

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

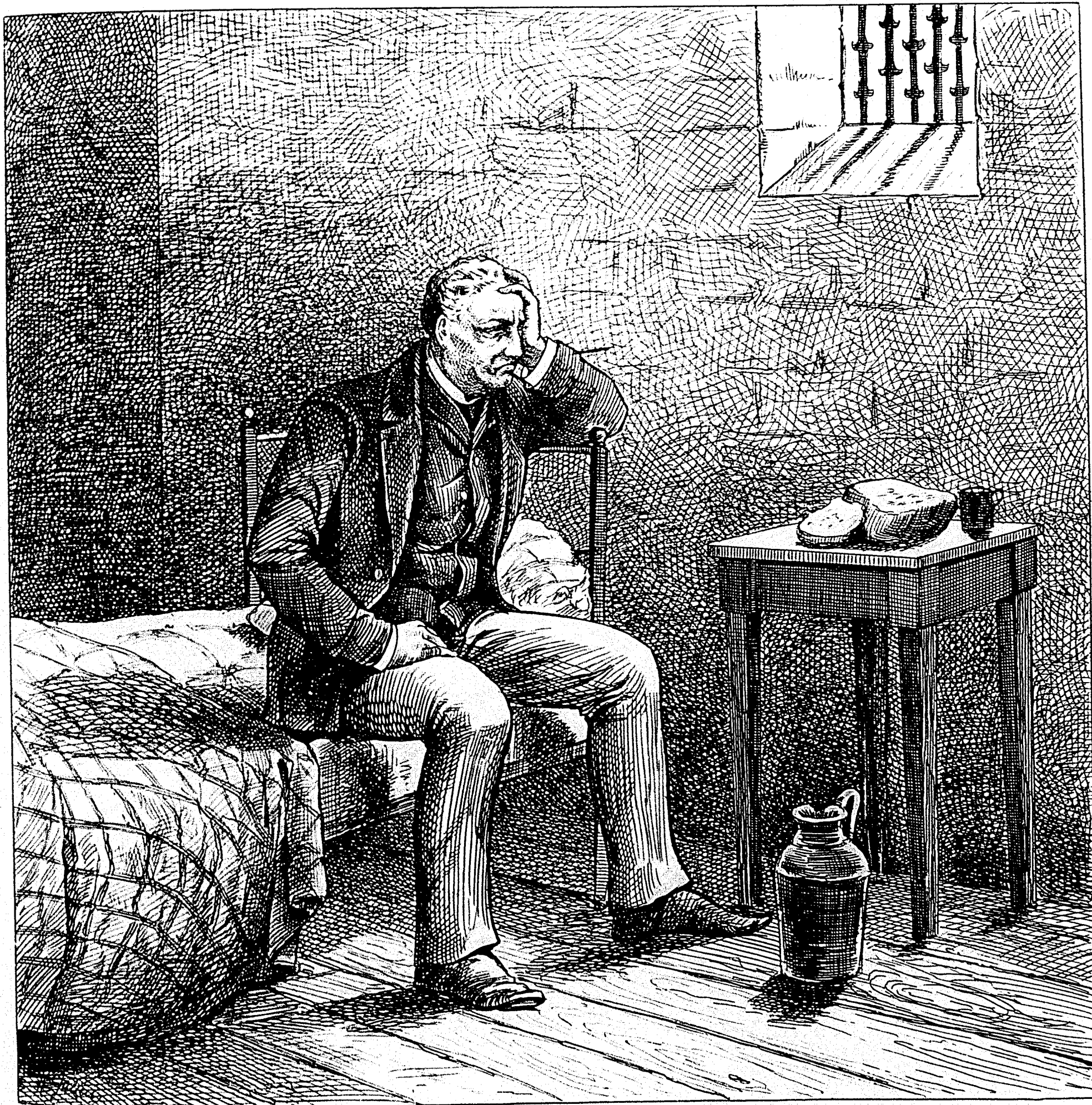
- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Whitbread's News

Vol. XII.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1875.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE MORAL OF THE CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

Imprison, fine, and disfranchise every agent and elector convicted of bribery, active or passive.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

When an answer is required stamps for return postage must be enclosed.

One or two good reliable carriers required—Apply to the MANAGER, BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

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 bereavement 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.

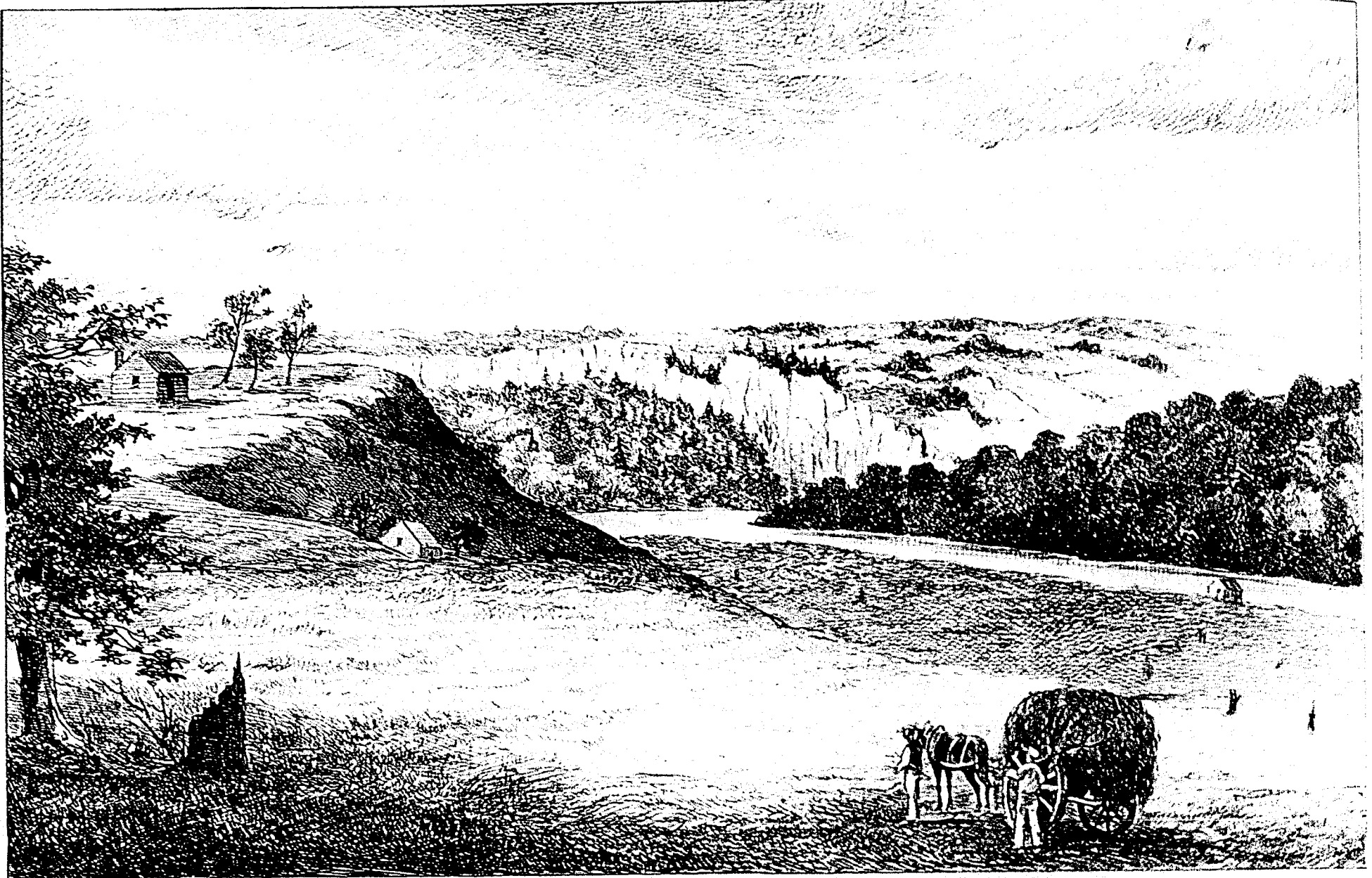
PEAS PORRIDGE.—Boil a pint and a half of shelled green peas into two quarts of water until they are quite tender. Then have ready four spoonfuls of oatmeal or flour, mixed by degrees with a quart of milk, and stir it into the pot of boiled peas till the whole mass becomes thick. Season it with a bit 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.

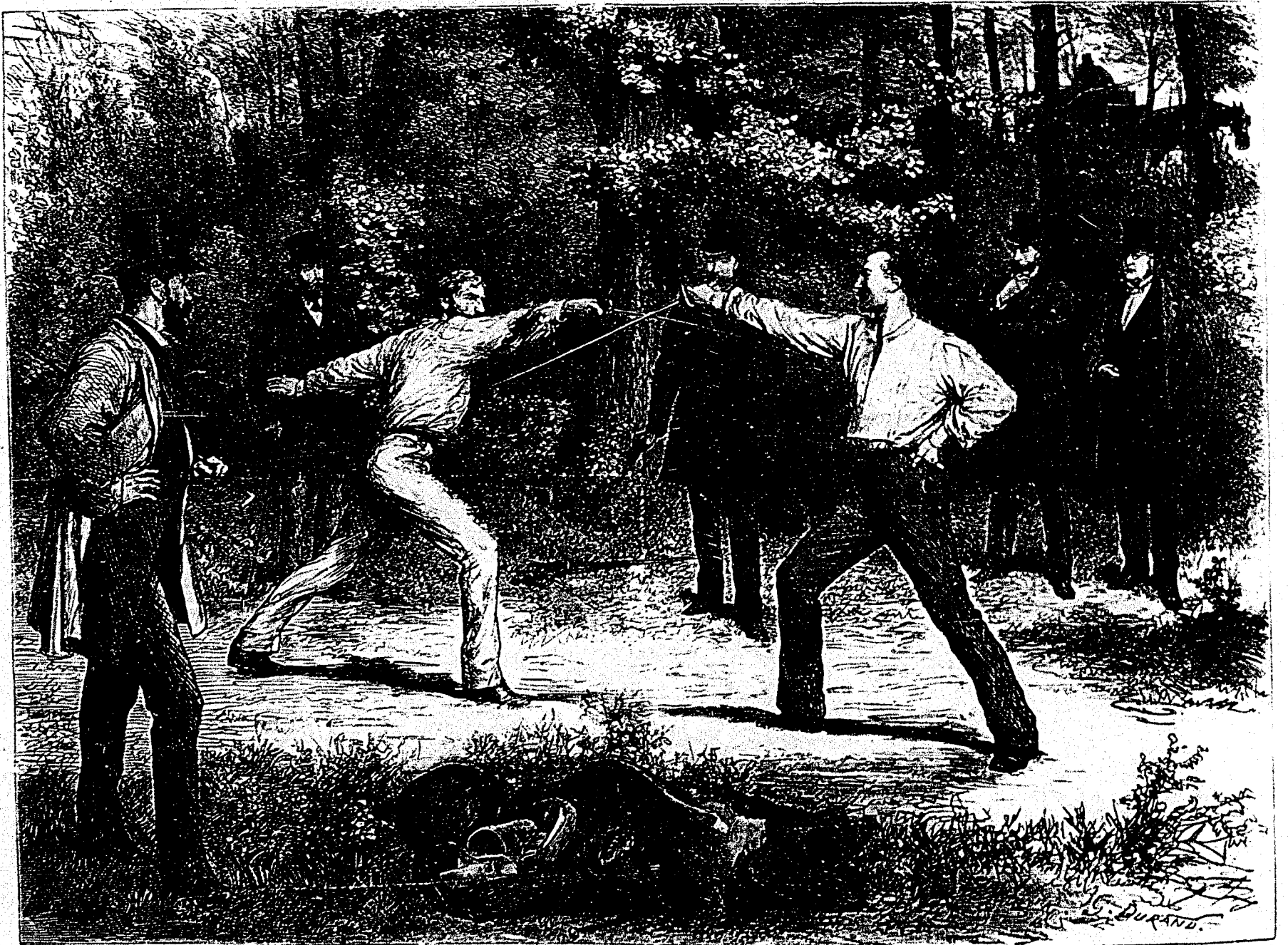
TO ROAST A TURKEY.—If the weather be very cold, a turkey will hang for a week, and prove to be all the better, however young it may be. But take great care not to let it be the least thing gone. Pluck, draw, and singe with care; wash and wipe the outside well, and pour water through the inside. Fill 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. Near each portrait 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 twain 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 *Eöthen*.

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.

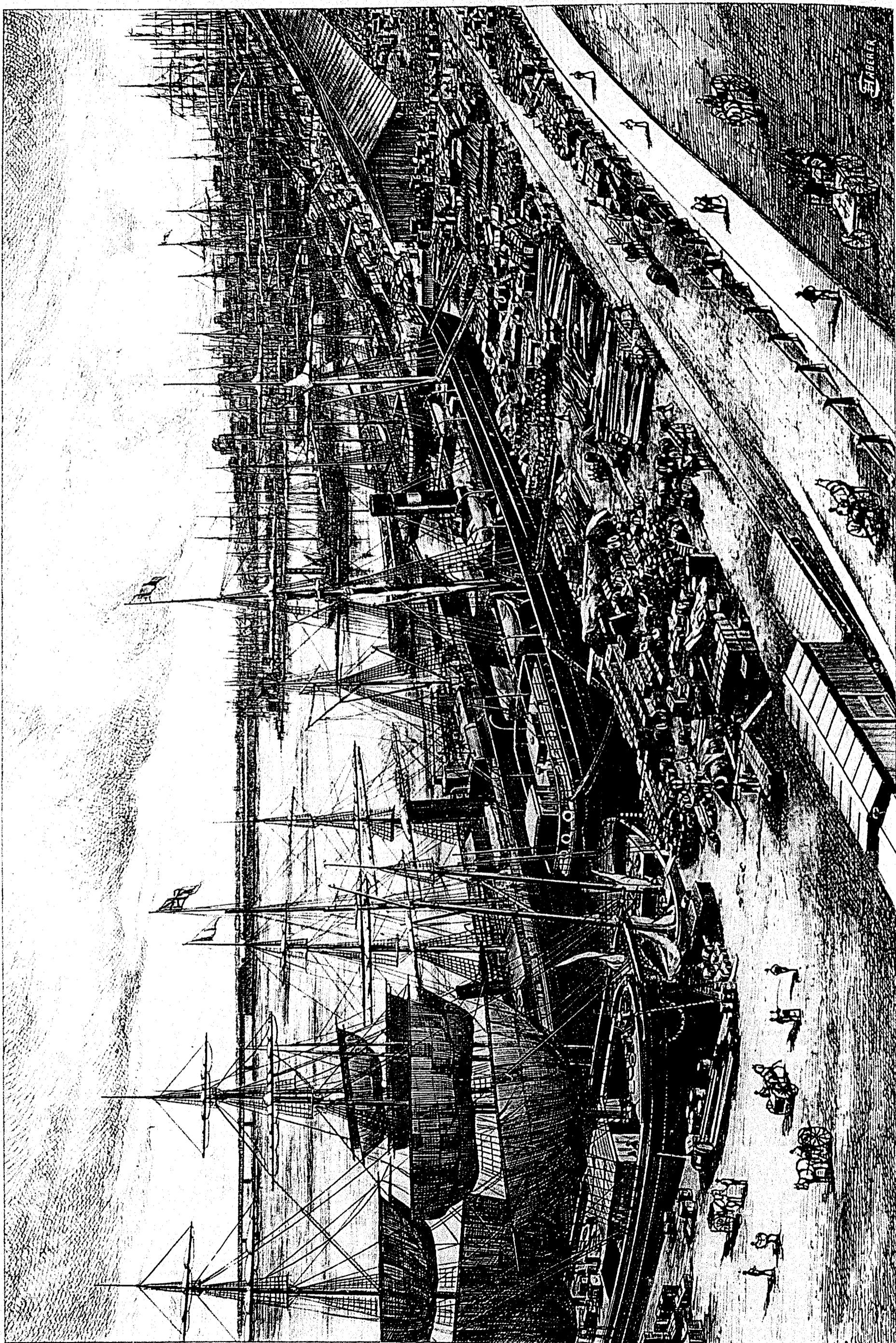
ONE of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.

A GLASS FOR OURSELVES.—When you descend 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.

[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."

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Things are looking very blue now although you have never dreamed of any serious trouble as yet. Hope still plays with the fancy.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

"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."

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?"

It was enough. We understood each other and were happy. I will not weary by details of our modes of economizing, and such things.

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 drew myself up to my full height, and put on a air of grandeur. "Clara," I said, "a reverse of fortune may come and with it a thousand troubles.

JOEL PHIPPS.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

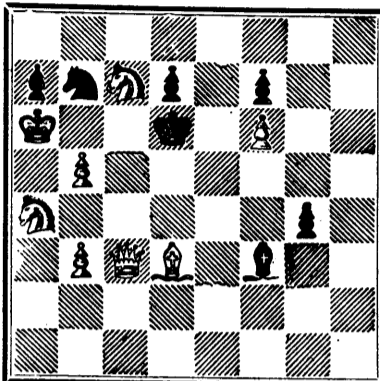
TO CORRESPONDENTS

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.

PROBLEM No. 32.

By Mr. F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 30.

- WHITE: 1. Kt to K 4th, 2. Kt to K 5th, 3. P to B 4th Mate. BLACK: 1. B takes Kt, 2. Any move. Black has other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 29.

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

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 30.

- WHITE: 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. BLACK: 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.): 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. BLACK—(Mr. Roberts.): 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 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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."

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 she replied: "Well, sir, they may be coming, but they have not 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 not 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.

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."

"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.

"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."

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.

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."



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



THE HOLY FAMILY—FROM A PAINTING BY BOUQUEREAU.

"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 Weissebourg. 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.)

NOTICE.

Mr. JOHN N. GOLDING,


OF ST. JOHN; N. B., has been appointed Agent in the Maritime Provinces, for THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC CO., of Montreal, publishers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and MECHANICS' MAGAZINE and PATENT RECORD.

Every description of ENGRAVING and PRINTING executed in the best style of art, and at moderate prices.

G. B. BURLAND, President.

August 7th, 1875.

ALEX. D. DALY,
426 & 428 Notre Dame Street.
Importer and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewellery,
Fancy Goods and Toys, Boys' Waggon, Carriage, Rooking, Horses, Velocipedes, Doll Carriages. A large stock of these goods. Retail at Wholesale prices.



12-5-13-188.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE.

The School will re-open for the Michaelmas Term on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH. The new School Building, with commodious and well ventilated dormitories and studios, furnished with all modern conveniences which can promote the comfort of its inmates, and heated throughout with steam, affords accommodation for 100 resident pupils.

Terms and other information may be obtained by application to the

Rev. C. H. BADGLEY, M.A.,
12-3-8-184 Rector.

DOMINION TYPE FOUNDRY COMPANY,
Chenneville Street, Montreal

President, ALEX. MURRAY.
Vice-President, RICHARD WHITE.
ALEX. BUNTIN. D. J. REES.
C. T. PALGRAVE. JOHN WHITE.
W. J. McDONNELL. JAMES SIMPSON.
WM. HALL, Managing Director.

Manufacturers of the STANDARD FACES for Newspaper, Book, and Job Work; Dealers in PRESSES and all kinds of Printers' Material. The latest improvements are introduced, and the Company invite comparison with any imported Type for

Accuracy, Durability, and Style.

The newest Designs in JOB LETTER at lower prices than type of foreign manufacture.

AGENTS FOR THE

"RELIANCE" WHARFEDALE MACHINE,
and the best
English and American Job Presses.

Estimates for Newspaper and Job Offices on application.
Liberal discount for cash. 12-2-52-179.

To Railway, Steam Navigation, and Manufacturing Companies.


BILLS OF LADING, MANIFESTS, BILL HEADS, CIRCULARS, LETTER HEADINGS; BONDS, DEBENTURES, PASSES, TICKETS; TIME TABLES, SHOW CARDS, POSTERS, and every other variety of Printing, executed with neatness and despatch, on Stone or from Type, as may be desired.

VIEWS OF FACTORIES, STATIONS, STEAMERS, ENGINES, and MACHINERY, taken by

Photography or Pencil,
and reproduced in any style, for any purpose required, and at very moderate prices.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY,
115 St. Francois Xavier St., and 311 to 319 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.

CAPITAL, \$10,000,000.
Assets over \$16,000,000.



The ROYAL Insurance Company of Liverpool.

UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS. AGENCIES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS.

W. E. SCOTT, M. D., Medical Adviser. Office: 64 St. Francois-Xavier St., Montreal. H. L. ROUTH, Chief Agents. JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector. W. TATLEY,

12-7-26-191

COCHRAN'S WRITING INKS!
SOME OF THE FINEST IN THE MARKET.

BLUE BLACK (will give one copy if required.)
VIOLET BLACK, copying and writing combined.
COMMERCIAL BLACK, a really good black ink.
BLACK COPYING INK (will give six copies.)
BRIGHT SCARLET, a very brilliant color.

All the bottles are full Imperial measure. We would call the attention of Schools and Academies to the quality of the Black Inks.

MORTON, PHILLIPS & BULMER,
Successors to ROBT. GRAHAM.
ESTABLISHED 1830.
375 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. 11-7-52-24.

JAMES WRIGHT,
MANUFACTURER OF
Church, Bank, Store and Office Fittings,
Parquet Floors, Wooden Carpetings & Fancy Wainscots,
2 TO 15 ST. ANTOINE STREET, & 301 CRAIG STREET.
MONTREAL, P. Q.
Box 9434. 11-9-52-107.

BOND BROS.,
STOCK & SHARE BROKERS,
Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange.
NO. 7 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL. 11-16-52-126.

ASK FOR LEBEYRE'S VINEGAR, specially recommended by the Medical Faculty, as being free from adulteration and superior to any foreign importation. Wholesale & Retail Banded Montreal Vinegar Works, No. 41 Bonsecours Street. 11-23-26-159

PARLOR BOOT & SHOE STORE,
375 Notre Dame Street,
One door East of John Aitken & Co.

Have always on hand a choice selection of LADIES' WHITE GOODS, in Satin, Kid and Jean.
12-25-26-61

E. & A. PERRY.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER
Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied.

It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND
SAVES TIME.
IT SAVES TEMPER,
IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer,
W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills,
11-18-52-135. 55 College Street.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON, Established 1803.
Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA:
RINTOUL BROS.,
EXCHANGE BANK BUILDING,
Corner Notre Dame & St. Francois Xavier Sts., Montreal
CHAS. D. HANSON, INSPECTOR. 10-22-52-49.

OTTAWA RIVER NAV. CO'S STEAMERS
BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Passengers by Day boat leave from Montreal and Ottawa every morning at 7 a.m.
By night boat leave Montreal and Ottawa at 5 p.m. except on Saturday. Baggage checked through.
Tickets at 13 Bonaventure St. and at Railway Station, Montreal, and at Office, Queen's Wharf, and Russell House, Ottawa.

11-20-26-150

R. W. SHEPHERD,
President.

RELIEF, COMFORT, AND CURE.
Artificial Limbs, Trusses, Supporters, Braces, Instruments for Deformities, Weak Ankles, &c., fitted to every case by Dr. J. ENEAS, at the Victoria Truss Factory, corner of Bleury and Craig Streets. 11-19-26-126.

To Municipalities, Societies, Lodges and Granges.

BONDS, DEBENTURES, DIPLOMAS, CERTIFICATES; VIEWS OF SITES, ROOMS, &c.; PORTRAITS OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS; ILLUSTRATIONS OF BADGES AND INSIGNIA, produced to order, by Photography, Engraving or Lithography, as may be desired.

Orders received by mail attended to and executed with care and punctuality.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY,
115 St. Francois Xavier St., and 311 to 319 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.

C. A. MACDONELL,
Union Marble Works, 10 and 12 Bleury Street, opposite Notman's, Monuments, Mantels, Altars, Figures, Tiling, Wainscoting, &c. Importer and manufacturer of Marble of every description. 11-22-52-158.

CANADA BOILER WORKS,
771 Craig Street, Montreal.
PETER HIGGINS, manufacturer of Marine and Land Boilers, Tanks, Fire-Proof Chambers, Wrought Iron Beams, Iron Bridge Girders, Iron Boats, &c. For all kinds of above works, Plans, Specifications and Estimates given if required. Repairs promptly attended to. 11-9-52-103

C. KIRBY,
MERCHANT TAILOR, 378 Yonge St., Toronto (A few doors South of Gerrard St.)
A Stylish Cut and Fit Guaranteed. 11-11-52-119.

CANCER CURE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO, BY DR. WOOD. Cure warranted without the use of the knife, and almost painless. 11-3-52-83

JAMES MUIR,
HOUSE AND LAND AGENT,
New Canada Life Buildings, No. 190 St. James Street Montreal. 12-1-52-173

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.
For Style, Fit, and Workmanship, call on J. D. DRESSER & CO., 433 Notre Dame St. 11-16-52-131.

GET YOUR PICTURES FRAMED AT G. H. HUDSON & CO'S,
Corner Craig and St. Peter Streets, Montreal. 11-9-52-105

HATS THAT R HATS.
DEVLIN'S HAT AND FUR DEPOT,
416 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL. 11-13-52-123.

HOPKINS & WILY,
ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS,
235 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 11-8-52-99

HUTCHISON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS
Valuators of Real Estate, Buildings, &c. 181 St James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEELE. 10-26-52-7

JOHN DATE,
PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM FITTER,
Coppersmith, Brass Founder, Finisher and Manufacturer of Diving Apparatus.
657 AND 659 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 11-8-52-102

JOSEPH GOULD,
Importer of PIANO-FORTES AND CABINET ORGANS,
211 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-7-52-98.

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET,
Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY, BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

L. J. FORGET,
L. STOCK AND SHARE BROKER,
104, St. Francois Xavier St., (Exchange Bank Building.) 11-19-52-146.

MERCHANTS—SEND TO HICKS' FOR MSHOW CARDS
11-6-52-88. of every kind—Montreal.

MR. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPHER, HAS RECEIVED
a very fine collection of STEREOSCOPIQUE VIEWS of Yosemite Valley, Seranavada Mountain & Niagara Falls. 11-8-52-101

PATENTS!
F. H. REYNOLDS, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,
235 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-8-52-100

P. KEARNEY, GILDER, MANUFACTURER OF
P. Mirror, Portrait and Picture Frames, 69 St. Antoine Street Montreal. Old Frames regilt equal to New. 11-9-52-104

REFRIGERATORS, Filters, Water-Coolers, Ice-Cream-Freezers, Iron-Bedsteads, &c., &c., at
MEILLEUR & CO'S,
11-4-52-87. 652 Craig, near Bleury Street.

RUFUS SKINNER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, and all kinds of Canned Goods, &c., Corner Yonge & Walton Streets, Toronto, Ont. 11-9-52-106

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES!
Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also, HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES.
244 Parthenais St., Montreal. 11-12-52-122. BULMER & SHEPPARD.

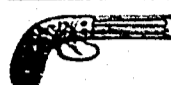
W. P. WILLIAMS, FRUITERER, CONFEC-TIONER, and Dealer in Canned Goods of all descriptions. 134 Queen Street East, bet. George & Sherbourne Sts., Toronto, Ont. 11-9-52-110

\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MEN. SEND \$5 for Agents' outfit which will sell for \$10 or money refunded.
A. D. CABLE,
10-21-52-39. 568 Craig Street, Montreal.

THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE
Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world. 10-25-52-68

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted
All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address J. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 10-18-52-90.

Berkeley, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking 'Norton's Camomile Pills.' I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of those who may thus be afflicted.—I am, Sir, yours truly, HENRY ALLPASS.—To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. 12-5-26-189-edw.

 Muzzle and Breach Loading Guns, Revolvers, Saloon Pistols, Fishing Tackle, Skates, &c.
T. REEVES & CO., 687 Craig St.
B. L. Shells loaded on short notice. 12-6-13-190.

I. L. BANCS & CO.,
783 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FELT AND GRAVEL ROOFING.
Gravel Roofs repaired at short Notice.
Prepared Roofing Felt, Roofing Composition, Gravel, Wood Varnish for Painting Shingles. 11-7-52-94.

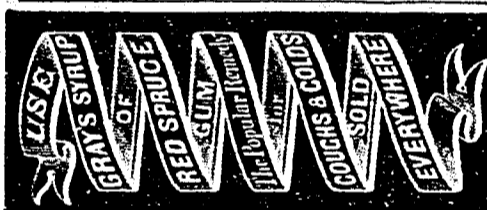
GASALIERS
NEW, ELEGANT, CHEAP DESIGNS
RICHARD PATTON,
745 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.
11-19-52-145

GRAVEL ROOFING. R. ALEXANDER,
41 ST. ANTOINE ST.,
MONTREAL.
08-10-21-52-38.

STRATHY & STRATHY,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS,
Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange.
No. 100 St. Francois Xavier Street,
MONTREAL. 11-16-52-125.

JOSEPH LUCKWELL,
BUILDER & JOINER
35 1/2 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
MONTREAL. 10-20-52-22

J. DALE & CO.,
FASHIONABLE MILLINERS & DRESSMAKERS,
No. 58 1/2 Yonge Street,
TORONTO. 11-10-52-113



North British & Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1809.
Head Office for Canada:
No. 72 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Insurances effected on all classes of Risks.
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policies of Participating Scale.

MANAGING DIRECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS:
D. L. MACDOUGALL and THOS. DAVIDSON
WM. EWING, INSPECTOR.
G. H. ROBERTSON and P. R. FAUTEUX,
SUB-AGTS. FOR MONTREAL.
Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns. 12-20-52-24


LAWLOR'S
CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
365 Notre Dame Street,
11-7-52-96. MONTREAL.

COAL! COAL!!
VERY FAVOURABLE QUOTATIONS, & QUALITY
FIRST-CLASS.
S. W. BEARD & CO.,
Foot of McGill Street.
12-2-6-181.

JAS. K. POLLOCK,
CARVER, GILDER,
Looking Glass, Picture Frame
AND
PASSE-PARTOUT MANUFACTURER,
No. 13 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL.
12-2-52-178.

INDICESTION! INDICESTION!

SEE NAME ON LABEL. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
SOLD as wine in bottles; Lozenges in bottles; globules in bottles; and as powder in 1 oz. bottles, and by all Chemists and Manufacturers. Full directions given.
T. MORSON AND SON, SOUTHAMPTON-ROW, RUSSELL-SQUARE, LONDON.
11-3-17-81-c3w-02.

Commercial Union Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON.
Capital, \$12,500,000.—FIRE, LIFE, MARINE.
BRANCH OFFICE FOR EASTERN CANADA—UNION BUILDINGS, 43 ST. FRANCOIS-XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.
10-19-52-28 **FRED. COLE, General Agent for Eastern Canada.**

Provincial Insurance Company of Canada,
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, Ont.

FIRE AND MARINE. Endeavour to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND JUST SETTLEMENT OF FAIR CLAIMS.
MONTREAL OFFICE: 160 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE DAME
10-19-52-29. **T. S. FINNS, Secy.**

The Royal Canadian Insurance Co'y.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$6,000,000
CASH ASSETS, OVER - - - - - \$1,031,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
J. F. SINCENNES, Vice President "La Banque du Peuple."
JOHN OSTELL, Director "The New City Gas Co'y."
ANDREW WILSON, Director "The New City Gas" and "City Passenger Railway" Companies.
M. C. MULLARKY, Vice-President "Le Credit Foncier du Bas-Canada," Vice-President "Quebec Rubber Co.," and President "St. Pierre Land Co."
J. ROSAIRE THIBAUDEAU, Director "La Banque Nationale."
W. F. KAY, Director "Merchants Bank of Canada."
HORACE AYLWIN, of Port Hope.
ANDREW ROBERTSON, Vice-President "Montreal Board of Trade," and Vice-President "Dominion Board of Trade."
DUNCAN MCINTYRE, of Messrs. McIntyre, French & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants.

OFFICERS:
President: J. F. SINCENNES. Vice-President: JOHN OSTELL.
General Manager: ALFRED PERRY. Secretary: ARTHUR GAGNON.
Marine Manager: CHAS. G. PORTIER.

Insures every description of Fire Risks, Inland Cargoes and Hulls; also Ocean Cargoes and Freights on First-Class Steamers and Sailing Vessels.

HEAD OFFICE: 160 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
10-20-52-22

DR. A. PROUDFOOT, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Special attention given to DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR. Artificial Eyes inserted. 37 Beaver Hall, Office hours, 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p.m. 11-7-52-93.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW YOUNG and MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR., as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on under the style and firm of **MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO.** All outstanding accounts will be settled by the new firm.
JAMES MATTINSON.
May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodious premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice.

MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO.,
Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, Copper-smiths, &c.
12-1-26-175

MARAVILLA COCOA.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, LONDON, having the EXCLUSIVE Supply of this UNRIVALLED COCOA invite Comparison with any other Cocoa, for Purity—Fine Aroma—Sanative, Nutritive and Sustaining Power. One trial will establish it as a favourite Beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, and a Soothing Refreshment after a late evening.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

The Globe says, "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and surpasses every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate Aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For consumers of Cocoa, especially Invalids and Dyspeptics, we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage." For further favourable Opinions vide *Standard, Morning Post, British Medical Journal, &c., &c.*

HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA.

This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS under the ablest HOMOEOPATHIC advice, aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree, the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the PRUSSIAN NUT.

SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE

MADE IN ONE MINUTE WITHOUT BOILING
THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest Manufacturers in Europe, and sold in tin-lined packets by Storekeepers and others all over the world.

MUSTARD.—TAYLOR BROTHERS'

celebrated "Challenge" brand is prepared from the choicest Seed by a patent process which prevents fermentation, and at the same time retains the pungency and purity of flavour to a degree which no other process can accomplish. The double superfine quality is specially recommended. **STEAM MILLS, BRICK LANE, LONDON. EXPORT CHICORY MILLS, BRUGES, BELGIUM.**
11-20-56-148

The Travelers Life & Accident Insurance Co. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CAPITAL, \$500,000. CASH ASSETS, \$3,500,000. SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES, \$1,000,000.
Grants everything desirable in Life or Accident Insurance on the most favorable terms.
FOSTER, WELLS & BRINLEY, General Agents for the Dominion. OFFICE, 159 St. James St., Montreal. 12-1-52-174

12 Chromos for \$1. The grandest chance ever offered agents. We will mail to any address, post paid, 12 beautiful Oil Chromos, size 9x11, mounted, on receipt of \$1. Sell for \$3 in an hour. Try a Chromo agency, it is the best paying agency out. Everybody loves and buys pictures. We have work and money for all, men and women, boys and girls, whole or spare time, daytime or evening, at home or travelling. Inclose \$1 in a letter. Chromos by return mail. They sell at eight.

WANTED Agents for the best selling Prize package in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, Pen, Penholder, Pearl, patent Yard Measure, package of Perfumery, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post paid, 25 cents.

BEST Selling Imitation Gold Watch, in the market. This is a Pure Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch; English rolled Gold plated; sunk Second Dial; Full Jewelled; Expansion Balance; Nickel Movements; beautifully engraved Cases; and is equal in appearance to a Gold Watch that costs from \$60 to \$100. It sells and trades readily, for from \$25 to \$40. If you want a watch for your own use, or to make money on, try this. Price \$17 only. We will send this watch C. O. D., subject to examination, if you send \$2 with the order, the balance of \$15 you can pay the Express Co. if the watch proves satisfactory.

ALL CAN make splendid pay selling our goods. We have other novelties which are as staple as Flour. Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue. Address F. P. GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass. 11-20-52-149

MADE TO ORDER
ON SHORT NOTICE
BY
KEMP & CO.
Gentlemen's Furnishing Establishment
306, NOTRE-DAME ST., 306,
MONTREAL.
11-26-13-168.

PAPER HANGING
WINDOW SHADES, WIRE
SCREENS, BANNERS, RUSTIC
BLINDS and SCENERY.
GEO. G. DEZOUQUE,
351 NOTRE DAME STREET.
12-3-13-128.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 10-21-52-36.

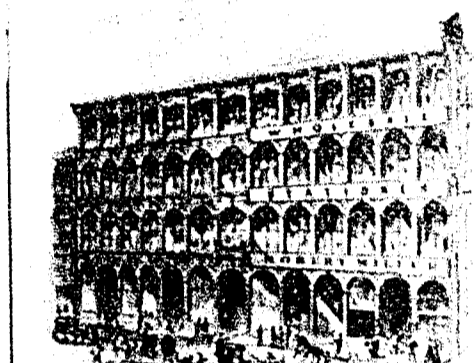
\$100 PER WEEK SELLING OUR popular Oil Chromos. Illustrated catalogue free. 12 Samples for \$1.00; 100 for \$4.50. W. H. HOPE, 19-4-186 522 Craig Street, Montreal.

INVENTORS who want PATENTS should write to **H. T. HARTLEY,** P. O. Box 313. No. 22 St. John Street, Montreal. Fees contingent on success. 12-4-52-185-02

DR. HAYWARD'S NEW DISCOVERY,
(PATENTED 1872)
ENGLAND, FRANCE & BELGIUM.

The Treatment and Mode of Cure.
How to use it successfully,
With safety and certainty in all cases of decay of the nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low spirits, despondency, languor, exhaustion, muscular debility, loss of strength, appetite, indigestion and functional ailments from nervous excess &c. &c.
Without Medicine.
Full Printed Instructions, with Diagram and Diagram for Invalids, post free, 25 cents.
(FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.)
DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., 14 York Street
Portman Square, London, W.
For Qualifications, vide "Medical Register" 11-1-52-111.

ROBERT MILLER,



Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER.
IMPRINTER OF
Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS,
397 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
10-19-52-122

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S
WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE.

Trade Mark,—"Blood Mixture."
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.
For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities, cannot be too highly recommended.
For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never failing and permanent cure.
It Cures old Sores.
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck.
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs.
Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scabby Sores.
Cures Cancerous Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter.
From whatever cause arising.
As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.
Sold in Bottles, 1 dollar each, and in Cases, containing six times the quantity, 4 dollars each—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long standing cases. BY ALL CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world.
Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.
Sold in England by all Wholesale Patent Medicine Houses.
Wholesale Agents for Provinces of Ontario and Quebec—
EVANS, MERCER & Co., Montreal.
Mailed to any address on receipt of P.O.O. 11-24-52-122

CINGALESE
HAIR RENEWER

Causes the hair to grow, invigorating the roots. Not soiling the skin. Grey hair it restores. Again to its natural colour. Leaving it beautifully Embellished and glossy. Stops its falling off. Exceeds all others.
Price 75c. Three Bottles for \$2.00.
For sale by Druggists everywhere.
J. GARDNER, CHEMIST,
437 Notre Dame street, Montreal.
10-25-52-62.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 311 to 319, St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

CET WHITESIDE'S PATENT SPRING BED.