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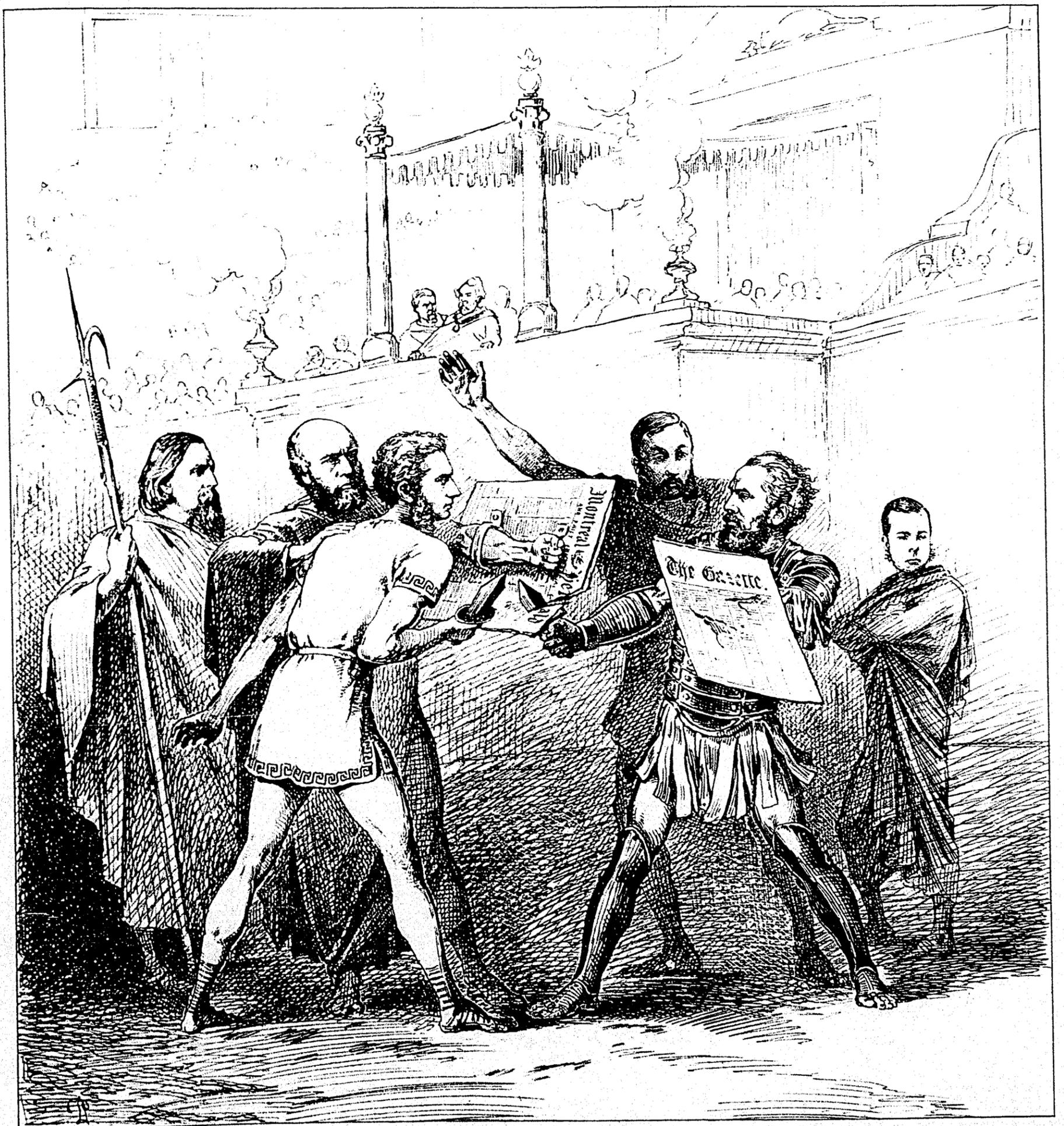
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Illustrated News

Vol. X.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

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



THE DUEL IN MONTREAL WEST.

" Before my body
" I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff !"

MACBETH.

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

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We are happy in being able to announce that we are preparing to issue an exceptionally brilliant

Christmas Number

of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, which will be published on Thursday, the 24th inst. Besides the usual literary and pictorial attractions of our ordinary issues, this number will contain several

SPLENDID ILLUSTRATIONS

symbolical of the season, as well as several CHRISTMAS STORIES from the pen of our ablest writers.

THE NEW STORY.

In this issue we give a further liberal instalment of WILKIE COLLINS' new story.

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

This story, considered the best yet written by Mr. Collins, was begun in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of Nov. 7, (Number 19).

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We beg to call the attention of News Dealers throughout the country to the fact that we have secured the sole right for Canada of publishing "The Law and the Lady" in serial form.

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TO THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

Permit us to call your attention to the advantages of publicity offered by the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to Advertisers, especially Merchants, Manufacturers, Hotel-Keepers, Railway and Steamship Companies, Professional men, and others, desirous of reaching the best classes of the community in every part of the Dominion. It has other points to recommend it besides its large and wide-spread circulation. In the first place, it is a family paper, taken home, read from beginning to end, and kept on the parlor table throughout the week, and then put by, and finally bound; not, as befalls the daily paper, torn up, after a rapid perusal of telegraphic news. The children con over the pictures, read the stories and the funny column, and finally meander among the advertisements and call their parent's attention to those that suit them. The ladies peruse it from end to end, dwelling especially on the fashions and the ladies' column, then naturally turn to the advertising pages to know where to buy the materials for that dress, or the ingredients for that *Poudingue à la Casarevitch*. The men read the leading articles, the stories, the paragraphs, study the cartoons and other pictures, night after night, and while sipping their *hot stuff*, or enjoying their Havana, pore over the advertisements, and make up their mind to go next day and buy that fur coat, that hall-stove, or that superb excellent sherry. Then again the limited space reserved to advertisements being less than one-fifth of the paper, secures to each advertisement greater attention, whilst most papers devote one-half or two-thirds of their available space to advertisements, which are mostly doomed to oblivion in the great mass. Also, the very low price charged, being much less than several weekly newspapers in Canada, and far lower than any illustrated Paper in the United States, where the prices are from ten to forty times higher than ours, without an equivalent difference in circulation. And finally, remember that, while serving your own interest in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, you contribute to the support and improvement of this national enterprise, and consequently to the work of progress and education effected by the spread of art and literature.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 12th, 1874.

COMPULSORY VOTING.

Our doctrinaire friends in Ontario are moving so fast that it is difficult to keep up with them. When the programme of "Canada First" was made public, only a few months ago, we took early occasion to give our views thereon, but it was in a *dilettante* fashion, and without any insistence, from a vague impression that, as so often happens with schemes of electoral and constitutional reform, there would be no performance following on the heels of the propositions. In this estimate we have been mistaken, and we feel ourselves bound to make amends. Last week, accordingly, we broached the subject of the Representation of Minorities, in deference to the zeal and activity brought to bear on the discussion by some of the ablest pens in Ontario. This week we must say a few words on Compulsory Voting, a measure which has already made such headway, that Mr. BETHUNE has proposed a Bill before the Provincial Legislature to have it introduced into the Ontario elections.

This question, to be properly understood, must be philosophically discussed. Its true acceptance hinges almost exclusively upon the intrinsic quality of the franchise. According as we differ on the meaning of that term, we shall differ on the opportunity and necessity of Compulsory Voting. The franchise may be viewed from a three-fold standpoint—as a privilege, a right, and a duty. The first view is accepted in Britain, Germany, Canada, and wherever only a limited or qualified suffrage is in vogue. The second view is received in France and the United States, where manhood suffrage is literally universal. The third view was first broached by SOLON, who made it the foundation of his electoral system, and who forced every Athenian citizen, by stringent legislation, to deposit his ostrakon or shell, on every public occasion. But since his time, we know of no nation—at least no modern nation—which has acted on this ideal.

Now, it is beyond dispute that, theoretically, this third definition of the franchise is the only one from which Compulsory Voting can be deduced as a corollary. Strictly speaking, it is a contradiction in terms to say that you can force a man to exercise a privilege. Similarly, and more strikingly still, it sounds odd to declare that you can punish a man for not exercising a right. Both Privilege and Right presuppose free-will, and are repugnant to the idea of coercion. We are aware that, in practice, these distinctions have not been observed, as numerous historical examples show. We have, however, nothing to do with such exceptions, because we have been dealing with the question in the abstract only.

But even taking the franchise to be a duty, it does not necessarily follow that it should be compulsory. Every moral obligation need not be made a legal one, and every legal obligation should not be made punitive. Besides the fact that it is very difficult to define the nature and circumscribe the limits of any moral duty, there remains the further difficulty of ascertaining how far the observance of that duty may be turned to good by penal measures. This is a problem which has perplexed moralists and law-givers in all times.

The advocates of Compulsory Voting assume, of course—as they are bound to assume—that the franchise is a duty, and they divide this duty under triple heads. They hold that the voter is obliged to deposit, in the electoral urn, one of three ballots—an affirmative, a negative, or a blank ballot. This is substantially what is done in France, where the *livres de circonscription* record the *ouïs*, the *nonis*, and the *abstentions*. But we are inclined to affirm that there is, theoretically, a fourth alternative—not to deposit a ballot at all. We think we can imagine circumstances

of such peculiar and critical importance when an elector may consider it a duty not to go near the election booth, and ignore the election altogether. There may be momentous times, terrible hours, when the scorn of total absence, the eloquence of total silence, may be as much an obligation as the record of a blank vote. That there can exist such circumstances may not interfere with the general working of a compulsory electoral law, but the fact militates against the theory of its philosophical necessity or equity.

In throwing out these views, we are not to be supposed to argue against the merits of the proposed Ontario Bill. We have not yet received the text of Mr. BETHUNE's propositions, although we think we can guess their main purport from what we know of the writings of recent political economists on the subject. We have chosen rather to treat the matter analytically, first, because it never does any harm to go down to the logical foundations of such things; and, secondly, because we strongly endorse the general principle that no penal legislation, especially affecting the liberty of the subject, should be introduced into any constitutional scheme, without an overwhelming necessity.

IMMIGRATION POLICY.

In our recent notice of some interesting facts respecting Mennonite Immigration to Manitoba, we promised to make further allusion to the policy under which this remarkable people have come to settle in Canada. The question is one of practical interest, as appears from a discussion which has taken place in the Ontario Legislature, not directly in reference to the Mennonites, but to Immigration generally.

It appears from the last report of the Hon. Mr. LETELLIER, the Minister of Agriculture, that a delegation of Mennonite leaders visited Canada, in the summer of 1873, and that the previous Government made to them some offers entailing upon the Dominion considerable obligations in order to induce the community thus represented to take up its residence in Canada. These obligations, entered into with third parties, have, of course, become binding upon the whole country. They are, 1st, entire exemption from military service; 2nd, Free Grants of land in Manitoba; 3rd, the privilege of religious schools of their own; 4th, the privilege of affirming instead of making oath in courts; 5th, the issue of Passenger Warrants from Hamburg to Fort Garry for \$30 per adult, \$15 per children under 8 years, and \$3 for infants under one year; 6th, that these prices shall not be changed during the years 1874, 1875 and 1876, and if changed afterwards, not to exceed \$40, until the year 1882; and 7th, the Immigrants to be provided with provisions for their journey between Liverpool and Collingwood.

According to the report we have referred to, the minimum obligation of the Canadian Government towards every Mennonite adult Immigrant is \$20, over and above the \$30 he himself is bound to pay. It is however, to be observed, that this calculation, the elements of which are given in the report, may have been slightly altered in favour of the Government by the break in prices of transport which we are aware has taken place.

Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that the cost of a large Immigration under the obligations which have been contracted, will amount to a very considerable figure. The settlement itself in Manitoba is a very great success, and it has imported a large amount of wealth into the country out of all proportion to the cost. This is altogether apart from the American and Prussian argument that the actual value of every Immigrant settler in the country, rich and poor, man and woman, ranges from \$800 to \$1,500 *per capita*.

We notice that in the Ontario Legislature, Mr. CAMERON, the other day, offered a resolution condemning the Government for the expenditure of so large a sum of money for so few Immigrants brought to the country; and we see by the Report to which we have referred, that the sum of \$511,250.78

was spent by the Dominion and the Provinces in 1873 for Immigration purposes. Of this sum, the Dominion spent \$261,515, Ontario \$159,178, Quebec \$40,681, New Brunswick \$37,103, and Nova Scotia \$7,772. The total number of Immigrants reported to have settled in the Dominion, as against this large expenditure was \$50,050.

The country has clamoured for the promotion of Immigration and it is perfectly certain, that if this is to be stimulated to any extent, very large sums of money will require to be spent, both on the other side of the Atlantic for obtaining Immigrants, and on this for settling them. It is certain also, that the Canadian votes for the promotion of Immigration are as nothing compared with those of the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, the agents of which are very actively in the market in the Mother country, and make actual cash advances sometimes of £20 stg. per Immigrant, besides offering large advantages in the colonies themselves. The subject is however, much more complex here from our proximity to the United States, but there is a question whether considerable sums of money may not be advantageously spent in judicious colonization, such for instance as the Mennonite.

LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

It seems that strikes are always in order. The recent agricultural lock-out in England, the present action of the ten thousand longshoremen at New York, the resistance of the coal-miners in Pennsylvania, and the discontent of the Vermont Central employees at St. Johns, Quebec, are only further proofs of this. To preach against the revolutionary tendencies of such movements is of no avail, for the word revolution frightens no one now-a-days, and is regarded rather as complimentary than otherwise. It is best to take a practical view of the whole matter, as it severally affects the workingman himself, the capitalist, and the general public.

If the workingman imagines he is benefitting himself in any pecuniary way by his forcible demand for higher wages, it is as well he should know at once that he is sadly mistaken. He should be made acquainted with this elementary fact of political economy, that labour is the standard by which the value of all commodities is decided; and that, according as this standard varies, up or down, the prices of commodities must rise or fall. If wages advance fifty per cent., every article of domestic consumption will advance proportionately. Green groceries will rise, fuel will rise, meats will rise, rents will rise. If the workingman, who earns two dollars to-day, strikes for five to-morrow, let him not fancy that he is going to pocket the difference of three dollars. By no means. The difference goes to others, not to him. Would he know to whom? To the retail dealers. The family grocers, for instance, at the corners of our streets, make their fortunes in this way. In order to derive the profits of their advanced wages, labourers should not be obliged to pay the excess of cost over value, as they do now, that is, they should not have to pay the current rates for commodities which, when bought by dealers, cost them sometimes fifty or a hundred per cent. less than the prices asked. Hence there is a way, though not a very easy one, for labourers to profit by their strikes. It is to club together and buy direct from producers or wholesale dealers. Thus they may purchase butter, eggs, milk, cheese, poultry, vegetables, from farmers, and other necessaries at the wholesale premiums awarded to the trade. To do this, they must have an understanding together and form associations. These Co-operative Societies are already old in England, and have been fairly successful. There are, we know, social and political objections to them, but with such we have nothing to do at present.

If the individual workingman is not benefitted by the strikes, neither is the employer damaged, as many fallaciously suppose. The employer has a compara-

tively easy way to deal with strikes, which are hardly the dilemma that some people take them to be. He may dally a while with his employees, so long as there remains a fair and reasonable margin for his profits. If these profits dwindle to a mere nominal figure, he has always the option of withdrawing his capital. What happens then? Competition being lessened, prices rise, and capital as bulk increases. A and B may be temporarily incommenced, but capitalists, as a class, are benefitted. It is almost always noticeable that certain stocks rise and are much sought for after a strike in some branches of trade, which are depressed a little, to be soon inflated, while others droop under the same influences. Thus the equilibrium of capital is always maintained. The operatives may be shrewd men, but the masters are just as shrewd. In this country, however, it is hardly necessary even to withdraw capital, because there are always plenty of labourers to step into the place of strikers.

The only real sufferers by the struggle between labour and capital are the public. This is so very obvious, that we wonder everybody does not see it and act upon it. Strikes do not change the relative position of the operative, as we have said; they work little or no injury to the employer or master; when they do produce mischief, which is not always the case, that mischief is done to the general public. If the price of commodities is raised by the increase of labourers' wages, and even the necessities of life rule immoderately high; if capital is withdrawn from the markets by the action of employers, and rates go up in proportion to the lessening of competition, it is the people's business to see to it, since they are solely interested. If they allow it, if they are willing to bear the burden, well and good—it is their lookout. If, on the contrary, they regard the result of these strikes as unjust and ruinous, they have the remedy in their own hands. Surely in a country where the people pretend to be king, the people must be able to manage their own interests.

MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

One of the institutions of England is the annual dinner to Her Majesty's Ministers by the Lord Mayor of London, and this year Mr. DISRAELI was the orator of the occasion. His speech, although remarkable for his usual eloquence, was equally so for studious elimination of those exciting politico-religious questions which are now so much dividing—if they are not in fact breaking up—the old parties in the United Kingdom. The fact we have noticed is the more remarkable from the circumstance that Mr. DISRAELI himself did, about a year ago, and during the last session of Parliament, pitch the key note of the great controversy into which Mr. GLADSTONE has rushed with so much vehemence in his recent pamphlet. It is quite beyond our purpose, in these columns, to enter at all into the merits of that controversy. We must content ourselves with this reference to the political fact.

Mr. DISRAELI stated that he should not venture to prophesy what the next session would bring, but would leave the fact to be narrated after the event. On the general home questions he claimed that the country was in a state of profound prosperity, and also that the fact of a Conservative Ministry holding power was proof of the very great political contentment of the masses of working men. He said the working man was more secure in his political and personal rights in England than in any other country of Europe, and especially in that he was not called upon to enroll himself against his will under an iron military system.

Mr. DISRAELI laid especial emphasis on one other topic, and that was the determination of the Government to maintain intact, at all and every cost, the Colonial Empire of Great Britain. So far from desiring to contract it, and to shirk the obligations of Empire, their policy, he said, was rather to extend it, as was proved by

the fact of the recent accession of Fiji. The reference of the Premier to the Colonial policy of his Government was the most marked political expression in his speech; and, it may be stated, was received with great enthusiasm.

There were many other speeches and many congratulations and complimentary expressions; but perhaps the most noteworthy of these was the speech of the French Ambassador, who stated in substance, that the class of British statesmen themselves, and the institutions which produced them, might justly be regarded, politically speaking, as the pride of the world.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

No man at all observant of the ebb and flow of the youthful population in a great city like ours, can have overlooked the fact that, notwithstanding much has been done, a great deal more remains to be undertaken in behalf of the mental, moral, and mechanical training of the children of the middle and lower orders. The Industrial School system is growing more and more into favour, and must soon become a necessity here, as in other countries. Hitherto, we have had only two distinct kinds of education—the classical and the commercial. Of these, the latter has attained far greater perfection, as was to be expected from the business character and mercantile tastes of our countrymen. Indeed, classic education among us is deplorably low-levelled, from the causes just mentioned, and not precisely owing to deficiency on the part of the teaching body. It will take time to place it on even ground with our commercial systems in efficiency and thoroughness. Still its deficiencies are less to be deplored than our almost total want of Industrial Schools. It is very well to have Classical Colleges for those whose means and position in society enable them to prosecute a thorough course of study. Commercial Colleges are necessary, too, for such as desire to engage in business. But there is a third class of youths who are precluded from entering either of these institutions, and who, nevertheless, should not be deprived of the means of education. They are the children of mechanics, journeymen, and the poor generally. For these, Industrial Schools ought to be provided. By Industrial Schools we mean schools in which there is a proper distribution of study and handwork—so many hours for the one, so many hours for the other. In Europe, as well as in some Eastern States, we have had occasion to examine these schools, and we have invariably formed a very favourable opinion of them. They combine two things which are not combined in our colleges at present—the love of study, and an appreciation of the dignity and usefulness of manual labour. It often happens now that poor boys are educated above their station, crammed with Greek, Latin, and science for which they will have no use, and brought up to contemn the hand labour to which they must naturally owe their subsistence. Industrial Schools prevent all such anomalies. Boys there learn grammar, history, geography and arithmetic—just what they will need in after-life—and at the same time become familiar with the trade and work which they or their parents may choose. In manufacturing centres which we have visited, we have seen them familiar, at fourteen and fifteen, with the innumerable and intricate details of machinery; and, at one establishment, perfectly up to the scientific requirements of agriculture.

One objection to our Common Schools and Free Schools is, that they take a young boy at an early age and keep him on the forms for several years, without requiring him to do any work. The lad grows up to adolescence without mechanical skill, and with other tastes than those of manual labour. He sooner learns to loaf about the streets, after class hours, plotting mischief and forming bad habits. There are thousands of boys, in a city like ours, whose social condition requires that they should learn to work from the age of

twelve. These should have Industrial Schools to go to. There, while their minds are softened to receive the impressions of learning, their hands must be gradually hardened to toil. The dignity of labour must be taught them. The Industrial School is a remedy against two social evils. If a poor boy is apprenticed or engaged at too early an age, he grows up without education, which is a huge wrong. Or he goes to school all the time, and grows up without a knowledge or love of work, and that is an anomaly. The Industrial School provides the poor boy with a double blessing—suitable education and proper dispositions for work—makes a man of him, and sets him in his right place in the world. When we reflect that by far the greatest portion of our population belongs to this class, the question of Industrial education assumes an importance even superior to that of our colleges and academies. Indeed, if we look at things aright, it is a greater honour and service to provide thus for the educational wants of the ten thousand poor, than to lecture to a few hundreds from a University chair.

There is considerable excitement in the Maritime Provinces over the change in the freight tariff of the Intercolonial Railway. It seems that the rates have been largely increased under the provisions of a general tariff, the object of which is naturally to draw as much money out of the traffic of the railway as will go to repay the expenses of its working. The tariff, however, appears so high that a host of exceptions will have to be made to it, and, of course, some of the leading journals express the fear that these exceptions may be secured by personal or political influence brought to bear on the superintendent or members of Parliament, thus laying the basis for no small amount of political corruption. To prevent such abuse, a moderate tariff is advocated at rates decided on and enforced by the Government. That the Intercolonial can be made at once a commercial success is not expected. Until such a desirable consummation is reached—and it will be reached in time—it is manifestly not fair that the railway should be converted into a burden on the people, or be carried on so as to bear with unequal hardship on certain classes.

One result—perhaps the principal result—of the late Democratic victory in the United States will be the prompt and efficacious settlement of the currency question. Nearly all the Eastern States and a large proportion of the Westerns have declared themselves in favour of an immediate return to specie payment, and the latest intelligence from Washington is, that the President is disposed to advocate the scheme. Financiers are divided in their views concerning the best mode of reaching the desired consummation, but perhaps a law allowing holders of greenbacks to fund them in five-per cent. gold bonds would be as simple and effectual a way as any. The five-per cents. are nearly at par, and greenbacks exchanged would soon be quite so. The funding would take some little time, and would be just gradual enough not to interfere materially with the business of the country. Paper thus funded could not be recovered to the circulation, but being always maintained at par, occasional deficiencies in the currency might easily be supplied by redeemable bank notes.

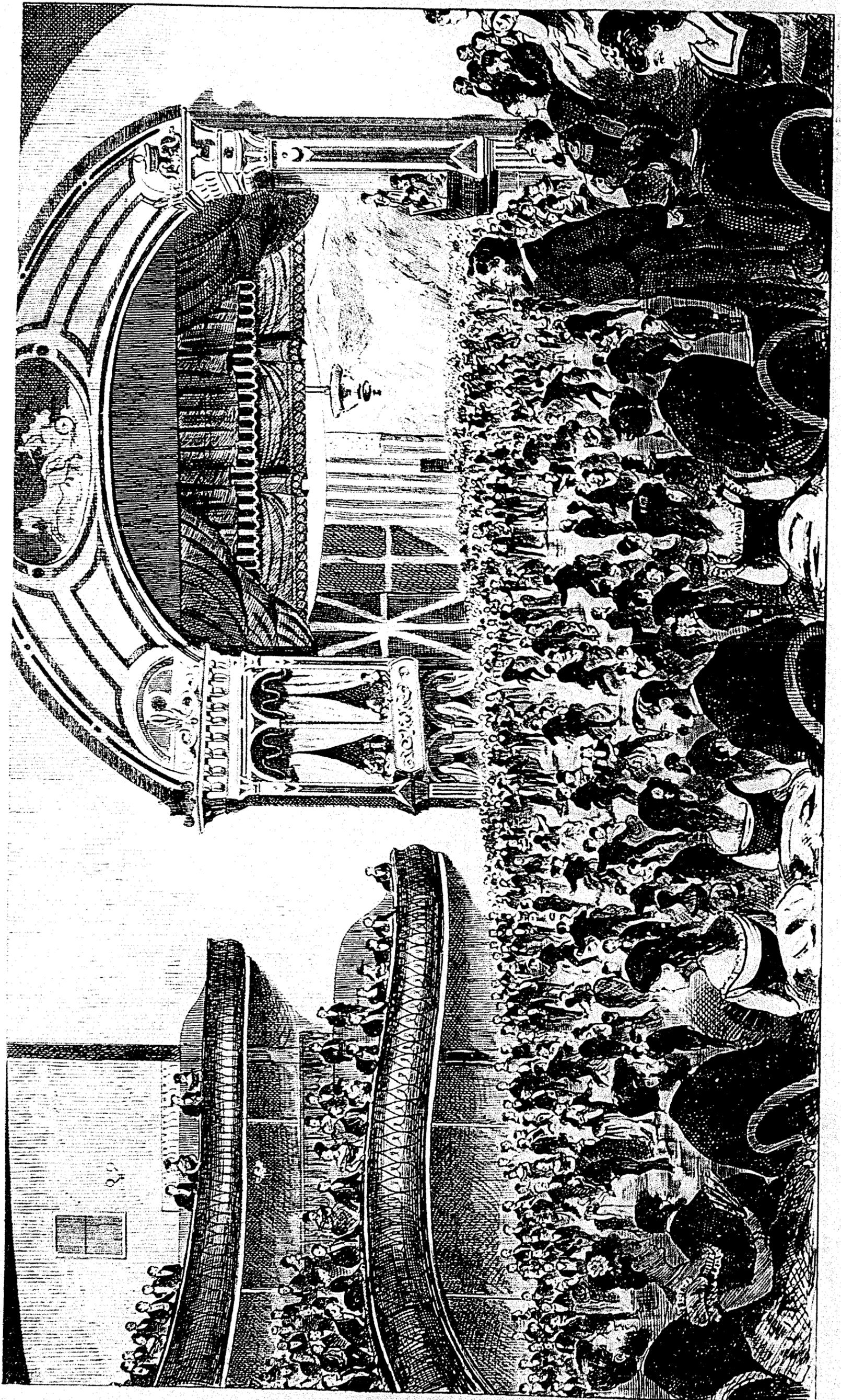
In writing last week on the representation of minorities, we insisted on the principle that the parliamentary division of members in both the Federal and Provincial Legislatures should be in the direct ratio of the popular vote. In Canada, representation by population was long a bone of popular contention, and, after a hard struggle, it was embodied in our institutions. At the establishment of Confederation, the distribution of seats was made in accordance with this doctrine, but since then the number of inhabitants has greatly

increased, and Ontario, more especially, finds itself entitled to a larger number of seats. The Government of that Province has now taken the matter up, and a scheme for the redistribution of parliamentary seats is now before the Legislature. Among the several constituencies which claim an augmentation in this respect, Ottawa takes the lead, and, we believe, with reason, for no city or county of the Dominion has done so well within the past six or seven years.

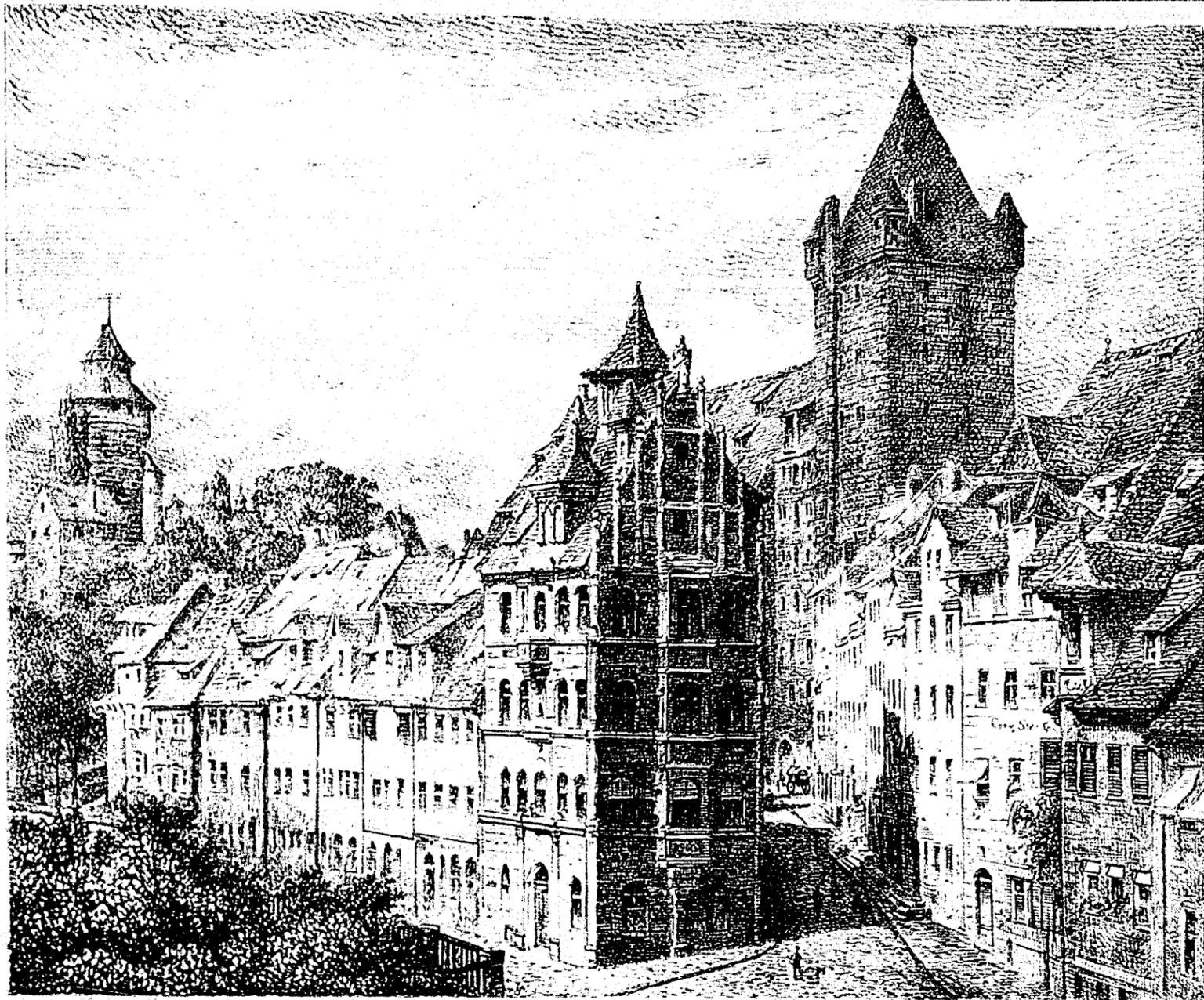
The fourth and last session of the second Parliament of Quebec met on Thursday, the 3rd inst., with the usual ceremonial. Among the clauses of which the speech from the throne was made up, there are two measures which claim more than ordinary interest. The first is a Parliamentary investigation of the recent Tanneries Land exchange, and the second points to the passage of a stringent election law. The first two days of the session were consumed in explanation of the reasons which led to the downfall of the late Ministry. Mr. OUMET read a long memorandum relating his personal share therein, and lengthy statements were made by Messrs. ROBERTSON, IRVINE, and CHAPLEAU. There is much speculation, at this initial stage of the session, about the relative strength of parties, and the prospects of the DE BOUCHERVILLE Government, but the rumours are so various and conflicting, that nothing positive can be forecast for some days to come.

Winter need not be a period of inactivity and isolation, if we know how to meet the difficulties which it presents. The chief of these difficulties are the roads. Farmers complain that they have to stay at home, because they cannot get into town. Produce lies hoarded from autumn to spring, to the loss of the farmer, who loses the interest on his money, and that of the purchaser, who has to pay the high prices of scarcity—and all because there are no roads from the barn-door to the market-stand. The simple remedy is to make roads, and to make roads means to make them double-tracked. For this purpose neither spade nor plough is needed. The cross-shaft or crooked sleigh is all that is required. With the first snowfall, let this double-track be traced out, and it will last all winter. Several years ago the Legislature of the Province of Quebec passed a law to this effect, but as it applied to only a limited area in the Eastern Townships and the Iberville district, its results were comparatively meagre. The law should be extended over the whole Province, and within one winter after its enforcement, we would hear of its decided advantages.

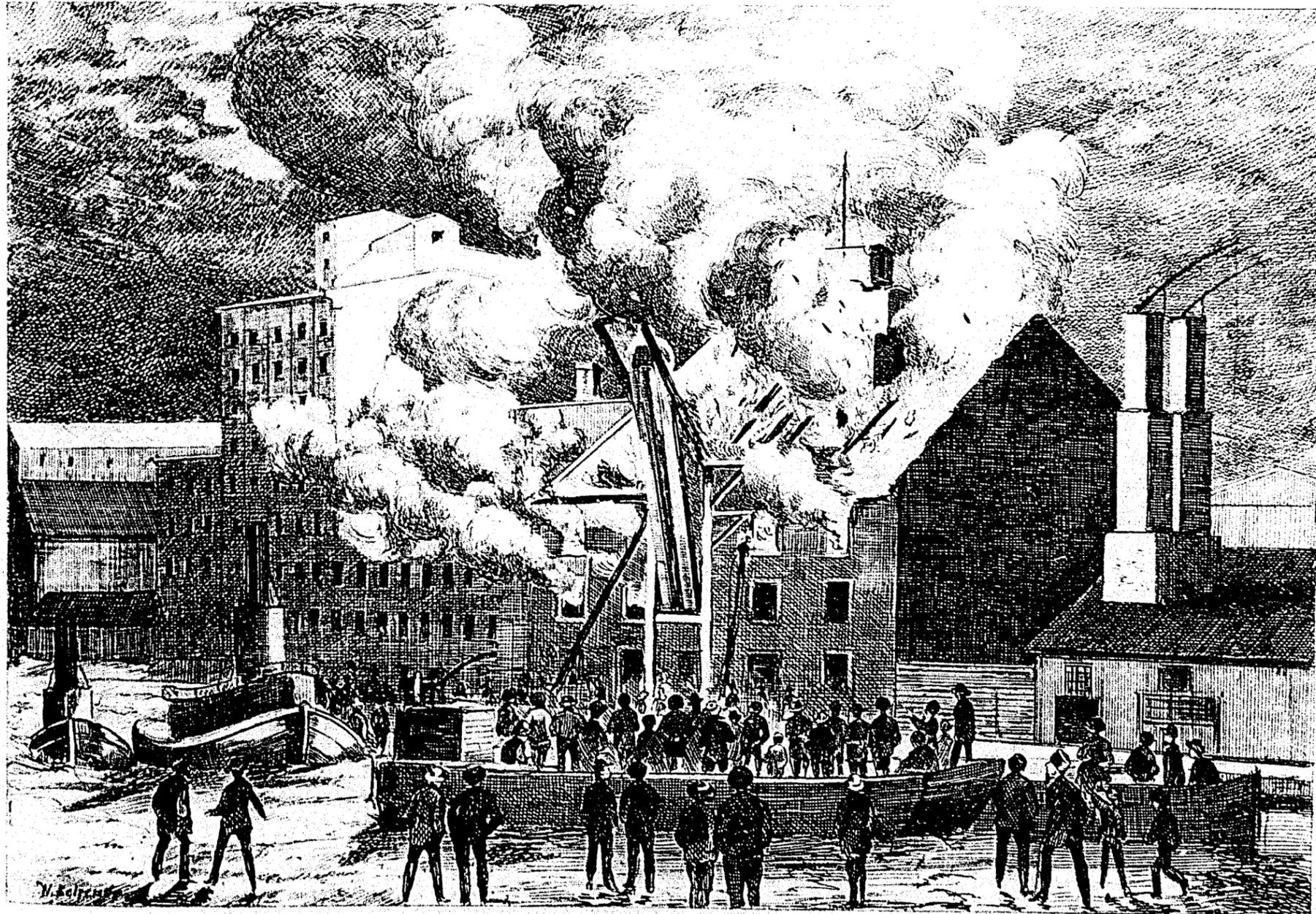
In consideration of the prevalence of typhoid fever in Montreal, and other parts of the country, we may add to a paragraph published by us, last week, on this subject, some of the precautions laid down by the well-known Dr. LIONEL BEALE. He affirms positively that fever germs will not be developed from filth, but allows that by permitting people to live, year after year, in open defiance of recognized sanitary laws, the generation of fever poison in their bodies is favoured, and that its full growth and multiplication, if imported, is reduced to a certainty by such mode of life. In many cities and towns, it is to be feared that hundreds of organisms are slowly preparing themselves for invasion. Bad air and sewage water, the adjacent dung-heap and dirt-bin may be all perfectly free from fever germs, but nevertheless, they will bring about changes which will render many of those exposed to their influence the ready victims of disease. However desirable it may be to destroy existing fever germs with all possible speed, it is far more important that we should do our utmost to press upon the authorities the necessity of providing pure water and efficient drainage wherever men congregate.



TORONTO.—ANNUAL BALL OF THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB, AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. C. CANNING



NUREMBERG. - VIEW AT THE BELG.



MONTREAL. - FIRE AT YOUNG'S ELEVATOR.

PERSONAL.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies have unanimously passed a resolution in favour of granting an annuity to GARIBALDI.

A special despatch from Calcutta says Government is satisfied that the Gwalior prisoner is not NANA SAHIB. The same despatch states that Yakooob KHAN is in close confinement at Calcutta.

VERMESCHÉ, formerly editor of *Pere Duchesne*, the official journal of the Paris Commune, has been ordered to quit Belgium.

Last week Mr. HENRY VARLEY concluded a series of ten evangelistic meetings in the different Hamilton churches by an address to the Y. M. C. A.

Hon. GEORGE BROWN was in Ottawa last week, the guest of the Governor-General.

Mr. PARENT, Under Secretary of State, lies in a very critical position.

Mr. JOHN PICKARD, M. P. for York, N. B., has been in Ottawa with a delegation from that Province.

Hon. Dr. TUPPER has gone to Nova Scotia to take part in the local elections.

General MITRE and his army have surrendered to the authorities of Buenos Ayres, and peace has been finally restored.

On Wednesday, the 2nd inst., the old Government of Manitoba resigned, and on the 3rd the Lieutenant-Governor sent for the Hon. R. A. DAVIS, late Provincial Treasurer, and charged him with the duty of forming a new Government. He succeeded in doing so as follows: Hon. R. A. DAVIS, Provincial Secretary and Premier; Hon. JOSEPH ROYAL, Minister of Public Works and Provincial Secretary; Hon. COLIN INSKSTER, President of Council, thus reducing the Cabinet from five to three members. A saving of about \$13,000 per year will be effected by this change, which includes the abolition of the Upper House and the office of Attorney-General.

Hon. PETER MITCHELL is at present at Halifax, on private business.

On Saturday last, the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec entertained at dinner, at Spencer Wood, Chief Justice DORION and the Judges of the Court of Appeals, and on Thursday last some members of Parliament, including the movers and seconders of the Address to both Houses.

Miss COGSWELL, daughter of the late HEZEKIAH COGSWELL, and one of the wealthiest and most philanthropic ladies of the Dominion, has died.

Mr. BROWNSON, of Lennoxville, Quebec, has been appointed Collector of Customs. Major IRWIN is appointed temporarily as Assistant Inspector of Artillery and warlike stores for the Dominion; his services are confined to the Province of Ontario. Lieut.-Col. STRANGE, Major in the Royal Artillery, has been appointed as Inspector of Artillery and warlike stores; his services, until further orders, will be confined to the Province of Quebec.

SIR ARTHUR HAMILTON GORDON, formerly the Governor of Trinidad and Mauritius, has been appointed to the governorship of the Fiji Islands.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. The distinctive merit of this periodical is its almost purely literary character. It fills a want in America which is supplied in England by such sterling publications as the *Athenaeum* and the *Academy*. A delicate taste presides over the selection of the articles, while the contributors are all writers of approved reputation. The critical character of the JOURNAL is also of a high order, while the illustrations are worthy of the house of Appleton. The bound volumes of this weekly are an acquisition to the library of every man of letters.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. This old companion may be said to have taken a fresh hold on popular esteem by having absorbed into its columns the valuable materials of EVERY SATURDAY. The amalgamation took place a few weeks ago. The LIVING AGE is too well known to need any other commendation than this—that it maintains its own standard and that whoever wants the cream of foreign literature has only to turn to its pages.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR. This Western advocate of music and the arts has entered upon its fourth year with every token of prosperity. It is remarkably well edited, and its musical selections are of a character to improve and elevate the taste of its readers.

INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY GUIDE. For travellers, this bi-monthly publication, drawn from official time-tables, is invaluable, and in supplying it regularly Messrs Chisholm Bros. deserve the support of the public.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.—There is, perhaps, no publication on this continent which contains so much special information, agreeably imparted, within so small and available a compass, as this little weekly pamphlet. Its editor until quite recently, was Mr. Nelson Chesman, who, we are pleased to learn, in order to extend the sphere of his usefulness, has opened a NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING AGENCY, under the firm name of Rowell and Chesman, in the great city of St. Louis. Mr. Chesman has the highest qualifications for the business, and we congratulate our western friends on having in their midst a house that must soon rival the well-known firm of Rowells, New York.

LITERARY.

LORD HOUGHTON is engaged on a new edition of "Keats."

MRS. ARTHUR ARNOLD is translating Castelar's "Life of Byron."

CARDINAL GUIBERT, the Archbishop of Paris, is a candidate for the seat in the French Academy vacant by the death of M. Guizot.

EARL RUSSELL's "Recollections and Suggestions of Public Life, 1813-1873," will be ready this month.

Mr. G. J. HOLYOAKE's "History of the Co-operation Movement in England" is soon to appear.

Mr. EVELYN BELLEW, son of the late Mr. J. M. Bellew, is about to make his appearance as a reader.

Prof. DELIUS, during his holidays in Switzerland this summer, wrote a dissertation "On the Original Text of 'King Lear'" for the next volume of the German Shakespeare Society.

Dr. PERCY BADGER is preparing an English-Arabic Dictionary. This work will, it is understood, be as much as possible of a practical nature.

THE collected edition of Mr. Sydney Dobell's works will be issued in two handsome volumes. The publication is postponed until about the end of January.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER is at Rome, and goes every day to the Sixtine Chapel to prepare a memoir forming a sequel to the one which he published under the title of "Une Visite à la Chapelle des Médicis."

THE greater part of the views in Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" have, it is said, been supplied by Her Majesty from Her private portfolio, and the touches of more than one Royal pen will be found in the work.

MR. SKEAT is to edit a second collection of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" for the Clarendon Press school series. A selection of Addison's "Spectator" papers, gathered under the different subjects they treat of, is also to be added to the Clarendon Press series.

AT Mr. Murray's trade sale, upwards of 5,000 copies of "Dr. Livingstone's Last Journals" were disposed of. The work is expected to be ready next month. Of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees, over 16,000 copies have been printed.

THE death is announced of Mr. James Gall, of the firm of Gall & Inglis, publishers, Edinburgh, at the advanced age of ninety-one. Mr. Gall, apart from his regular business, had much to do with the introduction into Scotland of the art of printing books for the blind.

M. ERNEST RENAN, having completed the "Mission en Phénicie," prosecutes his scientific labours on the Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum with the more vigour. Towards the close of his researches he contemplates a visit to England, where he has not yet been, for the purpose of working in the British Museum.

AN autobiography of some interest has been printed at Carlisle. It is that of Mrs. Fletcher, of Edinburgh, a lady who enjoyed the friendship of Lords Brougham, Jeffrey, and Cockburn, of Wordsworth, and many other literary celebrities of the end of last and the beginning of the present century.

THE death is announced of M. Taschereau, formerly director of the French National Library, and the author of a life of Molière. He was elected a member of the Assembly in 1848 and warmly supported Louis Napoleon, who, after the *coup d'état*, placed him at the head of the Library. He was 73 years of age.

MR. FREDERICK HARDMAN, who for about twenty-five years has acted as correspondent of the *Times* in different parts of Europe, has just died at Paris at the age of sixty-one. The *Times*, in concluding an obituary notice of the deceased gentleman, observes: "Nothing save an analysis of the contents of this journal for many years back would enable any one to appreciate the extent and magnitude of his work."

AN announcement having been copied by several journals, to the effect that an American firm was about to publish a book entitled "The Paths of Life," from the pen of the Princess Alice, an English contemporary states that Her Royal Highness has not written, and is not engaged upon any work of the kind. The advertisement thus copied is therefore declared to be untrue.

THE Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, of Callan, has in the press a work which will have the title of "Ultramontanism versus Civil and Religious Liberty." In this book, on which he has bestowed much labour, he will give a history of the rise and progress of Ultramontanism, and, while showing his complete adhesion to his church, will treat that section as foreign to its true and ancient spirit and doctrine. The book is written in a most temperate spirit, and will shortly appear.

THE next triennial prize of £300, under the will of the late Sir Astley P. Cooper, Bart., F. R.S., D.C.L., will be awarded to the author of the best essay or treatise on "The Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Sympathetic Nervous System." Candidates are informed that their essays, either written in the English language, or, if in a foreign language, accompanied by an English translation, must be sent to the physicians and surgeons of Guy's Hospital, on or before January 1, 1877, who are the adjudicators of the prize.

A CHAPTER OF FROISSART.

ROMAN DE GRAND-FERRÉ.

Austin Dobson.

You don't know Froissart now, young folks,
This age, I think, prefers recitals
Of high-spiced crime, with "slang" for jokes,
And startling titles;

But in my time, when still some few
Loved Horace yet, and praised Pope's *Homér*,
(Nay, thought to call him "poet" too,
Were scarce misnomer),

Sir John was less ignored. Indeed,
I can recall how Some-one present
(Who spoils her grandsons, Frank), would read,
And find him pleasant;

For by this copy hangs a Tale,
Long since, in an old house in Surrey
Where men knew more of "morning ale"
Than Lindley Murray,

In a dim-lighted, whip-hung hall,
Neath Hogarth's *Midnight Conversation*,
It stood; and oft, 'twixt Spring and Fall,
With strange elation,

I turned the brown old leaves. For there,
All through one hopeful happy Summer,
At such a page (I well knew where),
Some unseen comer,

Whom I can picture, "Trix, like you
(Though scarcely such a colt unbroken),
Would sometimes place secure from view
A certain token;—

A rose-leaf, meaning "Garden wall,"
An ivy-leaf for "Orchard corner,"
A thorn that said, "Don't come at all,"—
Unwelcome warner!

Not that, in truth, our friends gainsaid;
But then Romance required dissembling
(Ann Radcliffe taught us that!), which bred
Some genuine trembling;

Though as a rule all use to end
In such soft confidential parley
As may to you kind Fortune send,
You long-legged Charlie,

When your times comes. How years slip on!
We had our crosses like our betters;
Fate sometimes looked auster upon
Those floral letters;

And once, for one long week disdained,
The dust upon the folio settled,
For Some-one, in the right, was pained,
And Some-one nettled,

That sure was in the wrong, but spake
Of fixed intent and purpose stony
To serve King George and 'list and make
Minced-meat of "Boney,"

Who lived, not less, ten years at least.
Then last, when she I mean came hither
One day that need for letters ceased,
She brought this with her.

Here is the leaf-stained chapter:—*How
The English King laid siege to Calais*;
I think Gran knows it even now,—
Go ask her, Alice.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

AN ECCENTRIC.

The stories about the late Duke of Brunswick still abound. In 1831, shortly after being driven from his states, he took refuge in Paris, where he made extensive preparations for his restoration. The Government of Louis Philippe being apprised of the fact, attempted to thwart him. One day, the Minister of the Interior sent a police commissioner and some gendarmes to arrest him and conduct him to the Swiss frontier. It was not yet daylight, and the Duke was sleeping. A locksmith was called to force the locks of his chamber.

"Give me at least time to get up," he cried behind the curtains.

Half an hour elapsed, and he is ready. He is thrown into a post-chaise, and away the driver flies to the west. What was in the chaise? A certain Chevaly, a Gascon, who had a striking resemblance to the Duke, and was hired to fill his place. As to himself, disguised as a student, he went off to breakfast at a corner restaurant.

He made the acquaintance of Louis Napoleon in London. When the future Emperor was a prisoner at Ham, he sent him, through his treasurer, Mr. Smith, the sum of 80,000 francs. With this money the Prince effected his memorable escape. When the two met again in England, they signed a bargain to further their mutual plans. One was to have the French Empire—and he had it. The other was to have the German Empire, and, but for Woerth, might have had it.

After the *coup d'état*, the Duke took up his abode in Paris, where he indulged in all sorts of eccentricities. He was accompanied by an enormous *chasseur*, who wore a hat with floating plumes and the epaulettes of a general. He was followed by valets, each of whom carried a long cane topped with a golden knob. In later years, he had in his service a magnificent Nubian, ebony-visaged and of gigantic stature, whose costume was estimated at 200,000 francs. To his broad oriental cincture was attached a yatagan dazzling with chiselings and precious stones. At his side hung a sabre of Damascus. His large turban, with its marvellous arabesques, was surmounted by an *aigrette* of diamonds. One night, as the Duke was retiring from a great ball, given by the ex-King Jerome, at the Palais Royal, he waited a few minutes in the vestibule until his carriage was announced. When the blackamoor approached to receive the orders of his master, the large crowd of guests gathered around to have a look at the stunning African. The Duke, annoyed at this indiscretion, exclaimed, in his most strident voice:

"Negro, open a passage! Draw your sabre, if necessary!"

Instantly the elegant ladies, the senators, the ministers, and other Imperial dignitaries scattered right and left.

While still on the throne, the Duke of Brunswick had marriedmorganatically a young Englishwoman, daughter of Lady Colville. From this union issued a daughter, named Countess of Colmar. At the age of seventeen this young lady changed her religion. From that date the Prince would have nothing to do with her or hers. He disinherited her. She married the Count de Civry, and had seven children. In the hour of the French disasters, one of these grandchildren, the Viscount de Civry, was among the first to take up arms against Germany. But even this conduct did not touch the Duke, notwithstanding that he detested Prussia with all his soul.

The life of this eccentric man at his pink Hotel de Beaujon was wonderful. Every day, for three long hours, he had a painter to touch up his cheeks, nose, and eyes. He kept thirty thoroughbreds in his stables, and never used more than one. He spent one half of his time contemplating his diamonds. His gold, bank-notes, and stock shares were all padlocked. He had forty servants blazing with gold and finery. He paid them well, but would not allow them to eat at the palace. There was no kitchen there. Believing that the other Princes were always seeking his death, he saw a poisoner in every cook. He had his meals brought to him from outside, in a kind of a box the key of which hung suspended from his neck, or else he would eat at some restaurant on the boulevards. He would often jump from his carriage into a confectioner's shop, and, in the space of ten minutes, consume a Napoleon's worth of sweets.

When he died, his fortune was found to foot up three hundred millions of francs, or sixty millions of dollars, the whole of which he bequeathed to the city of Geneva. But for the Prussian war and the Commune, he would have died in Paris, which he loved above all the places in the world. J. L.

VARIETIES.

EVERY fashionable woman in Paris of a certain style hangs to her belt an alms-bag, a fan, a card-case, a pocket-book, an umbrella, a turnip-watch, a pin-cushion, some ivory tablets, and a little mirror.

NAPOLEON I.'s grande armée is not yet entirely a thing of the past. France and her colonies still contain 25,000 veterans who fought under the Petit Corporal, most of them being nonagenarians.

A WARNING to doctors is issued by the San Francisco *News Letter*, which announces its intention in future of publishing after each death notice the name of the attending physician.

THERE is an *on dit* that a marriage is being negotiated between Prince Louis Napoleon, son of the Empress Eugénie and the late Emperor of the French, and a daughter of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and Count Strougonoff.

NELSON'S old ship, the *Victory*, is to be refitted with her former guns and equipments, and once more exhibited to visitors at Portsmouth. The guns will have to be hunted out from a quantity of unused cannon at Woolwich Arsenal. The *Victory* has lately been used as tender to the Portsmouth flagship, but still retains the plate on her deck marking the spot where Nelson fell.

M. VICTOR Hugo is expected in Guernsey, but merely for a short visit, in order to arrange his private affairs in that Island prior to quitting it for good. The great author has decided on relinquishing Hauteville House as a residence, and in future will live permanently in Paris. His daughter Mademoiselle Charles Hugo and her children, Georges and Jeanne, who are now in Genoa, will also take up their abode with M. Victor Hugo in Paris.

LIEUTENANT Zubowitz, an Austrian officer, who undertook for a wager to ride his own horse from Vienna to Paris in 15 days, accomplished his feat, arriving at the Place du Trône, with a few hours to spare. But for a slight accident to his horse, which is of Hungarian breed and of average size, he would have arrived a day sooner. The horse did not appear exhausted by its long journey. About 300 persons, some of whom had bets amounting to \$500,000 depending on the event, had assembled to witness the lieutenant's arrival.

SUGGESTIVE figures.—The population of New York city, according to the last census, is 942,292. The transient population is about 30,000, of which, in round numbers, 5,000 are seamen, 10,000 guests at hotels, and 10,000 guests at boarding-houses. The estimated number of persons married during the year is 20,000; the births, 35,000; the deaths, 27,000. The money spent for public schools is about \$3,000,000; the money spent in public amusements, \$7,000,000; the money spent for liquors in saloons and other licensed establishments, about \$50,000,000!

WHEN the King of Hanover arrived lately from Biarritz, at his residence in the Avenue Montagne, Paris, the architect, workmen, and servants of the house had decked the principal staircase with plants. Two ivory-covered columns bore the white and yellow flag of that country, and an escutcheon with the arms of his Majesty surrounded with the words, "God bless the King of Hanover." The Princess Frederica, who acts as Antigone to the blind Monarch, was moved to tears on seeing the ornamentation and inscription, and explained them to her father, who thanked with great warmth the persons concerned.

M. THIERS, whilst visiting Italy, did not escape the penalties of greatness. One day the ex-President was at a museum, and with his well-known love of art was closely inspecting some pictures, while in order to study them more at his ease, he had taken off his famous drab hat and placed it on a seat. When M. Thiers was ready to go he sought for his hat, but in vain. At last the *guardian*, smiling, showed him the lost head-piece, surmounting a statue of Clio. M. Thiers naturally endeavoured to remove his property from the poetic Muse, but the *guardian* prevented him, saying severely, "Do not touch it, you ought to know that your hat belongs to history." So M. Thiers went hatless away.

THE DAILY life of Pius IX. is minutely described by a French journal. Summer and winter alike, he rises at half past five, dresses unaided, performs his morning devotions in a favourite private chapel which contains some curious relics—a fragment of the Bethlehem manger, a portion of the Cross, a piece of the skull of John the Baptist, and several of St. Peter's teeth. At half-past seven he celebrates mass, then has his breakfast—soup and black coffee—and afterwards receives Cardinal Antonelli. Together they read and answer the Pope's letters, and His Holiness glances at the *Osservatore* and the *Voce della Verità*. Then come the private audiences, and at half-past one dinner is served, consisting of vegetables, fried fish, and fruit. The afternoon is spent in the Vatican Gardens, more audiences follow, and at nine o'clock a plain supper of soup and boiled potatoes, after which Pius IX. goes to rest in an iron bedstead, without curtains, the only carpet in his room being a tiny strip at the side of the bed.

COURRIER DES DAMES.

THE FASHIONS.—The following are the directions:—

1. BLACK VELVET BASQUE. Made out of black velvet with lustre lining and thin cotton-wool basting. The trimming is composed of pearls and double border of feathers and wool. The hat and muff are likewise trimmed with plumes.

2. FLOWER HEAD-DRESS WITH PLUMES. Our illustration consists of two roses, one a simple rose and the other a tea-rose, with dark foliage and a *pleureuse*.

3. HEAD-DRESS WITH BOWS AND AIGRETTE. The bows may be made of dark-blue velvet or reps. The aigrette may be constructed of round, long, blue glass-beads.

4. HEAD-DRESS WITH POUFFS AND BRAIDS. On the front of the head or *toupet* there are pouffs of hair; on the top there are braids ranged in order or ranks. The back hair falls natural or loose on the neck.

5. HEAD-DRESS WITH LONG LOCKS. This style is particularly becoming young girls. The crown is lofty, resting on triple cords of braid, and set off by a broad bow of ribbon at the back. The locks consist of the border hair under the side hair, and connected with the remaining back hair.

6. GATHERED WAIST-SKIRT. Dress of bright blue taffeta with corn-yellow edgings or braid. The under waist and shoulder sleeves are of blue and yellow silk.

7-8. MANTLE OVERDRESS. This beautiful mantle pattern fits tightly at the waist, and tucks up at the sides. It may be made of velvet or cloth. The trimming, in the smaller illustration, is of fourfold braid. Hat and muff to match are of yellow-brown and black fur, such as lynx and bear, with black velvet band and bow. The buttons of the mantle are of oxydised metal.

9. WAIST-SKIRT. Very simple and elegant, made out of cloth without much garniture. Whatever trimmings may be introduced in the shape of bows on the sides should be of velvet, corresponding in shade with the skirt itself.

WHAT TO TEACH OUR DAUGHTERS.—Give them a good substantial common education. Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them how to make shirts. Teach them how to make bread. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlor. Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save. Teach them that the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor house. Teach them to wear calico dresses—and to do it like queens. Teach them that a rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives. Teach them to wear thick warm shoes. Teach them to foot up store bills. Teach them that God made them in his own image, and that no amount of tight-lacing will improve the model. Teach them every day, hard, practical, common sense. Teach them self reliance. Teach them that a good steady mechanic, without a cent, is worth a dozen oily-pates in broad cloth. Teach them not to have anything to do with intemperate and dissolute young men. Teach them accomplishments—music, painting, drawing, etc., if you have the time and money to it with. Teach them not to paint and powder. Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of their beaux. Teach them to attend to the essential requisites of a useful life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then at a suitable time to marry. Rely upon it, that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

THE BEST EDUCATION.—Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of their parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their own children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficiently for both, let them first use what they have for their own household. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, or the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious but excellent mental training in lively social argument. Cultivate to the utmost all the graces of home conversation.

MOTHER.—Mother is a word to which every bosom responds. It finds its way to our hearts in our youth and retains its hold upon us in our age. If fathers are looked up to for precept, principle and example, mothers are relied on for tenderness and enduring affection. Fathers are strongholds of safety, mothers are sources of love and consolation. The word "mother" is as a soft, balmy breeze coming up from the valley, sweet, soothing and grateful, cooling the fevered brow, calming the ruffled spirit, and tranquilizing the agitated heart. What voice was ever like the tender, soft voice of a mother?

WHO NOT TO MARRY.—Don't marry a man who wears an eyeglass, or tight boots with high heels, who curls his hair or moustache, who puts scent in his whiskers, or who bleaches his eyelids, cuts his finger-nails long and pointed, carefully cut in an almond shape, who wears four-button gloves, takes six and three-quarters, and tells you so, who, if he is dark, wears a red

cravat, if he be fair a sky-blue one—there is no surer indication of a man's character than his necktie—I always look at that first; who has enamelled visiting-cards and a brilliant monogram and who always wears a rosebud in his button-hole.

Don't marry a man who keeps bulldogs. He is sure to be like them.

Don't marry a man who gets up early. Nothing makes a person so insufferably conceited.

Don't marry a man whom nobody ever says any evil of. Be sure that he is a poor creature.

Don't marry a good-natured man. Good nature is to a man what the gilt-leaf with which naughty boys sometimes adorn a sparrow is to that unhappy bird. All other sparrows surround and peck at him.

POWER OF GENTLENESS.—No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words—by bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet, guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been most successful labourers among the poor and vicious have been the most forbearing.

WHAT THE HEART IS.—The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seeds, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experiences of life that sway and bow us either with joy or sorrow. They plant everything round about us with heart seeds. Thus a house becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them; every door and window is clustered with associations.

PUNCTUALITY.—Punctuality is not a large sounding word, hence not a few of us are inclined to undervalue its importance; yet this is wrong, for to punctuality we owe, in a measure, our success in many an undertaking. Not a few of those who have arisen to eminence have attributed their advancement to their punctuality. And in that character, which we love best to cultivate, we find it an adorning trait. The punctuality of Washington is proverbial. It is said of George III. that an appointment was never ahead of him; of Nelson, that one always found him waiting; and with Admiral Napier punctuality was a cardinal virtue. It may seem of little moment to be punctual, but, to use the words of an eminent theologian, "our life is made up of little things." Our attention to them is the index of our character, often the scales by which it is weighed. Punctuality requires no undue exertion, and its influence is a most salutary one. Its cultivation seems the more important as we witness the deleterious influence of dilatoriousness in habit, the evil effect of which none deny. "Better late than never," transformed into "Better never late," is an excellent maxim. Whether we move in the higher walks of life, or tread the quiet paths of humble pursuits, punctuality amply repays us for what little effort we make in its cultivation, and many it has richly rewarded. Allied to perseverance and industry, it will crown life with success.

A NOBLE PRIMA DONNA.

Lucy H. Hooper writes to the Philadelphia Press from Paris: "Does any one of our opera-goers remember Miss Elise Hensler, who some years ago made her appearance on our operatic boards, and who, after a brief season of success, sailed for Europe and returned no more. She is now, under the title of the Countess d'Edla, the wife of Don Ferdinand, the ex-King of Portugal. I remember seeing her on the occasion of her debut in New York, when she personated, if I remember rightly, *Donna Elvira*, in 'Don Giovanni.' She was a tall and handsome young girl then, with most beautiful dark-blue eyes and a certain womanly grace of demeanour which was very attractive. She is said to fill her new position in society most admirably, and to grace it by reason of her charms and her talents. Turn to the 'Almanach de Gotha,' that chronicle of royalty, and there will her name be found inscribed side by side with those of true royal blood, which is a tolerably long step in the social scale for an American actress to achieve. Lately, when passing through Paris, she and her royal spouse went to pay a visit to the Baron de S—, who possesses a superb collection of antique gems, medals, &c., and who is a personal friend of King Ferdinand's. While there, the lady expressed her admiration of an exquisite antique cameo, which, mounted as a scarf pin, occupied a conspicuous post in one of the cases devoted to the collection. 'If the King will permit me, Madame,' said the Baron, 'I shall be only too happy to offer it for your acceptance as a *souvenir* of this visit.' Permission was graciously accorded, and the pin was placed in the lady's hands. With her sweetest smile she unclasped the brooch of fine pearls which fastened her shawl, threw it out of the open window, and replaced it by the Baron's gift. Was there ever a more graceful, if costly, compliment paid to the giver of a present?"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON.—The election in Montreal West has had an interest far beyond the limits of the city. It was looked forward to with the utmost eagerness all over the country. There are two reasons for this, first, the importance of the constituency, which is the largest in the Dominion, and secondly, the squareness of the issue, Mr. Fred MacKenzie being a devoted friend of the Government, and Mr. Thomas White, an open opponent of the same. In view of these facts, we have chosen it as the representative type of a Parliamentary duel, and we think our readers will allow that the artist of the NEWS has done justice to the subject. We are indebted to W. Sawyer for the photograph of Mr. MacKenzie, and to Notman's for those of Mr. White, Hon. Mr. Penny, Mr. McCord, Mr. Perry and Mr. Davidson.

MONTREAL FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Everything considered, the Fire Brigade of Montreal may be said to compare favourably with that of any city on this continent. Thanks to the Fire Committees which have succeeded each other in the City Council, its equipment has been thorough, while its efficiency is due to the zeal and activity of the men. Residents in large cities like Montreal are too apt to overlook the immense obligations under which they lie towards their firemen.

As the present writer had lately occasion to say:—

Honour to the brave,
Who risk their lives to save
Our loved ones and our homes from fire!
In the murky depths of night
In the stillly solitude
Of sleep,
They keep
Sharp watches and they brood
With bended ear and sight
Over the least alarm
Of harm;
And they never, never tire!
When the lurid flames shoot high,
Veiling the starry sky,
And cinders fly like rain
Blown in a hurricane;
When the infant's cry rings shrill,
And the mother, kneeling wild
Upon the window sill,
With long hair disarrayed,
Calls out for manly aid
To save her burning child;
When strong men in their fright
Circled by walls of fire,
Forget their mind and might,
And sink upon the floor,
As victims on a pyre,
To rise no more;
Who come like lightning sped,
With strong arm and bright eye,
With stout heart and cool head,
The fiery beast to tame,
And rescue from the flame,
The souls that else would die!
OUR FIREMEN!
Honour and guerdon then
To heroes such as these;
Grudge not a paltry wage
To cheer their hours of ease,
And to assuage
Their illness or old age.

L. O. LORANGER.—This gentleman who represents the St. Louis ward in the City Council of Montreal, is an advocate of extensive practice, and a gentleman of the highest social standing. As a Municipal Officer, no member bears a better reputation for honour, ability and moderation than Alderman Loranger. On the nomination of Mr. Betournay to a Judgeship in Manitoba, he was raised to the onerous and responsible position of Chairman of the Fire Committee. What he has accomplished in that position, during the past three years, is well-known to every citizen of Montreal. By calculation, by consultation, by official visits to the United States, he has managed to discover what his Department lacked, and by his great and persistent influence in the City Council, he has succeeded in supplying the deficiencies. Babcocks, Skinner-ladders, a second steam engine, new hose and a variety of other apparatus were secured by him, and he has further laboured in improving the efficiency of the men themselves.

ALEXANDER BERTRAM. This gentleman is perhaps the oldest permanent paid Chief Engineer in America. He was born in Scotland and settled in Montreal in 1834, where, on his arrival, he attached himself to the Volunteer Fire Department, then in existence. In 1841, the town was incorporated and a better system of fire practice was originated under the late Mr. Bronsdon. The men were paid so much for each fire. At that time, Mr. Bertram attached himself to No. 4 Engine Company, under the late Capt. Brown. Shortly afterward, he was appointed Branchman, a position which he held for about a year, when he was raised to a Lieutenantcy, then a Captaincy. He served in that capacity till 1849, when he was named Assistant Engineer. In 1852, he was called to be Chief Engineer, and immediately set about the work of reform. Instead of depending on carters' horses to take engines and reels to fires, he had horses belonging to the corporation attached to each Station. About the time that the new waterworks were projected, his great desire was to disband the volunteer department and have a permanent paid brigade. This he finally succeeded in obtaining by having the number reduced, and at the completion of the present waterworks, the brigade was decreased from over 300 to 39 men and then regularly salaried. In 1873 the department was raised to 56 men, with one Chief, 3 Assistants, and one hose maker. Mr. Bertram was also a strong advocate of the Fire Alarm Telegraph which was put in full operation in 1863. Our worthy Chief is still hale and hearty, always at his post, beloved by all his men, and known throughout Canada and the United States as a representative fireman.

WILLIAM ORNE McROBIE. This splendid fireman was born in Perth, Scotland, on the 8th January 1837. His father was a prominent citizen of that city and member of the Municipal Council. William emigrated in 1850 to Montreal, and in 1851, joined the volunteer Fire Department as torch boy in the Queen, No. 5 Engine Company. He was put on the full strength of the department in 1853, at the age of 16, although the age fixed by law was 18. In 1857, he was named assistant Branchman to No. 3 Coy. In 1860 when the Fire Brigade was re-organised, he received the appointment of No. 2 Station, in Court House Square. In 1871, he was promoted to the Captaincy of the Salvage corps.

Among the portraits of other gentlemen connected with the Fire Department of this city, we had intended to have presented that of ALFRED PERRY, Esq, so long and favourably known as a leading spirit of "Montreal Firemen," and to have accompanied it with an extended biography of this eventful life. Mr. Perry is at this time the General Manager of the "Royal Canadian Insurance Company," a flourishing institution founded mainly through his personal influence and exertions. A full account of his career has been prepared for this paper but we have been compelled to defer its publication with the portrait to our next issue.

NUREMBERG.—Every visitor to Europe is acquainted with this interesting old city, the toy market of Germany, and one of the most remarkable specimens of mediæval antiquity. To the literary man, it is likewise dear for the memory of Han Sachs and other ancient worthies whom Longfellow has immortalized in one of his earliest poems.

FIRE AT YOUNG'S ELEVATOR.—A fire on the night of the 1st inst, destroyed J. M. Young's elevator, on the canal basin, Montreal. It originated in the lower flat and took full possession of the lower and bins before the firemen could get at it. The fire was a magnificent spectacle, and attracted an immense crowd of spectators. Loss \$30,000 fully covered by insurance. Peck and Benny's nail works had a narrow escape, as also the steamer *Charlotte* which was frozen up in the basin opposite. The firemen were much endangered by the fall of the elevator tower. Two were burned badly by the iron plates on the roof getting red hot, curling up and falling.

ROYAL YACHT CLUB BALL.—The annual ball of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club took place at Toronto, on the night of the 23rd ult. It is said to have surpassed anything ever witnessed in the great Ontario metropolis. The place chosen was the Grand Opera House. That beautiful building had been for the night turned into a most magnificent ball room. A temporary floor extended over the stage and the tops of the parquette chairs back as far as the balcony, and around it for the safety of the dancers was a light railing. Above the stage was erected a marquee with both ends open. Inside the imitation drapery of the proscenium flags were suspended. Well back towards the rear of the stage a scene representing a cataract in the foreground, with mountains further back, was set. On the arrival of the guests, they were received by the Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the club. In the course of the evening an excellent supper was served. The band, a very fine one, occupied a position in the balcony, and this portion of the house was the resort during the evening, of a great many who could there enjoy a quiet chat and watch the throng below. The upper gallery had its occupants, chiefly ladies and gentlemen who had come to see much more than to be seen, being in their ordinary costumes. The boxes were also filled during the evening. The conventional black uniforms of the gentlemen were varied by a great many of the handsome gold ornamented ones of the members of the Yacht Club. On the following gentlemen devolved the duty of conducting the ball—Dr. Spragge, W. Armstrong, S. T. Robertson, Capt. Wyatt, J. H. Biscoe, J. Ford, and W. Baines.

NEW MUSIC.

As we have concluded arrangements to make musical criticism a special department of the NEWS, it is a source of gratification that the compositions, submitted to us this week for review, are worthy of commendation. In every young country where the taste for high art needs to be cultivated, criticism should be genial and not unnecessarily severe. While, therefore, we shall have no patience with trifling compositions, or pieces that have no claims but pretension and effrontery, we shall always be pleased to say a good word for honourable endeavour, and help all we can the cause of genuine merit.

To-day we acknowledge receipt, from the well-known firm of Louis Meyer, Philadelphia, of the following pieces. They are for sale by C. C. DeZouche & Co., of Montreal:

AVE MARIA. Quartette in F, by R. Zeckwer. A good composition, not difficult, and well adapted for choirs.

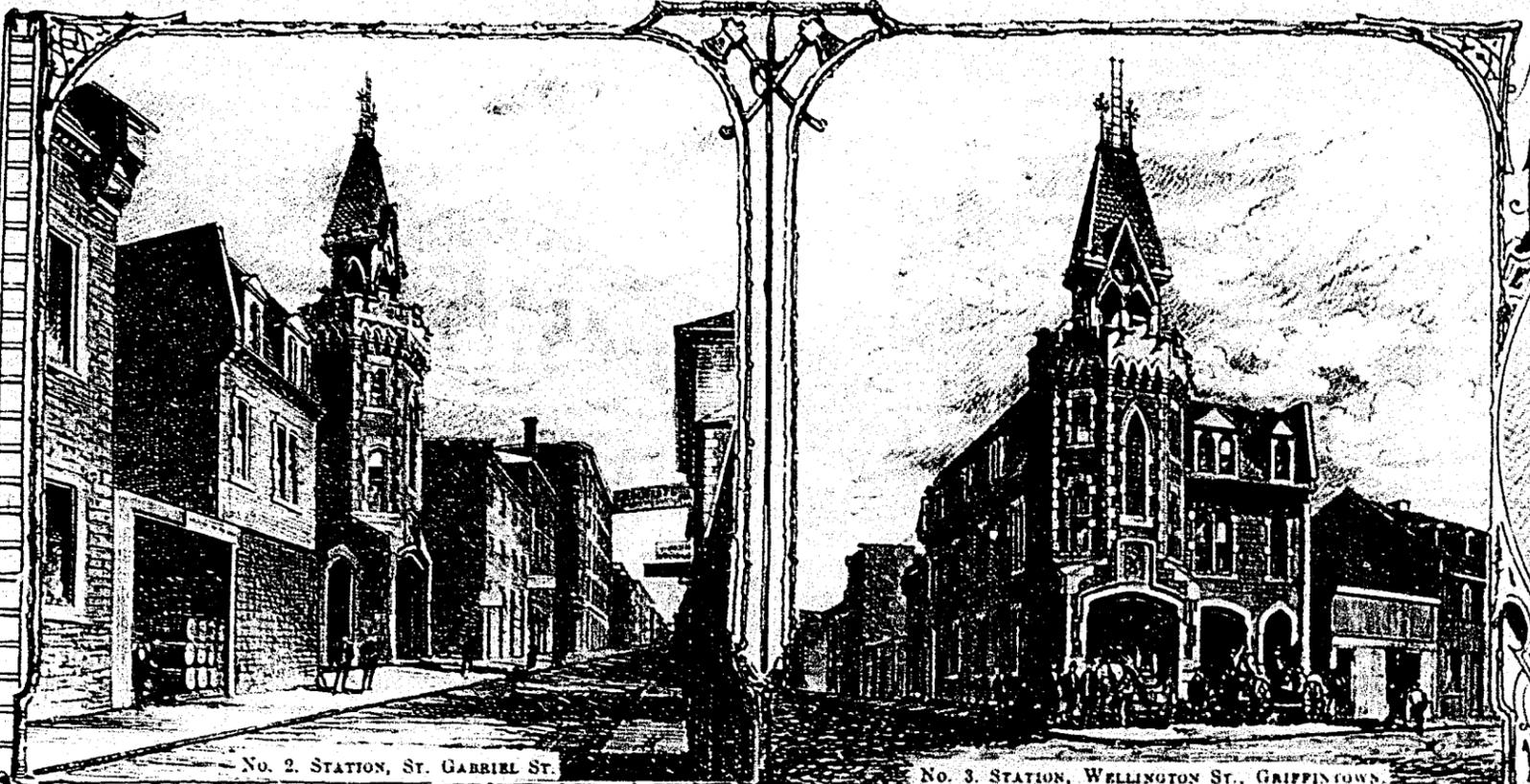
ECHOES. Solo and chorus, by A. Loumey. This composition has merit, but its defect is a little monotony.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE. This is also by Loumey. The song is plain, not difficult, and melodious.

CERTAINTY. By F. Abt. A very good and effective song.

THE STAR. By Karl Collan. A pleasing song from the North.

VIRTUOSO MARCH, for the piano, by A. Loumey. An easy march, which will hardly have the effect on the player and listener represented by the title page.

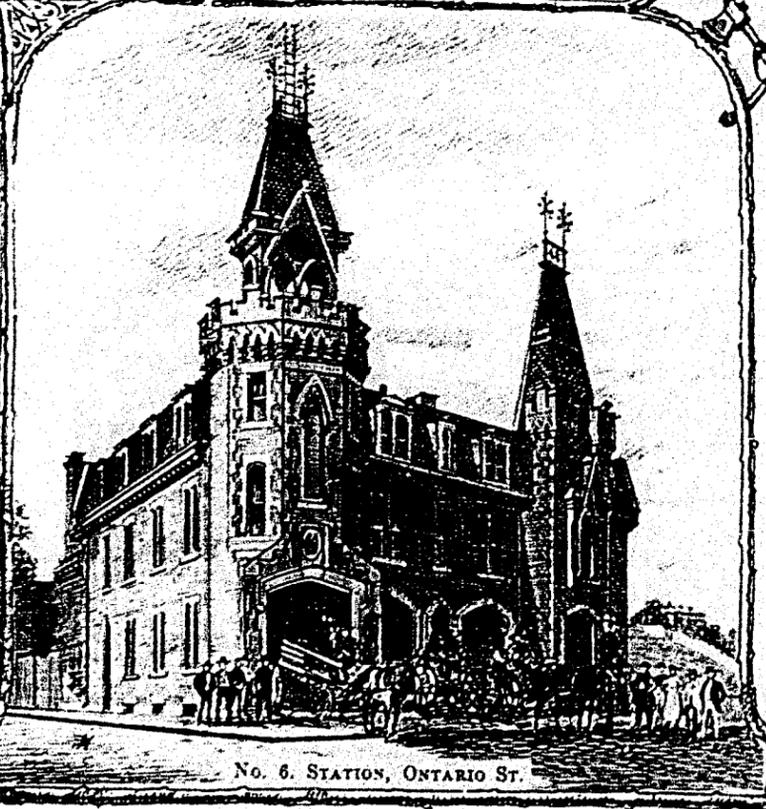


No. 2. STATION, ST. GABRIEL ST.

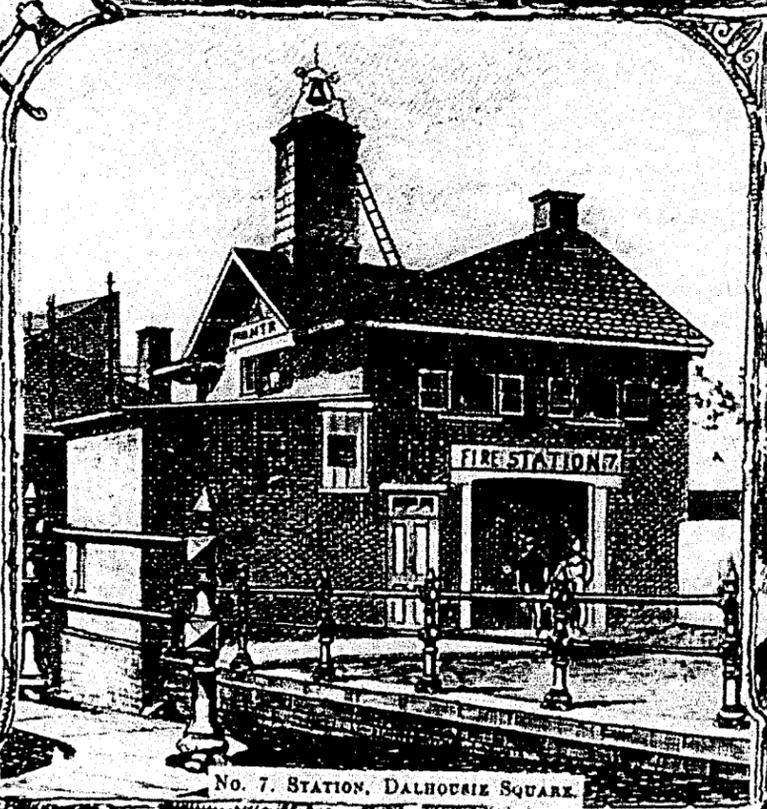
No. 3. STATION, WELLINGTON ST., GRIFFINCOWN.



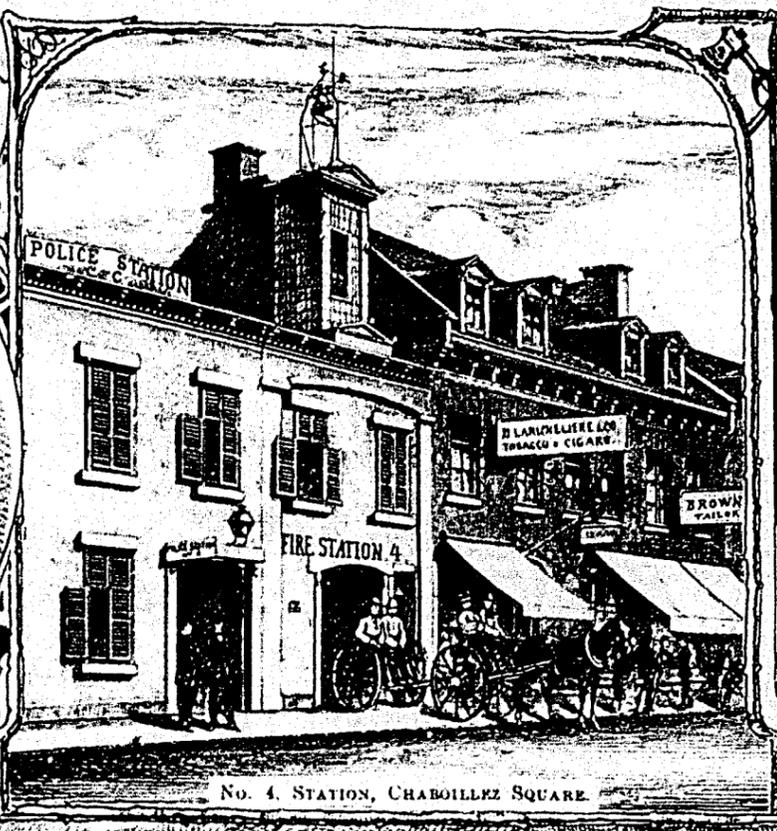
ALEXANDER BERTRAM



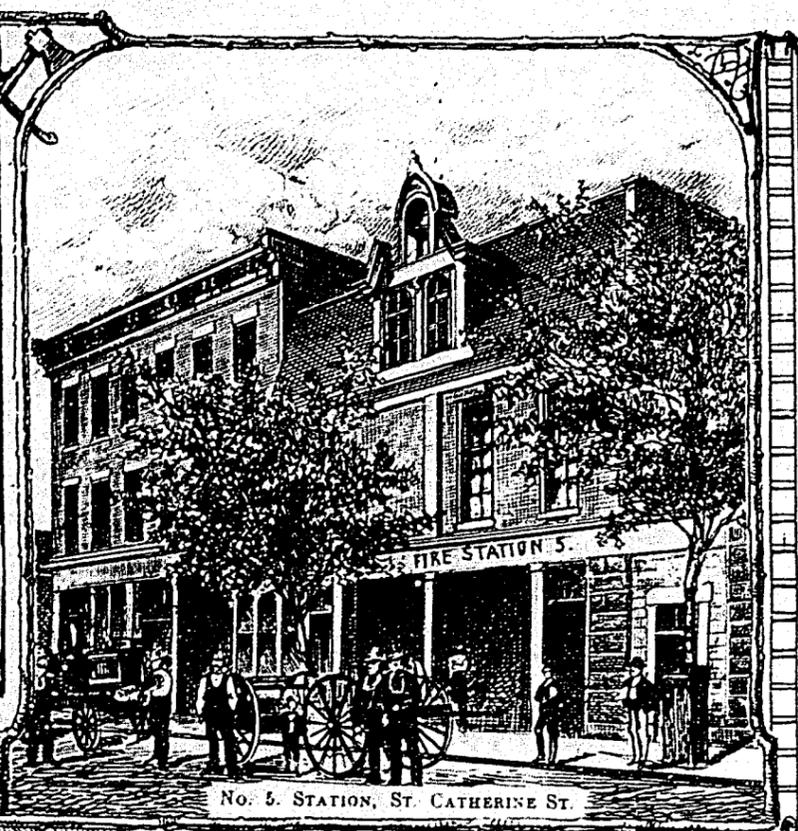
No. 6. STATION, ONTARIO ST.



No. 7. STATION, DALHOUSIE SQUARE.



No. 4. STATION, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE.



No. 5. STATION, ST. CATHERINE ST.



ON, CRAIG ST.



WILLIAM MCRORIE



No. 8. STATION, GAIN ST., PAPINEAU SQUARE.



No. 9. STATION, CENTRE ST., POINT ST. CHARLES.

IAN FIRE COMMITTEE, CHIEF ENGINEER, AND CAPTAIN SALVAGE CORPS.

DEPARTMENT.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

President MACMAHON's message seems to have given general satisfaction, each party imagining it to be directed against its opponents.

The stock held in the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway by the city of Hamilton is to be sold to the Great Western Railway at 60 cents on the dollar.

The Pope has absolutely refused to recommend bishops imprisoned in Brazil to resign their sees as a measure for the reconciliation of their differences with the Government of that country.

The Republican general SALAMANCA at Bilbao, is making a diversion upon Orduña, while General LOMA is operating in Guipuzcoa. The object of these movements is to weaken the lines of the Carlist General MENDRIE, which now prevent the re-advancing of Pampeluna. Opposed to SALAMANCA is the Carlist General, MORONJO; and General EGANS conducts the defensive operations against the Republican general LOMA. Five thousand men, under the latter, have landed at San Sebastian.

A deputation of Roman Catholics from England have proceeded to congratulate the Westphalian countesses who were recently fined for signing a seditious address to the Bishop of Paderborn, sympathising with him in his imprisonment for resistance to the Ecclesiastical laws.

The By-law granting a bonus of \$100,000 to the Huron and Quebec Railway, has been carried at Perth by a majority of 126. The polling stood, at the close, 137 for and 11 against the By-law.

The Toronto Curling Club played the first match this season on the river Don on Saturday, it being a contest between the President and Vice-President; one rink a side; ice in fair condition. At the close of the game, the President's rink was 23 shots to his opponent's eight. The new rink in Adelaide street is now ready for flooding.

The command of the British expedition to the Arctic regions has been given to Captain George Sears, now in command of Her Majesty's ship Challenger.

A revolution has broken out in the Republic of Uruguay.

It is rumored that the establishment of a line of steamships is contemplated from Baltimore to some port in France, probably Marseilles, by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

The emigrants who have gone from Germany under the representations of Brazilian agents are said to have returned in the most destitute condition, and the Government has issued a circular warning the people against these agents.

Telegraphic communication with Manitoba was cut off for several days last week. The first twenty-four miles of the Trans-Continental Telegraph line are completed. They had a gang of fifty men clearing the track to the width of 132 feet, for the railway and telegraph from Red River to the Narrows of Lake Manitoba, last week. Another gang of forty men will commence chopping for the track from the Narrows to Fort Pelly.

The report that the trial of Count Von Arnim has been postponed is incorrect. An application of his counsel for a postponement has been rejected.

There was a slight mutiny in Madrid on the 3rd, by a battalion of troops who refused to obey the order to proceed to the North. The demonstration was soon suppressed without bloodshed and tranquility was restored in the barracks. The battalion subsequently proceeded to its destination.

The Quebec Legislature met on the 3d inst.

THE BEETHOVEN QUINTETTE CLUB.

The third annual visit of this distinguished musical association, which hails from Boston, the Hub of the American Art Universe, has met with the deserved success that crowned each previous periodical appearance. It is difficult to say whether the individual members of the Club have attained any greater skill, or whether the ensemble is more harmonious, and reveals a higher perfection, than in the past year, when all thought their execution had reached the acme of precision and good taste.

Probably the most recent experience dims the remembrance of the more distant pleasure. But we remain under the impression that Monday night's concert brought forth more power, more sweetness, more perfect command of each performer over his instrument, than at any former hearing. The selections were excellent, and Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mercadante, and Weber, were never better interpreted. It was however a great disappointment to the large and most elegant audience assembled in Association Hall, to be deprived of the presence and the songs of Mrs. J. M. Osgood, who was suffering from severe cold. The gaps in the programme, caused by her non-appearance, were filled by good music, doubtless. But it is difficult to listen with unalloyed pleasure, for two hours, to an uninterrupted performance of instrumental music, even of the most refined description—and the regret of the audience at this *contretemps* was evident, though kindly suppressed. We hope to have these gentlemen again when Mrs. Osgood shall have recovered the use of her voice, and can vary the entertainment by her charming ballads.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

"FILIAL OBLIGATIONS!"

Since my last notice of my mother-in-law's visit, I have been the recipient of a number of violent letters from married ladies, one of which I give verbatim as a specimen. It would seem from all of them that my remarks on the subject were not very favourably received by this influential and important class of individuals.

"Mr. JOEL PHIPPS.

"SIR,—It was needless for you to omit putting your *euphonious* name to the bottom of your last article in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS—everybody could recognize the author. I read your insulting references to my sex more than a year ago, and I often felt then like acquainting you with a few of my sentiments concerning yourself, but I thought it scarcely worth my while. But your remarks last week were such an outrage on everything that is decent, that I can be silent no longer. You are evidently a *brute*. You are confessedly reducing your wife to a condition of abject slavery, crushing all noble impulses out of her nature, and making her the mere victim of your caprice. But it seems it is not enough to make her the creature of your arbitrary will, but you must poison the fountains of natural affection. You would induce her, for the sake of gratifying your brutal wish, to become undutiful to a fond mother, to whom she owes the most sacred duties of life. You would make her recreant to her filial obligations!

Cruel and benighted man! Unfortunate and deluded wife! The latter is to be pitied; you are to be despised!

"There is no force or reason in any of your observations. Mothers-in-law have often been the kindest and most useful friend to a young and inexperienced married couple, and you ought to have had sufficient experience to convince the most stupid that on some occasions their services are most valuable, and dearly prized by every young mother.

"I have only one hope for you, Mr. Phipps, and that is that some day, by some means or other, you will learn to exercise a little sense in what you do—enough at least to prevent you from publishing the most wicked and abominable ideas on subjects which you evidently know nothing about.

"Yours truly,

"MALINDA HIGGINS."

My dear Mrs. Higgins, you are extremely severe—unnecessarily so, for I am one of the most gentle and harmless of men. You are mistaken in regard to the "crushed" condition of my wife; you ask Clara herself if she is oppressed or the victim of any caprice. Possibly you will wish you hadn't. My system, Mrs. Higgins, is designed as much, and more, for the benefit of gentle women as for the happiness and peace of men. I have a thorough conviction that it is calculated to be mutually advantageous.

There was a time when woman was looked upon as something delicate, modest, and effeminate; when she was regarded as too precious to be mixed up in the brawls and bickerings of the world; when her existence was valuable as the angel of home and the charming divinity who should throw the joy of her presence and the sunshine of her kindly smiles over the domestic circle; when she should bless men with her confiding love, and should please them with her sweet dependence. But it would seem that this race of women was fast disappearing from the face of earth, and in their place were arising very Amazons: women who are savagely independent, haughty and repulsive in tone and manner, eager for the broils and excitement of public life, wilful and self-confident, headstrong, masculine, and prepared for any emergency. They seek to cultivate nothing of the pure womanly, aim not to please men by unaffected simplicity of manner, but only to fight them or show their independence of them. This is a fair picture of the tendencies of modern society.

Now, Mrs. Higgins, I will not conceal from you the fact that I would desire to stem this disposition on the part of women to unsex themselves. I would take young girls and train them to be gentle and womanly. I would take a young married woman, with her heart tender and her nature confiding, and, preserving her religiously from contact with such vixenish champions of Woman's Rights as I can imagine you to be, I would lead her more and more to depend upon and repose in her husband. I would aim to make husbands more manly, that they might the more easily command the unlimited respect and confidence of their wives.

Something must be done to make the next generation of women more womanly than the present—taking them as a whole. In order to accomplish this, men must stand firmly on their manhood; and, being naturally stronger than the girls they are apt to meet, they will, in each individual case, be able to effectually subjugate their own girl. Then their next and most important duty is to separate her from contact with, and the poisonous influences of, old crones, and spiteful, independent, and supercilious women everywhere. Each husband has got to look after his own interests, and protect his own wife.

This is just what I have undertaken to do, Mrs. Higgins, and I am abundantly satisfied with the results. I am master of the situation—not by the superiority of brute force, not by any overbearing assumptions, but simply by the superior strength of a manhood that is willing to undertake the stern duties of life, and face the keen conflicts of the world. Clara, also, is mistress of the situation—not by bold and arrogant assertions of authority, not by calm and dogged

maintenance of right, but by the more potent influence of a sweet womanly disposition that shrinks from any gross assumptions of any kind. Under these circumstances, we live perfectly happy, and are strangers to discords and wranglings. Can this be affirmed of a single instance where a wife is forever standing on her rights, and guarding with jealous watchfulness lest, in some way or other, she will be outdone?

I think a just and discriminating public will excuse me for endeavouring to preserve the love and happiness of my home from the blighting influences of selfish and fanatical female agitators. It will even sustain me in making my home too pure to be pleasant to a mischief-making mother-in-law; and, in saying this, I wish to place my wife rightly in this matter. She is not deficient in the proper affection for her mother. If her services were needed at any time, she would be ready to filially discharge them. But the presence of the old lady is not required with us, and if she can be well cared for at her own premises, there, by all means, let her stay. I may frankly confess that we have not reached that period when the services of a mother-in-law become indispensable, although, when I return to my home each evening, a chubby-faced boy and a wee bit of a girl are ready to welcome me.

Ah! no, Mrs. Higgins, I am not a "brute," because I contend for effeminacy in woman; I am not a "brute" because I would banish such women as you to Van Dieman's Land; I am only doing a piece of justice to your own sex, and striving to promote domestic happiness and social enjoyment. Your pernicious notions are robbing woman of her chief charms, and home of its best joys.

JOEL PHIPPS.

A REMINISCENCE OF WEBSTER.

The Boston Journal says: "A quarter of a century is indeed a period of time which covers volumes crowded with momentous events. Especially is this true of the past twenty-five years. And yet we can scarcely realize that it was so long ago that the Sons of New Hampshire passed in procession through our streets to the hall over the Fitchburgh Railroad depot, which was adorned with sketches suggestive of the Granite Hills, and decorated with mottoes which had the aroma of the native land of those assembled to do honour to their native State. The idea of calling together the Sons of New Hampshire resident in Boston originated with Dr. J. V. C. Smith, who was subsequently mayor of the city, and is still living. The suggestion was novel, and it took a popular form in the hands of a competent executive committee, of which Fletcher Webster was chairman. This grand reunion took place November 7, 1849, and Daniel Webster presided. It appeared to us then, and the impression can never be effaced, that Webster never looked more grandly than when he arose to make the speech of the evening. What a greeting he then received! Cheer upon cheer went up, and, standing there erect, his presence alone was sufficient to inspire the wildest enthusiasm had there been no expectation of a word from his lips. We have had orators and great men, but never since and never again, we fear, shall we see one whose bearing and presence so took hold upon an assemblage. The opening speech on that occasion was a disappointment to many. It was historical, but not effective. It was Webster subdued, not Webster aroused. The spell which he then held over all brought forth frequent applause, but when he closed there existed an outspoken feeling that the occasion had not awakened his latent fire. Towards the middle of the evening, after Woodbury, Dearborn, Hale, Wilson, and other guests had spoken, Mr. Webster arose to take leave of the assembly. He commenced very slowly; almost hesitatingly so, but his words began to roll out in sentences which brought the whole fifteen hundred to their feet, that they might give expression to their feelings, and cheer upon cheer interrupted him. After speaking upon the grandeur of the country and predicting its great future, he passed to foreign affairs, and touching upon Hungarian affairs, he alluded to the demand made by the Emperor of Austria upon Turkey that Kossuth should be delivered into his hands. His glowing words, commencing, 'There is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power, raised such a fervour that the applause was overpowering; and for minutes he stood silent before the storm of applause could be subdued. It scarcely seems that twenty-five years have elapsed since this memorable occasion.'

THE PRINTER'S APPRENTICE.

A writer speaks of the young apprentice as follows, and his account is certainly full of encouragement to all young printers. He says: "This youngest apprentice has always floated on the flood tide of prosperity. His duty was then to make the fires, sweep the office, pick up the fallen type, distribute pi, and tread the pelts. Finishing his full term of service, he began business by publishing a small weekly journal called the *Emerald*. Removing to Charleston, he published a monthly religious magazine called the *Panoplist*. Returning again to Boston with more experience, he pursued with great industry the business of printing on a more extended scale, and after a while added that of bookseller. His industry was untiring—friends were willing to aid such a man. Gradually his profits became sure, while rapidly increasing. He could not fail to become rich, and he retired at last to reap the full reward of his honest labor. But the public required a man like this. He assented, and commenced to serve them in the General Court,

where he represented them several times. He was afterwards Mayor of Boston, then Lieut.-Governor, and was for nearly a year acting Governor of his State. He then visited Europe and spent some years in London, Paris and Rome. His mansion in Boston, built on his return, was one of the most elegant in the city, and he lived there for years in affluence and independence. All the pages of his life were approvingly registered. And who was the printer's apprentice, this distinguished man? It was Governor Armstrong, of Massachusetts."

What a lesson in this to young printers. Will they heed it? What were the qualities required for such success—genius, talent, aid? No! Only industry, integrity, a high aim, good habits and a keeping open of the eye, the ear and the understanding.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

DUMAS' "Jeunesse de Louis XIV," has failed at Vienna.

"MADAME ANGOT" is now being played at three theatres in Rome, at one of which it is played twice a day.

MME. WAGNER, wife of the composer of "Lo-hengrin," is not only a daughter of Liszt, but the divorced wife of Haas von Bulow.

M. ALEXANDER, the director of the Brussels Alhambra, has, it is said, engaged an Italian opera troupe from Paris for a series of twelve performances.

CLARA LOUISE KELOGG has stated boldly that she is thirty-two years of age. And every "galant homme" is ready to swear he "never would have thought it."

RICHARD WAGNER, in conjunction with Franz Liszt, will conduct a series of concerts during this winter at Vienna. The receipts are to go toward defraying the expenses of the National Theatre at Bayreuth.

THE Princess of Wales is an authority in morals that even the Lord Chamberlain might be content to follow. During her recent stay in Paris she went to see "La Princesse Georges," which the Lord Chamberlain forbids in England.

MILE. THALBERG, a daughter of the renowned pianist, will make her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, London, next season. The lady is very young, reported to be beautiful, and to possess, in addition to a good voice, a rare musical organization.

SARAH BERNHARDT, the Paris actress, is as "thin as a ghost." This gives point to the remark of the cleaner of the theatre where she plays, who, upon being told that a flea had been found in Mlle. Bernhardt's dressing-room, said: "Poor beast, he must have been almost starved to death!"

"WE advertised for two hundred girls," said the manager of the New York Grand Opera, "and over eight hundred applied for situations. Among this number there were school teachers, music teachers, and many that you would never think of seeing here. It's the hard times, I suppose."

THE French diapason normal is to be adopted by the Gewandhaus orchestra at Leipzig, the cost of altering the pitch of the instruments in the band being defrayed by a wealthy amateur. At Cassel the Emperor of Germany has defrayed the cost of a similar alteration of the instruments of the band at the Imperial Theatre, where the French pitch is also to be introduced.

M. OFFENBACH's new opera, "Madame l'Archiduc," is delighting the Parisians at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The fun arises from the abdication of the prince, and the elevation to the throne of his servant Marietta (Mme. Judic). She is well supported by Mme. Grivot as Captain Fortunato, and M. Daubray as the Archduke. At the first performance nearly the whole of the first act was encored.

Mr. Lindley, lessee and manager of Theatre Royal, Montreal, is continuing his efforts to supply the public with varied and legitimate entertainment. He announces that he has made arrangements with Miss Neilson for an early engagement. This week he introduced Neil Warner, a Shakespearean actor of eminence, and he is concluding arrangements with Toole, the Worrell sisters and Frederick Robinson. This season he has not offered any sensational dramas whatever and vulgarity is carefully eschewed in his performances.

HUMOUROUS.

"CHEAP and hungry dances" are a Vermont institution. There are no refreshments, and the fun stops at twelve o'clock.

It is singular that mineral waters are only beneficial to the wealthy. We never knew a physician to advise a poor man to go to any watering-place.

THIS is the latest form of a wedding invitation: "Come round and see me capture another-in-law, at eight o'clock, sharp."

A BOSTON philosopher says that you want to look at men's boot heels to discover their energy. A slow, slothful man runs his boots over at the heels.

"WHAT you been a doin'!" asked a boy of his playmate whom he saw coming out of the house with tears in his eyes. "I've been a chasin' a birch rod round my father," was the snarling reply.

THE maddest kind of a woman is one who spends half an hour in arranging her toilet before descending to the parlor on the arrival of a visitor—who proves to be a book-agent.

"Do you know why you are like the third term?" said Susan Jane to her brother, who lingered to talk with her Adolphus after the old folks had retired. "No, I don't." "Well," replied his succharine sister, "it's because you're one too many."

"WHY do they call the people who live in the South Sea Islands 'cannibals'?" asked an old lady of a sailor. "Because they live on other people," answered the sailor. "Then my son-in-law must be a cannibal," said she, pensively, "for he lives on me."

NINETEEN years ago a Tennessee father refused to let his young daughter go to a candy-pull, and she disappeared. The other day she returned, lifted eleven children out of the waggon, and entered the house and took off her things as coolly as if she hadn't been gone over a day.

DURING the late bathing season, a pompous individual walked up to the office of a seaside hotel, and with a considerable flourish signed the book, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "I'm Lieutenant-Governor of ——" "That doesn't make any difference," says the landlord, "you'll be treated just as well as the others."

A LITTLE Vermont girl called at a drug store, and said: "My mother wants ten cents' worth of jumps." This astonished the clerk. The child insisted that it was jumps she had been sent for; but returned to her mother for further instructions. Very soon she came back, and said it was hops that she wanted.

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

SNOW.

Emblem of purity
Coming from Heaven,
Shading with mantle light.
All things uneven.
Each flake a tiny star
Perfect in form;
Dust from the floor above—
Welcome snow storm!

Who counts thy falling stars
Coming so light
Down through the quiet air
Darkening to night,
Has each a work to do
Where sleeping flowers
Nothing in mother earth,
Need quickening powers!

Countless the summer leaves
Far beyond reach,
Countless the flakes of snow—
One flake for each.
Emblem of purity,
Would that our word
Fell gently on sad hearts,
And gladly were heard.

CHARLOTTE E. LEIGH, Toronto.

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE TOWER HOUSE.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL.

I.

"Croquet? No, indeed, I hate it! It's too stupid, and only stupid people play it! I never do!" And with a ringing laugh, Thurza Marston turned and flung her arm around my waist.

"Oh, I protest against that," I cried, "look at Lion! you don't call him stupid!"

"No, but he makes a geometrical problem out of it! Watch him measure his angles before he strikes! He estimates the length of the base, perpendicular, and hypotenuse of every one before he puts mallet to ball!"

"Very well defended, as far as Lion is concerned. But, pray, how do you explain the interest that Mr. Gifferton takes in the game? Although he is not engaged in it, he is watching it with a fascinated gaze."

"An artistic feast, simply! He admires the pretty picture which is made by the groups of gaily dressed ladies leaning negligently on their mallets, and flirting with handsome gentlemen!"

"Very well again. But now I have you, sure, I am very fond of croquet, and only my inefficiency in being able to play with any kind of skill prevents my joining in it. How am I stupid?"

"Your very argument proves my statement. It is because you are so extremely far from being stupid, that you fail to play well. Your intellect won't let you descend to such base occupation!"

I now declared myself vanquished, and we walked over and sat down in a little arbor commanding a view of the lawn.

"What a peculiar kind of beauty Pearl has," said Thurza, nodding towards one of the players. "Such pale gold hair and pure white complexion harmonize well with her large grey eyes. Her name suits her admirably—Pearl Grey."

"Yes, she is pearl grey enough externally, but I am of the opinion that she has very strong passions. People with calm exteriors frequently feel deeply and act strongly. I would not like to offend Pearl seriously; I think she would cherish resentment and revenge an injury."

"I partly agree with you. I have seen her when angry, look quite dangerous; her lips firmly locked together, and a flash of light that seemed almost green, came into her eye. She is not an ordinary girl."

"Look through these trees," I said, changing the subject, "what a good view we have of the house from here. The tower makes the old building quite unique. By the way, I wonder what in the world that little gate was made in the railing for; no one would ever venture outside of it. It is bad enough to be outside the tower itself, with the railing for a safe-guard."

"I don't know, unless for the express purpose of giving one an opportunity of killing oneself. I wouldn't be afraid to go outside of it; there is quite a wide space between the railing and the edge. Lion has promised to take us up to-night—just us two—and let us enjoy the pleasure of seeing this celestial stranger that is flaming over our heads, through his telescope. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes; Lion is very good indeed—to you." She blushed crimson, and smiled. Then coming over close to me, she whispered,

"Last night, he asked me to be his wife, and I promised I would."

I kissed the little coral mouth as I said, "I wish you joy, dear; Lion is splendid fellow."

"Don't you think Mr. Gifferton is very attentive to Pearl? I wish she was as happy as I."

"I am sure he is fond of her, but she does not return his affection. I fear—and oh, Thurza, I wish for your sake as well as her own, that it were not so—that Pearl loves her cousin."

"Pearl love Lion? Impossible!"

"Hush! I only suspect it; I may be mistaken."

"I hope you are, I'm sure it must be terrible to love one who does not love you. But now that you speak of it, I can understand some things about which I was all in the dark before. Pearl has been so cool to me lately; gradually we have become estranged though we have never quarrelled, and now, when I compare our present state with the terms of inseparable friendship that used to exist between us, I find a great change. It must be as you say, and I am very sorry. Poor Pearl!"

At this moment, the sound of voices raised in argument and dispute proclaimed the croquet

game was over. Thurza rose, saying "There is Lion looking for his cane, and I have it! I must go and give it to him. You stay here, you must be tired!" And not giving me time to deny the accusation, she skipped away, swinging the cane as she went.

II.

What a dear, bright, winsome little thing she was! She had brown hair, brown eyes and brown complexion with a rosy down on her cheek like the ripe side of a russet-apple. We were fond of calling her a nut-brown maiden, and she was sweet as a nut, besides. Mr. Grey, Pearl's father, was her guardian, and while she was treated by every-one as much like a daughter of the house as Pearl herself, she also enjoyed all the little ceremonial courtesies that would be shown to a respected guest.

She and Pearl had been like sisters until Lion came to visit at the Tower House. Since when, there had been that estrangement between them of which Thurza spoke. Lion was Mr. Grey's nephew, and he had come down to our house to build up his strength after a long and painful illness, by idleness and out-door amusement. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a massive head covered with thick, tawny curling hair; he wore a moustache of the same colour, a shade fairer, and he had a straight Grecian nose, and full large blue eyes. "Lion" was our nick name for him, and he was universally known by it. His real name of Malcom Grey was fallen into disuse. He was frank, courteous, and kind to everybody, and at first he treated his cousin Pearl, and Thurza with much the same degree of familiarity, but he soon grew to prefer the latter and ratified his preference by choosing her for wife.

Shortly after Thurza left me to restore the cane which she had picked up off the grass and appropriated to herself, Pearl strolled over towards me, closely pursued by Harry Glynton, whom she avoided, however, by disappearing through a clump of trees and emerging, with a slight smile on her face, from the other side.

"Sitting here alone, in maiden meditation, Margaret?" said she. "Come into the house with me. See, they are all going in, it must be near tea-time." And she slipped her arm through mine as I stood up. She was very fond of me, and I liked her, too, though not with the same warmth of affection as I did Thurza. We walked towards the house, talking about the beauty of the evening; when we had just reached the path that led up to the door, Lion and Thurza appeared a little in front of us, he leaning on his cane, and she lightly on his arm. I glanced at Pearl; her lips were tightly closed together and the green flash was in her eye; there was a greyish pallor over her face, but she went on talking with the greatest composure. I pitied her, and could not but admire her self control. She left me at the door, to rearrange her dress, she said. Every action, every word, ay, and every look, of the two girls upon that evening, I remember as if they were written in blood.

About nine o'clock, Thurza looked into my room, and said, "Come, Margaret, dear! Lion has already gone up." And taking my hand, she led me away towards the tower stairs. On our way, we met Pearl coming from her own room. She was passing us with a slight inclination of the head, when Thurza turned and holding out her disengaged hand, said sweetly, "Come Pearl, with us. We are going to look at the comet through Lion's telescope."

Pearl hesitated a moment, then said, "Wait a moment, please, till I get something to throw over my shoulders," and she went back to her room and came out again with a knitted scarlet Shetland shawl round her, and we all went up together. But why do I linger over these trifles? Is it because my pen is loth to lay before me in plain written words, the deed that was done that night?

Lion was already there. He said something was wrong with his telescope, and he was examining it. Pearl was very silent. Thurza was brimming over with merriment and mischief, "Oh, never mind your instrument, Lion, dear," she said, "she is very bright to-night—if it is a 'she'—and we can see her very well without your telescope. Give us a lecture on the heavenly bodies, comets included, and we will like it just as well?"

I protested against this, saying I had been decoyed up there with the promise of seeing the comet through the telescope, and that now I was there I must see it.

"Very well," said Thurza, "while you sit there and wait till he is ready, I will step outside and see the garden with the moonlight upon it." We never for an instant supposed that she would go outside the railing, but on looking into the window, we saw the little wire gate open, and Thurza standing quite near the edge. I shrieked, and Lion called out in a voice, half entreaty, half command, "Thurza, my love, come back directly!" I had seen that the epithets of endearment which the two had unconsciously used to one another, had gone through Pearl Grey like a knife. As Lion spoke, she rose like a flash of lightning, and dashed out with arms outstretched to where Thurza was standing, apparently, with the object of drawing her back, when—Oh, God! in one moment, but one person stood there in the flood of moonlight, and that one was—Pearl Grey! One piercing, despairing cry, and Thurza Marston's voice was heard no more on earth.

III.

Two weeks had passed over. Lion had gone away after the funeral, no one knew whither. The house was still and desolate; our voices

were hushed; we hardly breathed; the very air seemed heavy with horror and misery. Pearl Grey glided about the house like a spectre, speaking to no one, nor answering when she was spoken to.

I was sitting by my bed-room window gazing out into the dark. There was no moon now, and the comet which, whether there be any truth in the superstition regarding it or not, had brought trouble and desolation to us, had gone. The stars sparkled and twinkled as usual, and the locusts and insects buzzed in the grass. Far over the water, I could see the flames of a fire that was bringing sorrow to some other hearts, and the sky was lighted up with the reflection. I turned with a sigh and prepared to go to bed. Just as I was about to extinguish the light, I observed a note lying on my table which I had not seen before. A cold chill ran through me, and I opened it with trembling hands. It ran thus:—

"I can bear it no longer. You know I feel it in your manner towards me, that it was my hand that pushed her over the brink. I was mad. I am mad now. Her despairing cry rings in my ears day and night. I go to meet the same death as she had at my hand. Farewell for ever, Margaret." PEARL GREY.

I threw on a wrapper, seized the lamp and rushed up the stairs. I had not far to go. Lying half way up, face downwards, I found the murderer, cold, white—dead. I had not known of her guilt, although a vague and horrible suspicion which I could not conquer, had forced me to be cold and distant towards her. Now, she had died for her crime, and I forgave and pitied her madness. I destroyed the letter. She was buried beside her victim, and her parents mourned her as one who was innocent and beloved.

We moved far from the spot that was associated with such horrors. A heap of broken stones, ashes and cinders, is all that remains of the Tower House.

THE MARKING OF BOOKS.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says: I will not attempt to explain the mental process by which I invariably associate the habit of marking passages in books with the custom of anointing the head with hair-oil. They are customs and habits which prevailed contemporaneously up to about a dozen years ago. Let us be thankful that they are gone out of fashion. When Mr. Disraeli was a beau, men went about with their hair reeking with grease, and, as advertisements which perhaps yet linger in odd columns of old-fashioned country papers testify, no less a bard than Byron chanted the praises of—

Thy incomparable oil, oh Macassar!

Nobody oils his hair in these latter days, and even the ladies dispense with the assistance of oleaginous compounds in beautifying themselves. The marking of books with interjections of hysterical approval or of crushing criticism is also very nearly a thing of the past. If you buy an old book at a stall, particularly if it be a novel, you are pretty sure to find it scored and underlined, and enriched with the outpourings of the heart of Edward or Angelina, written in lead pencil on the margin, with the longer words frequently misspelled. I am glad of the running out of the custom. Palpitations of the heart of Edward and Angelina in pencil on the borders of the pages of an old volume of 'Pelham' are not conducive to edification, and tend to depreciate the dignity of the text. If it is understood that a certain copy of a book, or a collection of books, is to belong exclusively to the annotator whilst he lives, and is to be burnt, Suttee fashion, when he is dead, no valid objection can be offered. But such cases are rare, and if a man truly loves his books he will remember that they are his only in the way of a loan, and will presently be passed on to others when he shall have departed from the sphere of mere literary immortality.

AN HISTORICAL GUINEA.

Ministers and ex-Ministers formerly sat together on what is now called the Treasury Bench but was then the place for all Privy Councilors. When Sandys brought forward his motion for the removal of Walpole from his Majesty's presence and councils for ever, the Minister assailed and his old rival and most formidable antagonist, Pulteney, sat side by side. The story of the wager between them is well known. Walpole had quoted as applicable to himself the passage which describes it as a brazen wall of defence—

Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpa.

Pulteney, on his sitting down, reproached him with his false Latin, in substituting *nulli* for *nulla*. Walpole offered to bet him a guinea that the words were as he had given. The matter was referred to the Clerk of the House—though it is not now, we suppose, Sir Erskine May's duty to settle such questions as these—who decided for the Latin of Horace and of Pulteney, and against that of Walpole, whose style had probably been corrupted by his conversations in that language with George I., who had no English, while his Minister had no German. The guinea was tossed to Pulteney, who pocketed it with the not very appropriate remark that it was the only public money that he had received for many years, and should be the last. This historic guinea, which could only be public money in the sense that Walpole had stolen it from the Treasury, which, perhaps, Pulteney meant to imply, as the charge against Walpole was corruption, is now, according to Lord Stanhope, in the British Museum.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

Every one in Birmingham has heard of the Little Sisters of the Poor. It is matter of common notoriety how they support one hundred aged people—the poorest of the poor—without reference to creed or nationality; how for the means of doing this they beg from door to door, and never miss a chance of obtaining a meal, or what will purchase one, for the aged and infirm recipients of their benefactions. It seems that two of the French sisters—themselves ladies of distinction, though living on the same humble fare as their poor people—appealed to the Reverend Mother to allow them to solicit alms from the Prince of Wales on his recent visit to Birmingham. With a letter from the superior they trudged to Packington, and sent their letter to the Prince. At first his Royal Highness urged the many pressing claims he had upon him, and the Sisters, weary and disappointed, were about to leave the Hall, when his Royal Highness sent for them back to his presence, and finding they were French, he conversed with them freely in their own language for some time, making numerous inquiries concerning their institution and the manner in which it was supported, and ultimately gave them a 5*l.* note, with which they went away rejoicing.

DOMESTIC.

CARE OF THE HAIR.—Brushing the hair every day, the more the better, is recommended to those who crave a luxuriant and handsome growth. If it is very oily wash it occasionally with a lotion made by mixing one drachm of soda with half a pint of water, and adding the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. A teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of rain-water makes a good lotion for the hair; wash it in this frequently, dry it well, and brush it a long time; if the ammonia is too strong it will bleach the hair and injure it. The use of a lead comb will darken flaxen and red hair, and so, it is said on good authority, will water in which potatoes have been boiled. Hair-oils and pomades are an abomination, and are, as they should be, entirely out of fashion.

TO REMOVE STAINS.—Peach and sweet apple stains may be removed by pouring on them boiling hot water from the tea-kettle; lemon juice will often take out fruit stains; holding a lighted sulphur match under the stain is often effectual. All non-metallic stains will disappear if the article is permitted to lie for one or two minutes in a mixture of two teaspoonfuls of water and one of muriatic acid, but careful and repeated rinsing is necessary to keep the acid from corroding the fabric. If acid has taken the colour out of a garment, aqua ammonia will neutralise the acid, and a little chloroform will restore the colour. Mildew may be removed by rubbing common yellow soap on the article, then a little salt on the soap and a little starch on that. Rub all well together and put in the sunshine, or wet the linen, soap it, and apply salt and lemon juice to both sides; or mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt and the juice of a lemon, and lay on with a brush. Let it lie on the grass day and night till the stain is gone.

THE POTATO FOR FOOD.—By chemical analysis the potato is found to contain of water 75.9; carbon, 10.6; hydrogen, 1.3; oxygen, 10.7; nitrogen, 0.3; ashes, 0.9. From this it appears that very little nitrogen is contained in the potato, and it diminishes the longer potatoes are kept. If nitrogenised principles alone contribute to the nutrition of the body, then one pound of good beef is equal in nutritive power to 10½ pounds of potatoes. Liebig observes that a horse may be kept alive by feeding it with potatoes, but life thus supported is a gradual starvation; the animal increases neither in size nor strength, and sinks under every exertion.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak a cup and a half of tapioca in milk and water for five or six hours. Meantime pare and core a dozen apples, fill the holes where the core came out with sugar, grate nutmeg over them, and bake till done. Then sweeten the tapioca, pour it over the apples, and bake two hours. This makes one of the most delicious of desserts.

A PRETTY AND CHEAP PICTURE FRAME.—Take pasteboard the size the frame is desired to be; cut brown paper into squares of about two inches and fold so they will form points; sew these to the pasteboard in rows going round and round the frame so as to cover all the ends, and then the space in the centre where the ends of the paper meet, cover with paper folded so as to form what is called cat-stairs, and this will cover all the ends and threads; tack this to a wooden back and varnish. This makes a very pretty and cheap frame.

HYGIENIC.

We want more of a dry-earth system. Perfect under-drainage is the first great need of most cities. Regulation of cellars, and of all other holes below the surface is the next great study. The proper siting of all sub-structure, because of its proximity to the ground, comes in next for consideration. What can we do to sweeten or purify surface-soil already formed is another point. The great question of what to do with all refuse so as to keep it out of city soil is the large and momentous subject which must ever present itself to our attention.

In the treatment of all acute diseases, the advice of Nathan Smith, given fifty years ago, in his admirable essay on "Typhus," as to the method of getting rid of the carbonic acid from the atmosphere, is as appropriate as in the cases to which he applied it: "The patient should be kept in a spacious room. His bed should be of straw or husks, especially in the warm season; and it should not be placed in a corner, but brought out into the room. We should contrive to have a current of air pass over the bed by means of doors and windows. It is well to have a fireplace in the room, and in the night, when the air is very still; though the weather should be warm, a small fire kindled, so as to cause a current up chimney, and by that means often to change the atmosphere of the room. In the warm season the windows should be kept open night and day."

In Scotland, small-pox when it occurs is not admitted into any general infirmary. A separate and distinct building, apart and entirely isolated, is allotted to such a class of disease. In the Glasgow infirmary what was once used as a fever hospital is at present devoted exclusively to surgical cases. A separate and distinct building in another quarter of the city is devoted to the exclusive use of small-pox and other highly contagious maladies. The same may be said of Edinburgh and London. Here is an example for Montreal and other Canadian cities.



2. FLOWER HEAD DRESS WITH PLUMES



3. HEAD DRESS WITH BOWS AND AIGRETTE



4. HEAD DRESS WITH PUFFS AND BRAIDS



1. BLACK SILK BASQUE



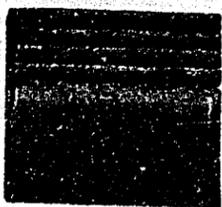
5. HEAD DRESS WITH LONG LOCKS



7-8. MANTLE-OVERDRESS. HAT AND MUFF



6. GATHERED WAIST-SKIRT



9. WAIST-SKIRT WITH CHATELAINE



THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

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

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

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

PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRST QUESTION—DID THE WOMAN DIE POISONED?

"Will you inquire if Mr. Macallan can see us?" he said. I opened the door for Mr. Gale, and followed him out. Dr. Jerome called me back for a moment, and told me to give him the key of the door. I did so, of course, but I thought this also very strange. When I got down to the servant's hall I found there was a general feeling that something was wrong. We were all uneasy, without knowing why.

A little later the two left the house. Mr. Macallan had been quite incapable of receiving them, and hearing what they had to say. In this difficulty, they had spoken privately with Mr. Dexter, as Mr. Macallan's old friend, and the only gentleman then staying at Gleninch.

Before bedtime I went upstairs to prepare the remains of the deceased lady for the coffin. The room in which she lay was locked, the door leading into Mr. Macallan's room being secured, as well as the door leading into the corridor. The keys had been taken away by Mr. Gale. Two of the men servants were posted outside the bedroom to keep watch. They were to be relieved at four in the morning—that was all they could tell me.

In the absence of any explanations or directions, I took the liberty of knocking at the door of Mr. Dexter's room. From his lips I first heard the startling news. Both the doctors had refused to give the usual certificate of death! There was to be a medical examination of the body the next morning.

There the examination of the nurse, Christina Ormsay, came to an end.

Ignorant as I was of the law, I could see what impression the evidence, so far, was intended to produce on the minds of the jury. After first showing that my husband had had two opportunities of administering the poison—once in the medicine and once in the tea—the counsel for the crown led the jury to infer that the prisoner had taken those opportunities, to rid himself of an ugly and jealous wife whose detestable temper he could no longer endure.

Having directed his examination to the attainment of this object, the Lord Advocate had done with the witness. The Dean of Faculty, acting in the prisoner's interests, then rose to bring out the favourable side of the wife's character by cross-examining the nurse. If he succeeded in this attempt, the jury might reconsider their conclusion that the wife was a person who had exasperated her husband beyond endurance. In that case, where, so far, was the husband's motive for poisoning her? and where was the presumption of the prisoner's guilt?

Pressed by this skilful lawyer, the nurse was obliged to exhibit my husband's first wife under an entirely new aspect. Here is the substance of what the Dean of Faculty extracted from Christina Ormsay:

"I persist in declaring that Mrs. Macallan had a most violent temper. But she was certainly in the habit of making amends for the offence that she gave by her violence. When she was quiet again, she always made her excuses to me; and she made them with a good grace. Her manners were engaging at such times as these. She spoke and acted like a well-bred lady. Then again, as to her personal appearance. Plain as she was in face, she had a good figure; her hands and feet, I was told, had been modelled by a sculptor. She had a very pleasant voice, and she was reported when in health to sing beautifully. She was also (if her maid's account was to be trusted) a pattern, in the matter of dressing, for the other ladies in the neighbourhood. Then, as to Mrs. Beaulieu, though she was certainly jealous of the beautiful young widow, she had shown at the same time that she was capable of controlling that feeling. It was through Mrs. Macallan that Mrs. Beaulieu was in the house. Mrs. Beaulieu had wished to postpone her visit, on account of the state of Mrs. Macallan's health. It was Mrs. Macallan herself—not her husband—who decided that Mrs. Beaulieu should not be disappointed, and should pay her visit to Gleninch then and there. Further, Mrs. Macallan, in spite of her temper, was popular with her friends, and popular with her servants. There was hardly a dry eye in the house when it was known she was dying. And, further still, in those little domestic disagreements at which the nurse had been present, Mr. Macallan had never lost his temper, and had never used harsh language; he seemed to be more sorry than angry when the quarrels took place.—Moral for the jury: Was this the sort of woman who would exasperate a man into poisoning her? And was this the sort of man who would be capable of poisoning his wife?"

Having produced this salutary counter-impresion, the Dean of Faculty sat down, and the medical witnesses were called next.

Here the evidence was simply irresistible. Dr. Jerome and Mr. Gale positively swore that the symptoms of the illness were the

symptoms of poisoning by arsenic. The surgeon who had performed the post-mortem examination followed. He positively swore that the appearance of the internal organs proved Dr. Jerome and Mr. Gale to be right in declaring that their patient had died poisoned. Lastly, to complete this overwhelming testimony, two analytical chemists actually produced in court the arsenic which they had found in the body, in a quantity admittedly sufficient to have killed two persons instead of one. In the face of such evidence as this, cross-examination was a mere form. The first question raised by the trial—Did the Woman Die Poisoned?—was answered in the affirmative, and answered beyond the possibility of doubt.

The next witnesses called were witnesses concerned with the question that now followed—the obscure and terrible question: Who Poisoned Her?

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND QUESTION—WHO POISONED HER?

The evidence of the doctors and the chemists closed the proceedings, on the first day of the Trial.

On the second day, the evidence to be produced by the prosecution, was anticipated with a general feeling of curiosity and interest. The Court was now to hear what had been seen and done, by the persons officially appointed to verify such cases of suspected crime as the case which had occurred at Gleninch. The Procurator-Fiscal—being the person officially appointed to direct the preliminary investigations of the law—was the first witness called, on the second day of the Trial.

Examined by the Lord Advocate, the Fiscal gave his evidence, as follows:—

"On the twenty-six of October, I received a communication from Doctor Jerome of Edinburgh, and from Mr. Alexander Gale, medical practitioner, residing in the village or hamlet of Dingdovie, near Edinburgh. The communication related to the death, under circumstances of suspicion, of Mrs. Eustace Macallan, at her husband's house, hard by Dingdovie, called Gleninch. There were also forwarded to me, enclosed in the document just mentioned, two reports. One described the results of a post-mortem examination of the deceased lady; and the other stated the discoveries made, after a chemical analysis of certain of the interior organs of her body. The result, in both instances, proved to demonstration that Mrs. Eustace Macallan had died of poisoning by arsenic.

"Under these circumstances, I set in motion a search and inquiry in the house at Gleninch, and elsewhere, simply for the purpose of throwing light on the circumstances which had attended the lady's death.

"No criminal charge, in connection with the death, was made at my office against any person, either in the communication which I received from the medical men, or in any other form. The investigations at Gleninch, and elsewhere, beginning on the twenty-sixth of October, were not completed until the twenty-eighth. Upon this latter date—acting on certain discoveries which were reported to me, and on my own examination of letters and other documents brought to my office—I made a criminal charge against the prisoner; and obtained a warrant for his apprehension. He was examined before the sheriff, on the twenty-ninth of October, and was committed for Trial before this Court."

The Fiscal having made his statement, and having been cross-examined (on technical matters only), the persons employed in his office were called next. These men had a story of startling interest to tell. Theirs were the fatal discoveries which had justified the Fiscal in charging my husband with the murder of his wife. The first of the witnesses was a sheriff's officer. He gave his name as Isaiah Schoolcraft.

Examined by Mr. Drew—Advocate Depute, and counsel for the Crown, with the Lord Advocate—Isaiah Schoolcraft said:

"I got a warrant on the twenty-sixth of October, to go to the country house near Edinburgh, called Gleninch. I took with me Robert Lorrie, Assistant to the Fiscal. We first examined the room in which Mrs. Eustace Macallan had died. On the bed, and on a moveable table which was attached to it, we found books and writing materials, and a paper containing some unfinished verses in manuscript; afterwards identified as being in the handwriting of the deceased. We enclosed these articles in paper, and sealed them up.

"We next opened an Indian cabinet in the bedroom. Here we found many more verses, on many more sheets of paper, in the same handwriting. We also discovered, first, some letters—and next a crumpled piece of paper thrown aside in a corner of one of the shelves. On closer examination, a chemist's printed label was discovered on this morsel of paper. We also found in the folds of it a few scattered grains of some white powder. The paper and the letters were carefully enclosed, and sealed up as before.

"Further investigation in the room revealed nothing which could throw any light on the purpose of our inquiry. We examined the clothes, jewellery, and books of the deceased. These we left under lock and key. We also found her dressing-case, which we protected by seals, and took away with us to the Fiscal's

office, along with all the other articles that we had discovered in the room.

"The next day we continued our examination in the house; having received, in the interval, fresh instructions from the Fiscal. We began our work in the bedroom communicating with the room in which Mrs. Macallan had died. It had been kept locked since the death. Finding nothing of any importance here, we went next to another room on the same floor, in which we were informed the prisoner was then lying ill in bed.

"His illness was described to us as a nervous complaint, caused by the death of his wife, and by the proceedings which had followed it. He was reported to be quite incapable of exerting himself, and quite unfit to see strangers. We insisted nevertheless (in deference to our instructions) on obtaining admission to his room. He made no reply, when we inquired whether he had, or had not, removed anything from the sleeping-room next to his late wife's which he usually occupied, to the sleeping-room in which he now lay. All he did was to close his eyes, as if he was too feeble to speak to us or to notice us. Without further disturbing him, we began to examine the room and the different objects in it.

"While we were so employed, we were interrupted by a strange sound. We likened it to the rumbling of wheels in the corridor outside.

"The door opened and there came swiftly in a gentleman—a cripple—wheeling himself along in a chair. He wheeled his chair straight up to a little table which stood by the prisoner's bedside, and said something to him in a whisper too low to be overheard. The prisoner opened his eyes, and quickly answered by a sign. We informed the crippled gentleman, quite respectfully, that we could not allow him to be in the room at this time. He appeared to think nothing of what we said. He only answered, 'My name is Dexter. I am one of Mrs. Macallan's old friends. It is you who are intruding here; not I.' We again notified to him that he must leave the room; and we pointed out particularly that he had got his chair in such a position against the bedside-table as to prevent us from examining it. He only laughed. 'Can't you see for yourselves,' he said, 'that it is a table, and nothing more?' In reply to this, we warned him that we were acting under a legal warrant and that he might get into trouble if he obstructed us in the execution of our duty. Finding there was no moving him by fair means, I took his chair and pulled it away, while Robert Lorrie laid hold of the table and carried it to the other end of the room. The crippled gentleman flew into a furious rage, with me for presuming to touch his chair. 'My chair is Me,' he said; 'How dare you lay hands on Me?' I first opened the door; and then, by way of accommodating him, gave the chair a good push behind with my stick, instead of my hand—and so sent it, and him, safely and swiftly out of the room.

"Having locked the door, so as to prevent any further intrusion, I joined Robert Lorrie in examining the bedside table. It had one drawer we found secured.

"We asked the prisoner for the key.

"He flatly refused to give it to us, and said we had no right to unlock his drawers. He was so angry that he even declared it was lucky for us he was too weak to rise from his bed. I answered civilly that our duty obliged us to examine the drawer, and that if he still declined to produce the key, he would only oblige us to take the table away and have the lock opened by a smith.

"While we were still disputing, there was a knock at the door of the room.

"I opened the door cautiously. Instead of the crippled gentleman, whom I had expected to see again, there was another stranger standing outside. The prisoner hailed him as a friend, and neighbour, and eagerly called upon him for protection from us. We found this second gentleman pleasant enough to deal with. He informed us readily that he had been sent for by Mr. Dexter, and that he was himself a lawyer, and he asked to see our warrant. Having looked at it, he at once informed the prisoner (evidently very much to the prisoner's surprise) that he must submit to have the drawer examined—under protest. And then without more ado, he got the key, and opened the table drawer for us himself.

"We found inside several letters, and a large book, with a lock on it; having the words 'My Diary' inscribed on it in gilt letters. As a matter of course, we took possession of the letters and the Diary, and sealed them up to be given to the Fiscal. At the same time the gentleman wrote out a protest, on the prisoner's behalf, and handed us his card. The card informed us that he was Mr. Playmore—now one of the Agents for the prisoner. The card and the protest were deposited, with the other documents, in the care of the Fiscal. No other discoveries of any importance were made at Gleninch.

"Our next inquiries took us to Edinburgh, to the druggist whose label we had found on the crumpled morsel of paper, and to other druggists likewise whom we were instructed to question. On the twenty-eighth of October, the Fiscal was in possession of all the information that we could collect, and our duties for the time being came to an end."

This concluded the evidence of Schoolcraft and Lorrie. It was not shaken on cross-exam-

ination; and it was plainly unfavourable to the prisoner.

Matters grew worse still when the next witnesses were called. The druggist whose label had been found on the crumpled bit of paper now appeared on the stand, to make the position of my unhappy husband more critical than ever.

Andrew Kinlay, druggist of Edinburgh, deposed as follows:

"I keep a special registry book of the poisons sold by me. I produce the book. On the date therein mentioned, the prisoner at the bar, Mr. Eustace Macallan, came into my shop, and said that he wished to purchase some arsenic. I asked him what it was wanted for? He told me it was wanted by his gardener, to be used in solution, for the killing of insects in the greenhouse. At the same time he mentioned his name, Mr. Macallan, of Gleninch. I at once directed my assistant to put up the arsenic (two ounces of it); and I made the necessary entry in my book. Mr. Macallan signed the entry; and I signed it afterwards as witness. He paid for the arsenic, and took it away with him wrapped up in two papers, the outer wrapper being labelled with my name and address, and with the word 'Poison' in large letters; exactly like the label now produced on the piece of paper found at Gleninch."

The next witness, Peter Stockdale (also a druggist of Edinburgh), followed, and said:

"The prisoner at the bar called at my shop on the date indicated on my register—some days later than the date indicated in the register of Mr. Kinlay. He wished to purchase sixpenny-worth of arsenic. My assistant to whom he had addressed himself, called me. It is a rule in my shop that no one sells poison but myself. I asked the prisoner what he wanted the arsenic for. He answered that he wanted it for killing rats at his house called Gleninch. I said, 'Have I the honour of speaking to Mr. Macallan, of Gleninch?' He said that was his name. I sold him the arsenic—about an ounce and a half—and labelled the bottle in which I put it with the word 'Poison' in my own handwriting. He signed the Register, and took the arsenic away with him, after paying for it."

The cross-examination of these two men succeeded in asserting certain technical objections to their evidence. But the terrible fact that my husband himself had actually purchased the arsenic, in both cases, remained unshaken.

The next witnesses, the gardener, and the cook, at Gleninch, wound the chain of hostile evidence round the prisoner more mercilessly still.

On examination, the gardener said, on his oath:

"I never received any arsenic from the prisoner or from any one else, at the date to which you refer, or at any other date. I never used any such thing as a solution of arsenic, or ever allowed the men working under me to use it in the conservatories, or in the garden, at Gleninch. I disapprove of arsenic as a means of destroying noxious insects infesting flowers and plants."

The cook being called next, spoke as positively as the gardener.

"Neither my master, nor any other person, gave me any arsenic to destroy rats at any time. No such thing was wanted. I declare, on my oath, that I never saw any rats, in, or about, the house—or ever heard of any rats infesting it."

Other household servants at Gleninch gave similar evidence. Nothing could be extracted from them on cross-examination, except that there might have been rats in the house, though they were not aware of it. The possession of the poison was traced directly to my husband, and to no one else. That he had bought it was actually proved; and that he had kept it, was the one conclusion that the evidence justified.

The witnesses who came next did their best to press the charge against the prisoner home to him. Having the arsenic in his possession, what had he done with it? The evidence led the jury to infer what he had done with it.

The prisoner's valet deposed that his master had rung for him at twenty minutes to ten, on the morning of the day on which his mistress died, and had ordered a cup of tea for her. The men had received the order at the open door of Mrs. Macallan's room, and could positively swear that no other person but his master was there at the time.

The under-housemaid, appearing next, said that she had made the tea, and had herself taken it upstairs, before ten o'clock, to Mrs. Macallan's room. Her master had received it from her at the open door. She could look in and could see that he was alone in her mistress's room.

The nurse, Christina Ormsay, being recalled, repeated what Mrs. Macallan had said to her, on the day when that lady was first taken ill. She had said, (speaking to the nurse at six o'clock in the morning), "Mr. Macallan came in about an hour since; he found me still sleepless, and gave me my composing draught." This was at five o'clock in the morning, while Christina Ormsay was asleep on the sofa. The nurse further swore that she had looked at the bottle containing the composing mixture, and had seen, by the measuring marks on the bottle, that a dose had been poured out since the dose previously given, administered by herself.

On this occasion, special interest was excited by the cross-examination. The closing questions

put to the under-housemaid and the nurse, revealed for the first time what the nature of the defence was to be.

Cross-examining the under-housemaid, the Dean of Faculty said,

"Did you ever notice, when you were setting Mrs. Eustace Macallan's room to rights, whether the water left in the basin was of a blackish or bluish colour?" The witness answered, "I never noticed anything of the sort."

The Dean of Faculty went on:

"Did you ever find, under the pillow of the bed, or in any other hiding-place in Mrs. Macallan's room, any books or pamphlets, telling of remedies used for improving a bad complexion?" The witness answered, "No."

The Dean of Faculty persisted:

"Did you ever hear Mrs. Macallan speak of arsenic, taken as a wash; or taken as a medicine, as a good thing to improve the complexion?" The witness answered, "Never."

Similar questions were next put to the nurses, and were all answered by the witness also, in the negative.

Here then—in spite of the negative answers—was the plan of the defence made dimly visible for the first time to the jury and to the audience. By way of preventing the possibility of a mistake in so serious a matter, the Chief Judge (the Lord Justice Clerk) put this plain question, when the witness had retired, to the Counsel for the defence:

"The Court and the Jury," said the lordship, "wish distinctly to understand the object of your cross-examination of the housemaid and the nurse. Is it the theory of the defence, that Mrs. Eustace Macallan used the arsenic which her husband purchased, for the purpose of improving the defects of her complexion?"

The Dean of Faculty answered:

"That is what we say, my lord, and what we propose to prove, as the foundation of the defence. We cannot dispute the medical evidence which declares that Mrs. Macallan died poisoned. But we assert that she died of an overdose of arsenic, ignorantly taken, in the privacy of her own room, as a remedy for the defects—the proved and admitted defects—of her complexion. The prisoner's Declaration before the Sheriff, expressly sets forth that he purchased the arsenic at the request of his wife."

The Lord Justice Clerk inquired, upon this, if there was any objection, on the part of either of the learned counsel, to have the Declaration read in Court, before the Trial proceeded further.

To this, the Dean of Faculty replied that he would be glad to have the Declaration read. If he might use the expression, it would usefully pave the way, in the minds of the Jury, for the defence which he had to submit to them.

The Lord-Advocate (speaking on the other side) was happy to be able to accommodate his learned brother in this matter. So long as the mere assertions which the Declaration contained were not supported by proof, he looked upon that document as evidence for the prosecution, and he too was quite willing to have it read.

Thereupon the prisoner's Declaration of his innocence—on being charged before the Sheriff with the murder of his wife—was read, in the following terms:

"I bought the two packets of arsenic, on each occasion, at my wife's own request. On the first occasion, she told me the poison was wanted by the gardener, for use in the conservatories. On the second occasion, she said it was required by the cook for ridding the lower part of the house of rats.

"I handed both packets of arsenic to my wife immediately on my return home. I had nothing to do with the poison, after buying it. My wife was the person who gave orders to the gardener and the cook, not I. I never held any communication with either of them.

"I asked my wife no questions about the use of the arsenic, feeling no interest in the subject. I never entered the conservatories for months together; I care little about flowers. As for the rats, I left the killing of them to the cook and the other servants, just as I should have left any other part of the domestic business to the cook and the other servants.

"My wife never told me she wanted the arsenic to improve her complexion. Surely, I should be the last person admitted to the knowledge of such a secret of her toilet as that? I implicitly believed what she told me, viz: that the poison was wanted, for the purpose specified, by the gardener and the cook.

"I asserted positively that I lived on friendly terms with my wife, allowing, of course, for the little occasional disagreements and misunderstandings of married life. Any sense of disappointment, in connection with my marriage, which I might have felt privately, I concealed to be my duty, as a husband and a gentleman, to conceal from my wife. I was not only shocked and grieved by her untimely death—I was filled with fear that I had not, with all my care, behaved affectionately enough to her in her lifetime.

"Furthermore, I solemnly declare that I know no more of how she took the arsenic found in her body than the babe unborn. I am innocent even of the thought of harming that unhappy woman. I administered the composing-draught exactly as I found it in the bottle. I afterwards gave her the cup of tea, exactly as I received it from the under-housemaid's hand. I never had access to the arsenic after I placed the two packages in my wife's possession. I am entirely ignorant of what she did with them, or of where she kept them. I declare, before God, I am innocent of the horrible crime with which I am charged."

With the reading of those true and touching words, the proceedings on the second day of the Trial came to an end.

So far, I must own, the effect on me of reading the Report was to depress my spirits, and to lower my hopes. The whole weight of the evidence, at the close of the second day, was against my unhappy husband. Woman as I

was, and partisan as I was, I could plainly see that.

The merciless Lord-Advocate (I confess I hated him!) had proved (1) that Eustace had bought the poison; (2) that the reason which he had given to the druggists for buying the poison was not the true reason; (3) that he had had two opportunities of secretly administering the poison to his wife. On the other side, what had the Dean of Faculty proved? As yet—nothing. The assertions in the prisoner's Declaration of his innocence were still, as the Lord-Advocate had remarked, assertions not supported by proof. Not one atom of evidence had been produced to show that it was the wife who had secretly used the arsenic, and used it for her complexion.

My one consolation was, that the reading of the Trial had already revealed to me the helpless figures of two friends, on whose sympathy I might surely rely. The crippled Mr. Dexter had especially shown himself to be a thorough good ally of my husband's. My heart warmed to the man who had moved his chair against the bedside table—the man who had struggled to the last to defend Eustace's papers from the wretches who had seized them! I decided, then and there, that the first person to whom I would confide my aspirations and my hopes should be Mr. Dexter. If he felt any difficulty about advising me, I would then apply next to the agent, Mr. Playmore—the second good friend, who had formally protested against the seizure of my husband's papers. Fortified by this resolution, I turned the page, and read the history of the third day of the Trial.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THIRD QUESTION—WHAT WAS HIS MOTIVE?

The first question (Did the Woman die Poisoned?) had been answered, positively. The second question (Who Poisoned Her?) had been answered, apparently: There now remained the third and final question—What Was His Motive? The first evidence called, in answer to that inquiry, was the evidence of relatives and friends of the dead wife.

Lady Brydehaven, widow of Rear Admiral Sir George Brydehaven, examined by Mr. Drew (counsel for the Crown with the Lord-Advocate) gave evidence as follows:

"The deceased lady (Mrs. Eustace Macallan), was my niece. She was the only child of my sister; and she lived under my roof after the time of her mother's death. I objected to her marriage—on grounds which were considered purely fanciful and sentimental by her other friends. It is extremely painful to me to state the circumstances in public; but I am ready to make the sacrifice, if the ends of justice require it.

"The prisoner at the Bar, at the time of which I am now speaking, was staying as a guest in my house. He met with an accident while he was out riding which caused a serious injury to one of his legs. The leg had been previously hurt, while he was serving with the army in India. This circumstance tended greatly to aggravate the injury received in the accident. He was confined to a recumbent position on a sofa for many weeks together; and the ladies in the house took it in turns to sit with him, and while away the weary time by reading to him and talking to him. My niece was foremost among these volunteer nurses. She played admirably on the piano; and the sick man happened—most unfortunately as the event proved—to be fond of music.

"The consequences of the perfectly innocent intercourse thus begun, were deplorable consequences for my niece. She became passionately attached to Mr. Eustace Macallan, without awakening any corresponding affection on his side.

"I did my best to interfere, delicately and usefully, while it was still possible to interfere with advantage. Unhappily, my niece refused to place any confidence in me. She persistently denied that she was actuated by any warmer feeling towards Mr. Macallan than a feeling of friendly interest. This made it impossible for me to separate them, without openly acknowledging my reason for doing so, and thus producing a scandal which might have affected my niece's reputation. My husband was alive at that time; and the one thing I could do, under the circumstances, was the thing I did. I requested him to speak privately to Mr. Macallan, and to appeal to his honour to help us out of the difficulty, without prejudice to my niece.

"Mr. Macallan behaved admirably. He was still helpless; but he made an excuse for leaving us which it was impossible to dispute. In two days after my husband had spoken to him he was removed from the house.

"The remedy was well intended, but it came too late, and it utterly failed. The mischief was done. My niece pined away visibly; neither medical help nor change of air and scene did anything for her. In course of time—after Mr. Macallan had recovered from the effects of his accident—I found out that she was carrying on a clandestine correspondence with him, by means of her maid. His letters, I am bound to say, were most considerably and carefully written. Nevertheless I felt it my duty to stop the correspondence.

"My interference—what else could I do but interfere?—brought matters to a crisis. One day my niece was missing at breakfast-time. The next day we discovered that the poor infatuated creature had gone to Mr. Macallan's chambers in London, and had been found hidden in his bedroom by some bachelor friends who came to visit him.

"For this disaster Mr. Macallan was in no respect to blame. Hearing footsteps outside, he had only time to take measures for saving her character by concealing her in the nearest room—and the nearest room happened to be his bed-chamber. The matter was talked about,

of course, and motives were misinterpreted in the vilest manner. My husband had another private conversation with Mr. Macallan. He again behaved admirably. He publicly declared that my niece had visited him as his betrothed wife. In a fortnight from that time he silenced scandal in the one way that was possible—he married her.

"I was alone in opposing the marriage. I thought it at the time—what it has proved to be since—a fatal mistake.

"It would have been sad enough if Mr. Macallan had only married her without a particle of love on his side. But to make the prospect more hopeless still, he was himself, at the very time, the victim of a misplaced attachment to a lady who was engaged to another man. I am well aware that he compassionately denied this, just as he compassionately affected to be in love with my niece when he married her. But his hopeless admiration of the lady whom I have mentioned, was a matter of fact notorious among his friends. It may not be amiss to add, that her marriage preceded his marriage. He had irretrievably lost the woman he really loved—he was without a hope or an aspiration in life, when he took pity on my niece.

"In conclusion, I can only repeat that no evil which could have happened (if she had remained a single woman), would have comparable, in my opinion, to the evil of such a marriage as this. Never, I sincerely believe, were two more ill-assorted persons united in the bonds of matrimony, than the prisoner at the bar and his deceased wife."

The evidence of this witness produced a strong sensation among the audience, and had a marked effect on the minds of the jury. Cross-examination forced Lady Brydehaven to modify some of her opinions, and to acknowledge that the hopeless attachment of the prisoner to another woman was a matter of rumour only. But the facts in her narrative remained unshaken; and, for that one reason, they invested the crime charged against the prisoner with an appearance of possibility, which it had entirely failed to assume during the earlier part of the Trial.

Two other ladies (intimate friends of Mrs. Eustace Macallan) were called next. They differed from Lady Brydehaven in their opinions on the propriety of the marriage; but on all the material points they supported her testimony, and confirmed the serious impression which the first witness had produced on every person in Court.

The next evidence which the prosecution proposed to put in was the silent evidence of the letters and the Diary found at Gleninch.

In answer to a question from the Bench, the Lord Advocate stated that the letters were written by friends of the prisoner and his deceased wife, and that passages in them bore directly on the terms on which the two associated in their married life. The Diary was still more valuable as evidence. It contained the prisoner's daily record of domestic events, and of the thoughts and feelings which they aroused in him at the time.

A painful scene followed this explanation.

Writing, as I do, long after the events took place, I still cannot prevail upon myself to describe in detail what my unhappy husband said and did at this distressing period of the Trial. Deeply affected while Lady Brydehaven was giving her evidence, he had with difficulty restrained himself from interrupting her. He now lost all control over his feelings. In piercing tones, which rang through the Court, he protested against the contemplated violation of his own most sacred secrets and his wife's most sacred secrets. "Hang me, innocent as I am!" he cried, "but spare me that!" The effect of this terrible outbreak on the audience is reported to have been indescribable. Some of the women present were in hysterics. The Judges interfered from the Bench—but with no good result. Quiet was at length restored by the Dean of Faculty, who succeeded in soothing the prisoner—and who then addressed the Judges, pleading for indulgence to his unhappy client in most touching and eloquent language. The speech, a masterpiece of impromptu oratory, concluded with a temperate yet strongly-urged protest against the reading of the papers discovered at Gleninch.

The three Judges retired to consider the legal question submitted to them. The sitting was suspended for more than half-an-hour.

As usual in such cases, the excitement in the Court communicated itself to the crowd outside in the street. The general opinion here—led, as it was supposed, by one of the clerks or other inferior persons connected with the legal proceedings—was decidedly adverse to the prisoner's chance of escaping a sentence of death. "If the letters and the Diary are read," said the brutal spokesmen of the mob, "the letters and Diary will hang him."

On the return of the Judges into court, it was announced that they had decided, by a majority of two to one, on permitting the documents in dispute to be produced in evidence. Each of the Judges, in turn, gave his reasons for the decision at which he had arrived. This done, the Trial proceeded. The readings of the extracts from the letters and the extracts from the Diary began.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THIRD QUESTION. WHAT WAS HIS MOTIVE?

The first letters produced were the letters found in the Indian Cabinet, in Mrs. Eustace Macallan's room. They were addressed to the deceased lady by intimate (female) friends of hers, with whom she was accustomed to correspond. These separate extracts, from letters written by three different correspondents, were selected to be read in Court.

First Correspondent:—"I despair my dearest Sara, of being able to tell you how your last letter has distressed me. Pray forgive me,

If I own to thinking that your very sensitive nature exaggerates or misinterprets, quite unconsciously of course, the neglect that you experience at the hands of your husband. I cannot say anything about his peculiarities of character, because I am not well enough acquainted with him to know what they are. But, my dear, I am much older than you—and I have had a much longer experience than yours of what somebody calls, 'the lights and shadows of married life.' Speaking from that experience, I must tell you what I have observed. Young married women, like you, who are devotedly attached to their husbands, are apt to make one very serious mistake. As a rule, they all expect too much from their husbands. Men, my poor Sara, are not like us. Their love, even when it is quite sincere, is not like our love. It does not last, as it does with us. It is not the one hope and one thought of their lives, as it is with us. We have no alternative—even when we most truly respect and love them—but to make allowance for his difference between the man's nature and the woman's. I do not for one moment excuse your husband's coldness. He is wrong, for example, in never looking at you when he speaks to you, and in never noticing the efforts that you make to please him. He is worse than wrong—he is really cruel if you like—in never returning your kiss, when you kiss him. But, my dear, are you quite sure that he is always *designedly* cold and cruel? May not his conduct be sometimes the result of troubles and anxieties which weigh on his mind, and which are troubles and anxieties that you cannot share? If you try to look at his behaviour in this light, you will understand many things which puzzle and pain you now. Be patient with him, my child. Make no complaints; and never approach him with your caresses at time when his mind is pre-occupied or his temper ruffled. This may be hard advice to follow, loving him as ardently as you do. But rely on it, the secret of happiness for us women is to be found (alas, only too often!) in such exercise of restraint and resignation as your old friend now recommends. Think, my dear, over what I have written—and let me hear from you again."

Second Correspondent:—"How can you be so foolish, Sara, as to waste your love on such a cold-blooded brute as your husband seems to be? To be sure, I am not married yet—or perhaps I should not be so surprised at you. But I shall be married one of these days; and if my husband ever treats me as Mr. Macallan treats you, I shall insist on a separation. I declare I think I would rather be actually beaten, like the women among the lower orders, than be treated with the polite neglect and contempt which you describe. I burn with indignation when I think of it. It must be quite insufferable. Don't bear it any longer, my poor dear. Leave him, and come and stay with me. My brother is a lawyer, as you know. I read to him portions of your letter; and he is of opinion that you might get, what he calls, a judicial separation. Come and consult him."

Third Correspondent:—"You know, my dear Mrs. Macallan, what my experience of men has been. Your letter does not surprise me in the least. Your husband's conduct to you points to one conclusion. He is in love with some other woman. There is somebody in the dark, who gets from him everything that he denies to you. I have been through it all—and I know! Don't give way. Make it the business of your life to find out who the creature is. Perhaps there may be more than one of them. It doesn't matter. One, or many, if you can only discover them, you may make his existence as miserable to him as he makes your existence to you. If you want my experience to help you, say the word, and it is freely at your service. I can come and stay with you, at Gleninch, any time after the fourth of next month."

With those abominable lines the readings from the letters of the women came to an end. The first and longest of the Extracts produced the most vivid impression in Court. Evidently the writer was, in this case, a worthy and sensible person. It was generally felt, however, that all three of the letters—no matter how widely they might differ in tone—justified the same conclusion. The wife's position at Gleninch, (if the wife's account of it was to be trusted), was the position of a neglected and an unhappy woman.

The correspondence of the prisoner, which had been found, with his Diary, in the locked bed-table drawer—was produced next. The letters, in this case, were, with one exception, all written by men. Though the tone of them was moderation itself, as compared with the second and third of the women's letters, the conclusion still pointed the same way. The life of the husband, at Gleninch, appeared to be just as intolerable as the life of the wife.

For example, one of the prisoner's male friends wrote, inviting him to make a yacht voyage round the world. Another, suggested an absence of six months on the Continent. A third recommended field sports and fishing. The one object aimed at by all the writers, was plainly to counsel a separation, more or less complete, between the married pair.

The last letter read, was addressed to the prisoner in a woman's handwriting, and was signed by a woman's Christian name, only.

"Ah, my poor Eustace, what a cruel destiny is ours!" (the letter began), "When I think of your life, sacrificed to that wretched woman, my heart bleeds for you! If we had been man and wife—if it had been my unutterable happiness to love and cherish the best, the dearest of men—what a paradise of our own we might have lived in, what delicious hours we might have known! But regret is vain; we are separated in this life—separated by ties which we both mourn, and yet which we must both respect. My Eustace, there is a world beyond this! There our souls will fly to meet each other, and mingle in one long heavenly embrace—in a rapture

forbidden to us on earth. The misery described in your letter—oh, why, why did you marry her?—has wrung this confession of feeling from me. Let it comfort you; but let no other eyes see it. Burn my rashly-written lines, and look (as I look) to the better life which you may yet share with your own, HELENA."

The reading of this outrageous letter provoked a question from the Bench. One of the Judges asked if the writer had attached any date or address to her letter.

In answer to this, the Lord Advocate stated that neither the one nor the other appeared. The envelope showed that the letter had been posted in London. "We propose," the learned counsel continued, "to read certain passages from the prisoner's Diary, in which the name signed at the end of the letter occurs more than once; and we may possibly find other means of identifying the writer, to the satisfaction of your lordships, before the Trial is over."

The promised passages from my husband's private Diary were now read. The first extract related to a period of nearly a year before the date of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death. It was expressed in these terms:

"News, by this morning's post, which has quite overwhelmed me. Helena husband died suddenly two days since, of heart disease. She is free—my beloved Helena is free! And I?"

"I am fettered to a woman with whom I have not a single feeling in common. Helena is lost to me, by my own act. Ah! I can understand now, as I never understood before, how irresistible temptation can be, and how easily, so metimes, crime may follow it. I had better shut up these leaves for the night. It maddens me to no purpose to think of my position or to write of it."

The next passage, dated a few days later, dwelt on the same subject.

"Of all the follies that a man can commit, the greatest is acting on impulse. I acted on impulse when I married the unfortunate creature who is now my wife.

"Helena was then lost to me, as I too hastily supposed. She had married the man whom she rashly engaged herself, before she met with me. He was younger than I, and, to all appearance, heartier and stronger than I. So far as I could see, my fate was sealed for life. Helena had written her farewell letter, taking leave of me in this world, for good. My prospects were closed; my hopes had ended. I had not an aspiration left; I had no necessity to stimulate me to take refuge in work. A chivalrous action an exertion of noble self-denial, seemed to be all that was left to me, all that I was fit for.

"The circumstances of the moment adapted themselves, with a fatal facility, to this idea. The ill-fated woman who had become attached to me (Heaven knows without so much as the shadow of encouragement on my part!), had, just at that time, rashly placed her reputation at the mercy of the world. It rested with me to silence the scandalous tongues that reviled her. With Helena lost to me, happiness was not to be expected. All women were equally indifferent to me. A generous action would be the salvation of this woman. Why not perform it? I married her on that impulse—married her, just as I might have jumped into the water and saved her, if she had been drowning; just as I might have knocked a man down, if I had seen him ill-treating her in the street!

"And now, the woman for whom I have made this sacrifice stands between me and my Helena—my Helena, free to pour out all the treasures of her love on the man who adores the earth that she touches with her foot!

"Fool! Madman! Why don't I dash out my brains against the wall that I see opposite to me while I write these lines?

"My gun is there in the corner. I have only to tie a string to the trigger, and to put the muzzle to my mouth—No! My mother is alive; my mother's love is sacred. I have no right to take the life which she gave me. I must suffer and submit. Oh, Helena! Helena!"

The third extract—one among many similar passages—had been written about two months before the death of the prisoner's wife.

"More reproaches addressed to me! There never was such a woman for complaining; she lives in a perfect atmosphere of ill-temper and discontent.

"My new offenses are two in number. I never ask her to play to me now; and, when she puts on a new dress expressly to please me, I never notice it. Notice it! Good Heavens! The effort of my life is not to notice her, in anything she does or says. How could I keep my temper, unless I kept as much as possible out of the way of private interviews with her? And I do keep my temper. I am never hard on her; I never use harsh language to her. She has a double claim on my forbearance—she is a woman; and the law has made her my wife. I remember this; but I am human. The less I see of her—except when visitors are present—the more certain I can feel of preserving my self control.

"I wonder what it is that makes her so utterly distasteful to me. She is a plain woman; but I have seen uglier women than she, whose caresses I could have endured, without the sense of shrinking that comes over me when I am obliged to submit to her caresses. I keep the feeling hidden from her. She loves me, poor thing—and I pity her. I wish I could do more; I wish I could return, in the smallest degree, the feeling with which she regards me. But, no—I can only pity her. If she would be content to live on friendly terms with me, and never to exact demonstrations of tenderness, we might get on pretty well. But she wants love. Unfortunate creature, she wants love!

"Oh, my Helena! I have no love to give her. My heart is yours.

"I dreamed last night, that this unhappy wife of mine was dead. The dream was so vivid that I actually got out of my bed, and opened the door of her room, and listened.

"Her calm regular breathing was distinctly audible in the stillness of the night. She was in a deep sleep. I closed the door again, and lit my candle and read. Helena was in all my thoughts; it was hard work to fix my attention on the book; but anything was better than going to bed again, and dreaming perhaps for the second time that I, too, was free.

"What a life mine is! what a life my wife's is! If the house was to take fire, I wonder whether I should make an effort to save myself or to save her?"

The last two passages read, referred to later dates still.

"A gleam of brightness has shone over this dismal existence of mine at last.

"Helena is no longer condemned to the seclusion of widowhood. Time enough has passed to permit of her mixing again in society. She is paying visits to friends in our part of Scotland; and, as she and I are cousins, it is universally understood that she cannot leave the North without also spending a few days at my house. She writes me word that the visit, however embarrassing it may be to us privately, is nevertheless a visit that must be made, for the sake of appearances! I shall see this angel in my purgatory, and all because Society in Mid-Lothian would think it strange that my cousin should be visiting in my part of Scotland, and not visit me!

"But we are to be very careful. Helena says, in so many words, 'I come to see you, Eustace, as a sister. You must receive me as a brother, or not receive me at all. I shall write to your wife to propose the day for my visit. I shall not forget—do you not forget—that it is by your wife's permission that I enter your house.'

"Only let me see her! I will submit to anything to obtain the unutterable happiness of seeing her!"

The last Extract followed, and consisted of these lines only:

"A new misfortune! My wife has fallen ill. She has taken to her bed, with a bad rheumatic cold, just at the time appointed for Helena's visit to Gleninch. But, on this occasion (I gladly own it!), she has behaved charmingly. She has written to Helena to say that her illness is not serious enough to render a change necessary in the arrangements, and to make it her particular request that my cousin's visit shall take place upon the day originally decided upon.

(To be continued.)

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

For Coughs, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Bronchial and Throat Affections, &c. Balsamic, Soothing, Expectorant, and Tonic. A bona-fide Syrup of Red Spruce Gum, of delicious flavor and scientifically prepared. Taken after each dose of Cod Liver Oil, it will be found very serviceable in stopping the distressing Cough of Consumptive patients.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

For sale by all Druggists and Country Storekeepers in the Dominion.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, MONTREAL, Sole Manufacturer.

(Trade Mark secured for United States and Canada.)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS 1874.

FANCY INKSTANDS, in Cutglass, Bronze, Walnut, &c., &c.

Writing Cases, Writing Desks, Portfolios, &c., &c., in Morocco, Russia and Calf Leathers.

Gold Pen and Pencil Cases. Penholders, Gold Pens, &c., &c.

Card Cases, in fine Russia and Calf Leathers. Fancy Stationery, in Boxes, Portmonnaies, Pocket-books, Wallets, &c., in great variety.

Cabinet and Stationery Cases, and Desks, in Oak and Walnut.

MORTON PHILLIPS & BULMER, (Successors to Robt. Graham, Established 1829.)

STATIONERS, &c., 375 Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.

10-24-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF JOHN GAY, OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL, BOARDING HOUSE KEEPER. AN INSOLVENT.

I, the undersigned, David J. Craig, of the City of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are notified to meet at my office, No. 11 Hospital Street, on Monday, the 11th day of January, 1875, at THREE o'clock afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is notified to attend.

DAVID J. CRAIG, Official Assignee.

Montreal, 7th December, 1874.

10-24-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869 AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

In the Matter of Winifred Burk, of the City and District of Montreal, Marchande Publique Trader, Wife of Mathias Johns, of the same place, Storeman, duly separated from her said husband, as to property, an Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Andrew B. Stewart, of the City and District of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, Merchants Exchange Building, in the said City of Montreal, on Thursday, the Fourteenth Day of January next, (A.D., 1875), at the hour of Three of the clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend.

A. B. STEWART, Assignee.

Montreal, 7th December, 1874.

10-24-2

LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER will be held at the Bank on THURSDAY THE SEVENTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at THREE o'clock P. M.

By order of the Board,

H. COTTE,

Cashier. Montreal, 17th November, 1874.

10-22-3-46.

NEW ATTRACTIONS

FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS.

CROWDS OF PEOPLE are attracted all through the day to the Window of 299 NOTRE DAME ST., in which is to be seen an entire New Stock of Novelties, consisting of Magic Lanterns and Slides, (a very fine assortment imported,) Mechanical Toys, Children's Toys, and Fancy Goods of every description. Also, a Choice Selection of Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, and Gold and Silver Spectacles to suit all Sights.

A variety of New, Elegant Photographs just received from LONDON, PARIS and NEW YORK.

G. J. HUBBARD,

289 NOTRE DAME STREET.

N. B.—Every article suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Presents can be found here.

Montreal, December 15, 1874.

10-23-13-52

Merchants' Bank of Canada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND OF

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of this Institution for the current half year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after SATURDAY, the SECOND DAY OF JANUARY next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

JACKSON RAE,

General Manager.

Montreal, 27th November, 1874.

10-23-5-53.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF LONDON, Established 1803.

Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA:

RINTOUL BROS.,

No. 24 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.

CHAS. D. HANSON, Inspector.

10-22-52-49

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

10-21-53-36.

THE OTTAWA IRON AND STEEL MANUFACTURING CO.

(Limited)—CAPITAL: \$500,000, in 20,000 Shares of \$25 each.

PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS:—HON. JAMES SKEAD, Vice-President of the Dominion Board of Trade, and President of the Ottawa Board of Trade.

J. M. CURRIER, Esq., M.P. for City of Ottawa. EDWARD MCGILLIVRAY, Esq., Ex-Chairman Board of Trade.

R. S. CASSELS, Esq., President Union Forwarding Co.

H. V. NOEL, Esq., Manager Quebec Bank, Ottawa.

EDWARD HAYCOCK, Esq., Ottawa.

BANKERS:—THE ONTARIO BANK.

SOLICITORS, pro tem:—MESSRS. COCKBURN, WRIGHT, and CLEMOW

SECRETARY, pro tem:—R. W. CRUCE, Esq.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of purchasing and working the valuable Iron Mines situate in the Townships of Templeton and Hull, in the County of Ottawa, and Province of Quebec, called the Haycock Iron Location. The Company holding the power under the Act to carry on the business of exploring for, mining, smelting, manufacturing, dealing in and disposing of iron and other ores and metals, and the manufacturing, selling, dealing in, and disposing of steel workings, or the products of iron and steel.

The property to be acquired has been carefully examined on two different occasions by the eminent Mining Engineer, Dr. E. J. Chapman, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology, in the University College, Toronto, who in the course of his full detailed report, says: "The Haycock Iron Location comprises a compact area of 300 acres of mineral land and 100 acres of timber land, situate in the Province of Quebec, about eight miles north-east of the City of Ottawa; together with an additional piece of land of 10 acres near the head of navigation on the River Gatineau. This latter area has been secured partly as a storing place and loading ground for, but chiefly as a convenient site for the erection of Furnaces. The area is connected with the mineral or iron area proper by a tramway of 6 1/2 miles in length, and of three feet gauge. The assets of the property also include a Steam Saw Mill, of 20 horse power, sawn timber and logs; a Boarding House; Manager's House; Store House; Office; Stables; Powder House, and Blacksmith's Shop. Also a Derrick and other mining plant, tools, &c., together with about 5,000 tons of raised ore.

The 300 acres of mineral lands are traversed in a general north-east and south-west direction by numerous bands of iron ore, favorably situated for mining, and for the greater part, if not entirely of workable thickness—the beds at present opened widening rapidly on descending." Prof. Chapman considers that these united beds in the more central portion of the property alone, cannot carry less than from six to six-and-a-half millions of tons of ore, and they probably contain a much larger amount—and further says, "I have been anxious to keep free from all suspicion of exaggeration. My estimate might, therefore, be greatly increased, and still be within the truth as it takes the bands of ore merely at their surface strength, and most of these bands, if not all, will probably be found to widen more or less in descending.

The ore is of very remarkable purity, and it holds on an average 64 per centum of metal, equivalent to a furnace yield of about 60 per cent. A practical test made upon several cwt. of the ore, in a Steinen's furnace, produced at one heat a steel of very superior quality. The cost of producing first quality pigmetal from the ore at the furnace site on the Gatineau would not exceed \$20 per ton.

These statements and estimates, which I have sought to keep scrupulously within the truth and which are confirmed, I may observe, by independent and thoroughly trustworthy testimony, prove the value of the Haycock Location as an iron property."

Trials and experiments made at some of the largest iron and steel works in England, the United States and Canada, have in every case proved the suitability of the ore for the manufacture of steel. The reports on the property particulars of analysis, and trials and samples of the ore, of steely ingots made in one heat from the ore, and bars rolled in one heat from the ingot, can be seen at the office in Ottawa, and of the Agents in Montreal.

It is intended to immediately erect bloomeries for reducing the ores.

The price to be paid for the purchase of the property is \$250,000, one-half in cash, and the balance in fully paid-up shares of the Company, in consideration of which the proprietor will make over the freehold of the estate free from all incumbrances whatsoever.

And further, as a proof of his bona fides, and his entire confidence in the prospects of the undertaking.

He will guarantee to the Shareholders a minimum dividend of not less than

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

on the paid up capital for three years from the date of the allotment of shares and as security for the due payment thereof, he will deposit in the hands of the Company the whole of his paid up shares, and give such further security in cash as may be thought necessary for the carrying out of his guarantee.

The Capital will be called up as follows: On Application \$2 per share; on Allotment, \$3 per share; 15th January, 1875, \$5 per share, and \$2 on the 15th day of each month thereafter as the Directors may require. Shares will be allotted according to priority of application. Applications for Stock must be made on the printed form, which, with any further information relative to the Company can be had at the Head Office in Ottawa, or from the Agents at Montreal, Messrs. DRUMMOND, CASSELS & CO.

Montreal, December 5th, 1874.

10-23-4-54.

Amusement.

THEATRE ROYAL.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

THE GREAT ENGLISH TRAGEDIAN,

NEIL WARNER,

LATE OF DRURY LANE THEATRE, LONDON.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

NEIL WARNER,

Re-engaged for one week longer.

NOTICE.—Seats can be secured at Prince's Music Store. 10-20-26-33.

SCOTTISH IMPERIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE FOR THE DOMINION:

No. 9 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.

H. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent.

ISAAC C. GILMOUR, Agent, Toronto.

MCKENZIE & OSBORNE, Agents, Hamilton.

10-21-52-41.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The Limited Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the name of BURLAND, LAFRICAINE & CO., has been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said Partnership are to be paid to G. B. Burland, and all claims against the said Partnership are to be presented to the said G. B. Burland, by whom the same will be settled.

G. B. BURLAND, G. LAFRICAINE, W. C. SMILLIE, H. EARLE, W. S. GILLELAN.

Montreal, 3rd December, 1874.

With reference to the above announcement the customers of the late firm of BURLAND, LAFRICAINE & CO., are requested hereafter to favor, with their orders, the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC CO., into which the business of the late firm has been merged.

10-24-3-5

THE Burland-Desbarats Lithographic COMPANY.

THE FIRST GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of this Company, will be held at the Office, No. 319 St. Antoine Street, in the City of Montreal,

ON MONDAY, THE 14TH DAY OF DECEMBER INST.,

at THREE o'clock in the AFTERNOON, for the election of Directors, the adoption of By-Laws, and the transaction of other business.

By order of the Provisional Directors,

G. B. BURLAND,

Provisional Director.

Montreal, 3rd December, 1874.

10-24-1-56

BRIDAL GIFTS!

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.,
 226 and 228 ST. JAMES STREET.
 HAVE IN STOCK THE
 Largest and Richest Assortment of SILKWARE and
 Fancy Articles for Wedding and Presentation Gifts and
 General Family use to be found in the Dominion.
 10-20-4-24

GRAVEL ROOFING. **R. ALEXANDER,**
 305 CRAIG STREET,
 MONTREAL.
 05-10-21-32-38.

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY—Agents Wanted!
 All classes of working people,
 of either sex, young or old, make more money at work
 for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at
 anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States
 costs but two cents. Address J. STINSON & CO.,
 Portland, Maine. 10-18-32-30.

North British & Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1809.
 Head Office for Canada:
 No. 72 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
 MONTREAL.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Insurances effected on all classes of Risks.
 LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
*Nine per Cent of Profits Divided among Policies
 of Participating Scale.*
 MANAGING DIRECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS
 D. L. MACDOUGALL and THOS. DAVIDSON
 WM. EWING, INSPECTOR.
 G. H. ROBERTSON and P. R. FAUTEUX,
 SUB AGTS. FOR MONTREAL.
 Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns. 10-20-32-24

R. C. JAMIESON & CO.,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
Varnishes & Japans,
 IMPORTERS OF
Oils, Paints, Colors, Spts. of Turpentine, &c.,
 3 Corn Exchange, 6 St. John St., MONTREAL.
 10-19-13-25.

DOMINION METAL WORKS,
 [ESTABLISHED 1828.]
CHARLES GARTH & CO.
 MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
*Plumbers, Engineers, Steamfitters, Brass,
 Copper & Iron Work, Gasfittings, &c.*
 OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY:
 535 TO 542 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.
 10-19-13-26.

JAMES MATTINSON,
 (Late of the Firm of Charles Garth & Co.)
PLUMBER, STEAM & GAS FITTER,
BRASS & IRON FINISHER,
Mechanic and Manufacturer of Steam Pumps, &c.,
 279 CORNER CRAIG, NEAR COTTE ST.,
 MONTREAL.
 All work personally superintended, and executed with
 dispatch on the most reasonable terms.
 N. B.—Impulse piece of the Baxter Engine kept on hand.
 10-19-26-27.

DR. HAYWARD'S NEW DISCOVERY,
 (PATENTED 1872)
ENGLAND, FRANCE & BELGIUM.
The Treatment and Mode of Cure.
How to use it successfully
 With safety and certainty in all cases of decay of the
 nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low
 spirits, despondency, languor, exhaustion, muscular
 debility, loss of strength, appetite, indigestion,
 and functional ailments from
 various excesses, &c., &c.
Without Medicine.

THE NEW MODE
 RE-ANIMATES and REVIVES the failing functions
 of life, and thus imparts ENERGY and FRESH VITALITY
 to the EXHAUSTED and DEBILITATED Constitution, and
 may fairly be termed,
THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.
THE LOCAL and NERVINE TREATMENT.
 Imparts tone and vigour to the nervous system, and
 possesses highly re-animating properties, its influence on
 the secretions and functions is speedily manifested, and
 in all cases of debility, nervousness, depression, palpitation
 of the heart, trembling of the limbs, pains in the
 back, &c., resulting from over-taxed energies of body or
 mind, &c.
 Full Printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Dia-
 grams for invalids, post Free, 25 cents.
 (FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.)
 DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., 14 York Street,
 Portman Square, London, W.
 For Qualifications, vide "Medical Registrar."
 10-17-13-19.

**Pratt's Patent
BRACE and SKIRT
SUPPORTER.**
 LATEST IMPROVEMENT



It expands the chest, affords free and thorough respiration, and promotes health, by giving tone and vigour to the vital organs. The best and most perfect brace made. Retail price of Men's, \$1.75; Ladies' \$1.50. Sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of money. Send chest measure. For sale by all first-class dealers, and at the office of the Cleveland Shoulder-Brace Co., Cleveland, O. 10-17-8-19.

THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER
 Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a
HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY
 in every family where Economy and Health are
 studied.
 It is used for raising all kinds of Breads, Rolls, Pan-
 cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity
 used in Pie Crust, Puddings, &c., will save half the
 usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.
THE COOK'S FRIEND
SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.
 For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion,
 and wholesale by the manufacturer,
 W. D. MCLAREN, Union Mills.
 10-14-30-5. 33 College Street.

Sight is the Greatest Gem of Nature.
SAVE YOUR EYES!
RESTORE YOUR SIGHT!

Ede's Patent American Eye Liquid.
 worth 20 guineas per bottle, has been proved by thou-
 sands to be the best ever afforded to the public. Dim-
 ness, aged, weak, watery, sore, blood-shot, itchy, specks,
 colds, inflamed, near-sighted, over-worked, and every
 disease of the eyes, cured in a few dressings. Thou-
 sands of testimonials can be seen. Send a stamped
 envelope for testimonials, and judge for yourself. Some
 of the most wonderful cures ever witnessed in men, wo-
 men, and children, all well known in Birmingham and
 district, some who had been in hospitals, and under the
 best medical men of the day. Not the slightest pain in
 using it. Sold in bottles at 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 3d. Pre-
 pared only by John Ede, Snowball Villa, Birchfield
 Road, Birmingham. Sent free by post for 15 and 25
 stamps. 10-15-32-15.

AMERICAN WATCHES
 Illustrated catalogues containing price list,
 giving full information
How to Choose a Good Watch
 Price 10 cents. Address,
 S. P. KLEISER,
 P. O. Box 1622, Toronto.
 No. 24 Union Block, Toronto Street, Toronto.
 10-14-33-7.

Commercial Union Assurance Company.
 HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON.
Capital, \$12,500,000. FUNDS IN HAND AND INVESTED OVER \$5,000,000
 UNCALLED CAPITAL 11,000,000
 BRANCH OFFICE FOR EASTERN CANADA—UNION BUILDINGS, 43 ST. FRANCOIS-XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.
FIRE DEPARTMENT. Insurance granted upon Dwelling Houses and Mercantile Risks, including Mills
 and Manufactories and their contents, at reasonable rates.
LIFE DEPARTMENT. Terms liberal—Rates moderate—Security perfect—Bonus large, having here-
 tofore averaged over 25 per cent. of the Premiums paid.
 10-19-52-25 **FRED. COLE, General Agent for Eastern Canada.**

Provincial Insurance Company of Canada,
 HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, Ont.
FIRE AND MARINE. Endeavours to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND
 JUST SETTLEMENT OF FAIR CLAIMS.
 MONTREAL OFFICE: 160 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE-DAME.
 10-19-52-29 **T. A. EVANS, AGENT.**

The Royal Canadian Insurance Company.
FIRE AND MARINE.
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - - \$4,000,000,
 Having Nearly Two Thousand Stockholders.
 Available Funds to meet Claims exceed Seven Hundred Thousand Dollars.
 Insure all Classes of Risks against Fire at moderate rates, which will be paid immediately on the Loss being
 established.
MARINE BRANCH
 This Company are prepared to issue Policies on Inland Hulls and Inland Cargoes on terms as favorable as
 any First-Class Company. Open Policies issued on Special Terms. Losses adjusted equitably and Paid Promptly
 at the Head Office.
DIRECTORS:—HON. JOHN YOUNG, PRESIDENT. J. F. SINCENNES, VICE-PRESIDENT.
 ANDREW ROBERTSON, J. R. THIBAUDEAU, L. A. BOYER, M. P., JOHN ORTELL,
 W. F. KAY, M. C. MULLARKY, ANDREW WILSON.
GENERAL MANAGER, ALFRED PERRY. SECRETARY, ARTHUR GAONON.
MANAGER MARINE DEPARTMENT, CHAS. O. FORTIER.
BANKERS:—BANK OF MONTREAL. LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.
 10-20-52-22

\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MEN. SEND
 \$5 for Agents outfit which will sell for \$10
 or money refunded.
 A. D. CABLE,
 338 Craig Street, Montreal.
 10-21-52-29.

ESTABLISHED 1843.
McIVER & CO.,
First Prize Furriers,
 New Warerooms:
91 ST. JAMES STREET.
 Third Door East Place d'Armes.
 10-22-6-48. **MONTREAL.**

W. S. WALKER,
 Importer of Diamonds, Fine Watches and Jewellery,
 English and French Clocks, Silver and Silver Plated
 Ware, Jet Goods, &c., &c.,
No. 321 NOTRE DAME STREET,
 (Opposite the Seminary Clock), **MONTREAL.**
 Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes and Jewellery Cleaned
 and Repaired. 10-21-6-40

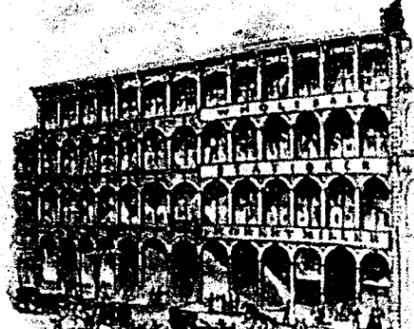
**DOMINION TELEGRAPH
INSTITUTE**
 Was re-opened for the Winter on 12th inst. with Day and
 Night Classes. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to qualify
 themselves as Telegraph Operators will please apply
 personally or by letter, to 73 St. James Street, Montreal.
 In consequence of so many New Lines of Railway
 being opened there will be a large demand for Operators
 in the Spring. 10-21-8-34.

TO PRINTERS.
 The undersigned offers for sale the following Ma-
 chines:
 ONE IMPERIAL HOE WASHINGTON HAND
 PRESS;
 ONE SUPER-ROYAL IMPROVED DITTO;
 ONE GORDON JOB PRESS, POOLSCAP SIZE;
 THREE HAND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING
 PRESSES;
 ONE HAND PAPER CUTTING MACHINE.
 THREE WANZER SEWING MACHINES.
 The above will be sold cheap for cash or its equiva-
 lent.
 Apply to the General Manager of
THE BURLAND-DESBARATS CO.,
 MONTREAL.

WANTED
 Several active energetic young men to canvass for the
"Canadian Illustrated News,"
 AND FOR THE
"MECHANICS' MAGAZINE."
 Good and exclusive territory will be given to each,
 and a liberal commission.
 Apply to the General Manager of
THE BURLAND-DESBARATS CO.,
 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, or 319 St. Antoine St.,
 MONTREAL.

**JOSEPH LUCKWELL,
BUILDER & JOINER**
 35; ST. ANTOINE STREET,
 MONTREAL. 10-20-52-22.

THE FOLLOWING
 IS AN
EXTRACT FROM A LETTER
 dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of
 Hornisham, near Warminster, Wilts.—
 "I must also beg to say that your Pills are
 an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly
 do enjoy good health, sound sleep, and a
 good appetite; this is owing to taking your
 Pills. I am 78 years old."
 Remaining, Gentlemen, yours very res-
 pectfully. L. S.
 To the Proprietors of
NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, London
 10-14-19-62W-2.

ROBERT MILLER,

 Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and
WHOLESALE STATIONER,
 IMPORTER OF
 Wall Papers, Window Shades and
SCHOOL BOOKS,
 397 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
 10-19-26-04-30.

Excelsior Do Your Own Printing
 Portable \$9 Press for cards, labels, envelopes
 etc. Larger sizes for large work.
 Business Men do their printing and
 advertising, save money and increase
 trade. Amateur Printing, delight-
 ful pastime for spare hours. BOYS
 have great fun and make money fast
 at printing. Send two stamps for full
 catalogue presser type etc. to the Mfrs
KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn.
 10-14-32-27

E. G. MELLOR,
JEWELLER,
 285 NOTRE-DAME STREET.
 Has constantly on hand one of the finest stocks of
FINE JEWELLERY,
 WATCHES AND DIAMONDS
 TO BE FOUND IN THE DOMINION
 10-20-27-31


LEA & PERRIN'S
 CELEBRATED
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
 DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE
The only Good Sauce.

CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD.
 The success of this most delicious and unequalled
 Condiment having caused certain dealers to apply the
 name of "Worcestershire Sauce" to their own inferior
 compounds, the public is hereby informed that the only
 way to secure the genuine is to
ASK FOR LEA & PERRIN'S SAUCE.
 and to see that their names are upon the wrapper,
 labels, stopper, and bottle.
 Some of the foreign markets having been supplied
 with a spurious Worcestershire Sauce, upon the wrapper
 and labels of which the name Lea & Perrin's have been
 forged, L. and P. give notice that they have furnished
 their correspondents with power of attorney to take in-
 stant proceedings against Manufacturers and Venders of
 such, or any other imitations by which their right may
 be infringed.
 Ask for **LEA & PERRIN'S Sauce,** and see
 Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle
 and Stopper.
 Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Wat-
 center, Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by
 Grocers and Oilmen universally.
 To be obtained of J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., and
 URQUHART & CO., Montreal. 10-14-31-6.