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# Wholesale News

Vol. XV.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1877.

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



DOLCE FAR NIENTE.  
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All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

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## NOTICE.

The index of the last volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has been printed, and is now ready for delivery. Those who preserve and bind their copies, and we invite all our subscribers to do so, may have the index by sending us a post-card requesting it. It is chiefly in bound volumes that the permanent value of such a publication as ours becomes manifest. The amount of information on all topics, with the pictorial treasures, is then found to be far beyond expectation.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 27th, 1877.

### DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR.

These may appear strange and sarcastic words in the mouth of a Turk, but whoever wonders does not understand the Ottoman nature. Indeed, it is too much the fashion to regard the Mohammedans as a barbarous, effete and ignorant race, void of domestic virtues as well as national sentiments. The result is that simple justice is not done the Turks in their present difficulties with Russia and the Western Powers. The manner in which the Grand Council of the Porte has received the ultimatum of the Conference, providing for foreign supervision of the internal affairs of the Turkish Provinces in the Valley of the Danube, ought to correct the misconceptions to which we allude, even though the wisdom of such action is doubted. There were present at that Council two hundred and thirty-seven officials and dignitaries, of whom sixty were Christians. The Grand Vizier, MIDHAT PACHA, alluding to the difficulties concerning funds and alliances, which would hamper Turkey in the event of war, pointed out that the many millions of cartridges which the Turks would require must come from America at the risk of capture by hostile privateers, and he concluded by declaring that the situation was unfavourable for war. SAVVET PASHA, the Turkish representative at the Conference, dwelt upon the peril of braving Europe, and remarked that Russian gunboats now in the waters of the United States might stop the transmission of arms and ammunition which had been ordered in that country for Turkey. And yet the Council replied with loud shouts, "War rather than foreign interference." The only dissenting voice was that of the Armenian Protestant Bishop, who suggested that the decision should be left to the discretion of the Government. Later on, MIDHAT insisted on the gravity of the situation, spoke of the departure of the plenipotentiaries, the possibility of war and the horrors attending it, the injury it would do the internal affairs of the country, the impossibility of procuring funds, and the fact that Turkey could not rely upon any alliance. Several speeches followed; all the speakers repelled the idea of accepting the European proposals. After hearing all the speakers, the Council unanimously

rejected the proposals amid shouts of "Death before dishonor." After the proposal of the European Powers had been unanimously rejected, MIDHAT asked whether the Porte might not, nevertheless, enter upon negotiations with the Powers respecting the rejected points? The Council answered No, and declared that the Turkish counter-proposals were the only subject upon which the discussions of the Conference could be further carried on.

### ENCOURAGING NATIVE LITERATURE.

While public men and members of Boards of Trade are discussing the knotty question of protection to our native manufactures and industries as against the broad doctrine of free trade, those who like to turn away from the materialism of life and spend an occasional hour in the enjoyment of intellectual food, have their attention forcibly drawn to the necessity of a further encouragement of literature in our midst. The first great need is that literature should be popularized and made attractive to a young population, which naturally has not the hereditary and acquired tastes of older civilizations. In order that it may be so popularized, it must be comparatively cheap. Hence, wherever Canadians can get their reading cheapest, they are justified in resorting to that source. But when they are informed, or when they discover that their cheapest market for good popular literature is furnished by Canadian publishers, they have the additional motive of patriotism to patronize these native publications. Only a few years ago, we were entirely dependent on the United States and Great Britain for our books and pamphlets, and we were compelled to submit not only to the price of cost, but to the further charge of importation. To-day, it is quite different. We have our own publishers in our principal cities. Montreal has several firms which turn out good work. Toronto, through her publishers, has earned the title of the Athens of Canada. These publishers do more to advertise Toronto and Montreal than all their traders put together.

The same state of things exists in regard to journals and periodicals. Canadians have no reason to patronize American papers—at least exclusively—when they have their own published at even cheaper rates. The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, for instance, aims to be a national institution, representative of Canadian thought, aim and spirit. Its pictorial department is devoted to the elucidation of our scenery, monuments, history, and the pictures of our public men. Its letter-press is almost entirely original, and a reflex of native culture. Such a paper should therefore be supported generously, if only to show that Canadians are able to hold their own in every walk of letters. The same strain of reasoning applies, of course, to all departments of current literature.

If the latest news from Washington can be relied upon, a solution of the Presidential problem would seem to have been arrived at. We are told that a bill has been agreed upon providing that the Presidential count be made in the hall of the House on February 11th, the President of the Senate to open the returns, and two tellers from each House to certify the list to the former, who shall announce the result. If objection is made to any single certificate the Senate shall withdraw and objections shall then be decided without debate. The vote shall be counted, unless the objection is concurrent. Where more than one return is presented from a State, such returns shall be referred to a commission of five Senators elected by the Senate, five members of the House elected by the House, and four Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court (for the First, Third, Eighth and Ninth Circuits), and these four shall elect a fifth Justice, who shall not be Chief-Justice. The Senior Associated Justice shall pre-

side. The decision of the tribunal shall be in writing, and shall stand unless rejected by the concurrent action of both Houses. The commission shall immediately convene to determine the questions referred to it. The *Herald* says the bill will pass both Houses, and announces positively that the President will sign it. The count of the vote will not wait until the usual time, 14th February, but will proceed at once. Should this tribunal decide that there was no election by the people, the House of Representatives will elect the President.

Her Majesty the Queen has sent a gracious letter acknowledging the reception of the album of the Canadian and Indian Lacrosse teams, which was sent to Her Majesty at her command. She specially commends the execution of the photographs—an approval highly deserved by Mr. Notman, whose artistic workmanship is constantly increasing in perfection.

The members of the Civil Service advocate pensions on superannuation. Our Civil Service is a very deserving and creditable body, and their claims should receive fair consideration.

Stringent regulations have been issued prohibiting the importation of sheep and goats into England from the Continent, in consequence of an outbreak of rinderpest there.

It is reported Germany will reconsider her original decision and consent to be represented in the Paris Exhibition of 1878. It is to be hoped that this will be the case.

A deep sensation prevails throughout the Basque Provinces in consequence of the promulgation of orders for beginning the military conscription on March 1st.

Coral fishers from Italy are fitting six large vessels for an expedition to a newly discovered coral reef between Bermuda and Nova Scotia next spring.

So far, the British Mail service from Halifax is a decided success, and the average time is better than that made from Portland last year.

Metz and Strasbourg are being fortified with great dispatch, and immense quantities of provisions are being daily poured into them.

The repatriation of Frenchmen is allowed by Government, with some conditions. We trust this is the last we shall hear of it.

The large sum of \$10,000 is to be appropriated by the City Council of Montreal for the removal of snow.

The Dominion Board of Trade has pronounced for protection to native industries by a decided majority.

A Victoria, B. C., dispatch says the Indian difficulties at Chemainus have been amicably settled.

### MARGINALIA.

OTTO OF ROSES.—The most delicious of all perfumed essences is obtained by the simple distillation of rose-leaves. In our climate roses are not sufficiently highly scented to produce the properly odoriferous essences or oil; and all that the druggists can produce from rose-leaves is rose-water, which in fact is water slightly impregnated with the essence or oil, which is to a small degree soluble in it. The most favorable country for the production of the most highly-scented roses is the middle portion of European Turkey, at the base of the southern slope of the Balkan Mountains, where the

roses are grown in localities where they are protected against all winds except those from the south; and the flowers thus attain a luxuriance in perfume and in growth, as well as in size, of which those who have not visited these regions can hardly form any idea.

A SINGER GONE.—The death of Mr. P. P. Bliss, one of the victims of the Ashtabula disaster on the Lake Shore road, has elicited throughout the country many expressions of sorrow. He was on his way to Chicago to follow up the work of Messrs. Mooly and Sankey in that city. Mr. Bliss was but thirty-eight years old at time of his decease, and had only in the latter years of his life become proficient in music. Ten years ago he entered the music store of Messrs. Root & Cady, in Chicago, and remained there until the great fire of 1872. Since then he has been an active evangelist, and with Major Whittle has made long tours through the country. Some of his best-known pieces are, "Hold the Fort," "Pull for the Shore," "Jesus loves even me." His songs have done much to popularize the religious movement of our day, which has so visibly affected the masses of the population of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States.

VANDERBILT.—The following characteristic anecdote is related of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. At the beginning of the panic of 1873 a reporter of a New York journal waited upon the Commodore to get his views of the situation. The experienced journalist plunged into the subject as soon as he was shown into the Commodore's presence.

"Good-morning, Commodore," said he. "What do you think of the panic?" "I don't think about it at all." "What do you intend to do about it, then?" "I don't intend to do anything." "Well, haven't you got anything to say about it?" "No, Sir, not a word."

The poor reporter was just leaving the room in despair, when the Commodore turned full upon him and said, "Look a-here, sonny, let me give you a little advice. Pay ready money for everything you buy, and never sell anything which you do not own. Good-morning, sonny."

WATERLOO GIRD.—There is now staying at Goldstone, England, an old lady who was actually present at and took a passive part in the battle of Waterloo. Madame Van Cutsen, now the farmer of Hougoumont, was at that time the gardener's daughter at the Chateau de Hougoumont, and aged 5 years. Her father, the gardener, stuck to his post, retaining his little daughter as company. The chateau itself was occupied by the British Guards, and was throughout the whole of the memorable 18th of June, 1815, the grand and principal object of attack. Madame has a very vivid recollection of the kindness of our soldiers, who treated her as a pet, and kept throwing her bits of biscuit out of their haversacks wherewith to amuse her. At last the chateau was shelled and set fire to by Jerome Bonaparte. Madame was then conducted by a sergeant of the Guards to a back gate, and her retreat secured into the forest of Soignies. Madame is a widow, of course advanced in years, but hale and hearty, and now visiting England for the first time in her life.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—The annual account of the population of the world, prepared by Drs. Behem and Wagner, has been published. It appears that the population of 1876 may be taken at one billion, four hundred and twenty-three millions, and nine hundred and seventeen thousand (1,423,917,000). Of these nearly one-fifth, or 309,178,000 reside in Europe, and probably 100,000,000, or less than one-third, belong to the European civilization. Four-sevenths of the world's people, or 824,000,000, reside in Asia, and half of these are Chinese. The population of America, natives included, in both divisions of the continent, is only 85,000,000, of whom we imagine about half are of pure-blooded European descent. The population of Africa, arrived at, of course, by more or less careful guessing, is set down at 190,000,000, of whom scarcely 1 per cent. can be fairly set down as civilized men, and little more than 10 per cent. as semi-civilized. The Turkish Empire is estimated at 46,000,000, including 20,000,000 in Egypt and its dependencies, with Tunis and Tripoli; but the population in Europe is only 8,000,000, and in Asia, 13,500,000. Half the European population of Turkey at least is Bulgarian, and if we add the Greeks and Slavs, we shall find that the dominant caste does not exceed one-fourth of the whole, to whom the other three-fourths are sacrificed.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

HENRY IRVING proposes to visit America on a professional tour next season.

THE name of Rose Eyttinge is pronounced Ating, not Atinj or Etinj.

A WALTZ composed by Count Benst, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at London, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' return from India, and entitled, "Le Retour des Indes," is about to be published at Vienna.

THE violinist Wilhelm is about to make a concert tour in the United States, under the management of Bernard Ullmann.

THE obsequies of Tamburini, the singer, were celebrated lately at the Madeleine. A large number of people were present, and among them the principal artists of the Paris Lyric theatres, the family of Gardoni, General Chablin, the Italian Ambassador, and an old man with a white beard, who was for twenty years the colleague of the deceased—namely, the celebrated tenor, Mario de Candia.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PORTSMOUTH RAILWAY STATION.—A mighty work which unites all the trains from London with the shipping of the great naval station.

HOPE GATE.—In the papers of Mr. J. M. LeMoine on the streets and monuments of Quebec, lately published in the NEWS, can be found a description of this interesting old gate.

CLEARING SNOW IN NEW YORK.—An unusual amount of snow has fallen in New York, where it is a most serious incumbrance to traffic.

LORD SALISBURY AT PERA.—The city of Constantinople consists of three distinct towns—Stamboul, the Turkish quarter; Pera, the European quarter, and Galata, the Frank business quarter.

MEMBERS OF THE S. C. LEGISLATURE TRAVELLING TO COLUMBIA.—A characteristic picture. The colored members are travelling second-class in a railway carriage, to the seat of State Government at Columbia.

THE MONUMENTS OF WOLFE AND MONTCALM.—We reproduce two views of historical Quebec to-day—the monument of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, and the Wolfe-Montcalm monument in the Governor's Garden.

DEBATE FAR NIENTE.—This little fancy sketch is intended to represent the Province of Quebec enjoying repose after the labors and anxieties of the legislative session, when the wrangling of parties waxed strong, and all the acts of the Ministry were overhauled.

INDIANS ATTACKING THE OVELAND MAIL.—A scene on our Western plains familiar to many of our readers either from hearsay or personal experience. The drawing is very tasteful.

THE FINEST SILE.—They are on the brink of the brook—a picture of life. They must cross it, or rather they are tempted to cross it. He does not hesitate. Why should she?

SEIZURE OF THE SUPREME COURT BUILDING AT NEW ORLEANS.—The political events in Louisiana have of late been a subject of absorbing general interest. Our engraving represents the episode of the seizure of the Supreme Court Building, at New Orleans, by the State militia, under General Ogden, who sides with Nicholls, the Democratic claimant of the Governorship.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.—We are of those who regard the manipulation of the contract for Section 15 of the Pacific Railway as a matter of major importance. We confess that the reticence on the subject of the authorized organs of public opinion is a source of surprise to us.

TRAINING BOYS OF THE N. Y. PUBLIC SCHOOLS TO ESCAPE FIRE.—This picture is interesting and important as showing the energetic means used to prevent panic in the public schools on the alarm of fire.

out quietly by two or three avenues, single file, without crowding and without noise. In a few seconds they are out of danger. We earnestly commend this fire-drill to all the teachers of schools throughout the Dominion.

WAJE HAMPTON PACIFYING HIS FRIENDS.—General Hampton, the Rupert of the South, the greatest Confederate cavalry officer, after General Stewart, was lately elected Governor of his native State, South Carolina.

THE STEAMSHIP "L'AMÉRIQUE."—The steamship L'Amérique, from Havre for New York, went ashore at Seabright, about four miles north of Long Branch, on the morning of January 7.

REVIEW.

We are informed that THE BASTONNAIS will appear within a few days. As this is a conscientious attempt to popularize a stirring and important event of Canadian history by means of light romance, we trust that all our readers throughout the Dominion who expressed themselves so pleased with it when it appeared serially in these columns, will make it a point to procure it in its present more enduring form.

THE PEARL FOUNTAIN is a very interesting little volume by Bridget and Julia Kavanagh, and the illustrations are so clever that we have used one of them for imitation in our front-page cartoon of the present issue.

We learn that the CANADIAN MONTHLY has passed into the hands of a joint-stock company who intend to push it, so as to keep pace with its splendid young rival, BELFORD'S MAGAZINE.

ST. NICHOLAS, for February, has secured the services of no less a writer than Tom Hughes, author of Tom Brown. His article is buoyant and breezy.

When all the world is young, lads, And all the trees are green With every goose a swan, lads, And every lass a queen— Then hiegh for boot and horse, lads, And round the world away! Young blood must have its course, lads, And every dog his day.

A serial story for girls, too, is begun in this number. It is entitled Pattikin's House, and the first instalment shows it to be an excellent narrative, simply and pleasantly told.

The latest work of William Black is MADCAP VIOLET, which appeared serially in Macmillan's Magazine and the Galaxy of New York. As compared with the previous productions of its author, it may not be regarded as an advance, but it certainly indicates no falling off.

THE HISTORY OF SHEFFOLD, civil, ecclesiastical, biographical and statistical, is the title of a neat little volume by Mr. C. Thomas, who describes himself as a teacher at Waterloo. The

idea is an excellent one of tracing the early annals and traditions of our counties and parishes before the last of the old pioneers and settlers have passed away, and the example set by Mr. Thomas is worthy of imitation.

The February number of SCRIBNER'S is actually overladen with contributions of rare and varied excellence. The chief serial by the editor, Dr. Holland, is Nicholas Minturn, and in the present number, the scene shifts to New York, where the "Pop-corn Man" re-appears.

I'm not in love, my love, oh, no! 'Tis thou, as I can prove; For thou art folded closely in And sheltered with my love.

It hovers o'er thee all the time; It follows all thy ways; It folds thee, sweet, wherever thou art, And compasses thy days.

I'm not in love, my love, oh, no! But thou art held there, tight, Send me (the poor outsider) dear, One little ray of light.

Bid me approach, and enter in, So, both our lives may shine, That I may also be in love Like thee, my Valentine.

THE FREE LANCE.

A CONTEMPORANEOUS critic writes of an artist who has a statue on his easel. I'd like to see that. I fear it would not be a case of standing at ease.

YOUNG MASTER HINGSTON is entitled to a silver cradle and shall have it. But this thing must not be repeated. Aspirants to the mayoralty must take their precautions.

THE question agitating fashionable circles is: "Do these gentlemen in Ulsters wear trousers?" I don't know, but a friend of mine told me, the other day, that he prized his Ulster because it covered his baggy pantaloons.

THIS is delicious. A lady critic objects to the French word ciel blue. Why not sky blue? And she clinches the argument by asking why we do not say ciel torrier instead of sky torrier. And such people write away all unconsciously.

THIS is the most unkindest cut of all. The Bristol (Eng.) Times and Mirror says, gravely: "A strike of such a serious character is going on among all the engineers employed on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada that the military have been called out to assist the civil powers."

A scene in Court. Cynical old clerk to lady witness:—"Your age, madam?"—"Twenty-five."—"Since when?"—"Oh, the flash of that eye!"

GLADSTONE writes on the management of Bulgarians. Schuyler tells us all about the management of Turkostanians. McGahan has revealed Russian management of Khivians. And now a correspondent in the Gazette has something to say about the management of Albanians. He means stoves.

MONTREAL has the champion mean man. There was the funeral of a rich old man, the other day. The chief mourner was his heir, a son well on in years. When the procession reached the dead house in Côte-des-Neiges Cemetery, the dutiful son went in and knelt beside the coffin. The friends retired to leave him to his grief. He bent his head, reverently drew a screw-driver from his pocket, mournfully adapted it to the silver handles, undid them, rolled them in a handkerchief, arose and came forth, sighing:—"Alas! he will not need them."

A SCENE at Victoria Rink. It was the night of masquerade. Brigands and flower girls, hussars and milkmaids, Don Juans and Rosinas, Fausts and Marguerites, Corsairs and Dolly Vardens, Punches and Jdys were filling in in variegated costume. A lady passed by in black dress, crêpe veil, sable lace gloves and demure aspect. As she was about to step upon the ice, she was accosted by a friend who meekly offered his condolence,

"Madam, I did not know that you were in mourning." "In mourning, sir?" "For all answer, he looked sheepishly at her costume." "Why, sir, I appear to-night as a Spanish duenna." Our friend left the rink at once.

LACLEDE.

HUMOROUS.

SECOND-SIGHT.—A pair of spectacles. THE longest periods in a boy's life are those between meals.

MISFORTUNES, like borrowed umbrellas, are easily carried—if they belong to others.

WHEN a young man sets out in dead earnest to court a girl, the deferential manner in which he regards her big brother is truly remarkable.

A MAN who attempted to stand on his dignity the other day couldn't do it. The platform was too narrow.

AN Illinois editor, having lost his scissors, writes—"We are called upon to mourn the loss of one of the best and most trustworthy assistants the world ever knew."

THE contemplation of several hundred feet of sidewalk to shovel off in the winter, will strike dismay to the heart of a man who in the summer glories in the possession of a corner lot.

IT totally unfits a man for the appreciation of the beauties and comforts of winter to start into the cellar after kindling, and find out that he is swimming for his life in four feet of ice water, with the cellar steps angled in his hair.

THIS is the season when the liberal-minded leaneth over the front gate and discourseth of the great blessing of the snow in providing work for the poor man, and watcheth the hired girl while she saveth him a quarter by shoveling off the pavement and catching the pleurisy.

IT was a gentlemanly young man who remarked wonderingly how a young lady could make herself ridiculous by yielding to the absurd vagaries of fashion. Then the wind caught him by the new style of shirt collar on which his hat rested, and he was obliged to cast both arms around a telegraph pole in order to keep from being watted over a neighboring roof.

THERE is nothing which gives a man so much confidence, in passing beneath the roof of a building from which the snow is being shovelled, as to hear the voice of the hired man on the roof shovel in hand, next averted, hoarsely whispering down the chimney words of love to the chamber-maid making beds below. There won't be any snow-slide until the hired man gets his answer from the flue.

AN effusive Quebec grocer advertises "the peculiar delicacies of the finest Ind, and the truly-favoured and humanising heat of the still further away, the more exciting though not less delicious berry of Brazil and the spices, steams, and luscious fruits of the Antilles, the sugared condiments and the blood-enriching wines of the Mediterranean, and the salt-cured and brain-renewing fish of our own stormy gulf." What he means to say is that he sells tea coffee and codfish cheap for cash.

ARTISTIC.

HERR WALZER, the Berlin sculptor, is engaged on a statue of Karl Wilhelm, the composer of the "Wacht am Rhein," for the town of Krefeld, where, for twenty-five years, Herr Wilhelm followed the profession of a teacher of music.

AUBER'S monument in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, Paris, is at length completed. It is a black marble pyramid, on one side of which are engraved the composer's name and the date and place of his birth and death; while on the others are the titles of forty-eight of his principal works, beginning with Adieu and ending with Le Pecheur Jour de Baudouin and Bess d'Amour—his two last compositions. A neat monument, a subscription is being raised in Paris to erect a memorial to Déjazet.

THE report that has been in circulation in certain coteries of New York, that one of their number, a lady of gifts and accomplishments, related to a dignitary of the church, and finely educated, was preparing to make her entrée upon the stage, has given rise to no little interest and speculation. She is described as beautiful in face and person, and possessed of a magnificent voice. Her stage designation will be Miss Marie, and she will appear, it is stated, at first in the provinces under the auspices of Signor De Vito.

GERÔME, the eminent French artist, is about forty-five years old, and looks like a student as well as an artist. His studio is simply magnificent in size, decoration and furniture. The walls are ornamented with a costly and rare collection of the armour and weapons of the ancient conquering races. Among them are shields, swords and pikes of various periods, together with helmets actually used by the gladiators of Rome, and marked by the blows which they received. This collection was made with considerable trouble and at great expense. Gérôme says that he passed two years in studying the details of his picture of the "Gladiator" before he put a mark upon the canvas, and the same careful study characterized the preliminary steps toward the production of the "Chariot Race."

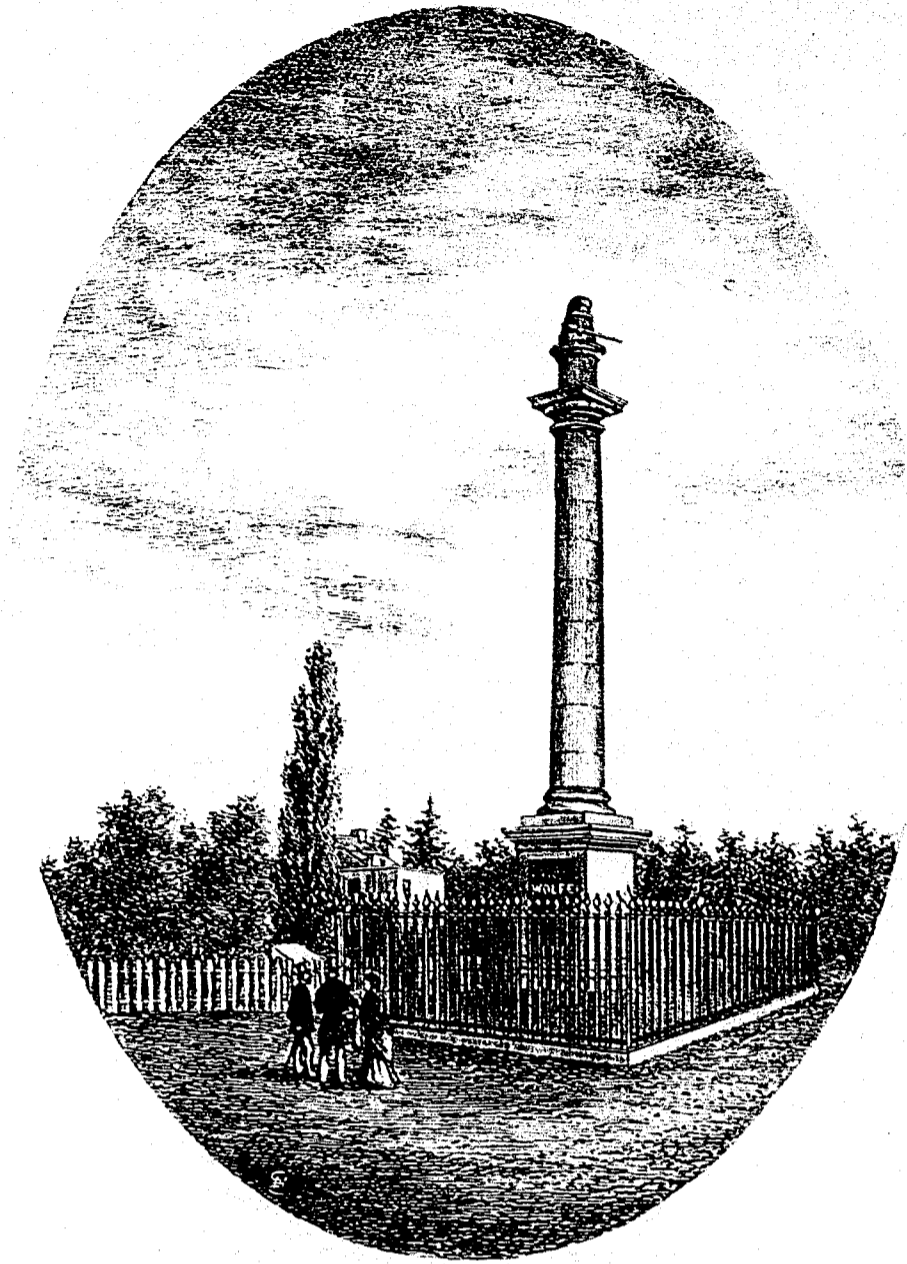
HYGIENIC.

THERE would be less sickness in the winter months, if care were taken that the feet were well shod, and the legs and the lower parts of the body warmly and comfortably clad.

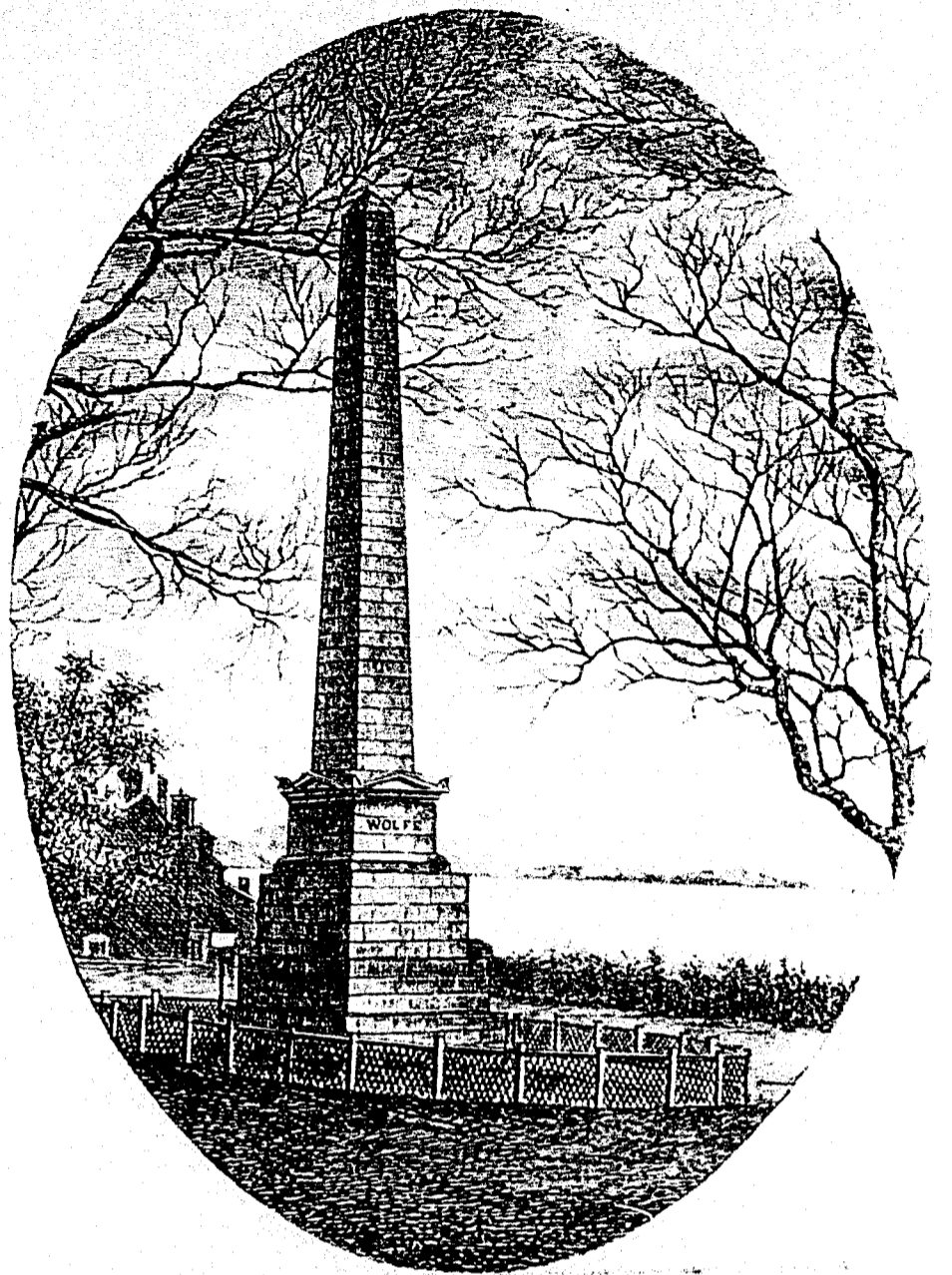
A CHILD'S digestion is more delicate than that of a grown-up person; therefore children like vegetable fat-formers—such as sugar and treacle—better than animal fat; and they are better for them, unless sweets disagree with them. Sugar also helps to dissolve the ashes that make bone, and purifies the blood.

CHLORATE of potassium and iodide of potassium are separately harmless medicinal doses; but the Journal of Pharmacy warns physicians not to administer them together, because in the stomach they combine to make iodate of potassium, a poison. Mixed in any other way they do not thus act.

LACTIC ACID is known to possess the power of removing or destroying the incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilages and valves of the heart, and as buttermilk abounds in such acid, and is an acceptable kind of food, its habitual use, it is urged by M. Robriog, a French chemist, will free the system from these affections and permit everybody to become a centenarian.

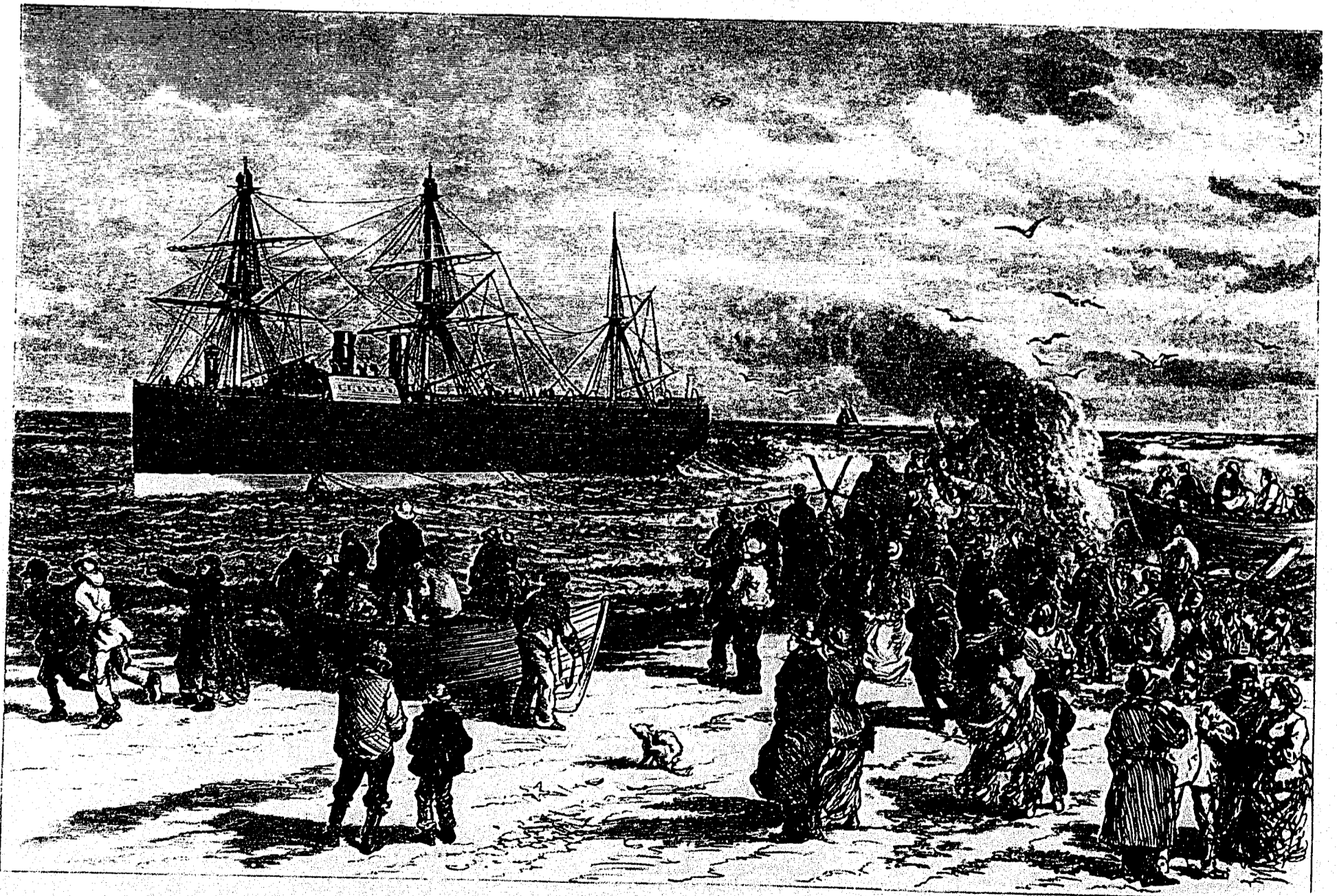


THE WOLFE MONUMENT ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

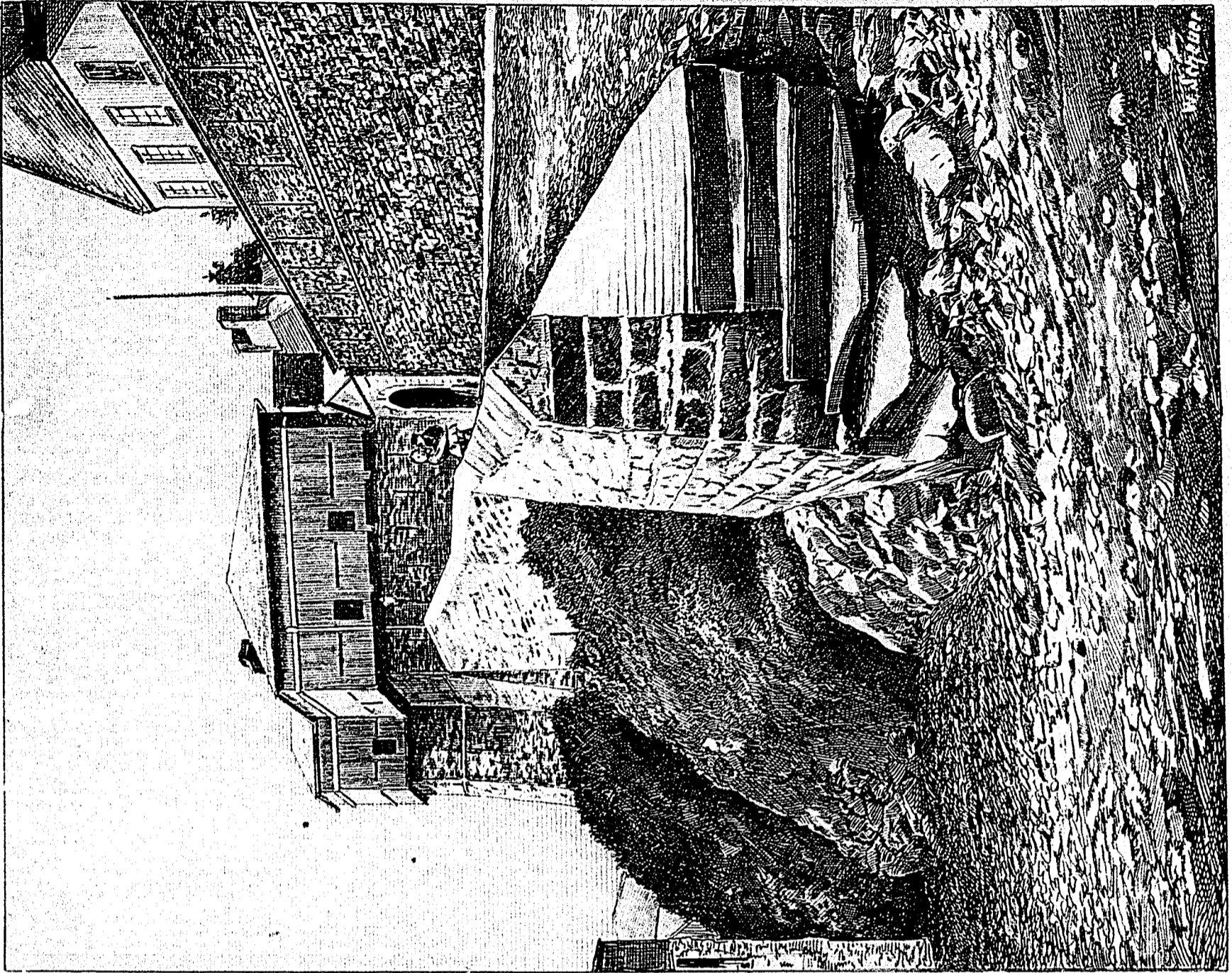


THE WOLFE-MONTCALM MONUMENT IN THE GOVERNOR'S GARDEN.

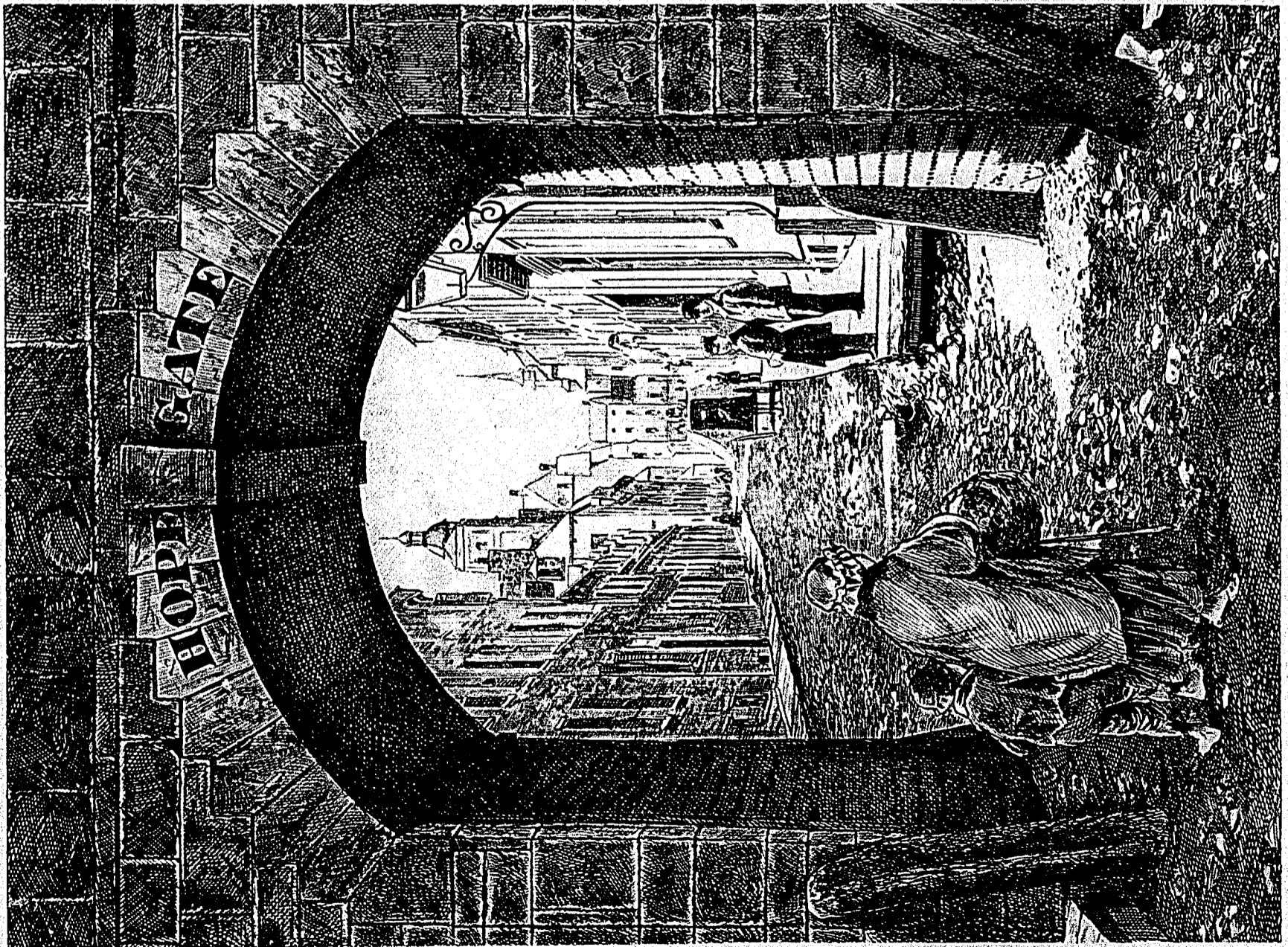
MONUMENTS OF QUEBEC.



THE STRANDED STEAMSHIP L'AMERIQUE.



HOPE GATE, OUTSIDE VIEW.



HOPE GATE, INSIDE VIEW, OF HOLY FAMILY STREET.

MONUMENTS OF QUEBEC.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

By J. M. LEMOINE.

(Concluded.)

And within little more than an hour's march of the Plains, he could not honorably have remained inactive while believing that only a part of the enemy's force was in possession of such vantage ground; and neither the dictates of prudence (1) nor his own chivalrous spirit and loyal regard for the national honor, would permit him to betray a consciousness of weakness by declining the combat, on finding himself unexpectedly confronted by the whole of Wolfe's army. Relying, doubtless, on the prestige of his victories during the campaign of the preceding year (1758) in which he had been uniformly successful, and in which, at Ticonderoga, with four thousand men he had defeated General Abercromby at the head of nearly four times that number—he endeavoured by a confident bearing and encouraging expressions (2) to animate his troops with hopes which he himself could scarcely entertain; and though almost despairing of success, boldly resolved to attempt, by a sudden and vigorous onset, to dislodge his rival before the latter could intrude himself in his commanding position, and it is surely no blot on his fame that the superior discipline and unflinching steadiness of his opponents, the close and destructive volley (3) by which the spirited but disorderly advance of his battalions was checked, and the irresistible (4) charge which completed their confusion, rendered unavailing his last gallant effort to save the colony; for to borrow the words of the eloquent historian of the Peninsular War, "the vicissitudes of war are so many that disappointment will sometimes attend the wisest combinations; and a ruinous defeat, the work of chance, close the career of the boldest and most sagacious of Generals, so that to judge of a commander's conduct by the event alone is equally unjust and unphilosophical."

In the remarkable letter addressed to his cousin, M. de MOLE, Premier Président au Parlement de Paris, and dated "from the camp before Quebec, 22nd August, 1758,"—a fortnight before the battle—MONTCALM thus pathetically described how hopeless would be his situation in the event of WOLFE effecting a landing near the city: and, with a firm heart foretold his own fate.

"Here I am, my dear cousin, after the lapse of more than three months still contending with Mr. WOLFE, who has incessantly bombarded Quebec with a fury almost unexampled in the attack of any place which the besieger has wished to retain after its capture.

"Nearly the whole of the Lower Town has been destroyed by his batteries, and of the Upper Town a great part is likewise in ruins. But even if he leaves not one stone upon another, he will never obtain possession of the capital of the colony whilst his operations continue to be confined to the opposite side of the river.

"Notwithstanding all his efforts during these three months, he has hitherto made no progress towards the accomplishment of his object. He is ruining us, but without advantage to himself. The campaign can scarcely last another month, in consequence of the near approach of the autumnal gales, which are here so severe and so disastrous to shipping.

"It may seem that, after so favorable a prelude, the safety of the colony can scarcely be doubtful. Such, however, is not the case, as the capture of Quebec depends on a coup-de-main. The English have entire command of the river; and have only to effect a landing on this side, where the city without defences is situated. Imagine them in a position to offer me battle which I could no longer decline, and which I ought not to gain.

"Indeed, if M. WOLFE understands his business he has only to receive my first fire, give a volley in return, and then charge; when my Canadians—undisciplined, deaf to the sound of the drum, and thrown into confusion by his

onset—would be incapable of resuming their ranks. Moreover, as they have no bayonets with which to oppose those of the enemy, nothing would remain for them but flight; and then—behold me beaten without resource.

"Conceive my situation! a most painful one for a General-in-Chief, and which causes me many distressing moments.

"Hitherto, I have been enabled to act successfully on the defensive; but will a continuance in that course prove ultimately successful? That is a question which events must decide! Of this, however, you may rest assured, that I shall probably not survive the loss of the colony. There are circumstances which leave to a General no choice but that of dying with honor; such may soon be my fate; and I trust that in this respect posterity will have no cause to reproach my memory."

MONTCALM, conspicuous in front of the left wing of his line, and WOLFE, at the head of the 28th Regiment and the Louisbourg Grenadiers, towards the right of the British line, must have been nearly opposite to each other at the commencement of the battle, which was most severe in that part of the field; and, by a singular coincidence each of these heroic leaders had been twice wounded during the brief conflict before he received his last and fatal wound.

But the valiant Frenchman, regardless of pain, relaxed not his efforts to rally his broken battalions in their hurried retreat towards the city, until he was shot through the loins, when within a few hundred yards of St. Louis Gate. And so invincible was his fortitude that not even the severity of this mortal stroke could abate his gallant spirit or alter his intrepid bearing. Supported by two grenadiers—one at each side of his horse—he re-entered the city; and in reply to some woman who, on seeing blood flow from his wounds as he rode down St. Louis street, on his way to the chateau, (5) exclaimed "Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le marquis est tué!" courteously assured them that he was not seriously hurt, and begged of them not to distress themselves on his account. *C'est rien! Ce n'est rien! Ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.* The last words of WOLFE—imperishably enshrined in history—excite, after the lapse of a century, the liveliest admiration and sympathy; and similar interest may, perhaps, be awakened by the narrative of the closing scene in the eventful career of his great opponent.

On the 24th March, 1761, the French troops who had served in Canada under Montcalm, through M. de Bougainville, applied to the British Government for leave to raise a monument to the illustrious dead hero. The British Government, through Mr. Pitt, sent back to Paris on the 10th April, 1761, a graceful letter of acquiescence. The inscription had been prepared by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Unfortunately the marble on which the inscription was engraved by some cause or other never reached Canada. However, in 1831, Lord Aylmer erected over the tomb of the Marquis, in the Ursuline Convent, a simple mural tablet of white marble, having the following concise and beautiful epitaph from his Excellency's own pen—

HONNEUR  
à  
MONTCALM

Le Destin en lui déroba la Victoire  
L'a récompensé par une mort glorieuse.

In the course of the following year (1832), there was also erected by his Lordship a small monument on the battle-field to indicate the spot where WOLFE expired; which structure, having become injured, has since given place to a pedestal and column about thirty-five feet high—either of the Tuscan or of the Doric order—surmounted by a Roman helmet, wreathed with laurel, and sword; both in bronze.

On two sides of the pedestal are inserted bronze panels, with inscriptions cast in bold relief; one of which thus briefly records the place, circumstances, and date of the conquering hero's death:—

Here Died  
WOLFE  
Victorious  
September 13th, 1759.

The other is as follows:

"This pillar was erected  
By the British Army in Canada, A. D. 1849:  
His Excellency Lieut.-General Sir Benjamin  
D'Urban,  
G.C.B.; K.C.H.; K.C.T.S., &c.,  
Commander of the Forces,  
To replace that erected by Governor-General  
Lord Aylmer, G.C.B.,  
Which was broken and defaced, and is deposited  
underneath.

From the foregoing, all will admit that the Plains of Abraham must recall memories equally sacred to both nationalities inhabiting Quebec. The 13th September, 1759, and the 28th April, 1760, are two red-letter days in our annals; the undying names of Wolfe and Montcalm claim the first; the illustrious names of Lewis and Murray the second.

In the September engagement Montcalm's right wing rested on the St. Foye road; his left on the St. Louis road, near the *Bulles-de-Neveu* (Percault's Hill.)

(5) For a description of the spot where MONTCALM expired, see *Album du Touriste*.

In the April encounter Murray's hardy warriors occupied the greatest portion of the north-western section of the plateau. His right wing rested on *Coteau Ste. Genevieve*, St. John Suburbs, and his left reached to the edge of the cliff, overhanging the St. Lawrence, near Marchmont. On the 13th September, the French began the fight; on the 28th April it was the British who fired first. Fifteen years later, in 1775, the Heights of Abraham for a short time became the camping ground of other foes. This time the British of New England were pitted against the British of New France; we all know with what result.

BATTLEFIELD PARK.

The departure from our shores of England's red coated legions, in 1872, amongst other voids, left waste, untenanted, and unoccupied, the historic area, for close on one century, reserved as their parade and exercising grounds on review days—the Plains of Abraham. This famous battle-field does not, we opine, belong to Quebec alone; it is the common property of all Canada. The military authorities, always so careful in keeping its fences in repair, handed it over to the Dominion, who made no provision for this purpose. On the 9th March, 1875, the Dominion Government leased it to the Corporation of the City of Quebec, for ten years of the lease, under which it was held from the Religious Ladies of the Ursulines of Quebec, provided the Corporation assumed the conditions of the lease, involving an annual rental of two hundred dollars.

The extensive conflagration of June last, which laid waste one-half of St. Louis Suburbs, and the consequent impoverished state of the municipal finances prevented the City authorities from voting any money to maintain in proper order the fences of the Plains. Decay, ruin and disorder were fast settling on this sacred ground, once moistened by the blood of heroes, when the citizens of Quebec spontaneously came to the rescue. No plan suggested to raise the necessary funds obtained more favor than that of planting it with some shade-trees, and converting it into a Driving Park. This idea well carried out would, in a measure, associate it with the everyday life of citizens of all denominations. Its souvenir, its wondrous scenery alone would attract thousands. It would be open gratis to all well-behaved pedestrians. (1) The fatigued tradesman, the weary labourer, may at any time saunter round and walk to the brink of the giddy heights facing Lévis; feast their eyes on the striking panorama unrolled at their feet; watch the white-winged argosies of commerce float swan-like on the bosom of the mighty flood, whilst the wealthy citizen, in his pannelled carriage, would take his afternoon drive round the Park *en passant*. The student, the scholar, the traveller might each in turn find here amusement, and fresh air and shade, and with sketch-book or map in hand, come and study, or copy the formation of the battle-field and its monument; whilst the city belle on her palfrey, or the youthful equestrian, fresh from college, might enjoy a canter round the undulating course in September on all days, except that Autumn week sacred to the turf, ever since 1789, selected by the sporting fraternity.

In November last, an association was formed, composed as follows: His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, His Worship the Mayor, Chief Justice Meredith, Hon. Judge Tessier, Hon. E. Chinic, Hon. D. E. Price, Chs. E. Levey, Hon. P. Garneau, Col. Rhodes, John Gilmour, John Burstall, Hon. C. DeLery, J. Bte. Renaud, Jos. Hamel, J. M. LeMoine, Hon. Thos. McGreevey, Hon. C. Alley, C. F. Smith, A. P. Caron, Thos. Beckett, James Gibb, R. R. Dobell, with E. J. Meredith, Secretary. Hon. E. Chinic, and Messrs. C. F. Smith, and R. R. Dobell were named Trustees to accept for the nominal sum of \$1, the lease held by the City Corporation, the Corporation continuing liable for the annual rent of \$200. Though the late period of the season prevented the association from doing any thing, beyond having the future Park suitably fenced in, the praiseworthy object in contemplation has not been lost sight of, and active measures in furtherance of the same will be taken on the return of spring.

It would be unjust to close this hasty sketch without awarding a word of praise and encouragement to one of the most active promoters of the scheme, R. R. Dobell, Esq., of Beauvoir, Sillery.

Quebec, 1st January, 1877.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

No. 2. CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. Why should a race-horse be named Change for a Sovereign?
- 2. Why are laundresses the greatest travellers?
- 3. What man dare sit with his hat on before the Queen?
- 4. When do kings sleep five in a bed?
- 5. Spell the most favourite spirit in three letters?
- 6. How many sides has a circle?

(1) By Deed of Lease, before F. Tâtu, bearing date 1 Quebec, 22nd February, 1875, the Religious Ladies of the Ursulines lease to H. M. George III., accepting for him the Hon. John Crigler, Deputy-Governor General, the Plains of Abraham, containing 9 1/2 acres in front and 80 acres and 24 perches in superficies, at an annual rent of \$100, for ninety-nine years, &c., until 1st May, 1902. This portion alone will constitute the Park, a narrow belt of the Plains, where the new jail was built, was sold in 1841, to John Bonner, Esq. The extent intervening between belongs to the Seminary of Quebec and to the Religious Ladies of the Hotel-Dieu Nunery, who also, in 1803, leased this portion to the Government on a ninety-nine years lease to expire the 1st May, 1902.

No. 9. PUZZLES.

- 1. A gaudy thing, whose cuplike flower receives  
The dew which falls from summer's drooping leaves.
- 2. Required a word of seven letters and three syllables,  
which reads the same backwards and forwards.

No. 10. CHARADE.

1.  
What is that sound the silence breaks?  
'Tis martial music loud and clear;  
An army comes: the firm ground shakes  
With their measured tread, as my whole appears.  
Their waving plumes, their helmets bright,  
Proclaim my second's in my first;  
My whole is, too, my first in fight,  
As headlong on the foe they burst.

2.  
'Twas of my first the maiden died,  
When lover false her heart had broken,  
As family pressing to her side,  
She held that fond affection's token;  
Beneath its shade, the hungry wolf  
In howling packs his prey is seeking,  
While o'er her the sea in bay of gulf,  
Its prisoned length is lowly creaking;  
While thousands, rapt, enjoy the tones,  
Which through the theatre are ringing—  
My whole and second through all zones,  
Their mead of rich perfume are flinging,  
The golden board of wealth adorning,  
The humble peasant's cot not wanting.

No. 11. RIDDLES.

- 1. What is the difference between cake and wine?
- 2. A cough and a crossing.
- 3. A boy's name, a deer, and a preposition.
- 4. A bird and water.
- 5. Part of a body and water.

No. 12. ENIGMA.

1.  
I wave o'er mast and fort, and tower,  
O'er royal home from island tower;  
I'm known and feared o'er land and wave,  
The hope of freedom to the slave—  
Yet changed to stone behold me—  
Off meant your foot an made to lie,  
Sometimes my home is in the stream,  
Where my gay yellow blossoms gleam,  
When dried, my withered form they take  
And into mats and baskets make,  
Four letters mine, cut off my head,  
Littering and slow becomes my tread.

2.  
There is a certain natural production which exists from two to six feet above the surface of the earth. It is neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral; neither male nor female, but something between both. It has neither length, breadth, nor substance, is recorded in the Old Testament, and often mentioned in the New, and it serves the purpose of both treachery and fidelity.

No. 13. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two farmers, named Henri and John, one day  
For a week had determined a visit to pay  
To some place a portion of life far to see,  
But the thing to decipher was "Where shall it be?"  
John thought Turnbridge Wells, where my first they  
would find,  
But Henri for *London* was mostly inclined,  
Or *Paris*, where Napoleon once used to be,  
Or *York*, where some gymastic capers they'd see,  
But John left *Paris* where he cared for to go,  
And thought of my *York* for a rail or a row,  
But he made up his mind to give London a call,  
Where the *English* *market* he saw in Guildhall,  
But the farmers at last getting tired of their game,  
Returned to their town, which the initials will name,  
And often amusement by *Smith* they found,  
When Christmas was near, and the snow on the ground.

SOLUTIONS.

No. 1. CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. When it potted. 2. Because pride must fall.  
Because stars do not shine at night.

No. 2. PUZZLES.

- 1. Summer. 2. Cuckoo. 3. Nightingale.

No. 3. CHARADES.

- 1. Pippin. 2. Fewer. 3. Because it runs into even and  
huts. (Oxen and Herts.)

No. 4. RIDDLES.

- 1. Latin. 2. Fewer. 3. Because it runs into even and  
huts. (Oxen and Herts.)

No. 5. ENIGMA.

1. Cricket. 2. Fewer. 3. Because it runs into even and  
huts. (Oxen and Herts.)

No. 6. ACROSTIC.

Roses—acorns.

SCIENTIFIC.

RUSSIAN leather is the skin of the horse or calf tanned with the bark of the birch, which gives it that peculiar smell which is so grateful to the senses, and seems to preserve it from the attacks of insects.

IN a short time Mr. Holly, the well-known mechanical engineer, will attempt to heat the entire city of Lockport, N. Y., by steam. The city is divided into districts, and each district is to have its separate boiler. Mains from each boiler are run to the different houses, and all the occupants have to do is to turn a faucet and obtain all the heat he wants.

"GLACIARUM" is the name of the new skating rink provided for the Londoners through the ingenuity of Prof. Ganger. He produces ice surfaces by passing currents of glycerine and water through metal tubes immersed in water. The ice is already an inch thick. Although London lies in a more northerly latitude than New York, frost rarely continues long enough there to form useful ice.

A WRITER in the *English Mechanic* states that many years ago he had occasion to frequently cross the Irish Channel, and was invariably sick on there being the least motion of the water. Once, however, when it was very rough, and the wind blowing a hurricane, he hit upon an expedient which proved an effectual preventive, that is, he made his respiration coincide punctually with the heave and fall of the vessel—as she rose, he inspired slowly and regularly, and as she fell he expired correspondingly, the effect being so completely successful as at several times to produce sleep. But each of these times—presumably because the breathing was not then synchronous with the vessel's movements—he was awakened by sensations of sickness, which were inspirations and expirations as above explained immediately dispelled, enabling him to complete a very rough passage with comparative comfort.

DOMESTIC.

MILK.—Milk is said to be a substitute for soap in the kitchen. A little put into hot water will soften it, give the dishes a fine gloss, and what would be a boon to many, does not injure the hands.

EPIGRAMS.

An Ottawa poet, in writing a versified obituary of the unfortunate Times, of that city,—in me-

Bytown was built by By—but by and by— Both By and Bytown died, so bye-bye By."

The distinctive attribute of Victor Hugo's genius is sublimity. He has written pages whose grandeur is Titanic. But it may be doubted whether he ever uttered anything more sadly magnificent than on one occasion, during the late war. He was asked by an English friend: "Where are the great men of France?" "In bronze!" And the old poet bowed his head in silence.

This anecdote reminds me of another lately related to me, by a literary friend. When Grimaldi—alas! that none of us knew him—was at the height of his glory in London, the eccentric Dr. Abernethy was also one of the lions whom every body consulted, spite of his harshness and oddities. One day, a poor shrivelled individual called upon the great physician, who, after an eagle glance, growled out: "Hypochondria, sir!" "What am I to do then?" asked the patient despairingly.

"Go and see Grimaldi." "Sir, I'm the man!" Perhaps for the first and only time in his life, Abernethy was moved.

Talleyrand's sayings are so numerous that they can hardly be remembered, although nearly every one is perfect in epigram and replete with caustic wisdom. When one or another turns up to the course of reading, it ought to be put forward to refresh the memory and to apply, as need is, to present men and things. The following was uttered in the presence of Macaulay, at the table of Holland House, when the Prince de Benevento was Ambassador to England. Metternich was being compared to Mazarin.

"There is a difference," said Talleyrand. "Mazarin deceived, but never lied. Metternich lies, but never deceives."

Some makes use of this expression, "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb," in his Sentimental Journey, published in 1768; but Herbert has the same idea expressed in his "Jacula Prudentum," 1640:—"To the shorn sheep God gives wind in measure;" and Herbert borrowed it from "Prémices," by Henry Estienne, 1594, where it is thus expressed:—"Dieu mesure le froid à la berbe tondue." Many people imagine that the expression is to be found in the Bible, but this—like other familiar sayings, such as "In the midst of life we are in death," (English Church Prayer-Book,) and "They roll sin like a sweet morsel under their tongues," (Mathew Henry's "Commentary on the Bible") which are also by many believed to be quotations from Scripture—is a mistake.

A preacher, a few Sundays ago, told from the pulpit this story of Chrysestom. As John the Baptist incurred the wrath of Herodias by fulminating against her conduct, so John, Archbishop of Constantinople, angered the Empress of the East by upbraiding her private behavior. And Theodosia, like Herodias, determined on revenge. She called her Ministers and ordered them to devise a form of punishment for the audacious prelate.

"The wheel," said one. "The cauldron," said another. "A sack full of stones and a grave in the bosoms," said a third. "Exile to the Caucasus," said a fourth. The oddest of the Ministers sat silent, smiling sardonically. The Empress asked his views. "The Golden-mouthed," he said, "fears neither fire nor sword, nor water nor ice. There is only one thing he fears." "What is it?" "Sin!" The Empress understood, but she durst not apply the test. A STEELE PENN.

PARLOR FURNISHING.

Among other excellent articles in the February number of Appleton's well-conducted Journal, there is one entitled How to Furnish a House, part of which we here condense for the benefit of the readers of the NEWS. We can pay no higher compliment to a periodical than by making extracts from its contributions, thus testifying to its practical utility.

Paper is a very important item in the furnishing of a room, and should be selected with great care, to harmonize with the other appointments. Plain papers that have the effect of painting are generally the most satisfactory; and they should contain just the least suspicion of the tint to be aimed at.

Paper-hangings should never cover the whole space of a wall from floor to ceiling; but a " dado," or plinth-space, of plain color, either in paper or distemper, should be left to a height of two or three feet from the floor. A light wood moulding, stained or gilded, should separate this from the paper above.

It is a blessing in disguise to people when they cannot get every thing they want at once,

nor get it at the same place. Picking up here and there, at odd times, produces charming results; and furniture thus obtained has an individuality and a meaning which the upholsterer, who makes to order, fails to give it.

People who are not in slavery to the carpet-idea can do great things with a little money; while those who are need expect nothing beyond the orthodox yards of flowers and foliage, or geometrical patterns, done in wood. A room with a grand, new-looking carpet in it, and very little else, is a dreary place enough; while one with scarcely any or no covering at all, but plenty of other things, can be made cozy and delightful. Let it be straw matting and homemade rugs, or painted floor and ditto; but, until a parlor is provided with a few good pictures, flowers either cut or growing, and, at least, a white-clay figure, or group of some kind, it has no right to a carpet. These things educate, and the carpet does not; no one ever called a carpet a loop-hole of the soul!

Very few carpets are properly used; men with slippers on their feet, and tacks in their mouths, pull and stretch it into every possible corner, so that not an inch of space shall be left uncovered, and obligingly notch out places for the various recesses, until the expensive fabric is utterly spoiled for any other room than the one to which it is fitted. It is very ugly, too, arranged in this way—being far more picturesque as a large square, or oblong rug, bordered and trimmed with fringe, and showing all around it a yard or so of dark, polished floor.

A bordering of inlaid wood-work, known as parquetry, is very pretty, and not much more expensive than first-class Brussels carpet. Such a floor-covering has a sort of old-time and Eastern look about it, and may be taken up and shaken with comparative ease—a few nails along the edges keeping it in place when down.

A crimson carpet of very small pattern, in two or three soft shades of the same color, is very pretty with a dark floor-border—particularly with a pale pink or cream-colored paper, with corner lines of crimson in it. With this carpet the furniture-covering should be ashes of roses, ornamented with crimson fringe and brass-headed nails; the sofas of divan shape, well stuffed, but no wood-work visible; the chairs may be bought at a chair-factory in a skeleton state, and either transformed into enameled wood by painting with three coats of dead-white and varnishing, using a little dead-gold judiciously, or ebonized by substituting black paint for white.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

AWAY down in the corner of many a woman's heart lurks the sentiment:—"No bonnet, no church."

A YOUNG lady in Texas, who advertises for a husband, says she can talk philosophy as well as rock the cradle.

A MAN who can govern himself and his wife and child has got as far as the rule of three in the matrimonial arithmetic.

LADIES are like watches—pretty enough to look at; sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat dillicult to "regulate" after they are set a-going.

HERBERT SPENCEL says the gold ring now worn by married women is the sign of the iron ring that was worn about the neck or ankle in olden times, and indicated the submission of the wearer.

THE papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady, who had become blind, having recovered her sight after marriage. It is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

THE other day in an up-town New York residence, a ring at the door was heard, and the servant girl, calling to her mistress, said:—"Please, mum, go to the door, an' ef it's anybody for me, tell 'em I'm engaged."

"WILLIAM," observed a Milwaukee woman to her husband, "Mrs. Holcomb feels pretty badly now, since the loss of her child, and I wish you would drop over there and see her. You might say that all flesh is grass; that we've all got to go the same way; and see if she is going to use her dripping-pan this afternoon."

A LADY sends to a Chinese laundry a washing list, among the items in which is the following:

- 1 Filled White Petticoat—No Starch.

When the washing is returned, the bill contains the following items:

- 1 Filled White Petticoat..... 20 cents. No Starch..... 10 cents.

VARIETIES.

THE STORY AS A MAN TELLS IT.—Yesterday morning a woman living on Napoleon street was seen on the walk in front of the gate heaving the snow right and left, and she had only got fairly settled to work when a boy lounged up and remarked:

"I'll clear off the walk for 10 cents." "I guess I'm able to do it," she replied. "But see how it looks," he continued. "Here you are a perfect lady in look and action, highly educated, and yet you grovel in dust, as it were, to save the pitiful sum of 10 cents." "You grovel along and mind your own business," she curtly replied, still digging away. "It's worth 10 cents," he said as he leaned

against the fence, "but I'm a feller with some sentiment in my bosom. Now, we'll say 5 cents, or just enough to cover the wear and tear o' my bones. Give me the shovel and you go in, get on your sealskin saque and best jewelry, and while I work you stand out here and boss around, and talk as if you owned the biggest part of North America, while I had nothing, and was in debt for that."

She looked at him sharply, saw that he was in earnest, and when she passed over the snow-shovel she put two nickles in his hand. He looked after her as she went in, and then sadly mused:

"Oh! Flattery, thy surest victim is a woman homely enough for a scare-crow!"

OLD SI AND HIS WIFE'S TROUBLES.—"Ef you'd bin down ter my house las night you'd seen a pannyranner!" said Old Si.

"How is that?" "My ole 'oman, she bought a socon'-han one oh dese hyar newly-'vented steel-spring female tenders, an'—"

"Bought what, you say?" "One oh dese hyar patint fish traps dat a 'oman strays on an' totes 'round!"

"A bustle?" "Dar, now, dat's de very name! Well, she tried fer ter put hit on, an' ez she hez only got nine yard of kaliker in her dress, yer kin 'magine de struggil dat she had!"

"Well, did she get it on?" "Oh, yas, she got hit on jess ez cezy 'ez puttin' de harness on a street-kyar mule. De aggytashun ariz when she cum to put on her dress ober de darn contrapshin!"

"How did that work?" "Blessid marster, dat's what I'se tryin' ter tell yer—hit didn't work at all, sah. She jess gymnasted 'round dar tell dar wuzn't room in de house fur nuthin' else but her an' dat shuck basket affa'r! I had ter help her on wid de gyarmint, honey!"

"Why, how did you manage it, sir?" "Sho! I'se waggin'd so many days not ter get de better ob a case like dat! I jess stood de ole 'oman on de table an' cotch hold ob de dress wid de waggin'-kiver grab, an' I had dat gyarmint on fore yer cood say Jack Robberson!"

"Well, and how did she get out of it?" "Oh! oh! don't ask me dat! I went visitin' soon ez I got hit on her an' stayed tell bedtime, yer kin be bound!"

IS YOUR NOTE GOOD?—A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer has a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is moreover, a methodical man. So pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me two shillings for that?" The boy looked at the paper very doubtfully a moment, and offered fifteen cents.

"Done!" said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass.

Not till it was stowed away, did he announce that he had no money.

"No money? How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state his plan, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you consider your note is good, I would just as soon have it as money; but if it is not good I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen cents, which the boy signed legibly, and lifting his bag of paper trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned, and producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy that will do that is entitled to the note and money, too," and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and a happy heart.

The boy's note represented his honor. A boy who thus keeps his honor bright, however poor he may be in worldly things, is an heir to an inheritance which no riches can buy—the choice promises of God.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solutions of Problems No. 102 and 103 received. There is an evident dual in each of these fine problems. Your suggestion of a Black Bishop on Q R sq. in Problem No. 103, would have prevented the defeat.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 104 received. We are pleased to hear you speak so highly of this fine composition. You do not overrate it.

M. F., Watertown, N. Y.—Letter received. You shall receive an answer by post.

We learn with much regret, from the English papers, of the death of Herr Kling, the celebrated Chess problem composer. He was most successful in his combinations on diagrams, and obtained prizes at the last two Tournaments of the British Chess Association, taking the third prize in 1896, and a special prize for the best two move problem, in 1870. In 1851, he produced a work containing some of the most intricate end games occurring in the actual play of noted Chess players; and difficult stratagems, remarkable combinations and positions, and, indeed, any enrosities of the game were always sure to attract his attention. We are glad to see it reported that his personal qualities were of a nature to render him a great favourite with a large circle of friends, who will miss him as much as the Chess world at large will regret

the loss of his ability to increase the literature of the game.

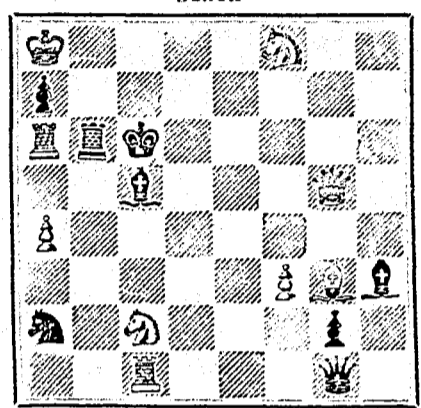
One of the great attractions in connection with Chess in England during the past month, was the blind-fold match of Herr Zukertort, played simultaneously against sixteen of the strongest players of the West End Club, in London. The performance of this unprecedented feat extended over two evenings, and resulted in the loss of only one game on his part, the remainder being either won or drawn. This achievement throws into the shade all other contests of the like nature. A remarkable feature of the match was the power of the great player to run over from memory the moves of any game in which a difficulty arose, from the beginning to the point in dispute, thus clearly showing that he had the whole of the combinations of the sixteen games plainly tabulated on his brain, and ready to be recalled at any moment.

We are happy to state that Mr. Bird, the celebrated Chess player, of England, who has been for some time in the United States, is now on a visit to Canada. He attended the meeting of the Montreal Chess Club on Saturday last, and contested a game or two with the members present. He proposes playing twenty simultaneous games with a like number of the members of the Club, some particulars of which, should they come off, we will insert in the next Chess column. Mr. Bird exhibits all that geniality which seems to characterize the great champions of the chess-board across the Atlantic, and is willing to play any antagonist who may present himself.

PROBLEM No. 106.

By G. H. THORNTON.

(From the Westminster Papers.)



White playing, mates in two moves.

GAME 153RD.

Played recently at the Montreal Chess Club between Messrs. Shaw and Atkinson, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and move.

Black's K B P must be removed from the board.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Shaw.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 3. P to K 5 4. B to Q 3 5. P to Q B 3 6. B to Q B 2 7. Kt to K B 3 8. P to Q 3 9. B takes P 10. Q to Q B 2 11. P to Q Kt 4 12. Kt to Q R 3 13. Kt to Q Kt 5 14. P to K Kt 3 15. Q to K 2 (c) 16. B takes K Kt 17. R takes B 18. Q Kt to Q 4 19. Q takes Kt (d) 20. Kt to B sq (e) 21. Kt to K 2 22. R to K 5 23. Q to K B 2 24. Q to B 3 25. Q takes Q P 26. Q to Q B 5 27. Q takes K P (f) 28. Q to K 8 (ch) 29. Q to K 7 30. R to B sq 31. Q to Q B 5
- BLACK.—(Mr. Atkinson.) P to K 3 P to Q 4 P to K B 4 P to K Kt 3 P to B 5 B to Q B 4 Kt to Q B 4 P takes P Q to Q Kt 3 Kt to K 2 B to K 6 B to Q 2 Castles (K R) (a) Kt to K B 4 (b) R takes B R takes B Kt takes K P Kt takes Kt (ch) R to B 2 P to K 4 B to R 6 (ch) P to K 5 P to K 6 B to B 4 Q R to Q sq Q to R 3 R to Q 6 R to B sq Q to Q B 3 R to K sq

And Black announced mate in four moves.

NOTES.

- (a) If Black move 13, Kt takes K P, &c., he loses a piece.
- (b) Again, if Black take King's pawn, he loses at least the exchange.
- (c) Threatening to win a pawn at least.
- (d) Kt takes Kt would have been better.
- (e) If he had castled, he would have lost a piece.
- (f) The capture of these pawns was not advisable, as it opened files for the adverse rooks.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 104.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q 5 2. Q takes Kt (ch) 3. Kt mates
- BLACK. Kt takes B K to K Kt 4

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 102.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q 3 2. Q mates.
- BLACK. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 103.

- WHITE. K at K R 3 R at K B sq B at K sq B at Q 7 Kt at Q 2 Pawns at Q R 2 and Q Kt 2
  - BLACK. K at Q R 5 B at Q Kt 3 Kt at K 6 Pawns at Q R 3, and Q Kt 4
- White to play and mate in three moves.

"DEVINS' VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES" are one of the greatest medical improvements of modern times. They combine what has hitherto been considered the most opposite and distinct qualities—being as agreeable to the taste as the most delicious confectionery, as delightful to the smell as fresh flowers, and more effective in their medicinal operation than any preparation hitherto discovered; they are safe for the most delicate child, and are guaranteed to remove every vestige of worms. The genuine have the word "Devins" stamped on each pastille.

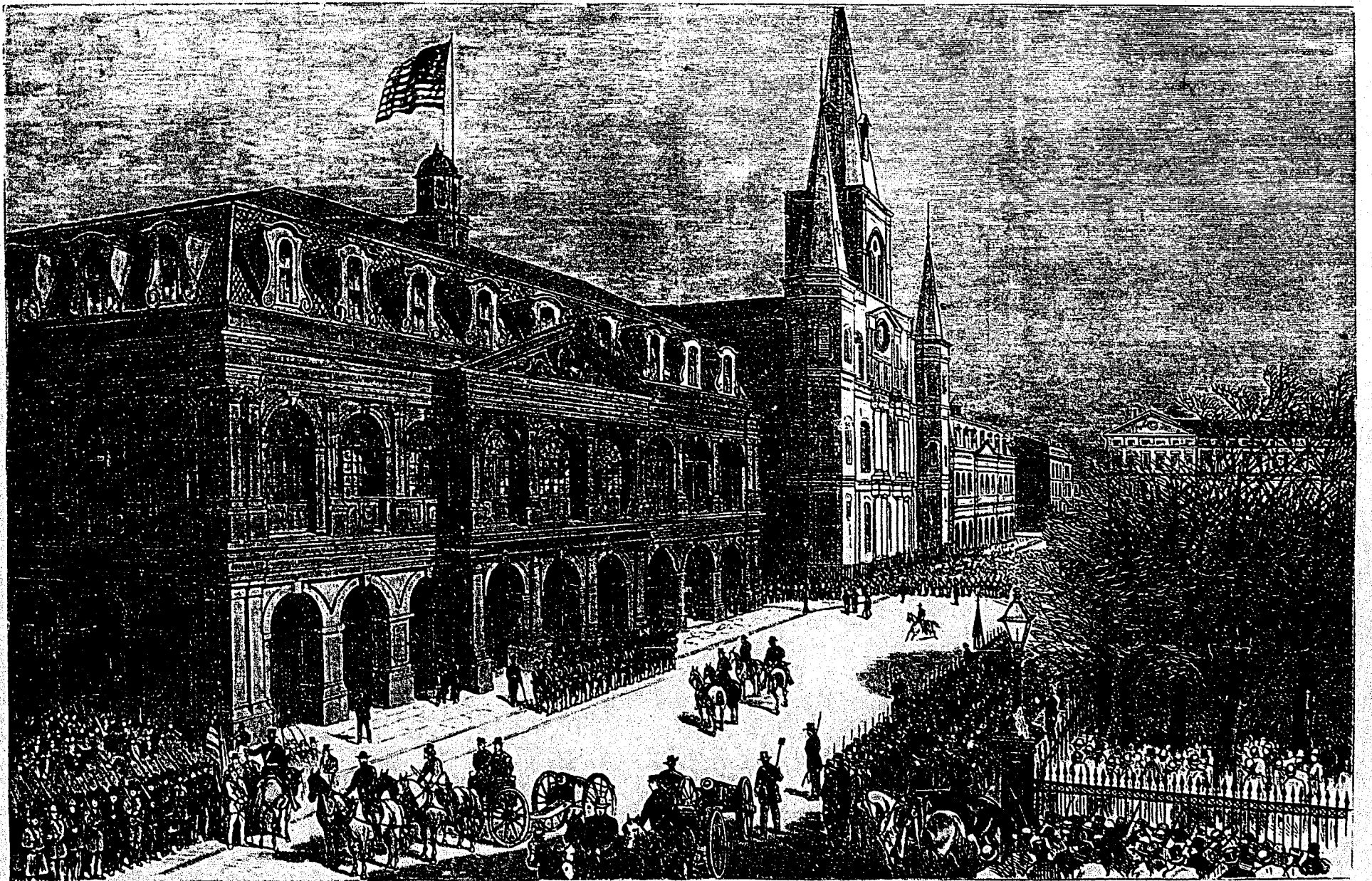




THE FIRST STEP.



INDIANS ATTACKING THE OVERLAND MAIL.



NEW ORLEANS:—SEIZURE OF THE SUPREME COURT BUILDING BY THE STATE MILITIA UNDER OGDEN.

## JANUARY.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

The first-born of the year, behold! I come  
A frigid beauty, fresh from the embrace  
Of Zeno's arms, to take my queenly place  
A vanguard leader of the months to run.  
Not sculptor's marble is more cold than I—  
My breath is keen, my gentlest humour rude;  
Yet many a wooer have I, albeit my mood  
Seems unpropitious for a lover's sigh.  
And tho' my days and nights are short and long,  
My skies are fair, my stars are brightest gold:  
Nor swain nor maiden thinketh I am cold.  
Thou cheeks may tingle as I pass along,  
And when at last all ends and I have fled,  
Perhaps some haply think of January dead.

Montreal, January 16th, 1877.

## JOAN:

A TALE.

BY

RHODA BROUGHTON.

AUTHOR OF

"Cynthia up a Flower," "Red as a Rose is She," etc.

PART I.

CHAPTER V.

When one is twenty years old—when one's heart is as full of sadness and tiredness as it can well hold—when one has travelled many hours at a stretch in a noisy train—then one is pretty certain to sleep deeply and sweetly, even though one's mattress be copiously stuffed with cobble-stones, even though one's head be too low and one's feet too high, and one's bed altogether so surprisingly narrow as to require very judicious and quiet lying in, to hinder one from bodily falling out. Often, in her ocean of down in the green-hung room at Dering, has she slept less completely. Pulses quickly beating to the tune of some past excitement, or coming pleasure, have often made her toss and turn and look eagerly window-ward for the waving of morning's gray flag; but now there is neither excitement behind, nor pleasure ahead, and the slower morning comes the better; and so she sleeps.

God is good, and does not even send her a dream. If it came it would surely be a dream of better things and better days, and so it is well away. Not even the unnatural elevation of her feet by the capriciously-stuffed mattress, nor the depression of her head by the little, meagre, featherless pillow, succeeds in giving her a nightmare. She might have been still asleep now had not it been for the inefficiency of the curtain-rings, of which Diana overnight had warned her. The corking-pin had indeed drawn the skimmed curtains together somewhere about their middle; but up above there is a vacuum through which a wave of morning light rolls and washes under her eyelids. She turns sleepily over on the other side, but even then the wave reaches her, and so does the vigorous melody of a thrush-voice sweetly rebuking her sloth:

"Good-morrow! good-morrow! the sun was awake  
Long ago in the blue summer skies:  
Birds in the brake  
Carol sweet for your sake!  
O lady fair, arise!  
That morn' fresh grace may borrow  
From your dear eyes.

He says all this so loudly that the sleepy lady has to listen to him. She turns over once or twice again, nearly tumbling out of her strait couch as she does it. But it is useless; both glorious light and happy bird combine to forbid further rest. The bird, indeed, sings another verse:

"Good-morrow! good-morrow!  
So whispers the breeze,  
O'er the lake as it flutters and sighs:  
So murmur the bees from the scented lime-trees:  
O lady fair arise,  
Arise and give good-morrow!  
The dearest of replies."

So in despair she sits up, rubs her blue eyes like a child with her knuckles, and looks round. It is a well-known fact that rude and outspoken daylight tells many hometruths about things that politer candle-light either slurs over or is civilly silent upon. If Joan's new room looked unhandsome overnight by the light of one composite candle, it certainly does not look more lovable now that day's strong lamp is held up to its shortcomings. It would take a great effort of memory on the part of its owners, a great flight of imagination on the part of Joan, to reconstruct the pattern of the carpet; so utterly has it disappeared under the tread of the numberless feet that have evidently walked upon it. Of paint on door and wainscot there is so little as to be hardly worth naming; there is a zig-zag crack across the looking-glass interfering with one's view of one's nose; and the piece missing from the water-jug's spout is larger than it appeared overnight. It is now seen to amount to the loss of almost the whole spout. But eight hours of sleep have put new strength and courage into Joan. Not even the squalor of having a jug without a spout can make her cry; she feels as strong and as bright as the new day. She jumps out of bed, and runs to the window. She unfastens the curtain, carefully laying aside the friendly corking-pin with a thrifty instinct born of her new circumstances. Most likely there is not another in the household. There is no

blind, as you know, to draw up; so at once she stands face to face with the morning. It is not early dawn, as she sees at once; it is dawn's elder brother. The sun is already pretty high; she looks up at him fondly, though he rewards her by making the water pour down her cheeks. He and the moon are the only two old friends that are left her. Then she looks out curiously at the prospect. There is the gate at which her tired fingers fumbled last night; there is the little mean sweep up which the execrations of the dogs accompanied her. Three of them are standing at the present moment watchfully on the lookout for some passer-by to pounce out on and insult. A shabby grass plot, with a bed of ill-to-do shrubs, long-legged laurels, and cypress abortions in the middle; then the road. She puts her head farther out to extend her view. On the right the three little brother villas. People got up in them earlier, apparently, than they do here. A woman is standing at the door of our next-door neighbor shaking a hearth-rug; beyond, again, the great, unsightly hospital; larger, unsightlier than ever by daylight. She shudders. How could any one have built his dwelling so near that temple of pain and uncleanness! She looks away quickly, and turns her eyes toward the left.

What a contrast! On one hand, disease, anguish, ugly death. On the other, life that seems unending; beauty without peer; joy and mirth unrivalled. A great plain of most shining silver, laughing in white arabis haunted by the drowsy, booming bees. Joan smells all the flowers; mounts on the base of the sundial; traces with her finger the trite, sad sentence on its discolored face, "Tempus fugit." Tiny lichens, disapproving of the truisms, are filling up the letters.

Then she returns to the laurel-tree, and looks carefully and hopefully for the spout of her jug, but it is not there. Still nothing happens; no one is either seen or heard. All the other houses are up and dressed. The scions of Campidoglio Villa are playing in the garden; the wife of Sarlanapalus Villa is feeding her chickens; only Portland Villa still slumbers and sleeps. In despair she returns to the house; opens all the doors in succession as loudly as she can; makes her feet tread as noisily as they are able on the oil-cloth. It is no use; nobody wakes. She passes down the little sweep to the gate; says something polite and suitable to each of the dogs, who all receive her with an extravagant and overdone civility; passes out into the road with all six at her heels, and saunters toward the sea. Toward, but not to.

Her friend is further off than she thought. From the window it had seemed as if by stretching out her hands she might with her fingertips have touched the great, glancing silver shield. But the nearer she approaches to it, the more its white glory seems to recede. She feels its cool and bracing breath upon her face, but itself she does not reach.

Whether it is the sea-air, or the skimmed supper overnight, or only the healthy working order in which her young organs are, but she suddenly becomes aware of being inexplicably hungry, and, after having walked half a mile or so, turns back in the hope of at length finding the household aroused.

As she reaches the gate again the hospital clock beats the light air with nine loud, deliberate strokes. They must be up by now. Yes, it is clear that in the interval of her absence some one has risen, though no one is visible, for the hall-door is unlocked; but on peeping into the dining-room she is dispirited at seeing no smallest sign of coming breakfast; only a depressingly dingy baize table-cloth, and a general impression of crumbs. She goes out again into the garden, and tries to recollect when, at what distant epoch of her life, she ever felt so hungry before. Oh, if the daffodils and the polyanthuses were but eatable!

As she wanders disconsolately about she hears after a while a window thrown up. Diana looks sleepily out. Can it be called Diana?—Diana without any of her distinguishing features; Diana without her sausage frisettes, without her piled false hair, without the plumed and flowered abomination of her hat! Diana, as God made her; not as Helmsley fashions, as trolloping curls, as cheap clothes—as, in short, the desire to shine in the eyes of the 170th, have made her!

It would never have struck Joan as possible overnight that Diana could be a pretty girl. It comes upon her now with the force of a surprise that she is one. A little curly head; young dewy eyes full of color and light; pinky cheeks; red lips made for kisses and laughter. The beauty of a little dairy-maid indeed, but still beauty. It is difficult to look vulgar when one is very young, not inordinately fat, and when one has done nothing disfiguring to one's self.

"You out!" she cries, in a drowsy voice, wherein surprise struggles with departing slumber. "Why on earth did you get up so early? Is not the day long enough in all conscience?"

"I never can sleep after eight o'clock," answers Joan, half apologetically; "and there is no use in staying in bed when one is wide awake, is there?"

"I do not know" (indistinctly with a yawn). "I think it is better than being up, when there is nothing to do."

A pause. Diana leans her arms on the sill, and looks aimlessly out at the wakeful flowers and the preoccupied bees.

"Is your sis—is Arabella up?" asks Joan, with a small, vain hope that one of the household may be up and stirring.

Diana laughs, showing many neat little white teeth.

"Up! she is not awake!—Bell!" (turning toward the inside of the room, and raising her voice), "Joan wants to know are you up yet! Joan is up and dressed, and out; you must get up! it is your week for making tea! if you do not get up, I shall come and shake you!"

But not even this threat has any effect. Diana turns again to the window, replaces her arms on the sill, and shaking her head:—

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard her complain. You have waked me too soon; let me slumber again."

she says, with a laugh; "she will not be down for a couple of hours."

"Have you any idea what time it is?"

"It must be a quarter past nine."

"Is that all? I hoped that it was ten at least; I always think that there are just twice too many hours in the day, do not you?"

Joan is silent. "But to be sure your boxes will come to-day," continues Diana with a livelier air, rousing herself from the pensive strain of thought into which she has fallen; "that will give us something to do; it will take a long time, no doubt, to examine all your things."

Joan swallows a sigh, and strangles a shudder.

"I dare say it will!"

"Maybe they will be here quite early," resumes the girl, now thoroughly awakened; "then I will dress at once; I do not take long when once I set about it; Bell says twenty minutes—I say a quarter of an hour."

Joan shudders outright this time, and does not try to strangle it.

"You did not see any sign of breakfast, I suppose," says Diana, presently; happily unconscious of the effect her words have produced: "nothing laid?"

"Nothing!"

"I thought not; there never is; go into the dining room and ring for breakfast; go on ringing till she comes!"

## CHAPTER VI.

The family is assembled at length, Di having successfully removed or concealed nearly all traces of the beauty that God has given her. She has, indeed, been unable to do away with her eyes, or make them look as underbred as the rest of her. They shine and laugh out of her disfigured face. She has, however, violet-powdered her fresh cheeks, piled her hair to more than its pristine height and bulk, and trailed her spurious curls to even greater length than on the previous evening. The dew has apparently taken every morsel of curl out of them; and, as she is pretty sure to see no one to-day, Diana has not thought it worth while to curl them.

They therefore wander in perfectly straight and lustreless disorder down her back. Nor has her sister had less prosperity in the task of self-disfigurement. Her hair has indeed been less, as she has had less original beauty to spoil.

Daylight is no kinder to Mrs. Moberley than it has already been to her furniture and her daughters. She looks, if possible, fatter than ever. She has been holding Joan's most reluctant hand for full five minutes, and staring intently with pathos into her face, as she tries to dig out from among her features a resemblance to some member, alive or dead, of her own family. She is interrupted in her hopeless search by Diana. And she takes her seat in silence at the social board. Before she had entered the room, Joan had credited herself with an appetite to which any food short of tripe or haggis would be welcome. She had said to herself reassuringly that they are not likely to have tripe for breakfast. She had pictured herself as pasturing with rish on all manner of plain and homely food, thick bread-and-scrapple, porridge, perhaps treacle. But the first glance that she casts on the table arrangements robs her at once of half her appetite—a rumpled table-cloth, rich in yesterday's stains; a dull teapot; dim spoons; cups all cracked more or less, mostly more; and not a flower! Not one of all the thousand primroses that are palely smiling from every hedge-row! Treacle! porridge! Who could eat treacle or porridge on such a table-cloth!

Her meditations are interrupted by the sound of the two girls' voices, raised in recriminatory dialogue. They are wrangling as to who shall make the tea, or rather who shall not make it, for it is clearly an unpopular office. After a few moments of argument of "you-are-another" nature, during which no approach is apparently made to a decision, Joan's soft voice strikes in, or rather steals in, between the shrill sharpness of those of the two combatants:—

"If you like I will make tea; I am considered" (with a faint smile) "rather a good tea-maker; I always used to make it at—at—Dering."

As she speaks, the breakfast-room at Dering rises before her mind's eye; the breakfast-table in all the loveliness of spotless cleanliness, brilliantly-polished old silver, and airy china; the sideboard temptingly spread; the wealth of delicate flowers; the kind and courteous old man who always greeted her so lovingly; the pleasant, well-bred guests. Her offer is accepted with effusive gratitude, and she takes her place at the head of the board.

"Take care of the lid of the teapot," says Bell, as a parting injunction; "the hinge is broken, so it is loose, and if you are not careful to pour very slowly, it tumbles into the cups and upsets them."

"And is it never to be mended either?" asks Joan with a laugh that tries to be playful, but only succeeds in being sad. "Do the dogs like it too?"

Joan's motive for her proposal has been chiefly good-nature, but there has also been in it a grain of self-interest. Behind the urn she will be less observed—less compelled to eat. But here she is mistaken. Diana, whose sharp eyes are apparently as sharp as they are clear and shining, detects the emptiness of her plate, and the idleness of jaws.

"Why, Joan, you are eating nothing!" she cries in a high key of surprise, "positively nothing!—have some beef!" indicating a dish wherein appetizingly repose some thick slices of meat, lavishly daubed with all but mustard, and which, apparently, is the nearest approach to a grill that the Moberley chef can effect. "No! Some broiled ham, then? No! I see!"—a flood of color deepening the rose-tints in her fresh face, and a tone of mortification in her voice—"and I do not wonder."

"Indeed you are mistaken," cries Joan, now thoroughly distressed, reddening till the tears come into her blue eyes, with a vexed scarlet that outflames even her cousin's, and ready to volunteer to eat any abomination that can be offered to her. "If you will let me I will change my mind. Yes, I will have some—some—beef, please" (looking anxiously from one dish to the other to see whose contents she will most likely be able to swallow). "Not very much—only a little."

It is on her plate now, and they are all looking at her. But the effort is vain. The tepid plenteous mustard makes her sneeze and cry.

"You cannot manage it!" asks Diana, in a disappointed key, after watching the ill-success of her guest's endeavors with an intent interest. "I was afraid that you would not, but" (looking at her with round childish eyes, full of concern and apprehension) "what will you do all the time you are living with us? It is" (glancing ruefully at the untempting dainties) "it is never any better than this—you will starve."

"There is not much fear of that" replies Joan, smiling faintly, though indeed the very same idea has just been presenting itself before her own mind's eye. "But to tell the truth, I do not think I am quite so hungry as I imagined; at least more bread-and-butter hungry than anything else."

"Give it to the dogs," said Mrs. Moberley placidly, not disquieting herself much as to any freaks of appetite displayed by her niece. "Here, Mr. Brown, you are the one who do not mind mustard! hi, along!"

Mr. Brown is on the other side of the table, standing on his hind-legs, with his fore-paws on the cloth, but, on hearing himself addressed, drops down on all-fours again, and rushes round the table in a stormy gallop. Too well he knows the manners of his brothers and sisters to give them any chance of interposing between him and his inheritance. Joan loves dogs, however noisy, rude, and greedy they may be; she loves them all, and at the present moment she is also deeply grateful to Mr. Brown for relieving her of her beef. So she stoops down and pats his smooth head.

"He is very like a dog belonging to a friend of mine," she says; "by-the-by, I think he is an acquaintance of yours; I mean not the dog but the man. I think—I am almost sure that he said he knew you."

A light pink colors her cheeks as she says these last words, a tint called up by the recollection of the way in which Wolferstan had alluded to his knowledge of her aunt.

"What regiment was he in?" asks Bell. "When was he quartered here? The 7th were here last, and before them the 35th, and before them the 83th—"

"He never could have been quartered here," replied Joan, "because he is in the Guards, but I believe that he lives near here—at least his people do; his name is Wolferstan; do you know any such person?"

She is looking from one to the other of the three faces round her, and as she mentions the name of Wolferstan a ray of intelligence and recognition illumines them all.

"He said he knew us!" asks Diana in a tone of surprise and semi-awe; "he must have meant by sight."

"Nonsense, Di!" cries her mother, tartly; "he does know me quite well. He always takes off his hat to me whenever he meets me in Helmsley!"

"Is not he stylish-looking?" cries Bell, enthusiastically; "he looks so nice in church!"

"His father was a very *distant*-looking man, when first I came here," says Mrs. Moberley, pensively, "though no one would believe it now to look at him; he is quite silly, poor old gentleman, and has to go about in a wheeled chair, with his valet to blow his nose for him!"

"His mother is a made-up old Jezebel!" cries Bell, acrimoniously. "Every year her hair is a different color; she drives past us sometimes in the road, and looks at us as if we were the dirt under her feet."

"And all because she is an Honorable, I suppose," says Mrs. Moberley, shaking her head; "and, after all, it is the lowest thing that you can be in the peerage, without being nothing at all."

"And so you know young Wolferstan?" says

Diana, with an expression of envious interest in her eyes. "Anthony Wollerstan—is not it a lovely name? Do you mean that you know him really—to talk to?"

Joan laughs a little. "Is that so surprising? Yes, I know him rather well; he used to stay at a house in our neighborhood, and I have often met him in London, and once he spent a week with us last winter, for some theatricals."

"Spent a week with you?" echoes Bell, in a voice of astonishment and awe; "then I suppose you must have been quite among the county people."

Joan laughs, but most uncomfortably, and involuntarily draws up her white throat.

"I never looked at it in that light before," she says, in rather a lower key; "but now I come to think of it—yes, I suppose we were."

"Well, we are not, you know," cried Diana, with a fierce honesty, while a sea of ingenious scarlet washes her cheeks at the confession. "I need not tell you that; we do not look much like it, do we? We know hardly any one nice except the officers, and perhaps you would not think them nice; I believe that the county people do not take much notice of them; Micky dined at the Abbey—that is the Wollerstans—once, when first he came, but they have never asked him again."

"He would not go if they did," says Mrs. Moberley, with dignity; "he has said so often and often; he says he never was at such a dull set-out in his life."

Diana shakes her head in a manner that expresses her doubts of Mr. Brand's fortitude in rebutting the proffered civilities of the Abbey; but she is wisely silent.

"I am not sorry that Joan is so intimate with young Wollerstan," remarks Joan's aunt, a moment later, "because she will be able to introduce him to you, girls, at one of the balls, and, as likely as not, he will give you each a dance; they were all at the dispensary ball last year, and I remember thinking that he looked as if he would like to know you."

"Then what hindered him?" says Diana, dryly.

"He was too much taken up with that lady in sulphur-color and sapphires, who came with their party," says Bell, regretfully.

"I never see him that he is not going on at a great rate with some one or other, and I always wish that I were the person," says Diana, with a heart-felt sigh.

"What wicked eyes he has!" says Bell, with a gasp; "he would be nothing without his eyes."

"We are not badly off for balls in the winter, Joan," strikes in Mrs. Moberley, complacently, at this point—"not for a country place; there is always the dispensary, and the bachelors, and half a dozen private ones; and then there is always something going on at the barracks—always!—they, at least, are determined that Helmsley shall not go to sleep if they can help it."

"What should we do without them?" sighs Bell affectionately. "Once, Joan, there was a talk of building barracks at Charlton, and moving them from here. I do not think that I ever was so miserable in my life, and Diana was nearly as bad; but we should not have staid here; we should have underlet the house; mother was already talking about it."

"And followed them!" cries Joan, with an impressive astonishment and disgust; "why, you might as well be *chandeliers* at once!"

"One might be worse," says Bell, pettishly; "but I never said anything about following them; I only said that we should have left this place."

"It is very difficult to do without military society when you have been used to it all your life," says Mrs. Moberley, rather pompously; "these children have every right to be fond of the army; their father was a military man!"

"He was an army doctor," cries Diana, with her apparently ungovernable honesty.

"I never denied that he was a medical man," reports Mrs. Moberley, with exasperation; "but he was in the army all the same!"

"Nobody thinks anything of the doctors," persists Diana, resolutely; "we never do; which of the girls cares to dance with Dr. Slop?"

"They rank the same as the other officers, which you know as well as I do," rejoins Mrs. Moberley, with warmth; "and their uniform is much handsomer."

"They are not the same thing," reiterates Diana, doggedly; "and whenever I hear you telling people that papa was a military man, I always explain, and I always shall explain, that he was only the doctor!"

CHAPTER VII.

Joan feels a physical oppression—a longing for air—when, a lull caused, not by argument, but by want of breath) having at length come the family adjourn to the drawing-room. Two or three trifling improvements have taken place in the aspect of this apartment since they left it. Most of the dust has been swept into corner or under chairs. The dead ashes have left the grate, the photograph-books and woolly mats on the table are set at right angles again, the antimacassars sit smoothly on the chairbacks, but the spider's banner still waves in airy freedom from the ceiling, undisturbed by mop or pop's-head, and the windows—on this loveliest, sweetest, freshest of April mornings—are shut. They are French windows, and look out toward the front to the meagre grass-plot and the road. Joan stands gazing languidly out through the

dim panes at the fairy-colored, well-scented world outside, turning over in her mind whether she yet knows her cousins well enough to ask leave to admit a little air. Has not her aunt told her that it is Liberty Hall? Gaining courage from this recollection, she raises her fingers to the handle only to discover that there is no handle. Both of them have gone, apparently, to look for the jug-spout, the gate-hinge and the other missing etceteras of Portland Villa.

"Do you want to open the window?" says Diana, joining her. "Stay, I will get a pair of scissors; we always have to open them with scissors; mother's is the largest pair. The handles have been gone a long while; but the fact is, we owe a long bill to the locksmith, and we do not like to have him again till it is paid!"

They are open now, and the morning air, the noise of the blissful bees, the clean smell of the arabis float in all together. The dogs—they are all pugs, more or less—are out on the turf, employing themselves in different ways. Mr. Brown is digging violently and secretly in the corner of the flower-border, making the brown earth fly up into his own eyes, and over all his eager face, and Regy and Algy are rolling over each other in friendly battle on the sward. Regy has both paws round Algy's neck, and Algy has got a large and baggy piece of Regy's black cheek in his mouth. All the clear fine air is full of thrush-voices. I suppose that every April the birds say the same thing, but yet it seems as if each spring their music were bettered, their little trills more deftly done. Joan stands leaning against the door listening to them, and tapping with one foot on the sill.

"How close you are to the sea!" she says presently, turning her face in the direction of the great flood, and opening mouth and nostrils to inhale the pungency of the sea-wind. I suppose that you are down there every day?"

Diana shakes her head.

"Not often; sometimes we go down to bathe if the tide suits, but not often, it is too expensive; what with machine and dresses, it comes to a shilling every time!"

"And you never walk on the shore?"

"Never," answers Bell, joining in the conversation; "no one does; one never meets any one there! If there were a pier and the band played it would be different; but as it is, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—but sand and cockle-shells."

"Micky sometimes takes his big Newfoundland down for a swim," says Diana, pulling a bit of wallflower and holding it to Mr. Brown's nose, who, having dug his hole as deep as he wished, and disinterred half a dozen innocent bulbs, now makes one of the party. "He throws sticks in for him; it is so pretty to see him riding up and down on the waves, with his great black tail sweeping out behind him, like a feather. Dear old dog! Micky is going to give him to me by-and-by, when he goes away."

She says the last four words in a lower, softer key, with her head turned aside.

"Another dog?" says Joan, lifting her eyebrows. "Is he to be in-doors or out-of-doors?"

"In-doors, of course," answers Diana, indignantly. "After all, one more does not make much difference either way. If one has six, one may just as well have seven."

"We have gone on that principle ever since we had two," says Bell, with a laugh; "we shall get up to twenty in time."

"With all my heart," cries Diana, blithely; "for though they do not perhaps improve the furniture, they certainly are the light of the house."

As she speaks she jumps gayly down the steps, and, plumping down on the grass-plot, is instantly covered by the six pugs. Three get on her lap, one licks her nose, one mumbles her hand, and two worry the rosette on her shoe.

Joan, laughing, steps out after her; and only the consciousness of her new craze, and the unlikelihood of its ever being replaced, prevent her from joining in the fray.

"Would you like to come out for a walk, Joan?" says Diana, presently, lifting her sunshiny eyes to her cousin's face. "I think it would gratify the dogs—Algy, if you do that once again, I shall pull your tail! But, perhaps, if you have always been used to your carriage, you cannot walk."

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

CARRIER pigeons are to be stationed on Anticosti, the Magdalen Islands, etc., to enable mariners cast away on the Gulf of St. Lawrence to communicate with the people on the south shore.

In Spain it is the custom to send a Christmas present to the priest and the doctor. Many Spaniards pay their physician an annual sum for attending the family and servants, and his salary is sent him on Christmas Day, with a turkey and cake or sweet meats.

ONE of Queen Victoria's first measures on coming to the throne was to take steps for the payment of her father's debts, and on Oct. 7, 1839, a deputation from the Duke of Kent's creditors waited upon her to present a humble address of thanks. The debts amounted to some \$250,000.

The spot where the Apostle Peter was wont to baptize has been discovered in the Ostrian Catacombs, Rome, along the Via Nomentana. An inscription has been deciphered by Signor Armiellini, in which the name of St. Peter occurs,

and which would serve to place beyond doubt the previous conclusions as to the Apostle's connection with the Ostrian Catacombs.

**TYPICAL TREES:** For gouty people, the achecorn; for antiquarians, the date; for school boys, the birch; for the Irishman, the oak; for conjurers, the palm; for negroes, see dah; for young ladies, the man go; for farmers, the plant in; for fashionable women, a set of firs; for dandies, the spruce; for actors, the poplar; for physicians, sycamore; for young wife, her will, O; for lovers, the sigh press; for the disconsolate, the pine; for engaged people, the pear; for sewing machine people, the hemlock; for boarding-house keepers, ash; always on hand, the pawpaw; who is this written for? yew.

HEARTH AND HOME.

**SELF-DENIAL.**—There are many seasons in a man's life, and the more exalted and responsible his station, the more frequently do these seasons recur, when the voice of duty and the dictates of feeling are opposed to each other; and it is only the weak and the wicked who yield that obedience to the selfish impulses of the heart, which is due to reason and honour.

**TYRANNY AND INSOLENT.**—Tyranny is an exuberance of pride, by which all mankind are so much enraged, that it is never quietly endured, except by those who can reward the patience which they exact, and innocence is generally surrounded only by such whose baseness inclines them to think nothing insupportable that produces gain, and who can laugh at surliness and rudeness with a luxurious table and an open purse.

**THE FUTURE.**—The future is fairy-land to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bleak, the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived to reach a desert waste.

**EDUCATION.**—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, the use of which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

**THINKING AND DOING RIGHT.**—It is much easier to think right without doing right than to do right without thinking aright. Just thoughts may fail of producing just deeds, but just deeds always begot just thoughts. For, when the heart is pure and straight, there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate concernment; but the clearest understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, or the strongest in straightening a crooked one.

**SNARLING.**—The way not to be healthy or happy is to keep up an incessant snarling. If you want to grow lean, cadaverous, and unlovely, excite yourself continually about matters you know nothing about. Accuse other people of wrong-doing incessantly, and you will find but little time to see any wrong in yourself. We wish here and now to inform all men of irritable dispositions that they will live longer if they only keep cool. If such men want to die, we have nothing to say; snarling will kill about as quick as anything we know. We have had good health for the whole period of manhood, and attribute most of it to the way we take things.

**CHILDHOOD'S HOME.**—Our childhood's home! How our affections centre around the place of our nativity! How we bless that dear old name as we look over our past lives, and brush away the mist with which the River of Time, in its ceaseless flow, has obscured the purer and holier aspirations, inspired by the hopes and fears of earlier days; how many fires are kindled on as many hearths, as we cross the old threshold of the homestead, whose embers will glow when all others are extinguished. And then, how our hearts go out in longing for the old scenes, when in after years we are weary with the battle of life!

**UNSMANLY MEN.**—Is there any joy greater than that which is experienced by one person when he helps another person? There are some men so low down that it is said they cannot bear to have the smell of their clover go into the highway for fear that other folk will get something that belongs to them without paying for it; there are some men who are said to begrudge bees the honey which they take from their flowers without leaving anything behind; but that is doubtless imaginary. A man whose heart does not respond to an act of doing good or giving happiness is no longer a man. He has passed the line of manhood, and should be ranked among beasts.

**THINGS TO TREASURE.**—Accumulations of knowledge and experience of the most valuable kind are the results of little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up. Those who learn nothing, or accumulate nothing in life, are set down as failures, because they have neglected little things. They may themselves consider that the world has gone against them; but, in fact, they have been their own enemies.

There has long been a popular belief in "good luck;" but, like many other notions, it is gradually giving way. The conviction is extending that diligence is the mother of good luck; in other words, that a man's success in life will be proportionate to his efforts, to his industry, to his attention to small things. Your negligent, shiftless, loose fellows never meet with luck, because the results of industry are denied to those who will not make the proper effort to secure them.

**THE SISTER.**—No household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to the family. A sister's love, a sister's influence—what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care—can anything be more tender? A sister's kindness—does the world show us anything purer? Who would live without a sister? A sister is a sort of guardian angel in the home-circle. Her presence condemns vice. She is the quickener of good resolutions, the sunshine in the pathway of home. To every brother she is light and life. Her heart is the treasure-house of confidence. In her he finds a safe adviser, a charitable, forgiving, tender, though often severe friend. In her he finds a ready companion. Her sympathy is as open as day and sweet as the fragrance of flowers. We pity the brother who has no sister, no sister's love. We feel sorry for the home which is not enlivened by a sister's presence. A sister's office is a noble and gentle one. It is hers to persuade to virtue, to win to wisdom's ways; gently to lead where duty calls; to guard the citadel of home with the sleepless vigilance of virtue; to gather graces and strew flowers around the home-altar. To be a sister is to hold a sweet place in the heart of home. It is to minister in a holy office.

PERSONAL.

JIMMEL BRIGGS is lecturing with great success in Massachusetts.

THE name of Mr. Pelletier is mentioned in connection with the Dominion cabinet vacancy.

LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN have returned to Ottawa from a week's visit to Toronto.

MR. PETER GRAHAM, Member for Frontenac, died last week. He was Reeve of Pitsburg for years, and was elected Warden of Frontenac by a unanimous vote. At the general election for Ontario, in 1874, he was elected to Parliament by a large majority.

GALT, ONT., has lost one of its prominent residents in the person of Mr. W. Dickson. He died on the 8th inst., at the age of 77 years. He was the son of the Hon. Wm. Dickson, and was born at Niagara. In 1870 he presented the Dickson Park to the town of Galt.

LITERARY.

"TIMOTHY TITCOMB" has made \$250,000 by his literary work.

SHAKESPEARE had only 15,000 words in his vocabulary.

THE concluding volume of Mr. Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" is to be ready in March.

A NEW French paper was issued at the commencement of the year, and is the fourth paper published in French in New York.

THE London Daily Telegraph certified to an average daily circulation between July 1st and December 1st, 1876, of 200,317, something unparalleled in newspaper history.

HERR W. TAPPERT has made a collection of all "the low, libellous, hateful, and insulting expressions which have been printed about Master Richard Wagner, his works and followers, by his enemies and slanderers."

It is alleged that John Boyle O'Reilly, the well known Irish poet, who bought the Boston *Tribune* a year ago, has actually made a success of it, and has begun to pay off the debts which the paper incurred under the honest but unfortunate Patrick Donahoe. He has already declared a dividend on a debt for which he is not legally in any way responsible.

MR. BRIGHT never wrote a speech in his life; but he prepares so very carefully, and draws up such copious notes that he knows what his speech is to be nearly as well as the man who writes all he has got to say. On the other hand, the Earl of Beaconsfield spoils himself by preparation, and Mr. Gladstone has no need to prepare.

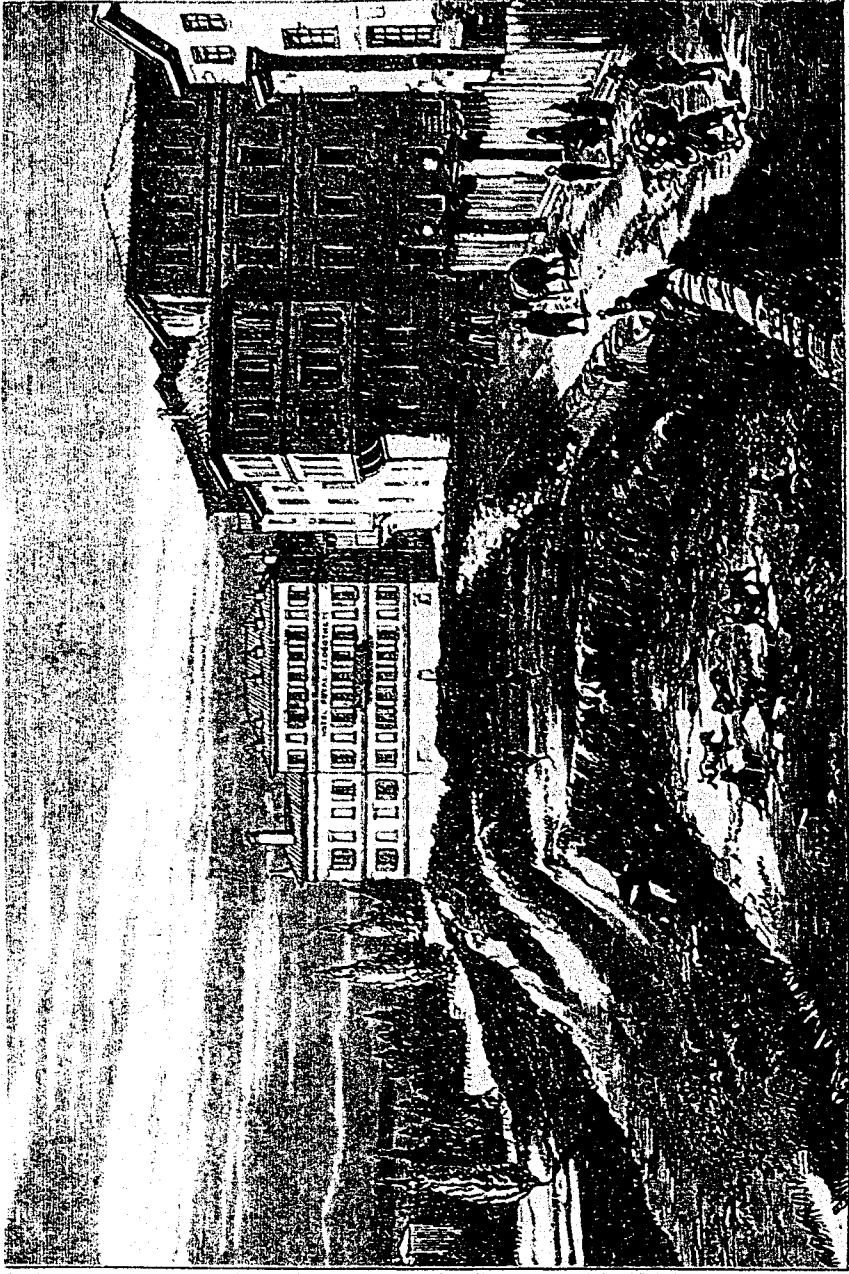
It is not clear in this age that our authors are paid so well as they were when money went further and authorship was more rare. In 1808 the copyright of Fox's "History of the Reign of James II." was sold for £4,500, and Robertson's "Charles V." was sold for £5,000. Madame de Staël received £1,500 for her work on Germany, suppressed at Paris.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEFMAN has made a thorough study of the literary aspects of Dr. Schliemann's discovery at Mycenae, and his spirited translations from Homer and Eschylus give new interest to the old tale of Agamemnon's murder, which, he thinks, was the prototype of Shakespeare's *Maebeth*. He thinks Dr. Schliemann's discoveries raise a probability in favor of his theory, though they do not establish it.

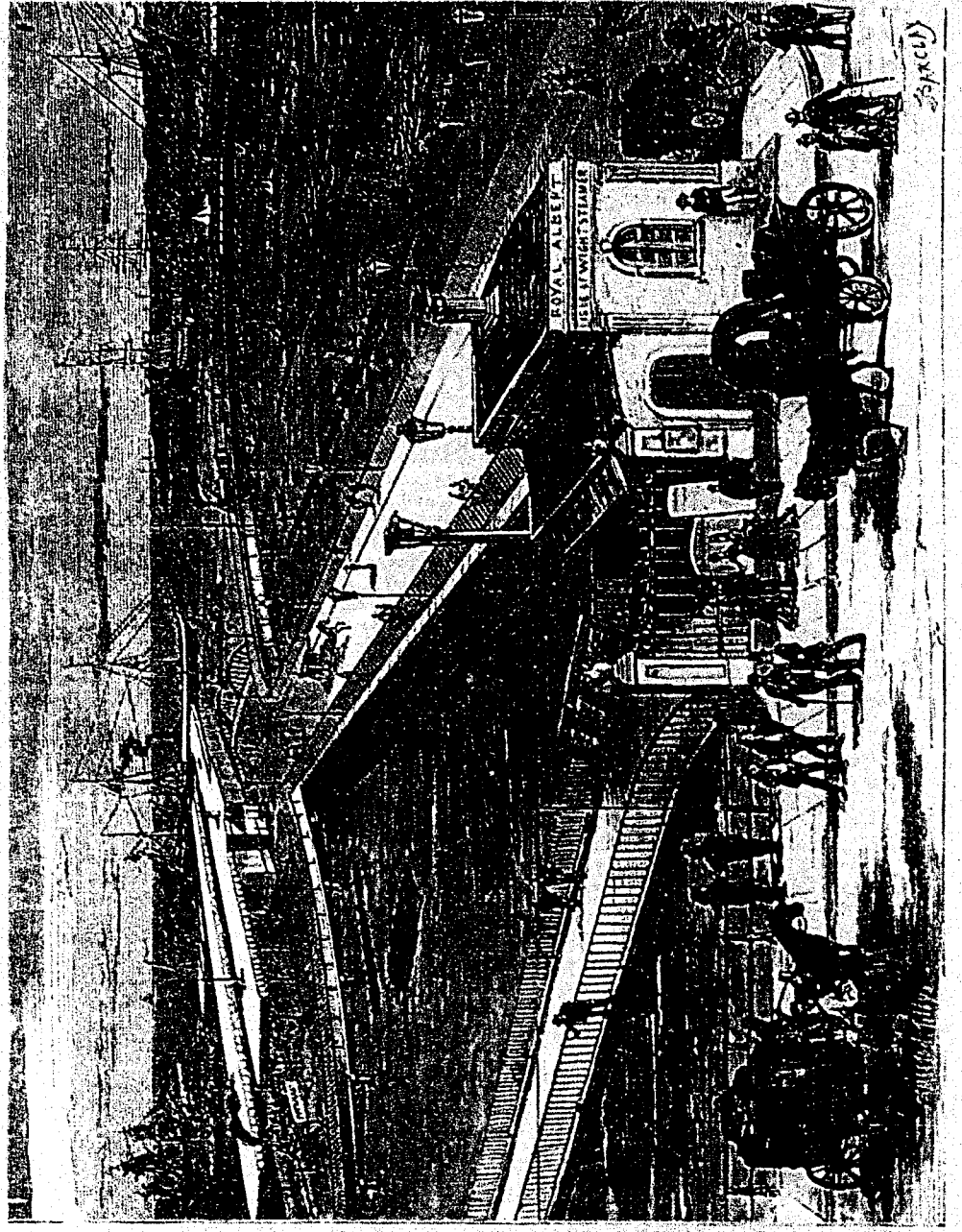
JOAQUIN MILLER, talking with a friend the other day about his habits of composition, said that he wanted to describe in detail in a poem he is writing the front of a Fifth Avenue mansion. "You know I have no books of reference," he said, "so I went to an architect and told him my trouble, and he went over a plan with me, and told me the name of every hotel and cornice, and oh, I got so many beautiful words. When I want to write of a ship I go to the docks and talk with the sailors. They have whole lexicons of beautiful words not in the books."

THE house in which Milton resided in London while he was Latin Secretary under the Commonwealth is in course of demolition. The walls and rafters recently have been seen, open to the sky, of the room in which Cromwell often discussed with Milton the affairs of State, and that more interesting chamber where the poet saw his

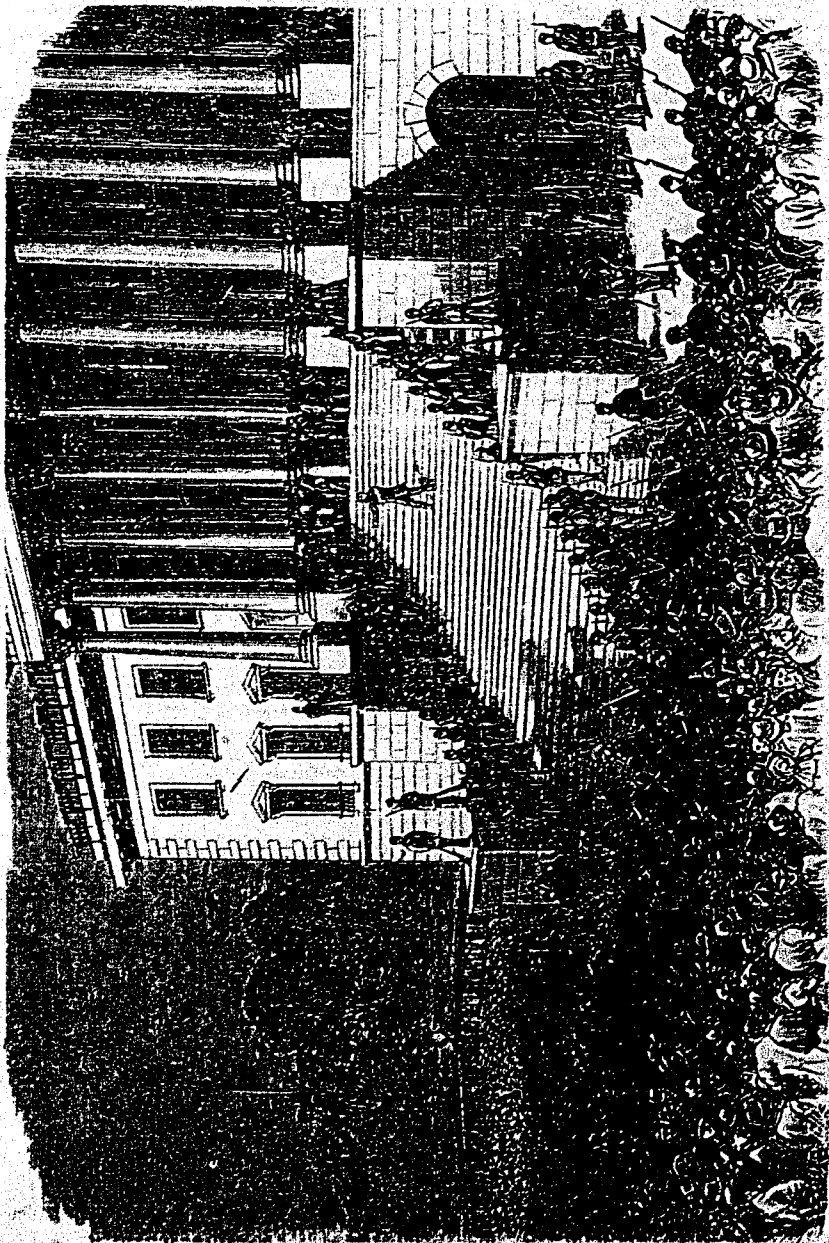
late espoused saint brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave. There Milton went blind, there he married his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, and there she died. There he commenced to write "Paradise Lost." In later years the house belonged to Jeremy Bentham, who inserted a slab with this inscription:—  
Here lived Milton,  
The Prince of Poets.  
William Haynes also resided there.



HOTEL AT PERA OCCUPIED BY LORD SALISBURY AND STAFF.



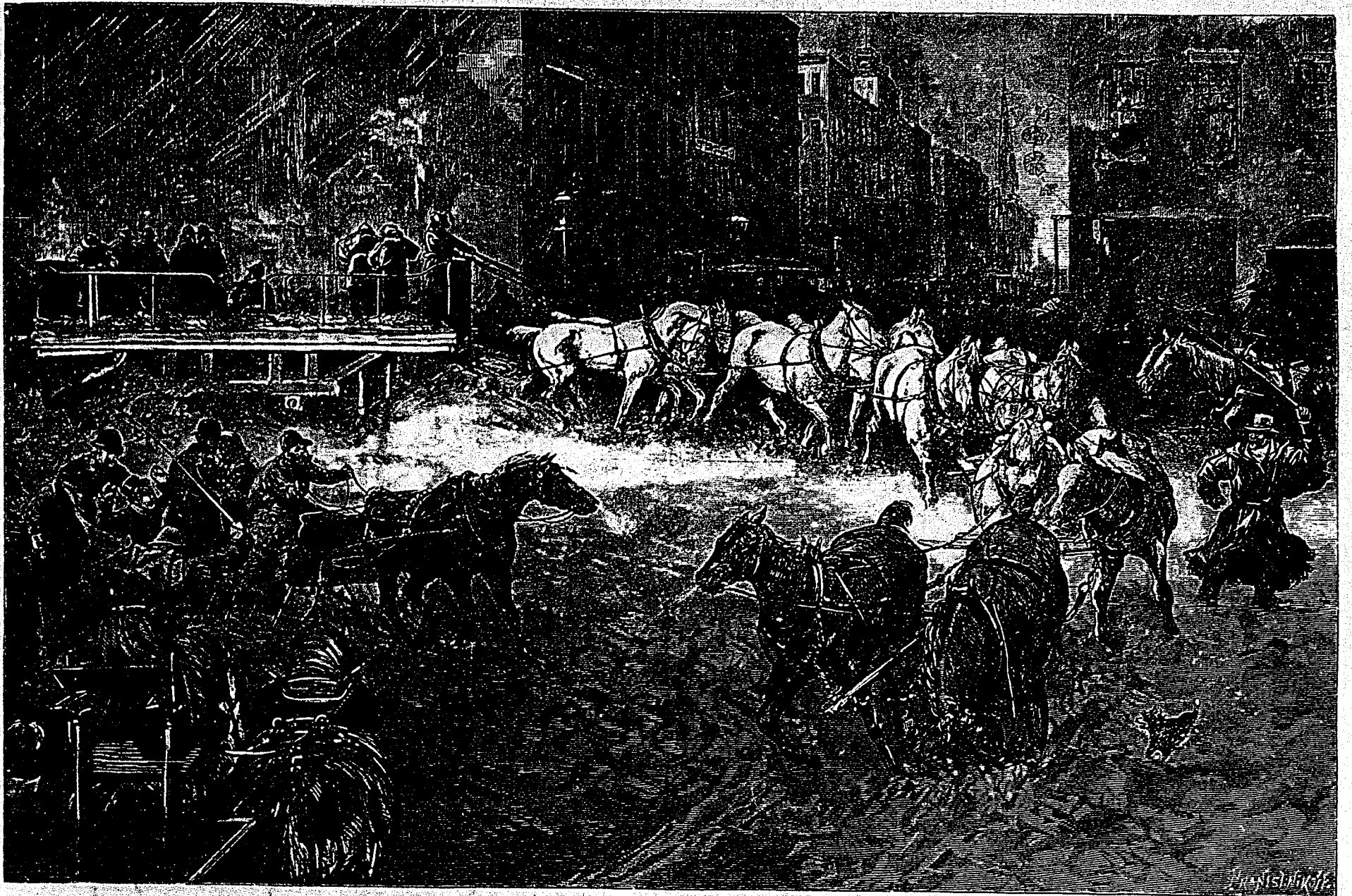
PORTSMOUTH.—THE NEW NAVAL RAILWAY STATION.



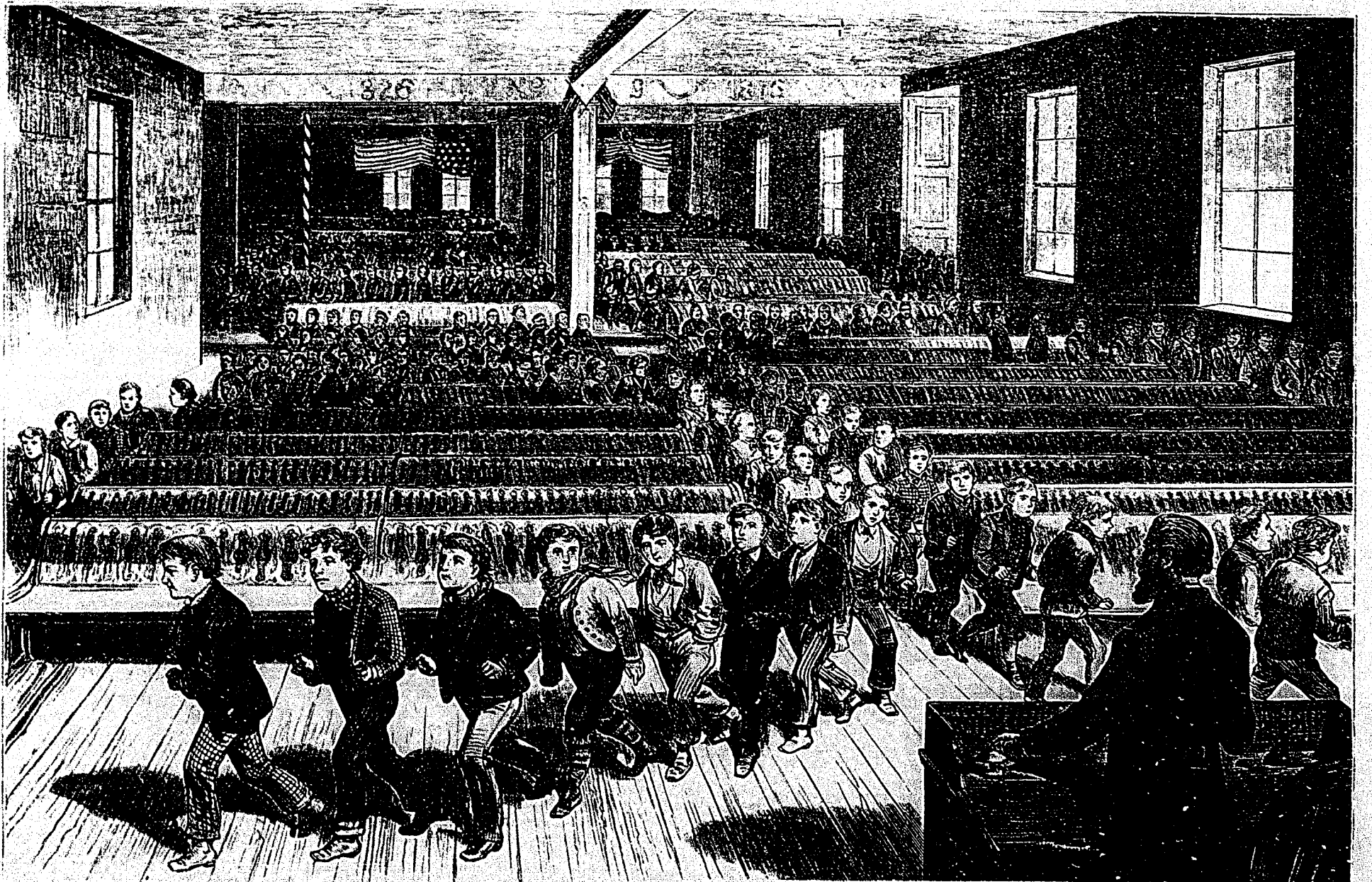
WADE HAMPTON EXHORTING HIS FRIENDS TO KEEP THE PEACE.



MEMBERS S. C. LEGISLATURE TRAVELLING TO COLUMBIA.



NEW YORK:—CLEARING THE RAILWAY TRACKS OF SNOW



NEW YORK:—TRAINING BOYS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS TO ESCAPE IN CASE OF FIRE.

## SONNET.

I'm sad to-night, my spirit's fading slow;  
My heart is full, my hopes are growing dim;  
The tears adown my cheek unbidden flow—  
The future comes upon me fraught with we,  
And life seems wearisome, and joy a whim.

She whom I love and cherish and adore,  
Whose every wish I sought to anticipate;  
In whom my life is centered—she no more  
Responds to my affection as of yore;  
But leaves me sadly to my bitter fate!

Ah! pity me at least if love hath fled  
The sacred portal of thy virgin heart;  
Come, darling, come! ere every hope hath sped,  
Some solace to my flickering soul impart.

THOMAS.

Montreal, 11th January, 1877.

## THE TRAGEDY OF ST. JEROME;

OR,

HUMAN JUSTICE, AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

(Continued.)

On the first day of the March Term, 185—, the counsel acting for the Crown, to whom I am indebted for many of the details of this painful narrative, laid an indictment before the Grand Jury, charging Madame Louvac and the two Dulong with murder. The Bill was found, and on the following day, the three prisoners were arraigned. They were all neatly and appropriately dressed in full mourning; they conducted themselves with great propriety and self-possession, and when called upon to plead to the charge, they answered with a low, firm voice, "Not guilty." They were defended by three eminent counsel—the most experienced and eloquent lawyers then at the Montreal Bar. The 5th of April was finally fixed for the trial, and on that day, the proceedings commenced about 10 o'clock. The Chief Justice and a Puisne-Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, held the Court. The audience room was crowded almost to suffocation, and an immense interest was manifested in this important trial. Shortly after the opening of the Court, the three prisoners entered the dock, and the trial was at once proceeded with. Madame Louvac stood at the Bar, between the two other prisoners, Antoine on the right and George on the left; and altho' perhaps her cheek was a shade paler, and her dark brow slightly more thoughtful, yet her grand, sinister countenance, her large dreamy eyes, wore the same expression they did on the day she was arraigned—an imperious, tragical person, and one of those faces you meet with travelling through the "wildernesses of this world," on which neither hope nor fear, conscience, joy or sorrow have left any trace, so firm and hard were its outlines, and on which not even the horror of an ignominious death could, to any marked degree, change or discompose. The two male prisoners exhibited the same calm, almost stolid appearance they did on the day they first appeared in Court. After the necessary preliminaries of swearing the Jury, &c., the prosecuting counsel rose to open the case on the part of the Crown. Profound silence prevailed in Court. The writer, then a mere youth, well remembers, after the lapse of many years, the deep impression this solemn scene made on his young mind. The prosecutor now proceeded to lay before the Jury a clear, unadorned and circumstantial statement of the facts he intended to prove on behalf of the Crown. He gave a brief history of the two families, Dulong and Louvac, and altho' omitting any pointed, or incriminating allusion to the sudden death of Louvac and his daughter, yet he delicately referred to this strange and mysterious calamity. He remarked, however, that such afflictions frequently fell on families of the purest lives, and blighted the fairest hopes of domestic affection. In any case, he said, these painful incidents had no direct connection with the present case. In assigning a motive for the alleged crime then under consideration, he referred at length to the notorious and suspected intimacy between Madame Louvac and Antoine Dulong; and then proceeded to relate some of the events which occurred on the fatal night when Madame Dulong was found dead in her bed. He referred to the unaccountable absence of Antoine Dulong; his stopping to sleep so near his own house at the way-side inn; his restlessness and agitation during the night; all which he intended to prove. He dwelt on the fact of the two prisoners, Madame Louvac and George Dulong, being alone with the deceased on the night she died, or, as he pretended, was murdered; and also, on a variety of other circumstances which tended to shroud the whole affair in deep mystery. He frankly declared that the theory of the prosecution was, not that Madame Dulong had been poisoned, had died of apoplexy, or a fit of any kind, but that she had been suffocated, smothered by a murderous hand; that her husband, the man who was bound to shield her from harm and to alleviate the sorrow which seemed to weigh on that too confiding heart, had planned the deed of death with Madame Louvac; and that George, the brother-in-law, from motives difficult to comprehend and more difficult to prove, had entered into the plot; that in the concerted absence of the husband, the two other prisoners had perpetrated the ghastly and cruel deed with the knowledge and criminal connivance of Antoine Dulong. During the delivery of this address, the latter exhibited great emotion and considerable anxiety. The other two stood motionless and impassive as statues, neither in-

different nor deficient, neither depressed nor resigned, and Madame Louvac seemed, as usual, to be absorbed in a sombre reverie.

In proceeding to adduce evidence on the part of the prosecution, the first and chief difficulty was to establish beyond reasonable doubt the cause of death. The *post mortem* examination, it was true, had been made, with considerable care, by two physicians, but they were men of no great experience, nor persons of much eminence in their profession. They were medical men of high character, however, and one of them had, moreover, attended the deceased during life. After a thorough investigation, as has been already stated, they were wholly unable to detect any trace of poison. The fact of the punch having been prepared by Madame Louvac herself, had suggested the idea that poison had in this way been administered; but none was found, and, as a matter of fact, there was none to find. The doctors had declared that the *post mortem* examination disclosed the fact that the heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, and with the exception of the brain, the other vital organs presented a healthy appearance, and no cause of death could be detected in any of them. The brain was congested, but how, when, or by what particular disease had that been brought about? The physicians were pretty sure it had not been caused by apoplexy, epilepsy, or any of the known forms of morbid congestion. Was it caused by external violence? These gentlemen thought not, at the time of the inquest; and they could scarcely believe so now. It was quite true that there were slight marks on the neck and breast, and under one eye, but they were so insignificant that they could scarcely be said to indicate violence, causing death; but still they existed, and, moreover, there was a slight rent, very small, in one of the pillows, which may have been there previously, or been made on the night of the death. But this again did not seem of sufficient importance to justify the inference that a death struggle had taken place; that was all they would venture to say. Madame Dulong, they added, had died from asphyxia; but how caused, they could not swear with entire confidence. All this was very unsatisfactory, but still it was something upon which an hypothesis might be based.

There was, at that time, residing in Montreal, I believe he is living still, a physician who had been summoned to give evidence on the trial. He was a man of great professional attainments, considerable experience, and well known for his proficiency in what, I believe, called "descriptive anatomy." He was of a cautious and discriminating turn of mind. He had examined the description of the *post mortem* examination made by the two doctors; and he had, moreover, listened with the greatest attention to the evidence these gentlemen had just given in the witness box. He was now called and proceeded to give his testimony. His examination and his cross-examination, which was very lengthy and singularly able, occupied the greater part of two days. He testified in substance, as his opinion, a strictly professional opinion, that the cause of death was congestion of the brain, caused by asphyxia; he was satisfied the deceased had been smothered, suffocated by a pillow, or by something of that kind. Since the deceased was described as being a person of rather full blood, subject to sensations of syncope, and not enjoying very good health, if assailed suddenly in this way, while in sound sleep and lying on her back, her death might be caused very quickly and with very slight, if any, marks of external violence; the small rent in the pillow, the faint marks on the neck and chest, and under one eye, would be sufficient indication of the process of suffocation, and confirmed him in his opinion. No doubt, this might appear strange; but it was still stranger, that as the cause of death was shown to be a congested condition of the brain, the cause of that congestion if morbid and natural could not be detected. If the result of apoplexy, there would have been unmistakable signs of it after death; and if brought about by any kind of fit, there would have been a marked struggle, and convulsive effort in dying. At least, such was his opinion; and he did not believe he would be controverted in this particular. Now it was strange that the prisoners Louvac and George Dulong had witnessed no struggle with death, of the character he had described; no lingering agony; no prolonged or violent spasm, syncope, properly so called, would not necessarily cause the brain to be congested; nor would a sudden rupture of the pneumo-gastric nerve.

The physicians who made the *post mortem* examination were of opinion that this was the cause of death, so that theory could not be entertained. There remained that peculiar congestion caused by asphyxia, and in this case he had no hesitation in saying that the deceased was suffocated by the pillow, or by some such soft and bulky substance being held by a strong hand on her face when asleep, while another hand, equally strong, must have held the victim by the ankles. From all he had heard of the case, he had no doubt that the death was caused in this manner. Several other medical witnesses were examined, and they, in part, corroborated this view. They spoke, however, with considerable hesitation. Altho' they were of opinion, upon the whole, that the *post mortem* appearance did not necessarily exclude the possibility of death by natural causes, yet it was not probable that such was the case in this instance. They were of opinion that the theory of suffocation, as previously propounded, was the more probable. Undoubtedly death might have resulted from a process of smothering such

as that described, and also without leaving any great or special marks of external violence.

This evidence was not very strong to show beyond all reasonable doubt or difficulty the cause of death; and the Court intimated to the prosecuting counsel, that it became a question whether, with such testimony, the case should be allowed to proceed. A lively discussion then arose between the counsel on both sides, the defence contending that the proof was insufficient and amounted to no more than speculative opinion, the Crown on the other hand insisting that whether, conclusive or not, that it was evidence at all events to go to the jury. The Judges finally decided that the case should proceed, but observed that, according to all present appearances, it would result in a sheer waste of time.

It became now a matter of vital importance for the prosecution to make out a case, to show all the occurrences, in so far as possible, which took place at Dulong's house on the fatal night in question, and likewise all the previous, concurrent and extraneous circumstances which might lead to the belief and to produce the conviction that Madame Dulong had been murdered; and that the foul deed had been perpetrated by Madame Louvac and George Dulong in concert and complicity with the husband of the deceased. This was a difficult task and for its performance professional skill, considerable judgment, and, under the circumstances, courageous and persistent efforts were necessary. About twenty witnesses were present on the part of the Crown; the principal of them were Rose Dunagon, Madeline Vogel, the two daughters of Madame Louvac, Laurent Beauchamp and a young man by the name of Isidore Delorme, who will call for particular notice hereafter.

Madame Dunagon deposed that on the night in question she had called on the deceased about 8 o'clock in the evening; found her cheerful and in good health; their friendship had been very intimate and was of very long standing. That Madame Louvac was there at the time; that owing to her well-known character and the suspicions which were in circulation about her in regard to some previous incidents—she would not mention—together with her own notorious, she added, scandalous intimacy with Antoine Dulong, she at once entertained vague apprehensions that she was there for no good purpose, and that something very serious might happen. She then proceeded to say that during a few minutes' absence of Madame Dulong, while attending to some household concern, on the evening in question, she had inquired of Madame Louvac, not offensively, whether she intended to pass the night there. Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, she expressed her surprise that she could leave her children alone all night, come so far on such a cold day and more particularly as her friend Dulong was absent. She added that, thereupon, Madame Louvac had fixed her great, flaming eyes upon her, and approaching her, said in a voice of suppressed rage, that she was not in the habit of gratifying the idle curiosity of village gossip. That when she, Dunagon, heard the little birds singing in the woods she might listen, wonder, imitate them if she could; but that when she met a wolf or panther in her path, she had better pass on quickly, and not only be silent but get out of their way. She added with a kind of angry growl, "I have heard, Madame, of some of the vile calumnies you have circulated and continue to circulate about me; now let me once for all request you to mind your own business, at least not to meddle with mine. If you ever do again, I warn you before hand—beware. *Pas de mediances sur mon compte, Madame, sous les serres; prenez garde.*"

She was terrified at this woman's violence, and when Madame Dulong came back she bade them good-night and left. She was very uneasy. She went home and shortly after she and her husband retired for the night. She mentioned her fears to him; he laughed at her and went to sleep. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, she had occasion to go to her nursery and looking out a front window, she did not know exactly why, her attention was attracted by a light passing rapidly three or four times in quick succession through one of the rooms in Dulong's house—it was the bed-room. She thought this a little strange, but the circumstance made no great impression upon her mind at the time. She could not distinguish by whom the light was borne. She went to bed again, and about an hour afterwards they were aroused by George Dulong. "At first my husband was annoyed at what he called all this nonsense," and swore he would not go till after he smoked his pipe, but told me to go. Seeing that I remained longer than he expected, he became alarmed and joined me at the house. She then detailed all that she heard and saw there on the night in question, and a number of other facts of more or less relevancy and importance. She was cross-examined at great length, and, by her shrewd, gossiping answers, as often happens in such cases, very materially damaged the defence. Her husband corroborated her testimony.

Madeline Vogel, Madame Dulong's servant-girl, proved among other things the intimacy between Madame Louvac and Dulong, and deposed to facts which went to show that it was of a guilty character. She said her mistress was in good health on the day preceding her death, and that she was seldom ill; at times, however, she suffered from a kind of fainting fit; did not know to what the fits were attributable; the doctor said it was her digestion that

was weak. She bore testimony to the words uttered by the husband and wife, when they parted on the morning previous, and that neither she or Madame Dulong were aware that Madame Louvac was coming to the house that day. She testified that the pillow on Madame Dulong's bed was not torn in the morning, previous to her death, and that she had never noticed any mark near the eye or on the neck and breast of her mistress before death.

(To be continued.)

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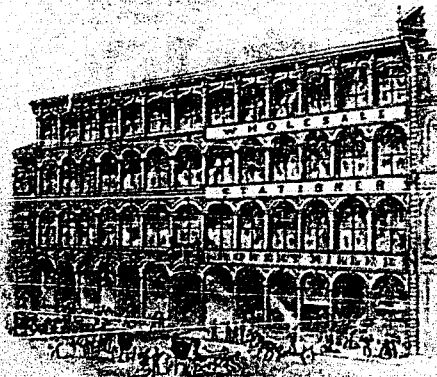
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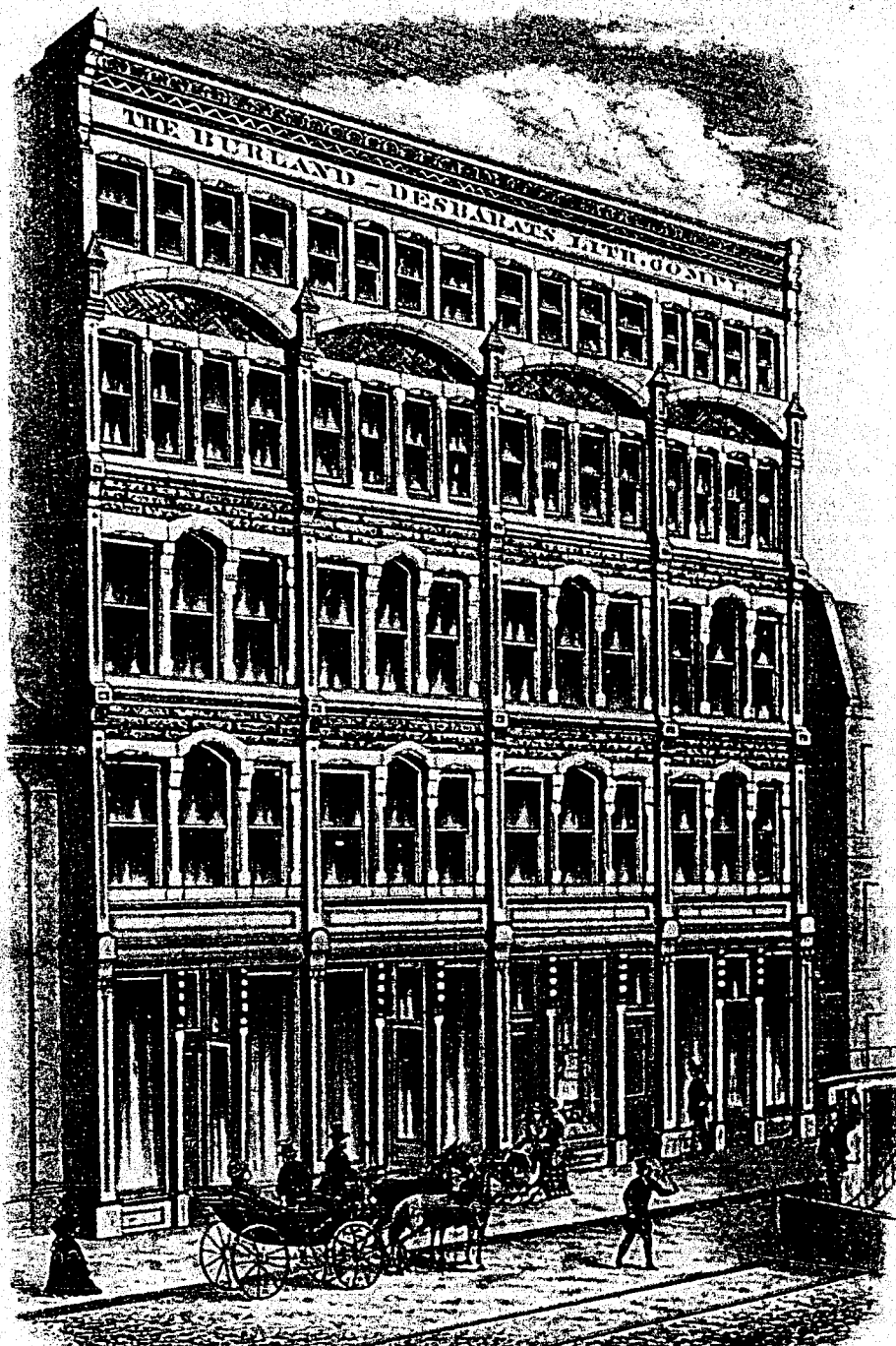
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 porter, 911 St. James  
 CABINET ORGANS. Street, Montreal.  
 13-7-52-77

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published  
 by the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY  
 (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street,  
 Montreal.