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AMERICAN Whistler's News

Vol. XI.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1875.

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AT WORK AGAIN.

CANADA :—Yes, dear COLUMBIA, that is my Ex-Prime Minister, going to work again for a living, with a light heart, a clear head, and clean hands. He was at the head of my household twenty years, my dear, and now, well, he has to earn his daily bread!

COLUMBIA :—Wonderful! and don't you think you ought to provide for such a faithful and honest servant, dear Cousin?

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS'

Montreal, Saturday, May 15th, 1875.

IMMIGRATION.

We have received the report of the Select Committee on Immigration and Colonization printed by order of Parliament. It contains matter which is full of interest; but we were so fortunate as to receive from a correspondent at Ottawa some of the principal facts which it contains, and it is not therefore necessary to repeat them. We may, however, notice the items in reference to the expenditure for Immigration during the last year. The total, adding Dominion and Provincial together, was \$519,236.74. Of this the expenditure by the Dominion was a little more than half, being \$281,413.11. The expenditure of the Provinces was \$237,823.63; of which Ontario spent \$108,878.77; Quebec \$48,978; New Brunswick \$71,466.86; and Nova Scotia \$8,500. The total number of Immigrants who settled in the Dominion being 39,373, the total *per capita* cost, in 1874, was therefore \$13.18. The proportion of this cost incurred by the Dominion Government was \$7.14 *per capita*. In 1873, the total expenditure, Dominion and Provincial, was very nearly the same, being \$511,251.78. But the number of Immigrants being larger, namely, 50,050, the *per capita* cost was much less, namely, \$10.71.

It is, however, to be observed that a very large proportion of the expenditure for both years, was for the permanent establishments, both Dominion and Provincial; and the figures given include the

cost of the Quarantine service. The expenditure for the permanent establishments would have to be incurred whether or not special exertions were made to promote Immigration, and they form a principal portion of the whole.

There is another point we notice in this Blue Book, which has not before been published. This is in reference to colonization in Manitoba. Four townships have been set aside in that Province to be given away in free grants, to repatriated Canadians from the United States. The grants are made on the condition of three years settlement, but we notice there is a new and important, and we think, also, valuable feature, viz. the setting aside of 640 acres in each of these four townships for town sites, the proceeds of sales from which are to be applied for the benefit of the colony. If the settlement is prosperous, these sites will be valuable, and will very much aid the colony.

We notice also that very favourable rates of transport have been secured for the Immigrants. This seems to be the settled policy of the Government for granting aid to Immigrants; and it is only fair that the repatriated Canadians should be placed on as favourable terms in this respect as any other Immigrants to Canada. We shall watch this new colonization with interest.

CENSUS OF MANUFACTURES.

We have already given a short study of the new volume of the census, in so far as relates to the enumeration of the houses we live in, the lands we occupy, the live stock we possess, the crops we raise, &c. And now we propose to take a glance at the state of affairs in the Dominion, as relates to manufactures. The study of figures is not necessarily dry, and especially in dealing with matters of great public interest. Few people are aware of the extent of the manufacturing interests of Canada, and many will probably be surprised to learn that the amount of capital invested in manufactures, in the year in which the census was taken, in the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, was no less than \$77,964,020. The number of hands employed was 187,942. The amount of wages paid yearly was \$40,851,009, value of raw material, \$124,907,846; and the total value of manufactured products \$221,617,773.

It may be interesting to compare these figures with the total trade of the Dominion in the same year, 1870. The exports were \$73,573,490; the imports \$74,814,339;—making a total trade of \$148,387,829. It will thus be seen that the manufacturing industry of the Dominion was much more than its total trade—a fact, we will venture to state, few persons would have been ready to admit, as it is very much the custom to call Canada a simply agricultural country.

Without attempting to give a summary of the manufactures of Canada, it may be interesting to state the aggregate value of some of the principal industries. Canada now makes almost all of her agricultural implements. The value of this product in the four provinces, in the census year, was \$2,685,393. The value of the bread she baked in that year was \$6,942,469. Blacksmiths' work amounted to \$5,364,411; a much larger value than most people supposed was involved in this modest industry.

The Boots and Shoes manufactured in the census year in Canada came to no less a figure than \$16,133,638. Breweries gave a product of \$2,141,229. Furniture was manufactured to the amount of \$3,580,978. Carding and Fulling Mills gave a product of \$2,253,794. Carpenters and Joiners work was valued at \$3,726,345; and in carriages and vehicles we had a no less value than \$4,849,234.

Cheese Factories, principally in Ontario, produced to the amount of \$1,601,738. Coopers work was valued at \$1,772,763. Distilleries gave \$4,092,537; and Dress-making and Millinery no less than \$2,585,679.

Engraving and Litographic establishments yielded a product of \$1,044,575. Flour and Grist Mills turned out \$39,135,919; and Foundries and Machines Shops, \$7,325,531. Furriers and Hatters gave \$2,875,060.

The value of Meat Cured was \$3,799,552. Oil Refineries produced \$3,094,669. Nails and Tacks were manufactured to the value of \$1,647,380. Paper was made to the value of \$1,071,651. And Printing Offices gave the large product of \$3,420,202.

The Rolling Mills gave a production of \$1,680,000, and Saddlery, \$2,465,321. The production of Sash, Door and Blind Factories is valued at \$3,008,641; while the Saw Mills manufactured to the value of \$30,256,247. Sewing Machines made in the Dominion were valued at \$1,123,464; and the product of Ship Yards at \$4,432,262. Soap and Candles amounted to \$1,323,853. The Stone and Marble establishments turned out work to the value of \$1,072,874. The value of the products of the Sugar Refineries was \$4,132,750. Clothing was manufactured to the value of \$9,345,875; while the Tanneries gave a product of \$9,184,832.

Tin and Sheet Iron working was carried on to the value of \$2,392,638. Tobacco was manufactured valued at \$2,435,343. Woollen Cloth gave the large figure of \$5,507,549.

We have confined ourselves in this enumeration to the products which reached the value of a million or upwards. With regard to the seats of various manufactures—in Ontario the largest industries seem to be Boots and Shoes, Carriage making, Distilleries, Flour and Grist Mills, Foundries, Meat Curing, Saw Mills, Clothing, Tanneries and Woollen Goods. In Quebec—Bakeries, Boots and Shoes, Carpenters and Joiners, Flour, Furriers and Hatters, Saw Mills, Sugar Refineries, Clothiers and Tanneries. In New Brunswick—Blacksmiths, Boots and Shoes, Carriage making, Flour, Foundries, Nails and Tacks, Ship Building, Lumber, Clothiers and Tanners. In this Province the two industries of Lumber and Ship Building give nearly one half the total value of all manufacturers. In Nova Scotia, the chief manufactures are Bakeries, Blacksmiths, Boots and Shoes, Flour and Foundries, Printing, Saw Mills, Ship Building, Clothing, Tanning, and Tobacco.

SAFETY IN WHARF LABOR.

We have read with much interest a paper relating to this subject published by Rev. JAMES S. SYKES, Port Chaplain, at Quebec. This able and zealous clergyman is known for his labors in behalf of seamen and rivermen whose welfare he watches over and whose dangers of life and limb he has been more than once instrumental in averting. The subject of safety apparatus for sailors, stevedores and watermen, is one of the greatest importance and, chiefly at this season of the year, should engage some share of public attention. The accidents on shipboard and on quays which our papers daily record are due for the most part to defective machinery and to the general negligence of the employers of labor who set little store on the lives of the humble but industrious men who labor for their behests. Reform in this direction should be inaugurated by the shipping community in the first place, and by the divers municipal councils who should supplement the action of the former with ample legislation.

The Quebec Port Chaplain, with his thoroughly practical knowledge of the subject, shows plainly how the scheme of reform could be executed, and some of his suggestions for the prevention of accidents are worthy of every attention. We shall cite only a few. In discharging coal from a ship, with yard braced at the desired angle, the blocks, ropes, tubs and engine in good working order, the men all sober and in their proper places, and each man minding his own business, it would be almost impossible for an accident of any kind to happen. Yet accidents do and will happen if the tub is allowed to return

to the ship with coal in it. The reason is that if the tub returns with a piece of coal in it, and strikes the top of the main hatchway with such violence that the piece of coal is thrown from the tub down the hatchway to the lower deck, striking the combing of the hatchway, it may rebound to the place where the one who loads is sitting, and thus inflict a fatal wound.

Again, when a steam engine is employed to raise the tubs of coal, or other heavy articles from the hold of a ship, a young sailor is generally stationed near the engine to guide, with his hand, the rope on the cylinder or roller round which it is winding at a very rapid rate, and it frequently happens that the lad placed in this dangerous position is one who has never before seen this kind of work, and knows nothing of the danger until an accident occurs. The remedy proposed by Mr. Sykes is a very simple one. The rope attached to the roller of the engine would work the same as at present. Only the flange on each end of the roller, should be deeper and have a slight bevel, and the flange on the cog-wheel end should be flush with the top of the cogs. If this is not sufficient, a lever can be added which the engine-driver could work with ease, and the boy would no more be needed at this dangerous work.

The winch in common use on board ship when loading timber is very defective and is a most fruitful source of accidents, and these would be obviated if every winch had a proper brake, so that the handle could be thrown out of gear.

The writer further calls attention to the treacherous nature of booms from which so many cases of drowning occur. He has been on some of those submerged booms where blocks of wood were nailed across the boom, and a single narrow board nailed to the blocks, one of the boards being not more than five inches wide, the others from six to eight inches wide. Thus these old booms are patched up in various ways, and made to do their deadly work from one shipping season to another. No wonder that men are drowned in numbers where such a state of things is allowed to exist.

MR. SYKES suggests an addition to the present form of boom, which would answer the double purpose of preventing persons from slipping off the side, and at the same time making the boom a kind of life buoy in cases of accident. This can be done by placing an iron bar along each side flush with the edge, leaving sufficient space between the upper edge of the boom and the bar for a man's hand to grasp the bar without difficulty. The advantage of this arrangement in the case of a man overboard in the neighborhood of the booms, cannot be questioned.

These recommendations, with those of other experts and philanthropists who take an interest in the weal of the lowly laborers among us, deserve most assuredly the consideration of the proper authorities.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

A question affecting Parliamentary dignity and the responsibility of the Press has just been debated in the British House of Commons with so much heat that our telegraphic dispatches have been filled with unintelligible details about it and the matter has risen to the importance of a clever cartoon in *Punch*. The facts are well worth noting as an example for ourselves. The Foreign Loans Committee were appointed to conduct an investigation in which the private character of several persons was involved. Instead of carrying on their proceedings in strict secrecy, they allowed some avenues of publicity to lie open, and the *Times* and *Daily News* set forth some accounts of them. Thereupon, resolutions were presented summoning the printers of those papers before the Bar of the House, to answer a question of privilege. MR. DISRAELI at first supported the resolutions, but subsequently he offered an amendment calling on the committee of Foreign Loans, through their

chairman, MR. LOWE, to report on the manner in which the partial account of the proceedings was communicated to the newspapers. MR. LOWE took refuge behind a technical rule and did not furnish the information, but MR. DISRAELI'S amendment was carried all the same. The result of the whole business seems to be to establish the freedom and immunity of the Press in publishing news of the sort, and the entire responsibility of Parliamentary committees for furnishing it.

The revolution which commenced in Michoacan, Mexico, in consequence of the publication of church reforms, and the expulsion of Sisters of Charity, is extending and gaining ground in other States. Michoacan is suffering greatly; all business is paralysed, and the inhabitants are leaving. The village of Jucuba has been pillaged and burned. The Legislature of Michoacan, alarmed at the progress of the revolution, has been convoked in extra session, which commenced on the 23rd ultimo. It will discuss measures for the extermination of the rebels. The rebels at Queretaro attacked a convoy on the 20th ultimo, and took a quantity of arms and merchandise. At Arroyo Seco they attacked a diligence, when the passengers fired upon and killed one bandit. The whole body then opened a terrific fire on the passengers, and made them descend from the diligence. They assassinated Louis A. Chavez, a deputy, Miguel Canz, a Spanish merchant, and Luis Flores. Among the passengers were three ladies and a Sister of Charity.

Our Nova Scotia friends have an original and off-hand way of doing things which smacks of the artistic. The manner in which they have just got rid of the Speaker of their Legislature is unprecedented in the history of Parliamentary governments. MR. DICKIE did not suit them, and they told him so in a series of resolutions which were carried by a vote of 20 to 12. Unlike HENRY WARD BECHER, the Speaker took the gentle hint and forthwith stepped down and out. This was funny enough, but more singular still is the fact that the Government whose nominee he was and who could not prevent the fracas, as one of the papers appositely calls it, have accepted another Speaker and gone on as if the matter did not concern them at all. Over here the thing looks to us uncommonly like a vote of want of confidence.

Official statistics show that since the prosperous season of 1872, fully twenty-five per cent. of the skilled mechanics of New York city have been driven away either across the ocean or into other States, and that of those left more than one-half have had nothing to do during the past winter, and that one-third will fail to secure employment this coming season. The unemployed men, a great majority of whom have passed through long apprenticeships, have lived in crowded tenement houses through the winter, in some cases in the greatest destitution, and glad to secure the poorly-paid work which laborers have always done on the docks and the boulevards.

A committee has been formed in England to erect a suitable memorial to the late general SIR JAMES LINDSAY. As the militia of Canada are almost mainly indebted to him for their organization and efficiency, the Ontario volunteers, with their usual spirit of initiative, have resolved to take a hand in the commemorative movement. MR. GZOWSKI, of Toronto, has undertaken to remit to the London Secretary any sum forwarded him for this purpose. The Province of Quebec and the city of Montreal, where the distinguished officer lived for several years, do not remain behind. A committee has been appointed and will set to work without delay.

Advices from Port au Prince are to the effect that the attempted revolution was discovered during a national festival on Saturday last while the President was at Church. Government troops proceeded at once to arrest Bryce, Monplazier, Pierre and Canal, aspirants for the Presidency. Each of them resisted arrest and fought furiously. Bryce was wounded and died at the English Consulate; Pierre committed suicide, and Canal sought shelter of the American Consulate. Order was restored on Monday. Arrests of implicated parties still continue. Only two foreigners were killed during the outbreak, and they accidentally.

Some of the French journals treat the reports of the alarms about trouble with Germany as unfounded, and others consider them greatly exaggerated. All are confident that the Czar is in favor of peace.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LORD BISHOP OF NIAGARA.

Having given an account of the consecration of this prelate in our last issue, we accompany our sketch of the ceremony by a biography specially prepared for this journal. The portrait of the first Bishop of Niagara was published in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of May 1st., the very day of the consecration. The friends and diocesan of the Right Reverend Prelate would do well to secure a copy.

Thomas Brook Fuller, D.C.L., and D.D., the distinguished clergyman who has lately been consecrated at Hamilton, was born in Kingston, on the 15th July 1810. His father, Major Thomas Richard Fuller of H. M. 41st Regiment, was a native of Ireland and a lineal descendant of "Worthy Master Fuller," the Church historian. His mother was also connected with the army, being a daughter of Captain England of the 54th Regt., whose cousin, Sir Richard England, commanded the 3rd Division in the Crimea. Both the Major and his wife, died while their only son was a child, and he was adopted by an aunt, a lady of great force of character and intellectual attainments. The late Bishop of Toronto was a great admirer of this lady, we have heard, but she married the Rev. Wm. Leeming, for 40 years Rector of Chippewa. Young Thomas Fuller received through their kindness the best grammar school education that the country could supply, and at 19 years of age entered the Theological School at Chambly, going through the four years course, and learning practically the duties of a missionary, by acting as Catechist and Scripture Reader among the adjacent Protestant settlements. He was ordained deacon in 1833, in the Cathedral of Quebec by the Honorable and Right Rev. Dr. Stewart, and after a brief residence at the Bay of Quinte, was selected as curate for the Parish Church of Montreal. Shortly after his appointment, the cholera visitation fell on the city, and with the late Dr. Atkinson, he laboured day and night amid the awful scenes of the pest houses, amid the dying and the dead. He was also instrumental then in establishing a free service in a neglected part of the city, and which has since developed into the worthy and important parish of St. George's. In January 1835, he was ordained to the priesthood in Toronto, and a few months later, married Cynthia, eldest daughter of Samuel Street, Esq., of Niagara Falls, a noble specimen of a true wife for a clergyman in the highest and best sense of the expression, and most liberal in her magnificent gifts to church objects. After he removed to Chatham about 1836, no travelling missionary in the Dominion ever worked more faithfully. For four years the whole Counties of Lambton and Kent were his daily field of missionary labor, a tract now occupied by eight or nine clergymen. When appointed to Thorold, he established congregations at several points in the vicinity of the canal, while at the same time he was the main-spring of the District Branch of the Church Society, and his hospital mansion was the centre of all Church work, and where his less experienced brethren always met with kind counsel and good cheering words in their trials and difficulties. Soon after he left Thorold he made that parish a present of \$11,000 he had advanced towards the erection of their beautiful church, having given them his services for over twenty years gratuitously.

The high estimation he was held in by the clergy throughout the district where he had spent so much of his life, was proved by the touching address presented to him, signed by all, on his removal to Toronto. His departure from the district was a sore loss to them especially, for he always labored to break up that narrow spirit of isolation—that practical Congregationalism into which some of our clergy are wont to drift—by effecting interchanges of services and lectures in each other's parishes, thus proving to the laity that the clergy felt they were brethren indeed in the unity of the One Faith. Few are aware also that it was owing to his resolute firmness and unflinching courage, backed by others of like zeal, that the Sunday traffic on the Welland Canal was effectually stopped, though thousands of

dollars have been spent in efforts to re-open it again. When he went to St. George's, Toronto, he found that heavy liabilities, combined with unforeseen commercial depression, had seriously embarrassed the parochial finances, but he has now by his eminent administrative abilities, backed by zealous lay helpers, placed that Church in a remarkably prosperous condition, and in possession of one of the most perfect specimens of a parsonage in Canada. Last year it stood at the head of all the parishes in its subscriptions to the Mission fund, amounting to \$568.

As Archdeacon the whole diocese of Toronto can bear testimony to his zeal and energy, his manifold labors, as well as his good common sense and sound judgment. His deep sympathy with the hard-working and struggling missionaries was evinced by his successful efforts in the Synod of 1870 to raise their stipends from \$600 to \$800, and in 1872, by passing the by-law securing them quarterly payment, and which together had the effect of increasing the amount previously subscribed by parishes from \$8,000 to \$25,000 per annum. Few, save his intimate friends, are aware of the large amounts that from time to time, by example as well as precept, he has been the means of having devoted to Church purposes. For instance, it was owing to a powerful appeal made by him, that the late Mr. Leeming, of Ancaster, presented \$2,000 to the erection of the Ancaster parsonage, and \$4,000 to the Mission fund. As the result of a similar appeal, Mr. Street endowed the Chippewa Church with \$8,000, as a thank-offering for a merciful deliverance, to which in his will he added \$4,000 more. He also may be thanked for the large legacy left by Mr. Leeming, of Chippewa, to the Mission funds.

As a churchman he is moderate in his sentiments, sound and consistent in his allegiance to the Prayer Book, and free from all trace of party spirit. His various tracts, charges, sermons, &c., that have been published, are replete with the same judicious, practical views that have characterized his life.

Some months since, a pamphlet of his was in our possession, written so far back as 1836, entitled, "Thoughts on the present condition and future prospects of the Church of England in Canada." At that period there was not a self-supporting congregation in the Province. All were dependent on external support. Heshewed that action must be taken forthwith, or that the Church would wholly fail in its mission. For in emphatic language he foreshadowed what the tendency of the times would result in: the secularization of the Clergy Reserves, the fate of the projected University of King's College, and the loss of the income of the Bishop, which had been paid by the Imperial Government. As a remedy he boldly suggested the necessity and benefit of calling on the Laity to unite with the clergy in the Councils of the Church. This idea, for the first time publicly broached in the Colonial Church, was taken up a few months after by the late Bishop Strachan—then Archdeacon, and elaborated in an able address to the Clergy in Toronto, Bishop Mountain presiding. Thus was the idea first introduced, which has since extended to all the Colonies of the British Empire. By no other system could the sum of \$50,000 have been raised for Missionary work—the amount paid during the last year in the Diocese of Toronto.

During his residence in the city of Toronto he took a very active part in educational and benevolent schemes, and on the eve of his departure for consecration, a most touching and complimentary address was presented to him, signed by Dean Grasset and all the clergy in the city. The Episcopal robes were also the gift of the ladies of his late parish.

We heartily congratulate the new Diocese on the selection of so eminently practical and devoted a clergyman as its Bishop. Many in his affluent circumstances would have been tempted to make clerical duty of secondary importance, but in his case it has always been the great business of his life, to do it heartily, and we have no doubt, that the same energy and administrative ability which have wrought so many good works, will make the new Diocese honoured and respected throughout the entire Dominion. Already he has signified his determination that, every missionary in the Diocese in priest's orders shall have \$1000 per annum as a minimum, and every deacon \$800, and we feel confident he will accomplish what he has resolved to do.

AT WORK AGAIN.

We believe the sentiment of the whole country irrespective of party, will chime in with the homage paid to Sir John A. Macdonald in our front page cartoon. It is a merited tribute to a great man, who, whatever his faults may have been, ruled this country for twenty years, and retires in a condition of relative poverty. Setting political bickerings aside, there is no man who has done more for Canada than Sir John A. Macdonald, and the part he took in the master-work of Confederation will render his name immortal. His administrative talents amount to genius. He is fit to be Prime Minister of Britain, or any other country. At Washington, during the negotiation of the Treaty, he was generally regarded as the ablest man on the Commission. In Europe such a man would be pensioned after such brilliant and protracted services. But he probably looks for no such recompense. He is able to work and willing to return to that profession of which he is a shining ornament. But in any event, the country has her eye on him, and he will never want for anything.

LA BELLA DI TIZIANO.

There is no need whatever to say more of this picture than that it is one of the celebrated canvases of the world, a masterpiece among the masterpieces of its author, and known to every lover of art. It represents an imperishable type of Venetian beauty which had won the heart of the great Titian himself. We reproduce it in all the perfection of the steel engraving, and our readers can congratulate themselves on seeing it, that they are in possession of a real gem of art. We shall reproduce it on heavy plate paper and mail it to any address for one dollar. We recommend its purchase to all our subscribers who desire a real parlor ornament, at a rate one-sixth the ordinary price.

THE VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA TO VENICE.

Editorially, a few weeks ago, we described the events and the high significance of the visit of Kaiser Franz Joseph to Venice, where he was met by Victor Emmanuel and received enthusiastically by the whole population. In our sketch we represent, to-day, the procession of gondolas escorting their Majesties on their way from the Grand Canal.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Our letter press description having got ahead of our illustrations of the scenes in the North-West, we have held it over for some issues. The sketches given to-day, have already been described. In our next number, we shall publish the conclusion of these papers, describing the return of the expedition to Fort Dufferin.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

EVERY man thinks that he can tame a shrew except the poor fellow her husband.

THE best band to accompany a lady vocalist—A husband.

YOU should not stone your neighbour, but you may rock his baby.

WOMEN charm, as a general thing, in proportion as they are good. A plain face with a heart behind, is worth a world of beauty. Men who have tried both uniformly agree to this.

A MORMON female seminary was recently started in Salt Lake City, which succeeded very well until the male principal eloped with and married the whole school.

A candidate for county clerk in Texas, offered to register marriages for nothing. His opponent undismayed, promised to do the same, and "throw a cradle in."

"THE kind of woman that I particularly abhor," says an old bachelor, "is the one with a spirit of disputation in her soul, who picks me up on the point of a sharp sentence as though I were a dropped stitch in her knitting work."

A VERY excellent lady was desired by another to teach her what secrets she had to preserve her husband's favour "It is," replied she, "by doing all that pleases him, and by enduring patiently all that displeases me."

DR. CHALMERS used to say that when one is in the act of tipping his hat to a lady whom he supposes to be an acquaintance, it requires a good deal of tact to make believe that he is only scratching his head, when he finds she is a stranger.

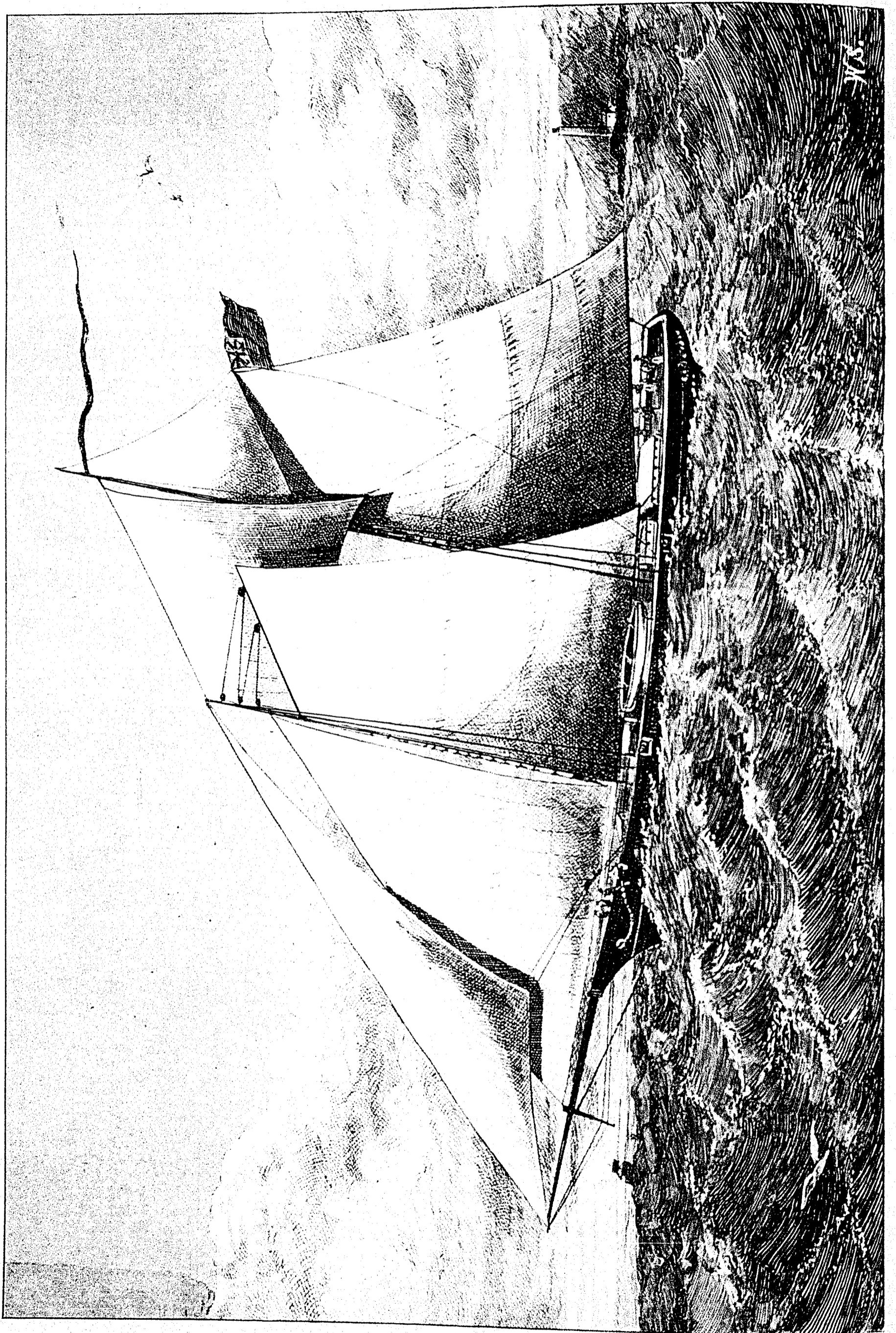
"WHAT is the difference between attractive and engaging?" asked a rich bachelor of a literary lady.—"Why, you furnish an illustration of the difference yourself," was the reply. "The young ladies all say that you are very attractive but not at all engaging."

OLD Mother Hubbard: A photograph of a group in Connecticut, representing five generations of the Hubbard family, is on exhibition. The group consists of Mrs. Hannah Hubbard, aged seventy-nine; her daughter, aged fifty-nine; her grand daughter, aged forty; her great-granddaughter, aged seventeen, and her great-grandchild, aged one year.

A LADY girl, who liked to live in comfort and do nothing, asked her fairy godmother to give her a good genius to do everything for her. On the instant the fairy called ten dwarfs, who dressed and washed the little girl, and combed her hair, and fed her, and so on. All was done so nicely that she was happy, except for the thought that they would go away. "To prevent that," said the godmother, "I will place them permanently in your ten pretty little fingers." And they are there yet.

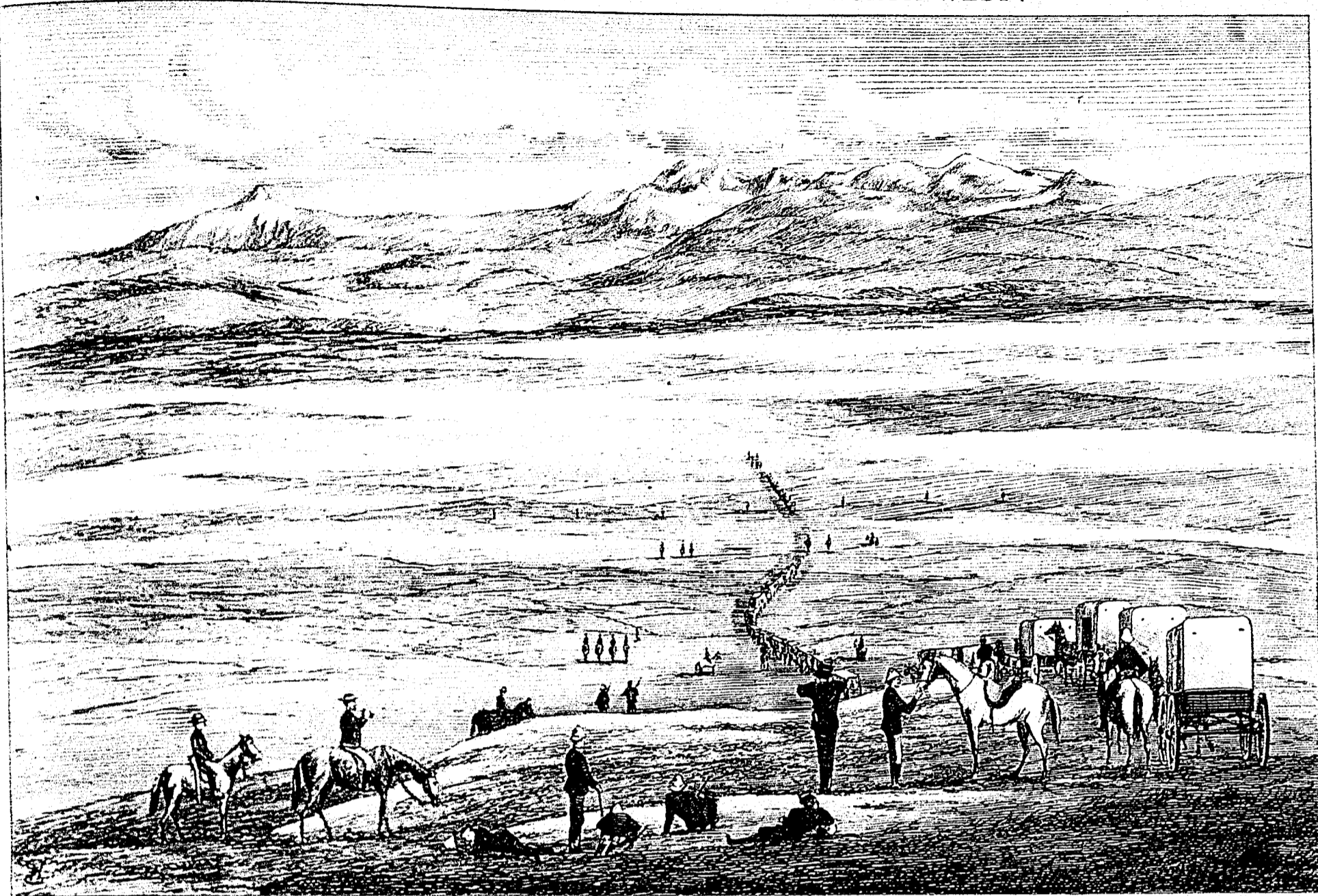
VARIETIES.

GEN. FRANK P. BLAIR, late candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, who has been prostrated for a long time with a paralytic attack, has been greatly strengthened during the past few weeks, by the transfusion of blood into his veins. At the first operation two ounces were injected, and at the second one four ounces, the patient having first been deprived of two ounces by bleeding. A favorable change has taken place, the patient manifesting increased consciousness and articulating more distinctly. The St. Louis Republicans describe the transfusion process as follows: "The blood for transfusion is drawn from the veins of a healthy man into a vessel, where it is allowed to remain in contact with the oxygenising properties of the atmosphere, a short time, but not long enough to commence coagulating. It is then sucked into an exhausted receiver to which a tube is attached and connected with a vein of the patient's arm. The blood is then forced by a piston in the receiver into the general circulation of the system. On the side of the exhausted receiver is a scale of five lines, and the quantity forced into the vein is graduated and timed under the practiced eye of the physician."

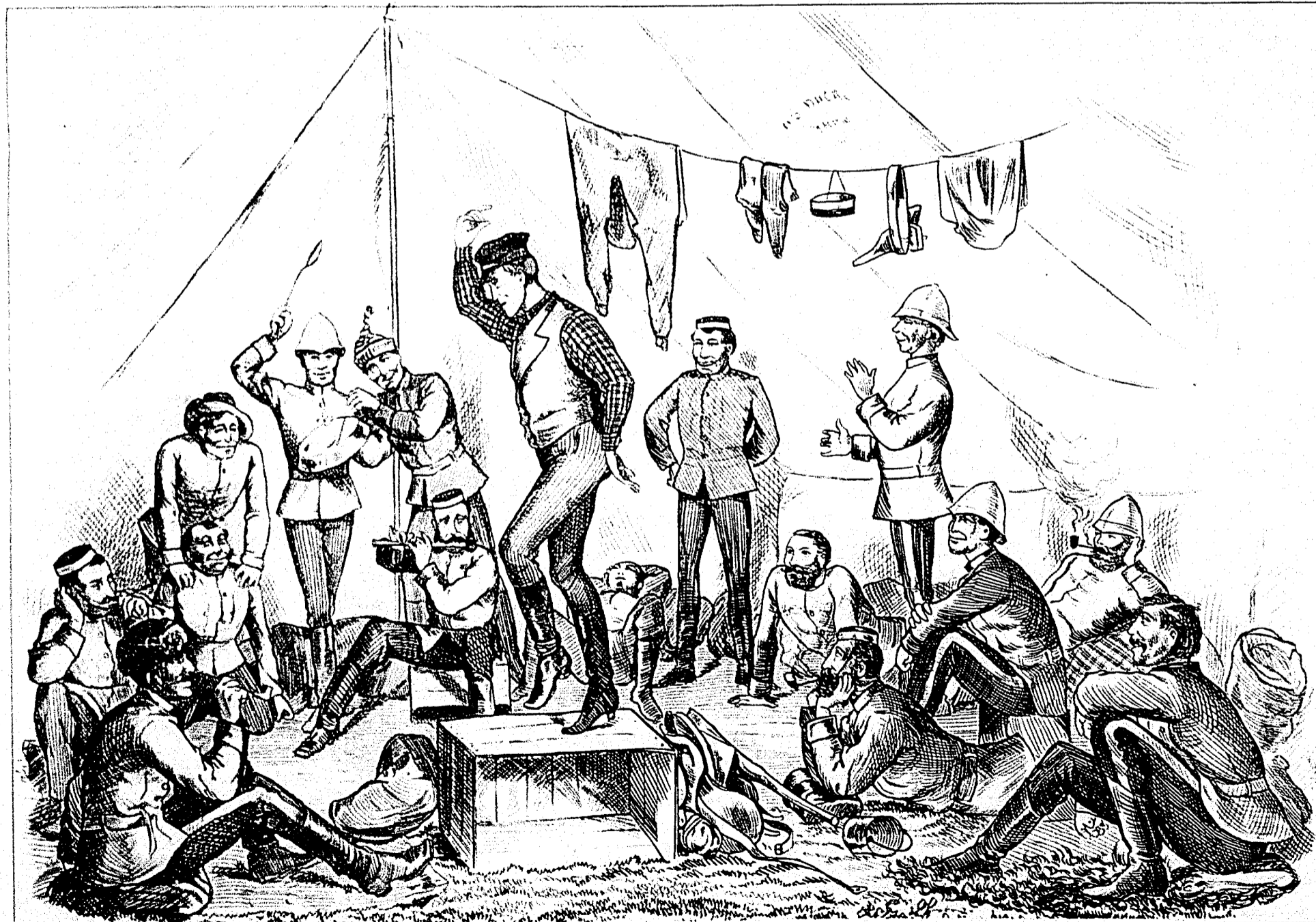


THE GOVERNMENT SCHOONER "LA CANADIENNE."

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST:



THE SWEET GRASS HILLS IN SIGHT.



SCENE IN THE N. W. M. P. CAMP.

A VISION OF SPRING IN WINTER.

O tender time that love thinks long to see.
Sweet foot of spring that with her footfall sows
Late snowlike flowery leavings of the snows.
Be not too long irresolute to be.
O mother-mother, where have they hidden thee?
Out of the pale time of the flowerless rose
I reach my heart out toward the springtime lands.
I stretch my spirit forth to the fair hours,
The purplest of the prime;
I lean my soul down over them, with hands
Made wide to take the ghostly growths of flowers:
I send my love back to the lovely time.

Where has the greenwood hid thy gracious head?
Veiled with what visions while the grey world grieves,
Or muffled with what shadows of green leaves,
What warm intangible green shadows spread
To sweeten the sweet twilight for thy bed?
What sleep enchants thee? what delight deceives?
Where the deep dreamlike dew before the dawn
Feels not the fingers of the sunlight yet
His silver web unweave.
Thy footless ghost on some unfooted lawn
Whose air the unrisen sunbeams fear to fret
Lives a ghost's life of daylong dawn and eve.

Sunrise it sees not, neither set of star,
Large nightfall, nor imperial plenitude,
Nor strong sweet shape of the full-breasted noon;
But where the silver-sandalled shadows are,
Too soft for arrows of the sun to mar,
Moves with the mild gait of an ungrown moon;
Hard overhead the half-lit crescent swims.
The tender-coloured night draws hardly breath.
The light is listening;
They watch the dawn of slender-shapen limbs.
Virginal, born again of doubtful death,
Chill foster-father of the weanling spring.

As sweet desire of day before the day,
As dreams of love before the true love born,
From the outer edge of winter overworn
The ghost arisen of May before the May
Takes through dim air her unawakened way.
The gracious ghost of morning risen ere morn,
With little unblown breasts and child-eyed looks
Following, the very maid, the girl-child spring,
Lifts windward her bright brows,
Dips her light feet in warm and moving brooks.
And kindles with her own mouth's colouring
The fearful frittings of the plumelike tongs.

I seek thee sleeping, and awhile I see,
Fair face that art not, how thy maiden breath
Shall put at last the deadly days to death
And fill the fields and fire the woods with thee
And seaward hollows where my feet would be
When heaven shall hear the word that April saith
To change the cold hear' of the weary time,
To stir and soften all the time to tears,
Tears joyfuller than mirth;
As even to May's clear height the young days climb
With feet not swifter than those fair first years
Whose flowers revive not with thy flowers on earth.

I would not bid thee, though I might give back
One good thing youth has given and borne away;
I crave not any comfort of the day
That is not, nor on time's retrodden track
Would turn to meet the white-robed hours or black
That long since left me on their mortal way;
Nor light nor love that has been, nor the breath
That comes with morning from the sun to be
And sets light hope on fire;
No fruit, no flower thought once too fair for death,
No flower nor hour once fallen from life's green tree,
No leaf once plucked or once-fulfilled desire.

The morning song beneath the stars that fled
With twilight through the moonless mountain air
While youth with burning lips and wreathless hair
Sang toward the sun that was to crown his head
Rising; the hopes that triumphed and fell dead,
The sweet swift eyes and songs of hours that were;
These may'st thou not give back forever; these,
As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie waste,
Lie deeper than the sea;
But flowers thou may'st, and winds, and hours of ease,
And all its April to the world thou may'st
Give back, and half my April back to me.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

MAY DAY

OR

A SKETCH FROM VILLAGE LIFE.

By Festina Lente, Author of "Patty's Story," &c.

(Concluded from our last.)

We lingered talking under the trees, until darkness came upon us. This happiness had come to me quite suddenly, and when the newness of it wore away as we talked together of our future, reality began to stare me in the face. I had forgotten my life's work at home, that if I married Joe, and left home, mother would be killed by overwork. I became very silent. Heard Joe talk of our cottage by the village Green, of how much money he could earn a week, of how we must try to save against a "rainy day," and not be ashamed to live in the quiet way we both liked best.

"Will you be content with these plans?" he asked. "I have thought them over and over, longing for the time when your father would give me leave to tell them to you."

We had come by this time to the brook; from its banks the space was cleared to where our cottage was built. Joe and I stood quietly on the porch and looked in at our cottage door. It stood open as usual, and as we came near we saw the large wood fire, and father and mother sitting, looking very lonely on each side of the settle. Joe and I stood quite still looking, and I took my arm away from Joe.

He looked down at me, and we searched each other's faces, and were satisfied.

"I will never ask you to leave your duty," said Joe, in his quiet trusty voice. "They could not spare you yet, I know."

Then we went indoors, and poor old father cried as he tried to say he would give me freely, for I had been a good daughter. And mother though she never had any time for rest herself—told Joe I should be ready just when he wanted me, but I saw her clench her worn fingers close together, and her eyes looked hopelessly on the children asleep in the corner of the room.

Then both of them spoke together and hoped we would be happy, and not find life so hard as it had been with them. Then father kissed mother, and held her thin face to the light, and told Joe how pretty she had been when he had married her, and mother said, though poor, she had been happy with father, loving him so well. Then they sat on one side of the settle, telling stories of that time so long ago, and Joe and I sat on the other; happy and full of trust in one another. Content to wait as long as my first duty lay at home.

I was busy the next morning, and I forgot it was May day. But Joe came and reminded me of it, and said that he had come to ask me to go to the village "merry making" with him. Mother's face looked very sorrowful. "You see, Joe," she said, "the girls dress up in their best and Nancy—"

"Nancy is my queen," he said laughing. "She and I understand all that."

Then mother came up stairs to help me dress, and comment on the happy time that I should have. She looked quite young as she talked of olden times, when she had gone to the Merry-making with father. She described the dresses she had worn, the dances she had danced, and at last paused, and I looked round to see tears in her eyes, as she suddenly remembered youth was gone, and that Merry-making time far away in the past.

"Mother, mother," called father, and "mother mother," echoed the children. We ran down to see what was the matter. There was father, with a broad smile on his face, and there were the children shouting with joy; for father had returned from work, on purpose to take them to the Merry-making. We took mother upstairs to dress before she had time to think, and father and I, with the assistance of Joe, combed and clipped the towzled heads of the boys, and found no difficulty in making the delighted children don their Sunday coats. Upstairs, mother quickly dressed herself, and baby, and the cottage was full of merry sounds, the laughing of the boys, the snip, snip of Joe's scissors, the feeble ha! ha! of my poor father, and mother's merry talk to baby.

At last all were ready, and we started. What a bright day it was. The forest trees were green, the hawthorn blossoms beginning to come out in white clusters. Underfoot were primroses and violets, and a carpet of moss and trailing ivy.

The children ran hither and thither amongst the flowers, father walked in front, carrying the baby, mother followed leading little Lusie. Joe and I walked behind. In time we left the forest path, and crossed the Park, and came into the quiet village street; farther up again there was the Village Green, where now all the folk were assembled.

The May pole was dressed with garlands of Spring flowers, and young girls were grouped round it, dressed in white and wearing wreaths of blossoms on their heads. The old folks were chatting under the trees. Just as we entered the Green, a cry arose, and young and old stood aside to see the procession pass.

It was the May Queen.
She was carried by the youths, in a chair. She was covered with Spring flowers, and looked bright and happy as sunshine itself. In front, and behind walked the village maidens dressed in white, each wearing wreaths of green and white. As they walked they sang:

Come, lasses and lads,
Get leave of your dads
And away to the Maypole hie' &c.

The procession passed and wound round the Green, passed again, the young men (who were dressed like Spring, in green), singing a song with a chorus for the maidens. Dear child, it was a pretty sight. They set the May Queen down by the pole; joined hands and danced round her, singing altogether, old country songs that everybody knew.

Then they acted a play, the May Queen spoke a good deal in it, and the acting was very pretty, but I think we were all a little glad when the sound of the fiddles came near. But the dancing was not to be yet. There were races, men running races tied up in sacks; there were splendid wrestling matches, and a greased pole to be climbed. After the games were over, the May Queen gave prizes.

I wish you had seen how father and mother liked it all. How they laughed at the racing in sacks, how father at length was inspired to try a race on level ground for a side of bacon. It was but a try, he was thin and feeble, (food had been scarce for us that winter), and the swift feet of the strong soon distanced him.

"It would have been nice," he said to mother in a regretful tone, as he came slowly back.

"Never mind, father," was her cheery answer, "twenty years ago, you could have beaten any of them."

When the races were over Joe took us to the fair, and treated us to gingerbread, cakes and ale. And he bought toys for the children and a nice fairing for mother, and for me—two china ornaments, (they stand there, child,) the Dame said, turning a look of pride upon the Shepherd and Shepherdess on the mantel shelf, to make our house look pretty.

The village folk came round us, glad to see father and mother again, and to chat of old times. The young people stared rudely at our old fashioned clothes, and sneered at Joe and me. I was sorry for Joe's sake my frock should look so threadbare, and I tried to tell him so. He looked at it then, as if he had never seen it before, and told me he never thought of what my dress was like if he could but see me. And as for

mother's, he told me, he loved every fold of her old gown, and was proud to be her son-in-law. We went back again to the Green, and the fiddlers began to play. It was an old country dance, hands across and back again, curtesy and turn your partner. Joe and I, father and mother the May Queen and the maidens all joined the dance. And as we danced, the sun shone on us, and a little gust of wind blew the Spring blossoms under our feet, and the music grew gayer, and our laughter more merry.

Outside the circle of the dancers, the children played at hunt the slipper, and kiss in the ring. And the old folk laughed at their merry pranks, and sometimes were persuaded to join for a minute or two in the games. And those too old to play, told stories of May-day of long ago, when they had been children playing on the Green. They said the days were warmer then, and shivered as they spoke, and wondered that so bright a sun should give so little heat.

Ah! me child! Was it seventy years ago? Can that have passed so long a time, which seems but yesterday; when my eyes see poor father turning mother in the dance; and mother, with shining eyes, and worn face brightened, and her heavy bonnet fallen back from her head. Outside the dancers I see the baby, with his sober eyes seeing all, and his mouth distended by the tin trumpet he was chewing. And the children rolling over on the grass, or running races under the trees.

The dance was over, father and mother said it was time to take the children home; but I might stay a little longer with Joe to take care of me. Then we called the children together, and Joe filled their hands with "fairings," and they went home with delighted hearts. Joe and I stood watching them as they walked away, and we heard poor father's laugh as they turned the corner of the Green. And then we strolled round the Green and saw the fair, and farther on came to a group of Gipsies that wanted to tell our fortunes; but Joe said ours were told, and we had only to go straight on and do what was the best we knew how to do. Then the dancing began again, and we were content this time to stand by and watch. Then two girls sang a song—a dialogue it was and very pretty too. Then the village girls went behind the trees and sang together, and I never heard anything sound so well.

We danced again after that, and it was sundown and Joe said quite time for us to go. I felt a little glad, for many of the folk were getting rough and rude, and the men were drinking too much cider. We went away then just when the sun had set and left the Green in shadows, and we saw the river in the distance, and the hills beyond. Then we came to the forest, and as we walked into the gloom of the trees, talked of the home that we would have in years to come. Talked of my own poor home, and of how long I must still work there, and of the wrong it would be if we considered only our own happiness in the matter.

"And were you married?" I cried, "Did you wait?" For the Dame had paused, forgetful of her hearer, and I had borne a silence of at least a minute.

"Yes, we were married," she replied, "We waited quite five years, and then my father did a service for the Lord of the Manor, and so had his wages raised. Then Joe and I were married. Yes, dear, and on a winter's morning, when the hoar frost lay on the grass blades, and the forest trees were bare. Five years of happy waiting, of trust in one another, and determination to do right. We did our duty by our parents as well as we knew how."

"And you were repaid," I cried, with my childish brain full of fairy rewards to the dutiful. "You lived happy ever after."

The placid face I gazed at grew strangely troubled as I spoke, and the withered hands restlessly played with the knitting needles. I was frightened and ran home to relate all to my mother.

"Ah!" said my mother, sorrowfully, "you touched upon a sore place. Only a few years after they were married Joe lost his life, at a sudden rising of the Severn, upon the lowlands. And the son, her only child, grew up wild, ran away to sea, and has never been heard of since."

My mother was busy; but I ran away to the fields, muttering to myself, "He will come back, of course he will, and be very rich, and will be happy after all."

A child's faith looks into the future, and sees a fairy world. The reward for good must come in time.

THE END.

THE CINCINNATI FESTIVAL.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes of the coming Cincinnati musical festival: The programme was selected by a committee of gentlemen of rare musical tastes, and arranged by Thomas himself. Such a grand series of concerts as these has never been witnessed anywhere in the world. I cannot give you all, but here are a few of the brightest gems: "At the first concert will be given a 'Triumph' by Johannes Brahms, who was a protégé of Schumann's. The hymn contains a baritone solo, supported by an eight-part full chorus, organ, and orchestra. The hymn has been performed several times in Germany, but never before in this country, and never any where on so grand a scale as is contemplated at Cincinnati. The first concert will also have Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and three Vorspiel scenes from Wagner's 'Lohengrin,' the latter with the leading soloists and the full chorus. The second night will be given up to

Mendelssohn's oratorio of 'Elijah,' in which Mr. Whitney will take the part of the Prophet. It is noted as an interesting circumstance that many of the musicians in the Cincinnati orchestra played in Birmingham in 1846 under the leadership of Mendelssohn, when the oratorio was first produced. The third night will bring out Bach's 'Magnificat in D,' which will then be given for the first time in America, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with the full vocal parts, including the final chorus of Schiller's ode, 'Hymn to Joy.' The 'Magnificat' is one of the best types of Bach's method, in which the religious and lyric are wonderfully intertwined. It contains two soprano arias, one for tenor, one for bass, and one for contralto, a duet for alto and tenor, a trio for two sopranos and alto, and several choruses. On the fourth and last night will be produced Schubert's 'Symphony in C,' two scenes from Wagner's 'Walkure,' and one of Liszt's symphonic poems, with his cantata of Herder's 'Prometheus.' The Wagner and Liszt selections of this concert will be among the most novel and brilliant effects of the festival. The maineers are given over to lighter music of a standard character, vocal and orchestral. At one of them the children of the Cincinnati public schools will sing in chorus." Those who are interested in the great festival may like to know where these concerts, which will attract audiences numbered by tens of thousands, are held. The Cincinnatians have no facilities in this respect that other cities could not have at trifling cost. The building used on this occasion is a temporary frame erected for the use of one of the German saengerfestes some years ago. It was preserved for the use of the annual Industrial Exposition held there, and is now the centre of a cluster of buildings used for that purpose. It is a plain board structure, without architectural pretensions or ornamentation of any kind. The only good thing about it is its acoustic properties, which are admirable, and its size, which is immense—the seating capacity being about ten thousand.

SCIENTIFIC.

In an article on the vegetation of the Arctic regions, *Nature* calls attention to the fact that although there is what botanists call an Antarctic flora, not a single flowering plant has been found within the Antarctic circle.

THE characteristic fragrance of the Australian blue gum tree, to which its sanitary influence is partly attributed, has been found preserved in the fossil leaves of several species of Eucalyptus lately discovered in the gold region of the colony of Victoria.

IN 1822, a geology of England and Wales was published containing some account of all the British fossils then known, numbering seven hundred and fifty-two species. As evidence of the progress which palaeontology has made since that date, Professor Prestwich, of Oxford, states that the geologist is now acquainted with thirteen thousand two hundred and seventy-six species of fossils found in Great Britain.

THE eminent geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, has made provision in his will for the foundation of a Lyell Medal of geology, for the promotion of research in that science. An award in money is to go with the medal, and ten thousand dollars are bequeathed to the Geological Society of London to enable it to carry out the project. The will especially provides that the medal may be bestowed upon women as well as men, and without regard to nationality.

THE burning of the ship *Cospatrick* has given rise to several novel projects for extinguishing fire on shipboard, among which we notice the suggestion of a French writer that brimstone be placed in the hold, where he thinks the sulphurous acid would put out any fire. The application of steam from the boiler, by means of pipes leading into the hold and other parts of the vessel, seems, however, to be the simplest means for the extinction of fire, so far at least as steamships are concerned. The process of combustion would cease with the expulsion of the air by the steam.

AN examination of the statistics of mortality, with reference to the time of day when the greatest and least number of deaths occur, has recently been made by Dr. Lawson. He finds, says *The Engineer*, that deaths from chronic diseases are most numerous between the hours of eight and ten in the morning, and fewest between those hours in the evening. In acute disease, death occurs most frequently early in the morning, when the daily extreme of bodily depression is reached, or in the afternoon, when such disease attains its daily maximum of intensity.

ARTISTIC.

A PAINTING of the "Madona and Infant Jesus," by Albert Dürer, has been discovered in the Castle of Glucksburg.

A HANDSOME Edinburgh edition of Edgar A. Poe's works recently issued, was printed from type set up by two young women who learned the trade after the recent strike of the Edinburgh printers.

THE plaster model of the statue of Senator Sumner, which is to be placed upon the monument in the Boston City Hall, has arrived from Rome, but has been so badly broken in the passage, owing to careless packing that it is doubtful if it can be put together for the bronze cast.

IT is announced that the committee appointed to decide upon the true character of the statue of St. John the Baptist, recently brought to light in the Roscelmini-Gualandi, palace at Pisa, have given it as their decided opinion, that it is a genuine work of Michael Angelo.

A STATUE of great value for the history of French Art, and which hitherto had lain unnoticed in the cellar of a chateau near Orleans, will shortly be placed in the Louvre Gallery. It represents a Virgin Mary with the Infant Jesus, and is supposed to be the work of the sculptor Justus of Tours.

THE jury of the approaching exhibition at the Palace of Industry in Paris have passed 2,300 works of arts, paintings, sculpture, engravings, drawings, &c., to which number must be added about 2,000 others exempt from the preliminary examination. The total of 4,300 exceeds that of any recent year.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN has just published in England the first part of "Mornings in Florence; being studies of Christian Art for English Travellers," on Santa Croce; and the first part of "Proserpina; Studies of Wayside Flowers, while the air was yet pure among the Alps, and in the Scotland and England which my father knew."

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

THE BACHELORS.—In a late work on suicide, it is said that marriage is, to a certain extent, a prevention of suicide. It has been satisfactorily established that, among men, two-thirds of those who destroy themselves are bachelors!

FAVOURITES.—“I have ever found,” says a sensible writer, “that the men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, nay, reverence them, are seldom most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favourites. A true respect for women leads to respectful actions towards them; and respect is usually a distant action, and this great distance is taken by them for neglect and want of interest.”

MARRIED LIFE.—If we consider carefully the condition of a married man and that of an old bachelor, we shall see how little reason the latter has to congratulate himself that he has never been “caught.” The married man has some one to think of all his little comforts; to sympathize alike in his adversity and in his prosperity; to soothe his ill-humour when he is annoyed; to amuse him when he is dull, and to nurse him when he is ill; but who cares for an old bachelor?—unless, indeed, he should chance to be rich, and then he is surrounded by courtiers, all eager to please him. But with what hope?—only that they may benefit by his death.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—What ploughing, digging, and harrowing is to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns and weeds, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up, in a neglected, uncultivated mind, a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every kind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools raise.

HOW TO BREAK ONESELF OF BAD HABITS.—Understand clearly the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, the thoughts, that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts, that lead away from the temptation. Keep busy. Idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten times, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be upon your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstance. Do not think it a little of an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day, which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Place a young girl under the care of a kindhearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straightforward business man, and he becomes a reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances and scenes and actions always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, &c., so they will grow. Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. If you are able, give them a corner in the garden for flowers; allow them to have their favourite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern “Time for work!” but with the enthusiastic “See the beautiful sunshine!” Buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to deck their rooms in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your home pleasant and beautiful.

BEAUTY OF WOMEN.—Is there not a beauty and a charm in that venerable and venerated woman, who sits in the “majesty of age” beside the fire-side of her son; she who nursed him in his infancy, tended him in youth, counselled him in manhood, and who now dwells as the tutelary goddess of his household? What a host of blessed memories are linked with that mother, even in her “reverential and arm-chair days!”—what a multitude of sanctifying associations surround her and make her lovely, even on the verge of the grave. Is there not a beauty and a charm in that matronly woman who sits looking fondly on the child in her lap? Is there not a holy influence around her, and does not the observer at once pronounce her lovely? What though the lines and lineaments of youth are fled. Time has given far more than he has taken away. And is there not a beauty and a charm in a fair girl who is kneeling before that matron—her own womanly sympathies just opening into active life, as she folds that youthful infant to her bosom? All are beautiful—the opening blossoms, the mature flower, and the ripened fruit; and the callous heart and the sensual mind that regards loveliness as a stimulant for passion only, shows that it has no correct sense of beauty or refined taste.

THE GLEANER.

THE gratification of the Guicowar has been displayed in double pay to Serjeant Ballantine, which results in a big fact, namely £20,000.

THE following Sankey has been going the rounds:—“Why were the inhabitants surprised at the first fall of manna? Because they were not to the manna born.”

MADAME MACMAHON refuses to dress in Paris fashions. “The example of disreputable women,” says she, “is not more worthy of imitation in matters of dress than in morals.”

EVER since the funeral of Dr. Livingstone, some kind hand has, once a week, placed a fresh wreath of beautiful flowers upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

IF rumour be correct, the Princess Clothilde will be shortly separated from her husband, Prince Napoleon, at her own urgent request. It was a *mariage de convenance*.

TELEGRAPH clerks are, according to a high surgical authority, liable to paralysis of the hand by manipulating the instruments. Surely the remedy is in wearing gloves made of a non-conducting material.

THE food allowance of the English soldier is 4lb. 1½ oz. daily; 12 ozs. of this is meat, 1lb. potatoes, 8ozs. other vegetables, milk 3½ozs. Compared with the American soldier, his allowances are nearly double; but the American gets 4ozs. more meat than the English soldier.

MILLE D'ALBA, who is to marry the Duke de Medina-Coeli, has among her presents a pair of diamond earrings, the stones of which formed the clasp for the mantle of that Duc d'Alba who was the scourge of the Netherlands and who has been immortalized by Schiller and by Motley.

A Norfolk (Va.) man who had lost several sheep by dogs put strychnine in large quantities upon one of the carcasses, the other day, and the next morning found thirty-one dead dogs in the field, the furthest one being less than one hundred yards from the dead sheep.

A VEGETABLE called the “ochra” has been very largely introduced into the London markets of late. It is much esteemed in warmer climates. They get it there dried, but a little soaking restores it to its fresh condition and all its flavour. For soups it is excellent. In the South it is called gumbo.

“CONFERRABLE” is the word which, at the last spelling match in New York, defeated all, even to the two remaining competitors out of some hundreds, and one of these two was a compositor. Of course, receivable is better understood than conferrable. The latter is a word of rare use.

A WATCH-CHAIN is worn by a *ci-devant* French gendarme, now a Government official in Paris. The chain is of iron, and is made of the handcuffs which the gendarme placed on the wrists of the murderer Troppman, when he arrested the perpetrator of the Pantin butcheries six years ago at Havre. This is the latest fashion.

THE body of Ada Isaac Menkin is not buried in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, as has been stated. Her remains were only temporarily interred there, and were removed in less than a year after her death to the cemetery Mont Parnasse where they will repose for all time. The spot is now marked by an obelisk.

GREAT improvements have been made in European travel, and evidently solely for the gratification of the American traveller. Elegant boudoir cars have just been placed upon the line from Paris to Vienna, which are perfect saloons by day and perfect bedrooms by night, with compartments for various sized families and an English-speaking conductor for each car.

IT is currently reported at Portsmouth that the Prince of Wales's yacht, the Osborne, which has been lying in the ship basin hauled in during the winter, will be got ready for sea with all possible despatch, it being the intention of his Royal Highness to accompany the Arctic vessels, the Alert and the Discovery, for some distance on their leaving port early in the present month.

IT is said Mr. Gladstone's pictures, pottery, and porcelain will be sold in June next, and the pictures will include about 100 specimens in the Spanish, Italian, Dutch, and English schools, together with engravings, bronzes, marbles, &c. The pottery and porcelain consist of choice English and foreign specimens of the time of Louis XV., together with old German.

APPLES are now grown in which two or more varieties are blended into one—that is, apples having one section sweet and the other sour. It is exceedingly interesting to examine the crop, as one apple differs widely from another, and there is difficulty in finding two precisely alike. The line of demarcation on the skin is distinctly defined, the sour portion having a reddish color, while the sweet is of a pale green.

IT is early yet to speak about the *entourage* of the Prince of Wales on his Indian trip. Followers will be allowed, there is no doubt, and the names of some smart press men already mentioned—to wit, Dr. Russell for the *Times*, Mr. Sala for the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Henty for the *Standard*, and Mr. Forbes for the *Daily News*, and distinguished draughtsmen for the illustrated papers of course; so that, thanks to the Prince, what with letterpress and pictures, all of us will become very well informed about India for the future, and great good will result.

SINGING BIRDS.

Zaré Thalberg has achieved a success at Covent Garden. Hers was a *début* in the strictest sense of the word. She had never sung in public and never—except, perhaps, at a rehearsal—with an orchestra. Yet before one of the most critical audiences in the world, she was completely triumphant. Her case proves that there is such a thing as an art temperament, a stage vocation. At seventeen, she did not fear to face an exacting public, while Albani, at twenty-five, had to delay her appearance a whole season, before meeting the same public. Zaré Thalberg has many points in her favor. She is young, handsome, a fine vocalist, and she is the daughter of one of the greatest pianists of the century. She bears an honored name, and has to maintain its reputation. Then, there is a romance connected with her birth. Stage goers always hear of this some how, and it draws them to the artist. She was born at New York, in 1848. She resembles Patti in many respects, and opens in the same character, the Zerlina of “Don Giovanni.” Patti is now a Marchioness and looks to be succeeded by Thalberg. So may it be.

I mentioned Albani a moment ago. Her real rank in art is now ascertained. She does not soar to the first class. She is amiable, but not great. Her American career has determined that much. It is now insinuated, too, that she was pushed too much, by her European manager. That there may be some truth in this, appears from the fact that her manager was Gye of Covent Garden, whose son was in love with her, followed her to America and is said to have married her in New York last March. The purity of Albani's voice is beyond all cavil, but what she lacks is a certain dramatic strength, dependent both on force of mind and body. Still her rendering of the mad scene in “Lucia” is very impressive.

Albani recalls Albani. Ah! the great song-bird! The other day, at San Remo, the Empress of Russia, giving her opinion of the famous artists she had heard—and, of course, she has heard them all—said that Albani ranked above any in perfection and purity of voice. A gentleman, giving me his musical experience in Europe, remembered with particular enthusiasm the appearance of Albani as Orsini in “Lucrezia Borgia,” when coming to the edge of the foot lights and brandishing the golden goblet, she sang the immortal *brindisi Il Segreto*. Three times was she recalled and three times had she to repeat it. Whoever has seen Cary as Siebel in “Faust” may have caught an echo of Albani's glorious voice. Albani is a Countess now and has retired from the stage, but her place is about to be filled by Mdlle. Belocca. This young lady has excited the utmost enthusiasm in Paris and we shall soon hear of her equal success in London. Her voice is represented as the purest and strongest of contraltos, clear as a bell, resonant as a trumpet, and rising far into the register of the mezzo-soprano.

Nilsson has just passed through the fire of criticism. The Belgians, who are a musical people, have heard her of late, and seemed disposed to doubt the supreme excellence of the Swedish nightingale. How galling to her proud, sensitive nature such hesitancy must have been. But the great artist had her revenge. She appeared in Mignon, and the cold Flemings fell down in worship at her feet. The triumphs of St. Petersburg, Paris, London and New York were repeated. They adored the beautiful creation, covered it with flowers, hailed it with salvos. No more talk of “reputation surfaite.” They acknowledged that Nilsson was all that she claimed to be.

Titians always holds her own as queen of tragic song. She does not care to leave England. Her reputation and her emoluments there are quite enough for her. Hence it is that we hear less of her triumphs than would otherwise be the case. In characters where tragedy is blended with the vocal role, and where the maturity of matrons is represented, such as Lucrezia, Norma, Leonora and Donna Anna, she is simply unsurpassed. In these respects, she is the recognized successor of Grisi. Such characters as Amina, in “La Sonnambula,” Zerlina, in “Fra Diavolo,” Lucia, Marguerite and Mignon are naturally unsuited to her age, size and vocal strength.

The comparative failure of Kellogg is a puzzle to me. Some attribute it to her weak acting. But in several operas, the acting is not difficult and altogether subservient to the singing. Her voice is of delicious quality and sufficient range. She is a handsome woman. She has been trained in the best of schools. What has been her misfortune, however, is our gain. Clara Louise has taken to English opera and done extremely well by it. Her repertory, of course, extends beyond Balfe and Wallace whose “Bohemian Girl,” “Enchantress,” “Maritana,” and other works are very pretty but worn rather thread bare. She has therefore been giving English versions of “Il Trovatore,” “Mignon,” “Faust,” “Don Giovanni,” “La Sonnambula,” “Fra Diavolo,” and other master pieces. In this she has been very successful. Her late season was fruitful to her both in money and reputation. I hope we shall soon have an opportunity to hear her in Montreal.

Max Maretzek has conceived a new plan of operatic performance which bids fair to be remunerative, while it will be satisfactory to the

public and certainly very fair to the large number of secondary artists. It is to dispense altogether with the star system which has been run to the ground of late under Lucca and Nilsson. Poor Albani gave it the death blow. Hereafter, instead of paying a prima donna a preposterous salary and thus forcing up the price of admission, a few good singers will be chosen, with trained choruses and full orchestra, and their performance will be offered to the public on moderate terms. The experiment lately made in New York has been encouraging, and if judiciously repeated, ought to result in a substantial success.

FREE LANCE.

BON TON.

It is no longer usual to send cards after a wedding.

Linen collars and cuffs are not suitable with crape; crape lisse and muslin are the appropriate materials. Gold cannot be worn; nothing but jet suits with crape.

After dinner, the ladies retire to the drawing-room, the gentlemen remain in the dining room; the fashion of leaving the dining-room together is French.

Visiting cards may be used, but “at home” ones are better. The names of the guests are written at the top, and it would be most incorrect to omit the husband's name.

The orange blossoms should only be worn on the wedding day. When the dress is worn afterwards they should be removed, and stephanotis, lilies of the valley, jessamine, or some other white flower substituted.

A lady, whether married or single, is not entitled to a crest. Of course, there is no impropriety in a married woman's writing on her husband's paper with his crest, any more than there is in using his carriage also with his crest.

Rules for widow's mourning:—(1) The cap a year and a day. Crape to the waist for the same time, and less deep for an additional six months. (2) The crape veil must be worn as long as the cap. (3) Certainly for twelve months.

At her second wedding, a widow has no bridesmaids; her dress is generally grey or lavender, never white, and she wears a bonnet and veil. It makes no difference whether she marries a single man or a widower, or whether either party has children. In other respects the ceremony is the same as an ordinary wedding.

HUMOUROUS.

HOME stretch—the stretch across the maternal knee.

A CHICAGO deputy sheriff was refused free admission to a Chicago theatre. By way of revenge he impelled the manager on a petit jury.

THE spelling schools that are spreading all over Ohio are said to have demonstrated the fact that a woman can spell five times better than a man.

MRS. EVARTS said to Mr. Everts yesterday morning: “Get up and open the dampers William!” Mr. Everts said absently, turning over for another nap, “Your honor will please note my exception.”

AN editor, at a dinner party, being asked if he would have some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction: “Owing to the press of more important matter, we are unable to find room for it.”

A MAN in Boston in his hurry to assist a fainting lady got a bottle of muilage instead of camphor and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with his attention.

“I shall soon die, Cuffy—I must soon set out upon a long journey;” said a sick man to his old negro servant. “Berry well,” replied Cuffy. “I guess Massa hab good going, cause it be all way down hill.”

A VILLAGE clergyman visiting a parishoner suffering from a lingering disease, expressed to his wife a hope that she some times spoke to him of the future. “I do, indeed, Sir,” was the reply. “Often and often I wakes him in the night and says: ‘John, John, you little think of the torments as is prepared for you.’”

DAN DAVIS of Virginia City paid a visit to Promontory, on the Central Pacific Railroad, and was charmed with the manners and customs—almost patriarchal in their frank simplicity—of the people. He stopped at the principal hotel of the town. It was a nice place, and the landlord was a very agreeable and friendly sort of a man. Says Dan: “When dinner was ready the landlord came out into the street in front of his hotel with a double-barrelled shot-gun. Raising his gun above his head he fired off one barrel. I said to him, ‘What did you do that for?’ said he: ‘To call my boarders.’ I said, ‘Why don't you fire off both barrels?’ ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘I keep the other to collect with.’”

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. L. G. GOTTSCHALK, the youngest brother of the late composer, made a successful debut in Cremona, last month, as Duke Alfonso, in “Lucrezia Borgia.”

IT is announced that Mdlle Fechter, a daughter of the celebrated actor, has been engaged by M. Halanzier, for the French Grand Opera.

THE Théâtre Français has revived “Gabrielle de Belle Isle,” the comedy of the elder Alexandre Dumas, which was first played at the Théâtre Français in 1839.

THE Emperor William has conferred the decoration of the Red Eagle upon Ferdinand Hiller, on the occasion of his twenty-five years jubilee as chapel-master of Cologne.

M. STRAKOSCH is to give a season of Italian opera in Paris, next winter, with Patti, Bellocchi, Tognoli, and Graziani. The performances will be given in the Ventadour, (Théâtre Italien). It is in contemplation to build a magnificent new Italian opera house, of the Covent Garden type, on the Boulevards.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS was presented with \$1,000 by the directors of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society lately. The presentation was made behind the scenes, during the intermission of the concert, and was entirely informal, the money being handed to Mr. Thomas in a sealed envelope, and no speeches being made on either side.





San Belladri Firenze.

Copies of this engraving, on heavy plate paper 23 x 82, will be mailed, on rollers, and prepaid, to any address, on receipt of \$1.00.

"CÆLUM NON ANIMAM."

One truth is taught our early age, Ere for ourselves we make a choice: We learn it from a musty page, The utterance of a Roman voice.

Love stands upon the hither shore, And, lingering, waves a fond good-by; We say, "Farewell for evermore!"

Each views the world of art and men Through tinted glasses of his mind; I may not hope to see again The treasures that my brothers find.

And so we're taught that what we gain From art or nature's varied store Is the result of all the pain And pleasure we have felt before.

The treasures of our vanished years, The joys, the hopes that we have known, The lessons learned thro' blinding tears, Go with us, still our very own;

And having sought the lingering spring Neath English hawthorns, white with May, And heard the lark upon the wing,

KATE HILLARD.

LAFAYETTE.

How many, at the present day, are aware of the heroic self-sacrifice, and noble devotion of Lafayette to the cause of American Independence! The Marquis de Lafayette was one of the wealthiest and most popular of the French nobility.

Without delay he repaired to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Franklin, Deane and Arthur Lee, to whom he communicated his design. That was one of the darkest periods of the Revolution.

No need to follow Lafayette through the intricate windings of his management to get clear of France. The British agents in Paris had got wind of his purpose, and were bound to thwart it; but he at length succeeded in evading the numerous spies set upon his movements.

Without unnecessary delay he made his way to Philadelphia, where Congress was then in session, and in a letter to the president of that body he asked permission to enter the American army as a volunteer, to serve without pay.

Who shall say what power and impetus this bright example of purely unselfish devotion on the part of the Marquis de Lafayette gave to the cause of American Liberty? The coming of that single man to our shores, with the prestige of accompanying circumstances, was equal to a

reinforcement of ten thousand men. From General Washington down to the very lowest of the rank and file of the army hearts were strengthened and faith renewed.

Of Lafayette's subsequent career in this country we certainly need not write for American readers.

Shortly after Lafayette's return to France from his second visit to America he was at Versailles when the king Louis XVI., was about to review a division of the troops. Lafayette was invited to join in the review. He accepted the invitation, and appeared in his American uniform.

Lafayette replied that it was a symbol which foreign officers in the American service had made it a custom to wear.

"What is the device?" asked Louis. "There is no common device," answered the Marquis, "Each officer chooses such as may please his own fancy."

"And what pleased your fancy?" asked the king.

"My device," said Lafayette, pointing to his medal, "is a Liberty Pole standing over a broken crown and sceptre."

Louis smiled, and after a bit of pleasantries about the republican propensities of a French Marquis fresh from America, he turned the conversation upon another topic. But there was no smile upon Condé's face.

Ah! who could then have told how soon the head of Louis XVI. was to fall, and the crown and sceptre of France to be broken beneath the iron heel of Revolution!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAPE IN QUEBEC.

Having read, with much interest, the paper in a late number of your journal on grape growing, by Mr. Smith, and the comments on it in a later issue by H. L., I am constrained to believe that neither gentlemen have experimented very largely in the growth of the early varieties of open-air grapes, suitable for our Northern climate.

My garden is on the north bank of the Ottawa River, in a latitude as high, if not higher than the localities from whence Mr. S. and H. L. hail, and I am not aware that any grower has fruited as large a number of open-air grapes in Canada as far north, as myself.

I fruited, last year, the following varieties in the open ground remote from walls or buildings and with no other shelter than usually exists in large gardens from fruit trees and shrubbery, viz: The Delaware, Eumelan, Salem (Roger's No. 53), Hartford Prolific, Israella, Adirondac, Massasoit (Roger's No. 3) Telegraph, Crevelling, Rebecca, Iona, Agawam, (Roger's No. 15) Othello (a Canadian Seedling of Mr. Arnold's) and some other unnamed varieties.

I grew, in addition, a number of other varieties which did not ripen; among them, the Essex (Roger's No. 41) and the Concord. The latter, known as the "Poor man's vine", in a more genial clime, has ripened with me once or twice only in five or six years.

The little Delaware continues to be my favorite grape after ten years experience. I have no fears of its failing to yield a generous crop of fruit, its exquisite vinous flavor amply atoning for its comparatively small size.

The summer of 1874 was an unusually favorable one for the grape, and I do not hope to be

equally fortunate every year, in thoroughly ripening so many varieties.

Those who do not wish to experiment should confine their list to the six first named. In the last two years a number of new seedlings have been brought under the notice of grape growers, which give great promise.

On the 8th of September of last year the Fruit-Growers Association of Ontario with their Vice-President, Mr. Arnold of Paris, and the Secretary, Dr. Beadle of St. Catharines, visited my garden.

"Some twelve varieties of apples were shown, and fully twenty varieties of the most delicious grapes, many of which were ripe and others almost matured." The Delaware was pronounced to be then as forward as those growing at several points west of Toronto, and much superior in size.

OTTAWA.

May 8th, 1874.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS IN ROME.

Anne Brewster writes thus from Rome to the Philadelphia Bulletin of some tableaux vivants given by Mrs. Polk at a recent entertainment. The ball-room of Mrs. Polk's apartment in this fine two hundred year old palace is an immense but well-proportioned hall, that holds easily 350 persons, 500 if crowded; its vaulted ceiling is covered with fresco copies of the pictures in Raphael's Loggia at the Vatican.

The curtain rose as soon as every one was seated. The first picture was the celebrated one of the assassination of the Duke of Guise. The dresses were superb. They were made for the Princess Teano's great costume ball of this carnival. Count Bratza was the Duke of Guise; Vicomte Mareuil was Henry III.; Count Benckendorff, Baron Boude, Signori Capuisti, Oddone, and Plowden were the assassin friends of the mad, cruel king.

The second picture was dramatically divided into two scenes; the first was Marie Stuart (Countess Stroganoff) and David Rizzio (Marchese Giuccioli). The Queen, superbly dressed, sat listening to the enchanting lute playing and singing of her favorite, the Turinese music master. The second was the murder of Rizzio. The third tableau was a Florentine poet. The poet (Monsieur Le Ghait) recited his poem in a Tuscan garden to a pretty woman (Countess Papadopoli); two young Florentine noblewomen (Counts Malatesta and Prioli) stood by, listening. They were all dressed in the picturesque Tuscan costumes of the Seicento.

The fourth was an Oriental scene—the "Dance in the Harem"—which was delightfully divided into two scenes also. The Pacha was Marquis Montereno, Master of the Princess Marguerite's house. The Almee (Marchese Santasilla) in the first scene stood in the centre of the group in a dancing pose. One of the Circassians (Mrs. Moulton) held the tambourine, while three Harem goddesses (Miss Polk, Miss Morse, and Miss Trollope), in gorgeous Eastern costume, formed the Almee's audience.

DOMESTIC.

OXFORD PUDDING.—Have four ounces of bread-crumbs grated, the same quantity of currants, the same of suet chopped very finely, a large spoonful of sugar, and a little nutmeg; mix altogether. Take the yolks of three eggs, and make your puddings up into balls, and fry them a light brown in batter. Serve with white wine or rum sauce.

LEMON SHERBET.—The fragrant essence of the rind of three or four lemons, obtained by the following process:—After clearing off every speck on the outer rind of the fruit, break off a large piece of loaf-sugar, and rub the lemon on it till the yellow rind is completely absorbed; loaf sugar, four ounces; juice of three or four lemons; water, one quart.

MILK SOUP.—With cinnamon boil one quart of milk, two bay leaves, and moist sugar; put some stippets in a dish, pour the milk over them, and set the whole over a charcoal fire to simmer till the bread is soft; take the yolks of two eggs, beat them up and mix them with a little of the milk, and throw it in; mix it altogether, and serve it up.

TO KEEP GREEN VEGETABLES.—Green vegetables must be kept on damp stones, covered over with a damp cloth. Beet-root, parsnips, carrots, and potatoes are best kept in dry sand during the winter. Never wash them till they are wanted for use. Onions should be tied up in bundles, and hung up. Take and bury parsley in a jar during the winter, or dry it, by hanging it up in a warm room.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Take four pounds of mutton—part of the leg is best—and one gallon of water, one teacup full of pearl barley, two carrots, sliced, two turnips, sliced, two onions, cut small, three carrots, grated, white part of a large cabbage, chopped very small, and a small quantity of parsley. Season with pepper and salt. Let this boil very gently for three hours and a half; and at the dinner-table it will most likely, by all who are fond of soups, be pronounced excellent.

LITERARY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the poet, is to have a monument in Glasgow, and \$5,000 have already been raised for the purpose.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER's autograph sold in Paris recently for 100 francs; Gibbon's brought 51 francs, and that of Napoleon 1, 300 francs.

A PERIODICAL of a wholly novel character has been started at Liegnitz. It is called the Anticritic, and its object is to give authors an opportunity of answering adverse reviews and of criticizing their critics.

DANIEL WEBSTER's library which has remained since his death in the room he built for it in his country house in Marshfield, is soon to be sold at auction in Boston. It is a large and valuable collection of books.

MR WILLIAM MORRIS and Mr. Eizikr Magnusson have a volume of translations from the Icelandic in the press, comprising, among other things, versions of the "Gunnlaugs Saga Ormstungu," and the very curious "Story of Hrafn the Fool." A new volume of poems may also be expected before very long from Mr. Morris.

A CORRESPONDENT who has lately been in Brussels, gives an account of his examination of the literary workshop of the Hollandists. The Hollandists are a literary corporation instituted early in the seventeenth century for collecting and publishing authentic records of medieval Church history, in the shape of lives of all the saints of the Romish communion. Under every day in the year the lives and legends of the saints commemorated on the day are collected and recorded. Last collections have been made towards completing the lives of the 4,070 saints at present unwritten.

ON BREAKFASTS.

In no country in Europe, perhaps, has the science of breakfast, as distinguished from luncheon, attained nobler proportions than in Scotland. Who amongst us but will recall, as one of his brightest gastronomic recollections from "ayont the Tweed," the first genuine Scotch breakfast of which he has partaken. I speak not of the poor meagre counterfeits presented at the grand joint-stock hotels of Princes-street, or adjacent to the *Saut Market* in the sister metropolis; the real thing can only be seen and enjoyed in perfection in a well-ordered Scottish country house. What a picture is there presented to a Southron visitor at the hour of the morning meal. The table is decked with a sumptuous, yet well-tempered, profusion of brandered herrings, kippered salmon, Finnon haddies, grouse pie, venison collops, and other *antlecta* of yesterday's banquet; not to speak of hot rolls, scones and oatacake, rich cream and superlative gooseberry jam, heather honey, or orange marmalade; while as a "top up" to all these dainties, and to enable you the better to face the hillside mist, a thimbleful of "Atholl brose" or "auld man's milk" is in readiness on the sideboard.

Surely here is a repast worthy of his sacred majesty King Charles II., when he condescended to take that memorable *déjeuner* at the Castle of Tillietudlem. But although we cannot hope, nor indeed is it altogether desirable, to emulate in our own houses the splendour of a Highland breakfast, it would be well, nevertheless, to elevate this necessary, but little understood, meal from the hard and fast monotony by which it is for the most part characterised in this country. There are, no doubt, difficulties in the matter. The English, unlike their neighbours on the other side of the Channel, are far from being contented with a modest cup of coffee and a plain roll by way of breaking their fast, nor indeed can most of them postpone any more substantial meal till later in the day. Men, especially business men, in that damp, foggy climate require some more satisfying aliment than tea and toast before beginning their day's business. Their avocations generally preclude the possibility of a good wholesome luncheon, with the knocking off from work necessary for its proper digestion, and consequently breakfasts assume a position of considerable importance. Few there are, however, past the schoolboy stage, who feel disposed at eight or nine a.m. to assimilate mutton chops, beefsteaks, and the like ponderous, though perhaps well-intended dishes, which have formed the rallying point of the English breakfast table from the days of good Queen Bess, and represent too often the British matron's sole idea of wholesome and nutritious food.

The question, as to the proper form of drink at breakfast, presents considerable difficulties. Even if we wished it, we could no more restore the tankard of nut-brown ale to its post of honour at the breakfast board than the Stuart dynasty to St. James' Palace. *Flere et meminisse relictum est* in either case. But, while our palates are not sufficiently educated to appreciate light clarets and small Burgundies at the first meal of the day, it must be admitted that there can be no more incongruous adjunct to those solid dishes to which I have been alluding than the never-failing tea and coffee pot, associated with England's decadence by that sturdy old compound of radicalism and old-world prejudices, William Cobbett.

The appetite often requires coaxing with elegant trifles rather than to be appeased with "the flesh of bulls and goats;" while the eye should be fascinated with light, playful sketches, as it were, from the hand of the gastronomic artist, in place of his more earnest and profound studies; and here we may add *en passant* there can be no better opportunity (without lavish expense) for the display of elegance and refinement than in the arrangements and appointments of this repast.

Commencing according to classic rule *ab ovo*, I shall in the first place treat of eggs, which, from their light and nourishing properties, may justly be allowed a prominent position at the breakfast table. The compiler of the *Almanach des Gourmands* says that "L'œuf est à la cuisine ce que les articles sont au discours, c'est-à-dire, une indispensable nécessité;" and, if this holds good in other branches of cookery, it is more especially applicable to the light and digestible *plats* which should always form the principal feature of this meal. In most other countries an omelette (well made) is as easily attainable as a boiled egg is in this; but here, for some inscrutable reason, it is the most difficult thing to persuade even an otherwise good cook to accomplish with anything like perfection. On this subject of omelettes, however, so much has already been written and said as to the British cook's difficulty in making this apparently simple dish, and so many good recipes have already appeared, not only in this paper, but also in such well-known cookery books as "Gouffé," "Francatelli," "Round the Table," &c., that I will forbear from adding to the list, and will only mention that ham, kidney, tomatoes, tarragon, and oysters form pleasing varieties in this first of breakfast dishes.

A CENTENARIAN ARTIST.

A telegram from Paris brings us the news of the death, in that city, of Jean Frederic de Waldeck, distinguished not only as a traveller and an artist, but also for having passed by nearly a decade the disputed boundary of the one hundredth year of life. He was born on March 16, 1786, of an ancient family of Prague, and from an early period in his life he was engaged in labours that kept him in the world's eye. When only 19 years of age he went with Levaillant to the Cape of Good Hope, and made explorations in South Africa. When he came back to Paris, in 1788, he engaged himself in the study of art, and worked under the direction of David and of Prud'hon. If this experience did not make him a distinguished artist, it was at least of great service to him and to the world, since it helped him afterwards to make authentic record of objects seen in his travels, particularly in his travels in Central America.

In 1793 de Waldeck was present at the siege of Toulon, in 1794 joined the army in Italy as a volunteer, and in 1798 followed the expedition into Egypt, but as an observer, not as a soldier. After the failure of Napoleon's Egyptian plans, de Waldeck determined to travel in Africa, and accordingly set out on an expedition having for its object the traversing Egypt from north to south. He left Assouan with four companions—crossed the Desert of Dongola, passed the Djebel, el-Emery, but fatigue and sickness attacked the adventurers, four of them died, and de Waldeck left alone was only able to reach the Portuguese settlements on the coast after four months of danger and privations. After having revisited France our traveller re-embarked for the Mauritius, then made a turn in the Indian Ocean. In 1819 he visited Chili, and later made an archaeological expedition in Guatemala, and on his return established himself in London. Here he occupied himself with making the lithographic drawings which were to illustrate a work upon the ruins of Palenque and Chiapas. But believing from his observations, that the designs had been employed to put upon stone were incorrect, he determined to visit these ruins for himself, and taking a position as mining engineer, left England for the silver mines of Itz'puxahua. He remained in this position only a short time, and set out to visit the Toltec and Aztec ruins. Encouraged at first by the Government, he passed three industrious years in studying in detail the ruins of Palenque, in making maps of the region, and in collecting specimens of the flora and fauna. Falling out with Santa Anna, he lost the greater part of his drawings and his notebooks, and was obliged to give up his researches, and returned to Europe after twelve years' absence in the New World. After his return he busied himself in archaeological studies, and sold to the French Government his drawings made in Palenque, the publication of which was begun in 1863, and for which he himself, after his 100th year, made the lithographs. M. de Waldeck was made a member of the Council of the Society of American Archaeology, and in 1837 published "Voyage Archeologique et Pittoresque dans le Yucatan."

THE SINGER AND THE SHARK.

Miss Adelaide Miller is a native, out and out, of the Sandwich Islands. She is gifted with a voice of superior sweetness, and is called the "Hawaiian Nightingale." Miss Miller is as good a swimmer as she is a singer, all the islanders being amphibious from their youth up. Miss Miller was visiting some friends at Waiki-ki, a Hawaiian fashionable watering place near Honolulu. The place is also the summer residence of the Hawaiian kings, but that fact has nothing to do with the story, except to show that Miss Miller was doubtless in the best company the islands afford. The beach is always swarming with bathers. It is considered safe within the limits of a certain reef, but the daring adventurer beyond the reef might as well make his or her will in favor of the nearest fish.

The Hawaiian songstress was bathing in company with several of her dusky sisters. The girls commenced darning each other to swim to the reef, and finally the songstress started, followed by the others. As they approached the dead line—the sweet-voiced in the lead—some men in a passing canoe shouted wildly, "Mano! Mano!" The girls knew well enough that meant "shark"—the true blue man-eater—cannibals of the deep. There was a roll of water which broke the regular surges of the sea. A huge shark rose to the surface and lifted Miss Miller on his back. That was the safest place for her now, and she grasped the shark's upper fin to keep her seat firmly on the monster. He, probably terrified at human audacity, skimmed on the surface of the water at lightning speed for about sixty yards, and then getting tired of his burden, shot down into the deeps, leaving Miss Miller on the surface, the somewhat astonished at her adventure. The canoe picked her up and took her ashore. Now, the course of the fish was directly toward the American coast. Miss Adelaide Miller took the hint, and soon left for California to sing and make her fortune. The adventure with the fish made her exceedingly popular at home, for many of the Pacific and South Sea Islanders regard the shark as a sacred animal, and never kill one except in self-defence. Miss Miller's having taken a ride on a shark's back consecrated her, and she became to them divine. She is now the Hawaiian diva, and we may one day be treated to her song. Now, this barbarian fish story is just as good as any of the adventures that serve to bring European prime donne into notice, and it is every bit as true.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rosenkrantz solution of Problem No. 17, received. Correct.

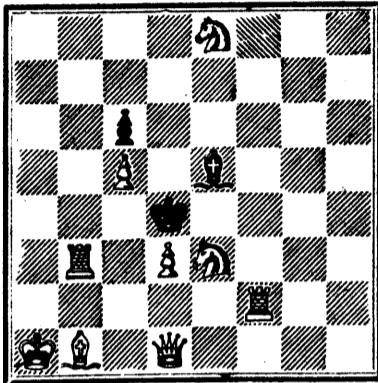
Your mode of checking in solving problem for Young Players No. 15, would require more than five moves. See the Solution in Chess Column.

O. Trompe, Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players, No 17, received. Correct.

"Chess Openings" by R. B. Wormald recently published in London, seems to attract a large share of notice from the press. It is said to treat of every recognized form of opening, to be clear and concise in dealing with difficulties, and to be undoubtedly the best, and most complete book on the openings in the English language. It appears that the work contains one hundred problems, the whole composed by the author. Mr. Wormald is well known as one of the best composers of problems of the day, and in proof of his skill in that line we append a very neat example in which mate is to be given in two moves. We see it stated, also, that a new work is about to appear containing a selection from the best published problems of living English composers. Such a work would be an excellent addition to a Chess player's library.

PROBLEM No. 19.

From Mr. Wormald's "Chess Openings." BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 17.

- WHITE. 1. Q Kt to Q B 3 (ch) 2. Q B to K B 2nd (ch) 3. K Kt to K 6th (ch) 4. Q B to Q 4th (ch) BLACK. 1. K to K 6th 2. K to K B 5th 3. K to K 4th

Mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 17.

- WHITE. 1. P to Q B 7 (dis ch) 2. P to Q B 8 (bec Kt ch) 3. Q P takes R becoming a Kt Checkmate. BLACK. 1. K to Q B 2nd 2. R takes Kt

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 16.

- WHITE. K at K R 2nd R at Q Kt 5th R at Q Kt 7th Kt at Q 3rd Pawns at K Kt 2nd K Kt 3rd K B 3rd, K 4th Q 5th, and Q B 4th BLACK. K to K 3rd Q at Q 7th R at Q R sq B at K Kt 3rd B at Q 5th Pawns at K R 3rd K Kt 2nd, K B 2nd Q B 4th, and Q R 2nd

White to play and Mate in three moves.

This problem should have appeared last week instead of No. 17. The Solutions, however will be found correctly given according to the numbers.

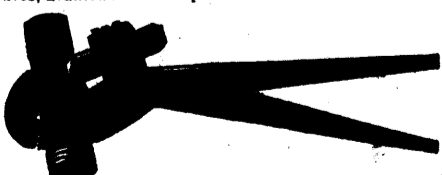
GAME 24th.

A skirmish played recently between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

- WHITE.—Mr. H.— 1. P to K 4 2. B to Q B 4 3. Kt to K B 3rd 4. P to K R 3rd 5. Castles 6. P to Q 3rd 7. B to K 3rd 8. B takes B 9. P to Q B 3rd 10. P to Q Kt 4 11. K Kt to R 2nd 12. K to R sq 13. Q Kt to Q R 3rd 14. Q Kt to Q B 2nd 15. Q to K B 3rd 16. P to Q 4th 17. Q to K Kt 3rd 18. Q P takes P 19. B to Q Kt 3rd 20. Q takes P 21. P to E Kt 4th 22. Q to B 4th 23. Q Kt to Q 4th 24. B to Q B 2nd 25. P to B 3rd 26. Q to Q 2nd 27. Kt to K B 5 28. P takes Q B P 29. Q to Q 3rd 30. Kt to K 7th (ch) BLACK.—Mr. B.— 1. P to K 4 2. B to B Q 4th 3. P to Q 3rd 4. P to K R 3rd 5. Kt to K B 3rd 6. P to Q 3rd 7. Kt takes B 8. Castles 9. Kt to K 3rd 10. P to Q B 3rd 11. Q Kt to K R 2nd 12. P to Q B 3rd 13. K Kt to K R 2nd 14. Q to K Kt 4th 15. Q to K Kt 3rd 16. K Kt to K Kt 4th 17. P to Q Kt 4th 18. Q P takes P 19. Q Kt to K R 4th 20. Kt takes K P 21. K Kt to K B 3rd 22. Kt takes Q B P 23. P to Q B 4th 24. B to Q Kt 2nd (ch) 25. K Kt to Q 4th 26. Q to Q 3rd 27. Q to K B 3rd 28. P to Q Kt 5th 29. Kt to K B 5th 30. Resigns.

FOR SALE.

CANADIAN PATENT ON "JARECKI and ORMS-BEE'S IMPROVED PIPE TONGS," Patent No. 2753, granted for fifteen years.



This is the most convenient tool ever used about an Engine, Locomotive, Machine Shop, by Steam, Gas and Water Filters, or in any place where Bolts, Nuts, Studs or Pipe are used. Are in general use throughout the United States, and the demand for them is constantly increasing. Address: JARECKI MANUF'G CO., ERIE, Pa. 11-18-3-126.

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

TUESDAY, the FIRST DAY OF JUNE NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st MAY, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the SEVENTEENTH day of JUNE next.

(Chair to be taken at 1 o'clock p.m.)

(By order of the Board.) R. B. ANGLUS, General Manager.

Montreal, 23rd April, 1875. 11-18-7 138.

Metropolitan Bank

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FOUR PER CENT.

upon the paid up capital Stock of the Bank has this day been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Banking House in this City on, and after TUESDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the SHAREHOLDERS will be held at the BANK on MONDAY, the SEVENTH day of JUNE next. The Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock, noon.

By order of the Board. A. S. HINCKS, Cashier.

Montreal, April 28th, 1875. 11-19-4-141

La Banque Jacques Cartier.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of Four per Cent.

on the paid up Capital of La Banque Jacques Cartier has been declared for the current half year, and will be payable at the Bank on and after the FIRST day of JUNE next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board. H. COTTÉ, Cashier.

Montreal, 29th April, 1875. 11-19-4-142

Advertisement for Frank B. Street's shirts and collars. Includes an illustration of a shirt and the text: SEND FOR RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT. FRANK B. STREET, Shirt and Collar Manufacturer, 185 ST. JAMES STREET, Adjoining Wesleyan Church, MONTREAL. 11-16-8-128.

North British & Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1800. Head Office for Canada: No. 72 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL. FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected on all classes of Risks. LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID. LIFE DEPARTMENT. Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policies of Participating Scale.

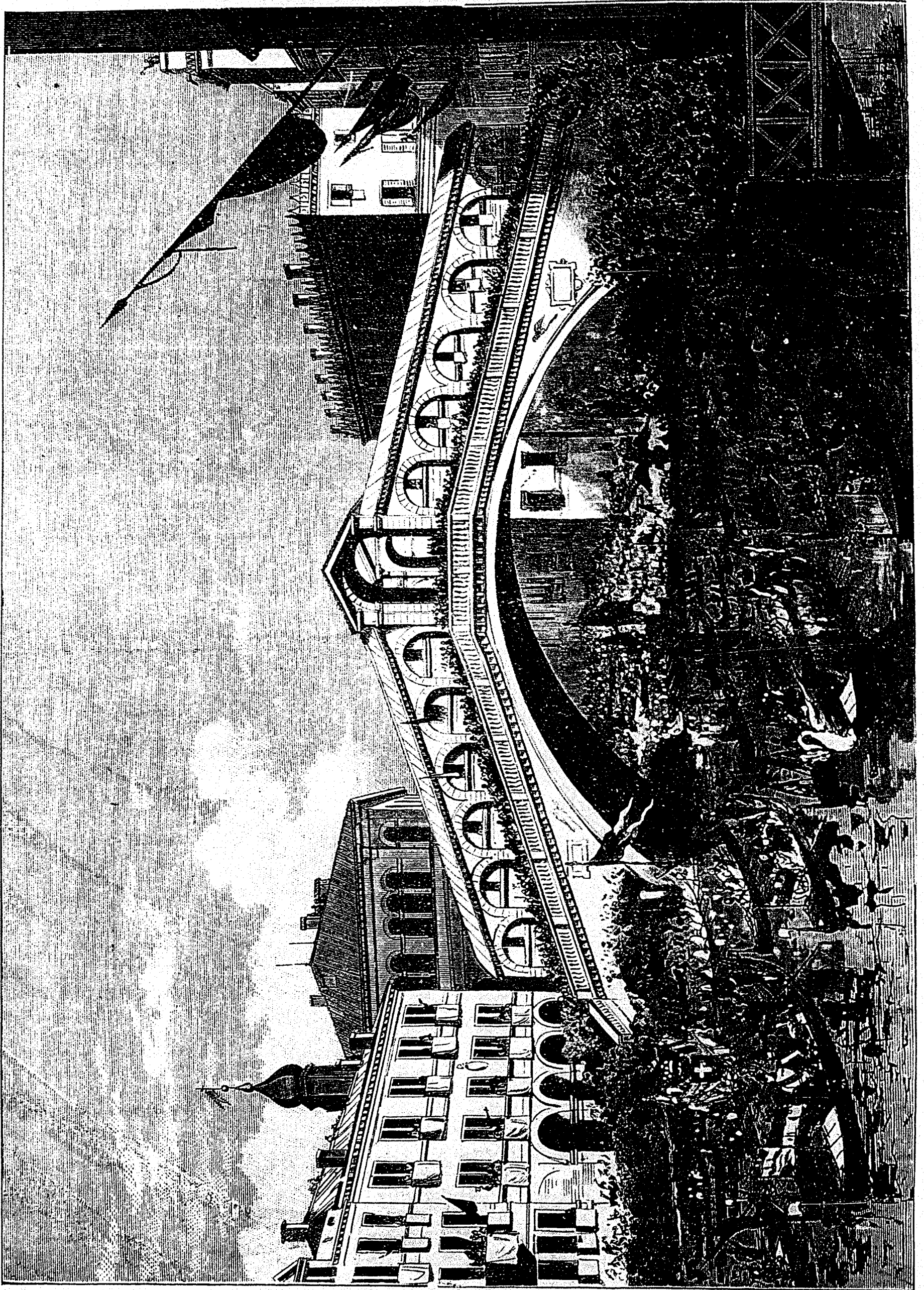
MANAGING DIRECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS: D. L. MacDOUGALL and THOS. DAVIDSON. WM. EWING, INSPECTOR.

G. H. ROBERTSON and P. R. FAUTEUX, SUB-AGTS. FOR MONTREAL. Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns. 10-20-52-24

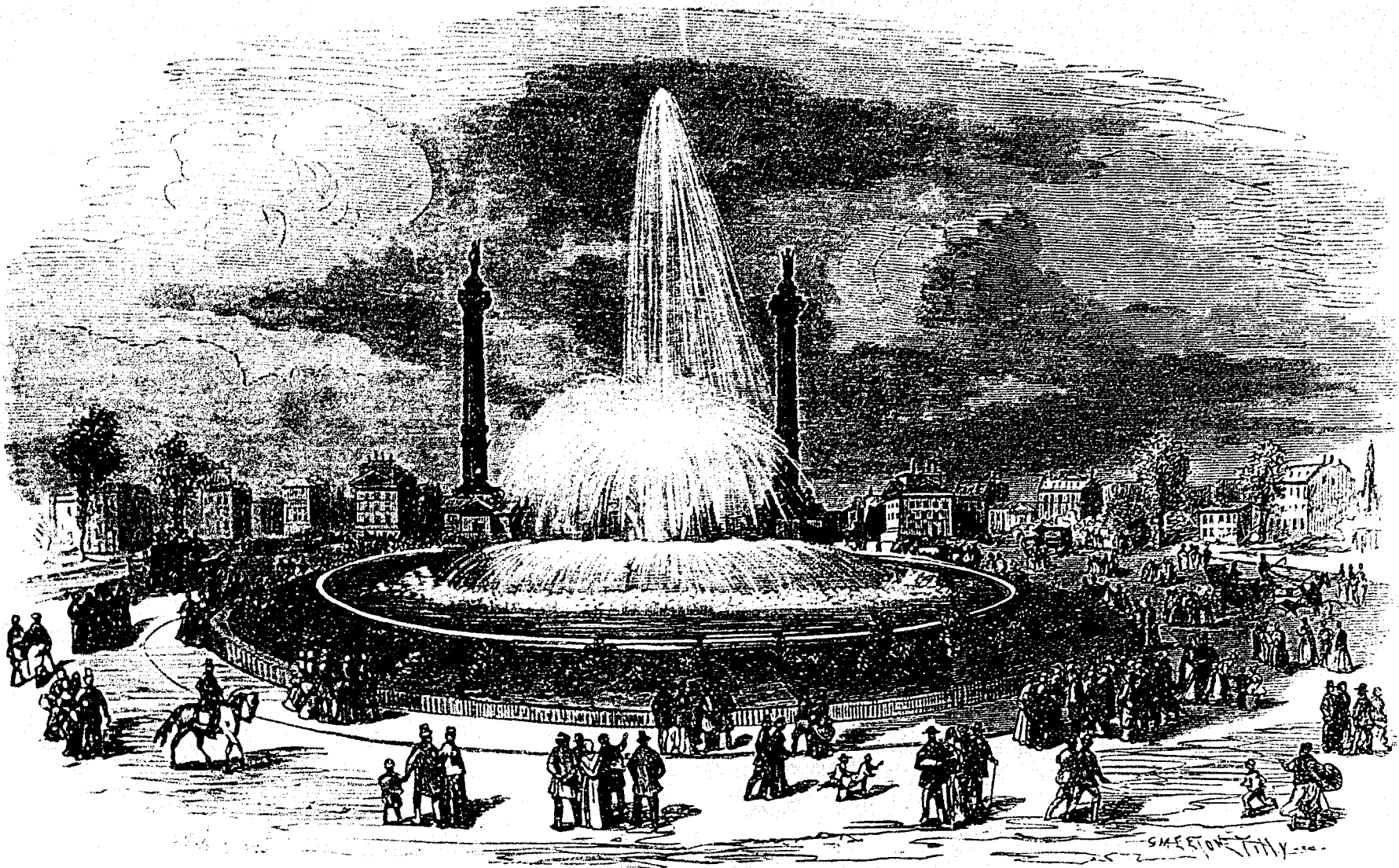
GASALIERS

NEW, ELEGANT, CHEAP DESIGNS RICHARD PATTON, 745 Craig Street, Montreal 11-19-52-145

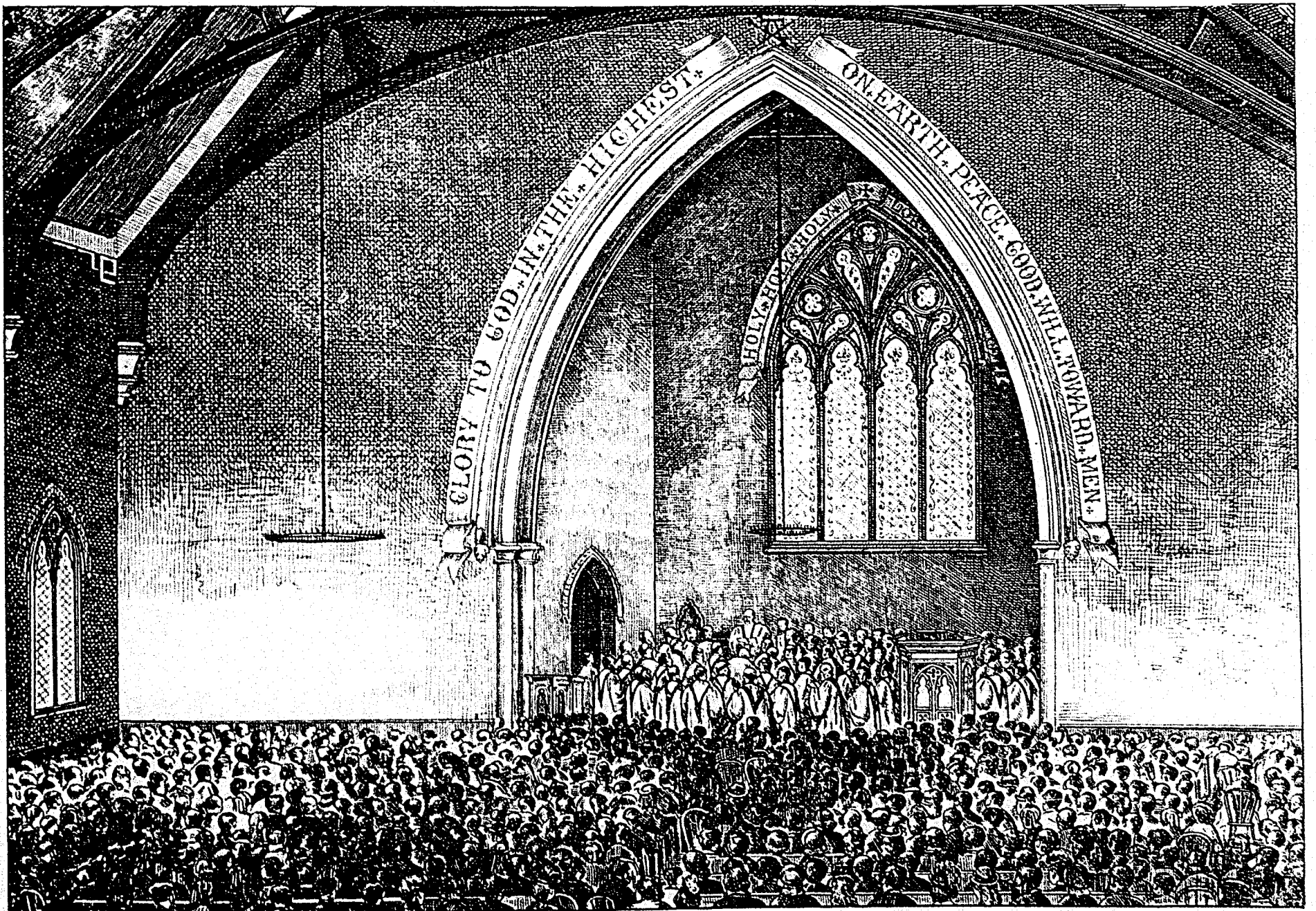
WHAT is wanted in the management of the fire Insurance business in Canada is a fair and equitable scale of rates steadily maintained; that can only be secured by a healthy competition between the companies—tariff rates cannot be maintained long; after a time, a feeling of dissatisfaction with the working of tariff will arise. The "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, relies on competition as the true principle of a fair and just insurance business.



VENICE.—THE VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. THE PROCESSION ON THE GRAND CANAL.



PARIS.—THE NEW FOUNTAIN OF THE PLACE DU TRONE.



HAMILTON :—CONSECRATION OF BISHOP FULLER, MAY 1st, 1875.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. G. MACKAY.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

V.

"All the regiment rejoiced. I was put under arrest for forty-eight hours for being so unlucky; but our major, the Chevalier de Mendell, sent a basket from his own table to Nicolas Bastien—a basket full of meat and choice wines. That is it! Nicolas has made Royal Allemand win; they would feast him well. From that time I have been respected by my superiors. If you knew what was going on here; how these vagabond citizens are agitating, especially the limbs of the law; if you knew that, you would understand that opportunities of distinguishing oneself are not wanting. No later than 27th of August last the commandant of the watch, Dupois, made us charge the mob on the Pont Neuf, and all that day up to twelve at night we rode over them on the Place Dauphine and the Place de Gréve, and everywhere. If you had seen the next day how we massacred them in the Rue Saint-Dominique and the Rue Meslée, you would have said, 'Well done!' I was first on the right of the troop, 3rd rank; every one within reach was cut down. Lieutenant Colonel de Reinach, after the charge, said the lawyers would not want to make themselves heard any more. I believe you. They have been hit hard. See what a fine thing discipline is! When the command is given, you must go. Father, mother, brothers and sisters may be before you; you ride over them like dirt. I should be sergeant already, only I must be able to write to make my report. But be easy; I have my little affair to settle with Jerome Leroux. A young man of good family, Gilbert Gardet of the 3rd squadron, is teaching me my letters, and I give him lessons in the use of the small-sword. I shall get on, I answer for it. The first opportunity you shall see my writing, and now embracing you and wishing you desire both in this world and the next, I make my mark.

" + NICOLAS BASTIEN,
" Fencing-master,
" In Royal Allemand Regiment.
" This 1st of December, 1788."

Poor Nicolas saw nothing more meritorious than fighting. His noble officers looked on him as a sort of bull-dog which is let loose at another dog, and on which one wins money, and thought it very fine. I forgave him with all my heart, but I was ashamed to show it to Maitre Jean and Chauvel. All this time I was reading father and mother lifted their hands in admiration, mother especially; she laughed, and cried.

"I knew Nicolas would get on! Do you see what progress he makes? It is because we have always lived at Baraque that we are so poor. But Nicolas will be noble—I foretell it—he will be noble."

"Father was pleased too, but he saw the danger of fighting duels, and said as he looked down—
"Yes, yes, that's all very well, provided some one else does not run him through just under the right nipple; that would break our hearts. It is terrible all the same; the other one, perhaps, had a father and mother."
"Never mind, never mind!" cried the mother.

And then she took the letter and went and showed it to the neighbours, saying—
"A letter from Nicolas! He is corporal and fencing-master in his regiment; he has already killed several men—no one dares look at him askance now."

And so it went on. Two or three days after she gave me the letter, and as Maitre Jean had asked for it, I was obliged to take and read it in the evening. Chauvel and Margaret were there; I did not dare to raise my eyes. Maitre Jean said—
"What a misfortune to have such rascals in a family, who would cut down father and mother, sisters and brothers, and think, moreover, that it is fine because it is discipline!"
Chauvel answered—
"Bah! What Nicolas tells us there is worth knowing. These charges in the streets, these massacres, we know nothing about them; the gazettes never mentioned them, though I have heard indirectly in my rounds that in the neighbourhood of Grenoble, Bordeaux, and Toulouse, large bodies of troops had been set in motion. All this is a very sure sign; it proves that the current carries all with it, that nothing can stop it. These fights have already obtained for us the dismissal of Lomélie de Brienne, and the convocation of the States-General. Fights are not what we have to fear; what are fifty or one hundred regiments when the masses are against them? Only let the people insist on what they want: only let the third estate be of the same mind; the rest is like froth which flies off when a strong wind blows. I am glad to hear all this; let us prepare for the elections, let us be ready, and let good sense and justice show themselves."

Chauvel from this time no longer pinched up his lips; he seemed full of confidence; and in spite of the famine, which lasted till the end of March, in spite of all, peasants, workpeople, and

citizens held together. Chauvel was right when he said, at the declaration of parliament, that great events were preparing; each man felt stronger and more resolute; it was like a new life; and the most miserable wretch of all, instead of crouching along as formerly, seemed to hold up his head and look the sky in the face.

VI.

Maitre Jean and I, towards five in the evening, we working at the forge, very happy. Every time godfather heated the iron he cried out, his fat face looking quite joyous—
"Well, Michel, so we shall have our States-General!" To which I replied—
"Yes, Maitre Jean, the business is going on right now."

And then the hammers began to work away again without stopping; a joyful heart adds to one's strength.
Out of doors the mud was deeper than we had seen it for a long time; snow was melting, water running, carrying the manure-heaps with it, and filling the cellars. Women came out every moment to stop it with their large brooms. One went leads to another; after having performed *corvées* for the king, the seigneur, and the convent, the idea of paving the village street could not occur to you, you were too happy to rest and live in dirt. Suddenly five or six old Baraquins, Father Jacques Letumier, Nicolas Cochart, Claude Hurf, Gauthier Courtois, in fact, all the notables of the vicinity, stopped before our forge with a majestic air, and uncovered themselves with much ceremony.

"Ha! is that you, Letumier?" cried Maitre Jean, "and you, Hurf? What the devil are you doing there?"
He laughed, but the others were serious, and the tall Letumier, bending his back under the little door, said from the bottom of his throat like the crockery hawkers—
"Maitre Jean Leroux, with all respect to you we have a communication to make you."
"To make me?"
"Yes, to yourself, in respect of these elections."
"Oh, well, come in. You are standing out there in the mud."
Then one after the other they came in. There was hardly room for them to stand. The others were cogitating how to begin their speech, when Maitre Jean said—
"Well, what's the matter? What do you want to ask me? Do not hesitate. You know me well enough, if it be anything I can do."
"Well, this is what it is," said the woodcutter Cochart; you know the three Baraquins vote together?"
"Yes. Well?"
"Well, the three Baraquins have two hundred houses. We have a right to elect two deputies."

"Without doubt. And then?"
"And then you are the first—that is a matter of course. But the other is a difficulty for us."
"What! do you intend to name me?" said Maitre Jean, inwardly flattered all the same.
"Yes; but the other?"
Then Maitre Jean was quite satisfied and said—
"We are roasting ourselves here at this fire. Let us go into the inn—have a jug of good wine together; that will sharpen our wits!"
Of course they agreed. I meant to remain at the forge; but Maitre Jean called me from the middle of the street—
"Come, Michel, come; a day like this all of us should be of one mind."

And we all went into the large room together. They sat down round the table, along the windows. Maitre Jean called for wine and glasses, a loaf of bread, and some knives. They touched glasses, and as Dame Catherine looked on in surprise, not understanding the meaning of it all, and Letumier was wiping his mouth preparatory to explaining it to her, Maitre Jean cried—
"For myself, I am flattered—I accept; but I must warn you, if you do not name Chauvel at the same time, I shall refuse."
"Chauvel! the Calvinist?" cried Letumier, turning his head and opening his eyes wide.
And the rest looked horrified at one another, and cried—
"The Calvinist! He our deputy?"
"Listen," said Maitre Jean; "we are not now going to meet yonder, so to speak, in council, to discuss the mysteries of our holy religion or the holy sacraments, and the like. We are going there on our own business, and chiefly to relieve ourselves of subsidies, poll-tax, *corvées*, land-tax; to give a turn to our seigneurs, if it be possible, and get ourselves out of the scrape. Well, I am a sensible man—at least, I believe so—but not sufficiently so to win such a great stake as this. I can read and write, and I know where the shoe pinches, and if it was only a question of braying like an ass I could play my part as well as any one belonging to Quatre-Vents, Mittelbronn, or elsewhere. But that is not the business in hand. We shall meet knowing fellows there of all descriptions—attorneys, bailiffs, seneschals, men well educated, who can give us a thousand reasons founded on laws, customs, practices, for this and for that, and if

we cannot reply to them categorically, they will fix the halter round our necks again for ever. Do you see that?"

Letumier opened his mouth from ear to ear.
"Yes—but Chauvel—Chauvel," said he.

"Hear me out," said Jean. "I want to be your deputy; and if any one from amongst us speaks I can and will second him; but answer myself! no. I have neither sufficient instruction, nor sufficient information; and I can tell you that in all this part of the country, I don't care where, there is no one so capable of speaking for us and defending us as Chauvel; he knows everything—laws, customs, warrants, everything. That little man, do you see, is acquainted with every book he has carried on his back for the last five-and-twenty years. When on the road, you think, perhaps, he is looking about him, at the fields, the trees, the hedges, the bridges, and the rivers. Not he. He has his nose over one of his old books as he walks along, or else he is meditating some argument; in fact, if you are not fools, and do not want to keep your *corvées*, land-taxes, and exactions, that is the man you will choose first, even in preference to me. If Chauvel is there I will stand fast by him; but if he is not, you had better not elect me at all, for I refuse at once."

Maitre Jean spoke very plainly, and the others scratched their ears.

"But," said the woodcutter Cochart, "will they let him sit?"

"The notice makes no difference in religion," answered Maitre Jean; "every one is called upon, provided he be a Frenchman, is twenty-five years of age, and is on the list of tax-payers, Chauvel pays as we all do, perhaps more; and did not our good king last year restore their civil rights to Lutherans, Calvinists, and even to Jews? You ought to know that; let us elect Chauvel, and not trouble ourselves farther. I answer for it, he will do us more good and more credit than fifty capucins; he will defend our interests with good sound sense, and courage too. It will be to the honour of the three Baraquins, believe. Here, Catherine! another jug."

The others were still doubtful; but when Maitre Jean filled the glasses again, and said—
"This is my last word; if you do not name Chauvel, I refuse; if you do name him, I accept; here is our good king's health!" all seemed affected, repeating—
"Here is our good king's health."
And when they had finished drinking, Letumier said, with a very grave face—
"It will be hard work to get the women to put up with that; but as it has gone so far, Maitre Leroux, here is my hand."
"And mine also," said another, leaning over the table.

And so it went, all round the table. After that, having emptied the jug, every one rose to go home. They were the notables, and we were sure all the others would do as they did.

"The business is, then, settled?" cried Maitre Jean to them, well pleased, at the door.
"All settled," said they, as they walked off, paddling through the mud.

We then returned to the forge; all this had made us thoughtful. We worked on till seven, and then Nicole called us to supper.

The meeting was for the Sunday following. Chauvel and his daughter had been on their journey for a fortnight; they had never sold so many pamphlets; however, Maitre Jean hoped to find them at the great meeting in the town-hall. That evening nothing fresh occurred—the day had been sufficiently eventful.

As I walked down the old street of Baraquins the Sunday following with my father, between six and seven in the morning, the sun rose over the woods of La Bonne Fontaine. It was the first fine day of the year; the thatched roofs and the little chimneys in black bricks, whence the smoke wound into the air, resembled gold; the little puddles along the street glistened as far as one could see, white clouds stretched away in the sky, and one could hear from far, very far, the clarionettes of the villages which were on the road, the drums beating the *rappel* in the town, and the first tinklings of the church bells announcing the mass of the St. Esprit, before the elections. My father, now grown old, sunburnt, feeble, with his grey beard and bare neck, walked next to me, his frock of coarse raw linen thread rolled up round his loins; his trousers, also of linen, fastened by a string round his ankles; and his shoes of unblackened leather, without heels, laced up. He wore on his head, like all peasants of our time, a coarse woollen cap, since carried on the flag of the Republic, and looked pensively out of the corners of his eyes to the right and to the left, as if he expected something to take us by surprise—by dint of suffering one distrusts everything—every instant the poor man said—
"Michel! take care, and say nothing; let us hold our tongues; this will end ill."

I was more confident. The habit of hearing Maitre Jean and Chauvel discuss the affairs of the country, and of reading myself which took place at Rinnes, Marseilles, and Paris, gave me more courage; besides at eighteen the work of the forge at spread out my shoulders; the big twelve-pound hammer was not too heavy for my hands; I had hardly any beard; but that

did not prevent me looking a man in the face, whether soldier, citizen, or peasant. I liked to be well dressed; on Sundays I wore a cap of blue cloth, long boots, a velvet waistcoat after the smith's fashion; and, since I must own it, I looked at the pretty girls with pleasure; I found them handsome; it is not forbidden to do so!

All the village was astir as we came near the inn. Maitre Jean and Valentine in the great room, the windows wide open, were drinking a bottle of wine and eating a crust of bread together before starting. They had both their best cloths on; Maitre Jean in his master's coat, with wide skirts, red waistcoat, his breeches buckled round his great calves, and silver buckles on his round-toed shoes; Valentine in a grey linen blouse, the collar and breast ornamented with red binding; a large silver heart fastened to his shirt, his peasant's caps tucked over his ear. They saw us and cried—
"Here they are."
We went in.

"Now, Bastien, our good king's health!" cried Maitre Jean, filling the glasses, and my father, with tears in his eyes, answered—
"Yes, yes, Jean, to our good king's health! Long live our good king!"

It was the fashion to believe then that the king did everything; he was looked upon as a sort of god who watched over his children, consequently my father loved his king.
We drank our wine, and the notables soon arrived. They were the same as the evening before, with Grandfather Letumier, so old that he could hardly see, and he had to be led every step to prevent his falling. Nevertheless he insisted on voting; and while they were gone to fetch wine, were filling glasses, and every one was talking and crying, "Here we are, it's settled, the Baraquins will make themselves known; be easy, they will all vote together!"—while they were shaking hands, and laughing, and drinking, the poor old man said—
"Ah! life is long, life is long! but never mind, when I see such a day as this, I don't think of my own ill."

Maitre Jean answered—"You are right, Father Letumier; we no longer heed the days of hail and snow when once harvest is come; here are the sheaves! they have cost us some labour, it is true; but now we are going to thrash, winnow, and sift them; we have bread, please God, and our children too; long life to the king!"

And we all repeated, "Long life to the king!"
Glass met glass, they embraced all round; then they set off arm-in-arm, my father and I last.

All the Baraquins, assembled round the fountain, followed us with clarionettes and drums. I never heard anything like it; the whole country was full of music and bell-ringing; on all sides you could see along the roads rows of people dancing, waving their hats, throwing their caps in the air, and singing—
"Long live the good king! the father of his people."

The bells answered one another from the height of the mountain to the far end of the plain; it never ceased; and the nearer we came to the town, the louder was the din; flags of white silk, embroidered with golden lilies, waved from the church, from the barrack windows, over the hospital, everywhere. No, I never saw anything so fine. In later times of Republican victories, the cannon roaring on our ramparts made one's heart beat, and one was proud to shout, "Vive la nation! vive la République!" But on this occasion it was not a question of killing people; they thought to win everything at once by embracing one another.

These things are not to be described!
As we came near the town, M. the Curé Christopher arrived at the head of his parishioners where the two roads meet; then they stop again, raise their hats and shout again, "Long live the king!"
The curé and Maitre Jean embrace; and then laughing, singing, clarionettes playing, drums beating, the two parishes continue their advance to the entrance, already crowded with people. I see now the sentry of the Le Fere Regiment, in his white coat and grey facings, his enormous cocked hat on his powdered wig, his heavy musket on his arm, who motioned to us to halt. The bridges were encumbered with carts and carriages; all the old people had themselves conveyed to the town-hall; they all wanted to vote before they died; many of them cried like children.

After that, let those that like say that men of our time had not very great good sense; from the first to the last, all wanted their rights.

We had to wait there twenty minutes before crossing the bridge, there was such a crowd. Inside the town was the sight, the streets full of people, innumerable flags from all the windows; there you should have heard the cries of "Vive le roi!" sometimes beginning in the square, sometimes near the arsenal at the Gate de l'Allemagne, and go round the ramparts and glacis like the rolling of thunder.

When we had once passed the old portcullis, you could go neither forward; nor backwards, nor see four paces before you. The inns, taverns, breweries, St. Christopher, Coeur Rouge,

and Capucin streets, all the length of the two barracks and the hospital, formed one compact mass of men.

The mass of the St. Esprit had just begun, but how to get near the church? The patrols of the La Fere Regiment in vain called, "Gare! gare!" They were hustled back into corners, and remained with grounded arms, not able to stir.

Maitre Jean recalled that the inn of his friend Jacques Renaudot was close by, and without saying anything to us, but only making us a sign to come on, led the curé Christopher, Valentine, and myself to the steps of the Cheval Blanc. But we could only get in by the back door, into the kitchen; the great room was as full as an egg; they had been obliged to open all the doors and windows to be able to breathe.

Mother Jeannette Renaudot gave us a good reception, and took us upstairs to the first floor, into an unoccupied room, where they brought us wine, beer, and a pie—all we wanted. The others below looked about for us, thinking they had missed us in the crowd. We could not call them, nor could we have them all upstairs. We therefore remained as we were, until towards one o'clock, when half the villages had already voted, and those from the Baranes were turning by the Fouquet corner to go towards the place; we then left, and taking the Rue de l'Hopital, we reached the town-hall first: they thought we had been there some time and every one said— "There they are."

(To be Continued.)

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of WILLIAM EVERETT CHESTER, of Montreal, Builder, An Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the City of Montreal, in the room devoted to insolvency proceedings, on Monday, the 31st day of May instant, at ten o'clock forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an assignee. DAVID J. CRAIG, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 8th May, 1875. 11-20-2-152.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of WILLIAM TATTERSALL, of the City of Montreal, Builder, An Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, No. 144, Nazareth Street, Montreal, on Monday, the 31st day of May instant, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an assignee. DAVID J. CRAIG, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 8th May, 1875. 11-20-2-151.

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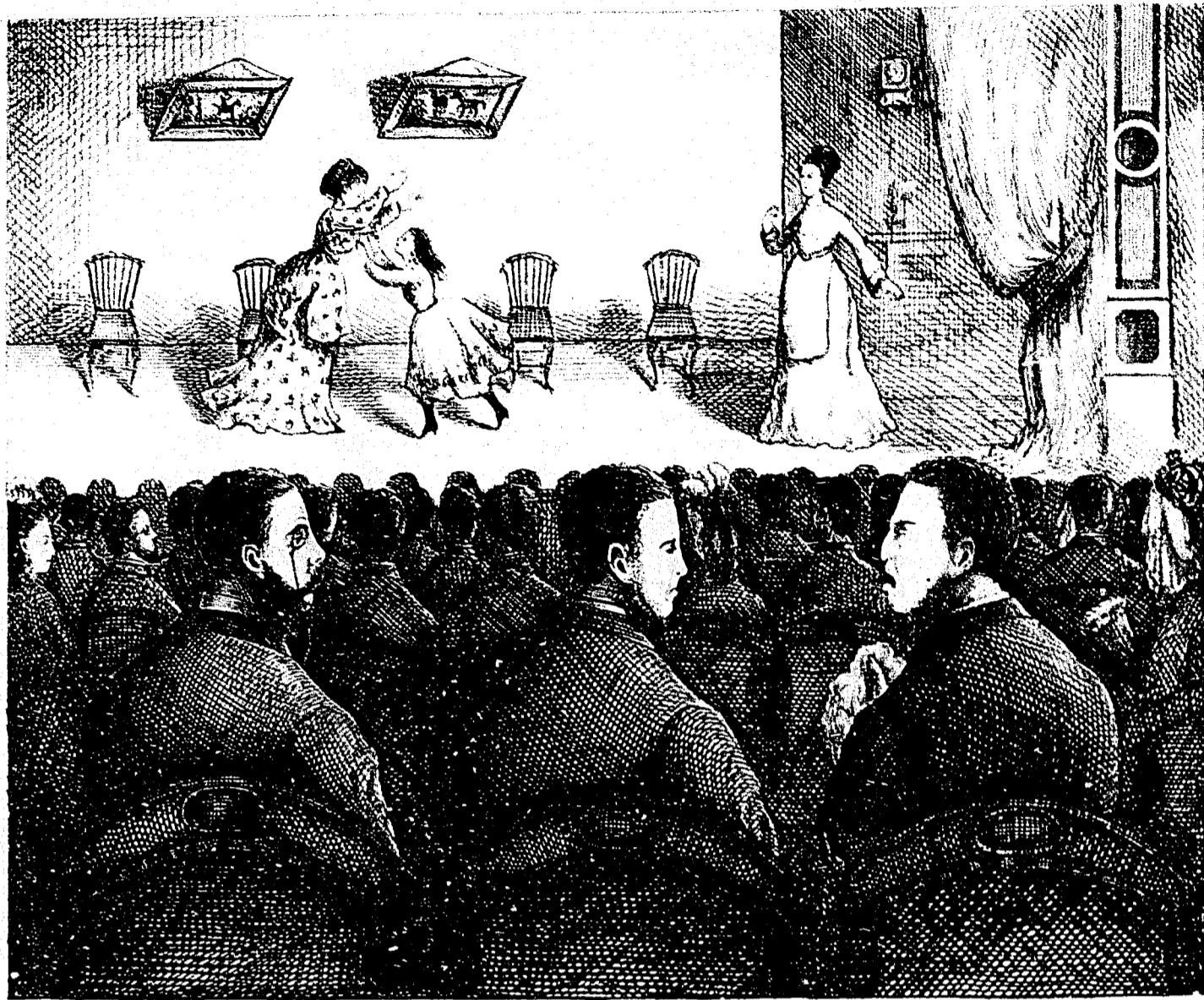
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