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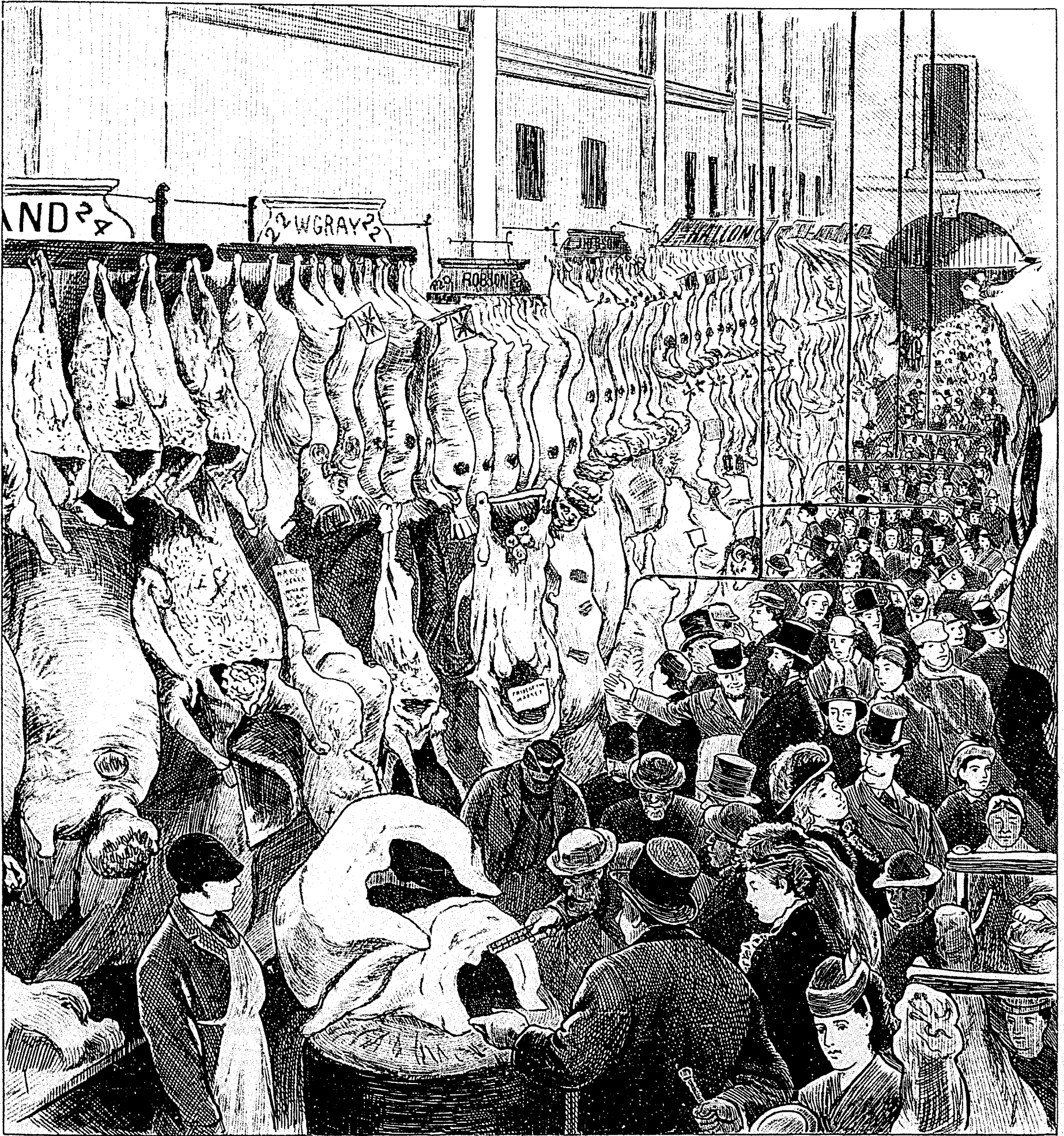
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# Wholesale News

Vol. XIII.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1876.

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**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,**

Montreal Saturday, Jan. 8th, 1876.

**PROSPECTUS FOR 1876.**

ON THE OPENING OF A NEW YEAR we feel justified in calling upon the public in every part of the Dominion to aid us in making the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS second to no journal of its class in the world. We have accomplished much in the way of improvements, and we think we have fulfilled the promises we made twelve months ago. But we feel that there still remains much to be done, and we call upon our friends to assist us in doing it. This is the only illustrated newspaper in the Dominion. As such it has special claims upon the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect PICTORIALY and EDITORIALY the life, the sentiments, and the daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

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- 1st. The pictorial illustration of all leading Canadian events as they occur.
- 2nd. A complete gallery of all Canadian celebrities with biographies attached.
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- 6th. Special attractions for the home circle.

Every Canadian ought to be interested in the success and continued progress of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and should consider it his duty to encourage it to the extent of at least one year's subscription. None know better than ourselves how

much it can still be improved, and we warrant that if we receive the patronage which we solicit, no effort on our part will be left untried to introduce a number of the most desirable improvements. Let the public throughout the country come forward generously with their support and we guarantee to furnish them a paper which shall be a real credit to the Dominion. We will supply the material if our friends will only furnish the patronage. Our terms are very moderate:—

1st. Four Dollars in advance, including the postage paid by us.

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3rd. Clergymen, Professors, and School teachers, THREE DOLLARS in advance.

**THE QUEBEC CENTENNIAL.**

On last Friday, the 31st ult., the old city of Quebec celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its successful resistance to the attacks of the American expedition under MONTGOMERY and ARNOLD. The ancient capital appeared for a day invested once more with its former glory of arms. Military bands played from the ramparts, a phantom sentinel appeared in the citadel, and a Royal salute thundered from the King's bastion. There were social and literary festivities in addition to the purely military demonstration, and altogether the event seems to have been appropriately celebrated.

It would have been well if other parts of the country had joined in the Centennial, for all parts of the country were almost equally interested in it. The destinies of the whole Colony lay in that one battery at the foot of Cape Diamond, on the memorable December night of 1775, and the volleys of grape that saved Quebec saved the whole of Canada as well.

It would be curious to inquire what would have been the consequences if the Americans had succeeded in capturing Canada. It appears very probable that this result would have materially altered the foreign and colonial policy of Great Britain. The foothold of England in America would have been entirely lost. We are apt to forget what prestige it gave the Mother Country to have retained all the Northern portion of this continent. If she had lost Canada in 1775-76, the great trading and fur companies would never have been established, the North-West would not have been settled as it is now, and all the romance of Hudson's Bay and its settlements would have had no existence. Furthermore, if England had lost Canada, the event might have quenched her thirst for territorial expansion and schemes of colonization. It is a question whether it was not precisely her providential success in retaining her hold in America, spite of the defection of the Thirteen Colonies, that fired her ambition to conquer new worlds to civilization and commerce in further and unexplored continents.

In mentioning the celebration of the Quebec Centennial, it is only fair to bring out one fact of prominence which unfortunately is too much ignored or lost sight of. We refer to the part taken by the French-Canadians in the defence of the city. The attack of Montgomery at Près de Ville was resisted by a body of men who were under the command of a British officer, but the attack at Sault-au-Matelot by ARNOLD was met almost exclusively by French-Canadians under a French-Canadian commander. The struggle in that quarter was more serious than in the other, and it is certain that had ARNOLD succeeded in forcing his way from the east, the death and repulse of MONTGOMERY would have been no bar to his capture of city. Hence let there be honor where honor is due, and in referring to the celebration of the eventful anniversary, let it be a source of additional pride and satisfaction to remember that Canada was saved by the patriotic and heroic efforts of her own children.

**THE SECOND YEAR OF ALFONSO XII.**

There is always a certain interest of romance in studying the situation of such a country as Spain. There, as indeed among all the Latin nations, political questions are so involved with personal passion, that they attract not only in themselves, but on account of the parties who are engaged in them. In England, the United States, Canada and other Anglo-Saxon countries, the ordinary course of statesmanship is more or less prosaic, because it is usually confined to details, and our involved phraseology of legislation is at best but very dull reading. There is besides another peculiar feature in present Spanish affairs in that they consist of a series of tentative efforts towards constitutional reform which are so complicated that there is no telling, in a given year, whether any real progress has been made, or the contrary. When Alfonso XII mounted the throne, one year ago, he called to the Presidency of the Council CAXOVAS DEL CASTILLO, the man to whom he was chiefly indebted for his accession. The policy of this able and patriotic minister was a tangible one. In the interior he aimed at a coalition of parties on the basis of gradual, but real reform. In the exterior he advocated a vigorous prosecution of the war against the Carlists. For several months he appeared to meet with substantial success. The campaign in the North was vigorously prosecuted and Don Carlos was driven to the foot of the Pyrenees. At Madrid, political intrigue was kept under and the Cortes seemed to work harmoniously. But during the summer the Moderados were discovered working at an under-handed game. They counselled compromise with the Carlists, strove to introduce disaffection in the Alfonso's Army, and favored the restoration of the Concordat of 1851 several of whose provisions are plainly impossible of execution in the present altered condition of the country. Thereupon CAXOVAS DEL CASTILLO resigned and for three months, from September to December, the reins of Government were held by General JOVELLANO, leader of the Unionistas. During this interval, however, CAXOVAS seems not to have been idle. He urged with success the energetic resumption of hostilities, secured the cooperation of the two principal generals—QUESADA and CAMPOS—and obtained from Rome substantial modifications in the Concordat. The way was thus paved for his return to power and we were pleased to learn, early in December, that the King had recalled him to the head of his council.

CAXOVAS may not be a statesman of the first rank, but he is certainly best suited for the actual condition of his country. He is firm, yet moderate, progressive yet not impulsive, and he has much of that common sense so much needed in the South. His resumption of the administration is especially opportune at the beginning of the new year when a general election to the Cortes is to take place and grave constitutional questions are to be submitted to the people. If he can secure a majority favorable to his policy, his hands will be so far strengthened that we may expect from him an early termination of the war. This accomplished, one half of his troubles will cease and he will be able to address himself wholly to the reorganization and consolidation of the Kingdom. It is to be hoped that he will be successful in keeping Ex-Queen ISABELLA out of Spain. Her very presence there would thwart all his designs, awakening personal and partisan complications which outsiders have a difficulty in understanding. With Carlism and Isabellism eliminated, the minister will have only new elements to deal with and may possibly succeed in effecting a union of all parties.

Archbishop Ledochowski's imprisonment terminates on the 3rd of February next. Catholics of all Germany propose to celebrate the day in an appropriate manner; deputations from the Reichstag and Landtag will wait upon the Arch-

bishop, and tender their congratulations. Archbishop Ledochowski persists in his refusal to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the new Ecclesiastical Court, or the validity of his deposition. It is expected that Government will intern him, as it did the Bishop of Paderborn, unless he prefers quitting the country. The whereabouts of the Archbishop of Cologne is still a secret. The *Volk's Zeitung* invites decessans desiring to present him with their felicitations, to leave their cards at its publishing office for transmission.

There is at least one prophet in Israel. Mr. VEXNOR, our well-known geologist, predicted, two months ago, that the present winter would be an open one. When the first cold snap came, binding the river within a couple of nights, we all laughed at him. But the present weather has turned the laugh against ourselves. Bright sunshine, balmy winds, dry footpaths and not a sleigh on the 3rd January. It is all very nice, but most of us wish that Mr. VEXNOR had not proved so good a prophet. We live in fear that we shall catch it yet.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec has done a very considerate thing. He decided to put off his annual ball this year and devote the amount usually spent by him thereon to charitable purposes, and generally for the relief of the suffering poor of Quebec. He therefore placed the amount (\$81,200) at the disposal of the Mayor for the purpose of distributing. Mayor MEARNS supplemented the Lieutenant Governor's donation by the kind some personal subscription of \$500.

The note drawn up by Count Andriassy, Austrian Premier, relative to reforms in Turkey, has received the approval of Russia, and is understood to have been dispatched to the Guaranteeing Powers. The note proposes the equality of all religious denominations, and the introduction of provincial and communal self-government, and that the just results of these changes in the insurgent Provinces shall be the imposition of taxation by the Provinces themselves and the abolition of seditious

A decree has been issued at Madrid imposing penalties upon the press for attacks upon the King, royal family and constitutional monarchy, and instituting a tribunal composed of three judges in each of the royal courts to try newspaper offences. This is better than the arbitrary suppression of newspapers, and is a striking tribute to the merits and power of the press.

We were perhaps the first to call attention to the propriety of celebrating the centennial anniversary of the republic of Montgomery at Quebec, and are, in consequence, pleased to know that the event has been appropriately commemorated at the ancient Capital. We hope to be able, in a subsequent number, to give some illustrations of the interesting ceremonies.

The Grand Vizier recently requested the Pope to use his good offices with the Catholic insurgents in the Herzegovina, with a view to peace. The Pope has accordingly instructed Cardinal Franchi to inquire into the condition of affairs there. The Vatican will take no action until the reports of the Catholic prelates of the Herzegovina are received.

In answer to a request made by the Prince of Montenegro, to be allowed to enter into action, Russia has advised him on no account to depart from the policy of neutrality. The Prince has given assurances that he will follow this advice. The report that Montenegro had raised a loan is contradicted.

Senor Castelar has issued a manifesto, offering to contest Barcelona and Valencia for a seat in the Cortes. He declares himself in favor of universal suffrage, free universities and separation of Church and State, and rejects any alliance with the Federalists.

Numerous bands of Khokand insurgents are preparing to resume hostilities. Fresh Russian troops will be despatched to the scene of operations this month.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WONDERFUL FISH.

This is a sketch of a most extraordinary and rare specimen of ichthyology, which has been on exhibition at St. Louis, for some time. The Premier and his friends have been to see it, and it has baffled all attempts at classification. It is moreover a "genuine fish" as our artist has seen and felt it himself. It was taken in the same which it damaged slightly with its horny snout.

It was 1 foot, 11 inches long, and the snout was 11 inches more. Its girth it measured 2 feet 6 inches. The head is most curious, as it is quite detached from the body except behind for about 2 inches where it joins the body. The mouth is shark-like but with-out it to the which in this is very small. There are six breathing holes, 2 on each side of the junction of the horn with the head, and one on each side of the head behind the eye. The fish is not known to have been caught in any waters yet, perhaps, some one may be able to throw light on it. It died a few days after it was caught, (though every thing was done to preserve it) and is now on exhibition.

ROCK'S MONUMENT.

As is well known, the first monument raised to the memory of General Brock, on Queenston Heights, was destroyed in 1849, by a mischievous named L. T., who introduced a quantity of gun-powder in it and exploded it. The new column a splendid sketch of which we present today was begun in 1850 and completed in 1856. Upon the solid rock is built a foundation 19 feet square and 19 feet thick of massive stone, upon this the structure stands in a grooved path of sub-basement 38 feet square and 27 feet in height, and has an eastern entrance by a massive oak door and bronze pateras, forming two galleries to the interior 114 feet in extent, round the inner pedestal, on the north and south sides of which, in vaults under the ground floor, are deposited the remains of General Brock, and those of his Aide-de-Camp, Colonel McDonell, in massive stone sarcophagi. On the exterior angles of the sub-basement are placed lions rampant seven feet in height, supporting shields with the armorial bearings of the hero—on the north side is the following inscription:

UPPER CANADA

Has dedicated this monument to the memory of the late

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K. B.,

Provincial Lieut. Governor and Commander of the Forces in this Province, whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath.

Opposing the invading enemy, he fell in action near these heights, On the 13th of October, 1812, In the 43d year of his age.

Revered and lamented by the people whom he governed, and deplored by the Sovereign to whose service his life had been devoted.

On brass plates, within the column, are the following inscriptions:

In vault underneath are deposited the mortal remains of the lamented

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K. B.,

Who fell in action near these heights on 13th October, 1812,

And was entombed on the 16th October at the bastion of Fort George, Niagara, removed from thence and re-interred under a monument to the eastward of this site on the 13th October, 1821, and in consequence of that monument having received irreparable injury by a lawless act on 17th of April, 1849, it was found requisite to take down the former structure and erect this monument—the foundation stone being laid, and the remains again re-interred with due solemnity on the 13th October, 1853.

In a vault beneath are deposited the mortal remains of

LIEUT. COL. JOHN McDONELL, R.A.D.C.,

And Aide-de-Camp to the lamented

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K. B.,

Who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Queenston, on the 13th Oct. 1812, and died on the following day.

His remains were removed and re-interred with due solemnity on 13th October 1853.

The column is placed on a platform slightly elevated, within a dwarf wall enclosure 75.0 square, with a fosse around the interior. At each angle are placed massive military trophies, in pedestals, in carved stone, 29.0 in height. Standing upon the sub-basement is the pedestal of the order, 16.0 square, and 38.0 in height, the die having on three of its enriched pannelled sides, emblematic basso-relievos, and on the north side, fronting Queenston, the battle scene in alto-relievo. The plinth of the order is enriched with lion's heads, and wreaths in bold relief. The

column is of the Roman composite order, 95.0 in height, a fluted shaft, 16.0 diameter at the base; the loftiest column known of this style; the lower tones enriched with laurel leaves, and the flutes terminating on the base with palms. The capital of the column is 16.0 square, and 12.6 high. On each face is sculptured a figure of victory, 10.6 high, with extended arms, grasping military shields as volutes; the acanthus leaves being wreathed with palms, the whole after the manner of the antique. From the ground to the gallery at the top of the column, is continued a staircase of cut stone, worked with a solid murel of 235 steps, and sufficiently lighted by loopholes in the fluting of the column, and other circular wreathed openings. Upon the alcove stands the cippus, supporting the statue of the hero, sculptured in military costume, 17.0 high, the left hand resting on the sword, the right arm extended, with baton. The height from the ground to the top of the statue is 190 feet, exceeding that of any monumental column, ancient or modern, known, with the exception of that on Fish Street Hill, London, England, by Sir Christopher Wren, architect, in commemoration of the great fire of 1666, 202 feet high, which exceeds it in height by 12 feet.

TURKEY SHOOTING ON THE DOG.

This is an annual "fete" among our Toronto sportsmen. The tournament is held on the bay or Don river, the latter being preferable owing to the shelter afforded by the banks, and is attended partly for sport and the chance of procuring a Christmas dinner for twenty-five cents. All guns are entered, from the Government weapon to the brass-bound blunderbuss of the oldest inhabitant. The range is increased for the rifle, but the bullet is too large for such a sport, and the hapless turkey when hit is a mess of blood and feathers. However, it is Christmas, and holiday gaiety excludes all other considerations. The topography will be found correct. The goal is seen on the right bank. The retriever, too, is as indispensable to such a meeting as the dog on the race track, much to the annoyance of the "shootists" and its own detriment in view of a discharge of small shots. On this occasion, however, as in many others we have seen, he was collared and belabored with a handkerchief.

REVIEW.

The subject of Hygiene and Sanitary Science is nowhere more important than in this great city where the drainage is so little adequate to the needs of its population and where the death rate, especially among children, has, for so many years past, been abnormal. Much has been done to popularize the subject, but never until lately in a systematic and scientific manner, and in this connection we are free to say that the PUBLIC HEALTH MAGAZINE, edited by Dr. Geo. A. Baynes, is *juvenc princeps*. We have before us the seventh number of this monthly which we commend to our readers both for the variety and utility of its matter and the handsome style in which it is published. The MONTHLY bound in yearly volumes will make a valuable addition to every domestic library. The contents comprise original communications, editorial articles, sanitary reports, reviews, correspondence and miscellaneous selections, all presented in a manner suited to the popular mind.

The January number of the PENN MONTHLY opens the new year with very substantial promise. This periodical is remarkable for its character of solidity. There is no showy writing in its pages, verse is almost totally eschewed, and, singular to say, stories which are popularly supposed to be indispensable to magazine literature, are never admitted. The patronage which the PENN MONTHLY receives and the material success which it appears to have achieved are conclusive proof that American readers are not so superficial in their tastes as we are generally led to believe. The contents of the present number are very full indeed. The paper on Pestalozzi, the famous Swiss reformer, who is described as a philanthropist without means and an educator without books, is replete with new and useful information. Legal students will find interesting reading in the article on the Revised Statutes of the United States. The paper on the Decline of New England is brief and chatty, but hardly conclusive enough. The opinions on the late civil war appear to us overdone, but that is excusable in any Northern writer. Why do not the Southerners give more of their war literature? The number concludes with the usual Book notices which are brief and impartial.

The feature of the January SCRIBNER is the beginning of the new serial—Philip Nolan's Friends—by Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Hale is the most unconventional of writers and there is nothing theatrical about his manner. He lets his pen run right on, and you cannot tell from one or two chapters only what his story is going to be. The opening of Philip Nolan's Friends reads pleasingly, but does not excite enthusiasm. There is some rambling about it, but one has the suspicion that he is on the threshold of good things. We shall await the sequel with interest. Gabriel Conroy, by Bret Harte, is entering upon a new phase and the present instalment can be judged of only by its development. The illustrated article on New York in the Revolution is very interesting, so are the Revolutionary Letters. The poetry of the number is contributed by Higginson, Steadman, Mrs. Piatt, H. H. Celia Thaxter and Boyesen. The editorial department of SCRIBNER'S is always a special source of attraction, dealing as it does with a variety of

new subjects in a fresh, manly spirit. Dr. Holland has peculiar fitness for this kind of work and thus adds great value to his splendid magazine.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January assigns the place of honor to the new serial of its editor, Mr. Howells—entitled "Private Theatricals." It is written in his usual pleasing style and shows marks of careful analysis. The editor has also a paper on Four New Books of Poetry which are as satisfactory and discriminating a bit of literary criticism as we remember having read in a long time. The number is full of the best class of reading. We may mention Going South, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Jacques Jasmin, by Harriet A. Preston; the sixth chapter of Old Woman's Gossip, by Frances Anna Kemble, but, as in all well edited magazines, there is generally one paper which excels all others and gives character to the number, we may award this distinction to One of the Thirty Pieces, by W. H. Bishop. All the poetry is good, a Painted Fan, by Louise Chandler Moulton, the Dead Connoisseur's Friend, by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, Aocle, by Maurice Thompson, two Sonnets, by Aldrich, A Familiar Letter, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Sunset on the Bearcamp, by Whittier. The reviews of literature, art and education are excellent and the ATLANTIC begins the Centennial year in a manner befitting its reputation.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL begins the new year with improved typographical appearance, and with strong literary attractions. Julian Hawthorne, who is to write exclusively for APPLETON'S during 1876, begins a characteristic series of papers under the title of "A Journey to the Unknown." No writer of the day has a more acute, searching, and graphic style, than Mr. Hawthorne. Mrs. Macquoid, author of "Patty," begins a new story. Mr. James E. Freeman, an American artist, who has resided for thirty years in Rome, and during that time met many of the most distinguished men and women of the period begins, under the title of "Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio," a record of his reminiscences and experiences, which are of the most entertaining character. There are other interesting papers in the opening number of the year. We notice that James Payn, whose novel of "Lost Sir Massingberd" was so popular, begins a new novel in the new number for January 8th. Among the regular contributors to APPLETON'S we find the names of Julian Hawthorne, Christian Reid, Albert Rhodes, Albert F. Webster, Junius Henri Browne, Edgar Fawcett, M. E. W. S., Lucy H. Hooper, Constance F. Woolson, Horace E. Scudder.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL is a weekly household magazine, devoted to popular literature and all matters of taste and culture; it aims to be comprehensive, including in its plan all branches of literature, and treating all subjects of interest to intelligent readers; it designs to be elevated in taste and pure in tone; it gives in quantity fully twenty-five per cent. more than the largest of the monthly magazines, while in quality its literature is of the highest class.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

In June 1864 the Synod of the Canada Presbyterian Church sanctioned "the formation of a Theological College" (in this city) "as craved by the Presbytery of Montreal." The following year a charter was obtained from the Parliament of Quebec, and in June 1867 the Synod united the Presbyteries of Brockville, Ottawa and Montreal for the support of the College. During this winter, classes were opened in the basement of Erskine Church under the care of Rev. W. Gregg, of Toronto, and Rev. W. Aiken, Smith's Falls. In 1868 the Rev. Dr. H. MacVicar, minister of Cote Street Church for over seven years, accepted the appointment of Professor of Theology, when the work of the institution was regularly commenced. For three sessions he carried on the work alone, except in so far as he was aided by occasional lectures.

The following comprise the present staff of the college:

- Rev. D. H. MACVICAR, LL. D., Principal and Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.
- Rev. JOHN CAMPBELL, M. A., Professor of Church History and Apologetics.
- Rev. J. SCRIBNER, M. A., Lecturer in Old and New Testament Exegesis.
- Rev. CHARLES DOUBIET, Lecturer in Sacred Rhetoric and Homiletics (French.)
- Rev. A. DE SOLA, LL. D., Professor of Oriental Languages (in McGill College.)
- Rev. W. MITCHELL, B. A., Lecturer in Elocution.
- S. P. ROBINS, Esq., M. A., Lecturer in Music.
- A. C. HUTCHISON, Esq., Lecturer in Ecclesiastical Architecture.
- Mr. JOHN ALLAN, B. A., Classical and Mathematical Tutor.
- Mr. C. E. AMARON, French Tutor.
- Principal Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., &c., of McGill College, delivers a special course of Lectures this session on the relations of the Bible to science.

The Rev. Dr. Gibson, of Erskine Church, was lecturer in Exegesis until his removal to Chicago; and the Rev. Prof. Coussart, B. D., had charge of French Theological classes until last spring when he accepted the pastorate of a Church in France. The work of the College was conducted in rooms in the Basement of Erskine Church until November 1873, when the

present building was finished. The success achieved by the institution is highly gratifying. During its brief career it has sent out 28 ministers, and has on its present Roll 54 students. Its assets drawn from the Presbyteries above named with some assistance from the Kingston Presbytery, amount in all to over ninety thousand dollars; besides a gold medal, endowed by the students, a silver medal by Mr. Afd. Sandham, and annual scholarships of the value of from \$50 to \$100 each.

Its library contains about 60 thousand volumes of valuable Theological and Historical works, including the Patrologia of Abbe Migne in Greek and Latin, 391 vols. This is the munificent gift of Peter Rodpath, Esq., and is open for consultation by Theological students and Biblical Scholars of all denominations subject to certain rules. The College is affiliated with the University of McGill, and is under the care of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Its immediate government is by a Senate and Board of management annually appointed by the Assembly.

The College building is a stone edifice, elegant and commodious, pleasantly situated on the rising ground above the City, commanding a view of the University grounds, the City and the scenery of the St. Lawrence. As immediately adjoining McGill College it affords Students the greatest facilities for attending lectures in that Institution, and obtaining constant access to its valuable Library and Museum. In addition to its Library, Lecture Rooms and offices, it contains studies and dormitories for resident Students, together with bath rooms and other conveniences. The rooms are comfortably furnished, and the whole building, including the individual rooms, is well ventilated, heated with hot water pipes and lighted with gas. Resident Students are furnished with rooms, heating and light, free of expense; but the Refectory and attendance of servants are in the hands of the Steward, whose fee will in no case exceed three dollars per week, and who is responsible to the Board of Management for the efficiency of his service.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Holiday week was very appropriately celebrated at this popular theatre and the performances were in the main very creditable. Indeed, considering the means at his disposal and the amount of patronage which he receives, it is difficult to see how the manager could do more than he now performs. Critics should remember that the drama, like every other institution, is dependent on the hard material rule of dollars and cents, and instead of needlessly picking flaws, they should confine themselves to balance the merits of the performance with the amount of receipts in hand. In metropolitan cities, the utmost perfection, even to the smallest detail of costume, should be insisted on, because in them there is money enough to purchase these things. But in provincial towns, we have perforce to limit our desires by our purses. It is enough for us that the present company is painstaking, conscientious, and determined to do its very best. We do not see how we can demand more. The spectacular play of Cinderella with selections from Rossini's music ran smoothly through the week, the character of the legendary Cenerentola being well rendered by that amiable artist, Miss Clara Fisher. This week, there is a Shakspearian revival, with Mr. Neil Warner as leading representative.

ARTISTIC.

In excavating at Montmartre for a new church seven sarcophagi were discovered containing the remains of some of the contemporaries of Clovis.

A PAINTING by the French artist Detaille, called "The Passing Regiment," has been added to the collection of the Corcoran Gallery of Art at Washington. The managers paid 20,000 francs for it.

FOUR artists are forever at work in the Uffizi Palace at Florence copying a picture of Fra Angelico, a "trypich," with a border of heavenly musicians. It takes eight days to make a copy, which sells for sixty or eighty francs.

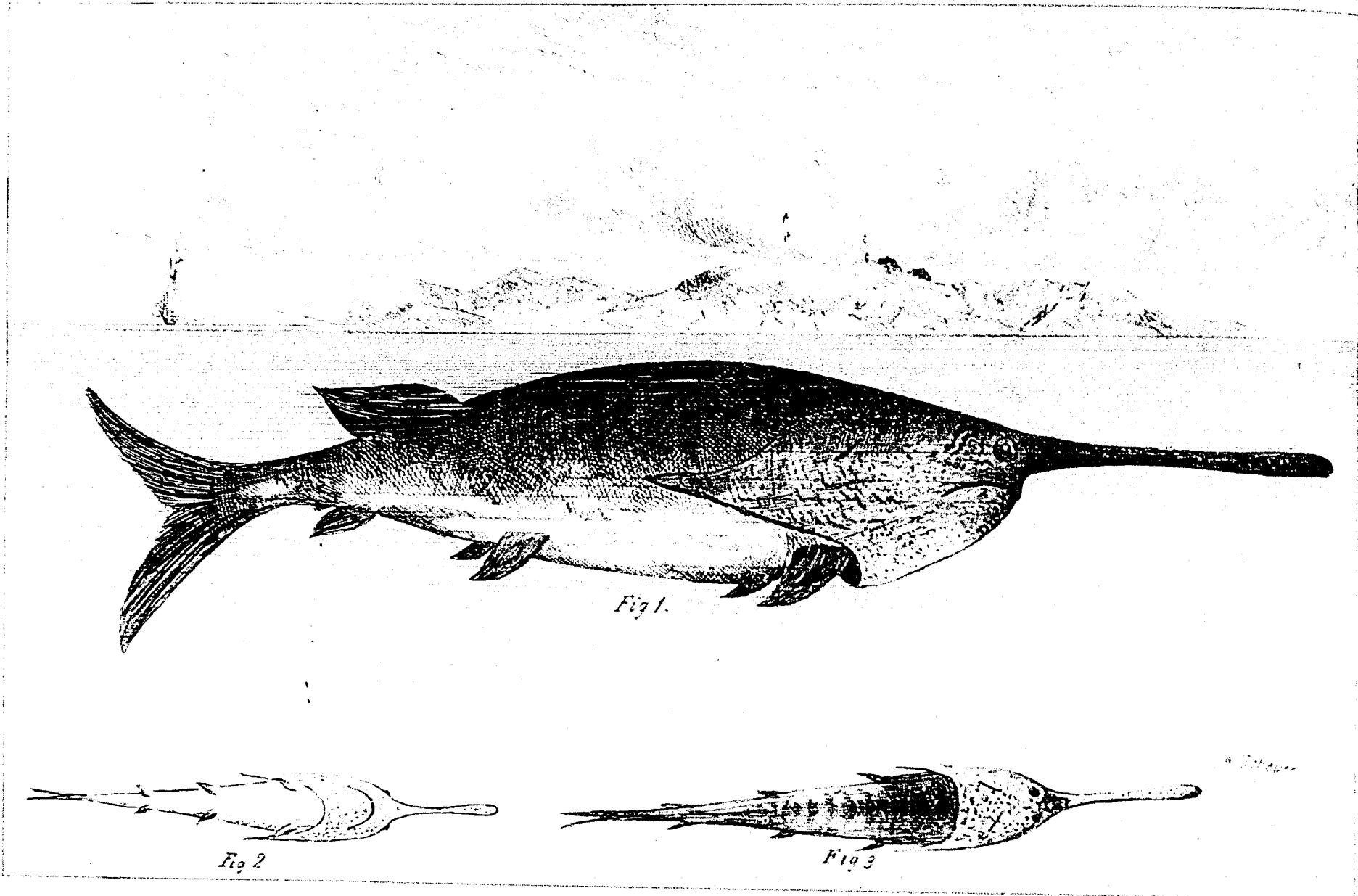
AN original portrait of Washington, painted from life by Savage in 1793, is on exhibition at the Centennial rooms in Boston. Two others, taken previous to this by the same artist, are in existence. Charles Francis Adams has one and Harvard College the other.

GERMANY has taken away about a million sterling of bullion from the Bank of England during week before last. Yet the reports from Berlin are appalling. Destitution is general; trade is at a standstill; employment cannot be had. Gold is not wealth. Spain was ruined by El Dorado.

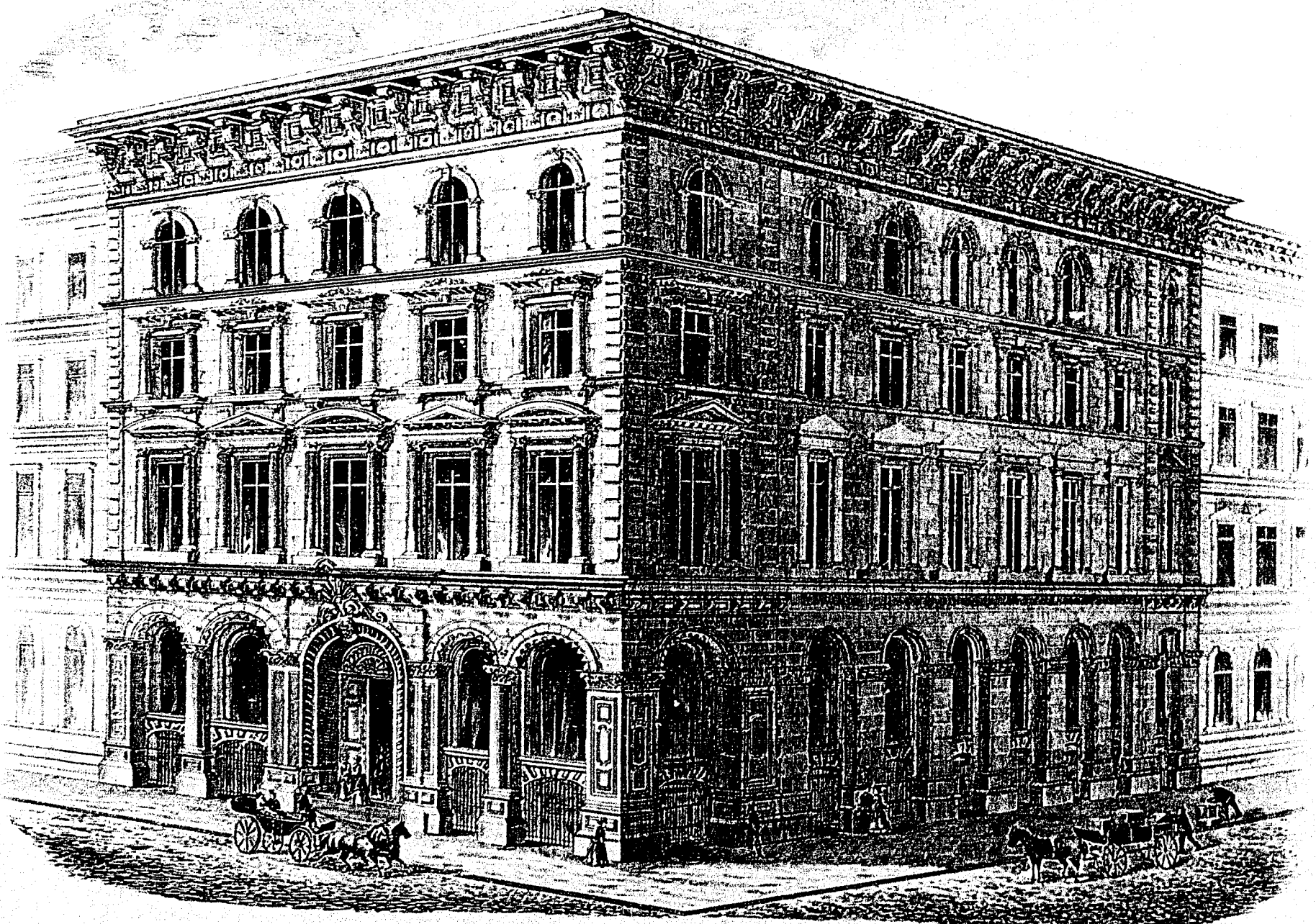
FLOWER-PAINTING has just sustained a loss in the death of Mrs. Mary Harrison, whose roses, violets, and primroses added a charm for many years to the exhibitions of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colour. She was born in Liverpool in 1788, and was engaged on a sketch only four days before the termination of her long and active life.

A Rome correspondent of The Cincinnati Gazette writes of recent excavations: "A private society, digging near the ancient Porta Maggiore, has lately made some most interesting discoveries. Altogether, up to the present time, 12 colombari have been discovered, besides quite a number of skeletons, showing that both methods of burial were practiced. Two of the colombari are of special interest. One of them, from the inscriptions, is shown to have belonged to the wealthy family Statilla, one of whose members, at his own expense, constructed an amphitheatre in Campus Martius. The internal walls of the other one are covered with a series of frescoes, representing the early mythological history of Rome; the arrival of Æneas on the shores of the Lavinia; his wars and peace with the inhabitants; the foundation of the City of Lavinia; the abandonment in the Tiber of Romulus and Remus; their finding and growth. One picture of Romulus, as a young shepherd leading his sheep, is very beautiful, and the whole series has been pronounced by artists who have visited them to be of a very advanced stage of art."





EXTRAORDINARY FISH CAUGHT IN LAKE HURON.

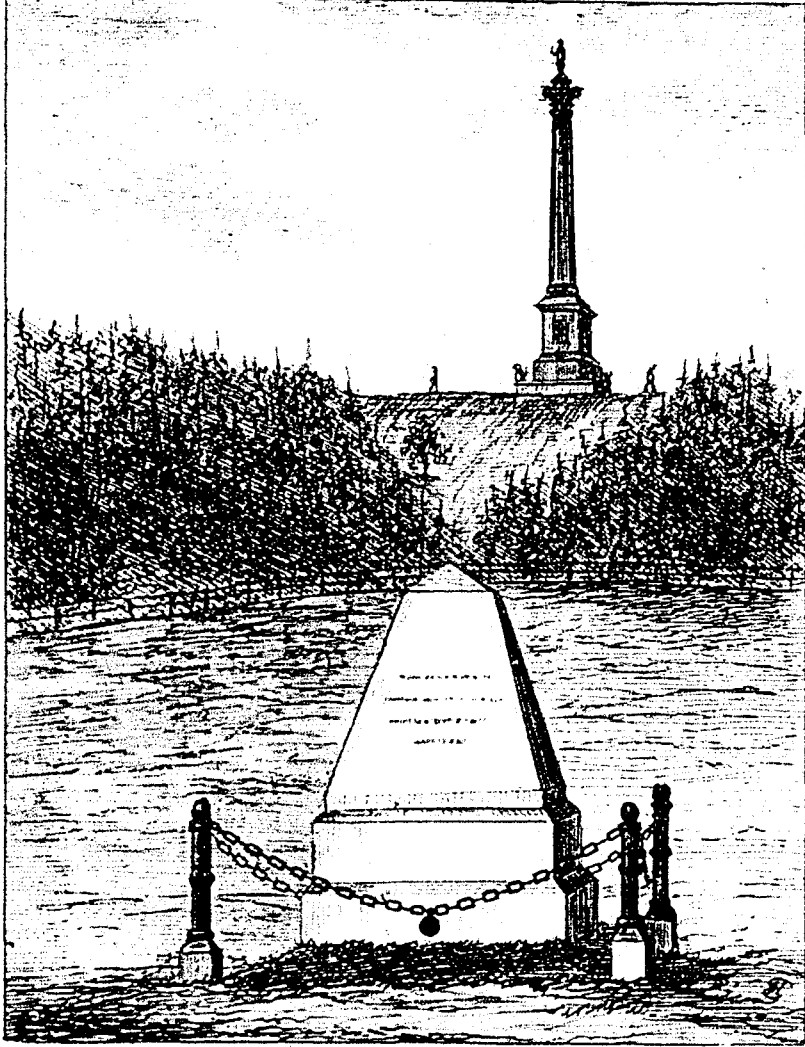


H. SHOREY & CO., WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.

BROCK'S MONUMENT.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. J. DYER.

*Base Brock's M. G.  
Print.*

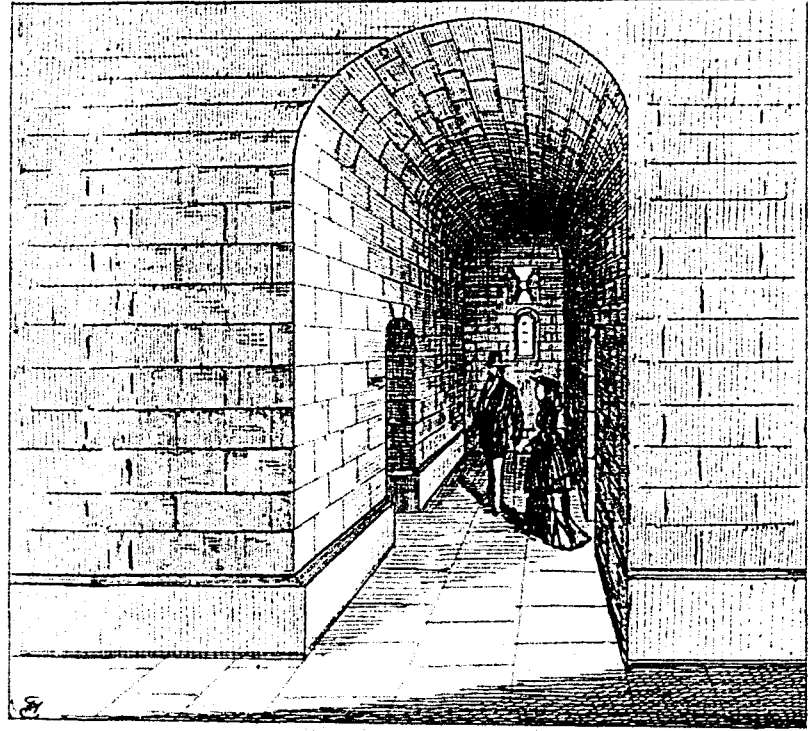
BROCK'S AUTOGRAPH.



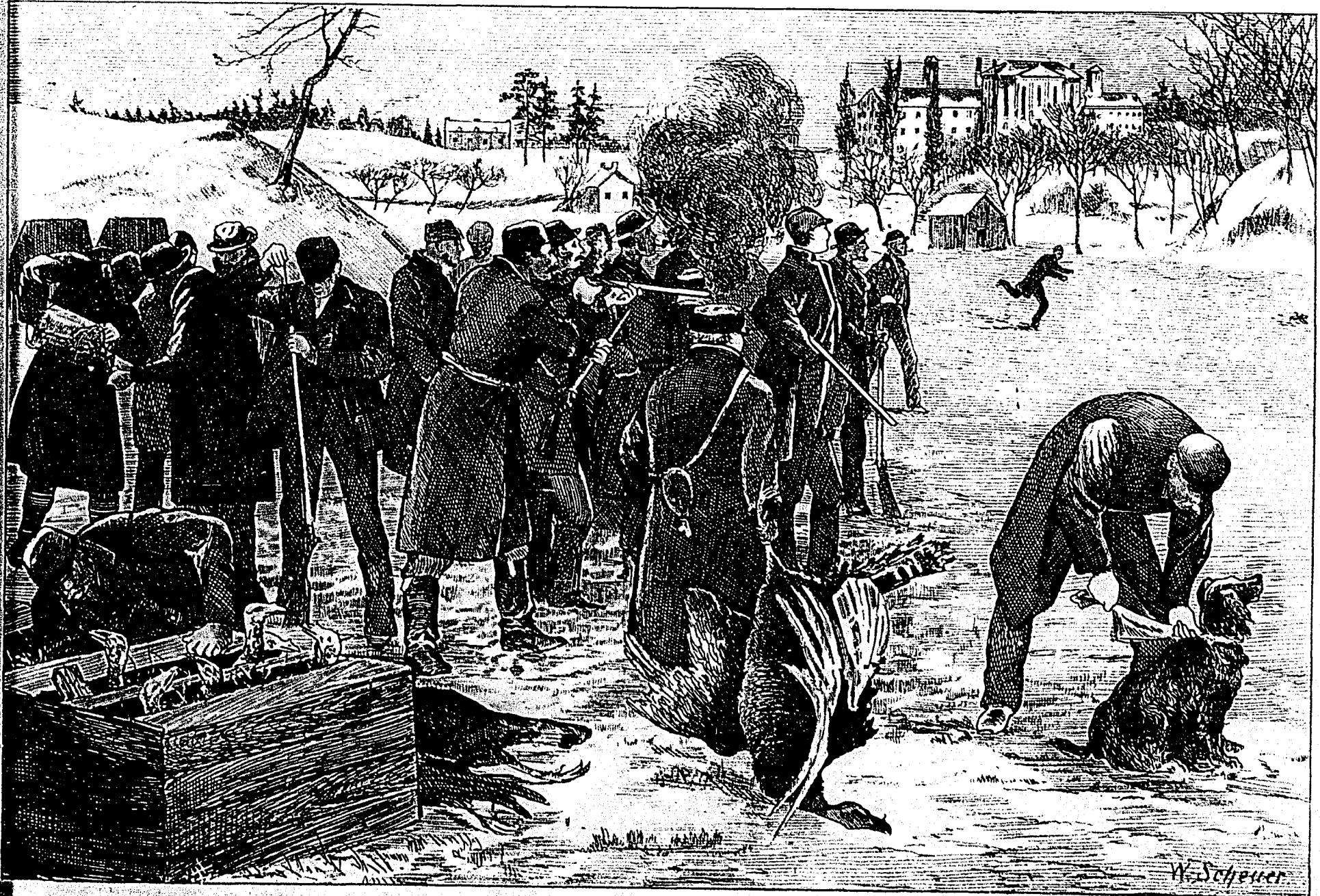
PLACE WHERE BROCK FELL.

UPPER CANADA  
HAS DEDICATED THIS MONUMENT TO THE LATE  
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K. B.  
PROVINCIAL LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER OF THE  
FORCES IN THIS PROVINCE WHOSE REMAINS ARE  
DEPOSITED IN THE VAULT BENEATH  
OPPOSING THE INVADING ENEMY, HE FELL IN AC-  
TION NEAR THESE HEIGHTS  
ON THE 13TH OF OCTOBER, 1812  
IN THE 43RD YEAR OF HIS AGE  
REVERED AND LAMENTED BY THE PEOPLE WHOM  
HE GOVERNED, AND DEPLORED BY THE SOVEREIGN  
TO WHOSE SERVICE HIS LIFE HAD BEEN DEVOTED

INSCRIPTION ON MONUMENT.



BROCK'S TOMB.



TORONTO:—TURKEY SHOOTING ON THE DON.



(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

ENGLAND'S FOREIGN TRADE.

The bad effects of Free Trade on England's commerce is past concealment. The harvest of her Foreign Trade is evidently over. Free Traders can no longer mislead public opinion with regard to the present depression. The Board of Trade returns for October are about the worst ever issued. England has deluged the world with her manufactures and the cause of her depression is that the demand for them is on the decline. This decline is not a temporary thing either. English capital and labor have been largely diverted into unproductive channels by the advocacy of Free Trade principles.

Free Trade will be to England what the Napoleonic Dynasty was to France. She will, in the end, pay dear for any temporary advantages derived from it. Free Trade in England is not only the cause of depression there, but of the depression which now exists in many other countries. The London *Times* says the facts are "of a nature to make the most determined optimist admit the fact of declining commerce and industry." Her exports were less in 1874 than 1873, and less in 1875 than 1874.

England has invested enormous sums in ships and factories, but the factories are nearly idle and the ships have little to do, but the people want bread and those who have bread want little of any other manufactures, so the bread has to be paid for with gold. The product of English capital and labor is depreciating. This is what is the matter with England. She is producing goods which she can export, possibly some of her manufactures. England gained a temporary advantage by having these things in advance of other nations, but the advantage is ceasing to be felt.

The silk manufacturers were ruined by Free Trade, and the machinery for that purpose became of little value. The manufacture of glass is also nearly driven from the country. The cotton manufacturers are even now sending cotton to England. English manufacturers cannot continue to import raw cotton and export manufactured cotton back to compete with American manufacturers, in their own market. Hence a great part of the fixed capital of English manufacturers will be rendered unproductive.

England has great facilities for manufacturing, but, trade being gone, the capital expended in creating these will be partially wasted. The time is coming when English manufacturers will be able to do no more than hold their home market in cotton goods. This will render a great deal of machinery unproductive and many ships now employed in the cotton trade, will have to find other employment. Her wool and manufactures will, probably, hold out longer. She is a great wool producing country, but other countries are also becoming great wool producers.

As soon as they become able to manufacture their own wool they will need English goods no longer. Canada is importing less woollen goods every year. Our own manufacturers are rapidly succumbing all others, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which they are placed. The one thing which gives them the advantage is their better judgment regarding the class of goods required.

Great fears are entertained about the coal mines of England becoming exhausted; but there is a much more immediate danger than this. The foreign demand for English goods will cease long before her supply of coal.

The abolition of the Corn Laws was part of the Free Trade policy. It was opposed by the nobility, though it was the one thing which has prevented reforms in the tenure of land. Had the Corn Laws not been abolished, all or nearly all the large estates would have been divided up, sold and under cultivation now. This is what would have been done to keep down the price of food. Laws would have been passed allowing the partition and sale of entailed estates. Food might not have risen much, in price, for more land would have been cultivated.

But the importation of cheap food rendered the extension of agriculture unnecessary. English farms were depreciated in value by competition with cheap land everywhere. Thus Free Trade in corn has prevented Free Trade in land. This caused a great emigration of agricultural laborers. This emigration was just in proportion to the imports of food. England's farms are in foreign countries and her agricultural laborers have had to go to them. Had her farms been at home her people might also have stayed at home.

The question therefore is—does England contain enough of land to feed all her people? I think there is enough, or nearly. England and Wales contain 35,264,000 acres of land. Out of this there are 31,000,000 fit for cultivation. It used to be reckoned that one eighth was unfit for cultivation. But recent experiments in pumping and draining marshes have reduced this proportion materially, and one twelfth would now be nearer the mark. This, therefore, would leave 32,325,334 acres fit for cultivation. But, then there is the land occupied by buildings, roads and railways. Allow 1,325,334 acres for these, though I consider this an excessive estimate, being over twenty six times the area of London. For these reasons I think 31,000,000 acres a safe estimate. Well, now, what proportion of this land is cultivated? In England and Wales there were this year 3,342,355 of wheat, 2,509,598 acres of barley, and 2,664,048 acres of oats. These are the principal crops, and making due allowance for all other crops, it is evident

that between the land that is partially cultivated and that which is uncultivated there is room for a vast extension of agriculture. In his Principles of Political Economy, page 166, J. S. Mill shows that in Flanders two and a half acres of land raise food for a man, his wife and three children. He also shows that this is inferior sandy soil originally reclaimed from the sea; not to be compared with land in England. At this rate England and Wales have land enough to feed sixty two millions of people. If we include Ireland and Scotland, where there is a much larger proportion of uncultivated land, it will make my argument much stronger. Thus England is drawing food from the ends of the earth, often at famine prices, while the best agricultural land in the world is lying waste at home.

And the labor expended on the manufactures exchanged for this far exceeds the labor required to extract it from her own soil. To this extent, therefore, Free Trade has diverted English labor into unprofitable and artificial channels. If one third of the capital invested in merchant ships and manufacturing machinery was employed in agriculture, it would cause a much larger and better distribution of wealth and comfort and refinement than at present. England's wealth is badly distributed, and this is mainly due to Free Trade. There is no nation in the world, there never was one in which the distribution of wealth was more unequal. And this unequal distribution is one of the great questions of the day, and one of the great dangers of society. By discouraging agriculture, Free Trade has kept the large estates undivided, and perpetuated the rule of the aristocracy, and in commerce it has raised up a class of merchant princes and manufacturers. It did the same thing, long ago, in Rome. After the people admitted corn free, and neglected their own agriculture, the inequality of wealth increased steadily. But the time is near when men will cease to point to England in vindication of Free Trade principles.

The New York *Shipping List*, a very ably conducted journal, alludes to the present depression in the following terms: "Many of England's best foreign customers for iron, coal, machinery, and various manufactures, are said to have become independent of her." She could not compete with us in the manufacture of cotton goods if we were on a par with her in currency.

Are the ships and machinery employed in foreign trade worth as much as her land would be if cultivated? I think not.

There are two causes which may lead to the extension of agriculture in England. One is a duty on corn as formerly. This is not likely. It is more likely to result from a decreasing foreign demand for English goods. Some foreign manufacturers are now not only underselling, but swifling English manufacturers in the quality of their goods.

This being the case, the purchasing power of English manufactures is becoming inadequate to supply the nation with imported food. Its manufactures are not purchasing us breadstuffs at the present time. For the last few years large balances have had to be paid for in gold. This is what bankers call a foreign drain. A rise in the rate of the Bank of England is the expedient used to check a foreign drain. It checks the exportation of money. It means this, "if you have your money with us a while longer you may have higher interest." These factories and their products will depreciate in value and what should have been done at first will have to be done at last, namely, develop the agricultural resources of the country.

England protected her manufactures till they became developed. This was right. But she withdrew all protection for agriculture. This was wrong. Her manufactures are now a drug in the market, while she pays the highest prices in the world for food. Thus we see she buys dear and sells cheap. This is burning the candle at both ends. She can do this at present just because London is the great money market of the world. Money is sent to London from all parts of the world for investment. Hence there is always a great floating capital there. This deceives people. The capital is always there, but it is not the same capital, and it is not all owned there. This is more particularly the case since the late French and German war. Before that time Paris was a great money market. The German government has large sums of money in London. Nearly all the French indemnity was paid in London, and a great part is still there. It is this floating capital which enables England to go on, year after year, importing food and paying for a great part of it in gold. England with all her ships and factories and manufacturing capital should be able to pay for her food with her manufactures, and that she cannot do so proves that her labor is unproductive. Free Trade is the cause.

If the demand for English manufactures was not on the decline it might be safe to go on depending on imported food. But, as I have shown, England's best customers for coal, iron, machinery, and other goods, are nearly now independent of her. To hold her trade, in future, wages will have to come down, and reduced wages mean diminished comforts for her laboring classes. The real problem is, how will wages come down while the price of food goes on increasing, as it is sure to do while the greater part of it has to be imported. Free Trade was generally intended to elevate the labourer, but for the foregoing reasons it is sure to ultimately injure and degrade him.

I have said that England does not produce near all her own food, and that from the diminishing demand for her manufactures they have become insufficient to purchase it. Now it remains to

be shown how England pays for the excess of imports over exports. London is the world's banker. For example, it is said that Brigham Young has nine million dollars on deposit. From all parts of the world money is sent to London for deposit. It is curious that money should be sent from countries where interest is high to a country where it is low, but it is the case, nevertheless. This is the reason. One can get more money in London, on demand, than in any other place, because the bank that has the largest deposits can furnish the largest loans on call. It need not be the bank that has the largest capital of its own, either. English bankers lend these deposits to the British Government, to foreign governments, and to enterprises in all parts of the world; and it is out of its profits as a banker in this way, that it pays for the excess of its imports over its exports.

Suppose, for example, that Brigham Young has nine million dollars on deposit with some English bankers. This may be part of the very money which is paying for the Suez Canal, for it is said that the Khedive is instructed to draw, at sight, on some English banker.

Whatever England makes in this way by being the world's banker, we know that her losses are also enormous. Take the Turkish bondholders for example. It is not long since an association of foreign bondholders was formed, and the published statement revealed enormous losses. As I have shown, these losses are not all out of English capital. As yet, it is foreigners that are defaulters to English capitalists, but if the losses continue, English capitalists may yet become defaulters to foreign depositors. It is impossible to determine England's financial standing. As yet, she is the world's banker, and handles much more money than any other nation; but if a bank's deposits are numerous enough, and large enough it can go on doing business long after its own capital is all gone. All I can say is that Free Trade is likely to turn out a very unprofitable experiment in England. England has discouraged her agriculture and turned most of her labor to manufactures; these have so depreciated in value as not to purchase food enough, and she has to fall back on the precarious profits of banking to make up the deficiency.

A great war might, and probably would, deprive England of this business, and lay up this entire capital, or transfer it to some other place. It would hurt her in two ways. First, it would make food scarce and dear by interrupting its importation. Secondly, it would deprive her of her banking business, out of which she now makes much of the money with which she pays for the food imported. This is a very sensitive and artificial state of industry. If England was engaged in a great war, capitalists would not have the same confidence in English bankers that they have now. But war is a thing which Free Traders refuse to consider in questions of this kind. They tell us that arbitration is going to supersede war in future. It is, however, my opinion that the nations which neglect to consider this question will soon have to consider the questions of foreign intervention and savagery.

England is protecting her manufactures, all the time, on a most gigantic scale, though Free Traders do not appear to know it. She is keeping up naval stations, out of the public purse, to keep the way open for her manufactures all over the world. She goes to war with China and compels that nation to open her ports. She keeps an army in India to protect her trade. If India afforded English manufacturers no market, would the government risk a war for that country? If it is not for its trade, India is no use to England. She paid the Alabama claims for the privilege of allowing her people to sell the Southern ships and munitions of war during the rebellion. She has just paid the Khedive of Egypt twenty millions of dollars for the Suez Canal to keep the way for her manufactures open to the East. This is protection to home manufactures no matter under what name it goes. But it is a kind of protection rendered necessary by the evil effects of Free Trade. The misapplication of English labour, caused by Free Trade, has created a vast amount of fixed capital, which must be wasted, unless things like these are done, and no matter whether Free Traders or Protectionists rule, this policy is now forced upon them. To advance is hazardous, but to retreat is almost certain ruin.

The London correspondent of the *Globe* says, with regard to the Suez canal, "The bargain is a wise one, whatever may happen, though, peculiarly it is a losing transaction. We shall lose the interest of £4,000,000 for some forty years." But, "so important is the friendliness of Egypt to us that, no matter at what cost, it must be secured."

Now, England is paying all this to protect her manufactures. She has ceased to confine the circle to her own shores, but there is, nevertheless, a circle within which she employs protective measures. She is paying for this protection just as surely as when she levied duties on imports.

The time it paid England to protect her manufacturers was while they were striving to supply the home market.

When manufacturers become able to hold the home market against all comers, they need, and ought to have, no more protection. Further protection only creates an unnecessary artificial state of industry.

Measured in labor England is paying much higher prices for food than any other nation; and measured by the same rule she is getting much lower prices for her manufactures than any other nation. This is the reason. Food is nowhere so cheap as where producers and consumers deal direct. But now England is fed by a lot of dealers and middlemen. Thus the people

pay dear for their food and get little for their manufactures. When we add the losses arising from bad debts on goods exported, it is apparent that great quantities of labor go for small quantities of food.

The net cash proceeds of her exports do not buy near so much food as the gross cash value of those exports would take out of her own soil, if employed in agriculture.

When one subject cheats another it is an individual, but not a national loss. But when a foreign merchant cheats a British manufacturer, it is both an individual and national loss. It diminishes the annual value of the land and labor of a country to that extent.

What England has to sell is now nearly always a drug in the market, and what she wants to buy is a prime necessity of life. It is held to be depending on foreign manufactures, far worse to be dependent on foreign food.

And no nation in the world can adopt Free Trade without soon becoming dependent on one or other of these. Over production of manufactures is worse than over production of food. Food does not go out of fashion but many manufactured articles do.

Articles that are very salubrious you may be very much obliged next year. This is one way in which England is losing.

The price of food rises much faster than the price of manufactures, when there is any form of a scarcity.

When one goes to buy manufactured goods one can wait and haggles without serious danger, when a scarcity of food is found, purchasers have to bid the prices, at once, that will fetch the goods.

It was enough to export food, that made our country a great power, but having no market for our own manufactures, we have become a great power in the world. This shows it doesn't suit either party.

In France, agriculture and manufactures are in parallel lines, as it were, both are equally protected. The consequence is that France is one of the greatest wheat producing countries in the world, and an exporter of food as well as manufactures. Her protection is agriculture has led to the partition, sale and cultivation of the large estates all there are now very rich in land owners in France. French countries would not have more money if French politics were more settled. But we should not forget that English politics were just as unsettled in the seventeenth century as French politics were in the nineteenth, and the French government was as stable in the seventeenth century as the English government does now. The case is not reversed, and a thing that has been overruled may be reversed again. Well, or all governments France's wealth increases enormously. At the end of the last war the great manufactures of the world had as an opinion that England's resources and she is recovering strength at a rate that no other nation could, and this is because her industry is protective. France has a drug in the market. There is a market for all, and a profit on all her products.

W. H. DUNN.

French Falls.

DOMESTIC.

APPLE-FLOAT. One part of stewed apples, when cold, sweeten and flavor to taste. Just as you want to send it to table add the beaten white of four eggs lightly stirred in.

STEWED EGGS. Boil them hard, cut them in two, remove the yolks and beat them up with a little grated ham, parsley, pepper, and salt to taste. Replace the yolks within the whites, cut the under part a little to make them stand well on the dish, and serve to white sauce.

POTATOES SAUTÉES AU BEURRE.—Cut the potatoes with a vegetable cutter into equal balls about the size of a marble, put them in a steaming pan with plenty of butter and a good sprinkling of salt. Keep the steaming pan covered, and shake it occasionally until they are quite done, which will be about an hour.

FILLETS OF BEEF A LA CHATEAUBRIANT.—Take a piece of the undercut of the sirloin of beef, trim off the fat neatly, and the skin next to it; cut it across the grain into slices one and a half inch thick, sprinkle them with pepper, dip them in oil, and broil over a clear fire; sprinkle with salt, and serve very hot in a dish garnished with potatoes sauté and omelette.

CHEAP PIDDING.—Peel and core four or five apples, according to their size, cut them in slices, and lay them in a pie dish; sprinkle them with sugar pounded, and then put a thin layer of apricot or other jam. Take two ounces of arrowroot, mix it with a pint of milk, a little sugar, and a small piece of butter; stir it over the fire until it boils, and then pour it into the pie dish with the apples and jam, and bake until done.

ROAST TURKEY.—Pluck, singe, draw, wipe thoroughly, and truss a fine turkey, stuff it with plain forcemeat, pack it up in some thin slices of fat bacon, and over that a sheet of buttered paper, roast before a clear fire basting frequently with butter. A quarter of an hour before it is done, remove the paper and slices of bacon. Sprinkle with salt just before serving. Garnish with pork sausages, and serve with a tureen of gravy. Time of roasting two to three hours, according to size.

TREATMENT OF GOLD FISHES.—In cases where gold fish are kept in vessels in rooms, &c., they should be kept in spring water. The water will require to be changed, according to the size of the vessel or the number of fish kept therein, but it is not well to change the water too often. A vessel that will hold a common sized pail of water, two fish may be kept in by changing the water once a fortnight, and so on in proportion. If any food is supplied there, it should be a few crumbs of bread crumbled in the water once or twice a week.

BRAISED TURKEY.—Truss the turkey as for roasting; stuff it with truffle and chestnut stuffing. Line the bottom of a braising pan with slices of bacon, lay the turkey on this, and place more slices of bacon on the top of it. Put in two carrots and two onions cut in slices some sweet herbs, parsley, bay leaf, a clove of garlic and whole pepper and salt to taste; moisten with some stock and a tumblerful of sherry. Lay a round of buttered paper on the top, put on the lid, and braise with a moderate fire under and above for about four hours, then serve with the gravy strained and freed from excess of fat.

HEARTH AND HOME.

HOME DUTIES.—The man who considers that the home duties of a woman are inferior to the political work of man, must be either a bachelor or blind. The very highest qualities of the heart and intellect may be exercised by a mother, a sister, or an elder daughter, in watching over the physical, mental, and moral growth of the children in her care. Heroic patience, a vigilance that never tires, an adaptation of means to the end, a careful study of individual traits, a keen psychological insight, may all find ample room for exercise within the four walls of even an humble home.

TO PLEASE IN CONVERSATION.—A man may be very elegant, sprightly, eloquent and witty in conversation—full of anecdote, and even interesting, and yet not please; while another without wit, elegance, eloquence, sprightliness, or much anecdote, will win the affections of everybody. The first one excites admiration without touching the heart—he talks for himself only, and selfishness always betrays itself, and is not tolerated easily. The other one is humble—thinks well of others and little of himself. Remember, in conversing, always to listen to others with complacency.

AN HONEST LIFE.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbour lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the track of time! A vast desert lies open in retrospect. Wearied with years and sorrow, they sink from the walk of man. You must leave them where they fall; and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events, which come not in succession, but, bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.

DRESSING AS A FINE ART.—Women should either adopt a uniform as men have done, or else dress-making should be elevated into the position of a fine art, and treated as such. Ladies can never see ugliness in a dress so long as it is made in the height of fashion. They have their portraits taken, if possible, in "the last new thing," and then when another style appears, wonder they could ever have made such frights of themselves. There are always a large number of ladies who say they have got no work to do. Here is an opening for them. Their first step ought to be to abolish the use of the word "fashionable" in its present sense, and to substitute the word "becoming," which would indicate both economy where it is necessary, and magnificence where it is suitable.

BEGIN AT HOME.—Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin at the centre and work outward. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some pecca-billo, some undesirable gesture sour your visage towards a sister or daughter, pray cease to teach beneficence on a large scale. Begin not at the next door, but within your own door—then with your next neighbour, whether relative, servant, or superior. Account to the man you meet the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. "How can I make him or her happier?" This is the question. If a guinea will do it, give the guinea. If advice will do it, give advice. If a look, a smile, or a warm pressure of the hand, or a tear, will do it, give the look, smile, hand, or tear. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom every moment.

DELICACY.—Fastidiousness has committed so many forgeries on the firm of delicacy, that this poor virtue is nearly reduced to a state of bankruptcy. Familiarity inevitably destroys delicacy. Perhaps this is the reason why the society of strangers is sometimes more agreeable than that of our most intimate relatives. Delicacy respects the feelings of everybody. It not only abstains from wounding the sensibilities of a modest woman, but even from trilling with the fancies of a nervous hypochondriac. Human life is full of so many grossnesses, each of which gives a fresh wound to delicacy, that at length she expires under repeated blows. At fifteen, our feelings are in their most sensitive state; at thirty, we regard with indifference things which, in younger and purer years, would have annoyed us exceedingly; at fifty, our beauty and our delicacy are both withering together—it is but paint for the former, and affectation for the latter; and in old age, to find those emotions of the soul would be as wonderful as to meet a smooth and rosy complexion. To a certain degree, delicacy is a virtue; let it get a step beyond, and it becomes the most childish imbecility.

ALMS-GIVING.—It is now the time when the season is so cold that hearts ought to be warm to make up for it. It is only the indolent, however, who can content themselves with indiscriminate giving. Indeed there seem to be only three classes of human creatures to whom we really have a right to give anything but work—the very young, helpless through the feebleness of age; and the really sick, helpless through the feebleness of disease. To all persons outside these three classes it seems both an injury and an impertinence to give alms. We should do that much more difficult thing—interest ourselves to find them employment. To put one person in the way of helping himself does more real good than temporarily to help a dozen. But, if we

are too indolent or too hurried to do the best thing, we can hardly excuse ourselves from doing the second best. We can scarcely answer it to our consciences to live easy and prosperous lives, careless of the needs of the great multitude of the really poor. Let us all do what we can; first and best, let us put as many as possible in the way of helping themselves; and then, if suffering confronts us, let us remember the words, "Thou shalt not turn thy face away from any poor man."

THE GLEANER.

DELMONICO is to have the main restaurant at the Centennial. It will be magnificently fitted up.

A new pocket compass invented in England has the novelty of pointing to the true and not to the magnetic north.

GEORGE SMITH, the Nineveh explorer, is meeting with much difficulty in obtaining a firm for his second expedition.

THE Duke of Edinburgh must soon decide whether to accept his retirement as Post Captain or go afloat to complete his time for the rank of Admiral.

A Paris journal estimates that Don Carlos has 50,000 soldiers, and a correspondent of the London Times declares that they are men not to be despised.

MR. STANLEY, the African explorer, has found near Lake Victoria, in the wilds near the shore of the lake, a breed of dogs so large as to dwarf his large English mastiffs.

THE reign of false hair is over, and it is said that Parisians are already arranging their own locks, either in plaits or twisted curls around the head, or in artistic curls at the back of the neck.

THE Marquis of Ripon, who resigned the office of Grand Master of Masons in England to join the Roman Catholic Church, has become leading patron of the Catholic Club at London.

THE bill for the suppression of quackery, now before the California Legislature, has brought out the patent medicine men in full force and it is evident that their purses are longer and fuller than those of the regular practitioners.

THE story generally circulated that Paul Morphy had become insane and placed in a lunatic asylum is actually unjust to that gentleman. He is on the streets of New Orleans daily in good health and in independent circumstances. He says he has enough to live on without playing chess and practising law.

M. LAVALLY, President of the French Society of Civil Engineers, and inventor of the dredging machines for the Suez isthmus, announces that the fifteen scientific soundings taken between Dover and Calais conclusively prove that a tunnel uniting England and France is feasible. The matter now is only one of time and money.

THE eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, which is again active, amounted, according to the historians, to nineteen from the first to the seventeenth century, when twenty-three were recorded. In the eighteenth century twenty-three took place, and in the present century there have already been twenty-five, or one every three years.

THAT the French are determined to have every available man under arms is shown by Gen. Cissey's last order, requiring the registration, for military purposes, of all males born between January 1, 1835, and December 31, 1871. Defaulters will incur a fine varying in amount from 16 to 200 francs, besides imprisonment from 15 days to 3 months.

DR. PETERMAN the great German geographer, expresses himself satisfied that the diamond fields at Zimbabwe, Africa, are identical with the Ophir of the Bible from which King Solomon is said to have conveyed gold and ivory and precious stones for the construction of the temple. The place now possesses ruins and extensive piles of buildings of unquestionably remote antiquity.

THE Duke of Cambridge has ordered the examination of British field officers in the higher branches of military science, making efficiency therein the test of promotion. In future, Majors will have to prove their knowledge of extended military movements by manœuvring a force comprising the three arms. They must also show acquaintance with tactical evolutions, including the attack and defence of positions, and must be able to read a military map or detailed plan without difficulty.

GEN. COLQUHOUN of Georgia, in a recent address, said: "To remove stumps from a field, all that is necessary is to have one or more sheet iron chimneys, some four or five feet high. Set fire to the stump and place the chimney over it, so as to give the requisite amount of draft at the bottom. It will draw like a stove. The stump will soon be consumed. With several such chimneys of different sizes, the removal of stumps may be accomplished at merely nominal labor and expense."

It speaks well for the integrity of the British public service that while the negotiations for the purchase of the Khedive's interest in the Suez Canal were going on not even a rumor leaked out. The secret must have been known to some of the prominent Government officials and the clerks in their offices, as well as to the Cabinet Ministers. Anybody possessed of the knowledge might have realized a handsome fortune by speculating for a rise in Egyptians. It is believed that the only person who speculated on the secret was the Khedive himself through his agents the Messrs. Oppenheim.

FORFEITS.

KISSING UNDER THE CANDLESTICK.—This consists of kissing a person over whose head you hold a candlestick.

TO KISS YOUR OWN SHADOW.—Place yourself between the light and the person you intend kissing, on whose face your shadow will be thrown.

TO BE AT THE MERCY OF THE COMPANY.—This consists in executing whatever task each member of the company may like to impose upon you.

TO KISS THE ONE YOU LOVE BEST WITHOUT ITS BEING NOTICED.—Kissing all the ladies in the company one after the other without any distinction.

THE EXILE.—The penitent sent into exile takes up his position in the part of the room the most distant from the rest of the company, with whom he is forbidden to communicate.

STOOP TO CONQUER.—Crawl round the room on all-fours, forwards. Some forfeit shall then be laid upon the floor, and you must crawl backwards to it, without seeing where it is placed.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.—A lady advances to a young man, smiling, and appearing as if about to kiss him. When close, she turns quickly round, and allows the expected kiss to be taken by her nearest neighbour.

ARIADNE'S LEOPARD JOR, THE HORRY HORSE.—The penitent, on his hands and knees, is obliged to carry round the room a lady who is seated on his back, and whom all the gentlemen (himself excepted) are privileged to kiss in turns.

THE BLIND QUADRILLE.—This is performed when a great number of forfeits are to be disposed of. A quadrille is danced by eight of the company with their eyes blindfolded, and as they are certain to become completely bewildered during the figures, it always affords infinite amusement to the spectators.

THE CHANGE KISS.—The penitent takes from a pack of cards the four kings and the four queens shuffles them, and, without looking at them, distributes them to a proportionate number of ladies and gentlemen. The gentleman finding himself possessed of the king of hearts kisses the lady holding the queen, and so on with the rest.

THE FOOL'S LEAP.—Put two chairs back to back, take off your shoes, and make a seeming display, with feints, that you are preparing to jump over the high backs of the chairs. This will lead the party to think you really intend to do so. When you have raised expectation to the highest pitch, jump over your shoes.

THE PILGRIM.—The Pilgrim is a gentleman who conducts a lady round the circle, saying to each member of it, if a gentleman, "A kiss for my sister, and a morsel of bread for me." If a lady, "A morsel of bread for my sister, and a kiss for me." The bread is of no particular importance, but the kiss is indispensable.

THE TWO GUESSES.—Place your hands behind you, and guess who touches them. You are not to be released until you guess right. The person who owns the forfeit is to be blindfolded; a glass of water and a teaspoon are then to be got, and a spoonful to be given alternately by the members of the company, until the person blindfolded guesses aright.

THE CLOCK.—A player is condemned to transformation to a clock. He stands before the mantelpiece, and calls a player of the opposite side to him. The person thus called upon asks the "clock" what time it is. The clock replies whatever hour he likes, claiming the same number of kisses as he names hours of the day. If approved of, the player who asked the time takes the place of the clock, and calls upon another; the original ceremony being repeated in turn by all the players of the company.

THE FLOWER'S CHOICE.—Choose three flowers. Example: Pink, fuchsia, and lily. Two of the party must then privately agree to the three persons of the forfeit's acquaintance to be severally represented by the flowers. Then proceed: What will you do with the pink?—Dip it in the water. What with the fuchsia?—Dry it, and keep it as a curiosity. With the lily?—Keep it until it is dead, then throw it away. The three names identified with the flowers are now to be told, and their fate will excite much merriment.

THE TURNED HEAD.—This penalty should be imposed upon a lady. The fair one, whose head is to be turned, is invested with as many wrappings as possible, but every cloak, shawl, victorine, &c., is to be put on hind side before, so as to present the appearance of a "turned head." She should be furnished with a muff, which she must hold behind her as much as possible in the usual manner, but her bonnet must be put on in the proper way. Thus equipped she must enter the room walking backwards, and, until her punishment is at an end, must continue to move in the same way.

HUMOROUS.

WHY is Hamlet like a champagne-goblet?—Because he is the "glass of fashion."

OVER the porch of the Old South Church at Boston is inscribed:—"Behold! I have set before you an open door," and under, on the door, is printed in emphatic letters, "Positively no admittance."

It has been discovered that the same kind of coloring matter which poisons the striped stockings is also used to color bad whiskey. In both cases it goes to the legs and ruins the understanding.

This is the kind of weather that makes the dashing young man wish that instead of spending a dol-

lar and a half for that massive diamond pin last Summer he had judiciously invested it in a pair of winter drawers.

WHEN a Missouri engineer ditched his train, he faintly asked: "Did it kill any one who parted his hair in the middle?" They answered that three such were lying dead. "Then I die happy!" he sighed, and was soon no more.

NOTHING is so discouraging to a young lawyer, just as he waxes eloquent about angels' tears, weeping willows and tombstones, as to be interrupted by the cold-blooded justice with, "You're off your post, bub; this is a case of hog-stealing."

It took Sir Isaac Newton less than three years to thoroughly digest the principles of gravitation, while an Indiana farmer has spent eleven years trying to find out why a cow never kicks until the pail is two-thirds full.

A BARLEY who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek, did not notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him, so when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I danced 'zactly; but 'peared as if de shore kinder h'listed and frowed me."

AN Englishman was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum, which was once owned by Cicero. "O' that ain't nothing!" retorted the Yankee; in the museum in Boston they've got the lead-pencil that Noah used to check off the animals that went into the ark.

DURING a recent examination of a class of youngsters in one of the Chemung County schools, the teacher asked, "What is a monarchy?" and was immediately answered by a bright little eight-year-old boy: "A country governed by a king." "Who would rule if the king should die?" "The queen." "And if the queen should die, who then would be ruler?" "The jack."

The following letter from a young man was lately addressed to a Judge of Probate: "Sir: My father departed this life not long hence, leaving a wife and five children. He died indebted, and his estate is likely to prove insolvent. I was left executor, and being told that you were judge of probates, apply to you for letters of condemnation."

A MAN whom Dr. Chalmers engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday-school, kept his eyes wide open during prayer, and when one boy thrust a pin into another, he marched up the aisle, still praying, and caught that boy's ears, and went back again, praying all the way. After that he was master of the situation, for the boys thought that a man who could watch and pray like that could not be put down.

A DETROITER rushing down Griswold street ran against a man and knocked him over. The victim leaped up, and striking at the other, said:

"What did you push me over for?"

"Don't talk that way to me!" roared the first man, striking back.

"I'll knock your head off!"

"You can't do it!"

"I can whip you blind!"

"You can't lick a flea!"

At this juncture a third man appeared, and knowing them both, he said:

"Here, stop this! Mr. Blank here is going down the street to avoid a doctor's collector, while you, Mr. Dash, are going up the street to get away from a tailor!"

The two then apologized and walked away.

LITERARY.

B. F. TAYLOR is writing another book of poems.

A NEW volume by Lowell, a second series of "Among my Books," is announced.

BRET HARTE was a printer at eighteen, and had been clerk, schoolmaster, and gold-miner before that time.

PROF. MAX MULLER has sent in to the Vice-Chancellor the resignation of his Professorship of Comparative Philology at Oxford.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS says, in a letter to the Quincy (Mass.) Patriot, that three-fourths of the books in brick demand at the public libraries are "vapid and sensational."

GEORGE ELIOT's new novel "Daniel Deronda," is to be published in eight monthly parts, the first of them to appear in February. The title is not an English-sounding name, but the story is said to deal with English life.

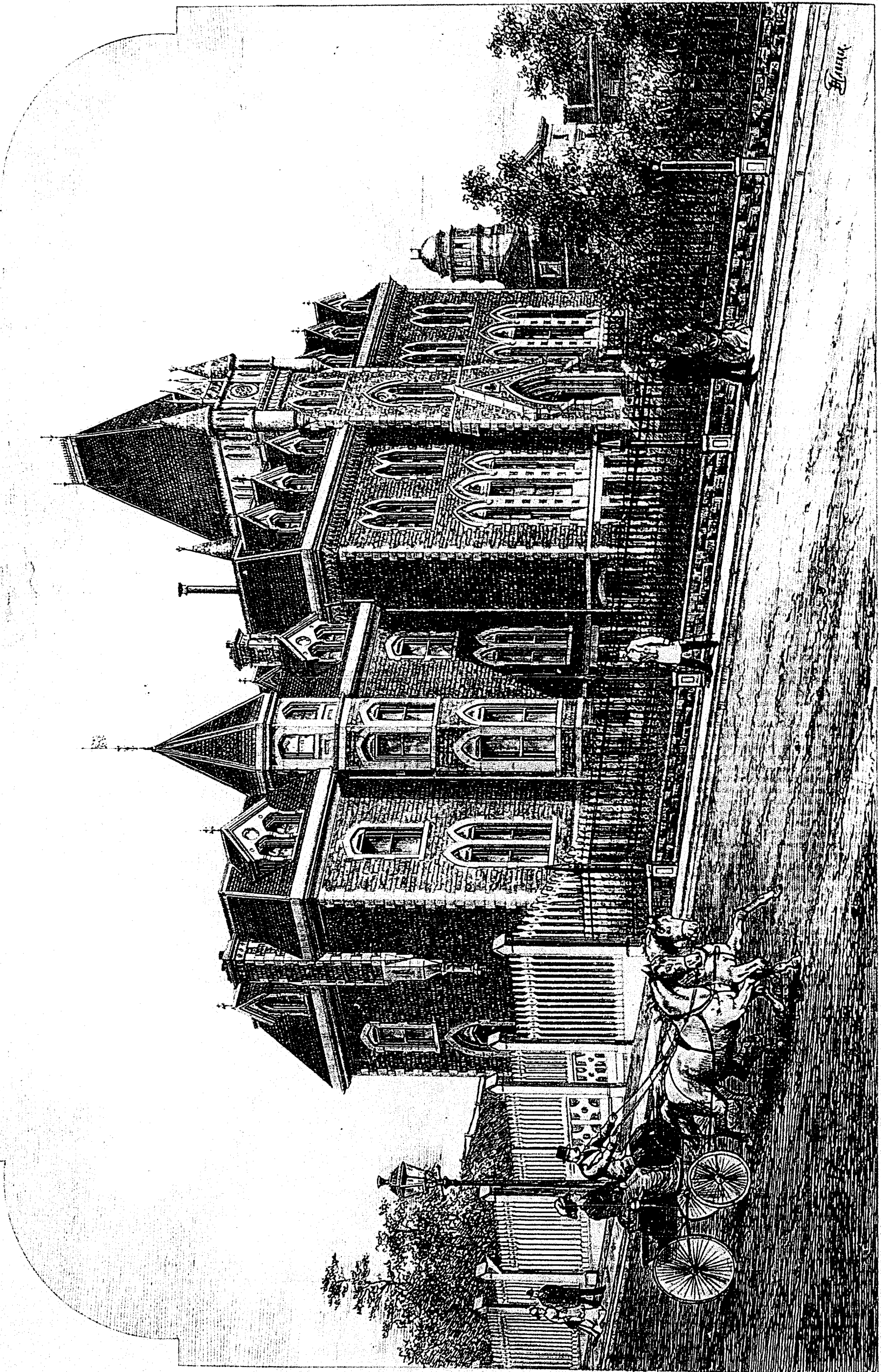
A SECOND edition of "Sappho," a dramatic poem by an American authoress of Baltimore, writing under the name of "Stella," is about to be put to press in London; an Italian translation being at the same time undertaken by Signor Tondani.

MR. EDMUND C. STEWART has sailed for Assiniboia on a business trip. He expects to return by February 1. His "Victorian Poets" has attracted so much attention in England that Chatto & Windus have telegraphed Jas. R. Osgood & Co. for a second English edition.

THE readers of Mr. William Black's fine novel "A Princess of Thule," may learn with interest that Sheila, the charming heroine of the story, has just married, or is about to marry, a young German who, like many of his countrymen, has distinguished himself in the wars. The necessities of fiction compelled Mr. Black to marry Sheila to a London artist; but, fortunately for the German, the artist had no existence out of Mr. Black's pages. The real name of Sheila is Julia, of which Sheila is the Greek equivalent. She is the daughter of an hotel-keeper on the island which Mr. Black has made so well known to his readers. All who have seen her—and since Mr. Black made her the "Princess of Thule" the pilgrims to her father's house have been many—describe her as the beautiful, artless girl she is in the novel. She has been in no way spoiled by the flattering attention of which she has recently been made the object. It is likely that among her bridal gifts will be some from a number of ladies and gentlemen in London to whom the Sheila of real life is as much a heroine as the Sheila of fiction.

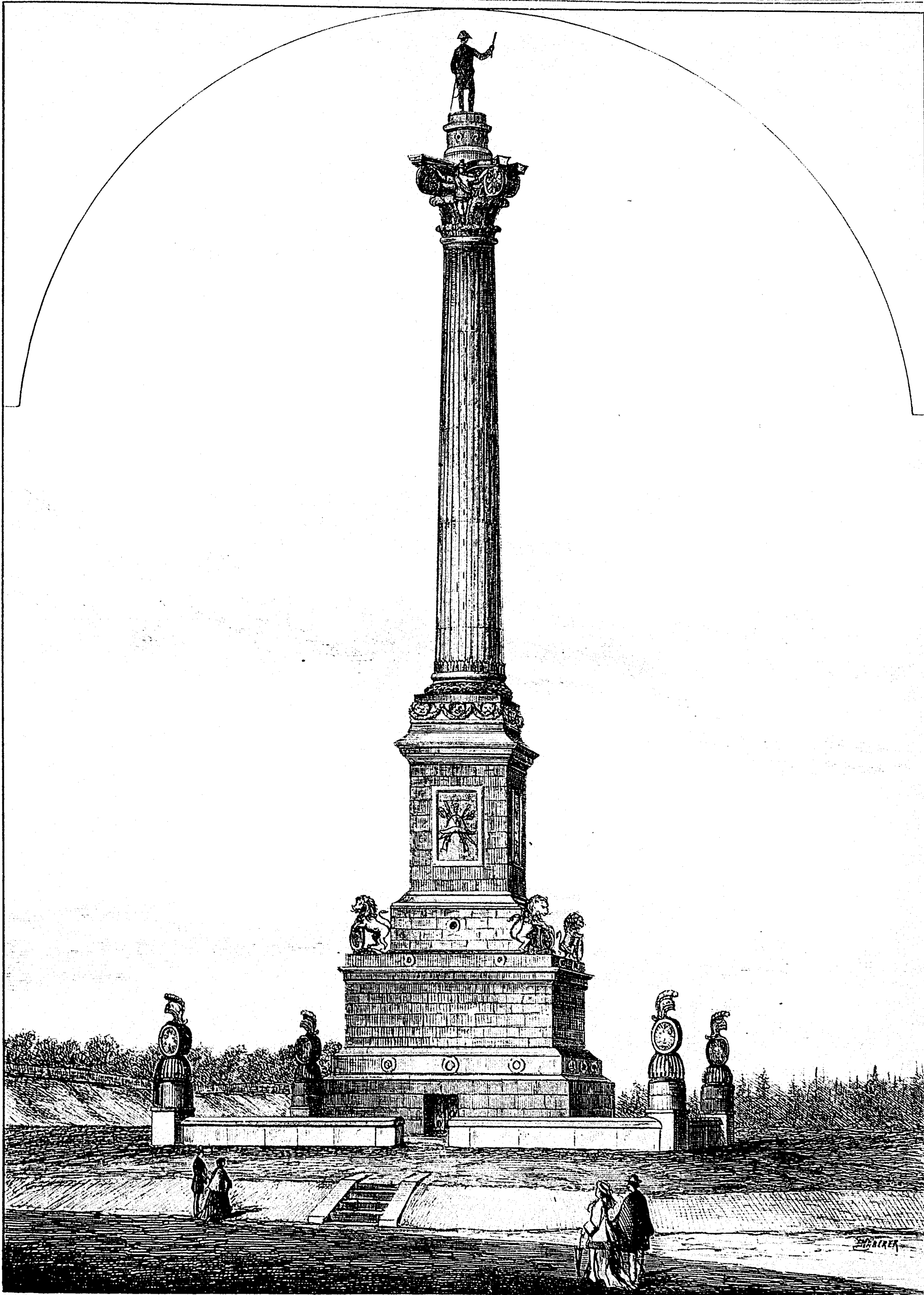
Saturday, the 4th ult., was Mr. Carlyle's eightieth birthday; and an address of congratulation, signed by about 127 persons, including many distinguished literary and scientific men, was forwarded to him. The address was accompanied by a gold medal, designed by Mr. J. E. Boehm in commemoration of the day, and engraved by Mr. George Morgan. Silver and bronze copies have been struck for the use of the subscribers, with a few for presentation to public institutions. Among the signatures to the address we find the names of Mr. Browning, Mr. Tennyson, George Eliot, Mr. G. H. Lewes, Miss Martineau, Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Dean Stanley, Mr. Darwin, Professor Huxley, Professor Max Müller, Sir Stirling Maxwell, and Mr. W. E. Forster. The following telegram was also sent from Berlin to Mr. Carlyle:—"To the valiant champion of Germanic freedom of thought and morality, to the true friend of our Fatherland, who by the labour of a long, rich life has successfully advanced the hearty understanding between the English and German peoples, to the historian of Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the Great, send on his eightieth birthday grateful greeting and warm congratulations Leopold von Ranke, Johann Gustav Droysen, Rudolf Gneist, Heinrich Marquandsen, Theodor Mommsen, Reinhold Pauli, Baron von Stauffenberg, Heinrich von Sybel, Heinrich von Treutcke, George Walta."





*Blair*

MONTREAL: NEW PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.



BROCK'S MONUMENT, ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. J. DYER.



(Registered according to Act of Parliament in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture)

OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK I.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

IV.

IN CATHEDRAL SQUARE.

There was a notable still in Quebec on the morning of the 7th November, 1775. The inhabitants who had retired to their houses, the evening before, in the security of ignorance, rose the next day with the vague certainty of an impending portent. There was electricity in the air. The atmosphere was charged with moral as well as material clouds. People opened their windows and looked out anxiously. They stood on their door-steps as if timorous to go forward. They gathered in knots on the street corners and conferred in low tones. There was nothing definite known. Nobody had seen anything. Nobody had heard anything. Yet all manner of wild stories circulated through the crowds. Strange noises were said to have burned in the sky during the night. A phantom sentinel had kept watch on the citadel, a spectral waterman had crossed the river with muffled oars, a shadowy horseman from the forest had dashed through Levis, and his bounding steed had fallen dead on the year's edge. Those who disbelieved might see the sense of the animal in a sand-quarry not a hundred yards from where he fell. And there was more. A mysterious visitor had called upon the Governor in the small hours. A long conference had taken place between them. The Governor was in a towering rage, and the stranger had departed upon an etherial and singular as that which had brought him to the Chateau. These and other more fantastic rumors flew from mouth to mouth and from one end of the city to the other. It is wonderful how near the truth of things above them the ignorant crowd can come, and how powerful is the instinct of great events in vulgar minds. By ten o'clock Quebec was in an uproar, and Cathedral square was full of people.

Facing the square from the east were the barracks. But no signs of commotion were visible there. Two sentries walked up and down their long benches as quietly as if on parade. Privates who were off duty stood leaning against the wall of the door-frames of the building with their hands in their pockets and one leg resting over the other. Some even smoked their pipes with that half-blink, half-troubled expression which people feel so provoking in public officials at times of popular excitement. Still a close inspection showed that the military were busier than usual. Patrol guards issued from the court yard at more frequent intervals, and the knowing ones observed that they were doubled. It was noticed also that more parts of the city were being guarded than the day before. For instance, fully one hundred men were detached for service along the line of the river where previously there were few or none. Officers, too, were constantly riding to and from the barracks, evidently carrying orders. Passing through the square, they moved slowly, but in the side streets accelerated their pace.

The forenoon thus wore away. The sky kept on thickening and lowering until it broke into a snow-storm. A light east wind arose, and the white flakes tossed and whirled, blotting out the lines of the horizon. The heights of Levis melted in the distance, the bed of the river was shrouded by a wall of vapor, and the tall rock of the citadel wavered like a curtain of gauze. What a delicious sense of isolation is produced by an abundant snow-fall. It hems you in from all the world. You extend your hand feeling for your neighbour, and you touch nothing but a palpable mist. You raise your face to the heavens and the soft touch of the drossy drops makes you close your eyes as in a dream. The great crowd in the square was thus broken into indistinct groups, and its mighty rumor dwindled to a murmur in the heavy atmosphere. But all the same the expectant and anxious multitude was there, and its numbers were continually increasing. Women, wrapped in scarfs or muffled in hoods, now added to its volume. Priests from the neighboring seminary, in shovel hats, Roman collars, and long black cloaks, quietly edged their way through the masses. And the irrepressible small boy, the very same a hundred years ago as he is to-day, dashed in and out, from the centre of the crowd to its circumference, intent upon seeing and hearing everything, yet blissfully incurious of the dread secret of all this gathering.

Suddenly there was a movement in the centre of the square. The concentric circles of people felt it successively till it rippled to the very outskirts of the assemblage. Everybody inquired of his neighbor or what had happened. "Two men are fighting," said one. "A woman has fallen into a fit," said another. "Old Boniface is dancing a jig," said a third.

Whereupon there was a laugh, for Boniface was a mountebank of La Canadiere, famous in the city and all the country side.

"A Bastonnais prisoner has just been brought in," said a fourth.

At this a serious interest was manifested. A Bastonnais prisoner meant an American prisoner. The expedition of Arnold was known to have started from Boston. Hence its members were known as Bastonnais. Bastonnais is a rustic corruption for the French Bostonians, and the corruption has extended to our day. The whole American invasion is still known among French Canadians as *le pays des Bastonnais*. There is always a certain interest attached to national selfishness, and we have retained this one.

"It is none of any of these things," said a grave old gentleman who was working his way out of the crowd with a scowled look.

"What is it?" asked several voices at once.

"One of our own citizens has been arrested."

"Arrested! arrested!"

"Well, if he is not arrested, he is at least summoned to the Chateau."

"Who can it be?"

"M. Belmont."

"What! the father of our nationality, the first citizen of Quebec? It cannot be!"

"Ah, my friends! let us disperse to our homes. This is a day of ill-omen. Things look as if the sad times of the conquest were returning. '76 and '75! It seems that we have not suffered enough in those sixteen years."

And the old gentleman disappeared from the throng.

What happened was simply this. A tall young man dressed in a long military coat, had for a time mingled in the crowd, looking at nearly every one as he passed along. When at length he was well in the midst, he seemed suddenly to recognize the object of his search, for he stopped deliberately up to a middle-aged gentleman and handed him a paper. With a movement of surprise, the gentleman received the missive and looked sharply at the messenger. He glanced at the address, and a perceptible thrill shot over his features. He then hurriedly broke the seal and ran his eye over the brief contents of the letter, after which he crumpled it into his pocket.

"How long since this paper was despatched?" he asked rather testily of the young messenger.

"Over an hour ago, sir."

"And why was it not delivered at once?"

"Because I could not find you at your residence, and had to seek you in this dense multitude," was the firm, yet respectful reply.

"Are you an aide-de-camp of His Excellency?"

"I have that honor, sir."

"There is then no time to be lost. Let us go immediately."

The two men turned, and a way was immediately opened for them by the crowd, while a suppressed murmur greeted them as they passed. A frail girl, with azure veil drawn closely over her face, hung heavily on the arm of the elder. When they reached the corner of Fabrique street which debouches into the square, at the north-west angle of the Cathedral, these two separated.

"What does it mean, father?" asked the girl in a timid voice.

"Nothing, my child. Go home directly and await my return. I will be with you within an hour."

The girl went up the narrow street, and the two men wended their way in silence to the Chateau St. Louis.

After this incident the square gradually emptied until only a few idlers were left.

V.

RECEIVING DESPATCHES.

A little before noon Roderick Hardinge stepped down from his quarters into the courtyard of the barracks, booted and spurred. A full-blooded iron-grey charger, instinct with speed and strength in every limb, stood saddled and bridled for him. The man who held him by the head happened to be the soldier whose watch Hardinge had kept the night before.

"Is that you, Charles?" said the young officer tightening his girth by two buckle holes.

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier, showing the white of his teeth.

"And all right this morning?"

"Yes, thank you, sir."

Hardinge vaulted into the saddle at one spring. Then leaping the reins in his left hand, he continued:

"Not been blabbing, Charles?"

"Oh no, sir. Mum's my word."

"That's right. But did you see everything?"

"I saw the three rockets, sir, if that's what you mean, and knew they were meant for you. But what they were fired for I didn't know till this morning when I heard the talk in the square. Folks are pretty wild altogether this morning, sir."

"So they are, but they will be wilder when they hear all. In the meantime keep everything to yourself, Charles, till you hear from me again. Good-bye."

The soldier touched his cap and the officer trotted through the archway.

A moment later he dismounted at the portal of the Chateau, threw the bridle into the hands of a groom in waiting, and entered. The Lieutenant Governor was in his business office and evidently expected him, for he immediately rose and congratulated him on his punctuality. He then proceeded to business without delay.

"You are well mounted?"

"I think I have the fleetest and best-winded horse in the army."

"You will need him. Three Rivers is eighty miles from Quebec."

"As the crow flies, Your Excellency. By the road it is something more."

"You must be there by ten o'clock to-night."

"I will be there."

"Here are despatches for the Governor of Three Rivers."

And he handed the officer a sealed package which the latter at once secured in his waistcoat pocket.

"These despatches," the Governor continued, "contain all the information of military movements in this vicinity which I have been able to procure up to the last moment. But as no written statement can ever be so full as a verbal communication, I authorize you to repeat to the authorities of Three Rivers all the details which you give me during the night. There was considerable exaggeration in the story of your man Donald."

Here the Governor smiled a little.

"But I have reason to believe that the substance of it is true and I am going to act upon it. Arnold's column is marching on Quebec. That is the great point. Its arrival is only a question of time. It may be in ten days, eight days, six days, four days."

"Or two days," Hardinge could not help suggesting in a jovial way.

"Yes, perhaps even two days," continued the Governor quite seriously. "Hence the necessity of your speed to Three Rivers. When you spoke to me this morning, I was so impressed that I resolved then to communicate with the military posts up the river, but before actually sending you, I thought it best to make further inquiries. The information I have now received justifies me in dispatching you at once. The letter of Arnold to Schuyler and some of those he addressed to residents of this city, especially one, yes, one -- and here, for a moment, the Governor got very excited -- have revealed his whole plans to me. To horse then and away for King and country."

Hardinge bowed and walked to the door. On reaching the threshold, he paused and said:

"Pardon me, Your Excellency, but there is one thing I forgot to tell you before, and which, perhaps, I ought to tell you now?"

"What is it?"

"I promised to meet Donald again to-night."

"When?"

"At twelve."

"Where?"

"On the other side of the river, just above the Point."

"Will he have important news?"

"It may or may not be important, but it will be fresh, inasmuch as he will have been all day reconnoitering the enemy on a very fast horse."

"Can he not cross to this side?"

"He has no instructions to that effect. Besides, he will arrive at the rendezvous at the last moment."

"Then I will meet him myself. Good morning."

Noon was just striking when Roderick cleared the gates and took the high road to Three Rivers.

VI.

PAULINE'S TEARS.

When Pauline Belmont reached her home, after separating from her father at the square, she was considerably troubled. She could not define her fears, if, indeed, she had any, but mere perplexity was enough to weigh down her timid, shrinking little heart. She went up into her room, put off her furs, and, as she removed her azure veil, there was the gleam of tears in her beautiful brown eyes. She seated herself in her low rocking chair, and placing her feet on the edge of the fender, looked sadly into the flames. Little did Pauline know of the great world outside. Her home was all the universe to her, and that home centred in her father. Mother she had none. Sisters and brothers had died when she was a child. She had spent her youth in the convent of the gentle Ursulines, and now that she had accomplished her education, she had come to dedicate her life to the solace of her father. M. Belmont was still in the prime of life, being barely turned of fifty, but he had known many sorrows, domestic, social and political, and the only joy of his life was his darling daughter. An ardent Frenchman, he had lived through the terrible days of the Conquest which had seared his brow like fire and left only ashes in his heart. He had buried his wife on the memorable day that Murray made his triumphal entry into Quebec, and within three years after that event, he laid three babes beside their mother. Had Pauline died, he too should have died, but as that lovely flower continued to blossom even in the gloom of his isolation, he consented to live, and at times even to hope a little for her sake. Fortunately large remnants of his fortune

remained to him. Indeed, he was accounted one of the wealthiest men of Quebec. As his daughter grew to womanhood he used those riches to beautify his home and make existence more enjoyable for her. He was also a generous friend to the poor, especially those French families whom the war of 1759 and 1760 had reduced to destitution. Those who could not abide the altered fortunes of British rule and who desired to emigrate to France, he assisted by every means in his power, while those whom circumstances forced to remain in the vanquished province always found in him a patron and supporter. As time wore on, his friends urged him occasionally to withdraw from his solitude and take a feeble part in public affairs. But this interest was purely civic or municipal, never political. He persistently kept aloof from legislative councils and his loyalty to England was strictly passive. The ultra-British did not like him, always putting him down in their hearts as a malcontent.

When the news of the revolt of the Thirteen Colonies reached Quebec, it had at first no perceptible effect upon him. It was only a quartet of Englishmen with English bayonets, the casting of tea chests into the waters of Boston Bay he scoffed at as a vulgar and quackery. The musketry of Concord and Lexington found no echo in his heart. But when one day he read in his favorite *Grand Journal* that *la patrie* had designs of taxing the rebels, a flash of the old fire rose to his eyes, and he tossed his head with a show of indignation. Then came the thunders of Bunker Hill and he listened complacently to their noise. They came rumors of the rebel army marching into Canada with a view of fraternizing with the conquered settlers of its soil. There was something after all then in this revolution. It was not mere petulant resistance to fancied oppression, but underlying and leavening it, there was a grand principle of freedom, a pure idea of autonomy and nationality. He read the proceedings of the Congress at Philadelphia with ever increasing admiration and for once he admitted the wisdom of such British stipulations as that of Pitt, Burke and Barré, the mortal friends of the American Colonies.

All these things little Pauline remembered and pondered as she sat in her low chair looking into the fire. She did not do so in the conventional form of the big words which we have just employed, but her remembrance was none the less vivid and her perplexity none the less keen. All the phases of her father's mental life were well known to her in those simple intuitive ways which are peculiar to women. She concluded by asking herself these questions:

"Has my father said or done anything to cause himself to be the last few hours? Why did M. de Gramont send for him in such haste? The Governor is a friend of the king and must surely have cause for what he has done. And why was my poor father so agitated, why the young officer so grave, why the crowd so deeply impressed at the scene?"

She looked up at the clock over the mantel and found that an hour had been spent in these musings. Her father had promised to be back within that hour, and yet there were no signs of him. She went to the window and looked out, but she failed to see his familiar form advancing through the snow-storm.

We have said that Pauline's life was wholly wrapped up in her father. That was strictly true in one sense, but in another sense, we must make note of an exception. There were new feelings just awakening in her heart. She was entering that delicious period of existence which is the threshold of the paradise of love.

"Oh! if he were only to come," she murmured, "or if I could go to him. He would relieve my anxiety at once. I shall write him a note."

She went to her table and was preparing post and pen, when the maid entered the room and delivered her a letter.

"It is from himself, I declare," she exclaimed, and all the sorrow was dispelled from her eyes. She opened the letter and read:

Dear Pauline: I saw you going into the church this morning and wanted to speak to you, but you were too quick for me. I should very much have liked to run up in the course of the forenoon, but that too was impossible. So I send a line to say that I am all at noon on military duty. I don't know yet where I am going nor how long I shall be away. But I trust the journey will be neither far nor long. I shall see you immediately on my return. I suppose you and your father saw the crowd in the square this morning. It was great fun. Give my respects to M. Belmont and believe me,

Ever yours, devotedly,

Rodney

Pauline was still holding this note in her hand, thinking over it, when her father surprised her by walking into the room. He was very pale, but otherwise bore no marks of agitation. Seizing his fur cap on the table and throwing open his great coat, he took a seat near the hearth. Before his daughter had time to say anything, he asked her quietly what she had in her hand.

"It's a letter, papa!"

"From whom?"

"From Rodney."

"Roderick Hardinge? Burn it, my dear."

"But, papa--"

"Burn it at once."

"But he sends you his love."

"He has just sent me his hate. Burn it, my daughter."

Poor Pauline was overwhelmed with surprise and sorrow, but, without a word further, she dropped the paper into the fire. Then throwing her arms around her father's neck, she burst into a tempest of tears.

VII.

BEAUTIFUL REBEL.

Hardinge had not been gone more than half an hour when the skies lifted and the snow-storm ceased. The wind then shifted to the north driving the drifts in banks against the fences and low stone walls, and leaving the road comparatively clear. He thus had splendid riding in the open spaces. He was in exultant spirits, of course, for he had everything in his favor—a magnificent horse upon whose speed and endurance he could rely, the opportunity of exploring a long stretch of country previously unknown to him and, above all, the sense of being employed on a military expedition of the highest importance. He had played for high stakes and had won them. At one stroke, he had rehabilitated the militia and brought his own name into prominence. The way was now open to him in the career which he loved and which his father had honored. If all went well with him he would win advancement and glory in this war. And he had no misgivings. What young soldier has with the bright sky over his head, the solid earth under his feet, the wide world before him and the whist of coming battle in his nostrils?

He reported his own mission to his steel. The misty grey fairly flew over the ground, and Roderick saw from the first that he would have to restrain rather than impel him. His first company was at Point-aux-Trois, a beautiful village, which became historic during the war of 1812, and which will be associated with a good deal of the incidents of this story. He passed the inn of the place so as to avoid the queries and comment of the loungers who might be encountered there, and pulled up at a neat farm house on the outskirts. Without dismounting, he asked that his horse might be watered, while he requested for himself a bowl of milk and a bowl of that good old Jamaica which all Canadian families had the good sense to keep in their houses at this period. As he was thus comforting himself, he noticed a pair of sparkling blue eyes laughing at him through the narrow panes of the roof window. He did not try to be very impetuous, but he could not keep observing, in addition, that the regular blue eyes belonged to a face of rare beauty, and that the form of the body was that of a lady, every inch of her, so far as it could be defined by the diminutive aperture, was of an exquisitely graceful mould. One remark led to another, and he very naturally associated this lady with the purple pinnac that sat on the back of a little bay mare which was hitched near the door.

His own horse had drained his bucket, and was clumping his bit, as if anxious to be off once more. He himself had emptied his bowl and he was vainly endeavoring to force a few pieces of corn upon the douring farmer, when the door of the dwelling opened and the lady walked forth. She announced the bride herself, and placing her foot on the lowest step of the porch, seated herself singly in the saddle without assistance. He was doing the farmer and the farmer's jolly wife and the farmer's multitudinous children a sweet adieu, she gently cautioned away, not without a parting shaft from those murderous blue eyes at the handsome cavalier. Venus and Adonis! But she was going in his direction. So bowing politely to the household, he immediately followed, and to his unspeakable delight—for this was an adventure he certainly had not looked for—he caught up with her at the first turn of the road. When he came alongside, he pulled in his reins, took off his cap and bowed. The salute was returned with a superb yet easy grace. His ardent glance took a full view of her with lightning speed and precision. He felt that he was in the presence of a grand woman.

"As we seem to be travelling in the same direction, will mademoiselle allow me to accompany her to her destination?"

"Thank you, sir; a military escort is always welcome, especially to a lady, in these troublous times, but I really do not live very far—only ten miles."

"Ten miles!" exclaimed Hardinge. The lady broke out into a merry laugh, and said:

"You wonder. This little beast is like the wind. You are well mounted, but I doubt you can follow me. Will you try?"

So saying, she snapped her white fingers, and the little Canadian pony, making a leap into the air, was away like an arrow. Hardinge dashed off in pursuit, and for a time held his own bravely, the horses keeping neck to neck, but presently he fell behind and the lady disappeared out of sight. When at length he came up with her, she was waiting at the gate of her father's house, a mansion of fine colonial dimensions, standing in a bow of maples. She was laughing heartily and enjoying her triumph. Hardinge, touching his cap gracefully, acknowledged his defeat.

"This will be a lesson for you," she said. "A lesson, mademoiselle?"

"It will teach you to chase rebels again."

"Beautiful rebel," murmured Roderick, bowing profoundly and wholly unable to conceal his admiration.

"You don't choose to understand me," she said, half seriously and half jestingly, "but later, perhaps, you will do so. I believe I am speaking to Lieutenant Hardinge?"

"That is my name, at your service, mademoiselle, and am I mistaken in presuming that I address a member of the Sarpy family, for this is the mansion of Sieur Sarpy, well known to me."

"I am his daughter. I have only lately returned from France where I spent many years."

"Not the Zulma of whom I have heard your brother speak so often?"

"The same."

And the wild frolic of her spirits broke out into a silvery peal, as she seemingly recollected some idea connected with the name. She invited Roderick to dismount and enter, but he was obliged to excuse himself as having tarried already too long, and thus this adventure terminated. Its romantic sequel will be related in subsequent chapters.

Hardinge pursued his journey without further episodes of interest. The road between Quebec and Three Rivers was not what it is at present. There were no corduroys across the swamps, no bridges over the streams and the way was blocked for miles upon miles by the unpruned forest, through which a bridle path was the only route. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, however, our horseman had reached Three Rivers, stabled his grey, and delivered his despatches before ten o'clock that night. He was very tired indeed, when he retired to rest, but this did not prevent the youthful brain from dreaming, and the youthful lips from murmuring:

"Beautiful rebel!"

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Why do tall men marry short ladies? Because, as Goldsmith informs us, "man wants but little here below, yet wants that little long."

The New York papers tell about a "drawback on sugar." That's nothing. There has been a fearful drawback on "lasses" all summer.

Blind fairs are going out of fashion, and the young man can enjoy the first blissful days directly under the watchful eye of his mother-in-law.

Providence seems to watch over the little man with a big wife, and teaches him that one of the principal conditions of domestic tranquillity is to always keep his dander at low tide.

The time when a man fully realizes that woman's sphere should be enlarged, is when he finds that his wash-woman has mistaken his stockings for his shirt bosom and starched them accordingly.

RATED WATER EMERSON, in his new look, repeats the story of the lady who declared that "the sense of being well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow."

There is a lady out in California 140 years old, who is the only woman in the entire State who squarely acknowledges her age when asked. In fact, it is said that she shows a tendency to rather overstate than underestimate her years.

A QUAKER-TOWN man has solved Mrs. Livermore's query: "What shall we do with our daughters?" He has purchased two washing machines and will take in washing. His wife and seven daughters are to do the work, and he will superintend the business.

CATS, FOXES, and weasels have always enjoyed the reputation of being remarkably sly, and they no doubt deserve it; but nothing can surpass the slyness with which a woman, surprised by an unexpected caller, will slip a set of false teeth into her mouth.

A GIRL and boy, between the ages of 16 and 17, were noticed in a long and close conversation in the Atlanta depot. At length the boy began to weep, his loud sobs attracting a crowd. "What's the matter," asked a sympathizer. "He wants me to marry him, and I won't," replied the girl. The spectators withdrew.

A VERY nice man in Rockford, Ill., promised to marry Emma, and then became involved with Mary, who had him arrested. "You will be sent to the penitentiary if you do not marry her," said the Judge, referring to Mary. Thereupon, Emma stepped up to the prisoner and advised him not to mind about her, but to save himself by marrying Mary; which the wretch did.

LAST night there was a ring at Spilkins's door bell, and a shoemaker's boy skipped in with a bill for "one pair of slippers, \$9—bought by Mrs. Spilkins." "I don't know anything about it," said Leander uneasily. "Do you, my dear?" Mrs. S. hesitated a moment, and then waltzed the boy out by the ear, remarking, "Didn't I tell you that was for my husband's Christmas present, and that you shouldn't bring the bill in till next month?"

A FEW days ago an elegantly dressed lady got into a Madison Avenue car, and, although the day was cool, she could not wear her gloves, on account of her many diamond rings. A balking horse having twice stopped the car, the lady went to the door, and, looking at the team for a few moments, said to the driver: "That 'ere of horse ain't used to be driv on that 'ere side." And that was just the trouble, in spite of the diamonds.

A VIRGINIA (Nov.) husband went to the depot the other day to receive his wife, whom he had not seen for two years. When the train came in he sprang forward to assist her from the car, and had managed to say: "My dear, I—," when she "put in" to the following effect: "How is Mrs. Smith? Have you seen Tom? What a

dreadful journey I've had. Why don't you take your pants out of your boots? You must positively have that hair of yours cut right away. You're smoking again, I see. Have you got nice rooms? I hope you haven't been drinking, dearest. Oh, dear me, how muddy it is!"

"Only a lock of golden hair." The lover wrote. "Perchance to-night It formeth on her pillow fair A halo bright."

"Only a lock of golden hair." The maiden, smiling, sweetly said. As she laid it over the back of a chair And went to bed.

H. SHOREY & CO., WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.

Passing along St. Helen street and glancing up at the magnificent building which stands at its intersection with Recollet street, one would never imagine that he was in presence of the largest wholesale clothing warehouse in the Dominion. The proprietors transact their immense business quietly, after the English fashion, relying on the quality of their goods as their best recommendation to public patronage. The house of H. Shorey & Co. dates back nine years and is, therefore, contemporaneous with the most prosperous epoch of this country. The firm have made it their ambition to keep abreast of the growing trade and their uniform success is the indication that their efforts have been appreciated. They make all kinds of goods in the clothing line, and suitable for every class of trade from the lumberman's outfit to the dress of finest broadcloth. The material which they employ is the best that can be procured, and they make up a very large quantity of Canadian tweeds, using the finest the Dominion produces. A speciality with them is the style and finish of their made-up goods, which they warrant to equal anything turned out by the best merchant tailors. This is a point of excellence which cannot be too much appreciated, and is sufficient of itself to stamp the reputation of a house.

Shorey and Co. employ about 1000 hands, a large number of them in their own building, and it speaks well for their business that they have kept these hands working full time in spite of the dull season. Their travellers visit very part of the Dominion from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia and these are at present all busy preparing for their journeys with Spring samples. One remarkable test of the business carried on in this establishment is the fact that the hands are already employed making heavy goods for next winter. We call the attention of our readers to the building, a view of which appears on another page. The beauty of its exterior is equalled by the vastness, solidity and commodiousness of the interior and altogether it ranks among the first warehouses of the Dominion.

A SAD CASE OF "MAKE-UP."

A writer on the use of paint and powder says: We have seen a quite aged woman painted in the most violent colours, her palsied frame tottering to the grave, but her bewigged head surrounded with wreaths of flowers that might have been apt emblems for a young creature just emerging from childhood into womanhood, but that on the elaborate wig of eighty added only an element of ridicule to the horror that was inspired by the whole effect. Her cheeks were wax red—as red as a painted doll's, and about as artistically done—but her poor old eyes were bleared and sunk and dim. Her head was glossy black, with never a silver thread to mark even the approaching shadow of decay; but where a few unnoticed hairs escaped from under the line of the curled and plaited wig, they were floating, faded, grizzly-white—the hairs of her age and decay. Her neck was coated with chalk; but, how white soever she had made it, she could not brace up the flaccid flesh, plump out the bellows, or change the gristly strings into the soft round velvet of the early youth which she affected. She could scarcely walk even at the best of times, but, hoisted on her two high heels, she tottered at each step as if she would fall, and friendly hands were put out to help her—hands which she accepted as offering homage to her charms, not as showing compassion for her infirmities. Here was this poor old debilitated creature making herself a subject of derision to the world, which she imagined she was cheating so cleverly and hoodwinking all round, simply because, having begun to paint, she did not know when to leave off.

DISRAELI AT HOME.

Who would judge from Mr. Disraeli's novels that he is one of those who love "plain living and high thinking?" From his earliest to his latest work, from "Vivian Grey" to "Lothair," he has always revelled in descriptions of splendid castles and mansions, with their sumptuous feasts, costly plate, and magnificent livery. And yet he lives a most simple life at Hughenden. He spends most of his time there in his library, a plainly, not to say shabbily, furnished room, with books placed anyhow on deal shelves, and a well-worn carpet under foot. Here many of his orations, here some of his measures have been prepared. But he is very frequently absent from this Spartan home. Few prime ministers have given so much of their time to society as Mr. Disraeli has done. Bretby Hall is his favorite country house, and he generally visits the Countess of Chesterfield two or three times a year. Weston Park, Staffordshire, the seat of the Earl of Bradford, the countess' brother-in-law, is another chosen resort, and perhaps next to these

the premier likes best, is Longleat, the Marquis of Bath's place. He very rarely stays with his cabinet colleagues. Probably he is afraid of having too much "shop" if he is their guest. He likes a holiday to be really a holiday.

THE ANSWER OF Q. HORATIUS FLACUS TO A ROMAN "ROUND-ROBIN."

Good friends, you urge my odes grow trite, And that of worthless station, Of fleeting youth and joy, I write With endless iteration.

But say, in mortals, base or great, Have you a change detected? Are they, when victors, less elate, When vanquished, less dejected?

Do they no more in mundane mire For golden garbage scramble? Or, but accompanied with the lyre, Up twisting Anio ramble?

Hath Fortune ceased to prove a jade? Hath Favour waxed less fickle? Hath shamed Bellona capped her blade, Or Death put up his sickle?

Doth age no longer rime the hair? Finds Virtue always supper? Or, when e'er, rides, a knight, doth Care No more bestride the crupper?

Do not the rosey hours wax pale, New loves old loves dispart? And sleight of golden shoes ere prevail Against Danae's brazen turret?

South verham sup. But then, Jove knows! Men are not wise, but foolish: Whether they see Soracte's snows, Or those near Baluchinows.

Still, still they hug the hostial sty, And have not changed one wee bit. Unpleasant truth, which? "Reptis" To deities even's placid!

Ask such to share my Sabine meal! And twine the parsley classic! For such to break the Mantua real, And liberate my Massic!

A pretty tale! Why, ken you not, Good friends, as lately showed I, In verse already you've forgot,— "Profanum vulgus ois!"

Fair maid, or minister, I dine, Toast Remour, *Abou Venus*: When Lydia will not kiss my wine, Why, then, I ask Meccenas.

For such and sell the chorus I strike Or wisdom, love, and scorn; And if the world my themes dislike, Well—good-bye on, good-morning!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE death is announced at Milan of the once-renowned contralto singer Marietta Brambilla. She was born in the year 1807, and made her first appearance on the stage in 1828.

ARABELLA GODDARD was compelled, by the non-arrival of her wardrobe, to appear in a concert in Troy, N. Y., wearing a morning dress, yet the critics of that city say her playing was not affected.

NILSSON is shortly starting on a Continental tour, and will spend from January to March in Belgium, Holland, visiting Brussels, Ghent, Liège, Antwerp, and the chief Dutch cities.

GOTTSCH'S "Faust" is said to have realized to his French and English publishers about eighty thousand pounds! He has an opera fully scored that will shortly be studied for representation.

THE decease at Venice is announced of Leto Puffin, a well-known writer on musical history. To him was due the tardy justice rendered in Italy to Bartolomeo Cristofori, inventor of the pianoforte. He leaves unfinished a work entitled "La Musica in Firenze."

THERE is a vacancy in the secretaryship of the Royal Dramatic Club, worth £200 a year and commissions of twice that sum. There are already 170 applications for the post. The list includes several general and field officers, baronets, honouarables, and younger sons.

SOME time ago M. Paul Feval, the well-known novelist, attempted to found a *brochette musicale*, where no subjects should be treated but those appealing to the highest sentiments. His propaganda failed last year, but he is about to renew the struggle at the Porte St. Martin Theatre.

TREBELL has had a grand success in Sweden. At Stockholm the theatre was so thronged that they had to put some of the audience on the stage. Trebelli was all the rage, and bakers, butchers, and haberdashers called their goods after her. The King of Sweden bestowed on her the Order and Gold Medal of Letters and Arts with his own hand. The only other artist who has been so honoured is Jenny Lind.

ALL Paris was in commotion at Déjaquet's burial. Fifteen thousand tickets had been issued for Trinité church, which could only accommodate one-fourth that number. The élite of the artistic and literary world was present, and the streets were thronged with 500,000 spectators. Notwithstanding the intense cold, the windows were all open and the balconies crowded on the line of the funeral procession.

OLE BULL is now on an artistic tour on the Continent, having played his *A dir concerto* and a *fantasia* on "Don Juan" to an enraptured audience at Berlin on the third of December. The Swedish violinist must be considered the patriarch of soloists, being the contemporary of Thalberg and Liszt. His first appearance in public dates more than fifty years ago.

MME PATTI has sung in "Les Huguenots" for her benefit, at Moscow, with Capoul. The receipts were 40,000 R. M. Laserte, the violinist, has returned to Paris after fulfilling a long series of engagements in London. Mme. Nilsson is about to sing in French opera, at Bordeaux. She will appear in "Hamlet," "Faust," "Mignon," "Le Trouvère," and "Les Huguenots." The Grand Opéra of Paris, which has hitherto given the public only some five or six pieces, repeated over and over again, has now produced Mozart's "Don Giovanni," in a style worthy of the French National Academy of Music. M. Faure plays the hero. Every place had been let for the first five representations of the revival of Herr Wagner's "Tannhäuser," at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna. Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, announces two concerts at Paris, at the end of December. A musical paper states that when Signor Verdi took his seat in the Italian Senate, where he was recently introduced by Signori Mamiani and Chiesi, the Vice-President shook hands with him, and the whole assembly, including the Ministers, gathered round the composer in a circle in order to congratulate and welcome him.





QUEENS OF ENGLAND FROM ELIZABETH OF YORK TO ANN OF DENMARK.





QUEENS OF ENGLAND FROM HENRIETTA MARIA TO VICTORIA.



NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! It is wiser and better Always to hope than once to despair...

Never give up! There are chances and changes Helping the hopeful a hundred to one...

Never give up! Though the grape-shot may rattle Or the ball thunderous loud over you burst...

THE GOBBLER'S PICNIC.

The gobbler stood by the big barnyard gate watching Farmer Merry harness old Duck...

"Now, I wonder," said the gobbler, half aloud, "what's going to happen over there?"

"Chicken Plump," said the gobbler, "how many times have I told you not to address me in that disrespectful manner?"

"Yes, and if you did I'd tell Mother Blackleg," retorted Chicken Plump.

"O, you would, would you?" "Yes, I would, and then where would that other eye of yours be?"

Now there's no denying the fact that the gobbler had only one eye, and it was also true that Mother Blackleg knew where the other went.

"Fine day for the picnic," said he. "Oh, it's going to be a picnic, is it?" said the gobbler.

"Of course, it is," said Chicken Plump. "I knew all the time, only I wouldn't tell."

By this time the children, and some of the old folks too, had filled the great hay cart, and Farmer Merry started up old Dick, and off they rattled down the lane.

"Do you know," said Chicken Plump, "that it's my birthday to-day—just three months old! Can't we celebrate?"

"I tell you what, we'll have a picnic ourselves, down in the cornfield, behind the barn; and you shall be May Queen," said the gobbler.

"O dear! how do you mix things," said Chicken Plump; "May Queens don't come on birthdays—they just all come by themselves."

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," said the gobbler, so loud as he could. He only did that to get up a crowd; and pretty soon all the turkeys, chickens, hens, geese, ducks and peacocks, were stretching their necks to see who would be at the big gate the first.

"What's the row?" said a very long-legged bantam, who talked through his nose.

"There's going to be a picnic and I am going to be general manager; that's all," said Chicken Plump.

"Not much," said the gobbler. "I'm to be head man."

Chicken Plump looked calmly into the gobbler's only eye and said quietly:

"I wonder if Mother Blackleg is anywhere about."

That meant, you know, if the gobbler interfered, that other eye would be a goner, so he said:

"Come to think it all over, Chicken Plump would make the best general manager I know of, so here's my hand upon it," and he shook Chicken Plump by the claw and patted her on the back, and as, in his anxiety to make friends, he tried to do both at once, of course he tumbled over.

"Well," said Chicken Plump, "let's appoint some committees; that's the way to do it; who'll we have for committee on refreshments?"

"Guess Peter the pig knows about it as much as any one," said a hungry looking pussy, who had kept very quiet for fear of being sent off.

"Chicken Plump, just run and ask the pig if he will be committee on refreshments," said the gobbler.

"Do you order me to do it?" asked Chicken Plump with dignity, putting the thumb of one claw under her arm.

"I do," said the gobbler, although he grew suddenly pale as much as four inches back from the tip of his nose.

"Is Mother Blackleg present?" asked Chicken Plump. "If so, she will please."

"Guess I'll go myself," said the gobbler, and Chicken Plump smiled until her face looked like a rainbow.

The pig was found in one corner of the sty, grunting so loud that the loose boards rattled.

"What's the matter now?" asked the gobbler.

"Matter enough," replied the pig; "my dinner has n't come yet."

"Then you won't get any at all to-day, 'cause they're all gone to the picnic."

The pig sobbed aloud. "But I'll tell you what," continued the gobbler, "we're going to have a picnic too. Want to come?"

"Going to be anything to eat?" asked the pig. "Eat!" said the gobbler, "a picnic is just all eating."

There was a large knot-hole in one of the boards, and the pig put his ear to it and said:

"What do you say a picnic is?" "All eating," said the gobbler through the hole, and the pig smacked his lips so loud that the gobbler thought he was shot, and tumbled over.

"I tell you what," said the pig to the gobbler, "you stand right on that barrel over there, and when I jump you say, 'All eating,' as loud as you can gobble, just to encourage me."

So the pig backed way into the furthest corner of his sty, took a long breath, and made for the fence as tight as he could go.

The gobbler shouted "All eating!" at just the right moment, and over the pig went without hitting a toe.

When they got back to the big gate everything was arranged, so they all started for the barn to form in procession. They couldn't do it in the barn-yard, for there was one of Farmer Maple's roosters watching them from the other side of the street, and he would suspect in a minute.

"Now," said the gobbler, "I want a Gobbler," interrupted Chicken Plump, "does it really make the slightest difference what you do want?"

"No," said the gobbler, looking toward Mother Blackleg while tears rapidly filled his only eye. "I don't think it does."

Then Chicken Plump ordered two of the ducks to get some large tubular boxes to use for tables. These were put into the egg basket which Farmer Merry left on the floor—or which had tumbled off the peg of itself, I really don't know which.

Into this they also put the refreshments—remains of their breakfast and such other nice things as could be found.

Two or three of the chickens went out and got some splendid worms for dessert, and the basket was given to the pig with instructions to carry it with his mouth.

Then the procession was formed. In front the two peacocks marched with their tails spread out for banners.

Then came four ducks—two speckled and two white ones—who were committee on music, and who had been practising in old Dick's stall while the preparations were going on.

After them came all the fowls of the barnyard, two by two, the biggest first. This, of course, brought all the little chicks away at the tail end.

The pig with his basket marched by himself behind two turkeys.

"Now," said the gobbler, "are you ready. Forward, march," and he took his place as captain.

"Halt!" said Chicken Plump, and he went up and whispered to the gobbler.

"Yes, perhaps it would be better," said the gobbler aloud, and with hanging head he took his place in the ranks.

The ducks began to quack a lively quickstep, and away they marched out the big door and behind the barn.

"Do we go anywhere near the cranberry patch?" asked a sed-looking turkey.

"Yes, within plain sight of it," said Chicken Plump.

"Then I must fall out of the ranks," said the turkey, and he trembled so his feathers flew in every direction.

"I can never pass it in the world," he continued, with tears in his voice; "here it is nearly the first of October, and then comes November, and then comes Thanksgiving, and then—then comes roast turkey and cranberry sauce," and he sank to the ground thoroughly unmanned.

When he became calmer, the entire procession crowded around, and with many little attentions showed their sympathy.

"Cheer up," said the gobbler, "perhaps you can give them the slip. Now, do you know, if I were looking for a Thanksgiving turkey, I shouldn't take you if I had to go hungry."

"You wouldn't," said the turkey eagerly; "are you quite sure?"

"Perfectly sure," said the gobbler, and the turkey was so overjoyed that he got up and danced a double jig.

This was the only delay they met with, and presently the procession arrived at the cornfield. The committee on music said it was very lucky, for their throats ached so they couldn't have quacked a minute longer. A nice shady spot was found in among the corn, just large enough to give them a little play-ground; so after the ducks had gagged their throats in the brook and resigned from the committee, Chicken Plump said:

"What's the first thing?" "Let's have dinner," said the Pig, clasping his paws in a supplicating manner.

"Let's play blind man's buff," said the Gobbler.

It was put to vote, and as the pig was the only one who didn't want it, they started blind man's buff.

The Shanghai with the long legs was "it," and they blindfolded him with some of the corn

silk. He could take such big steps that the little fellows couldn't get out of the way at all, and the first time trying he caught thirteen chickens and a duck.

As every one of the chickens said the rooster pecked, the duck was the next one blindfolded. After considerable waddling around, he caught the pig by the tail. Of course, the pig grunted, and of course the duck knew just who it was. If he'd only kept quiet, the duck, I've no doubt, would have given it up, for who with his eyes shut could tell what was on the other end of a pig's tail?

Then I tell you they had to look out. A pig hasn't much in the way of eyes any way, but a blind pig is the most tremendously innocent animal you ever came across. Instead of standing upon his hind legs, as almost any respectable pig would do when invited to play blind man's buff at a picnic, he rushed around on all fours, with his nose just low enough to get between everybody's legs, and after he had been twice over the ground, the entire company, all bumped up, were on their backs kicking their heels in the air, and calling "stop him" as loud as they could boller.

Suddenly the pig stopped. "Oh, what a beautiful game this is," he said. "I could play it all night." And he curled his tail so joyfully and tight that it pulled his hind legs right off the ground.

"Hullo! now I've got somebody," he continued. "I wonder who it is?" and he put his nose into the egg basket, and when he took it out again there wasn't much enough left for the littlest chicken. This brought them all to their feet, and there stood the pig wiping his mouth with one of the tubular boxes.

"What do you mean?" said the gobbler, as mad as he could be.

"Mean by what?" said the pig.

"Mean by eating up all the lunch," said Chicken Plump.

"Do you mean to say," said the pig, "that I've gone, and eaten the lunch?"

"Yes, we do, every one of us, all say it," said a chicken who was just learning to talk.

"Well, do you know," said the pig, "I wouldn't have thought it, but with this thing over my eyes, how do you suppose I could see what I was doing?"

"A weak, miserable, contemptible excuse," said Chicken Plump, with dignity, and if any of you have a speck of spirit you will follow me. Here they all rose as one man, and went for the pig. In and out among the corn, across the barnyard, around the corner by the water-trough, they chased him, and the pig never stopped until he went over into his pen with a porting squeal, and Chicken Plump was so close behind that he went bang up against the boards and was taken up for dead.

That evening, after Farmer Merry had made the barn all snug for the night, and the little chicks were tucked up and sound asleep, the twilight came in at the little back window, and showed Chicken Plump talking earnestly with the gobbler, and as he turned to go to bed, Chicken Plump said:

"Now I want it distinctly understood that that miserable picnic, with nothing to eat, was none of my getting up; and the gobbler had just opened his mouth to answer when he saw Mother Blackleg watching them; so he shut it again without saying a word; and he sat on the corner of the corn-barn such a long time, trying to make out whose picnic it really was, that it was all of half-past nine before he went to bed.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by our correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

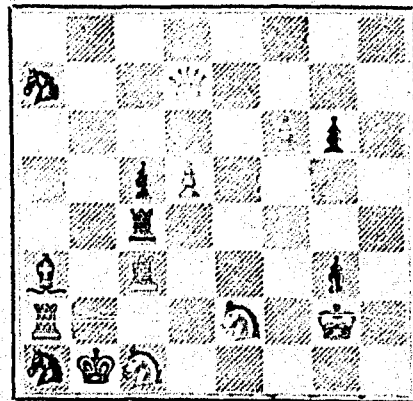
H. A. C. F. Montreal. Mr. Healey's problem shall be carefully examined. He enjoys such a reputation, however, in England, as a problem composer, his name appearing in the best chess publications of the day, that we insert his positions without any careful scrutiny.

We have to thank M. J. M. Quebec, for several problems which we hope to have room for soon. Student, Montreal, Solution of Problem No. 31. Correct. The match between Messrs. Potter and Zukertort, being the all absorbing topic among chess players at the present time, we are glad of an opportunity of inserting this week another game of this interesting contest.

From a stipulation made at the beginning of the match to the effect that, after the first five drawn games should count half to each player, the actual score is now—Zukertort 4; Potter 2. Mr. Zukertort has, therefore, we believe, only to draw one game to win.

PROBLEM No. 51.

By W. S. Pavitt. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME GOING.

Played recently in the match between Messrs. Zukertort and Potter.

(Sask. Herald.)

- WHITE—(Mr. Potter.) 1. P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 5th 3. P to Q 10th 4. Kt takes P 5. B to K 3rd 6. P to Q B 3rd 7. B to K 2nd (ch) 8. B to B 3rd 9. P takes B 10. B takes P on 11. Kt to B 3rd 12. Q to B 3rd 13. P to K Kt 3rd (ch) 14. Q takes B 15. Kt takes Q 16. Castles (Q R) (ch) 17. Kt to Q B 3rd 18. P takes Kt 19. P to Q 5th 20. Kt to Q Kt 3rd 21. P takes P 22. K R to K 5th 23. B takes B 24. B to K 3rd 25. Kt to B 3rd 26. P to Q B 3rd 27. B to K B 2nd 28. K to B 2nd 29. K to Q 3rd 30. K to K 3rd 31. P takes Kt 32. P to Q Kt 3rd 33. P to Q B 3rd 34. K to Q 3rd 35. K to B 3rd 36. R to K B 2nd 37. K to Kt 4th 38. P takes P 39. P to B 4th 40. P to R 5th 41. P takes P 42. K to B 3rd (ch) 43. R to K Kt 3rd (ch) 44. R to K 3rd 45. R to R 6th

And White resigned.

- BLACK—(Mr. Zukertort.) 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K 4th 3. P to K 4th 4. P to K 4th 5. P to K 4th 6. P to K 4th 7. P to K 4th 8. P to K 4th 9. P to K 4th 10. P to K 4th 11. P to K 4th 12. P to K 4th 13. P to K 4th 14. P to K 4th 15. P to K 4th 16. P to K 4th 17. P to K 4th 18. P to K 4th 19. P to K 4th 20. P to K 4th 21. P to K 4th 22. P to K 4th 23. P to K 4th 24. P to K 4th 25. P to K 4th 26. P to K 4th 27. P to K 4th 28. P to K 4th 29. P to K 4th 30. P to K 4th 31. P to K 4th 32. P to K 4th 33. P to K 4th 34. P to K 4th 35. P to K 4th 36. P to K 4th 37. P to K 4th 38. P to K 4th 39. P to K 4th 40. P to K 4th 41. P to K 4th 42. P to K 4th 43. P to K 4th 44. P to K 4th 45. P to K 4th

GAME GOING.

A newly arranged match played recently between Messrs. Zukertort and Potter.

- WHITE—(Mr. Barry.) 1. P to K 4th 2. B to Q B 4th 3. P to Q 3rd 4. Kt to K B 3rd 5. P to Q R 3rd 6. P to K R 2nd 7. Kt takes P 8. P takes Kt 9. P takes Kt 10. Castles 11. Q to K 2nd 12. Kt to Q B 3rd 13. B to K Kt 5th 14. B to K 3rd 15. B takes Kt 16. Kt to Q 5th 17. Kt to K 5th 18. P to K B 6th 19. P to Q Kt 3rd 20. Q to B 3rd 21. Q Kt to K 3rd 22. Kt takes B 23. B to Q 5th 24. Kt to Q 7th 25. K to K R 4th

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 31.

OF HEALEY'S

- WHITE. 1. Q takes P 2. Kt to Q Kt 6th 3. Kt mates
- BLACK. 1. B takes Q 2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 31.

- WHITE. 1. B to Q B 7th (ch) 2. Kt to Q R 7th mate
- BLACK. 1. B to K 3rd

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS

No. 31.

- WHITE. K to K R 5th B to K R 2nd K to K B 6th
- BLACK. K to K R 3rd P to K R 3rd

White to play and mate in five moves.

A TOAST.

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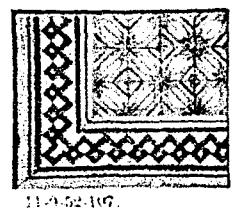
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" 10	8,363	2,000	10,363
" 11	8,357	2,072	10,429
" 12	8,083	2,169	10,252
" 13	8,083	2,169	10,252
" 14	10,341	2,225	12,566
" 15	8,706	2,281	10,987
" 16	8,542	2,392	10,934
" 17	8,726	2,327	11,053
" 18	8,610	2,394	11,004
" 19	8,490	2,375	10,865
" 20	8,579	2,374	10,953
" 21	8,356	2,374	10,730
" 22	7,948	2,315	10,263
" 23	8,227	2,361	10,588
" 24	8,150	2,363	10,513
December 1	8,317	2,391	10,708
" 2	8,500	2,391	10,891
" 3	7,829	2,326	10,155
" 4	8,490	2,400	10,890
" 5	8,738	2,403	11,141
" 6	8,193	2,398	10,591
" 7	8,193	2,398	10,591
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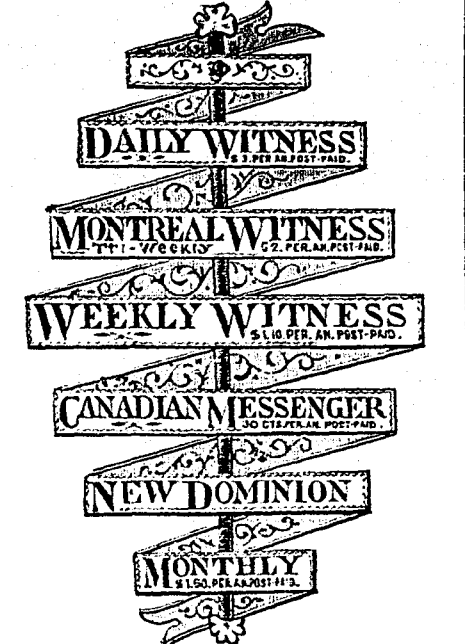
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