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THE INCROYABLES IN "LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT."

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HOR.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 30th, 1878.

THE MILITARY STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.

No subject can be more interesting than this, especially in the present abnormal condition of affairs in Europe. The Secretary of War, Mr. HARDY, has announced to the House of Commons that he has one army corps ready for service abroad, and that the preparations for a second are well advanced. Lord NAHER, of Magdala, is to command an expeditionary force if one is despatched, and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is to be the Chief of the Staff. That, with a few weeks' preparation and the expenditure of a comparatively small sum, England should be able to despatch a force of more than 60,000 men, well organized and equipped, to any point that may be selected is highly creditable to the authorities, and satisfactory to the nation. In point of arms, of guns, and of mechanical contrivances, an English army may be favourably compared with any in the world. The whole subject has been carefully reviewed by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY in last month's number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and this article, coming from the intended Chief of the Staff, may be looked on as a military manifesto. That the army is not altogether what he could wish he candidly acknowledges; he dwells on its deficiencies, in order that he may provoke the British public to make them good. But he points out the enormous difference between what England was as a military power on the eve of the Crimean war and what she is now. Then Britain sent, with the utmost difficulty, a force of twenty thousand men destitute of almost everything needed by an army, except the pluck of the men and the gallantry of officers capable of making war after a fashion that is now extinct. It is an immense advance that she can now send four times the number perfectly equipped, with adequate reinforcements ready, and under the orders of men to whom every detail of military organization after the modern fashion is thoroughly familiar. It may be well to summarize the article of SIR GARNET. He is confident that at no period of English history have they ever been so strong in a military sense as at present. In 1854 they were very weak in field artillery, and they could only show 70,000 men, while there was no reserve beyond some pensioners, who were too old for service. Were war declared to-morrow about 400,000 drilled men would fall into line if required, supported by 372 field guns, manned and horsed by the Royal Artillery. Their numbers would be made up as follows:—Standing army at home, 99,000 men; Army and Militia Reserve, 40,000; Militia, 85,000; Volunteers, 180,000; Second class Army Reserve, 10,000. In this calculation the yeomanry, 10,000 sabres, are not included, nor have the Mediterranean garrisons been counted, which would be available were the Militia to take that duty. It will thus be seen, according to a most reliable authority, that England could, with the greatest ease—and, indeed, our ministers have vouched for this—place in the field almost at once two fully-equipped army corps of more than 30,000 men each, leaving a similar

force of regular troops at home as a reserve. England, as SIR GARNET WOLSELEY has well remarked, can never engage in any great war unless it be popular with the nation; but if the warlike spirit of the people be once aroused, they are not likely to forget their ancient and glorious traditions, and HER MAJESTY will never want soldiers to fight for the honour and welfare of the Empire. In a paper which MR. FARRER, of the Board of Trade, contributes to the new number of the *Fortnightly Review*, he proves that, tried by any reasonable test, our resources for the purpose of lasting defence or attack are greater, absolutely and relatively, than they ever were. He is equally reassuring with respect to the increase in our capacity for resistance or aggression since the close of the great European wars in 1815.

It is a well-known fact that sound causes vibration in adjacent bodies. An American, Mr. EPOX, has succeeded in registering these vibrations in such a way that the original sounds can be obtained from the register. He proceeds thus. A very thin metallic disc has a sharp point fixed to one side of it, and this point impinges on a sheet of tinfoil wound on a roller with a spiral groove cut on it—the pitch on which is, by the way, the same as that of the spiral groove—it is during its rotation slowly carried along past the pointer before mentioned. Now, if we speak in front of the disc while the roller is slowly turned, the disc vibrates, and the pointer, moving with it, pricks a number of pits, which vary in closeness and size, in the tinfoil. Here, then, is a speech-register. If this perforated sheet of tinfoil on its roller is made to rotate against a similar pointer attached to a thin membrane, it stands to reason that the punctures will move the pointer, and cause the second membrane to vibrate like the first did, and in exactly the same way. Vibrating membranes—e. g., a drum-head—are well-known to produce sound; and it is a fact that Mr. EPOX has succeeded in this way in registering words and then obtain their mechanical repetition from a vibrating membrane. One need scarcely enlarge upon the extraordinary prospect which this invention opens up. As we can chemically obtain a picture of a man, so we can now mechanically obtain a report of his words. The tinfoil patterns can be copied by electrotyping, and permanent records thus obtained, and the very voice and words of men handed down with their portraits to their posterity.

LET us beware. We are getting a bad name. This is the manner in which the *Missouri Republican*, the greatest paper in the West appreciates us:—"The city of Toronto was in the hands of a howling mob all Monday night. Hotels were stoned until everything save the walls was destroyed. Hundreds of shots were fired and many persons dangerously wounded. While the police concentrated their energies upon one body of the rioters, violent demonstrations would manifest themselves in another quarter. This was kept up all night long and was occasioned by the celebration of St. Patrick's day. Such occurrences now take place quite regularly every year in Quebec, Toronto, Montreal and other Canadian cities. There is probably no section of the civilized world where intolerance and bigotry are so intensified and assume such phases of violence as in the Dominion of Canada. There seems to be no safety of life or limb in that section on the 17th of March or the 12th of July."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MAPLE SUGAR HOUSE.—The manufacture of maple sugar is an important industry in the Dominion of Canada. The sugar or rock maple is most abundant north of latitude 40° and east of the Mississippi; in the Southern States it is met with only in the mountain ranges. It is a beautiful tree, sometimes growing to the height of eighty feet, with wide-

spreading branches and thick foliage. No tree shows a more brilliant autumnal coloring. The sap of this tree contains a very large amount of sugar—a fact well known to the Indians before the settlement of this country by the whites. On many farms, in the regions where the sugar-maple is abundant, the "sugar-bush," as a grove of these trees is called, is an important part of the property. The trees are tapped in February or March, when the sap begins to ascend, by boring into the trunk near the ground. A wooden tube inserted in the boring conducts the sap into a bucket. The flow is most abundant when the days are warm with frosty nights between. In most regions the process of making the sugar is still as crude as that practiced by the aborigines. It consists of collecting the sap and boiling it down in a large chaldron over an open fire of logs built in the grove; but this method often affords most picturesque scenes at night, and the sugar camp under the trees is a favorite resort for picnic parties. When sufficiently concentrated, the syrup is poured into moulds and left to granulate. The growing importance of the industry has of late years led to more care in the process of manufacture; instead of the open camp and the log fire, the thrifty farmer has a sugar-house, with evaporators and other apparatus to facilitate the operation. At the present writing, new maple sugar is selling at 10 and 11 cents, the price of refined sugar, and if people were wise, they would buy a few pounds every week, until they had a store of fifty or sixty pounds set aside for the winter, when they could melt it into syrup, than which there is no saccharine liquor more delicious.

THE ELECTION OF THE NEW PAPA.

The arrangements for the Conclave of Cardinals at the Vatican Palace afford the subjects of a few illustrations. They assembled, on two successive days, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 19th and 20th February, in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, which we have described. One of our illustrations shows the scene of the Conclave meeting in the Sistine Chapel, with the Cardinals in the act of voting. The *Times* correspondent at Rome, who was permitted to visit the Sistine Chapel and inspect the preparations on the eve of the Conclave, describes as follows what he saw:—

"I passed some of the Pope's Palatine Guard standing sentry at temporary quarters constructed for them there, and came out upon the small courtyard of the Pappagallo, from which a broad staircase gives access to the Sala Regia on the opposite side to that opening from Bernini's Royal Scala, now walled up. From the landing at the summit of this staircase, projecting into the Sala Regia, was a semicircular construction, form of uprights and cross-bars of wood, like a gigantic bridge, with a door of the same formation. Here it was that Ambassadors or other desiring to confer with any of the Cardinals or Conclavists would be permitted to talk to them through the bars; the door being opened only to admit any Cardinals arriving after the Conclave had commenced, or, with the consent of their brethren, leaving on account of ill health. But the door was still open, the Cardinals had not yet entered, and I made my way across the Sala Regia into what I was only able to recognize as the Sistine Chapel by the upper part of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment' and other frescoes. But for these I should have thought I was standing in a council-chamber of the fifteenth century, such as one sees there represented in old pictures, so entirely had it been transformed.

"There are few who do not know the shape of the Sistine Chapel. At now appeared a long room, its walls to a considerable height draped with dark violet baize, stretched tight, projecting from them at the height of about 10 feet a continuous series of square canopies, in close succession, across the entrance end opposite to the altar and along the sides till they touched the wall. The canopies were flat on the top, with plain valances about 5 in. in depth, bordered with braid and fringe. They projected outward about 2 ft. 6 in., and were the same in width, with an interval of 6 in. between them. From the corners of each canopy against the wall descended perpendicular lines of violet silk braid of a shade lighter than the baize, defining the space allotted to each Cardinal. Below these canopies ran a continuous bench, and in front of the bench a continuous series of sixty-four small tables, corresponding exactly to the canopies. These tables were draped down to the ground, so that the legs were not visible; the covering of the tables, the canopies, and the bench was of the same material and colour as that on the wall behind them, except that the first table and canopy at the end against the altar wall on the Gospel side, and the seventh, eighth, and ninth from it on the same side, with so much of the bench and wall as belonged to each, were covered and draped with green. These were the seats of Amat, the senior Cardinal-Bishop, and of Schwarzenberg, Asquini, and Carafa, the three senior Cardinal Priests, who, being Cardinals appointed by Gregory XVI., were not in mourning. At the back, rising above each canopy, were pointed uprights with little wheels on the top, through which cords were passed from the front of the canopies and carried behind, in order that all these canopies except one might be abased the moment the Head of the Church was elected, the canopy on his stall only remaining elevated. On each of the little tables stood a little inkstand, sandbox, candlestick, and penholder of

silver; a square pad of black velvet on four little feet, which was a pen-wiper, and the other requisites for signing and sealing the voting-papers. In the middle of the room stood a large table, about 14 ft. square, for the use of the scrutineers, and in the open space around it eight other tables, measuring about 4 ft. by 3 ft., where those Cardinals who were afraid of being overlooked by their neighbours could fill in their 'schede' unobserved. These tables were also covered and draped with violet; but the floor was carpeted with green baize, and the ascent to the altar was covered by a carpet of geometric design like 'opus Alexandrinum' worked in various colours. By the side of the altar stood the 'Sedia Gestatoria,' which was that used by Pius VII.

"The door by which one enters the Sistine Chapel from the Sala Regia does not open at once upon this Council Chamber. All that first third of the area of the Chapel, where the Royal tribune and the benches for the Diplomatic Corps are on the left and those for ladies on the right, remained as it was, except that a square space on the left in front of the Royal tribune had been partitioned off with tapestry, and handsomely carpeted, to serve as the Sacristy where the newly-elected Pope was to be invested for the first time with the Pontifical robes. From this portion of the Chapel, to which the ladies are admitted on ordinary occasions, nothing could be seen of the Council Chamber beyond. It was effectually hidden by the back of the violet screen forming the wall of the Chamber behind the Cardinals' seats, and carried across where the light mantle palast supporting a cornice above constituted an open screen. Putting aside a curtain by which a small doorway in the middle of the screen opened, I stood within the violet chamber, the bench, with the little tables in front and canopies above, extending to my right and left, and then at right angles along the sides as far as the altar went. To the right of the doorway, and in line with it, were the places for Cardinals Giambellini, De Lorenzini, M. Chesky, and Manning; to the left those of Anton-Martin, Smeor, Martignelli, and Oregano. Manning occupying the right and Oregano the left corner looking towards the altar. The places for the remaining fifty-six Cardinals were ranged along the sides facing each other, commencing with Cardinal Deschamps, then Simonini, on the right of Manning, and Cardinal Garburi, and then Franconi, on the left of Oregano. Cardinal Howard's place was near the middle on the right side, with those of the Spaniards, Garcia Gil and Pavaez Rio, on each side of him; and almost immediately opposite was Cardinal Cullen's place, between those of Holy-Night and Boncompagni. To the right of Holy-Night sat Boncompagni. The end seat on the left—that is to say, on the Gospel side of the altar—was that of Cardinal Amat, Dean of the Order of Cardinal Bishops; opposite to him, at the end on the Epistle side, was that of Cardinal Caterini, Dean of the Order of Cardinal Deacons, who announced the election of Leo XIII. to the people. The place where Cardinal Pavaez Rio, when the choice was to fall—sat was the seventh on the left side, counting from the altar wall, and separated between the seats of Duquet and Antonpieri. I observed that there were no traces of the dais raised by five or six steps upon which the pontifical throne used to stand; and then I remembered that on entering from the Sala Regia I had walked up a distinctly inclined plane. The floor had been raised to remove all sign of individual superiority as long as it was equally enjoyed by the sixty-four Cardinals. The 'Sedia Gestatoria' standing on the ground by the end of the altar was merely a handsome chair, only to become a throne when raised into the 'predella' in front of the altar for the elect to take his seat, while sixty-three canopies sank down flat to the wall.

"Above the high altar a large forestry picture representing the Descent of the Holy Ghost had been placed; and outside the chamber, in the left corner of the Sistine Chapel on entering from the Sala Regia, stood the stove where the voting-papers were to be burnt. It was a movable fireplace elevated on four iron legs a yard in height, and having a descending shutter-like front, to be drawn down as soon as the papers had been placed on a small bundle of damp straw and the whole set on fire. "Returning into the Sala Regia, I found the Palatine Guard had formed along it to indicate the line by which the Cardinals, singing the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, were to pass processionally into Conclave. Three or four of their Eminencies had already entered. No outsider was entitled to remain longer within the inner precincts. I descended the stairs to the courtyard of the Pappagallo to see the members of the College arrive; and as I went down the staircase I met Cardinal de Falloux, and, immediately after him, Cardinal Manning, ascending. It was a very interesting sight. Each Cardinal came accompanied by his Conclavists, who were to be shut up with him, and attended by servants carrying carpet bags, bundles of rugs, strapped up, and other belongings, exactly as if they were arriving at the entrance of a railway station to go off by some special ecclesiastical train. One Cardinal, in addition to his bags and rugs, had a foot-bath, another a couple of very comfortable-looking cushions. At the foot of the stairs a few privileged persons, among whom I recognised Prince Barberini, Prince Massimo, General and Madame Kanzler, and two English ladies, were standing to bid good-by to the Cardinals of their acquaintance. One was tempted to note the different aspects of the Cardinals as they came along the little court-

yard from the gateway where they left their carriages. Some came up chatting to those around them as if they were going to an ordinary meeting; others seemed as if they were impressed with the importance of the occasion, or preoccupied with the thought that, perhaps, the choice might fall upon them. A few walked in rapidly without looking at or speaking to anyone. Martinelli, the Augustine Cardinal, dressed in black, never raised his eyes from the ground. Howard went in looking every inch a Prince of the Church, and as he entered greeting those he knew among the spectators with a pleasant smile. He certainly did not seem to be concerned as to whether he would come out again Cardinal or Pope. But with the procession of Cardinals going in were intermingled many curious details connected with the Conclave life they were about to commence. Maretti, the last of the Cardinals created by Pius IX., came last of all, at half-past four. A few moments after we heard the College chanting the *Festus Creator Spiritus* as they passed processionally into Conclave; as we descended the Scala Piana on our way out we met the Marshal of the Conclave, Prince Chigi, dressed in the costume of the fifteenth century, attended by the Swiss Guard and accompanied by his suite going up to take the oath. As we passed through the Piazza we saw the lights glimmering from that portion of the windows of the Cardinal's cells visible above the external shutters.

The burning of the ballot-papers in the movable stove or fireplace above described, when there had been a voting which did not produce the required two-thirds' majority for a valid election, has always been a notable incident of these proceedings. The curious idlers of Rome would gather in a crowd in St. Peter's Piazza, or on the steps of the cathedral, to watch for a whiff of white smoke from the top of the tube erected to serve as a chimney, at the gable end of the Sistine Chapel, and rising above the Vatican roof. This would be a sign that the election had not yet been completed, the scrutiny of votes taking place twice on each day of the Conclave sitting, at half-past twelve and at half-past six. She "Stumata," as it is called, was distinctly made visible after the noon-day voting on Wednesday, the 20th inst., so that people outside were led to believe that there was no decisive result. But within less than an hour afterwards the election of the new Pope was proclaimed. There is reason, however, to believe that Cardinal Pecci having obtained a large, though insufficient majority, he was, the voting-papers having been burnt, elected by acclamation. The news was known within the Vatican at twenty minutes past twelve, when the Prefect of Ceremonies, Monsignor Martinelli, who had charge of the Fisherman's Ring, was sent for. Cardinal Cabrini, Dean of the Order of Deacons of the Sacred College, having received the new Pope's permission, proceeded to the balcony of the central window, in the facade of St. Peter's overlooking the piazza, with the Pontifical Cross carried before him, and there he read the customary formula—*In nomine domini gradum nostrum: Popum habentem, cuius obsequium ac reverentiam tenemus. Innocentium Johanne[m] Pecci, qui sibi imposuit nomen Leonem XIII.* In the meanwhile, Monsignor Martinelli proceeded to invest Leo XIII. with the Pontifical robes—a white cassock, with white sash, red mozetta, bordered with ermine, and a white zucchetto. Then, taking his seat on the sedia gestatoria, placed on the predella in front of the altar in the Sistine Chapel, the Cardinals rendered homage to him by kissing his foot. This ceremony completed, the door of the Sistine Chapel was opened, and Leo XIII., issuing forth, attended by the College of Cardinals, went into the Sala Duode, and, ascending the steps at the further end, gave the Apostolic benediction to all present in the Vatican. Meanwhile the news spread with astonishing rapidity, and soon both the Piazza of St. Peter's and the interior of the church were crowded with people waiting for the benediction. It was uncertain whether it would be given from the outer balcony or inside the church. The latter course was adopted, and the Pope showed himself to a vast congregation assembled in the nave. Some servants first appeared at the central window, whence Pius IX. used latterly to witness ceremonies in the church, and spread a crimson drapery in front of the balcony. Then, preceded by the Pontifical cross, Leo XIII. appeared, and was received with deafening, long-continued cheers. When, with much difficulty, those around the Pope had, by motioning with their hands, obtained silence, a formula was read, and His Holiness, wearing on his head only a white zucchetto, rose, and in a loud, clear voice gave a benediction, raising his hand aloft; he then with the right made the three signs of the cross—first to his left, then before him, and then to the right. As he retired the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs in a most enthusiastic manner was renewed and kept up for some time.

The ceremony of the coronation of Pope Leo XIII. was performed the following Sunday morning in the Sistine Chapel, where a solemn mass was performed, with the prayers and thanksgivings prescribed for so grand an occasion. The Pope was carried in from the Sala Duode, and the golden mitre first, the tiara afterwards, were placed on his head, the Cardinals, prelates and priests doing homage to their ecclesiastical chief with various signs of profound obeisance. But all this was done almost in private, with only a few privileged spectators, including some of the Roman nobility and ladies. Cardinal Franchi, instead of Simoni, is appointed the Pope's Secretary of State.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The Parsee cricketers are expected to arrive in London from India about the second week in June. Their first match, which will create great interest, will be with Marylebone at Lord's.

The present Parliament, having first assembled on the 5th March, 1874, will enter upon the fifth year of its age on the 5th inst. This is the reason why there is so much preparation already for the next elections. The poll at metropolitan elections is, by Act which has just received the Royal assent, to be kept open till eight at night.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY's article in the *Nineteenth Century* has gone a long way to reassure some of those who, to use the distinguished soldier's own words, have been "croaking over our supposed want of strength and our consequent inability to fight." Sir Garnet Wolseley tells us that at no previous period of our history were we so strong as we are now, and that we have 400,000 men ready for service, and 372 field guns.

The Metropolitan District Railway Company has had printed a number of handbills with the words, "The House of Commons is up," and these are distributed to the various station-masters. As soon as the Speaker adjourns the telegram is despatched along the line, and the handbill is posted at the entry of every station, thus saving the members and others the trouble of a useless journey to the House. One would think this course would be detrimental to the Company's interest.

There is a "medium" at present working some stir in Spiritualistic circles here, whose chief spiritual guide is Oliver Cromwell. The ghost of the old Puritan occasionally gets "materialised," and is seen by those who have spiritualistic vision. At a *seance* the other night, besides the Old Protector, John Milton and Charles I. turned up. It will interest the world to learn that the spirit of the martyr King has made it up with Oliver Cromwell, and that the two are now fast friends.

Lord Beaconsfield has made a "fashionable change." He has left his private house in Whitehall-gardens and taken up his quarters at the official residence of the Prime Minister at Downing street. This savours of old times. Pitt lived here constantly; so did Lord Liverpool till he took a lease of Fitz House. Lord Grey lived in Downing street during the whole of his Premiership, from 1838 down to 1854; but since that date Downing street has been used only for occasional State receptions by the Prime Minister.

It will interest many to know that the Turkish fleet is quite safe at present, as it is cruising in the Mediterranean, and not far off Malta. The Military Governor of the Pardonelles fortresses has been ordered to prevent any more war vessels, whether British, French or Austrian, passing through the Straits into the Sea of Marmora. A distinguished English naval officer says as these forts are at present manned and worked, any one of our ships could silence them in a few hours without sustaining much damage to itself. These forts are arranged with no degree of uniformity, all sorts and sizes of guns are visible, and, in fact, the whole affair looks, as he expresses it, as "if it had been furnished from a second-hand gun shop."

An intellectual treat, such as is seldom equalled even in London, was given lately by Mrs. Theodore Martin at her residence in Onslow-square. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise honoured the entertainment by her presence. The assembly, which consisted of the *elite* of the literary and artistic celebrities of the day, had been convoked to introduce the new Hungarian tragedian, Neville Moritz. The reading chosen was that of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, to which the exquisite rendering of Portia by Mrs. Theodore Martin herself lent its great enchantment. Herr Moritz read the part of Shylock, Irving taking the part of Bassanio. The new tragedian produced the most favourable impression upon the critical audience, and the warmest reception into the London world of literature and art was awarded him in anticipation of the welcome which, no doubt, awaits him from the general public.

The destination of Cleopatra's Needle has at length been finally fixed, the Metropolitan Board of Works, on being applied to by Mr. Dixon, having made a free grant of the Adelphi-steps, on the Thames Embankment. Of all the sites named this is considered the most suitable. The St. James' Park site could not be had, and the rest that were considered in other respects eligible are too distant from the river and the heart of London. The site chosen brings the whole of the Needle within view of the Strand. Looking down Salisbury-street or Adam-street, all but the pedestal and steps will be seen thence. The wooden obelisk is to be cleared away to make room for its successor, and the preparations for the reception of Cleopatra's Needle will begin forthwith. It may be mentioned that the foundations at this part of the Victoria Embankment are some of the best along the whole line. Cleopatra's Needle will

stand above a block of concrete 1,500 yards in area, and four yards in thickness. This rests, not as has been said on Thames mud, but on the deep and tenacious strata of London clay.

VARIETIES.

ETIQUETTE AT DINNER PARTIES.—When dinner is announced the master of the house offers his arm to the lady of the highest rank (unless there is a bride present), and conducts her to the dining-room, placing her on his right hand at the table. The other gentlemen then follow, each conducting a lady, according to directions previously given by the master of the house, or sometimes by cards given to each gentleman as he enters the ante-room, by the house-steward or butler. As soon as all have gone down the lady follows with the gentleman of the highest rank, who sits at her right hand. When the lady wishes to retire, she glances at the lady whom her husband took down, then rises. The lady who went in first goes out first; the other ladies always stand aside till she has passed. The lady of the house goes out, as she went in—last.

TRIALS OF A GREAT CITY.—Constantinople has been besieged twenty-eight times since its foundation. The first siege was in the year 477 B.C., when Pausanias marched to the town after the battle of Plataea. In 410 B.C., it was besieged by Alcibiades; in 347 B.C., by Leo, general to Philip of Macedon; in 197 A.D., by Septimius Severus; in 313 by the Emperor Maximus; in 315 by Constantine the Great; in 616 by Chosroes of Persia; in 626 by the chief of the Avars; in 656 by Moavia, general to the Arab prince Ali; in 669 by Tesid, his son; in 674 by Saffa Ben Aaf; in 719 by the two sons of the Caliph Merwan; in 744 by Soliman, son of the Caliph Abdul Melek; in 764 by Pagano, King of the Bulgarians; in 786 by Haroun al Raschid; in 798 by Abdul Melek; in 811 by Hrunus, de-put of the Slavonians; in 829 by Thomas the Slavonian; in 886 by the Russian Varangians, under Asvold and Diz; in 914 by Simon, King of the Bulgarians; in 1048 by Tornicius, the rebel; in 1051 by Alexius Comnenus; in 1204 by the Crusaders; in 1261 by Michael Palaeologus; in 1396 by Bajazet; in 1402 by the same; in 1414 by his son, Musa; in 1422 by Murad II., son of Mohammed I.; and in 1453 by Mohammed II., who captured Constantinople on the 29th of May in that year.

TITLED COOKS.—Now that many ladies of the highest society show much interest and perseverance in the acquisition of the art of cookery, it may, perhaps, be interesting to recall some gone-by celebrities who were avowed cooks. Prince Talleyrand was accustomed to visit his larder every morning. The lovely and unfortunate Marie-Antoinette, when at Trianon, delighted in making her own creams and cheeses. The history of the Malmesbury omelette is not known to most. The Empress Josephine was one day amusing herself with her ladies of honour with the manufacture of an omelette, and, at the most interesting moment of the operation, Napoleon entered unexpectedly, much to the embarrassment of the Empress, who held the frying-pan in her hand, but dare not attempt to throw it over. With grim self-satisfaction the great General took it from her, saying, "I will show you, *ma bonne amie*, how to turn an omelette: this is the bivouac fashion." He gave the pan that little twist so well known to all cooks, but the dissipated omelette, instead of returning to the frying-pan, fell right into the fire, to the great delight of Josephine, who said, with one of her rich smiles, "Your Majesty is not at the bivouac now; you understand much better how to gain battles than to cook omelettes."

EGGS AS FOOD.—Eggs of various kinds are largely used as food for man, and it is scarcely possible to exaggerate their value in this capacity, so simple and convenient are they in their form, and so manifold may be their transformations. They are exceedingly delicious, highly nutritious and easy of digestion, and when the shell is included they may be said to contain in themselves all that is required for the construction of the body. It has been claimed for them that they may be served in about 600 ways, although it is generally found that the more simple they are prepared the more they are approved. The weight of an ordinary new-laid hen's egg is from one and a half to two and a half ounces avoirdupois, and the quantity of dry solid matter contained in it amounts to about 200 grains. In 100 parts, about ten parts consist of shell, sixty of white, and thirty of yolk. The white of the egg contains a larger proportion of water than the yolk. It contains no fatty matter, but consists chiefly of albumen in a dissolved state. All the fatty matter of the egg is accumulated in the yolk, which contains relatively a smaller proportion of nitrogenous matter, and a larger proportion of solid matter, than the white. Therefore, in an alimentary point of view, the white and the yolk differ considerably from each other, the former being mainly a simple solution of albumen, the latter being a solution of a modified form of albumen, together with a quantity of fat. . . . Raw and lightly-boiled eggs are easy of digestion. It is said that raw eggs are more easily digested than cooked ones; but this may be doubted if the egg is not over-cooked. A hard-boiled egg presents a decided resistance to gastric solution, and has a constipatory action on the bowels.

THE OPERA BOX.

Well, we're here in good time, after all, ma; How glad I am to look a box! See, there's Mrs. Jones, in blue velvet So handsome; I do love blue fox.

Don't you think that the troupe must feel flattered! The house is just crammed—such a crowd! There's the Count in the balcony—look, Kate! Just across from us—quick, dear!—he bowed.

Throw your cap back, ma, over your shoulder, Carelessly, so the lining will show. There's Fannie Duval with her husband— They're newspaper people, you know.

Ho "does the dramatic," or something, She told me; they go everywhere. That's one of her last winter's dresses— Made over—quite well, I declare.

How these singers do dress! My! what laces! Those diamonds are perfectly grand! Please lend me your opera-glasses— I left mine at home on the stand.

Ma, I wish you would shut your libretto; It's shoddy to stick to it so— Looks like you weren't used to the opera; Can't you read it at home when we go!

There, Charlie Van Zandt and his cousin, Young Ruyter, are coming our way. Kate, shake out your train, it's all doubled. Ma, where did you put my bouquet!

That's the "Miserere" they are playing! It makes me feel awfully sad. They played it at poor Ned May's funeral. You know— What's it, ma—Mrs. Laid!

Oh yes, I forgot her reception! She'll expect us. What time is it, Kate! Half-past ten! very well, there's no hurry: It's stylish, you know, to be late.

FASHION NOTES.

SATIN would be appropriate for trimming a myrtle green cashmere suit.

AMMONIA is used for cleansing the scalp of the head. It does not turn the hair gray.

TRAVELLING cloaks retain much of their Ulster shape, though more closely fitted, and many are ornamented with Carriek capes.

THE most elegant Sicilienne wraps are lined throughout with old gold-coloured silk, or else with twille silk of soft beige shades.

VERY handsome new shawls for the house are soft brocade silk squares richly fringed. They come in pink, blue, olive and gray, and cost \$16.

THERE is no change in the style of dressed kid gloves; those with long wrists fastened by many buttons, and without fanciful stitching on the back, remain the first choice with ladies of taste.

TURNED-OVER Byron collars and the standing shape with peaked fronts are worn on boys' shirt waists. The large double-trimmed collars are worn either round or square, but not the sailor points on the sides.

SOMETHING unique is sought for in gloves now-a-days, as in other things; hence, unadorned kid gloves have come to be considered the most elegant choice for street use, and lace mitts are selected for full dress toilettes.

CARRIAGE wraps are made of cloth in bourette mixtures of many colours. The shape is partly circular and partly Dolman, adhering closely to the outlines of the figure, yet being very easily put on or taken off, as all extra wraps must be.

WHITE honey-combed cloth simply hemmed will be pretty for the long saque of a girl's one year old. Cut it long enough to reach to the edge of her dresses; have one seam to the back, one under each arm, and make the front double-breasted.

VERY few dressy wraps are made in saque shape. There are, however, some of heavily ruffled silk or of Satinette made in the simplest French saque shape, single-breasted, medium long, and smooth over the shoulders. These are elaborate with rainbow beads, lace, passementerie, and fringe.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NEARLY 40,000*l.* have been already collected for the intended monument to Bellini at Naples.

THE next excitement at the Bouffes Parisiennes will be an opera by Offenbach called "*Les Deux Maires de Manola*."

A NEW farce, entitled "*The Telephone*," has been accepted at the Strand and will be introduced to supplement the comedy and burlesque already in the bills.

"RUFFLER," of *Forty Four*, hears that Adeline Patti and Signor Nicolini have joined the Greek Church, and that buying in this means disposed of various otherwise insuperable difficulties, have been married.

THE composer Gounod, in order to give additional importance to the *role* which Lassalle is to assume in the new opera "*Polyeucte*," has written some additional numbers. He has also composed some ballet music for this opera.

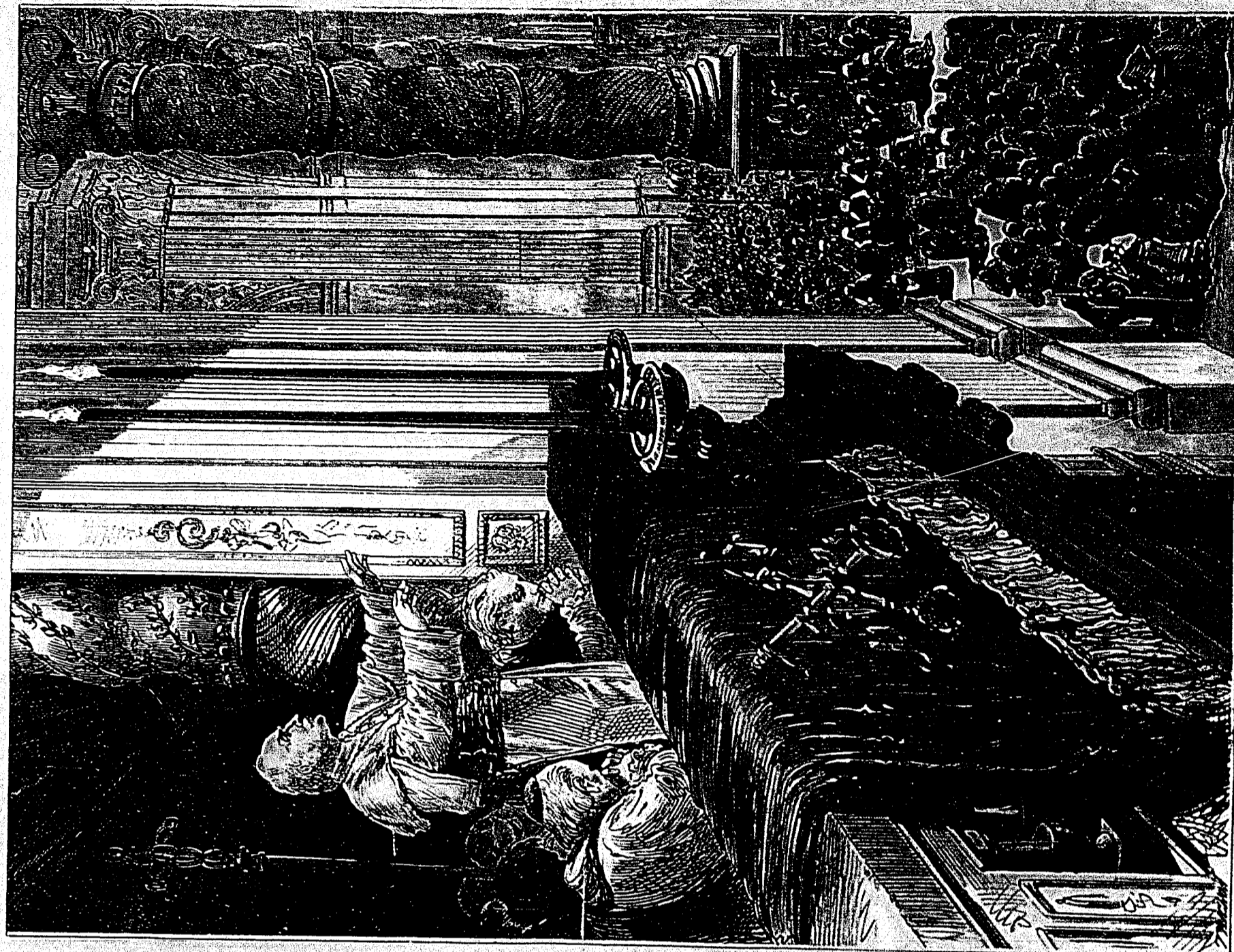
SIGNOR ARDITI has received from the subscribers to the opera at Madrid a silver crown and a *baton*, and has been decorated by H.M. King Alfonso with the order of Carlos III. From Madrid he proceeds direct to Vienna, to conduct the Italian operatic performances in that city.

COMPLAINTS are made in the theatrical world of the immense sums of money which the leading artists receive at theatres, concerts, &c., which necessitate a very small proportion to the rank and file. In Paris there is one theatre which cannot be opened for less than 2,450 a night, and 2,000 of this goes to two actresses alone.

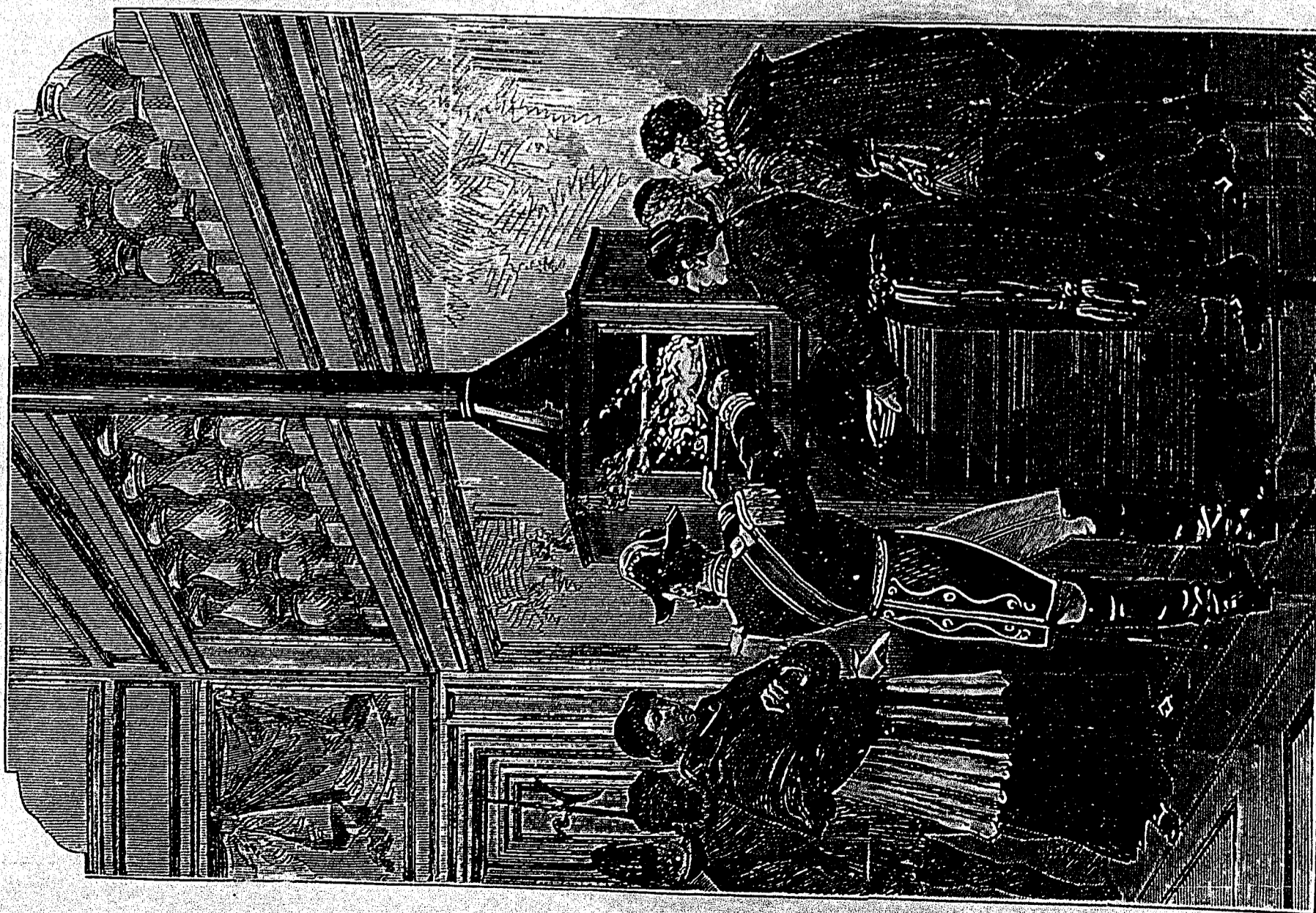
SIX of the actors and actresses who appeared on the 100th night of "*Our Boys*" are the original representatives of the different characters, and Mr. Farren, who takes the part of Sir Geoffrey Champneys, has, it is stated, played his part without a single night's intermission, an unprecedented feat, as remarkable as Weston's walking matches.

New French Regatta Shirts just received at TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Send for samples and card for self-measurement. Goods sent to any part of the Dominion C. O. D.

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POPE LEO XIII. GIVING HIS FIRST BENEDICTION FROM THE INTERIOR LOGGIA OVER THE GREAT PORTAL OF ST. PETERS.

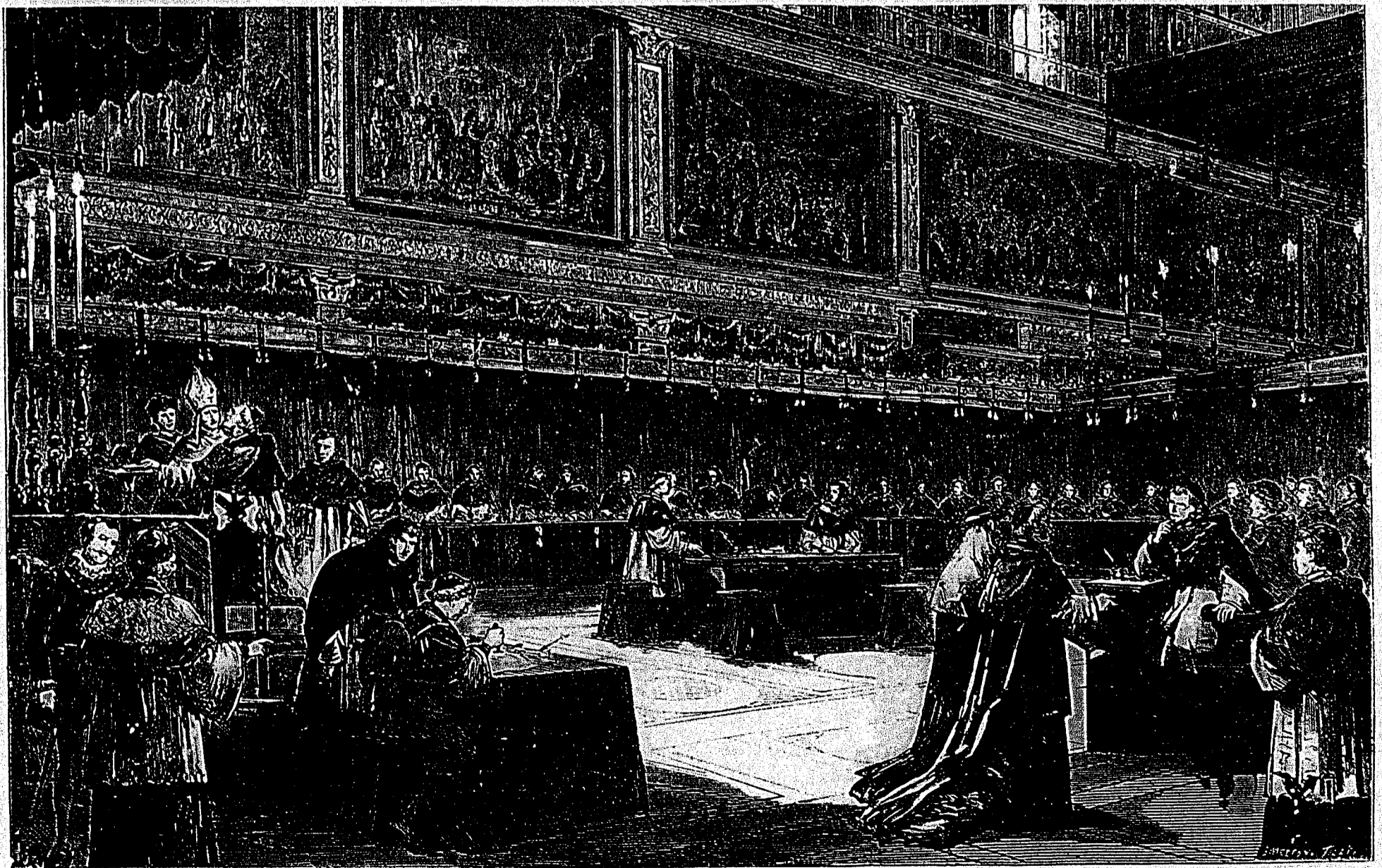


BURNING OF THE BALLOTS IN A FURNACE OUTSIDE THE SIXTINE CHAPEL.

THE ELECTION OF THE NEW POPE.



THE SQUARE OF ST. PETER'S AS CARDINAL CATERINI ANNOUNCED THE ELECTION OF LEO XIII.



A SITTING OF THE CONCLAVE IN THE SIXTINE CHAPEL. DEPOSITING A VOTE IN THE CHALICE.
THE ELECTION OF THE NEW POPE.

FIVE.

"But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!
Seven whole days! Why, in six, you know
(You said it yourself—you told me so),
The Great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and skies,
The trees and the birds and butterflies!
How can I wait for my seeds to grow!"

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks, and three days more;
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky!
How can I wait till a month is o'er!"

"But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and winter, summer and spring;
Oh, for a bridge of gold to find
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long," he said,
Slow raising his stately head.
"But there's much to win, there's much to lose;
A man must labour, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honour, must do and dare!
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate!"

"Ah! life is not long!" he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!
Seven times ten are seventy.
Seventy years! 'tis swift their flight
As swallows chasing the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night—
How long, O God! is eternity!"

THE LAST DROSCHKY.

"Tiens—tiens—tiens—que diable!" cried Maurice de Courval, as he opened one of the many letters and packages brought to him by the morning post on a fine day of the London season. There was needed some singularly perplexing or exciting event to draw from him any exclamation of surprise, for he was accustomed to receive with indifference, partly affected and partly habitual, letters and communications of various sorts, which some people would have sacrificed all future power of reading to possess. That such a sacrifice would have been as far from wisdom as Dan from Beersheba is nothing to the present purpose, except in this respect, that it would never have occurred to Courval to make such a sacrifice, or, indeed, at the time of the recorded exclamation, any sacrifice which could have interfered with his comfort or his esteem for himself as a person far above common needs or cares. There are many cases in which self-esteem, or at least self-confidence, may be a valuable possession, by which a man may make a place in the world for merit that might otherwise never find so much as a niche. Courval's was hardly one of these cases. The self that he esteemed was a self that needed no petting or admiration added to that which it got from outside; it was a delicate self—a self that delighted in purple and fine linen, and got them and many more difficult luxuries at the cost of little trouble. But for all these things, trouble had been spent in the past, weary days of study and practice, weary weeks of uncertain success and baffled hope, weary months of probation before a fickle public whom Courval knew to be ignorant for the most part of the matter on which he stood to them for judgment. To begin with, it had been no slight matter for the owner of a noble name, handed down to him from a time as far back as that of Busy d'Amboise, to take refuge from his reverses in a profession which, though far more honoured in France and on the Continent generally than here, is seldom adopted in France by people who should have been born to elegant idleness. In Germany, it is true, one need not go far to find in the bills of a theatre an actor or singer with a von before his name; but in France there is hardly an instance of a man who can write Comte de, Marquis de, Baron de, or simple de before his name, having sold his genius to the public gaze. This Courval had done, and in that and in other things had paid no light price for the celebrity he at last obtained as the most charming of operatic tenors. A tenor in these days is as scarce as a stuffed dodo, and a tenor who catches the taste of the Parisian public enjoys many privileges which no dodo, stuffed or living, can ever have dreamed of. Of such tenors M. Garat, whom Mlle. Dejazet used to bring to life on the stage, is the type; and when it is said that Courval's success rivalled that of Garat, it will be seen that Courval was a man to be much envied, or pitied, or both, according to the temperament and moods of whoever considered his fate. One anecdote may serve to indicate the pleasing pains which, in the height of his Parisian success, beset him. He had been accustomed to wear a pair of moustaches, fine and delicate as those of Charles I. in the Louvre portrait. He was suddenly called upon to play in an opera of the "powder" period, and with a devotion for his calling that many of its body would do well to follow, he determined to sacrifice these moustaches on the altar of art. The news of the intended sacrifice was quickly known, and the day after it had been resolved on, a great lady met him. With the impertinence that

great ladies sometimes descend to in conversing with people whose ways are not their ways, and who are, therefore, in their estimation, of an inferior order, she asked him, with the air of one conferring a favour, for a lock of the hair that was about to be immolated. Courval replied in words that were as true as they ought to have been rebuking: "Je suis on ne peut plus fâché, madame; elles sont toutes deux promises." At the time when Courval made this answer he was yet so young in the ways of the world as to be surprised at the utter ineffectiveness of the irony which he threw into a matter-of-fact statement.

While Courval was still wondering at the object which had drawn from him the exclamation of "Tiens, tiens—que diable!" a friend of his, Grey Rivers, a young man with just enough brains to excuse his being very wealthy, came in.

"Ah, cher!" cried Courval, perceiving him, "see what has befallen me. Ten days ago I go to the photographer, who says he must make a photograph of me, and to-day I expect the first copy. Behold what shape it has taken!"

Rivers examined the photograph, which was, in fact, a portrait of a remarkably handsome girl; and with the fondness that belonged to him for displaying what he considered his penetration on every possible occasion, immediately went off into a more voluble than coherent explanation of the circumstances. "You see what has happened," he said; "this girl—a very pretty girl, too—has had her photograph—very likely on the same day as yours—has had her photograph taken by the same man. I remember it happening to me with a coat, only the other day—and the stupid fellow who sent out the proofs has mixed them up and put wrong directions, very likely on all the proofs he had to send out. That is what has happened, depend upon it."

When Rivers had finished this speech, with a pleasant smile of delight at his own perspicacity, Courval replied, dryly, "That is very probable. But the fact itself interests me more than the explanation."

"The fact of the photograph?"

"Precisely. The copy pleases me, and I should like to see the original."

"I rather fancy," said Rivers, looking at it again, "that I have met this girl somewhere. I have such a dreadful memory for names, and then one sees so many people in the course of the season."

"Ah, yes; you have to go out a good deal," said Courval with a half-ironical smile.

"One has," replied Rivers, with a deprecating shrug, which he had perhaps caught from Courval, "to do a great many things—one would rather not in that way—people forget you if they lose sight of you—and by skipping a dull thing, don't you know, one may miss the chance of something good."

"Eh! mon pauvre ami, do you then spend your life in the pursuit of chances?"

"Well, you see, one can't well help it. It's so difficult to refuse invitations, and when one once begins there's no knowing when to stop. I think next season I shall give up the whole thing and take to modeling in clay."

"It is assuredly a pity," said Courval, "that you should neglect your talent in that direction. I saw a day or two ago a head by you of our friend Grant which struck me so much—I make you my compliments on it."

"Did you like it?" said Rivers, disguising his delight with an affected carelessness: "it is a trifling thing. I hope to do better when I have more time; and, by-the-by, Courval, I wish you would let me do a head of you; of course I cannot do justice to the subject, but if you will let me try—"

And Rivers ended his sentence with a wave of the hand, that he thought was thoroughly French, and was answered by one which really was, from Courval, who said, "It will be a great honour for me; but when, among all your engagements, can you find the occasion?"

"Oh, I will manage that," returned Rivers in high good-humour.

Courval, who, throughout his conversation, had been looking abstractedly at the photograph, now took it up and said—

"It is very singular. I wonder if this little one has received, too, my photograph?"

"My dear fellow," said Rivers, "it would be easy enough to find out. One would only have to ask the photographer. I don't know whether I should have time to go there this afternoon. I have several visits to pay—let me see," and he began to run over his list of engagements, when Courval interrupted him with—

"Ah, bah! Apres tout, ce n'est pas la peine. I have to go to a repetition—rehearsal I would say—and can spare no time to think of little girls' photographs."

"Unless you think of it while you sing 'Salve Dinora,' that wouldn't be a bad plan to get inspiration," rejoined Rivers.

Courval, for an answer rolled a cigarette with nimble fingers, and saying, or rather singing, "Andiamo," went out arm-in-arm with Rivers.

II.

About ten days after this conversation Rivers had succeeded in moulding a head of Courval, which, considered as the work of an amateur, was decidedly creditable to its designer.

"Of course, my dear fellow," he said to the tenor, as he looked at his work with pardonable pride, "your many admirers, all the women who are struck by your *belles voix* (Rivers prided himself on being a linguist, and had a marvel-

ous trick of making gross blunders in all languages), will say it's not handsome enough." And Courval, twisting his moustache, replied with the sublime insolence which only he could carry off, "Parbleu!" After which Rivers proposed to test the question by asking some people to his rooms to eat strawberries and look at the head, and Courval promised to be there if possible. The only members of the party which assembled in Rivers' rooms to whom it is necessary to call attention are his aunt, Lady Rivers, her daughter Violet, and two friends who came with them, Mrs. and Miss Manners. When Rivers was introduced to Miss Manners, he observed with his pleasant smile that he was sure he had had the pleasure of meeting Miss Manners somewhere before, "but one goes to so many places in the season, don't you know, that one can never tell at which of these a particular thing has happened. However, Miss Manners and I have established the great fact that we have met before!"

Secretly he was racking his brains to define the vague impressions which Miss Manners' face made upon him.

"Now, Grey," said Lady Rivers presently, "let us see the work of art. It is certainly very like," she continued, as Rivers displayed the head, "and I think quite handsome enough."

"What do you say, Miss Manners?" inquired the delighted artist.

"I cannot give any opinion as to the likeness, for I have never seen the original," said Miss Manners.

"Never seen the great Courval?" asked Rivers in surprise.

"No. To confess the truth, I care nothing for the opera."

"But you are fond of music, Nora," said Violet Rivers.

"Yes; and that is the reason why I never go to the opera. If mamma would let me go to the gallery I would go. In the stalls and boxes, it seems to me that people think of everything before the music. When I have just been carried away into the glory of former times, I dislike to be recalled to these days by being asked if I am going to Ascot."

"I can quite understand that, Miss Manners," said Rivers. "Of course one gets used to that kind of thing. At least I mean I find it never troubles me" (this was strictly true). "But I've often heard Courval say that nothing upsets him so much in his part as being reminded in any way that he's only acting. I know once, when a woman in the front row fainted and was carried out, and it caught his eye, he was spoilt for the rest of the evening."

"That is curious," said Lady Rivers, "for I remember when the greatest singer I have ever heard was singing 'Beh, vieni alla finestra,' a man fell down in a fit, and the orchestra stopped till he had been taken away. But Don Giovanni, when they began again, sang as beautifully and steadily as if he had never been interrupted."

"I suppose," said Miss Manners, "that temperament affects these as well as all other matters."

"Only," said Rivers, "one hears so much about the artistic temperament, which seems to mean that all artists have the same temperament."

"That," replied Miss Manners, "is, I should think impossible. Your friend, M. de Courval," she continued, looking curiously at the head, "is, I suppose, very impulsive."

"It is an interesting face, is it not, my dear?" said Mrs. Manners. Nora made no answer, and soon after the party broke up. Five minutes after everyone had gone away, Courval, who had been kept late at rehearsal, came in.

III.

Rivers, the week after his strawberry party, called on Mrs. Manners with a request that she and her daughter would come to his box at the opera to hear Courval in the "Trovatore."

"Perhaps, however," he said, after he had dissembled on the excellence of the opera, "Miss Manners doesn't care about Verdi?"

"On the contrary," said Miss Manners, "it seems to me that Verdi has the true Italian gift of melody, which I know is somewhat out of fashion now, but which I continue to like."

"Do come then," said Rivers; "we'll take care nobody asks you about Ascot."

"I see you have an alarmingly good memory," said Miss Manners, with a smile; "shall we not accept Mr. Rivers' kind invitation, mamma?"

"By all means, my dear," said Mrs. Manners, and so the matter was settled.

In the afternoon, before the performance of the "Trovatore," Rivers went to see Courval, and informed him that a very pretty girl, who had greatly admired his effigy, was coming for the first time to hear him sing. "Mind you sing your best, my dear boy," he said, "for Miss Manners is a terribly severe critic."

"She can scarcely be worse than those of La Scala," replied Courval. "My dear, I have seen a singer standing at the side of the stage, all rustling with perspiration, in his fright at the audience."

"Rustling? Oh! I see, *ruisselant*," said Rivers; "you mean streaming, my dear Courval."

"C'est tout comme," replied the tenor carelessly.

In the evening Rivers, still in high good-humour, devoted himself during dinner and the drive to the opera-house to praising not only Courval's singing, but his character also, in such high terms that Miss Manners at last said, "Take care, Mr. Rivers, I shall begin to think that you are a treacherous friend, and wish to make me think ill of M. de Courval."

"What do you mean, Miss Manners? Haven't I been praising him up to the skies?"

"Indeed, yes. So high that there is some danger of his going completely out of sight. Have you not observed that the way to make a person disliked is to praise him excessively to people who do not know him?"

"Not sensible people, surely, Miss Manners," said Rivers, with a bow.

"No women are sensible, are they, mamma?" said the girl, turning to her mother.

"Speak for yourself, my dear," rejoined that worthy lady.

Rivers was about to make some reply; but this moment the music began, and mindful of Miss Manners' strange whim for listening to the opera rather than to conversation carried on during it, he held his peace, and when *Mancini* came on the stage he only asked Miss Manners what impression Courval made on her by lifting his eyebrows in interrogation. She, who had listened with attention to his first song outside, watched him carefully for a few moments, and made a sign of approval to Rivers.

In the second act a curious thing happened. Courval was singing "Mal rigoledo," with that fine voice and exquisite skill of phrasing that Rivers had been justly exulting, when his eyes suddenly assumed an expression of wonder entirely foreign to the meaning of what he was singing, and he sang atrociously sharp on an F. The thing was unaccountable to everybody, and his hearers marked their sympathy with the pain which it evidently caused him by applauding him even more than usual at the end of the song. But Miss Manners, who had given a little shiver of disgust when she heard the terrible sound, remained perfectly impassive. At the end of the act Rivers went round to his friend, whom he found in a curious state of agitation.

"Mon cher, *c'est élie!*" he cried as Rivers came into his dressing-room.

"*Quin, élie!*" replied the other, much mystified.

"Je vais vous dire. Et vous pourquoi?"

At this point Courval was called to go on the stage, and Rivers came away in a puzzled state. As the opera went on Miss Manners' interest seemed to revive. She listened attentively, even eagerly, to Courval's singing, and asked Rivers, with a touch of asperity, why he had smiled during the singing of the "Miserere."

"It was a ridiculous association that I really couldn't resist," he replied. "I remember once going to the scenes while it was going on. Everybody in front was thinking how repulsive the captive hero and whole thing was, didn't you know, and there I found the imprisoned *Mancini* sitting behind the tower walls on a rickety chair, reading his music through a *profond* by the light of a tallow candle. I couldn't help thinking of it just now."

"Oh!" said Miss Manners. "And that was almost the last observation she made during the evening."

Next day Rivers appeared in Courval's rooms anxious for an explanation of the strange words the tenor had spoken the night before.

"It is quite simple," said Courval; "my eye caught that lady who was with you in the box, and I saw that it was she whose photograph I received by mistake. And then I sang false—but false? What must she think of me?"

"Why," said Rivers, "should you care what she thinks of you?"

"Why should I care? But do you not know then that her face has haunted me ever since I saw its representation, that in her I have seen all my ideal of charm and grace, that I am miserably in love with her?"

"My dear fellow," said Rivers, "how could I know until you told me?"

"It is true. But now that you know you will help me. When will you take me to see her? To-day I have a rehearsal all the afternoon. But after to-day—"

"We'll go and call to-morrow, my dear fellow," said Rivers, who, in spite of his somewhat butterfly-like life, was always ready to help his friends.

Wondering much what would come of the unexpected emotion which Courval had revealed to him, he went to call on Mrs. Manners, intending to ask if he might bring Courval with him the next day. She was not at home and he left a note expressing his request. On the morrow at an appointed time Courval came to call for Rivers, who put into his hands this note:

DEAR MR. RIVERS—We should have been very glad to make the acquaintance of your friend, whose singing delighted us so much the other night. Unfortunately we have just received news from my sister which calls us at once to the Continent, where we may have to remain for some time. We shall hope to see you again in the winter. Yours very truly

A. MANNERS.

"Ah, malheur!" cried Courval, and he refused to be comforted by any of the compassionate and encouraging remarks which Rivers poured forth.

"After all," thought Rivers to himself, "perhaps it is just as well. I do not suppose it could ever have come to anything. And now Courval will forget what was only a passing fancy." In this Rivers was mistaken. What Courval

experienced, so far from being a passing fancy, was that romantic and exploded thing—love at first sight.

One autumn day Courval, who had just finished an engagement in a foreign town, was strolling down the street, and seeing a little knot of people collected in the box office of the theatre...

The girl turned away her head with an impatient gesture, and Courval catching sight of her face, saw that it was Miss Manners. Overcome by some strange and unnatural timidity, he hastily lost himself among the now thickening crowd.

The day after what he deemed his irrevocable failure he had been some little way up the river which ran near the town where he was staying.

Courval had hailed it, and was just stepping towards it when he heard the words "How provoking!" spoken in a soft voice behind him.

Before they had got back to town he had completely won the heart of Mrs. Manners, who asked him to dine with them—an invitation which he accepted with a gratitude he had never shown to more magnificent hospitality.

"I have not sung in that opera since the night—since the London Season," he said, "and I do not like to sing, even in private, a thing I am not fresh from practicing."

"Is it true?" began Miss Manners, who had been somewhat silent, and then stopped.

"Yes, yes, it is true," said Courval, delighted at her remembering the story.

Miss Manners and her mother were staying in the town some days more, and Courval, who, before he had met them, had intended to go away immediately, stayed also.

"Do not think me impertinent if I ask whether you remember one night in the 'Trovatore' in London my singing false?"

Miss Manners, blushing a little, said she did not remember.

"And do you know why? It was because I caught sight of a face that for days and days I had been longing to see—of your face! And now that I have seen it again, no, not again, but wherever I have been I have seen nothing else, but that was only in fancy—now that I have seen it again in life, I know that when its light is taken from me there will be for me nothing more but darkness and misery."

minute. Her suspicion, however, was fortunately not of an unpleasant nature. "But how did you know my face before you saw me at the opera?" asked Nora, presently.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A WHIM of fashion just at present requires that a lady must possess her own likeness on fans, bracelets, and lockets.

IN addition to the Voltairian celebration, the French Republicans entertain the idea of making a grand demonstration on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille.

IN the new drinking fountains for Paris, of which a large number are in course of preparation, a special arrangement at the foot provides for the wants of thirsty dogs.

THE Universal Postal Congress, which is to assemble every three years, is to take place this year in Paris during the exhibition, and will commence business on the 5th of May.

A PROPOSITION is before the Paris municipal council to offer a prize of 100,000f. to the inventor of a means of manufacturing better bread at a lower price than that sold in Paris.

IT has been suggested that a literary congress should be held in Paris during the forthcoming Exhibition. The proposition has already been discussed by the Société des Gens de Lettres, and a resolution passed to offer the presidency of the embryo association to Victor Hugo.

THE French Fine Arts Department has just secured a perfect papyrus, dating 2,000 years before Christianity. The hieroglyphics are quite legible, and detail the funeral of the queen-mother of one of the kings of the first dynasty.

PARIS is crazy over a new toy. It is a two-penny card bearing a picture of a family on moving day. They are passing by a tree and their cat has escaped. "Where is the cat?" is the question, and after the purchaser has vainly endeavoured to find anything resembling a cat in the picture the vendor holds it in a certain position, and lo! there is the missing cat filling the whole foliage of the tree.

A SINGULAR phenomenon has just been witnessed at the village La Clappe, about three miles from Dranguignan (Vauv.). A plot of ground planted with vines and olive trees slowly sank in and disappeared, leaving a gulf of a funnel-shaped form about 120 feet in diameter at the surface and forty feet at the bottom.

FRANCE is collecting to purchase a new tiara for the Pope. This is about the same as if one undertook to buy a new crown for an old established dynasty. It is no secret that before now the jewels of the tiara have been sold to meet necessities, and paste employed instead.

THE two masked balls at the Grand Opera netted a sum of 127,700f., out of which the Assistance Publique received 19,000f., thus the dancing public while seeking amusement contribute to the support of the poor and the maintenance of the hospitals in Paris.

THE Voltairian Centennial has at last been taken up by the Society of Authors. Edmund About, that "son of Voltaire," heads the committee. As the philosopher of Ferney was the man of the eighteenth century, so Victor Hugo is to be chosen as president of the festival.

THE French African traveller and missionary, the Abbé Debès, is about to undertake a journey across Africa, from Zanzibar, via the Congo, and a grant of 100,000 francs (£1,000) has been made by the French Chamber in aid of the undertaking.

terprise in that continent, and calls on German merchants, manufacturers, and others to aid in opening up the country to German trade.

PARIS has been full of princes, uncrowned, and to be crowned heads. The Prince of Wales, he is an old and ever-welcome guest. The heir-apparent of Austria is unknown to Paris fame; he is now doing the capital with the energetic industry of a Cook's excursionist.

THERE has been a most exciting assault of arms in Paris, which was attended by a number of English amateurs, who went over expressly to witness it. The two foremost fencers of France, Mérignac and Vigeant, contested for supremacy; the former appeared in London last year, and astonished and pleased by his grace, finish, rapidity, and brilliancy.

A company of "Estudiantinos Espanolas" have arrived in Paris to play during the Carnival fêtes. They are sixty-four in number, and wear the picturesque costumes of the universities in the Iberian peninsula.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.—The milk with no chalk in it.

FOOD mother: "What would you do without a mother, Tom?" Tom: "Do as I liked, ma."

WHAT is the difference between a butcher and a gay young lady?—The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

"How many a dotting husband," says the cynical Mrs. Quilp, "would like to change his forty-year-old partner for two twenties?"

A BACHELOR editor, who had a pretty, unmarried sister, lately wrote to one similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange."

IT is seldom that a sick man leaves a will that somebody doesn't attempt to break; but has anybody heard of an attempt to break a woman's will?"

"Don't tell a married man any joke on the boys, for he'll tell his wife, his wife will tell her sister, and the sister will tell all the rest of the girls."

A CRUSTY bachelor says fashions vary so often that the dear creatures have been already served up in every possible style of dressing—except on toast.

AN unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" he cried, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me!"

A POLITE philosopher once thanked a lady who had been singing to a party for an hour, by saying, "Madam, you have wasted our time charmingly."

A YOUNG lady, intending to paint her cheeks with rouge, put all the paint on her nose, and did not discover her error until she was requested to sign "the pledge!"

AN Illinois girl couldn't secure a certificate as a school teacher because she couldn't tell the committee why the hind wheels of a carriage were the largest.

MISS BELLEW, daughter of Frank Bellew, draws for home illustrated papers, and occasionally for the London Punch—her forte being caricature. Her signature is "A Beeds."

ANY pictures will answer for Indian jars for pot-pourri, either cut from chintz, Japanese silks, or the coloured stamped-out designs sold in sheets at all fancy stationery stores.

A NEW YORK lady was asked to join one of the divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied, "This is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the sons in the course of a few weeks."

AT a church fair in Pittsburg they had a shave-market. Young girls disguised with sheets were put on the block and knocked down to the highest bidders, the money going to the church treasury and the goods never being delivered.

A MAN who had filed a petition for a divorce was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a "cross petition," as lawyers call it. "A cross petition!" exclaimed the husband, "that's just like her. She never did a good-natured thing in her life."

"WILL you always trust me, dearest?" he asked, looking down into her great blue eyes with unspeakable affection. She was a saleswoman of an up-town shirt store, and she told him business was business, and he'd have to pay cash every time.

A LADY having a couple of children sick with the measles, wrote a friend for the best remedy, and by mistake received a receipt for pickles, which, to her horror, she read as follows:—"Scald them well in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

REFORM in the length of ladies' dresses is being attempted at Vienna, where some of the principal ladies of the Court recently organized a ball at which short costumes were compulsory. The innovation of short dresses for dancing might well be introduced into our ball-rooms, where they are absurdly long for dancing.

NOTICE TO LADIES. The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only. J. H. LESLIE. Works: 347 Craig St.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 295.

THE LATE GEN.

SIR W. O'GRADY HALY.

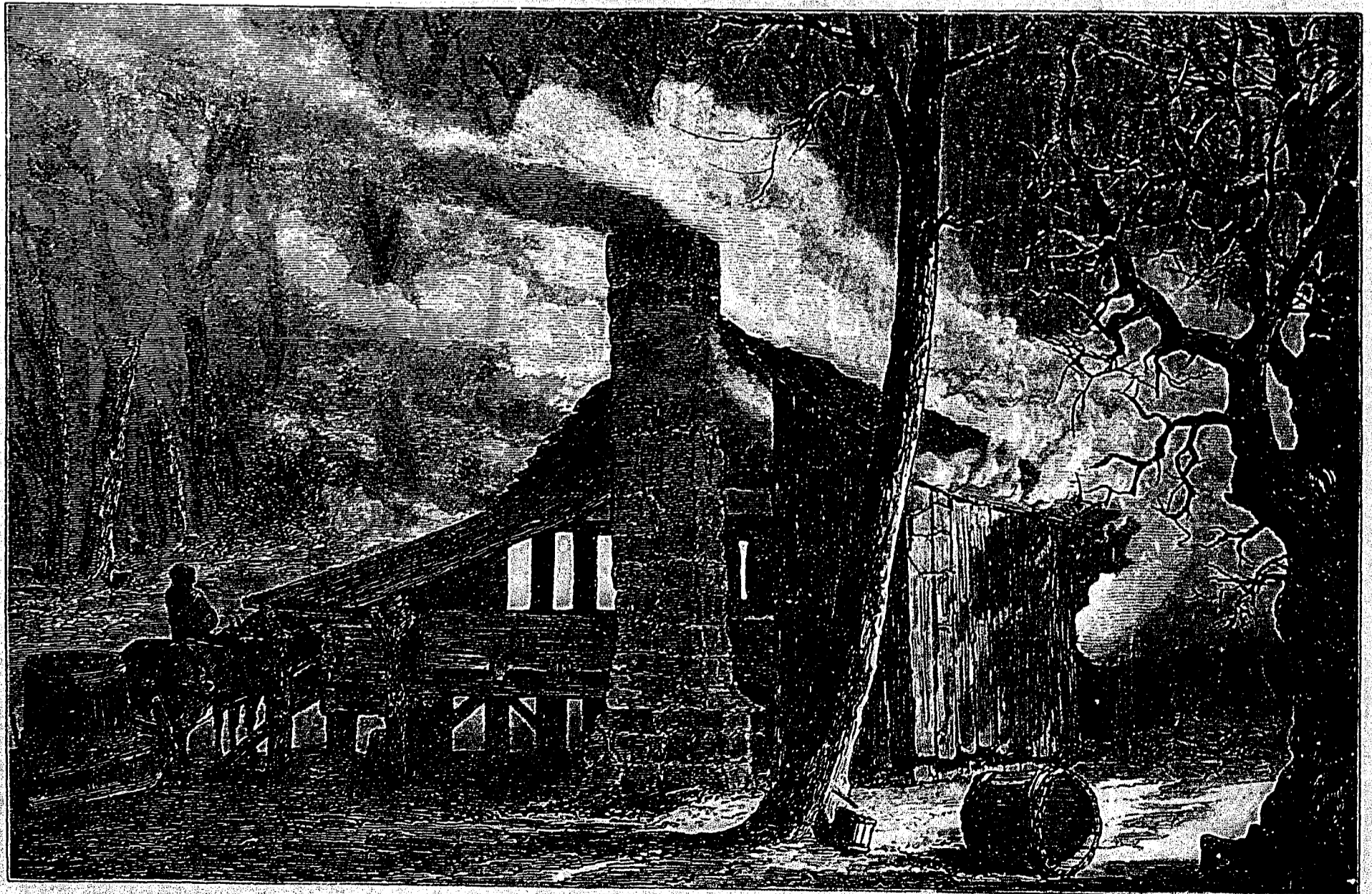
This distinguished officer, commanding Her Majesty's Forces in British North America, died at Halifax, on the evening of Tuesday, the 19th inst., after several years of a most honourable record in Canada. He counted many years of meritorious service. He served in the Crimean campaign of 1854-55, including the battles of Alma (where his charger was killed), and Inkerman where he received four bayonet wounds. He was present at the capture of Balaklava, the siege and fall of Sebastopol, and the sortie on the 26th October, 1855. He had the medal with four clasps, was a Commander of the Bath, Officer of the Legion of Honour, 3rd Class of the Medjedie, and the Turkish Medal. He was Administrator of the Dominion Government during the visit of Lord Dufferin to England in the summer of 1875, and was elevated to the Knighthood. Sir William was a man of magnificent presence.

A HEALTHFUL FOOD.
—*Hall's Journal of Health* says that macaroni is an article of food which it should like to see in more common use in this country. When people learn to make it, as well as they make it in Naples, and, what is equally important, to cook it as the Neapolitans do, it will be as much used here as it is there, for it is, or

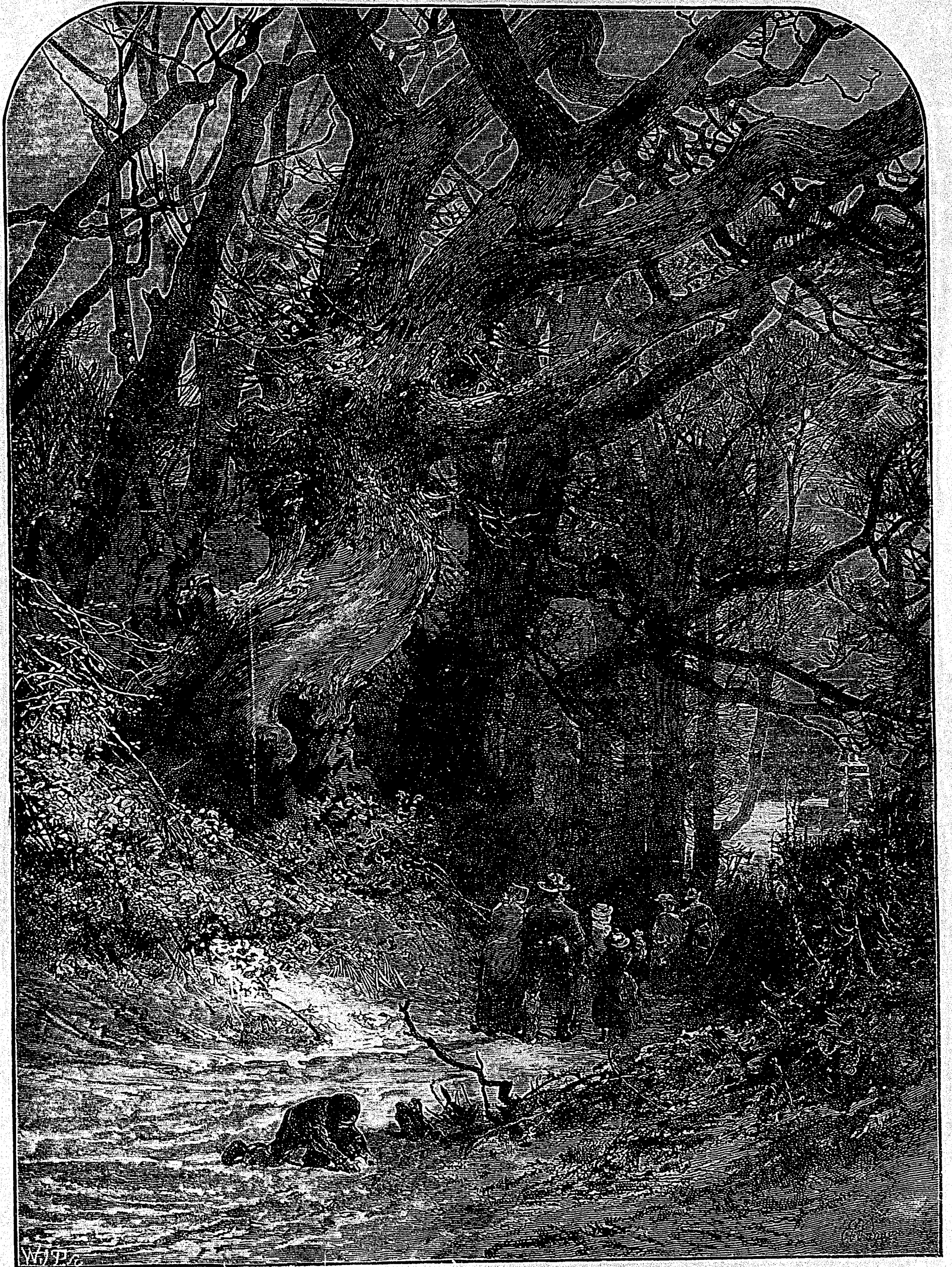
might be, cheap and healthful. The flour is specially ground for it, and the best article of macaroni is retailed in the Neapolitan provinces for five and six cents a pound. A commoner and coarser article is much used by the common people, which sells for about half this price. It is difficult to imagine what the *basse gente*, the lower classes, would do without macaroni. Here, we think, it is usually baked with cheese; a style in which no Italian could be induced to eat it. They regard baked cheese as very indigestible. They boil their macaroni until it is tender, which ordinarily requires about 10 minutes, and then serve it up with butter or the sauce of ragout. To make this dish they take a piece of beef without bone, and after cutting an onion into small pieces and cooking it thoroughly in a kettle, they place the meat on the onion, and after it is partially cooked they add tomatoes, prepared as they would be for steaming, adding more from time to time and sometimes water and cooking for three or four hours. The meat is then served up by itself and the tomato sauce is poured over the macaroni. They always have some grated cheese on the table to be sprinkled on the macaroni by those who like it. Twice a week, Sundays and Thursdays the year round, this forms the dinner for four-fifths of a population of 8,000,000 people. It is both healthful and inexpensive.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR WM. O'GRADY HALY.



THE MAPLE SUGAR HOUSE.



GOING TO CHURCH.

OUR CANADA.

Our farmers love their pleasant homes,
Our woolmen love the sylvan deeps.
Our venturesome sailor boldly roams
Where'er the stream of commerce sweeps.
Fling high, Canadians, to the breeze
The Union Flag on land and seas.

Our miners draw the precious ores
And diamonds black from gloomy caves,
Our fishers toil along our shores
And gather wealth from stormy waves.
Fling high, etc.

Our tradesman, craftsman, engineer,
Are skilful in their various parts,
Our stores, shops, ships, and railway gear
Attest the triumphs of their arts.
Fling high, etc.

Our heritage is rich and grand,
Far larger in its broad extent
Than is each dear-loved motherland
From which our fathers claim descent.
Fling high, etc.

Let Rose, De Lace and Shamrock blend
With Thistle o'er each honoured grave.
Let ancient legends now cease to send
A grief pang to the sainted brave.
Fling high, etc.

United let us live and die,
Be rivals but in noble deeds,
Let Charity lift up the cry—
"We each respect our brothers' creeds."
Fling high, etc.

If Justice hold the helm of State,
If Patriot-wisdom guide the press,
If Honour sit at traffic's gate,
Then Heaven "our Canada" will bless.
Fling high, etc.

A. B.

Montreal, 15th February, 1878.

*Union Jack.

TWO HEARTS' MISGIVINGS.

"They have known each other six weeks."
"Is it possible?"

Such was the information and comment repeated numberless times, or words on both sides to similar effect, upon the bright May morning when Alma Trep-n was married to Benet Armsgarth.

However, the latter informed of the persons who detailed this information were able to add that they had been properly introduced, also that both bride and bridegroom belonged to very good and highly respected families in the country, many of whose respective members were known to the others.

But the significant fact remained that they had not known each other personally six weeks upon that morning when they were joined together until the life of one of them should cease.

It is said advisedly—joined until one of them should be dead—because it would argue an objectionable state of mind on the part of the narrator if he were to remember and recall that in these later years divorce may intervene to separate man and wife, and make them strangers to each other.

Let it be repeated—they had known each other but six weeks on that particular morning when they became man and wife.

Two months have passed, and the bride and bridegroom are "at home."

The house in question is a very lovely villa, equally beautiful and unpretentious, and upon that July evening the air is redolent with the night scent of the roses.

If you could look in at the open garden-door windows you could see the fair young bride industriously with some pretty fancy work, while the bridegroom of a few weeks is on the other side of the table reading an evening paper. What kind of couple are these sitting in the full light of the brilliant *colza* lamp?

Both are brave-looking—even daring—in countenance (as, indeed, courageous and intrepid they must have been to marry for life upon so short an acquaintance), and there is a sort of harmony in their faces. So, truly, is there in their ways and habits.

She is quite ready to rattle across country at sunrise; and he is equally willing to go fishing or botanizing with the young wife; while, when the evening has come, their musical tastes quite coincide.

To all outward appearances, they are made for each other. Equal in birth, equal in fortune, and both rich, similarly educated, and both brave, healthy, and young, the world said they were a rarely-matched couple, despite the strange fact of the six weeks' courtship.

But the world sees never at once into heart and brain. When time has passed and mistrust, doubt, suspicion, have written their tale upon the face, then the world can find out there is something amiss. But not before.

They were both fairly good-looking, well-built, and of about the same complexion. He looked up from his paper as he stopped, for he had been reading to her; and to his intense astonishment, he saw that one hand covered her face, the other being pendent in her lap, and that she was silently weeping.

"Alma!"

She started, and smiled at once.

"You are crying!"

"No, dear; it was but a passing thought."

He recovered his astonishment, overcame the decided frown which possessed his brow, and smiling, in a little slowly, he added, "You have a good many passing thoughts."

"No," she said; "I am really very, very happy!"

She looked up quite confidently.

There was no doubting that expression. He

left his seat, moved round the table, put his arm about her waist, and kissed his wife.

Then settling himself upon a hassock at her feet, he said, "Mahmy"—this was the endearing diminutive of her name he had found for her—"Mahmy, have you any secret?"

"No, dear; not one that you should know."

"Ah! then you have a secret?"

"Yes."

"But I thought husband and wife should have no secret between them!"

"So society says, Benet, dear; but sometimes a secret compels itself to be kept."

"But can you not make up your mind to tell me this one?"

"No."

"Would it cost you very considerable pain?"

"Yes; because if I told it, you would be grieved."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Well, I hope so," she said, with an almost droll expression.

He laughed, drew her closer to him, and said, "You would do best, perhaps, to let me into the mystery."

"No; I am sure it would be foolish to tell you, because—"

"What?" he asked.

"It has really nothing to do with you."

"How can that be, when it has to do with you, Mahmy?"

She hesitated for some moments, and then she replied, "No, it is quite impossible, Benet; and I do assure you that I am acting quite like a sensible person in saying nothing to you about it; and already I am condemning myself for having been so very foolish as to admit that I had any secret."

"You see, Mahmy dear, your better sense prevailed for a moment, and you half-spoke. I wish your better sense would go on prevailing!"

"No, Benet; but I can promise you this much—that in a very few days the secret will be at an end, and—"

"And what will happen then?"

"Well, then, if you will promise to ask no names, I will tell you what has happened."

"So you are making a bargain with me, are you, Mahmy? Now I call that cruel!"

"Oh, Benet," she said, in a tone of deprecation, "if I was to tell you now what my secret was, you would cause me an amount of anxiety which you would, in the course of time, never forgive yourself for having created. Can you not trust me? I do assure you that I am acting completely for the best."

"My dear Alma," he said, rising from the hassock, and thereupon assuming a very serious tone, "I am perfectly aware that we cannot mutually trust as we could had we known each other for years, or even months, before we became man and wife. I am conscious of the fact that we were married even before we had quite accustomed ourselves to call each other by our Christian names. But I venture to think that those very drawbacks to our happiness, seeing that they are inevitable, should render us both more confidential the one with the other; for I am sure we love mutually and dearly."

"Yes, indeed we do, dear Benet; I feel that, but—but I cannot speak."

"Ah, because four months since, we had never seen each other!"

"No, indeed, Benet!"

There was a long and even painful pause, during which these two poor, honest persons remained quiet and suffering—afraid, even during these moments, to look at each other. So great was their anxiety, so intensified were their senses, that both distinctly heard the fluttering of the moths about the lamp.

"Benet, dear," she said at last, "apart from my small secret, which I cannot tell you now—"

Benet Armsgarth stamped his foot, and half turned away.

She waited for a moment, and then she continued meekly, "Which I cannot tell you now, I must confide to you a piece of business, about which I need not, I believe, consult you, but concerning which I want your permission."

"What for, Alma? You know I never thwart you in any plan. You know enough of me for that; and surely you give me credit, without any assurance on my part, for a desire never needlessly to interfere with you."

Here again the terrible sense of their short acquaintanceship clashed with the intimate position they held toward each other.

"You know, dear," she began with considerable hesitation, "that my fortune was settled upon myself—not that I required it should be so," she added, as she saw him flush.

"It is the common practice, now," he answered; "and I was more than desirous that this plan should be adopted in our case, seeing that we knew so little of each other."

There it was once again! the phantom of their short acquaintanceship previous to their marriage was for ever leaping up and shadowing it.

"Of course," she meekly continued, "I could induce my trustees to—to do what I want, without any reference to you, dear Benet; but I would not for the world do anything before gaining your consent."

"You have it, dear Alma, before you speak. But if you want money, why do you not ask me for it? You know that I am rich, and I hope liberal."

"But I want rather a large sum."

"Indeed? How much?"

"A—a thousand pounds!"

He whistled, as well he might.

He thought for some moments, and pondered deeply.

Meanwhile, she crept up to him, and laying her head against his breast, she said: "When everything is settled, you shall be told all."

Suddenly he took a determination.

"Alma," he said, "here is a bargain. Tell me why you want this £1,000—I have no need to be further informed that it is wanted in connection with your secret—and I shall give you a check within the next five minutes."

"Thank you, Benet, dear."

"Thank me yes, or thank me no?"

"I would rather pay with my own money."

"Why, you are blushing, Alma!"

"Am I? No doubt. It would be perfectly monstrous if you paid this money—I could not take it from you. You would never forgive me, when you learnt to what purpose the money was destined. Oh, no—no! It must be my own money that is used."

"We will see," he said, speaking harshly for the first time.

He went to his desk, drew a check for £1,000, and threw it across to her.

"Oh, never!" she cried, in a voice of positive indignation; and seizing the fragment of paper, she placed it over the lamp, and held it until it was half consumed, when it fluttered to the ground and burnt itself out upon the carpet.

"Very well," he said: "as you will."

"Where are you going, Benet, dear?"

"Out in the garden."

"Shall I come?"

"No," he replied.

He stalked out of the room.

It was their first quarrel, and one in which both were justified, and yet both to blame.

He considered his wife lacked confidence in him; she that he could not sufficiently trust her. Both felt that this state of things entirely arose from their ignorance of each other's character—a void which was wholly the result of their brief acquaintanceship.

Secrecy on her part, jealousy and mistrust on his, had taken up their wicked lodging in the hearts of these two.

The first downward step had been made.

Has the reader ever noticed how rapidly, when *Othello* has once suspected the possibility of his wife's sin, he falls into mean acts, with low and contemptible misconstructions of the simplest conduct, he becomes quite familiar with *Jago*, and falls, falls, falls, until the end comes.

Well, this is but a homely tale, unaccompanied by any very terrible events; but the principle which led to the violent death of the fair *Desdemona* had possessed itself of Benet Armsgarth's heart and brain.

He had a valet named Bayle, a man who had been with him at the college, who had retained his confidential servant for years, and to whom Armsgarth assuredly was no hero.

He was a good servant, and master and man equally respected each other, as far as they could.

But the man quite resented his master's marriage, as valets always do, for such an one is his employer's master while he is a bachelor.

Of course, from the moment that a man marries, the case is completely altered.

Mrs. Armsgarth in no way opposed Bayle, but he did not like her; and, when his master put a certain question to him, perhaps low down in his heart he did not feel dissatisfaction as he learned that it was possible the new idol was no longer regarded as perfect.

It was the very morning after that little and first tiff between the husband and wife that a letter arrived, addressed to Armsgarth, and which, after reading at the ominously quiet breakfast-table, he put in his pocket.

She saw the act, and trembled.

It was the first time he had kept a letter from her. At heart she felt heavy.

That morning he questioned his man.

"Bayle, I want to ask you a question!"

"Yes, sir, with pleasure."

"In fact, I am about to take you into my confidence."

"I thought, sir," the man replied, in a wounded tone, "that I had got the honour of your confidence."

"Yes, Bayle, certainly; the confidence of a single man, but my marriage alters all that."

"Just so, sir."

There was an awkward pause.

"Bayle, how long have you been in my service?"

"Seven years, sir."

"That is a long time, and would justify me in treating you very differently from a mere servant."

"You never have, sir, and I have no cause of complaint."

He was a quiet, sharp-looking man, pale of face, and with thin lips kept close, while his dark eyes glittered swiftly and changeably.

"You are very good."

After a pause, he continued, "The fact is, I am going to put a question which I find awkward to shape."

"As you think fit, sir."

"You will not repeat what I say?"

"I have always considered your communications, sir, as confidential."

"Then, shortly, this is what I want to know. Does—does my wife leave the house much when I am away during the morning?"

He occupied himself with business several hours every day.

The valet's countenance flushed faintly, as he said, "Sir, that's a question I hesitate to answer."

"Speak out, man!" said Benet, savagely; "don't beat about the bush!"

"Then, sir," said the man, candidly, "Mrs.

Armsgarth drives to town almost every morning, and seems to have a deal of business on hand."

It was done. He had not only so far fallen as to question his mental, but he had received an answer which told him his surmises were right, and that already the servants were talking about their mistress.

"Thank you, Bayle," he said, in a low, mortified voice.

"Is there anything else, sir?"

"No," he said, awkwardly; "just leave me to myself."

He rang the stable-bell, ordered his horse, and drove into town, and to the Temple, where he knocked at a door, illustrated in ugly black letters with the name "Scroby Tatham."

The door-latch clicking, he passed through an ante-chamber where the fine arts appeared to be struggling with the evidence of the vigorous pursuits of boxing and fighting.

In the sitting-room (which was a strange compound of luxury and discomfort, for a black kettle was on an ugly little gas-stove, and the furniture was covered with damask) lay the evident proprietor of this growth of civilization in chambers. He was stretched upon a crimson damask-covered sofa, and reading a yellow-covered French novel.

"Hallo, Benet!" he said, dinging down the French novel; "married life does not agree with you, I should think! You look glum enough! Glad to see you back again?"

"Scroby," said the visitor, "all women are deceivers ever. It is, perhaps, a good job that you escaped."

"You think so, Armsgarth? Then suppose I let the poor woman off her penalty?"

"No," said Armsgarth. "make her suffer as she might have made you suffer. Make her pay, not only in mortification, but in money."

"But it goes awfully against the grain to force a woman to pay for blighted affections."

"I don't see it," said Armsgarth. "I have yet to learn why a woman should escape quite free from an engagement to marry, because it is her pleasure, while a man would, or ought, have to pay heavily for similar treachery on his part."

"But what would the world say?"

"Let the world say what it likes. But what are you complaining of? In your case, the woman is going to pay you for your blighted affections."

"Don't sneer, Benet; you know very well that you have an interest in this matter."

"No, I have not. The thousand pounds you owe me, if paid, will never be able to meet my tune. I shall give it to some hospital for decayed governesses, or something of that sort."

"Then why not forego it? Look at the £1,000 again. I shall be rich some day, and, in the meantime, I am poor. Help yourself to some curacao—there it is on the side-board; and the intimations are in the left-hand drawer. Let me see what was I saying! Ah! that I was wretchedly poor, and was living from hand to mouth. But as I am to be rich—"

"If you live."

"Of course, if I live; and if I die, there is an end of the business. As I am to be rich I may be justified in looking after an heiress for a wife."

"Well, let us suppose so, Scroby."

"The Scrobys, you know, are even talked of by Shakespeare. Anyhow, I did fall in love with, was proposed to, and was accepted by, an heiress; and—"

"And I, being an old friend, lent you a cool thousand with which to carry on the war of courtship. Finally, the lady threw you over for another man."

"Whom I have never seen," said Scroby Tatham; "and, I thank my stars, whose very name I do not know."

"Never mind your sentiment, Scroby. Let us hold to the fact that she accepted you, and jilted you; that you have got her letters; and that you could get a verdict in any court in England."

"But what a ridiculous thing it would be to enter such an action!"

"It will never be brought. The lady will pay, as I hold that she should pay, in common justice. Take my word for it, yours is not the only case of this kind, and which has been compromised as I maintain yours should be settled. It is the only way of punishing an artful woman. I have seen two or three of her letters—"

"But not the signatures," cried the other—"not her name!"

"No; and very honourable on your part to hide it from me. Yes; her letters clearly prove that she accepted your promise of marriage. Surely it is only just that she should pay for her heartlessness, and it is only practical justice the money should recompense me for the sum I advanced you to carry on your courtship all over the country, running after her, and which you never would have required but for that courtship."

"Just so! But look here, Benet Armsgarth; if you wait until I come in for some of my two or three fortunes, I'll pay you two thousand for your one."

"Confound it, man! do you take me for a usurer? No, no; I want to punish a woman who ill-used a man by crying off from a marriage to which she had committed herself, and for which act she had no just grounds. But you seem especially desirous this morning of forgiving the lady, Scroby. How comes that about?"

"Because this very morning she is paying the thousand pounds you forced me to ask for."

said Scroby Tatham, drawing a very long face. He was weak, kind, easily led, self-indulgent, yet everlastingly reproaching himself upon the score of his own luxury.

"Then, my dear boy, here is our day's programme. We will call at your lawyer's and get the money; you will hand it to me; and I will give you an IOU for the amount. We will then get rid of the scandalous money by putting ten hundred-pound notes into the alms-box of the Hospital for Decayed Governesses, and then we will go home to my place; I will give you your promissory note for the thousand pounds; you shall return me my IOU; and, our business being finished, I will introduce you to my wife, and we will dine, all three en famille."

"Very well, if you have quite made up your mind that I must take the money; but I should much prefer to hand it back to the lady, telling her that her anxiety of mind had been sufficient punishment. You see, it seems to me it is like taking the husband's money; and whoever the fellow is, he had nothing to do with her shameful treatment of me."

"Hadn't he, though?" said the other. "I consider that he is quite as morally criminal as the other; and he ought equally to suffer."

That ended the colloquy; and Scroby Tatham, reluctantly abandoning his yellow-coated lover, got himself ready, and the two gentlemen proceeded to the offices of the sufferer's solicitors.

They had been dull and silent for some minutes, when Scroby broke the ominous silence by saying, "And how do you like married life, Ben?"

"Pretty well."

"It is strange I never heard anything about the lady."

"Well, the facts are that our courtship was very short, and that we were married in a great hurry."

"I see; hence, I was not invited to be best man."

"You had just got your quietus from your false one, Scroby, and had run over to Paris. I thought it was a pity to worry you with marriages. In fact, I fancied that, in all probability, you would find a wedding rather a sharp operation; so I said nothing until we returned to town, now some three weeks since; but I trust to repair my silence to-day."

"I hope I shall like her."

"One of the best of women, with all the accomplishments."

"And so it was a short courtship?"

"Well, I may admit its length to you—or, rather, its want of length. We only knew each other six weeks before we were married."

"Indeed! Has she heard of me?"

"Well, I am ashamed to say I do not think she has. I have been taxing what brains I have to remember whether or not I have mentioned your name to her. But if I have, no doubt it would have slipped her memory, because, in all probability, she has never seen nor heard of you in the whole course of her life. I met her at a friend's, and, so far, I have never been in her part of England. We are going, in seven weeks, for the shooting."

"She won't be angry, Benet, will she, at your slanting me into the house in this extraordinary way?"

"Not at all; she is a perfectly practical woman. By the way, we had our first little tiff last night."

Tatham started.

"And is this why I am asked down to-day?"

The other looked disconcerted as he replied, "No, no, not exactly; yet, at the same time, you are such a perfectly easy-going fellow, you are so old a friend, and you have such a way with you, that I feel you will do wonders in softening this matter between us."

Mr. Scroby Tatham did not seem at all delighted with the part he was about to be called upon to enact. To say the best for it, his would be an ambiguous position in the new household.

He looked out from the hansom at the people running freely about the streets, and found himself quite envying them their liberty.

He came, however, to one conclusion—that, after that day, he and Armsgarth should part company.

He felt that their ways in life were separate. He considered that he had almost been forced to commit an act from which his honor and his manhood equally shrank.

The lawyer's office was reached too rapidly for Tatham's nerves. The man went into the place, feeling like a criminal.

Certainly, he was not received with over-courteousness by the firm.

A very few minutes sufficed for the payment of a check for £1,000, in full of all demands on the part of Mr. James Scroby Tatham.

His friend had remained in the outer office, and, therefore, learned nothing of the particulars of the day's interview, which necessarily involved the lady's name, and the return of her letters.

Had he looked about him, he would have seen the clerks were staring at him now and again, after they had all started upon hearing Tatham say, "I will not be long, Armsgarth."

When the two men heard the roar of what appeared to be irrepressible laughter, after they had left the outer office, but before they had descended the stairs, both thought that the meritment was directed at Scroby Tatham.

They were wrong; for it was levelled at Benet Armsgarth.

Within half an hour the lawyer's check had been changed at a given bank; ten one hundred

pound notes had been pushed into the office of the alms-box of the charity named; and the two men were bowling along to the house of the married one.

"I am right glad the woman is punished!" said Armsgarth; "and I hope she will remember the lesson."

"Ah!—and her husband?" said Scroby.

"He has got the lady, and let us hope she may be able to console him."

Upon entering the house, Armsgarth found Bayle in the hall.

"A letter, sir, from Mrs. Armsgarth," said the man, looking ominously.

Armsgarth tore it open, utterly without ceremony. It ran:

"DEAR BEN,—I have not the courage to come to the door to meet you, or even to remain in the drawing-room. I am in my little pink room, where first you brought me when we came home. I have paid away the thousand pounds. All is over, and my heart is as light as a feather, because I know you will forgive me when you know all, because you are guilty as I am, as you will admit! Come."

"ALMA."

He looked up, and said, "Bayle, show this gentleman into the drawing-room. Scroby, I will be with you in a minute; my wife wants to see me privately. I will bring her down in half a minute."

He did not hear the rustling of satin on the stairs.

She had put on her wedding-dress, that she might the more effectually appeal to his love. She had come to meet him.

Suddenly, a loud cry from the staircase. This was followed by a shout from Tatham, who was standing so that his eyes were upon the stairs.

"What is it?" demanded the bridegroom.

"Alma!" cried Scroby Tatham. "And you, Armsgarth!"

He never said another word in that house, or to that man.

The cab was not yet gone from the door, and he left the place, stepped into the cab, and, for the first time in connection with the whole affair, he was heartily glad that he made the lady pay damages.

The reader, of course, sees the catastrophe. The explanation of the hurried courtship was the fact of the lady's previous engagement.

If all be far in love, then Armsgarth must be pardoned his treachery. But is cost him a fair thousand pounds, by which a charity benefited, added to the thousand pounds he had lent Scroby with which to carry on his love-making.

He had been sorely punished. He had perjured his own wife for the very act by which he gained her hand.

His humiliation was one good lesson, and his wife's ready forgiveness a second.

Neither was she free from fault. Their excuse was this—that they loved each other.

It has been said that Scroby Tatham was rather an unobedient man. But he was very determined upon one point.

He would never see or write to Benet Armsgarth again.

Yes; the couple were happy, because they really loved. But they might have become man and wife under more fortuitous circumstances.

THE GLEANER.

THE late King Victor Emmanuel left debts to the amount of no less than £700,000.

THE Prince of Wales has been re-elected Grand Master of English Freemasons.

THE centenary of Rousseau's death is to be celebrated at Geneva at the end of June.

By a legislative enactment, St. Patrick's Day is henceforth to be a holiday in Ireland.

A PRIVATE gambling club is to be opened on the 1st of May at Hamburg under Imperial authority.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at Aosta to erect a monument to King Victor Emmanuel as a sportsman.

TINY baskets, filled with natural flowers, suspended by ribbon from the right side, are worn with ball costumes.

IT is said that Her Majesty is about to confer the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George upon the King of Siam.

According to the London Directory there are three persons of the name of Julius Caesar living at the present time in the metropolis.

IT is asserted that English hair merchants have been collecting male and female hair in Bulgaria, and that the teeth merchants have also been active.

MARSHAL CANROBERT has sent Lord Napier a telegram of congratulation in English on his selection to command any expeditionary force in the event of war.

THE marriage is spoken of the Duke of Genoa, King Humbert's cousin, and Princess Christine, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, and one of the eldest sisters of the Queen of Spain.

THE frequency of accidents upon the Paris tramways has led to the adoption of metal guards, as in railway engines, to throw aside any object falling upon the lines.

THE British Archaeological Association is expected to visit Wisbeach in the summer, and the Prince of Wales will probably be the President on the occasion.

THE Italian exploring expedition, which attempted to penetrate into the interior of Africa, has been attacked by the King of Shoa, and compelled to return to the coast.

DR. FARR, of the British Board of Health, promises to render all possible assistance to the Montreal Health Authorities in the collection of statistics for the furtherance of viral science.

THE street lamps at the end of Waterloo-place have been fitted with the apparatus for an experiment as to the practicability of instantaneously lighting and extinguishing the gas lights in the streets.

ALL the female inhabitants of the Vatican are to vacate their apartments, which are henceforth to be used for offices. The Pope is said to have dismissed Mustafa and all soprano singers from the Papal choir.

GALLIOLI was the first town occupied by the Turks in Europe. It was captured in 1356 by Orkhan, the son and successor of Othman or Ottoman, who is usually regarded as the founder of the Turkish Empire.

IN digging on the Field House Estate, Eastbourne, a curious archaeological discovery has been made, a Roman villa having been brought to light. It is not settled what will be the rent of the villa for the season.

THE only wreath laid upon Victor Emmanuel's coffin, when it was walled up in the Tribune of the Pantheon, was that sent by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The others were hung round the walls of the chamber.

EVERY editor of a paper in Madrid has received the grand cross or commandery of Isabella the Catholic, and among other recipients of favour commemorative of the royal marriage are a musical critic, a painter, and a large body of professors and inspectors of schools.

SIR PATRICK L. MACDONELL, the English General who, in the event of an Anglo-Russian war, is to command in Canada and send 10,000 Canadians home to serve, has already served in the Dominion, being Adjutant-General of Militia here about eight years since.

IN his recent visit to the Paris Exhibition, the Prince of Wales expressed a desire that Canada should figure prominently in the livestock exhibition, as it would be interesting to see the improved breed of cattle so successfully shown, as he was informed, in America.

THE late Pope once said, apropos of the difference in belief or at least of religious expression, between the Latin nations of Southern Europe and the people of the North: "Folk who live in bleak countries fear the devil; those who dwell in summer lands love God."

THERE has been a good deal of discussion in India as to whether, in the event of war with Russia, it would be advisable to employ a native Indian force, recruited from the warlike races of the country. Lord Napier is reported to have engaged to raise a force of 150,000 men if required.

IT has been announced that England, Austria, Italy, Holland and Sweden are to send detachments of police to Paris to watch their sections during the exhibition. It is now further decided that these are to be supplemented by a contingent of detectives of all nations, who know their own pickpockets by their faces.

WE read in an English paper that the "pistol pocket" is the latest safeguard for American ladies against thieves. These pocketbooks, when carried in the hand, look exactly like an ordinary purse, but should an unwary person make a snatch at them, the owner has only to press a spring, and the thief is shot through the heart, provided the aim is good.

A PARIS society has applied to the Lord Mayor of London for permission to open an establishment in London for the preparation and sale of horse-flesh as food. The Lord Mayor responded that no permission was necessary. The promoters of the new industry rely upon the foreigners in London to make it successful. There are now sixty-one horse-flesh markets open in Paris.

IT may be remembered that the balloon of the Paris Exhibition of 1867 was one of the attractions of the Champ-de-Mars. It had a volume of 5,000 cubic metres, and could ascend with fifteen persons to a height of 300 metres. A balloon is at present being constructed for the Exhibition of the present year, capable of carrying fifty persons to an altitude of more than 500 metres.

FROG culture is the latest Western industry, and is being systematically carried on in Minnesota. It is a simple process, consisting chiefly in the protection of eggs and tadpoles from birds and other enemies by means of wire screens. The product thus far reported amounts to 3,000 dozen eggs, of which two-thirds have been shipped to St. Louis, where they bring an average of twenty cents per dozen.

A WONDERFUL feat in engine building was recently accomplished at the Michigan Central Railroad shops at Jackson. Two gangs of fourteen men each began at seven o'clock upon two separate locomotives, the parts of which had been previously laid to hand, and "set up" the two machines, each employing thousands of pieces, and started them out of the yard under steam in exactly two hours and fifty-five minutes.

IT has been resolved to devote the Government grant hitherto accorded to the Theatre Lyrique to the encouragement of young authors.

The Opera Comique is to receive an additional sum, which, however, will be £4,000 a year under its losses. The reason for the extra subsidy is the desire to support a class of work "eminently French." The fact that what new music succeeds belongs to the bouffe style shows that the French audiences are not "eminently French" in taste. The total grants to the theatres by the State is £50,000.

THE trade mottoes of some of the London associations are curious. The blacksmiths, for instance, have "By hammer and hand all arts do stand;" the distillers, "Drop as rain, distil as dew;" the founders, "God the only founder;" the innholders, "Come, ye blessed; when I was harbourless ye lodged me;" the joiners, "Join loyalty and liberty;" the saddlers, "Hold fast; sit sure;" the weavers, "Weave truth with trust," and the needle-makers, "They sewed leaves together and made themselves aprons."

HUMOROUS.

A PHOTOGRAPHER may be described as one who makes his living by all manner of means.

"EVERY cloud has a silver lining," and many a man wishes his pocket-book was a good sized, healthy cloud.

A THEATREGOER says the drop curtain of a theatre is so called because the gentlemen go out for a drop while it is down.

JOSH BILLINGS says he don't care how much a man talks if he says it in a few words. Good idea for those who write to newspapers.

A MISSISSIPPI doctor has found a substitute for quinine. He finds a lump of ice on the patient's spine, and the shakes let go and start for Arkansas.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is narrowing himself down to a pint of skimmed milk a day, and doubtless he feels stronger than ever, he can now lift five potatoes with ease.

AN Englishman, who is clever at anagrams, has amused himself by transposing the names of "Disraeli" and "Gladstone," which somewhat appositely resolve themselves into "I lead, sir," and "G. leads not."

At a law society's dinner the president called upon the senior attorney to give as a toast the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession. "Certainly," was the response. "The man who makes his own will."

A FOREIGN-LOOKING American said: "I've tried everything I could turn my hand to, but couldn't make anything grotty, and now I'm going up among the rocks, where they say there's a wonderful echo, to see if I can make that answer."

ASTRONOMERS have discovered that the moon is drawing gradually nearer to the earth by about an inch every year. They have also discovered that the day is about one hundredth of a second longer now than it was two thousand years ago.

THE growing custom of putting the choir at the pulphead of the church has the very serious drawback that it prevents a man from turning round and looking up at the organ in a critical manner just before the contribution plate approaches his pew.

THE due de Morny's definition of a polite man is the hardest to realize of any ever given. "A polite man," said he, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

WAITER: "What would you be pleased to order, sir?" He gave a polite pronunciation of the French: "fricandeau de veau avec poirettes de pommes de terre; rissoles de boulet." "Milesian!" "Well, you see it is a plateful of whichever of them's nearest to an Irish stew?"

SHERIDAN, being on a Parliamentary Committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated and ready for business. Finding no empty seat, he bowed and looking round the table, said, with a droll expression of contentment, "Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?"

A YOUNG man, who wants all the poet's corner to himself, who has been listening to the music of the zither, says: "It carried me back to the old Scottish days when Thoinnis and the nightingales sang in the orange groves." We don't like to doubt his word, but regret it was more an imaginative statement than a fact.

ARTISTIC.

THE exhibition of Dutch masters, now being organized at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, promises to be attractive.

FORBES' picture of Lord Dufferin will likely be purchased by admirers of the Governor General. He is now engaged on a portrait of Dr. Tupper.

A PROPOSAL has been made to get up a "testimonial" to George Cruikshank, in the form of a Cruikshank Gallery, for the exhibition and sale of the artist's works.

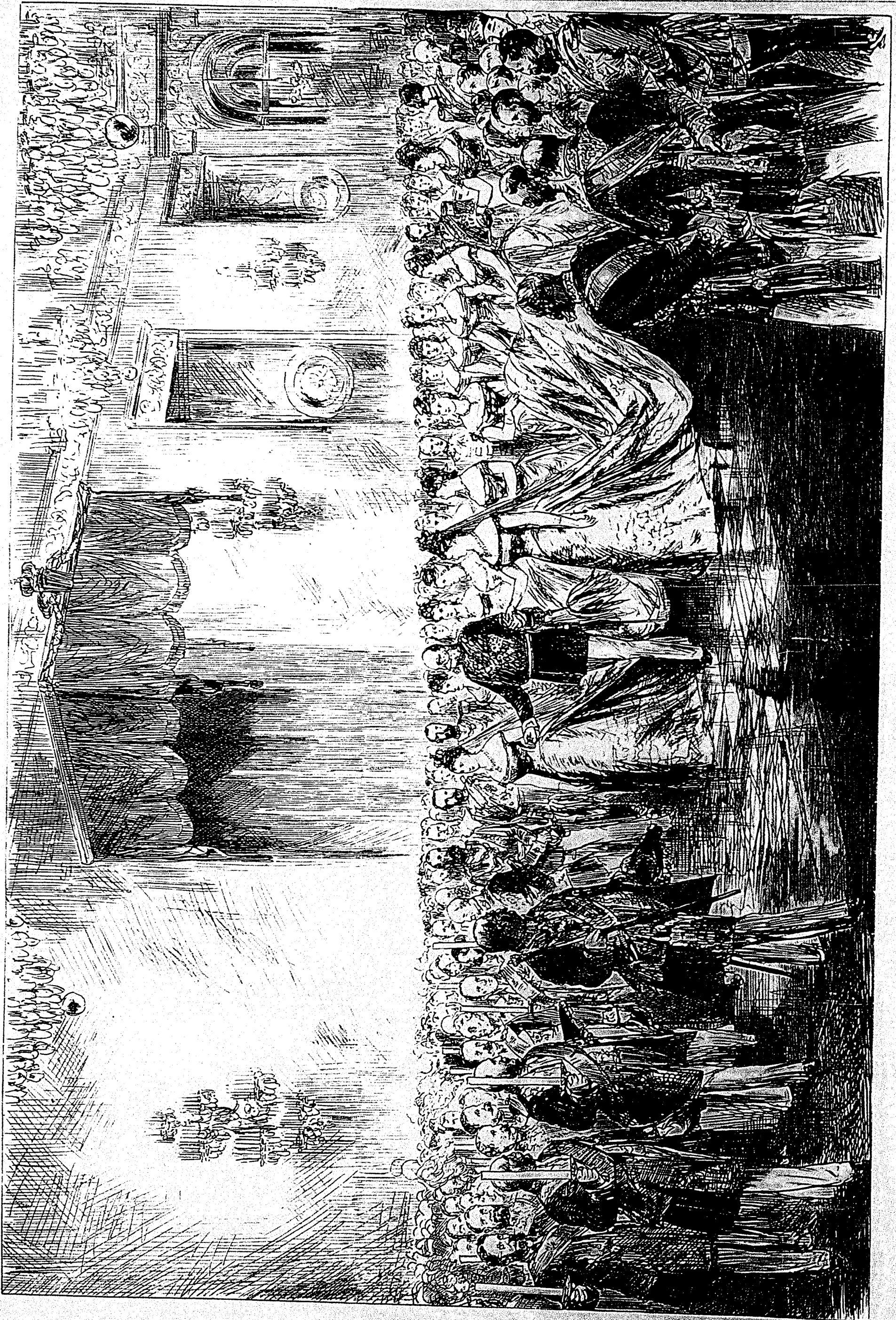
A PICTURE by Mr. Long, A.R.A., entered for the Royal Academy, is simply a gem of its kind—a number of beautiful Egyptian women making the gods for the benefit of the worshippers of that haughty land. The figures are all nearly life size, the tone is excellent, and the grouping perfect.

A VERY beautiful statue in white marble, representing a woman larger than life, and in a perfect state of preservation, has been dug up at Djubilah (Algeria). This work of art, which it is said, will bear a comparison with the best Greek sculptures, is believed to represent the Empress Julia Domna.

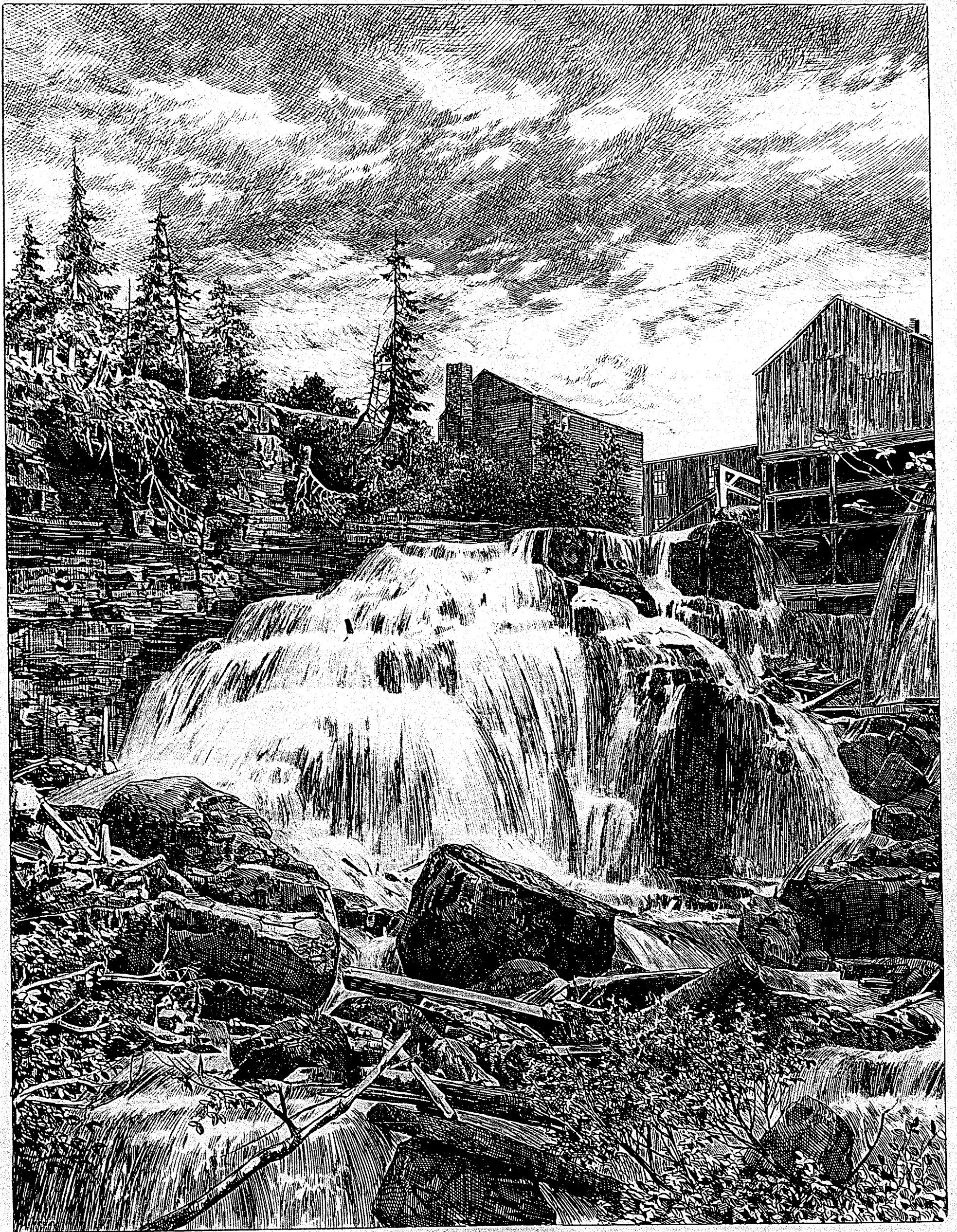
MR. MILLAIS contributes to the Royal Academy the Sons of Edward IV. in the Tower descending a staircase; also Lucy Ashton and Edgar of Ravenswood advancing, half embraced, through a mountain glen. A third contribution is a Scotch landscape, apparently representing the head of a lake, the foreground being composed of a mass of dark, richly-toned rock, from which trickles a thin stream of water.

IT NEVER FAILS.

PHOSFOZONE has never been known to fail in performing after a fair trial all that is claimed for it. The most skeptical readily acknowledge its surprising curative powers after taking a few doses, as its action is always rapid and certain. One or two or a dozen doses of Phosfozone may not cure them; but if they persevere in taking it a favorable result is inevitable. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste Street, Montreal.



THE DOUBLE GERMAN IMPERIAL WEDDING.—THE TORCH DANCE IN THE WHITE HALL OF THE PALACE.



INGLIS FALLS, NEAR OWEN SOUND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. JACKSON.

SONNET.

ON THE DYING YEAR.

The winds are whispering low their dirges drear,
Sobbing and sighing in a sad lament,
And all the clouds of heaven seem hither sent
To watch around the death-bed of the year.

All Nature softens as his end draws near,
The winds cling round him thick and heavy now, —
O'er burdened with the death-damps of his brow;
The drooping elms let fall the chilly tear.

The clouds draw closer round, and stoop to hear
His dying groans: their bosoms swell with pain,
As swells my troubled heart with tears and pain,
At the near loss of one to me so dear;

For, from the New Year, hastening here to reign,
I have thought much to hope yet more to fear.

SPRING.

When snows the dead earth cumber,
And weary Winter reigns,
When streams in frozen slumber
Lie torpid in the plains;
Though all seems dead and drear,
We know that nought can sever
Cold earth and rigid air
From Spring's awakening.

When trees are bare, and shivering
With Winter's frozen breath,
The birds in their warm lining
Know it is not seeming death;
Know that not all his keenness
Nor North wind's hungry leanness,
Can freeze their sleeping greenness
From waking in the spring.

When winter winds of sorrow
Warp brightness from his brow,
Would that man might borrow
Fresh leaves from Hope's green bough;
But, crushed o'er Joy's dead embers,
Too seldom he remembers
That these dark, dark Decembers
Foretell the coming Spring.

CARLYLE AT HOME.

With his eighty-three years of active life upon him, Thomas Carlyle still stands the centre of English literary thought. His life and works have had, and will have an undying interest to all English-speaking people, and we feel that our readers will be grateful to us even for words concerning his life from which they may draw lessons of faithfulness to duty, earnestness, devotion and the value of application. Of Carlyle's religious views we shall say nothing, for it is very doubtful if any one can clearly define them. He is neither with the Spencers, the Mills, the Huxleys and the Darwins, nor with the Spurgeons or the canonized saints of the church. His place in the religious world is his own, and while Christians and infidels are quarrelling over him, we, who do not know him, but only of him, are content to let the matter rest where Carlyle himself has left it. We shall simply present to you a few facts of interest in relation to his life, his works and his home.

Carlyle was born in Ecclefechan, Scotland, in the year 1795, was educated in Edinburgh and designated for the ministry. He was married in 1826, and lived happily forty years with his wife, which was rather remarkable for one of a poetic temperament. At her death he wrote a beautiful tribute to her memory, and said the light of his life had gone out forever.

His character may be learned from his greatest love and his greatest hatred. He loves veracity, and hates sham. He has said: — "Be real. If you must be damned, go with a white soul; live a real life, and reverse truth." This he has preached, and this he has practiced. Beginning a life of professional literature at twenty-eight, he worked ten years more before he gave to the world "Taufeldrockh" — how long ago that seems! When "Sartor Resartus" appeared in Fraser's Magazine, and Mr. Carlyle first took up his dwelling at Chelsea, many of our first *littérateurs* were not born. Macaulay had just made his mark in the Edinburgh Review, Bulwer with Pelham, young Disraeli, at the height of his literary reputation, had not entered the House of Commons. Dickens and Thackeray were unheard of, the "Noctes Ambrosiane" were in full blast. Of all the galaxy of genius but two stars remain — one shining through the murky atmosphere of politics, the other in the serene firmament of letters.

The anatomy of biography is, perhaps, the most interesting of all branches of an always attractive subject, and with nothing but the hope the dissection will be beneficial, we shall present the results of an autopsy of Carlyle.

His room of occupation in his house in Cheyne Row is the drawing-room—a bright cheery apartment. There he has his bench, a flat writing-table, on which are a reading easel, a wooden paper knife marked "mentive" and a bowie knife of formidable proportions. Paintings and engravings of members of the Carlylese Olympus hang on the walls. A huge picture by Resue—the "Little Drummer"—occupies one side. This picture as a print is well known. There are Frederick and his sister Wilhelmina, the margravine of Bayreuth, as children marching along, the boy playing the drum. Another picture of Wilhelmina hangs over the door. In that she is depicted with her hood drawn down in killing fashion over one of her great bright eyes. Beneath is suspended the plain face of Cromwell, "one of the many examples of the 'hero as king' in the house in Cheyne Row." Near at hand are some choice engravings by Albert Durer and

his school, notably the "Melancholia," and further on is *Le roi Voltaire*, crowned in the Théâtre Français. Frederick in a cocked hat surveying angrily the scene. Then there are two copies of Crauch's pictures in the Wartburg, the father and mother of the "Hero as Priest" and the raw engravings of Feylhorn's "Cromwell." Then Paul, Hugo, Martin Luther and Goethe fill the dining-room. Beneath the last is the autograph signature of the great German under the lines:

"Sielst du gestern klar und offen
Wirkst du heute kraftig frei,
Kannst auch auf ein morgen hoffen
Dus nicht mindet gluecklich sei."

This portrait was presented to Mr. Carlyle on the completion of his masterly translation of "Wilhelm Meister."

On the mantel-piece is an example of the famous Worcester jug, dedicated to the great Frederick, and printed in "transfer" over the glaze. This jug is curious as a piece of historical pottery. Its value is greatly increased since the publication of the "History of Friedrich II., called Frederick the Great." Here there are to be seen portraits of Mr. Carlyle himself—the head by Samuel Lawrence, the pen-and-ink drawing by Maillart, the bust by Woodner—and a terra-cotta miniature of the magnificent statue by Behm exhibited at the Royal Academy. Inside the door is a screen, covered with valuable engravings, arranged in grotesque juxtaposition, showing a keen sense of fun. This was the work of Mrs. Carlyle. This gentle and amiable lady died a few years ago from a shock she received on seeing her pet dog leap out of her carriage in Hyde Park. The dog escaped, the lady died a few hours after.

Every morning early, before breakfast, the great author's tall, bent figure, topped by a wide-awake of ample trim, emerges from Cheyne Row and strolls on, unheeding the reverent eyes that have come often many a weary mile just to look on the grave and wise teacher. Some have said untruly that Thomas Carlyle is apt to be out in his address. He cert in is averse to the intrusion of utter strangers, but when approached by introduction is courteous itself, and if in fair health will let his visitor enjoy a sample of his picturesque talk. On one occasion a forward person, actuated by motives of prying, walked up and said to him:—"May I only look well at you?" and received the mild but provoking answer:—"Look on, man; it will do me no harm and you no good." So characteristic, so like Carlyle, said the intruder, narrating the circumstance himself, highly delighted and unconscious of irony. Not very long ago Mr. Carlyle invited one of our most successful novelists (Black) to call on him, and entertained him right royally with brilliant discourse on men and manners. At last came the long-expectant remark:—"You know Scotland well, and I have read your book with great pleasure. They are amusing—yes, amusing. You are just amusing. But when are you going to do something—to write a real book,—eh, man?"

Carlyle's hours of work are short—from half past ten or eleven till two; the afternoon he devotes to exercise, either walking with an old friend and congenial companion, or riding on the top of an omnibus. This last exercise he believes in. Till quite lately he used to ride and drive a great deal. During the production of "Frederick II." he computed that he rode twice round the world. On alighting from the omnibus he strolls deviously away, keenly scanning the human comedy visible on a London afternoon. He does not loiter over bookstalls or grub among *beside-homes*; the first time his interviewer saw him out of doors he was intent on the display in a milliner's window.

After his afternoon promenade he reposes till dinner-time, then wanders out awhile, and returning settles down—not to work, as he puts it, but to read till two o'clock in the morning. This is a pretty strong programme for a man of his age—eighty-three years since he saw the light first in the little room over the archway in the old farm-house at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire. All his later works have been written in Chelsea, but his *major opus*, "Sartor Resartus," was written at Craigen-Puttock, "a sober, angular-looking country house, almost buried in a clump of firs." Carlyle loves his native Dumfriesshire, and "it was during his lonely rambles among its picturesque scenery that his style gradually crystallized into the form which has needed all his genius to make it acceptable." "It is in 'Sartor Resartus' that we see the mind under German influence putting on its proper clothing."

He eats but two meals a day, and these light in material and quantity. He seldom exceeds two glasses of wine per diem. His sole dissipation is tobacco; not a "glorious Havana," not a dainty cigarette, but the raw material, imbued through a common clay pipe.

The author of "Hero-Worship" is no lover of newspapers. *Public Opinion* and *All the Year Round* are the only periodicals welcomed within his "keep"—the rhetoric of the leading journals falls flat on his senses. His reading is confined to books, which, bee-like, he discards when he has extracted the honey. His library is, perhaps, the smallest that ever pertained to a man of letters, but the contents of tomes are in his stupendous memory. He is hale and hale yet, and his latest written thoughts, especially upon live topics of the day, show a mental vitality and vigour which, combined with a frame that suffers but little from diseases attendant upon old age, gives a tolerable certainty of many years more of active labour.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE TASTEFUL WOMAN.—A tasteful woman can make a garret beautiful and homelike, and at a little cost; for the beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon wealth. If there is no artist in the house it matters little if there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren home than ignorance or carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk in the woods can gather leaves and hedges and ferns for adorning the unpicturesque rooms. A trifle saved from daily expenses can now and again put a new book upon the table or shelf. The expenditure of a few dollars can convert the plain window into a conservatory.

INFLUENCE OF PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows; for pictures are hoapholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and spheres, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Pictures are consulers of loneliness; they are a sweet battery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves. They are, as Ugo Foscolo has well said, the chickweed to the gilded cage, and make up for the want of many other enjoyments to those whose life is mostly passed amidst the smoke and din, the bustle and noise, of an overcrowded city.

THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF MANNERS IN CHILDREN.—There are children who accept their lessons as tasks to be learnt, without much considering the future use they are to be put to; whose keener interests are for what they see and hear; whose minds are present to the scene around them; who respond with dutiful alacrity to the training of manners; who are obedient to rule, courteous, friendly, hospitable to strangers in their small innocent way; who greet with a smile welcome company, and brighten under it; who watch their mother's eye and obey her behests, and so doing catch the grace of air and movement. These are children, whatever their literary attainments, who will grow into gentle, refining influences; who will perpetuate good traditions, and maintain the charm as well as the virtue of family life. And, moreover, whatever their store of exact knowledge, they will have a diction and facility of expression which perhaps will more than stand comparison with others deeper read but less practised in social intercourse.

CHARACTER.—The character is formed by the personal habits of daily life as much as by the thoughts and principles inculcated. The careless and unmethodical in action will scarcely be the accurate observer, the correct reporter, the reliable authority, or the steadfast supporter in other matters. The loose ends of daily habits repeat themselves in the character; and graver virtues than the prosaic qualities of method, order, regularity and the like follow on those habits of thought and observation which older people try so hard to inculcate on the younger, and the younger try so hard not to learn. Also, no one can exaggerate the importance of daily combating the sins or the frailties that most easily beset us. To give way today to a fit of unconsiderate selfishness, unfounded suspicion, irrational anger, or careless self-indulgence makes control all the harder to-morrow, and the folly committed now all the easier to repeat then. The character is not formed by great leaps, by one strong impression, by a few striking experiences, but by small repeated touches, by the constant rippling of daily thoughts, the minute shaping of daily habits.

THE UNCOMMON GIRL.—It is her boast that she is not like other people, dresses in the extreme of fashion, or not in the fashion at all. She delights in bright colours and strange contrasts. Black and scarlet, orange and pink are special favourites. Her hat is black, with scarlet bows and streamers. The hat itself is jaunty, and sits provokingly piquant on the head. Her gloves are studded with red. This description will be sufficient; all the rest harmonizes, and will be readily supplied by the imagination. She is expressive. Her tone is clear rather than soft, and key high rather than low. She means to be heard, and is heard. At church, concert, and opera she is well known. She is known because she does not act like other people. Well, she don't mean to do like other people. Other people are commonplace. Still, she is not eccentric. People must not say that. She is only real. She means to be real. She loves independence. She will be independent. She will not sacrifice her independence for anybody. If people don't like her why, they can let her alone—that's all. Of course she has plenty of lovers; why should she not have? She has one for every day in the week and two for Sunday. A gram one for church and a gay one for the ball. Some are knights and some pawns, and she uses them in the amusing game of courtship as she does the figures on her chess-board. She flirts whenever she goes. Other ladies may be demure if they please; but why should she constrain nature, and sacrifice comfort, ease, and independence for style, to please other people? And how does she know it really pleases other people? She rather thinks other people like her style the best; but, be this as it may, she won't do it. Indeed, she won't. How delightfully provoking and attractive this young lady is!

LITERARY.

MR. BROWNING has in the press two new poems. MR. H. H. FURNESS is now engaged upon "King Lear," which will form the fifth volume of his "New Variorum Shakespeare."

A GERMAN version of Lieutenant Denison's "History of Cavalry," which obtained the prize offered by the Grand Duke Nicholas, is announced.

MR. SWINBURNE'S new series of Poems and Ballads will appear almost immediately. There are fifty-four poems, original and translated. Several have been written during Mr. Swinburne's present stay in Scotland, among them the dedicatory verses to Captain W. Barr Burton.

ERNEST RENAN is about to publish a new book, entitled "Miscellaneous History and Travel." The volume contains essays on the origin of the French language, Art in the Middle Ages, the history of higher education, the Jews, the Jews in the East and Ancient Egypt, all of which countries the author has visited.

THE *Glasgow University Magazine* contains four sonnets by Mr. Swinburne, bearing upon the present occupations in the East of Europe. Two of them are named "The White-Car" and show Mr. Swinburne to be as far from anti-Russian as he used to be anti-Napoleon. The third is an address to Hungary, and the fourth to Kossovo.

THE Paris Press is, according to the *Athenaeum*, thus divided among the political parties. The Republican party possess 22 newspapers, with a circulation of 284,000 copies; the Legitimists, 6 newspapers, with a circulation of 29,000 copies; the Orleanists, 5 newspapers, with a circulation of 30,000 copies; the Bonapartists, 1 newspaper, with a circulation of 70,000 copies. The *Figaro*, which has the largest circulation of any Paris newspaper, cannot be classed under any head.

THE late George Crankshaw had made considerable progress with an autobiography, comprising his recollections of many literary men, commencing from a date of nearly eighty years ago. He had also executed a number of illustrations, in his well-known style, expressly for this work. Arrangements have already been made for the publication, and it will appear under the editorship of his widow, Mrs. Eliza Crankshaw, who had been assisting him before his death in the preparation of the book.

MARS' MOONS.

When the telegraph announced the discovery by Prof. Hall that our neighbouring planet had two satellites, and the dispatch was read the next morning at ten thousand American breakfast tables, what think you was the effect upon the hearers? Some ordinary similar to the following was sure to occur: "Mars has two moons, hey? Pass me the milk, Kettle. Strange, isn't it, that astronomers never saw them before. Another chap, please. I wonder what they'll discover next! These 'ol' folks are excellent. What's the latest from Europe?" We have become so accustomed to startling discoveries and announcements, that we take them as a matter of course. Know truth must appear in flaming colors to make herself seen. The virtues of Dr. Fernald's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets have been tested in ten thousand households, whose inmates will tell you that they consider the discovery and introduction of these remedies of far greater importance to the world than the moons of Mars.

Dr. R. V. Fernald, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir:—Just call on daughter—aged 18—was fast sinking with consumption. Different physicians had pronounced her case incurable. I obtained one-half dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery. She commenced improving at once, and is now as hardy as a pine knot. Yours respectfully, REV. ISAAC N. AUGUSTINE.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Calculations to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

- TO CORRESPONDENTS. J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received, also correct solution of Problem No. 165. Statist, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 165 received. J. S. St. Andrews, Montreal.—Problem received. It shall receive attention. G. J. Raymondville, Ont.—Letter and games received. Many thanks. The latter shall appear shortly. J. H., Montreal.—Problem received. It shall appear shortly. E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 165 received. Correct.

DISPLACEMENT TOURNEY.

At the late Grantham Tourney in England there was a part of the arrangements which attracted particular attention, we allude to the prize offered by a gentleman for the successful competitor in a match which was to be played under the condition that the pieces at the commencement of each game should undergo some alteration in position as compared with the mode usually adopted in arranging them for play. From the scores of the games which we have seen of this match it appears that the Bishops on both sides of the board were placed on the Knights' squares and the Knights on the Bishop's squares. Having been asked by one or two correspondents why this was done, we offer the following explanation, and shall be glad if some of our Chess friends will add information which may further explain the matter. It is well known that almost every mode of opening the game have been analyzed and that the results of these investigations has been published for the benefit of those who wish to profit by the labours of others. By careful study of these the student of the game at the beginning of a contest may, as far as his book knowledge will enable him to go, play successfully and with equal advantage against one who in other respects is a far superior antagonist. In games also played by two equal players we may often perceive a knowledge of the openings operating for the benefit of the one against the other, and giving

him an advantage which he is able to maintain to the end of the encounter. It is to obviate this book knowledge, and to throw each player at the beginning of the game entirely upon his ability to make the most of the position of the pieces in whatever combination he may find them that this mode of displacement has suggested itself. Each player to a great extent finds himself on an equal footing with his opponent, and superiority on either side must manifest itself by skill in making the most of entirely new arrangements of the opening of the game.

We do not advocate any such alteration of the ordinary modes of play, we only attempt to give reasons for the innovation. Every player, we consider, who has given his time to the study of the game in any respect, deserves to reap all the benefit of his labour.

The suspended Problem (No. 167) we have just received from the composer.

It appeared originally in the *Hullerfeld College Magazine*, February, 1877, with the notice that for the first solution of it received by the author, within ten days of the date of publication, he would present to the solver a subscription order for a copy of Mr. Gossip's forthcoming work "Theory of Chess Openings."

From the letter kindly sent to us by the composer we learn that up to the date, 18th February, he had not received any solution.

We are glad to meet this difficult position, and shall be much pleased if we are enabled to send word to the author that his Problem has been solved by a Canadian Chess-player.

We may here remark that Mr. A. Townsend, the author, was the winner of the second prize in the recent all-Canada tourney of *La Strategie*.

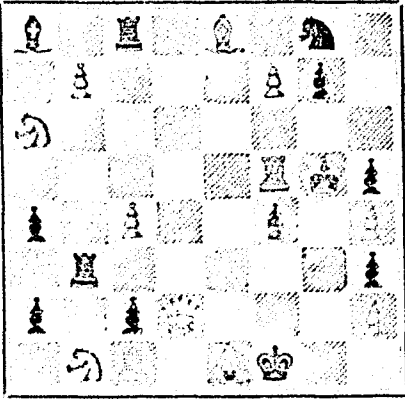
PROBLEM No. 167.

CHALLENGE PROBLEM.

Composed by Wm. Nash, Esq. of St. Neots.

By A. TOWNSEND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to mate him in fifteen moves.

The following game appears without note or comment, as there may be connected with the publishing of such games some recollections with which we are unacquainted.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNEY. GAME 2416.

Played between Messrs. Jaeger and Copping, in the present International Tourney.

WHITE.

MR. DAVID JAEGER. N. Y. (Amateur)

- 1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4
3. K to N B 3
4. P to K R 4
5. K to K 5
6. P takes K P
7. P takes Q P
8. K to B 2
9. K to B 3
10. K to B 4
11. K to R 5
12. P to K R 4
13. B to K 2
14. B to K B sq
15. B takes P
16. K to R 2
17. K to R sq
18. R takes P

BLACK.

MR. J. COPPING. St. Neots. (British)

- 1. P to K 4
2. P takes P
3. P to K R 4
4. P to K 5
5. B to K R 2
6. P to Q 4
7. Q to K 2 (ch)
8. B to Q 5 (ch)
9. B takes K (ch)
10. K to K R 3 (ch)
11. Q to Q 2 (ch)
12. P to K R 4
13. R to K B sq
14. P to K B 6
15. P takes P (ch)
16. B to K 4 (ch)
17. P takes B

And Black announces mate in six moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 2500.

Played recently in Nova Scotia by correspondence between Messrs. Wilde and Weeks.

WHITE.—DR. WEEKS.

- 1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4
3. P to Q B 4
4. P to K R 4
5. B takes P
6. Q to K 2
7. Q to K 5 (ch)
8. Q takes K P (ch)
9. Q takes R
10. P to K B 3
11. P takes B
12. Q K to B 3
13. K takes P
14. P takes K
15. K to B sq
16. Q to K 7
17. P to Q 2
18. Q to B 7
19. B to Q 2
20. P to Q B 3
21. B to K (sq)
22. P takes K
23. R to K 2
24. R to B 2
25. K to Q sq
26. K takes R
27. K to Q sq
28. K to K sq
29. K to R 2
30. K to K 2
31. K to Q sq
32. K to B sq
33. K to K 2
34. K to B sq
35. K to Q 2
36. K to B 3
37. P takes P
38. K to R 2
39. Q to K 7
40. K to B sq
41. R to Q 2
42. Q to K 2
43. Q takes Q at B sq

BLACK.—J. WILDE, ESQ.

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

And White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) A dangerous move, putting the Queen out of play for the rest of the game.
(b) Black carries on the attack with much spirit.
(c) A good move.
(d) Very well played.
(e) The position is very interesting at this point.
(f) A very neat finish.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 165.

WHITE.

- 1. R takes K K P (ch)
2. R to K R 7 (ch)
3. Q takes P (ch)
4. Q mates

BLACK.

- 1. K to R sq
2. K takes R
3. K takes P

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 163

WHITE.

- 1. R to Q R 5
2. P to K B 4
3. R mates

BLACK.

- 1. P to Q 4
2. P to K 4

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 164

WHITE.

- K to K sq
R to K R 6
B to K 5
Pawns at Q K 5

BLACK.

- K to Q R 2
Pawns at Q K 2

White to play and mate in four moves.

A BASHFUL young man escorted an equally bashful young lady. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel, she said, entreatingly, "Zekiel, don't tell anybody you saw me home."—"Sary," said he, emphatically, "don't you mind. I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

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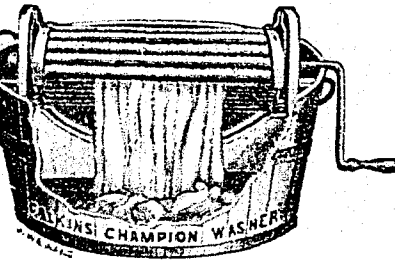
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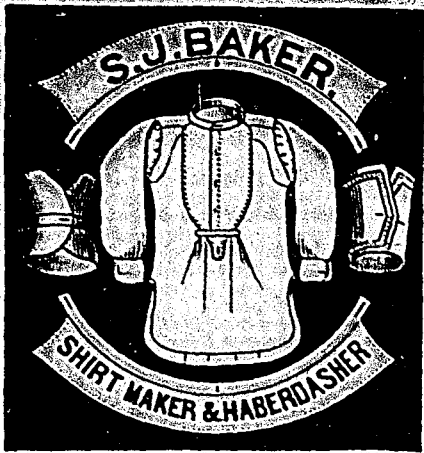
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