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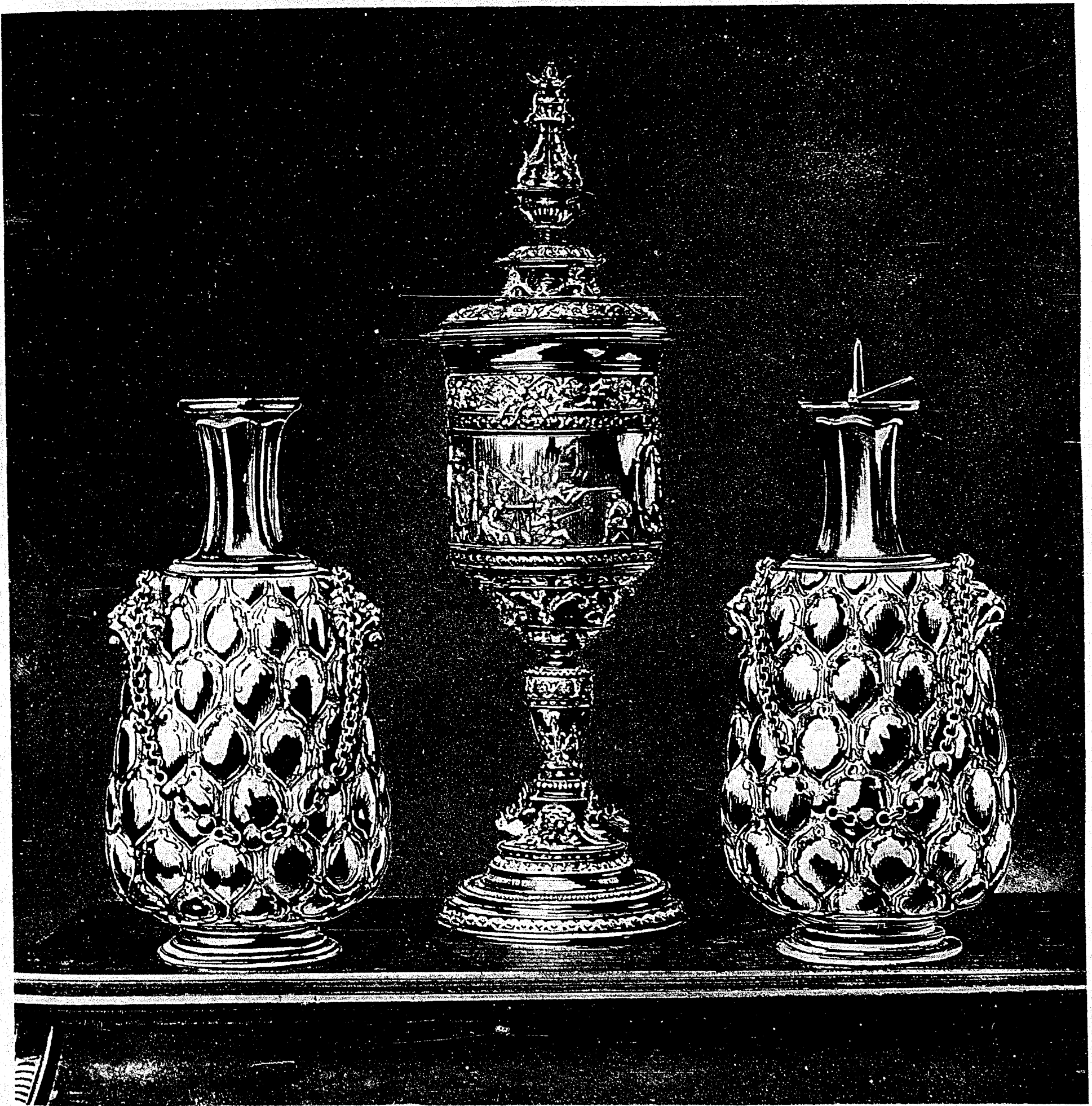
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# Illustrated News

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THE CUPS WON AT WIMBLEDON, BY THE CANADIAN TEAM.

## THE FIRST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN MONTREAL.

BY ALFRED SANDHAM.

The military success, which had put nearly the whole of Canada into the possession of the Americans, terminated with the fall of Montgomery under the walls of Quebec. General Arnold, on whom the command devolved, sat down resolutely before the capital in the depth of winter, and with the small remnant of his troops kept his ground until spring. Meanwhile General Wooster quietly rested in undisputed possession of Montreal. On the departure of Wooster for Quebec, (April 1st, 1776,) Col. Hazen assumed command. In a letter addressed to General Schuyler, the Colonel refers to the friendly disposition manifested by the Canadians when Montgomery first penetrated into the country, but that they could no longer be looked upon as friends. This change he ascribed to the fact that the clergy had been neglected and "in some instances ill used." He closes with the following: "You may remember, sir, in a conversation with you at Albany, I urged the necessity of sending immediately to Canada able Generals, a respectable army, a Committee of Congress, a suitable supply of hard cash, and a Printer."

"When the news reached Congress that the assault upon Quebec had failed; that Montgomery had been left dead on the snowy heights, and Arnold borne wounded from the field; that cold, hunger, and small-pox were wasting the army, that discipline was forgotten, and the people indifferent or inimical, the Congress resorted to the expedient of appointing three Commissioners to go to Montreal, confer with Arnold, and arrange a plan for the rectification of Canadian affairs." Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll, were selected for this mission. Mr. John Carroll, a Catholic Clergyman, (afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore), was also invited to accompany them. He had been educated in France, and it was supposed that this circumstance, added to his religious profession and character, would enable him to exercise an influence with the clergy in Canada. The Commissioners were clothed with extraordinary powers. "They were authorized to receive Canada into the union of Colonies, and organize the government on the republican system. They were empowered to suspend military officers, decide disputes between the civil and military authorities, vote at councils of war, draw upon Congress to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, raise additional troops, and issue military commissions," in short, whatever authority Congress itself could be supposed to exercise over Canada, was conferred upon the three Commissioners. Chiefly, however, they were charged to convince, conciliate, and win the Canadians by appeals to their reason and interest; in aid of which they were to take measures for establishing a newspaper to be conducted by a friend of Congress." To carry into operation this portion of their instructions, they secured the services of a French Printer named Mesplets, who was engaged, with a promise that all his expenses should be paid. The party left Philadelphia about the 20th of March, 1776, but did not reach Montreal until the 29th of April. They were "received by General Arnold in the most polite and friendly manner, conducted to Head Quarters, where a genteel company of ladies and gentlemen had assembled to welcome them. They supped with Arnold, and after supper were conducted by the General to their lodgings,—the house of Mr. Thomas Walker,—the best built, and perhaps the best furnished in Montreal." The next day the Commissioners sat at a Council of War, (of which Arnold was the President), held in the Government building. At this council was told the dismal truth with regard to the affairs of Congress in Canada. Canada was lost, and the first despatch of the Commissioners informed Congress that their credit in Canada was not merely impaired, but destroyed. Perceiving the hopelessness of the position, Franklin left Montreal on the 11th May, and on the following day was joined by Mr. J. Carroll at St. Johns. They reached Philadelphia early in June. The account presented by Franklin to Congress of money expended on this journey, showed that he had advanced the sum of \$1,220, of which \$560 was to be charged to General Arnold, and \$124 to Chas. Carroll. The beds and outfit of the party cost \$164. The whole expense incurred by Franklin and J. Carroll was \$372. On the 29th of May, Chase and Chas. Carroll left Montreal to attend a Council of War at Chambly, where it was determined that the army should retreat out of Canada. On the 30th the Commissioners left Chambly for St. Johns, from whence they proceeded on their journey homeward, thus ending the efforts put forth by the Congress to maintain a footing in Canada.

The dispatches of the Commissioners do not contain any special reference to the services rendered by Mesplets; but it is certain that the numerous and in some instances lengthy addresses to the Canadian people were printed by him.

When Franklin and his companions left Canada, Mesplets decided to establish himself in Montreal, and he entered into partnership with a person named Berger. Their office was situated on what is now known as Custom House Square, then designated the "Market Place," and from this office was sent forth the first book printed in Montreal, entitled "Règlement de la Conférence de l'Adoration perpétuelle." The partnership was afterwards dissolved, Mesplets continuing the business; and shortly after he commenced the publication of a newspaper "La Gazette de Montréal," the first newspaper published in the city, and the second in Canada, thus securing for himself the honour of being the pioneer in book and newspaper publishing in Montreal.

Having thus traced the circumstances which led to the introduction of the Art of Printing into Montreal, the following brief history of the ancient building in which the Commissioners held their councils, and from which were issued their official proclamations, may prove interesting.

The building now familiarly known as the "Old Government House," but formerly as "Le Vieux Château," was erected by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal, and father of De Ramezay who signed the capitulation of Quebec. The building was erected about the year 1702. In 1721 it was visited by Charlevoix, and its situation is indicated on a plan dated 1723, now in the Seminary at Montreal. After the death of De Ramezay in 1724, the Château remained in the possession of his heirs until 1745, when it was purchased by the "Compagnie des Indes," who converted it into their principal entrepot of fur traffic with the Indians. Shortly after the capitulation of Montreal, it was purchased by Baron Grant, who in time disposed of it to the Government (prior to 27th April, 1762,) when it was chosen as the official residence of the Governor, and was thus restored to its original use.

In 1775 Brigadier General Wooster made it his headquarters, as did also his successor Benedict Arnold, and within its

walls were held several Councils of War. About the year 1784 it was purchased by Baron St. Léger, who made it his residence for some time, after which it was occasionally occupied by the Governors who resided in Montreal. From 1837 to 1841, the Special Council established in Montreal, occupied the building, and after the city became the permanent seat of Government, from 1843 to the fall of 1849, this and the adjacent buildings were used for the offices of the Executive. From that date until December 1856, they were used as a Court House and Registrar's Office, during the construction of the new Court House. It was thereafter taken possession of as the head quarters of the Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada, and continued to be used for that purpose until 1868 when it was handed over for the use of the "Jacques Cartier Normal School."—*Canadian Antiq.*

## ACTRESSES WHO HAVE PERFORMED SHAKSPEARE'S MALE CHARACTERS.

It is a curious fact that all of Shakspeare's heroines, from Juliet to Beatrice, were originally acted by boys, or men whose beauty of face and person bore traces of effeminacy. At the time his plays were produced women were unknown upon the stage, unless, perhaps, in France, where more license was given for the actors to do as they pleased, and, consequently, more judgment evinced in giving the plays an appropriate interpretation, which men in female parts certainly could not do decently. But with the introduction of women to the stage public opinion underwent a complete change, and the "boy actresses," in a remarkably short time, found their occupation gone, and more than that, for their feminine rivals not only usurped their profession, but have time and again assumed the characters originally intended for "lordly man" to act. Many of the old comedy writers have thus found impersonators of their male characters, especially those of a youthful and gallant description, in a quarter they least expected and never intended, and the "women actors" have in several cases invested the masculine parts they have assumed with a dash and spirit which not only gained them the applause of discreet critics, but captivated the hearts of the more susceptible of their own sex. Peg Woffington is, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of the latter quality of attractiveness, as stage traditions point to several cases in which her Sir Harry Wildair and Lothario won the admiration and affections of those of her own sex. We do not find, however, that the male characters of Shakspeare, except those similar to Sebastian, in *Twelfth Night*, were attempted by the female sex until the assumption, by a Mrs. Webb, at Covent Garden Theatre, London, in 1788, of the character of Falstaff. The only remarkable thing about this performance, which has been handed down in dramatic history, is not her interpretation of the jovial old Knight, but the fact that her natural corpulency was such that she was enabled to fill the clothing of the redoubtable hero without any of that padding generally so necessary an auxiliary with those who assume the part. Mrs. Glover, the celebrated English actress, on one occasion acted Hamlet, which in fact has found many female impersonators, including Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Crampton and Mrs. Marriott, well known actresses in their day on the New York stage. "Romeo" has also found many feminine impersonators, among them being Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Shaw, and Mrs. Colman Pope, all of whom have performed the character in this city. The more vigorous characters, however, have been but rarely essayed, for beyond a certain point, woman's strength is inadequate to the personation of a man's force of character and depth of passion. Even in such parts, however, Shakspeare has received female interpretation, for we find that early in the present century a Mrs. Battersby acted the character of "Macbeth" for her benefit at the old Park Theatre; that a Mrs. Baldwin, in 1823, acted Marc Anthony in *Julius Caesar*; and more recently Miss Cushman performed Cardinal Wolsey in *Henry VIII.* with considerable ability. Now comes another actress, Mrs. Macready, emulous of gaining the metropolitan endorsement of her unique impersonation of Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice*. She has taken the Academy of Music for a week, commencing on Monday next, and will then essay the part, which is one many a fine actor has failed to delineate with success. The lady, however, has received the unrestricted praise of country critics, and there can be no doubt whatever but that her impersonation is remarkable in other respects than the fact that it is a woman playing a man's part. *Nous verrons.*—*N. Y. Telegram.*

## SUGGESTIVE TITLES.

Mr. Dickens' titles seem to be quite without equal for expressiveness of the true character of the works to which they belong. There is hardly one title in the whole list that is not intrinsically laughable, grotesque—a caricature of a name. The whole nomenclature of Mr. Dickens' novels seems designed with a special view to drollery. The names mostly consist of sounds so combined as to tickle us, whether by association with formal ideas, or by a mere vague grotesqueness; and this state of things is the natural and proper concomitant of the universal laughter business, so extensively carried on in the incidents, situations, and turns of thought and phrase. The "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," "Little Dorrit," "Barnaby Rudge," are all indubitably funny titles, some more so, some less; but, laughable though they be, they are all as distinctly natural growths from the books that bear them as are the titles of George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë—just as distinctly the spontaneous expression of the caricaturist's mind as theirs are of the earnest, though by no means sombre realist's mind. If we knew nothing of the inside of Dickens' books, we should expect humour and wit and much grotesqueness just as confidently from such a name as Pickwick as we should expect weird, massive, relentless force from such a name as that affixed by Charlotte Brontë's sister to one of the most powerful and disagreeable books of the present century—"Wuthering Heights;" a tale which rivets us to the bracing and exhilarating scene of its action, astounds us at the author's sheer force of head and hand, and goes far to disgust us with her taste. How different the pithy suggestive labels of these our women artists, or the equally suggestive and appropriate grotesques of Mr. Dickens, from the ponderous, dismal, maxims order of titles affected by Mr. Charles Reade. A sermon is a dreary thing at most times and in most places; but a sermon on the back of a novel—a sermon, too, that may, like most others, be too easily turned into ridicule, is calamitous indeed. "It is Never too Late to Mend!" How much too vague and provocative!—*Tinsley's Mag.*

## Our Illustrations.

THE WIMBLEDON PRIZE CUPS.

The Rajah of Kolapoor's Challenge Prize consists of two cups of a very quaint design and decidedly Hindoo character. Strictly speaking, they are vases, studded all over with small convex shields. Immediately below the necks there are lion's heads of a conventioned pattern, to which are attached heavy chains and solid gold balls. The vases are sixteen inches in height, and are silver gilt.

This cup was given by the Rajah, and the National Rifle Association added £100 thereto. To be competed for annually at Wimbledon by one team from the Mother Country and one from each of the Provinces of India, or from each Colony, to be held for the year by the team making the highest aggregate score.

The Merchants' Prize is a cup with base, stem, and cover. The base is of a moulded pattern, and where it unites to the stem of the cup there are heads of lions and moose, emblems of England and America. The cup is ornamented on the two sides in silver relief, representing on one side a modern rifle contest at Wimbledon, and on the other an ancient archery meeting in the woods. The two representations are separated by the royal arms and the arms of the City of London, executed in enamel. At the lip is a band, ornamented with maple leaves and a beaver, broken on two sides with crossed rifles, and the accoutrements of a rifleman. The cover is curved, and terminates in a finial about four inches in height, of oak leaves, with an acorn at the apex. The whole is wrought in silver and silver-gilt. The design is exceedingly beautiful, and the conception is admirably carried out in fine workmanship.

This cup was presented to the Canadian volunteers on their first visit to the Rifle Association Meeting at Wimbledon, as a token of good fellowship, by a few merchants of London. To be competed for by representatives of the different Provinces, under the auspices of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association.

Our illustration is after a photograph by Topley, of Ottawa.

The subjoined correspondence speaks for itself:

(Copy.)

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Ottawa, Oct. 30, 1872.

Sir,—I am directed by His Excellency the Governor-General to forward to you a copy of a letter from Sir B. Frere of the India Office, enclosing a letter from His Highness the Rajah of Kolapoor, containing an expression of His Highness' gratification on receiving the intelligence that the challenge cup presented by him for competition at the National Rifle Association Meeting at Wimbledon had been won by volunteers from the Dominion of Canada. I have to request that you will take the necessary steps to inform the members of the Dominion Rifle Association of the contents of His Highness' letter, and at the same time to express how much pleasure it affords His Excellency the Governor-General to be the means of forwarding a communication arising from a circumstance which reflects so great credit on the volunteers of the Dominion.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your most obedient humble servant,  
(Signed), H. C. FLETCHER,  
Governor's Secretary.

C. S. GZOWSKI, Esq.,  
President Dominion Rifle Association.

(Copy.)

INDIA OFFICE,  
London, October 14th, 1872.

My Lord,—I have been requested by Col. George Sligo Anderson, the Resident at the Court of His Highness the Rajah of Kolapoor, to forward to your Excellency the accompanying letter from the Rajah, expressing His Highness' gratification at the prize for rifle shooting, which was given by the late Rajah, having been won by the Canadian competitors at Wimbledon.

I have, &c.,  
(Signed), H. W. FRERE,

His Excellency, The Right Honourable EARL DUFFERIN, K.P.

The Rajah's letter which follows, though somewhat novel, is valuable as expressive of goodwill, and friendship towards the British Empire. It reads thus:—

(Copy.)

(TRANSLATED SUBSTANCE OF A KHUREETOR.)

To His Excellency the Right Honourable the Earl of Dufferin,  
K. P., Governor-General of Canada.

From Shreeman Maharaj Shiwa Chuttraputtee Sahib Sirkir Kurveer.

After compliments—When my father, the late Rajaram Chuttraputtee Maharaj, was in England, he, from a feeling of friendship for the English nation, and to encourage the practice of rifle shooting, established a prize to be annually contended for at Wimbledon. I have heard that the prize thus established was this year won by Canadians, and therefore address your Lordship to express the satisfaction felt by their Highnesses the Ranees and myself, that the name of my father, which is so well known in India and England, should in this way come to be known in H. M.'s the Queen's trans-Atlantic possessions, and beg your Excellency to convey our congratulations to the successful marksmen. I trust that your Excellency will by frequent correspondence keep up friendship between us.

Chundr 9 Rujub, corresponding with 13th September, 1872.

GALT, ONT.

Galt is a place of considerable importance in the peninsular region lying west of Toronto. It has a population of some 7,000 souls, and is a busy seat of growing industry and commerce. The Grand River intersects the town. The fine structure on the left of the view is the Presbyterian Church, recently erected at a cost of some \$30,000, and distinctly illustrates the predominance of the Scottish element in the town and neighbourhood. The square tower in the distance is that of the Town Hall, immediately below which is Main Street, the principal business avenue. Just beyond the Presbyterian Church is the chief hotel, in front of which stands the Crimean gun. The view is taken from the little hill on which rises the unpretending English Church.

THE ESCURIAL.

The Escorial Palace in Spain, a small part of which has been destroyed by a fire ascribed to lightning, is situated twenty miles north-west of Madrid. It was originally a monastery, and at the time of its erection (A.D. 1563-84) surpassed all buildings of its kind in size and magnificence. According to the national tradition, the Escorial owed its existence to a vow made by Philip II., during the battle of St. Quentin, which was fought August 10, 1557. On that occasion, like William the Conqueror at Hastings, the King vowed that if the victory should be granted to him he would build and dedicate a monastery to St. Lorenzo, whose festival that day was. The full title of the building is "El Real Sitio de San Lorenzo el Real de Escorial." It is built in the form of a gridiron, in allusion to the instrument of St. Lawrence's martyrdom. Some idea of the size of the Escorial may be formed when we state that it is composed of a rectangular parallelogram 744 ft. from north to south, and 580 ft. from east to west; in other words, it covers nearly the same space as Somerset House or Russell-square. It is divided throughout into long courts, which indicate the interstices of the bars. At each angle of this parallelogram are towers, representing the feet of the gridiron, which is supposed to be lying upside down; and from the centre of one of the sides springs a range of buildings forming the residence of the Sovereign and representing the handle. Originally the building was intended to serve the triple purpose of a monastery, a palace, and a Royal mausoleum. It contains a splendid chapel with a triple nave, 320 ft. in length and upwards of 300 ft. in height to the top of the cupola. The Royal tomb, strangely called the Pantheon, is a magnificent octagon chamber, 36 ft. in diameter and 38 ft. in height, very richly decorated, and containing black marble sarcophagi in its eight sides. No members even of the Royal family were buried in it except actual Kings and their mothers. It has been stated that the Escorial numbered no less than 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows, and its cost was six millions of Spanish ducats. Previous to the sacking of the Escorial by the French, in 1808, it contained a library of 30,000 printed volumes and 4,300 manuscripts, mainly treasures of Arabic literature. They were at that time forwarded to Madrid for safety, but on being sent back to the Escorial when the danger of the war was passed, it was discovered that the library did not exceed 20,000 volumes: the rest, amounting to a third of the whole, were lost. The French troops, too, pillaged the place of its valuable collection of coins, medals, and pictures, which, of course, have never been replaced. The Escorial is mentioned in terms of admiration by almost every traveller who has written upon Spain. Mr. Ford, however, speaks of it as being in his day "a mere shadow of the past," and saved from utter ruin only by the grants of public money which were voted by the State for the express purpose of keeping it in repair. The fire broke out near midnight on the first ult., spreading from the gallery called the Patio de los Reyes, the roof of which had been struck by lightning in the great thunderstorm on that night, to the adjacent library. All the books and manuscripts were saved: and the ceiling of the Biblioteca, with its noble frescoes, is uninjured. The cost of repairing the damage will be £40,000, which the King will pay out of his own private purse.

MGR. BOURGET'S "NOCES D'OR"

The *Noces d'Or*, or golden wedding, of Mgr. Bourget, the R. C. Bishop of Montreal, were celebrated in this city with great éclat on Tuesday the 29th ult. The fête was held in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the right reverend prelate's admission to the priesthood, and was very generally observed by the Catholic community in this city and in the neighborhood. For several weeks past preparations have been made on all sides to celebrate the event with becoming rejoicings, and in the week preceding the day appointed for the celebration, these preparations were all but completed. Within the week addresses and presents poured in; all of the former breathing sentiments of respectful esteem and affection for one who for so many years has occupied the post of the chief pastor of the diocese, and the latter being costly and valuable. On the Sunday there was special High Mass in the churches and a plenary indulgence to all on the usual conditions. On Monday several more addresses and gifts were given to his Lordship, and on Tuesday the excitement reached its height. Early in the morning the clang of bells announced that the long looked-for day had arrived. The streets were crowded with people, dressed in their best attire, and the *façades* of many of the houses were decorated for the occasion with flags, festoons and banners.

The proceedings were appropriately commenced by service in the French Church, where were collected a vast number of people, and a perfect army of ecclesiastics. After mass a dinner was given at the City Hall, and in the evening several of the Catholic institutions were illuminated. At nine in the morning the procession started from the Palace to the parish church of Notre-Dame. The following is the order of the procession:

Mgr. Bourget, accompanied by the Grand Vicar Truteau and the Rev. Canon Lamarche, in the beautiful carriage presented to Monseigneur by the parishioners of St. Henri of the Tanneries;

His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr. of St. Hyacinthe, and His Honor the Mayor;

The Bishops of Ogdensburgh and of Birtha, with R. M. Toupin;

The Bishops of Three Rivers and Rimouski, with Dr. Trudel.

A long train of pedestrians completed the procession which filed down St. Antoine St., along Craig, across Victoria Square to St. James, and round the Place d'Armes.

At the Seminary gate, the Bishop was received by the Very Rev. Dr. Bayle, the Superior, while the great *bourdon* tolled, and the band of Montreal College played a march of welcome. Inside the church the spectacle was very imposing. The vestibule was festooned with evergreens, and over the principal entrance were read the words: *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*. From central points of the roof long streamers of white and red described fanciful curves to the galleries where they were attached. Along the wainscoting of the high galleries wreaths of greenery were set at intervals, decked here and there with shields and medallions, bearing such inscriptions as these: *Heureux le peuple dont le Seigneur est son Dieu; C'est le péché qui rend les peuples malheureux; Honneur au peuple Chrétien*. The pulpit bore the motto: *Plenus dierum in Domino*; and the tabernacle was inscribed with: *Tu es sacerdos in eternum*; on the high altar, resplendent with many-

colored lights, gleamed the words: *Elegit eum Dominus sacrificandum sibi*; underneath, a shield bore this inscription: *Noces d'Or, 50 ans*, and around these in golden letters we read: *Deus dedit honorem senectutibus*. The vast edifice was thronged to its utmost capacity by an eager throng. Delegates from the different parishes of the diocese, as well as Presidents of all charitable, national and other institutions, occupied reserved seats.

High Mass was sung by Mgr. Larocque, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, after which a sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Braun, S. J., who took for his text from Acts x, 38, "*Pertransiit beneficiendo*." After mass a solemn *Te Deum* was sung, thus concluding the religious services of the day.

The procession then re-formed and proceeded to the City Hall, where a sumptuous banquet was served by Mr. Geriken, of the St. Lawrence Hall. The hall was gorgeously decorated with evergreens, banners, mottoes, a special feature being the magnificent dais of cloth of gold reserved for the Bishop, the same used by Charles X at his coronation in the cathedral of Rheims. Eight hundred guests, of whom there were eleven prelates and 400 clergymen, sat down to table. Mgr. Bourget had at his right the Archbishop of Quebec, Dr. Trudel, vice-president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, Mgr. Rapp, late bishop of Cleveland, Judge Drummond, the Hon. Mr. Archambault, Mgr. Larocque, bishop of St. Hyacinthe, Mgr. Farel, bishop of Hamilton, and Judge Monk. On his left were His Honour the Mayor of Montreal, Mgr. Lynch, archbishop of Toronto, Mr. Howley, President of the St. Patrick's Society, Mgr. Guigues, bishop of Ottawa, Judge Badgely, Mgr. Lafèche, bishop of Three Rivers, the Hon. Mr. de Boucherville, the bishop of Ogdensburgh, Mr. Cherrier, Q. C., and the Rev. Dr. Bayle, Superior of the Seminary. During the course of the banquet some pieces of music were well executed by the choir in attendance. At its close Mr. C. S. Cherrier proposed, in an eloquent speech, the health of the "Canadian Clergy and Episcopate." At this stage of the proceedings a telegram was received from His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, couched in the following terms:—

"To His Lordship, Mgr. I. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal:—

"Respect, love, and gratitude, in my own name, and in that of the Clergy, of the Religious Communities, and the Faithful.

"ARCHBISHOP TACHE."

The Bishop of Montreal rising made a few graceful remarks in acknowledgment, after which the assembly broke up.

In the evening portions of the city were illuminated. The Bishop's Palace was one blaze of light; the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the College St. Mary, the Academy St. Antoine, under the charge of the Ladies of the Congregation, in fact all the public Catholic buildings were beautifully decorated; whilst the houses of the Catholic citizens generally were also brilliantly lit up in honour of the festive occasion. The streets were thronged with spectators; and the general effect was very fine indeed. In the course of the evening His Lordship of Montreal, received the following telegram from Rome:—

"The Reverend Canon Paré, Montreal:—

"The Sovereign Pontiff gives to the Bishop of Montreal, 'Priest for Fifty years, His Apostolic Benediction. He offers His vows that God may multiply faith in his virtues, and may grant him fortunate years. DESAUTELS.

"Rome, 29th October, 1872."

Illustrations of the dinner and the procession on this occasion will be found elsewhere.

FAIRBANKS SCALE MANUFACTORY.

On page 317 we give a view of the warehouse of Fairbanks & Co., No. 403 St. Paul Street, in charge of Ora P. Patten, Esq. Below will be found extracts from an account of a visit by the Hon. B. G. Northrop to the famous manufactory of the firm at St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Mr. Patten, who is well-known and highly appreciated in this community, has furnished us the following list of some of the agencies and branches of the firm on this continent:—

Fairbanks & Co., 403 St. Paul Street, Montreal; Fairbanks, Brown & Co., 118 Milk Street, Boston; Fairbanks & Co., 311 Broadway, New York; Fairbanks & Co., London, England.

Speaking of this manufactory Mr. Northrop says in the *Christi Union*:—

Here is a great manufactory of scales, by far the largest establishment of the kind in the world, employing about six hundred men, and nearly four hundred in branch departments elsewhere.

It has long been a marvel how such a concern could be made a permanent success for nearly fifty years in this remote corner of the State, so far from tide-water. Notwithstanding great disadvantages, the business has steadily grown and become a success which, in view of the difficulties overcome, is unparalleled in this country.

This company maintains the highest reputation for integrity. It has fairly earned and gained the confidence of their men and of this entire community, and a good name at home naturally follows them everywhere. The thoroughness of the work and the severity of the test is the explanation of the world-wide reputation of the Fairbanks scales for accuracy.

There is a superior class of workmen in this establishment. More than half of them are settled here as permanent residents, interested in the schools and in all that relates to the prosperity of the place. Many of them own their houses. These houses are pleasing in their exterior, neatly furnished.

I examined the pay-roll and found the wages very liberal. The workmen seem well satisfied on that score. The worth of labour depends on its products. This plan stimulates industry, promotes skill, and fosters inventiveness. No "Labour League" or Union has ever existed—no strike ever been suggested. This would be a poor place for the Internationals to preach the gospel of idleness or agrarianism. The owners take an interest in the men. They are liberal and public spirited and are doing a great deal for the place, and the operatives feel an interest in the success of the concern which has been the making of St. Johnsbury.

Governor Fairbanks was a conspicuous example at once of strict economy and princely liberality. His benefactions were munificent both at home and abroad. The worth and dignity of work is here illustrated in theory and practice. The notion that labour was menial, or that the tools of trade or farm, were badges of servility, is despised. There is still the fullest and happiest conciliation between labour and capital. It is not strange that the workmen "hold on." Their permanency is a striking fact. Many have been here from twenty to forty years. I conversed with one man over seventy years of age—a foreman—who has worked here from "the start,"

forty-three years. A few months since he tendered his resignation on account of the infirmities of age. "I can't earn my salary now." Mr. Franklin Fairbanks replied to him, "No, sir; we cannot accept your resignation. Work more or less, as you are able. Rest when you please. I learned my trade of you, and wish you to continue in our service as long as you live."

Years ago the men were aided in forming and sustaining a Lyceum, and liberal prizes were offered for the best essays read. Recently Horace Fairbanks has founded a library, and opened a large reading-room free to all. In the reading room, besides a good supply of American periodicals, daily, weekly and quarterly, I noticed on the tables many European journals, including four English quarterlies, six London weeklies, and ten monthlies. I have nowhere found in a village of this size an Athenæum so costly, a reading-room so inviting, and a library so choice and excellent as this.

Thaddeus Fairbanks, one of the three founders of the scale factory, and who still survives, has liberally endowed an academy which already has over one hundred pupils. A new academic hall and a large dormitory are now building.

The various provisions for the improvement, happiness and prosperity of this people, coupled with liberality and fairness in daily business intercourse, explain the absence of discontent and the uniform sympathy, good feeling and harmony which prevail.

I have nowhere seen a better practical solution of the Labour Question.

Mr. F. M. Bell Smith supplies us with an illustration of the scene in the Chamber of the Ontario Legislative Assembly at the time of

THE GREAT SALE OF TIMBER LIMITS

at Toronto.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. John B. Gough is endeavouring to raise a sum sufficient for a testimonial to the celebrated artist Cruikshank for his philanthropic aid to the temperance cause in England. He has subscribed \$500 himself.

The Empress of Russia will shortly proceed with Prince Nicholas to Jerusalem, and will probably stay there during the winter. They will pass through Constantinople, where the Sultan is preparing a solemn reception.

Prince Napoleon has instituted legal proceedings to test the legality of his recent forced expulsion from France. He has appealed to the Procureur-Général for redress against the Minister of the Interior, Chief of Police, and others who assisted in running him out of the country. He claims that, being a citizen of the republic, the manœuvre was not only impolite, but illegal.

The Paris *Figaro* has attempted to lower Gambetta in the eyes of his countrymen. It has discovered that the "Young Dictator" is of German origin. His grandfather, says the *Figaro*, was named Gemperle. He came to France in the time of Napoleon I., and married an Italian Jewess. Upon that occasion he changed his name to Gambetta, who is, nevertheless, a true French name.

Twenty-two thousand pounds for a ceiling! The statement, fabulous as it looks, is true. The Marquis of Westminster has just been furnished by Messrs. Cubitt, builders and contractors, with a ceiling costing the enormous sum of £22,000. It consists of the best Spanish mahogany, which is two feet in thickness, a foot deep of which is elaborately carved around with the letters W. G. The cornice to the ceiling is of polished ebony of the finest description, and is three feet wide. Upon this are magnificent paintings, copies from the great masters.

The very newest thing out in advertising is the employment of transparent india-rubber balloons, having the name of the shop, etc., printed thereon in colours. On entering the draper's establishment the children are presented with the balloon, uninflated, in a handsome perfumed box. On blowing the balloon the advertisement is "tastefully displayed." All the children in Paris are flocking to buy something in the "monster house," which has invented the plan; yesterday, it is asserted, the establishment sold £23,000 worth of goods in one day—not bad.

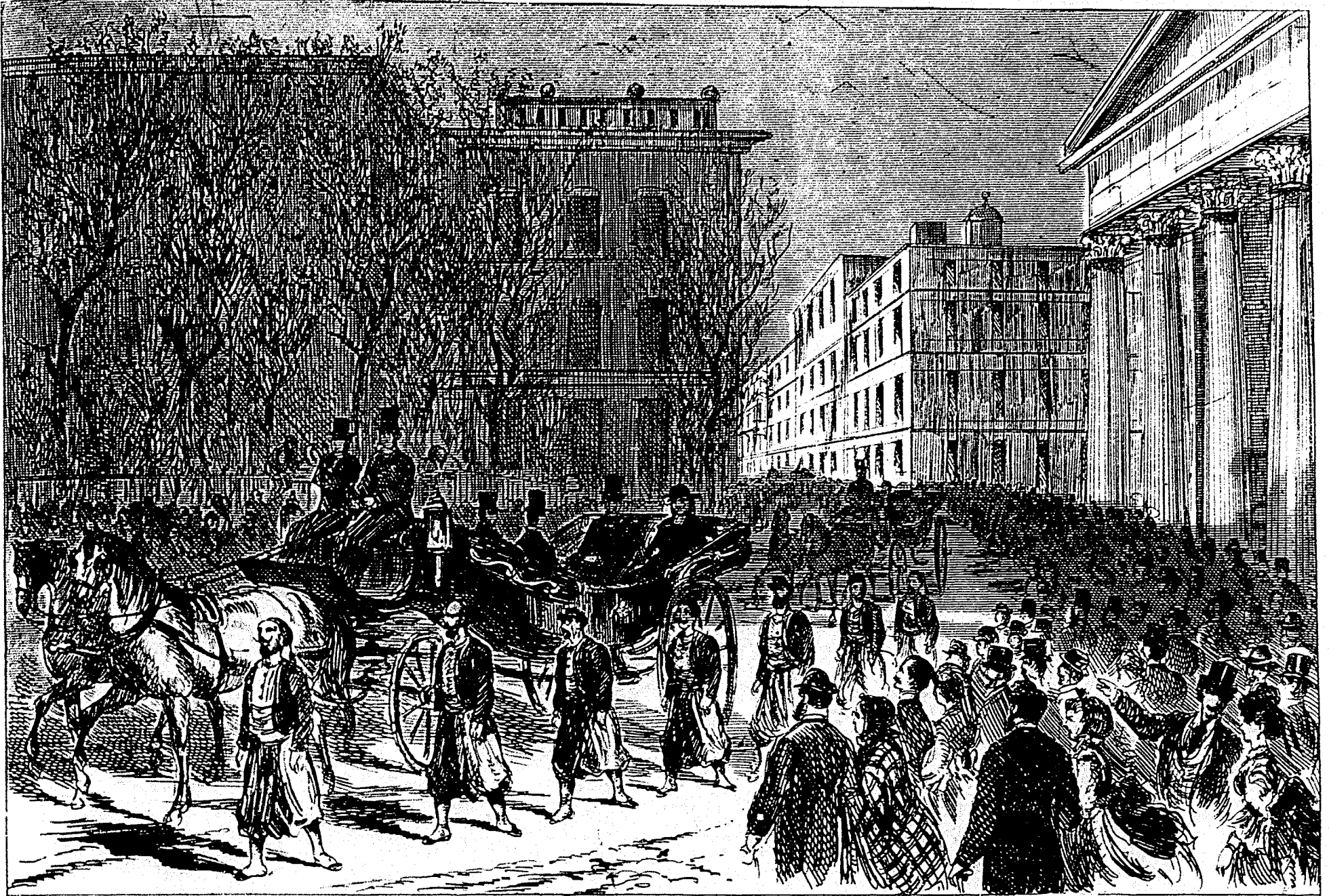
The *Pall Mall Gazette* is assured that the following story is true:—The visiting justices of a certain inland county were inspecting a lunatic asylum. A female patient handed to one of them a paper to read in vindication of her sanity; after perusing a part of the document on the spot, the justices put it aside for the time being, coming to the conclusion that the very phraseology of the writer was conclusive proof of her lunacy. Upon a subsequent and more careful analysis of the petition it was discovered that the sentences which had so struck the justices as conclusive of lunacy were taken verbatim from a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph*.

The Prussian *Cross Gazette* states that of the five places in Germany where gaming-tables have hitherto been allowed, Ems has already closed the doors of its kursaal for the last time, and that the bank's profits this year amount to upwards of 400,000 thalers (£65,000). A letter from Ems says that the closing of the bank in that town took place on the 29th ultimo, without any special formalities. The Royal decree was read in the midst of a profoundly silent auditory, and, after "le dernier coup," one of the players placed his hat over the roulette, and all was over. Baden-Baden and Nauheim close upon Oct. 31, Wiesbaden and Homburg upon Dec. 31.

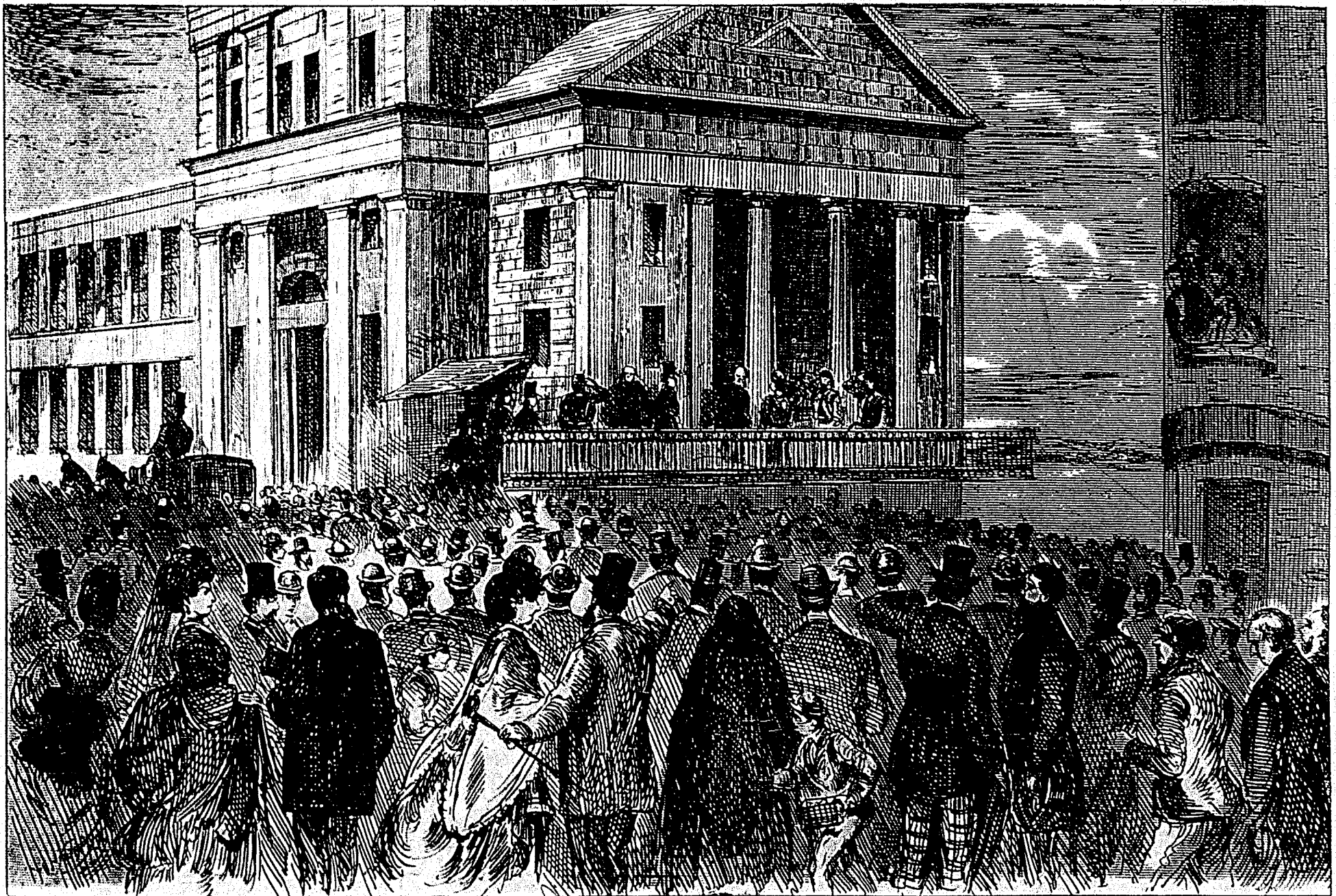
Here are some curious facts respecting the sale of "magic" herbs in Paris. It seems to be one of the most profitable industries extant, the stock in trade consisting of little more than a few bundles of azederach, mandrake, and moss, and a dozen or two of toads, all of which can be bought in the market for a few sous. Once in the hands of the herbalist their value becomes golden. The mandrake plant "gathered at the midnight of the full moon" is worth £2 10s.; a leaf of azederach, "on which has been pronounced the great cabalistic formula of Solomon," fetches £4; a packet of moss "boiled with toads and dead men's bones by a centenarian," £2 10s.; and so on *ad infinitum*. The number of both male and female customers is very large, the ladies affecting the mandrake, as introduced in a person's coffee it is "warranted" an infallible love potion, and the stronger sex the moss and toads, which are supposed to inspire obnoxious persons with a desire to travel.



MONTREAL.—THE "NOVES DOR" OF BISHOP BOURGET.—THE DINNER.—By C. KERRICK.



MONTREAL.—THE "NOCES D'OR" OF BISHOP BOURGET.—THE PROCESSION AT PLACE D'ARMES.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.



MONTREAL.—THE "NOCES D'OR" OF BISHOP BOURGET.—ARRIVAL OF HIS LORDSHIP AT THE CITY HALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
NOVEMBER 23, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Nov. 17.—	Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity. Montreal and Brockville section G. T. R. opened, 1855.
MONDAY,	" 18.—	Cardinal Pole died, 1558. Cortez sailed for Mexico, 1578.
TUESDAY,	" 19.—	Nicholas Poussin died, 1665. Napoleon I. crowned, 1804.
WEDNESDAY,	" 20.—	St. Edmund, K. & M. Cape of Good Hope doubled by Vasco da Gama, 1497. Lord Elgin died, 1863.
THURSDAY,	" 21.—	Gen. Murray first English Governor, 1765. Grand Trunk Railway opened to Detroit, 1859.
FRIDAY,	" 22.—	St. Cecilia, M. Dugald Stewart born, 1753.
SATURDAY,	" 23.—	St. Clement, Bp. & M. Rebel Success at St. Denis, 1837. Gas first used in Montreal, 1837.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Nov. 10, 1872.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M., 2 P. M., 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M., 9 P. M.,	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Nov. 4	39	48	32	74	30.23	N E	Clear.
5	41	52	31	78	30.25	W S W	Clear.
6	46	48	39	84	30.03	S	Rain.
7	42	47	41	71	29.52	Var.	Overcast.
8	40	45	35	75	29.39	S W	Cloudy.
9	41	48	37	59	29.83	W N W	Cloudy.
10	38	48	32	64	30.14	N W	Clear.
MEAN	41.0	46.6	35.3	72.0	29.91		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 21.0; of Humidity, 48.4; of Barometer, 1.07 inches. Maximum height on the 5th, 30.335; Minimum height on the 8th, 29.265.

Whole amount of rain during the week, 0.20 inches, equivalent to 4,525 gallons of water per acre.

NOTE.—The Barometer very variable during the week and unusually low on Friday, the 8th; strong westerly wind at Montreal. In the lower St. Lawrence heavy gales from the N. W. and N. N. E. The following table will show the Barometrical Range from Noon Thursday to Noon Friday. Corrected for temperature and reduced to sea level.

Nov. 7, Noon	29.547
1 P. M.	29.481
2 P. M.	29.447
7 P. M.	29.400
9 P. M.	29.320
Nov. 8, 7 A. M.	29.265
9 A. M.	29.268
Noon	29.307

The Mean Barometer will, in future, be recorded—as it is this week—corrected for temperature and reduced to sea level.

The undersigned has much pleasure in acquainting the public that he has entered into arrangements with Mr. Johnston, C.E., of Montreal, for the early publication of his large "Map of the whole Dominion, from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, with the Northern and Western States."

This Map is approved and recommended by the highest Geographical Authorities in Canada as being the most accurate, comprehensive and useful Map yet made. It will be the special care and aim of the undersigned to place this valuable work before the Canadian public in a style commensurate with its great merits, early in the ensuing year.

GEO. E. DESBARATS.

[See Prospectus.]

SKETCHES IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Our special artist and correspondent in the Lower Provinces, Mr. E. J. Russell, who has recently been on a sketching tour in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, will shortly contribute to the pages of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS a series of views of scenery in the Maritime Provinces, accompanied by appropriate descriptive papers.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1872.

The old city of Boston has been visited by a calamity similar to that which, thirteen months ago, devastated her younger sister, Chicago. About seven o'clock on Saturday evening a fire broke out on the corner of Summer and Kingston Streets, and being fanned by the wind, which was very high at the time, spread rapidly, and soon assumed the most alarming proportions. After raging for over fifteen hours it was finally got under, only to break out again later on in the day and continue its work of destruction. By six o'clock on Monday morning it was once more got under control, and it was then found that some seventy acres, which had been covered with warehouses and manufactories, had been utterly laid waste by the flames. Fortunately, owing to the almost entire absence of private dwelling houses in the burnt district, the number of persons left homeless by the disaster is very much smaller than was the case last year at Chicago. The pecuniary loss is, however, very great. The burnt district embraces a large part of the business portion of the city. Merchants had just finished taking in their winter stock of goods. The warehouses were filled from top to bottom, when the fire broke out and swept everything away. The total loss is placed at something like one hundred million dollars, but nearly the whole of this is covered by insurance. The strain upon the Insurance Companies is necessarily very great, but it is expected that the greater part of them will be able to meet their liabilities.

In reading the accounts of the fire, published in the daily prints, one is immediately struck by the frequent allusions to the Mansard roofs of the burning warehouses as having been a great hindrance to the firemen in their

efforts to check the progress of the flames. The building in which the fire originally broke out was covered with a Mansard roof, which over-topped all the surrounding buildings. From this roof the flames were communicated to the adjoining Mansards, and, being aided by the wind, were not long in spreading. After the fire was extinguished, the chief engineer of the city distinctly stated at a meeting of the municipal officials, that the conflagration was entirely due to the height of the buildings and the fatal Mansard roofs with which they were topped. The crusade against these senseless roofs was begun some years ago, and has since been renewed from time to time as their dangerous properties were fully and fatally demonstrated, but always without the slightest effect. Their very construction would, one would imagine, be so much against them that, in large cities especially, they should be entirely forbidden. Everybody must have noticed their flimsiness; a labyrinth of wooden beams, coated with felt and top-covered with slating. Nothing could be more likely, in the event of a conflagration, to catch fire, and, burning furiously, to communicate the flames to adjoining buildings. Where a number of these roofs are clustered together, a fire in one would necessarily spread to them all with a similar result to that which has caused so much damage in Boston. And yet, in spite of repeated warnings, Mansard roofs continue to be favourites, and hardly a house of any pretension is put up that is not crowned with one of these flashy and most dangerous structures.

Apropos of Mansard roofs, a correspondent of the Gazette—an architect of experience—remarks, that had the St. Patrick's Hall in this city been surrounded by buildings topped with these roofs, it would have been impossible to save them, and the fire might, in consequence, have got beyond control, and as in Chicago and Boston, have consumed half the city. He then says:

This Mansard roof, which seems to be as necessary now as days as the building it covers, was first invented about two hundred years ago by François Mansard, an architect of Paris, and as Milizia quaintly remarks, "it was certainly not the best of the many inventions of Mansard," and it would be difficult to find any form of roof construction which has been so unsparingly and deservedly denounced. (There is a special prohibition of it for warehouses and stores in the Metropolitan Buildings Act of London.) The re-introduction, however, of the florid decoration of Mansard's time, has naturally brought with it Mansard's roof and now public buildings, wholesale stores, villas and cottages are nothing unless covered with this description of roof; and, looking at some of our most recent structures, it would be rather difficult to say whether the building was erected for the sake of the roof, or the roof for the building. At any rate, it is certain that some of those roofs have cost as much as would have carried up the walls of the building to the same height of solid cut stone, but the opportunities which this Mansard roof affords of displaying the tin-finery, the iron railings, the carved and decorated dormer windows and the ornamental roofing, jumps with the tinsel passion of the age and must be pandered to. It may wring the soul of the true architect, but it provides him with bread, and that, you know, is a very important matter.

CONFIDENCE OPERATORS.

The Toronto Leader thus calls attention to a new system of swindling which has recently been carried on with great success in that city.

It is only a short time, comparatively speaking, since swindling became a legalized profession within the British Dominions. Very many years ago a spade was called a spade, and a rogue was called one and treated as such. Matters have, of late years, improved considerably in this respect, and a rogue is now called by a variety of highly respectable names. Of course the effect remains *per se* unaltered, the only change is the mode of expressing it. Most people are conversant with the frauds perpetrated under the character of Joint Stock Companies, Mining Speculations, Railway companies, and a thousand other methods resorted to by the dishonest for cheating the unwary. Most of those schemes have, however, been done to the death, and it requires a reasonably fair share of cunning and an uncommonly large share of audacious effrontery "to float"—we believe that is the correct phrase—any new swindle. Fortunately for the public, the Press is Argus-eyed, and swindlers cannot hope to carry on their operations for any considerable time without detection. Amongst the most recent swindles that we have heard of is one that, owing to its very plausibility, is likely to escape observation. We shall simply give a synopsis of the *modus operandi*, and leave it to our readers to fill up details at their leisure.

Let us for a moment suppose that A., B. and C. enter into a regular partnership, ostensibly, say, to sell some patent article by which thousands of dollars may be realised. They rent a store either in Pittsburgh or on King street in this city. Having got the ordinary machinery into working order, they advertise in the newspapers, &c. As a mere matter of prudence, the advertisements vary considerably; sometimes a "confidential clerk" is required, at other times this enterprising firm requires a gentleman who can afford to invest \$500 or \$1,000 in a concern that is almost certain to pay cent per cent if not more. Another times a traveller is required, and in this case the firm becomes suspiciously accommodating, for the gentleman can select Canada, the United States, Greenland's icy mountains, or Timbuctoo. In any case the fortunate traveller is certain to realise, almost in no time, two or three thousand dollars. Let us say for the sake of illustration, that the "Confidential Clerk" makes application. Of course, he goes to the store deeply impressed with the importance of the situation for which he is about to apply, what subsequently occurs only serves still further to deepen the impression. He finds the man of business deeply absorbed in correspondence

or in calculations evidently indicating the extensive nature of the transactions in which the enterprising firm is engaged. A singular coincidence occurs at this stage, which is worthy of note. No sooner has the intended applicant entered the office than a large number of customers appear also on the scene. Some give orders to the extent of \$2,000, and some give orders to a greater extent than this, but hardly any of them ever stop short of a thousand; in this way the intending applicant is indirectly made to understand, that a firm having such extended commercial relations in different parts of Canada and the States will require their confidential clerk to give security, and the applicant is made directly to understand this.

Should the applicant have \$500 or \$600 the chances are he would give it as security. In the course of probably a few days he is taken into partnership, signs the usual legal documents and after a very short time he discovers that he has been very nicely "swindled within the limits." The members of the firm gradually disappear, to concentrate at some other place to go through the same process with slight variations. The innocent reader may probably ask how such a thing is possible. In reply we may say, that these gentlemen have their lawyer, and matters are so cunningly arranged, that when parties find out the fraud they find out simultaneously that they have no means of redress and as a matter of course they have a natural disinclination to be dragged before the public. We have studiously avoided giving names, but when we mention that such a system has been carried on in the centre of this very city for several weeks past, we are quite certain that many of our readers will at once recognise the originals, while, at the same time, we regret to say, that not a few will recognise in themselves the victims.

In the event of this article reaching any of our friends in the State of Indiana, they might probably find it to their advantage to read it carefully, and if parties at all resembling those hinted at should appear there, we should strongly advise them to be on their guard against them. "A wink's as good as a nod to a blind horse."

THE MAGAZINES.

The Book Buyer will be found a most valuable publication to all bibliopoles and bibliophiles. It gives a summary of all the recent appearances in the literary world of both Europe and America, to which is appended a list of rare and valuable works offered for sale by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of New York.

Every Saturday offers every week a capital compendium of the best articles from the English magazines. The following are the contents of the present number:—The Yellow Flag. By Edmaud Yates. Book III., Chap. III.,—All the Year Round; From an Indian Veranda,—Chambers's Journal; A Piece of Deception,—Cassell's Magazine; Popular History, Miss Strickland,—The Pall Mall Gazette; The Dream of Poliphilus,—The Academy; Hippolyte Taine,—The Spectator; The Consolations of Art,—The Saturday Review; A Dashing Exploit,—All the Year Round; Albany Foulblaque,—The Daily News; Unsuspected Corruptions of Shakspeare's Text,—The Athenæum; Head-Dresses, Second Paper,—The Saint Paul's; French Statesmen. II. Ernest Picard,—The Pall Mall Gazette; Dog-Consciousness,—The Spectator.

The Canadian Antiquarian and Numismatic Journal. This is a quarterly publication issued under the auspices of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal. It has for its object the placing on record of facts and documents connected with the early history of Canada, but at the same time it devotes some attention to matters of interest to antiquarians and curiosity seekers all over the world. The articles are brief and pleasantly written, and the whole journal is marked by a total absence of anything heavy. A specimen of the papers published therein will be found on another page in an article relating to the establishment of the first printing press in Montreal. As a valuable record of the history of the country the Antiquarian is unsurpassed by any publication in the country, if we except the Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. It deserves hearty support, and, we feel sure, only wants to be generally known to secure a large measure of success. The appended list of the contents of the current number forms a most inviting bill of fare and gives a very good idea of the kind of thing aimed at:—Montmorency—A Retrospect; Card Money of Canada; American Antiquities; The First Printing Establishment in Montreal; Chateauguay; The Prison of Socrates; Capture of Quebec by Kirke in 1629; Candlestick of Sir John Franklin, (a Canadian Relic); The Barony of Longueuil; Coins of the Belgians; Mary Queen of Scots; Bronze Coinage; Canadian Medals; Coins of the Sierra Leone Company, (Africa); An old Colonial Proclamation.

RECEIVED.

AT HIS GATES. By Mrs. Oliphant. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

IN EXTREMIS. By Mrs. R. S. Greenough. Boston: Roberts Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By M. Schele de Vere. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

A MANUAL of Pottery and Porcelain for American Collectors. By John H. Treadwell. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We have received from Messrs. Letts & Son, the well-known English manufacturers of diaries and fancy goods, a copy of the Colonial edition of Letts' Diary and Bill's Due Book for 1873—a stout, substantially bound little volume, containing plenty of room for daily notes, and a large amount of the kind of information usually found in publications of this sort. Letts' Diaries are well-known wherever the English language is spoken as the best in use. It was one of these in which Dr. Livingstone sent his journal by Stanley to his daughter.

APPOINTMENT.

Mr. Betournay, of this city, has been appointed to a judgeship in Manitoba.

AMUSEMENTS.

New Royal Lyceum, Toronto.—Last week there was a most successful run, at this theatre, of "The Winning Hand," introducing two star actors, Mr. J. M. Ward and Miss Winetta Montague.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.

The Quebec Legislature opened on the 7th instant. There is an *on dit* to the effect that the Hon. Mr. Macdougall will shortly reenter the administration.

The U. S. Minister at Geneva has tendered to M. Stœmpfli a formal expression of the thanks of the American Government for his services as a member of the Board of Arbitration.

A decree has been issued by the Spanish Government granting a concession to an English Company for laying a telegraph cable from Bilbao direct to some point of the coast of England.

A colonial question having arisen between England and Portugal, both parties have agreed to resort to arbitration for its settlement, and have selected President Thiers as arbitrator.

Henri Rochefort has been permitted to visit Versailles to marry the dying mother of his children, in order to legitimize his offspring. When the ceremony is concluded, he will return to prison.

Bismarck has sent a memorial to the Emperor, advocating the immediate reorganization of the Upper House of the Prussian Diet, and it is stated semi-officially that the suggestion will probably be adopted.

Mr. Post, American Consul at Vienna, has received under his protection 35 Jewish families, who fled from persecution in Wallachia. A subscription has been opened at the Consulate to enable them to emigrate to the United States.

The City Flour Mills in London were destroyed by fire on Saturday night. The loss exceeds £500,000. One fireman was killed and several injured.

A despatch from Constantinople states that an English steamer arrived there Wednesday last from Malta, having on board 29 slaves to be disposed of. A very brisk slave trade is carried on between Tripoli and Constantinople, by way of Malta.

In the Spanish Cortes yesterday a motion for the suppression of lotteries, and another motion to reduce the number of Cabinet Ministers to five, were defeated. The proposition to abolish the tobacco monopoly was also rejected.

Republican members of the Spanish Cortes propose to demand of the Government the immediate emancipation of all slaves. Their plan proposes the indemnification of slave owners in Cuba at the rate of a thousand pesetas per head, and in Porto Rico at 1,500 pesetas.

The Prussian Government has created a number of new peers, in order to secure a majority in its favour in the House of Lords. It is stated that the House will be given sufficient time after the reopening of the new Diet, to reconsider its vote on the country Reform bill, before that measure is again introduced by the Government.

The Procureur General of France has declared that Prince Napoleon cannot legally bring a suit in the courts against the Minister of the Interior, as the Prince's expulsion from France was ordered by the Government over which the Assembly alone has jurisdiction. Prince Napoleon writes that he intends to persist in the prosecution of the case, notwithstanding the opinion of the Procureur General.

CHESS.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. M. C. Grelch.—Your solution of the Knight's Tour, received quite correct.

D. J. Walker, Belleville.—Accept thanks for games; they shall have our best attention.

A lively game in the recent Tourney at Hualiton.

Table with columns for White and Black players and their moves. Includes names like Mr. W. C. Mackay and Mr. D. J. Wallace.

(a) The "authentic" gave P. to Q. 4th here as best. (b) Black might have ventured Kt. takes K. P.

THE KNIGHT'S TOUR.

Table with columns for numbered squares (64-37) and rows of numbers representing the Knight's Tour solution.

VERNAL SOLUTION.

Who threads, with toil and care, the way Taken by the Knight in this, his tour, And from the path forbears to stray,

OPENING OF THE QUEBEC LEGISLATURE.

The second session of the second Parliament of the Province of Quebec was opened on Thursday, the 7th inst., with the usual ceremonies.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I am happy to welcome you at the opening of this second session of the second Provincial Parliament.

You have, during the preceding sessions, considered the more urgent subjects of legislation and have added to the numerous laws, which we have received from the systems which passed our consideration, other statutes, the necessity for which was apparent to you.

In the division of legislative power between the Federal Parliament and the local legislatures, questions of difficulty have necessarily arisen. In many cases the two Governments have come to an understanding so as to avoid a conflict of jurisdiction, but it has occurred that the Courts of Justice in this Province, have virtually put aside acts of the Legislature which have not been disavowed by the Government of the Dominion and my Government has thought it right, in the interest of all, to take the necessary steps to have the constitutional questions which may thus arise submitted to the decision of the highest tribunal of the Empire.

A Bill respecting the election of members of the Legislative Assembly will be submitted to your consideration, as well as another bill to facilitate the decision of controverted elections.

You will be asked to supply what is still wanting in our judicature laws to complete the system of judicial decentralization.

Your legislation in favour of railways and colonization railroads has borne its fruits and you will have seen with pleasure that several large enterprises, which you have aided by grants of money or lands, are in progress of completion.

Great efforts have been made by the Government of this Province in favour of colonization, numerous and important roads have been constructed and immigrants from Europe are beginning to turn in greater numbers towards this country and to settle here; the liberal subsidy which the Federal Government has placed at our disposal to assist immigration, should encourage us to continue our exertions and to emulate in this respect the efforts of other Provinces.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

The Public Accounts will be submitted to your examination and you will be asked to vote the ordinary supplies for the different branches of the public service, as well as for charitable purposes, for colonization roads and Education.

Certain portions of this province having suffered greatly by the failure of last year's harvest, the Government have thought it right to aid the sufferers by loans of money; you will be asked to ratify these grants which were made as matters of urgency to that object.

You will learn no doubt with pleasure, that, notwithstanding these unforeseen expenses and although considerable sums have been paid for colonization railways, the balance in the hands of the Treasurer of the Province on the first of July last, was somewhat greater than that at the corresponding period last year.

You will also be asked to renew the appropriation which was made last year to enable the Government to defend the rights of the Province before the Privy Council, in the matter of the pretended arbitration and award respecting the debts and assets of the old Province of Canada.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I have no doubt that you will give your most serious attention to the different measures of public or local interest which shall be submitted to you and that with the wisdom and moderation which have hitherto distinguished you, you will, with the aid of Divine Providence, acquit yourselves of the important task confided to you, so as to increase the prosperity of this Province.

The House then adjourned.

UNITED STATES.

The New York Tribune is in future to be an independent paper.

Susan B. Anthony and eight other females voted at Rochester during the recent elections.

A great fire broke out in Boston on Saturday, and continued to burn for nearly two days. A large portion of the city is destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$100,000,000.

Grant has been returned for the Presidency by an overwhelming majority. A strange and far from reassuring feature about the election is that the North is pitted against the South—the former for Grant, the latter for Greeley.

Victoria C. Woodhull and Fannie C. Chaffin, who were arrested in New York on a charge of libel and publishing an obscene paper, are obliged to remain in jail. The only person who offered to become responsible for their bail was the eccentric and well known George Francis Train, and his offer was declined by the prisoners, they preferring, as they claim, to remain locked up until their examination in court.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Mr. Gladstone is reported to be ill.

Chilera has made his appearance in Dresden.

The French National Assembly met on Monday.

The new Spanish loan will be issued about the middle of next month.

Twenty-one men and boys have been killed by a mining accident in Belgium.

The customary Lord Mayor's show came off as usual in London on Saturday.

The Prince of Wales' birthday was celebrated in London with great rejoicings.

A subscription has been opened in England in aid of the sufferers by the floods in Italy.

Cardinal Amati, Vice-Chancellor of the Holy Roman See, died last week at the age of 76.

Karl Blind has written and published a pamphlet at Berlin entitled "Away with the House of Peers."

There was a riot in Exeter on the 5th inst., consequent on a demonstration against the New Licensing Act.

A bill has been introduced in the Cortes providing for the abolition of compulsory service in the Spanish navy.

Two hundred and forty witnesses have been summoned to appear before the court which is to try Marshal Bazaine.

Thirty miners were killed the other day by an explosion in a coal mine in the French department of Saône et Loire.

The Russian Government has issued orders for the recall of the expeditionary force which is now marching on Khiva.

Espartaco has been elected President, and Serrano and Olozaga Vice-Presidents of the Spanish Society of Exhibition of 1875.

The new Commercial Treaty, which has been for a long time in negotiation between Great Britain and France, was signed last week.

Sir John D. Coleridge has declined a seat on the bench in the Probate and Divorce Court, made vacant by the resignation of Lord Penzance.

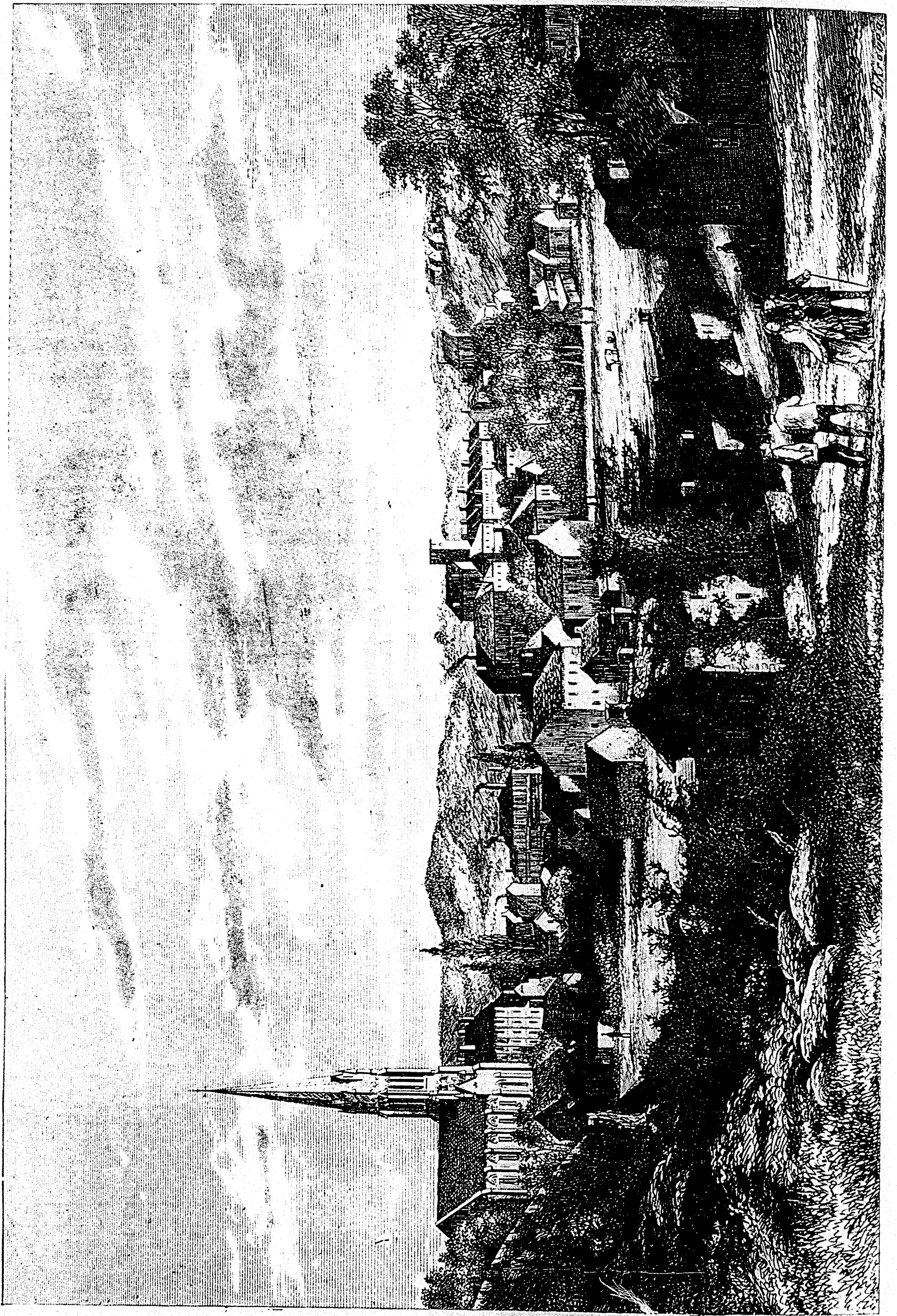
The Levant Herald has been suspended for two months, in consequence of the publication of satirical articles upon the deficient water supply of Constantinople.

The German troops have evacuated the city of Rheims and the town of Vitry-le-François. These were the last posts retained by them in the department of the Marne.

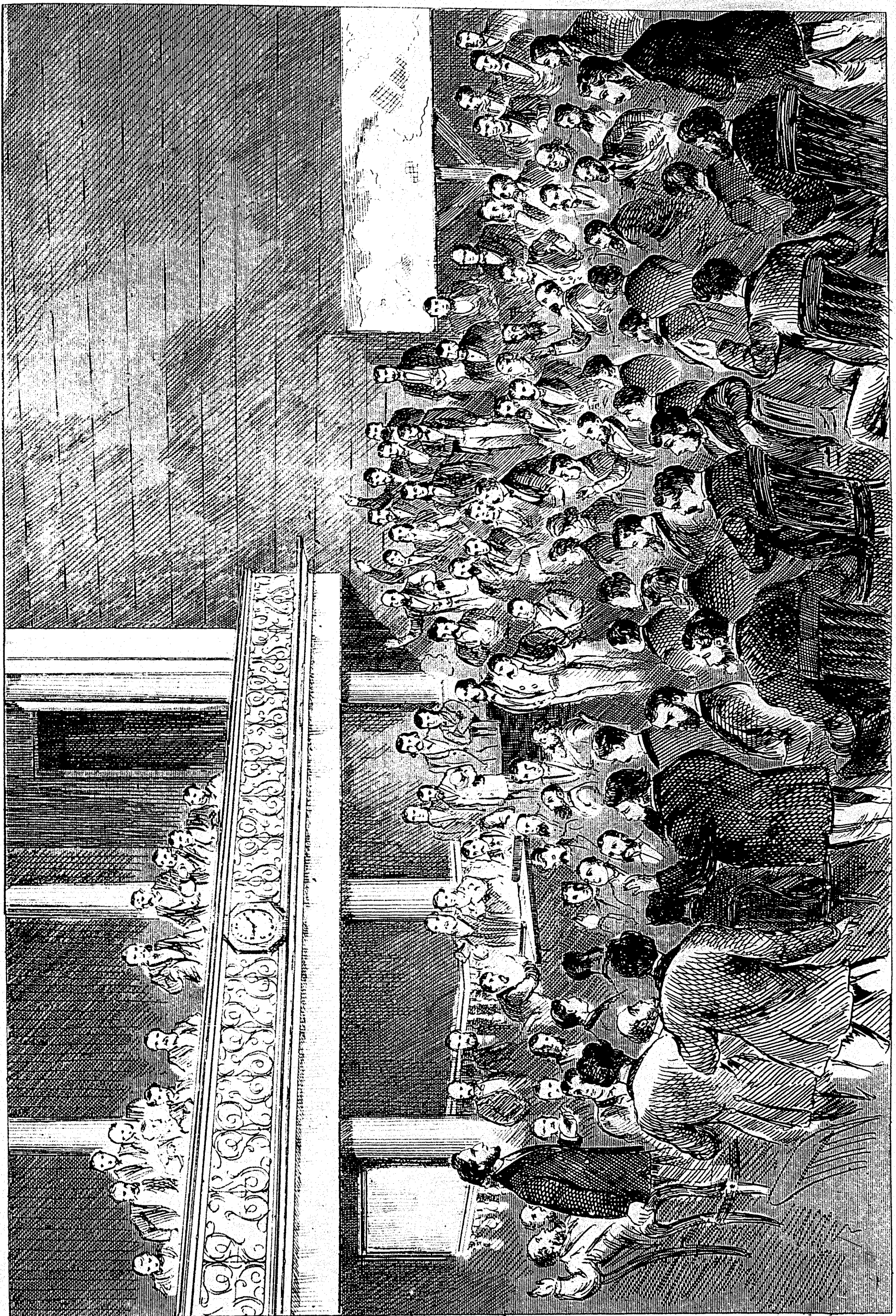
It is stated that Mr. Roebuck, who formerly represented Sheffield, will again stand as a candidate for that city, in the event of a vacancy occurring in the representation.

A conspiracy, fostered by Internationalists has been discovered by the Spanish authorities among the employees at the royal dockyard and arsenal at La Carraca, near Cadix.





ONTARIO.—VIEW OF GAITHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY M. A. FABER.



TORONTO.—GREAT TIMBER SALE IN THE HALL OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. HELL SMITH.

## Science & Mechanics.

**NON-INFLAMMABLE FABRICS.**—Carteron and Rimmel have taken out a patent in England for the use of acetate of lime and chloride of calcium for rendering goods non-combustible. Equal weights of each are dissolved in twice their weight of hot water.

A clever French anatomist has just presented the following statistics to the Paris Académie des Sciences. A man during fifty years sleeps away an aggregate of 6,000 days, works away the same period, eats away 2,000, walks 800, is ill during 500, and amuses himself for 4,000 days. During his half century he absorbs 77,000 lbs. of bread, 22,000 lbs. of meat, 5,000 lbs. of vegetables, and washes all this down with 6,800 gallons of liquor.

An English road-steamer recently made the run from Ipswich to Edinburgh by road, a distance of 450 miles, in seventy-seven hours' travelling time. The engine is one of four now being built for the Indian Government, under Thomson's patent, with india-rubber ties, and is of 14 nominal horse-power, but which has been worked up to 80 indicated horse-power. Her weight is about 18½ tons; length, 15 feet; breadth, 8 feet 8 inches; height to top of chimney, 15 feet. The omnibus weighs about 3½ tons and seats 21 passengers inside and 44 outside.

**NOISY MACHINERY NOT NECESSARY.**—A New England mechanic thinks we need have no noisy machinery, for that of the organ or piano is as complicated as a cotton mill, and yet by careful packing with leather and wool of the various parts, gives us nothing but sweet sounds. Blessed be the day of silent inventions, when rubber tires, musical whistles and low humming machinery, shall make life endurable in every crowded city. Why cannot our manufacturers line and underlay their machinery with rubber, felt, etc., and deaden the din of our workshops, so that it shall be less wearisome to the head, and thus effect a material saving in the physical strength of workmen.

**PRESSED BOARD.**—Mr. R. E. Stephens, of Owen Sound, has invented a substitute for lumber, shingles, &c. The invention consists in the manufacture of stratified slabs by pressure, and, in the case of shingles and footways, covering the surface with sand. The material has much the appearance of mill-board, but the strength of wood, at about one-fifth the cost. The "pressed board" is most valuable for common floors, sidewalks, and roofing; and when in blocks answers the purposes of stone for building, and presents an equally pleasing appearance. Mr. Stephens is about to organize a company for manufacturing this novel material; and, having secured patents in the States and in Canada, the undertaking promises to be one of considerable pecuniary success.

**CLOSED CUPOLAS.**—Mr. Webb, of the Crewe Iron Works, Eng., is now working his cupolas with closed tops, and, as reported, with a saving of some 25 per cent. of blast thereby. If this is so it is a practical result of great value to iron foundries. In the foundry there is also said to be seen some very well planned moulding machinery for moulding the cast-iron chimney tops which Mr. Webb is now using, and which are moulded in green sand, and cast with metal only 3-16 in. thick. The mixed iron and brass borings, and the refuse from the brass foundry, are mixed with limestone, coal and oxide of iron or scale, and on this mixture being smelted, the brass settles to the bottom and is tapped and run into ingots. This is claimed to be much more economical and rapid than the ordinary process.

A new food preparation, under the name of fluid meat, has lately been patented by Mr. Darby, who anticipates its extensive introduction as an article of consumption. For the purpose, lean meat, finely spiced, is digested with pepsin in water previously acidulated with hydrochloric acid, at a temperature of about 96°, until the whole of the fibrin has disappeared. The liquid is then filtered, so as to separate the particles of fat, cartilage, and other insoluble matters, and after being neutralized by means of carbonate of soda, is evaporated to the consistency of a soft extract. The preparation thus made is slightly bitter, as is generally the case with meat digested with pepsin; but this taste is entirely removed by the addition, in a certain part of the process, of a simple preparation of fresh pancreas. One pound of soluble extract may be obtained from twenty pounds of lean meat, thus concentrating to this extent the nutritious elements of the flesh.

**FACTS ABOUT FRICTION.**—In a new edition of his "Principles of Mechanism," Professor Willis says: The friction of materials in contact with unguents interposed is given as one twelfth of the pressure, and the limiting angle of resistance, 5 degrees; of metals on metals, one sixth of the pressure, with an angle of 10 degrees; of wood on wood one third of the pressure, with an angle of 18 degrees; and of bricks and stones, two thirds of the pressure, with an angle of 33 degrees.

The magnitude of the friction between a

pair of plane surfaces, the one fixed and the other movable, is governed by three principal laws, which have been confirmed by innumerable experiments. The first law is that the magnitude of the frictional resistance between a given pair of surfaces of any materials is proportional to the pressure that keeps them in contact. The second law is that the frictional resistance is unaffected by the area of contact, which may be shown by placing the upper block first flatwise, and then on edge, when the friction will be found to be the same in both positions. The third law is that the frictional resistance of solids is wholly unaffected by the relative velocity of the rubbing surfaces. It is worthy of remark here that the laws of friction of solids and fluids are essentially different with regard to velocity, for while the friction of solids is independent of it, that of fluids increases as the square of the velocity.

It is curious to observe that, taking the mean value of friction at one third of the pressure which generates it, if we take a cylinder of any diameter, as the barrel of a common windlass, and fix it, and throw a rope over it, any weight tied to one end will support a weight about three times as great at the other end. If the rope be taken once round the barrel, and the two ends hang freely down, the small weight will support one twenty-seven times as great at the other end. Thus, with half a coil, as in the first case supposed, the rope will support at one end three times as much as at the other; with one complete coil, nine times as much; with a coil and a half twenty-seven times; with two coils, eighty-one; with two and a half coils, 243; with three coils, 729; with three and a half coils, 2,187; and with four coils, 6,561 times the weight suspended at the other end. In drawing water from a well where the depth is not great, or winding up earth from sewer excavations, this property of coil friction is sometimes employed by taking three or four coils of the rope round the windlass barrel. The empty bucket or skip takes the place of the small weight, and the full one that of the greater weight, the coils grasping the cylindrical surface so firmly as to sustain the load. But although the friction of these coils is sufficient to sustain the load, there is a practical difficulty in the method, from want of clearance room, where the buckets or skips pass each other up and down.

### AGE OF THE CHALK FORMATION.

All readers surely know the white chalk, the special feature and the special pride of the south of England. All know its softly-rounded downs, its vast beech woods, its short and sweet turf, its snowy cliffs, which have given—so some say—to the whole island the name of Albion—the white land. But all do not, perhaps, know that till we get to the chalk no single plant or animal has been found which is exactly like any plant or animal now known to be living. The plants and animals grow, on the whole, more and more like our living forms as we rise in the series of beds. But only above the chalk (as far as we yet know) do we begin to find species identical with those living now. This, in itself, would prove a vast lapse of time. We shall have a further proof of that vast lapse when we examine the chalk itself. It is composed—of this there is now no doubt—almost entirely of the shells of minute animalcules; and animalcules (I use an unscientific word for the sake of unscientific readers) like these, and in some cases identical with them, are now forming a similar deposit of mud at vast depths, over the greater part of the Atlantic sea-floor. This fact has been put out of doubt by recent deep-sea dredgings. A whole literature has been written on it of late. Any reader who wishes to know it, need only ask the first geologist he meets; and if he has the wholesome instinct of wonder in him, fill his imagination with true wonders more grand and strange than he is likely to find in any fairy tale. All I have to do with the matter here is, to say that, arguing from the known to the unknown, from the Atlantic deep-sea ooze, which we do know about, to the chalk, which we do not know about, the whole of the chalk must have been laid down at the bottom of a deep and still ocean, far out of the reach of winds, tides, and even currents, as a great part of the Atlantic sea-floor is at this day. Prodigious! says the reader. And so it is. Prodigious to think that that shallow Greenland shore, strewn with dead animals, should sink to the bottom of an ocean, perhaps a mile, perhaps some four miles deep. Prodigious the time during which it must have lain as a still ocean floor. For so minute are the living atomies which form the ooze, that an inch, I should say, is as much as we can allow for their yearly deposit; and the chalk is at least a thousand feet thick. It may have taken, therefore, twelve thousand years to form the chalk alone. A rough guess, of course, but one as likely to be two or three times too little as two or three times too big. Such, or somewhat such, is the fact. It had long been suspected, and more than suspected; and the late discoveries of Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Wyville Thompson have surely placed it beyond doubt.—*Charles Kingsley*

## Courier des Américains.

### THE SELFISHNESS OF HUSBANDS.

No wife thinks herself aggrieved because her husband, instead of a pony-carriage for her and the children, keeps a hunter for himself, or because he has his own private dinner while she shares the family meal. On the contrary, to a certain extent, the English wife likes her lord and master to be selfish, and encourages him in it; she has always been taught that her first duty is to her husband, and she follows out the lesson implicitly, and takes a pleasure in saving shillings that he may waste pounds. The fact is a part of our national character, and is hardly likely ever to be much altered. The labourer's wife is rather proud of the fact that her husband beats her at times when he is more than usually disposed to realize that patriarchal ideal which is the keynote of the English family. And so the wife of the middle class is also secretly a little proud of her husband's self-indulgences. She grumbles, perhaps, but she would not for the world have him give up his club, or his annual visit to the Derby and Oaks, or his fine regalias, or his expensive claret. And for a kind word or two, or a touch of that old tenderness, of which so little now remains, she would, indeed, endure almost anything without a murmur. Her one pleasure is the usual sea-side trip. And as long as that is secure, she cares very little how dull and naked and cheerless is her life for the other eleven months, or how many petty annoyances have to be endured, and petty economies practised.

The husband's selfishness, again, is greatly due to the fact that he spends so little of his time in his wife's company. Selfishness such as that of which we speak is not innate; it is rather a bad habit. What a man allows himself once or twice as a treat, he soon comes to regard as a matter of course. But he yet may be, and possibly is, a very generous fellow. The selfish man *in esse* is, indeed, as often as not the generous man *in posse*—the link between the two being that very good nature which, when a man is alone, takes self for its object. Men see far too little of their wives. The "club" is far too important a fact in their life. They leave home early and come home late, and the gloom of the English Sabbath casts itself over all their home life. And who can doubt that the indirect cause of all this is that pest of large families with which England labours. It is Mrs. Shindy and "the children" who are waited upon by the girl in pattens. But let a man have one child, or, at the outside, two, or, if he be fairly well off, perhaps three, he is almost sure to be a different man. He will go about with his wife, and spend money upon a hundred little cheap and pleasant amusements. It is astonishing how much enjoyment can be got out of a few shillings judiciously spent. But then, where it is easy enough to take about a wife, or a wife and child, it is difficult, troublesome, and annoying to take about a family of a dozen. A man is in his heart always a little ashamed of playing Darby and Joan. And—in justice to husbands—it must be admitted that there is a wide difference between six boys in bluchers and a wife with an alpaca umbrella, and one nicely-dressed little girl and a wife in a seal-skin jacket. It is a little brutal to say so, but the plain truth is that most poor men are more or less ashamed of the appearance of their wives and children—and that not altogether without reason. But let a man have a presentable wife and child, and the whole current of his life is, *ipso facto*, changed. He gives up his club, and haunts places like the Crystal Palace and the Botanical Gardens. He takes a pride in his home and its surroundings. And that he should sit and drink Latour and Levillat at the Areopagus, while his wife drinks beer at home, would seem to him simply monstrous. Let him have a dozen children instead of one, and the Shindy element in him develops at once. A poor man with a large family is unhappy. And an unhappy man is always selfish. Selfishness, indeed, is a man's relief from annoyance. It is a moral *callus* produced by the tight shoe of poverty.

There is some reason to hope that the true secret of life is beginning to be better understood, and that it will one day be seen that the man who has six sons, when he ought to have only one, does all the six an irreparable injury. Monstrous families of twelve and fourteen children are now usually the glory of pure curates, whose views on the matter are, of course, as might have been expected, apt to be tinged by the colour of their profession. It is, indeed, impossible to doubt that sounder ideas on the subject are more prevalent than is generally supposed. It is not, of course, a matter about which people are apt to talk, and the change of public sentiment can only be gathered from its effects. But the sheer cost of living becomes day by day so much dearer, while the love of enjoyment and refinement so increases, that to hundreds of people the problem must have long ago assumed a practical aspect. Ten years ago it was a common complaint that young men did not marry. We do not hear this of them now. Marriages are

plentiful enough, and a pleasant companion girl has seldom to wait long for a husband. In the course of another *semi-generation* we shall hear no more about "the deserted wife," and the English home will shake off its present genteel squalor. Social reforms always come from above.—*Examiner*.

### INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE UPON HEALTH.

M. Bertillon, lately having had to draw up a paper for the Academy of Medicine of Paris on the influence of marriage on mortality, consulted the registers of the only three countries in Europe which were carefully enough kept to give him a reply to his question, those of France, Belgium, and Holland. He shows that if the male sex be first considered, we find that, from 25 to 30, 1,000 married men furnish 6 deaths; 1,000 unmarried, 10 deaths; and 1,000 widowers, 22 deaths. From 30 to 35, of 1,000 married men, 7 die; of 1,000 unmarried men, 11½ die; and of 1,000 widowers, 19 die. From 35 to 40, of 1,000 married men, 7½ die; of 1,000 bachelors, 13 die; and of 1,000 widowers, 47½ die; and so on at all the following ages, the married man continuing to live with greater facility than the bachelor. It has been said that since the most fortunate men can afford to marry, it is not astonishing that these persons should live longer. But this will not, of course, account for the very great mortality of widowers at all ages, which, indeed, surpasses that even of bachelors.

However, it must be noticed that 8,000 young men marry in France yearly, under the age of 20. This is very fatal to such young men, for M. Bertillon finds that, whilst 1,000 young men from 15 to 20 furnish 7 deaths, when unmarried, no less than fifty deaths occur among 1,000 young married men under 20. Women seem to reap less advantage from marriage than men, and there is but little difference in the mortality of unmarried and married women before the age of 25. It is but little marked even between 25 and 30.

**A LADY'S OPINION.**—The meanest and most contemptible of mankind may yet find some human advocate, and male coquettes have had, it seems, at least one defender. The poet Campbell says that he once heard a lady of distinguished beauty and rank defend Sir Thomas Lawrence from the charge of having been culpable in paying attentions to ladies without intending to follow them up by an offer of his hand. A gentleman remarked that Sir Thomas was highly blameable. "No," replied the lady, who was said to have been herself the temporary object of the great painter's attentions, "no, not exactly—not so much to blame," said the lady, musingly. "What!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you astonish me! Not to blame for such conduct?" "No, not so much," was still the lady's musing response. "Can you really, madam," said the gentleman again, "defend such behaviour as desertion?" "Why, sir, interrupted the lady, "to confess the truth, I am firmly of opinion that the majority of the women would rather be courted and jilted, than not be courted at all!"

A story was told some years ago, when bonnets assumed their present proportions, of an unsophisticated old lady, who, coming for the first time from a place where straw bonnets with crowns and curtains still prevailed, almost died of astonishment on seeing that fashionable people "took the crowns out of their bonnets." What would she say now if she saw that these same people had taken the sleeves out of their jackets? The chilly weather of the last week has furnished aspirants to fashion with an excuse for adopting the new waistcoat, which the Princess of Wales first introduced on her return from the Continent last June. It is made chiefly of velvet, embroidered in coloured silk or jet, or silk with embroidery. It clings close to the figure, has a basque behind and in front, but the armhole is simply finished round with a binding or row of trimming. Some are open in front and turned back; others are closed; all are lined and made substantial. Algerian scarfs worn as sashes are all the rage; no lady feels herself irreproachably attired without one, and they suit all dresses. Alluring advertisements offer them for sale at absurdly low prices, free by post, &c., but ladies ought not to be drawn into making such purchases. The real Algerian scarf must be nearly three yards long to pass round the waist and tie at the back.

Hashish, opium, alcohol, and tobacco are popular poisons which appear to concentrate their action upon the brain, and are powerful causes of nervous disorders in the perversion of the blood. An individual habituated in the use of any of these is a machine set in destructive motion, which, if not already too much destroyed, may be repaired under the potent influence of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, since the disturbances disappear as the condition of the blood improves.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid cures Scratches on Horses.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE HOUSE-KEEPER

—AT—

LORME HALL.

By Ellen Vavasour Noel.

ON the rose-clad stoop of a large comfortable farm-house near Cornwall an old woman is sitting. She has been knitting, but her work has dropped from her hand and she is leaning thoughtfully back in her low rocking-chair.

"Aunt, what are you thinking of?" On being thus addressed she turned towards the speaker, a bright-looking young girl who has just come out of the house, and said:

"Would you like to hear a story, Nora?" "A story! that I would, Aunt," Nora eagerly replied, as she seated herself beside her. "Is it about something which happened long ago when you were young?"

"Yes, child; it happened many years ago in the family that I lived with, when I first went to service. I was about your age, Nora, when I went to live at Lorme Hall, some miles from Montreal. My mistress was a widow and very wealthy; she had two children, to whom I was engaged as nurse. I had been living with Mrs. Lorme some months, when she decided upon going to Chicago to visit a relative. I, to my great delight, was to go with her to take care of the children, and we were busily engaged getting ready for our journey when I was unfortunately taken seriously ill; so my mistress had to leave me behind and take one of the housemaids in my place as nurse. Mrs. Lorme left orders that I was to be well taken care of and remain at the Hall until her return. She was a kind mistress, Nora, and a fair sweet-looking lady too. Poor thing, it would have been better for her if she had never paid that visit; but we poor mortals can't see ahead; if we could what a world of trouble we might save ourselves sometimes. 'Tis all right, I suppose, yet it is pretty hard to see things happen as they do often, and still to believe that it is best so for us. When I had recovered a little and was able to go about again, I missed the dear pretty children very much. The great house seemed very lonely and silent as I wandered drearily from one grand room to another, listening in vain for the patterning feet and merry voices of the absent little ones.

"Some weeks went by; I was quite strong again, and Mrs. Barton, the house-keeper, finding that I was handy with my needle, kept me busy, for which I was not sorry, as I did not like being idle. And now, Nora, I must tell you about Mrs. Barton. She had lived for a long time in Mrs. Lorme's family, and when her young lady, to whom she was much attached, got married, she went with her to Lorme Hall, where she became house-keeper. She was a little pale, pock-marked woman; her hair was pearly white, but not from age, for she was not more than forty. It had become so, she said, when she lost her husband years before, when she was a young girl. I can fancy, Nora, that I see her before me now. Her trim little figure, clothed in grey or brown, for she always wore those colours, and her white hair put smoothly back beneath a black lace cap. She was, as I have said, devotedly attached to her mistress, and Mrs. Lorme returned that affection, placing the greatest confidence in her, treating her like an old friend rather than a servant, and Mrs. Barton was worthy of her esteem; there was not one among the numerous domestics of which she had the charge that did not regard her with respect and kindly feelings. Time passed, the day fixed for Mrs. Lorme's return went by, and yet in her letters to Mrs. Barton she did not speak of coming home. Mrs. Barton, I could see, wondered at her mistress' long absence. It was so unusual for her to remain long away from Lorme Hall. It was now the middle of summer; they had been gone three months when a letter arrived, telling Mrs. Barton that she was going to be married the following week to a gentleman she had met in Chicago, and that in a short time afterwards they would return to the Hall, accompanied by a party of friends. The news, as you may suppose, Nora, created no little excitement. With many wishes for her beloved mistress' future happiness Mrs. Barton set us to work to prepare for the reception of the bridal party. Two weeks later they arrived. The children were wild with delight to get home again. My mistress looked extremely well and happy; her husband, Mr. Crossham, the new master of Lorme Hall, was a fine-looking man, about, I should think, forty-five. We were all favourably impressed with his appearance and pleasing manners. Mrs. Barton was suffering from a violent attack of neuralgia, and did not see him until two or three days after his arrival at the Hall. It was one morning as I was following her up the front staircase to attend to some directions she had just given me, when as we reached the top of the stairs Mr. Crossham passed us going down. I looked at Mrs. Barton to tell her who it was, but the words froze on my lips. She was bending over the balustrade watching his retreating form; her face,

Nora, was as white as your collar, and wore a wild startled expression. She turned to me, and grasping my arm in her agitation so tightly that it pained me, in a hollow tone she whispered:

"Who is that, Kate, who is it?" "I told her it was Mr. Crossham. Dropping her hand from my arm the words 'Oh, my God,' burst from her lips, as, turning from me, she disappeared down one of the passages leading to her room. Her strange emotion puzzled me exceedingly; but as she did not, when she saw me again, allude to what had occurred, and I did not dare ask an explanation, I was obliged to smother my curiosity as best I could.

"For some time the Hall was a scene of continual gaiety, and then when autumn came and the guests began to depart Mr. and Mrs. Crossham went with some of the gay party to New York. The children were left behind, very much I saw against my mistress' wishes, but Mr. Crossham thought it best, she told Mrs. Barton. Poor little dears, it was their first separation from their mamma. Miss Ellie, the youngest, was a fair delicate child about five years old, she fretted and pined sadly for her mamma. Do what I could to comfort and cheer her, it was of no use; the call still was for her dear mamma to come back to Ellie. She could not understand why they had been left at home, although I overheard Master Frank, who was two years older, trying to enlighten her on the subject. He had heard some of the servants' gossip and told his sister that it was their new papa's fault that they were left alone, that their mamma wanted to take them, but he did not care about them and would not let their mamma take them with her. 'I don't care one bit for him, Ellie,' he added, clenching his little fist in his anger and indignation. 'I don't care one bit for him, he is not nice, and I'll tell mamma when she comes back that we don't want him to live with us any longer.' And this dislike increased during his mother's absence. He used to say that Mr. Crossham would not let her come back to them, and on their return home, after fondly embracing his mamma, he turned contemptuously away from his step-father's proffered kiss, saying:

"I don't want to kiss you, for you took mamma away from us."

"Mr. Crossham's face flushed either with surprise or anger. He gave a low whistle, and walked into the drawing-room. My mistress did not see this, she had passed down the hall to meet Elvie, but Mrs. Barton did and to my astonishment never reproved the boy.

"A month or two went by, Christmas came. Christmas! ah, Nora! what magic there is in that word to the young. It is a season longed for by them and welcomed with smiles and gladness; but as the years go by and they feel, alas, too often, the bright dreams of youth unrealized, and see the vacant places of absent dear ones and miss familiar voices that are hushed for ever on earth, that once joyous time becomes a day of sad regrets, silent heart-aches and yearnings perhaps for that Christmas when all earthly things shall be forgotten. I have seen many Christmases since that one, Nora, and happy ones too, but it was, I think, the happiest in all my life. On that day your uncle George arrived unexpectedly from Ireland. Two years before, when I left the old country with my parents, I had promised to be his wife, though I might have to wait for years before he would be able to claim me. His elder brother had died suddenly, and the farm becoming his, he sold it and came out to America. He is old and gray-haired now, Nora, but taller, finer looking young man could not be seen than he then was. You may imagine my feelings when I went down to the house-keeper's sitting-room where I was told some one wanted to see me and found that it was George. When I went with him that morning to the little church near Lorme Hall, so prettily decorated with evergreens, berries and flowers, and kneeling by his side thanked God for His goodness to us, there was not, Nora, a happier girl in the world than I was that bright Christmas morning.

"Soon after Mrs. Crossham announced her intention of spending the rest of the winter in Montreal.—Mr. Crossham found the Hall so dull. He had always resided in a city, and disliked the country. As they intended to board, she would take, she said, only one servant with her, and asked me to go. I did so, although I was not very willing, as you may suppose, Nora, to leave the Hall, for George had been appointed gardener there, and I was so happy; still, after my mistress' kindness to us, I could not refuse; besides I was fond of the children, who had become much attached to me.

"The night before we left, Mrs. Barton came into the nursery, where I was sitting by the fire, finishing a piece of work. Since my mistress' marriage she had become greatly changed. Her health seemed to be failing, the pleasant cheerfulness of her manner had given place to a gloomy reserve. As she seated herself near me and I looked on her haggard, troubled face, I again wondered, as I had often done before, what had caused the alteration. She spoke of our departure on the

morning. I felt sorry for her, for I knew how lonely she would be during our absence. I told her so and wished she could go with us.

"Would to Heaven that I were going with you," she exclaimed, "then I could see what he—" she stopped—and getting up from her seat came to my side. 'Kate,' she said in an earnest tone, as she looked eagerly into my face, 'Kate, you are a good faithful girl. I can trust you. Promise me if anything should happen when you are away to make you think my dear mistress is not happy you will at once let me know.' This appeal startled me. What was it she feared. I knew she disliked Mr. Crossham, for I had noticed her shrink from going into a room where she knew he was or turn out of her way to avoid meeting him, and she kept a prying curiosity,—very unusual in her with regard to other things—over every action and word of his. I had also seen her, when she thought no one was observing her, intently regarding him with an expression on her pale face I could never fathom.

"On our arrival in Montreal Mr. Crossham procured apartments at the St. Lawrence Hall, and a dreary enough time myself and the children passed for the rest of the winter in that gay crowded house. My mistress, too, seemed to become weary of the continual round of gaiety Mr. Crossham persuaded her to enter upon, and to long for the quiet comforts of her own elegant home. Spring came at last, but Mr. Crossham put off from week to week our return to Lorme Hall, although my mistress was most anxious to return again to the country. I began to dislike Mr. Crossham, as I became convinced of the utter selfishness of his character. His temper, also, was very violent,—and that he had begun to treat his gentle wife with indifference and neglect, was but too apparent. She was often left alone, and I saw sometimes the traces of tears on her fair face. I did not forget my promise to Mrs. Barton, but expecting to see her almost from day to day I did not write; besides, what could Mrs. Barton do, I thought. If my mistress was unhappy she could not help it.

"Little Ellie, always a delicate child, became this spring seriously unwell. The doctor ordered change of air; her mother becoming much alarmed about her determined to return home immediately. Mr. Crossham did not accompany us; he had two or three engagements which must be attended to, he gave us an excuse, but if the child got worse to let him know. So my mistress, with her sick darling, returned alone to Lorme Hall. Mrs. Barton got stationed me closely as to what had occurred during our absence. 'Did my mistress still seem happy?'—'Was Mr. Crossham kind to her and the children?' I could not satisfactorily answer these questions, and Mrs. Barton seemed much distressed and troubled at my replies. On her removal to the country little Ellie began to recover, though slowly, and then Mrs. Barton, who had not left Lorme Hall for about eight years, went for a few days to Montreal; but when she went she did not tell anyone, not even my mistress.

"Mr. Crossham had not been long at Lorme Hall after his return from Montreal, before his harsh tyrannical temper and heartless conduct towards his wife and her children were noticed and talked about among the servants who sincerely pitied their gentle mistress. How bitterly she must have repented that second hasty marriage, in which she had wrecked her happiness and destroyed the peace of her happy home.

"Towards the close of the summer an infant daughter was laid in my mistress's arms, but it was a delicate babe, and lived only a few days. I was regretting its loss—for my mistress grieved sadly after it—to Mrs. Barton one day. Her answer rather astonished me. I did not know what to think of her when she replied:

"Kate, I have prayed for that child's death, and now on my knees I thank God for granting that prayer. Don't regret it!"

"Mr. Crossham spent most of his time in the city, spending his wife's money, for he had none of his own. It was now too evident it was for that the mean wretch had married my poor mistress.

"One morning after being absent some days in Montreal, Mr. Crossham returned home, accompanied by a Captain Carter, who had been his constant companion the winter before. He seemed to be greatly excited and in a terrible hurry to get back to Montreal, for he ordered the horses to be at the door again immediately after dinner. He then proceeded to his wife's boudoir where Mrs. Woodford, our clergyman's wife, an old and dear friend of my mistress, was sitting with her, for she was spending the day at the Hall. I happened also to be just then in the room, placing fresh flowers in a vase, but my mistress at that moment was in the adjoining apartment. Mr. Crossham, bowing to Mrs. Woodford, enquired where Mrs. Crossham was, and being told he followed her into the next room, closing the door carefully after him.

"We heard him talking to my mistress, his voice becoming louder, the tone more angry as the conversation continued.

(To be continued.)

A great Public Want fully met by Dr. Colby's Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills.

Art and Literature.

A new ladies' newspaper, *De Huisvrouw*, has appeared at the Hague.

A statue to Sir Humphrey Davy was unveiled at Penzance on Tuesday.

The Emperor of Germany, recently paid £40 for an autograph letter of Washington.

L. Kranach's birth was celebrated at Weimar on the 31st ult., that day being the four hundredth anniversary of the event.

M. Ambroise Thomas is working on a new opera, *Françoise de Rimini*. The subject is taken from a poem by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier.

An opera is being written on Sardou's famous drama *Pa'rie*, by Signor Lamo Rossi, director of the Naples Conservatoire. It will be called *La Contessa di Mons*.

Richard Wagner, the German composer, says, in a recent card, that the "Marseillaise" is an old Italian air, and that it was played at the court of Lorenzo de Medici.

Johann Strauss, the celebrated *chef d'orchestre*, will give twelve grand concerts in Madrid this winter. The Spanish aristocracy made him an offer, which he has accepted.

Among donations of great value which have recently enriched the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, is a Koran written by the hand of Osman. This manuscript is more than twelve hundred years old, and is one of the most ancient and precious treasures of Mussulman literature.

A splendidly illuminated address has been presented by Middle Titians by the priests of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Dublin, in recognition of kind services rendered for many years past. The address contains a drawing of her birthplace, Ischl, and is the work of pupils of the Sisters of Charity.

We have heard of "songs without words," but the manager of the Prague Theatre has given an opera without songs. It appears that the ladies of the chorus, who were about to take their benefit, took umbrage at the ungallant conduct of the manager, who announced the event "for the benefit of the female portion of the chorus." A deputation was despatched to request that the words rehearsed might be altered to "ladies," but their demand was refused, and the "ladies" accordingly struck. Not in the least disheartened, the manager ordered the opera to be performed, minus the vocal music.

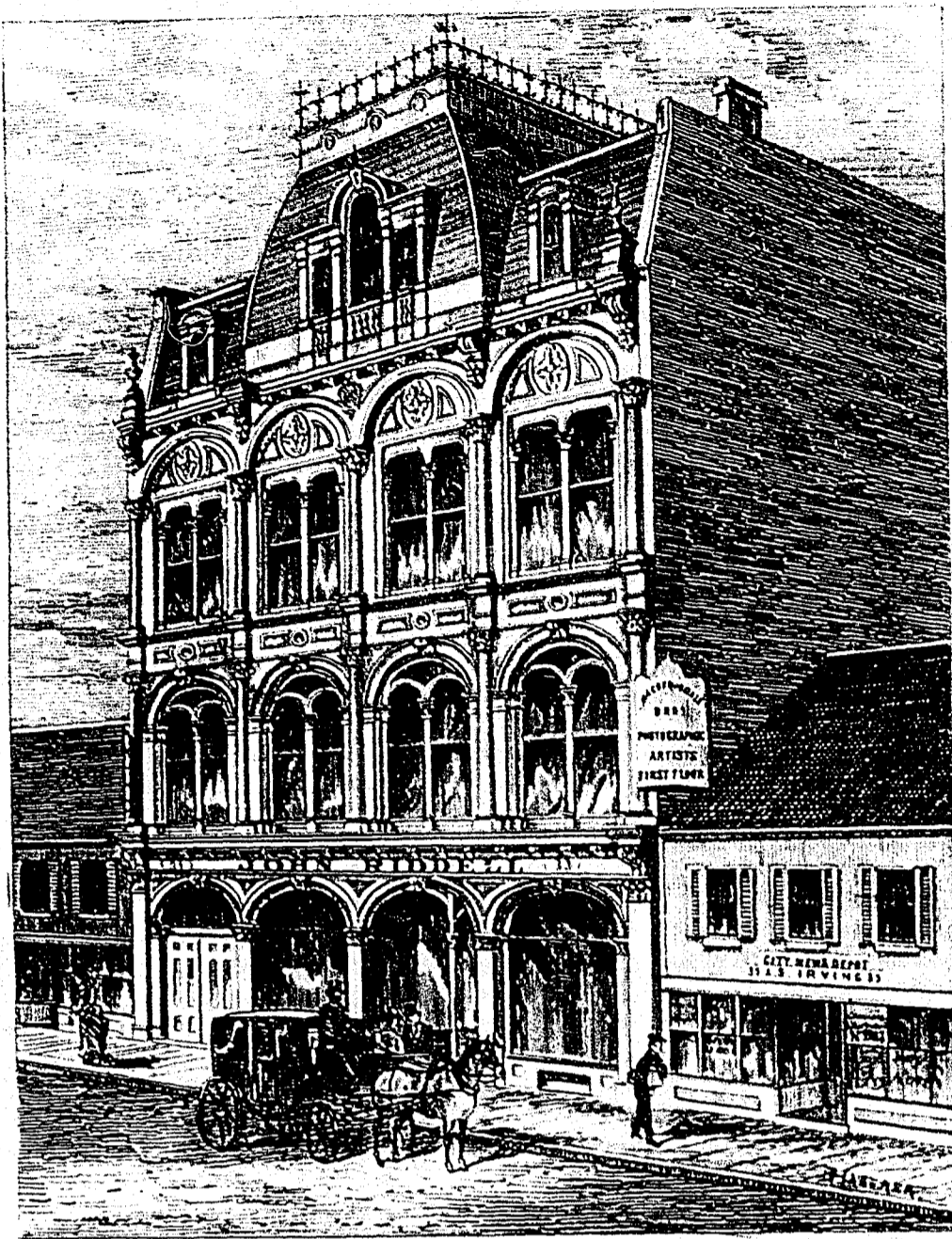
THE FATE OF MUSIC.—It is said of Rubinstein, the generalissimo of pianists, that he predicts the downfall of all that is worthy of being called music in seventy-five years hence, and this conclusion he draws from his observance of an increasing rage for petty clatter-compositions and those which are more calculated to astonish and create sensation than to give true pleasure to the hearer, or in any wise bear the stamp of what may be termed genuine artistic music. Cheap and inefficient musical tuition he also considers to be a great promoter of the decay of what among virtuosos is considered true music.

It may not be known to all our readers that "Mario" is merely the stage name of the famous tenor singer who bears it. His real name is Giuseppe, Marquis of Candia. He was born in Turin in 1810. The vicissitudes of his life having led him to Paris in early manhood, his exquisite voice soon attracted great attention. He first appeared under the name of "Mario" at the Grand Opera-house in Paris, in 1838. In 1854 he made an operatic tour through the principal cities of the United States, charming all who heard him by his unrivalled voice and his perfect method. His voice is no longer what it once was, and many have been disappointed when hearing him sing during this last visit to this country; many more have regarded it as a desired souvenir to hear even a faint echo of the voice which has so long been celebrated.

Madame Lucca has been the recipient of many valuable gifts from the nobility of Europe as testimonials of her personal and artistic worth. On leaving Ischl, a celebrated Bavarian watering-place, where she had given a concert for the benefit of the poor, a packet was placed in Madame Lucca's hands, which contained a magnificent bouquet of diamonds, a gift from the Princess Trubetzkoi, who had been present at the concert for the poor, and who had previously witnessed many of Lucca's triumphs at St. Petersburg and elsewhere. Similar *cadeaux* came from the Imperial house of Hapsburg in recognition of the charitable act of Madame Lucca and of her artistic worth. The present of the Kaiser was a diadem in brilliants, elaborately set in pure gold; that of the empress was a pair of pearl earrings of great value, also set in gold—the smaller pearls being in the shape of an apple, the larger pearls (the pendants) in the shape of pears. On leaving Berlin, on the way for the United States, shortly afterwards, the Emperor of Germany presented Madame Lucca with a pair of earrings formed of gigantic pearls, oyster-shaped, and studded with brilliants of the purest water. The empress gave her a splendid pearl necklace, all the pearls being Oriental.

MR. JOHN RIDDELL'S NEW STORE,  
TORONTO.

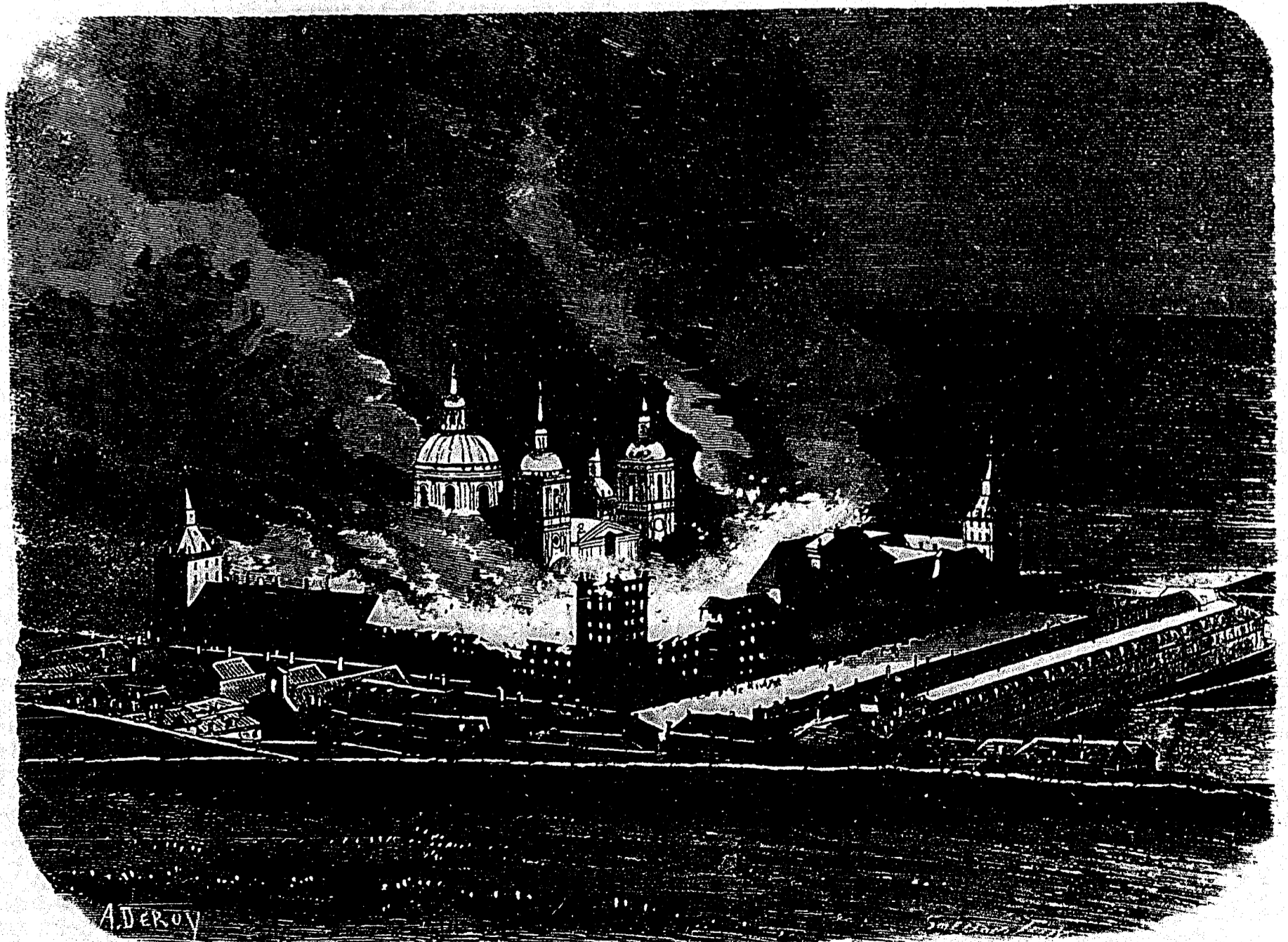
The new store, just built by Mr. John Riddell, is situated at Nos. 31 and 33 King Street, West, and is one of the handsomest buildings in the city. The front is of cast iron richly ornamented in the Paladian style of architecture, and finished with handsome Mansard roof, with a central tower surmounted with a cresting of ornamental iron work. The frontage of the store is 37 feet, depth 70 feet, and height 70 feet. The plans were furnished by Messrs. Smith and Gemmell, Architects, Toronto. Mr. Riddell, who occupies the ground floor, has been established since the year 1840 in the business of merchant tailor, which he has carried on to the satisfaction of every one who has done business with him, and has always been noted for keeping on hand the finest stock of haberdashery, &c., in the city, and by employing the best of cutters in the tailoring department, has gained for himself a reputation among the gentlemen of Toronto. The fittings of the inside are in keeping with the remainder of the building, and altogether Mr. Riddell has one of the handsomest stores in the Dominion. The second story has been fitted up, and will be occupied by Messrs. Macorquodale Brothers, Photographic Artists of that city. No expense has been spared on the part of Mr. Riddell in providing every convenience for the carrying on of that business. It comprises reception room, ladies' and gents' dressing rooms, office and gallery. The latter is so arranged as to give two lights at any hour of the day, so that two pictures, showing different effects, can be taken at the same time for two different persons. One light is especially adapted to the taking of children's portraits. Messrs. Macorquodale Brothers are having the gallery artistically frescoed, and the whole suite of rooms beautifully furnished, and when finished their gallery will be well worth a visit, as they will have every facility for executing any kind of work in their line, being themselves first class artists. The whole of the building will be heated by steam on the low pressure self-acting principle. The other stories are to be let out as offices.



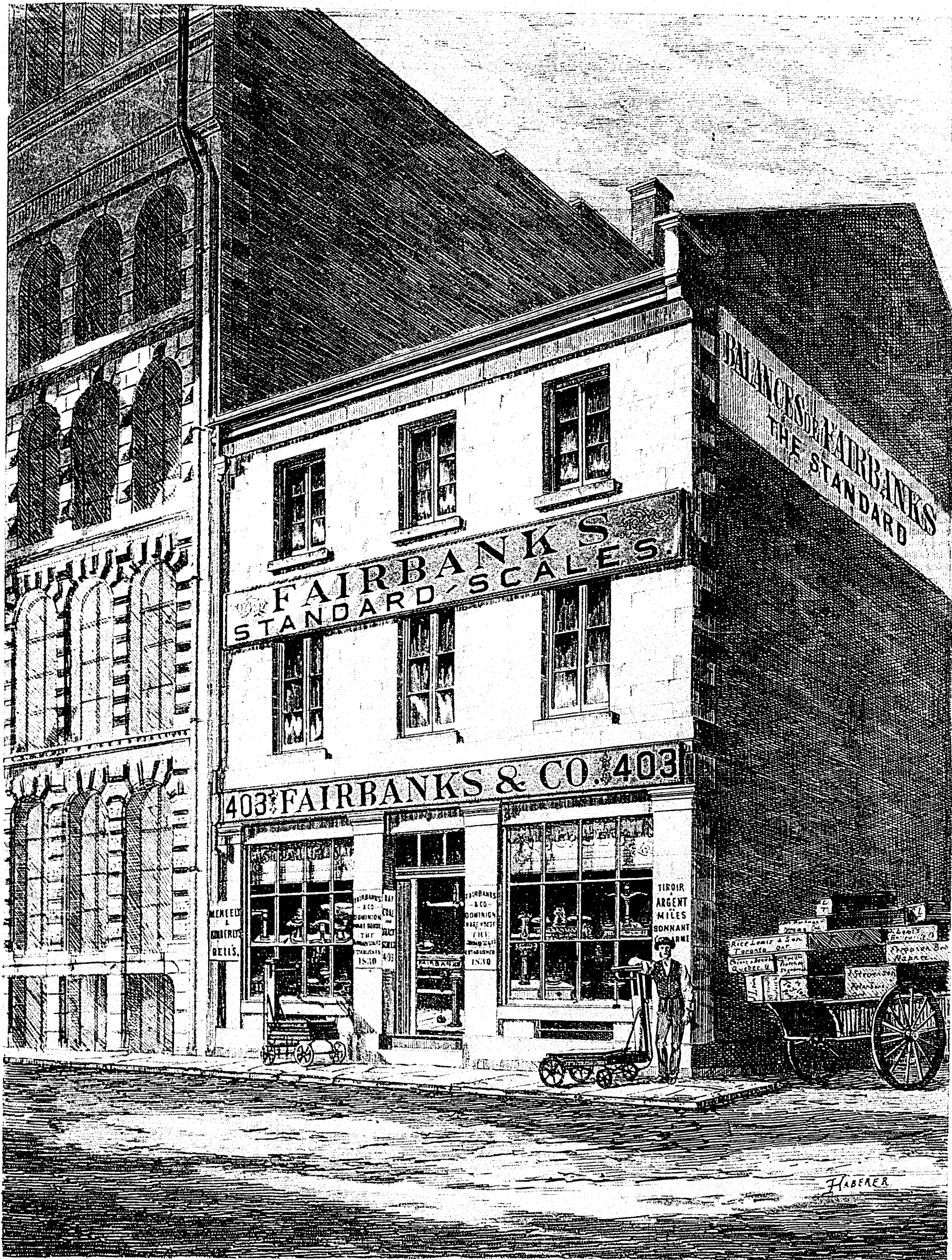
TORONTO.—NEW STORE OF MR. JOHN RIDDELL, KING STREET.

IMMIGRATION INTO CANADA.

An American paper says: "We think our Northern neighbours slow. So they are, if we contrast their history with ours for the past century. Still, the statistics show that during the last decade Canada has received by immigration an addition of more than forty per cent. to her population, and during the last thirty-three years more than twice doubled her number of inhabitants, counting now two and a-half millions, against half a million a-third of a century ago. As our population exceeds that of the Canadian Dominion by more than ten-fold, it is natural for us to look upon her growth as insignificant. Yet, since the breaking out of our late war, she has gained at a more rapid proportionate rate than we have, our increment of population having been thirty-five per cent. As Canada has three hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory, being equal in extent to Great Britain, France, and Prussia, or six times the size of England and Wales, she has as yet only ten persons for each six hundred and forty acres of land. Consequently she has abundance of room for all who may come to find homes upon her fertile soil, or to win fortune from the abundant facilities she offers for profitable commercial or industrial enterprise. Should she continue to grow at her present rate till the end of this century, she will then have a population of twenty millions, or about half our present number. Canada has vast enterprises which mark her population as embracing the same elements of thrift which are so rapidly developing our own greatness. Her great rivers, and excellent harbours, her canals and railways, when completed, will offer to the products of her fields, forests and mines easy means of export, while her rapidly growing and prosperous population will furnish abundant consumers for the fabrics with which Europe balances the traffic. It cannot be doubted that for British subjects Canada offers abundant hope for an improved condition, and it is fair to believe that for several decades she will receive a constant and liberal flow of immigration, and that the two English speaking nations must control the destinies of North America."



BURNING OF THE ESCURIAL ON THE NIGHT OF THE 2ND OCTOBER.



MONTREAL — THE FAIRBANKS S ALE HOUSE, ST. PAUL STREET.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.]

## THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—*Mablethorpe House.*

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

For the first time in their experience of each other, Mercy ventured to interrupt her benefactress. "Dear Lady Janet," she interposed, gently, "I am in no hurry to be married. There will be plenty of time in the future to talk of that. You had something you wished to say to me. What is it?"

It was no easy matter to disconcert Lady Janet Roy. But that last question fairly reduced her to silence. After all that had passed, there sat her young companion, innocent of the faintest suspicion of the subject that was to be discussed between them! "What are young women of the present time made of?" thought the old lady, utterly at a loss to know what to say next. Mercy waited, on her side, with an impenetrable patience which only aggravated the difficulties of the position. The silence was fast threatening to bring the interview to a sudden and untimely end—when the door from the library opened, and a man-servant, bearing a little silver salver, entered the room.

Lady Janet's rising sense of annoyance instantly seized on the servant as a victim. "What do you want?" she asked sharply. "I never rang for you."

"A letter, my lady. The messenger waits for an answer."

The man presented his salver, with the letter on it, and withdrew.

Lady Janet recognized the handwriting on the address with a look of surprise. "Excuse me, my dear," she said, pausing, with her old-fashioned courtesy, before she opened the envelope. Mercy made the necessary acknowledgment, and moved away to the other end of the room, little thinking that the arrival of the letter marked a crisis in her life. Lady Janet put on her spectacles. "Odd, that he should have come back already!" she said to herself, as she threw the empty envelope on the table.

The letter contained these lines; the writer of them being no other than the man who had preached in the chapel of the Refuge:—

"DEAR AUNT,  
"I am back again in London, before my time. My friend the rector has shortened his holiday, and has resumed his duties in the country. I am afraid you will blame me when you hear of the reasons which have hastened his return. The sooner I make my confession, the easier I shall feel. Besides, I have a special object in wishing to see you as soon as possible. May I follow my letter to Mablethorpe House? And may I present a lady to you—a perfect stranger—in whom I am interested? Pray say Yes, by the bearer, and oblige your affectionate nephew,  
"JULIAN GRAY."

Lady Janet referred again suspiciously to the sentence in the letter which alluded to the "Lady."

Julian Gray was her only surviving nephew, the son of a favourite sister whom she had lost. He would have held no very exalted position in the estimation of his aunt—who regarded his views in politics and religion with the strongest aversion—but for his marked resemblance to his mother. This pleaded for him with the old lady; aided, as it was, by the pride that she secretly felt in the early celebrity which the young clergyman had achieved as a writer and a preacher. Thanks to these mitigating circumstances, and to Julian's inexhaustible good humour, the aunt and the nephew generally met on friendly terms. Apart from what she called "his detestable opinions," Lady Janet was sufficiently interested in Julian to feel some curiosity about the mysterious "lady" mentioned in the letter. Had he determined to settle in life? Was his choice already made? And if so, would it prove to be a choice acceptable to the family? Lady Janet's bright face showed signs of doubt as she asked herself that last question. Julian's liberal views were capable of leading him to dangerous extremes. His aunt shook her head ominously as she rose from the sofa, and advanced to the library door.

"Grace," she said, pausing and turning round, "I have a note to write to my nephew. I shall be back directly."

Mercy approached her, from the opposite extremity of the room, with an exclamation of surprise.

"Your nephew?" she repeated. "Your ladyship never told me you had a nephew."

Lady Janet laughed. "I must have had it on the tip of my tongue to tell you, over and over again," she said. "But we have had so many things to talk about—and, to own the truth, my nephew is not one of my favourite subjects of conversation. I don't mean that I dislike him; I detest his principles, my dear, that's all. However, you shall form your own opinion of him; he is coming to see me to-

day. Wait here till I return; I have something more to say about Horace."

Mercy opened the library door for her, closed it again, and walked slowly to and fro alone in the room, thinking.

Was her mind running on Lady Janet's nephew? No. Lady Janet's brief allusion to her relative had not led her into alluding to him by his name. Mercy was still as ignorant as ever that the preacher at the Refuge and the nephew of her benefactress were one and the same man. Her memory was busy, now, with the tribute which Lady Janet had paid to her at the outset of the interview between them: "It is hardly too much to say, Grace, that I bless the day when you first came to me." For the moment, there was balm for her wounded spirit in the remembrance of those words. Grace Roseberry herself could surely have earned no sweeter praise than the praise that she had won. The next instant she was seized with a sudden horror of her own successful fraud. The sense of her degradation had never been so bitterly present to her as at that moment. If she could only confess the truth—if she could innocently enjoy her harmless life at Mablethorpe House—what a grateful, happy woman she might be! Was it possible (if she made the confession) to trust to her own good conduct to plead her excuse? No! Her calmer sense warned her that it was hopeless. The place she had won—honestly won—in Lady Janet's estimation, had been obtained by a trick. Nothing could alter, nothing could excuse that. She took out her handkerchief, and dashed away the useless tears that had gathered in her eyes, and tried to turn her thoughts some other way. What was it Lady Janet had said on going into the library? She had said she was coming back to speak about Horace. Mercy guessed what the object was; she knew but too well what Horace wanted of her. How was she to meet the emergency? In the name of Heaven, what was to be done? Could she let the man who loved her—the man whom she loved—drift blindfold into marriage with such a woman as she had been? No! It was her duty to warn him. How? Could she break his heart, could she lay his life waste, by speaking the cruel words which might part them for ever? "I can't tell him! I won't tell him!" she burst out passionately. "The disgrace of it would kill me!" Her varying mode changed as the words escaped her. A reckless defiance of her own better nature—that saddest of all the forms in which a woman's misery can express itself—filled her heart with its poisoning bitterness. She sat down again on the sofa, with eyes that glittered, and cheeks suffused with an angry red. "I am no worse than another woman!" she thought. "Another woman might have married him for his money." The next moment the miserable insufficiency of her own excuse for deceiving him showed its hollowness, self-exposed. She covered her face with her hands, and found refuge—where she had often found refuge before—in the helpless resignation of despair. "Oh, that I had died before I entered this house! Oh, that I could die and have done with it, at this moment!" So the struggle had ended with her hundreds of times already. So it ended now.

The door leading into the billiard-room opened softly. Horace Holmcroft had waited to hear the result of Lady Janet's interference in his favour, until he could wait no longer.

He looked in cautiously; ready to withdraw again unnoticed, if the two were still talking together. The absence of Lady Janet suggested that the interview had come to an end. Was his betrothed wife waiting alone to speak to him on his return to the room? He advanced a few steps. She never moved—she sat heedless, absorbed in her thoughts. Were they thoughts of *him*? He advanced a little nearer, and called to her.

"Grace!"  
She sprang to her feet, with a faint cry. "I wish you wouldn't startle me," she said irritably, sinking back on the sofa. "Any sudden alarm sets my heart beating as if it would choke me."

Horace pleaded for pardon with a lover's humility. In her present state of nervous irritation, she was not to be appeased. She looked away from him in silence. Entirely ignorant of the paroxysm of mental suffering through which she had just passed, he seated himself by her side, and asked her gently if she had seen Lady Janet. She made an affirmative answer with an unreasonable impatience of tone and manner which would have warned an older and more experienced man to give her time before he spoke again. Horace was young, and weary of the suspense that he had endured in the other room. He unwisely pressed her with another question.

"Has Lady Janet said anything to you—?"  
She turned on him angrily before he could finish the sentence.

"You have tried to make her hurry me into marrying you," she burst out. "I see it in your face!"

Plain as the warning was this time, Horace still failed to interpret it in the right way. "Don't be angry!" he said, good-humouredly. "Is it so very inexcusable to ask Lady Janet to intercede for me? I have tried to persuade you in vain. My mother and my sisters have

pleaded for me, and you turn a deaf ear—"

She could endure it no longer. She stamped her foot on the floor with hysterical vehemence. "I am weary of hearing of your mother and your sisters!" she broke in violently. "You talk of nothing else."  
It was just possible to make one more mistake in dealing with her—and Horace made it. He took offence, on his side, and rose from the sofa. His mother and his sisters were high authorities in his estimation; they variously represented his ideal of perfection in women. He withdrew to the opposite extremity of the room, and administered the severest reproof that he could think of on the spur of the moment.

"It would be well, Grace, if you followed the example set you by my mother and my sisters," he said. "They are not in the habit of speaking cruelly to those who love them."

To all appearance, the rebuke failed to produce the slightest effect. She seemed to be as indifferent to it as if it had not reached her ears. There was a spirit in her—a miserable spirit, born of her own bitter experience—which rose in revolt against Horace's habitual glorification of the ladies of his family. "It sickens me," she thought to herself, "to hear of the virtues of women who have never been tempted! Where is the merit of living reputably when your life is one course of prosperity and enjoyment? Has his mother known starvation? Have his sisters been left forsaken in the street?" It hardened her heart—it almost reconciled her to deceiving him—when he set his relatives up as patterns for her. Would he never understand that women detested having other women exhibited as examples to them? She looked round at him with a sense of impatient wonder. He was sitting at the luncheon-table, with his back turned on her, and his head resting on his hand. If he had attempted to rejoin her, she would have repelled him; if he had spoken, she would have met him with a sharp reply. He sat apart from her, without uttering a word. In a man's hands silence is the most terrible of all protests to the woman who loves him. Violence she can endure. Words she is always ready to meet by words on her side. Silence conquers her. After a moment's hesitation, Mercy left the sofa, and advanced submissively towards the table. She had offended him—and she alone was in fault. How should he know it, poor fellow, when he innocently mortified her? Step by step, she drew closer and closer. He never looked round; he never moved. She laid her hand timidly on his shoulder. "Forgive me, Horace," she whispered in his ear. "I am suffering this morning; I am not myself. I didn't mean what I said. Pray forgive me." There was no resisting the caressing tenderness of voice and manner which accompanied those words. He looked up; he took her hand. She bent over him, and touched his forehead with her lips. "Am I forgiven?" she asked.

"Oh, my darling," he said, "if you only knew how I loved you!"

"I do know it, she answered gently, twining his hair round her finger, and arranging it over his forehead where his hand had ruffled it.

They were completely absorbed in each other, or they must, at that moment, have heard the library door open at the other end of the room.

Lady Janet had written the necessary reply to her nephew, and had returned, faithful to her engagement, to plead the cause of Horace. The first object that met her view was her client pleading, with conspicuous success, for himself! "I am not wanted, evidently," thought the old lady. She noiselessly closed the door again, and left the lovers by themselves.

Horace returned, with unwise persistency, to the question of the deferred marriage. At the first words that he spoke she drew back directly—sadly, not angrily.

"Don't press me to-day," she said, "I am not well to-day."

He rose, and looked at her anxiously. "May I speak about it to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow," she returned to the sofa, and changed the subject. "What a time Lady Janet is away," she said. "What can be keeping her so long?"

Horace did his best to appear interested in the question of Lady Janet's prolonged absence. "What made her leave you?" he asked, standing at the back of the sofa and leaning over her.

"She went into the library to write a note to her nephew. By-the-by, who is her nephew?"

"Is it possible you don't know?"

"Indeed I don't."

"You have heard of him, no doubt," said Horace. "Lady Janet's nephew is a celebrated man." He paused, and stooping nearer to her, lifted a love-lock that lay over her shoulder, and pressed it to his lips. "Lady Janet's nephew," he resumed, "is Julian Gray."

She started off her seat, and looked round at him in blank, bewildered terror, as if she doubted the evidence of her own senses.

Horace was completely taken by surprise. "My dear Grace!" he exclaimed; "what have I said or done to startle you this time?"

She held up her hand for silence. "Lady Janet's nephew is Julian Gray," she repeated slowly; "and I only know it now!"

Horace's perplexity increased. "My darling, now you do know it, what is there to alarm you?" he asked.

(There was enough to alarm the boldest woman living—in such a position, and with such a temperament as hers. To her mind the personation of Grace Roseberry had suddenly assumed a new aspect: the aspect of a fatality. It had led her blindfold to the house in which she and the preacher at the Refuge were to meet. He was coming—the man who had reached her inmost heart, who had influenced her whole life! Was the day of reckoning coming with him?)

"Don't notice me," she said, faintly. I have been ill all the morning. You saw it yourself when you came in here; even the sound of your voice alarmed me. I shall be better directed. I am afraid I startled you?"

"My dear Grace, it almost looked as if you were terrified at the sound of Julian's name! He is a public celebrity, I know; and I have seen ladies start and stare at him when he entered a room. But you looked perfectly panic-stricken."

She rallied her courage by a desperate effort; she laughed—a harsh uneasy laugh—and stopped him by putting her hand over his mouth. "Absurd!" she said lightly. "As if Mr. Julian Gray had anything to do with my looks! I am better already. See for yourself!" She looked round at him again with a ghastly gaiety; and returned, with a desperate assumption of indifference, to the subject of Lady Janet's nephew. "Of course I have heard of him," she said. "Do you know that he is expected here to-day? Don't stand there behind me—it's so hard to talk to you. Come and sit down."

He obeyed—but she had not quite satisfied him yet. His face had not lost its expression of anxiety and surprise. She persisted in playing her part; determined to set at rest in him any possible suspicion that she had reasons of her own for being afraid of Julian Gray. "Tell me about this famous man of yours," she said, putting her arm familiarly through his arm. "What is he like?"

The caressing action and the easy tone had their effect on Horace. His face began to clear; he answered her lightly on his side.

"Prepare yourself to meet the most unclerical of clergymen," he said. "Julian is a lost sheep among the parsons, and a thorn in the side of his bishop. Preaches, if they ask him, in Dissenters' chapels. Declines to set up any pretensions to priestly authority and priestly power. Goes about doing good on a plan of his own. Is quite resigned never to rise to the high places in his profession. Says it's rising high enough for *him* to be the Archdeacon of the afflicted, the Dean of the hungry, and the Bishop of the poor. With all his oddities, as good a fellow as ever lived. Immensely popular with the women. They all go to him for advice. I wish you would go too."

Mercy changed colour. "What do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"Julian is famous for his powers of persuasion," said Horace, smiling. "If he spoke to you, Grace, he would prevail on you to fix the day. Suppose I ask Julian to plead for me?"

He made the proposal in jest. Mercy's unquiet mind accepted it as addressed to her in earnest. "He will do it," she thought, with a sense of indescribable terror, "if I don't stop him!" There was but one chance for her. The only certain way to prevent Horace from appealing to his friend, was to grant what Horace wished for before his friend entered the house. She laid her hand on his shoulder; she hid the terrible anxieties that were devouring her, under an assumption of coquetry painful and pitiable to see.

"Don't talk nonsense!" she said, gaily. "What were we saying just now—before we began to speak of Mr. Julian Gray?"

"We were wondering what had become of Lady Janet," Horace replied.

She tapped him impatiently on the shoulder. "No! no! It was something you said before that."

Her eyes completed what her words had left unsaid. Horace's arm stole round her waist.

"I was saying that I loved you," he answered, in a whisper.

"Only that?"

"Are you tired of hearing it?"

She smiled charmingly. "Are you so very much in earnest about—about—?" She stopped, and looked away from him.

"About our marriage?"

"Yes."

"It is the one dearest wish of my life."

"Really?"

"Really!"

There was a pause. Mercy's fingers toyed nervously with the trinkets at her watch-chain. "When would you like it to be?" she said very softly, with her whole attention fixed on the watch-chain.

She had never spoken, she had never looked, as she spoke and looked now. Horace was afraid to believe in his own good fortune. "Oh, Grace!" he exclaimed, "you are not trifling with me?"

"What makes you think I am trifling with you?"

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

It has just transpired that a very neat retort courteous happened to the Marquis de Beauvoir during his stay in Pekin. An autograph letter was received by His Celestial Majesty of China from the emperor of the French, from the Marquis, inviting him to send some specimens of Chinese curiosities to the Exhibition in the Champ de Mars. "You are very good," His Celestial Majesty is reported to have answered, "but you have taken all my most beautiful things from the Summer Palace; exhibit them yourself."

What Sir John Lubbock has to be answerable for if old maids as a body take to his interesting study of the habits of wasps, may happily be more readily conceived than felt. A correspondent of the Court Journal writes:—"Encouraged by the success of Sir John Lubbock with the solitary wasp of the Pyrenees, three sister spinsters residing under the shadow of Durham Cathedral have been endeavouring to tame a few of the British species. The result is unsatisfactory. One of the sisters has a large patch of powder-blue over the left eye, another has her right arm in a sling, and the third, the doctor thinks, will be able to drive out in a week. The wasps were liberated."

A doctor recently died who was the oldest medical man in one of the large Midland towns. The babies he had helped in early practice through the perils of childhood had come to be grey-haired men; and one day, just prior to his death, he had an engagement with one of these, a well-known merchant. The hour of the engagement was long past, and the doctor was pacing the floor of his study, when the gentleman came in with an apology on his lips, "No matter, no matter!" said the doctor, with an impatient wave of the hand; "you are always behind. I remember," said he "thirty years ago, sitting for ten mortal hours in the little back parlour of your father's house waiting for you to be born. You are always behind time."

Everybody is supposed to have heard of Dan Bromley, editor of the Hartford Post. He is a scholar, a gentleman, a man of sense and wit, and something of a wag besides; after his return from California, he wrote a lecture, chiefly on the wonders of the Yosemite Valley. The paper was carefully prepared, and attracted uncommon attention wherever it was delivered. He read it before a large audience in a church in New Haven. The New Haven postmaster, a keen, sharp man, a wonderful effective politician, and a warm friend of Bromley, was greatly edified by the production, congratulating the lecturer upon his success as the crowd was dispersing, the postmaster observed that there was one drawback—he only heard imperfectly. Bromley thought he spoke loud enough for the size of the church. "Didn't you see me hold my hand up to my ear thus?" suiting the action to the word. "Thunder!" said Dan, "I thought it was your ear."

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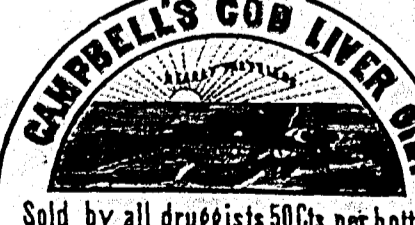
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MAIL TRAIN at 3:50 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

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THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

BOAT EXPRESS at 4:20 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M.

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