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# Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

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MONTREAL.—SKATING TOURNAMENT AT THE VICTORIA RINK FOR PRIZES PRESENTED BY H. E. THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. KENDRICK.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## THE FAITHLESS VALENTINE.

See, in a country far away,  
On February's thirteenth day  
A pink note at my elbow lay:  
It was an early Valentine.

"Meet me at dawn on Beacon Hill,  
"Nor dare forego the trust to fill."  
"Obey—slave! for it is my Will  
"That you shall be my Valentine."

I kept the trust, while faint as yet  
The rosy dawn. My glad eyes met  
Imperious orbs of sparkling jet  
Of cousin Nell, my Valentine.

'Twas heaven—but soon from heaven I  
fell!  
One fleet, mad year dissolved the spell—  
Arch Houris and arch traitress, Nell  
Was some one else's Valentine.

Youths! to the good old custom cling—  
Blush, Maidens! at the postman's ring—  
I know the years will never bring  
To me another Valentine.

NED P. MAB.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL DIFFERENCES.\*

The axiom that "all men are equal," one of the keystones of the American Constitution, as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, is by no means the self-evident proposition which, by some, it has been assumed to be. I shall, of course, be told that I am putting a wrong construction on that famous manifesto, that its letter may appear to sanction universal equality, but its spirit refers only to the status before the law. There are several ways of construing it, but, from the self-assumptions of all our neighbours, it is apparent that they use the term in its widest possible sense, for, according to them, "Jack is as good as his master" and very much better.

It is true that at the Creation of Man it was intended by the Great Ruler of all things that such should be the case. Man was placed among the beauties of Eden to dress them and to keep them, an occupation pleasurable in the highest degree, and under the then constitution of things, by no means a work of labour or a task in any way distasteful. There he might revel among the glories of Paradise, and as he chose, and only as he chose, tend and care for the bowers and groves which Nature herself had decked with Heaven-sent ornaments. At this period I am prepared to endorse the axiom of an universal equality destined for the dwellers on this lower earth; and, indeed, to assert their pre-eminence over those celestial intelligences who were but the messengers to those His creatures whom the Highest had deigned to treat almost as equals. These conditions, however, did not last, for those to whom a free and unfettered will had been given broke through the moral restraints by which they should have been held, and Man fell from the position assigned him. From that time there ensued contests for supremacy, the first of which culminated in the fratricide of Cain; but it was not until the time of Ham that the dividing line of master and servant was struck. Since that time these distinctions have been well defined, both in Sacred and Profane History. Among the Hebrews we have found the classes which were constituted by the Law, the highest among which were those of the Priestly order, whilst throughout, since the days of the Kings, we find references to the Princes of Israel and the Slave or Servant class. In Greek and Roman annals there are frequent allusions to classes, with the enumeration of which it is neither necessary nor advisable to deal. A similar system universally prevailed, and exists to-day, except that, with but a few instances to the contrary, the slave class has been obliterated, and, in its stead, remains that best abused, but in times of necessity whether national or political, most courted class—the labourer, or, as in our days he is best known, the working-man. It might perhaps be permissible to make a brief digression to say a word about the classes or rather castes of semi-civilized India. Here we find the proud Brahmin at the head, whence follow almost innumerable gradations down to the miserable Pariah, or outcast of all men. So marked are these distinctions and so scrupulous are the Hindoos in their observance, that, in a high degree, may be traced to this fact the great Indian Mutiny by which so many of our countrymen from the Mother Isles lost their lives at the bloody hands of the Sahib-slaying Sepoy. Indeed, I have been told by a gentleman, an officer in the East India Company's service, that, though he had nine attendants, he has repeatedly had to wait in that climate an almost insufferable period for a glass of water, simply because his hewer of wood and drawer of water was not at the moment to be found, none of the others being willing to discharge his functions.

All men are not equal. There are gradations of birth, and especially is this the case in the Eastern Hemisphere, where monarchy and aristocracy exist and flourish, and are likely so to do, in that the instincts which have been born into the people and which subsequently have received fostering care, cannot be smothered or eradicated, for, as has been well said, "the spirit of a nation never dieth." To most revolutions which have occurred, notably in that unhappy country, France, the only result has been the slaughter of innocent victims, and the consignment to the most dismal obloquy of the names of their instigators and the prime actors in them. Who hears the names of Danton, Marat, or the bloody Robespierre, without a shudder or an execration? whilst the slightest mention of their victims is never unattended with a feeling of the warmest pity and deepest regret for their untimely fate. In the case of France, what was the final result? The first Consul Napoleon assumed the Imperial purple and soon deluged, not only his beloved France, but the whole of Europe with blood. I pass on, only mentioning the placing by the allied powers of the sceptre of France in the hands of Louis XVIII, the abdication of Charles X, and the enthronement of Louis Philippe. This brings us to another term of anarchy, when the Vox Populi loudly de-

clared itself to be the Vox Dei, and at whose demands the terror-stricken Louis fled. Then followed the massacre of La Place Madeleine, the election to the office of President of the nephew of the first Emperor, and grandson of the much-injured Josephine. Despite the cries of *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité*, another Emperor stepped on the Throne, in the person of the President, whose reign for many years was the most productive of prosperity to the nation whom he ruled. Lastly came the Franco-German war, with the details of which we are all acquainted; the surrender and deposition of Louis Napoleon, the terrible days of the Commune, and the dictatorial sway of Thiers, whom we have just seen, in his late address to the Chamber of Deputies, advocating a Conservative Republic. What this anomaly is time will show.

The last great event in French history is the recent death of Napoleon the Third, whose untimely decease cannot but be regretted on all hands. In this case there can be little doubt that history will repeat itself, that his remains will be removed from Albion to his native France, and will yet repose beside those of his illustrious uncle, whose dust, after years of quiet 'neath St. Helena's sterile soil, were, by permission of the British Government, removed to that land whose military glory was, with him, a consideration only secondary to his own personal renown. For the present Prince Louis Napoleon, as he is styled in the latest telegrams, there is no doubt a great future in store. The training he is undergoing in English circles will serve to mature that precocity for which he is already remarkable, and for this youthful "man of destiny"—a confirmed belief in which has no doubt been almost his sole paternal inheritance—there are no doubt numerous vicissitudes in store, which must culminate in his ascending the French throne as the choice of nearly the whole French populace.

The case of Switzerland might, perhaps, be urged as one in which a Republic has flourished in Europe; but this is not a fair example. That little Republic may well be dismissed by being likened to the "Village Pastor," of whom Goldsmith has said:—

"Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd nor wish'd to change his place."

As we have it on this side, men o'erstep each other by their wealth and the positions they have acquired through its instrumentality. Where do we see this more apparent than in this very city where every one bows at the feet of Mammon, the most constant of these worshippers being the men who are the loudest and most blatant advocates of equality? Plutus' command to-day is "Thou shalt not be poor." How many come short of this, and how many are flung by the purse-proud under the wheels of the car of the Juggernaut of dollars and cents! Few men of talent can attain the positions they should occupy in our present social system without wealth, and how many are there of whom it might be said with Gray that,

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current in their soul!"

Thus these latter have had to assume positions far inferior to those to which by ability they were entitled.

There are reasons why men should not be equal, to some of which it might be well to allude. Inequality is a necessity of our manhood, for were all equal under the existing order of things, there would be continual clashings both of person and interest. There are too many who, like his Satanic Majesty, think it far

"Better to reign in hell than serve in Heaven."

They wish to lead, any following, be it only a corporal's guard of brainless idiots, satisfies that ambition which will not allow them to follow in the wake even of those who are greatest and best.

Inequality is a national necessity. Our country demands that some should rush to the fore, and not allow a Commune, the members of which have no points in common, except that of a desire for power and pelf, to seize upon what there is around them, and, as of old, to cast lots upon it, and for want of agreement to rend all in sunder, and produce a period of chaos and confusion, worse than that anterior to creation. While the latter was only the indiscriminate jumbling of inanimate matter, the former would be a direct collision of intelligences, highly developed for good or for evil, few of whom have the same or similar wishes and aspirations.

The different sections or classes are at present diverse indeed in their characteristics. We have men of high birth and others of low parentage, a connecting link between whom is formed which serves as a stone on which to grind off the natural asperities of each—being what is called the middle-class. This latter is made up of the fallen—shall I say? aristocrats. No, the unfortunate ones whose wealth, for that is a necessity of greatness, has been depleted, on which account they are compelled to exert themselves to gain a livelihood. This class is also partially composed of those who by superior intelligence have risen from the ranks. Another element in the body is that which is a product of the two branches which, of course, combines the finer qualities of the one with the dogged perseverance and pertinacity of the other. In Canada we have no aristocracy, our upper-class being the wealthy middle men who, too often, it is to be regretted, on account of the wealth and honours, civil and political, of which they have been the objects, drift away and lose themselves, their last state being worse than the first. The middle-class men are to-day the power in our State; they conduct our commercial affairs, project and direct our railways, manage our banks, and fill all the offices of Church and State. They are the typical class of shop-keeping England. Through them we enjoy the civil and religious freedom which is ours to-day, and by which alone the mighty fabric of that most glorious British Constitution exists.

Of late the star of the working-class has been in the ascendant, and the question of their rights and position is one with which each one of us in some form or shape will have to deal. Here, where our institutions are intensely Democratic, where the Liberalism and Chartism of England are thrown completely in the shade, by means which have not the objectionable features of similar instrumentalities in days gone by, the men have to be met fairly and squarely. They have rights which are and should be recognized by all right-thinking and conscientious men, but by means of politicians and demagogues who desired their votes, their feelings have been inflamed to such an extent, and their demands so increased that their truest and best friends fear the result, as those who see through this thin coating of philanthropy are determined to leave no stone unturned to make use of it. In the course they have pursued both parties have

adopted a policy which must prove most disastrous. The men will find to their cost that they have been lifted up above themselves, whilst the employers will have to suffer all the inconveniences and annoyances arising out of those assumptions. This difficulty, it would seem, will not be surmounted until another of the many open ruptures between capital and labour has been fought out, and by force of circumstances, regulated by supply and demand, each one learns that the interests of the other are precisely identical with his own. As has been often said, Education is the great cure-all, and when its blessings have been fully realized then shall we advance again towards the position of Universal Equality.

## Miscellaneous.

China shows a slight indication of an intent to come into the family of nations by its recent adoption of an imperial flag. It is a triangular bunting of deep yellow with a blue dragon courrant in the centre.

An enterprising American is doing great business among the whales in Iceland. He pursues them in a small steamer, and fires into them an explosive harpoon of his own invention, which bursts inside the animal and kills it outright. Thus time is saved and risk avoided.

A rival to the "Bessemer Saloon" has appeared in Russia. It is the invention of M. Alexandrowsky, of St. Petersburg, and instead of being attached to a pivot, like the Bessemer, floats in a kind of tank placed amidships between the engines. The construction has been tested by the Grand Duke Constantine with a perfectly satisfactory result.

Successful experiments have been made on an English railway, with a new brake worked by electricity. The invention consists of the application of electro-magnets, exerting a force of six hundred pounds, to pulleys on a swing shaft underneath the carriages. By merely pressing a key the guard is enabled to bring the train to a stand-still.

Bradlaugh, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, denies that he is the chief of the republicans, but confesses: "That I have ambition to rise in the political strife around me, until I play some part in the legislative assembly of my country, is true. If I live, I will; but I desire to climb step by step, resting the ladder by whose rungs I ascend firmly on parliament-made laws, and avoiding those appeals to force of arms which make victory bloody and disastrous."

H. M. S. "Challenger" arrived at Lisbon on the 3rd ult. No explorations were attempted for the first few days of the passage, as all the *servants* were "down" with sea-sickness. On the 30th, however, the steam dredge was used, coming up the first time bottom upwards, to the disappointment of everybody. The second attempt was more successful, some starfish and a good specimen of the *Goniatites* being among the contents. This was at a depth of 1,250 fathoms. The dredging of subsequent days brought up nothing of interest.

The principals of some of the New York public schools have adopted the precaution of drilling the scholars in military fashion for regular, orderly flight in case of fire or other emergency. The doors opening into the alley-ways are first closed, and at the sound of a bell the children, often numbering many hundred, rise to their feet; at the second touch of the bell they rush for the main stairway, each child having his or her place in the ranks. The results so far have been eminently satisfactory, even the smallest children proceeding in regular order.

According to the *Printers' Register*, there are published in the United Kingdom 112 daily newspapers, distributed as follows:—London, 14; Provinces, 64; Scotland, 11; Ireland, 20; Wales, 2; Channel Islands, 1. Statistics show that in the United States and in Switzerland there is one newspaper to every 6,000 inhabitants; in Denmark there is one to every 8,000; in Germany, Norway, and Holland, one to 18,000; in France, one to 20,000; in Sweden, one to 22,000; in England, one to 24,000; and in Belgium, one to 26,000. In other European countries there are far fewer newspapers in proportion.

Yet another political organization has been called into existence. It is of Irish paternity, and is to be called The Central British Democratic Convention, the design of which is to obtain the assistance and alliance of English Democrats, "so as to create a combined force sufficient to effect a restoration of our plundered lands and our plundered political rights." Its "objects" are fourteen in number, and include the amendment of the English Constitution, codification of the laws, the establishment of manhood suffrage, the disestablishment of the House of Lords and the Church, and the nationalization of the land. Taxation is to bear on property and income alone, and to reach large incomes by a "geometrical law." Customs duties are to cease, taxation to be reduced, sinecures and pensions abolished, the poor are to be housed rent free, and Ireland, in addition to all these advantages, is to have the full right to govern itself as a colony.

Mr. John Dixon writes to the *Globe* on the subject of "Cleopatra's Needle," which we all know really belongs to us, although we have not found out how to get it home. "The removal of this fine obelisk from Alexandria, and its erection on the Thames Embankment, has lately been mooted. I have just returned from Egypt, where I am constructing an iron bridge across the Nile, and I had the curiosity when there carefully to examine the position of the monument, and to survey the adjoining foreshore. I need not trouble you with the details, but simply give you the result of my estimate, as a guide to those interesting themselves in the matter. There are no difficulties in the way, and the obelisk may be shipped, brought to England, and erected on the Embankment for £15,000—not a great sum for the acquisition of so ancient a monument." If our liberal Government cannot afford so much, and no wealthy and benevolent archeological patriot will give it, why not start a public, or, as we ought to say now, a national, subscription for the purpose?

A curious incident is related in a French paper as having occurred in a little village not far from Paris. Some bees were swarming on an oak-tree, and a wood-cutter named Gulet climbed the tree and cut off the extremity of the branch upon which the swarm hung. Instead of falling to the ground, however, the swarm dispersed and settled on the head of Gulet, who was still sitting on the branch forty feet from the ground. The by-standers believed that, tormented by the stings, he would fall to the ground. But with great presence of mind Gulet remained perfectly still till the swarm had formed two long wreaths hanging from his temples; then, half blinded by the insects, which also covered his face and body, he contrived to descend from his elevated position, taking the greatest care not to irritate his living mantle. When he reached the ground a hive was placed on his shoulder, but three hours elapsed before the bees would take possession of their new home. When this happy change was effected the poor wood-cutter's wild delight testified to the intensity of the anxiety and discomfort he had endured.

\*A paper read before the McGill University Literary Society by Mr. J. F. Norris.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

## MY VALENTINE.

O lady dear, with eyes so clear,  
Thou must not droop thus, nor repine,  
The air is soft, o'er field and croft,  
And wafts to thee my Valentine.

It is a dove, with wings of love,  
'Trained wanderer o'er the welkin free,  
He bears the note, around his throat,  
Sweet-scented with a kiss for thee.

O pigeon, fly, across the sky,  
Nor steer a line from out thy way,  
One motion crossed, one moment lost,  
Were shadows on the light of day.

O Angeline, my love, my queen,  
Receive him on thy finger tip,  
And on his plume, of azure bloom,  
Imprint the rainbow of thy lip.

Look in his eyes and breathe replies,  
Pin to his ring a leaf of green,  
Then heaven will open and dreams of hope  
Will wrap us in their holy shoen.

The bird is gone—his goal is won.  
He nestles on those lips of thine,  
He comes to me—the green I see,  
Ah! Sweet, thou art my Valentine.

X. Y. Z.

## Our Illustrations.

## THE SKATING TOURNAMENT AT THE MONTREAL RINK.

On Tuesday week a large crowd assembled at the Victoria Skating Rink, in this city, to witness the tournament for the prizes presented by Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin. The programme contained a variety of figures, many of them exceedingly complicated, which were executed with much grace by the competitors. Of these there were four sets, viz: ladies, little girls, boys, and gentlemen. The ladies' prize was a beautiful locket set with turquoises and diamonds, which was won on a tie by two of the fair competitors. In awarding the prize, His Excellency announced his intention of duplicating it, so that each lady should have one. The girls' prize was a pendant with a centre of turquoises, presented by Lady Dufferin. The boys' prize, also given by her ladyship, was a gold medal; but as this was not ready, Lord Dufferin presented the successful candidate with a fine gold breast-pin as an earnest of the recompense. The gentlemen's tournament was a failure, owing to the absence of several of the competitors, who declined to appear owing to the alleged incompetency of three of the judges. The prize was finally awarded to the only one who put in an appearance. Our illustration shows two of the lady contestants performing the backward roll.

## THE MARMORA MINES.

We give this week two sketches illustrative of mining operations in the township of Marmora. The first of these shows the quartz-crushing mill attached to the Williams mine, on the River Moira. It is in full operation, and the results have been attended with wonderful success, the yield being equal to \$15 and \$20 per ton of ore. The mill consists of twenty stamps, driven by an engine of forty horse-power. The ore in which the precious metal principally occurs is mickspickel or arsenical pyrites. It is anticipated that by an improved process of treatment, of which Professor Chapman of the Toronto University is the inventor, a much larger yield of gold will be obtained, besides employing the arsenic for valuable economic purposes. The works are distant about thirty miles from Belleville.

The subject of the second sketch is the pit of the Blairton iron mines, from which large quantities of productive ore have been extracted. The pit is about 150 feet wide, 300 feet long, and 90 feet in depth. On the east margin is erected a steam engine, which supplies the power for steam drilling in all parts of the pit below. The engine also works a crane by which the ore is raised and emptied into the cars for forwarding. There are employed at the mines about 200 men, and the ordinary rate of production is 200 tons per day. The ore is usually sent to Pittsburgh, Cleveland, or Buffalo, where it undergoes the smelting process. The metal has proved to be of such excellent quality that the proprietors of the mine are unable to fill all the orders that come in.

## THE FIRE AT THE QUEBEC COURT-HOUSE.

The Quebec Court House was destroyed by fire on the morning of Sunday, the 2nd inst. The fire is supposed to have originated under the flooring of the third story, near the office of the Clerk of the Crown. Very little was saved, the valuable library falling a prey to the flames, together with many important documents. Among the latter were a record in the great bank suit of the Banque National vs. the Bank of Montreal, and a will involving the disposal of a quarter of a million. The insurance is stated to have been \$25,000 on the building, \$10,000 on the furniture, and \$1,000 on the Bar Library.

The Court House was completed in 1804, at an expense of \$120,000. It was a plain building, without any pretence to beauty or ornamentation, standing at the corner of St. Lewis Street and the Place d'Armes. "Of its appearance," says the author of a Guide Book to Quebec, "we can say nothing in praise. Had no ornament been attempted by its designer, it might have passed unnoticed by strangers; but as it is, there is sufficient in it to attract the eye, and cause the observer to exclaim, 'How very ugly!' One consolation we may have is, that it must decay, and when replaced, it will, no doubt, be by a building more befitting the improved taste of the community. We regret to say that it is too substantially built to give us any hope that it will speedily crumble away." The fire has, however, speedily done the work in the place of Time, and it is to be hoped that the site will soon be occupied by a building of greater architectural beauty.

## The plate

## IL PENSEROSO,

after the painting by Hicks, and the cartoon,

## THE DOMINION VALENTINE FOR 1873,

require no comment.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"When they ask you what it means,"

Ophelia says:

"Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine."

In the spring-time, in warm latitudes, when, as Thomson says, ethereal mildness comes, and birds are said to choose their mates, probably the custom of young persons choosing valentines or special loving friends on the fourteenth of February arose. There is a rural tradition that on this day every bird chooses its mate. In Chaucer, the morning star of English song, who is said to have distilled and rained gold dewdrops of speech and eloquence, we find the following allusion to the tradition:

"Nature,  
In easie voice, began to speak and say,  
Fowles take heile of my sentence I pray,  
Ye know well, how on St. Valentine's day  
By my statute, and through my governaunce,  
Ye do chuse your mates, and after fly away  
With hem, as I pricke you with pleasaunce."

Gay has left us a poetical description of some rural ceremonies used on the morning of this day:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind  
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;  
I early rose, just at the break of day,  
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away:  
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,  
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do):  
The first I spied, and the first mean I see  
In spite of fortune shal' our true love be."

Pennant, in his "Tour in Scotland," tells us that in February young persons draw valentines, and from thence coll-ct their future fortune in the nuptial state.

The learned Moresin tells us that at the festival of Saint Valentine the men used to make the women presents, as upon another occasion the women used to do to the men, but that in Scotland on this day presents were made reciprocally.

Goldsmith, in that most delightful story, "The Vicar of Wakefield," describing the manner of some rustics, tells us "they kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, eat pancakes on Shrove-tide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on All-hallow Eve."

In that curious record of domestic life in England in the reign of Charles II., "Pepys's Diary," we find an entry dated, Valentine's Day, 1667: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name written on blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both pleased with it." From Pepys we learn that presents were invariably and necessarily given to the choosing party. An entry in his diary, February, 1663, records the following: "This evening my wife did, with great pleasure, shew me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds."

True-love knots and betrothal rings are, in our opinion, more appropriate things for the day than the ridiculous caricatures with burlesque verses, or the sentimental prints, with a pair of lovers, in gorgeous array, undergoing initiation into wedded bliss before Hymen's altar, with cupids fluttering about like so many quiring cherubim.

Some of these "valentine rings" had love mottoes engraved thereon. Chaucer, in his "Troilus and Cressida," describes the heroine giving her lover a ring upon which a love motto was engraved, and receiving one from him in return. Shakespeare has more than one allusion to the custom which is absolutely enacted in his "Two Gentlemen of Verona," when Julia gives Proteus a ring, saying, "Keep you this remembrance for thy Julia's sake"; and he replies, "Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this."

Within the hoops of the rings it was customary, from the middle of the sixteenth to the close of the seventeenth century, to inscribe mottoes or posies, such as

"IN THEE, MY CHOICE,  
I DO REJOICE"

"JOY BE WITH YOU."

"GOD ABOVE  
INCREASE OUR LOVE"

Some of these mottoes, though brief, are very expressive, and would, when accompanied by the gold ring, be more acceptable to the fair valentine than fulsome poetry, honeyed with a few compliments to her various charms and perfections, and expressive of the hope that the giver's love might be returned; or pages filled with bad poetry about Venuses and Cupids, love-sick shepherds, and cruel nymphs.

The nightingale, the thrush, and the burk enliven the woods with their melodious songs, and with their superb crescendos, and dying cadences and rapid succession of brilliant sounds, and, if we could understand the sense of their *trios, couplets, quips, quipios, &c.*, we should doubtless discover the expression of the sensations of these delightful songsters. In their brilliant bursts, lively delicate thrills, impassioned tones, we may imagine them saying to their valentines, in the language of Marlow:

"Come, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield."

Or again, in the language of Herrick:

"Live, live with me, and thou shalt see  
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee.  
The soft, sweet moss shall be thy bed;  
With crawling woodbine overspread;  
By which the silver-shedding streams  
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.  
Thy feasting tables shall be hills,  
With daisies spread and daffodils.  
These, nay, and more, thine own shall be  
If thou wilt love and live with me."

But, to return to Saint Valentine, we know but little about him. The Calendar says he was a "Presbyter of the Church and was beheaded by Claudius the Emperor"; therefore we may presume he was a good Christian, and worthy the prefix of Saint. Wheatley, in his illustration of the "Book of

Common Prayer," tells us that Saint Valentine was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity that the custom of choosing valentines upon his festival, which is still practised, took its rise from thence. Surely the learned Divine does not mean to imply the word *galantry*, and that in that sense we should understand the word *love*. Be it as it may, the origin of the choosing of valentines has not been clearly developed. Mr. Douce, a learned commentator on Shakespeare, traces it to a Pagan custom of the same kind, during the Lupercalia feasts, celebrated by the Romans, in the month of February, in honour of Pan and Juno. The anniversary of the good bishop, or Saint Valentine, happening in this month, the pious and early promoters of Christianity placed this popular custom under the patronage of the Saint to eradicate the notion of its pagan origin.

The discoveries of antiquaries have rendered the recesses of Romish and Heathen antiquities easy of access, and that respectable body of "Dryasdusts" have come to the conclusion that Christian Rome has borrowed many of her rites, notions and ceremonies in the most luxurious abundance from ancient and heathen Rome. The feathers adorning the tiara having been handed down as a legacy from the Imperial Eagle.

In conclusion, let us return to "Pretty Ophelia," "The fair Ophelia," "Rose of May, dear maid, sweet Ophelia." And were we a valentine to any one of our fair readers we should most heartily pray that she may not be "divided from herself and her fair judgment," and in the absence of "a hoop of gold, a paltry ring, whose posy was *Love me and leave me not,*" we should, after the fashion of Perdita and Ophelia, present her with a posy of rosemary, and violets, and pansies, giving to each its emblematic meaning, and make them as expressive as written language in their hieroglyphical sense.

"Rosemary is for remembrance  
Between us day and night;  
Wishing that we might always have  
You present in our sight."

Rosemary had this attribute because it was said to strengthen the memory, and was therefore used as a token of remembrance and affection between lovers; the violets, "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath," for *faithfulness*; the pansies for *thoughts*.

## Home Items.

The opening of the Air Line of the G. W. R. was to have taken place on Monday.

Mr. Robitaille, of Bonaventure, has succeeded Hon. Mr. Chapais as Receiver General.

A valuable iron mine has been discovered in Charlotte County, N. B., near the famous red granite quarries.

It is said that Lieut.-Governor Trutch, of British Columbia, will resign at the close of the present session of the Legislature. It is added that he is an applicant for a position on the railway as Engineer or Director.

Mr. Justice Caron has been appointed Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec. He will be succeeded in the Court of Queen's Bench by Mr. Justice Taschereau, whose place will be taken by Mr. Justice Casault, of the Superior Court of Kamouraska.

The late surveys have developed the fact that the summit of the Rocky Mountains, at Yellow Head Pass—where the Canadian Pacific Railway will come through—is only 3,502 feet above the level of the sea—or some 8,500 feet lower than the summit of the Rocky Mountains at the point where the Central Pacific road crosses.

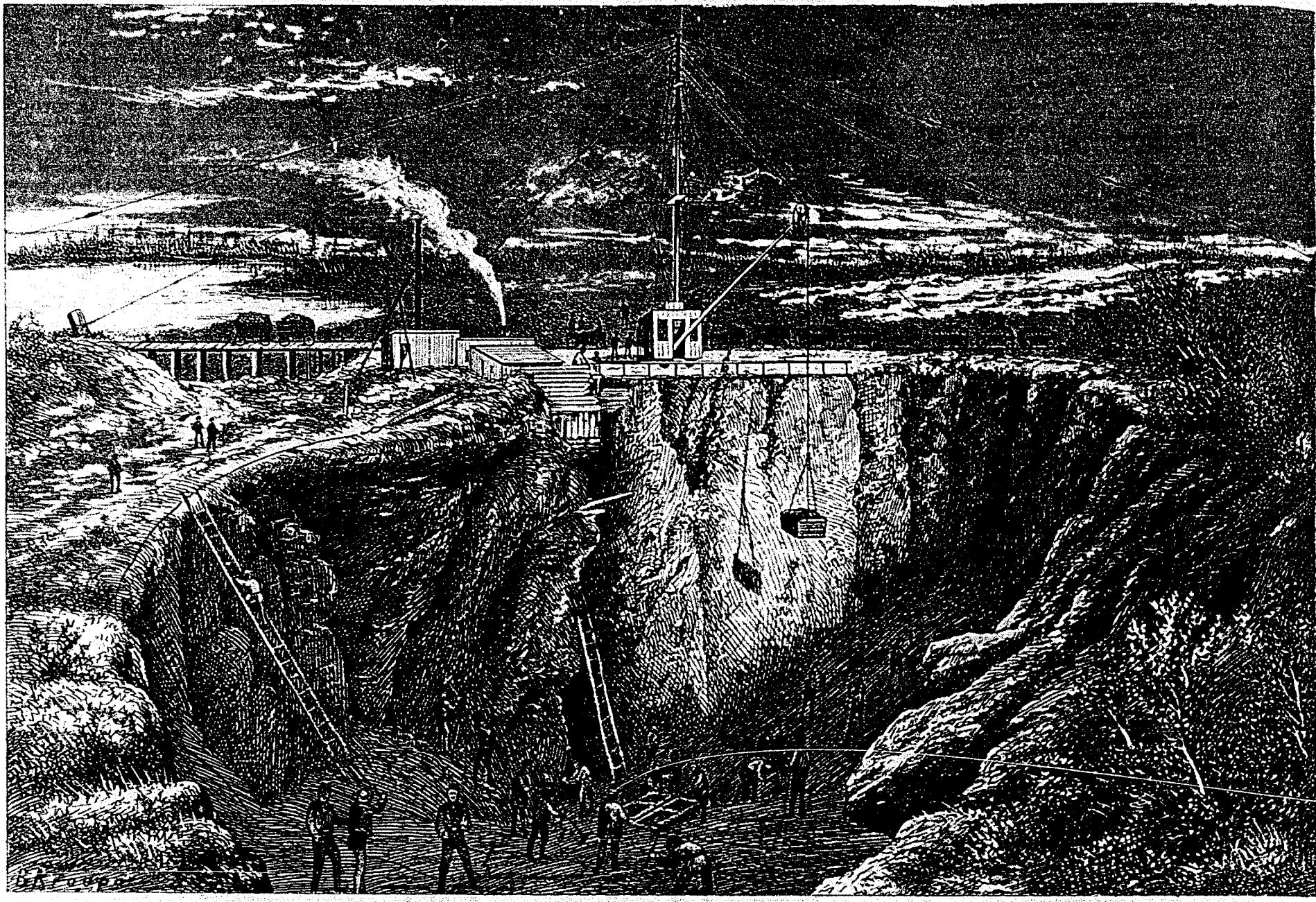
The Perth *Courier* says that two gentlemen of that town have purchased works at Napanee for manufacturing dye-stuff from logwood, fustic, and other raw materials from which dyes are made. The home market for the manufactured article is very large, and fully warrants us in predicting the ready sale of all that can be turned out of this factory, it being the only one of the kind now in Canada.

Application is to be made to Parliament to incorporate a company to construct a railway from the Niagara River, at or near the proposed Queenston and Lewiston Suspension Bridge, to some point on the Great Western Railway, at or near the town of St. Catharines, with powers to make connections with the Queenston and Lewiston Suspension Bridge Companies in Canada and the United States, and with railways in the United States, and to provide facilities at stations and otherwise in the United States, for the promotion of its traffic.

The Provisional Directors for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway have been appointed; they are 13 in number, 5 for Ontario, 4 for Quebec, and one for each of the other Provinces. The Directors for Ontario are: Walter Shanly, Prescott; Major Walker, London; Col. Cumberland, Toronto; D. McInnes, Hamilton, and Mr. Sandford, Ottawa. For Quebec, Sir Hugh Allan, Montreal; Hon. Dr. Beaubien, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Quebec; J. B. Beaudry, Montreal, and R. N. Hall, Sherbrooke. For Nova Scotia, Hon. A. G. Archibald, C.M.G., Halifax; for New Brunswick, E. R. Burpee, C. E., St. John; for Manitoba, Andrew McDermott, Winnipeg; for British Columbia, Hon. Dr. Helmcken, Victoria. Sir Hugh Allan is President of the Provisional Board, and Major Walker Vice-President. The Pacific R. R. charter was signed on Saturday last.

WEALTH OF SILVER ISLET.—An official pamphlet bearing on the mineral lands of Ontario, published in Toronto and New York, is a rather curious and instructive document. The proprietors of Silver Islet tell us what they have done since it passed into their hands. For an outlay of \$73,000 they have acquired more than 107,000 acres of land; out of the proceeds of the land itself they have paid for the purchase of the property about \$200,000; for smelting and freight about \$100,000; for labour and construction about \$260,000; for sundry miscellaneous expenses about \$50,000. They have paid all these expenses, have divided among their shareholders over \$260,000 in cash, and have now on hand about \$75,000, or an amount equal to that with which they went into business. Most of the precious metal which has yielded this munificent return has been taken from Silver Islet, at the time it was taken into possession, measuring not more than eighty by one hundred feet, but which has since been enlarged by bulkheads and the rock extracted from it to over two acres. The company have nearly 100,000 acres of mineral lands left that, as yet, have hardly been touched.

Mr. Paul Bert, a French physiologist, has succeeded in making an artificial pair of Siamese twins by joining two young white rats. He cut away a strip of skin from each, sewed the two together by the edges of the wounds, and nature united them by the healing process. They were not amiable toward each other, therefore he killed both by poisoning one.

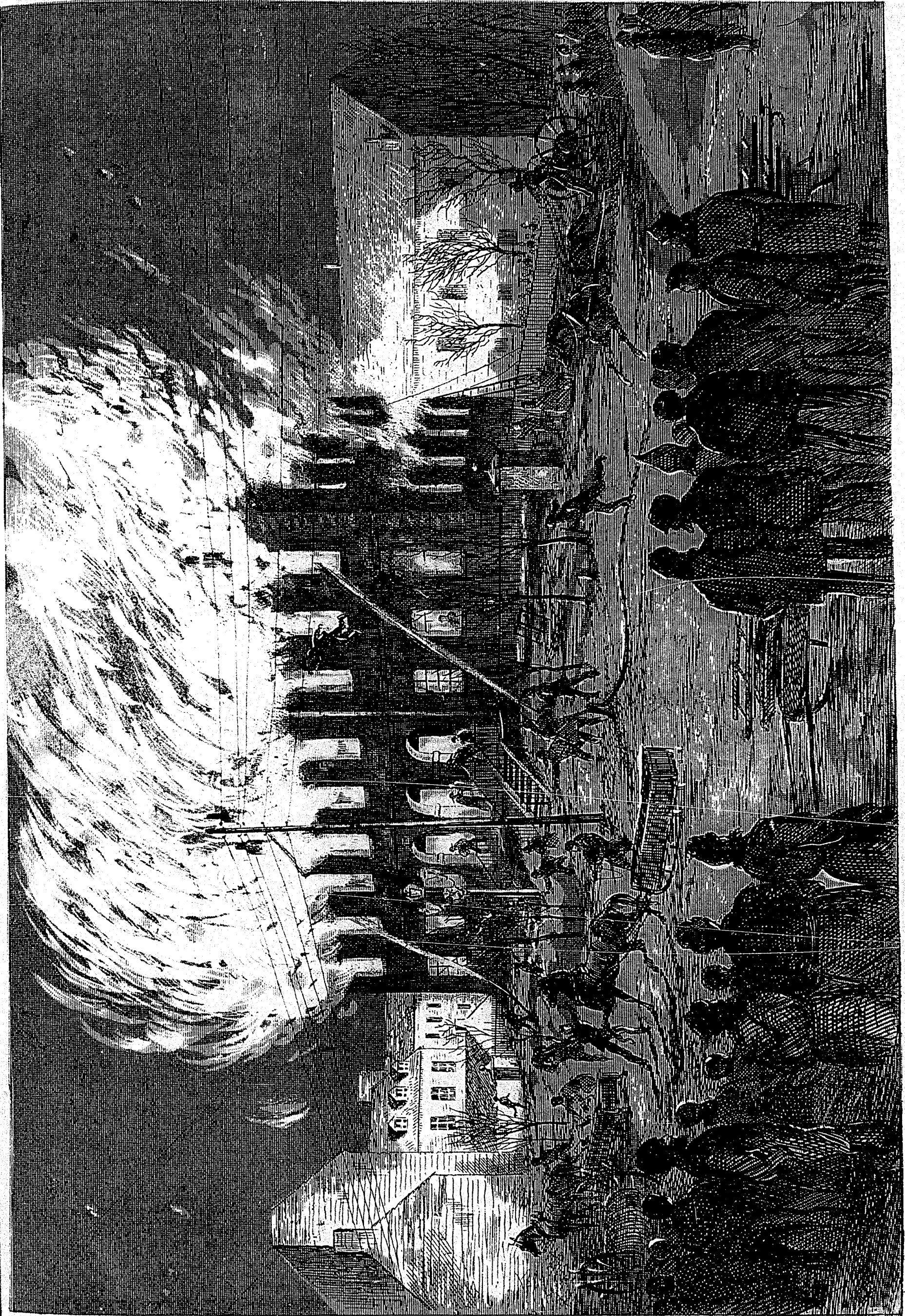


THE BLAIRTON IRON MINE.



B. Kroupa

THE WILLIAMS GOLD MINE  
THE MARMORA MINES.—BY C. WALKER.



QUEBEC.—THE FIRE AT THE COURT HOUSE ON THE 1st INST.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. PRANISHNIKOFF.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Feb. 10, 1873.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M., 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M., 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Feb. 4	31.0	38.0	18.0	80	29.39	Vari.	Thawing.
5	20.5	25.0	12.0	81	30.06	Vari.	Cloudy.
6	30.3	43.0	17.5	85	29.85	S S W	Clear.
7	23.6	35.2	15.8	80	29.80	N E	Clear.
8	9.5	13.2	9.0	78	29.83	W	Snow.
10	2.5	12.0	-5.5	75	30.17	W	Clear.

ALMANAC OR KALENDAR.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

	Toronto.	Montreal.	Quebec.	Halifax.	St. Johns, N. F.
Sun Rises.....	7.00	7.04	7.04	7.02	7.09
Sun Sets.....	5.27	5.23	5.23	5.26	5.19
Full Moon on the 12th.....	6.16 a.m.	6.29 a.m.	6.45 a.m.	7.19 a.m.	8.02 a.m.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

SUNDAY.	Feb. 16.— <i>Sexagesima Sunday.</i> Melancthon born, 1497. Admiral Coligny born, 1516. Baron Trenck born, 1726. Dr. Kane died, 1857.
MONDAY.	" 17.—Francis, Duke of Guiso, born, 1519. Michael Angelo died, 1563. Molière died, 1673. De Saussure born, 1740. Partition of Poland, 1772.
TUESDAY.	" 18.—Canada settled by the French, 1534. Luther died, 1543. Balzac died, 1854. Volta born, 1745. Charles Lamb born, 1733.
WEDNESDAY.	" 19.—Copernicus born, 1473. Sir Roderick Murchison born, 1792.
THURSDAY.	" 20.—Voltaire born, 1694. Garrick born, 1716. Tithes abolished in Upper Canada, 1823. Joseph Hume died, 1855.
FRIDAY.	" 21.—Spinoza died, 1677. Eugène de Beauharnais died, 1824. Rev. Robert Hull died, 1831. Ninety-two Resolutions passed by the Assembly, 1834.
SATURDAY.	" 22.—Washington born, 1731. James Barry died, 1806. Sydney Smith died, 1845.

OUR CHROMO.

Owing to the large number of copies of the Chromo now being printed the delivery to subscribers has been unavoidably delayed. We are printing in three tints more than we originally intended, and are thus necessarily somewhat behind. The work is being proceeded with with the utmost diligence, and our subscribers may expect the delivery at an early date.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS.

The undersigned has the honour to announce that he has been entrusted by the Honourable Commissioner of Patents for the Dominion of Canada, with the publication of the OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE PATENT OFFICE, to be illustrated by diagrams of all the patents susceptible of illustration. This Official Record will be published Monthly, and will be combined with letter-press and illustrations selected from the best English and foreign scientific papers, thus not only placing before the public of the Dominion the products of native genius and industry, but also keeping them posted on the progress of Science and Mechanics in other countries. Inventors will thus know in what direction to apply their ideas. Mechanics will note the advances in labour-saving appliances, and the improvement in tools. Manufacturers will be prevented from employing obsolete methods, while new machinery and modes of operation are in use elsewhere. Builders and contractors will know where to apply for all the latest productions in their line combining economy, beauty, and utility. Chemists and Druggists will be saved useless search for compounds already invented by others, and be told where to get the most recently discovered curative remedies and toilet perquisites. Farmers will see every new agricultural implement illustrated and described. In a word there is not a scientific, industrial, mechanical, or commercial pursuit that will not be benefited by this publication. It is therefore expected that a very large circulation will take place among all classes, and the price is fixed correspondingly low.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE will be published once a month. The official portion will cover from 16 to 32 pages, comprising from 100 to 240 patent claims, specifications and diagrams. As the publication will commence with the patents issued under the new Act, which came into operation September 1st, 1872, the first four issues will contain 240 patents each, and each successive number will contain the patents issued during the preceding month.

The unofficial portion, or MECHANICS MAGAZINE, will give in each number 32 pages of carefully selected articles and items, gleaned from the very best foreign technical papers. Every branch of Engineering, Mechanics, and Manufactures will be treated, especially such as have a practical application in Canada. For instance, Railways, Shipbuilding, Lumbering, Mining, Architecture, Machinery, Cabinet-making, and the manufacture of Cloth, Linen, Cotton, Paper, Tobacco, and other articles of Home Industry. Practical Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Natural Philosophy, will also receive attention. Original articles will be contributed by distinguished Canadian scientists, engineers and manufacturers, and the whole will be profusely illustrated.

The subscription price of the CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE is fixed at ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, invariably in advance. Single numbers will be sold at 15 cents. Appropriate advertisements will be inserted at 10 cents per line for each insertion.

The first issue will be dated 1st March, 1873, and will be distributed about the 25th instant.

ADDRESS: GEORGE E. DESBARATS, PUBLISHER, MONTREAL.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

This great event of the week which has elapsed since the publication of our last issue is the opening of the Imperial Parliament on the 6th instant. The Speech, which was delivered by Royal Commission, opens with congratulations on the peaceful relations of the United Kingdom. Allusion is made to the suppression of the East African slave-trade and the mission of Sir Bartle Frere; the Geneva and San Juan awards; the extradition treaty with Belgium; the satisfactory condition of the country, and the subject of education in Ireland. But on the subject regarding which the most curiosity was expressed, and perhaps a certain degree of anxiety was felt, viz., the progress of Russia in Central Asia, the Speech from the Throne is most provokingly reticent. "It has been felt," it says, "for some years by the Government of Russia and the United Kingdom respectively, that it would be conducive to the tranquillity of Central Asia if the two Governments should arrive at an identity of view regarding the line which describes the northern frontier of the Dominion of Afghanistan. Accordingly correspondence has passed of which this is the main subject. Its tenor, no less than its object, will, I trust, be approved by the public opinion of both nations." "Papers will be laid before you," it goes on, "with relation to awards delivered under the Treaty of Washington, to the commercial negotiations with France, and to the northern frontier of the Dominion of Afghanistan." This much was known before, and on all hands some indication of the Imperial policy on the Central Asian question had been expected. But on this point the Speech has been obtusely silent, and we are left as before to surmise what the upshot of the Khivan expedition may be. Its object, according to Russian authorities, is merely to chastise the Khan and his unruly subjects for numerous depredations and violence inflicted on Russian subjects. In this respect it will, it is said, exactly resemble the Abyssinian Expedition. After having taught the Khivans how to behave, the Imperial troops will, to the last man, leave the country. No attempt at extension of territory is aimed at, and there is no desire on the part of the St. Petersburg Government to break the existing friendly relations with Great Britain. Such are the assurances of Count Schouvaloff. It is, however, well that they should be taken *cum grano*. The policy of Russia in the East is too well understood to allow of any diversion caused by her in that quarter passing unchallenged. Her progress India-wards has always been characterized by the extreme caution and stealthy movement which has been so well depicted in the Kladderadatsch's cartoon on the Asian question—Russian snakes entwining the British Laocoon, with the motto, "Slow but Sure." It is time, if British supremacy is to be maintained in the East, that Laocoon should be up and doing.

The Laurion mines difficulty is one of which we have of late heard a good deal in the daily press, but with the merits of which very few newspaper readers appear to be acquainted. The following are in brief the facts of the case. Not far from Cape Colonna (the ancient "Suntium Promontorium") lie the old silver mines of Laurion, which at the time of Pericles were among the most productive in the world. Later on they were abandoned as exhausted, and at the time of Pausanias were no longer being worked. Until within a very few years the piles of slag and rejected ore left by the Athenian miners have marked the spot where the precious metal was dug from the earth. About ten years ago a rich Marseilles merchant of the name of Roux, conceived the idea of submitting the slag and refuse ore to a second smelting, judging—as the sequel shows, very correctly—that by the imperfect process employed by the ancients, much of the silver was lost. He accordingly associated with himself a practical miner, a Sardinian, named Serpieri, and in the spring of 1863 purchased the grass-grown ore heaps which had lain undisturbed for over two thousand years. A company was formed, roads were built, a railway was constructed through the desolate country lying between Laurion and the coast, machinery was erected, and work commenced in good earnest. The support and protection of the Greek Government were obtained by the payment of a royalty, in consideration of which the latter surrendered to the company all rights and titles; it might possess to the purchased property. All went well for a while, if we except sundry envious demonstrations on the part of the Laurion villagers who had sold to the foreigners what now appeared to be an almost inexhaustible source of wealth. The company met with success that surpassed even the most exaggerated hopes and dreams of its founder. Wealth was pouring into its coffers, when suddenly a cloud appeared on the horizon. For a long time the Greek Government had looked with envious eyes upon the operations at Laurion, but did not dare to interfere with the privileges of a company working under French and Italian protection. In 1870 came the Franco-German War, and the Government, emboldened by the repeated defeats of the French, and the weakened condition of France—imagining too, perhaps, that Italy had enough to do with her home affairs without troubling about the rights of her citizens abroad—introduced a bill declaring

all the mines and mining remains to be Government property, the effect of the bill to be retroactive. Not content with thus violating its engagement, it further served a caveat on the company, forbidding further operations, and demanded the payment, in addition to the royalty already mentioned, of two million francs as part compensation for the treasure taken from the mines during the preceding year. The company declined to accede to such an exorbitant demand, but offered to give up all claim to the mines on the payment of fourteen million francs. The then leader of the ministry, M. Komonduros, was disposed to accept this offer, but the rapacity of the people had been aroused, and the result was the dismissal of the Premier, and the appointment to that office of a man who was untroubled by any conscientious qualms. The new minister, M. Deligeorgis, insisted upon the payment of the two millions, but the company stood firm. Finally the French and Italian Governments interfered to protect the rights of their subjects, but for some time without any further effect than the exchange of numberless diplomatic notes. The action of the Greek Government provoked very severe criticism, and for some time matters wore a very threatening aspect. Thanks however to the intervention of the Great Powers, an arbitration has been agreed upon, and there is every prospect that the dispute will be amicably settled. It would appear from all accounts that the mining company are likely to come off second best in the arbitration. The Government argument is that the company have transcended the powers given them by the text of the contract, which allows them only to extract silver from the refuse ore and slag, and makes no provision for the working of the rubbish from the mines. As it seems that the company have actually been engaged in working this rubbish, the judgment of the arbitration commission is looked for with much eagerness by the parties concerned.

OBITUARY.

COMMODORE MAURY.

Commodore Matthew F. Maury, the distinguished American hydrographer and naval officer, died at Lexington on the 1st inst., in his 68th year. He was born in Spottsylvania, Va., in January, 1806. At the age of nineteen he entered the navy as midshipman on the "Brandywine," then fitting out at Washington to convey Lafayette to France. He subsequently served on the Pacific Station, where he commenced his work on navigation. On his return home he received the appointment of Astronomer to the South Sea Exploring Expedition, and on his retirement was put in charge of the depot of charts and instruments, which served as the nucleus for the United States National Observatory and Hydrograph Office, of which he, later on, became superintendent. In 1854 Mr. Maury visited England, and on his return published "The Physical Geography of the Sea." On the outbreak of the Civil War he embraced the Confederate cause, of which he was a staunch champion. Commodore Maury received, in recognition of his services in the cause of science, gold medals from the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. As an author, he was widely known. His principal works are his letters on the Amazon and the Atlantic Slope of South America, the Relations between Magnetism and the Atmosphere, reports of astronomical observations and investigations, &c.

THE MAGAZINES.

*Littell's Living Age* for last week is full of sound mental pabulum, in the shape of well-chosen selections from the leading English magazines. It opens with a paper from the *Contemporary Review* on "The Three Interests in Old English Literature," followed by an instalment of an amusing story, "His Little Serene Highness," translated from the Platt-Deutsch of Fritz Reuter. Kingsley's now celebrated Essay on Heroism, which appeared recently in the *Cornhill*, is given in this number, which is completed by "Some Curiosities of Criticism," from *Fraser's*, "A Slip in the Fens," from *Miscellan*, "Paganini," from *Good Words*, and "An Ugly Dog," from the *Cornhill*, together with several short poems. *The Living Age* is a publication the importance of which cannot be too highly estimated.

*The Penn Monthly* comes to hand this month later, but by no means less welcome, than usual. The contents do not form a very long list, but in this matter the quantity is entirely subordinate to the quality, the latter being as usual of the very best. Passing over the opening paper, on the Tax System of Pennsylvania—well worth perusal, though of secondary interest to the general reader—we come upon a very excellent article (the first of a series, we are glad to see) on the Childhood and Youth of Luther. The writer takes as his chief authority Jurgens' "Luther von seiner Geburt bis zur Arbläss-streite," and quotes at considerable length from the "Tischreden." This is decidedly one of the most interesting magazine articles we have come across for some time. It is followed by an account of Speech Day at Haileybury—one of the most flourishing, though most recent public schools in England. We are aware that there are several old Haileyburians in this country, and we invite their special attention to the description of the school and its system as viewed by American eyes. A pleasant paper on the Antiquities of Syracuse will be appreciated by all who, under the guidance of Thucydides, have followed the Athenian fleet to Sicily and endured that seemingly never-ending siege. We take great pleasure in recommending the *Penn* to all lovers of sound literature.

AMUSEMENTS.

**THEATRE ROYAL.**—Miss Julia Holman's Benefit yesterday drew a large and highly fashionable audience to witness Balfe's charming Opera "Satanella." The piece was exceedingly well mounted, and everything passed off with *clat*. Miss Julia's reception was most flattering. As the soubrette, she is always charming, and on this occasion eclipsed all former efforts; Miss Sallie Holman as Satanella, rendered the music with great purity, acting the part with her usual grace and abandon; Mr. Peakes as the demon found full scope for his acting and singing, displaying his rich compass to the best advantage. Miss Julia responded to a call before the curtain and was greeted with a shower of bouquets attached to one of which was an emerald ring of great value, containing three fine emeralds surrounded with pearls. The entertainment closed with the sprightly Burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan." On Wednesday evening Mr. Allan Halford took his benefit, with "Guy Mannering" and "Ben Bolt" on the programme. On Friday (Opera night), Mr. Geo. H. Barton, the clever actor, vocalist, and stage manager, was to have taken his benefit, giving, in addition to a favourite Opera, Buxton's Musical Comedy, "Pet of the Petticoats," with Miss Sallie Holman as Paul, Miss Julia as Mima, and Mr. Barton as Mons. Zephyr, the dancing master.

NEW BOOKS.

**EXPIATION.** By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Author of "Sybil Huntington, &c. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

If the author of this book had made it one half its present size it would have been readable. As it is its perusal requires a greater amount of patience than the ordinary novel-reader is prepared to give to a work of this kind. The story itself possesses no particular interest. The plot, where it is not weak, is decidedly forced. The dialogue is in many places intensely wearisome. But as a redeeming feature the author possesses good descriptive powers. Here and there one comes upon a bright bit in the wilderness of reading—an oasis in the desert. Notably the scene at Clyde Armstrong's death-bed is far beyond the writer's average—full of exquisite pathos, painted with a master's touch. The very superior excellence of such passages as this serves to show in higher relief the general inferiority of the book. With regard to the characters in her romance of home life, the author has wisely avoided the too common mistake of multiplying beyond all recognition the personages who take a part in the story. Indeed, if anything, she errs on the other side. Mr. Armstrong, who dies at an early stage of the story, his two boys, Elsie, a maiden of the idealistic type, loved by both the brothers, Dr. Bellinger, two Irish servants, "Sister Agnes," and "old Miss Rossiter," the narrator, complete the list of the "Dramatis Personæ." The old story of the passionate love and jealousy of the younger brother, contrasted with the still, deep affection, and forbearance of the elder is told over again. Clyde, who was Mr. Armstrong's son by a second marriage, is tainted with hereditary insanity, which crops out from time to time and finally brings him to his death. During his last illness he is tended by Sister Agnes, a strange nurse from New York, who finally turns out to be his mother, Mr. Armstrong's second wife. Here comes the strangest—and the most improbable—part of the story. Mrs. Armstrong was supposed to have died, and to have been duly interred. A long account of the funeral appeared in the *Tribune*. But she was not dead. While in a stupor she had been taken for dead. On the morning of the day appointed for the funeral, she awoke, to find herself in a coffin. She made her escape unseen, and finally became a professed nurse at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. The empty coffin was discovered by her husband, who, supposing that the body had been stolen, hushed the matter up, filled the coffin with bricks, and allowed the funeral service to be performed over the tenantless coffin. Then, at the proper moment for effect, Sister Agnes is introduced on the stage and discloses herself. Sensationalism could go no further. What can we say of a story that requires such expedients as this to make it interesting?

**BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES.** By B. L. Farjeon, author of "Blade o' Grass," "Grif," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Paper, pp. 76. Illustrated. Price 35c.

This is a very charming story by one of the most charming authors of the day. We can give no better idea of its merits than by saying that it is in every way worthy of its two sister productions, "Blade o' Grass" and "Grif." It is in part an Australian story, like the latter, told with much pathos, and with a degree of fidelity to nature that is too seldom met with in the fiction of the present day. The mantle of Dickens seems to have fallen upon Mr. Farjeon. We know of no living writer possessing the power of appealing to his readers' feelings and enlisting their sympathies to so great a degree as he. Yet his style is invariably simple, but irresistibly eloquent. The field from which he takes his characters is the one which supplied Dickens with much of his best. He takes his readers to the houses of the poor, the back slums and dens of great cities, the dark spots on the face of the earth. He shows them the struggles with which the so-called lower classes have to contend, the trials of the street-arab and the bitter experiences of the gutter-child—painted with all the delicacy, the natural sweetness, and the depth of feeling which characterized England's most popular author. Mr. Farjeon's last work is by no means his worst, and we predict for it a very large circulation. The title is, we think, a most happily chosen one for a Christmas story. "To this day," says the author, "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses bears for me in its simple utterance a sacred and beautiful meaning. It means contentment; it means cheerfulness; it means the exercise of sweet words and gentle thought; it means Home!"

BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.

**A PASSION IN TATTERS.** Annie Thomas New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

**THE LAST DAY, and other Poems.** Birmingham: Cornish Bros. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

13. **SAINT CHARITY.**—Will any of your Shakesperian readers inform me who is the Saint Charity mentioned in Ophelia's song, commencing

"Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day;"

and also, what is the meaning and derivation of the word "dup" which she uses in the same song—

"Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes  
And dupp'd the chamber-door." T.K.

14. **BEAVER HALL.**—What is the particular reason why the name Beaver Hall has been attached and preserved to the present beautiful hill in this city? J.

15. **THE ODD NUMBER.**—Can any of your classical or antiquarian readers give me the origin of the old saying, *Numero Deus impari gaudet*? Or why it is at all that odd numbers were favourites with the ancient magicians and fortune-tellers? SIGMA.

16. **"AS GREAT AS KING BEE."**—Can any of your readers tell the origin of the expression, "As great as King Bee?" B.

17. **AN OLD HOUSE.**—There is at the crossing at Point St. Charles, and near the city water wheel, an old stone mansion, with porch in front, shaded by a few scraggy tress and a little stream meandering through it. I should like to learn who built that house, who lived in it, and what associations are linked to it. SCIOUVA.

18. **GERMAN STREET.**—In reply to your correspondent who inquires into the origin of the name of "German Street," I may state that I have made researches into the subject, and have been told that some sixty years ago the foot of what is Rue des Allemands was occupied by a number of German families, most of which have now disappeared from the city, but can be traced into the country parts, one or two of them having settled on the banks of the Richelieu. J. L.

**THE BEGINNING OF THE END.**—In the "Hand-Book of Familiar Quotations," published by John Murray, London, 1853, under the initials of I. R. P., the above quotation is attributed to Talleyrand. T. K.

**ADDISON'S MARRIAGE.**—A correspondent of *Long Ago* says: "While searching the registers of St. Edward the King and Martyr in a forlorn hope of finding some clue to Pope's birth, my attention was directed by the rector to an entry among the marriages, which had just caught his eye, of which the following is a copy: 'Joseph Addison, of Bilton, in the county of Warwick, Esq., was married unto Charlott, Countess-Dowager of Warwick and Holland, of the parish of Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, on the 9th day of August, Anno Domini, 1716.' I wonder what brought Addison and the Countess so far east as Lombard Street to be married?"

19. **EXAMINATION PAPERS UPON THE PICKWICK CLUB.**—*Firstly*:—Will any of your correspondents translate into coherent English, adding a note wherever a construction or an allusion requires it, Mr. Alfred Jingle's, "Go on, Gemmy—like black-eyed Susan all in the downs—smart chap that cabman handled his fives well—but if I'd been your friend in the Green Gemmy d—n me punch his head—'God I would pigs whisper pie man too.'" *Secondly*:—Elucidate the expressions the Spanish Traveller and the Narcotic bedstead. *Thirdly*:—Give approximately the height of the Mr. Grummer and accurately the Christian names of him, Mr. Raddle and the Fat Boy; also the surname of the Zephyr. *Fourthly*:—"She's a swelling visibly, when did the same phenomenon occur again? and what fluid caused the pressure on the body in the latter case?" *Fifthly*:—How many lumps of sugar went into the Shepherd's liquor as a rule? Is any exception recorded? T. K.

**THE END OF THE WORLD PROPHESED BY NOSTRADAMUS FOR 1886.**—In the "Centuries" of Nostradamus the following curious passage occurs:

Quand Georges Dieu crucifera;  
Que Marc le ressuscitera,  
Et que Saint Jean le portera;  
La fin du monde arrivera.

That is, the world will come to an end in the year when Good Friday falls on St. George's Day—March 23; Easter on St. Mark's Day—March 25; and Corpus Christi on St. John the Baptist's Day—June 24. All of which will happen in the year 1886.

**DRUIDICAL OBSERVANCES IN CANADA.**—A correspondent of the *New York World*, writing from Montreal, advances the statement that there are traces of druidical observances in Canada, and that the *habitant* preserved and observes with religious fidelity the customs brought to the country by his ancestors more than two centuries and a-half ago. One of the customs upon which the writer founds his theory is the Guillannee or Ignolee, a practice somewhat analogous to the waits, which take place on New Year's Eve, when a number of young men gather, armed with stout sticks, and visit successively all the houses in the village. At the doors they halt and sing their song, which runs: "We ask but little, a little piece of chignee, nothing more. Will you give it? If not, say so and we will take the first born son; we will warm his feet. It is not much we ask, only a piece of chignee twenty or thirty feet long. We will make a fire in the woods, under the shade of the oak, and hear the song of the cuckoo and the dove." The chignee to which allusion is here made is a piece of pork cut from a newly slaughtered hog with a tail depending therefrom. In these allusions to the oak, the fire in the wood, the dove and the cuckoo, and the sacrifice of the eldest born, the writer finds traces of Druidism, and even stronger in the name *La Ignolee*, or Guillannee, which are evidently corruptions of *an quill'an neuf*, to which cry in days of old the mistletoe was gathered. The link is preserved by the customs of the French peasants, who in Vendome (and possibly elsewhere), according to M. C. Leber, parade the streets on New Year's Day, clamouring for their guillannen. The writer concludes by saying it is not a little curious to find, after a lapse of twenty-five centuries, in a land five or six thousand miles from the original seat of the Cymry, a relic of songs and customs perfectly authentic, and as lasting as Stonehenge.

Notes and Comments.

Stories of clever lawyers extemporizing authorities and thereby winning their cases are by no means uncommon. One of the latest of this kind comes from California, where the sharp District Attorney-General, in examining Mr. Stillman, who testified to Mrs. Fair's insanity, asked if the witness had read "Stobel on Insanity." Witness replied that he had, and was politely told that that could hardly be, as no such work existed.

The Chatham Board of School Trustees have taken a step which is worthy of imitation by the School Boards throughout the Dominion. At a recent meeting a resolution was passed ordering that "no pupil shall be admitted to, or continue in any of the public schools who has not been vaccinated, or who is afflicted with, or has been exposed to any contagious disease, until all danger of contagion from such pupil, or from the disease, or exposure, shall have passed away, as certified by the health officer or public vaccinator of the town." The duty of enforcing the resolution is imposed upon the teachers employed by the Board.

Things are beginning to look pretty ominous in relation to the maintenance of peace between Germany and Russia. It appears that the Prussian strongholds on the Russian frontier—Koenigsberg, Posen, Thorn and Kustrin—are to be converted immediately into first-class fortresses like Metz and Strasburg. It is said that a sum of 65,000,000 thalers is about to be allocated for this purpose. In connection with these significant symptoms it may be added that the probability of a war with Russia was a common topic of table-talk with the officers of the occupying garrison at Rheims recently, and that the fact of the immense proportion of Germans in the scientific branches of the Russian service was regarded with cheerfulness. Of course they are not expected to fight against their own countrymen.

While the "Star of Empire" is, in accordance with the late Mr. Greeley's advice, "going West" as fast as possible, the Celestials are gradually working their way in the opposite direction. A solitary specimen of the race has already taken up his quarters in Toronto, where he works in a tea-store, a source of great curiosity to the youth of the neighbourhood. A number of gentlemen in the same city are contemplating the advisability of introducing "Chinese cheap labour" in the place of the exorbitantly paid and ill-performed work at present obtainable from the majority of the servant girl class. The idea is a good one, and we trust to see it carried out in the spring. John Chinaman makes a good domestic if properly managed, and his appearance in the labour market would be a boon to many an over-worried house-keeper. From late despatches we learn that some of the Welsh colliery owners are about to replace the striking colliers by Chinese. It is to be hoped that the scenes which have disgraced California will not be repeated in South Wales.

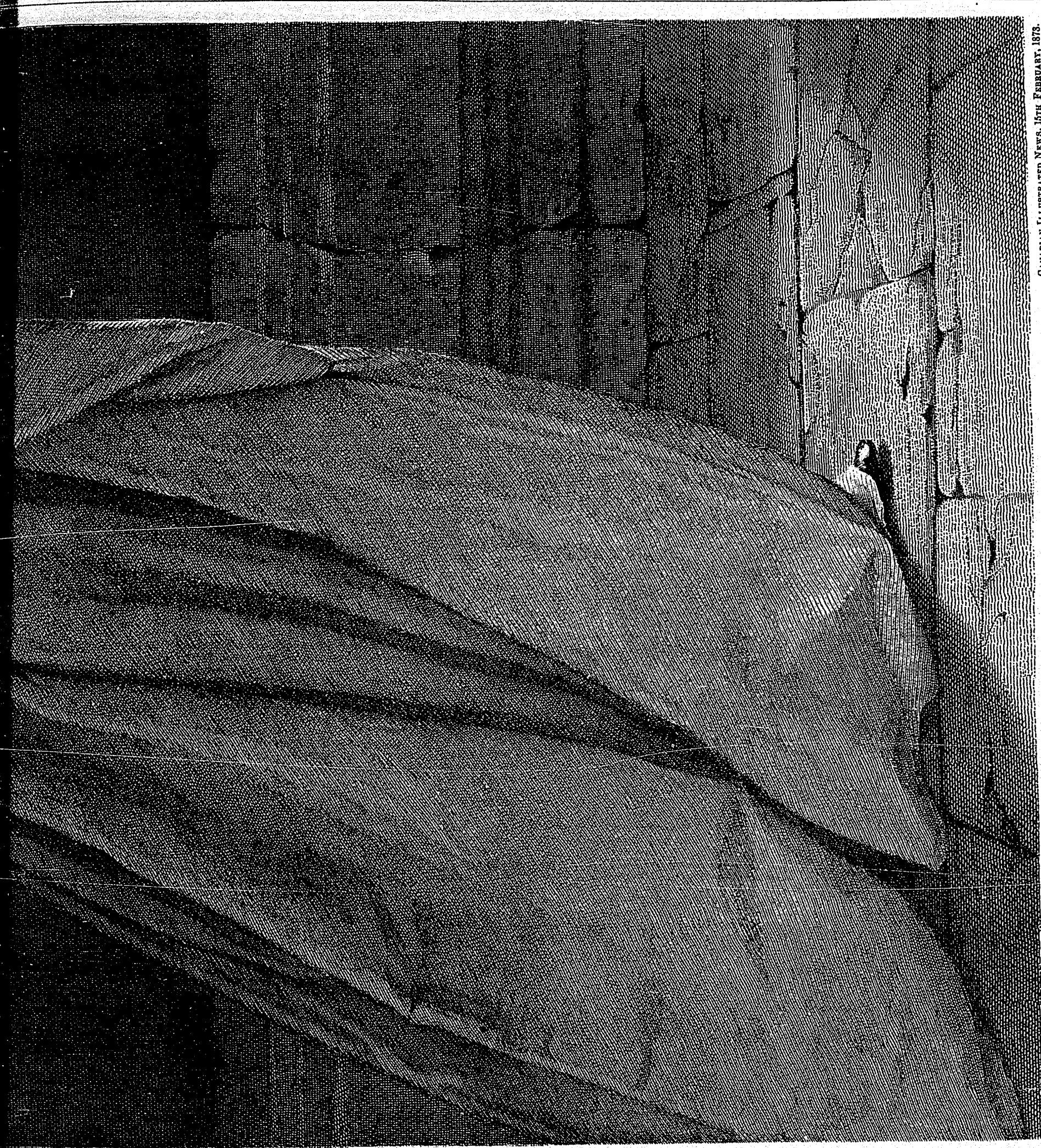
A misanthrope of more than the usual crabbed cast died recently in London, leaving a fortune of £100,000 sterling. Thomas Holme was the name of this new Apemautus, and his calling was that of a rag-picker. It was one of his pleasantries that he called children "devil's cubs," and fat old women he especially hated. When a packet came into the harbor he would wish that it might sink with all on board; and he even was generous enough in his misanthropy to announce that it would give him ineffable satisfaction to see Ramsgate and everything human it contained engulfed by some great convulsion of nature. His London landlady gave confirmatory testimony. He used to throw good meat to his dog "Bluff" rather than give it to old and suffering women. Islington he wanted served as badly as Ramsgate, and considered himself ill-used because there were not more railroad smash-ups and railroad disasters for his benefit. The last hostess considered herself so scandalized that she doubled his rent, but the good old gentleman wouldn't budge, and kept on there until he died. His last act appears at first sight rather at variance with the cheerful cynicism which characterized his life. On opening his will it was found that he had left \$50,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and various sums to other charities. His relatives, unable to reconcile this benevolence with the misanthropy which their amiable kinsman had hitherto practised, have contested the will on the ground of insanity. Doubtless, however, there was a good deal of method in the alleged madness of the deceased, and he derived no little amusement at the thought of his dear relations' disappointment.

City by-laws not unfrequently seem to be made—like promises and the proverbial pie-crust—only to be broken. Of all the municipal statutes, none is an object of greater contempt and more continual infraction than that respecting the cleaning of sidewalks and the sprinkling of ashes on slippery spots. In this matter the lovers of their fellow men are indeed few and far between, and many a sufferer from glare ice and ill-kept sidewalks breathes a prayer for the increase of the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem. A clever parody on Leigh Hunt's poem has recently appeared which will be duly appreciated. The illustrious Moslem's successor—whose name is Adam McAdam—awakes one night at the approach of a ghostly visitor, whose business is to write the names of "those who love their fellow-men." Adam's name not being found on the list, he meekly explains that he is only a poor day labourer, who seldom answers to the public call for money. "But," he goes on to say,

"This I do—now lend attentive ear:  
Each wintry morning, when the dawn grows clear,  
I take my bucket to the ash-hole dim,  
And there I fill it to the very brim,  
Then on the sidewalk take my slippery stand,  
And scatter ashes with a liberal hand.  
So at my gate no broken heads I see;  
No cripple shakes his gory leg at me;  
In kind regard I'm held by rich and poor—  
Save by the surgeon who resides next door."  
Thus Adam told his tale, and thus the while  
The great scribe listened with a brightening smile,  
Then vanished. The next night he came again:  
"See here," he cried, "the list of great-souled men  
Who answer promptest to sweet Mercy's call!"  
Lo! A. McAdam's name o'ertopped them all!







CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 15TH FEBRUARY, 1873.

PAINTED BY F. HICKS.

# "IL PENSEROSO."

There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness through mine ear  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.     MILTON.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## "THE ORDER OF RELEASE."

(Painted by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R. A.)

Thanks for thy picture, Millais, thanks!  
It stirs each feeling heart,  
And with earth's sweetest idylls ranks,  
A master-piece of art.

A youthful Highlander, who fought  
On red Culloden's field,  
And deeds of noble daring wrought,  
Was forced at length to yield:

And now, within a lonesome cell  
The wounded captive lies,  
Doomed, he forebodes, for long to dwell  
Afar from dearest ties.

Hark! 'tis the Warder's measured stride:  
He halts—and turns a key—  
The ponderous oak door backward glides—  
What shall the captive see?

He lifts his head—prepared for death,  
Half-weary of his life—  
The sight that greets him chokes his breath,  
It is—his brave young wife!

One moment—and two hearts have met  
That scarce had hoped to meet:  
The Clansman's eyes with tears are wet,  
Unutterably sweet.

Barefooted, with an infant child  
New slumbering on her breast,  
O'er hill and dale, through wood and wild,  
That wife hath onward pressed.

Bright blossoms, gathered by the way  
To charm her bairn's eye,  
Down from his slackened fingers stray,  
And on the pavement lie.

Their dog has travelled by her side,  
With grave, unwounded pace,  
And oft inquisitively eyed  
The woman's earnest face.

But now her tollsome tramp is o'er—  
Her sorrows all are past—  
She clasps her Allan safe once more,  
And triumph comes at last:

For, the same arm that closely folds  
The wounded form in peace,  
Forth to the Soldier-tailor holds  
The "Order of Release."

Poor Allan on her bosom weeps,  
Weil' nigh too weak to stand:  
The faithful colley upward leaps,  
And licks his master's hand.

And soon those Four shall quit the cell,  
Together, free to roam  
O'er field and fell, again to dwell  
Within their Highland home.

Thanks for thy picture, Millais, thanks!  
It stirs each feeling heart,  
And with earth's sweetest idylls ranks,  
A miracle of art!

Montreal, 1873.

GEO. MURRAY.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## GOSSIPS ON POPULAR SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

## No. III.—METEORS AND AEROLITES.

I have seen the vaulty top of Heaven  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

KING JOHN, Act 5, Sc. 2.

The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes.

HENRY IV., Act 3, Sc. 3.

Are there no stones in Heaven but what serve for the thunder?

OTHELLO, Act 5, Sc. 2.

The precise cause of igneous meteors is not resolved. M. DeLuc ascribes them to certain phosphoric exhalations, which ascend from the earth, and take fire or become phosphorescent in the air. The opinion of Aristotle about the cause of meteors seems to agree in some measure with that of M. DeLuc. Kepler believed them to be engendered by "terrestrial exhalations."

Plutarch in his life of Lysander says:—"Some philosophers think that shooting stars do not arise from detached parts of ether coming to extinguish themselves in the air, immediately after taking fire; nor do they spring from the atmosphere in a state of dissolution, in great quantity, in the upper regions; they are rather heavenly bodies that fall to the earth, or, in other words, bodies withdrawn in some manner from the force of rotation, and precipitated, not only upon the inhabited regions, but upon the great seas, whence it comes that they are not afterwards found."

These igneous or "burning meteors"—fiery shapes—have been noticed by most of the ancient writers on natural philosophy with which we are acquainted, as may be found by the works of Aristotle, Pliny, Virgil, Lucretius, Seneca and others. But the peculiarities in the different kinds of them do not appear to have been noticed.

Diogenes of Apollonius mentions a star of stone that fell "all on fire near Ægos Potamos." In Galatia, Cybele was worshipped in the form of a stone that had fallen from the sky. At Emesis, in Syria, a similar stone was set apart for the worship of the sun.

These meteoric stones or aerolites of which accurate analyses have been made and published seem to be made up of ingredients composed in proportions different from those of any known terrestrial compound, their composition as found by chemical analysis has confirmed the opinion that they have all one common origin. They are probably formed in our atmosphere; at least that is the opinion of some meteorologists after the result of an examination of all the evidence.

The history of meteorolites has been revived and minutely treated by Chladni. From this history we gather some notes of those that fell before the Christian Era. There can be no doubt, despite all modern scepticism, that the ancients were

well acquainted with the fall of such bodies, as historical facts: and Anaxagoras is said to have predicted it, in one instance. The masses so seen to fall from Heaven were held sacred, and received Divine honours, as in the case of the Ephesian Diana which has been supposed by some to have been merely a conical or pyramidal stone which fell from the clouds—a meteorolite—see Barnes's Notes to the Acts of the Apostles, Chap. xix.

A thunder stone fell in Crete and was held in veneration as the symbol of Cybele. The sacred shield that fell in the reign of Numa. The black stone kept in the Kaaba at Mecca. The thunder-bolt hard and glittering, from which the sword of Antar was fashioned.

These terrific thunder-bolts of Jupiter seem in general to have come down to the earth accompanied by such loud explosions, blazes, and other circumstances as in a less degree attend the larger sort of fiery meteors.

At four o'clock, in the afternoon of the 13th of September, 1868, there was seen at the village of Luce, two leagues from Chartres, in France, a dark cloud, from which detonations were heard, and these were followed by the whistling or hissing sound that accompanied the fall of a black stone, which nearly buried itself in the soil, weighed seven pounds and a-half, and was so burning hot that no one could touch it. The stone that fell at Angers, June 9, 1822, was attributed to a beautiful shooting-star seen at Poitiers. Humboldt relates that this meteor had the effect of a Roman candle in a display of fire-works, and left a train in a straight line of such glowing brilliancy that the light lasted for several minutes.

Thus we see that there are other "stones in Heaven but what serve for thunder."

In October, 1854, Sir J. Herschel quotes a description of an extraordinary and remarkable meteor that was seen at Hurworth in October, 1854:—"A globe of fire, at least double the size of the moon, it was as red as blood and shot out sparkling rays, which were marked out in sharp outlines, and drew after it a long trail of light of the most beautiful limpid golden colour."

M. J. Schmidt, Director of the Athens Observatory, records a shooting-star which surpassed Sirius in splendour; it shed a "light so extraordinary that all the stars were eclipsed, while the city of Athens, the country and the sea looked as though on fire. The Acropolis and the Parthenon stood out, a dead greenish-gray in hue, against a back-ground of golden-green sky."

The most imposing display of shooting stars on record occurred on the 13th of November, 1833—see Chambers's Book of Days. It extended chiefly over the limits comprised between longitude 61° in the Atlantic, and 100° in Central Mexico, and from the latitude of the great lakes of North America to the West Indies. From the appearance presented it might be regarded as a grand and portentous display of Nature's Fire-works.

"The vaulty top of Heaven figured quite o'er with burning meteors, and the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes."

In many parts of the country the people were terror-struck, imagining the end of the world was come: whilst those whose education and vigour of mind prevented them from yielding to such fears, were, nevertheless, vividly reminded of the grand description in the Apocalypse,

"The stars of Heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind."

Philosophers have attempted to put these shooting-stars out of our own system into space and make of them considerable bodies: left out of the planets, it should seem, at their formation, and waiting to be picked up by our Earth in its travels: or even performing a cometary revolution about it, and crossing its path in the heavens in the month of November in greater number than at any other time of the year. We need not go so far to account for them, and even for larger meteors—these "shooting stars" are for the most part electrical scintillations, drawn forth by the differing state of different regions of the atmosphere: they may be seen to descend on a group of thunder-clouds in the horizon, while the tempest is in full activity below—and they have been found also to accompany the Aurora Borealis. Their relation to the differing states of the atmosphere above and below them is manifest: they appear before wind and proceed towards the quarter it is about to blow from. They are generally seen in the intervals of showery weather, and are most prevalent before the occurrence of high wind: of which they have been considered by Aratus, Virgil and other writers, as a certain prognostic.

"Sepe etiam stellas vento impendente vidibus  
Precipites celo labi."

GEORGIC lib. 1—265.

Whence probably our Milton—

"Swift as a shooting-star  
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired  
Impress the air, and show the mariner  
From what point of the compass to beware  
Impetuous winds."

PARADISE LOST, 4—576.

Cavallo attributed these fiery meteors to electricity; but it is not easily reconciled with the variety in the colour of the light of meteors, their scintillations, and the prismatic colours sometimes observed in the tails of the larger sort.

Some have considered shooting-stars as bodies projected from the moon, and ignited in their course. Meteorolites too have been considered as similarly projected from the moon, and have thence received the names of Lunar Stones. And this opinion has gained support by their analysis which does not correspond with that of any known terrestrial compound. Biot, in his Astronomie Physique, and La Place, in his Systeme du Monde, seem rather of this opinion.

One of the most probable theories as to the nature of shooting-stars is, that they form part of the solar system, revolving round the sun in the same manner as the planetoids, but both infinitely smaller in size, and subject to great and irregular perturbations. The latter cause brings them not unfrequently within the limits of the Earth's atmosphere, on entering which they become luminous from the great heat and violent compression their transit occasions. Having thus approached the Earth with great velocity, they are as rapidly again withdrawn into the realms of space.

The information in this gossip about meteors is so much condensed, and perhaps not very clearly arranged, nevertheless it may be of use in directing the minds of some of our readers to a philosophy of a higher order than that of Touchstone's shepherd, who knew "that the property of rain is to wet, and of fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is the lack of the Sun."

## BOOKSHELVES.

Lord Bacon speaks of a man who marries and has children as one who has given hostages to fortune. The image is much more applicable to the man who frequents bookshops and collects in time a large and costly library. The largest family and the most incompetent wife are manageable, portable, and quite inconsiderable matters compared to a large and precious collection of books. Children and wives can mostly walk about more or less, in and out of a house, and into a carriage or train. And if they get wet and damp they can dry themselves, and they will not let the most jolting conveyance damage their backs—in all which particulars they differ from books. It is strange that Lord Bacon should not have given weight to these considerations. Perhaps the fact that his books were a comfort to him and his wife was very much the reverse accounts for his overlooking them. And men were more stationary in those days, and did not so often have to contemplate the removal of a houseful of books. In these locomotive times the feat has to be accomplished not unfrequently; and a trial it is to a man's nerve, endurance, and stock of resignation.

It is, on these occasions of removal, bad enough under any circumstances that the whole value of bookshelves is revealed to us. Their silent, unobtrusive service, which we take for the most part without thought, is apt to make us ungratefully forget that without them we might have books but we could not have a library. The breaking up of a library is the taking to pieces of an organised thing. It is dissection, almost vivisection. The library as library for the time being ceases to exist, and in place of it we have nothing but heaps, bundles, or boxes full of books. The ordered and disciplined array of a well-bound literary army has been exchanged for confusion, disorder, and almost mutiny. The picked corps in russia and morocco, the inferior forces in calf, have all been broken up; their compact and serried ranks, regular and imposing as the spears of a Macedonian phalanx, are dissolved into a demoralised and crestfallen mob of scattered volumes, a rout, a *sauve qui peut*, of the biblical host. The owner of the host sits amid ruins, more pensive than Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, for he has two reflections which the great consul had not: he is most likely the cause of the ruin himself, having brought it about by change of residence; secondly, he knows that he will have to re-edify the building which has been destroyed, to evolve a new cosmos out of the chaos before him, and he must be very buoyant or very inexperienced if he is not depressed. But before we come to the reconstruction of a library, its packing and transport deserves a few words. We never get a fair idea of the physical bulk of books till we take them from their shelves and begin to pack them up: we then also realise their enormous weight. How are they to be transferred when their number and the distance they have to go are both considerable? Carpenters can no doubt make packing-cases; but this is not only somewhat costly, but the article supplied is generally needlessly bulky and heavy, and the cases after the removal are at once useless and an intolerable lumber. The trade, which very likely knows the best thing to be done, uses discharged tea-chests, and perhaps there is nothing better attainable. The tea-chest has much to recommend it as a means for carrying books. It is made of very thin but very tough wood, such as no native carpenter could turn out. On the other hand, it is apt to present vicious nails which lacerate backs and bindings, and inflict ghastly wounds on margins and leaves, and it generally lacks a cover, which has to be supplied of brittle and flimsy deal. Still the demand for old tea-chests proves that up to the present time they have no rival in the transport of books, and sometimes it is difficult to procure them. Generally they can be had for a shilling each.

But painful as may be the dismantling of a library it is nothing to its reconstruction. When books in large numbers have arrived at their new home, we realise the task before us of putting them up. We may have brought book-cases from the old house, but ten to one they will not fit the new rooms. And if by a miracle they do, in what "admirable disorder" are our treasures presented to us! Folios and pocket editions side by side, quartos and octavos in adulterous and forbidden conjunction. However, they must be got out and up somehow, or the house is not habitable, and then you are made aware of the tyranny of possession which books can display. That Plautus, which you put on shelf B merely because he was an octavo, and you happened to have come upon a run of octavos, and you must find a lodging for him somewhere, has no right to be there where he is. He is cheek by jowl with Kant and Hegel, and you vow he must find another place among the Latin classics of the dramatists, if you classify by subjects. Yet unless you are one of those overpoweringly energetic people who never put off anything, the chances are he will maintain his position against you for a long while. You can easily pull him out, doubtless, but where is he to go? Your classical shelf is chokeful; and as for the dramatic shelf, Dyce's Shakespeare and recent curiosity about the Spanish drama have made it hopeless to seek a refuge there. Another trial awaits the bibliophile who has yielded to the too tempting attractions of small Pickering's, Didots, or even of the Bibliothèque Elzevirienne. These gems of typography are the vermin of libraries. The tiny, imponderable tomes easily escape the discipline which their heavier colleagues submit to. On any ordinary shelf they are lost. And then where is one to put them? The natural impulse is to send them up to the upper shelves—to the attics of the book mansion. We cannot have them on the convenient level where books in daily use are lodged. And yet, up aloft there, they are out of sight, and their minute beauties are wasted and disfigured by dust and cobwebs. Perhaps the best plan is to have them, like any other curiosities, in a cabinet or on the table, if the latter can be kept free from new publications.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The King of Saxony is said to be engaged on a polyglot collection of poetry from the masterpieces of all nations, to be issued in the most sumptuous style. It will not be sold by the trade, but given as a present to the royal relatives and friends of the king on his impending abdication.

Mr. Holman Hunt's new picture, which has occupied him three years, is now finished. It comprises life-size figures of Christ and the Virgin in the workshop of Joseph at Bethlehem, the time being that of the cessation of labour just before the setting of the sun. It is styled "The Shadow of Death," and represents a provision of the Crucifixion.

### Courier des Dames.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

#### HOUSE-HUNTING.

Did you ever go house-hunting? Of course you have. Where is the lady who has not started off with the evening paper or a list of houses to let in her pocket, only to return after a morning's walk, tired, footsore and weary, and not a bit nearer to what she wants. The first house is too small; the next is too large; this one seems to be very desirable, but close beside it is a stoneyard, the perpetual chip, chipping of which makes one nervous; that one is a great deal out of repair, or it would do, and as a house out of repair involves either a conflict with the landlord or a greater expense to yourself, it won't do; in one you have to pass through one bedroom to reach another, whilst in still another the basement is so low and dark that a light is required half the day, making the place look like a miniature temple.

I have been house-hunting and very wretched work I found it—very much harder than the hard work of which these men complain when they come home to tea, and nothing like so well paid. From Monday morning till Saturday night I kept on the chase, when I rested, weary and disgusted, only to start again the next Monday. North and South, East and West, up the main streets, down the side streets, up this avenue and through that square, past this place and that row, have I searched, and yet success seems as far off as ever. Somebody says, "you must be difficult to suit." I am of a humble turn of mind and know what is called a woman's place better than to contradict, but really I don't think that I am. We only want a nice snug house at a reasonable rent, but that seems to be just what we can't get. The snug houses are unreasonable, and the reasonable houses are certainly not snug. A snug house, you say, "that is an easy phrase, but what is your idea of a snug house?" Well, my idea of a snug house is a light, cheerful house, in a respectable locality—that is what all the advertisements of the house-agents say—with about six nice rooms besides kitchen, and not so far from the city that after going to the office, the store, or the market and walking back, one is tired out for the rest of the day. I know that there are cars, which are a great convenience it is true. But then the cars don't run everywhere—although why they should not I don't know—and besides one does not always want to ride, and then if every member of the family rides regularly, the cost at the end of the year makes a hole in the purse, and materially affects the family budget. One street is too grand, another too small, one is too busy, another too dull, and altogether the whole affair is very nearly heart-breaking. I would say it is heart-breaking, only perhaps some gentleman may read this ladies' column and sneer, and say—

fudge!

There were several curious things struck me when house-hunting. Did you ever notice the different ways different people have of showing the houses? One lady shows you all the good qualities of the house, assures you that it is the most comfortable dwelling, never leaks, is the easiest house she was ever in nor keeping warm—in fact praising it up to such an extent that you begin to wonder why she wants to get rid of such a desirable abode. Vague suspicions pass through your mind that she must get a premium from the landlord for letting it off; but perhaps it is only a trap to catch you into suffering the same inconveniences that she has found, and the old Adam—or the old Eve which is it?—peeps out. Another lady tells you of all its bad qualities; that the house is full of draughts, that there never was such a place for rats, that as for the mice no cheese is safe from their depredations, that all the water taps leak, excepting when the cistern is so bad that you have to turn off the water; that to keep it warm costs all your money and bothers out your life, and that altogether it is the most miserable house to which her wretched fate ever sent her. Some receive you pleasantly and show you everything politely enough. Others show you everything as well, but they show also they think it very hard indeed that you should come peering into their homes, criticising their furniture, wondering "where the creature got her taste," and generally making yourself a nuisance, as you certainly are doing. But then somebody said that man is a gregarious animal, and surely woman is one also, and if so it is the least that people having houses to let can do to show you all about them, and do it also as civilly and pleasantly as they know how. And then the trouble is great to you as well as to them. They have only to go up and down the stairs in one house whilst you have been going up and down stairs in perhaps a dozen; in fact, you might just as well have been on the treadmill. Ah, well! we all have our sorrows, and must do penance more or less in this world, and I suppose it is for that benign purpose that we have to go house hunting.

Then did you ever notice the servant girls? I beg their pardon—the young ladies who do us the honour to assist us in our domestic concerns; who are content, or moderately so, to live as we live, to take our money, do as little work as possible, and generally show us that we are under the obligation and not they. In one house we visited we were received by a girl who had elegant clothes on her back and her hair dressed in the latest fashion, with a fringe on her forehead, but who soon showed the smartness was all outside instead of inside her head—where it ought to have been. She was woefully stupid. She did not know how many rooms there were in the house. Perhaps she was not a type of her class; let us hope so. But we must not trench upon this subject; a committee of ladies have it on hand, and if they cannot settle it, the question must be abandoned as one of the things that will never be known "on this side of the sun."

Then the landlords. One treats his tenants as if they were human beings and were not made only to serve for an orange and be squeezed. Another takes just the opposite course, and presses and squeezes till there is nothing left of you to squeeze. And by the way how is it that the landlords have all been affected with the fever for raising rents this year? My friends used to say that the rents were higher here than in most cities in Canada. But what must they be now?

Then why should all this tedious and wearisome work be thrust upon the ladies. Surely the men ought to take some share larger than they do now in the hunt for a house; and I would suggest to my lady readers whether, as this is the age of associations, some society should not be formed having for its object the reduction of men to their proper sphere of house-hunters.

But in all seriousness, I feel sure that all my readers who have been house-hunting will agree with me that there is a great scarcity of pleasant, moderate-sized houses at reasonable rents. Large mansions can be had in plenty, but houses suitable for a family with moderate means are really very scarce; and it seems to me that if some enterprising person—and I hear my gentlemen friends talking every day about the enterprise of this city—would only build a few blocks of such houses as are needed, it would be an excellent speculation.

BLANCHE B.—

#### THE FASHION PLATE.

##### DRESS SASHES.

No. 1. Consists of two black *noiré* ribbons about 7 in. in width—the one 30 in., and the other 36 in. long. These are looped together as shown in the illustration, rounded off at the lower end, pleated at top and fastened to the girdle, the fastening being covered with a bow of 2 in. ribbon. Trimming of black gulpure, 3 in. deep, and fringe to match.

No. 2. This sash is also made of black gros-grain, 2 in. deep, arranged in loops with long ends. The latter are embroidered in various colours and edged with 5 in. fringe.

##### COIFFURES.

No. 1. This coiffure consists of a pleated puff of brown velvet, to which are attached two peach-coloured ostrich feathers—one long and one short—and a tuft of heron plumes of a like shade.

No. 2. This consists of a wreath of moss-rose buds, with a bunch of flowers and leaves at one side and a spray falling behind.

No. 3. A spray of white convolvulus, or morning-glory. The flowers are made of silk, and the leaves should be green and brown, veined with red.

No. 4. Similar to the last, but with two sprays falling behind. The materials are purple velvet pom-poms and light green leaves.

No. 5. The head piece is made up of narcissus blossoms and buds, with a spray of heather falling behind.

##### HOUSE CAPE.

No. 6. House Cape of pink *cripe-de-chine*, with a double row of swan's down trimming.

##### EARLY SPRING BONNETS.

No. 7. Black velvet bonnet trimmed with bows and ends of black velvet ribbon and a long spray of light-blue convolvulus. Three cornered veil of figured black net with a lace edging.

No. 8. Plum-coloured silk rep bonnet with rep trimmings to match. In front an algrette of green feathers. Figured net veil edged with lace.

No. 9. Pale silk bonnet, trimmed with rep ribbons of a darker shade and a spray of roses. Veil trimmed with knotted fringe.

No. 10. Light blue faille is the material used for this bonnet, the double edges of which should be pleated as shown in the illustration.

No. 11. Coiffure for the theatre, of black *cripe-lisse*, with long ends terminating with tassels.

No. 12. Violet velvet is the material for this bonnet. The front edge should be turned up. The trimmings consist of violet rep ribbons, lace puff, ostrich feather and variegated plumage.

Dr. Colby's Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills are not a Quack Medicine.

A petition is being got up by the ladies of Glasgow, asking Mr. Gladstone to revive the old law of the reign of Queen Margaret, of Scotland. In those days Parliament passed an act that any maiden lady, of high or low degree, should have the liberty to choose for a husband the man on whom she had set her fancy. If any man refused to marry her he was heavily fined, according to the value of his worldly possessions. The only ground of exemption was previous betrothal.

We read in the *School Board Chronicle*: "It is generally known in educational circles that the teaching personnel of the mixed schools in the United States consists of both sexes. In many cases, indeed, the number of lady assistants has outnumbered that of the masters. I now gather from one of our Dutch contemporaries that the American example has for the first time been followed in Holland, where mixed education has been for years the rule instead of the exception. In one of the Dutch boroughs two ladies, daughters of common councilmen, have volunteered their services as school assistants, and the praiseworthy example of these ladies is likely to be soon followed by other spirited and respectable women in the country."

Sarah Butillon, a factory girl of New Hampshire, has had a fairy history. In a newspaper she accidentally saw the name of a Mr. Butillon, of Natchitoches, who had taken part in some public demonstration. The name being quite uncommon, Sarah wrote a modest letter of inquiry, giving her own genealogy, and suggesting that there might be some relationship. In a fortnight came an answer, cheerfully written, in which a distant relationship was demonstrated. The Southerner added that he was old, without family, and had few friends, and earnestly hoped for a continuation of the correspondence. Agreed to, and kept up for three years; but her last letter remained unanswered for three months, when came a message from Mr. Butillon's lawyer, informing her that the dear old man had left her his whole property, amounting to over \$100,000. Sarah, by-the-way, just before receiving the news, had married a young man of her own rank, and now they have gone down to Natchitoches to look after their assets.

The servant girls of Springfield, Ill., have lately entered into a combination, which has been successful to the extent of seriously embarrassing their employers. They have demanded such a long list of privileges, in addition to increased wages, that the mistresses have been obliged, in self-defence, to refuse compliance. According to the correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Journal*, "the walls and fences are placarded with 'Girl Wanted.'" The papers contain numerous advertisements of the same character, and the ladies of many households are doing kitchen work in preference to submitting to the insolence of aggressive servant-girlism. A servant left a good paying place the other day because she was not permitted to use butter for dressing instead of lard. In a comparatively small city, the opportunities for communication are so extensive that the maids of all work find no difficulty in meeting for the discussion of what they are pleased to call their grievances; and the bond of sympathy between them is so strong that to insult one is tantamount to a declaration of war against the whole number. This, at least, has been the experience at Springfield, and we hope the housekeepers like it.

A Chinese emperor cannot select an empress from the imperial family. He must take a wife from the people, and she must belong to one of the "eight banners." When a bride was to be selected for the present emperor orders were issued to the chiefs who had daughters of the destined age to send them to the palace. Strange to say, families do not desire their daughters to become the wife of an emperor. She is not only lost, as it were, to her friends, but by her marriage her parents and family are brought into a prominent position, which is often dangerous in a country like China. However, on the appointed day six or seven hundred girls appeared. They were minutely inspected, and about sixty selected as the result of the examination. A second and a third inspection reduced the number to twenty; and finally, by a series of examinations, the empress was chosen. The young emperor seems to have felt some interest in this competitive examination, for while it was going on he had a dream. It was that he had fallen in love with a young lady, and that she was hump-backed. As lame and deformed were ordered to the palace—many being reported so by their parents to prevent their being summoned—a hump-backed girl was really among the number, and the emperor took the dream as an omen that this was the one who ought to be his wife. She was one of the first fifty or sixty selected, and medical men were consulted as to the possibility of curing the deformity. After some vain efforts, it is said that a fairier, a very strong man, tried by force alone to push in the hump, and it ended in the death of the poor girl.

The blood is composed of minute particles or discs resembling the scales of a fish. Nervous force is the agent by which these discs are conveyed to the exercised muscles.

In the several members of the body, the muscles are mostly voluntary, those of the heart, lungs, stomach, &c., are involuntary.

In order to restore a diseased or enfeebled organ, it is necessary to promote the strength of muscles through the nervous system.

We have no nervous tonic at once so reliable and convenient as Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and we, therefore, gladly recommend it in the disease of such organs as depend for health upon involuntary muscular action.

Jacob's' Rheumatic Liquid Cures Tooth Ache.

### News of the Week.

**THE DOMINION.**—The Nova Scotia Legislature is summoned to meet for the despatch of business on the 27th inst.—A number of new Post Offices are being established in British Columbia.—The Pacific R.R. charter was signed on Saturday last.—It is rumoured that considerable reductions will be made in the militia expenditure, without, however, reducing the staff.—A commission has been appointed to inquire into the cause of the recent fire at the Quebec Court House.

**UNITED STATES.**—The motion for a new trial of Tweed has been refused. This ends the prosecution for the present.—A slight shock of earthquake has been felt at San Francisco.—The Misses Greeley have withdrawn from the contest over their father's will.—Evans, the murderer of Georgiana Loring, has been sentenced to be hung on the third Thursday in February, 1871.—The Directors of the Anglo-American and French Atlantic Cable Companies have resolved to reduce the tariff on messages between Great Britain, France and New York, from one dollar to seventy-five cents per word, on 1st May.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**—Parliament was opened on the 6th inst. Her Majesty was not present, the speech being read by a commission.—Sir Alexander Cockburn has refused a peerage and has received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.—Some of the Welsh colliery proprietors are about to import Chinamen to work in the place of strikers.—The library and clock-tower at Woolwich Academy have been destroyed by fire.—The weather in England has been unprecedentedly cold. One hundred persons were frozen to death in three days. There have also been heavy snow-storms and violent gales. Many cases of shipwreck are reported.

**FRANCE.**—The Committee of Thirty has agreed to modify the constitutional project by extending the veto power of the Executive, so as to allow the President to suspend the operation of a law by his veto for two months after its passage by the Assembly, and also of giving the President the right to participate personally in debates in the Chamber on interpellations and all questions of general policy.—The amendment proposed by M. Haussouville, providing that the council of members shall decide whether the presence of M. Thiers is required in the Assembly during discussions on interpellations, has been adopted. It is believed that this will lead to a rupture between the President and the Assembly.

**GERMANY.**—The fortifications at Cologne, Königsberg, Wilhelmshafen, Kiel, and Posen, are to be strengthened.—The R. C. Bishops have protested against the passage of the Ecclesiastical Bill.—A bill has been introduced in the Federal Council imposing taxes on the transactions of the Stock Exchange.—The new bill for the reorganization of the German army provides for a service of twelve years to be divided into three classes, viz: three years' service with the colour regiments, four years in the reserve force and five years in the *Landwehr*. By the provisions of the bill the army on a peace footing will number 401,689.

**AUSTRIA.**—The Vienna Exhibition building has been completed. Among the Royal visitors the Sultan is expected to be present at the opening.—The cholera is raging in Hungary.—A resolution has been introduced in the Diet at Pesth, urgently demanding the expulsion of the Jesuits from Hungary.—The Empress Caroline Augusta, widow of Emperor Francis I., and grandmother of the reigning Emperor, died on Saturday, aged 81.

**SPAIN.**—The infant Prince has been christened Louis Amadeus Fernando.—The captain of the "Murillo" and the officer who was on watch at the time the disaster to the "Northfleet" happened, are held as prisoners on a Spanish man-of-war pending investigation. The crew are under guard and are not allowed to go ashore.—The Spanish authorities who have made an examination of the "Murillo" declare that she shows no signs of having been in collision, and it is their belief that she is guiltless of running down and sinking the "Northfleet."—Several Carlist bands have been routed.—A strike of the postmen has taken place.—A Republican deputy has proposed an amendment to the Porto Rico abolition bill, extending its provisions to Cuba, and providing that slaves themselves and not their masters shall receive indemnity.—The bill making military service compulsory on all has been adopted.

**PORTUGAL.**—The engineers and stokers on the Portuguese railways struck recently, but were compelled by government interference to return to work.

**RUSSIA.**—Cholera has made its appearance in the south-western districts.—The Berlin *Post* says that in Diplomatic circles at St. Petersburg the assurances given the British Government by Count Schouvaloff are not sustained. The feeling is that the conditions to be imposed on Khiva will depend on the measure of her resistance and Russia's sacrifices.

**GREECE.**—A terrible earthquake has occurred in the Island of Samos, causing great destruction of property and loss of life.

**INDIA.**—An earthquake has occurred at the city of Lahore, attended by heavy destruction to human life.

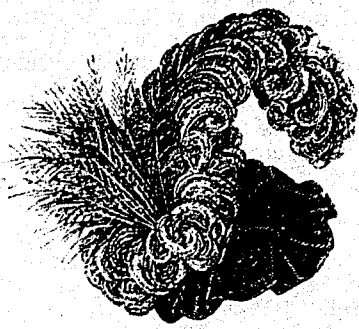
**CENTRAL AMERICA.**—There has been a terrible hurricane at Aspinwall, by which considerable damage has been done to shipping.



THE DOMINION VALENTINE FOR 1873.



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.



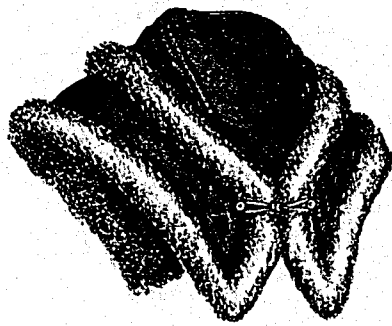
No. 5.



No. 6.



No. 7.



No. 8.



No. 11.

No. 9.  
No. 12.

No. 10.  
No. 13.

No. 14.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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## THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—*Mablethorpe House.*

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE EVIL GENIUS.

RECOVERING from the first overpowering sensation of surprise, Mercy rapidly advanced, eager to say her first penitent words. Grace stopped her by a warning gesture of the hand.

"No nearer to me," she said, with a look of contemptuous command. "Stay where you are."

Mercy paused. Grace's reception had startled her. She instinctively took the chair nearest to her to support herself. Grace raised a warning hand for the second time, and issued another command:

"I forbid you to be seated in my presence. You have no right to be in this house at all. Remember, if you please, who you are, and who I am."

The tone in which those words were spoken was an insult in itself. Mercy suddenly lifted her head; the angry answer was on her lips. She checked it, and submitted in silence. "I will be worthy of Julian Gray's confidence in me," she thought, as she stood patiently by the chair. "I will bear anything from the woman whom I have wronged."

In silence the two faced each other, alone together for the first time since they had met in the French cottage. The contrast between them was strange to see. Grace Roseberry, seated in her chair, little and lean, with her dull white complexion, with her hard threatening face, with her shrunken figure clad in its plain and poor black garments, looked like a being of a lower sphere, compared with Mercy Merrick, standing erect in her rich silk dress; her tall, shapely figure towering over the little creature before her; her grand head bent in graceful submission; gentle, patient, beautiful; a woman whom it was a privilege to look at, and a distinction to admire. If a stranger had been told that those two had played their parts in a romance of real life—that one of them was really connected by the ties of relationship with Lady Janet Roy, and that the other had successfully attempted to personate her—he would inevitably, if he had been left to guess which was which, have picked out Grace as the counterfeit and Mercy as the true woman.

Grace broke the silence. She had waited to open her lips until she had eyed her conquered victim all over, with disdainfully minute attention, from head to foot.

"Stand there. I like to look at you," she said, speaking with a spiteful relish of her own cruel words. "It's no use fainting this time. You have not got Lady Janet Roy to bring you to. There are no gentlemen here to-day to pity you and pick you up. Mercy Merrick, I have got you at last. Thank God, my turn has come! You can't escape me now!"

All the littleness of heart and mind which had first shown itself in Grace at the meeting in the cottage, when Mercy told the sad story of her life, now revealed itself once more. The woman who, in those past times, had felt no impulse to take a suffering and a penitent fellow-creature by the hand, was the same woman who could feel no pity, who could spare no insolence of triumph, now. Mercy's sweet voice answered her patiently, in low pleading tones.

"I have not avoided you," she said. "I would have gone to you of my own accord, if I had known that you were here. It is my heart-felt wish to own that I have sinned against you, and to make all the atonement that I can. I am too anxious to deserve your forgiveness, to have any fear of seeing you."

Conciliatory as the reply was, it was spoken with a simple and modest dignity of manner which roused Grace Roseberry to fury.

"How dare you speak to me as if you were my equal?" she burst out. "You stand there, and answer me, as if you had your right and your place in this house. You audacious woman! I have my right and my place here—and what am I obliged to do? I am obliged to hang about in the grounds, and fly from the sight of the servants, and hide like a thief, and wait like a beggar, and all for what? For the chance of having a word with you. Yes! you, madam! with the air of the Refuge and the dirt of the streets on you!"

Mercy's head sank lower; her hand trembled as it held the back of the chair.

It was hard to bear the reiterated insults heaped on her, but Julian's influence still made itself felt. She answered as patiently as ever:

"If it is your pleasure to use hard words to me," she said, "I have no right to resent them."

"You have no right to anything!" Grace

retorted. "You have no right to the gown on your back. Look at Yourself, and look at Me!" Her eyes travelled with a tigerish stare over Mercy's costly silk dress. "Who gave you that dress? who gave you those jewels? I know! Lady Janet gave them to Grace Roseberry. Are you Grace Roseberry? That dress is mine. Take off your bracelets and your brooch. They were meant for me."

"You may soon have them, Miss Roseberry. They will not be in my possession many hours longer."

"What do you mean?"

"However badly you may use me, it is my duty to undo the harm that I have done. I am bound to do you justice—I am determined to confess the truth."

Grace smiled scornfully.

"You confess!" she said. "Do you think I am fool enough to believe that? You are one shameful brazen lie from head to foot! Are you the woman to give up your silks and your jewels, and your position in this house, and to go back to the Refuge of your own accord? Not you—not you!"

A first faint flush of colour showed itself, stealing slowly over Mercy's face; but she still held resolutely by the good influence which Julian had left behind him. She could still say to herself, "Anything rather than disappoint Julian Gray!" Sustained by the courage which *he* had called to life in her, she submitted to her martyrdom as bravely as ever. But there was an ominous change in her now: she could only submit in silence; she could no longer trust herself to answer.

The mute endurance in her face additionally exasperated Grace Roseberry.

"You won't confess," she went on. "You have had a week to confess in, and you have not done it yet. No, no! you are of the sort that cheat and lie to the last. I am glad of it; I shall have the joy of exposing you myself before the whole house. I shall be the blessed means of casting you back on the streets. Oh! it will be almost worth all I have gone through to see you with a policeman's hand on your arm, and the mob pointing at you and mocking you on your way to gaol!"

This time the sting struck deep; the outrage was beyond endurance. Mercy gave the woman who had again and again deliberately insulted her a first warning.

"Miss Roseberry," she said, "I have borne without a murmur the bitterest words you could say to me. Spare me any more insults. Indeed, indeed, I am eager to restore you to your just rights. With my whole heart I say it to you—I am resolved to confess everything!"

She spoke with trembling earnestness of tone. Grace listened with a hard smile of incredulity and a hard look of contempt.

"You are not far from the bell," she said; "ring it."

Mercy looked at her in speechless surprise.

"You are a perfect picture of repentance—you are dying to own the truth," pursued the other satirically. "Own it before everybody, and own it at once. Call in Lady Janet—call in Mr. Gray and Mr. Holmcroft—call in the servants. Go down on your knees and acknowledge yourself an impostor before them all. Then I will believe you—not before."

"Don't turn me against you!" cried Mercy entreatingly.

"What do I care whether you are against me or not?"

"Don't—for your own sake don't go on provoking me much longer!"

"For my own sake? You insolent creature! Do you mean to threaten me?"

With a last desperate effort, her heart beating faster and faster, the blood burning hotter and hotter in her cheeks, Mercy still controlled herself.

"Have some compassion on me!" she pleaded. "Badly as I have behaved to you, I am still a woman like yourself. I can't face the shame of acknowledging what I have done before the whole house. Lady Janet treats me like a daughter; Mr. Holmcroft has engaged himself to marry me. I can't tell Lady Janet and Mr. Holmcroft to their faces that I have cheated them out of their love. But they shall know it for all that. I can, and will, before I rest to-night, tell the whole truth to Mr. Julian Gray."

Grace burst out laughing. "Aha!" she exclaimed, with a cynical outburst of gaiety. "Now we have come to it at last!"

"Take care!" said Mercy. "Take care!"

"Mr. Julian Gray! I was behind the billiard-room door—I saw you coax Mr. Julian Gray to come in! Confession loses all its horrors, and becomes quite a luxury, with Mr. Julian Gray!"

"No more, Miss Roseberry! no more! For God's sake don't put me beside myself! You have tortured me enough already."

"You haven't been on the streets for nothing. You are a woman with resources; you know the value of having two strings to your bow. If Mr. Holmcroft fails you, you have got Mr. Julian Gray. Ah! you sicken me. I'll see that Mr. Holmcroft's eyes are open; he shall know what a woman he might have married, but for Me!"

She checked herself; the next refinement of insult remained suspended on her lips.

The woman whom she had outraged sudden-

ly advanced on her. Her eyes, staring helplessly upward, saw Mercy Merrick's face, white with the terrible anger which drives the blood back on the heart, bending threateningly over her.

"You will see that Mr. Holmcroft's eyes are opened," Mercy slowly repeated; "he shall know what a woman he might have married, but for you!"

She paused, and followed those words by a question which struck a creeping terror through Grace Roseberry, from the hair of her head to the soles of her feet:

"Who are you?"

The suppressed fury of look and tone which accompanied that question told, as no violence could have told it, that the limits of Mercy's endurance had been found at last. In the guardian angel's absence the evil genius had done its evil work. The better nature which Julian Gray had brought to life sank, poisoned by the vile venom of a woman's spiteful tongue. An easy and a terrible means of avenging the outrages heaped on her was within Mercy's reach, if she chose to take it. In the frenzy of her indignation she never hesitated—she took it.

"Who are you?" she asked for the second time.

Grace roused herself and attempted to speak. Mercy stopped her with a scornful gesture of her hand.

"I remember!" she went on, with the same fiercely suppressed rage. "You are the mad-woman from the German hospital who came here a week ago. I am not afraid of you this time. Sit down and rest yourself, Mercy Merrick."

Deliberately giving her that name to her face, Mercy turned from her and took the chair which Grace had forbidden her to occupy when the interview began.

Grace started to her feet.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"It means," answered Mercy contemptuously, "that I recall every word I have said to you just now. It means that I am resolved to keep my place in this house."

"Are you out of your senses?"

"You are not far from the bell. Ring it. Do what you asked me to do. Call in the whole household, and ask them which of us is mad—you or I?"

"Mercy Merrick! you shall repent this to the last hour of your life!"

Mercy rose again, and fixed her flashing eyes on the woman who still defied her.

"I have had enough of you!" she said. "Leave the house while you can leave it. Stay here, and I will send for Lady Janet Roy."

"You can't send for her! You daren't send for her!"

"I can and I dare. You have not a shadow of a proof against me. I have got the papers; I am in possession of the place; I have established myself in Lady Janet's confidence. I mean to deserve your opinion of me—I will keep my dresses and my jewels, and my position in the house. I deny that I have done wrong. Society has used me cruelly; I owe nothing to Society. I have a right to take any advantage of it if I can. I deny that I have injured you. How was I to know that you would come to life again? Have I degraded your name and your character? I have done honour to both. I have won everybody's liking and everybody's respect. Do you think Lady Janet would have loved you as she loves me? Not she! I tell you to your face, I have filled the false position more creditably than you could have filled the true one, and I mean to keep it. I won't give up your name; I won't restore your character! Do your worst, I defy you!"

She poured out those reckless words in one headlong flow which defied interruption. There was no answering her until she was too breathless to say more. Grace seized her opportunity the moment it was within her reach.

"You defy me?" she returned resolutely.

"You won't defy me long. I have written to Canada. My friends will speak for me."

"What of it, if they do? Your friends are strangers here. I am Lady Janet's adopted daughter. Do you think she will believe your friends? She will believe me. She will burn their letters, if they write. She will forbid the house to them if they come. I shall be Mrs. Horace Holmcroft in a week's time. Who can shake my position? Who can injure Me?"

"Wait a little. You forget the matron at the Refuge."

"Find her, if you can. I never told you her name. I never told you where the Refuge was."

"I will advertise your name, and find the matron in that way."

"Advertise in every newspaper in London. Do you think I gave a stranger like you the name I really bore in the Refuge? I gave you the name I assumed when I left England. No such person as Mercy Merrick is known to the matron. No such person is known to Mr. Holmcroft. He saw me at the French cottage while you were senseless on the bed. I had my grey cloak on; neither he nor any of them saw me in my nurse's dress. Inquiries have been made about me on the Continent—and (I happen to know from the person who made them) with no result. I am safe in your place; I am known by your name. I am Grace Rose-

berry; and you are Mercy Merrick. Disprove it if you can!"

Summing up the unassailable security of her false position in those closing words, Mercy pointed significantly to the billiard-room door.

"You were hiding there, by your own confession," she said. "You know your way out by that door. Will you leave the room?"

"I won't stir a step!"

Mercy walked to a side-table, and struck the bell placed on it.

At the same moment the billiard-room door opened. Julian Gray appeared—returning from his unsuccessful search in the grounds.

He had barely crossed the threshold before the library-door was thrown open next by the servant posted in the room. The man drew back respectfully, and gave admission to Lady Janet Roy. She was followed by Horace Holmcroft with his mother's wedding-present to Mercy in his hand.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### THE POLICEMAN IN PLAIN CLOTHES.

Julian looked round the room, and stopped at the door which he had just opened.

His eyes rested—first on Mercy, next on Grace.

The disturbed faces of both the women told him but too plainly that the disaster which he had dreaded had actually happened. They had met without any third person to interfere between them. To what extremities the hostile interview might have led, it was impossible for him to guess. In his aunt's presence, he could not wait his opportunity for speaking to Mercy, and he ready to interpose if anything was ignorantly done which might give just cause of offence to Grace.

Lady Janet's course of action, on entering the dining-room, was in perfect harmony with Lady Janet's character.

Instantly discovering the intruder, she looked sharply at Mercy. "What did I tell you?" she asked. "Are you frightened? No! not in the least frightened! Wonderful!" She turned to the servant. "Wait in the library; I may want you again." She looked at Julian. "Leave it all to me; I can manage it." She made a sign to Horace: "Stay where you are, and hold your tongue." Having now said everything that was necessary to every one else, she advanced to the part of the room in which Grace was standing, with lowering brows and firmly-shut lips, defiant on everybody.

"I have no desire to offend you, or to act harshly towards you," her ladyship began, very quietly. "I only suggest that your visits to my house cannot possibly lead to any satisfactory result. I hope you will not oblige me to say any harder words than these—I hope you will understand that I wish you to withdraw."

The order of dismissal could hardly have been issued with more humane consideration for the supposed mental infirmity of the person to whom it was addressed. Grace instantly resisted in the plainest possible terms.

"In justice to my father's memory, and in justice to myself," she answered, "I insist on a hearing. I refuse to withdraw." She deliberately took a chair and seated herself in the presence of the mistress of the house.

Lady Janet waited a moment—steadily controlling her temper. In the interval of silence Julian seized the opportunity of remonstrating with Grace.

"Is this what you promised me?" he asked gently. "You gave me your word that you would not return to Mablethorpe House."

Before he could say more Lady Janet had got her temper under command. She began her answer to Grace by pointing with a peremptory forefinger to the library door.

"If you have not made up your mind to take my advice by the time I have walked back to that door," she said, "I will put it out of your power to set me at defiance. I am used to be obeyed, and I will be obeyed. You force me to use hard words. I warn you before it is too late. Go."

She returned slowly towards the library. Julian attempted to interfere with another word of remonstrance. His aunt stopped him by a gesture which said plainly, "I insist on acting for myself." He looked at Mercy. Would she remain passive? Yes. She never lifted her head; she never moved from the place in which she was standing apart from the rest. Horace himself tried to attract her attention, and tried in vain.

Arrived at the library door, Lady Janet looked over her shoulder at the little immovable black figure in the chair.

"Will you go?" she asked, for the last time.

Grace started up angrily from her seat, and fixed her viperish eyes on Mercy.

"I won't be turned out of your ladyship's house in the presence of that impostor," she said. "I may yield to force—but I will yield to nothing else. I insist on my right to the place that she has stolen from me. It's no use scolding me," she added, turning doggedly to Julian. "As long as that woman is here under my name I can't and won't keep away from the house. I warn her, in your presence, that I have written to my friends in Canada!"

I dare her, before you all, to deny that she is the outcast and adventuress, Mercy Merrick!

The challenge forced Mercy to take part in the proceedings, in her own defence. She had pledged herself to meet and defy Grace Roseberry on her own ground.

"You degrade yourself if you answer her," he said. "Take my arm, and let us leave the room."

"Yes! Take her out!" cried Grace. "She may well be ashamed to face an honest woman. It's her place to leave the room—not mine!"

Mercy drew her hand out of Horace's arm. "I decline to leave the room," she said, quietly.

Horace still tried to persuade her to withdraw. "I can't bear to hear you insulted," he rejoined. "The woman offends me, though I know she is not responsible for what she says."

(To be continued.)

### Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Geo. E. C., Montreal.—Correct solution of problem No. 70, received.

A couple of off-hand games between two amateurs when attending the Canadian Chess Congress at Hamilton.

Evans' Gambit declined.

White.	Black.
Amateur.	Mr. J. Henderson.
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to K. 4th
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd	Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
3. B. to B. 4th	B. to B. 4th
4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th	B. to Q. Kt. 3rd
5. P. to Q. B. 3rd	K. Kt. to B. 3rd
6. P. to Q. 3rd	Castles.
7. P. to Q. K. 4th	P. to Q. K. 3rd
8. P. to Q. R. 5th	B. to Q. K. 2nd
9. Q. B. to R. 3rd	P. to Q. 3rd
10. P. to K. R. 3rd	B. to Q. 2nd
11. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd	Q. to Q. B.
12. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd	Q. Kt. to Q.
13. K. to K. 2nd	B. to K. 3rd
14. P. to K. Kt. 4th	P. to K. R. 3rd
15. P. to K. Kt. 5th	B. takes B.
16. Kt. takes B.	Kt. to R. 2nd
17. P. takes P.	P. to K. Kt. 3rd (a)
18. Q. R. to K. Kt.	K. to K.
19. Q. Kt. takes K. B.	P. takes Kt.
20. Kt. takes P.	B. to K. Kt. (a)
21. Q. takes B. P. wins.	

If now, Black play Q. to K. 3rd the attack might reply with Q. takes R. ch. Ac. or if Kt. to K. 3rd. Kt. takes P. ch.

(a) An error. P. takes P. would have been the correct move.

(b) Q. to K. 3rd seems much preferable here.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

White.	Black.
Mr. J. Henderson.	Amateur.
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to K. 4th
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd	Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
3. B. to B. 4th	B. to B. 4th
4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th	B. takes Kt. P.
5. P. to Q. B. 3rd	B. to B. 4th
6. P. to Q. 4th	P. takes P.
7. P. takes P.	B. to Kt. 5th ch.
8. B. to Q. 2nd	B. to K. 2nd
9. Castles.	B. takes B.
10. Q. Kt. takes B.	K. Kt. to R. 3rd
11. P. to K. 5th	Castles.
12. Q. Kt. to K. 4th	Q. Kt. to K. 4th
13. B. to Q. 3rd	B. to Q. 3rd
14. R. to K.	P. to K. B. 4th
15. P. takes P. on 3rd	P. takes P. (a)
16. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd	Q. to Kt. 2nd
17. Q. to Q. 2nd (b)	P. to K. B. 4th (c)
18. Kt. to K. R. 5th	Q. to Kt. 3rd
19. Kt. to K. B. 4th	Q. to Kt. 2nd
20. Q. takes Kt. wins.	

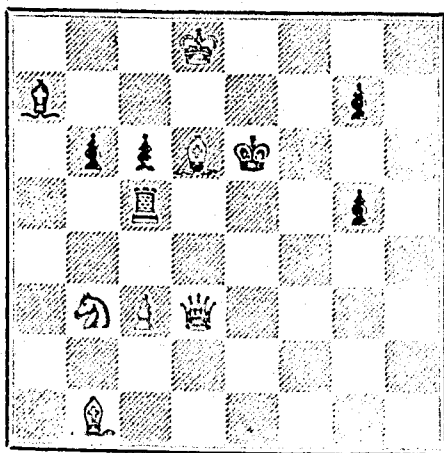
(a) R. takes P. would have liberated Black's game.

(b) Well played: an awkward move to parry successfully.

(c) This loses a piece, but the attack has the better game in any case.

PROBLEM No. 72.

By Mr. J. HENDERSON. (St. Loboire, P. Q.) BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 70.

White.

Black.

- |                                     |                    |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. B. to B. 7th. ch.                | K. to Q. B. 4th    |
| 2. Kt. to K. 2nd                    | R. takes B. (best) |
| 3. Kt. to Q. B. sq.                 | Any move.          |
| 4. Kt. mates at Q. 3rd. or Kt. 3rd. |                    |

VARIATION.

- |                          |                 |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 2. Kt. to B. sq.         | P. takes P. (a) |
| 4. Kt. to Kt. 3rd. mate. | R. takes Kt.    |
- (a) If R. takes Kt., B. mates.

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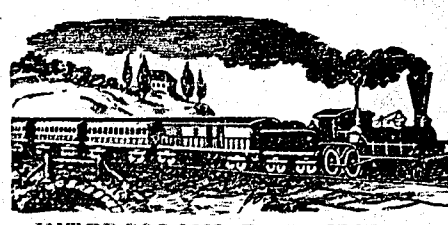
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G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee. 7-6-b  
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**CANADA CENTRAL**  
—AND—  
**Brockville & Ottawa Railways.**

**GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.**  
ON AND AFTER MONDAY MAY 20, 1878.  
TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—  
**LEAVE BROCKVILLE.**  
EXPRESS at 8:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 1:00 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:40 P.M.  
MAIL TRAIN at 3:50 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.  
THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:20 P.M., making a certain connection with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, arriving at Ottawa at 7:20 P.M.  
**LEAVE OTTAWA.**  
THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.  
BOAT EXPRESS at 4:20 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M.  
EXPRESS at 6:20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.  
**ARRIVE AT SAND POINT**  
at 1:40 P.M., 8:10 P.M., and 9:45 P.M.  
**LEAVE SAND POINT**  
at 6:00 A.M., 11:40 A.M., and 3:30 P.M.  
Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.  
Connections made at Sand Point with Steamers to and from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c.  
Freight loaded with despatch, AND NO TRANSFERMENT WHEN IN CAR LOADS.  
H. ABBOTT, Manager. 5-21 tf  
Brockville, 16th May, 1872.

**TO PRINTERS.**  
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE paid for Old Type, or paid in Electrotype or Stereotype work. Apply at this office. 7-2

**TAKE NOTICE,**  
THAT AN APPLICATION will be made to Parliament of the Dominion of Canada at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate the "EMPIRE FIRE, LIFE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY." 7-4-h  
ARTHUR M. JARVIS.

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1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.