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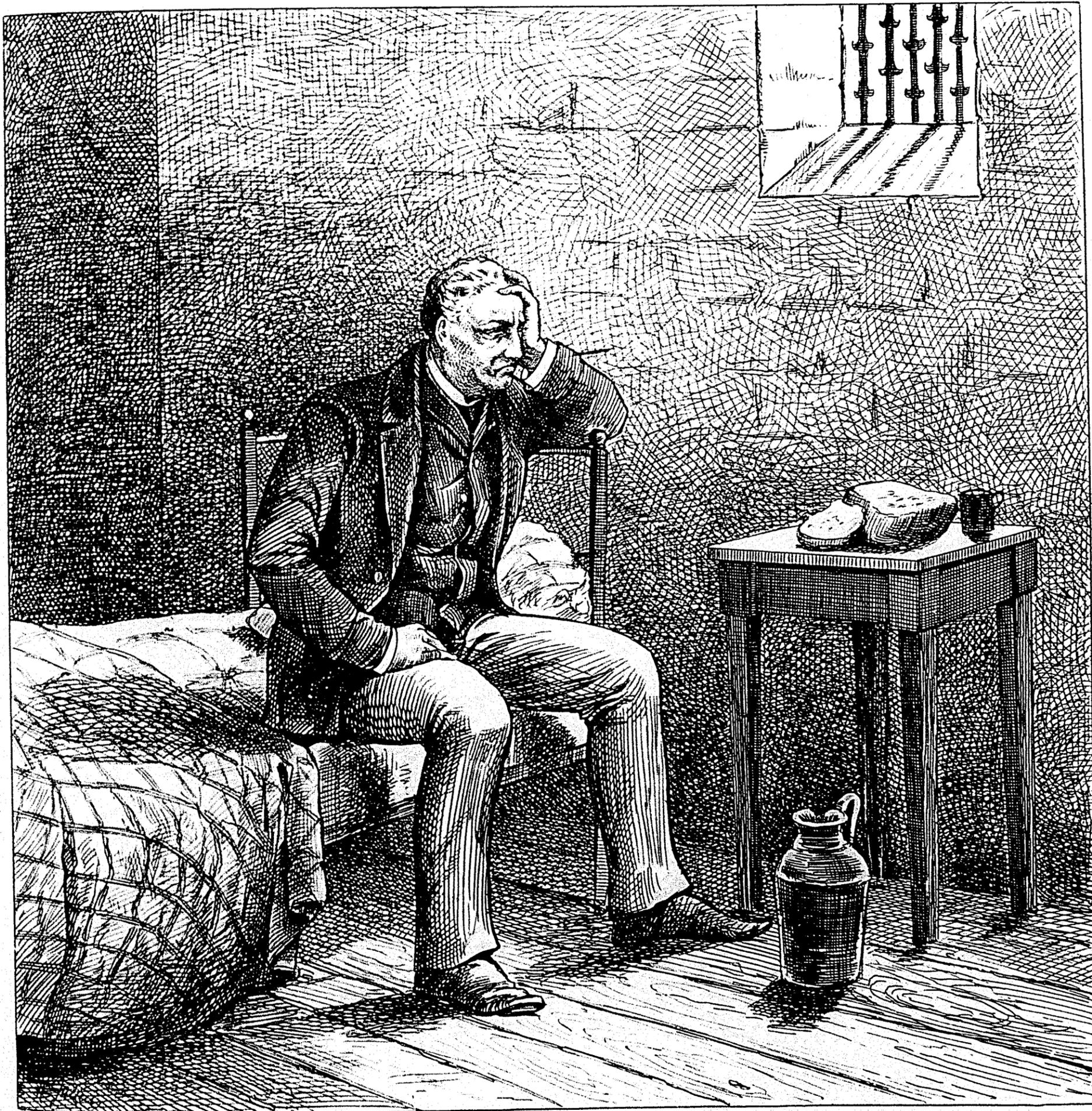
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Whitbread's News

Vol. XII.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1875.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 14th, 1875.

COMMERCIAL SITUATION.

We have received advanced sheets of the *Canadian Monthly* for August containing a paper by Mr. James YOUNG, M. P., for South Waterloo, on the Commercial and Financial situation. We have read the article with much interest. Although it contains nothing absolutely new, its tone is calm and non-partisan, its mode of presentation is lucid and simple, and it has the further advantage of being published through a medium which will insure it quiet, deliberate perusal, and honest consideration. The conclusions which Mr. YOUNG comes to are the following:

I. That the Dominion having enjoyed five or six years of development and prosperity, unexampled in the previous history of British North America, is at present experiencing the temporary rebound which naturally follows such a period.

II. That, on account of these circumstances, aggravated by over-importation and more or less inflation and over-trading, the business of Canada has for several months been suffering a severe strain, which a failure of this season's harvest would have intensified into a crisis of considerable severity.

III. That the fabric of business, although generally stable and sound, contains not a little rotten timber, which the hard times will unsparingly consign to the limbo of insolvency during the next twelve months.

IV. That the most critical point was passed during the month of June, and good crops being now assured, the country is at this moment *passing through* the only crisis there is likely to be, if our importers and commercial classes generally act promptly and decisively in the direction already pointed out.

V. That contraction began to set in at least twelve months ago, and that business is already making its way back to a sounder and safer position.

These conclusions doubtless cover the whole ground and are expressed in clear, empathic language. We entirely agree with Mr. YOUNG that really the most critical portion of the season is that upon which we are going to embark, and that if our Fall importations, and the whole course of our Fall trade are not conducted with moderation and prudence, we shall infallibly suffer a relapse, and then our second state, will be worse than the first. And on this question of importing, Mr. YOUNG has set before us an old, but too much forgotten contrast, in very vivid colors. Taking our growth in population as a standard he says: "that the purchasing power of a people augments with their wealth as well as their numerical increase, is no doubt true; but it will hardly be asserted by persons well informed on the subject, that there should be such a disparity in the percentage of increase between our dry goods' imports and our population as is manifest by the following comparison:

	1868.	1874.	Per cent.
Dry Goods.,	18,378,051	29,508,210	60½
	1861.	1871.	
Population..	3,090,561	*3,585,761	16

Looked at, in short, from any point of view, the conclusion is forced upon us, that the import trade of Canada, more particularly in the dry goods line, has for some time past been largely in excess of the public wants, and is primarily responsible for the dulness of business, pressure for money, and occasional symptoms of crisis which unmistakably exist. This state of matters affords no cause for surprise. In fact, when one observes how completely our importations have exceeded our growth in population, and considers how immensely the aggregate value thereof since Confederation has surpassed the value of our exports, the wonder is not that some dark and threatening clouds have appeared, but how the Dominion has been able to absorb such vast quantities of foreign goods, and to pay for them, with so little embarrassment, failure, and loss as have yet overtaken us."

UNITED EMPIRE.

After referring to and partially citing the comments of several leading American journals on the recent Speech delivered by Lord Dufferin at the banquet of the Canada Club in London, we promised to supplement our information by quotations from the English organs of public opinion. We redeem that promise, to day, judging the matter of sufficient importance to be laid fully before our readers. We call particular attention to the remarks of the *York Herald*: "Lord Dufferin's assurances respecting Canada, expressed before a warmly sympathetic audience, will be heartily welcomed by all genial Imperialists. The Canadians, he tells us, 'desire to maintain intact and unimpaired their connection with this country, cherish an ineradicable conviction of the pre-eminent value of the political system under which they live, and are determined to preserve, pure and uncontaminated, all the traditional characteristics of England's prosperous polity.' We ought not to need assurances of this nature, but still it is pleasant to receive them, and more especially as the prophetic, who cannot forget the Monroe doctrine, are always predicting the absorption of Canada by the United States, if not its conquest. But the Dominion has taken a fixed and unalterable decision. Americans are convincing themselves that Canada is 'destined to move within her own separate and individual orbit,' and they are, we learn, beginning to understand that it is a wise thing for the depressing monotony of their political system to be varied and enlivened by something not wholly distinct and yet sufficiently diverse. If these are accurate transcriptions of opinion—and we have no reason to doubt the fact—the advance of the opinion in the United States has been great since the beginning of Lord Dufferin's gentle and sagacious rule. He removes our apprehensions on another point, about which he is clearly in a position to speak with confidence. There are numbers of French Canadians in the Dominion who might be supposed to take unkindly to our political system. But Lord Dufferin says they are 'more Parliamentary than the English themselves,' and that, having learnt the lesson by contact with us, they teach it by word and deed to their countrymen at home—"the golden rule of moderation and the necessity of arriving at practical results by the occasional sacrifice of symmetry." In Canada religious differences and political differences are perpendicular, not horizontal, and the freedom enjoyed is relieved of those complications, conflicts, and interactions of tradition and common sense which so distract and embarrass our older civilization. The explanation is as simple as it is beautiful—the machinery of Government works in a free atmosphere. Canada, we should never forget, owes its self-government to Radicals like Charles Butler and John Stuart Mill." The *Birmingham Gazette*, referring to the present commercial stagnancy in Canada, says:

"Probably this state of affairs is only temporary, and the human industry and the human energy which the Governor-General says are to be seen at work in

every direction in Canada will shorten its duration. To a people who combine an enthusiastic loyalty to an English sovereign with an exuberant confidence in their ability to shape their own destinies to their appointed issues, such a difficulty should be of very small importance. Lord Dufferin in his post-prandial eloquence has no doubt employed too much rose-color in his picture, but there can be no reasonable doubt that the hues which are paling for the moment will be developed hereafter, and that there is a brilliant future in store for Canada." The *Belfast Northern Whig* is more outspoken and hearty: "To the Canadians Great Britain is still 'home,' as it was to the people of New England, even after British blood had been spilt by British bayonets at Bunker's Hill, now just a century ago. It will be observed that Lord Dufferin draws no distinction between Protestants and Catholics in Canada or between the descendants of British and French settlers. In many a borough, he says, Catholics vote against Catholics, Orangemen against Orangemen, Frenchmen against Frenchmen, Irishmen against Irishmen. What they look to is a living or vital policy, independent of denominations, of ethnological distinctions, and of mere partizanship. The picture which the Governor-General of Canada has drawn in such glowing colors is worth studying by Irishmen, as we cannot doubt it was intended to be. Lord Dufferin found Canada loyal; he has made this great province more loyal; and we risk nothing in prophesying that three years hence, when his term of office expires, he will leave Canada more loyal than he found it."

THE OTTAWA EXHIBITION.

With far more energy than the people of this Province, the inhabitants of Ontario have resolved upon holding an annual exhibition of the Agriculture and Arts Association on a scale of unusual importance, owing to the approaching American Centennial. The exhibition is to be held at the City of Ottawa, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, 1875. Competition open to the world. Articles shown, if worthy, eligible to be selected for the International Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876.

In all the departments the competition is open to exhibitors from any part of the world, without reservation, on compliance with the rules.

Manufacturers are requested to furnish, with the articles exhibited, a statement of the quantity they can produce, or supply, and the price, for the information of the Judges, whose decision will be based on the combination of quality, style, and price, and the adaptation of the article to the purpose or purposes for which it is intended. No person shall be allowed to enter for exhibition more than one specimen in any one section of a class, unless the additional article be of a distinct named variety or pattern from the first. This rule not to apply to animals, but to apply to all kinds of grain, vegetable products, fruits, manufactured articles, &c., in which each additional specimen would necessarily be precisely similar to the first. No exhibitor in the Arts and Manufactures Department shall be awarded more than one prize in any section of the same class. All Agricultural or Horticultural products must be the growth of the present year. Manufactured articles, or works of Art, which have been awarded prizes at any previous Provincial Exhibition shall not be entered in competition for the prizes named in the prize list for this year, but shall be awarded diplomas, if, in the opinion of the Judges, such articles are superior to any others exhibited, and are deemed worthy of the same.

No person shall act as a Judge in any class in which he shall be an exhibitor. In addition to the stated premiums offered for articles enumerated in the list, the Judges will have the power to award discretionary premiums for such articles,

not enumerated, as they may consider worthy, and the directors will determine the amount of premium. The Judges may also distinguish such animals or articles as they consider deserving of notice, but which have not received prizes, by tickets with the words "Highly Commended," or "Commended," upon them. These tickets will not entitle the holder to any money payment. In the Fine Arts and Mechanical Departments, Diplomas will be awarded, in addition to the money prizes, to any specimen evincing great skill in its production, or deemed otherwise worthy of such distinction on its being recommended by the Judges and approved of by the Committee, to whom all such matters shall be referred. In the absence of competition in any section, or if the stock or articles exhibited be of inferior quality, the Judges are instructed to award only such premiums as they think the article deserving of. They will exercise their discretion as to whether they will award the first, second, third, or *any* premium. Under "Extras" in each of the classes, when more than one entry of the same kind of article has been made, they will be judged as in competition for first and second prizes, the same as though they had been in regular sections, and when but one such entry has been made, the article, if worthy, shall be awarded a first or second prize. The Judges, however, are instructed not to award prizes in either the "regular" or "extra" sections of any class, unless the articles come up to the desirable "standard of excellence."

MONEY ORDERS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

The Postal Department of the United States of America and the Postal Department of the Dominion of Canada have established an exchange of money orders between the two countries, the principal features of which deserve record. The maximum of each order is fixed at forty dollars, gold value, when issued in the Dominion of Canada, and when issued in the United States at fifty dollars in the national paper currency of that country; but no money order shall include the fractional part of a cent. Each country shall keep the commission charged on all money orders issued within it, but shall pay to the other country one half of 1 per cent. on the total amount of such orders. The service of the postal money order system between the two countries shall be performed exclusively through the agency of offices of exchange, which shall be established in the United States by the Postmaster-General of that country.

Any person in the Dominion of Canada desiring to remit to the United States a sum of money within the same limits, may pay it into any money order office of said Dominion designated by the Postmaster-General thereof for said purpose, giving at the same time the name and address of the person to whom the amount is to be paid in the United States, and also his own name and address.

The Postal Department of each country shall be authorized to adopt any additional rules, not repugnant to the foregoing, for greater security against fraud, or for the better working of the system generally. All such additional rules, however, must be promptly communicated to the Postal Department of the other country.

The present Convention took effect on Monday, the second day of August, 1875, and shall continue in force until twelve months after the date at which one of the contracting parties shall have notified to the other its intention to terminate it.

The Secretary of the Universal Alliance says, according to accounts from Damascus to 23rd July, cholera is raging there; four hundred cases are daily reported, but the real number is concealed. The Christian quarter of the place is deserted. Sudden deaths occur in the streets. There are no physicians, medicines or supplies for the sufferers.

In a comparison between the financial outlay of New Zealand and the Dominion of Canada, which appeared in our last issue, the funded debt of the latter was set down as only 17 millions of dollars. It must have been obvious to all our readers that 117 millions was meant.

Little interest is manifested in Europe in the American Centennial, as English and French manufacturers have not been sufficiently informed of the details. To remedy this in Paris, Minister Washburne will organize a Bureau of Information.

It is reported from Nashville, Pa., that a combination of capitalists has been formed to buy up all the petroleum in the oil districts, pool it, and then burn up one half of it in order to obtain an advanced price for the remainder.

Numerous amendments were made in Committee to the Shipping Bill introduced in the House of Commons by Sir Charles Adderley. The Bill finally passed on the 5th without a division of the House.

Latest reports from Newfoundland respecting the fisheries are very gloomy; accounts from all parts of the Island are unfavourable.

The Spanish Government denies that it intends negotiating a seven million dollar loan to indemnify the Porto Rio slave owners.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE OTTAWA PRESS GALLERY.

Mr. Hamilton was erroneously described in our recent illustration of "the Ottawa Press Gallery" as attached to the *Canadian Monthly*. We are advised by the proprietors of the *Monthly* that Mr. Hamilton has no connexion with it, and is not employed by them in any shape. We learn further that at the time this picture was taken he was not connected with the Magazine in any way. Moreover he has never written a line for the *Monthly*. His sole capacity was as a canvasser for a short period prior to his visit to Ottawa. Under these circumstances, how he got into the Gallery is a mystery to us, as we thought the rules of admission were rigid and that no one was admitted without credentials.

CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

We advocate pictorially to-day, what we have frequently urged editorially; that every agent or elector convicted of bribery at an election should be imprisoned, heavily fined and disfranchised. These meddlers, generally belonging to the refuse of society, will understand no other argument than dry bread, cold water, confinement and a heavy drain on their purses.

THEOPHILE GAUTHIER'S MONUMENT.

We give this view of Gauthier's monument in Père Lachaise, first out of respect for the poet himself, and also to show how merit is rewarded in the old countries and how literary glory is treasured up.

THE BELANGER FARM, NEAR FORT CUMBERLAND.

In a late issue, we presented a view of Fort Cumberland, which will give the present one, of the Belanger farm, an additional interest. Mr. Horace Belanger, who is now in charge of Fort Cumberland, on the Saskatchewan River, is a brother of the Hon. Mr. Letellier. He left Rivière-Ouelle in 1854, and took service in the Hudson's Bay Company at Sault Ste. Marie Fort during the building of the canal. One year later, he was stationed at Michipicoten on Lake Superior. Later still, he was entrusted with the charge of Lac Seul Post, where a white man did not set foot for months and sometimes for years. He afterwards conducted the caravans which the Company sent to York Factory, and after having resided at Fort St. Pierre, near Lake Winnipeg and at Fort Lacorne, he was chosen as Superintendent of Fort Cumberland where he at present resides. As a friend of his French Canadian countrymen, his desire is to see them settle in the lands watered by the Saskatchewan, and he begins by giving them the example of a pioneer, joining to his own efforts those of several Canadians of the Province of Quebec, who have established three settlements at the Forks of the Saskatchewan, where grain, hay and vegetables grow wonderfully well. Mr. Belanger, by his activity, his energy and his honorable character, has merited the confidence of the Hudson's Bay Company of which he is one of the most distinguished officers and shareholders. Mr. Belanger has been married about 18 years. His wife is a lady of much urbanity and rare educational accomplishments. Two of their children perform their studies at the Collège de St. Boniface.

SHERIFF LEBLANC.

A memoir of this distinguished gentleman appears alongside of his portrait.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

One of the gems of Bouguereau's brush. The reproduction is highly successful and the picture deserves to be preserved as a rare specimen of art.

DUEL ON THE FRONTIER.

A realistic scene of French life, admirable for its drawing. The practise of duelling is still rife in France, and though the National Assembly has had velleities of passing a law against it, there seems no hope of such a reform for some time to come.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

FLIES.

We are not in the habit of complaining. We flatter ourself that we are in general disposed to view the circumstances which surround us, favorably. But occasionally, we are the victims of more than we can submit to, and then we find relief in the pen, and pour out our grief complainingly to our acquiescent paper. Occasionally we find that we have been imposed upon, that we have been carrying too big a load, and then we proceed to throw off the surplus. Occasionally we discover that we have taken in (and passively, we have been taken in) twenty cent pieces for twenty-five cent pieces as it were, and then we proceed to assemble all our faculties at an indignation meeting to denounce this fraudulence. Our Judgment denounces; our Benevolence says it cannot give money, unsolicited, no matter how deserving the object; our Memory states its willingness to forgive, after due reparation has been made, but really can never forget, and expresses the intention of recording the meeting's decision, as a precedent.

Our Memory then proceeds to give its evidence in the case which causes the meeting to decide unanimously on the necessity of demanding restitution, and ourself as executive proceeds to act on the matter.

Not to go further in this direction, let us merely state the present is one of those occasions, and we feel ourself compelled to—as follows:

Our grievance is that winged contrivance, that summer satellite, whom we call, a fly. Why this insect is so called, we do not know. This appears to us to be one of those curious states of affairs, by which the most pretentious, and the least deserving secure a monopoly of distinction. Surely this insect is not the only animal that can fly! Does it fly more swiftly than any other? Or is its flight more continuous than that of any other? Would that these last two questions could be answered in the affirmative, and that this fellow would make immediate use of his powers, that he would fly so swiftly, and continue his flight so long, that we should never see him again.

Do you ask us why we wish this? Listen! Here we are this beautiful day, engaged in reading the "Fair Maid of Perth," and driving away these flies. What a pest they are! We chase one from our nose, and he immediately betakes himself to our head. (We happen to have recently had our hair "velvet cropped" and we are sure the fellow thinks it was for his accommodation.) We follow him up, but there he is on the ceiling, and if flies can laugh, we are sure that one is laughing at us. We resume our reading, which he evidently interprets as a signal to resume his annoyances. We try this for twenty minutes, and then in despair, throw down our book.

But this is not all. Our landlady Mrs. Jones is a good, quiet, attentive creature; one who is pleasant without being familiar; one who sets a neat respectable table, without demanding a too respectable price. Now it is not my intention, (even if that were possible) to say anything derogatory (even if that were possible) to the character of Mrs. Jones in her culinary capacity. Mrs. Jones is a widow of twenty-eight, as she told us shortly after we were admitted to her hospitable roof, but—we may mention here confidentially that we are a bachelor of thirty five—but far be it from us, to take advantage of her benevolence to say anything, that might convey even the shadow of a suspicion against her ability. But we would like to mention, that last Tuesday evening, we sat down to table with a strong appetite, and an intention to do ample justice, as they say, to the neat little tea, which Mrs. Jones had prepared. Among other niceties we noticed some raspberry jam, for which our appetite expressed a strong desire. We saw, we ate, we—alas! how shall we say it! we are powerless to express ourself. We can only state that that jam concluded our evening meal, or rather the fly which it contained did so. The first spoonful we transmitted with internal gratification; the second, however, proved the last. Even the slight mastication necessary for the assimilation of raspberry jam, proved beyond a doubt the co-existence in that delicacy of the animal and vegetable.

We were annoyed exceedingly last year by a troublesome cur, the property of one of our neighbours. We remember that we frequently quickened our pace almost unconsciously, when passing the house which rejoiced in the possession of this canine guardian. This animal was during its existence a warm admirer of our pants, and, whenever an opportunity presented, testified his appreciation by endeavors to obtain a sample of their material. We need not say that we didn't enjoy this. It was rather uncomfortable. But

a short time ago, he died, and now we pass backward and forward with a delightful security. He troubles us no more. His functions ceased with his death, and as we never eat sausages, we never expect to see him again. Alas! What would we not give for the assurance that with the decease of a fly ceased the possibility of any connection with it.

This little insect is possessed of impudence to such an extent, that he is equally at home on a royal nose and a plebeian countenance. He sits on a jewelled hand with as much complacency as if he himself were a jewel. We have no doubt that he prides himself upon the fact that he is not at all fastidious, inasmuch as it matters little to him whether he dines on the luxury of nobility or the poverty of a labourer. He flies contentedly from the palace to the cottage. But this indiscrimination we consider proof of his degeneracy. If he is to be found in the palace, he may be also seen in corner groceries, playing hide-and-go-seek around a toper's head. But his company is no more solicited in that quarter, than in my lodgings, for, as Josh Billings says, "although these flies are never the worse for liquor, liquor is frequently found the worse for flies."

Who will tell us whence they come, and whither they go? They vanish in October, and they come unheralded some fine May morning to disturb our repose. The first notice you have of their arrival is their buzzing around your head and resting occasionally on your nose. We have received much advice as to the various modes of keeping them away, and have tried several methods. A military friend directed us to keep our boots polished with a kind of blacking which he assured us was very attractive to the flies, owing to the large proportion of sugar which it contained. We tried this, but gave it up speedily when we found our feet constantly enveloped in a cloud of flies, and the usual number about our head besides. On another occasion we procured some paper covered with a poisonous substance, which caused the death of any insect who touched it. But alas! when any one was caught, one would think that all his aunts and uncles, brothers and sisters had come to witness his expiration, and it would seem, that prompted by a feeling of sympathy, they determined to die with him. Mrs. Jones protested against such a spectacle, and I was compelled to permit their cremation.

We will not trouble the gentle reader at present, with any further fly experiences, but would thank him for any plan that would cause their extermination. As we have stated, we find a relief in telling others of our troubles and we feel confident of sympathy in this instance.

OTREBOR RIEW.

BOUCICAULT AND POSTERITY.

Dion Boucicault has felt called upon to write a letter to the *Alta California* in reply to some comments made by that paper upon the originality of his plays. He admits that he takes what is good wherever he finds it, and elaborates and utilises it. In concluding his reply he says: "Another reproach preferred is that I have deserted the field of legitimate comedy (to which I contribute such works as 'London Assurance' and 'Old Heads and Young Hearts') to cultivate a lower drama, as the 'Colleen Bawn' and 'Arrah-na-Pogue'; that I owed it to my fame to maintain the standard of my reputation. The taste of the age has altered since those comedies were produced, and I write to the taste of the times. The truth is, I don't care a button for posterity nor write to amuse unborn generations. Posterity is a bad audience. That reminds me of what an old Californian replied when a life insurance company was first introduced into San Francisco and he was asked to support it. 'Well,' said he, 'I've no opinion of a speckelation whar a man has got to die to realize.' So it is with poets who write for posterity. I love to give pleasure to those among whom I live, to feed their minds with innocent, wholesome thoughts, good of digestion, that leave meditations clean, that no mind need be ashamed to entertain or express. That is my vocation and the limit of my ambition."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Sir Charles Adderley's Shipping Bill passed the Imperial House of Commons without a division.

The Herzegovina insurgents have succeeded in surrounding Trebigne, and have burned a portion of the suburbs.

Eighteen additional cotton mills have joined in the Oldham strike, and the number of operatives now idle is 20,000.

The condition of the hop crop, says a London despatch, is favorable, and the prospects are that there will be a larger yield than usual.

The route of the procession in Dublin yesterday, in honor of the O'Connell Centennial, was five miles in length, the procession covering the whole of that distance.

The Bishop of Paderborn is in Holland, from whence he intends to proceed to Rome, where it is rumored that he is to receive a Cardinal's hat as the reward of his past sufferings.

Despatches from Central Asia report a revolution having broken out in Kokhand.

An additional \$100,000 in specie has been recovered from the wreck of the Schiller.

A serious riot took place in Glasgow on Saturday between the Orangemen and Home Rulers.

The steamer Faraday will sail again this week to resume operations for the repair of the Direct United States cable.

The crew of the ship Clydesdale, from Greenock to Quebec, have refused to proceed to sea in the vessel, alleging that she is unseaworthy.

The jury in the case of John D. Lee, charged with being the prime instigator of the Mountain Meadow massacre, have been discharged, being unable to agree.

Cholera is raging in Damascus; 400 cases are reported daily. The Christian quarter of the town is said to be entirely abandoned, and there are no physicians or medicine for the plague-stricken populace.

LITERARY.

GEN. LONGSTREET is at work on an account of his part in the battle of Gettysburg.

BANCROFT entertains occasionally at Newport in the time-honored cake and lemonade style. Everybody goes.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMS, the distinguished Southern novelist, who is buried in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., is to have a monument.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S latest novel does not make a deep impression in England. It shows a falling off of power and style.

MR. R. G. HALIBURTON will publish in October a number of essays on colonial subjects. The most important one is entitled, "How we Lost an Empire a Hundred Years Ago."

THEODORE TILTON is writing a novel, which is already half finished. He expects it will be published by Christmas, but is very reticent as to topic and plot. He has lecture engagements covering most of the winter.

THE death is recorded of Wilhelm Corssen, the author of the great work on the "Pronunciation of the Latin Language," whose name has lately been so often mentioned in connection with the decipherment of the Etruscan inscriptions.

MR. GLADSTONE has collected his three essays "The Vatican Decrees," "Vaticanism," "The Pope's Speeches," and added a new preface. The volume will be published by Mr. Murray, under the title of "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion."

FATHER TOM BURKE, the great Dominican preacher, continues to improve in health at his home in Ireland. From the nature of his malady his convalescence is necessarily slow, but he enjoys the best of spirits. His venerable mother, his sister and nieces are in constant attendance upon him.

THE largest library in the United States is the Library of Congress, which contains 274,000 volumes; next in order is the Boston Public Library, with 273,000 while the Harvard University Library, with 108,000, and the New York Mercantile Library, with 155,120, are respectively third and fourth in point of size.

IN connection with the recent Byron memorial meeting, it has been suggested that a monument rivaling in pomp and beauty that of Scott at Edinburgh be erected to Byron on the south side of Piccadilly, "so that," to cite Mr. Disraeli's words, "the English people when they pass should recognize one of the greatest masters of the English language."

HENRI VAN LAUN has made a translation of the entire works of Moliere, the great French playwright, and the first of the six volumes has been published in Edinburgh. It is superbly printed and adorned with finely finished etchings, and is enriched with notes that make it entirely intelligible and enjoyable by English and American readers.

THE elder Dilke's memoirs contain much that is interesting. He says in one place that "Underwood and Maokenzie say that there was more humbug in Coleridge than in any man that was ever heard of. Underwood was one day transcribing something for Coleridge, when a visitor appeared. After the commonplaces, Coleridge took up a little book lying upon the table and said, 'By the by, I casually took up this book this morning, and was quite enchanted with a little sonnet I found there.' He then read off a blank verse translation, and entered into a long critique upon its merits. The same story, the same translation, and the same critique were repeated five times in that day to different visitors, without one word being altered. Mr. Underwood says that every one of his famous evening conversations was got up." Wordsworth used to do the same thing.

DOMESTIC.

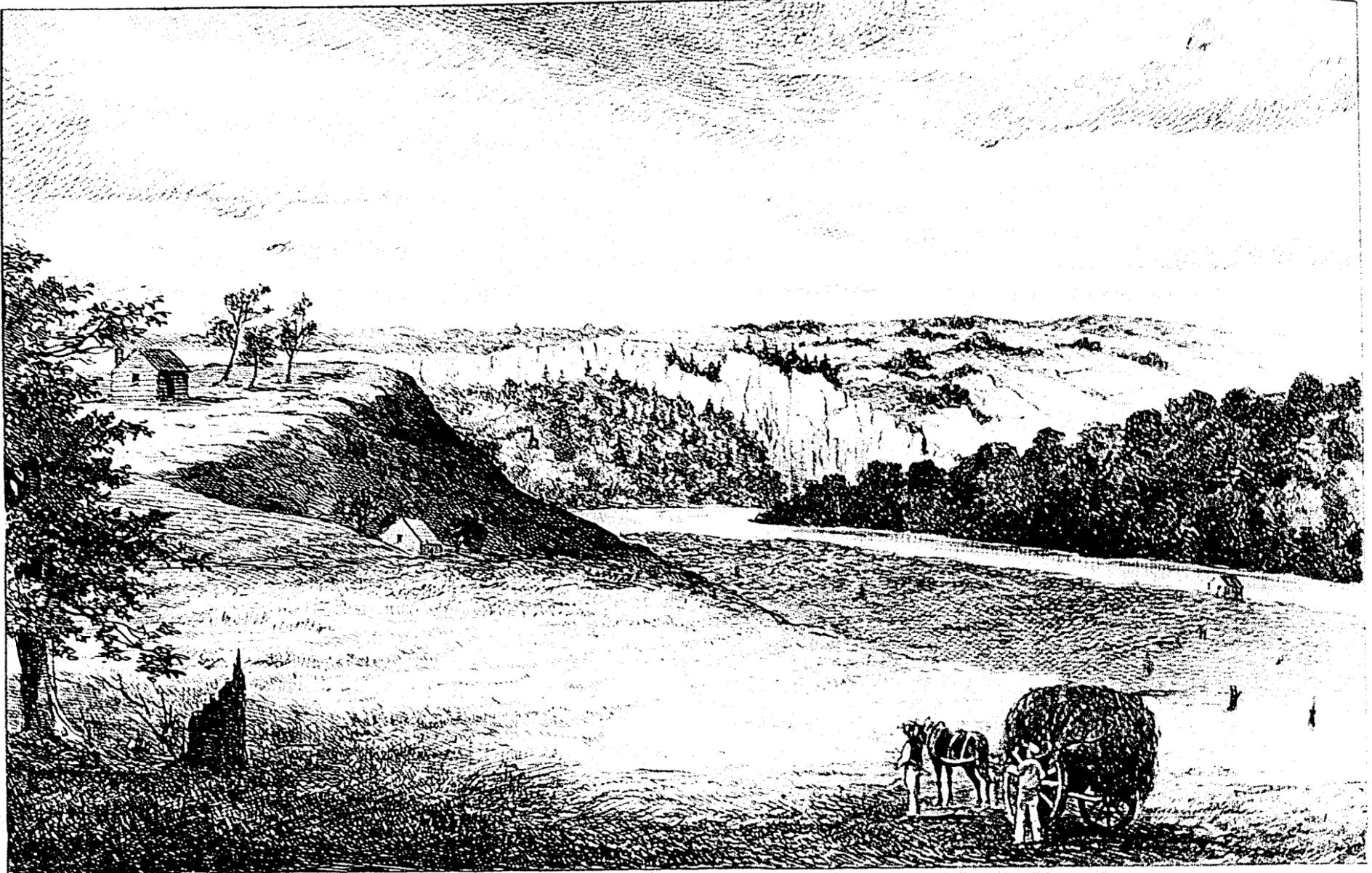
PEAS PORRIDGE.—Boil a pint and a half of shelled green peas into two quarts of water until they are quite tender. Then have ready four spoonfuls of oatmeal or flour, mixed by degrees with a quart of milk, and stir it into the pot of boiled peas till the whole mass becomes thick. Season it with a bit of lard or dripping, and a little pepper and salt. This porridge is also very good made with twelve good-sized onions or leeks, instead of peas.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Sprinkle mushroom flaps, gathered in September, with common salt, stir them occasionally for two or three days; then lightly squeeze out the juice, and add to each gallon bruised cloves and mustard seed, of each, half an ounce; bruised allspice, black pepper, and ginger, of each one ounce; gently heat to the boiling point in a covered vessel, macerate for fourteen days, and strain; should it exhibit any indications of change in a few weeks, bring it again to the boiling point, with a little more spice.

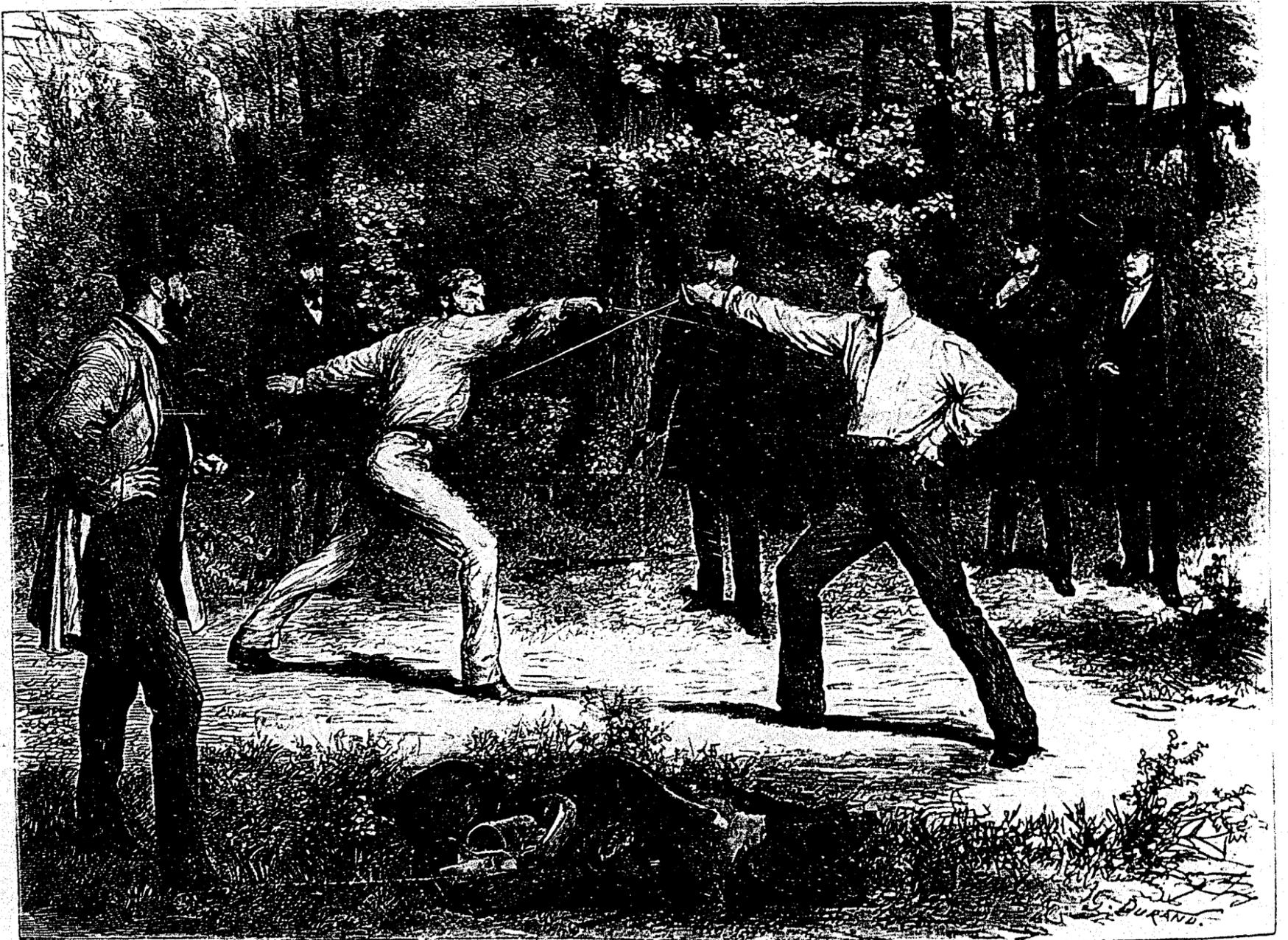
TO ROAST A TURKEY.—If the weather be very cold, a turkey will hang for a week, and prove to be all the better, however young it may be. But take great care not to let it be the least thing gone. Pluck, draw, and singe with care; wash and wipe the outside well, and pour water through the inside. Fill the breast with sausage-meat, seasoned with minced herbs, lemon peel, mace, and cayenne. Truss the bird, roast it at a clear fire, baste constantly with butter, and serve it when done with brown gravy and bread sauce. A chain of fried sausages is often placed round a turkey.

EXCELLENT SOUP.—Take a pound of salt beef or pork, and cut it into very small pieces into the iron saucepan. Pour six quarts of water over it, and let it boil on a very slow fire three-quarters of an hour. When this is done, then put in some carrots, turnips, potatoes well cleaned, and a cabbage, all cut into slices. Let this boil slowly another hour, and then thicken it with a pint of oatmeal, stirring it after the oatmeal is put in, to keep it smooth and nice. Season it with pepper and salt, and there is a noble dinner for a large family. If any soup remains when all have done dinner, keep it in a clean earthenware dish or pan till the next day, when it can be warmed up again.

HOW TO CHOOSE POULTRY.—Young, plump, and well-fed but not too fat poultry are the best. The skin should always be finely-grained, clear, and white, the breast full-fleshed and broad, the legs very smooth, the toes pliable and easy to break when bent back; the birds must also be heavy in proportion to their size. This applies to fowls and to pigs. As regards ducks and geese, their breasts must also be very plump, the feet flexible and yellow; when they are red and hard, and the bills of the same colour, the skin full of hairs, and coarse, the birds are old. For boiling, white-legged poultry must be chosen, because when dressed their appearance is by far more delicate; but dark-legged ones are more juicy and of better flavour when roasted. The greatest precaution ought to be taken to prevent poultry getting at all tainted before it is cooked. Unless the weather be very warm it should be kept for a day or two at least, and a great deal longer in the winter. Pigeons are the better for being cooked the same day they are killed, for they only lose their flavour by hanging ever so short a time. A goose should hang up for some days in the winter before it is wanted; the same rule applies to fowls in the cold season. Take great care to cook your poultry thoroughly; for nothing is more revolting to the palate than under-done poultry.



THE NORTH WEST TERRITORY :—H. BELANGER'S FARM, AT THE FORKS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.



FRANCE :—A DUEL ON THE FRONTIER.

MR. SHERIFF LEBLANC.

Charles André Leblanc, whose portrait we present this week to our readers, was born in Montreal, on the 18th August 1816. He was partly educated at the Montreal College, situated in College Street which takes its name from that institution, the only college in the city at that time. During his stay there, the Superiors were the RR. Quibiller and Belle, both from the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. On leaving college he studied law five years in the *étude* of Mr. Pierre Moreau, Q. C. Called to the Bar in 1838, he was taken into partnership by the latter gentleman, and subsequently joined to himself as a partner the late Francis Cassidy, Esq., Q. C., who had studied law under the firm of Moreau and Leblanc, and who remained his partner for 25 years. Like most young men of the time, he was implicated in the troubles of 1837, and was one of the first six imprisoned, he being one of the *Pis de la Liberté*. He remained in durance vile at the Montreal Gaol for five months, the cell he occupied being at present the room of the governor of the gaol. Among those who shared his College life were Sir George E. Cartier, between whom and Mr. Leblanc there sprung up a friendship to which death alone put a termination. Judges Berthelot, Beaudry, McKay, Mgr. Bacon, Bishop of Portland, Revd. Jos. Toupin, of Rivière des Prairies, Revd. Picard of the Seminary, Revd. Leclaire of Stanbridge, Messrs. Rouer Roy, De Boucherville and many others of Canadian fame. Mr. Leblanc practised at the Bar during a period of thirty-five years, his practice being of the largest. On the 28th June 1867, he was made a Queen's Counsel, and appointed Sheriff for the District of Montreal in 1872. For twelve years he was a member of the Council of the Bar, and was appointed *Bâtonnier* about twelve years ago. Besides these honours, Mr. Leblanc has been appointed by and on behalf of the Government, Director of the Northern Colonization Railway. He is also President of the Reformatory Institutions to which he has given a great deal of his time with his late friend, M. Olivier Berthelot. Mr. Leblanc is also, since the year 1867, a member of the Bureau de l'Instruction Publique, (Council of Public Instruction) of Quebec and was for two years President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society.

EUGENIE.

Col. Ferney, of Philadelphia, writer of Camden House, the residence of her Majesty, was chosen after she had landed at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, on the 10th of September, 1870, having escaped from Paris in the midst of the revolution on the fourth of the same month. Her passage over the Channel was in itself a romance. The mansion is of three stories, built of dark stone, beautifully inlaid with white, with two wings, and is handsomely located in a fine park. We were conducted from the anteroom into the drawing room by a chamberlain, where the Empress received us, and I was immediately impressed by her exceeding grace and beauty. Time has dealt very gently with her. Born May 5, 1826, she is now in her fiftieth year, but does not look forty, and she seemed in better health and wore a brighter aspect than when I saw her in the Paris Palace of Industry on the second of July 1867, when the Emperor Napoleon distributed the prizes to the successful competitors at the Universal Exposition of that year. Dressed in deep mourning, without the slightest ornament, and speaking English perfectly, she opened the conversation and asked questions without reserve in regard to our International Centennial Exhibition. I described the extent of Fairmount Park, the several groups of buildings now in course of construction, the amount of money raised, the action of the National Government, and the visit of the President of the United States. Here she quietly interrupted me by stating that she had read with great pleasure the statement of his visit, and of his satisfaction at the progress of the work. She seemed to be anxious to know whether any of the French princes had been invited, and when I told her Majesty that the President of the United States had simply invited existing governments, and that none of the royal princes of any country had been especially asked, she seemed to be relieved. To the question whether I thought the Prince Imperial

would be well received, I ventured to express the opinion that his welcome would be most cordial, and that our people held the fact in grateful remembrance that to the statesmanship and liberality of the first Napoleon we are indebted for the acquisition of the valuable territory of Louisiana, and that this, together with the recollection of French sympathy during our struggle for independence, was one of the most cherished of our national reminiscences. I ran over a list of the governments that had made preparations to be present next year, and when I stated that the only exception was Russia, she was very anxious to know the reason, which I attempted cautiously to explain, expressing the belief that I had no doubt when Mr. Boker reached St. Petersburg, the Russian Emperor would gladly enroll his country among the rest. Alluding to the subject of free trade, which she said she did not feel herself competent to discuss, she gracefully intimated that she thought some provisions should

circumstance. We cannot tell what may transpire to-day or two-morrow, or a few months hence"—evidently referring to political contingencies.

MRS. REED AND MRS. READE.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* writes thus of Mrs. Reed (Mlle. Ridenti), who recently made her debut in this country with the Kellogg Troupe as *Maritena*: Ah! if sorrow and tears made prima donnas, how full of singers the world would be! I wonder if that dark-eyed *Maritena*, singing for the first time in her native land last week, did not see the gorgeous theatre shrink to a single white-walled room, and the fashionable audience change to a group of sweet-faced nuns and wondering-eyed girls! Or could she through the thunders of the orchestra catch the memory of a dimly lighted chapel, its pure

she set to work to save enough money out of her small earnings to go to Italy and get a musical education. If it were not for the spirit underlying her effort it would have been laughable; unless Topeka music teachers fare better than their comrades elsewhere. She would probably have had to wait till her voice withered up in her; but fate was propitious, and she married a brave young army officer, whom she inspired with her own ambition. Go abroad she would, she said, and go abroad she should, he said; and go abroad she did, the day after she was married, and there she has been for three years. Wasn't that a wedding tour? I do not know which of the two is more heroic, the wife pursuing sternly her vocation in Italy or the husband in America watching her with warm sympathy. But this I do know, that neither looks upon the separation as a sacrifice to greedy ambition, but to genuine, true love of the art, and perhaps it is this sincere devotion that sustains them. Already the dawn of great success has broken upon her. Italian musical journals praise her liberally and recognize extraordinary merit in her voice, which they characterize as exquisitely pure and sweet. May white omens attend her, and when Mrs. Minnie Bealls Reade comes home to America the West will surely be proud to think that in her groves was this new nightingale nursed.

ANNIE THOMAS.

A London correspondent, writing of a well-known novelist, says: In person, Annie Thomas is not now and never could have been handsome, but she has a bright, animated face, elegant manners, in which there is not a shade of affectation, is very witty and vivacious, has a pleasant, musical voice, and is a very good conversationalist, qualities which serve her in beauty's stead. In her younger days she was much flattered and courted in society, and her friends predicted that she would make what the world calls a brilliant match. They were not a little surprised, however, when, during a summer visit to the beautiful shire of Devon, she married a young country curate with a small salary. Her marriage was a happy one, but she had become so wedded to the gay world of London, that the tame, dull, and even tenor of life at a country parsonage soon became unendurable to her, and the people she was thrown among differed from her widely in thought, feeling, and habits of life; at length, as she sometimes laughingly remarks, to save herself from insanity, she took to horse-back riding, attended most of the fox hunts, and used to follow the hounds over moor and mountain for miles. The staid, sober people in the neighborhood were very much shocked at the thought of a parson's wife riding at fox hunts, and took but little pains to conceal their indignation. It was under these circumstances that one of her most popular novels, "The Old Love again"—which appeared in *Harper's Monthly* a few years since—was written. In it she sets forth the various petty annoyances to which she was subjected by her narrow-minded neighbors, and her yearnings for freedom and congenial society. For some years past she has resided in Maid's Vale, one of the pleasantest suburbs of London, and where the church of which her husband is assistant rector is also situated. She has four lovely children.

and, though she is not a very careful writer, she is a very diligent one. She regards novel-writing as a duty no less than a pleasure, and in defence of her reckless, unfinished style she pleads the exigencies of her position. I have heard it stated that her manuscript is frequently bundled up and sent to the printer without any revision or correction whatsoever—in her own words, "without waiting for the ink to dry." She is still very fond of society, and occasionally gives very pleasant reunions, which are attended by many of the well-known literary men and women of the metropolis.

A STORY is going the round to the effect that an alderman was asked by a lady during the course of a recent banquet at the Mansion House, the meaning of the letters S. P. Q. R., which appeared on the standards borne by some soldiers in a picture. The alderman replied, with much promptitude, "that he believed they stood for small profits and quick returns."

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 249.



C. A. LEBLANC, Esq., Q. C., SHERIFF OF MONTREAL.

be made by which the delicate fabrics of France might have a partial drawback, when sold in America, an account of the necessary deterioration of the goods from exposure in a sea voyage, and the changes constantly taking place in fashionable attire. The Prince Imperial was with his battery at the English military camp at Aldershot, and she regretted that he was not present, in order that he might participate in the conversation. Before retiring I expressed the hope that her Majesty would send us some token of the interest she manifested in the exhibition, to which she responded by saying: "Ah! what have I to send? What can I send? I am here simply the tenant of another's house. All you see about me I have no control over." But I am not without hope that the suggestion will bear good fruit; and, on reviewing the request that she might consent to let her son come to America next year, she said: "I fear that is impossible. I should like to be present in Philadelphia. I have always felt the greatest interest in the United States, but we are the creatures of

white altar, the surpliced priest, the bowed heads, and her own sweet, fresh voice soaring above the clouds of incense and the murmur of prayer? Then she was the darling of fortune, now she is a worker in a scantily clothed field. The story of the intervening years is hers, not the public's, for real sorrow is too sacred to be told in the market place, even though its recital would win her ready sympathy. Now there is another Mrs. Reade in Italy, another American studying for the lyric stage, whom every promise of success attends. And when its fulfilment comes there will be plenty to think it happened easily. Better for her that it does not, probably, for there is a discipline in those years of hard work that cultivates more than the voice and makes her a brave woman as well as a fine singer. She is a Western girl, and deserves a niche in the *Inter-Ocean*. She was a music teacher in Topeka, Kan., and after singing in some concerts there made up her mind to study for the stage. Making her mind up was easy enough. That cost nothing: but going abroad did. So

GROWING UP.

Oh, to keep them still around us, baby darlings, fresh and pure,
 "Mother's" smile their pleasure crowning, "mother's" kiss their sorrows cure;
 Oh, to keep the waxen touches, sunny curls, and radiant eyes,
 Pattering feet and eager prattle—all young life's lost Paradise!
 One bright head above the other, tiny hands that clung and clasped,
 Little forms, that close enfolding, all of Love's best gifts were grasped;
 Sporting in the Summer sunshine, glancing round the winter hearth,
 Bidding all the wide world echo with their fearless, careless mirth.

Oh, to keep them; how they gladden all the path from day to day—
 What gay dreams we fashioned of them, as in rosy sleep they lay;
 How each broken word was welcomed, how each struggling thought was hailed,
 As each bark went floating seaward, love-bedecked and fancy-sailed!

Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding from our clinging hold,
 Lo! the brave leaves bloom and burgeon: lo! the shy sweet buds unfold;
 Fast to lip, and cheek, and tresses steals the maiden's bashful joy;
 Fast the frank bold man's assertion tones the accents of the boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them; soon in other shape than ours
 Those young hands will seize their weapons, build their castles, plant their flowers;
 Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear eyes we trained to see;
 Soon a closer love than ours in those wakening hearts will be.

So it is, and well it is so; fast the river nears the main,
 Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning never glows again;
 Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and sure the links are rent;
 Let us pluck our Autumn roses with their sober bloom content.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

ERNANI.

A REMINISCENCE OF GRAND OPERA.

I.

It is among the mountains of Arragon. In the distance is seen the Moorish Castle of Don Silva. The hour is sunset. Rebel mountaineers and bandits are eating and drinking. Some amuse themselves with cards, others burnish their arms.

Ernani appears from afar, slowing descending the rocks.

Don Silva is a proud Spanish grandee. Ernani is John of Arragon, son of the Duke of Segovia, who has been proscribed, and, being pursued by the minions of the King of Castile, takes refuge among the crags of the Sierras where he puts himself at the head of a troop of rebels, and bears an assumed name.

The rebels have finished the singing of a was-sail chorus. Ernani greets them in that beautiful outburst:

Come rugiada al' cespite
 D'un appassito fiore....

Balmier than dew to drooping bud,
 Sweeter than sun on flower....

The young outlaw informs his followers that he is in love with Donna Elvira who is, however, about to be snatched from him and united to Don Silva. To-morrow is set apart for the fatal ceremony. Will they suffer this outrage?

"Never. To the rescue!" is the bandits' cry. They pick up their traps, shoulder their arms and move forward in the direction of Don Silva's Castle.

The night has fallen. The fair Elvira is alone in her chamber, high up in the castle of the grandee. She advances to the casement, leans her white arms on the iron bars, and gazes over the mountain ranges as they lie still in the silver moon beams. She dreams. Her thoughts are with Ernani. She sings. That song uttered three hundred years ago among the lone hills of Arragon has been caught on the wing by Verdi, preserved in his glorious score, and is now re-echoed throughout the world by Patti, Nilsson, and Lucca. Who that has not heard and trembled as he heard the passionate appeal:

Ernani! Ernani, involami
 Ab, abborrito amplesso!

"Ernani! snatch me from the abhorred embrace of this man and take me to thine arms where alone is the Eden of my enchantment."

A group of young maidens come forward with rich bridal gifts, offerings to Elvira from Don Silva; but she does not deign to look at them. She is absorbed in her grief and demands to be alone. The maids retire.

But who is this that enters? Don Carlos, King of Castile, better known in history as the Emperor Charles V. He too has become violently enamoured of Elvira. He has watched her windows, and discovered that when all are at rest in the castle of Don Silva, a young cavalier gains admission to her apartments. That cavalier is Ernani. This fatal night the King imitates the signal of the favored lover and is introduced into her chamber. But she recognizes him.

"Heavens! Thou, sire, at this hour?"

"'Tis love that draws me."

"'Tis false—thou dost not love me."

"What? A King lies not."

"And wouldst thou lure me?"

"Come, O come with me. I adore thee."

"And mine honor?"

"All my court shall honor thee."

The struggle continues throughout the famous duet, *da quel di*, "from the day when first

this beauty," and culminates by the King seizing Elvira's hand and striving to drag her away. She leaps from him like a frightened fawn, snatches a poniard from his belt, brandishes it on high, and orders him to flee or she will plunge it into his heart. Don Carlos calls to the rescue.

A secret panel door opens and Ernani steps forward. A scene of terrible recrimination ensues between the two lovers. They would come to blows, but, Elvira still retaining the dagger in her hand, interposes between them.

The noise brings Don Silva to the scene. Surprised and indignant at the sight of two men in the chamber of his bride, on the very eve of their nuptials, he breaks out into a violent rage and demands reparation. But the King reveals himself, pretending that he came in disguise to consult him about his approaching election to the empire, and a conspiracy which was being organized against his imperial promotion and his life. This device unravels the knot of the situation and both the King and Ernani retire unmolested.

II.

A magnificent drawing room in Don Silva's castle. Doors leading to various apartments. Portraits of the Silva family handsomely framed, and surmounted by ducal coronets and coats of arms, hang from the walls. Nearest a complete suit of equestrian armor is set, corresponding to the period when the person represented lived. There is also a rich table and a ducal chair of carved oak.

Don Silva enters gorgeously attired in the regalia of a Spanish grandee and seats himself in his ducal chair. There is brought before him a pilgrim who demands shelter and a refuge. It is Ernani, who is hotly pursued by the King's troops. Don Silva grants his request, places him under his protection and gives him sanctuary.

Elvira had lost sight of her outlaw lover. She had been told that he was dead. Putting faith in this intelligence and besieged by importunities, she had finally consented to accept the hand of Don Silva.

She enters the ducal presence, clad in bridal robes, and followed by a train of attendants. The fatal ceremony is about to be performed. Ernani cannot contain himself. He throws off his disguise and exclaims:

"Ernani still lives!"

A scene of confusion ensues. Ernani asks to be delivered up to the King, but Silva refuses, swears he will stand by his promise of protection, bids his soldiers man the towers and rushes out determined to defend his castle. Elvira and Ernani are left alone one moment, when they fall into each other's embrace. Silva returns and surprises them. He is about to explode, when the arrival of the King is announced at the port-cullis. He gives orders to admit His Majesty, bids Elvira retire and hides Ernani in a secret cabinet.

Don Carlos summons Don Silva to surrender Ernani. The grandee proudly refuses.

"Thy head or his, hidalgo!"

"Take mine."

The soldiers strip Silva of his sword and are ordered to scour the castle in search of the refugee. Wroth at their failure, the King is about to wreak the vengeance of death on Don Silva, when Elvira intervenes, and yielding to her entreaties, Don Carlos spares his victim. But he carries off Elvira as a hostage for the Don.

After the truce are gone, Silva takes down two swords from the armory near the portraits and then releasing Ernani from his hiding place, orders him to cross blades with himself. Ernani refuses to raise an arm against his protector, but proposes instead that both should combine against their common enemy, the King. Handing him his hunting horn, he declares himself ready to die whenever the signal should be given from the lips of Don Silva.

III.

A subterranean vault enclosing the tomb of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle. On the left stands the monument with a bronze door, on which is read in large letters, the word CHARLEMAGNE. Other and smaller tombs are seen. Two lamps, hanging from the roof, shed a faint light upon the graves.

Enter the King, attended by Riccardo, a retainer, both wrapped in dark cloaks. Riccardo goes first, carrying a torch.

"Is this the place?" queries the King.

"Yes," responds the attendant.

"And the hour?"

"Aye, when the league of Conspirators will assemble to thwart thy elevation to the throne." After a pause, Riccardo retires, and the King, after venting his determination in the grand solo: "Oh! de' verd' anni miei," produces a key, opens the door of the Tomb and enters therein.

Several doors in the vaulted depths open, and the Conspirators, members of the League against the King, enter, enveloped in dark mantles and bearing torches. They mount on one of the smaller tombs and confer. Then their torches are thrown down on the ground and extinguished. It is decided to murder the King, and the choice of the murderer is to be decided by ballot. Each Conspirator draws a tablet from his breast, writes his name thereon and throws it into an open tomb. When all the names are thus deposited, Don Silva slowly advances towards the tomb and draws a tablet therefrom. Every eye is fixed upon him through the gloom.

"Who is chosen?" is asked in smothered whispers.

"Ernani!"

The youth accepts with exultation and all the companions embrace.

Suddenly the boom of cannon is heard outside. The Conspirators are awe-struck, for they know what it means. The Electors have elected the King to the Empire, and are approaching the cathedral to offer thanksgiving. Another report is heard, and the door of the monument opens. A third report is heard and lo! the King stands on the threshold of the tomb.

"'Tis Charlemagne!" shrieked the terrified Conspirators.

"'Tis Charles the Fifth, ye traitors!" exclaimed the King, striking the door of bronze three times with the hilt of his dagger.

The principal entrance to the vault opens, and, amid the sound of trumpets, six Electors enter, dressed in cloth of gold; followed by pages carrying, upon velvet cushions, the sceptre, crown, and other imperial insignia. A splendid suite of German and Spanish courtiers immediately surround the Emperor; among them Elvira.

Charles is gracious. In the hour of his triumph he inclines to mercy. The Conspirators are all pardoned, Ernani is restored to his ancestral titles and possessions and the hand of Elvira is placed in his!

IV.

A terrace in the palace of Don John of Arragon, in Saragossa. Illuminated gardens in the back ground. It is a wedding party. Sounds of revelry are heard on every side. Masqueraders flutter about from garden to saloon. One mask, arrayed in a black domino, with eyes gazing fiercely around, as if anxiously seeking some body, is particularly noticed, but gradually the dances conclude, the music fades in the distance, the torches are extinguished and all sinks into silence. Ernani and Elvira, in bridal costume, pass from the ball room, on their way across the garden to their own apartments. They are happy, oh! how happy, after so many fiery trials and such long endurance of fidelity. But now they are united and forever—

Hark, was not that the blast of a horn? From the garden it came sweet, silvery and familiar. There it is again!

Ernani springs from the side of his bride. He utters a malediction. He is delirious. He starts to fly. He returns and bids Elvira to hasten away. She hesitates. He insists. She obeys. Then the black mask appears at the garden gate. It is torn aside and Don Silva stands revealed. He reminds Ernani of his word that he would be prepared to die whenever his horn was sounded by the lips of the Don. Ernani remembers the promise and will fulfil it, and, at this supreme moment, he breaks out into that delicious dirge, *Solingo, errante è misero* which has made so many weep, that have heard it from the lips of Mario and Nicolini.

Silva presents a dagger and a cup of poison. "Choose."

Ernani chooses the dagger, and stabs himself. Elvira rushes back, but too late to prevent the fatal deed. She falls upon his body and the last words which they both mutter may serve for their epitaph:

Per noi d'amore il talamo
 Di morte fu l'altar....

For us the bridal bed of love
 Was the shrine of death....

J. L.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

IN TEN MINUTES.

A TALK AGAINST TIME.

I.

I read the other day in every body's favorite, *Punch*, a very good story. It was appended to one of those charming illustrations of which the famous periodical seems to have the monopoly. A bearded and spectacled gentleman was sitting awkwardly upon a fashionable chair, and a charming lady was sitting near him. The lady with characteristic feminine regard for learning says: "Mr. Pundit, we have just ten minutes to dinner-time, now wouldn't you be good enough to give me a short sketch of the History of the World—from the Creation you know."

The story suggests my position. I have about ten minutes allowed me in which to say something agreeable on some subject of interest, on which if I once started I would in all probability want to talk for an hour at least.

A good deal might be done indeed in ten minutes after the fashion of Mr. Jingle, in *Pickwick*,—"Epic poem, Sir—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the field piece, twang the Lyre."

"You were present at that glorious scene, Sir" said Mr. Snodgrass. "Present! Think I was!—fired a musket—fired with an idea—rushed into a wine shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz! bang!—Another idea!—wine shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, Sir!"

But that is a sort of composition not appreciated by ordinary people like us, and, even in a ten minutes talk, some regard for the Queen's English must be exhibited. And in these days, ten minutes is a good deal of time, and a good deal is required to be done it. Every hour must sweat its sixty minutes to the death; and we

Live on, God love us, as if the seedman rapt
 Upon the teeming harvest, should not dip
 His hand into the bag.

I met an American once in Canada at a hotel, and he nearly drove a friend of mine frantic with suppressed laughter by gravely insisting that ten

minutes was quite enough for dinner. He was a commercial traveller and was so accustomed to the railway conductor's warning cry of "five minutes for refreshments" that he considered ten minutes quite a liberal allowance for dinner in this age. I suppose he is dead now, poor fellow. He bolted his dinner that day in a fashion that astounded me and made me unhappy, thinking how horrid his dreams were going to be that night. And if he is dead I fancy it must have been in some heroic effort to wrestle with a railway dinner in five minutes when the train was late.

It is a current anecdote that a certain great lawyer wrote a learned and bulky volume on jurisprudence during his ten minutes waiting for his wife to dress for dinner every day. Ten minutes' fighting nearly destroyed the best cavalry in France in some of the most splendid cavalry charges mentioned in history—at Sedan. Ten minutes' talking will enable two clever ladies to dissect the best character in the community. In a ten minutes' speech a politician may tell crammers enough to make his salvation a matter on which even an Isolated Risk Company would decline to take the chances.

Look at the newspapers too! In ten minutes they will give you the quotidian history of the globe, provided you bring enough brains to the ten minutes' effort of reading. The paper suits itself to the reader. If you are a cultivated man it is a treasure of suggestive facts. If you are a donkey—it is a thistle, that's all. In business, too, ten minutes is a long time. Ten minutes' talk with a leading lawyer in New York or London will teach you the value of time and money. Are not all commercial men in this age on the jump to make fortunes in ten minutes, so to speak. Don't they "push things" horribly to get rich hastily? They exhaust their strength, they soften their brains, they risk their fortunes, they abandon their domestic enjoyments, they stretch their consciences to get rich—in ten minutes. Some, a great many, succeed; become worth £100,000 and pass their days adding to that sum, talking broken English and picking their teeth with a fork. That is called in the jargon of the day "making a mark" in the world. Save the mark! And a great many more do not succeed, as the list of bankrupts tells, and the spectacle they present is far too painful to contemplate and far too suggestive to discuss.

Ten minutes is almost sufficient to change the destiny of a nation. It did not take that time to slay Caesar—Casca's envious dagger made short work. Ten minutes is enough to accomplish a change of dynasty in Spain, and to inaugurate a revolution in the Argentine Republic. To save ten minutes in the transit of freight New York will give a million dollars. To reach New Orleans ten minutes ahead of a rival, a Mississippi Captain will put a nigger on the safety valve and risk the lives of hundreds of human beings. If anyone will read that wonderful description of such an event in the "Gilded Age," he will get the best description of the excitement and the horrors of such a scene that I, at least, have ever read. Ten minutes will enable a young man to fall in love and even to fall out again—if he is—clever. Ten minutes will make a man "utterly married," like poor Carrigahalt in *Eothen*.

There is an insane class of enthusiasts, like the philosophers and experimenters of Laputa, who in these days want to make Pundits of the children of the people in the public schools—in about ten minutes. They want to turn Tom Macaulays out of the public schools. "I wish I was as certain of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything," said some noble lord, and these enthusiasts want to make our future work people "certain of everything," though nine tenths of them are themselves certain of nothing, not even of their own scholastic theories. They want to teach them science and art and literature and the classics; and a newspaper has suggested that dancing and hair dressing and whist and stenography and boxing and snow shoeing might be added, so that giving ten minutes or so to each we might outshine Laputa.

II.

Look at our literary men too—all rushing into print like madmen, bent on making fame and fortune—in ten minutes. The editors of the New York and London dailies have an ugly trick of dropping down dead in some hotel, like Raymond, or dying crazed like poor Horace Greely, just because life has been lived on the supposition that ten minutes was an age and that an age devoted to sleep or exercise or enjoyment was more than they could afford. Edmund Yates began his literary life with splendid prospects, a host of admirers and friends like Dickens and Thackeray. But he got the Ten Minutes fever, and rushed his Pegasus till the noble animal became unrecognizable from being dragged through the mud of those beery, horsy, vulgar and vicious novels.

Look at Anthony Trollope. The man writes a novel in ten minutes almost! His industry is enormous, appalling. No reader in these days could keep up with him—though he keeps his pace evenly and well. He is writing for time only, not for fame. Even the "Small House at Allington," that most charming story, is almost out of memory, hidden under the crowd of his later books. Hepworth Dixon has the Ten Minutes fever on him badly too, and he is getting unbearable. I have diligently followed that man through "New America" and through the "Spiritual Wives" enormity; I have travelled with him through the winter forests and down the frozen rivers of Free Russia; and out under the Syrian skies into the Holy Land; and up into the bracing air of the hills of the Switzers;

and through and through the Town of London; and have put up with his affectations and have enjoyed his brilliant descriptions; but now that he has come to Canada and America to travel for ten minutes, and write two volumes on his travels—I rebel; I refuse to devote ten more minutes of my life and my eye-sight to him.

Poor Dickens had that Ten Minutes fever on him too. I think it is melancholy in the extreme, it is painful to contemplate the later years of his life. Greedy for dollars, fiercely covetous of applause, pursued by some demon who secretly tortured him into making too much of ten minutes of rest, pushing him on the stage to exhaust his great dramatic powers, pushing him at his desk, pushing him in his walks, pushing him in his moments of rest into feverish desire for haste till the brain gave way and there was nothing of him left but a palsied hand, an empty inkstand—and an immortal name.

Perhaps there never was so striking a literary illustration of the value of time, even of ten minutes of time, as is given in the brilliant Frenchman's "Tour of the World in 80 days." Any one who has yielded to the fascinations of that remarkable volume will remember how keenly the moments were watched as the adventurous Mr. Phileas Fogg pursued his costly journey. Ten minutes delay in the tour of the world might lose him his £20,000, and yet the most exasperating delays did take place, an unfinished railway, a storm at sea, a steamer delayed, a row in India, a duel in the cars, an Indian fight on the plains, an arrest in England, all conspired against Mr. Phileas Fogg—and yet he accomplished his journey within the 80 days all but about ten minutes—as he thought. The finish at the Derby could not be more exciting than the finish of Mr. Phileas Fogg's "Tour of the World in 80 days." All the rest of his life he must have had an immense appreciation of the value of ten minutes in these hasty and harassing days.

Any one who possesses a few shelves full of books will agree with me that there is one period of ten minutes during the day which affords unmixed satisfaction and tranquil gratitude. It is the ten minutes or so before the tea-time, when you go home to end, or mayhap to begin your work; when you are left alone waiting for tea and can stand before the bookshelves in that state of uncertainty as to which volume you will take down to wile away the time. You can never make a decided choice. The usual result is that you dip into a dozen. No doubt the great controversy between Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Newman has a place in your head, and perhaps you take down the Apologia if you have it, and read that noble dedication to the Brothers of the Oratory, which is so elevating, so humble, so touching.

Mayhap you dip into a book of travels and, in the midst of our unlovely and unsightly winter weather, read for an instant some tropical description by Humboldt or Kingsley. The day Charles Kingsley died I had been reading at an odd moment some charming pages in his "Christmas in the West Indies" and after I heard of his death, in an hour or so, it struck me as being particularly suggestive that he who had so yearned all his life after the Tropics, should have died in the winter and would be buried under the snow.

If you had a copy of Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia" that most dainty of all little volumes, you might pull it down and, with special fitness towards the charitable work of the ladies for whom this entertainment is given, you might read:

Pleasures! away, they please no more!
Friends! are they what they were before!
Loves! they are very idle things,
The best about them is their wings;
The dance! 'tis what the bear can do,
Music! I hate your music too!

Whene'er these witnesses that time
Hath snatched the chaplet from our prime
Are called by nature as we go
With eye more wary, step more slow
And will be heard and noted down
However we may fret or frown.

Shall we desire to leave the scene
Where all our former joys have been?
No. 'Twere ungrateful and unwise,
But when die down our charities
For human weal and human woes,
Then is the time our eyes should close.

Perhaps, however, you are in a tenderly philosophical mood and pull down gladly good Mr. Thackeray; and if you do, may read that when the great master of modern fiction used to go out the great Library of the British Museum, he felt like saying a grace for the good things there provided for him and for the whole nation. And with that feeling at your heart you survey your humble museum, with almost equal gratitude, equally inclined to say a grace as the evening meal is laid and your ten minutes are over.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

SALVINI.

Salvini was born in Milan, but lived during most of his childhood in Leghorn, which was his father's native city. He was married when twenty-nine years old to an Italian, who was also on the stage, but he has been a widower for the last seven years. He spoke of his wife in a very feeling manner, as though her loss was really a cause of perpetual grief. He has three sons and one daughter, the oldest child being a little more than fifteen years old. When I remarked that this son was a very handsome young man, Signor Salvini looked shocked, and repeated, "Young man? Why, he is a child; not yet sixteen?"

I asked him if he intended to educate his son to be an actor. "Oh, no, no, no! To be an actor is the most unsatisfactory art one can cul-

tivate. When I am dead, what shall I leave behind me? Nothing; no lasting memorial. Nothing that one can look at, admire and say, 'Behold! Salvini did that.' How different it is with a sculptor! As long as the stone remains his reputation lives; it is not a think of the past, but of the living present. So convinced am I of this that for the last ten years I have been devoting more or less study to that art. I have many artist friends; from them I gain much, and before I finish I shall succeed. Oh, yes, I shall succeed; and then I will write the name Salvini!" I argued that his art gave him present fame, and said that I thought it was better to have the praise when one was alive and could enjoy it. "But I like the tranquil life," he answered; "and as an actor I am so frequently tormented by being obliged to act with persons who have no soul, no appreciation; there is so much turmoil, so much that is disagreeable."

I asked him again, observes the writer which character he liked best. "Hamlet," he replied. Then, leaning forward in the most earnest manner, as though he would divine my thoughts, "Why is it," he said, "that 'Hamlet' is such a favorite? It is a character that 'takes' more than any other. Why, Mr. Booth played it for a hundred nights and the public was not tired. Now, tell me, why is it?" I said that it was impossible for me to explain it. I thought, perhaps, that it was because "Hamlet" was melancholy and morbid, which enlisted one's sympathies, while his acts vindicated justice and commanded one's respect. "Oh, no! oh, no! The sympathies of mankind are always with crime. Take the characters of 'Francesca,' 'Paola,' and 'Aramine.' (in Dante.) One brother loves his brother's wife; the husband kills the brother and false wife. With whom do you think the public sympathize? Always with the lower."

"Tell me, how do you picture to yourself Hamlet?"

I answered:—"Rather tall, slight, dark and sombre-looking." He interrupted me with, "It is always the same, and why, why! The text, even, is different. It is not Shakespere's conception, for he himself says, (act fifth, scene second,) 'He's fat and scant of breath.' Read the play, and you will find that Shakespere intended him to be a stout man; yet all the world thinks that he is a thin, weakly man. If I were going to represent the character of 'Hamlet' I should not make myself larger than I am, but I find that I am none too large for Shakespere's conception."

I asked him what he thought the character of "Hamlet" was intended to portray. He answered:—"Doubt. Shakespere wrote his plays to represent in each one ruling principles or passion: Hamlet, doubt; Macbeth ambition; Romeo and Juliet, love; Othello, jealousy."

"Are not persons afraid to act with you when you become greatly excited?"

"Oh, yes, frequently, and sometimes they have cause. I was in Paais and had an overflowing audience, half of whom were English; I wished to make a decided impression—to triumph. The play was 'Othello.' Iago should drop upon one knee in such a way as to be able to fall entirely a moment later. The poor fellow who took the part of Iago was unaccustomed to act with me, became frightened by my vehemence and forgot to kneel properly, and so could not fall. I told him in a low tone to fall; I repeated it; still he remained unmoved; I was furious. With all those English in the house, fall he must. I caught hold of him, lifted him, and threw him down with such violence that he bounded. When I saw him bound I was filled with terror. I leaned over him, and said, 'Mon ami! are you hurt?' He answered in a feeble, gasping voice, 'I can't rise; you must lift me. I took hold of his hand with a grip of iron; he placed his foot against my knee, and in a moment the thing was done. I seemed to hurl him in scorn across the stage; it had the effect of almost superhuman strength. The house rang with applause, and from that night I adopted that style. Poor Iago's back was almost crushed, and for some time he was confined to his bed."

THE FIRST WALTZ.

A writer says: No event ever produced so great a sensation in English society as the introduction of the German waltz in 1813. Up to this time, he writes, the English country dance, Scotch step, and occasional Highland reel formed the school of the dancing master and the evening recreation of the British youth, even in the first circles. But peace was drawing nigh, foreigners were arriving, and the taste for Continental customs and manners became the order of the day. The young Duke of Devonshire, as the Magnus Apollo of the drawing-rooms in London, was at the head of these innovations, and when the kitchen dance became exploded at Devonshire House it could not long be expected to maintain its footing even in the less celebrated assemblies. In London fashion was then everything. Old and young returned to school, and the mornings which had been dedicated to lounging in the park were now absorbed at home in practising the figures of a French quadrille, or whirling a chair round the room to learn the step and measure of the German waltz. Lame and impotent were the first efforts, but the inspiring airs of the music and the not less inspiring airs of the foreigners soon rendered the English ladies enthusiastic performers. What scenes have we witnessed in those days at Almack's. What fear and trembling in the debutantes at the commencement of the waltz, what giddiness and confusion at the end! It was, perhaps, owing to this last circumstance that so violent an opposi-

tion soon rose to this new creation on the score of morality. The anti-waltzing party took the alarm, cried it down, mothers forbade it, and every ball-room became a scene of feud and contention; the waltzers continued their operations, but their ranks were not filled with so many recruits as they expected.

THE FLANEUR.

A hungry and impecunious newspaper man was wandering through the streets in search of something to eat. He passed many a restaurant where, on Saturday evenings, when he had plenty of money, he had feasted like a king, but this day he looked for humbler fare. At last he came to a place where there was this sign on a card at the window:

Breakfast..... 10 cents.

Dinner..... 25 "

Noon was just sounding from the towers of Notre-Dame. He read the card. He entered. Swinging his hat on a peg near the door, he resolutely took a seat, and snapping his fingers at the waiting girl, sang out:

"Get me some breakfast, please."

A correspondent sends me the following: Guide boy at Malvern, England, to travellers remarking that there seemed to be few visitors: "Oh, sir, if you came at 3 p. m. you'd see the whole hill crawling alive with quality."

There is an eating-house on Craig Street, where many of the city reporters go for their lunch. It was on Friday. The beef was tough, the mutton was sour, and the pork was fat. The only appetizing dish was baked salmon, the size of your two hands. On seeing this, the Sun reporter reached out his long arm and emptied all the fish into his plate. There was a general cry of remonstrance.

"I'm a Roman Catholic," was his cool defence.

A new cure for drunkenness. Father, with a bundle of paper in his hands, is very wroth against his son.

"James, come here."

"Yes, sir."

"What are these papers?"

"Bills, sir."

"Yes, debts of yours in every hotel and bar-room of the city."

"I know it, sir."

"Why did you contract these debts?"

"To prevent my ever going near those places again."

Petits pois au naturel! what a delicious dish they are when they first come out. Archie, five year old, and Minnie, three year old, are very fond of them. They are at table. Mother has not yet come down. Susan sets a plate of the green peas upon the cloth and returns to the kitchen for more dishes. In the interval, Archie seizes the peas and souses them all into his plate. Minnie stretches her little hands and cries out: "Give me some, I like 'em too."

"Yes, but not so much as me," says Archie who had already swallowed the half of them.

It was the last day of last month. I was in the telegraph office writing a despatch, when a telegraphic correspondent friend of mine stepped up to the wicket, spoke in low tones to a clerk inside, hopped about on one leg and then on another, for just two minutes, received something through the wicket, made a scrawl on a piece of white paper which he returned, and then wended his way smilingly in my direction.

"Do you know," said he, "what the letters S. P. Q. R. stand for?"

I had a faint classic recollection of the Roman Senate and People, but it was very faint, and I had to give up the conundrum.

"S. P. Q. R. means Salaries Paid Quite Regularly," said my facetious friend, waving a bundle of bank notes.

I asked for a cool draught, and the waiter proceeded to break a piece of ice on the edge of the glass.

"That's risky," I ventured to remark.

"Bah!" said a friend at my elbow, "it is only *glace* (ice) against glass."

For an Englishman's first attempt at a French pun, this will do.

There is a new restaurant in this city which has the old familiar name, Tivoli. The sign bearing the name is composed of large gilt wooden letters. Some days ago first the O, and next the V, fell out.

"Hello," said a chap, passing by it, "this must be a temperance concern. They've dropped the V. O."

There is a small colony of darkies in this town, and some of them are very faithful servants. Sam, a coal-black Congo, of twenty-five, is one of these. The other day Sam was invited to a wedding. He went to his employer, who is a haberdasher, and asked him the gift of a pair of kids for the occasion.

"Certainly, Sam. What color?"

"Flesh color, sah."

"All right."

That night he received from the gentleman a pair of black Jouvins.

"Will they do, Sam?"

"Yes... guess so... sah."

"Do they fit?"

"Oh, dey fit well enough, sah, but...."

"But what, Sam."

"They ain't 'xactly de right shade."

"I thought you said flesh color." The negro turned to his benefactor, and rolling the whites of those big eyes of his, twiggled the joke at last.

"All right, sah, you got me dere. But I'll git my revenge. I'll give dese gloves to my gal, Jinnie, and buy a pair of oleanders for myself."

An old farmer, very fond of knowing what is going on in the world, receives a lot of papers from his town friends. He is not lettered himself, and has his children to read to him. One day a neighbor dropped in and seeing a pile of papers on the little shelf near the clock, asked for the loan of the latest journals.

"You will find them there," said the farmer. "These are all pretty old," replied the neighbor.

The old man went up himself and, fumbling in the pile, pulled out one which had still the wrapper on it.

"Ha, here you are," said he gleefully. "This is the latest. It has not yet been read!"

ALMAVIVA.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE patter of little feet, and the patter of summer rain, are among the sweetest sounds in the world of nature.

THE temperate are the most luxurious. By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy.

IT is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another, without helping himself.

THE happiness of the human race in this world does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to command them.

THE darkest cloud which overshadows human life may often appear the brightest to the angels who watch over us from heaven.

LIFE, according to the Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.

THE perfection of wisdom and the end of true philosophy is to proportion our wants to our possession, our ambition to our capacities.

TO men of a poetical nature, life is apt to become a desert, in whose undulating air, as in that of other deserts, objects appear both wavering and gigantic.

NEVER travel to escape the sorrows of a great bereavement. Familiar objects may keep them present with us for a time, but nothing multiplies them like absence.

NOTHING is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

GRIEVANCES.—Leave your grievances as Napoleon did his letters—unopened for three weeks—and it is astonishing how little you will find to trouble you in them at the end of that time.

IF you have talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour, nothing is ever to be obtained without it.

GREAT are the advantages to be reaped from listening attentively to the conversation of intelligent and cultivated people, and young persons should be earnest to improve every such opportunity.

FINE sensibilities are like woodbines—delightful luxuries of beauty to twine around a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if, unsupported by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

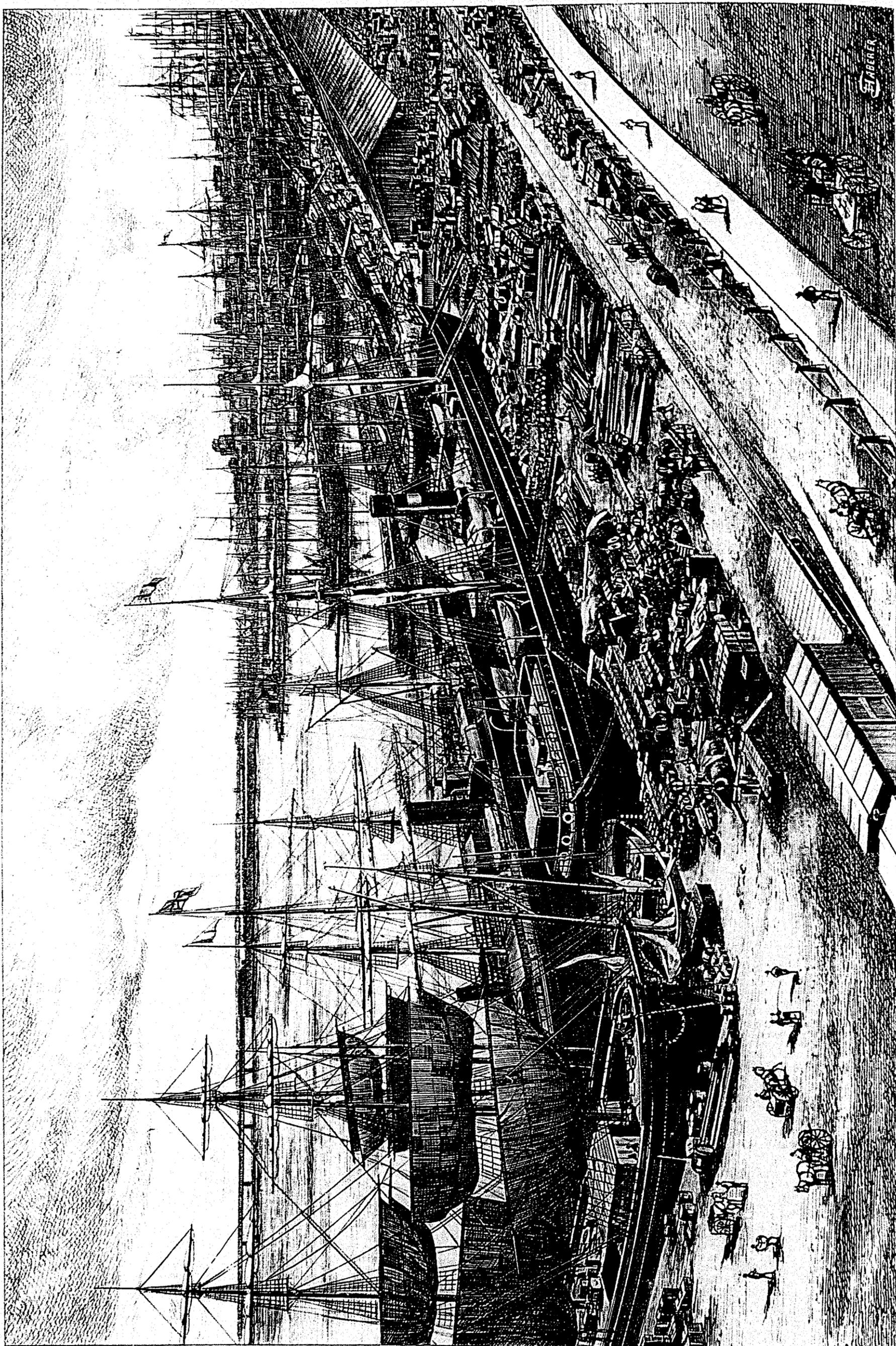
ONE of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.

A GLASS FOR OURSELVES.—When you descant on the faults of others, consider whether you be not guilty of the same. The best way to gain a true knowledge of ourselves is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for discovering our own.

OUR belief or disbelief of a thing does not alter the nature of the thing. We cannot fancy things into being, or make them vanish into nothing by the stubborn confidence of our imaginations. Things are as sullen as we are, and will be what they are, whatever we think of them.

WERE we to strip our sufferings of all the aggravations which our over-busy imaginations heap upon them, of all that our impatience and wilfulness embitters in them, of all that a morbid craving for sympathy induces us to display to others, they would shrink to less than half their bulk; and what remained would be comparatively easy to support.

LOVED ONES' RETURN.—There is no moment when beloved objects are so much beloved as on the return from a long absence. How pleasant the hurry of their arrival, and the many preparations to receive them!—In winter the warmest seat by the fire; in summer the coolest by the open lattice. Then the supper where all former likings are so carefully remembered; the cheerful flutter of spirits; the disposition to talk; the still greater desire to listen; and—for the future will ever intrude upon the mortal present—the delight of thinking we shall still be together to-morrow. Assuredly the meeting with our loved ones after absence is one of—ah, no—it is life's most delicious feeling.—



MONTREAL: PART OF THE PORT, LOOKING WEST



THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

A DAY OF SUMMER BEAUTY.

Out in the golden summer air,
Amid the purple heather,
A woman sat with drooping head,
And hands close knit together:

Never a bitter word she said,
Though all her life looked cold and dead—
Cold in the glowing haze that lay
Over the fair green earth that day,
That day of summer beauty.

Far, far away where leafy woods
Touched the sky, cloud-riven,
A thousand birds rang out life's bliss
In jubilee to heaven:
How could the poor old withered throat
Carol echoes to each soft note?
Every soul must pay life's cost—
Her deepest silence praised God most,
That day of summer beauty.

Too dulled her soul, too worn, to feel
Summer delight acutely;
While earth was praising God aloud
Her patience praised him mutely.
Her narrow life of thought and care—
Not life to live, but life to bear,
Contented that her soul was sad,
While all God's soulless things were glad,
That day of summer beauty.

And where she stayed, a dusky speck
In gorse and heather glory,
A weary spirit watched and read
The pathos of her story:
A spirit doubt-oppressed and worn,
Had found another more forlorn.
That tranquil stayed, nor sought to guess
Life's meanings—which are fathomless,
Through all the summer beauty.

C. BROOKE.

THREE DAYS' DARKNESS.

"Herbert, my heart will break! I cannot endure it. For myself I should not care; but to see you, my husband, and our little ones in such misery is too dreadful!" and Mrs. Courtenay buried her face in her handkerchief, stamped her small foot in a paroxysm of sorrow, perhaps of indignation also, that shook her very frame to the centre.

Her husband gazed at her with a calm sadness in his noble, intellectual features, that spoke of a deeper, if more controlled and subdued, grief than his impulsive wife.

"My darling, my precious Alice, be patient!" he said, in a rich, soft voice, that had something of honeylike soothing in its very tones. "For my sake, you will take courage! Do you not know that I am the cause of your trouble? If you had not fallen in love with a curate, and insisted on marrying him, instead of the rich baronet who courted you at the same time, you would not have offended your uncle, and would have been now living in luxurious splendour. Does my Alice repent the folly? Am I to be yet more deeply wounded for you that I am now?" he went on, bending gently over the weeping wife, and striving to raise her with his gentle hand.

"No, no—a thousand times, no!" she exclaimed suddenly raising her still lovely face, and clasping her husband round the neck with impulsive eagerness. "But then it is I who have dragged you down! You are so learned, so clever, Herbert; and yet you are still a curate, and—and those dreadful debts, and those fearful men!"

And Alice shivered at the very thought of the bailiffs who were at the moment in possession of the house and furniture.

It had been a matter rather of misfortunes than of fault on the Courtenay's part. Illness, and a succession of *contretemps*, had befallen the still young couple.

Mr. Courtenay had been disappointed of an excellent and profitable pupil, of whom he had had the positive promise on his marriage. He had been compelled to postpone the payment for the furniture of his house, owing to more than one severe attack of illness in his family.

And now, with three young children and a delicately-nurtured wife, the anxieties and distresses were brought to a crisis by the angry creditor, who, weary of delays, had at length sent an execution into their modest house.

It was a crushing calamity, to be thus deprived of all—everything—and also to run the possible risk of the imprisonment of the husband and father, and consequent destitution of his helpless wife and little ones.

"Alice," said Mr. Courtenay, in a calm, firm tone, "compose yourself, dearest; be true to your own generous nature. I must leave you now," he added, "and prepare my sermon for next Sunday. At least, my parish cannot suffer for my sorrows, and may be imprudent."

"Herbert, you do not mean that you can preach—that you can appear at your church with all this disgrace upon us?" exclaimed the wife, impetuously.

"I certainly shall, Alice; and what is more, I expect you and our children to appear also," replied Mr. Courtenay, firmly. "What kind of example should we set to our people, if I stayed away from the very place where I have taught them consolation should be found in affliction? At least, we can do our duty."

He could not proceed.

Mrs. Courtenay burst into such a passion of half-penitent, half-complaining sobs, that her husband was fain to hush her into tranquility, like a weary child; and after consigning her to a sofa, left her to the repose of exhaustion, rather than the calm resignation he strove to inculcate.

Poor Herbert Courtenay. It was a sore and well-nigh crushing trial.

Well born, high bred, talented, and handsome, he had started in life with bright prospects, of which his marriage with Alice Rivers had been the first cloud.

But she was so lovely, and devoted, that he

could not repent, even when he found constantly increasing pressure of anxiety weighing on his heart.

And even now that ruin stared him in the face he met it as a clergyman should, even when his fair young wife failed him in his hour of agony and need of comfort from without.

Never could a wife have been more justly proud of a husband's high-souled courage than Alice Herbert might well feel at the sight of Herbert's self-mastery and devotion. The duties that he had assumed were not to be forsworn because he was suffering, and the young clergyman applied his fine intellect to the necessary study as determinedly, and perhaps more profitably, than in the first months of his wedded life.

It was Friday, and the hours of the morning sped rapidly by in the important preparations for the coming Sunday.

Perhaps it was his last opportunity of speaking to his people.

Perhaps he would be shut up in the narrow limits of a prison ere another week had passed. He had scarcely completed his last page, and folded the manuscripts with a sad, heavy heart, when a heavy knock was heard at the study door.

It was the elder of the men in possession who appeared on the opening of it.

"Did you want me?" asked Mr. Courtenay, with the quiet air of dignity that in some measure restrained the man's insolence.

"Yes; I have got this much to say to you," replied the man. "It's just this, Mr. Courtenay—I've been very patient, and waited as long as ever I could, because I'd a kind of respect for your profession, you see, Mr. Courtenay, and it is a sad business for the missus and the little ones; but there's an end to all things, and my employer won't wait any longer, so I've begged for next Sunday, and that's all I can give you; and after that the things must be removed to the broker's on Monday, so I hope you'll arrange for the fitting, and no blame to me either."

It was like an additional weight to the leaden burden on poor Herbert's heart—like stabbing daggers in his tortured breast.

Sunday, to conduct the solemn services of the church, as respected superior of his usual congregation. Monday, to be homeless, penniless, destitute, dependent on charity for food and shelter for his delicate Alice—his infant children!

Such was the prospect opened before him, and his manhood well-nigh gave way under the overwhelming misery.

"I thank you from my heart," he said, quietly, "for the degree of consideration you have shown. I know you might have made the miserable business yet more dreadful if you had chosen. I have but one more favour to ask—will you keep this from Mrs. Courtenay and the result? I will break it to her myself when it is necessary; but she may as well sleep this night in comparative ignorance."

The bailiff turned away. Perhaps he felt a slight choking in his throat at the touching courage of the sorrowing man, whose only thought was for his helpless ones.

"All right! It's nothing to me! I'll keep a close tongue, even to my mate!" returned the man. And Mr. Courtenay tried to accept the small concession as an alleviation of his fierce ordeal of woe.

It was twenty-four hours after the interview; Herbert Courtenay was debating with himself as to the truest wisdom in his communications with his young wife, when Alice suddenly entered the room, with a sad pensiveness on her pale countenance.

"Dearest Herbert, you are afraid to tell me, but I know what is on your heart," she said, laying her head on his shoulder, and nestling in his arms. "We must leave our dear home, and go out in the dreary world. I have been very naughty and rebellious, Herbert, and added to your trouble, instead of condoling it. But I have repented in my inmost heart, dear husband. You shall not be ashamed that you chose your Alice, though I am so inferior to you in all things. And perhaps we may conquer our trial, and be happier than ever, dearest Herbert!"

It was too much for the over-tried spirit of the husband.

He fairly broke down in a passion of tears that had more weariness than bitterness in them, and the pair sat for a time, lost to all save their deep love, and their resolution to support and comfort each other in the coming fierce trial of strength and faith.

A violent ring at the hall bell roused them from the temporary calm in the strife of life.

"Who can it be at this hour?" asked Herbert, brushing away the moist tears that still lingered on his cheeks.

"I will go; don't you disturb yourself, dearest," said Alice, her new strength venting itself on the first opportunity of exertion. "You can't see anyone to-night."

A few minutes passed away, till at last a quarter of an hour must have elapsed, and still Alice did not return.

A fresh terror seized on the husband. What could have happened to detain her at such a moment?—what fresh calamity impended over their doomed heads?

He was on the very point of leaving the room in search of the truant, when he caught sight of her approaching figure.

But his alarm was even heightened when he saw her.

Pale, tottering, yet evidently eager in her attempt to reach his extended arms, the wife threw herself on his breast.

"Herbert! Herbert! we are saved—saved! Oh, it is too much!"

And Alice fairly fainted away. Herbert laid her on the couch, and hastily rang for help, while he rapidly read a paper she had extended to him in her overpowering agitation.

And, for a moment, even his manly self-control was tried by the extraordinary tidings it bore, on its first glance.

It ran thus:—

"DEAR MADAM,—

"We have to inform you of the sudden death of your lamented uncle, Mr. Rivers, of Belmont Park, which took place on the 9th of this month.

"And we have the more agreeable duty of announcing to you that, in consequence of our late client having died without a will, or rather having destroyed one he had formerly made, you are his heiress-at-law, and the present possessor of Belmont and of about three thousand per annum.

"Requesting further directions from yourself or your husband, by the messenger whom we despatch with these tidings, we are, madam,

"Your obedient servants,
"LEWIS AND PEMBERTON."

It was no wonder if the delicate frame of the young wife had been shaken to the very centre by this sudden joy; no wonder if a flood of tears followed her recovery from the swoon, that did not long steep her senses in unconsciousness of her wondrous deliverance.

But when the first tumult of feeling had calmed, and the happy pair could realize something of their new prospects, the sole bitter drop in the cup of bliss was the death of Alice's uncle without bestowing his free pardon and blessing on the niece whose marriage he had rather permitted than approved.

"If I could but have seen him—could but have closed his eyes!" murmured Mrs. Courtenay. "But still, Herbert, I think he must have felt more kindly towards us, or he would have taken the necessary measure for keeping his wealth from us after his death. And I can never—never forget this lesson for your noble courage, Herbert! I thought you almost perfect before," she added; "but now I know you better than before, and I can never—never be worthy of you."

Mr. Courtenay well-nigh laughed at his young wife's pathetic conclusion.

"It would be very satisfactory to me if I could suppose I had some compensatory balance for your three thousand a year, little wife; but I am afraid I cannot even lay that flattering unction to my soul, since your woman's fortitude rose to the emergency that would have crushed most of your sex, and the wife of the ruined and penniless curate displayed a dignity of spirit that cannot be surpassed by the wealthy heiress of Belmont." S. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOATING COFFINS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—Having myself not very many years ago narrowly escaped adding another unit to the number of "victims of iron ship-building," whose cause has been so zealously taken up by Mr. Sewell in your last week's issue,—I read with a special interest his eloquent appeal on behalf of endangered humanity.

I venture to offer a few words of comment on the plan which he suggests as a remedy for the present disgraceful state of things. I do so with diffidence, and under correction, should my ignorance of naval architecture have led me into error or misconception.

I perceive from Mr. Sewell's diagram that the iron coating of his proposed vessel descends only four feet below her water-line when fully loaded; and also that the thinnest portion of her frame is at the curve of her bulge.

During a two-year's residence on the coast of Labrador, I have seen a good deal of ice and ice-bergs, and have frequently conversed with wheelers, sealers, and others experienced in ice-perils. It is well-known that the portion of an ice-berg which appears above water is a very small fraction of its entire mass. In many cases the submerged portion is prolonged horizontally, or with a gentle slope, for a considerable distance from the ice-islet, at a very slight depth below the surface of the water. I have frequently witnessed this phenomenon, and have been told that it is from these submerged portions (the *spurs*, as they are technically called) that the greatest danger is to be apprehended. Of course, the point at which the vessel is threatened by this peril, is considerably below her water-line. Her bulge, too, may come in contact with the end of a submerged ice-cliff, while as yet her keel is clear. It seems to me that in any provision to be made against ice-perils, those presented by the *spurs* of the bergs should be taken into serious consideration.

I cannot close this letter without recording my testimony of admiration to the courage and public spirit which have brought Mr. Sewell to the front in the cause of humanity. I may do so with the better grace, as he is an entire stranger to myself. It is with the greatest satisfaction that I see the cause of philanthropy undertaken by a champion so eminently qualified to maintain it.

F. J. B. ALLNATT.
The Rectory,
Drummondville, Que.,
6th August, 1875.

THE GLEANER.

THE Pope's extraordinary good health this summer is attributed to his daily use of sulphurous water baths.

ENGLAND maintains an army of 200,000 men in India, of whom 128,447 are natives and 60,613 British, exclusive of officers.

THE officers of the Patent Office believe Keely's motor to be humbug. No application for a patent has been made, nor a caveat issued.

AT the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris, the Seyyid of Zanzibar exhibited surprise at the zebras being so tame as to draw the water carts and make themselves otherwise useful. This is the first place indeed at which this has been accomplished.

THE Freemasons of Iowa are very much exercised over a recent decision of the Grand Master that dancing on the lodge rooms is inconsistent with the good of the craft. Two subordinate officers have been deprived of their positions for acting in violation of the decision.

Two members of the English Parliament have agreed to meet each other at Yokohama on the 25th of next September at two p. m. One is to travel by the United States and sail from San Francisco; the other is to go by way of the Isthmus of Suez and India. If either fails to keep the appointment he is to pay the other £1,000.

SOME interesting facts have been given relating to the Peabody Fund for the poor in London, which show the advancement of that institution. Some \$2,000,000 has been spent, and nearly \$3,000,000 is still in the treasury. A large number of tenement houses have been erected in the different towns, which will accommodate about 1,400 poor families.

IN 1853 the late President Johnson became Governor of Tennessee, and during the canvass preceding his election he appeared in a meeting with a drawn pistol. Laying it on the desk before him, he said: "Fellow citizens, I have been informed that part of the business to be transacted on the present occasion is the assassination of the individual who now has the honor of addressing you. I beg respectfully to propose that this be the first business in order. Therefore, if any man has come here to-night for the purpose indicated, I do not say let him speak, but let him shoot." After waiting a moment with his pistol in his hand, he continued: "Gentlemen, it appears that I have been misinformed. I will now proceed to address you on the subject which has called us together."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

SALVINI is studying to be a sculptor.
OPERA bouffe is fast declining in Paris.
MADAME BRIGNOLI sings in a New York church choir.

IT is proposed to erect a vast theatre in Naples, on the ancient plan, and perform there the comedies of Plautus, etc., in the original language.

MILLE PLASTER, a young French actress, is coming over next season. We presume all the young fellows will be inclined to court Plaster.

SOME favorite singers make more money off than on the stage. Mlle. Thalberg, for instance, sings at private parties in London, for 100 guineas a night, and she seldom has less than three engagements of this nature each week.

SISTER MARY AGNES, a nun in Mount de Chantal Convent, near Wheeling, Va., sings like an imprisoned bird. When Louise Gilbert she was known years ago in Philadelphia as possessor of a beautiful voice, but its tones have seldom echoed from her place of seclusion.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has a beautiful villa perched on the rocks at Cohasset, Mass., and is residing there now with his wife and family. Mr. Barrett has three interesting daughters. His near neighbor is Mr. Stuart Robson, who occupies a cottage with his family and near by is Bret Harte, who has gone to the coast to write a play in which the general cast shall revolve around the eccentric Robson.

THE steamer Greece of the National Line brought over 180 tons of machinery and scenery for the grand spectacle of "Around the World in Eighty Days," which the Kiralfys are to bring out at the Academy of Music, N. Y. For its representations they have especially engaged Mr. Owen Marlowe and Marianna Conway, who has given up her trip to Europe. Two first, several second dancers, and a corps de ballet will take part in the spectacle. Mr. A. Appleton, formerly Treasurer of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where his courtesy won him much respect, is now treasurer of this company.

IN the neighborhood of Eisenstadt there still exists a little summer-house which was formerly the property of Joseph Haydn. It is overgrown with ivy, and overshadowed by fruit trees. The little wooden house, with the garden belonging to it, is now the property of a shoemaker. Its furniture, in Haydn's time, consisted only of a small piano, a writing-table, a rush-bottomed couch, and two similar chairs. The walls were without decoration, and were pasted over with sketches of music in score, rough drafts of songs, three or four part canons, etc. In this little summer house Haydn created a great part of his immortal works.

AT the Grand Opera House in Paris, where almost absolute perfection would naturally be expected in the details of operatic representation, "Hamlet" has just been produced. The rampart scene is magnificent, and shows snow-capped turrets, in harmony with Hamlet's remarks, "Tis a nipping and an eager air." The next act, however, inconspicuously has Hamlet and Ophelia talking in a blooming, summer foliage garden. The last act in the opera of "Hamlet," by the way, has never been given in this country. A correspondent of *Appleton's Journal* describes it as follows: "The two grave-diggers enter, and after imbibing from a pocket-flask, sing a doleful duet, to which Hamlet listens with great edification. Then Laertes comes in, and he and Hamlet fall to fighting a duel which is interrupted by the arrival of the funeral procession of Ophelia. The body of Ophelia, in white robes and white-rose wreath, was borne in an open bier, only shrouded from view by a covering of white lace; the effect was beautiful, and would have been very impressive had not the living Ophelia possessed very fair hair and her supposed corpse very dark tresses. Then, in the midst of funeral rites, up pops the ghost from behind a bush, and Hamlet being thus recalled to a sense of his duty, at once draw his sword and slays his uncle beside Ophelia's grave afterward declaring solemnly that he means to live for the good of his people, or words to that effect."

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]
INTO BANKRUPTCY.

I.

I have just passed through a series of painful experiences and have had an opportunity—not sought, of testing most fully the devotion of my wife.

Some weeks ago I was compelled to succumb to overwhelming circumstances. An announcement appeared, headed: "Insolvent Act of 1869. In the matter of Joel Phipps, an Insolvent." These ominous words are sufficiently expressive without any comment. They appear frequently enough these times, and, in most cases, carry with them an intensity of meaning, a record of anxiety and suffering, which it is difficult to describe in words.

The steps which lead to this event are so peculiar, involve so much of lingering care and delusive hope, so much that is impossible to fully understand, that one is puzzled in looking back over them. It is only rarely, in well-established firms, that this announcement follows a conspicuously unfortunate adventure; it is almost invariably the crisis of a long series of struggles—a long battle with untoward circumstances—the dark end of a long succession of mocking hopes.

A few months ago my business was on a firm basis. I had a good stock, a good business stand, a good credit. For some years back I had been gaining slowly but steadily each year. If a man had stepped into my office and asked me, in a friendly way, how much I was worth, I should have told him that I could show an excess over all my liabilities of \$80,000 or \$100,000. Since then I have entered on no large or extraordinary speculations, have enjoyed an average custom, have sustained no very heavy losses and yet four weeks ago I was an Insolvent. How did it come about?

This is the mystery which few of the great mass of people who have never passed through the experience are able at all to understand. In the interest of those whose business prospects have been ruthlessly destroyed—especially of late, I will endeavor to trace the steps.

The first difficulties are lightly regarded. Some firm with which you have had dealings fails. You attended the meetings of creditors and talked big on the subject. You pity some one who has been "stuck" more heavily and who is less able to bear the loss. By this failure a few thousands vanish; but you go on just the same. Then business becomes depressed and unsettled. Other firms fail and others are reported "shaky." Money becomes scarce and the Banks are careful about discounting notes. You begin to doubt the stability of your customers in the country, and are a little cautious about selling them their customary stock. Some of them ask for an extension of time. Pitiful letters arrive every morning over the "exceedingly depressed condition of the commercial community," and the "fearful stringency of the money market." At first you are very charitably disposed and resolve to do exceedingly noble things. But, after a time, when your foreign notes are coming due, you begin to find some difficulty in getting together the full amount. But it has to be made up this time, and you get a note discounted at a large percentage.

Then come a few more large failures in the city, and what is still worse for you, nearly all the customers whom you have felt it necessary to sue have met your process by a voluntary assignment. There is something mysteriously fatal in a country failure. It is perplexingly difficult to realize any value from the assets, be they represented as large or small. They are always essentially barren of results.

Things are looking very blue now although you have never dreamed of any serious trouble as yet. Hope still plays with the fancy. You have real estate. Your pressing obligations can be certainly met by merely pledging this. There is your new store on — street, which you have just fitted up as a speculation—you can easily raise \$15,000 on that. You apply to a capitalist. But how cautious and suspicious he is, when the loaning of money is mentioned. Confidence is not felt in the value of real estate; it suffers its depreciation in the universal depression. He will "let you have \$5,000 on it—no more." You think you can pull through with this amount, and accept his terms. Ah me! Ten thousand hopes that have clustered around this new store which bade fair to be such a profitable speculation are gone. Your connection with this building is virtually severed forever!

By this time you will begin to admit to yourself that you have lost something and are not at present worth quite \$80,000. But you comfort yourself with the reflection that these little reverses must be expected, and a year or two of good fortune will recover all. You will please your fancy by maintaining at its full value your remaining real estate; you will cherish the belief, against all hazards, that "Jones will be good," and "Smith will come out all right." In fact, you rely on these two substantial parties for your next foreign remittance, which is nearly due. The drafts which you have accepted are maturing rapidly. The time comes. Jones fails you. Smith is unable to come to time. You are frantic. You have acquired a reputation, and are proud of it, jealous of it. To ask the banks for favors! You couldn't think of it. You seek the money lender again. This time he "is sorry, but he has no money that he cares to part with." You go to another. He is not at home. You call on a third. He is willing to accommodate you to the extent of \$4,000 on a house and premises that you have been mentally valuing at \$12,000. You

instruct your attorney to prepare the mortgage. His attorney discovers a flaw in the title. Some heir of the fifth degree at present in the Lunatic Asylum has not signed away his interest. There is no chance of his ever setting up a claim. A guarantee is offered to that effect. All is useless; the defect is fatal. The money is withheld.

To-morrow the drafts are due. You cannot meet them. Pride and hope struggle side by side. You cannot enjoy your meals, and your wife remarks with anxiety your restlessness at night. Pride has to succumb. You seek the manager of the bank. He has always been most off-handed with you; but the instant you state your business, he is as cold and icy as if you were a perfect stranger. You induce him to stay the protests for a day. You manage to secure a portion of the money, and get a renewal, and so the difficulty is staved off for the time.

Meanwhile your business is neglected. Your sales grow less. Old stock accumulates. You begin to grow a little dubious. You dare not realize the worst. You suppress the truth even to your own mind. A month goes by. Your acceptances are again coming due. Another firm with which you have intimate business relations, whose paper you have endorsed, goes down with a mighty crash. There is no longer any chance for hope. You cannot stem the tide. The awful truth comes rushing home with the most terrible vividness. You have seen the \$80,000 melt away, and now you see everything so depreciated and so involved that the worst must come to pass. You must bow to the inevitable.

II.

It had just come to this point four weeks ago in my own affairs. It was announced in the afternoon that Brayley, Baggs & Co., had suspended. I saw that all was lost.

I went home to my dinner at 6 as usual. I ate it quietly as usual. I had come to face the worse, and had resolved to make an assignment next day, and so I had come to be calm.

Clara had been aware for some time past that I had experienced some difficulty in my business affairs, but she had never dreamed of bankruptcy. I had heard her only the day before express her commiseration for "poor Miss Jones, whose husband had gone into the Insolvent Court, and everything would have to be sold."

I had some difficulty in making up my mind to break the news frankly. I had fears that she might not be prepared to receive the unwelcome tidings with perfect resignation. I knew the peculiar sources of woman's pride.

But I felt it must be done. I read the paper as usual. Clara proceeded to put the children to bed as usual. They came to me as usual, and I kissed them as usual.

After this Clara came into the room where I was sitting alone. It was now dark and her first enquiry was if I would have a light.

I said "No Clara dear," in a very gentle and loving tone of voice, and then asked her to come and sit by me on the sofa.

She came and threw her head on my bosom, and looked up into my face—I dare say wonderingly; but I could not see, it was so dark.

I wound my arm around her, hesitated for a few moments, and then said:

"Clara, are you prepared for ill news?" She started suddenly, and said somewhat excitedly: "Joel, what do you mean? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, Clara." I said calmly, "the worst has happened. I am a Bankrupt, and must assign to-morrow. It pains me to tell you, but you know I must."

She was silent for a moment, but finally said: "Why did n't you tell me before, Joel?"

"Because I did not know before," was all I said.

We remained silent then for some time. I saw my wife was feeling very badly, and struggling hard with a sudden and unexpected sorrow. Finally I said:

"Now, Clara, you know the worse. Words cannot express how badly I feel for your sake. Can you bear it, child, like a woman, and make the best of it?"

My wife is not a woman of many words, but of deep and earnest feeling. Her only answer was a closer pressure of her arm about my neck and a look which, even in the moonlight, was clear enough to reproach me for ever entertaining the ghost of a doubt in reference to her entire devotion and true heroism.

It was enough. We understood each other and were happy.

I will not weary by details of our modes of economizing, and such things. One incident will suffice to end this sketch—which is not born of the fancy.

We were deliberating as to the propriety of dispensing with the services of the kitchen maid. The nurse and all the others had gone.

I opposed it, and said that these menial duties together with the care of the children would be too much for her.

She said: "Perhaps mamma will come and help us. I know she would."

I drew myself up to my full height, and put on an air of grandeur.

"Clara," I said, "a reverse of fortune may come and with it a thousand troubles. Friends may desert; indulgences cease; and hopes vanish. Poverty may stare in at every window, and famine creep in at every door. We may become the prey of ravens. If Heaven so ordain, be it so. But never as long as we own so much as a shelter above our heads shall our home be desecrated by the presence of a MOTHER-IN-LAW!"

JOEL PHIPPS.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

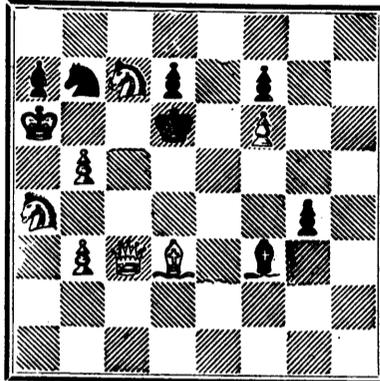
TO CORRESPONDENTS

The score of the recent Philadelphia Chess Club Tournament was as follows: Mr. Neil won 40 games, and lost 10; Mr. Roberts won 38, and lost 11; Mr. Elson won 37, and lost 12. It is the evident that the principle of allowing each competitor to play one, or more than one game, with every other player was adopted in the contest. We insert one of the games of this Tourney in our column to-day.

PROBLEM No. 32.

By Mr. F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 30.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. Kt to K 4th
- 2. Kt to K 5th
- 3. P to B 4th Mate
- 1. B takes Kt
- 2. Any move

Black has other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 29.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. Q takes P (ch)
- 2. Kt to K B 6th
- 3. R Mates.
- 1. R takes Q
- 2. Any move

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 30.

WHITE. BLACK.

- K at K 2nd
- R at Q B 5th
- B at K Kt 7th
- Kt at K B 8th
- Pawns at K R 5th, K Kt 3rd, K 6th, Q 4th, Q Kt 5th, and Q Kt 6th
- K at K 5th
- Pawns at K R 3rd, K Kt 4th, K 2nd, and Q Kt 2nd

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 35TH.

The following specimen of the French Opening was played in the recent Philadelphia Tournament.

WHITE—(Mr. Neil.) BLACK—(Mr. Roberts.)

- 1. P to K 4th
- 2. P to Q 4th
- 3. P takes P
- 4. Kt to Q B 3rd
- 5. Kt to K B 3rd
- 6. B to Q 3rd
- 7. B to K Kt 5th
- 8. P takes B
- 9. Castles [b]
- 10. R to Q Kt sq
- 11. R to K sq
- 12. K to R sq
- 13. Q to Q 2nd
- 14. P takes B
- 15. R takes R
- 16. R to K Kt sq
- 17. P to K B 4th [c]
- 18. B takes Kt
- 19. P to K B 5th
- 20. B to K 3rd
- 21. R to Kt 5th
- 22. K to Kt sq
- 23. B to B 4th [d]
- 24. R to Kt 3rd
- 25. R P takes Q
- P to K 3rd
- P to Q 4th
- P takes P
- B to Q Kt 5th [a]
- Kt to K B 3rd
- B to K Kt 5th
- B takes Q Kt (ch)
- Castles
- Kt to Q B 3rd
- P to Q Kt 3rd
- Q to Q 3rd
- K R to K sq
- B takes Kt
- R takes R
- Kt to K 2nd
- Kt to Kt 3rd
- Kt to K 5th
- P takes B
- Q to Q 4th (d)
- Q takes B P
- Q to B 6th (ch)
- P to R 5th
- Kt to K B 3rd
- Q takes R
- Kt to B 6th (ch)

And Black wins.

NOTES.

- [a] This system of pinning the Knights is very objectionable in this opening.
- [b] We should have preferred P to K R third first.
- [c] The advance of this pawn is founded upon a miscalculation.
- [d] Black admirably takes advantage of his opponent's error. The B P is now lost.
- [e] Bad, but there is no move that is not.

VARIETIES.

THE change in the climate of Colorado is most likely owing to the evaporation of water from their system of irrigation, and its condensation by the cold night air from the mountains. The days being warm and the nights cool, currents from the mountains set in toward the valleys at nightfall, and continue until morning.

THE Chief of Police of Leipzig subscribed \$20,000 for the French sufferers, trusting to get his money back by the popular subscriptions in that city. As he is the only German man and Leipzig the only German city which thought of doing anything of the kind, they are both marked extra superlative in Gaul.

SINCE 1872 the balance of trade has been against Germany to the tune of six hundred millions of dollars; that is, her imports have exceeded by that amount her exports. Living is twice as dear in Berlin as it was prior to the late war, and the population have already run through the dribblets of the French indemnity.

AUSTRALIA shows an increase during seven years of 11,000,000 sheep and 2,000,000 head of cattle, without counting home consumption and the quantity of meat exported in tins. In New Zealand, during the same period, the increase in the number of sheep and cattle was equally remarkable, the former multiplying from 8,418,579 to 11,694,863, and the latter from 312,830 to 494,113.

DR. EVANS, the well-known American dentist in Paris, and proprietor of the *Register*, lately gave a grand dinner at his residence in that city, at which were present many notable and distinguished people. At the plate of each guest was a small pyramid of flowers

surmounted by a miniature globe containing gold fish. The dinner is said to have been one of the finest private entertainments given in Paris for some time.

TWO tortoises, believed to be the last survivors of a gigantic race of animals which were formerly abundant in the Mascarene and other islands of the Indian Ocean, have been brought to the Zoological Society's Gardens in London from Aldabra Island. The male—an enormous animal nearly six feet long and weighing over 800 pounds—is believed to be more than one hundred years old, and is still growing.

SOME of the churches in the United States are introducing unfermented wine to take the place of fermented, commonly in use for church purposes. The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* describes the method of the manufacture as follows: "In order to prepare it the grapes should be allowed to thoroughly ripen. They are then picked and the stems and all green and rotten grapes removed. The grapes are then crushed and pressed in the usual manner. The juice may be first concentrated somewhat by boiling, and then bottled; in either case the bottles are put in hot water and brought to the boiling point, where they are maintained for half an hour. At the end of this time remove them from the fire and cork tightly, while still hot, wiring in the corks. Then replace them and continue the boiling another hour. Glass bottles are better for this purpose than tin cans, though the latter may be used."

HUMOROUS.

"If Smith undertakes to pull my ears, said Jones," he will just have his hands full, now." The crowd looked at the man's ears, and thought so too.

A doctor's wife tried to move him by tears. "Ah," said he, "tears are useless; I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water."

BECOMING.—It is reported that a dandy said to a fair partner at a ball: "Don't you think my moustaches are becoming?"—To which miss replied: "Well, sir, they may be coming, but they have n't yet arrived."

As Mr. Cleveland was leaving the Connecticut House after his speech on woman's suffrage, he met a member who said "he would n't vote to make a man of his wife." Mr. Cleveland replied, "I hope your wife will succeed in making a man of you."

A CHILD, when told that God is everywhere, asked, "In this room?" "Yes." "In the closet?" "Yes." "In the drawers of my desk?" "Yes, everywhere. He's in your pocket now." "No. He ain't, though." "And why not?" "Taugh I ain't dot no pottat."

RECENTLY a foreign embassy sought the assistance of the English police to find a young girl who had just become the heiress of many millions. The instructions were vague, and the task was necessarily given to one of the keenest detectives. At the end of six weeks the detective reported at headquarters and handed in his resignation. "Well," said the chief, "and what about the young girl?" "I found her about a month ago in a dressmaker's shop; was the answer. "And what then?" "I married her yesterday, and this morning I have just received her six millions."

A COUPLE of enterprising men, doing the clothing business at Atlanta, are interviewed by a customer in search of a coat. The senior of the firm handles the new comer, and soon finds a "first-class fit." In answer as to the price the response is, "Eighteen dollars." "Well, Sir, I like your coat very much, but do n't like the price."

"Well, mine friend, ze price is nothing so you like ze coat. We let you take 'em at fifteen dollars."

The customer still complains of the price, saying that \$15 was too much. This was too heavy for the dealer, so, taking his customer to the extreme end of the store, and drawing him into a dark corner, he whispers in his ear. "Mine friend, I let you have zat coat for twelve dollars and a half."

"Well, Sir," said the customer, "I like your coat very much, and am satisfied with the price, yet I would like to know why this mysterious performance."

"Vell, my friend, you see dot little man dere! He was mine brother. He got ze heart disease, and so help me gracious, if he was to hear me tell you I leave twelve dollars and a half for dat coat he drop ded mit his track."

To conciliate the interests of the insurers with the well-doing of a fire insurance company is the object the "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, proposes to accomplish.

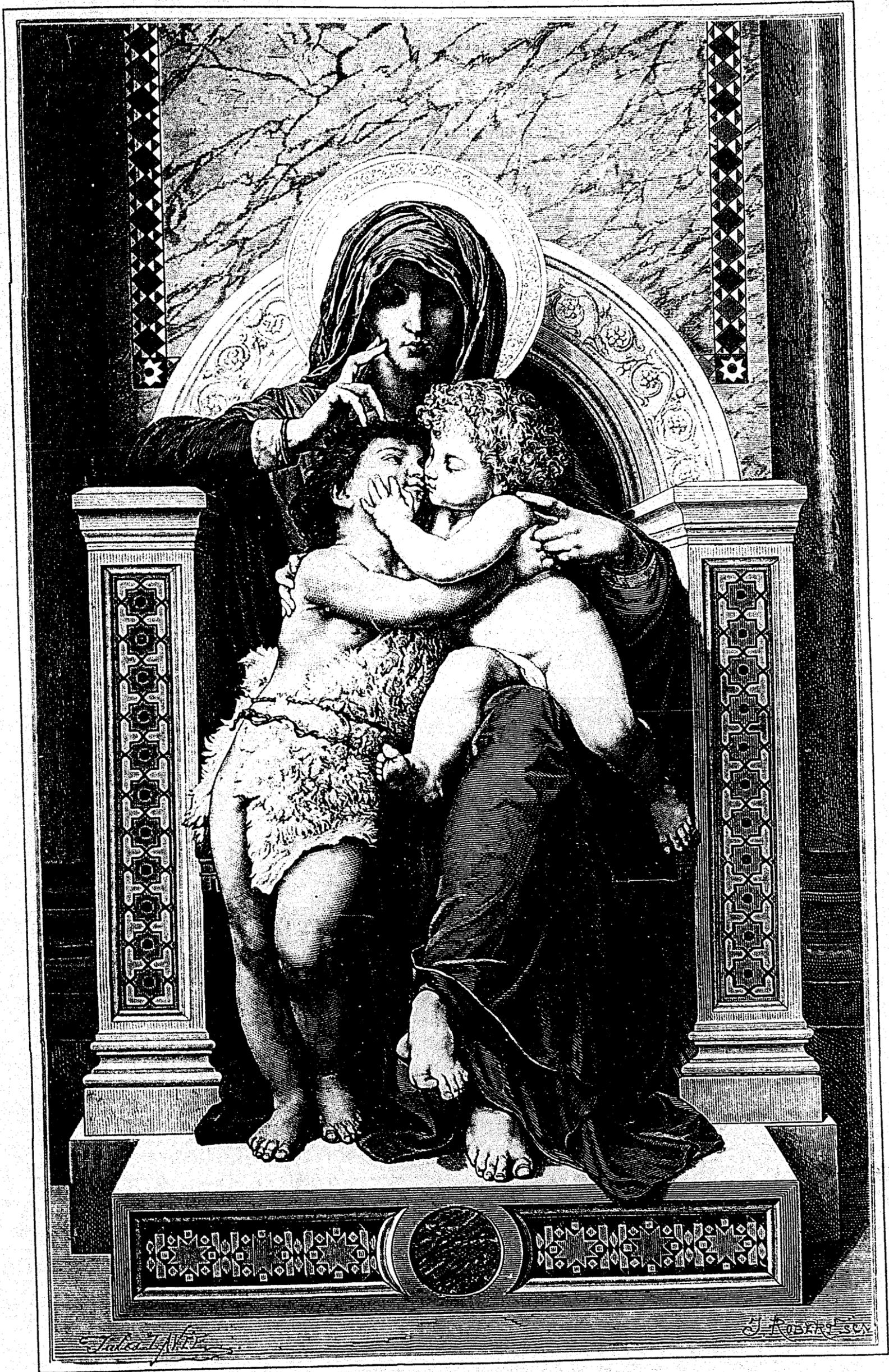
A reduction of premiums, a rating of risks in accordance with the contingencies, an adequate remuneration to the invested capital and equitable charge to the insurer for the benefit conveyed; such are the advantages the "Stadacona" offers to the public.

"FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS."

Thousands of human beings are yearly borne on the swift current of disease down to the grave, just because they do not possess a sufficient knowledge of themselves. A man meets his neighbor, and the first salutation is, "How are you?" or "How is your health?" The reply frequently is "Oh, I am well, with the exception of a cold." Most persons lightly regard a cold. Reader, do you know that a cold is one of the most dangerous of maladies? A cold not only clogs up the pores of the entire system, and retards circulation, but it is productive of Catarrh, which is quite apt to lead to Consumption. "Oh," you say, "it is nothing but a cold in my head." True; but that cold is really a mild form of Catarrh, and if not arrested in its course will become chronic. Catarrh is one of the most disagreeable, offensive affections in the catalogue of diseases. The passage to the nose is obstructed, the sense of smell impaired, and there is a disagreeable sensation of pressure in the head. In the more advanced stages, there is a discharge having an offensive odor. If the disease be allowed to continue in its course, thick, hard incrustations will form in the head, the bones of which sometimes becomes softened and break away in pieces. Why will persons continue to suffer from such an annoying, disgusting disease, when they can just as well be cured of it? Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure the worst forms of Catarrh; in fact, it is the only sure and safe remedy which has yet been offered to the public. Many harsh, irritating preparations may, for a time, relieve the urgency of the symptoms, but they do not cure the disease. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is soothing and healing its effects, and when used with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, according to directions, does not fail to effect a cure. Sold by all Druggists.



INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT OF THEOPHILE GAUTHIER, IN THE CEMETERY OF PERE LACHAISE



THE HOLY FAMILY—FROM A PAINTING BY BOUQUEREAU.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

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

PART THE SECOND.

THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

1792.

II

Of course we talked about what had happened at Nancy; Mouton cried out—

"What a pity I did not see it! My master is sergeant-major of his company; he is full of ambition, and has left his shop for me to take care of while he goes and passes for a man of courage down there. If he has only got a slight wound, that would be some consolation; but I know him; he is the man to cry 'forwards!' with his men in front of him."

"Ah," said Maitre Jean, "you would only have seen the rascality of the nobles."

"Another reason why. I have always hated those cadets who stop promotion in the army, and drive us to become grocers if we wish to get on; I should have detested them still more, and it would have done me good!"

And as Maitre Jean expressed his fears for liberty in consequence of this massacre—

"Bah!" said he. "This is the end of the play. If the aristocrats had gone on gently, they might have drawn their pensions for ten, fifteen or twenty years more; now the affair is at issue between the officers and the soldiers; they must come to blows, and one side must lose; and it will be the gentlemen. Well, Maitre Leroux, let us hope it will be soon; for I confess a musket on my shoulder would suit me such better than an apron round my legs."

Maitre Jean laughed, and said—

"With your ideas you will not get a business of your own, but one must suit oneself to the times; I think as you do that opportunities will not be wanting for young men to get on. Bouilli, who has struck his successful blow, will be sure to try to lead his Germans to Paris."

"So much the better," cried Mouton; "it is the greatest service he can render us."

As they were beating the rappel, we were obliged to go. Mouton went with us to the trees and shook hands with us, sending his compliments to his friends and acquaintances at Phalsbourg. We then set off, and he returned to his shop. We little thought we had seen the man who was to replace Lafayette in the command of the Paris National Guard!

The world is a strange thing, especially in revolution. He who in ordinary times would be either a publican, or a grocer, or a sergeant, becomes a Marshal of France, a King of Sweden, an Emperor of the French! And others, who were looked on as eagles in point of birth, take off their hats to him for employment and advancement.

The same evening we reached Blamont, and the next day home without any fresh occurrence.

Bad news had gone faster than our detachment; the whole country was alarmed; every one expected the Austrians would soon be at home in Lorraine. The worst of it was, we dared not say so; our good king represented order; and the venal deputies of the Assembly, of whom Chauvel had written to us, voted thanks to General Bouilli. But, thank God, the Count d'Artois and his friends were not yet where they hoped to be; some time must pass before they saw Paris again, with their laws of primogeniture, of sacrileges and other follies; the revolution had other roots to throw out in the soil of France—roots which all the aristocrats and all the nobles in the world will never be able to pull up, and which will constitute the eternal honour and strength of our country.

III.

About this time great changes took place at the forge which I must relate to you in detail, for they were the cause of the happiness of my life, although I was very much grieved in consequence of them during the first few days.

You must know that Valentine took his meals with our neighbours the Rigauds; he liked being with these old people, who continually called him M. Valentine; his ideas on the difference of rank rendered these little attentions very pleasing to him. Every evening he sat in the arm-chair of the house, opposite a good omelette au lard, or a plate of meat, his pint of wine in his right, a water-bottle on his left, his feet in his slippers, while the two old people at the bottom of the table peeled their potatoes and ate their curds and whey. He thought that was very natural; he was senior journeyman blacksmith, and no doubt said to himself—

"I am in a different position to these Rigauds, that is why I have choice morsels to eat, while they can only smell them."

Each time they baked at the Rigauds, every fortnight or three weeks, he had two or three good cakes put in the oven, and invited me to feast on them with him. He then uncorked a bottle of small grey Lorraine wine, which he kept in the cellar for himself; the idea of offering a glass of it to Father Rigaud never came into his head! I was annoyed at it, the more so that the old people looked at us with curious eyes; but I did not dare make any observation to Valentine; he would have been indignant to see that I could forget our position, and perhaps he would not have invited me any more. Some-

times he told me to bring my brother Etienne with me, whose little nose anticipated the smell of cakes, and whose excellent appetite made us laugh. Valentine was very fond of him, and every Sunday after vespers would tell him his secrets for bringing up, feeding, and catching birds; for he loved birds either to eat, such as thrushes and blackbirds, or to hear them sing, such as warblers and nightingales; that was his delight. At the end of July, his room on the first floor at the Rigauds' was full of birds which he had caught in the woods, and his windows were covered with dirt; he had hundreds of all sorts. Those which sing and feed themselves on worms and flies, like nightingales and linnets, he let fly towards winter-time, and he kept those which lived on seeds—you could hardly cross the passage to his little room above, it was so full of dried poppy-heads, hemp and millet seed, hanging up in strings, and which he cultivated himself in a little plot of ground behind the hut, to feed them.

That was how he lived. In the winter, while snow was on the ground, he prepared his snares, his springs and traps, and talked of nothing else but the passage of the fieldfares, the arrival of the blackbirds, and how many he hoped to take that year.

Before the revolution he never talked of anything else to me, and always with pleasure; but since the States-General he had been out of humour and cross. Every evening we were together, talking while he was getting ready for bird-catching, he did nothing but complain of Maitre Jean's pride and folly; he would shrug his shoulders, and say—

"That man does nothing but talk nonsense; he sees nothing but sabot-makers become colonels, woodcutters princes, and Maitre Jean's deputies. Nothing is too great for a patriot like himself; he already thinks he has possession of the forests of Mgrs. the cardinal bishops, and has paid for them in assignats; neither excommunication, nor the king's numerous armies, nor the assistance of Christendom can make him feel the least uneasy!"

He laughed bitterly, and even at the forge, instead of remaining silent, he would throw out very pointed and spiteful remarks about the National Assembly, the citizen guard, and all those who sided with the nation. It was a great annoyance for Maitre Jean to be compelled to listen to him, and to have a journeyman who was an obstacle to his abusing bishops and nobles as much as he liked. He restrained himself as much as he could; but on days when we had bad news he would blow out his cheeks, and after a pause cry out—"Oh, the rascals! ah, the canaille!" without saying who.

Valentine understood very well that he referred to the seigneurs, and possibly to the bishops, and answered him, also without saying who—

"You are right, there is no want of rascals of all sorts in the world, nor of canaille either."

Then Maitre Jean would take a side-look at him, and say—

"Nor fools either."

And Valentine would answer—

"I believe you; especially those who think themselves clever; they are the worst."

And so it went on. I often saw Maitre Jean grow red and Valentine pale with anger, and I used to say to myself—

"They will come to blows."

But up to the day on which M. Christopher took the oath, all these little disputes had calmed down, when, during January, 1791, something fresh happened every day; now it was the curé of this village had taken the oath; then, another; then, that the curé Dusable of Mittelbronn had replaced M. at Phalsbourg; that all the curés in the National Assembly, the Abbé Grégoire at their head, had renewed their oaths, &c.

Maitre Jean laughed, and gave way to his enthusiasm, and sang "Ca ira! ca ira!" while Valentine became more sullen. I began to think that he was afraid of Maitre Jean, and did not dare to anger him, when one morning the news came that the Bishop of Autun, Talleyrand-Perigord, would consecrate those bishops who had sworn to the constitution, notwithstanding the pope's prohibition. Maitre Jean was so overjoyed at it, that he began by saying that Mgr. Talleyrand-Perigord was a true apostle of Christ; that he had already proposed the sale of Church property; that he had officiated at the mass on the Champ de Mars, at the altar of the country, on Federation Day; that he would put the finishing touch to his glory by consecrating the bishops; that he deserved the esteem of all honest people, and that the refractory bishops were asses in comparison.

But all at once Valentine, who had listened quietly, while going on with his work, raised himself upright, and went close to him, saying—

"You mean that for me, do you not? Well, then, listen: your Talleyrand-Perigord is a most cowardly Judas! Do you understand, a Judas! and those who praise him are the same!"

And as Maitre Jean had drawn back in astonishment, he went on—

"Asses! Our bishops asses! You are an ass! a creature full of pride, vanity, and folly!"

When he heard that Maitre Jean stretched out his hands as if he was going to strangle him; but Valentine raised his hammer, and cried—

"Do not lay a hand on me!"

His face was frightful to look at, and if I had not thrown myself between them as quick as lightning, some accident would have happened.

"In the name of Heaven, Maitre Jean! Valentine! think what you are doing!"

They both became pale. Maitre Jean wanted to speak, but could not, his indignation choked him; and Valentine, throwing his hammer in a corner, said—

"Now I have done! I have put up with enough of it for the last two years. You must get yourself another journeyman."

"Yes," stammered Maitre Jean, furious, "I have had enough of an aristocrat like you."

But Valentine, in reply, said—

"You will pay me my wages, and you will give me a character for the fifteen years I have been working for you; do you understand? A character, good or bad! I should like to see what sort of character a patriot like you can give to an aristocrat like me!"

At the same time he walked out, putting on his jacket, and went into Rigaud's house. Maitre Jean was confounded.

"Rascal!" said he.

A minute or two after he asked me—

"What do you think of such an ass?"

"Why," said I, "he is mad there is no doubt, but at the same time he is a brave fellow, an honest journeyman, and a good workman. Maitre Jean, you have been wrong to annoy him for such a length of time."

"What! I am in the wrong?" cried he.

"Yes," said I; "you lose a good journeyman, a man who liked you—you lose him through your own fault; you should not have pressed, him so hard."

He seemed quite surprised, and finished by saying—

"I was his master! If I had not been his master he would have suffered for it! All the same, Michel, you say what you think—that is right. I am sorry for what has happened. Yes, I am sorry; but it is done. I could not believe there was such a fool in existence!"

Seeing he was sorry, I put on my jacket and ran to the Rigauds', to try and make matters up; for I liked Valentine; it seemed we could not live without one another. Maitre Jean understood it, and let me go. He went into the inn.

As I opened the door, Valentine was telling the old people what had occurred. They listened quite frightened. I interrupted him, crying—

"Valentine, you must not go; it is not possible; you must forget it all! Maitre Jean would be so glad. Don't think he is angry with you; on the contrary, he respects and likes you. I am sure of it."

"Yes," said old Rigaud, "he has told me so a hundred times."

"What is that to me?" said Valentine. "Before the States-General, I liked that man too; but since he has taken advantage of the misfortunes of the times to seize on the goods of the Church, I look on him as a robber. And besides," cried he, sitting down and striking his fist on the table, "it is this pride of his to believe all men are equal, this pride which disgusts me. His spirit of plunder will be his ruin, I warn you, and so it ought. You, Michel, you are not to blame; ill luck would have it that you should fall into the society of a Maitre Jean and a Chauvel; it is not your fault. If things had remained as they were, in four or five years you could have bought your freedom; I would have helped you; I have sixteen hundred livres saved up in the hands of Maitre Boileau, at Phalsbourg. You would have married like a Christian; we would have worked together, and the old journeyman would always have been respected by the children and the family."

While he spoke he became affected, and I repeated over again—

"M. Valentine, indeed you must not go."

But directly after he passed his hand over his eyes, and said as he rose, in a firm tone of voice—

"To-day is Thursday; the day after to-morrow, Saturday, I shall go, early in the morning. A man must do his duty; remaining in a cavern at the risk of his soul is wrong—nay, more, it is criminal. I have already risked too much; I ought to have gone long ago, but the weakness of habit kept me here. Now it is all over, and I am glad of it. Tell Maitre Jean Leroux to have all settled by to-morrow morning, do you hear? I do not wish to speak to him again—he might think he was going to convert me."

Then he went up into his own room. I crossed the street, full of snow, and I went into the Three Pigeons very much distressed, where Nicole was laying the cloth for dinner. Dame Catherine, who helped her, was much out of sorts; Maitre Jean had just been telling her about his quarrel with Valentine; he was walking up and down the room with his hands behind his back, holding his head down.

"Well?" said he.

"Well, Maitre Jean," said I, "he goes away early on Saturday morning, and he tells me to

give you notice to have everything ready in time."

"Good; the sixty livres for the month are ready; the character shall soon be written, as he means to go; but go and tell him I bear him no ill-will, and invite him to dinner; tell him there shall be no mention either of seigneurs, or capuins, or patriots; go and tell him so from me, and tell him two old workmen like ourselves can at least shake hands and drink a bottle of wine together before parting, though they do not agree in politics."

I saw he felt it a good deal; I did not dare tell him that his journeyman would not even speak to him. Just then Valentine passed the window with his stick in his hand, stepping out towards the town. He was no doubt going to fetch his money from the notary. Maitre Jean opened his window and called after him—

"Valentine! Valentine!"

He never turned his head, but went straight on. Then indignation again got the better of Maitre Jean.

"The fellow won't hear me," said he, as he closed the window; "he is revengeful. I was in the wrong; I was sorry for having been so touchy; well, now I am satisfied. Ah, you aristocrat, so you won't listen to me!"

At the same time he opened his desk in the corner of the room, and said—

"Sit down, Michel, and I will dictate his certificate."

I was afraid he was going to give him a bad character, and I ventured to observe that after dinner he would be quieter, and it would be better done then.

"No," said he, "I will do it at once, and think no more of it."

I sat down, and Maitre Jean, notwithstanding his anger, dictated the best character for Valentine that could be conceived, saying he was an excellent workman, a good, honest, and faithful man, that he very much regretted losing him; that private reasons deprived him of this excellent journeyman, and he recommended him strongly to all master blacksmiths. After which having made me read over what he had dictated—

"That is right," said he, as he signed it; "take it to him to-night or to-morrow. Take his money also; let him see if it is right, and give you a receipt. If he asks you to go with him part of the way, as is usual among journeymen, you can have all Saturday. And now let us sit down and have our dinner."

The soup was on the table, so we sat down. All day nothing fresh occurred. Valentine was seen no more at Baraques, and next day I went to his room; he was engaged in putting his traps and cages in order. I gave him his character, which he put in his pocket without speaking, then he counted his money and gave me a receipt for it.

"Everything is settled now," said he. "I give all my birds, cages, and seeds to you and your brother Etienne."

I thanked him, with tears in my eyes, for Etienne and myself, then he said—

"You must accompany me to-morrow at eight as far as the turning to Saverne. We will part there. Maitre Jean cannot refuse."

"No," said I, "he has even given me the whole day."

"It is the custom among journeymen," replied he, "so we will set off at eight without fail."

I then left him, and on the next day, Saturday, we set off together as we had arranged. I carried his bundle; he walked behind, leaning on his journeyman's stick, for, though very strong in his arms, his legs soon tired.

I shall never forget that day, not only on account of the quantity of snow we had to pass, and of seeing Alsace from the top of the hillside white for more than twenty leagues as far as the Rhine with its little villages and lines of trees and forests, but still more on account of what Valentine said to me when we reached the Arbre-Vert about nine. The carriers stopped there occasionally in ordinary weather; but none of them ventured to travel by this road in the month of January.

The little inn in the middle of the pines on the edge of the slope was half-buried in snow; you could only see the path where two or three persons had passed since the previous evening, and the small windows which had been swept clear of snow; had it not been for the smoke rising from the roof, everything about it seemed dead.

When we went in we saw an old woman asleep by the hearth, her foot on her wheel. We had to awake her, and then the Spitz dog, with his long white coat, feathery tail, pointed nose and ears, began to bark under the table; he was frightened when he heard us coming, and hid himself there. The old woman could only speak German; she had long black ribbons in her hair. Her husband was just gone to buy provisions at Saverne. She brought us some wine, a loaf of brown bread, and some cheese. Valentine put his bundle on the bench, and sat down by it, with his back to the window, his stick between his knees, and his hands crossed upon it. I sat down in front of him, and the old woman went to sleep again over her spinning.

"We part here," said Valentine. "Your health, Michel!"

"Yours," said I sadly.

"Yes," said he, after drinking with a very serious face—"yes, I am satisfied; my conscience is easy; I have left the soil of scandal behind me; I have taken up my staff for a journey, and I am on the road to my salvation. I ought to have gone long since; I am wrong in having remained so long in the trammels of this Babylon. I am guilty, and I accuse myself of it; it is my own fault—my very great fault! The weakness of habit is to blame for it."

He went on for some time in this way, and I fancied I heard my mother when she came home after hearing mass among the refractory priests in the mountain. It was the capucin Eleonore himself speaking by the mouth of Valentine. At last, lifting up his eyes, he stretched up his long arms and said—

"The hour of pardon is come—to all sinners pardon. I came away the last—but it is never too late! Thy pity, O God, is boundless!"

"But, Valentine, where are you going?" cried I.

"You," he began again, looking at me as if he did not know whether he ought to answer—"your heart is with us, though you know it not—your errors come from others. You must tell me no one; and should you tell any one, what can it matter? What is written is written. The ruin of Babylon has sounded. Before this snow is melted every one will be recompensed according to his works! You shall be spared—yes, you shall be spared! But these trees, Michel—look at these trees; they will bend with the weight of patriots hanging from them, and their branches will break with their load."

All this nonsense made me very sad.

"No doubt, Valentine," said I, "it is quite possible; but in the meantime, where are you bound?"

"I am going to Mayence," said he, looking at the old woman, who was fast asleep. "I go to rejoin our good princes, and above all the man according to God, Mgr. the Count d'Artois. It is in him I put my trust. From Mayence we shall go to Lyons, which will become the capital of the kingdom; the other is polluted; there shall not remain of it one stone above another. General Bender has already disposed of the patriots in the Low Countries; now it is the French patriots' turn. You will see, Michel—you will see. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, lancers, and Croats—all will march together; they will enter by Savoy, by Liège, by Switzerland, and from Spain; and our seigneurs will march in front to deliver the poor martyr who is suffering for our sins—then peace be to the well-disposed! peace to the submissive! peace to the humble! peace to the faithful subjects! but war to the proud who lift up their heads! war to Antichrist, to the holders of stolen property! No pity for them—no pity for Jean Leroux, Letumier, Eloi Collin! Their hempen cravat is already prepared. You shall have nothing to fear—you are a good son, and support your father and mother. It is well—reason will return to you. But when our princes are in Alsace or near Metz you must not join the others in marching against them to support rebellion; not one shall escape, I tell you so. Mgr. the Count d'Artois has planned it all. Stir not! Let Cochart, Letumier, Maitre Jean go. The soldiers will turn against them; they are all for our princes; they will first go and exterminate the Babylon of iniquity, the scoundrels of Parisians."

While I looked at Valentine's sugarloaf-shaped head, I said to myself—

"What a pity! You are quite crazy, poor old fellow."

And I quietly said—

"So you are going to Mayence; but what will you do when you get there? You are no soldier, and then your age!"

"Ah!" cried he, "there will be no want of work. My place is marked out already. I shall go with a cavalry regiment as farrier, and I will work out my salvation."

So I said no more; and as we had finished the bottle I knocked for another; but he would not have it, but said—

"No, Michel, no, it is enough. One glass of wine does good, two would be too much."

He strapped on his bundle, paid for the wine, and we departed, the Spitz, which had recovered his courage, barking after us.

Once outside, Valentine stretched out his long arms, and we embraced. After that the poor devil went down the hill towards Saint-Jeandes-Choux, to go to Welsembourg. I watched him for a moment; he was deep in the snow, and then he recovered himself like a man of twenty.

I took my way back to Baraques. All that Valentine had said to me seemed madness; I did not know then that the kings and nobles of Europe formed a sort of freemasonry among themselves; that they were neither French, Germans, nor Russians, but before all they were nobles, and that they afforded each other mutual aid and assistance to keep the populations under the yoke.

This idea seemed to me too horrible to believe.

It was midday when I returned to the Three Pigeons.

"So there you are," said my godfather; "you are back in time for dinner. Is the other gone?"

"Yes, Maitre Jean."

"Which way?"

I did not know what to say, but he did not want an answer.

"He is gone to join the emigrants at Coblenz," said he, winking his eye; "I knew it." And as he sat down he called out—

"Let us have our dinner, and think no more of that idiot."

All dinner-time he was very gay.

"Now we are alone, Michel," said he, "we can sing as we like. But before that, the time

is come for certain changes. I am pleased with you; you have always given me satisfaction; you are not as good a workman yet as Valentine, for to be just, he was a very good one; but for good sense you are worth a thousand such as he. The rest will come. We shall always agree."

And after dinner, as I was going to rise, he put his arm on my arm, and said—

"Stay, I want to talk to you. Catherine, fetch us a bottle of wine. Everything had better be settled to day."

Dame Catherine went out. I was surprised at Maitre Jean's good-humor; I felt he was going to say something agreeable to me. His wife brought the wine, and then went into the kitchen to help Nicole—we remained alone.

"We shall not be disturbed this snowy weather," said my godfather, as he filled our glasses. "No one is likely to come to the inn."

Then, after having had some wine, he continued with a thoughtful air—

(To be continued.)

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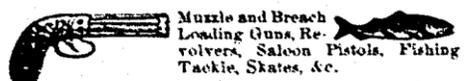
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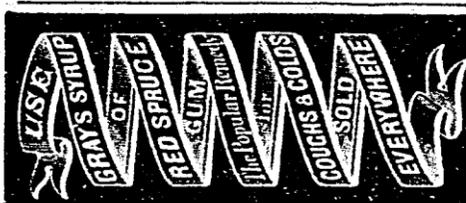
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May 1st, 1875.

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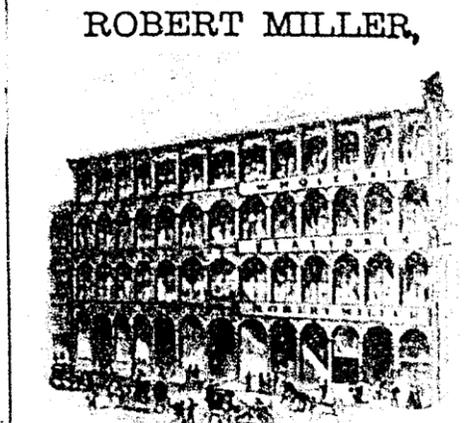
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