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Illustrated News

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THE PRESBYTERIAN TEMPORALITIES.

Rev. G.—I.—They have numbers on their side, Sir; but they shall not keep those treasures. The strong arm of the law will give them back to us, or I am much mistaken.

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

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 20th, 1875.

POLITICAL ABUSE.

The bane of Canadian politics is that they are personal. In the press and on the hustings it is not principles that are discussed so much as the career and character of public men. This feature infuses a certain vigor into every electoral campaign, but it also lowers debate to a degrading level of vulgarity. Strangers visiting us are apt to form a poor opinion of us from the dearth of principle which they must remark in our political dealings, and, unless we are much mistaken, a similar sentiment prevails among the better class of Canadians themselves. In the United States, the very revelry of abuse in which the organs of popular opinion habitually indulge has had the effect of driving nearly all the best men into retirement. They prefer the obscurity of private life, with its peace, to the glory of political honors with its counterpart of calumny. A few unconquerable spirits, born for strife, brave this penalty of greatness, but they are the privileged few and the majority who do not choose to imitate their example need not be taxed with lack of moral courage. Peace of mind and an unsullied name are worth more than any distinctions. Calumny has the quality of pitch. Some of it always sticks. The diatribe of pen and voice invariably goes farther and lasts longer than the reparation or apology.

Scripta manent: necesse vox missa reverti.

DR. TUPPER only very recently stated that the life of a public man must become intolerable if he is to be perpetually open to a repetition of charges which, though once made against him, have been officially disproven. When such an intrepid and indomitable spirit as that of the member for Cumberland quails under the sting, what must it be with those who have not his energy and prestige? Two years have passed and we have not heard the end of the Pacific Scandal. One year has passed and the Tanneries Land Swap is still fresh. Six months have passed and the Lachine Canal Job is doing valiant service. At that rate, we may make up our minds to hear of the Steel Rail Purchase and the Big Push Letter for many a moon to come. It is, of course, useless to moralize upon the subject. Obviously the public like to have such matters dished up for them, and the newspapers are nothing loath to supply the requisite condiment and sauce. It remains none the less true that the fact is a pitiable one and that the Canadian press is unwittingly demeaning the country by representing its public men in an unenviable moral light. Surely the example of the United States ought long ago to have made us sick of this system of unbridled abuse. Surely the example of England ought to entice us by its gentility, its moderation and its unswerving sense of dignity.

Even if it were true—which it is not—that there is no real difference of principle between the two great parties of the State, the circumstance would furnish no excuse for the indulgence of vulgar per-

sonalities. Some people are disposed to look down slightly upon the Quebec Legislature, but in the matter of courtesy and gentlemanly bearing between the members of opposing parties, it gives a brilliant example to all the Provinces of the Dominion. Mr. JOLY, even under the irritation of defeat, never forgets what is due to himself and his position, while the leaders on the other side always reciprocate his urbanity. Political competition is none the less keen in the ancient capital and we have yet to learn that the Quebec Legislature is not as effective as any other.

SEA AND SHORE.

The American side-wheel steamer "Pacific" has foundered off the coast of California on her passage from Victoria to San Francisco, with, as it is believed, the loss of all on board but one sole survivor who escaped by means of a raft to the coast of Vancouver. The poor fellow was greatly confused in regard to the cause of the accident which most have ascribed to a sunken rock. The ship was of 800 tons—timber built—is described as a worthy ship, as vessels which meet disaster commonly are. Her unseaworthiness, in the true sense, was however proved by the rapidity with which she went down after being struck. There could have been no efficient compartments formed by bulkheads, and her sides must have been slight for a wooden ship, and, as is only common, not reinforced by metal sheathing of any resisting power. In the instance before us, the women seem to have been cared for and placed in the boats, but these were immediately capsized by the heavy sea that was running, some probably also in launching. All this is very miserable and unworthy of our boasted civilization. The ancients hugged the shore in their frail craft and slight knowledge of navigation. We dare everything and fail in proportion to our heedlessness. That ships can be rendered unsinkable, at any rate for a long interval from the moment of striking, is now sufficiently proved. Ocean waves should not be allowed to rule us, therefore, if there is any solid and united action possible amongst men. Energies multiply, and seek food in all shapes, useful and trifling—why not concentrate them a little here? We educate, and found Technical Colleges. Cannot the maritime interest claim a share in our studies? We ought to rule here—be it said with due reverence. There is a sub-ruling and a procreation with which Humanity has been distinctly invested by the Supreme Ruler, to whose name be all ascription of power and wisdom. We should use our commission, which speaks of replenishing and subduing. The treacherous sea should not be allowed to evade the injunction, and to sweep over all we hold precious—our accumulations for further service, and, dearer far, the human presences so enshrined in our affections. Humorist and Philosopher can see that we have grown strangely heedless of late—sacrificing safety to speed and to false economies. The people should see this, too. Created forces are wide and affluent, but also inexorable in application to our weak frames, and our material constructions are proving Towers of Babel to us. Mind, rightly directed, and guided to rational courses, is what must save us. There is no survival of the fittest here, unless the fantastic theorist shall argue that fitness is mere immunity, which we take leave to deny. Success is not the measure of fitness in material things—for the true fitness regards what is higher than success—namely truth—and so regarding, could not have sprung from matter. The aspiration that prevails at last, and on the great scale, has but a secondary reference to the material world, and is not of it. But, in actual fact, fit and unfit alike go down in pure heedlessness of law. There is no discrimination in great convulsions. But the faculties of man were not the less intended for adjustment to natural forces for withstanding disaster, and moulding a home in the passage to the better scene.

Without this higher view where should we be? In his most advanced type of civil power and intelligence, man should not be found recalcitrant to his high trust. The moral sense must be brought to assert itself.

A BOLD PROPHECY.

Our readers will remember the circumstances attendant upon the passage of the Supreme Court Bill, at the last session of Parliament. One of those circumstances was very peculiar. The Bill was prepared in sub-committee by Mr. FOURNIER, then Minister of Justice, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, Mr. BLAKE and Mr. MOSS. On leaving their hands it received their full approval, as containing all the clauses which it was believed it ought to contain. On presentation to the House, it met with similar approval, from the Ministerialists because it was put forward by the Government, and from the Opposition because it was known to be, as has since been reliably ascertained, substantially the same Bill which Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD had drawn up with his own hand, some months prior to his resignation. Under these circumstances, it passed readily through its first and second readings and seemed destined to encounter no trouble. But on the third reading, a private member, Mr. IRVING, of Hamilton, moved that a clause be appended, distinctly providing that no appeal should be allowed from the Supreme Court of Canada to the Privy Council of Great Britain. It has been charged that Mr. IRVING did this through collusion with the Minister of Justice. We are not disposed to credit this, but at any rate, Mr. FOURNIER, and the other members of the Government, supported the amendment. The Opposition, headed by Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, opposed it with heat and great display of argument, and Sir JOHN then and there prophesied that that clause of the Bill would not be sanctioned by the Crown. The matter then dropped, and the measure was passed.

A few weeks ago, the members of the Supreme Bench were nominated, sworn in, and are now all in Ottawa making arrangements for the opening of the Court. These circumstances looked like proof that the Bill had been approved in England, but we ourselves at the time called attention to the fact that the Proclamation in the Official Gazette merely referred to the administration of the Court and not to its powers. We likewise gave prominence to a reply of Mr. LOWTHER, the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, in the British House of Parliament, to the effect that the Appellate Clause of the Bill, was still under consideration. We concluded from these two incidents that we had not yet been deprived of the right of appeal to the foot of the Throne. In this view we are confirmed by what Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD said in a speech delivered by him a few days ago at Toronto. He stated that, at the next session of our Parliament, the Appellate Clause would be excised, and not obscurely intimated that he had information to that effect. If such prove to be the case, we shall congratulate Sir JOHN both on his patriotic opposition to the clause and his statesmanly prophecy as to its ultimate fate. We do not want to see this judicial link to the Crown broken. Too many of our bonds of Union with the Mother Land are gone already. We wish to stand by the old connection as long and by as many ties as possible. The ultimate appeal to Her Majesty is a right and privilege. We desire to be deprived of neither.

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

The Select Committee named to enquire into the tenure of lands in the Magdalen Islands, and also upon the best means to be taken to improve the position of the residents of the Islands in relation to the tenure of lands, have just submitted their Report to the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. They have ascertained that there exist several kinds of leases in the Magdalen Islands. There are emphyteotic

and perpetual leases, for a period of fifty years, and a great number of leases for only ten years. The leases give no guarantee whatsoever to the occupants of lands, because it is stated therein that in default of payment, they will lose all their rights. It is therefore evident that they are in a very critical position, because the proprietor of the Islands can always resume these lands as soon as the occupants find it impossible to comply with the owner's conditions imposed upon them. The difficult position, in which the residents of the Magdalen Islands are placed, has always been a grave source of discontent amongst the population. This general discontent is principally due to the fact that the lessees have no prospect of ever becoming proprietors of the lands which they occupy. In certain cases also they pay a rent far too high, nay, even complain that the beaches are not gratuitously given them for fishing purposes. Such a state of things must lead to disastrous results and create an immense damage to the prosperity of the Islands. The population seeing no possibility of deriving any benefit from their labours, so as to enable them to improve their position by energetic and persevering work, become easily discouraged, and abandon the lands which they despair of ever holding as proprietors. A large number of the inhabitants also emigrated through this cause. From information received from persons, who have resided on these Islands for many years, hundreds of families have already left the Islands. This emigration continues and will certainly continue unless measures are taken to remedy the evils of which the population justly complain. The inhabitants of the Magdalen Islands will be only too happy to be enabled to enjoy the advantage of the Government system of the sale of lands. It should, however, not establish regulations respecting the cutting of timber, because it would be necessary to leave to the residents the advantage of the benefit of procuring timber for building purposes, fishing and for fire wood. They do not claim the privilege of selling the timber. The system of the tenure of lands, of which the population of the Magdalen Islands firstly complain, existed nearly for the same period in Prince Edward Island. It produced also bad results in that Province. The Local Government of the Islands appreciates the great necessity of relieving the population from the serious inconveniences of such a deplorable system of tenure of lands and is now occupied in effecting a change. The Committee appreciate how important it would be for the Province to encourage the working of the resources of the Magdalen Islands. They are inhabited by a population active, laborious, robust and desirous of deriving all the benefits of which a soil well adapted to cultivation offers them. There is already a considerable trade both of importation and exportation. The produce of the fisheries is already very considerable. The Committee consider it their duty to recommend the Government to take such measures as it shall deem necessary to acquire the rights of Admiral Coffin as proprietor of the Islands, in order to sell the lands to the residents, in the same manner as Crown Lands are sold to settlers in the Province of Quebec, excepting always that which relates to the cutting of timber.

THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION OF 1875.

They know how to do things with spirit in Australia. The intention of being fitly represented at the great American Centennial Fair of 1875, has led to a magnificent International Exhibition held at Melbourne in September of this year. Early in September, 1874, Commissioners were appointed to make preliminary inquiries, with the view of ascertaining whether united action should be taken by all the Australian Colonies, and they unanimously arrived at the conclusion that, to secure an effect creditable to the Colonies, they must act in concert, and that it was in-

dispensable that a Preliminary Exhibition should be held in order that the objects to be transmitted to Philadelphia should be compared and the best of their kinds selected. For the convenience of concentration and of shipment, they recommended that the Exhibition should be held at Melbourne. Letters were addressed to the Governors of Hong Kong, Manilla, New Caledonia, and Fiji—of Java, Batavia, Singapore, Ceylon, Reunion, Mauritius, and the Cape of Good Hope, explaining the advantages likely to arise by assembling at Melbourne examples of the natural products of so many different zones of latitude. In December 1874, a Royal Commission was appointed, the duties of which were to take measures to secure the effectual representation of the arts, manufactures, products, scientific inventions, and new discoveries of Victoria at Philadelphia, and to arrange for a Preliminary Exhibition in Melbourne, to which all the British, French, and Dutch possessions in Australasia and the neighbouring islands were invited to exhibit. New South Wales, South Australia, Tasmania, and Western Australia agreed to send contributions. It is to be regretted that the Queensland and New Zealand Governments refused to grant any assistance to persons who were desirous of exhibiting at Melbourne, and the consequence is that the resources of these Colonies were quite unrepresented. The Government of Western Australia also neglected to provide funds for representing that Colony at Melbourne and Philadelphia, but some few exhibits were received from private persons. It was believed that His Majesty the King of Siam would contribute an interesting collection, but the exhibits did not arrive. It was also expected, from advices received, that Fiji, Hawaii, and Netherlands-India would be represented, but various reasons operated to prevent their sending contributions. It is very satisfactory that Japan should have forwarded such a large and interesting collection, and that officials of high rank in the Government should have been accredited to act as Commissioners.

The youthful colony of Queensland has voted a million and a quarter of dollars for Immigration purposes to be expended within two years.

FROM THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

OPENING OF THE SESSION—THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE—DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS—A MUSICAL HOUSE.

QUEBEC NOV. 10.—The excitement is over and this afternoon we settle down to transact the important private legislation of the Province. As your readers will have read pretty full accounts of what has been going on here since your representative first stepped within the Parliamentary buildings, a brief sketch or recapitulation will suffice. On Thursday afternoon, down came the B Battery Artillery and, halting in front of the Grand Entrance, stood at ease till the arrival of His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor. In the meantime a body of the Provincial Police marched in military order to the Parliamentary gates and there drew up files inwards, and shortly after the Lieut.-Governor passed through and, arriving at the Grand Entrance was received with a military salute, the band playing "God Save the Queen." At the door he was received by the Usher of the Black Rod with one of his most Brummellian bows and a brilliant staff of officers, each in a different uniform, gorgeous in gold lace, scarlet and blue. His Honor was dressed in his Windsor Uniform and, although an old man, bore himself in a soldierly manner. In the Legislative Council Chamber, which is furnished and fitted up in scarlet, the scene was very pretty. On either side, the ladies of Quebec were seated, clothed in their furs and silk dresses, their bright and young faces forming a striking contrast to the Honorable Councillors sitting within the rails. To look at the latter and noticing the chief of the Clan Frasers with his large white medal hanging from his left breast by a piece of the Clan Fraser ribbon, the former much resembling one of those tin plates of our childhood, we were fain to picture one of the old fashioned Indian Councils of which Cooper and others have written. There was, however, this difference that none of our Councillors had the same cast of stolid dignity so characteristic of the Red Man, and few of them had even his stalwart appearance, the majority of them being decrepit, and evidently shrinking from the idea of soon, ah! very soon, entering their happy (?) hunting grounds.

His Honor entered the Chamber by the Speaker's door and took his seat in the Chair of State so large that even Goliath of Gath would have felt

lost in it. His Honor delicately sat on the extreme edge and, the Lower House being summoned, he told them he would not require their services till they had elected a Speaker. He then dismissed them and immediately went home. The Lower House returned to their chamber and electing Hon. Pierre Fortin, member for Gaspé, to be Speaker, adjourned till next day not, however, before Mr. Joly, Leader of the Opposition, had remarked on the fact that Mr. Fortin's election was contested and, also, that he doubted that gentleman's capacity to preside over their debates. On Thursday, the whole of the ceremony was repeated, but on the Lower House going into the Gubernatorial presence, His Honor delivered the Speech from the Throne with a quantity of bowing and scraping on both his own and the Speaker's part. The discussion on the Address has occupied the House two days and has resulted in a tremendous victory for the Government, who defeated the amendment proposed by Mr. Joly, by a majority of 30 votes out of a House of sixty members there present and voting. The incidents of the debate are but few. It was at first thought the Address would have passed unopposed, but to the surprise of all and the disgust of many, even on his own side of the House, Mr. Joly proposed in amendment to the Railway clause, by which Government state their intention of taking over and completing the North Shore and Northern Colonization Railway, that the Federal Government should be requested to assist the Province by a subsidy, on the ground that the lines would be a connection of the Pacific Railway.

The speech of the mover of the Address, Mr. Landry, member for Montmagny, was intensely florid. I might remark that Mr. Landry is a gentleman farmer and, judging from his speech, a most successful cultivator of those specimens of the vegetable kingdom which look pretty as well as imposing, but at the same time have neither substance nor utility in them. The "Solid man of the House"—I need scarcely explain that I mean the member for Montreal Centre—co-operated with the member for Montmagny in introducing the reply to the Speech from the Throne. While, as has been remarked, Mr. Landry, the gentleman farmer, dealt only with trifles light as air, endeavouring to give them a substance and consistency they had not, it was evident that, from the moment Mr. O'Gilvie rose, he intended to say something effective and something whose bulk might be broken up and readily divided among all the members, giving to each all he wanted and leaving numbers of "baskets-full" to spare. With no attempt at eloquence of diction or affectation of style, he said all he had to say, in short, sharp and decisive sentences, easily understood and their point readily grasped. It need scarcely be said that no other influence than his own was required to obtain for him a hearing, his personal geniality, whole-souledness and practical common sense having gained for him the entire respect of the House, and whenever the "Boss Miller of Glenora" undertakes to put a shoulder to the Provincial political wheel that wheel has got to turn. The other speeches on Monday were unimportant, with the exception of that of Solicitor General Angers who, by-the-by, leads the House of Assembly, vice Malhiot resigned. In reply to Mr. Joly, he attacked the Federal Government, charging them with having already treated with sovereign contempt an application similar to that proposed by Mr. Joly, and preferred that the Province should build its railways without assistance. The debate lasted till 6 o'clock, when it is customary to go to dinner, but that evening had been set apart by many of the members to attend a concert given by Jehin Prume and Calixa Lavallée and, although no one liked to state it publicly, it was evident the feeling was to adjourn till the next afternoon. So the strange sight was seen of a House of Parliament adjourning a debate on a motion of want of confidence in the Government, in order that the members might be present at a concert! On the other hand, it may be remarked that so little fear had the Government of the result and importance of the amendment, that they offered no objection to the adjournment which was moved by Mr. Beaubien, member for Hochelaga. The debate yesterday afternoon and evening was long and exhaustive, but that reminds me my letter is verging on the same fault. Therefore I will postpone any further remarks till my next.

REP.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRESBYTERIAN TEMPORALITIES.

Our front page will be easily understood as illustrating the great controversy in the Presbyterian church in regard to the Temporalities fund. Rev. Gavin Lang, of this city, is the chief mover in the case.

HUNTING SCENES.

We present a number of pretty scenes illustrative of the present hunting season which all lovers of nature and sportsmen in particular will relish and appreciate.

EUROPEAN PICTORIAL NEWS.

This contains a number of reduced views of European incidents of current interest—a Bosnian frontier guard in Herzegovina, and a group in silver presented to the Grand Duke of Luxembourg, on the 25th anniversary of his Lieutenant Generalship. The events of the German Emperor's visit to Milan are more fully referred to below.

REVERIE.

A delicious engraving from a painting of the artist Jacquet which created quite a sensation at the last French Fine Arts Exhibition. The pensive beauty of the face, the pose of the white arm, and the air of mystery investing the whole figure are charming.

HON. A. R. ANGERS, Q. C., SOLICITOR-GENERAL, QUEBEC.

Mr. Angers is now Leader of the Quebec Lower House and has thus risen to great prominence. He was born in Quebec, in 1838, educated there and married the daughter of Hon. E. Chinic, Senator. He was called to the bar of Lower Canada in 1860, and created a Queen's Counsel in 1874. He is a member of the extensive law firm of Langlois, Angers and Colston. He was first returned to Parliament for Montmorency in February, 1874, on the resignation of Hon. Mr. Cauchon, appointed member of the Executive Council and Solicitor-General for Quebec, on 22nd of September, 1874, and re-elected by acclamation. Mr. Angers is a rising man, full of promise, upon whom his friends rely for important services.

HON. P. GARNEAU, COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE AND PUBLIC WORKS, QUEBEC.

This gentleman was born at Cap Santé, in May 1823, and educated there. He went to Quebec early in life where he entered upon commercial pursuits and prospered, becoming one of the leading merchants of that city. He was Mayor of Quebec from 1870 to 1874, is Vice-President of the Stadacona Bank, President of the Quebec Street Railway Co., and lately of the Quebec Board of Trade. He was also a Government Director of the North Shore Railway. He was first returned to Parliament for the County of Quebec in 1873, and was appointed a member of the Executive Council and Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works in September 1874.

THE KAISER IN ITALY.

A grand gala dinner was given in the Hall of the Caryatides at the Palace, Milan. The palace itself is externally very plain, but within it is of great magnificence, and seems almost as large as a town. The Imperial guest proceeded to the banqueting hall by the grand staircase, a very fine one, consisting of three flights of stairs 16 feet wide. It is lighted by very superb gaseliers, which have seven jets, at each corner. The balustrade, which is a foot and a half broad, was covered with crimson velvet and a superb Aubusson carpet was placed over the steps. The walls were almost covered with mirrors, and the whole staircase was an avenue of choice flowering plants. The hall in which dinner took place is about 130 feet long by 50 feet wide. The gallery which runs all round it is supported by 44 Caryatides, in white marble and of very considerable artistic merit. The ceiling is covered and richly ornamented with *bassi relievi* in stucco and gilding. From the ceiling hang, by huge cords covered with yellow drapery, 18 large chandeliers of rock crystal. The room is lighted by altogether 3,800 wax candles. Facing the door by which the guests entered is a music gallery. The invitations to this dinner were about 150 in number. The guests were placed at a horse-shoe-shaped table, the Royal personages being on the outside of the centre of the curve. The King, who spoke in French, proposed "The Health of the Emperor and his Family." The King said he was the interpreter of the wishes of the Italians for the prosperity of Germany and the continued friendship of the two nations. He added, "Our personal relations of friendship guarantee European peace." The Emperor replied in French. Having expressed his thanks, he said he had long wished to return the King's visit. He was much moved by his reception, and felt that sentiments of sympathy between Italy and Germany would continue to guarantee peace. The Emperor has repeatedly expressed to the King his great pleasure at the reception given him. In a telegram sent to the Empress, which the papers publish, he speaks in the warmest terms of his receipt on at his entry. He says, "*Une così simile non ho mai vista in vita mia.*"

TITIENS.

Montreal was among the first of American cities to receive a visit from Mlle. Theresa Titiens. She appeared at the Theatre Royal, on the evenings of the 10th and 11th. Her performances consisted simply of concert solos. She was assisted by Signor Orlandini, baritone, Mr. Wilkie, tenor, and M. Sauret, violinist. Expectation had been wrought high in the matter of these concerts and the consequence was that the attendance on both nights was very large. Titiens is no stranger to thousands of Canadians who have heard her in England, which has been her home for sixteen years, and to these she stood in the light of a favorite. All of us hastened to hear her with the best of sentiments in her regard, and if there has been disappointment, it is no fault of the public. Neither does the fault lie wholly with the *diva*. We must say at once that it is a palpable injustice to bring forward Titiens in concerts, with all their cold surroundings and the prejudice which amateur performances have attached to them. Titiens is essentially an actress, a lyric artist, and the real qualities of her voice cannot be judged of outside of action. Titiens is Norma, Lucrezia, Semiramide, and the Leonora of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and you can no more judge of her by one song, than you could of Booth by a recitation of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," or of Salvini by

a rendering of Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio." Titiens needs costume, motion, the support and interblending of orchestration, to bring out her voice which is colored, toned, and made buoyant by all these accompaniments. This fact was made apparent last week. When she sang "The Last Rose," "Sweet Home," the "Ave Maria," she was fluent, correct, pleasing, but not animated herself nor creating any enthusiasm in her audience. But when she attacked "L'Ardita" and "Il Bacio," the lyric fire kindled in her eye, swayed in her body and flashed in her intonations. Then all was superb, and the house fairly rose to her. We repeat that these concerts do an injustice to Mlle. Titiens, and their pooriness is made more manifest by such helps as the baritone and tenor, singers palpably inferior to several whom we could name in this city. There was a compensation in S uret who is a conscientious artist, thoroughly satisfying his hearers. He puts on no airs, he tries no *tours de force*. He plays what he has to play with all soul. His fingering is remarkably delicate and true, his bowing is instinct with feeling and his notes are always of the purest. If we must say the truth, he was the favorite of these concerts. Of the quality of Titiens' voice we need not speak, as she is so well known. Last week, she was evidently laboring under hoarseness, and no wonder, as the atmosphere was very damp, the ground being covered with melting snow. There is no doubt that her lower register is worn, but her upper notes are still as deliciously limpid as ever. A gentleman who heard her in London, in 1859, told us that he remembered at once the glorious voice in the opening bars of "Ernani, involami," sung at the beginning of the second concert. Her phrasing is as perfect as of old, and her whole interpretation is that of the grand Italian school in which she has been reared and in which she replaces Pasta and Grisi. In opera she is good for ten years more, unless this American concert tour, with its winter travel and variable temperatures, injures her voice, as we much fear may prove the case.

SUPERFLUOUS WOMEN.

Mary A. Livermore says in her new lecture: Let me not be understood as depreciating marriage and setting myself against it. Nay, I magnify marriages! True marriage gives an antetaste of heaven. There can be no country worth living for that is not based on home and family resulting from marriage. Nevertheless I object to the theory that marriage is the final cause of woman, the sole object of her creation, because it is incorrect and harmful. The theory that marriage is the only business of a woman's life cannot be practically carried out with woman. Facts are against it. While there are on an average usually about 105 or 106 boys born into the world to every 100 girls, there has been such waste of life among men through war, dangerous pursuits, drunkenness, and profligacy that, taking the world over, there are, and always have been since the days of authentic history, more marriageable women in the world than men. In 1860 the average number of marriages in the United States was 75 to 100 marriageable women. Since then we have passed through the five-years' war of the rebellion, in consequence of which nearly 1,000,000 men lost their lives. In addition there has been since been growing a morbid luxury among both men and women, which, added to the expensiveness of living, has tended to greatly restrict marriage. The State census of Massachusetts, just completed, informs us that there are now 63,084 more women than men in the State, and that the disparity is increasing yearly. The theory that marriage offers to woman her only career of usefulness leads us to do injustice to the great army of the unmarried. They not only drop down in general estimation so that we speak slightly of them as old maids and superfluous women, but neglect to provide for them, and to give them the training necessary for their successful living and proper development. Mr. Greg, the charming English essayist, calls unmarried women "redundant" and "superfluous women," and has written an elaborate paper in answer to the question: "Why are woman redundant?" He not only attempts to answer his question, succeeding only indifferently well, but he raises another query, which he also undertakes to answer: "What shall we do with these superfluous women?" And after a full discussion of the whole subject, to which he carried a kindly spirit, he is unable to suggest any other provision for these superfluous women than exportation. You must do with them as you do with any other commodity with which the market is overstocked—as Delaware did last summer when its peach crop was overwhelmingly superfluous—you must export them. The women must emigrate.

ARTISTIC.

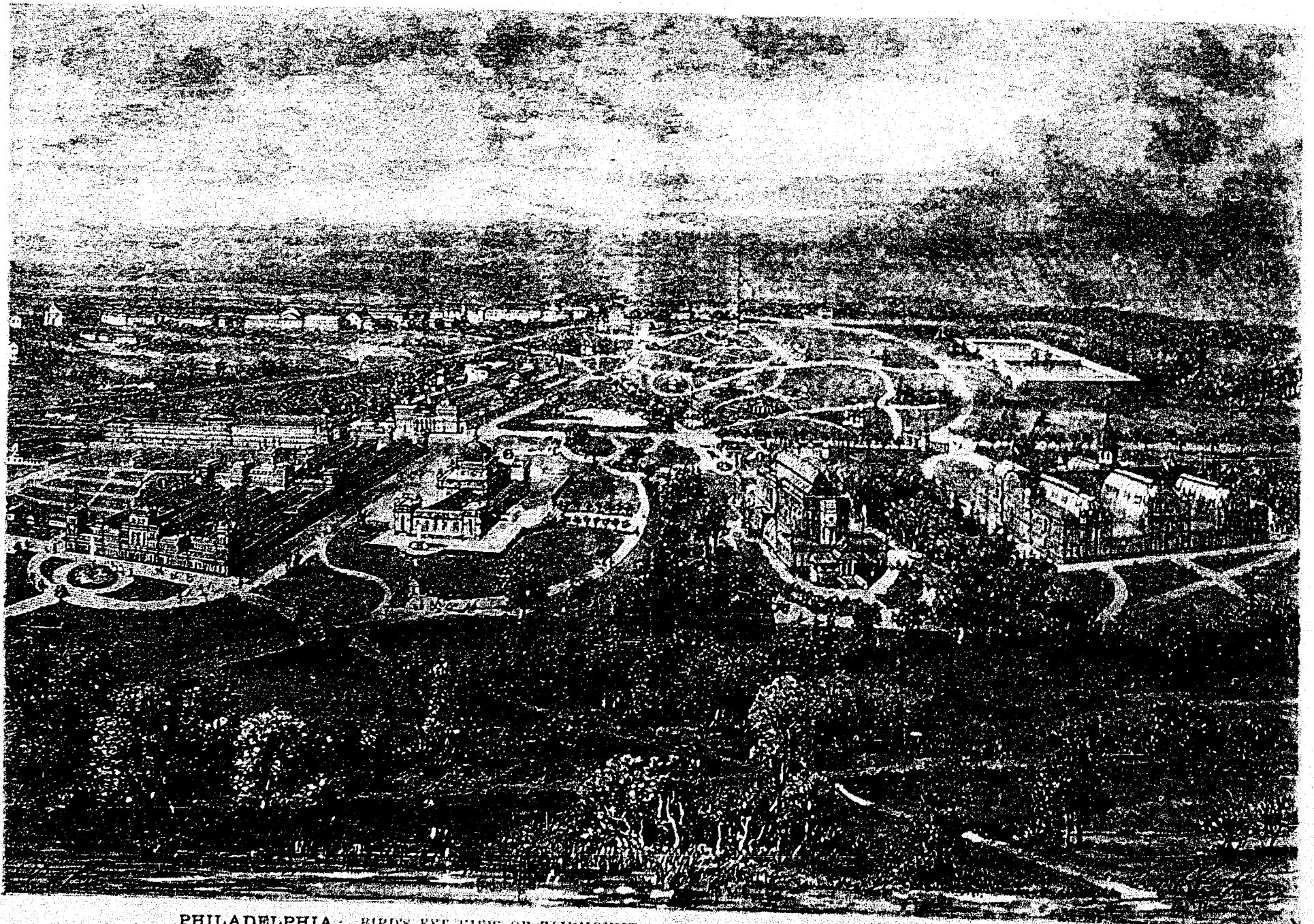
M. JEAN ENGELMANN, the inventor of chromolithography, has just died at Paris at an advanced age.

The Hogarth Club is one of the youngest and most successful of the London art clubs. It was founded five years ago, and has about three hundred members, a large number when it is remembered that none but artists are admitted. They have a capital house in Charlotte street, Fitzroy Square, and have lately decorated it with much artistic taste. It is usual to have a special evening for visitors, and members send their pictures to the club for that evening.

The King of the Belgians has just purchased the last sketch of the famous series executed by Rubens to serve as models for the tapestries of Count Orléans. The Museum of Madrid possesses the whole series with the exception of this one, which was carried off during the Peninsular War under the First Empire, and sold to an English dealer. It afterwards became the property of the Marquis of Camden, from a whom it passed into the Bredel collection, lately dispersed in London.

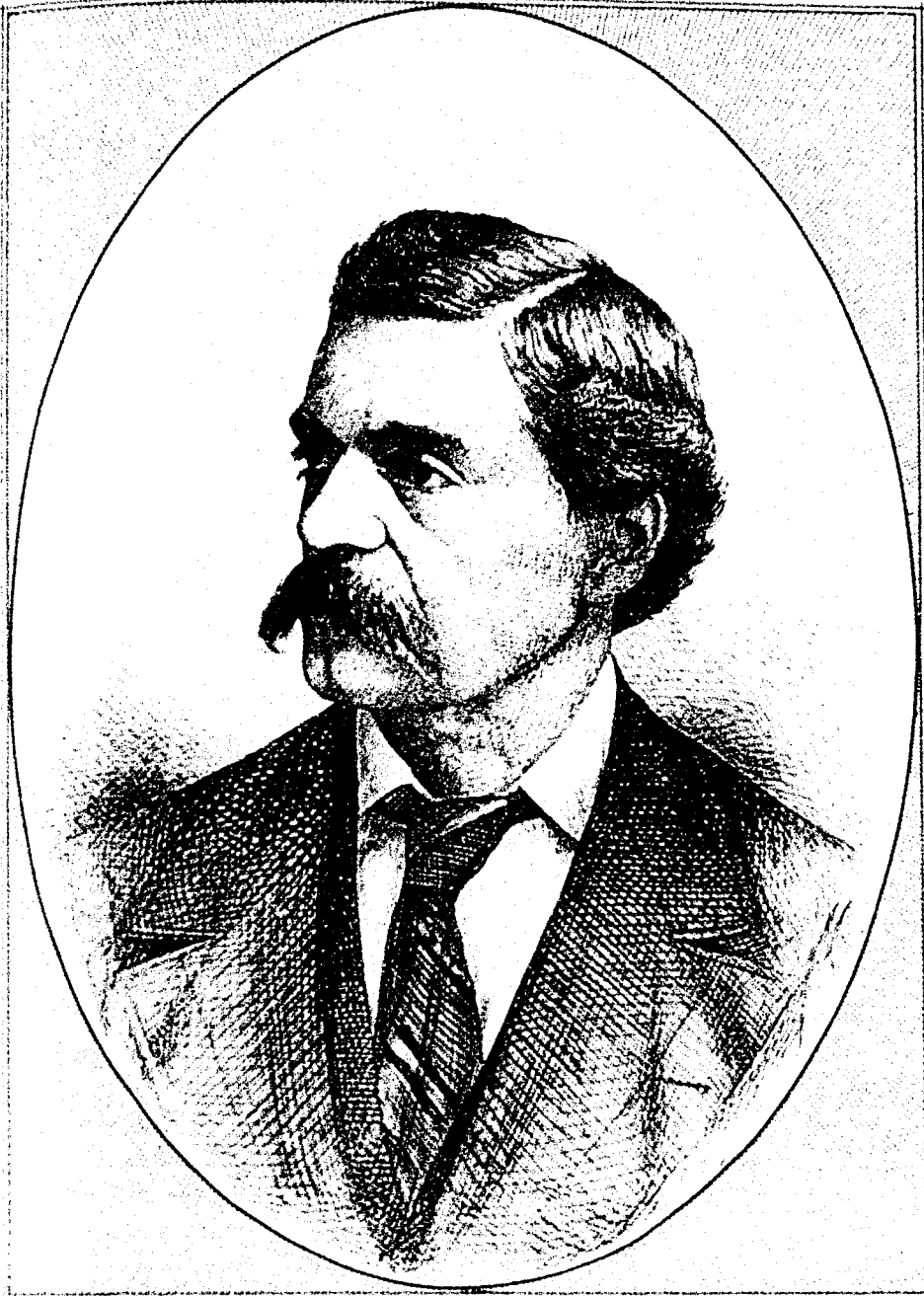


HAMILTON:—A WINDY CORNER. BY J. G. MURRAY



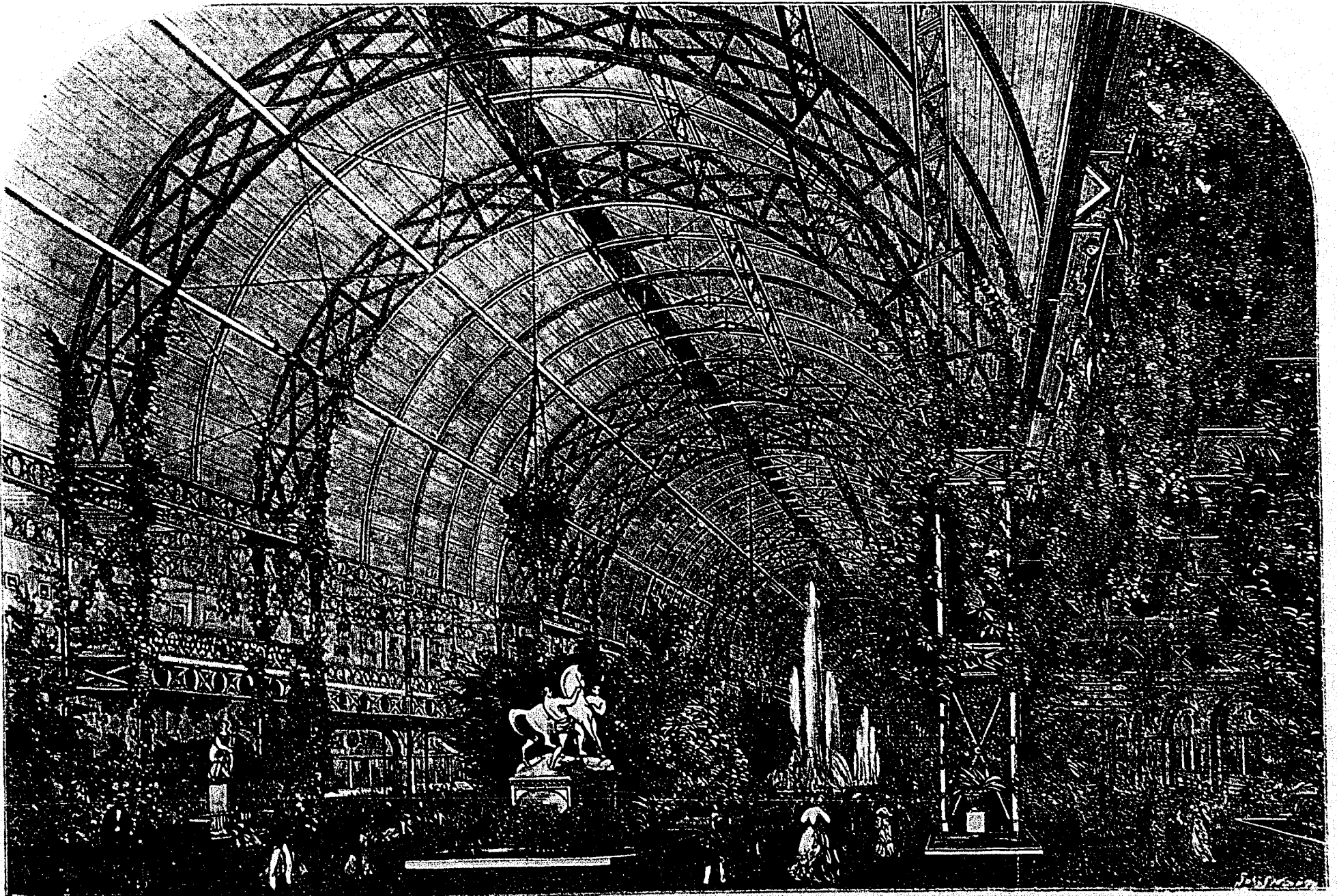
PHILADELPHIA:—BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF FAIRMOUNT PARK AND THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDINGS

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 257. HON. AUGUSTE BEAULIEU ANGERS, Q. C., SOLICITOR GENERAL, QUEBEC.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NEWMAN.

No. 258. HON. PIERRE GARNEAU, COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE AND PUBLIC WORKS,
QUEBEC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW AQUARIUM AT WESTMINSTER.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

THE POET'S TEACHER.

I wooed in vain the maid divine,
While yet my heart was light and young,
And over every path of mine
The iris-bow of promise hung.
Though in my soul a tuneful lute
Lay idly, I essayed in vain
To touch its strings,—my lips were mute
Or only woke a jarring strain.

But once in youth and love's sweet time
My morning sky was hid in gloom
And from the village spire the chime
Brought me a message from the tomb:
And since that time the thorn and briar
Beset my path—but to console
My weary heart, God woke the lyre
That lay so silent in my soul.

You who fame's summit would attain,
You who would wear the poet's bays,
No flower can blossom without rain
Or bear the sun's perpetual rays.
And so the heart which knows but bliss
No chord in other hearts can move;
The Poet's Teacher is
The Sorrow that is born of Love.

J. HAROLD LYNCH.

Toronto, Ont., November 11, 1875.

THE CANADIAN CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONERS.

MR. D. MACDOUGALL, ONTARIO COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Dougall Macdougall was born in the city of Glasgow, the commercial capital of Scotland, in the year 1827. Although by birth a Lowlander he is a true Celt, as both his parents were Highlanders from Argyshire. Mr. Macdougall's father was a member of the ancient and powerful clan whose name he bore. His mother was a native of Glenorchay in Eastern Argyshire, once the home of the warlike Macgregors. For generations back Mrs. Macdougall's ancestral relations followed the profession of arms. Several of them occupied high rank as officers in the British Army and served with marked distinction under Wellington in the Peninsula and in other parts of the world. Mr. Macdougall's father came to this country and arrived in the Province of Quebec at a time when it was in a most primitive condition, and where privations and hardships were the lot of every adventurous settler. He remained for a time on the banks of the Chateaugay river, where Mr. Macdougall, then a boy of seven years, acquired a fair knowledge of the French dialect as spoken in the district. His father removed from there to Toronto where he went into business. There the subject of this sketch received such an education as could be had at the best schools of the time. He applied himself to his studies with the zeal and perseverance for which he is distinguished, and, being fond of books and a great reader, he made the best of his time. His father died when he was about sixteen years of age. By this event he was thrown upon his own resources. This circumstance in his case was not without its advantages. It strengthened his natural spirit of self-reliance and inspired him with much of that strong determination and decision of character which were so often evinced in a marked degree in his subsequent career, and which singles him out as a self-made man in the fullest sense of the word. Having manifested, when quite young, a preference for the printing business, he secured for himself a situation in what was then the leading publishing house of Toronto, that of Rowsell & Thomson. There he made himself the practical master of the "art preservative" in all its branches, an acquisition that in those days was indispensable to any one who looked forward to embarking on his own account in any newspaper enterprise. After he had acquired a knowledge of printing, he cast about him for a favourable opening in that line of business; but, as the time was unpropitious and his means very limited, he commenced to write for the newspaper press, a taste for which he discovered while in the service of his late employers. At this period of the newspaper press of Canada, no one could contribute to it without being irresistibly drawn into the politics of the day. Although he acquired a knowledge of the art of printing in connection with a Conservative journal, his mind was early imbued with Liberal sentiments, and the high-handed way in which public affairs were carried on by the Family Compact of that time, made him a confirmed Reformer. Mr. Macdougall continued to take a lively interest in the political questions of the day, and he along with the late Peter Perry, Esq., the father of the present Registrar of the county of Ontario, was mainly instrumental in getting up several influential deputations of independent yeomen, who visited Montreal, then the capital of the Province, and by their addresses and presence strengthened the hands of the representative of the sovereign, Lord Elgin who was severely denounced by the Conservatives for having given his sanction to the "Rebellion Losses Bill." Mr. Macdougall's first attempt at journalism was the starting of a family paper. It was ably conducted and met with considerable success; but the time for such an enterprise had not yet arrived. Mr. Macdougall disposed of his journal, and turned his attention to political journalism, almost exclusively. He for a time contributed occasional articles to the Toronto press. He then became connected with the *Hamilton Journal and Express* where his articles attracted marked attention. He subsequently removed to Belleville, county of Hastings, where he became the editor and joint owner of the *Hastings Chronicle*. There his service in the cause of reform and good government were highly appreciated by the Reform party. About the year 1855 he undertook the editorial manage-

ment of the *Kent Advertiser*, which was published in the flourishing town of Chatham. While there he rendered most valuable service to his party both by his pen and personal exertions in numerous political campaigns. He was subsequently offered a favorable opening in Berlin, the county Town of Waterloo. The county is one of the most populous and flourishing in the Dominion, settled chiefly by Scotch and old country and Pennsylvania Germans. Upon Mr. Macdougall leaving Chatham he was tendered a public ovation and presented by the leading gentlemen of the county with a very flattering address. At Berlin he assumed the editorial management and proprietorship of the *Berlin Telegraph and German Canadian*, the former an English and the latter a German newspaper; both of which he carried on successfully until he retired from the press. Previous to such retirement he was presented with a splendid gold watch and chain accompanied by a flattering address signed by the leading Reformers of the county of Waterloo, in acknowledgment of the valuable service he had rendered to his party and to the county. In all these spheres of arduous and harassing labour, (for the life of a faithful journalist is seldom anything else), Mr. Macdougall was ever an active and earnest worker in the political ranks with which he had early identified himself. He was no less ready by speech, than with his pen, and during his long connection with the press, extending over a period of nearly thirty years, took an honourable and useful part in the party struggles in the western Province of the Dominion. Many old Reformers in the county of Hastings, but especially in the counties of Kent, Essex and Waterloo will long remember his incisive and pungent advocacy of the principles of his party and his stirring appeals on behalf of their common cause. Having the reputation of being a shrewd and discerning politician, he has enjoyed continuously a large share of the esteem and confidence of the leaders of the Liberal party. In 1859 Mr. Macdougall materially assisted Mr. Gillespie, then editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*, in establishing the Canadian Press Association. In 1862 he was elected President of that Association and afterwards made one of its honorary life members. In 1864 he severed his long and active connection with the press. He in that year received from the late Hon. Sandfield McDonald, who was then Prime Minister, his appointment to the Registrarship of the county of Waterloo; an office which he still holds as an appropriate reward of his past public services, which was generally acknowledged as being well deserved, by journals of both sides of politics. In his political retirement Mr. Macdougall has taken undiminished interest in all concerns in the district in which he resides. He has heartily identified himself with its educational interests, has several times filled the position of chairman of the High School Board of Trustees, and in every way has used his influence to help on every good and philanthropic object or movement, there or wherever else he could be of service. From his well known ability, energy and integrity of character he possesses and will always retain in a large degree popular respect and confidence. His recent appointment by the Federal Government to the Centennial Commissionership of the largest and most important Province in the Dominion was made under circumstances particularly complimentary to him, and was received with unqualified and almost universal approbation by the organs of public opinion, irrespective of politics, throughout the country. Mr. Macdougall is still in the prime of life and in the ordinary course of things has many years of continued public and private usefulness before him.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JOSH BILLINGS FARMER'S ALLMINAX is published in a pretty pamphlet by Belford Bros., Toronto. The book is full of the quaint oddities which have made its author famous, at the same time that the calendar is a wonderful astronomical and meteorological medley.

We are in receipt of the new and Popular Song entitled "SILVER GRAY," published by S. TURNEY, Brockville, Ont. Price 30cts. Sample copy sent to any address on receipt of 10 cts. by the publisher.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY for November is one of the fullest numbers of the year, as befits the autumn season in which it appears. The Canadian subjects treated are: Experiences of the Great North-West, the Newspaper Press and the Law of Libel, and Canada's Alternatives, the latter by Roswell Fisher, M.A., of Montreal. The poems are all national and patriotic: Qu'Appelle, the Maple in Autumn and Canadian Hymn. The former of these poems we reproduce in another column. We are pleased to see the MONTHLY giving signs of prosperity and steady progress.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL POSTAL GUIDE is the first number of a work designed to be a medium of communication between the Post Office Department and the public. It is published by the authority of the Postmaster General, compiled from the records of the Department at Ottawa, and supervised by competent authority. It is published quarterly, and as each number will contain more or less new matter, and the changes made in Post Offices are carefully noted and corrected, each number will be of permanent value. The GUIDE is an elegant brochure printed and published by the enterprising firm of Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, and we take pleasure in recommending it to the public favor.

NORINE'S REVENGE.

Norine Bourdon was a French Canadian lass. No. She was not exactly that. Her father was a French Canadian and her mother a Vermonter. But she had many French Canadian traits—dark complexion, black curly hair and those big soft eyes celebrated in song:

Vive la Canadienne
Et ses jolis yeux doux.

She pronounced English also with that liquid gurgle which we may call Fechterian and had a pretty way of emphasizing her speech with a frequent exclamation *Mou Dieu*. Well, French Canadian or not, Norine Bourdon was destined to be a girl of tragedy. A New York lawyer, by name Gilbert, fell in love with her at Kent Farm up in Vermont. He was thirty-five and she was seventeen. She agreed to marry him, but, on the eve of the wedding, eloped with a scape-grace Adonis, called Thornydyke. This rascal takes her to Boston, goes through a mock-marriage, remains with her four weeks in the pastoral retreat of a Chelsea cottage, then cruelly deserts her and marries another to whom was attached the fortune of an old valetudinarian uncle. Norine learns her misfortune through the intermediary of a man named Liston. With him she plots vengeance against Thornydyke. How this is done is precisely the plot of the story, and it would be unfair to the author to explain it here. The reader is invited to do so for himself and we think he will relish the dramatic incidents.

"Norine's Revenge" is the work of a Canadian authoress, a daughter of New Brunswick, not unknown to fame as the "Cousin May Carleton" of the *New York Mercury*. We refer to Mrs. May Agnes Fleming. This author has written a great number of novelettes and romances, many of which will never emerge from the ephemerides in which they were originally published. But within the past few years, the success of Mrs. Fleming has engendered a laudable ambition and she has risen to the dignity of the bound volume. We read the present work conscientiously through in order to satisfy ourselves concerning the merit of the writer, whom we may still claim as a Canadian, although a resident of New York. We were interested to the extent of not laying aside the book until we had finished it—a process which took us through two cigars. We believe all those who peruse it will be equally interested. The plot is not novel, by any means; indeed it may be called hackneyed, but it is skilfully wrought, testifying to a decided talent of construction on the part of the writer. The language is simple, natural and correct; much of the dialogue is lively, and, but for the culminating chapters, we should say that the story is free from the vulgar vice of sensationalism. The scene between Liston and Norine at Sea View Cottage, when the dread secret of betrayal was revealed, is full of genuine power. In no other part of the book have we so analytic an insight into Norine's real character. As to the scheme of revenge, we regard it as a weak and commonplace on the score of invention, and, from an æsthetic point of view, unworthy of a heroine. Up to that point, the thought several times suggested itself that the novel could be effectively dramatized, but on reading that particular chapter we abandoned the idea. We were glad to see that Gilbert shared our interpretation of it, but like an old fool—bachelors of his age are always fools—he condoned the fault and married the girl who had jilted him.

"Norine's Revenge," is a well printed little volume, published by Belford Bros., Toronto, whom we congratulate on the enterprise they display in popularizing good literature in Canada. Toronto is fast deserving the title of the Boston of the Dominion.

HEARTH AND HOME.

PROVIDENCE.—A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the stream of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of a battle but may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone by him that might easily have gone through him; and by what little old unforeseen chances death has been turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready, and direct career to have been posting to him.

ACTIVITY.—There is much misconception as to what are called labours, and burdens, and cross-bearings, and contentions. The easiest part of any life, whether it be secular or Christian, is its activity. As long as a man is in the possession of health, bodily activity is not toil. It may become so through excess; but, by nature, a suitable degree of activity or industry does not simply accommodate itself to mankind—it is in the constitution of men to be in health, and in happiness by the exercise of their faculties. And that which is true of the body is more eminently true of the mind; for our joys do not come few and large—they come like the dew, and like the profitable rain, in myriads of small drops, and that which we enjoy most is that which we enjoy in small measure at each particular moment of time.

BEGIN AT HOME.—Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin at the centre, and work out-ward. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture sour your visage towards a sister or

daughter, pray cease to teach beneficence on a large scale. Begin not at the next door. But within your own door, then with your next neighbour, whether relative, servant, or superior. Account the man you meet the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. "How can I make him or her happier?" This is the question. If a guinea will do it, give the guinea. If advice will do it, give advice. If a look, a smile, or a warm pressure of the hand, or tear, give them. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom every moment.

THE PROMISE OF YOUTH.—What a terrible mistake we do make in this matter to be sure! Is there a family in the land where the genius has not grown up into a very poor creature—whose cygnet has put on no swan's plumage as he swam down the stream of years? If the despised fool has not as often developed into a genius, it is that geniuses are rare birds that do not roost on every perch. If we were quite wise ourselves, of course we should make these mistakes less often; but are they not almost impossible to avoid? How can we look on a bright child, quick in thought, ready in speech, and full of childish wit and fun, and refrain from doing the little rule of three sum about it! If the child of eight is so clever, what will the man of thirty not be? Or, again, how can we guess that the dull, thick-witted child, sleepy and listless, who has never seen a gleam of the other's wit, who has none of the charm and brightness of the other, dull in perception and slow in speech—how can we guess that he is a genius in disguise? How can we tell that the quick early growth of the one will be arrested, that his wit will crystallise into flippancy, and his cleverness into disputatious dogmatism—that the future Lord Chancellor will make a briefless barrister, the future bishop a croquet-playing curate, the general a half-pay captain, and so forth? And what is to make us guess that the heaviness and cloudiness of the other is but the ferment of great mental powers, the mysterious development of a grand intellect?

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FANNY DAVENPORT believes that marriages between stage folks and others are seldom happy.

TOM TAYLOR has written a play on the story of Anne Boleyn, which is to be brought out at the Haymarket Theatre during the holidays.

JACQUES OFFENBACH is coming over next year to direct the Philadelphia Centennial concerts. He has long been desirous of visiting America, but has hitherto been deterred by dread of sea sickness.

MADAME RISTORI was very successful in her farewell performance at Sydney, Australia, and at its close was escorted through the street with a torchlight procession.

MR. T. C. KING, the eminent tragedian, who left Montreal about four weeks ago, has returned to England after his two years visit to America, and is now making a starring tour in the English provinces.

VICTOR HUGO is engaged writing a new tragedy for Rossi to play this winter in Paris. The subject is to be colossal in itself, and grandly treated, and will be grandly played. Rossi has hired the Grand Opera House for the occasion.

MILE. SCHNEIDER has for her coat-of-arms a golden lyre on an azure field, with the motto "Je chante." (I sing.) Mile. Schneider is a very lucky opera-buffet to be able to inscribe "Shan't" as her motto—there are those who could not consistently do so.

"Camille" was played in St. Paul, and the printed programme was nearly filled with the advertisement of a cough medicine, the use of which by the consumptive heroine, it was declared, "would have saved her from a premature grave and Armand from bitter sorrow."

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON'S lecture appointments after Christmas have been cancelled, because of her pending theatrical engagement with Mr. Daly, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Miss Dickinson has filled lecture engagements since last August, during which time she has presented her new theme called "Sowing and Reaping," as also her theatrical representation of "Joan of Arc," which, to use a theatrical phrase, "has reached its 400th night." It is not known in what play Miss Dickinson will make her *début*, albeit the critics persist in declaring she will assume the character of the *Maid of Orleans* but this is simply conjecture on their part. We learn that several new plays are being prepared for Miss Dickinson.

HUMOUROUS.

A HANDICAP.—A capful of money.

You make your money last by getting somebody else to make it first.

VERY stern parent indeed: "Come here, sir! What complaint is this the schoolmaster has made against you?"—Much injured youth: "It's just nothing at all. You see, Jemmy Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specs and sat right down on the pin, and now he wants to blame me for it."

"We have received a poem," says a country editor, "of which the last stanza is as follows:—

But should I unsuccessful prove
In all the fond intrigues of love—
Should they despise me and my wealth—
I'll buy a gun and shoot myself."

On the whole, we think it is the best thing the author can do. We particularly admire the last line.

The grasshopper creaks in the leary gloom,
And the bumble bee bumbleth the live-long day.
But where have they gone with the brau new broom?
And what has been done to the buzz-saw's play.

Oh, it's little he thinks of the cold mine pie.
And it's little he seeks of the raw ice cream.
For the dying year,
With its tremulous sigh, Shall waken the lingering loon
from his dream.

Oh, list! For the cricket, now far and near
Shrillfully singeth his roundelay,
And the negligent noodle his noisy cheer,
And where the doodlebug eats the hay.

Oh, the buzz-saw so busily buzzes the stick,
And bumbling the bumble bee bumbleth his tune;
While the cricket creaks creakingly down at the creek,
And the noodle calls noisily out, "Is it noon?"

The dark fennel sighs, "She is here! she is here!"
And the smart weed says dreamily, "Give us a rest!"
The hop-vine speaks tenderly, "Give us a beer."
And the jimson weed hollers, "Oh, pull down your vest!"

NOT YET.

The year—one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four. The date the sixteenth of July. The time—eight o'clock p.m. And the scene—the esplanade of Yerburch on Sea.

The band had played its last strain, the musicians had all safely eased their respective babies—for as such I always regard their various instruments, so carefully do they tend them—and all the good people, or perhaps I should say, all those people who consider their good breeding necessitates a due regard for etiquette, had left; and I found myself the sole occupant of the, at this time, usually crowded promenade.

Not a particularly lively situation to be master of at any time, but more especially on this evening, as the proceeding was not brought about for my particular benefit, but by large, dark clouds which had been threatening for some time, and which now condescended to make known their intention by emitting sundry drops of rain.

At first I bethought me to follow the seemingly good example of the other visitors, and return to the hotel; but the rain ceased for a few moments, and the dark clouds appearing to be breaking up, and have a tendency to look cheerful, I lit a cigar and strolled along the cliffs towards Miley.

I had been in Yerburch three days, in England less than a week; having just returned from India. I am afraid I must have been in an unusually romantic frame of mind on that eventful evening, which state of things was naturally produced by the similarity of the scene to one which had occurred to me some time previously, and which had exercised such a wonderful influence on my after-life.

The deserted esplanade; the heavy, melancholy-looking clouds stretching far across the sea as far as the eye could follow; the dull, oppressive air; everything, in fact, served only to remind me too forcibly of the event in question, which had been the cause of my almost abrupt departure from the land of my birth.

Only five years! And yet, as I looked back upon the exciting scenes through which I had passed, the dangers which I had escaped during that brief period, I seemed to have lived a lifetime; and the past, the once happy past, appeared too remote for recollection.

It is almost superfluous to add, after these few sentences, that nothing short of a crime could have necessitated the course I was forced to adopt. Truly I had sinned, had been a criminal. Not an unromantic offence mine; no terrible crime, no forgery, embezzlement, or similar unpardonable mistake. I had merely sinned against society; had, in short, loved above my station, been found guilty, and sentenced (by myself) to transportation for life.

Yes; I, Arthur Robinson, at that time of H. M. Half-pay Office, had the unblushing audacity to fall in love with Esther Kinglake, the only daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Kinglake. We had met frequently, and I, at any rate, had loved passionately and devotedly. I might almost say we had loved, from what I have since learnt, though at the time, I thought the affection was all on my side.

The engagement (between ourselves) had gone on for some months, when, on a similar night to the one just described, I was informed by the object of my adoration that papa had discovered, to his disgust, the attachment between us; and, moreover, had succeeded in convincing Esther I had acted disgracefully in engaging her young heart, and that a *mariage de cœur*, such as ours would be, was nothing more nor less than impossible. She told me the arguments papa had used, said that she loved me, and in the same breath told me she felt that duty compelled her to break off the engagement, and obey the paternal dictates.

Loving as I did with all the fervour which is the prerogative of two-and-twenty, I instantly accepted my dismissal, romantically vowing vengeance upon the weaker sex generally; and telling her she might forget me, but that I could never forget her, I left without another word; and within seven days from that occurrence was a passenger on board a P. and O. steamer for Bombay.

With the remembrance of all this brought vividly again before me, I strolled along the cliffs with no purpose or idea whatever, more than that I did not like being cheated out of my after dinner weed, and preferred the open air to the close atmosphere of the smoking-room. I was not heeding anything that might have been going on around me, when I was startled by a faint scream from the sands below.

Peering in the direction whence it proceeded, I could just discern the black fluttering dress of a female; and had no doubt, by the piteous tone of the cry, that she was in danger. I looked around in vain for some means of descent, but could not perceive any steps or break to allow of my reaching her; so there was but one course open, which was to return to the esplanade, now about a mile distant, and gain the sands that way.

I was pretty fleet of foot in those days, and ere many minutes had elapsed was again within hearing of the cry for "Help!" As I neared the spot, I could at once comprehend the cause of alarm, for the rapidly approaching waves were fast hemming me in against the cliff.

By this time I was within a few yards from the desired spot, but a turn of the cliff abutting unusually far into the sea, cut off my approach, and necessitated dispensing with my coat, waistcoat, and boots, and swimming or wading the remainder of the journey. A few strokes sufficed to accomplish this, and confirmed my surmise: for leaning against a recess in the rock, was the fainting form of a woman.

The situation was too critical for me to be observant of her looks, though I could not help perceiving she was young. She had become insensible from fatigue or fear, so lifting her up and placing her on my hip, as I had often seen stage heroes perform similar acts, I carried her back in the direction of the esplanade to a fisherman's hut, which destination reached, found me in an almost sinking condition; for the trial of my strength, often wading through three feet of water with so heavy a burden, had been great, and at first it would have been difficult to say who was most in want of restoratives.

Luckily the good woman on whose hospitality we trespassed was provided with something stronger than water, which had the desired effect with her in restoring consciousness: and, for the first time, I was able to see the face of the girl I had saved.

Imagine my surprise, when, in bending over the apparently lifeless form, I recognized the features of Esther Kinglake! Terribly altered, it's true—pale, pinched, and an almost vacant expression in the seemingly sleeping countenance; but Esther's features without a doubt. I was in a whirl; my nerve forsook me; I knew not what I did. I took her in my arms, and imprinting a kiss upon her death-like cheeks, implored my Esther to speak.

The old woman hearing me address her by name, immediately said, "You know the young lady, sir? Very shocking, is it not, sir?"

"Know her?" I replied. "It is Miss Kinglake."

"Indeed, you are mistaken," replied the old dame; "this is Lady Hartley. Poor dear, we know her well. She is subject to these swoons, and very often uses our cottage, sir, when she is out walking and feels faint. She wanders by the beach for hours together. A sad story hers, sir. Her husband, Sir Frederick, has only been dead six months, sir. Killed himself with this," said she, taking up the black bottle out of which I had been supplied; "and the doctors say her mind have give way, like. There's no harm in her, poor thing; only silly, like. She's dreadfully wet, sir! Mayhap I'd best get her some dry things; and, mayhap, you wouldn't mind going for her doctor, sir—Dr. Manse? I've nobody at home to send, sir; and I've never seen her so bad as this."

Scarcely stopping to inquire where the doctor was to be found, I rushed out, and had the good fortune to meet with him at the very hotel where I was staying.

On our way back, as I described the occurrence, Esther's appearance, and the insensible state in which she had been so long, notwithstanding our efforts to revive, his brow darkened, and I fancied I noticed a slight shake of the head.

"You think there is danger?" I anxiously inquired.

"I do—great danger," he replied. "Kindly return to the hotel and ask for my portable medicine chest, which send on to me at the hut as quickly as possible. For yourself, if you will take my advice, as you are wet through, you will not stir out again to-night, but at once retire to bed, and await for my return."

Against this I strongly protested, but on his explaining that he was acquainted with everything connected with Esther's past life, her miserable marriage, and her previous attachment to some one whom he had no doubt was myself; and that under no circumstances could I be permitted to see her this evening, I could but accept my fate, and do as he bade me.

In less time than it has taken to write this, I was back at the hotel, and had despatched a servant with the doctor's case. Knowing that it must be an hour, at the very least, before he could possibly return, I was sensible enough, notwithstanding my excited state, to remember his injunctions as to my own condition, and so far fell in with his views as to effect a complete change in my wardrobe.

It would be impossible to describe my feverish anxiety during the doctor's absence, and it was no wonder that I bounded out of the door when I saw him returning, and grasped him by the hand, for I could read in his face that my darling was safe.

"She has recovered, doctor?" I blurted out. "Miraculously," he replied. "I have just taken her home, and with care and attention, such as I have directed, she may never be the worse for the accident. I am very glad," he continued, "you were sensible, and obeyed my instructions as to keeping away, or I could not have answered for the consequences. By the bye, I am not wrong in presuming I address Mr. Arthur Robinson?"

"You are quite right, doctor—that is my name; and if there is anything on this earth I can do to repay your attention"—

"Exactly; I understand, my dear sir—a life's devotion, and all the rest. No, I will not trouble you for that; but," said he, shaking his coat, for it had been raining heavily for some time, "if you can oblige me with dry clothes, and prevail upon your host to let me have something to eat—as I have not broken my fast since breakfast, and have to ride over to Yewsey in an hour's time—I shall be content."

The exchange of clothes was soon effected and by the time Dr. Manse was habited in my dry garments, supper was served in a private room, according to my directions.

For the first few minutes, I was obliged to restrain my impatience to hear his account, and was compelled to appear duly interested in the details set before us.

At last, however, the welcome time arrived, when placing his napkin on the table, and sipping the remainder of his glass of sherry, he rose, and accepting my cigar-case, said:—

"I was first called in to attend Miss Kinglake, let me see, somewhere about between four and five years ago. Sir Charles, her father, had a dislike to doctors; so you may be sure I was not sent for till my presence was unmistakably required. I must confess at first I was deceived in the symptoms, and treated her for an ordinary case of debility, but was not long in discovering my error, and tracing the cause to disease of the mind. She at last confessed she had suffered a great disappointment, (I need not tell you what it was), the effect of which she could not shake off; and I found that a little sympathetic conversation and kindly advice was more efficacious and soothing than all the tonics and other remedies in my surgery. Both Sir Charles and Lady Kinglake were alike unkind to her, and immovable with regard to the suit of Sir Frederick Hartley, whose attentions were most distasteful, and whose presence she seemed positively to abhor—which is not singular, considering that he was an acknowledged profligate, and took little pains to disguise his foibles. There cannot be a doubt that Sir Charles was in this man's power, or in some way was deceived as to his reputed wealth, for, in two years after the marriage, through a run of ill-luck on the Turf, he was completely ruined, and they had then to live on his wife's slight fortune.

"From this time, he gave way more than ever to drink; and six months ago, within a week of the death of Sir Charles and his lady, who were drowned while away on a yachting expedition, he died of a fit of *delirium tremens*. Such a combination of terrible shocks was sufficient to unbalance a stronger mind than that of poor Lady Hartley, who completely gave way under this severe trial, and who, I fear, will never be strong enough to overcome the disease from which she is gradually sinking."

A long silence followed, which remained unbroken till my guest rose to depart.

"You will let me see you to-morrow, doctor?" I said, as he was going.

"With pleasure," he replied. "I shall be here on a professional visit somewhere about noon, if you will have risen by that time."

"I am much more likely to have never slept, my dear sir; but by twelve o'clock I shall begin to expect you," I added, as I bowed him out, and wished him good night.

The recollection of that eventful night must ever be fresh in my memory. May I never pass such another!

At last, worn out by excitement and fatigue, I slept heavily.

The hours hung heavily, indeed, the following morning; but punctually—at least, within a quarter of an hour of twelve o'clock—the doctor made his appearance.

The interview was not of long duration, the doctor having little to communicate beyond the fact that Esther was completely prostrated by the accident of the previous evening, of which she appeared to know little or nothing; and for some days it would be necessary to keep her perfectly quiet and undisturbed.

However, in about a week, the glad tidings reached me that the ice had been broken, that she was aware of my return, and wished to see me—so, arm-in-arm, my good friend and I set out to make the visit.

With what mingled feeling of joy and sadness I approached the house! Joyful at the prospect of once more beholding my heart's idol, but sad in the extreme with the consciousness that the chance of our ever being anything to one another was most remote. Would she know me, I wondered, as the Arthur of old—the one whom she had so often said was the whole world to her—her life, her very being? Or would she regard me as one whom she had known simply, and to whom she was bound to extend the mere conventional courtesy of desiring to see?

We were ushered in by an aged female retainer, who was familiar to me as Sir Charles' old house keeper, which circumstance served to recall more vividly my last visit to the house; and when I heard her announce "Dr. Manse and Mr. Arthur, my lady," my heart seemed to have leapt from its place.

Of the two, there was not a doubt as to who was the more agitated, for Esther appeared the very essence of calmness and self-possession; and it was only the positive injunctions I had received—viz., above everything, to be quiet—that restrained me from exposing my dreadful agitation.

She was seated at the window, gazing out at the never-ending sea-view, and rose immediately on our entrance, and extended her hand in the most ordinary manner.

I asked after her health, explaining that the doctor told me she had been very unwell.

She thanked me most naturally—languidly, of course, and said "that she had not been very well, but was much better, only rather weak."

It was a trying situation for me, not knowing to what extent I might go, and being fearful of saying anything that might excite her; and for a few moments there was an awkward pause which the doctor relieved by saying, "You know Mr. Robinson, my dear—that is, you recollect him, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "But you have been away a long time from Yerburch, haven't you?"

"Nearly six years," I replied.

"My dear," put in Doctor Manse, "Mr. Robinson—Arthur—has only just returned."

"Of course!" she exclaimed, as if conscious of having made a mistake. "And poor papa is dead, isn't he? How stupid of me, to be sure! You heard of his death, with poor mamma, though, didn't you?"

"Yes, dear!" I involuntarily said; "and was truly grieved."

"Yes," she went on; "it was indeed, dreadful. They could not have left the shore half an hour when the storm came on. They were so in the habit of going in the yacht that I never once thought of danger; it never entered my mind. I was preparing to go for a ride when I was startled by a strange horseman galloping up the avenue. I was at once seized with the idea that something had happened, but even then did not think of papa and mamma. And when they told me they were both drowned—dead—I thought I should have gone mad!" And she burst into hysterics, and for some time it was impossible to calm her.

I did not remain long the first day, fearing that my presence might have had something to do with this unusual excitement, but made a practice of calling each morning afterwards with the doctor when he made his professional visit, in order that she might get accustomed to seeing me, and in the hope that I might gradually draw her to the subject nearest my heart. It was shortly after the outburst just described she began apparently to mend, and the improvement became so marked that I at once suggested a walk, the doctor having sanctioned the proposal; for, strange to say, since the night she was overtaken by the tide she had never manifested the slightest desire for her customary long rambles, or even spoken of going out. Therefore it was a source of great satisfaction to me to find her at once acquiesce, and evince great pleasure at the idea. Accordingly, the morning being exceptionally fine, without being too warm, we entered in the direction I knew to be her favourite one, along the coast towards Miley, the walk we had so often taken together in the days gone by, past the very place where a week or two before I had met her so opportunely.

Oh, how I wished then to give vent to my feelings—to tell her, in return for the service rendered, I wished her to save me—to repeat the words spoken years back, and to convert my now desolate existence into a bright and happy future! This and much more would I have said had I not known her precarious state, and been mindful of the danger of exciting her; so had now to content myself with gradually referring to the scenes in which I had passed the happiest days of my life, and try and recall to her what I had reason to believe were the sunniest moments of hers—the time when we were wont to discuss our future, and with all the sanguine hope that characterises two young loving hearts, prognosticate a brilliant career for my unheard-of attainments—literally unheard of, for then no speculator had been induced to risk the cost of publishing my works.

It was by reminiscences of this kind that I managed most successfully to engage her attention; though sometimes, then, she would lapse into melancholy, and seem scarcely cognizant of what I was speaking; but, happily, I noticed these fits of absence become less and less frequent, and a thrill of delight ran through me when, at the conclusion of some remembrance of this nature, she looked up and exclaimed, "How happy we were then!"

"Yes, darling," I said; "and how happy we will be again! We will wander over those well-known walks, more pleased, if possible, than in the old times, for we shall know the value of the happiness which then, doubtless, we did not fully appreciate."

Clinging to my arm, and trembling as though she had received some terrible shock, she faintly murmured, "Not yet; not yet, my darling—not yet!"

Her manner was so pitiful, so full of meaning, that it would have been impossible to mistake its significance—to have prevented the feeling of dread that instantly took possession of me—the feeling that she knew she would never recover.

We were, luckily, by this time within the gates of Kinglake House, or I doubt if she would have been able to walk home, so weak did she seem; and as the door closed upon her (she had desired to be alone), and I passed through the grounds, on my return to my hotel, I could not help noticing their altered appearance, once so trim, so exquisite in their arrangement, but now, like their mistress, so neglected, and so apparently helpless.

I have little more to record; the presentiment which I felt on this day was verified by Dr. Manse on the morrow. My darling!—my first, my only love!—the being for whom I had sacrificed prospects years ago, and for whom I would have sacrificed my very life, was sinking fast!

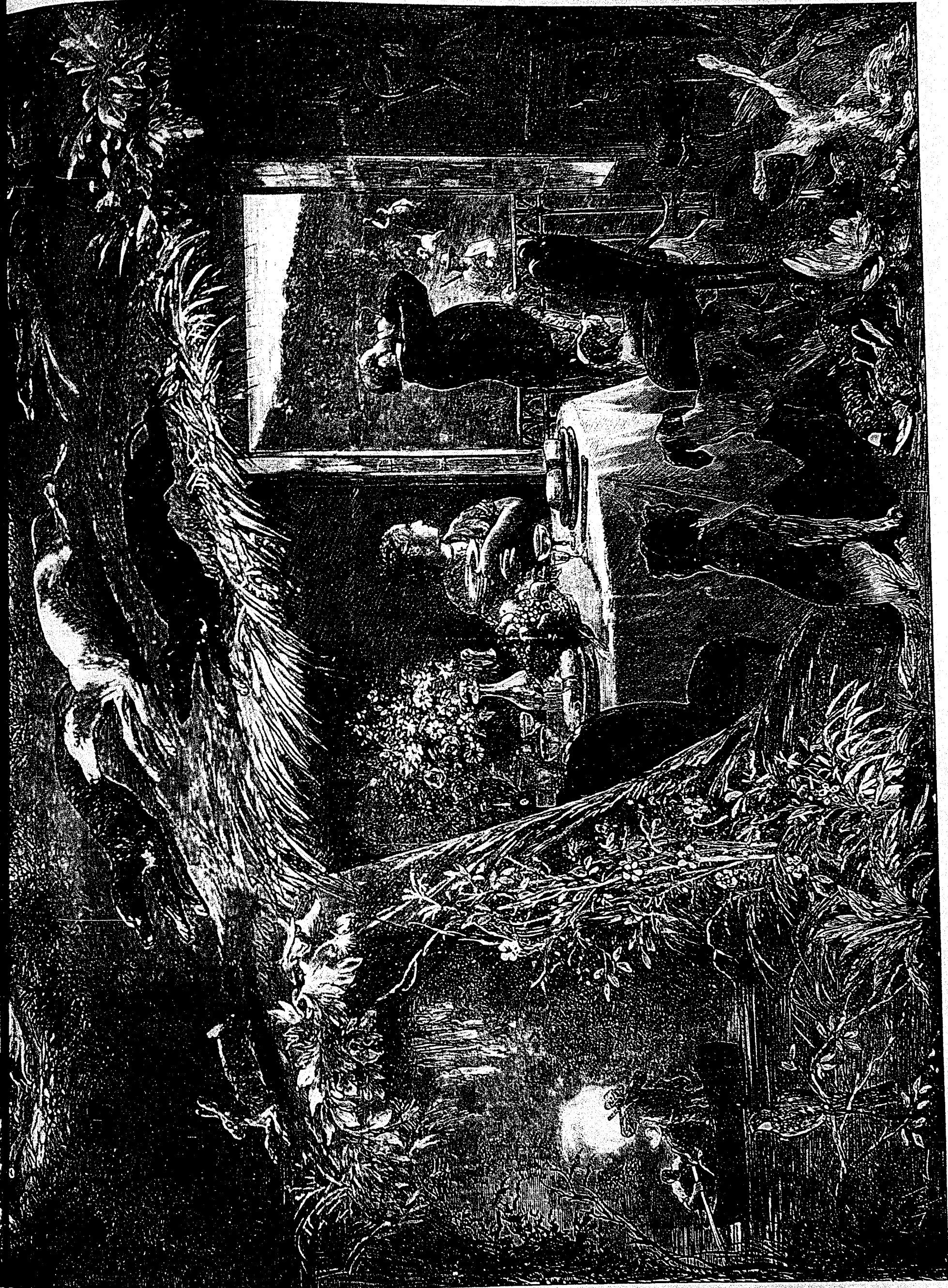
The change had come, and to an unpractical observer my darling might have been thought better, so much more collected did she seem, but, alas! it was but the beginning of the end. She was fading visibly. Weaker and weaker each day I found her. And as I restrained the tears that forced their way to my throbbing eyes, when I bent over her wasted form, I could notice the gradual diminution of her tiny features. She was going—going fast to her last, her long home.

I could bear the shock now; I could bear the loss, believing that we shall join each other soon.

All that human skill could do for her was done; but ere a week had passed, her manner became excited and restless. She would scarcely ever allow me to be absent from the room. She seemed perfectly happy when I was there, but continually drew me near to her, saying, "We shall be together always now, Arthur!"

"Yes, my own precious darling!" I said, as I laid her head back on the pillow, wet with tears, which flowed faster than I could stop. "Yes, we shall be together; but not yet, my darling—not yet!"





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 20TH NOVEMBER, 1876.

HUNTING SCENES.

"QU'APPELLE."

Inscribed, by permission, to the Hon. Alexander Morris

In Lac Qu'Appelle, the legends tell,
Of old a calling voice did dwell,
Which speaking to the stronger ear,
Awoke dismay and bred a fear—
This voice unseen and yet so near.

Where dwells the voice? The Lake is fair,
Yet coyeth more beauty rare,—
Doth rob the hill sides of their green,
Their autumn tints and purpling sheen;
Then reacheth upwards to the sky
For reaching hues which melt and die,
Tranquil repeats the every star,
Clasps shade and sunshine near and far,
Till wakes the wind each prize to mar.

'Tis like the heart of man—this Lake,
Which all things bright doth seek and take,
Which craveth every pleasure nigh,
And longs for those beyond, or high,
Till, roughened by some rising pain,
His fair delights take wing again.

So in the heart, as in this Lake,
A spirit voice doth surely dwell,
Which ever to the ear of life
The lesson of that life doth tell,
Heed well each tone, 'tis Heaven's care,
And weep should it become more rare;
It is thy listening soul that hears
The unknown voice of kindred spheres.

—Canadian Monthly. F. L. HUNT.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

THE FIRE-TEST.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL.

Sitting at the piano, in the parlor of a cozy little red brick cottage, was a young girl about nineteen years of age. She had evidently played herself into a pensive and thoughtful state of mind. Her small white hands gently touched the keys, drawing forth sweet melodious music, and ever and anon, she stopped playing and sang little snatches of the air in a low rich voice. Presently she rose and walked over to the windows, and as she stood there with the bright sunlight streaming in through the crimson curtains on her heavy coils of nut-brown hair, and throwing little golden lights over her features, most people would have said at a first glance, "what a pretty girl!" And yet Clara Stanley was not what is generally called pretty. She had a well-shaped, stag-like head which was shown to much advantage by the elegant and artistic manner in which she dressed her hair; the forehead was too expansive, both in breadth and height, for feminine beauty. The eyes were large clear grey ones, shaded by long dark lashes and overarched by dark eye-brows; the nose was small and not at all classic; the mouth large and firm; the whole face rather inclined to be square. But if it was not a pretty face, it certainly was an interesting intellectual one, and one which was made very attractive by an ever varying expression that went far to make up for the lack of color, a fault not often found in youth.

While she was still gazing thoughtfully out of the window, her cousin, Edith Montgomery, entered the room. She was a beauty. Tall, with jet-black curling hair, and large dark eyes set wide apart; an oval face, a complexion of dazzling whiteness with a brilliant color in the cheek; perfectly regular features and faultless figure.

"What time is it, Clara? Near five?" said she, as she threw her hat on a table.

"Twenty-five minutes to five," answered Clara.

"Are you not growing impatient? I'm sure I am, with less cause. Let me see, it's over three years since we saw Alec Thorn. He will be very much changed, but can't help being very handsome, for I remember him as a beautiful boy. How nice it must be to have a handsome husband all ready for one! You are very fortunate, Clara."

"I don't agree with you at all, Edith. I don't believe you mean what you say, either. Anything more unfortunate or more unjust, I can't imagine. Do you know, I almost hate Alec Thorn now, though I liked him well enough when we were children? And I shouldn't wonder if he detested me."

"Nonsense!" said Edith, "you are too silly! He is rich, young, handsome, and becoming quite celebrated in his profession. I quite envy you!"

"Envy me! You are quite welcome to win him from me if you can. I would rather choose for myself." As she spoke, a carriage drove up to the garden gate. Clara grew pale, but Edith flushed brightly.

"Leave me to receive him, dear, if you feel so badly about it. Go upstairs and come down by-and-bye." Clara obeyed, being quite glad to escape from the ordeal she had been dreading. Alec Thorn sprang out of the carriage, and bounding up the little path-way, was in the parlor in a moment. Edith came forward with an enchanting smile.

"How do you do, Mr. Thorn? I'm delighted to see you. Pray, sit down. You must be very weary."

"Oh, Miss Montgomery! I am so pleased to see you again! Thank you, I am rather tired. Where is Clara? Did she not expect me so soon?"

"Oh, yes indeed!" exclaimed Edith, laughing. She has been hovering between the door and window all day. She has but this moment left the room, and will be back directly. In the meantime, let me congratulate you upon the "golden opinions" you have been winning from the public lately."

"Thank you," he said, gaily. "Am I so happy as to have won any from you?"

"Indeed you have. I think your last poem exquisite, both in the choice of the subject, and the treatment of it." Her beautiful face glowed as she spoke, and there was a ring of enthusiasm in her voice which was very pleasant to hear. Alec looked at her admiringly, and they were soon engaged in animated conversation. He seemed quite startled when Clara came in a few minutes later. He rose hastily, however, and coming to meet her with both hands outstretched, exclaimed, "ah, Clara, you've come at last!"

Clara laid one hand in his and said coldly, "I am very glad to see you home again, Alec. You look well. When did you arrive?"

Alec was disappointed. This was not at all the welcome he had looked forward to. He answered haughtily, "I arrived about two hours ago, and came here directly from home," and almost unconsciously he turned to Edith and finished what he had been saying to her when Clara entered. After a somewhat awkward pause, Clara asked, "when will Aunt Jessie be home, Edith?"

"Very soon, I think," then turning to Alec, she said, "Mamma begged me to apologise for her if you should arrive before she could get back. She was called away suddenly to see a sick friend."

"Don't speak of it," he answered, "though I am very anxious to pay my respects to Mrs. Montgomery. I will always remember with gratitude the dainty little treats she used to provide for me when I came home for the vacations." Edith laughed, but Clara thought he might have had some other reason to remember her aunt. She was beginning to find fault with him already. And he was comparing her with Edith. Edith was so bright, so easy and natural; Clara seemed constrained. One had given him such a warm, graceful greeting; the other had been quite cold. Besides, Clara was engaged to marry him, and consequently the coldness of her reception was not only disappointing, but alarming. It indicated that his three years' absence must have changed her feelings towards him. He was perplexed. After remaining a little while longer, he rose to go. "You are surely not going?" said Edith. "Will you not stay to dinner?" Alec looked at Clara, who, compelled to say something, said, "Aunt Jessie will expect to see you."

Then she did not care whether he remained or not. "Thanks, no. I will call in the morning and see Mrs. Montgomery. Goodby." And bowing very coldly, he left them.

The girls stared at one another. Clara looked resolute, even defiant, Edith laughed as she said, "Well, you have acted in keeping with your words! Clara, it was shameful! After three years' absence to treat him so, and when he has a right to expect such a different welcome from you, too!"

"He has no right to expect anything from me! I don't consider the indifferent acquiescence of a child to be a binding engagement! I shall not marry Alec Thorn, and I intend to tell him so when the time comes."

"Well, whatever your opinion of him is, I think he is perfectly charming and handsomer even than I expected." And so saying, she left her cousin alone.

Clara felt disturbed. She feared she had been unkind, even rude. But she convinced herself that if she were going to change matters, she had better begin at once. Her father had engaged her to Alec Thorn while she was yet a mere child in compliance with the wish of Alec's father. They had been dear friends all through life, and the love that had taken root in childhood grew during school-boy days, and ripened as age approached. They were now both dead, and it had been the desire of their hearts that their children should join the families by marriage. Why will fathers do such things?

Alec was fond of Clara in a boyish fashion, and left home for a three years' residence in Europe, with the full intention of coming back at the expiration of that time, and making her his wife.

Strange to say, he had met no one abroad whose influence led him to change his mind, and he returned home eager to see what changes time had made in the girl he was to marry, and ready to lay his heart at her feet on the least possible encouragement.

Not so with Clara, as we have seen. She did not approve of the manner in which her hand had been disposed of. At first she did not think much about it, considering it a settled thing, and as a duty to her father's memory. But as the time drew near for Alec's return, she began to think more seriously of it. She thought of all the misery she had heard and read of arising out of such unions. She was of a romantic turn of mind, and did not fancy the arrangement of the affair. Then again, she did not think it was right. She said to herself, "I do not love Alec Thorn, and I know myself sufficiently well to be aware that I am capable of loving some one very deeply. Suppose that some one should appear after I had married Alec! No, I will not marry him!" and having once made up her mind she began to act accordingly.

Next morning when Alec called, she was alone. She was dressed in a pretty pale blue morning costume, not a wrapper, but loose and flowing; Alec thought her much prettier than when he saw her the day before. It was one of Clara's "beauty" days. She was one of those persons who look at times quite lovely, and, under some circumstances, quite ordinary.

"How pale you look, Clara. I hope you are well."

"Quite, thank you. My paleness is natural.

Edith is good enough to excuse it by attributing it to a superabundance of intellectuality!" and she laughed musically.

"A cause well worth sacrificing color to, is it not? Miss Montgomery is very beautiful, and, I should say, quite clever, in spite of her brilliant complexion."

"Yes, Edith is lovely," said Clara, who was far too high-minded to be envious.

"Play something for me," he said presently.

"You gave promise of great excellence in music when I went away." And he picked up a book of music which happened to be a selection of Moore's Melodies. Nothing could have been more inopportune, considering Clara's intentions, but as she could not refuse with any kind of grace, she sat down and sang, to her own accompaniment, several of the sweet Irish love-songs. She rose, blushing, from the piano. She was becoming embarrassed under his looks of approval, and she feared he would complicate matters by misunderstanding her.

"Thank you, dear, your musical abilities have not disappointed me."

Clara colored at the epithet of endearment, though her flashing eyes resented the spirit of his remark. What right had he to be disappointed or not in her? She was just waiting for an opportunity to make her explanation, when he asked reproachfully, "Why were you so cold in your reception of me yesterday?"

"Mr. Thorn!"

"My dear Miss Stanley! Pray, why this sudden formality?"

Clara would have laughed had she not been so dreadfully in earnest. As it was, she repeated more emphatically, "Mr. Thorn?"

"Well?"

"I have something of importance to say to you. Will you please listen?"

"Certainly." His attention was arrested.

Clara found it much harder to do than she had anticipated. He had not alluded to their engagement, which made it more difficult for her to introduce the subject. But had he not called her "dear?" She made an effort to be calm and cool as she said: "Did it ever occur to you that we had very little to do with our engagement?"

"No, it never did." There was no help for it. He had become as pale as herself, and of all things, an embarrassing pause must be avoided.

"I have thought over it," she said speaking quickly. "And I do not approve of those engagements that are entered into without the consent of the persons concerned."

"I was under the impression that our engagement had the full consent of the persons concerned. I am sure of it in my own case. Have I been mistaken in yours?" How very clear he made himself.

Clara felt that the easiest way and, indeed the only way, was to answer in the same manner.

"You were. My consent was the consent of ignorance. I did not know what I was doing."

"You do not love me?"

"I do not love you."

"In that case, there is but one thing for me to do. To release you from your engagement, and relieve you of my company."

"Alec, I hope I do not offend you past forgiveness. I am acting according to my sense of right."

"My sense of right is to obey my father's dying wish."

"Then you would marry me out of a sense of duty? Thank you!"

"No, Clara. I love you unfortunately. Why did you not write and tell me this?"

"I thought of doing so. I regret now that I didn't, but I thought there would be less chance of a misunderstanding if I told you personally."

"There is little chance of misunderstanding now certainly. Allow me to wish you good-morning." Clara smiled scornfully. He had said "I love you," and yet took her rejection in this philosophical way! She was more thankful than ever that she had acted as she did; yet on looking up she met a countenance of real sincere sorrow and wounded feeling. He did not know till then how much he loved her. He realized now how he had carried her image in his heart all these years; and secure, as he thought, in the possession of her love, he had never questioned his own feeling nor doubted hers. Yet he took the blow that shattered his hopes in the undemonstrative manner natural to him. He was one of those men who feel deeply and find it easier to be demonstrative about trifles than more important matters that touch them more seriously. Clara was startled at the expression of pain upon his face, and holding out her hand, said kindly, "You won't let this interfere with our former friendship, Alec?"

"We never had any former friendship. We have been the same as engaged all our lives. At least I feel it so."

"I am very sorry you are so affected by my resolution. I hoped that you—"

"What?"

"That you would feel the same as I do."

"No, I was true to you all the time, too true, as it seems. But I do not blame you. Your reasons are satisfactory. Once more, good morning and goodby." He did not take her hand, and the tears came into her eyes as he lifted his hat and walked away. She was touched by his sorrow, but a little disappointed at the ease with which she attained her end. She had prepared herself to resist the most eloquent appeals, and was armed with any quantity of stern truths with which to turn aside the sophistries that she had expected him to use. She supposed that her avowal would be followed by a sense of the greatest relief, but she found herself more agitated than before.

She met her aunt and cousin at luncheon and answered their enquiries with a candid statement of the facts. And then to escape from their reproaches, she went upstairs. While she was there, a servant brought her a letter. Opening it she read:

MY DEAR CLARA,

Forgive me for receiving your explanation so ungraciously. I was much surprised, of course, but on reflection, I think that the course you adopted was the right one, and may be the happiest in the end. Let us be friends, and try if we cannot keep true to that bond. Give my regards to your cousin and tell the latter that I will speedily redeem my character for courtesy by calling upon her.

Yours sincerely

ALEC THORN

Clara read it over twice, then laughed aloud, and straightway burst into a tempest of sobs and tears, and tore the letter into fragments. Something was wrong.

The rapidity with which Alec recovered from his grief may be explained by the fact of his going home, like a good sensible son, and laying the matter before his mother.

"You foolish lad!" said she, "you should have acted as though you felt exactly the same as she did. I know Clara; she must have something to be romantic about, and so chooses your engagement to play with in default of something else."

"She would not be so cruel, mother! She is really doing what she thinks is right."

"Of course, she is. She does not know what makes her have such false ideas of right and wrong."

"But then she is right if she does not love me!"

"You are as bad as she is! How does she know whether she loves you or not? She is a sweet girl, generous and affectionate, but has such an overplus of mental decision that she never considers half long enough."

"I know whether I love her or not. Why should her mind be in an uncertain state?"

"Because she is a woman. Write a note to my dictation and see if I am not right."

"Then you think I may hope?"

"Hope! Of course."

And that was the origin of the letter whose reception was so peculiar.

Alec Thorn continued to visit at the cottage and treated both the girls pretty much alike. He succeeded perfectly in his friendly relation to Clara, and never once overstepped the boundary line. He played and sang with her, read his poems to Edith, and behaved altogether in the most brotherly manner.

One day they were out riding, when Edith, who had grown tired of the slow way in which they were going along, in order to keep up the conversation, suddenly started off at a canter, which soon became a gallop.

"Oh, I wish she wouldn't do so!" cried Alec "her horse is very spirited! See she will certainly be thrown!"

"Edith is a splendid horsewoman. There is no danger of her."

"There is always danger! Come, let us follow—she's out of sight!"

And dashing along, he soon left Clara behind. She, too, was anxious about her cousin, but was kept back by an impulse which was new and strange to her. She came up with them just as Alec had jumped from his horse to hand Edith a comb which had fallen from her hair. How beautiful she looked, with her black hair streaming in the wind, and her face all flushed!

"Oh, how delicious it was!" she cried panting, "I thought he would never stop, and I almost wished he never would!"

"You alarmed us very much indeed. Pray don't do it again."

He looked so entreatingly and so admiringly at her that Edith thrilled with a vague delight.

"Well, I promise to ride home in the most sedate and proper manner," she said, laughing and chatting gaily all the way they returned home.

Clara was unhappy. She felt in some unreasonable way, as if Edith had done her an injury. She was quite sure that Alec had transferred his affection from herself to her cousin, and in spite of the permission she had given her to win him if she could, she felt annoyed, slighted, injured. She would not acknowledge to herself that she had learned to love him whom she had cast off of her own free will. Indeed, I doubt if she thought of such a thing. She was only aware that things had not turned out as she had expected, and that her having acted according to her sense of right did not give her the satisfaction she had a right to expect from having been guided by such a meritorious motive.

Shortly after the little incident above related, something occurred that laid bare to her mind the state of her heart beyond the possibility of a doubt. She and Edith had gone out for the purpose of shopping. They were walking leisurely along, when presently their attention was arrested by seeing a number of men and boys running in one direction, and cries "Fire! Fire!" greeted them as they turned a corner. And there, at the other end of the street, was a crowd of people congregated around a frame building which was rapidly being enveloped in flames. At first, they turned to retrace their steps, but yielding to the fascination of the scene, which is always a beautiful one with all its terror, they walked up on the other side. Edith who was very excitable, said she would like to join in the

excitement of helping, if it were not for the appearance of the thing; to which Clara replied that that wouldn't deter her if her assistance was required; as it was, there was no lack of help. One end of the building was yet untouched when a woman rushed through the crowd shrieking and wringing her hands. "My baby! Oh, someone save my baby!" The crowd opened before her, but no one seemed to act. Cry after cry rent the air. "Oh, my darling! My child! He'll perish!" Clara, acting on the impulse of the moment, sprang forward, crying "Someone save the child! Which room is he in?" "I left him sleeping there!" and she pointed to the window of the room that was yet untouched, though the fiery tongues were fast working their way to it, and clinging like tendrils. At this moment a figure dashed by with a ladder on his shoulder, and quickly placing it against the wall, mounted it in a moment, and reappeared at the window with the babe in his arms before the gaping crowd realized what was the matter. But he had not placed his foot on the first step when some person below brushed against it, and it fell to the ground. The despairing voice of the young mother once more filled the air, and as the crackling flames reached the spot where the figure stood, for one moment irresolute, Edith turned faint and had to lean against a tree for support. Clara clasped her hands, and bending forward, said in a thrilling voice, "Jump, Alec! 'Tis your only chance!" Those around her scarcely heard her, but her eyes were fixed upon her as she stood with one arm supporting the frantic mother, heard and obeyed. The building was not high, and he reached the ground in safety, and laid the babe in its mother's arms. She, poor creature, in the ecstasy of her joy did not even thank its preserver, who before she had time to recover herself, gave his arm to Clara, and amid the cheers and shouts of the mob, made his way towards Edith who was pale and half-fainting where she still leaned against the tree.

"Oh, Alec, how could you! Such a dangerous action!" said she, as she clung to his arm. He looked at her in surprise.

"Why, what else was to be done? The child would certainly have been lost, while the stupid people stared and shouted."

"But the risk! You might have lost your life and done no good!"

"A possibility not to be considered for a moment under the circumstances." And he turned a wistful glance upon Clara.

There was an expression of scorn upon her face as she listened to Edith's reproaches, but it melted away as she turned to Alec with an eloquent eye, and trembling lip and said, "God bless you, Alec, in the name of the mother whose heart you saved from breaking!" He pressed her hand gratefully; she blushed and trembled. Edith withdrew her hand from his arm, saying "Clara, it seems, does not value your life as much as I—as others do!" and then angry at herself for the admission, she walked away and left them.

"Clara," said Alec, looking down at the little figure by his side, "I heard your voice amid all that noise, and there was something in its tone, and in the look of your dear face that made me hope that you had relented towards me. Speak, darling, and tell me I am not mistaken again!"

She bent her head, but did not answer.

"Will you not make me happy? Oh Clara, I love you so dearly, and have done so all along!"

"But I thought—I thought you had learned to like Edith!"

"Why, I never disliked Edith!"

Clara looked up, and seeing his look of surprise, laughed a little happy laugh. Then holding out both hands with a bright blush, she said, "I do love you, Alec! I always did, but it needed the 'Fire-Test' to prove it to myself. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, and thank you! I am glad now that you gave me the chance of winning you for myself. I quite agree with you in objecting to being robbed of the pleasure of arranging my own matrimonial affairs." Clara was happy and contented at last. "Come," she said, "I want to tell your mother what a hero she has for a son."

"And I want you to help me pay her a debt of gratitude we both owe her," and then, in answer to questioning look, he continued, "Why, if it had not been for mother, I would have returned to Europe on the very next steamer that sailed after that morning when you were so cruel—I mean, so sternly determined to do your duty!"

Clara turned a startled, grieved face, towards him and he cried, hurriedly. "Oh, forgive me, dearest! I did not mean to grieve you! I really meant what I said when I told you I was glad you acted as you did. That which we have to struggle for is doubly dear when gained." She smiled gratefully.

"What did your mother do?" she asked.

"Oh, I would not dare to tell you! You might think it was your duty to refuse the husband who won you by stratagem!"

"If you ever refer to that again, I won't—I won't love you, there! Tell me at once, sir, what you did, and if it was wrong, prepare to suffer the extreme penalty of Cupid's law!"

"I really couldn't—not yet! You must wait till after we are married, and if you are impatient to know, you can make the time as short as you like!" She asked no more questions and as they walked home, more in love with each other than ever, Alec blessed the author of that fire, even if it was an incendiary.

THE END.

THE GLEANER.

EX-Queen Isabella is announced to re-enter her good city of Madrid on the feast of the Epiphany, Jan. 6, 1876. That day is known as the day of Kings and Queens.

BARONESS Burdett-Coutts, in presenting prizes to the school teachers of Exeter, England, for essays upon the treatment of animals, expressed her belief that teachers formed the best medium for the spread of humanitarian principles.

MANY very good people are annoyed by sleepiness in church. The following remedy is recommended: Lift the foot seven inches from the floor, and hold it in suspense without support for the limb, and repeat the remedy if the attack returns.

KING Victor Emmanuel has a big project on hand, viz.: To reconcile France and Germany. His first step for this purpose was to advise the giving of a French ballet at the gala representation in the Scala Theatre for the edification of his august visitor.

THE two great express companies of the United States, the Adams and the American, employ about 8,000 men, 1,990 horses, 1,200 wagons, and use 3,000 iron safes. Their agents travel more than 100,000 miles daily, or more than 32,000,000 miles annually.

A custom observed in many old French castles at this epoch is the *fitte* of the first fire. After dinner, an immense bowl of punch is introduced, and the hostess invites her guests to sit round it; it is set on fire, and the blue flame serves to light a piece of paper, which in turn is applied to the logs, and soon the chimney takes the bright aspect it will retain for seven months.

FATHER MARTIN EGER, a Tyrolean Jesuit priest, is reported to have taken out a patent in Vienna for an electro-motor which makes the electro-magnetic current as available for driving purposes as steam. The Vienna Academy of Sciences have admitted the practicability of the invention, and have agreed to assist the inventor till his machine is completed. It will be sent to Philadelphia.

A burglary of unusual importance has been committed at the Château of Andreey, belonging to the Comte Lepic. The thieves, in addition to several hundred pounds in money and various rare objects of art, carried off a bundle of important letters exchanged between the Comte Lepic and Napoleon I., King Joseph Murat, and Napoleon III. The police are making great efforts to regain possession of this correspondence, which, we are told, contains curious and instructive revelations concerning the Bonaparte family.

SIMEON BOUFFARD, the famous rag-pickers' banker at Paris, is dead. He was over 80, and for more than 40 years had pursued his calling of lending money to rag-pickers at fifteen per cent. interest, taking whatever rags they might possess as security. In this way he had amassed a fortune of several thousand pounds. His only companions were a cat and a monkey, and when found dead the cat was playing with his head and the monkey had on his cap and spectacles. Having no relatives, Simeon's fortune goes to the State.

THE origin of the phrase "printer's devil" is said to be as follows:—Aldus Manutius was a printer in Venice. He owned a negro boy who helped him in his office; some people were superstitious enough to believe him an emissary of Satan. He was known over the city as the "little black devil." Desiring to satisfy the curiosity of the populace, he one day publicly exhibited his boy, and proclaimed, "I Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood come and pinch him."

ACCORDING to the Swiss papers, Mr. Gladstone has addressed to Père Hyacinthe a letter approving his recent publication, "L'Eglise Catholique en Suisse," and declaring that, as there is no excuse for the excesses of Ultramontanism, so there is hardly more for those of the opposite schools of Erastianism—in other words, for the ultra-liberal Catholics. Mr. Gladstone declares himself in accord with the opinion expressed by Père Hyacinthe, that the two extreme parties in the Church are unconsciously playing into each other's hands by striving to sweep away all moderate opinions in order to clear the ground for their own final duel, in which each makes sure of being the victor.

THE Bank of England clips every light sovereign that comes into the bank. Three thousand are weighed in an hour with one machine. Last year the bank weighed coin to the amount of \$115,590,000, and rejected \$4,200,000, or about 3.6 per cent., as being light gold. For the last amount the bank paid the value, making a deduction for the deficiency of weight, which is generally about six or eight cent per light sovereign. Mr. Hodgson, M.P., a bank director, says that in a box of 5,000 sovereigns the number which will be found to have turned the point of light weight will generally be about eight, if they have not been disturbed, and he adds: "You are not aware that the sovereign which is in your pocket at 8 o'clock in the morning is not the same sovereign at 12 o'clock at night." After this rather alarming announcement it is satisfactory to find Mr. Hodgson stating also that the charge for light weight on the eight deficient sovereigns would be about four cent per coin, making only thirty-two cents on the box of \$25,000; so that "it really amounts to nothing."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"UNMANNED by the loss of her husband," is the latest style of indicating a widow's grief.

IDA LEWIS, the heroine of Lime Rock, is as frank as she is self-sacrificing and brave. She says it always worries her a good deal to see a man drown.

GATHERING autumn leaves was formerly a fashionable amusement, but since the irruption of the pinch-back dress the gathering has been confined to boys.

OMNIBUSES originated in Paris in 1827. The other kind of busses, which are specially desired by young men and maidens, were discovered some years previous.

WHEN a couple of young folk, writes an American critic, get so that they want to waltz all the time at a ball and have no quadrilles, that's a sign that they are never going to stop until some man with furniture is made happy.

"SWEET GIRL GRADUATES."—Young ladies who receive the degree of A.B. have a decided advantage over the young gentlemen. One, who married when she took her degree, was MA in less than a year from her graduation.

COPY was out. The devil picked up a paper and said, "Here's something 'About a woman'—must I cut it out?" "No!" thundered the editor, "the first disturbance in the world was occasioned by the devil fooling about a woman."

A Clergyman, being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

SAYS the Burlington *Huckeye*: Briefly stated, our financial views are these: Tiebacks are better than greenbacks. They are in greater demand: they are more constantly in circulation: they are always boyant, dreadfully boyant; they are always good for their face, and are always quoted above Par, or mar either.

FORMERLY it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters. If the old custom were enforced there would not be a wedding for, say, many a day, but the girls would all have learnt to spin in a month, and upset that calculation.

Quite recently a short-sighted husband saw a large bouquet of flowers on a chair, and, wishing to preserve them from fading, placed them in a basin of water. When his wife saw the "bouquet" half an hour afterwards, she gave one piercing scream, and fainted on the spot. Her defective-visioned husband had mistaken her new summer bonnet, with its abundance of flowers, for a freshly-culled bouquet.

EACH had long viewed the other as a rival, and when they met at a picnic the other day, Jane took occasion to say, very frankly:—"Mary, Harry told me last week that he didn't really love you." "Indeed, Jane," replied Mary, with great dignity, "and he also told me that the most you could expect, if you ever married, would be to make some man a comfortable widower." Women are only a little lower than the angels.

WE do not know how the world would get on without "aunties" and old maids. When every one else is hurried and heated about his own affairs, the old maid of the family—dear, kind, sympathetic auntie, with nothing more important in her own life to occupy her than a change of maids or a rebuke to the man—comes in fresh as a daisy to take a turn at the mill, as a relief guard of some one else. With plenty of leisure and inexhaustible love, what may she not do in the way of help? And, to her honour be it said, she generally does all she can.

BRIGHAM YOUNG ON THE FASHIONS.

THE San Francisco *Chronicle* of a recent date says: Brigham Young preached on the fashions last Sunday, and here is an extract from his sermon. "Now, then, leaving the useless things which the brethren use—tea, coffee, tobacco, beer, whisky, &c.—I will allude to some that the sisters use and wear, such as tea, coffee, snuff, tobacco, opium, and then the ruffles, bows, puffs, trimmings, and this, that, and the other they wear on their dresses that are useless. What shall we do in regard to these things? My senses tell me that the children of Zion should forsake every needless fashion and custom that they now practise. My wives dress very plainly, but I sometimes ask them the utility of some of the stripes and puffs which I see on their dresses. I remember asking a lady this question once, and inquired if they kept the bedbugs and flies away. Well, if they do that they are useful, but if they do not, what use are they? None whatever. Now, some ladies will buy a cheap dress, say a cheap calico, and they will spend from five to fifteen dollars' worth of time in making it up, which is wasting so much of the substance which God has given them on the lust of the eye, and which should be devoted to a better purpose. I have had an observation made to me, which I will relate; I have never done it, but I believe I will now. It has been said to me, 'Yes, Brigham, we have seen ladies go to parties in plain home-made dresses, but every man was after the girls who had on a hundred dollars' worth of fol-de-rol, and they would dance with every woman and girl except the one in a plain dress, and they would let her stay by the wall the whole

evening.' It may be in some cases, but should not be. It adds no beauty to a lady, in my opinion, to adorn her with fine feathers. When I look at a woman I look at her face, which is composed of her forehead, cheek, nose, mouth, and chin, and I like to see it clean, her hair combed neat and nice, and her eyes bright and sparkling; and if they are so, what do I care what she has on her head, or how or of what material her dress is made? Not the least in the world. If a woman is clean in person, and has on a nice, clean dress, she looks a great deal better when washing her dishes, making her butter or cheese, or sweeping her house, than those who, as I told them in Prevo, walked the streets with their spanker jibs flying. It adds no beauty to a lady or gentlemen to have a great many frills on their dresses or coats; beauty must be sought in the expression of the countenance combined with neatness and cleanliness and graceful manners. All the beauty which nature bestows is exhibited, let the dress be ever so plain, if the wearer of it be only neat and comely. Do not fine feathers look well? Yes, they are very pretty, but they look just as well on these dolls, these fixed-up machines which they have in stores, as anywhere else; they certainly add nothing to the beauty of a lady or gentlemen, as far as I ever saw."

LITERARY.

MISS YONGE has written a Christmas novel, "My Young Alcides."

OLIVE LOGAN, whose eyes troubled her during the summer, has entirely recovered her sight.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, the writer of many novels, has been under the care of an oculist for some months.

MISS BESSIE TURNER, notorious in the Beecher-Tilton trial, has written a book, entitled "A Woman in the Case."

AN addition to the materials for the history of the Irish Rebellion of 1798 has been recently printed in Dublin—the "Memoirs of Mrs. Goff, of Haretown House, county Wexford."

MORTIMER COLLINS has a good word for the author of "Proverbial Philosophy." He says Tupper is equal to Joaquin Miller, Artemus Ward, and Julian Hawthorne all put together.

THE New York Herald has fitted up, in elegant style, some rooms adjoining the Splendide Hotel, Paris, for the convenience of American visitors. Papers from all parts of the world can be found there.

MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH is living in literary retirement near Hollywood, North Carolina. Her pen is busy, both with verse and prose, and reflects, in an admirable degree, its wonted power and charm.

M. THIERS is said to fairly begrudge the time he bestows upon sleep, and as soon as the first hint of daylight is in the sky he is at his desk. His powers of concentration are said never to have been greater than now.

EX-Judge Tourge of North Carolina has written a novel entitled "Tourette," the heroine of which is a negro girl, and the hero an ex-colonel in the Confederate army. The author's aim is to popularize miscegenation.

MISS BLANCHE HOWARD, the author of "One Summer," is said by a Washington correspondent to be a Bangor girl, divinely tall and most divinely fair, after the style of New England blondes. "A *bashien* and a belle" is the way she is referred to.

JOAQUIN MILLER paid a tribute to Walt Whitman in his Washington lecture. He said: "Grand old Walt Whitman! He shall live when you mighty dome of the Capitol no longer lifts its rounded shoulders against the cycles of time."

MR. HERBERT SPENCER, the eminent sociologist, has been compelled to announce by a litographic circular that he is so deeply engaged in special studies that he can no longer answer inquiries, requests for autographs, and other miscellaneous demands made upon him.

ALFRED TENNYSON, being unable to attend the Balaklava banquet, sent a check for \$5 towards the expenses and wrote: "I will drink a cup of wine on the 25th to the health and long life of all your fine fellows, and, thanking yourself and your comrades heartily for the cordial invitation sent me, I pray you all to believe me, now and ever, your admiring fellow-countryman."

JOAQUIN MILLER, having lectured in Washington, is duly "catching it" from the correspondents. One of these gentlemen, after saying that a peculiarity of the eyes was the only thing in J. M.'s whole appearance that might in any way justify his wife in calling him wicked, declares that each sentence was "lost in Alexandrine drawl, tipped with a regular Dundreary ah—ah—ah!"

IN the *Athenaeum* Julian Hawthorne corrects an amusing mistake made by an English reviewer of Mr. Southworth's "Four Thousand Miles of African Travel," who supposed that "Mr. Gouverneur Morris" is an old compound of a misspelt title and a surname. "Gouverneur," pronounced "Govvneur," is a common name in New York, and has no connection with any title of Governor.

MR. GLADSTONE is said to pleasantly surprise those persons who derive their idea of him from portraits in *Punch*, or from having seen his profile from the Strangers' Gallery during the stormy period of debate, by the mellow and ingratiating tones of his voice and the winning smile, the gracious amiability, and the almost child-like aspect of kindness which a full front view of his face discloses.

THE committee of the Byron Club have issued an address to the public, in which they state that they have determined to make every effort to set up a memorial yielding a higher and a better homage to the immortal poet than any monument of mere stone or marble whether in or out of Westminster Abbey. They believe that the most useful form and character such an institution could assume would be that of a club (named after the bard), of which the constituent elements, as well as the objects, should be of a nature to revive the influence of his life.

A CURIOUS document left at the Tuileries when Imperialism fled from the palace has just been made public. It is a running comment upon literary men who were proposed as guests to enliven the gatherings at Compiègne, as Prosper Mérimée and Edmond About did. The comments are not very flattering to the gentlemen concerned. M. Viti, an Imperialist scribe and clever theatrical critic, is described as honest, but too old; Paul de Saint Victor as brutal and unpopular among his confrères. Theodore Barrère, the witty dramatist, is a man of talent, a gentleman, but too much of a Bohemian decorated. Victorien Sardou is alluded to as talented but odd, living an irregular life, and being married to a dressmaker. Belot who has written very obscene novels, was at first objected to, but afterward it appears to have found grace in the sight of the Imperial Court.

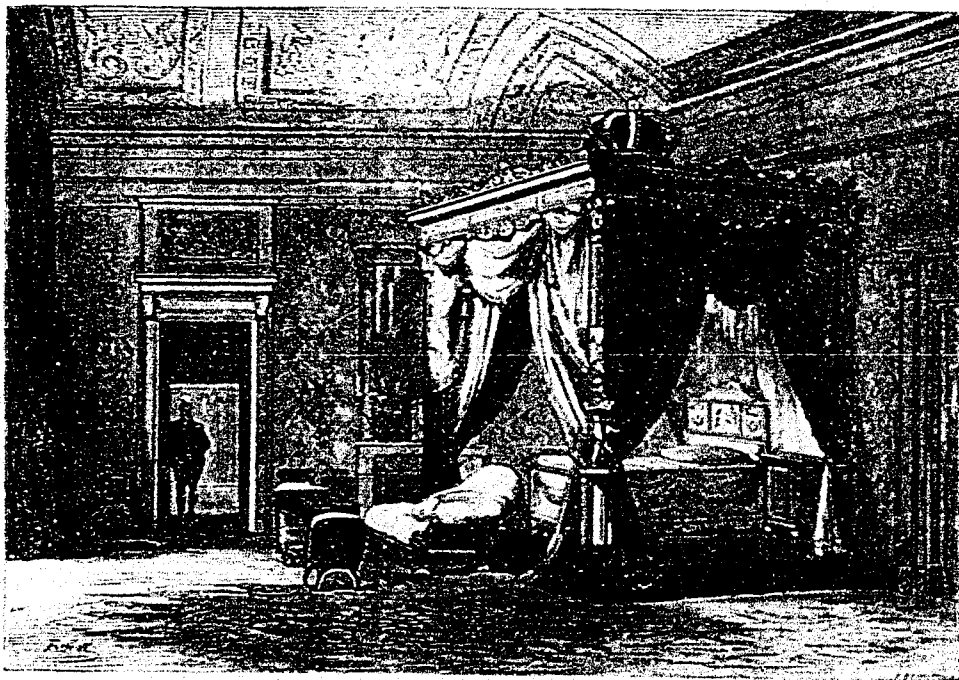
EUROPEAN PICTORIAL NEWS.



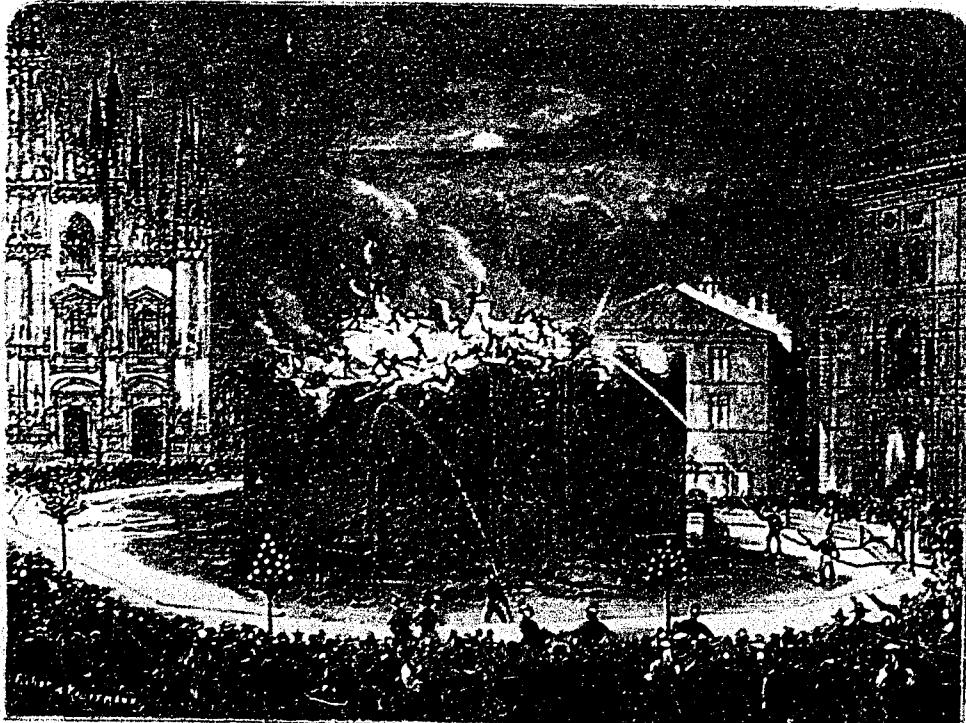
HERZEGOVINA.—BOSNIAN FRONTIER GUARD.



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT MILAN.—THE EMPEROR, AND THE KING OF ITALY ASCENDING THE GRAND STAIRS OF THE ROYAL PALACE.



THE EMPEROR'S BED ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE, MILAN.



DEMOLITION OF AN OLD BUILDING IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL. MILAN



GROUP, IN SILVER, PRESENTED BY THE GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBOURG, TO PRINCE HENRY, ON THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS LIEUTENANT-GENERALSHIP.



Jules, L. H. E.

J. ROBERTSON

REVERIE: --FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. JACQUET, IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1875.

WHAT IS LIFE?

- A little crib beside the bed.
A little face above the spread.
A little frock behind the door.
A little shoe upon the floor.
A little lad with dark brown hair.
A little blue-eyed face and fair.
A little lane that leads to school
A little pencil, slate, and rule.
A little blithesome, winsome maid.
A little hand within is laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.
A little family gathered round;
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil
A little rest from hardest toil.
A little silver in his hair.
A little stool and easy chair,
A little night of earth-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

ACADEMY TEACHERS.

HOW TO BETTER THEIR POSITION.

The papers read by Mr. Butler and Mr. Walton at the recent Teachers' Convention paint the position of a teacher of a Country Academy as disagreeable indeed. In the cases mentioned by them the distress had reached its most distressing point, that at which it becomes absolutely ridiculous.

But the general unsatisfactoriness of the teacher and of his place is best shown by the short time during which he stays in it. Now, as to change his teacher is mostly to put back the scholar some two months, it is plain this state of things must be altered. One Academy, so called, has had 5 teachers in 2 years. Another has had 4 teachers in 3 years, and the average length of an Academy teacher's stay in one place is little over the year. His usual position, then, is as a friendless stranger in a strange place, among parents who discuss his imperfections openly before their children, lay their children's short-comings to his fault, and often make the child plaintiff, witness and judge and jury over the teacher who has to keep him in subjection and awe. Any claims the teacher makes for regularity of attendance, or uniformity of text books are often looked upon as impertinences. He needs to be backed up by rules to secure these common advantages;—rules which it is no longer optional, but obligatory on him to enforce, to the ultimate profit and benefit of all.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE TEACHERS POSITION,

like the excellence of teachers themselves, is in the long run exactly regulated by their salary. As it is, they suffer from underpay, overwork and from being at the mercy of ignorant parents. The average salary of an Academy teacher is only \$475 a year; one gets only \$80 and board, another as little as \$170 in one year.

THEIR PAY

may be increased by diminishing the number of Academies and raising the grants. And there is enough zeal for education and rivalry between different places to make municipalities eager to secure the large grant by promising to raise corresponding sums themselves.

If there were an established set of text books, the teacher might make from \$20 to \$50 a year, and save himself and others an infinity of trouble, by supplying the scholars with books and stationery at fixed prices, claiming of course the usual retail profit. This is done with great success in the excellent Montreal schools and elsewhere. But a country teacher would, mostly, raise an angry local jealousy against him, unless there is a distinct rule that he should do this.

If forbidden to take scholars till their fees for the half term were pre-paid, he would save 10 per cent of loss at least. The very children of those irregular parents who do not pay give the most trouble in school. People value most what they pay a fair price for, and a uniform rate (say \$3 a term) of fees for High Schools, should be fixed and prepayment insisted on. A few scholars might be taught free; firstly as a reward for excellence, and secondly for services rendered, to the advantage of poverty, merit, teacher and taught.

Things work best where the School Commissioners have undertaken the Trusteeship of the Academy. This helps also towards the consummation so devoutly wished of Graded Schools.

IN GRADED SCHOOLS

the teacher's work is less, and the scholar's progress greater. Moreover, inferior teachers in the lower departments will do better work under a good Principal, to be referred to in difficulties, to teach improved methods, to encourage and advise.

An ingenious arrangement is in vogue in some places. The girls are in the 2nd class room under a separate teacher, the elder ones leaving it for their more advanced studies. For this, the plan of school house in Sherbrooke, the best we have seen, is most convenient.

TO EASE THE TEACHER'S WORK

is identically the same as to increase his pay. The last hour, between three and four, causes more exhaustion and annoyance to the teacher, than the other five hours put together. And, satisfactorily enough, it is proved that a child learns more when taught five hours a days than when taught six, just as it loses health by being fed too

much. Where "school is out" at four, the teacher often keeps the idle, the truant, or some special pupil in till five, and loses his only hours of day-light exercise—so indispensable to his profession. And in schools where pupils are kept in till 5 p.m., the mental health of more scholars than one has been seriously injured—an evil too dreadful to be tolerated for a moment. Set the scholars an ordinary hour's work at 3 p.m., let them go when it is done, and it will be found that most of them are out at half-past three. By getting out earlier, pupils have energy to work of an evening,—and work done alone is invaluable for mental and moral training. The teacher also can thus eke out his pittance by some kind of work after hours, and gain in health by change of employment.

Now parents everywhere think the more highly of a teacher, the more time he gives for his pay, and trustees will never be able to insist on shortened hours, or indeed on uniform text books or prepayment of fees, till they are made the express conditions on which they receive their grant.

The teacher being, as remarked above, so often a stranger in a strange place, it would be well if attention were called to the social duties of the neighbourhood towards him by articles in the Journal of Education and the daily press.

ATTENDANCE.

The attendance of scholars in country schools is very irregular. Where parents are made to send a written excuse they are found too disinclined for this exertion to keep their children at home. An excellent teacher here once made this rule and punished an absentee two days running for not bringing such an excuse. The next day she brought an untidy scrap of paper on which her parents had written:

"You are not fit to teach. Go back and handle the shovel and the ho."

The teacher thanked her, bade her take her seat, and she never came late again.

INSPECTOR'S PRIZES.

If the prizes now generally given by Inspectors to the most advanced (not the most deserving) scholar in the school, after a hasty examination, were given to the scholars who had attended the most regularly with "perfect lessons," a great farther improvement might be effected.

A strong spirit of emulation seems very easily kindled in Canadian children with great effect. "Taking places," thought absolutely indispensable in England, is often difficult here. To give a mark for every "perfect lesson" where no question is missed, as at Valleyfield, seems to work next best.

MONITORS.

The appointment of monitors universally works well. With them every school becomes a sort of Normal School. It were well if it were made a condition of receiving a grant that every academy scholar should be bound to teach three hours a week (and not more unless mutually desired) if required by the teacher. A penalty of \$1 a term to free a scholar from this obligation would obviate any conceivable case of hardship. Reading, which cannot be taught to many at once without loss of time, might very well be heard by monitors.

CO-OPERATIVE HOMES.

Speaking of co-operative homes a writer says: It is not impossible to find living happily, now at their chateau in Normandy, now at their house in Paris, M. le Marquis de Grandchose and Mme. his wife, M. le Comte de Grandchose and Mme. his wife, and M. le Vicomte and Mme. his wife. It is quite common to see two sons and their respective wives and children living in peace under the same roof. In France family life in its larger sense seems to thrive, but in England such households as one often meets with there would be quite out of the question. The author of the "Three Brides" is at present publishing a story in which she brings together in the same home such a family as one constantly meets abroad, but she does not attempt to make the "Three Brides" agree with their mother-in-law or with each other. She knows too well how unnatural it would be. The result of this distaste which we all have to living in patriarchal families is that in England there is a great deal of waste of house room amongst the middle classes, who are always complaining of the high rents they have to pay. There is also waste of a certain sort of power which might be advantageously used in its proper place. An unmarried aunt often goes out as a governess when she might as well teach her own nieces. The grandmother lives all alone and visits orphan asylums and convalescent children's homes, when she might as well help to nurse the little grandson in the measles, and have the pleasure of seeing the baby's first attempt to crawl across the floor. There is, however, no use in discussing the matter. We all hate our relations except at a distance, and our habits and manners would have to be radically changed before we could imitate our Continental neighbors. Every one quarrels with his mother-in-law, and money transactions between relatives are proverbially unfortunate. We too often reserve any little politeness we can boast for strangers and do not air it in the home circle. Then, too, our climate is fatal to large communities; we have to live so much indoors, and see so much more of each other than we should if the weather were suitable to being a great deal in the open air. Altogether it does not appear that we are yet ready for co-operative homes.

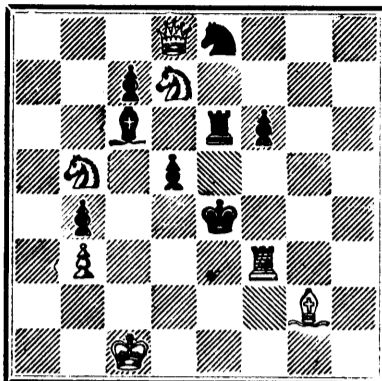
OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. Murphy. Problem received. It shall appear next week.
H. A. C. F. Letter and problems received. They shall have due attention.

PROBLEM No. 46.
By R. BRAUNE.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 51st.

Played recently between two members of the Quebec Chess Club.

WHITE.—(Mr. Sanderson.) BLACK.—(Mr. Andrews.)
King's Gambit.

- 1. P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th
3. K Kt to K B 3rd
4. K B to Q B 4th
5. P to Q 4th
6. P to Q B 3rd
7. Castles
8. K Kt takes K Kt P
9. Q B takes P
10. Q to Q 2nd
11. Q Kt to Q R 3rd
12. K R to K B 3rd
13. R to K Kt 3rd
14. P to K R 3rd
15. P takes Q B
16. Q Kt to Q Kt 5th
17. Kt takes Q B P
18. Q takes K R
19. Q to K's 3rd
20. P takes Kt
21. Kt to K 6th
22. Q to K 6th
23. R to K R 3rd
24. R takes Q
25. R to B sq
26. B takes R
27. K to R sq
28. P to K Kt 3rd
29. K to Kt 2nd
30. K takes B
31. K takes Kt
1. P to K 4th
P takes P
P to K Kt 4th
K B to K Kt 2nd
P to Q 3rd
Kt to K R 3rd
Castles
Q takes Kt
Q to K Kt 5th
Q to K R 4th
K to K R sq
Q B to K Kt 5th
P to K B 4th
Q Kt to Q B 3rd
P takes P
P to Q R 3rd
K R takes Q B
R to K B sq
Kt to K 4th
B takes P
R to K B 3rd
Q to K R 5th
Q takes Q (ch)
P takes R
R takes R (ch)
P to R 7th (ch)
Kt to Kt 5th
B takes P
Kt to K B 7th
P Queens
Q takes K P and wins.

GAME 52ND.

A lively skirmish played some time ago between Messrs. Rosenthal and Kollisch.

King's Bishop's Gambit.

- WHITE.—(Mr. R.) BLACK.—(Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th
3. B to Q B 4th
4. Kt to Q B 3rd
5. P to Q 4th
6. P to K R 4th
7. P to R 5th
8. P to K Kt 3rd (c)
9. Q B takes P
10. Kt to Q 5th and wins (d)
1. P to K 4th
P takes P
Kt to K 2nd (a)
P to Q 3rd
P to K Kt 4th (b)
Kt to Kt 3rd
Kt to K 2nd
P takes P
R to K Kt sq
(a) A novel, but by no means a commendable defence to the Bishop's Gambit.
(b) We should have preferred Kt to Kt 3rd at once.
(c) The best move.
(d) Elegant and conclusive.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 44.

- BLACK. WHITE.
1. Q takes Kt
2. R takes Q
3. K R P takes P
4. Q R P takes P or (A)
1. K B P takes Q
2. P to K Kt 4th
3. P to Q Kt 6th
4. P to Q R 6th and must Queen
(A) 4. P to Q Kt 7th and must Queen.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 43.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K Kt 4th (ch)
2. R takes R P (ch)
3. B to K 7th, mate
1. B takes Q
2. P takes R

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 44.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at Q Kt sq
R at K sq
R at K 2nd
Kt at K 5th
P at Q Kt 2nd and K
K B 6th
K at K Kt sq
Q at Q Kt 6th
R at Q B 2nd
P at Q B 6th and K
B 2nd
White to play and mate in four moves.

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION.—A WONDERFUL CURE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir.—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May '72, becoming nearly worn out with excessive Editorial labors on a paper in New York City, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned home here, but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the Lungs, having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three

inside of nine days. In the September following I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, though in a very feeble state. My Bronchial trouble remained and the Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily until about the first of March '73, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies but I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars, and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business, at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets, in a short time, brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks. I felt much better, my appetite improved, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no Cough whatever and I had entirely ceased to raise blood; and, contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands, knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied, from my experience, that your medicines will master the worst forms of that odious disease—Catarrh, as well as Throat and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many and shall ever speak in their praise.

Gratefully yours,
WM. H. SPENCER.

P. O. Box 507, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY will apply to the Corporation of Montreal, for leave to erect and use for the purposes of their business, a Steam Engine and Boiler, in their premises, in Bleury Street (near Craig).

G. B. BURLAND,
PRESIDENT AND MANAGER.
MONTREAL, Nov. 15th, 1875. 12-21-4-247.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the PARLIAMENT of CANADA, at its next Session, to amend the Charter of

"The Bank of the United Provinces"

by changing the name thereof, and changing the Chief Seat or Place of Business thereof, and for other purposes.

ROBERT ARMOUR,

SOLICITOR FOR APPLICANTS.
BOWMANVILLE, Nov. 13th, 1875. 12-21-4-246.

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The character which this Magazine possesses for variety, enterprise, artistic wealth, and literary culture that has kept pace with it, if it has not led the times, should cause its conductors to regard it with justifiable complacency. The Magazine has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Some of the most popular of modern novels have first appeared as serials in this Magazine. In all respects, it is an excellent periodical, and fully deserves its great success.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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PASSE-PARTOUT MANUFACTURER.
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12-2-52-178.

NOTICE.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RESOLUTION OF
the Board of Directors of the MECHANICS' BANK,
and in conformity with the 29th section of the Act
relating to Banks and Banking (34 Vic. c. 5), I hereby call a
SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders
of the MECHANICS' BANK, to take place at the office
of the Bank in Montreal, on the EIGHTEENTH day of
NOVEMBER next, at TWO o'clock, to take into con-
sideration the affairs of the Bank generally.

12-18-4-226

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of
the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for an
Act to incorporate "THE CHURCH HOME OF
MONTREAL."
Montreal, 20th October, 1875.

12-18-4-227.

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
D. McEACHRAN, M.R.C.V.S., Veterinary Sur-
geon, begs to announce that his Office and Infirmary will
be removed, on the 1st of October, to the new Veterinary
College Buildings, Nos. 6 and 8 Union Avenue, near
Dorchester Street. 12-11-13-240

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NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned has this day admitted Mr. ANDREW
YOUNG and Mr. JAMES MATTINSON, JR.,
as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on
under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG &
CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the
new firm.
JAMES MATTINSON.

May 1st, 1875.
With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to
state that they have fitted up the large and commodious
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SAVES TIME,
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To My Patients and the Public. In transferring the entire manufacture of my 'dentifrice' to B.B.M. Gale, Chemist, of this City, I may add that I have used the above in my practice for the past thirty-four years and can conscientiously recommend it as a safe, reliable and efficient cleanser of the teeth, and a preparation well calculated to arrest decay and soothe the gums firm and healthy. It is perfectly free from artificial coloring matter, acids or other substances deleterious to the teeth or injurious to the system.



Dear Sir, Montreal, May, 31st 1875. Knowing the Composition of DENTIFRICE's and having used it personally for sometime past, I can confidently recommend it as a safe and reliable powder for cleansing the teeth and improving the health of the mouth and gums. I should be pleased to recommend it to my patients and do all I can to increase its popularity. James Ferrigo M.D.

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JAMES MUIR, HOUSE AND LAND AGENT, New Canada Life Buildings, No. 190 St. James Street, Montreal. 12-1-52-173

BANK OF MONTREAL. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF SEVEN PER CENT

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year; and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after Wednesday, the First Day of Dec. next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, R. B. ANGUS, General Manager. Montreal, 26th October, 1875. 12-19-6-211.

GRAVEL ROOFING. R. ALEXANDER, 41 ST. ANTOINE ST., MONTREAL. 08-10-21-52-38.

INVENTORS who want PATENTS should write to H.T. HARTLEY, P. O. Box 313, No. 22 St. John Street, Montreal. Fees contingent on success. Branch Office, N. Y. C. 12-4-52-185-08.

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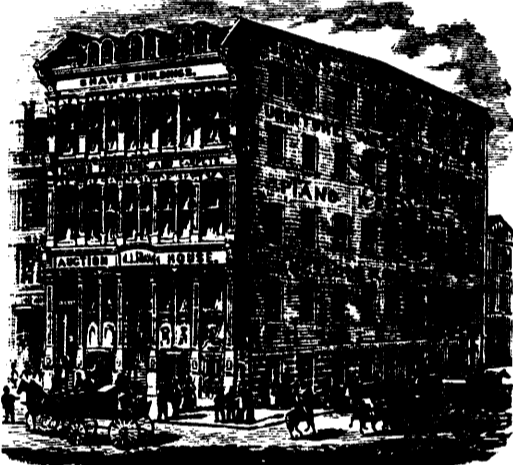
ASSETS IN GOLD: U. S. Bonds and other Securities and Cash in hands of U. S. Trustee Montreal Harbor Bonds (in hands of Receiver General) Montreal Warehousing Company Bonds Bank Stocks Mortgages on Real Estate City of Quebec Consolidated Fund Bills Receivable for Marine Premiums Agents Balances in due course of Transmission, and uncollected Premiums Sundry Accounts due the Company for Salvages, re-Insurances, &c. Furniture—U. S. and Canada Cash on hand and on Deposit

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HEAD OFFICE: 160 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. November 13 12-20-52-235

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MADE TO ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE BY KEMP & CO. Gentlemen's Furnishing Establishment 306, NOTRE-DAME ST., 306, MONTREAL. 12-14-13-210.



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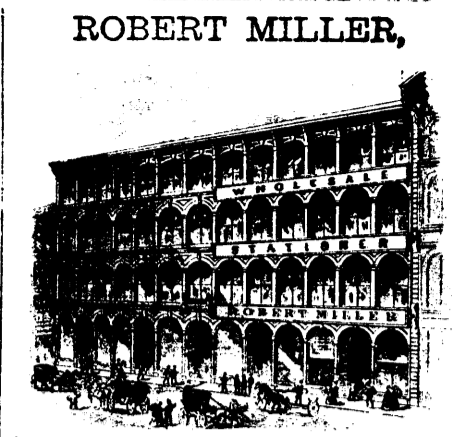
NOTICE. APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate "THE PATRIOTIC INSURANCE COMPANY." Montreal, 20th October, 1875. CARTER & KELLER, Solicitors for Applicants. 12-18-4-228.

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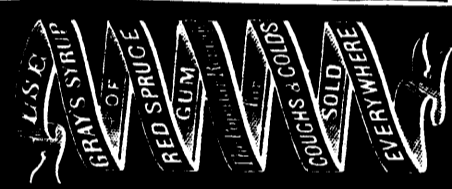
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