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Vol. VIII.-No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



HOME FRIENDSHIP.

1874.

The Janadian Illustrated Jews.

The month of December of this year closes the eighth volume of the Canadian Illustrated News, under the most favourable auspices. The paper has not only retained the success which it enjoyed from its inception, but it has gone on adding to its popularity, and, at the beginning of a new year, finds itself with a large and

STEADILY INCREASING CIRCULATION.

This state of things is so far satisfactory that we have been encouraged to introduce new and important improvements both in the management and editorial composition of the paper. Henceforward, particular attention will be given to

REGULAR DELIVERY.

so that newsdealers in all parts of the Dominion will be punctually served, and readers may rely upon having their paper in good time, every week. Experience shows that, while this country is well provided with a daily press, there is an ample field for the development of weekly family papers, which shall embrace, besides the usual amount of literary matter, a comprehensive account of the current events of the day. It is our ambition to take rank with the best weekly papers of Britain and the United States, in both ability and influence, and our new arrangements to compass this end are complete. Our political course will be, as usual, independent and non-partisan.

LITERATURE,

in its lightest and most attractive phases, such as serials, short stories, sketches, and poetry, will receive unremitting attention; and an immense variety of miscellaneous matter will be furnished in every issue.

The specific character of the paper will be maintained in the department of

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We have every facility for producing them in a style that defies competition. Besides the pictorial representation of interesting incidents all over the world, we shall continue our gallery of PORTRAITS of male and female celebrities. Occasionally an ART-PICTURE from one of the masters will be produced, and the periodical FASHION PLATE will appear at appropriate seasons. It is intended also to make a specialty of

CARTOONS,

setting off leading events of the day. These will be finished in a style of high art, and, from their historical interest, will form a collection worth preserving.

In addition, then, to a summary of current events, political intelligence, religious news, literary, scientific, and artistic progress, the readers of the Canadian Illustrated News will have a weekly series of pictures and sketches so disposed as to promote, in the highest degree, the great desideratum of art culture.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

In commenting, some three months ago, on the result of the evidence taken before the Royal Commission, and the then probable defeat of the Macdonald Ministry, we took occasion to favour the formation of a new party of young men, under the leadership of Mr. Blake. This idea has evidently germinated in the minds of others besides ourselves, and we find that some shape is being given it in the election for West Toronto. It may be well, therefore, to explain ourselves more fully on the subject. In the first place, what we suggested was not the creation of a third party, as distinctive from and antagonistic to the two great parties now dividing the state. In the present condition of things such party would have no ratio essendi. Experience further proves that whoever detaches himself from his own party, outside of a crisis, commits political suicide, as has been made manifest in the case of Sir Alexander Galt and the late Horace Greeley. Our idea was that the old Tory party, on the one hand, and the Rouge party, on the other, should be set aside, and two new parties of comparatively young men, who are strangers to the worn out disputes of ancient leaders, should be formed, taking the country as it stands to-day, and devoting themselves to its advancement from that point of departure. True to the conviction of the necessity of such parties, we attributed the downfall of Sir John A. Macdonald, in great measure, to his long tenure of office, and expressed our surprise that he should have been succeeded by the old party of the Opposition, as represented by Mr. Mackenzie, for Ontario, and Mr. Dorion for Quebec. It is not that we objected so much to Mr. Mackenzie on personal grounds, but we do object to Mr. Dorion, as the leader of the effets and anti-national Rouge party. That gentleman has long survived his usefulness, as he himself understood more than a year ago, when he announced his determination to retire from political life. The same objection holds with still more force in the case of Mr. Fournier and of Mr. St. Just. In Quebec, at least, if not in Ontario, there is need of new men, who are alive to the true interests of the country, and in harmony with the spirit of the times. There is reason to believe that the Ministry, as at present constituted, will be only transitional, and will be soon reconstructed according to the programme which we have announced. Theoretically, the party attempted to be formed in Toronto meets our view; but practically, we apprehend that its tendency will reach farther than its promoters imagine. A National party, with " Canada First" as its motto and pass-word, will naturally and gradually drift into opposition to British connection. In other words, its programme will be Independence. The sarcastic references of Mr. Howland, chairman of the Toronto meeting, to titles of honour conferred upon leading Canadians, and our "toadyism to English aristocratic usages," sufficiently indicate the bent in that direction. It were perhaps best for the new party to proclaim its ideas boldly, for no party can stand without clear-cut, palpable doctrines. The movement has to define itself more sharply before we can pronounce upon it. As it stands to-day, it does not conform to our ideal. The choosing of a well-known clear grit for standard-bearer in the contest for West Toronto, is an initial mistake which will unfortunately retard the progress of the new party, for the simple reason that it will create distrust in the sincerity of the leaders, and cast a mist over the principles by which they should be guided.

At an early period of Mr. Arch's stay among us, when he had already had more than one opportunity of stating the object of his visit and the terms upon which he was prepared to bring out a number of agricultural labourers, we expressed our grave doubts as to the success of his mission. We based our fears entirely on the fact that he looked too high and expected too much. "After due consideration," we said, "we are obliged to express our belief that Mr. Arch's "mission in the United States, as well as in Canada, will " turn out to be a complete failure. Mr. Bounderby's saying "about the people wishing to be fed on turtle with a gold " spoon is trite enough, but if the information we have re-" ceived be correct, it not unsatisfactorily expresses Mr. " Arch's desires as to the treatment his protégés are expected " to receive on this side. He makes certain stipulations as to " their treatment, &c., which will hardly meet with the appro-" val of the employers, who are, in nine cases out of ten, men " who have had to rough it when they commenced their career " in this country, and will naturally expect that their em-" ployees will go through some portion of the hardships they "themselves have experienced. This we think is the rock " upon which Mr. Arch's chance of success will make ship-"wreck He simply asks too much. We may have been " misinformed, but unless we have, we fear that the cause of " the English farm labourers will have gained nothing by Mr. "Arch's advocacy." Our forebodings have only been too completely realized. Mr. Arch, as we have since learnt, came to Canada with grossly exaggerated, and, we may add, unwarranted ideas as to the comforts and ease that lay in store for those who are willing to turn their backs upon the old world and seek to build up their fortunes among us. He had evidently unaccountably become impressed with the notion

that this country was a new land of Cockaigne, where baked meats grew on the trees and ready cooked fish disported thomselves in the streams. His eyes were speedily opened to the true condition of the country and the real state of the attractions that we have to offer to intending settlers. On his return home he published the results of his observations which it now turns out were far from favourable as to the ad. vantages of Canada as a field for immigration. He found the country anything but a paradiso, peopled by gaunt, bony, hardfisted, hollow-cheeked men, thinking of nothing but dollars, with every bit of old English heart burnt, dried or frozen out of them. The life he discovered to be simply intolerable, all work and no play. This is in miniature the picture he sets before the men who delegated him to report upon the land, whether it be a good land. That his picture is much overdrawn, every one with anything more than a mere superficial knowledge of the country will admit. That Canada is no paradise we are all aware, but had we known in time that Mr. Arch was in search of such a resting place we should certainly have hesitated before attempting to interest him in our favour. The picture he draws of the country is so ridiculously overdrawn that comment is unnecessary. We do not share the fears expressed by some of our contemporaries that it will do us harm at home. The time is fast going by when Canada was a terra ignota, and we are convinced that we have friends enough at home who are both able and willing to counteract any false impression that Mr. Arch's report may produce. The land is a good land enough, Steady work, good wages, free land, free schools and liberal institutions, are no small inducements. And such inducements, Mr. Arch has more than once told us, are what the agricultural labourer requires. This brings us to another and a strange feature in connection with Mr. Arch's visit. During his stay in this continent he everywhere expressed his satisfaction with what he had seen. In Ottawa, Toronto, Paris and Boston his verdict was eminently satisfactory. One of his companions writing to the English press, says: "The farther we come west, the greater are the signs of material prosperity. Unlike England wealth appears to be distributed in almost equal proportions among all classes. Poor people seem to be un known." How does this contrast with the condition of the class in whose welfare Mr Arch is so strongly interested? And how comes it that once on the other side of the Atlantic he found it convenient to change his tone and decry the country he had so loudly lauded? And, further, what of his promise as to the settlement in Canada of the families he is to bring out next spring? Either Mr. Arch is convinced of the fitness of the country for settlement by the agricultural labourer, and is playing a double part, or he is acting with the wilful intention of deceiving the men who have confided their interests to his own care, and is about to bring out a number of settlers to a land which he believe to be unfitted for settlement. For ourselves we have no fear for the future of hohest, hard-working men who may cast in their lot with us. The examples of successful industry are too frequent in our midst to allow of any doubt on that score. Mr. Arch notwithstanding, we are all of us convinced that a man who is not afraid of work will always have it in his power to attain a competence in Canada. Those who expect a paradise may look elsewhere.

A year which records the loss of five hundred passengers by the "Atlantic," and two hundred more by the "Ville du Havre," without including the numerous casualties which have occurred in different parts of the world, on the water, may well be set down as one of peculiarly unfortunate record. The loss of the French steamer was accompanied by circumstances of an uncommonly distressing nature. The vessel went down within twelve minutes after she was struck, and many of her passengers had not the time to leave their staterooms. Several may have gone down even in their sleep. If, in one view, this was a mercy, in another, it was a horror. Several who got into boats which might have saved them, were killed by the heavy masts falling over the side of the ship. Full particulars of the cause of the disaster are not yet known, but sufficient has been ascertained to demonstrate the alarming fact that not even the best constructed vessels can stand a perpendicular stoke at their centre line. It is admitted that the "Ville du Havre" was a highly improved model, not only furnished with all the modern appliances for security and strength, but specially contrived to stand a strait. and a shock in her most vulnerable part. And yet a much smaller vessel, moving under sail, impinging on her amidships, broke her back at one stroke. It must be remembered, however, that the "Loch Earn" was fron-clad and armed with a steel prow, intended for encountering ice in the Canada trade. Had she been a wooden boat, there is no doubt that she would have sunk as rapidly as the "Ville du Havre." As it was, she was so badly injured as to be obliged to put to. An official investigation of the accident is to be made in France, and we shall be anxious to see how Frenchmen deal with maritime cases of the kind.

In a discourse recently given before the Liverpool Institute, Anthony Trollope took up the defence of novels and laid down the principle that they are the sermons of the present day. Every one reads them and learns from them lessons of

virtue, honour and self-respect. Young men are taught by among the nations upon earth. He says that Austria is rotten, them to be honest, brave and manly; young girls to be modest, unselfish and affectionate. They contain teachings and expedences for persons in every grade of life, young, old, rich and poor. It requires a very slight knowledge of man, at the present day, not to allow that this estimate of the popular writer is in the main correct. That novels are universally read, is certain. That the majority of English novels are healthy in tone will not be denied, except by the prejudiced few. That they exert a strong mental and moral influence on their readers is, therefore, unquestionable. There are two ways of looking at the novel-first, as a work of art, next, as a pastime. If the romance really rises to the standard of a work of art, it is a benefit to the mind, both in form and substance. The reading of "Adam Bede," "Jane Eyre," "The House of the Seven Gables," is as salutary as the study of a statue, a picture. or a poem, emanated from the brain of a master. Unfortunately these works of art are few in number, and most novels must be catalogued as mere pastimes. But even thus, they have their uses. An eminent divine has said that a trashy romance may be advantageous, if it serves to beguile a lonely hour, or soften the agony of a sick bed. It is an amusing coincidence that the novels of Mr. Trollope himself mostly belong to this class. They are dull and homely, but natural withal, and these characteristics have made them favourites with the mediocrity of the average American and British mind. College professors and pulpit orators are in the habit of condemning the novel. But in doing so, they should be careful to temper their criticism. The novel, as a mere form of ficition, is not injurious, any more than the poem or the painting. Like them it addresses itself to the imagination and fosters sensibllity, two faculties of the soul whose cultivation is essential to our intellectual life. Of course, abuse has to be avoided in this as in gymnastic exercise for the body, but that every body knows and feels without being told of it. It is test to let the popular taste have its fill in the matter of romance, and reaction will sooner or later set in of itself.

It is some time since the once familiar notes of Freedom's Bird have struck on our listening ears. The bald-headed eagle of the American 'perairie' is not yet dumb however. Once Sun-appropriate emblem! This is the tenour of his gentle request :-- 1. Remove as gently as possible the British flag from the American continent; but remove it. 2. Remove without further delay the hateful Spanish flag from all islands of America. The reason for doing these two things is: "America belongs to Americans." We come from various places, but are all Americans. Spain has been on our farm since 1525. England has been on our farm since 1606. It is high time both had notice to quit." It would be difficult request, the accuracy of the facts, or the soundness of the

In these dull times any re-vamped sensation is eagerly snatched up as a godsend. So no one will be surprised at hearing the no-more-hanging cry raised once more. Again we are entreated to abolish this "blot on our civilization," and substitute for the gallows either prussic acid, electricity, chloroform, or some painless death. Just so. Electrify the worst criminals tenderly into the next world, and in minor cases before having recourse to flogging administer powerful anæsthetics. It might be well too, when the new system is thoroughly in working order, to form a society for the promotion among habitual criminals of kindness and gentleness in the treatment of their victims. This, however, is entirely a matter for ulterior consideration.

A Western journal, Government supporter, mises its burden against religious and national representation in the Cabinet. "How often in past days," it cries, " have we in Canada heard these bitter sectarian cries in an election campaign? How often have we seen religious and national prejudices brought to bear on our political contests? Whatever party may have been to blame in the past, we kope our future will be free from this stain." That it will be so free we have no doubt. when our lot is cast in Vrile, or Utopia, or the Land of Cockaigne, or one of those delightful Arcadias where all is lovely and men cease to be men.

Admiral Jaures has proposed to the French Assembly the establishment of an international tribunal for the purpose of investigating collisions between vessels on the high seas. Will no benefactor of his kind suggest the propriety of establishing a permanent court of inquiry into the nationality and antecedents of these troublesome beings who are constantly bringing the nations of the earth into hot water by poking their noses where they have no business? A most desirable function of such a court would be the trial and sentencing of such restloss spirits.

There is no more flattering unction that a man in bad circumstances can lay to his soul than that his neighbours' plight is worse than his own. Senator Schurz seems to think so too, judging from a recent utterance of his. The Senator, who has just returned from Europe, thinks the United States may well be satisfied with her prosperity and present position bids the ghost to halt —" Stay illusion! if thou hast any & Co.

France beggared, Spain hopeless, and North Germany debauched with the sudden influe of money.

They seem to have an insatiable desire for curiosities at Washington. The latest additions to the museum of the Natural History Society of that city consist of the head and trunk of Captain Jack, the Modoc chief. The remains were carefully put up in spirits at Fort Klamath and shipped in a whiskey barrel to the capital, where they will doubtless form a delightful subject of contemplation for the curious and scientifically inclined. Note: This is the latest story apropos of 'civilised warfare.'

A joke from the Bench is always good. Judge Davis, whose scathing rebuke of the counsel for the defence in the Tweed with the circumstances attendant upon the death of the case, has been read with satisfaction all over the continent, has made the last. "Remember," said he to the younger of the offending counsel, "that, however good a thing it may be to be known as great and successful lawyers, it is ever a better thing to be known as honest lawyers." Who says now that no good thing can come out of New York?

The Newfoundlanders seem to have queer ideas of what constitutes 'playful eccentricity.' During the recent elections it was considered playfully eccentric to kidnap one of the candidates with the intention of keeping him out of the way until the close of the polls. When the question of annexation to the Dominion comes up once more it will be well to prepare the islanders for the consequences to which such eccentricity is likely to make them liable.

Mr. De Veber, the newly elected member for St. John, N.B., has expressed his intention of urging from his place in Parliament a thorough investigation of the Pacific Scandal. Better late than never. There are those in the country who are of opinion that had that matter been thoroughly investigated Mr. De Veber would not have had a seat to move anything

When will all this claptrap about "British valour" come to an end? We know that our troops are brave, but is there any need of being reminded of it by every newspaper we take up? Some of these weary penny-a-liners seem to think that more it has spoken, this time through the medium of the the more frequently they mention Pritish valour the more courage they inspire into the manly British breast.

> Large meetings are, we hear, about to be held in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, to express sympathy with the Protestants of Germany in their struggle with the Ultramontanes. It is only surprising that no one conceived the idea of starting meetings of sympathy for the Germans in their struggle

A white elephant is a sufficiently perplexing legacy. But to say which is the most admirable, the delicacy of the how are we to express our sympathy for those who have an inheritance of two of these interesting quadrupeds? Especially when they are such ill-tempered dangerous brutes as the Pacific Railway Route and the New Brunswick School Ques-

> And now it is once more the turn of the unfortunate men. We use the adjective advisedly. A distinguished American philanthropist-female-wants a home for fallen men. It all depends on the kind of home she proposes. Some men have too little of a home, others too many of them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TLL CROSS IT, THOUGH IT BLAST ME."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS :

Six.-What Fechter's readings, many of them original and fanciful, have directly to do with a stage direction to Horatio. I am at a loss to conceive. The "Flaneur" in your last number, says, " Many of Fechter's readings are remarkable. Thus, when Horatio, as the ghost appears on the platform of the castle of Elsinore, exclaims,

"I'll cross it, though it blast me."

Fechter insists that Horatio instead of crossing the path of the ghost ought to make the sign of the cross - forsooth, because Denmark was Catholic in the time of Hamlet, and more, that the sign of the cross ritual and demoniacal ills.

The scene of the incidents in the original play of Hamlet, or the "Historic of Hamblet," is laid before the introduction of Christianity into Denmark, and when the Danish power held sway in England Denmark could not then have been a Roman Catholic Kingdom, in the sense that Italy and Spain now are; neither is it so at the present time.

The Priest, in Act the fifth, Scene the first, Shakespeare represented as, and probably intended him to be, a Roman Catholic, because the Priest considered he should profane the dead by singing or uttering the words " Requiem se ernam don : eis, Domine," over the body of the "fair Ophelia." did not make Lacries a true son of the Church, or he would not have put these words in his mouth :-

- I tell thee, churlish pries A ministering angel shall my sister be When thou liest howling."

Whether the Danes were Roman Catholics at the time of the modern play of Hamlet, A.D. 1595, or Lutherans is a maker of little moment. Horatio, though a soldier, one of the antique Roman type, at the first appearance of the ghost, was "harrowed with four and wonder, and trembled and looked pale;" then, would have been the time to make the sign of the cross, not at the second appearance when he peremptorily

sound, or use of voice, speak to me;" and again, when he consents to Marcellus "offering it a show of violence" by striking at it with his partisan. At the second appearance, he evidently was emboldened, and in proof of it says :- " I'll cross it though it blast me," not I'll cross it lest it should blast me. The crossing the path of the ghost is congenous to the common traditions of the causes of apparitions, in Shakespeare's time. In Lodge's Illustrations of English History, Vol. iii, p. 48, will be found the following :-

The person who crossed the spot on which a spectre was seen, became subject to its malignant (or blasting) influence. Among the reasons for supposing the death of Ferdinand, Earl of Derby (who died young, in 1594) to have been occasioned by witch-craft is the following: — "On Friday there appeared a tall man whose voice crossed him swiftly, and when the Earl came to the place where he saw this man he fell

It is just probable that Shakespeare may have been familiar young Earl of Derby. The play of Hamlet was first published about 1600. The first quarto appearing in 1603.

Coleridge characteristically remarks on this passage that

Horatio and the others display much more courage after he has in line 114 'translated the late individual spectre into a thing known to history and experience.'

THOMAS D. KING,

NEW BOOKS.

It is a pretty generally accepted maxim that the interest taken by a reader in his book increases in direct ratio with his acquaintance with the persons, localities or subjects on which the author treats. It is in great measure to this fact that we may trace the great popularity which Mr. Howelie's new book has attained. In Canada this is especially the case, and it is almost equally true with regard to the United States. The Lower St. Lawrence is now one of the established resorts for the well to-do classes of the United States, and the ground lying between Quebec and Kamouraska is almost as familiar to New Yorkers and Bostonians as their own more fashionable and expensive watering places. "A Chance Acquaintance" first appeared as a serial in the Atlantic Monthly at the time when the influx of summer visitors was setting in for the resorts, and, as might have been expected, it was very generally and very eagerly read. We confess we are unable to share in the ardent admiration the book appears to have excited in some quarters. But we willingly allow that it possesses attractions wholly its own. In its pages the professed novel reader will find little to gratify his tastes; indeed the writer has, apparently, aimed but little at an appeal to this class of readers. The main charm of the book lies in the charming descriptions of scenery and mœurs, and the delicious naïvetés and characterisms with which it abounds. To use a gastronome's simile it may be likened, in more than one point, to the pre-prandial half dozen on the shell. It is succulent, piquant, and appetising, but very far from satisfying. Yet a bonne bouche it undeniably is. The edition before us is a duodecimo, printed on toned paper and neatly bound in green cloth lettered. The illustrations, of which there are over a dozen full page size and a number of vignettes, are fair, but remarkable, the latter especially, for vigour and character, rather than elegance and finish. In a book of this kind, however, this is no imperfection.

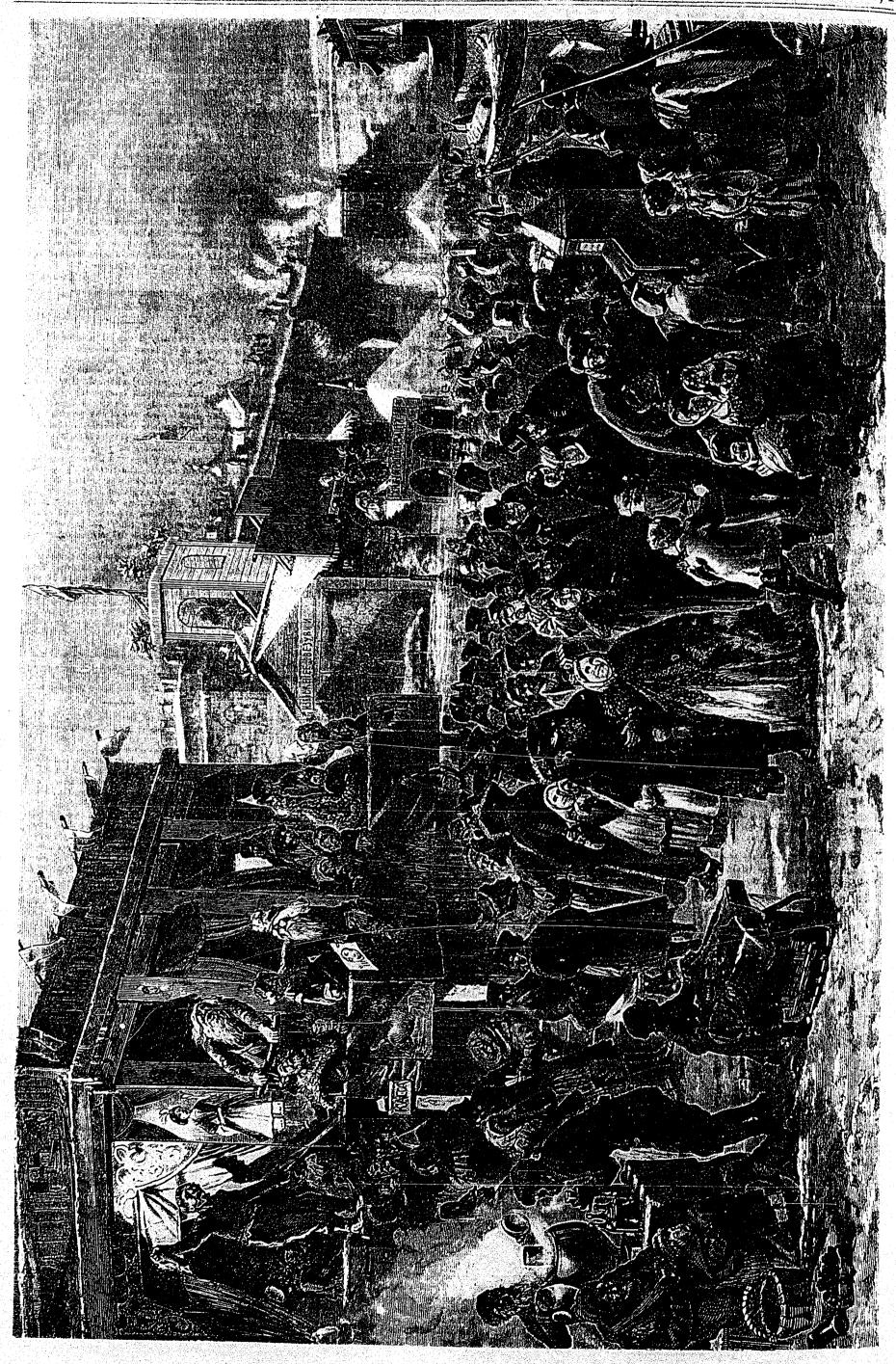
Every one has heard of Marjorie Daw. We do not refer to the mythical young person so intimately connected with the lullabies of childhood, but to the no less mythical young lady whose charms have interested every reader of the Atlantic in her favour. The series of short stories contained in Mr. Aldrich's last volume jall partake of the quaintness and racy humour which characterize "Marjorie Daw," and, like that production, they all more or less terminate in surprises—"sells" parhaps would be the more appropriate though less elegant term. The genius that inspires them is essentially American. Yet the author's humour entirely lacks the coarseness that too frequently mars the productions of many American humourists. In the path he has chosen, he and a few kindred souls such as Charles Dudley Warner, and Charles Warren Stoddard, stand alone. "Marjorie Daw and Other People" is a book that cannot but prove a favourite. It is original, fresh, varied, and at times startling; essentially a book to put the dullest reader in a good humour. It would scarcely be fair to give the reader even a glimpse of its rich contents, so we prefer to dismiss it with a full recognition of its merits and a hearty recommendation as a quaint, jovial companion whose kindliness and good-humour will not fail to be contagious. In outward appearance it gives good promise for the attractiveness of its contents.

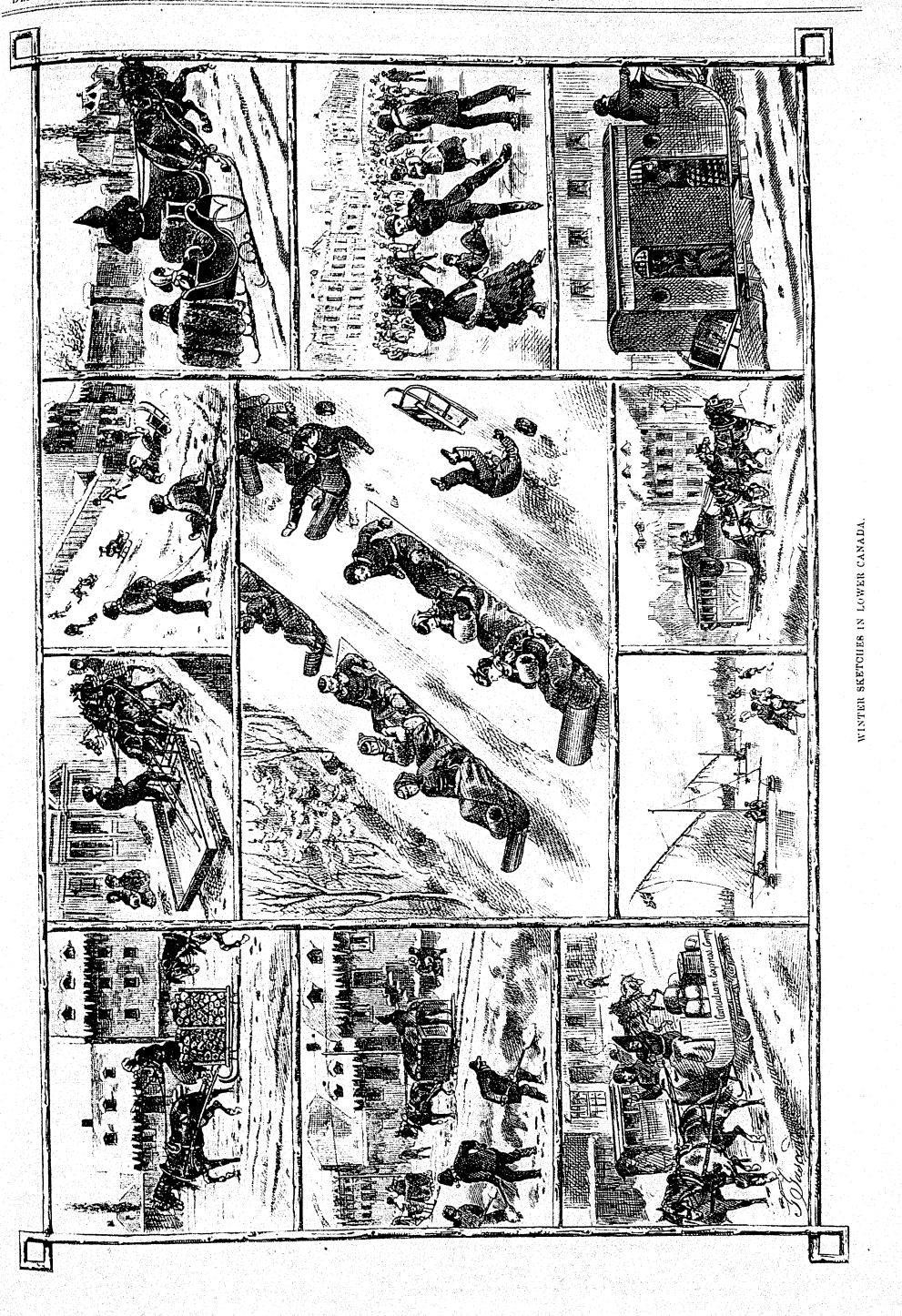
We confess to an innate distrust of a book with a high sounding and startling title. We have almost invariably found, and our experience is doubtless that of many others, that the expectations raised by an ornate or bizarre appellation are very seldom justified on perusal. General Wallace's book ; has not proved an exception to this rule. "The Fair God" is a historical romance, possessing undoubtedly a large amount of power and originality, but for which it would be unsafe to predict any great measure of success. People do not as a rule care to look up their stores of reading to understand every new romance that makes its appearance. To a student just fresh from his Prescott, the book would perhaps have its attractions, but for the general public, and we presume it is for the general public that the author writes, it possesses few points of interest. For what it pretends to be, viz: a romance, it is infinitely tedious, and the frequent repetition of jaw-breaking proper names and titles, which are dragged in with all the self-satisfaction and gusto of the true pedant, are sufficient to disgust the most patient reader. Nor will the strained, "highfalutin" style of the dialogue and the unpardonable over-indulgence in local terms, frequently without the courtesy of an explanation, in any degree contribute to its success. The volume is handsomely and substantially got up, and presents a goodly outside, which only contrasts the more with the poor quality of the contents.

* A Chance Acquaintance. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: F. E. Grafton.

† Marjorie Daw and Other People. By Thomas Bailey Allrich. Cloth. 16mo. pp. 272. \$1.50. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: F. E. Grafton. Grafton.

i The Fair God, or The Last of the Tzins. A Tale of the Conquest of Moxico. By Lew. Wallace. Cloth. 12mc. pp. 536. \$200. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: F. B. Grafton.





(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

OLD LOVES.

I have just left my Angelina! we expect to be united soon, and in anticipation of that joyful event, we have been discussing ways and means.

I am not exactly a "Crosus," in fact, I am only a Government clerk in the waste paper department, and I regret to state that my valuable services have hitherto not been suitably recognized by a parsimonious Government. I trust, however, that with the advent of a Liberal Administration, my acknowledged abilities will be more adequately remunerated.

I supplement my somewhat scanty income by occasionally contributing to the columns of that extremely talented and ably conducted periodical the Canadian Illustrated News, and in this connection, I may perhaps be permitted to remark that I have no doubt the Editor of this journal whose same

will in view of the approaching change in my condition, and the consequent enlargement of my expenditure, see fit to increase the rather limited honorarium with which he has hitherto favoured me.

cussing ways and means. I know of a very snug little cottage suitable to our means, called "Rosemary Cottage," a sweet name, and as I remarked to Angelina, we could there enjoy each other's society untrammelled by contact with the outer world and wander in delightful freedom amid the umbrsgeous solitudes of the adjacent woods. But Angelina didn't seem to see it in this light, and demanded rather indignantly "if I wished to bury her alive?" I fear she doesn't appreciate Arcadian delights as I do. She insists on my taking a house in Megatherium Terrace, a row of hideously ugly dwellings each with a bulbous looking excrescence dignified by the name of a bow window. They are expensive and inconvenient, but then they are highly genteel, which is presumed to more than counterbalance these trifling disadvantages.

I am painfully conscious too that I can't afford the rent, and vet I have weakly consented to take it. Somehow Angelina is not so easily to be persuaded as she was in the early days of our courtship. I fancy I have of late observed in her an unpleasant tendency to "boss" me. Can it be that grown bold in fancied security she is showing the cloven foot? Is it possible that my dovelike Angelina is going to turn out a Tartar? No! Perish the thought! I will never believe it, but let her beware lest she arouse the sleeping lion. I am generally a mild man, but when roused, I am very determined and I mean to be master in my own house.

Wigsby, who is sitting opposite me smoking his pipe and to whom I mention my doubts and determination, laughs sardonically, and says, "He will back the grey mare at five to one." I fear Angelina is quite right. Wigsby is coarse. He is an old friend of mine, and a very good fellow, but Angelina never liked him. I am afraid when I am married I shall have to drop Wigsby.

I am alone now, Wigsby has taken himself off declaring that "I am about as cheerful as a sick clam," so I light my cigar, lean back comfortably in my easy chair, and fall to wondering how it was I fell in love. Angelina is not my first love by any means, though I shouldn't like her to know it. It seems to me upon reflection, that I have been perpetually falling in love and falling out again ever since I can remember.

The light wreaths of smoke curl upward from my havana, and show me in misty outline the vision of my first love. She was an "Infant Sappho" or something of that sort, and when I first saw her, she was standing on a table in a concert room, singing a serio-comic song in character. Our eyes met, and from that moment I felt that if I could not succeed in winning the heart of that fairy-like being, I was a olighted boy. I haunted the doors of that concert room. I surreptitiously abstracted and disposed of various articles of my wardrobe, in order to raise the sixpences necessary to procure me admission into that elysium. I even committed highway robbery for the same purpose and compelled my younger brother by threats of personal violence to relinquish to me a shilling which he had received as a birthday gift from our grandmother.

What an object of reverence was that snuffy, seedy, rowdy looking old reprobate whom I assumed to be the father of my enchantress! how I used to dog his footsteps in his walks about the town, gazing upon him from a respectful distance with an awe and admiration which no human being has ever since inspired in my breast. It never for one moment occurred to me that the weazened withered old womanish looking child that I sometimes saw with him could possibly be the brilliant fairy that had enslaved my boyish fancy.

I think I must have enjoyed an unusually long interregnum after this severe attack, or else the strain upon my feelings must have prematurely aged me, for I seem to have been considerably older when I next fell in love.

just opposite ours, and I well remember how delighted my fond and unsuspecting parents were with my apparent piety, and the regularity of my attendance at our place of worship. I don't know how I managed to clude the vigilance of the female dragon who guarded these fair daughters of Eve, but I did; and I used to scale the wall of the school garden two or three times a week in order to have an interview with my inamorata. Oh! that cruel wall, thickly studded with broken glass on the top! what frightful agonies did I suffer in the pursuit of this object of my affections. On looking back I appear to have passed most of my leisure time in picking pieces of glass out of my tender young person, while the contortions I underwent in my endeavours to get at the seat of the injury would have qualified me to take a high position in any acrobatic troop; it seems to me that at this period, I never sat down at all, but took all my meals standing, and even when in bed was nearly suffocated by trying to sleep with my face downwards. I can't remember how this affair came to be broken off, perhaps the waste of tissue was too great for the strength of my affection, I only know that for some time I attended church solely for the purpose of making

faces at her whom I had once loved so fondly, and for whom I had suffered so much.

At this time in my life I must have been in a chronic state of spooniness. The shades of my old loves rise before me so thickly that I feel almost inclined to exclaim with Macbeth,

"What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" Blonde succeeded brunette, short to tall, slim to stout, with such rapidity, that I used to get quite bewildered, and in apostrophising my mistresses' hair or eyes must have mixed my colours considerably. I then for the first time assumed the toga virilis, which at that epoch consisted of a brass buttoned swallow—tail coat, made very tight to the figure. I had attained quite an imposing stature, had an incipient moustache like a faint trace of gingerbread, and flattered myself I presented a highly genteel and graceful appearance, the fact that I was somewhat run to seed, not to say lanky, was borne in upon my mind in a peculiarly excruciating manner.

I was walking with my last love, a mature young lady old enough to be my mother, and was resplendent in my Sunday suit, when we met two vulgar street boys. Said the first when re were just within earshot, "Bill, look at this cove, aint

he skinny?"

As I before observed, Angelina and myself have been dishaps he's in trainin' to go down a gas pipe." I was bursting with indignation and looked at the young fiends as though I could annihilate them with a look, when to my horror I heard titter. A turned and there was the object of my fondest affections purple with suppressed laughter. I lifted my hat in stately manner and left her, and never spoke to heragain.

Then there was-but hallo! there's the clock striking two, and Angelina doesn't like my sitting up late and smoking, so I had better be off to bed, or else I shall look pale in the morning, and she'll think I have been dissipating.

Ottawa, 3rd Dec., 1873.

A STORY COLUMN TO A STORY OF THE STORY OF TH GERMAN LOSSES IN 1870-71.

Captain D. H. Leclerc, of the French army, lately laid before the Academy of Sciences a statistical account of the losses sustained by Germany during the late war with France. At Berliu, Munich, Stuttgart, and Dresden nominative lists were published of all the killed, wounded, and missing, and from these Captain Leclerc has compiled 8,000 tables, chronologically arranged by months and military operations, giving all the particulars respecting the nature of the wounds, the ranks of the officers, the number of troops engaged in each siege, battle or skirmish, etc. This enormous work, which the author has presented with a view to compete for the prize of statistics in the gift of the Academy, offers various results. Thus we learn that the general losses of the 3rd and 4th German armies opposed to Marshal MacMahon, from the 24th of July to the 3rd of September, 1870, amount to 25,454 dead, wounded, or missing. Of 2,721 of the latter, 322 Bavarians are so still; out of 1,072 officers hit, 298 were killed on the spot. During the same period, the 1st and 2nd German armies that fought against General Frossard and Marshal Bazaine, lost at Spicheren-Forbach, on the 6th of August, 5,056 officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, either killed, wounded, or missing; on the 14th of August, at Borny, east of Metz, in less than five hours, 5,054 men of all grades, from one or other of the above causes; at Tionville and Mars-la-Tours, in eleven and a half hours, 14,915, of whom 3,167 were killed, and 1,435 missing; on the 18th, at Gravelotte, Verneville, and St. Privat-la-Montagne, in seven hours, 20,675, including 4,449 killed, of whom 292 were officers. The above four German armies therefore lost 74,782 men, comprising 2,989 officers, 6,154 non-commissioned officers, 749 drummers or buglemen, and 217 volunteers enlisted for a year. The figures include 6,315 missing; 323 of whom, Bavarians, have not turned up again. This calculation, be it remembered, only extends to the 3rd of September; from that period to the 30th of January 1871, the losses sustained by the Germans amounted to 54,484 men killed, wounded, or missing, making a grand total of 129,270 including 5,153 officers, 11,095 non-commissioned officers, 1,202 drummers or buglemen. 595 volunteers, and 96,425 soldiers. These general total of the dead, either killed on the spot or having died in consequence of their wounds, amounts to 44,995. The sieg; of Paris cost the Germans 11,701 men dead or wounded.

A BELL LEGEND.

One of the prettiest legends connected with bells in this empire is that of the bells of Limerick. It is said these bells were brought from Itely, where they had been manufactured by a young native, and finished after the toil of many years, and that he was naturally proud of his work. "They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent, and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bell from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not This time it was with a young lady at a boarding school to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign and, sacril gious young monster that I was, it was in church which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the that I first became enamoured of her. She occupied a pew good Italian was sufferer among many. He lost his all, and after the passing of the storm found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the che's-d'œuvre of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which the treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the port near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him, and he beheld St. Mary's steeple lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year, the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stillness the bell tolled from the cathedral, the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian

friends, family, all were in the sound, and went with it to his When the rowers looked round they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed they found him cold and dead."

closed, and when they landed they found him cold and dead."

There may be, and probably is, some foundation for this beautiful and touching legend, but as the oldest bell in the present peal only dates back to 1613, it is manifestly impossible for it to relate to any at present in Limerick tower; it must have been to a former peal.

DOTHEBOYS HALL.

A correspondent of Notes and Queries sends to that journal the following article, which puts another aspect on one of Dickens' happiest creations. We have heard something of the sort before, but have never seen it in quite so authentic a

"I have recently received a letter from an old friend and schoolfellow, which appears to me so far to exceed the interest schoolfellow, which appears to me ad in the exceed the interest of a merely private letter, that I have obtained his leave to send a copy of it to 'N.& Q.' I am sure that all who feel an interest in Dickens' writings will be glad to read a communication which throws some light upon one of his most famous fictions. My friend writes from Bowes, in the North Riding, a village in the neighbourhood of the classic ground

of Rokeby:—

"We came here, as it is on the way to where we are going; it is my father's birth-place. It is a very fine country—fresh mountain air. Dotheboys Hall is still here, no longer a school. Mr. Shaw, the original of Squeers, married a Miss Laidman, who was a sort of cousin of my father. The school buildings are pulled down, but the house (Dotheboys) is still a very nice handsome one, with large offices, cow houses, &c., &c. We learn from our landlady that in the room where we are now sitting (Unicorn Inn, Bowes), Dickens had lunch the day he and a friend rode over from Barnard Castle to see and make sketches of Mr. Shaw's school, and this same old lady, Mrs. Highmoor, waited on them. Dickens was only here that day, but he stayed longer in Barnard Castle, and got a great deal of gossip, not too true, about the school, from one a quondam usher of Shaw's, and a " bad lot," who had indeed been turned off for bad conduct.

" 'Mrs. Highmoor tells me, as indeed my father always says, that Dotheboys Hall is a most exaggerate caricature. But somehow the description was in some respects so correct that everybody recognised it. Poor Shaw quite took it to heart, and did no more good, got childish and paralytic, and soon died. The school went down fast. Mrs. Shaw also died broken-hearted. But a good deal of money was left behind. Mrs. Highmoor says there were an immense number of boys, that Mr. Shaw chartered a special coach to bring them from London (this place is on one of the great coaching roads between York and Glasgow), and that there was great joy in the village on the arrival of the coach and its precious freight —quite the event, in fact, it was. She says the boys were used very well, and fed as well as could be expected for £20 a year; that there might be things wrong, but no complaints were ever made; that Shaw made money, because on his own farm he grazed the cows and fed the sheep and pigs which supplied the boys' food.

'The house is at one end of the village. The coach-road runs past the gable between the house and the stables.

My impression is that Yorkshire schools were bad, but not so bad as Dickens makes out, and Shaw's was much better than most of them. There is a strong feeling here of indignation against Dickens, who, no doubt, ruined poor Shaw.

"In his reply to my request to publish the above, my

friend says :-

" 'By all means use my notes on Dotheboys. I think my information is authentic, being gathered on the spot. There were four large ' London schools' (so called) in the village, all knocked up by Nicholas Nickleby. The inhabitants furious, and no wonder."

"I should like, by way of comment on my friend's interesting notes, and in justice to Dickens, to remind your readers that the great novelist, in his preface to 'Nicholas Nickleby,' says that his description of Dotheboys Hall was not meant to apply to any particular man or school, but that it was a type of Yorkshire cheap schools in general. He further distinctly and emphatically asserts that this description, so far from being exaggerated, falls far short of the reality. It is quite possible that Dickens unfortunately made his description in some respects too much a portrait of Mr. Shaw, the result of which appears to have been that the latter fell a victim to the obloquy which was due to Yorkshire schoolmasters generally. If the comparison be allowable, Shaw suffered like Louis XVI., who was guillotined not so much for his own sins as for those of his scoundrel ancestors! But although Shaw may have been comparatively innocent, I have no doubt that Dickens was, in the main, right, and that Yorkshire schools and Yorkshire schoolmasters were, on the whole, such as he describes them. That these gentry and their 'Caves of Despair' no longer exist is one of the many debts of gratitude which his fellow-countrymen owe to Charles Dickens.'

WHITHER EMIGRANTS GO.

It is of interest to observe the destination of the 295,213 emigrants who departed from the United Kingdom in 1872. As many as 233,747, nearly four-fifths of the whole number, went to the United States—140,969 males and 92,778 females. There went to Australian colonies 15,876—9,068 males and 6,808 females; to New Zealand, 6,616; to Victoria, 5,269; to Queensland, 2,380; to New South Wales, 1,102. North America, 32,205-20,092 males and 12,113 females; 29,984 to Ontario and Quebec; 2,043 to Nova Scotia. To the West Indies, 2,231-1,518 males and 713 females. To India, 1,841; Straits Settlements, 76; Central and South America, the large number of 6,411; to the Cape of Good Hope, 1,456; to Natal, 396; to China, 349; to Japan, 13; to Western Africa, St. Helena, and Madeira, 290; to Malta, 141; to the Falklands, 64; to Mexico, 63; to Mauritius, 56; to Eastern Africa, 7; to Aden, 1.

LIFE OF MOSCHELES .- As there have been inquiries about this work, a notice of which lately appeared in the NEWS, we may mention that it was published in London originally and looked towards the city, crossed his arms upon his breast, and reprinted a few weeks ago by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. It lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, may be ordered from them by any local bookseller.

The modesty of the Editor has compelled him to expurgate several highly complimentary sentences which here follow.

THE SNOW-BIRDS.

The lonesome graveyard lieth,
A deep with silent waves
Of night-long snow, all white and billowed
Over the hidden graves.

The snow-birds come in the morning, Flocking and fluttering low, And light on the graveyard brambles, And winter there in the snow.

The singer old and weary
Looks out from his narrow room,
Ah, mel but my thoughts are snow-birds
Haunting a graveyard's gloom;

"Where all the past is buried And dead, there many years, Under the drifted whiteness Of frozen falls of tears.

" Poor birds! that know not summer, Nor suns, nor flowers fair,— Only the graveyard and brambles, And graves and winter air."

W. D. HOWELL

Miscellaneous.

The Paris Opera House Fire.

There is a belief that the late fire at the Grand Opera, Paris, was the result of design rather than of accident. It seems that a spectacle was about to be produced, Jeanne d'Are, in which a white flag was to figure prominently, and it was determined not to have the white flag, and so they started that black and red banper of smoke and flame with which the city was familiar during the reign of the Commune.

The Man in the Iron Mask Once More.

The latest researches in regard to the Man in the Iron Mask seem to prove that he was a son of Anne of Austria by Mazarin; that he had a remarkable likeness to his uterine brother, Louis XIV.; and it was to prevent dangerous complications in the who knew the secret, said: "The imprisonment of this unhappy being did no wrong to any one but himself."

Carour's Statue.

The statue of Cavour recently unveiled at Turin represents him standing on a lofty pedestal, robed in Roman garb, with a half-naked woman, signifying Italy, kneeling at his feet, clinging to him in a loving attitude, and holding up to his breast a wreath intended for his brow. On the pedestal and round the main figures are well-grouped allegorical statues, in a variety of attitudes, representing Right and Duty, Progress, and other ideal-

The Corinth Canal.

M. Theodore Tubini, banker, at Athens, has obtained a concession for cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth. The principal clauses of the concession are that the canaishall have a minimum depth of twenty-seven feet, and a width of thirty-nine feet at the bottom. Half way through the canal is to be a dock of sufficient depth to receive the largest vessels. The canal is to be completed in six years. The concession is for ninely-nine years, and a deposit of £12,000 is to be paid immediately after the Greek parliament has approved the concession. The estimated cost of the undertaking is £800,000.

Shamming Abram.

A carlous case of feigning sickness recently occurred in Liver pool, England. Application was made at the work-house for the admission of a seaman suffering from cholera. He was removed from the ship where he was, and taken to the hospital, where great preparations were made for his safe reception, and the dislutection of his clothing. He appeared in a collapsed state, but the next morning had quite recovered. The suspicions of the physicians were aroused, and it was discovered that he did not wish to sail in the ship, and had therefore taken an enormous dose of salts, wich produced the symptoms mentioned.

Necessity the Mother of Invention.

Young men are retrenching in these dull times, and making strong efforts to appear well dressed and at the same time save their money. Two young gentlemen of Oil City, says the Derrick, have invented a novel plan to attain these two points. The two are nearly of the same size and build, and what one wears fits the other. By putting their money together, they were able to buy one good suit, and now take turns in wearing it, changing about, one week off and one on. Of course the man who has a week off is unable to accept invitations out to tea, hops, and balls; but then his suit or his half of the suit will be there as a representative.

A Biblical " Seven Ages of Man."

The window subscribed for by Americans which is to decorate the church at Stratford-on-Avon is to illustrate the seven rate the church at Stratford-on-Avon is to Illustrate the seven ages of man biblically. It is a happy thought, and is thus embodied—first, the infant, showing "Moses in the Bulirushes;" the boy, "Samuel presented to Eli;" the lover, "Rachel and Jacob at the Well," the warrior, "Joshua leading the Hosts of Israel;" the judge, with scarcely the same appositeness, represents "Deborah Judging Israel under the Palman and the Three Angala." and Tree;" the old man, "Abraham and the Three Angels;" and the very old man, "Isaac blessing Jacob."

A Mohammedan Agitator.

There is a Monivie, named Abdool Jubbor, a famous disciple of Moulvie Dosdhoo Meah, who proclaimed to the Mohammedans that it was written in the Koran that a Mohammedan ruler would again govern India when a cocoanut tree grew and bore fruit in Three years ago, he came to India and told the Mohammedan villagers that the expected tree had grown, and that the Mohammedan dynasty would be re-established within the next eighteen years. He has now come amongst the villagers with the report that this tree has flowered, and fifteen years more will see a Moslem ruler onthroned in India. This worthy ought to be looked for.

Unnatural Foliage.

In the middle of the space occupied by Brazil in the Vienna Exposition is a large standing case filled with stuffed birds of the brightest plumage, and flowers made of feathers in bouquets and wreaths of the richest colour conceivable. Here is a flower of seven petals, a bud or two, and leaves along a hanging stem. Alas! every petal, every bud and leaf is made of the breast of a gold-throated humming-bird. So brilliant and yet so cruel, who could wear them with pleasure? One could as soon relish nightingales' tongues. There are many of the flowers made out of a variety of humming birds' nests. No material half so rich or so wonderful in colour could be found for this purpose. The gold, or green, or blue upon the breast of one of these tiny creatures is only a spot surrounded with a very dark colour; these are so shaped that each petal and leaf takes the bright apot and a bor-

der upon the edge of dark, making a flower very rich, but not so very beautiful; indeed, not at all so when one thinks of the twelve or fifteen bright fairy birds that once glanced in the sunshine, and now represent a very unnatural flower.

Royal Visitors at Vienna

The Vienna Presse states that the Exhibition was visited by two emperors, one empress, three kings, five queens, five reigning grand dukes, three grand duchesses, thirteen heirs to a throne, five crown princesses, twenty princes and dukes, and fourteen princesses. The Potentales who did not go to Vienna were the Queen of England, the Sultan, the Kings of Greece, Portugal, Sweden, Deumark, Holiand, Bavaria, and Saxony, and the Grand Duke of Hosse. Only three European courts were al-together unrepresented at Vienna, namely, the Turkish, the Portuguese, and the Hessian. The Shah of Persia is not included in the above list of visitors.

Wanted " A Spellin' Skool,"

At an English school examination recently, a class of 40 boys, having been set to write out the second commandment, contrived to spell the word "jealous" in twenty-eight different ways. The same bright youths metamorphosed Pontius Pliate into "pindit spliit," "bunch of spled," and "punches pilot." A more advanced pupil explained the Estates of the Realm as those which belonged to the Crown. Those choice bits, gleaned from the field of elementary education, are, however, poor in comparison to those to be found in academical pictures. The last muddle made by a university man in the agonies of examination is, we hear on the best authority, the following question. The question asked was—"Who was Joab?" The instantaneous reply, "Joab is my wash-pot."

A Chinese Cyclopedia.

A great book is a great evil, but the mind of man never conceived one so appalling in its proportions as that which M. Perny describes-a cyclopedia of one hundred and sixty thousand volumes, like the Chinese Se koo tswen choo! This colossal work was first conceived by the Emperor Kien Long, who, in 1773, formed a committee of learned men entrusted with its compilation. They set about it with exemplary Chinese patience, and at the present moment 78,710 volumes have been already pub-Of these, M. Paul Perny, of the French Congregation of Foreign Missions, gives the following account:-"7,353 tomes are devoted to theology, 2,127 treat of the four classical books Se-choo and of music. The historical part absorbs 21,628, while the remaining 47,604 comprise philosophical and scientific matter.

From Greenland's Icu Mountains.

Dean Howson, in a recent English publication, tells how the missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," came to be written: "When Bishop Heber was a young man missionary sermons were not so frequent as they are now, and on one occasion, when he was staying with Dean Shirley, vicar of Wrexham, his father-in-law, such a sermon was to be preached, and the want of a suitable hymn was felt. He was asked on the Saturday to write one; and seated at the window of the old vicarage house, he produced, after a short interval, in his clear hand writing, with one single word corrected, that bymn beginning, "From Greenland's icy mountains," with which we are all familiar. It was printed that evening, and sung the following day in Wrexham church." The original manuscript of the hymn is now in the possession of Mr. Edward Raffles, the magistrate of Liverpool.

Parson and Clerk.

The late Rev. W. Lewell was put out of countenance in the performance of divine service. He was taking the service for a friend at the little church of Wythburn, at the foot of Helvellyn. All went well till he gave out the Psaims as the 24th day of the month, when to the astonishment of the congregation, and consternation of the parson, the clerk turned and in a loud voice exclaimed, "You're wrong, parson, 'tisn't 2ith day of the month." Parson: "Yes, yes, it'is; let us gang on." Clerk: "Nay, nay,I tell ye you're wrong, it's no use ganging on." This went on for a short time, when the clerk said, "Now look here, parson, and I'll prove you're wrong. K—— fair is on the 20th, (placing his right first finger on the left) that was last Wednesday." Then in a lower tone he proceeded—"Thursday, 21st, Friday, 22ud," and after a short hesitation, coming to the knowledge of his error, he added abruptly, "You're reet, parson, after all, noo gang

Celestial Pharmacology.

The Chinese Pharmacoposia is varied and curious, according to an interesting account in the Madras Standard. Here are a few of the most favourite celestial remedies. Leeches are not utilised alive, but dried and boiled down in spirits for outward application. Toads, prepared in various ways, and particularly "toad's venom," obtained by irritating the animal with a stick, are invaluable specifics. The blood-vessels of the eel are used in "moonstruck" cases, while boiled crickets are greatly sought after as blood purifiers. Snake's skin, dragon's skin, with the inside membrane of an egg and certain roots, cure jaundice, while spots on the skin are dispersed by a decoction of spiders and green snakes. Scorpions dried and powdered, or even eaten raw, calm a fever, dragon's teeth are good for the liver, butter-flies make good plasters, while the skin of the porcupine is made into pills. Deer and rhinoceros horns are also used as strengthening and cooling medicines.

Rapid Painting.

The facility with which Sir Edwin Landseer produced his pictures was remarkable. Many instances are known of his extreme rapidity of execution. In an English callery which contains many works by this artist are two which are peculiarly Ilinstrative of this quality; one is a spaniel rushing out of a thicket with a wounded rabbit. The rabbit and dog are of the size of life. They have the fullest appearance of completeness, yet the picture was painted in two hours and a half. The other picture is of a fallow deer, and of the size of life, painted down to the knees. Mr. Wells, to whom these pictures belonged, used to relate that on leaving the house to go to Penshurst Church, the panel for this picture was being placed on the easel by his butler, and on his return, in about three hours, the painting ormplete-so complete, indeed, that it is more than doubtful if equal truth of imitation could have resulted from a more laboured execution. Another instance of rapidity of execution is a portrait of the second Lord Ashburton. It is a three-quarter view, painted on canvas thirty-six inches high by twenty-eight inches wide, and it is stated to have been executed in a single sitting.

Getting Used to It.

In an historical and descriptive account of Persia recently published in London appears the following story, which, according to the author, gives a fair idea of the oppressions that, under the guise of law, are allowed to take place in that country; "An acquaintance of the writer of these pages, while he lodged in a certain town, was alarmed by hearing in a neighbouring house a sort of periodical punishment going on daily. Heavy blows were given, and a person was continually crying out, 'Amaun! Amaun!' (Mercy, mercy)—I have nothing! Heaven is my witness, I have nothing! Upon inquiry, he learned that the sufferar was a merchant reputed to be very rich, who afterward

confessed to him that, having understood the Governor of the place was determined to have a share in his wealth, and expecting to be put to the torture, he had resolved to habituate himself to the endurance of pain, in order to be able to resist the threatened demands. He had brought himself to bear one thousand strokes of the stick, and, as he was able to counterfeit exhaus-tion, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to inflict, short of death, without conceding any of his money.'

Comforting.

During the prevalence of the yellow fever in Memphis, a Nashville man had occasion to go to that city over the Northwestern Railroad. There were but few passengers, and after nightfall the conductor went and sat down by him in a friendly way.

"Goin' to Memphis, are you, stranger?" he asked.
"Yes, Sir," said the Nashville man.

"Mighty rough road, ain't it? queried the conductor, with a

"Very," was the reply.

"Last time I went over the road this car we're in was upset, and a man was killed all to smash," said the communicative ticket-puncher, with another yawn. Then he added, as if it were a bit of comfort, "I've got the most reckless engineer on the road with me to-night, too; but I hope we won't have any ac-

"I certainly hope we will not," responded the passenger, with a slight feeling of uneasiness.

"Well, I don't know as it would make much difference to you," said the conductor cheerfully; "you'll die any way, if you're goin' to Memphis."

Père Hyacinthe's Wife.

Leonard Bacon writes in the Christian Union that "another influence which has been potent in overcoming the prejudice among the Geneva Catholics against the marriage of priests has been the excellent womanly dignity and devotion of Mme. Loyson. I have hesitated to speak of her personally in a public letter, but, after the incredible insult and abuse that have been bestowed on her by the Ultramontane newspapers here, one kindly mention can hardly be accounted an annoyance. I do kindly mention can hardly be accounted an annoyance. not mean to speak of the cheerfulness and charm of the little cottage home about one mile from the city on the lake shore, nor of the honoured position in the highly cultured society of Geneva that is awarded to her; but I have had some opportunity of observing the zeal and wisdom with which she has improved those peculiar opportunities of counselling and helping and comforting which always open themselves to the wife of a Christian pastor, and which are specially numerous in the case of a parish like this, every woman of which has been religiously trained from infancy not to rely on her own moral judgment in any case whatever. It is really touching to see the eager satisfaction with which the unheard-of comfort of having a minister's wife to talk and counsel with, and a minister's home to help provide for, and a minister's baby to knit little socks and blankets for, is appreciated by these poor people. Was ever a minister's house before so stuffed with droll little bits of needle-

A Schoolmaster's Experience.

Now, a schoolboy is an animal whose main object in life is to get into mischief; and every scrape which his fertile ingenuity suggests to him may possibly be the cause of petty vexation to his master. A schoolmaster with a large house is a man who can never call half an hour his own. He cannot calculate upon finishing a meal or reading a newspaper without danger of interruption. Except in the holidays, which are not more than enough to give him a chance of recovering his strength, he is exposed to one incessant series of troublesome interruptions. If a boy has a pain in that vague but perverse organ, his "inside;" a boy has a pain in that value out to the said spute with one of his fellows, or hurts himself at football, or runs into debt with a confectioner, or breaks windows, or gets into any of the thousand and one little troubles for which the schoolboy has a preternatural facility, he may be starting a series of annoyances which will worry the schoolmaster's life out of him. The parent will hold him responsible for anything that happens; and a temporary relaxation of watchfulness may be punished with tenfold severity. In short, the very theory of a schoolmaster's life is, that you catch the most cultivated scholar and gentleman that you can for the money, set him down to be worried by thirty or forty lads, each of whom is too troublesome to be managed at home, and require him, by perpetual vigilance, to keep them out of any serious mischief.

Ways of Wooing Inspiration.

Some persons can think only standing, or in walking the room with swift strides. Some, like Montesquieu, compose in a postchaise. One has need of complete isolation-profound calm; another, of the open air and the noise of the crowd. Napoleon loved to write his orders of the day upon the blank side of the letters addressed to him. Desaugiers ran through the Champs Elysées, rolling in his fingers little bullets of paper. Inspiration came to him thus; he returned to his house, and the fortunate repertoire possessed one song the more. The atelier of Delacroix was a veritable hot-house. Buffon wrote in lace ruffles; Alexandre Dumas, in his shirt-sleeves. Etex scriptured his "Cain" in the costume of the Middle Ages. Houssaye works only in the daytime, and in his great picture-gailery. There, surrounded by marbles and rare bronzes and with the life and bustle all about him, Arsene Houssaye dictates to four secretaries on various subjects: to this one a romance; to that one, a critical feuilleton; to another, some political notes; and to still another, a page of "The History of the Eighteenth Century." Theophile Gautier wrote, or rather designed, his feuilleton of ten columns upon a big square of paper like a thousand-franc bill. Jules Sandeau smokes while writing, though it is true his cigar is generally extinct. Girardin works only at night, he needs have light to see the fature. Wester blesser is night; he needs lump-light to see the future. Woe to his ory if his lamp smokes! Diaz places four pictures before him. Ziem will paint only in riding-boots. And inspiration flees wholly from Gounod unless he is in constant motion, from the opera to the church, or from the church to the opera. We know certain men of letters who cannot write anything with a pen-others who can write nothing with a pened. If they attempt to resist this folly, their inspiration suddenly ceases. Mitton composed his "Paradise Lost" in a large arm-chair, with his head thrown back. Bossuet worked in a cold room, with his head warmly enveloped. When Fox had eaten heartily, he would rettre to his study, envelope his head in a napkin soaked in vinegar and water, and work sometimes ten hours in succession. We are told that Schiller composed with his feet in ice-water. Mathurin, the author of "Bertram" and "Melmoth," withdrew from the world in order to compose. When the inspiration seized him, he placed a wafer between his eyebrows, and his domestics, warned by this signal, would keep their distance. Jeremy Bentham jotted his ideas on little squares of paper, which he piled up on each other; and this pile of little papers, stitched together, was the first form of his manuscripts. Napoleon, too, had his peculiar mode of meditation and work. When he was not in council, says Bourrienne, he stayed in his study, talked to himself, and sung, or, like a child, out the arms of his chair; then, suddenly rousing up, would give the plan of a monument to be erected, or dictate those immense movements which have astonished the



THE NEW MASTER;

- E. (Professor of Financiering, Political Economy, Logic, Literature, and Engineering).—No. At the beginning, please, sir.
- -E .- At the beginning, sir ! No, sir !
- -G .- Please, sir, our old master taught us so. -D F-
- -E.- Your old master, boy! What do I care for your old master? I AM MASTER NOW, -R M-GEORGE.—Begin at the middle. Diverge towards the nearest opposition line and form a junction therewith
- A—R M—E.—Right, sir.

 GEORGE.—Then work on westwards and let the eastern branch take care of itself.

 A—R M—E.—Right, man. You're a bright and particular star, Georgie, a lad after my own heart.



ESSON IN ENGINEERING.

Sandy Fleming, if you had to construct a railroad from Ottawa to Victoria, where would you begin?

are you know. George McMullen will tell you better than that, sir. George, man, where would you begin?

I make something of you yet.

THE MAGAZINES

The Penn Monthly, welcome as ever, is later than usual this month. Its contents, however, make up for its tardiness in making an appearance. The number opens as usual with brief but carefully written editorial appreciations of the events of the The number opens as usual with brief past month—a feature that might be copied with advantage by many of the older and more widely circulated magazines. The papers in the current number are five in number. Two treat of political subjects; viz., the proposed constitution of Pennsylvania, and, the Credit System and the Currency. There is also a timely paper on Professor Reid's "Daughter of Coloridge;" a sketch of "A Day at Chamounix," and another of Henry Coppee's articles on the Conquest of Spain by the Arab Moors, in which the author, in his valedictory, makes a half-promise of giving us fuller information on what has proved to be a most interesting subject, treated in an extremely satisfactory manner. The usual excellent reviews of new books close the number.

Our Allustrations.

The charming group on our front page represents Janet among her home pets. All the dogs are playing with the girl and they all seem to agree among themselves. The two little fellows are waiting their turn to be dandled, and improve the interval by pulling one another's ears. The only jealous creature there is Pussy who turns over on the flower bench and looks feroclously at the ret in her mistress' hands at the pet in her mistress' hands.

The butter week in St. Petersburg is a characteristic scene. The time is the beginning of winter when butter is of the best description and comparatively cheap. But the market also per-takes of the features of a bazaar and witnesses many an attempt at firtation and love making. There are many children present. but comparatively few girls.

Our views of Havana will be found interesting in view of the present excitement apropos of the "Virginius."

Several of the winter amusements popular in Lower Canada, with scenes peculiar to that portion of the country, form the subject of a series of little sketches from our artists note-book.

The metropolis of Khiva, entered by the Russian troops, is situated on the banks of two watercourses belonging to the network of the Palbam Ata canal, and is protected by a clay wall, about five miles in circumference and 10ft, high. Within this wall there is another, about two or three miles in circumference and 22ft, high, the foundations and lower portions of which are 28ft. thick. This interior wall protects the palaces of the Khan, the houses of the most important dignitaries, and some ecclesiastical schools (Medresseh), of which there are no less than twenty-two in the place. The better to defend the inner town, which serves as a cladel, twenty guns are placed on the wall. The whole town has 20,000 inhabitants, with seventeen mosques and 300 shops; the space between the inner and the outer wall being to a great extent planted with gardens, midst which is the summer residence of the Khan.

Pers of the Week.

THE DOMINION .- The Quebec Parliament was opened on the 4th inst.—Peter Mailman, the Nova Scotian wife-murderer, has confessed .-- A heavy gale swept over the country, last week, causing much damage to property.

UNITED STATES .- The SS. " Ville du Havre," which left New York for Havre on the 15th ult., sunk when seven days out after a collision with the British sailing vesset "Loch Earn." Two hundred and twenty-six lives were lost; and eighty-seven persons were rescued and transferred from the "Loch Earn" to the "Trimountain." The account of the disaster given by the rescued crew represents that the captain and second mate of the steamer came on board the "Loch Earn" shortly after the col-lision, and did not assist in saving any of the passengers, and that the French crew exhibited iamentable cowardice.——The latest intelligence respecting the "Virginius" imbroglio informs us that notwithstanding the excitement in Cuba there is nothing to diminish the confidence in the sincerity of the Spanish Government or its ability to fulfil its engagements. War preparations are, nevertheless, continued with unabating activity. Minister Sickles has tendered his resignation.——The rumour of The rumour of Tweed's illness proves be without foundation.

GREAT BRITAIN .- Vernon Harcourt has been re-elected for Oxford without opposition.

FRANCE.—The Government has ordered an enquiry into the "Ville du Havre" disaster.——On Saturday, the counsel for the prosecution in the Bazaine court-martial brought his argument to a close and demanded, first, the degradation of the accused, and afterwards his execution. Mattre Lachaud began the closing argument for the defence.--M. Barthold, First Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg has been appointed French Minister at Washington, in the place of the Marquis de Noailles, who is to be transferred to Rome. It is also rumoured that the Duc de Rochefoucauld is to be appointed to the mission to Lon-

GERMANY .- It is stated that the city of Posen will probably .—The health of the Emperor is fail-Ultramontane agitation.ing fast. He is so weak as to be unable to walk.

ITALY.—It is said that at a Consistory to be held on the 22nd, 11 Cardinals will be created, and Nuncios to Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna and Parls appointed.

AUSTRIA.—The Minister of Commerce has decided not to demolish the Exhibition building, but keep it for public use, like

the Crystal Palace of London. Russia.—It is stated that General Kauffmann, by his wasteful

and corrupt administration in Turkestan, and his conduct in the late campaign against Khiva, has incurred the displeasure of the Czar. A fresh expedition is about to be sent against the Turcomans.

SPAIN.—The bombardment of Carthagena continues steadily; the fleet will attack the city in conjunction with the land forces. MEXICO.—Reports of religious disturbances come from Mexico. Recently the Protestants were attacked by a band of Roman Catholics shouting "Hurrah for our religion and death to Protes-

CUBA .- A telegram from Havana represents a reaction in feeling there, the inhabitants being in favour of a peaceful surrender of the disputed vessel, while another says they demand that the ship be taken to some Spanish port, there to await arbitration. The press is violent in its opposition to the surrender of the One hundred and one of the prisonners are still

Thess.

All is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, de., forwarded are alreays welcome, and receive dus attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the parious demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. B., Toronto.-Your solution of Problem No. 107 is correct. R. H. R., Cobourg.-Your second game was received, and will ap-

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

Well-contested game in a pool of chess, played some years since, between the late Mr. Brien and an Amateur. French Opening.

2. · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
TEX Sec. American	Diret No Diles
White.—Amateur.	Black.—Mr. Brien.
1 Pto Kith	1. P to K 3rd
O D . O D W	0 Day (1 D 44)
1. P to K 4th 2. P to Q B 4th 3. Kt to Q B 3th 4. P to K B 4th (a) 6. B to Q 3rd 6. B to Q Kt sq (b) 7. K P takes P 9. Q to K 2nd ch 10. Kt takes Kt 11. B to K 4th	1. P to K 3rd 2. P to U B 4th 3. Kt to Q B 3rd 4. P to Q R 3rd 5. K Kt to K 2nd 6. P to Q 4th 7. P takes P 8. Kt takes P 9. B to K 2nd
3. Kt to O B 3rd	3. Kt to Q B 3rd
A P to R D Ath (a)	A P to O R Sed
i i w v D im (a)	1. 1 10 0 16 31 11
o, B to Q 3rd	5. K Kt to K 2nd
6. R to O Kt sa (k)	6. P to O 4th
or Production (a)	7 7 4-1-1
I. R. P. LAKOS P.	i. Punker P
S. P takes P	8. Kttakes P
Q O to L' 2nd ab	5. Kttakes F 9. B to K 2nd 10. Q takes Kt 11. Q to Q 3rd 12. B to K Kt 5th 13. Q takes B 14. Q to Q B 2nd 15. B takes Kt 16. Castles (K R)
a. Q to K maca	a. D to K suu
10. At takes At	10. Q takes Kt
11. B to K 4th 12. Kt to K B 3rd	11. () to () 3rd
10 VAA I Dod	10 B L V. Cab
iz. Keto K B Srd	12. D to K Kt out
13. B takes Kt ch	13. O takes B
	14 (1 to () R 2nd
15. P to K R 3rd (e) 16. R takes B 17. P to Q 3rd 18. B to K 3rd	17. 0 10 0 0 000
15. P to K R 3rd (e)	io. B takes Kt
lfi. R takes B	16. Castles (K R)
17 D to () 2-1	17. B to K B 3rd
11. 1 10 9. 314	17. B to K B 3rd
18. B to K 3rd	18. K R to K sq 19. R to K 2nd 20. Q R to K sq 21. R takes R ch
19 () R to K so	10 R to K 2nd
00 0 0 0 0 0	60 C D 4 P
an y to y and	AL Q K to K iq
21. B to K B 2nd	21. R takes R ch
27 Diakas D	20 Deales D
in D in to It	ALL DURAGE
19. Q R to K sq 19. Q R to K sq 19. Q to Q 2nd 21. B to K B 2nd 22. B takes R 23. B to K R sq 24. K to R sq 25. R to K B 5th 27. R to K B 5th 27. R to K 2nd 28. Q to K 2nd 29. R to Q 2nd 30. B to K K t sq 31. B to K K t sq 32. B takes P 33. B to Q 4th 35. P to Q 5th 36. Q takes Q 37. B to Q 8th	21. R takes R ch 22. B takes P 23. B to Q 5th ch 24. Q to Q Kt 3rd 25. Q to Q Kt 3rd 25. Q to Q Kt 3rd 27. B to K 4th 28. R to Q sq 29. Q to Q R 5th 30. Q to R 5th 31. Q takes K B P 32. Q to K B 5th 33. Q to K B 5th 34. B to Q Kt sq 35. Q to K A 4th 36. B takes Q 35. R takes Q 36. R takes Q 37. R to Q 2nd
24. K to R so	24 () to () Kt 3rd
96 11 - 17 11	AT. 0 10 A 11 A 11
D. It to K It sq	a y to y kt itu
26. P to K B 5th	26. P to K B 3rd
T R to F to	27 Pin E ish
at n to K ad	AL DIOK SEE
28. Q to K 2nd	25. K to Q 10
29. K to () an	29 O to U R 5th
20 D to 1 D 2-4	20. 16. 17. 10. 14.
O D to K D and	ar dio v baru
31. B to K Kt sa	Sl. Otakes K B P
29 Benkas D	20 1 10 15 17 614
or Diagosi	32 9 to K D 5th
33. B to K Kt sq	33. Q to K B 4th
34. P to O 4th	34 Rea O Ktea
25 Day 3 645	20 2 1 1 11
so, r to Q otn	59. U to K 1th
36. Q takes Q	36. Biakes O
37 R to O Kt Ath	27 B to 0 203
20. 12. 10 4 17. 10.11	21. 11 to d -na
A to Kt sq	38. K to B 2nd
39. K to B 2nd	39. R to O 3rd
10 12 to D 2-1	10 D to 0 D to 1
No. R to D ord	His D to A D toda
41. B to Q B 5th	41. B to Q 3rd
49 R to () Kt 6th	12 R to 6 and
(2) D = (3 (4)	is to the mid
22. D to G 410	43. N to N sq
44. P to K Kt (th	44. K to O 2ad
45 D to F R 4th	IC Deal Dies
te p r p i i	m, r w K w aru
40. Plok Byb	46. R to K sq
47. P to O R 4th	47 Pto () Ki 4th
19 Deales D	46 10 4 - 5 - 7
TO, I LARES I	48. P TAKES P
ta. K to Q Kt sq	49. P to Q K t 5th
50. R to O.R so	SO Real Rea
41 6 11 5 11 11	27 5 7 X B IX
or woward	or und Rou
52. R to Q R 7th ch	52. R to Q B 2nd
53 R to 1 R to	59 B to A B tob
EA D : 10 CO 16 MM	ວັນ. ກັບເປັນ ເພ
54. B takes B	M. Kiakes B
55. K to O 4th	55. R. to O B 2nd
SS Read Ve an	SA DA O CARA
on Kind Krad	oor is to A Vt sud
o/. R to Q Kt 2nd	57. P to Q K t 6th
58. K to O R 5th	SS R to O Kt an
SO Die O'ch	co. it to differ to
As Ero A ord	35. Q to K 4th 36. B takes Q 2nd 37. R to Q 2nd 38. K to B 2nd 39. B to Q 3rd 40. B to Q 3rd 41. B to Q 3rd 42. R to K 2nd 43. K to K 2nd 44. F to K 2nd 45. P to Q 2nd 46. R to K 8n 47. P to Q K t 4th 48. P takes P 49. P to Q B 2nd 51. R to Q B 2nd 52. R to Q B 2nd 53. B to Q B 2nd 54. R to Q B 2nd 55. R to Q B 2nd 55. R to Q K 2nd 56. R to Q K 2nd 57. P to Q K 6th 58. R to Q K 2nd
er. R takes P	60. R to K 4th ch
51 K to O 4th	Al K takes D
50 D 0 7% 2:1	61. K takes P
oz. K to y kt oth ch	62. K to K 2nd
63. R to O Kt 7th ch	63 K to R so
SI 17 % / 2-4	CA DA- COA
in the form	os. Is to K 200
to, R to Q Kt 4th	55. K to B 2nd
66. R to K 4th (d)	66 R takes B
2" I' as he D	THE STATE OF
67. K takes R	or. K to K 3rd
68 K to Rath	63. K to B sq 64. R to K 2nd 65. K to B 2nd 65. K takes R 67. K to K 3rd 68. P to K B 4th (a)
69. P to K Kt 5th (1)	60 D takes Dat
	60. P takes P ch
70. K takes P. Drawn game.	
4	
(a) Ut to U D and it a batter many	

(a) Kt to K B 3rd is a better move.

(b) The Bishop is not well placed on this square before the Rook

(c) R to K square at this juncture demands consideration.

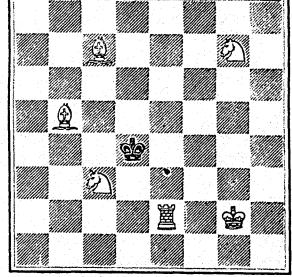
(d) White has conducted all the latter part of this same with great ability, and can now obtain a drawn position by exchanging Rooks. (e) The best move.

(1) If White had taken the Pawn he would have lost the game. The situation is highly instructive.

PROBLEM No. 109.

The following Problem won the prize as a two-mover in the late Can.
Chess Association Tourney. Motto:- "The Church." Dedicated to Rev. H. Caulfield. Belleville.

By Mr. R. H. Ramser. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 107.

White.

Black. Any move.

Art and Piterature.

The Irish Echo is the title of a new Dublin daily paper which has just made its appearance.

Osgood & Co. are about to bring out another of Henry Black. burn's charming little books. Its title is "Artists and Arabs,"
Some of Charles Reade's admirers have presented him with a statue of himself. This gives him something to admire at last,

It is rumoured that a well-known firm of picture-dealers has offered £50,000 for the artistic contents of the late Sir Edwin Landscer's studio.

Mr. Farjeon commences a new novel in the January number of Tinsley's Magazine. A sudden rise in the virculation of that

of Tinsity's Magasine. A sudden rise in the ententiation of that publication may be looked for.

One of the Jesuit Fathers at Stonyhurst is engaged on a history of the doctrine of Free Will as it appears in modern English philosophy from Hobbes up to the present time.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon will complete his "History of Two

Queens" before coming to America. He has made an engage-ment to deliver twenty-five loctures in this country.

A new illustrated journal is to be published in Paris. It is to be called L'Audience, and will be entirely devoted to pictorial representations of the crimes and offences of the week.

The Chaucer Society has just issued the main part of its work for 1876, bringing all the separate prints of its six MSS., as well as its "Six-Test," to the end of the verse-portion of the "Canterbury Tales."

Dr. Schliemann has sent photographs of his Trojan collection of antiquities to Mr. Gladstone, in the hope that the originals may be purchased by the nation. It is stated that Mr. Gladstone has placed the matter in competent hands.

A Russian Christmas tale, entitled "Two Nights in a Haunted House in Russia," by Mr. Tracy Turnerolli, written in commemoration of the murriage of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia with the Duke of Edinburgh, will be published at Christ-

Messrs, Chapman and Hall have decided to add Mr. Carlyle's translations from the German to the People's Edition of his works. The first volume of "Wilhelm Meister" will appear in December, and this will be followed by the "Specimens of German Romances."

It is stated that Mr. Carlyle is engaged in writing a pamphlet on the struggle between the German Government and the Pope, Mr. Carlyle has watched the struggle with intense interest, and is more fully acquainted with its incidents and character than most Englishmen.

A book printed two hundred years ago, but only just published, should be a literary curiosity. An edition of the Officium, B. V.M., printed in 1677, by the famous firm of Plantin, was recently discovered, folded in sheets, in an old house at Amsterdam, Some copies have found their way over here. They are very small, prettily printed in red and black, with cuts, and as fresh and clean as if they had just come from the press.

Mesars. Osgood & Co., of Boston, have sold their list of magazines in order to confine their attention exclusively to the book trade. The Atlantic and Every Salurday have been purchased by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, and Our Young Folks has been bought by Soribner & Co., and will be merged in the St. Nicholas. We are glad to learn that there will be no change in the editorial management of the Atlantic, and that it will continue to be pub-

Music and the Frama.

Herr von Bulow has returned to London.

J. L. Teole is about to visit this continent. Miss Braddon's "Griselda" has proved a success.

The death is announced of Mrs. Ternan, the once popular se-

"The New Magdalen" is to be burlesqued by an English dramatist The Holmans appear at the Detroit Opera House on the 1st

and, and ard prox. F. C. Burnand—the "Happy Thoughts" man—is coming out as a public reader.

Mr. Rosa intends to introduce "Lohengrin" to the English musical public next spring.

A baritone named Bane, appeared at the Italiens, Paris, with-

out a rehearsal, yet won a great success.
"Marie, Tu Dors Encore," is a parody on Hugo's "Marie

Tudor," which has been produced in Paris.

Mdme. Thalberg is in Vienna. She is said to have inherited from her husband some four thousand pounds a year.

The new Paris Grand Opera House will probably be opened in six months, but the decorations in that case will have to be made afterwards.

Mr. Charles Fechter began, on the 1st inst., a season at the Boston Theatre of five nights and a matinee, appearing as Hambeton the opening night.

Burnard's latest extravaganza, "Little Tom Tug," has made a great "hit" at the Opera Comique, London. The Orchestra says it overflows with animal spirits.

Toole is to appear at the Gaiety Theatre, London, in conjunc-

tion with Charles Matthews and Mr. Phelps, during the nine nights immediately preceding Christmas Day. The Varieté Theatre of Berlin has introduced a novelty. Se-

lections from operas and choruses are sung by fourteen persons, each wearing a costume of a different nation. The effect is sin-

The Abbe Liszt was presented at Pesth with a gold and silver chaplet of laurel leaves on the 10th inst, which was the fiftieth anuiversary of the day on which he commenced his artistic

A collection of autograph compositions by Mozart has just been purchased for the Royal Library, Berlin. It consists of 531 pieces, and includes 10 operas, 1 oratorio, 5 masses, 15 sym-

Among the works to be performed at the Italian Opera this season at Paris are Ciro Pinsuti's "Merchant of Venice"; Gomez's "Il Guarany"; "La Contessa di Mons," by Lauro Rossi; "Luigi XI.," by Fumigaili; "Maria Antonietta." by Badisli; and Vetrella's "Contessa d'Amaifi." "Richard Cœur de Lion" has been revived at the Opera Comique after a lapse of about seventeen years.

M. Alfred Assolant writes in the Dix-Neuvième Siècle, a letter to M. Bardou, to propose that as the greater portion of the new play of "L'Oncie Sam" is obviously plagiarized from a tale by the former published in the "Scenes de la Vie des Etats-Unis," an arbitrator should be chosen by each, and that those two should name a third, to examine together the two works, and then decide whether M. Assolant has not a right to a share in

the author's receipts, and in what proportion. The Beaumarchais Theatre, Paris, is playing a drama by Mdlle. Alffed Duprez, called the Mère de Famille. The heroine is a girl of 13, who assumes towards her little brothers, her elder sister, and her grandfather, the place of the absent mother. Some very pretty domestic incidents are to be found in this place, somewhat long, but studded with good sentiments. The curiosity of the performance is an actress twelve years of age. who plays with great intelligence a difficult part,

Scraps.

One of the new beverages is called "Bottled Bliss." One of the flow and the state of the state o They are to have a daily illustrated in London, next year. They are to make a usury intestined in London, next year.

Mr. Beresford Hope, supposed to be the wealthiest commoner

Mr. Beresford Hope, supposed to be the wealthiest commoner Mr. peresiona 12010, supposed to be the wealthlest commoner of England, has presented 28,000 entomological specimens to the Oxford Museum.

whiskey can be obtained at an Edinburgh temperance hotel by asking for a soldlitz powder. It is astonishing how the sys-

by asking of the guests need clearing out. Professor Henry, of Washington, has been presented with a professor Sevres vase by the French Government, because he magnificent Sevres vase by the French Government, because he magnineent devices the property of the Predict Government great so well on the Standard Metre Commission, great so the property of the propert

An enthusiastic Paris patriot has his yacht on the river with an colour mainsail, across which is written "Thiers,"

His reported that M. Brousse, a French freethinker, has bequeathed a sum of 400,000 frances for the establishment of a secular school, together with a splendid eastle for that purpose.

Ayoung gentleman at Kansas city sent seventy-five cents to New York recently for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, in large type, on a card: Write with a poncil."

Mr. About writes in his journal, the XIX Stècle, that if it be un About I it be true that the Jews are the most obstinate enemies of the Bourbon Restoration, he sincerely regrets that the chance of birth has not made him a Jew.

it is rumoured that the Comte de Chambord has written a ietter to Don Carlos, addressing him as "Your Majesty," and that the latter has replied in similar terms. They have invited such other to their coronation.

The latest gold diggings out are located, it is said, well towards the North Pole in Lapland. Russians and Norwegians are digfing out the precious metal from beneath the frozen soil, and there is not an American in the territory.

Pon Pietro Carrera recommends players at chess, in order to win, " to avoid eating superfluous food. Those persons," he adds, wine praiseworthy who, previous to playing, clear their heads by medicines, which have the virtue of rendering the spirits pure and subtle."

A Hungarian, named Mester, has discovered a new locomotive which is propelled by compressed air, instead of by steam. Several Hungarian engineers express warm approval of this disevery, and funds are being raised for trying the locomotive on milways and roads.

Two persons, to whom an orange tree had been bequeathed. divided it by sawing it through from the top to the bottom. They covered the wounds made by the saw with a mixture of clay and condung, and planted. By degrees, the bark covered the exposed surface, and each of the halves became a perfect tree.

A new choiera preventive is suggested by a French newspa-jes in the form of silk shirts. It says that the weil-to-do Cuiness protect themselves absolutely from the epidemic by wearing these garments, and it recommends the manufacture of a alk fabric for the purpose, which will be cheap enough for all

Taey have some queer soubriquets for their churches in New York. The new edifice of the younger Tyng is known as the cauch of the Holy Officiath. Tout of Dr. Bellows rejoices to being called the Church of the Holy Zebra; that of Mr. Chadwick in Brooklyn is called the Church of the Holy Tortie, and Mr. Repworth's new tabernavic is profanely designated the Holy

The Library of the British Musoum contains over 1,000,000 volames, and an equid number of painphilets and are main scribe. In me main reading-room there are about 100,000 of the pairs, destable books for common use, but none of the rare and earliers ones. This reading-room is an immense dome 140 feet in Olsmeter, containing seats and desks for about five hundred f where, No books are allowed to be taken out of the building.

Oddities.

An auknown quantity: A ton of coals,

In West Rutiand, Vt., seventeen inches make a fest, and twice as many dollars as is usual make up a boot-bill.

Anew style of boys' trowsers has been tovented in Boston,

with a copper sent, alicet-from knees, rivoted down the seams,

and water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs,

A Maine woman ate four quarts of cysters at one sitting the other day, and won one hundred dollars by so doing, which, after deducting her burial expenses, eighty-five dollars, left her fifteen dollars to commence the next world with.

Vicksburgh offers a reward for the recovery of an old lady, wed one hundred and eleven, who, it is supposed, had been kidcapped by some felonious journalist from a rival city, desirous to secure her oblinary for his own local items.

A breach of promise case has just been decided at Fort Wayne. Only one letter was put into the case, but that was conclusive. It read as follows: "MI hart beets oanly for the, ini darlin hun-Verdict for the female; damages not stated.

Coleridge, when a lecturer, in his younger days, was once polently hissed by some excited individual who did not love what Coleridge was saying, whereupon the poot delivered the following smart retort: "When a cold stream of truth is poured on red-hot prejudices, no wonder that they hiss."

A nice question of taste: Jeweller—What kind of a chain

would you like? Young Man-Well, I don't know hardly. What kind of a chain would you think I ought to have, that is, what tyle would you think would be the most becoming for a young

A gentle hint: A youth and malden were walking beneath the blue canopy of the firmament "fretted with golden fires," and the malden, moved by the sublimity of the scene, pointed a taper finger—the one on which the engagement ring is worn—towards the zenith and excinimed: "Oh, Adolphus, isn't jewelry beau-

"It is a waste of valor for us to do battle," said a hame ostrich to a negro who had suddenly come upon her in the desert; "let us cast lots to see who shall be considered the victor, and then go about our business!" To this proposition the negro readily assented. They east lots: the negro cast lots of stones, and the Ostrich cast lots of feathers. Then the former went about his business, which consisted in skinning the bird.

A Virginia city (Novada) man is said to have invented an ingenious plan of keeping his house clear of insurance agents and similar nuisances. On each side of the path leading to his door he has fixed several sections of water pipe filled with small holes, and on the approach of a suspicious character a tap is turned, and instantly numerous jets of water, enflade the path in all directions, and offectually keep the invader at a safe distance.

A follow with a pistol bullet in his left side, one inch above his heart, a six-inch sizsh on his head, and a broken leg, crawled into a Bangor, Me., doctor's office, "to get fixed up," as be pleasantly put it, the other morning. He said "they'd been havin' some fun over to a house," but he declined to designate the domicile more particularly; and possibly they are too well ask to these comic eccentricities down in Maine to enquire very

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

OUR BEST.

We never do our best. We seldom try
To pass the barrier of comparison.

"As good as, better than, some other one—
That is enough for such as you or I."
Or else, "Need we attempt to reach the sky
Where those stars snine?" And so we seek the ground
And grovel as though we our place had found.

To do our best—that is to work as blind
To all but God and let Him judge the work,
If worthy of lies gift; nor ever shirk
His work for any thought of humankind.!
For as we best serve Him, we best serve man,
By doing, in our day, what good we can.

JOHN READS.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW MOVEL

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," " Strangers and l'ilgrims," fe., fe.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE THRESHOLD OF PATE.

The dinner at Perriam Place was a very quiet business, Mr. Carew and his daughter found the drawing-room empty of human life when they entered it a few moments before seven. That vast apartment with its massive, but somewhat scanty furniture, had a melancholy look in the evening light. The size and grandeur of the room seemed to cry aloud for people to inhabit it. Mr. Carew, who, like all self-indulgent people, was easily affected by external influences, gave a faint shudder as his gaze wandered round the spacious, lofty saloon.

"A fine room," he said " but it looks rather dismal." Sylvia looked about her curiously. She was glad of the opportunity to examine these splendours. On her previous visit it had been first dusk, and then but dimly lighted by solitary lamps and candles, and the two gentlemen had been present. Any inspection of the apartment had been therefore impossible. To-day she was able to take a deliberate survey-and to-day she contemplated the room with a new feeling. A month hence it would be her own. She walked up and down the stately chamber slowly, looking at the tall china jars, the wire-guarded book cases, the massive sofas, the bare tables.

"What curious foreign-looking curtains," she exclaimed. examining the oriental embroidery. "But they are a good deal faded. I think I shall persuade Sir Aubrey to have new ens-amber satin would be the thing for this room."

"I hope you will find Sir Aubrey compliant enough to oblige you," answered her father, remembering that interview of last night, in which the baronet had appeared to him by no means pliant.

"O, I am not afraid of that," returned Sylvia, smiling at her own image in the tall narrow glass between the windows.
"And when I am Lady Perriam,"—she never said "When I

am married," but always " when I am Lady Perriam .-- " shall give plenty of parties-and this room will look as it ought to look. It's a superb room for parties, isn't it, papa?" " No doubt. But I don't fancy Sir Aubrey is a party-giving

People have talked a good deal about his keeping himself shut up here and hardly seeing anybody."
"How can you be so stupid, papa? Of course as a bachelor

Sir Aubrey would care very little for company. But it will be different when he is married. Do you suppose I mean to be buried alive when I am Lady Perriam. It would be much better for me to marry Edmund if there were any chance of

"Of course not, my love," replied her father hastily. "Pray don't talk of young Standen. It is treason against Sir Aubrey to remember his insignificant existence.

Sylvia sighed. The mere mention of her first lov r's name brought a flood of sad memories—memories that were sweet as well as sad. She thought of the summer evenings they had spent together a little while ago. A little while! It seemed now as if she were divided from that too recent past by the space of half a lifetime.

"I feel ten years older since I accepted Sir Aubrey," she thought with another sigh.

The inspection of the saloon had no further charm for her. She flung herself into a chair by an open window, and sat there silent, dejected. Her father looked at her with some concern, not for his daughter's feelings, but for his own chance

of that promised hundred per annum. "If you are going to give yourself sentimental airs about Edmund Standen, the sooner you tell Sir Aubrey the state of the case and give up the notion to be Lady Perriam the better,' soft pleading.

Before Sylvia could answer him the door opened, and Sir Aubrey came in, followed by his land steward.

The baronet crossed the room to greet his betrothed. Mr. Bain walked towards the empty fireplace, at which Mr. Carew had taken his stand.

" My dear Sylvia, I owe you a hundred applogies," said the baronet, after pressing the little hand which was somewhat coldly offered to him. " I have been detained, talking to Bain, my lawyer, and agent; but as our conversation concerned your future interests I hope you will forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive, Sir Aubrey," answered Sylvia, and, then in a lower voice, she added, "I have to thank you for your kindness in giving papa the money for my trousseau. I know it is not customary, but we are such paupers and I cannot refuse your gift."

Tears, tears of wounded pride, were in her eyes as she spoke. She had heard so much about trousseaux from Mary Peter, and she knew it was always the bride's father who provided his daughter's outfit. Hers seemed almost the gift of charity.

"My dearest, pray do not mention such a trifle. I hope you had a pleasant drive here." " Very pleasant. How thoughtful it was of you to send the

carriage. "It will be your own carriage very soon, to order whenever you like."

That was a consoling thought. Those proud tears were quickly dried.

It would be very nice to spend Sir Aubrey's hundred pounds too, although it had been a somewhat humiliating business to accept it. Sylvia meant to devote the next day to shopping. What delight to walk into Ganzlein's and feel that she could buy whatever she pleased, for she could not imagine her fancies soaring beyond the limits of a hundred pounds.

"By-the-bye," said Sir Aubrey, when they had talked a little about the weather, and about Perriam, which the baronet liked to hear praised, "I must introduce my agent, Mr. Bain. A very useful and estimable person. He takes the entire management of a restrict management of the said and talked to the said and talked a little about the weather, and about Perriam, which the baronet and talked a little about the weather, and about Perriam, which the baronet all the said and talked a little about the weather, and about Perriam, which the baronet liked to hear praised, "I must be person. He takes the entire management of my estate, takes all trouble off my hands; so that I have nothing to do except receive my rents. Come here, Bain, I want to present you to Miss Carew."

Mr. Bain obeyed the summons. He had seen the slim white robed figure from a distance, and his keen eye had taken in every detail of that graceful form. But Sylvia's face had been turned away from him, and he saw it now for the first time, in the clear soft light of the summer evening.

He bowed, murmured something indistinct about the honour he derived from the introduction, and then stood silently awaiting his patron's next address. He looked at Sylvia, but that steadfast straightforward look of his told nothing of the man's thoughts.

He was thinking that this girl was lovely enough to bewitch a wiser man than Sir Aubrey Perriam, thinking even, that he, Shadrack Bain, had never seen real beauty until to-night, that all the pretty young women it had been his advantage to behold at divers periods of his existence had been but as images of clay compared to this perfect and delicate porcelain. This pale, blossom-like loveliness was a style of beauty he had never met with. Those deeply lustrous hazel-eyes were as strange to him as the flora in some newly discovered island in the vast Pacific is strange to the botanist.

But Shadrack Bain was not a man to be deeply moved by beauty, however unfamiliar. He wondered and he admired, but no flutter of his strong heart paid tribute to Sylvia's power to charm. Had she been his own daughter he could hardly have contemplated her with a more calmly critical eye.

He was, however, essentially a practical man-a man who looked at everybody from one point of view, and measured everything by one standard. The standard was self interest. In his prolonged meditations he had made up his mind that Sylvia must come into the scheme of his life. She might be fit or unfit to fill that square in the geometrical plan of his destiny which he intended her to fill, but if unfit she must be made fit. Upon that point Mr. Bain had no doubt.

Mr. Perriam shuffled into the room presently in his oldfashioned dresscoat, and short black trousers of antique cut, and white stockings and ancient shoes, with loosely tied ribbons looking like an elderly copy of his brother, indifferently executed. It was a singular evidence of the unwholesomeness of a sedentary and secluded life that Mordred Perriam looked ten years older than his elder and more active brother.

The butler announced dinner, and they went to the dining room, Sylvia on Sir Aubrey's arm, Mordred and Mr. Carew side by side, talking of books-or rather Mordred talkingand the schoolmaster pretending to be interested.—Shadrack Bain, stalking behind them, silent and alone. The butler planted them out at the long table, far apart, like young trees on a new estate; so remote from one another that conversation had a forced air. It was like hailing to somebody on the opposite side of a street. Sylvia sat next Sir Aubrey, and as the dinner proceeded he contrived to draw his chair a little nearer hers, so that their talk should be unheard by the rest. Mr. Bain eat his dinner in almost absolute silence. Like a guest at a royal table he waited to be spoken to, and as no one spoke to him he remained discreetely mute. Mordred twaddled on unendingly to Mr. Carew with his stories of bargains in secondhand books. Sir Aubrey devoted himself exclusively to his future bride. But Mr. Bain ate his dinner and amused himself with his own thoughts, and wore the aspect of a contented mind. Now and then he stole a little look at Sylvia; once or twice he smiled to himself-a slow, thoughtful smile-and that was all.

The meal itself was good and ample, but scrupulously simple—a dinner of the old-fashioned, substantial order, not nearly so grand as the dinners given by Mrs. Toynbee, which Sylvin had heard described by Mary Peter, the village gossipdinners which were in preparation for days before the festival, and at which Monkhampton confectioners came to

Sylvia admired the handsome old china, with its dark reds and deep purples, and rich gilding—the massive old-fashioned silver, a trifle clumsy, perhaps, but with such a look of long established wealth and state. The room in which they dined was sombre, but its very gloom had an air of grandeur. The full nowing curtains of darkest crimson velvet, were in perfect tone with the oak pannelling; the wide mantlepiece of dark green marble was supported upon clustered columns of white reinless stone, with bases and capitals of red porphyry. This, the handsomest object in the room, relieved the darker hues of the walls and furniture.

The gentlemen, at Sir Aubrey's suggestion, returned to the said the schoolmaster sternly. He felt that it was no time for drawing-room with Sylvia, and then followed one of those evenings which irreverent minds distinguish as " slow." Aubrey naturally devoted himself to his betrothed. He showed her the vario the saloon; told her the history of each. How those vases had been sent from India by a certain General Perriam, his great uncle; how those curtains had been worked by Hindoos who squatted on the floor of the corridor outside his Great apartments in Calcutta, and who were paid so many pice a day for their labours. He took Sylvia to the library and showed her that apartment, a treasury of learning which hardly wore the most attractive shape. Here, indeed, the severer muses seemed to frown forbiddingly upon the young student. The lightest book on yonder massive, carved oak shelves was Spencer's Fairy Queen, and even that work of fancy was rendered outwardly repulsive by its dingy binding.

Sir Aubrey showed Sylvia the table at which he was wont to write letters and transact his business with Mr. Bain-an old office desk, covered with well worn leather.

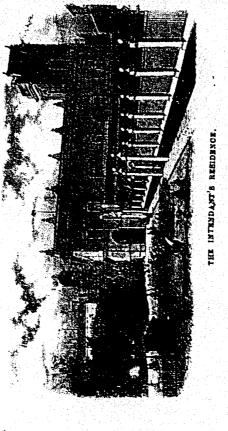
"The library is not so pretty as the drawing-room," said

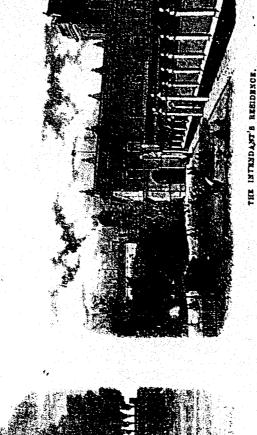
Sylvia. "No," replied the baronet, "a library is for use. One does

not expect prottiness in a library."

" Are the books very nice?" Sylvia asked, timidly. It was too dark for her to read the titles, and she thought those dingy volumes might possibly belie their outward show.

"Well, I don't quite know a young lady's idea of niceness You like the Sorrows of Werther, by the way, a flims;, sentimental piece of nonsense, which took the world

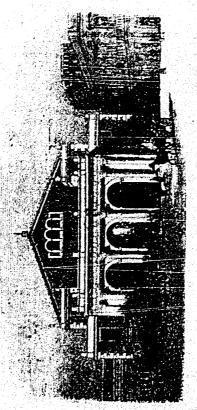




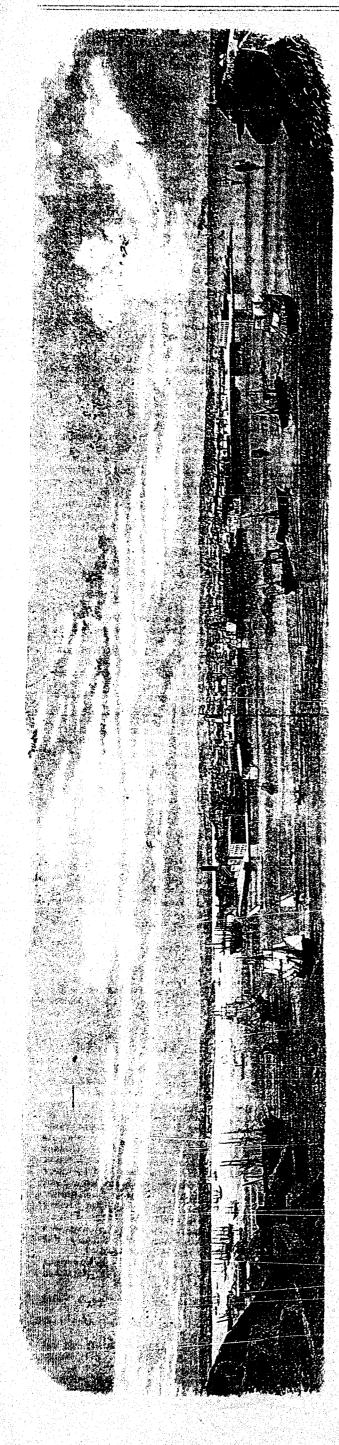


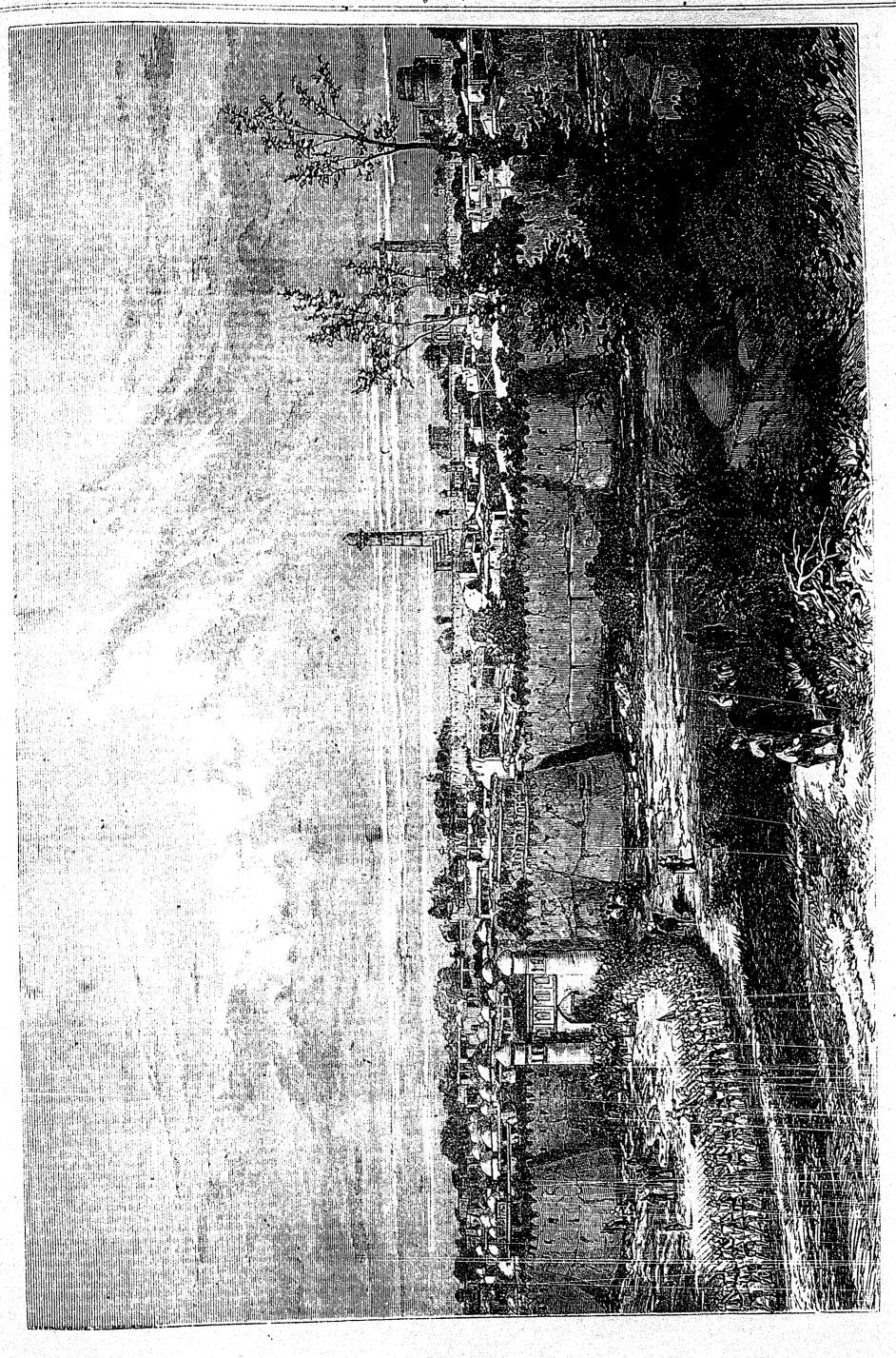












by storm in my father's time. There's nothing here of the Werther kind—in point of fact, no works of fiction. There's a fine edition of Holinshed; yonder Froissart's Chronicles; the Mort d'Arthur; sermons, from Latimer down to South and Barrow; Milton's Prose Works; Rollin, Hume, and all the best historians."

"Macaulay and Carlyle?" asked Sylvia, thinking there might be something readable in that way. She liked history as interpreted by these brilliant and diverse pens.

"No. There has been nothing added within the last fifty years. It was my grandfather who completed the library."

"As if a library could ever be complete," thought Sylvia. It was pleasant to imagine the changes she would make in this gloomy temple of the learned dead. New curtains of bright glowing hue, instead of those black-green velvet, which age and dust had darkened to the colour of the trunks of mossgrown trees; a new carpet to replace that worn and faded Turkey, where every shade had worn to one neutrality of tint; new tables; stands for engravings; new chairs—roomy, luxurious,—covered with crimson morocco, and decorated with crest and monogram in gold. She had seen the luxuries of life, were it but in the upholsterer's window at Monkhampton.

They went back to the saloon, after making the circuit of the lower room, the hall, the music-room, long disused, a spacious empty chamber whose walls gave back sonorous echoes, the breakfast parlour, the late Lady Perriam's morning-room.

"I'll show you my brother's rooms another day," said Sir Aubrey, "They are on the upper floor. There's not much to admire in them except the number of his books."

In the saloon they found Mr. Carew yawning over his empty tea cup; Mordred furtively devouring the catalogue of a forthcoming auction in last Saturday's Athenæum; Mr. Bain meditative—altogether a silent party.

"You seem rather dull," said the baronet blandly, "I must get a piano bye and bye. It's a pity we haven't one, for Miss Carew might have given us some music."

Miss Carew looked about the room, and thought how many things it wanted besides a piano to make it thoroughly pleasant. That grand old world air was very well in its way, but Sylvia longed for modern luxury as well as antique stateliness. It was agreeable to contemplate an apartment which reminded one of the Spectator, and Pope's Belinda; but one could not quite ignore the strides which modern invention had made in the art of comfort.

It was a long evening. Devoted as Sir Aubrey, was, he had not very much to say to his betrothed. The eyes which delighted him inspired no eloquence of speech. What he did say to her was chiefly about himself. Of books he knew little, save the works of Addison, Pope, Swift, Voltaire, and a few more of the same period. Of men he knew still less. So he told Sylvia mild little anecdotes of his blameless youth, his revered mother, his admirable father, and now and then brought forth some inane little joke which had been handed down from father to son like an heirloom.

Sylvia listened—smiled even at the jokelets,—but thought with a bitter pang of Edmund's swift flowing talk—1 good deal of it nonsense, perhaps, but always eloquent nonsense—talk about poets, playwrights, romancers; talk which sparkled often with the brightness of ideas which were not all borrowed; talk which was vigorous with the force and passion of youth.

"I shall never hear him again. I shall never walk with him in the dear old lanes at sunset," she said to herself, "but then I shall be Lady Perriam. I shall be mistress of this grand old house."

Splendid as Perriam Place might be, its future mistress was very glad to get away from it on this particular evening. She gave a sigh of relief as the carriage door was shut, and the slow, steady old horses began their jog-trot progress.

"Sir Aubrey is very kind, papa," she said, as if apologising tor the sigh; "but rather dull. At least he was rather dull to-night."

"Not half so dull as his brother. I've been bored to death by those tedious stories about second-hand books. I thought you seemed very well amused with Sir Aubrey. I heard you laugh ever so many times."

"One is obliged to laugh when people tell one anecdotes. But that kind of laughter is very fatiguing. I feel as tired as if I'd been teaching all day in the Sunday school. I wonder whether good society is always fatiguing?"

Mr. Carew didn't answer this speculative enquiry. He remembered society that had known no weariness. Those snuglittle dinners in the Kilburn Villa—those gay summer evenings in the shrubberied garden, when he and his guests took their coffee outside the jasmine-shrouded verandah, by the light of the midsummer stars; that inexhaustible talk of men and horses, and art and music; and for the centre of the picture the fair face of his pretty wife, the cynosure of all other eyes, if not his own lode-star. This society, for which James Carew had sacrificed honour and honesty, if not altogether "good" had at least never been dull.

Sylvia nestled into the padded corner of the comfortable old out to-day," obser carriage, and thought of her shopping at Monkhampton to-morrow. She had taken the bank notes from her father, and had reluctantly relinquished one ten pound note to that parent when he pleaded his poverty and embarrassments.

"A hundred pounds is not much towards such a trousseau as I ought to have, papa," she had said somewhat dolefully. "It seems rather hard that you should want to take any of it away."

"It seems harder that you should grudge your father a trifle out of such a windfail," answered the schoolmaster bitterly. "What do you want with a heap of fine clothes? Sir Anbrey will give you anything you ask him for when you are his wife."

There was that other claimant, the wretched woman in Bellalley, Fetter-lane. Sylvia did not quite forget that still stronger call upon a daughter's benevolence.

"I'll send her five pounds from Monkhampton to-morrow," she said to herself; "when I am Lady Perriam I can often send her money."

Before starting for Monkhampton Sylvia took Mary Peter, the dressmaker, in some measure into her confidence. She told this useful friend of her speedy marriage, but as she said nothing about the bridegroom, Miss Peter naturally concluded that Edmund Standen was that happy man. Sylvia wanted the dressmaker's aid in the choice of fabrics, the adjustment of quentities and there are the starting of the starting of

Monkhampton in the fly from the inn, attended by Mary Peter. The driving from shop to shop was like a triumphal progress, and it was a new rapture to be able to choose the prettiest things—those perfect boots which Sylvia had gazed at with envious sighs in the leading bootmaker's neatly-arranged window—the lustrous silks, the soft lace, the delicate embroidery. Sylvia was surprised to find how speedily her bank notes melted away when she chose the best and choicest articles in Mr. Ganzlein's emporium. Mary Peter kept whispering to her that she must have twenty yards of this, and seventeen of that, and ten yards of the broad Brussels lace for a trimming, and three or four pieces of Madeira work for the under linen which Miss Peter was to put in hand for her. She found that seventy pounds were a mere nothing to spend at Mr. Ganzlein's, and that she must restrict her purchases to three or four dresses at the most.

That thick corded silk of pearliest white which she selected, after much deliberation, for the wedding dress, would do for a dinner dress afterwards, Mary told her, and would dye after

"Dye," exclaimed Sylvia, forgettin; her previous relicence, "Do you suppose I shall ever wear dyed silks?"

"Well, I don't know why you shouldn't, Sylvia. Rich people wear them. I made up a dyed moire antique for Mrs. Toynbee last spring, and it looked very rich, but was just a little streaky by daylight. You might have your wedding dress dyed a lovely blue next year."

Sylvia chose a dove-coloured silk—the real dove-colour—and a delicate gray. She remembered Sir Aubrey's charge about simplicity, and she fancied these subdued thats could scarcely fail to please him. She bought a good deal of lace, some linen fine enough for a Princess of the blood Royal, a morning dross or two of plain white cambric, a black silk mantle, and a warm shawl for travelling, and found that these purchases absorbed the whole of her sixty pounds. Ten more pounds were expended at the fashionable bootmaker's aforementioned, and at the chief perfumer and hairdresser's establishment, where Sylvia chose brushes and combs fit for the future Lady Perriam.

"I haven't even money enough left for a dressing bag," said Sylvia dolefully, when she looked into her almost empty purse, which had seemed full to plethora a little while ago.

"I dare say Mr. Standen will give you one," returned Miss Peter, "they generally do." They meaning the hapless bridegroom species.

Sylvia gave a little start at the sound of that too familiar name. The thought of Edmund would come ever and anon to dash her sense of triumph, nay, to make all things bitterness to her.

The two young women drove home merrily enough notwithstanding. They discussed the making of the dresses, and Sylvia gave her orders with the air of an empress. She begged that Mary would be very particular as to the neatness of the work, and the style must be elegant in its simplicity. There were, to be none of the frillings, and crossway bands, and puffings, and fringes and tassels, and gimps which Mrs. Toynbee delighted in. "I can afford to dispense with trimming," Sylvia remarked grandly.

via remarked grandly.

"You will put off all other work, of course, for a wedding order," she said to her satellite at parting, but remember you must tell no one whose wedding dresses you are making. I don't want people to know anything about my marriage till its over!"

"I suppose it's to be directly he comes back from Demora-ra?" hazarded Mary.

"Never mind when it is to be. Mind I want my dresses in three weeks from to-day."

"I believe it's a moral impossible," answered Mary, who had vague ideas about certain substantives, and said impossible for impossibility; "but if it's in human nature to get

through so much work in that time I'll do it."

Sylvia thought of the dressmaker's bill. She had but one ten pound note left, and five pounds out of that she had intended for her mother; but she now decided on keeping the money for Mary Peter. It would not do to enter her new stage of existence in debt to a village dressmaker. She would send Mrs. Carford money after her marriage.

Thus it happened that the lodger in Bell-slley profited no-

thing by Sir Aubrey's hundred pounds.

Before nightfall a great many people in Monkhampton had heard of Miss Carew's purchases at Gauzlein's. The school-master's daughter was very well known in the shop thoughter part of the land had been most many that had a transfer to the school.

her outlay heretofore had been most meagre—a yard or two of ribbon, a cheap muslin dress, a pair of gloves, and so on. That expenditure of seventy pounds had make the grave Ganzlein himself open his eyes to the widest extent as he stood at his desk in a dark corner of the shop, counting out Miss Carew's money. He talked of the circumstance at dinner in the bosom of his family, opining that her marriage with Edmund Standen was to take place very soon; and there was a good deal said by Mrs. and the Miss Ganzleins about Mr. Standen's foolish infatuation.

good" had at least never been dull.

"Young Standen must have given her the money she laid out to-day," observed the draper. "She couldn't have got it striage, and thought of her shopping at Monkhampton to- from her father."

"Everybody's mad about that girl, I think," returned Mrs. Ganzlein. "I was told only yesterday that Sir Aubrey had taken notice of her and her father, and had them up at the Place"

CHAPTER XXIX.

IRREVOCABLE

The swift days went past. Very swift they seemed to Sylvia, and yet very slow. She had chosen her own fate, yet she felt in a manner doomed. There were times when she felt as helpless as the luckless sailor clasped in the pulpy embrace of that sea-monster whose gelatinous arms are stretched out of the sea to draw the victim to his death. The sea monster was Fate.

The letter to Demerara was gone now; it was hastening over the wide blue sea. How happy Sylvia would have been had she been sailing over yonder wide ocean, instead of that false, deceitful letter, the letter in which she surrendered her love, with tears, for his own sake.

He would return—too soon, come when he would—to find her another man's wife. O! bitter awakening from his brief dream of woman's fidelity!

that Edmund Standen was that happy man. Sylvia wanted Sylvia paid no more visits to Perriam Place during the brief the dressmaker's aid in the choice of fabrics, the adjustment period of her betrothal. Sir Aubrey would have liked her to of quantities, and there was a pleasant sensation in going to be there often, but many such visits would have set people

talking; and he wanted to stave off all gossip and wonderment till after his marriage. He made all the necessary arrangements as secretly as if he had been chief conspirator in a new gunpowder plot; procured the licence, and executed that deed of settlement one morning in Mr. Bain's office, where Sylvia, in her white bonnet and pale muslin dress, looked like a hot-house plant that some wind had blown there.

The days went by, the long summer evenings dwindled. The July moon shrank and waned, August was very near. Then came the first week of August. The reapers were abroad in the land. The frightened cornerake knew not whither to betake himself. The heavy wains rolled homeward in the shortening twilight. Sylvia's wedding day was at hand.

Sir Aubrey spont all his evenings in the school-house parlour, which was perhaps a more cheerful apartment for the occupation of three people than that too spacious saloon at Porriam. He came under cover of dusk for the most part, being so auxious to preserve the secret of his wooling, came to sit opposite his betrothed, while she beguiled the evening with some trifling fancy work, and to discourse mildly, as he had discoursed at Perriam, repeating himself a little new and then.
He was rather fond of talking politics, and as his opinions were of the good old Tory school, hardly modified since the days of Chatham and North, and Mr. Carew, like most disappointed men, was a virulent Radical, there was plenty of room for argument between these two politicians. Sylvia wondered that people could talk so much, and get so angry about things which seemed really to matter very little to anybody outside the House of Commons. The world seemed to go on pretty much the same whether Conservatives or Liberals were dominant, and rates and taxes were just as hard to pay, whether one Chancellor of the Exchequer or another dipped his fingers into the purses of the people.

Mary Peter brought the dresses home one by one, and their simple magnificence almost astonished the enraptured possessor.

"I think that's heavenly," exclaimed Mary, as she held up the dove-coloured silk in the little cottage bed-chamber, and shook out its lustrous folds with the mantua-maker's skilled hand. "It pays you well, Sylvia, though you did give ten and six a yard for it. I haven't made up many richer silks, not even for Mrs. Standen—your mother-in-law that is to be," added Mary, jocosely.

There was hardly room for all the finery in Sylvia's small bedroom. Her riches were almost embarrassing. The dresses lay about covered with clean linen, like bodies laid out in an hospital.

"You've got new trunks to put them in, I hope," said Mary.
"There's nothing I like to see better than handsome portmanteaus when a bride's going off for the wedding trip."
Sylvia sighed despairingly.

"I haven't a box belonging to me," she said; "I've never travelled anywhere like other people."

"Then, I daresay Mr. Standen will give you a couple of handsome trunks. You've only to drop an 'int when he comes back."

"I hate hints," returned 'ylvia; "I must ask him to give me some boxes."

She made the request to Sir Aubrey that evening, when he inquired if she were nearly resay for the wedding journey—enly three days now remained before the appointed day. Mr. Vancourt, the vicar, had received notice of the scarriage—ill arrangements were made.

"My dresses are quite ready, Sir Aubroy," a coplied," but I have no boxes to put them in."

"You'd better order a couple of fair-sized portmanteaux at Folthorpe's. Don't have them too large, they're a nuisance in traveiling, and the French Railways charge for all luggage."

I am sorry that I spent all my money before I thought of the trunks," said Sylvia, blushing deeply. It was hard to beg, even of her betrothed, though she thought of him in the future as a person who would give her everything she desired, whose purse she could draw upon with perfect freedom.

Sir Aubrey stared at her somewhat blankly.

"Oh, you have spent that hundred pounds," he said, taken
off his guard by an announcement which considerably surprised him, in his happy ignorance of feminine costliness. "I
fear you've been buying a good deal of unnecessary finery."

"I hope not, Sir Aubrey. I have tried to choose things to please you," the girl answered quickly, tears of hamiliation starting to her eyes.

"My dearest, pray don't think that I am vexed with you,"

cried the barouet, melted by that tearful look in those lovely eyes. "The money was yours to do what you liked with. I'll order your portmanteaux to-morrow morning."

He had as vet given her but one present headdes that utilities.

He had as yet given her but one present besides that utilitarian offering of bank notes. His single gift was an old fashioned diamond hoop ring of his mother's; the diamonds set in time-darkened silver, and encircling the finger. This was doubtless but an earnest of the splendours which he would heap upon her by-and-bye.

The wedding day arrived—a misty August morning; the hills and woods around Hedingham were shrouded in light summer vapour, which melted slowly before the might of the day-god. Sylvia heard the cheery voices of the reapers in the barley field yender, and envied them their careless liberty. They were not going to be married. It was not the most awful day in their lives. They were not going to set a solemn seal upon their destinies, binding them to an unknown master for all time to come.

Only on the very threshold of doom did Sylvia pause to consider what she was doing. She dressed herself in the white silk wedding gown, unassisted, and wondered a little at her own beauty as she saw herself in the glass. That shining, pearly fabric, so trying to lesser loveliness, became her as its petals become the lity. But at this last moment she felt that her wedding-dress was too fine for her wedding. There were to be no bridesmaids, no guests, no breakfast. She was to walk from the garden to the church on her father's arm, unseen, unadmired, to meet Sir Aubrey and Mr. Bain in the vestry, and directly the ceremony was over, she was to put on her travelling dress and drive off to Monkhampton Station with her elderly husband. It was not such a wedding as her dreams had shadowed forth when she was betrothed to Edmund Standen. In those vague, girlish visions she had pictured her wedding all galety and brightness, her village friends looking on admiringly, the school children strewing her path with

"This lovely dress is quite thrown away," she thought, with a discontented sigh. "No one will see it but papa, and Sir Aubrey and the steward. I might just as well have kept the

money it cost; only it would seem so strange to be married in olours."
Her father made some remarks of a disparaging kind when colours."

the went down stairs in her radiant toilet, went don't have been married in your travelling dress," You'd better have been married in your travelling dress," he said; "That white thing's quite out of place for a private he said; Sir Aubroy wanted to drive straight off from the

churchyard-gate." hurenyarus gand, and reflected with some self-gratulation that Sylvia pould hardly presume to question her actions when

she was Lady Perriam. "I shan't be ten minutes changing my dress," she answered.

"Sir Aubrey must wait." Sir Austry and the ? These are early days to talk of

"Do you think I am going to be dictated to like a little child when I am married?" Sylvia asked haughtily.

"I shall not have to cook his dinners at any rate," retorted Sylvia. And in this Christian frame of mind, father and daughter repaired, arm in arm, to the Parish Church.

Sir Aubrey and Mr. Bain were already in the vestry. The bridegroom gave a little start at sight of the bride's white robes. He had expected to see her dressed ready for their journey; but he could not complain when she looked so lovely. He uttered an admiring exclamation, and raised her hands to his lips with that stately gallantry which so well became him. Mr. Vancourt was ready for them, and his countenance gave no indication of the surprise which must have reigned within him at this singular union. He performed the ceremony with an agreeable briskness, and Sir Aubrey found himself a married man sooner than he could have believed possible.

Mr. Bain was very attentive to the ceremony, and curiously child when I am married?" Sylvia asked haughtily. watchful of the bride, in his quiet way. Sylvia's manner was "I think you will have to behave a little more amiably to emotionless in the extreme, emotionless almost to apathy. Sir Aubrey than you have behaved to me," answered her father. There are awful moments in life when the feelings seem be-

numbed. Sylvia felt nothing but a vague sense of wonder. How had this thing come to pass so speedily?

"Let me be the first to salute Lady Perriam," said Mr. Bain,

when they had returned to the vestry; and before anyone could protest against such an enormity, he had pressed his lips upon Sylvia's fair forehead, the first kiss that had rested there since Edmund's despairing farewell. The bride drew back indignant at the affront.

"It is the privilege of a best man," apologised Mr. Bain. "Pray pardon me for having taken so great a liberty, Lady

"Yes, my love," said Sir Aubrey, putting aside the absurdity of the business with an easy laugh; "it is Bain's privilege I believe. You mush't be angry with him. But he might have waited for the second place." And Sir Aubrey set the husband's first kiss on the lips of the bride. It seemed a preposterous thing that another man—his lawyer and steward—should have kissed her first.

(To be continued.)

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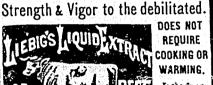
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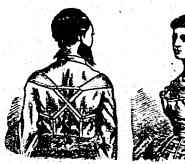
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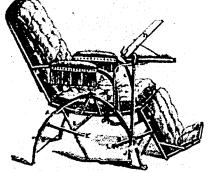
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At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction. Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston. LRWIS CARVELL.
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