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AMERICAN Illustrated News

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REV. ALFRED JAMES BRAY, PASTOR OF ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters in advance.

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

Mr. ARTHUR W. MOORE has been appointed Agent for the "NEWS" in Kingston and vicinity.

NOTICE.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE

Canadian Illustrated News.

THE ONLY ENGLISH

Illustrated Paper and the sole purely Literary Weekly Published in the Dominion.

With the commencement of the New Year we call upon our friends throughout the country to renew their subscriptions and procure additional subscribers, promising them that, on our part, we shall leave nothing undone to give them a good paper, both in its artistic and literary features. We beg also to urge upon them the propriety of remitting as early as possible. The subscription for one year, when paid promptly in advance, is only four dollars, but when there is delay, we are obliged to charge four and a-half, and it is necessary that we should adhere to this rule.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, February 3rd, 1877.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

The very idea of the new nationality which we are striving to form in British America suggests as a corollary the necessity of defence. The respect due to our distinctive flag, to the rights of our citizens, requires a certain concentration and organization of force to maintain that respect in any and every case where it would be jeopardized. Nay more, our commerce, our industry must circulate freely without danger of being interfered with by anybody. It will not do to say that there are no fears of our being attacked or troubled by our neighbors. That may very well be. We hope and pray that our present relations with them may always endure. But, for whoso knows the world, prudence requires adequate preparation against every contingency. If we wish to be a nation, we must take all the consequences, and no government is fully organized without its military department.

The idea current among some people that defensive works for Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, and other large centres are impossible, is simply a fallacy at which any military man will laugh. Of course, we all know that after the modern improvements in rifled-artillery, no defensive works, no matter how favored by natural sites, can be deemed impregnable. The Malakoff was stormed, Magdala was carried, and so can Gibraltar and Quebec be bombarded to atoms. But because no works are impregnable, it does not follow that they may not be useful in war. They can retard the enemy, protract the campaign and render the Fabian policy more successful than a Napoleonic onslaught. Richmond had not many more natural advantages than Montreal, certainly fewer than Quebec, and yet we all know the heroic resistance it offered to the overwhelming numbers of the Fe-

derals. The same may be said of Humaita, during the late Paraguayan war. Lopez, with a comparatively small army, heroically defended it for months against the combined allied army and fleet. With a regular chain of forts properly laid out, at strategic points, our frontier can be satisfactorily defended.

It is not accurate to state that the expenses of our militia are disproportioned to the interests at stake or to the finances of the country. We have English authority to show that in this respect our Government have managed exceedingly well. This will be the more evident when we reflect that our present militia is to form the nucleus of the army of the whole confederation. If this continent be destined to split into numerous independent powers, as that of Europe, then our army will have nothing to fear from its neighbors and all the money expended for its maintenance will be amply refunded by the security which it will afford to individual life and property.

THE DEPLETION OF THE COUNTRY.

The repatriation of Frenchmen now going on with the sanction and support of the Government forces us to revert to a reflection which we have often made that sufficient attention is not paid by our authorities to the serious, the vital losses which the country sustains from the continuous emigration to the United States of the flower of our youth and manhood. We are aware that this deplorable emigration is almost confined to the Province of Quebec, and that consequently the treatment of the subject belongs more especially to the Local Legislature, but inasmuch as the losses of one Province react on the others and affect the whole body of the Confederacy, we see no reason why the Dominion Parliament should not bestow some attention on the matter, were it only to suggest its willingness to help Quebec in any effort it might make to stem the disastrous current. One thing is very certain, and that is that we cannot close our eyes much longer to the emigration of our countrymen, if we are in earnest to build up a new nation in this northern climate. We cannot build out of nothing. We cannot construct a nationality out of stocks and trees and rivers and mountains. We must have men—men with stout hearts and strong arms—to cleave the furrow, to clear the forest, to drive the engine on land and water, to work the mine, to give energy, strength, vitality to the whole scheme of our new policy. Our population is already scant enough, in proportion to the immense area of the country. Instead of losing what we have got, we must get an increase of hands to subdue the Laurentian wilds, to cultivate the Eastern tracts, to set in motion the giant manufacturing interests which are bound to spring up along our water courses. We must not allow Canada to be depleted. A leakage in a vessel must be stopped at once, else the vessel founders in the high seas. It is only the reservoir that can afford to lose its superfluous waters. Our country is no reservoir, as yet; its fountains are not yet full, by any means, and we need all the tributaries that flow into our central, national stream.

It is quite possible that our public men do not realize the extent of this emigration to which we refer. Seated in their warm, carpeted offices at Ottawa or Quebec, they may not be aware how many of their unfortunate countrymen are hurrying off from what they fancy the bleakness of poverty to a more genial climate. Our ministers and representatives may read statistics of this exodus, but they are not impressed as they would be if they saw what we often witness with the fleshly eye. If they did, they would probably be up and doing something worthy of statesmen and patriots.

We have heard it stated by unpractical men that there is no effectual way of stopping this emigration; that it is a

kind of mania which has to run its time, and which will then cease of itself. There is poor statesmanship in such views. There is no evil without a cause. That can and should be found out. There are few maladies without a cure. This one can be cured and the remedy must be applied. For the fair fame of the Dominion abroad, for its prosperity and advancement at home, we should be able not only to encourage foreign emigration to our shores, but also to prevent our own people from leaving us.

FESTIVALS ON THE ICE.

We present our readers, on another page, with a sketch of the first Fancy Dress Entertainment of the season, which took place at the Victoria Rink, of this city, in the course of last week. The picture will prove a pleasant reminder to those who were present, either as participants in the festival, or as simple spectators, while to outsiders it will afford some idea of the beauty and magnificence of this species of amusement. Indeed, it may be said that these recreations on the ice are singular of their kind, being almost unknown except in Canada and Russia. Nowhere else does the climate, with all its peculiar accessories, adapt itself to such a form of agreeable and healthful recreation.

If, however, we call attention to this subject to-day, it is not so much to describe its attractions, as to throw out some hints whereby these attractions may be greatly enhanced. We did something of the kind a couple of years ago, and we have had no reason to change our mind since.

In the first place, we think that steps should be taken to relieve the partial monotony of the scene. However brilliant the costumes and skillful the skating, it is nearly always the same round and round which fatigues the eye and enfeebles the aesthetic feeling. Nothing is easier than to introduce variety into the performances, and variety is the chief secret of artistic enjoyment. A programme might be drawn up somewhat in this wise. First—A grand turn out of all the masqueraders pell-mell, to give a general view of all the costumes. This might last twenty minutes or half an hour. Secondly—A walk round in couples or threes so as to give an opportunity to inspect the costumes minutely. For this purpose every spectator should be furnished with a printed programme indicating the costumes, with or without the names of the wearers. Thirdly—A straight race or game of some sort, first for gentlemen, next for ladies. Fourthly—A grand promenade of combined costumes; as for instance, King with Queen, Night with Morning, Winter with Summer, Faust with Marguerite, the Corsair with Medora, Punch with Judy, and so on. This would be drawing harmony out of confusion and presenting a most agreeable spectacle. Fifthly—A grand waltz or quadrille than which nothing is more beautiful on the ice. Sixthly—A general pantomime, all the maskers acting their parts with their legitimate partners. We merely indicate the programme. Other and better elements might be introduced by the Directors.

A word about the costumes. The inexorable rule is that they must be in keeping. If historical, they must be true to history; if ideal, they must be poetic; if simply fantastic, they must be cleverly pointed. A programme of these should be drawn up by the Committee. The choice should not be left to individual tastes. Otherwise, there will be a mixture, as is always the case, with too much of one thing, and not enough of another. Another remark is that the costumes should not be too common and cheap. Spangles of paper, pasteboard adornments, calicoes and flimsy muslins should be the exception and not the rule. In Europe, such deception would not be tolerated.

A distinction should also be made between a Fancy Dress Entertainment and

a Masquerade. A mingling of the two, as is done with us, is against all the traditions. One or the other. Never both together. A Fancy Dress Entertainment is more stately, more aristocratic and very beautiful. A Masquerade is jollier, more democratic and very pretty. One Carnival of each might be given in the same winter, but the exclusion of masks and *louis* at the former should be rigorous.

Finally the comfort of the spectators should be attended to. Some mode of seating them ought to be provided. Walking around the narrow passage, from eight to eleven or twelve o'clock, is no way of enjoying the festival. The men have a hard time of it; the women are squeezed out of breath and almost out of their dresses. The Directors and the Committee of the Victoria Rink have always displayed much zeal and taste in the management of the ice entertainments, and to them we confidently commend the preceding suggestions as, in our judgment, the best means of increasing their success and the general enjoyment.

The process invented by Auel in Cologne, by which photographs can in a few hours be converted into an etched plate suitable for the printing press, and which was kept a secret for a long time, has now been published, and is as follows: A photograph negative in silver is taken on a thick glass plate, and the coating of silver is increased by galvano-plastic disposition; an operation requiring two hours. The plate is then exposed to the action of the fumes of hydro-fluoric acid. These vapors attack the glass in places not covered by silver, and the picture is etched in ready for printing. The proof cannot give deep tones on shading, but is only applicable to lines and plane surfaces. It is said to be more rapid than the celebrated method of Albert.

A PAPER of the 24th December says:—"Experiments with the 80-ton gun were continued on Wednesday, the firing being directed against the 'Shannon' target. The Boxer fuse shell burst between decks with excellent results. In the first round the shell exploded after penetrating the nearer plate and completely doubled up the distant one. The desired object of piercing a ship's side and ensuring a burst between decks has thus been attained. The second round, bursting equally well, confirmed the success of the first." The inventor of this fuse is General F. M. BOXER, R.A., son of the late Admiral Sir EDWARD BOXER, K.C.B., who was for many years Captain of the Port of Quebec.

The Servian Cabinet has decided to accept MUBRAT PASHA's proposal for peace. Immediate steps will be taken to open regular negotiations with the Porte. Should there be no outside influence, peace will be finally concluded. The basis of peace proposed by Turkey to Montenegro and Serbia is moderate and very conciliatory. Turkey seems disposed to treat the Roumanian difficulties amicably, and it is tolerably certain that the Roumanian Government considers the questions regarding the effect of the new Turkish constitution as settled.

A German professor, Dr. G. A. FISCHER, of Barmen, is about to undertake an exploring expedition into the interior of Eastern Africa, and will make the experiment which he will be the first of African travellers to adopt, of taking carrier pigeons along to convey messages and reports of his progress to Germany. The station for sending the birds on their homeward flight is located at Zauzibar. The pigeons are of the finest quality, and have been tested in flying matches.

The English specimens of Fine Art have just arrived from Philadelphia "in safety," as one London paper states, but in certain quarters sad and manifold complaints respecting their condition are heard. The fault that is found with their

appearance and treatment is that they were exposed to a glaring sun and intense heat without ordinary caution being taken to prevent blistering.

THE Electoral Bill which we fully explained last week, and which has been passed by large majorities in both Houses of Congress, was given to President GRANT on Monday last. He signed it and accompanied the notification of its approval with a special message.

GREAT excitement continues in the Basque Provinces concerning conscription, especially in the mining districts of Somorostro and Goldames. Several war steamers have arrived at Bilbao, and been placed at the disposal of the military authorities.

THE loss to the Grand Trunk Railway by the engineers' strike is estimated at half a million dollars. And what is the loss to the country through the stoppage of the mails and the interruption of business?

DISTRESSING accounts are received of scarcity in Pondicherry. A famine is considered imminent. Government will demand a credit of the Chamber for the necessary relief.

THE Powers have agreed not to interfere with the negotiations between Turkey and Servia, unless Turkey's conditions infringe on Servia's rights, as established by treaty.

EFFORTS are being made to secure the continuance of the subsidies to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Yes, and much political capital will be staked on the issue.

MEAT in Canada cannot be called dear when quarters of beef are selling in the Ottawa markets at 3½ cents a pound, and 11 pound turkeys for 60 cents.

REV. ALFRED JAMES BRAY.

The Rev. Mr. Bray, whose portrait we give this week, has already, although he has been but a comparatively short time in the country, achieved a reputation as a preacher second to that of no clergyman in the Dominion. Zion Church, with which he has become connected, one of the oldest and the most influential in the Congregational body in Canada, has done an important work in the religious history of Montreal, under the long and able ministry of the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, its loved and now honorary pastor. Its future, under the pastorate of Mr. Bray, promises to be even more remarkable in religious influence, and the congregation, as well as the city of Montreal, are to be congratulated upon his acceptance of the call extended to him. Mr. Bray was born in Cornwall, England, in 1846, and possesses all the characteristics of his native country: the Cornish men, like the old Celts, akin to the Irish and Welsh, being strongly imaginative, poetic and fiery. Early in life, when about sixteen years of age, he was brought under religious influences by the Wesleyan Methodists, and about a year after, began to preach as a local preacher in that body. Strongly impressed with the conviction that he was called to the Divine Ministry, feeling with all its force, like the old Apostle, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," he resolved to become a Wesleyan minister. This resolution was, however, frustrated by disagreements which arose between himself and some of the laity and clergy of that denomination, and he left the body in consequence and joined that of the Congregational. There is little doubt that this step was a fortunate one for himself, as with his peculiar temperament and independence of thought in all matters of faith, he would have found it difficult to submit to the discipline of so conservative a body as the Wesleyans. Unflinching in his conviction of duty to devote himself to the Christian ministry, he went to the Theological College at Bristol, under the presidency of the Rev. Professor Hartland, whose beautiful and amiable daughter he afterwards married. She accompanied him to Canada, and had already installed herself in the affection of all who formed her acquaintance, when the announcement recently of her death created so profound a feeling of sorrow among all classes of our citizens. At Bristol, Mr. Bray achieved remarkable success both as a student and preacher, so much so that at the end of the first term, the Professors strongly recommended him to go to Cheshunt College, London, which is perhaps the foremost among Congregational Colleges. Before his college course was quite completed, he was sent to preach, as a supply, at Cavendish Chapel, Manchester. This church is one of the first Congregational Churches in

England. It is a handsome Gothic edifice, capable of seating two thousand persons, and its congregation comprises many of the wealthiest and most influential families in the city. At the close of the evening service, Mr. Bray was invited to preach again on probation, an invitation which he accepted, and in a short time he received a hearty and unanimous call from the congregation to assume the pastorate of the church. He accepted the call, with a full sense of the responsibility of that acceptance. His predecessors in the pastorate had been Dr. McAll, one of the most eminent of English preachers; Dr. Halley, who left Cavendish Church to become Principal of Highbury College, London, and Dr. Parker, who is the well-known pastor of the City Temple, London. It was no small undertaking to maintain the standard of preaching which such men as these had raised, but for nearly six years Mr. Bray was successful in doing it. He maintained the prestige of the church and the confidence of the congregation, and when at last failing health, the result of overwork, compelled him to sever his connection, he carried with him, in his retirement, the earnest and hearty good wishes of those to whom he had ministered in holy things. He came to Montreal, for a holiday, to recruit his health, and, as our readers are aware, supplied the pulpit of Zion Church for a few weeks with so much acceptance, that he was called to the pastorate and entered upon it during last fall.

As we have said, Mr. Bray has already achieved a remarkable success in this country as a preacher. His inaugural address to his new congregation, which the daily papers published in full, was characterized by a boldness which was almost startling, and attracted universal attention. It gave evidence that whatever he honestly felt, that he would say, whether it quite accorded with orthodox shibboleths or not. His reference to the Eastern question and the Bulgarian atrocities in a subsequent sermon, again attracted attention outside of his own congregation, and his views became the subject of editorial comment in the newspapers throughout the Dominion. In theology Mr. Bray belongs to the advanced liberal school, represented by such men as Maurice and Robertson, and in some respects his views approach those of Beecher. In Manchester he had his battle to fight on this ground, the so-called orthodox thinkers attacking him with great earnestness; but he held his own, and won the respect of the community by his bold outspoken truthfulness. He has at once taken first rank among the preachers of this city, and his efforts to liberalise the theological thought of the Dominion, are likely to be crowned with remarkable success. His style is impassioned and dramatic, his sentences are terse and direct. There is no extravagance of expression. His dialect, which belongs to his native country, adds a charm to his utterances, and he carries his hearers with him by the enthusiasm of conviction which invests his every thought. If his health is preserved, he has undoubtedly a career of great brilliancy and usefulness before him.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE REV. MR. BRAY.—A memoir of this gentleman will be found in a separate article.

THE LATE MR. MATHEWSON.—A sketch of Mr. Mathewson is printed alongside of his portrait.

FANCY DRESS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE VICTORIA RINK.—For our views on this subject, we refer the reader to the editorial page.

RUSSIAN ARMY IN WINTER QUARTERS.—The sketch represents the winter uniforms of the principal officers of the Russian Army of the South in camp at Kichineff. It is possible—we shall not say probable—that we may hear of this army should hostilities break out between Russia and Turkey.

REVIEW OF THE ROUMANIAN ARMY.—In a late number, we gave a series of Roumanian types and uniforms, which we supplement to-day by a view of the army itself passing in review before Prince Charles in the square, at Bucharest, known as the Academy. The equestrian statue to the left of the picture is that of Michael the Brave, one of the heroes of early Roumanian history.

BREAKING THE ICE IN THE DELAWARE.—Our experience in Canada with the *Progress* and the *Northern Light* has accustomed us to the hardships of ice-travel, and we can therefore appreciate the difficulties encountered by people of milder climates when a severe season unexpectedly comes upon them. Our sketch represents an ice-beat clearing the blocks in order to make a passage for an inward-bound oceanic steamer.

THE EASTERN CONFERENCE IN SESSION.—This is a view of this historical body sitting in consultation in the grand chamber of the Admiralty Palace. As we have already published the portraits of the several representatives, our readers will have no difficulty in identifying them. The Admiralty Palace is situated on the left bank of the inner Golden Horn, and ranks high among the finest edifices of its kind in Europe.

THE SNOW BLOC KADE ON LONG ISLAND.—The snow-storm which followed so closely the advent of the New Year was one of the heaviest that have been known for a generation in New York. The road of the Long Island Railway, east of Riverhead, was entirely blocked for nearly a

week, during which time there were six engines and about one hundred men constantly at work clearing the track. As the snow drifted in behind them it was impossible to go back. This retarded the work very greatly, water for the boilers having to be carried in buckets from the nearest dwellings.

THE CARTOON.—On our last page will be found a small cartoon, representing the hostility of Senator Brown and his paper against the Protection policy of the Dominion Board of Trade. At its last annual meeting, just closed, that influential body passed a resolution proposed by Mr. Thomas White, Jr., in favor of protection to native manufactures and industries. That resolution was adopted by the large majority of 24 to 14. A day or two after, the *Toronto Globe* published a slashing article ridiculing the Board, and abusing the resolution in most merciless fashion. Our cartoon depicts this little bit of warfare.

ENTRY OF MOHAMMED II. IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—The determined attitude of the Turks gives a timely significance to this grand picture by Benjamin Constant which attracted an unusual amount of attention in the Paris Salon or Exhibition of 1876. The historical legend is briefly this:—Mohammed II., having learned that Constantinople was in the power of his troops, made his triumphal entry therein, through the Gate of St. Romanus, at noon, on the 29th of May, in the year 1453. He was surrounded by his viziers, his pachas and his guards. And from that event dates one of the most brilliant pages in the annals of Islamism.

EMERSON, MANITOBA.—This is as yet but a small place, but it is only two years old, having been laid out in 1874, and bids fair to become a post of commercial importance. It lies on the eastern bank of the Red River, half a mile from the boundary line, and owes its existence to Fairbanks and Carney who first made a settlement there. It is connected with the St. Vincent Branch of the Union Pacific Railway. Over 3,600,000 feet of lumber passed through there last year. The Mennonites deal largely with its merchants, and there is every reason to believe that, within a very brief period, this little settlement will be the business centre of South Manitoba. Mr. J. E. Tétu, who furnishes us these particulars, is enthusiastic about the resources of the country, predicting for it a great future.

DUFFERIN, MANITOBA.—Our view is only of the Immigration Buildings, but as the town of Dufferin consists of not much else, the designation is not inappropriate. The buildings were erected in 1872, by the Imperial and Dominion Governments jointly, to be used as the general headquarters of the North American Boundary Commission for the determination of the dividing parallel between the United States and Canada. In the winter of 1874, the North-West Mounted Police were stationed there. At that time, also, the buildings were bought from the Imperial Government. They are used by the Immigration agency on the frontier. Connected with the agency is the Government Farm. The agent is Mr. J. E. Tétu, who stands high in the department for his zeal, fidelity and intelligence, and to whom we are indebted for the photographs from which this and the sketch of Emerson were made.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS ON THE SVETLANA.—The frigate *Svetlana*, the flagship of which the Grand Duke Alexis is captain, and his cousin, the Grand Duke Constantine, a midshipman, arrived in Hampton Roads on January 12th, with Admiral Bontajoff, commander of the squadron, on board. It was first thought that the fleet would rendezvous at Port Royal, but the Grand Duke Alexis telegraphed from Madrid that he would sail directly for Norfolk in the *Svetlana*; and in obedience to this dispatch, the steam corvette *Bokator*, of the Imperial Navy, which had arrived at Charleston, was ordered to sail for Hampton Roads, and the Russian Minister and Rear Admiral A. Crown immediately proceeded there. She immediately saluted Admiral Trenchard, of the United States squadron, stationed there, with fifteen guns, to which the United States steamer *Parthian* responded in the afternoon. The Grand Duke Alexis looks about the same as when previously here, excepting that he wears his whiskers somewhat longer. The Grand Duke Constantine, who is a midshipman on the *Svetlana*, is the son of the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar and General Admiral of the Russian Navy. He is about sixteen or seventeen years of age.

THE BRITISH CABINET IN COUNCIL.—Our readers will thank us for this engraving which gives a correct view of the Council Chamber in Downing street, and authentic portraits of the Ministers as they sit in Council on the Eastern question. The only absentee is the Marquis of Salisbury, who was doing good work at the Conference of Constantinople. The British Council Room is of good dimensions and absolutely free from luxury of any kind. Every care is taken, of course, to ensure secrecy. Thus, there are double doors and double windows, the latter looking upon St. James Park. A quiet tone pervades the room. The Brussels carpet is neither too new nor too old. The walls are painted a light tint of green, and the two pairs of pillars, with Corinthian capitals, at the further end are white. On the marble mantel-piece are a clock in a plain frame and a date-recorder. Facing each seat at the green, baize-covered table, is a large blotting pad, with pens and ink, for every Minister; and at each end is a stationery-case, well supplied with note-paper and

envelopes. The figures will be easily recognised. On the right hand side sits the Earl of Beaconsfield, having to his left the Earl of Derby, and to his right, Lord Cairns; next to whom is the Duke of Richmond. The chair, at the end of the table nearest the reader, is filled by the Earl of Carnarvon, who is faced by the Right Hon. R. A. Cross; the Ministers on the left hand side of the table being respectively Lord John Manners, the Right Hon. Ward Hunt, Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Right Honorable Gathorne Hardy.

THE FREE LANCE.

The average Russian lives on black bread and garlic, and is very strong. And so is the garlic.

Don Luis I., King of Portugal, is engaged in translating "Hamlet" into Portuguese. His Majesty will be careful not to leave out Hamlet.

Vennor talks about a couple of "cold dips" between this and the 15th inst. There is a limit to public magnanimity. Vennor must be careful, or he will get a cold dip himself before long.

Captain Hobbs, alias Comanche Jim, who claims to be a great-grandson of Tecumseh, is lecturing in Kentucky. If old Tecumseh were alive, he would scalp his undutiful grandson.

A paper noticing a late lecture of Mr. Charlton, M. P., says that he is one of the ablest "private members" of the Dominion Parliament. What is a private member of Parliament? Instead of M. P., it should be P. M.

A paper of this city, referring to the visit of Mr. Bird to the Chess Club of Montreal, is generous enough to say that "Mr. Bird is a player of considerable note." Let us be thankful for small favors.

A few years ago, Australia imported a cargo of rabbits for the purpose of freeing the pastures from noxious weeds and fright-ning mischievous animals from the grain fields. It is now importing weasels for the destruction of the rabbits. What will it next import to destroy the weasels?

Cauchon's velvet cap has got back to the right ear. The papers are congratulating the Government on Pelletier's accession. That is proper enough. But it is forgotten that the appointment is a triumph for the Cauchon wing of the party. Cauchon stock is rising, and no wonder the red tassel sways gracefully forth and back.

Two ladies are conversing on the qualities and demerits of their own fair sex.

Said one, with a twinkle in her beautiful blue eyes:

"I have never known but two women who were really perfect."

"Who was the other?" asked her companion with a smile on her fine thin lip.

LACLEDÉ.

PERSONAL.

MR. FLEMING, M. P.P. for South Waterloo, died at Galt, last week.

BISHOP KELLY, of Newfoundland has resigned his See, owing to ill-health.

MR. MARSHALL has been elected to the New Brunswick Assembly for St. John.

THE Pope's health is again becoming a subject of concern.

MR. PELLETIER has been made Senator, and Minister of Agriculture.

It is reported that Bishop Power, of St. John's Newfoundland, has been appointed to the Archbishopric of Halifax.

JUDGE WILFRED DORION has been appointed to the Superior Court of Quebec in the place of the late Judge Mondelet.

MR. SEWELL writes to Quebec that the winter steamer "Northern Light" is a perfect success, and that her performances have given the utmost satisfaction in Prince Edward Island.

BLANCHET, who has been on trial at St. Hyacinthe, charged with setting fire to that city, has been found guilty, and sentenced to seven years in penitentiary.

FASHION NOTES.

BALL dresses are all made to lace in the back.

VEILS with gilt dots some distance apart are fashionable.

OLD-FASHIONED linked sleeve buttons are in vogue again.

TWO large, thick curls are worn on the neck when the hair is dressed high.

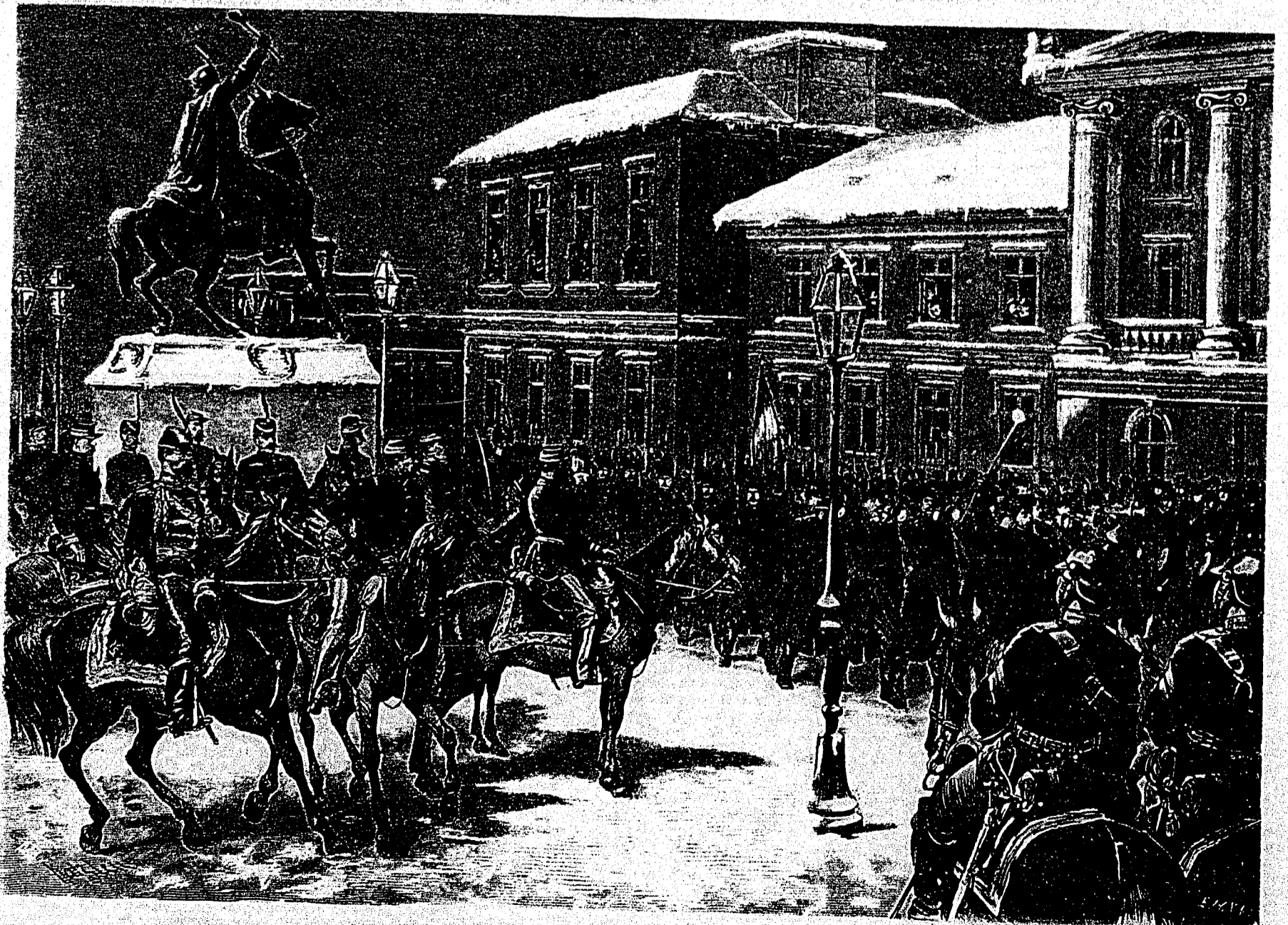
THE driest hair is said to be kept glossy if it receives fifty strokes from the brush every night.

"Montague curls" is the name given to the hair scattered about over the forehead in little half moons.

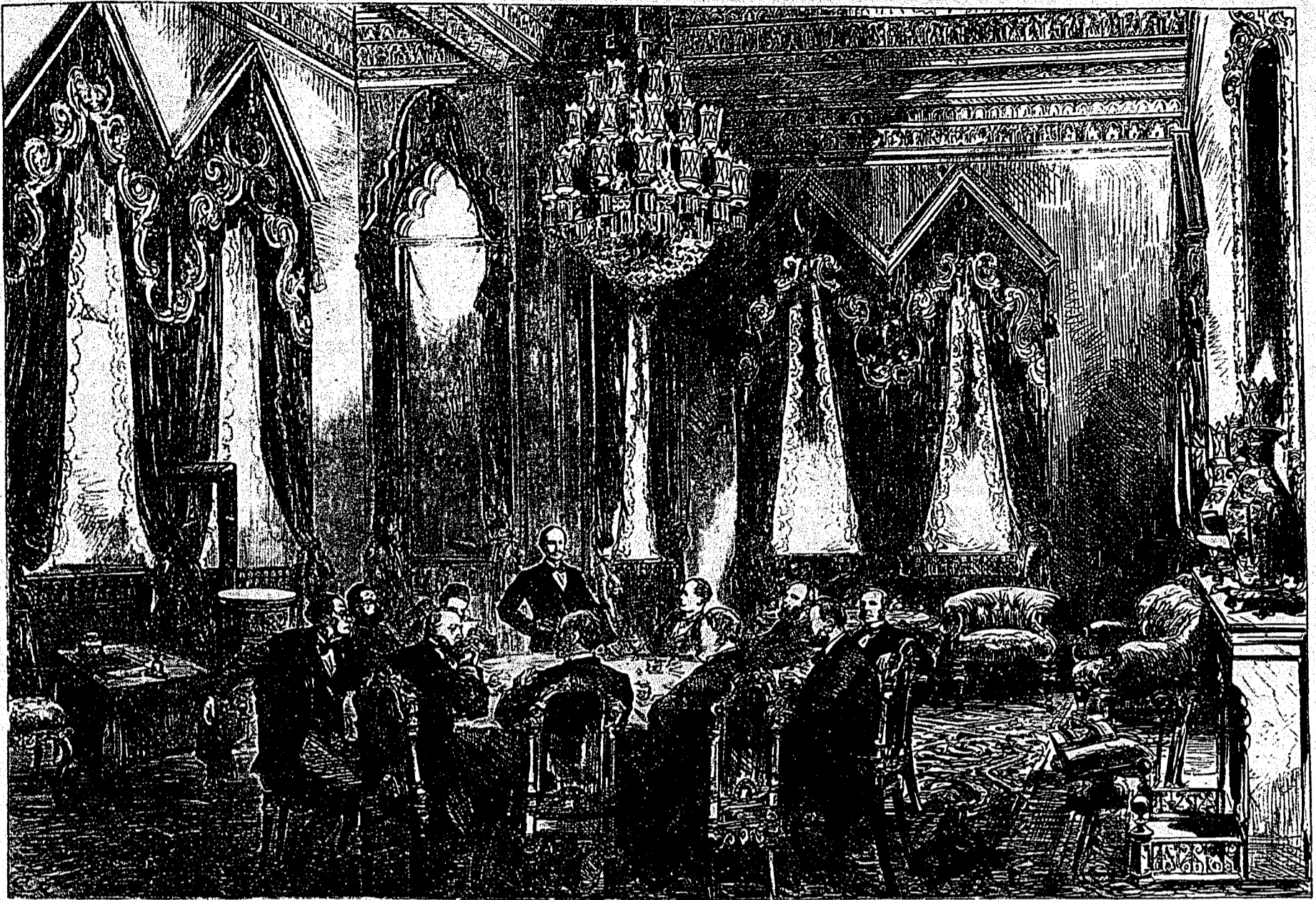
SILK stockings striped with lace insertion are the latest novelties of the Parisian toilette, while many fashionable ladies have their stockings powdered with gold dust, or made of a mixture of silk woven with silver. Lace mittens are taking the place of gloves for balls, and are worn reaching to the elbow, some with seed-pearls or ornamented with ribbons and flowers.



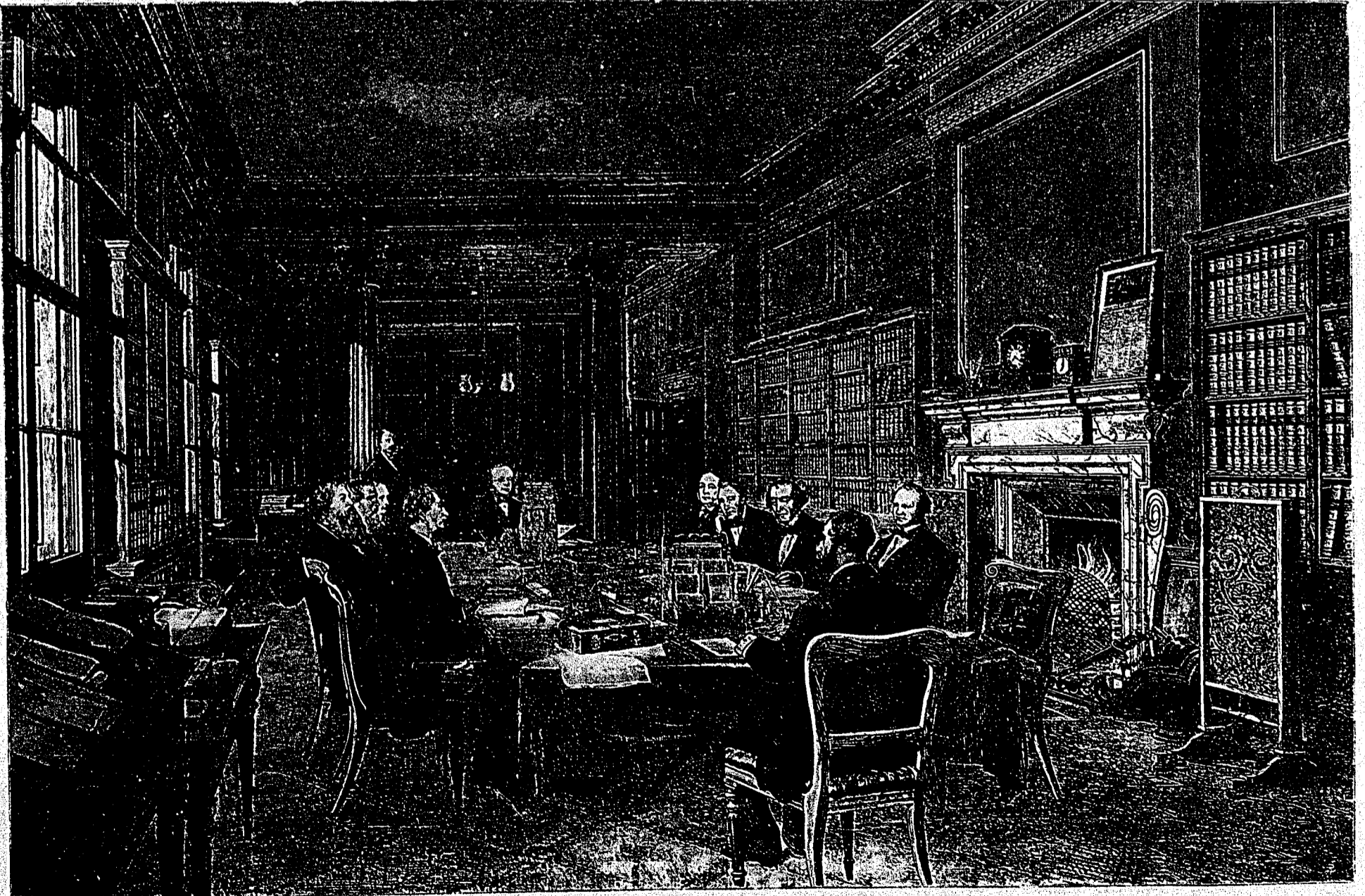
RUSSIA:—ARMY IN WINTER QUARTERS AT KICHINEFF.
 Infantry officers of the Guard. Cuirassier. Hussar. General. Staff officer. Ulan. Dragoon. Cossack of the Caucasus. Cossack of the Don. Transportation



ROUMANIA:—REVIEW OF THE ARMY AT BUCHAREST.



TURKEY :—EASTERN CONFERENCE IN SESSION.



ENGLAND :—BRITISH CABINET IN COUNCIL.

LOVE'S MYSTERY.

She was a homely maid.
As all might see,
Rosanna Hood, of Alderlie;
And all the people said
She ne'er would married be.
No color in her face,
'Twas of an earthy white
It bore the trace
Of hereditary blight;
There was no light
In her blue eye,
Save that of mystery.

And she was poor,—
At her cottage door
The sound of labor rose from morn till eve;
And never with the rest,
Save on the Sabbath day,
Had she rejoice
To romp and play,
Either as hostess or as guest.

Yet she was loved of all;
Right pityingly
Did her friends see
Her homeliness, her poverty and thrall;
And they would say:
"Alack! all we
Shall have our marriage day,
And thus be borne away,
And none remain
To share the pain
Of the poor maid of Alderlie,
That ne'er will married be."

Sometimes in play,
A pretty girl would say:
"Tell me, Rosanna, pray,
An old maid will you be?"
And she would answer, "Nay!"
"Then you would marry?" "Yea!"
But that I am so homely!
And the big tears
Would fill her eyes,
Dim, strange fears
In her mind would rise:
For even she,
Howe'er she strove
To hide it, even she,
The homely maid of Alderlie,
Hungered for love.

It chanced one day in June,
All nature was in tune,
And e'en the lowliest
Thing of earth was beautified and blest:
By the glorious light of heaven,
That a rich and gallant youth,
Quite handsome, too, in sooth,
Rode up to Alderlie
To choose himself a wife,
A maiden that should be
The aid and solace of his life;
And his great choice was to be made ere even.

From house to house he went,
From hut to hall;
He saw them all
The pretty maids whom anxious parents sent,
Or whom their own hearts brought
To meet him on his round;
But nowhere had he found
The jewel that he sought,
Until near set of sun,
When nigh his search was done,
He spied behind the mill,
On the far slope of the hill,
Under a linden tree,
The lowly cot
Where lived forgot
Rosanna Hood, of Alderlie.

A moment more,
And there he stood
Before her door,
In curious mood;
He looked upon her homely face,
He gazed on her blue eye,
His heart was smote: with courtier grace,
He stretched his hand respectfully,
And said:
"O maid!
Wilt thou be mine for aye?"
She bent her humble head
And murmured, "Yea!"

From the high hills he led her down,
All in her simple plight;
And every maiden of the town
Gaped at the sight;
Some wept for spite,
Some laughed at the ignoble choice,
All wondered, with one voice,
That poor Rosanna, she,
The homeliest maid in Alderlie,
Should married be:
Yea, the first of all the band
Of maidens in the land.

And the wonder did not cease
Till some one whispered: "Pshaw,
Attend a while to me,
True she has no grace,
Rosanna Hood, of Alderlie,
There is no color in her face,
'Tis of an earthy white,
It bears the trace
Of hereditary blight;
But mark!
In her blue eye
There is the spark,
The conquering light
Of mystery!"

JOHN LESPERANCE.

THE TRAGEDY OF ST. JEROME;

OR,

HUMAN JUSTICE, AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

(Continued.)

If there had been, she would have seen them. Was perfectly satisfied that only one person had slept in the bed that night. On returning home in the morning from George Dulong's, she had particularly noticed that this was the fact. She could not be mistaken. She spoke of George Dulong's appearance of uneasiness and agitation when he returned home. Thought nothing of it, as he was much attached to the deceased. She had never heard any quarrel between her master and mistress about Madame Louvac of whom she (Vogel), however, was always very much frightened, she did not know why. Madame Louvac's daughter proved the intimacy between their mother and Dulong, and that he had visited her very frequently of late. They also spoke of the quarrels between their late

father and their mother, in reference to Dulong. To all their father's remonstrances she invariably declared that she was perfectly tired of his nonsense; that she was determined to do as she pleased, and that his duty was to forbid Dulong from coming to the house, and to leave her alone and not weary her with his unkindness and jealous suspicions. Their mother had at times shown great anger and irritation against their deceased sister—(here they were stopped). They then entered into a variety of domestic details connected with Dulong's visits, but not sufficiently material to be mentioned here. Several other witnesses were examined, who amplified and corroborated what each had deposed to and particularly what had been stated by the Duagnons, Vogel and others. Finally Delorme and Beauchamp were called.

Previous to her marriage, and at an early age, Madame Louvac, then Mademoiselle Deleour, a young girl of independent character and remarkable for great forward attractions, had been betrayed by the violence of her own passions, or had been led astray by the perfidy and passions of a young man two or three years older than herself. If the truth were known, in this case probably, both were to blame in bringing about this great, but not singular misfortune. Perhaps such was not the case, and we have no right to speak disparagingly of the dead, nor for that matter, even of the living, nor are we justified in speculating with levity on our lips and in our hearts on a subject so painful. These are difficult matters to be certain of, or to speak with certainty about; and it is a subject in regard to which popular language and the appreciation of public opinion are often very erroneous. But this is not the place to discuss such questions.

In consequence of this youthful aberration she had become the mother of a child, who at the time of the trial, was about twenty-four years of age. He was a young man of excellent character; had recently married a girl of independent fortune, and they were prospering in the world. This person lived in a remote part of the country, and it did not appear that he had ever visited his mother, before the death of her husband, or been visited by her, or that Louvac was aware of his existence. Indeed, it would appear from remarks made by him in a private conversation at the time of the trial, that he had been entirely neglected by his mother, and that he had been educated and brought up with care by some of her relatives who resided about seventy miles from St. Jerome. He was in person a remarkably fine-looking young man, tall and powerfully built, with a stern, dark countenance, a handsome likeness of his mother, except that there was nothing treacherous or sinister in his expression. He had seen his mother several times after her husband's death, and before the events now under consideration. Immediately on hearing that she had been arrested and was charged with murder, he hastened to see her, and to offer her his counsel and assistance. The meeting was in the highest degree touching and characteristic. In a tone of deep, and, no doubt, of genuine emotion, she exclaimed,

"Oh! my child, this is like everything I have seen and heard of you. This, I fear, will be a great trial for your excellent heart. All I ask is, don't condemn me unheard. I have few friends and many enemies. I have not been a good or a tender mother to you yet. My heart has yearned to you often, but you will not abandon me now. Say you will not and that you will give me your counsel and assistance."

"Let us not speak of the past, my dear but unhappy mother," said Delorme, "you rely on my affection, and you shall have all the assistance I can give you, without my troubling you with idle or unnecessary questions; but there is one, my mother, I must ask you at once. You are falsely accused, are you not? It is an infamous calumny, is it not?"

"I am," she said, "and the charge is an infamous invention of my enemies; later I will tell you all I know about Madame Dulong's death, which just now so much disturbs those poor, weak-minded people."

Delorme accompanied her to Montreal when taken to prison, and remained in the city several days. During that time he saw his mother frequently, and she then, probably, gave him her version of the affair, but as Delorme had become aware that this statement was at variance with what her sworn declaration contained, he saw the danger which his evidence might cause to his mother. As it was important to prove this confession to her son, he was subpoenaed to attend, and he to avoid appearing as a witness, had disclosed his relations towards the prisoner to the Crown Counsel, and implored him in almost pathetic language, not to put him in the witness-box. That official, however, had refused his request, and insisted on his giving his evidence.

When sworn, Delorme looked anxiously at his mother, who met his eye with a look of ill-concealed alarm, mingled with an expression of imploring tenderness, for, no doubt, she had told him many things, and some of which were probably known to others, but it was not likely they knew all that she had communicated to her son. When asked by the prosecuting counsel if he knew the prisoner, Madame Louvac, he answered,

"I do."

"Have you seen her frequently since her arrest?"

"I have."

"Have you had any, and what conversations with her about the death of Madame Dulong?"

Looking at the Court with an appearance of hesitation, not without trepidation, he remarked that

"He would rather not answer that question." The court-room was crowded, and the audience had become aware of his relationship to the prisoner. All eyes were fixed on the witness amid profound silence. He was then asked what were his reasons for not answering such a simple question?

"He replied, 'You know very well, sir, why I do not wish to answer your question.'"

"Even so," said the counsel, "you must make your reasons known to the Court and jury."

Delorme replied, "I have had no conversation with the accused which can throw any light on this investigation. They were of a very confidential nature and related to extremely delicate matters—*à des affaires bien délicates*. These I must not, and cannot disclose, and, besides, the accused is my mother; that is my answer," and the lips of the young man quivered with emotion.

When reminded by the Crown Counsel that the law and his oath compelled him to state all he knew, and everything that had been communicated to him by the prisoner in regard to the death of Madame Dulong.

He replied, "I am aware of that, and in refusing to answer this particular question, I am, of course, prepared to bear any penalty which may be imposed."

The Court were about to interfere and to exert its authority, when the Crown Prosecutor declared he would not invoke the intervention of their Honors, carelessly intimating that under the circumstances, peculiar in this case, he would not press the question; he had probably obtained all he expected. This was accepted by the Court, and the prosecutor addressing the witness remarked,

"You have refused to answer my question, sir, and for so doing you have assigned a reason which, although no excuse in the eye of the law, yet discloses a feeling which does credit to your heart. I have nothing more to ask you; you may stand down."

This was to remove any unfavorable impression made on the mind of the jury, for expressions of deep sympathy with the young man were heard throughout the immense audience, and in this, no doubt, the jury participated.

Laurent Beauchamp was next called. He went into the witness box with a faltering step, and his countenance plainly and painfully expressed the deep emotion by which he was agitated. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, and it was said, he enjoyed the reputation of being a man of probity and of high character. His daughter, a beautiful young woman, and who was present in Court, was married to John Francis Louvac, a son of the female prisoner. This witness was examined with great caution and delicacy by the prosecuting counsel. He stated he had been for many years on terms of intimate friendship with the Louvacs. They had been neighbours, and the two families were connected by marriage. That after her arrest, he had had several conversations with Madame Louvac, their conversations being of a very confidential and friendly character. He had cautioned her against talking of this matter; and for that purpose, and also to be of service to her, if he could, he had visited her three or four times during her imprisonment. That on the 23rd of February, she had voluntarily, and as if by a sudden impulse, made to him the following statement in the precise words used by Madame Louvac, and thus given by the witness:

"Listen, Beauchamp. It gives me great pain to accuse, or blame others; but I wish to be relieved from this horrible charge. They need not look for poison, or trouble themselves about it; there was none. I was in the same bed with Madame Dulong on the night in question, and had fallen into a deep sleep. Suddenly I was aroused by the noise and movement of a scuffle or struggle in the bed. Imagine my horror, when I perceived George Dulong, with a pillow on his sister-in-law's face, and pressing on it with the whole weight of his body. I cried to him 'What are you about?' he answered 'Utter not a word or I will treat you in the same way. Go and light a candle.' I jumped out of bed in a state of great terror; for a moment I held on to the bed post, and then lit a candle. George had got off the bed, and was standing close to it. We examined the deceased. She did not move, but breathed heavily once or twice, and then with a long deep groan, as if choking, she died. The alarm was then given, and that is all I know about the matter." The witness then proceeded to testify to a variety of other matters, not of sufficient importance to be recorded here. Beauchamp was cross-examined at great length, and with consummate ability, by the eminent counsel for the defence; but no very material contradiction, or mitigating explanation was elicited. The evidence of this witness produced a profound sensation, for it proved a statement at variance with what Madame Louvac had deposed to before the Coroner and in her voluntary examination after the arrest.

If the witness was to be believed, his testimony was manifestly calculated to produce a conviction that she had a share in the perpetration of the murder, if murder there was. After the examination of this witness, the prosecuting counsel declared that the case for the Crown was closed. The lawyers for the defence then proceeded to address the Jury; and in the discharge of that arduous and responsible duty, they spoke not only with great eloquence, but also with striking cogency of argument. They ridiculed

the bare idea of a murder having been proved in this case. There was something preposterous in this singular pretension on the part of the Crown. Even the cause of death was not shown, at least, not by any witness who had seen the body, or taken part in the *post mortem* examination. There was no *corpus delicti* made out. In this matter, George Dulong, the brother-in-law, could not be separated from Madame Louvac, and what earthly, or conceivable motive had he to commit a murder, or to shield the murderer? The only ground for suspicion was the intimacy—guilty perhaps, tho' that was not—could not be proved—which existed between Antoine Dulong and the female prisoner; and from that circumstance, the prosecution asked the Court and Jury to conjecture, to infer, that these two persons had planned, and, that George and Madame Louvac had actually committed the murder. Such reasoning required no refutation. Between the indulgence of sinful passion, even the guilt of adultery, if such were the case, and the awful crime of murder, and such a murder as contended for here,—a wide gulf existed, and this fact, if proved, evoked no presumption that the prisoners had perpetrated this crime, and warranted no such inference. There was no poison, no trace of external violence, at least none which indicated a death-struggle. The theory of suffocation was, in every respect, unworthy of a moment's consideration. As to the evidence of Beauchamp, it was a made-up story. It would be shown that he had given to various individuals a different version of Madame Louvac's statement; besides, there existed reasons—many reasons, as would be clearly shown, why Beauchamp was desirous of bringing about the conviction of the then prisoners. Jealousy, revenge and cupidity had done their work on the feeble mind of an old man, this treacherous and double-faced friend of Madame Louvac; who betrayed, not only before the Court, but everywhere, secrets obtained by means of confidential family intercourse. They censured the prosecuting counsel for the bitter and persistent spirit of persecution he had shown from the commencement of the trial. They then commented with great severity on other portions of the evidence, and on the course adopted by the Crown to obtain the conviction, right or wrong, of their unfortunate clients. These speeches, delivered by these able and eloquent men, speaking for each prisoner separately, produced, and justly produced, a very serious effect on the Court and Jury. If they proved all they undertook to prove, the case looked extremely favorable to the prisoners. The reader must bear in mind that the above are only a few of the points taken by the prisoner's counsel; and that their strong and lucid arguments, their rhetorical amplifications, are abridged to an extent which diminishes, if it does not destroy, their cogency and force. As delivered, these orations, for such they may be termed, were in the highest degree calculated to refute the theories, and to dissipate the pretensions of the prosecution.

It now became the business of the defence to adduce their evidence, if they had any. In this, it may be fairly said, they completely broke down; they failed to redeem their pledges to the Court and Jury. They could not do otherwise. Several witnesses were examined, but their testimony did not weaken that produced on behalf of the Crown. To this, however, was one exception, and that was in reference to the evidence of Beauchamp. It is true, they did not prove that he was unworthy of belief, as the legal expression is formulated, nor was his testimony directly contradicted; but it was undermined, and shown not to be wholly reliable. He had, without necessity, and in violation of a confidence reposed in him, given different versions to different individuals of Madame Louvac's statement to him. He had been very talkative, indiscreet, and made himself much too busy about the matter generally. The more serious attempts, however, to destroy his testimony did not succeed; but there was no disguising the fact, that a considerable disparagement had been cast upon it.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

MISS ALICE LONGFELLOW, daughter of the poet, is engaged to marry Mr. Richard H. Dana, son of the Hon. R. H. Dana, Jr.

THE Paris *Gaulois* of New Year's Day prints a fac-simile of the first French daily paper, *Le Journal de Paris*, published on January 1, 1777, and containing a letter from Voltaire, who promises to subscribe.

AN important literary discovery has lately been made in the library at Cassel, an hitherto unknown edition of Marlowe's tragedy, "Edward II.," in fact, an edition four years older than that of 1594, previously understood as his first one.

ARTISTIC.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to Beethoven in Vienna on the 26th of next March, the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the great composer.

MRS. BROOKS, who models heads in butter, is a small, dark-haired woman who is enthusiastic about her work, and she makes her heads with two little wooden paddles of different sizes. She has a farm in Arkansas to which she will return if her art does not prove remunerative.

SEMIERADZKI's powerful painting of the "Burning of Rome under Nero," which created so much sensation in artistic circles in Rome last winter, and won for the young artist the golden laurel crown of the Roman Academy, is at present being exhibited at the Kunsthau in Vienna, where it somewhat overpowers the milder works of the German school.

EPHEMERIDES.

The **MCGILL GAZETTE** is well on in its third volume, and, if one may judge from the January number, it bids fair to maintain a long and useful existence. College journals should be primarily devoted to scholastic subjects of all kinds, and to the home-life, as it were, of the institution which they represent. The last number of the **MCGILL GAZETTE** is the more pleasing than usual. The editors are painstaking and zealous in the cause of their journal, the material execution is commendable, and altogether our university organ is worthy of the support which it solicits.

As a mere specimen of typography there is, perhaps, no periodical which can claim superiority over **VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE**, published quarterly. The arrangement of the matter is masterly, while the illustrations are executed in the highest style of art. If Rochester, N. Y., is called the Flower City, it is mainly due to Mr. Vick's magnificent conservatories, and his seed stores have done much to improve the commerce of that city. As a practical gardener and seedsman he stands first on this continent, if not in the world. I have used his seeds, both of flowers and vegetables, for several years past, and have always found them to produce exactly the results promised for them. In the way of novelties, too, Mr. Vick is the man to apply to, while his terms are very satisfactory.

The **CENTENNIAL WALTZES** were noticed some time ago in these columns. The author, Mr. Wm. Aitken, of this city, is a young man who may be said to be a born musician; but not content with relying upon his natural talents, he has devoted himself to a thorough study of the theory of his art. In the **CENTENNIAL WALTZES** he endeavored to express an aesthetic idea of commemoration, which, of course, was more or less abstract, but in the **MARGUERITE WALTZES**, just published, he has drifted into soft sentiment into which all youths must glide sooner or later, and the result is a dreamier and more tender composition. There is much pleasing rhythm in the movement and the execution, as a whole, is not difficult. I commend it to my musical friends.

Distinctness is the best word to describe the special character of **LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE**. There is a neatness and finish about its material appearance which stimulate the desire to read its contents. There are invariably found in keeping with the excellent execution. Art and art matters always find a prominent place, while the illustrations form a great attraction. In the last number there are two illustrated papers—*Pictures from Spain* and *Our Floor of Fire*. Lippincott's has also the merit of introducing several writers to the literary public. Among these are Emma Lizards and Sidney Lanier, and if I mistake not, Rebecca Harding Davis has been given a wider field through its columns. In February there is the beginning of a new story by Auerbach, entitled *The Young Aloys*, and George Macdonald's *Marquess of Lossie* proceeds most satisfactorily.

The **Montreal Historical Society** is a myth so far as active life is concerned. It has no regular meetings, the public know nothing of its proceedings, and even the question of membership is one upon which no light is thrown. Fortunately its place is taken by the **Namismatic and Antiquarian Society**, which works with zeal in the special field assigned to it. The January number of the quarterly journal, published by a committee of the Society, testifies to its activity and earnestness. It contains a number of very useful and interesting papers from some of the most authoritative pens in the country. The office-holders for the present year are Messrs. Henry Mott, President; Daniel Rose, 1st Vice-President; Major Latour, 2nd Vice-President; R. W. McLachlin, Treasurer and Curator; and Gerald E. Hart, Secretary. The Editing Committee consists of Messrs. Rose, McLachlin and Mott.

Among the many excellent articles, illustrated and other, in the last number of **HARPER'S MAGAZINE**, there is one which gives a short but graphic history of **Blennerhasset**, chief among the many victims of Burr's dishonest ambition. The history of this unfortunate man and that of his brilliant wife form one of the most tragic episodes in the stirring annals of the Ohio Valley. **Blennerhasset** belonged to an Irish family, but was born in Hampshire, England. Owing to his Republican principles he came to America and settled in a beautiful island, near Marietta, Ohio. There he made the acquaintance of Burr, who inveigled him into his magnificent, but treasonable scheme of a Western empire. He was pursued by the authorities, his home was pillaged by a reckless soldiery, and his wife suffered many indignities. Ten years later, about 1815, he came to Montreal, on his way back to England, and I am curious to know whether any of our older citizens or antiquaries could give us any trace of his passage through this city.

Detective stories have always a certain fascination, on the aesthetic principle, perhaps, that truth is stranger than fiction. When these stories are written with literary correctness and finish, their interest increases by so much. This is quite the case with the third volume of the Pinkerton series, *The Detective* and the

Sonnambulist. Allan Pinkerton has a reputation in America similar to that of **Vidocq** in France, and whatever experiences he confides to the public are sure to be eagerly read. The work is published by the spirited young firm of Belford Brothers, of Toronto, in the best style, and is to be found for sale at Dawson's. There is nothing sensational or prurient about the two stories, and they give valuable insights into real life which are instructive. We are glad to see Mr. Pinkerton raise his voice against the "average detective," of whom he says that he "would rather be in league with the criminals of this city than opposed to them, and the great majority are so leagued; and until such a state of affairs is broken up, the criminals who have money will surely escape punishment."

The old **ATLANTIC** comes to us this month with a flavor of our childhood. As so often in younger days, we find in its poems by Longfellow, Whittier and Wendell Holmes. With such national names, it is no wonder this splendid periodical preserves its high reputation. Longfellow's poem, *A Dutch Picture*, is in his best ballad manner, showing that the veteran poet's genius is still vigorous. The *Witch of Wenham* by Whittier is rather drawn-out, but as I cannot do justice to it this week, I shall reserve a fuller analysis for the next number. I fear Holmes' humorous poem on the Presidential question is a failure, judged by the high standard of the author's fame. The talented editor, W. D. Howells, enters a new field with a comedy, entitled *Out of the Question*. Mr. Howells is building an enduring reputation by patient, conscientious work and his name will live. Frances Ann Keable is far too prolix in her memoirs. Cut down by at least one half, they would form most entertaining reading. The **ATLANTIC** was never brighter and stronger than it is this year.

BELFORD'S MAGAZINE is up to time, as usual. It is published in advance of the month after the fashion of the American periodicals and therein shows its spirit of enterprise. Honestly and truly the Magazine is not only a credit to its publishers and to Canadian literature, but it will bear favorable comparison with any of its English or American contemporaries. It should therefore receive generous support. The publishers want an agent in every town and village in the Dominion to take subscriptions, and a liberal commission will be paid. This may be the means of helping many persons to get employment, thereby doing much good. The February number contains an important paper, *Temperance by Act of Parliament*, from the pen of Hon. W. McLaughlin, and two interesting literary papers, one of them by Mr. Griffin, the talented editor of the Halifax *Herald*. A poem by Barry Dane is very pretty. The first half of Tennyson's *Harold* is given, which alone is worth the price of the number. The illustrations are well done, and the several editorial departments ably and carefully conducted. A new feature is the introduction of a song with music, the latter by U. C. Barnap.

The **GALAXY** is above all else a manly periodical, full of individuality. Its unconventional spirit stimulates thought and excites curiosity. One of its regular contributors is Richard Grant White, who closes in the February number a series of papers on *Reading Shakespeare*. Mr. White is by no means timid in affirmation, as for instance, in this paper, when he tells us that *Troilus and Cressida* is one of its author's greatest works; "in one respect his greatest." He also dispels a pleasant illusion by saying that the true meaning of the line

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

is not such, judging from the context, as we generally give it. But with all due respect, I do see that he succeeds. Mr. White also cautions us against Dyce's edition, on the ground that "his edition is one of the worst that has been published in the last century, both for its text and, except as to their learning, for its notes." What says our own Shakespearean scholar, Mr. T. D. King? The short stories in this number are unusually brilliant, and there is the opening of *Miss Misanthrope*, by Justin McCarthy, which promises well. What is the matter with *Bret Harte*? His *Amaschar* is unworthy of him, and unworthy of the Magazine.

A. SCHEEL PENN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A GENTLEMAN.—A gentleman is a rarer thing than most of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous; whose truth is constant and elevated; who can look the world honestly in the face, with equal, manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know hundreds whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners, but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make his list.

THE SEA.—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its numbers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor, but in the great ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on for ever.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an American woman, if he has plenty of money.

MARKS OF A GENTLEMAN.—No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is vulgarity for which no accomplishment of dress or address can ever atone. Show us the man who desires to make every one around him happy, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give cause of offense to any one, and we will show you a gentleman by nature and species, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor ever heard of a lexicon. We are proud to say, for the honor of our species, there are many men in every throb of whose heart there is solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness.

STARTING IN THE WORLD.—Many an unwise parent labours hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

MORAL CHARACTER.—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man, as a good moral character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool—no crouching sycophant—no treacherous honour-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life, never should we find them yielding to the grovelling and base-born purposes of human nature.

MUSIC.—The effect produced by music on the heart is owing more to the simple fact of association than many imagine. It is very true that in the composition of music the composer imbues it with much of his own feelings while writing and improvising it; and for a person to listen to such music for the first time, without being previously affected from any cause, he will be carried upon its tide very nearly as the composer's power is first directed; but we have known it in others, and have ourselves experienced a feeling of deep dejection while listening to music of a light and joyous character. This was in consequence of a former association of the same sounds with a former trouble. As much of music is taken from natural sounds, and even from sounds produced by inanimate things, a part of a strain of written music may have so nearly resembled such sounds, heard before or since for a time forgotten—heard before when the heart was so severely oppressed as to affect it at hearing it again with the same emotion, and from no other cause than of association.

BURLESQUE.

THAT DEMOCRAT.—"Sir," exclaimed a war Democrat yesterday afternoon, "you can never elect the man you have elected by villainy and fraud. A million of freemen will spring to arms at the tap of the drum to forbid it. I myself would rather lay my mangled, bleeding body at the threshold of lib—" and then the slippery place in the sidewalk took him by the legs and lifted him up and laid him down across a cellar grating with such a slam that it bounced every bone in his skeleton up into his head, and puffed his breath so far out of him that he couldn't gasp for ten minutes. And they carried him into a drug store, and swathed him in plasters, and rubbed arnica all over him, and held a solution of *spiritus frumenti optimus* under his nose, and when he came to he said if he could only kick the man three times a day that didn't sprinkle ashes on his sidewalk, he'd like to live a thousand years.

A NOBLE LIAR.—One of the dozen passengers on a Woodward avenue car suddenly remarked that it was an awful snow-storm, and that he never saw so much snow on the ground before.

"Pooh!" exclaimed a little whiffet of a man in the corner; "this is no storm at all! Why, in Omaha I have seen forty-seven feet of snow on the ground at once!"

"Buried the town, didn't it?" queried the man opposite.

"Of course it buried the town, but that was right. We dug out the snow and left the crust as a sort of sky, and in three days we had summer weather down there. Roses bloomed, peach trees blossomed, and the boys went in swimming, the same as in July! Don't talk to me about such storms as this!"

"W-what became of the crust?" gasped a man at the front end of the car.

"It's hanging up there yet!" replied the noble liar, "and the man who doubts my word wants to step off the car for half a minute."

ROUND THE DOMINION.

NOVA SCOTIA has less snow than any of the other Provinces, excluding Manitoba.

The Montreal Board of Health has expended \$2,206 on public vaccination.

The following is an analysis of the Ontario Legislature: 22 merchants, 14 agriculturists, 18 lawyers, 10 doctors, 5 lumbermen, 3 manufacturers, 3 journalists, 4 dairymen, 4 millers, 2 painters, and 1 blacksmith.

The prospects of the inhabitants of the west coast of Newfoundland, who were recently reported in great distress, have been greatly improved by the timely appearance of herring in great abundance in the waters of that locality.

HYGIENIC.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Lancet*, who owns water power mills, writes: I am frequently compelled, at this season of the year, to have men working in water even in frosty weather. I found the following allowance gives great satisfaction to the men, and we never have a case of cold or injury to the men in any way: Kettle of coffee, made with half sweet milk, half water, three or four eggs whipped poured into it when off the boil; hot toasted bread with plenty of butter of the finest quality. Serve up this every two and a half hours. The expense is much less than the usual allowance of whiskey, and the men work far better, and if care is taken to have the coffee, milk (cream is still better), bread, and especially the butter, of the very finest quality, the men are delighted with it. I am persuaded it would be worth while to try this allowance instead of grog. Giving extra grog gives the men a notion that it is good for them, and perpetuates the belief in stimulants among workmen.

ROUND THE WORLD.

The rinderpest is making great ravages in Germany. England has prohibited the importation of cattle from that country.

A BAND of Sioux under Crazy Horse have captured and massacred a body of twenty Black Hill miners, a hundred miles west of the Missouri River.

The Duke DeCazes has received from the German Ambassador assurances of the friendly view taken by his Government of the attitude of France in regard to the Eastern complications.

CHINESE jealousy and suspicion have been aroused by recent Russian movements along the frontier and the result has been the interruption of commercial intercourse between the two countries.

The Compromise Bill is still the main subject of discussion in connection with the Presidential difficulty in the United States. The Bill meets with pretty general approval, and there appears to be reason to believe that it will pass the Senate by a two-thirds majority, and will receive a still larger vote in the House.

PRESIDENT GRANT, speaking of affairs in Louisiana, has expressed his determination to take no action with reference to the installation of either the Packard or Nicholls' Government until all the evidence has been laid before him, as he sees no constitutional reason for such a step.

SCIENTIFIC.

The livid, dark crimson spots, sometimes called "port-wine marks," with which some persons' faces are naturally disfigured, have generally been regarded as indelible. The surgeon of the London hospital has performed several successful operations, however, and he describes them for the benefit of his profession. He makes clear-cut, parallel incisions over the affected surface, about a sixteenth of an inch apart, after making the flesh insensible with ether spray. Upon healing, the bluish is gone, and no scars are left if the operation has been carefully done.

EYE-GLASSES ought never to magnify much, but merely show the objects clear and exactly as they are. Every person ought to be able to read with his spectacles at the same distance that he was accustomed when his sight was unimpaired. Pebbles are preferred on account of their clearness, never becoming dull from moisture, but they are dearer. To test true eye-glasses hold them obliquely over print, when, if the glass is correct, the letters will preserve their true character.

The inland ice in Greenland is now encroaching on the land, though at one time it appears to have covered many portions of the country at present bare. This advance and retreat of the inland ice may be due to change of climate, to the rapid advance of the ice from the interior, or to the rise and fall of the land. There are traditions that a great inlet once stretched across Greenland not far from Jakobshavn, as represented on some of the old maps, but that it has also now got choked up with consolidated bergs. In former times the natives used to speak of pieces of timber drifting out of this inlet, and even tell of people coming across; and stories yet linger among them of the former occurrence of such proofs of the openness of the inlet.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer*. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cents each. **DEVINS & BOLTON**, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.

THE LATE HUGH MATHEWSON.

We publish to-day a portrait of the late Hugh Mathewson, of this city, and append a brief memoir prepared by an intimate friend. Although Mr. H. Mathewson was not precisely a public man, we believe the tribute we pay him is due to his memory, because he was a type of manly worth in every respect, a true citizen, a devoted husband, a kind father, a trusty friend, one of the oldest residents of Montreal, a prominent officer of one of our chief institutions of benevolence, and because his career is deserving the imitation of every young man in the country.

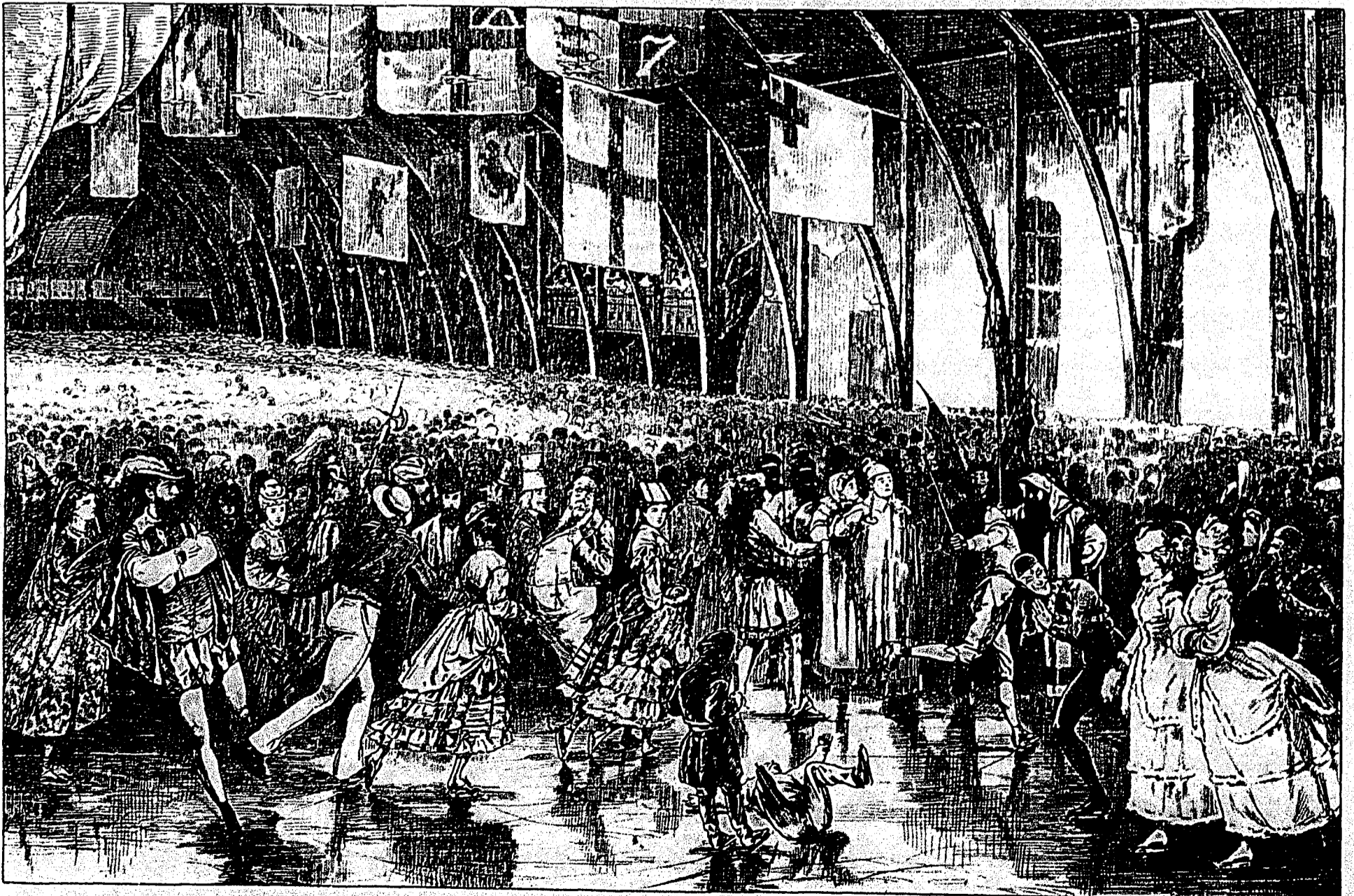
Hugh Mathewson was born on the first of February, 1813, at Clare House, near Castle-derry, County of Tyrone, Ireland, a spot rich in scenic beauty, and associated with many legend, some wild as the heather-covered hills that surround the "Old Mansion," others gentle as the silvery stream which passed, almost unseen, through the verdant sward that inclined from the front of the "homestead." His father dying while Hugh was a mere child, his guardian, at a suitable age, sent him to business in the thriving town of Enniskillen, where he served his apprenticeship in the principal dry goods establishment of that place, to the complete satisfaction of his employers and with much credit to himself. On the expiration of his term, instead of settling down in Ireland, he decided on finding a home for himself in America—that country which seems to be the natural outlet to the expanding population of Europe. Having family connections in the State of Tennessee, he concluded to find his way there, and in 1833 he sailed for Philadelphia, intending to proceed thence to Nashville, where his friends resided. The passage across the Atlantic was marked by few startling incidents until they neared the American coast, when a continuance of stormy weather resulted in the loss of the vessel at the entrance of the Delaware, and the shipwrecked Hugh found his way to his relatives, stripped by the disaster of nearly all he had with him when he left Ireland. He remained in the Southern States until the year 1835. At that period Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Mathewson, of Montreal, visited Nashville for the purpose of seeing their friends, and meeting with Hugh, who was then contemplating going back to Ireland, he was induced to accompany them on their return to Montreal. In 1836 he married his cousin, Eliza Scott Mathewson, who now



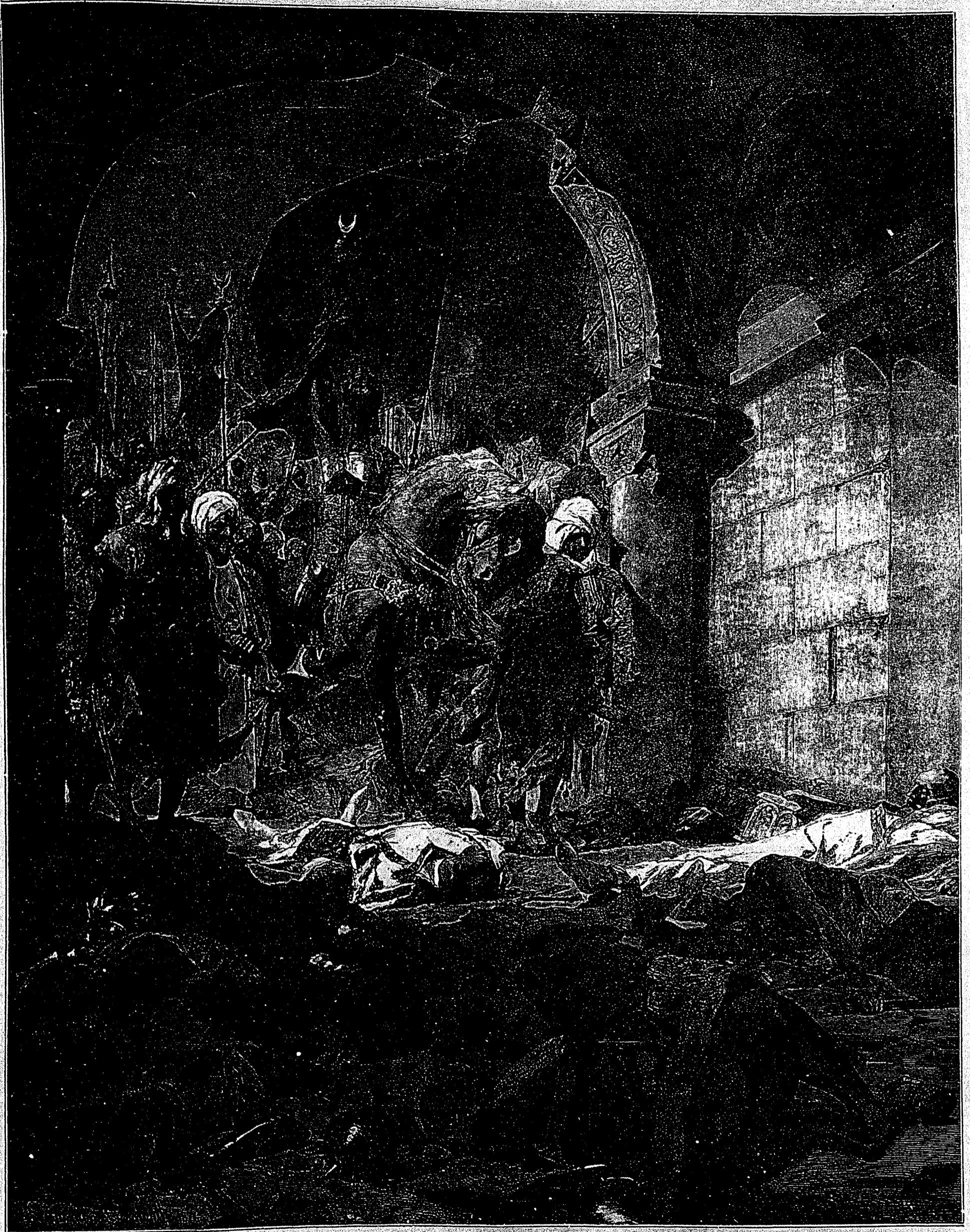
THE LATE HUGH MATHEWSON.

as his widow, mourns her sudden and irreparable loss, and who, in her prostrating affliction has our warmest sympathy. Shortly after his marriage he commenced business in this city, and up to the time of his death continued actively engaged in commercial pursuits. Thoroughly British in his proclivities, he was among the first in 1837-38 to enroll his name among those noble volunteers who, at that critical juncture, assisted materially in subduing the widespread Canadian rebellion.

From the influences of early training, and possibly from a deep religious tone that pervaded his disposition, he felt the necessity of identifying himself with some Christian church organization, and impelled by carefully considered convictions, he attached himself to the Wesleyan Methodist denomination, shortly after making this city his place of residence, and in the church attachment he then formed, he never wavered. Unobtrusive and unselfish, he kept aloof from all attempts to insinuate himself into office, but when, at length, he was induced, reluctantly, to accept the Stewardship of the Ottawa Street Circuit, he filled the position with a Christian ability that secured for him the esteem and confidence of the entire membership, and his resignation, in consequence of removal to a distant part of the city, was accepted with much hesitancy and extreme regret. Many will remember the hearty unanimity with which, in 1857 or 1858, he was elected President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, and the remarkable attachment evinced towards him during his tenure of office, by those associated with him in its management. This position afforded a fine demonstration of the benevolent phase of his character. As chief of this Society, the afflicted ever found in him a sympathetic comforter; the destitute, a prompt and considerate helper; the embarrassed, a judicious adviser; and the desponding, a cheering encourager. Mr. Mathewson was distinguished throughout life as a man of great amiability, and as a most genial companion and friend. Possessed of a remarkable talent for mimicry and description, his society always afforded pleasure, but never of a kind to occasion pain to another, or that would be remembered with dissatisfaction. During the short and severe illness that terminated his earthly career, his mind was singularly clear, and his reliance on that great atonement that provides eternal safety for all that test its efficacy, was of a most complete and confiding nature. He closed his earthly career on Sunday, January 21, and was buried on the 23rd, amid a vast concourse of sorrowing friends.



MONTREAL:—FANCY DRESS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE VICTORIA RINK.



ENTRY OF MOHAMMED II. INTO CONSTANTINOPLE, 29TH MAY, 1453.

BETRAYED.

These verses embody the last thoughts recorded in the Journal of a young lady of a village on the banks of the St. Lawrence, who was found dead in her chamber on a bright June morning of 1860, and was supposed to have committed suicide during the night.

Henceforth a wanderer,
Lie thee, my soul,
Over life's frozen waste,
Haste to thy goal.

O never again
Shall the dawn of sweet rest
Pillow thy weariness,
Spirit unblest!

No fair land of promise
Thy vision can reach:
No sunshine, no music,
No glory of speech.

Regrets and reproaches
Are idle and weak,
And the insult of pity
Brings shame to the cheek.

Farewell, ruined world!
In the depth of star-spaces
There may be sweet slumber,
And love-beaming faces.

There must be some spot
In this Universe wide
Where a poor wounded dovelet
May haste to and hide.

When day-light is gone,
And the glimmer of stars,
Like a ghost at the casement,
Looks in through the bars.

It is time to disrobe,
And to kneel down and weep,
To forgive and forget,
It is time now to sleep!

The raven has flown
To his perch through the gloom,
And the death-watch is calling
His mate in my room.

The wail of the winds,
And the rapid fierce roar,
Have a weirdness and terror
Ne'er I felt before.

A gray mist has settled
On land and on sea,
And night-dews are falling,
My spirit, on thee!

It is time to disrobe,
And to kneel down and weep,
To forgive and forget,
It is time now to sleep!

Montreal.

G. MARTIN.

JOAN:

A TALE.

BY
RHODA BROUGHTON,

AUTHOR OF

"Cometh up as a Flower," "Red as a Rose is she," etc.

PART I.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"But I can, indeed," cries Joan, eagerly—"nobody better: often and often I have walked round the park at home."

"It will not fatigue you to walk round the park here," says Diana, a little sarcastically, eyeing her shabby domain; "but if you could condescend to a high road—"

"We had better take sun-shades!" says Bell with alacrity; "there is not much shade, and there is a good deal of dust; but when once you get there the shops are really very good; and the morning is not a bad time either: many of the officers' wives cater for themselves, and one is pretty sure to see somebody!"

"Are we going to the town?" with an accent of unconcealable disappointment, while her thoughts revert to the unlovely tract passed last night—the brick-fields, the scaffolding-poles, the hospital. "Must we?"

There is a little silence.

Diana has bent her head over the dogs.

Bell's jaw has lengthened. "It is the only road where one ever has a chance of seeing any one," she says, peevishly.

Diana looks up again. If there was any cloud on her face it is certainly gone again; the blue sky above is not clearer or merrier. "You would like to go to sea?" she says, good-temperedly; "well, well!—the dogs love a game with the sea-gulls, and they always think that they are going to catch them!"

Ten minutes later they set off. Their party, however, is reduced by one. Bell stays at home. It is one thing to brave the sun-shafts and the dust-clouds for the certainty of shops and the hope of officers; but quite another thing to expose one's self to these disagreeables merely for the sake of sand and cockle-shells. But, after all, the sunbeams shine to stroke, not to smite, and they come in for but little dust, as their way lies for the most part across fields—fields where the future harvest is laughing in green infancy; where the riotous sap is racing along the veins of the hedge-row May-bushes; fields where the meadow-grass, forgetting its wintry palsy, is beginning to put on again its strength and sweetness.

Joan's soul has gone out of her body—away from her own tame and meagre lot, and is frolicking in the spring world, when it is suddenly recalled by the voice of Diana, in grave and earnest inquiry:

"Joan, do you like my hat?"

Joan brings back her attention as quickly as

she can, from nature to art, and recalls her eyes from the live lark—the speck of loud music quivering miles above her head—to the dead bird-of-paradise, from whose body a mighty tail has been reft—a tail that rears itself aloft and sweeps away behind—to adorn her cousin's coiffure.

As she does not at once answer (at least in words), Diana resumes in a rather disappointed voice, but still with confidence: "It must be all right, for it came from Paris—Micky brought it to me the other day; people in Helmsley laugh at it a good deal—so I am told; but Helmsley fashions are always a year behind London, and London, they say, is a year behind Paris; and so, no doubt, it will come here in time, and then people will see that I have been right all along."

"I was in Paris not long ago," says Joan, slowly, while her eyes rove with an expression of deep distrust over her cousin's head, "but I do not think that I saw anything very like it. Are you sure that it came from Paris?"

"He said so," replies Diana, in a crestfallen voice: "and I do not think that he would tell an untruth about it."

"Of course not!" answers Joan, reflecting that in Paris, no less than in other cities, you may no doubt find abominable head-gears, if you only go to the right places for them.

A little pause.

"You do not like it, then?" asks Diana, diffidently, with a sound of not distant tears in her voice. "I had rather that you would tell the truth."

"I think it is very—very—very remarkable," answers Joan. "Has Bell one like it?"

"Oh, dear, no!" rejoins the other. "Butler gave her a jacket last winter—a very handsome one—black velvet and sable tails."

"He said very disagreeable things about us after he went," pursues Diana, gravely; "laughing at us, you know, and altogether not kind! When we heard it I wanted her to send him the jacket back again. Would you not have sent it back?"

"I should never have taken it," answers Joan, drawing up her little head, while her cheeks redden, and her breath quickens. Diana opens her large eyes.

They walk on in an uncomfortable silence; the one irritated and galled, the other crest-fallen and humbled. But, before long, the warm shining of the sun, the lark's solo, and the sound of the plash and plunge of the morning waves that they are nearing, smooth the creases out of Miss Dering's temper, and she speaks again; changing, this time, the obnoxious theme, though not getting as far from it as she perhaps imagines.

They have reached the sea; have passed the loose sand-hills, where the dry grass scantily waves, and the blue sea-thistles blow; have lightly sprung over half a dozen runlets racing down to empty their little teacups of fresh, sweet water far into the salt and greedy sea, that takes all presents and says no "thank you" for them.

Now they stand side by side on a stretch of hard sand, on which the foot scarcely leaves a print, and which—were the day sulky and dull—would be called brown, but now is glistening and dazzling with unquestioned gold. Is it not a wealthy day?—a silver sea breaking on golden sands, and both arched by a sapphire sky.

The sea is in its civillest humor. With the meekest air, the blandest, sleepest, most lulling sound, it comes creaming in; deceitfully stealing round their feet as they stand, and coolly fondling them. To-day it is too gentle even to laugh; only it smiles up to the sun, with unnumbered dimples.

"I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weed strown."

says Joan, half under her breath, stooping to pick up a length of sea-bloom that, drenched and emerald-colored, has just drifted to her feet; then turning with wondering lips and kindling eyes to Diana:—

"And you never come here? you do not like it?"

"I like it well enough," replies Diana, apologetically, shading her eyes with her hand from the sun-and-sea dazzle. "Look!" (pointing to a little puff and a small tail of smoke away on the horizon), "there is a steamer! is not it tantalizing? they never come any nearer than that: it would be so pleasant if they would come quite close, and one could see who was on board!"—"Yes" (resuming the thread of her discourse), "I like it well enough, as I said; but you see it is not only I; there are two of us, you know, and Bell hates it; she does not care to walk anywhere much except on the Helmsley road, and I must own that one does see six carriages there of a day, for one that one sees anywhere else."

Joan shrugs her shoulders, and flings back her green weed, which, limply clinging round her fingers, has lost half its native beauty, into the rippling wave that comes to fetch it, and on which it floats home again with recovered loveliness.

"I like the Helmsley road, too; but I do not dislike the sea. If it were only I, I should most likely come here a good deal oftener; and I am rather fond of sea-things. Once I kept a sea-anemone in my wash-hand-basin for a fortnight, and fed it with raw beef."

Joan laughs a little at this naive instance of love for the wonders of the deep, and then stoops down pensively to pull the ear of Mr. Brown, who, either through having more common sense or being more encumbered with

fat than his brothers, has desisted earlier from the sea-gull chase, and now sits on the hard sand, with his heart beating very fast, and slobbering a good deal as his eyes follow his late quarry with an expression which seems to say that the ways of sea-gulls—luring an honest dog only to delude him—are not according to his ideas of what the manners of an honest bird should be.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is an hour later. They are at home again. "At what time do you dine?" asks Joan, languidly.

"At what hour do we dine?" repeats Diana, reflectively; "well, to tell you the truth, that is a fact at which I have never yet arrived; but if you are hungry, as indeed you have every right to be, let me fetch you a bit of bread: I know that there is bread, for I saw the baker's cart drive away five minutes ago."

But Joan is not hungry. Not even when, by-and-by, seated at the dinner-table, she watches Mrs. Moberley sawing asunder a gigantic fowl, which has evidently spent a long life in walking, so preternaturally are the muscles of his legs developed; a mammoth bird, flanked by the biggest ham that ever scratched itself in life against a post.

"Girls, into Helmsley we must go this afternoon; as I told you last night, we are quite out of soda-water, and the man has not brought the beer," says Mrs. Moberley.

"I must give my curl a turn with the irons, then," says Diana, pulling out her long, trolloping lock to its full length, and pensively regarding it; "it was bad enough this morning, but the sea-air has taken out what little remnant of curl was left in it."

It is some time before they are really off, as—apart from the matter of the curling irons—an entire change of costume is apparently necessary. At length they are ready; the girls with their curls well pulled down over their knuckles, their necks abundantly hung with lockets, and their hair freshly frizzed.

The house-door has banged behind them; they have passed down the drive, round the corner, out of sight. Joan turns from the window with a half smile on her lips at a last vision of Bell angrily fencing off Mr. Brown from her clean gown with her parasol. Then she takes out her watch, and with eyes on its face makes a calculation. At Mrs. Moberley's rate of walking it will take them quite three-quarters of an hour to reach Helmsley, three-quarters of an hour to return. They will surely not spend less than an hour and a half there: three hours in all. She has therefore three good hours before her. Three hours for what? For reflection? In her present situation three minutes would be too much.

She walks slowly round the room, with her hands loosely folded behind her. Unsparringly she examines each of the details that make up so sordid a whole. Then she returns to the window, and drawing up a chair to it, so as to feel all the honeyed freshness of the air, sits down, and leaning her sleek head against the faded, woolly antimacassar, thinks. In dreary panorama all the incidents of her short stay, that yet seems so long, tread past before her mind's eye.

She closes her eyes, and past, present, and future, walk solemnly by: the first all sunshiney gold, the second all drab, the third all ink. Two tears steal out from under her shut lids, but no sooner does she feel them on her cheeks than she raises herself, and indignantly shakes them away.

"Is this my pluck?" she says, still sneaking aloud, though in a low key: "the pluck of which I boasted even to him! Is this the way in which I had braced myself to meet my troubles? Just because they are not of the kind I expected, are they to find me limp and puling like this? Just because I expected a stab, and have found pin-pricks instead? Oh! I would rather have been stabbed—stabbed deeply—anything would have been better!" she says, twisting her hands together and writhing at the thought of the daily, hourly, momentarily penance to which every tone of voice, every movement, every mode of thought the Moberley family condemn, and will for ever condemn, her. "Well," (rising again, and again beginning to walk about the room), "well! I suppose that none can pick and choose their afflictions. If I had had my choice I should have lived with gentlefolks, and they should have bullied me, they should have had next to no hair on their heads, and should never have mentioned a soldier." She laughs a little, and then, lapsing into deeper gravity, says presently, "God give me pluck to keep up a good heart and bear my pin-pricks!"

It is a real prayer, though, perhaps, not conventionally worded. Occupation of some kind she must have; but what! Her boxes not having yet arrived, none of her own resources are within reach. She looks rather hopelessly round the room—not to criticise this time, but to search. The sight of a work-basket disgorging tangled Berlin wools puts an idea into her head. Why not mend the hole in the dining-room carpet?

Joan has been taught stitching in all its branches, and, what is more, she loves it. She has never before, indeed, been set to mend carpets, but she has mended rents in other things, and, after all, it is only the application to a new purpose of old knowledge. In three

minutes, armed with a darning-needle and a skein of wool, with her gown turned inside out and pinned round her, she is kneeling on the dusty carpet, her whole soul absorbed in the endeavor to make the ragged, straggly edges of the great rent approach each other.

There is something very soothing in work, especially handiwork. As Joan toils the blood runs to her head, it is true, but the bitterness goes out of her heart.

There is still another hour's work before her. As she so thinks, the door-bell ringing clangs upon her ear. It cannot be that her cousins are returned already. It must be some one come to call.

"One of them, perhaps!" she says a little sarcastically; "who knows!—Micky himself! What a bitter disappointment it will be, when they come back and learn what they have lost!"

After a pause, and two more applications to the bell on the part of the visitor, Sarah is heard going to obey the summons. The door opens; there is a parley; it closes again. Sarah returns along the passage. What a heavy foot she has! How ponderously she treads!

Secure in the consciousness of not having a single acquaintance in Helmsley; sure of having neither part nor lot in the visitor, and confident, therefore, of remaining undisturbed, Joan has not taken the trouble to change her position, or lift her head. She is still kneeling, still darning, when a loud and palpably artificial "H'm!" uttered in an unmistakably masculine voice, makes her start violently and look hastily up. Even if Sarah could simulate a manly tread, it would be impossible for her or any other known parlor-maid to counterfeit such a voice.

A perfectly unknown man stands before her—a young man, and, judging by his appearance, an extremely healthy one; a young man, hiding a hat in one hand and a stick in the other, and with a confident smile of extreme friendliness both on his lips and in his eyes.

"Mrs. Moberley is out," said Joan, rising quickly, but without hurry or discomfiture, from her lowly posture, and bending her head slightly in polite but grave salutation.

"And are the girls out too?" asks the young man, in a voice that fitly matches in depth and gruffness the sound of his introductory "H'm!" and preparing to deposit his hat and stick in the hall, with an evident intention of staying some time.

"My cousins are out!" answers Joan, with a slight but intentional accent on the first two words, and infusing a little more ice than before into her tone. "I suppose that Sarah must have misled you by the idea that they were at home?"

"No, she did not," replies the young man, nonchalantly; "she told me that they were out—that no one but you was at home; but I thought that—"

How tall she is! He had no idea, as she knelt, how tall she was. It is clear that she can have no idea who he is.

"As there is no one here to introduce us to each other," he says, with rather a nervous laugh, "I suppose we must introduce ourselves. I have no doubt that we have heard each other's name very often."

"I have not yet the pleasure of knowing what your name is," answers Joan, gravely.

He wishes that she would look away. He laughs again more nervously, and also louder.

"If you have heard it half as often as I have heard yours, you have every right to be sick of it."

This remark does not seem to Miss Dering to require an answer, so she makes none.

"My name is Brand," he goes on, speaking fast and uneasily, while the naturally healthy tint of his cheek perceptibly deepens. "I think you must have heard them mention it."

"Yes."

A little silence. The tom-tit still swings and sways on his cypress twig; the rooks are sailing home toward the Abbey. Wolferstau's rook-sailing homeward through the placid sea of air; the shadows are beginning to grow.

"Do you expect them back soon?" says Mr. Brand presently, shifting restlessly from one foot to the other, and growing ever more and more uneasy under the cold shining of his companion's eyes. "Did they say, when they set off, how long they meant to be away?"

"Most of the afternoon, I think."

"And left you here all alone?"

"I preferred it."

"At all events they have lost no time in setting you to work," he says, with a brusque laugh, glancing at her late occupation, and trying, by a great effort, to resume his gaiety and assurance.

To this observation Miss Dering vouchsafes no reply of any sort.

Another pause.

A lamb in the meadow over the road—a lamb that has evidently mislaid its mother—bleats in loud complaint.

"If you really think it worth while to wait for their return," says Joan, presently, with a rather severe intonation, "perhaps you will come into the drawing-room." As she speaks she leads the way across the narrow passage, and ushers in her unwelcome visitor. "I fear that you will find it tedious," she says, formally, "I do not expect them back till six or seven. If you will excuse me, I will return to my work."

So saying, and again bowing slightly, she walks out of the room and shuts the door after her. Then she kneels down again, and resettles to her toil. An amused smile passes over

her features, that have lately been set in so austere a gravity.

"So this is Micky," she says to herself. "Well, like everything else, he is rather worse than I expected."

For some time absolute silence reigns. No sound whatever issues from the drawing-room. After a while, however, there is a noise as of some one walking about to and fro, up and down, in the confined space. Apparently time is beginning to hang on Mr. Brand's hands. Then the piano is opened, and sounds arise from it. It is very much out of tune; several of the upper notes are quite dumb, and Micky is but a poor performer.

"Would you mind my leaving this door open a little?" he asks, in a voice a good deal less confident and more respectful than that which he had at first employed; "it need not disturb you, and we might have a little conversation."

"Certainly, if you wish." Having gained the permission, he leans against the door-post, but at first the little conversation does not seem forthcoming. At length, "It is wonderfully warm weather for the time of year," he says. He has evidently been searching among his repertoire of remarks for one warranted not to give offense, and has been unable to find anything less obvious than this.

"Yes." "It is too good to last, I fear; we shall have the east wind back to-morrow, probably."

"Probably." "Was there a good deal of east wind at your place when you came from?"

"A good deal." A pause. Joan is aware that Mr. Brand's eyes are fastened immovably upon her.

"If you will excuse my asking" (in a rather diffident voice), "are you really first-cousin to the Misses Moberley? I think I must have misunderstood, but I thought they said first."

"Yes, first." "First-cousins are such near relations," pursues the young man, "next thing to being sisters."

"Not quite that," rejoins Joan, quickly, involuntarily raising herself, and looking up.

"But next step to it," repeats the other, persistently. "I suppose that your mother and Mrs. Moberley were sisters?"

"I suppose so," echoes Joan, dreamily, still sitting up, forgetting her work and Micky, and staring blankly before her, while the monstrousness of this proposition strikes her with fresh force and novelty; "I mean—yes—of course they were."

"You take after your father's family, I suppose?" "I suppose so."

Another silence; as far as Miss Dering is concerned, it may last forever; there is nothing embarrassing in an occupied silence, but to be totally idle, and as totally dumb, is confusing.

So Micky feels apparently, for he begins again: "Had you a long journey yesterday?" "Rather long."

"Railway travelling is very fatiguing, is not it?" "Very."

"Not so bad as one of the old coaches, though, I dare say?" "I dare say not."

"Particularly if you went inside?" "Yes."

Again the lamb, the rocks, and the tom-tit, have all the talk to themselves. But Mr. Brand is not easily either baffled or silenced. After a few moments he begins again:

"Your cousins—are very good walkers." "Are they?"

"Walking is fatigue without exercise, and riding is exercise without fatigue, they say, do not they?" "I believe so."

"Your boxes are come!" cries a voice, loud and shrill with excitement, breaking in at this point, as Bell's face, hot with running, and reddened by pleasurable agitation, looks in like a very full-blown rose at the window—"at least they will be in two minutes; we passed the carrier's cart. I ran on to tell you; they quite fill it. Diana says she counted seven; what can you have in seven boxes?" She stops, out of breath; then, catching sight of Mr. Brand: "Well, it never rains but it pours; you here!"

"I am here so very seldom that that is a most astonishing fact, is not it?"

Bell is in the house by now and, having pulled off her hat, is fanning her heated cheeks with it. "Why, you told us that you were to be on guard all to-day!" she says, reproachfully.

"But you see I am not."

"Seven boxes," resumes Bell, returning to the subject which is uppermost in her thoughts; "what can you have in seven boxes? It will take us quite a whole day to go through them, will not it?"

"Quite," replies Joan, sighing.

CHAPTER IX.

Thus Joan has overlived one day of her new life. She has even begun upon another, for it

is morning again. If she has overlived one she can overlive all. Probably one will be no better or worse than another. It is possible, indeed, that use may bring some slight alleviation to her sufferings. Use may adapt her palate to the Moberley dishes; may harden her eye to the Moberley stains and rents. Use may accustom her ear to the staccato music of the Moberley voices. As long as each day comes singly, each freighted only with its own load, people can bear a great deal.

Thus Joan thinks, as she strolls after breakfast among the lanky gooseberry-bushes with all the dogs at her heels, or trotting companionably before her, and with the children of Campidoglio Villa peeping at her through the ragged quick-set hedge. After half an hour, spent in trying to cudgel her spirits into content and cheerfulness, she strolls back again to the house; and a quarter of an hour later is walking thoughtfully under an umbrella, and with her hands full of wall-flowers, to the sea. To-day, no one has offered to accompany her. Bell's opinion of the ocean she already knows, nor is Diana so much addicted to the wonders of the deep as to wish to visit them twice running. So she is alone—alone but for the dogs; the dogs that can rub no one the wrong way; who have no preference for soldiers over civilians, wear no false tails, and try to mitigate the blackness of their faces by no pearl powder, or cream of roses.

She is beside the great water now, and, with a long sigh of content, sits down on the shingle. She watches the large brown waves turn over, lengthily curling, with a booming noise, in the sun; tossing high their foamy heads in the wind, running up to lay their myriad snow-white foam bubbles at her feet, and then drawing back again with a sucking sound, carrying with them the wet pebbles.

A sea-bird of some kind—a diver of engaging manners—is serenely riding up and down, up and down on the wavering, heaving plain; plunging every two minutes, with a little splash, into the green depths and coming up again black-headed and complacent, a hundred yards from the spot where he disappeared.

She does not know how long she sits watching the sea's courtship of the land—the obstacles that its patience overcomes. There is a ridge of sand between her and the rising tide; it is with trouble, with many intervening discouragements, with repeated efforts, that it climbs the sandy rise, and then joyfully and swiftly pours over its yeasty streams. Why does not the wave break all at once? Instead of doing so it curls over in one place; and then the curl runs along the line, until the whole proud breaker is dissolved into quick and hissing froth. Ah! this one has come farther than any of his predecessors—he is sucking in among the small stones at her very feet.

The lightning of the noontide ocean Is flashing round me, and a tone Arises from its measured motion. How sweet did any heart now share in my emotion!

She says this aloud, after a way that she has; but her voice is so soft and the sea is so loud that no one, even if close to her, could hear the words. No sooner are they out of her mouth than she catches the sound of a footstep on the shingle behind her—a quick, firm step.

'Twas when the seas were roaring With hollow blasts of wind, A damsel lay deploring All on a rock reclined!

he says with a low laugh, that mixes pleasantly with the noise of the tumbling waves, as he gently and gaily takes her ready hand.

"But I am not 'on a rock,' and I am not 'deploring,'" answers the girl, laughing too.

"She told me you had gone to Helmsley," he goes on; "I knew you had not."

"Who told you that I had?"

"The servant at your—at Mrs. Moberley's. I have been to pay you a visit."

"And did you see any of them?—My aunt—my cousins, I mean?" asks Joan, quickly and nervously, while the red hurries up to her cheeks.

The smile on his face broadens, and his eyes light up mirthfully.

"I saw them and I did not see them; I think they saw me; I think they were reconnoitring me from behind the blinds." A moment later, still speaking playfully, "I knew you had not; I knew that I should find you here. After all, you see, though they are your relations and I am not, I know your ways better than they do."

A little pause, filled up by the wash of the morning waves, while the two young people are looking eagerly, and, as it were, half wonderingly, at each other. Though the space of time since they last met is so short, each seems altered in the other's eyes.

Joan is wondering that it had never before struck her what a sweet-toned voice he has; what a fine and polished enunciation. Can it be possible that in her former life all the men had sweet, full voices, polished enunciations, fine-cut nostrils? and is it the contrast to her present surroundings—to the Moberley voices, accents, noses—that makes Wolferstan's excellences start out with such new saliency? Perhaps it is the lovely setting of the picture—the sea, the sky, the tawny sands—that makes it seem so goodly.

"And you?" she says, presently, breaking shyly and hastily the happy silence; "what has brought you here?"

"Do you mean to say that you do not know?" (in a voice of low reproach).

She shakes her head. "You cannot even guess?" "No." "You can lay your hand upon your heart and tell me so?" "I cannot guess."

"On your word?" "On my word."

"On your honor?" "Do you wish," says Joan, smiling gravely, "to make me say that I think it was to see me that you have come down? Is that what you are trying to drive me to?"

"That is what I am trying to drive you to." It is now her turn to look reproachful, and with her the emotion is perhaps more genuine than it was with him.

"How much the better would you be," she says, looking up at him with the limpid sincerity of her eyes, "if you did succeed in making me say what you know as well as I do not to be true? I think I have forgotten how to bandy pretty speeches; life has grown so matter-of-fact, that I take everything *au pied de la lettre*."

"Is it a pretty speech?" he says, with an air of injured innocence which, if counterfeit, is certainly very ably done. "Unless you had suggested the idea, it would never have occurred to me that it was one; and, after all, why should not a pretty speech be occasionally as true as an ugly one? Far be it from me to say that they are all true, or even" (laughing) "that all mine are, God forbid! but this one—"

He stops expressively. She shakes her head disbelievingly, and turning from him, sits gravely down on the shingle.

"What other motive could have brought me?" he asks, eagerly, stretching himself on the sand also. "Do you think that it can be very amusing sitting down to dinner in a totally empty house, with no society but brown-holland-swaddled chairs and bagged chandeliers! with an elementary kitchen-maid to cook your dinner, and a charwoman to bring it to you, do you?" waiting resolutely for an answer, but he gets none.

Joan's eyes are fixed on the broad band of wondrous purple that stretches in royal beauty across the mid-ocean; at the inefable greens and blues, like the colors of a peacock's neck, with which the waves are shot through and through.

"If you would be so good as to look at me," he goes on, presently, with a tone of slight irritation, noting the direction of her eyes, which is not such as he either wishes or intends, "you would see that, for once in my life, I am speaking truth; well" (after waiting a moment in vain), "well! as you will not, I must trust to the veracity of my voice; as sure as—" (looking vaguely round for something to adjure) "I do not think that I see anything particularly sure anywhere about, so I will use no asseveration—I came down; I made a disagreeable journey at an inconvenient time, wholly and solely to see whether you were yet alive!" A moment after, in a softened voice: "You know that transplantation kills some plants; how could I tell that you were not one?"

Joan laughs a little. "It would take a good deal more than that to kill me," she says; "I am sure that I should be as hard to kill as an eel."

"And you have overlived it?" he says slowly, with a genuine wonder in voice and eyes.

"It seems so."

"And you are—are—are getting on pretty well?"

"Getting on!" repeats Joan, reflectively, with her blue eyes pensively fixed on a far red sail; "I am alive, as you say, and I am in very good health, and I am not beaten or starved; on the contrary, I am very kindly used; if that is to be 'getting on'—yes—I am getting on nicely!"

"And—and there is no change?" pursues the young man, embarrassed, but eager; "nothing—nothing pleasant has happened since we last talked?"

She moves her eyes slowly from the distant brig, and fixes them with a half-ironical smile on his face.

"Do you mean have I yet woke to find myself wealthy? has any one left me a fortune? Well, no! not yet! I am still luxuriating on my godfather's thousand pounds." A moment after, the smile on her face spreading, and growing into a soft laugh of genuine amusement:—"I now know why you were so anxious that I should see Mrs. Moberley—no—do not look miserable! I will promise not to tell her; and even if I did, she would not bear malice; she is far too good-natured! I have also ascertained the extent of the park; the number of whose acres I was so determined to learn from you."

"Do not!" cries the young man hastily, looking thoroughly foolish, growing extremely red, and galloping off into a different subject. "No other will has been found, then?"

"None, except the old one, made before I was born; I knew that there would not be; he meant to have added a codicil to it; the lawyer was to have been down on the very day!—twenty-four hours after made a good deal of difference to my future, did not they?"

She sighs profoundly, and, again turning to the sea, fixes her eyes dejected and patient on the broad flood.

"How could he leave such a thing till the last moment?" cries the young man, with wondering anger; "what culpable—what inexcusable negligence!"

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAGGIE S., Montreal.—Your solution of Charade No. 3 is correct. That of Riddle No. 2 is also accurate. L. B., Monique St.—Your solution of Charade No. 3 is correct, as is also that of Riddle No. 2. Answers to Conundrums 3 and 6, to Puzzle No. 1 and to Enigma No. 1, all correct. Very bright indeed. F. J. B., Montreal.—Solution of Conundrum No. 6 correct. Solution of Arithmetical Puzzle No. 20, of first series, also correct. Go ahead, Frank.

No. 12. CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. By whom were walking sticks first introduced? 2. What sea is most patronized by poor poets? 3. Why is a worn-out shoe like ancient Greece? 4. What is the smallest sound made by the sea? 5. What is the only jain a schoolboy will not eat? 6. Why is Derbyshire an ill-natured country? 7. Why is a nun invariably disappointed with her mode of life? 8. When are horses like fish? 9. Why are a number of people who have had a good dinner like a list at the beginning of a book? 10. Why is a church clock like a little boy after receiving a beating? 11. What measure of capacity is of a sorrowful nature? 12. What painter's name expresses a period of time?

No. 13. PUZZLES.

1. Whole, I am a religious mendicant; transformed, I am beautiful; beheaded, I am an element; again beheaded, and a letter added, my "ancient passions rise"; a consonant prefixed, and I become another element; and finally, if you cut my tail off, there will still be enough of me left to make a large tree.

Without my first old England's arm Would lose its wonted power. Without my next no nation could Exist a single hour. My third upon my first doth ride, My whole is still our country's pride.

No. 14. CHARADE.

1. Bane of the sea, full many a ship. Hath rued my ruthless greeting dread: While many a babe with smiling lip To me hath drooped its lovely head. And many a woe, with fingers skilled, Hath drawn the thread the web hath wove: And many a child, with pleasure thrilled, Hath pressed me to its lips of love. My third gives rest to weary man, And yields its back for his support: While of my whole, all they who can My pleasing ease with raptures court.

My first, in battle's wild alarms, Calls the soldier fierce to arms. Rouses all his courage dire. Weary, wakes all his fire: Bears within its circle fair Sweetest fruits with safest care, Welcome as the youthful crowd Breaks its head, with laughter loud: My second, holds, for good or ill, All of mortal thoughts or skill. All of virtue or of vice: My whole, when beat, like naughty boys, Produces but an empty noise.

No. 15. RIDDLES.

- 1. A toy, a preposition, a vowel, and a berry. 2. A bay, a consonant, and to attempt.

Which letter of the alphabet Would you write down with ink To name a richly-coloured flower, Most fragrant, perhaps, at evening hour. When stars begin to blink: And every bud on bank and bower The welcome dew doth drink?

No. 16. ENIGMA.

1. My first is J, My second is May, My third is K, On the whole you will say, "Well, come!" That's rum."

My first upon my second's dock Departing, waved his hand. I cried, "My first, if seeping wreck, My second reach the land, Wherein your future lot is cast, Know that till death my whole shall last!"

No. 17. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- 1. A consonant. 2. An English river. 3. An Italian town. 4. A Scottish county. 5. A European river. 6. An English river. 7. A consonant. My centrais make a town in Scotland.

No. 18. NUMERICAL CHARADE.

My first is one-fifth of my last; my third is half my first; my second is nothing; my fourth is ten times my third; my third plus my second and first equals three-tenths of my last.

SOLUTIONS.

No. 8. CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. Because nothing goes faster than that. 2. Because they run from pole to pole and often cross the line. 3. Her coachman. 4. When they sleep with their forefathers. 5. B, R, and V, or O, D, T. 6. Two, inside and outside.

No. 9. PUZZLES.

- 1. Tulip. 2. Reviver.

No. 3. CHARADES.

- 1. Vanguard. 2. Pine-apple.

No. 4. RIDDLES.

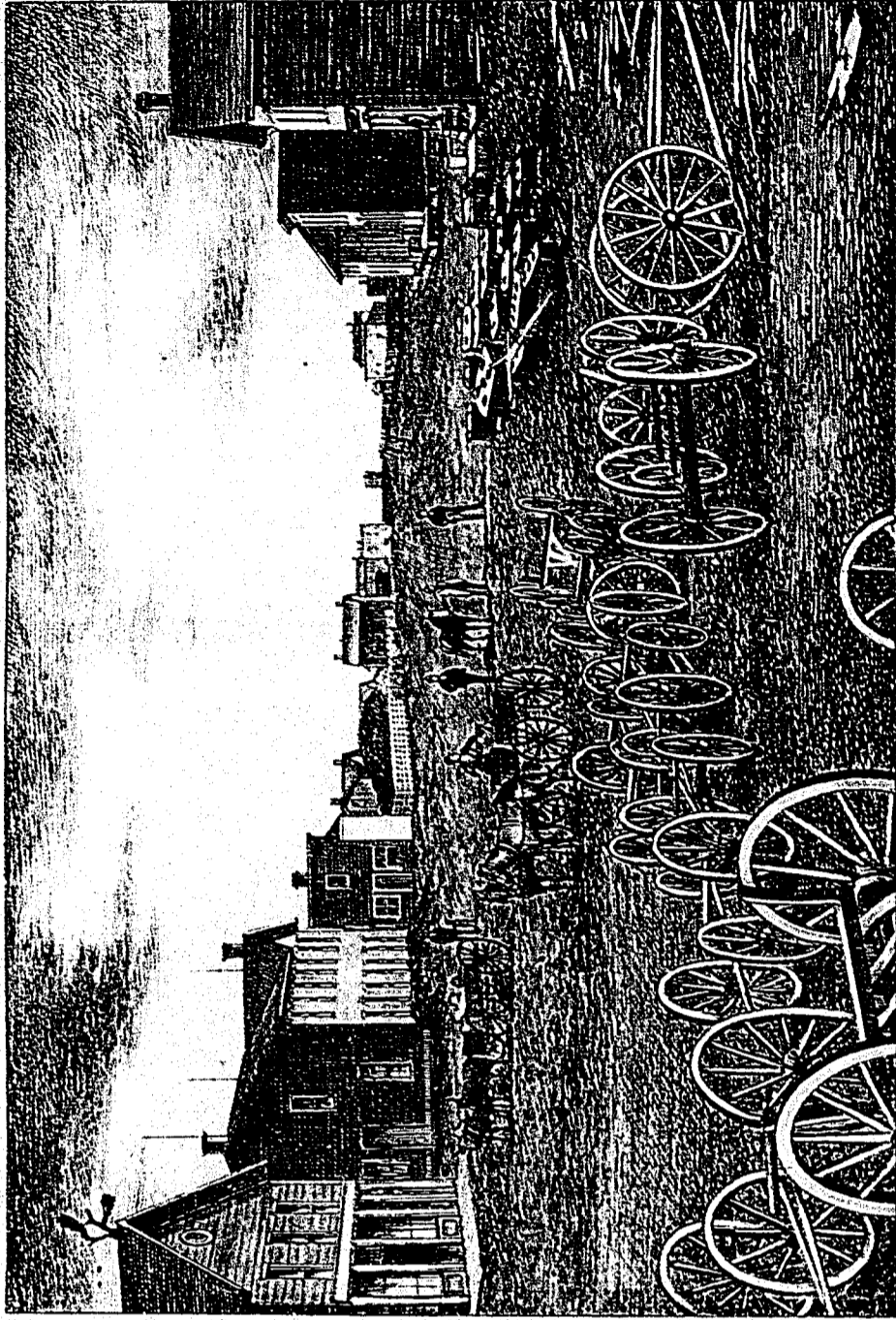
- 1. Cake is something tipsy, but wine is always drunk. 2. Bed-ford. 3. Tim-bue-too. 4. Swan-sea. 5. Liver-pool.

No. 12. ENIGMAS.

- 1. Flag. 2. A kiss.

No. 6. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

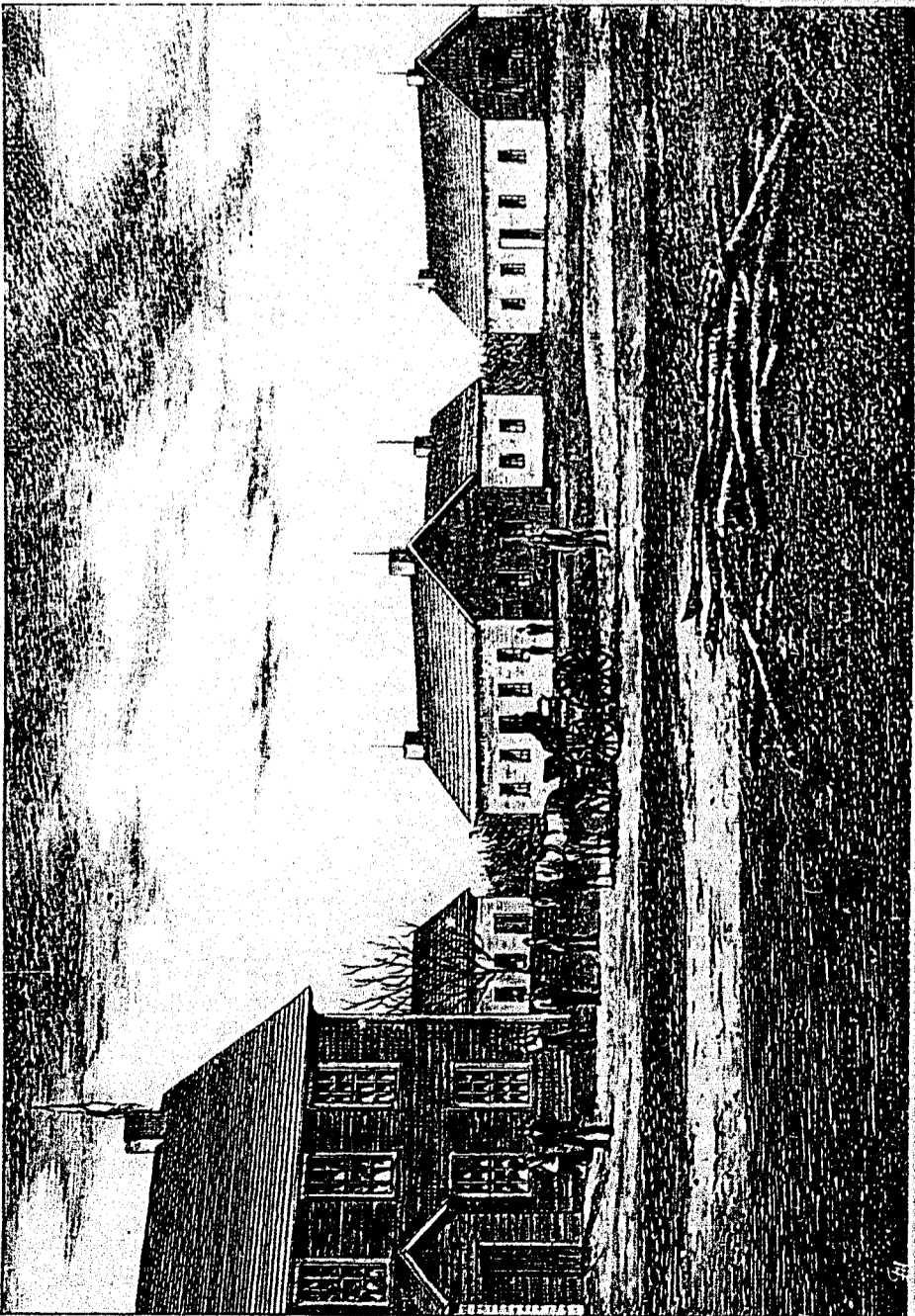
Wroxham, Skating, thus: 1. WaterS; 2. RinK; 3. ElbA; 4. XyC; 5. HenT; 6. AvOxN; 7. MagoG



EMERSON, MANITOBA.



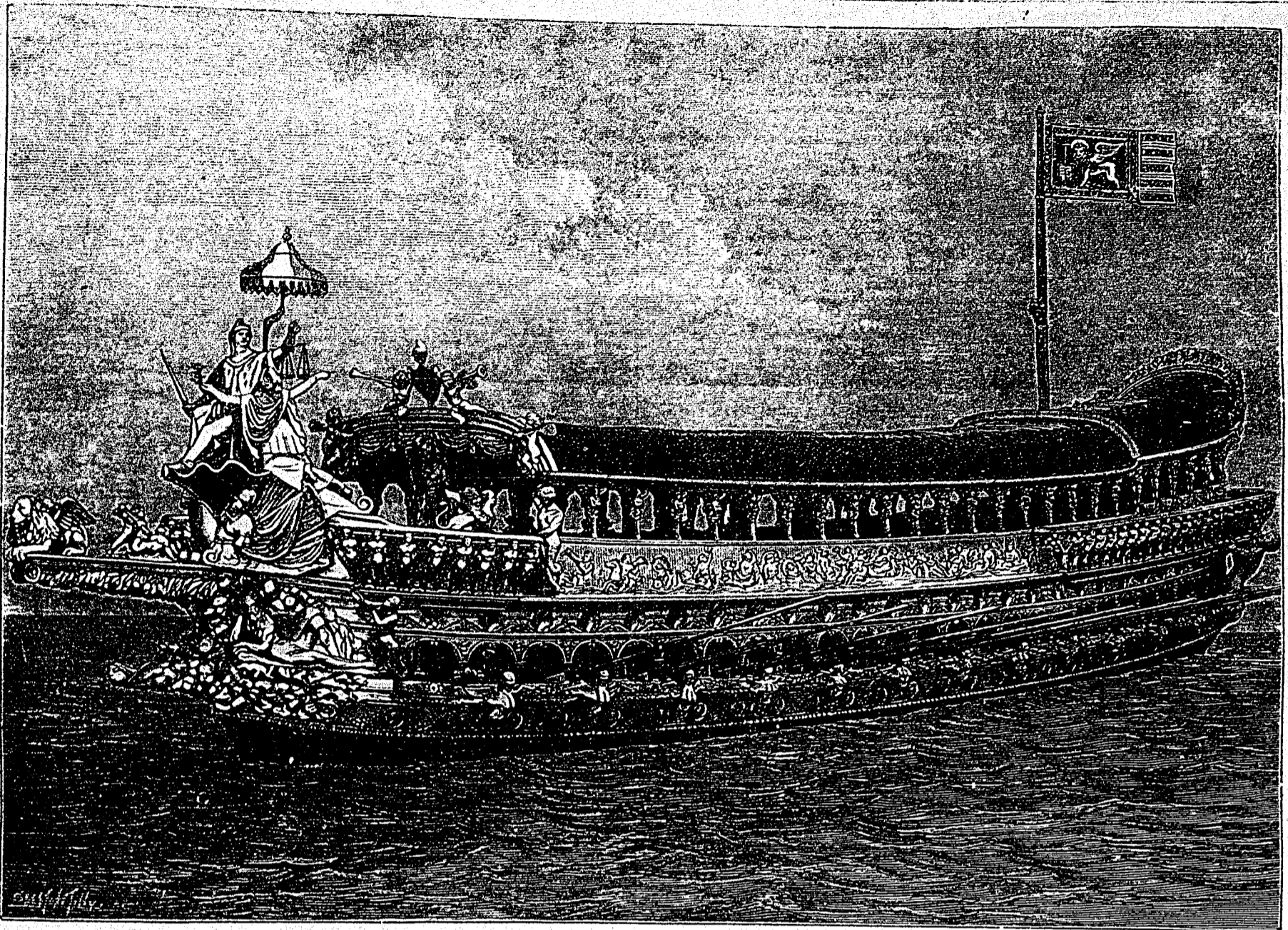
BREAKING THE ICE IN THE DELAWARE RIVER.



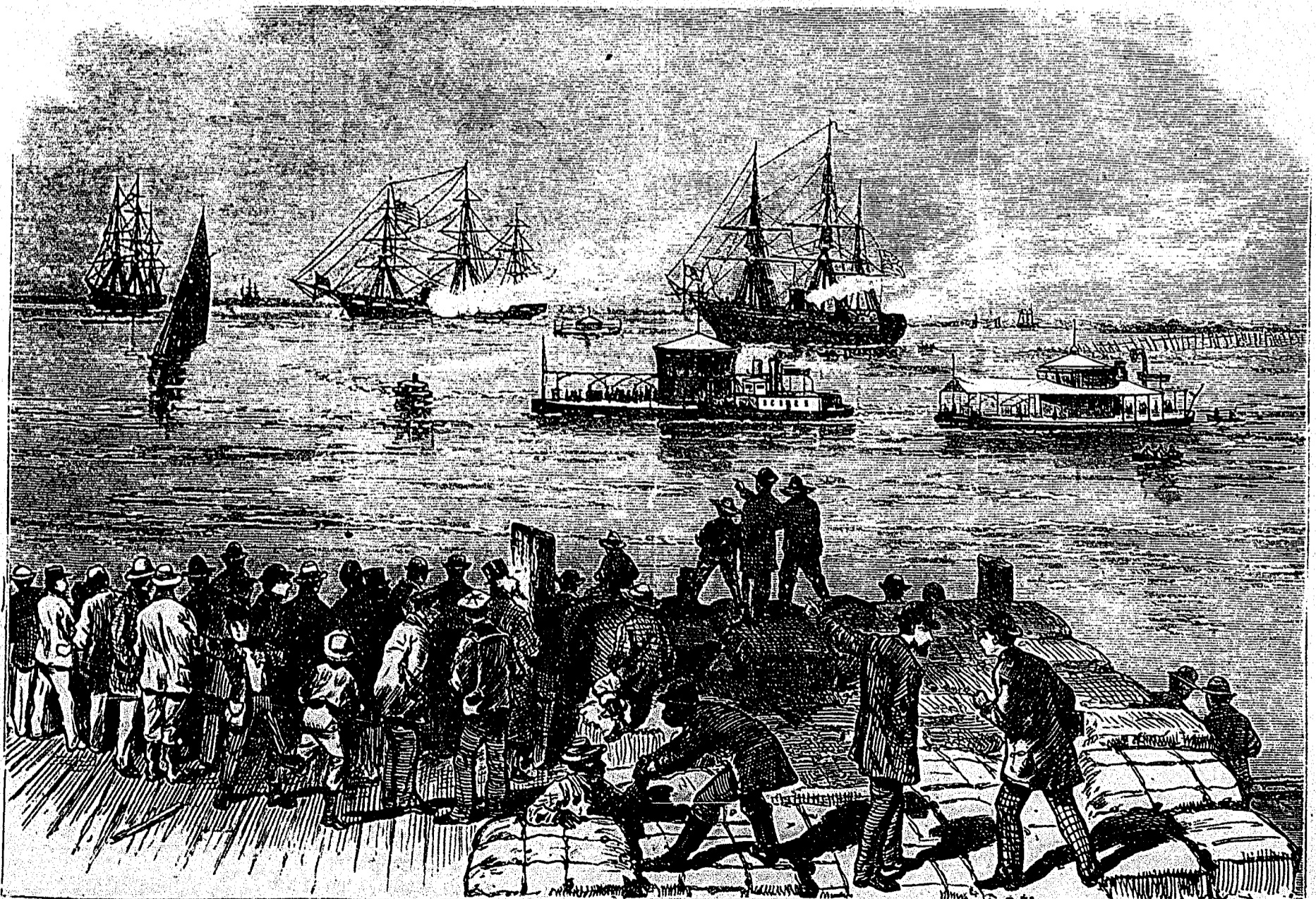
DUFFERIN, MANITOBA.



NEW YORK.—SNOW PLOUGH AT LONG ISLAND.



THE BUCENTAUR, AFTER THE ORIGINAL IN THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.



THE SVETLANA, THE FLAGSHIP OF THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON, THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, CAPTAIN, RESPONDING TO THE SALUTE OF THE U. S. STEAMER POWHATAN.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Our first duty is to congratulate Miss Fanny Reeves and Mr. McDowell upon their happy marriage. May it prove the earnest of many years of contentment and prosperity.

Not so with Miss Reeves—beg pardon—Mrs. McDowell. To begin with, we shall allow her a holiday, as in all gallantry bound, and which she has richly won.

Our next duty is to greet the return of Mr. Neil Warner. Toronto sustained an irreparable loss in parting from him; but that loss is our gain.

The play chosen for Mr. Warner's reappearance was The Mystery of Edwin Drood. This is the second original drama introduced at the Academy, and we trust it will not be the last.

We are pleased to be the first to announce to our readers that we are going to have an opera, mounted and executed by artists of our own city.

THE GLEANER. The Germans are not going to remain satisfied with the military sausage, and they are now studying at Passau a system for preserving eggs for the army by means of drying them.

THE GLEANER.

There will be among the objects exhibited by the French in 1878 a one hundred-ton gun. It is to be cast at Rueil, near Paris, and will form the armament of the ironclad Admiral Dupre, now being constructed.

THE Prime Ministers of England and France are both Jews, and both were born on the same day of the month, the last day of the year; but Benjamin Disraeli was born nine years before Jules Simon.

THE Brussels omnibuses are fitted with letter-boxes, in which passengers or people living along the route may deposit letters.

"THERE is a creature," said the Rev. Phillips Brooks, in his recent Yale lecture on preaching, "who ought to share with the clerical cheat the abuse of the people. I mean the clerical jester."

At the poles the twilight is two months long and the managers of gas companies, during the day, look as cheerful as a country graveyard in January.

A SINGULAR phenomenon occurred last week. A man was clearing the snow from the roof of his house, when he observed a dark object which shot rapidly over the snow on the roof and was buried in a drift in the back yard.

THURSDAY afternoon a stranger stepped into a saloon and remarked, "It is snowing again;" when a man by the stove sprang to his feet and explained, "I am glad of it. I can whip any man who says I am not glad of it."

AN item from China stating that a man's head was cut off for patting a pretty girl on the cheek has caused one man we know of to make up his mind to stay in the United States, where he won't run any risks.

MOODY says he doesn't approve of pretty girls at fairs allowing themselves to be kissed for twenty-five cents. That's right. It's far better to go home with the pretty girls after the fair is over, and kiss them at the door for nothing.

A YOUNG American prima donna, who took lessons in Milan a few years ago, and returned to her country disgusted with the tyranny of Italian music teachers, has been engaged as a substitute for a steam whistle in a Lowell boot factory.

THE most hopeless specimen of imbecility to be seen these days is a man leaning over a dry goods counter, staring helplessly into the eyes of the unsympathizing young woman behind it, and wondering "what in blazes was the name of that thing the old woman told me to get?"

A WEST SIDE woman had her tongue paralyzed last week from playing the harmonica, and the next day when it was generally known, every other married man in town bought a harmonica and took it home to his wife and then went outside the house and stood on his head in the snow.

A NEW YORK letter says: "It just occurs to me that it is not every man that knows exactly what to select as a suitable Christmas gift for his mother-in-law."

"Tis snowing hard," we remarked pensively yesterday afternoon; "mark the fleecy emblems of nature's purity, as they frisk and skirl athwart the prospect like a beautiful girl with no rubbers on working around a slippery corner."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. GOUNOD'S new four-act opera, in eight scenes, entitled Cinq-Mars, is completed, and is now in preparation at the Opera Comique.

THERE is a prospect of Mr. Tennyson's new drama of "Harold" appearing on the boards of the Lyceum Theatre, with, of course, Mr. Irving and the Misses Bateman in the principal characters.

A NEW French Musical is announced to be published at Constantinople, which is to contain especially pieces composed by the amateurs of the Turkish Empire.

MR. W. S. GILBERT has accepted a very liberal offer made by Mr. Southern, who is to pay him two thousand pounds for a five-act play, the purchaser to have the exclusive copyright for England and America.

THE orchestra at a theatre in China is composed as follows: Gongs, fiddles, glass trumpets, bamboo flutes, castanets and tambourines.

"THE Seven Castles of the Devil," in which more than 600 persons take part, has been running recently with great success at the Chatelet in Paris.

HUMOROUS.

"WHAT do young men want?" solicitously enquires an exchange. Most of them would here want a recipe for living a twelve dollar life on nine dollar wages.

THE skull of Agamemnon, discovered by Dr. Schliemann, had thirty-two perfect teeth, which encourages the belief that he never lived at a boarding house.

A NEW YORK doctor says one-half the houses in Fifth Avenue are unfit to live in; but he can't frighten us. When we go to New York, we shall stay with our Fifth Avenue friends, as usual.

FIFTY million pins are made every day in England, and yet in all that country there is not a man who can pin a stiff collar on a stiff neckband without spelling heaven in four letters.

SOME of the scientific papers are again agitating the question, "How far off is the sun?" As long as it is so far away that it calls for five bolts of coal a day to run a fire, the question has no particular charm for most men.

A MOTHER'S love is never wholly exhausted, and when his father whaled her boy for throwing mud-balls against the newly-white-washed fence, that mother interposed with the remark that if Gustave Doré had such a father he never would have been the famous painter that he is.

At the poles the twilight is two months long and the managers of gas companies, during the day, look as cheerful as a country graveyard in January.

A CORRESPONDENT asks why we do not publish more original poetry. One reason is that writers are too apt to confine themselves to thirty or forty verses and give the sentiment no opportunity to expand.

A SINGULAR phenomenon occurred last week. A man was clearing the snow from the roof of his house, when he observed a dark object which shot rapidly over the snow on the roof and was buried in a drift in the back yard.

THURSDAY afternoon a stranger stepped into a saloon and remarked, "It is snowing again;" when a man by the stove sprang to his feet and explained, "I am glad of it. I can whip any man who says I am not glad of it."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter received containing correct solution of Problem No. 104, also Problem for Chess Column. Many thanks.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 105 received.

On Monday last, January 23rd, Mr. Bird who, as we have previously stated, is on a visit to Montreal, according to arrangements, was present at the Montreal Chess Club for the purpose of playing simultaneous games with any number of the members who were willing to enter the lists against him.

The tables were arranged as an oblong, the club players, seated each at his own table, were on the outside; while the inside afforded a fine promenade for the champion himself.

The players Messrs. Henderson, Stirling, Popham, Smail, Hall, and Atkinson on one side; Messrs. Ascher, Hicks, Saunders, Howe, Watkins, Barry and Workman on the other, and Messrs. Shaw and Bazin at the ends.

Dr. Howe, being elected chairman for the evening, announced the following rules for their guidance, viz:—"That each player had to play his own game, no consultation to be allowed. That the pieces were not to be handled in Mr. Bird's absence from the board. That each player was to be ready immediately on Mr. Bird's appearance at his board either to make his move, or to request him to pass on.

The match lasted till past midnight, and at its termination the score stood as follows:—Mr. Bird had won nine games, the Club four games and two were drawn. The successful players on the part of the Montreal Chess Club were Mr. Howe, Mr. Barry, Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Saunders. The members who drew their games were Mr. Shaw and Mr. Hall.

At the end of the game Mr. Bird said the Montreal Chess players had made a larger score than those of New York, for there he had played in the same way against twenty antagonists, winning nineteen games and losing one.

His manners as a Chess player are most agreeable and in every way calculated to give confidence to his opponents.

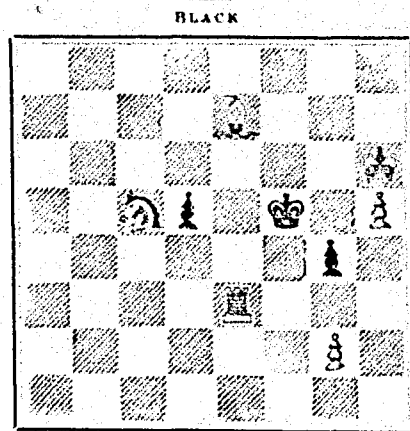
On Tuesday evening, the 23rd, at 9 p.m., the Club met for the purpose of contesting four simultaneous games with Mr. Bird, each game to be played on the part of the Club by three members at each board in consultation. The boards were respectively lettered A, B, C, D. Dr. Howe, Mr. Barry, and Mr. Saunders had charge of board A; Mr. Hicks, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Watkins, board B; Mr. Ascher, Mr. T. Workman and Mr. Shaw, board C; and Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Hall and Mr. Barry, board D.

The result of the match which terminated at a late hour, was as follows:—Board A, game not finished and adjourned; board B, scored a game for the Club, and boards C and D, were defeated.

We have good reason for saying that in the opinion of Mr. Bird the play on the part of the Montreal Club may compare favourably with that of any other body of players with whom he has contested during his visit to this continent.

PROBLEM No. 107.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.



White playing, mates in three moves

GAME 154TH.

Between Messrs. Zukertort and Minchin, in the late blindfold match in which the former gentleman played simultaneously against sixteen members of the West End Chess Club, London, Eng.

Evans' Gambit.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Zukertort.) 1. P to K4 2. Kt to K B3 3. B to B4 4. P to Q Kt4 5. P to Q B3 6. Castles 7. P to Q4 8. Kt takes K P 9. P takes Kt 10. Q to Q3 11. Kt takes B 12. Q to K B3 13. Q to K R3 14. B to K R6 15. Q R to Q sq 16. B to Q3 17. B takes R 18. P to K R3 19. P to K B4 20. B takes B 21. Q to K B3 22. Q to R5 23. Q to R4 24. R to K B3 25. P to K Kt4 26. R to K R3 27. R takes P 28. P to B5 (a) 29. Q takes R P (ch)

And mates in two moves.

NOTE.

(a) A beautiful move under any circumstances, but in the present instance it is deserving of the highest praise.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 105.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K Kt3 2. K to K6 3. K to Q5 4. R to B3 mate
- BLACK. Kt takes K (best) K to Q0 P moves

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 104.

- WHITE. 1. R to K B5 2. Kt to Q B4 3. Rt or P mates
- BLACK. Kt takes R Any move

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 104.

- WHITE. Kt to R2 R to Q B sq B to K B4 Kt to Q Kt7 Pawns at Q3 and Q Kt2
- BLACK. K to Q Kt5 Q to Q5 Pawns at Q Kt4 and Q R5

White to play and mate in four moves.

LOST!

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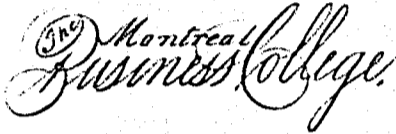
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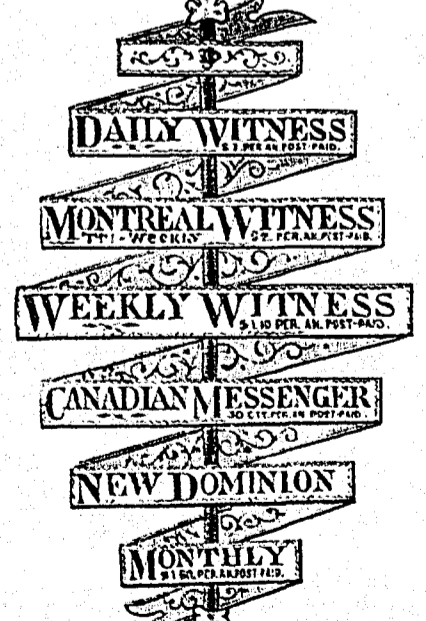
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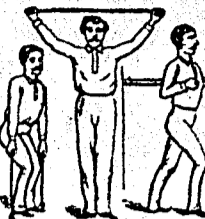
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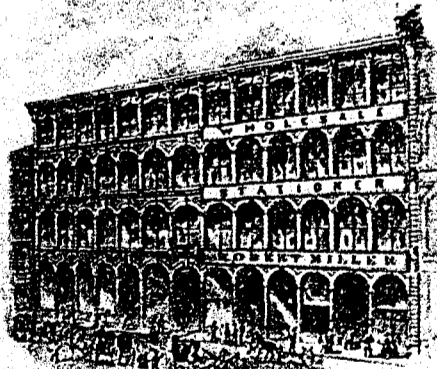
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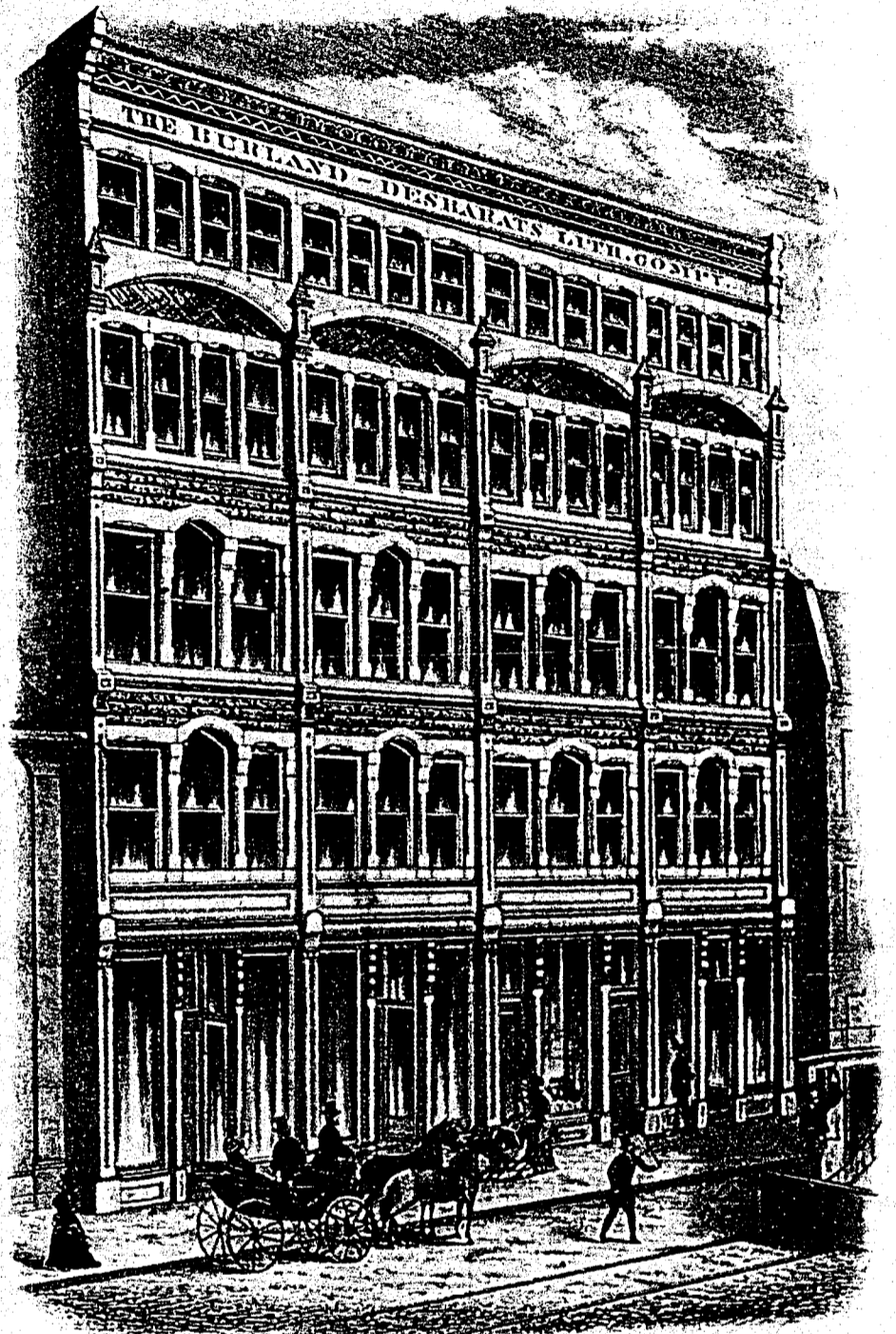
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