitly acknowledged the real source, but wilfully misunderstood it. It rises now into a perfect storm of knocks, a devil's tattoo, that threatens to demolish the door, and will not be denied. My dreams of rapping are dreams no longer. Thoroughly aroused, I crawl regretfully out of bed, and grumblingly announce the fact to the impatient knocker, who now retires in triumph. Ugh! the misery of early rising on a winter morning; it is one of the greatest hardships we have to endure. The room is dark, and you can't divest yourself of the idea that you have been imposed upon and rudely aroused in the middle of the night, and before you had fairly fallen asleep. You can't for the life of you remember where you left the matches, and you are in the same predicament with regard to your clothes. Very likely in your stupid stumblings you knock the lamp off the chair where you blew it out the night before, after your customary perusal of a favourite book. The air is biting cold, everything you touch is cold, and you feel that you will speedily turn into a congealed man unless you can by some stroke of good fortune very soon find your clothes and huddle them on.

Dressed at last, but sensible of being in a half-washed, half-combed condition, I discontentedly groped my way downstairs, passing dim, ghostly figures of other early risers, all as silent, as sullen, and apparently as miserable as myself. Congregated at the foot of the stairs, and in all the approaches to the bar-room, I find other groups of cold, torpid-looking men, and derive a selfish comfort from thinking that I can't look any worse than these companions in the misery of early rising.

That infernal modern contrivance, the hotel gong, is struck, and sounds in my ears like the discordant combination of all the instruments in a villainously bad brass band, and I join the throng trooping in to breakfast. The tables required for us are lighted up by flaring oil-lamps, the glare of which in some parts of the room are turned into a sickly yellow by the grey light of the coming day slanting through the blinds, while all the corners are in deepest shade, and in these corners common-place articles of furniture, half seen in the dim light, twist themselves into all sorts of odd, fantastic shapes. I can't eat much, and almost hate those exceptional monsters who devour enormous plates of beef-steak and pork-chops, and who monopolise the potatoes and deluge everything with gravy, and call, unsatisfied, for more. Then the girls are cross, a circumstance from which I derive a grim satisfaction, as for them to be gracious and smiling under such circumstances would be an implied insult to my wretchedness.

But now the lusty "All aboard!" of the "buss-driver" sounds through the house, and everybody gets up from the meal—commercial travellers—all the members of the "only original" troupe who performed in Owen Sound the night previous, from the frowsy "supe" to the frilled-shirted, diamond-ringed proprietor and the gorgeously-hued female who accompanies him, and the relations between himself and whom are not necessarily matrimonial—then the mail clerk, the train expressman, the conductor and his satellites, and all the other human complements who go to make up an early train, but the reasons for whose early rambling by rail are not always so easily seen as those whom I have named. The baggage-waggon with its pyramid of iron-bound trunks preceded us. There is a clinking of change from the till as bills are paid, a tremendous lot of running up and down stairs, a universal donning of overcoats by the males, and a variety of little bursts of petulance from the frail sex, caused by the provoking ignorance which their well-meaning but awkward protectors display in wrapping their cloaks, clouds, and other feminine appurtenances about them, the landlord's hand is shaken again and again,

till one would almost suppose the jar would communicate itself to his body, and he would be left standing on the door-step quivering like an animated *blanc-mange*—an indiscriminate clambering into the 'buss, succeeded by a perfect volley of thuds and bumps on its roof by the projection of missiles on it in the form of variously-shaped and weighted bundles and valises, a chorus of good-byes, a cracking of whips, a "g'long, now, will ye?" from the driver, and we are off.

It is now broad daylight—a bright, crisp, sparkling winter's morning, and what with the jolting vigour in the clear, bracing air and the jolting of the 'buss (for we are still on wheels), we all become thoroughly awake. The station is a considerable distance from the town, but we soon near it, and the majority of us gaze for the first-time on a narrow-gauge station. As we approach it from a slight elevation, our first view is a bird's-eye view, and I have frequently observed that even a familiar building or locality seen from a high stand-point seems small and insignificant, so that this morning on my first sight of a narrow-gauge station, I was immediately and irresistibly reminded of the toy railways that delighted me in my boyish days. The 'buss when contrasted with this railroad's toy cars, it seemed to me as if my boyish days had returned, and I was going to play at railroad. Nor did it dispel this illusion when a young lady in the company clapped her hands in feminine delight and cried, "Oh, what dear little cars!" When I got out and walked into the diminutive station waiting-room, it required no mental effort to imagine that this was a modern sequel to the travels of the renowned Mr. Gulliver, and that I was this same Mr. Gulliver, about to take a journey on a Lilliputian railroad, or that, like that other equally celebrated gentleman, Mr. Rip Van Winkle; I had fallen asleep (as I supposed, last night), but in reality a quarter of a century ago, and woke up this morning, not much older apparently, but immensely increased in breadth and stature, and all surrounding objects relatively diminished. The very whistle of the locomotive has a puny sound, as if the engineer wished his whistle to be in keeping with his train. But all such absurd fancies are not for me—I am only a commercial traveller—my sole business is with dollars and cents, and samples and terms, and freights and prices, and all the other coffee-mill routine of a business life.

The whistle, or rather chirp of the engine is a signal for us to be off, and off we are, in an under-sized car that looks as if it had promised well at one time, but had been prematurely stopped in his growth. Until we reach Chatsworth, the first station worth mentioning, we seem to be climbing up a hill by slow and devious approaches. The engine puffs and grunts, and the exertion apparently taxes all the poor little wretch's energies, if we can judge by the immense quantities of steam and smoke it vomits. From Chatsworth (or Johnstown), for it is known by either name, and everyone calls it according to his own sweet will, the road is tolerably straight to Orangeville, although its builders have not been very particular in grading it, as it indulges in a series of prairie-like undulations.

But no one knows anything of the devious sinuosities of the narrow gauge till they have ridden on it between Orangeville and Toronto, or vice versa. A whole mountain, the Caledon range, has to be descended in the one case and surmounted in the other. I had to descend it, and by the time I was fifteen miles or less from Orangeville I had not the remotest idea of the relative points of the compass. In fact, it would not have surprised me in the least if I had suddenly discovered that, like a man lost in a dense wood, we had been travelling in a circle, and were entering Orangeville again. The train twisted in and out, and described so many segments of circles, and doubled on its tracks so often, that I could not divest myself of the idea that the engine had lost the road, and was running frantically hither and thither to find it. At one particular place on the way down we did what it has puzzled many skaters to perform—we described a perfect letter S. There is a story connected with this part of the road which the reader can take for what it is worth, as I dare not vouch for the truth of it. Shortly after the opening of the road, a very long train of empty cars passed over this portion of it. The brakeman on the last car was new on the road, and was busily occupied with his brakes, when he heard a voice close to his ear asking for a "chaw of terbacker." Puzzled to think where the voice could come from, he glanced hastily round to find the locomotive nearly abreast of him, and the engineer holding out his hand for the desired "chaw." The "chaw" was, of course, forthcoming, and the legend goes on to say that when the train arrived on the other half of the S, the engineer reciprocated by passing the brakeman his pipe for a smoke.

But this yarn is only one of many, and there is no disguising the fact that the narrow gauge is of incalculable benefit to the country it passes through, and, as a means of passenger conveyance, an immense improvement on what are cantingly known as the "good old stage-coaching days."

My reflections are brought to an abrupt and not unpleasant conclusion by the arrival of our train at the great Union depot in the Queen City of the West, and I find my journey ended. A pleasant journey it has been through the hospitable northern country, where the bitter, biting cold, and driving snow without seem to kindle additional warmth in the honest heart within; a journey I always undertake with pleasure, and return from with regret.

WAYFARRER.

A NEW NATIONAL SONG.

A new national song, from the pen of so excellent a musician as Henry Smart, will be heartily welcomed. The music is bold and stirring, as befits a national air. The conductors of our military bands may be trusted to avail themselves of so martial an air as a welcome addition to their good marching tunes. The amateur vocalist will meet with no difficulties, and as it may be had set in G or B, he can suit the pitch to the quality of his voice. The words, which are by W. Clark Russell, are as follows:—

"Victoria! Victoria!
The sceptre that she wields
Hath won for us more victories
Than our hundred battle fields.
Our homes are pure, our altars white.
Our annals without stain.
Gather around, then, Britons all,
And praise our good Queen's reign.
Her's is a nobly acted part,
And the little babes that creep,
Shall bless, years hence, Victoria's life
When the sirens that love her sleep.
Victoria! Victoria!
The sceptre that she wields, &c.

"Victoria! Victoria!
Our love is all her own:
It crowns with light her queenly brow.
It makes our hearts her throne.
'Tis thus she wears a diadem
Death's hand shall not remove!
'Tis not the crown she wept to wear.
But the crown of a nation's love.
So let us praise this faithful friend—
Since faithful she has been—
A noble Englishwoman, she!
True mother, wife, and Queen!
Victoria! Victoria!
The sceptre that she wields," &c.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S HOUSE.

A Florence correspondent of the *Detroit Tribune* writes: "The house of Michael Angelo has remained as nearly as possible in the condition in which he occupied it. You may enter all the rooms, and see the furniture, bed clothes, tapestry, dishes, pictures, statuettes, and some books, most of which he probably selected, purchased, and ordered sent home, three hundred years ago, just as we do, and all of which he used and enjoyed. The rooms, small but many, show numerous pieces of sculpture, various forms and devices of artistic beauty, and sketches from the hand of that incomparable genius. You would be much surprised at finding the whole interior of his abode so lavish with the coquetry of his taste and handiwork. You feel that the house is filled, in a beautiful sense, with his life. Besides these things, however, are a number of pictures representing scenes in his life, contributed to his abode by some of his renowned pupils who adored him, and these are, therefore, rather too expressive of deification to accord pleasantly with the familiar things of his home life. In one small room you see his portrait, painted by himself, and his bust, from a mask taken directly after he died. The nose is too broad and too nearly flat, and the lips too compressed, to make a fine-looking countenance; but you read a rough, native strength in the lines of his face, quite in consonance with what we may suppose his character to have been. The tone of his art was militant enough, and many were the fierce and bitter strifes of his career. Yet he combined with his majestic powers of shaping into life his godlike ideals, lofty and tender sensibilities of love for his country and for Vittoria Colonna, a noble and most beautiful woman and poetess. His sonnets to her show his fire as a poet in its most attractive vein. The dining-room is usually the most attractive part of a house to me, and so I found it in Michael Angelo's house. Oh, but he painted some spirited and all-glorious frescoes on its walls! On one side of the room are men of science, among them 'the stary Galileo' starting back in joy from gazing through his telescope. On another side are philosophers, Aristotle and Plato among them. Another wall shows men of the church. The other, poets and romance writers, standing or reclining among palm trees, and fountains playing about them. Dante and Petrarch are among the foremost, and, standing apart from the rest, you see the pure and fiery Christian hero Savonarola, the Reformer who preceded Luther forty years, and laboured almost under the face of the Pope. He was quickly bound and thrown into the flames, on the Piazza del Gran Duca, here in Florence. Much loftier houses than Michael Angelo's, built closely around it, probably since its great occupant lived, make the rooms rather dark, but that most companionable dining-room is lighted from a rear court."

STREET-CLEANING IN PARIS.

The superficial area of public way which has to be swept daily amounts to eleven million metres (a metre is a yard and one ninth), and the work must be finished before the hour at which general traffic begins. To accomplish this, the operation has to be begun at about three o'clock in the morning. The hands employed muster by brigades at certain points in each district; thence they are subdivided into bands, and proceed at once to their early task. Whatever the weather, whatever the temperature, the street-cleaners must be at their post and at work. These toilers of the small hours are to be counted by thousands. They are, as it were, the chanticleers of the great city. Long before Aurora peeps from the east, the tramp of their *sabots*, or wooden shoes, and the harsh noise of their stiff brooms, are to be heard upon the pavement. At that matutinal hour, when the stately sweepers of Paris are under the dominion of the sweeper, you will meet,

side by side with them, those nocturnal philosophers who explore the heaps of rubbish and refuse which incumber the road-side. These two classes get on together in the most fraternal manner. The sweeper, or the sweepress, is ever ready to lend a willing hand to the *chiffonnier's*, or rag-picker's, investigations, and to contribute to his reaping a good harvest. Your sweeper is, for the most part, both steady and thrifty, and he is rarely to be seen at the public-house. Indeed, he is too glad to get home and to bed as soon as he has got through his fatiguing work. Besides the hand-broom, there is the machine sweeping. More than forty machines for the latter purpose are employed upon the Paris pavements. They require only one man each. This is the driver, who, while attending to his horse, manages a spring, from the box where he sits, by means of which he lifts and lets down the sweeping-cylinder at will. These machines are chiefly used on the boulevards, the avenues, squares, and broader thoroughfares, where they are to be seen at work the greater part of the day. In bad weather, more especially, they ply their way along the most crowded highways, dissipating the mud, half-melted snow, etc.

SCIENTIFIC.

When a screw hole becomes so worn that the screw will not stay in, it is not always thought worth while to send to the carpenter. In such a case the best way is to cut narrow strips of cork and fill the hole completely. Then force the screw as tight as if driven into an entirely new hole.

Derrailment is of so frequent occurrence on American railways that a safety shoe was invented about two years ago and has recently been tried on one of the Massachusetts lines. The shoe consists of a plate of iron supported from the frame of the carriage with slots cut in it, for the wheels. The plate has a flange on each side hanging slightly below the level of the rails, so that if the wheels slip off, the shoe catches the rail and supports the carriage, acting as a brake, and preventing the train from leaving the metals. The invention has been severely tested, and has given satisfaction. At forty miles an hour, and even when a length of rails was removed, the train was kept on the track by the shoes.

There are, truly, physiological means of securing sleep, which should ever be steadily tried ere forming the hypothesis that sleep is unattainable without hypnotics. These are a good long walk, which will tire the muscles; a light and easily digestible supper, chiefly of farinaceous material, with or without, but better with some malt liquor of fair body and in good, sound condition. The bed may be essayed with a better chance of success than after the ordinary evening; if sleep hangs off, some alcohol, in a concentrated form, may be taken just on getting into bed; and if the weather is cold, the alcohol may be rendered more efficient by giving it in hot water. If the person be elderly, the bed may even be warmed with advantage.

LITERARY.

M. VICTOR OGER is translating into French, with Mr. Gladstone's permission, the pamphlet on "The Vatican Decrees."

Dr. WARD, the editor and proprietor of the *Dublin Review*, is preparing a reply to the Gladstone "Expostulation."

The position of "largest newspaper in the world without supplement," hitherto claimed by the London *Standard*, was lately taken up by the *Daily News*, which stated that one of its recent issues was the largest newspaper "ever published."

MR. THOMAS TYLER will shortly publish "The Philosophy of 'Hamlet.'" New solutions of the more important problems presented by the character and conduct of Hamlet will be given, based, in part, on a comparison of the later text with that of the quarto of 1623.

"LOTOS LEAVES" is the title of a new book published in New York. It contains original contributions by Wilkie Collins, Mark Twain, Whitelaw Reid, John Brougham, and other members of the Lotus Club, and is illustrated by Fredericks, Lafarge, Lumley and Burling.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, M.P., has published a complete and exhaustive reply to Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican decrees. It is called "Expostulation in Extremis." The Rev. Father Hamilton, O.S.B., of St. Augustine's, Rainsgate, has likewise in the press a pamphlet on the same subject.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. HALANZIER has just engaged, for the French Opera, M. Bourboresque, a bass singer, who has had a great success at Marseilles.

M. SERPETTE, the composer of "La Branche Cassée," is composing a three-act opera for London, the libretto by M. Federman, and the English version by Mr. Farnie.

The Emperor of Austria has sanctioned, on the report of the Minister of Religion in Hungary, the formation of an Academy of Music and of Declamation at Pesth, of which Dr. Liszt will be the principal.

A NEW play by Mr. Dominick Murray, who appeared in the leading character, was produced at Wood's Museum, N. Y., last week, and won favour by its brisk dialogue and abundant incident. Mr. Murray has shaped the role of "Leonard Ashton" to his capabilities.

MR. LENNOX HORNE, the dramatic author, died on the 29th inst., from inflammation of the lungs, aged 67. He was the author of "Two Heads are Better than One," and one of his last productions was the "Tale (Tail) of a Comet," which was played at Drury Lane Theatre about two years ago.

REV. JOHN WEISS, whose course of Shakespearean lectures was received with great acceptance by the cultivated classes of New York, has been invited by a number of distinguished gentlemen to deliver a second course. He accepted the invitation, and the first lecture of the course, on "Shakespeare's Women," was given at the Union League Theatre last week.

M. OFFENBACH completed the score of his spectacular opera-bouffe, "Whittington and his Cat," five days before the time agreed upon with Mr. Wood, the London publisher; and in forwarding the MS. to him, the composer endorsed it with the words, "Good-bye, Master Wood, 10 November, 1873, minut. Jacques Offenbach." £3,000 (£) has been the price paid for the copyright. The work is to be produced at Christmas at the Alhambra.

MONTREAL has done itself no credit by neglecting to attend the representations of Neil Warner, at the Theatre Royal, during this and last week. As a truthful, natural, and graceful tragedian, Mr. Warner stands among the highest of his profession. There is no coarseness, no straining, no ranting in his performance. His renderings of Shakespeare are an intellectual treat which ought to be enjoyed, because they are so rare in a city like ours.



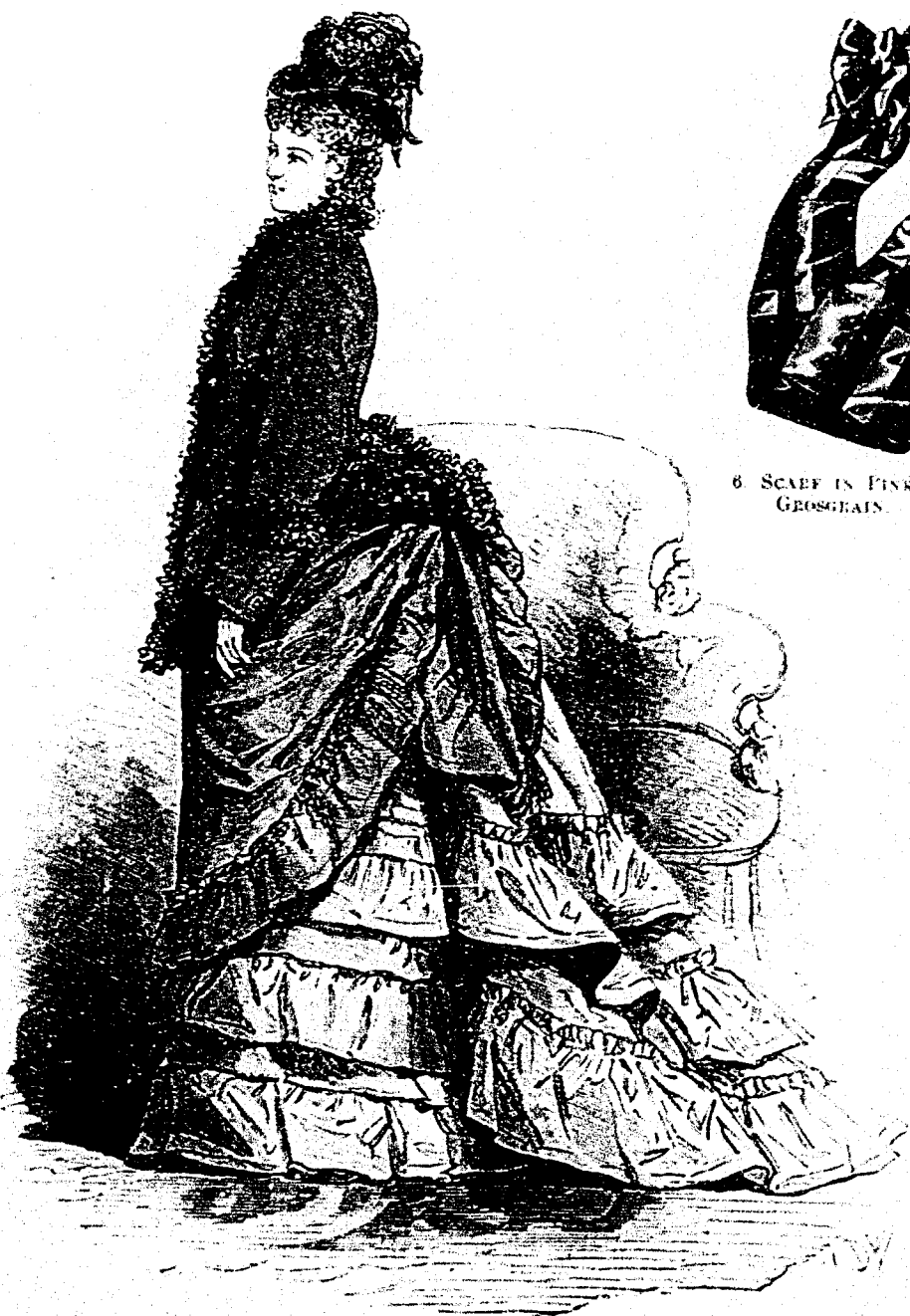
2. DRESS IN FABLE COLOUR



5. SCARF IN BLUE AND WHITE REV.



1. DRESS IN FABLE COLOUR



3. JACKET IN SUEDE



6. SCARF IN PINK GEORGEAN.



4. DOLMAN IN IRON-GRAY CLOTH

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

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

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

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

PART II.—PARADISE REAINED.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THIRD QUESTION—WHAT WAS HIS MOTIVE?

"This is a great sacrifice made to me, on my wife's part. Jealous of every woman, under forty, who comes near me, she is of course jealous of Helena, and she controls herself, and trusts me!

"I am bound to show my gratitude for this, and I will show it. From this day forth, I vow to live more affectionately with my wife. I tenderly embraced her this very morning, and I hope, poor soul, she did not discover the effort that it cost me."

There, the readings from the Diary came to an end.

The most unpleasant pages in the whole Report of the Trial were, to me, the pages which contained the extracts from my husband's Diary. There were expressions, here and there, which not only pained me, but which almost shook Eustace's position in my estimation. I think I would have given everything I possessed to have had the power of annihilating certain lines in that Diary. As for his passionate expressions of love for Mrs. Beaulieu, every one of them went through me like a sting! He had whispered words quite as warm into my ears, in the days of his courtship. I had no reason to doubt that he truly and dearly loved me. But the question was—Had he, just as truly and dearly, loved Mrs. Beaulieu, before me? Had she or I won the first of his heart? He had declared to me, over and over again, that he had only fancied himself to be in love, before the day when we met. I had believed him then. I determined to believe him still. I did believe him. But I hated Mrs. Beaulieu!

As for the painful impression produced in Court by the readings from the letters and the Diary, it seemed to be impossible to increase it. Nevertheless, it was perceptibly increased. In other words, it was rendered more unfavourable still towards the prisoner, by the evidence of the next, and last, witness called on the part of the prosecution.

William Enzie, under-gardener at Gleninch, was sworn, and deposed as follows:

"On the twentieth of October, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I was sent to work in the shrubbery, on the side next to the garden called the Dutch Garden. There was a summer-house in the Dutch Garden, having its back set towards the shrubbery. The day was wonderfully fine and warm for the time of year.

"Passing to my work, I passed the back of the summer-house. I heard voices inside—a man's voice and a lady's voice. The lady's voice was strange to me. The man's voice I recognized as the voice of my master. The ground in the shrubbery was soft, and my curiosity was excited. I stepped up to the back of the summer-house, without being heard, and I listened to what was going on inside.

"The first words I could distinguish were spoken in my master's voice. He said, 'If I could only have foreseen that you might one day be free, what a happy man I might have been!' The lady's voice answered, 'Hush! you must not talk so.' My master said upon that, 'I must talk of what is in my mind; it is always in my mind that I have lost you.' He stopped a bit there, and then he said on a sudden, 'Do me one favour, my angel! Promise me not to marry again.' The lady's voice spoke out, thereupon, sharply enough, 'What do you mean?' My master said, 'I wish no harm to the unhappy creature who is a burden on my life; but suppose—' 'Suppose nothing,' the lady said; 'come back to the house.'

"She led the way into the garden, and turned round, beckoning my master to join her. In that position, I saw her face plainly, and I knew it for the face of the young widow lady who was visiting at the house. She was pointed out to me by the head-gardener, when she first arrived, for the purpose of warning me that I was not to interfere if I found her picking the flowers. The garden at Gleninch were shown to tourists on certain days; and we made a difference, of course, in the matter of the flowers between strangers and guests staying in the house. I am quite certain of the identity of the lady who was talking with my master. Mrs. Beaulieu was a comely person, and there was no mistaking her for any other than herself. She and my master withdrew together on the way to the house. I heard nothing more of what passed between them."

This witness was severely cross-examined as to the correctness of his recollection of the talk in the summer-house, and as to his capacity for identifying both the speakers. On certain minor points he was shaken. But he firmly asserted his accurate remembrance of the last words exchanged between his master and Mrs. Beaulieu; and he personally described the lady, in terms which proved that he had correctly identified her.

With this, the answer to the third question raised by the trial—the question of the prisoner's motive for poisoning his wife—came to an end.

The story for the prosecution was now a story told. The staunchest friends of the prisoner in court were compelled to acknowledge that the evidence, thus far, pointed clearly and conclusively against him. He seemed to feel this himself. When he withdrew at the close of the third day of the trial, he was so depressed and exhausted that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the governor of the jail.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

The feeling of interest excited by the trial was prodigiously increased on the fourth day. The witnesses for the defence were now to be heard; and first and foremost among them appeared the prisoner's mother. She looked at her son as she lifted her veil to take the oath. He burst into tears. At that moment, the sympathy felt for the mother was generally extended to the unhappy son.

Examined by the Dean of Faculty, Mrs. Macallan the elder gave her answers with remarkable dignity and self-control.

Questioned as to certain private conversation which had passed between her late daughter-in-law and herself, she declared that Mrs. Eustace Macallan was morbidly sensitive on the subject of her personal appearance. She was devotedly attached to her husband; the great anxiety of her life was to make herself as attractive to him as possible. The imperfections in her personal appearance—and especially in her complexion—were subjects to her of the bitterest regret. The witness had heard her say over and over again, (referring to her complexion) that there was no risk she would not run, and no pain she would not suffer, to improve it. "Men," she has said, "are all caught by outward appearances; my husband might love me better if I had a better colour."

Being asked next if the passages from her son's diary were to be depended on as evidence,—that is to say, if they fairly represented the peculiarities in his character, and his true sentiments towards his wife—Mrs. Macallan denied it in the plainest and the strongest terms.

"The extracts from my son's diary are a libel on his character," she said. "And not the less a libel because they happen to be written by himself. Speaking from a mother's experience of him, I know that he must have written the passages produced in moments of uncontrollable depression and despair. No just person judges hastily of a man by the rash words which may escape him in his moody and miserable moments. Is my son to be so judged, because he happens to have written his rash words, instead of speaking them? His pen has been his most deadly enemy, in this case—it has presented him at his very worst. He was not happy in his marriage, I admit that. But I say at the same time, that he was invariably considerate towards his wife. I was implicitly trusted by both of them; I saw them in their most private moments. I declare—in the face of what she appears to have written to her friends and correspondents—that my son never gave his wife any just cause to assert that he treated her with cruelty or neglect."

These words, firmly and clearly spoken, produced a strong impression. The Lord Advocate—evidently perceiving that any attempt to weaken that impression would not be likely to succeed—confined himself in cross-examination to two significant questions.

"In speaking to you of the defects in her complexion," he said, "did your daughter-in-law refer in any way to the use of arsenic as a remedy?"

The answer to this was "No."

The Lord Advocate proceeded.

"Did you yourself ever recommend arsenic, or mention it casually, in the course of the private conversations which you have described?"

The answer to this was, "Never."

The Lord Advocate resumed his seat. Mrs. Macallan the elder withdrew.

An interest of a new kind was excited by the appearance of the next witness. This was no less a person than Mrs. Beaulieu herself. The Report describes her as a remarkably attractive person: modest and ladylike in her manner, and, to all appearance, feeling sensitively the public position in which she was placed.

The first portion of her evidence was almost a recapitulation of the evidence given by the prisoner's mother—with this difference, that Mrs. Beaulieu had been actually questioned by the deceased lady on the subject of cosmetic applications to the complexion. Mrs. Eustace Macallan had complimented her on the beauty of her complexion, and had asked what artificial means she used to keep it in good order. Using no artificial means, and knowing nothing whatever of cosmetics, Mrs. Beaulieu had resented the question; and a temporary coolness between the two ladies had been the result.

Interrogated as to her relations with the prisoner, Mrs. Beaulieu indignantly denied that she or Mr. Macallan had ever given the deceased lady the slightest cause for jealousy. It was impossible for Mrs. Beaulieu to leave Scotland, after visiting at the houses of her cousin's neighbours, without also visiting at her cousin's house. To take any other course would have been an act of downright rudeness, and would have excited remark. She did not deny that Mr. Macallan had admired her in the days when they were both single people. But there was no

further expression of that feeling when she had married another man, and when he had married another woman. From that time their intercourse was the innocent intercourse of a brother and sister. Mr. Macallan was a gentleman; he knew what was due to his wife and to Mrs. Beaulieu—she would not have entered the house if experience had not satisfied her of that. As for the evidence of the under-gardener, it was little better than pure invention. The greater part of the conversation which he had described himself as overhearing had never taken place. The little that was really said (as the man reported it) was said jestingly; and she had checked it immediately—as the witness had himself confessed. For the rest, Mr. Macallan's behaviour towards his wife was invariably kind and considerate. He was constantly devising means to alleviate her sufferings from the rheumatic affection which confined her to her bed; he had spoken of her, not once, but many times, in terms of the sincerest sympathy. When she ordered her husband and witness to leave the room, on the day of her death, Mr. Macallan said to witness afterwards, "We must bear with her jealousy, poor soul; we know that we don't deserve it." In that patient manner, he submitted to her infirmities of temper, from first to last.

The main interest in the cross-examination of Mrs. Beaulieu centered in a question which was put at the end. After reminding her that she had given her name, on being sworn, as "Helena Beaulieu," the Lord Advocate said:

"A letter addressed to the prisoner, and signed 'Helena,' has been read in Court. Look at it if you please. Are you the writer of that letter?"

Before the witness could reply, the Dean of Faculty protested against the question. The Judges allowed the protest, and refused to permit the question to be put. Mrs. Beaulieu thereupon withdrew. She had betrayed a very perceptible agitation on hearing the letter referred to, and on having it placed in her hands. This exhibition of feeling was variously interpreted among the audience. Upon the whole, however, Mrs. Beaulieu's evidence was considered to have aided the impression which the mother's evidence had produced in the prisoner's favour.

The next witnesses—both ladies, and both school-friends of Mrs. Eustace Macallan—created a new feeling of interest in Court. They supplied the missing link in the evidence for the defence.

The first of the ladies declared that she had mentioned arsenic as a means of improving the complexion, in conversation with Mrs. Eustace Macallan. She had never used it herself, but she had read of the practice of eating arsenic, among the Styrian peasantry, for the purpose of clearing the colour, and of producing a general appearance of plumpness and good health. She positively swore that she had related this result of her reading to the deceased lady exactly as she now related it in Court.

The second witness, present at the conversation already mentioned, corroborated the first witness in every particular, and added that she had procured the book relating to the arsenic-eating practices of the Styrian peasantry, and their results, at Mrs. Eustace Macallan's own request. This book she had herself despatched by post to Mrs. Eustace Macallan at Gleninch. There was but one assailable point in this otherwise conclusive evidence. The cross-examination discovered it.

Both the ladies were asked, in turn, if Mrs. Eustace Macallan had expressed to them, directly or indirectly, any intention of obtaining arsenic, with a view to the improvement of her complexion. In each case the answer to that all-important question was, No. Mrs. Eustace Macallan had heard of the remedy, and had received the book. But of her own intentions in the future she had not said one word. She had begged both the ladies to consider the conversation as strictly private—and there it had ended.

It required no lawyer's eye to discern the fatal defect which was now revealed in the evidence for the defence. Every intelligent person present could see that the prisoner's chance of an honourable acquittal depended on tracing the poison to the possession of his wife—or at least on proving her expressed intention to obtain it. In either of these cases, the prisoner's Declaration of his innocence would claim the support of testimony, which, however indirect it might be, no honest and intelligent man would be likely to resist. Was that testimony forthcoming? Was the counsel for the defence not at the end of his resources yet?

The crowded audience waited, in breathless expectation, for the appearance of the next witness. A whisper went round, among certain well-instructed persons, that the Court was now to see and hear the prisoner's old friend—already often referred to in the course of the trial as "Mr. Dexter."

After a brief interval of delay, there was a sudden commotion among the audience, accompanied by suppressed exclamations of curiosity and surprise. At the same moment, the orator summoned the next witness by the extraordinary name of,

"MISERRIMUS DEXTER."

CHAPTER XX.

THE END OF THE TRIAL.

The calling of the new witness provoked a burst of laughter among the audience—due partly, no doubt, to the strange name by which he

had been summoned; partly also, to the instinctive desire of all crowded assemblies, when their interest is painfully excited, to seize on any relief in the shape of the first subject of merriment which may present itself. A severe rebuke from the Bench restored order among the audience. The Lord Justice Clerk declared that he would "clear the Court" if the interruption to the proceedings was renewed.

During the silence which followed this announcement, the new witness appeared.

Gliding, self-propelled in his chair on wheels, through the opening made for him among the crowd, a strange and startling creature—literally the half of a man—revealed himself to the general view. A coverlid which had been thrown over his chair, had fallen off during his progress through the throng. The loss of it exposed to the public curiosity the head, the arms, and the trunk of a living human being: absolutely deprived of the lower limbs. To make this deformity all the more striking and all the more terrible, the victim of it was—as to his face and his body—an unusually handsome, and an unusually well-made man. His long silky hair of a bright and beautiful chestnut colour, fell over shoulders that were the perfection of strength and grace. His face was bright with vivacity and intelligence. His large clear blue eyes, and his long delicate white hands, were like the eyes and hands of a beautiful woman. He would have looked effeminate, but for the manly proportions of his throat and chest; aided in their effect by his flowing beard and long moustache, of a lighter chestnut shade than the colour of his hair. Never had a magnificent head and body been more hopelessly ill-bestowed than in his instance! Never had Nature committed a more careless or a more cruel mistake than in the making of this man!

He was sworn, seated of course in his chair. Having given his name, he bowed to the Judges and requested their permission to preface his evidence with a word of explanation.

"People generally laugh when they first hear my strange Christian name," he said, in a low clear resonant voice which penetrated to the remotest corners of the Court. "I may inform the good people here that many names, still common among us, have their significations, and that mine is one of them. 'Alexander,' for instance, means, in the Greek, 'a helper of men.' 'David' means, in Hebrew, 'well-beloved.' 'Francis' means, in German, 'free.' My name, 'Miserrimus,' means, in Latin, 'most unhappy.' It was given to me by my father, in allusion to the deformity which you all see—the deformity with which it was my misfortune to be born. You won't laugh at 'Miserrimus' again, will you?" He turned to the Dean of Faculty, waiting to examine him for the defence. "Mr. Dean, I am at your service. I apologise for delaying, even for a moment, the proceedings of the Court."

He delivered his little address with perfect grace and good humour. Examined by the Dean he gave his evidence clearly, without the slightest appearance of hesitation or reserve.

"I was staying at Gleninch, as a guest in the house, at the time of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death," he began. "Doctor Jerome and Mr. Gale desired to see me, at a private interview—the prisoner being then in a state of prostration which made it impossible for him to attend to his duties as master of the house. At this interview, the two doctors astonished and horrified me, by declaring that Mrs. Eustace Macallan had died poisoned. They left it to me to communicate the dreadful news to her husband, and they warned me that a post-mortem examination must be held on the body."

"If the Fiscal had seen my old friend, when I communicated the doctors' message, I doubt if he would have ventured to charge the prisoner with the murder of his wife. To my mind the charge was nothing less than an outrage. I resisted the seizure of the prisoner's Diary and letters, animated by that feeling. Now that the Diary has been produced, I agree with the prisoner's mother in denying that it is fair evidence to bring against him. A Diary (when it extends beyond a bare record of facts and dates) is nothing but an expression of the poorest and weakest side in the character of the person who keeps it. It is, in nine cases out of ten, the more or less contemptible outpouring of vanity and conceit which the writer dare not exhibit to any mortal but himself. I am the prisoner's oldest friend. I solemnly declare that I never knew that he could write downright nonsense, until I heard his Diary read in this Court!"

"He kill his wife! He treat his wife with neglect and cruelty! I venture to say, from twenty years' experience of him, that there is no man in this assembly who is, constitutionally, more incapable of crime, and more incapable of cruelty, than the man who stands in the Bar. While I am about it, I go further still. I even doubt whether a man capable of crime, and capable of cruelty, could have found it in his heart to do evil to the woman whose untimely death is the subject of this inquiry."

"I have heard what the ignorant and prejudiced nurse, Christina Ormsay, has said of the deceased lady. From my own personal observation, I contradict every word of it. Mrs. Eustace Macallan, granting her personal defects—was nevertheless one of the most charming women I ever met with. She was highly bred, in the best sense of the word. I never saw, in any other person, so sweet a smile as hers. If you liked music, she sang beautifully; and few

professed musicians had such a touch on the piano as her's. If you preferred talking, I never yet met with the man (or even the woman, which is saying a great deal more), whom her conversation could not charm. To say that such a wife as this could be first cruelly neglected, and then barbarously murdered, by the man—no! by the martyr—who stands there, is to tell me that the sun never shines at noonday, or that the heaven is not above the earth.

"Oh, yes! I know that the letters of her friends show that she wrote to them in bitter complaint of her husband's conduct to her. But remember what one of those friends (the wisest and the best of them) says in reply. 'I own to thinking,' she writes, 'that your sensitive nature exaggerates or misinterprets the neglect that you experience at the hands of your husband.' There, in that one sentence, is the whole truth! Mrs. Eustace Macallan's nature was the imaginative, self-tormenting nature of a poet. No mortal love could ever have been refined enough for her. Trifles which women of a coarser moral fibre would have passed over without notice, were causes of downright agony to that exquisitely sensitive temperament. There are persons born to be unhappy. That poor lady was one of them. When I have said this, I have said all.

"No! There is one word more still to be added.

"It may be as well to remind the prosecution that Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death was, in the pecuniary sense, a serious loss to her husband. He had insisted on having the whole of her fortune settled on herself, and on her relatives after her, when he married. Her income from that fortune helped to keep in splendour the house and grounds at Gleninch. The prisoner's own resources (aided even by his mother's jointure) were quite inadequate to defray the expenses of living at his splendid country seat. Knowing all the circumstances, I can positively assert that the wife's death has deprived the husband of two-thirds of his income. And the prosecution, viewing him as the basest and cruellest of men, declares that he deliberately killed her—with all his pecuniary interest pointing to the preservation of her life!

"It is useless to ask me whether I noticed anything in the conduct of the prisoner and Mrs. Beaulieu, which might justify a wife's jealousy. I never observed Mrs. Beaulieu with any attention; and I never encouraged the prisoner in talking to me about her. He was a general admirer of pretty women—so far as I know, in a perfectly innocent way. That he could prefer Mrs. Beaulieu to his wife, is inconceivable to me—unless he was out of his senses. I never had any reason to believe that he was out of his senses.

"As to the question of the arsenic—I mean the question of tracing that poison to the possession of Mrs. Eustace Macallan—I am able to give evidence, which may perhaps be worthy of the attention of the Court.

"I was present, in the Fiscal's office, during the examination of the papers, and of the other objects discovered at Gleninch. The dressing-case belonging to the deceased lady was shown to me, after its contents had been officially investigated by the Fiscal himself. I happen to have a very sensitive sense of touch. In handling the lid of the dressing case, on the inner side, I felt something at a certain place, which induced me to examine the whole structure of the lid very carefully. The result was the discovery of a private repository, concealed in the space between the outer wood and the lining. In that repository I found the bottle which I now produce."

The further examination of the witness was suspended, while the hidden bottle was compared with the bottles properly belonging to the dressing-case.

These last were of the finest cut glass, and of a very elegant form—entirely unlike the bottle found in the private repository, which was of the commonest manufacture, and of the shape ordinarily in use among chymists. Not a drop of liquid, not the smallest atom of any solid substance, remained in it. No smell exhaled from it—and, more unfortunately still for the interest of the defence, no label was found attached to the bottle when it had been discovered.

The chymist who had sold the second supply of arsenic to the prisoner was recalled, and examined. He declared that the bottle was exactly like the bottle in which he had placed the arsenic. It was, however, equally like hundreds of other bottles in his shop. In the absence of the label on which he had himself written the word "Poison," it was impossible for him to identify the bottle. The dressing-case, and the deceased lady's bedroom, had been vainly searched for the chymist's missing label—on the chance that it might have become accidentally detached from the mysterious empty bottle. In both instances the search had been without result. Morally, it was a fair conclusion that this might be really the bottle which had contained the poison. Legally, there was not the slightest proof of it.

Thus ended the last effort of the defence to trace the arsenic purchased by the prisoner to the possession of his wife. The book relating the practices of the Styrian peasantry (found in the deceased lady's room) had been produced. But could the book prove that she had asked her husband to buy arsenic for her! The crumpled paper, with the grains of powder left in it, had been identified by the chymist, and had been declared to contain grains of arsenic. But where was the proof that Mrs. Eustace Macallan's hand had placed the packet in the cabinet, and had emptied it of its contents? No direct evidence anywhere! Nothing but conjecture!

The renewed examination of Miserrimus Dexter touched on matters of no general interest. The cross-examination resolved itself, in substance, into a mental trial of strength between the witness and the Lord Advocate; the struggle terminating (according to the general

opinion) in favour of the witness. One question and one answer only, I will repeat here. They appeared to me to be of serious importance to the object that I had in view in reading the Trial.

"I believe, Mr. Dexter," the Lord Advocate remarked, in his most ironical manner, "that you have a theory of your own, which makes the death of Mrs. Eustace Macallan no mystery to you?"

"I may have my own ideas on that subject, as on other subjects," the witness replied. "But let me ask their lordships, the Judges:—Am I here to declare theories or to state facts?"

"I made a note of that answer. Mr. Dexter's 'ideas' were the ideas of a true friend to my husband, and of a man of far more than average ability. They might be of inestimable value to me, in the coming time—if I could prevail on him to communicate them.

I may mention, while I am writing on the subject, that I added to this first note a second, containing an observation of my own. In alluding to Mrs. Beaulieu, while he was giving his evidence, Mr. Dexter had spoken of her so slightly—so rudely, I might almost say—as to suggest that he had some strong private reasons for disliking (perhaps for distrusting) this lady. Here again, it might be of vital importance to me to see Mr. Dexter, and to clear up, if I could what the dignity of the Court has passed over without notice.

The last witness had been now examined. The chair on wheels glided away, with the half-man in it, and was lost in a distant corner of the Court. The Lord Advocate rose to address the jury for the prosecution.

I do not scruple to say that I never read anything so infamous as this great lawyer's speech. He was not ashamed to declare, at starting, that he firmly believed the prisoner to be guilty. What right had he to say anything of the sort? Was it for him to decide? Was he the Judge and Jury both, I should like to know? Having begun by condemning the prisoner, on his own authority, the Lord Advocate proceeded to pervert the most innocent actions of that unhappy man, so as to give them as vile an aspect as possible. Thus:—When Eustace kissed his poor wife's forehead, on her death-bed, he did it to create a favourable impression in the minds of the doctor and the nurse! Again, when his grief under his bereavement completely overwhelmed him, he was triumphing in secret, and acting a part! If you looked into his heart, you would see there is a diabolical hatred for his wife, and an infatuated passion for Mrs. Beaulieu! In everything he had said, he had lied; in everything he had done, he had acted like a crafty and heartless wretch! So the chief counsel for the prosecution spoke of the prisoner, standing helpless before him at the Bar. In my husband's place, if I could have done nothing more, I would have thrown something at his head. As it was, I tore the pages which contained the speech for the prosecution out of the Report, and trampled them under my feet—and felt all the better too for having done it. At the same, I feel a little ashamed of having revenged myself on the harmless printed leaves, now.

The fifth day of the Trial opened with the defence. Ah, what a contrast to the infamies uttered by the Lord Advocate was the grand burst of eloquence by the Dean of Faculty; speaking on my husband's side.

This illustrious lawyer struck the right note at starting.

"I yield to no one," he began, "in the pity I feel for the wife. But I say, the martyr in this case, from first to last, is the husband. Whatever the poor woman may have endured, that unhappy man at the Bar has suffered, and is now suffering more. If he had not been the kindest of men, the most docile and the most devoted of husbands, he would never have occupied his present dreadful situation. A man of a meaner and harder nature would have felt suspicion of his wife's motives, when she asked him to buy poison—would have seen through the wretched commonplace excuses she made for wanting it—and would have wisely and cruelly said, 'No.' The prisoner is not that sort of man. He is too good to his wife, too innocent of any evil thought towards her, or towards any one, to foresee the inconveniences and the dangers to which his fatal compliance may expose him. And what is the result? He stands there, branded as a murderer, because he was too high-minded and too honourable to suspect his wife."

Speaking thus of the husband, the Dean was just as eloquent and just as unanswerable when he came to speak of the wife.

"The Lord Advocate," he said, "has asked, with the bitter irony for which he is celebrated at the Scottish Bar, why we have failed entirely to prove that the prisoner placed the two packets of poison in the possession of his wife? I say, in answer, we have proved, first, that the wife was passionately attached to the husband; secondly, that she felt bitterly the defects in her personal appearance, and especially the defects in her complexion, and thirdly, that she was informed of arsenic as a supposed remedy for those defects, taken internally. To men who know anything of human nature, there is proof enough! Does my learned friend actually suppose, that women are in the habit of mentioning the secret artifices and applications by which they improve their personal appearance? Is it in his experience of the sex, that a woman who is eagerly bent on making herself attractive to a man, would tell that man, or tell anybody else who might communicate with him, that the charm by which she hoped to win his heart—say the charm of a pretty complexion—has been artificially acquired by the perilous use of a deadly poison? The bare idea of such a thing is absurd. Of course, nobody ever heard Mrs. Eustace Macallan speak of arsenic. Of course, nobody ever surprised her in the act of taking arsenic. It is in the evidence, that she would not even confide her intention

to try the poison to the friends who had told her of it as a remedy, and who had got her the book. She actually begged them to consider their brief conversation on the subject as strictly private. From first to last, poor creature, she kept her secret; just as she would have kept her secret, if she had worn false hair or if she had been indebted to the dentist for her teeth. And there you see her husband, in peril of his life, because a woman acted like a woman—as your wives, gentlemen of the Jury, would in a similar position, act towards you."

After such glorious oratory as this (I wish I had room to quote more of it!) the next, and last speech delivered at the Trial—that is to say the Charge of the Judge to the Jury—is dreary reading indeed.

His lordship first told the Jury that they could not expect to have direct evidence of the poisoning. Such evidence hardly ever occurred in case of poisoning. They must be satisfied with the best circumstantial evidence. All quite true I dare say. But, having told the jury they might accept circumstantial evidence, he turned back again on his own words, and warned them against being too ready to trust it! "You must have evidence satisfactory and convincing to your own minds," he said; "in which you find no conjectures—but only irresistible and just inferences." Who is to decide what is a just inference? And what is circumstantial evidence but conjecture?

After this specimen, I need give no further extracts from the summing-up. The jury, thoroughly bewildered no doubt, took refuge in a compromise. They occupied an hour in considering and debating among themselves, in their own room. (A Jury of women would not have taken a minute!) Then they returned into Court, and gave their timid and trimming Scotch Verdict in these words:—

"Not proven."

Some slight applause followed among the audience, which was instantly checked. The prisoner was dismissed from the Bar. He slowly retired, like a man in deep grief, his head sunk on his breast, not looking at any one, and not replying when his friends spoke to him. He knew, poor fellow, the star the Verdict left on him. "We don't say you are innocent of the crime charged against you, we only say there is not evidence enough to convict you." In that lame and impotent conclusion the proceedings ended at the time. And there they have remained for all time—but for Me.

CHAPTER XXI.

I SEE MY WAY.

In the grey light of the new morning I closed the Report of my husband's Trial for the Murder of his Wife.

No sense of fatigue overpowered me. I had no wish, after my long hours of reading and thinking, to lie down and sleep. It was strange, but it was true. I felt as if I had slept, and had now just awakened, a new woman with a new mind.

I could now at last understand Eustace's desertion of me. To a man of his refinement it would have been a martyrdom to meet his wife, after she had read the things published of him to all the world in the Report. I felt that as he would have felt it. At the same time I thought he might have trusted Me to make amends to him for the martyrdom, and might have come back. Perhaps it might end yet in his coming back. In the meanwhile, in that expectation, I pitied and forgave him with my whole heart.

One little matter only dwelt on my mind disagreeably, in spite of my philosophy. Did Eustace still secretly love Mrs. Beaulieu? or had I extinguished that passion in him? To what order of beauty did this lady belong? Were we, by any chance, the least in the world like one another?

The window of my room looked to the east. I drew up the blind, and saw the sun rising grandly in a clear sky. The temptation to go out and breathe the fresh morning air was irresistible. I put on my hat and shawl, and took the Report of the Trial under my arm. The bolts of the back-door were easily drawn. In another minute I was out in Benjamin's pretty little garden.

Composed and strengthened by the inviting solitude and the delicious air, I found courage enough to face the serious question that now confronted me—the question of the future.

I had read the Trial. I had vowed to devote my life to the sacred object of vindicating my husband's innocence. A solitary defenceless woman, I stood pledged to myself to carry that resolution through to an end. How was I to begin?

The bold way of beginning was surely the wise way in such a position as mine. I had good reasons, founded, as I have already mentioned, on the important part played by this witness at the trial, for believing that the fittest person to advise and assist me was Miserrimus Dexter. He might disappoint the expectations that I had fixed on him, or he might refuse to help me, or, like my uncle Starkweather, he might think I had taken leave of my senses. All these events were possible. Nevertheless I held to my resolution to try the experiment. I knew he was in the land of the living, and I decided that my first step at starting should take me to the deformed man, with the strange name.

Supposing he received me, sympathised with me, understood me? What would he say? The nurse, in her evidence, had reported him as speaking in an off-hand manner. He would say, in all probability, "What do you mean to do? And how can I help you to do it?"

Had I answers ready, if those two plain questions were put to me? Yes, if I dared own to any human creature what was at that very moment secretly fermenting in my mind. Yes, if I could confide to a stranger a suspicion roused in me by the Trial, which I have been this far afraid to mention even in these pages.

It must, nevertheless, be mentioned now. My suspicion led to results, which are part of my story, and part of my life.

(To be continued.)



FIRST PREMIUM

Fur Establishment

249 CORNER 249

Notre Dame and St. Lambert Streets,
MONTREAL.

10-25-2-67

THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE

Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world.

10-25-52-68

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER

MONEY SAVED. NONE EQUAL TO THE "CINGALESE." PRICE, ONLY 75 CENTS, OR THREE BOTTLES FOR \$2. For sale by druggists everywhere. Sole Proprietor, J. GARDNER, Chemist, 457 Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.

Ask for CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER

10-25-52-62

PARLOR BOOT & SHOE STORE,

375 Notre-Dame Street,

One door East of John Aitken & Co.

Have always on hand a choice selection of LADIES' WHITE GOODS, in Satin, Kid and Jean.

10-25-52-61

E. & A. PERRY.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

ASSIGNEES' SALE OF BOOK DEBTS,

BY ORDER OF COURT.

In the Matter of GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
AN INSOLVENT.

The undersigned will offer for sale by Auction within their Office, No. 11 HOSPITAL STREET, on FRIDAY the EIGHTEENTH day of DECEMBER inst., at ELEVEN O'CLOCK, FORENOON, the whole of the Book Debts belonging to this Estate, amounting to over \$90,000.

Lists of the Debts can be seen and all information will be furnished on application to the undersigned. This is a splendid opportunity for a good speculation, as the collection of the Debts has not been pressed by the Estate, and none of the debts are old.

CRAIG & MOFFATT,

Montreal, 9th December, 1874.

ASSIGNES.
10-25-1-63

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET.
J. Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY, BATHERSEA, LONDON.

10-25-52-65

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE WELLS, OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL, TRADER, AN INSOLVENT.

I, the undersigned, David J. Craig, of the City of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are notified to meet at my office, No. 11 Hospital Street, on Wednesday the 20th day of January, at THREE o'clock afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is notified to attend.

DAVID J. CRAIG,

Montreal, 14 December, 1874.

Official Assignee.
10-25-2-69

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

For Coughs, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Bronchial and Throat Affections, &c. Balsamic, Soothing, Expecto- rant, and Tonic. A *bona-fide* Syrup of Red Spruce Gum, of delicious flavor and scientifically prepared. Taken after each dose of Cod Liver Oil, it will be found very service- able in stopping the distressing Cough of Consumptive patients.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

For sale by all Druggists and Country Storekeepers in the Dominion.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
MONTREAL,
Sole Manufacturer.

(Trade Mark secured for United States and Canada.)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS 1874.

FANCY INKSTANDS, in Cutglass, Bronze, Walnut, &c., &c.
Writing Cases, Writing Desks, Portfolios, &c., &c., in Morocco, Russia and Calf Leathers.
Gold Pen and Pencil Cases. Penholders, Gold Pens, &c., &c.
Card Cases, in fine Russia and Calf Leathers.
Fancy Stationery, in Boxes, Portmounaies, Pocket-books, Wallets, &c., in great variety.
Cabinet and Stationery Cases, and Desks, in Oak and Walnut.

MORTON PHILLIPS & BULMER,
(Successors to Robt. Graham, Established 1829.)
STATIONERS, &c.,
375 Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.
10-24-2

Sight is the Greatest Gem of Nature.

SAVE YOUR EYES!
RESTORE YOUR SIGHT!

Ede's Patent American Eye Liquid.

worth 20 guineas per bottle, has been proved by thou- sands to be the best ever offered to the public. Dim- ness aged, weak, watery, sore, blood-shot, kells, specks, colds, inflamed, near-sighted, over-worked, and every disease of the eyes, cured in a few dressings. Thou- sands of testimonials can be seen. Send a stamped envelope for testimonials, and judge for yourself. Some of the most wonderful cures ever witnessed in men, wo- men, and children, all well known in Birmingham and district; some who had been in hospitals, and under the best medical men of the day. Not the slightest pain in using it. Sold in bottles at 1s. 1jd. and 2s. 9d. Pre- pared only by John Ede, Snowball Villa, Birchfield Road, Birmingham. Sent free by post for 15 and 33 stamps.
10-15-52-15.

DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE

Was re-opened for the Winter on 12th inst. with Day and Night Classes. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to qualify themselves as Telegraph Operators will please apply personally or by letter, to 75 St. James Street, Montreal. In consequence of so many New Lines of Railway being opened there will be a large demand for Operators in the Spring.
10-21-4-34.

E. G. MELLOR, JEWELLER,

285 NOTRE-DAME STREET,
Has constantly on hand one of the finest stocks of
FINE JEWELLERY,
WATCHES AND DIAMONDS
TO BE FOUND IN THE DOMINION.
10-20-7-31

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied.

It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan- cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, &c., will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. MCLAREN, Union Mills,
10-14-30-5. 55 College Street.

Amusement.

THEATRE ROYAL.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

THE GREAT ENGLISH TRAGEDIAN,

NEIL WARNER,

LATE OF DRURY LANE THEATRE, LONDON.

MONDAY, 21st INST.,

Benefit of **HARRY LINDLEY.**

NOTICE.—Seats can be secured at Prince's Music Store.
10-20-26-33.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF JOHN GAY, OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL, BOARDING HOUSE KEEPER, AN INSOLVENT.

I, the undersigned, David J. Craig, of the City of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are notified to meet at my office, No. 11 Hospital Street, on Monday, the 11th day of January, 1875, at THREE o'clock afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is notified to attend.

DAVID J. CRAIG,
Official Assignee.
Montreal, 7th December, 1874. 10-24-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869 AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

In the Matter of Winifred Burk, of the City and District of Montreal, Marchande Publique Trader, Wife of Mathias Johns, of the same place, Storeman, duly separated from her said husband, as to property, an Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Andrew B. Stewart, of the City and District of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, Merchants Exchange Building, in the said City of Montreal, on Thursday, the Fourteenth Day of January next, (A.D., 1875), at the hour of Three of the clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend.

A. B. STEWART, Assignee.
Montreal, 7th December, 1874. 10-24-2

NEW ATTRACTIONS

FOR

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS.

CROWDS OF PEOPLE are attracted all through the day to the Window of 299 NOTRE DAME ST., in which is to be seen an entire New Stock of Novelties, consisting of Magic Lanterns and Slides, (a very fine assorted importation,) Mechanical Toys, Children's Toys, and Fancy Goods of every description. Also, a Choice Selection of Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, and Gold and Silver Spectacles to suit all Sights.

A variety of New, Elegant Photographs just received from LONDON, PARIS and NEW YORK.

G. J. HUBBARD,

299 NOTRE DAME STREET.

N. B.—Every article suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Presents can be found here.
Montreal, December 15, 1874. 10-23-13-52

Merchants' Bank of Canada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVI- DEND of

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of this Institution for the current half year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after SATURDAY, the SECOND day of JANUARY next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
JACKSON RAE,
General Manager.

Montreal, 25th November, 1874. 10-23-5-53.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The Limited Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the name of BURLAND, LAFRICAINE & CO., has been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to and discharging of said Partnership are to be paid to G. B. BURLAND, and all claims against the said Partnership are to be presented to the said G. B. BURLAND, by whom the same will be settled.

G. B. BURLAND,
G. LAFRICAINE,
W. C. SMILIE,
H. EARLE,
W. S. GILLELAN.

Montreal, 3rd December, 1874.

With reference to the above announcement the custom- ers of the late firm of BURLAND, LAFRICAINE & CO. are requested hereafter to favor, with their orders, the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC CO., into which the business of the late firm has been merged.
10-24-3-5

IMPERIAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF LONDON, Established 1803.

Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA:

RINTOUL BROS.,

No. 24 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.

CHAS. D. HANSON, Inspector.

10-22-52-49

SCOTTISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE FOR THE DOMINION:

No. 9 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.

H. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent.

ISAAC C. GILMOUR, Agent, Toronto.

MCEENZIE & OSBORNE, Agents, Hamilton.

10-21-52-41.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 10-21-52-36.

The Royal Canadian Insurance Company.

FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - - \$6,000,000,

Having Over Two Thousand Stockholders.

Available Funds to meet Claims exceed Seven Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Insure all Classes of Risks against Fire at moderate rates, which will be paid immediately on the Loss being established.

MARINE BRANCH

This Company issues Policies on Inland Hulls and Inland Cargoes on terms as favorable as any First-Class Company. Open Policies issued on Special Terms. Losses adjusted equitably and Paid Promptly.

AVAILABLE ASSETS INVESTED.

Stocks—Bank of Montreal,	\$85,352.50
Exchange Bank of Canada,	24,219.21
City Bank,	10,834.50
Canadian Bank of Commerce,	27,150.00
Merchants' Bank of Canada,	58,082.50
Royal Canadian Bank,	22,028.50
Ontario Bank,	13,100.00
La Banque du Peuple,	7,414.25
Consolidated Fund, City of Quebec,	2,046.79
Montreal Harbor Bonds,	50,000.00
United States Bonds,	208,954.06
Mortgage Account,	20,000.00
	\$529,162.31
Special Deposit—Exchange Bank,	\$30,000.00
Bank of Montreal,	444.91
Bank of Hamilton,	9,790.77
Bank of Toronto,	20,000.00
People's Bank Halifax,	9,000.00
United States Bonds, in Hands of Messrs. Bell, Wood and Kelly, Trustees in the United States, \$52,256.25,	
U. S. Currency, @ 10% (\$5,225.62) Exch.,	47,030.63
	\$116,266.31
Bills Receivable,	\$645,428.62
	138,941.75
	\$784,370.37

We quote the following clauses of the company's charter in reference to the responsibility of shareholders:

32. It shall be lawful for any person or persons, or body politic, to subscribe for such and so many shares as he, she, or they may think fit, and five per cent. shall be paid at the time of subscription, and five per cent. shall be paid in three months thereafter, to be called for by the directors, and the remainder shall be payable in such installments as a majority of the directors may determine upon.

33. Each shareholder, until the whole amount of his stock has been paid up, shall be individu- ally liable to the creditors of the company to an amount equal to that not paid up thereon; but shall not be liable to an action therefor by any creditor, before an execution against the company has been returned unsatisfied in whole or in part; and the amount due on such execution shall be the amount recoverable with cost against the shareholders.

DIRECTORS:—HON. JOHN YOUNG, PRESIDENT. J. F. SINCENNES, VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW ROBERTSON. J. R. THIBAUDEAU L. A. BOYER, M. P., JOHN OSTELL,
W. F. KAY, M. C. MULLARKY, ANDREW WILSON
GENERAL MANAGER, ALFRED PERRY. SECRETARY, ARTHUR GAGNON.
MANAGER MARINE DEPARTMENT, CHAS. G. FORTIER.
BANKERS:—BANK OF MONTREAL. LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.
Montreal, December 14th, 1873. 10-25-1-66

THE OTTAWA IRON AND STEEL MANUFACTURING CO.

(Limited)—CAPITAL: \$500,000, in 20,000 Shares of \$25 each.

PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS:—HON. JAMES SKEAD, Vice-President of the Dominion Board of Trade, and President of the Ottawa Board of Trade.

J. M. CURRIER, Esq., M.P. for City of Ottawa. EDWARD MCGILLIVRAY, Esq., Ex-Chairman Board of Trade.

R. S. CASSELS, Esq., President Union Forwarding Co.

H. V. NOEL, Esq., Manager Quebec Bank, Ottawa. EDWARD HAYCOCK, Esq., Ottawa.

BANKERS:—THE ONTARIO BANK. SOLICITORS, pro tem:—MESSRS. COCKBURN, WRIGHT, and CLEMOW

SECRETARY, pro tem:—R. W. CRUISE, Esq.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of purchasing and working the valuable Iron Mines situate in the Townships of Templeton and Hull, in the County of Ottawa, and Province of Quebec, called the Haycock Iron Location. The Company holding the power under the Act to "carry on the business of exploring for, mining, smelt- ing, manufacturing, dealing in and disposing of iron and other ores and metals, and the manufacturing, selling, dealing in, and disposing of steel workings, or the products of iron and steel."

The property to be acquired has been carefully examined on two different occasions by the eminent Mining Eng- ineer, Dr. E. J. Chapman, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology, in the University College, Toronto, who in the course of his full detailed report, says: "The Haycock Iron Location comprises a compact area of 300 acres of mineral land and 100 acres of timber land, situate in the Province of Quebec, about eight miles north-east of the City of Ottawa; together with an additional piece of land of 10 acres near the head of navigation on the River Gatineau. This latter area has been secured partly as a storing place and loading ground for, but chiefly as a convenient site for the erection of Furnaces. The area is connected with the mineral or iron area proper by a tramway of 6 1/2 miles in length, and of three feet gauge. The assets of the property also include a Steam Saw Mill, of 30 horse power, sawn timber and logs; a Boarding House; Manager's House; Store House; Office; Stables; Powder House, and Blacksmith's Shop. Also a Derrick and other mining plant, tools, &c., together with about 5,000 tons of raised ore, and 30 tramway cars.

"The 300 acres of mineral lands are traversed in a general north-east and south-west direction by numerous bands of iron ore, favorably situated for mining, and for the greater part, if not entirely of workable thickness—the beds at present opened widening rapidly on descending." Prof. Chapman considers that these united beds "in the more central portion of the property alone, cannot carry less than from six to six-and-a-half millions of tons of ore, and they probably contain a much larger amount"—and further says, "I have been anxious to keep free from all sus- picion of exaggeration. My estimate might, therefore, be greatly increased, and still be within the truth as it takes the bands of ore merely at their surface strength, and most of these bands, if not all, will probably be found to widen more or less in descending.

"The ore is of very remarkable purity, and it holds on an average 64 per centum of metal, equivalent to a furnace yield of about 60 per cent. A practical test made upon several cwt. of the ore, in a Siemens furnace, produced at one heat a steel of very superior quality. The cost of producing first quality pigmetal from the ore at the furnace site on the Gatineau would not exceed \$20 per ton.

"These statements and estimates, which I have sought to keep scrupulously within the truth and which are confirmed, I may observe, by independent and thoroughly trustworthy testimony, prove the value of the Haycock Location as an iron property."

Trials and experiments made at some of the largest iron and steel works in England, the United States and Canada, have in every case proved the suitability of the ore for the manufacture of steel. The reports on the prop- erty particulars of analysis, and trials and samples of the ore, of steely ingots made in one heat from the ore, and bars rolled in one heat from the ingot, can be seen at the office in Ottawa, and of the Agents in Montreal.

It is intended to immediately erect bloomeries for reducing the ores.

The price to be paid for the purchase of the property is \$250,000, one-half in cash, and the balance in fully paid-up shares of the Company, in consideration of which the proprietor will make over the freehold of the estate free from all incumbrances whatsoever.

And further, as a proof of his *bona fides*, and his entire confidence in the prospects of the undertaking, He will guarantee to the Shareholders a minimum dividend of not less than

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

on the paid up capital for three years from the date of the allotment of shares and as security for the due pay- ment thereof, he will deposit in the hands of the Company the whole of his paid up shares, and give such further security in cash as may be thought necessary for the carrying out of his guarantee.

The Capital will be called up as follows: On Application \$2 per share: on Allotment, \$3 per share; 15th January, 1875, \$5 per share, and \$2 on the 15th day of each month thereafter as the Directors may require. Shares will be allotted according to priority of application. Applications for Stock must be made on the printed form, which, with any further information relative to the Company can be had at the Head Office in Ottawa, or from the Agents at Montreal, Messrs. DRUMMOND, CASSELS & CO.

Montreal, December 5th, 1874.

10-23-4-54.

DOMINION METAL WORKS,
[ESTABLISHED 1838.]
CHARLES GARTH & CO.
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
*Plumbers, Engineers, Steamfitters, Brass,
Copper & Iron Work, Gasfittings, &c.*
OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY:
596 TO 542 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.
10-19-13-26.

GRAVEL ROOFING. R. ALEXANDER,
805 CRAIG STREET,
MONTREAL.
08-10-21 52-38.

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted!
All classes of working people,
of either sex, young or old, make more money at work
for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at
anything else. Particulars free. Post card by States
costs but two cents. Address J. STINSON & CO.,
Portland, Maine. 10-18-52 20.

**North British & Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.**
ESTABLISHED 1809.
Head Office for Canada:
**No. 72 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL.**
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Insurances effected on all classes of Risks.
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policies
of Participating Scale.
MANAGING DIRECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS:
D. L. MACDOUGALL and THOS. DAVIDSON.
WM. EWING, INSPECTOR.
G. H. ROBERTSON and P. K. FAUTEUX.
SUB-AGTS. FOR MONTREAL.
Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns. 10-20-52-24

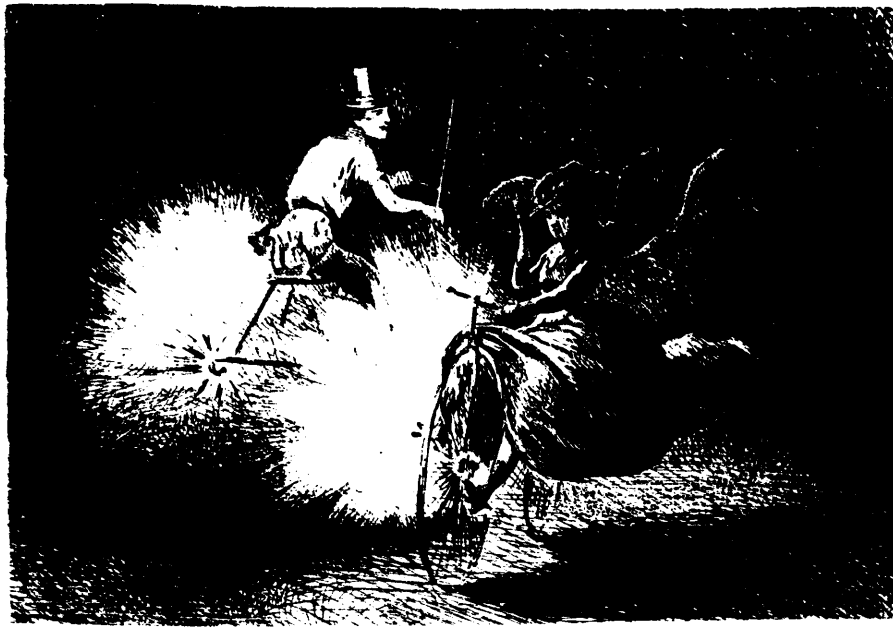
R. C. JAMIESON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Varnishes & Japans,
IMPORTERS OF
Oils, Paints, Colors, Spts. of Turpentine, &c.,
3 Corn Exchange, 6 St. John St., MONTREAL.
10-19-13-25.

BERKELEY, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen I feel it a duty
I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great bene-
fit I have derived by taking 'Norton's Camomile Pills.'
I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley for the
above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which
I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time having
tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriv-
ing any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your
valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of
health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of
those who may thus be afflicted. I am, Sir, yours
truly, HENRY ALPHEUS.—To the Proprietors of NON-
TON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. 10-14-19-e2w-8.

DR. HAYWARD'S NEW DISCOVERY.
(PATENTED 1872).
ENGLAND, FRANCE & BELGIUM.
The Treatment and Mode of Cure.
How to use it successfully
*With safety and certainty in all cases of decay of the
nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low
spirits, despondency, languor, exhaustion, muscu-
lar debility, loss of strength, appetite, indi-
gestion, and functional ailments from
various excesses, &c., &c.*
Without Medicine.

THE NEW NODE
RE-ANIMATES and REVIVES the failing functions of
life, and thus imparts ENERGY and FRESH VITALITY
to the EXHAUSTED and DEBILITATED Constitution, and
may fairly be termed,
THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.
THE LOCAL and NERVINE TREATMENT.
Imparts tone and vigour to the nervous system, and
possesses highly re-animating properties, its influence on
the secretions and functions is speedily manifested, and
in all cases of debility, nervousness, depression, palpita-
tion of the heart, trembling of the limbs, pains in the
back, &c., resulting from over-taxed energies of body or
mind, &c.
Full Printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Dia-
grams for invalids, post Free, 25 cents.
(FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.)
DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., 14 York Street,
Portman Square, London, W.
For Quotations, vide "Medical Register."
10-17-13-18.

AMERICAN WATCHES
Illustrated catalogues containing price list,
giving full information
How to Choose a Good Watch.
Price 10 cents. Address,
S. P. KLEISER,
P. O. Box 1022, Toronto.
No. 34 Union Block, Toronto Street, Toronto.
10-14-33-7.



THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

as observed by our special astronomer, in his Patent Duplex Elliptical and Diaphragmatical Reflect-
ing Instrument, and transmitted by Photo-telegraph from the top of the Mountains of the Moon.

A NON-TARIFF COMPANY.
FIRST CLASS DIRECTORY. UNDOUBTED SECURITY.
THE
STADACONA
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

CAPITAL: \$5,000,000 (Under Charter.) **OFFICE: 15, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.**
C. O. PERRAULT, Secretary and Agent.
PRESIDENT, J. B. RENAUD, Esq. VICE-PRESIDENT, HON. J. SHARPLES
HON. E. CHINIC, Senator; P. B. CASORAIN, Esq., M. P.; JOHN ROSS, Esq.; ALEX. LEMOINE, Esq.;
JOHN LANE, Esq.; CIRICE TETU, Esq.; J. G. ROSS, Esq.
Secretary and Manager, CRAWFORD LINDSAY, Esq.
LOCAL BOARD:—THOS. WORKMAN, Esq.; MAURICE CHUVILLIER, Esq.; THOMAS TIFFIN, Esq.;
AMABLE JODOIN, JR., Esq.; GEO. D. FERRIER, Esq.

THIS COMPANY having secured a Licence to carry on business in the Dominion, is now
ready to receive applications, and offers to the public a reliable protection against Loss and Damage
by Fire, on terms as favorable as the character of the property insured will justify.

NON-TARIFF RATES OF PREMIUM OFFERED.
Patronage Solicited for a Home Insurance.—Liberal and Prompt Settlement of Claims.
TEMPORARY OFFICES, 60 ST. JAMES STREET.
10-25-1-64-08

Commercial Union Assurance Company.
HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON.
Capital, \$12,500,000. FUNDS IN HAND AND INVESTED. OVER \$5,000,000
UNCALLED CAPITAL. 11,000,000
BRANCH OFFICE FOR EASTERN CANADA—UNION BUILDINGS, 43 ST. FRANCOIS-XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.
FIRE DEPARTMENT. Insurance granted upon Dwelling Houses and Mercantile Risks, including Mills
and Manufactories and their contents, at reasonable rates.
LIFE DEPARTMENT. Terms liberal—Rates moderate—Security perfect—Bonus large, having here-
before averaged over 25 per cent. of the Premiums paid.
10-19-52-28. **FRED. COLE, General Agent for Eastern Canada.**

Provincial Insurance Company of Canada,
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, Ont.
FIRE AND MARINE, Endeavours to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND
JUST SETTLEMENT OF FAIR CLAIMS.
MONTREAL OFFICE: 160 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE-DAME.
10-19-52-29. **T. A. EVANS, Agent.**

\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MEN. SEND
\$5 for Agents, outfit which will sell for \$10
or money refunded.
A. D. CABLE,
10-21-52-39. 568 Craig Street, Montreal.

ESTABLISHED 1843.
McIVER & CO.,
First Prize Furriers,
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Importer of Diamonds, Fine Watches and Jewellery,
English and French Clocks, Silver and Silver Plated
Ware, Jet Goods, &c., &c.,
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(Opposite the Seminary Clock), **MONTREAL.**
Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes and Jewellery Cleaned
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PLUMBER, STEAM & GAS FITTER,
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Machinist and Manufacturer of Steam Pumps, &c.,
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*All work personally superintended, and executed with
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**Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and
WHOLESALE STATIONER,**
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CELEBRATED
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE
The only Good Sauce.

CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD.
The success of this most delicious and unrivalled
Condiment having caused certain dealers to apply the
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compounds, the public is hereby informed that the only
way to secure the genuine is to
ASK FOR LEA & PERRIN'S SAUCE.
and to see that their names are upon the wrapper,
labels, stopper, and bottle.
Some of the foreign markets having been supplied
with a spurious Worcestershire Sauce, upon the wrapper
and labels of which the name Lea & Perrin have been
forged L. and P. give notice that they have furnished
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such, or any other imitations by which their right may
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**Ask for LEA & PERRIN'S Sauce, and see
Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle
and Stopper.**
Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Wor-
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