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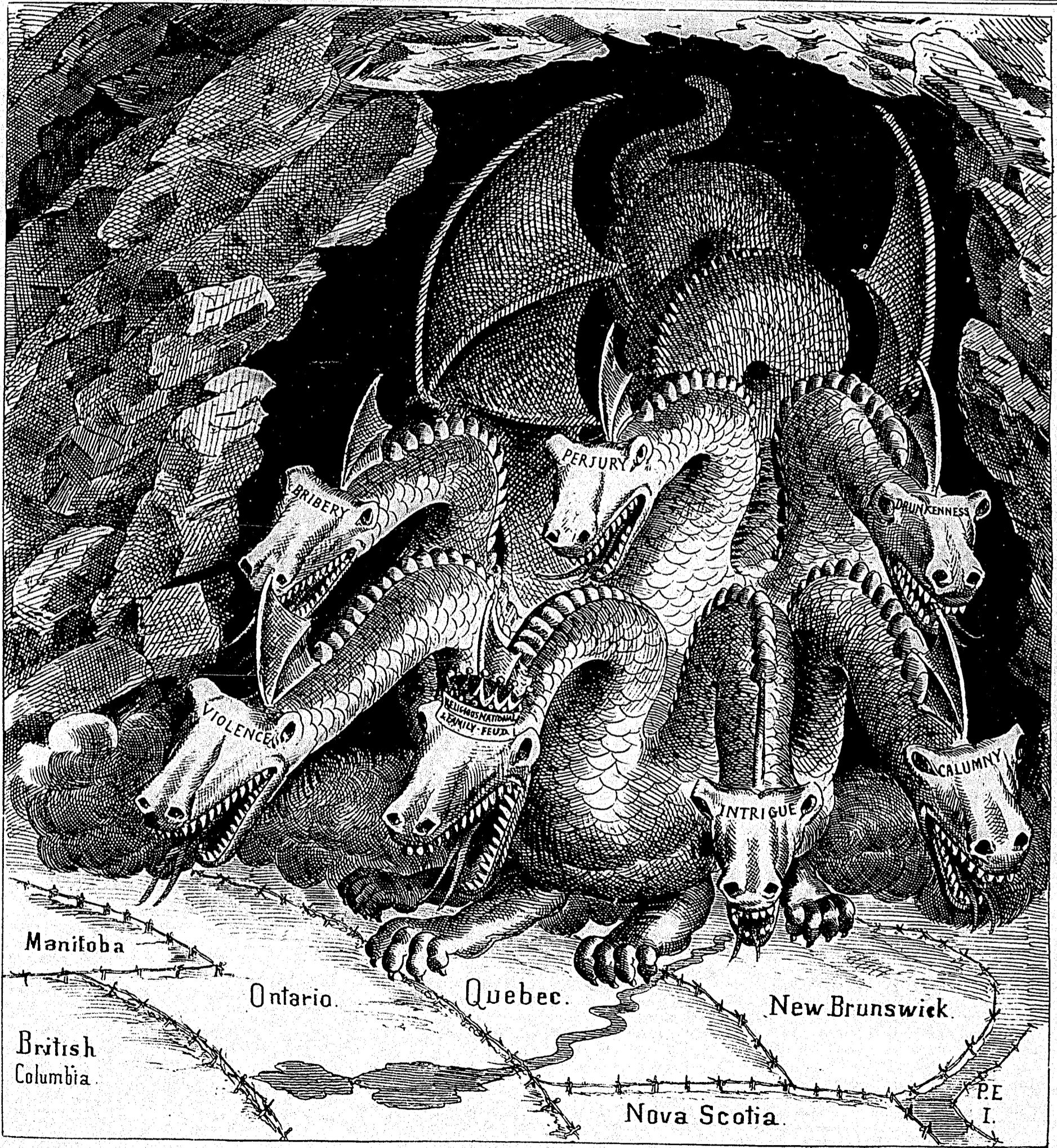
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Wholesale News

Vol. IX.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1874.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1874.

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Engraving, Printing and Publishing business founded and heretofore carried on by G. E. Desbarats, will henceforth be continued by a Joint Stock Company under the above title. This Company, which will shortly be incorporated by charter under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada, has acquired the property of "The Canadian Illustrated News," "The Favorite," "The Canadian Patent Office Record and Mechanics' Magazine," "The Dominion Guide," "L'Opinion Publique," and other publications issued by G. E. Desbarats, also his Patents, in Photo-typing, Photo-lithographing, Electro-typing, etc., and the good-will of his large Lithographic and Type Printing Business.

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The Patronage of the enlightened Canadian Public in every part of the Dominion is solicited for this new Company, which will strive to build up a business alike beneficial and creditable to Canada.

Two of the most extraordinary arguments ever used against any candidate for Parliamentary honours were advanced last week in London, Ont., against the return of the independent candidate. It was objected, in the first place, that Major Walker, the gentleman in question, was an emigrant, that he had not been born in the country—and that by implication he was not a fit and proper person to represent in the Dominion Parliament the free and independent electors of the city of London. This is certainly a novel feature in election tactics, and one which is anything but creditable to those who have introduced it. It savours rather strongly of Know-Nothingism. Are we to understand that this is the kind of policy the Liberal Conservatives of London desire to introduce? We are in the habit of priding ourselves on the freedom which every immigrant to this country is able to enjoy, and to boast that however poor and humble the newcomer may be, there is no political office to which he may not in time aspire. It seems however that, in London, on a *chan, é tout cela*. A new qualification is to be introduced. The man who aspires to political honours must be, in order to win the confidence of the electors, a native Canadian. In future no foreigners need apply. Our friends in London seem determined to do away with the cause of the reproach that there are no Canadians—plenty of English, Scotch, Irish, and French, but no Canadians. The taunt can no longer be thrown in their teeth. We are to be native Canadians, or to count for nothing. Intending immigrants are requested to take notice, and to lay their plans accordingly. The second objection that London Know-Nothingism brings forward against the candidature of Major Walker, is, if it be possible, even more ridiculous than the first. It is gravely urged by some sapient individual that Major Walker has never been alderman of the city of London—once more by implication, that no one who has not had the honour of sitting in the municipal council of his particular city or town is capable of properly attending to the interests of the people whom he may desire to represent in Parliament. Major Walker very happily replied to this logical specimen by stating that he found that many respectable citizens have no desire to be aldermen of the city of London, because its affairs have got into a miserable condition in consequence of the pernicious influence exerted over them by the Hon. John Carling. What the nature of that influence may have been we are not prepared to say. But if we may judge of the Forest city by what we know of other cities in the Dominion we might possibly be able to give a shrewd guess. From what we have seen we should decidedly prefer to send as our representative to

Ottawa a man whose education has not been finished in the council room of a great Canadian city. However there is no accounting for tastes, especially tastes that have been vitiated by the pernicious doctrines of Know-Nothingism.

The elections have been carried on with a great deal of spirit, and no little acrimony. We distinctly anticipated this, in an article published a fortnight ago, but we confess it was with a lingering hope that our prophecy would not be literally fulfilled. In Ontario, more particularly, the violence of partisan passion may be said to have raged like a whirlwind and some of the scenes enacted, both at the polls and during the canvass, were a positive disgrace to civilized men. In this matter, both sides were about equally to blame, and indeed they seemed to vie with one another in abuse and billingsgate. Now, that the elections are over in the main, however, it is to be hoped that, as usual, a better feeling will prevail and that the public men who have been treated as common blackguards will regain something of the respect due them. The general result of the elections, beyond the fact that the government have obtained a fair working majority, it were premature to discuss in the present issue. But one or two of our provisions have been remarkably realized. As we foresaw, the Pacific Scandal, upon which the Ministerialists made the issue hinge almost exclusively, was really not heeded to any great extent by the electors, and they recorded their votes in pretty much the old humdrum style of party prejudices and personal leanings or antipathies. We foretold, in the next place, that the ultimate result of the elections would not differ materially from that of the campaign of 1872. This too has proved to be the case. The governmental majority is more nominal than real. Fair play and fair trial have been the catch-words by which many so-called Independents have secured their seats. But these men who are claimed as supporters by the Ministerial papers, will not and, indeed, cannot show their true colours until Parliament meets and the government come down with their measures. If these measures are good, they will be sustained by that majority; if their measures are merely tentative, dubious or positively bad, that majority will fall back, in a rush, on the main body of the opposition. All, therefore, rests with the government. They have not a majority upon which they can rely *a priori*. All they can confide in is a certain amount of expectant good-will. It remains with them to consolidate that majority by true statesmanship. Thus only can they maintain themselves in power. Mr. Mackenzie and his friends are on their trial. They have a splendid opportunity before them, indeed, but this opportunity is also an herculean task. They succeed a brilliant record of twenty-years of substantial, superior statesmanship. This they must perforce be tried by. This they must follow and if possible improve. We need scarcely add that we sincerely hope they may prove true to all their pledges and show themselves worthy of the confidence of their countrymen.

The return of Marshal Serrano to power is marked by an incident which will doubtless go far to increase his popularity and strengthen his government. We refer to the fall of Cartagena. The Intransigent had maintained themselves in that stronghold for several months, resisting all the attacks of the Government forces by land, and capturing several of the Spanish ironclads. President Castelar caused the siege of the city to be prosecuted with the utmost vigour, and had he remained in office a few days longer, would have enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing his patriotic energy rewarded. But Serrano, with his usual good fortune, reaped what Castelar had sown. General Domínguez, a member of his family, on learning his accession, pushed the besieging operations with fresh vigour, and succeeded in presenting the keys of the Murcian capital as a trophy to the new President. But the downfall of Cartagena will have other beneficial results besides the enhancing of Serrano's prestige. It will prove a death blow to the intrigues and hostilities of the Intransigents. That faction will now lose heart, and the subsequent surrender of Barcelona must add to their discomfiture. That will be a great point gained. All the forces in the country may now be directed against the Carlists. It is evident that so long as Don Carlos keeps an army in the mountains of Navarre, threatening the line of the Ebro, there can be no security for any government in Spain. Neither is it possible that the whole energies of its rulers or public men can be centred on the regulation of its long-neglected and sadly confused internal affairs. That Serrano has not the remotest sympathy with the Carlists admits of no doubt. Hence he will battle against them to the end, and thereby add both to his reputation as general and to his influence as chief of the Executive. The only disturbing element then remaining will be the Cuban insurrection, but this has a less direct bearing on the condition of the home government. There is, therefore, reason to believe that with the spring or early summer, events of a definite nature will take place in the Peninsula.

We wish we had Baron Pigott here; or at least that some of our magistrates would borrow a leaf from his book, and read a lecture therefrom to our street rowdies. The learned Baron has been conducting the Assizes at Birmingham, where he gave the street ruffians very plainly to understand that in all cases of street robberies with violence, he would have no

qualms of conscience in introducing the cat to the backs of those ruffianly scoundrels who have no respect for the lives of peaceable citizens. Mr. Baron Pigott also had a word for the police, and hinted to the authorities that in his opinion it was absolutely necessary to increase the police force, or else to dismiss the police, and put up notices in the town that certain localities are "dangerous after dark," in order to protect the public from the street ruffians who appear to be largely on the increase in provincial towns. Inefficiency, his lordship remarked, was as bad as no police. We wish some of our police authorities could be brought to see the beauty of the latter remark. We fear, however, that they are incapable of so doing. The charming indulgence with which they look upon the escapades of our street rowdies could only proceed from a sense of utter inability to restrain them or a most profound indifference to the nature of their own duties.

Help has come for suffering woman—all the way from Australia. A Mrs. Webb, of Melbourne, has published a pamphlet, entitled the *Woman's Advocate*, in which she recommends that a bill should be introduced into Parliament for establishing a widow's fund, contributed to by every husband, that no widow may be left destitute. Also a maiden's fund, to which all bachelors must contribute, that no maidens be left destitute after forty. The widowers, it seems, are to be a privileged class. While the unfortunate husbands and bachelors are groaning beneath the weight of an unpopular widow's and maiden's fund tax (maiden's fund is good) the jolly widowers will be having a good time generally. Such an Act as Mrs. Webb proposes would doubtless have the effect of swelling the marriage registries, but think what a premium it would offer on wife-murder. We shall be anxious to hear from the Women's Rights people on Mrs. Webb's proposal.

"A Carter" writes to one of the Montreal dailies reminding "the gentlemen engaged in the interest of the Liberal candidates that there are debts contracted by them to carters and others that were employed at Hon. John Young's election;" and informing them that unless these obligations are settled at once, the carters will "feel entitled to act as they may think proper." This is a new light. Fancy the mild and honest carter, the most free and independent of all the noble army of the free and independent, humbly demanding his fare, and claiming the right, in the event of his not getting it, of acting as he may think proper. There are chords in the human breast, as Mr. Guppy was wont to remark, and when they are properly touched, especially at election time and when the human is a carter, there is no knowing what amazingly plaintive notes they may yield.

There is a very damaging extract from a speech of Hon. Mr. Dorion, delivered in 1871. He states distinctly that he did not have faith in Confederation at its establishment, that he had no faith in it at the time he spoke and that the Pacific Railway was a useless enterprise, American railways being amply sufficient for the wants of the country. Not to put too fine a point upon it, a man professing such sentiments is not fit to be a member of the Privy Council of Canada. We hope that the gentleman will be called upon to explain or retract these very singular words.

A bill has been introduced into the United States House of Representatives to prevent the payment of the moiety of fines to informers. This is a step in the right direction. The employment of informers is only to be defused on the principle of the doubtful rule that the end justifies the means. Some people are fond of arguing that the informers are just as essential to the enforcement of the law as the detectives. Hardly so, we think. And as for comparing the two it would be as reasonable to compare a 'yaller dog' to a scenth hound.

Mr. Mackenzie's appearance at Hamilton on the 16th inst. was the signal for a most unseemly demonstration on the part of the free and independent. This was but enough in all conscience; but the local Reform paper made matters worse by making the Premier say that he 'sympathized with these disturbers in their want of good manners.' This is adding insult to injury. Or did Mr. Mackenzie really say so? He could not have meant it if he did.

Our front page cartoon gives the bad side of election contests. Elections are not, however, without their pleasant aspect, witness the action of "an Exeter voter" who has given one hundred guineas to the Devon and Exeter Hospital as 'a thank-offering for the victory of the Conservatives.' This is a Liberal-Conservative indeed, and we wish there were more like him.

The "You're a liar!"—"And you're another!" style of argument has been raging fiercely of late in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec—especially on the hustings and in the press. It has somewhat abated at present, but has broken out and is spreading rapidly in the Maritime Provinces.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALBERT B. WOOD.—Write to W. H. Howland, Toronto.

THE FLANEUR.

Victor Hugo has still one child left him, a daughter. She is married to an English officer who is now acting as Lieutenant Governor of Tasmania.

Rossini, one of the wittiest of men, once said: "Paris is the devil. Everybody speaks ill of it, and everybody goes to it."

The monkeys in the Jardin des Plantes are now clad in blouses to protect them from cold.

Politicians are welcome to all the comfort they can extract from these lines of the poet:

To be suspected, thwarted and withstood,
Although he labours for the public good,
To win no praise when well-wrought plans prevail,
And to be hardly censured if they fail.

A French night repast is always a delight. But the Christmas *réveillon* is a prodigy. Just fancy yourself in presence of such a display as this—devilled kidneys smothered in champagne, pigs' feet truffled and defended with pickles, sausages as various in colour as in make up, with sour-kraut to make all digestible, and onion soup as a substitute for bitters? Yet such is the banquet that ladies and gentlemen rush to patronize, more in restaurants than in private houses. It is calculated that one hundred and fifty miles of black pudding were consumed on Christmas Eve.

Consolation for lovers:
Amantes, amentes.

Recorder. You believe also that the young man who sat with you in the cab has stolen your watch. What makes you think so?

Young girl. He bent so over me.
Recorder. Why did you allow him?
Young girl. O, I thought he only wanted to make love.

We cannot always be laughing. Spite of us, we will sometimes sit alone and forgotten things will troop up into the brain, making the lip to quiver, and the eye to moisten and the heart to swell until it is almost fit to break. I had this feeling the other night, as I penned the following lines:

Like a wail on the desolate seashore, that cold wild gust of December
Makes moan round the gable at midnight—the last of the year—
And like the grin of a ghost, the light of the smouldering ember
Fits in my empty face and mocks me with visions of cheer.

O, where are the dreams that we dreamed, and where the delirious
We loved when the insects fluttered in the warmth and the fragrance
And where are the vows that we made—those clusters of fiery holies
Brightest and fairest to see on the very eve of decay?

The young boy croons at his work, the maiden sings in the bower,
And the air pulsates with the throbs of a cosmic, infinite love.
But the feet are cold that have met in the sun's sensual hour,
And the red leaves cover the trysting seat in the grove.

The old man crosses his hands, and droops his head in the shadows,
The good wife stops at her wheel, for her eyes are filmy and dim;
But O, on the fringe of the wood and out on the billowy meadows
The great gold light is floating in a celestial stream.

The odour of lilacs still clings to the leaves of the family missal,
And the date of our bridal is there—I remember 'twas writ in my
Ah me! yet 'tis only this morning that I heard the bobolink's whistle
Up in the sumach that shelters her grave and where the syringa stood.

Yes, and the rains of the autumn fall chill on the purple slope where
The bones of my babes are enlaced in the root of that funeral tree,
But still when I look out for them in the buoyant, crystalline weather
Their sweet white faces are radiant and smile upon me.

And such is the life of man—a shifting of scenes—with the ranges
From one extreme to the next—the rise and ebb of the soul;
And what is our bliss and our ail? Why, always to change with the
Though our single purpose is fixed on the one immutable goal.

Thus to-night I will chase my sorrow with that last wild gust of Decem-
The gloom where I sit is gone and the gleams of the morning appear,
The Past shall be buried anew in the dust of the smouldering ember,
For the Future rises before me, in the flush of the dawning year.

Those Frenchmen!
Some weeks ago, the police of Paris arrested a man who attempted to bite off the nose of a wine merchant. He was doubtless attracted by its bloom. After much resistance, he surrendered himself and, on being questioned, answered that he was a fisherman by day, but by night acted as secretary to the Society of Nose Eaters!

Poor Parepa, why did she ever marry? From the fairyland of operatic triumph, she stepped down into the prosy arena of wedlock and her brief career there ended in a dismal tragedy. She died after giving birth to a still-born child.

Willie Winter, dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, of whom it may be said that he has revived in America the method of a Churley and a Jules Janin, lately set the climax to delicate, courteous word painting. Speaking of Carlo Leclere, who appeared in the *New Magdalen*, and wishing to insinuate to her as gently as possible, that being fat and forty, she was unsuited to the part of *Merry Merriek*, he got out of the scrape by saying that she was "too massive and mature." I have seldom read anything more exquisite.

This definition of a jockey is worthy of Douglas Jerrold: The pair of pincers with which sportsmen draw their chestnuts out of the fire.

It is remarkable that in almost all languages the word "dear" signifies beloved and of high price. Through the Latin *carum*, the Italians have *caro*, the French *cher*. We have *dear* and the Germans *theuer*. All with the double meaning. A young fellow who had to pay one hundred dollars for a dispensation to marry his first cousin, used to answer, whenever she told him (as women always do) that he could not possibly love her as fondly as she loved him: "O Mimi, you are doubly dear to me."

I have discovered a beauty for Hotten's new edition of Curious Signboards.

In this very city, (I can give you street and number, if you like) there was a furniture dealer, who added the business of undertaker to his other cares, for one of his windows was filled with coffins large and small. Over his front was painted this sign in French: "X—, &c., &c. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE!"

Robert Dale Owen says that he saw more pretty women, in five weeks, in New York, than he did during a five years' stay at Naples. This is one of those wild assertions which mean nothing. They are true under one sole point of view and false in every other. I may say with equal truth and equal untruth that I saw more pretty faces, in one day's stroll on the Strada Nuova, than I met in Broadway, during a week's promenade. And yet what would it prove?

ALMAVIVA.

THE QUEEN OF OPERA BOUFFE.

Olive Logan sends to the *Spirit of the Times* from Paris the following spicy gossip about the great Schneider: "Until New York has seen this *artiste* it can never truly say that it knows anything about the possibilities of Offenbachian opera bouffe. That vulgar creature, Tostee, got all the cream of the 'Grand Luchas' in New York. The music was such a novelty that it was bound to be a success anywhere; but if you can imagine Frank Evans getting hold of one of Lester Wallack's pieces, and going to Omaha and playing it, you may have some idea of the *rapprochement* between Schneider in 'La Grande Duchesse' in Paris, with half the crowned heads of Europe elbowing each other for her smiles, and Tostee in New York, getting tipsy on bad champagne with Gotham's gamblers, and croaking through the part on nights when she was not 'indisposed.' The extraordinary charm of Schneider was her elegant and dignified bearing; she looked like a Grand Duchesse, and had the carriage and manners of one. It was only by occasional flashes, scarcely lasting a moment, that she gave you glimpses of the wild devilry of reckless fun which lay beneath the imperious and high-bred demeanour which was her habitual manner. Add to this that instead of the plastered mask—our recording map of hideous orgies—behind which Tostee grinned, and through which her lascivious little eyes twinkled, Schneider has a delicate and intellectual face, which, despite her life of an undeniably unvestal-like character, bears no traces even now of the ravages of dissipation. Her life has been passed among the finest flower of the nobility of Europe—of course I mean among men of that stamp only—and they have formed her. Such men may be dissipated, reckless, frivolous; but they are not coarse and vulgar, nor will they tolerate these traits in any one with whom they associate. Her first love was the Duke de Grammont-Caderousse. He idolized her, and used to walk arm-in-arm with her on the boulevard in the day time. Any body who would not bow to him with her on his arm, he cut most remorselessly afterwards. He was a descendant of the Crusaders, and had the red hair which the *cajets rousses* of the Grammonts have flourished for six hundred years. He died young, leaving Hortense a good part of his fortune. I saw her in a private box of the theatre of the *Délassements Comiques* night before last. It was easy to see that her presence rendered the actresses on the stage very nervous. She applauded the singer once or twice, however. She was accompanied by a very 'swelly' man, and was simply but richly dressed in black silk. Priceless black pearls hung from her ears—gems fit for Cleopatra's wear when dressed in Sunday best. Schneider owns one brooch, a monogram of the letters H and S, formed of diamonds as big as horse-hoofnuts, there or thereabouts. It is said to be worth the ransom of a king—a vague statement as regards money value, for there have been some kings I wouldn't give a dollar-store breastpin for."

Literary Notes.

NEW BOOKS.

A poem of some thousand or twelve hundred lines is under any circumstances a somewhat ambitious undertaking. But what shall we say of a young lady of sixteen who boldly plunges into an ocean of verse, and undeterred by the faint praise or the ridicule of the critics fearlessly places her production before "a discriminating public." While we admire her pluck, we cannot but consider the author of "Constance" as unwise in supposing that the public will look with the same favourable eye as her own friends upon the elaborate and somewhat stilted production she has put forth upon the world. While we do not deny that within the thousand odd lines that form the book before us there are some that possess a merit of their own, we cannot but congratulate the writer upon her prudence in withholding her name from an effort of which in the future she may have reason to be ashamed. As the production of a young lady in her teens "Constance" is not without its good points. As a book that the public is supposed to read and pronounce upon, we fear that it will fall flat. As to the typographical work, the book is a marvel of the *bizarre* put together with the least possible amount of taste.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

Old and New for February is a sprightly and entertaining number, on the principle of being a popular and useful magazine, instead of being useful, and taking the chance of being popular. Mr. Trollope's novel grows readable and interesting. Mr. Perkin's novel contains some curious matters illustrating the interior of the book-agents "dreadful trade;" and the Washington novelette fills the second of its three parts. Bishop Ferrette of the Syrian Church—a man of much curious Oriental learning, and who can read the "Arabian Nights," at sight, into good English, from the Arabic—contributes a fanciful legend, which might well be added to the famous Eastern story-book. Mr. Harlew's sketch, "The Lost Child," is a sad but interesting legend of Wachusset Mountain, which the author says, "is well known in all that region to be entirely

* Constance. A Lay of the Olden Time. By Maple Leaf. Montreal: John Lovell.

true." Mr. Hale gives us a capital practical paper on "Exercise," a spirited introduction full of patriotic memories of the Revolutionary War and a likely introduction to the Examiner, with suggestive thoughts about poetry, and magazine poetry too. In the "Record of Progress" there is a bitter epigram on Carlyle, and some seasonable information on money matters and on the American Social Science Association. There are two poems—"Sea Tangle," by G. T. A.; and "Mistaken," by Clara F. Guernsey. And there is a fervent and forcible article by one of the Old Guard of Kentucky Republicans, Mr. Fairchild of Berea, in favour of having all public schools open equally to black and white children. And Mr. Quincy, whose articles on the proper way of exempting public institutions from taxation have attracted a great deal of attention, has another pungent paper on the subject.

The February number, the second of the new volume of *Lippincott's Magazine*, sparkles with interesting and attractive articles. In this number Mr. George MacDonald's long-promised serial story, *Malcolm*, really begins. It is brimful of fine Scotch humour. Its characters are clearly and skilfully drawn. It is altogether a most stirring and captivating story. The continuation of the "New Hyperion" maintains the universal interest already created,—an interest which is constantly surprised and intensified by the singularly original and suggestive illustrations of Doré. "Josephine and Malmison," illustrated, is, its padding notwithstanding, an interesting sketch of Napoleon's life at Malmison and of his relations with Josephine, by Marie Howland. "A Western Seeress," by Will Wallace Harney, is a graphic and curious piece, descriptive of adventures illustrative of the faculty of second sight. "Two Marquises," by Reginald Wynford, contains a sketch of the Marquis of Hertford, who was the original of Thackeray's famous character. "The Marquis of Steyne," "How we Met," is a charming story, by the author of "Blindpits." "Kismet," an Eastern poem, by George H. Boker, will command universal attention. "Among the Alligators," is a lively Florida hunting sketch, by S. O. Clarke. "The Romance of a Tin Box," by Louis A. Roberts, is, as its title indicates, a very amusing story. "Modern French Fiction," by Francis Asheton, is an able critical article on a subject of constantly increasing interest. This number also contains "A Queen's Adventure," a very sprightly paper, by R. D. Vey; and "A Famine in the East," by Fanny R. Feulge. "Our Monthly Gossip," in the February number is equal in style and variety to any of its predecessors, and to say that is to commend the Magazine to all readers of refined taste and good judgment.

Rochefort is writing an autobiographical novel in the *Rappel*. George Sand is writing a new novel in the *Temps*—*L'Orgue de Titan*.

Charles Kingsley was to have sailed from Liverpool for New York on Thursday.

An account of the Chinese war will be shortly published by the Comte de Pallkao.

Onlin is about to publish a short story, in one volume, entitled "The Wooden Shoes," which will be illustrated by herself.

It is stated that the author of *Gin's Baby* is going to write a book with the strange title of *Luchmee and Ditto*. The scene of the story is to be in the West Indies. What new grievance is Mr. Jenkins about to submit?

M. E. Eckmann-Chatrian are now writing a new serial story, which will shortly appear in *Cassell's Magazine*. It will be entitled "The College Life of M. H. N. Nabot," and will be based on the adventures of a young collegian during the Louis Philippe era.

A book which will create considerable interest on its appearance next month will be the *Life and Letters of Lord Minto*, edited by the Countess of Minto. It contains a multitude of private letters referring to all the principal personages and events of the first years of this century.

Shelton & Co. announce a work which will be received with great interest everywhere. It is an interior history of the Lincoln Administration by ex-Secretary Welles, who was connected with it from the start, was in most of its secrets, and has a vast amount of accurate data to draw from.

Notice of action for libel has been sent (says the *Times*) to the publisher of *Once a Week* by the solicitors of one of the Liverpool shipowners, on account of certain statements made by Mr. Pimms in his appendix to "Ship Aboard," the Christmas annual of *Once a Week*. The shipowner referred to is, the *Liverpool Daily Post* says, Mr. W. J. Fernie.

They have got an epidemic of criticism at Minneapolis. At a recent inquest over the works of Tenyson one speaker pronounced him a third-class poet, and "a very small pattern of a man, who fell in love at the age of fifteen and was continued so ever since." A clergyman said that "The Princess" "always reminds him of the rag-tag and bob-tail thoughts of a man of talent in a delirium." It is apt to go hard with people at the first, but they will recover in time if they live long enough.

The members of the Prussian Order *Pour Le Mérite* who are entitled to vote have proposed to the Emperor the great English historian, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, as a member of the civil division of the Order, in place of the late Sigar Manzoni. It was no easy task to find a successor to the celebrated Italian poet, as, for reasons easily understood, there could be no question about the election of M. Victor Hugo, who under other circumstances would undoubtedly have obtained the greatest distinction for merit in art and science which is at the disposal of the Sovereign of Prussia.

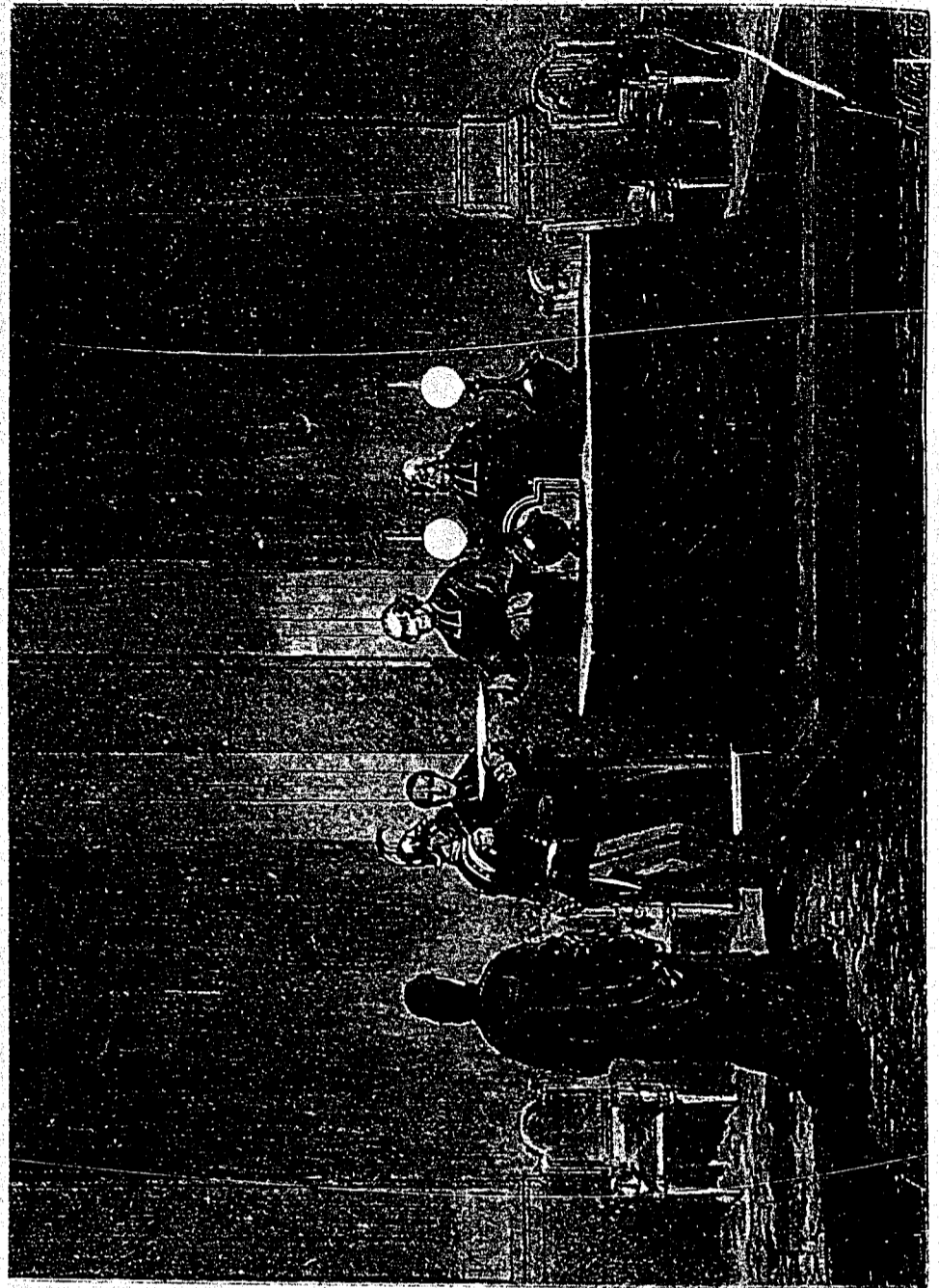
The following is the text of C. A. Bristed's (Barl Banson) last letter: "I am still alive. For twelve days I have suffered such agonies as cannot be described or imagined. Monday, the 12th, I was easter. I took the sacrament, and hoped to die quietly, but I am reserved for more suffering. My family and friends have shown me the greatest kindness. I think I ought to be made legal to kill such invalids as myself. I say this as a Christianian."
CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

P. S.—My servants have been like angels to me. Were I to live I should write a pallinode on the Irish.

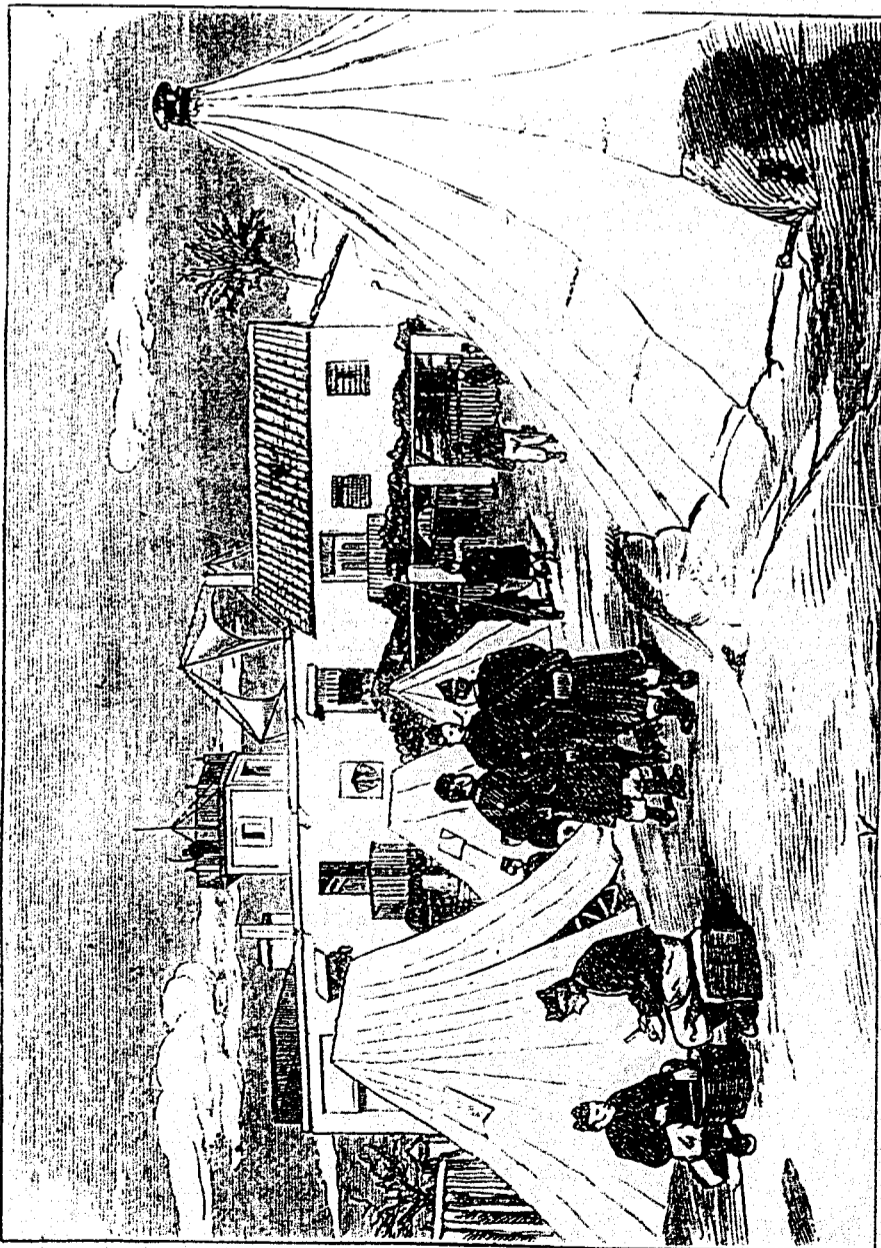
The *Publishers' Circular* informs us that 3,163 different books and pamphlets have been published in the United Kingdom in the year 1873, the highest number reached in any other country being 659. Some of these are American importations, but the number excludes all new editions. The pamphlets are extremely few, only 170, and the works of fiction stand foremost, 831. Next comes theology, with 770 works; and next, to our surprise, 538 books of art, or books so illustrated as to be books of art. After these follow histories, books of poetry, and 252 works of travel, geography, or geographical research.



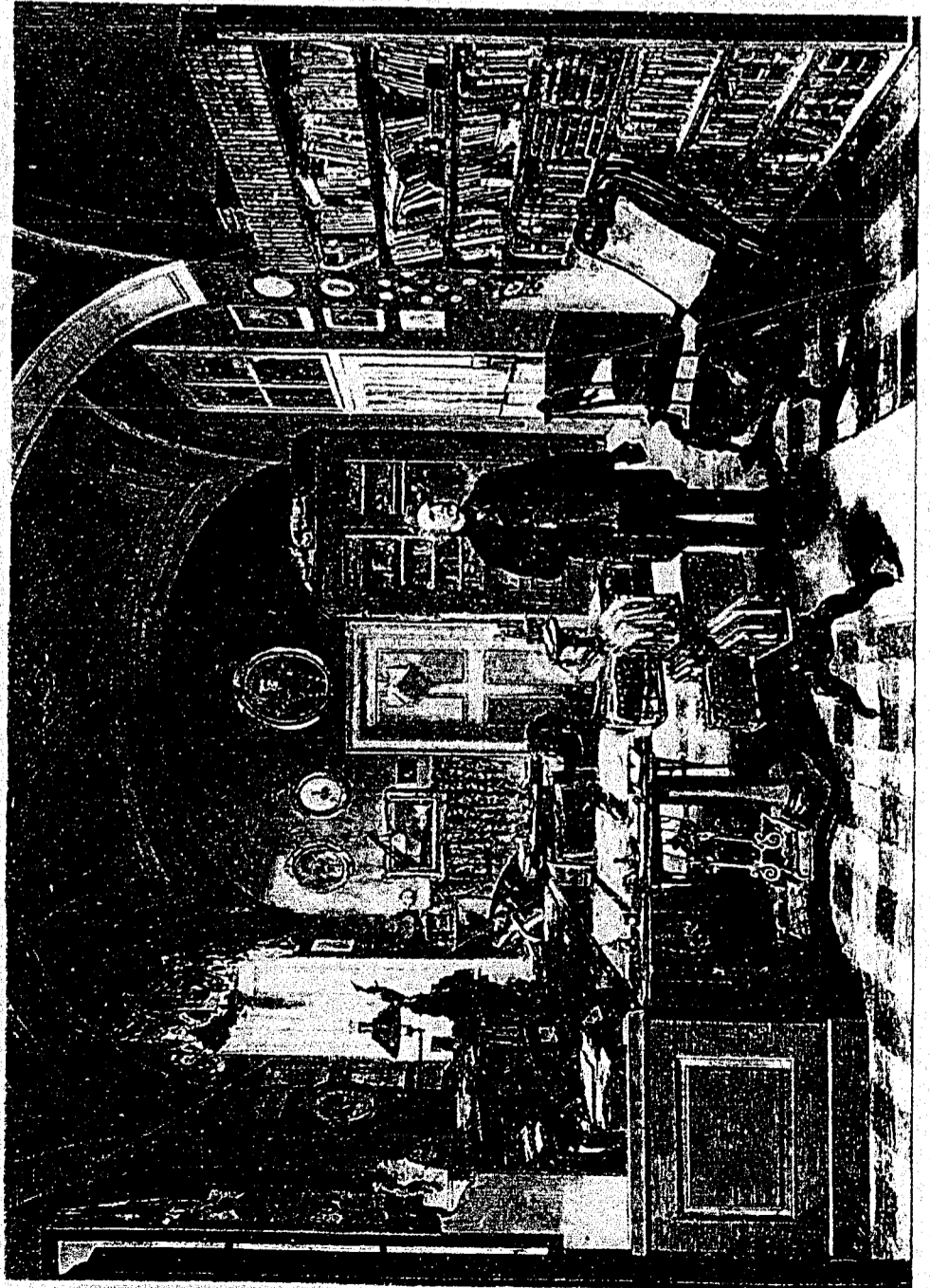
BESIEGERS' BATTERY NO. 1.



FRANCE.—THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS RECEIVING THE INSIGNIA OF THE CARDINALATE.

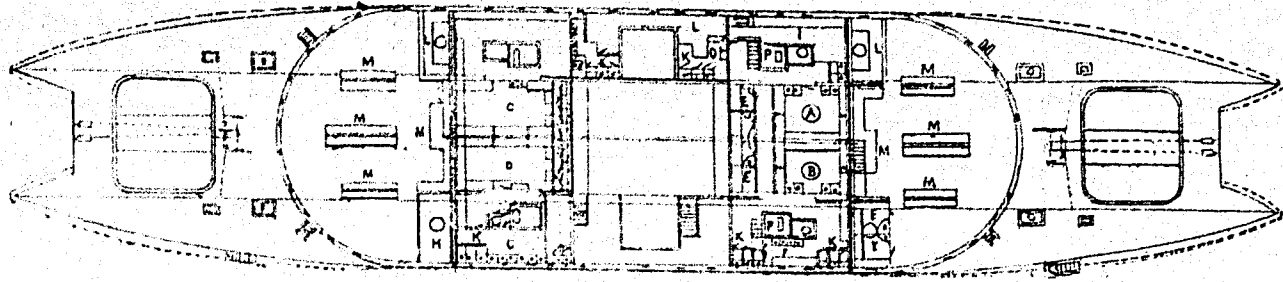


ENCAMPMENT OF GOVERNMENT TROOPS.



BARON VON LIEBIG IN HIS STUDY.

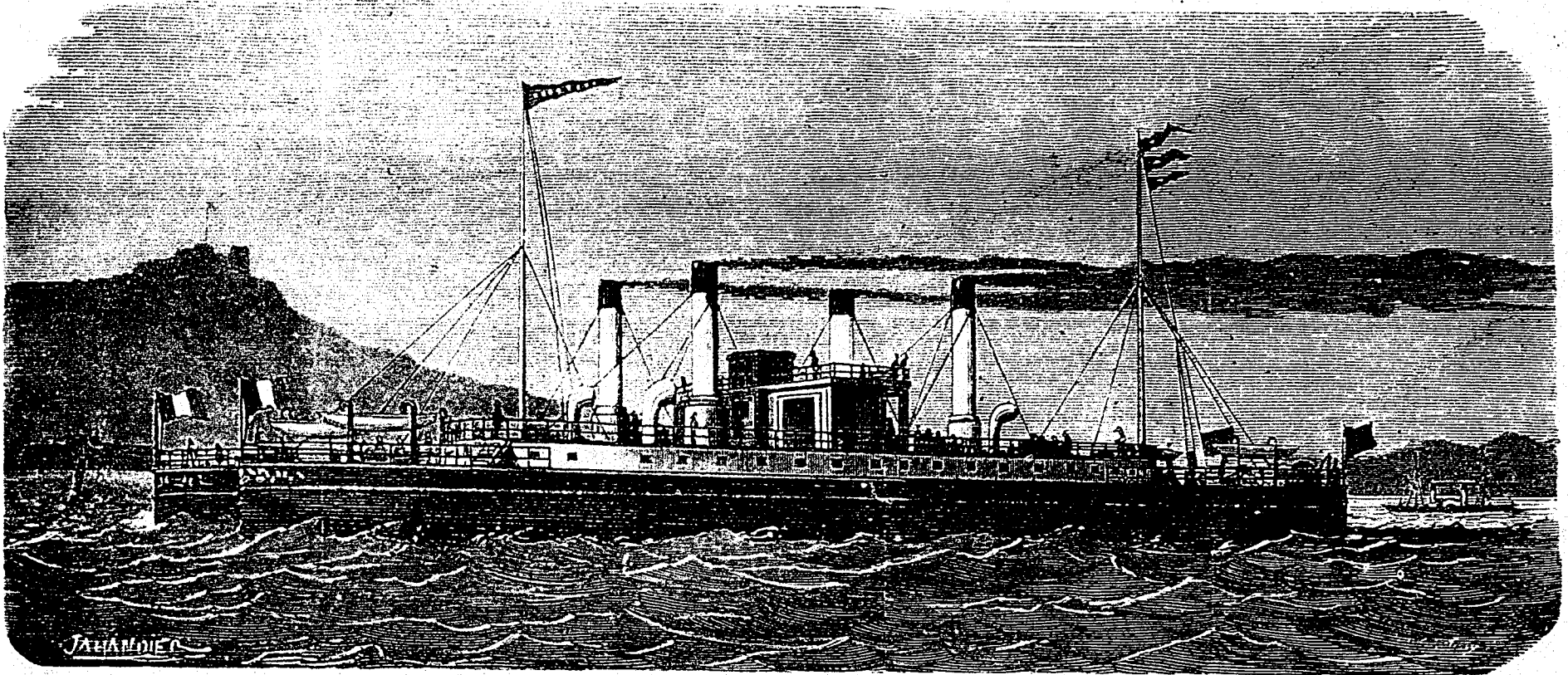
SPAIN.—THE SIEGE OF CARTAGENA.



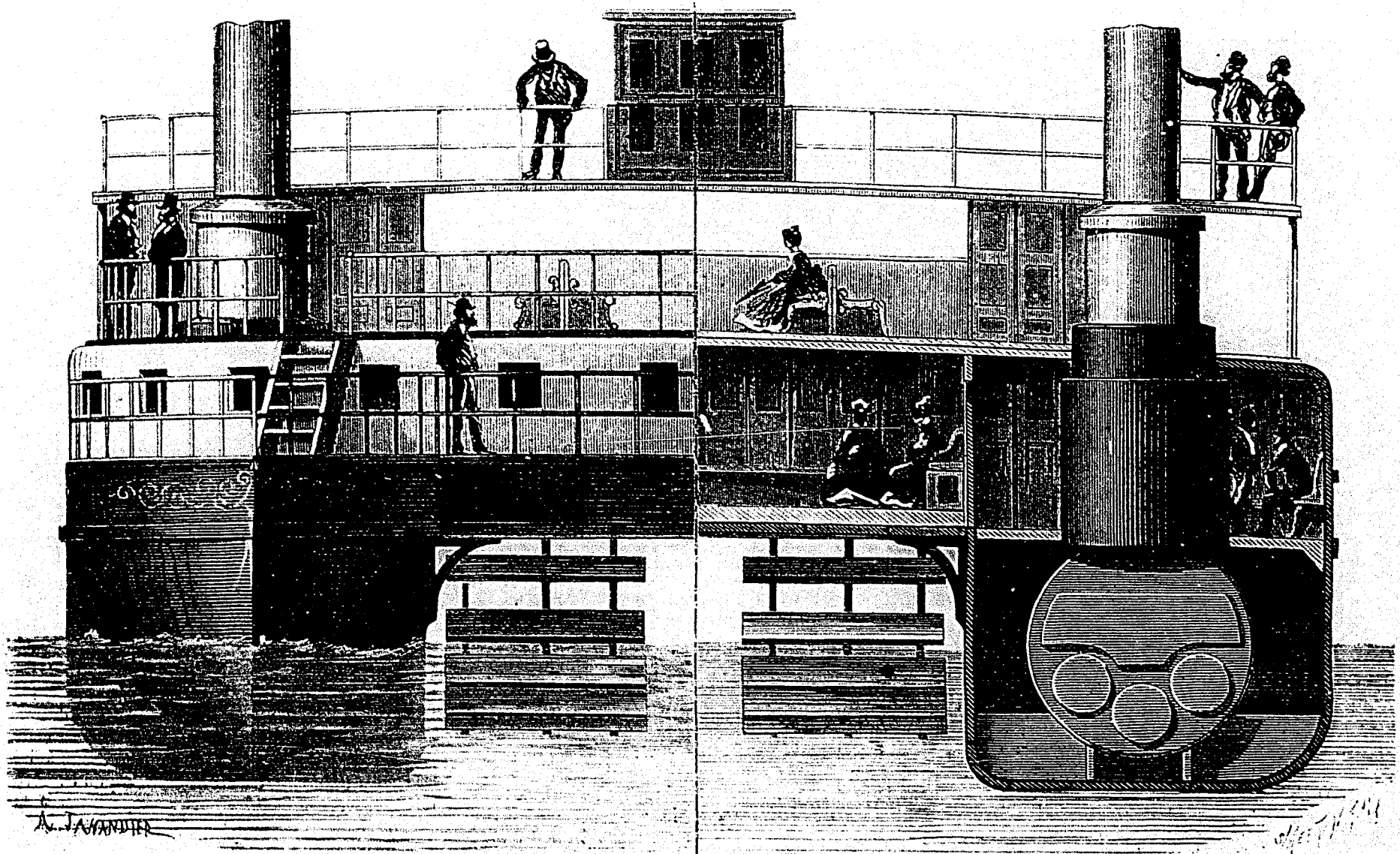
HORIZONTAL SECTION SHEWING THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS.

FIRST CLASS.
 A. B. Ladies' Saloon.—I. E. I. K. Reserved Cabins.
 M. Great Saloon.—J. Refreshment Room.—L. Smoking Room.

SECOND CLASS.
 C. D. Ladies' Saloon.—G. K. Reserved Cabins.
 J. Refreshment Room.—M. Great Saloon.



EXTERIOR VIEW.



VERTICAL SECTION SHEWING THE POSITION OF THE PADDLES.

THE NEW CHANNEL FERRY BOAT, TO RUN BETWEEN CALAIS AND DOVER.

THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

The Winter Palace, where the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna was performed on Friday last, is thus described by George Augustus Sala:—

It is an enormous pile constructed of that kind of stone which the Americans term "brown," but which is in reality reddish in hue, which, when fresh hewn from the quarry, can be carved almost as though it were wood, but which hardens considerably by exposure to the atmosphere. The Winter Palace communicates by a bridge somewhat resembling the Ponte de Sospiri at Venice, with an older palace—the Hermitage, so much affected by the Empress Catherine. The old Winter Palace, burnt down in 1837, was built by an Italian architect named Rastrelli, in the Empress Elizabeth's reign, and so vast were its dimensions that it was said to be inhabited by more than six thousand persons. The Imperial High Chamberlain used frankly to confess that he had not the least idea of how many apartments there were, or who lived in them; and I often heard the well-nigh incredible, but, I am assured, authentic story that when, while the conflagration was at its height, the firemen ascended to the roof, they found the leads inhabited by whole families of squatters, who had built log cabins, and kept poultry and pigs and even cows among the chimney pots. The origin of this strange colony was ascribed to the circumstance that it was customary to detail for service on the roof of the palace a certain number of labourers whose duty it was to keep the water-tanks from freezing in winter time by dropping red-hot cannon balls into them. Perhaps the oversetting of one of the stoves used for heating the bullets was the primary cause of the fire of '37. Naturally these poor fellows tried to make themselves as comfortable as they could in their eeries. A chimney pot does not afford a very complete shelter from the asperity of a Russian January; and logs for fuel being plentiful, what was more reasonable than that the cistern-thawers should utilise a few billets to build themselves huts within? And a calf, discreetly smuggled up to a house-top in its tenderest youth, will grow into a cow in time, will it not? Who does not know Charles Lamb's story of the young donkey kept by a foolish urchin on the roof of the dormitory of the Bluecoat School, and which would never have been discovered had not the feeble-minded animal, waxing fat with fodder and kicking, chose to bray loud enough to have blown down the walls of Jericho; when it was of course confiscated by the authorities, and dismissed, "with certain attentions," to Smithfields?

Eighty thousand workmen had been employed at the erection of the Old Palace, which was most splendidly decorated, and the loss of valuable furniture and works of art at the fire was, of course, immense. The catastrophe took place in the night, and it was with the very greatest difficulty that the guards and police could prevent the mob from rushing into the burning ruins, not for the purpose of plunder, but with the view of saving the goods and chattels of their "Little Father." The soldiers were imbued with the same feeling; and it is said that the Emperor Nicholas, who was watching the progress of the flames with the greatest composure, was only enabled to put a stop to the self-sacrificing efforts of a party of grenadiers who were trying to wrench a magnificent mirror from the wall to which it was nailed, by hurling his double-barrelled lognette at it. Nicholas had the strength of a giant; and the well-aimed missile shattered the mighty sheet of plate-glass to fragments. His Majesty turned, laughing, to an aide-de-camp, as the grenadiers held up their hands in horror. "The fools," he said, "will begin to risk their lives in trying to pick up my opera-glass. Tell them that they shall be fired on if they do not desist." The story of the sentry who refused to leave his post and perished in the flames because he had not been properly relieved is, I fear, apocryphal—at least, I have heard it told of half a dozen sentinels, at half a dozen fires.

The Winter Palace was rebuilt in a year. The Emperor sent for an architect and told him that the new house must be finished within twelve months, or he would know the reason why. And Nicholas was not a Czar to be trifled with. At the end of the stipulated term the New Winter Palace was finished. A grand ball was given at Court, and nobody was sent to Siberia. To be sure the enterprise had not been completed without a considerable expenditure of roubles, and even of human life. In the depth of winter more than six thousand workmen used to be shut up in rooms heated to thirty degrees Réaumur, in order that the walls might dry the more quickly; and when they left the palace they experienced a difference of fifty or sixty degrees in the temperature. These little atmospheric variations were occasionally fatal to Ivan Ivavovich the moujik; but what cared he? To die for the Czar (there is a popular Russian drama on that theme) is a sweet boon to the loyal Muscovite.

The actual palace is an enormous parallelogram, of which the principal façade is four hundred and fifty feet long. It has often been compared architecturally with the ex-Royal Palace at Madrid; but the Czar's residence is on the bank of the broad and beautiful Neva; whereas the abode of defunct Spanish royalty only overlooks the miserable little streamlet called the Manzanares. I should be talking guide-book were I to tell you of all the lions of the Winter Palace—of the grand staircase of marble encrusted with gold; of the prodigious banqueting saloon called the Salle Blanche (there is an analogous apartment in the old Schloss at Berlin), where covers are sometimes laid for eight hundred guests; or of St. George's Hall, which is one mass of gorgeous ornamentation in Carrara marble. That I am not talking guide-book may be apparent from the admission on my part that I really forget whether it was in this St. George's Hall or in a saloon of the adjacent Hermitage that I saw a vast collection of portraits in oil of distinguished Russian generals. These pictures, all let into the walls, without frames, produced a very curious effect.

During eight months out of the twelve the Winter Palace is inhabited by the Imperial Family. There is one apartment in it, which I have omitted to mention, but which should not be passed by in utter silence. It is a little plain room, most modestly furnished, and containing a simple camp bed without curtains. It was here in the beginning of 1855 that "General Février turned traitor," and that the Emperor Nicholas died from a terribly brief illness which, at the outset, had been deemed to be merely a slight attack of influenza. The room, as is customary in Russia (and in some parts of Germany likewise), has been left in precisely the same state in which it was when the spirit of its mighty master passed away. The Emperor's gloves and handkerchief lie on a chair; his military cloak hangs behind the door; a half-finished letter is on the

blotting-pad on the bureau. There is the pen with which he wrote; there are the envelopes and sealing wax he used. The shadow of the hand of Death seems to pervade the whole place. You creep away hushed and awe-stricken from the potency of that presence, and the magnificent lines of Malesherbes strike like a tolling bell on your memory—

Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,
Est sujet à ses lois;
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre
N'en défend pas nos rois.

WHAT POETRY IS AND ISN'T.

The editor said, that Mr. Bret Harte once told him, that in his experience of editing "The Overland Monthly," in California, he found ninety-five per cent. of the "poetry" was sentimental, and that nine-tenths of this was of sentiment which it was impossible the authors should have felt themselves. It was sentiment of which they had read other people's descriptions; and those descriptions had fired them to attempt their own.

"I told Mr. Harte," said the editor, "that our proportion on the Atlantic coast was about the same." All of you have observed how many poems we have about the death of little children, and the agony and the faith of their mothers. Has it occurred to you to notice that none of these poems are written by mothers, and that most of them are written by young girls who have no knowledge of their own of what they describe?

Mr. Carter said, that if the verse-makers could be kept down to writing only of emotions they had felt, or on subjects which they understood, or of scenes which they had looked upon, the month when you read the poems would be the easiest month of all.

"But there is a perfect fascination about the unknown," he said, "and the unknowable. What was that you wrote to the boy who wanted to know why you returned his love-story?"

"I told him that I had never known a lady who dragged her only daughter to the hymeneal altar to marry a Polish count whom they both despised, simply because he had a title. I said I had read of many such in 'Graham' and 'Godey,' but never had seen one; that, therefore, in my own stories, I had never described such characters. I told him, that, as he was not half my age, I did not believe he had ever seen such a mother or daughter, and that, therefore, I would advise him not to attempt the description."

Mrs. Macmatak muttered, that the editor was always a sad realist, and that that was the reason some people thought his stories were prosy.

"True enough," said Mr. Ingham boldly. "But still the editor's advice was good advice for the boy; and, if I had to draw a circular which would be sent with returned 'poetry' to the authors, the first requisite I would make should be, that they should not write about things they knew nothing about. I do not think they ought to say 'palm-tree,' unless they have travelled as far as Norfolk."

They laughed at this pure Inghamism; and somebody asked Mr. Carter what he would put into such a circular.

"I think," he said, "that I would begin somewhat as Ingham does; but I would lay more stress on their not sending us their cakes before they are baked.—Fausta, give me my portfolio." And he turned hastily over a pile of notes which had accompanied verses, and read scraps from them:—

"As I went to bed, the idea flashed upon me; and I have dashed off some lines, which I send to OLD AND NEW."

"Returning from the uplands of the Sierra this afternoon, these lines formed themselves in my brain; and, if the jolt of my horse has not made them too rough, &c."

"The valuable paper by Dr. Toomston in the July OLD AND NEW, which we have just received, suggests to me the verses which are enclosed, &c."

"Don't think I can do no better than this. I send this because, &c."

"There are forty such phrases," said he sadly, "in this pile of forty-two letters. Do they really think that we have any right to give the readers what they know themselves is not their best work? Do they think that anybody ever 'dashes' off poems, which can be printed for eternity? Do they think that Tennyson, or Lowell, or Holmes, or Longfellow, or Alfred de Musset, or Béranger, or Christina Rossetti, or any other writer of lyrics whom they ever loved or valued, 'dashes off things' and sends the 'dashed thing' to the printer? I do not suppose one of them ever read Horace. I suppose," he added, cynically, "that half of them never heard of him; but I did suppose that the *postarum limas labor* had worked itself into the proverbial philosophy of the world, and that even the poets in the corner of 'The Buncombe Eagle' new that nothing could be polished that was not somehow filed, and that filing took time.—Mr. Hale in OLD AND NEW for February."

FEMALE TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.

The woman of "Smith's Four Corners," in Iowa, who recently tried to sing the heads out of the beer barrels of a burly Teuton, were greatly disappointed at the result.

That obdurate person received them kindly, and ordered fifteen mugs of beer to be placed before them. Then he lit his pipe and sent his wife out to summon half a dozen other veteran smokers.

The ladies sang and the seven Germans smoked. The place grew dense with smoke, and at the end of the third hymn two of the singers looked extremely pale and unhappy.

The proprietor saw that the enemy wavered, and promptly sent out for a fresh half a dozen of Germans. Soon thirteen pipes were in full operation, and the fifth hymn was sung by but eight voices.

Utterly disgusted at the stolid refusal of the beer seller to burst into tears or repentance, the ladies then turned to leave; but first, as a solemn protest against beer, they emptied the fifteen glasses on the floor.

The German sent out for a policeman at once, and then politely asked the ladies to pay for fifteen mugs of beer. He stood in the doorway, and, being a fat man, completely blocked them, while he pressed his demand for payment. Faint with tobacco smoke, but strong in principle, the ladies refused to pay.

But presently the policeman entered, and to him the German explained: "These women comes in here and dakes my beer. And den they doesn't pay nothings for him, and they sings till my wife she is all over one blush. If they doesn't pay me and gear out I gifs them in sharge as trunk and disorderly."

And those unhappy women under the advice of the policeman paid for their beer and went sadly homeward, and took all sorts of medicine to counteract the effects of the smoke. To this day they can't understand why that German didn't do as the temperance paper led them to suppose he would.—*Daily Graphic.*

Scraps.

The paid choirs of Boston worship God in song for \$142,000 a year.

The Duke D'Aumale is about to marry the Duchess de Chevreuse.

Bazaine's portrait has been removed from the gallery of marshals at Versailles.

Chicago has 17,000 persons living on charity. The papers neglect to say whether they take it cold.

The London *Times* administers comfort to the unappreciated many by saying that great men are always in debt.

An acute Liverpool firm, foreseeing the inevitable necessities of the case, has shipped off two cases of gravestones to Sierra Leone.

A lady accounts for changing her maids every year by saying that after that period she finds they become the mistresses of the house.

The King of Ashantee is not allowed to have more than 3,333 wives. Fortunately for the poor man, the ladies' millinery bills are not very large.

There are five English families at present with rival claimants to baronetcies—the Codringtons, the Fredericks, the Paynes, the Vanes, and the Tlobornes.

Several Catholics of Crefeldt have given notice in the *Gazette* of that town that in future they will take no notice, by way of greeting, of the Old Catholics of their former acquaintance.

Good news for sufferers at law. Two lawyers, members of the same firm, are suing each other. Won't they pile on the costs. When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of law.

The nuns of St. Joseph, Bordeaux, have sent to the Pope an offering of a golden *cœur de Jésus* filled with gold napoleons. The contents of the vessel thus named suggest an obvious remark.

The ladies of Turin are circulating a petition to the Town Council praying that the nude figures of the lately unveiled Cavour monument may be removed, as they violate public decency.

An ex-sheriff of Montgomery County, who has turned his attention to forming, gives a chromo to every purchaser of a load of manure. This is rather running the chromobusiness into the ground.

The Mexicans in Paris, the Spanish residents, and the political admirers of Bazaine, are subscribing to purchase the Isle of St. Honorat, close to St. Marguerite, and fit it up as a residence for Madame Bazaine and her family.

A French newspaper makes the following extraordinary announcement: "Lord Selkirk arrived at Paris this morning. He is a descendant of the famous Selkirk whose adventures suggested to Defoe his 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

Mr. C. Macnamara relates, in a late number of the *Indian Medical Gazette*, that he was called to see an infant child of nine weeks old belonging to a native gentleman residing in Calcutta. The mother of this infant was only ten and a half years of age.

The Good Templars of England are about to petition the Pope, through Archbishop Manning, to recognize their society. It is stated that many Roman Catholics would join it if it were taken out of the category of secret societies which are anathematized at Rome.

A wealthy London firm of four brassfounders has just dissolved partnership. Three of them could not sign their names, and have always put their cross to the firm's documents. If they could have used their pens well they might have become Government clerks at fifteen shillings a week.

A Welsh jury have returned the following verdict on a man who fell down a number of steps, receiving injuries which resulted in his death: "Found dead, with a few scratches on his head, and a bruise on the left knuckle, but how he came by his death there is no evidence to show."

M. Louis Vuelliot thinks that "all America might go to the bottom of the ocean and humanity be none the worse for it. There is not a saint, an artist, a thinker," he goes on to say, "throughout the length and breadth of the land, unless we call thought that dexterity which consists in twisting iron so as to form railway lines." M. Louis Vuelliot is a man of temperate words!

Oddities.

A stonecutter keeps ready-made gravestones with the name "Smith" cut thereon.

A Vermont debating club is struggling with the question, "Which eats the most chickens, ministers or owls?"

This is the way that the *Peoria Review* puts it: "The scarcity of new hats on the streets shows that very little interest was taken in the election."

A California paper tells of a boy who climbed a tomato vine to get away from a mad dog. Tomato vines attain an enormous size in California, and so do lies.

One of the young ladies at the Elgin watch factory, it is said, is at work upon a patent watch which will have hands so made and adjusted as to seize the wearer by the coat-collar every evening about ten o'clock and walk him off home.

Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard. "What do you think of him?" asked Brown, "I think," said Jones, "he did better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then?" "True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

A smoking bishop dined with Admiral Farragut once upon a time, and after dessert tendered a bunch of Havanas to the sailor, with the invitation, "Have a cigar, admiral?" "No, bishop," said the admiral, with a quizzical glance, "I don't smoke. I swear a little sometimes."

A young bachelor, who had been appointed sheriff was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said, "Madam, I have an attachment for you." The widow blushed and said that his attachment was reciprocated. "You don't understand me, you must proceed to court." "I know it is leap year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting." "Mrs. P——, this is no time for trifling, the justice is waiting." "The justice! why, I prefer a parson."

"An effeminate man," says a recent writer, "is a weak poultice. He is a cross between table-beer and ginger-pop, with the cork left out; a fresh-water mermaid found in a cow pasture with her hands filled with dandelions. He is a teacup full of syllabus; a kitten in trousers; a sick monkey with a blonde moustache. He is a vine without any tendrils; a fly drowned in oil; a paper kite in a dead calm. He lives like a butterfly—nobody can tell why. He is as harmless as a pennyworth of sugar-candy, and as useless as a shirt-button without a hole: He is as lazy as a slug, and has no more hope than last year's summer fly. He goes through life on tip-toe, and dies like Cologne water split over the ground."

OUTCAST!

The moon is red and low, and the stars are few.
The city in a path like one who talks in his sleep,
In distant meadows full heavily falls the dew,
The dew in the city falleth from eyes that weep.
Now is the time, my soul, when a grieving pain,
Frightened away by the eyes that shine in the day,
May dare to come forth awhile, and be free again,
And look in thy face and say what it hath to say.
Its mien is pure and true, and it seemeth calm,
Though deep in its gaze there is lying the gloom of death,
Its murmur sounds like the holiest heavenly psalm,
But it singeth a siren's song to thy dreaming faith.
Let it come forth and utter its plaintive moans,
Listened so oft that thine ears are growing dull,
The sounds less sad and soft, to the cheerful tones
That ring in the cord of life when it swelleth full.
Hearken it now for the past and never more,
Heed not the eyes that crave and the hand that clings,
Kiss it once at the future's glimmering door,
Float it away in the dark on its own sad wings.
So shall it reach that realm on the verge of night,
Where shadows of fair false things and their echoes be;
Thy way is across the hills in the kindling light,
Mid living souls with a footstep glad and free!

For Everybody.

After Dinner in the Country.

It is proposed now to have Shakespearean readings and commentaries at ordinary evening parties. Mr. Furnivall, the antiquarian scholar says: "We have belonging to us Englishmen the greatest poet of the world. Nineteen out of twenty of us know nothing whatever about him, have never studied him critically, never tried to follow the growth of his mind. Yet there his pages lie open to all of us, a mine of enjoyment, a bond of union between both sexes—if they will but read and study him together—a most welcome relief from the senseless chatter and scandal of ordinary English parties."

A "Cause Célèbre."

The Count de Chambord, although he has "missed his opportunity," as the politicians say, is likely to be kept before the public for some time longer, through the instrumentality of a French lawsuit. The count has been called to prove why one-half of the property possessed in France by the Legitimist Pretender should not be restored to the representatives of the Duke of Normandy. The suit, which bids fair to rank amongst the *causes célèbres*, was placed on the roll of the tribunal in August last, and will probably soon be heard. Jules Favre is, it is said, employed to prosecute the dormant claims and right of the descendants of Louis XVI.

Latin Pronunciation.

In the schoolmasters conference at Winchester, England, a scheme of Latin pronunciation seems to have been adopted. That it does not meet with general approval is evidenced from the statement of a Brighton College man that the new pronunciation "is neither the French, nor the German, nor the Italian pronunciation. It is certainly not the Latin pronunciation. It is not the pronunciation of Professor Palmer, nor that of Professor Munro, but a compromise between the two. It is highly questionable whether, till this paper was issued, and in certain forms of certain schools adopted, there lived, or ever had lived, a single human being who pronounced Latin according to the scheme which you entitle the "correct one."

Catching a Pulpit Thief.

Doctor Erskine, so remarkable for his simplicity of manner and gentle temper, having returned often from the pulpit minus his pocket-handkerchief, and could tell so little how or where it was lost, that Mrs. Erskine at last began to suspect that the handkerchiefs were stolen as he ascended the pulpit stairs by some of the old wives who lined it. So, both to balk and detect the culprit, she sewed a corner of the handkerchief to one of the pockets of his coat-tails. Half way up the stairs the good doctor felt a tug, whereupon he turned round to the old woman who was the guilty hand to say, with great gentleness and simplicity, "No' the day, honest woman—no' the day; Mrs. Erskine has sewed it in."

Papal Frankness.

The Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin relates the following incident, which occurred at an audience with the Pope, at which there were present an American Protestant clergyman and his wife: "The Pope talked with them some moments in French; as His Holiness passed to other visitors, the clergyman rolled out in American Latin enthusiastically (that is, Latin pronounced according to the Cambridge style, not as the Latin Catholics pronounce it): 'May your Holiness live a hundred years.' The Pope turned quickly, dropped his French, and said brusquely in Italian, shaking his right hand impatiently in front of his ear, as if the sound gave him pain, 'Thank you, thank you very much; but it's no use for you to speak Latin to me with that pronunciation; I cannot understand it.'"

"Society" Requisites.

A correspondent says: "The countersigns required for admission into 'good society' are characteristically demanded by the several cities. Boston draws herself up severely, and, while raising her eye-glass to scan the cerebral development of the importunate one, coldly asks, 'What do you know?' New York, vulgarly displaying her silks and diamonds, looks at the ostentatious which the applicant's apparel denotes, and pertly says, 'What are you worth?' Philadelphia, proudly drawing around her her covering of pampered aristocracy, demands, blue book in hand, and lips pursed into prunes, persimmons, and prisms, 'Who was your gran'father?' While Washington stops a moment in the gliding German, and while trying to obtain a sly glimpse of your pedal extremities, with glowing cheeks and heaving breast, inquires, 'Can you dance?'"

Paganini and the Cabman.

We find the following anecdote in one of the weekly criticisms of the Paris press: "Paganini one day at Florence jumped into a cab and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of 'Moise' on a single string. 'How much do I owe you?' said he to the driver. 'For you,' said the man, who had recognised the great violinist, 'the fare is ten francs.' 'What! ten francs, you are surely joking!' 'I am speaking seriously. You charge as much for a place at your concert.' Paganini was silent for an instant, then with a glance at the rather too witty automedon, said, 'I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel!' He then tendered two francs, which were taken, being over the fare."

Antiquarian Discoveries in South Africa.

Some very remarkable antiquarian discoveries have been made lately in the South African diamond region. Beneath the surface remains of a highly-civilised race have been found, pointing to a time when Africa was visited and colonised, perhaps, by the Phœnicians. As for the diamonds, they do not seem yet to have brought down the price in the London shops to any considerable extent. Just now there is a strike among diamond-cutters living at Amsterdam, and they guard their craft with the utmost jealousy. They will not allow their numbers to increase, and maintain a rate of wages of almost unprecedented

height. One of their number strangely enough objected to these arrangements, whereupon his comrades demanded that his patron (the head man who supplies the machinery for cutting to his associates) should expel him. The patron refused, and his fellow patrons supported him, all the workmen struck, and it seems as if the strike would last for a long time.

Cesarism and Ultramontanism.

In an exhaustive paper addressed to the London Times, Archbishop Manning puts forth in the plainest form the fundamental claims of his Church. He states that the Roman Catholic Church is, a divinely instituted body, supreme in the matter of faith and morals, competent, and exclusively competent, to define the limits of its own jurisdiction, and entitled to absolute supremacy, which is to be recognised by the State within the limits so defined by itself. "In these assertions," he says, "I am vindicating to the Church her divine rights;" and he says expressly, "The Church of Jesus Christ within the sphere of revelation, of faith and morals, is all this, or is nothing, or worse than nothing, an imposture and a usurpation. It is Christ or Anti-christ. If it be Anti-christ, every Cæsar from Nero to this day is justified. If it be Christ, it is the supreme power among men."

A Royal Road to Preaching.

There are manuscript sermons existing a couple of centuries old; in the margin "hem, hem" is written to indicate where the preacher, after raising his strain to a height which would seem to authorize the relief, might cough, merely for the effect of the thing. M. Peugnot states that he had seen in the manuscript sermons of an old preacher these words in different parts of the margin: "Here fall back in your seat," "start up," "use your handkerchief," "shout here like the very devil;" and Baizac says that an old cleric of his time, teaching a young student how to construct a sermon, confined himself to observing, "Shake the pulpit stoutly; gaze at the crucifix fiercely; say what you can to the purpose; and you'll not preach badly." The Abbé Bolsrobert used to say that a clever preacher ought to know when to cough, spit, or sneeze with effect, as any one may be the means of extricating him from a difficulty.

Bazaine's Surrender.

The oft-repeated assertion that Bazaine capitulated with an army of 173,000 men is a gross and palpable error in the face of the data we now possess. Bushels of figures might be brought to show its falsity. Suffice it to cite the authority of Colonel Hamley that Bazaine's army on the day before the battle of Borny (14th August) consisted of 135,000 men. Authentic statistics show that its loss (killed, wounded, missing, and deserted) from the date named to the capitulation was over 45,000 men. This leaves a balance to be surrendered of 90,000 able men. But the cavalry and artillery were for the most part dismounted before the end came, and every soldier knows how useless as soldiers are cavalrymen and artillerymen diverted from their own special service and armed only with its arms. Bazaine asserts that he surrendered only 65,000 serviceable men, and Rustow admits the approximate accuracy of this statement.

Etching on Etching.

By no flux or dilution of acid can you ever etch a curl of hair or a cloud; and if you think you can etch the gradations of coarser things, it is only because you have never seen them. Try, at your leisure, to etch a tea-cup or a tallow candle, of their real size; see what you can make of the gradations of those familiar articles. If you succeed to your mind, you may try something more difficult afterwards. Lastly, for all definite shades of architectural detail, use pencil or charcoal, or the brush, never the pen point. You can draw a leaf surface rightly in a minute or two with these; with the pen point, never to all eternity. And on your knowing what the surface of a form is, depends your entire power of recognising good work. The difference between thirteenth-century work, wholly beautiful, and a cheap imitation of it, wholly damnable, lies in gradations of surface as subtle as those of a rose-leaf, and which are, to modern sculpture, what singing is to a steam-whistle.

Novel Music.

A new way of playing a tune by heart was demonstrated lately at one of the London medical societies. Dr. Vivian Poore placed a patient on his back on a table in the middle of the room, set an upright rod on his chest, and on the top of this balanced a guitar. The audience were delighted to find the sound of the heart rendered audible by this use of the sonorous instrument. Medical diagnosis received an immense aid when the French physician Laennec utilised the principle of the trumpet in his stethoscope. It will be interesting to note the development of the guitar into one of the doctors' armamentaria, and to watch for the time when the medical man will become a compromise between the troubador and the physician. Many a drug-sick patient would welcome the day when a roudou on the guitar might accompany a doctor's visit rather than a fresh prescription.

How Cardinals are appointed.

The following is a faithful account of the late preconisation of Cardinals. The Pope, followed by the Cardinals, entered the hall of the Consistory and took his place on the throne. He seemed to have perfectly recovered from his late cold, and read in a loud and clear voice the short Allocution already referred to, and having declared the names of the Cardinals, the members of the Sacred College gave their *placet*, as is usual. The Pope then ordered seven of the members of the Noble Guard to repair at once to the different countries in which the newly appointed Cardinals are living. In old times, before railways and steamboats were thought of, the Guards stood in the Square of St. Peter during a Consistory, and when the ceremony was over each person entrusted with the Papal despatches to the newly-appointed Cardinals jumped into the diligence, and it was a sight to see them all start for their several destinations. But nowadays things proceed very differently.

Yet Another.

A "personal," peculiarly distressing and interesting, and of undoubted accuracy, appeared in the Sun a few mornings since. It related to a young and beautiful bride in Louisiana, who playfully swallowed the liquid which for countless ages had been held in the centre of an Arkansas boulder, one of the curiosities in her husband's geological cabinet. It is needless to remark, perhaps, that that young woman died in less than fifteen minutes, and was at once a perfect petrification. There are bold women in other States, but in Louisiana at least one may now be referred to as boulder. The doctors there have held a *post portem* examination with hatchets, sledge-hammers, nitro-glycerine, etc., but have successfully established the fact that she is one solid petrified chunk. Her husband is reported to feel quite annoyed about losing his wife, but profoundly delighted with his geological acquisition. It may now be questioned if some of the life-like Indian tobacco signs have not been procured in a similar manner. Who knows where they all come from? The Alphonist Restoration.

Those who sympathise with the Alphonist restoration are very busy all over Spain. Their press in Madrid has brow-beaten General Moriones, and severely criticised the Ministerial measures in every department. Meetings have again and again taken place in the "Círculo Liberal," under the direction of well-known Alphonist leaders. At last a manifesto has appeared, in which, after saying the Republican Ministers are leading Spain to the verge of ruin, the bold intriguers declare that they will save their country even if the nation does not care to be saved. For more than six months the very men who tried on the 24th of April, 1873, to seize the reins of power by an

act of overt violence, have been preparing public opinion for another crisis before the meeting of the Cortes. The Alphonist party know they have nothing to expect from the Assembly, and they want to attempt a Conservative *coup de main* to get rid both of the Republic and the Cortes. Their declared opinion is that the young Prince, son of Isabella, can alone restore foreign prestige and financial confidence; and that a constitutional Monarchy is more in harmony with the present state of Spain, with her religion and her historical traditions than a Republic.

Landseer's Studio.

There were few studios formerly more charming to visit than Landseer's. Besides the genial artist and his beautiful pictures, the habits of his workshop (as he called it) belonged to the élite of London society, especially the men of wit and distinguished talents—none more often there than D'Orsay, with his good-humoured face, his ready wit, and delicate flattery. 'Landseer,' he would call out at his entrance, 'keep the dogs off me' (the painted ones), 'I want to come in, and some of them will bite me—and that fellow in the corner is growling furiously.' Another day he seriously asked me for a pin, and when I presented it to him and wished to know why he wanted it, he replied, 'to take de thorn out of dat dog's foot; do you not see what pain he is in?' I never look at the picture now without this other picture rising before me. Then there was Mulready, still looking upon Landseer as the young student, and fearing that all this incense would spoil him for future work; and Fonblanque, who maintained from first to last that he was on the top rung of the ladder, and when at the exhibition of some of Landseer's later works, he heard it said, 'They were not equal to his former ones,' he exclaimed in his own happy manner, 'It is hard upon Landseer to flog him with his own laurels.'

A Resolute Bishop.

Perhaps the significance of the fact telegraphed from Posen that Archbishop Ledochowski has declined to become a candidate for a seat in the German Parliament is greater than will at first sight appear to most readers. A Catholic Calendar for 1873, published in Thorn, in its list of reigning Princes gives the name of the Archbishop as Primate of Poland and Lieutenant (*Stellvertreter*) of the King of Poland. The officious organ of the Archbishop, the *Tygodnik* of Posen, announced that during the Vatican Council his Holiness had conferred upon his Grace the title of Primate of Poland, which carried with it the office of representative of the King of Poland. But it was denied that the Archbishop would use the powers implied in this title. But he forthwith took up a separate position. When the German Bishops were convened at Fulda he declined to attend, or any longer to sign their documents. As Primate of Poland, he belonged rather to the sepulchre of St. Adalbert in Gnesen than to that of St. Boniface in Fulda. Then he excluded all Germans from his Priests' seminaries; and yet further, when preaching had been maintained in the two languages the German was suppressed. And though his town of Posen contained 8,000 German Catholics, not a single German elementary school was provided for them.

Trees as Historians of the Past.

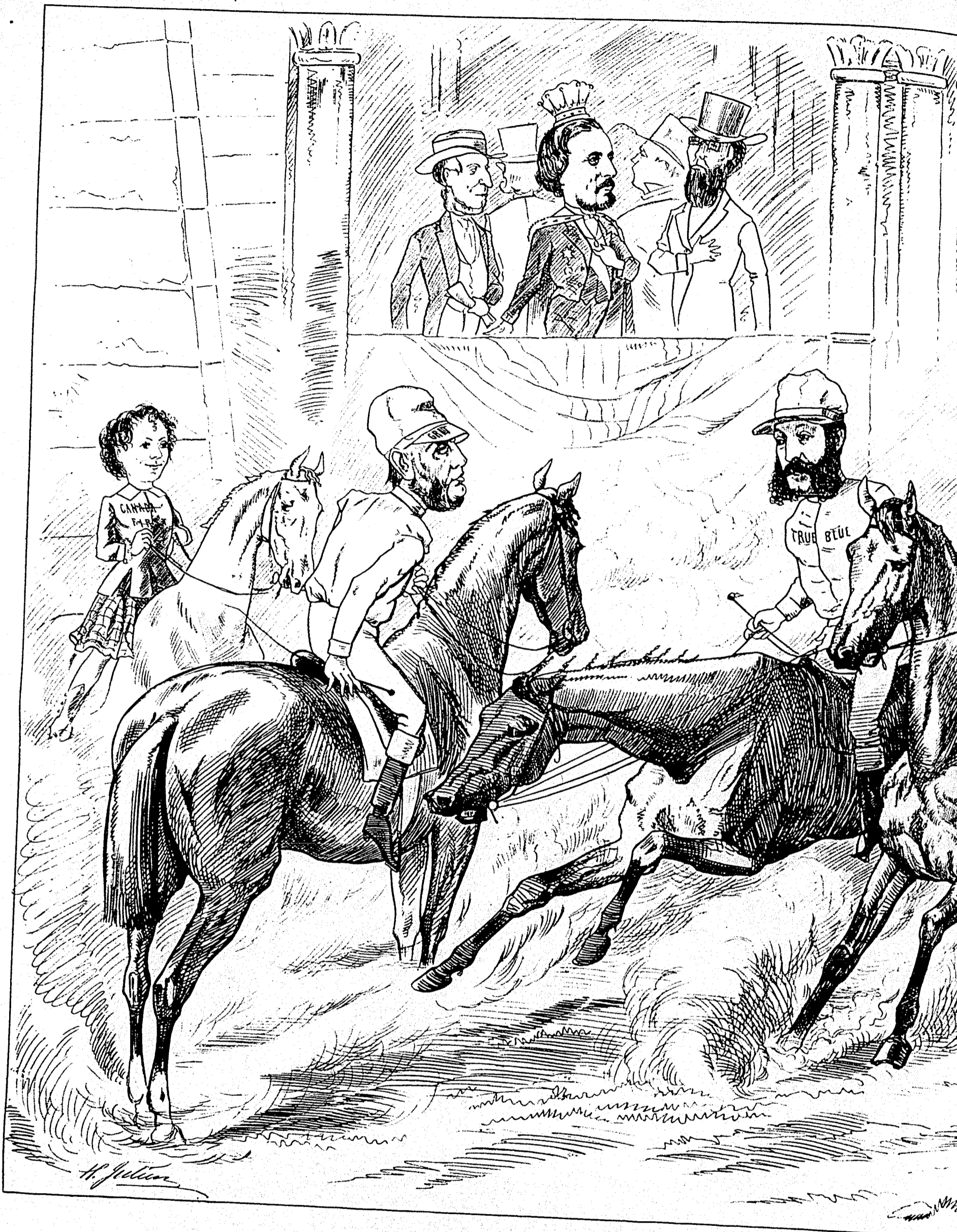
M. Charles Gros has recently communicated a note to the French Academy of Sciences on the study of the yearly rings, shown when the trunk of a tree is transversely divided. These layers by which, as is well known, the age of the tree may be determined, do not diminish in relative thickness by a constant law. In view of this M. Gros seeks a cause for the irregularity, and, it seems, has arrived at the conclusion that the data, mean and extreme, of meteorological phenomena, when known and tabulated, might be compared year by year with the annual ligneous layers formed during such periods in many different varieties of trees. From the comparison, it is not impossible that some interesting ideas relative to the laws of development of trees may be obtained. But, moreover, these laws once established, the trees in their turn might become precious collections of meteorological evidence for places and times where observations cannot be made. *Les Mondes* suggests rather a striking example of what might be learned from ancient trees as follows: "Suppose that there should be found in Egypt a very old though living tree, the origin of which dated back to the time of Joseph. If on cutting the trunk the rings corresponding to that period showed seven thick and seven thin layers, there would be tangible evidence of the truth of the Scriptural tradition of the seven years of plenty and seven years of famine, besides of the immediate causes of humidity, temperature, &c., to which such phenomena might be due."

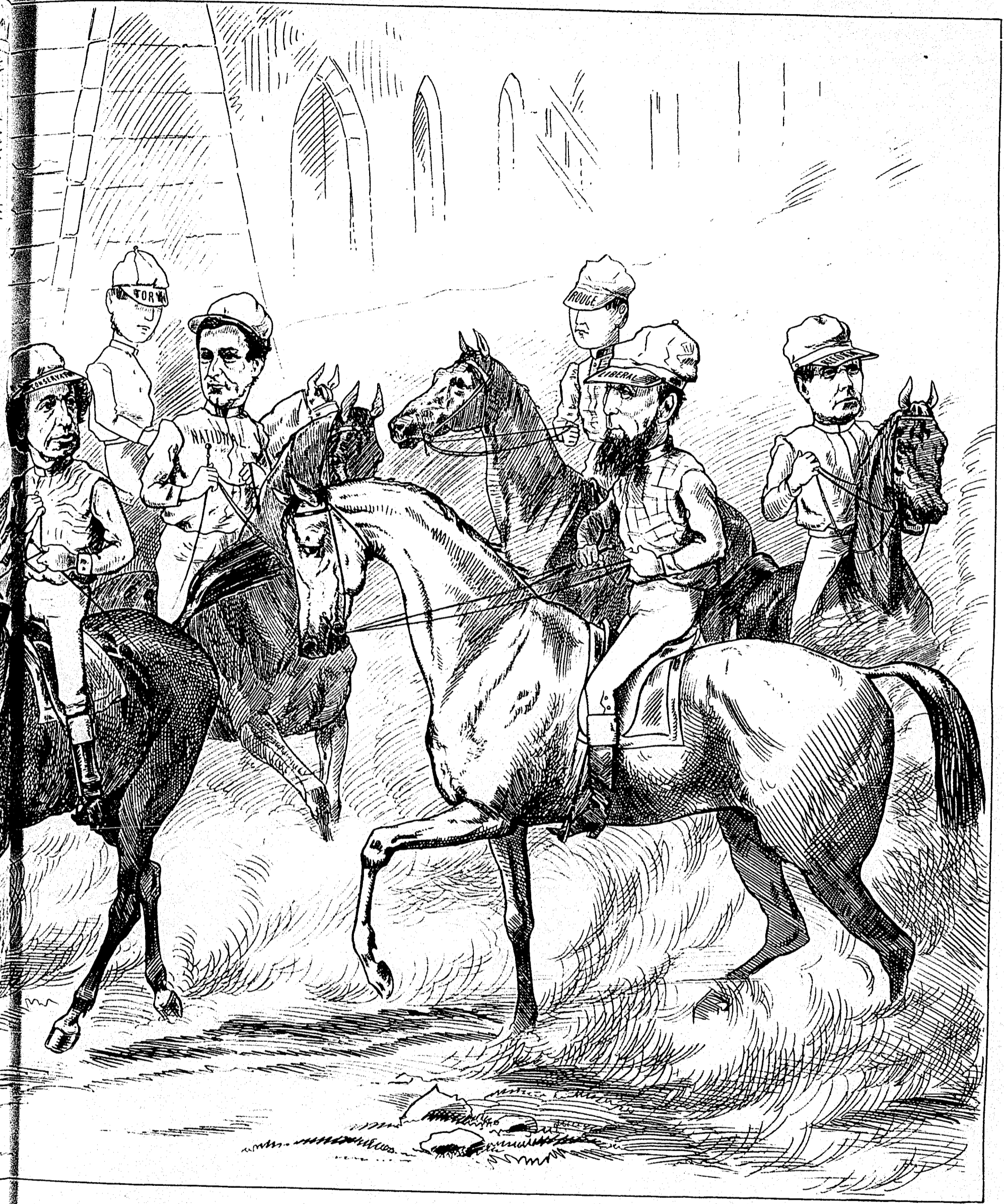
The White Lady of the Hohenzollerns.

Many, many years ago there was a Hohenzollern Princess, a widow, with two children, who fell in love with a foreign Prince, rich, handsome, and brave. She sent him a proposition of marriage. But this brave and handsome Prince declined her suit, explaining that "four eyes" stood between him and acceptance. He referred to his aged parents, whom he was unwilling to leave, or whose consent he could not obtain—the versions of the legend vary a little here. But the Princess understood him to refer to the four eyes of her two children; to his unwillingness, in fact, to become a step-father. So, like Richard the Third, she promptly suffocated the infant obstacles, and wrote to her lover that the way was clear. He was stricken with horror at the cruel deed. He revealed her fatal mistake to her, and died cursing her blood-thirsty rashness. The Princess, in her turn, was overwhelmed with remorse. After lingering a day or two in indescribable anguish she, too, died, and was buried under the old Castle at Berlin. But not to rest quietly in her unhappy grave. At rare intervals she appears at midnight, clad in white, gliding ghostlike about the Castle; and the apparition always forebodes the death of some member of the Hohenzollern family. The White Lady has been seen three times within about a year, once in October last year, just before the death of Prince Albrecht; last spring again to announce the end of Prince Adalbert; and the last time while Queen Elizabeth lay on her death-bed.

Classic Gaelic.

The following authentic anecdote shows very clearly the benefits which a knowledge of Gaelic can confer under peculiarly distressing circumstances: A clergyman of the Church of Scotland, who was possessed of a fund of dry humour, occupied a rural parish in Perthshire, bordering on the Highland district. He took much interest in the progress of a Highland student, and aided him as much as he could in his studies preparatory to getting license from a presbytery. One thing, however, he was deficient in, and that thing was indispensable. Time wore on and the day of trial approached. Both minister and student were much exercised as to how they were to overcome the difficulty. Neither knew anything of Hebrew, and how the young man was to meet the reverend court without it sorely puzzled them both. At last the clergyman saw his way clear, as if by inspiration. "Take your Gaelic Bible," he said, "and when you are asked to read Hebrew, go on reading from it." "But will they not find me out?" said the young man. "No fear of that, just do so as I tell you." The day came, the trial proceeded, and everything passed off satisfactorily. The young man was requested to read Hebrew, and, with fear and trembling, he drew forth his Gaelic Bible and proceeded to read and translate. After he had gone on thus a short time. "That will do," said the Moderator; "what do you say, brethren?" Of course every reverend brother complimented the young man on his familiar acquaintance with Hebrew. His reverend friend said nothing, and the candidate received license to preach.





WINTER STAKES, 1874.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

BY NED P. MAH.

Meltonville is a picturesquely situated village, the dwellings constituting which are dotted along the side of its streets all distinct and detached, as if some giant had taken a handful of them and flung them hap-hazard; reminding one of nothing so much as a child's box of Dutch toy houses, with toy trees stuck at irregular intervals in front, upon the road-side. There is a stream, and a mill, and a bridge, and hills overhanging on every side, with sandy roads winding down them into the village, and up them out of it; and a queer little church with an extinguisher-like spire, and a red school house, and a quaint little parsonage, and a red brick uncompromising looking hostelry, with the grandiloquent word Hotel painted in big letters on a board upon its side.

There is something so sunny, and smiling, and happy in its aspect, that the traveller instinctively halts upon the hill brow—the brow of whichever hill he may chance to approach it by—and think, if he should happen to know the lines, of "Auburn, loveliest village of the plain" with the mental annotation that instead of "plain," he should read "vale" in this case—something which makes him add if he should have met with and remembered the words of Tom Moore, that if there's peace to be found in the world a heart that is humble might hope for it here.

In one of these scattered dwellings, that are yonder with the Gothic porch and the white palings, and the green jalousies and the miniature croquet ground, lives Charley Hayden. He is clerk in the Sheriff's office at the foot of the street, that queer little, ill-shaped brick building like a letter L turned topsy-turvy, the office having been built out of its side as an after-thought; yet the whole structure as well as the prim flower beds in front, having a sternness of outline and rectangularity that savours of law and red tape. He is a bit of a poet, too, in his way and is a regular contributor to the city papers, so that with the money he earns in these ways, and the few hundred dollars that his smiling buxom wife has brought him, he manages not only to make both ends meet, but to give the yearly increasing leaves of his olive branch the requisite quantum of the sap of knowledge imbibed by them from the grammar school of the nearest city, and to be a hospitable host to his village friends and cronies, one or more of whom is sure to drop in of an evening for a glass, and a pipe and a chat.

Young Ames is with him to-night, a bright-faced, healthy, sun-burnt young farmer, but bashful withal, and yet who contemplates matrimony, only he is terribly perplexed as to how he shall hit upon the best, or any, way of popping the momentous question. Thrice he has screwed up his courage to the striking point, thrice he has even opened his mouth to utter the fatal words, but encountering at the critical instant the clear grey eyes, with their calm, wistful questioning glance, of his innamorata, has blushed, and faltered, and twisting with trembling hands his slouched felt hat into impossible shapes, has awkwardly slunk, with flaming cheeks and bewildered brain, away, feeling as if his collar had suddenly become a great deal too tight for him, his clothes a great deal too loose, and his feet, and hands, and head, had increased to three times their natural size.

"Charley," suddenly cries out young Ames after an interval of the profoundest silence, "what did you say to your wife when you asked her?"

"In one sense nothing," answers Charley, "for in point of fact my wife asked me."

Young Ames, whose spirits had risen high in anticipation of some intelligence which should prove to him the road to popping made easy felt his hopes fall again to zero.

"Anyway," says he in a much more subdued tone "you might tell us how it happened, you know!" Perhaps the faintest glimmer of a hope showed within him that by some ruse his Jenny might be trapped into a like snare.

Charley looked pityingly at the boy for a moment, understanding his dilemma as one not ignorant of the evil, with a little patronage in his pity may be, as one who has safely crossed the Rubicon; and emitting a huge puff from his lips, and elevating his feet comfortably upon the corner of the table, thus began.

"Seven years ago, last winter," said he "there was to be a surprise party and a slim dig up to Jack MacKinighan's place at Quinby. I was living to home then with the old man and it was agreed upon that I should drive our Bess over with the cutter and take up Annie on the way. So I did and a merry enough ride we had of it, laughing, and sparking, and carrying on, for Annie was in high spirits and I had never felt better in my life. I was kind of proud to know that there wouldn't be a prettier girl at the house and that 'twas I was sitting alongside of her. And it was nice enough to have her clinging up close and confiding like, and giving my arm a grip every time we jolted over a hard ridge or slid across the road in a slipping place. But when we got inside I felt crest-fallen enough, you bet, for she kept on dancing and sparking a young chap out of Bigby with no end of hair oil and flash dry goods and cheap jewellery, and never so much as a word or a look for me the whole evening. Well, when it was over and I'd got her into the cutter again and set Bess going as good as she knew homewards, you may guess I didn't feel much like talking, so I jest sat right over to my side of the sleigh, and fell to thinking what a fool I'd been to break off with Hatty Irvine who was homely, and good, and had never said a cross word to me in my life, and had almost cried her eyes out when folks began to call Annie Hawthorne my girl. And yet I felt, too, that Annie was quite ready, may be, to make it up and was only waiting for me to say the first word. And so, as I sat looking right away over the white snow in the moonlight at nothing at all, and letting the lines fall slack on Black Bess' back, who kept on her sober gait all the same with her pricked ears, and her slouched tail, and keeping the exact middle of the track like a wise mare as she was, the first verses I ever made came into my head, and I never woke from my trance till Bess pulled up of herself in front of old Hawthorne's rail fence, and Annie asked me in a quiet, entreatyful sort of tone, "If I wouldn't come in and take something warm before I went on home."

There was a light in the window still, as though they were set up expecting us, and somehow I didn't find heart to say No with Annie speaking so pitiful like, so I jest flung the buffalo robe on to Bess' back and followed Annie into the

house. The old people was to bed, and had only left the lamp burning ready for us, and so Annie poured out some whiskey into a glass and filled some water into it out of the kettle on the stove, and fetched the nutmeg grater out of the table drawer, and asked me to sit down and have a warm glass before I turned out in the cold again; and there we sat down kinder glum, and glowered at each other across the stove.

"Presently, Annie spoke with a kind of twitter in her voice as if she was near crying and said:

"Charley, what made you so dull and dreamy like, coming home. Was you angry with me, you stupid boy?"

"Annie," said I, 'you'll laugh when I tell it you. I was making poetry.'

"Poetry," says she, 'I'm awful fond of poetry. Tell me what it was.'

"So I took a bit of pencil and an old letter out of my pocket and wrote down the first verses I ever made in my life. Here they are:

Musical, blythe sleigh bells
Like a fairy's voice,
This the moral that it tells—
Always rejoice!

Weep not with bitter tears,
Flowers 'neath the frost;
Loves 'neath the snow of years
Withered and lost.

Bright eyes beam sweet for you
Close at your side;
Warm hearts still beat for you
Whate'er betide.

Pine not the desolate,
Dreary dead past;
Wait not a brighter fate,
Youth flies so fast!

Seek not the far away
Phantom Ideal,
Wake Dreamer! Seize the day
Clasping the Real!

Thus do the sleigh bells say
With fairy voice:
With glad music, blythe and gay,
Always rejoice!

"Beautiful!" cried Annie, springing up and clapping her little hands and coming over to me with a face like a rose.

"Charlie," said she in a half whisper and a blush in her voice. "Why don't you do it?"

"Do what?" I enquired, maliciously obtuse.

"Clasp the real."

"If the words were not very distinct perhaps it was my fault, for I smothered them in kisses.

"And that was how I asked my wife or how my wife asked me. Anyway it's all over now."

I am afraid Ames, who had with difficulty kept his eyes open during his host's narrative, did not derive much practical aid therefrom. Let us hope that his Jenny may find some equally ingenious expedient to rescue him from his dilemma.

Home Notes.

The *Lancet*, the great medical authority, has declared war against that most useful of home implements, the sewing machine. It declares that 'machining' is a most exhausting employment, and one which gradually breaks down the health. It suggests that steam power should be employed in giving the necessary motion to machines. The idea is so simple and so practical that one wonders it has not occurred to any one before. Work on the home machine, light as it comparatively is, is exceedingly fatiguing if persisted in for any length of time. What then must the work be by which hundreds of sewing girls earn their livelihood? Fancy ten hours a day—sixty hours a week—at a heavy, lumbering machine that often requires considerable strength to keep it in motion. Here is a field for our social reformers.

A suggestion for housekeepers. Would it not be advisable for ladies employing help—in view of the extraordinary number of cases of theft by servant girls—to insist upon obtaining a character with every servant they engage? By so doing they would save themselves no end of trouble and vexation, while at the same time they would largely assist in keeping up the moral standard of the class from which domestics are taken.

It is not everybody who has taste in choosing picture frames. To many, therefore, a few simple rules for framing chromos will be acceptable. As a general rule, the predominant colours in a picture should be taken as a guide. Black-walnut frames, or brown panels, will be suitable for bright pictures, while dark pictures, and especially those in which brown predominates, should always be framed in gold. Whenever you are unable to decide between the two, take a gold frame by all means, as gold will agree with every picture. Black walnut, especially when enriched by delicate engraved and gilt lines, is likewise very beautiful. The width of the frame should also be determined by the character of the picture. The stronger the picture, the wider the frame should be. Width of frame adds to the importance and dignity of the picture. The style of wall-paper should, in some degree, influence the selection of a frame. When the paper is figured, the frame should be wide, in order to separate the picture from the paper. The best background for pictures is a neutral gray or a dark maroon.

Many people who, without being vain, take a pride in their looks, have been distressed by a oiliness of the skin of the face which is peculiar to certain temperaments and conditions of health. To such it may be welcome news to hear that this unpleasant condition of the skin may be got rid of with very little trouble and at a very small expense. A lady writing on cosmetics, recommends the following wash as perfectly harmless and efficacious. Half an ounce of gum-camphor dissolved in one pint of spirit, reduced with an ounce of glycerine and two spoonfuls of hartshorn. Apply this every night, and let it dry in. Wash well with a spoonful of hartshorn in the water at morning, wipe, and bathe with weak camphor. This may be applied three times a day in warm weather if the face is troublesome.

Mrs. Fawcett, wife of Professor Fawcett, recently delivered a lecture in London on "Women as Educators." In the course of her remarks she alluded to the habit of summing

up the value of woman by her looks and dress, and asked: "What would be thought if the same treatment were accorded to a gentleman, and a newspaper paragraph running thus described his appearance on the platform? 'Mr. Jones next proceeded to expound his views on public matters to the electors. He was quietly but richly dressed in a coat of dark blue cloth, with trousers of a lighter colour. He is about the middle height. It may interest our readers to learn that his hair is raven black, and that he wears a beard and moustache. His voice is clear and musical, and although he spoke with considerable self-possession and fluency, there is nothing un-masculine in his appearance.'"

The Empress Eugenie has just received from Paris a dress that is "something like"—a dress to make one's mouth water, and to lead to the transgression of the tenth commandment. It is of lace, is made up over black velvet and shows to fine effect on that fabric. The underskirt is one piece, not flounced, its design being a heavy scalloped border of roses and tulips twined with leaves, and interlacing with another border formed of finer scallops of forget-me-nots and ivy leaves. Each large scallop has a medallion figure filled with roses, tulips and forget-me-nots imbedded in an urn of exquisite workmanship. Another medallion semi-encircles this one, and the two are tied with a true lover's knot carried around the whole underskirt. This true lover's knot tying the medallions and interlacing over the whole is considered the gem of the design.

A story comes from Whampoa, China, that nine damsels of that city, being filled with horror at the prospects of a married life, fastened themselves together, and committed suicide by jumping into the water. Young ladies don't do that sort of thing over here. They prefer jumping headlong into the troubled waters of matrimony.

An English correspondent writes: Perhaps those curious in such matters would be glad to hear how the country house of a well-known connoisseur in matters of taste is furnished. Each bedroom is of a different colour, but in all other respects alike. The carpets throughout are black; the panels, wainscots, doors, and furniture are also all black, with a little gilding introduced. The walls are not papered, but are covered with the same cretonne as the curtains and bed furniture. Each bed has an eider-down quilt covered with the same cretonne, and each window has plain muslin curtains, with gophered frills as well as cretonne curtains. Black is coming into great favour now in the decoration of houses; and laceworkers are beginning to see that furniture-lace never shows to such advantage as on black velvet, or black satin, relieved by coloured bows, either for writing or tea-tables, mantel-pieces, brackets, or the like. Thick linen-backed satin is more durable than velvet, for soap and water carefully applied will make it as good as new.

All ladies will agree that the Vice-President of the United States is at once the most sensible and the most gallant masculine on this continent. At the Woman's Suffrage Convention held at Washington the other day, he said: "Twenty years ago I came to the conclusion that my wife, my mother, and my sisters were as much entitled to the right of suffrage as myself, and I have not changed my mind since." Such a sentiment was of course greeted, as it deserved, with loud applause.

Another *galant homme* was the Parisian Rothschild. When the celebrated Minister Prince Metternich was a Continental Jupiter, whose nod was sufficient to do all sorts of wonderful things, M. de Rothschild gave the daughter of this Prince a present which will always rank amongst the most curious and valuable of Christmas boxes or every of any age. The little Princess was at the time eight years old. The banker had a doll constructed the exact size of the child, and then bestowed upon the figure a *trousseau* worthy of the heiress of an empire—silks from the East and West, lace from every known locality renowned for its make. Each pocket-handkerchief was worth a hundred crowns, and around the neck of the doll was clasped a string of pearls of the value of five thousand dollars. The Prince would never have consented to a banker sending his daughter a gift of such a value, and to such an extent; but a doll—he could not refuse such a trifle as that.

Madame Bezaine has applied to the Minister of the Interior for leave to "share her husband's captivity," an expression obviously meaning only that she may be enabled to go to see him when she likes. It is not probable that the permission will be refused.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has grown ten years older since her husband's death and exhibits an alarming tendency to *embonpoint*.

The latest creation from Paris is the *corset sultan*, white canvas, silk quilted, bordered at the gorget with Valenciennes, and rimmed at the hips by downy push. This wonderful corset is said to mould the bust with the perfection of a statuary. Far from exercising undue pressure, "it caresses the epiderm." Have any of them been imported into Canada, we wonder?

Glycerine is every day winning favour in the preparation of cosmetics and lotions. It deserves to be called the restorer of beauty. Glycerine cream "velvets" and "satins" the skin, giving it the polish of marble. On the delicate epiderm of women and children, glycerine soap is most salutary.

In selecting flowers for the decoration of the dinner-table at this season of the year care should be taken that they are of a colour which will stand artificial light, as it is by that they will mostly be seen. Many that present most delicate and lovely tints by daylight appear when under artificial light ugly and indistinct. Take some of our mauves and yellows for example. For this purpose there is nothing more effective than white and scarlet. Of course, the stands must be regulated according to the size of the table; but a table should never be overcrowded, for if overdone it looks even worse than one only half done: and the same may be said in respect to the arranging of the flowers in the stands. Above everything, crowding and excess should be avoided, for, no matter how handsome the blooms may be, if they are crushed up against one another they lose their shape and distinctness.

ARANTA.

THE ELECTIONS.

The following are the lists of members elected by acclamation, and of candidates for contested constituencies. The names printed in italics are those of members of the last Parliament:—

ELECTED BY ACCLAMATION.

- Beauce: Pomeroy, M.
Bellchasse: Fournier, M.
Berthier: Paquet, M.
Brant, N.: Fleming, M.
Brome: Pettit, L.
Bruce, N.: Gillies, M.
Haldimand: Thompson, M.
Hochelaga: De-Jardins, O.
Iberville: Bécharé, M.
Jacques Cartier: Laframée, M.
Kamouraska: Pelletier, M.
Lambton: Mackenzie, O.
Lanark N.: Gribble, M.
Laprairie: Pilonneau, O.
Laval: Oum, O.
Lennox: Cartwright, M.
L'Islet: Casgrain, M.
Middlesex, N.: Scudder, M.
Middlesex, W.: Ross, M.
Missisquoi: Donahue, O.
Montcalm: Dugas, O.
Montmagny: Tascheriau, M.

- Ministerial..... 29
Opposition..... 13
Independent..... 1

CONTESTED CONSTITUENCIES.

- Addington: Shibley, M.
Waggoner, O.
Albert: Wallace, M.
Calhoun, O.
Algoma: Dennison, M.
Barron, M.
Simpson, O.
Brown, M.
W. H. Scott, M.
Annapolis: Ray, M.
Chesley, O.
Antigonish: McIsaac, I.
Argenteuil: Abbott, O.
Cushing, M.
Bagot: Bourgeois, M.
Mousseau, O.
Beauharnois: Branchaud, M.
Robillard, O.
Girouard, I.
Bonaventure: Robitaille, O.
Tremblay, M.
Bothwell: Mills, M.
Dobson, O.
Brant, S.: Paterson, M.
Watts, O.
Brookville: Buet, M.
Crawford, O.
Bruce, S.: Hon. G. Blake, M.
Baird, O.
Cape Breton: McKay, M.
McDonald, O.
McLeod, O.
Cardwell: Hon. J. B. Cameron, O.
Blais, M.
Cariboo: Thompson, O.
Carleton, N. B.:
Carleton, Ont.: Wallace, M.
Holmes, I.
Chambly: Benoit, O.
Jodoin, M.
Champlain: LeBlais, I.
Trudel, O.
Charlevoix: Tremblay, M.
Chauveau, O.
Charlotte: McAdam, O.
Chateaugay: Holton, O.
Sautour, O.
Chicoutimi & Saguenay: Price, O.
Compton: Pope, O.
Cairns, M.
Cornwall: A. J. McDonald, O.
Cumberland: Tupper, O.
Hibbard, M.
Digby: Savary, O.
Vail, M.
Dorchester: Morriset, M.
Drummond and Arthabaska: Laurier, M.
Tessier, O.
Dundas: Gibson, M.
Merkeley, O.
Durham, E.: Lewis Ross, M.
Boonish, O.
Durham, W.: E. B. Wood, M.
McBrien, O.
Elgin, E.: Harey, M.
Day, O.
Elgin, W.: Casey, M.
Gustin, O.
Essex: O'Connor, M.
McGregor, O.
Frontenac: Kirkpatrick, O.
Garwright, M.
Glengarry: D. A. Macdonald, M.
Grant, O.
Gloucester: An. G. M.
Grenville, S.: Brown, M.
Shanley, O.
Grey, E.: Fletcher, O.
McKnight, M.
Grey, N.: Tisdale, M.
Lane, O.
Grey, S.: Lenderkin, M.
Preble, O.
Guysboro: Kimball, O.
Halifax: Allen, O.
Tobin, O.
Jones, M.
Power, M.
Halton: John White, M.
Chisholm, O.
Hamilton: Watson, O.
O'Reilly, O.
Emilius Irving, M.
A. T. Wood, M.
Hants: Goudge, M.
Allison, O.
Hastings, E.: John White, O.
Holden, M.
Hastings, N.: Bowell, O.
O'lynn, M.
Hastings, W.: Jas. Brown, M.
Wills, O.
Huntingdon: Scripps, O.
Cross, I.
Huron, C.: Horton, M.
Crabb, O.
Huron, N.: Leckie, M.
Perkins, O.
Huron, S.: M. C. Cameron, M.
Greenaway, O.
Inverness: McDonne, O.
Cameron, M.
Joliette: Baby, O.
Beaupré, M.
Kent, Ont.: Stephenson, O.
Strick, M.
Cutter, M.
McLeod, M.
King's, N. B.: Donahue, O.
McCready, M.
Sharp, M.
King's, N. S.: Chipman, O.
Kingston: Sir J. A. Macdonald, O.
Carruthers, M.

- Toronto, G.: Wilkes, M.
Angus Morrison, O.
Toronto, E.: O'Donohoe, M.
Coatsworth, O.
Toronto, W.: Moss, M.
Hon. J. B. Robinson, O.
Two Mountains: Prévost, M.
Watts, O.
Verchères: Geoffrion, M.
Bernard, O.
Victoria, B. C.: De Cosmos, O.
Victoria, N. S.: Ross, M.
Victoria, N.: Hector Cameron, I.
Victoria South: McQuade, O.
McLennan, M.
Welland: Thomson, M.
Brookfield, O.
Wellington, C.: Orton, O.
McKim, M.
Wellington, N.: Higginbotham, M.
Drew, O.
Wellington, S.: Stirton, M.
Hatch, O.
Wentworth, S.: Rymal, M.
Bull, O.
Westmoreland: Hon. A. J. Smith, M.
York, N.: Dymond, M.
Thorne, O.
York, W.: Blain, M.
Wallace, O.

Music and the Drama.

Mdm. Parepa Rosa died on the 22nd inst.
A London actor is chronicled as having given a "marvellous personification of a tree."
During the recent appropriation of Roman convents, several valuable unknown compositions by Palestrina were found in the Monastery of the Dominicans and Augustines.
M. Charles Lecocq, the composer of La Fille de Madame Angot, is writing a new opera-bouffe, Grotte-Grotte, to be produced this winter at the Brussels Fantaisies-Parisiennes.
A Parisian theatrical journal issues with each number the photograph of an actor or actress, said to be of excellent quality and ordinarily worth thirty-five cents. The price of the newspaper and photograph is twenty centimes, (20c).
The "Messiah" has been performed in St. Luke's Church, Heywood, under interesting circumstances. Dissenters invested themselves for the first time in their lives in the white surplice, and sang from the chancel stall as heartily as ever they did from their own organ gallery. 1,500 tickets were issued free of charge.
A host of German musicians want to come to America this year. Among them Dr. Hans von Bulow, ex-son-in-law of Liszt ("ex-son-in-law" is good, and polite); also Franz Abt; also Wachtel, who continues to sing for money; Dr. Clara Schumann also thinks of it, but she wants somebody to guarantee her for six months \$20,000 net, and she wants Joachim, a first-class fiddler, to come with her, and have \$20,000 guaranteed to him. It is more than dubious about their getting it. As to Liszt, some one writes to Watson's Journal that six years ago \$100,000 for a trip was guaranteed to him by the publisher Schuberth. Liszt replied, "Not yet, my dear friend; let us talk about the matter in later time, after Rubinstein and Bulow have been there." Of course after the visit of Bulow, Schuberth will remind his friend of his promise. But, alas! it is yet an unsettled question if the grey-haired hero feels still in the same mind as he felt six years ago. Money don't play a part with Liszt, even could he have guaranteed to him one million francs.
Anent the production in Liverpool of a dramatic version of Charles Reade's "Wandering Heir," a correspondent of the Post of that city writes: "Most of your readers will have seen the announcement of the intended production at the Amphitheatre of a new drama by Mr. Charles Reade under this title, founded on 'the true and surprising adventures of the Hon. James Annesley.' In their advertisement the lessees say: 'Though lawyers have always seen the wealth of these materials, dramatists and novelists have missed them until the year 1872, when they were produced by Mr. Charles Reade, as the Christmas number of the Graphic, under the title of 'The Wandering Heir.' I do not know whether any dramatist has ever taken these adventures for his plot, but they certainly have not been missed by novelists, for the whole story occurs at great length in Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle.' Of course it is very desirable that any good materials lying about in the little-read novels of other days should be made use of for our dramas and tales, but it would not detract from our pleasure in welcoming them in their new shape to be reminded that they had been previously employed by so eminent a writer as Smollett."

Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our columns.

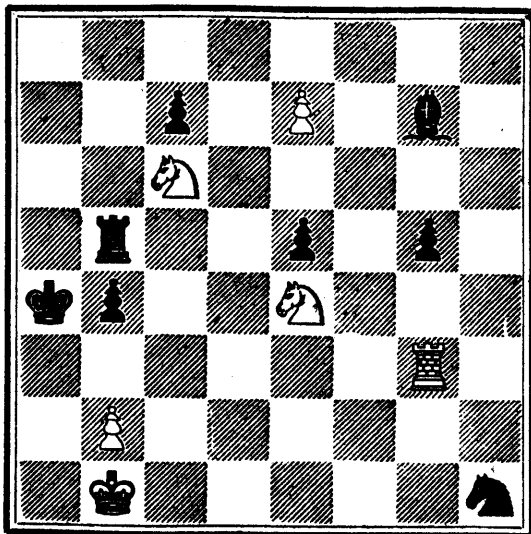
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. G., St. John, N. B.—Quite correct; No. 114 is not sound, and the position of the White King is without precedent, we believe.
F. X. L., Ottawa.—will be happy to publish your problem; it is very good for a first trial.
W. H. P., Montreal.—Your last problem is correct—thanks; but in future do not exceed four moves. Would be glad to get the variation to No. 115.

TO COMPETITORS FOR THE PRIZE.

The prize offered to the most successful solver of Problems published in this column during the year ending December 31, '73, has been awarded to Mr. G. E. Clerk of this city. We beg to congratulate that gentleman on his ability and success. The prize was closely contested by Mr. John Henderson, of St. Liboire.
We take this occasion to tender our most sincere thanks to our many contributors, and we venture to hope that they will continue to favour us with their compositions.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—No. 113, F. X. L., Ottawa; No. 115, W. H. P., Montreal.

PROBLEM No. 116. By Mr. G. E. C., Montreal. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

Our Illustrations.

A Frenchman named Silas is the inventor of the luminous life-buoy illustrated on another page. It consists simply of a metallic sphere containing phosphide of calcium. If a man falls into the sea during the night, this buoy is thrown after him, and the water, penetrating into the hollow sphere, decomposes the phosphide of calcium by generating an abundance of phosphated hydrogen. This gas escapes by a tube on top of the buoy, and it has the remarkable property of burning spontaneously on coming in contact with the air, without being extinguished by the water. A bright light guides the shipwrecked man. He can hold on to the buoy till a boat comes up.

The officer of the Pope's NOBLE GUARD commissioned to bring to Monsignor Gulbert, Archbishop of Paris, the insignia of cardinal, was received in state at the archbishop's palace. The credentials and the red cap were presented to the new cardinal on a silver platter. In presence of the envoy he took off the violet cap and donned the scarlet. The barrette will be delivered by Marshal MacMahon in person, at Versailles, at the same time as to Cardinal Chigi and Cardinal Regnier, Archbishop of Cambrai. The last-named is seventy-nine years old. The appearance at Notre Dame, when Cardinal Gulbert officiated, of the handsome young Papal officer in full uniform, created quite a sensation. He wore a helmet with horsehair tail, with sky-blue coat, Brandenburg embroidery, silver aiguillettes, white breeches, and Hessian boots.

The new MORTUARY CHAPEL, or "MAUSOLEUM," erected at Chislehurst received the remains of the late Napoleon the Third on the 9th inst. The chapel is lighted by three windows on the north side, and a pretty rose window at the west end, and has, in addition to its access from the church, a small doorway in the west end. The floor is covered with green and buff tiles highly glazed. In the centre of this chapel is the noble sarcophagus of Aberdeen granite, the gift of Her Majesty the Queen, constructed out of a single block of great size and most splendid colour; a second block forms the lid. The only inscription is as follows:—NAPOLÉON III., R. I. P. In the wall opposite to the sarcophagus is a recess which is left for a monument or tomb for the Empress should that lady find a grave in England. The exterior of the chapel is constructed in ashlar, and the roof covered with black tiles.

The NEW CHANNEL FERRY which we present in this issue is a scheme of Capt. Dicey, and is a composite vessel soon to be launched from the Blackwall docks. It will cost about \$300,000 and is intended to carry 1000 passengers. It is composed of two hulls solidly attached together in such wise as to prevent all rolling. It has no bow and will slip into its docks like the Brooklyn ferries. Speed not above 12 knots.

The fall of the Empire, the revolt of the Commune, the burning of Paris and the destruction of the Vendome column were all clearly foretold in a curious book, the frontispiece of which is reproduced on our last page. The book was published at London, in 1859. A close inspection of the picture will show a man in blouse and red cap, cutting away at the historic Column and reproducing the face of Napoleon III. On the column of July opposite, another man is climbing with a lighted torch in his hand. Behind the half-drawn curtain are seen, the towers of Notre-Dame, the dome of the Pantheon and the red flames illuminating them, as they roll over the unfortunate city.

The GREEN ROOM, or FOYER, of the Comédie Française, is a luxurious, historic drawing room, furnished in fine style and containing admirable works of art in the way of busts and portraits. Here, between the acts, the celebrated member of that world-renowned company, come to adjust their toilet, converse with their visitors—authors and artists—and glance over their parts. If the intervals allow, some take turns at those famous games of chess, which are hardly rivalled at the Café de la Régence. At the sight of the diversity, originality, grace and magnificence of the costumes, one would think himself transported to a masked ball. And what else is the actor's life but a masked ball? It may be well to mention that all the sketches in the group are portraits.

We further give in the present number a series of beautiful genre pictures, such as the IDEAL and REAL. The whole is rounded off with sketches of the SIEGE OF CARTAGENA, and of the great chemist LIEBIG in his study.

News of the Week.

DOMINION.—The elections have progressed quietly enough. Government have a fair working majority.—The ship "Panther" was wrecked in Georgian Bay on Saturday, and all on board, 28 persons, were lost.—The grammar school in connection with Bishop's College, Lennoxville, was entirely destroyed by fire on the 24th.—A despatch from Newfoundland states that Mr. Bennett's Government has been defeated. Mr. Carter who favours union with Canada has been called upon to form a new ministry.—It is reported that Col. Fletcher has demanded an apology from the Times for a disgraceful editorial in which it stated that Dr. Grant delivered his speech in favour of Sir John before the resignation of the Government at the instigation of Lady Dufferin.

ENGLAND.—Mr. Whalley, the English M.P., who was summoned for contempt of court, appeared before Chief Justice Cockburn, found guilty and fined £250, and imprisonment till the fine was paid. Mr. Whalley refused to pay the fine, and left the court in custody.—Parliament has been dissolved.—Some of the English papers comment rather severely on the fact. The Standard predicts a certain majority for the Conservatives.—It is rumoured that the King of the Ashantees has sent an embassy to Sir Garnet Wolseley, suing for peace and offering indemnity.

RUSSIA.—The marriage of the Czarevna and the Duke of Edinburgh took place on the 23rd.

UNITED STATES.—The Senate unanimously confirmed the nomination of M. R. Waite to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.—From Wilkesbarre we hear the miners' strike still continues, but it is likely that as soon as repairs have been completed and surplus stock worked off, the men will go to work on the same terms as last year.—Meetings of Internationalists and discontented workmen are held nightly in New York, but the police are watching them closely.

SPAIN.—General Dominguez, at the head of the Central Army, has opened the campaign, against the Carlists, in Valencia.—The Carlists report the unconditional surrender to their forces of Santander and Portugalete.—The Alphonist Clubs in Madrid have been closed by order of Government.—The English Government will prosecute several persons for conspiracy to obtain British registry for the French vessel "Malfilatre," intended to convey arms to the Carlists in Spain.

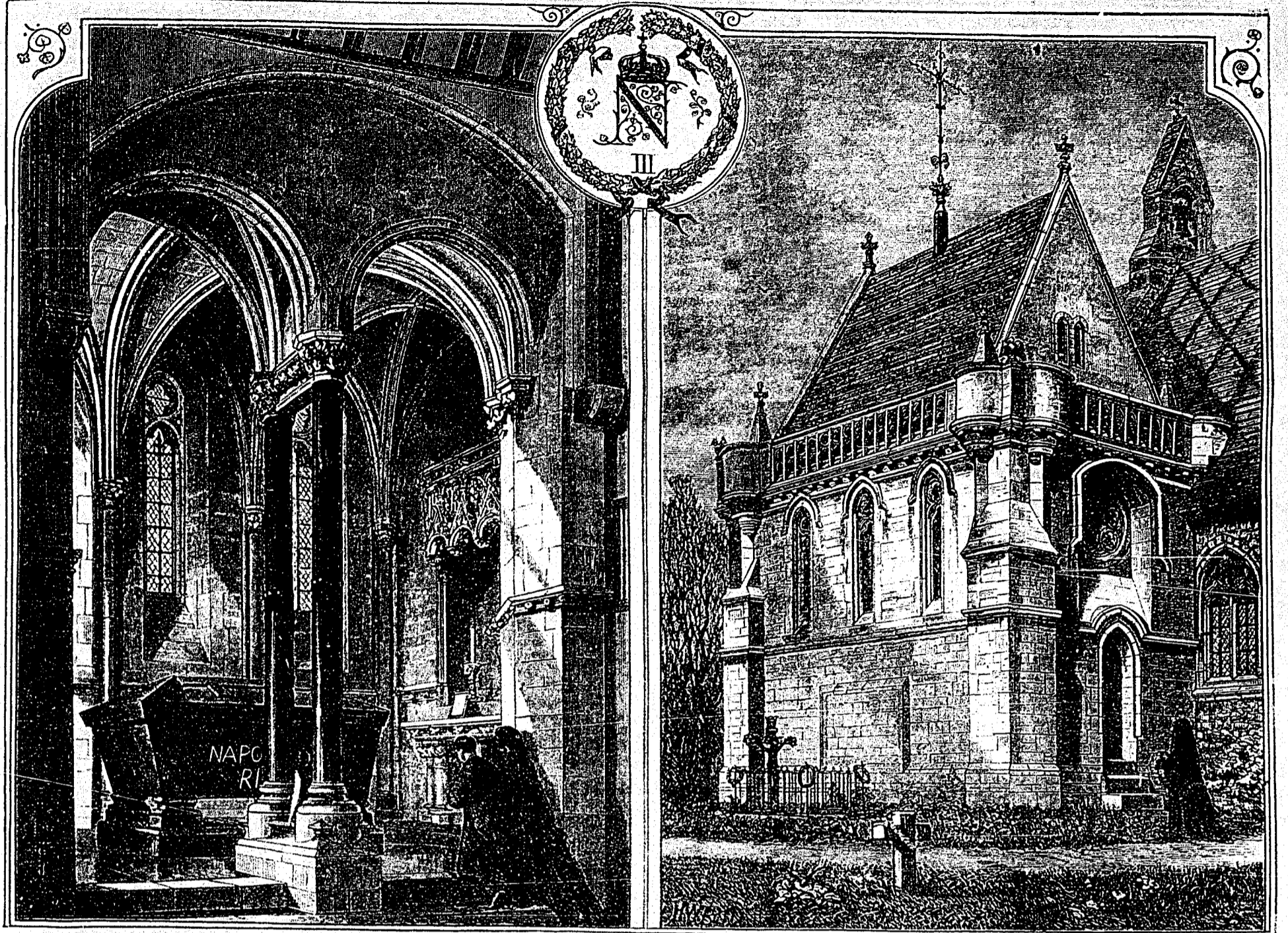
CUBA.—In consequence of late theatre disturbances Captain-General Jovellar has issued an order forbidding the military from condemning or applauding theatrical performances, and compelling officers to appear in the theatre in uniform.

HOLLAND.—The Acheenese still continue a desperate resistance against the Dutch. They attacked the invaders' principal position, but met with a repulse.

HAYTI.—Fears are entertained of another revolution in Hayti.



FRANCE.—THE GREEN ROOM OF THE PARIS COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE BETWEEN THE ACTS.



INTERIOR, SHOWING THE SARCOPHAGUS PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN

EXTERIOR VIEW.

GREAT BRITAIN—MORTUARY CHAPEL IN MEMORY OF NAPOLEON III AT CHISLEHURST.



THE IDEAL.



THE REAL.

THE SECRET.

Sweet! I will tell you a secret,
If you will lend me your ear;
'Tis a wonderful, shining secret
Which none but you must hear.

Deep in the halls of ocean,
Is a radiant gem imperaled,
Well worth a monarch's ransom,
The light of the water-world.

But a golden-haired girl of the waters
Often tosses it up in her hand,
Not knowing its wealth and beauty,
Or refusing to understand.

I call to her sadly, sadly:
"Oh, maid of the blue depths afar!
Press the precious pearl to thy bosom,
And wear it there like a star.

"Dear water-witch! believe me,
A talisman it will prove,
Filling thy future soul-life
With beauty, and bliss, and love."

But she only laughs, shaking her tresses,
And calling her sisters down,
To see how she plays with the jewel,
Like the veriest meanest stone.

Sweet! do you know the secret?
In thy heart are those halls of the sea;
And the precious pearl there hidden
Is my passionate love for thee.

You still laugh? Beware! If this jewel
From your hand be lightly hurled,
You may search in vain for another
In love's deep wonder-world.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XL.

THE GRASS WITHERETH, THE FLOWER FADETH.

As summer changed to autumn, and autumn darkened into winter again, a gloomy shadow fell upon Mr. Bain's orderly home, in High-street, Monkhampton, the forewarning shadow of death. Mrs. Bain, the gentle, thoughtful, managing house-mother, had surrendered the keys of store cupboards, and china closets, wine cellar and cellaret; and there were those in the household who felt that she had relinquished them for the last time. Never more would she reign with quiet unobtrusive sway in the narrow undivided kingdom of home.

She had returned from Cannes at the end of April, wonderfully benefited by the milder climate of southern France. Her friends were loud in their congratulations. She had found a means of cure, or at least of permanent alleviation of her complaints. Asthma or bronchitis need trouble her no more. She had only to pack her trunks and depart like the swallows, save for that encumbrance of luggage, at the approach of winter. The doctor, Mr. Stimpson, agreed to this, with some faint reservation. It is not for a family doctor to damp his patient's spirits. There is your family doctor, sympathetic and pensive, who gazes at you with deploring eyes, and appears to think you on the verge of the grave; and there is also the cheerful and jocose family doctor, who talks loud even in sick rooms, and affects to believe there is hardly anything the matter with you. Mr. Stimpson was a cheerful doctor and a great favourite in Monkhampton. Unhappily, this particular winter came upon the world with hardly a note of warn'g, tripping up the heels of autumn as it were; and while people were congratulating one another on the fine bracing autumnal weather, the frost-fiend suddenly tweaked them by the nose, and fogs which, had they known their place, would have held themselves in reserve for the dark days before Christmas, enveloped the close of October with a chilly gloom.

Mrs. Bain was taken ill with her chronic asthma before October was ended, and Mr. Stimpson declared decisively that the intended emigration to Cannes was out of the question this year.

"She couldn't bear the journey in her present state," he said to Shadrack Bain, who seemed full of anxiety, though he said little about his fears; "and by the time we get her round again, it will be too late in the year for her to travel."

So instead of departing to the pleasant shores of the Mediterranean, Mrs. Bain was confined to her own chamber, a large and comfortable apartment, overlooking the high street, from whose windows, when she was well enough to sit up, the invalid could see all that constituted life in Monkhampton.

"It's better than going abroad to be away from you all," Mrs. Bain said to her daughters, "and we are in the Lord's hands all the same here as in a better climate. If it is His pleasure, I shall get through the winter, Monkhampton won't kill me, and if it is His pleasure to take me I shall be content to go. I feel myself a burden to your father, my dears. A sick wife is nothing but a burden."

"You oughtn't to say such things, mother," remonstrated Matilda Jane, tearfully. "I'm sure father does nothing but fret about you since you've been so ill. If you could see him as he sits at table, so full of thought and trouble, you'd know how he takes your illness to heart."

"I do know that, my dear," replied Mrs. Bain, to whom her husband was chief among men, always just, always to be honoured, "and that's why I feel it will be a blessing for you all when it pleases God to remove me. Your father will know that he has done his duty to me, and been the best of husbands, and he'll soon leave off fretting. People easily make up their minds to a loss when the thing has happened. It's before hand they feel the most pain, while there's a little bit of hope mixed with their fears. No trouble that God ever calls upon us to suffer is half so bad to bear as we think it is beforehand."

And then, with many pious maxims, and quotations from Holy Writ, words which came from the heart as well as from

the lips, Mrs. Bain strove to console her daughters in advance for the loss which she felt very sure must ere long befall them. She was a woman of deep religious feeling, so thoroughly sincere and earnest that the formal phrases of Methodism had no sound of cant when she uttered them. It had been her greatest pride and her sweetest joy to bring up her children in the love and fear of the Lord. That sublime phrase was written on her heart, "In the love and fear of the Lord." And from no thought or action of her life was the influence of religion ever absent. Her simple, thrifty, unselfish life had been ruled on what she herself called gospel principle. She had been a bounteous friend to the poor of Monkhampton; a Dorcas in simplicity of living and attire—never choosing the best for herself—taking no more heed for her raiment than the lilies, and content with a homelier garb than that wherewith God decks the flowers of the field.

The only pang she had ever felt on her husband's account was the fear that he was somewhat given to worldliness. That, in spite of his regular attendance at the chapel, in Water-lane, twice every Sabbath, and on two evenings in the week, the things of this world had too firm a hold upon his spirit—that his bank-book occupied almost as important a place in his thoughts as his Bible—willing though he seemed to read the morning and evening chapter.

"I could bear poverty better than the thought that your father cared too much for the things of this world," Mrs. Bain said to one of her daughters plaintively.

The girl defended her father warmly.

"I think that is going a little too far, mother," she answered. "It's people's duty to get on in life, especially when they have families to provide for. I sometimes wish father was a little more worldly-minded, and would let us ride on horseback, as the Miss Horshaw's do, and even follow the hounds."

Mrs. Bain sighed, and moaned something about the incongruity of horsemanship and Biblical Christianity. She always came back to the Bible for strength in every argument; and in the Bible chariots and horses were generally associated with wickedness, and the Egyptians and the Philistines. She had done her utmost to teach her children the transitory joys of this life—and here was her Matilda Jane, her first-born, hankering for horsemanship, and even eager to hunt some innocent animal to death.

No man could have been a better or kinder husband than Mr. Bain in this mournful winter, when the shadow of approaching death forbade all Christmas joys, and made the season doubly sad, because it had been wont to be enlivened by some mild domestic festivity, extra good dinners, a family gathering of all the Pawkers and Bains, and those other families with which Pawkers and Bains had intermingled in the solemn bonds of matrimony.

Everyone in Monkhampton lauded Shadrack Bain's devotion to his sick wife. It was the habit of those simple townfolk to survey and remark upon the actions of their neighbours, as if all the houses had been verily of glass; and all Monkhampton agreed that in his character of husband Shadrack was a model for his fellow-townsmen. The Baptists said it was because Mr. Bain was a Baptist. The Church of Englanders declared that Bain was a good fellow in spite of his Methodistical nonsense.

It was known that he had been ready to take his wife to Cannes when her fatal illness came upon her; it was known that he spent his leisure evenings in her sick room; it was known that he had summoned Dr. Pollintory from Rougemont, the county town, to hold a consultation with Mr. Stimpson, not once, but three times, since Mrs. Bain had kept her room. What could domestic affection do more than this?

The twenty years which had gone by since his father's death had done much to strengthen Mr. Bain's standing in Monkhampton. A man cannot go on living in a substantial square-built house, and paying his way, and bringing up sons and daughters, without winning the respect of his fellow-townsmen.

It was known that every year which came to an end beheld an increase in Mr. Bain's worldly goods. The addition to his possessions might be much or little, but it was a well-known fact that Shadrack Bain saved money. He bought little odd bits of land here and there in obscure corners of the town—here half an acre and there a quarter, and here a dilapidated old house, only fit to be pulled down—until he had in a manner coiled himself in and out of the town like a serpent, so that no new street could have been planned in Monkhampton that would not cut through Shadrack Bain's property. Go to the right, or turn to the left, you must come upon some spot of earth that was the freehold of Shadrack Bain.

He had bought two or three speculative properties within the last year, perhaps hardly amounting altogether to three thousand pounds; yet it was an understood thing that he was getting rich, and that where in former years he had crept, he now began to stride.

A very dismal house was the habitation of the Bain family that winter. They all loved the mother, and to miss her quiet presence was to lose the keystone of the domestic arch. "Father," too, was beyond measure dull and self-absorbed. He rarely spoke to his daughters; he seemed unconscious of the existence of his sons, save in their capacity as his clerks, in which, to use their own unlicensed language, he was "down upon them to an awful extent." He worked in his office in all kinds of unlawful hours, and only entered the family dining-room to eat his unsocial and hurried meal, and to leave directly he had eaten.

The Perriam estate occupied him more closely than ever this winter, and two days in every week were spent at Perriam Place, or on the Perriam lands, riding the baronet's once cherished Splinter, which was kept in condition by Mr. Bain's occasional use. On these days he always took his luncheon at the Place, and sometimes shared that mid-day meal with the reluctant Lady Perriam. She felt that he was of use to her—that but for him her position would be a great deal worse than it was, and she schooled herself to be civil, friendly even in her manner to him; yet, lurking in her heart, there was always the same undefined fear of him, the same deep-rooted conviction that he knew her better than any one else in the world.

One day when they were seated at luncheon, far apart at the long dining table, but alone and unattended, Mr. Bain spoke of Edmund Standen.

"A very fine young fellow that," he said, "and a first-rate man of business, which one would hardly have expected of a lad brought up at his mother's apron string. Edmund Stan-

den would have come to the front if he had started in life without a sixpence."

How deeply that phrase hit Sylvia, remembering as she did her own cowardly fears, her own weak shrinking from the mere possibility of misfortune.

"Standen is to be manager at the bank next year," I'm told, and Sanderson goes to Rougemont in place of Mr. Curlew, who retires. He'll get six or seven hundred a year, no doubt, as manager. A nice thing, considering his mother's money, which must all come to him by-and-bye. I suppose he'll marry that little girl he's so sweet upon."

"Do you mean Miss Rochdale?" asked Sylvia, very pale, not knowing what he might tell her next.

"Yes, that's the name. The pretty dark-eyed girl who lives with his mother."

"They have been brought up together like brother and sister," said Sylvia. "They could hardly think of marrying, I should fancy."

"Should you? It's the common talk that they're engaged. I used to meet them strolling in the lanes round Hedingham in the summer evenings; but perhaps it was only in brotherly and sisterly companionship."

Sylvia answered not a word. What should she say? She had no desire to question Shadrack Bain. If this thing were true the knowledge of it must reach her soon enough, too soon, let it come when it would. She shrank from receiving her death blow through Mr. Bain.

"I could bear anything but that," she thought, meaning Edmund's marriage with any one except herself. "I could endure lifelong separation from him, but not to know that he was happy with another."

She could now venture to send for Mary Peter, the Hedingham dressmaker, without fear of reproof from Sir Aubrey, who need know nothing of that young person's coming. She summoned Mary on the day after this conversation with Mr. Bain, and received her in the morning room on the ground floor, that chilly apartment which the last Lady Perriam had adorned with a collection of shells and sea weeds in two ebony cabinets, and a neat book case, containing about two dozen of the dullest imaginable books. Mere, remote from Sir Aubrey's ken, Sylvia could detain Miss Peter as long as she pleased.

"I want you to make a dress for me, Mary," she said, with that lofty yet gracious air which became her as well as if she had been born in the purple. "Sir Aubrey insisted upon my employing Mrs. Bowker, of Monkhampton, and I always defer to him even in small matters; but I like your style best, and I mean to employ you occasionally."

"I'm sure you're very kind, my lady," answered Mary, to whom the days when she and Sylvia had been companions seemed very far off, so vast was the distance between them now.

Then came a discussion about the fashion of the dress, and then the usual questions, asked with a languid air, as if the inquiry were made rather out of civility to Miss Peter than from any interest Lady Perriam felt in the subject.

"Any news at Hedingham, Mary?"

"Well, not much, my lady. You know there never is no news to speak of in our dreadful dull place. Mrs. Toynbee and the young ladies have been to Badden Badden, and only came back in November, with all the Parisian fashions—and very 'ideos the Parisian fashions must be judging from Mrs. Toynbee's bonnet, with not so much as an apology for a curtain, and flowers sprouting out where you'd least expect to see them. It would be worth your while coming over to church just to look at Mrs. Toynbee's bonnet, and one can see that she thinks a deal of it too. But you never come to our church now, my lady."

"It's so far," said Sylvia, "I don't care about having the horses out on Sunday."

"That's very good of you," answered Mary wonderingly. "I think if I had horses I should never have 'em in the stable, I should so enjoy riding about."

"Is Mrs. Toynbee's bonnet the only event that has happened in Hedingham since the summer?" Sylvia asked languidly.

"Well, there isn't much else. There was a young gent from Oxford that stayed at the Vicarage, and was thought to be courting the youngest Miss Vancourt, but he went away and nothing came of all the talk. Hedingham is such a place for talk. They do say Mr. Standen is going to marry Miss Rochdale."

"I daresay that's true," said Sylvia, steeling herself against the pain that went along with every thought of that bitter possibility.

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure," replied Mary meditatively. "It does seem rather likely, though, as you say. Considering that he must have been so down-hearted at losing you, and he couldn't better console himself than by marrying a nice young lady like Miss Rochdale; so kind as she's been to his sister's children too, like a second mother to them—teaching the little girls, and everything, just as if she was no better than a nursery governess, instead of an independent young lady, with a nice income of her own."

"Oh, no doubt she is a model of all virtues," replied Sylvia, stung even by Mary Peter's praise of her rival. "A young woman who knows how to wind herself into people's affections; with her meek winning ways, and pretended unselfishness, yet seeking her own ends all the time. Just the kind of girl to succeed in any object she set her heart upon."

Mary Peter felt the bitterness in this speech, and prudently refrained from any reply. She asked some convenient question about the sleeve of the new dress, and then retired. Sylvia would gladly have detained her, to question her more closely upon what rumour said of Edmund and Esther, but she felt that she had said too much already—perhaps almost betrayed herself to this vulgar dressmaker.

"I do believe she still cares for him," Mary Peter said to herself as she went home with Sylvia's roll of silk under her arm. "She'd hardly have flown out like that about Miss Rochdale if she didn't."

(To be continued.)

We could not help laughing at an anecdote of a man accustomed to long prayers, who had persuaded a guest greatly against his inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began to think of edging quietly away, and walking off, but in attempting it he walked up to the old man's son who was asleep in his chair. "How soon will your father have done?" whispered the guest. "Has he got to the Jews?" asked the boy in reply, in the same tone. "No, said the other." "Well, then he ain't half done," replied the boy, and composed himself again to his nap; whereupon he bolted at once.

THE DREAM OF A MAIDEN VERIFIED.

In a small town of Central France, Charité-sur-Loire, in the department of Nièvre, there lived a young girl of humble rank, the daughter of a baker, but remarkable for her grace and beauty. There were several aspirants for her hand, of whom one, on account of his fortune, was favoured by her parents. The girl, however, not liking him, rejected his proposals of marriage. The parents insisted, and finally the daughter, pressed by their importunities, repaired to the church, prostrated herself before the image of the Virgin, and earnestly prayed for counsel and guidance in the choice of a husband.

The following night she dreamed that there passed before her a young man in a travelling-dress, with spectacles, and wearing a large straw hat, and a voice from within seemed to tell her that he was to be her husband. As soon as she awoke she sought her parents, told them respectfully but firmly that she had positively decided not to accept the man of their choice; and from thenceforth they no longer pressed the matter.

Some time afterwards, at a village ball, she recognized the young traveller, just as he had appeared in her dream. She blushed. He was attracted by her appearance, fell in love, as the phrase is, at first sight and after a brief interval they were married.

Her husband is M. Emile de la Bedollière, one of the editors of the Paris journal the *Sicéle*, and in a letter to Dr. Macario,

dated Paris, December 13th, 1854, he certifies to the accuracy, in every particular, of the above relation, adding other details. He states that it was at a subscription ball held in August, 1833, at the house of a man named Jacquemart, which he visited in company with his friend, Eugène Lafaucq, that he first saw his future wife, Angèle Bobin; that her emotion on seeing him was apparent, and that he ascertained from the lady at whose house the young girl then was, Mdlle. Porcerat by name, that she who afterwards became his wife had given to her teacher, long before his own accidental appearance for the first time at La Charité, an accurate description of his person and dress.

A PATRIARCHAL FAMILY.

We so often have occasion in our "personals" to make mention of people who have reached great age that the following paragraph from Dr. Guthrie's autobiography, just published in London, may be interesting: "One of the most curious cases of old age I ever heard of was told me by Lord Ardmillan, who, to the integrity of a judge and the graces of a genius and the piety of a Christian, adds such a knack for story-telling as makes his society quite delightful. Mr. F. Dun las, M. P., a friend of his, having heard, when on a visit to Shetland, of a very old man who lived on the main-land, went to see him. On approaching his cottage he saw an aged but hale-looking

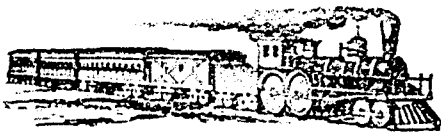
man at work in a field close by, and not doubting but that this was the person he was in search of, made up to him, but had no sooner begun to moralize on topics suitable to old age and the close of life: than the person he addressed turned round on him to say, "It'll be my father ye've come to see; there he is, sitting at the cheek o' the door!" And there, on walking up to the house, he saw a gray-haired, venerable patriarch sitting on a stone by the door, warming his cold blood in the sunshine. On going up to him, and introducing himself as a traveller who had come out of his way to see one who had seen so many years, he was much surprised when this old man, pointing his staff to the door, said, "It'll be my father ye've come to see; he's in the house there!" He entered, and there, in one who, with bleared eyes and furrowed brow, covered over a peat fire, while he stretched out his palsied hands to catch the warmth, and over whose shoulders, bent under the weight of years, fell a few spare silver locks, he saw the very picture of a great old age. He was sure that he had now got hold of the veritable man. Raising his voice, for he found the aged patriarch deaf almost as a door-post, he let him know the purpose of his visit. But what was his astonishment when this withered form by the "chimney neuk," pointing to the door of an inner room, said, "Oh! it'll be my father ye've come to see; he's ben there!" and an old woman who sat by the fire added, "Surely, Sir, ye'll not go till ye've seen, 'the lucky dad?'" And "ben there," to be sure, lying in a "box bed," he found the father of the other three generations, all, indeed, but more like a dried mummy than a living man."

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C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.

Montreal, October 6, 1873.

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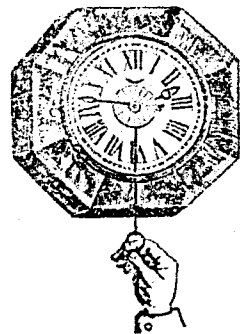
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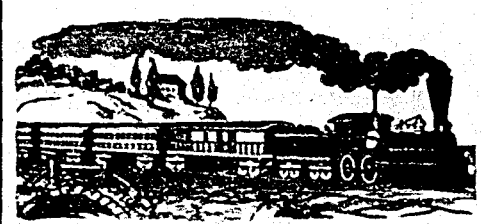
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