

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. XVII.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



HON. SAMUEL LEONARD TILLEY, LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK.—From a Photograph by James Notman.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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

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

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

LIEUT. GOV. TILLEY.

The present number contains the third of a number of portraits of the principal public men and notabilities of St. John, N. B., in the person of Lieut. Gov. TILLEY, accompanied by a brief biographical memoir. We shall continue to produce these portraits during the next four or five weeks. We beg to call the attention of all our friends in New Brunswick and the Maritime Provinces to this series.

NOTICE.

THE SECOND NUMBER OF

HOUSEHOLD CONFERENCES

will appear in our next issue and thence continuously.

NOTICE.

The indexes of the two volumes XV. and XVI. are now ready, and those of our subscribers who may desire them especially for binding, as we recommend them to do, will be at once supplied on dropping word by messenger or postal card.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 2nd, 1878.

PEACE.

A fortnight ago, we set down what we imagined would be the conditions of peace imposed by Russia upon the vanquished Porte. It is a rather melancholy satisfaction to know that our previsions have been fulfilled to the letter. It is true that no official declaration has yet been made, but sufficient has been made public to satisfy us that the following terms will be executed:—

- I. The independence of Roumania.
- II. The independence of Servia.
- III. Accession of territory to Montenegro. We had expected the independence of that principality also.
- IV. A Protect-rate for Bulgaria, with a Christian governor.
- V. Cession of Batoum.
- VI. Occupation of Kars and Erzeroum until the payment of an indemnity. We had not foreseen this indemnity which is an imitation of the beautiful German example.
- VII. The free passage of the Dardanelles.

As we predicted, Constantinople will not be occupied, but there will be a little compensation to Russian vanity in the signing of the treaty of peace in that city.

There is no question that these conditions are hard, but they might have been harder, and nobody would or could have prevented the Czar from imposing them. Germany and Austria would not have interfered, and we fear that England could not. Indeed, we are sorry to be obliged to add that Britain has not added to her prestige in all this business. There is no doubt that her attitude throughout encouraged the Turks to resistance, and that she has complicated the situation and embittered diplomatic feeling, without, in the end, boldly defining her position. There has been too much writing and speechifying and not enough action. Taught by this lesson, England will have to change her entire foreign policy if she wishes to retain her legitimate influence in Europe.

Assuming that the war is virtually over, and that nothing will happen to prolong hostilities, we may inquire into one or two of the salient points of the campaign. In

the first place, it is now quite clear that Plovna was the turning point of the war. If it had fallen at the first attack, the Russians would have been in August where they are at present in January. It follows that OSMAN Pasha is the greatest military figure that has appeared on either side. Taking the Napoleonic test of what he has done, he rises high above any of the Turkish or Russian generals. SKOBLEFF has been written up by the English correspondents whom he entertained in a princely manner, and the praise is well deserved; GOURKO has proved himself a rare cavalry leader; RADEZKY has shown that he is a superior commander, but none of these can compare with OSMAN EL GHAZI in the momentous results of their operations.

In the second place, it may be asked what has been gained by the war? It is plain that Russia has gained immensely. Not in military reputation, for the war bristled with blunders and the final result was obtained purely and simply by superior forces and resources, but in acquisition of territory and political preponderance. Liberated Servia and Roumania will, for years to come, be virtually a part of the Russian Empire. The hold in Asia Minor is an important addition to Russian power, while the freedom of the Dardanelles makes the Czar the virtual master of the Black Sea. The Treaty of Paris is torn to pieces, the Crimean campaign is avenged, and the shade of NICHOLAS is propitiated by the glory of ALEXANDER. There may be an European conference, with much shuffling and debate, but the essential results of Russian triumph cannot be modified.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON may not stand at the summit of his profession, but he is a consummate actor in a single part, and his impersonation of "Rip Van Winkle" has given him both fame and fortune. He has also the reputation of being a conscientious artist, who has the highest respect not only for all that concerns his vocation, but for everything also that affects the public in the exercise of that vocation. He has been called the "Sunday-School Comedian" because he never says on the stage what he would not repeat in the family circle. He recognizes the fact that, in our days, a theatrical audience is, in a great measure, composed of young men and girls, and he considers it wrong that a young lady should be compelled to listen to words which no gentleman would think of using in the drawing-room or in a newspaper. From notes of an interview with this artist, which we find in the February number of *Appleton's Journal*, we gather several interesting ideas connected with the stage. Mr. JEFFERSON affirms that, for twenty years, he has endeavoured to suppress applause and other demonstrations of the public during the presentation of a successful play. He himself is rarely applauded in "Rip Van Winkle," and never called before the curtain. It would be easy for him to secure this, if he so wished, but his aim has always been to subordinate the man to the character, and so identify himself with the latter as completely to sink his own personality. Hence his delight on recently learning that a new order in the court theatres of Germany forbids actors to receive flowers or go before the curtain.

MR. JEFFERSON does not repeat himself at each new representation of the same part. The proper amount of effect is what he strives to produce, and if he has been weak at one point, he attempts to make up for the loss at another. He does not act as well at a matinee as in the evening, for the reason that, in the former case, the brain has not had its usual amount of rest. His fatigue after a performance depends upon the quality of the performance. The better his playing, the less his fatigue.

According to Mr. JEFFERSON, the English and American drama is deficient in good plays—that is, plays that are well constructed, and full of natural and varied incidents. The first aim of drama is to entertain; it may instruct, but it should

never degrade or demoralize. When art is well paid, it degenerates, actors become "stars," and gather their several constellations. When art is badly supported, actors are forced to combine, companies are amalgamated, and better work is the result. According to this principle, we may look for a great improvement in the profession, because it has never been so poorly remunerated as at the present time. Actors who, like JEFFERSON, SOTHERS, FLORENCE, and others, have the talent and luck to hit upon a single play which suits them, may, by perfecting themselves in one part, achieve both professional and pecuniary success, but those whose only resource is the routine of service in a stock company live merely a precarious life, and their reputation is as a puff of idle wind.

A PAINTER ON PAINTING.

MR. GEORGE INNESS, an American landscape painter, has been giving his views on several branches of his art, in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*. There is nothing particularly remarkable in the paper, except the rather lofty tone assumed by the critic, whose own name has not yet travelled very far. We particularly wish to refer to his views on TURNER. It may be that the generous and eloquent eulogy of RUSKIN has revived the worship of TURNER beyond the point of moderation, but even with this reserve, there can be no doubt that the great English artist stands among the first painters of our day. But not so thinks our American critic. He admits that parts of TURNER's pictures are splendid specimens of realization, but holds that their effect is destroyed by other parts, which are full of falsity. His "Slave Ship" is pronounced "the most infernal piece of clap-trap ever painted." In regard to the well-known "Wreck," for another example, Mr. INNESS says that it contains little figures in boats, and other details, which are incompatible with the distance, and which prevent that impression which comes to the spectator from a view of nature. In fine, he denominates TURNER a "subtle scene-painter," and declares that his genius was not of the highest order. Fortunately we have an answer to Mr. INNESS in the same number of the New York periodical, where a splendid illustrated paper does full justice to the memory of TURNER.

OF MEISSONIER the same critic admits that he is a wonderful painter, but that his aim seems to be a material rather than a spiritual one. GEROME is said to be worse than MEISSONIER, and in the same way. As to DESCHAMPS, his mind is more perfectly governed by an original impulse, and it obeys more perfectly the laws of vision. Among landscape painters he puts ROUSSEAU first, but COROT is not much behind him, and DAUBIGNY ranks next. The beauties of BOUGUEREAU are only "skin-deep." VERBOEKHOVEN and others produce only "mercantile imbecilities." The writer gives the preference to modern French art. As to methods of painting he holds, and we think truly holds, that there are no absolute rules, but only a few principles, and the Paris way of teaching is decidedly the best. There a few pupils club together, hire a room and work from models chosen by themselves. Once or twice a week the master pays a visit, makes suggestions, observations and even technical corrections, but always so as to guide, not to lead.

Thus is each pupil's individuality left untrammelled, and whatever spontaneity he may possess is left to develop itself, with only the limitations of technique. When a pupil applied to TROYON, he was told to "sit down and paint."

Among other subtle remarks, the writer inveighs against what he calls "the mercantile finish." The picture market cares little for inspiration and everything for the puerilities of detail. Yet the true use of art is, first to cultivate the artist's spiritual nature, and thus enter as a factor in the sphere of general civilization and culture. The genuine artist sometimes

supposes that he suffers, because his love is not of the world. But he should beware of such a fancy. Let his every endeavour be honest, and although the results of his labour may sometimes appear abortive, there will, here and there, flash out from them a spark of truth which shall gain the sympathy of a noble spirit.

SIX GREAT NOVELS.

REV. JOSEPH COOK, who is the preacher *à la mode* in Boston, just now, and who is, in consequence, entitled to pronounce on literature as well as on theology, gives the public the following list as containing the six greatest works of fiction of the present century: JEAN PAUL RICHTER'S "Titan," GOETHE'S "Wilhelm Meister," VICTOR HUGO'S "Les Misérables," SCOTT'S "Ivanhoe," THACKERAY'S "Vanity Fair," and MRS. STOWE'S "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Not precisely because Mr. Cook has published this list, but because the inquiry is interesting in itself, it may be proper to examine into the merit of the six principal novels of the century. In respect to "Wilhelm Meister" and "Les Misérables," there can be hardly two opinions, for although a rigid and frigid criticism may pick innumerable flaws in both, it is universally allowed that they are works of towering genius. The "Titan" of JEAN PAUL is the creation of a great mind, but it can hardly be denominated a great novel, inasmuch as it is chaotic, shadowy and interminably drawn out. Very few persons read it through, and still fewer read it a second time. Its impress on German literature is not acknowledged as very perceptible, while on foreign literature it has exerted no influence at all. Among SCOTT'S works there is a large field for personal choice. If we remember correctly, "Waverley" was SIR WALTER'S own favourite, probably because it was his first born and the corner stone of his colossal fame. MR. GLADSTONE once publicly declared in favour of "The Bride of Lammermoor," which he denominated equal to any Greek tragedy in concentrated power and artistic finish. If we may be allowed our opinion, we should signalize "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," not only as SCOTT'S masterpiece, but also as worthy to rank among the six great novels of our day, however arbitrary the limitation to six may be. The same difficulty occurs in respect to the famous "quadrilateral" of THACKERAY. The author himself was willing "to live and die" by "Henry Esmond." LONGFELLOW pronounces "The Newcomes" the most perfect novel in the English language. Others prefer "The Virginians." But certainly one of THACKERAY'S works must figure among the six. With regard to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," no one, outside of New England, will agree with Mr. Cook. The book had immense vogue, but purely and simply on account of its anti-slavery presentations. It has no literary or artistic merit, and fifty years hence will be read only as a curiosity. Summing up, we might reconstruct the list as follows, taking as our standard, and it is the only fair one, not only the intrinsic worth of each book, but its influence on the literature and society of the day: GOETHE'S "Wilhelm Meister," SCOTT'S "Heart of Mid-Lothian," THACKERAY'S "Newcomes," VICTOR HUGO'S "Les Misérables," MANZONI'S "I Promessi Sposi" and HAWTHORNE'S "Scarlet Letter." Our enumeration is not founded on priority of merit, but simply as each work comes under our pen. The Italian novel is a wonderful masterpiece in every respect, and "The Scarlet Letter" will live for ever. We feel, however, that any list is open to objection which excludes the names of DICKENS and BELWIER, GEORGE SAND, GEORGE ELIOT, TERGUENIEF, HENDRIK CONSCIENCE, CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN or HERMAN CABALLERO.

MRS. JANE GREY SWISSHELM sees it all very clearly. She does not believe that women would gain anything by adopting the masculine costume for the reason that

the latter is a mixture of absurdity and discomfort. She does not understand why a man's shoulders and chest and neck should be shingled any more than a woman's waist weather-boarded. In both cases that indispensable requisite to health and comfort—flexibility—is sacrificed to a false and spurious taste. The idea suggested is that of a mixture, part garment, part iron coffin, and both men and women are sad caricatures of humanity. She is of opinion that a man's throat requires and should have no clothing but his beard; and his garments should never fit so closely around the neck as to prevent the escape of heated air arising from the body. An athlete, to become such, bares his neck and bosom to sun and wind; and the man whose chest is buried under a marble slab the hottest day in summer is about certain to become a dyspeptic. But, as if this were not enough, they must needs exclude light and air from their parboiled bodies by wearing heavy black broadcloth suits while the thermometer is in the nineties, all the same as those worn when it is in the twenties. But according to her, the most absurd part of a man's attire is his head-gear—the unaccountable things he wears on the top of his head, alike in a prairie-storm or an over-heated railroad car. The baldness of about one-third at forty does not teach them anything! They go on sacrificing hair and head to hat; and a shiny, still, air-tight steeple on his cranium is the crowning glory of a man's life. Sensible Jane!

THERE is question in the United States Senate of abolishing the whole diplomatic service, and of hereafter conducting all international business through the consuls. The reason is that diplomatic service is considered an useless expense. This is very true. The men sent out to the various European Courts have not usually been the best American types, and, in most instances, have not known a word of French, which is the recognized diplomatic tongue. In South America and elsewhere American representatives have often been broken-down political hacks, and some of them have even been accused of serious crimes. Let Americans have a school of diplomacy, as in Europe, where young men can work their way up to the summit, and they will then learn the usefulness of the institution.

The truth always leaks out sooner or later. From returns on file in the War Department at Washington, it appears that, at Antietam, Lee's whole force was only 35,255 men, while McClellan had 87,000 men in action—a proportion of more than two to one. From the same official sources we learn that, at Gettysburg, the Confederates numbered 62,000 and the Federals 112,000—exactly two to one. Under Grant the disparity was still greater. Thus the brute force of overwhelming numbers alone bore down the South. The same cause accounts for the defeat of France in 1870, and of the Turks in 1877-78. Where is the real glory of the victors?

THE FREE LANCE.

That won't do, Henry G. You can't get out of it that way. You stated distinctly two things: I. That the river would not take in January. II. That there would be little snow and cold this month, and that the latter part would be all "slush."

Now the facts are:

I. That the river has taken in January.

II. That we had very cold snaps in this month, and the only "slush" was the usual January thaw, which it required no prophet to predict for us, as we all knew it would come.

The Digby election produced the following avalanche:

Grit efforts of no a-Vail.

The Tories have pre-Vailed.

Let us draw a Vail.

The Vail has been changed into a Wail.

The Government is going down the Vail of destruction.

Digby un-Vailed.

The last is Sir John A. Macdonald's, at Galt, and is the only decent one of the lot.

Get ready your Windsor uniforms.

Alderman Stephens has resigned on account of his private affairs. Married.

Alderman Thibault has considerably informed the Blue Noses that Mr. Thomas White is his "bosom friend." Congratulations are in order.

The amiable editor of the Halifax *Chronicle* has been challenged to mortal combat by Thibault. Weapon, the long bow, which the redoubtable alderman draws so well.

Kriss Kringle says that the famous editor of *Le Canadian*, who is also M.P.P. for Bonaventure, is about to offer a dish of soft-soap to Protestants. On hearing the resolution read, an English member who cracks jokes in two languages, and very bad ones in both, exclaimed: *Quelle Tarte!*

Our friend, *Le Canard*, had a good one the other day.

Somebody complained that, in the present circumstances of the Jacques Cartier Bank, the sum of \$1,000 should have been voted to President Beaudry.

"Oh," replied some one, "you must remember that Beaudry is not a man of straw."

"No. For if he were, the stockholders would have eaten him up long ago," was the grim rejoinder.

Carnarvon has one good quality which his late colleagues do not possess. He has the virtue of resignation.

That was a rather fishy story about Lord Dufferin's pleading visit to President Hayes in connection with the Halifax Award.

General Butler is said to look askance at the Fish-ries Indemnity. We all know that Old Ben is cross-eyed.

Turkey is being plucked to its last feather.

The *True Witness* informs us that Suleiman Pasha is an Irishman. If the Ottawa *Citizen* had said that, what a row there would have been.

Will anybody present Sir John with a clothes line?

Several of the Russian Generals have names well adapted to the duties which they are called upon to fulfil. There are Generals Strukoff and Dragomiroff.

At Ottawa the Lover's walk has been widened and a higher wall raised around it. Thus does a paternal Government encourage the hopes of the country.

LACLEDE.

BURLESQUE.

A WISE CURÉ.—The curé of a country church, where the men sit on one side of the aisle and the women on the other, being annoyed in the middle of his sermon by a babbling conversation, gently reminds the congregation that it should be silent.

One of the women arises and triumphantly exclaims: "I want you to notice, father, that the chattering isn't on this side of the aisle this time."

"All the better," replies the priest meekly; "it won't last long."

A COLD CONVERSATION.—"Well, Bister Burphy, what do you think of the weather?" asked Mr. Slubker of his friend, as they both stood at the corner of California and Montgomery streets, blowing their noses with much deliberation.

"Oh, its fide, iddeed. Mr. Slubker, I guess we'll have a raid id a tibe. I see you have a code."

"Yes, I was up to Saerabedto wod dight add I aid't got over it yet."

"Dab had plaer for codes that Saerabedto. I think if I were you, Mr. Slubker, I take some gid add sugar."

"I don't driddk, thadk you."

"Well, take some pulbdary bedicide add go to bed."

"I bay, Mr. Burphy, I bay. So lodg?"

"So lodg?"

And such is the conversation of the period. In foggy weather. "They all do it."

TOO MUCH ENGLISH.—A man with a decided Teutonic expression of countenance, stood at the bar of the Court of Special Sessions recently charged with petit larceny, in having stolen two dollars.

"What have you to say in rebuttal?" asked Judge Otterbourg of the prisoner, after the complainant had given his testimony.

The man at the bar stared vacantly at the Court and made no reply.

"Have you any defence to make to this allegation?" repeated the magistrate.

"Another vacant look and silence."

"Here, interpreter," shouted the Court, addressing that functionary, "ask the prisoner in German where he lives!"

The interpreter was about to put the question, when the prisoner spoke up in a broad Celtic dialect—

"Shure, if it's where I live yez want to know, it's New Jersey."

A broad grin settled on the faces of the spectators, and the Court hurriedly named the sentence—one month in the Penitentiary.

VARIETIES.

GRISSETTE.—Here is the etymology of the word *grissette*. The term meant, originally, a common gray cloth; then a garment made of such cloth; then the wearer of such a garment; and, finally a woman of low condition, whose circumstances only allow her to dress in inexpensive materials. At the present time by some means or other, the term has in France acquired a distinctly unfavourable meaning, to the injury, no doubt, of many who, although *grissettes*, are honest and virtuous.

A FAMOUS SKATER DEAD.—Charles H. Mott who died in Wilkesbarre, in the 83rd year of his age, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and drew a pension for his services. He was four years a captive of the Indians. On one occasion he made his escape from the Indians and British soldiers on skates. He feigned at first to be a novice in skating, but, watching his opportunity, he dashed off with the speed of a deer, and escaped his pursuers by leaping a wide gap in the ice, a feat that neither the soldiers nor Indians were desirous of emulating.

THE PANTHEON.—The Pantheon in which Victor Emmanuel is buried, stands at Rome in a piazza between the Corso and the Piazza Novona, near the centre of the ancient Campus Martius. It was erected by M. Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, nineteen centuries ago, and was consecrated in the year 608 as a Christian church. In shape the building is a rotunda, one hundred and forty-three feet in diameter, surrounded by a dome, one of the greatest in existence, and of which the summit is one hundred and forty-three feet above the pavement. In the centre of the dome is a circular opening, twenty-eight feet in diameter, by which the building is lighted. The most remarkable feature of the Pantheon, however, is its Corinthian portico, composed of sixteen granite columns. The Pantheon contains the tombs of Raphael, Annibale Carracci, and other celebrated painters.

SWINBURSE.—When he is at his best he has a wonderful look of inspiration. He is not very tall, and is rather slight than otherwise in figure. His forehead is almost disproportionately large as compared with the rest of his face. Under it glow his great luminous eyes, uncertain in colour because forever changing with his thoughts. His hair is of that dark red which Titian loved to paint. His complexion is fair, and his mouth rather small and extremely gentle in expression. He prefers reading his own poetry to hearing it read by others; and his reading is most characteristic. There can be no difference of opinion as to his wonderful mastery of words and of rhythm. No poet more honestly loves his brethren than this one.

A LOVER OF BIRDS.—A Paris paper records the death of a remarkable person—Commander José Joachim Da Gama Machado—a lover of birds. For their benefit he converted a corner of his apartment into a bath-room, where he had thirty baths arranged for his little winged prisoners, the bath of each of them being prepared according to the strength and temperament of the bather. He left to the Society for the Protection of Animals a sum of 20,000 francs, the interest of which is to pay the salary of a person whose duty is to see that drivers do not ill-treat their horses. In this testament he says that the birds he has left behind are to be cared for by women, and not by men. These women are to be taken from a province famous for producing persons of kind disposition, and he describes how, by the form of the head, it can be told what women will have real kindness for his winged pets. He further ordered his funeral to take place at three o'clock in the afternoon, "at the hour when the ravens of the Louvre are in the habit of seeking their dinner;" and adds, "You shall place in my coffin the birds enclosed in the four toms which adorn my collection of natural history," so that even in his death he is not to be parted from the friends of his life.

ONE OF WILKIE COLLINS'S VILLAINS.—The author of "Celebrities at Home" has interviewed Mr. Wilkie Collins, in Gloucester place. This is the description Mr. Collins gives of his conception of the famous character of Count Fosco in "The Woman in White": "I thought the crime too ingenious for an English villain, so I pitched upon a foreigner. You know that I have lived a great deal abroad, and have had many opportunities for observing foreign people. It seems that I did so to some purpose; for after the 'Woman in White' appeared, I received a large number of letters from abroad accusing me of gross personal caricature or rather too accurate portraiture. The writers were in a great rage at having their personal weaknesses applied to a scoundrel and held up to derision. I need not tell you that Fosco is not modelled on any one or any half-dozen persons. His character grew on me—a great danger to a novelist, by the way. I knew a man who loved canaries, and I have known boys who loved white mice, and I thought the mice running about Fosco while he meditated on his schemes would have a fine effect. You ask me why I made him fat, his greatest beauty in the opinion of the majority of competent judges. You give me good reason for making him fat; that fat men are malevolent and ruthless, and that the first Napoleon was a fat man, together with the chemical demonstration that fatty substances, when heated above a certain temperature, develop an acid known as butyric acid. I knew all this, but none of these considerations influenced me. I had begun to write my story, when it struck me that my villain would be common-place, and I made him fat in

opposition to the recognized type of villain. His theories concerning the vulgar clap-trap, that murder will out, are my own."

ARTISTIC.

ELIZABETH THOMPSON is painting a picture of Irish life.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS' statue in Chicago will be nine feet high.

EMILE LAMBINET and August Moreau, two well-known French painters, have died recently.

GUILAUME, Director of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, will execute a bust of Thiers for that institute.

AN old painting, which it is claimed is a Murillo, is exposed for sale on Union Square. Price \$3.00.

THE colossal statue of Fame, by Mercie, to surmount the Trocadero Palace at the Paris Exhibition, is nearly completed.

VICTOR HUGO has contributed four designs to the illustrations of the splendid new edition of "Notre Dame de Paris."

THE new art of melanography is rapidly gaining favour and obtaining distinguished patronage. By this process photographs or miniatures are enlarged to life size, and the portraits produced are unequalled for beauty and effect, and are undoubtedly works of art of the highest order; as no sitting is required, a valuable memento of relative or friend, living or deceased, is obtainable.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JOSEPH MAAS, tenor singer, with his family, has sailed for Europe.

A FRIEND of Willie Edouin says that the latter has no spine, it having been extracted when he was a child, in order that he might be able to tie himself into a bow knot.

MRS. C. V. WILLIAMS, a coloured lady of Washington, announces her intention of appearing in tragedy in that city at an early date. Her debut there will be as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," after which she will play *Eralde*, *Juliet*, *Bianca*, *Pauline*, and other roles of Miss Anderson's repertory.

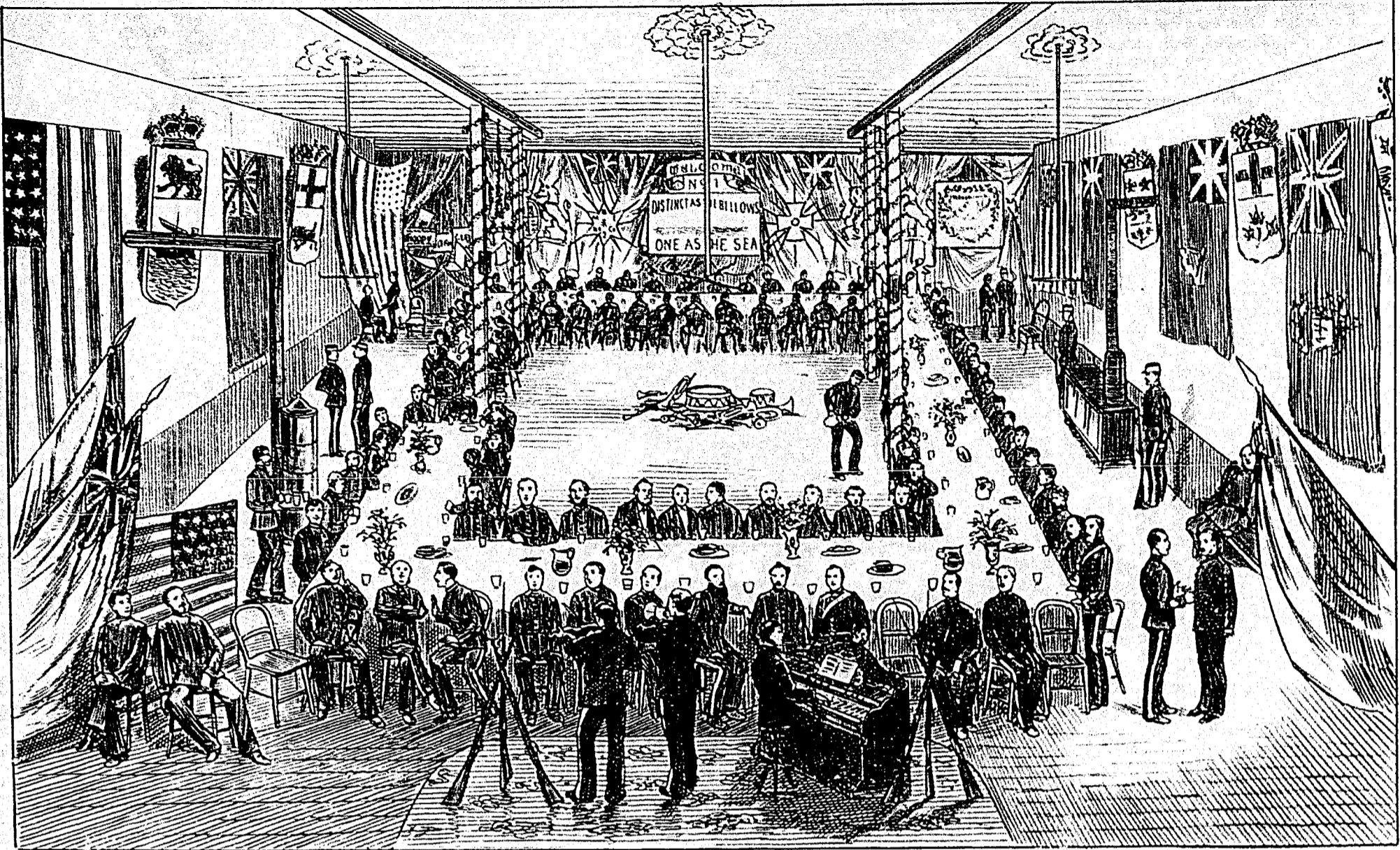
SALVINI experiences a mortal terror on a first appearance before a strange audience, and can never eat after the noon of a day upon which he is to undergo the ordeal. Miss Clara Morris suffers in the same way, and Mary Anderson remarked that it was growing upon her and became more and more severe with every new experience, and the stronger realization of her position and surroundings.

THE following are named as Commissioners for Music at the Paris Exhibition: For England, Arthur Sullivan; for Holland, Heugenan; for Luxembourg, Joseph Dupont; for Italy, Signor Sighicelli; for Spain, Portugal and Greece, Avefino Valentini; for Austro-Hungary, Dr. Edward Hanshek; for Turkey, Egypt, Fu is, Morocco, Siam, China, and Japan, Oscar de Tunis; and for Norway and Sweden, Ivan Halstrom. Russia has not yet named her representative.

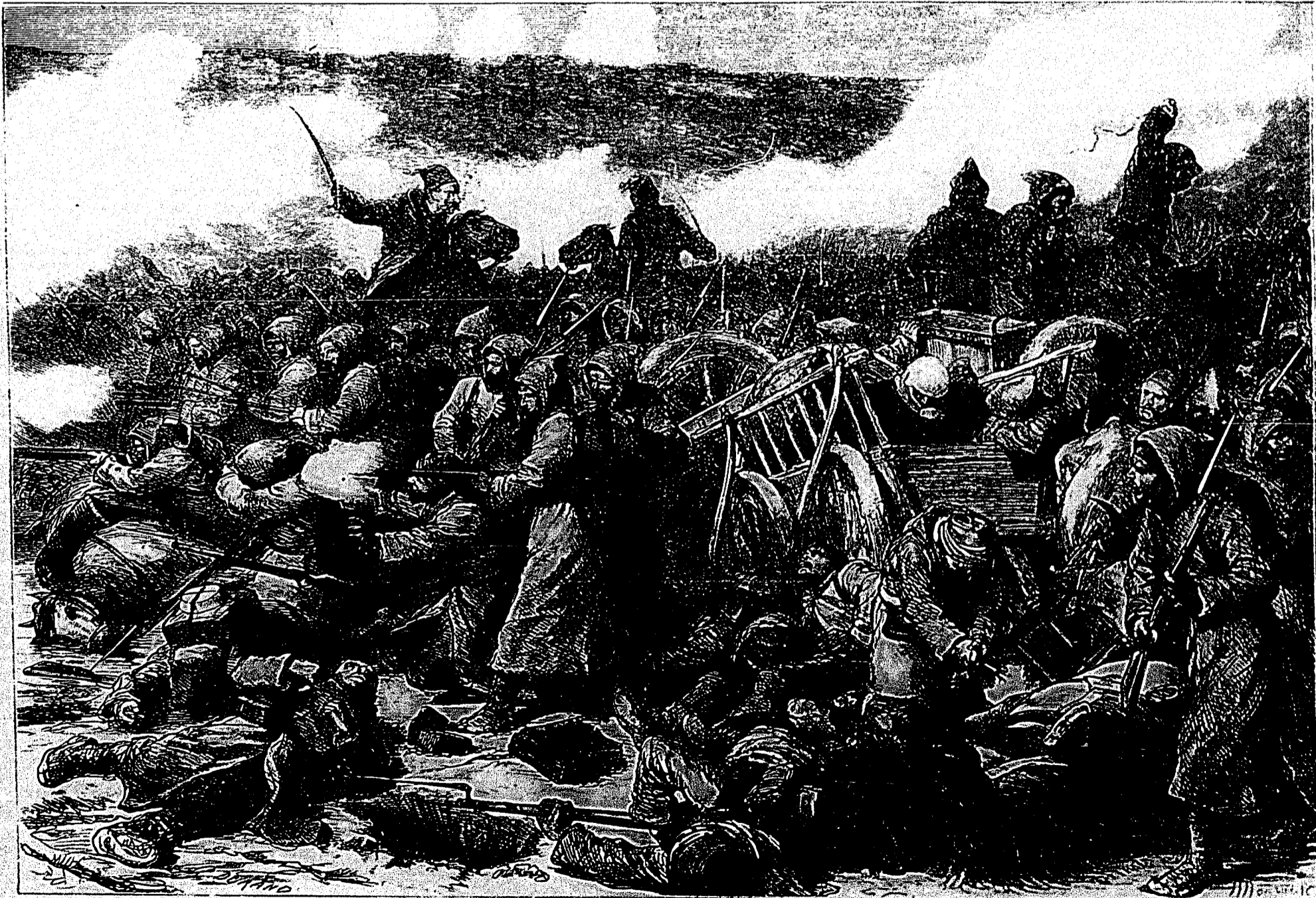
CO VARDLY ASSAULTS.

When a candidate for high office is so well liked and so popular with the masses as to make his defeat difficult in a fair and honourable fight, mean and cowardly men are not wanting who delight in manufacturing lies and slandering his good name. There are also those who selfishness prompts them to prostitute their honor, pervert truth and ignore right, for the sake of injuring a competitor in business, whose prosperity they envy, and with whose business sagacity they have not the talent to successfully compete in any honourable way. These thoughts are suggested by the mean, cowardly attacks made upon me and my medicines, by those who imagine their pecuniary prospects injured by the great popularity which my standard medicines have acquired, and the continued growth of my professional practice. Narrow-minded practitioners of medicine, and manufacturers of preparations which do not possess sufficient merit to successfully compete for popular favor, have resorted to such cowardly strategy as to publish all sorts of ridiculous reports about the composition of my medicines. Almanacs, "Receipt Books," and other pamphlets are issued and scattered broadcast over the land, wherein these contemptible knaves publish pretended analyses of my medicines, and receipts for making them. Some of these publications are given high sounding names, pretend to be issued by respectable men of education and position, for the good of the people—the more completely to blind the reader to the real object in their circulation, which is to injure the sale of my medicines. "The Popular Health Almanac" is the high-sounding name of one of these publications, which contains bogus receipts, without a grain of truth in them. Not less devoid of truth are those which have been published by one Dr. L., of Detroit, in the *Michigan Farmer*, and by other manufacturers of medicines, in several so-called journals of Pharmacy. They are all prompted by jealousy and utterly fail in accomplishing the object of their authors, for, notwithstanding their free circulation, my medicines continue to sell more largely than any others manufactured in this country, and are constantly increasing in sale despite the base lies concocted and circulated by such knaves. The people find that these medicines possess genuine merit, accomplish what their manufacturer claims for them, and are not the vile, poisonous nostrums which jealous, narrow-minded physicians and sneaking compounders of competing medicines represent them to be. Among the large number of pretended analyses published, it is a significant fact that no two have been at all alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors. It is enough for the people to know that while thousands, yes, I may truthfully say millions, have taken my medicines and have been cured, no one has ever received injury from their use.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.,
Proprietor of Dr. Pierce's Medicines,
World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.



MONTREAL.—DINNER OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.



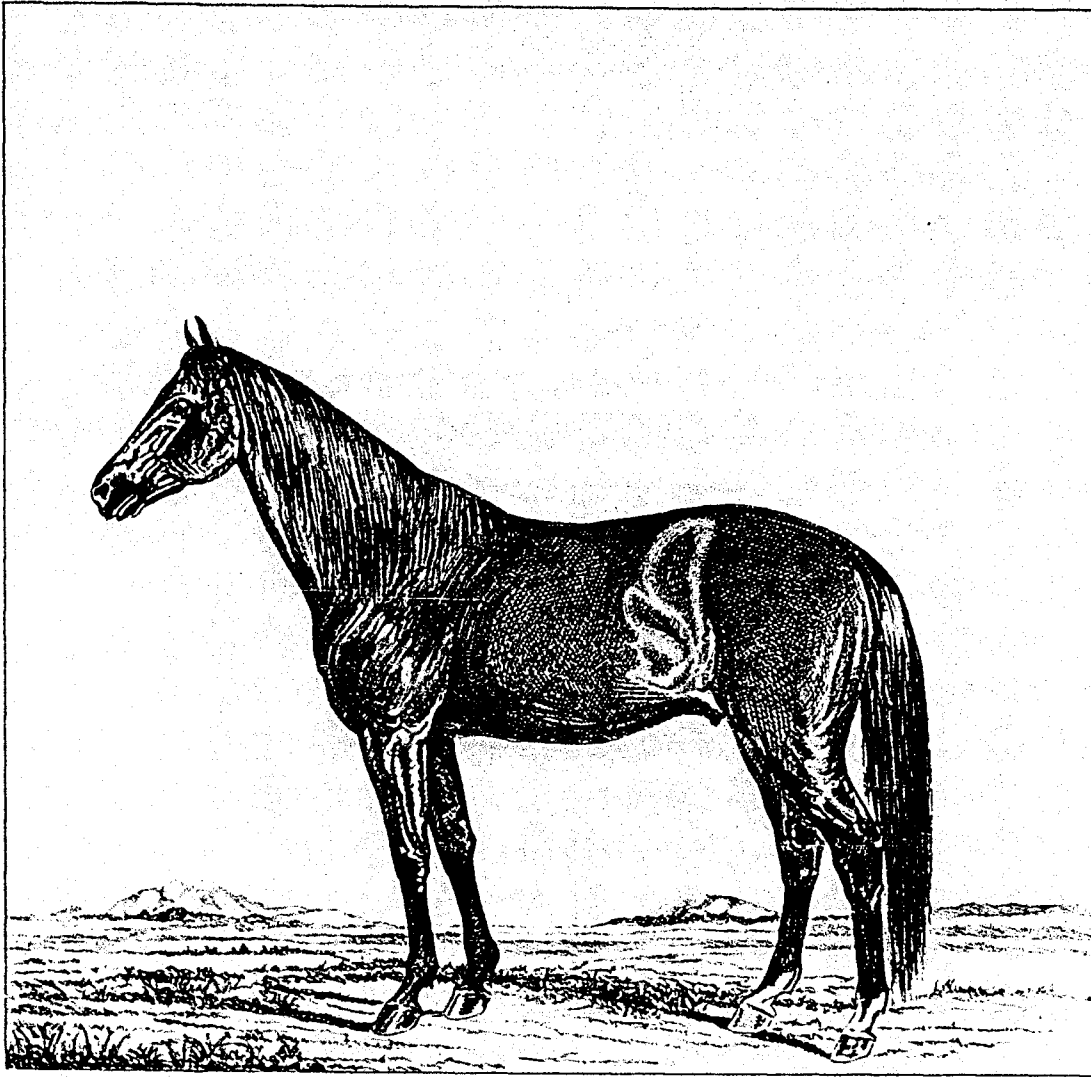
SCENE BEFORE THE SURRENDER AT PLEVNA.

CORNWALL ILLUSTRATED.

STORMONT STOCK AND TRAINING FARM.

That "blood will tell" is now generally acknowledged, and there are few who will not admit that the man who in any way helps to improve the brood of any of the domesticated animals is entitled to praise. If he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, is held up a public benefactor, surely the same proud title must be given him who devotes time and money to the work of improving the stock of a locality. In forming an estimate of a rural community the quality of the stock may be accepted as an eloquent guide. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, due likely to exceptional circumstances, but it will mostly be found that in those sections of country where attention is paid to breeding, other things are not neglected—the observer will generally find good roads, good houses, good barns, good fields and crops. The work of improving the stock of a locality of course takes some time, but it is a work that, though slow, is sure, and the good results are inestimable and wide-spreading. The almost fabulous sums paid for famous horses, bulls, cows &c., sufficiently indicate how fully this fact is recognized. It is our task to-day to draw attention to what is being done in this direction at the Stormont Stock and Training Farm situated one mile east of Cornwall, fronting on the Grand Trunk Railway. The proprietors, Messrs. D. & J. Bergin, have gone into the business heartily, and while they take pleasure in developing the enterprise, they also believe there ought to be money in it. They have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. R. B. Young, an experienced trainer from Kentucky, who resides on the premises. The site is a pretty one, sheltered from the north by a thick bush; the various buildings are neat, commodious and substantial. The stable contains thirteen loose boxes 12 x 10, two ditto 20 x 16, and four roomy stables. The centre space is 80 feet long and 12 feet wide.

CORNWALL ILLUSTRATED.

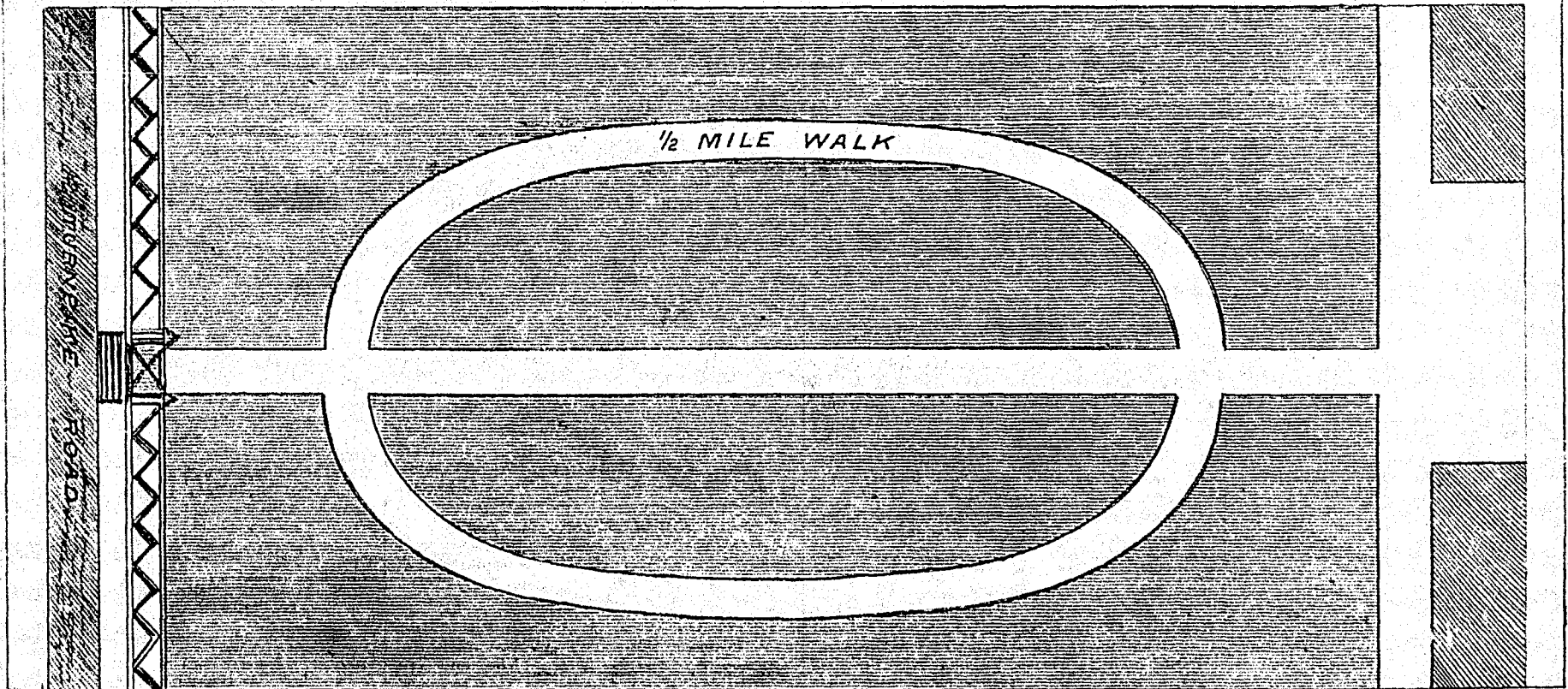


MIDWAY, PROPERTY OF MESSRS. BERGIN.

Lighting, ventilation and drainage have been carefully attended to. Above the stable the floor is divided into compartments for various kinds of feed, the oats, bran, &c., being under control of the stable hands by means of wooden conductors. In the building there is a force pump capable of throwing streams over the flagstaff. In the front portion of the estate there is an excellent half-mile track, strictly private and used only for training purposes. Messrs. Bergin own two famous stallions "Ringwood" and "Midway." A glowing description of the former with portrait was given a few months ago in *The Spirit of the Times*. "Ringwood" is described as "a horse of grand presence, a model of equine beauty and of power, a style and carriage 'at both ends,' to use the phrase of Dr. Kerr, the Nestor of Kentucky breeders, not surpassed by any horse in the country; action even and true, with the smoothness, power, and regularity of a Corliss engine; afraid of nothing, full of ambition, perfectly broken, of the kindest disposition, he is the very *beau ideal*, the *ne plus ultra* of an American trotter and gentleman's roadster. "Ringwood" combines in the most direct descent the blood of "Messenger," of "Grand Bashaw," and of "Diomed," the fathers of those great trotting families the Hambletonians, the Mambrinos, the Bashaws, the Clays and the Stars. What may we not expect from such a sire?

"Midway" is a brown colt, bred by General Whithers, of Lexington, Ky.; 15 hands 3½ inches high; foaled April, 1874. No trotting horse in this country is so closely allied to the Queens of the Trotting Turf, Goldsmith Maid and Lady Thorne, as is Midway. Back of his dam, he belongs to the stoutest and fastest running families that ever trod the American turf.

It is predicted by horsemen that the Blake Pool Bill will strike a severe blow at the raising of fine stock. The Bill is not yet in force, but as the Messrs. Bergin have invested over \$40,000 in their farm, they are naturally somewhat anxious to know how the enactment will work.



THE STORMONT STOCK AND TRAINING FARM.

CONSOLATION.

(Translated from Alfred De Musset.)

Poor restless mortal, creature of a day!
Why dost thou mourn? who wakes thy plaintive sigh?
What though thy soul be sorrow's fearful prey,
That soul is deathless, and thy tears will dry.

GEORGE MURRAY.

Montreal.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR FEBRUARY breathes a fresh and hearty roving spirit. It carries us to the reefs of the Bahamas, to the tea-lands of China, among the bairns of Florida, through perils and mirages in African deserts, to foggy London Streets, to the tropical wonder land of a "Robinson Crusoe" story.

THE current number of Scribner, of which 100,000 copies are printed, is called the "Mid-winter Number," and is thought by the publishers to exceed in attractiveness the Midsummer Numbers of 1876 and 1877.

"The New Budder Grange," by F. R. Stockton, will be recognized by Scribner's readers as a continuation of the sketches of domestic life on a canal-boat which appeared some time ago.

WE have before us the first four numbers of the Legal News, a new law journal, published weekly, in double column royal octavo form, by T. & R. White, of this city.

THE RATE-INAID INTEREST TABLES AND ACCOUNT AVERAGER, by Carson C. Cook, Toronto. Montreal: Bairdand-Deslaurats Lithographic Company.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

IT seems to be impossible to revive in Montreal any interest in the legitimate drama. The word "legitimate drama" is an elastic one, but, by it, I refer to the society and emotional plays which are at present so much in vogue.

THE incompetence of American creation in the sphere of dramatic art amounts to a literary perplexity. It can be explained on no known principles of art. The talent is by no means wanting, yet Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Nym Crinkle, Max Adeler, and others, who have tried their hands, have not succeed beyond mediocrity.

POPULAR fallacies about the Shakespearian dramas are gradually being exploded. One is that no foreigner is fit to interpret Shakespeare, and hence critics have tried to frown down Fechter, Rossi, Salvini, and others.

THE lofty critics who affect to ridicule even the highest and best forms of opera bouffe, will be surprised to learn that some of the first singers and actors in Europe do not regard it as beneath their dignity to figure therein.

ANGE PITOU, Mr. V. Capoul, Mile Louge, Mile Heitbrock, Clarette, Mile Gaille Marie, Pomponnet, Mile Z. Bonifaz, Lombard, Mr. Gailhard, Tremiz, Mr. Barvo, Larivandiere, Mr. Christian, Le Hussard, Mr. Vaastier.

THE conspirators' chorus was sung by Messrs. Lassalle, Solomon, Nicot, Barre, Bouhy, Engel, Dupuis, and others.

I fancy that many a Wagnerian blue-beard could not resist the temptation of assisting at this performance. Nearly every one of the names cited above is connected with the grand opera, and at least five of them have an European reputation.

I have urged the "Musical Professor" who composed the music for "Empire First" which lately appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, to come forward and defend himself publicly against the strictures published in the "Musical Column" of the Gazette.

I ACCEPT without reserve the statement of the editor or editors of the "Musical Column" that their aim is not solely or primarily to lay down the standard of musical criticism in this city.

I HAVE had several occasions in this column to advocate the formation of a French theatrical company in our city.

ning, and its clear success, at two different seasons, gave confirmation to my project. I had hoped that we should have had, this winter, a series of light French operas, or opera comique drawn from the repositories of Auber, Adam, Halevy, Boieldieu, Herold and others, but the absence of Madame Prume from the country has prevented this consummation.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

Arrangements are about to be made for a horse-flesh banquet at the Crystal Palace, prepared by a French cook.

An ingenious implement has been submitted to the Horse Guards by a well-known military inventor, by which every man of an infantry regiment could be provided with pick and shovel in the field without calling into requisition either pack-horses or equipment carts.

The Government has entered into a contract with Colonel Reynolds for the supply of a large number of Telephones. Indeed, the introduction of the new invention into the postal service promises to become general.

The Queen has sent five pictures to the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The first is one by Jan Steen. The subject is a by no means handsome woman, sitting on the side of an alcove bed from which she has lately risen, and putting on her stockings.

City improvements are not to stop with the removal of Temple Bar. The city authorities are taking measures for reclaiming the dreary waste between the west front of St. Paul's and Ludgate-hill, and laying it out as a flower garden.

The "Gold Sticks" is waiting on her Majesty, in prospect, as vacancies occur in the Colonels of the three cavalry regiments of the Brigade of Guards.

GENERALS.

Lord Roakey, G.C.B. Marquis of Hertford. Lord Airey, G.C.B. Lord Bridport. Lord Napier of Magdala. Lord Forester.

LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.

The Earl of Longford, The Earl Howe, G.C.B. K.C.B. Lord Seaton.

H. S. H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, G.B.

MAJOR GENERALS.

The Hon F. Thesiger, Lord Clarina. C.B. (on obtaining Marquis of Conyngham. his Peerage). Lord Abinger.

ROUND THE WORLD.

CHINA.—Horrible accounts come about the famine in the Northern Chinese Provinces. Nine millions of people are starving, and children are sold for food in the markets.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—There are rumours of impending war in Central America.

ROME.—The Pope's unfavourable symptoms continue. He is in a very low condition, but it is not believed there is any present danger.

THE EASTERN WAR.—News of the conclusion of peace caused consternation at Athens. The Chamber of Deputies suspended public sittings, and a large crowd paraded the streets, making demonstrations in favour of war.

EPHEMERIDES.

The place of honour to a Canadian litterateur. I am proud and pleased to be able to consign in this column the record of the high distinction lately conferred in France upon M. Faucher de St. Maurice.

While penning the preceding paragraph, a thought has struck me which may be worth nothing, but which, like many other "airy nothings," might still find a local habitation and a name.

M. CHAUVEA would be precisely the man to serve as a pivot or rallying point for such a society. He resides permanently in Montreal, which is half way between the other two centres—Quebec and Ottawa.

I HAVE just been reading an account of Wilkie Collins' inner literary life from which I cull only two points for this column. In delivering his opinion of English style he refers to Addison and Byron.

It is remarkable how very few writers have excelled in both prose and verse. I have no time to-day to enter into particulars, and can only instance the case of Dickens.

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green, That creepeth o'er ruins old; Of right choice food are his meals, I ween.

Fast he stealth on, though he wears no wings, And a stun'd old hen has he; How closely he twineeth how tight he clings,

And silly he traileth along the ground, And his leaves he gently waves, As he joyously bugs and crawlth round

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed, And nations have scattered been; But the stout old ivy shall never fade

A. STEELE PENN.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON ST. JAMES STREET.

DRIVING CLUB—PROCESSION OF EQUIPAGES—A LIST OF SLEIGHS—REFLECTIONS.

In his last communication from Quebec, Kriss Kringle states that the inhabitants of the Ancient Capital boast of having the only Driving Club in the Dominion.

That is a mistake. There is a Driving Club in Montreal, which turns out periodically, as sketches in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS can testify.

London has its Kotten Row (what a name!); Paris, its Longchamps; Madrid, its Prado; Berlin, its Unter-den-linden; Vienna, its Prater; Rome, its Pincio; New York, its Harlem Road.

The Montreal drive is St. James street; from Victoria-square to the Place d'Armes.

Why? I am sure I cannot tell. The distance is short; there is very little beauty in the street.

The two termini are the only points of interest—the one, the bronze statue of the Queen, too small for the breadth of the square, and dwarfed by the towering buildings around; the other, the grand pile of Notre Dame, the Corinthian portico of the Bank of Montreal, and the Ionic front of the Consolidated Bank.

The reason of the choice, I suspect, is that this is the best place to be seen, for within that narrow area is the heart of Montreal.

Stand on the Post Office corner, for instance, on a Saturday afternoon, between the hours of three and five. Of course, the weather must not be too cold. If there is a snow-storm, all the better.

The first curious object is the gathered crowd itself. Packed at your corner and at the three corners opposite. Scores standing on every stair and vantage ground available.

Many only stare. Some enjoy heartily. Others growl and criticize. It is a microcosm where all the phases of humanity congregate and are displayed, and the flash of equipages through the uniform dark mass, with the music of the silver bells, give it just that suspicion of poetry which helps to idealize it a little.

Let us catalogue the sleighs as they pass. First, a one-horse sleigh, with two solid men in it. The men talk business and never look around.

Then, another one-horse sleigh, with gentleman and lady. Gent looks at the crowd and never minds his companion.

Next, a two-horse sleigh. Papa drives with his eldest son beside him; mamma esconced behind, with three or four little turbaned heads peeping up around her. A sparrow's nest in the pines. Pretty.

A stunner. Skeleton sleigh, red as fire, and trotter black as a coal. A grand stepper, champing his bit, swinging his head loftily, anxious to be off and away on a mile stretch and three minutes to cover it.

The dowager's sleigh. Sober black throughout; black wolf skin robe trailing its tufted tails in the snow. Immense horses, sure-footed and slow; well-fed coachman in such livery as winter will allow.

A murmur in the crowd. All bend forward. We see neither the horses nor the sleigh. All our eyes, even if we had twenty apiece, are for her alone. Languidly reclining on her cushions, coddled in downiest robes, with seal-skin cap dashed to one side, à la vivandière, and an adorable unconsciousness on her features, she glides before us like an apparition.

"O, Niveid of the Northland!" exclaims one poor sentimental fellow.

"It is Cleopatra!" says another.

"With ermine, instead of the gauzes of Corinthus," replies a third, more classically inclined.

What is this! An habitant with his old woman in a low carriage. They got caught in the procession and cannot get out of it.

And the train moves on. The sleigh with two lovers in it; with two swells; with a whole family, and the youngest son, aged eight, holding the reins magnificently; sleighs with ugly

women and pretty women, the latter, of course, predominating; red sleighs, blue sleighs, green sleighs, black sleighs.

Gradually the white light deepens into shadow. The spectacle becomes indistinct. The lamps are being lighted. The hum of the streets deadens. The tinkling bells sound fainter.

"Call these hard times?" says one. "Cod-fish aristocracy!" says another. "A hollow masquerade!" says a third.

Not so; not so. It was a good action. The rich were happy in being looked at. The poor were happy in looking at them.

MUFTI.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

No 9.—In the United States the name for an elementary school-book is a "Primer." In England, especially in the interior counties, the same work is called a "Horn Book." Why is this thus? Ottawa.

No. 10.—I troubled you some time ago with an inquiry into the origin of the Scotch term Hogmanay, which a correspondent, "Sciolus," answered very learnedly in four different ways.

No. 12.—"Getting into a scrape" is an expression of every day occurrence, but its history is very obscure. Our dictionaries tell us that it comes from the Swedish skrap. But what, I ask, is the meaning of the Swedish word itself? Montreal.

No. 13.—Can any Kingstonian give me the signification of the old Indian name Catarqui, if it has any? X.

NOTES.

No. 14.—I send you, according to your request, the proverbs concerning February, as I did those relating to January. But it will appear that they do not all apply to Canada, where the month is always cold and dry.

In England they say: February fill the dyke. Either with the black or white—that is, with rain or snow, and they add: If it be white, it's the better to like.

In Wales they say: The Welshman would rather see his dam on her bier. Than see a fair Februer.

In Scotland: A' the months of the year Curse a fair Februer.

The French say: Fevrier qui donne neige. Bel été nous pleige.

Furthermore, referring to the 2nd of the month, or the Festival of Candlemas, we have: Si sol splendescat, Maria purificante, Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.

Which has been translated as follows by some Scotchman:

If Candlemas Day be dry and fair, The half of winter's to come and mair; If Candlemas Day be wet and foul, The half of winter's gone at Yule.

That is worth testing in Canada. As your paper appears exactly on that day, Saturday, the 2nd, we shall see.

Precisely with the same idea, the Germans have a proverb that the shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his stable on Candlemas Day than the sun.

BEAVER HALL.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR TILLEY.—A memoir of this distinguished statesman will be found in another column, from the pen of an eloquent writer.

THE ENGINEERS' BANQUET.—The daily papers have given an account of the banquet of the Engineers, we supplement their information by a view of the banquet hall itself.

THE LAST SHOT AT PLENSA.—This view represents the last efforts of Osman Pasha to break through the Russian lines and effect his escape. But for his wound, he would perhaps have been enabled to push his success further than he actually did.

CORNWALL ILLUSTRATED.—The matter connected with the Stormont Stock and Training Farm, and the horse "Midway," the property of Messrs. Bergin, is given on the same page with the engravings.

THE QUEBEC PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS.—A description of these beautiful edifices appears separately in the present issue.

IRMIN AND INGOLD.—This splendid picture represents a scene in a novel of the German author, Gustav Freytag, where a devoted girl falls in despair over the prostrate body of her warrior lover.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.—Last summer we gave a full description of this colossal work, when the designs were exhibited in New York by the sculptor, Bartholdi. It will be remembered that it is intended to stand on an island in New York harbour, and to serve the double purpose of a light-house and a Centennial commemoration.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Victor Hugo has presented 500f. as a New Year's offering for distribution among the drivers and conductors of two lines of omnibuses by which he is frequently a passenger.

Goods are arriving rapidly in the bonded stores for the Exhibition, and the work of installation is actively pursued. A gushing writer draws attention to the fact that, on New Year's eve, Venus never shone so brilliantly, the "reading" of the star meaning unquestionable success of our World's Fair.

Towards the end of last week a libretto was mysteriously left at the stage door of the Bouffes Parisiens for the manager by a man unknown. Up to the present, the name of the author has not been ascertained.

The members of the Comédie Française will have the satisfaction of dividing the sum of 19,200f, the amount of the profit on the performances of the year which has just closed. The Comédie Française is a republic, but the manager is appointed by the government.

Another of the curious old places in Paris has disappeared. A house in the Rue des Foultes has been taken down, which was the first restaurant of which any account exists in the capital. It was opened in 1755 by special licence of the lieutenant of police.

The Shah of Persia, who was received with so much ceremony when he visited the Courts of Europe, is to make another tour this summer, arriving in Paris when the Exhibition will be in its full glory. This time the "King of Kings" will travel incognito.

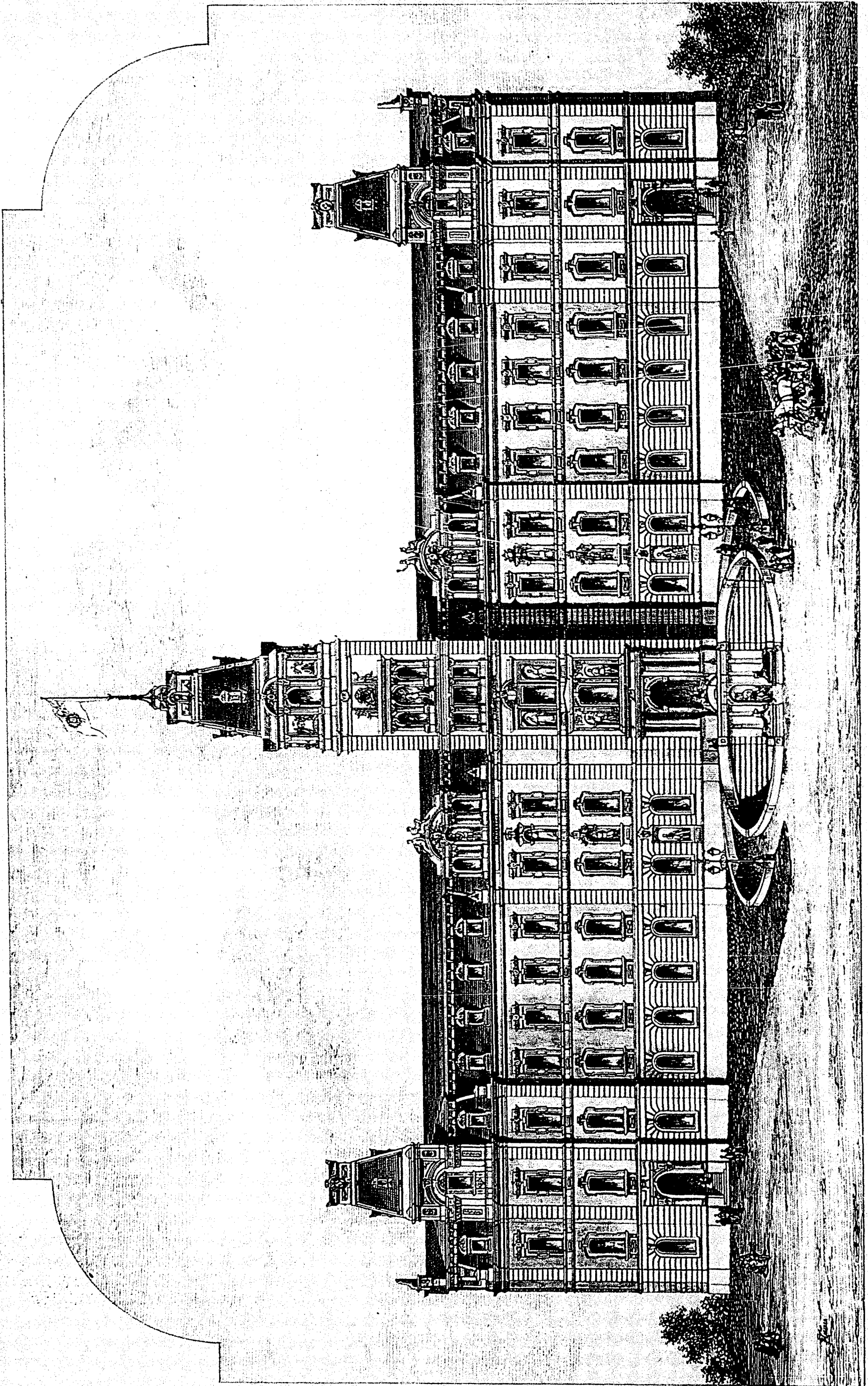
A number of Japanese and Chinese, on their way to Paris, arrived at Marseilles last week by the Anadyr. The Chinese, eighteen in number, are architects, sculptors, and painters, who have come to erect their palace at Troadero. One of them, Sun-Hsing-Keng, is one of the first architects and sculptors of the Celestial Empire.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

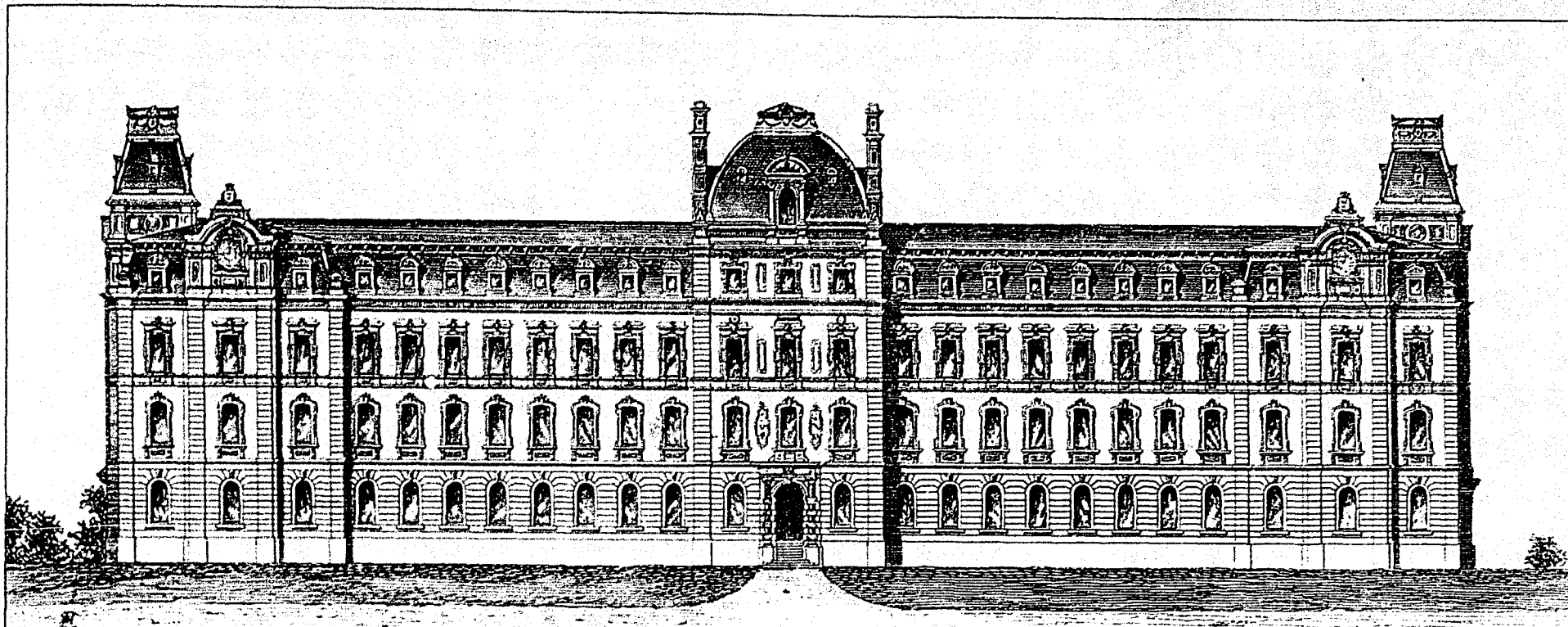
The Canadian Illustrated News has taken a new departure—the illustration and description of all the towns in the country. It is an enterprise in which we wish our contemporary the utmost success.

The Canadian Illustrated News for the current week contains sixteen views in and about Cornwall, with five columns of descriptive letter press containing a deal of information respecting the settlement and growth of the old town. Mr. E. C. Matthews, Main Street, has been appointed agent for the sale of the News.

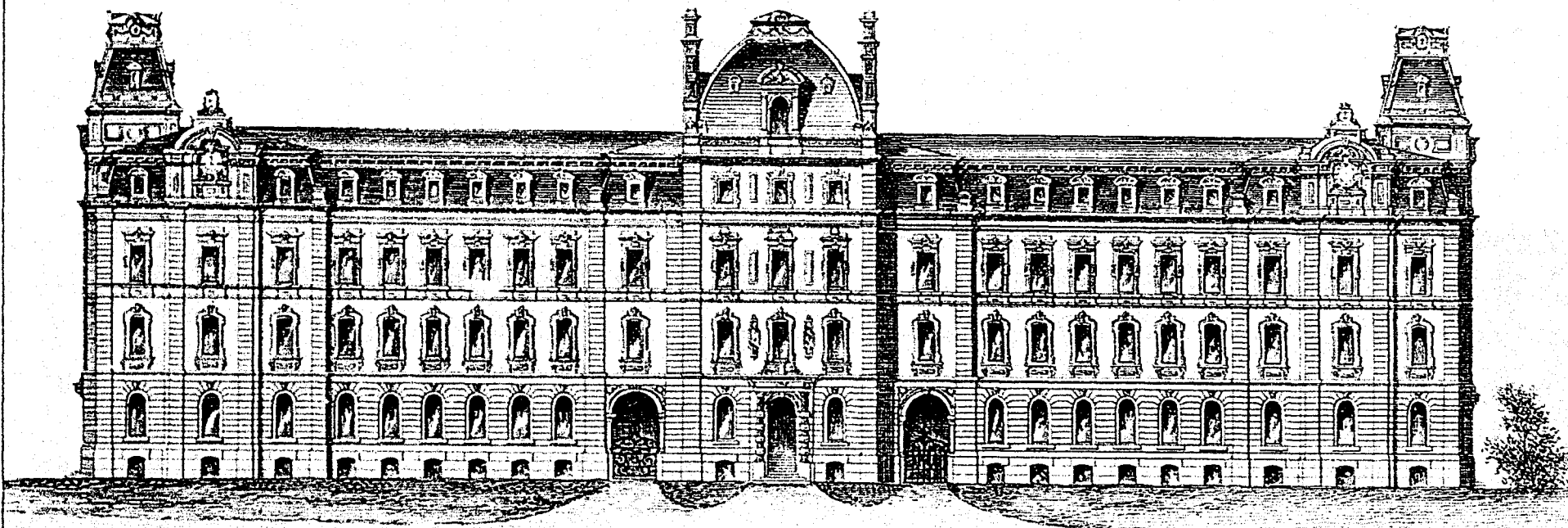
This week's number of the Canadian Illustrated News is an excellent one. Besides illustrations of other subjects of interest, a page is devoted to the picturesque features of the town of Cornwall. This is the second of a series of illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian cities, towns and villages, with their leading manufacturing establishments.



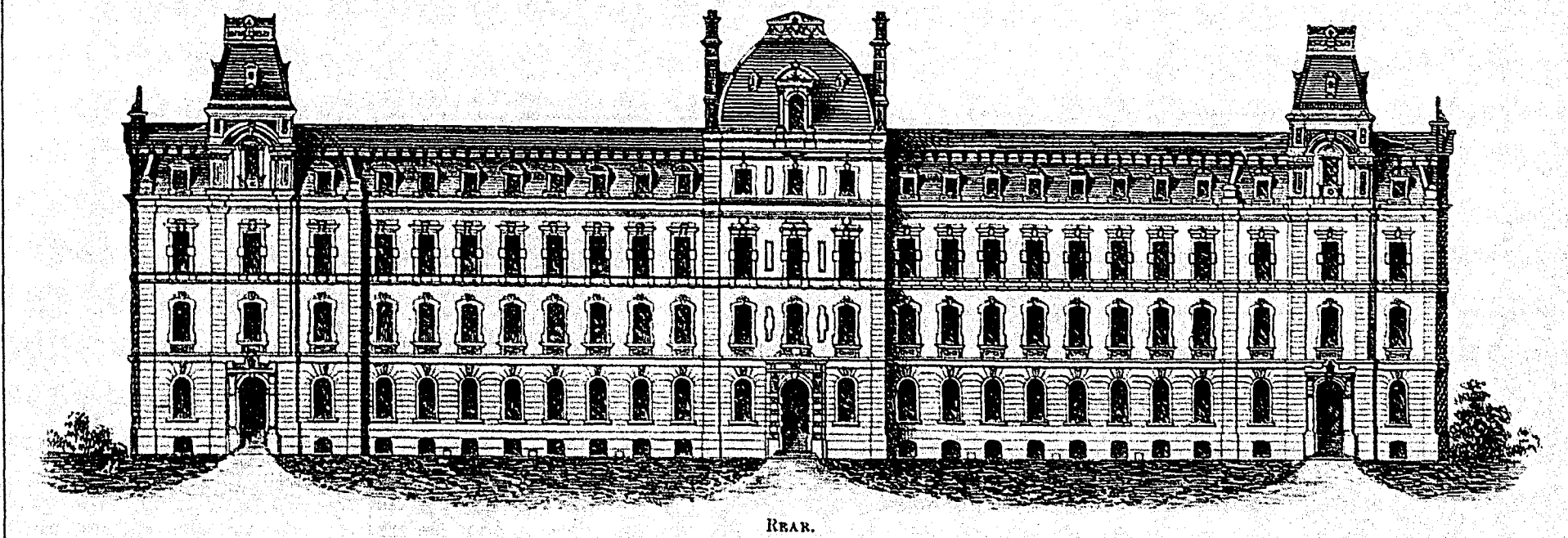
FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS AT QUEBEC, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



RIGHT SIDE.



LEFT SIDE.



REAR.

VIEW OF THE PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS, QUEBEC.

(COPYRIGHT SECURED FOR THE DOMINION.)

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER XLV.

In the street Leonard released his hold of Herr Ranner's arm. "You are free," he said. "Go your own way."

The spy laughed. "Of course I knew there was no danger. The danger begins now. Come with me to my lodgings. I have something to say to you."

Leonard followed him. In his own place the man opened a bottle of hock, and after offering a glass to Leonard, who refused, drank glass after glass without stopping. "Nothing," he said, "steadies the nerves like hock. So you will not drink with a member of the Russian Secret Service? No. You will not sit down in his room? No. You will not take his hand? You think it a disgrace to belong to that service? Good. That is not a disgrace, but it is disgraceful to be found out, and I do not disguise from you that it will not do me good at headquarters to have been discovered. After all, they will remember that I have had a good long run."

"Our friend in the blue blouse"—he sat down and crossed his legs—"was quite right, though he put things roughly. The Poles cannot see the other side of the question. That is why I wanted to explain to you one or two little things."

He paused, as if trying for words.

"I cannot hope," he said, "to make you understand that the execution of orders in the Police is no more disgraceful than in the Army. I did arrest Roman Pulaski. I tracked him down, and caught him upon the frontier. That was my duty. I did escort him part way to Siberia, whether he walked on foot. That was my duty. The sentence was the Czar's. I was his servant. Do you blame me? No; you cannot. As regards the other charge about the children, that is also partly true. I was not in charge of the carts, but I rode part of the way with them. I am in no mood for lying or for defending myself with you, but I ask you to let young Pulaski know that this is the first I have heard about his connection with that day. I did not know, when I first made his acquaintance, that he was one of the victims of that—that—excess of zeal on the part of our Cossack friends. I knew nothing about his mother. You may believe me or not when I tell you that when I made his acquaintance—when I found him to be a poet and a dreamer—I resolved to prevent him if possible from being led to death by a madman. Do you blame me for that?"

"Yes," Leonard replied. "I blame you for ever speaking to him or knowing him. I blame you—because you are a spy."

"A servant in the Secret Service Department. Yes, and in that capacity I have been of use to my country."

"I dare say you have," said Leonard. "I do not care to hear about that. I have only one more thing to say. Did you happen when you came away, to catch the expression in old Wassielewski's eyes?"

"I did. I watched all the eyes. Shall I tell you what they said as plainly as eyes can speak? That boy looked at me with a sort of wonder, as if it was not possible; the Professor with curiosity; the Count with disappointment, but no surprise. I know the Count, he is a clever man, and, if he does not get shot in Poland, will rise in Paris. The old Captain would have liked to hang me up at the yard-arm, and the other two, Wassielewski and our Parisian, looked murder."

"I come with you to warn you."

"Thank you very much; I need no warning."

"What are you going to do?"

"Murder and revenge," he repeated. "That sounds ugly. But I have seen the look of murder in a good many eyes before now. The look does not kill. I shall do nothing."

"You will remain here?"

"Yes, here—in this town—in this house. They may come up here to murder me. I have pistols. I sleep with the door locked. I shall not be frightened away by any pair of Polish patriots."

"That will not do at all," said Leonard.

"You must go away."

"Must I? And why?"

He explained that there were other reasons besides the fear of those two. These Poles would spread it abroad that he was a Russian spy; the town was full of sailors only a year or two from the Crimean War, and that an English mob was generally rough.

Lastly, Leonard assured him that so far as lay in his power he should take care that he should enter no respectable person's house, that his profession should be told everybody, and that a highly coloured description of the deputation scene should be forwarded to the local and the London papers.

Then Herr Ranner gave way.

"You are a pertinacious man," he said, "and you want to see me go. Well, I will go to-day. Will that satisfy you?"

"I want, for the sake of poor old Wassielewski, to avoid a scandal. See,"—Leonard pointed to the window—"the little man in the blouse is watching you in the street."

This was indeed the case. He was marching backwards and forwards, gesticulating and incessantly casting an eye at the door of the enemy's house.

"Go in the daytime," said Leonard. "There is a train to London at five—go by that."

"Perhaps," said the spy. "Perhaps by a later train. But I shall go to-day. That I promise you for Wassielewski's sake."

"All this," he went on, after more hock, "all this, I confess, is horribly annoying to me. I had formed a pleasant plan for the future which has been entirely disarranged. At sixty-two one does not like to have one's plans upset. I pictured to myself ten years of ease and retirement from active work, giving my advice and experience to the Department, going on those special missions reserved for the higher officers of the service, decorated, pensioned, and living at St. Petersburg with a young and beautiful wife. I confess I am disappointed. Now, I dare say, I shall never marry at all. After all, he who expects nothing from life gets the most. I am content."

"I came away after that," said Leonard. "What a man it is! He has no shame, he glories in his trade. I hope he will go, as he promised but I am not easy about it. I should like to watch old Wassielewski, or look him up. And it seems too much to think that he will go away in broad daylight like a man who isn't a spy. Most likely he will steal away in the dark by crosscut and luns, and on tip-toe, after the manner of a stage-spy."

CHAPTER XLVI.

So all seemed settled, and there was nothing at all left but to rejoice and be glad together. All is well that ends well. Leonard and Celia were to be married, the Captain and I were to go on together as of old; there was to be no more threatening of insurrection, life would resume the same calm which is so dull to look back upon, and yet so happy while it lasts. We celebrated the event of Celia's engagement immediately by a family gathering that evening at Mr. Tyrrell's. It was also an entertainment in commemoration of the reconciliation of Aunt Jane with her niece, and, if on that account alone, the best tea things were produced, and there was a lavish expenditure in the matter of muffins and teacakes.

Nothing shows the march of civilization more than the decay in the consumption of muffins and teacakes. Nobody has tea at all now, except at five o'clock, because those who remember what a tea party used to be cannot call handing tea round in trays having tea. Nobody sits down to a table now covered with cake in various forms, but it was in those days the commonest form of entertainment. I suppose everybody of the middle classes looked upon a tea-party as the chief instrument of social intercourse, and Mrs. Tyrrell was by no means singular in attaching a symbolic importance to her best tea-service.

Nothing could have been finer than the manner of Aunt Jane. She kept Celia beside her. She offered no objection whatever when her husband, presuming on the unusually fine weather, ventured to ask for more sugar. She made no allusion to any Christian privileges, either by way of example or admonition, and having found out that Miss Rutherford's father had been a distinguished writer and preacher of the same school as herself that is, of the severest Calvinistic type, she received her with marked cordiality. Calvinism in that gentle lady, however, was so tempered with native kindness that it lost all its terrors.

As for Mr. Tyrrell, the removal of the weight upon him almost restored him to his youth. He made jokes, he laughed; he was attentive to his wife, he was not only happy again, but he had recovered his old confidence and importance.

In the evening we played, Celia and I, then we sang duets, then Celia sang by herself, but only one song, because everybody wanted a little confidential talk with her in turn.

First it was Aunt Jane.

"Well, my dear," she said, with an inclination of the head in the direction of Leonard, "as you have made your choice, I suppose there is nothing more to say."

"But, dear Aunt"—well brought up young people in those days did not venture on such a respectful endearment as "Auntie"—I should like to have seen any one address Mrs. Pontifex as "Auntie"—"you have no objection to Leonard, have you?"

"No—no," she replied, critically. "He is, I am told, though not yet a Professed Believer, not without hope. A husband, my dear, is what a wife makes him. You would hardly believe, perhaps, the trouble which my husband, John Pontifex, has given me by the violence of his natural inclinations. All men, in the matter of eating and drinking, require strong and constant discipline. That you will have to administer with constant searchings into your own conscience. Mere worldliness I need hardly warn you against. You must not encourage your husband's tendency to over-estimate the value of earthly distinctions, though I am glad

to learn from his aunt that he comes of a County Family. We who have been blessed, by Providence, with County connections would be blind to our privileges did we not remember that fact. You will never forget your own maternal connections. I refer rather to military distinction. And, above all, my dear, guard against inordinate affection. I need hardly warn you that before marriage any demonstration of—of—of what I suppose you call Love, is highly improper. No girl who values herself, or calls herself a Christian gentlewoman, would allow her lover to kiss her on the lips. My first husband, it is true, once surprised me by kissing what he called my marble brow. I never allowed John Pontifex more than the tip of my fingers. After marriage you will find they are not so anxious for kissing. Remember that, my dear."

"He is what the world calls handsome, I fear,—as if it were a blot upon his moral character,—and he has been successful so far." Here she sighed, as if that was another moral blot. "But he is young. I could have wished you to remain, as I did, single to the age of thirty, or even forty; you then might have chosen a man some years your junior, and enjoyed the privileges which age and maturity add to marriage. This has been the case with John Pontifex."

Then it was the Captain. "Come to me, Cis, my pretty," the old man called her to sit beside him. "Come and tell me all about it. And so you have accepted my boy Leonard, have you? Happy man! I believe I am jealous of him. You must not forget the old house by the milldam."

"No," said Cis. "I shall not forget the old house, or its owner."

"When is Leonard going to take you away? Don't let him hurry you, Celia. We shall be dull when you are gone."

They protested to each other like a pair of lovers, the old Captain and the girl. I believe she loved the old man as well as any one, after Leonard.

She looked shyly happy, and was as radiant as a moss rose half blown with the sunshine on it. Her eyes kept lifting to Leonard as if she could not bear that he should be out of her sight for a moment, and they were full of a new, strange, and wonderful light. A change had fallen upon her all in a day. A man loved her, and she could give him love for love. It was no mushroom passion, the growth of a bedroom, brought into being by a pair of bright eyes, an intoxicating waltz, the whirl of white arms, and the glamour of music; it was a life-long affection, suddenly ripened into love by the touch and words of Leonard the magician. I have watched other maidens since then, and have seen that look in some of their eyes, but not in all. "She loves him, loves him not," I say, according to the light of her eyes.

"And not a word for me, Cis, for my own private ear?"

"What shall I say, Laddy?"

"Are you perfectly content and happy, my dear?"

"Yes, Laddy, quite, quite happy. There is nothing that Heaven can give me more. I am more happy than I can say. And you? There is no more danger about this Polish business?"

"Happily, none. I am free. My poor old Wassielewski exaggerated the certainty of his insurrection. He saw what he wished to see. The Poles are not ready yet, and, so far as I am concerned, they would not have me if I wanted to go. Of that I am certain."

"I am glad. I could not bear to think of you breathing revenge and bloodshed. You will stay at home and make the world happier with music, Laddy. You must be a great composer."

And then Mr. Pontifex claimed her.

"I have, I believe," he began, "to offer my—ahem!—my congratulations on so auspicious an event as your—in fact—your engagement. Marriage is an honourable condition, although not, as the Papists ignorantly make it, one of the Sacraments of the Church. We have known the young man, your—your—in fact, your betrothed—for many years, and we rejoice to find that he has not only distinguished himself as greatly in—ahem—in action—as others,—meaning himself—some-times distinguish themselves at Oxford in examination, but he has also been enabled under Providence to recover what some would consider an indispensable condition of acceptance with a family of respectability—I mean respectable connections of his own."

Celia laughed.

"At all events, we liked Leonard before he had found Miss Rutherford."

"That is most true. You will, however, Celia, be rejoiced to learn that Miss Rutherford herself belongs to a County family, and that Leonard, both on his father's side and his mother's, is of an excellent stock."

"I am glad if Leonard is glad."

"Your Aunt—in fact, Mrs. Pontifex—thinks that steps should be taken to put Leonard in communication with his father's family, a subject on which she proposes to speak at another occasion. For the present, Celia, my dear, she will probably do no more than invite you to dinner. Mrs. Pontifex has resolved, I may say, upon having a dinner. I do not myself, I confess, greatly admire our own, or rather her style—ahem—of entertainment. I have, on one or two such occasions, arisen from the meal with an unsatisfied appetite. But we think too much on carnal things."

And all the time Leonard was talking with his newly-found Aunt. It seems a prosaic ending for one who never had a father. Leonard being a foundling, or next door to it, he attained

to three and twenty without knowing where he came from, and he then, having just occasion to thank Heaven that his father was no more, found—an Aunt. No lordly lineage, no rich and childless father brooding over the irrevocable past, no accession to wealth and fortune, only a widow Aunt, with a small income, only a confirmation of the fact stated by the poor dying mother that he was a gentleman by birth. Yet the confirmation pleased Leonard as much as if he had been proved an earl by birth, and was de-lared the missing heir to boundless acres and a genealogy going beyond Noah.

It was a quiet evening, with no general conversation, but always these sub-divisions and sections of two and three. It was not late when we separated, and Leonard, leaving Miss Rutherford to the care of Cis, came with the Captain and myself.

The Captain had his pipe and glass of grog, and went upstairs, to turn in. We, left alone, sat silent, looking into space, at the open window, wrapped in our thoughts.

Surely, I considered, Leonard is the spoiled child, whom nothing can spoil, of Fortune. He has fought his way through the briars and brambles of poverty and obscurity, the friendly hand of Fate warding off bullets, bayonets, and the breath of disease. He had come back to us, bearing the Queen's Commission, a successful hero, where so many equally heroic, only less successful, had fallen by the way, and now he died on the plains of India or in the Cemeteries of Scutari and the Crimea—he had the gift of Good Luck—*la main heureuse*. Whatever he tries to do, he does well. To be sure he does it with all his might. What we call Luck, a small and degraded word, the ancients called Fate, because to them success and failure meant much more than they mean now. To lose your high estate; to be a slave who once was Queen of Troy with gallant sons foremost in the fight—that was Fate. To return in triumph, leading the captive kings at the chariot-wheel—or to be one of the captive kings, shorn of all your former magnificence—Louis Quatorze with the wig off—that was Fate. To sit in obscurity, to go on living upon a small income, to be unknown when you know yourself as good a man as he whose name is in every paper, whose voice is heard at every gateway, whom the Lord Mayor delighteth to honour—that is Luck. It seems at first to be a thing quite independent of personal virtues, except that you ought not to be conspicuously vicious; Luck was with Leonard. And yet he was conspicuously, like all successful men, one who deserved his Luck.

"What are you thinking of, Laddy?"

"I am thinking that of all men on earth, you are at this moment the happiest."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "I have Celia; I have my Commission and my medals; and now I am no longer a waif and stray in the world, come from nobody knows where, but I have my place with the rest, and can talk of my forefathers like any Howard."

"I think I am, indeed," he said, sofly. "

but his cheeks were flushed, and though he held himself upright, his hands trembled.

"I am here to tell you, Ladislav Pulaski, that you are avenged upon the murder of your mother."

"Wassielewski! You have killed him!"

I knew it without another word from him. The spy was dead, and the hand of my poor old friend was red with his blood.

"Yes. I have killed him," he said, gently.

"Tell us all," said Leonard. "Courage, Laddy, courage. And speak low."

"It was in fair fight," said Wassielewski. "I am no murderer. Do not think that I murdered him. We watched him, that good and true man from Paris and I, all day. We knew that he would escape by train if he could, and so we drew lots. One was to go to the station and watch there. He was to take a ticket for the same station as the spy, he was to telegraph for friends to meet him in London, he was to get out with him, he was to follow him, and he was to find out where he went. Because, you see, we meant that this man should do no more mischief to Poland. The other one was to watch the house, and follow the spy whenever he came out."

"The lot fell to me to watch the house. The other man went to the railway station. But the spy will send no more intelligence to St. Petersburg. He lies dead in a meadow beneath the town walls. I killed him there."

He spoke quite calmly, and as if he were merely stating a fact which we had every reason to expect. There was, however, no trace of bravado in his tone.

"I watched outside, from a window in a house opposite where they know me, from four o'clock till ten. Six hours. But I was not impatient, because I knew that the Lord had delivered him into my hands. After I thought things over, I perceived clearly that it was I, and not you, Ladislav, who was to avenge your mother. So I waited with patience, and, as one must guard against every accident, I even ate and drank."

"It is light, now, till nine, and there is light enough to see across the street till past ten. Soon after sunset I saw that he had lit a lamp, and was destroying papers. When he had gone through all the papers, he began to pack a trunk. I saw him put up his clothes; I saw him write an address on a card; and then—a quarter before ten was striking from St. John's Church—he took that long cloak of his which you know, and put out the gas. There is a night train at half-past ten. He was going to take it, and to send for his boxes afterwards. So I went out after him."

"When he saw me, which he did at once, because he turned at the sound of footsteps, he stopped and waited for me. 'You propose murdering me,' he said. I told him that he was quite mistaken, and that, if he had used his opportunities of knowing the Poles better, he would understand that Poles never murder people at all—having contracted a horror of murder from the contemplation of such murders as those of Roman and Claudia Pulaski."

"What do you want with me, then?" he asked.

"I want to fight you," I said. "I intend to fight you."

"He laughed at first, and asked me if I thought him such a fool as to fight with a mad Polish exile—he, a Russian official."

"Then I told him that he should not escape a duel; that if he was to call the police, it would be no use, because others were waiting for him, that if he escaped the town, the telegraph had sent messages to London, and he would meet with the Poles on arriving there; and if he tried to fly anywhere else, he would be watched, traced, and made to fight them."

"Madman," he said, "what are we to fight with?"

"Then I showed him two long knives, which I have had for years, never thinking what a use I should put them to. Knives like short swords, only without the hilt. And I told him he should have his choice. But fight he must."

"He hesitated, considering. He saw very well that what I offered him was his best chance. Man for man. If he killed me, he would probably get away somehow. My comrade was at the station, and might be eluded. Then he was younger and stronger than I."

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

SINGLE WOMEN.—Why are single women called spinsters? Formerly women could not legally marry until they had spun a complete set of bed furniture, hence the term spinster, which is still in legal use.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.—Do not offend your weak brother. How many great men have testified that their whole lives have been influenced by some single remark made to them in their boyhood. And who cannot recall words spoken to himself in his childhood, to which, perhaps, the speaker attached no importance, but which sank deep and immovably into his memory, and which have never lost their power over him? Make sunlight! The world at best is dark enough. Do what you can to make it more cheerful and happy.

NEVER DESPAIR.—People are apt to think that the hard times which they experience are the hardest times that have ever been; and so they are for them. But one needs only to read the history of the world to learn that hard times have been perpetually coming to all nations in

all periods of their existence. And so have good times, and so have chances for honest people to better their condition. There never yet was a night that was not followed by a day, nor a storm that was not followed by a calm. The sun is for ever steadily shining in the heavens, and the clouds which sometimes obscure his rays are sure to break away and disperse, no matter how dark and threatening they may be for a time. The brave-hearted that hope on and work on need never despair.

CONSISTENCY.—If you have a friend in private—let him be what he will—you are bound by honour and the law of self-respect, bound by fidelity to your dog, to be his friend in public. His character may be shaky, but the creaking of those loose hinges, which has not warned you off in the safe disguise of the night, must not make you ashamed of recognition in the day. It may be hard, but it has to be done. Be a purist if you will, and decline companionship with men whose moral hinges hang loose and awry; but, if you do foregather in solitude, you must not turn your back in the crowd. Yet how many people are of this twofold kind—fair and soft as silk when no one is near, reserved, cool, repudiating their own acts of yesterday when the world stands by with its tar-brush to sprinkle the companions of those whom it has already splashed.

ACT AT ONCE.—"If I had only done this or that last year" is a common remark among some of our friends and acquaintances, but how few attempt to rectify their mistakes by not delaying until to-morrow, next week, or next year, what might just as well be done to-day as at any other time. These delays and procrastinations are common to no one class of persons more than another, but there are certain fields in which their efforts are more noticeable than in others. For instance, if a man needs trees, for fruit or ornament, time alone will aid his labours in producing them. For although attention and labour will do much towards hastening their growth, still a certain number of years are required to bring them to maturity. Every year of delay in making a beginning is certain to cut short our enjoyment later on, just by the extent of our delay. Make haste to begin, then, for wasted hours and opportunities never return.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A SPANISH proverb says: "The man who on his wedding day starts as a lieutenant in the family will never get promoted."

THE empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, and of complacency—her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears.

THIS is the latest form of wedding invitations:—"Come round and see me capture my mother-in-law at eleven o'clock sharp."

"Did you ever know of a crack that was too small for a saying old woman to peep through, Tom?" "Yes, John, the crack of a whip."

"ROYAL Tapestry Works" have been established at Windsor, under the immediate patronage of the Queen. Some beautiful work is the result.

SOME ladies seem to have about as much use for their muffs as police-men have for their clubs when idling away the time—twirling them about by the strings.

"I SHOULD have no objection to my wife reigning," said an affectionate husband, "if it were not for the fact that when she reigns she is apt to storm also."

LITTLE WILLIE: "would you like to have some candy, Grandma?" Grandma: "Yes, my boy, where is it?" Willie: "Why, if you will buy me a pen'north, I shall give you the half."

"THIS is the maiden all forlorn," who often wished she had ne'er been born, and turned up her nose in petulant scorn at the girl who last season's hat had worn.

AN exchange plaintively inquires why little men will be silly enough to marry big women. The only answer we can possibly give to the conundrum is: Because big women are silly enough to marry little men.

A YOUNG man was serenading his lady-love by singing, "Meet me by moonlight alone," when her father opened a window and wanted to know if the lover intended that as a personal affront upon him. You see, the old man was chairman of a gas company.

HE slipped down in front of the post-office, Thursday, and she could not help giggling a little, and Sunday evening she wept alone in the parlour, while he sat grimly in his room and smoked cigars until his stomach felt as light as his heart felt heavy.

SPRINKS thinks the acme of civilization is reached when your wife has prevailed on you to hold the teething, squalling baby while she hies herself off to the next door neighbour's to discuss the question of the amount of pew-rent paid by the Smiths just over the way.

NELLIE has a four-year old sister Mary, who complained to her mamma that her "button shoes" were "hurting." "Why, Mattie, you've put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: "What'll I do, mamma? They's all the feet I've got!"

THE colour of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric, the girl's tresses are golden or auburn. If the old man's wallet is lean, we

hear the daughter spoken of as only "that red-headed gal." You never saw a rich girl with red hair.

THE hen show reminds us of a baby story. Little Florence, though scarcely three years old, has a lively imagination. She tells stories about every creature she ever saw. The other day she said: "Grandpa, a 'eetel dog ran down street and bit a chicken,—too bad." "Yes," said the grandpa. "It must have been a very bad case." "Ee chicken mamma cry," said the child, "and ee's papa, too, 'cause 'ee bit so!" The idea of a chicken's "papa" crying on account of an injury to one of his offspring was rather unique.

HON. S. L. TILLEY, C.B.

Hon. Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick, was born at Gagetown, Queen's Co., in 1818, and is now in his 60th year. He came to St. John in 1830, where he was many years actively engaged in business. He was first elected a member of the Provincial Legislature for the city of St. John in 1850, was Provincial Secretary in the Government formed in November, 1854, and continued to hold that position, with two intermissions of one year each, until the Union in 1867. The duties of Provincial Secretary in New Brunswick, include the management of the finances. He was the leader of the Government from 1861 until the defeat on the Confederation question in 1865.

In 1867 he entered the Dominion Government as Minister of Customs; in January, 1873, he was appointed Minister of Finance on the retirement of Sir Francis Hincks, until he resigned, Nov. 5th, of same year. On the 6th Nov. he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. Between 1854 and 1873 he was, for 17 years, the adviser of Her Majesty, either as a member of the Dominion or Local Government. There is but one public man in the Dominion, whose executive record extends over so long a period, and that man is Sir John A. Macdonald.

He was defeated at the general election in 1856 on the question of Prohibition, but was returned at the election the year following by a very large majority, and, during his absence, the people forced him again into public life, against his own wishes and repeated objections to continue in Parliament.

He was defeated again at the first Confederation election in 1865, but returned the year following by a majority of over seven hundred.

Most of the liberal and progressive measures passed by the New Brunswick Legislature previous to Confederation, were submitted by the Government of which Mr. Tilley was the leader or member.

He took a leading part in securing the acceptance of Confederation at the polls, by the people of New Brunswick. He spent the greater part of the year after its defeat in New Brunswick, in discussing the subject with the electors, and preparing them for the contests, that resulted in its acceptance by an overwhelming majority. He naturally feels a deep interest still in the success of the Union, and no doubt watches with interest the progress of a superstructure, in the foundation and framework of which his hand had so prominent a part.

The people of his native Province, where he is known best, are gratified that their favourite son, "whom they all delight to honour," occupies the highest seat, and would gladly have him retain that well-earned position during the remainder of his life, while, on the other hand, they feel that he ought to be again in the governing councils of the Dominion, which he did so much to establish, and for which he sacrificed position and place—going to the country on this question when he knew that defeat awaited him, but with that sterling honesty of purpose, and adherence to liberal principles, which ever distinguished him, he said, "I must be true, first to the people, and to my political principles as a Liberal; the people, and not the Government, must decide this question, and though I shall be defeated now, I will in the end be victorious."

He was right, for within a year of his defeat, he and his friends were returned by immense majorities over the Anti-Union party, led by such men as Hon. A. J. Smith, the present Minister of Marine, Speaker Anglin, A. H. Gillmor, &c.

Mr. Tilley is a clear-headed, cautious, far-seeing statesman, thoroughly understanding the fiscal and financial policy of the country, which he well illustrated while Minister of Customs and of Finance. A forcible speaker, keen debater, and, when aroused, a formidable opponent. The scenes at our polling booths in the past furnished many examples of this; always ready, always able to defend every act of his Government, and silence his interrogators. On one occasion, even an opponent called out, "You'd better let Tilley alone, for he's like an old Mexican dollar, the more you scour him the brighter he gets."

He has always been an ardent temperance advocate, true to his professions everywhere, and under all circumstances—among those where he lived so long—at the dinner-tables of the old world aristocracy, or in Government House, where such principles were unknown and not understood, he was never ashamed to practise and defend what he believed to be right; unlike too many, highest position marked no change in him or his principles, either moral or political.

What his future course may be, we know not, but we do know that he will carry with him the

moral, material, and numerical support of the people of New Brunswick; a high position—the highest which any man can attain to, and won by a long life of consistent, useful public service, on which there is not one taint of dishonour; not one act, which, dying, he would desire to have blotted out.

PERSONAL.

MR. SIMPSON, Collector of Customs at Montreal, it is reported, will be shortly superannuated.

MR. VAIL is expected to be the next Lieutenant-Governor of Nova-Scotia if Mr. Alfred Jones is elected for Halifax on Tuesday.

MR. JUSTICE TASCHEREAU is expected to resign his seat on the Supreme Court Bench at the close of the present sitting. Mr. Laframme is spoken of as his successor.

AT Fredericton, ex-Mayor Fenety was presented with a handsome epergne by the citizens in consideration of the able manner in which he had performed the duties of office last year.

MESSRS. HENRY FRY and R. DOBELL, of Quebec, have been chosen by the Council of the Dominion Board of Trade to represent that body at the meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain.

HUMOROUS.

FOOD FOR REPENTANCE.—Mince-pie eaten late at night.

HOW TO FIND OUT WHAT'S IN A NAME.—Put it on the back of a note.

RICHES will never take wings and fly away, if you sprinkle a little economy on its tail.

IF you let the cat out of the bag, never try to cram him back again; it only makes matters worse.

"PA," said a little fellow to his unshaven father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the music-box."

AN indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply: "I'll be as close as you were."

GARIBALDI's request to King Humbert that he will "follow in his father's footsteps" is disagreeably dubious when we reflect that it's only last week that the father in question died.

"ABOUT this time" the young man who swore off on New Year's day is willing to swear that he doesn't remember doing anything of the kind. There are thousands of young men whose memories extend over a period of only two weeks.

RATTLEBONE's youngest boy is a genius. The other day he learned to whistle, and in the evening, just before tumbling into bed, he puckered up his little mouth and began to whistle in a slow, measured manner. "Why, my little son, what are you doing?" asked his mother. "Why, ma, I'm whistling my prayers."

As several shiftless citizens have so far failed to clean their walks down to the flagging, and as this course will certainly result in slippery places and much fallen humanity before spring, we are moved, in the interest of morality, to suggest that "Thunder and molasses" is a term that may be made to express the feelings of the most severely bumped individual, while it is free from the odour of profanity apt to be found in expressions used by people of hasty temperaments suddenly brought to grief.

FASHION NOTES.

THE gloves with many buttons are still fashionable.

IN obedience to the decrees of fashion, morning robes for matinees are becoming more and more elegant.

TRAVELLING pocket cases for ladies contain tongs for crimping the hair; also an apparatus for heating the tongs.

SENSIBLE women have adopted the short, round skirt for walking. Trained dresses are only worn in the house.

MOIRE is come into fashion again, and is especially suited to the simple and graceful outlines of the Princess dress.

DRESS sleeves are made tighter than ever before and without trimming, the wide linen and lace cuffs taking its place.

FEATHERS simulating fur-trimmings have been pleasingly introduced as edging for Princess dresses of cashmere and vicogue.

WOOLLEN stockings come in the long English shape, in drab colours, and are far handsomer in finish this winter than ever before.

PALETOTS are worn loosely, many ladies preferring the diagonal fastenings, the fancy buttons employed for which are sometimes of graduated size.

ALL ribbons at present used for trimming lingerie are of satin in all shades, and no longer of one colour, but shaded from the darkest to the lightest tint.

AMONG the partial changes of costume is that of gathered skirts with deep and close-drawn pleats. The increased richness and variety of trimming is very noticeable. The train a la mode consists of gracefully-flowing drapery.

FEATHER trimming shares with coloured jet and embroidery the popular favour. On ball dresses pennecks feathers are insisted with embroidery, and not only are bonnets made entirely of ostrich, cock and pheasant feathers, but mantles and dresses are lavishly covered with them.

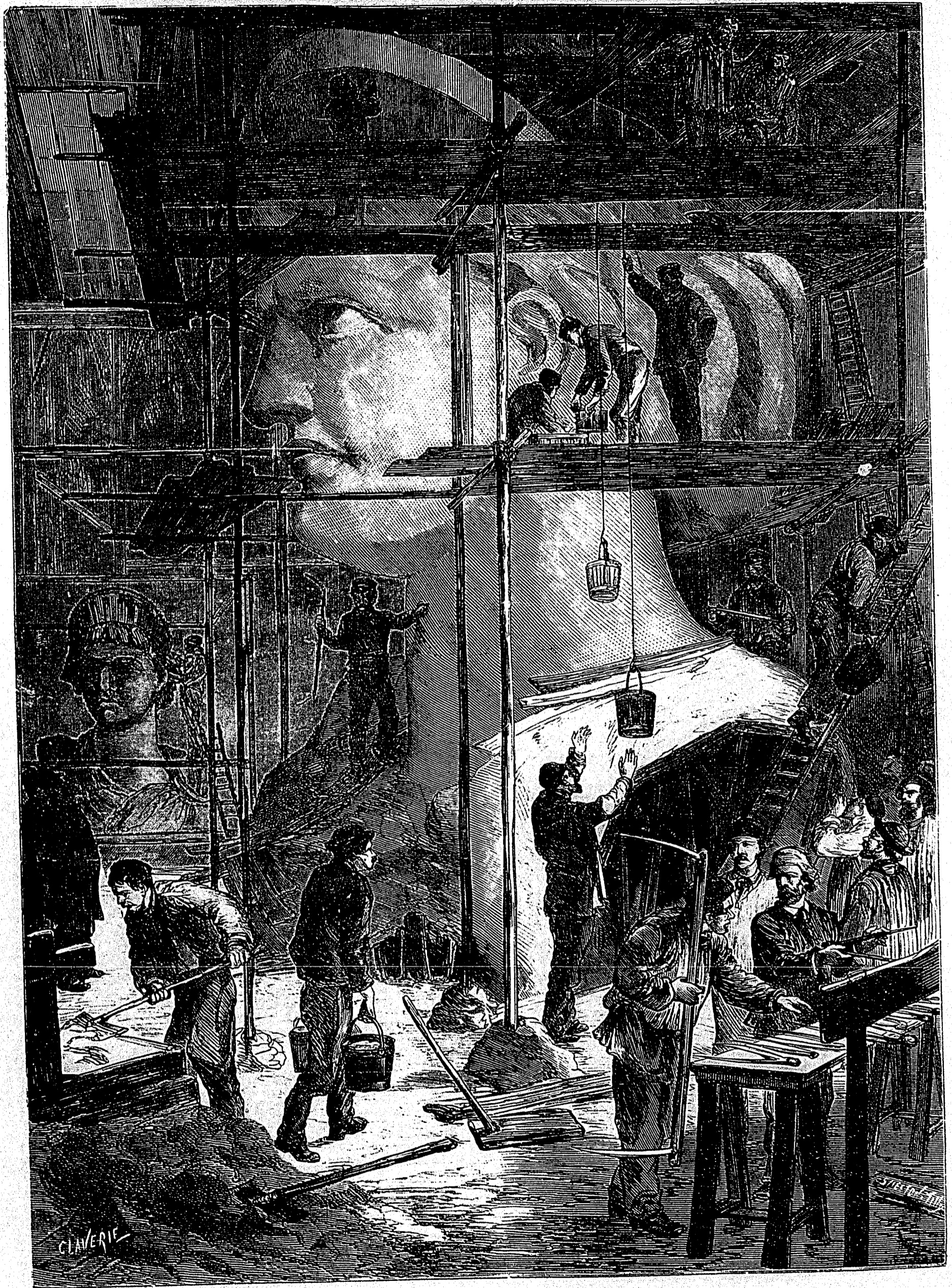
SOME of the newest hats and bonnets are remarkable for their peculiarity of shape. A few have been seen with two brims: the lower one rests on the hair, the other is close to the crown; each has a different edging, so as to allow of both being distinctly visible. The space is filled up with a wreath of flowers and foliage, or with feathers and a bunch of flowers to suit with the rest of the trimmings.

INDIGESTION.

Chronic Indigestion almost invariably affects the kidneys and bladder, producing acidity in the urine, which on being analyzed, is found to be loaded with oxalate of lime. Individuals in this unhappy condition stand in great and urgent need of the Posozone. One or two or a dozen doses of Posozone may not cure them; but if they persevere in taking it a favorable result is inevitable. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.



IRMIN MOURNING OVER THE BODY OF INGOLD.



COLOSSAL STATUE OF LIBERTY, IN CONSTRUCTION IN THE STUDIO OF M. BARTHOLDI, PARIS.

TRIBUTES TO SAMUEL BOWLES.

NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE MEMORIAL SERVICES IN HIS NATIVE CITY.

The funeral or memorial services at Springfield, on Wednesday, of Samuel Bowles, the well-known editor of the Springfield Republican, were somewhat novel in their nature.

"NOT DEAD, BUT RISEN" (From the Arabic.)

He who died at Azim sends This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know, Pale and white and cold as snow; And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!" Weeping at the feet and head.

Sweet friends! what the women have, For the last sleep of the grave, Is a hut which I am quitting— Is a garment no more fitting—

Loving friends! Be wise and dry Straightway every weeping eye: What ye lift upon the bier Is not worth a single tear.

Allah glorious! Allah good! Now thy world is understood; Now the long, long wonder ends! Yet ye weep, my erring friends.

Farewell, friends! but not fare-well Where I am, ye too shall dwell. I am gone before your face.

Weep awhile, if ye are fain— Sunshine still must follow rain; Only not at death. For death, Now we know, is that first breath

Be ye certain, all seems here Viewed from Allah's throne above! Be ye stout of heart, and come bravely onward to your home!

He who died at Azim gave This to those who made his grave

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

MILITARY MASS—THE SCOLLOPED SEAL—CHARITIES—PHOSPHATES—CARTERS' "BONS"—MONTREAL'S MILLION—THE SPEAKER—MR. TARTE—LIBEL SUIT.

I had the pleasure of attending the midnight military mass in the Seminary chapel. This edifice contains some of the most valuable pictures and relics in the Province, and has always been used as the military chapel.

The Independent Lacrosse Club, composed principally of Irish youths, advertised a ball to take place near Montmorency Falls, on Monday the 21st inst.

the same with it as he did. He then slowly tore it to pieces and threw the fragments on the floor of the pulpit. Of course this caused no little stir among the congregation, and surmises were rife as to whether the ball would be a failure or not.

As is customary at the commencement of every session, the number of petitions is very large, more especially those from religious and charitable institutions asking for their annual grants. A large number of these petitions referring to the great increase of destitution throughout the Province, but more so in the larger cities, request that their grants be increased.

The number of Bills introduced is so far not very great, but many of them are of such importance that a brief description of their provisions will be valuable to many. Mr. Wartelet is again indefatigable in this line, the Parliamentary records already containing a dozen or so bearing his name, and I doubt not but that he will have as many more before the session is ended.

Mr. Turcotte, member for Three Rivers, has a Bill to exempt from seizure one-half of labourers' wages, the term "labourers" to mean those engaged by the day and paid by the day, week or month.

Mr. Bachand has introduced one to prevent Judges of the Superior Court from declaring unconstitutional any Provincial Act not disallowed by the Federal Parliament.

It is sought to amend the Medical Act by introducing a clause providing that all medical men holding foreign diplomas and now practicing in this Province without a license shall be entitled to the same after passing an examination in medicine.

An amusing incident occurred while Mr. Wartelet was introducing some three or four of his Bills. Mr. Laframboise sits alongside him, and, as is customary, his name was used as seconder.

I have heard a good story of the oblen times. It seems the Hon. Mr. Cauchon and Mr. Bellingham are bitter foes, and when the former was in the House, the two used to attack one another with the utmost bitterness.

On Tuesday, the 22nd inst., Mr. Angers suddenly discovered it was the last day for presenting petitions for Private Bills, so the House was suspended for a quarter of an hour to allow the Committee to meet and extend the time.

the 29th inst., amidst more cries, after which Mr. Joly suggested the House had better adjourn for a fortnight to enable the Government to settle their difficulties and arrange their policy.

There are two circumstances in connection with the Legislative Council. Messrs. Starnes and Archambault comprise the Opposition in that House, and till this session have enjoyed the position of Chairmen of two Committees.

What a pity Montreal does not follow the example of Quebec in some instances! One of the Private Bills is for the incorporation of "Le Cercle Catholique de Quebec," its purpose being the founding of one or more libraries, reading-rooms, museums, &c., and organizing a system of mutual instruction by means of lectures, publications and public and private libraries.

The Loan Art Exhibition I mentioned in my last has proved such a success that it is being kept open for a week or so longer, and the attendance is still as large as ever.

I have heard to-day it is the intention of the Government to introduce a Bill during the present session to authorize the Mayor of Montreal to sign the bonds for the balance of the million dollars voted to the North Shore Railway; and to impose a heavy penalty on him in case he refuses.

Among the changes created by the Speaker of the Lower House is one for which he cannot be too highly commended. So soon as the hands of the clock point to 3 p. m., he takes his seat whether the members of the Cabinet are present or not.

A remarkable notice of motion is intended to be given shortly by Mr. Tarte, member for Beauport and editor of Le Canadien. It is as follows:—"That the members of this House recognize the necessity of harmony among the different races that inhabit this Province."

It is said that Earl Russell, whose health has been fairly restored, still spends a large amount of his time in writing, and is preparing his manuscripts for the press.

On the afternoon of the 24th inst., Mr. Chapleau spoke to a question of privilege. He complained of an article in Le National, of Montreal, charging him with conspiring to defraud the contractor of the Laurentides Railway, of which Company he is a director.

Among the strangers now in Quebec is a M. Bazerque, who was Secretary to the French Commission at Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition. He was an officer and fought during the Crimean War and has been twice around the world.

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

KRISTEN KRINGLE.

GLEANER.

GREAT BRITAIN has 60,000 bicyclists.

THERE is once more talk of Crete being purchased by England.

THE vacant Garter, it is thought, will be given to the Earl of Bradford.

A rupture has taken place in the Executive of the Irish Home Rule party.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, a leading English surgeon, makes \$150,000 a year in fees.

THE Taurin Palace at St. Petersburg was prepared as a residence for Osman Pasha.

THE loftiest obelisk known is that which adorns the court of the Church of St. John Lateran, at Rome.

OSMAN PASHA has been married fourteen years, and in all that time has lived at home only three months.

IN the answer to a libel suit against the proprietor of the New York Herald, it is denied that James Gordon Bennett is that proprietor.

IN the French and German armies, the soldiers are encouraged to play cards on the ground that it trains their minds to act quickly.

GUSTAVE DORÉ gave a reception in Paris recently which was attended by the Prince of Wales, who is at home among the artists.

KING HUMBERT, Victor Emmanuel's successor, is said to be an atheist and a firm disbeliever in the temporal sovereignty of the Pope.

KING ALFONSO no longer lends his countenance to bull-fights.

PARIS may now be said to have in round numbers 2,000,000 inhabitants.

DARWIN's father and grandfather were atheists. The grandfather had a seal engraven with the legend, "Omnia ex cochis"—everything comes from shell-fish.

IN Breslau a successful attempt has been made to erect a paper chimney about fifty feet high. By a chemical preparation the paper was rendered impervious to the action of fire or water.

PRESIDENT HAYES still keeps up one of his home customs at the White House. Every Saturday night his family and a few friends meet and sing some of the old Methodist tunes.

THE Scottish Hierarchy scheme is supposed to have been abandoned, in consequence, it is believed, of steps having been taken to enforce the Scotch laws against papal jurisdiction.

THE ribbon of the Order of the Thistle, at the disposal of the Premier by the death of Lord Kinnaird, is to be conferred on Sir Thomas Gladstone, of Fasque, eldest brother of the ex-Premier.

MR. COLE, member of Parliament for Fal-mouth, has contributed an addition to political epigrams which is considered quite noticeable and truthful in London. He describes Lord Beaconsfield as "a first rate courtier, a second rate novelist and a third rate statesman."

PRO Nono cannot bear to heat himself by the aid of stoves, hearths, or braseros—that is to say, heated parts—such as are used in the Vatican. He will not have a fire in his sick-room, but promotes the circulation, when he is too cold, by rolling a silver ball full of boiling water between his hands.

LITERARY.

SOTHEB'S, the actor, is writing a book.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON is lecturing upon "The future of the Republic."

It is said that Earl Russell, whose health has been fairly restored, still spends a large amount of his time in writing, and is preparing his manuscripts for the press.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES is now engaged in expanding into a volume the series of papers entitled "The Manliness of Christ," which he recently contributed to Good Words.

M. DENRY, of Paris, has just published, in one volume octavo, a history of French opera, by M. Jacques Hermand, under the title, "Le Drame Lyrique en France, depuis Gluck jusqu'à nos jours."

A COMPLETE collection of the works of Frederick the Great, forming thirty-four large folio volumes, illustrated with portraits, vignettes, plans, &c., has just been completed for the German Emperor.

CAPTAIN PARKER GILMORE ("Chique") has in the press a new work, entitled "The Great Third Land," containing an account of a ride through Natal, Orange Free States, Transvaal, and Katskari.

CONSIDERABLE misapprehension having arisen with reference to certain sermons lately preached by Canon Farrar in Westminster Abbey, the author has printed them in a volume, under the title of "Eternal Hope."

WHEN Longfellow was presented to Longworth, the incumbent wine merchant, the latter remarked: "There is no great difference in our names." "Yes," replied the poet, "but worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

DR. C. M. ISGLEY has now ready a collection of occasional papers on "Shakespeare: the Man and the Book." It includes essays on the spelling and meaning of the surname; the traditional birthday; the authorship of the works attributed to Shakespeare, &c.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Eastern Townships are calling for an occasion of Anglican missions. The employees of the Intercolonial Railway are organizing an insurance association.

It is probable that the Washington Government will acquiesce in the Halifax Fisheries award. A LINK of the chain that bound St. Paul is about to be exhibited at the Quebec Seminary.

FORTY-ONE candidates got diplomas at School Examinations in Toronto, through the use of Examination Papers stolen from the printers.

THE Hon. Mr. Crooks, Treasurer of Ontario, has announced that the Ontario surplus on the 1st of January, 1878, amounted to \$4,652,798.

It is stated that there are two or three joint stock companies being formed for the purpose of tendering for the lease of the North Shore Railway.

The proposed assembling of the Synod of Toronto by the Bishop, for the nomination of a Coadjutor, has aroused a warm feeling of opposition among the Low Church party.

THE Quebec Provincial Exhibition will henceforth be held alternately at Quebec, Montreal, Three Rivers, and Sherbrooke, providing the latter cities comply with the necessary conditions.

A NEW YORK fishmonger employs men to fish with the fly in lakes near Montreal, and last season two men thus secured 1500 pounds of red trout in a fortnight for Fulton Street market.

THE framework of the trophy tower for the Canadian Department of the Paris Exposition has been shipped from the Government shops at Ottawa. A sketch of this fine work lately appeared in this paper.

BRITISH Columbia fears an incoming of Chinese during the coming summer, and that the expected prosperity of the country consequent on the immense gold discoveries at Cariboo, will be marred by an influx which will render the condition of white labour intolerable. The Legislature is called upon to interfere.

THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS OF QUEBEC.

The buildings which we represent to-day, and which are destined to contain the Parliament and different Ministerial Departments of the Civil Government of the Province of Quebec, form a perfect square, 300 feet a side on the exterior, and containing a courtyard of 198x195 feet.

The principal facade fronts on St. Eustache-street and the glacis, and the Lieutenant-Governor's entrance is on St. Louis-street. The fourth facade is on St. Augustin-street.

The style of architecture is that of the Renaissance, and all the materials will be fire-proof.

It is impossible to enter into full technical details, but we may state that the front contains several niches wherein will be placed the statues of prominent men connected with the history of the Province and country. Thus below, there will be the statues of Lords Elgin and Dufferin. Above these will figure the statues of four military heroes, whose names are associated with the Ancient Capital itself—Frontenac, Montcalm, Wolfe and Levis. On the second story is another row of niches destined for the statues of Laval, Oiler, Breckout, and Sgard. Still higher come the statues of Maisonneuve and Champlain, the founders respectively of Montreal and Quebec. Towering over all, as is fit, in the fourth story, will be set the statue of Jacques Cartier. We know not who has had the choice of the statues, and we are not disposed to find fault, but we cannot understand the omission of the effigies of at least two Englishmen whose names are forever associated with the dear old city. We mean Murray and Guy Carleton or Lord Dorchester—the first who held Quebec after the death of Wolfe, in spite of his defeat by Levis, and the latter who saved all Canada by his defence of Quebec against the Americans in 1776-7. The elevation of the plans of this splendid edifice and their general disposition are due to M. Eugene Tache, Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Province of Quebec. The plans of construction, interior distribution, &c., are due to M. P. Gauvreau, Engineer of Public Works.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solutions of problems Nos. 157 and 158 received, also, letter and valuable contents. Much obliged. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 158 received. Correct. G. J. Sealorth, Ont.—Letter received. Many thanks. W. A. Montreal.—Many thanks for the Problem. It shall appear next week. E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 155 received. Spec, Montreal.—Play over the best games of the best players. P. P., Perth, Ont.—Postal received. Many thanks.

We are desirous of calling the attention of our Canadian Chess-players to an account of the rules of the Chichester (Eng.) Chess Club, especially as, at the present time, we very often see notices of the re-organization of Clubs in our different Provinces. It appears that ladies, as well as gentlemen, may be members, and, also, that a Club record is kept for the purpose of marking the relative strength of the members. Each member takes his standing in the Club according to his losses or gains in the record; and, in this way, no player, who values his position, will indulge in the weak-

ness of careless play. The subscription is only five shillings sterling a year.

We shall be glad to receive the names and addresses of any Chess players in the Dominion who would be willing to engage in a Correspondence Tourney. Our Correspondent, who suggested such a contest, would, if furnished with names sufficient, take all necessary steps to put the affair into active operation.

We hear that a game of Chess has been played by the aid of the Telephone at Hartford, Conn. The lady-player, Mrs. Gilbert, was one of the party engaged in the contest.

In consequence of a change in the proprietorship of the Glasgow Daily News, its issue of the News of the Week has been discontinued.

We are glad to be informed, however, that the valuable Chess Column, contained heretofore in the News of the Week, will be continued in the Thursday issue, each week, of the Glasgow Evening News.

From Toronto Globe, Jan. 19th, 1878.—

COBOURG CHESS CLUB.

The Cobourg Chess Club is re-organized, with the following officers:

- H. J. Ratten, President. J. Salisbury, 1st Vice-President. G. Guillet, 2nd. H. Boggs, Secretary & Treas. Committee—R. Wright, B. O. King, Frank Polson.

Many persons labour under the delusion that Chess and its surroundings are dull and gloomy, and that anything in the way of fun would be altogether out of place in a Club or a Chess Column. To undeceive them we submit the following, taken from the Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times:

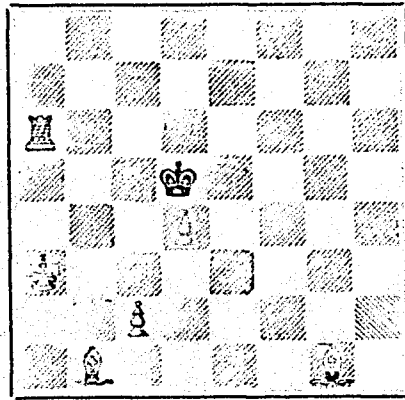
"When the Hartford boys wanted to make their favourite Chess editor a Christmas present of a set of wooden Chess-men, they had only to put their heads together."—Cleveland Voice.

"Yes. And when it was decided to supply the pork-eaters of the West with wooden nutmegs, a couple of Yankees put their heads together and the thing was done."

This is very good, but we must not forget that Sydney Smith was, perhaps, the first in the field with this capital joke. When the city authorities were hesitating as to the best way of paving the streets of London with blocks of wood, he wittily remarked that they had only to lay their heads together, and the thing would be done.

PROBLEM No. 159.

By THOMAS SINCLAIR, St. Andrews, Manitoba. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK. GAME 237th.

Played at the "Cafe International" between Mr. Mason and a well-known Western amateur. (King's Gambit declined.)

- WHITE (Mr. Mason.) 1. P to K4 2. P to K B4 3. Kt to K B3 4. P to Q B3 5. P to Q 4 (b) 6. P takes P 7. B to Q Kt5 8. Kt to Q B3 (c) 9. Castles 10. K to R sq 11. B to K3 12. B to Q3 13. P to K5 14. B P takes P 15. B takes P (ch) (g) 16. Kt to R5 (ch) 17. Q takes B 18. Q to R5 19. Q takes B P (ch) 20. Q to R5 (ch) 21. Q to R7 (ch) 22. R takes Kt (ch) 23. Q takes Kt (ch) BLACK (Mr. J.) 1. P to K4 2. B to B4 3. P to Q3 4. Kt to Q B3 (a) 5. P takes P 6. B to Kt3 7. B to Q2 8. Kt to K B3 9. B to Kt5 (d) 10. Castles 11. Kt to K2 (e) 12. R to K sq 13. P takes P (f) 14. K Kt to Q4 15. K takes B 16. K to Kt sq 17. Kt takes B 18. Q Kt to B4 19. K to R sq 20. K to Kt sq 21. K to B sq 22. Kt takes R And Black resigned.

NOTES.

BY A. F. BARNES, ESQ., NEW YORK.

- (a) B to K Kt5 is the usual combination. (b) The authorities recommend B to Q Kt5 as the best answer to Black's last move. (c) There can be no doubt but that White, even thus early, has the best of the game. (d) This appears a useless waste of time. Black cannot take the Kt with advantage, and White obtains a move to place his K in the corner, where, sooner or later, he would probably be obliged to go. (e) Black's game is not comfortable, and this and the next move do nothing to relieve it. The best play appears to be B to Q4. (f) After this answer to the formidable advance of White's K P, there appears to be no more hope for Black, whose only chance, and that a poor one, lies in playing the attacked Kt to Q4, before the B file is opened to the action of the R. (g) Mr. Mason conducts the attack in his usual style; Black can take the B or leave it, as he may choose, but he is ruined in either case.

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 237th.

Played recently at the Montreal Chess Club between Messrs. Henderson and G. Barry, the former giving the odds of Q Kt.

(Remore White's Q Kt.) (Evans' Gambit.)

- WHITE (J. Henderson.) 1. P to K4 2. Kt to K B3rd 3. B to B4th 4. P to Q Kt4th 5. P to Q B3rd 6. Castles 7. P to Q4th 8. P takes P 9. B to Q Kt2nd 10. B to Q3rd 11. P to Q5 12. K to R sq 13. Q to Q2 14. Kt to K Kt5 15. Kt takes K P 16. Q to Q B3 17. P to K B4 18. B takes B 19. Q to K R3 17. Q takes P ch 21. P takes Kt BLACK (G. Barry.) 1. P to K4 2. Kt to Q B3 3. B to B4 4. Kt takes P 5. Kt to Q B3 6. P to Q3 7. P takes P 8. B to Q Kt3 9. Kt to Q R4 10. K Kt to K2 11. Castles 12. Kt to K Kt3 13. P to K B4 14. P takes P 15. Kt to K4 (a) 16. B to K B4 (b) 17. B takes Kt 18. Q to K B3 19. Kt to Q B5 (c) 20. K to B2 Resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) A move which speedily leads to the loss of the game (b) Q to K2 would, perhaps, have saved the Kt. (c) Black's best move here, seems to be P to K Kt3, and then on White's playing P to K Kt4, retreating the Q to K Kt2.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 157.

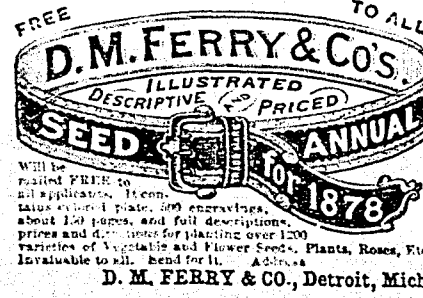
- WHITE. 1. Kt from Q Kt4 to Q5 2. P to K B5 3. B mates. BLACK. 1. K moves 2. K moves

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 155.

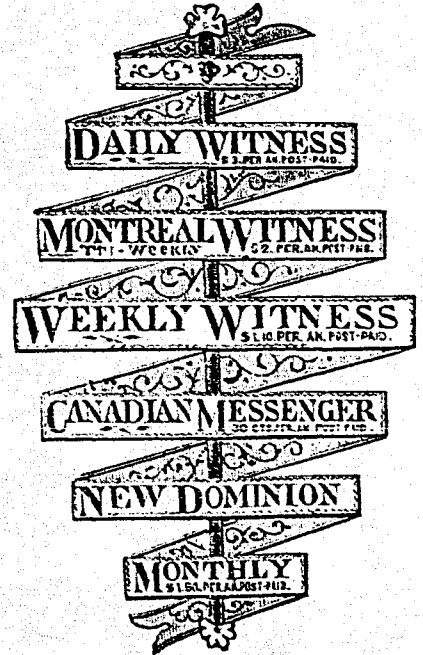
- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q B sq 2. R mates. BLACK. 1. P moves

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 157. A position occurring in actual play.

- WHITE. K at Q B2 R at Q sq R at Q B4 B at Q5 Kt at K Kt sq Pawns at K2 K R4, Q B3 and Q R2 BLACK. K at Q Kt4 S at K Kt7 R at K B7 Pawns at K5 K R3 K Kt2 and Q R4 White to play and mate in four moves.



CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plur.

MORSON & SON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE FOR INDIGESTION.

Highly recommended by the Medical Profession. Pepsine Powder, in 1 oz. Bottles, 4s. per oz. Pepsine Wine, at 3s., 5s., and 9s. per Bottle. Pepsine Lozenges, at 2s., 6d. and 4s., 6d. per Bottle. Pepsine Globules, at 2s., 3s., 6d., and 6s., 6d. per Bottle.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND THE MANUFACTURERS. T. MORSON & SON, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.

THE Burland - Desbarats Lithographic COMPANY.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

of the SHAREHOLDERS of this Company will be held at the Office, Nos. 5 & 7 Bleury Street on WEDNESDAY, the SIXTH day of FEBRUARY next, at THREE o'clock in the afternoon, to receive the Annual Report, to elect Directors, and for the general purposes of the Company.

By order of the Board, F. B. DAKIN, Secretary.

British American BANK NOTE COMPANY, MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent. Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange, DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving. Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

CANADIAN MECHANICS' MAGAZINE AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

This VALUABLE MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been much improved during the past year, and now embodies within its pages the most recent and useful information published connected with Science and the different branches of Mechanical Trades, selected with particular care, for the information and instruction of Mechanics in Canada. A portion of its columns is devoted to instructive reading, suitable for the younger members of a family, of either sex, under the title of the

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY FRIEND,

SUCH AS FLORAL CULTURE, NATURAL HISTORY, POPULAR GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS, LADIES' FANCY AND NEEDLE WORK, AND SHORT PLEASING STORIES.

SELECTED NEW MUSIC, DOMESTIC RECEIPTS, &c.

The Canadian Mechanics' Magazine,

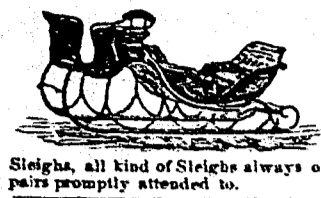
with the addition of the Illustrated Family Friend AND PATENT OFFICE RECORD,

Contains 16 full pages of Superior Illustrations and about 125 diagrams of all the Patents issued each month in Canada; it is a work that merits the support of every Mechanic in the Dominion, whose motto should always be

"SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY."

Price, only \$2.00 per annum. BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS, 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL. F. N. BOXER, Architect, Editor.

Gray's
SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
FOR COLIC & COLDS



R. RITCHOT,
Coach Maker.
No. 1591, St. Antoine St., Montreal. A large assortment of Double Sleights, Dogcart Sleights, all kind of Sleights always on hand, cheap. Repairs promptly attended to. 16-13-52-391

(ESTABLISHED 1840.)

MONTREAL DENTAL SURGERY,

648 PALACE STREET.

(Corner of Beaver Hall.)

Teeth extracted without pain by condensed Nitro Oxide Gas, and Artificial Teeth inserted same day. Particular attention bestowed to the performance of Dental Operations without pain.

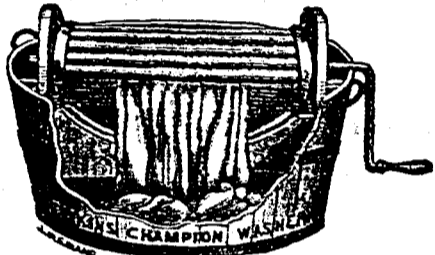
BERNARD & LOVEJOY.

WORK FOR ALL

In their own localities, canvassing for the Fireside Visitor, (enlarged) Weekly and Monthly. Largest Paper in the World, with Mammoth Chromos Free. Big Commissions to Agents. Terms and Outfit Free. Address **P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.** 16-12-26-290

NOTICE TO LADIES.

You can't do without
CHAMPION WASHER.



PRICE ONLY \$6.00,

which will be saved by its use in 3 months. It works easily and perfectly, cannot get out of order and fits any tub. Does not wear clothes or break buttons. Is the only perfect Washer made. Send for one. Manufactured and sold by **STOCKTON, ROSSITER & Co., 122 King Street West, Toronto. LARMONTH & SONS, Agents 33 College Street, Montreal.** 16-9-52-282



VICTORIA RINK SKELETON SKATE
For ladies and gentlemen. Call or write for prices. **T. REEVES & CO., 687 Craig Street.** 16-17-13-299

J. K. MACDONALD,

BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH &c., 24 Latour Street, Montreal.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

15-18-52-238

25 TRANSPARENT CARDS, with your name finely printed, for 20 cents. RICH, RARE and FANCY. 1000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples 3c. stamp. No Postals. Address **A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.** 16-5-26-281

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.,

Advertising Agents,

186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy will promptly and radically cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of indiscretions, excesses or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years. Before taking very used for over thirty years. After taking, with great success. Price: \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address:

WM. GRAY & CO., WINDSOR, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Sold in Montreal by all Druggists, and by all Druggists in Canada. 16-7-52-264

THE FOLLOWING IS AN

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warminster, Wiltshire:—

"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old.

Remains, Gentlemen,
Yours very respectfully,

To the Proprietors of
NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON.

16-5-52-298

In consequence of spurious imitations of
LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,
which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

Lea & Perrins

which is placed on every bottle of **WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE,** and without which none is genuine. Ask for **LEA & PERRINS' Sauce,** and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of
MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL. 16-19-52-302

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

The Engraving, Die Sinking, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing Business

formerly carried on at No. 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, by the late firm of BURLAND, LAFRANCAIS & Co., and at 9 St. Antoine Street, by GEO. E. DESBARATS, being merged into the

BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,

has been REMOVED to those substantial, commodious and spacious premises, erected for the Company at
3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET NEAR CRAIG, MONTREAL.

The double facilities acquired by the fusion of the two firms, the conveniences provided by the removal, and the economy and efficiency introduced by the united management, enable THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY to execute orders for every kind of

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING & ELECTROTYPING.

AT SHORT NOTICE, IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOWEST PRICES.

Our friends and the public are invited to leave their orders for every description of ENGRAVING, DIE SINKING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING, EMBOSSING, PLAIN, GOLD, & COLOUR PRINTING, ELECTROTYPING, STEREO TYPING, &c., &c.

At the Office Bleury Street.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY A SPECIALITY.

To this branch the attention of ENGINEERS, SURVEYORS, ARCHITECTS, &c., is particularly requested; the Company being prepared to reproduce MAPS, PLANS, and DRAWINGS, in an incredibly short space of time and at a trifling cost.

ENGRAVINGS, BOOKS, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c., &c., reproduced same size or reduced to any scale. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES for manufacturers done by this process at very cheap rates.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,
5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

NOW READY,

PRICE \$5,

THE
Rate Inland
INTEREST
TABLES
AND
ACCOUNT AVERAGER
4% 10% 12% 1 year \$100 \$1000
BY C.C. COOK, IMPERIAL BANK, TORONTO.

These Tables compute Interest by Days, Months, Years, and by Dates without knowing the number of days. A complete

Account Averager,

indispensable to Wholesale Houses and Business Men generally.

For further particulars, see CANADIAN ALMANAC, 1878, or address

RICHARDSON & CO.,

4 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Agents for the Dominion.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



SAVE TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER.

IT SAVES MONEY

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS,
15-17-52-249 55 College Street.

SUMMER COMPLAINT, WEAK BACK, RHEUMATISM and SEXUAL EXHAUSTION, immediately relieved and permanently cured by using **IMPROVED GALVANO-ELECTRIC BELTS,** Circular free. **A. NORMAN,** 16-25-46 1 Queen Street, Toronto.

New Work of Vital Interest.

Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stig. FROM

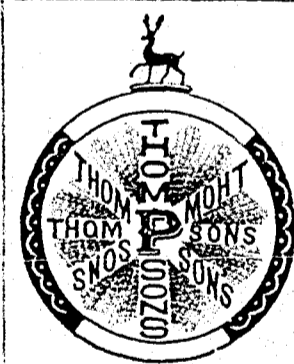
J. WILLIAMS, P. M.

22, MARSHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, NORTH BRITAIN.

A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

- 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid.
- 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments, including Exanthema, Loss of Nerve Power and Debility.
- 3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, Loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Nervousness.
- 4.—The Cook Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.
- 5.—Hints on Self-Treatment and Cure. 17-1-52-309



DON'T YOU Want Furs?

Now is the time to buy. We have a beautiful stock of Muffs and Caps made up within the past few days expressly for Christmas and New Year's gifts. Everything we sell is made up this season; no old stock. A splendid Seal Muff and Cap for \$25, the most acceptable present you can make. Give us a trial.

TERMS CASH.

Job C. Thompson & Co.,

416 NOTRE DAME ST., corner St. Peter.

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address **BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.**

WANTED—Men in each State for the Detective Service and to report crime. Pay liberal. Inmate stamp, and address **AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SECRET SERVICE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD and SKIN radically cured by using **NEPENTHE BITTERS.** Ask for **NEPENTHE BITTERS,** take no other, and you will obtain immediate relief. 16-25-46-266

WE WILL mail one and one-half dozen of the most beautiful new Chromos, in French oil colour, ever seen for \$1.00. They are mounted in 8 x 10 black enamel and gold mats, oval opening, and outsell anything now before the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. Two samples for 25 cents, or six for 50 cents. Send 10 cents for grand illustrated catalogue with chromo of Moonlight on the Rhine. **W. H. HOPE, 26 Bleury Street, Montreal, Canada, Headquarters for Chromos, Engravings and Art works.** 16-13-27-98

WILLIAM DOW & CO.
BREWERS and MALTSTERS

MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 16-6-52-283

ROBERT MILLER,
Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER,

IMPORTER OF

Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS,
397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 14-6-

DR. A. PROUDFOOT,
OCULIST AND AURIST.
Artificial Eyes inserted. Residence, 37 Beaver Hall, Montreal. 15-8-52-210

BELFORD BROS.,

PUBLISHERS,

60, York Street, Toronto, Ont.

JUST PUBLISHED:

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY: Bits of Gossip about Books and those who write them, by G. Stewart, Jr.

A new edition, bound in oil-cloth, of

THE HOME COOK BOOK,

PRICE \$1.00.

CHEAPER EDITIONS:

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D., and Memoir by his Sons. Cloth, \$1.50.

MOODY'S ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, related by him in his Revival Work. Compiled by REV. J. H. McCLEURE. 160 pages. Paper covers. 15 cents.

For sale by all Booksellers, by the Publishers, or by

DAWSON BROTHERS,

Agents for Eastern Ontario, Quebec and the

15-24-52-267

Maritime Provinces.

USE

DR. J. EMERY CODERRE'S

EXPECTORATING SYRUP,

Infants' Syrup & Tonic Elixir,

64, ST. DENIS STREET.

Corner of Dorchester,

AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

15-19-54-221

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES!

Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES.

244 Parthenais St., Montreal.

15-17-52-227

BULMER & SHEPPARD.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON,
OIL, LEAD, PAINT,

COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS

IMPORTERS OF

English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass,

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES, CHEMICALS, DYK. STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.

310, 312, 314 & 318 ST. PAUL ST.,

AND

253, 255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST. MONTREAL.

15-24-52-268

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