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OTTAWA :—UNDER THE TOWER OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 4th March, 1876.

#### THE SESSION.

Considering the very great strength of the Ministerial majority, the first week was one of singular excitement; and no less than two caucuses have been held—one by the Ministerialists, and one by the Opposition. The Ministerial was first held, and the decision which it unanimously arrived at was that Mr. HUNTINGTON should not resign his office of Post Master General, which he felt himself called upon to do, in consequence of the unanimous disapproval by the House of Commons of his speech at Argenteuil, urging the alliance of English speaking Protestants with French Liberals, and condemning the influence of Ultramontanes as inimical to liberty. Mr. HOLTON, who was his unrelenting accuser in the House of Commons, declared himself, it is reported, to be satisfied with the decision of the caucus in view of the expressions of opinion that had taken place.

It is impossible not to see in these circumstances both trouble and cause of weakness for the Ministerial side. And this is probably the reason which induced the Opposition also to hold a caucus. It was not, however, we are informed, very numerously attended, not more than sixty members being present. The resolution arrived was not to divide the House on party grounds, at present; than which nothing could be more prudent. There is scarcely anything more to be deprecated than mere factious divisions.

The Address itself was passed, as a matter of course, in both Houses. And the country may be felicitated on the policy manifested by this, when we remember the old fights on the Address.

The measures introduced during the week are not important. Mr. BLAKE has two; one for collecting criminal statistics, and one for amending the law as respects common carriers. The Budget, which was early promised, was postponed for a little while, in order to enable Ministers more thoroughly to collect the real feeling of the country on the vital question of the Tariff.

We have already announced that there was no deficit in the accounts of the last fiscal year, as was reported, the Revenue being \$24,648,715; the Expenditure \$23,713,071. There is continued falling off in the Revenue for the current year. But the Ministry will meet this to a great extent by retrenchment; so that very serious tariff changes would not be necessary for the public service; whatever changes may be made from policy, to meet the depression.

On this subject there was a debate on Mr. MILL's motion for a committee to enquire into its causes. But very little was added to the stock of public information. That the country has lived somewhat beyond its means and has been called to a reckoning is undoubted; and it is undoubted there is a very strong feeling

that Canadian industry must be better fostered.

The first days of a session are never very fertile in business. But we are beginning to get a fire of notices of motion. It is understood that this will be one of the tactics of the Opposition. Being too weak in numbers to fight in the division lists, they will ask for all sorts of information in a shape that cannot be refused, but yet to be as damaging as possible.

A petition to the Queen by the Legislature of British Columbia has been laid before Parliament, condemning in the strongest terms the action and conduct of the Canadian Government in the matter of the Pacific Railway. The petition charges breach of faith in the broadest possible terms; and it may be added in the most excited manner. Some notice will have to be taken of this. It is, therefore, better not to anticipate.

Among the announcements for the benefit of Parliament, although not yet made directly to it, is the information that the Government will not continue this year the contract for the Dawson Route; and the country will be glad to learn this for the work has never been satisfactorily performed. Unless the route is kept open, however, it may injuriously, for emigrants, affect the rates to Manitoba via Moorehead and the Red River.

#### IMMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION.

The Immigration and Colonization Committee met last Monday.

Mr. LOWE was heard before the Committee in reference to the immigration business of the past year. He stated that the total number of emigrants reported last year amounted to 20,140, against 6,937 the previous year. The total number that passed through Canada was 9,211, against 4,000 the year before. The great majority of the emigrants were agricultural laborers, and there was still a demand in excess of the supply. All this class found employment at good wages. 8,139 emigrants were reported as having made entries at the Custom Houses along the frontier, bringing with them a large amount of settlers' goods.

During the year, 3,258 Mennonites joined their brethren in Manitoba, and, despite the hard times, they were well satisfied with their location.

An Icelandic colony, consisting of eighty families, had been formed in Manitoba on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg. This colony also were reported as doing well.

In reply to Mr. POPE, he stated that the principal monetary assistance was afforded to agricultural laborers, and he considered that there would be very little emigration of this class without the assistance of the Government.

The total sum expended for immigration during the year was as follows:—At Quebec, \$40,800; this included the cost of transportation, two-thirds of which would be refunded by the Provinces; Montreal Agency, \$13,000; Sherbrooke, \$11,000; Ottawa, \$3,000; Kings, \$1,800; Hamilton, \$2,900; Halifax, \$1,700; St. John, \$1,700; Miramichi, \$1,100; North-West Agencies, \$3,500; Mennonite transportation, \$36,000; Mennonite loans, \$84,000; European Agencies, \$19,000. Total, \$206,000, and the number of emigrants, 20,140; 9,014 entered their goods through the United States customs houses.

In answer to a question he said that there had been no special arrangements with the Government of British Columbia further than the Dominion Government had contributed a number of pamphlets referring to British Columbia.

Miss Macpherson brought out 234 children; Mr. Middlemore 78; the children's home at London 43; Miss Fletcher 12, and small numbers were assisted by various other institutions and private individuals. He stated that they had a very favorable arrangement with the United States railways west of Lake Superior last year, by which emigrants were taken to Manitoba at a very favorable rate. Negotiations were pending for a renewal of the

same rates, but no conclusion had as yet been arrived at.

The Icelandic Colony received a special aid of \$5,000, given them in the form of an advance, upon the guarantee of the Hudson Bay Company. An Icelandic colony had also been established at Halifax, and were reported in a flourishing condition.

#### THE LATE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN ENGLAND.

There are some afflictions of mankind which, while they call for our strongest commiseration, are very difficult to contemplate with patience, because plainly the result of what can only be termed systematic recklessness on a great scale. Of such is the frightful accident on the Great Northern Railway of England at Abbot's Ripton, of which we have lately received the detailed accounts. For the full particulars we may refer our readers to the clear and pictorial descriptions of our London Illustrated contemporary. The collision was a double one. The coal train from Peterboro' for London of 33 waggons and brake van drawn by a large 6 wheeled engine was 18 minutes late in starting. The snow storm was at its height. No fear of danger was entertained, because the Great Northern line is worked by signals upon the absolute block system—but, behold, on how slight a thread depended all these human lives. The guard of the coal train had seen the earlier signals declaring all clear; but he did not observe the Abbot's Ripton signal, apparently from the snow obscuring the windows of the brake van, which he kept clearing. Finding his driver slacking speed, however, he brought the train up 12 or 13 yards over the points. Being then directed to shunt into the siding, he proceeded to do so, and had shunted 27 waggons, when the Scotch express for London dashed into the coal train. The Scotch express engine was driven on its broadside by the collision, dragging with it the tender, directly across the down line of rails. The down line was then thought to have been blocked. Not so. The Leeds down express, with a powerful engine and 12 carriages, came rushing along in the storm and into the prostrated up express which it trampled and cut to pieces. In the two collisions 13 lives were lost, and many injured. Now, we have to look for general rather than particular causes in such a case as this. That should be clear, by this time, to the public mind. Englishmen are in the habit of boasting that they are not easily deterred from any course dictated by propriety and common sense by any merely material considerations. They like to think that their great power is always wielded on the side of good. They do not doubt that intelligence with money can overcome all human difficulties, while they know they have a great deal of both, and they have a general belief almost amounting to conviction, that, in the great view, and so far as known, they are doing everything for the best. Now it seems to us there is hardly any highly civilized country where a high coordination, such as is rendered necessary by immense organizations, is less considered or valued; and without coordination we cannot have security. As a people, they are in love with secondary laws, some of them hammered out in a cruder state of society; laws of commerce—laws of speed—laws of convenience—and even laws of habit;—and by habit they have come calmly to watch the portentous yearly increase in the forces these laws are applied to; while a true coordination grasping all the contingencies that minds can recognize is scarcely dreamt of. Thus, speed has come to be increased from year to year, merely because the progress of invention of the perfection of machines has enabled them to increase it, while the people have always loved to travel fast. "Mineral" or trade trains and passenger trains have continued to be muddled up together, because the habit has grown into a law. The fining down of the interval of time between the trains has found a law

of working convenience to justify it. Human vigilance has been strained up to the point at which it snaps, as in the present most lamentable instance, because the law of profits has seemed to demand a crowding of traffic and a general pushing and forcing of the energies of subordinate helps. And here once again we see the result of it all in one of the most horrible accidents in its elements, if not the greatest in its numbers, that have taken place in railway times. No broad calculation of chances, even such as would be entered on in estimates of Insurance liabilities, has formed a part of this history. All risks had been estimated upon the minor or technical basis alone, and these separately perfected according to such unsympathetic human idea, but collectively chaotic forces are left to obstruct or battle with one another until the great mischief is finally accomplished and the fair fame of a great nation for adaptation and common sense is trailed once more in the dust. If we look at this matter intelligently we shall find that the want of sympathy is much nearer the root of all the trouble than the want of knowledge, and the leading press might make this very plain we believe. When the misgovernment of the East India Company had culminated in a national calamity, a great change was effected. We cannot avoid wondering what will be done about the railways.

Two suggestions are thrown out as from the debris of this national misery. The one is to separate entirely from one another, as so rich and ingenious a nation can and ought to do, the more important streams of passenger and goods traffic; the other is to try, some single instance at least, the simple experiment of Elastic or Buffer Cars, either one or two for a train, obtaining all the elasticity comprised in the best spring work to the full extent afforded in the length of a Railway Car, a contrivance which would unquestionably mitigate the force of accident in collision to an immense extent, while it could not of course be promised that it would avoid it altogether. Will the great human interest concerned, Imperial and Cosmopolitan as it is in its traffic relations, submit to any modification of its practice in accordance with the suggestions of reason? Or are reasonable conclusions always to continue unsustained by the State? The British nation gave the world its Railways. It has ever since that era, over 40 years ago, been studiously developing what may be called the toy-shop qualities of its great invention—but in the solid element of human safety it now would seem to be lagging behind both America and the Continent of Europe. The real good-heartedness of the English people has never yet found scope in the field of safety. There are sickly notions as governing influences that Lord DERBY has forgotten to include in his catalogue of popular weaknesses. The refinements and even the good sense of the literary life are for once more too unpractical. There is a great evil here that should be grappled with. The popular voice will support the men in high places, when they begin to take it in hand. The theory, if we can call it such, of the railway corporations has been that speed should always be promoted and increased and that dividends should be made as great as possible, all other claims having to bend to these imperious requirements. We are bold to say that that is not the way a Constitutional Government would be suffered to conduct a Railway—but Railway Companies, as we too sadly know, are not constitutional. If they were, there would be a proper check upon them.

#### INDIAN TRIBES OF QUEBEC.

We have already given some information respecting the Indians of the Dominion. We now give the following further particulars respecting those in the Province of Quebec:

The number of the Caughnawaga Indians is given as 1,557, but 82 of these are half-breeds. The area of land is 30,000 acres, the number of buildings,

(houses, barns &c.) 474. They have a good quantity of live stock and raise considerable grain and other agricultural productions. They are making improvements in agriculture and advancing in civilization, are sufficiently moral, have a school, with two teachers, attended by about a third of the children.

The Lake of Two Mountains Indians number 547, have an area of 16,000 acres, with 182 buildings and a tolerable quantity of live stock. They are improving in civilization and agriculture; their morals are good. Out of 167 children under 15, 111 attend the two schools, Roman Catholic and Methodist.

The St. Regis Indians number 904. Their reserve comprises 24,250 acres, of which 3,750 acres only are occupied by the Indians. The remainder consists of the township of Dundee, and some islands that are leased. Nearly half of the land occupied is under cultivation and 900 acres in pasture. Their houses are principally log and block houses. Their personal property is valued at \$20,500 and their agricultural production in 1874 at \$6,760, and the furs sold at \$1,080. About one half of the land are farmers and are rapidly improving. The other half live by lumbering, rafting and hunting and are neither so prosperous nor so sober and quiet. There is but one school, and it is attended by only 35 out of 171 children and young people under 21. Reading, writing and arithmetic alone are taught.

The present number of the Abenakis Indians is 266. Their reserve consists of about 2,000 acres, of which 200 are cultivated and 300 used as pasture land. The value of real and personal property is estimated by the agent as about \$50,000. Their village contains 48 houses, one of them brick, and two churches, a Roman Catholic and Protestant. They have some live stock and farming implements, but the agricultural production was not great. They sold furs to the value of \$8,500 and baskets, Indian goods, &c., \$7,412. They are generally poor and improvident, very intelligent, but too much addicted to drinking, and averse to agriculture, most of this being left to the women and children. All the younger generation know how to read and write and a few are good business men. When sober, they are a religious, moral and peaceful people. There are two schools, Roman Catholic and Protestant, both with Indian teachers. The reserve was originally of much greater extent, but whole tracts of it were conceded under the seigniorial tenure to French Canadian farmers, who now pay rental to the amount of \$235. Some of these lands have been abandoned and others are much in arrears.

The number of Montagnais and other Indians on the Lake St. John reserve was 283, one of the few tribes which were decreasing, many having died through the sufferings they endured and others having left the reserve. The extent of the reserve is three miles wide by from one to two in depth; about 64 acres are cultivated and some 10 or 50 in pasture. About half the woodland has been destroyed by fires. The crops were injured by frost and incessant rains. The personal property and real estate is only valued at \$40,000. Only 10 houses were left after the fire of 1870, the owners of the burned houses not having been able to rebuild them. These Indians are all poor and show little aptitude for agriculture. Civilization progresses very slowly, but some improvement is perceptible. They are generally kind, obliging and obedient, but left to themselves are without energy and inclined to drink. A school has been established among them, and the agent, a practical farmer, taken up his abode among them, to give them the stimulus of his presence and example.

The Amalacite Indians in the Township of Viger, having surrendered several years since their lands to be sold for their benefit, an attempt is being made to collect them into one band and settle them in Whitworth, Temiscouata County, on land

purchased with their money. The Algonquins of River Desert receive a revenue from capital acquired by sales of timber and from a small number of rented farms on their reserve.

The Hurons, at Lorette, suffer somewhat from trespasses by white men necessitating the appointment of a local agent and two forest bailiffs to protect their lands. The bands on the Lower St. Lawrence have no revenue but are assisted by Parliamentary grants in spring and fall. Attempts were made, by purchasing nets, to induce the Micmacs of Restigouche to engage in seine fishing, but they were not successful.

In consequence of the failure of game and the restrictions on fishing, the Lower St. Lawrence Indians are in a state of great poverty.

We trust our legislators at Ottawa will be induced to do something this session in mitigation of Boiler Explosions in the Dominion. Our manufactures will increase and the danger become yearly greater. Workpeople, foremen and clerks will be more and more crowded around those generators of power. Montreal has furnished a good example. Almost as we write comes the news from Halifax, Nova Scotia, of an explosion of steam which shattered several buildings—though, as it were by a miracle, without the loss of life. In this department at least the law of calamity can be almost entirely broken up, if we will take the requisite pains to effect it.

REVIEW.

IN SEPTEMBER for March a full, illustrated description is given of the new buildings of Trinity College, now in course of erection at Hartford. These mark a "new departure" in the college architecture of the country. Dr. Edward Eggleston publishes a popular description of Froebel's principles and methods in an article on the Child-Garden. The text is accompanied by a portrait of Froebel, numerous diagrams, etc. "Truro Parish" is a short paper which gives some amusing legends in connection with the Old Polish Church and its rectors. This is one of the churches which Washington has incidentally immortalized. Albert Rhodes sketches the career and character of Balzac, and tells a number of characteristic anecdotes of the famous writer. Dorsey Gardner writes about the struggles and successes of the celebrated ornithologist, Wilson. Another installment of "Evolutionary Letters" is given in the number. Rev. Mr. Twichell, of Hartford, has here a paper "Concerning Charles Lamb," which gives the result of a pilgrimage among memorials and relics of Elia. Five chapters of Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy" are published; and two chapters of Edward Everett Hale's story, "Philip Nolan's Friends." There are short stories by Edward Bellamy and George W. Cable.

In Topics of the Time, Dr. Holland discusses "Literary Virility," "The Common Schools," and "Public Halls." The Old Cabinet has something about "Baunseidicht versus Buncombe," "The Defects in Works of Genius," "Originality and Imitations," and other matters. A new feature appears in Home and Society, namely, a number of paragraphs on rural topics by Mr. P. T. Quinn, the well-known agricultural writer, in which specific directions are given for the laying out of small places. In Bric-a-Brac may be found a little poem by the late Professor Morse, hitherto unpublished.

The ATLANTIC begins the third number of the year with a poem nine pages long, "The Legend of Ara-Codi," by T. B. Aldrich, dainty in color and delicate in workmanship. After this, Mr. John Fiske, in a concluding paper on "The Unseen World," imparts a result of modern scientific religious thought which is full of faith and aspiration. Mr. T. S. Perry writes a temperate and agreeable critical paper on the young Geneva novelist, Victor Cherbuliez; and Celia Thaxter contributes a musical poem entitled "Réverie." "A Carnival of Rome" is a richly picturesque story in two parts, of which the first is given in this number, but the name of the author does not appear. In a curious account of "The Welsh in America," Erasmus W. Jones presents facts which are surprising, and new to the public. Oliver Wendell Holmes follows with a humorous and tender poem, "Ad Amicos." Mrs. Fanny Kemble continues her ever-entertaining "Old Woman's Gossip," giving us a handful of her own letters and memories of her cousin Mrs. Harry Siddons; and Mr. Howells easily attracts one to the delightful windings of his "Private Theatricals," the ninth chapter of which seems to bring the characters into critical conjunction. There is a poem by Edgar Fawcett, and a long paper by Henry Carey Baird, who takes the opposite side of the money question from that so brilliantly argued by Mr. Garfield, last month. Probably nowhere else in the same space can the theory of paper money be found so

well presented. The titled contents of the magazine end with Charles Francis Adams Jr.'s valuable chapter on "The State and the Railroads;" but there are still more than a dozen pages in the editorial department, filled with vivacious writing. Mr. Howells review Browning's "Inn Album;" a number of other books are noticed; and several topics occur in the section of Art. The number is full of quiet strength and pleasant variety.

OF the contents of this month's ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. Whittier's poem, "The Pressed Gentian," will probably be the most widely enjoyed. The true and tender verses read so charmingly alongside the bright stories and sketches for the children, and in that position reveal so clearly the child-heart of the great man, that the poem certainly appears to excellent advantage. "The Pressed Gentian" is written in his sweet, rhythmic, simple style, and is full of his poetic feeling. It will be welcomed everywhere. Next in interest, perhaps, are the installments of the serials—Mr. Brooks's story containing an exceedingly vivid and realistic description of a "Buffalo stampede," and Mr. Bayard Taylor's, fine picture of the wonder and stupefaction of an Icelandic boy at his first view of the sights of Scotland. Foreign scenery, indeed, enters largely into the composition of the number, since Mr. Charles Dudley Warner gives us a delightful glimpse of the "Festival of Tapers" in an Italian church, with its rollicking, mischievous, irreverent, but entrancingly beautiful and melodious choir-boy; Mrs. Oliphant contributes the first of her papers on "Windsor Castle," containing some very interesting details of its early history; and there is given us, toward the close of the number, a story of Egyptian life. The series of "Talks with Girls" is begun with a charming "bit of talk" from Louisa M. Alcott, whose words are always welcome to the girls, and always worth their hearing; and Rebecca Harding Davis furnishes one of the best stories in the number. As for other contributions, there is the usual fullness and variety, from the funny poem of "The Shark," to Mr. Rideing's fine description of "The New York Fire Department," and Mrs. Mary Treat's simple bit of science, "The Floscule," while of all the beautiful illustrations we can only mention Mr. Alfred Frederick's exquisite picture of "The Fairy King and his Daughters Three." Last of all, the boys and the girls will find the long-expected answer to the "Prize-Puzzle," and the awarding of the prizes.

We have received a copy of a pamphlet entitled: "The Protestant Minority in Quebec in its Political Relations with the Roman Catholic Majority." It is written by Mr. Thomas White, Jr., and is in the form of a letter to Sir Alexander Galt, replying to the late public communication of that gentleman. Mr. White is entitled to be heard on this subject, beyond any man in the Province, as he was the occasion of Mr. Huntington's recent speech at St. Andrews, and was present when it was delivered. Like everything which Mr. White writes, the pamphlet is calm and moderate in statement, lucid in narrative and close in argumentation. It is a most valuable contribution to our political literature, especially at this period of temporary and factitious crisis, and as such deserves to be widely read for the information which it contains. The pamphlet is published by Dawson Brothers, of this city.

FRANCIS DEAK.

Francis Deak died on the 28th January. The health of the "old gentleman," as Deak was generally called in the parliamentary circles of Hungary during the last years of his life, had for weeks been deeply shattered, and a few days ago he received the last sacraments at the hands of Bishop Ronay. Therefore, Hungary was not unprepared for the news of his death. Moreover, the period of his political activity had long been closed. The party which adopted Deak's name, and which had for a series of years supported the various Hungarian ministries, whose members were taken from its ranks, fell to the ground owing to its incapacity to overcome, by reducing expenditure and increasing taxation, the financial difficulties in which Hungary had gradually become involved by contracting colossal loans for unproductive objects, and by undertaking heavy guarantees for private railways. The Deak party had indeed a majority in the Lower House, but the majority of the people would not have continued to support it, if it had appealed to them for a sacrifice by imposing fresh taxes upon them. The Deak party bore indeed the name of Deak, but it was not thoroughly imbued with the unselfish devotion of that great patriot to his country; on the contrary it was the resort of all who wished to live on the State, and whose interests were not in harmony with any reduction of the State expenditure. Whenever he tried to warn his party against these tendencies, Deak's voice died away like the voice of the Preacher in the wilderness. Political necessity required the Opposition to be enabled by the entrance of its leaders into the ministry, to give up its struggle against the Compact with the other half of the empire. After the disappearance of this opposition, which had till then formed the cleft between the Deak party and the Left Centre, and had excluded the latter from office, Deak had acquired the right to rest his body grown weary in the service of his country. From his sick bed he often addressed wise words of moderation to his old partisans and their new associates, who had coalesced under the new name of the Liberal party, and formed an overwhelming majority in favour of

Koloman Tisza's Ministry. His political mission was, however, finished, and he was quite justified in refusing the mandate with which the electors of the inner town of Pesth sought again to entrust their old representative whom they honoured as a father; and his acceptance of the mandate, when he was re-elected in spite of his refusal, was only an act of kindness towards his electors. Deak's death, though it will deeply affect the Hungarian nation, has no longer the political importance which it would have had before the formation of the new Liberal party, and the appointment of the new Wenckheim-Tisza Ministry. The two Liberal parties of the Hungarian Reichstag, between whom the constitutional question of the Compact had kept up an angry opposition, joined hands in reconciliation, and formed a new alliance by the sick bed of the great patriot, and with his blessing. Deak attained, as a politician, the utmost of his wishes, for in his lifetime his political opponents were converted to the views which they had formerly opposed, and after his death they will continue to build in his spirit on the ground which he prepared. The great work, which is mainly due to Deak—the Austro-Hungarian Compact—is now about to undergo the test of fire, and the statesmen of Hungary will no longer have the benefit of Deak's advice on the difficult questions which they will soon have to decide. We can only wish that they may allow themselves to be guided by his moderate spirit and by his fine sense of the attainable.

A MATTER OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

The day had been set and the young man was happy. But his father failed in business and he collected together all the pink love-letters, the locks of hair, the faded violets, &c., and started for her father's mansion. He was high-minded and honorable and he felt in duty bound to release her from the engagement. Yet he grew faint as he was ushered into the parlor. Such love as his wouldn't stay crushed.

"George! dear George!" she exclaimed as she entered the parlor and seized his hand.

"Arabella, I am here to do my duty," he said as he rose up.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Haven't you heard of—of my father's failure?" he inquired, his heart beating painfully.

"Why, yes, dear George, and what of it?"

"Aren't you—won't you—that is—"

"I'm glad of it—that's all!" she cried.

"You are?"

"Of course I am! I was talking with father and he said if your father had failed for \$50,000, he'd made at least \$50,000 out of it, and of course you'd get twice as much as you counted on!"

ARTISTIC.

THE Checker Players is the title of a new dramatic group by John Rogers.

THE Castellani collection of Greek and Roman antiquities, now on exhibition at the British Museum, is highly spoken of by the London newspapers, and the British Government is urged to purchase it.

VALENTINE, the sculptor, has finished the recumbent statue of Robert E. Lee, to be placed over the grave of the Southern chieftain at Lexington, Va. The whole cost of the memorial is \$25,000.

THE Pope has just selected several objects of art of great value to be sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition. Among them are two pictures in mosaic and some pieces of tapestry, executed by the artists of the Vatican.

POWERS' statue of Eve, called "Paradise Lost," has been added to the collection of Mr. A. T. Stewart. The price given is nine thousand dollars. It is said the sculptor two years ago, received sixteen thousand for the work.

WARRINGTON WOOD, at Rome, is modelling a medallion portrait of Keats, to adorn the poet's grave in the cemetery in that city. The portrait is modelled from a mask in the possession of Severn, one of Keats' most faithful friends.

A SUPERB fragment in marble of an ancient Roman calendar, containing the second half of the first five months of the year, has just been discovered in some explorations near Cervi, not far from Rome. The most recent event inscribed on the fragment is the dedication of the Altar of Peace by Augustus, in the 745th year of Rome, R. C. 9.

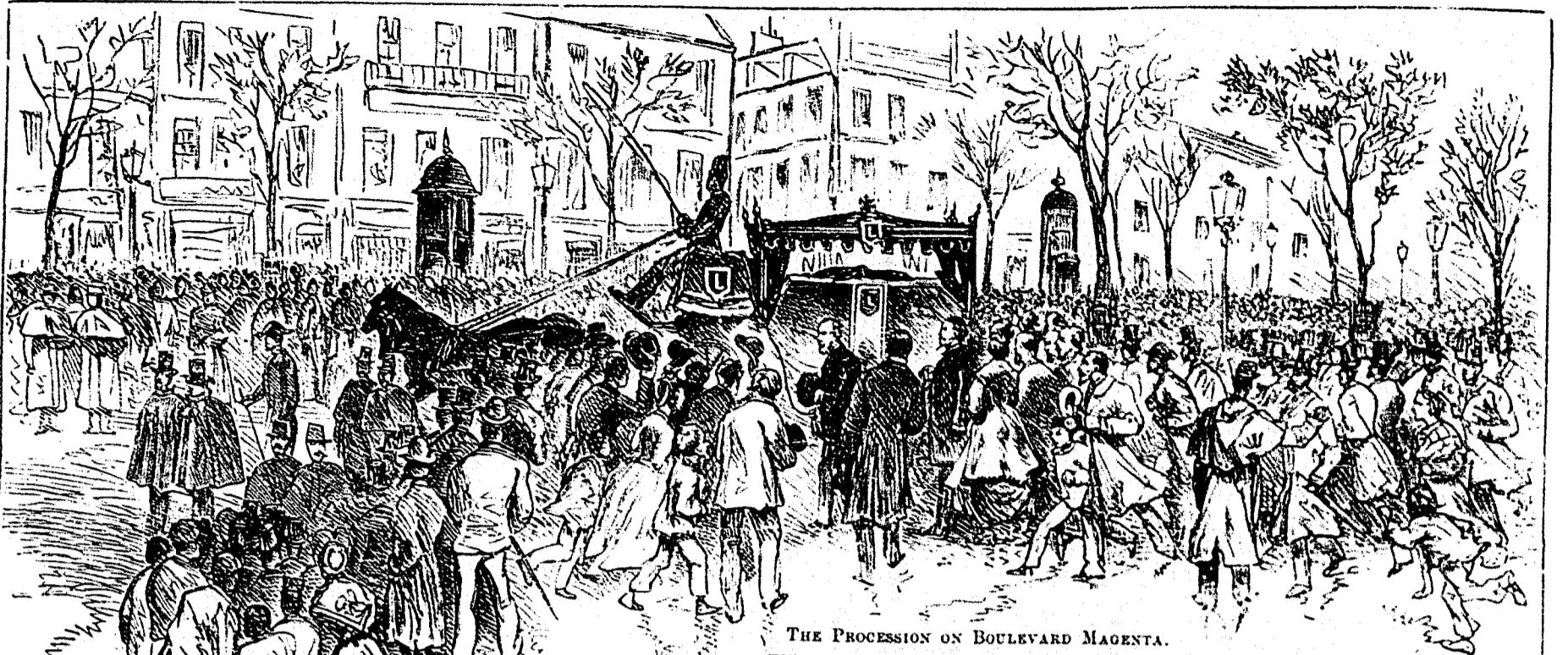
As had been feared, the admirable paintings of M. Baudry, which decorate the grand foyer of the New Opera, Paris, have already considerably suffered in tone from the effect of the gas and the respiration of the public. It is asserted that these magnificent productions will be entirely lost in ten years—less time than the talented artist employed in their execution. All means will, of course, be used to preserve works so precious, which mark a distinct era in art. The proposal has been made to reproduce them in mosaic, as was done in Venice and Rome for masterpieces, of which the copy thus executed still remains as fresh as ever after two centuries of existence.

HUMOROUS.

A FRENCHMAN who has lived in America for some years says: "When they build a railroad, the first thing they do is to break ground. This is done with great ceremony. Then they break the stockholders. This is done without ceremony."

AN old farmer said to his sons, "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate, or wait for somethin' to turn up. You might just as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a mudder with a pail twixt your legs, and wait for a cow to buck up to you to be milked."

"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an acquaintance: "A man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?" "Yes, unerring kindness," Jerrold replied.



THE PROCESSION ON BOULEVARD MAGENTA.



VICTOR HUGO DELIVERING A EULOGY AT MONTMARTRE CEMETERY.

THE SERVICE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN-DES-MARAIS.

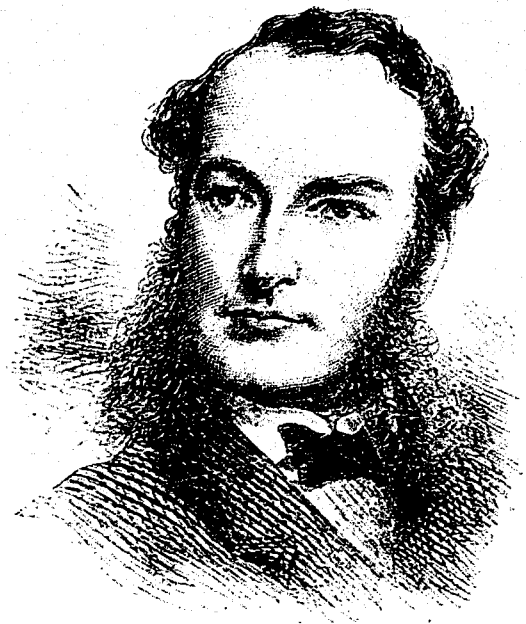
PARIS :—FUNERAL OF FREDERICK LEMAITRE.



ELIZABETH THOMPSON.



FREDERICK LEMAITRE.



JOHN TENNIEL.



THE LATE FRANCIS DEAK, THE EMINENT HUNGARIAN STATESMAN.

## ERIC AND ELSIE.

(From the Danish.)

It was the good Sir Eric  
Came spurring to the sea,  
And to woo the beautiful Elsie,  
From his castle high rode he.

They plighted their troth together,  
And sealed it with seals of gold;  
But a month and a day thereafter,  
The good knight slept in the mould.

Now, alas! for the Lady Elsie,  
She made such bitter moan,  
That the dead Sir Eric heard her  
From his grave in the churchyard lone.

Up rose the dead Sir Eric,  
All in his shroud of white,  
And to his true-love's bower  
Stole softly through the night.

He tapped at his true-love's bower  
With his hand so long and thin,  
"I pray thee, dearest Elsie,  
Let thy loving bridegroom in."

But this dear lady answered,  
"I cannot open the door,  
Till Jesu's name thou namest  
As thou wast wont before."

"Rise, oh rise, dear Elsie,  
Nor fear to unbar the door;  
I can name the blessed Jesu,  
As I was wont before."

Up rose the weeping Elsie,  
And her bower opened wide,  
And the dead Sir Eric entered,  
And sat by her bedside.

With her golden comb his true-love  
Combed out his tresses dear,  
And each fair lock, as she kissed it,  
She bathed with the bitter tear;

And "Oh, tell me, dearest Eric,  
By thy Elsie's love," she said,  
"How fares it since they laid thee  
In thy dark and lonesome bed?"

"Whenever thy sorrow, Elsie,  
Is soothed in sacred prayer,  
Forthwith my gloomy coffin  
Is filled with roses fair;

"But whenever, oh! my Elsie,  
Thy grief is wild and loud,  
Thou soft and fragrant roses  
Turn to tears upon my shroud.

"Dost hear the red cock crowing?  
I must no longer stay;  
'Tis the hour—the churchyard claims us  
The sad hour before the day."

So the good Sir Eric turned him,  
Deep sighing, from the door,  
And to the lonely churchyard  
Went silently once more.

But Elsie followed after,  
And clasped her true-love's hand,  
And forth they fared together  
To the dark and dreadful land.

They could not speak for sorrow;  
The grave, too, soon was nigh  
And Sir Eric's fair hair faded  
As flames to ashes die,

Till, as they stood together,  
Where the dead man's tomb was made,  
Whilst his cheeks grew wan and hollow,  
Sir Eric faintly said:

"Look up to the sky, my Elsie,  
For my moments swiftly fail,  
Look up, and tell me truly,  
Is this the dawning pale?"

She turned her sad face from him,  
Toward the coming light,  
When straight the good Sir Eric  
Softly melted out of sight.

To her bower went poor Elsie,  
And prayed to Jesu blest,  
That ere the year was over  
She, too, might be at rest;

But the month and the day thereafter  
Upon her bier she lay,  
And now, with good Sir Eric,  
Awaits the Judgment Day.

THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."

## A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE STREETS OF QUEBEC.

By the Author of "Album du Touriste, &amp;c."

"You never tread upon them but you see  
Your feet about some ancient history."

The following paper will be read with interest, not only in Quebec and its environs, but all over the Dominion, on account of the valuable information which it contains and the presentation of that information in an attractive form. The name of Mr. Le Moine is a sufficient guarantee of accuracy. We should like to see such historical accounts of our principal cities, especially the older ones, more frequently published. We are indebted for the translation of Mr. Le Moine's work to Mr. Aylmer, of Cap Santé.

The Upper Town with its grand oaks, its leafy walnut trees, its majestic elms, when it formed part of the primeval forest, must have been a locality abounding in game. If Champlain and his brother-in-law, Boullé, as well as his other friends of the Lower Town,\* had been less eager in hunting other inhabitants of the forest infinitely more dreaded (The Iroquois), instead of simply making mention of the foxes, which prowled about the residency (*l'habitation*) they would have noted down some of the hunting raids which were probably made on the wooded declivities of Cape Diamond and in the thickets of the *Coteau Sainte Geneviève*, more especially when the scurvy or the dearth of provisions rendered indispensable, the use of fresh meats, we should have heard of grouse, woodcocks, hares, beavers, foxes, cariboux, bears,

at that period as the probable denizens of the mountains and valleys of ancient Stadacona.

In 1617, the chase had doubtless to give way to tillage of the soil, when the first resident of the Upper Town, the apothecary Louis Hébert, established there his hearth and home. In that year, "he presently," says the Abbé Ferland, "commenced "to grub up and clear the ground, on the "site of which the Roman Catholic Cathedral and "the Seminary adjoining now stand, and that "portion of the Upper Town which extends from "St. Famille Street up to the Hôtel-Dieu. He "constructed a house and a mill near that part of "St. Joseph Street, where it received St. François "and St. Xavier streets. These edifices appear "to have been the first which were erected in "the locality, now occupied by the Upper "Town." At that period, there could have existed none other than narrow paths, irregular avenues following the sinuosities of the forest. In the course of time, these narrow paths became levelled and widened. Champlain and Sir David Kirk occupied themselves very little with highways. Overseers of roads and *Grand Voyers* were not then dreamed of in *La Nouvelle France*.

One of the first projects of the Governor de Montmagny, after having fortified the place, was to prepare a plan of the city, to lay out, widen and straighten the streets, assuredly not without need. Had he further extended this useful reform, our Municipal Corporation, to-day, would have been spared a great amount of vexation, and the public in general, much annoyance. On the 17th November, 1623, a roadway, or descent, leading to the Lower Town had been effected, less dangerous than that which had previously existed.

In the summer season, our forefathers journeyed by water, generally in birch-bark canoes. In winter, they had recourse to snow shoes. To what year can we fix the advent of wheeled vehicles? We have been unable to discover. The first horse consigned to the Governor of the colony, arrived from France, in 1648. Did His Excellency use him as a saddle horse only? or on the occasion of a New Year's day, when he went to pay his respects to the Jesuit Fathers, and to the good ladies of the Ursulines to present, with the compliments of the season, the usual New Year's gifts? was he driven in a *Cariole* and in a *Calèche*, in the summer season? Here again, is a nut to crack for our antiquaries.

Although there were horned cattle at Quebec, in 1623, oxen for the purpose of ploughing the land, were first used on the 27th of April, 1628.

On the 16th of July, 1665, (†) a French ship brought twelve horses. These were doubtless the mountings (steeds), of the brilliant staff of the great Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy. These dashing military followers of Colonel de Salières this *jeunesse dorée* of the Marquis de Tracy, mounted on these twelve French chargers, which the aborigines named "the moose-deer (*originaux*) of Europe," doubtless cut a great figure at Quebec. Did there exist *Tandems*, driving clubs in 1665? *Quiensabe*? They were not all saints such as Paul Dupuy, (‡) these military swells of Colonel de Salières! Major Lafreidiere, for instance, might have vied with the most outrageous rake which the *Guards* of Queen Victoria may have numbered in the Colony, two centuries later.

If there were, at Quebec, twelve horses for the use of gentlemen, they were doubtless suffered not to remain idle in the stable; the rugged paths of the Upper Town must be levelled and widened, the public highway cease being reserved for pedestrians only. This is what we wanted to arrive at.

In reality, the streets of Quebec grew rapidly into importance in 1665. The improvements effected during the administration of the Chevalier de Montmagny had been much appreciated. The illustrious Chevalier had his Saint Louis, Saint Anne, Richelieu, D'Aiguillon, St. John streets, to do honor to his Master Louis XIII; his Queen, the beautiful Anne of Austria; the Duke of Richelieu; his niece, La Duchesse D'Aiguillon; the good priest, St. Sauveur.

In the last century, St. Louis street was inhabited by many eminent persons. Chief Justice Sewell resided in the mansion, now occupied as the Lieutenant-Governor's offices; this eminent jurist died in 1839. The mansion of Mr. de Lotbinière was the residence of the *chère amie* of M. Bigot, (the *Intendant*), Madame Péan, in which the late Judge Elmsley resided about the year 1813, and which the Government subsequently purchased to serve as an Officer's Barracks. Nearly opposite the Court House, (burned in 1872), stands the "Kent House" in which His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent, resided, 1791-4. (§) No. 42 St. Louis street, is the house which belonged to the cooper, François Gobert, now become historical, in which were deposited the remains of General Montgomery, on the 31st December, 1775.

The Abbé Vignal resided at the corner of this and Parloir street, previously to joining the Sulpiciens; in 1661, he was roasted alive and eaten by the Indians at *Prairie de la Magdeleine*, near Montreal. In our day, the Judicial and Parliamentary Heads, and the advocates have monopolized it. In it, we find Sir N. F. Belleau,

† These gifts consisted of wine (Spanish), meat pies (*tourtières*), capons, books of devotion, etc.—(See *Jesuit's Journal*.)

‡ Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada. Vol. III., p. 384.

§ Histoire de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Quebec, (Mère Duchesneau, 511.)

§ To Let.—That elegant house, No. 6 Port Louis St. lately occupied by H. R. H. Prince Edward, and at present by the Lord Bishop of Quebec. For particulars, apply to Miss Mabane, or to Munro & Bell, Quebec.—4th March, 1794. (Quebec Gazette—1794.)

Chief Justice Duval, the Judges Taschereau, Tessier, Bossé, Caron, Hon. L. H. Langevin, Messieurs P. Pelletier, H. Taschereau, Members of Parliament, Messrs. Bonné, Languedoc, Hamel, Deschêne, Parkin, Dunbar, *cum multis aliis*, whose clients are as early birds as in the days of Horace. "Sub cantu galli."

"On ascending from the Lower to the Upper Town by a tortuous road, contrived betwixt the rocks, and on the right side hand, we reach the Cemetery. This road, which terminated at the Parish Church, divided itself into two,—on one side it led to the Jesuits and to the Hospital (Hôtel-Dieu),—and on the other, to the Indian Fort (¶) and to the Castle of Saint Louis. The Castle, or King's Fort, guarded by soldiers night and day, under the orders of the Governor, was of an irregular shape, flanked by bastions, fortified by pieces of artillery and contained in its interior several *suites* of apartments separated one from the other. At the distance of about forty toises (240 feet,) from the Castle was seen, on the south side, a small garden fenced in, for the use of the Governor, and in front, towards the west, was the *Place d'Armes*, (now the *Ring*), in the form of a Trapezium.

On one of the sides of this place, could be seen a building devoted to the administration of Justice (Sénéchal's Jurisdiction,) and which bore the name of "The Palace." It was doubtless there that, in 1664, the Supreme Council held its sessions. From the *Place d'Armes*, the higher road (*grande allée*) took its departure and led to Cap-Rouge. On the right and left of this road, were several small lots of land given to certain persons for the purpose of being built upon. The Indian Fort was that entrenchment of which we have spoken, which served as a last hiding place to the sad remains of the once powerful Huron nation, forming in all eighty-four souls, in the year 1665. It continued to be occupied by them up to the peace with the Iroquois. After the arrival of the troops, they took their departure in order to devote themselves to the cultivation of the lands.

Besides the buildings of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, those of the Religious Ladies (nuns,) and those of the Hospital (Hôtel-Dieu), in the Upper Town, could be seen a house situated behind the Altar part of the Parish Church, where dwelt Monseigneur de Laval. It was, probably, what he called his Seminary, and where he caused some young men to be educated, destined afterwards for the priesthood.

It was at the Seminary the good Prelate resided with his priests to the number of eight which, at that period, comprised all the Secular Clergy of Quebec. There, also, was the Church of Notre-Dame in form of a Latin cross. (\*\*)

Couillard Street cuts up one of the most important personages of the era of Champlain, Guillaume Couillard, the ancestor of Madame Alexandre DeLery née Couillard. It would fill a volume to retrace the historical incidents which attach themselves to "La Grande Place du Fort" (now called the *Ring*). We have pointed out a goodly number in the first pages (10-16,) of the "Album du Touriste." To what we have already said we shall add the following details:

It would appear that on the site upon which the Union Hotel was built, (1804,) now occupied by the offices of the *Journal de Quebec*, resided the Governor D'Aillebout, about the year 1650. He had reserved to himself, on the 10th January, 1649, the portion of ground comprised between Fort and Treasury streets on the one side, and the streets Buadé and Ste. Anne on the other side, at the corner of Treasury and Buadé streets, on the west Jean Côté possessed a piece of ground (*emplacement*) which he presented as a dowry in 1649, to his daughter Simonne who married Pierre Soumandre.

The grounds of the Archiepiscopacy formed part of the field possessed by Couillard, whose house stood in the now existing garden of the Seminary, opposite the gate which faces the principal Alley, the foundations of which were discovered or brought to light by the Abbé Laverdière, in 1866.

Laval, Attorney-General D'Autenil, Louis de Buadé, Ste. Hélène, (†) seem to come back to life in the ancient trees of the same name, whilst those of "Frontenac, Iberville, Fiedmont," are brought to one's recollection, in the modern street. The old Scotch pilot, Abraham Martin, (who, according to the Jesuits' Journal, was a bit of a scamp,) owned a domain of thirty-two acres of land in St. John's Suburbs, which were bounded, towards the North, by the hill which now bears his name (La Côte d'Abraham.)

Mythology has exacted a tribute on a strip of ground in the St. Louis Suburbs. The chief Priest of the Pagan Olympus boasts of his lane, "Jupiter Street," called after a celebrated inn, "Jupiter's Inn." Modern astronomy, also, asserts herself in the street "Arago." (‡)

¶ The Indian Fort (*Fort des Hurons*), was built to protect the unfortunate Hurons who, after the butchery of 1642-49, had sought refuge at Quebec. It is conspicuous in an old Plan of Quebec of 1664, published by Abbé Faillon. It stood on the northern slope of Durham Terrace, on the site to the east of the present Post-Office.

\*\* Faillon.

† The Canadian Hero. It is also asserted this street (Ste. Hélène), was named after the Reverend Mother Ste. Hélène, Superior of the Hôtel Dieu—(Mlle. Regnard du Plessis.)

‡ We read in the Municipal Register, "Alfred street extends from Colombe street to Arago street, in the Fief Notre Dame des Anges. This street, as well as those which run parallel with it, Alexandre, Nelson, Turgeon, Jérôme and St. Ours, and the transecting streets, Arago and Colombe, were laid out in 1845, of thirty feet in width (St. Ours street, only, having forty feet in width.) by the Inspector of Roads, M. Joseph Hamel, pursuant to the instructions, and with the consent of the Religious Ladies (nuns) of the General Hospital."

Parloir Street leads to the Ursulines. Here resided the late Judge de Bonne, in the commencement of the present century; the Ursulines have named, after their patron, Ste. Ursule, the street to the west, which intersects at right angles, St. Louis and Ste. Anne streets. Ste. Ursule St., and its environs, seem to have been specially appropriated by the disciples of Hippocrates. Physicians and Surgeons there do congregate. In this street reside Dr. James Sewell, his son, Dr. Colin Sewell, M.M. Landry, Lemieux, Boswell, Belleau, Russell, (father and son), Baillargeon, LaRue, Rowen, Fortier, distinguished physicians all. Notwithstanding that it is the abode of so many eminent members of the Faculty, the locality is healthy may conducive to longevity.

The streets Craig, Carleton, Haldimand, Dalhousie, Richmond, Prevost, Aylmer, perpetuate the memory of seven English Governors.

A few years since, the Town Council, on motion of Counsellor Ernest Gagnon, whose name is identified with our popular songs, disturbed the nomenclature of that part of D'Aiguillon St. *extra muros*, by substituting the name of "Charlevoix." To that section of St. Joseph Street, *intra muros*, was conferred the name of our respected historian, F. X. Garneau. To St. François Street, the name of the historian, Ferland, was awarded; this met with general approval.

We have just seen described the incomparable panorama which lies at the foot of the tourist from the lofty promenade, to which the Earl of Durham bequeathed his name. Let us now hear one of our most genial summer butterflies, fluttering through the mazes of old Stadacona escorting a bride; let us listen to W. H. Howells in the WEDDING JOURNEY. "Nothing, I think, more enforces the illusion of Southern Europe in Quebec than the Sunday-night promenading on the Durham Terrace. This is the ample span on the brow of the cliff to the left of the citadel, the noblest and most commanding position in the whole city, which was formerly occupied by the old Castle of St. Louis, where dwelt the brave Count Frontenac and his splendid successors of the French *régime*. The castle went the way of Quebec by fire some forty years ago, (January 1834,) and Lord Durham leveled the site and made it a public promenade. At stately arcade of solid masonry supports it on the brink of the rock, and an iron parapet incloses it; there are a few seats to lounge upon, and some idle old guns for the children to clamber over and play with. A soft twilight had followed the day, and there was just enough obscurity to hide from a willing eye the Northern and New World facts of the scene, and to leaving into more romantic relief the citadel dark against the mellow evening, and the people gossiping from window to window across the narrow streets of the Lower Town. The Terrace itself was densely thronged, and there was a constant coming and going of the promenaders, and each formally paced back and forth upon the plank for a certain time, and then went quietly home giving place to new arrivals. They were nearly all French, and they were not generally, it seemed, of the first fashion, but rather of middling condition in life; the English being represented only by a few young fellows, and now and then a red faced old gentleman with an Indian scarf trailing from his hat. There were some fair American costumes and faces in the crowd, but it was essentially Quebecian. The young girls walked in pairs, or with their lovers, had the true touch of provincial unstylishness, the young men the ineffectual excess of the second-rate Latin dandy, the elder the rude inelegance of a *bourgeoisie* in them; but a few better-figured *avocats* or *notaires* (their profession was as unmistakable as if they had carried their well-polished doorknobs upon their breasts), walked and gravely talked with each other. The non-American character of the scene was not less vividly marked in the fact that each person dressed according to his own taste and frankly indulged private shapes and colours. One of the promenaders was in white, even to his canvas shoes; another, with yet bolder individuality, appeared in perfect purple. It had a strange, almost portentous effect when these two startling figures met as friends and joined with each other in the promenade with united arms; but the evening was nearly beginning to darken round them, and presently the purple comrade was merely a sombre shadow beside the glimmering white.

The valleys and the heights now vanished; but the river defines itself by the varicolored light of the ships and steamers that lay, dark motionless hulks upon its broad breast; the lights of Point Lévis swarmed upon the other shore; the Lower Town, two hundred feet below them, stretched an alluring mystery of clustering roofs and lamplit windows, and dark and shining streets around the mighty rock, mural crowned. Suddenly a spectacle peculiarly Northern and characteristic of Quebec revealed itself; a long arch brightened over the northern horizon; the tremulous flames of the aurora, pallid violet or faintly tinged with crimson, shot upward from it, and played with a vivid apparition and evanescence to the zenith. While the stranger looked, a gun boomed from the citadel, and the wild sweet notes of the bugle sprang out upon the silence."

J. M. LEMOINE.

(To be continued.)

\* Champlain dwelled first as we know, at the residence which stood near the site of the Lower Town Church of *Notre Dame des Victoires*.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

REPLY TO C. D.

The call to meet you at the church  
Is pleasing to my feelings, dear;  
But then before we're joined in one  
'Twere well to tell my likings, dear.

A cut stone house is my delight,  
A garden plot and flowers, my dear,  
Where I may pass my idle time  
In pretty trellised bowers, my dear.

I always loved fine dress, you know,  
The furred robe is so light, my dear;  
And then I long for bonnets sweet  
To raise my neighbour's spite, my dear.

Of silks and ribbons I've enough  
For many years to run, my dear;  
Your thousand dollars' yearly wage  
Will pay modista's dun, my dear.

Our march shall be a merry one  
With ducks of boots to show, my dear;  
Les bas rayés—I love them so!  
How very much, you know, my dear.

We'll ride and drive and have our friends  
To dine and dance at times, my dear;  
The Royal and the Academe  
Will rid us of our dimes, my dear.

With brier root or mild cigar  
You'll pass your leisure hours, my dear;  
A cup of wine from time to time  
Will renovate your powers, my dear.

Enough! C. D. has read your lines;  
They're not what he expected, Fay;  
With saddened look and blighted hopes  
He left us quite dejected, Fay.

Alone through life he marches now,  
No loving voice to cheer him, Fay;  
The hand he longed to hold in his  
May never more come near him, Fay.

Unless indeed, you roguish elf,  
You're trying to off-shake him, Fay;  
But truer heart you'll never find,  
So be yourself, and take him, Fay.

A. B.

Montreal, February, 1876.

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

When Lord Byron awoke one morning and found himself famous, he could not have been more surprised than probably was Miss Thompson, when she read the columns of the morning papers on the—to her delightful—Monday which succeeded the Saturday banquet of the Royal Academicians, in the early part of May, 1874.

The intelligence which they conveyed to this accomplished young lady was that she had imperceptibly become a star in the artistic world of more than usual magnitude, and that she had given to the world a picture far exceeding in excellence of design and force of characterization any other which had that year come under the cognizance of the judges of this great tribunal of art.

The fact announced by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in the course of the after-dinner speeches, was confirmed by the Duke of Cambridge, and endorsed by the academicians. The picture was spoken of in the most glowing terms of eulogy; and when it was known that the new artist was a young lady who had scarcely passed midway through her teens, public enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the praise became warm and indiscriminate. After the key-note was sounded by royalty, peans of praise resounded through every class of the community. Crowds flocked from all parts of the country to catch a glimpse of "Calling the Roll, after an engagement in the Crimea," and the admiration was as undisguised as it was universal and enthusiastic.

On all hands the clever painter of this sad but strikingly realistic episode in the great struggle between Russia and the allied forces was the object of sympathetic regard. The subject was one which went straight to the hearts of thousands who had friends, relatives, and connexions reposing on the bleak shores and rugged ravines of that terrible field of slaughter they were never destined to see again this side of the grave.

Such people could look upon that mute, stern remnant of a peerless army, and think of those they had lost; and it may be that the answer to the call of the roll was given by others, whose kindred, now noting the event, was proud of the valour of their kith yet remaining to sustain the honour of the old country and the prestige of the British army.

The execution is good, the design intensely dramatic. Miss Thompson had exhibited pictures before at the Dudley Gallery; but we look in vain, prior to May, 1874, for records of her skill as an artist in critical notices of the galleries. She came in the world suddenly, meteor-like, and for a season shone with unusual brilliance and splendour. "The Roll Call" is the gem of her works, and the idea of it is as excellent as the embodiment is praiseworthy. It placed her at once in prominent competition with the French schools of famous military battle painters, her nearest prototypes being Bellangé and Protais, whose "style," says an authority, "might have been as deep in sentiment, but hardly so unflinchingly true to reality."

The success of this picture has been almost beyond precedent. The youth of the painter rendered it utterly impossible she could have witnessed such a scene as she produced on canvas; but there is little question she took pains to verify the locality depicted. Originally a student at the South Kensington classes, she worked away, comparatively unknown, in obscurity until that famous May day when she awoke to renown.

Her subsequent work, "The 28th Regiment at Quatre Bras," though it has not, and could scarcely be expected to equal the Crimean picture, was exhibited at the Academy in 1875, and

attracted much notice. It bears evidence of haste, and the colours are raw and lack decided tone, which give it an unfinished appearance. The same remarks apply to "Missed," the facsimile *Graphic* presentation plate for Christmas. Nevertheless, there is character in all she does, and time and study will, it is hoped, remove these crudities.

DEITY IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

The following list, comprising the name of God in forty-eight languages, was compiled by the well-known French philologist, Louis Burger, in the following manner: One day, as he was walking along the streets of Paris, he heard a voice beseeching him to buy some nuts. Upon looking back he discovered that it was the voice of his old barber, who was gaining a scanty living by selling nuts on the street. To aid him he hastily made out and gave to the barber the following list:

- Hebrew—Elohim, Eloah.
- Chaldaic—Eilah.
- Assyrian—Eleah.
- Syriac and Turkish—Alah.
- Malay—Alla.
- Arabic—Allah.
- Language of the Magi—Orsi.
- Old Egyptian—Tuet.
- Armorian.—Teuti.
- Modern Egyptian—Teun.
- Greek—Theos.
- Cretan—Thios.
- Eolian and Doric.—Ilos.
- Latin—Deus.
- Low Latin—Diex.
- Celtic and Gallic—Diu.
- French—Dieu.
- Spanish—Dios.
- Portuguese.—Diet.
- Provençal—Diou.
- Low Breton—Douc.
- Italian—Dio.
- Irish—Dia.
- Olatu Tongue—Deu.
- German and Swiss—Gott.
- Flemish—Goed.
- Dutch—Godt.
- English and Old Saxon—Go!
- Teutonic—Goth.
- Danish and Swedish—Gut.
- Norwegian—Gud.
- Slave—Buch.
- Polish—Bog.
- Pollaca—Bung.
- Lapp—Jubinal.
- Finnish—Jumala.
- Runic—As.
- Zemblain—Fetizo.
- Pannonian—Istu.
- Hindustanee—Rain.
- Coromandel—Brama.
- Tartar—Magatal.
- Persian—Sire.
- Chinese—Prussa.
- Japanese—Goezura.
- Madagascar—Zanna.
- Peruvian—Puchecammac.
- American Indian—Manitou, Manitee.

By the sale of these lists the barber was enabled to make as good a living, if not better than M. Burger himself.

FREDERIC LEMAITRE.

The world-renowned actor, Frédéric Lemaître, died recently, at the age of seventy-eight. Of late years he played rarely, and then only in old pieces which rendered him so famous. His career in France was very much like that of Fechter in England and America, and their talents had considerable similarity. Lemaître was born at Havre, in 1798, and, after having completed his education in the local college, entered the Conservatoire, at Paris, and became the pupil of Lafon. The great Talma divined the natural ability of the young man, and tried to push him. Notwithstanding that, Lemaître was unable to obtain an engagement in any of the first-class theatres, and had to resort to the lower-class playhouses, like the Variétés Amusantes, the Funambules, and even the Circus. He made his début in the first of these houses, personifying a lion, so that he made his début on all fours. Passing then from one house to another, he at last reached the Odéon, when he was already twenty-eight years of age, and made his début there in the rôle of *Narcisse*. He had a very fair success, and soon obtained an engagement at the Porte St. Martin, where the famous piece of "Thirty Years, or the Life of a Gambler," rendered him at once celebrated. In 1830, he played at the Ambigu with Mme. Dorval, and in the following year reappeared at the Odéon in "Le Maréchal d'Ancre." Passing then to the Folies-Dramatiques he created there the rôle of *Robert Macaire* in the play of the same name, which he composed in conjunction with "Antier" and "Saint-Amand." He was now sufficiently famous to have Alexandre Dumas write for him the part of *Richard Arlington*, and Victor Hugo that of *Genmaro* in "Lucrezia Borgia." After some travel abroad and a début in London, Lemaître entered the Variétés in the rôle of *Keen*, by Alexandre Dumas, which was another immense hit of his; and when the Théâtre de la Renaissance was opened the first piece played in it was "Ruy Blas," which at once secured the theatre a fortune. In 1842, the Théâtre Français opened its doors to Lemaître, but he made a failure there. It became evident that his

talent made him fit only for melodramas and romantic dramas. He had accordingly soon to retire to the Boulevard theatres again, where new triumphs awaited him in "Don César de Bazan," in the "Mystères de Paris," and especially in the "Chiffonnier," of Félix Pyat. In the way of classical pieces, the only one in which Lemaître had success was Goethe's "Faust," produced at the Porte St. Martin; but even there people went to see, not the whole part of *Mephistopheles*, but only those portions of it where there was most devilry to be exhibited and most infernal sneering laughter to be heard. Between 1850 and 1860 Lemaître was passing from one Boulevard theatre to another with constantly increasing success, and made another début in London. In 1862, however, when he was quite an old man, he attempted to appear at the Palais Royal in the "Saltimbanques," and made a deplorable failure. Since then he never attempted to play any part but the old parts which had rendered him so celebrated. During the last years of the empire he was granted a life pension of \$400 a year from the Government, as notwithstanding his laborious career, he did not seem to have accumulated any fortune. He leaves a son bearing the same name of Frédéric Lemaître, and enjoying some reputation as a dramatic writer.

THE GLEANER.

ON New Year's Day, 1876, Garibaldi received from his friend, Victor Emmanuel, a superb mosaic picture, and returned the compliment with a small-sized Caprera goat.

A SINGLE manufacturer of perfumery at Cannes, France, uses annually 140,000 pounds of orange blossoms, 120,000 pounds of acacia flowers, 140,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of violets, 8,000 pounds of tuberoses, and rosemary, mint, thyme, lemons, and citrons in proportionate quantities. Nice and Cannes together consume annually over 20 tons of violets, and Nice alone 190 tons of orange blossoms.

A CHINESE doctor says that Americans boil tea, and thereby lose the flavor, while the Chinese make it by infusion. They place a small quantity of tea leaves in a bowl, pour boiling water upon it, and then cover the bowl. The strength of the tea depends on the time the tea is allowed to draw. "And," said the speaker, "when making an infusion, do not boil the water hastily at first. Milk or sugar should never be used with tea."

THE petty kind of presents distributed by the Prince of Wales in India is exciting astonishment and dissatisfaction in that land of magnificence and pomp. Among the articles given in return for presents which impoverished princes were clasp knives, drinking horns, opera glasses, and pencil cases. An Indian newspaper thinks that "the purveyor of this extraordinary cargo has apparently been guided in deciding what the Indians would probably like by the works of Fenimore Cooper and reminiscences of Catlin's exhibition."

According to a Brazilian correspondent, that empire must be the paradise of criminals. Murderers and robbers cannot be arrested unless taken in the act, and it is not rare to meet with monsters going at large who are known to have killed a number of people. Should a man be murdered, his relatives must prosecute, if they have money enough; and the authorities will not act of their own accord. Of seventy-two prisoners in the House of Detention in Pernambuco, twenty-nine were in prison for murder, and thirty-one for stabbing and attempting to kill.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A MAN'S DAILY FOOD.—From nine to twelve ounces of dry food in the day is, according to Dr. Nichols, amply sufficient to keep a man in perfect health, with all his powers and faculties at their highest efficiency; but, since water enters so largely into the composition of everything, it would take two pounds or more of food as it comes to the table to furnish the eight or twelve ounces of solid nutriment. In proof of his statements as to the sufficiency of his allowance, Dr. Nichols quotes the well-known case of the Venetian Louis Cornaro, whose enfeebled constitution restored by strict sobriety, became so healthy and vigorous that at a hundred years old he was in the full possession of all his faculties and all his powers.

A RAGOUT OF CHICKEN.—Cut the fowl or chicken in pieces, and let it simmer till it is gilded, not browned; take it out of the stewpan, and make brown sauce by the addition of as much flour as may be necessary for the size of the dish.

Having done this, put the pieces back into the stewpan, adding some small pieces of raw bacon, mild, and only half-fat, some eschalots chopped fine, salt, a good quantity of pepper, a small bunch composed of parsley, thyme, &c. Let the whole simmer over a slow fire, and let it be well covered that there may be no escape for half an hour; then, according to the size of the dish, add mushrooms and small delicate onions. When all is cooked, arrange it in a dish and decorate according to taste.

ORNAMENTS FOR HOME.—For the benefit of ladies interested in such matters, we give a description of various pretty ornaments that may be made of forest leaves. A frame made of common wire or hoopskirt wire made in the shape of a

shield, covered with green silk, and then with lace stretched over it, and sewed neatly to the wire, makes a foundation on which leaves in fancy shapes may be sewed. These frames suspended by spool cotton across a window-shade look very pretty. A tack each side of the window gives support to them and permits the shade to be moved up and down without disturbing the leaves. Another very pretty ornament to hang under a gas fixture or over a window is in imitation of a bird-cage. It may be made of hoop skirt wire, and consists of a circle eight or ten inches in diameter covered with silk of some light color, and a smaller circle, five or six inches in diameter, the two fastened together by three wires eight inches in length, at equal distances from each other and covered with fine moss. This makes the framework. Around the upper and lower circles forest leaves are sewed, and if pasteboard is sewed on to form the bottom of the cage, a trailing line might grow from a small pot resting on the pasteboard. Three or four cords tied at equal intervals from each other on the top circle, then knotted together and covered with leaves form the cupola of the cage, and give a place to hang it up by. Pictures framed in leaves and hung by a cord to the wall are a great deal better than no frames at all. There should be a pasteboard back to the picture to give it firmness and make it hang nicely. Cornices may be made of stiff paper or thin pasteboard, ornamented with leaves, and placed over the windows. The leaves should be thoroughly dry before being made into these various ornaments, or they will curl up and get out of shape.

LITERARY.

ENGLAND exported £915,008 worth of books in 1875.

LORD LYTTON'S new poem is to be entitled "King Poppy."

OLIVER TWIST, translated into Portuguese by Senhor Almeida, is brought out at Lisbon.

LORD AMBERLEY'S "Analysis of Religious Belief" will shortly be published by Trubner.

JOHN FORSTER left at his death his biography of Swift unfinished. The latest published first volume will remain the sole and last.

"BULWER'S DRAMATIC WORKS," edited by Charles Kent, are issuing from the press of Routledge. The list comprises one play hitherto unpublished.

A FRENCHMAN has written a book on "Dandyism and George Brummell," which contains curious and hitherto unpublished facts about the great "Beau."

"LOUIS XIII. ET RICHELIEU," by Marius Topin, gives the substance of two hundred and fifty unpublished letters from Louis XIII. to Richelieu and shows the relations of the monarch with the great cardinal under an entirely new aspect.

Few Irish readers are unacquainted with the novel of "Shandy McGuire," the scenes of which lie around Donegal town and Burnmore. The hero of that thorough Irish story died near Mountcharles the other day, at the advanced age of 110 years.

THE unique library of Franz Hardinger, the great Vienna book collector who died recently, is to be sold. It consists of 21,000 volumes, and is rich in German plays of the sixteenth century, and in the German classics, every edition of which it contains.

M. GUILLAUME GUIZOT, in a lecture at the College de France, discussed the fertile subject, "Who wrote Shakespeare," and traced the origin of the theory that Bacon was the man to an American woman named Bacon, who was anxious to glorify her namesake.

THE Universal Alliance has under contemplation the idea of purchasing 100,000 copies of Mr. Jenkins' last story, *The Devil's Chain*, with the view of circulating it in support of the gospel of total abstinence, of which that society is the apostle.

GEORGE MACDONALD, author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" and other works, has in press a novel in which he attempts to combat the recently promulgated views of Tyndall, Proctor, and others, on the conflict between science and orthodox Christianity.

A YOUNG American lady who has enjoyed the rare privilege of taking a stroll with the poet Tennyson, incidentally mentions in a letter to a friend that it seriously affected the romance of the situation when he paused during the walk to scratch his book against a gate post.

GEN. WASHINGTON bequeathed his family Bible, in three quarto volumes, to Lord Fairfax, who left it to the Herbert family. It has an autograph of G. W., and copious notes by Bishop Wilson, the editor and giver. It will be exhibited in the Book Department of the Centennial.

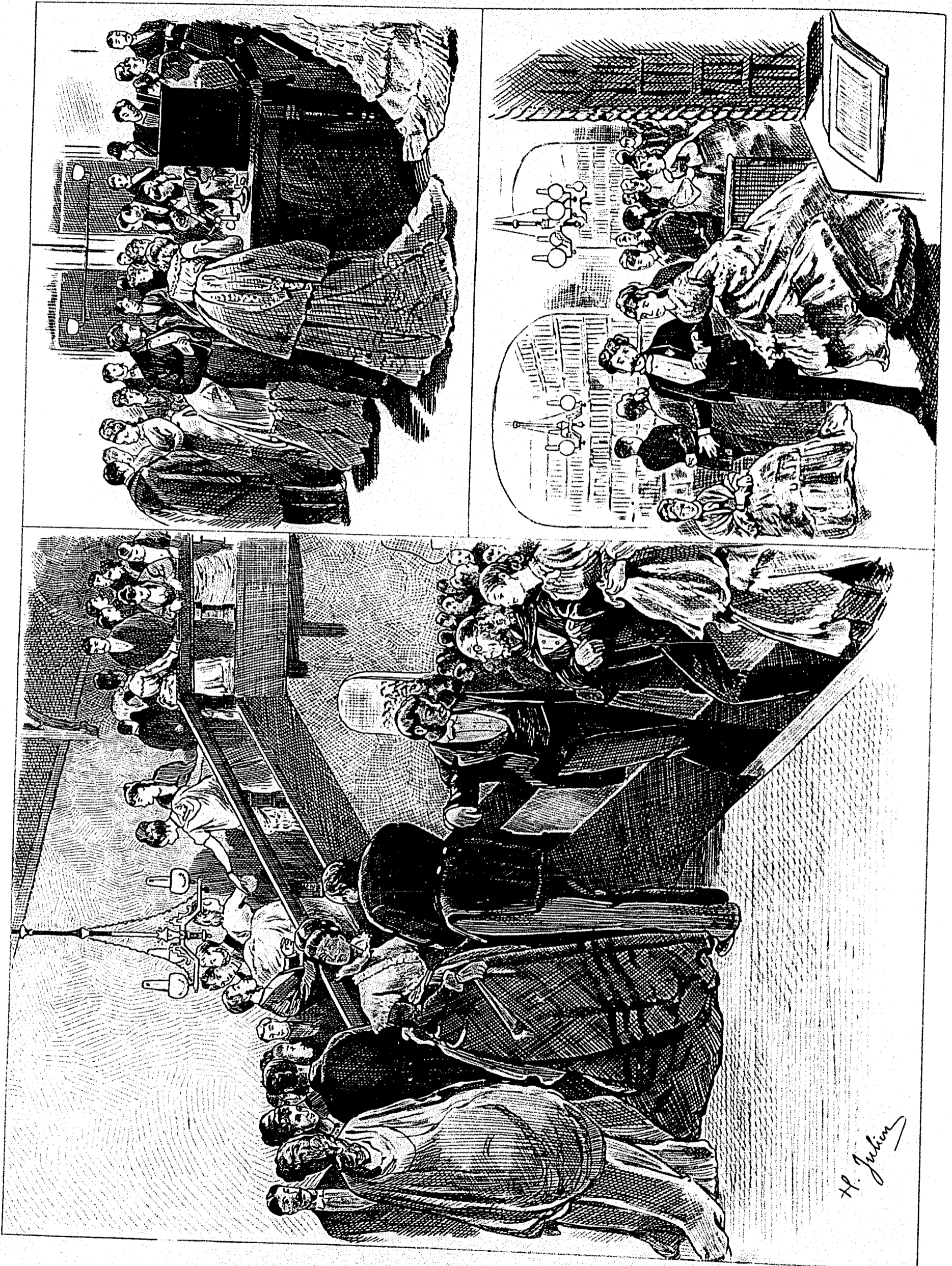
GERMANY published more than twelve thousand books last year. If that nation is an index of what the whole world will be when brought to the same degree of intellectual activity and culture, the prospect is that novels will go into the background. Of the entire number only nine hundred were devoted to fiction and the drama.

THE *Academy* announces the death of the young Italian poet, Emilio Praga, who made so sudden and so well-deserved a success in 1864 by his volume of "Tavolette." He was, however, very unfortunate in his private life, and, after producing another beautiful, but extremely mournful volume of lyrics, called "Penombre," he fell into ill-health and depression, and has at last died in his thirtieth year.

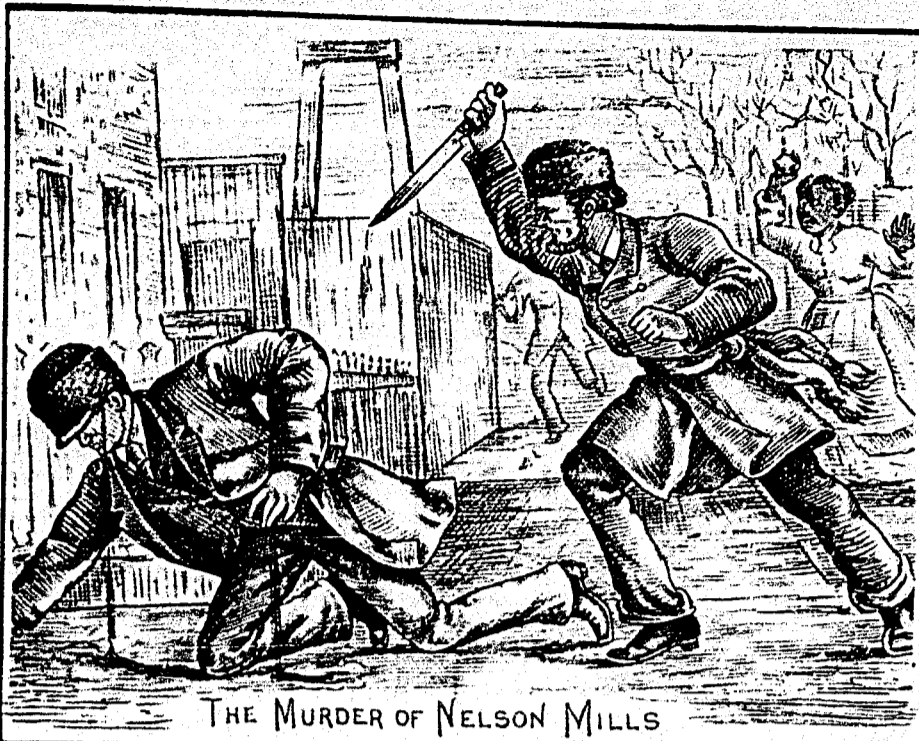
THE fifth and concluding volume of Mr. Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest," will soon be published. Besides chapters on the effects of the Conquest and a full examination of Domesday, it will contain the history of the reign of William Rufus, Henry I., and Stephen, mainly with regard to the fusion of Normans and English, and short sketches of succeeding reigns down to Edward I. in 1272.

At a meeting in the Calvary Episcopal Church, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. Washburne, rector, when a committee was appointed to act in conjunction with a committee of English clergymen in the revision of the Bible, it was announced that it would take eight years to complete the work satisfactorily. The American Bible revisers have been laboring incessantly for four years, and have completed only one-third of the work. The English committee have finished more than two-thirds. Dr. Schaff, of New York, says that his committee have finished the Pentateuch and Psalms, and are revising the minor prophets of the New Testament; the Gospels and Acts are completed, and the Epistles are in hand. It will take fully three or four years longer to revise the whole. The American committee will have to look over the work of the English revisers, and the English revisers over that of the American committee.

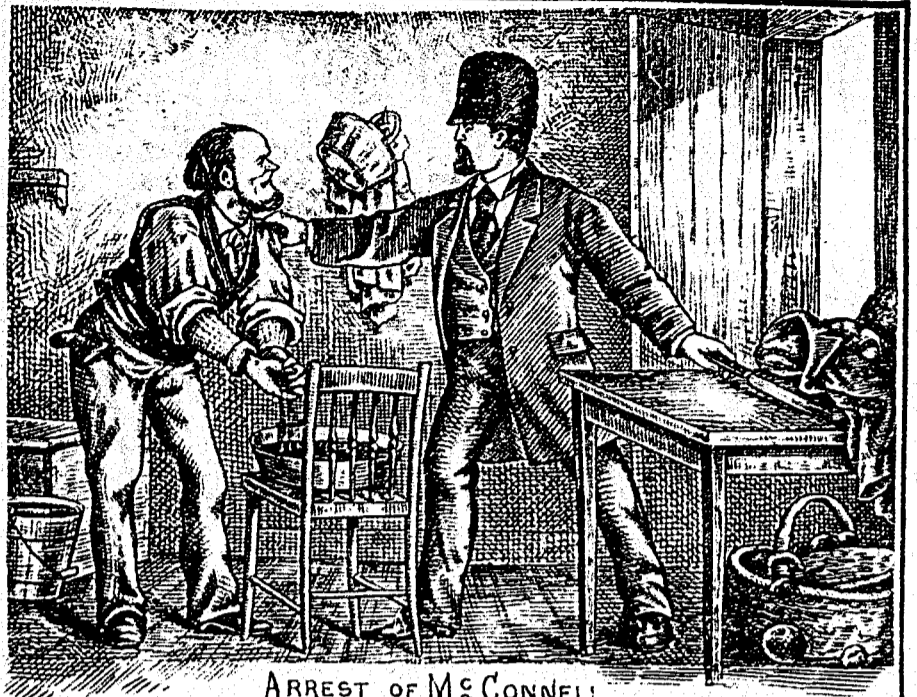




TORONTO :—CONVERSAZIONE AT THE UNIVERSITY — FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRICKSHANK.



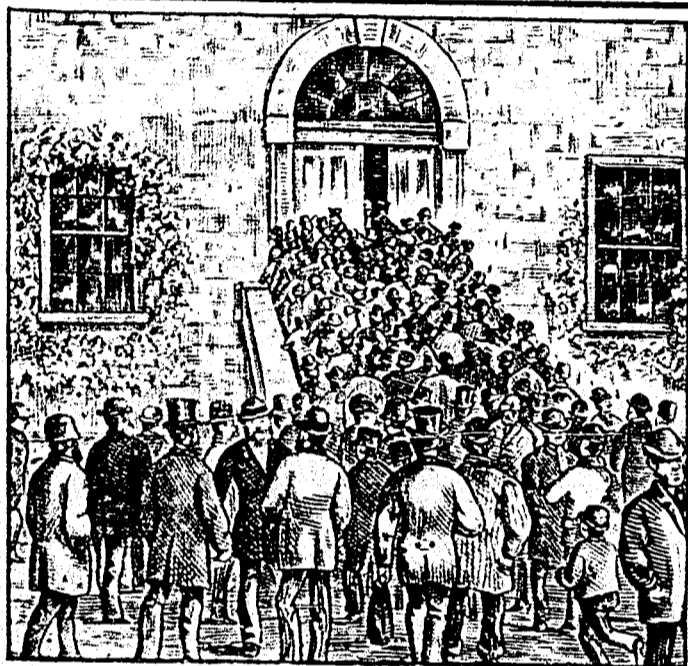
THE MURDER OF NELSON MILLS



ARREST OF M<sup>C</sup>CONNELL



DETECTIVE M<sup>C</sup>IPHERSON



OPENING OF THE TRIAL



BRINGING IN THE PRISONER



M<sup>C</sup>CONNELL ADDRESSING THE COURT



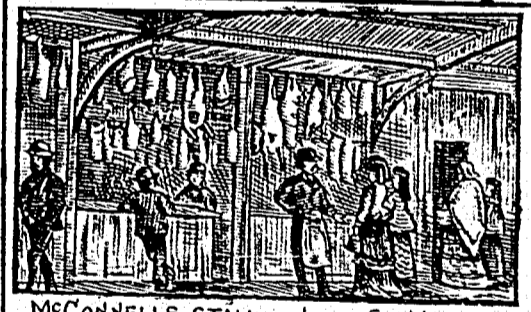
THE SENTENCE



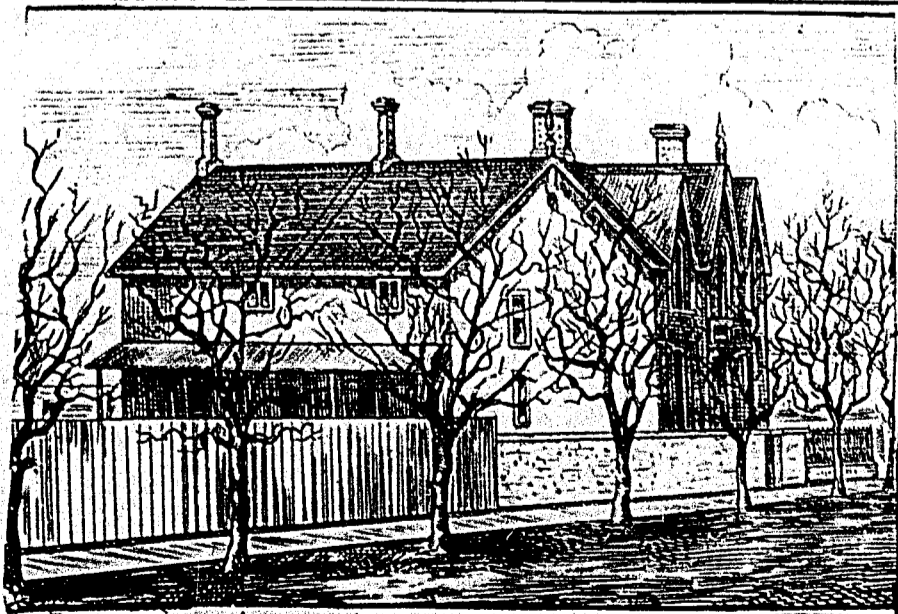
GRAVE OF NELSON MILLS



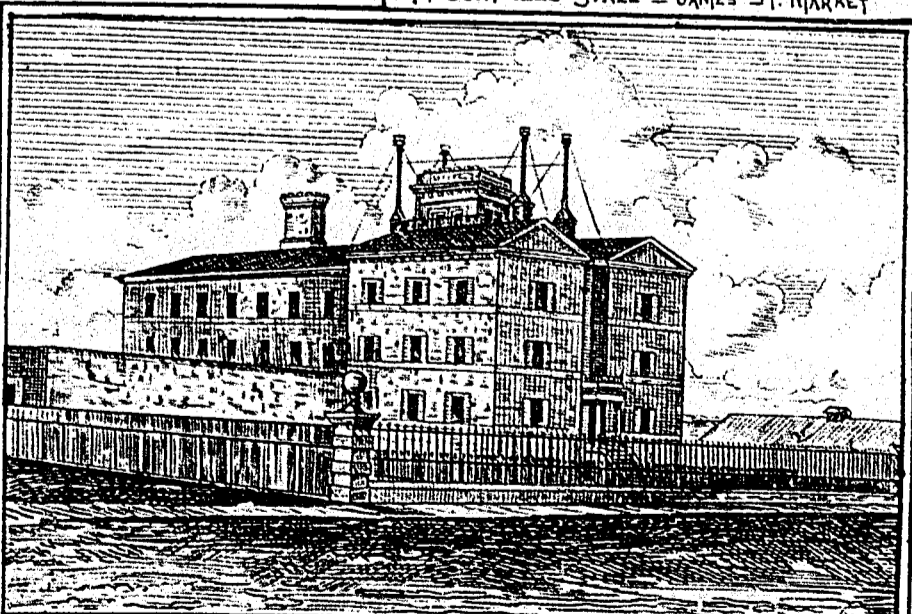
M<sup>C</sup>CONNELL'S HOUSE



M<sup>C</sup>CONNELL'S STALL - JAMES ST. MARKEY



RESIDENCE OF NELSON MILLS SCENE OF THE MURDER



THE NEW JAIL M<sup>C</sup>CONNELL'S PLACE OF CONFINEMENT

HAMILTON:—INCIDENTS OF THE NELSON MILLS MURDER AND TRIAL.—By JAS. J. MacKAY.

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## OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

## THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

## BOOK II.

## THE THICKENING OF THE CLOUDS.

## IV.

## BIRCH AND MAPLE.

Arnold's men stood like a spectral army on the Heights of Levis, but unlike spectres they did not vanish in the full glare of the light. After gazing their fill upon the renowned city which they had come so far to see—its beetling citadel, its winding walls, its massive gates, the peaked roofs of its houses, the tall steeples of its churches, the graceful campaniles of its numerous convents—they set actively to the work of attack which remained as the culmination of their heroic march through the wilderness. The enchantment of distance had now vanished, and the reality of vision was before them. Arnold had the quick insight of the born commander. He understood that he could accomplish nothing from Levis. The broad St. Lawrence rushed by him with a sullen moan of warning, isolating him effectually from Quebec. He had no artillery. There were no boats. An ice-bridge was out of the question for at least two months to come. And yet he saw his way clear. He must cross to the north shore. He must attack Quebec. The prize was worth even a desperate attempt. If he took Quebec before Montgomery joined him, his name would be immortalized. He would rank with Wolfe; indeed, considering the exiguity of his means, his feat would surpass that of Wolfe. The capture of Montreal would be glory enough for Montgomery. That of Quebec belonged of right to Benedict Arnold. If there were risks, there were also chances. The regulars were away. The walls were manned only by raw militia. Lieutenant-Governor Crumahé was no soldier. The French inhabitants of the city were at least apathetic. Many of the English residents were positively the friends of the Continental cause.

Yes, Arnold must cross the river and that speedily. On the very afternoon of his arrival, he ordered Morgan, the commander of the rifle corps, to prepare a number of canoes without delay. With the assistance of some Indians who were hanging around the camp in quest of fire-water and other booty, a squad of Morgan's men, under the command of Cary Singleton, repaired to the neighboring woods skirting the river and there proceeded to strip the oldest and girthiest birch trees. Autumn is not so favorable a time as spring for the stripping and preparation of birch bark, but the result is satisfactory enough provided the frost has not penetrated too deep into the heart of the tree.

The maple and the birch are the kings of the Canadian forest. Two strong, tall, unbending trees, they stand as fit pillars to the entrance of a boreal climate. For fuel they rank first on the market of hard woods, and each has its special advantage. The maple is rather more appreciated for its heating properties; the birch is decidedly more valuable for its ash. The ash of the birch is a fair thing to see, white as snow and soft under the touch as flour. The leaf of the maple and the bark of the birch are national emblems in Canada, and it is well that they should be, for they are both associated with the history of the country, and enter largely into its domestic comforts. The annals of New France may be compared to an album of maple leaves bound in a scroll of birchen bark, and a contemporary writer in Quebec has adopted the idea for the title of one of his works. The solid beams of the Canadian house are hewn out of columns of birch, as sound if not so fragrant as the cedar of Lebanon, and the furniture of the Canadian home is wrought of bird-eye maple, susceptible of the velvetest polish, and more beautiful, because more variegated, than walnut or mahogany.

Every season of the year has its peculiar amusement, and among a people of primitive habits, these amusements are gone through with a kind of religious observance. There is the hay-time in summer when, under the sultry sky and amid the strong scents of the hardier field-flowers, the huge wain is driven from the stubble field into the shadows of the impending woods, and around it the workers sing and make merry in token of joy for the abundant yield of sweet grass that shall fatten the kine in the drear barren months of snow. The young men rest on their scythes, that glisten like Turkish sabres, and, from under their broad-brimmed hats of straw, the brown girls smile, as they tress garlands of garish flowers to bind the last and the largest of the sheaves.

In autumn, there is the season of the harvest with its traditional ceremonies of a religious or convivial nature. The granary is decorated up to the roof in hangings of odorous verdure, and the barn floor is cleared for the dance of the weary feet that have long toiled in the five-acre. Under the crescent moon, in those long Septem-

ber evenings, the old superstitions of the Saxon Druids are repeated, while many a beautiful Norma, crowned with vervain and mistletoe, a gleaming sickle in her hand, and her eyes filled with the prophetic light of love, reigns a queen over the honest loving hearts of swains who lay at her feet the brightest wisps of the upland. And the humble Ruth is there, too, with her sweet patient face, and her timid look fixed on the generous Boaz who allowed her to pick the gleanings of his golden corn.

Winter also has its feasts and its holidays. No where better than in arctic climates are these celebrated by persons of every age and sex. There are innumerable games and pastimes around the fire, where the wildest merriment drives away the tedium of the long wintry night. Stories are told, songs are sung, tricks are played. There is dancing in the lighted hall; there is love making in the dark corners; and to crown the festival there is a sleigh-ride under the cold moon, when the music of the bells, the tramping of the hoofs, the shouts of the drivers, and the shrill whistle of the Northern blast, are to the buoyant spirits of the young promenaders like goblets of exhilarating wine.

In Canada, all these pleasant rural ceremonies of the old countries are well preserved. And it is the only portion of this continent where they are to be met with.

The American who has read of them, but has never witnessed them in Europe, can find them faithfully reproduced in Canada.

But in spring, Canadians have a pastime peculiar to themselves, furnished by their own climate. It is the season of sugar-making. At the period in which the events of our story occurred, the cultivation of the maple was much more extensive than now, but even at present it is sufficiently well maintained to enable a traveller to study all its picturesqueness and charm. In Vermont, New Hampshire, Michigan and Wisconsin, the maple is cultivated, but in such a matter-of-fact, mercantile fashion, that there is no rural poetry in the process.

The maples stand in an area of half an acre. Each one is notched at the height of about a foot or a foot and a half from the ground. A piece of shingle is fastened in the lips of the wound, at an angle of forty-five and down this trickle the sweet waters in a trough set at the foot of each tree. There stand the forest wives distilling their milk, while the white sunlight rests on their silver trunks and the soft winds of March dally with their leafless branches. The sugarman has his eye fixed on each of them, and as fast as the urns are filled, he empties them into a large vessel preparatory to boiling. In an open space, towards the centre of the area, is a huge cauldron dangling from a hob, and under it crackles a fire of pine and tamarac. At a little distance from this, stands the cabin of the proprietor, where are stowed away all the utensils necessary for sugar-making. There too his hammock swings, for during the whole period when the maple bleeds, he lives like an Indian in the forest.

Presently the sound of voices is heard coming up the slopes, and in a short time the whole party that has been invited to the sugar-festival finds itself collected under the maples. They bring with them baskets of provisions, hams and shoulders, eggs, and the indispensable allowance of strong waters.

"The first thing to be done, my friends," cries the host to his guests, "is to drink the health of the forest wives in a draught of maple wayer."

And immediately tin cups are applied to the notches. When they are filled, the toast is drunk with all the honors.

"Now," resumes the host, "come up to the cauldron and get your share of the syrup."

One by one, the guests approach the huge vessel where the maple water is boiling and bubbling. Each one holds in his hand a wooden basin filled with fresh clean snow, and into that the hospitable host ladles out the golden stream. With the accompaniment of new bread, this dish is delicious, for it is peculiar to the maple sugar and syrup that they do not satiate, much less less nauseate, as other saccharine compositions do.

After this preliminary repast, the guests indulge in various amusements. The older folks sit together in the cabin door, chatting of their youthful frolics in former sugar-making days, while the young people sing, flirt, promenade and enjoy themselves as only the young know how. Some of the more active go about gathering dry branches and wood to keep up the fire, and others saunter a little out of sight on a visit to the demijohns which they have hidden behind the rocks.

After a time, the host gives the signal for taffy making. This part of the fun is reserved for the girls. They throw aside their mantles, push back their hoods, tuck up their sleeves and plunge their white fingers into the rapidly cool-

ing masses of syrup. The mechanical process of drawing the arms backwards and forwards is in itself an uninteresting occupation, but somehow under these Canadian maples, in that bracing mountain atmosphere and amid all the accessories of this peculiar vernal picnic, taffy making is an exhilarating, picturesque amusement. The girls get ruddy with the exertion; they pant, they strain, the duck their heads when their lovers creep behind to steal a kiss, or they run after the shameless robber and slap his naughty cheeks with their sticky palms. Under the rapid kneading the dark syrup becomes glossier, then it reddens, next it grows a golden hue, till finally it gets whiter and whiter, thinner and thinner and the taffy is finished.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, the principal repast takes place. All the provisions which the guests have brought are produced and spread on a long table prepared for the purpose. Maple water and maple sugar are the accompaniments of every dish. When all the meats have been discussed, the feast winds up by the celebrated maple omelet. Whatever Soyer or Brillat Savarin might say, it is a delicious dish, though too rich to be partaken of copiously, and, according to every hygienic principle, very apt to be difficult of digestion. It consists of eggs pretty well boiled and broken into maple syrup, slightly diluted and piping hot. After a meal of this kind, exercise is indispensable and it is the custom to get up a series of dances until the hour of breaking up.

"Friends," exclaims the host, when they are about to retire from the table, "I am glad to find that you have done justice to my syrup and sugar. It is the best sign that they were good. It keeps up the reputation of my sugary. Try to retain the taste of them till next year, when I hope we shall all meet again, under these same trees."

A round of applause follows these words, and the whole company breaks out into hunting songs in honor of the host.

"Now," resumes he, "we must by all means have a dance. I never let my friends go without at least one, and I intend to join in the first myself. Come, hurry up, one and all. I see a suspicious cloud or two in the sky yonder, and we may possibly have a storm before the day is over."

A fiddler is soon found and the dance is organized. He leans his left cheek lovingly on his instrument and has just run his bow across the discordant strings, when suddenly a loud crash is heard in the gorges of the mountain. It is the roar of the storm. The maple tops writhe and twist in the sweep of the winds that come up in eddies from the river far beneath. The sky is suddenly darkened. The snow falls thick and fast. These portents are sufficiently significant to startle the whole party. The dance is broken up and every one prepares to depart as fast as he can.

(To be continued.)

## CURRY.

Curry is an East Indian "dish;" first, last, and always an East Indian dish. It is essentially and substantially neither more or less than a culinary preparation of the root known as *Curcuma*, or *Terra-Merita*, which in English we call Turmeric and which, in some parts of the East Indies, is called Manjela Kus, and in other parts Kaha—whence we derive our modern English word "curry," through the Indian form *kahari*. The French preserve the original word more accurately in their equivalent for it—"kari." The root grows copiously throughout the East Indies. It was first called *Crocus Indicus* in Europe, because it tinged other substances with a saffron color, which fact also induced the Arabs to call it *curcuma*. The Portuguese of Goa and the Dutch of Amboyna first made it known in Europe as a medicinal root. The Hindoos to this day levigate it on marble slabs with coco and other vegetable oils for external use, and the Chinese make a snuff of it, as they do of hellebore. These wily Mongols also preserve it with sugar and exhibit it in the jaundice, perhaps on some vague superficial theory of *similia similibus curantur*. It came upon Christian tables first in Holland, about two centuries ago, and the Dutch of that day, who had gleams and pronouncements of the as yet unborn science of gastronomy, served it, as Lieuwenhoeck tells us, with "Canary wine and with the wines of the Electorate of Treves." These latter wines are represented now by our Scharzhofbergers and other sparkling Moselle wines, wines full of sugar, like champagne, and containing certain tartareous nitrous qualities, then enormously prized. The only part of the world in which curry is to-day to be tasted in perfection is Hindostan. The powder is there freshly prepared every day, and the favorite custom of the English who use it is to drink Bass' pale ale with it. In our climate either sherry or champagne is preferable. In London, at the Oriental Club, or on the best steamers of the famous Peninsula and Oriental Line, the finest curried dishes out of India are to be enjoyed. In our hemisphere the best we can usually expect is a preparation made up on the prescriptions of cooks like Francatelli and Soyer, or on the curious recipe given in the American Cyclopaedia, in which coriander, cummin, Cayenne pepper, fenugreek, and cardamon seeds figure as prominently as the curry proper. But this need not distress us. For, though curry is a good thing in its place and time, and when properly administered and accompanied, it has hardly won its way, and it hardly deserves to win its

way, into the higher domain of the gastronomic art. It still rather deserves the epithet of "barbaric" than that of "marvellous," which has just been used by Dean Stanley in a striking discourse as a more proper and becoming adjective wherewith to decorate the name of England's fair and mysterious empire in the East.

## CONVERSAZIONE AT THE UNIVER SITY, TORONTO.

These sketches represent a literary conversation, held at Toronto, a few nights ago. The staircase leading to the gallery of Convocation Hall, represented in sketch No. 1, besides being eminently suited for flirtation is also the last resource of the multitude who come late and are desirous of hearing the concert, or, at least, such weak, uncertain sounds as manage to escape suffocation by squeezing through the jam in the doorway. The cynic too is attracted to the spot as one well adapted for his favorite amusement of thinking all were mortal but himself. No. 2 is the Social Science party, quite as interested in back hair and handsome moustaches as microscopical examination of fly's legs. No. 3 is the Library, the resort of people who have "read everything."

## DOMESTIC.

**EGG AND MILK.**—Beat separately the yolk and white of a fresh egg; add to the yolk a tumbler of good milk. Sweeten it with white sugar to the taste, then stir in the white.

**POTATO PIECRUST.**—Take six potatoes, wash them first; when washed, add to them a tablespoonful of shortening and a little salt, then add flour enough to make a sufficient pastry. It makes a delicious pie crust.

**POTATO CAKES.**—Take mashed potatoes, flour, and a little salt and melted butter (to make them sweet add a little powdered loaf sugar), mix with just enough milk to make the paste stiff enough to roll, make it the size and thickness of a muffin, and bake quickly.

**CHOCOLATE FOR THE SICK.**—When an invalid uses chocolate, it should be made in the ordinary way and then suffered to stand until cold. The oily parts collecting on the surface should be taken off. Then boil the liquid again, and add sugar and milk as usual.

**COOKIES FOR CHILDREN.**—As an enquiry was made for a receipt for cookies for children, I send you the following:—Nine cups of flour, five of sugar, three of shortening, a tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little water. Mix flour, shortening and sugar fine; mix with water sufficient to knead. They will improve by keeping.

**HOT SLAW.**—Butter the size of an egg, half a cup of milk, yellow of two eggs, teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, small level teaspoonful of dry mustard, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Put the butter into the skillet with fine cut cabbage, add the other ingredients and stir all the time until the cabbage heats through.

**HASH DRESSING.**—A teacupful and a half of boiling water must be poured into a sauce-pan, mix a heaping teaspoonful of flour, with a tablespoonful of cold water, stir it in and boil three minutes. Then add two teaspoonfuls of salt, a small half teaspoonful of pepper, and butter the size of egg. After removing all tough gristly pieces from the cold cooked meat, chop it fine with some boiled potatoes. Put them in the dressing and let them heat through, then serve. It injures cooked meat to cook it again, making it hard and unpalatable. Should you have any cold gravy left use it, in that case you require less butter, salt and pepper. You can serve it with buttered toast underneath, or you may see it in the oven to brown on top, or drop eggs into a skillet of boiling salt water, and when cooked place on top of the hash.

Meat pie is made in the same manner, only leaving out the chopped potatoes; put the hash in a baking dish, and cover over with mashed potatoes, after they have been mixed with salt, butter and cream; bake for fifteen minutes.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"SHE STOPS TO CONQUER" is now being played at Wallack's, with Mr. Wallack, John Gilbert, and Harry Beckett in the cast.

"PIQUE" continues to enjoy an uninterrupted run of prosperity at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It is now in its eleventh week, which, for a "play of to day," is remarkable.

"JULIUS CAESAR" is to be played every night at Booth's until it reaches its one hundredth performance. On the sixth of March, Mr. E. A. Sothern is announced to appear.

Mr. H. D. PALMER, of Booth's Theatre, New York, who is now in London, has completed arrangements with Mr. Charles Calvert for the production in America of the play, "Sardanapalus." It is probable that Mr. Calvert will come over, and himself superintend the mounting of the piece on a scale of great splendor.

Rossi's costume as Romeo is singularly unbecoming—both too grave and too gay—consisting of a shortish coat of black velvet, with cumbersome flowing sleeves, trimmed with fur, purple tights—very purple tights—very purple and very tight—and yellow boots, topped with red. Occasionally he wears in the first scene flesh-colored tights—very fleshy—which, with the fur-trimmed upper garment, produce a most incongruous effect.

MISS MORRIS afforded a notable instance of presence of mind at Baltimore lately. At the point where *Camille* rises and totters to the window and thence, striving to regain her couch, staggers to the toilet table, she introduces a most effective and telling piece of acting, and it is one of the strongest incidents of the whole play. It requires great delicacy, and as she renders it must be done with great nicety or it would prove a disaster. Just as *Camille* was turning to the glass a cat of extreme indiscretion trotted on to the stage and caused a titter in the audience. Miss Morris called the animal to her, preserving in the most admirable manner the spirit and color of the previous situation, fell upon the floor beside it, caressed it, and finally staggered with it to the wing and gave it into the prompter's too visible hand. It was an appalling incident for on its success depended the whole of the last act, and yet the manner of its execution held the audience spellbound; and it was really hard to determine if it was not actually "down on the bills." The cat was in a position to ruin everything, for in another moment *Camille*'s scream, when she sees herself in the mirror, would have sent it scampering off the stage with tail erect, and then where would the audience have been?

WHAT THE "SUPERFLUOUS WOMEN" ARE DOING.

A little woman's wisdom would help the other sex greatly, if such wisdom could only be imparted to the stubborn men. The phrase "superfluous women" has created great indignation among the persons thus libelled.

Meanwhile what are the "superfluous women" doing? They are eking out the half-loaf, to make it serve, on the principle that a half-loaf is better than no bread.

This capacity of women for getting on under difficulties, made public rather than developed by widowhood, really exists, and is in exercise all the time.

Of course, with those who have money hard times give the very opportunity to use it. Both economy and humanity teach the lesson—economy, because, in the absence of demand, both labor and material rule lower.

JOHN TENNIEL.

Few of the "men of the day" can boast of having their names more continuously before the public than John Tenniel, the chief draughtsman of Punch.

John Tenniel was born in London in 1820, and is now in his fifty-sixth year. He is the son of Mr. John Baptist Tenniel, and has been, from his earliest youth, an art student.

This may be considered a somewhat unusual event, and says much for the talent of the young artist. It does not fall to the lot of every tyro to be thus encouraged; and the early patronage so secured was not without its emboldening effect upon the youthful aspirant for art fame.

the celebrated competition was invited for cartoons for the Palace of Westminster, John Tenniel was found among the young artists who had the temerity to place their manipulative skill in rivalry with men of matured and acknowledged position in the profession.

His confidence was justified by the result. His design was among those which gained a prize, and was afterwards exhibited with the other successful cartoons in Westminster Hall, where the public were admitted to see them free of charge, and crowds flocked daily to admire and criticise.

What combination of circumstances arose to make this now celebrated dinner of political weaknesses and individual shortcomings an illustrative artist, we are not prepared to say. It is pretty certain, however, he soon abandoned high art, strictly so called, and devoted his pencil to immortalizing the topics of the day, since he painted few pictures after this time, and those only for private commissions and select galleries.

The earliest date we have been able to trace in connection with the name of John Tenniel as a book-draughtsman is 1848, three years after his "Parliamentary success" in art. That year appeared the fables of "Æsop the Phrygian," with illustrations by John Tenniel; another edition came out in 1858.

In 1856 he illustrated "Dramatic Scene," by Barry Cornwall, and "The Gordian Knot" in 1858. He made the designs for "Lalla Rookh" in 1860, and those for "The Ingoldsby Legends" in 1864.

METHODS OF COLORING.

Mr. Roy Robertson, formerly of New York, now residing in Chicago, has given to the Inter-Ocean some hints for setting a pallet. He offers the opinion that a simplified setting gives a much stronger and effective tone to the picture.

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THE NELSON MILLS' MURDER.

We present a number of views of this sad catastrophe which has recently created so much excitement in Hamilton and the neighborhood. The particulars are too well known to be rehearsed, and, besides, the sketches give a full insight into the whole drama.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Don't marry till you can support a husband. That's the advice the Barnstable Patriot gives the Cape girls.

"With all thy faults, I love thee still," as the man said to his wife when she was giving him a certain lecture.

It pleases a woman to see a man holding a plate of refreshments on his knee at a party. He can't do it without turning in his toes.

"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave-diggers."

The Woman's Journal wants women regularly drafted into the army, "not merely to fight, but to make clothing and accoutrements; to cook, wash, and nurse."

Forward and loquacious youth—"By Jove, you know—upon my word, now—if I were to see a ghost, you know, I would be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life."

WISHING to pay his friend a compliment a gentleman remarked: "I hear you have a very industrious wife." "Yes," replied the friend, with a melancholy smile, "she's never idle; she's always finding something for me to do."

A TALE of Woe—I clasped her tiny hand in mine, I clasped her beauteous form. I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm.

GIRLS, be true! be honest, and you To the altar will some day be carried; And then you can work For a red-headed clerk, And be sorry that you ever got married.

"WILLIAM," observed a Milwaukee woman to her husband, "Mrs. Holcomb feels pretty badly now, since the loss of her child, and I wish you would drop over there and see her. You might say 'that all flesh is grass; that we've all got to go the same way; and see if she is going to use her dripping-pan this afternoon.'"

A little school-girl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterwards the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bud of promise" belonged "What is a zone?"

"DID it ever occur to you, kind mammas," asks a thoughtful philosopher, "that while trotting your babies on your laps in such a vigorous way, if some giant, about ten times your size were to trot you in a similar style, the breath would be very apt to be bounced out of your body, and that you would use very bad words at his nursery rhymes of 'Giddy, giddy, jolt!'"

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

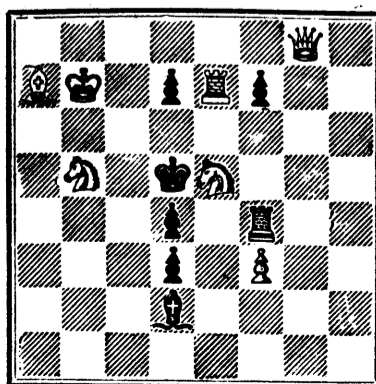
Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 58 received. Correct. W. G. M., Montreal.—Problem received. It shall be carefully looked over.

J. W. S., Montreal.—The move you send is the key to the solution of Problem No. 59. M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 58 received. Correct.

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 59 received. Correct. It appears from the latest accounts received that Mr. Bird and Mr. McKenzie were recently at Philadelphia, and it is supposed that during their sojourn in that city, matters connected with the Centennial Chess Congress occupied their special attention.

The Philadelphia Chess Club is circulating an address to all Chess Clubs and players in the United States, soliciting them to join in a grand International Chess Tournament during the Centennial, and they offer on their part a handsome sum of money as the nucleus of a fund for prizes.

PROBLEM No. 61. By GRIMSHAW. BLACK



WHITE White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 80TH.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

An interesting game, played at the Café International between Messrs. Bird, Delmar, and Ware vs. McKenzie, Barnett, and Richardson.

RVANS' GAMBIT.

WHITE.—(Bird & Co.) BLACK.—(McKenzie & Co.)

- 1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3 Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q B 4 B to Q B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4 B takes Kt P
5. P to Q B 3 B to Q R 4
6. Q to Q Kt 3 Q to K B 3
7. P to Q 4 P takes P
8. Castles P takes P
9. P to K 5 Q to K Kt 3
10. Kt takes P K Kt to K 2
11. Q Kt to K 2 P to Q Kt 4
12. B to Q 3 Q to K 3
13. Q to Q Kt 2 Kt to K Kt 3
14. Kt to K B 4 Kt takes Kt
15. B takes Kt P to K R 3
16. Q R to Q B sq Castles
17. B to Q Kt sq R to Q Kt sq
18. K R to Q sq K R to K sq
19. Q to Q B 2 Q to K Kt 3
20. Q to K 2 Q to K Kt 5
21. B to K Kt 3 B to Q Kt 2
22. Q takes Kt P Kt takes Kt
23. Q to Q 3 P to K Kt 3
24. R to Q B 4 Q to K 3
25. R to K R 4 K to Kt 2
26. B to K B 4 R to K R sq
27. Q to Q 2 P to K R 4
28. Kt to K Kt 5 (a) Q to K 2
29. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q 5
30. Kt to Kt 5 Kt to K 3
31. Kt takes Kt (ch) Q takes Kt
32. B to K Kt 5 Q takes K P
33. B to K B 4 (b) Q to K B 3
34. B to K Kt 5 B takes B P (ch) (c)
35. K to R sq Q to K B 6 (d)
36. R to Kt sq Q to Q 4
37. B to B 6 (ch) K takes B
38. Q takes B (ch) K to Kt 2
39. B to K 4 Q to K 4
40. B takes B R takes B
41. R to K sq R to K sq
42. R to K B sq P to K B 4
43. K R to Q 4 P to Q 4
44. K R to Q sq R to Q sq
45. K R to K sq Q to K B 3
46. Q to Q B 5 P to Q B 3
47. K R to K 2 K R to Q 2
48. Q R to K sq P to K B 5
49. K to Kt sq R to Q Kt 4
50. Q to K B 2 P to Q B 4
51. P to Q R 4 R to Q R 4
52. R to R 5 P to Q 5
53. R to K 6 Q to K B 2
54. Q to K 2 P to Q B 5
55. Q takes B P R to K Kt 4
56. Q to Q Kt 4 P to K B 6
57. K to B sq P to B 7
58. K R to K 4 R takes K Kt P
Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) To this point the attack has been played in fine style, and it is questionable if any of the moves could be improved upon.
(b) If 33. R to K B 4, Q takes B; 34. R takes B P (ch), K to R 3.
(c) Seemingly very hazardous, but in reality the winning move.
(d) Beautifully played.

GAME 81ST.

(From Land and Water.)

Played recently at the Café de la Régence, Paris, between M. Meissel and Mr. Stewart.

VIENNA GAME.

WHITE.—(M. Meissel.) BLACK.—(Mr. Stewart.)

- 1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3 Kt to K B 3
3. P to K B 4 P to Q 3 (a)
4. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 3
5. B to B 4 B to K 2
6. P to Q 3 B to K Kt 5
7. Castles P to K R 3
8. Kt to K 2 B takes Kt
9. R takes B Q to Q 2
10. P to Q B 3 Castles
11. Kt to K 3 (b) K to R 2
12. Kt to K B 5h P to K Kt 3 (c)
13. Kt takes B P K takes Kt
14. P takes P (dis ch) K to Kt 2
15. P takes Kt (ch) B takes P
16. Q to K B sq R to Q sq (d)
17. R to K R 2 B to K 4
18. Q to K B 4 P to K Kt 4
19. Q to K B 3 Kt to K 4
20. Q to K R 5
And Black resigned (e).

NOTES.

- (a) P to 4 is often played in this position.
(b) White's position is now very favourable.
(c) Played without regard to White's reply, which wins at once.
(d) Attempting to defend the Pawn would cost a piece.
(e) Kt to Kt 3 is Black's best move, but White in that case wins by Q to R 6.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 59.

Forwarded by a Correspondent.

(H. A. C. F.)

- WHITE. 1. B to Q R 8 1. Q takes B
2. Q takes Q mate. if 1. Kt moves
2. Kt to K 5 mate if 1. B moves
2. Q takes B mate if 1. Q B P moves.
2. Kt to Q 2 mate if 1. Q Kt P moves.
2. Q takes P mate.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 58.

- WHITE. 1. B to Q B 3 (ch) 1. Q takes B
2. Kt to K B 5 (ch) 2. K to Kt sq
3. Kt to K 7, mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 59.

- WHITE. K at K Kt 2 BLACK K at K Kt 5
B at K Kt 5
Kt at K Kt 3
Pawns at K R 2 and K B 2
White to play and mate in four moves.



HERZEGOVINA :—TURKISH COLUMN ROUTED BY THE INSURGENTS NEAR THE MONASTERY OF DOUZI.



GOING TO SCHOOL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY Mlle. JEANNE BOLE.

## MY LOVE AND I.

I find it sweet to think of her,  
Who seldom thinks, perchance, of me;  
For many lovers find her fair,  
And many rivers seek the sea.

I find it sweet to think of her,  
For thoughts by day bring dreams by night,  
Wherein no sorrow comes to shade  
Or shadow my supreme light.

I find it sweet to think of her  
And of her words I found so sweet;  
And, like a charm to lull my care,  
My lips their music still repeat.

I find it sweet to think of her,  
Whose gracious praises make me strong  
To win the crown those poets wear,  
Whose love and passion speak in song.

I find it sweet to think of her,  
And, though the ashen autumn days,  
A sense of peace pervades the air  
Though leaves strew thick the woodland ways.

I find it sweet to think of her,  
And, though my heart may haply break  
When hope surrenders to despair,  
The pain were sweet for her sweet sake.

I find it sweet to think of her,  
Who sometimes thinks, perchance, of me—  
Though many lovers find her fair,  
And many rivers seek the sea.

J. B. EASTWOOD.

## THE COLONEL'S MISGIVINGS.

Colonel Francis Chester stood in glory before the fire which lit up the old hall at Chester-Royal. He was about thirty-five years of age, tall and strong of limb, with straight, good features, and flashing, black eyes. He ought to have been a happy man. This old hall and fine estate were all his own, his lineage was good, and assuredly of all the Chesters who had ruled at Chester-Royal, Francis was the proudest and most highly honoured of them. As a soldier, he was counted one of the most efficient in the service; his regiment—the scarlet Lancers—was one of the best managed in the army; his officers loved him; and his superiors held him up as a pattern to be safely followed. His men would go—and many of them had gone—through fire and water for him.

It was told of him during the Mutiny—that terrible year when so many of our nearest and dearest perished in the far East—that one of his soldiers had been heard to say, "Cornet Chester never tells us to 'Go on,' he always cries 'Come on!'" Now that he commands his regiment, his men have the same faith in him still.

And yet Francis Chester did not look happy. He was not happy.

He was dressed for dinner, and rapidly the hands of the clock neared the hour of seven that New Year's Eve. Frank thought of the old year with feelings in which joy and pain were strangely mingled. To the one that was coming, he looked forward with a shudder of dread.

As he stood twisting his long moustache, with strong, brown fingers, the "clac-clac" of high heels on the parqueted floor of the gallery which ran round three sides of the hall, roused him from his reverie. He glanced upwards; his face flushed, then grew as suddenly pale; his eyes brightened, then sank to the fire again, their flashing brilliancy dimmed by hot, regretful tears. The unknown cause of this emotion came down the stairs and stood beside him—a wee, fragile little girl of seventeen, dressed in violet velvet, with swan-down trimmings, a costume which set off her fair, regular profile and long flaxen curls to perfection. Her name was Nelly Drummond, and she was Colonel Chester's ward. Her father and he had been comrades and inseparable friends, though Major Drummond was ten years Frank Chester's senior. Nelly lived with Mrs. Grahame, Frank's sister, who was at present doing the honours of the house. Mr. Grahame was a barrister of great renown, and had come with his whole family on a visit to his brother-in-law.

Nelly came to Colonel Chester's side, and put out her pretty white hands to the warm blaze.

"How cold it is, Colonel Chester!" she said, shyly.

"Very!" he answered. "Have you been taking care of yourself, and keeping out of drafts, my dear? I almost feared that damp church for you! They had been re-arranging the decorations for a festival."

"I did not stay very long. Mrs. Grahame saw me shiver, and sent me home. At least, I went round to the station for her."

"Did Derrick Valentine go with you?"

He spoke with an effort. He thought her shy constraint was cold dislike, and made his tone as fatherly as possible.

"Yes."

"And did you enjoy your walk?"

"It was very cold," she answered evasively, the hot blood flooding her fair face and throat.

Frank's heart was throbbing in agony. The great veins stood out like thick cords upon his temples. Yet he forced himself to go on.

"I suppose he has been telling you the old story, Nelly. He asked my consent this morning. I said I must leave it to you. And now, child, am I to wish you every happiness?"

A footfall above warned them of intruders, and Nelly escaped into the deserted morning-room, leaving Frank with a dull pain at his heart, that told him the worst had come.

Poor Frank did not eat much dinner that evening. How could he, with Nelly and Derrick Valentine close beside him? He thought they did not look very happy; and that, had he been engaged to Nelly, he would not have been so red and uncomfortable as Derrick Valentine

certainly was. Engaged to Nelly! Ah! the very thought sent the blood leaping and thrilling through his veins, only to bring the bare truth back to him in all its hideousness, that Nelly Drummond must never be anything more to him than his ward; that in a few months she would be married to his subaltern, and he would have the pain of seeing her daily. Ah! well; it would soon be over. Never must he dream of her again as he had done so often of late, standing by his side, flushing under the cloudy bridal veil; wandering in golden honeymoon days, through Alpine splendours, and still Italian cities; watching her amazement at gay Parisian life, and brilliant German spas; coming home, a tender, happy wife, to Chester-Royal; arranging balls and parties; turning out the wardrobe of his ancestresses in quest of theatrical costumes; filling the old house with light and life; taking her place as lady of the regiment; returning with him on dark November evenings from the hunting field; coming to meet him on his return from the barracks; fastening his precious cross "For Valour" on his tunic; sitting beside him in the church; lying in the dim twilight, with a baby on her bosom—his child! No! never any more. Ah! how pretty she was! What tender, caressing ways she had! But they were for another, and Francis Chester must live out alone the life given him!

When the ladies left the table, Colonel Chester rose to open the door. Nelly cast a piteous glance at him. "Your head aches?" she asked, inquiringly.

"A little," he answered, trying to smile. If he had spoken truly, he would have told her it was more headache than headache that ailed him.

In a very short time the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room. Frank, however, went up to his own room before doing so. As he passed the great bay window in the gallery, he caught a glimpse of a velvet skirt, while the unmistakable sound of a sob fell upon his ear. He pushed aside the curtains which shrouded the recess, and saw little Nelly in deepest distress.

"My child," he said, sitting down on the broad window-seat beside her, "why these tears? You who should be so happy!"

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed.

"No," cried he. "Not happy in Derrick Valentine's love? He loves you very much, Nelly!"

"I know!" she whispered.

"And does that not make you happy?"

She shook her head.

"Then why have you engaged yourself to him?" asked Frank, in astonishment.

"I have not!" she said, half indignantly. "I told him this afternoon I could not; that I—"

"Liked some one else better," said he, finishing her sentence for her.

Nelly did not answer; only her pretty blonde head drooped lower and lower against his shoulder.

"Who is it, Nelly? Some one we do not know of, my sister said. Not tell me, child?"

"I cannot tell you!" she cried, passionately.

"Cannot tell me?" How strangely dull and unseeing Colonel Chester was becoming! "Is it possible there can be any secret where you are concerned? Oh, Nelly, Nelly, I would rather you died than such be! Recall your decision, and let me send Derrick to you. He loves you, and your affection will grow for him!"

Nelly had risen as he spoke. "Colonel Chester," she cried, her face white, her large blue eyes wild and dark with fear, "you are cruel to me—cruel, cruel to me! And I am so great a drag upon you that you give me to a man I do not, can never love?"

Here she left off abruptly; and, turning, fled away down the corridor to her own apartment.

Colonel Chester's headache and heartache had alike vanished. As he went down the gallery, his only sensation was that of intense happiness.

"What course she has!" thought he. "How she blazed up; and how like poor Drummond she looked; and how nicely she let the cat out of the bag, dear little girl!" And then Frank wandered away into the old dreamland, which, two hours back, he had renounced for ever.

When Nelly descended into the drawing-room, Colonel Chester was talking to his sister by the piano. She came gently in, and sat down on a low fauteuil near the conservatory door. She sat looking down the long room, fanning herself with a huge fan, whose scented movement lifted the fair curls and fluttered the soft swansdown trimmings of her dress. But all her little airs and graces could not hide from Mrs. Grahame's quick observation the fact that she was as pale as death, and trembling from head to foot.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" she asked, coming across the room.

"Nothing."

"But you look as if you were going to faint; and you have been crying!"

Nelly flushed crimson.

"I'm all right, aunty" (she sometimes called her "aunty"); "I had a fright upstairs. Please don't take any notice." And Mrs. Grahame, fully believing in the legends and traditions of the old house, went on her way quite sure that Nelly had seen a ghost.

A few moments after, a man servant came to Nelly.

"Colonel Chester wishes you to go to him in the library, Miss Drummond," he said.

"Say I am very sorry I cannot come," she answered, decisively, in the same time beckoning a young man to her side.

When Frank returned to the room, he found

Nelly occupied with a decided flirtation, though she was still as pale as death. She would not look at him, nor show by the least sign that she knew he was in the room. Presently she was asked to sing, and rose at once, too proud to show by refusal how she was suffering. Someone asked for "Marguerite," and she began it. She knew Frank was standing beside her. She could see his strong, brown hand, with its heavy signet ring resting on the piano. She sang the song splendidly. At the words,—

"Oh, Marguerite, I think I know,  
I feel he loves me too;  
But if, alas! it be not so,  
I prithee tell me true."

her voice shook ever so little, and gradually she wound up to the last, with a thrilling, prolonged note.

A burst of applause followed, and then came a hush, for Nelly was lying in Colonel Chester's arms in a dead faint.

The next morning, Nelly rose whilst the rest of the household was at church. When she was dressed, she went down to the library to fetch the second volume of a novel she was reading. When she opened the door, she saw Colonel Chester sitting at the table, writing. She tried to draw back, but he had seen her, and called out, "Nelly, I want you." Then she came in, looking rather defiant, and very much frightened.

Frank rose and took her hand.

"Are you better this morning?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Why did you not come to me last night, when I sent for you?"

No answer.

"Did you know what I wanted to say to you?"

"No," in the meekest of small whispers.

"Then why did you not see me?"

"Because I thought you were going to scold me," she answered, looking up, her eyes full of tears.

"I scold you, my precious!" murmured Frank tenderly. "Ma reine blanche, when I scold you—"

"Don't," said Nelly; "I've been ill, you know, and I'm not to be agitated. If you talk like that, I shall begin to cry. But Frank, what a pretty name Reine Blanche is! You should hear my name for you."

"What is it?"

"If I tell you, then you will know."

"Of course I shall. Come, tell me!"

"Imperative mood," laughed Nelly.

"Shall we make it conditional?" suggested Frank. "You tell me your name for me, and I will tell you one I have for you, which is ten thousand times the loveliest on earth."

"Mon Brave," said Nelly, curiosity getting the better of her. "Now for yours!"

"My wife!"

When Colonel Chester and Miss Drummond descended from the heaven which is one degree higher than the sixth, he tried to give her a little good advice.

"Derrick goes to-morrow."

"Poor dear!"

"Now don't you think he would be the better match of the two? He is ten years handsomer than I am, almost as rich, very much younger, and—"

"I am not going to flatter you, Frank, however much you may desire or deserve it; but I should like you to understand now and for ever that I don't like 'raw material.'"

Colonel and Mrs. Chester are quite a model couple, and about a year after their marriage, their happiness was completed by the arrival of a son and heir. Nelly says he is the loveliest baby that ever was brought into this sublunary sphere, and that he is the exact image of his father. Would you believe that Colonel Chester is conceited enough to take the compliment to himself?

## THE FRENCH STATUE FOR NEW YORK HARBOR.

A Paris correspondent writes that a meeting of the members of the committee of the Franco-American Union, the organization which has taken in charge the plan of presenting to the people of the United States a colossal statue of Liberty, to be erected in New York Harbor, was held on February 2, at the rooms of the society, No. 172 Rue St. Honoré, Paris. M. Laboulaye presided, and there were present besides M. Bartholdi, the sculptor, who has designed the statue; the Marquis de Rochambeau, M. de Lafayette, Comte Serrurier, M. Jean Macé, M. A. Caubert and others. Mr. Gratiot Washburne, in the absence of his father, who is an honorary member of the committee, was there, and Mr. Nathan Appleton was also asked to attend the sitting. M. Bartholdi read a very interesting report showing the progress of securing subscriptions in France, which amounted now to about 140,000 francs, while many of the towns in France have not yet given an answer to the appeal made to them, and many of the subscription books are still out, and the amount obtained therefore not definitely known. This is certainly a very encouraging report, and with such a start there should be no great difficulty in securing the amount required. M. Bartholdi is to come to America some time this spring, taking with him the arm of the statue, to be exhibited at Philadelphia, and he hopes that the corner stone of the pedestal will be laid on the 4th of July with appropriate ceremonies. It is now for the people of the United States to be ready for their share of the work.

## OUR CHROMO.

As it is our desire to extend the benefit of our beautiful Chromo to as many of our friends as possible, and with the view of preventing all misunderstanding in regard to those who are entitled to it, we take the opportunity of stating more the conditions under which it is issued.

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2nd. To all new subscribers who pay their subscriptions in advance.

As many persons who receive the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS through News-dealers, apply to us for Chromos, although they are not on our books, and wishing to enable them to get the Chromo through the same channel as they receive the paper, we are prepared to furnish the Chromo to News-dealers on the same conditions as to our regular subscribers, allowing them, of course, a commission.

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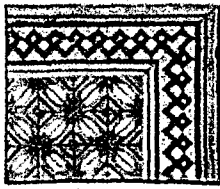
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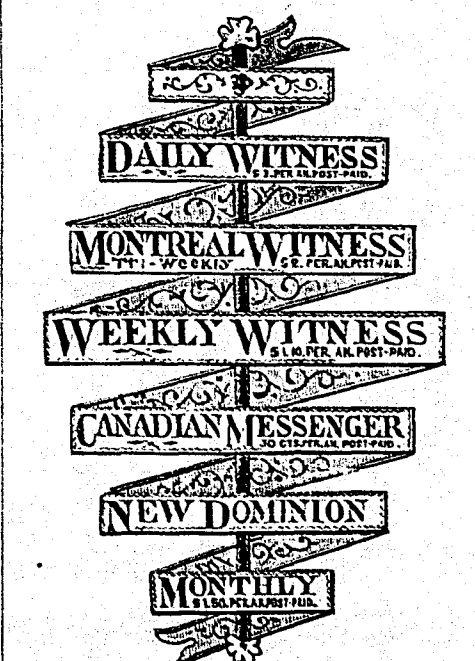
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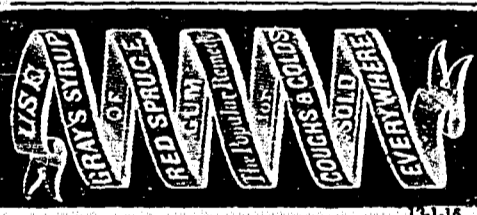
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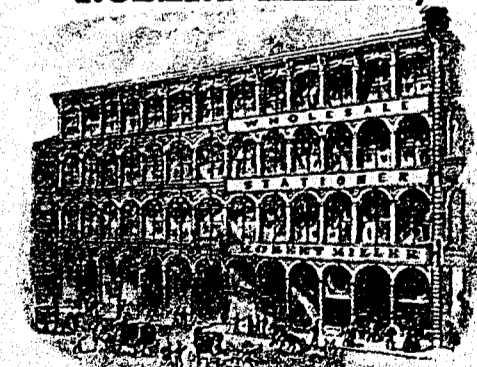
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