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Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1873.

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MARSHAL BAZAINE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1873.

The fact that Lord Dufferin was travelling from place to place all last summer, making triumphal entries in different cities and receiving ovations all through the Maritime Provinces, would naturally have led one to imagine that he knew little or nothing of what was going on in the country. Or if he did know, the ease and calm he displayed at Ottawa, on the occasion of prorogation, seemed to betoken on his part a philosophic indifference to the keen party strife that was raging around him. It was therefore with some degree of surprise that, when his despatches to the Imperial Government were published, the exact contrary of these surmises were made manifest. From these papers it is clear that he not only knew of the issues at stake, but followed every phase of the contest with the keenest judgment; and so far was he from being indifferent that he threw into his share of it all the personal interest of an ardent nature. In one respect, then, the despatches of Lord Dufferin to Lord Kimberley are a revelation. They show us the man in a new and unsuspected light. They lighten his character both as a gentleman and as a Governor. In another respect, viewed merely as state papers, they have not met such general approval. The Opposition press, we are sorry to say, has judged fit to attack them both in substance and form with a great deal of violence. They have forgotten that the Governor-General is independent of all party influence in this country; that he has admitted our public men of all shades of opinion to his table and his society; that he has absolutely no interest in favouring one side to the detriment of the other; nay, more, that, considering his own training, if he were led away by mere names, he would rather incline towards the Liberal party here. They have forgotten also his right and even his duty, as representative of Her Majesty, to keep the Imperial authorities advised of all that takes place within his jurisdiction. Because in a few incidental remarks he gently touches upon some of the tactics of the Opposition party during the late contest, the Reform papers seize the occasion to abuse him. Lord Dufferin has a grain of humour in his composition, and will doubtless be amused at these attacks. In cases where the insults are gross, he will avail himself of a nobleman's privilege to condemn them in lofty silence. For ourselves, we may say that were we so disposed, we might easily find fault with these despatches in more than one particular; but we imagine that a little hypercriticism would not mend matters and could certainly not counterbalance the ungraciousness of the act. The despatches are written in an easy conversational style, which we, with others, might consider below the dignity of state papers; but it must be remembered that they were addressed to a nobleman who was lately a colleague of Lord Dufferin's in the actual British administration, and with whom the latter is evidently on terms of intimacy. We doubt much whether he could have rendered his thoughts clear by clothing them in formal diplomatic language. We have left ourselves no space to discuss the contents of these papers, but there are two points to which we desire to draw attention. When the telegrams of Sir John A. Macdonald were published in Mr. McMullen's statement, he did not, with some Ministerial journals, draw the inference that they formed a *prima facie* case against the Government, but distinctly says "they do not necessarily connect themselves with these nefarious transactions to which Mr. McMullen asserts he was privy. Under these circumstances, though without attaching too much importance to mere conjectural pleas of this kind, I was unwilling to jump to a hasty conclusion on a matter involving both the private and the public honour of my ministers; and above all things, I feel bound not to allow my judgment to be swayed by the current of popular suspicion which this concatenation of documents would naturally produce." Another point connected with Mr. Huntington's refusal to appear before the Royal Commission we regard as very significant indeed. His Lordship says: "While the Parliamentary Committee was still in existence, he approached me officially and directly with communications incriminating sworn members of my Privy Council. It is scarcely competent for him—the committee having ceased to exist—to decline the jurisdiction of the Commission so far as it is concerned with what he himself brought to my notice. By his own act he has invited my intervention and submitted the matter to the direct cognizance of the Crown." The general tendency of the despatches will be to strengthen the hands of the Ministry, and, spite of our own views on the results of the Commission, as expressed in prior articles, we are quite satisfied that the Government should have whatever aid the impartial and independent judgment of an enlightened man may fetch.

Our remarks in a recent issue upon the subject of party journalism have received hearty welcome in many quarters, and we have received numerous expressions of encouragement and thanks from esteemed and valued correspondents. This week we print one of these letters in which the writer goes at once to the fountain and origin of the evil of which we complained. We leave the correspondence to speak for itself, contenting ourselves merely with drawing attention to one point mentioned by the writer. He expresses his astonishment that

independent men should not long ago have rebelled against the impudent attempts made by party journals to throw dust in their eyes—impudent, because there is hardly any pretence of concealing the thoroughly partisan (i. e. dishonest) character of the representations made by them. Impudent, we say, because of the loud protestations of independence which such journals are wont to make when they are particularly anxious that their sayings should carry weight. It is astonishing how virtuous they suddenly become on such occasions, how unprejudiced, how entirely unfettered by party obligations. Only the other day on the occasion of the opening of the session we find the Government organ at the Capital crying "Our wish in this instance to speak in, simply, tenderness for the reputation of the Dominion, demands that we stop here short of a suspicion of being influenced by any consideration of party," while only the day before the leading Opposition journal reiterated its assertion that "the question awaiting the decision of Parliament is not to be approached in a party spirit. It is peculiarly one of those great issues which should lift men above the narrow influences and prejudices that too often surround them and enable them to look fully in the face the personal responsibility attaching to the course they decide on taking." These two journals, the fiercest political opponents, both protest their impartiality, for we presume we are to take the *Globe's* assertion as applicable to itself, and yet who believes them? Is there any Government supporter who believes that his party organ, notwithstanding all its protestation, is under no suspicion of being influenced by any consideration of party? Where is the "Grit," even of the veriest ingrain, who can honestly admit that he believes the leader of his party organs to be lifted above the narrow influences and prejudices of party? Such talk about independence and impartiality coming from such sources is more than mere impudence, it is a deliberate insult to the intelligence of the community. Small wonder that Lord Dufferin, in his despatch of the 15th August to the Colonial Secretary, complains that he has no other means of acquainting himself with what goes on in Parliament than through his Ministers, as he is "precluded from being present at its proceedings, and the newspaper reports are quite untrustworthy." This is a harsh reproof, but is it undeserved? We know the reply that every honest man must make. And yet in the face of the most glaring facts a Western editor barefacedly remarks that the Press of Canada, taken as a whole, and considering the age and population of the country, has no reason to shirk comparison with the Press of any other English-speaking section of the globe. And yet a scholarly gentleman, a politician and statesman of no mean order, finds the newspaper reports "quite untrustworthy."

Appropos of Mr. Young. His is a name that one can hardly take up a newspaper without coming across. His escapade in the stolen letter business has done more to make him a character, a celebrated man, than even the Caughnawaga canal project. It appears, however, that he is now coming out in a new rôle, that of a martyr no less, and certain of the Opposition papers are lamenting over him in a style that is not a little absurd. One of the principal organs of that party in Western Ontario says: "There is something brutal in the manner in which the Corruptionists are acting towards the Hon. John Young. We mean in the matter of betrayal of confidence alone, apart from the other ways in which he has been attacked. First, Sir John meanly published a private letter, written to him by Mr. Young, and so worded that no one possessed of any honour would have made the use of it that the Premier did." By transposing the names, the last sentence may be made equally effective in the opposite direction, "Mr. John Young meanly published a private letter, written to another person by Sir John, and so worded that no one possessed of any honour would have made the use of it that the then Flour Inspector did." The cap fits on both sides it seems.

We are compelled to protest against the very rash and too frequently unfounded assertions in which some of our contemporaries, led by a blind party spirit, often indulge at the expense of their political opponents. It says very little for the morality or the tone of the Canadian press that so many editors give way to their spiteful hostility by indulgence in spiteful bitter attacks upon those who may happen to differ with them. And, further, it speaks very little for the taste of Canadian readers that newspapers which are notoriously given to this species of argument—save the mark!—should receive hearty and consistent support. It is not many months ago that a Western Ontario editor gleefully recorded the fact, that the manager of a rival sheet was seen reeling drunk on the streets in broad daylight, and proceeded, by a logical process peculiarly his own, to make the astounding deduction that the party of whose views his rival was the exponent was utterly and totally corrupt. This is, we grant, an extreme case, but anyone who has the opportunity, day after day, and week after week, of perusing the numerous journals published in the country must have remarked the undignified manner in which so many Canadian editors lower themselves by petty bickering and personal abuse. These gentlemen—we use the term by courtesy—seem to forget that their papers are intended to amuse as well as instruct the public; that they are not merely the vehicles for the indulgence of private malice.

They seem to forget that the office of an editor is one of high responsibility. They appear to look at it as a very comfortable position which ensures them unlimited free circus tickets, presents innumerable of fruit and flowers from their neighbours, and what is dearer still to their small minds, the privilege of abusing their enemies before the public. And yet with such men in our journalistic ranks we are pleased to thank Heaven that we are not as other men are—that we in no way resemble these publicans on the other side of the line, whose country journalism is a reproach. The latest flagrant case of the kind we have already signalized occurred a few days ago. The *Leader*—a paper not usually given to undue indulgence in what is gracefully called the amenities of journalism—goes out of its way to make a most unwarrantable assertion with regard to the management of the Post Office. In reply to a correspondent who complains of his English newspapers having strayed, the editor remarks that "our friend Awde seems to forget that there is an organized gang of political letter and paper purloiners in all the principal Post Offices of the Dominion, and that the head-quarters are at Montreal. He should also remember that the Governor-General himself prudently avoids these letter thieves by sending his correspondence by trusty officials." A more absurd statement it has never been our lot to come across in a public print—a more unjustifiable statement we were going to say, but the thing is too ridiculous to merit such a term. For the sake of having a slap at Mr. John Young, for whose action in the matter of the Macdonald-Pope letter no one has more contempt than ourselves—the *Leader* takes the trouble of attacking the administration of a department which is carried on by its own political friends. Such impartiality is indeed rare. If the editor of the *Leader* believes his own statement why does he not follow the example of the Governor-General and "prudently avoid these letter thieves" (and newspaper thieves) "by sending his correspondence" (and papers) "by trusty officials?" No one will deny that our Post Office managements are not what they might be: that there is a great deal of avoidable as well as unavoidable delay; that mail-bags sometimes turn up a mile or so—say two miles—out of their destination. We have said so time and time again, in more forcible than exact language perhaps, but "an organized gang of political letter and paper purloiners in all the principal Post Offices in the Dominion, and that the head-quarters are in Montreal!"—'tis dreadful. And stranger still is the fact that the *Leader* still patronizes this iniquitous Post Office.

The question of Disestablishment, or separation of Church and State, is one which is making great progress in England. The Disendowment and Disestablishment of the Irish Church was the entering wedge, which it requires no great perspicacity to foretell, will yet force the Disestablishment of the Church of England. Public opinion is so far awakened to this subject at the present time that the Duke of Argyll, a member of the Gladstone Ministry, took occasion at a late meeting in Scotland to inform his hearers that the circumstances of the Irish Church were very different from those of the English and Scottish Churches, and that Government had therefore no intention of meddling with the latter. But whatever may be done in Britain, a country on this side the water has gone into the matter with a thoroughness which is fairly astonishing. The constitution of the Mexican Republic has just been remodelled and among the amendments made to it, we find the following:—The Church and the State are to be separate; Congress makes laws prohibiting or establishing any religion; Matrimony is to be by civil contract; religious institutions cannot possess property; a simple promise to speak the truth, complying with obligations contracted, with penalties in case of violation, is substituted for the religious oath; nobody is obliged to give his or her services without just compensation; no contract is to be permitted which aims at the sacrifice of man in the matter of work, education and religious vows; no contract will be allowed to be made among persons consenting to their own proscription or banishment. From this it will be seen that the State does not recognize monastic orders, nor permit their establishment by any denomination under any pretence. The Jesuits are summarily banished the country and are given their choice of leaving either by the French, English or American packets. It is said that these radical changes have been inaugurated without any opposition from the people. That they will exert a powerful influence on the social and political conditions of Mexico is evident from the lengths to which they reach.

THE FLANEUR.

Hello! Look at Seedy yonder passing through the Square. What a swell. He must have assisted at some funeral lately. How so? He has a bran new pair of black kids on.

Two young laddos are speaking of a mutual friend. "How changed Albert is, of late," says one. "He used to be so kind and polite, but now —" "Oh! don't you know the reason?" "I can't imagine, I'm sure." "He is a railroad ticket agent."

The other day I was passing with a friend along a certain narrow, dingy street, commonly called Lawyers street, lined

AUTUMN TINTS.

Fade summer light in purple splendour dying;
 Sleep summer wind beneath the tranquil sky;
 While, with the glow of thousand banners flying,
 Flushed with her glory autumn hurries by.

Rest summer dreams of tree-tops leafy swaying,
 Birds silver-throated, trilling wood-notes loud,
 Fair swarded paths beneath the woodland straying,
 Green meadows crossed by sunshine and by cloud;

Rest in our hearts with memories sweet and tender—
 Perfume of roses downward dropped in June—
 Noon's drowsy hush and sunset's awful splendour—
 Seas calm asleep beneath the silver moon:

Until some dawn of golden promise breaking,
 Rolls back the stone from winter's shrouded tomb,
 And, from the silent sleep of death awaking,
 Life springs again to bourgeon and to bloom.

Thus, O my God! let Memory walk beside us,
 Holding with Hope communion deep and fond,
 Knowing what'er of gloom or grief betide us,
 Light, joy, and love still wait the dawn beyond.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

OTTAWA, Oct. 27th, 1873.

Shall I inaugurate these letters with a bit of ill-natured criticism and say that the opening of Parliament, as it is practised at Ottawa, is a mummery unworthy of a serious people? I will do no such thing. I am as the rest of mortals and I like noise, display and a spice of humbug in every thing. All is more or less theatrical in the world, and a Parliament Hall is hardly above the level of a variety show. If Barnum has his cavalcade through the streets, prior to opening his circus; if your own Dominion Theatre draws its crowds, by clashing brass bands from the top of the roof, why should not Parliament be allowed its unlimbering of steel guns, its booms of cannon, its bray of trumpets and its marshalling of Foot Guards? The Ottawa small boys have as much right to enjoy their fun as their fellows in the metropolitan cities.

Nature, too, seemed to chime in with the arrangement. The weather, on the opening day, was bright and balmy; the sun bathed earth and sky in a soft effulgence and the wooded ridges beyond the Ottawa as seen from the heights of Parliament Square, upheld their banners of scarlet and gold in majestic beauty. Every body was in good humour. The politicians who had come up from the country, brimming with indignation against a corrupt Government or against a factious Opposition, as the case might be, broke out into smiles at the pleasant scene before them and foes shook hands as cordially as if they never intended to blackguard each other when the day of voting came.

All the beauty of Ottawa was out in full plumage. Long before the hour of meeting the open spaces in front of the Parliament buildings were crowded with ladies decked out in all the finery of the season. A few flirting couples lingered fondly on Sapper's Bridge, loath to mingle in the throng, but when the Governor General's carriage rolled by, they hurried in pursuit and soon joined the masses that poured through the spacious corridors.

Lord Dufferin was accompanied by a brilliant staff and he himself looked well in his official uniform. He is a man who is evidently fond of display, but he moves through it all with so much self-possession and ease, that you would hardly think he enjoys it so much as he does. I like his habitual calm. It contrasts so strangely with the hurry and flurry of this new people, unaccustomed to pageantry.

At the grand portal, His Excellency was received by a guard of honor of his own Foot Guards, while the battery in the Square fired a salute. He immediately proceeded to the Senate, ascended the steps of the throne, took off his *chapeau bras*, and having seated himself, ordered Black Rod to summon the Commons. With inimitable curtsy and state walk, that official proceeded on his errand and soon returned followed by a pressing crowd of gentlemen in black. I must confess that the entry of Her Majesty's most loyal Commons did not impress me as particularly solemn. Rather was their coming of a helter-skelter, school boy fashion, and some of the new members poked their necks forward, anxious to see the show. Some of the girls in the gallery, as they spied a hooked nose or a bald pate bobbing around in the distinguished assembly, could not repress their giggling and some of them made audible remarks.

If you think our wise legislators are above posing for women, you are mistaken. More than one of them, after glancing at the gallery, pulled up his collar, or pulled down his waistcoat or did some other perfectly useless thing in order to appear spruce to sharp feminine eyes. Some of the old bucks looked particularly well and they knew it.

The scene at this point was picturesque enough. The great branched gas-lights shed down a soft glory, which was reflected by the pencils of sunlight on the lancet windows. The company grouped around the throne were the Ministers; Mr. Himsforth, Clerk of the Privy Council; Col. Fletcher, Lieutenant Hamilton, A.D.C., Lieutenant Ward, R.N., Lieutenant Blair Hamilton, R.N., Mr. Patterson, Private Secretary; Lieut. Colonel Strange, Powell, MacPherson, Ross, Dennis, Jackson, Collin and Wiley; Majors D. A. Macdonald, White, Wicksteed and Perry, and Captains Duchesnay, Seymour, Lee, &c. The Earl of Roseberry and Lord Talbot were also present. Amongst the ladies occupying seats on the floor were the Countess of Dufferin, Lady Harriet Fletcher, Lady Helen A. Blackwood, Mrs. Rothey, Mrs. and Miss Pope, Mrs. and Miss Davis and Miss Hazard, Prince Edward Island; Miss Humphrey, Miss Killam and Miss Harris, New Brunswick; Mrs. J. N. and Miss Gibbs, Oshawa; Mrs. W. J. Ogilvie, Montreal; Mrs. and Miss Carling, London; Mrs. T. M. Daly, Stratford; Mrs. Dodney, British Columbia; Mrs. Dr. Shultz, Manitoba; Mrs. and Miss Keeler, Kelwood; Miss Grover, Colborne; Mrs. Dr. King, Toronto; Mrs. Walter Ross, Pictou; Mrs. Lewis Ross, Mrs. Seymour, Port Hope; Mrs. Goudge, Nova Scotia.

The Governor then read the Speech from the Throne which was listened to with marked attention. It was very brief, and as such, a proof of Lord Dufferin's taste, in adapting himself to the circumstances. Very little formality followed this. The vice-regal party filed out of the Chamber, resumed their carriages and drove off to Rideau Hall, while the Members of the Commons returned to their room and went through a little preliminary business. The first thing done was the introduction of the newly elected Members from Prince Edward Island.

Hon. C. M. Laird was introduced by Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Palmer; Mr. Pope by the Hon. Mr. Pope; Mr. Crawford by Messrs. McDonald (Antigonish) and Robinson; Mr. Sinclair by Hons. Messrs. Langevin and Gibb; Mr. A. C. Mc-

Donald by Messrs. Mitchell and DeCosmos; Mr. Davidson by Messrs. Tupper and Carling. Mr. Appleby, the member for Carleton, N.B., was introduced by Hon. A. Smith and Mr. Burpee (Sunbury.) All these gentlemen took their seats to the right of the Speaker.

The House was quite full, nearly every member being in his seat. It was a fine occasion to take a bird's eye view of the whole, and some of the members had struck an attitude evidently intending that I should take a pen and ink sketch of them. I have no time to do that to-day, but they will lose nothing by waiting. I intend to sketch the principal ones among them for the edification of your readers, nor shall I fail to impart to the public any lesson of eloquence, logic, good manners or good generalship which they may exhibit. I care very little for the questions they will discuss or rather for the side they may take in the discussion, but I care a great deal for the men themselves and I want to see what an exhibition each one will make. I purpose paying particular attention to that sleepy, silent class, who sit from the beginning of the session to the end, without ever opening their lips and even seldom opening their eyes. The owls of wisdom ought to be labelled and classified for our national museum.

The adjournment till Monday leaves me little more to write about, but by the time this letter is published, Parliament will be in full operation and perhaps the great crisis which all dread—even Ministerialists, who pretend to be confident—will have been decided. So far there is less bitter feeling than I expected to find, but I am prepared for the outflow of the phials of wrath, to which Ben Butler's famous unbottling will be the veriest trifle.

CHAQUIERE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

Sir,—It is long since I have read anything in the Canadian newspaper press with so much pleasure as the brief appeal made in your last number for the establishment of a truly independent political journal. What strikes me as most extraordinary is that the mass of people, whose personal interests and feelings are in no way concerned in the success of this or that set of politicians, independent farmers, merchants and professional men, should not long since have rebelled against the impudent attempts made by journals supported by their subscriptions and advertisements to throw dust in their eyes by way of return. Impudent attempts, I say, because really there is hardly any pretence of concealing the thoroughly partisan (i. e. dishonest) character of the representations made in the party press. That view of affairs which the whole country is interested in having put forward finds no exponent. Surely it is a strange position in which we find ourselves landed. In most matters people find their interest in studying the interests of others. The man who makes the best bread or the best shoes gets, *ceteris paribus*, the widest custom; but, in this case, while everyone is interested in knowing the whole truth upon political questions, it seems to be nobody's interest to tell it.

Of course there is an explanation of the phenomenon which, to many persons, is entirely satisfactory. *The system we live under is that known as party government.* To support party government we must have party journals, and for a party journal to be impartial would be a simple contradiction in terms. The thing could not be. You might as well talk of an honest thief, a truthful liar, or a gentle ruffian. If you want truth you must give up party; if you want party you must give up truth. This is the dilemma that stares every man in the face who considers the matter attentively. Up to the present we seem to have decided that the country can do better without truth than without party; but whether we have great reason to be satisfied with the result of our choice is a question, to say the least, open to debate. No thinking man can feel entirely comfortable when he reflects that conscious fraud has to be brought to the support of the existing regime,—that, in fact, we have here in Canada as elaborate a system of imposture as could be required to prop up the most debasing superstition. The priests of our Juggernaut worship are the party journalists who, however they may revile one another, in the interest of their different leaders, are always ready to fly savagely, with one consent, upon anyone who breathes a word against their idol. Let any unfortunate writer hint that parties, deliberately organized and kept together by such means as we wot of, are not necessary to the prosperity of the country, and the men of Reform, no less than those of Union and Progress (unless these soul-inspiring watch-words!) raise the same uproar over their heads that the priests and shrine-makers of Ephesus did over the heads of Paul and Barnabas when the preaching of the latter seemed likely to imperil their trade and their gains. Great, in her day, was Diana of the Ephesians, and just as great in its day (as great an imposture) is party government in Canada.

I trust, Mr. Editor, the appeal you have made for the establishment of an independent political daily will not remain long unanswered. I know the worldly-wise will wag their heads at the mere idea of a thoroughly honest and independent newspaper, but if the people want it, if they need it, why should they not have it? Must their demand remain for ever unsupplied, because a few wire-pullers, hardened in partizanship and hypocrisy, are pleased to say that the vices they so unpleasantly illustrate are the only possible currency for a new country like this? It will be long before Canada can have journals such (in point of ability) as the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Saturday Review*, but unless the Canadian public has been wholly and hopelessly demoralized by faction, there is no reason why we should not have journals as disengaged as these from the fetters of party, and as honest (according to their lights) in all their utterances upon questions of public policy.

I am, Sir,
 Your very obedient servant,
 REPUBLICAN.

Ottawa, 20th October, 1873.

THE WAYERLEY PEN.—We are glad to find that this very useful and easy-flowing pen is once more in our market. For a time we sought them in vain and there were none to be had. They fulfil all the requirements of ease and fluency, and we can sincerely recommend them. The makers, Messrs. MacNiven & Cameron, sell also the Owl and the Pickwick, which are highly recommended by those who have used them.

with rookerles, and bedizzened with a forest of legal sign boards.
 "It is a standing wonder to me how these young lawyers live," said B. "They are never seen in the Courts, they have no pleadings, and yet they are dressed in broad cloth and have plenty of elegant leisure."
 "You know nothing about them," I replied. "Have never had anything to do with them?"
 "No, thank God, I haven't," said my friend with a gesture of deprecation, as if he were banishing an obscene thought.
 "Then learn, my dear fellow, that they are the best paid men in the city."
 "You don't mean it."
 "They are paid at the rate of a dollar a minute."
 "Impossible!"
 "Here. Their chief occupation consists in writing letters to delinquent debtors. These letters are blank forms which it takes them about a minute to fill up. And their charge for each is one dollar and thirty-three cents."
 "What are the thirty-three cents for?"
 "Pen, ink and paper, I guess."
 "And the dollar?"
 "For their signature, of course."
 My friend stopped short and stared at me in amazement. After recovering a little, he gasped:
 "And the postage? Surely they pay the postage?"
 I laughed his ignorance to scorn and we hurried out of the pestilential street.

How many doctors are there in Montreal?
 Two hundred and seven.
 What proportion is that to the population?
 About one doctor for every five hundred inhabitants.
 No wonder the death rate of the city is so abnormal.

There are three different sewing machines which claim the highest prizes at the Weltausstellung. In each instance there are telegrams from Vienna testifying to the fact. The only way to settle precedence is to pursue the old college method, still in vogue in Europe. When there were several students standing first in a class, lots were drawn and the winner was hailed as *Premiers* or *Firstest*.

It takes a Frenchman to imagine an impossible story. The scene takes place at a marriage bureau in Paris. A gentleman discusses the conditions of a match proposed to him.
 "The young girl is very well," says the manager.
 "Not bad, indeed," replies Lotbario.
 "Good family?"
 "The information on that point is certainly fair."
 "Then, sir, why don't you make up your mind?"
 "Why not, why not"
 "It is an excellent party."
 "No fortune."
 "Not just now; but there are hopes."
 "The father and mother are not yet sixty."
 "That is true—but allow me to observe that we are about to have the Cholera!"
 The marriage was concluded.

Moscheles, the illustrious musician, a sketch of whose career appeared in the *News* a few weeks ago, has a son named Felix enjoying a rising reputation among London painters. This artist once drew an ideal sketch representing a female, with dishevelled hair and sorrowful face, brooding over a harp. He showed it thus, without a name or title, to his father. The old musician immediately took a pen and wrote under it this quatrain:

Wenn du willst den Meas schenketzen,
 Alle selten ruhren an,
 Stimme da den ton der Schmerzen,
 Nicht den tang der Freuden an.

As these lines contain a valuable aesthetic precept, and have never been published, having been furnished me in manuscript by a grandson of Moscheles, I thought they might bear being Englished, thus:

If you wish your harp to borrow
 Echoes from the hearts of men,
 Tune it to the note of sorrow,
 Not to pleasure's boisterous strain.

If you wish your harp to waken
 Echoes in the hearts of men,
 Sing the song of the forsaken,
 Not the basechant's boisterous strain.

I can enjoy a laugh as well as any body, but I feel that the best art is always tinged with melancholy, were it only from its failure to reach its own ideal.

A very spoony young man asked me to guess what street in the city contained the sweetest, prettiest girls.
 Of course, I did not know, and if I had known I should not have said for, in certain circles, it would be as much as my life is worth to express a preference for one street over another.
 "Well," said my friend, "It is Mignonne street."
 "How do you make that out?"
 "They are all Mignonettes there."
 I did not faint, neither did I weep, neither did I curse. I stood still and reflected.
 "But what if this were literally true?"
 "It is literally true!"
 We have both arranged to go thither on an exploring expedition without the aid of the police.

This is the season of apples. If Canada is backward in the production of fruit, she makes up for it in her native apples. Famensex, St. Lawrence and Grises are enough to make the reputation of any country. What a shame to have allowed these apples to degenerate. Luckily, there is a reaction. At present we shall have them in all their former flavour. The apple is one of the most salubrious fruits. The German proverb is: Apples are gold in the morning, silver at noon, lead at night. Whatever may be said of the last, it is customary throughout the Mississippi Valley to have raw apples at ten and they are regarded as eminently hygienic. The best way to eat an apple is to scoop it out with a table knife in the shape of pulp. At college we used always to put salt on our apples and we imagined that it improved the taste. Never eat the rind; it is so much leather.

THE GILCHRIST SCHOLARSHIP, 1873.

The successful competitor for the Gilchrist Scholarship this year proves to be Mr. William John Fraser, son of the Rev. S. C. Fraser, M. A., Thorold, Ont. Young Mr. Fraser is a native of one of the counties on the Ontario side of the Ottawa, and is now 19 years of age. After for some time attending Bramsville High School he entered St. Catharines Collegiate Institute where, under the superintendence of the Headmaster, Mr. Hunter, and the first assistant, Mr. Henderson, the candidate underwent the special course of reading required for the Gilchrist Scholarship. This scholarship was established in the University of London, (Eng.) out of a legacy left for educational purposes by an English physician after whom the scholarship is named. It is worth £100 sterling per annum; is tenable for three years at either London or Edinburgh; and is open for competition to the Dominion of Canada. This valuable scholarship has now for seven years been offered for annual competition, and with the following result: Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia have each carried off the prize once, while Ontario has been four times successful, three out of the four Ontario victors being pupils of Mr. Hunter. Mr. Fraser has already left for England as he intends to pursue his studies in University College, London, where, we trust, he may worthily sustain the re-



Mr. W. J. FRASER, WINNER OF THE GILCHRIST SCHOLARSHIP FOR 1873.

putation of the Canadian Dominion.

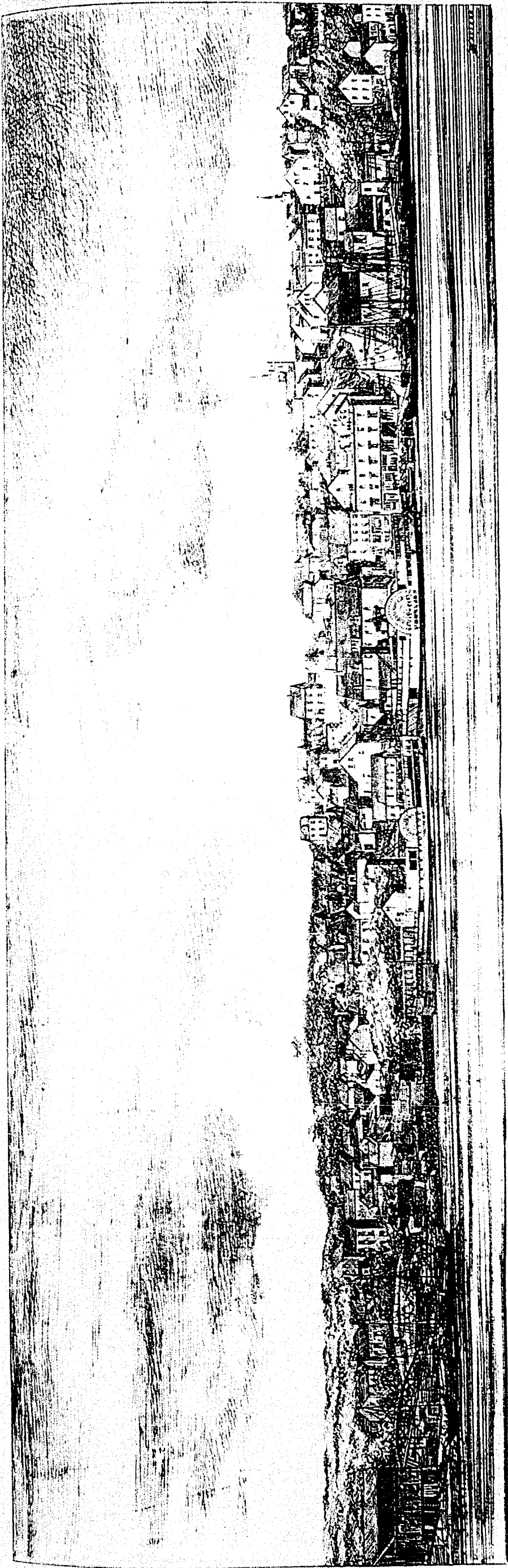
TWO INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

The *America*, a daily journal of Bogota, in a recent issue publishes a letter of Don Joaquin Alvez da Costa, in which he states that his slaves, while working upon the plantation of Porto Alto, Parahyba district, Peru, have discovered a monumental stone, erected by a small colony of Phoenicians who had wandered thither from their native country in the ninth or tenth year of the reign of Hiram, a monarch contemporary with Solomon and who flourished about ten centuries before the Christian era. The monolith bears an inscription of eight lines, written in clear Phoenician characters, without punctuation marks or any visible separation of the words. This has been imperfectly deciphered, but enough has been made out to learn that a party of Canaanites left the port of Aziongaher (Boy-Akaba) and navigated about the coast of Egypt for twelve moons (one year), but were drawn by currents off their course and eventually carried to the present site of Guayaquil, Peru. The stone gives the names of these unfortunate travellers, both male and female, and probably further investigations will shed more light on the records they have left.

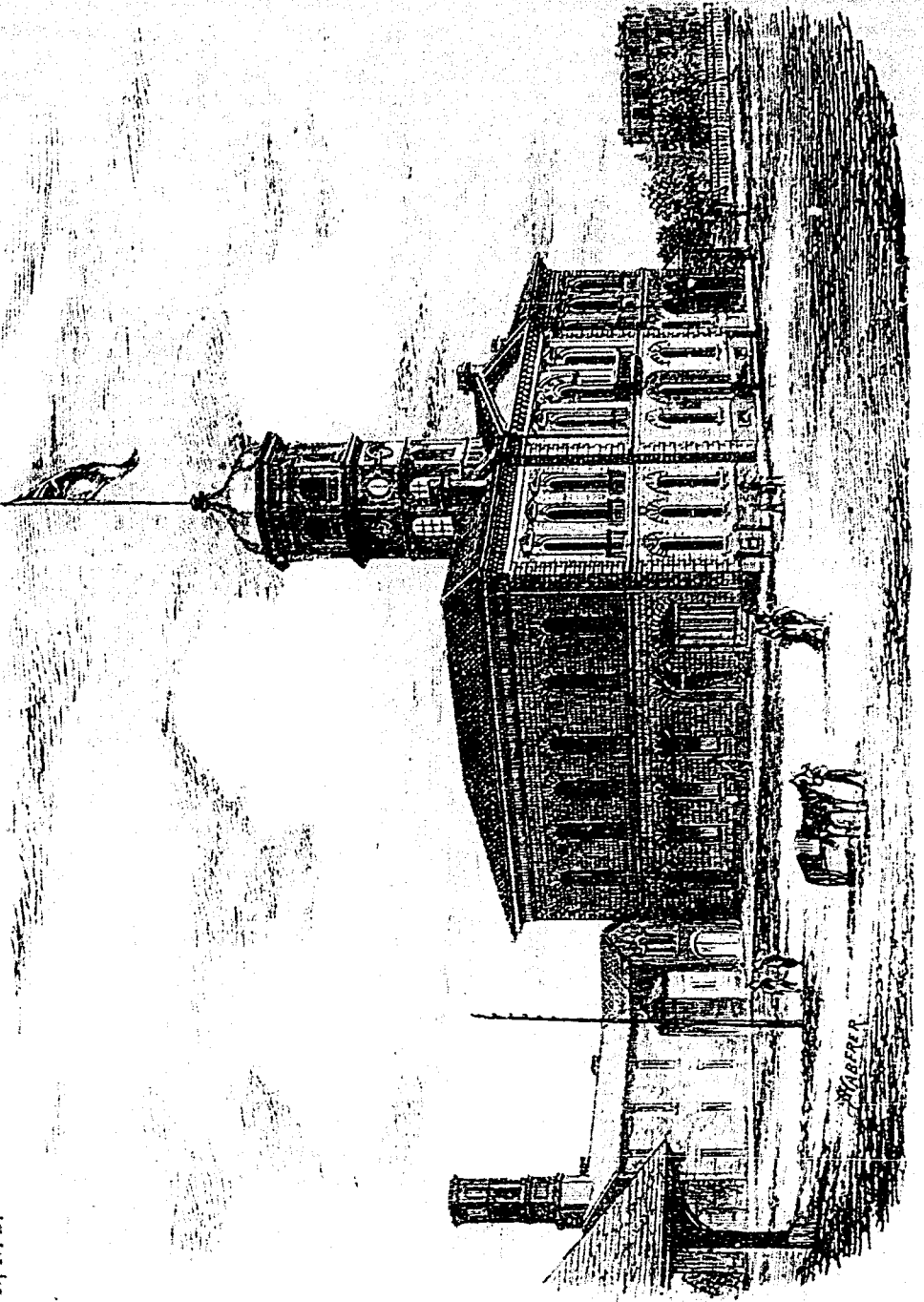
Another and more astonishing discovery, we find announced in *Les Mondes*. It appears that



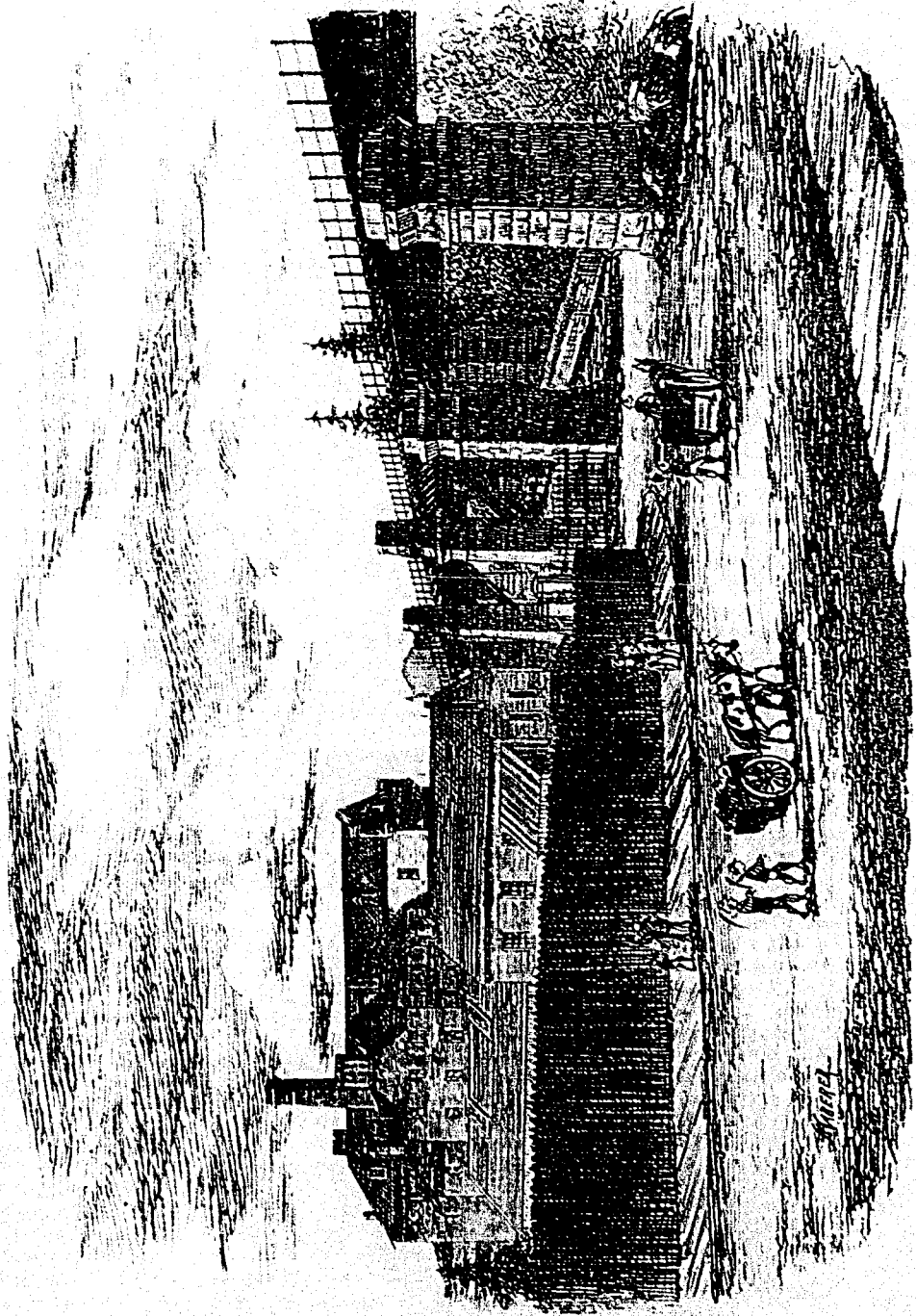
FRANCE.—ROOM OCCUPIED BY MARSHAL BAZAINE AT THE TRIANON.



INDIANTOWN, N. B.



GUELPH, ONT.—THE MARKET HOUSE.



GUELPH, ONT.—RAILWAY VIADUCT.

some Russian colonists, having penetrated into hitherto unexplored parts of Siberia, have found three living mastodons identical with those heretofore dug up in that country from frozen sand. No particulars are given as to this, we fear, somewhat questionable find. From the statements of M. Dupont, of the Brussels Royal Academy, it would seem that, like the reindeer, the mastodon should not now be extinct, and that the animal is naturally the contemporary of the horse, sheep and pig. Hence the announcement is not without some shadow of probability.

LOVE UNBOUGHT.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought
Love gives itself, but is not bought,
Nor voice nor sound betrays
Its deep impassioned gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humility,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

Oh, weary hearts! Oh, slumbering eyes!
Oh, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart though unknown
Responds unto his own."

"Responds—as if with unseen strings,
An angel touched its quivering strings:
And whispers in its song
Where hast thou stayed so long?"

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1855.)

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

"Tell Morgau to saddle Splinter," said Sir Aubrey, "I'm going for a ride."

"So late, Aubrey?" exclaimed Mordred, who liked a quiet evening with his brother. It was nice to be able to prose about his last acquisition to some listener of his own rank—and if Aubrey did not listen, Mordred was too much engrossed by his own discourse to note the inattention.

"I like a ride in this half-light," answered the baronet. "I was out last night till ten."

"Yes," said Mordred, with a sigh. "I shall be glad when the winter comes, and we return to our old ways—a big fire burning in the saloon, and you and I on opposite sides of the hearth on nice long evenings."

"Rather dull," drawled Sir Aubrey, with a yawn.

"Dull, when we have each other's company?"
"Yes, that's all very well. But don't you think that, for two old fellows like us, a fair, young face would brighten the picture—an innocent, joyous hearted girl, who would be a wife to me, and yet seem a daughter to both of us—a clear young voice that would fill this old house with music. Our lives are placid enough as it is but don't you think such a change as I speak of might make them happy? Eh, Mordred?"

"Changes which disturb tranquillity in the hope of realizing happiness are apt to end in disappointment," replied Mr. Perriam, with the sententiousness of a Solon.

It was not a pleasant speech, and Sir Aubrey felt angry with his brother—a rare sensation on his part, for he had a protecting kindness for this younger brother, whose eccentricities touched the border line of weakness.

"Splinter is at the door, Sir Aubrey," said the butler, and without another word to Mordred, Sir Aubrey departed.

"Ah," moaned his brother, when he had watched horse and rider vanish in the shades of evening, "This comes of letting a woman mix herself up with his thoughts. He's changed to me already."

Sir Aubrey took the shortest way to Hedingham. It was a foolish fancy, no doubt, which impelled him to take this evening ride—but the scent of the hedgerows was sweet, the air balmy, a faint breath of the distant sea blended with the cool odours of newly-shorn fields. There was, in short, no reason why a country gentleman should not enjoy the twilight landscape, instead of dozing in his favourite arm-chair, by his barren hearth.

But Sir Aubrey hardly looked at the landscape. His thoughts were swifter than Splinter, and flew on ahead of him, and lighted upon Sylvia Carew. He could think of no excuse for an evening visit to the school-house. All day long he had resisted the impulses that urged him to go there. And now in the evening, after that useless battle with inclination, he was weak enough to indulge his fancy.

What excuse should he make for intruding upon the school-master's privacy? He, the all-powerful, the lord of the soil, was positively obliged to ask himself that question. Miss Carew was not a picture hanging on a wall in a public gallery—a fair face which strangers might gaze upon at their pleasure. Lofty as was the height which raised him above these people, there were certain conventionalities to be observed, even by him.

He left his horse at the Inn, and walked on towards the school-house. A light was burning in the parlour, and the door was shut. He had hoped to find Mr. Carew smoking his pipe in the open doorway, as he had found him yesterday.

It seemed a very serious thing to knock at the door—almost enough to commit him to some serious step in the future.

He looked about him doubtfully. Early as it was no creature was visible. Dim lights twinkled here and there in cottage windows. The children's voices were silent. The

Hedingham day was over. Sir Aubrey began to feel that it was very late indeed.

He took out his watch. There was just enough light for him to see the fingers on its white face. A quarter to nine. Yes, decidedly too late for him to intrude upon the school-master, without any definite object. Well, he had gratified his fancy by this evening ride. There was nothing better for him to do than to go back again.

Stay, what was that? A glimpse of something white yonder among the dark trees in the churchyard—something which moved. A woman's dress—a girlish figure, tall and slim—robed in white. Twice had he seen Sylvia in a white gown. Was it she?

He went round to the churchyard gate, and entered that domain of shadow, where the deep gloom of the foliage seemed to typify the deep sleep of those who lay beneath its shade. He walked slowly, looking about him, as if contemplative of the tombs, and in a few minutes found the object of his quest.

It was Sylvia, and no other. She had seated herself on a low tombstone when he found her, in a thoughtful attitude, her folded arms resting on a headstone that leaned lopsided against the tomb where she sat, her drooping head leaning on her arms.

"How perfect a statue of meditation," thought Sir Aubrey. "Yet what can she have to think so deeply about?"

His approaching footsteps startled the thinker. Sylvia lifted her head and looked up at him, just able to recognize him in that shadowy place.

"Good evening, Miss Carew. I fear I disturbed pleasant meditations."

"No, Sir Aubrey, my thoughts were sad. I am thankful to have them dispelled."

"What can one so young and fair have to do with sadness?"

The girl was not prepared to answer that question plainly.

"I suppose there is some care in every life. Mine had to do with the troubles of others."

"I thought as much. Youth and innocence can have few cares of its own. And pray remember, Miss Carew, if ever you have need of a friend you may command my services. As Lord of the Manor, I naturally take a warm interest in all that concerns Hedingham," he added, lest his offer of friendship should seem particular.

This qualification made the whole speech sound conventional.

"I wish he would give me some money to send to Mrs. Carford," thought Sylvia, for the shadow of last night's visitor had haunted her all the day; "but I could not stoop so low as to beg of him. And of course he means nothing but a mere hollow civility."

"Your father is at home, I suppose?" inquired the baronet.

"Yes, Sir Aubrey."

"Then I think I should like to look in upon him and say a word or two about this new schoolhouse, if you are quite sure he is disengaged."

"I am quite sure. He does nothing but read the paper of an evening. He will be proud to receive your visit."

CHAPTER XX.

"FAIR AS THE FIRST THAT FEEL OF WOMANKIND."

Though the baronet had proposed this visit to Mr. Carew, he was in no haste to leave that place of shadows, the old churchyard. This was the first time that he and Sylvia had ever met alone, and it seemed too good an opportunity to be lost. He wanted to know something about the antecedents of the girl who had stolen his heart before he was aware. Her father would be close and guarded, no doubt, if there were anything to conceal; but these lovely lips must be candour itself.

"A fine old church," said Sir Aubrey, as if his thoughts had taken an archaeological bent. "You have lived in Hedingham a long time, I suppose, Miss Carew," he went on, dismissing the church in a breath.

"Ever since I can remember—all my life."

"You were born here, then, I conclude."

"No."

Happily for Sylvia the dusk hid that deep blush of shame which dyed her cheek. She did not even know the name of her birthplace, so dumb had her father been about the past. What should she do if Sir Aubrey asked her home questions?

"Your father has no provincial accent, I observed," continued Sir Aubrey, trying to put his inquiries in a purely conversational form. "He is a Londoner, I conclude."

"He came here from London."

"Yet Carew is a west country name."

"Is it?" asked Sylvia, helplessly; and then, thinking that some degree of candour might help her better than persistent reserve, she said, "My father began life in much better circumstances, I believe, and he does not like talking about the past. I only know that we have lived here ever since I can remember, and always the same kind of life. It is very monotonous."

To Sir Aubrey this complaint seemed somewhat pu-ri-lic. He had lived the same life for the last thirty years, of choice; vibrating like a pendulum, between Perriam Place and the Faubourg St. Honoré, and living in Paris almost as quietly as he lived at Perriam.

"My fair child," he said, in his grand way, "youth is full of restless fancies. When you are a few years older you will know that there is no life so happy as that which glides on smoothly amidst familiar scenes."

Sylvia sighed, but did not presume to argue the point with Sir Aubrey. She only thought that had she the power such wealth as his can give she would not waste life in monotony. That young aspiring spirit hung-red for variety. Sylvia Carew possessed, in an eminent degree, that quality which is at once perilous to the peace of the heart, and conducive to the growth of the mind. She was ambitious; and her ambition fostered in solitude, and fed on dreams, was at the root of this eager desire for change.

"You are at least happy in the privilege of inhabiting so beautiful a spot as Hedingham," said the baronet.

"Is it really beautiful? You have seen the Danube—the Black Forest—the Hartz—the Tyrol—the Alps—Rome—Venice—and yet you think Hedingham beautiful."

She ran over the names of river, forest, mountains, and city, breathlessly. They were on the tip of her tongue, so ardently had she longed to see the scenes they represented.

"Yes," drawled Sir Aubrey, with that soft languour which was not without its charm, "I have done the grand tour. Very fatiguing business in my day. A succession of wretched

inns, musty post-chaises, and dust and bad roads; and—ahem—insects—which politeness forbids me to particularise. In my time it was esteemed essential for a gentleman to do the grand tour. Nowadays it is the common people who travel. There is a railroad up the Rhine, and Mont Blanc is the primrose hill of the modern counter-jumper."

Sylvia sighed. She began to feel that she lived too late. The world had become vulgarised, and the glory of this earth had, in a measure departed.

"Will you come to see papa now, Sir Aubrey," she asked, rising from her seat on the tomb.

"Whenever you will be kind enough to show me the way."

Sir Aubrey felt that he had obtained very little information. It was something to hear that the father of the woman he admired had seen better days; yet, as the Vicar had told him the same thing, he was no wiser for his talk with Sylvia. She had the air of a lady, he thought, though not that society manner which he should have desired for the future Lady Perriam. There was a suddenness, a freedom in her speech, like a creature only half tamed. The beauties whom Sir Aubrey had hitherto admired had been distinguished by a graceful lassitude, an elegant weariness. This girl looked as if her veins held quicksilver. But then she was lovelier than the fairest of those more courtly beauties, and there was a novel charm in that energy—which was never loud-voiced or masculine—that pretty petulance which had so bewitching an air of candour. Those hazel eyes, which she turned to him now in the summer dusk—the fair paleness of that divine complexion! Where, out of an Italian picture, could he find such beauty?

He followed her along the little path, through the gate into the garden, where the lavender bushes looked gray under the stars.

"Papa," said Sylvia, going into the parlour; "Sir Aubrey Perriam has come to talk to you about the school."

Mr. Carew put aside his pipe and rose hastily to greet the visitor. A very different guest from that wretched supplicant of last night. The schoolmaster was more moved by this unexpected honour than a man of his temperament should have been, but he contrived to conceal his emotion, and received Sir Aubrey as calmly as if he had been accustomed to the "dropping in" of baronets.

Yet in his heart there was a swelling sense of triumph. "What can he come for, except to see her?" he asked himself; "and a man of his age once hit must be hit deeply. I should draw no augury from a young man's philandering. But this means something serious."

The baronet began to talk about the school, and succeeded pretty well in giving a paternal tone to his visit. Would a new school-house prove a positive advantage to the village of Hedingham, or was it only a hobby of the Vicar's? And was the present site the best possible ground for such a building; and was the scheme popular among the Hedingham people? Before committing himself to any promise of assistance Sir Aubrey desired to be assured of these facts.

All these questions sounded strictly proprietorial questions, which a Lord of the Manor would naturally put to his lieges. But James Carew saw through the flimsy pretext, and marked the eyes which wandered involuntarily to the spot where Sylvia sat with her back to the open lattice, the night wind faintly stirring her hair.

"You are fond of books, Miss Carew, I see," said Sir Aubrey, glancing at the recess on one side of the fireplace, where hung three small painted shelves, adorned with blue ribbons. Those scraps of blue told the baronet to whom the books belonged.

"Yes," said the father, with a touch of pride, "she is more studious than most girls of her age, and has taught herself French and German—and, I believe, a little Latin, with very small help from me."

Many a time and oft had he grumbled at those studious propensities, complaining, with scant justice, that Sylvia neglected his comforts in order to pore over her books. But he felt to-night that her accomplishments were something to boast of.

Sir Aubrey went over to the recess, and looked at the books. *The Sorrows of Werther*, in the original, *Eugenie Grandet*, *Fanny*, also in the original, *Lamartine's Girondins*, *Victor Hugo's Odes et Ballades*, *Bulwer's Lucania*, and a dozen others of the same class. Nothing that was not classic.

Sir Aubrey took down one of the volumes haphazard. It was *Werther*. He opened the book, and in the fly-leaf saw something that startled him almost as if his hand had lighted on an adder.

Sylvia,

From Edmund,

In memory of Sunday, April 4th.

This Sunday was the day when Edmund Standen first saw Sylvia in the church.

"From Edmund," said Sir Aubrey, looking at the inscription. "Your brother or cousin, I presume."

"She has neither brother nor cousin," answered Mr. Carew, looking daggers at his daughter. Those very books had hung above his head for the last three months, and he had never taken the trouble to examine them.

"Some village admirer, no doubt," said the baronet blandly, but pierced to the heart by jealousy's sharp fang. While he had been debating whether he should or should not offend the tutelary Deity of the Perriam's by a misalliance, this girl was perhaps the plighted wife of some clodhopper—a boor whose vulgar desires had never soared above a whitewashed hovel, and an arbour of scarlet runners.

Mr. Carew, seeing rocks to leeward, took rapid counsel with himself, and decided that candour was best. After all he could best exalt his child by showing that she had already been sought by her superior in station.

It was just possible that the baronet might be of that jealous temper which bids a man draw back from the pursuit of the dearest object, does he but think he has a rival. But this narrow and captious temper is happily rare. Mr. Carew reflected that Mr. Standen's courtship of his daughter was most likely known to the village gossips, and would probably reach the ears of Sir Aubrey.

Yes, there could be no doubt that the true policy here was candour.

"Mr. Standen would hardly like to hear himself called a village admirer," said the schoolmaster.

"Standen! What, the banker's son?"

"Yes. He has had the misfortune to fall in love with my foolish daughter yonder, and she has been so silly as to give

The Magazines.

The seventh volume of *Scribner's* opens with the first of the promised series of papers on the Great South, the writer chatting pleasantly in a rambling style of New Orleans past and present. A new serial by Adeline Trafton, entitled "Katherine Earle," takes the place of Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle." The latter, the readers of this magazine will remember, gave the history, autobiographically told of the adventures and early career of a young man. The former apparently purposes to do as much, in a different form, for a young lady. An article of importance is Edmund Clarence Stedman's critical paper on Mrs. Browning. Froude's "Annals of an English Abbey" is a disappointment; we expected something better from the historian of the Tudors. Prof. Newcombe gives an interesting account of the making of the new great telescope at Washington. The fiction in the number is exceptionally good, including "For Pastime," "Earthen Pitchers," and "Only Half a Woman." Among the poetry we find an unusually good poem by Louise Chandler Moulton, "November Morning," and another of George McDonald's translations from Novalis.

The contents of the November *Old and New* fall naturally into two sections: readable light matter, and readable reasonable solid matter. The former includes Mr. Appleton's memorial poem on Penekese and the Anderson Natural History school there, and another poem, on a Happy Valley. Also, instalments of the serials, "Scope," and Mr. Burnand's "My Time." There is a very bright California story by H. A. Berton, called "Moonlight," which shows that there can be a California story with a moral that isn't an immoral. Mr. Hale's "Tale of the Simplon" ends in a curious fashion enough, having two ends, one for tragic readers and one for comfortable ones. Mr. Perkins gives a sharp, brief argument in defence of that much persecuted word "Reliable." Prof. Bierbower's second and concluding paper gives a very clear and striking account of the doctrines and methods of the Socialists. There is the first of a series of papers which are going to be very lively and instructive, by Rev. Mr. Tyrwhitt, the English art writer, on sketching from nature. This paper is so bright and jolly that, perhaps, it ought not to be counted among the solid matter. But the money articles are solid—though reasonable. There are no less than six of them; Mr. Hale's Introduction, taking a broad ethical view of money panics and money business; a paper by Mr. John Earl Williams, the well-known President of the Metropolitan Bank of New York City, in favour of more paper money than we now have; one by O. P. Q., in favour of a practically unlimited issue of paper money not convertible into specie at all; remarks on this by Mr. Rowland G. Hazard, a specie-payment man; another argument for specie payment, by a manufacturer, and a final note, with a rather biting argument against "stock gambling" and "corners." This is a very instructive set of papers, and will enable any business man to examine all sides of this important question.

The *Atlantic* opens with another instalment of Mr. Boyesen's quaint Norse romance "Gunnar," which increases in interest as it goes on. Mr. Robert Dale Owen gives us some interesting reminiscences of people of note he met in London, among others of the Rev. Edward Irving, Rowland Hill, Miss Landon (the well-known L. E. L.) and Spurzheim, to which he appends some critical remarks on the English character. Honest John Vane makes, we imagine, his last appearance, as full-blown, though undiscovered, Dishonest John Vane. "Little Fountain of Sakonshita," is a delicious little picture of life and love in Japan, told with much naïveté and considerable humour. Among the more substantial articles we have one on the Railroads and the Farms, a critical paper on M. De Forest's novels, and a third which gives us an insight into the home-life of Salmon P. Chase. The poetry is, as usual in the *Atlantic*, of the highest order. Ellen Frances Terry's poem "The God of Pearl" and that by H. E. Warner "The Returner," we especially recommend.

Lippincott's Magazine for November contains, among other seasonable and attractive articles, a sparkling description of London Balls, by a Londoner, who divides these festivities into the public, the semi-public, and the private ball, and sketches in a graphic and piquant style specimens of each variety, such as a subscription ball at St. James's Hall, a Lord Mayor's ball at the Mansion House, a ball given at the Inns of Court by the Barrister's Volunteer Corps, popularly known as the "Devil's Own," and the usual fashionable entertainment which turns night into day and keeps the carriages whirling through the streets and to West End from midnight till dawn. A story which can hardly fail to attract general notice is entitled "The Livelies." The writer, Mrs. Sarah Winter Kellogg, author of "Her Chance," "Mr. Twitchell's Inventions," etc., was a sufferer by the Chicago fire, and has here woven into the thread of a most entertaining story a striking and thoroughly realistic narrative of her experience during the great conflagration, and the scenes both pathetic and ludicrous, that came under her observation. There is another long instalment of Mr. Black's popular novel, "A Princess of Thule," which gains in interest with each succeeding number, while it is the only serial of the year in which the charm of an exquisite style heightens the attractions of a well-constructed story and finely-developed characters. The "New Hyperion," with its spirited descriptions and quaint artistic embellishments, is also carried forward another step, landing the hero in new embarrassments. Another illustrated paper is the second of a series of "Sketches of Eastern Travel," by different writers, the present number being an interesting account of Batavia, the capital of the Island of Java, with its variegated population, its interesting streets and canals, and its tropical foliage and fruits. Under the title of "A Strayed Singer," Miss Kate Hilliard gives a well-written paper sketching the career and analyzing the writings of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a poet of the Elizabethan type, but belonging to the nineteenth century, and, though little known to general readers, ranked by critics among writers of a rare and peculiar genius. "Orco," from the French of George Sand, is a Venetian story characterized by the brilliant imagination and rich word-painting in which its author is unsurpassed. A lively article on the Isle of Wight gives a very agreeable picture to the renowned "Undercliff," with its charming scenery and genial climate, and describes the former residence of Tennyson,—from which he was driven by the intrusions of his admirers,—the present abode of Miss Sewall, the cottage once inhabited by the famous "Dairyman's Daughter," and other objects of interest. Several pleasing poems by Miss Lazarus and others, the usual attractive variety of the "Monthly Gossip," and some keenly written critical notices, complete a number which exhibits the best qualities of magazine literature, while promising entertainment for readers of every class.

The current number of the *Penn Monthly* is almost entirely devoted to reviews. The exceptions are a neat verse translation of Horace, *Carm.*, IV., 7, and a learned paper on the Myths of the Thunderstorm, in which the writer displays a close acquaintance with Oriental mythology that would not disgrace Mr. Baring Gould. The subjects of the reviews are Trial by Jury, "Meriam Monfort," Brinckle's translation of the *Electra* of Sophocles, and Dr. Tuke's work on Mind and Body.

A while ago a farmer in the Highlands lost his wife, and out of love for her memory called his estate "Glenmary." A neighbour having met with the same affliction, and equally desirous of keeping before him the image of his dear departed, followed his example, and his farm is known by the name of "Glenbetsy."

him some slight encouragement. However that is all over now. The young gentleman called upon me yesterday morning to urge his suit, and I gave him a very straightforward answer."

"You refused him?" asked the baronet.
"Unconditionally. You look surprised, Sir Aubrey. You think that a banker's son would be a very good match for a parish schoolmaster's daughter. And so I grant you he would have been, were there no drawback. If he marries my daughter he marries her in direct opposition to his mother. And, though I am a poor man, I hold honour before self-interest. I will not suffer my child to enter a family which refuses her an affectionate welcome."

This sounded noble, especially as Mr. Carew's speech gave no hint of Mrs. Standen's power to disinherit her son.

"I applaud your spirit, sir," said the baronet, stealing a look at Sylvia, curious to know how near this subject was to her heart.

That drooping face, bent over the only needlework in the girl's hands, told him nothing. He next saw the fair young brow, the downcast eyelids with their auburn lashes. The attitude was of calmest repose. Passion could scarcely stir the heart beneath that tranquil bosom.

Having discussed the Vicar's pet scheme in all its bearings, Sir Aubrey had no excuse for lingering. Yet he lingered talking of the village and its surroundings, keenly interested in discovering what kind of man Mr. Carew was. An educated man evidently to begin with, and a man who had at some period of his existence been familiar with polite society. The glory of Sir Aubrey's presence abashed him not at all.

The little Dutch clock struck ten, and Sir Aubrey rose with a guilty start.

"Upon my word, I owe you a hundred apologies," he said, "these summer evenings delude me into a forgetfulness of time."

"Pray do not apologise for the lateness of your visit, Sir Aubrey. The evening is the only time in which I am my own master, and free to receive a visitor."

"Then I may drop in again some evening to hear how the plans progress?" asked Sir Aubrey, quite ignoring the fact that nothing serious was likely to be done for the next two years.

"I shall be honoured by your visit, Sir Aubrey."

"You are very good," returned the baronet, and then with some hesitation, he went on, "If at any time, while the summer evenings last, you would like to bring Miss Carew to see Perriam—unless, indeed, she has seen it already—I should be very happy to show you the house and gardens. There is nothing new-fangled, none of those frivolous inventions for spending money with which people fill their places now-a-days, but the gardens are large, and the house is well built. It might repay the trouble of a visit."

"We shall be delighted to come, Sir Aubrey. Neither I nor my daughter have seen Perriam Place."

"Why not fix upon a day, then? Could you come to-morrow?"

"We have no engagements," said Mr. Carew, with his somewhat bitter smile.

"Let it be to-morrow, then. I shall expect you at eight o'clock, and you can give me any new ideas that may have occurred to you about the school. Shall I send a carriage for you and Miss Carew?"

"You are too kind, Sir Aubrey. No, thanks; we would rather walk over to Perriam. It is a pleasant walk across the fields."

"So be it, then. My brother and I will show you the house and gardens. Perhaps we had better say half-past seven. There might be hardly light enough after eight," said Sir Aubrey gravely.

This advancement of the hour would oblige him to dine a little earlier than usual, a serious consideration for a gentleman of fixed habits.

"Half-past seven, if you prefer that hour, Sir Aubrey," replied the schoolmaster.

"Thanks, good night. Good night, Miss Carew. You mustn't laugh at our old-fashioned ways at Perriam. People tell me that we are half a century behind the times. But the Perriams have been Tories ever since they were Perriams. Good night." And thus, with a somewhat lingering pressure of Sylvia's little hand, Sir Aubrey departed.

Mr. Carew escorted him to the garden gate with ceremonious politeness. He knew exactly how to draw the line between the respect due to the lord of the soil and the servility of a slavish mind. He stood at the gate and watched the slim upright figure till it vanished in the half dark of the summer night. Then he went slowly back to the parlour.

Sylvia had thrown aside her work. She was sitting in a listless attitude, with fixed brooding eyes bent upon the ground, the attitude of one absorbed in deepest thought.

Mr. Carew looked at her curiously as he barred the door.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune!"

he said, very slowly. And this was his sole comment upon Sir Aubrey's visit.

CHAPTER XXI.

"SHE IS WOMAN THEREFORE TO BE WON."

The next morning's post brought Sylvia a letter from Edmund Standen; a letter written at Southampton the night before the mail steamer left that port. It was the first letter her lover had ever written to her. At Hedingham it had been easy for them to meet, and there had been no need of letters. And this first love letter was very sweet to her, though a vague flavour of bitterness mingled with that sweetness. So many obstacles arose to block the path along which they two had sworn to travel hand in hand. Sylvia shed some of her rare tears over that letter, and kissed the page which her lover's hand had pressed. Indeed it was a letter which any woman might have been proud to receive—a letter breathing as pure and honest a love as ever man felt for woman; a brave letter, in which the young man spoke confidently, yet not recklessly, of that battle of life which he was to fight for the maintenance of his home.

"I have begun to prepare myself already, dearest," he wrote, "and am endeavouring to supply anything wanting in an education which has up to this point been literary rather than commercial. I provided myself with some of the best books on finance and the economy of banking as I came through London, and am going in seriously for study on the voyage out. I hope to have made myself, in theory at least, a good banker

by the time I get back to England, so that I may present myself to the directors at Monkhampton with the double advantage of my father's name and my own knowledge."

This was the only business-like paragraph in the letter. The rest was all the lover's talk of that rose-coloured future—that almost celestial felicity with which youth's fond credulity invests an earthly lot. But there was not a line which did not go straight home to Sylvia's heart. He trusted her so entirely. Not a thought of doubt breathed in that letter. It was written to a woman whom the writer believed above suspicion.

"I should be the worst and basest of women if I betrayed such affection," thought Sylvia with a sigh, as she at last laid down that dear letter. "Yet I see nothing but difficulties in our path."

She had before the eyes of her mind—those eyes which see so many things as the weaver of dreams sits in her quiet chamber—another path which was beset by no perils—a path which seemed to be strewn with roses. Only on this path the genius of domestic love shed not her starry light. There were the roses of worldly prosperity—the honour and reverence of mankind—the splendour of a great triumph. But Love stood with averted face in the background of that picture, and cried, "Here, I have no place."

"No," said Sylvia, "I cannot be false to him."

Unhappily when a woman tells herself she cannot betray, it is a sure sign that she had contemplated the possibility of treachery.

Mr. Carew was particularly civil to his daughter all this day. There was an altered tone which puzzled Sylvia. She did not know that this novel courtesy was shown to the future Lady Perriam.

"Do you want a new bonnet, or anything, to make you tidy this evening?" he asked, during the mid-day calm, while the schoolboys had gone home to their dinners.

"I want lots of things, papa," the girl answered quickly.

"But if you can give me a pound that will do."

"A pound!" exclaimed Mr. Carew, "do you think I am made of money? Here, you can have this half-sovereign. It will be hard enough for us to rub on till next quarter, but we must manage somehow."

"Thank you, papa; half a sovereign is better than nothing."

"Be sure you look your best this evening."

"Why, papa? Do you suppose two old gentlemen like Sir Aubrey and Mr. Perriam will notice my looks?"

"Sir Aubrey is a gentleman in the prime of life. Don't let me hear you call him old any more."

When afternoon school had begun, and Mr. Carew was again absorbed by his ungenial duties, Sylvia opened her desk and directed an envelope to Mrs. Carford, care of Mrs. Wood, Bell Alley, Fetter Lane.

She wrote only one line on a sheet of paper.

"I send a little help—all I have to send." No signature—no word more. In this sheet of paper she folded the half-sovereign, and carefully enclosed her little packet in the envelope. This done she went to the village post-office, registered her letter, and posted it.

"I am sending my little bit of pocket money to my old nurse," she said to Mr. Prosser, the chemist, in explanation of this unusual proceeding. People who live in a village are expected to explain themselves, if they deviate ever so little from the beaten track of life.

Perhaps this one small piece of self-sacrifice was the first good action that Sylvia had ever done in her life. Destiny might also intend it to be the last.

She gave a little sigh as she dropped the letter in the box, thinking of the Monkhampton draper's, and the sash and neck ribbons she might have bought with those ten shillings—ribbons that would have given colour and brightness to that shabby plain muslin dress, which she was to iron this afternoon. Cleanliness was the only luxury Miss Carew could afford herself, and for this she was dependent upon her own industry.

Yet, when half-past six o'clock came, and Sylvia was dressed for the visit to Perriam, no ribbon seemed wanting to set off that beauty whose highest charm was its spirituality—not the mere sensuous beauty of a lovely soulless image, but the changeable loveliness of an intellectual being. That still loftier charm of nobility of nature might seem wanting to the keen eye of the acute physiognomist; but acute physiognomists are happily rare, and those who looked at Sylvia for the most part saw intellect and beauty, and took goodness for granted.

Mr. Carew seemed to his daughter almost a new man, as they walked across the fields, sometimes by a broad sweep of purple clover, sometimes in the narrow path between tall boundaries of wheat ripe for the sickle, sometimes by a green lane where belated birds chirruped among the darkening leaves of oak and elm. He talked, and with amazing cheerfulness, praised Sir Aubrey's elegant appearance and perfect manners, remarked, in passing, that there was no position upon this lower world more agreeable than the position of a country gentleman with an unencumbered estate, harped upon the well-known wealth of the Perriams, their quiet manner of living, whereby that wealth must have gathered bulk from year to year like a rolling snowball.

Sylvia heard and sighed regretfully, and thought of that dear letter locked in her desk at home.

"I wish Edmund had never loved me," she thought, her mind dwelling upon the writer of that letter, while the schoolmaster talked of Sir Aubrey. "It might have been happier for both of us."

Perriam was built in a valley, after the manner of our forefathers, who preferred shelter from bleak winds to the splendour of an elevated position, and, save for aggressive or defensive purposes, seldom planted their habitations upon the heights. Around Perriam Place spread some of the most fertile meadows in the county—meadows so richly timbered and park-like, that one could scarcely tell where the park ended and the home farm began. Indeed, the park proper was not large, but borrowed dignity from the length of a double avenue, in which the tall old elms, set far back from the road left space for an inner line of silver firs, said to be the finest in England. A stately stone archway, with a lodge on either side, formed the entrance to this avenue.

(To be continued.)



LIBERATED FRANCE RETURNS TO WORK.

LOUIS RIEL.

We present to-day a portrait of a new member for Provencher, taken from a photograph recently taken at Winnipeg and which may be accepted as a faithful likeness of this notorious personage such as he appears to-day. The physiognomist will be attracted by the features. The mouth is indicative of firmness; the eye, if rather small, is sharp and intelligent, while the high forehead bears the stamp of thought. Energy beams from every lineament, while the stature shows proof of strength and agility.

Louis Riel is a native of Rupert's Land. His father was a French Canadian settler, who has any relatives in the Province of Quebec, while his mother was an Indian woman—if we mistake not, daughter of the tribe of the Montagnais. Riel was educated in the city of Montreal, where he is known to many who were his classmates. He distinguished himself in his studies and was remarkable for a reflective and serious turn of mind. It is related that he often wandered to the mountain side, rapt in meditation and dreaming of the future that was reserved for him. At the time, he had some intention of entering on the service of the church, but he was evidently not destined to pass his days in the peaceful shadow of the sanctuary. He was meant for stormier scenes and his past record shows that he was equal to the direst emergency. After returning to the Red River Territory, he was engaged for a time as merchant's clerk at St. Paul, Minnesota, and subsequently devoted himself to farming near the city of Winnipeg.

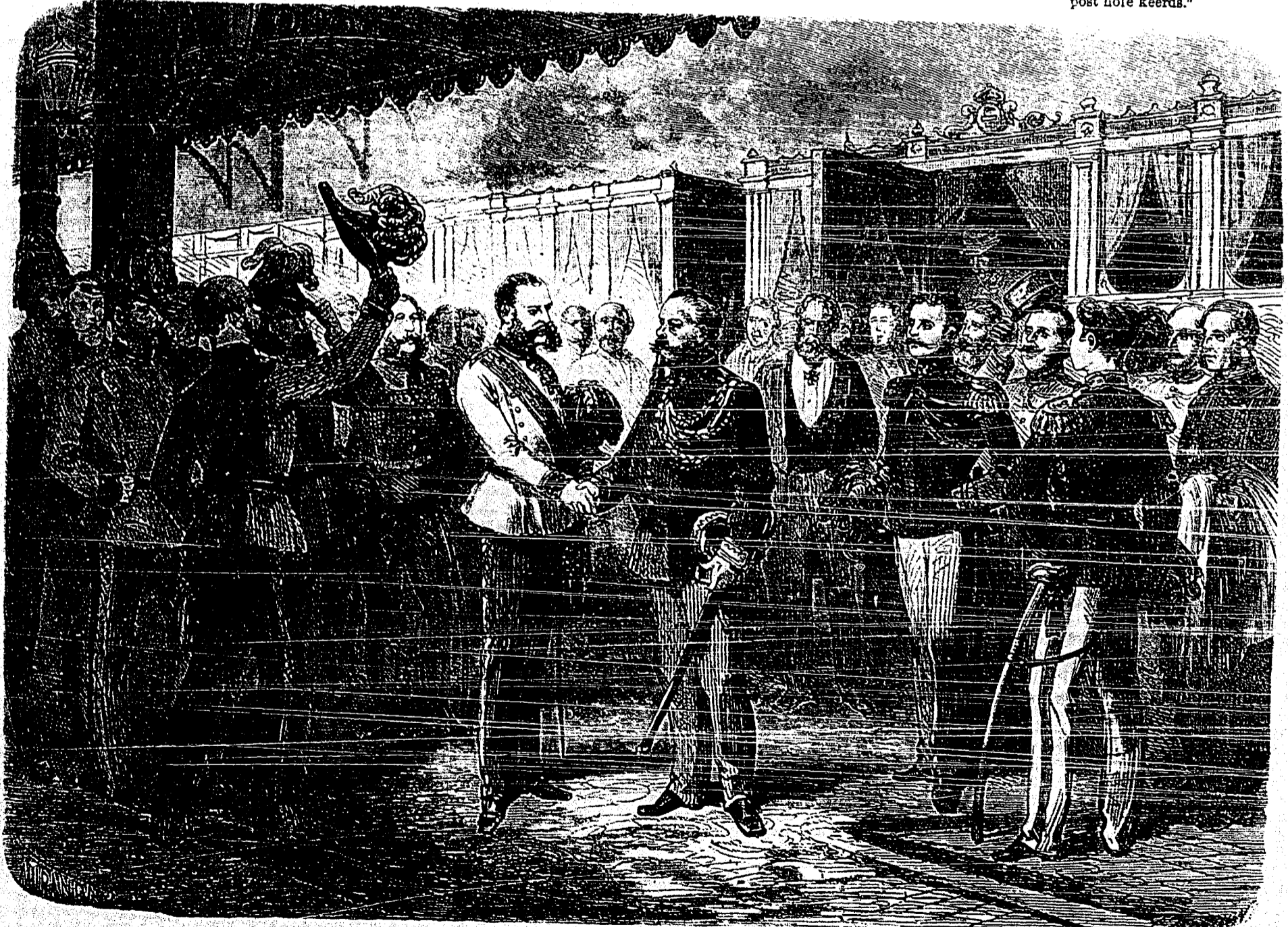
When the troubles broke out with the Hudson's Bay Company, consequent on the transfer of the Red River Valley to the Dominion of Canada, he was called, by common consent, to take his place at the head of the insurgents, and he boldly stepped for-



LOUIS RIEL, M. P.

ward to assume the perilous task. His career as President of the Provisional Government of Assiniboia, need not be rehearsed here. It occupied public attention for years, not only here, but in Europe, and Riel's name may be said to have penetrated to the uttermost parts of the globe. Since the incorporation of Manitoba as a regular Province with the Dominion, his life has been a checkered one, full of peril and uncertainty. He has been forced more than once to take refuge beyond the lines, while his farm on the Assiniboine has been more than once invaded by officers in quest of his person. All through these vicissitudes, however, he has retained his hold on the affections of the Metis and more than once his name has been mentioned for a seat in Parliament. At the last general election, he would certainly have been elected, but he yielded his claims in favour of Sir George Cartier. Four weeks ago the vacancy caused by the death of the illustrious Baronet necessitating another election, he was chosen, by acclamation, member for that constituency. Almost simultaneously with this effect, came a summons for his appearance before the Queen's Bench at Winnipeg, to answer for the death of Thomas Scott. He disappeared again and, it was said, took his departure for Ottawa. During the past fortnight, his name and whereabouts have filled the papers, almost to the exclusion of grave Parliamentary matters. Where he is at the present writing, no one positively knows, and in lieu of definite information on the point, our readers will have to content themselves with the authentic portrait which we present to-day.

An unstamped letter was deposited in the post office at Marshall, Ill., last week, and underneath the address was the endorsement "Let her slide p.m., she's all hunk; inside air one of them post hole keerds."



AUSTRIA.—RECEPTION OF VICTOR EMANUEL BY THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH AT THE VIENNA RAILWAY STATION.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LOOKING BACK.

Where are they now?
The silent voices and the vanished hands,
The merry feet which trod with ours Life's sands
In sweet companionship in distant lands?
Seek not to know.

Haply are some,
Like withered flowers, in the cold, dark tomb.
Others, beloved and loving, live and bloom;
To others worldly cares leave Love no room
In hearts grown numb.

To meet again
Those whom in loving blindness we mistook
For kindred spirits—like some well-bound book
We longed to read, but, reading, soon forsook.
Would give but pain.

O sweet illusions!
Flushing with rosy tints our sombre lot:
Why from our minds the pleasant memories blot?
What were existence worth, if it were not
For its delusions?

NED P. MAN.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE MISANTHROPE'S STORY.

None knew any of John Grimshaw's antecedents, nor from whence he came.

For years he had occupied a lonely house, situated near a sombre wood, living by himself and apparently without a friend in the world. It was only when he needed the necessities of life that he came among his fellow-creatures. At other times he shunned them; and he had been long known as the Misanthrope.

But his occasional visits to the town at length ceased. At first it did not excite much attention, but as time wore on and he still remained absent, various were the surmises expressed as to how the old man fared in his lonely home. The winter had been unusually severe, and it was thought that he might have perished during the fearful cold for want of the necessities of life.

To set apprehensions at rest it was at once decided to visit the house.

A sad scene met the gaze of those who went. On a miserable bed in a corner of the room lay the old man—dead. By all appearances he had perished of cold and hunger.

Curiosity, too, was at length gratified; for on making an examination of the house, a manuscript, containing a confession of his life, was found. This, the portrait of a beautiful woman, and a tress of soft, dark brown hair excited the utmost attention.

A dark history was unfolded in the manuscript—a dark history showing the fearful consequences of uncurbed passions and their power to blast the life of those who indulge in them.

The following is his confession:

"To beguile my time while sitting alone with my thoughts—thoughts that can bring no happiness, that can bring nothing but despair whether they take a retrospective view or try to pierce the impenetrable veil of the future—while sitting with bitter memories I have commenced this narrative.

"My past life, with all its horrors, is ever present with me. Conscience will not be cheated. Sleep alone secures oblivion. Oblivion did I say? Alas! there is never any oblivion for me. Even when sleep visits me, dreams present terrific scenes which break my fitful slumbers, and I am roused to a consciousness of impending doom, to a sense of dense horror that cannot be penetrated. I dare not mingle among my fellow-creatures for fear of being recognized as the perpetrator of an awful crime. I have wandered far from my native land, hoping thereby to be secure from detection. The utter loneliness of this place attracted me. Its solitude suited me well. Here for years under an assumed name I have passed a miserable existence, always dreading discovery, and conscious, even if I do escape, that there is One from whom I can never escape, One who at the last will judge me for all my misdeeds.

"When I first saw Helen Morton I little thought of the evil consequences that would result from my acquaintance with her. How I loved her! Nobody on earth appeared to me so good, so pure as she. I was devoted to her, and she—well she returned my love, and I was supremely happy. I was poor; poorer in fact than I ought to have been. The truth is, I was inclined to be social and often spent my money too freely among idle companions. As a natural result I too often found myself under the influence of strong drink. This fact I tried to conceal from Helen. I was always pressing her to marry, but she was inclined to be prudent. Busybodies had already hinted to her of my wild propensities, and she had repeatedly told me that, unless I reformed, she would never become my wife. I promised faithfully that I would abstain from drink; but young men are surrounded with temptations, and with the best intentions in the world are often led astray. It was hard to give up my old associates, hard to forsake all the pleasures that presented so many allurements. The result was that too often my promise to Helen would be broken. The news of these failures would always be conveyed to her. Somebody was always ready to do that.

"For years I was devoted to her; for years she patiently endeavoured to reclaim me from my wild ways. But this could not continue for ever; her patience wearied at last.

"You will not reform, John," she said, "I can never be your wife. It is better for us to part."

"In vain I protested against her decision; in vain I promised amendment. She was inexorable.

"You have often promised the same," she said, "and as often broken your word. What confidence can I place in you? If you truly loved me, you would surely have made an effort to overcome your besetment."

"Helen, I cannot, I will not give you up!" I exclaimed. "Try me once more. I will endeavour so hard to reform."

"I cannot trust you," she replied; "and I know I should be miserable united to a man whose truth I doubted. As a kind friend you may always claim me; but your wife I cannot be."

"Thus we parted. I felt angry with her for giving me up; and I deeply regretted my lack of firmness in resisting temptation. But above all the thoughts of losing her were maddening.

"This was in the fall. I did not see her during the winter. Business called me from home and I was absent till spring.

But during all my absence her memory was still cherished. I met with pretty girls and fine women, but to none could I give the homage I had yielded to Helen. She still possessed my heart, and I cherished a latent hope that I might yet win her.

"On my return I heard that Helen would shortly be married to a wealthy gentleman who had been paying her a great deal of attention during the winter. I could scarcely credit it. And why not? Had she not dismissed me? Was she not free to marry another man? Still a fearful jealousy took possession of me. I could not endure the thoughts of her whom I so fondly loved becoming the wife of another. Possibly it might not be true. I would see her. I would know for a fact if the report was true. I would know if for the sake of this wealthy lover she had discarded me.

"When I called I broached the subject which engrossed my thoughts. I hoped that the rumour would prove to be mere gossip; but I was disappointed. She did not tell me that it was true. No need for that. Her silence confirmed the fact as plainly as words could. What a tumult I was in!

"Was it for him that you discarded me? I fiercely exclaimed. 'Was it all a pretence your breaking our engagement on account of my short-comings? Say, girl, was it for this wealthy man that you gave me up? Take him! take him, if you think more of him than you do of me, and see what happiness you will get. His wealth I suppose has won you; but I think myself as good a man as he, even if I am poor. But beware, girl! Beware!'

"I expected an angry rejoinder to this fierce tirade, for Helen was a spirited girl and would not tamely brook provocation. But I was disappointed. Instead of anger an ineffable look of sadness stole over her countenance, and the tears slowly dropped from her beautiful eyes. Somehow that look, those tears, softened me. I never could bear to see her in trouble. My anger gave place to a yearning tenderness. For a brief time I forgot that she was the betrothed wife of another man. I forgot all, except that she was the woman that I loved—the only one in the world for me.

"Forgive me, Helen," I softly said. 'Forgive me for speaking so rashly. I cherished hopes that you would one day be my wife. Even though you broke our engagement I still hoped on. Think of my disappointment when I returned and found you engaged to another. Oh, Helen, why have you done this? I loved you so! I still love you! I thought my love was returned. Was it all a deception?'

"No, John," she quietly said. 'There was no deception on my part. You must credit yourself with that. Have you not often tried to deceive me in reference to your wild habits? You knew my sentiments. If you did not love me enough to refrain from drink, how could you expect my love to overlook that failing?'

"Oh, Helen," I cried passionately, 'is there no hope for me? Can I never regain your affection?'

"It is too late now, John," she replied. 'Affairs might have been different if you had only reformed. You know that I have repeatedly given credence to your promises of amendment; and you have as repeatedly broken them. It is all over now. You must forget me.'

"Forget you, Helen," I said. 'You know I can never forget you. It is easy for you to cast my love away, easy for you to thus blight all my hopes. Oh, Helen, I would die for you if necessary! I know I am not rich, but I would work for you and surround you with every comfort in my power. Your rich lover, with all his wealth, will not make you happier than I would endeavour to. I hate him, I fiercely exclaimed, 'and I ardently hope that something will happen to prevent your marriage with him.'

"There has enough been said on the subject," rejoined Helen calmly. 'You are excited now. When you are calmer you will think differently. As it is, we had better part.'

"I left her. What a chaos my mind was in. I could have killed that man. What business had he to come and win my darling from me? Were there not more women in the world that he must deprive me of the one that I loved? Surely with all his wealth there were many who would gladly accept him. Still it was not to be wondered at that Helen Morton had won his love, for she possessed in an unusual degree those fascinating powers which make a woman irresistible. I slept none that night. What hatred I felt towards that man. I could not help blaming myself either. Why had I not practised self-control? Why had I not endeavoured to conquer my appetite for strong drink? Then too came a longing to see the man who had won Helen from me; but it was many weeks before I was gratified.

"One evening I was waiting near Helen's home, thinking to catch a glimpse of her. Ah, how dear she was to me! How I always longed for a sight of her! It was a sad pleasure, but it was the only one I had left me.

"Many nights I had watched thus. At this hour she was usually in the garden. But this evening she was not alone. A tall, powerful-looking man accompanied her. This man, then, was her lover, and would be her husband if fate did not intervene to prevent it. They slowly promenaded the walks, occasionally stopping to admire the flowers which were blooming in all their wealth of beauty. They chatted, they laughed merrily, they were so happy. I gnashed my teeth with rage at the sight.

"As the evening deepened, they seated themselves in a rustic arbour. I had myself often sat there with Helen. An insatiable longing to hear their conversation seized me. I might possibly reach the arbour without discovery. At any rate I would attempt it. I did so, and as I crouched in the shrubbery I made a slight noise. Morgan—that was the man's name—heard it.

"What is that noise, Helen?" he said.

"Oh, it is only Frisk," she replied, as her little pet dog bounded towards her.

"The reply was satisfactory. I felt that my intrusion would not be discovered. But I crouched there for a long time. The beauties of the evening tempted them to linger. It was indeed a lovely night, one of those intensely beautiful nights wherein objects are so perceptible, and everything seems lulled to repose by the soft irradiance of the moon. The air, too, was laden with the perfume of the flowers, and all was sweet, calm, and peaceful—all but I. I felt like a demon let loose from Hades. I could have slain that man there and then, as I listened to their talk. What plans he formed for their future comfort and happiness, plans that I had myself talked over with Helen, when I had hoped she would be my wife. Oh, the wicked, wicked thoughts that took possession of me as I heard him speak thus with her, and knew that she intended to share life's weal or woe with him.

"They left the arbour at last; they came near my hiding place. I could distinctly hear every word they uttered, and the light was so good I could plainly perceive them also.

"It is time for me to be going," he said, then he paused and looked lovingly in Helen's face.

"Helen, dearest, I am strangely anxious about you to-night. I'm sure I have a presentiment of evil."

"Nonsense, Henry," she replied. 'You are nervous. A good night's rest will dispel all your illusions.'

"Nervous! Yes, Helen, I surely am. Look at the moon. See how she is obscured by that cloud. Can it be a harbinger of coming evil?'

"It was as he said. The moon, that had such a short time before shed a soft radiance on everything, was now obscured by a heavy cloud, and a subdued sadness seemed to pervade the scene.

"It is a harbinger of coming rain, I think," Helen laughingly replied.

"Perhaps it is, Helen, but I cannot lay aside the idea that some impending evil hangs over us. Oh, Helen, my darling, if anything should happen to you, life will be worthless. I love you better than life, dearest." His arm was around her waist; he drew her towards him, and kissed her passionately.

"Soon, dearest," he softly said, 'you will be my own. I can watch over you always then.'

"I cannot imagine, said Helen, 'what has put such gloomy ideas into your head. You seemed quite happy until now.'

"So I was," he replied. 'It is only a short time ago that I felt the presentiment. It came suddenly, just before that dark cloud hid the moon from our sight.'

"I'm afraid you are not well," Helen gravely said. 'Whenever I feel depressed I attribute it to ill-health. Most likely that is the root of the evil with you now. But take my word for it, your chimaera will soon pass away. When you come again you will find me all right. Then we can laugh over your fears.'

"God grant that it may be so," he earnestly said. 'I shall be so uneasy till I see you again. I shall come back very soon.'

"They passed on then. I could no longer hear their conversation; they were too far from me.

"Your presentiment shall come true," I muttered, as I rose from my hiding place. 'You shall never marry her—never press your lips to hers again—never look on her again, if I can prevent it.' Murder was in my heart.

"I left the garden and hastened home as quickly as possible. I procured a loaded pistol, and then hurried back to the road again. Henry Morgan would pass this way, and I wanted to be there when he came by. Soon I heard him coming; and oh, to what a fearful doom was he coming! He knew nothing about it; but I knew. Yes, I had deliberately planned to murder Henry Morgan that night. And I succeeded. But oh! what unutterable anguish of mind, what bitter, heart-rending regrets that success has cost me.

"There was a spot—a dark, lonely spot—nearly two miles distant from my home, where I thought to do the fearful deed. The road there lay along the side of a lake, and a little distance from the lake was a dark, lonesome piece of road enclosed on both sides by a dense wood. In this lonely place I intended to commit the crime.

"When Morgan reached me that night I called to him, asking if he would be so good as to give me a ride.

"With pleasure," he replied, as he drew up his horse for me to get in.

"A beautiful night," he said.

"Yes, very fine," I replied. 'The last beautiful one you will ever see,' I mentally added.

"Did no feeling of compassion stir within me for that man, as we sat side by side? he so kind and obliging, too. Did nothing plead for the life I was so ruthlessly thinking to destroy? No, nothing whatever. My sole desire was to rid the earth of him. Then I would probably stand a chance of winning Helen.

"We neared the spot. Neither had spoken for a time. He had been inclined to be chatty at first, but I was moody and silent; and he, too, at length relapsed into quietness.

"How gloomy it seemed when we entered the dark road. It was such a contrast to the brightness which we had just left. Only a streak of moonlight, where the rift between the trees allowed it to penetrate, could be seen.

"My right hand hung over the back of the buggy. In it I clutched the pistol. Suddenly I raised it, and deliberately pointed it at Morgan's head. A report followed, Morgan fell, and I—I was a murderer.

"Then my infernal work had to be concealed. The horse had become restless at the report of the pistol. Still I managed to control him while I placed the murdered man so that I could convey him to the lake where I intended to throw his body. I had hard work to accomplish it, for he was a heavy weight, and it was no light task to handle him. But I succeeded at last in plunging his body beneath the dark waters, and it was with a feeling of unutterable relief that I watched them close over him, thus hiding in their depths my fearful work.

"I went back to the place where I had left the horse. He still stood there. I gave him a smart cut with the whip, and he dashed off at full speed. Then I retraced my steps homeward. It would not do to be seen near the place, for suspicion, if the crime should be discovered, might point to me.

"What befel Henry Morgan that night was not known. Strict enquiries were made on the subject, but it availed nothing. Helen was closely interrogated, for it was known that he had visited her that day. Here the clue failed, nor could it again be found. All trace of Henry Morgan from the time he left her was lost. The affair was involved in mystery and could not be penetrated.

"That Helen deeply mourned him I could not doubt; and it was a long time before I addressed her on the old subject. In the meantime I applied myself diligently to business. I gave up my old associates; I refrained from drink; I became almost a miser in my saving habits. One strong desire swayed me in all this: the desire to win Helen. And in time I did win her; she became my wife. But was I happy when I obtained what I had so deeply sinned for? Alas! no; I was far from that. The remembrance of my crime was always with me; an accusing conscience never left me rest. To drown my recollections I resorted to drink.

"One evening on returning home earlier than usual I found Helen absent. She had been writing, for the materials which she had used still lay on her desk. These attracted my attention, and in my half-maudlin state I felt quite a curiosity to examine the contents of her desk. As the key was in the

lock I had a very favourable opportunity of so doing. I wish that I had never done so, for I found something that drove me nearly frantic. It was a locket containing his—the murdered man's likeness. She, Helen my wife, had kept it unknown to me.

"At this juncture I heard approaching footsteps. Helen had returned from her walk.

"Oh, John," she exclaimed as she entered the room, "I did not expect to find you home. You are earlier— Here she stopped, for I had turned and faced her, and my locks terrified her so much that she did not finish her sentence.

"I suppose you did not," I fiercely exclaimed, in answer to what she had said. "If you had expected me, madam, I should not have had the privilege of viewing this," and I held the locket up to her gaze. "But you shall never have it held to look at in secret; no, never, never," and I dashed the locket to the floor and furiously crushed it with my heel.

"To all this she made no reply. I think her silence infuriated me all the more.

"You thought to be married to him," I continued; "but I took good care that you shouldn't. It was I that put him out of the way," then I approached her still nearer and bisected the rest in her ear. "I killed him, madam. Yes, I am his murderer. None of you suspected me, did you?"

"What demon possessed me? How came I to be so mad as to tell her this? I shall never forget the look of horror that overspread her face as she listened to my words. I think that look always remained. I am certain that I never saw her smile again.

"It was in vain, when I came to my senses, that I begged her to forget what I had said. She regarded me with loathing. And from that time she never spoke to me except to answer my questions with cold monosyllables. And every loving word that I spoke, every caress that I proffered made her shudder.

"At last a baby came to our unhappy home. I hoped that it would call her to some interest in life. But it failed to do so. She never talked loving nonsense to her child as mothers generally do. I have seen her sit for hours mournfully regarding it whilst it slept, and though she often kissed it lovingly, her kisses were generally accompanied with tears.

"But the baby did not stay with us long. It sickened and died. I know that Helen was glad when it left us. I shall never forget the heartfelt expression of gratitude that she uttered as she stood by the tiny corpse. I, too, had crept noiselessly in to look on my dead child. She did not know that I was there and expressed her thoughts aloud.

"Thank God, my poor baby, that you are gone," she said. "I never wished you to live. Yours would have been an unhappy life. Your greatest inheritance would have been one of shame; for your father is a murderer. It would be dreadful for you to have lived to come to a knowledge of this horrible truth. Oh, my darling baby, it is well for you that you have left us!"

"What bitter remorse I felt as I listened to her words! I would have given worlds to cancel my fearful past. But it was too late: all my repentance could not undo that dreadful night's work.

"After the baby's death, Helen gradually faded away. A settled melancholy took possession of her, and it was not long before she joined her baby in the spirit-world. At last she rested, rested from all the horrors of her unhappy life.

"Oh, Helen, Helen, dear wife! I love thy memory still, even though for many, many long, weary years thou hast lain in the cold and silent tomb!

"After Helen's death I lost all interest in life. I was restless. I could not endure the thoughts of remaining where everything reminded me so palpably of her, and of my awful crime. I left the place and became a wanderer. I visited many climes, but still that restlessness, that absence of all peace possessed me.

"As I advanced in years and my strength began to fail, it became necessary for me to choose some place to abide in. In my wanderings I came to this spot. I liked its solitary appearance, hence I selected it. My real name is not known; no matter; I have no desire for my friends—if I have any—to know that I am the murderer of Helen's lover. Better, far better for them to remain in doubt as to my fate than to hear that dreadful story.

"But perhaps they are dead; for I am an old man now, and the facts that I have written occurred many years ago. Every day I feel that Death will soon claim me. Yes, I shall probably die here without a single person to watch by me in my last moments. The prospect is very bitter, but how could I dare to hope for even one friend to wait with me whilst I pass away? Truly there is One who watcheth over all. Retribution has indeed overtaken me."

Here the narrative ended. And the miserable old man, whose life had been so fearfully blighted by that one fatal night's work, had gone to face that Supreme Being who metes out justice to all, and from whose sentence there is no appeal.

EDITH OAKLEY.

Miscellaneous.

Too Thin.

The correspondent of an English newspaper, the *Bucks Advertiser*, writes: "It is now eleven years since a live bee got into the ear of Mr. Reed, the baker of the Woburn workhouse. A few days since, when his ear was syringed, extraordinary to relate, forth came a bee in as perfect a state as when alive, even to the wings, the wax of the ear having preserved it from decay. The insect is to be carefully preserved."

Naturally Coloured Silk.

In the *Chronique de la Société d'Acclimatation*, M. Roumet states that by feeding silkworms on vine leaves he has obtained silk of a fine red colour; and that by giving the worms lettuce leaves, they have produced cocoons of an emerald green colour. M. Delidon de St. Gilles, of Vendée, has also, by feeding silkworms—during the last 20 days of the larva period—on vine, lettuce, and nettle leaves, obtained green, yellow, and violet cocoons. Natural dyes seem to be indicated as the result of proper experiments.

All About a Petticoat.

On the 14th of September two Lyons washerwomen hung out at their windows to dry a couple of red petticoats. They were prosecuted on the ground of having displayed "seditious emblems," and on Saturday were tried before the Tribunal of Correctional Police. The issue raised was whether the red petticoats were to be considered as flags or as petticoats merely. The court, after a long deliberation, could not agree on this knotty

point, and the women were committed to take their trial at the Assizes, when this petticoat question will be decided by a jury.

Another Irish Bull.

An account of an extraordinary Irish bull affair comes to us from Wexford. A man was being attacked by a bull; fortunately that man had in his vest pocket a box of lucifers, and the bull having given the box a punch with his nose, all the matches ignited. The sudden flame, smoke, and stench from the matches terrified the bull, and made him scamper off, thus enabling the man to crawl to the other side of the ditch, where he lay in safety until he was carried home. The bull belonged to Mr. Davis of Grange county.

A Doubtful Compliment.

The death is announced of M. Barillet-Deschamps, chief gardener of Paris. He it was who prepared the triumphal arch at Bordeaux, to which such an amusing accident happened when Louis Napoleon went to that city to say that the Empire was peace. A crown of flowers with this inscription—"Il l'a bien mérité," (He has deserved it) was to have descended on the head of the President of the Republic, as he rode underneath, but a gust of wind disarranged the machinery, and the cord and inscription without the flowers alone fell.

How Not to Sleep.

It is related that when Dr. Nelaton began his studies he worked with such ardour that he often refused himself the time necessary for sleep. He procured a plank some five to six feet long and forty centimetres broad, the extremities of which he placed on two chairs. He lay on it, holding his book open before him. It is said that in this position the want of sleep is less readily felt. When, in spite of him, his eyes closed and the book fell, the shock disturbed his balance, and he followed the book. The shock aroused him, and he got up and began his work again.

Warning to Relic-Hunters.

The custodian of what has been Garibaldi's straw-stuffed bed in Ischia was heard to mutter, on seeing a lady carrying away a few straws as a relic, "They will do it; I've stuffed it six times already since the General left;" and it is commonly observed that the Royal George and "Napoleon's willow" must have possessed a wonderful power of "reconstruction." A correspondent relates that on the occasion of the late pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial no fewer than 6,000 pilgrims helped themselves to a twig from the small thicket of nut trees surrounding the statue of the "Blessed."

Times for Tea.

Dr. Adam Smith, in a paper read before the London Society of Arts, recommends the use of tea in the following cases: After a full meal, when the system is oppressed; for the corpulent and the old; for hot climates, and especially for those who, living there, eat freely or drink milk or alcohol; in cases of suspended animation; for soldiers who, in time of peace, take too much food in relation to the waste proceeding in the body; for soldiers and others marching in hot climates, for then, by promoting evaporation and cooling the body, it prevents in a degree the effects of too much food as of too great heat.

The Double Genitive.

Some discussion is going on as to the use of the double genitive, originating in connection with the phrase used by Thackeray, "that dark tempestuous life of Swift's." The conclusion arrived at upon the whole is that the phrase is a correct one, and used to express emphasis. One writer speaks of the form as an instance of what the Latin grammarian calls *genitivus de Anitviva*. For example, we say "the city of London;" why of? Again we say "A gentleman of the name of Robert Lowe;" why of? Farther, we speak of "that rascal of a footman;" and the French also would say "ce coquin de cuisinier."

Making a Goose of Her.

The *London Hornet* gives the following: "Sir Michael Costa is the author of the last musical mot. At a rehearsal of 'Il Talismano,' at Drury Lane, Miss Nilsson complained of the expression in the Italian libretto, 'When the turtle doves behold you they begin to sing.' In vain was it explained to her that, as the words were not in her part, but in Signor Campanini's, her complaint was ill-founded. At last, in despair, Signor Zaffra, the Italian librettist, appealed to Sir Michael. 'What!' said Sir Michael, 'she objects to turtle doves? Then make it geese.' 'When she appears the geese begin.' That ought to satisfy her."

Biddy a Bother

"The funniest thing in the world," writes the *Danbury News Man*, "is the conduct of a hen on the approach of a team. If she is standing in the way at the time she remains there, and you instinctively stop your horse, only to discover that she is safely out of the way. And if she is on one side of the road, she immediately dashes into the centre, and brings you up again, while the cold sweat forms on your back at the thought of the damages. And it is a little singular that while you are confident you never saw a hen run over, nor ever heard of such a thing, yet no number of trials can keep back the perspiration from your back, or prevent you from drawing up your horse, to the imminent danger of his hind-legs."

Reporters at the Bazaine Trial.

There is only space for 100 journalists in the Trianon Palace, where Bazaine is being tried, and for which there are 638 applications from distinct editors. Russia has asked for eight places, Roumania three, Athens two, Constantinople four, Prussia ten, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark five, Italy seven, Austria eleven; the remaining wants are claimed by France, England and America. To satisfy all, an official abstract of the trial will be pasted up in an ante-room every two hours, for the use of the press. The demands are thus numerous in consequence of a military, as well as an ordinary reporter being considered essential. It is well for readers to be prepared for four-fifths of the trial being purely technical.

When I Have Money in my Pocket.

A parson, who was not over promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering the church one Sabbath morning, met one of the most wealthy of his flock, and asked the loan of a sovereign. "Certainly," said the man, at the same time handing over the coin. Dominic put it into his pocket, and preached his preach in the most capital style, and on coming down, handed the identical sovereign to the man from whom he borrowed it. "Why," exclaimed the lender, "you have not used the money at all." "It has been of great service to me, nevertheless," replied the parson; "I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket." The hint was taken, and the balance of his salary was got together the following afternoon.

Deacons and Cantoris.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, there was an old Viceroyal Choral who loved his dinner "not wisely but too well." He had bought a fine quarter of mutton, and intended to have it for his Sunday's repast, after the fatigue of chanting the morning service, but forgot to tell his wife in what manner he wished it to be cooked. The good lady, however, was equal to the emergency. In the middle of the *Te Deum*, a small boy was observed to creep up the aisle till he came near the choir, where his father was singing, and in a piping treble mingled with the chorists thus: "My mother's got a quarter of mutton, and she don't know what to do-o-o-o with it." The father responded: "Let her boil the leg, and roast the loin, and make a dumpling of the breast." *Omnes—Amen.*

Handwriting.

An old compositor who worked upon *Punch* many years ago, tells us that of all the able contributors to that witty periodical, the MSS. of Douglas Jerrold and Gilbert A'Beckett were the most peculiar. Jerrold's was written in almost microscopic characters with a fine gold pen, and so close that one of the sides of the small foolscap octavo paper he used would nearly fill a solid brevier column of *Punch*. Mr. A'Beckett's was altogether the reverse, being written very wide apart, and on post octavo paper. It had a very curious appearance, for he began up in the left-hand corner, and widened out his lines till he finished the page, in a diamond shape, down in the opposite corner. When written thus one of his pages would make about six lines of type. Mr. Dickens wrote a very unreadable hand, and his manuscript was full of alterations, deletions, and interlineations.

"The Wine of the Country."

The pilgrims to the shrine of the Sacred Heart seem to have mixed superstition and fun as cleverly as Dr. Manning mixed sophistry and religence. One pilgrim from Ireland went to dine at a Paris restaurant, astounding the ordinary *habitués* by his badge of the Heart, a red cross. The viands were served, and the waiter, who spoke English, presented the wine card. "I do not understand your language," said our countryman; "but tell me what wine you would recommend me." "Oh, monsieur, for that matter," answered the *garçon*, "it is quite an affair of preference; we have St. Julien, St. Estephe, St. Emillion." The Irish pilgrim held up his hand—"Stop," he said, "have you any St. Patrick?" The waiter looked astonished. "Just bring me," piously ejaculated the gentleman, "a glass or two of cognac; in Paris we call that St. Patrick's wine; in our own country it goes by another name, and has a more smoky flavour."

Why he Didn't Stop.

One of the typical skippers of the past recently entered the Bay of Rio Janeiro flying a flag which was not recognized by the officers of Fort Santa Cruz. They accordingly ordered him to anchor immediately. Not understanding a word of Portuguese, the gentle captain just screamed out the name of his ship and calmly sailed on. A blank shot fired at him failed to—in the language of Mr. Weller's beautiful ballad—"prewall on him to stop." But he was observed to seize his revolver and instantly fire six successive shots into the air. Then the fort and two shore batteries joined in a duel of solid shot, and when at last he reached quarantine still firing his revolver, his ship was in rather a dismantled condition. Then did the Captain of the Port appear and vigorously inquire why he didn't stop. The pleasing emotions of that officer may be imagined when the astonished skipper stated that he thought they were saluting the American flag, and that he was doing his best to respond to the compliment with his revolver.

Paris Restaurants.

"The Diner de Paris" is an institution. You can get here a dinner cooked to order for five francs, one dollar in our money. You have your choice from four soups, four kinds of fish, roast poultry, vegetables, cheese, salad, ice-cream, and strawberries. You have, too, either a bottle of wine, red or white, or a bottle of English beer. The "swell" restaurants are Dubant's, Frascati's, Tortenni's, Anglais, and Malson Doré. Everything in these places is cooked and served in the best possible manner, and the charges are according. The "Trois Frères Provençaux," Palais Royal, renowned in history, and familiar to every American who visited Paris during its long existence, is no more. The Diner de Paris is very good, and the Restaurant d'Europe almost equals it. In the Palais Royal you can have a dinner for three francs, but not cooked to your order as at the Diner de Paris and Restaurant d'Europe. Duvall's is the great lunch place. He controls about ten of these places in Paris.

A Strange Beast.

The grand attraction at the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris at the present moment, is an Arab horse, a Morocco mule, and their foal. This unique production was born in Algeria in the present year, and caused a great commotion amongst the Arabs, who having a saying that "when a mule shall produce young, men will become women, and women men," and it was with difficulty that the offending mother mule could be preserved from execution before the birth. Fortunately the authorities intervened, and the birth of the foal took place, and was officially recorded, and attested by medical men, and by M. Laguerriere, a military veterinary surgeon, who supplied the facts of the case. The sire is an Arab of Tunis, 4½ years old, and 1-40 metres in height, of remarkable beauty, but with rather a long head and ears—a curious coincidence; the dam is a mule of Morocco, 9 years old, and 1-30 metres in height, a well-made animal, who has done good work as a *bât* mule, as the gall marks show.

European Fruits.

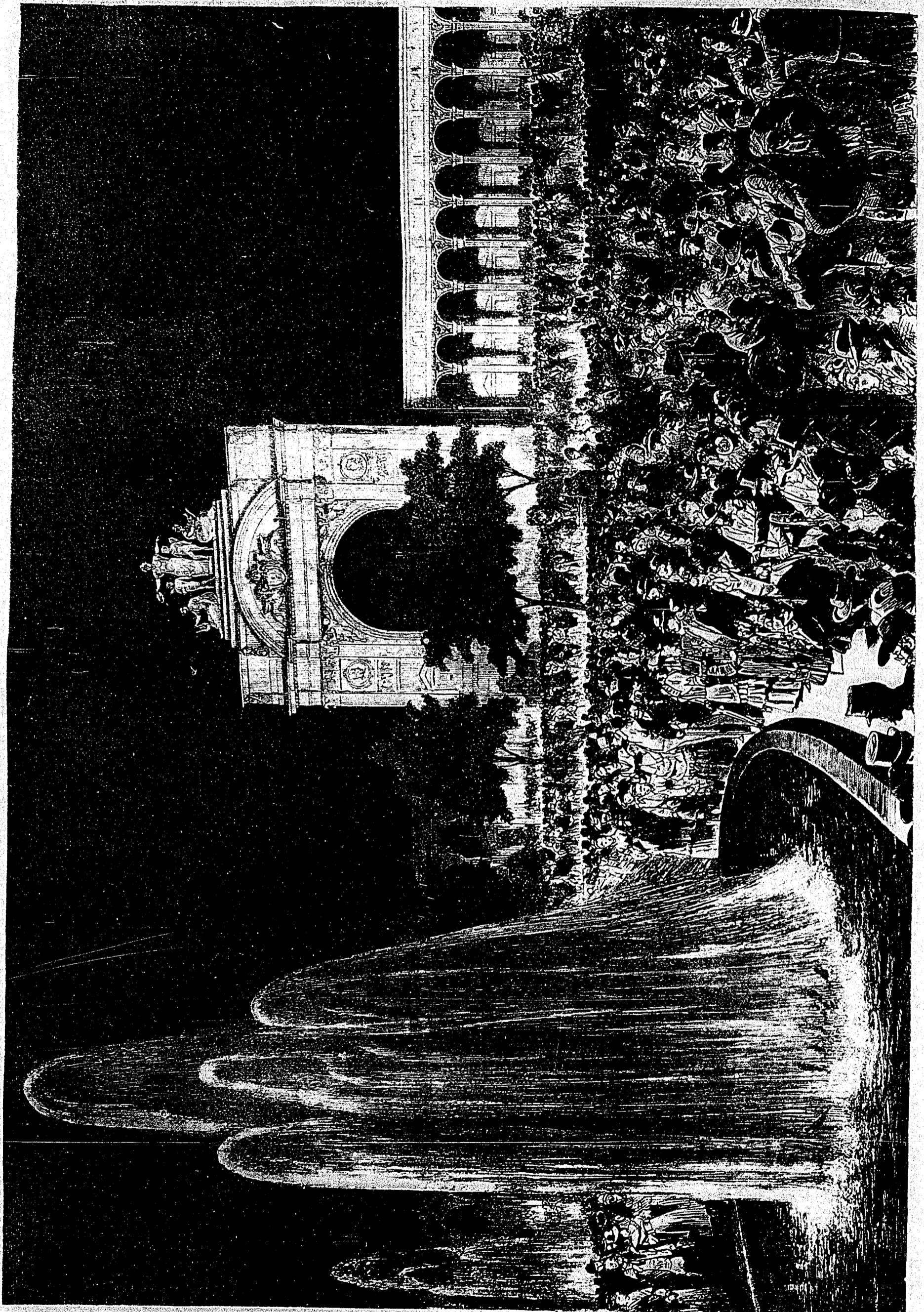
The *Garden* gives us the following interesting details of the Eastern origin of many of the best known fruits of Europe:—"Most of the kinds which are now grown were introduced from Asia by the Romans. The apricot was brought from Armenia, the cherry from the Northern parts of Asia Minor, the pistachio tree and the plum from Syria, the peach and the walnut from Persia, the citron from Media, the filbert from Pontus, the chestnut from Catania, a town of Magnesia, and the almond from various parts of Asia. The pomegranate, according to some authors, came from Africa, according to others from the island of Cyprus; the quince from near Cydon, a town of Crete; while the olive, the fig, the pear, and the apple were all introduced from Greece. We learn from the 'Capitulaires' of Charlemagne that almost all the fruits above mentioned were grown in the gardens of that monarch, and that even at that early period many varieties had been produced in the course of cultivation. Amongst them, however, we do not find the Reine Claude or greengage, nor the Bon Chrétien pear, a variety first presented by Saint François de Paul to Louis XI."

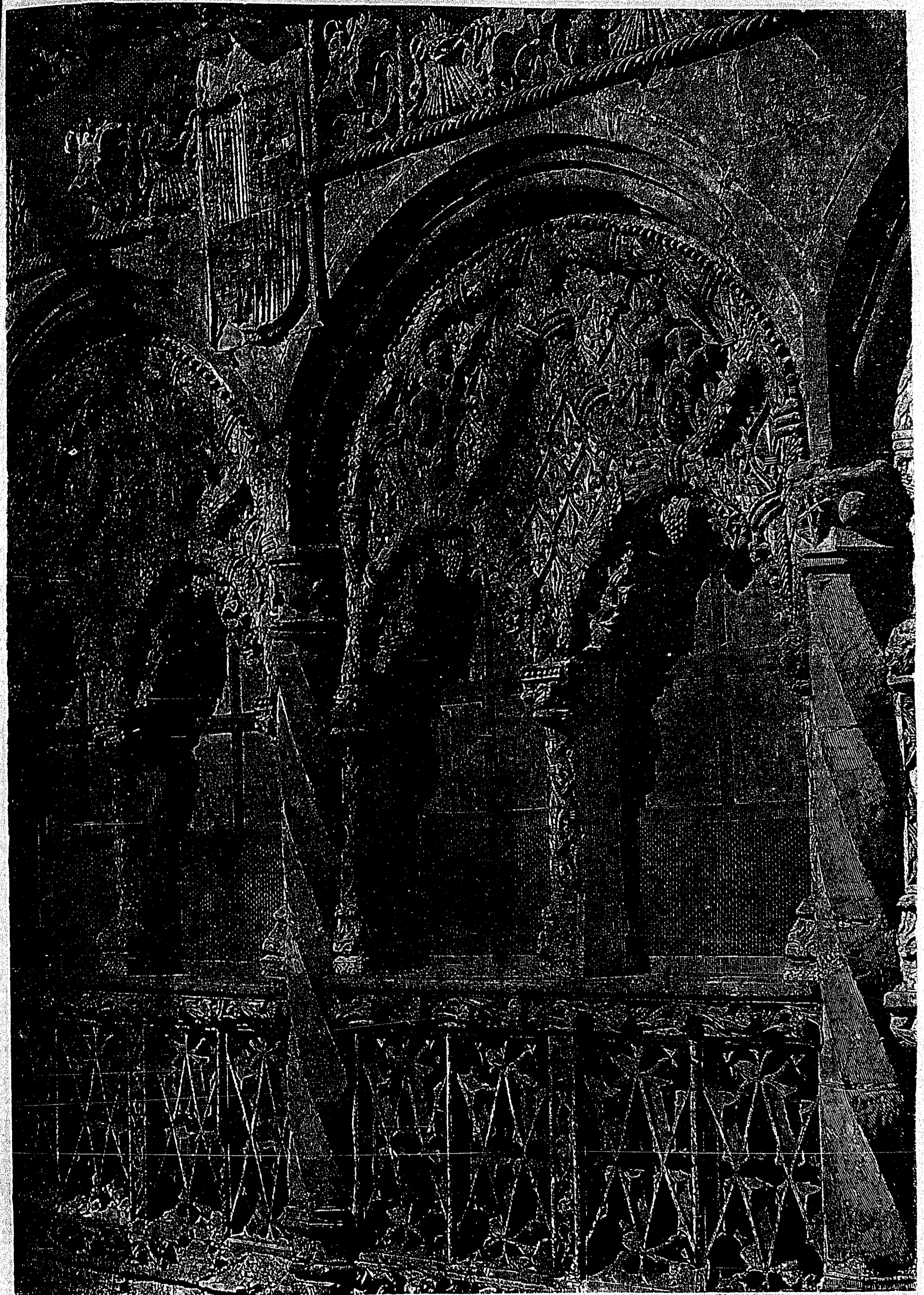
A Genuine Help-meet.

Next to the petrified specimens—says the *Shelby (Ky.) Courier*—the oldest ham on record is one served at the wedding feast of a couple who now live in this country, and by whom the facts can be authenticated if necessary. The ham was a choice one selected for the purpose from one of the regular annual stock, was nicely cured and hung up by the thrifty housewife to be served at the marriage of her only daughter, then but a few months old. Time rolled on; the child passed through the happy period of girlhood into womanhood, and still the ham hung among the smoked rafters of that old meat-house. But the strong faith of the mother, though she had put it in man, failed not. Suitors came, and not *suiting*, were sent away, and still the old ham hung 'mid the rafters and sweetened and dried. But at last there came one whose claims were referred to the provident mother, then grown old with the weight of years. With eyes downcast, he made his mission known, and pleaded his cause as only a lover can plead, but looking up to read his fate in the mother's face even before the tongue could announce it, he found her gone. For a moment his heart sunk within him; but a voice calling, "Betsy, run to the smoke-house and cut down that ham," assured him that he had got his meat.

A Wonderful Enterprise.

The British Anti-Tobacco Association, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will be terribly affected by some partial intelligence





CARVED WORK IN THE CLOISTER OF THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN GREGORIO, AT VALLADOLID.

which appears in the Virginia Territorial Enterprise. It seems that Professor Maulesel, a German gentleman, who has lately arrived in that city, has invented a scheme for laying tobacco smoke on to houses, like gas, and is now engaged in erecting extensive works in Virginia for that purpose.

The Flag of France.

At the present time, when our neighbours across the Channel are busily discussing their future flag, it may be interesting to recapitulate the changes that have taken place in the national banner of France since the time of Charlemagne.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Parliament met on Thursday week, and adjourned until Monday.—The Governor-General has received a despatch from the Imperial Government confirming his action with respect to the prorogation and the issue of the Royal Commission.

UNITED STATES.—Chicago has resumed specie payment on its own account.—The "Junjata" has returned from Greenland.—There were 169 deaths from yellow fever at Memphis the week before last, being 79 less than the previous week.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Sir Samuel Baker, who recently returned from Africa, is seriously ill from inflammation of the lungs.—The Cunard Steamship Company have determined to withdraw their vessels from the West Indian service at an early day, and establish a daily line between Liverpool and New York.

FRANCE.—The Bazaine trial is still going on.—The Assembly was to have met on the 29th ult. A motion for the restoration of the monarchy will be made on the 5th inst.—The deputies of the Left Centre have refused to coalesce with the Right.

AUSTRIA.—Prince Bismarck had an audience with the Emperor of Austria last week and subsequently held a conference with Count Andrassy and the Italian Minister.

ITALY.—The Jesuits in Rome have received orders to evacuate their premises immediately.—The head-quarters of the Order have been transported to Malta.—The committee of liquidation of ecclesiastical property, appointed under the law for the abolition of religious corporations, took possession of six convents last week.

SPAIN.—A Carlist victory in the Province of Gerona is reported.—The insurgent squadron from Cartagena anchored off Valencia last week and threatened to bombard the town unless supplies were forthcoming.

CUBA.—Havana mail advices are to the effect that the insurgents have recently achieved several minor successes, which the Spanish admit.

One of the most perfect inventions for the detection of burglars is that known as Simmond's Excelsior Burglar Detector. It consists of a metal block containing several chambers of the size and capacity of a rifle that are fired by means of a gun cap arranged so as to be started on the mere touch of a combination of springs.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Correct solutions of Problem No. 102 and Enigma No. 31 received from J. H. St. Liboire, and of No. 103 from Alpha, Whitby, and G. E. C., Montreal. J. W. B., Toronto.—Thanks for Problem; will appear in due course. Your solutions of Problems Nos. 102 and 103 are correct.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

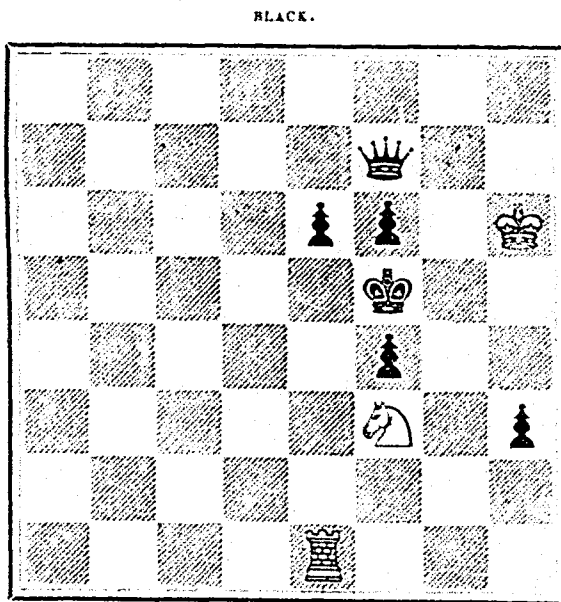
The following illustrates a variation now seldom played in the King's Bishop's Opening.

- White—Bilguer. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. B. to B. 4th 3. B. takes Kt. (a) 4. P. takes P. 5. P. to K. Kt. 4th (b) 6. Q. to K. 2nd 7. P. to Q. 3rd 8. P. takes P. 9. P. to K. Kt. 5th 10. P. to Q. B. 3rd 11. P. to K. R. 4th 12. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd 13. P. to Q. 4th 14. P. takes B. 15. Q. to Q. sq. 16. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd 17. K. to B. sq. 18. P. to K. B. 4th 19. Q. ch. 20. K. R. to R. 2nd 21. Kt. to K. 2nd 22. K. to Kt. sq. (d) 23. K. to Kt. 2nd

- (a) P. to Q. 3rd, &c., is stronger than the line of play adopted. (b) Q. ch. is sometimes played here, but P. to Q. 3rd is still, perhaps, better; and then develop the Queen's side, in order to Castle (Q. R.) But the first player always seems to have a weak game after the third and fourth move as above. (c) Quite sound, as the sequel shows: Black's succeeding moves are in the best style. (d) If Q. to Kt. 3rd, Black can play in reply: R. takes P. ch., &c., winning easily.

PROBLEM No. 104.

By Mr. R. H. Ramsey.



White to play and either draw or mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 101.

- White. 1. P. to K. 4th ch. 2. K. to K. 2nd 3. One of the Kts. mates accordingly. Black. 1. P. takes P. en passant. 2. B. moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 102.

- White. 1. R. to Q. 3rd 2. K. to K. 3rd 3. P. mates. Black. 1. Any move. 2. "

SOLUTION OF KNIGHT'S TOUR No. 2.

The lines are taken from "Hamlet," Act. 3, Sc. 1.

Begin at K. B. 5th.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all; And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; And enterprises of great pith and moment, With this regard, their currents turn awry, And lose the name of action.

ENIGMA No. 32.

By Mr. P. Perry.

- White.—K. at Q. B. 6th, B. at Q. R. 6th and K. R. 2nd, Kt. at K. Kt. 5th, Ps. at K. B. 2nd and Q. Kt. 2nd. Black.—K. at Q. 5th, P. at K. B. 2nd. White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 31.

- White. 1. B. to K. Kt. 5th 2. K. to K. 2nd 3. B. P. takes P. 4. B. to B. 6th mate. Black. 1. P. takes B. (best.) 2. P. to Kt. 5th 3. K. takes P.

Our Illustrations.

The rugged, war-beaten face of Marshal Bazaine graces our front page. The trial that old soldier is now undergoing for his life, and the revelations which that trial is expected to elicit, give at present an actual interest to the personality of a man who has figured so largely in the military history of the last forty years.

Guelp is one of the rising towns of Ontario, and is the centre of a rich agricultural district. It has a large retail country trade and exports considerable quantities of wheat and flour. No place in Canada presents more excellent manufacturing facilities. It possesses several beds of whitish sub-crystalline, dark brown and black dolomite which yield a splendid stone.

Indiantown may be styled a suburb of the beautiful city of St. John, N. B., and is situated near the mouth of the St. John river. It derives much of its importance from the fact that the St. John, Grand Lake, Salmon River and Kennebecasis steamers have their wharf there, being prevented from reaching the city by the falls at Suspension Bridge.

The picture on our eighth page, which represents liberated France returning to work, is an ideal full of hopefulness and instruction. France, recognizing her defeat and freed from the domination of the stranger, lays aside her plans of vengeance and devotes herself to hard work to recuperate her fortunes.

Victor Emmanuel received by Francis Joseph at the Railway station at Vienna is a picture of peace after many years of bloody strife. The story goes that the burly King squeezed the hand of his Imperial cousin so hard as almost to draw tears from the latter.

We give another illustration of the Vienna Exhibition, relating to a night festival, on the 22nd August last, when electric light was thrown on the large fountains in front of the north and south portals of the Rotunda. The scene is described to have been of a fairy-like magnificence.

We call particular attention to the carved work in the old Vallabod Convent, as seen on our thirteenth page. The convent of the Dominican College of San Gregorio was founded in 1155 by Alonzo de Burgos and built by the architect Matthias Corneo, of Medina del Campo. In the Napoleonic wars it was plundered of many of its treasures, but has since been restored and now presents one of the most remarkable specimens of medieval Spanish architecture.

Scraps.

Father Hyacinthe has finally abandoned the clerical garb. Geneva is discussing the possibility of an International Exhibition.

The Khivan Expedition is estimated to have cost Russia £500,000. Iceland celebrates next year the thousandth anniversary of its settlement.

We learn from Bayonne that Don Carlos has issued postage stamps bearing his own portrait. The Bazaine prosecution has cited 272 persons, comprising 120 militaries, 143 civilians, and 9 women.

At Ruthin, in Wales, the potato plants grow to be miniature trees. Some were found to measure nine feet in height.

Sir Richard Wallace has made another gift of £5,000 to the Public Assistance of Paris, for the purchase of winter clothing for the poor.

A working man has forwarded a contribution of £150 to the National Institution to support a lifeboat. Pretty good for a working man.

The French Freemasons intend to dispense with a Grand Master in future, and the organization is to be administered by the Grand Lodge.

In consequence of the satisfactory result of the trial of the turret ship "Devastation," two more vessels are to be built on the same model.

"The ocean is white with the neckties of outward-bound emigrants," says a clerical paper, lamenting the departure of the white-choker saints.

Bazaine's friends are burning candles in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, to implore his triumph; there is one taper for every count in the indictment.

Foreign papers report the death of the King of Dahomey. He was so unpopular that only twenty of his women were sacrificed on his grave instead of the usual thousand.

The betrothal of Prince Alfred and the Grand Duchess Mary of Russia will shortly be celebrated at Livadia, according to the rites of the Orthodox Church. The marriage is fixed upon for January.

A curious fact, founded upon long and close observation, is worthy the attention of the British Association. Every spotted dog has the end of his tail white, and every spotted cat the end of the tail black.

Marshal MacMahon is said by Gallignani to have pronounced in favour of placing on the Vendôme Column the statue of the Emperor Napoleon I., dressed in the legendary costume of the light overcoat and small cocked hat.

The scarcity of animal food in London has led to the adoption of one rather curious means of increasing the supply. A number of rabbit establishments have been started in different parts of London, and are said to be paying very well.

The curious fact has been developed in England that, while one-eighth of the people of that country are members of friendly societies (such as Odd Fellows, Foresters, Druids, and other organizations established for mutual financial benefit) more than one half of these societies are insolvent.

It is said that all the old war trophies kept at the Hotel des Invalides at Paris by the Invalids resident there were burnt when they saw that the capture of Paris was unavoidable, and the ashes thrown into a cask of wine, which the veterans drank to the health of the Emperor.

Music and the Drama.

Art and Literature.

Oddities.

Theo. Formes is hopelessly insane. Mrs. Scott-Siddons is playing in Edinburgh. Amberlik's voice is said to be sadly decayed.

The Academy has been favoured with the sight of an unpublished pamphlet of great interest to Biblical critics, by Bishop Colenso. A handsome porch is being erected at Cheriton Church in memory of Lord Justice Knight Bruce, the first Lord Justice of England.

Never kick a man when he's down, unless you are sure he can't get up. T. Nast is registered on the alphabetical list of arrivals at Boston as "Nast, T."

CARD. The undersigned, for several years assistant to the late Mr. CARLISLE, Proprietor of the "TERRAPIN," begs to inform his friends and the public that he has now assumed the management of this popular Restaurant, which will be continued by him on the most modern principles.

FLOUR INSPECTION. The undersigned having been appointed Inspector of Flour and Meal for the City of Montreal, begs respectfully to inform the Trade that he has established his Office at the Corner of Common and Colborne Streets. (McN's WAREHOUSE.) POST OFFICE ADDRESS - BOX 645. M. HUTCHISON. Flour Inspector. 8-18 2f

Grand Trunk Railway TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY. We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List: STRATFORD, ONT. ALBION HOTEL.....D. L. CAVEN, Proprietor. WAVERLEY HOUSE.....E. S. REYNOLDS, Proprietor.

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CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street:- MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872. DEAR SIR.-I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARHOOUND AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE. MR. RICHMOND SPENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. THE Commissioners appointed to construct the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for the construction of a "Deep Water Terminal" at Father Point. Plans and Specifications may be seen at the Engineers' Offices in Ottawa and Rimouski, on and after the 20th day of November next. Tenders marked "Tenders for Harbour and Branch Line," will be received at the Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, up to six o'clock, p.m., of the 24th day of December next. A. WALSH, ED. H. CHANDLER, C. J. BRYDGES, A. W. McLELLAN, Commissioners. COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE, OTTAWA. } October 17th, 1873. } 8-17 1f

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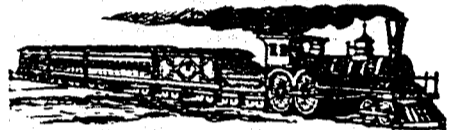
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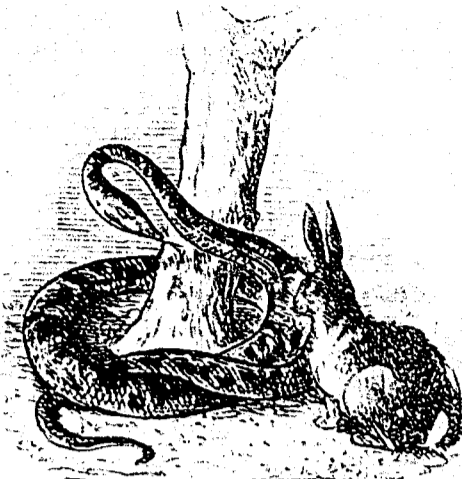
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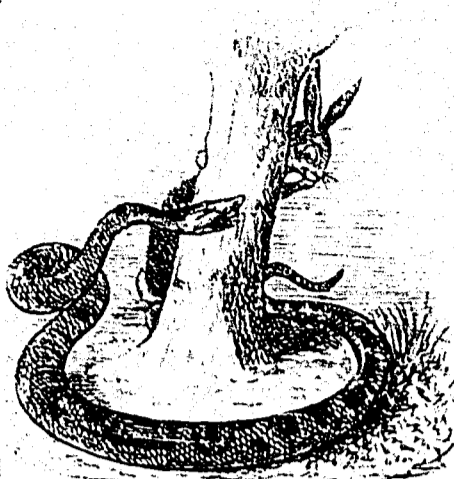
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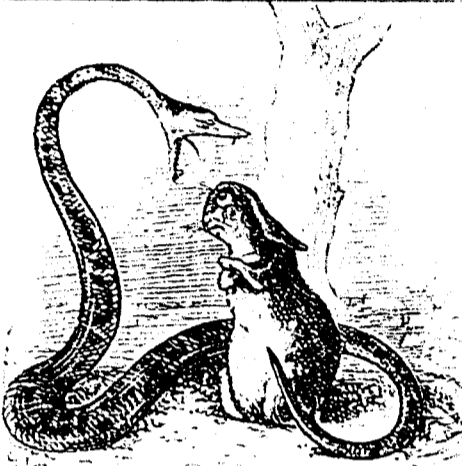
C. J. BRYDGE, Managing Director. Montreal, October 6, 1873. 7-15 2f



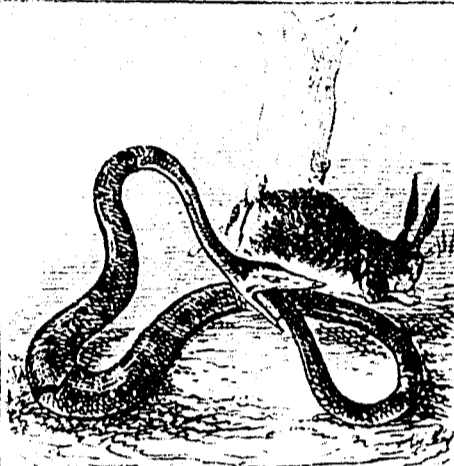
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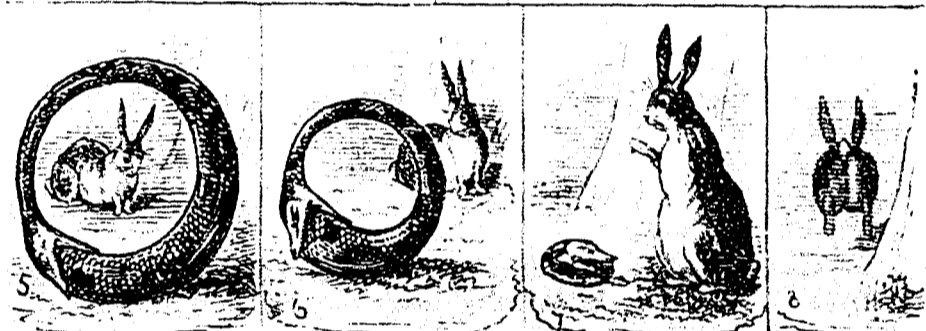
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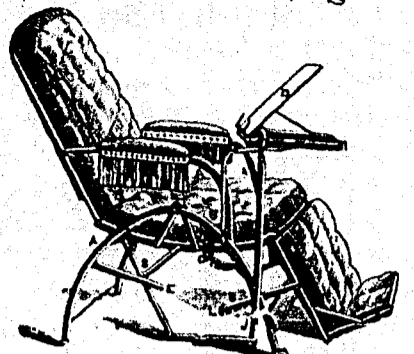
Trains will connect at Painesec with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations. At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations. At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent

Railway Offices. MONTREAL, N.B., May 1873. 7-2 1f

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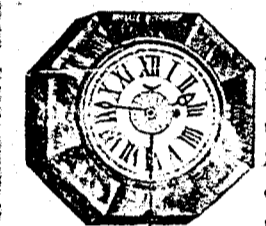
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