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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874.

Spite of the predictions of the Opposition, spite even of Mr. MACKENZIE'S declaration at Sarnia, and Mr. SCOTT'S at Ottawa, the Government have produced a detailed scheme for the construction of the Pacific Railway. A full abstract of the measure will be found in our Ottawa letter. This change of policy on the part of the Administration is remarkable. It proves conclusively that the Premier did not venture to run counter to the emphatic and almost universal opinion of the country on this point. We know it for a fact that leading members of his party in this Province were opposed to the building of the railway as a needless expense which Canada should not incur. There is reason to believe that this view was shared by members of the party outside of the Province. Certainly, during the first few months after the advent to power of the present Government, the prevailing impression was that the project of the Pacific Railway would be quietly dropped. If such intention was ever entertained, the Ministry is to be congratulated on having reconsidered it. The railway, as we have often stated in these columns, is a condition *sine qua non* of our confederate existence and of our stability as a nation. It must be built, and that as expeditiously as is compatible with our finances. With regard to the present scheme, there is little to be said in advance of the debate which will take place upon it. In nearly every essential particular, it is based on the plan devised by the late Government, such alterations as are introduced looking mainly to stronger safeguards against monopoly and jobbing. The work being let to several companies by sections, instead of to a single company, must be regarded as an improvement, provided, as is promised in the Bill, every detail of the contracting be submitted to the ultimate control of Parliament. That the construction of the road will be slow appears evident from the nature of the dispositions to be taken, but that is a secondary consideration, so long as good faith is kept with the country and a proper regard is had to the requirements of the different sections. Strict partisans have professed alarm at the thirteenth clause of the Bill, which provides that the Governor, by Order in Council, shall have the right to determine the time when the works in each section or sub-section of the said railway shall be commenced, proceeded with, and completed; and shall have power at any time to suspend the progress of work until the then next session of Parliament. But we believe there is little cause for fear that Government will wield too much power in the premises. The example of the late Government is there to serve as a warning, and Mr. MACKENZIE knows full well that the eye of the country will be keenly fixed upon his course in this whole business. The Government are pledged to purity and to the strictest honesty in the handling of the public funds.

The testimony of Mr. John Lovell, the well-known publisher of this city, before the Manufacturing Committee of Parliament, affords the amplest and the clearest information we have yet seen respecting the unsatisfactory condition of the publishing trade of the Dominion, arising out of the want of a Canadian copyright. Mr. Lovell states that he published works of all classes, but had never reprinted, as he could not obtain permission. Since 1847, the Americans had commanded Canadian markets with ephemeral productions. At the present moment he was unable to reprint English works, or issue them in a cheap form, unless he copied the American editions. He said that the price of books was cheaper here than in the States, and cited "Foul Play," sold there for 75 cents, which he himself had sold for 25 cents. He admitted, however, that the paper was of a much superior kind, but he did not admit that that impaired the argument, as the people did not want superior paper. What he wanted was to be allowed to get the English copyright, print it here, and give an excise to the Govern-

ment, which should go to the copyright owner. Had the Canadian enjoyed the same privilege as the American, the business would have been doubled, and instead of one there would be hundreds now reading in the country. He showed the disadvantage under which Canadian publishers laboured from the American copyright being only extended to American citizens, while the latter might go to England, and by residing there at the time he copyrighted his manuscript, obtain a copyright of every corner of the British Dominion and flood this market with English copyright. He believed that English authors were willing enough that such arrangements should be made, and he attributed the opposition solely to the publishers. A draft of a bill had been submitted to the Colonial Office, which he had understood was to be the basis of a Canadian Act, which had entirely met his views on the subject. The consent of the publishers, however, had not as yet been obtained for the reciprocal powers named in the bill. With regard to the duty on paper, he considered a fixed tariff of 20 per cent. would not only cheapen the paper, but would stimulate the manufacture of finer grades. Fifteen per cent. hitherto had acted as a protection to the paper-makers. Mr. Lovell concluded by reiterating that unless he were allowed to reprint English works, and foreigners were stopped from entering our market, he should, notwithstanding his strong personal objections, leave this country and publish in the States.

Of all the ridiculously petty devices ever employed to cast odium upon a political adversary perhaps the most preposterous is that recently hit upon by a portion of the Opposition Press to bring the Premier into ill favour with the more strictly religious portion of the community. A great hue and cry has been raised by certain journals—at other times in no wise remarkable for puritanical asceticism—over the fact that Mr. MACKENZIE attended a dinner given by the Speaker of the House of Commons on a Sunday. Great stress is further laid on the circumstance of Archbishop TACHÉ having been present at this dinner, and the more rabid newspapers of the sectarian stripe point with horror at the fearful spectacle of a Protestant Premier giving his approval and countenance to such doings "by attending Sunday festivities with Romish Bishops and Priests, and those who believe that, after mass, the sacredness of the Sabbath ceases." "It certainly will be a novel doctrine to most Roman Catholics, which teaches that the sacredness of Sunday terminates with the hour of noon, and one to which very few of that Church would be at all willing to subscribe. It is true that in many Catholic countries a great deal of license exists in the matter of Sunday amusements, but the same thing may be said of many of the Protestant countries of Europe. Germany in this matter is no whit better than France. Leaving aside however the abstract questions of the propriety of Sunday diversions, and confining ourselves to the matter in point, it is somewhat difficult to understand the heinous nature of the offence for which the Premier is called to task. It is not such a very uncommon thing, we imagine, for a few friends to dine together on the Sabbath; yet we hear of no outcry being made against such a custom. And inasmuch as dinner is as much a necessity to the Premier, Archbishop TACHÉ, and the Speaker, as it is to the humblest and hungriest journalist, we see no reason why the three gentlemen should not take their meal in the company that suits them best. As to the objection to the Protestant Premier sitting down with Roman Catholics, it is worthy of Lord George Gordon himself, but it is too absurd to be entertained for a moment by any sane man. To cavillers of this kind it is always well to give a wide berth. There is a savour of Shylock about them when they use the Jew's own words, "I will walk with you, talk with you, and buy with you; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you."

An unbiassed political journal, free from the trammels of party or sect, which while it discusses with all moderation the events of the day, fearlessly attacks wrongdoing, both in and out of office, is always a valuable addition to the periodical literature of a country. In Canada especially, where independent journalism is almost unknown, the establishment of such a journal is a fact upon which the reading public may well be congratulated. It has been frequently a subject of complaint, and with a great deal of reason, that the large majority of newspapers content themselves with reflecting the opinions of the leaders of the parties to which they may severally have attached themselves, and that, consequently, such a thing as fair, unprejudiced criticism might be sought after in vain in the columns of the press, both daily and weekly. We are pleased to see that this cause of reproach on Canadian journalism has at length been removed by the establishment in Toronto of *The Nation*, a weekly news-

paper which, while it professes to be mainly political in character, aims at perfect independence and impartiality in its criticisms. We have carefully read the first six numbers of the new candidate for popular favour, and have remarked with pleasure that the feature of complete independence in the discussion of political questions is carefully kept up. In its pages the reader will find the subjects of the day ably and vigorously treated with a thoroughness and a spirit of impartiality to which he has probably long been a stranger. In the interest of Canada and Canadian journalism we trust that the career of *The Nation* will be both long and successful.

It is some satisfaction to learn that the Hansard Committee of Parliament have anticipated the plan which we threw out last week for the compilation of the reports of debates. Our suggestion was two-fold—that the report should not be *verbatim*, but merely summary, and that the work should be entrusted to an official reporter, assisted by a competent staff. These two points are precisely those recommended by the Committee. The further details are that 2,000 copies are to be printed, 1,500 in sheet form and 500 bound. Six of the sheet Hansards are to be given each day to members, and one to each newspaper in the Dominion. Two of the bound copies are to be given to each member, and the remaining 88 to be for the library or for exchange. The Hansard in the sheet form is to be delivered each day, not later than 3 o'clock the day after the debate. The contractor for the Hansard is to be allowed to sell additional copies. The cost is estimated at \$7,984. Considering the smallness of this sum, it is a matter of regret that the Hansard was not begun in the first Parliament after Confederation.

Some weeks ago we had occasion to call the attention of the health officers to the practice which obtains in Western and Southern cities of placing a placard with the words "Small Pox" on the doors of the houses infected with that loathsome and dangerous disease. We are pleased to find their recommendation enforced by the Health Committee in their new regulations. They further propose that every child of three months and upwards be brought to the doctor to be vaccinated, and examined eight days afterwards, and a certificate obtained by the doctor according to law, whose fee shall not be more than fifty cents. The police shall also visit from house to house and obtain the name of unvaccinated children over three months. If the parents refuse within ten days, the child being in good health, a penalty to be imposed on conviction. Also, all teachers of schools before entering the children shall receive a document from them showing that they have been vaccinated.

The resistance of the ice-bridge at Quebec so long beyond the usual period suggests the necessity of employing more efficacious means than have been hitherto used to break through this barrier. It is absurd to wait for the action of three little steamers like the "Prince Edward," "Rescue," and "Champion" to open the bridge. Why not devise some powerful explosive means? Practical men believe that nitro-glycerine could be used with powerful force to blast the ice-floor. Why is it not tried? The amount of money lost by the destruction of ocean steamers and other craft at Island Cove is something very considerable indeed, and the general injury to trade by this unnatural delay is a serious drawback to the country.

The explanations given by the First Minister concerning the appointment of Mr. EDWARD JENKINS as agent general of the Dominion cannot be regarded as satisfactory. No valid reason was adduced for his selection which could not apply with equal force to a score of native Canadians whom we could name, and no excuse was attempted for his intemperate language at Dundee. Mr. JENKINS receives a salary of \$4,000, and is authorized to rent premises at £1,200 more. We insist that these emoluments should go to a native Canadian whose whole time would be devoted to the work. It is to be regretted that the Opposition did not protest against this ill-timed appointment with more emphasis.

The Parliamentary Committee on the shortest route to Europe are pursuing their investigations with praiseworthy diligence, under the direction of Hon. Dr. ROBTAILLÉ. So far the bulk of the evidence is in favour of Paspetic Harbour, in the Baie des Chaleurs, as not only the best, but the sole winter port in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. It is entirely free from ice during the severest seasons and a capacious and sheltered mooring-ground for vessels of the largest tonnage. There was also evidence in favour of St. Andrews, Passamaquoddy Bay, and of Shippegan, but it is admitted that, during the winter, the latter would be closed up in the same manner as Montreal and Quebec.



## FROM THE CAPITAL.

OTTAWA, May 14, 1874.

## THE PACIFIC RAILWAY—DETAILS—BAIE VERTE CANAL.

The Government have come down at length with their railway policy. The matter is of so much importance that I think a full summary of the measure should be preserved in your columns for future reference. It will be observed that there is substantially little difference between the present bill and that of the late Government. The changes, however, are evident improvements. The Pacific Railway is to be divided into four sections. The first to begin at a point at or near and to the south of Lake Nipissing, and to extend towards the upper or western end of Lake Superior, to a point where it shall intersect the second section hereinafter mentioned. The second section to begin at some point on Lake Superior, connecting with the first section, and to extend to Red River, in the Province of Manitoba. The third section to extend from Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, to some point between Fort Edmonton and the foot of the Rocky Mountains; the fourth section to extend from the western terminus of the third section to some point in British Columbia on the Pacific Ocean.

There are to be two branches, one from Lake Nipissing to the Georgian Bay; the other from Fort Garry to Pembina.

A line of telegraph is to be constructed along the whole extent of the railway and the branches in advance of the construction of the road, and as soon as the route has been determined upon.

The gauge of the railway is to be four feet and a half. The railway to be constructed under the superintendence of the Department of Public Works.

The work is to be divided into sections and sub-sections, as may be agreed upon by the Governor in Council. Contractors must show that they possess a capital of \$4,000 for each mile contracted for, and deposit 25 per cent. thereof as security.

A guarantee of 4 per cent. interest per annum for 25 years on a sum to be stated in the contract for each mile contracted for to be given to the contractors,—an extent of land not exceeding 20,000 acres for each mile of the section or sub-section contracted for shall be appropriated for the construction of the said railway in alternate sections of twenty square miles each along the line of the said railway, or at a convenient distance therefrom, each section having a frontage of not less than three miles nor more than six miles on the line of the said railway, and that two-thirds of the quantity of land so appropriated shall be sold by the Government at such prices as may be from time to time agreed upon between the Governor in Council and the contractors, and the proceeds thereof accounted for and paid half-yearly to the contractors free from any charges of administration or management, the remaining third to be conveyed to the contractors. The said lands to be of fair average quality and not to include any land already granted or occupied under any patent license of occupation or pre-emption right, and when a sufficient quantity cannot be found in the immediate vicinity of the railway, then the same quantity, or as much as may be required to complete such quantity, shall be appropriated to such other places as may be determined by the Governor in Council.

Right of way through Government lands, and land of stations, &c., to be given to contractors.

The cost of surveys and location of line may be part of subsidy as may be determined upon by Government.

All provisions of Railway Act of 1868 not inconsistent with present Act to apply.

No contract for any portion of the main line of the railway will be binding without first receiving the approval of Parliament.

In every contract there will be a clause reserving to the Government the right to assume possession of the whole or any section of the railway on payment of ten per cent. in addition to the original cost less the value of the land and money subsidies received.

If it is decided to construct the railway as a public work of the Dominion, the construction will be by contracts first offered by public competition, and the regulations for subsequent management will be made by the Governor in Council.

The Branches to be subject to the same condition as the main line.

Section ten provides that the Governor in Council may also grant such bonus or bonuses, subsidy or subsidies, to any company or companies already incorporated or to be incorporated, not exceeding \$20,000 per mile as will secure the construction of the branch lines extending from the eastern terminus of the said Canadian Pacific Railway, to connect with existing or proposed lines of railway, the granting of such bonuses or subsidies to be subject to such conditions for securing running powers and other rights over and with respect to the whole or any portion of the said branch railway to the owners or lessees of the main line of the said railway or of any section thereof, and to the owners or lessees of any other railway connecting with the said branch railway, as the Governor in Council may determine.

Section eleven provides that the Governor in Council may make arrangements with the company owning such Branch Railway for leasing to them any portion belonging to the Government. The leases, however, will not be allowed to exceed a term of ten years.

The Government has the right to determine when the work on any section shall be commenced, proceeded with and completed, and may at any time suspend the progress of the work.

Analogous to the railway is the Baie Verte Canal, concerning which much information has been gathered by Canal Commissioners. The trade of this route would

be the transportation from Ontario and Quebec of flour and manufactures to St. John, Western Nova Scotia, Portland and Boston, and from the Upper Provinces and Northern New Brunswick of timber, lumber, freestone and provisions to American ports and the West Indies; the Prince Edward Island trade, the passage of American and Canadian fishing vessels to and from the Northern fishing grounds and the return voyages with West India produce, St. John and Nova Scotia manufactures, Bay of Fundy shad fish and Cumberland coal. Notably the latter article, declared by Sir William Logan to be the finest coal for all purposes yet discovered on the continent, would furnish return cargoes for all vessels from the St. Lawrence. These coal measures of unusual length and thickness at Spring Hill will be intersected by the Intercolonial railway at a distance of about 25 miles from the Bay of Fundy terminus of the proposed canal. The cost of transportation to Montreal, in view of the distance and return freight, would inevitably be less than that of Sydney coal, which alone could be brought into competition with the Spring Hill coal for domestic use. Hundreds of American vessels would pass and repass through this canal, and they could afford to pay toll, because it would enable them to make an additional voyage each season. It should be the policy of the Dominion to construct this national work, thereby completing the outlet of the great valley of the St. Lawrence through our own territory and down to the American coast.

The First Minister has intimated that the session would close about the 25th of the present month.

CHAUDIERE.

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

One of the most valuable works which have been issued from the Canadian press this year is without doubt Mr. Chas. Horetzky's "Canada on the Pacific." In this little volume the author, who is attached to the Canadian Pacific Survey, gives a graphic account of a journey made in the late autumn and early winter of 1873 across the continent, by way of the Peace River valley, and down the coast of British Columbia. This journey was undertaken with the object of examining the physical features of this part of the country, with a view to the possibility of adopting this route for the Pacific Railway. In the beginning of September the writer, accompanied by Dr. Macoun, the eminent botanist of Belleville, Ont., with two hired men, started from Edmonton to explore the unknown region before them. The route they followed took them to Fort Assiniboine, ninety miles north-east of Edmonton, on the Athabasca River; thence north to Lesser Slave Lake, and along its shore to the Hudson Bay Post at the north-east corner of the lake, and hence to Dunvegan, from which place the party struck almost due east, across the Rocky Mountains to the confluence of the Findlay and Parsnip rivers, and then south to Fort St. James. At Fort St. James the explorers separated, the botanist starting for Victoria, and the engineer, accompanied by four Indians, tramped his weary way *en route* for the Skeena River and the coast, where he subsequently shipped for Victoria. The account of this remarkable journey is given in a simple and unpretending style, and the writer, as far as the limits of his book permit him, is singularly minute in his descriptions, and delivers his judgment on various points of interest in a manner that shows great keenness of observation, united with a rare modesty and full appreciation of the difficulties of the task he has undertaken. The narrative is supplemented by additional remarks on the geology of Vancouver Island, the Indians of British Columbia, the topography, climate, &c., of the western limit of the Fertile Belt, and an important chapter in which the writer sums up from the evidence he has had the opportunity of examining in favour of the different routes for the proposed railway.

The following may be taken as a brief summary of the views entertained by Mr. Horetzky as to the most practical route:—Bute Inlet he considers, owing to its accessibility from the interior by the Chilcote Valley, and from the fact of Vancouver Island being within practicable distance, is the most suitable point on the mainland where the Canadian Pacific Railway should debouch. In the Pacific R. R. Report of 1872, the route projected from Fort Garry westward, *via* Thunder Hill, the elbow of the North Saskatchewan, and the open plain country south of the North Saskatchewan, spanning the latter near the White Mud River, and thence to Lac Brulé, Jasper House, and the Tête Jaune Cache, does not pass over the best and most available land for settlement. Again, the difficulty of reaching Bute Inlet from the Tête Jaune Cache appears to be very great. The extreme roughness of the country between the Cache and Quessnel, either by Lac la Hache or the north fork of the Fraser, would seem to bar progress by either route. In any case the writer protests against that portion of the road between Thunder Hill and Jasper House, as being ill chosen with a view to successful settlement and the economical construction and future maintenance of a railroad. The Peace River route, on the contrary, Mr. Horetzky considers to be the most advisable, as being the most economical, giving the least trouble from snow, and opening up the best land in the north-west. (With regard to the snow difficulty he asserts that the greatest depth of snow to be encountered, either on the south branch of the Peace or near McLeod Lake, will not be anything like the deep snow met with on the Lower St. Lawrence, through which the Grand Trunk now passes.) Starting from Thunder Hill, the line followed by this route would strike north-westerly for about one hundred and fifty miles to Fort à la Corne, and thence across the Saskatchewan to Lac la Biche, through a thick wood country, covered with spruce, larch, and poplar, abounding in lakes teeming with fish, and having the additional advantage of being free from the presence of the roving Indians of the plain. From Lac Biche, in the neighbourhood of which wheat has been successfully cultivated for years, the road would pass for about one

hundred and seventy miles through a well-wooded and fairly level country. From this point, says the writer, "sixty-five miles of fine gently-rolling timbered country will take the line to the Smoky River, which can be crossed some thirty miles from its mouth. From the last-mentioned river the line would intersect and open up a vast and fertile region situated to the south of the Great Peace River—a region probably comprising an area equal in extent to Manitoba, well wooded, with abundance of fresh water, of excellent soil, and in all probability possessing unlimited quantities of good coal. The general elevation of this large tract of country is about 1,800 feet above sea level. The climate is most salubrious, and by all accounts as mild, if not milder, than that of the Red River. On the extensive plains bordering upon the Peace River, both north and south of it, snow rarely exceeds two feet in depth, and never packs. Up to the month of December the plains are often nearly bare; and although winter usually sets in with the month of November, the early opening of the spring in April compensates for the short fall." This region is also rich in mineral resources, its principal products of this class being tar, sulphur, salt, and coal. It also possesses, in addition to an abundance of timber, millions of acres of the finest pasture lands, and is intersected by the Peace River, which is navigable for the largest river steamers from Rocky Mountain Portage to Smoky River, a distance of 250 miles. Crossing the Rocky Mountains, either by the Pine River Summit Lake Pass or the Peace River Valley (in the case of the other proving impracticable), the line passes through the worst portion of the route—the country being rough and densely wooded, and heavy works of construction being needed to cross the deep valleys, beginning with that of the Pine River—to McLeod Lake, and thence to Black River, the Chilcote Valley, and on to Bute Inlet.

In conclusion the writer remarks—still quoting from an article furnished to the *Ottawa Citizen*—"When we consider that the line just pointed out is *via* the Pine River Summit Lake, only fifty miles longer than that by the Tête Jaune Cache, or the Pine Pass being impracticable, that the route *via* the circuitous Peace River Valley and the Parsnip only exceeds by one hundred and eighty miles the Yellow Head Pass route, that it will pass out of the region of deep snow, and open up the best and most available country of the northwest for settlement, avoiding much rough country and the hideous Fraser River altogether, there can be no doubt as to the most eligible line for the great interoceanic highway, to give it the conditions essential to its success as a commercial and political undertaking."

We cannot close this notice without complimenting Mr. Horetzky on the valuable addition he has made to the topographical history of the country, and expressing a hope that his opinions will receive all the consideration that his professional knowledge and his acquaintance with this important subject deserve.

The tomb of Petrarch was opened recently by a committee appointed by the Bovolenta Academy. The bones of the poet, instead of being collected in a wooden or metal box, were merely spread on a common board. They were damp, partly mouldy, and of amber colour. The size of the bones shows that Petrarch was of middle stature. A statement has been drawn up and signed by the delegates, and then deposited in a sealed bottle in the tomb, which has been closed again.

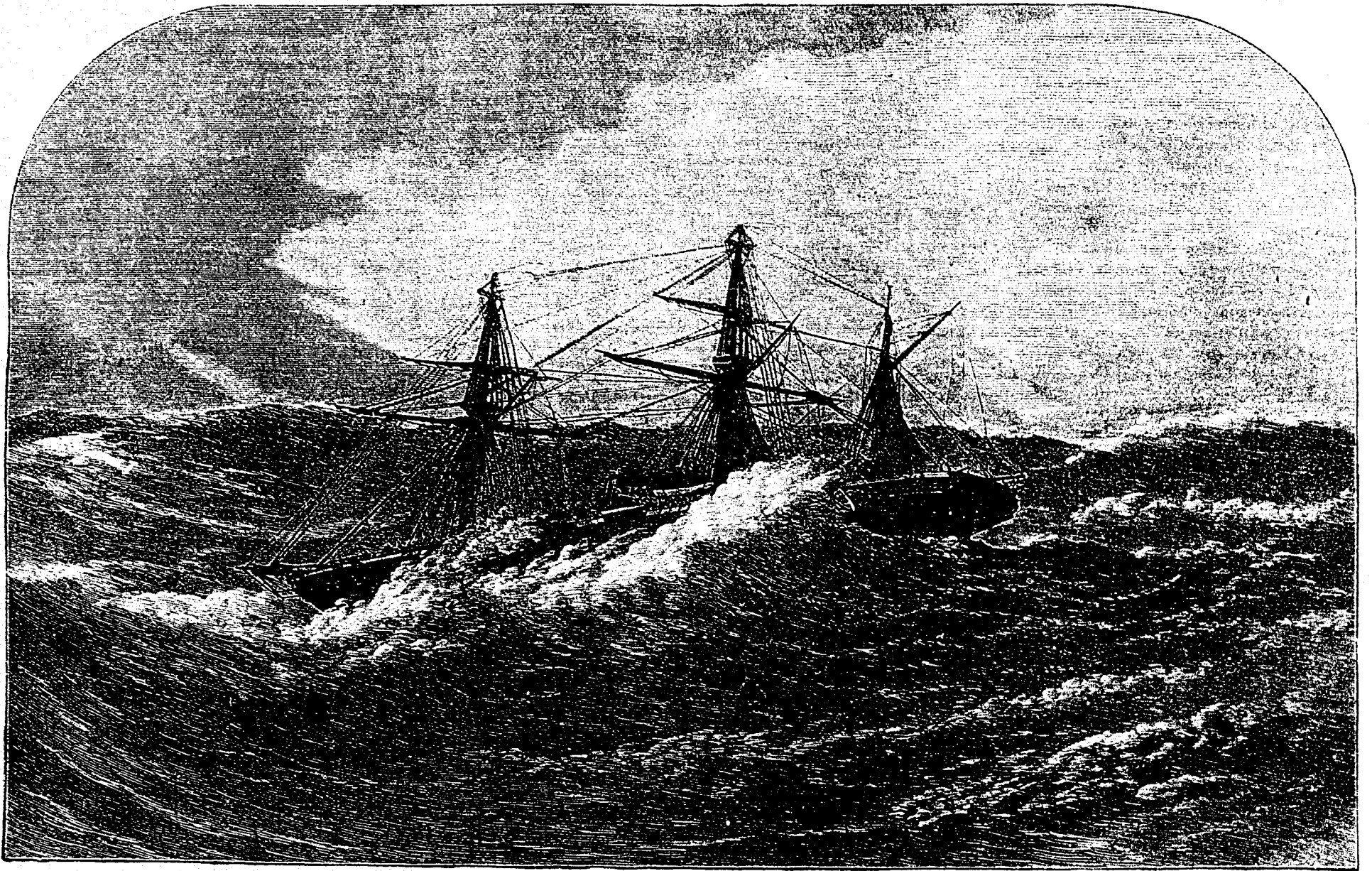
Charles Dickens is well known to have taken the type of Micawber from the character of his own father. But even Mr. Forster does not tell us the etymology of the name. This, however, a correspondent of the *Continental Herald* claims to have discovered. "I believe," he states, "Dickens found it in this way. Taking the words *My father*, he changed the *f* into the third preceding letter *c*; the *t* into the third succeeding letter *w*; the *h* into the third preceding letter *e*, but as he required a consonant he took the third preceding letter *s*, that is *b*. The result is the word *Mycauber*; but as the *y* required disguising it was changed into *i*, which completely transformed the original name into the immortal *Micawber*."

It is not known in Europe, nor even in France, writes M. Edmond About, that Victor Hugo is the most learned of men of letters. He possesses an enormous vocabulary. Out of the 27,000 words which the dictionary of the Academy contains, and 6,000 of which have an individuality of their own, the language of common life employs at most about 1,000. I could mention illustrious publicists, popular dramatists, and novelists, whose books are much read and much liked, none of whom have more than 1,500 words at his disposal. Théophile Gautier, a studious man and a dilettante used to boast to his friends of possessing 3,000. "But," he used to add, "I might toil to the last day of my life without attaining to the vocabulary of Hugo."

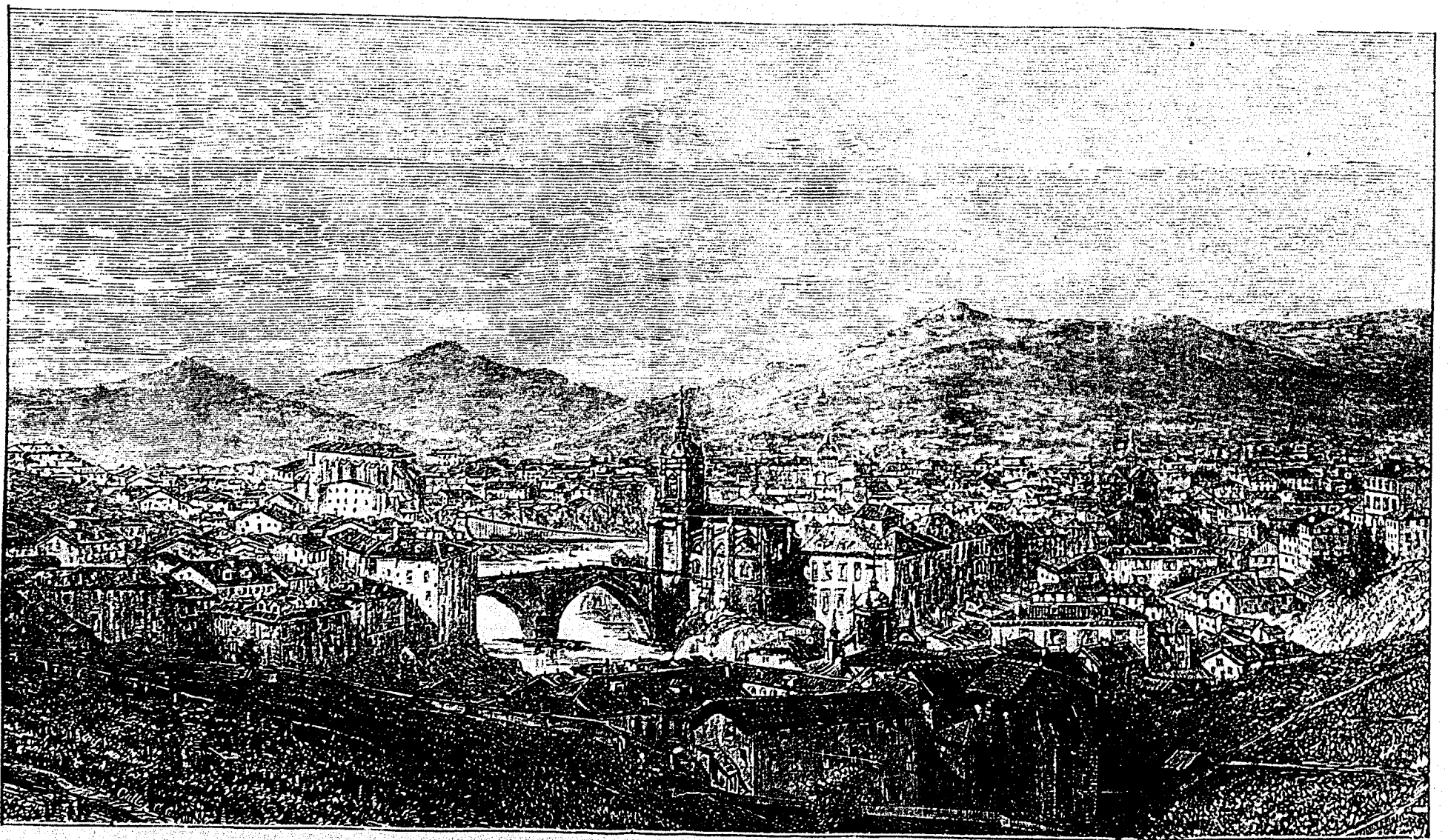
Mr. Thomas Carlyle has been re-elected president of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, one of the very few public, if honorary, positions he takes pleasure in filling. The occasion of his re-election, the *Athenaeum* says, was taken advantage of to present to the Institution, in Mr. Carlyle's name, a portrait of John Knox, beneath which he had written, "The one portrait I ever could believe to be a likeness of John Knox, February, 1874." A scheme for erecting a memorial of Knox in Edinburgh, in which Mr. Carlyle has taken some interest, suggested the idea of obtaining the most authentic likeness of the great Reformer. Mr. Carlyle's gift is an autotype copy of the engraving made from a picture in the possession of Lord Somerville for Knight's "Pictorial History."

The thousands of persons throughout the Dominion who are tormented by the excruciating agonies of Rheumatism will gratefully welcome the good news that at last an efficacious remedy has been discovered for this cruel complaint. The Diamond Rheumatic Cure—of which a full account, together with testimonials from sufferers who have largely profited by the application of the remedy, will be found in another column—is not a patent medicine of the quack description. It is prepared by a prominent physician in obedience to the request of a large number of his patients and of brother members of the profession, who experienced and witnessed the marvellous cures effected by its use. The testimonials appended to the advertisement are *bona fide*, and have been furnished unsolicited by well known citizens of Montreal.

\* Canada on the Pacific: Being an Account of a Journey from Edmonton to the Pacific by the Peace River Valley; and of a Winter Voyage along the Western Coast of the Dominion, with Remarks on the Physical Features of the Pacific Railway Route, and Notices of the Indian Tribes of British Columbia. By Charles Horetzky. 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 244. Montreal: Dawson Bros.



WRECK OF THE FRENCH STEAMER "LE NIL."



SPAIN.—VIEW OF BILBAO.





MARCH 25.—ENCAMPMENT OF MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY ON THE ROAD TO SOMOROSTRO.



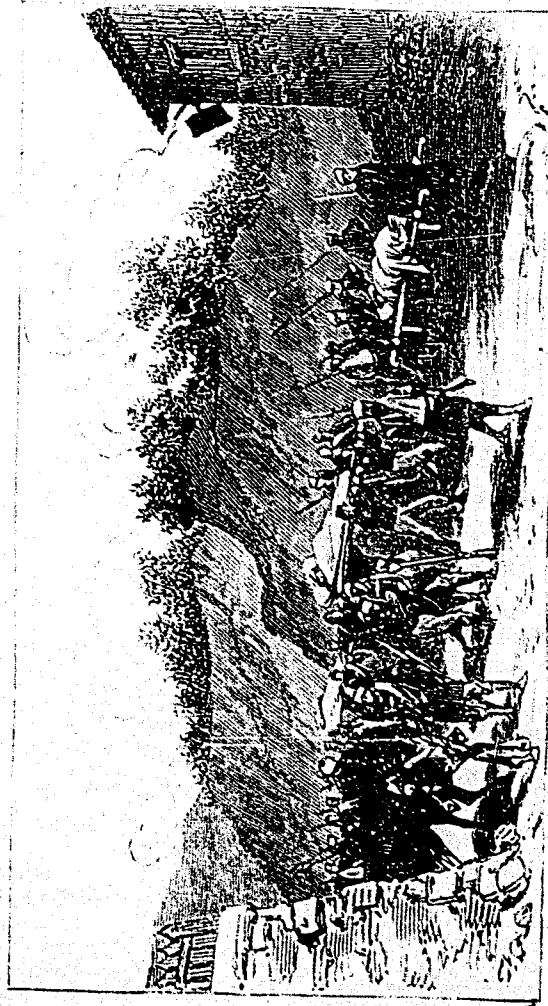
MARCH 25.—THE BRIDGE OF SOMOROSTRO AT EIGHT IN THE MORNING.



MARCH 26, 7 A. M.—MARSHAL SERRANO AND HIS STAFF WATCHING THE ACTION FROM THE KRUPP BATTERY AT SOMOROSTRO.—I. SERRANO.



MARCH 26.—THE CHASSOURS OF LAS NAVAS, UNDER RIVERA, STORMING THE VILLAGE OF FUCHETA.



MARCH 26.—CONVOY OF WOUNDED.



MARCH 27.—CONSTRUCTING A BATTERY ON THE LEFT OF LAS CARRERAS. 1. MERIETTA. 2. CHURCH OF SAN PEDRO ABANTO. 4. CHURCH AND VILLAGE OF SAN JULIANA. 5. MONTE TRIANO. 6. CARLIST REPOURT.

THE CARLIST WAR.—EPISODES OF THE ACTIONS OF 25th, 26th, AND 27th MARCH.

## CHANGED.

Like a dream that was fair but has faded  
And died in a day that is dead,  
Like a gleam through the mist that has shaded  
The land when the sunset is red,  
Like the scent of a flower half forgotten  
That brings back a buried delight,  
Like a ghost of the wan light begotten,  
Your face comes to haunt me to-night.

There is just the same freshness and splendour,  
The glory of colour and hair;  
There is just the same smile, and the tender  
Old look that your eyes used to wear.  
But one thing has changed—not the stately  
White curve of the throat to the breast,  
Nor the calm on the brow, set sedately,  
To show that the soul is at rest.

Yet one thing has changed, and can never  
Regain what was loth to depart—  
The love that has fled, and for ever,  
And left it so lonely—my heart!

Ah, sweet, in the old Summer weather,  
Beneath the fair calm of the sky,  
When we walked in the green ways together,  
And plucked the old flowers, you and I,  
And talked the old follies and treasons,  
And plighted the vows that are dead  
And cold in the dust of past seasons.

If any had met us, and said,  
"This fancy of yours, that misplaces  
Love's name, is a dream that will die,"  
We should straightway have laughed in their faces,  
And bid them for fools to go by.

Yet now, when the years are gone over,  
And things are no more what they seem,  
To me—neither friend nor lover—  
You come like the ghost of a dream!  
But your face has no charm to excite me,  
That once was so fair in my sight—  
Your presence no power to delight me.  
Old love, I am weary—good night!

T. FERGUSON.

## TOBACCO SMOKE.

What a power in this world is tobacco? Of all the luxuries in which the "Enlightened" of the nineteenth century indulge, none can compare with tobacco, whether we consider it with regard to the number of its votaries, or the amount of money annually expended on it by consumers. Whiskey, itself, must succumb to it in the first respect, but is perhaps an article in the indulgence of which a greater expenditure is involved. Alcohol can hardly, however, be regarded as a luxury, when we consider the many evils resulting from its use. The evil effects of tobacco are less apparent, and, in the majority of cases, are so trifling that it may still be, and is regarded as a luxury by millions in all parts of the world. When we consider that in all civilized countries, nine-tenths of the population are addicted to its use, it becomes interesting to consider where tobacco comes from, through how many stages it must pass before we, thoughtless consumers, consign it to oblivion in cloudlets of aromatic smoke.

Tobacco was discovered in what was at one time part of Virginia, but which now forms part of the State of North Carolina, by Sir Walter Raleigh, and by him was introduced into Europe at the same time that he introduced potatoes. He became a great smoker, but his addiction to this novel amusement was the occasion of many ludicrous accidents. It is said of him that on one occasion being perceived by his uninitiated servant in the act of consuming the "weed," he brought upon his own head an effectual extinguisher in the shape of a bucketful of cold water. His servant imagined that he had caught fire, on perceiving the smoke issuing from his mouth, and resorted with more zeal than discretion to this effectual means of saving his master's life. Smoking soon became a fashionable accomplishment in England and found so many votaries that tobacco quickly became an article of commerce.

Many eulogistic and satirical pamphlets were written upon the then growing custom of smoking, displaying not a little acrimony and deducting most curious conclusions from as curious reasonings.

One satirist called it "Smoke o' the mouth and fog o' the mind"—a plagiarism on the quotation—"Frost o' the mouth and thaw o' the mind," emanating from one of tobacco's ardent admirers. Dr. Parr became celebrated from addiction to its use. He, indeed, seems to have been infatuated by it and smoked at all times, and on all occasions. We are furnished with no other instance of such inveterate devotion to its use, a devotion that has become historical.

A curious fable narrates, that on one occasion two hunters in Virginia, having been overtaken by night, resolved to bivouac on the bank of a beautiful stream, but, as they gazed towards the sinking sun, they beheld, intervening, the form of a gigantic but beautiful woman reclining upon the bank of the stream across which her semi-flexed legs extended, her feet resting on the opposite shore. Filled with fear and amazement, they fled from the spot, but a few years afterwards returned by accident to the same place. They now perceived that where her feet had rested the tasseled corn now nodded in the breeze, where her arm had lain a range of hills encircled a waving wheat field, but where she had sat the earth was covered with a luxuriant crop of tobacco.

*Nicotiana Tabacum* is a native of Virginia, Carolina, and, I believe, Cuba. It is propagated by seed, annually, and, in many respects, seems to be a cross between a mullen-stock and a poppy. The seeds resemble clover seed but are very much smaller and are contained in a dehiscent capsule. When ripe these capsules are collected and stored away. At or near Christmas, the tobacco season commences. A rich piece of bottom land is selected for the future *Plant patch*.

Having been cleared of trees and underbrush, wood is piled upon the selected ground and burnt to ashes. This is to destroy the grass and roots near the surface, and to enrich and dry the soil. Stable manure mixed with dead leaves is then liberally strewn over the patch and thoroughly incorporated with it. Over this "patch" (generally forty or fifty feet square) the seed is sown broadcast. It is customary to mix with it some cabbage-seed for the two-fold purpose of securing a plentiful supply of cabbage-plants and immunity, for the tobacco, from a peculiar kind of fly that is apt to attack and devour the tender leaves of the *Nicotiana* in the early stages of its growth.

The patch is usually enclosed by a fence and covered with

brush to protect it from molestation. This is very necessary, when it is considered that until April, at least, the tobacco must remain there.

The soil selected for the crop is usually a rich red clay high-land that will not wash, and that has not been exhausted by years of cultivation. In March this soil is ploughed, sprinkled with guano and ditched in a semi-circular way, so as to oppose any tendency to wash. Cultivators then wait for *seasonable weather*, (moist, rainy weather). So soon as this occurs the little plants are pulled out of the "patch" and transplanted to the tobacco field. With a little earth clinging to its rootlets, each plant is placed in a hole made by a round stick, much in the same way that cabbage-plants are disposed of by ourselves. Previous to this operation, which takes place from April to June, as may be selected, the ground is thrown by the hoe into little mounds twelve inches high and flattened on the top, and it is into these mounds that the tobacco is transplanted.

Replanting then commences. As one plant dies, another is put in its place until the whole field has become filled with thriving plants.

Worming is commenced so soon as the leaves have become green and strong. It consists in removing from the plants, and killing, a species of Hornworm, that attacks and destroys the tobacco.

Topping is performed at different seasons by different persons. It consists in cutting off the tops of the plants, to throw more vigour into the lower and larger leaves. *Succoring*, or the removal of small leaves, is done for the same purpose.

A central stock if allowed to do so pushes up and bears a bundle of flower stocks, each of which is crowned by a capsule when the flower-leaves have fallen away.

In October, tobacco is cut and stored, much as we cut corn, but stored in a peculiar way.

The Tobacco Barn presents no peculiar external appearance, but internally, tier upon tier of Racks are seen reaching from the ground to the roof.

On these racks the tobacco is hung and remains until the following Spring.

Fires are built on the ground under the tobacco to dry it, and on damp days when the leaves can be handled without cracking, the butts of the stocks are broken and bound by a leaf and the leaves are straightened out and sometimes greased to give them a glossy appearance. When the leaves are so that the *midribs* will crack while the leaf-tissue remains flexible, they are said to be in *condition*. Tobacco is now ready for sale. It is pressed in hogsheads containing from one thousand to one thousand five hundred pounds and sent to market. The thin, silken, bright (a light brown) coloured leaves bring the highest price. North Carolina tobacco, though of paler colour and smaller leaf, brings a higher price than Virginian. Tobacco always commands cash sales and brings various prices, from ten cents to a dollar fifty cents a pound. The finest and poorest grades are reserved for home consumption, the intermediate grades are exported. Before it can be used, however, another series of manipulations must be gone through, until we cease wondering "How many men it takes to make a pin," and ask "How many are engaged in the preparation of a single plug of tobacco?"

Tobacco is the best paying crop raised in a great part of Virginia and North Carolina. Its culture gives employment to thousands, its manufacture, to vast numbers of people, and a whole army of Tobacconists get wealthy on its purchase and sale, a vast fleet of ships carry it from port to port, and an immense revenue is derived from the duty imposed upon it by nearly all civilized governments. And to what end is all this traffic? For what purpose do so many people obtain employment, and so much money find profitable investment? To this end, viz: that little boys may, by stealth, and in the "very stilly hour of night," creep from the roof of "Pater-familias," to sweat and sicken o'er its narcotic fumes behind the barn, or in some spot secure from the eyes of prying mortals, braving all the agonies of the "first pipe," so that they can, like their big brothers, indulge unharmed in the luxury of polluting the air with a noxious element, puffed in eddying circles from ambitious lips. Little does the unoffending fly imagine that the deadly deluge which overtakes it on the wall, (cleverly ejected from between the teeth of his powerful enemy, the "Spotting Yankee") has, perhaps, been years in its preparation for its doom.

That beautiful snuff-box would open in astonishment if its contents could unfold the history of its existence. Cattle use some discretion in its use, in Virginia. They avoid tobacco scrupulously, until the frost has withered its spreading leaves, but afterwards exhibit a decided liking for it. Very little manufactured tobacco is used by those who cultivate it. They prefer the raw material.

Doctors assert that the moderate use of tobacco aids digestion and promotes reflection, but house-keepers aver that "chewing" is a filthy and disgusting accomplishment.

I anticipate that when the free and abstemious women of Ohio have demoralized the army of King Alcohol by prayer and song, they will inaugurate a crusade against the unsuspecting and popular little "weed."

Although we are told

"How those who use fuses  
Grow thin by slow degrees,  
Brainless as Chimpanzees,  
Meagre as lizards,  
Go home and beat their wives,  
Plunge, after shocking lives,  
Razors and carving knives  
Into their gizzards,"

Still tobacco has taken such root in the world that these things must continue to be until some revolution of nature removes it from the ranks of botany.

Listen to the description of its effects by a votary, and then, let us draw the curtain over this wonderful plant.

Under that canopy and within this charmed circle—(says our smoke enshrouded poet)

A joy intense,  
A cooling sense  
Glides down your drowsy indolence.  
With dreamful eyes,  
Your spirit lies  
Where summer sings, and never dies.

No more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids you with its wild uproar;  
With dreamful eyes,  
Your spirit lies  
Under the walls of paradise.

CANADIAN.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Gustave Doré is also a violinist.

All of the Boston theatres commence their performances at 7:45.

"La Fille de Madame Angot" is reported to have already netted the composer \$40,000.

A new operetta, by Johann Strauss, entitled "Doctor Fledermann," is in preparation at Vienna.

A new Flemish opera, by J. Merten, named "Thekla," has been produced with success at Antwerp.

Mr. Toole, the English comedian, will begin an engagement at Wallack's Theatre, N. Y., on August 17th.

A new opera bouffe with music by Offenbach, is announced to be produced at the St. James's Theatre, London.

At Caspou's benefit on Monday week, in New York, he had the assistance of Nilsson, Lucca, Di Muraka and Cary.

On the arrival of the Black Crook Company at Quebec, they were met by a denunciatory circular from the Archbishop.

On Sunday week in New York, Nilsson and Lucca sang together the "Quis est Homo" of Rossini's "Stabat."

Dr. Hans von Bulow, the brilliant rival of Rubinstein, has decided to postpone his visit to America until next season.

Lecocq, the rival of Offenbach as an opera-bouffe composer, is about to produce a new work, entitled "Don Juan XIV."

M. Gustave Gottschalk, brother of the pianist, is to make his *début* in England this summer. M. Gottschalk has a fine baritone voice.

Mlle. Lodi has recovered from her unsuccessful *début* so completely as to have made a brilliant *Gilda* in "Rigolette" at Her Majesty's Opera.

A new opera bouffe, entitled "Normandy Pippins," has been written by Mr. H. J. Byron for speedy production at the new Criterion Theatre, London.

Mlle. Favart, the famous Parisian actress, is to appear at the Princess's Theatre, London, this month, when she will probably act in a new manuscript comedy by M. Caol.

A little play for three characters, founded on an incident in the Franco-Prussian war, and entitled "Our Bitterest Foe," has been successfully produced at the London Globe.

The composer Ardití, who was lately summoned to St. Petersburg to produce a cantata for the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage, is shortly, the Italian journals state, to assume the direction of the theatre at Reggio.

"The Rose of Navarre," a new English opera composed by Mr. Reginald Churchill, is on the eve of production in London, of the merits of which those who have been privileged to hear the rehearsals speak in glowing terms.

The Lord Chamberlain has at last given permission for the performance of "Le Supplice d'une Femme." It was in this piece that Mlle. Desclée won her highest laurels, and yet London was deprived of seeing her in it.

Miss Marie Wilton, acting *Lady Teazle* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, found the white wig and powder so unbecoming that she appeared in the last two acts with a white veil over her face to soften her complexion.

"La Jolie Parfumeuse," an English adaptation of this work of Offenbach's, is announced for immediate production on a scale of great splendour at the London Alhambra, so justly renowned for the gorgeous completeness of its ensembles and transformation scenes.

Miss Braddon's new drama of "Genevieve; or, the Missing Witness," which has been produced at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, contains an attempted murder, a dreadful avalanche, and a suicide, and is said to owe its effect mostly to the machinist of the theatre.

Carl Bergmann, the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, will take the Place of Theodore Thomas as conductor during the summer season at the Central Park Garden, and also assist him in his future concerts, as Mr. Thomas wishes to rest from his arduous labors of the past few seasons.

The *Ambigu* has received a drama in four acts, called *Le Suicide*. In the last act the somewhat novel incident occurs of the hero hanging himself by a cord suspended to his bedpost. The artist who is to take the *role* is getting information as to the style of terpsichorean evolutions required when dancing on nothing.

Miss Wallis, while playing Juliet recently at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, fell from her balcony about nine feet as she retired behind the scenes. Her mother by chance caught her, and saved damages. It was during the lingering look at Romeo on retiring, and she did not observe where she stepped.

Wagner has informed his friends and admirers that he must, once and for all, refuse the request with which he is so frequently beset, to allow concert performances of detached pieces of the score of the "Wielkyrie." He declines to prejudice, by anticipation, the representation of this work, prepared (he says) with such enduring patience on his part.

Ole Bull was once seeing the sights at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered and said to the player: "My good friend, do you play by note?" "The deuce a note, sur." "Do you play by ear, then?" "Niver an ear, yer honor." "How do you play, then?" "Be main strength, be jabers."

A Paris dramatist has the habit of putting notes on the margin of his manuscript regarding all the stage effects, points to be made, and indications of a general character. He gave the MS. of a piece received at one of the boulevard theatres to a copyist to copy out clearly, who to his astonishment, found this note:—"When I read this bit to the actors I, better pretend to be seized with an emotional fit (query, fainting?), so as to impress them more vividly."

A piano purchaser was lately warned, by a rival in the business, not to go to Weber's to buy, "for," says he, "if Weber gets hold of you, you can't help buying." Of course she went straight to Weber's, and a polite little man, with his coat off, waited upon her. After she had selected and paid for her piano, she asked if Mr. Weber was in. "I'm Mr. Weber," was the reply. "You? Well, upon honour!" Then the whole story came out, and a general laugh went round.

The Triennial Festival of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society took place this week. The society, six hundred voices, had the assistance of the Theodore Thomas orchestra, augmented for the occasion by some of the best resident musicians. The soloist for the festival were, Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. J. H. West, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss A. L. Cary, Messrs. Nelson Varley, Geo. L. Osgood, W. J. Winch, M. W. Whitney, J. F. Rudolphsen, and J. F. Winch.



## THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Thee, only thee, my darling,  
Separate, solemn, slow;  
Not like the swift and joyous ones  
We used to know,  
When we kissed because we loved each other  
Simply to taste love's sweet,  
And lavished our kisses as the summer  
Lavishes heat—  
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,  
When hope and fear are spent,  
And there is nothing left to give, except  
A sacrament.

First of the three, my darling,  
Is sacred unto pain;  
We have hurt each other often;  
We shall again,  
When we pine because we miss each other,  
And do not understand  
How the written words are so much colder  
Than eye and hand.  
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain  
Which we may give or take;  
Buried, forgiven before it come,  
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,  
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;  
We have blessed each other always;  
We always will.  
We shall reach until we find each other;  
Past all of time and space;  
We shall listen till we hear each other  
In every place;  
The earth is full of messengers,  
Which love sends to and fro;  
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy  
Which we shall know.

The last kiss, oh, my darling,  
My love—I cannot see  
Through my tears, as I remember  
What it may be.  
We may die and never see each other,  
Die with no time to give  
Any sign that our hearts are faithful  
To die as live.  
Token of what they will not see  
Who see our parting breath,  
This one last kiss, my darling, seals  
The seal of death!

## FOR EVERYBODY.

## Sergeant Bates Again.

Sergeant Bates is inspired with the idea of a triumphal tour throughout the world of thirteen immortals, each of whom shall be an ex-soldier from the different nations of the earth, to be led by Bates on a white animal. Bates will carry a banner inscribed with "Peace on earth, good will to men," and will be followed by the ex-soldiers on black horses, each bearing aloft the standard of his country. Bates's quadruped is expected to have ears as long as his own.

## Compulsory Education of Children.

The bill for the compulsory education of children, which has passed the New York Senate and become law, requires that all parents having the care of children shall instruct or cause them to be instructed in the rudiments, and that those between the ages of eight and fifteen shall attend school at least fourteen weeks in the year, or be instructed at home for a similar period. This is an important step toward lessening the expenses of reformatory schools and State prisons.

## The Transit of Venus.

Great Britain has many observatories in various parts of the world which will be serviceable in the coming transit of Venus. In addition to those regularly established, she will have special stations in the Sandwich Islands, Rodrigues Island, Kerguelen Land, Auckland Island, Alexandria, Peshawar, the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, New South Wales, and Victoria. The United States will have stations at Jeddo, Pekin, Hobart Town, New Zealand, Chatham Island, Kerguelen Land, the Mauritius, and some place in Russian Tartary. France will occupy three stations, Russia four or five, and Germany four.

## Marriage at the White House.

The 21st is the date now fixed for the marriage of Miss Nellie Grant at the White House, and 11 a. m. is the hour appointed. There will be eight bridesmaids. Miss Barnes, Miss Fish, Miss Sallie Frelinghuysen, Miss Porter, Miss Drexel, and Miss Dent are six of the number. The bride will wear white satin, with point lace, and the bridesmaids white silk, four wearing rose and four blue trimmings. All the dresses will be made with the corsage high, as they are to be worn in the morning. There will be no groomsmen, but Colonel Fred Grant will officiate as "best man." The bride and groom will leave the city the same day, and sail for England on the 23rd.

## A New Stage Horror.

There is a horrible story told by one French correspondent about a melodrama which he heard two dramatic authors projecting. This play was not to be remarkable for its characters, or its plot, or its dialogue; but still it was to be a remarkable play. Its chief incident was to be that of an amputation, which should be realistically represented. A surgeon should operate upon a skillfully-constructed wax arm provided with gutta-percha tubes containing a red fluid. The only difficulty was not in simulating the sanguinary details of taking off a limb, but in catching an actor whose writhing and screaming should be fully up to the level of tortured nature. With him engaged, supposing a man of genius would condescend to so hideous a make-believe, there was every chance of success for the new Parisian sensation.

## Mechanical Dictionary.

Mr. Edward H. Knight, civil and mechanical engineer, and editor of the United States Patent Office Gazette, has been some time engaged on a work which promises to be of special interest and value to mechanics, and all who are interested in the progress of invention and art. It is an American mechanical dictionary, giving descriptive definitions of machines, tools, instruments, and processes in an alphabetical order, forming a complete reference-book of information concerning the mechanical appliances of science and the industrial and fine arts.

Every instrument named is to be found fully described in its alphabetical place, as, for instance, the 900 terms used in civil and hydraulic engineering, 500 surgical instruments and appliances, 990 terms in mining, metallurgy, and metal working, or the 500 agricultural implements. It will contain some 6,000 illustrations, and will be issued in numbers of eighty pages each at fifty cents a number, the whole work costing \$15.

## A Kenealy Testimonial.

An English paper says: "It appears from the first publication of the *Englishman*, a publication which has been begun by Dr. Kenealy, that Dr. Kenealy's exertions in behalf of Arthur Orton are to be rewarded by a 'Kenealy testimonial.' The sum of £30,000 is to be raised, and to be placed in the 'Government investment funds in this country,' and the income of £1,000 per annum is to be paid to Dr. Kenealy quarterly, partly to assure to that learned gentleman a comfortable independence, and partly to 'show Alexander Cockburn, Chief Justice of England, that the people of this country are neither fools nor fanatics, and will not, at any sacrifice, surrender their rights and liberties won for them by their forefathers!' 'Virtue' has subscribed 4s.; 'Wooden Snuff-box' sends 2s. 9d.; 'A Poor Widow in the Hospital' contributes her mite of 2s., and 'The Savings of a Poor Old Man for 12 Months, who Loves Justice,' amount to no less a sum than 10s. Mr. Guilford Onslow sends £5, and Mrs. Onslow £25, but Mr. Whalley's name does not as yet appear on the list of contributors."

## A Boulevard Tragedy.

A writer in the *Temps* acknowledges that "Jeanne d'Arc," a tragedy performed on the boulevard, although identical in name with M. Barbier's celebrated piece, may be regarded as original. The interest of the drama was sustained by a succession of fights till the *dénouement* was brought about by the Maid of Orleans, who led her men to attack an Englishman with particularly long red whiskers. He was worsted at once, but, instead of laying down his arms, he dodged behind her men, who closed round the heroine and bound her hands, while the Englishman gleefully rubbed his own. Jeanne next appeared at the stake, and the audience visibly shuddered. The sandy English warrior then advanced to the Maid and offered her his hand. "Reflect," he cried; "this is your last chance of life." The public waited anxiously for the answer. It came at last. "You are too ugly," exclaimed the heroine, "and, besides, I belong to Heaven!" The applause excited by this reply almost drowned the dying whisper of the Maid, who, noticing an omission in the tableau, distinctly murmured, "You just hand me that flag, and be quick about it!"

## Signal Code.

In order to maintain a wholesome and constant state of anxiety while travelling by rail fix these signals in your mind, and watch for them during the journey. They form the

## "RAILWAY SIGNAL CODE" OF THE UNITED STATES.

One whistle signifies "down brakes;" two whistles, "off brakes;" three whistles, "back up." Continued whistles signify "danger," and rapid short whistles "a cattle alarm." By means of a sweeping parting of the hands on level of the eyes of the conductor signifies "go a-head;" a downward motion of the hands with extended arms signifies "stop;" a beckoning motion of one hand signifies "back." A red flag, if waved upon the track, signifies "danger;" if stuck up by the road-side it signifies "danger ahead;" if carried upon a locomotive it signifies "an engine following;" if hoisted at a station it means "stop." A lantern at night, raised and lowered vertically, is a signal to "start;" swung at right angles across the track, it means "stop;" swung in a circle, it signifies "back the train."

## A Good Story.

In a certain town of Massachusetts was an old-fashioned country tavern, kept by an inveterate wag named Davis. On a cold wintry day a good-looking Irishman, who was passing through the village, called at the tavern to warm himself. The landlord and several of his neighbours sat cozily chatting before the fire, and politely made way for the traveller to take a seat among them. "A cowl'd day," says he. Affirmed unanimously. "An' what's the news?" says he. "There is nothing new," replied the host, "only"—in his dry way—"they say the devil's dead." "An' sure," says Pat, "that is news indeed." After awhile he rose, walked across the room, placed some coppers on the bar, returned to the fire, and resumed his seat. The landlord also having gone to the bar, enquired of the traveller what he'd have to drink for his money. "Nothing at all at all," was th' reply. "Why, then, did you lay this money here?" "An' sure, sir," replied Pat, "it's the custom in me own country, when a chap loses his daddy to give him a few coppers to help him pay for the wake."

## A Prophecy of Cremation.

An exchange says: "None of the cremationists have yet quoted that striking passage in Lord Lytton's 'Coming Race' which so clearly foreshadows the present movement: 'While these two were talking my attention was drawn to a dark metallic substance at the further end of the room. It was about twenty feet in length, narrow in proportion, and all closed round, save near the roof, there were some small round holes through which might be seen a red light. From the interior emanated a rich, sweet perfume. Then the corpse, covered by a long ornament, was tenderly lifted by six of the nearest kinsfolk and borne toward the dark thing I have described. I pressed forward to see what happened. A sliding door or panel at one end was lifted up—the body deposited within, on a shelf—a sudden *whiskin*, sighing sound heard from within, and lo! at the other end of the machine the lid fell down, and a small handful of smouldering dust dropped into a patera placed to receive it. The son took up the patera and said, 'Behold how great is the Maker. To this little dust He gave form and life and soul. It needs not this little dust for Him to renew form and life and soul to the beloved one we shall soon see again.' On the lid of the patera was engraven the name of the deceased and these words: 'Lent to us' (here the date of birth)—'recalled from us' (here the date of death)."

## The Demure Flirt.

A magazine writer says: "The demure flirt is in many respects the exact opposite of the dashing flirt. The latter looks you straight and steadily in the face with clear, unfaltering eyes; the former has downcast orbs, sometimes lifted suddenly with great effect, and as suddenly the white lids,

with their long dark lashes, fall. The demure flirt blushes a great deal, and is quite simple and modest in manner. She is also of a lachrymose tendency, and her eyes fill with becoming tears on suitable occasion. She is affectionate and docile to a creditable extreme, and deports herself on all occasions in modest style. She does the 'poor oppressed' in a telling manner, and a man is a brute indeed if, after receiving her soft confidence, he is not inclined to do battle in her behalf against the whole world, and does not so express himself to the extent of a *bona-fide* proposal, 'for better for worse.' It is a most favourable circumstance for the demure flirt if she is obliged for some reason to reside with an aunt. This relative is represented, under the strictest vow of secrecy, by the dutiful niece, to be such a monster of iniquity and oppression, and her sufferings under her sad trials of so terrible a nature, that the confidant tears his hair and groans aloud that age and sex prevent him from challenging the indulgent and worthy old lady, and inflicting upon her condign punishment. While he fairly weeps at the piteous recital, she beseeches him to calm himself, and says she must bear with what fortitude she may the burden laid upon her. Thereupon the afflicted youth madly commences a speech with 'my poor angel,' of which the result is obvious.

## Holman Hunt's Marriage.

London society is just now exercised to an almost revolutionary pitch by the announcement that Mr. Holman Hunt, the eminent artist, is about to marry his deceased wife's sister. Such a marriage, of course, cannot be legally celebrated in England, and so the parties have determined to go abroad to seek some country where the alliance is legal. The great question, "Ought we to visit her?" is likely to be raised, for it is understood that Mr. Hunt means to take his wife off to Jerusalem, which may now be regarded as his residence. In the eyes of English law a lady married to a deceased sister's widow is simply a concubine, and as the lady in this case belongs to a family of high rank a good deal of the excitement arises on that score. But more of the dismay arises from the fact that Holman Hunt is the especially religious artist of England. Pious ladies have been for some time going to weep and pray before his "Shadow of Death," taking season tickets for the same, and also their prayer-books. If the artist had been detected in an intrigue with some lady he would have been pardoned with effusion for his pious pictures; but when he proposes to marry a lady under circumstances that Moses, Parliament, and the Church do not approve, it causes a scandal of the first water. A lady says that "if she had heard the like rumour of the Archbishop of Canterbury it wouldn't have so amazed her, as Hunt has never been such a worshipping as the average English bishop, who loves old port and looks kindly on fox-hunting." This marriage, about to be consummated, is not unlikely to exert a very important influence on the question of abolishing the law which prohibits it. The law has, indeed, been repeatedly violated, but hardly by persons of equal position in society.

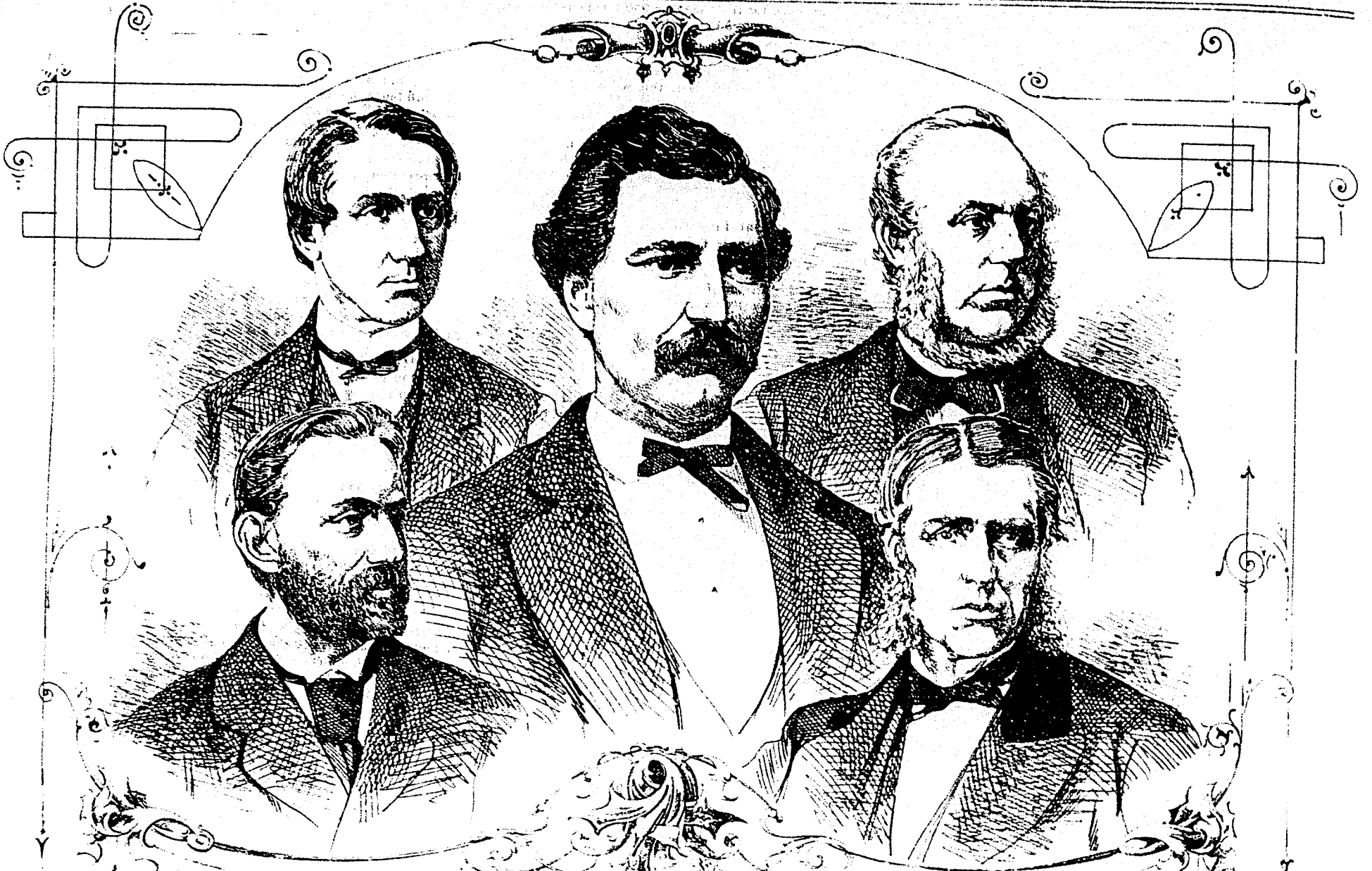
## An Unlucky Talisman.

Several of the Paris journals express great sympathy with the misfortunes of a Frenchman, who, being in Dublin at the time of an execution for murder some three years ago, determined to possess himself of a piece of the rope used upon the "mournful occasion." He is said to have had an interview with "the celebrated Calcraft," and for the sum of five sovereigns to have purchased the whole rope, which he brought back to Paris in triumph, believing himself to be henceforward protected from the shafts of fortune. Within a month one of his children was nearly hanged with this rope by her brother, who was playing at "hangman," and though the father "cut her down" in time, she has never fully recovered from the shock. Some time afterwards the owner of the rope went to Havre on business connected with his trade, and as he had a large sum of money in his possession when he was returning to Paris, he placed it in a box, which he made secure with the "lucky rope." The box was stolen during the journey, and though it was afterwards recovered at the Paris terminus with the rope around it, the money had been abstracted. It might have been thought that after two such disappointments the rope would have been got rid of as a talisman of evil, but that such is not the case is evident from the fact that its owner, who had experienced heavy losses in his business since the robbery, having attempted to commit suicide with it so recently as last week. Just as he had "cut down" his daughter, so his wife "cut down" him, and according to last accounts he is almost convalescent. When he is completely restored to health he will probably see the propriety of parting with such an unlucky purchase, and, as there is no lack of collectors in Paris, he may, by a skillful recital of the dramatic events attached to this rope, get rid of it at a profit.

## How Some of Longfellow's Poems Originated.

James T. Field tells how some of Longfellow's poems had their birth and origin. He says: "The 'Psalm of Life' came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows at a small table in the corner of his chamber. It was a voice from his inmost heart, and he kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to part with it. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when he was rallying from a depression of a deep affliction, and he hid the poem in his own heart for many months. He was accused of taking the famous verse, 'Art is long and time is fleeting,' from Bishop's poem, but I happen to know that was not in his mind, and that the thought came to him with as much freshness and congeniality as if nothing has been written before. 'There is a reaper whose name is Death' crystallized at once, without effort, in the poet's mind, and he wrote it rapidly down, with tears filling his eyes as he composed it. One of the best-known of all Longfellow's shorter poems is 'Excelsior.' The word happened to catch his eye late one autumn evening in 1841, on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking the first piece of paper at hand, which happened to be the back of a letter received that night from Charles Sumner, Longfellow crowded it with verses. As first written down 'Excelsior' differs from the perfected and published poem; but it shows in its original conception a rush and glow worthy the theme and the author. On a summer afternoon in 1849, as he was riding on the beach, 'The Skeleton in Armour' rose as out of the deep before him, and would not be laid. The story of 'Evangeline' was first suggested to Hawthorne by a friend, who wished him to found a romance upon it. Hawthorne did not quite like the idea, and handed the theme to Longfellow, who saw at once all the essential qualities of a deep and tender idyl.

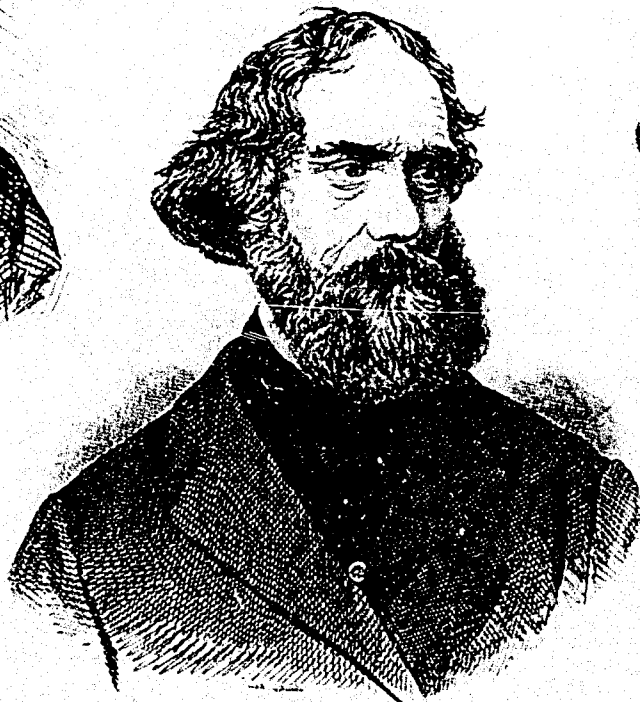




GOVERNOR MORRIS.  
DR. SCHULTZ, M. P.

LOUIS RIEL.

GOVERNOR ARCHIBALD.  
GOVERNOR MCDUGGALL.



GOVERNOR McTAVISH, Hudson's Bay Co.



FATHER RITCHOT.  
MR. MACKENZIE BOWELL, M. P.



MR. CONNINGHAM, M. P.  
DR. LYNCH.

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES CONNECTED WITH THE NORTH-WEST TROUBLE.



S P R I N G .

O primavera ! gioventu dell' anno !  
O gioventu ! primavera della vita !!!



## THE BON-VIVANT.

The pleasures of the table belong to all ages, all conditions, all countries, and are renewed every day.—BRILLAT SAVARIN.

At a renowned dining establishment in London the following verses from Owen Meredith are printed on the bill of fare:—

"We may live without poetry, music, or art;  
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;  
We may live without friends, we may live without books;  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

We may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?  
We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?  
We may live without love—what is passion but pining?  
But where is the man who can live without dining?"

A few days ago some poet, "to fortune and to fame unknown," had written in pencil underneath this the following:—

"Can we live without music, or friendship, or books?  
Is it true that the sole things essential are cooks?  
Is hope so uncertain, and love so forlorn,  
That to dine is the chief good to which man is born?"

"No! perish the thought! We eat but to live;  
And to life what a selfish true friends and books give,  
Like manna, sure hope to sustain us is given,  
And love, pure love, is a *fortaste* of heaven."

A curious novelty has been introduced at Parisian dinner tables. It is to have on the back of the *menu* a short biographical notice of the persons who compose the company.

At the banquet offered to Nilsson before her departure from San Francisco the *picoté de résistance* was one worthy of a royal board. It is thus described by a local scribe. "It was composite. The centre was a humming-bird, surrounded by a springlinnet, which, in turn, was enveloped by an English snipe. These the carcass of a stuffed grouse surrounded, covering which were two canvasback ducks raised in a celery garden, the whole placed within the bosom of a Chicago goose. Soaked in raisin wine for six days, then larded, and smoked three weeks over burning scandal-wood, it was at last placed on the spit and roasted with pig-pork drippings. The sauce was of truffles stewed in Private Cuve; the garnish, moss-rose buds."

A Parisian butler has published a work full of table and culinary maxims. Judge of a few of the elegant extracts:—"He who has a bull-dog humour on sitting down to dinner will rise from table as an angel. Give old guests food easy of digestion, and young ones plenty of truffles. Ladies remain charming without exception from the soup to the dessert. A man's wine cellar should be his love. Claret is the wine of the heart, generates noble thoughts, and religious belief. Burgundy is the wine of strong passions and the realities of life. Champagne is productive of absurdities, destroys convictions, and uproots principles. The carbonic acid it contains produces winds from all the cardinal points of the brain, causing thereby inconsistency of judgment."

It is not perhaps generally known on this continent—though it is an admitted fact in China and Japan—that the older the tree the better the tea. The shrubs which supply the nobles of Japan with the favourite beverage are said to be, in many instances, 500 years old.

Of M. Ledru-Rollin, who is about to reappear upon the scene of French politics, a writer tells the following anecdote:—"When he seized on the post of Minister of the Interior, after the flight of Louis Philippe, at the head of a band of hungry Democrats, his first orders were for dinner, which he demanded to be served 'at once' for him and his followers. The cook of M. Duchatel had left; but M. Passy's cook was still in the Ministerial residence, and professed his willingness to prepare the repast demanded, provided he were supplied with money for purchasing its materials. M. Ledru-Rollin having no money with him, inquired, 'Where is the cashier of the secret service money?' 'Fled.' 'And the chief accountant?' 'Fled also.' Happening to look out into the garden of the hotel, Mr. Ledru-Rollin espied an aviary full of golden pheasants and a hot-house full of pineapples. 'There is our dinner,' cried the new Minister, pointing out into the garden; 'you will roast all those pheasants, bring in those pineapples, and fetch me the best wines from Duchatel's cellar'—orders that were punctually executed, to the great delight of the hungry rascals who had installed themselves in the Ministerial dwelling."

The late Prosper Mérimée, who was famed for the extraordinary rapidity with which he wrote some of his most charming works, had also his minor reputations. For instance he was celebrated for the succulent macaroni which he could prepare. Both Rossini and Alexandre Dumas *père* were jealous of his reputation in regard to the favourite dish of the Italians, and so one day a regular contest was arranged between the three eminent men at Rossini's villa at Passy, as to who could make the best macaroni. The umpires were Meyerbeer, Auber, and young Théophile Gautier. To Mme. Rossini's great amusement the three contestants, with white aprons over their coats, went to work in her kitchen. Alexandre Dumas told them stories while they were thus engaged, Auber played on the piano in the adjoining room, and Meyerbeer, who was a passable caricaturist, tried to depict the curious scene in the kitchen. At last the repast was ready, and the umpires and cooks sat down to dinner. All three dishes of macaroni were good enough. The umpires declared their inability to decide the contest. Dumas claimed that his dish was the best, and a nice little wrangle ensued.

## HOME NOTES.

The position of Russian women in the sixteenth century was far from an enviable one, judging from the directions for the guidance of husbands given in the "Domostroi"—a collection of rules and maxims of that period: "The husband is represented as in every sense the master of the wife. They are exhorted not to live together in anger; but when the wife obstinately resists the husband's will, he is assumed to have the right to bring her to reason in any way that seems good to him. He is advised not to strike her in the face, nor is he to make use of iron or wooden instruments of torture. He must content himself with a whip or scourge. Punishment vigorously administered may be painful, but it is declared to be 'reasonable and wholesome.' If the unhappy spouse holds out in spite of her lord's very practical rebuke, his course is to tie her hands, and make the chastisement doubly severe—only he must throughout display the calm and judicial aspect of a superior being. Women are forbidden to drink anything more stimulating than a sort of harmless white beer, and warned, when they go into society, to talk of nothing except household affairs. Everything they hear they must report to their husbands. Idleness is an unknown luxury. They must constantly be preparing food, sewing, or giving instructions to subordinates." The merciful advice to the "superior being" not to strike his spouse and slave in the face, nor to make use of iron or wooden instruments, will doubtless be fully appreciated. But the "calm and judicial aspect" is too good. Fancy a brute with a calm and judicial aspect scoring his wife's shoulders with a raw-hide, as a "reasonable and wholesome" punishment. And yet our police-court reports tell us that these sixteenth century practices have not wholly fallen into disuse. The last clause too—that relating to constant work—depicts only too faithfully the condition of thousands of household slaves throughout the land. Are we so much better than our ancestors, after all our vaunted civilization?

The latest fashion for afternoon teas is to serve it *à la Russe* which has no affinity whatsoever to dinner *à la Russe*. It only means to substitute slices of lemon for the cream, which some people consider as important as tea itself. On the tea tray is served a small glass dish containing sliced lemon, cut with the rind on it. Into the cup is dropped, first, a diminutive bit of sugar. Moderation in this is essential, or the flavour of the lemon is destroyed. On the sugar is then deposited a slice of lemon, on which the tea is poured; and it would be a courageous spirit indeed who would venture to say that the beverage is not then all that the son of woman need desire. As a concession to the prejudices of those who are unable to climb Russian heights, milk is still set up also.

At Antioch College, Ohio, a lady has been recently elected to occupy the chair of mathematics in that institution; and German and French are taught by a lady in the State University of Missouri. It is said that in these institutions there are no more competent and successful instructors than these ladies, either in regard to inspiring zeal and enthusiasm, or maintaining the proper discipline of the class-room. Both of them, after pursuing extensive courses of study at home, went to Europe in order to qualify themselves under the most celebrated teachers of the world for their positions.

One of the most beautiful specimens of floral workmanship was a full bark-rigged steamer presented to a bride recently in the Cunard steamer "Calabria." It was an exact fac-simile of that magnificent vessel, and was four feet long and eight feet high. The hull of the floral steamer was one mass of pinks, and the masts were gayly decked with silk flags. The funnel was a red satin ribbon, and the sails were of white satin. On deck were evergreen chairs and benches, and above all, on a spiral, was a live dove with a blue satin collar. The whole affair elicited unbounded admiration.

In visiting the large mercers' establishments in Paris, says the correspondent of an English paper, you cannot avoid marvelling at the gorgeousness of ladies' attire and the costliness of the materials in daily use. The much-abused Empire sinks into insignificance, and we are reminded rather of the luxury of Louis XVth's reign. What is termed "under-clothing" or "toilette de dessous" increases in costliness from year to year; the puzzle now appears, not how little, but rather how much to spend, for fertile imaginations are at work to invent methods of getting rid of money. Ladies who are only considered moderate spenders now never dream of wearing anything but silk stockings for day as well as evening toilette. These stockings are very fine, and always match the dress with which they are worn; or what is more fashionable still, the foot is one colour and the leg another. For example, the feet will be black and the upper part straw or flesh colour, the upper part terminating in vandykes. For *négligé* wear striped silk stockings are considered in good taste.

The *Garden* says: "It is comparatively easy to adorn each month of the year with some form of floral beauty, and in this way to girdle the season round with flowers enough and to spare. Still, roses all the year round continue the exception rather than the rule. Only in gardens here and there is this feat of cultural skill attempted, and in comparatively few is it actually accomplished. Many succeed in making roses almost as common, and even more lovely, by contrast at least, in March than they are in June. But there is a dreary blank from November to February in most gardens hardly lighted up by one solitary rosebud, and how few can say, even in the highest ranks, 'My room has not been roseless for a dozen or more years.' Is it possible to have an unbroken succession of roses? No doubt it is; for what one has done, others may accomplish. But what of the expense and appliances, number and character of house, plants, &c., needed? Nothing to be alarmed at. Of course space, plants, and certain conveniences are requisite, and, if one could command a rosary under glass, properly warmed, the supply of roses all the year round would be made easy. But without that, and with a moderate supply of, say, fifty, or one hundred, or two hundred plants in pots, the year may be wreathed round with roses. For the purpose of an uninterrupted supply no varieties are so useful as tea-roses, and a few of the superior varieties of noisettes on a back wall of a green-house, conservatory, glass corridor, or case are invaluable for producing fine flowers when they are most wanted."

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Methodist Round Lake camp-meeting this year will be attended by representatives of all the branches of Methodism in the United States and the Dominion.

The Assessor appointed by the Bishop of Exeter to pronounce upon the matter of the reredos in the cathedral church has decided that the setting up of the reredos without the Bishop's faculty, and the placing of images thereon, were illegal, and contrary to the laws ecclesiastical; and he has ordered the removal of the reredos, and its replacement by either a stone screen without images, or open ironwork. Furthermore he enjoins that the Ten Commandments be set up at the east end of the choir, according to the Canon, where they may be best seen and read by the people. In support of this decision the Assessor quotes the Act of 1549, prohibiting the use of images even for private worship, which Act, after being repealed by Mary, was re-enacted by James I., and is still law. On the question of the alleged independence on the part of the Dean and Canon of Exeter in relation to the Bishop, he examines the original foundation of the bishopric from ante-Norman times, and shows that the Bishop's jurisdiction and control over a church which was the parish church of the whole diocese, which in all formal documents was called "his church," and which, without a bishop, could not exist as a cathedral, had never been disputed. So late as 1849 the Chapter had controverted the right of the Crown to appoint the Dean, and had successfully resisted a mandamus, but the appointment had since been vested in the Crown by Act of Parliament. In 1852 the Dean and Chapter had distinctly recognized in their answers to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners the rights of the Bishop as Visitor. It is said the decision will be appealed from.

The proposed confederation of all Presbyterian Churches makes progress. A committee appointed by the Presbyterian delegates to the late Conference of the Evangelical Alliance has issued an address to all the Presbyterian organizations in the world. Each church is asked, "first, to express in a formal manner its approval of the object; and, secondly, to appoint a committee to meet or correspond with committees from other Presbyterian denominations for the purpose of arranging for a meeting or convention of representatives to be appointed by the denominations, which meeting may effect an organization, and determine its character and practical modes of action."

A fashionable paper at St. Petersburg, the *Grisholman*, expresses great alarm at the spread of Protestantism in Russia. In an article entitled "A New Apostle in the Grand March of St. Petersburg," it describes the enthusiastic attachment with which Lord Radstock (who is the "new apostle") has inspired the aristocratic circle of the capital. The ladies of the nobility, says the writer, daily send him dozens of invitations to religious conferences, go in crowds to hear his sermons in the American church, and sing English psalms with him in his own language.

A very silly and threatening letter has been sent by some of the residents of Guadalajara to the Rev. David Watkins, the companion of the murdered Protestant missionary Stephens. The signers order Mr. Watkins to leave the country, and threaten, in case of his refusal, a political revolution. They pretend, also, that they have forwarded a petition to President Lerdo asking for the expulsion of all Protestants from Mexico. The President has assured the friends of Mr. Watkins that the general government "is determined to secure liberty of conscience and freedom of worship."

The Rev. John Craig, Vicar of Leamington, who was prominently before the public in the Leamington scandal, preached lately under singular circumstances. For nine months he has been confined to his bed with senile gangrene, which has totally consumed his right foot. Lately, to the surprise of everybody, the limb has begun to heal, and signs of recovery appear. The vicar recently insisted upon preaching, and for that purpose was carried from his bed to the pulpit, where he sat bolstered up in a chair, and preached to an immense congregation. At the conclusion of the service he was carried back to bed. He took his text from Jeremiah xx. 7—9.

The Bishop of Lincoln, in replying to a memorial from the working men of Gainsborough on the sale of church livings and simony, suggests that conferences should be held upon the subject, and that Parliament and Convocation should be asked to suppress the secular traffic in spiritual things. He thinks that if this were done the time would soon come when bishops would be protected and supported in their endeavours to defend parishes from hireling shepherds, and when no patron would regard his church patronage as a marketable commodity, but as a sacred trust.

A petition against any revision of the Prayer-book, signed by forty peers, 200 clergymen, and about 7,000 other persons, has been presented by the Church of Ireland Defence Association to the Archbishops and Bishops, who have replied that the subject is now under consideration in the General Synod.

One result of the recent lectures on preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral has been the establishment of a permanent "Homiletical Society" for the training of the younger clergy and candidates for Holy Orders. It will be managed by a committee of clergymen, and the meetings are to take place monthly during eight months of the year.

The Presbyterian Church of Canada held its Annual Conference in Knox Church, Montreal, this week. Among the notable events of the meeting was a memorial presented from a portion of the congregation of Erskine Church, Montreal, opposed on principle to instrumental music in churches, praying to be allowed to form a separate congregation. Notice of the movement was given to other Sessions. The matter of the appeal will be decided at a meeting to be held for the purpose on the 21st inst. The next annual meeting will take place in Ottawa next May.

## JERRY DONOVAN'S MIDNIGHT MASS.

Lough Iney is situated in one of the wildest valleys in the West of Ireland. The Law Life Assurance Company have erected a lodge by the edge of the lake, for the convenience of the disciples of old Isaac, but for some reason best known to that distinguished guild, the internal arrangements have never been completed, and it stands, virtually a bleak house, resembling that stereotyped dead sea fruit, the rottenness of the core of which is so often made capital of by simile-loving littérateurs.

I was fishing Lough Iney—the month was August, the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three. It was a melting day, with murky clouds overhead, and just a chance of a breeze later on. My rod lay bobbing at his own reflection from out the end of the boat, and I was smoking the calumet of peace, and engaged—Micawber-wise—waiting for something to turn up. At the bow sat Jerry Donovan, my guide, philosopher, and friend, in the act of “reddyin” his dhudeen, or little black pipe. Jerry's eye was as bright as a glass bead, and twinkled like a dissipated star. He was Myles na Coopalleen, except that he was a trifle more ragged—the complicated patchwork upon his small-clothes would have puzzled the Davenport Brothers. Jerry and I were upon terms of the easiest familiarity, which I cautiously cemented by occasional “golligues,” as he invariably called them, from out a leathern flask which hung suspended to my waist, and the giving of which generally evoked from the recipient a thoroughly Irish sentiment, or a fragment of song.

Jerry had lighted his pipe, and I had re-filled, when he suddenly asked—

“De ye ever hear tell o’ Martin Hannegan’s aas, sir?”

I responded in the negative.

“He was a quare sort av a baste. He dhrank whin he was dhry.”

“That’s a broad hint, Jerry.”

“Beggors, I’m as dhry as a cuckoo.”

Having poured him out a “golligue” he held the vessel in his hand whilst he delivered himself of this flourishing sentiment:

“May yer days be as bright as the bades on this sperrits, an may yer heart be always as strong.”

“There’s no chance of a fish, Jerry?”

“Divil a wan, yer anner.”

“Any chance of a story, Jerry?”

“Troth thin there is, bekase ye’ve thrated me decent, and I’ll tell ye what happened me in regard av sarvin mass, in the little Chapel of Ballynacluskeen, over the hill beyant,” pointing, as he spoke, in the direction of a mountain, known as Homamondhoul, towering right over us. Having carefully taken three or four vigorous pulls at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and commenced as follows:—

“Well, sir, I was a lump av a gossoon about, tho’ it’s a long time ago, sure enough—and divil resave the buke I’d read, or sum I’d do, but it’s after the rabbits I was, and ketchin fish, and divartin meself intirely, whin wan mornin’, night Christmas, up comes Father Myles Macmanus—may he be savin’ the rosary in beatificaytion this blessed minit, amin.” And Jerry reverently removed his hat. “Up he kem to where me poor mother was sittin’ foreinat the fire, an I says he: ‘Missis Kinshella,’ says he, ‘why the blazes!’” here Jerry coughed violently, “thim’s not his riverince’s exact words, sir, but, ye see, he was riz. ‘Missis Kinshella,’ says he, ‘have ye no regard at all at all, for to be in glory whin ye shored off this mortal coil,’ says he.

“‘Oh yer riverince,’ says she, ‘why wud ye utter thim hard words agin me,’ beginnin’ for to cry.

“‘Bekase man,’ says he, a little softened, ‘Ye’re not doin’ yer dhuty.’

“‘Oh Father Myles, what is it I done wrong,’ says she, roarin’ till ye’d think her heart wud splitt.

“‘Why don’t ye sind that gossoon,’ pointing his finger at me, ‘to attend me mass,’ says he. ‘I was bet up intirely a Sunday for some wan to attend last mass, and I was wudout me brequest till it was time for to go to me dinner,’ says he, ‘an I’m not over strong,’ says he, ‘be raisen av my heart that’s wrong.’

“‘He’d only spile yer mass, yer riverince,’ says me poor mother, thryin for to get me off.

“‘Sind him to me on Christmas Eve,’ says Father Mac, ‘an I’ll larn him how for to do it—for he must attend the midnight mass,’ says he.

“So, for to make a long story short, yer anner, he got the soft side o’ me poor mother, an I was sint wud a sore heart over the hills to that little chapel, foreinat ye, on Christmas Eve, for to larn for to sarve the midnight mass.

“Well, sir, Father Myles was the broth av a priest. He never thought av nothin but the souls av the faithful departed, an av the sinful meanderin av some av his flock; an in regard of dhriok he was cruel hard. Av he got the taste av a smell o’ sperrits off av a boy, he was at him like a cock to a blackberry. He’d pick, an pick, an pick, at him, until he wouldn’t leave a fitter on him, an ye’d do all sorts to get out av his claws.

“I went up to the chapel, an he fairly bothered me wud et cum sperrit-tew tew oh, till I kem away wud an ass’s load av Latin in my head, but all rowled up like a plate av strabout, so that whin I had a ‘Downinny’ all right, av I was to be sint to Botany for it, I couldn’t bowl out the vobiscum.

“Blar an ages (says I), what’ll I do at all at all. I must only thry and bother him wud the bell.

Jerry paused, threw a sheep’s eye at my flask, which I pretended not to perceive, and taking a prolonged pull at his dhudeen, continued—

“Divil sich night ever kem av the sky, for sknow. It bet all ye ever heard tell av. The flakes was as big as hin’s eggs, and there was a wind blowin that wud tie the strings av yer brogues.

“Yer not goin for to sind the gossoon out sich a hard night,” says me poor father.

“There’s no help for it,” says me mother.

“He’ll be smothered wud the cowl. Bu led be me, and let him stay where he is.”

“Ho must sarve midnight mass,” says me mother.

“There’ll be no wan to hear it,” says me father, a little rough.

“But Father Macmanus must say it,” says me mother. She got the better av him, av course, an I was sint out to crass that very hill, for wor livin’ below there in the bog.”

“That must have been a damp spot, Jerry,” I interposed.

“Damp, avic! It is better nor half the year anther wather

an the very snipes has the newralgy. It’s only fit for a say gull, or a diapinary d’ochthor.”

A more dreary looking region I never beheld. Even in the bright summer sunlight it looked a dismal swamp.

“I had four good mile to put undher me,” Jerry resumed, “four good mile, as bad as thin, for it was all up hill, an I only I knew the short cuts on me road as well as a crow, be me song I was mulvadh-red, an’ it’s in the bottom av the lake here among the salmin—byd cess to thin, why won’t they take the illigant flies that yer honor is timpting thim wud—I’d be as shure as there’s a till on a crow.”

“It was tough work, yer anner, sthrugglin agin win t an snow, and I goin intirely agin me likin, an not a word av what Father Myles had discorsed to me in the mornin but was clane bet out o’ me hawl. More nor twice I was goin for to turn back, but somethin told me to go on. There was a wake at Phil Dimpsey’s, an a dance at a sheebien beyant Glendalough, but somethin’ sed, go on Jerry, yer wanted, an on I went wud snow-balls as hard as marvels stickin’ to me brogues.”

“By jove, Jerry, if I had been in your place, I’d have left Father Macmanus in the lurch,” said I.

“So ye wud, and that’s just yer ignorance,” retorted Jerry, in an offended tone. “Av ye hear me out, ye’ll see that I was in the right in pursuin’ the path, but folly yer own way. Av ye don’t like the story, ye can leave it, sir.”

A golligue restored mutual confidence, and he resumed—

“Whin I got up to the chapel, there wasn’t a stim av light, and I crept round to the vestry doore, and knocked respectfully like, but no answer. I knocked agin, no answer. I riz the latch, and pushed the doore, the last sod was burnin’ out, an’ there wasn’t a handful o’ fire.

“He hasn’t come yet,” says I to meself, ‘so I’ll humour the fire,’ and I went for to stir it, whin I felt me heart drop into me brogues, and me hair fly up to the ceilin’ for foremost me stud Father Myles Macmanus, as white as if he was bein’ waked, and lookin’ quare an mournful. He was in his vestmints reddy for his mass.

“I cudn’t spake. Me tongue was that dhry in me throat, that ye cud have grated a lump av sugar on it. I commenced for to shake like a dog that’s too long in the wather, and I was that afear’d that me stomik was say sick.

“He never sed a word, but kept lookin’ at me, quare and mournful.

“I sthruggled wud a patther and avvy; it gev me courage, for, sez I, after a little, ‘it’s a terrible night, yer riverince.’

“‘Are ye reddy to sarve me mass?’ says he, in a voice that med me shiver, for it was as if it kem out av a nailed coffin.

“‘I’m reddy, yer riverince,’ says I, ‘but there’s not a crayture stirrin.’ I kem up the bareen, and there wasn’t a thrack.”

“‘Are ye reddy to sarve me mass?’ says he, agin, in the same awful voice.

“‘Will I light the althar, yer riverince,’ says I. He sed nothin’ to this, but waved me wud his hand for to go before him. Me knees was rattlin together, like pays in a mug, but I lurch’d before him, out into the dark chapel, and it was as dark as the velvet on yer anner’s collar, barrin’ one little light in th’ althar, that med the place look like the bottom av the lake. An now kem the fear on me that I cudn’t ansur right, an that I was av no more use nor that ould ram that’s nibblin’ over in th’ island there; but it’s truth I’m tellin’ ye, from the minit he commenced, the whole av the rispousis kem to me as if they wor wrote in letters av light on the wall, an I sarved his mass as well as if I’d been in Maynooth Collidge for a quarther.

“Yer not a Catholic, Mither Bowles, an maybe ye never heard a mass, or was in a chapel nayther?”

This was put interozatively.

“I am not a Catholic, Jerry, but I have been in a Catholic church, and have heard mass more than once,” I replied.

“I’m glad of it, for ye’ll undherstand what I’m goin’ to tell ye, sir. At the ind av the mass, when all is over, the priest comes down the step av th’ althar, and commences wud the *Day L’rolundis* or prayer for the dead. Well, sir, I was reddy wud me rispousis, whin he turns to me, and he sez—oh murder, how I shake whin I ponder on thim words—sez he, ‘Pray!’ sez he, ‘pray for the soul av a dead man. Pray!’ sez he, ‘pray as ye hope to be saved. Let yer prayer be as white as the snow that’s fallin’ from heaven this blessed night.’

“I threw meself on the steps av th’ althar, and prayed my best. I was found there the next mornin’ by Tim O’Shaughnessy, who kem up to reddy the chapel for first mass.

“‘What the mischief are ye doin there, ye young imp,’ says he.

“I told him how I sarved Father Macmanus’s midnight mass.

“‘Sarved what?’ says he.

“Father Myles Macmanus’s midnight mass, an’ I up an’ told him all about it.

“He looked very frightened, and quare, and sez he—

“‘Ye hadn’t a sup in.’

“‘Sorra a wan,’ sez I, ‘and I wudn’t tell a lie in this holy place for the goold av Arabia.’

“‘Well,’ says he, ‘it’s awful to think of, for *Father Myles Macmanus died yesterday, at four o’clock.*’”

Jerry Donovan, when he concluded, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and seemed as though engaged in prayer, then suddenly resuming his wonted nonchalance, he exclaimed—

“Here’s the breeze, yer anner. Take the rod in the heel av yer fist, an ye’ll be into a ten pounder afore long.”

## A NEW OPERA BOUFFE.

After more than four hundred representations, not once interrupted, “La Fille de Madame Angot,” at the Folies-Dramatiques in Paris, has though still continuing to attract large houses, been withdrawn, and its place is now taken—it is impossible to say filled—by “La Belle Bourbonnaise,” an opera bouffe in three acts. The words are written by M.M. Dubrouil and Chabrilat to the music of M. Coles, and though the new piece labours under the disadvantage of succeeding one which had created such a *façonne* as “La Fille de Madame

Angot,” it nevertheless promises to obtain a fair measure of popularity. The plot is founded upon the generally accepted legend of a Bourbonnaise peasant girl having taken advantage of her striking resemblance to Madame du Barry to pass herself off as the royal favourite. In the new piece, Manon, the peasant-girl, is seen by the adherents of the Duc de Choiseul, who, being at war with Madame du Barry, conceive the idea of bringing her to Court as a rival for their powerful enemy. Madame du Barry, having got wind of their intentions and having, as we know from contemporary history, “la police bien faite,” despatches two agents in search of Manon, who is brought by one of them to Versailles, where Madame du Barry determines to profit by the resemblance which does exist between them to take vengeance upon the Duc de Choiseul. While she herself goes to see the King dressed in the village costume of “la belle Bourbonnaise,” Manon, attired in great splendour, remains at Trionon to receive the gentlemen and ladies of the Court. Such is the idea, considerably developed with no little ingenuity, which sustains the interest during the last two acts. In the second, Manon’s parents and her betrothed, the latter of whom, in despair at her loss, had enlisted in the French Guards, take her for Madame du Barry, and as such treat her with the most profound respect; while in the third they mistake the real Madame du Barry for her, and so bestow upon her most affectionate caresses. All is well that ends well. The influence of Madame du Barry remains unshaken, she obtains the Royal pardon for Manon’s betrothed, who had deserted from his regiment, and gives a dowry to “la belle Bourbonnaise” upon the condition, readily acceded to, that she shall henceforth dwell among her own people. Without possessing any elements of great dramatic interest, the plot contains many situations which have been utilized by the composer to interpolate some very bright, crisp music; and it is probable that the overture, with the popular air of “La Belle Bourbonnaise,” and the *finale* of the first act, which is similar to the village feast scene in “Faust,” will have a good deal of success. There is also a song in the second act, commencing “La du Barry, tu chanteras, tu sauteras,” which seems to have excited the admiration of the public, if not of the critics.

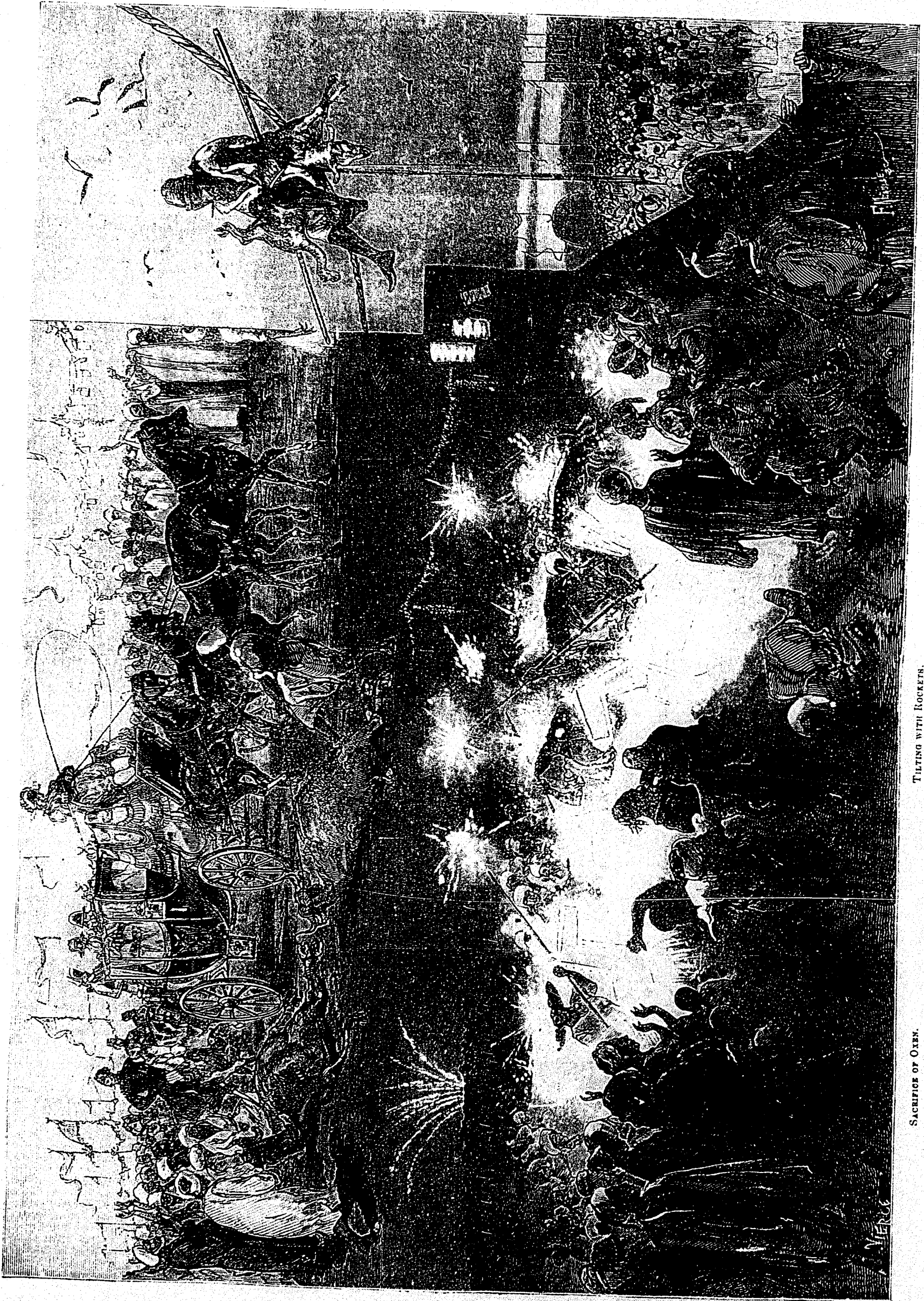
## THE PROPOSER OF CREMATION IN ENGLAND.

The London correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes: “Cremation, which may now be regarded as one of the established agitations of England, was first proposed in this country by a woman—Mrs. Rose M. Crawshaw. This lady comes of an old family of Oxfordshire, where her ancestors have long enjoyed magisterial position. She is the wife of the famous Iron King of Wales, Robert Crawshaw, Esq., who recently sold his iron establishment at Merthyr Tydfil for one and a quarter millions sterling. His wealth may now be estimated at about three millions sterling. Mrs. Crawshaw therefore occupies a position of some advantage for the aid of movements in which she is interested. She resides in a magnificent castel which has long been known for its grand hospitality to men of advanced opinions. There have been entertained the Lyells, Groves, Huxleys, and other scientific notabilities, and when Mr. Emerson was in this country he was entertained there. Mrs. Crawshaw is an active heretic in religious matters, and a sore trouble to the bishops, rectors and vicars of her region by reason of her fondness for writing and printing telling pamphlets calculated to unsettle people’s minds on important subjects. Moreover she is the President of the School Board of Merthyr, and joins with the Unitarian preacher there (elected by her influence) in successfully resisting the efforts of the clergy to carry their educational schemes. It was this extraordinary lady who began the agitation in favor of “*euthanasia*,” and it is she, as I have said, who started the later discussion by putting out, more than a year ago, a pamphlet in favour of burning the bodies of the dead. Having met Sir Henry Thompson at a dinner in London where she resides with her family for a part of every season, she interested him in the subject, and the result was the celebrated paper in the *Contemporary Review*, which has been translated into all European languages. A society to promote “*cremation*” has now been formed, in which Sir Henry Thompson and Mrs. Crawshaw are the leading officers, and which is gaining new and able adherents every day.”

## GEORGE SAND IN 1847.

Margaret Fuller describes her first meeting with George Sand as follows: “The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and, as Madame Sand afterward told me, her god-daughter, whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as ‘*Madame Salara*,’ and returned into the anteroom to tell me, ‘Madame says she does not know you.’ I began to think that I was doomed to a rebuff, among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, ‘Ask if she has not received a letter from me.’ As I spoke, Madame S. opened the door, and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure; she is large, but well-formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste, her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and ladylike dignity, presenting an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower, strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish (as, indeed, she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood). All these details I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of goodness, nobleness, and power that pervaded the whole—the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, *C’est vous*, and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study; we sat down a moment, then I said *Il me fait du bien de vous voir*, and I am sure I said it with my whole heart, for it made me very happy to see such a woman, so large and so developed a character, and everything that is good in it so really good. I loved, shall always love her.”





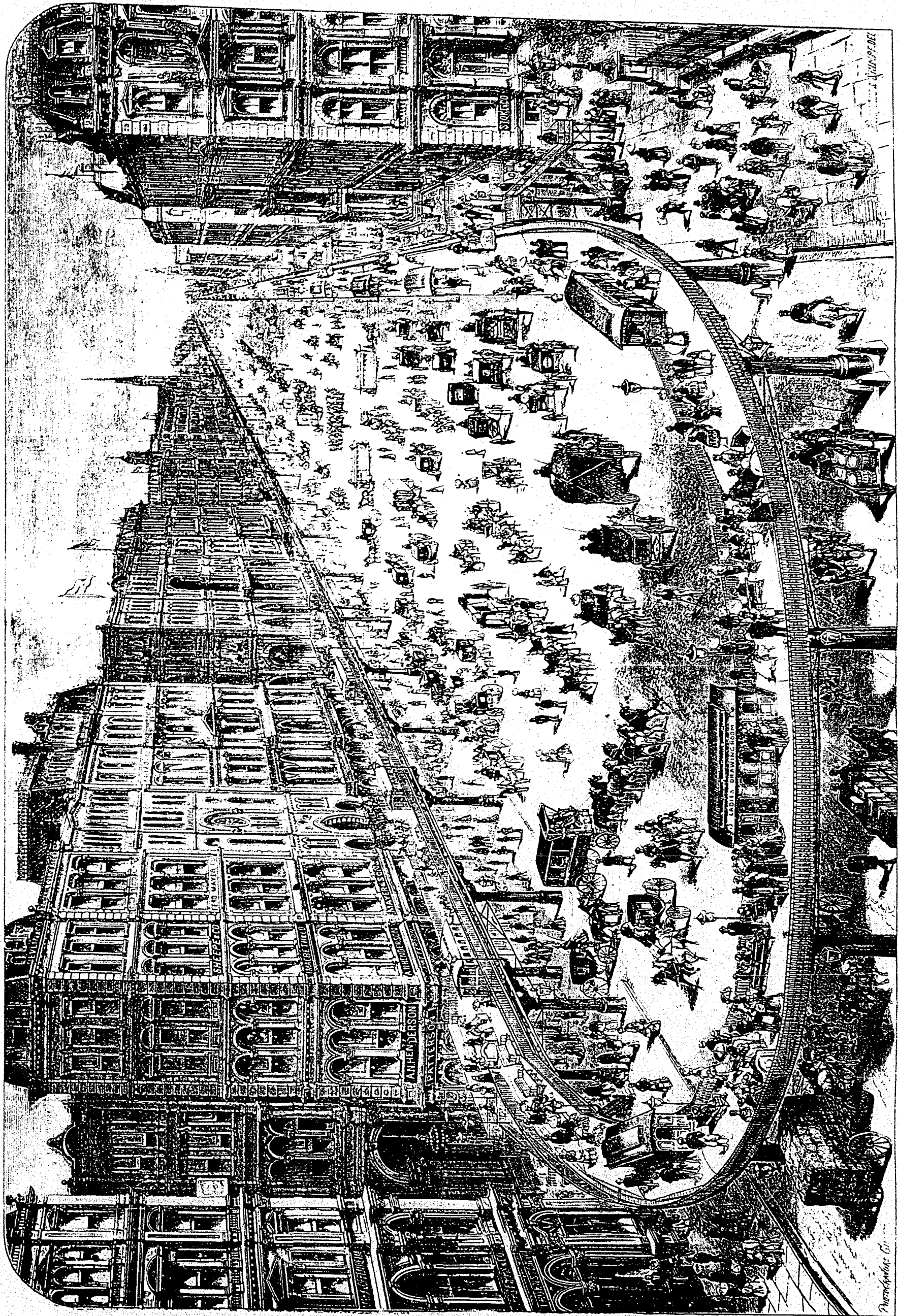
SACRIFICE OF A SHEEP ON THE TIGHT ROPE.

TILTING WITH ROCKETS.

SACRIFICE OF OXEN.

EGYPT.—FETES AT CAIRO ON THE OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE KHEDIVÉ'S DAUGHTER AND PRINCE IBRAHIM.





NEW YORK. -THE PROPOSED MOVING SIDEWALK TO BE ERECTED IN BROADWAY.

Photodupl. Co.



## LITERARY NOTES.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

A "Life of Macaulay," by Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan, is in the press.

Rocheport will start *La Lanterne* in London, and lampoon the Septennat with all his former vigour.

A German translation of Victor Hugo's "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" is to appear in the Strasburg semi-official journal.

Mr. Edmund Yates is writing a new novel, and is gone to the south of France in order to depict life in a French chateau.

Sir Henry Thompson will, it is reported, take a four months' pleasure tour through America, visiting Utah, California, &c., in the course of the autumn.

Mr. Gladstone is contributing to the *Contemporary Review* a translation from the Greek, and a series of papers on subjects connected with Greek civilisation.

Charles Reade is writing a story, it is said, on the subject which has lately aroused British indignation—the sending out of overladen and unseaworthy vessels.

Professor Owen, who has been passing the winter in Egypt for the benefit of his health, has just returned to England. He is, it is stated, much the better for his change.

M. Edgar Quinet has a work in press. The distinguished historian proposes to bring out an English translation at the same time with the publication of the French text.

Some unpublished letters by Goethe on Natural History, entitled "Correspondence on Natural History," have been brought out by a professor of the Cracovian University.

Mr. C. G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann") and Professor E. H. Palmer, of Cambridge, are preparing a volume of ballads in the English Gipsy dialect, with metrical English translations.

Mme. Gerwinus, the widow of the great German commentator on Shakespeare, has (says the *Academy*) consented to become one of the vice-presidents of the New Shakespeare Society.

Professor Von Banke is engaged in re-editing his "History of the Popes," with reference to the relations between Pío Nono and the German Empire. The Professor is now more than 75 years old.

Azamat Batuk, the famous correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has started upon a tour round the world, having arranged to contribute occasional articles and sketches to the *Pictorial World*.

One Burmeister, very learned, is engaged on a work upon the Argentine States, to be completed in twenty volumes, and the republic has granted him \$20,000 to aid him in that great pen-and-ink undertaking.

A "History of the Khivan Campaign of 1873," edited by officers of the staffs of the three expeditionary columns, and under the supervision of General Kaufmann, will shortly be published at St. Petersburg.

Dr. Livingstone's large "Diary," which Mr. Stanley brought with him, sealed, from Africa, and placed in the hands of the great explorer's family, is now, it is said, in the possession of Mr. Murray, the London publisher.

M. Gustave Doré's "London" is in course of preparation in Paris, and will be published by M. M. Hachette. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's letterpress will be replaced by a special text from the pen of M. Louis Enault.

A long-memoried Teuton, Herr Herman Linde, professes to have the entire works of Shakespeare by heart, and has recently begun to prove his assertions by a series of recitals from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at Cologne.

Mr. Swinburne has returned to London in fairly good health, instead of being at the point of death, as was generally reported. His new poem, "Bothwell," is finished, and is described by those who have heard it as being very powerful.

Hans Christian Andersen, the well-known Danish La Fontaine and friend of Dickens, has been dangerously ill. The *Standard* correspondent says he has had an interview with him, and, though he is better, there is little hope of a lasting recovery.

The ordinary list of Shakespeare's works, according to Mr. Collier, is incomplete. He wishes to add another play to the number. The favoured drama is *King Edward III.*—a work set down by Mr. Furnivall to be reprinted among other writings of Shakespeare's contemporaries.

The *Canadian Monthly* for May opens with a paper by a well-known Canadian writer, Mr. J. G. Bourinot, on the old forts of Acadia. Mr. Thomas Cross supplies a short article on the Iroquois, remarkable for little beyond an unusual amount of padding. The Prize Serial and three poems above the usual average complete, with the Current Events, which is always beyond praise, the quota of original matter in this number— one much below the average.

The current number of the *Penn Monthly* is unusually indigestible, but this is a fault so seldom to be found with this publication that it is pardonable from time to time. In addition to the usual monthly review and the reviews of new books the table of contents contains the following papers:—"Method of Valuation of Real Estate for Taxation," "The Under-World of the American Indians," "A Moorish Ballad," grandly resonant in its rhythm; and lengthy reviews of Bulwer Lytton's "Parisians," and Beale's "Protoplasm."

The May number of *Old and New* contains a good selection of things entertaining and things profitable. The most important one paper is the completion of Rev. James Martineau's remarkably broad and powerfully reasoned discussion of the four assumed "notes" or marks which, as the Roman Catholic Church asserts, prove its claims to divine authority. Mr. Hale's Introduction regrets the delay in paying over the Alabama Claim Money; and there are other editorials, one on the question of industrial co-operation, and one on the choice of books to read. Besides the two serial novels, there is the first half of a striking story by Turgeneff, and the whole of another story, quite fresh and graphic, by Moritz Jokai, the famous Hungarian writer; it is a tale of adventure of the days of the Turkish power in Hungary. The Rev. Mr. Tyrwhitt continues his series of papers on "Our Sketching Club," and a lady writer gives an interesting description of a short tour in Norway.

## TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

## A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

"SINCE THERE'S NO HELP, COME, LET US KISS AND PART."

Edmund Standen went back to his hotel after that last journey from Hatfield, and made all arrangements for starting by the continental train next morning. He was going to Paris, and thence on to Marseilles, and possibly to Algiers. He went to seek forgetfulness among strange scenes and a strange people, where not a feature of the landscape, not a word spoken near him, would recall the English home from which he was self-banished, or the hopes he had lost.

He went into the reading room after dinner, and turned over the day's newspapers, with but the faintest interest in anything he read in them, when something happened which changed all his plans, and put that thought of a winter in Algiers out of his head for the present.

The following brief advertisement appeared among various enigmatic appeals in the second column of the *Times* supplement—not the day's paper, but a two days' old supplement—as Edmund discovered afterwards, when he looked at the date:—

The friends of a lady now lying seriously ill at the Pier Hotel, Newhaven, are requested to communicate with the proprietress. The lady arrived by the afternoon train from Lewes, on Thursday, September 10, and has been suffering from fever and delirium ever since. Her linen is marked S.P. She wears a large diamond cross, and has in her possession a morocco hand-bag, with patent lock, supposed to contain valuables.

There could be no doubt as to the person indicated. It was half-past seven o'clock when Edmund Standen read the advertisement. He was at the London Bridge Station at eight, and at a quarter past was on his way to Newhaven. He had to wait upwards of an hour at Lewes, and it was eleven by the time he reached the end of his journey. Here he encountered only disappointment and perplexity awaited him. The landlady had a strange story to tell him.

She had sent the advertisement to the *Times* on the preceding Friday, by the advice of the medical man, who saw the possibility of the patient's fever developing into typhus or typhoid. The landlady had been terrified by the mere suggestion of such a thing, and was for removing the patient at once to the county hospital.

This the doctor had pronounced impossible. She was too ill to bear such a journey, and the most that could be done would be to remove her to some adjacent lodging, there to await communications from friends who might see the *Times* advertisement. This was done immediately, and it happened curiously that from the hour of removal the sufferer began to mend. She was calmer, and the fever considerably reduced by Saturday night. On Sunday she was able to leave her bed. The next day the improvement was still more marked: the patient was calm and sensible—opened her bag and produced a purse, from which she gave the doctor a twenty pound note for the landlady of the hotel, and a ten pound note on account of his own services. On Monday evening the nurse who had charge of the patient ventured to leave her for a little while, in order to go into the village upon some errand. According to this woman's statement, she was only absent a quarter of an hour, but on her return the patient was gone. The nurse had left her dressed and lying on the sofa. Search was immediately made, but vainly.

The time of the patient's disappearance was within a few minutes of the time at which the boat started for Dieppe, but nobody had thought of going to the pier, or suggested the idea of the patient having gone on board the steamer, till too late.

When the same steamer returned to Newhaven it was ascertained that a lady dressed in black, answering to the description of the nameless fever patient, had crossed on the last voyage to Dieppe. No one had remarked where she went, or whether she was met by anyone on the arrival of the steamer.

"I'm afraid the poor, dear young lady must be a little queer in her head," said the landlady with a sympathetic air—that twenty pound note had paid her very well for the beef teas and arrowroots made for the invalid. "Dr. Folcott says that she must have endangered her life by that foolish journey, for though she seemed to get round so quickly, she was as weak as a baby, and only keeping herself up by some inward excitement. She was just in the state for a relapse."

"There is no boat till to-morrow, I suppose," said Mr. Standen.

"No, sir; not till to-morrow morning at ten."

"Then I shall cross by that boat. Dieppe is not a large place. It will go hard with me if I do not find this lady."

If the landlady expected some enlightenment as to the circumstances of her nameless guest, she was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Standen thanked her for her care of the helpless traveller, but told her nothing. He called on the local surgeon next morning, and heard his opinion of the case. It was not cheering.

Edmund Standen was in Dieppe before dark that evening, going quietly from place to place, inquiring for the fugitive. After two hours' diligent search he found her at a third rate hotel in the town, in a small room on the fourth storey, paved with red tiles. She was lying on a narrow bed in a low alcove, with a Sister of Mercy sitting on a rush-bottomed chair by the bedside, counting her beads, and whispering prayers, while the patient lay in a slumber that seemed more restless than the most unquiet wakefulness.

Sylvia had struggled hard to go on—on she knew not whither—to Paris, or anywhere—but had broken down at the Dieppe railway station, where she found herself hardly able to stand. She tottered to the waiting room and here was seen by the good Sister of Mercy, who, finding her helpless and friendless, took her in charge, put her into a hackney carriage, and had her conveyed to the hotel where she was now lying.

Before nightfall the fever was again at its height, and the

dreaded typhoid speedily declared itself. The Dieppe doctor ordered cooling drinks, bled the patient two or three times, exercised all his skill for the one great end of reducing the system. In this he had succeeded to admiration, and the patient, thus robbed of forces which might have fought the disease, had succumbed to the fever.

One look at that wasted face—those glassy eyes which opened and looked at him without recognition—told Edmund Standen that the end was inevitable. How near, or how distant that end might be he knew not.

He telegraphed to London for the famous Dr. Crow, reckless of the sacrifice of the doctor's time and his own money, feeling very sure that it was too late for any good to be done by the wisest physician upon earth, but anxious to do the utmost for this wreck of humanity which had once been his idol.

The great doctor telegraphed a prompt reply. It was impossible for him to come to Dieppe, but he would send Dr. Daw, a star of secondary magnitude in the medical world. For Dr. Daw's arrival Mr. Standen waited patiently, but not hopefully.

He shared the sister's watch beside that sick bed, his hand held the cup of cooling drink to those parched lips, heedless of what poison might lurk in the burning breath that seemed almost to sear his face as he bent over the sufferer.

How changed she was—that lovely Sylvia, whose beauty had been so fatal a gift. The red-gold hair had been shorn close to the small-head, by the nurse's scissors—the once oval cheek was now hollowed and cavernous, the jaw square and bony, and those eyes—lamps of splendour—were now dull and lightless. Could there be keener agony than to mark such decay, and to remember how he had loved her, and to feel that he loved her still, that she was dear to him in her misery. dear to him despite her guilt?

Once during the long hours of his watch the sufferer awakened suddenly from a sleep that had been somewhat quieter than that restless doze in which she was wont to lie. The dark eyes were slowly turned towards him, and gazed at him with the gradual dawn of recognition. The words that followed denoted that although Sylvia knew her lover, she had no consciousness of late events or the place where she was.

"I thought you wouldn't leave me, Edmund, just before our wedding," she said in her feeble, tremulous voice. "But you've been away so long, and I have been lying here with that dark woman watching me—that woman over there in the black gown. Why don't you send her away? You know I detest black. I wore mourning for so long for Sir Aubrey; but that is all over now, and my wedding dress is ready. I showed it you, didn't I, Edmund? Such lovely point-lace—fit for a duchess, but not too good for your wife. I want to look my best that day. What have they done with my hair?" she cried, passing her thin fingers over her head with a weak, uncertain movement.

"They haven't cut it off, have they? They couldn't be so cruel as that. I was always praised for my hair, though some of the Hedingham girls called it red. It is all gone. Am I in prison, Edmund, for some dreadful crime? Could they put me in prison for that?"

There were fitful pauses between these broken sentences, and many of the words were imperfect and indistinct; only the keen ear of affection could have interpreted those rambling utterances of half-consciousness.

Edmund soothed and comforted the sufferer—murmured words of hope—spoke of another world, that world whose mystic gate stood ajar. Vain effort; the shallow, worldly mind was still given to earthly things—had neither care nor hope beyond earth.

"Is to-day our wedding-day, Edmund?" she asked. "Don't deceive me. I am not too ill to go to the church. Let me get up and be dressed. Where is Céline? Send that dark woman away, and bring me Céline. I know my wedding-dress has come home. Why do you turn from me like that, Edmund, and hide your face with your hands? There is no one who can prevent our marriage. Sir Aubrey is safe."

Then followed long intervals of silence, and then wandering words that had no meaning even for Edmund's attentive ear. He watched beside that bed day and night, while the patient Sister of Mercy sat in a corner behind the bed-curtain, where Sylvia could not see her, and prepared the medicines and fever drinks, and directed Mr. Standen's ministrations, and prayed with all the fervour of her simple soul for the fading sinner.

Dr. Daw came, but could do nothing except pronounce that the Dieppe surgeon had been altogether at fault, and prescribe a new mode of treatment, which, had it been adopted earlier, might have saved the patient, but which could now only prolong life, and lengthen the weariness of dying.

The life thus protracted, watched with unremitting care, lasted three or four days after Dr. Daw's visit, and then, in the quiet midnight the tired sufferer slipped almost unawares into the undiscovered country. Love watched the last breath, religion knelt by the bed, and thus the worldly soul went forth from the region of human pity and affection into the awful solitude beyond, whither no human imagination dared follow it.

Once, very near the end, there came a gleam of light. The lips which had been voiceless for many long hours, moved faintly, and Edmund, leaning down to catch the feeble whisper, heard Sylvia's last words—"Kiss me once again before I go, as you kissed me in the churchyard, before I betrayed you."

Living and dying lips met in the last kiss of a love that had been fatal.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## LOVE IS ENOUGH.

Sylvia Perriam had been laid in her foreign grave, and Edmund Standen had gone on to Marseilles before he began to feel that he would have to pay the penalty of his devotion to the dying sinner. On the day of his arrival at the southern seaport the grip of the fever fiend fastened on him, limbs aching, head burning, fits of heat and cold, agonish shiverings. He sent for the best English doctor in Marseilles, and told him what he had been doing, and that he was in for a fever.

The doctor tried to make light of these apprehensions, yet confessed that Marseilles was not the safest place a man who had the fever-poison in his system could come to.

"Is there any one you would like me to write to in the event of your getting worse?" he asked kindly. "I don't

apprehend such a thing, but it's always wise to be equal to either fortune, as Shakespeare puts it."

"You are very good; yes, if the worst should come I don't wish to die quite alone in a strange country. I'll give you my mother's address. When you see danger telegraph to her—but on no account before there is danger. She is no traveller, and the journey to Marseilles will be a formidable one for her."

The doctor promised to obey. Before the week was ended he saw sufficient peril to justify his sending the telegram to Dean House—a carefully-worded telegram, cautioning Mrs. Standen against any undue fear.

"I have not waited for the worst," said the message, "but obey your son, who told me to summon you directly the case appeared serious. The case is serious, but by no means desperate. Come, and do not fear."

Within an hour of her receipt of that message Mrs. Standen was on her way to London—not alone—a faithful friend and companion accompanied her, and sustained her with words of hope, earnest words breathed from a heart that faith had armed against calamity.

Edmund's struggle for life was severe and protracted. His awakening from the long night of delirium was sweet, for in the nurse who watched beside his pillow he recognized the mother whose kind face had bent over his cot years ago in the Dean House nursery.

"I have known you all the time, mother." That was his first rational sentence. And, indeed, there had run through the tangled skein of his delirious dreams that one familiar thread, bright and clear through all. He had known that his mother watched him; he had known the hand that gave him his medicines, that administered the food he loathed, with tender insistence.

"But there was some one else, wasn't there, mother?" he asked, before that first day of convalescence was over. "I seem to have had two nurses."

"You have been carefully nursed, Edmund," replied Mrs. Standen, evasively.

"I am sure of that. But who was the other nurse? A sister of mercy, perhaps?"

"Yes, Edmund, a sister of mercy."

"Has she gone away?"

"Yes, she left last night."

"Curious. I should like to have seen her face, now that I have recovered my wits, and to have thanked her."

"I have thanked her for you, Edmund."

"Well, I suppose that will do. I have you with me—that is enough. Do you remember that letter in which you told me that you had done with me—that I was no longer your son?"

"Never speak of that dreadful time, Edmund. You see what a mother's anger means—in your hour of danger she is by your side. Oh, my dear son, I thank God that your heart was not quite turned from me. You told the doctor to send for me. You could not die without forgiving me."

"Forgiving you, mother. Am not I the offender?"

"No, Edmund, no. I had no right to be so angry with you. There should be no limit to a mother's forbearance."

"But I tried your patience too much by my folly. It is all over now," with a sigh. "I shall never need your forbearance again in that way."

Two or three days after, when the invalid was able to sit up in bed, propped by pillows, Mrs. Standen and her son began to talk of the future. It was Edmund who started the subject. The mother would have feared to touch upon any question that might pain her son, newly snatched from the jaws of death.

"Shall you want me to go back to Dean House yet awhile, mother?" he asked, dutifully. "I mean to obey you in all things henceforward. I have no one else to live for, no one else to think of. You are all the world to me again—the one perfect woman in the world—as you use to be when I was a boy."

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE DOMINION.—The London Ordnance Lands have been finally conveyed to the city for park purposes. There are about forty acres in all, located in the centre of the city, and when beautified will make an admirable park. It is stated that important negotiations are now going on between the Harbour Commission and the Government, on the proposal to construct a dry dock in the harbour of Quebec, and that they are likely to lead to a favourable result.

UNITED STATES.—Measures are already being taken to secure the election of President Grant for the third term. Railway companies between Chicago and New York have advanced their rates 5c. per 100 lbs. The representatives at Washington of the contesting parties for the Governorship of the State of Arkansas have, after a lengthy sitting, forwarded a despatch to Little Rock, advising that the Arkansas Legislature shall be called together to decide the question as to who received the greatest number of votes at the Nov. election in 1872; that the troops on each side be dismissed, excepting a body-guard not exceeding one company, and that, pending the decision of the Assembly, the contestants shall in no way interfere with each other.

A Little Rock despatch states that Baxter says that a quorum of the Legislature has assembled under his call, and he refuses to accede to the proposition of the Washington representatives. Minister Washburne is said to have peremptorily declined the Secretaryship of the Treasury. In reference to the Geneva Award, it was stated in the United States Senate that the money would be distributed among sufferers from rebel cruisers, and not among insurance companies. New York steamship agents estimate a decrease in the numbers of the travelling public for this season of from 30 to 50 per cent. on account of the recent ocean disasters.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It is rumoured as probable that the Queen, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, will visit Ireland this fall. RUSSIA.—The betrothals of Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia and Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg have been arranged. SPAIN.—Marshal Serrano entered Bilbao on Saturday week amid great rejoicing. The Spanish Government, after the capture of Bilbao again applied to Germany to recognize the Republic. Marshal Serrano says the Carlist movement is only shaken, not entirely destroyed. Don Carlos has issued a proclamation to his followers, expressing his confidence in the ultimate triumph of his cause. Marshal Serrano was received with great enthusiasm on his arrival at Madrid. General Concha has been appointed General-in-Chief of the Northern Army in Spain. A Madrid despatch says the Carlists under Don Alfonso have been defeated with heavy loss by the Republicans. The Carlists are returning in strong force to the north bank of the river Nervion. It is said Gen. Dominguez will be appointed Minister of War. The question of the reorganization of the Government is the all-absorbing topic at Madrid.

CHINA.—A number of Chinese at Shanghai attacked the residents of the French settlements there, and set fire to and sacked their houses. The police were compelled to fire on the mob to restore order.

the first Lieut. Governor of Manitoba. His administration began after the troubles and continued during the Fenian invasion. After an honourable career in his native Province, Nova Scotia, he became Secretary of State for the Provinces, on the opening of Confederation. He went to Manitoba in 1870. He is now Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia. The participation of Dr. SCHULTZ in the Red River troubles is too well known to need repetition. It need only be said that he took a prominent part in the expulsion of Riel from Parliament. Dr. LYNCH was one of those whom Riel imprisoned during the insurrection. After his release he came to Ottawa in the midst of winter, travelling four hundred miles on snow shoes. Mr. ROBERT CUNNINGHAM is a native of Scotland, and came to Canada in 1868. He was special correspondent for the Toronto Globe and afterwards for the Toronto Telegraph at Red River, during the insurrection of 1869-70. He is now joint editor and proprietor of the Manitoba at Winnipeg. He is member for Marquette and generally favours the cause of Riel. Mr. MACKENZIE BOWELL is member for North Hastings and proprietor of the Belleville Intelligencer. It was he who moved the expulsion of Riel from Parliament and carried his motion to a successful issue with great determination. WM. MCTAVISH, Esq., of the Hudson's Bay Company, was Governor of Assiniboia and of Rupert's Land at the time of the Red River insurrection. It is conceded that he did everything in his power to bring about good-feeling, but he was signally unsuccessful. He was in very poor health at the time and has since died. The participation of GOVERNOR MCDUGALL in the events of 1869-70 are still fresh in the memory of all. Mr. McDougall has been employed for some time in the Emigration Departments at the North of Europe.

The ideal conception of SPRING is lovely in its grace and freshness. The Italian words under it express exactly the poetic feeling which the artist attempted to convey:—"O youth, the spring-tide of the year! O Spring, the heyday of youth!"

The marriage of the Princess Zeinab, daughter of the Viceroy of Egypt, to the Prince Ibrahim, was the occasion of great rejoicing among the people and at the Court. At Cairo a series of brilliant fetes were held in honour of the event, some of the peculiarities of which are depicted in our illustration. In one compartment of the engraving is shown the slaughter of oxen along the route of the bridal cavalcade. In a second a number of joustiers, mounted on rude hobby-horses, are tilting with long poles furnished at the end with rockets and Roman candles; and in a third a Nubian is slaughtering a sheep on a tight rope—a sufficiently difficult performance, taking into consideration the struggles of the victim and the awkward position the performer is compelled to assume.

An American engineer of the name of Spier proposes a MOVING SIDE-WALK for thoroughfares which is absolutely new. It is supported by a series of cast iron pillars, thirty-five or forty feet high. At intervals there are stairs leading down to the street. The motive power is steam easily regulated and transmitting an easy, regular impulsion. On the pathway, the inventor has placed seats, and even saloons for the use of ladies and giving shelter during rain. A close examination of the sketch will give a very adequate idea of all its ingenious details.

ODDITIES.

An old maid's excuse for wearing tight gloves is that she feels her hand squeezed.

"Goin' thro' the rye" is suggested as a song for the female temperance crusaders.

A fop, in company, wanting his servant, called out "Where's that blockhead of mine?" "On your shoulders sir," said a lady.

An English boy on being asked the other day who was prime minister of England, answered without hesitation, "Mr. Spurgeon."

Instead of saying "It's a long time between drinks," Western men now remark, "It's a long time since I signed my last pledge."

A Kentucky gentleman did not get mad until he had been called a "liar" eighty-one times. The monotony of the thing "riled" him.

A Western editor apologizes for the deficiency of the first edition of his paper by saying he was detained at home by a second edition in his family.

A French paper points how the passion for gambling is shown in this country, so that even in wedding notices it is necessary to state that there are "no cards."

A small boy in New Haven made a sensation for a short time by quietly transferring a card bearing the words "Take one," from a lot of handbills in front of a store to a basket of oranges.

A cynical writer says: "Take a company of boys chasing butterflies; put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into dollars, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world."

A man has been fined ten dollars for attempting to assist divine worship in the Second Advent Church at New Britain, Conn., a few Sundays ago, with a jewsharp, though he defended his action by quotations from the Bible.

A Boston paper wonders why a member of Congress who recently spoke with so much feeling of the "hay-seed in his hair," and "oats in his throat," forgot to complete the diagnosis of the case by alluding to the rye in his stomach.

"Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a question?" "Cause that leetle man with a heap o' hair on his face cotched hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste.'"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

On our front page this week we give an excellent portrait of ARCHBISHOP TACHE, of Manitoba, as a complement to the portraits of persons connected with the Red River troubles and the subsequent investigation thereinto. We have unfortunately been unable to obtain any details respecting the career of His Grace, but we trust at some future time to be able to lay before our readers a detailed biography of the right reverend gentleman.

"LE NIL" one of the vessels of the French Messageries Maritimes, was wrecked, it will be remembered, on the 20th March off the coast of Japan. Immediately after striking she filled and sank so rapidly that there was no time to get out the boats. One hundred and forty-two souls were lost, and four persons only were saved. These latter had taken refuge in the rigging, and were rescued from their perilous position by a passing vessel, the "Basurayn."

BILBAO, the centre of present operations in Spain, takes its name from Belle Voe—Beautiful Bay. The city has suffered terribly during the last four months. It was surrounded by the Carlists on the 29th of December, and the bombardment continued from the 20th February until late in April. On the 2nd inst., the siege was raised by General de Concha. During the bombardment the shells fell at an average rate of 200 per diem, but notwithstanding the danger, and the suffering caused by lack of provisions the inhabitants held out nobly, and indignantly scouted the idea of surrendering. Thanks to the treachery of a Carlist officer who allowed a drove of bullocks to pass through the lines, the scarcity of food was somewhat diminished. At one time, previous to this opportune relief, beef sold for 88 cents a pound. Pork, ham, and tongue were \$1.25 per pound, dried cod 75 cents, fowls \$5 a pair, potatoes \$15 per cwt., and eggs were scarcely procurable at 12 cents apiece. Wine was getting scarce, and there were no vegetables, fresh fish, charcoal, nor coal. The population of the city has been reduced by the flight of the inhabitants to 18,600, or 66 per cent of their ordinary number.

We furnish a last instalment of interesting pictures representing the manoeuvres around BILBAO which led to the retreat of the Carlists and the triumphant entry of Marshal Serrano into the Capital of Biscay.

Most of the persons which we group to-day as connected with the NORTH WEST TROUBLE are generally known to our readers from notices already published of them in these columns. Of LOUIS RIEL it is only necessary to add that since his expulsion from Parliament, he is supposed to have gone back to Manitoba where he will seek and, certainly obtain, a return for the County of Provencher. HON. ALEX MORRIS is the present Lieut. Governor of Manitoba. Born at Perth, Ont., on the 17th March, 1827, he was educated at McGill College, Montreal, and at Glasgow, Scotland, and was admitted to the Upper and Lower Canada Bars, in 1851. Ten years later he was elected to represent South Lanark and held that seat, until he was transferred to Manitoba. In 1870, he was chosen Minister of Inland Revenue in Sir John A. Macdonald's Government. In the autumn of 1872, he was sent to Fort Garry, as Chief Justice of the Prairie Province, and a little later, Dec. 2, 1872, succeeded Governor Archibald, in the Chief Magistracy. HON. A. G. ARCHIBALD was

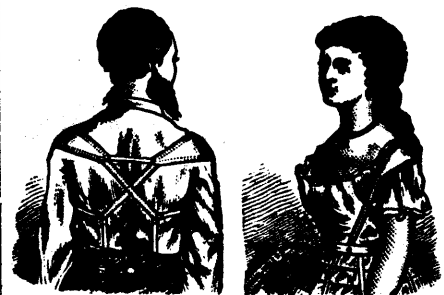
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 MONTREAL, 2nd March, 1874.  
 Messrs. Devins & Bolton,  
 Dear Sir,—I with pleasure concede to the agent's wish that I give my endorsement to the immediate relief I experienced from a few doses of DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. Having been a sufferer from the effects of Rheumatism, I am now, after taking two bottles of this medicine, entirely free from pain. You are at liberty to use this letter, if you deem it advisable to do so.  
 I am, Sir, yours respectfully,  
 JOHN BILDER ISAACSON.  
 MR. BUSH CURED.  
 MONTREAL, April 24th, 1874.  
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 Dear Sir,—Unwillingly by you I wish to bear testimony to the value of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. During the whole of the past winter I have been a great sufferer from that very common and agonizing affliction, Rheumatism. I was induced, by hearing of the many marvellous cures effected by the agent, Mr. Connor, during a few weeks stay at the St. Lawrence Hall to purchase a bottle, which I did. Suffice it to say, that without any faith in the medicine or its results, by the taking of less than half a bottle I was completely cured. More than four weeks have since elapsed, and I am still all right—free from pain as ever, and with no indication of its return. For the benefit of suffering humanity, please pass around my testimony and experience with the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE.  
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