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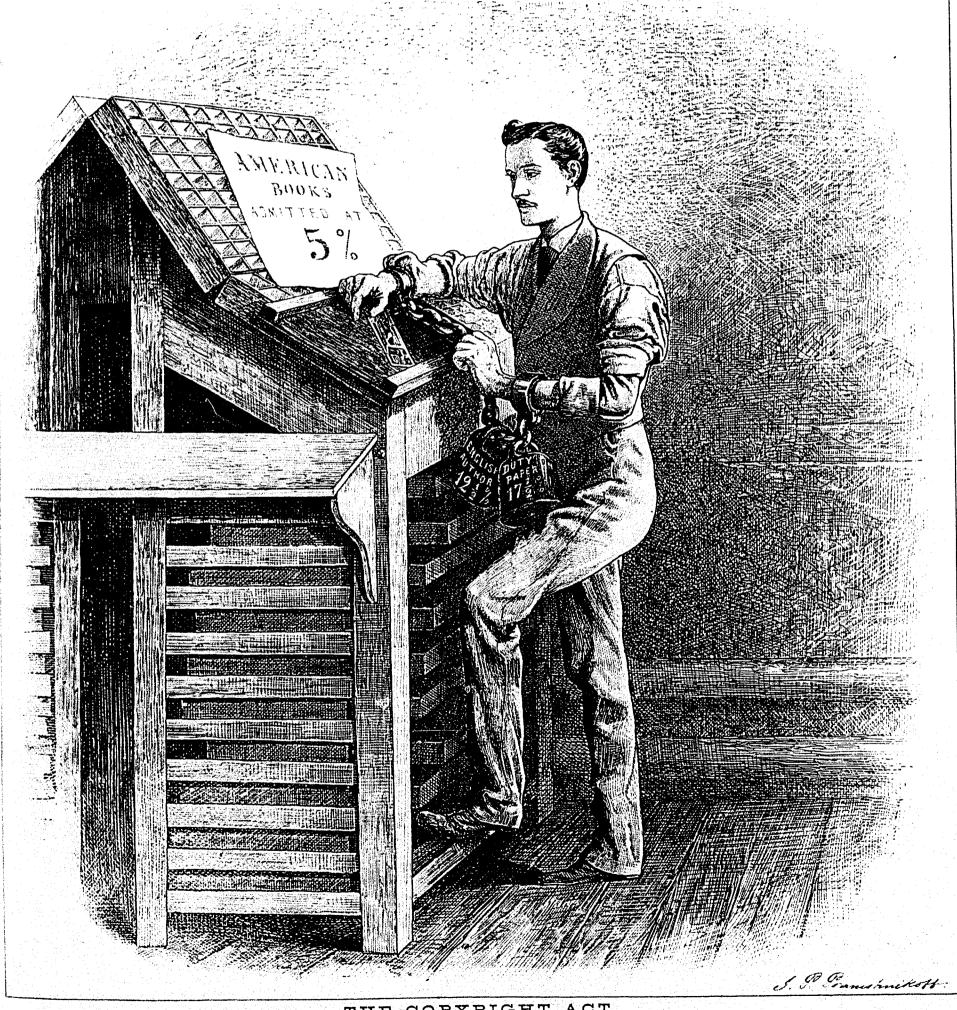
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Vol. XI.-No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875.

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THE NEW STORY.

In this issue we give a further liberal instalment of WILKIE COLLINS' new story,

THE LAW AND THE LADY

This story, considered the best yet written by Mr. Collins, was begun in the Canadian Illustrated News of Nov. 7, (Number 19).

Back numbers can be had on application.

We beg to call the attention of News Dealers throughout the country to the fact that we have secured the sole right for Canada of publishing "The Law and the Lady" in serial form.

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for the advertising and subscription departments of this paper. Good percentage, large and ex-clusive territory, given to each canvasser, who will be expected, on the other hand, to furnish security. Also for the sale of John MAP OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA. Also for the sale of Johnson's new

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, March 20th, 1875.

THE MILITIA OF THE DOMINION.

Major General Selby Smyth has just published his report on the state of the Canadian militia. From the biography of this officer, published in the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED News, our readers will attach all the importance which anything emanating from his pen deserves.

In making his inspection, the first point to which the General addressed himself was-how are the officers, the sergeants. and rank and file of the Militia instructed and grounded in every quality that creates a soldier?

His answer to this is not altogether reassuring. He confesses that he met some very cultivated officers with many military attainments, and full of zeal, but in the condition of things he states that their number must be limited, and Military Schools no longer exist.

The conclusion which he draws is that with the annual diminution of the instructed element, the military spirit languishes throughout the country, and, unless some means of attraction or incentive are produced, may decline into a blank.

In seeking a remedy for this prospective evil, General Smyth advocates the creation of some substitute for the Military School of the past. With this view, he submits that a company of Engineers and three companies of Infantry be forthwith embodied, the former in half companies, attached to the Artillery at Quebec and sented, after discussion, to the principle Kingston. The Infantry, one company at Toronto in the New Fort, one at Ottawa as the seat of the Government, and one either in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, each to have a highly proficient instructor from the Royal Army, but otherwise officered from the militia. The effect of these Infantry Schools would be to infuse a rapid supply of trained officers and sergeants throughout the militia of the Dominion, qualified to give instruction, and the immediately important result duced is very great, and this is most

fect in the militia organization :--officers and sergeants qualified to form a permanent regimental staff, "without which battalions are as machinery without propellers.

We learn from the report that there are about 60,000 Snider-Enfield rifles in the country. But the War Department should retain for the Dominion at least 60,000 more, to be bought year after year as funds m w be provided. One skilled armourer, at least, should be attached to each military store depot, not only to keep in order the spare arms, but also to repair the regimental arms, many of which are, and some have been a long time, unserviceable in every infantry battalion and company in the Dominion; there should be not less than four additional armourers provided as soon as possible, and the arms put in thorough repair. There is at present in Canada, an insufficient number of rounds of Snider ball cartridge per rifle for the establishment of active militia; there should not be less than 400 rounds per rifle, and, when possible, a reserve of double that quantity.

The Active Militia enrolled is 48,000, being 1 1/5 per cent of the population, to which must be added the Grand Trunk Railway Brigade of 2,128 very efficient The Reserve Militia, divided into three classes, amounts to 655,000, making a total of 700,000 men between the ages of 18 and 6), liable by law to be called out in defence of their country. It is a matter of vast importance, as every one will allow, that the rolls of the active militia should be kept complete to the full number provided by the Statutes, even if the sum voted only admits of a portion being annually called out for training; the remainder being assembled for muster, if only for one day in each year at battalion head quarters, taking by turn to come out for training consecutively.

The Reserve Militia is enrolled by officers duly appointed, only once in four years; but it would be desirable that the officers and sergeants should be annually trained, either by attaching them to regiments of the active militia, temporarily for that purpose or preferably, at convenient times, by the permanent staff of those regiments when appointed. The active militia is raised by voluntary enlistment for three years, and in the country generally there appears no want of men to volunteer for its ranks.

There are seven brigades of Garrison Artillery composed of forty-five batteries, and there are sixteen independent batteries altogether sixty-one garrison batteries. There are also sixteen field batteries, six of which are already armed with the most approved new rifled gun.

There are three regiments of Cavalry, comprising eighteen troops, and there are three squadrons, viz: at Quebec, Port Hope and Kingston, as well as sixteen independent troops; in all, forty troops of Cavalry.

The country is divided into military districts, of which there are twelve, viz four in Ontario, three in Quebec, one each in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, one in Prince Edward Island, and one each in Manitoba and British Columbia; for each of these there is a Deputy Adjutant General, with a Brigade Staff. The whole is under a General officer of the Royal Army, with a Deputy Adjutant-General at Head-

THE NEW POSTAL LAW.

The House of Commons has fully as of the Postal Bill, introduced by the Hon. Mr. Macdonald, Post-Master General. When finally passed it will take effect on the first of August next. It proposes the very greatest change in our system, in that it provides that no letter destined for any part of the Dominion or the United States will be forwarded, unless it is prepaid. Everybody, therefore, will have to remember to prepay their letters. The simplification of system that will thus be introwould be to supply the most serious de- necessary in a sparsely settled country like bers of which are enumerated elsewhere, States,

free delivery system, which works reasonably well in Montreal, will be extended, as soon as possible, to cities of smaller population, such as Kingston and Hamilton. An important change is also introduced for newspaper publishers, in that all mail matter will have to be prepaid at the office of publication, at so much a pound. The lowest possible price will be charged, but nothing will be carried without payment, as was practically, in many cases, done, by the old loose system. The price to be charged is the trifling one of 1 cent per pound weight. There was, however, opposition to this provision of the measure by Ontario publishers, and an amendment was moved, but the House negatived it by a very large majority. The Post Master General read a statement from the Post Master of New York, where this system has been introduced, to the effect that it had increased the circulation of papers and had been found satisfactory. It was, however, in the first place met by opposition. The same result will likely follow in Canada, for there surely can be no difficulty in publishers making arrangements with their subscribers for the prepayment of a cheap postage of one cent for a pound weight. There certainly cannot in the case of prepaid publications, and the system of any subscriptions to newspapers or other publications not prepaid is unsound. Newspapers not from the office of publication will be forwarded with a half cent postage stamp attached.

The short of the principle of the whole of the new proposed system is so to simplify matters as to settle everything by a and intricate postage accounts. who have studied the subject have long foreseen that this must come.

GALLIA REDIVIVA.

France has been considered fair game for the sarcasms and hectorings of scribblers, during the past four years. Victis ! On the assumed principle that the vanquished are always wrong, the misfortunes of that noble country have been the theme of much ungenerous animadversion. But to her honor be it said, she has paid no heed to these criticisms, or if any of these criticisms happened to be just, she has profited by them. Admitting her defeat which was purely military, not moral, and due to the brute force of overwhelming numbers, not to any inherent degeneracy, as so many have affected to imagine, she has striven with heroic perseverance to repair its disasters. And all the world must acknowledge that she has done so successfully. The payment of the war indemnity was an un-paralleled feat. The subsequent submission to taxation is worthy of all praise. The consequence is that France has already recovered her position in the front rank of nations, and Paris is again looked to as the capital of the Continent.

Politically, the progress of France is no less remarkable. Spite of almost superhuman obstacles, dynastic and social, she has at length succeeded in establishing what promises to be a stable form of Government. And that form of Government is Republican. Notwithstanding all her excesses, her follies and her faults, it will ever be her glory that she leads the van of free institutions in Continental Europe. She may suffer by it, but from her sufferings other nations will profit, as they did in the great revolution of 1793.

The birth day of the French Conservative Republic is the 25th of February 1875, a date which must ever remain memorable in the annals of France. Its birth is due to a patriotic compromise. The Left receded from many of its advanced theories. The Right Centre yielded many of its dynastic pretensions. The common danger was Bonapartism, and it was crushed for the time by the mutual concessions of hitherto irreconcilable par-The Constitution provides for a strong Executive and a responsible Second Chamber, and the first Ministry, the mem-

Canada. It is also announced that the is selected from the most moderate men of the Left and Right Centre.

The constitution of the Senate has some interest for us, in view of the changes proposed in our own Upper House. At first it was proposed to have the Senators elected directly by the people, in precisely the same way as the members of the Chamber of Deputies. But this was abandoned as unpractical and virtually useless. It was then determined to give the election of Senators to the Councils General. The Councils General being elected by the people, their Senatorial vote becomes an indirect popular vote, while it ensures a more concentrated and intelligent selection. It is well known that Frenchmen set great store by their Councils General. The people elect thereto their local magnates, their representative men, manufacturers, capitalists, landowners, merchants, and others. The authority and dignity of these Councils is so great that, two or three years ago, they were by law empowered to elect a provisional Assembly in the event of the lawful Assembly being dissolved by force. Hence their selection as the chief Senatorial electoral college appears a wise measure. strengthen them still more in this function, there have been added to them the deputies of the department, the members of the Councils of the arrondisements, and delegates elected by the Municipal Councils. The Senate will number three hundred members, two hundred and twenty five of whom are to be elected in the manner just described. The remaining seventyfive are to be life members, chosen by an absolute majority of votes in the Assemstamp affixed instead of keeping difficult bly, without any restriction as to the Those persons to be chosen. All subsequent vacancies among the latter class are to be elected by the Senate itself. It is already rumored that M. Thiers will be a candidate for the Presidency of the Senate, and, if so, it is to be hoped that he will be chosen, for all the events of the present day, the establishment of the Conservative Republic, the creation of an elective Senate, the definition and consolidation of the Executive powers, were all urged by him as necessary to the salvation of France, three years ago. What has just taken place is the justification and the triumph of the wonderful old man. Much praise is also due to M. GAMBETTA, whose prudence, moderation, and patriotic foresight prove that he possesses some of the highest qualities of statesmanship.

> It is officially announced that the French Ministry has been formed as follows :--

M. Buffet, Minister of the Interior. M. Dufaure, Minister of Justice.

M. Leon Say, Minister of Finance. M. Wallon, Minister of Instruction. Vicomte de Meaux (of the Right), Minister of Agriculture.

Duc Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Gen. De Cissey, Minister of War. Admiral De Montaignac, Minister of Marine.

M. Caillaux, Minister of Public Works. The Courier de France reports that M. Dufaure has drawn up a programme of policy for the new Ministry, the leading features of which are as follows: The Assembly on meeting after the Easter holidays is to vote the Budget. The Senatorial elections are to be held next September, and the dissolution of the Assembly is to follow in October. The Government will demand the maintenance of the present electoral and raise the state of siege in all the Departments, excepf the Seine, Rhone and Bouches Du

A return recently presented to the House at Ottawa, shows the number of applicants for the pensions, who were members of the Militia of 1812. They number exactly 554. The ages are only given in a few cases, but in none is it below 76, and the highest is 90. The French members are well divided with the British, and some applications come even from the United

The elasticity of walls and piers of session, the President called attention to masonry has been shown in the great the statement in his last annual message, bridge at St. Louis. There is a center that if Congress adjourned without legisspan of 520 feet in the clear, and two side lation on the subject of Civil Service Respans of 502 feet each, with heavy stone form, he would regard such action as a piers and abutments. The spans exert a disapproval of the system, and would thrust on the abutment and piers, the abandon it so far as competitive examinaeffects of which were accurately noted in tions were concerned. Agreeably to that a recent experiment. Fourteen locomos notice, he stated his intention to abandon tives were run on one of the side spans, it, and officers were requested to give and the crown of the arch over the middle notice of the fact accordingly. span was observed to rise one-quarter of an inch. It returned to its former elevation when the load on the side span was remove 1. The horizontal deflection of the pier is estimated to have been one-twelfth of an inch. This deflection must have taken place between the spring of the arches and the part of the pier firmly imbedded in the river bed or in a body of solid masoury 36 feet wide on an average and 65 feet long.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia was opened on the 11th inst., by Lieut.-Governor Archibald. In the speech from the Throne, his Honour alluded to the happy escape the Province had enjoyed from the extensive depression of trade which has prevailed elsewhere, owing to Nova Scotia's varied resources and inclustries. He congratulated the country on the success which attembed the holding of the Agricultural Exhibition and its results. Among the Government measures promised is a bill for amending the election system and for the trial of controverted elections. His Honour alluded to the new cooperative arrangements for promoting immigration and to the subject of eastern the danger of war with China is over the railway extension, which matters are come; Japanese Government is devoting ail its mended to the special attention of the Legislature.

New Brunswick has just set a noble example of political amenity and good feeling. Messrs Elben and Chank ranfor a seat in the Legislature. The former, who is the able editor of the St. John. Drilly Telegraph was elected by a majority of 263. Immediately after the declars tion of the poll, Mr. Enure proposed a rote of thanks to the presiding High Sheriff, and Mr. CLARK seconded the motion. Then both the elected and the deteated candidates made speeches distinguished for courtesy, good humor, and the kindliest feeling. We believe this is the first time that such an unitation of the good English practice has been attempted in Canada, and it deserves to be noticed. ta consequence.

Congress has revived the Franking privilege to some extent. It has provided that all public documents now printed or hereafter to be printed by order of Congress may be sent free through the mails until the first day of next December, on a personal frank of a Member of the present Congress. It is also provided that the Commissioner of Agriculture may hereafter send through the mails, on his frank, copies of the Agricultural report and such seeds as he has for distribution. The number of books printed since last their train an old woman who was unable to December, to which each Member of this the progress of the party, she was left on the congress will be entitled is about 500, the margin of the lake by herowichildren. Bations average weight of which is two pounds, for a few days were label beside her, but when or for the Senate and House about 375. out pounds.

In the Insolvency Committee clause 67 was so amended as to provide for the sale. by the assignee, of small debts, which would cost more than they were really worth to collect without the authorization of a Judge. "Clause 69 was amended to dispense with the notarial notice to debtors in the Province of Quebec, in case of the sale of their accounts. Clause 71 was amended to provide for three months notice instead of one, in case of creditors

Civil Service reform has again collapsed in the United States. At a late Cabinet all white, measuring eight feet from tip to tip.

In referring to our brief biography of Hon, Mr. Scorr, in the last number of the 'ANADIAN LILUSTRATED NEWS, the Ottawa | CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, the Ottawa season for them, but they were very acceptable Times calls attention to what it character- all the same and the men feasted on them. izes as at least one of the greatest achieves. There was a camp or cooks about seven in numments of Mr. Scorr's life the Separate alone, was, after years of struggling and heartburning on all sides, finally carried: became the law of the land.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE has not a very favorable opinion of our Boards of Trade, He said some of them were merely political clubs, and many of them were without even commercial intelligence. One Board of Trade with which he was acquainted. undertook to black ball all members who belonged to a certain political party. They then proceeded to discuss political questiens, and their utterances were sent abroad as those of an influential body,

A letter from Yokohama, says that now energies to internal affairs. The Emperor himself directs the policy of his Ministers. and is especially desirons of completing the re-organization of the army and navy. which is to be carried out after the Pras sian model.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH WEST.

BY OF E SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.

VIII.

Digit on Desc Hirls. The Legente of Olio WIFE'S LAKE, - MEDICINAL WATERS ABUNDANI GAME - PEMMUCAN, SI CAME. BEGINNING OF THE POW-WOW,

On the 6th August, we reached an elevation which bears the fragrant name of Dung Hill. formed by a succession of hillocks. The ascent was quity easy, and we found there good pasture and water. On the north side of the mountain there was plenty of wood of which we took in an sample supply, as we were certain to need none before reaching Lake La Vieitle. Near a spring of cold water in the same locality, we saw a few log huts, where half-based hunters winter every year, for this is the entrance to the buffalo region. saw some antelopes in the vicinity, but did not succeed in killing any.

on the 8th, after traversing a very hilly country, we reached the shores of Take La Visible, or Old Wite's Lake. This is a sheet of water of more than usual importance. Its dimensions are ten miles in length by thirty in breadth. The lake and the creek are historical. Many years ago, a party of Assiniboine passing here had in work and even to walk. Proving a hindrance to these were expended, the died a lingering and frightful death from starva-This lembarous habit of abandoning the aged and infirm to their fate is too frequent among the Indians of the North-West, more especially among the Assiniboine, who seem to surpass all other tribes in deeds of heartlessness. About twenty miles from the comp. Colonel French found a human skull, which must have lain on the prairie for ten or twelve years. He could not be positive whether it was that of an Indian or a white man.

The water of Old Wife's Lake is deeply impregnated with sulphate of soda. It emits a disagreeable smell to the windward, as of decayed weeds steeped in brine. The effect of the odor is very nauscating, and one cannot stop long upon the banks. Men and horses were actively purged wishing to retain leased property for the use of the estate, if the case permitted the extension of time.

The oanks, men and noises were actively purged by it. This sulphate of soda is found as a thick deposit on the shores of most of the small neighborhood. It is a Dead Sea country. Shooting, however, was very plentiful. Pelicans, ducks, cese, and bastard plovers were in abundance. The Colonel killed a pelican of immense size and

About five miles onward along the shore of the lake; we met Major McLeod who had that morning arrived from the special mission to which I referred in a previous chapter. He brought with getting horses, on account of the exorbitant prices demanded for them. Two hundred dollars

were asked for a small pony.

Travelling about four and a half miles, we got near the bank of Old Wife's Creek, with most found plenty of good water and feed, with wood at a short distance. The water of the creek itself is not good, as it holds more or less sulphate of sold good, as it notes more or assessments sold in solution, but the branch falling into it is very good and cool. It is fringed with high bushes bearing huckleberries and cherries. The former were rather dry, as it was late in the

ber, to camp about three quarters of a mile from School Law of Upper Canada, a measure us. They numbered about thirty men, women which, through him, if not through him and children. We were to have a pow-wow alone, was, after years of struggling and with them on the following day. At La Vielle we were 475 miles from Dufferin.

through the old Parliament of Canada, and became the law of the land.

On the 13th August, the great "pow-wow" she took place. The Indians and wives came half way to camp at an early hour and writed with 1 great patience for the appointed hour. At 10 and how pleasant and novel such a procedure was a.m., they were informed that the Chief of the he smiled, and answered in his frank way, 'If a Red Coats was ready receive the Red Children of the Great Mother who lives across the big waters. They came marching in line, their wives behind, the Chief holding in his right hand the insignia of royalty in front, chanting something in a dirge-like montonous tone, almost drowned in the clarion notes of our trumpets belching forth glad sounds of welcome. They were conducted to a sort of pavillion made by putting two large square tents into one. There they were in-troduced to Lieutenant Colonel French, and a general shaking of hands all round took place, with a "how" in a low guttural tone from each warrior. We at first met them with closed lips as we did not know what to say. The usual how-de-you-do would have sounded ridiculous, and the happy-to-see-you would have been a lie on our lips, as they were a most wretched lot of the grand and proud Sioux. However, we soon got into the "how" of our red brothers, and "how, "how" in higher tones was heard all round.

(To be Continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CANADIAN MONTHLY, The March number of due time, though we still urge that the numbers should issue before the 1st of each mouth, rather than a few days later. The system of antedating publications may have its disadvantages, but it is so much in vogue on this continent, that it becomes a necessary element of successful competition. The contents of the present number are quite satisfactory in point both of excellence and variety. The summary of Canadian history in the appendix is a capital feature.

BEECHER AND THEOR. Parts fourth and fifth of the great trial are published and with the previous parts, form a fine octavo volume, containing seven or eight portraits, and the whole of the plaintiff's case. The work is handsomely produced, is furnished at the reasonable rate of hity cents a part, and is invaluable to all who wish to keep an authentic record of this impor-Our legal friends and readers cannot do better these supply their fibraries with conies of this useful work. They should apply to McDivitt, Campbell & Co., 111 Nassin St., N. Y.

HANS ANDERSEN

His is a simple nature, easy to read in his every-day relations with his fellows. I was charmed with him as a companion. Living in the same house with him, in the tree, unrestrained intercourse of the country. I spent many a delightful hour by his side, drinking in the wondrous fancies of his brain, and listening to his quaint talk, which seemed to come from some far-away world into which he alone, of all I had ever met, had gained admittance. In the cool of the afternoon he liked to walk in the fields with any of our party who were so inclined. For the first quarter of an hour he would not talk much, but shamble along, poking his stick into every hole and corner, or touching with it every old thing that by in his path. Then something would attract his attention on bit of old glass, a faded flower, or a half eaten insect - no matter what it was, he would stoop and pick it up, touch it tenderly, bend over it care-singly, and then, in a kind of low, half-regretful tone, he would begin and tell the story of its life, its joys, its surrows, and the sad destiny which brought it to the spot where he had found it, till I would stand listening in hushed awe, looking at the thing in his hand, and then at the dreamy face speaking so carnestly, and wonder if the man had really a soul and body belonging to the same earth that all the rest of us dwelt in so presaically, or it he would presently vanish into the spirit realm whence he gathered his fanciful ideas, and be ne longer by our side.

He seemed to me to live in a world peculiarly his own, all his ideas, thoughts, and actions, differing from those around him, and his fauciful interpretations of the every-day incidents of life often made me smile, and made me envy the dear old man the power he had of drawing pleasure to himself and giving amusement to others, from phia. There have been few, many of the small vexations which are apt to ocalitations.

cur in the best-regulated and most orderly households.

Andersen cannot on y weave and tell a story well, but he is a rare reader. Often in the evenhim 4,000 pounds of pennnican and a cart load of ling, when the drawing room was full of guests, dry meat. He did not succeed, however, in when the fun and laughter were beginning to decline, or when there was a pause in the exquisit. music always to be heard at Madame Hcharming soirces, I have noticed Anderson quietly rise from his corner, take a paper from his pocket, draw near a lamp, and propose to read a story. Of course, it was one of his own, and voices would be hushed in eager expectation, for all knew that, whatever it was, old or new, it would be sure to be worth listening to. Then, with a few words explanatory of the story, he would begin softly, as if to insure and command the attention of all around, and then gradually grow louder and louder, till his voice, always melodious and full of feeling, had reached the pitch fitted for the room. As he read on and on, and the story unfolded itself, one seemed to for-get the society around, and to live in the tronbles and sorrows or pleasures of those he was describing. His story done, he would rise from his chair, and, with a low, awkward bow, and a light wave of his hand, retire to his corner, and

shut his eyes and rest.

Once when I was telling him how intensely I enjoyed these delicious impromptu readings, he smiled, and answered in his frank way, 'If a lady can play, she likes to let others hear her talent; an artist shows his pictures—why should not I tell my little story, for that is my gift from tiod !

Andersen must be seventy years of age now, He stoops much when walking, but his hair is not very grey, nor is the thin, slight beard he wears under his smooth-shaven chin. His eyes are small, but bright and good-humored, and his forehead remarkably high; and, although he is by no means a handsome man, yet his pleasing winsome manners and genial smile unconsciously prepossess one at first appearance. His mornings he devotes to writing, but he would often comand join us in the veranda, and read to us, as he worked the outline of a new story or a fresh idea about an old one.

ON LONG LIFE.

Lord St. Leonards, in a letter dated "Boyle Farm, Nov. 6, 1871," wrote as follows: -" My own great age -in my 91st year -is singular in this respect; its operation on the two classes to which I belong. I am the oldest peer in the CANADIAN MONTHLY. "The March number of House of Lords, and therefore I am called the this excellent magazine has been published in a father of the House. I am the oldest member of the bar, and therefore I am called the father of the bar. After so long a period, never withdrawing from the duties attached to the position which I have occupied. I have ultimately retired from public life, but still find myself-called upon to exercise the faculties of which a kind Providence has left me in possession. A level a life which seems likely to extend itself. Lenter into no speculation, and have nothing to agitate me. I avoid all luxurious living, and limit myself to a moderate quantity of wine. I go early to bed, and my moderation is rewarded by a good night s sleep. I get up early, and am always down to a nine o'clock breakfast. I pass much of my time in reading. I live a happy life, for which I thank fod, and submit myself to His gu a negard mercy. This, then, is all the secret which I possess of long life."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELATICE PHILLIPS is to have a week of opera in May, at the Roston Theatre, before bidding at 1 og farewell to the American stage.

Ar is said that Manager Strakosch lost \$75,000 during the season of Italian opera so abruptly brought to a close by the flitting of Albani,

It is said that Rose Eytinge will create the healing rile in "Rose Michel" in this country. The drama has been the greatest success in Paris since the "Two Orphaus."

Male, Ghinassi, a Parisian ballet girl, underook to enter a den of wild bensts recently. Armed with such softening implements as a whip and a bouquer of violets, she went in and conquered,

Mus. Philar Reade, who has achieved success, at Milan, Italy, will teture to her home in Topela. Kausas, ere long. She has already appeared in several MRS. JENNY VALLY SCHERENBERG, a holy o

musical culture, and who obtained, it is said, a prominen place as a suger in Germany, is now residing in Chicago She is said to be a star.

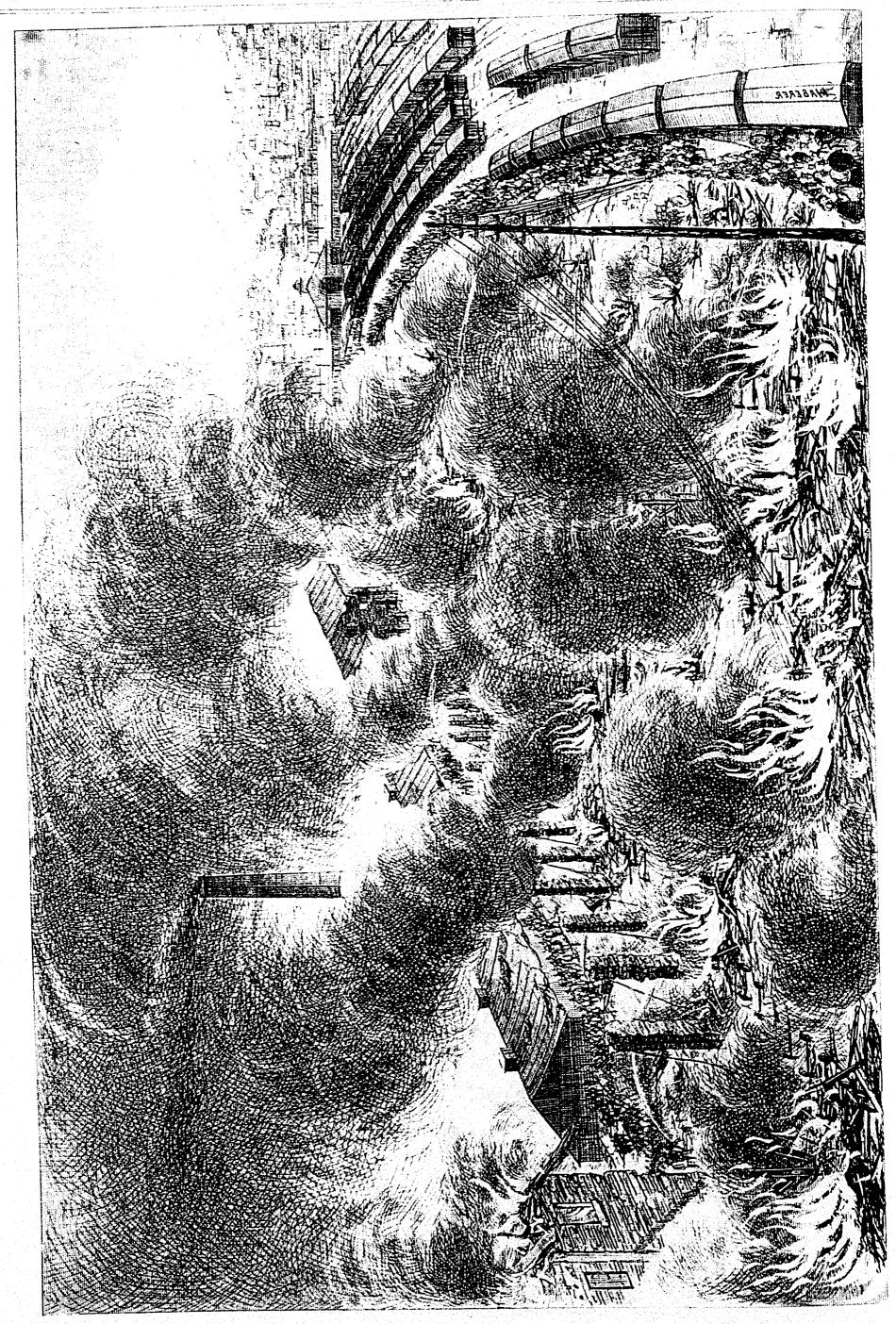
It is dawning upon the minds of the corporaarti that singers at from one to two thousands dollars a night are too costly to carry around the country during a season of reflection and common-sense,

Ir is troubling the impresarii just now to find a system of mathematics, by which a salary of \$2,000 per night can be deducted from \$1,900 receipts, and leave a balance sufficient to pay traveling expenses.

JULIUS E. PERKINS, the basso, died recently in London. He was a native of Vermont, and visited this country hast summer, bringing with him his hole. Marie Roze, the prisma doma. Mr. Perkins was master of a very proud position.

MILE EAVART has created a sensation at the Théatre Français by her superb acting of the poison scene in "Adrienne Locottyreur," She makes Adrienne die in horrible but more artistic agonies than those with chich Croizette illustrated the "Sphinx."

Miss Netreson is to not shortly in St. Louis. MISS NELESSON IN OUR STORMS IN Where she will give lathella in "Measure for News ne." a part which she assumed for the first line in Philadelphia. There have been few, if any, as fresses who never the lathella in the line of the lathella in the lathella



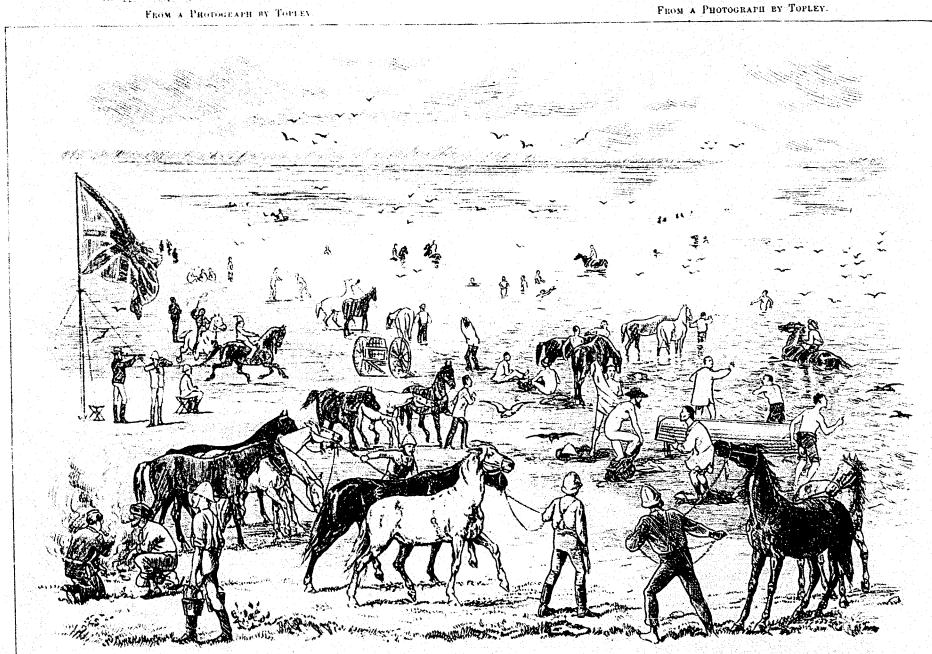
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



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SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST:

THE FLANEUR.

In the recent debate before the British House of Commons, on marriage with a deceased wife's sister, one member ventured on the famous text of Leviticus (XVIII. 18), and, of course, made a mess of it. He said:
"Neither shalt thou marry the sister of thy

wife till she is dead!

Another laughable blunder in our House of Commons

In the debate on the New Brunswick School question, a member—I will hush his name being rather arbitrary in the use of the genders, persisted in making the Constitution a female. He always referred to it as "she." This was odd but innocent, but when he went further,

and exclaimed:

"If you do so and so, she (the Constitution)
will be violated,"

He was still odd, but not innocent, and the irreverent legislators laughed.

Why should a prudent woman seek to marry

Because Shakspeare says ' "The tanner will last you nine year?

On the 30th of January, the French Republic had a majority of one vote at Versailles. All Parisians said, that evening, "There is but one voice for the Republic!"

At the last soirée of the Elysée, Marshal Canrobert, said to Arsène Houssaye: "There is a great deal of talk about stagnation; look at these ladies, and tell me if they do not show that there is progress in painting.

Emmanuel Arago has found a good way to ub neonle who ask his age. "Alas! I am snub people who ask his age. "A nearer 60 than 50." In fact he is 64.

An old bald-headed, wrinkled Senator was sitting in the Gallery of the House of Commons, while the member for Bothwell was advocating his famous resolutions.

'What a grind the fellow is, "said the Senator referring to the speaker's manner, as well as to the persistency with which he has advocated this

the persistency with which he has acrossed scheme, year after year.

A waggish journalist sitting near, replied:

"The Mills of the House grinds slowly, but he grinds exceeding fine."

The result of the vote proved how true the observation was.

The editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has been "run" by his friends for advocating the nomination of Sir John A. Macdonald to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the Dominion.

"Do you think he would accept !"

" It is not probable." "There is one thing more improbable than his acceptance."
"Namely!"

"His being offered the position!"

Another story on the same subject.
"Sir John would have offered Mr. Dorion the

"Yes, Sir John had such weaknesses. Mr. Mackenzie is a strong-minded man.

A member of the Quebec Civil Service has immortalized himself by the following practical

On market days, the habitans are in the habit On market days, the habitans are in the habit of eating their dinners en famille. When the Angelus of noon rings, they leave their carts or their stalls, and producing their baskets, make a ring in the centre of the market and fall to. Men, women and children huddle together, eat, tell stories, and make merry.

This wag of ours had an inspiration. He made a bet with a friend that without saying a word

a bet with a friend that, without saying a word, he would break up this dinner party in disgust. Five dollars were staked.

He went to a china shop and bought a certain domestic vase, of the orthodox yellow hue. He went next to a tap-room and had a pint of beer poured therein. He went lastly to the old woman of the corner, and bought some ginger-bread and baignes, which he forthwith threw into the beer. He then went forward bravely, took a seat among the habitans, and began to eat his gingerbread.

Consternation! When he got through the cake, he raised up the vase to his lips and drank off the beer. Cries, yells, exclamations! He looked around and found the market de-

He won his money.

to talk about a woman being qualified to fill every position in life that a man fills. For inwhat woman could lounge around the stove in a country grocery and lie about the number of fish she caught last summer?"

The process of cooking a beef-steak is to place it on a gridiron over a hot fire until the outside is properly browned, but not scorched; you are is properly browned, but not scorched; you are then to remove it, and put it on a plate in a hot oven, where you are to leave it for from three to five minutes. At the end of that time it will be found cooked through, and of a delicate roseate pink hue, neither dried nor burned in any part thereof. If you dare to salt or pepper it before serving, you will receive no diploma from this institute.

THE GLEANER.

How they understand things in England-Mr. Disraeli, was lately engaged to dine with the Speaker at his official dinner. Shortly after his engagement he received a Royal command to dine at Marlborough House the same mand to dine at Maritorough House the same evening. He, consequently, decided to make his excuses to the Speaker, pleading a Royal command; but it is said the Speaker intimated that he could not release the Premier on that plea, as he could only recognise it on the part of the Sovereign. Mr. Disrueli at once bowed to this decision, and intimated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales that his allegiance to the first commoner of England prevented him from obeying the command in question. A similar incident, it is said, occurred to the late Lord Palmerston, who upon being invited in the same way to both places, replied in the following terms:—"Lord Palmerston presents his gracious duty to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wiles, and humbly regrets that a command to attend the Speaker of the House of Commons prevents him obeying his Royal Highness's previous command," or words to that effect.

Concerning Samson the instructor of Rachel. Admirable as was the result of their relation as master and pupil, it was a stormy one; their quarrels and reconciliations were many, and of these, one good story at least deserves reproduction. Being in a scolding mood, Samson one day took advantage of a situation in the piece of Lady Tartufe to seat himself on the sofa by Rachel's side, and overwhelm her, sotto voce, with the bitterest reproaches, the circumstances of the drama all the time requiring her to accept them with the most gracious smiles and a by-play expressive of delighted acquiescence. Better still was the exquisite mistake, made on purpose, by which Rachel on one occasion be-came reconciled with her irascible mentor. She got him to act the Prince de Bouillon to her Adrienne Lecouvreur, and when, at one of the first rehearsals, she came to the scene where Adrienne goes up to her faithful adviser, Michounet, and addresses him in loving words, Rachel turned from his representative to that of the Prince, and clasping M. Samson's hand, exclaimed, "This is he to whom I owe everything!" How thoroughly they must all have enjoyed this bit of sentiment! this bit of sentiment!

The eminent chess writer, M. Cecil de Vere died at Torquay in his 30th year. He died on the English scourge—phthisis. He began learning chars when he was twalve and was seen talk ing chess when he was twelve, and was soon talked of as one of the most promising young players of his time. When he was 17 he beat Anderssen and all the best English players, receiving only the knight odds. In 1865, when only 20, he obtained his great triumph by beating Herr Steinitz, who gave him the pawn and the move. In 1866 he won the English Challenge Cup, but was only fifth in the Paris tourney in 1867. He came out second in two tournaments for the Challenge Cup of the British Chess Association of 1868, and again in that of 1872, when Mr. Wisker carried off the Cup, and on both occasions he lost the first prize only by being defeated in the tie game. After that he played uncertainly, though five months ago he displayed all his old brilliancy. ing chess when he was twelve, and was soon talkbrilliancy.

A correspondent, who signs himself "Mors," roposes "desiccation" as an alternative to cremation." The manner of disposing of dead bodies by the new plan would be to place them in wicker baskets or shells in a properly constructed building, and dry them till all the dangerous gases and liquids were removed; then take them to the cemetery. "Mors" candidly admits that there are some "difficulties" in the carrying out of "desiccation."

A very fine fresco has been brought to light by the excavations which are being carried on at present in Pompeii. This fresco is in a richlypresent in Pompeii. This fresco is in a richly-decorated house just uncovered, and represents Orpheus playing on his lute and charming the wild beasts and birds by his melodies. It is divided into three compartments by a painted framework, the centre one being the principal. This compartment contains a figure of Orpheus, seated before a high rock, the summit of which is crowned with verdure, and having a cleft. is crowned with verdure, and having a cleft, through which is seen on the distant horizon a charming landscape. The head and breast of the musician are finely treated, but the remainder of the body is so inferior that it leads to the beof the body is so interior that it loads to the be-lief that a restoration must have been attempted at some time by an unskilful hand. Amongst the animals surrounding the figure are a wild boar and a stag; also vastly inferior to the remainder of the work. In the other compartmainder of the work. In the control one, are birds of all sorts flying about in the air. These two of all sorts flying about in the air. These two frames are surrounded by garlands from which hangs a medallion containing a human figure. A Milwaukee paper thinks "it simply abound The whole is festooned with ivy, the sombre tone of which throws out the colours of the fresco in bold relief.

At the last Elysée ball Marshal MacMahon, Marshal Canrobert and Arsene Houssaye were chatting over the "volcano of the dance." It was toward midnight, the hour when the Duke of Magenta leaves the little "Salon of Salutaor magenta leaves the little "Salon or Salutations" to walk about among his guests. They were dancing and waltzing with great gayety. The women were making peacocks' tails with their trains, and doing wonders with their faces. Marshal MacMahon said: "See how sensible Paris is; it ignores what is going on at Versailles. I have no Ministry; the Assembly is in tumult for a word; but all that does not keep Paris from dancing. They dance over a volcano; but it is a volcano of roses.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Arsene Houssaye, one of the wittiest of Paris ian writers, an old bran, editor of L'Artiste, and correspondent of the New York Tribane, has some charming things on balls and women which under a satirical form, convey a useful lesson:

What romances there are in balls! A portion-less young girl—say a hundred thousand francs -comes in with a Greuze face, under a forest of blonde hair. A bored young man, with three hundred thousand francs income, asks her to The thunderbolt of love had struck his

"Mademoiselle," he said, "do you like to dance?" "Very much indeed, Sir." "And to waltz?" "Passionately, Sir." "Will you make a sacrifice for me?"

The young lady looked at the young man. Why not?"

"Very well, Mademoiselle, do not dance nor waltz this evening.' "And for this sacrifice?" "I offer you my

name and my fortune. "That is a great deal," said the young girl, more tempted by her feet than her heart. "Do you hear the violins?"

Mademoiselle, I am called the Count de

* and I have three hundred thousand

livres of income. The young girl doubtless reflected that with three hundred thousand francs income one could

pay for a great many fiddles.

"Monsieur," she said, "let us compromise.
I will not waltz or dance with any one but you."

"No, Mademoiselle, I want a complete sacri-

You are the most beautiful person at the

fice. You are the most beautiful person at the ball; every one is gazing at you; we will walk into one of the little drawing-rooms and chat together like married people."

"Already!" said the young lady, making a saucy face. But she had left her place in the quadrille. She leaned upon the arm of the young man and allowed herself to be taken to the staircase. "This is despotism, Sir," "Yes, Mademoiselle. I wish to be master before if not the staircase. "This is despotism, Sir," "Yes, Mademoiselle, I wish to be master before if not

The young girl mounted the staircase, saying to herself, "Three hundred thousand livres of income, a hotel, a chateau, a racing stable, a hunting equipage, travel like a princess, have caprices like a queen."

They went slowly up the steps, for the Elysée staircase is invaded, after the manner of Venestarroase is invaded, after the manner or vene-tian fêtes, by a sea of guests. The quadrille was ended. All at once the young girl hears the pre-lude of Olivier Métra's Serenade, a Spanish and French waltz, full of rapture and melancholy, full of passion and sentiment. She could resist no longer. She withdraws her hand from the arm which holds it, she glides like a serpent through the human waves; she arrives breath-less in the grand salon of the orchestra. She no longer knows what she is doing, the Serenade has so bewitched her. A waltzer who does not know her seizes her on the wing, and bears her into the whirlwind.

Meanwhile what is the three-hundred-thousand-a-year man doing? He is desperate; he has had happiness in his very hands, and now he sees it vanishing from him like a dream, all because Waldteufel had the unlucky idea to play that diabalized water. that diabolical waltz. The unhappy lover tries in vain to reason with himself, to curse his folly, to swear that he will never look at the woman again. He has not the courage to go up the stairs. He descends four steps at a time; nothing stops him; he follows the young girl and arrives almost as soon as she does before the orchestra. Alas! She is already off for the waltz. She is a thousand leagues away from him. The first comer holds her in his arms, breaths the fragrance of her adorable blonde hair, revels in the warm glances of her soft eyes, the color of heaven.

Is not this the moment to give you my opinion of the Waltz? I will translate it in these maxims which La Rochefoucauld would hesitate to sign.

The waltz is a double life.

The most reckless women are less dangerous than the most platonic waltzes.

The waltz can give love to those who have none, as love gives wit to those who lack it.

Love is often nothing more than the exchange of two quadrilles and the contact of two waltzes.

A woman has learning enough when she can tell the difference between a two-time and a three-

After waltzing, some women go through a quadrille as a purgatory to the w

Women pardon to the waltz what they would never permit to the dance.

Marshal Canrobert was talking gallantly to the Duchess of * * *. "Keep on," she said, "Marshal, I am a fortified place. I am not afraid of you." "Take care, Madame. You are a strong place, but the sentinels of the heart are always drower." are always drowsy.

It is said that black-eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous. Blue-eyed, soulful, truthful, affectionate, and confiding. Grey-eyed philosophical, literary, resolute, cold-hearted. Hazel-eyed, quick-tempered and fickle. Green-eyed is large chart eight. eyed, jealous, squinting-eyed, cross, short-sighted, injudicious.

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

Dress.—Comparatively few possess an innate perception of the beautiful, but all may dress in taste by the observance of certain laws of nature. Thus, sky-blue is becoming to fair persons, because it contrasts agreeably with the orange in their complexion. Light green is also, particularly to fair complexions, utterly devoid of colour, because it adds the rose tint altogether wanting. because it adds the rose tint altogether wanting. Red and yellow are becoming to dark, fresh coloured complexions, the yellow by contrast, the red by harmony. Violet, dark green, and pink are more limited in their adaptability, and require to be brought into juxtaposition with the complexion before a decision can be arrived at complexion before a decision can be arrived at, as there may be a tone in the complexion that will neither harmonise nor contrast favourably. Then, again, there are gradations in these-some that are not becoming, if placed in direct contrast with the skin, would, with a line of white or black intervening, have a most becoming effect.

HEROINES OR FOOLS.—Young women have a dim notion that it is grand and noble to take a dim notion that it is grand and noble to take a lover on trust, to despise good counsel and filial obedience, and they hug themselves with the sweet delusion that they are heroines, when they are only fools. The girl triumphs, of course, over father and mother. For a few short weeks, life is a dream of soft sentiment and new gowns. life is a dream of soft sentiment and new gowns Then the truth begins to dawn. She has sold herself for a passing fancy. She shudders at the footsteps for which she once listened with rapture. She hides herself in terror from the face upon which she thought she could gaze for ever. Sometimes, with the courage which seems to be given to certain women, she holds a proud and smiling face to the world, and no one knows except her husband, when she rests at last from her sorrows, that the brave heart was broken in the first month after marriage.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD .- It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some when the heart is touched and somened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover about us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten.

WINDER WINDS.—There is something wild and weird in the sound of the loud winds that whistle round our dwellings in the night time at the present season. They are mournful, and they the present season. They are mournful, and they bear on their swift wings the memories of other days. They remind us of faces that have vanished for ever from our view, and of firesides where the ashes are cold now. They appeal to us for charity, for we know that they come past the window without fuel, and poor and orphan children with scanty clothing, and scanty fare. Let us listen to the mournful winter winds, and while they make us sad be taught by them to do while they make us sad, be taught by them to do what lies in our power to make other hearts more cheerful.

GOLDEN SILENCE.—"A pain forgotten is a pain cured," is a proverb we have never heard, but we think it would be a good one. We know more than one person who cherishes ailments, and of them makes a never-failing topic of conversation, which is never agreeable, and ceases to be interesting to others after a time. If the purpose of such conversation is to obtain sympathy, it certainly fails of its object. When one is really suffering, a regard for the feelings of friends would cause one to be very careful not to talk about it unnecessarily, for what is more distressing than to witness pain which one has no power to alleviate, and to be continually reminded of sorrows which cannot be assuaged?

Housekeeping.-No lady can afford, for her own sake, to be otherwise than gentle, thoughtful, and courteous in the administration of household matters. If she reserves her best manners for the drawing-room, where so small a portion of the average housekeeper's time is spent, it is likely that they will not always be easily put on. The habitual deportment leaves marks upon the countenance and the manner which no sudden effort can produce. And in housekeeping there are at best so many unexpected occurrences, not always agreeable, that nothing but a habt of self-control and serenity can tide us over them creditably. According to John Newton, it sometimes requires more grace to bear the breaking of a china plate than the death of an only son; and there is a good deal of truth under the seeming absurdity.

THE Gossip.—Beware of the gossip, no matter how plausible accomplished gossip is great in asserting his own innocence of intention. He repudiates altogether the classification which would include him in the category of the slanderers—those conversational assassins against whom we make special supplication; and, when he is brought to book on charge of spreading abroad false reports and bearing his part in shying stones at his neighbours' houses, answers demurely—" I did not mean to do any harm; I only told so and so to Mrs. This and That, and she had no business to repeat it." This only telling so and so is just the whole burden of the mischief. The thing we cannot keep for ourselves we have no right to expect others will keep for us, and we only play monkey tricks with our conscience when we pretend to believe that everyone else is more trustworthy than ourselves.

THE TOURNAMENT

A knight, well armed, outsallied to the fray One glorious morn, when June was rife with roses Where his antingonist had climned to stray, And Cupil off reposes.

Amid the flowers; for 'twis on a lawn, Boueath a campy of trees derspreading, Swept by the scented Zephyr, and a tawn Grazel (imidly, half dreading

The introders, as the worlike pair advanced;— One, eager for the fray, approaching holdly; The other, strange to say, but shyly glanced, And eyed the for quite coldly;

But, courage gaining, suon the quiver sought, As, toking deadly aim, each poised an arrow Each mark a human heart, nor gave a thought To Death's cold chamber narrow;

As simultaneously the shulls were freed By all toreskilled a marksman to miscarry— For though 'tis strange, mother hand gave speed To darts they could not parry—

A hidden orther with macring aim.

Had beid the bow wheme then the shafts death thealing.

Two hearts transfixing, ere discovery came.

His buling-place reventing.

I was Cupid, lying pentu heath a rose— Restrain your frowto, yo southmental misses. The pair were lovers, and the only binws. They interchanged were kisses.

A FEMALE HAMLET.

In analyzing the mind of Hamlet, it is neces sary to accompany him in his different situations, and curefully observe the principles of action that govern him in various circumstances, and this analysis is almost necessary to show how far an actor interprets this most subtle creation of Shakspete's. In Hamlet's first appearance he discovers grief, aversion, and indignation grief for the death of his father, aversion against his investions and adulterate uncle, and indignation at the ingratitude and guilt of his mother. The circumstances of the times render it dangerous to discover his sentiments, and the real state of his mand, therefore he has to govern them as far as the impetuous ardour of his emotions will allow Miss Scaman, on English actress who appeared in this city some days ago, well brought out the indignation labouring for atterance, and the reason striving to retain it, when he invelobs with keenness, but obliquely, against the insancrity of Gertrude's Sorrow, and the stinging manner with which he opposes her duty to her a tual conduct, in the stweet-

Scoths, Madain, 'uny Rete; I know not souchs,' The not alone my inky cloak; good mother, Not customary stitle of selemi black, '".
That can denote me truly—These indeed seen. For they are nellous that a man maget play. But I have that within which passets show.
These but the trappings are the suits of wor.

In the first soliformy, after his recent interview with the Queen and her unlawful husband, in which he pours out the anguish of his perplexed usual, agitated and overwhelmed with afflicting images that will admit of no seething, no exhibiting affection, and wishes for riddance from his afflictions by being delivered from a painful existence. Miss Seaman was very effective, and her emotion grew more vehement and her indignation augmented gradually by admiration of the so excellent a king and abhorizance of Claudius. "That was, to this, Hyperion to a Satyr;" and, finally, by the stinging reflection on the Queen's inconstancy:

Why she would hang on him, As if increase of appetite had grown by what it ted on . So:

The audience were made to feel how severely Hamlet was affected, when he strives to obliterate the idea in the words

Let me not think nat-

and again where, in the stimulation and augmentation of his auguish, he utters these lines:

Wittin a most in Ere yet the salt of most narighteous teats that left the flushing in her galled eyes.

She married

and again, when his agitation is heightened to it-extremity in the following exclamation:

Ob, most wicked speed to post With such dexterity to incestions sheets! Hamlet, in his retirement, expresses his agony

without reserve, but restrains it when in public, and Miss Seaman well brought out that ease and affability which are the result of polished manners, good sense and humanity, by the natural and easy way Hamlet first encounters Horatio and Marcellus. The whole of this scene between the Prince and his friends is masterly and affecting, and yet the dialogue is simple and unaffected. Miss Seaman did her part well, but the beauty of the scene was marred through the youth who played Horatio being guilty of substituting words of his sterile invention for those of the author. Without wishing to be thought

throughout the play were interly spoiled by the contemptible disregard of the text that was manifested by the King and Laertes, Marcellus and Bernardo, Rosenerantz and Guildenstern. We regret to have the current of our thoughts and the thread of our criticism interrupted by having to use harsh words, but we feel very strongly the manner in which the dialognes were treated, thereby, if not absolutely taking away all our enjoyment, yet considerably distracting us. We

unkind and uncharitable, many exquisite scenes

dismiss the subject, Let us not think on't-

and we will come back to "metal more attractive."

Of Miss Scaman's Hamlet we do not, at the outset, wish to be thought exuberant in praise, because we confess that we did not receive half

as Shakspere gives us in the closet; not so much from the failing of the actress, but from the difficulty there is for any actor to exhibit what the careful reader and student imagines. It is but natural that they should disappoint us by exhibiting something different from what our imagination had anticipated, and which consequently appears to us at the moment an unfaithful representation of the Poet's idea. Perhaps it from Garrick to Kemble, from Edmund Kean and Mecready to Feehter and living to make up a perfect Hamlet, because Shakspere has, proba-bly, breathed more of himself into his Hamlet than into any other of his dramatic persons; a east of mind at once philosophic and poetic; at once serious and mirthful; at once affectionate and brave; at once acutely observant of others, and profoundly reflective on self; instinct with noble sentiments, solemn convictions, immortal expectations. We fancy we hear more of Shakspete's inner man, his secret and serious cogita-tions and impressions in this than in any other instance of his manifold creations. Therefore, while we most willingly confess we derived much pleasure and some profit from Miss Seaman's rendition of the Prince of Denmark, and regret that there were not present hundreds more to have witnessed her performance; yet we cannot give it unqualified praise. A fady having essayed the part, we shall not dwell on her demerits, but rather point to those parts or portions of the play wherein we thought she excelled. And now for our task,

After the conversation between Horatio, Marcellus and Hamlet, wherein the latter learns of his father's spirit in arms being seen on the platform of the Castle of Elsinore, his heart full of agony, prepared for the evidence of the guilt of the king and willing to receive it, he exclaims:

All is not nother.

I doubt some fool play—wantd the night were come!

Till then so still my soul, A.c.,

Miss Seaman brought out the "perturbed and perplexed" spirit of Hamlet. Again, when he has followed the ghost to a more remote part of the platform, and atters the words "Whither wit thou lead me." Speak, I'll go no further," Miss Seaman interprets the question as though Hamlet was fearful, and presents her sword at the ghost, or in other words, stands on the defensive, and, we think, rightly so: and her voice betrayed not only fear, but the "windy suspiration of fore'd breath" showed the mental excitement in which be was plunged, not only by the following of the ghost, but by the apprehension of what it was going to divulge, that "foul play" which would account for the suddenness of his father's death and the mysterious circumstances attending it. After the terrifying and appulling words of the ghost.

Confined fast in fires. This ine food crimes done in his days of nature. Are burnt and purg'd away:

and the awful horror it must have excited in Hamlet's mind, harrowing his soul; his inergination, left to his own invention, overwhelmed with obscurity, doubtless travelled far into the regions of terror, into the obysses of fiery and unfathomable darkness, his limbs paralysed with horrible imaginings, or "bestill'd almost to jelly with the act of tear," Miss Seaman, when she utters the words

And you my snows grow not instant old, But bear me stiffly up.

staggers as though her limbs were paralysed, thus giving additional force to the words. Her rendering of the words

Swear, as before, so help you mercy! How strange or old see or I bear myself, &c

well brought out the idea of Hamlet wishing to appear incoherent and inconsistent, and his desire to have it believed that his reason is somewhat disarranged; and which inconsistency he puts into practice when he, the more easily to deceive his nucle-father and aunt-mother, () shes into Ophelia's chamber

With his doublet all unbran'd No hat upon his head, his stockings toul'd Ungarter'd, &c.

The seeme with Ophelia, which was very creditably played by Miss Ramage, was truthfully rendered, according to our idea of the pools intent. We believe there was no change in Hambet's attachment to Ophelia. His affection is permanent. Engaged in a dangerous enterprise, agitated by impetuous emotions, desirous of concealing them, and, for that reason, feigning his twits diseased "; to confirm and publish this report, seemingly so burtful to his reputation, he would act in direct opposition to his former conduct and inconsistently with the genuine sentiments and affections of his soul, which he so feelingly expresses in the churchyard scene,

I too'd Opholin; forty thousand brothers bould not, with all their quantity of love. Make up my sum.

If we may take exception to Miss Scancen's rendering of the "Get thee to a numery," Ne., we should, by saying that, in our opinion, there is not anything in the dialogue to justify the tragic tone in which it was spoken; we should think it would be more consistent with "the expectancy and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion, if the words were spoken or delivered in a light, airr, unconcerned and thoughtless manner; the words in themselves are sufficiently rude and harsh without any tragic emphasis. A recent writer in Mac Millan's Magazine, January, 1875, in an article, "The New Hamlet and his Critics, says; "We see clearly that Hamlet's idea of the best way to counterfeit insanity is to be flippant, jocose, and at times irrelevant, and yet to allow himself, ander shelter of his condition, to utter

the pleasure from the Hamlet on the stage as Shakspere gives us in the closet; not so much from the failing of the actress, but from the difficulty there is for any actor to exhibit what the careful reader and student imagines. It is but natural that they should disappoint us by exhibiting something the content of his saner moments."

exhibiting something different from what our imagination had anticipated, and which consequently appears to us at the moment an unfaithful representation of the Poet's iden. Perhaps it would require the componency of all the Hamlets from Garrick to Kemble, from Edmund Kean

O, what a rogue, and peasant slave nm P: &c., Miss Seaman was very effective, especially in the in the fiery declamation of the following lines:

What would be do, Had be the motive and the cue for passion. That I have!—He would drown the stage with tears. And cleave the general car with horrid speech, Make mad the guilty and appat the free, Confound the ignorant, and smaze, indeed. The very faculty of ears and eyes, &c.

And also in the scene between Hamlet, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, after the play scene, wherein these creatures of the King, instigated by the Queen, are employed as spies upon Hambet, who perceives it and treats them with deserved contempt, although in such a manner, however, as to conceal, as much as possible, the real state of his mind. Teased with their importunity, the transient gaiety of his humour is succeeded by reflections on his condition. His anger and resentment are inflamed, and, indignant that the unworthy engines of a vile usurper

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule. That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,

should be thought capable of ensuaring him, he confounds them by showing them he had discovered their intentions, and overwhelms them with the specialities dignity of his displacement.

the supercilions dignity of his displeasure.

We imagined Miss Seaman rather heightened her displeasure consequent on the wretched acting of these despicable courtiers, and vented it on that fawning, self-sufficient courtier, grown grey in adulation and paltry cunning, who fretted and exasperated Hamlet to such an extent that we do not wonder at the exclanation—"These tedious old fools!" and that "there was nothing that he would more gladly part with, except his life!"

The perfety and guilt of Claudius the King are, at the end of the play scene, unquestioned. All the circumstances are stamped indelibly on the imagination of Hamlet. Yet, though vehemently incensed, the gentic and affectionate principles of his nature preserve their influence—to the unhappy Gertrude he will not be inhuman.

Soft; now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.
Let me be cruel but not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

The closet scene that immediately follows was certainly, as a whole, the best of the play. It agitated the audience. The time, "the very witching hour of night," and the state of Hamlet's mind, when he "could drink hot blood and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on." The situation, that of a son endeavouring to reclaim a parent, is exceedingly interesting. All the sentiments and emotions are animated and expressive of character. In the Queen we discern the confidence of a guilty mind that, by the artifices of self-deceit, has put to silence the upbraidings of the conscience. We also perceive in her the anguish and horror of a mind appalled and confounded by the consciousness of its depravity and its eager solicitude to be receied, by any means, from the persecuting and poinful feeling. Hamlet, full of affection, studies to secure her tranquility; and, guided by mor I principles, he endeavours to establish it on the foundation of virtue. He is animated by every generous and tender sentiment, and, convinced of the superior excellence and dignity of an un'iemished conduct, he cannot bear that those who are dear to him should be depraved ad it is evident by Miss Scaman's rendering of the text that she takes this view of his conduct into consideration, and that Hamlet wishes to renew in his mother a sense of honour and merit, without subterfuge or disguise, on her own bewiour, and to restore her to her former tame. The contrast in the lines beginning

Look here upon this picture and on this, and ending with

Have you eyes! Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed And batten on this moor!

Miss Seaman rendered with a very striking effect. The transition from admiration to abhorrence, which, in a remarkable degree heightens the latter, was admirably shown.

SWEET CIDER.

Somelody in a late periodical, a traveller who has tasted the wines of France and the coffee of Turkey in their own homes, comes back and sings heartily the praise of cider, declaring it is and ought to be the national American drink, as it is the favourite beverage in Normandy, where it is found on the tables of the great landed proprietors, who cherish their apple orchards as the monks of Cyprus their vineyards. He goes so far as to declare, too, that all genuine Americans, in secret, prefer cider to any other drink, and are only deterred from its use by shame. We heard a keen-sighted social philosopher assert the other day that the rapid physical deterioration of the New Englanders as a race might be dated from the time when they gave up cider and the hearty good-living which it typifies, and took to ten and mental 'pabulum instead. The

Massachusetts former in Endicott's time atchis four meals a day, measured six feet two in his stockings, read his Bible, and died, believing it, at four score and ten. Nowadays, he has cut down his apple orchards, starves at home and sells the last gleaning of wheat to educate his son at Cambridge, finds his religious speculations in Emerson, until his lean body, being too tired to work longer, goes down to death to prove the truth of these speculations at the untimely age of fifty-five.

The American goes to Europe and repairs without delay to study the tranquility, the gardenlike fullness of an English landscape; or he hies him to Southern France, or Italy, and stands enraptured gazing at the dark, low-lying hills crusted with vines, the gleaning white villas, the cloudless depths of color which are not that which he has been used to call the sky. It is certain that he never saw a picture so fair; yet, after all, it is but a picture. He has no part in it; his guide book is in his hand, his courier at his elbow, his trunks are at the hotel; there are a thousand other landscapes, statues, churches, waiting for him to see. It may be all right for the Spaniard or Frenchman to talk with effusion of olive groves or vine-clad hills; but what are they to Cobbs of Pennsylvania or White of Oregon, except a picture belonging to somebody else! But from Pennsylvania to Oregon there stretch orchards each one of which belongs to some American's childhood. Every one of our readers has such a one in his mind's eye now; the grass brown after the early frost; the white dandelion seed floating drowsily in the yellow sunshine, and the old crooked trees weighted with blood-red Baldwins and golden pippins. These old patriarchs of the farm are the most friendly and human of all trees to him; he and his brothers used to make seats high up in their crotched trunks, his own children have fastened a swing just now to their branches. Between the orchard and the house the eider-press stands. and as he tastes the mellow golden juice, it seems as if he were a boy again, burning with patriotism on Independence Day, hating the British and ready to take oath that no skies are so fair as the purple splendors that rise on a cold Fall evening over the old homestead.

About this time of the year, too, when there is nothing to be done (for not even the butter can be sent into market on account of the deep snows) what a part this homely drink assumes. There are innumerable homes where, on this wintry night, you may find the gray-haired grandsire, father, mother, and children gathered around the fire, with hands seamed by hard work, and faces lined by honest, shrewd thought. Some of the neighbours drop in, having stamped through the snow; the talk runs on politics—on the parson's journey east—the wedding coming off next week. It is not brilliant critical talk, but it is intelligent, kindly, and, above all—clean. Presently one of the boys goes down cellar for the big basket of apples, and there are cakes and a great jug of hot mulled cider. It was such homely, honest homelife as this that gave Lincoln to the country, Clay, Webster, Stonewall Jackson, Greeley, Franklin.

These remarks of the New York Tribune can apply to Canada, whose apples are unrivalled and where the cider press used to be an accompaniment to every farm house.

HUMOROUS.

"WHAT can't be cured must be sold fresh" is the watchword of Porkopolis.

THE man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

A FAIR critic recently objected to a work of an because, by contrast, it spoiled her complexion.

A PUN arising out of the controversy between

Monsigner Capel and Canon Liddon is now current in London—viz. "What is Ritualism!" Answer: "Poperry with the lid on" (Liddon),

A TRANSATLANTIC editorial notice of a woman's grocery store reads as follows: Her tematoes are as red as her own checks; her indigo is as blue as her own eyes, and her popper is as hot as her own temper."

own eyes, and her pepper is as hot as her own temper.'

In South Carolina, a coloured preacher puts his foot on excessive bribery at chericus and crushes it.

'Disting" he says, "ob gittin one hundred dollars for a vote is all wrong; ten dollars is as much as it's worf!'

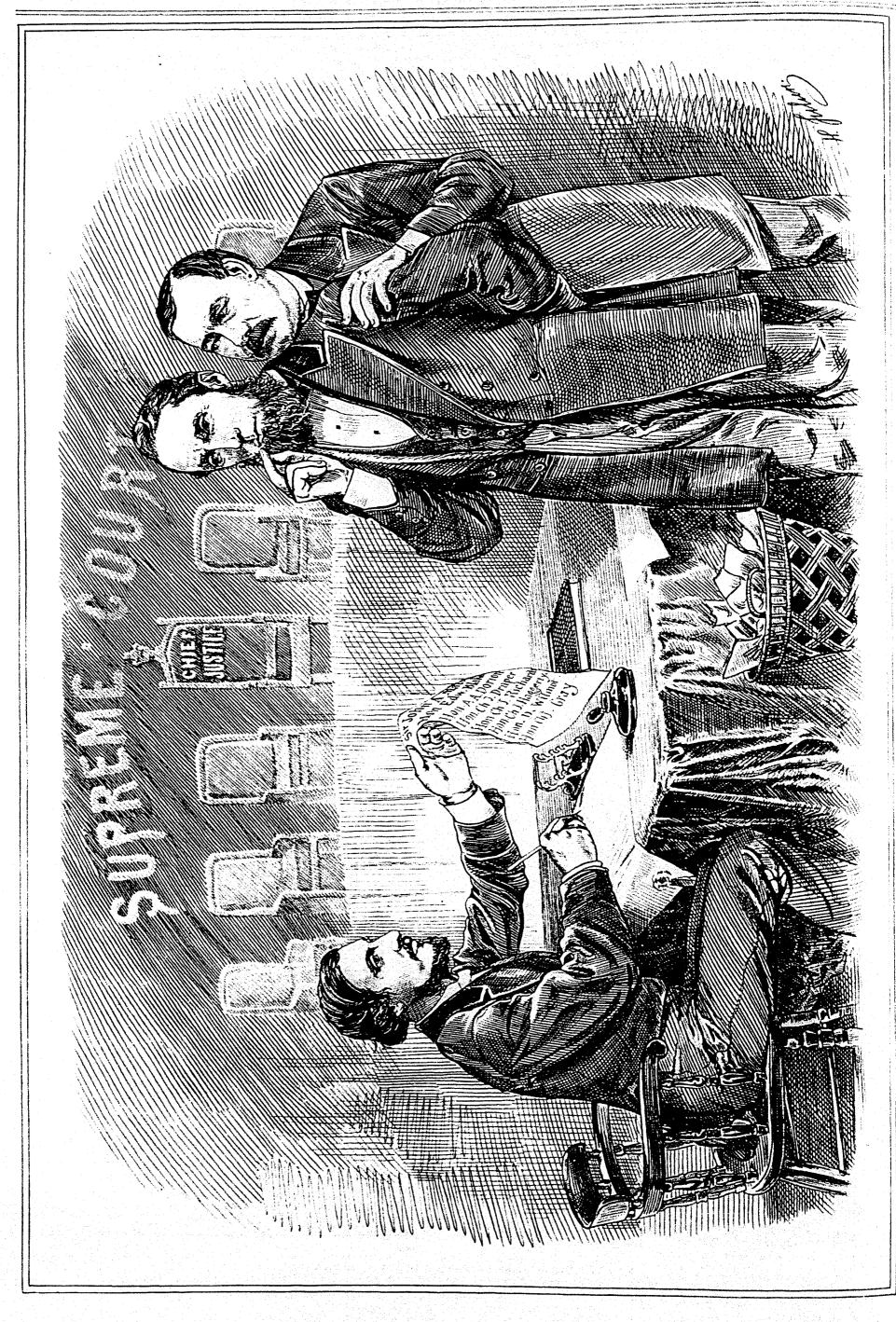
JERROLD and Laman Blanchard were strolling together alout I ordon, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. Jerrold, telling the story many years after, said. "But a shower of rain came on, and washed all the Greece out of us."

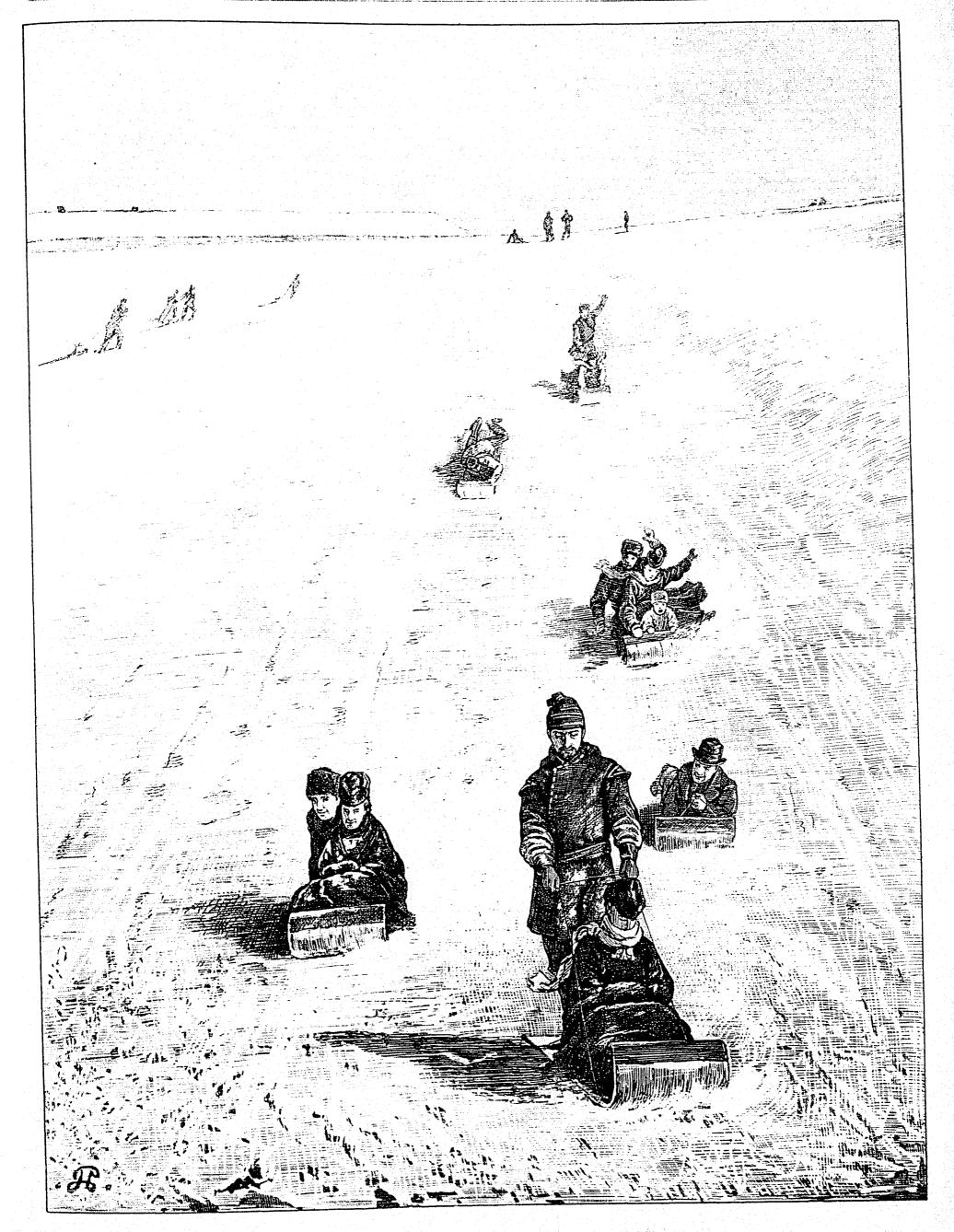
WHILE at the breakfast-table a little girl made load and repeated calls for buttered toast. After disposing of a liberal quantity, she was told that too much hot buttered toast would make her ill. Looking wistfully at the dish for a monout, she thought she saw her way out of the difficulty, and exclaimed. "Well, give me anuzzer piece, and send for ze doctor."

A Good story is told à propos of a recent Hamlet, who proposed to play the part of the Dane in a red cloak, which intention was reported to a Shakspearean actor of the old school, who said, "Very well; I do not see anything sheeking in that," "But it is right?" asked his interlocutor. "I dare say it is," said the actor; "red was the colour of mourning in the Royal House of Denmark," "But how do you get over this," persisted the other, quoting, ""Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother?!" "Well," said the old Shakspearean, calandy, "I suppose that there is such a thing as red ink?"

as red ink?"

AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER.—Here is an Irish gentleman's letter to his son in college: "My dear son; I write to send you two pair of my old breeches, that you may have a new cont made out of toem. Also, some new socks which your mother has just knit by enting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and tor fear you may not use it wisely, I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are we'l, except the tyour sister has got the measles, which we think would sprend among the other girls if Tom had not had it is fore, and he is the only one left. I hape you will do honor to my teaching; if not, you are in ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."





QUEBEC.—TOBOGANNING ON THE GLACIS OF THE CITADEL.

FIELD AND FLOOD.

ACCORDING to the Report of Consul Robertson on the trade of Kanagawa, is esteemed a great luxury by the Japanese This tea, of two kinds, known as "kiocha" and "usucha," is made from very old shrubs selected from the best grounds or plantations. Great care is shown in the mode of storage of this particular kind of tea. The leaves are placed in tin or white metal jars, which again are inclosed in wooden boxes, and packed with a certain quantity of common leaf. This preserves the scent and flavour for a long time. When about to be used for drinking, a sufficient quantity is taken out of the metal jar, placed in a small hand tea-mill, and slowly ground into a very fine powder. This powder is then removed with a feather and placed in an air-tight jar. Boiling water is then got ready water is then got ready, and when just at boiling point about one quarter of an ounce of powder is put into a teacup, and boiling water poured on it to suit taste. The whole is then rapidly stirred with a bamboo stick, especially made for the purpose, until a good froth is produced, when the tea is ready for drinking. Much ceremony is tea is ready for drinking. Much ceremony is observed in the drinking of this particular tea.

An alligator story comes from Matara. One evening while a Moorman was performing ablutions at the Nilganga, near the mosque, he was seized and carried away by an allight gator. The following day the body was found, and the alligator seen, at Piladua canal; the appearance of the body proved that death must have instantaneously followed the attack by the alligator, which had got hold of the poor priest by the shoulder and torn off his arm. The corpse was removed, the alligator making on for the present. He turned up again, however, two hours later, when he was despatched by Messrs. Cruse, Burton, and Jumeaux. The brute measured 11½ feet. On being dissected there were found in his may the missing arm of the wiret found in his maw the missing arm of the priest, a large quantity of buffalo hoofs, some stones, a broken bottle, and several tortoise-shells.

THE new hydraulic rowing weight at the Havard gymnasium still continues to work to the satisfaction of the rowing men. There have been several accidents to the machine which have arisen either from flaws in the iron or from naviarise in ethic from naws in the from or from putting the strain in the wrong place. The machine is receiving a thorough and impartial trial, and the University Boat Club are so well satisfied with it that another one—arranged for a port oar-has been ordered by the treasurer.

THE directors of the Brighton Aquarium, finding one of their tanks inconveniently crowded, got up a quiet little fish dinner in order to eat up the superfluous congers. This dinner brought one little secret to light. The soup was particularly good, so good that one or two gentlemen who were not in the secret of the kitchen insisted that the gooks had reached the time the goods had reached. that the cooks had made a mistake, and instead that the cooks had made a mistake, and instead of serving up conger eel soup had served turtle soup. A wager was laid, and the cook sent for from the kitchen. The point was explained to him. "No, no!" was the answer. "This is not turtle. It is conger. But this is not the first time I have had conger in my soup pots. We use it generally to eke out turtle. Very few people know the difference, and if the conger eel is used as it ought to be. no one could distinguish is used as it ought to be, no one could distinguish conger from turtle!" There you are! That secret has been well kept, but it is blurted out at last.

THE old Greendale oak-tree is, perhaps, one of the oldest trees in Britain, and the only thing known concerning its history is that it was an aged tree at the time of the Conquest. At the present time it girths nearly 50 feet in circumference above the carriage road cut through its immense bole, or about 11 feet from the ground. On one side of its giant trunk the timber and bark have long since been dead, and this side has to be supported by means of strong pieces of has to be supported by means of strong pieces of timber fixed in the ground and placed under-neath the strongest branches. On the other side the tree is still alive, the main branches being 60 feet in height, and, in favourable seasons, acorns are still produced on them. These acorns acorns are still produced on them. These acorns are not so large as on younger oaks, but grow quite as well, and the young trees raised from them are quite as healthy as any in the young plantations here. The plantations in which the trees have been raised from this patriarchal oak are all marked with iron plates, and the date of are all marked with iron plates, and the date of the year in which they were planted is stamped on them.

A. M. Tellier, a potter, of Paris, has, the French papers state, discovered a method of having potatoes all the year round, no matter how hard the frost or how long the winter. His potatoes are planted in the open ground, and his secret exclusively consists in the management, without any extraneous agents. His potatoes multiply indefinitely, and in winter, when the t engaged in nourishing the stem and leaves, it performs an underground work similar to that which takes place with truffles, and by which the tuber increases both in size and flavour.

COLONEL STUART WORTLEY, in his interesting anecdotes relative to reasoning in animals, says-'After the battle of Inkerman a fine Russian dog remained with his master's body, and I took him away. He tolerated me, but at intervals of ten days or so he would go off down a valley in front of our camp into Sebastopol, and not return for a day or two. Clearly he went to search for his lost and loved master, and failing to find him returned to his friend. This dog never recover ed the loss of his master, and even when living in England would go restlessly off in search of

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HON. GEO. A. WALKEM, PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Honourable George Anthony Walkem, Premier and Attorney General of British Columbia, is the eldest son of Charles Walkem, Esq. late Chief Draughtsman on the Royal Engineer Staff in Canada, and at present attached to the Militia Department at Ottawa. He was born in that part of the town of Newry, which lies in the County Armagh, Ireland, in the year 1834 In early youth he attended the Grammar School in Preston, Lancashire. On the arrival of his parents in Canada in 1844, he was sent to the High School in Quebec, of which Dr. Wilkie was headmaster. In 1846 Mr. Walkem, senior, removed from Quebec to Montreal in which latter with the subject of our chetch conditions. ter city the subject of our sketch completed his education, having attended Belden's Academy, the High School and McGill College. chosen law as his profession Mr. Walkem completed his studies in the office of Sir John Rose Bart., (then of Rose and Monk.) He was admitted to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1858. Having subsequently removed to Toronto, he was called to the Bar of Upper Canada in 1859.

Mr. Walkem went to British Columbia in February, 1862, and became a member of the Legis lative Council of that Province some years before the Union with Canada. He was appointed one of the Executive Council, 12th January, 1872, and held the position of Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works from that date until December in the same year. On the defeat of the McCreight Ministry of which he was a member, Mr. Amor De Cosmos became Premier, and Mr. Walkem Attorney General in the new Ministry On the resignation of Mr. De Cosmos in 1874 the dual representation bill having disqualified him from sitting in two Houses, Mr. Walkem became Premier, still holding the office of Attorney General. The British Columbia grievance is still fresh in the minds of the public and the result of Mr. Walkem's late mission to England has reflected credit upon his tact and judgment. He has succeeded in procuring a satisfactory settlement of a matter which threatened to rupture the relations existing between Canada and British ('olumbia. His reception in England was highly flattering and shortly before leaving London for this country, a number of prominent gentlemen tendered him a magnificent banquet gentlemen tendered him a magnificent banquet at Willis's rooms, a full report of which was published some time ago in the columns of the Toronto Globe. Sir John Rose, Bart., occupied the chair on that occasion. The Honourable gentleman was made a Queen's Counsel in April 1873. He is also a "Fellow of the Geographical Society" and a "Mamber of the Special Committee Society" and a "Member of the Special Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science." The portrait is from a photograph by W. J. Topley of Ottawa.

MAJOR GENERAL E. SELBY SMYTH.

Major General Edward Selby Smyth entered the Army in 1841, and has been almost uninter-ruptedly employed in the four quarters of the ruptedly employed in the lour quarters of the globe ever since. The following records of his foreign service are taken from the Colonial Office List and the Army List. The General in his early career served in India for some years and was employed as Brigade Major to the forces in the Southern Conkan and Sawant Warree country in the campaign of 1844-5—was present at the attack and capture of several strong stockades and at the operations before the Mountain Forts of Monohur and their final assault. at the forcing of the Kirwatee Pass and subsequent occupation of the country below the Ghats.

Again, in South Africa in the Kaffir war of

1851-2 (medal) and mentioned in general orders for distinguished conduct after succeeding to the command of a column of troops in action at the Fish River Bush, on the senior officer being killed —(Brevet of Major). Also with the expedition north of the great Orange River in 1852-3 and afterwards as senior staff officer of Sir George

Buller's division.

Appointed by General The Honourable Sir Appointed by General The Honourable Sir George Catheart as Chief of the Staff of the Army in South Africa, which he held from January 1854 till July 1860, a part of that time the Force amounted to nearly 12,000 troops—causing the final subjugation of all the warlike frontier tribes. During a portion of this period the General also acted as Secretary to the Government of the Eastern Provinces. of the Eastern Provinces.

He was subsequently employed as Inspector General of the Militia in Ireland for six years from 1861 till 1867. And in the latter year, was selected by General Lord Strathnairn to perform the duties of Adjutant General of the Army in Ireland during the Fenian disturbances, when seven flying columns were in operation.

He is also Commissioned as Special Justice of

the Peace for the County and

In April 1870 he proceeded to Mauritius in command of the troops and as senior member of Council. He administered the Government of the Island upon two occasions for about eleven months, and in that capacity detained H. M. S. Cossack, 16 guns, to ensure the Neutrality Laws during the Franco-Prussian war, until after the battle of Sedan.

Owing to his being employed as Chief of the Staff at the Cape during the eventful periods of the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny, the General was unfortunately deprived of the privi-

lege of partaking in those campaigns.

General Selby Smyth was selected last year for the command of the Militia in ('anada, and as the first General Officer employed in that capacity he arrived in this country last October and assumed the duties.

He married in 1848, the fourth daughter of General Sir Guy Campbell, Baronet, and of Pamela, daughter of the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald, uncle of His Grace The Duke of Leinster. The General's Commission as Major General in the Army bears date 6th March, 1868.

MAPLE SUGAR.

The view of the bush where maple sugar is manufactured in Canada is familiar to most of our readers. It is one of our best native industries, but it has been too much neglected of late. This year, the yield of the maples will be very large.

FIRE AT THE GRAND TRUNK OFFICES.

Early on the morning of the 9th inst., last, the Grand Trunk Railway offices and car repair shops at Point St. Charles, Montreal, were totally destroyed by fire. The fire originated in some unexplained manner, in the store room, and although the alarm was promptly given, it was half an hour before the firemen got to work, by which time the property was nearly all in ashes. The buildings covered several acres of ground. The main building of brick, was 400x100 feet, The main building of brick, was 400×100 feet, and an adjacent building, of wood, was 300×100 feet. It appears that the Company had no vault in their offices, and that in consequence, nearly all their valuable plans, charts, books, were burned. The total loss cannot be less than \$100,000. 120 clerks were employed in the offices, and 300 mechanics in the shore. than \$100,000. 120 clerks were employed in the offices, and 300 mechanics in the shops. The property was insured. The view given by our artist was taken from the bridge leading to the offices, and presents a striking idea of the five strategy of the five strategy in the striking idea of the extent of the fire and all the surroundings.

THE COPYRIGHT ACT.

Our front page Cartoon illustrates the ideas which we lately expressed editorally on the new Copyright Act. The bill has since been amended, in the sense of some of our suggestions, and we can only hope that it will operate successfully. Meantime, what the Canadian printer and publisher demands is fair play, as against American

TOBOGANNING AT QUEBEC.

Among Canadian Winter sports, few have more fascination for the young, than toboganning. Our picture, this week, represents a scene on the glacis of the Quebec Citadel, than which a more glorious "slide" could not be found. Toboganning has only one draw back. It is the walking and hauling up hill, after the swift descent. The patient pertinacity of children will submit to this, but older folk object to the exercise as rather too much of a compensation for the sport

THE CHIEF JUSTICESHIP.

Our views on the best Candidate for the Chief Our views on the best Candidate for the Chief Justiceship of the Dominion, have already been expressed. We have no idea who will be appointed, but any of the names on the list in the hands of the Governor General will meet with approbation. Messrs. Mackenzie and Fournier, who stand near the table, appear to be in a quandary. Lord Dufferin wants to know what name he will select.

THE CARLIST WAR.

We present two more illustrations of the war we present two more inustrations of the war in Spain, which, owing to the late check of the Alfonsists, is likely to be protracted for some months to come. One view represents the Carlist Army crossing a river in the Province of Guipuzcoa, the other, a band of Alfonsist prisoners at Estella soners at Estella.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 8.—A despatch from Rome announces the death of Cardinal Lorenzo Barili.

Secretary Bristow will shortly order the retirement of \$1,500,000 legal tenders.

It is rumored that King Alfonso is auxious to retire in favor of the Duo de Montpensier.

Mr. Sidney Dillou has been elected permanent President of the Paoife Mail Company.

The Hon. John Creighton has been appointed President of the Nova Scotia Legislative Assembly.

A Berlin despatch says Bishop Ledochowski, lately expelled from his See of Posen, will be made a Cardinal at the approaching Consistory.

A French Cabinet has at length been formed under M. Buffet's guidance, with the Duke D'Audiffret-Pasquier as Minister of the Interior.

MARCH 9.—Secretary Briston, it is said will income in

MARCH 9.—Secretary Bristow, it is said, will issue his all for \$30,000,000 of 5-20's. President Grant's scheme for the Civil Service Re-oren in the matter of competitive examinations, has been

President Grant's scheme for the Civil Service Reform, in the matter of competitive examinations, has been abandoned.

A Committee of the Canal Board of New York have submitted a report in favor of a reduction of 33\(\frac{1}{2}\) per cent in the tolls on grain; 30 per cent on lumber, and 5) per cent on merchandise going from tide-water.

The following is the personnel of the New French Ministry, as officially announced yesterday:—Buffet, Dufaure, Leon Say, Wallon, De Meaux, De Cazes, De Cissey, De Montaignac and Cailloux.

The City Council of Halifax, N. S., have imposed a tax on commercial travellers of \$100 per annum.

The twelve General Appropriation bills passed by the last United States Congress aggregate about \$175,000.000.

The Budget Committee of the Austrian Parliament-have refused to sanction the appropriation for the repre-sentation of that country at the Philadelphia Centennia

sentation of that country at the Philadelphia Centennia Exhibition.

The French Cabinet combination has already fallen through, M. Buffet refusing to enter the Ministry. President MacMahon has threatened to resign.

Among the items concurred in, to-day, by the Dominion Parliament, in Committee of Supply, were—Lachine Canal, \$1,600,000: St. Lawrence Canals, \$1,000,000: Welland Canal, \$2,040,000.

A special despatch from Rome says the following will be created cardinals at the Papal Consistory of the 15th instant:—Archbishop McCloskey, of New York: Mgr—Ledochowski, Archbishop McCloskey, of New York: Mgr—Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen and Gneisen, Prussia: Mgr. Deschamps, Archbishop of Mechlin and Primate of Belgium. and Archbishop Manning of Westminster.

MARCH 11.—Secretary Bristow, yesterday, issued calls for 30,000,000 of bonds for sinking funds.

The jury in the Mordaunt divorce case, yesterday, brought in a verdict of guilty against Lady Mordaunt.

It is estimated that Mitchell's majority for Tipperary County, the election for which took place yesterday, will be about 1,000.

The Convention between Spain and the United Charles.

will be about 1,000.

The Convention between Spain and the United States for the settlement of the Virginius affair, was signed at Madrid on the 5th inst.

Bismarck complains that the Pope is abusing his liberty for the purpose of fomenting rebellion in Germany, and asks if Italy will still continue to exempt His Holiness from the obligations of the law.

Brigham Young has been sentenced to a fine of \$25 and 24 hours' imprisonment for contempt of Gourt, in failing to pay \$3,000 attorneys' fees within the time specified by the order of Judge McKean.

MARCH 12.—The yote in the Timperary election would

cified by the order of Judge McKean.

MARCH 12.—The vote in the Tipperary election stood as follows:—John Mitchell, 3,114: Mr. Moore, 746.

M. Buffet promises that the policy of the new Ministry will be distinctly conservative, and devoid of the characteristics either of provocation or weakness.

The convention entered into between Spain and the United States in the matter of the Virginius stipulates for the payment of \$80,00 by Spain to the latter Government and the surrender of all claims on the part of Spain against the United States.

One of the first acts of Valmaseda, the new Captain-General of Cuba, was to request the inhabitants to hand over £100,000 to pay the expenses of bringing out the reinforcements, which was immediately subscribed. General Sherman says gold hunting expeditions in the Black Hill Territory will be prevented, in order that the integrity of the treaty with the Sioux Indians may be maintained, and that, if necessary, troops will be despatched to bring out the party now in the Hills.

March 13.—The former editor of the Prussian news-

March 13.—The former editor of the Prussian newspaper Germania has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and has fled the country.

The French Assembly have passed the Militia Re-organisation bill.

Moody & Shankey, the Yunkee revivalists, at present in London, are said to have addressed 17,000 and 20,000 persons at afternoon and evening services.

Miners from the Black Hills say that, with pumps and hydraulic machinery, \$100 a day could be made by each miner. They also show specimens of silver which they say will yield \$2,000 to the ton.

LITERARY.

MISS Braddon acts in amateur theatricals with

TENNYSON persistently refuses all propositions to write for the magazines. Even three guineas a line does not tempt him.

Miss E. H. Hudson, the author of The Life and Times of Louisa, Queen of Prussia, has received from the Emperor of Germany a valuable bracelet, containing a portrait of his mother.

A NEW periodical will shortly be started in London, called the *Linguist*. It is to be devoted entirely the study of languages, giving practical lessons in all the European and Oriental tongues.

The last volume of Mr. Kinglake's History of the Crimean War is said to be having an enormous sale, the orders from abroad being almost unprecedented. It is reported that Mr. Kinglake will clear £3,00) by the volume alone.

The fifth centenary of Boccaccio is to be celebratat this year. The initiative has been taken by a little Italian village, which claims the honour of his birth. Proposals have been made to the Municipality of Paris, in order that the capital may be represented at the fête, the mother of Boccaccio having been a Parisian.

MESSES. HARPERS, of New York, who have published the American edition of Dr. Livingstone's Last Journals, have forwarded already 21,000 for the family. The book is published there, as it is in England, for the benefit of the children of Dr. Livingstone. The work is being translated into French and German.

THE Antiphonarium presented to Lodi Cathedral by Bishop Pallavicini, sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, realised £622; while two other valuable books, Description de l'Egypte, published under the direction of M. Jomard. by order of Napoleon in 1809, and Gavard's Galleries Historiques de Versuilles, were purchased for £52 10s. respectively.

VARIETIES.

THE Emperor of Germany's journey to Italy is aderstood to be fixed for the middle of April next.

THE submarine tunnel between England and THE SUDMATINE TUNNEL DETWEEN ENGIANG AND France is now exciting great interest in Paris. The Journal des Débats refers to it in a lively article, in which it duly sets forth the advantages of the scheme, and then declares that the English must inaugurate it.

DR WILKES, in his recent work on physiology, remarks that "it is estimated that the bones of every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantel every eight months." In these days, when time is money, it would be perhaps a saving of eight months if a marble mantel were taken right off at one meal.

THE largest telegraph pole in America is said to be the one just erected in New York to support the wires centering in the new Western Union Telegraph Company's building. It is ninety-three feet high, rising much above the surrounding buildings, and is from a tree of Californian growth. The tall stories are said to come rid this pole.

GARIBALDI has entrusted to Messrs. Wilkinon and Smith, engineers, of Westmisster, the preparation of the plans for forming a harbour, in connection with the intended ship canal to Rome, at Ficumicino, near the present mouth of the Tiber. The plans are to be prepared with all expedition to enable the works to be commenced as early as possible.

ARTISTIC.

A school for artists in mosaic, report says about to be erected in Sevres, in order to endow French architecture with that powerful aid in decoration.

THE sale of the late Earl Dalhonsie's collection of china, carvings in ivory, snuff-boxes, and plate has realised over £4,000.

THE easting in bronze of the fine work of art for the Maximilian Memorial to commemorate the late Emperor of Mexico, has just been effected at the Imperial Foundry at Vienna.

LADY ABERCROMBIE has painted, at the desire of the Queen, for Her Majesty a representation of Shela, the well-known heroine of Black's novel of The Princess

The boccador of the Paris Hôtel de Ville has been demolished to make way for the foundations of the new building. This was the oldest part of the pile, and dates from the reign of Henri II. of France, 1548. The staircase of this monarch, and also a chimney-piece of the time of Henri IV., and a portico of Louis XIV., were saved from the Communist fire, and are now in the Carnavalet Museum.

BY MOONLIGHT.

Oh, melancholy woods! that lift
Your crownless foreheads to the Night,
Where, ghostly white, the moonbeams drift
And fade beyond the windy height.
No more the joyous thrill and stir
Of green tunultnous leaves are heard,
Nor dimpling laugh, nor glance and whirr
Of sylvan brook or summer bird.

I weep, oh, crownless woods! but not bird and brooklet that forgot ull Autumn, in the arms of May; For Nature's tender, wooing voice Shall call her darlings back age And bid the wide, green world rejo In glad sunshine and silver rain.

I mourn for the untimely blight
Of hopes that faded with the flowers,
The stricken faith, the lost delight
That crowned the rosy summer hours;
For, sadder than the fallen leaf,
And all the wintry winds that ery.
I mourn the friendship bright as brief,
Born, with the summer flowers, to die!

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

GETTING A LIVING.

BY NED P. MAH.

"One half the world," says the proverb verily, so truly is necessity the mother of invention, that to catalogue the known methods of procuring the wherewithal to keep body and soul together, would fill a volume of no slight dimenstons and yet leave uncatalogued a legion of existences whose ways are past finding out. There is no such thing as positive idleness, and from the lowest reprobate that lives unsheltered and dies unshrived, to the monarch on his throne, the part of the part of the stone of the life is, more or less, a toil. And to none is life more burdensome, none are in moments of utter weariness and desperation, more constrained in bitterness of soul to cry "How long, O Lord, how long! than the wealthy, fêted, envied, for-tune-petted man of pleasure. To deeply drink of wine, to pay prosperous court to women, to walk miles around a billiard board, though paid at the rate of a thousand pound a mile, to win fortunes at cards, to drive choice teams, to ride neck or nothing races, to travel through far countries, to do beautiful scenery and fair cities, to tread the fast revolving steps of the endless, restless, mercilessly exacting social treadmill, is there no wear and tear in this, do these things never pall, are they not as a mighty airpump, leaving behind only a terrible exhaustive and utter vacuum? Why, the very little urchin outcast who picks pockets and lives on what he can purloin from market stalls, or select with the basest caricature of daintiness from the refuse of gutters, who knows no qualms of conscience, except when he, through an excess of caution which he deems cowardice, has missed a chance to appropriate a 'wipe' or 'ticker,' whose sole idea of rewards and punishments is limited to the kicks, and cuffs, and oaths that greet him when he returns empty handed, the savoury supper and good words that flatter his success, whose paradise is the den he knows as home, to whom the 'beak' is the prince of darkness and a 'stone lug 'his hell.—this tiny atom of human sense is happier than he. The very beggar has fewer cares, the object that excites the compassion of the benevolent by hideous sores made horrible by the precious agency of copper coins, the "hoary veteran" who thrusts his arm, doubled upwards from the elbow and bound by painful ligatures, into the sleeve of a tattered scarlet coat and pins the cuff across his manly breast; the hypocrite who bows his hale young form into the miserable semblance of decreptiold age, the artist of the semblance of decreption of the semblance tist of the pave who portrays in colored chalks, the perils of the seas, the orange and the bloated specimen of some extinct finny tribe, their proxspecimen of some extinct nnny trice, their proximity probably suggested by an intimate knowledge of the purlieus of Billingsgate, the improbable landscape with the impossible moon, or the melancholy looking organ grinder with the ludicrous caricature of himself in a grotesque monkey mon his shoulder are less miserable.

acrous caricature of himself in a grocesque mon-key upon his shoulder, are less miserable.

There are methods of getting a living which require no capital to start with, no outlay what-ever, such as thieving and begging, and the turn-ing of Catherine wheels by ragged urchins for the coppers of the riders upon the knifeboards of omnibusses. Among these we may name the exomnibuses. Among these we may name the exploits of the Parisian juggler to whom the pages of the Times have given a worldwide notoriety, who performed his tricks with balls of snow during this very winter of '74, and stopped from time to time, with the excuse 'his ivory was melting" to fashion them anew, and reaped a rich harvest from his delightful street audiences. Other modes suggest themselves to very small capitalists, where a slender outlay is sine qua Of these, the man who, armed with a basket of large potatoes, perambulated the public streets, attracting a crowd by apparently frantic efforts to strike the heavens with these novel missiles, is an example. When a sufficient audience had assembled, he no longer recaptured the falling vegetable in his hand, but adroitly causing his bare brow to intervene between the apple of the earth and its native soil allowed the inert mass to smash itself upon his cranium, thereby gaining the applause and coppers of the wondering crowd, at the expense, doubtless, of a very slight hardening of an already sufficiently thick skull. Of these, too, are the owners of performing pigeons, happy families, and the street acrobats. From these last our thoughts turn naturally to the lowest hangers on of theatres,

the sups, the sceneshifters, the fairies, the tiny pattering, prattling four year olds, who, begauzed and bespangled, and suspended from the gas illumined flies, at hours when they should lie in their little beds in the sweet innocent sleep of childhood, give the finishing touch to the grand transformation scenes of Xmas pantomimes. Let us not despise these insignificant component atoms of the great spectacle, or the shilling a night men, or unseen shifters of the magic scenes. From out their rank sometimes arise the great tragedian or the powerful actress, who capti the hearts of cities, and stirs the souls of thousands upon thousands. Perhaps it is better when they do so rise. Better than that, a refined woman, conscious of the talent that is in her, is contrained by due necessity, to undergo the shame of making herself a show to the vulgar who gloat their brutal eyes upon her charms, oblivious of the higher tendencies of her art, unappreciative of the moral of the passions she portrays. To such the sense of degradation must be so terrible as at times to overpower the pleasure she re-ceives at the applause and homage of the educated and discriminating among her audience, and the sense of duty which must be her chief stay when her earnings are happily the support of a ruined father, a superannuated mother, or a crippled brother.

The music hall presents another and perhaps a still wider field for getting a living. Here, third rate vocalists conceal their faults beneath a consummate jauntiness and broad facetiousness of manner. Pure check often wins the day. Here, the lowest of low comedians give horribly Here, the lowest of low comedians give normally their ghastly smiles. Here, the acrobat displays his muscle, his agility, his incredible strength, the great secret being not in the immensity, but the indicions economy of that strength. Here, the judicious economy of that strength. Here, daring spirits execute apparent impossibilities at an altitude to contemplate which alone renders the audience dizzy. And what they do is only rendered possible by a carefully cultivated ignorance of danger, a marble imperturbability which never suffers a moment's lack of confidence. Think, for it is an awful thought, that a suspicion of a doubt, a second a nesitation, on the form an atom of time of that stony stoicism, to such means death! Here, too, that horrible creature, the contortionist, finds his legitimate field of labor. The human eel, who with the field of labor. The human eel, who with the glare of narcotics in his hollow eye, writhes al-ternate, with restless motion on the stage, the pale, ruptured, seemingly suffering epitome of unrest, to observe whom gives one an uncomfort-able creepy feeling, who writhes and bends, and gathers, and forces himself by main strength into postures hideously grotesque, and then unwinding himself and rising once more erect, bows his acknowledgements with that wearied, pale, ghastly smile. And the infant prodigies! the poor, pale, sad looking children, who do their comic poses with such a terrible seriousness of manner, and ways their little kinds with such a weight and wave their little hands with such a weird matter-of-fact smile. Now and then, though, we have seen a little rosy cheeked fellow who seemed to enjoy his own performance even more than the delighted audience, but too often these tiny beings are not to the manner born, and do not take to their profession from choice. And then those women, with costumes which, as Talleyrand used to say, begin too late and leave off too soon, who are nothing but pink fleshings, with soon, who are nothing but pink resinings, with the exception of about a foot of gauze and span-gles, who are apparently striving to reintroduce the attire invented by mother Eve, in the Fall, which must, by the bye, have been distressingly cool for that season of the year, and whose appearance here, is but an advertisement of a still more debasing trade. And there is Zephira, the trapezist, who despite the slender waist encircled by the gilded zone, the well developed bust, and the delicate feet and hands, is to the initiated few who know him only an effeminate and rather weakminded young man, whose strongest procli-vities are for gin and tripe, with an undeniable incapacity to spell or write his own cognomen. The most that can be said for his profession is that it opens a road to wealth for those whose brain or talents are unfitted to obtain it by other means. If it be well that wealth should be attained by them at all is another question.

A number of unique modes of gaining a livelihood may be observed among the frequenters of country fairs a d race courses. Here are to be found the living skeleletons, the fat women, the giant and dwarf, the magician with the "three little thimbles and one little pea," the circus troupe, and the mysterious gypsies, who by for-troupe telling and other intelligible pursuits con-trive apparently, to judge by their sleek appear-ance, to live, and to live well upon nothing a ance, to live, and to live well upon nothing a year. We remember, in our childhood, to have been duped by one who peregrinated the country in a little green caravan, dragged by an aged Rosinante which should, in mercy, have long since have been converted into cat's meat, whose ingenious contrivance for the capture of coin of the realm deserves mention, as well for its unparalleled audacity as for its extreme simplicity. He was wont to set up a little tent, in which he advertised the exhibition of that wonderful mon-strosity, a horse with his head where his tail should be. On entering, the open mouthed bumpkin was greeted by the sight of the Rosi-nante aforesaid with his tail in a manger! The showman stood at the door, and whispered with insinuating tone to his departing guests, "I done what I promised. Now give I a chancee, and doantee tell yer friends till the day arter ter-On the principle of set a gull to catch a gull, the exposé seemed to have no effect in thinning the crowds that flocked to behold the

veiled mystery. Ascending a little in the scale, we find a fresh

group of more or less unrecognized modes of life presents itself. Gambling, making "books" upon the turf, speculating in the funds, promoting bubble companies, trading on the terrors or secrets of others., marrying a rich wife, and possibly, should this afford him temporary relief to a chronic impecuniosity, repeating the process. We say a little higher in the scale advisedly, not certainly on the ground of morality, but because to carry such schemes to a successful issue requires at least some brains and address. And here we may allude to numerous variations of here we may allude to numerous variations of imposture, or impersonation of others of which the Tichborne claimant is a recent and very notable instance. Yet, there have been cases where the impostor has been received and countenanced, not alone by the mother, but by the very wife of the person represented, and passed very wife of the person represented, and passed long periods of fortunate prosperity, undetracted.

Among the most ordinary careers which manage to teep the wolf from the door, and yet clude the necessity for honest, honorable work is that of the Bachelor by profession. The man who, with a very slender income and a very slender wardrobe of the most fashionable habiliments, obtains invitations, or dispensing with invitations, coolly thrusts himself into the houses of his friends and acquaintances, living beneath the wop, and faring sumptuously every day with his legs beneath the mahogany of others, whose hospitality he repays by an acquired versatility of disposition and an agreeable volatility of demeanour, and the tact which renders him by turns all things to all men. Such an existence must, at the best, be unsatisfactory and hollow, and the man be conscious that he is appilly de-generating into a despicable parasite, deprived of all the better qualities of humanity, the noble independence and the healthful energy of manhood— a hollow sham, a living lie.

Finally, we come to the many well-known aths of honest, honorable labor. whether of hand or brain. And among these, should we be called upon to specify that which we believe to present the nearest approach to perfect happiness, we should be inclined to point to the career of the skilled mechanic, in receipt of good wages, the skilled mechanic, in receipt of good wages, with the conventional vine clad picturesque cottage, the smiling, honest housewife, the healthy, rosy cheeked youngsters. Contented with his lot, rich for his position in life, surrounded by every simple comfort, without a care, without an unsatisfied aspiration, why should he not be happy? Shall we leave the reader with this smiling nicture before him, and allow his this smiling picture before him, and allow his philanthropic heart to reveal in this vision of perfect bliss? Alas! there is a serpent in every Eden. Does nothing ever occur to ruffle the serenity of our jovial skilled mechanic. Has he no friends, think you, who envy him his skill, his wages, his independence? Do his children never squall, is his plump, radiant wife never ailing or ill-tempered? Does his chimny never made his cottage never need reprint? smoke, his cottage never need repair? And after all, would not such perfect serenity, as we have for a moment imagined, be a little, just a little monotonous? Ah, mon ami, let us be content to take things as we find them, and comfort ourselves with the reflection that the per-fection of happiness would, in this world, be as insipid as it is impossible.

UNCLE BILLY'S OBJECTIONS TO CIVIL RIGHTS.

I "interviewed" Uncle Billy, a good old olored friend of mine, the other day, on the question of civil rights. "Do n't want nuffin mo'," said Uncle Billy.

"Do n't want nuffin mo'," said Uncle Billy.
"Got too much already fur dis niggah."
"How is that, Uncle Billy? Is it not a good thing to be equal before the law?"
"Now, Marse Boss," grunted Billy, plaintively, "dar's jist whar the misery comes in. We're ekal befo' de law, and dar you hit our weak pint. Befo' de waw, ef niggah stole chicken an' pig, ye, jerked him up, guv him thirty-nine lashes, an' let him go. But jist let a cullud pusson try it now! Yer hauls him 'fore court, and sens him to de penitentiary. jist like he wus one of ver to de penitentiary, jist like he wus one of yer poor white trash. Dat's what 'tis to be ekal 'fore

de law!

I suggested to Uncle Billy that this might be obviated by heing a little more honest.

"Marse Boss," interrupted Billy, "we can't run agin natur.' It's nat'ral fur niggah to steal pig and chicken, fryin' size. Yer knows it is, an 'taint no use tryin' to stop us. Now we not are willen' to let you uns alone, and you all jist let us alone on this pint. We're powerful weak on dis pint, Marse Boss."

Just here a perverse and disloyal spirit tempted me to hint to Uncle Billy that the colored people were indebted to their Republican friends for this change in their status.

"Well, den, Marse Boss," said he, "all Ise got to say is, de law's got to be changed. Mus' hab a law for de white man and a law for de black man.

Strange as it may seem, some of our best citizens echo Uncle Billy's sentiment. They are inclined to view the negro's minor transgressions in a lenient light, and I know that some of our Democratic judges impose lighter penalties upon colored men for small offenses than they would do in cases where the guilty parties were white.

Before Uncle Billy left I asked him how he

would like to sit down at the table with white folks in the hotels.
"Great Goddlemighty!" exclaimed the good

"I allow youse tryin' to make fun o dis chile. Why, you knows yourself dat no cullud pusson ebber lets a white man see 'em eat ef

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. P. P., Toronto.-Communication received. Shall

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 9, Mat Etouffé, correct.

Rosencrantz .- Solution not correct. After White's 3rd move, the Black K can retreat to R's sq. The covering by the Queen is not compelled.

O. Trempe, Montreal -Correct solutions to Problems for Young Players 7 and 8.

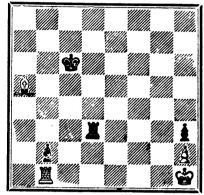
Why do not our correspondents send their solutions on Postal cards? They are very handy for reference

In the Chess column of last week, the Solution of Problem should have been numbered 8 instead of 9.

PROBLEM No. 11.

From an old work on Chess.

BLACK.



In this position, Black having to play, moved the Rook to Q R 6th. Can White draw the game !

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. .9. WHITE.

1. R to K Stn (ch)
2. R takes Q (ch)
3. Kt to Q B 7th (ch)
4. Kt to Q R 6th (double ch)
5. Q to Q K t Sth (ch)
6. Kt to B 7th (ch) Mate. BLACK.
Q to Q sq (a)
R takes R
K to Kt sq
K to R sq R takes Q

(a. If the Queen is not interpose 1 , mate may be given in five moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players,

No. 8. WHITE. Q to Q Kt 7th (ch) K to B 6th K B P takes P (ch)

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS,-No. 9.

WHITE.
K at Q 4th
Q at Q Kt sq
R at K B 7th
B at K R 5th
Kt at K R 7th
Pawn at K Kt 2nd. BLACK. BLACK.
K at K 3rd
Q at K Kt 6th
R at Q 8q
B at Q 3rd
Kt at K 6th
Pawn at K t2nd
and at Q Kt 4th

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 15th.

A lively skirmish between two prominent players of the Leipsic Chess Club.

(Qu
WHITE.

1. P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 5th
3. P to K 3rd
4. K B taken P
5. P takes P
6. K K to B 3rd
7. Q K t to B 3rd
8. Q B to K 3rd
9. Castles
1. P takes Kt
1. Q K to K 4th
1. K K to K K t 5th
1. R takes K B P (a)
1. K takes R
1. K takes R BLACK.
P to Q 4th
P takes P
P to K 4th
P takes B
K B to Q 3rd
K K t to B 3rd
Castles Castles K Kt K Kt 5th Kt takes B Kttakes B Q Kt to B 3rd Q B to K B 4th B takes Q Kt R takes R (b) Q to K R 5th Kto K B sq Q takes Kt Q to K R 5th Q R to K sq Q to K B 2nd Q takes K P (ch) P to K Kt 3rd R to K 2nd K to K K 2nd K to K Kt 2nd 13. R takes K B P (a)
14. Kt takes B
15. Kt takes B ch))
16. Kt takes B
17. Q to K B 3rd
18. B to Q 3rd
19. R to K B sq
20. Q to K R 5th (c)
21. K to K R sq
22. B takes P
23. R to K B 8th (ch)
24. Q takes P (ch)
25. Q mates.

(a) Fine move. A bold dash, but as sound as bold.

(b) What if Q takes Kt !

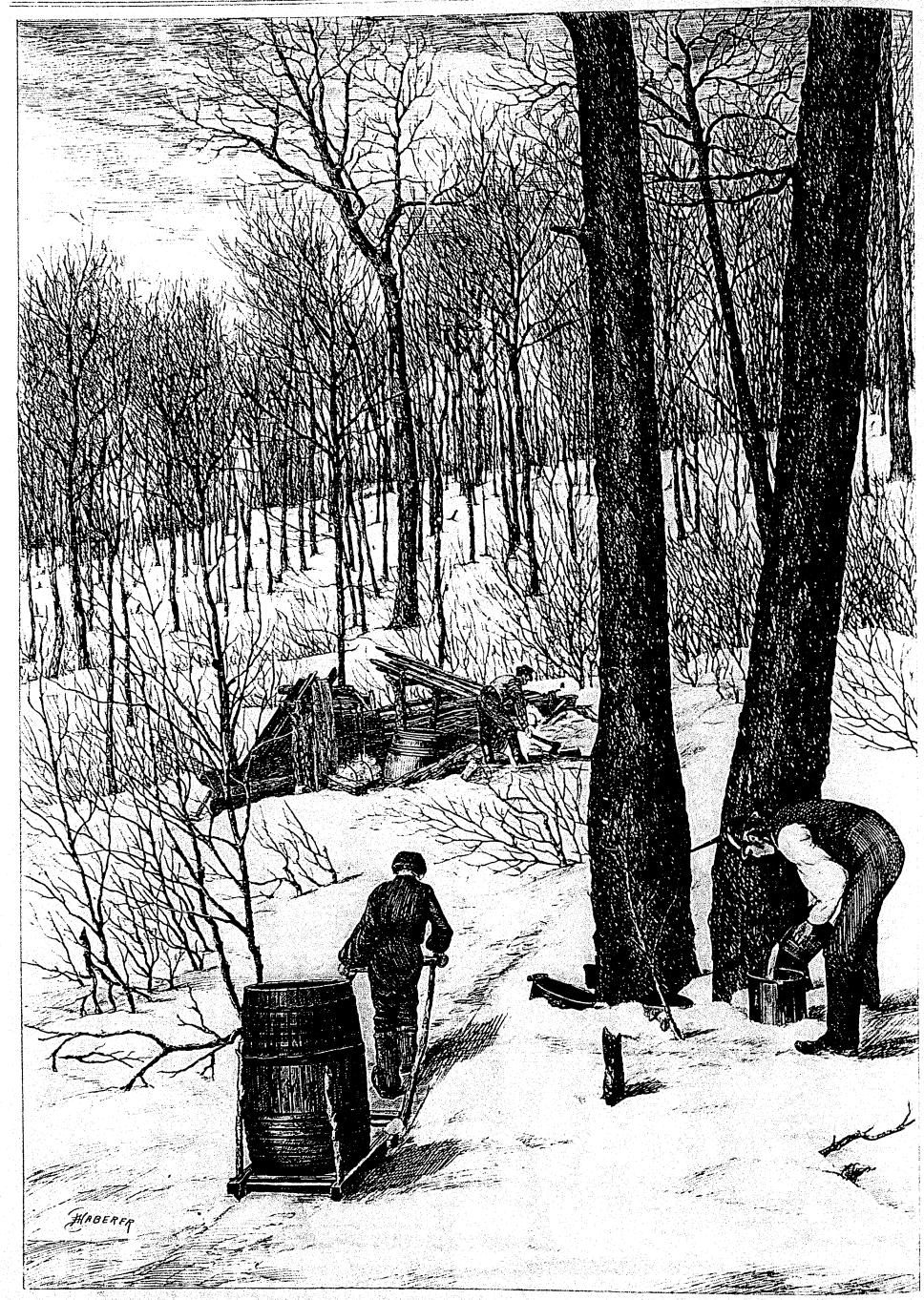
(c) Purposely and artfully leaving K P to be taken.

GAME 16th.

Between the late Mr. Staunton and an Amateur; the former giving his Queen's Knight.

(Remove Black's Q's Kt from the board.)

BLACK .-- Mr. Staunton. WHITE.—Amateur. WHITE.—A mateur.
P to K 4th
K B to Q B 4th
B takes Q P
B takes Kt
Q to K R 5th (ch)
Q takes K R P
K K to B 3rd
K t takes K P
K takes B
K to K sq
Q K to B 3rd
P to Q Kt 3rd
Kt takes K P 1. P to K 4th 2. K B to Q B 4th 3. P to Q 4th 4. P to K B 4th R takes B P to K Kt 3rd Q B to K 3rd 8. P takes P 9. B takes K B P (ch) 9. B takes K B P (ch) K t
10. Q to Q 5th (ch) K t
11. Q takes Kt
12. Castles P t
13. Q to K Kt 4th Kt
14. Q takes K Kt P Kt
15. Q R to K sq.
and White resigned.



MAKING MAPLE SUGAR IN CANADA.



SPAIN. - A CARLIST COLUMN ON THE MARCH IN GUIPUZCOA.



SPAIN.-ALFONSIST PRISONERS AT ESTELLA

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOONSTONE," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC.

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

ENTERED according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1874, by WILKIE COLLINS, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

PART II .- PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE DUSTHEAP DISTURBED.

Our man had successfully traced the lodgekeeper's daughter and her husband to a small town in one of the Western States. Mr. Playmore's letter of introduction at once secured him a cordial reception for the married pair,

and a patient hearing when he stated the object of his voyage across the Atlantic.

His first questions led to no very encouraging results. The woman was confused and surprised, and was apparently quite unable to exert her memory to any useful purpose. For-tunately, her husband proved to be a very intelligent man. He took the agent privately aside and said to him, "I understand my wife and you don't. Tell me exactly what it is you want to know, and leave it to me to discover how much she remembers, and how much she for-

This sensible suggestion was readily accepted. The agent waited for events, a day and a night.
Early the next morning, the husband said to

him. "Talk to my wife now, and you will find she has something to tell you. Only mind this! Don't laugh at her when she speaks of trifles She is half ashamed to speak of trifles, even to me. Thinks men are above such matters, you know. Listen quietly, and let her talk— and you will get at it all in that way."

The agent followed his instructions, and "got at it" as follows:

The woman remembered, perfectly well, being sent to clean the bedrooms and put them tidy, after the gentlefolks had all left Gleninch. tidy, after the gentlefolks had all left Gleninch. Her mother had a bad hip at the time, and could not go with her and help her. She did much fancy being alone in the great house, after what had happened in it. On her way to her work, she passed two of the cottagers' children in the neighbourhood, at play in the park. Mr. Macallan was always kind to his poor tenants, and never objected to the young ones round about having a run on the grass. The two children idly followed her to the house. She took them inside, along with her; not liking the took them inside, along with her; not liking the place, as already mentioned, and feeling that they would be company in the solitary rooms.

She began her work in the Guests' Corridor leaving the room in the other Corridor, in which

the death had happened, to the last.

There was little to do in the two first rooms.

There was not litter enough, when she had swept the floors and cleaned the grates, to even half fill the housemaid's bucket which she carried with her. The children followed her about and, all things considered, were "very good company," in the lonely place.

Company," in the ionery place.

The third room (that is to say, the bedchamber which had been occupied by Miserrimus Dexter) was in a much worse state than the other two, and wanted a great deal of tidying. She did not much notice the children here, being occupied with her work. The litter was swept up from the carpet, and the cinders and ashes were taken out of the grate, and the whole of it was in the bucket, when her attention was recalled to the children by hearing one of them cry.

She looked about the room without at first discovering them.

A fresh outburst of crying led her in the right direction, and showed her the children under a table in a corner of the room. The youngest of the two had got into a waste-paper basket. The eldest had found an old bottle of gum, with a brush fixed in the cork, and was gravely painting the face of the smaller child with what little remained of the contents of the bottle. Some natural struggles, on the part of the little creature, had ended in the overthrow of the basket, and the usual outburst of crying had followed as a matter of course.

In this state of things the remedy was soon applied. The woman took the bottle away from the eldest child, and gave it a "box on the ear." The younger one she set on its legs again and she put the two "in the corner" to keep them quiet. This done, she swept up such frag ments of the torn paper in the basket as had fallen on the floor; threw them back again into the basket, along with the gum-bottle; tetched the bucket, and emptled the basket into it; and then proceeded to the fourth and last room in the corridor, where she finished her work for

Leaving the house, with the children after her, she took the filled bucket to the dust heap, emptied it in a hollow place among the rubbish, about halfway up the mound. Then she took the children home; and there was an end of it, for the day,

Such was the result of the appeal made the woman's memory of domestic events at Gleninch.

The conclusion at which Mr. Playmore arrived, from the facts submitted to him, was, that the chances were now decidedly in favour of the recovery of the letter. Thrown in, nearly midway between the contents of the housemaid's bucket, the torn morsels would be protected above as well as below, when they were emptied on the dust heap.

Succeeding weeks and months would add to

refuse. In the neglected condition of the grounds, the dust heap had not been disturbed in search of manure. There it had stood, untouched, from the time when the family left Gleninch, to the present day. And there, hidden deep somewhere in the mound, the fragments of the letter must be!

Such were the lawyer's conclusions. He had written immediately to communicate them to Benjamin. And, thereupon, what had Benjamin

After having tried his powers of reconstruction on his own correspondence, the prospect of experimenting on the mysterious letter itself, had proved to be a temptation too powerful for the old man to resist. "I almost fancy, my dear, this business of your's has bewitched me. dear, this business of your's has be witched me," he wrote. "You see I have the misfortune to be an idle man. I have time to spare and money to spare. And the end of it is, that I am here at Gleninch, engaged on my own sole responsibility (with good Mr. Playmore's permission), in searching the dust heap!"

Benjamin's description of his first view of the

Benjamin's description of his first view of the field of action at Gleninch followed these char-

acteristic lines of apology.

I passed over the description, without ceremony. My remembrance of the scene was too vivid to require any prompting of that sort. I saw again, in the dim evening light, the unsightly mound which had so strangely attracted my attention at Gleninch. I heard again the words in which Mr. Playmore had explained to me the custom of the dust-heap in Scotch country houses. What had Benjamin and Mr. Playmore done? What had Benjamin and Mr. Playmore found? For me, the true interest of the narrative was there—and to that portion of ti I eagerly turned next.

They had proceeded methodically, of course, with one eye on the pounds, shillings, and pence, and the other on the object in view. In Benjamin, the lawyer had found what he had not met with in me-asympathetic mind, alive to the value of "an abstract of the expenses," and conscious of that most remunerative of

human virtues, the virtue of economy.

At so much a week, they had engaged men to dig into the mound and to slit the ashes. At so much a week, they had hired a tent to shel-ter the open dust-heap from wind and weather. At so much a week, they had engaged the services of a young man (personally known to Benjamin), who was employed in a laboratory under a professor of chemistry, and who had distinguished himself by his skilful manipulation of paper in a recent case of forgery on a well-known London firm. Armed with these preparations, they had begun the work; Benjamin and the young chemist living at Gleninch. and taken it in turns to superintend the proceedings.

Three days of labour with the spade and the sieve produced no results of the slightest importance. However, the matter was in the hands of two quietly-determined men. T declined to be discouraged. They went on. They

On the fourth day, the first morsels of paper were found.

Upon examination, they proved to be the fragments of a tradesman's prospectus. Nothing dismayed, Benjamin and the young man still persevered. At the end of the day's work, more pieces of paper were turned up. These proved to be covered with written characters. Mr. Playmore (arriving at Gleninch, as usual, every evening on the conclusion of his labours in the law) was consulted as to the handwri ing. After careful examination, he declared that the multilated portions of sentences submitted to him had been written, beyond all doubt, by Eustace Macallan's first wife!

This discovery roused the enthusiasm of the searchers to fever height.

Spades and sieves were from that moment forbidden utensils. However unpleasant the task might be, hands alone were used in the farther examination of the mound. The first and foremost necessity was to place the morsels of paper (in flat cardboard boxes prepared for the purpose), in their order as they were found. Night came; the labourers were dismissed; Benjamin and his two colleagues worked on by lamplight. The morsels of paper were now turned up by dozens, instead of by ones and twos. For awhile the search prospered in this way; and then the morsels appeared no more. Had they all been recovered? or would renewed band-digging yield more yet? The next light layers of rubbish were carefully removed—and the grand discovery of the day followed. There (upside down) was the gum-bottle, which the lodge-keeper's daughter had spoken of! And, more precious still, there, under it, were more fragments of written paper, all stuck tegether in a little lump, by the last drippings from the gum-bottle dropping upon them as they lay on the dustheap!

The scene now shifted to the interior of the house. When the searchers next assembled, they met at the great table in the library at Gleninch.

Benjamin's experience with the "Puzzles" which he had put together in the days of his boyhood proved to be of some use to his companions. The fragments accidentally stuck together, would, in all probability, be found to fit each other, and would certainly (in any case) be the easiest fragments to reconstruct, as a centre

The delicate business of separating these pieces of paper, and of preserving them in the that protection, by adding to the accumulated order in which they had adhered to each other,

was assigned to the practised fingers of the chemist. But the difficulties of his task did not end here. The writing was, as usual in letters, traced on both sides of the paper, and it could only be preserved for the purpose of reconstruction by splitting each morsel into two
—so as artificially to make a blank side, on
which could be spread the fine cement used for reuniting the fragments in their original form.
To Mr. Playmore and Benjamin, the prospect

of successfully putting the letter together, under these disadvantages, seemed to be almost hope-less. Their skilled colleague soon satisfied them

that they were wrong.

He drew their attention to the thickness of the paper-note-paper of the strongest and best quality—on which the writing was traced. It was of more than twice the substance of the last paper on which he had operated, when he was engaged in the forgery case; and it was, on that account, comparatively easy for him, alded by the mechanical appliances which he had brought from London, to split the morsels of the torn paper, within a given space of time which might permit them to begin the recon-struction of the letter that night.

With these explanations, he quietly devoted himself to his work. While Benjamin and the lawyer were still poring over the scattered morsels of the letter which had been first discovered, and trying to piece them together again the chemist had divided the greater part of the fragments specially confided to him into two halves each; and had correctly put together some five or six sentences of the letter, on the smooth sheet of cardboard prepared for that purpose.

They looked eagerly at the reconstructed writing, so far.

It was correctly done : the sense was perfect. The first result gained by examination was remarkable enough to reward them for all their exertions. The language used plainly identified the person to whom the late Mrs. Eustace had addressed her letter.
That person was—my husband.

And the letter thus addressed—if the plainest circumstantial evidence could be trustedwas identical with the letter which Miserrimus Dexter had suppressed until the Trial was over, and had been destroyed by tearing it up.

These were the discoveries that had been made, at the time when Benjamin wrote to me. He had been on the point of posting his letter, when Mr. Playmore had suggested that he should keep it by him for a few days longer, on the chance of having more still to tell me.

"We are indebted to her for these results," the lawyer had said. "But for her resolution, and her influence over Miserrimus Dexter. we should never have discovered what the dust-heap was hiding from us—we should never have seen so much as a gimmering of the truth. She has the first claim to the fulle-t information. Let her have it."

The letter had been accordingly kept back for three days. That interval being at an end, it was hurriedly resumed and concluded in terms which indescribably alarmed me.

"The chemist is advancing rapidly with his part of the work," Benjamin wrote; " and I have succeeded in putting together a separate portion of the torn writing which makes sense. Comparison of what he has accomplished with what I have accomplished has led to startling conclusions. Unless Mr. Playmore and I are entirely wrong, and God grant we may be so! there is a serious necessity for you keeping the reconstruction of the letter strictly secret from everybody about you. The disclosures suggested by what has come to light are so heart-rending and so dreadful, that I cannot bring myself to write about them, until I am absolutely obliged to do so. Please forgive me for disturbing you with this news. We are bound, sooner or later, to consult with you in the matter; and we think it right to prepare your mind or what may be to come."

To this was added a postscript in Mr. Play.

more's handwriting.
"Pray observe strictly the caution which Mr. Benjamin impresses on you. And bear this in mind, as a warning from me. If we succeed in reconstructing the entire letter, the last person living who ought, in my opinion, to be allowed to see it, is—your husband.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE CRISIS DEFERRED.

"Take care, Valeria!" said Mrs. Macallan. I ask you no questions; I only caution you I have noticed—Eustace has seen a change in vou. Take care!"

So my mother-in-law spoke to me, later in the day, when we happened to be alone. I had done my best to conceal all traces of the effect produced on me by the strange and terrible news from Gleninch. But who could read what I had read, who could feel what I now felt, and still maintain an undisturbed serenity of look and manner? If I had been the vilest hypocrite living, I doubt, even then, if my face could have kept my secret, while my mind was full of Benjamin's letter.
Having spoken her word of caution, Mrs.

Macallan made no further advance to me. I dare say she was right. Still, it seemed hard to be left, without a word of advice or ot sympathy, to decide for myself what it was my duty to my husband to do next.

To show him Benjamin's narrative, in his state of health, and in the face of the warning addressed to me, was simply out of the question. At the same time, it was equally impossible, after I had already betrayed myself, to keep him entirely in the dark. I thought over it anxiously in the night. When the morning came, I decided to appeal to my husband's confidence in me.

I went straight to the point in these terms: "Eustace, your mother said yesterday that you noticed a change in me, when I came back from my drive. Is she right?"
"Quite right, Valeria," he answered—speak-

ing in lower tones than usual, and not looking at me.

"We have no concealments from each other, now," I answered. "I ought to tell you, and I do tell you, that I found a letter from England waiting at the banker's, which has caused me some agitation and alarm. Will you leave it to me to choose my own time for speaking more plainly? And will you believe, love, that I am really doing my duty towards you, as a good wife, in making this request?"

I paused. He made no answer: I could see

that he was secretly struggling with himself. Had I ventured too far? Had I over-estimated the strength of my influence? My heart beat fast, my voice faltered—but I summoned courage enough to take his hand, and to make a last appeal to him. "Eustace!" I said, "don't you know me yet well enough to trust me?

He turned towards me for the first time. I saw a last vanishing trace of doubt in his eyes as they looked into mine.

"You promise, sooner or later, to tell me the whole truth?" he said.

"I promise with all my heart!"

"I promise with all my heart!"
"I trust you, Valeria!"
His brightening eyes told me that he really meant what he said. We sealed our compact with a kiss. Pardon me for mentioning these trifles.—I am still writing (if you will kindly remember it) of our new honeymoon.

By that day's post I answered Benjamin's letter, tellin; him what I had done, and entreating him, if he and Mr. Playmore approved of my conduct, to keep me informed of any future discoveries which they might make at Gleninch.

After an interval—an endless interval, as it seemed to me—of ten days more, I received a second letter from my old friend; with another posteript added by Mr. Playmore.

"We are advancing steadily and successfully with the putting together of the letters," Benjamin wrote. "The one new discovery which we have made is of serious importance to your husband. We have reconstructed certain sentences, declaring, in the plainest words, that the arsenic which Eustace procured was purchased at the request of his wife, and was in her pos-session at Gleninch. This, remember, is in the handwriting of the wife, and is signed by the wife—as we have also found out. Unfortunately, I am obliged to add, that the objection to taking your husband into our confidence, mentioned when I last wrote, still remains in force—in the memory of the unhappy writer. I shall keep this open for a day or two. If there is more news to tell you by that time, you will hear of it from Mr. Playmore."

Mr. Playmore's postcript followed, dated three

days later.

The concluding part of the late Mrs. Macallan's letter to her husband," the lawyer wrote, "has proved accidentally to be the first part which we have succeeded in piecing toer. With the exception of a few gaps still left here and there, the writing of the closing paragraphs has been perfectly reconstructed. I have neither the time nor the inclination to write to you on this sad subject in any detail. In a fortnight more, at the longest, we shall, I hope, send you a copy of the letter, complete from the first line to the last. Meanwhile, it is my duty to tell you that there is one bright side to this otherwise deplorable and shocking document. Legally speaking, as well as morally speaking, it absolutely vindicates your husband's speaking, it absolutely vindicates your nuspand's innocence. And it may be lawfully used for this purpose—if he can reconcile it to his conscience, and to the mercy due to the memory of the dead, to permit the public exposure of the letter in Court. Understand me, he cannot be considered to the criminal considered to be tried again on what we call the criminal charge—for certain technical reasons with which I need not trouble you. But if the facts which were involved at the criminal trial can also be n a civil action (and, in this case, they can), the entire matter may be made the subject of a new legal inquiry; and the verdict of a second jury, completely cating your husband, may be thus obtained. Keep this information to yourself for the present. Preserve the position which you have so sensibly adopted towards Eustace, until you have read the restored letter. When you have done this, my own idea is that you will shrink, in pity to him, from letting him see it. How he is to be kept in ignorance of what we have discovered is another question, the discussion of which must be deferred until we can consult to-gether. Until that time comes, I can only repeat my advice -Wait till the next news reaches you from Gleninch."

I waited. What I suffered, what Eustace thought of me, does not matter. Nothing matters now but the facts.

In less than a fortnight more, the task of restoring the letter was completed. Excepting certain instances, in which the morsels of the torn paper had been irretrievably lost—and in which it had been necessary to complete the sense, in harmony with the writer's intention the whole letter had been put together; and the promised copy of it was forwarded to me in Paris.

Before you, too, read that dreadful letter, do me one favour. Let me briefly remind you of the circumstances under which Eustace Macallan married his first wife.

Remember that the poor creature fell in love with him, without awakening any corresponding affection on his side. Remember that he separated himself from her, and did all he could to avoid her, when he found this out. Remem-ber that she presented herself at his residence in London without a word of warning; that he did his best to save her reputation; that he did his best to save her reputation; that he failed, through no fault of his own; and that he ended, rashly ended in a moment of despair, by marrying her, to silence the scandal that must otherwise have blighted her life as a woman for the rest of her days. Bear all this in mind (it is the sworn testimony of respectable witnesses) and pray do not forget-however foolishly and blameably he may have written about her in the secret pages of his Diary—that he was proved to have done his best to conceal from his wife the aversion which the poor soul inspired in him; and that he was, in the opinion of those who could best judge him, at least a courteous and a considerate husband, if he could be no more.

And now take the letter. It asks but one favour of you: it asks to be read by the light of Christ's teaching:--" Judge not, that ye be not judged."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE WIFE'S CONFESSION.

" Gleninch, October 19, 18-

"MY HUSBAND:-

"I HAVE something very painful to tell you, about one of your oldest friends.

"You have never encouraged me to come to you with any confidences of mine. If you had allowed me to be as familiar with you as some wives are with their husbands, I should have spoken to you personally, instead of writing. As it is, I don't know how you might receive what I have to say to you, if I said it by word of mouth. So I write.

"The man against whom I warn you is still a guest in this house—Miserrimus Dexter. No falser or wickeder creature walks the earth. Don't throw my letter aside! I have waited to say this until I could find proof that might satisty you. I have got the proof.

"You may remember that I ventured to express some disapproval, when you first told me you had asked this man to visit us. If you had allowed me time to explain myself, I might have been bold enough to give you a good reason for the aversion I felt towards your friend. But you would not wait. You hastily, and most unjustly, accused me of feeling prejudiced against the missing prejudiced agai the miserable creature on account of his deformity.' No other feeling than compassion for deformed persons has ever entered my mind. I have indeed almost a fellow-feeling for them; being that next worst thing myself to a deformity—a plain woman. I objected to Mr. Dexter as your guest, because he had asked me Dexter as your guest, because ne nad asked me to be his wife in past days, and because I had reason to fear that he still regarded me, after my marriage, with a guilty and horrible love. Was it not my duty, as a good wife, to object to his being your guest at Gleninch? And was it not your duty, as a good husband, to encourage me to say more?

"Wall! Mr. Dester has been your guest for

"Well! Mr. Dexter has been your guest for many weeks; and Mr. Dexter has dared to speak to me again of his love. He has insulted me, and insulted you, by declaring that he adores me, and that you hate me. He has promised me a life of unalloyed happiness, in a foreign country with my lover. And he has prophesied for me a life of unendurable misery, at home with my husband.

"Why did I not make my complaint to you, and have this monster dismissed from the house at once and for ever?

"Are you sure you would have believed me, if I had complained, and if your bosom friend had denied all intention of insulting me? I heard you once say, when you were not aware that I was within hearing, that the vainest women were always the ugly women. You might have accused me of vanity. Who knows? "But I have no desire to shelter myself un-

der this excuse. I am a jealous unhappy creature; always doubtful of your affection for me; always fearing that another woman has got my place in your heart. Miserrimus Dexter has practised on this weakness of mine. He has declared he can prove to me, if I will permit him, that I am, in your secret heart, an object of loathing to you; that you shrink from touching me; that you curse the hour when you were nights and days I struggled against the temptation to let him produce his proofs. It was a terrible temptation, to a woman who was far from feeling sure of the sincerity of your affection for her; and it ended in the getting the better of my resistance. I wickedly concealed the disgust which the wretch inspired in me; I Wickediy gave him leave to explain himself; I wickedly permitted this enemy of yours and of mine to take me into his confidence. And why? Because I loved you and you only; and because Miserrimus Dexter's proposal did, after all, echo a doubt of you that had long been gnawing secretly at my heart.

"Forgive me, Eustare! This is my first sin against you. It shall be my last.

"I will not spare myself; I will write a full confession of what I said to him and of what he said to me. You may make the suffer for it,

when you know what I have done; but you will at least be warned in time; you will see your

at least be warned in time; you will see your false friend in his true light.

"I said to him, 'How can you prove to me that my husband hates me in secret?'

"He answered, 'I can prove it, under his own

handwriting; you shall see it in his Diary.

"I said, 'His Diary has a lock; and the drawer in which he keeps it has a lock. How can you get at the Diary and the drawer?'

"He answered, 'I have my own way of gett-

ing at both of them, without the slightest risk of being discovered by your husband. All you have to do is to give me the opportunity of seeing you privately. I will engage, in return, to bring the open Diary with me to your room.'
"I said, 'How can I give the opportunity?
What do you mean?'

"He pointed to the key, in the door of com-munication between my room and the little

study.

"He said, 'With my infirmity, I may not be able to profit by the first opportunity of visiting you here, unobserved: I must be able to choose my own time and my own way of gett. ing to you secretly. Let me take this key; leaving the door locked. When the key is missed, if you say it doesn't matter—if you point out that the door is locked, and tell the servants not to trouble themselves about finding the key—there will be no disturbance in the house; and I shall be in secure possession of a means of communication with you which no one will suspect. Will you do this?

"I have done it. "Yes! I have become the accomplice of this "Yes! I have become the accomplice of this doubled-faced villain. I have degraded myself, and outraged you, by making an appointment to pry into your Diary. I know how base my conduct is. I can make no accuse. I can only repeat that I love you, and that I am sorely afraid you don't love me. And Miserrimus Dexter offers to end my doubts by showing me the most secret thought of your beart in your the most secret thoughts of your heart, in your

own writing.
"He is to be with me, for this purpose, while you are out, some time in the course of the next two hours. I shall decline to be satisfied with only once looking at your Diary; and I shall make an appointment with him to bring it to me again, at the same time to-morrow. Before then, you will receive these lines, by the hand of my nurse. Go out as usual, after reading them. But return privately, and unlock the table drawer in which you keep your book.

(To be continued.)

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11.9-52-111.

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11-9-6-109.



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