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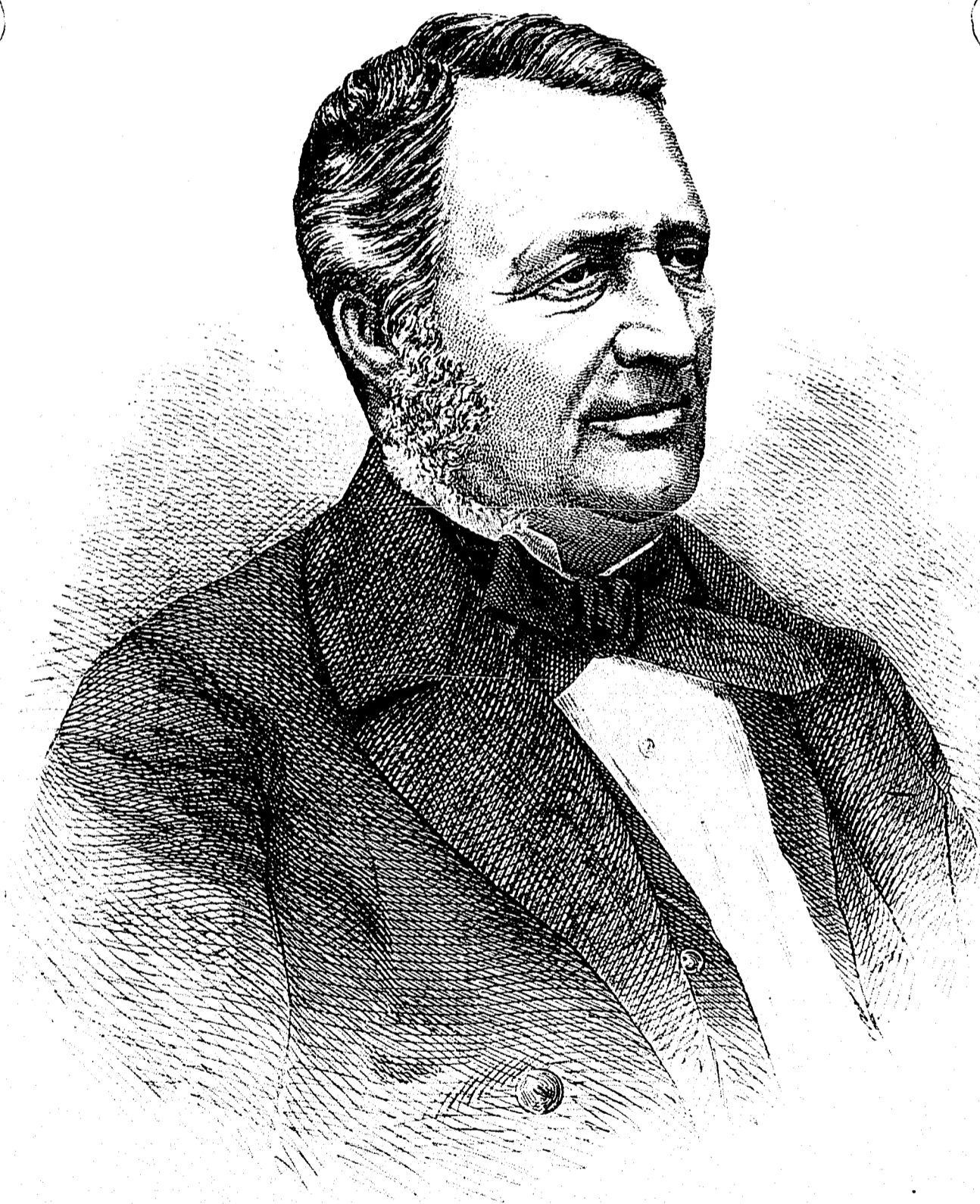
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# Illustrated News

VOL. VII.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

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{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE HON. E. R. CARON, LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS & BIENVENU.

## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## No. 115.—THE HON. E. R. CARON, LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.

The name of the new Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec is hardly known to the present generation. It is associated in most minds with the quiet contentions of the judicial arena, and there are few who are aware, or who remember, that René Edouard Caron is an old political athlete, thoroughly broken into the harness of statesmanship. He was born in the parish of Ste. Anne, Côte de Beauport, in the last year of the last century. He is therefore in his seventy-third year. His early studies were made at the college of St. Pierre, Rivière du Sud, and his classic instruction was received at the famous old Seminary of Quebec. In the year 1821, he was articled as a student at law to Mr. André Hamel. In 1826, he was admitted to the Bar of Lower Canada, where he speedily rose to a large and lucrative practice. Six years later, he was induced to enter the Municipal Council of Quebec, and in 1833 was elected Mayor of that city. He continued to hold that office till 1837. During that interval he was returned by acclamation as representative of the Upper Town of Quebec in the Legislative Assembly. He thus found himself thrown into the political turmoil which attended the rebellion of 1837-38. In that trying period he distinguished himself by unflinching allegiance to the British throne, and had the hardihood to break a lance with the redoubtable popular champion, Mr. Papineau. For this act of audacity he was pointedly censured by his constituents, and he as pointedly resented the censure by resigning his seat in the Legislature. Later the confidence of his fellow-citizens was returned to him, and he was re-elected to the Mayoralty of Quebec. He continued to fill the civic chair till 1846, and with so much acceptance that he was tendered a handsome testimonial of plate by the inhabitants of the city, irrespective of class. In 1841 Mr. Caron took his seat in the Legislative Council of the United Provinces. A little later he was appointed by Lord Metcalf Speaker of that honourable body. His influence then became paramount, and he was several times invited to a seat in the cabinet, an honour which he, however, steadily declined from prudential motives. In 1845 took place the celebrated Draper-Caron correspondence, which hinged on the duality and unity of the Provincial Government, Mr. Caron eloquently advocating the latter view. Two years later occurred the hardly less famous Cayley-Caron controversy, which practically ended in the forced withdrawal of Mr. Caron from the Speakership of the Legislative Council. In 1848 he was called to the cabinet of Sir Louis Lafontaine, and restored to the Speakership, a position which he continued to hold till 1853, when he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court, and afterwards of the Court of Queen's Bench. In 1859 he was appointed one of the commissioners for codifying the laws of Lower Canada, and when that duty was performed, returned to the ordinary routine of his judicial functions. A few weeks ago, on the resignation of Sir Narcisse Belleau, he was gazetted Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and on last Monday, the 17th inst., took the oath of office. From the preceding sketch it will be seen that Judge Caron is eminently fitted, by long parliamentary and political experience, to fill the gubernatorial duties.

## No. 116.—THE HON. ALEXANDER VIDAL.

A few weeks ago we presented our readers with a portrait and biography of the late Hon. Roderick Matheson. In this issue appears the portrait of his successor in the Senate, the Hon. Alexander Vidal, of Sarnia.

Mr. Vidal was born at East Hampstead, Berks, England, in 1819. He came to Canada in 1834 with his father, the late Captain R. E. Vidal, R. N., who selected Sarnia as his residence. Mr. Vidal practised as Provincial Land Surveyor, from 1843 till 1852, when he entered the service of the Bank of Upper Canada, as Manager of the Sarnia Branch. Upon the failure of that Bank, in 1866, the Bank of Montreal opened a branch in Sarnia, of which he was appointed manager; a position that he still holds. His political career commenced with his election, in 1863, as representative of the St. Clair Division in the late Legislative Council, of which he continued to be a member until the confederation of the Provinces in 1867. As the Senate was composed of only a limited number, several members of the Council, including Mr. Vidal, were necessarily dropped for the time being, to reassume their position as vacancies should occur. In his political views Mr. Vidal is a warm supporter of the present Dominion Government, and has twice contested the County of Lambton in its interest.

Speaking of Mr. Vidal's appointment to the Senate the *Sarnia Canadian* says: "In our last issue we alluded to the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Matheson, and urged the appointment of a western man to fill it, inasmuch as the whole western peninsula at this moment had but one resident representative in the Senate to look after its interests. Mr. Vidal's appointment is thus an act of justice towards the districts embraced in the territory alluded to, as well as an acknowledgment of his fitness to discharge the duties of the high position to which he is called by the Crown. His claims on the Government of the day were two-fold—personal and territorial. He has made many sacrifices for the men now in power. He was a member of the Upper House in the old Parliament of Canada, and had a right, according to the rule laid down by the Executive, to expect in due rotation, that his turn should come; but his friends had another reason to urge for his appointment—his residence in a district practically without a representative in the Senate—a district representing growing interests of vast importance, which should be fostered in our legislative halls. Of Mr. Vidal's fitness for the position there is no question. Even his political opponents acknowledge that he will make an honest, hard-working, and efficient representative."

## THE SCHOOLMISTRESSES AND GOVERNESSES OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Miss Twinkleton's Establishment for Young Ladies, at the "Nuns' House," in the quaint old Cathedral Town of Cloisterham, is a fair type of a considerable number of English private schools, hidden away in old-fashioned rural districts, where even the railway spider has not yet spun his mazy web.

"In a word, a city of another and a by-gone time is Cloisterham, with its hoarse Cathedral bell—its hoarse rooks hovering about the Cathedral town—and its fragments of old wall, Saints' Chapel, Chapter House, Convent and Monastery. All things in it are of the past, and in its midst stands the "Nuns' House," standing in its old court-yard, with a trim gate bearing a resplendent brass plate flashing forth the legend—

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES,  
MISS TWINKLETON."

The pet pupil of the Nuns' House is Miss Rosa Bud—of course called Rosebud, wonderfully pretty, wonderfully childish, and wonderfully whimsical. Although a mere child she is affianced by will to the hero, "Edwin Drood," who causes an universal flutter throughout the establishment when he calls periodically to see his intended, and has his prescribed interview in Miss Twinkleton's own parlour, "a dainty room," containing of course a terrestrial and celestial globe, intended to impress the minds of parents and guardians who may there be kept waiting of the deep character of Miss T.'s private studies, as she wanders over the earth and soars through the skies in search of knowledge for her pupils. During the interview Miss Twinkleton fails not to lay an offering on the shrine of Propriety by gracefully gliding in and out, and affecting to look for some desiderated article; as,

"How do you do, Mr. Drood, pray excuse me—tweezers—thank you."

The course of modern instruction does not make a favourable impression on the mind of the Rosebud, who confidentially informs her lover that she hates Arabs and Turks and Fellahs, and people—and especially the Pyramids.

"Ah!" she exclaims, "you should hear Miss Twinkleton bore about them! Tiresome old burying grounds, Isises and Ibises, and Cheopses and Pharaohses; and who cares about them? And then there was Belzoni or somebody dragged out by the legs, half-choked with bats and dust. All the girls say it served him right, and hope it hurt him, and wish he had been quite choked!"

So Rosa grew up in the Nuns' House to be an amiable, giddy, wilful, winning little creature, without much learning or ambition for it, till rumours reach the house one morning of a violent quarrel between young Drood and young Landless, which news mysteriously spread over the house in exaggerated and alarming proportions. The very air itself conveyed it through the old casement windows; it came in with the bread, and adulterated the milk, and perfumed the letters, and reached Miss Twinkleton "while yet in the act of dressing."

It was reserved for Miss Twinkleton to tone down the public mind of the Nuns' House. Entering therefore in a stately manner the 'Apartment allotted to Study,' and saying with a forensic air,

"Ladies!"

"All rose, the matronly deputy high priest, Mrs. Tisher, grouping herself behind her chief, as in support of her dignity. Miss Twinkleton then proceeded to remark that, "Rumour, ladies, had been represented by the Bard of Avon—needless were it to mention the immortal Shakespeare, also called the Swan of his native river—by that bard

Who drew  
The celebrated Jew'

"As painted full of tongues (Miss Ferdinand will honour me with her attention). A slight *fracas* between two young gentlemen occurring last night within a hundred miles of these peaceful walls, (Miss Ferdinand being apparently incorrigible will have the kindness to write out this evening in the original language the first four fables of our vivacious neighbour, M. La Fontaine) had been very grossly exaggerated by Rumour's Voice. (The impropriety of Miss Reynolds's appearing to stab herself in the hand with a pin, is far too obvious and too glaringly unladylike to be pointed out). Responsible enquiries having assured us that it was but one of those airy nothings pointed at by the poet (whose name and date of birth Miss Giggles will supply within half an hour) we would now discard the subject and concentrate our minds upon the grateful labours of the day."

The daily round of studies and exercises proceed until at last what used to be called "the half," but now as being more elegant and more collegiate is called the "term," is about to expire, and "Miss Twinkleton's Establishment is about to undergo a serene hush. A noticeable relaxation of discipline is one of the symptoms. Club suppers have occurred in the bed-rooms, and the daring Miss Ferdinand has surprised the company with a sprightly solo on the 'comb and curl paper' mouth organ, boxes began to appear in the bed-rooms. Largess, in the form of odds and ends of cold cream and pomatum and hair pins and fragments of ribands, was freely distributed amongst the housemaids, and the young ladies both retired and got up very early. At last on the day of departure, at noon, Miss Twinkleton held a 'drawing-room' in her own apartment, (the globes having been already covered with brown holland) and glasses of ginger-wine and plates of cut pound cake being displayed upon the table, Miss Twinkleton then said:

"Ladies, another revolving year has brought us to that festive season of the year when we pause in our studies. Let us hope our greatly advanced studies—and, like the mariner in his bark, the warrior in his tent, the captive in his dungeon, and the traveller in his various conveyances, we yearn for home. Did we say, in the opening words of Mr. Addison's impressive tragedy,

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day  
The great, th' important day!

Not so, from horizon to zenith all was *couleur de rose*, for all was roselodent of our relations and friends. Might we find them prospering as we expected, and might they find us prospering as they expected. Ladies! we would now, with our love to one another, wish one another good-by and happiness until we meet again."

The handmaidens in their best caps then hand the trays, the young ladies sip and crumble, and the bespoken coaches begin to choke the street. Leave-taking was not long about, and Miss Twinkleton in saluting each young lady's cheek confided to her an exceedingly neat letter, addressed to her next "friend at law," "with Miss Twinkleton's best compliments" in the corner, which she handed with an air as if it had not the least connection with the bill, but were something in the nature of a delicate and joyful surprise.

A very different picture is presented to us in "Our Mutual Friend" of a schoolmistress of another type and character, viz., Miss Peecher.

"Even among school-buildings, school teachers, and school pupils, all according to pattern, all engendered in the light of the Gospel according to monotony, the older pattern into which so many fortunes have been shaped for good comes out in Miss Peecher, the schoolmistress, watering her flowers in the little bit of dusty garden in front of her official residence, with little little windows like the eyes in needles and little doors like the covers of school books.

"Small, shining, neat, methodical and buxom was Miss Peecher, cherry-cheeked and tuneful of voice. A little pin-cushion, a little house-wife, a little work-box, a little book, and a little woman all in one.

"If Mr. Bradley Headstone, the schoolmaster, had addressed a written proposal of marriage to her she would probably have replied in a complete little essay on the subject, exactly a slate long, but would certainly have replied, Yes, for she loved him. The decent hair guard that went round his neck was an object of envy to her—so would she have gone round his neck and taken care of him—of him, insensible—because he did not love Miss Peecher.

"Miss Peecher is attended in her garden by her favourite pupil, who assists in her little household, and who sufficiently divined the state of Miss Peecher's affections to feel it necessary that she herself should love young Charley Hexam, his favourite pupil. So there was a double palpitation among the double stocks and double wall flowers when the master and boy looked over the little gate.

"The pupil had been in her state of pupillage so imbued with the class custom of stretching out an arm as if to hail a cab or an omnibus whenever she had an observation to make to Miss Peecher, that she often did it in their domestic relations, and she did it now.

"Well, Mary Anne?" said Miss Peecher.

"If you please, ma'am, Hexam said they were going to see his sister."

"Well, Mary Anne?"

"They say she is very handsome."

"O, Mary Anne, Mary Anne! (slightly colouring and shaking her head) how often have I told you not to speak in that general way. When you say *they* what do you mean? Part of speech they?"

"Mary Anne hooked her right arm behind her in the left hand, as being under examination, and replied:

"Personal pronoun."

"Person—they?"

"Third person."

"Number—they?"

"Plural number."

"Then how many do you mean, Mary Anne, two or more?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I don't know that I mean more than her brother himself says so."

"Now pray, Mary Anne, be careful another time. Difference between he says and they say, give it me."

"One is indicative mood, present tense, third person singular, verb active to say. Other is indicative mood, present tense, third person plural, verb active to say."

"Why verb active, Mary Anne?"

"Because it takes a pronoun after it in the objective case, Miss Peecher."

"Very good; don't forget to apply it another time."

"This said, Miss Peecher finished watering her flowers and took a refresher of the principal rivers and mountains in the world, their breadths, depths, and heights, before settling the measurement of the body of a dress for their own personal occupation."

"I wonder," said Miss Peecher, as she sat making up her weekly report on a half-holiday afternoon, 'what they call Hexam's sister?"

"Mary Anne at her needle-work, held her arm up."

"Well, Mary Anne?"

"She is named Lizzie, ma'am."

"She can hardly be named Lizzie, I think, Mary Anne," returned Miss Peecher in a tunefully instructive voice. "Is Lizzie a Christian name?"

"No, it is a corruption, Miss Peecher, of Eliza or Elizabeth."

"Right, Mary Anne. Speaking correctly, then, we say that Hexam's sister is called Lizzie, not that she is named so. And where does this young woman live, and what occupation does she pursue?"

"In Church street, Smith's Square, and she has a place of trust at an outfitter's in the city."

"Mr. Headstone coming across the garden," exclaimed Miss Peecher, with a flushed glance at the looking glass. "You have answered very well, Mary Anne. That will do."

"Good evening, Mr. Headstone. Mary Anne, a chair."

"Thank you," said Bradley. "As we leave my house empty, I called to ask you to allow me to leave the key with you."

"Certainly, Mr. Headstone. Going for an evening walk?"

"I am, by Mill Bank. Can I do anything for you, Miss Peecher?"

"No thank you, Mr. Headstone. I'll not trouble you."

"You couldn't trouble me," said the schoolmaster.

"Ah!" said the schoolmistress to herself, 'but you can trouble me.'

"And for all her quiet manner and her quite smile, she was full of trouble as he went his way."

As a piece of light comedy, the slight sketch of Mrs. Monfather's establishment in "The Old Curiosity Shop," is an agreeable relief.

"It was a large house, with a high wall, and a large garden gate with a large brass plate and a small grating through which Mrs. Monfather's parlour-maid inspected all visitors before admitting them—for nothing in the shape of a man, no,

not even a milkman—was suffered, without special license, to pass through that gate. Thence issue the young ladies "in a long file, two and two, all with open books in their hands and some with parasols likewise. Meeting Little Nell, the serene lady of the establishment halts her column and administers rebuke to the shrinking child.

"Don't you feel how naughty it is of you, said Miss Monlathers, 'to be a wax-work child when you might have the proud consciousness of assisting to the extent of your infant powers, the manufacturing interests of your country; of improving your mind by the constant contemplation of the steam engine, and of earning a comfortable and independent subsistence of from 2s. 9d. to 3s. per week? Don't you know that the harder you work the happier you are? and that your motto should be:—

In work, work, work, in work always  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last."

"Little Nell cried, and dropt her handkerchief, which a good-natured 'pupil teacher' picked up for her and handed to her, and for this was at once arrested by the governess and rebuked by the lady principal."

This young lady, being motherless and poor, was apprenticed at the school, taught (for nothing) teaching others what she learnt (for nothing), boarded (for nothing), lodged (for nothing), and set down and reared as immeasurably less than nothing—by all the dwellers in the house. The servant maids felt her inferiority, for they were better treated, free to come and go, and regarded in their stations with much more respect.

But because this poor pupil had a ready wit, and a handsome figure, whilst the rich baronet's daughter, who was the pride and glory of Miss Monlathers' establishment, was both dull and plain. Miss Monlathers was vexed and irritated with the poor pupil teacher every day, and for the breach of decorum in showing sympathy to the pretty wax-work girl, she was dismissed ignominiously from the walking party and ordered to keep her room during this indignant lady's displeasure.

"The procession filed off, two and two, with the books and parasols, and Miss Monlathers calling the baronet's daughter to walk with her and smooth her ruffled feelings, discarded the two teachers, and left them to bring up the rear, and hate each other a little more for being obliged to walk together."

Here we have three pictures, well drawn by the hand of a master, and full of character. The first a genial and rosy scene which (except the gentle satire at the high-faluting style of the worthy principal) presents a rose without thorns. The second shows how deeply human passion may lie under the artificial and case-hardening crust of mechanical school systems; and the last exhibits, in a graphic sketch, the evil example of irresponsible selfishness and Mammon Worship in so responsible a trust as that of the private Education of Youthful Womanhood.

"E."

## Our Illustrations.

THE SNOW LION, QUEBEC.

This very creditable achievement in snow-modelling is the handiwork of one of the pupils at the Laval University in Quebec.

A paper *apropos* of the illustration of the GUNNERY PRACTICE AT QUEBEC

will be found on another page.

We produce, in this issue, the first of a characteristic series of

QUEBEC SKETCHES,

which will be continued from time to time.

For a biography of

HON. E. R. CARON

see the preceding page.

H. M. S. "HIMALAYA" AT HALIFAX.

H. M. Troop-ship "Himalaya" arrived at Halifax on the 1st instant, after a very rough passage of twenty-nine days. She left Portsmouth on the 3rd January with a brigade of Royal Artillery, two detachments of Royal Engineers, a draft of the 60th Rifles, and a draft of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers—in all 1,430 souls on board. Her voyage from England was one series of disasters. Immediately after leaving Portsmouth she met with strong head winds, and was compelled to anchor in Yarmouth Roads. The following day she made another start, but was driven to seek shelter at Portland, where she remained until the 6th. On the 7th she got clear of Land's End. On the 8th a heavy sea struck her on the port side and carried away the cutter, severely injuring several of the guard. The sergeant had both legs fractured. The sea flooded the engine-room, and at one time it was feared that the ship would founder. On the 11th only 700 miles had been made, after eight days' steaming. On the 14th a serious accident occurred. A large hawser gave way, killing a boy five years old and seriously injuring three other children; one of whom had his back broken. The next day the tiller ropes were carried away. The second engineer repaired them at the risk of his life and was publicly thanked by the captain. On the 16th and 17th the ship rolled heavily, and at one time all on board expected to go to the bottom. The port life-boat was nearly lost, and the decks were so constantly washed by the waves that it was hard work to keep the ship clear of water. At this time there were on the sick list between twenty and thirty men who had been injured by the rolling and tossing of the ship. The best troop cutter was carried away. Very few of the seamen on board, says the log, had ever seen such severe weather. On the 19th the tiller-chains were again carried away; a sea struck the vessel on the port beam, carrying away the life-boat and cutter, and leaving the port side a complete wreck; the fore-storm-try-sail was torn away by the force of the wind, and the head-gear broken by the violence of the waves; the starboard cutter was stove in; and, to complete the list of the day's calamities, it was found that the vessel was forty-three miles further from Halifax than on the 16th. At this time there were only four small boats

on board with which to save all hands. On the 22nd the course was altered for St. John's, Newfoundland. On the 23rd a terrible gale set in. On the 25th the ship arrived at St. John's and remained there until the 29th, when she sailed for Halifax, and met with no further disaster. On the 6th instant the "Himalaya" proceeded to Bermuda, en route for England.

A biography of

THE HON. ALEXANDER VIDAL

will be found on the preceding page.

THE VISIT OF THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO AND THE MEMBERS OF THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE TO THE BELLEVILLE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

On Wednesday, the 29th ult., His Excellency W. P. Howland, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, accompanied by Captain E. G. Curtis, Private Secretary; Hon. A. McKellar, Commissioner of Public Works, with nearly fifty members of the Legislature and a number of ladies and gentlemen, visited Belleville for the purpose of visiting the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. They were met at the station by the Mayor and Warden and Members of the Town and County Councils, and other officials, and a large concourse of people, including the most prominent citizens, and a guard of honour composed of about thirty members of the Grand Trunk Rifles, in command of Captain Crowther. Addresses were presented by Thomas Holden, Esq., Mayor; Hon. Billa Flint, Warden, and Rev. A. Carman, President of the Albert University, to which His Excellency made suitable replies. The party were then driven in sleighs, through the town, to the Deaf and Dumb Institution. The town presented a holiday appearance, flags being displayed from the public buildings, as well as from many business houses and private residences. On their arrival at the Institution the distinguished visitors were received by the Principal, Dr. W. J. Palmer, and the officers of the Institution, and after partaking of a cold lunch were escorted to the chapel to witness an examination of the pupils. The Principal delivered a brief address of welcome, after which pupils from the several classes were examined by Professors Greene, Watson, McGann, and Coleman. Professor Greene, a deaf mute, described "Christ Stilling the Tempest," and recited Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" in the beautiful language of signs. After brief addresses by His Excellency and Hon. A. McKellar, and hearty cheers for the Lieut.-Governor, Mr. McKellar, the Legislature, and Dr. Palmer, the visitors returned to Belleville. They were entertained by an elegant dinner given by the Town, in Ontario Hall, at 6 o'clock. The Mayor presided, and after the usual toasts and a number of speeches the visitors returned to the station at 10 o'clock, and soon took their departure for Toronto. The Institution is in a prosperous condition. Although it has been established but little more than two years there are already 140 pupils in attendance, and as it is the intention of the Government to make the terms of admission more liberal it is probable that there will be at least two hundred children in attendance next term.

NAPOLEON III. AFTER DEATH.

The details of the lying in state of the late ex-Emperor are given by the *Times*: "The apartment in which the Emperor died is very small, and was chosen by the Emperor himself when he first came to Camden Place. The small tent bedstead stands in a corner, and beside it the lower narrower couch into which he was removed for the convenience of the surgeons. At the foot of this bed stood the purple velvet coffin, breast high, on two trestles. The Emperor lay with his hands crossed below his breast, dressed in blue tunic, gold sash, and red trousers, the *petite tenue* of a French General of Division. The broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honour crossed the body, and on the left breast was a row of medals and crosses. A small crucifix rested on the breast, and near the foot of the coffin was laid a large violet wreath centered with the letter N. in yellow immortelles. The face wore a tired, weary look. The thin grey hair of the moustache and imperial was smoothed naturally over the cheek and chin, while the upper part of the forehead was crossed by some greyish-brown locks."

THE CRITICS.

The *Art Journal*, from which this engraving is copied, says:—The painter this picture, Mlle. Henriette Browne, is one of the most distinguished female artists of the French school; she was born in Paris, and was a pupil of M. Chaplin, an eminent portrait-painter. In this branch of Art Mlle. Browne also excels; two or three of the portraits she exhibited in the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, were among the best and most attractive in the galleries; one, that of a lady, so rivetted our attention by its reality and exquisite feeling, that we found it difficult to move away from it. Many of our readers will doubtless remember her "Le Père Hyacinthe," in the Academy Exhibition of last year, and her "1870," and "During the War," in that of this year; the first an excellent example of the lady's portraiture, the last two of her subject-pictures, of which she has painted many; two of these, "The Village School" and the "Chorister Boy," cleaning, or, at least, pretending to clean, the silver plate used in his church, were hung last year in the French Gallery: both works received high commendation in our columns at the time. But the picture by which Henriette Browne is most widely known in our country is her "Sisters of Charity;" the painting was exhibited in the International Exhibition of 1862, in London, and, having since been engraved, the print has become very popular among us, and deservedly so, for the composition is characterised by great tenderness of feeling in all the individuals who are brought on the scene, and by the most truthful representation of every object associated with them. The artist appears always to make it a matter of conscience that every detail shall be a study, and every face a portrait. It has been truly remarked of the majority of her pictures that "tenderness, sympathy for suffering, and delicate intuition of the mind's subtle workings, are the rare qualities by which this painter's compositions obtain a strong hold on the human heart." And it requires no small amount of genius, tact, and practical skill to leave such an impression on the spectator of a work of Art. Nor can we disconnect these qualities altogether from the picture here engraved, simple and ordinary as the subject may be in comparison with the lady's "Sisters of Charity," and some others that might be adduced in evidence. It does not appear to us that the title of "Critics"—that by which it is known—is the most appropriate that could have been given to

it. The children, doubtless, are closely examining the dead game, but less with critical eyes as to the contemplated enjoyment of the feast when the hare and pheasant are placed on the dinner-table, or in admiration of the texture of skin and beauty of feathers, than, as it seems, in a kind of mournful contemplation of death—the glazed eyes and motionless bodies—so wonderful to children who *think*, yet are not able to realise, what death actually is, even to the animal world. But whatever the "motive" of the picture, a small canvass, the artist has succeeded in making it very attractive by the expressiveness thrown into the composition, and the care with which all is painted.

## Miscellaneous.

A Canadian Society is about to be formed at New Orleans.

It is noted as a strange coincidence that Napoleon III. died at Chislehurst at 10:15 a.m., which was precisely the hour when the great clock of the Tuilleries stopped after the Palace was set fire to by the Commune.

The lady to whom M. Rochefort was married under such tragic circumstances a couple of months ago, just before she received the last sacrament of the Church, has recovered her health, and is now able to walk about.

A German newspaper states that 3,000 recruits from Alsace and Lorraine have arrived at Berlin and Potsdam brimful of enthusiasm. Their parents tried to beg them off the conscription, but the boys wouldn't stand that on any terms.

A French optician has invented spectacles for animals as well as poultry. Many horses, he says, suffer from short-sightedness, and "we often observe fowls in poultry yards die suddenly, though shortly before in good condition. This is caused by a malady of the eyes; they no longer see their food, and succumb from inanition."

There is no army in Europe in which so many languages are spoken as in the Austrian army. The last annual return of military statistics in Austria show that every Austrian officer knows German, 2,618 officers speak Hungarian, 2,361 speak Polish, 3,991 Bohemian, 679 Ruthenian, 2,961 Croatian, Servian, and Slavonian, and 1,187 Roumanian. Further, 4,394 officers speak Italian, 3,658 French, 451 English, and 481 converse freely in Russian and Turkish.

The *Scotsman* estimates the total Catholic population of the United Kingdom at about 6,000,000, whose spiritual needs are attended to by nearly 2,900 priests. The Catholic peers in Great Britain and Ireland number thirty-three, including a duke, a marquis, seven earls, four viscounts, and twenty barons. Twenty-four of these are members of the House of Lords. There are also forty-eight Catholic baronets and thirty-six Catholics in the House of Commons.

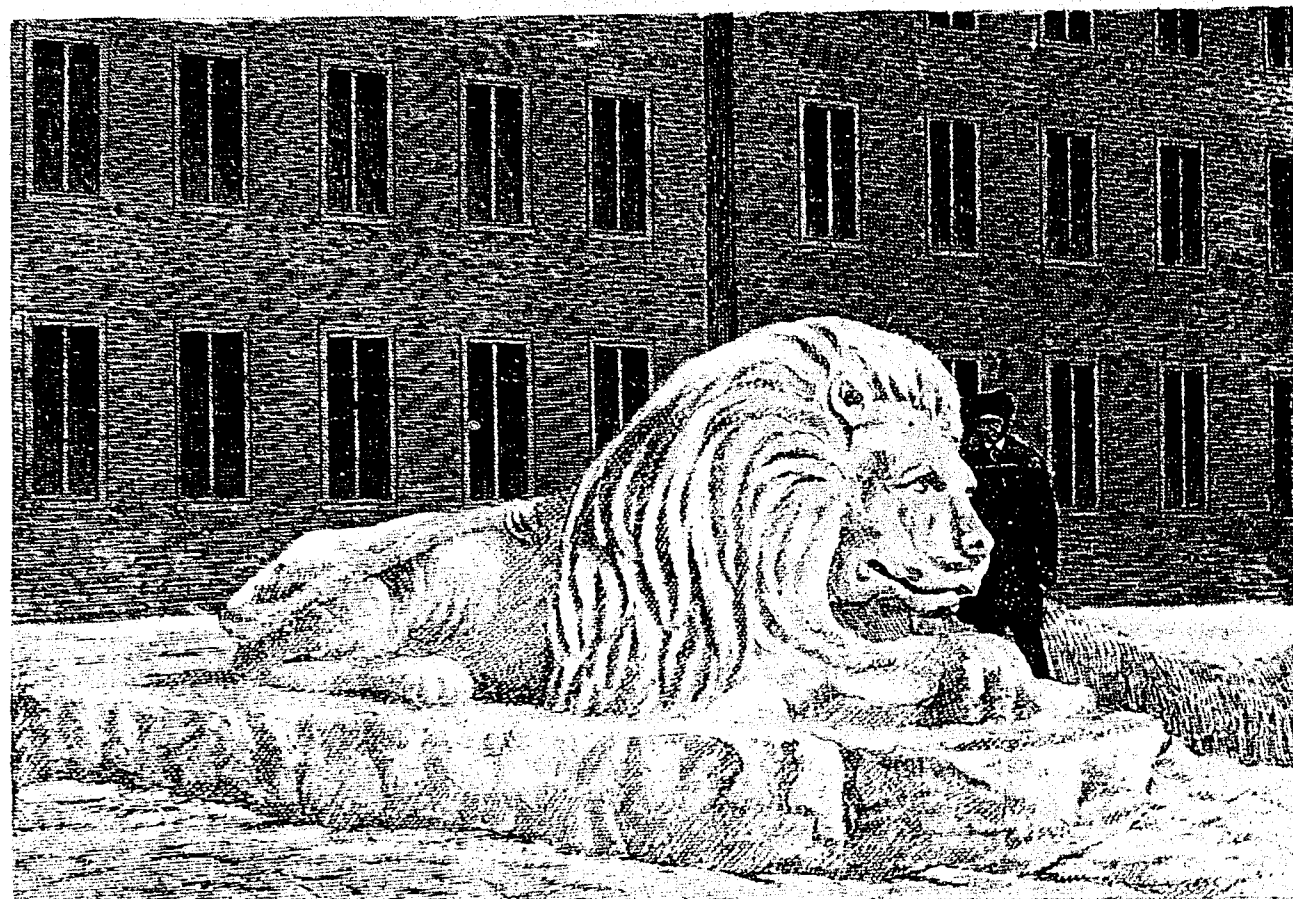
POLITICAL SITUATION AT BERLIN.—A Berlin correspondent writes:—An eminent politician with whom I was lately conversing upon the question of the day, summed up the whole embroglio curtly, thus:—"Things got into a precious mess, you see, during Bismarck's protracted absence from Berlin, as he foresaw they would. He has seized the opportunity to separate himself from a set of men who trammelled his action, and has left them *à se débrouiller comme ils le pourront*. When matters shall be at their worst, he will step in and set everything to rights, as if by enchantment. He is letting them feel that they can't get on without him. *Tout à tout!*"

A FIGHT WITH A SEAL.—The *North Sydney Herald* says:—"Last week Mr. Livingston, of Big Bras d'Or, observed on the lee a seal, playing near the water's edge. He at once started to secure the prize that he imagined almost within his grasp. But how visionary, often are worldly projects. The seal showed fight, and for an hour a sharp contest took place between it and Mr. L. As he would rush for the seal the latter would rush for him and bite most fiercely. At last Mr. Livingston, with torn and tattered garments, secured his scalp, and he now has the novel sight of a real white seal gamboling around his yard, petted by his children, and astonishing the neighbours."

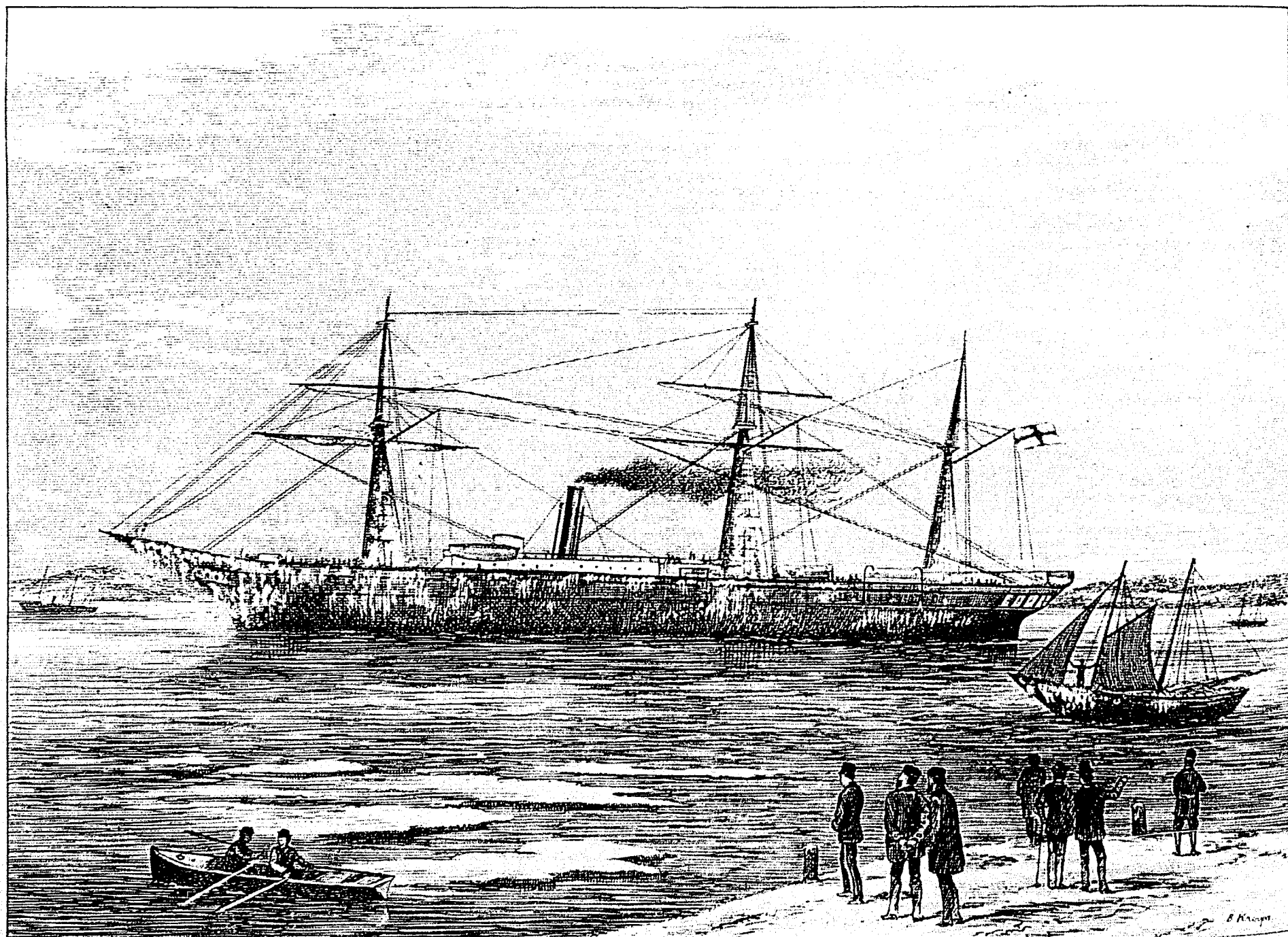
The invasion of France by the Germans has had a curious influence on the flora of the former country. A large number of foreign plants, chiefly from the South of Europe, the seeds of which were brought by the invading army along with forage and by other means, have sprung up in the neighbourhood of Paris, and established themselves either temporarily or permanently. Two French botanists have published a *Florula Obsidionalis*, or flora of the two sieges, including 190 species hitherto unknown to the district. Nearly the whole of them belong to families of plants employed for forage or other commissariat purposes. Misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bed (nursery bed) fellows.

A body of Royal Naval Volunteers has been formed in England. The force is to be raised at every port in the kingdom, and will serve in gunboats. The uniform adopted is that of the Royal Navy, the rank and file having the sailors' serge shirts, with the broad blue collars, complete even to the lanyard and knife; the men have cross-belts, cartridge-cases, and cutlasses, and are armed with the five-grooved Snider. The members of the London contingent are from the better classes of society—the yachting and boating men on the Thames. Some belong to the great centres of learning, one private is the son of an ex-Cabinet Minister, and the chief establishments in the city of London, as the Bank of England, the General Post Office, and the great assurance offices, supply the main body. The only officer of the force is Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P., who has taken the lead in the formation of the contingent, but in no other case, it is understood, will members look forward to holding commissions, as the commands will vest entirely in the hands of Royal Naval officers.

Some interesting statistics have been published relating to the winding up of the affairs of the disestablished Church of Ireland. On the 1st of January, 1871, there were 2,350 of the clergy. Of these 1,459 were incumbents and 921 curates. On the 1st of January, 1873, all the surviving clergy had commuted, except ninety, of whom seventy-three were incumbents and seventeen curates. Between thirty and forty incumbents, availing themselves of the 6th section of the Act, excluded their glebe houses and land from commutation. Of the seventy-three non-commuting incumbents, about twenty have their lands let to tenants. There were 519 Nonconformist ministers on the 1st of January, 1871, and all have commuted except thirty-five. The whole estimated property of the Church was sixteen millions, the compensation has amounted to about eleven millions, and it is expected that the adwosons will cost one million. The Treasury have advanced six millions to pay the compensation, and the Commissioners owe the Church Representative Body about four millions. It may be estimated that a surplus of about five millions will remain; but in order to realize it in a reasonable time and give full effect to the Church Act, it is suggested that it would be desirable to have a supplemental Act, in order to enable the Commissioners to sell the rent-charges, or convert them into annuities with liberty to redeem them.



QUEBEC.—THE SNOW LION IN THE COURTYARD OF LAVAL UNIVERSITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS & BIENVENU.



HALIFAX.—ARRIVAL OF H. M. TROOP SHIP "HIMALAYA."—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. R.



THE HON. ALEXANDER VIDAL, RECENTLY APPOINTED TO THE SENATE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. ELLIOTT, SARNIA.



BELLEVILLE, ONT.—ARRIVAL OF THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR AND MEMBERS OF THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE AT THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION, JAN. 29.  
FROM A SKETCH BY W. J. PALMER.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
MARCH 1st, 1873.

SUNDAY,	Feb. 23.—	Quinquagesima. Pepys born, 1632. Joanna Bailie died, 1851.
MONDAY,	" 24.—	St. Matthias, Ap. & M. Handel born, 1684. Quin born, 1693. Lord Clive born, 1726. Charles Lamb born, 1775. Keats died, 1821.
TUESDAY,	" 25.—	Shrove Tuesday. Wallenstein assassinated, 1634. Saint Foix born, 1703. Sir Christopher Wren died, 1723.
WEDNESDAY,	" 26.—	Ash Wednesday. Arago born, 1786. Victor Hugo born, 1802. Kombe died, 1823. Tom Moore died, 1852.
THURSDAY,	" 27.—	Evelyn died, 1706. Planché born, 1796. Longfellow born, 1807.
FRIDAY,	" 28.—	Montaigne born, 1533. George Buchanan died, 1882.
SATURDAY,	March 1.—	St. David. Rabelais died, 1553. The Germans entered Paris, 1871.

OUR CHROMO.

Owing to the large number of copies of the Chromo now being printed the delivery to subscribers has been unavoidably delayed. We are printing in three tints more than we originally intended, and are thus necessarily somewhat behind. The work is being proceeded with with the utmost diligence, and our subscribers may expect the delivery at an early date.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND  
MECHANICS MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS.

The undersigned has the honour to announce that he has been entrusted by the Honourable Commissioner of Patents for the Dominion of Canada, with the publication of the OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE PATENT OFFICE, to be illustrated by diagrams of all the patents susceptible of illustration. This Official Record will be published Monthly, and will be combined with letter-press and illustrations selected from the best English and foreign scientific papers, thus not only placing before the public of the Dominion the products of native genius and industry, but also keeping them posted on the progress of Science and Mechanics in other countries. Inventors will thus know in what direction to apply their ideas. Mechanics will note the advance in labour-saving appliances, and the improvement in tools. Manufacturers will be prevented from employing obsolete methods, while new machinery and modes of operation are in use elsewhere. Builders and contractors will know where to apply for all the latest productions in their line combining economy, beauty, and utility. Chemists and Druggists will be saved useless search for compounds already invented by others, and be told where to get the most recently discovered curative remedies and toilet requisites. Farmers will see every new agricultural implement illustrated and described. In a word there is not a scientific, industrial, mechanical, or commercial pursuit that will not be benefited by this publication. It is therefore expected that a very large circulation will take place among all classes, and the price is fixed correspondingly low.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE will be published once a month. The official portion will cover from 16 to 32 pages, comprising from 100 to 240 patent claims, specifications and diagrams. As the publication will commence with the patents issued under the new Act, which came into operation September 1st, 1872, the first four issues will contain 240 patents each, and each successive number will contain the patents issued during the preceding month.

The unofficial portion, or MECHANICS MAGAZINE, will give in each number 32 pages of carefully selected articles and items, gleaned from the very best foreign technical papers. Every branch of Engineering, Mechanics, and Manufactures will be treated, especially such as have a practical application in Canada. For instance, Railways, Shipbuilding, Lumbering, Mining, Architecture, Machinery, Cabinet-making, and the manufacture of Cloth, Linen, Cotton, Paper, Tobacco, and other articles of Home Industry. Practical Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Natural Philosophy, will also receive attention. Original articles will be contributed by distinguished Canadian scientists, engineers and manufacturers, and the whole will be profusely illustrated.

The subscription price of the CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE is fixed at ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, invariably in advance. Single numbers will be sold at 15 cents. Appropriate advertisements will be inserted at 10 cents per line for each insertion.

The first issue will be dated 1st March, 1873, and will be distributed about the 25th instant.

ADDRESS: GEORGE E. DESBARATS,  
PUBLISHER, MONTREAL.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

European nations no longer fight with standing armies, but the whole available population are in turn passed rapidly through the military mill, to be called forth on emergency. Such is the principle of Prussia. The comparatively small standing army of that country is a military school, in which, however, the teachers are permanent, almost for generations a military caste. England alone has not followed in the wake of the Continental nations for obvious reasons. Among others, India necessitates a long-service standing force being kept up at home for relief abroad. But ballot for the militia is the old law of England, and must be resorted to in her next great struggle. On this continent large standing armies

are neither necessary, desirable, nor possible. Our neighbours have a comparatively small standing army, and the rate of wages in new countries place such institutions simply out of the question. The United States have, however, at West Point a school for professional officers. How are those officers utilized in peace? Those of the scientific corps are employed on public works, railroads, canals, bridges, harbours, &c.

The United States infantry and mounted rifles (they have no gorgeous huzzars and tin-potted heavy dragoons), are for the most part employed in the Indian country, or in keeping down the seething South. Fortunately for us, we have no desperate Southern malcontents; as yet no hostile Indians. But we have a huge undertaking in the Pacific Railway. Can we expect to build it without depots for supplies, &c., which must be guarded? Let us, then, take a leaf from the book of our astute neighbours. We want no military loafers around our great towns. But now the British troops are withdrawn, we do want a nucleus, a pattern, a school of instruction for our militia. Our old military school system has done good work, but its day is past. In the schools only infantry drill was taught, not the science of war, as it is now understood, not even discipline. The mere barrack-square infantry drill has been wiped out by the changes in modern tactics evolved from the last great war. The Adjutant-General of Militia has done wisely in commencing with gunnery schools, but they require expansion and developments. Canada cannot afford separate educational establishments for all arms, like Woolwich and Shoeburyness for artillery, Chatham for engineers, a staff college at Sandhurst, a naval college and a gunnery ship. The training of the scientific corps, artillery and engineers, runs side by side, and at Woolwich they follow the same curriculum of study, which covers all the subjects taught at the staff college, including strategy tactics, military surveying and fortification. At West Point the officers for all arms are taught together, the best are allowed to select the engineers and artillery, and they have, wisely, a greater number of trained officers than are required for their small establishment of regular troops, but these are not allowed to rust, or serve as idle "cavaliers des dames." The most scientific are employed on public works. We have huge public works on hand, the engineering of which, to some extent, is confided to foreigners, who may or may not use the knowledge they thus acquire of our country to the advantage of our possible, if not probable, enemies. The Royal Engineers are at present surveying our North-West boundary. A few of our best officers, non-commissioned officers and men from our gunnery schools might be attached to the boundary survey, a few to the Pacific railway staff, to form, when the Royal Engineers leave our shores, the nucleus of the future Canadian Staff Corps, thus acquiring a perfect knowledge of our country and that practical scientific engineering skill in peace, which their previous military training would render invaluable in war.

Our artillery schools, by having attached to them a small regular force of all arms, would serve the double purpose of practical training as well as being a nucleus for the militia in emergency—not solely a garrison of infantry soldiers with too much time on their hands. We know who is the proverbial employer of idle hands. The Canadian team at Wimbledon have proved how the militia system of this country produces good shooting. Add to this intelligent skirmishing and discipline under officers trained to the science of war, and you have infantry, the great back-bone of an army! Cavalry requires a little longer training, not altogether of the riding-school sort. The excitement of national danger would bring forth a numerous volunteer infantry, but no amount of excitement will produce scientific officers at short notice, and wars in these days are affairs of weeks. We might thus improve on West Point, which is, after all, a mere theoretical school, by giving our schools the practical character of the Prussian army. But we have no conscription to fill our schools, and the ballot is unpopular with the believers of the Washington Treaty millennium. Therefore we must offer inducements of employment in public works, land grants in Manitoba and the Saskatchewan to the better class of officers, non-commissioned officers and men, at the expiration of a limited service. Military posts in those territories would be a prevention of irregularities better than the violent cure we may be driven to.

We have an artillery school at Kingston and another at Quebec; why not one at Montreal, the great commercial centre of the Dominion, where there is a large force of volunteers to avail themselves of systematic military training? It is rumoured we are to have no camps of exercise next year, and the money so saved in the Province of Quebec might well be devoted to the formation of an artillery school at Montreal of such a character as to afford the higher military instruction common to all arms.

(Written for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.)

GOSSIPS ON POPULAR SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

NO. IV.—WATERPOUTS, WHIRLWINDS AND HURRICANES.

"Deep calleth unto deep at the noise  
Of Thy waterspouts."

PSALM 42, VER. 7.

"— forth pushed with whirlwind sound  
The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
Flashing thick flames."

PARADISE LOST—VI. 749.

"— I have bedimm'd  
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,

And twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war."

Of the different atmospheric phenomena, none is more curious than the waterspouts. That they cause small whirlwinds there seems no reason to doubt.

That able seaman and hydrographer, Horsburgh, gives the following description of what he says are called whirlwinds on shore and waterspouts at sea:

"When a whirlwind, or waterspout, is observed forming at a small distance, a cone may be perceived to descend from a dense cloud in the form of a trumpet with the small end downwards: at the same time the surface of the sea under it ascends a little way in the form of steam, or white vapour, from the centre of which a small cone, proceeding upwards, unites with that projected from the cloud; and then the waterspout is completely formed. Frequently, however, the acting cause is not adequate for this purpose; and in that case, after the waterspout is partly formed, it soon proceeds to disperse."

When a whirlwind happens on land, all the light substances are carried up in a spiral motion by it—sometimes it strips the trees of their leaves, and the light coverings, or roofs, of out-houses and sheds it carries up a considerable way into the atmosphere.

Bruce, the African traveller, narrates how he was surprised and terrified at Waadi-el-Haloub by one of the most magnificent sights in the world, a large number of pillars of sand at different distances, at times moving with great celerity, at others stalking on with majestic slowness; again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds.

Captain Grant, of the Bombay Engineers, has written a very curious paper on the subject which will be found in the second volume of *Engineer Professional Papers*; he states in this paper that "the small whirlwinds of India frequently assume the appearance of a large and lofty pillar of sand moving at a steady pace across the plains; sucking everything of small weight into the vortex, and thus sweep along for miles, being evidently acted upon by two distinct forces, a spiral motion round their own axis, and a progressive or linear impulse."

We find the following in a memorandum, written by Mr. Ainsworth, who kept the meteorological journal on board the steamboat "Tigris," which was sunk in a sudden storm on the River Euphrates, on the 21st of May, 1836, in some respects bears a resemblance to the waterspout and the moving columns of sands referred to.

"It was a fine afternoon, only a few clouds cumuli and cirrostrati in the horizon; a light breeze from the east-north-east; the sun about two hours past the meridian, when a dense black cloud was first observed moving across the wilderness from the west-south-west, and in the teeth of the wind. As it approached, it was found to consist, in its base, of red-coloured masses of dust, which succeeded one another rapidly; breasting the wind in their onward progress, and rising till they were received into the bosom of an overhanging cloud, from which these columns of dust were again precipitated with great force and rapidity, accompanied with violent rain."

Smaller whirlwinds are not of uninfrequent occurrence in North America, and we believe that marks have been traced on freshly fallen snow, which it is difficult to attribute to any other cause than to similar gyrations with those which sometimes mark the smooth surface of the sea.

In the "Philosophical Transactions" Captain Tillard has described lightning as darting from the crater, on Sabrina Island, during the eruption, whilst a great number of waterspouts were forming between the sea and the impending cloud. Many of the descriptions of these whirlwinds speak of a visible flame attending them, and occasionally a remarkable noise, which have induced some philosophers to think their origin is electrical.

From an article on "Æolian Researches" in the *Nautical Magazine* for 1841, we quote the following:

"Sometimes towards that side of the horizon from which the storm comes, is first seen something like a cloud blazing in the most astonishing manner; and some of these hurricanes and whirlwinds have appeared so terrific as to convey the idea that the entire atmosphere and sea was in one tremendous blaze."

Another writer describing a storm says:—"The sea was agitated throughout, and the most astonishing and terrifying circumstance was that the sky became surprisingly red, although the sun was at its zenith. Signs of a tempest were recognized in these appearances, and the storm came as it had been foreseen,—towards night the violence of the wind increased until it attained the proportions of an awful hurricane. The whole atmosphere, the sky and the sea in their wrath seemed but one mass of fire."

In Æschylus the fire and sea are said to "swear together," and to give each other their "pledge of confederacy" against the Grecian army. The dramatists and poets, as we shall see in the following quotations, exhibit the narrow limit of painting, as compared with the boundless power of poetry: painting cannot go beyond a certain point; poetry rejects all control, all confinement. The one a sublime feeling of the unimaginable for a mere image.

In Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book 1, 76, we find

"o'erwhelm'd  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire!"

And again in Book 2, 180.

"Caught in a Fiery Tempest shall be hurl'd  
Knech on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey  
Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean."

In Shakespeare's King John, we have

"— the elements  
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering shock  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven."

What would not our great dramatist have made out of such scenes had he obtained the knowledge of waterspouts and walking sand-pillars to add to his

"Antros vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven;  
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders!"

In order to give some idea of the force and destructive power of a hurricane, we have taken from the Annual Register for 1870, p. 297, the following account of a hurricane which occurred at St. Eustatia, West Indies, on the 10th of October: "In the night every house to the northward and southward was blown down or washed away with the inhabitants into the

sea, a few only escaping. Seven ships were driven on shore near North Point and dashed to pieces on the rocks, and their crews perished."

Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Miranda a sentence which at once expresses the violence and fury of the storm, such as it might appear to a witness on the land, and at the same time displays the tenderness of her feeling—the exquisite feelings of a girl brought up in a desert, but with all the advantages of education, all that could be communicated by a wise and affectionate father.

Miranda exclaims,

"O! I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces,"

She proceeds:—

"O! the cry did knock  
Against my very heart. Poor souls they perish'd."

Alas! how many poor souls have perished through tempests, cyclones, hurricanes, whirlwinds and storms!! If their cries could but have knocked against the hearts of all "Ministers of Marine," Ship-owners, Chambers of Commerce, Marine Insurance Agents, Underwriters, and all others interested in shipping, would they not take greater interest than they now do in Telegraphic Meteorology? Would they not then upon the score of compassion—if not upon that of self-interest—maintain an observatory or observatories, daily receiving from all points of a wide extent of territory like that which embraces this continent, washed by the Pacific and Atlantic oceans,—telegrams stating the conditions of the weather, and giving forecasts of the probable state of the weather on the ensuing day?

Ought they not to do all in their power to maintain a staff of efficient and trustworthy observers to investigate the laws of storms, and hurricanes, such as occurred in 1780, at Martinique, when 5,000 people lost their lives?

Ought not some of the youths at our Universities and Colleges—the future statesmen of the Dominion—to be taught every science in regard to the works of Nature, or of the author of Nature? Ought they not to know something of those natural forces, those material agents, those movements of the atmosphere or great commotions of the air, that concern the lives and properties of our people? Again, something about the clouds above calling, as it were, to the waters below, and one wave encouraging and exciting another to join their forces, and overwhelm the shipwrecked mariner and immigrant?

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

MR. SPROUTS, HIS OPINIONS.

JOSEF VISITS THE "COSMOPOLITAN DEBATING SOCIETY;"—A VERY INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE DEBATE.

Calling the other day upon my old friend "Sprouts," whom I had not seen for some time, I was somewhat startled by his rushing up to me in a state of considerable excitement and requesting that I would immediately give him the name of the "nobbist lawyer as I knowed of." Now, although it can hardly be said that lawyers are not sufficiently plentiful in this favoured city of ours, I was hardly able on the spur of the moment to name a practitioner who would answer my friend's definition, because those gentlemen of the long robe with whom I have the honour to be personally acquainted rather tended to *sediness* than *nobbiness*, at least so far as their personal appearance was concerned. However after due consideration I gave Mr. Sprouts the name of one of our most eminent counsel, and at the same time expressed my hope that he had not got into any unpleasant legal difficulties.

"Not by no means," he replied; "in fact I think I shall make somethin' handsome out of it. I'll tell you how it is. You sees me and Betsy was a walkin' along Jameses Street wen Betsy she steps on some ice and comes down flop. Of course since she's gone into Society Betsy's become werry delicate in her sensibilities, so she squeals out and goes off into highstericks; so I calls a sleigh and drives her 'ome and sends for the doctor—medikle hattendant Betsy calls 'im. He ain't one of these new-fashioned coves wot don't believe in stimilants, so he hadministers Sally Wollatilly and Hot Viskey hinternally, and Betsy she soon comes round.

"Then the medikle hattendant, he says that if it hadn't been for her Grecian Bender as she might 'ave hinjured herself hinternally, and that the Corporation was liable for not keepin' the sidewalks in horder; so like the Merikins the other day I'm a goin' to sue for 'hindirect dammidges."

I expressed my hope that he would be more fortunate than our transatlantic brethren had been in the prosecution of their claims, and was about to take my leave when Mrs. Sprouts entered gorgeously attired for her afternoon drive. Since I last saw her she had assumed that indispensable adjunct of high fashion, an eye-glass, and anything more supremely ludicrous than the contortions which her good-humoured and rather rubicund countenance underwent in her abortive efforts to get the glass firmly fixed on her optic orbit, I never had the pleasure of witnessing. Mr. Sprouts watched her struggles with undisguised anxiety—'last he exclaimed:

"Look here, old gal, if you don't drop that blessed old quizzin' glass, blowed if you won't get a fit of appleplex or somethin'."

"Josef," returned Mrs. Sprouts with much dignity, "I'm surprized at you; don't you know as heyce-glass is all the go now in fash'nable cercles; Lord Dufferin wears one 'imself, and you ought to do the same. Mr. De Boots," she continued, turning to me, "I wish you would persuade Mr. Sprouts to put 'imself more forward. Wy, wen the Governor was here Josef never assumed his proper persition, and the consequence was we wasn't hinvited to none of the dinners."

"Wot next," growled Mr. Sprouts, with much asperity; "do you think becous the Governor 'appens to be a pleasant, haffable sort of cove, as he wants a lot of fellers always a danglin' at his 'eels and a borin' his life out like some of the fellers here have been a doin'—blessed if I didn't feel ashamed of some of 'em. No, no, old woman. I've a werry great respect and halmiration for Lord Dufferin, but I ain't a goin' to force myself upon 'im, and means to wait till I'm invited; and I think it's a werry great pity as some others as I could name ain't of the same opinon. But where are you a goin' to,

old lady, that you're got hup such a swell?" "Oh," returned Mrs. Sprouts, bridling, "I'm a goin' for a drive with Mr. De Courcy Belleville." Mr. Sprouts' expressive countenance became overcast. "Look 'ere, Betsy," he exclaimed, "I don't like your drivin' about with these young swells, it ain't proper; wy don't you wait a little while and I'll go with you myself." "Nonsense, Josef," Mrs. Sprouts replied, "it ain't the thinz to drive about with one's 'usband, nobody in society ever does, and Mr. DeCourcy Belleville's a werry nice young man—he's a notery, wich is a highly genteel perfession, and he visits at all the best 'ouses, and I ain't a goin' to listen to hany rubbish of that sort," saying which Mrs. Sprouts swept out of the room with an air of injured innocence. Mr. Sprouts stood scratching his head with an appearance of much perplexity for some moments, and then said, "I'm blest if I can hunderstand some of these games that society's hup to; here's no end of fash'nable married women in this here city as always has two or three of these young fellers perpetooally a scootin' about after them like so many lap-dogs, and their 'usbands don't seem to be of no account except to pay the bills; it may be all werry hinnocent and proper, but it don't look nice, and I ain't a goin' to stand it. But look 'ere, old fellow," he continued, brightening up, "I've got a hinvitation to the 'Cosmopolertan Debatin' Society' to-night, and I'd like you to go along with me." I expressed the pleasure it would give me to accompany Mr. Sprouts, and accordingly called on him at eight o'clock that evening, and we wended our way together to the place of meeting.

The "Cosmopolitan Debating Society" has been established in Montreal for several years, and is remarkable no less for the eloquence of its members than for the lucidity and terseness of their speeches. Unlike many other debating societies, they never make long speeches without head or tail, beginning, end or middle; they never wonder away from the subject and mistake personal abuse for convincing argument. No, they are lucid and argumentative, calm and dispassionate, free from prejudice, and open to conviction; these are startling assertions, but I think they will be fully borne out by the report of the debate at which Mr. Sprouts and myself had the privilege of being present.

Arrived at the spacious hall in which the debate was to be held, my distinguished companion was received by the President and members with that impressive cordiality perfectly free from obtrusiveness or toadyism, for which Montreal is so remarkable and which has been so strikingly evinced in the case of certain other eminent personages who have lately visited our capital. The ceremony of introduction over, the President, Monsieur Jean Baptiste Longtoe, took his seat and opened the business of the evening in the following address.

To be continued.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

"NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."—Where did this saying originate?

"AS GREAT AS KING BEE"—May not this be simply another form of "as great as can be—Americanized, as great as kin be?"

13. SAINT CHARITY is found in the Martyrology on the first of August; "Romæ passio sanctarum Virginum Fidei, Spei, et Charitatis quæ sub Hadriano principe martyrie Coronam adeptæ sunt." Spenser mentions her in Eclogue V. 225.

13. DUP.—To *dup* is to *do up*, as to *don* is to *doff* or to *do off*. Thus in Damon and Pythias, 1582:—"The porters are drunk, will they not dup the gate to-day?" The phrase probably had its origin from doing up or lifting the latch. In the old cant language, to "dup the gyger" was to open the door. See Harman's Caveat for Cursetors, 1575.

ST. FILLAN'S QUIGRICH.—In the *Canadian Illustrated News* for January 25th, a correspondent wishes to know where the head of St. Fillan's crosier, called the *Quigrich*, is now. I remember seeing it stated in the papers that the relic referred to, was used at the consecration of a certain bishop (Walsh I think), in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. The same was used by the Abbot who was, what I may term, the Chaplain to the Scottish forces, when he officiated immediately before the famous battle of Bannockburn. If your correspondent does not receive an answer to his query through the *News*, I would recommend him to write to Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, on the subject.

DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Sir Bernard Burke has settled the question as to the date of the birth by the first Duke of Wellington, in the recently published book by Ulster King of Arms—*The rise of Great Families*. Sir Bernard quotes *Eschaw's* (Dublin) *Magazine* for May, 1769: "April 29, the Countess of Mornington, a son." The parish register of St. Peter's Dublin, contains the entry of Arthur Wellesley's baptism—Sunday, 30th of April, 1769. It is authenticated by Archdeacon Manns. On the same day the apothecary in Dawson Street supplied the medicines, the record of which in his day-book was shown at the Dublin Exhibition. Sir Bernard further proves that Arthur, Duke of Wellington, was born at No. 24 Upper Merrion Street, Dublin—now the office of the Commissioners of Church Temporalities.

DRINKING CUSTOMS OF THE IRISH COURT.—Perhaps one of the most curious customs of this period of the Viceroyal Court was that of the lord-lieutenant directing his stewards to conduct his guests to the "wine cellar" after six toasts had been given. This custom was of very old standing, and can be traced as far back as the time of the great Duke of Ormonde. In "the Carto papers," at Oxford, there is an amusing reference to it:—"Among the remains of old English and Irish hospitality, it was a custom in Parliament time for the members to go down into the lord-lieutenant's cellar where each man, with a glass in his hand, tasted what hogsheds he pleased. Some being thus drinking in the cellar, and dwelling longer on the wine than usual, sent up to the Duke of Ormonde, asking him to order them chairs, but he returned for answer, 'that

he could not encourage any gentleman's drinking longer than he could stand."—*Court Journal*.

"THE FIVE ALLS."—The Five Alls was at one time a very common tavern-sign in England. It consisted of five human figures, each accompanied by a motto. The first was a king, in full regalia, with the legend, "I govern all;" the second, a bishop in pontificals, with the motto, "I pray for all;" the third, a lawyer in his gown, with the motto, "I plead for all;" the fourth, a soldier in regimentals, with the motto, "I fight all;" and the fifth a poor countryman with scythe and rake—the motto, "I pay for all."

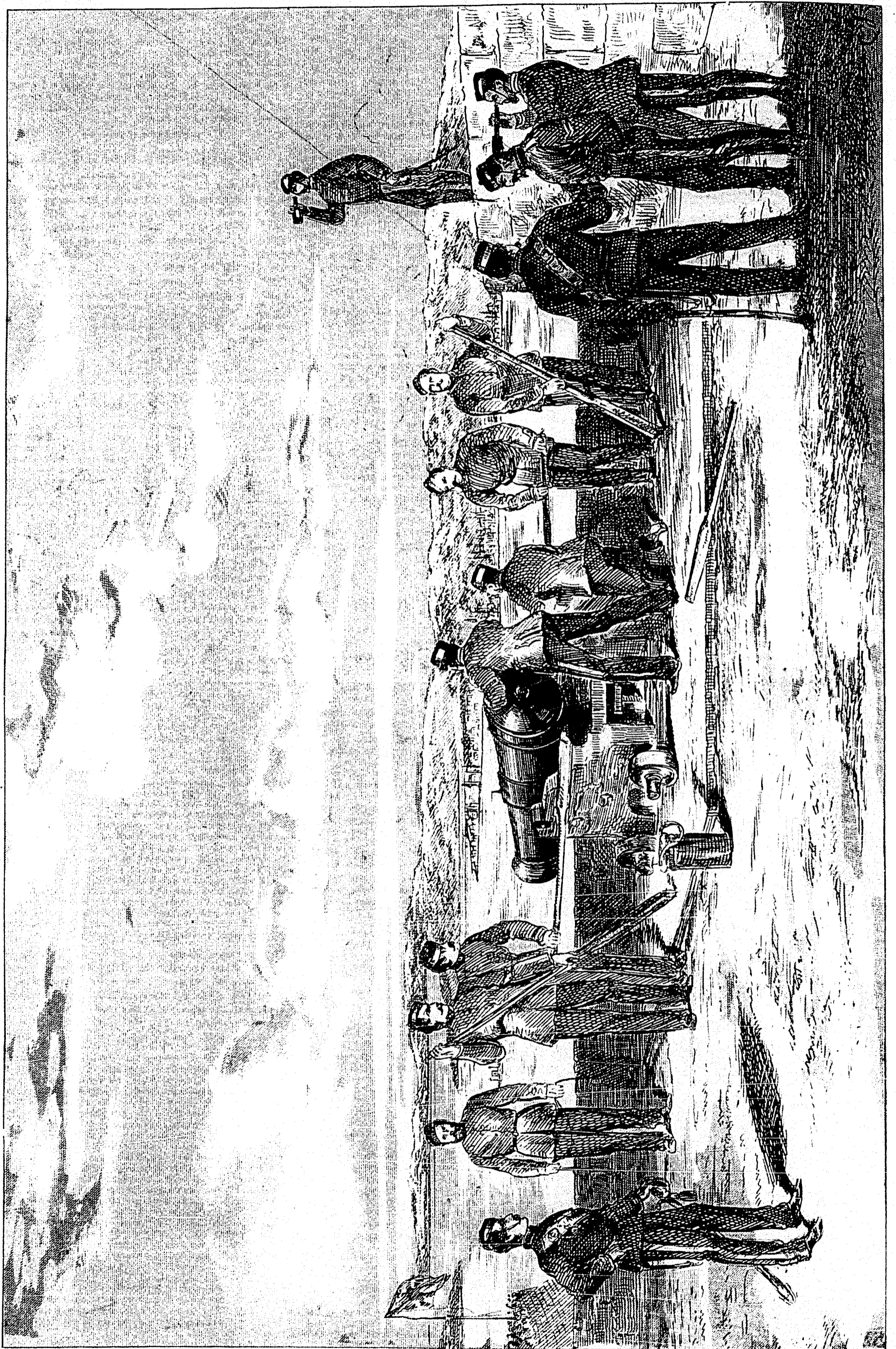
Notes and Comments.

We learn says the editor of *Land and Water*, on authority which we have usually found correct, that among the ministerial measures to be brought forward next session will be a bill for abolishing the custom of primogeniture, or in other words, for assimilating the law of intestacy with respect to real property to that which in similar cases prevails in regard to personal estates. We conjecture that at the same time efforts will be made to simplify the present cumbrous legal processes connected with the transfer of land; and while we reserve our remarks on both these questions for future discussion, we think we shall interest our readers if we call their attention to the observations made by the Prime Minister when Mr. Fowler moved to rescind the practice of entail on the 9th of April last year. "First of all, as to that branch of the question which relates to the transfer of land, and secondly as to that which relates to the succession to the land in cases where the succession follows the course of the law, and is not determined by the will of the testator, . . . I venture to submit with some confidence to the House that on these two subjects we are already in arrear, and that it is most expedient to hasten forward our deliberations upon them. . . . There is the question of the transfer of land, on which, as far as principle is concerned, unanimity of opinion prevails in this House. . . . Then there is the question of intestate successions to land. Upon that important matter the Government are unde. specific pledges to the House to deal with the subject, and they greatly regret that they have not been able to fulfil the expectations which were raised in reference to it. . . . I think it almost necessary, for the credit of the Government and of the House, that we should proceed with a bill on these subjects, and make some progress with them."

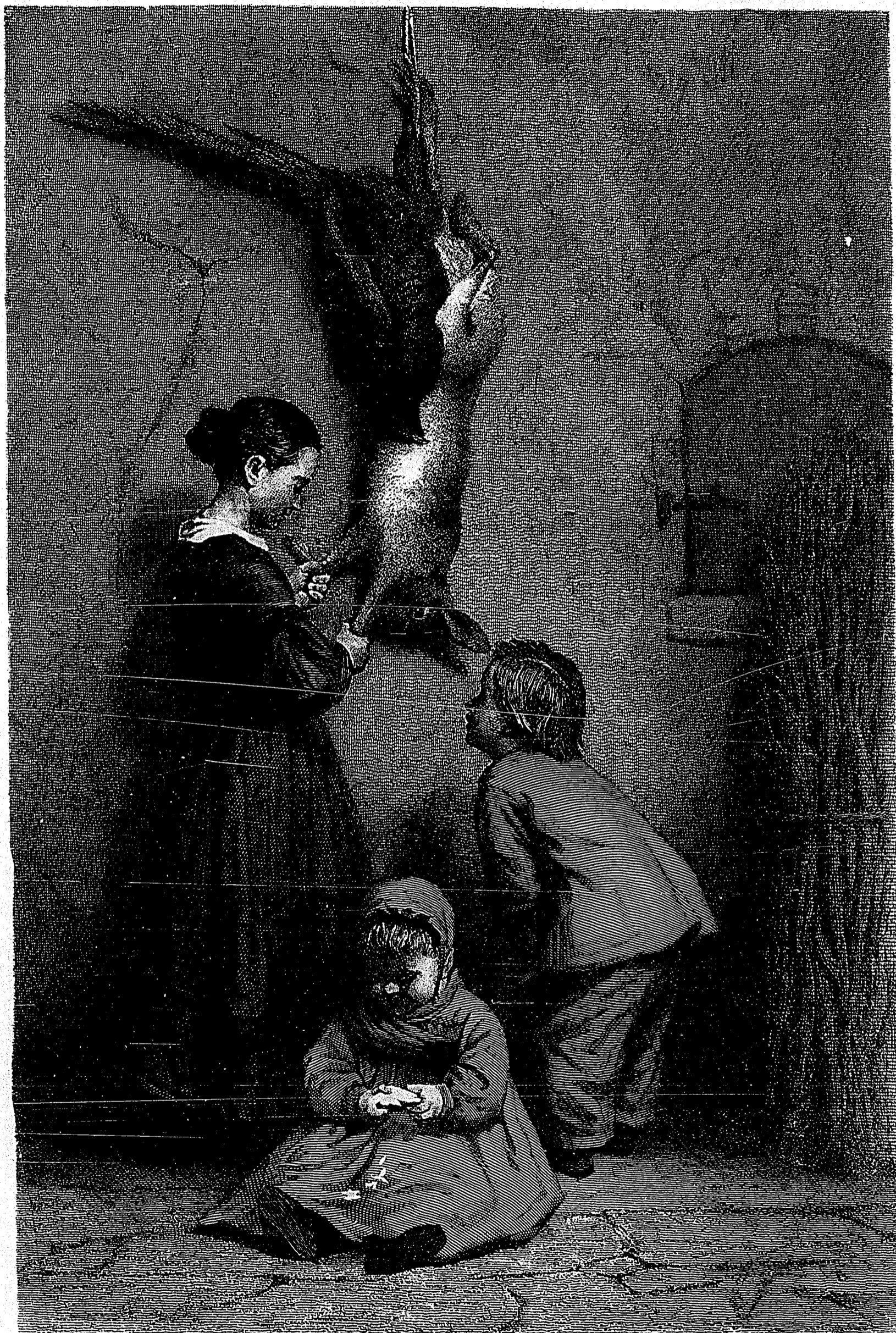
Lord Bury lately read a paper on the Treaty of Washington in the theatre of the Society of Arts, before the members of the Colonial Institute. The Duke of Manchester presided. Lord Bury contended that the interests of the Canadians had been sacrificed to the necessities of Imperial policy, first in the withdrawal of the claims for compensation arising out of the Fenian raids, and next on the fisheries question. His Lordship said he could not regard otherwise than with the highest admiration their cheerful acceptance of the heavy burden which was imposed upon them by our joint nationality. Lord Bury, in reference to the San Juan difficulty, said that while it was impossible to impugn the award given by the Emperor of Germany, still it constituted another very heavy item in the loss which had to be borne by the Canadians. Various advantages were, however, supposed to result from the treaty, but there were many who were of opinion that the policy which we had pursued might be more likely to produce further demands from the United States than to promote a good understanding between the two countries in the future. It had been abundantly proved that the traditions of American diplomacy in such cases had been invariably to refuse redress and to assert to the fullest extent the rights of neutral commerce. Yet the new rules imposed upon neutral commerce restrictions never heard of before, and, in fact, placed neutrals in such a position that either a great portion of their trade would be crippled, or that they would unavoidably incur heavy damages to one or other of the belligerents. That was a position which had hitherto been strongly repudiated by the Americans, and it was difficult to believe that the propositions inserted by them when they were belligerents would appear to them to be so just when applied against themselves as neutrals. A brief discussion followed the reading of the paper, and the discussion was adjourned.

There are some things too sacred for public display, and among them may be classed the art and mystery of "getting up" a newspaper. It is announced, however, in a letter from Vienna, that at the International Exhibition now being organized in that city, one of the great sights is to be the interior of a newspaper office, with editor, writers, reporters, printers, and publishers at work, just as in ordinary life. The industrious journalists are to be shown in a huge glass building, like bees in a transparent hive. The editor will be seen giving out subjects, revising articles, and exemplifying, with waste-paper basket at hand, the well-known rule in respect to rejected communications. Writers will be on view at work of the most varied kind; some at leaders, others at reviews; and a few even (if the character of Austrian journalism is to be rigorously maintained) at the incubation of canards. To complete the picture, a certain number of importunate visitors, anxious to obtain "favourable notices" or to reply to just but unpalatable criticisms, should be allowed to appear. It is to be hoped that the literary performers will be well up in their parts; that the editors will wear a becomingly grave aspect, and that the writers will not be seen pausing for lack of inspiration, or refreshing their memories too frequently by turning to books of reference. Cobbett once expressed a desire to bring all the journals of London together on Kennington Common, that newspaper readers might see by what sort of men they allowed themselves to be influenced. The writers of the *Neve Frie Presse* had probably never heard of Cobbett's amusing but not very intelligent sneer. They, at all events, are the heroic gentlemen who, with a love of publicity which proves that their hearts are in their profession, propose during the forthcoming Vienna Exhibition to do their literary and journalistic work in presence of as many sightseers as can be got together from all parts of the world.





QUEBEC — FIRST ANNUAL PRACTICE OF B. BATTERY, SCHOOL OF GUNNERY — AIMING FOR THE FIRST SHOT — FROM A SKETCH BY A. W. MOORE.



"THE CRITICS."—FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRIETTE BROWNE.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## SONNET.

Who much hath suffered, nor hath pity learned  
For pain and sorrow, hath a heart of stone;  
For 'tis in suffering that the soul is turned  
To the All-pitiful, to whom are known  
All griefs. For us He bore them all, alone.  
A very "Man of Sorrows." Oh! how sweet  
His kindness who, with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did pray for those who the dread deed had done.  
"Father, forgive them;" and, in all His pain,  
Was not unmindful of a mother's breast,  
On which a cherished infant He had lain;  
And made the dying penitent His guest.  
Ah me! how often is the story told!  
And yet how many hearts are hard and cold!

JOHN READE.

## ALEXANDRE DUMAS'S "GRAND DICTIONNAIRE DE CUISINE."

Alexandre Dumas was a *belle fourchette* as well as an indefatigable writer, and therefore it is not astonishing that he should have kept a promise often made, and have written a cookery book ere his busy brain quite gave way. That his work was not brought out sooner was owing to a variety of accidents and to the fact that M. Vuillemot was charged with its correction. M. Vuillemot keeps "La Tête Noire" at St. Cloud, which was destroyed during the siege of Paris. He has since then run up a temporary hotel and even invented a new soup which he calls after his own name, so that his time has been much occupied, and he must be excused. The preface of the work in the shape of a letter from the author to M. Jules Janin is alive with gastronomical anecdotes, from the creation of the first man, who must have been nourished by a cow! the eating of the apple, Esau selling his birthright, the feast of Balthazar, and the orgies of the Roman Emperors, down to the latest suppers at the Café Anglais and the Maison Dorée before the German war. The end of this sparkling letter is tinged with sadness; the writer has lost his appetite and his fortune, and after working for fifteen years at the rate of three volumes a month he finds his imagination enervated, his head racked with pain, and, if without debts, he is completely without money, and sadly in want of repose and amusement. It was under these circumstances that he wrote his dictionary in a small village on the rude coast of Brittany, and had still spirits enough to string together a variety of amusing anecdotes, to a few of which we will refer.

Béquet was an incorrigible *viveur* as well as a wit, and one day his father, bitterly reproaching him with his vices, said that they would soon bring him to the grave. "I am thirty years older than you are," he added, "and you will die before me." "Of a truth, sir," answered the son, "you have always disagreeable things to say to me." On the day his father died Béquet went as usual to dine at the Café de Paris, and asked the waiter if *bordeaux* was mourning.

Napoleon, he says, who, like Byron, was haunted with the idea that he would get too stout, was irregular in his repasts, did not feed well, and too fast. "Far from enriching *le répertoir gastronomique*, we only owe to his victories one dish—the *poulet Marengo*!" This is all that remains of Napoleon to the epicure. Of Talleyrand the author speaks with greater respect, telling us that when eighty years of age, he passed an hour every morning with his chef discussing the dishes for dinner, which was his only meal, as in the morning before going to work he never took anything but two or three cups of camomile tea. His dinners at the Foreign Office, we are assured, have become "classic" and will be eternally imitated. Dumas had no great opinion of Brillat-Savarin, who was attached to two or three vulgar dishes. He was a large eater, and spoke but little and with difficulty; he had a heavy air, resembled a curé; "after dinner his digestion absorbed him, and I have seen him go to sleep," wrote the chef Carême.

There is a pleasant story about M. de Cussy and Louis XVIII. M. de Cussy had served Napoleon both before and after Elba, but on the return of the Bourbons, M. de Lauriston managed to get him named sub-prefect. The King, however, knowing that M. de Cussy had been prefect of the palace to Napoleon, refused at first to sign the appointment, and only changed his mind on learning that the *gourmet* in question had discovered the mixture of strawberries, cream, and champagne. All difficulties were then removed, and his Majesty with his royal hand wrote *accordée*. It is some consolation to be assured after this that "L'estomac ni l'esprit de M. de Cussy n'ont jamais bronché." With Louis XVIII. the reign of gastronomy was also restored, and Alexandre Dumas gives in detail the bill of fare of the first dinner set before the King at Compiègne. There were four soups, four removes of fish, four fish, thirty-two entrées, four *grosses pièces d'entremets*, four dishes of roast, thirty-two *entremets*, with sweets and desert. We are also informed that Louis XVIII. had a gentleman specially charged to taste the fruit intended for the Royal table, and that this post was filled by the librarian of the Institute—M. Petit Radet.

In the body of the work not only are explanations given for the preparation of every known dish, but we find definitions, explanations, and biographies. A long account, for example, is given of the celebrated cook Carême; and under Carême, to Catholics are told how they may get through Lent without much mortification. Some of the explanations concerning English liquors and dishes, though not correct, are amusing, and therefore suggestive. For example, ale, we are assured, means *tout*, because it can replace all other drinks; "taken in reasonable doses, it is refreshing." There are many funny reflections over the *Bistec à l'Anglaise*, which was born in France after the campaign of 1815, and was introduced with a certain dread and slyly into the French cuisine. "However," adds Dumas, "as we are an eclectic people without prejudices we held out our plates, and accorded to the beefsteak the right of citizenship." Under the head of "Welch rabbit" (*lapin gallois*) (*sic*) we have a fair description of how cheese should be toasted on bread, and a little farther on the author discourses about White-Bait which he tasted at "Greenisch," and which he says is called *yanchelle* in Italy, *pontin* at Nice, and *poisson blanc* at Bordeaux.

To show how few things have escaped the observation of the writer, we may remark that he tells us even how wild animals should be dressed, even to the panther; but we are warned against the eagle, whose flesh it was forbidden to the Jews to taste. There is an instructive article about absinthe, in which we are told that this plant, which, if it inspired the pen of Alfred de Musset, carried him to an early grave, gives that pleasant flavour for which *pré-sillé* mutton is famous. But for forty years the liquor distilled from it has played sad havoc among soldiers and poets of the Bohemian class. Alexandre Dumas lived just long enough to see a terrible rise

in the price of oysters. He says that the Greeks said, "the gods disappear," but lately a cry has been heard "oysters are disappearing." There is certainly no connection between a mollusc living at the bottom of the sea enveloped in his shell and eternally attached to a rock and the inhabitants of the venerable Olympus. Well! the famous cry of Bossuet, that famous cry of eloquence, "Madame se meurt! madame est morte!" did not produce a more terrible impression than this gastronomic voice in distress which shouted, "Oysters are disappearing, and have risen from 60 centimes to 1 franc 30 centimes a dozen." The sensation was profound, &c.

This huge dictionary—the last work of the popular novelist, dramatist, and boon companion—winds up with a series of *menus* for various sized dinner parties and various seasons. Of the real value of the work one may have some doubts. If no Spaniard could read Don Quixote without laughing, it may also be doubted whether any cook could take up Alexandre Dumas' dictionary without getting absorbed in its pages and keeping his master waiting for his dinner while chuckling over the escapades of Romieu or the gastronomic adventures and disquisitions of the author.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## QUEBEC, AS SEEN BY ENGLISH EYES.

(By a Correspondent of the "Queen.")

I found so many objects of interest in Quebec that I stayed longer than I had intended. On becoming better acquainted with the inhabitants I am inclined to think that there may be a considerable degree of bounce in the saying to which I referred in my last letter, that every "live man" has to carry a Frenchman on his back, for I find the majority of the French polite, well-instructed, and, in fact, pretty well qualified to hold their own in a mixed community. There are few very wealthy families among them; it is impossible that there should be many. The property of parents is very fairly divided, and the average number of children in a family is nine or ten; but it is not uncommon for the number to far exceed this. I am assured by one of his friends that the Attorney-General has twenty-five brothers and sisters older than himself, and he is not at all sure that there have not been others. This gentleman, himself a Frenchman, in a high position under the Government, tells me that he is one of thirteen, and that his father died when his mother was forty. Another gentleman, an eminent lawyer in the province, has mentioned to me an instance of nineteen brothers now living, all painters and carpenters; enough to build and adorn a little wooden city for themselves. But the most extraordinary part of it is that these brothers have, or had, seventeen sisters, making a total of thirty-six children of one father, who was married four times, and who, as I should think, could not have had long intervals of mourning. The people are both healthy and precocious; the girls very generally marry at sixteen, and the result is one which, from my knowledge of France, I never expected to find in a French community.

The total number of the French emigrants to Canada never exceeded ten thousand souls; the first of whom arrived A.D. 1608, and the last about 1750. The descendants of these ten thousand now number quite one and a half millions, of whom about one million are now in the Canadas, and about half a million in the United States. This increase shows conclusively that the natural wealth of the country must be very great to enable working men to support such large families. Despite the severity of the Canadian winter, the climate is very favourable to health, and illness of any kind, except that arising from decided imprudence or old age, is comparatively unknown.

The French churches and chapels of Quebec and its neighbourhood contain some very beautiful paintings. I have never seen anywhere a collection of which the colouring pleased me so well as that in the Seminary Chapel. These works are from one to two hundred years old; their brightness is that of yesterday, and yet it seems to me that time has worked some magic by which their colours are far more perfectly blended than they could have been when they left the hand of the artist. There is also something in the casket which contains these gems. The chapel is as plain as it can well be, and the rich works of art, not overcrowded nor set in gaudy frames, show to far greater advantage than they might do with different surroundings. However objectionable may be to the Protestant the various ceremonies and relics to be found in a French church, it is undoubtedly the place to thoroughly enjoy and appreciate a beautiful picture.

Partly from my visit to the public institutions of Quebec, but mostly from the courtesies of the Premier of the Province, who is also Minister of Public Instruction, I am able to give some details of education which will be of interest to readers of *The Queen*.

The cost of instruction in the classical seminary, of which the chapel thus alluded to forms a part, is less than two guineas a year, and for pupils boarding in the institution, the cost of board, &c., less than sixteen guineas; and there are seventy-two pupils receiving gratuitous instruction. From this seminary, after a course of nine years' instruction, the pupils may proceed to the Laval University, which, in fact, was founded by the authorities of this seminary. This is an incorporated institution, enjoying privileges and immunities similar to those of the English universities. Here instruction, board, medical attendance, &c., amount to from thirty-eight to forty-eight pounds per year. Each student has two neatly-furnished rooms. There are rooms for clubs, &c. A very large hall is devoted to recreation, and there is every convenience which one could reasonably desire. The number of students is about four hundred. This institution, like many others in the Province, is the result of religious zeal and private liberality; and it refuses all assistance from the public funds. There are three Protestant and twelve Roman Catholic classical colleges in the Province. In the greater number of cases, the professors in these colleges are ecclesiastics, who follow their course of theology in the institution in which they act as teachers. These gentlemen are content to receive, as a remuneration, the slender sum of forty dollars—less than eight guineas per annum—besides their board and lodging. This explains how it is that the seminaries can exist, notwithstanding the low rates paid by pupils for tuition and board. As a general rule, the price for tuition and board in these colleges does not reach the sum of twenty pounds, and many young men who are devoid of means are educated gratuitously in them. It is not to be wondered at, with such facilities for obtaining classical attainments, that education of a very superior order should be widely extended in the Province. There are two incorporated Protestant Universities, with about 340 students. These derive some support from the

State, yet the Catholic University bears off the palm for the cheapness of its educational facilities. Female education receives a far greater share of public attention than with us. The annual revenues for the academies for girls are more than £40,000, and in them there are nearly 4,500 girls receiving gratuitous instruction, and about 400 receiving gratuitous board; while more than 400 others are receiving gratuitous board in part. Some other academies are for both sexes, as are also the normal schools for the education of teachers, and the model schools. In round numbers there are 3,500 primary schools for girls and boys, attended by 175,000 pupils, at a cost of as many pounds, defrayed in part by the parents, in part by local funds, and in part by the State. The parents, if able to do so, must pay the school fees whether their children attend or not; and to this extent there is compulsory education. There is also a species of concurrent endowment both of schools and charitable institutions. The Roman Catholics "drive their own team" with almost as much freedom as they wish to do in Ireland, and yet they receive the aid of the State; while the Protestants are placed on precisely the same footing.

The English cathedral, a large ugly stone edifice, is able to boast of several magnificent presents from George III.; it contains also a handsome white marble monument to the memory of the first Bishop of Quebec, and deposited beneath the altar are the remains of a former Governor-General, the unfortunate Duke of Richmond, who died of hydrophobia in 1819.

The old residence of the Governor-General for a couple of centuries has been destroyed by fire, and its extensive site is now a handsome public promenade, with a reasonable proportion of ruins. It is on the brink of a precipice, and commands magnificent views of the St. Lawrence and the opposite hills and distant mountains.

At a little distance from the town are several round towers, erected for military purposes. The city walls are about three miles long, inclosing the old town, but portions of the city extend a considerable distance beyond them. They are now worth, for military or any other purposes than those of the sight-seer, just nothing at all. The citadel was formerly the great fortress of Quebec. Built on the point of Cape Diamond, a great portion of it is protected by perpendicular rocks 30 feet high; even here there is a wall for the protection of guns, and to make assurance doubly sure; the rear, nearly level with the plains, is protected by walls and ditches of such massive construction that it was called the Gibraltar of America, and was supposed to be impregnable. In the American revolution it alone successfully resisted the army of Montgometry, and served to retain the Canadas for the Crown. Its complement of men is ten thousand; there are now one hundred and fifty playing at soldiers within its walls.

Within a few hours' drive of Quebec are more than a dozen lakes and several falls, and other things worth seeing. I should like to describe the Falls of Chaudière, or those of Lorette and the Indian village of that name; but the Falls of Montmorency bear the palm, and I shall try to give some faint idea of them before closing this letter. A drive of about eight miles takes us to the place, and, in going and coming, that English barbarism the tollgate stops our carriage three times, and exacts some three or four shillings. The road is passably good, the views are beautiful, and the land shows signs of high cultivation. When we arrive at the falls we might, pass within a gate, paying a toll of one shilling for each person, and then wander at will. One of the best views is obtained from a balcony fixed on a projecting rock about 200 feet from the gulf below, and reached by a narrow, rickety flight of wooden stairs, with two rails between us and eternity on either side. A trembling knee, or a false step, might cause one to slide beneath the rail and over the precipice. The water is seen from the balcony, a mingled steam and shower of foam, about seventy-five feet wide, and one hundred and fifty feet in height. At the outer parts there are some few detached jets, whose fall is broken by the rocks, and whose waters, instead of being shivered into foam, become tens of thousands of beautiful opals and pearls of all possible sizes. We pass down the zig-zag path, cross below the falls, the rays of the sun light up the waters, and we see beautiful irises disporting in the mist. In one season of the year a wonderful magician takes possession of the whole neighbourhood. He clothes the precipice for long distances on either side with robes of white and millions of jewels of many-coloured crystals. The gulf becomes a sea of glass, and man acquires the power of ascending a hundred feet into the air, with no other support than the accumulated mist which has risen from the mighty concession of waters.

There would appear to be room for improvement, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the present method of hanging telegraph wires. The experience of the late storms in the north shows that it is positively dangerous to place telegraph poles as at present fashioned on railway lines. The snow accumulates on the wires, one pole gives way and drags others after it, the wires fall across the rails and become entangled with passing trains, thus adding another to the long list of causes of accidents to which railway passengers are liable. On the Great Northern Railway the other night a fish train from the north to London, near Bawtry station, actually became so entangled in wires that it was brought to a standstill. Moreover, the unhappy train in its struggles knocked a number of telegraph posts on to the down line, and thus blocked the path of a goods train approaching from Doncaster. To add to the confusion, the through mail from Edinburgh to London, being turned on to the down line, caught up the goods train, "tipped" over the guard's van, and threw three trucks one upon the other, but for a wonder killed nobody. This is all very well once in a way, but it should not be repeated, and some means ought to be devised of so fixing telegraph posts that they can do no injury when they assume a recumbent posture.

OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or inactive, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morson's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morson and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name  
6-132

T. MORSON &amp; SON.

**Courier des Amers.**

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

**MISTRESSES AND MAIDS; IS ANOTHER CONFERENCE NECESSARY?**

What has become of the servant girl question? Has anything more been done in the matter, or has it just died a natural death like so many other schemes of a similar kind. There were two meetings, the first of which attracted a large audience, the second for ladies only, was but thinly attended. The matter was then placed in the hands of a committee of ladies, and I am not aware that anything has since been heard of it. It is strange that this should be so, for the subject is undoubtedly an important one. It is one in which the whole community is interested,—those who are keeping house, those who are expecting or intending to keep house, and those whose services are without question so valuable to us in our house-keeping. Much was told us at the meetings, especially at the first, of what should be done for the servants and how they should be treated, some going so far as to advocate their being treated as equals. We also heard a little, though not very much, of the other side of the question. Nearly all our information was gained from the gentlemen, though the ladies did have a meeting all to themselves. How it happened that the ladies did not do anything I cannot tell, as they are surely more interested and know more of the matter than the gentlemen who are away at their business so much of the day.

There is certainly a great trouble with servants. The love of fine dress has so much increased that some of them think of little else, and as fine dress increases the desire to go out and show it, they care less and less for their daily duties. A case of this kind came under my own observation not very long ago, where a lady could get scarcely any help from her servant on the Mondays because she was preparing her white dress to go to the dancing class which was held in the evening. It is also a question with some as to whether servants should not sit at the same table and in other respects be treated as equals. Places which were not considered hard a few years ago, girls will not take now. They will not wash, they will not go where there are children, and so on; and yet are not those who have a good deal of work or several children the very ones who most require help? I do not quite believe in treating them as equals, but I do believe in treating them kindly and considerately, recognizing the fact that they have joys and sorrows like our own, and in sympathizing with and endeavouring to make them as comfortable as we can. I agree with one gentleman who spoke at the first meeting held on this subject—treat them kindly, pay them fair wages, but let them know that you expect in return a fair amount of service. Would those who advocate treating servants as equals look very pleasant if the footman who opens the door to their visitors was to follow them into the drawing-room and take his seat amongst them? Or if the cook, housemaid, and coachman, took their places with the family at the dinner table? And if they were permitted to do these things, which as equals they of course should do, would it add at all to the happiness and comfort of either family or servants? I think not. There is however something to be said on the other side. Some treat their servants, not as if they were their fellow-creatures, in an inferior position, but as if they were altogether an inferior class of beings, not made of the same flesh and blood as themselves and not having the same feelings. Others are unkind through mere thoughtlessness, often causing a servant to run up and down stairs two or three times, when by a little thought, what was required might have been done just as well at one time. Then, too, a kind word or a pleasant "thank you" will often make a tired servant feel less tired, or set her at her work again with a more cheerful and contented spirit. Let the ladies take a hint.

Something ought really to be done towards finding a remedy for the evils of which we all complain. A scheme that, if properly carried out, might do some good, has been proposed. It is thought by many that if the ladies were to establish a comfortable home for girls in the city it would be a great boon. Girls who are out of place ought not to be left to find a shelter in the boarding-houses. To leave them as they are at present, homeless and too often friendless, is neither safe nor right. Now, if girls are out of place, they must either go to a lodging, or else find a temporary refuge in one or other of the charitable institutions as a last resort or go back to their friends in the country. The lodgings are not comfortable or cheap, the charitable institutions are unsuitable in many respects, and if they go back to the country, nothing but the direst necessity will induce their friends to let them return to the city. In any case the servants suffer, and in the last the mistresses share in the suffering. If a pleasant, cheerful, and cheap home were established especially for servants,

and freed from bearing anything like a charitable character—an institution that would pay for itself—it would be a benefit in many ways. For the girls it would make the city something better than a desolate wilderness; it would induce parents in the country, careful for their daughters to let them come here in search of work, and I think it might help emigration from home. Many people think that we want more of the class of girls suited for servants, and as we can't get them here, we should try to get them from abroad. A good deal might be said on this point, but all that I will say is that we don't want girls who can't get places in England. There has been a great deal of talk about such a home, but as I am of a practical turn of mind I should like to see something done. The ladies of Montreal can do it easily if they like. They have established and direct half a dozen other homes, all of which are doing a good work. They will be glad to be helped by the gentlemen, but it is a woman's question and ought to be dealt with by ourselves. Don't let us mind any sneers, but really set to work and "fix up" this home. If it is necessary let us have another conference, not one in which we shall fold our hands and look foolish, but take some really practical steps. Let us get a guarantee for the money, take a cheerful house—neither a barrack nor a mansion—engage a matron, and publish a cordial, kindly invitation to girls either seeking service or out of place to stay there. If we do this, nobody will be able to say that we grieve over our troubles without trying to help ourselves.

BLANCHE B.—

**THE FASHION PLATE.**

FIG. 1. *a*. RUBENS HAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Of gray felt, with a turned-up brim edged with blue velvet. A bow of blue and white rep ribbon at the side, and two feathers, the one blue, the other white.

FIG. 1. *b*. HIGH CROWNED HAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Brown felt with broad velvet trimming. Brown velvet bow in front, feather, and figured brown veil.

FIG. 2. *a* and *b*. BLOUSE FOR GIRLS OF 12 TO 15.—This may be made either of white flannel or dark blue cloth. In the former case it should be trimmed with blue braid or alternate stripes of black and white; in the latter with white braid.

FIG. 3. SASH OF WATERED RIBBON AND REP RIBBON.—This sash requires about a yard and a half of coloured moiré, and a little less of rep-ribbon, each eight inches wide. These must be arranged as shown, and edged at the bottom with a netted and knotted fringe. The waist-band is two inches wide.

FIG. 4. SASH OF WATERED RIBBON AND VELVET RIBBON.—This consists of three lengths of black velvet ribbon 8½ in. wide, one 26½ in. wide, another 23½ in., and the third 12½ in. The loops of watered ribbon are respectively 12 in. and 14 in. long. The knot fastening to the belt requires 10 in. of watered ribbon 7½ in. broad.

FIG. 5. PELARGONIUM COIFFURE, with falling spray.

FIG. 6. ROSE-BUD COIFFURE, with bow and ends of black velvet ribbon.

FIG. 7. BRETILLES OF SWISS MUSLIN, INSERTION, AND LACE.—These bretelles are made of white Swiss muslin, and are trimmed with folds of the material three-quarters of an inch wide, lace insertion an inch and a quarter wide, lace an inch and seven-eighths wide, a needle-work border seven-eighths of an inch wide, and bows of light blue gros grain ribbon two inches wide. Belt and bows of similar ribbon. Cut away the material underneath the insertion. The bretelles consist of two straight strips of Swiss muslin each twenty-five inches and three-quarters long and two inches wide, which are sloped off on the under end, and are joined by a strip of Swiss muslin six inches long and two inches wide, which is sloped off on the ends. Four inches and a half from each back end join the bretelles with a straight band two inches wide and six inches and a half long, which is sloped off on the ends from the upper toward the under edge to a length of four inches and a quarter. The sash ends of the bretelles consist of a straight piece of Swiss muslin eighteen inches and a half long and eleven inches and a quarter wide, one corner of which is folded over on the outside in revers as shown by the illustration, and which is pleated on the upper edge. These sash ends are sewed to the bretelles on the under edge.

FIG. 8. VISITING TOILET.—The jacket and overskirt are of deep violet cloth trimmed with silver fox. The plain underskirt is of violet velvet of a still deeper hue. The overskirt is looped up at the sides with broad, knotted watered ribbon to match. Similar ribbons fall down the back. Hat of violet velvet, with silver fox edging and silk bows.

FIG. 9. EVENING DRESS.—This may be made either of silk, fallie, or rep. The whole should be of one colour, but of three different shades—the waist and skirt light, the train dark, and the velvet deeper still. The trimming consists of illusion, lace edging and velvet ribbon. It should be observed that the broad velvet bow and trimming of the revers on the train is only worn on one side—this being the latest European taste. A pearl algrette in the hair.

FIG. 10. CASE FOR SKATES.—The materials for this are grey pliqué of black American cloth, (imitation leather) ½ inch wide strips of red cloth, black and red Gobelin wool, and two black stuff buttons. The case is first made of American leather-cloth—oilied side inwards—then covered with the pliqué, which is embroidered with the black and the red wool as shown in the illustration. The whole is then edged with pinked red cloth.

**CURIOSITIES OF THE PIANO TRADE.**

The New York correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* makes the following revelations in connection with the piano trade of that city:—

I presume the business that pays more commissions than any other is that of making and selling pianos. In the first place each large establishment usually keeps a man to write its advertisements and look after its business relations with the press and advertising mediums generally. One manufacturer, a shrewd foreigner, is understood to employ one of the musical critics, who not only prepares pamphlets and advertisements, but devotes his criticisms as far as possible to the interests of his master. Then, most of the distinguished pianists who come here are each paid by some one of the manufacturers to tout for his piano. If you look at the programme of these piano concerts and recitals, you will generally see a line announcing "the Muggins piano is exclusively used at this concert, and recommended by Herr Ivorypounder." One pianist now in this country was brought here by a piano-maker who guaranteed forty thousand dollars for a six months' tour; and another foreign pianist, now here, has a similar guarantee of twenty thousand. It is safe to say that half the noted foreign pianists are imported by the piano-makers, and that half the rest are engaged and subsidized by the makers soon after they get here. Then, most of the concert tours are backed by the piano men, and I know several instances in which they have been directly organized by them. They may lose money on the tour itself, but they make money out of the extra sales of pianos. Then they are obliged to pay commissions to music stores and to music teachers who recommend their wares and effect sales, and frequently to persons totally unconnected with musical matters, such as upholsterers, carpenters and friends of the families where they are bought. I know an instance wherein a man who was paying attention to a young lady received two hundred and fifty dollars from a piano dealer for turning the attention of the fair one from the instrument of Silligins to that of Wiggins. He accompanied her to the store where she made her purchase; her papa sent his cheque next morning, and in the afternoon her dear Charles Augustus called for and obtained his commission. And he is not the only society man by a long way who makes something out of the piano dealers.

Last winter the daughter of a wealthy citizen wanted a piano, and the wealthy citizen told her to select one. The house was undergoing some repairs and alterations, and the carpenters and upholsterers were at work there. Maria was taking music lessons, and appealed to her teacher for advice; the latter recommended a Muggins, and in the course of a week or so the piano was bought and sent home. The teacher was suddenly called out of town and did not visit Muggins until ten or twelve days after the purchase. When he asked for his commission Muggins told him that it was already paid.

"To whom?" was the question with emphasis of astonishment.

"To Reps & Co., upholsterers."

"What right had they to it?"

"They came here next day after the piano was sent home and said they were upholstering the house and were consulted about a piano. They recommended mine as specially adapted to the house, and said it was bought through their influence. I paid them the commission. Since then the carpenters have been here, and now you make the third applicant. I am sorry it has happened so, but take a cheque for fifty dollars, and whenever you influence another sale, let me know at once."

The music teacher was badly sold, as it afterwards turned out that Reps & Co. did not know a word about the piano till they saw it in the house. Had he been as sharp as some others he would have notified each of the piano makers, as soon as Maria broached the subject, that he was trying to sell his piano, and then, no matter whose make he selected, he would have obtained his honestly-earned commission.—**PENROCK.**

The Emperor of Germany lately granted an audience to Jenny Husch and Anna Schepeler, two ladies interested in the emancipation of women, and is reported to have been favourable to their wishes. Females, it is understood, will shortly be eligible to act as clerks in the post and telegraph offices of the empire.

A novelty that promises to become very popular amongst ladies for the present season is the new sandal shoe. It is cut in Vandyke shape, with coloured lacing across the instep, and Louis XV. heels. The effect is very neat and pretty, and as the lacing may be changed to any colour to suit the costume worn, it is equally well suited for the ballroom as for walking.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid for Pain in the Side.

No organ of thought or action can be employed without the assistance of the blood, and no organ can be employed safely or with impunity without a supply of healthy blood. With healthy blood the exercised organs become well developed, whether they be muscular or intellectual. By the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites the blood is speedily vitalized and purified, and so made capable of producing a sound mind and a sound body. "Persons suffering from impure blood, or whose health is giving way, either as ministers or those who study closely, will find in the Syrup the material to build them up and the tonic to keep them there."

"DR. CLAY."

**News of the Week.**

**THE DOMINION.**—Notice is given in last week's *Gazette* of an application to Parliament for an Act to incorporate a company to construct a line of telegraphic communication between the Dominion and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.—Hon. Isidore Thibaudau, Mr. Garneau, Mr. Alex. Chauveau, Mr. Adolphe Caron, and Mr. Laurin, formerly M. P. for Lotbinière, will, it is said, offer to represent Quebec County in the House of Commons. For the Local Legislature, Messrs. Gareau and Pelletier will be the candidates. In East Quebec, Messrs. Pelletier, Coté and Huot will dispute the honour of representation.—The Hon. E. R. Caron, the new Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, was sworn in on Monday last. Hon. J. Thomas Taschereau will succeed Mr. Caron in the Court of Queen's Bench, and the Hon. U. J. Tessier will be made a Judge of the Superior Court, vice Taschereau.—There has been trouble at Halifax between some of the men of the 60th Rifles and of the 87th Regiment, in consequence of a dispute as to the relative merits of the respective corps.—A mass meeting of mechanics has been held at Toronto to consider the Convict Labour Question, the Mechanics' Lien Law, the Bill to facilitate the adjustment of disputes between masters and servants, the Ballot Bill and extension of the franchise, the proposed amendment to the Municipal and Assessment Law.—Ottawa is preparing for a ball to their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin.—Two *interim* secretaries have been appointed for the Canadian Pacific Railway—Messrs. DeBellefeuille and Baker.—The Hon. Mr. Chauveau has been appointed Speaker of the Senate.

**UNITED STATES.**—Judge Davis has granted a stay of proceedings in the Stokes case.—Gaffney, the murderer of Fahey, was hung at Buffalo on the 14th inst.—A Mormon exodus from Salt Lake City has been taking place. Quite a large number of the Saints are leaving for the new settlement in Arizona, some of them of high worldly degree. They regard their call with ill-concealed dissatisfaction, and are half-inclined to rebel. There is considerable remonstrance, but marching orders are imperative and unalterable.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**—The Rev. Mr. Loftus, one of the Galway priests charged with intimidating voters at the parliamentary election, has been acquitted. The jury failed to agree.—Lord Granville stated the other day in the House of Lords that the British Commissioner on the North American boundary question had surveyed a line which was almost identical with that last laid down by the Americans, and instructions had been sent out with a view of arriving at an agreement upon the correct boundary.—Charles Reade has begun a suit against the *Morning Advertiser* for an alleged libellous criticism of one of his plays, laying the damages at £1,000.—A member of the House of Commons made a motion recently for treaties to be submitted to Parliament before ratification.—Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, is ill.

**FRANCE.**—*L'Univers* contradicts the report that there has been a reconciliation between the two branches of the House of Bourbon.—The balance of the second 50,000,000 instalment of the fourth milliard of war indemnity, was handed over to Germany on the 8th inst.—*L'Univers* publishes a letter from one of Napoleon's Ministers, whose name is not given, confirming the revelations made by the Duke de Gramont as to the promises of assistance made by Austria to France at the beginning of the war with Prussia. The correspondent adds to Gramont's statement that the treaty for a triple alliance was nearly concluded between France, Italy and Austria, but was not signed, because Napoleon rejected it as dishonorable. The same writer also asserts it was by Austria's suggestion that Rome was given up to the Italian Government.

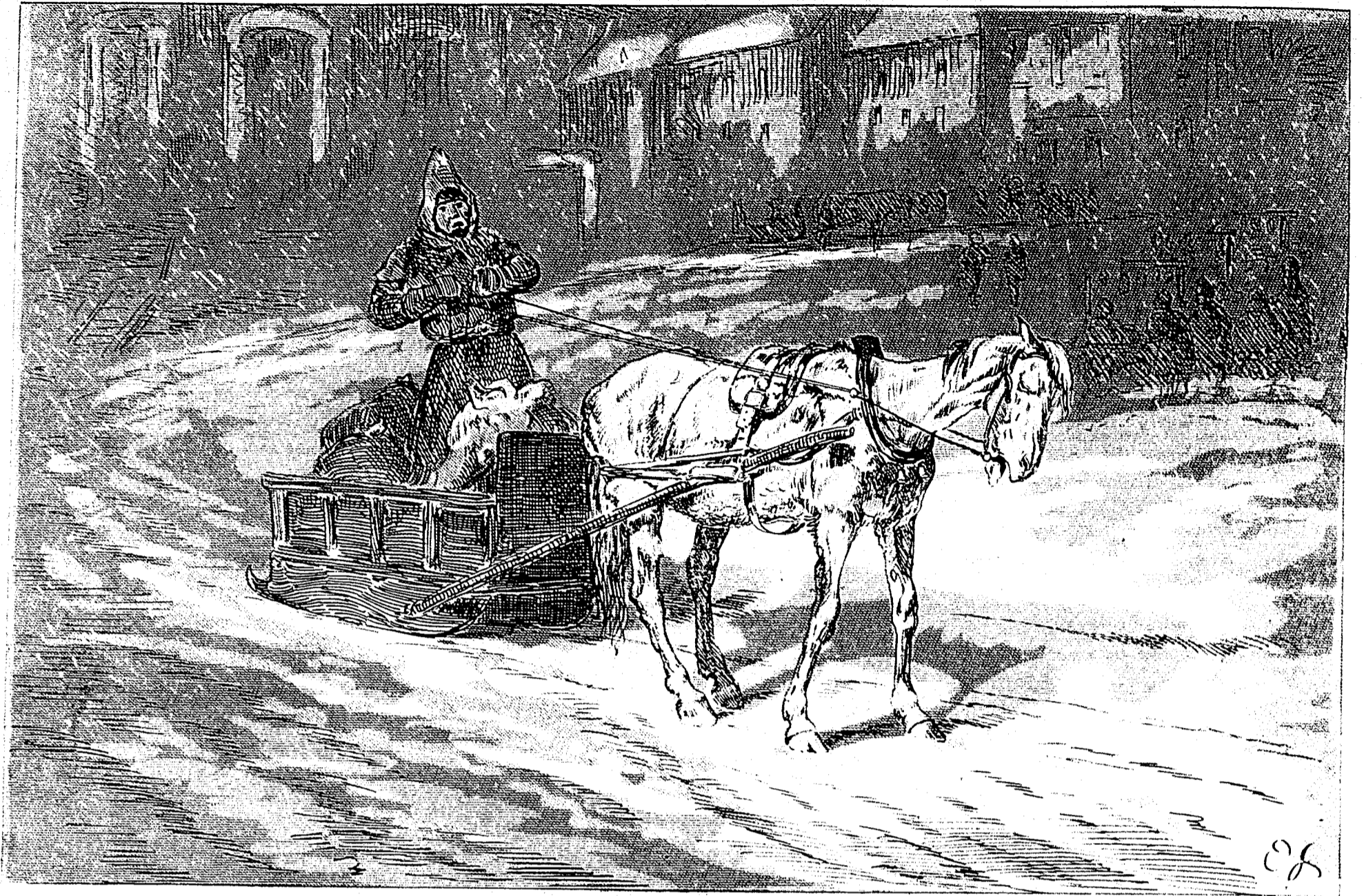
**AUSTRIA.**—The new Electoral Reform Bill has been introduced in the Reichsrath.—The Vienna Exhibition Palace is now completed, and the goods are being received. The foreign Commissioners are arranging their respective departments.—It is said that the Emperor of Austria has consented to act as arbitrator for the settlement of the Laurion mines difficulty.

**SWITZERLAND.**—The Grand Council of the Canton of Geneva has decided against the complete separation of Church and State.—The Federal Council have decided to expel Bishop Mermillod from the Canton of Geneva.

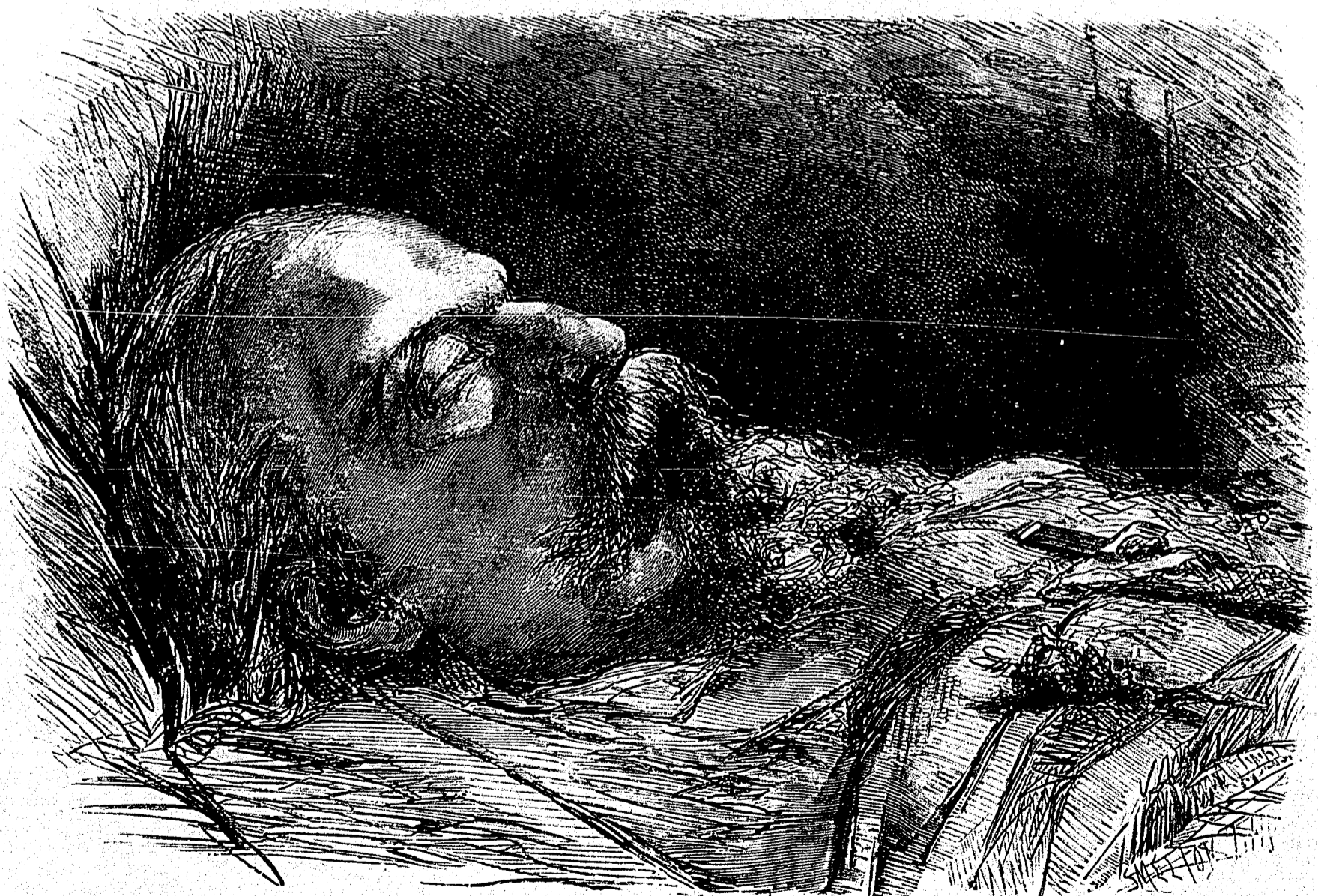
**SPAIN.**—The King of Spain has abdicated, and is now at Lisbon, where, it is said, he will spend the rest of the winter. A Republic has been proclaimed, and the following ministers have been elected by the Cortes:—Senor Figueras President of the Council; Senor Cordoba, Minister of War; Senor Pio Margale, Minister of the Interior; Senor Nicholas Salmeron, Minister of Justice; Senor Francesco Salmeron, Minister of Colonies; Senor Berangea, Minister of Marine; Senor Castelar, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Senor Becerra, Minister of Public Works; Senor Echegaray, Minister of Finances.

Several claimants for the throne are already in the field. The Prince of Asturias, son of the ex-Queen Isabella, is a favourite with the cavalry, and his father is stirring in his behalf; the Duke de Montpensier, too, has some pretension to the crown, to sustain which his friends have just subscribed a hundred million francs.—Don Carlos is also busy. He has entered Spain, and holds important positions. The new Government will, it is said, disband the army, relying solely on the civic guard for the preservation of order.

Dr. Colby's Pills are compounded on Scientific principles.



QUEBEC SKETCHES, BY J. PRANISHNIKOFF.—No. 1.—“HO-O! HO-O-O!!! FAIS LA MORTE!”



NAPOLEON III AFTER DEATH.



FIG. 2 a.—Blouse for Girls of 12 to 15. Front.



FIG. 1 a.—Rubens Hat for a Little Girl. FIG. 1 b.—High Crowned Hat for a Little Girl.



FIG. 2 b.—Blouse for Girls of 12 to 15. Back.



FIG. 3.—Sash of watered Ribbon and Rep Ribbon.



FIG. 5.—Pelargonium Coiffure.



FIG. 4.—Sash of watered Ribbon and Velvet Ribbon.

FIG. 6.—Rose-bud Coiffure.



FIG. 7.—Bretelles of Swiss Muslin, Insertion and Lace.



FIG. 8.—Visiting Toilette.

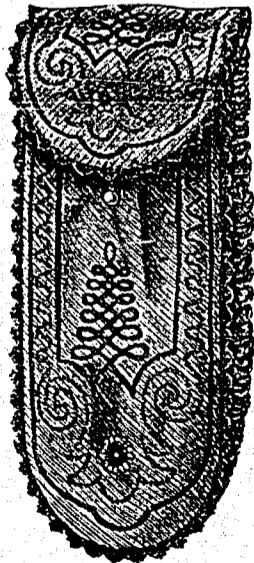


FIG. 10.—Fancy Case for Skates.



FIG. 9.—Evening Dress.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

MATER DOLOROSA.

My mates their garlands are bringing  
To the shrine of virgin and saint;  
The air is heavy with incense  
And laden with odours faint.  
But away from the brilliant lustre  
That is shed by the great chandeliers,  
I kneel alone in the shadow  
At the shrine of our Lady of Tears.

We may come in the hour of our gladness  
To kneel at the Virgin's shrine;  
An hour hearts be light as around it  
Our garlands we lovingly twine;  
But oh, when the heart is o'erburdened  
With heart crushing woes and fears,  
With what depth of earnest devotion  
We kneel to our Lady of Tears!

The dark eyes, heavy with weeping,  
Look with pitying love on our woe;  
For the heart has been pierced by a sorrow  
Beyond all that we can know.  
But 'twas grief that made it so tender,  
Not anguish that crushes and sears,  
For the sake of that sorrow we seek thee,  
O sore-stricken Lady of Tears!

O Mother of mercy, behold us!  
We sink 'neath our burden of grief.  
See! low at thy shrine we are kneeling,  
Almost in despair of relief.  
Remember the measureless anguish  
Thy heart knew in long-ago years,  
And comfort our hearts that are stricken  
So sorely, sweet Lady of Tears!

At thine altar we love to gather  
To praise thee, O Mother most sweet!  
Each name that thou bearest is precious,  
Each one our hearts lovingly greet.  
But that one is sweetest which links thee  
With our human sorrows and fears,  
And deep in the hearts of the grieving  
Is the shrine of our Lady of Tears.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act  
of 1868.]

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—Mablethorpe House.

[CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Nobody's endurance will be tried much longer," said Lady Janet. She glanced at Julian, and, taking from her pocket the card which he had given her, opened the library door.

"Go to the police station," she said to the servant in an undertone, "and give that card to the inspector on duty. Tell him there is not a moment to lose."

"Stop!" said Julian, before his aunt could close the door again.

"Stop?" repeated Lady Janet, sharply. "I have given the man his orders. What do you mean?"

"Before you send the card I wish to say a word in private to this lady," replied Julian, indicating Grace. "When that is done," he continued, approaching Mercy, and pointedly addressing himself to her, "I shall have a request to make—I shall ask you to give me an opportunity of speaking to you without interruption."

His tone pointed the allusion. Mercy shrank from looking at him. The signs of painful agitation began to show themselves in her shifting colour and her uneasy silence. Roused by Julian's significantly distant reference to what had passed between them, her better impulses were struggling already to recover their influence over her. She might, at that critical moment, have yielded to the promptings of her own nobler nature—she might have risen superior to the galling remembrance of the insults that had been heaped upon her—if Grace's malice had not seen in her hesitation a means of referring offensively once again to her interview with Julian Gray.

"Pray don't think twice about trusting him alone with me," she said, with a sardonic affectation of politeness. "I am not interested in making a conquest of Mr. Julian Gray."

The jealous distrust in Horace (already awakened by Julian's request) now attempted to assert itself openly. Before he could speak, Mercy's indignation had dictated Mercy's answer.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Gray," she said, addressing Julian (but still not raising her eyes to his). "I have nothing more to say. There is no need for me to trouble you again."

In those rash words she recalled the confession to which she stood pledged. In those rash words she committed herself to keeping the position she had usurped, in the face of the woman whom she had deprived of it!

Horace was silenced but not satisfied. He saw Julian's eyes fixed in sad and searching attention on Mercy's face, while she was speaking. He heard Julian sigh to himself when she had done. He observed Julian—after a moment's serious consideration and a moment's glance backward at the stranger in the poor black clothes—lift his head with the air of a man who had taken a sudden resolution.

"Bring me that card directly," he said to

the servant. His tone announced that he was not to be trifled with. The man obeyed.

Without answering Lady Janet—who still peremptorily insisted on her right to act for herself—Julian took the pencil from his pocketbook, and added his signature to the writing already inscribed on the card. When he had handed it back to the servant he made his apologies to his aunt.

"Pardon me for venturing to interfere," he said. "There is a serious reason for what I have done, which I will explain to you at a fitter time. In the meanwhile, I offer no further obstruction to the course which you propose taking. On the contrary, I have just assisted you in gaining the end that you have in view."

As he said that, he held up the pencil with which he had signed his name.

Lady Janet, naturally perplexed, and (with some reason perhaps) offended as well, made no answer. She waved her hand to the servant, and sent him away with the card.

There was silence in the room. The eyes of all the persons present turned more or less anxiously on Julian. Mercy was vaguely surprised and alarmed. Horace, like Lady Janet, felt offended, without clearly knowing why. Even Grace Roseberry herself was subdued by her own presentiment of some coming interference for which she was completely unprepared. Julian's words and actions, from the moment when he had written on the card, were involved in a mystery to which not one of the persons round him held the clue.

The motive which had animated his conduct may, nevertheless, be described in two words: Julian still held to his faith in the inbred nobility of Mercy's nature.

He had inferred, with little difficulty, from the language which Grace had used towards Mercy in his presence, that the injured woman must have taken pitiless advantage of her position at the interview which he had interrupted. Instead of appealing to Mercy's sympathies and Mercy's sense of right—instead of accepting the expression of her sincere contrition, and encouraging her to make the completest and the speediest atonement—Grace had evidently outraged and insulted her. As a necessary result, her endurance had given way—under her own sense of intolerable severity and intolerable wrong.

The remedy for the mischief thus done was (as Julian had first seen it) to speak privately with Grace—to soothe her by owning that his opinion of the justice of her claims had undergone a change in her favour—and then to persuade her, in her own interests, to let him carry to Mercy such expressions of apology and regret as might lead to a friendly understanding between them.

With those motives, he had made his request to be permitted to speak separately to the one and the other. The scene that had followed, the new insult offered by Grace, and the answer which it had wrung from Mercy, had convinced him that no such interference as he had contemplated would have the slightest prospect of success.

The one remedy now left to try was the desperate remedy of letting things take their course, and trusting implicitly to Mercy's better nature for the result.

Let her see the police officer in plain clothes enter the room. Let her understand clearly what the result of his interference would be. Let her confront the alternative of consigning Grace Roseberry to a madhouse, or of confessing the truth—and what would happen? If Julian's confidence in her was a confidence soundly placed, she would nobly pardon the outrages that had been heaped upon her, and she would do justice to the woman whom she had wronged.

If, on the other hand, his belief in her was nothing better than the blind belief of an infatuated man—if she faced the alternative, and persisted in asserting her assumed identity, what then?

Julian's faith in Mercy refused to let that darker side of the question find a place in his thoughts. It rested entirely with him to bring the officer into the house. He had prevented Lady Janet from making any mischievous use of his card, by sending to the police-station, and warning them to attend to no message which they might receive unless the card produced bore his signature. Knowing the responsibility that he was taking on himself—knowing that Mercy had made no confession to him to which it was possible to appeal—he had signed his name without an instant's hesitation: and there he stood now, looking at the woman whose better nature he was determined to vindicate, the only calm person in the room.

Horace's jealousy saw something suspiciously suggestive of a private understanding in Julian's earnest attention and in Mercy's downcast face. Having no excuse for open interference, he made an effort to part them.

"You spoke just now," he said to Julian, "of wishing to say a word in private to that person." (He pointed to Grace). "Shall we retire, or will you take her into the library?"

"I refuse to have anything to say to him," Grace burst out, before Julian could answer. "I happen to know that he is the last person to do me justice. He has been effectually hoodwinked. If I speak to anybody privately,

it ought to be to you. You have the greatest interest of any of them in finding out the truth."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want to marry an outcast from the streets?"

Horace took one step forward towards her. There was a look in his face which plainly betrayed that he was capable of turning her out of the house with his own hands. Lady Janet stopped him.

"You are right in suggesting just now that Grace had better leave the room," she said. "Let us all three go. Julian will remain here, and give the man his directions when he arrives. Come."

No. By a strange contradiction, it was Horace himself who now interfered to prevent Mercy from leaving the room. In the heat of his indignation, he lost all sense of his own dignity; he descended to the level of a woman whose intellect he believed to be deranged. To the surprise of every one present, he stepped back, and took from the table a jewel-case which he had placed there when he came into the room. It was the wedding present from his mother which he had brought to his betrothed wife. His outraged self-esteem seized the opportunity of vindicating Mercy by a public bestowal of the gift.

"Wait!" he called out sternly. "That wretch shall have her answer. She has sense enough to see, and sense enough to hear. Let her see and hear!"

He opened the jewel-case, and took from it a magnificent pearl necklace in an antique setting.

"Grace," he said, with his highest distinction of manner, "my mother sends you her love, and her congratulations on our approaching marriage. She begs you to accept, as part of your bridal dress, these pearls. She was married in them herself. They have been in our family for centuries. As one of the family, honoured and beloved, my mother offers them to my wife."

He lifted the necklace to clasp it round Mercy's neck.

Julian watched her in breathless suspense. Would she sustain the ordeal through which Horace had innocently condemned her to pass?

Yes! In the insolent presence of Grace Roseberry, what was there now that she could not sustain? Her pride was in arms. Her lovely eyes lighted up as only a woman's eyes can light up when they see jewelry. Her grand head bent gracefully to receive the necklace. Her face warmed into colour; her beauty rallied its charms. Her triumph over Grace Roseberry was complete! Julian's head sank. For one sad moment he secretly asked himself the question: "Have I been mistaken in her?"

Horace arrayed her in the pearls.

"Your husband puts these pearls on your neck, love," he said proudly, and paused to look at her. "Now," he added, with a contemptuous backward glance at Grace, "we may go into the library. She has seen, and she has heard."

He believed that he had silenced her. He had simply furnished her sharp tongue with a new sting.

"You will hear, and you will see, when my proofs come from Canada," she retorted. "You will hear that your wife has stolen my name and my character! You will see your wife dismissed from this house!"

Mercy turned on her with an uncontrollable outburst of passion.

"You are mad!" she cried.

Lady Janet caught the electric infection of anger in the air of the room. She too turned on Grace. She too said it:

"You are mad!"

Horace followed Lady Janet. He was beside himself. He fixed his pitiless eyes on Grace, and echoed the contagious words:

"You are mad!"

She was silenced; she was daunted at last. The treble accusation revealed to her, for the first time, the frightful suspicion to which she had exposed herself. She shrank back, with a low cry of horror, and struck against a chair. She would have fallen if Julian had not sprung forward and caught her.

Lady Janet led the way into the library. She opened the door—started—and suddenly stepped aside, so as to leave the entrance free.

A man appeared in the open doorway.

He was not a gentleman; he was not a workman; he was not a servant. He was vilely dressed, in glossy black broadcloth. His frock coat hung on him instead of fitting him. His waistcoat was too short and too tight over the chest. His trousers were a pair of shapeless black bags. His gloves were too large for him. His highly-polished boots creaked detestably whenever he moved. He had odiously watchful eyes—eyes that looked skilled in peeping through keyholes. His large ears, set forward like the ears of a monkey, pleaded guilty to meanly listening behind other people's doors. His manner was quietly confidential, when he spoke; impetuously self-possessed, when he was silent. A lurking air of secret service enveloped the fellow, like an atmosphere of his own, from head to foot. He looked all round the magnificent room, without betraying either surprise or admiration. He closely investigated

every person in it with one glance of his cunningly-watchful eyes. Making his bow to Lady Janet, he silently showed her, as his introduction, the card that had summoned him. And then he stood at ease, self-revealed in his own sinister identity—a police officer in plain clothes.

Nobody spoke to him. Everybody shrank inwardly, as if a reptile had crawled into the room.

He looked backwards and forwards, perfectly unembarrassed, between Julian and Horace.

"Is Mr. Julian Gray here?" he asked. Julian led Grace to a seat. Her eyes were fixed on the man. She trembled—she whispered, "Who is he?" Julian spoke to the police officer without answering her.

"Wait there," he said, pointing to a chair in the most distant corner of the room. "I will speak to you directly."

The man advanced to the chair, marching to the discord of his creaking boots. He privately valued the carpet, at so much a yard, as he walked over it. He privately valued the chair, at so much the dozen, as he sat down on it. He was quite at his ease: it was no matter to him, whether he waited and did nothing, or whether he pried into the private character of every one in the room, as long as he was paid for it.

Even Lady Janet's resolution to act for herself was not proof against the appearance of the policeman in plain clothes. She left it to her nephew to take the lead.

Julian glanced at Mercy before he stirred further in the matter. He alone knew that the end rested now, not with him, but with her.

She felt his eye on her, while her own eyes were looking at the man. She turned her head—hesitated—and suddenly approached Julian. Like Grace Roseberry, she was trembling. Like Grace Roseberry, she whispered, "Who is he?"

Julian told her plainly who he was.

"Why is he here?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No!"

Horace left Lady Janet, and joined Mercy and Julian—impatient of the private colloquy between them.

"Am I in the way?" he inquired.

Julian drew back a little, understanding Horace perfectly. He looked round at Grace. Nearly the whole length of the spacious room divided them from the place in which she was sitting. She had never moved since he had placed her in a chair. The direst of all terrors was in possession of her—terror of the unknown. There was no fear of her interfering; and no fear of her hearing what they said, so long as they were careful to speak in guarded tones. Julian set the example by lowering his voice.

"Ask Horace why the police officer is here," he said to Mercy.

She put the question directly. "Why is he here?"

Horace looked across the room at Grace, and answered, "He is here to relieve us of that woman."

"Do you mean that he will take her away?"

"Yes."

"Where will he take her to?"

"To the police station."

Mercy started, and looked at Julian. He was still watching the slightest changes in her face. She looked back again and at Horace.

"To the police station!" she repeated.

"What for?"

"How can you ask the question?" said Horace irritably. "To be placed under restraint, of course."

"Do you mean prison?"

"I mean an asylum."

Again Mercy turned to Julian. There was horror now, as well as surprise, in her face. "Oh!" she said to him, "Horace is surely wrong? It can't be?"

Julian left it to Horace to answer. Every faculty in him seemed to be still absorbed in watching Mercy's face. She was compelled to address herself to Horace once more.

"What sort of asylum?" she asked. "You don't surely mean a madhouse?"

"I do," he rejoined. "The workhouse first, perhaps, and then the madhouse. What is there to surprise you in that? You yourself told her to her face she was mad. Good heavens! how pale you are! What is the matter?"

She turned to Julian for the third time. The terrible alternative that was offered to her had showed itself at last, without reserve or disguise. Restore the identity you have stolen, or shut her up in a madhouse—it rests with you to choose! In that form the situation shaped itself in her mind. She chose on the instant. Before she opened her lips, the higher nature in her spoke to Julian, in her eyes. The steady inner light that he had seen in them once already shone in them again, brighter and purer than before. The conscience that he had fortified, the soul that he had saved, looked at him, and said, Doubt us no more!

"Send that man out of the house."

Those were her first words. She spoke (pointing to the police officer) in clear, ringing, resolute tones, audible in the remotest corner of the room.

(To be continued.)

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS. J. H., St. Liboire.—Solution to Problem No. 70 received. correct. W. B., London.—In your proposed solution to No. 70, you apparently overlook Black's playing 2. P. takes Kt.

PROBLEM No. 71.—In addition to the author's solution, we have received another from J. H., St. Liboire, beginning with Q. takes K. The position requires a black pawn at Black's K. Kt. 4th to make it a perfect problem. Solvers competing for the prize, should not omit the Enigmas.

Correct solution of Problem No. 71 received from J. H., St. Liboire, and G. E. C., Montreal.

INTELLIGENCE. The Ontario clubs have commenced a series of consultation games by telegraph. Belleville and Elora were first in the field, the former winning both games played. The next encounter was Cobourg v. Whitby, each winning a game; then one game, Cobourg v. Port Hope, resulting in victory for the former.

The latest match we hear of was Toronto v. Seaforth; two games were won by the latter, and two drawn, a victory which speaks very highly for the skill of the Seaforth players.

We shall select the best of these games for publication at an early date.

CHES IN HAMILTON, ONT. A well-contested and interesting game in the recently-concluded Tourney of the Hamilton Chess Club.

Philidor's defence. White. Mr. W. F. Mackay. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. P. to Q. 4th. 4. P. takes K. B. P. (b). 5. Q. P. takes K. P. 6. B. to K. 2nd. 7. Castles. 8. B. to Q. Kt. 5th. 9. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 10. B. to K. Kt. 5th. 11. B. takes Q. Kt. 12. K. Kt. to Q. 4th. 13. B. to K. 3rd. 14. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 15. P. to K. B. 4th. 16. Q. to K. R. 5th. 17. Q. R. to K. sq. 18. B. takes Kt. 19. B. to K. 3rd. 20. B. takes B. 21. P. to K. R. 3rd. 22. Kt. to K. 4th (f). 23. P. takes Q. B. P. 24. Q. takes Q. 25. Kt. to Q. 6th. 26. P. to K. B. 5th. 27. R. to Q. sq. 28. Kt. takes Q. B. P. 29. R. to Q. 4th. 30. R. takes R. 31. R. to K. 4th. 32. R. takes B. 33. K. to K. 4th. 34. P. to K. 6th. 35. P. to K. Kt. 4th. 36. K. to Q. 4th. 37. P. takes R. 38. K. to B. sq. 39. K. to K. sq. 40. K. to Q. 2nd—wins.

(a) A spirited commencement for a match game; this variation produces lively and critical positions, and the counter attack requires to be very carefully answered by the first player.

(b) P. takes P. Q. is the correct play; the move made allows the second player to gain an advantage by—4. P. to K. 5th.

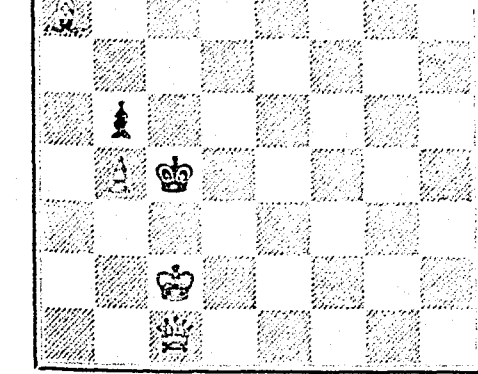
(c) Black has lost a pawn but his position seems slightly superior.

(d) Better than Kt. takes B., but P. to K. Kt. 3rd might have been played first, forcing a retreat of the Queen.

(e) Here Black misses his opportunity; he should have continued as follows:— White. 20. P. takes P. 21. B. retires. (f) Well played; the oncoming of the Kt. changes the aspect of affairs at once.

(g) Why not P. to Q. 6th?—but even that would scarcely have equalized the game, as White has now a good position, and two extra pawns.

PROBLEM No. 73. By J. W. BLACK.



WHITE. To play and mate in three moves. SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 71. White. 1. R. takes R. P. ch. 2. Q. to Kt 5th. 3. R. takes P. mate.

Black. 19. P. to Q. 5th. 20. P. takes P. 21. R. takes P.

VARIATIONS. 2. B. takes P. mate. 3. Kt. mates. 3. Kt. mates. 3. Q. to Q. 2d, mate. 3. Q. takes Q. mate. Black has other defences; we have only noted the best.

Varieties.

The gardener who grafted a chestnut to a box-tree found it only produced large trunks.

A disgusted Dunbarian wants to know, if a woman was designed to be the equal of man, why it is she can't whistle.

A Kirk luminary recently asked his pet scholar why they took Stephen outside the walls of the city to stone him to death. The little fellow was silent for a moment, as though absorbed with the problem, when, brightening up suddenly, he replied, "So they could get a better crack at him."

The little son of a prominent Baltimore minister said to his father, "Pa, St. Paul was a Southerner." "How do you know that, my son?" "Why, Sir, in the eighteenth verse of the eighth chapter of Romans he says, 'For I reckon.' None but Southerners say reckon."

A CUTE CONVICT.—The Columbia Union tells a funny story of the pardon, by Gov. Moses, of South Carolina, of a convict named Ransom Simmons, on condition that he would leave the State. Simmons wrote to the Governor thereon, respectfully declining life on those terms, as he preferred to live in South Carolina under the administration of so enlightened a magistrate as Gov. Moses, even if he had to pass two years of his time in the penitentiary, rather than live in freedom anywhere else. Simmons, manifestly, was not born yesterday. His eye-teeth were cut. And there is no doubt that he had the intellectual gauge of Moses. So when, within a day or two thereafter, Mr. and Mrs. Gov. Moses visited the prison, and saw Simmons, the latter had no difficulty in getting an unconditional pardon from the flattered official.

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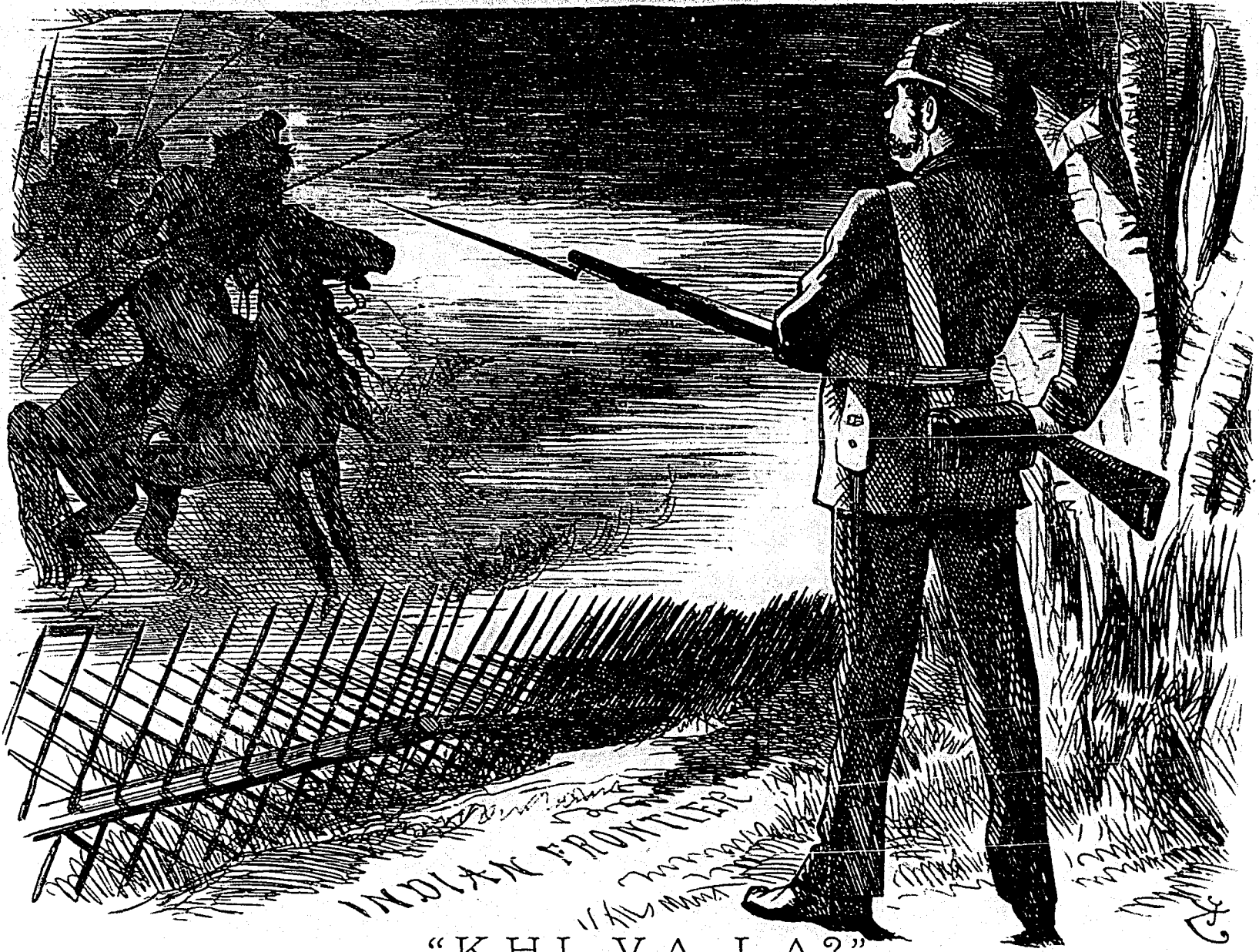
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"KHI-VALLA?"

SENTRY GRANVILLE (to advancing Russian).—"WHO GOES THERE?"

"You, Sentry, at the outposts, beside the line of snows. On the ridge where Oxus westward, and Indus southward flows. What see you, as 'twixt Iran and Turan you look forth. Over Kundooz and Turkistan to Khiva, East and North?" The Sentry, to this question, said nothing in reply; But first he cocked his rifle, and then he cocked his eye.

I knew the man I questioned, PRIVATE GRANVILLE was his name, A smart and steady soldier—of soldier's blood he came: A pleasant chap in barrack-room, or round the canteen-fire, On duty first to stand to arms, and last on march to tire. So I thought there was something in it, when, instead of a reply, He coolly cocked his rifle, and as coolly cocked his eye.

Then, when his rifle he had cocked, and his eye had brought to bear Where beyond Balch and Bokhara loom the Khivan pastures fair,

Like a green ribbon lying 'twixt border-breadths of sand, Wide as Syr-Daria's stream feeds fat a space of hungry land; Thither the Sentry pointed, and with look serene and shy, First brought his rifle to half-cock, and then un-cocked his eye.

"I see," he said, "a something I'd rather not have seen. A something like a Russian—at least, his jacket's green; But I'm up to all colours—and to all moves I'm fly. And if there's green in his uniform, there's no green in my eye. He's still a long way off 'tis true; but my lungs I won't spare. If he's an ear, to make him hear my challenge, 'Who goes there?'"

"But who can tell if he's coming our way, or if he's not? I should think he's out of hearing, as much as out of shot. And surely 'tis too soon to call, with all this gray and green. And all this range of desert, and this mountain-maze between."

But SENTRY GRANVILLE only smiled, and winked, and made reply, "No harm in a timely challenge, cocked rifle, and cocked eye."

"This Indian ground is English ground—in guard that land we hold: 'Twas bought with JOHN BELL'S blood, and but for BELL'S blood will If I see suspicious parties at its frontiers appear. (be sold: I like to know what they're about, before they get too near; So if to my 'Who goes there?' 'A friend,' green uniform reply, I'll bid him 'advance, and give the word,'—you know the reason why.

"Or if you don't I'll tell it you—these Russians' game I know, They've a way of boring right a-head, that's sure, if it is slow; And as they're boring South and East, as sure as eggs is eggs, JOHN BELL some day will find 'em coming up between his legs. And the stand he has in India he feels would have more strength. If this boring kind of gentry are kept well at arm's length.

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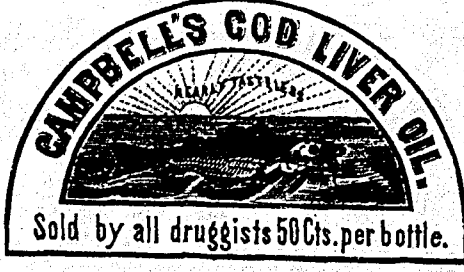
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THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:20 P.M., making a certain connection with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, arriving at Ottawa at 7:20 P.M.  
LEAVE OTTAWA.  
THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

BOAT EXPRESS at 4:20 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M.  
EXPRESS at 6:20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.  
ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 1:40 P.M., 8:10 P.M., and 9:45 P.M.  
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