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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875.

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{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS.—READING THE DIFFERENTIAL THERMOMETER.

Ol. M—t loq. H'm ! A pretty fair result ; might be better we'll throw some cold water on that left hand bulb, and warm up the other a bit, and then, we'll see !

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.

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SIX MONTHS

IN THE

WILDS OF THE NORTHWEST

By our Special Artist and Correspondent.

Under the above title, we will begin, in our next issue, the publication of an interesting and graphic description of the Expedition of the Northwest Mounted Police, from Fort Garry to the Rocky Mountains. The letter-press will be illustrated with numerous and characteristic sketches taken along the route by our talented artist H. JULIEN, who accompanied the Force by special invitation.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 30th, 1875.

RECIPROCITY REFUSED.

The most important event of the past week is the death of Reciprocity. The Treaty has been declined by the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate, and that body will acquiesce in the decision without further debate. We announced this result two months ago, and hence we experience no astonishment. Several of our friends discredited the prophecy, and their surprise is great in consequence. In fact, the partisans of the Treaty would not hear of its discomfiture, until it was announced on "high authority," by Mr. W. H. HOWLAND, President of the Dominion Board of Trade, at the recent meeting of that body, in Ottawa. At the same sitting, Mr. PARSONS, President of the Detroit Board of Trade, confirmed the intelligence, expressed his regret thereat, and gave a few summary causes which led to the event. He felt convinced that a Treaty equitable and just in its character could be passed between Canada and the States, and would contribute to the prosperity of both countries. For 20 years

he had had commercial intercourse with Canada, and he regretted that the Treaty should be thrown out. He thought that the great misfortune in connection with the question on the other side was that merchants of the United States could not enter into their debates in the dispassionate manner in which they did in the Dominion of Canada. If they could, the Treaty would no doubt have been carried. It could not have failed on its merits, but from force of circumstances. On account of the great troubles in the United States, no attention had been paid to the Treaty. Another reason was, that several Senators did not wish to offend Congress, who are opposed to it. He held that the lumber interests had mainly set the people against it, for, while a year ago, they could market the three upper qualities at \$45, now they have the same qualities at \$30, and they realize barely the cost of production, which led them to object to the Treaty. While the lumber sold for \$45, our merchants, he said, did not recognize the \$15,000,000 taken out of the country.

In reviewing the failure of the Reciprocity Treaty, we must bear in mind the complexion of the present Congress. It is Republican, and the chief plank in the platform of the Republican party is Protection. It was by means of Protection, championed through the writings of HORACE GREELEY, and advocated by the foremost statesmen in the country, that the United States managed to weather the financial and commercial crisis resultant on the war. Now, that the Union is restored to something like a normal state of prosperity, it was expected that this doctrine, especially in its Prohibitory clauses, would be modified; but the Republicans seem to have been blind to the necessity of any such step. The November elections should have opened their eyes, as the issue was largely a battle between Free Trade and Protection, and the Democrats gained an overwhelming triumph, in their support of the former; but the present Congress, the last before the advent of the Democratic majority, seemed determined to persevere in its false ways. Add to this an almost universal apathy, not to say antipathy, among Americans, with regard to every thing concerning Canada. This fact Canadians should be made aware of. It is patent to every one acquainted with the United States, and it is painfully so to every Canadian journalist who attentively peruses his American exchanges. The Reciprocity Treaty created considerable excitement throughout the Dominion, spite of the warnings of the Ottawa Government, which counseled quiescence. In the United States, it caused hardly a ripple. A few very public men made speeches against it, before specially interested constituencies; a few influential papers, principally in the West, lectured Congress angrily upon it; but the great mass of the people, as represented by the press and the platform, was silent and indifferent. This treatment of a measure so important to ourselves, may perhaps not be construed into hostility, but it certainly marks a lack of friendly, cordial international feeling.

As usual, political capital will be made of the failure. The Ottawa Government will be twitted thereat and roundly blamed. The criticism, to be just, should be moderate. It is true that very liberal concessions were made; that pledges of public improvements were given almost physically impossible of accomplishment; that certain discriminations, unjust to special classes of industry, were introduced, but on the whole, the instrument was a manly, patriotic attempt to obtain a great boon, and the Government deserves credit for having undertaken it. Ministerialists themselves, from a strictly partisan standpoint, will rather rejoice than otherwise, at the declension of the Treaty by the Senate. That step takes a thorn out of Mr. MACKENZIE'S side. He could never have passed it through Parliament by mere force of argument; and if he had resorted to pressure on his large majority, the result would have led to an immediate

or gradual re-action, most disastrous in its consequences. The fact is, that the Treaty was unpopular in the country, and without most important modifications could not have been forced upon it.

We have hopes, however, that the measure may still be revived. Profiting by their experience, our negotiators will revise it, and when properly revised, it may be presented to the XLIV Congress—Democratic and Free Trade—with fair prospect of success. Untrammelled reciprocal relations between the two countries, are a commercial, political and geographical necessity.

LEPINE AND RIEL.

To the person accustomed to read between the lines, it is evident that the Manitoba problem has at length reached the initial stage of its solution. AMBROISE LEPINE was to have been executed on the 20th inst. His sentence has been commuted to two years of imprisonment, and he has been deprived of his political rights for life. Almost simultaneously, the announcement reaches us that LOUIS RIEL has been outlawed. These two events should not be detached, but taken together, for their significance is almost identical. It may seem paradoxical that the disfranchisement of one man, and the outlawry of another, should lead to the ultimate pardon and rehabilitation of both; but such, we believe, will be the final issue. It was meet, and perhaps necessary, that an outraged public sentiment should be propitiated by a semblance of punishment, preparatory to its subsequent acquiescence in a measure of general amnesty—if not meet, at least politically necessary.

The situation in Manitoba has been a standing crisis; no peaceable government was possible there, so long as the troubles arising out of the insurrection of 1869-70 were not definitively settled. One thing has been throughout as clear as noonday. No Canadian administration could settle these difficulties. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD shrank from the task, and was abused by the Liberals in consequence. Mr. MACKENZIE has been helpless in the matter, and the Conservatives have berated him therefor. There were inter-provincial, if not national, issues at stake on the result. The granting of amnesty would inevitably array the whole of Ontario in open hostility. The refusal of amnesty would as surely disaffect the entire French portion of Quebec; while, even the delay of it, has kept that Province in a chronic state of effervescence. There was only one way out of this quandary. It was to throw the matter into the hands of the Imperial authorities. This LORD DUFFERIN has undertaken to do. He has already apprised LEPINE of his own responsibility, without asking the advice of his Ministers. We have good authority for stating, that this first step will be soon followed by a declaration of general amnesty, proclaimed through the Colonial Office. The precise date of this measure we are not in a position to give. Probably, it will be timed so as to embarrass our own Government as little as possible. The grace of LEPINE followed the Ontario elections, to the manifest relief of Mr. MOWAT. The general amnesty will probably be made public only after the next Session of Parliament, much to the satisfaction of Mr. MACKENZIE, who will thus be saved the disagreeable necessity of answering perplexing questions.

Naturally, this mode of extrication from a vexed and perilous situation, is not to the taste of the Opposition. They knew the trouble which the Metis business has given the administration, and they fondly anticipated still further trouble therefrom. They are therefore disgusted at seeing LORD DUFFERIN and the Imperial officers stepping forward to Mr. MACKENZIE'S assistance. Their disappointment is natural, as we have said, but it is hardly creditable. They ought to remember that this difficulty is of their own creating. Viewed in the light of subse-

quent events, there is no doubt that Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and Sir GEORGE E. CARTIER blundered egregiously in the management of North West affairs. And the result of their blundering they left as a sad legacy to their successors. On the other hand, the Liberals deserve scant sympathy. They agitated the question beyond natural limits, helped to stir up a morbid feeling in regard to it throughout the country, and largely employed it as a lever to hoist themselves into power. There is no doubt, whatever, that both sides made an unscrupulous and scandalous use of this matter to further their respective interests; and it is because they are still both disposed to do so for the same purposes, that it is right for the Imperial Government to intervene. Anything that may put an end to at least one of our miserable party squabbles, ought to be acclaimed with satisfaction, and, in that sense, the action of the British authorities will be a substantial benefaction.

Some fault has been found with the Governor-General for disfranchising LEPINE. Of course, the objection will fall to the ground of itself, when the amnesty will have been proclaimed, and the prisoner restored to all his rights. But even theoretically, the decision of LORD DUFFERIN may be justified as less severe than would appear *prima facie*. Every man under the stroke of a capital sentence is *ipso facto* stripped of his prerogatives of citizenship. In relieving LEPINE from one part of his sentence, LORD DUFFERIN only maintained the effect of the second part. In other words, disfranchisement was not imposed by the Governor-General, but simply re-affirmed.

Of course, there will be much sharp practice on the part of political leaders and managers, in this whole affair. These gentlemen are very ingenious, if they imagine that their manoeuvres are not apparent. As the withholding of LEPINE'S reprieve till after the elections in Ontario, undeniably helped Mr. MOWAT'S administration, so the proclamation of amnesty will be used to influence the approaching Quebec elections in favor of the Liberals. It will not do to tell us that the coincidence in the former case was merely fortuitous. From a circumstantial knowledge, we are convinced that LEPINE was aware of the change in his fate as early as the 11th January, the very day of the Ontario nominations. We do not precisely object to all these tactics; but, at least, let us be candid and admit that, in the business of mere wangling, one party is really no better than the other.

INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS.

In the speech which Mr. MACKENZIE delivered at the late JURY banquet, in this city, he made a rather deprecating allusion to the young National or Canada First party, and insisted upon the necessity of strict party lines in a country like ours. That public opinion always and naturally divides itself into two currents, one adverse, and the other hostile to the administration in power, is a fact of common experience, and from this point of view, Mr. MACKENZIE'S proposition is correct. But it by no means follows that there may not be an important fraction of the people, as represented by the press and by public men, which stands aloof from either organization, with a well-defined programme of independent action. Were the two existing parties in the State divided by principles, there would be some reason for adhering more strictly to them. But our Canadian parties are almost entirely personal, and, as such, really have no authority to impose conditions of fealty upon their followers. Independent members may be an anomaly and an obstruction in such old countries as Britain, but in Canada their *raison d'être* is clear and the wonder is that the number is not greater.

It is fashionable to mock at independence in politics. In Canada, it must be

admitted that there has been reason for the sarcasm. As times have been, our independent members were generally little better than sitters on the fence, weak men in many cases, purchasable men in not a few instances, and, generally, men eagerly ready to side with the stronger party. Independence in its rigorous etymological sense, a feeling born of conscious force and rectitude, a sentiment soaring high above the selfishness of place, or the temptation of lucrative appointment, is a virtue that has been little known in Canada. But that is no reason why it should not grow there. In the altered circumstances of the country, there is a fitness that the balance of power between the contentions of personal parties, should be held by men of wealth, standing and intellect, on whom the people may rely, in a crisis, with implicit trust. There are strong indications that a class of such men is rising among us, and, as usual, it is Ontario which is setting the example in this respect.

As with public men, so with newspapers. The independent press is slowly becoming an important factor in our political life. So far, it is almost exclusively restricted to weekly journals, but the indications are favorable that it will soon descend to daily papers. From a mere business point of view, the attempt is well worth being made. And we shall be disappointed if it is not gradually made in all our large centres. Each one of our chief cities has its party papers, one or more on each side. They are generously patronized by their friends. But they by no means cover the whole field of public usefulness, nor minister to the wants of every class of the community. In every one of these cities, an independent journal, backed by sufficient capital, edited by sterling talent, and furnished at a slightly reduced rate, might easily run in between its partisan colleagues, and secure a lucrative business. There are hundreds of readers in every constituency who, sick and tired of the wranglings of partisan papers, their one-sided accounts of men and things, their wholesale abuse of their opponents, their easy accommodation of principle to suit the emergencies of the hour, would gladly turn to columns where the truth would be fearlessly told, where meetings would be honestly reported, where public men would be tried by their public deeds, not by their personal motives, and where the amenities of discussion, as well as the sanctities of private life would be religiously respected. The cry of Reform is constantly dimmed in our ears, but, so far, with what effect? The true, substantial reform would be the introduction of independence as a vital element in our national affairs.

THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS.

A calm, dispassionate judgment, on the full returns of the Ontario elections would seem to be this—the administration has lost little or nothing in numbers, while the Opposition has gained somewhat in power and cohesion. The full vote in many constituencies, the large majorities in some, and the important changes in not a few others, show that there has been a considerable upheaval of the popular sentiment, and our impression is that the direction of this feeling is in favor of the Opposition. All things else being equal, this result is only the natural one observable in every general election. After a Government has been in power for a length of time, there is generally a tendency to find fault with it, and when the Opposition goes to the country with a good, telling cry, it is almost sure to make recruits. That the Opposition, in Ontario, should be strengthened, and, in consequence, reorganized on the influence of that strength, is a desirable event, even in the interest of the Government itself. The party journals have been greatly exercised over the exact figures on each side. The task is a hopeless one, and partially useless. There are several names which it is impossible to classify, until the day of battle comes. And even, if the precise

figures were known, it really signifies little whether the majority of the Government is ten, twelve or fifteen. So long as it is a reliable working majority, the administration is safe to undertake the conduct of business with it.

A more important question is Mr. Mowat's policy. If he is equal to the task, and we have no reason to doubt his ability, he can make use both of his own majority and of the compact Opposition against him, to accomplish great things and establish himself firmly with the people. For that purpose, he has only to devote himself exclusively to Provincial improvement. Alliance and co-operation with Ottawa should be only a minor consideration. Ontario before every thing else. It is the business of the Federal Government to hold the balance between the Provinces, and to prevent the spread of an unhealthy Provincial feeling. But the business of every Local Government should be solely Provincial, and there is hardly a risk of going too far in that direction. Mr. Mowat, no doubt, feels all the dignity and responsibility of his position. Ontario is the New York of Canada, the Empire Province of the Dominion. To be her Prime Minister requires statesmanship. To develop her extraordinary resources demands the best efforts of talent and patriotism. It may be that Mr. Mowat will have to reconstruct his Cabinet, and it must be allowed that it will bear reconstruction, as the scenes in the last Legislature abundantly proved. But with such reconstruction, aided by a working majority and a powerful Opposition, there is no reason why he should not govern to the general satisfaction. Such is the hope of all the well wishers of Ontario.

CONTEMPT OF THE HOUSE.

Hon. Mr. CHURCH has caused resolutions to be passed in the Quebec Legislature, summoning Messrs. MIDDLEMISS, DANSEBEAU, and DUVERNAY before the Bar of the House to answer questions which they declined before the Tanneries Investigation Committee. The incident is unusual, and excites considerable interest. People are anxious to see whether the Assembly will do its whole duty, and they manifest some curiosity to know how far the powers of the House reach in the event of continued recalcitancy on the part of the witnesses. By a strange coincidence, there is precisely a similar case before the United States Congress, and the matter has led to some litigation which may enlighten our own representatives. RICHARD B. IRWIN, of Pacific Mail notoriety, was put into custody for recusancy, by order of the House. Judge McARTHUR, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, issued a writ of habeas corpus requiring the Sergeant-at-Arms to produce before him the body of R. B. IRWIN. The officer of the House appeared in response to the writ, but failed to produce his prisoner. The Judge, however, naturally refused to admit that a return could in that way be made to the writ. The question now arises whether the House of Representatives, when acting as a court, is not, like any other tribunal, the sole judge of its own contempt. The best lawyers of the House seem to have agreed that in claiming jurisdiction to review the judgment of Congress in a committal for contempt, Judge McARTHUR clearly exceeded his powers. The question will be argued when the Sergeant-at-Arms makes the inadequate return to the writ which he has been directed to do, and is called upon to answer proceedings which will be taken against him for contempt of the District Supreme Court.

In view of the importance which the Temperance movement is assuming in Canada, as evinced by the constantly increasing petitions to Parliament in favor of a prohibitory legislation, and by the part taken by the Temperance Leagues in the late elections of Montreal, Toronto and

other cities, it may be interesting to note what the feeling of the new Governor of Massachusetts is in regard to this matter. Governor Gaston, who is recognized, on all sides, as an enlightened and pure man, speaks out boldly, in his inaugural message, against Prohibition and its interference in politics. He demands the repeal of the old law, which, with the exception of a single year, has been on the State's statute books during twenty years, and has, according to him, done little toward aiding the cause of temperance. He is opposed to the continuance in power of an extraordinary Police force, stated to be confessedly corrupt, and which has only existed under the protection of sumptuary legislation. The Governor anticipates a return to a license law, and desires to make it very stringent and very exclusive.

THE EASTY READINGS.

On Monday last, the inhabitants of Montreal were enabled to enjoy another of the above treats in Association Hall, in aid of the Boy's Home. The attendance was not so large as we could have wished, owing to the numerous attractions of the evening, including the 23rd anniversary of the Montreal Y. M. C. A., in the St. James Street Methodist Church, which was crowded. We think, however, it must have been gratifying to Mr. Easty, to find the Hall more than three-parts filled by a select and appreciative audience. The programme was a very interesting one, including that well-known and favorite piece, the "Bells" of Edgar Allan Poe, which was admirably rendered, as also some humorous selections from "Pickwick," "Bleak House," and the "Christmas Carols." Mr. Easty's rendition of "Scrooge" in his natural self, his encounter and conversation with Marly's ghost, and the thorough change in his after-life, were as natural as could be. The "Christmas Dinner of the Scratchet Family," Tiny Tim's death and Bob Scratchet's grief were most pathetic, and carried the audience with them. We are happy to announce that Mr. Easty will shortly give another series of readings in this city, in aid of the same charitable institution.

COURRIER DES DAMES.

LACE.—The name "dentelle," as applied to lace, appears to have first been used in the printed literature of lace-making, in 1598, but it was probably much older than this would imply, because "dentelle" is mentioned in a manuscript enumerating the expenses of Marguerite de Valois. "Pasement" is probably fringe or lace, in the sense in which we speak of gold-lace on uniforms. "Guipure" was a subsequent name for pasement, and answers properly to what we call gimp. But dentelle is the generic name now in use for all, and answers best to our word lace. The indentations which we see in the collars of old portraits, and which we describe in most cases by the name of Vandyke, at once suggest the origin of the term. An old portrait usually called that of Shakspeare and attributed to Jansen, is engraved in Boaden, and presents us with a collar of a pattern of "dentelle." In its earlier developments lace can seldom now be better studied than in old portraits, the exact pattern being often quite visible in pictures painted either in England or France before Reynolds invented the slapdash style of execution which has been but too extensively imitated in later times. The earliest book on the subject was published at Venice, in 1557, under the title of "Pa Pompe." It is addressed to readers already acquainted with the art, and contains designs for embroideries and "laces." Caesar Vecellis and even Albert Durer also furnished patterns, but the best known book is that of Frederick Vinciolo, which was many times reprinted. All these works are now scarce, having been worn out in the using, and perhaps sometimes actually worked upon.

A SUNNY TEMPER.—What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunshiny weather. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how he is annoyed abroad, at home he is sure to find rest.

GIRL AND WIFE.—Who has not seen with half wonder the sudden development of a young couple when once they have become father and mother? A few days ago,—yesterday, it seems—and they were almost children. The young wife was a girl, with all the joyous carelessness and heedless buoyancy of a child; her older friends—at least those who had not thought enough—shook their heads dubiously, saying she was "fit for anything but to be married; she would be better at home with her mother, or at her school." But the wife becomes a mother, and a marvellous transformation takes place. There may be the same vivacity of spirit, but all is calmer, deeper, stronger. She has entered a new world, and is induced with new powers. A

wise providence has taken the place of thoughtlessness, a firm self-reliance that of helpless dependence, an untiring energy that of dreamy inactivity. The girl has suddenly become a woman, challenging your respect with your admiration.

THE PANIER.—This lately revived article of female costume flourished in the time of Louis XV., and consisted of a petticoat made of basket work. They were even made of wood with bars of iron, and were originally introduced from Spain by Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., and were the fashion for about twenty years during the reign of Louis XIII. For nearly a century they disappeared, and it was not until the time of Louis XV, that they once more became the mode. Barbier, in his interesting diary, published more than a century ago, in Paris, tells us that "the Cardinal de Fleury has had his legs much cut by the paniers of a certain lady with whom he was recently returning from a religious service. You know these paniers are so monstrous that two persons cannot well occupy the same chair on account of their size. His eminence insisted upon returning home in the carriage of Madame —, and, as he is a stout man, he somehow or other broke her panier, and the wooden bars wounded his legs so that he had to be carried out of the chair, with the blood trickling down his calves. As to the lady, she laughed to kill herself at this spectacle, which has made all Paris roar." Further on he tells us: "These paniers are so big, that when the queen is seated in her reception room with mesdames, the sisters of the king on either side of her, their petticoats hide Her Majesty so completely that the king has issued an order to the effect that there shall always be two vacant chairs on either side of Her Majesty."

A LINK BETWEEN HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—Blessed be the little children who make up so unconsciously for our life-disappointments. How many couples, mutually unable to bear each other's faults, or to forbear the causes of irritation, find solace for their pain in these golden links which still continue to unite them! On that they are one. There they can really repose. Those fragile props keep them from quite sinking disheartened by life's road-side. How often has a little hand drawn amicably together two else unwilling ones, and made them see how bright and blessed earth may become in pronouncing that little word—"Forgive."

PARENTAL LOVE.—No love is so true and tender as the love our parents give us, and for none are we so ungrateful. We take it as a matter of course—as something we deserve. Especially may our mothers toil and deny themselves, think all night and labour all day, without receiving any thanks whatever. From the day when she walks all night with us while we cry, to the day when she helps to make our wedding dress and gives us those cherished pearls which she wore in her girlhood, we do not half recognise her love for us. Never until we are parents ourselves do we quite comprehend. Yet is there anything like it? The lover may desert us for some brighter beauty; the husband grow indifferent when we have been his a little while; the friend be only a summer friend, and fly when riches vanish, or when we are too sad to amuse; but our parents love us best in our sorrow, and hold us dearer for any change or disfigurement. There isn't much of heaven here on earth, but what there is of it is chiefly given in a parent's love.

DOMESTIC.

QUEEN CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, with some rosewater, one pound of flour dried, one pound of sifted sugar, twelve eggs; beat all well together; add a few currants washed and dried; butter small pans of a size for the purpose, grate sugar over them; they are soon baked. They may be done in a Dutch oven.

LITTLE SEED CAKES.—One pound of flour well dried, one pound of sugar sifted; wash one pound of butter to a cream with rosewater; put the flour in by degrees; add ten yolks and four whites of eggs, one ounce of currant-seeds; keep beating till the oven is ready; butter the pans well; grate over fine sugar; beat the cakes till just as they are set into the oven.

GROUND RICE PUDDING.—To six ounces of rice, one quart of milk; stir this over the fire till thick; take it off, put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut; when just cold, add eight yolks of eggs, four whites, well beaten; rasp the peel of a lemon, and put to it some sugar with the juice, then mix all together; puff paste at the bottom of the dish; half an hour bakes it.

OYSTER SAUCE.—Take fifty oysters, rinse and put them in a stew-pan with one gill of cream. As soon as they become hot, stir in one ounce of butter, mixed to a paste with a little flour. This is a delightful sauce to eat with boiled turkey or fine fat young pullets, in which case the fowls should also be stuffed with oysters and bread crumbs.

COOKING OATMEAL.—One reason why oatmeal is not more generally used as food is that, in the way in which it is usually cooked, it requires constant stirring, which takes a good deal of time and attention. If, after the porridge is mixed, that is as soon as the oatmeal is stirred into the boiling water, the cover is put on and the tin saucepan containing it placed in another pot of boiling water on the stove, and the water let boil, good oatmeal porridge will be made without the least danger of its being scorched.

OYSTER SOUP, No. 2.—Take three quarts of oysters, and strain the liquor from them. Put the liquor on to boil with half a pint of chopped celery, one onion, two or three blades of mace, pepper, and salt. When it boils, add the oysters. Just before taking it off, the thickening must be added, viz.: one spoonful of flour creamed into the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Pour a little of the hot soup gradually upon the eggs and flour, stirring all the while, and as soon as well mixed, with a little cream, pour into the soup. Then add one quart of rich unskimmed milk; let all come to a boil, and pour into a tureen over some small squares of cold bread. Serve it very hot.

HORSE AND HORSEMAN.

Under this title, we lately presented our readers with an illustration and full description of the famous ride of Count Zubovits from Vienna to Paris. As the subject is very interesting to all who love horses and equitation, we subjoin the following additional particulars. It is a narrative of Lieutenant Zubovits's wonderful ride from Vienna to Paris, with various useful lessons deduced from his experience by that officer. The pamphlet is divided into three parts. The first simply gives a sort of diary of the ride. From this it appears that the distance traversed was not 140 German miles, as has been stated, but 180, or about 855 English miles. The whole way from Enns to Nancy, the horse Caradoc was lame, having hurt the frog of its right fore hoof by treading on a nail at Enns. Owing to the lieutenant's skill in adapting a shoe specially to the requirements of the case, Caradoc later lost its lameness. However, while lame, it could proceed only at a slow pace, and took 16 hours in getting over the ground it should have traversed in 12. This left it fewer hours of rest. During the journey Herr Zubovits allowed no one besides himself to come near Caradoc, but fed and groomed him with his own hands. The second part of the pamphlet deals exclusively with the subject of feeding and watering. No experience is more common among horsemen than that horses overworked lose their appetite and refuse their food in the same measure as they require it more urgently. Again, every one knows how seriously horses are apt to be affected by a change of water, an even still more indispensable article than dry food. The effect of new water is the more powerful for its being generally taken on an empty stomach, horses on the march requiring to be first watered and then fed. Herr Zubovits got over the latter difficulty by having all the water given to his horse boiled first, so that at every place it was more or less the same. As fodder he used exclusively a mixture of carrots and wheat bran, with a very small quantity of oats, and this he found always palatable to the horse, and both cooling and nourishing. The mixture he steeped in boiling water, and gave it in the shape of mash when cool, and it has never been refused. To the use of this mash Herr Zubovits in a great measure attributes the great staying power displayed by his horse. The third part of the pamphlet deals with shoeing. This is a doubly interesting subject in the present instance, from the horse having been lame early in the ride. Herr Zubovits (being evidently unacquainted with Fowler's gutta-percha shoe) inserted a piece of leather between the hoof and the shoe, which served as a protector to the sole by raising it from the ground. Herr Zubovits is confident that the accident which disabled Caradoc at Enns would never have occurred had this



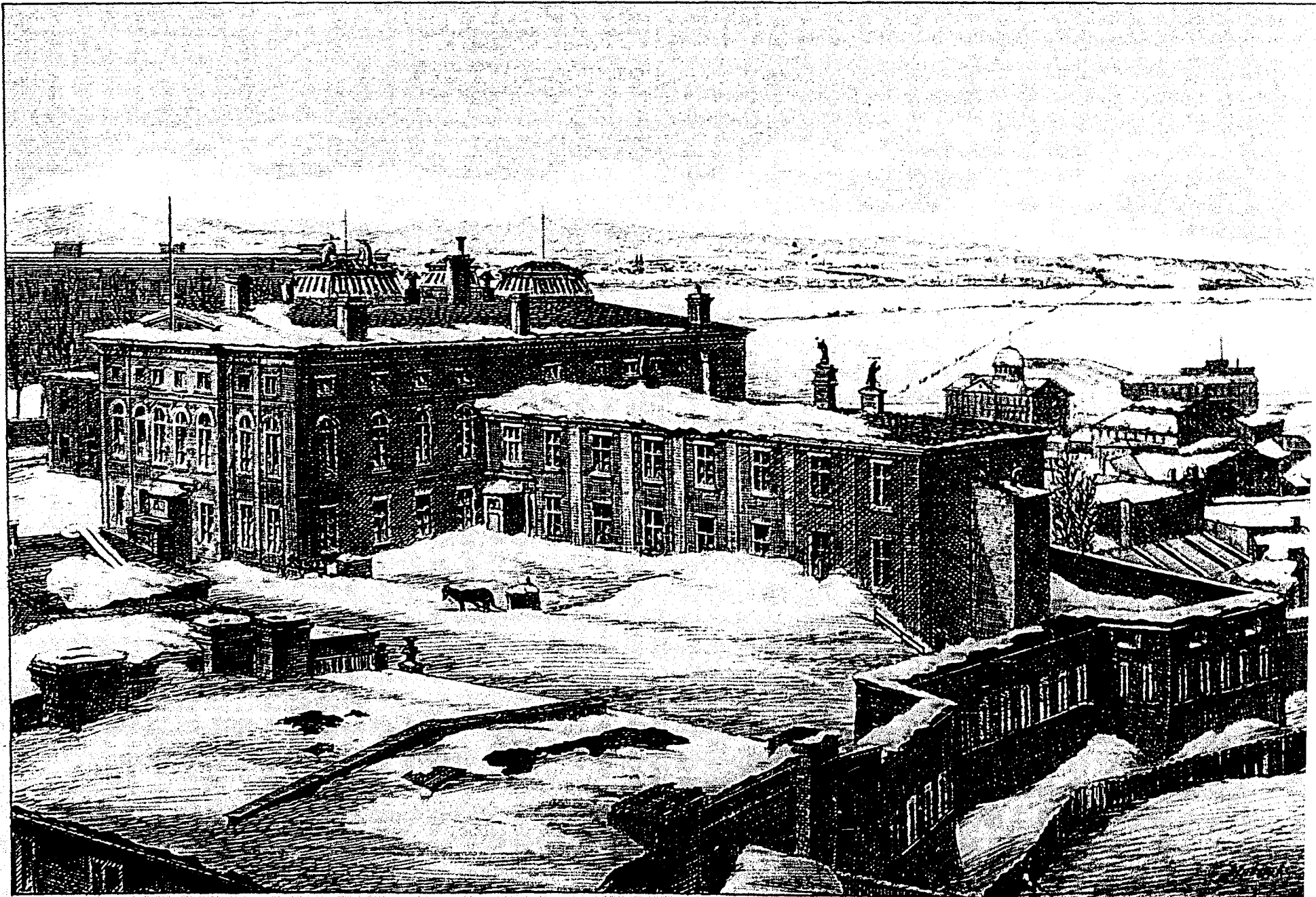
GRAND-PAPA'S DARLING.

precaution been applied earlier, and also to save the hoof by interposing a soft substance in the contact with the ground. The new shoe was specially made after Herr Zubovits' directions, and he adduces as a proof of its utility that although it was heavier in weight than the other shoes, not only did it by no means tax the horse's powers more, but it even enabled the lameness contracted at Enns gradually to wear off.

A PICTURE OF BEAUTY.

This is the portrait of the prettiest woman in Washington, from the pen of "Laertes." Can Canada match her?

She is of the middle size, slender but full, because, right often, there is an angel at the fountain looking up into a pair of dark, rich eyes which are ever turned into his. Between them, child and mother, pass such glances as passion, however dear, never exchanged with its idol, and never will the child see eyes like those again. They are versatile with feeling, and all the veins behind their pupils show a health almost illustrious. To see them full of tears is to feel that Heaven is weeping that it must shut us out. To see them merry is to fear the fleetness of the bounding nature in them. To see them love: that is inexpressible. The eyebrows are black as if the feather of a shining blue-bird had been put forth from the whitest skin, and even upon the lip a little silken something prompts the thought of what havoc amongst hearts might have been wrought had this been a moustache and she a man. The skin is the richest English bloom, as if the cheeks were ripening and smothered the long heats of summer they had attracted; but in their warmth is only household fire, the tints of a painting that can speak. The nose would be *retrogress* in the imported talk of reception rooms. It is an ample, expressive nose, with nostrils of spirit. I have seen it indignant, but never in temper. The contour and color of the face are Anglo-Italian—the Lombard Saxon. The hair is nearly black. The forehead is like that marble tablet the prophet had designed to engrave the commandments on, but touched with the perfection of the stone, spared it even that holy use, saying: "Who has kept all these Commandments shall be like that!" Fun is over all this perfection: it is prankish, effervescent, indulgent, too believing. It suffers pain, but rises from it with fortitude. It rebukes with womanliness the jealousy it is so gifted to inspire, and men and women feel its magnetism equally. Rich dress becomes it: in simple dress it has bearing and state inherent. Four times a mother, this lady is yet like a girl, and, crowded round with children, seems like one of them.



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS QUEBEC: WINTER VIEW.

WILLIAM MERCER WILSON, L.L.D.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. 214.

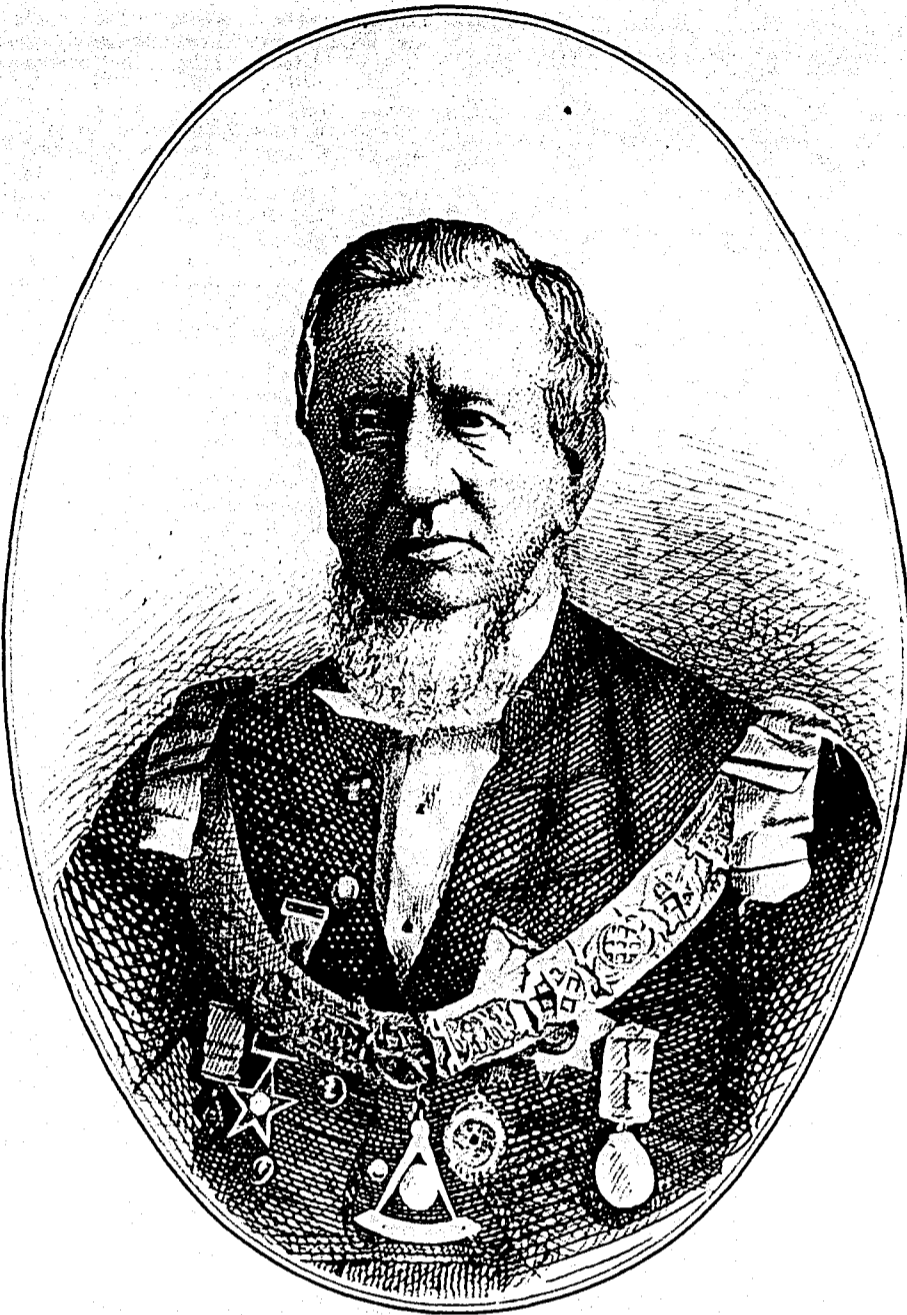
Judge William Mercer Wilson, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, died at his residence, in Simcoe, on Saturday, the 16th inst.

He was born in Scotland on the 24th of August, 1813, and emigrated in this country in April 1832, receiving, next year, the appointment of Commissioner of the Court of Bequests. For three years, during the rebellion, he actively commanded a troop of Cavalry and did service on more than one occasion. In 1839, he was appointed Clerk of the Peace and of the County Court of Norfolk; in 1842, Registrar of the Surrogate Court; in 1848, gazetted as Lieut.-Colonel of Militia; in 1853, called to the Bar of Upper Canada; in 1858, appointed County Crown Attorney; from 1862 to 1865, he served as Warden of the County; in 1868, tendered his resignation as Commanding Officer of the 3rd Battalion, Norfolk Militia, and was allowed to retain his rank—a special *Gazette*, in which his past services were noticed in most complimentary terms, being issued and an engrossed copy forwarded to himself, by order of His Excellency the Governor-General. On this occasion he was appointed County Judge of Norfolk.

In regard to his Masonic career, he was initiated at Simcoe, in St. John's Lodge (now called Norfolk Lodge), on the 11th June, 1840. Was passed and raised 9th July, same year; elected Junior Warden in December following, and called to the chair in December 1842, filling the office Worshipful for ten years with brief intermissions, and, at the revival of the Prov. Grand Lodge on the 15th June, 1848, under patent issued by the G. L. of England to R. W. Bro. Sir Allan Napier Macnab, was appointed G. Pursuivant, officiating as Grand Orator at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Town Hall at St. Catherine, on the 30th October of same year, one of the most splendid and numerous-attended Masonic displays which had ever taken place in Canada.

During a visit to Europe, 1851, (as delegate from the Provincial Agricultural Society to the Great Exhibition) he availed himself of the opportunity of searching the archives of the Grand Lodge of England, for information as to the early history of St. John's Lodge, of which he was then Master. He also visited many Lodges in France, and there acquired that intimate acquaintance with home and foreign Masonry which, in a higher station, he turned subsequently to such useful purpose.

The wide spread reputation throughout the continent deservedly enjoyed by the subject of this memoir, is evidenced in the fact that a Masonic district and several lodges of Canada bear his name, and that his addresses have been extensively quoted throughout the United States,



THE LATE JUDGE WILSON.

LATE M. W. G. M. GRAND LODGE OF CANADA. A. F. & A. M.

of many of which lodges he is honorary member, while the subjoined enumeration of some of his Masonic dignities will show that his estimation has not been confined altogether even to our own and the neighboring commonwealth:

He had been exalted to the sublime degree of a Royal Arch Mason in the Hiram Chapter of Hamilton, and on the organization of the Grand Chapter of Canada, in 1857, was elected Grand First Principal.

On the 18th February, 1862, installed as Knight Companion of the Order of Masonic Knights Templar, in the *Richard Cœur de Lion* Encampment, at London, Ont., and presented on same occasion with a full suit of the clothing of that degree.

On 21st Oct., 1864, enregistered as a Knight of Malta, and subsequently installed as Eminent Commander of the *Godfrey de Bouillon* Encampment of Hamilton.

On the 9th May, 1866, appointed Grand Constable or Mareschal of Grand Conclave of England and Wales.

On the 28th August, 1866, appointed to the honorary rank of a Past Deputy Provincial Grand Commander of Knights Templar, in Canada, and at the date of his death was Provincial Prior for Western Ontario.

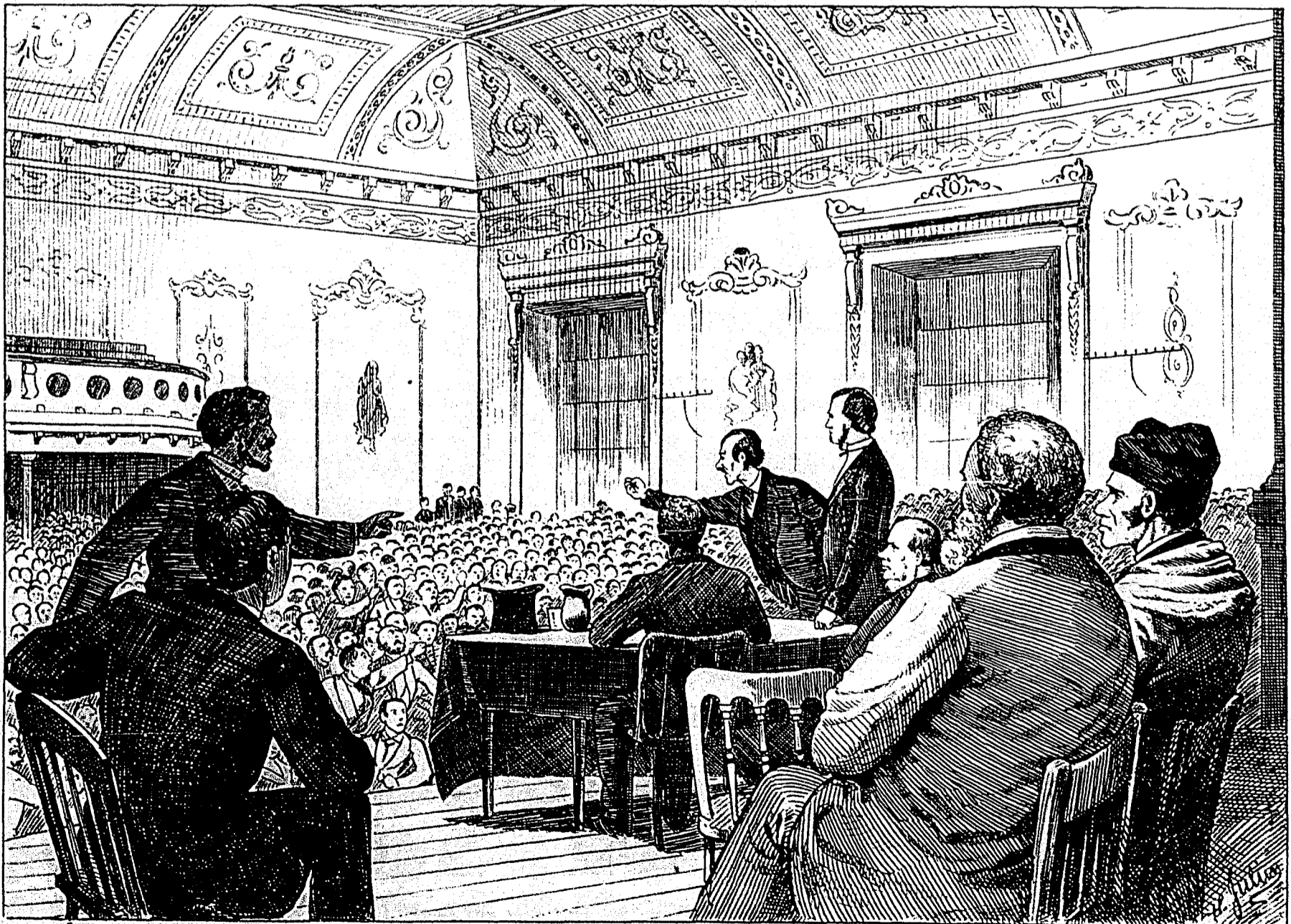
On the 21st June, 1865, Col. Wilson, having proceeded to Halifax for the purpose, installed the First Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia there.

Was an honorary member of many subordinate Lodges, both in Canada and the States, and Grand Representative of the Grand Lodges of Illinois, and the Grand Orients of San Domingo, and Kentucky, and Central America.

Was also an honorary member, with full privilege, of Ezra Chapter, No. 23.

Degree of L.L.D., conferred by the University of Kentucky.

Dealing with his Grand Lodge connection we have to record that on the establishment of the supreme Canadian body, in October, 1855, Col. Wilson was elected as First Grand Master and occupied the chair for five years, retiring in 1860, but being again elected in 1866, and sitting for two years, when in consequence of a judicial appointment, he declined to offer himself for re-election. He was in 1872, however, prevailed upon to preside over the Order, and consented, and was re-elected in '72 and '73 and last year, remaining in office until his death. He was ever indefatigable in the discharge of his important duties, and during the early years of the Canadian Grand Lodge spent much time, toil and money in visiting sister Grand Lodges. He also personally visited a majority of the Lodges in Upper and Lower Canada, and did good service for the order at large.



TORONTO ELECTIONS.—MEETING IN MUSIC HALL: AN INTERRUPTION.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

THE FLANEUR.

Shirley Brook's famous old column in the *Illustrated London News* is now filled by George Augustus Sala, under the title of "Echoes of the week," and he signs it very appropriately G. A. S.

There are few things more amusing than to see a pretentious fellow making a gross blunder, and never noticing it. The *Chicago Tribune* lately afforded an instance of this kind. In the telegraphic column, it was stated that among Marshal MacMahon's guests at his New Year's reception, among heads of the state, generals, members of the assembly, and so forth, figured a rich Bishop of Paris. I wondered at first who this rich prelate might be, when the mistake suddenly occurred to me and I laughed very heartily. But turning the leaves of the paper, I came upon an editorial article, which gravely mentioned that some surprise was expressed in Paris at seeing Mgr. Guibert, a rich Bishop of Paris, holding the place of honor, at President MacMahon's reception. The telegraph reader's mistake was excusable enough, in the hurry of his work. But the editor's mistake arose simply from ignorance. *Errata humanum.* Of course, the archbishop of Paris was meant.

A race-course anecdote.

My friend Perkins is a great horse fancier. An educated man withal, cool, impassive and uncommonly fortunate in his wagers. Last summer he attended a famous race, where contrary to his wont, he was very bustling and active, betting heavily against the favorite, and, as usual, winning all his bets. A lady on the grand stand—a fair blue-stocking acquaintance of his—who had been watching his movements attentively, took the straight tip from him, and won several articles from her lady friends around—a fan, a pearl card-case, a pair of lavender kids and so on. Pleased with her success, she tore a leaf from her note book, wrote the simple word:

"Hippocrite!"

Upon it, and had it passed down to Perkins. On receiving it, he turned around with a smile, took off his hat and bowed profoundly.

A rough old turfman standing by, had seen the word and turning to Perkins, said:

"A royal way of resenting an insult."

"An insult! What do you mean!"

"That lady called you a hypocrite."

"She did not. She called me a hypocrite."

"Oh! only a matter of spelling."

"No, sir, only a matter of Greek. She meant a compliment. *I am a judge of horses.*"

A French mode of advertising.

You walk along the streets in your best clothes and looking your best. You meet the belles of the boulevard to whom you bow, if acquainted; whom you scrutinize, if not acquainted. Suddenly, in the midst of the most fashionable throng, among a bevy of beauties, you suddenly feel a violent blow from the rear, almost throwing you off your centre of gravity. You are naturally indignant, and you turn round to demand bloody satisfaction. Your antagonist is ready for you. He bows and presents his card:

"Number twenty, Rue de Rivoli. Fancy Goods, Articles de Paris. Your distinguished patronage respectfully solicited. . . ."

Perhaps one of the ugliest features of Canadian public life, is the scant respect accorded to the Judiciary. Now that by the law of Contested Elections, judges have to decide on cases of political bribery, and thus pronounce on political acts, they will be subjected to still further criticism. Instances of this have already happened quite recently in Montreal and Toronto. Two gentlemen—both lawyers—were discussing the decision of a Quebec judge in a late election case. One attacked, the other faintly defended His Honor.

"It's strange; and yet he is one of our best puisne judges," said the first.

"Our puny judges is good and—true," was the other's sardonic reply.

Why is the reciprocity treaty like a turn-coat politician?
Because it is gone over.

An editor of this city took the street cars the other evening, laden with two goodsized pasteboard boxes, of flower and vegetable grains, received from Vick, the famous florist of Rochester. On entering the car, he met a friend:

"How do you feel to night?"

"Very seedy."

It comes only once a year, but the sweet effects last nearly a twelve month. I question whether we could stand two in the same season. The Masquerade on the ice. The Carnival in Victoria rink. Well, I shall be there, of course, barring accidents. I have my domino well and thoughtfully chosen. So has she. Only, she imagines that it is a secret to me. I shall wait patiently till next Wednesday. Then we shall see. Oh then, the bliss classically sung in the last number of Punch:

"Felix

Quater felix, in imo qui sculentem
Pectore te, pia nympha, sensit."

That's meant for you, Berthie. You don't understand the words, but the pleasurable sensation you will experience and so will I.

ALMAVIVA.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

THREE LOVES.

I.

One love, a silken cord, that binds
All hearts to one;
That leaves no loving task it finds
To do, undone.

Through sorrows hot and blinding tears,
Its hallowed ray
Shines softly on for years and years,
To cheer the way.

Oh! whisper softly as a breath
Of one divine,
Dear mother, till the hour of death,
This love is thine.

II.

Oh! who can know, or better tell,
If love be part of friendship's power,
Than he who in the present hour,
Lungs for the face he knows so well.

Walking together as one life,
With mutual hopes and kindred mind,
Whose differences but serve to bind
Their hearts, and keep them free from strife.

Hark! in my inmost heart I hear
A sound that few can understand;
'Tis love and friendship, hand in hand,
Low whispering, I incline my ear.

'Tis friendship speaks, ah! but for you
I were a hollow, worthless thing;
As feeble as a wedding ring,
To keep the wayward passion true.

III.

In map or woman, eyes may read
The silent language of the soul;
Oh! sorrow unto those who lead
A heart beneath a false control.

But there is love and here is truth,
Though there be many false, indeed,
'Tis difficult in days of youth,
To pluck the flower and leave the weed.

To pluck and wear a love that wreaths
To raise us from our lower path,
Whom it we live, he L'le; it wreaths
With all the fervent: love it bath.

I bear a pity in my breast
For him who may have none of these,
And he who loses one must seize,
With closer, fonder clasp the rest.

VOX TRISTIS.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

CHARITY.

I.

Lavania Coldridge, the handsome wife of the rich banker of L—, was what is generally known as "a charitable woman." She was wont to head every worthy subscription list with a liberal sum of money, and help the poor and needy in a manner that had made her famous as an "alms giver." This woman also was a leader of fashion, as well reigning queen of the fashionable world of L—. A queen whose supremacy was never questioned by the minds of individuals who flocked about her, and ranked as her slaves and adorers. The first scene finds Lavania Coldridge languidly reclining on a sofa in one of her bright sitting-rooms, a novel in her hand, which she is idly turning over with her bejewelled fingers. She is not reading, this "butterfly of society." No, her eyes are wandering with a sort of dreamy sadness around her apartment.

On that divinely exquisite face, with its perfectly moulded features, there is a shade of discontent, such that a keen observer would remark that "fair, wealthy, and gifted though she were, life was not to her altogether sweet."

Her reverie is rudely broken by the servant's announcement, "A poor woman wishes to speak to you, ma'am."

"I am not well to-day," was the languid reply. "I cannot see her; bring me her message, and give her some food, if she wants any."

With these orders, the servant retired. Lavania raised herself on her arm, and said, half audibly, "I am almost weary of all I sought so hard to gain."

As the words escaped her lips, the servant returned.

"Mrs. Coldridge, the woman says she must see you. She is no common beggar indeed, ma'am."

"Could she not send her message?" the beauty irritably questioned. "Did she not want food?"

"Food! no; she was quite indignant, ma'am, when I gave her your answer."

"What did she say," demanded Lavania, growing somewhat more interested.

"Say, ma'am," she said, "if Mrs. Coldridge refuses to see me, she will repent it all the days of her life."

"Really, Bruce, her insolence is beyond endurance. What can she mean? The poor creature is evidently half-witted, but stay! perhaps I had better see her. Send her here."

"Hardly a fit person to come into a ladies' boudoir," muttered Bruce, making his exit, and with much reluctance he invited the poor wail, standing in the hall in her miserable rags, "To step this way to my lady's room."

Though Mrs. Coldridge had assumed wonderment as to who the beggar woman could be, her face had grown white, hard, and stern (most unreasonably assuredly) when the servant said "or Mrs. Coldridge will repent it all her life." She stood up to receive her visitor, who took no time answering her summons. The beggar entered, and for a moment the two women stood opposite to each other, scanning each other's

face. The one all resplendent in her magnificence and beauty of form and feature, dress and jewels. The other somewhat below the medium height, pitiable to behold, in her poverty and wretchedness, with a wan, prematurely-old face, lit up with large defiant eyes, that flashed anger and hate when they encountered Lavania Coldridge's. Her long, raven locks hung in tangled masses about her haggard face and fragile form, and when she spoke she flung them back with such impetuosity as to send a shudder through the other's frame. The lady stony and staring fixedly. They spoke both together, both in a low bitter way.

"May!" said the lady.

"Lavania!" said the beggar, taking a step nearer, "see what I am."

"What have you come here for?" inquires Lavania.

"Look what I have come to," pleads May.

"It was your fault!"

"Why have you come to me of all people?" says Mrs. Coldridge, nervously.

"What have I come here for?" retorts the other, "but—"

"For me to raise you to my level, to make you my equal, to give you back that place in society which you have lost," interrupted her listener.

"I know better than to ask such from you. I have come for charity, for mercy; I ask you in heaven's name to help. Oh! that I should have to entreat you for pity; it is worse, it is worst of all!"

"May Fielding!"

The beggar sobs.

"You have been ever a disgrace to your family. Do you expect help from me! You have been the stain that could not be blotted out, a wail and outcast whom your family disown, the curse of their lives, the bane of their existence."

This was said haughtily, while the speaker stood watching with unwomanly pleasure the effect of her words upon the other.

"They told me you were charitable," cried May, "and yet you refuse your own relation—your cousin. You refuse help. No, it is mercy I entreat on my bended knees; I supplicate."

"May, I shall never forgive you, never stretch out a hand to save you, were I to see you grovelling in the dirt at my feet."

"I have sinned, but I have repented. Listen to my story. You have the privilege of superiority. It is your fault that I am what I am. Your husband, where is he?"

"Do not speak of him, or I shall tell them you are mad, and you shall be turned into the streets."

The poor object of humanity trembled like a leaf.

"You are unforgiving. Tell me of my father and mother; are they dead?"

Lavania sat down.

"I will answer none of your questions. You should have more sense, more decency."

"Decency!" said May, mockingly.

"Decency! yes; you don't understand it, do you, May Fielding?"

"Understand! hush, do not madden me. You have said enough already to drive anybody to the worst. Oh, woman! you have the stain. There will be more than one lost soul, for which you will be responsible. Some day you will suffer for this."

"How!" inquires Lavania. Because a woman and a—"

May seized her arms before she could speak again.

"Hold."

"Leave me go!"

"Not till you retract what you have just said," May hisses forth. "I thought you were woman enough to feel for me."

"Feel," sneers Lavania, "I feel you now most truly."

"Lavania Coldridge, do you know I am starving, I, your cousin; and they are starving, the poor innocents, my children. He is dying, and how can I go to him without food, destitute of money. You are rolling in wealth; give me but a little; I am poor, once I was young and beautiful as you; I should not refuse any one such a request were I in your place."

The words were touching in the extreme; there was a wail of piteousness that would have melted any other heart than Lavania's. She merely answered with contracted eyebrows, and at the same time pushing off the outstretched arms of the pauper.

"May, you have so often come to me with lies on your lips that I no longer believe one word you say."

"But this time it is truth, all of it; believe me my husband is dying, my children are starving, you are my blood relation. Give me money, now! filthy lucre; some day I can repay you, but the see me, pity me, give me gold."

"Not a farthing. May Fielding, I see, is as glib as ever with her paltry untruths."

"You have robbed me of all that could have made life sweet," proceeded the forlorn mortal; "you said false things of me; you have made my life a waste. What have I done to deserve it—nothing. Married beneath me, as you call it, yet Gerard was good to me. I loved him a little, not as I loved Louis, your Louis, whom you won through your treason. My Gerard is dying, and I may not see him. In the name of the Lord, I beseech you tell me where is your husband that I may pray him for charity, charity that the Bible says suffers long and is kind."

"Go away," cried Lavania.

"My God," weeps the other, "you shall repent this sooner or later, Lavania Coldridge."

Then the two glowered at each other with that hate and vengeance which woman alone can entertain. The dinner bell gonged outside.

"You must leave," says the lady coldly.

"Lavania, give me something—first a little money; feel for my misery; I have fallen so low, so very low. I deserted him; I want his forgiveness. I went to sing in the streets against his will to get food for my children; I was going back to him; he sent for me; I cannot; he will be dead before I reach him."

Mrs. Coldridge curtly replied: "May, I have said my say, Bruce will show you out."

"Charity," sighed forth the wanderer, "if you refuse me charity you will sorely repent it."

But the door was opened, and Mrs. Coldridge's shrill voice called the servant man. However, Bruce was stationed outside in the hall, and bowed respectfully to his mistress.

"Bruce!" said she, in an undertone, "do send that person away. She is quite mad."

Thus the dialogue ended between Lavania and May Fielding—the former, turning back into her room; the latter, with suppressed fury, following the domestic.

When she found herself alone in the passage with the man, she wheeled about, and addressed him in almost incoherent accents, saying:

"I heard your mistress tell you I was mad. Do you think I am?"

"No," returned Bruce; "and I heard everything you said to Mrs. Coldridge, when you were closeted in that room with her"—pointing upstairs.

May started. "You heard. Then, do you take my part?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?" retorts the old man, with a thought to his future interests, connected with his confidence in the beggar.

"Do your mistress and master live happily together?" murmurs she below her breath.

"Never," returned Bruce. "Master pines away, and misses is mighty jealous. My! but they are not much to be envied."

"Give that to your master the minute he comes in," and the woman thrust into his palm a scrap of paper, and the street door opened and closed on the retreating form of May Fielding.

Ten minutes after, the banker came home. "Bruce, man!" he said, "you look dumfounded. (encountering the servant.) "What's this?"

"Something a poor woman left for you, sir. It was I carried the ill-written missive."

"Poor wronged May!" he cried. "I will—and in his haste he dashed out again, dropping the paper as he went."

"What is the matter?" said Lavania, appearing at the right instant. "Speak, Bruce!"

"The master just got a message—that's all, returned he.

It isn't all, thought the lady, as she stretched up the scrawl her husband had dropped. Lavania drank in its contents with feverish quickness. It ran thus—

"Dear Louis.—You loved me once, and for that love I ask you to help me now. You swore to succor me in time of need. The time has arrived to test your truth. Your wife has deceived you. I have always loved you. She made me out worse than I was. They are dying about me. I am starving. If you still love me, meet me at the toll-gate, as soon as you read this.—MAY FIELDING."

The wife became pallid. She turned to Bruce, saying: "Have the pony platoon brought to the door at once! I wish to drive, and alone!"

Soon the carriage, driven by the lovely wife of Louis Coldridge, might have been seen driving at a furious pace along the road towards the toll-gate.

II.

It was a picture of utter desolation. The puny, starving children, in the cold, gloomy, unfurnished garret. The man stretched on a straw mattress in the corner, with death stamped on his wasted countenance. Not even a covering over the all but lifeless body that, ere long, would be crumbling in the dust, food for worms. The haggard eyes were sunk back in his head, and moved restlessly; otherwise, the face was passive, marked, however, with pain and toil, showing what a life of deprivation and misery he had led. A refined face, and hair grown white, but not from years. No comforts surrounded the death bed of the gambler; no kind friend to hear the last words; no priest or clergyman to listen to a dying confession of a lost soul going unprepared to the great Tribunal of Heaven. The wind was whistling through that fever haunted room; and two babes—babes of some four or five summers, were crying beside an empty hearth, too young to understand how near death was to them.

"Amy," said the man, in a hollow voice, "is mammy coming?"

"Mammy, mammy!" chimes in the youngest, pushing forward her white face, "mammy. I wants mammy. I'm cold, I'm hungry."

"She is not coming," said the elder, peering out of the easement. "What shall we do, pappy?"

"Starve," says the man bitterly. "She might have come back. Nelly, stop crying. Come and kiss pappy—he's going to leave you."

"Don't go away and leave us all alone!" sob both the little ones, and clamber on to the mattress beside him, and with his children crying in his arms, he kisses them, and calls his wife's name, in dying cries; and he hears her step on the stairs, he thinks—but no, it is not hers. Then, with those childish figures in his last embrace, he draws his last fleeting breath.

and the tired eyelids close to open never again—never again. But, on his tongue, hangs her name—that fatal name, May Fielding. And long after, when the night was far spent, a rugged woman ascends those rickety stairs, and rushes into that room, to see her husband cold and still, with her two little ones sleeping peacefully in his arms; and the tired wanderer sinks swooning down beside them, whispering, or moaning, rather, "I have lost all—and you, too, my own Gerard!"

III.

"Give me some food for my mother, and charity! Give me some food, and then I'll be gone!"

The words ring out clear and sweet through the chill evening air, sung by a unchildishly childish voice that is curiously plaintive—so much so, that passers by stop, in the midst of the pattering rain, to listen, unmindful of the bleak March wind. The voice went to the very core of one's heart, so sad and earnest seemed the wail for "Charity."

The widow Coldridge was sitting in her drawing-room, entertaining a gay assembly of guests, and her bright laugh was heard every few minutes with unnatural gaiety. She had lived rather the life of a recluse till now, since "Louis Coldridge's murder." He had been shot by some unknown person near the toll-gate, over two years previous to this time.

To return to the drawing-room scene. There is Lavana, beautiful as ever, and heartlessly cruel to her admirers, yet still the *charitable woman*, people think, and people say; but do people know, or do they not notice the change that has come over her since the banker's untimely end. Not only grief is it that mars the happiness of this lovely widow.

As the singing of the little barefoot, out in the street, excites the interest of her company, a livid hue overspreads Lavana's face. However, the ladies and gentlemen are too much taken up in wondering "who the child can be?" and "where she came from?" to observe the looks of their hostess. With the exception of Mrs. Coldridge, every body is looking out of the windows that command a view of the street. She was sitting there, quite stunned by the street music of some poor beggar child. The word "Charity" seemed to come home to her strangely.

The old servant man Bruce enters the room. His manners, on the whole, are "too familiar with his mistress," which displeases her intimate friends. But he knows well it would be most hurtful to the lady were they to quarrel. He could expose her in a light that would astonish the world at large.

"Mrs. Coldridge," he says, "there is the woman."

"At last!" gasps Lavana, and gives one hysterical scream.

"What is wrong?" inquires one insipid fop, stepping forward.

"At last we have found my dear husband's murderer. I know we should," and the lady swoons on the sofa.

"What do you mean? Where is she? She must be caught! The wretch! Mrs. Coldridge, explain!" were the torrent of questions from all present.

"That woman out there in the street, with the child calling for charity. Bruce show them!"

Lavana rises hurriedly, with a look of diabolical resolution never to be forgotten by those who saw it. A poor, faded female, is dragged out of the street, and brought before her for accuser. The two women have met again after two years, face to face—Mrs. Coldridge, and the beggar, May Fielding.

"You murdered my husband!" cries Lavana, "Take her to prison! Hang her! I hate the sight of her!"

"Lavana!" shrieks the beggar, with distorted features, "Lavana Coldridge!"

"Take her away!" cannot anybody take her away? She killed Louis—my Louis.

The guests stand awe-stricken at all they have seen—while May Fielding, accused of the murder of Louis Coldridge, stands livid with rage, her eyes glaring with fury, her nostrils dilated, her lips parted, but her tongue is tied. She hears the tumult of abuse, and is mute.

"Guilty! Must hang by the neck till dead!" Such is the verdict returned by the jury in the case of May Fielding, who, all through the long, tedious trial, pleaded "Not Guilty." Circumstantial evidence was against the prisoner. "She only asked" Louis Coldridge to meet her on the road, to explain something to him that had been a painful mystery. The query is: "Why should not the wife know anything of it? Why should it be done?—their communication in so underhand a way?" Bruce gives his evidence, which also is against May Fielding; the note is produced, which convinces the jury of her guilt; and Lavana's evidence is, where she read said missive from prisoner, requesting Louis Coldridge to come to the toll gate. How she (Mrs. C.) followed her husband, fearing foul play, knowing prisoner to be of doubtful character. How she had found her darling husband, murdered and rifled of all his jewelry. How he must have been dead some time when she found him. The toll keeper corroborates this evidence: "Before Mrs. Coldridge passed the gate, saw prisoner making her way along the unfrequented road." People are satisfied that May Fielding committed this atrocious murder, from jealousy, or merely to plunder and rob deceased; hearing

anew her threat to Mrs. Coldridge, how she would repent her refusal of "Charity."

Lavana nerved herself to go and see her poor relation's execution. Her heart beats high, and her breast heaves when she sees the poor, worn outcast ascend the scaffold with faltering step, unregretted by any living soul in the wide, wide world, save one sickly, stunted child—a street songstress. For the last time the trembling lips plead "Not Guilty;" for the last time, the wretched creature looks on earth and sky, trees and fields; and for the last time she sees a sea of faces, watching with hellish enjoyment how she will bear up to the end. The black cap is drawn down over that ghastly face, and then there is a hush—a fearful hush, when every eye is strained. One convulsive struggle, one final gasp for life, and it is over.

Years have passed since the execution of May Fielding, and Lavana Coldridge lives on, the spoiled child of luxury; but if there is one word in the English language hateful to that woman, it is Charity—Charity that suffereth long, and is kind. Bruce is dead, and the secret with him. "How jealousy on the part of Lavana Coldridge prompted the terrible act; and how May Fielding was innocent of the crime for which she had been Tried, Condemned and Executed."

ALICE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GRAND PAPA'S DARLING.

Mothers and fathers may scold as much as they like, but grand parents will spoil the little ones out of all reason, and what is worse, they will select one out of the many, and make that their pet. Evidently, Marguerite is her grandfather's favorite, and she knows it. Watch the little minx. How daintily she picks up her skirts, moves her feet and balances her head, while the old man plays an antiquated air on his accordion. Which is the happier of the twain?

QUEBEC PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

This pile is venerable if not from age, at least from the associations which cluster around it. It is an historical edifice. The greater part of Canadian legislation has been enacted within its walls. Specially was it the scene of the great Quebec Conference, where the foundations of Confederation were laid by the hands of our greatest men. The situation of the Parliament House is splendid, at the head of Mountain Hill, and commanding a glorious view of land and river for miles. Its proximity to the famous Grand Battery is another link of association. Standing on that wind-swept promontory and resting on one of those metal monsters, the over-heated Assemblyman, who has just been delivering himself of a diatribe, may rest and cool off, with the grandest of panoramas before him to teach him the vanity of politics.

A POLITICAL MEETING IN TORONTO.

Our illustration represents a political meeting, in Music Hall, during the late elections, in Toronto. Our friends in that city will recognize both the place and the principal figures in the scene. The meeting took place on Friday, the 15th inst. The most prominent personage is Mr. R. M. Allen, the Irish barrister. He stands at the table, leans forward and makes some interruptions which finally lead to his retirement from the room. Upright beside him is Hon. M. C. Cameron, cool and collected, though looking a little quizzed, and waiting his chance to put in a word. Sitting to the left of Mr. Cameron, is Mr. Foster, chairman of the meeting. In the rear, with his fur cap on, is Mr. O. Beatty. There is no appearance of cheering in the crowd, but rather manifestations of annoyance at the interruptions. The whole scene is typical of a popular political assemblage.

POOR DOG TRAY.

The Reciprocity Treaty is dead. The effort was well meant, but it was not wisely conducted. Now that the matter is over, it is as well to acknowledge, irrespective of party, that the instrument is neither very creditable to Canadian statesmanship, nor likely to be serviceable to the country. Our comic cartoon represents the situation exactly. The poor thing was unceremoniously kicked out of the Senate by Brother Jonathan, who is intensely Protectionist, if not Prohibitionist. Old John Bull turns his blunderbuss upon it, as it runs away. Johnny Kanuck throws a pail of slops over it, and altogether the luckless animal has a hard time.

READING THE THERMOMETER.

The late elections, in Ontario, have their comic side, as indeed all things in this world have. Nothing could be more amusing than to read the Toronto papers on the morning after the event. All of them wrote *VICTORY* in large letters. The Government papers claimed an increase of strength. The Opposition journals announced an augmented majority. In our cartoon, the Ontario Premier is represented standing before a differential thermometer, and reading the indications. His face expresses satisfaction, but from his words we infer that, by pressing his hand on one of the bulbs, he hopes to heat up the Independents and the Recalcitrants, into support of his government.

MISCHIEF BREWING.

The charming boudoir and the fair occupant! How deeply she slumbers, thrown back in her easy chair. The letter of her absent love fallen from her fingers, one foot unslipped, the other gliding off the cushion, the work-box tilted over with all its perfumed treasures. The rose has dropped from her corsage. She sleeps. She dreams. She fancies him far away, but the rascal is nigh and from the casement is tickling her with a blade of wheat. And the dog is there to see the fun. Mischief is brewing, indeed. When she wakes, what a row there will be! What embraces, what kisses! Ah! love's morning with its pleasures, its follies and its hallucinations!

THE FASHIONS.

A number of pretty head dresses for receptions and balls. A variety of styles and all of them beautiful. The explanation is easily derived from the titles appended to each.

In our account of the new Victoria Opera House, published in the number before last, it was stated that the ground was eighteen by one hundred feet. This, of course, was an oversight. It should have been 116 by 100 feet.

ALBERT PIKE.

The following lively sketch of this spectacular man, poet, lawyer, frontiersman, and Masonic historian, we have extracted from a letter of George Alfred Townsend, the "Laertes" of the *Daily Graphic*.

Albert Pike is a man history has stepped over. There is no man in the world of so many sides to his character, and so plain withal. He was born at Newburyport, Mass., the son of a shoemaker. A wilful, poetical spirit took him to Mexico, and he returned in a pack-train as a mule-driver, from Chihuahua to Fort Smith. Settling down in a printing office at Little Rock, he became an editor, lawyer, and chief of the Whig party, which he led with unflinching consistency through perpetual minority down to the civil war, fighting meantime in the Mexican war, and doing the Government business of the Cherokees. He became rich and celebrated.

Quarrelling with Jefferson Davis soon after the rebellion began, he withdrew from the contest, and at the close was poor. He removed to Washington City about the year 1867, and opened a law office with Robert Johnson, ex-Senator, the nephew of Vice-President Johnson. His home is at Alexandria, that formerly busy seaport, where a large house with garden, stable, and every comfortable appurtenance of gas, water, and police may be had for about \$50 a month, whereas the tyranny of fashion makes the same style of residence cost in Washington \$200 a month. There, with an unusually vivacious and intelligent daughter, Pike spends his time in a large library, containing perhaps 5,000 volumes, elegantly rebound—the collections of a lifetime. His taste for books extends to their covering, and he has a passion for elegant printing in common and colored ink, all his own volumes on Masonry and Hindoo Philosophy being produced in this way by his amateur disciples. Fine swords, duelling pistols which he has used on the field, a collection of elaborate pipes, which he smokes pretty much all the time, and strange things of *virtu*, are parts of his surroundings. His poems have been collected and reissued within the past two years, and he has written a series of books on Masonry, which, queerly enough, have carried him from his apparently trivial theme back to mediæval Jewish and finally Sanscrit Masonry, as he believes. Not being a Mason, I am only aware that, either as a poet or a scholar, Pike has traced the germs of Masonry beyond the vestibule of history. He is a Sanscrit scholar and has composed some abstruse treatise, now undergoing publication in London, which is spoken of with expectancy by his friends.

Some time ago I asked one of Pike's friends if he had found anything to beat Moses's account of the creation of man.

"Yes," said this friend, "the story in the Sanscrit, from which Moses, when he was in Egypt, undoubtedly picked up his accounts of Genesis, is to this effect:

THE SANSKRIT'S ACCOUNT OF EVE.

"God made a man and a woman, and put them on an island in sight of the shore of another land. God said to the man: 'There is everything on the island necessary for you. It is made for you that I may enjoy your happiness. Nothing is a restraint to you except this: You must not go off the island. Nothing but a wilful spirit can take you off; for I tell you here is all.' God said to the woman, 'I have no commands for you except to love and obey this man, for whom you were made.'

"The couple got along very well until one day the man, whose name in the Sanscrit resembles the Hebrew Adam, said to the woman: 'I shall go over to yonder shore. I hear the music of strange birds over there. The flowers are brighter than these. This place is played out.'

"He took the woman on his back, and, jumping on from stone to stone, he crossed the water and reached the tempting shore. Instantly a bolt of lightning and convulsion scorched up everything around.

"The Lord appeared before the disobedient couple with considerable sternness. He cursed the man instantly.

"Then turning to the woman the Creator said, 'And what made you leave the island? What have you to say that I may not curse you too?'

"The woman replied, with that presence of mind which distinguishes her sex:

"There is the man you told me to obey, and bad as he is, wherever he goes I will go. He shall go wherever he pleases if he takes me along.

"The woman was forthwith blessed, and not cursed as Moses related. She was allowed to have posterity, and to be blessed in the love of children."

I asked my interlocutor, who was an old Californian, if Mr. Pike entertained any hard feelings towards Moses.

"No," he said, "Pike thinks Moses was a good deal of a man."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MATILDA HERON has written a play called "Chatterton," in which a son of Signor Torriani is to act the hero.

"BRIGHTON" ("Saratoga" done over) has attained more than one hundred nights at the Court Theatre, London.

THE new opera written for la Schneider by Meilhac, Halévy, and Offenbach, is entitled "La Boulangère de des Ecus."

KATE Field is playing *Laura Hawkins* in "The Age" in Connecticut, and appears to furnish an acceptable rendering of the character.

Miss Emily Fowler has essayed *Constance* in "The Love Chase," and it is pronounced the highest achievement of that fascinating actress.

A GRAND American festival, at which Mr. Sims Reeves will sing "Yankee Doodle," is contemplated at Albert Hall, London.

A "millinery sensation" is to be introduced in the coming Paris play at Daly's. It will be in the form of an interior at Worth's, with a display of dresses made by the man-milliner.

WORTH is an art patron in his way. Hearing that Miss Julia Gaylord, the young soprano, was about to give a concert in Paris, he sent her, with his compliments, two beautiful robes to wear upon the occasion.

A LONDON critic finds considerable resemblance in Irving's career to that of Fechter, with the difference, however, that while Fechter rose slowly through successive stages, looking carefully to his foothold, Irving has gone lightly over the ground, and has reached the summit with but little exertion.

WILLIAM J. Florence, the comedian, and Mrs. Florence stood as godfather and godmother for the infant daughter of Rose Eyttinger (Mrs. George H. Butler), when it was christened recently in St. Agnes Church N.Y. The child is named Florence, and the priest who performed the ceremony was one for the benefit of whose charity Miss Eyttinger appeared at the Academy of Music last season.

A PRIZE of 1,000 thalers was offered some time since by a committee at Dortmund, for a musical setting of a hymn in honour of Bismark. One hundred and fifty composers have sent in works for competition, among which are over a hundred for soli, chorus, and full orchestra, twenty-five songs with pianoforte accompaniment, four large instrumental works, eight marches, and one sonata for pianoforte. The successful competitor is not yet announced.

HUMOUROUS.

A COLORED gentleman went to consult one of the most "high-toned" lawyers in Boston, and after stating his case said: "Now I know you's a lawyer; but I wish you would please, sar, jiss tell me the truff 'bout that matter."

"PRETTY bad under foot, to-day," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street the other day. "Yes, but it's fine overhead," responded the other. "True enough," said the first, "but then very few are going that way."

A GENTLEMAN, while walking in his garden, caught his gardener asleep under a tree. He scolded him soundly for his laziness, and ended by telling him such a sluggard was not worthy to enjoy the light of the sun. "It was for that reason exactly," said the gardener, "that I crept up into the shade."

"Stranger, will you try a hand with us at poker?" "Thank you gentlemen, but there are seven-teen reasons why I cannot accommodate you now." "Seventeen reasons for not playing cards? Pray, what are they?" "Why, the first is I haven't any money." "Stop! that's enough; never mind the other sixteen."

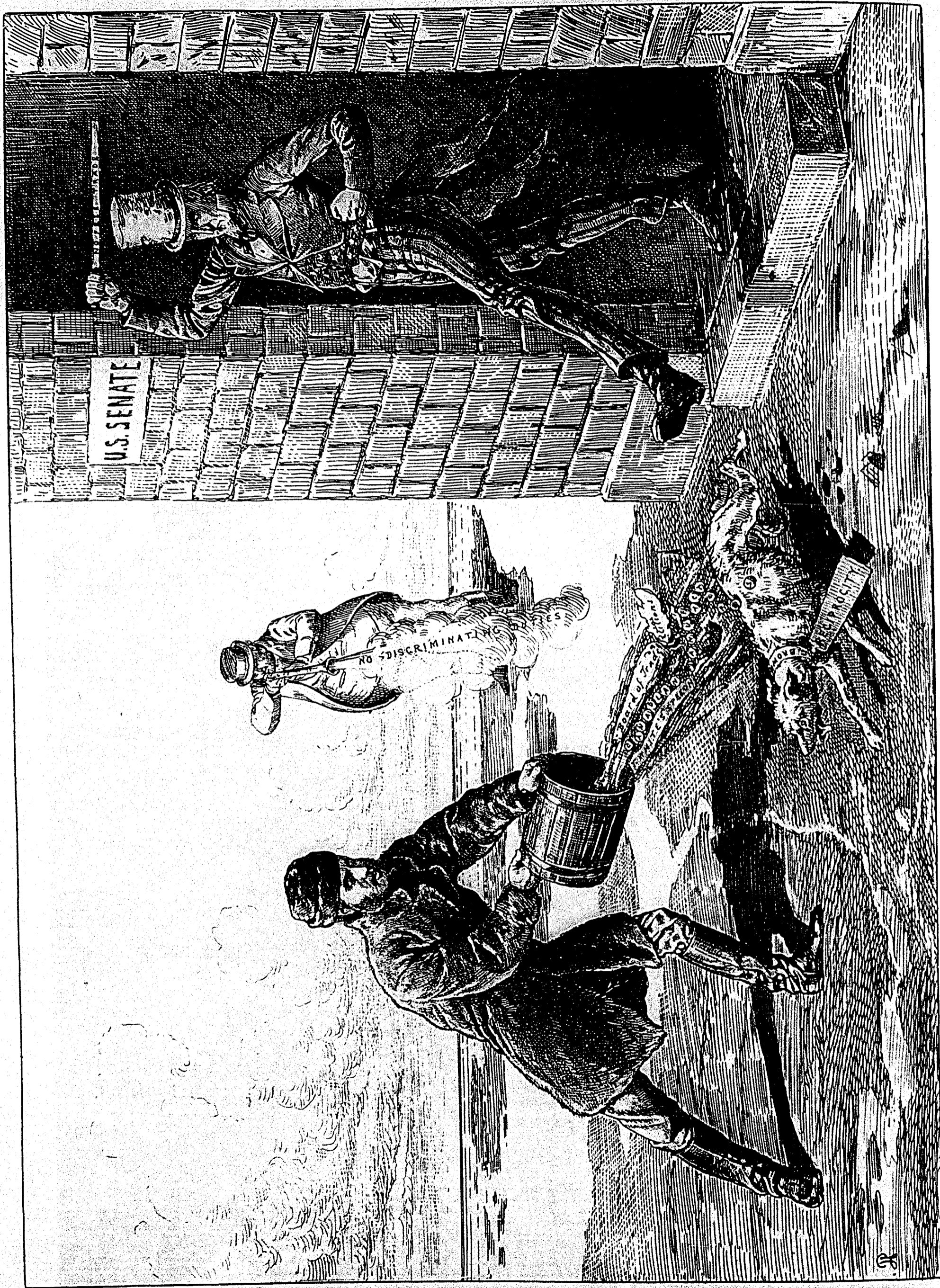
WE are told that the late Mayor Havemeyer used to take exercise by sawing wood in his cellar every morning. And Mr. Havemeyer, it will be remembered, died very suddenly. There are very few sudden deaths among married men of Norristown from this cause. That sort of exercise is taken by their wives.

A NEAR-SIGHTED man was riding in a Woodward avenue car the other day, when a lady opposite bowed to him. He returned the bow, raised his hat, smiled sweetly, and was just wondering who she was when she came over and whispered in his ear: "Oh! I'll fix you for this, old man!" Then he knew it was his wife.

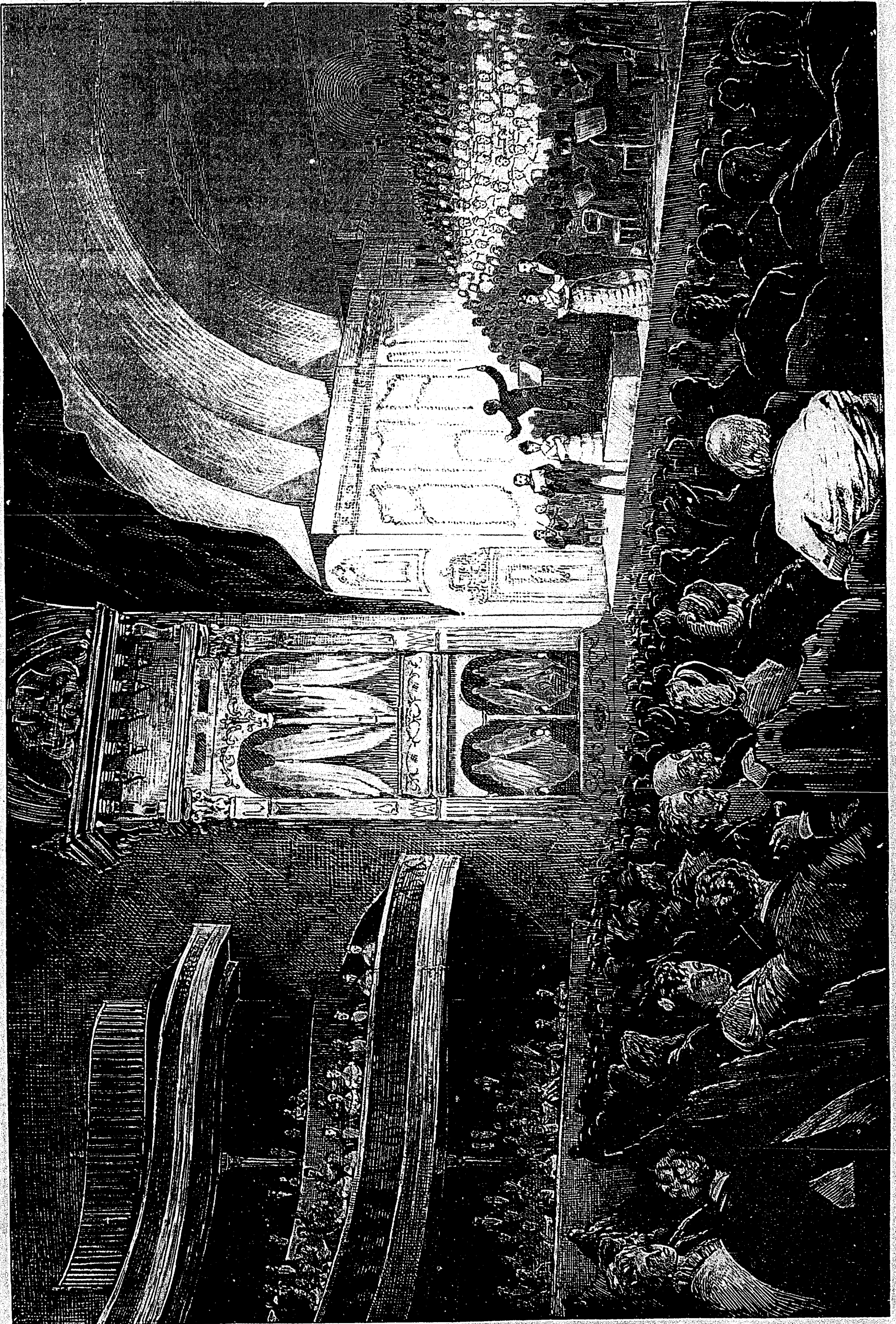
GIRLS should be warned of the danger they run in marrying railroad brakemen. An enthusiastic member of that fraternity, on being awakened the other night from a dream of an impending crash by a train, found himself sitting up in bed, holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted her head off in his frantic efforts to "down brakes."

A GENTLEMAN was looking into the window of a toy store the other day, when two boys halted, and one remarked: "Say, Jim, don't you wish we had ten cents to buy a present for our poor lame sister?" Jim replied that he did, and the gentleman pulled out a slip-plaster and said he was glad to be able to assist them in such a praise-worthy enterprise. He met the same boys half an hour afterwards, and each had his pockets stuffed with pop-corn balls.

THE Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, said in sermon last Sunday: "To my mind the four sweetest things in the world are—first, baby girls; second, baby boys; third, ripe, good old men; fourth, ripe, good old ladies." That is very nearly our creed, but we rather think we like a healthy mother-in-law best. And next, a ripe, good old man, who sits quietly in the corner and tells lies about how far he used to walk to school through the snow when he was a boy, and how he used to come home and saw up a cord of wood before supper, instead of sneaking in the back door for his skates, as boys do now-a-days.



POOR DOG TRAY.



THE PERFORMANCE OF THE "MESSIAH" AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TORONTO.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

VANISHED.

Afar in the tremulous distance, Where noonday illumined the sea, A sloop, like a white cloud in heaven, Was sailing in silence to me.

Upon the horizon's verge, lightly, Where sun rays were dimpling the tide, She moved like a radiant presence, Who comes in the garb of a bride!

She rode on the sea-waves, exultant, And favoring winds in their glee, Were kissing her sails, to compel her To fit with a rapture to me.

And bright as the vision of angels, When Jacob lay down in the night, The luminous vision swept near me, And filled my horizon with light.

And in the moon's splendor and glory, In outlines more wondrously clear, This shape of ethereal beauty, Approached to existence more near.

Until with a phrenzied desire, I rose from my place on the shore, To welcome its presence with rapture— It sank—and I saw it no more.

But when the hot pulses of noonday Were stilled by the soft-breathing night, Invoking the spirit of silence, From heaven's imperial height:

I knew that the rocks that were earth-bound, Dim shoals in our short, weary day, Had crushed the pure, luminous vision, And swept it forever away.

ISIDORE.

London, Eng., Dec., 1874.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

EDWARD'S PROMISE AND HOW IT WAS KEPT.

They had been telling ghost stories that merry Christmas party, round the blazing fire in the old farm-house, on that stormy Christmas-ere. Ghost stories, weird and strange, each vying with the other in the intensity of the horror of those hair-standing-on-end tales. Nevertheless they were very merry, whether it was the brightness of the fire or the general unbelief in the tales themselves that gave them courage, and con- tracted the fear that is supposed to be the cor- rect thing, while ghost stories are being told,—I don't know; perhaps that was the reason why Edward sat so close to his betrothed, with his arm on her chair, perhaps it was even nearer when the fitful flames threw shadows where they sat. I don't know. Mary did not seem to mind it much, for to tell the truth, all her attention seemed concentrated on cousin Alice who sat on the other side of the fire in the full light of its flames which fell on her, making the shining golden curls bright, eyes clear, velvety skin, tender lips and graceful throat, with the soft folds of her dark blue dress round the little young figure, form one of the loveliest pictures eye cared to rest on. Mary liked to watch her, she was so like a dream or a being out of some old world stories. The others were all friends and cousins of all ages, from fifteen to thirty, but they have nothing to do with our story.

Edward had just told of how a man, dying, had appeared to his mother, who was miles away and knew nothing of his illness, and Mary watching Alice, touched his arm and said: "Look! Edward, over there, I really think Alice believes we could appear to our friends when we are dying!"

"I don't think it impossible, Mary," said Alice smiling, "and, in fact, I think it is even probable. Why shouldn't we be given the power to see the one whom perhaps we think of more than all the world beside, while on the threshold of the other world, as well as to see every one when we have finally crossed it?"

"But shall we?" said Edward incredulously. "I don't know, but I think it would be but a selfish kind of happiness if we were looking back on our nearest and dearest left behind."

Here, the others broke in with some new sto- ries, and lights and supper coming in, made them forget the ghosts and their visits, save perhaps Alice and Edward who had met for the first time, that day, but were sure to become friends. As he held the door open for the girls, that night, he said with an affectation of great gravity: "Good night, Miss Jennings, and if I come to an untimely or sudden end, I shall appear to you to tell you of it!"

"Will you?" she said earnestly, "Will you keep your promise?" And the girl's shining eyes turned on him with such light in them that he was forced to answer with real earnestness, "I will!" And as he closed the door, a momen- tary feeling that the promise so jestingly made would be kept came over him, but throwing it aside with a mental smile at his folly went to join the other men in a cigar, before turning in for the night.

Christmas week was spent in the usual way, sleigh drives, skating parties, snow shoeing, to- bogganing and dancing, during which Edward and cousin Alice became such friends, that when the party broke up, he had promised her a fa- vorite dog of his, which was then in B—, where he kept bachelor's hall, and from where he would send him to her in time for her to take him to Jersey, in the following summer. For fair Alice had given herself to a dear friend of Ed-

ward's, and ere long was to say those solemn words, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," and having gone throughout all the usual fuss and finery, to repair to Jersey with her husband. All of which was done in due course, and the dog Dash, grown as fond of Alice as of his former master, went with her to her home in the English Channel.

It was Christmas-ere again, and cousin Alice sat with her husband in the doorway of her home, while Dash lay at their feet. Out beyond, the sea was calm, save for the never ceasing ground swell, and in the clear bright moonlight, each wave glittered like silver, and now and then a white sail was seen on the horizon. How dif- ferent was this to the stormy Christmas-ere of the year before, when the snow-clad earth and the frozen river surrounded their home, and spoke of the merry group round the fire in the old farm-house, wondering whether they were as merry now as then. While they talked this happy night, Alice and her husband, the dog moaned, and Alice laying her hand on him, said: "Why! old doggy, are your dreams troubling you?" But the creature only crept nearer to her and moaned again.

"What's the matter Dash? You are trem- bling. What's there to frighten my doggy?" for he was staring out to sea, and apparently saw something that frightened him.

"What is it, old fellow?" and Alice followed his looks, then, turning ghastly pale, she clasped her husband's arm, and with white lips and voice unlike her own, cried:

"Oh look! Tom, look out there! Don't you see him! Oh, he will drown! No, there he is again. 'Tis Edward, and he his coming to- wards us. Look! There he is down again! Oh, my God, he is gone!" and she sank fainting in her husband's arms. He carried her in, and after applying the usual restoratives, and in fact do every thing he could think of to revive her, she slowly came back to life. Her first words were:

"Where's Edward! Oh, I know!" she added shuddering, "he said he would come when— when he died. No, Tom, I wasn't dreaming!"

"Hush, hush, dear, we won't talk of it now!"

"Oh! I must. Put your arms round me, Tom, I must tell you now!" she cried. "You know how Dash moaned and trembled," she added, sinking into Tom's protecting arms, "Well, I didn't see anything at first, but all at once, the sea was gone and I saw a white surface like the snow on the ground, in Canada, except in one place, and that seemed a river with bits of floating ice on it, and I saw Edward jumping from one piece to another, crossing the river. He went under twice and the second time did not come up again, then I forgot everything. Oh, I am sure he is dead. Poor Mary!"

That same evening, in Canada, Edward Ellis started from his house, in B—, to walk the three or four miles to the farm-house home of his betrothed, and though warned that in the storm the river was not safe, it is supposed he tried to cross it. At the farm, Mary though disappoint- ed at not seeing her lover, thought the storm only had prevented his making the attempt to see her, and that he would come in the morning. Alas! he never came again. Search was made but unsuccessfully, and only the remains of his cap found in the spring, some miles down the river, and the vision that appeared to cousin Alice, on the sea, at her Jersey home, told of his fate. Thus, Edward made his promise and kept it.

"OTTAWA."

THE TOMB OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

There has just been laid over the grave of the great African explorer, in the nave of Westmin- ster Abbey, a large slab of fine and spotless black marble, containing in plain letters of solid brass the following inscription by Dean Stanley:—

Brought by faithful hands over Land and Sea, here rests

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Missionary Traveller, Philanthropist. Born March 19, 1813, At Blantyre, Lanarkshire; Died May 1, 1873, at Chitambo's Village, Utiara. For 30 years his life was spent in an unwearying effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, to abolish the desolating Slave Trade of Central Africa, where, with his last words, he wrote, "All I can add in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessings come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world!"

The main part of the inscription is read with the face to the west; the text on the dexter side, taken from the gospel of St. John, is read look- ing north, and the Latin quotation from Lucean, on the other side, is read with the face to the south. This quotation may be thus rendered literally:—"Such is my love of truth, there is nothing I would rather know than the causes of the river lying hid for so many centuries," these being the thoughts which the Latin poet attri- butes to Julius Caesar in regard to the river Nile.

EXCERPTS.

THE sapphire ring thrown out of the window at Richmond, by Lady Scroop to Robert Cary, and used as a token of Elizabeth's death to James VI., now forms the centre of a diamond star in the possession of the Countess of Cork and Or- rery.

It is proposed to erect an arcade in Edinburgh, diverging from one of the principal streets, after the Parisian style. The enterprise is so far ad- vanced that plans and specifications are already preparing for a selected site to be immediately cleared. At present there is no such erection in the city.

AS FAR as can be ascertained, in addition to her usual expense—to what we might call her "housekeeping" expenses—France has had to pay for war expenses (her own, of course, in- cluded), the fearful sum of 9 milliards 300 mil- lions, or £372,000,000 sterling!

IN PARIS, this year, the fashion of having co- ronets or coats of arms engraved on visiting cards has been completely given up, but there is a tendency to increase the size of the cards, which are beginning to be a good deal used in lieu of note-paper when it is only needful to write a single sentence. Cards are also now frequently ornamented with a monogram.

SOME of the French papers have been crowing over Germany because she is constantly in debt to France—i.e., owes her money for goods re- ceived, and has to pay her with the very gold which France sent to Germany when paying the indemnity. From 1871 to 1873, Germany took from France \$47,000,000 frs. in gold (£23,880,000), a sum exceeding by £480,000 all the gold imported into Europe during that period, by Australia, Mexico and California. With this gold Bismarck established the new German coin- age, with its new gold piece, the mark, worth 25 francs, or an English sovereign. This same gold is coming back to France in streams, in the shape of ingots, which are converted into 20 franc pieces, and the joy of the French Press is great.

IN THE Cathedral, at Grenada, is the splendid marble monument and tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella. The forms of the king and queen are represented as lying side by side on a bed. It is noticeable that the head of Isabella lies deep in the pillow, whilst that of Ferdinand hardly makes an impression. The tale goes that the sculptor said that as Isabella had all the brains, her head must be necessarily heavier than Fer- dinand's and make a greater impression.

MR. KINGSLAKE'S fifth volume of the Crimean War History will be published in a few days. It purports to give a full and detailed account of the great Battle of Inkerman, which has been termed the "Waterloo" of the Crimean Cam- paign.

FRANCE is cultivating friendly relations with Russia and the Pope. Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador in Paris, has received the broad rib- bon of the Legion of Honour. At Rome, it was observed that M. de Courcelles and his staff were the first to offer their New Year's congratulations to the Pope. His Holiness received them with special distinction.

GLADSTONE'S pamphlet on the Vatican De- crees is selling enormously. The 125th thousand is advertised, and there is no reason why the sale should not reach half a million.

IT is stated in the Italian newspapers that the festival of St. Januarius was celebrated accord- ing to custom, at Naples, on the 16th ult., but this year the blood of the saint remained firm in its phial and showed no signs of liquefaction.

QUEEN MARY OF HANOVER, accompanied by the Prince Royal and the Princess Mary, has just arrived in Paris to join King George and his eldest daughter, the Princess Frederica.

A NEW paper is coming out, in London, to be called *Leion*. It is to be devoted to the bicycle interest, now becoming of sufficient importance both as an amusement, as a sportive affair and as a useful animal.

MR. GLADSTONE is in the habit of using post cards, and signs his name in full, which has probably given rise to a number of letters sent him on all manner of subjects, in the hope of getting his autograph in return.

STANTON, the champion bicyclist, has, it is said, undertaken to run a hundred miles against four ponies, the stakes being £100.

THE Pope has taken up a project which he formed many years ago, of placing twelve sta- tuettes round the cupola of St. Peter's, in accordance with the idea of Michael Angelo. Twelve sculp- tors are to be charged each with the execution of a statue, but they are not to be chosen by public competition; nor will any artist be eligi- ble for the work who was not domiciled in Rome prior to 1870, and who has manifested any opposition to the cause of Holy Church. There should be no lack of funds for carrying out the project.

GOV. HARTMAN, of Pennsylvania, says in his recent message that the State will be stripped of timber in thirty years, unless pains are taken to check the waste. A warning to Canada.

THE highest spot on the globe inhabited by human beings is the Buddhist cloister of Hanio, in Thibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet.

A MONUMENT to Hans Christian Andersen is to be erected in the garden of the Palace of Ro- senau, near Copenhagen.

A STATUE of Wilson, the American ornitholo- gist, has been unveiled in Paisley, his native town.

HARTFORD is about to indorse the claim of Dr. Wells to the discovery of anaesthesia by erecting a statue of that gentleman.

A BEAUTIFUL decorative painting of Orpheus has been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. Orpheus strikes the lyre with his left hand.

MR. LISCHMAN is preparing a monument to Captain Cook, the discoverer of Hawaiian Islands to be erected at Kaawaloa.

JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT and husband are to be professors of music at the Rhenish Acade- my at Weisbaden.

SIR Jules Benedict, Messrs. Sutherland, Edwards, Blanchard Jerrold, Norman Lockyer, and others, have founded, in London, the Veru- lam Club, the primary object of which is "to gather together the representatives of art, science and literature, both at home and abroad."

LITERARY.

GEORGE MACDONALD, the English novelist, is in very poor health.

HENRY F. DICKENS is reading in London ex- tracts from his father's novels.

BLOOD will tell. A granddaughter of Dr. Paley has beaten all the boys of Cambridge in ter- restrial science.

THERE are 850,000 girls in the schools presided over by nuns of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

So numerous are the additions to the library of Harvard College, that new shelves to accommodate the volumes are in course of construction.

THE letters of Lord Chesterfield have been translated into Gujarathi by a Parsee lady, and published at Bombay.

MR. HOWARD CHALLEN, of Philadelphia, a well known publisher, is about to issue Bazaar's De- grees for ten cents.

ANOTHER unpublished, and also unfinished, essay by John Stuart Mill is announced to be published this year—on "Socialism."

RICHARD GRANT WHITE holds German to be "the most horrible combination of sounds with which the human ear can be tormented."

EMILE OLLIVIER, the ex-Minister of Napoleon III, is said to be devoting his leisure hours to the study of art, and to be preparing a work on the Sistine Chapel.

A LIFE of the Duke of Wellington is stated to be in preparation under the immediate and personal supervision of the present Duke.

MR. ROBT. BUCHANAN has, it is stated, com- pleted a new practical comedy, the principal part of which is destined for Miss Isabel Bateman.

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY says that French half-morocco with upset edges is a binding which, well done, a man may put on his shelves without too much humiliation.

Prof. HUXLEY is to fill the chair of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, during the ab- sence of Prof. Thompson on the Challenger Surveying Expedition.

IN the preface to his new book—"Parnassus"—Mr. Emerson says: "Poetry teaches the enormous force of a few words, and, in proportion to the inspira- tion, checks loquacity."

MINNEAPOLIS, Minnesota, has a new journalis- tic venture in the shape of a daily paper printed on a postal card. This miniature sheet bears the name of the *Post Baby*.

MR. GLADSTONE is engaged on two new His- toric studies, namely: a volume of essays on the writ- ings of the Greek poets and a dictionary to Homer. The latter will be a very important book.

LORD LYTTON has been appointed British Minister to Portugal, an ornamental position worth \$20,000 a year. He is said to be engaged upon an im- portant work in the nature of a romance in verse, or a long love-poem.

A CHICAGO scholar has a copy of each of the two earliest editions of Milton's "Paradise Lost" for which he paid the sum of \$300, or more than three times the amount received by its great author and his family after him for their whole property in the immortal work.

THE sculptor Bazzaghi is executing a statue on horseback of Napoleon III, which is destined for one of the squares of Milan. The inscription on the pedestal will run: "To the Emperor Napoleon III, the liberator of Italy, the grateful town of Milan."

PROF. CURTIUS, the historian of Greece, has just contributed to the Academy of Science in Berlin a long paper on the armorial devices of the ancient Greeks, showing how they came originally from Assyria, and were modified by the artistic sense of the Greeks.

AN important discovery has been made at Rome on the Esquiline Hill, consisting of seven statues in fine preservation. There is a remarkable bust of Commodus, several heads, and many fragments. All these have been found in one room not yet entirely ex- cavated. There are indications of the presence of other objects.

MR. BANCROFT is now 74 years of age, but very active, and his brilliant mental powers are unimpaired by age. He rises at six, lights his fire, and works upon the history of the United States until summoned to breakfast at eight. After breakfast he resumes his la- bours until one, when he stops for the day, and usually takes a ride on horseback, followed by a "constitutional" walk of two or three miles.

FRANCE publishes 1316 newspapers, of which 526 belong to the provinces, and 754 to Paris. Thirty- seven of the latter are daily and political. The depart- ments of the Nord, Seine Inferieure, and Calvados are mostly disposed to Monarchy, as the Conservative journals number respectively 14, 13, and 10, against 8, 3, and 4 Republican; whilst in Mayenne and the Lower Alps the Royalists are unopposed by a single Red print.

THE German periodical press is commencing upon the marked and extraordinary dearth of readable poetry in the book-marts of Germany at the present time; and it points out how utterly the reading of poetry has passed out of the sphere of men, and is now nearly limited to that of women. Nearly all the extracts and selections from the best works of the poets of Germany are floated into publicity under the titles of "Present for Ladies," "Mothers' Albums," and "Daughters' Poetical Extracts."

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

THE STUDY OF THE PIANO.

The study of the piano has become so universal that to "learn music" is to learn the piano. Fashion, the desire to utilize this fine piece of furniture, so elegant and so indispensable, and the small satisfaction of being spoken of by one's near friends as an "excellent musician," a satisfaction which favours more particularly a species of composition easy of execution, and as rapid as it is showy, have urged the young people of the day into the pleasant road of piano-ism (piano-logy.)

So, through the instrumentality of mediocre composers and musical adventurers, the instrument which has most contributed to the progress of musical art and, by its numberless perfections, produced so many worthy and accomplished virtuosos, is also the one which has most perverted the popular taste by becoming so easily accessible to the vain or shallow minded amateur. These latter succeed so well, that on their miserable performance of one of those compositions in which meaningless formulas take the place of ideas, they cover the plagiarisms and inelegant phrases with the loud pedal, and the listener astonished by so much noise, declares that he can understand nothing but that "it ought to be very beautiful!"

The time was, when a variation of Mozart, a sonata of Steibelt or a gavotte of Handel, formed the chief musical attraction of the drawing room; but now meaningless noise and incoherency have replaced all these, and if an artist without the fear of man before his eyes (and, happily, we still meet such an one, occasionally,) has the courage to venture upon an adagio of Beethoven or one of those poetic works of Chopin or Mendelssohn, he may be sure before-hand that the most beautiful and expressive phrases of these gifted composers will pass unperceived and unappreciated, if, indeed, they do not weary the exceptional listener whose politeness has prevented him from joining in the general conversation.

The idea generally entertained, that the education of a young lady is not complete without music (and why music more than any other art?) has, more than any other thing, led to the study of the piano by individuals with neither taste nor aptitude for it. To be a pianist requires a special organism, because to a correct ear and a proper sense of rhythm, qualities which every one knows are indispensable to a musician, must be added a hand both supple and well proportioned—natural gifts which judicious training and intelligent labour will increase and develop, but which can never be entirely supplied.

In blissful ignorance of all this, however, the young lady commences her lessons on the piano, with little or no aptitude for it, and probably upon an instrument, if not detestable, at any rate unfavourable for a continuous and conscientious course of study, taking in turn half a dozen different masters, upon whom in succession she rests the responsibility of her lack of progress, never for an instant dreaming that the cause may be with herself.

When a professor, jealous of his reputation, has succeeded in acquainting the parents of the pupil of some of her deficiencies without wounding too much the parental pride, he certainly cannot blame himself if, notwithstanding all, they still persist in his continuing his instructions: and he will do so all the more willingly now that he has relieved himself, in advance, of a somewhat onerous responsibility.

But more frequently the parents entertain lofty and illusory ideas of the wonderful musical talent of the child, and eagerly point out to the professor, certain indications of talent as deceptive as they are unreal, and of which they constitute themselves the sole judges.

After several lessons, however, the professor often discovers that he has on his hands only a little dunce upon whom he is wasting both his time and his pains. He has now before him the delicate alternative of respecting the parental susceptibility by maintaining a strict silence on the subject, or to express frankly the uselessness of his instruction, and by so doing make for himself enemies who, instead of esteeming him more for his scrupulous delicacy, only deery him on every possible occasion. Would it not be wiser and more just on the part of such parents to consult the professor, after a sufficient proof of his right to their confidence, as to the musical ability and talent of their child?

I have already spoken of a bad piano. Its influence upon the progress of the pupil seems generally to be completely ignored. How many pupils, highly gifted, by nature, have obtained only indifferent success for lack of a suitable instrument? How many have developed only an unspeakable disgust for an art of whose charms they have never even caught the first glimpse, because they are forced to toil at a piano either old and discordant, without vibration, the action heavy and unequal, or else one of those instruments loud and clanging in tone, with handsomely ornamented case and (above all) *cheap in price*, but whose poor, wretched action stifled the rising artist! What taste or enthusiasm could such an instrument ever inspire, upon which it would be utterly impossible to render properly those light and delicate shades, those beautiful singing phrases with which all the works of the great masters abound, and which find such easy and delightful expression upon such instruments, for example, as a "Steinway" or a good "Chickering." Whatever may be said, it is particularly at the commencement of the study of the piano that a good instrument is the most important. An agreeable tone will compen-

sate the young student for the monotony of the rudimentary exercises, by contributing to develop his natural taste, and an easy and sympathetic action will secure for him, if he is well taught and has a flexible hand, a good quality of tone and an elastic and in some degree intelligent touch. An inferior piano, on the contrary, by inspiring in him a distaste for an art whose least attractive side has been presented to him, will destroy the slightest taste for music, and he will contract a faulty *technique* which he will never be able to correct.

OCTAVE PELLETIER.

PERFORMANCE OF THE MESSIAH, AT TORONTO.

We extract the following account of this musical event from the *Mail*.—The Philharmonic Society of Toronto gave a performance of "The Messiah" at the Grand Opera House, which was crowded from parquette to gallery. The soloists were Mrs. Granger Dow (soprano), Mr. Simpson (tenor), and Mr. Egan (bass). Our local talent was represented by Mr. Wright, the Misses Dexter and Miss Madison. The orchestra was supplemented by Emil Wahle's band and Mrs. Morrison's orchestra. It is not our intention to give any detailed notice of the performance, for the reason that it was the least satisfactory of any that has been given under the *regime* of Mr. Torrington. This was owing to no fault of the energetic conductor, or to any unusual shortcomings on the part of the members of the Society. Admirably suited as in the Grand Opera House in many respects for these representations, it was apparent that its acoustical peculiarities had baffled the calculations of those gentlemen who had made the necessary arrangements for the disposition of the choruses and orchestra. The chorus singing is generally the best feature of the performances of the Society, but last night there was an obvious falling off in effect. The outlines of the choral numbers were in many cases blurred or indistinct; the sound of certain of the vocal sections appeared to reach the audience separately instead of simultaneously, while in the orchestra, many of the instruments were inaudible, and others were by comparison too prominent. The orchestral prelude with the striking fugue that follows were, however, rendered very fairly, and the effect of the Pastoral Symphony was pleasing. Of the choruses, the "Hallelujah," and "He Trusted in God" were sung the most efficiently, and were among the numbers that gave unusual satisfaction. The choruses in the first part of the Oratorio were rather unsteady, but this was doubtless owing to the singers being bewildered by the acoustics of the house. Mr. Simpson, who possesses a tenor voice of fine quality, was the most successful of the soloists. He interpreted the recitative "Comfort ye," and the succeeding *aria* "Every valley," in a most finished and artistic manner, and threw great expression into his singing of "Behold and See," and the preceding recitative. The few liberties he took with the score must of course be condemned. Mrs. Granger Dow sang in her usual pleasing manner, but having heard her on previous occasions in music of a lighter character, we are convinced that her *forte* does not lie in oratorio. In the air, "Rejoice greatly," the lady introduced a shake that was not in the score, and which was decidedly out of tune, thus illustrating the danger of taking such licences. Mrs. Picton Osler gave "O thou that tellest," and her effort seemed to gain the approval of the audience. Mr. Egan, as principal bass, sang very fairly, and far more conscientiously than on the occasion of the production of the "Creation" at the Music Hall. The Misses Dexter and Miss Madison, as representatives of our amateur talent, acquitted themselves in a manner that excited some degree of pleasant surprise, and called forth great applause. Mr. Wright did his best with the *aria*, "But who may abide," and the recitative, "Thus saith the Lord," but it was regretted that he was totally unequal to the occasion, and sang painfully out of tune. The second part of the oratorio was concluded by eleven o'clock, and we understand that the third part was very creditably sustained. It is believed that at the next concert given by this Society at the Opera House, a sufficient arrangement will be adopted in regard to the orchestra and chorus which will be productive of happier results.

PERE LA CHAISE.

Pere-la-Chaise is the necropolis of illustrious personages. Moliere and La Fontaine's tombs are situated in a little garden, which has been brushed up for the occasion; a crown of boxleaves lies on Moliere's sarcophagus. In the chapel-vault of the Raspail family two slabs are placed, with a piece of chalk for visitors to inscribe their names; Seribe's tomb is neglected, though his wife is living and very rich; ex-Minister Walewski has eight wax tapers burning, illuminations in honor of the dead. Casimir-Perier has neither flowers nor crowns; he was the Thiers of France over forty years ago. Heloise and Abelard are surrounded by visitors, all young and certainly lovers; Alfred de Musset has a lyre of blue pearls; Aimée Desclée is as forgotten as if Parisians did not still sincerely regret their pet actress; Frederic Soulie has at last a tomb, after twenty-seven years of expectation. How patient are the dead! De Balzac has a pretty metal crown, lying on a closed book bearing the title, "Human Comedy;"

Talma has an elegant crown of crape, ornamented with pearls, and Allan Kardec, the founder of spiritualism in France, is covered with a profusion of flowers that must impede his appearance at any spiritualistic seance; the interior of Rossini's chapel is strewn with flowers, and two enormous natural laurel crowns hang from the bronze torches which ornament the entrance; Auber remains in a temporary vault, with a dozen other persons, awaiting a definite resting-place. The Communist Flourens has a tiny bouquet of *immortelles* with pansies—truly for thoughts, but sad ones. The immense *fosse commune*, where the Federals were buried pell-mell, is guarded by soldiers; a few red *immortelles* have been deposited on the mound.

VARIETIES.

THE Emperor William found everything too dear for him at the Bayreuth Bazaar in Berlin, and turned away with the remark that he really could not afford to pay such prices.

WHEN Thomas Carlyle read Professor Tyndall's Belfast Address, he threw it aside with emphatic contempt, saying, "It is a philosophy fit for dogs, not for men."

THE venerable office of tipstaff exists no longer in the English Court of Exchequer. The last tipstaff died the other day, and the Lord Chief Baron decided not to appoint any body in his place. So go the old landmarks one by one.

WE have heard of a certain exporter who made a large sum of money when all his rivals in trade were complaining of dull times, simply because he had packed his goods in a convenient and attractive form; and one may well believe the story.

THEIRS was recently paid a particular honour by some gamins who made a snow statue of him opposite his house, and crowned it with a white paper hat on which were inscribed the figures for five milliards, the amount of the ransom.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has recently been engaged in painting a portrait of his son. The child is represented on his return from a successful bird's nesting expedition. He is accompanied by a couple of Pomeranian dogs. As one leaps up to him, the boys throw himself back, laughing wildly, and holding out the nest in triumph.

IT is fact well established by statistics that about 104 or 105 boys are born to every 100 girls, yet at maturity the girls almost invariably outnumber the boys. A larger number of boys die than girls. This is a doubtless owing to the fact that the boys are more exposed to inclement weather, contagious diseases, and accidents.

MARK Twain says:—"If you neglect to educate the mind of a woman by the speculative difficulties which occur in literature, it can never be educated at all. If you do not effectually rouse it by education it must remain for ever languid. Uneducated men may escape intellectual degradation, uneducated women cannot." Mark talks of what he knows.

ACCORDING to the *London Directory* the most common names are as follows:—Smith, 19 columns; Jones, 9; Brown, 8; Williams, 6; Johnson, 5; Clark, Davis, and White, 5; Wood and Harris, 4; Evans, Green, Roberts, and Robinson, 4. Upon comparing these with the *London Directory* of thirty years since, in each case the numbers now are about doubled, showing the rapid growth of the family of Smith, Brown, and Jones.

BABY-shows are believed to be an American invention, but it was left to Austria to get up a nose show. Eighty persons we are told, competed for the prize offered for the most extraordinary nasal prominence in form, size and colour. The jury decided that only three out of the whole could be admitted to compete for the prize, which was finally adjudged to a competitor from Vienna, possessed of what is stated to be "a gigantic nose, of a deep violet-blue."

SEVERAL journals have stated that the celebrated "Violin Player," by Raphael, has been lost, but the fact is that it has never left Rome, though the public are not allowed to see it. It is reported that it will ere long be sold along with a few paintings forming the collection of the Sciarra Palace. This notice we hope will not be lost sight of by the authorities of the National Gallery. Mr. Disraeli will not turn a deaf ear, we are certain, to any proposal in moderation.

THE Polish inhabitants of the Grand Duchy of Posen find themselves in rather an unenviable position. It would seem that these benighted beings, like the Danes of Schleswig, or the French of Alsace and Lorraine, have been indulging in dreams regarding what is called the principle of nationalities. This principle, according to the new law of nations, is exclusively German, and does not concern any other nation whatsoever. For some time past the Polish language has been excluded in Prussian Poland from the law courts and all public offices, German being substituted in its place. The Polish language is likewise excluded from the principal educational establishments.

AUTOGRAPH mania is as fierce as ever in Paris, and the merest scrap of the handwriting of a celebrity commands an extravagant price. At a recent sale of autographs an historical sketch by Bossuet was sold for £15 15s.; two letters from Leibnitz, relating respectively to the Councils at Bale and Trent, fetched £7 and £2; an epistle of Louis XVI to the Comte de Broglie brought £6 15s., and one from Mirabeau £2 10s. Talking of autographs, the celebrated American actress, Charlotte Cushman, has been selling her autograph at a shilling a piece, the proceeds being devoted to a New York charity. Might not some of our celebrities follow her example?

A LEGACY OF WAR.—In the United States at the end of the last fiscal year, on the 30th of June, 1874, there were 102,457 army invalid pensioners on the pension roll, receiving 10,038,377 dollars a year; 107,516 army widows and dependent relatives, receiving 13,537,196 dollars; 1,551 navy invalid pensioners, and 1,785 widows and relatives; 17,620 pensioners, survivors of the war of 1812, and 5,312 widows of the soldiers. The total number of pensioners of all classes on the 30th of June, 1874, was 236,241, a decrease of 2,170 during the year. The aggregate annual rate of pensions of all classes was 26,254,071 dollars 10 cents, a decrease from the preceding year of 5,645 dollars. The roll contains the names of 410 widows and soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

How a Lady should Sit on a Horse.—The author of *The Book of the Horse* says:—"The ideal of a fine horsewoman is erect without being rigid, perfectly square to the front, and, until quite at home in the saddle looking religiously between her horse's ears. The shoulders should be perfectly square, but thrown back a little so as to expand the chest and make a hollow waist, such as it observed in waiting, but always flexible. On the flexibility of the person above the seat all the grace of equestrianism, and on the firmness below all the safety depends. Nervousness makes both men and women poke their heads forward—a stupid trick in a man, unparliamentary in a woman. A lady should bend like a willow in a

storm, always returning to an easy yet nearly upright position. This seat should be acquired while the lady's horse is led, first by hand, then with a leading stick, and finally with a lunging rein, which will give room for cantering in circles. But where a pupil is encumbered with reins, a whip, and directions for guiding her horse, she may be excused for forgetting all about her seat or her position. The arms down to the elbows should hang loosely near but not fixed to the sides, and the hands, in the absence of reins, may rest in front of the waist."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

JAN. 20.—The Rev. Canon Kingsley is reported to be dying.

The Custom's officers at Hoboken, lately, made a \$45,000 seizure.

Cook & Co's, bankers, of Chicago, have suspended. Liabilities not ascertained.

The Prussian authorities have imprisoned the Bishop of Paderborn in the fortress of Wesel.

The curling match between Quebec and Montreal has resulted in favor of the former by 26 points.

Moulton's examination was continued at the City Court, Brooklyn, in the great scandal case, yesterday.

Berlin despatches to the *London Times* report the release of the captive German Bishops.

The physicians in attendance upon Prince Leopold announce that His Highness has suffered a relapse, and is in a weaker state.

JAN. 21.—The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs has succumbed to the harassing nature of the duties imposed on him growing out of the difficulties in connection with the Montenegro outrage. His successor's policy is to be more conciliatory.

A conspiracy to create a general uprising against King Alfonso is already on foot in Barcelona, the principal movers being Republican and Carlist chiefs.

Lépine's sentence has been commuted to two years' imprisonment and perpetual disfranchisement.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says the Montenegro Government have resolved on war even if it be not already declared by Turkey. Representatives of European powers at Constantinople are endeavoring to effect an amicable solution of the difficulty.

A London despatch says that the prompt action of Spain in the Gussav affair will have the effect of making recognition of the new monarchy by foreign powers more certain.

The Right and Left Centres united have carried a motion for the consideration of the Constitutional Bills at Versailles, defeating the Government and the Right on the question.

A despatch from Madrid says it is likely Count Valmeida will be appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish army in Cuba.

JAN. 22.—Tom Ballard, the notorious counterfeiter, has been sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment.

The physicians of Prince Leopold have reported less favorably on the condition of their patient.

Disastrous floods are reported in California, caused by the recent heavy rains in that state, interrupting railway and stage communication in many districts.

Religious disturbances in the Canton of Geneva, Switzerland, in connection with the baptism of children by Old Catholics, have necessitated the presence of the military.

A rumor was current, in Toronto, that the Hon. Mr. Crooks, the Ontario Treasurer, had resigned, being unwilling to risk the chance of another reverse by appealing to a fresh constituency.

In the Quebec Legislature, yesterday, Mr. Church's motion to bring Messrs. Middlemiss, Dansereau, Duvernay and Cotté before the Committee on the Tanneries Exchange, and make them answer the desired questions was carried on a division. An amendment, however, was carried, to the effect that the examination of Mr. Cotté should be conducted with closed doors, and that the committee should report to the House only such portions of his evidence as should have reference to the exchange.

JAN. 23.—Mr. Charles Sprague, of Boston, the banker poet, died yesterday, aged 84.

Turkey has withdrawn its demand for the trial of those implicated in the Montenegro outrages by a Turkish tribunal.

The report of the Emigration Commissioners shows a total arrival of emigrants at Castle garden, for 1874, of 1,243,762.

The English Government have demanded an explanation from Peru, for interference with the passengers of a British steamer at Callao.

A bill has passed the United States House to allow Lt. Commander Pierson to accept the military Order of the Bath from the Queen, in recognition of his gallant services against the Japanese.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* indicates that Montenegro has the support of Russia in her difficulties with Turkey. The prospects of an amicable adjustment of the disagreement are said to be more hopeful.

The iron masters and colliery proprietors of South Wales have turned the tables on their employes, and threaten a general lock-out unless they all return to work within a week, which would have the effect of throwing 100,000 persons out of work.

JAN. 25.—Montenegro subjects residing abroad have been ordered home, and 12,000 troops have been despatched to the frontier.

The ice in the harbor at New York has swept away all the buoys, rendering navigation extremely difficult and exposing the shipping to serious danger.

A despatch from San Francisco says that the flood at Marysville and surrounding district has abated, leaving the inhabitants in great destitution.

A shocking case of alleged baby-farming has come to light in Holly Stone, Mass., no less than five infants having been put out of the way within two months by means of laudanum.

A skating match is announced through a New York despatch, to take place in Brooklyn, the 26th inst., between a gentleman of this city and Mr. Campbell Lawson, of Nova Scotia.

In a proclamation issued yesterday, by Alfonso XII to the inhabitants of the Basques Provinces and Navarre, he says he longs for peace, but will fight for his rights, and will see that full justice is again done to the Roman Catholics. His Majesty was officially proclaimed in Cuba, yesterday, by Captain-General Concha.

Jan. 26.—The Montenegro difficulty has ended into a compromise.

Alfonso has formally notified Her Majesty of his accession to the throne of Spain.

It is stated that a preliminary understanding has been arrived at between the Carlists and Alfonsists.

The Senate Committee on Finance have decided not to take any further action in the matter of specie resumption this session.

The first reading of the Bill for the creation of a Senate has passed the French Assembly, although opposed by the Left.

A terrific gale, accompanied by rain, has been raging on the British coast for the past two days, numerous casualties resulting therefrom.



MISCHIEF BREWING.



1. HEAD DRESS WITH WAIST ORNAMENTS.

3. RINGLETS WITH BOWS.

2. HEAD DRESS WITH PEARL ORNAMENTS.

4. RINGLETS WITH ROSE GARLANDS.

6. BALL DRESS WITH FLOWERS.

5. RECEPTION COSTUME, RUSSIAN HEAD DRESS AND PELERINE MANTLE.

THE FASHIONS.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

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

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

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

PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SPECIMEN OF MY FOLLY.

"It is hardly a professional consultation, Mr. Playmore. I find myself in a very painful position; and I come to you to advise me, under very unusual circumstances. I shall surprise you very much when you hear what I have to say; and I am afraid I shall occupy more than my fair share of your time."

"I, and my time, are entirely at your disposal," he said. "Tell me what I can do for you—and tell it in your own way."

The kindness of his language was more than matched by the kindness of his manner. I spoke to him freely and fully—I told him my strange story without the slightest reserve.

He showed the varying impressions that I produced on his mind, without the slightest concealment. My separation from Eustace distressed him. My resolution to dispute the Scotch Verdict, and my unjust suspicions of Mrs. Beauty, first amused, then surprised him. It was not, however, until I had described my extraordinary interview with Miserrimus Dexter, and my hardly less remarkable conversation with Lady Clarinda, that I produced my greatest effect on the lawyer's mind. I saw him change colour for the first time. He started, and muttered to himself, as if he had completely forgotten me. "Good God!" I heard him say—"Can it be possible? Does the truth lie that way, after all?"

I took the liberty of interrupting him. I had no idea of allowing him to keep his thoughts to himself.

"I seem to have surprised you?" I said.

He started at the sound of my voice.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" he exclaimed. "You have not only surprised me—you have opened an entirely new view to my mind. I see a possibility, a really startling possibility, in connection with the poisoning at Gleninch, which never occurred to me until the present moment. This is a nice state of things," he added, falling back again into his ordinary humour. "Here is the client leading the lawyer. My dear Mrs. Eustace, which is it—do you want my advice? or do I want yours?"

"May I hear the new idea?" I asked.

"Not just yet, if you will excuse me," he answered. "Make allowances for my professional caution. I don't want to be professional with you—my great anxiety is to avoid it. But the lawyer gets the better of the man, and refuses to be suppressed. I really hesitate to realise what is passing in my own mind, without some further inquiry. Do me a great favour. Let us go over a part of the ground again, and let me ask you some questions as we proceed. Do you feel any objection to obliging me in this matter?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Playmore. How far shall we go back?"

"To your visit to Dexter, with your mother-in-law. When you first asked him if he had any ideas of his own, on the subject of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death, did I understand you to say that he looked at you suspiciously?"

"Very suspiciously."

"And his face cleared up again, when you told him that your question was only suggested by what you had read in the Report of the Trial?"

"Yes."

He drew a slip of paper out of the drawer in his desk, dipped his pen in the ink, considered a little, and placed a chair for me close at his side.

"The lawyer disappears," he said, "and the man resumes his proper place. There shall be no professional mysteries between you and me. As your husband's old friend, Mrs. Eustace, I feel no common interest in you. I see a serious necessity for warning you before it is too late; and I can only do so to any good purpose, by running a risk on which few men in my place would venture. Personally and professionally, I am going to trust you—though I am a Scotchman and a lawyer! Sit here, and look over my shoulder while I make my notes. You will see what is passing in my mind, if you see what I write."

I sat down by him and looked over his shoulder, without the smallest pretence of hesitation.

He began to write, as follows:—

"The poisoning at Gleninch. Queries:—In what position does Miserrimus Dexter stand towards the poisoning? And what does he (presumably) know about that matter?"

"He has ideas which are secrets. He suspects that he has betrayed them, or that they have been discovered in some way, inconceivable to himself. He is palpably relieved when he finds that this is not the case."

The pen stopped; and the questions went on.

"Let us advance to your second visit," said Mr. Playmore, "when you saw Dexter alone. Tell me again what he did, and how he looked, when you informed him that you were not satisfied with the Scotch Verdict."

I repeated what I have already written in these pages. The pen went back to the paper again, and added these lines:—

"He hears nothing more remarkable than that a person visiting him, who is interested in the case, refuses to accept the verdict at the Macallan Trial, as a final verdict, and proposes to re-open the inquiry. What does he do upon that?"

"He exhibits all the symptoms of a panic of terror; he sees himself in some incomprehensible danger; he is frantic at one moment, and servile at the next; he must and will know what this disturbing person really means. And when he is informed on that point, he first turns pale and doubts the evidence of his own senses; and next, with nothing said to justify it, gratuitously accuses his visitor of suspecting somebody; Query, here:—When a small sum of money is missing in a household, and the servants in general are called together to be informed of the circumstance, what do we think of the one servant, in particular, who speaks first, and who says, 'Do you suspect me?'"

He laid down the pen again.

"Is that right?" he asked.

I began to see the end to which the notes were drifting. Instead of answering his question, I entreated him to enter into the explanations that were still wanting to convince my own mind. He held up a warning forefinger, and stopped me.

"Not yet," he said. "Once again, am I right—so far?"

"Quite right."

"Very well. Now tell me what happened next? Don't mind repeating yourself. Give me all the details, one after another, to the end."

I mentioned all the details, exactly as I remembered them. Mr. Playmore returned to his writing for the third and last time. Thus the notes ended:—

"He is indirectly assured that he at least is not the person suspected. He sinks back in his chair; he draws a long breath; he asks to be left awhile by himself, under the pretence that the subject excites him. When the visitor returns, Dexter has been drinking in the interval. The visitor resumes the subject—not Dexter. The visitor is convinced that Mrs. Eustace Macallan died by the hand of a poisoner, and openly says so. Dexter sinks back in his chair like a man fainting. What is the horror that has got possession of him? It is easy to understand, if we call it guilty horror. It is beyond all understanding if we call it anything else. And how does it leave him? He flies from one extreme to another; he is indescribably delighted when he discovers that the visitor's suspicions are all fixed on an absent person. And then, and then only, he takes refuge in the declaration that he has been of one mind with his visitor, in the matter of suspicion, from the first! These are facts. To what plain conclusion do they point?"

He shut up his notes, and, steadily watching my face, waited for me to speak first.

"I understand you, Mr. Playmore," I began impetuously. "You believe that Mr. Dexter—"

His warning forefinger stopped me there.

"Tell me," he interposed, "what Dexter said to you when he was so good as to confirm your opinion of poor Mrs. Beauty?"

"He said, 'There isn't a doubt about it. Mrs. Beauty poisoned her!'"

"I can't do better than follow so good an example—with one trifling difference. I say too, 'There isn't a doubt about it! Dexter poisoned her!'"

"Are you joking, Mr. Playmore?"

"I never was more in earnest in my life. Your rash visit to Dexter, and your extraordinary imprudence in taking him into your confidence, have led to astonishing results. The light which the whole machinery of the Law was unable to throw on the poisoning case at Gleninch, has been accidentally let on it, by a Lady who refuses to listen to reason and who insists on having her own way. Quite incredible, and nevertheless quite true!"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"What is impossible?" he asked coolly.

"That Dexter poisoned my husband's first wife."

"And why is that impossible, if you please?"

I began to be almost enraged with Mr. Playmore.

"Can you ask the question?" I replied indignantly. "I have told you that I heard him speak of her, in terms of respect and affection of which any woman might be proud. He lives in the memory of her. I owe his friendly reception of me to some resemblance which he fancied he sees between my figure and hers. I have seen tears in his eyes, I have heard his voice falter and fall him, when he spoke of her. He may be the falsest of men in all besides; but he is true to her—he has not misled me in that one thing. There are signs that never deceive a woman, when a man is talking to her of what is really near his heart. I saw those signs. It is as true that I poisoned her, as that he did. I am ashamed to set my opinion against yours, Mr. Playmore; but I really cannot help it. I declare I am almost angry with you!"

He seemed to be pleased, instead of offended, by the bold manner in which I expressed myself.

"My dear Mrs. Eustace, you have no reason to be angry with me! In one respect, I entirely share your view—with this difference, that I go a little farther than you do."

"I don't understand you."

"You will understand me directly. You describe Dexter's feeling for the late Mrs. Eustace,

as a happy mixture of respect and affection. I can tell you, it was a much warmer feeling towards her than that. I have my information from the poor lady herself—who, honoured me with her confidence and friendship for the best part of her life. Before she married Mr. Macallan—she kept it a secret from him, and you had better keep it a secret too—Miserrimus Dexter was in love with her. Miserrimus Dexter asked her—deformed as he was, seriously asked her—to be his wife."

"And in the face of that," I cried, "you say that he poisoned her!"

"I do. I see no other conclusion possible, after what happened during your visit to him? You all but frightened him into a fainting-fit. What was he afraid of?"

I tried hard to find an answer to that. I even embarked on an answer, without quite knowing where my own words might lead me.

"Mr. Dexter is an old and true friend of my husband's," I began. "When he heard me say I was not satisfied with the verdict, he might have felt alarmed—"

"He might have felt alarmed at the possible consequences to your husband of re-opening the inquiry," said Mr. Playmore, ironically finishing the sentence for me. "Rather far-fetched. Mrs. Eustace! and not very consistent with your faith in your husband's innocence! Clear your mind of one mistake," he continued seriously, "which may fatally mislead you, if you persist in pursuing your present course. Miserrimus Dexter, you may take my word for it, ceased to be your husband's friend on the day when your husband married his first wife. Dexter has kept up appearances, I grant you—both in public and in private. His evidence in his friend's favour at the Trial, was given with the deep feeling which everybody expected from him. Nevertheless I firmly believe, looking under the surface, that Mr. Macallan has no bitterer enemy living than Miserrimus Dexter."

He turned me cold. I felt that here, at least, he was right. My husband had wooed and won the woman who had refused Dexter's offer of marriage. Was Dexter the man to forgive that? My own experience answered me—and said No.

"Bear in mind, what I have told you," Mr. Playmore proceeded. "And now let us get on to your own position in this matter, and to the interests that you have at stake. Try to adopt my point of view for the moment; and let us inquire what chance we have of making any farther advance towards a discovery of the truth. It is one thing to be morally convinced (as I am) that Miserrimus Dexter is the man who ought to have been tried for the murder at Gleninch; and it is another thing, at this distance of time, to lay our hands on the plain evidence which can alone justify anything like a public assertion of his guilt. There, as I see it, is the insuperable difficulty in the case. Unless I am completely mistaken, the question is now narrowed to this plain issue:—The public assertion of your husband's innocence depends entirely on the public assertion of Dexter's guilt. How are you to arrive at that result? There is not a particle of evidence against him. You can only convict Dexter, on Dexter's own confession. Are you listening to me?"

I was listening, most unwillingly. If he was right, things had indeed come to that terrible pass. But I could not—with all my respect for his superior knowledge and experience—I could not persuade myself that he was right. And I owned it, with the humility which I really felt.

He smiled good-humouredly.

"At any rate," he said, "you will admit that Dexter has not freely opened his mind to you, thus far? He is still keeping something from your knowledge, which you are interested in discovering?"

"Yes, I admit that."

"Very good. What applies to your view of the case, applies to mine. I say, he is keeping from you the confession of his guilt. You say, he is keeping from you information which may fasten the guilt on some other person. Let us start from that point. Confession, or information, how are you to get at what he is now withholding from you? What influence can you bring to bear on him, when you see him again?"

"Surely, I might persuade him?"

"Certainly. And if persuasion fails—what then? Do you think you can entrap him into speaking out? or terrify him into speaking out?"

"If you will look at your notes, Mr. Playmore, you will see that I have already succeeded in terrifying him—though I am only a woman, and though I didn't mean to do it."

"Very well answered! You mark the trick. What you have done once, you think you can do again. Well! as you are determined to try the experiment, it can do you no harm to know a little more of Dexter's character and temperament than you know now. Suppose we apply for information to somebody who can help us?"

I started, and looked round the room. He made me do it: he spoke as if the person who was to help us was close at our elbows.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "The oracle is silent; and the oracle is here."

He unlocked one of the drawers of his desk; produced a bundle of letters; and picked out one.

"When we were arranging your husband's

defence," he said. "We felt some difficulty about including Miserrimus Dexter among our witnesses. We had not the slightest suspicion of him—I need hardly tell you. But we were all afraid of his eccentricity; and some among us even feared that the excitement of appearing at the Trial might drive him completely out of his mind. In this emergency, we applied to a doctor to help us. Under some pretext which I forget now, we introduced him to Dexter. And in due course of time we received his report. Here it is."

He opened the letter; and, marking a certain passage in it with a pencil, handed it to me.

"Read the lines which I have marked," he said; "they will be quite sufficient for our purpose."

I read these words:—

"Summing up the results of my observation, I may give it as my opinion that there is undoubtedly latent insanity in this case; but that no active symptoms of madness have presented themselves as yet. You may, I think, produce him at the Trial, without fear of consequences. He may say and do all sorts of odd things; but he has his mind under the control of his will, and you may trust his self-esteem to exhibit him in the character of a substantially intelligent witness."

"As to the future, I am, of course, not able to speak positively. I can only state my views."

"That he will end in madness (if he lives), I entertain little or no doubt. The question of when the madness will show itself, depends entirely on the state of his health. His nervous system is highly sensitive; and there are signs that his way of life has already damaged it. If he conquers the bad habits to which I have alluded in an earlier part of my report, and if he passes many hours of every day quietly in the open air, he may last as a sane man for years to come. If he persists in his present way of life—or, in other words, if further mischief occurs to that sensitive nervous system—his lapse into insanity must infallibly take place when the mischief has reached its culminating point. Without warning to himself or to others, the whole mental structure will give way; and, at a moment's notice, while he is acting as quietly or speaking as intelligently as at his best times, the man will drop (if I may use the expression) into madness or idiocy. In either case, when the catastrophe has happened, it is only due to his friends to add, that they can (as I believe) entertain no hope of his cure. The balance once lost, will be lost for life."

There it ended. Mr. Playmore put the letter back in his drawer.

"You have just read the opinion of one of our highest living authorities," he said. "Does Dexter strike you as a likely man to give his nervous system a chance of recovery? Do you see no obstacles and no perils in your way?"

My silence answered him.

"Suppose you go back to Dexter," he proceeded. "And suppose that the doctor's opinion exaggerates the peril, in his case. What are you to do? The last time you saw him, you had the immense advantage of taking him by surprise. Those sensitive nerves of his gave way; and he betrayed the fear that you roused in him. Can you take him by surprise again? Not you! He is prepared for you now; and he will be on his guard. If you encounter nothing worse, you will have his cunning to deal with, next. Are you his match at that? But for Lady Clarinda he would have hopelessly misled you on the subject of Mrs. Beauty."

There was no answering this, either. I was foolish enough to try to answer it, for all that.

"He told me the truth, so far as he knew it," I rejoined. "He really saw, what he said he saw, in the corridor at Gleninch."

"He told you the truth," returned Mr. Playmore, "because he was cunning enough to see that the truth would help him in irritating your suspicions. You don't really believe that he shared your suspicions?"

"Why not?" I said. "He was as ignorant of what Mrs. Beauty was really doing on that night, as I was—until I met Lady Clarinda. It remains to be seen, whether he will not be as much astonished as I was, when I tell him what Lady Clarinda told me."

This smart reply produced an effect which I had not anticipated.

To my surprise, Mr. Playmore abruptly dropped all further discussion on his side. He appeared to despair of convincing me, and he owned it indirectly in his next words.

"Will nothing that I can say to you," he asked, "induce you to think as I think in this matter?"

"I have not your ability, or your experience," I answered. "I am sorry to say, I can't think as you think."

"And you are really determined to see Miserrimus Dexter again?"

"I have engaged myself to see him again."

He waited a little, and thought over it.

"You have honoured me by asking for my advice," he said. "I earnestly advise you, Mrs. Eustace, to break your engagement. I go even further than that. I entreat you not to see Dexter again."

Just what my mother-in-law had said! Just what Benjamin and Major Fitz-David had said! They were all against me. And still I held out. I wavered, when I look back at it, at my own obstinacy. I am almost ashamed to relate that I made Mr. Playmore no reply. He waited, still looking at me. I felt irritated by that fixed look.

I rose, and stood before him with my eyes on the floor.

He rose in his turn. He understood that the conference was over.

"Well! Well!" he said, with a kind of good-humour. "I suppose it is unreasonable of me to expect that a young woman like you should share of any opinion with an old lawyer like me. Let me only remind you that our conversation must remain strictly confidential, for the present—and then let us change the subject. Is there anything that I can do for you? Are you alone in Edinburgh?"

"No. I am travelling with an old friend of mine, who has known me from childhood."

"And do you stay here to-morrow?"

"I think so."

"Will you do me one favour? Will you think over what has passed between us, and will you come back to me in the morning?"

"Willingly, Mr. Playmore, if it is only to thank you again for your kindness."

On that understanding we parted. He sighed—the cheerful man sighed, as he opened the door for me. Women are contradictory creatures. That sigh affected me more than all his arguments. I felt myself blush for my own headstrong resistance to him, as I took my leave and turned away into the street.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GLENINCH.

"Aha!" said Benjamin complacently, "So the lawyer thinks, as I do, that you will be highly imprudent if you go back to Mr. Dexter? A hard-headed sensible man the lawyer, no doubt. You will listen to Mr. Playmore, (won't you?) though you wouldn't listen to me?"

I had of course respected Mr. Playmore's confidence in me, when Benjamin and I met on my return to the hotel. Not a word relating to the lawyer's horrible suspicion of Miserrimus Dexter had passed my lips.

"You must forgive me, my old friend," I said, answering Benjamin. "I am afraid it has come to this—try as I may, I can listen to nobody who advises me. On our way here, I honestly meant to be guided by Mr. Playmore—we should never have taken this long journey, if I had not honestly meant it. I have tried, tried hard to be a teachable, reasonable woman. But there is something in me that won't be taught. I am afraid I shall go back to Dexter."

Even Benjamin lost all patience with me, this time.

"What is bred in the bone," he said, quoting the old proverb, "will never come out of the flesh. In years gone by, you were the most obstinate child that ever made a mess in a nursery. Oh, dear me, we might as well have stayed in London!"

"No," I replied, "now we have travelled to Edinburgh, we will see something (interesting to me at any rate), which we should never have seen if we had not left London. My husband's country house is within a few miles of us, here. To-morrow we will go to Gleninch."

"Where the poor lady was poisoned?" asked Benjamin, with a look of dismay. "You mean that place?"

"Yes. I want to see the room in which she died; I want to go all over the house."

Benjamin crossed his hands resignedly on his lap. "I try to understand the new generation," said the old man sadly. "But I can't manage it. The new generation beats me."

I sat down to write to Mr. Playmore, about the visit to Gleninch. The house in which the tragedy had occurred that had blighted my husband's life, was, to my mind, the most interesting house on the habitable globe. The prospect of visiting Gleninch had, indeed (to tell the truth), strongly influenced my resolution to consult the Edinburgh lawyer. I sent my note to Mr. Playmore by a messenger, and received the kindest reply in return. If I would wait until the afternoon, he would get the day's business done, and would take us to Gleninch in his own carriage.

Benjamin's obstinacy—in its own quiet way, and on certain occasions only—was quite a match for mine. He had privately determined, as one of the old generation, to have nothing to do with Gleninch. Not a word on the subject escaped him, until Mr. Playmore's carriage was at the hotel door. At that appropriate moment, Benjamin remembered an old friend of his in Edinburgh. "Will you please to excuse me, Valeria? My friend's name is Saunders—and he will take it unkindly of me, if I don't dine with him to-day."

Apart from the associations that I connected with it, there was nothing to interest a traveller at Gleninch.

The country round was pretty and well cultivated, and nothing more. The park was, to an English eye, wild and badly kept. The house had been built within the last seventy or eighty years. Outside, it was as bare of all ornaments as a factory, and as gloomily heavy in effect as a prison. Inside, the deadly dreariness, the close oppressive solitude, of a deserted dwelling wearied the eye and weighed on the mind, from the roof to the basement. The house had been shut up since the time of the Trial. A lonely old couple, man and wife, had the keys, and the charge of it. The man shook his head in silent and sorrowful disapproval of our intrusion, when Mr. Playmore ordered him to open the doors and shutters, and let the light in on the dark deserted place. Fires were burning in the library and the picture gallery, to preserve the treasures which they contained from the damp. It was not easy, at first, to look at the cheerful blaze, without fancying that the inhabitants of the house must surely come in and warm themselves! Ascending to the upper floor, I saw the rooms made familiar to me by the Report of the Trial. I entered the little study, with the old books on the shelves, and

the key still missing from the locked door of communication with the bedchamber. I looked into the room in which the unhappy mistress of Gleninch had suffered and died. The bed was left in its place; the sofa on which the nurse had snatched her intervals of repose was at its foot; the Indian cabinet, in which the crumpled paper with the grains of arsenic had been found, still held its little collection of curiosities. I moved on its pivot the invalid table on which she had taken her meals, and written her poems, poor soul. The place was dreary and dreadful; the heavy air felt as if it was still burdened with its horrid load of misery and distrust. I was glad to get out (after a passing glance at the room which Eustace had occupied, in those days) into the Guests' Corridor. There was the bedroom, at the door of which Miserrimus Dexter had waited and watched! There was the oaken floor along which he had hopped, in his horrible way, following the footsteps of the servant disguised in her mistress's clothes! Go where I might, the ghosts of the dead and the absent went with me, step by step. Go where I might, the lonely horror of the house had its still and awful voice for me:—"I keep the secret of the Poison! I hide the mystery of the death!"

The oppression of the place became unendurable. I longed for the pure sky, and the free air. My companion noticed and understood me.

"Come!" he said. "We have had enough of the house. Let us look at the grounds."

In the grey quiet of the evening, we roamed about the lonely gardens, and threaded our way through the rank neglected shrubberies. Wandering here and wandering there, we drifted into the kitchen garden—with one little patch still sparsely cultivated by the old man and his wife, and all the rest a wilderness of weeds. Beyond the far end of the garden, divided from it by a low paling of wood, there stretched a patch of waste ground, sheltered on three sides by trees. In one lost corner of the ground, an object, common enough elsewhere, attracted my attention here. The object was a dust-heap. The great size of it, and the curious situation in which it was placed, roused a moment's languid curiosity in me. I stopped, and looked at the dust and ashes, at the broken crockery and the old iron. Here, there was a torn hat; and there, some fragments of rotten old boots; and, scattered round, a small attendant litter of torn paper and frowzy rags.

"What are you looking at?" asked Mr. Playmore.

"At nothing more remarkable than the dust-heap," I answered.

"In tldy England, I suppose you would have all that carted away, out of sight," said the lawyer. "We don't mind in Scotland, as long as the dust-heap is far enough away not to be smelt at the house. Besides, some of it, sifted, comes in usefully as manure for the garden. Here, the place is deserted, and the rubbish in consequence has not been disturbed. Everything at Gleninch, Mrs. Eustace (the big dust-heap included), is waiting for the new mistress to set it to rights. One of these days, you may be queen here—who knows?"

"I shall never see this place again," I said.

"Never is a long day," returned my companion. "And time has its surprises in store for all of us."

We turned away, and walked back in silence to the park gate, at which the carriage was waiting.

On the return to Edinburgh, Mr. Playmore directed the conversation to topics entirely unconnected with my visit to Gleninch. He saw that my mind stood in need of relief; and he most good-naturedly, and successfully, exerted himself to amuse me. It was not until we were close to the city that he touched on the subject of my return to London.

"Have you decided on the day when you leave Edinburgh?" he asked.

"We leave Edinburgh," I replied, "by the train of to-morrow morning."

"Do you still see no reason to alter the opinions which you expressed yesterday? Does your speedy departure mean that?"

"I am afraid it does, Mr. Playmore. When I am an older woman, I may be a wiser woman. In the meantime, I can only trust to your indulgence if I still blindly blunder on, in my own way."

He smiled pleasantly, and patted my hand—then changed on a sudden, and looked at me gravely and attentively, before he opened his lips again.

"This is my last opportunity of speaking to you before you go," he said. "May I speak freely?"

"As freely as you please, Mr. Playmore! Whatever you may say to me, will only add to my grateful sense of your kindness."

"I have very little to say, Mrs. Eustace—and that little begins with a word of caution. You told me yesterday that, when you paid your last visit to Miserrimus Dexter, you went to him alone. Don't do that again. Take somebody with you."

"Do you think I am in any danger, then?"

"Not in the ordinary sense of the word. I only think that a friend may be useful in keeping Dexter's audacity (he is one of the most impudent men living) within proper limits. Then, again, in case anything worth remembering and acting on should fall from him in his talk, a friend may be valuable as witness. In your place, I should have a witness with me who could take notes—but then I am a lawyer, and my business is to make a fuss about trifles. Let me only say—go with a companion, when you next visit Dexter; and be on your guard against yourself, when the talk turns on Mrs. Beauty."

"On my guard against myself? What do you mean?"

(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. B., Toronto.—Correct solutions of Problems No. 1 and No. 2 received. Many thanks for good wishes.

H. P. P., Whithy.—Correct solutions of Problems No. 1 and No. 2. Many thanks. Please send your problems: Will write to you in a day or two.

O. TREMPE, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 3 received.

We have received some information respecting the Tournament now in progress at Quebec. There are two classes of players. The first division contains ten players, each of whom has given a contribution towards purchasing a prize set of Chessmen, which will be awarded to the player scoring the greatest number of games. In order to determine this, the rule to be followed is the one carried out at the late Dominion Chess Congress, namely, that each player shall play a game with every other player, and that draws shall count half a game each. We are not informed as to the number of players in the second division. We have been kindly promised some of the games of this contest, when finished, for insertion in our Chess Column.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution to Problem No. 1.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q 5. (ch) 1. P takes Q
2. R to Q's 2 mate

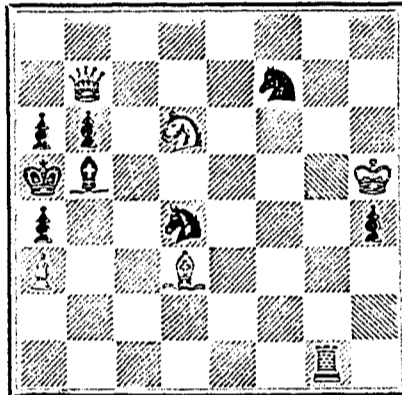
Solution to Problem No. 2.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K 5 1. P takes R
2. Kt to Q R 5 2. Any move
3. Kt mates at Q B 6, or at Q Kt 3

PROBLEM No. 4.

By Calvi.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 2.

WHITE. BLACK.
K at K R's 2nd K at K Kt 5th
Q at K B 7th Q at Q Kt 3rd
B at Q B 6th R at K Kt 5th
Kt at Q B 3rd B at K 6th
Pawns at K Kt 3rd Kt at K B 4th
and Q R 4th Pawns at K Kt 3rd
Q 7th and Q R 2nd

White to play and mate in five moves.

GAME 5TH.

A dash recently played between two players of the Montreal Chess Club.

WHITE. (Mr. B.) BLACK. (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th 1. P to K 4th
2. B to Q B 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to Q 3rd 3. B to Q 4th
4. P to K R 3rd 4. Castles.
5. Kt to K B 3rd 5. P to Q 3rd
6. Castles 6. P to K R 3rd
7. Kt to Q B 3rd 7. P to Q B 3rd
8. P to Q R 3rd 8. P to Q Kt 4th
9. K B to K R 2nd 9. B to K 3rd
10. Q B to K 3rd 10. B Kt to Q 3rd
11. Q Kt to K 2nd 11. Q to Q 2nd
12. K to K R 2nd 12. Kt to K R 2nd
13. Q Kt to K Kt 3rd 13. K B to Q sq
14. P to Q 4th 14. Q B takes B
15. R takes B 15. Q to K 3rd
16. Q R to Q R sq. 16. Kt to Q 2nd
17. P to Q B 3rd 17. Q Kt to Q Kt 3rd
18. P takes P 18. P takes P
19. Kt to K B 5th 19. Q Kt to Q B 5th
20. Q to K 2nd 20. B to Q Kt 3rd
21. Q R to Q sq. 21. Q R to Q sq
22. K Kt to K R 4th (ch) 22. Q Kt to Q 3rd
23. B takes K R's P (ch) 23. Kt takes Q Kt
24. Kt takes Kt 24. R takes R
25. R takes R 25. R to Q sq
26. B takes K Kt P 26. P to K B 3rd
27. B to K R 6th 27. R to Q 2nd
28. Q to K Kt 4th (ch) 28. K to R sq
29. R takes R 29. Q takes R
30. B to K Kt 7th (ch) 30. K to Kt's sq
31. Kt to K R 6th check mate (ch)

(a) White takes good care to strengthen his position. (b) Well played. (c) Neatly finished off.

GAME 6TH.

Between Popert and Cochrane. King's Knight's Opening.

Popert. Cochrane.
WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to K 4th 1. P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd 2. Q Kt to Q B 3rd
3. K B to Q B 4th 3. K B to Q B 4th
4. P to Q B 3rd 4. P to Q 2nd
5. Castles 5. P to Q 3rd
6. P to Q 4th 6. K B to Q Kt 3rd
7. Q B to K 3rd 7. K Kt to K B 3rd
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd 8. Q B to K Kt 5th
9. P to Q 5th 9. Q Kt to Q
10. B takes B 10. Q R P takes B
11. Q to Q B 2nd 11. K Kt to K R 4th
12. P to K R 3rd 12. Q B to Q 2nd
13. K to K R 2nd 13. Castles.
14. Kt to K Kt 14. P to K B 4th
15. Q to Q 15. Q to K B 2nd
16. K P takes K B P 16. Q takes P
17. P to K Kt 4th 17. Q takes K B P (ch)
18. R takes Q 18. R takes R (ch)
19. K to R. 19. Kt checkmates.

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