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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 27th, 1875.

PARTIES IN QUEBEC.

While strictly adhering to our rule not to mix in any strifes of parties, we may yet give the facts of the political situation in Quebec, upon an occasion so interesting at the first meeting of the new Legislature. There was debate as to what the majority of the Ministry would be,—whether the recent appeal to the country had strengthened or weakened them. And now many prophets may safely conclude that there is, after all, nothing so certain as a division list. The first test vote of the House was on an amendment to the address by Mr. JOLY, the Opposition leader; and it gave for the amendment 15, against it 45;—that is a vote of 3 to 1 in favour of the Government. Of course a majority so crushing puts an end to many speculations. It settles all questions arising out of the Tanneries' Land affair, they being really covered by the vote, Mr. ANGERS, the new leader of the House, having declared that the judgment of Mr. Justice JOHNSON was in exact accordance with the facts. There will, therefore, be no appeal; and it is amusing to see how some parties, who previously thought differently, are now endeavouring to find reasons why there should not be any.

On the personal point, we may say that it is admitted on all hands that Mr. ANGERS, the new leader of the House, is much more powerful than the former one; and in fact he seems to be the rising hope of the Conservative party in the Province. He is still very young, and since the death of Sir GEORGE CARTIER, it must be said there is room for some strong man to make his mark on our politics. That would not be alone a gain for the party possessing him, but for all parties.

We shall probably now soon hear of the filling of the vacant French seat in the Dominion Cabinet, caused by the elevation of Mr. FOURNIER to the Supreme Court. The filling of this place has very much dragged; and, it has been rumoured, from a desire to see the turn which things took in Quebec.

Of course, with such a decisive majority and so decided a tone, the new Ministry will go straight on with their railway and other policy. We may generally add as respects the debates in the Quebec House so far, that they not only show spirit, but even brilliancy.

MR. DISRAELI'S SPEECH.

The Atlantic cable has furnished a summary report of an important speech delivered by Mr. DISRAELI, at the Mansion House. The banquet of the Lord Mayor of London, by long usage, affords occasion for out of session official utterances; and the Prime Minister of the Empire, a few days ago, at the last given, made some remarks on the European situation. After alluding in complimentary terms to the settlement of difficulties in China, by Mr. WADE, Mr. DISRAELI, referring to the question of Turkey, said that he could not announce the situation in Europe as so satisfactory.

But yet he refused to believe that the existing peace would be broken. He said he would not contemplate such an event. He added, however, that if it did occur the subjects of the Queen were never in a better position to meet it. Our readers will remember that we furnished, some time ago, an account of a correspondence which appeared in the semi-official organ at St. Petersburg, between the Governments of Russia and Germany, on the position of the "Sick Man," looking to a very large aggression by the Czar; and, in fact, to more than the complete undoing of all that has been accomplished by the Anglo-French war in the Crimea. That correspondence showed the fact of an understanding between those two powerful Governments against the interests of Great Britain. Mr. DISRAELI stated that the interests of the Queen's Government are more indirect, but not less important than those of some of the Continental Powers in the question at issue; and he intimated that they would properly be maintained. He took, in fact, what is termed, a firm tone; and that, in our belief, will make for peace. It is certain that the reverse, a few years ago, on the part of Lord ABERDEEN, led to the breaking out of the Crimean war. There is another circumstance which remains to be noticed, namely, that great anger has prevailed in Great Britain for the last few weeks against the Turkish Government for not paying the half yearly interest on its loan. And for this it has been very loudly charged with repudiation. But it has not repudiated. It has simply exhibited inability which may be temporary. It appears that this feeling in England has revived activity on the question on the Continent; and, with what seriousness, may be judged from the remarks of Mr. DISRAELI. The recent Christian rebellion in the Turkish Provinces has also been sympathized with in England; and that has undoubtedly tended to the same political action on the Continent. We shall watch for the further development with the greatest interest. The result will not alone affect the political situation in Europe, but modern civilization as well.

THE SUPREME COURT.

At a state dinner given by his Excellency, the Governor General, to the Judges of the Supreme Bench, LORD DUFFERIN uttered some hearty truths which are worthy of being treasured up. According to him the establishment of that Court marks another epoch in the progressive history of the Dominion; it exhibits another proof and pledge of the stability of our confederation, and of the solidifying process which has knit into a homogeneous and patriotic community the inhabitants of what a few years ago were the scattered districts of Great Britain's North American possessions. But the constitution of such a Court is not merely an evidence of so complete a unification of the Dominion as to permit the rays of Justice being thus focused to a point.—it is also an exemplification of the confidence reposed by the people of Canada in the learning and attainments of the Legal Profession in this country. Had not the Parliament of Canada been convinced that the Bar of the Dominion was and would continue to be capable of producing persons of such commanding authority and reputation that their judgments would be universally acquiesced in, it would not have ventured upon so bold an experiment as the creation of a Court superior in its jurisdiction to all the other Provincial Courts in the Dominion. His Lordship himself has no misgiving that Parliament will be disappointed in these expectations. He has no doubt but that those eminent personages will succeed in establishing for their Court a reputation and an authority equal to the anticipations of their countrymen. The authority of a Court of Justice is founded on the soundness of its decisions. Under the free Constitution of the British Empire, no earthly peril can check the growth or diminish the weight of an authority established on such a basis. A great Court thus becomes the author of its

own supremacy—may, it can extend its ascendancy beyond the limits of natural jurisdiction, and impress foreign Codes of Jurisprudence with its own interpretation of Equity and Justice. Witness the respect and deference with which the chief Court of the United States is quoted by British and European Jurists. Such a Court is the parent of peace, order and good government; it is the guardian of civil, political and religious liberty; it is like the sun at noonday—it shines with its own light; and happily human passion and prejudice and executive tyranny and popular phrenzy are as impotent to intercept the beneficial influence of the one as to shear the beams from the other. His Lordship concluded by this advice that inasmuch as the pure, efficient and authoritative Courts of Justice are the most precious possession a people can enjoy—the very fruits and sources of a healthy national existence—there is no duty more incumbent on a great and generous community than to take care that all and every one of those who administer Justice in the land are accorded a social, moral and material recognition proportionate to their arduous labours, weighty responsibility and august position.

SHIP'S BOATS AND HOW TO STUDY THEM.

Since our last reference to maritime affairs and their unhappy aspect through many accruing influences, we have to record the total loss of the steamship *Normanton* by collision—crew saved—and of the *Culeutta*, timber ship, with a loss of twenty-three lives.

That ships will be converted into efficient life-boats, as science shall advance, we do not doubt, and can only trust, in regard to the immense interests involved—social, commercial and protective—that the day will be an early one. In the meantime, we cannot be doing very wrong to give some attention to the structure and launching of those ship's boats that, in emergencies, are more than almost all else, the occasion of the loss of lives.

Our social system works in general with fair efficiency, and it is the more painful to think that it should be subjected, as often as it has of late been, to such violent strains and shocks to all that is good and human and Christian in it.

Our plan of society is found to fulfil its conditions fairly, when unusual incidents do not disturb it, and a young country may still be expected to become practical and provide guarantees for the welfare of its subjects in the early future. We are in the habit of thinking a great deal more of the comforts of life and the power of money in obtaining them than of the sometimes arduous steps by which legitimate comforts and securities are to be realized. Social adjustments should nevertheless have the first place in our thought—we believe. Money of itself provides none of this knowledge or means, however essential to their attainment. To understand the principles of things we must study them, and we do not always find a royal road to the acquisition.

But even a sober pursuit of means and reputation and the encouragement of the State could be enlisted in the noble enterprise of saving life in labour and travel. What is useful has always its personal value, and that the idea has been hitherto so little availed of in this Dominion has greatly arisen from the unpractical and untechnical character of the education we give our youth. We are indeed, in this country, beginning to provide in schools some of the first principles of natural philosophy in heat, chemistry, electricity, mechanics, &c., with the grand themes of astronomy and the discipline of pure mathematics. Abstract knowledge, however, is not always essential, though almost always beneficial, and we must go a step further to apply these principles practically, in fact introduce the youthful student into the actual practice of the workshop. There should be a real sympathy of his ideas—the familiar ones of his daily life—with things as well as books,

and with the workshops of the land and their artificers. We might even call it the material want of the time. Our student should be made to judge in such visits, by the help of the principles inculcated in the class-room, of the methods he looks upon and their results, and learn to appraise not only the supposed successes of the constructor, but even, without obtrusiveness, to satisfy his mind at what points improvements might be introduced. Tradition rules in all fields of industry and construction, and it is sometimes hard to replace it. It might not be the student's chief business to do this, but rather for his own improvement and the welfare of the generation he hopes to influence, to speculate upon what might be done for practical usefulness and advantage to social life. Now if in our great schools and colleges we had a "boat class" which should be instructed in all pertaining to flotation and equilibrium on the water, stable and unstable, we seem to think we should have begun at the true beginning, for the ship and steamer grew out of the simple coracle, and from the elementary form we shall get the principles that govern success. Dropping for the moment the equipment of the vessel and mastering the details of the hull, we should come to think that the small boats in common use for oars or sails are generally only fit to be navigated by swimmers. Inside such mussel-shells we have to recognize the possibility of being seen outside, and in the exercise of our amphibian capacities, as now built and ballasted, small boats are unsafe and deceptive. Boys are fond of boating, and always hard to be kept from the water, and we should thus have laid a foundation for the pursuit of an important exercise. It would go to form the right boats and lead to instruction in swimming in addition. If our readers have accompanied us as far as this, they may perhaps believe that as the class advances in its primitive studies of vessels, it might soon take opportunity to enquire why ship's boats intended for escape of passengers and crew could not be launched in the hour of danger on some plan superior to the present methods, and for one week's theme—and for humanity's sake we hope an early one—we might propose the question, why there might not be constructed stout iron "ways" to be rapidly thrown over the ship's sides, supported by stays from the rigging, along which a decked boat could be gently slid down with its living freight down into the sea? And as to the best form of boat, whether it might not be a steam-launch, and thoroughly found in stores, compasses and fuel, although a comparatively shallow decked vessel, with openings for the sitter similar to that for the single occupant of a "canvas-covered canoe," would be, one might say, infinitely preferable to the present insane system of open and unlaunchable boats. If boats are to fail, there is the wide raft question to speculate upon. Till we make our ships in themselves fit to encounter emergencies, we can hardly give too much attention to the launching of the boats. A boatswain's party of a few men would be able, if familiar with the drill prepared for such occasions, to insist upon the right arrangements in seating the passengers. We hope our landsmen will not be afraid of such questions. There is plenty of professional ingenuity for all such topics, but the difficulty of the hour is to get it applied to a work demanded by every consideration that can stir the hearts of men.

There is much feeling in England over an act passed by the Parliament of Prince Edward's Island, compelling absentee proprietors of large estates to surrender their property for seven shillings sterling an acre. The act is said to be nothing more nor less than confiscation, and the proprietors talk of appealing to the Privy Council of the empire. There is alleged to be no precedent in England or in any European country outside of the Russian dominions for such a course. It is not alleged that the proprietors have committed any crime that would just

ify confiscation. The only object of the act seems to be to make the tenants the owners of the soil. The act provides that "a proprietor shall be construed to include and extend to any person receiving or entitled to receive the rents of any lands exceeding five hundred acres in the aggregate, leased or unleased, occupied or unoccupied." The act is the result of years of agitation, during which many of the tenants have refused to pay their rents.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Montreal Academy of Music opened in a most brilliant manner on Monday the 15th inst. We cheerfully endorse all that has been written by our contemporaries in respect to the success of the inauguration. The public did their duty by appearing in large numbers, and they gave a prestige to the occasion by doing what we should like to see made the rule, instead of the exception—being present in full evening dress. There is nothing to prevent this being done, even in the most severe weather, for the Academy, if it has not all the advantages, is admirably heated, and ladies may be as comfortable on its benches as in their own drawing-rooms. The habit of toilet at a theatre gives it a character of dignity and respectability which influences both the actors in their play and the audience in their behavior. With regard to the company, we may speak of it with almost unqualified approval. It is certainly by far the best resident company within our experience of several years. The manager, Mr. McDowell, is himself an actor of great versatility and intelligence, while the ladies vie with each other in their various styles of excellence. A special feature of their acting is its harmony and homogeneity, admirably displayed in such dramas as "Rosendale," "Saratoga" and "Mary Warner."

As we have been among the earliest and most strenuous advocates of theatrical reform and revival in Montreal, we shall make it our business carefully to review the weekly events at the Academy of Music, being jealous of its legitimate success, but to day we judge it more advisable to confine ourselves to a few business considerations, founded on some little personal experience of theatrical matters. In the first place, we should remind those gentlemen who insisted upon building the Academy on its present site, instead of in a more central place and eligible position, that they have taken the dramatic reputation of Montreal into their own hands, and are, therefore, bound to sustain it. If this theatre should fail, we have no hopes of a successor to it in the next ten years. It is the middle classes that patronize and encourage the drama, as a rule, but in the present instance our upper classes have stepped in and must persevere. One way, and a very effective way, of doing this would be to buy seats for the season, as is done in Europe, and thus secure the management a certain sufficient sum to rely upon through all contingencies. We have spoken neither to Mr. McDowell, nor to any one else on the subject, but we calculate that it is necessary to his success that he should play nightly to an average house of \$400. He might drag through with \$300, but not in a way to encourage him or his company. To enable him to secure this average, he should have the spontaneous help of the directors and their wealthy friends in the way just indicated.

Another thing that must be accomplished in order to success is the drawing the centre and eastern portions of the city. Mr. McDowell will have to play to the gallery, which is the old mainstay of all theatres. The gallery of the Academy can alone furnish from \$150 to \$200 on a good night. And decent, moral plays so constructed with scenic effects, or so dashed with smart dialogue and amusing incident, as to please the gallery, where there is no other criticism but nature, will also please the rest of the house.

A third suggestion we should make is arrangement with the City Passenger and Transfer Companies for a number of sleighs to be stationed at the door of the theatre between ten and eleven o'clock. A half dozen of these running east, west and north, respectively, would ensure the attendance of hundreds, from even the limits of the city. The distance of the Academy would be annihilated by the convenience of the conveyance. We shall not go beyond these remarks to-day, reserving other observations for future occasions as they may be called for. We shall only repeat that the people of Montreal owe it to themselves to do full justice to their fine theatre and fine company.

LECTURE ON HARMONY.

Mr. Robbins, who spent a portion of last winter in Montreal, has just returned from a very successful visit to Quebec, and is likely to be detained here some time on business connected with his publications. This gentleman, who has devoted forty years to the study and teaching of Harmony, has reduced this science to its simplest expression, and expounds its principles in the clearest and most forcible manner. He makes of the study of Harmony, as Macaulay did of History, a pleasure, not a task.

His career since he first visited this city, and the encomiums, printed, manuscript, and oral, every where bestowed upon his method, have only confirmed our conviction that Mr. Robbins' system, and his method of imparting it, are superior to anything heretofore taught and

practised. Many amateurs and artists availed themselves of his former visit here to learn harmony thoroughly. Many more, desirous of doing so, have been deterred by, let us say, hard times. Several, encouraged by the satisfactory results of the class which was organized in Quebec, have expressed their desire to form a similar one here, and some have given their names to Mr. De-Zouche for that purpose. This movement has spread further, and now it is suggested that Mr. Robbins be requested, during his stay here, to favor us with a Public Lecture on Harmony, so that the greatest number possible may get an insight into his method. This is an excellent idea. Such a lecture would be a novelty, and prove, we are certain, highly interesting and instructive to all present. Mr. De-Zouche would doubtless consent to manage the enterprise. We sincerely hope the opportunity will not be allowed to slip by, and we invite teachers of music to lay aside their professional pride, and help, or at least attend, the lecture. If there be something in it to learn, they should know it. If the system be a humbug, they should expose it. They must be unwise indeed who think there is nothing more for them to learn, and no professor of music will lower his standing, in listening for an hour to an intelligent man who imparts the condensed result of forty years' study. The impression made in Quebec, (a very musical city), by Mr. Robbins may be learned from the following clippings of local papers:

"MUSICAL.—If people who are still in doubts as to the utility of Professor Robbins' system could have witnessed the examination of his class at Bellevue convent this morning, we think they would be satisfied that his claims are quite too modest. The Professor awarded premiums to the four pupils who should remain longest on the floor under questioning, and it is certainly remarkable that it required two hours and thirty minutes of rapid questioning to clear the floor of thirty pupils. Such work speaks for itself."

And referring to the Public Lectures: "In the class were some very advanced musicians including teachers of music and organists, and all who attended the course uninterruptedly, express their unqualified satisfaction at the results, among whom we are permitted to include the organists.... Dr. Marsden rose and asked permission to say a few words, as he had been the means of inducing a large number of the ladies and gentlemen present to join the class, and in doing so, said he had told many of them that the method was the most perfect he had ever seen, and that he had learned more in an hour or an hour and a half from the Professor than in all his life before, although he had been taught and had studied under other masters and methods that made confusion more confounded..... The Doctor continued that he for one was greatly indebted to the Professor for his instruction, and that he felt confident that there was not a lady or gentleman present who would not then or hereafter thank him (the Doctor) for having induced them to attend the course; and if they or any of them were not satisfied to say so, and they might then and there pass a vote of censure upon him by holding up their hands, and this he repeated several times, but the smiles and other expressions of approbation entirely negated any such conclusion; and many openly declared their entire satisfaction."

The *Evenement* says: "The Professor produced upon his audience the most favorable impression, by the clearness, precision, and talent with which he treated the subject of Harmony, as well as by his elegant and correct delivery."

FROM THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS—SPEAKER'S DECISION EDITORIAL CHANGE—BLANK SHEET OF PAPER.

QUEBEC Nov. 17.—The principal result of the last days' debate on the Address was the fall of Hon. George Irvine who, after Joly's amendment had been defeated, moved one with it, is believed, the sole idea of testing his, much talked of by others, power in the House. But the result proved disastrous, for not a single vote in the House could he bring across with him, his own being the only change in the previous division. Since that afternoon there has been little or nothing doing up to yesterday afternoon, and a large number of members went home, the majority, however, having returned yesterday and this morning. Yesterday, a debate arose on Hon. Solicitor General Angers's Bill to amend the Controverted Elections Act, 1875. The provisions of this Bill are to allow communications to religious or legal advisers or to State Officers to be privileged in election trials; to preemptorily suspend all proceedings in enquete in contested elections during the Sessions of Parliament and three days before and after; to make any agent, whose bribery or corruption shall cause a member to be unseated, liable for the costs of trial, and contains provisions for collecting the same from such agent and, if default, then the member becomes liable. Wurtele also has a Bill to amend the same Act, but the provisions of his are somewhat different; instead of making the suspension of the proceedings during the Session preemptory, it leaves it to the option of a Judge as to whether the presence of the sitting member be necessary at the trial or not, and, if not, then the trial may be proceeded with. The discussion was confined entirely to these two ideas, the Government supporting Angers's Bill and the Opposition that of Wurtele. During the speech of Wurtele, he proposed to withdraw his Bill and make it an amendment to Angers's Bill. This brought forth cries of Order! Order! and the Speaker was called on for his first decision since

taking the Chair, which he gave correctly and unhesitatingly. Anger, in discussing Wurtele's Bill, had remarked that it had been altered since having been read a first time. This Wurtele acknowledged having done and apologized to the House for having unwittingly transgressed the rule. The Speaker, in his decision, pointed out that the Bill after being read a first time had become the property of the House and could not be withdrawn during the discussion of another Bill, nor could its provisions be moved in amendment. The Angers Bill, however, at a late hour, last night, after a desultory and very unprofitable discussion, was read a second time and referred to a Committee of the whole House, when Wurtele immediately withdrew his Bill and will move an amendment to Anger's Bill in Committee this afternoon.

Arising out of a municipal squabble is the sudden withdrawal of Mr. Amyot from the position of Editor of the *Courier du Canada*, he having undertaken to censure a Committee of the City Council for having declined to give a certain contract to a Mr. Pitou.

Mr. Amyot, it will be remembered, ran against Mr. Joly, at the late Provincial elections. Irrespective altogether of politics, the members of the Press will regret his retirement, for they all had a warm esteem for "Our Fritz," one of the names by which the Opposition Press have distinguished him. The new Editor (actual) will be Mr. R. Pamphile Vallée, a notary of this city, who some years ago served a brief apprenticeship in the Gallery.

The business, on the 18th, was but of slight importance, till the motion to go into Committee on the Bill to amend the Controverted Elections Act, when the Opposition renewed their objections, all of which, however, were voted down and after a considerable discussion, the Bill passed through Committee with the rather important amendment that the penal clause regarding Agents, should not apply to pending cases. The third reading is fixed for this afternoon, when I expect the Opposition will make a final attempt. They, however, cannot prevent the Bill passing. Their opposition is only harassing and rather tending to try their strength. An amusing occurrence took place during the afternoon. Mr. Landry introduced a Bill relating to the Department of Public Works which Garneau said was unnecessary and asked it to be withdrawn. Mr. Joly asked to see the Bill and found only a piece of blank paper in the hands of the Speaker. Now, the day previous, Mr. Angers had taken Mr. Wurtele to task for altering a Bill after it had been introduced and, accordingly seeing the Bill to be blank, up jumps Mr. Wurtele and very aptly remarks, "Mr. Speaker, according to the ruling, yesterday, if that Bill be carried, the Hon. gentleman will have no right to alter it," and sat down amidst roars of laughter.

REP.

SCHOOL LIFE IN PARIS.

A French correspondent writes to a London paper: The great majority of boys in Paris are boarders in the school or a lycée. The lycée is a state establishment. Some in Paris—the greatest in number—take boarders, some do not. Two especially are in the latter class—the Lycée Fontanes, in the Rue Caumartin close to the St. Lazaire railway station, and the Lycée Charlemagne, in the Rue St. Antoine. But in all of them, whether they take boarders or not, there is twice a day a class of two hours' duration, which is presided over by university professors, and which is attended by the boarders of the lycées or those of private schools. These classes include in their curriculum of education Greek, Latin, mathematics, the modern languages, &c. They are divided in forms, through which the boy is expected to pass successively. The lycées of Paris, being only nine in number, and all boys who want to get an education having to attend them, it follows that each form includes by far too large a number of boys for the professor to do justice to them; each of them includes, in fact, about sixty boys. But I will leave aside to-day that part of the subject, which would require a great many explanations, and will return to it some other day. I only wish to call your attention to the physical part of our system of education. It is the same both in private schools and lycées, so that I may describe the one or the other, with the only exception that the boys boarding in schools have to walk over to the lycée four times a day whatever may be the state of the weather. Boys get up in all our schools at half-past five, both winter and summer. They sleep in large dormitories, including usually some forty or fifty beds—I know of some even larger ones. Each bed is about half a yard to a yard distant from the neighbouring one, and is not surrounded by curtains. Each dormitory is under the charge of one *maitre d'étude*, or usher, usually called in school the *pion*. The class these *maitres d'étude* belong to is a shame for most of our schools. Exactly as half-past five strikes a porter comes to the door of the dormitory and rings a large bell; in lycées a man with a drum comes and beats that. Boys are allowed half an hour to wash and dress. In many schools they are still obliged to come down in the court-yard to wash. It was always the case when I was at school in Paris, and I remember many a time when we had to break the ice in winter to get a little water. It is the only time during the day a boy approaches a lavatory. At six they go into what are called the studies—long rooms with desks. Each boy is expected then to prepare his lessons for the classes at the lycée. This study continues till eight o'clock. Then breakfast. The breakfast in French schools usually consists of a kind of

soup. Do not fancy it is anything like what you call soup in England; no, it is merely a kind of greasy water in which are soaked a few pieces of bread, and to which is added a piece of bread without any butter or anything else. On the whole, breakfast may be said to consist merely of bread alone, as the soup is so bad none of the boys taste it; at least so it was in my school days, and some young friends of mine tell me it is the same to-day. After, and even during breakfast, as you are not expected to eat your bread in the refectory, there is a recreation of half an hour's duration; then you are off to the lycée. After returning from college you go back again to study for one or two hours, as the case may be; then comes the dinner, usually composed of one dish of meat and one of vegetables, no dessert except on Thursdays and Sundays; on the Friday fish and vegetables; drink in abundance, namely, wine mixed with water. In most schools, and they are all about the same as to price of boarding, it is such an abominable drink—the wine being so bad that boys drink only water. After dinner recreation, lasting one hour, then off to the lycée again. On coming back, lunch, a mere morsel of bread, half an hour's recreation, then study again till eight o'clock, when supper is served, usually consisting of cold meat or vegetables. Then to bed at half-past eight. Such is the life led by our boys at school.

DRESS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

Speaking of dress in the last century a writer says: The toilet was the great sum and business of life, the adjustment of the hair the principal employment. Take, for instance, how a lady of fashion passed her day: At ten, after her "dish of Bohea," as it was called, generally taken before rising, the lady arranged herself in a muslin *peignoir*, or wrapper, and had a regular reception of her friends, while, with her hair dishevelled, she was submitted, for the first time in the day, to the hands of her hair-dresser; for usually she dressed four or five times a day. Her hair, dragged off her face, covered with powder, plastered with pomatum, frizzled in stiff curls, was raised, by means of gauze, feathers, and flowers, into an edifice often equal to her height, four ells of gauze have been contained in some of these erections, with butterflies, birds, and feathers introduced—the last of the most preposterous height of, it is recorded, about a yard. After an hour's plastering and frizzing, the hair-dresser's task was over, and a weary one it was, though enlivened by the animated conversation of the visitors. The remainder of the toilet was finished, the most important of which was the arrangement of the patches—a point of great interest. These were made of black silk, gummed and cut into stars, crescents, and other forms. Patches had originated in France under Louis XV., with a view to show off the whiteness of the complexion, but they were never worn by women of dark skins. Great was the art in placing these patches near the eye, the corner of the mouth, the forehead, and the temple. A lady of the world would wear seven or eight, and each had its special designation. She never went without a box of patches to replace any that might accidentally fall off; and these little boxes, generally of Battersea enamel, finely painted by some eminent artist, had usually a tiny looking-glass inserted within the lid to help her repair the accident. Nor was the *rouge-pot* forgotten, *rouge* at that time being an indispensable adjunct to the toilet—so indispensable that when Marie Antoinette came over to France to marry Louis XVI., and begged to dispense with wearing it, a family conclave was held at Versailles on the subject, followed by a formal order from the King to put it on—a command which she she had no alternative but to obey.

PALMISTRY.

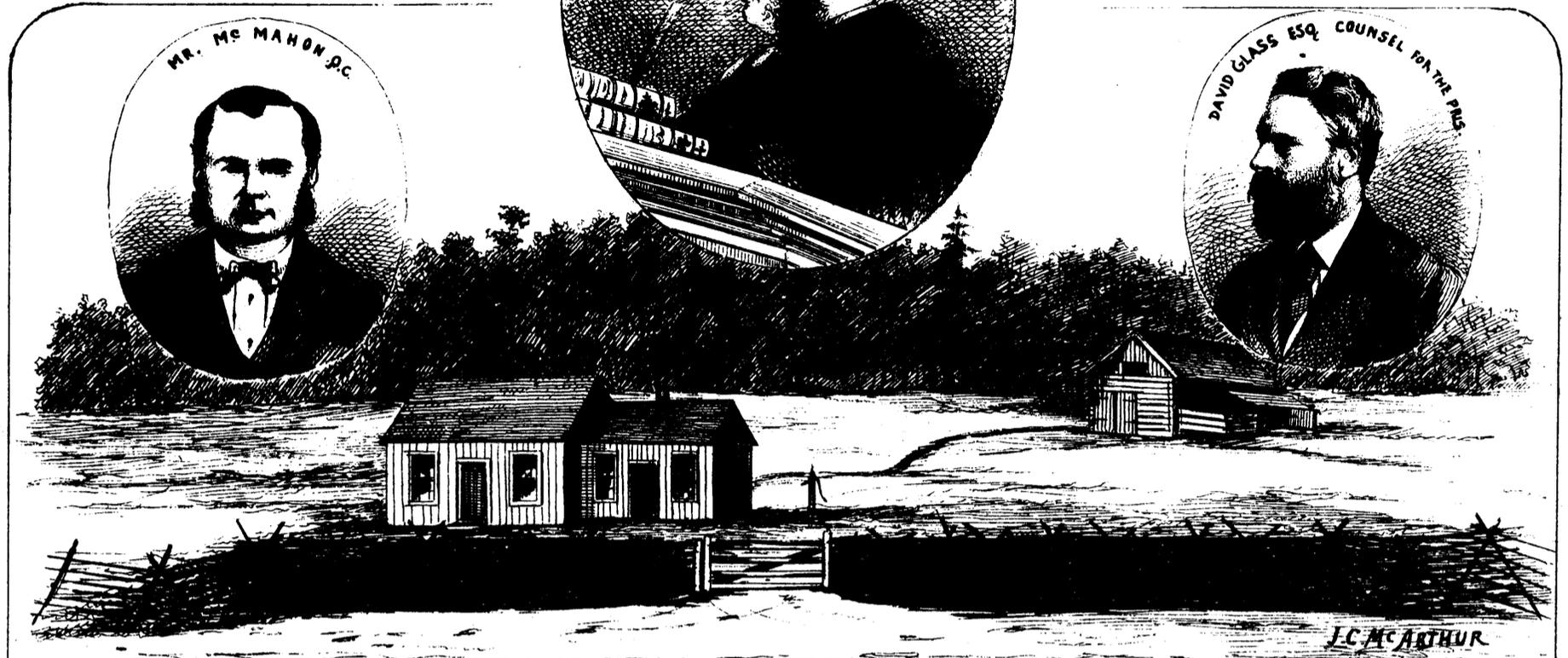
In his volume on the *Mysteries of the Hand*, M. Desbarrolles divides hands into three sorts—the first sort having fingers with pointed tops; the second, fingers with square tops; the third, fingers with spade-shaped tops—by "spade-shape" is meant fingers that are thick at the end, having a little pad of flesh at each side of the nail. The first type of fingers belongs to characters possessed of rapid insight into things—to extra-sensitive people; to pious people, whose piety is of the contemplative kind; to the impulsive; and to all poets and artists in whom ideality is a prominent trait. The second type belongs to scientific people; to sensible, self-contained characters; to most of our professional men, who steer between the wholly practical course that they of the spade-shaped fingers take, and the too visionary bent of the people with pointed fingers. The third type pertains to those whose instincts are material; to the people who have a genius for commerce, and a high appreciation of everything that tends to bodily ease and comfort; also to people of great activity. Each finger, no matter what the kind of hand, has one joint representing each of these. Thus, the division of the finger which is nearest the palm stands for the body (and corresponds with the spade-shaped type), the middle division represents mind (the square-topped), the top, soul (the pointed). If the top joint of the finger be long, it denotes a character with much imagination or ideality, and a leaning towards the theoretical rather than the practical. The middle part of the finger, if large, promises a logical calculating mind—a common-sense person. The remaining joint, if long and thick, denotes a nature that clings more to the luxuries than to the refinements of life.

THE SOMBRA MURDER.

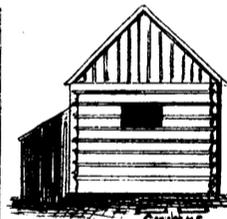
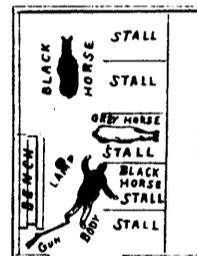
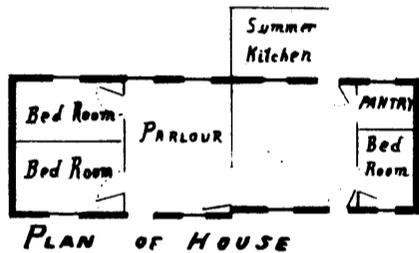
This case which has created the most intense excitement in Western Ontario is fully illustrated in the present issue. William Henry Smith was arraigned for the murder of Ralph Spence Finlay, on the 21st May last. The murderer was a servant or hired man on Finlay's farm. On the night in question he went to the stable; climbing on the shed and walking to the north end where the window was lower, he knocked out the mortar between the logs (named chinks) and inserting his hands in this way got in the window. He then released the horse from his stall

THE MYSTERIES OF THE FAN.

The Castilian and Peruvian ladies vie in expertness in the use of the fan, and a writer obliges us with the laws relative to the use of this article in the "highest circles" imitated in Paris:—"To cover the breast with the fan open signifies 'Be discreet.' The fan held closed and upright means 'You may act in all security; no obstacle stands in our way.' The fan presented to the interlocutor by the small end signifies indifference, estrangement, or aversion. Presented horizontally by the large end it authorises compliments. Three com-



FINLAYS HOUSE & SCENE OF THE MURDER OF MR. JOHN FINLAY, SOMBRA.



which ran about and kicked so much as to attract the attention of the deceased. He then crouched behind the door, near the bench, and when deceased entered with the lamp to discover the cause of the noise, he shot and killed him, the body falling forward. The trial was conducted before Judge Moss. On being brought up to receive his sentence, Smith, in answer to the usual question as to whether he had anything to say why the sentence of the Court should not be pronounced against him, for the felony of which he had been convicted, replied that he was not guilty. His Lordship said that the prisoner had enjoyed the advantage of a fair and impartial trial; that the Jury had exercised great care, and listened to the evidence attentively; that his counsel had defended him with great zeal, skill, and assiduity; that the Crown had lent him every assistance in its power, and that under all these circumstances he had been found guilty. The law had fixed the penalty in these cases; he (the Judge) had no discretion in the matter; and he had therefore nothing further to do, but to order that he (Smith) be hung by the neck till dead, on Thursday, the 23rd of December next; and to pray that God might have mercy on his soul. The prisoner broke down under the awful sentence; and had to be supported by the officers when being removed from the dock.

EMERSON ON HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

A Boston correspondent writes to the Concord (N. H.) Monitor of a talk with Ralph Waldo Emerson, saying: Emerson was very fond of Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell. He said with some appearance of pleasure, if not pride, "We are all sons of ministers." "James,"

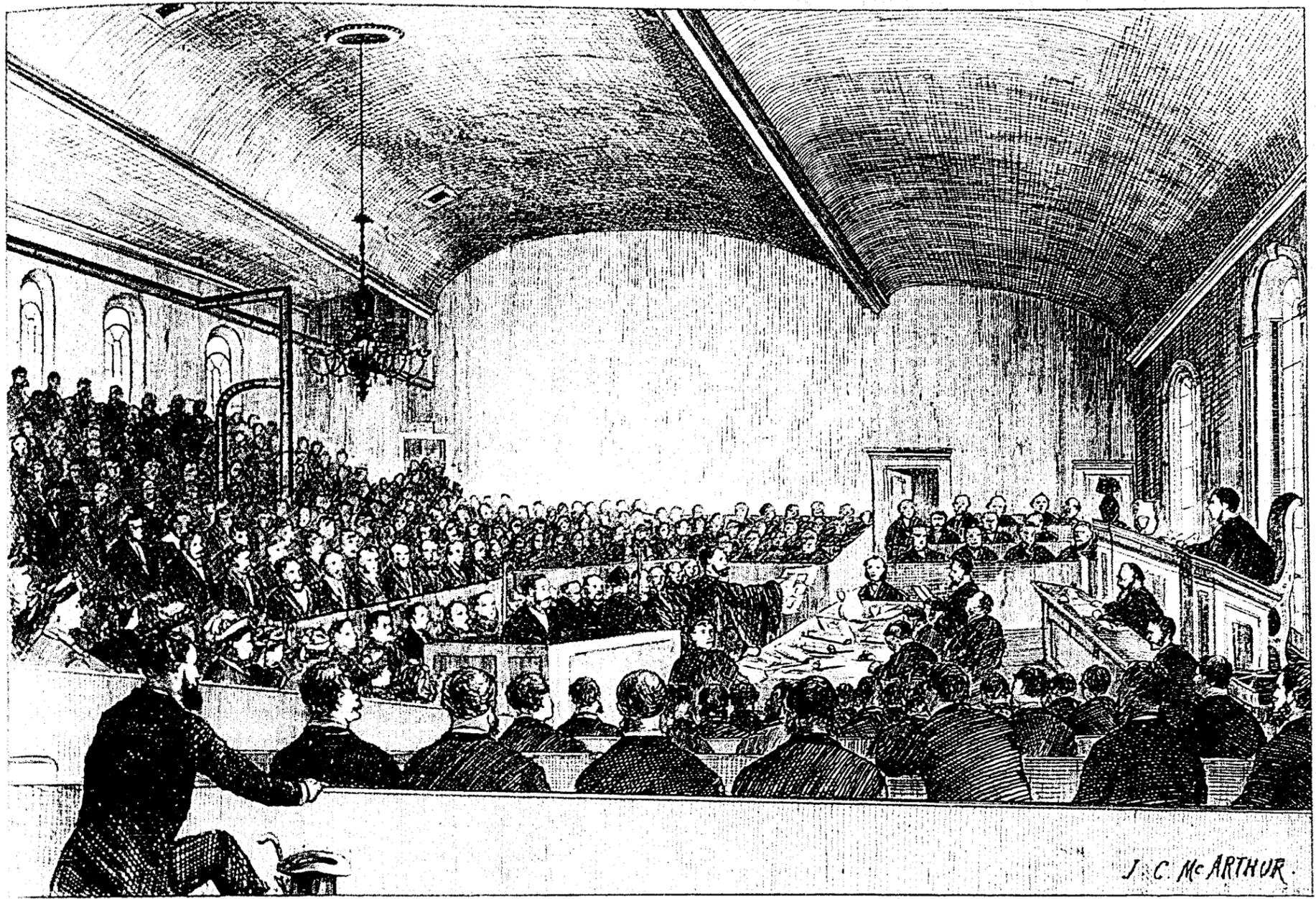


as he called him, "has been of late writing such good poetry that his long silence can be excused." From Mr. Emerson I learned something in reference to the mental habits of some of the poets. Holmes is so full that he can write at any time. Lowell broods over his subject for a time and then composes with great swiftness. He does not like to write to order, though desirous of employing the stimulus of great occasions. We asked him to read a poem at Concord on the one hundredth anniversary of the fight, but he said he could not. His wife a day or two before wrote to me, saying, "I cannot speak for James, yet I think you may expect a poem from him on the 19th. He has been in that peculiar way which is promise of something"—and on the 19th Lowell was on the ground with his poem—and a grand one it was. Longfellow prepares his poems to be read on

great occasions, as a minister who lives near Boston prepares the sermons, nearly a year ahead. He wrote the poem read at Bowdoin College last summer early in the fall of the preceding year, and well it was that he did so, for the months intervening have been fruitless as far as literary labor is concerned, owing to physical prostration. He is, happily, better now. Mr. Emerson informed me that a new book of his would probably be issued by Osgood & Co. this month. This information will account for Emerson's frequent and long visits at the libraries during the last year. He has many essays and lectures and a few poems in manuscript, which may see the light some day. But Emerson is getting old and cannot work much more, and possibly the "labor of preparing my manuscripts for the press," as he said, "may be delegated to some one younger than myself."

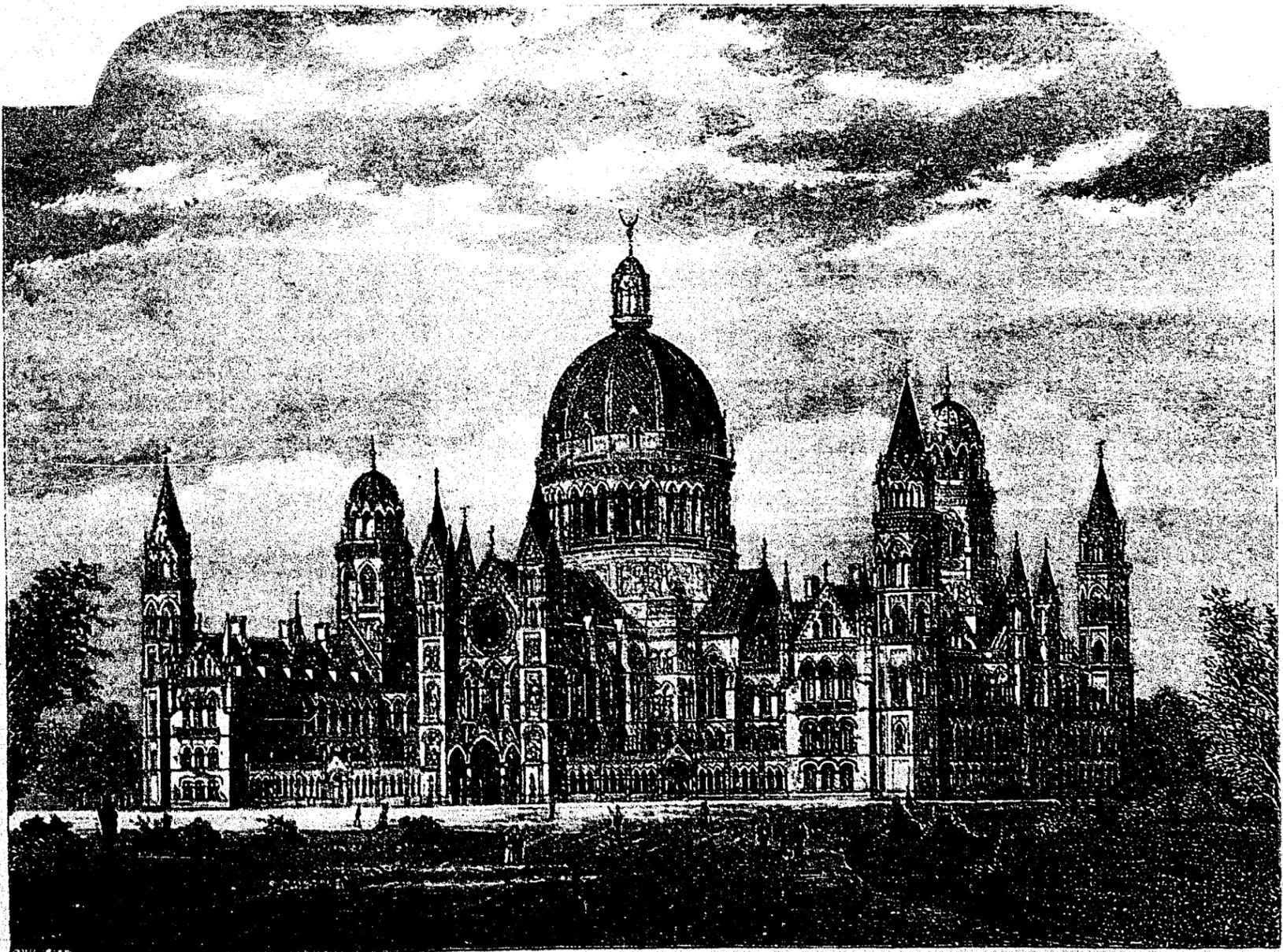
partments of ribs of the fan open means 'I love you.' It is a confession. Two open indicates an excessive sympathy; one only open, chaste friendship. The closed fan plays a grand role. The extremity posed upon the forehead translated is 'My protector is coming.' If posed upon the left arm the protector is 'My brother'; if upon the belt, 'My mother.' The end of the fan placed upon the lips imposes immediate silence. The woman who fans herself from 'down to up' is a little aristocratic, a tyrant to be distrusted; for this movement says, 'You submit yourself in advance to my caprices and wishes.' When a lady fans herself in a reverse fashion it means that she is a 'miss,' an unmarried woman; if the fan is placed on the breast by the left hand she is married woman; if, on the contrary, the fan affects to wander towards the throat, she is a widow. If it touches the breast immediately below the throat and lightly strikes it, it invites a flirtation. In Peru more than elsewhere the ladies make practical use of their fans. There the grandes dames of respectability use fans of seven ribs, corresponding to the seven days of the week. Three discreetly given taps by the finger nails on the fourth rib of the fan means 'Thursday, at three o'clock.'

A Japanese journal warns its countrymen against giving too great latitude to women, as is the practice among Europeans and Americans. It observes "In going through a door the wife passes first, the husband following her; the wife takes the best seat, and the husband the next best. In visiting, the wife is first saluted and first mentioned. Moreover, men are expected to be particular in their conversation while in company of ladies, and are not permitted to smoke without their permission. It is well to take these things into consideration, or the power of the sex will be beyond man's control."



J. C. McARTHUR.

SARNIA : THE FINLAY TRIAL : SCENE IN THE COURT HOUSE.



PRIZE DESIGN FOR NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT BERLIN, BY SIR G. G. SCOTT, R. A.

BANK DIRECTORS' LIABILITIES.

11.

The object and tendency of this kind of legislation is to separate the Banking and mercantile interests and exclude traders and manufacturers from bank executives altogether. The *Monetary Times*, in commenting on the suspension of the Bank of California, in its issue of September 13, says, "It is questionable, even, if a Bank President ought to have any business responsibilities." Where will we find men of ability without "business responsibilities."

Certainly not in this country. Even in England the like is not attempted. Mr. Bagehot, in his work on Lombard Street, in describing the Bank of England says, "The mass of the Bank directors are merchants of experience, employing a considerable capital in trades in which they have been brought up, and with which they are well acquainted. * * * Most of them have a good deal of leisure. * * * Hardly any capital is enough to employ the principal partners time, and if such a man is very busy it is a sign of something wrong. Either he is working at detail, which subordinates would do better, and which he had better leave alone, or he is engaged in too many speculations, incurring more liabilities than his capital will bear, and so may be ruined. In consequence, every commenced city abounds in men who have great business ability and experience, who are not fully occupied, who wish to be occupied and who are very glad to become directors of public companies in order to be occupied. The Direction of the Bank of England has, for many generations, been of such men." Leisure is the only plea for such a rule, but as Mr. Bagehot shows a merchant may have a good deal of leisure, without, in the least, neglecting his own affairs.

Exemption from "business responsibilities" will become fashionable if it is ever made a necessary qualification of Bank presidents. It is certain, however, that *The Monetary Times* has stated the opinion of a large class of persons having no direct interest in banks.

I have heard it objected to merchants being Bank presidents on account of the information which they may thus acquire concerning the affairs of other merchants. Granting this to be possible, yet if a merchant is, of all the shareholders in the bank, the fittest person, for president, the interest of the bank, should in such cases, be the main consideration. This, not any outside interest, is the question under consideration. The interest which a president naturally feels in the success of his bank will incline him to treat his competitors with consideration on account of their custom. This is all that can be conceded on their behalf without trenching on interests of equal consequence. The Bank of California affords no illustration of banking in this country. There is nothing like it in Canada. No director or president has or can acquire so great control over a bank here as Ralston had in that case. He appeared to be president, manager, cashier and everything himself. There was a lack of supervision. Ralston had considerable ability but there was too much left to him, he undertook too much without council or help and failed in consequence. It wasn't his liabilities that caused the failure. It is thought his estate will pay all his debts.

Ralston was at one time as successful in speculation as Mr. King. But speculation is a class of business in which fortune is liable to forsake the best intellect. During Mr. King's management some were predicting the fate of the Bank of California for the Bank of Montreal. But Mr. King with all his ability couldn't do as Ralston did. There are different ideas on banking in the two places. This is way a comparison between the Bank of California and Canadian banks does not hold good. Nevertheless, Canada felt some degree of pride in Mr. King. His great ability was willingly conceded by all. In the public estimation brilliancy often bears off the palm from more solid attainments. So, large dividends were welcomed while the mode of attaining them was heartily condemned; just as men admire the soldierly qualities of Lee and Jackson while abhorring the principle and object for which they contended.

Nearly all the great banks everywhere are managed by merchants, but exclude them, on account of business responsibilities and the benefit of their great knowledge and experience will be lost to the banks and the public. As a rule, the manager, cashier, and clerks or a bank need training, though win in these capacities there are some who succeed without it. Genius will, but as few men are largely gifted with this, training as a rule, is necessary.

Good common sense enable a man to dispense with many technicalities. Men sometimes succeed in business without much training while the others fail after the most thorough instruction. Training will not compensate for intellect. Intellect enables a man to take many short cuts in the course of life. It is great for outflanking obstacles. It becomes trained very soon. I would lay it down as a safe rule that a successful merchant will seldom fail to make a good bank director, or president, the elements of success being so much alike in both cases. They do business in pretty much the same way, and on pretty much the same kind of security.

But it isn't at all certain that a good manager of a Loan and Building Society will make a good director or president: the basis of credit in each case being totally different from the other. Each requires a different kind of judgment. Judgment regarding title deeds and mortgages, is of little use to a merchant, in his business, not being the class of security on which he usually

gives credit. On the other hand, judgment regarding character, standing on business prospects is of little use to the manager of a Trust company, in his business, being obliged to obtain absolute security irrespective of these considerations. A merchant's bills are so numerous and for so short dates, that the taking of a mortgage on each occasion, would be far too expensive and troublesome; while a Trust company's loans are for so long dates that any other class of security is utterly inadequate. The practical merchant is a ready trained banker. No amount of special training can make any other person excel him. Commerce is the parent of finance and banking. No other industry in the world could have given rise, to our present monetary system, of cheques, drafts, bills of exchange, coin and paper currency.

Being on a bank executive is an object of ambition to merchants of the best administrative abilities; but if unwise legislation makes the position disagreeable or disadvantageous it will cease to be an object of this kind, and ceasing to be so the management of banks will become less efficient, and the public worse served in the end. The blow will recoil on those who strike.

To find good officials, offices must be objects of ambition to those best qualified to fill them. This gives the widest scope for competition for the office of a hangman as a judge. Annexing disagreeable conditions to an office does not increase its efficiency. If every judge was obliged also to officiate as hangman it would not add to the usefulness of our courts of law. Exalting a hangman is no benefit while lowering the judiciary is an evil. The information called "Directors' Liabilities" is no benefit but it causes any fit person to decline the office it is an evil.

Legislation may obstruct justice. For example, a judge, if obliged to act as hangman would be tempted to acquit criminals to escape the disagreeable duty.

I come now to the aspect in which the question concerns the public. It is well for the public to have men in bank executives who are themselves borrowers. They are a sort of safety valves; there being no doubt that in their capacity as borrowers they lower the rate of interest to the public. They act as thermometers showing the rate which legitimate trade can afford to pay. Interest would be higher if banks were managed entirely by capitalists living only on the interest of their money. Traders on bank executives are interested in low rates both on their own behalf and on behalf of their customers; knowing that excessive rates undermine commercial property. The question of fair rates comes home to them much more forcibly than to capitalists. They are interested in fair rates capitalists only in high rates. If a director ever gets a note discounted for himself, at less than the regular rate it tends to lower the rate for somebody else. Were there no one in a bank executive needing money there would be no one to produce this tendency to lower interest. Such men are interested in low rates as well as large dividends.

Merchants have motives for becoming bankers not generally understood by the public. Probably, most persons believe it is to obtain a freer use of money. This is true only in a limited sense. For those who need no money it requires a different explanation. It is this. They want to make two profits instead of one. They wish to add the profits of bankers to those of merchants. It is their wish that the very interest paid a bank for borrowed money may return again to them in the form of half-yearly dividends.

Commerce is the parent of banking, and new banks are constantly springing from it as sprouts and branches grow out of a tree.

It may be that directors themselves did not object to this part of the Act when it was before Parliament. Even so, this would not make it right or wrong. They were not the proper persons to do so. Being interested, their objections would have little weight. Besides, there are probably very few bank directors in Parliament, and the Government is in the habit of rushing measures through before the public has had much intimation of them.

W. DEWART.

THE BURIAL OF GUIBORD.

On Tuesday, 16th inst. Joseph Guibord was buried, and the Royal Mandate fully carried out, without the slightest attempt at disturbance. We present in this week's issue a number of sketches illustrative of the memorable event. Early in the morning, the militia entered at the drill shed, and each man was served with twenty rounds of ball cartridge. They were then inspected on the Champ de Mars. There were present the Battery of four guns, commanded by Colonel Allan A. Stevenson; Montreal No. 1 Troop of Cavalry, Lieut. McArthur commanding; the Montreal Garrison Artillery, under command of Lieut.-Col. McKay, Major Fraser, Captains Hamilton, Hill, Gordon, Adjutant Currie, &c.; the Company of Engineers, under command of Captain Devine and Lieut. Barrie; the Prince of Wales Battalion, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Bond, Major Bond etc.; the 6th Hussars—four companies—under command of Lieut.-Col. Martin, Major Gardiner, Major Watson, Capt. Dupont, Seath and Atkinson; and the Victorias—six companies—under command of Lieut.-Colonel Bethune, Major Handyside, Captain Crawford, &c. The muster comprised 950 men, who merit the fullest compliment for their soldierly appearance. In this order the

troops under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher, Deputy Adjutant General, Lieut.-Col. Bacon acting as Brigade Major, and Lieut.-Col. Lovelace, Cavalry Drill Instructor, left the Champ de Mars, followed by several carriages, and took the route leading to the Mount Royal Cemetery. St. Lawrence street was lined with citizens, who either leisurely inspected the volunteers or followed them as far as Mile End, numbers rapidly thinning as the distance from the city grew greater. The windows of houses facing the street were filled by women and children. Nothing passed worthy of the slightest comment, however, until the troops reached Prendergast's hotel, where they halted and were gratified with luncheon. The hearse, escorted in front, on the sides and in rear by the armed police, under command of Chief Penton, proceeded onward to the cemetery, and here the duties of the military escort terminated, as their services were no longer required. The gates of the cemetery were open as usual and the cortege passed through, wound up the hill, on which stands the monument erected to the French-Canadians who fell in the skirmishes in 1837, and without the slightest interruption wended its to the grave.

It was noticed that near by were placed several barrels of Portland cement: the lower portion of the grave was already covered with this material, and a large box was filled with the mixture, ready for instant use. The policemen formed around in a circle, into which few persons were admitted; these few included the police, the press, also Mr. Boisseau, Secretary of the *Institut Canadien*, who was the only well-known member of this body present. The coffin being lowered, several English-speaking laborers, who had been waiting, shovel in hand, began filling the grave with cement, stones, and scraps of iron and tin; with an occasional opening of a fresh barrel of cement to furnish new material. The work continued until the grave was filled within a few inches of the surface of the ground; earth formed the final layer, and the last shovelful being thrown, the interment of Guibord, in accordance with the terms of the decree of the Privy Council in the consecrated portion of the Cemetery was accomplished. Rev. Mr. Rousselot, curé of Notre-Dame, came upon the scene to be a witness of the fact that the coffin was placed in the grave, in order that the proper registry might be made, as exigency requires. He asked of Mr. Boisseau if he had identified the coffin containing the remains of Joseph Guibord; a reply being given in the affirmative, he asked if the grave had been dug to a depth of four feet, as the rule of the Fabrique requires; a similar reply was made, and the curé turned away. The grave filled, the police returned to the city, arriving at the Central Station early in the afternoon. The volunteers left the Champ de Mars at 9.45; the cortege arrived at the Cemetery at 11.30 o'clock, and the grave was filled at 12.30 o'clock.

His Worship the Mayor, who had the exclusive supervision of the entire proceedings, managed matters in their every detail in a most admirable manner; he rode to the Champ de Mars at 9 o'clock, and going from thence to the Cemetery in company with Judge Coursol, both on horseback, superintended the removal of the remains; they preceded the cortege to the Côte des Neiges Cemetery, and finding that there was no likelihood whatever of being obliged to have recourse to the active protection of the volunteers, they rode back, and His Worship directed the halt; a short time subsequently the volunteers marched home to the city, passing by the gates of the Cemetery.

Mayor Hingson approached Mr. Edwards, the Mayor of Outremont, through Mr. D. L. McDougall, and Mr. Lecompte, Mayor of Côte des Neiges municipality, through Mr. Marechal, obtaining the delegation of their authority in their respective districts, and thus giving him full power to act as he might deem proper. The details were arranged with such nicety that the hearse left the Mount Royal Cemetery at the moment the volunteers arrived at Mile End. Shortly after noon he received the following note from Mr. Boisseau:

CÔTE DES NEIGES CEMETERY,

Half-past twelve.

To His Worship the Mayor:

Thankful to your Worship for the protection so far granted for the burial of Guibord, I would now ask you to extend it further by ordering a squad of police to remain on the spot all night if possible, or otherwise it is most certain that the body will be snatched. The *Institut Canadien* will cheerfully stand all expenses.

Yours most respectfully,

A. BOISSEAU,

Superintendent of the *Institut Canadien*.

His Worship at once granted the request; and Sergeant Burke with five policemen was detailed to perform this duty. It may also be mentioned that the cemetery authorities previously intimated to His Worship that such a guard would be advisable. As to the opinion given by Messrs. Ritchie, Korr, Roy and Devlin to the Mayor, with regard to the line of conduct he should pursue under the delicate circumstances by which he was surrounded, it may simply be stated that they held he had no jurisdiction, as Mayor, beyond the city limits. On receiving this formal information, he opened communication with the Mayors of the municipalities of Outremont and Côte des Neiges, with the result to which reference has been made. Judge Coursol on Monday signed the order calling out the volunteers.

JOSEPH GUIBORD was a printer of long standing in Montreal. He was a man of irreproachable morals, of the steadiest habits, of rigid honesty, and altogether a model workman. His only fault in ecclesiastical eyes was that he belonged to the *Institut Canadien*. This institution was in his day, and is still, under the ban of the Church, and those who die in its membership are liable to be refused sepulture in consecrated earth. Guibord was aware of this penalty, and it affected his spirit at times, but having been suddenly cut off by apoplexy, he had no opportunity, even if so disposed, to make the necessary retraction. What happened is well known.

Reverend Mr. ROUSSELOT is Curé or Rector of the Church of Notre-Dame, Montreal, and in that capacity is the official custodian of the Côte des Neiges Cemetery. He represented the Bishop throughout all the phases of this lamentable controversy. He may be regarded as the defendant in the trial of the *Institut Canadien* against the *Fabrique* of Notre-Dame. Mr. Rousselot is a Frenchman by birth.

MR. JOSEPH DOUTRE, Q. C., has been a notable champion of advanced Liberalism in Lower Canada for many years. He is a lawyer of standing and good practice in this city. He espoused the cause of Guibord from the beginning, pleaded it in the three trials which have taken place, and won it before Privy Council. He deserves the highest credit for the energy and perseverance with which he labored that the Decree of the Privy Council should be fully carried, according to its spirit and letter.

THE GLEANER.

THE Great Eastern is being refurnished at an expense of \$100,000 for centennial trips.

VICTOR EMMANUEL set Tokay wine 115 years old before his royal guest, the Emperor William.

It is said there are more lies told in the sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other six words in the English language.

AN historic flag, the one borne by the Confederate steamer Shenandoah during the war, is now on exhibition in Richmond.

VICTOR EMMANUEL is opposed to wearing flannel shirts. He says no sturdy huntsman like himself has anything to fear from rheumatism.

"CARRYING coals to Newcastle" was once considered a most astounding performance; but carrying prints to Manchester is now a paying business for American manufacturers, and British importers acknowledge the goods to be of better quality and appearance than their own.

THE English explorations of Palestine are going on satisfactorily. Surveyors are triangulating the country at large expense, and the "Palestine Fund" publishes a quarterly statement containing papers of great interest to Biblical students. The last volume has a valuable paper on the scene of David's duel with Goliath.

THE great astronomer of Paris, Le Verrier, who discovered the planet Neptune, which could eat this little earth of ours and not suffer from indigestion in consequence, has made a prediction which is noteworthy. It is that the winter of 1875-76 will be uncommonly severe. Enormous quantities of snow are to fall in December and January.

Be careful how you manipulate autumn leaves for preservation. A lady in Worcester, Mass., pressed a number of leaves of the silver maple species with a hot iron, and shortly afterward her hands and wrists broke out with an eruption of scalding humor, somewhat similar to acute erysipelas. She is likely to be laid up for some time, if no worse results ensue.

THE Russian Ministry of Justice has given instructions to its sub-departments that henceforth corporal punishment shall be discontinued in its application of females sentenced to deportation. Hitherto women have been punished the same as men with knouts and rods. Henceforth ten days of isolated confinement are to count as the equivalent of a lash with the knout, and two days, a lash with the rod.

CASTS of spirit hands are the latest novelty in Spiritualism. A dish of melted wax is put under a table, and contained in from view. The medium and others sit with their hands on the table. After awhile the curtains are removed and a mould of wax is found, as though a hand had been pressed into the soft wax. Plaster is then poured into the mould, thus making a cast. Believers expect that spirit faces may thus be modelled.

AN artist fond of subjects for still-life pictures could find all he wanted in the case of William Sharpe, who, according to the *Dorchester Gazette* went to bed in 1807, and never got up till he died there in 1856—a still life of forty-nine years passed in a chamber nine feet square, the window of which had not been raised for thirty-eight years. When he was 30 he went one fine morning to church to be married, but his affianced came not, her father having an invincible repugnance to Mr. William Sharpe as a son-in-law. The mortified bridegroom went home, undressed, got into bed, pulled the blankets over his head, and for forty-nine years obstinately refused to get up and clothe himself, or to do any work, passing the time uninterruptedly in bed. He was never seriously ill during this time. His body was perfectly sound in spite of its great age and great abuse, and he was only sick one week before his death.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

AS THE ROSES FADE.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

I don't know where to find another such old-world looking nook as Acton on all this vast continent, and precisely because it reminded her of her dear English village home had Mrs Maberly settled down in it with her little daughter; how she found out the secluded little nest I can't imagine, unless she had a nose for sylvan beauty that led her so completely out of the beaten track to find it, for at the time she became one of its inhabitants it just seemed one of those spots forgotten by the outside world which passed within a dozen miles on its way to busy Montreal, but left it to grow quite ancient in its picturesque beauty. Nowadays it has been discovered, card-board villas are springing up, and village lots are for sale, for a biggish city on the nearest line of railroad has outgrown itself, and needs suburbs, and so Acton is getting to look prosperous and common place. But when Mrs. Maberly first saw it, it was yet uninvaded, so green, so mossy and primitive that she decided at once that it must be her future home. Luckily an old vine clad cottage that had been built so substantially half a century before as still to be in good repair was vacant, and the fortunate lady on finding herself its possessor sighed with satisfaction.

In this old house the little Linda Maberly grew up like a flower, carefully sheltered by her mother from all contact with the outside world; she seemed, now a maiden of eighteen, to partake of the old-world character of her surroundings; her mother, her books, and her music made her life. Of the best literature of her day, the day of Scott and Byron, Mrs. Maberly had a fine selection, and of more modern works none, and so Linda read, and read until she knew pages of her favorites by heart, and inevitably her manner of speaking and thinking was flavored with what her mind fed upon. She lived like her mother in the past, and, except when letters came to Mrs. Maberly from her lawyer, they both forgot that there was a teeming, struggling, changing world outside their pleasant hamlet, a world of splendor and misery, love and sorrow, and suffering and joy.

But one can rarely shut the world and its trials from life altogether, and when Linda was eighteen the spell broke, and the trouble of life came to them.

The bank in which Mrs. Maberly's money was deposited had failed, and she found herself almost penniless. The poor woman who had made her nest so comfortable and had brought up her child so carefully ignorant of the world's trials found herself obliged to face them now, and perhaps to struggle for a living.

To Linda the news conveyed very little. It seemed to her that it would be very easy to do without many things they had now. She was sure they ate very little, and their clothes would last another twenty years, and if they must give up the pony carriage, they could as well walk as their few neighbors. It was not until Mrs. Maberly hinted that she should be obliged to sell the cottage, their dear home, that Linda saw how great the change would be.

"Oh mama! It cannot be! How could we get used to another person's house. Let us rather live on bread and salad which we can grow ourselves; and we have honey and poultry, thus we need very little money to live."

Mrs. Maberly shook her head as she assured Linda it could not be done, that they must not only let or sell the house but cast about them for some employment.

"Mama let us get some work here, we must have a house wherever we are," said Linda.

Then Mrs. Maberly explained that they could go to Montreal and board which would be cheaper than anything else, and as she spoke, the poor mother shuddered as she thought of taking her pure innocent Linda to live in a cheap boarding house in a city.

"Can we not have some one to live with us? Then we can keep our house, it will not be pleasant to have a strange inmate, but it will be better than living with strangers, in another person's house."

At first it seemed very impossible to Mrs. Maberly, for who would come to such a remote corner of the world? And yet, might there not be others like herself for whom its very remoteness would be the greatest charm? She resolved to try, and wrote to her lawyer at once to insert advertisements for her. A very few days brought an answer from the lawyer, Mr. Indd, saying a gentleman friend who had met with an accident wished for very quiet rooms in the country while he fully recovered. He had mentioned Mrs. Maberly's house to him, and he was ready to make arrangements whenever he should have Mrs. Maberly's answer.

This letter threw the lady into great perplexity. A lady she had hoped to meet with, but a gentleman! Bring a gentleman into the house with Linda who had never known one, but the minister and the doctor of the village, and they poor good men, scarcely came under the category. But then a gentleman friend of good old Mr. Indd was different from any stray animal of the gender, and he was in a measure guaranteed, where as even a lady found promiscuously might be quite as much a wolf as this poor invalid. Then the house was so large, Linda could have her piano taken upstairs, and they need not meet often. Thus it was decided, and within a week Mr. Lee arrived.

Mrs. Maberly knew that he was lame from

the kick of a horse, and by what reason I do not know, was expecting an elderly grey haired gentleman. She was disagreeably surprised then to see a young man. However the best had to be made of it, now that he was there, and as the days went by, and he seemed to be as desirous of shunning society as she could wish, she ceased to regret his age; indeed if she must have an inmate of her house, she felt that she could not be better suited.

Mr. Percy Lee had been in the house a week, and had not yet met Linda. He amused himself with writing, and often had his writing material taken out under an old apple tree near the house, where he would sit for hours together reading or writing or listening to Linda's piano. She went for her long morning walks in the village as usual, and had to pass this tree, thus he could not fail to have seen her, and perhaps he was anxious to become acquainted with the daughter of the house; at any rate, I don't believe it was quite an accident that made him rise from his seat one morning, as Linda was approaching, and walk across the lawn as if he was going out of the gate by which she entered, and that just as he was near her, made his crutch fall from his hand, not dropping straight at his feet when he could get it easily, but propelled, in defiance of all laws of gravitation, some distance in front of him, almost to Linda's feet. He looked at it in a perplexed manner, for to get it, he must hop some few feet or else put his lame foot to the ground. His perplexity was relieved, as he had no doubt expected it would be, by Linda raising the crutch, and handing it to him half shyly, half smiling.

"Miss Maberly, I presume! I am ashamed of my clumsiness, but I shall get use to this con... these horrible crutches."

"It must be very tiresome," said Linda.

He had no intention of going out after all, it seemed, and turned back up the path with Linda, who was wondering to find herself walking with him, and whether she ought not to walk on faster; but then he was lame, and to do so might wound him if he was sensitive to his crippled condition, and so she lingered. She had been too bashful hitherto to see very clearly what he was like, and a girlish curiosity to do so coming over her, she glanced up as they got to the porch, but quickly looked down blushing all over, a lovely roseate hue, for she had caught his glance fixed on her with a look of amused admiration. Gliding swiftly by him she went up to her room with a strange excitement agitating her. She thought it was because she was not sure if she had done right in allowing him to talk with her after she had given him the crutch, and yet how could she have done otherwise? And from that she wondered whether she had been very stupid, and what her mother would say.

When Mrs. Maberly heard that what she had tried, but hardly expected, to prevent had come to pass, she only said:

"Well dear, you could do nothing less than you did. I do not wish my daughter to run away like a shy child when she is spoken to, but yet I wish it had not been."

Mrs. Maberly knew her daughter was no romantic girl expecting every man to fall in love with her, and prepared to do the same herself. In wishing to keep her daughter from new acquaintance, she obeyed a sentiment rather than any principle, and the ice once broken, Mr. Lee soon made himself opportunities of joining the family circle, not every day—he saw too well the shy reserve of mother and daughter to risk that—but three or four times a week. Without anything having been said, it had come to be understood that Mr. Lee was an author, and for some reason or other the profession invested him with the gravity that was wanting to his years in Mrs. Maberly's eyes.

To Linda these pleasant hours, spent in the society of a cultivated and polished man, were a new and perfectly delightful experience. How dangerous, she did not know; she was too simple to question herself, to attempt to analyse her feelings or the reason of them; content to enjoy the hours as they flew, and to think that her mother's experiment in taking a boarder had vastly increased the pleasure of their life, she drifted on; happier than she had ever been, she knew not why, nor asked.

Mr. Lee's leg was getting rapidly better, in fact was almost well, but still he made no sign of leaving. He was able now to stroll about the woods near the house, sitting on some convenient stump when he got tired, and often getting as far as the village where he soon made friends with several of the country folk, and often, too often indeed to be an accident, as Linda might have known had she had more experience, she would come upon him as she returned from some village expedition, seated outside a cottage door, chatting to those within, or busy with his notebook.

On seeing her, he would rise, and start for home with her, apologising for inflicting his limping presence upon her. I am afraid he made a little more than was necessary of that limp to see the look of concern and pity that flashed into Linda's face.

These walks were very pleasant to Linda, and gradually there was established a great confidence between the two. She told him, more freely than she had ever done her mother, all she thought about her favorite authors. All the ideas that were floating in her mind she unwittingly betrayed in her beautiful enthusiasm; good as her mother was, she had never encouraged her to converse on such topics, she had little sympathy with a young girl's thoughts called up by reading some grand poem or book; she had read them herself, and they had amused her, nothing

more. But now Mr. Lee not only sympathised, but pointed out new beauties, or so spoke as to increase her sense of those she already admired in the authors she loved.

Gradually there had crept a tenderness into Lee's manner towards Linda of which she was scarcely aware, although a relapse into an ordinary tone would have struck her as strange perhaps. In this half unconscious way too, she knew that she and Mr. Lee were more to each other than mere acquaintance, dear friends she hoped, and as such she loved to think of him when alone, to dream over his words, her thoughts would stray to his looks, but having got so far, she shrank bashfully from the light that forced herself upon her. What had looks to do with friendship!

One day that they had thus met, he told her as he had often done, of his travels, the grand Museums of Art in Europe, and the glories of beautiful Italy.

"Ah that I could take you there, could see them with you!" he exclaimed passionately as he watched her listen with kindling cheek.

A delicious sense as of a new life ran through Linda's frame, and yet she was frightened. With face burning she hurried forward, but forgetful of his limp, a few strides brought Mr. Lee to her side.

"Linda, what are you frightened of? Should I be such a dreadful companion to the beauties of the old world that you start away in fear?"

"Oh no," murmured Linda, looking at him for an instant with confidence, but meeting his passionate glance she withdrew her eyes in confusion.

"Linda sit down on this stump for a moment, I want to talk to you."

He drew her out of the path into a little grove, and as she obeyed him, he threw himself on the grass at her feet, and looked up into her sweet eyes so full of trouble.

"Linda," she shivered as he called her "Linda." He had never done so before.

"Linda, would you like to go with me to Italy. Could not you enjoy everything with me better than with any one else?"

Linda covered her face with her hands.

"Tell me, darling!"

"Oh yes, but you must not talk of what cannot be," she said in distress.

"But I must talk, I will talk, I have been laying restraint upon myself day after day. I can do so no longer. You love me, but I want you to tell me so."

He drew her hands down from her face, and held them between his own.

"Do not turn your head away, my Linda. Look at me and tell me you love me!"

She looked at him. With all her agitation a happy light was in her shy eyes.

"I—I don't know whether I love you."

"Ah, but you do, dear. You may safely tell me the secret I have watched in your eyes so long."

Linda looked as one transfixed, her face betrayed her awakening to a rapturous consciousness which her maiden timidity struggled to hide; the struggle was vain except to render her more deliciously attractive to the passionate man at her side.

"Ah Linda, Linda, my darling, I knew it was so." He kissed her again and again as he spoke until, blushing like a rose and trembling, she drew herself from his arms bashfully.

All the way home she walked in a blissful dream while Mr. Lee poured tender passionate words into her ear.

The awakening came, when, as they approached the house, Linda said:

"I wonder what dear mama will say. Whether she will be pleased to know you love me."

"Oh my darling" he said hastily "do not let us vulgarize our love so soon. To me now it is too beautiful, too sacred, to be spoken of except between our two selves. Let us enjoy to the full the sweet poem for a few days at least, then we will talk it over again."

Linda sighed a little, even in her new bliss. To her it would have been more perfect could she have shared it with her mother at once, but then she thought it was natural that Percy should feel differently, and she had some dim foolish idea about an author's feeling being more sensitive, more delicate than grosser mortals, and so being totally without worldly wisdom or experience, she was persuaded into acquiescing in what her lover urged so winningly.

For the next few days the meetings that had been accidental hitherto, on Linda's part at least, took place now by arrangement, and for a few delicious hours each day, Linda wandered by her lover's side in the woods, drinking in his love, and loving him every day, now that she gave play to her feelings, more tenderly and truly.

Knowing how impossible it would be for Linda to affect to treat him as a mere acquaintance before her mother now, or to dissimulate in any way, he did not ask her to do more than keep silent, but took care to avoid her when her mother was present. This was easy, Mrs. Maberly having arranged, when he first came, that he should take his meals in his sitting room, and although the rule had lately been relaxed, and he had several times joined their tea-table, and spent the evenings listening to Linda's music, he had but to plead the necessity of working, to account for relapsing into his solitary manner of passing his time.

Linda, notwithstanding an uneasy feeling that she was doing wrong, yet had felt a sort of charm in hugging her secret joy to herself, to feel she had a treasured source of happiness of which no one knew. But as the days went on, her heart

told her she was ungrateful to one whom she had hitherto loved best in the world, and again she suffered her own wishes to give way to his.

Linda lived now entirely in the present, no thought of future or of change occurred to her; she never asked herself how long this enchanted life could last, had no thought of the natural goal of all lovers—marriage, and therefore she never noticed that Percy avoided all reference to the future, that he never spoke of her being his wife; a more worldly girl would have known that she ought to look to marriage as being in the distance, and would have noted his omission. He had in fact not followed up his passionate love making with any offer of marriage. Had she but remarked it, he even winced when she spoke of what they would do next summer. One day only, when speaking of something he had seen abroad, she said:

"How very much I long to see all those beautiful things."

He kissed her passionately.

"My darling, I would give ten years of my life that you could go with me there."

Linda looked up wonderingly.

As I said, she had not thought of marriage because she had not thought of any change as possible or desirable, but she could not conceive of a future in which they would not be together, and now there was a something in what he had just said that seemed to hint at a possibility of his being "there" without her. She was about to ask why they could not at some future time go there when she checked herself, a sudden consciousness came to her, but he was looking down at her so lovingly that she put all ideas but that of his being with her then, out of her mind; he had seen the wondering look, and before they separated, which they always did when they reached the wood near the house, he asked:

"Will—would you miss me very much if I were obliged to go away—for a time?"

"Go away?" she asked in a low terrified voice.

"Oh, not for long, dearest, but you know when I came, it was only for a short time, and I had made arrangements," (he clenched his hands as he spoke), "which will prevent my remaining much longer. I may in fact get a letter that will call me away very suddenly. I want you to be prepared, my Linda. Remember, darling, 'men must work, and women must weep,' in this world."

"But you will come back?"

Heaven knows what he may have intended to say, how far he had meant to be honest, but the sight of the agony in Linda's face made him say with affected gaiety:

"Assuredly, if you are sure you care enough about me to want me."

"Oh Percy, you know I cannot do without you."

The tears were falling fast down her cheeks, and Percy wiped them tenderly away.

"Don't cry, dear. I will not stay long away when I know my dear girl wishes me back, but Linda are you sure, if you were to hear anything bad of me that would make me appear a villain, that you would wish me to return?"

For a moment she shrank from him, then clinging closer, said earnestly:

"Sure, sure, nothing could alter me. You could not be a villain, and I don't care what you might seem."

"Don't Linda, you don't know me, my poor girl."

"Yes I do," she said confidently, smiling through her tears, as she kissed the hand she held. "But, Percy, before you go, you will let me tell mama?"

"Wait till I return, love, and then you shall tell her that very day if you wish."

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

ROBERT BROWNING's new poem is entitled "The Inn Album."

VICTOR HUGO was once accused of having changed sides more than once. He replied, "J'ai grandi, (I have grown)."

MR. EDWARD JENKINS, is writing a Temperance Story, which will in size and form resemble "Ginx's Baby." The title of the story will probably be "The Devil's Chain."

A limited impression has been prepared for distribution by the trustees of the British Museum among the libraries of Europe of a finely-executed volume of cuneiform inscriptions.

THE death at Paris is announced of the Abbé Migne at the age of seventy-five. He was the founder of the journal the *Univers Religieux*, which afterwards became the *Univers*.

MAJOR BUTLER, the author of *Akim Foo* and *The Great Lone Land*, who has just returned with Sir G. Wolseley from Natal, will probably write for *Good Words* a series of papers describing that expedition.

MR. JUSTIN WINSON, Superintendent of the Boston Public Library, will shortly publish, by subscription, a biography of the original quarto and folio editions of Shakespeare's works. It will contain 62 heliotype facsimiles. The edition will be limited to 250 copies.

WALT WHITMAN is in Washington, for the first time in several years. Though yet ill from paralysis and other ailments, and very lame and slow in gait, his large figure, clothed in gray, with the regular old open neck, white collar, red face and copious beard of yore, looks much the same.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY has been trying to prove that Shakespeare is a Scotchman. He has attributed to every word of doubtful meaning, which could be twisted to his purpose, in our greatest poet's plays, a Gaelic origin. Among other words, he deals with "Grammercy." This, he says, is a Gaelic word. If you say no, and point to the Norman "Grant merci" as its origin, he replies that it is not French, but Chaucer, in the "House of Fame," says—

"Nay, forsooth, friends, quod I; I can not hynder; grant merci."



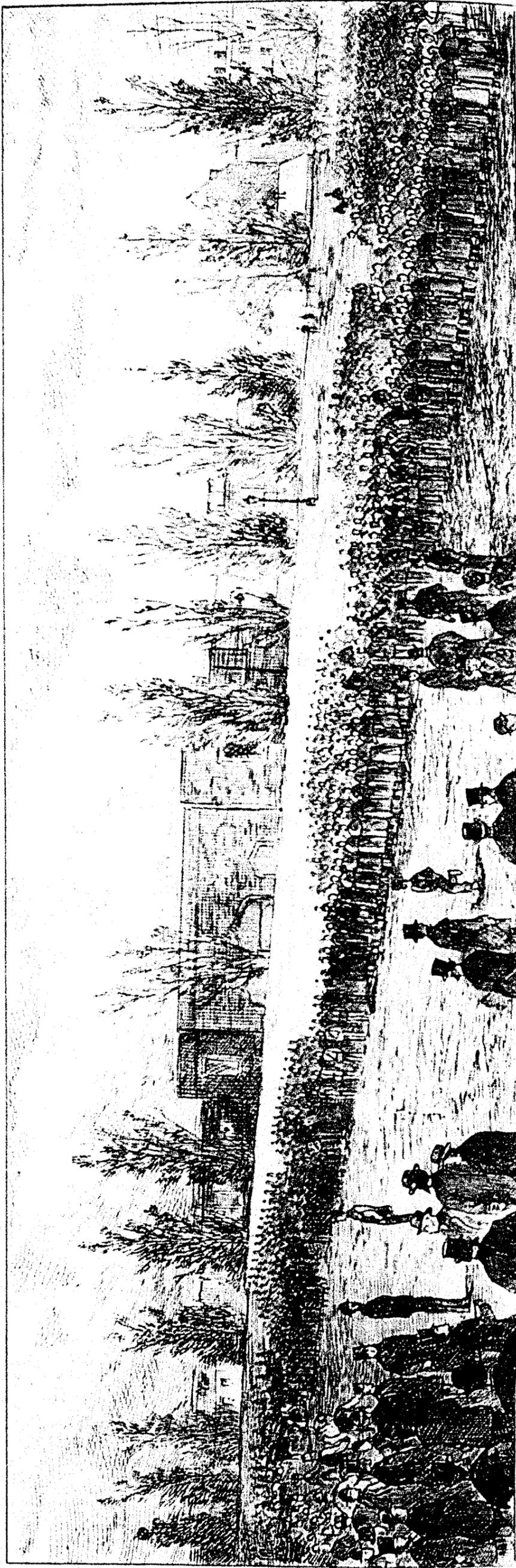
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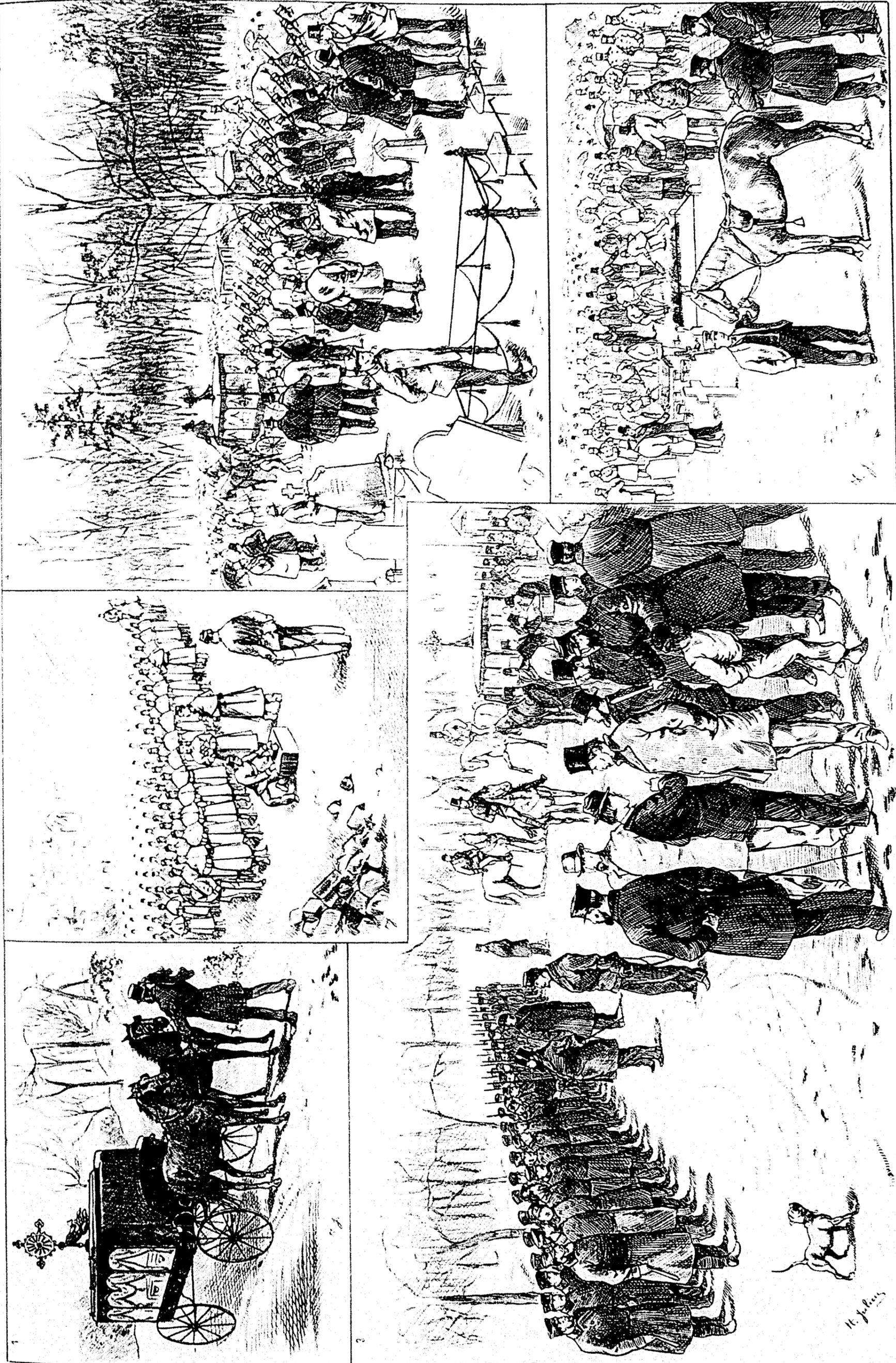
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REV. MR. ROUSSELET.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUSMARAIS.



THE VOLUNTEERS ASSEMBLED ON THE RAMP OF WAR.



THE GUIBORD BURIAL:—1. THE HEARSE.—2. SERVING OUT BALL CARTRIDGES.—3. SCENE AT MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY.—4. THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY.—5. FILLING THE GRAVE WITH CEMENT AND IRON, AFTER THE LOWERING OF THE COFFIN.

H. J. Jones

RELICS.

The violets that you gave are dead—
They could not bear the loss of you:
The spirit of the rose has fled—
It loved you, and its love was true:
Back to your lips that spirit flies,
To bask beneath your radiant eyes.

Only the ashes bide with me—
The ashes of the ruined flowers—
Types of a rapture not to be
Sad relics of bewildering hours:
Poor, frail, forlorn, and piteous shows
Of errant passion's wasted woes.

He grandly loves who loves in vain!
These withered flowers that lesson teach:
They suffered; they did not complain;
Their life was love too great for speech:
In silent pride their fate they bore:
They loved, they grieved, they died—no more

Far off the purple banners flare,
Beneath the golden morning spread:
I know what queen is worshipped there,
What laurels wreath her lovely head,
Her name be sacred in my thought,
And sacred be the grief she brought!

For since I saw that glorious face,
And heard the music of that voice,
Much beauty's fallen to disgrace,
That used to make my heart rejoice:
And rose and violet ne'er can be
The same that once they were to me.
—Galaxy. WILLIAM WINTER.

FELICITY FERNIG,

A STORY OF WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

It was in the first month of the year 1792. Republican France was struggling bravely against the combined forces of Europe. Her raw levies—shoeless, ragged, starving, half drilled—were performing prodigies of valour, and already beginning to strike terror into the hearts of her foes, who hung like a swarm of locusts upon her borders, burning, devastating, and, at times, repulsing her defenders.

At this period, Dumourier, the famous Republican General, was commanding the army upon the Belgian frontier. One day, a strong party of Austrian Uhlans surprised the French outposts, who, after an obstinate resistance, were driven back to the main body. The skirmish had taken place in the neighbourhood of a modest country house, the residence of a brave old officer in the French service, named Fernig, and his two daughters. Finding themselves overpowered, a number of French soldiers took refuge here, and were immediately attacked by the Austrians. A desperate resistance was offered, but all in vain; the building was fired, and, as the Uhlans imagined, all within it destroyed.

It was night—dark, cold, with a piercing wind, the ground covered with a thin layer of snow. The enemy had retired, and only black skeleton walls, and a heap of charred, smoking ruins, out of which still leaped at times a fitful flame, marked the spot upon which, only a few hours previously, stood a happy home.

Scattered all around were the bodies of the slain, but darkness concealed the evidence of decimation under her mantle, and, ere morning, the snow, which was falling in large flakes, shrouded in white all evidence of the conflict.

Presently a shadow moved across the red light made by the glowing embers, which revealed the terrified features of a young and beautiful girl.

She looked round cautiously, listened, and then, in a low, trembling voice, breathed the words, "Clotilde, they are all gone!"

The next moment she was joined by a second female figure, slighter and younger, with beautiful features, and long, dishevelled, fair hair.

These are Captain Fernig's two daughters. They have done brave work in defending their home—loading the muskets, and sometimes firing them; but when they saw their father fall, and the reckless Austrians force their way into the already burning house, dreading outrage, they took shelter in the cellars, and there remained until the deep silence assured them the enemy had departed.

For several seconds they gazed around upon the sad scene in the deepest despair. Then, with a long, deep sigh, they fell into each other's arms. They were alone in the world—penniless, homeless, friendless.

"Oh, Felicity, darling! what will become of us?" sobbed Clotilde.

There was a look of stern determination upon Felicity's brow, and a heroic bearing in her gait, as she disengaged herself from her sister's arms.

"We must forget the weakness of our sex—carve out a future for ourselves—and avenge our father's death!" she replied, with fervour. "While crouching in the darkness below, a strange idea occurred to me. All depends upon whether you have the intrepidity to carry it out."

"Oh, do not doubt my courage!" answered Clotilde, brushing away her tears. "It is not fear, but grief for our dear father, that has overwhelmed me."

"Listen, then!" said Felicity, speaking in a rapid, excited tone. "You know General Dumourier was our father's friend. I propose that we shall proceed at once to his head-quarters—they are but a few miles from here—and tell him what has happened, how destitute we are, and offer him our services."

"Our services!" repeated Clotilde.

"Yes, as aides-de-camp. Why do you look so scared, Clotilde? Have we not often regretted we were unable to fight for our beloved country—strike a blow in defence of that glorious freedom which foreign despots would fain crush in

its cradle? Women have fought ere now in far less sacred causes. This great revolution has not been all men's work; women helped to pull down the Bastille. They alone raised and led the insurrection which compelled the King's return to Paris! Remember how our hearts glowed when we heard of these things; how we sighed as we thought of our own inaction, and felt humiliated when we did not assist our sisters in their glorious work!"

Her tall, well-developed, yet exquisitely-moulded form, raised to its full height, her head thrown back, her long, black hair hanging loosely around her beautiful features, gave to her, in the gloaming of the lurid light, the appearance of an inspired prophetess! So might have looked Cassandra, as in her prophetic mood she stood by the watch-fires of Troy.

"But, sister," answered Clotilde, after a pause, "have you thought of the dangers to our sex?"

"Our uniform will be our protection. The troops will guard the honour of a soldier's daughters. Every man in the regiment will be as a brother, a friend, a defender! The peril would be to retain the garb of women, which would lay us open to insults and annoyance. We have no home, no friends; there are two alternatives open to us—this or death!"

"But should we fall into the hands of the enemy as prisoners?" said Clotilde, shuddering.

"That we will never do while they have a bullet or a bayonet to pierce our hearts!" answered Felicity, sternly.

"Enough, sister!" rejoined Clotilde, catching a spark of her fire. "Let us go!"

At that moment a groan was heard by the sisters, and seemed to come from close to where they stood. Snatching a piece of burning wood to serve as a torch, Felicity hastened to the spot from whence the sound appeared to rise.

She uttered a cry of joy. There, lying partly covered by the corpse of a Uhlans, from which he was faintly struggling to disengage himself, she beheld her father, whom she had believed dead—living.

The rapture of the sisters at thus finding their parent restored to them may be imagined. During the fray he had been wounded several times, but not in vital parts, and when he fell it was from faintness consequent on loss of blood.

"Stay here, with father, Clotilde," said Felicity quickly, "while I hasten to Dumourier's camp to obtain succour."

"Impossible!" said Fernig, faintly. "It is more than five miles from here. You cannot go unprotected on such a dismal night."

"The darkness will be my protection," she interposed. "Fear not for me; Providence, that has spared the father, will guard the child. Within two hours I will bring assistance to you." Then turning to Clotilde, she bade her seek in the cellar which had been their hiding place, and she would doubtless find some wine to keep up their father's strength until she returned.

Felicity, without further delay, started on her perilous journey. Every inch of the way was well known to her, for she had been born and reared in the neighbourhood. But it was very dark, and the ground was whitened with snow. Frosh flakes, low and slow, were falling, but at any moment the storm might become fierce and blinding.

With no covering beyond an ordinary indoor dress, and with bare head, she pursued her way across the frozen fields; but she felt not the blast. There was a fire within her that rendered her frame impervious to outward cold.

On, on she went with swift step, but no light to guide her save the reflection of the snow. She might have proceeded about three miles, when, as she had feared, the storm began to rapidly increase, the piercing wind to rise, and the feathery flakes to fall in a blinding drift. Without once slackening her speed she pressed on, the sharp sleet cutting her face, resting like a coil upon her head, and enveloping her as in a cloak. She had but one fear—that she might lose her road, and thus delay the succour upon which her father's life depended.

Soon all the landmarks were obliterated. Providence alone could guide her now, and she prayed as she had never prayed before for its merciful interposition.

In this desperate plight, for another half-hour she went on, when from a spot of rising ground she caught sight of a glimmer of light cast against the black horizon.

It was the watch-fire of the French camp some distance off. She had unknowingly deviated considerably from her route, but with that beacon to direct her steps, anxiety for succour increased. She now pressed forward against the blinding snow and biting wind with redoubled speed. Nearer and nearer grew the light, no longer one, but several; already she fancied she heard the buzz of the soldiery, and was lifting up her heart in thanksgiving for her preservation, when suddenly, in front of her path, there sprang up two figures.

"What is this?" exclaimed a thick voice.

"A walking snowball?"

"Ah! you are French soldiers!" cried Felicity, eagerly. "Will you conduct me to your general?"

"As I live, it is a woman!" exclaimed another voice, "and, as far as I can see in this miserable darkness, a very pretty one. Come here, my dear, and let me brush the snow off, and have a look at you."

And the fellow, who was intoxicated, seized her roughly by the arm.

"I am a soldier's daughter!" exclaimed Felicity, shaking off his grasp. "My father is dangerously wounded. I have walked miles through the snow to come here for aid."

"Never mind your father," hiccupped the soldier, seizing his in her arms; "plenty of time to see about him."

"Shame upon you!" cried Felicity, struggling to free herself. "Would you insult one whom even the enemy has spared?"

In vain she struggled; her recent fatigue had entirely exhausted her strength, which could not avail against two, for the second inebriate had now come to the assistance of his comrade; and she could only shriek for help.

Another moment, and the drunken soldiers would have overpowered her, when the sound of horses' hoofs ringing upon the frozen ground, giving hope of approaching assistance, made her redouble her cries.

The noise was also heard by her assailants, who releasing her with an oath, plunged into the darkness and disappeared. Staggering for a moment, she fell unconscious to the ground. When she recovered herself, she was on horseback, supported by two strong arms. As she moved, a soft voice whispered, "Are you better, mademoiselle?"

"Where am I? Where are you taking me?" she asked.

"I heard cries for help, and thinking some violence was being perpetrated, I hastened to the spot whence they seemed to proceed, and there I saw you fainting upon the ground. I am taking you towards the camp, where—"

"Ah, yes; many thanks," she eagerly interposed. "That is where I want to go. I want to see General Dumourier. I am Captain Fernig's daughter. Our house has been destroyed to-day by the Austrians; my father is lying wounded among the ruins; I have come to ask help for him."

"I heard of the destruction of Captain Fernig's house from an officer who escaped the skirmish," rejoined the cavalier, in a tone of deep sympathy. "I will take you to the General's quarters at once. Have you come across the country alone in the darkness and the snow?"

"Yes," was the simple reply.

In a few moments they were standing in the presence of a handsome, soldiery-looking man, seated at a table covered with maps and papers, which he appeared to have been studying. It was General Dumourier.

"Well, Vanderwalden, whom have you there?" he asked, casting a surprised glance upon Felicity.

"I am the daughter of Captain Fernig," she answered, before her conductor could reply.

In a few brief sentences she related the events of the day, and the reason which brought her to the camp under such circumstances.

"And the men who attacked this lady—did you make no effort to pursue them?" was the stern question put to the young officer.

"They had contrived to disappear, General, before I got to the spot," replied Vanderwalden, "and I thought it more necessary to attend to the lady I saw senseless upon the ground, than to start upon a doubtful chase."

"I thank you, sir, for saving more than my life," said Felicity, turning to the young officer, and frankly holding out her hand. "May it be some day in my power to repay the obligation!"

There was a simple dignity, mingled with fervency, in the tone of her gratitude, which made Vanderwalden drop his looks on the ground, while the colour mounted to his temples; he raised the fair hand to his lips, and murmured something—what, he scarcely knew.

"And you are the daughter of my old comrade, Fernig?" asked Dumourier, fixing upon her a keen, scrutinising glance, in which admiration of her beauty and noble bearing was distinctly mingled with delight for her filial devotion. Then turning to Vanderwalden, he said, "Lieutenant, take two men and a couple of horses—Or stay; get a litter for the wounded Captain, and a horse for the lady. Your sister can ride, I suppose?"

Felicity answered in the affirmative.

"And bring them here, with all speed. You will, of course, remain, mademoiselle. We have but rough accommodation for ladies; but such as it is, it is entirely at your service."

"I am a soldier's daughter!" Felicity said, emphatically.

There was an ominous pause, during which Felicity looked inquiringly at the commander, after which she said, "I have a favour to ask you, General Dumourier; one I pray of you to grant me."

"If I can do so without violation of duty or honour—"

"You can," she interrupted quickly. "It is to permit me to serve my country—to allow me to become one of your aides-de-camp."

Dumourier stared at her in undisguised amazement.

For a moment he thought the scenes through which she had passed during the last few hours had disordered her brain. But the scrutiny satisfied him, and put such ideas to flight, especially when he noticed the dignity and composure upon her countenance.

"Mademoiselle, do you know what you ask?" he exclaimed, at last.

"Perfectly!" was the calm reply, as she proceeded to repeat the arguments she had used to her sister.

Dumourier listened with profound attention until, catching her enthusiasm, he sprang from his seat, and, grasping her hand as he would a comrade's, burst forth, "Mademoiselle, you are a heroine; and, your father permitting, shall

have your wish. I feel honoured in possessing so beautiful and brave a volunteer."

"A thousand thanks, General," she responded, eagerly returning the pressure of his hand with soldiery frankness.

CHAPTER II.

Two months have passed. Captain Fernig was still an invalid. Felicity and Clotilde have assumed the uniform of Dumourier's aides-de-camp. By his advice, the secret of their sex was not disclosed; a tent had been assigned them for their special use, with a sentinel to guard them from intrusion.

Their sudden and mysterious appearance in the camp, and the uncommon and effeminate beauty of their persons, excited much gossip and speculation among the officers, from whom they held aloof. At first, the latter were disposed to treat them as carpet knights; but, after witnessing the fearless, gallant bearing of Felicity, (she was known as Ernest Fernig) in one of the engagements, they changed their opinion. She had plunged into the thickest of the fight, with the daring of a veteran, and performed striking feats of valour, yet escaped without a scratch.

There was only one person shared their secret with Dumourier—the handsome young Lieutenant Vanderwalden. From the instant when he first gazed upon the beautiful Felicity, by the dim light in the General's tent, his heart was wholly hers; and further acquaintance had only served to increase his passion. Every moment he could snatch from his duties was passed in the hospital beside Captain Fernig's bed, where he knew he should be sure of meeting her.

His devotion was not unrewarded, for her heart quickly caught the contagion. But although her nature was too frank and open to disguise her sentiments, she would permit no talk of love.

"For the present, I am Ernest Fernig, an officer in the Republican army," she would say; "and as such only will I allow any one to address me."

One bright winter morning she had ridden over to the hospital—a temporary building some little distance from the encampment—to visit her father and sister; for Clotilde being of a less enthusiastic temperament than Felicity, had devoted herself rather to tending her parent than to the active duties of her assumed position. As she was returning, she met Vanderwalden galloping towards her. He looked wan and excited.

"I was going to seek you," he said, speaking hurriedly. "In a few hours we shall be all advancing towards Brussels. A pitched battle will, I think, be inevitable. There will be heavy work, as the Germans are strongly posted. I start with a company three hours in advance, to reconnoitre."

"Yours is an office of great daring," interrupted Felicity, a shadow falling upon her brow.

"That is nothing," he answered, quickly. "What is danger to a soldier when honour and glory are to be gained by it? I am anxious, however, about you, and want you to promise me not to engage in the battle. Satisfied of your safety, I should have the courage of a lion."

"It cannot be, Adolphe," she answered. "While I wear the uniform of France, I will never disgrace it by holding back in the moment of danger."

"Cast it off," he curtly interposed. "Resume the dress of your sex. The reason that first induced you to take to it no longer exists; for the home you have lost I offer you another—not one worthy of you, but one where, at least, you would be in peace and safety with your sister and father. This I can give you, and the devotion of a life."

"Do not tempt me," she replied, turning away her head. "In the hour in which I first buckled this sword to my side, I made a vow that I should not quit it while France was degraded by the foot of an hostile invader. When our country is free—well, then," she added, archly, "we shall see!"

"Oh, Felicity!"

"Silence!" she said quickly; "not that name! How often am I to call you to account for your forgetfulness?"

He sighed, and was silent. "This is the last opportunity we shall have of speaking alone before the struggle," he said, presently. "It may be our last final meeting upon earth! Ere this time to-morrow many of us will be laid low, and many a heart now beating proudly and fondly will be cold in death; who knows which among us will be spared? I have entrusted to the General a packet to be opened in the event of—of—my not returning. The packet concerns you."

"These are neither the words or tones of a soldier going to battle!" cried Felicity; yet, spite of all her efforts to assume a composure she by no means felt, her cheeks blanched, and her features quivered. "Our lives are in the hands of One who will dispose of them as He thinks fit in His wisdom; let us trust in Him, and pray for His mercy."

"Adieu!" he answered fervently. He took her hand, and gazing upon her sad, noble face with an expression of passionate devotion, said, "Farewell, Felicity! Nay, at such moment as this I can call you by that name alone—for it is the only one which finds response in my heart."

They were as yet some little distance from the tents, and the sentinels were not in sight. Their horses' head were close together. He leant across and throwing his free arm around her neck, imprinted a fervid kiss upon her unresisting cheek.

"You love me?" he whispered.

"With all my heart!" she answered, looking frankly into his face.

"Bless you for the assurance!" he murmured. "Those words shall be my battle cry, to nerve my heart and fortify my arm!—Farewell, my beloved—farewell!"

Turning the head of his steed, and striking spurs into his flanks, he galloped away to the General's quarters, not daring to cast one look behind.

In less than an hour he and his troops were on the road to Brussels.

By mid-day the camp had broken up, and the whole army began to move slowly forward upon the same road.

It had not marched more than three or four miles when it was met by some scouts, who had just come from reconnoitring the enemy's position: they were the bearers of important tidings, and such as would necessitate a modification of the General's plans. It was most essential that Vanderwalden should be immediately made acquainted of the circumstances, as, otherwise, he would probably fall into an ambuscade.

Quick as thought Dumourier scrawled a few brief lines of instruction and looked around for the trustiest officer he could find to carry them.

"Who will volunteer to bear this to Lieutenant Vanderwalden?" he asked. "Let it be he who can gallop the fastest, for his life depends upon the messenger's speed!"

"That will I!" was the prompt reply of Felicity, who was riding near him, and whose quick ears had instantly caught those boding words.

A number of voices echoed the "I," and a dozen hands were held out eagerly to grasp the paper.

"It was I who spoke first, General," she exclaimed, with excitement, dashing through her rivals. "You will not refuse me this favour, sir?"

He paused, but only for a second, for there was that in Felicity's look which told him none there would execute the mission with such speed and certainty.

"You shall; for you are his friend!" he said emphatically; "and are more interested in his safety than any other."

Ere the last word had died upon the air she had the paper secured; her horse, a splendid half-bred Arabian, plunged as he felt the spur, then darted forward like an arrow, and was soon out of sight.

"Follow him quick!" cried Dumourier, to two aides-de-camp; "he may need help."

Away they went, plunging the rowels into their horses' sides, but they could not overtake her. She went with a speed which seemed to carry her on the wing of the wind. Two miles were passed in an incredibly short space of time.

Hark! Was not that the report of musketry? Yes; and, there before her against the horizon, rose thick wreaths of smoke. Now she could hear the clash of arms, the din of battle. She was too late—he had fallen into the ambuscade; but, at least, she could die with him!

She drew her sabre, and in an instant was among the combatants; she saw the French were far outnumbered, and in disorder. But where was her lover?

Sweeping her sabre right and left, she cleft a passage through the enemy's ranks. The soldiers gave way before the sudden apparition, whose furious pace and dauntless bearing belonged, they thought, to the leader of advancing battalions. At a little distance behind they caught sight of the two officers galloping towards them; they faltered, lost resolution; the French, although ignorant of the cause, perceiving the sudden change, rallied and charged with the energy of despair. The impetuosity of the charge made the Austrians fall back; a sudden panic seized them; they retreated slowly at first, then more rapidly, until retreat almost merged into a panic. But the French, after pressing them for some little distance, thought it prudent on account of the paucity of their numbers, to draw off the pursuit.

In the meantime, Felicity was cutting her way through the ranks of their foes with resistless fury, everywhere seeking her lover. She saw him at last, fighting single handed with three Uhlands. The next instant her sabre had struck one to the ground; the second turned sharply, and aimed a tremendous blow at her neck, which she partly parried, partly avoided by a quick movement; and before her assailant could recover himself, her sword descended swiftly upon his sword-arm, the weapon dropped from his hand, and being hors de combat, he galloped away. The Austrians retreated, the French pursuing. Felicity, Vanderwalden, and the remaining Uhlan, a huge fellow, seemingly possessed of great strength, were left a clear space, unheeded by the rest.

"Stand back, Felicity!" exclaimed Vanderwalden, who had instantly recognised her; "leave this one for me!"

But his face was haggard with exhaustion, his voice weak and husky, his uniform torn and stained. He was evidently severely wounded, and his strength giving way. Felicity paid no heed to his words, but ranging herself at his side, fiercely attacked his opponent.

The Uhlan was more than a match for both, in the young officer's present condition, and he wielded his sword with a rapidity more resembling the practice of the fencing school than the battle-field. A crashing blow broke Vanderwalden's guard, and fell with such force as to strike him from his horse; leaving Felicity alone, exposed to his furious attack.

What could her poor strength avail against a giant's? She retreated, scarcely able to defend herself, and not perceiving that just behind her the ground sank into a valley. Suddenly the horse's legs gave way, and Felicity, now conscious of her peril, withdrew her feet from the

stirrups, and quick as thought, threw herself from his back, and rolled down the steep declivity. Relieved of his burden, the animal, by a desperate effort, recovered his footing, and galloped away across the plain. The Uhlan cast one glance over the precipice, saw his enemy lying a senseless heap at the bottom, and dashed away in the direction taken by his comrades.

It was not until the main body of the army came up to the scene of the late encounter that Felicity was discovered by a straggler, who immediately recognised her as one of the General's aides-de-camp. Finding life was not extinct, he gave the alarm, and, with the help of a comrade, conveyed the senseless girl to the spot where Dumourier was at that moment surrounded by his officers.

Her wounds were found to be very slight, her principal injuries being bruises and contusions inflicted by her fall. There was no alternative but to send her back to the hospital to her father and sister. The staff doctor bound up her wounds, and administered a restorative. Just as she was being placed upon a hastily-constructed litter, she slightly revived, and murmured "Adolphe;" but consciousness had scarcely returned when it again deserted her, and in this condition she was borne away.

But where was Vanderwalden? That was a question no one could answer. He was last seen desperately fighting at the head of his troop. The ground was searched, the dead examined, but the young officer was nowhere to be found.

CHAPTER III.

Two years have elapsed; and we must now transport the reader from France to England—to a pretty ivy-grown cottage, nestled among the cherry-orchards of pleasant Kent.

It was a sunny, genial day in early spring, the fruit-trees were all in bloom, and the garden was bright with April flowers.

Sitting upon garden-chairs, enjoying the warm sunshine, was a group of three persons. One is a white-bearded old man, whose air and upright figure unmistakably indicated the veteran soldier; his two companions—one of whom was bending over a book, the other embroidering—were ladies. The elder—who might be four-and-twenty—was a woman of surpassing beauty, with features as perfect and delicately chiselled as those of a Greek statue. She was dressed in deep mourning, which showed her splendidly-developed form to the finest advantage. Her companion was younger, slighter, and of a softer beauty.

The three were Captain Fernig and his daughters, Felicity and Clotilde. During the time Felicity lay in the hospital, the secret of her sex had of necessity been discovered, and her father had peremptorily forbidden her to again assume masculine attire.

About the same time, Dumourier, falling under the suspicion of the Republic, was obliged to fly from his army to avoid being arrested. Already the Convention had begun its work of slaughter, and France was no longer a safe abode for the lovers of national freedom. Like so many other noble creatures of that wonderful period, Felicity's heart was filled with bitter disappointment at this overwhelming of all her bright visions of liberty, and with a still deeper grief at the disappearance of her lover, of whom no tidings could be gained, and whom at length she was compelled to mourn as dead. From that hour there was never seen a smile upon her countenance. She never complained, but all could perceive that the wound was incurable.

Soon after they quitted the hospital, they received news of the death of a distant relation, who left them a sufficient competency. Harassed by increasing war, the Continent could afford them no safe resting-place, and, after residing for a short time in several parts of Germany, and being each time compelled to depart at a moment's notice on account of the approach of armies, they crossed the Channel, and took up their abode in England.

With these brief explanations, let us return to that April morning on which they were seated in their peaceful English garden, far away from the turmoil of war. The silence was unbroken, each being absorbed in thought. The subject of Felicity's communing may be surmised; she was acting over again in imagination the scene of that desperate encounter in which she had last beheld her lover. Presently she raised her eyes, which had hitherto been fixed upon her book. Directly in front of her seat was the garden-gate, which opened upon a little-frequented by-road, and there, leaning over the bar, was a man. She saw, and tried to speak, but could only gasp.

An exclamation from Clotilde, who looked up at the moment, broke the spell. "It is he!—it is Adolphe!" she exclaimed.

Felicity rose from her seat, but her head swam. She staggered, and fell forward, clasped in her lover's arms.

The story of his disappearance and reappearance can be told in a few words.

The gigantic Uhlan, who had forced Felicity down the precipice, had, in returning, picked up his senseless body, thrown it across his horse in front of him, and so bore him to the enemy's camp. While being conducted with a number of others to an Austrian prison, he contrived to make his escape. He hastened back to France, to find Dumourier a fugitive. All the tidings he could gain of the Fernigs was that they had been left behind in the hospital of Belgian frontier. Thither he proceeded. When he arrived, they had departed about ten days. Obtaining a slight clue to their route, he followed, traced them with incredible difficulty from place to place, always arriving a few days after their de-

parture. By-and-by, he lost all clue. For months he wandered over France and Germany, almost broken-hearted, but never despairing. At length he recovered the last link, followed it up, and had the inestimable reward of all his labours. Ernest no longer, but as Felicity, Mademoiselle Fernig listened to his renewed pleadings, and in less than a month made him supremely happy by the possession of her love. H. R.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

PARISIAN ladies are said to "look like pencils covered with raiment."

MAN leads woman to the altar; in that act his leadership begins and ends.

AN old lady in Detroit, hearing that American Girl was dead, remarked: "I've allus said this tight lacing would lay 'em out some day."

SAYS a recently-published song—"What is home without a mother?" In the first year of married life it is a very nice sort of place.

THE only thing children can see partiality in is who gets the biggest end of the bootjack when the old lady gets mad.

A Detroit woman who was turned out of her house for non-payment of rent, went out in good style, putting on silks and jewelry, and having her hair frizzed in extra style for the occasion.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a mother reproachfully to her little eight-year-old girl. "Cause I never see you when you was a little girl," was the prompt answer.

THE latest French definition of a lover is a man with whom one woman deceives another, with whom she deceives herself, and whom she deceives.

THEY have found a petrified Mormon in Utah, and from the number of dents in the head, evidently made with a pocker and flat iron, it is judged that he had at least thirty-three wives.

THE latest New York "delicacy" in language:—"Ah! what is the matter with her?" "She fell down stairs and hurt her courtesy bender." "Her what?" "Her courtesy bender," blushing. "Why, why her k-n-e-e."

WHEN you see a young married man contemplating baby carriages with a calm and thoughtful eye, you may reasonably infer that, the matrimonial sky is bright, serene, and a little sunny.

A lady put her watch under her pillow the other night, but couldn't keep it there because it disturbed her sleep. And there, all the time, was her bed-ticking right underneath her, and she never thought of that at all.

If there is anything that will bring tears to the eyes of an Indian tobacco sign it is to witness a young lady undergoing the trying ordeal of endeavoring to bring a fallen clothes-line, full of clothes, to a realization of its solemn duty.

Postmaster Parke lately received a letter addressed to the handsomest girl in Whitehall. It was whispered about one evening, when the next day his office was besieged by pretty girls, all inquiring for the letter. He has since received a letter addressed to the homeliest girl in Whitehall, which has been sent to the dead letter office.

"THERE may be such a thing as love at first sight," remarked a Detroit girl as she twisted a "friz" around the curling iron, "but I don't believe in it. There's Fred; I saw him a hundred times before I loved him. In fact I shouldn't have fallen in love when I did if his father hadn't given him that house and lot."

"I suppose I can buy everything in New York," said a Chicago woman to an acquaintance she met in Broadway. "Oh, no! you can't find some things even in Paris. For instance, I arrived at the dignity of a grandmother yesterday, and at once went out to get 'an old lady's bonnet,' but no such article was for sale."

"Is this the doctor's office?" inquired a man who popped his head inside the sanctum door. "No, sir—the next flight of stairs." "Well, I am too tired to go any further," said he sadly; "but if you see the doctor any time this morning, I wish you would tell him that my step-mother is dying and we'd like to have him in if he gets time."

A promising young shaver of five or six years was reading his lessons at school one day in that deliberate manner for which urchins of that age are somewhat remarkable. As he proceeded with the task he came upon the passage, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from guile." Master Hopeful drawled out, "Keep—thy—tongue—from—evil—and—thy—lips—from—girls."

IN 1870 the German women decided that thereafter they would never use chignons and other French modes and fashions. The decision was maintained during the war, but that once over, and the fashions mill again started, the German fair sex couldn't withstand the pressure, and again applied in the proper quarter for bonnets and dresses. The male purists of Germany are quite beside themselves over this feminine fickleness.

A Japanese young lady at school in New York has written to the *Japan Gazette*, suggesting certain reforms of a spiritual, material, financial, and social kind which, if adopted, will change the entire character of Japanese civilization. The comprehensive measures she recommends are, first, the conversion of the whole population to Christianity; secondly, an increased importation of scissors; thirdly, a restriction of taxation; and, fourthly, the introduction of the American custom of wedding breakfasts.

HEARTH AND HOME.

LOVE AND LUCRE.—The exact relations of matrimony and money bother the brains of economists. They think love ought always to go with good bank accounts—but it doesn't—and that bairns should be born where there is bread to feed them, which is oftentimes very far from the fact. Marriage is one of the things that does not get regulated by prices current, and the less people have of worldly goods the more reason there is for their joining hands to get and save. Marriage does more to beget thrift than thrift to make marriages; and people who seek for a fortune first and a home afterwards seldom get anything more than the shell of either.

AMBITIOUS WOMEN.—It is the fashion of restless and ambitious women to despise home life as too tame, too narrow, too uneventful for them. They long for a wider arena, set well in view of the world, whereon to display their acquirements, and they think this cloistered home, this unexciting family of which they form a part, unworthy of their efforts. And yet in reality the art of living well at home, and making the family life a success, is just as great in its way, if not so important in its apparent—but only apparent—results, as the finest diplomacy and the largest transactions of business. All sorts of talent, both moral and intellectual, are wanted for the task; and it seems slightly irrational to despise as futile qualities which so very few of us are strong enough to possess, or to rate them beneath the regard of high-minded people when not one in a hundred has wit enough to employ them to a satisfactory issue.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MAX STRAKOSCH, the impresario, is one of the best amateur chess-players in New York.

MISS NEILSON is still in Paris, and has fully recovered from the illness for which she has been under treatment.

ROSSINI and Salvini are rival Othellos and Hamlets; but Salvini is the biggest and sincerest mucron eater.

A lawsuit between Chicago minstrel managers shows that the foremost performers are paid from \$100 to \$150 a week, besides travelling expenses.

It is authoritatively stated that Mr. G. L. Fox, the celebrated clown, is seriously ill, and that his days, as an actor, are nearly numbered.

M. CAVAILLE-COL, organ builder, of Paris, has submitted to the Pope the largest organ in the world for the Cathedral of St. Peter; the instrument is to combine all modern improvements.

THE "Voyage dans la Lune," opera bouffe by Offenbach, was produced at the Paris Gaieté, with immense success. Several airs were encored, and one by Mlle. Zulma Bouffar had to be given three times.

MME. PAULINE LUCCA is engaged to sing in French at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels; she will appear as Selika in Meyerbeer's "Africaine" on the 3rd of November; she will also play Valentine in the "Huguenots," Fides in the "Prophète," and Dinorah, and Marguerite in M. Gounod's "Faust."

SARDOU is notorious for having everything in harmony with the time when he brings out an historical play. In his *Merveilles* there is a beer-drinking scene, and he insisted on the actors being supplied with beer, as made after the Directory, and said to be brewed in a *café* in one of the "Amiable Faubourgs."

THE new three-act opera bouffe at the Paris Théâtre des Variétés, "La Boulangère des Ecus," the libretto founded on the popular ballad by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, for the story is dull. Mlle. Ainiée is the Boulangère, a part intended originally for Mlle. Schneider; Mlle. Paola-Marie plays Toïnon a cabaretière, and the two are rivals to win a barber (Dupuis), who is compromised in a conspiracy, but is saved by Toïnon ultimately. The music is in the composer's usual vein.

ARTISTIC.

THE work of destroying the walls of Nuremberg has been officially put a stop to. Much damage has already been done, but Durer's four great towers remain uninjured, and will be preserved.

HERR TORNOW, a well-known Prussian amateur of Berlin, has just died, bequeathing his valuable collections of work of art of various kinds to the Crown Princess of Germany and Prussia, Victoria, daughter of the Queen of England, in recognition of her artistic taste and skill.

A capital evening game may be made by the assistance of a collection of any of the newspapers which furnish portraits of celebrities of a uniform size. Cut out all the portraits and leave a handsome margin. Paste them separately on cards, and press them till dry. Afterwards colour them according to fancy. They must be pressed till dry again. A dish or pile of books is sufficient weight. Now proceed to cut them in three pieces, across the face, dividing them all at the same places. Number them on the backs, so that each portrait can be united at will. By moving a piece at a time, the widow's cap of a lady may surmount the head and beard of an officer, a judge's wig or a pair of moustaches adorn a lovely girl, &c.

HUMOROUS.

WINE and cider illustrate the power of the press.

HANDKERCHIEF flirtations, to be successful, must have a fool on either side of the street to make the motions.

HE didn't look like a beggar, but he had his plans all laid before he struck Vicksburg, and he cleared a hundred dollars here in two days. He didn't go around whining: "Please sir, for the love of God," as most of them do, but he walked up to a man, called him "General" to start off with, and the shipplasters came in faster than he could take them. The only five men in town who didn't contribute were men whom he inadvertently addressed as "Captain."

"COMING across the Channel the other night," said a traveller. "I got chatting with a German, and asked him what he was doing. 'Well,' he replied, 'I'm about now I am doing nothing, but I have made arrangements to go into pizness.' 'What are you going into?' 'Well, I goes into partnership with a man.' 'Do you put in much capital?' 'No; I doesn't put in no gabitul.' 'Don't want to risk it, eh?' 'No; but I puts in de experience.' 'And he puts in the capital?' 'Yes, dat is it. We goes into pizness for dree year; he puts in de gabitul, I puts in de experience. At de end of de dree year I will have de gabitul, and he will have de experience.'"

THE ONTARIO ADVISORY BOARD OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1876.



HON. ADAM CROOKS, D.C.L., Q.C., TREASURER OF THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT.

HON. S. C. WOOD, ESQ., SECRETARY AND COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE.

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ONTARIO ADVISORY BOARD OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1876.

HON. ADAM CROOKS

The Chairman of this important Board is Hon. Adam Crooks, D.C.L., Q.C. This gentleman was born at West Flamboro, Ont., in December 1827. He received his education at Upper Canada College and at the University of Toronto, where he was Gold Medallist in Classics and Silver Medallist in Metaphysics and graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1850. He afterwards proceeded to Master of Arts and Doctor of Laws. He was called to the Bar in 1851 and created a Q.C. in 1853. He was first returned to the Provincial Parliament for West Toronto in 1871, shortly after which he was appointed Attorney-General. In October 1872, he became Treasurer of the Province, an office which he still holds with general acceptance, notwithstanding the ill-luck he experienced at the last general elections. As chairman of the Advisory Board of the International Exhibition, Mr. Crooks is devoting his great experience and energy towards promoting the interests of his Province.

HON. S. C. WOOD.

This gentleman was born at Bath, Ont., in 1830 and educated there. He was County Clerk and Treasurer of Victoria from 1860 to 1875. He was first returned to Parliament for South Victoria in 1871 and again in 1874. Upon the resignation of Hon. Mr. McKellar, he was called to take his place in the Ontario Cabinet. It is generally supposed that, should Mr. Crooks be appointed Minister of Education, he will succeed to the office of Treasurer, for which he has particular fitness.

VICTOR HUGO'S ISLAND HOME.

A correspondent of the London Echo writes thus of Victor Hugo's abode in the Island of Guernsey: Hauteville House is more of a museum than a dwelling house, albeit that the daintiest would not refuse to live in it. The aspect of the house is dark and desolate. It by no means prepares one for the interesting things that are to be seen within. During fifteen years Victor Hugo and his now departed sons, Charles and Francois, fondly adorned it until not a corner remained to place the many things which have lain unpacked for many years in the cellars, and are untouched to this day. The walls of the hall are covered with porcelain and china of rare origin. Tapestries of Aubusson and the Gobelines conceal the ceiling. There is not one ceiling in



WM. H. FRASER, ESQ., SECRETARY OF THE BOARD.

the whole house which is not similarly adorned, and all these tapestries have an historical origin. The dining-room is a quaint apartment, where not a single article of modern furniture is to be seen. Along the old and beautifully carved panels of the oak are again arranged rows of rare pieces of china. The mantel-piece is made solely of slabs of porcelain of the sixteenth century, representing curious scenes of the period. They were all, it appears, collected in this island, which has always been noted for the valuable rarities that are to be picked up there. At one end of the room is an old oaken chair fixed to the wall, it belonged to the poet's father, General Hugo, and a thick chain drawn across its arms serves to indicate that no one is allowed to occupy it. By a strange whim, Victor Hugo figured to himself that the names of his ancestors are present, and preside at the table from the family chair. Ascending the staircase, along which Venetian mirrors, ingeniously arranged, reflect the hall and its curiosities, one reaches the drawing-room, styled the Salon Rouge—a long spacious apartment of gorgeous splendor. The amateur of historical antiquities would pass a day in that room examining its contents. Here is, over the mantel-piece, the dais supported by the statues of four black slaves of the throne of the doges of Venice; here are the tapestries, covered with pearls, specially designed for Queen Christina of Sweden, and the carpet, taken from the palace of Fontainebleau, which still bears the stains of the blood of Monahieschi, the Swedish Queen's favorite and victim. There is also a Charles II. writing-table, a beautiful piece of workmanship. The chairs, covered with faded red silk, were those of Louis XIV.'s bed-room at Versailles, and divers other seats were used by Louis XV. and his daughters. In fact, the whole of the furniture comes from royal hands. The only object of modern origin is a set of four inkstands, which belonged severally to Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, and Victor Hugo. On the second floor, above the Salon Rouge, one enters an apartment of corresponding size, which is panelled with oaken carvings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, of the finest description. This room contains an antique bed of large dimensions, which had been prepared for Garibaldi at the time the Italian hero contemplated visiting Guernsey. It is impressive to look at, but Garibaldi lost nothing by not sleeping in it. The library, which contains very few books, is contiguous. Victor Hugo's study is up above, on the roof. It commands a magnificent view of the sea, and is so far nautical as to resemble in its general aspect the cabin of a ship.



POPPING THE QUESTION.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—It seems to me time that some one, for the cause of art and truth, should speak on the above subject. The utterances of a newspaper have a kind of mysterious power; people feel almost bound to believe newspaper criticisms, especially when impersonal, as though dictated by some unseen but potent spirit; and it is for this very reason the critic should be at once capable and conscientious. Who are the critics that write the articles on concerts, the theatre, &c., &c., in our Montreal journals? I have no hesitation in saying that as a rule they are utterly incapable of the task they assume. It would be far better to confine the notices to a mere statement of facts than attempt what they evidently, from the contradictory character of such critiques, are either unable or unwilling to perform. A comparatively worthless entertainment is sometimes criticised, (if indiscriminate "puffing" may be called criticism at all), in the most favorable manner; while a really good one is stabbed to death; for such writing has, through the mysterious power of the press with the public alluded to above, an injurious influence in many ways, and often blights in part the prospects of many a troupe of really fine artists.

I may illustrate the position here taken by cases of recent occurrence though they are only illustrations of what is constantly transpiring. The *Witness*, in a recent notice of Mr. Harrison's concert, spoke of the orchestra especially in the severest terms. Now most musicians will agree that Mr. Gruenwald as leader did himself credit; and that the players under him, considering that they were (of necessity) brought especially for this concert and not an old organization, performed the arduous duty of accompanying such music &c., at least very respectably. This is a case of criticism, unfair because extreme and losing sight of the *circumstances*. All criticism in which the state of the country, stage of civilization of the people &c., are left out of account, must be injurious.

As a second illustration take the criticism of the second Titens' concert by the *Star*. Why such a change in the tone of the critic's remarks between Wednesday and Thursday? Who is the critic of the *Star* that so confidently dictates to an artist of Mr. Sauret's standing? He must "take Herr Joachim as his model rather than Wieniawski." Herr Joachim is a grand player, but who ever hears of his compositions? Of what "tricks" was M. Sauret guilty? He is singularly careful and conscientious. Some, in consequence, consider him cold. It would be well had we more such careful playing in young artists—and he sets a good example to many a confident amateur. We never heard the delicate, rich and also grand music of Wieniawski decried before. Fear not, Mons. Sauret, follow your careful, studious ways and your career will be a bright one in spite of carping critics. Besides, Mons. S. does play classic music; and he renders in noble style the music of the best composer for the violin of the present day, the illustrious Vieuxtemps, whose appreciation of his own reception in Canada (Toronto) I am prepared to tell the public is most cordial. Speaking of classical music, we are reminded of the audacious criticisms of Mons. Couture in the *Minerve*. They have one merit—they are clever; and though displaying all the faults a young man is likely to run into as a critic, they are unlike the criticisms appearing in the other daily papers in that they are *discriminating*. One does know the position Mons. Couture takes and maintains. For a young musician he deals altogether too freely with names. He runs over a long list of musicians and treats them as one of the great masters might be authorized to do. If M. Couture were as discreet as he is clever, and his criticisms took into account our circumstances more fully, we should like them much. We join issue with him on one question. He would banish from all performances of the higher class all or almost all but classic music. Now is all the world of musical thought filled by classic music? We think not. If it were would people in their present stage of culture listen to it? Musicians might do so; but then music must be suited to those who hear it or it fails in its purpose. This principle if applied to literature would soon deplete our shelves. We would not be satisfied with Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser and a few more—nor with all those usually called classic—though we placed them first. No. The various kinds of music now written have their counterpart in nature and the mistake consists in not giving them their *proper* position. Let classic music rank first, and as fast as possible educate people up to the appreciation of it.

A street organ may do something for the culture of those who never hear better music than it furnishes; and who would silence them? Certain it is that the best audience that can be gathered together in Canada at the present time would weary and surfeit of a long performance of purely classical music—much more of a succession of such. We must say that we think the style of criticism of the *Canadian Monthly* much better suited to this country than either the indiscreet and hypercritical productions of M. Couture or the *stuff* of the daily papers.

Yours &c.,

REASON IN CRITICISM.

Montreal, Nov. 13th 1875.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ATLANTIC for December presents many attractive papers.—Henry James, Jr., brings his capital story of "Roderick Hudson" to a close, and W. D. Howells gives two more chapters of his new novel, "Private Theatricals." Charles Francis Adams, Jr., contributes a second chapter on "Railroad Accidents," and Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble continues her entertaining "Old Woman's Gossip." H. H. describes Colorado scenery under the title of "A Symphony in Yellow and Red;" F. B. Sanborn narrates the closing scenes at Harper's Ferry in "The Virginia Campaign of John Brown;" H. H. Boyesen writes of "The Romantic School of Literature in Germany;" and Louise Stockton contributes an excellent short story, entitled "Kirby's Coals of Fire." The Poetry of the number is by C. P. Cranch, John Boyle O'Reilly, Edgar Fawcett, and others. The department of Recent Literature contains reviews of Whitier's "Mabel Martin," Russell's "Library Notes," Mark Twain's "Sketches," and other recent books; and those of Art and Music are well filled, the latter being devoted to Dr. Hans von Bulow's first concert in the United States.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY for December is a splendid number.—The contents are Martineau and Materialism, by John Tyndal, F.R.S., L.L.D.; Opossums and their Young, by Prof. W. S. Barnard, (Illustrated); Idol-Worship and Fetish-Worship, by Herbert Spencer; On a Piece of Limestone, by William B. Carpenter, L.L.D., F.R.S.; Strange Mental Faculties in Disease, by Hezekiah Butterworth; Progression and Retrogression, by Prof. W. D. Gunning, (Illustrated); Geography and Evolution, by "Lieut.-General R. Strachey, F.R.S.; Diamond-Cutting, by Dr. A. C. Hamlin, Illustrated; Reading as an Intellectual Process, by E. O. Vaile; The Deeper Harmonies of Science and Religion; Sketch of Principal Dawson, (Portrait); Editor's Table: The Nation on German Darwinism; Literary Notices: Smithsonian Report for 1874, Bacteria and their Influence on the Septic Complications of Wounds, Fire-Burial among our Germanic Forefathers, Report of the Curators of the Missouri State University, Nature and Culture, etc. Miscellany: United States Board for testing Iron and Steel, Stanley's Expedition, Putrefaction arrested by Pressure, Meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, St. Louis Academy of Science, Is Consumption contagious? Continuity of the Guano-Deposits, Resuscitation of the Drowned, Intensity of Solar Radiation, etc. Notes.

The December issue of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, closes the sixteenth volume of this excellent Monthly. The number before us opens with a handsomely illustrated article on "Up the Thames," the second of a series on this interesting river, by Edward C. Bruce. "Sahara" is the suggestive title of another illustrated article. Frances Anne Kemble adds "Notes on the Characters of Queen Katharine and Cardinal Wolsey in Shakespeare's Henry VIII." the scenes of which the writer has so often illustrated by the magic of her voice and genius. "The Comrades" is concluded in this number. "Carmela" is an exquisite poem by Emma Lazarus. "Betrayal" is also a fine specimen of an American poem by Sidney Lanier. "Medical Education in the United States," by H. C. Wood, Jr., M.D., is an able article on a subject of deepest importance to the whole community. "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," the serial of this Magazine, increases in interest. "A Night of Adventures," by Fitzedward Hall, is a very interesting descriptive article on travel in India, the writer having passed some years in that country in an official capacity. "Our Monthly Gossip" contains a variety of short articles of interest, while the "Literature of the Day" embraces the usual reviews of new books. The January number will begin the new volume of this Magazine, which we commend to our readers as one of the most attractive published.

The December number of the GALAXY contains the opening chapters of a promising story by Annie Howells. The first part is also given of an interesting review of Walter Savage Landor, evidently drawn from his writings and published biography. Albert Rhodes treats of the Marriage Question in his lively manner. The paper on Balzac is not as satisfactory as the writings of Henry James, jr., generally are. There is lack of clearness and precision in the critical reflections and the author assumes too much knowledge of his subject on the part of the general reader. Richard Grant White has another of his queer articles—Cynicism, which is an egotistical dissertation concerning dogs' tails. Dear Lady Disdain, Justice McCarth's novel, is continued through four chapters. The poetry of the number is good, including the contributions of Willie Winter, Paul Hayne, Esmeralda Bayle, Lillie Blake and Rose Lathrop. Driftwood, Scientific Miscellany, Current Literature and Nebulae contain the usual quantity of interesting and useful reading.

The ST. NICHOLAS for December contains a number of rare articles and illustrations. We may particularly refer to the Memoir of Hans Christian Andersen, with portrait and autograph; the Legend of St. Nicholas, and St. Nicholas Day in Germany. We take this occasion also to announce that the January number will be the Holiday Number, and will be filled with good things. It will contain the beginning of Bayard Taylor's serial, "Jon of Iceland;" a Hoosier Fairy Tale by Eggleston; Stories and Poems of Christmas in the Arctic regions, in the far East, and in our own clime. There will be stories by Louisa Alcott, Susan Coolidge and Mrs. Diaz,

with poems by H. H. and Celia Thaxter. Christmas pictures, riddles and games will also constitute a feature.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged

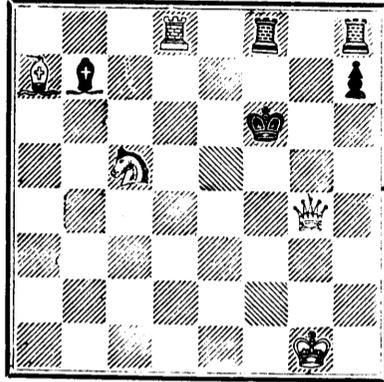
TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F. Montreal. Solution of Problem No. 45 received. In reply to your first move, suppose Black should play Kt to K 3rd, how could mate be accomplished in the required number of moves?

PROBLEM NO. 46.

By M. J. MURPHY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 53RD.

Played at Glasgow for the Champion Cup of the Counties Chess Association. It is an interesting game; the play on the part of Black being very spirited. (Two Knights' Opening.)

- WHITE. (Rev. C. E. Ranken.) 1. P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd 3. Kt to Q B 3rd 4. Kt takes K P (b) 5. K takes B 6. P to Q 4th 7. K to K sq (c) 8. B to K 3rd 9. B to Q B 4th 10. P to Q 5th (d) 11. P takes B 12. P takes P (ch) 13. B to Q 4th 14. B to K B 2nd 15. P to Q Kt 3rd 16. B to K Kt 3rd 17. Q to K 2nd 18. Q to K Kt 4th 19. Q to K R 3rd 20. B to K B 2nd 21. K to Q 2nd 22. K to Q 3rd 23. K R to K B sq 24. Kt takes Q P 25. B to K R 4th 26. K to Q B 3rd 27. K to Kt 2nd 28. K to Kt sq 29. P to Q R 4th 30. K to R 2nd 31. B to K 7th 32. B takes Kt 33. Q to Q B 3rd 34. Q takes Q 35. B to K Kt 3rd 36. K to R 3rd 37. R to K B 7th 38. R to Q B 7th (ch) 39. Q R to Q B sq 40. K R to Q B 8th (ch) And White resigned.
- BLACK. (Mr. Jenkins.) P to K 4th Kt to Q B 3rd B to B 4th (a) B takes P (ch) Kt takes Kt Q to B 3rd (ch) Kt to Q B 3rd P to Q 3rd B to K 3rd Kt to K 4th Kt takes B Q takes P P to Q B 4th Castles Q R to K B sq Kt to K 6th (e) Kt to K B 4th K Kt to R 3rd Q to K B 3rd R to K sq Q to Kt 4th (ch) K Kt to K Kt 5th P to Q 4th Kt to Q 3rd Q to Kt 3rd Q takes K P Kt to Q 5th (ch) Kt to Kt 4th K R to K B sq Kt to Q 3rd R to K B 4th R to K 7th R takes Kt P takes Q R takes B P (ch) R takes K Kt P Kt to K 6th K to Q sq P to Q 6th K to K 2nd

NOTES.

- (a) 3 P to K Kt third is good play.
- (b) This capture is sound, and ought to give White the better game.
- (c) Very inferior to Kt to Kt sq. If in reply to the latter move, Black play Kt to Kt 5th, the answer is Q to Q second.
- (d) This manoeuvre can only end in favour of Black.
- (e) The game now becomes highly interesting, and from this point to the end, Black plays remarkably well.

GAME 54TH.

Between the late Mr. Staunton and an Amateur: the former giving his Q Kt. A companion game to this appeared in our Chess Column a few months ago.

(Remove Black's Q Kt from the board)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Staunton.) 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K B 4th 3. K Kt to B 3rd 4. K B to Q B 4th 5. P to Q 4th 6. Castles 7. B takes K B P (ch) 8. R takes P (ch) 9. P to K 5th 10. Q to K R 5th (ch) 11. P takes Kt 12. R to K Kt 4th (ch) 13. B to K R 6th (ch) 14. Q R to K sq (ch) And White resigned.
- BLACK.—(Amateur.) P to K 4th P takes P P to K Kt 4th P to K Kt 5th P takes Kt P takes K Kt P K takes B K Rt to B 3rd B to K 2nd K to K Kt sq B takes P K to K B K to Q 2nd.

SOLUTIONS.

- Solution of Problem No. 45. WHITE. 1. Q to Q 6th 2. R takes Q B P 3. R to Q B 8th (double ch) 3. K takes R 4. Kt takes Q R P mate.
- Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 44. WHITE 1. R to K Kt sq (ch) 2. Kt to Q 7th (ch) 3. R to K 8th (ch) 4. R to K Kt 8th mate
- BLACK 1. K to B sq 2. R takes Kt 3. K takes R

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

- No. 43. WHITE K at K R 4th Q at K B 4th B at K 7th Kt at K B 8th
- BLACK K at K Kt 3rd Q at Q 4th R at Q R 2nd P at K R 2nd K B 2nd and K Kt 3rd
- White to play and mate in three moves.

A FEW WORDS TO FEEBLE AND DELICATE WOMEN.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," etc., etc.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering, that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong it, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician, who am daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you, that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly discouraged and have almost made up their mind never to take another dose of medicine, or be tortured by any further treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering, and are only made worse by treatment. Of any thing more discouraging we certainly cannot conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that, the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their case would be deplorable indeed. But, lady sufferers, there is a better and far more successful plan of treatment for you; one more in harmony with the laws and requirements of your system. A harsh, irritating caustic treatment and strong medicines will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common-sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate system. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription, which has received the highest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs; that continual drain that is sapping from your system all your former elasticity, and driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful,—may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper working of your system are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains, the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it, and if its use be kept up for a reasonable length of time, the special cause of these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which I have devoted a large space to the consideration of all forms of diseases peculiar to your sex. This work will be sent (post-paid) to any address on receipt of \$1.50. My Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY will apply to the Corporation of Montreal, for leave to erect and use for the purposes of their business, a Steam Engine and Boiler, in their premises, in Bleury Street (near Craig).

G. B. BURLAND, PRESIDENT AND MANAGER. MONTREAL, Nov. 15th, 1875. 12-21-4-247.

NOTICE.

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

"The Bank of the United Provinces"

by changing the name thereof, and changing the Chief Seat or Place of Business thereof, and for other purposes.

ROBERT ARMOUR, SOLICITOR FOR APPLICANTS. BOWMANVILLE, Nov. 13th, 1875. 12-21-9-246.

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NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW YOUNG and MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR., as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the new firm.

JAMES MATTINSON. May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodious premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice.

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

D. McEACHRAN, M.R.C.V.S., Veterinary Surgeon, begs to announce that his Office and Infirmary will be removed, on the 1st of October, to the new Veterinary College Buildings, Nos. 6 and 8 Union Avenue, near Dorchester Street. 12-11-13-240

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- It Cures old Sores. Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck. Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs. Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face. Cures Scoury Sores. Cures Cancerous Ulcers. Cures Blood and Skin Diseases. Cures Glandular Swellings. Clears the Blood from all impure Matter, From whatever cause arising.

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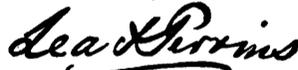
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BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF SEVEN PER CENT upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after Wednesday, the First Day of Dec. next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 20th November next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, R. B. ANGUS, General Manager. Montreal, 26th October, 1876. 12-19-6-231.

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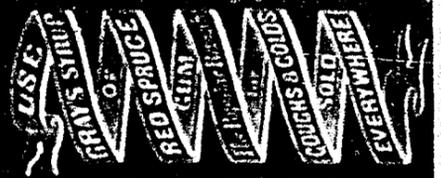
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