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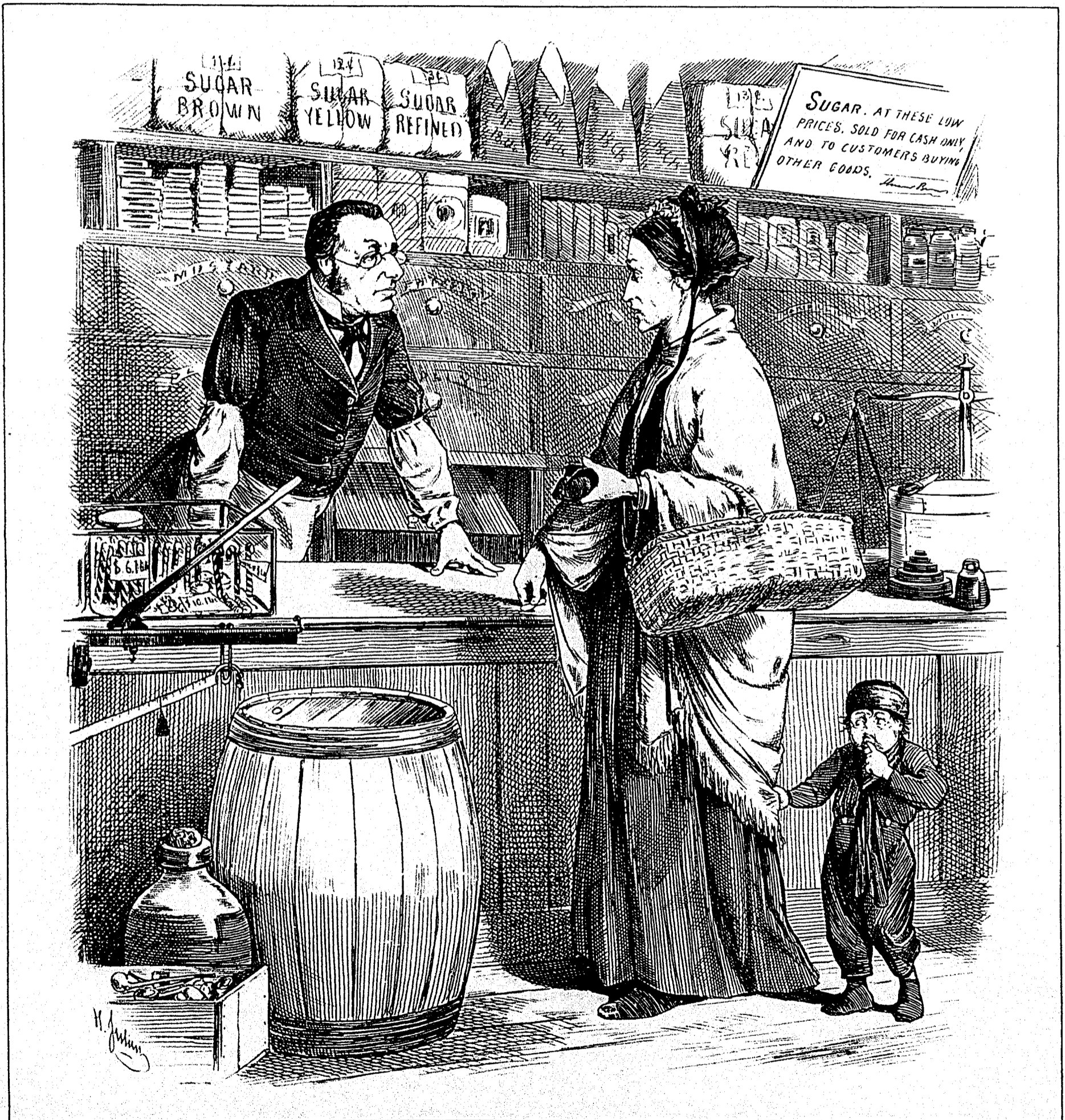
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Illustrated News

Vol. XIV.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1876.

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



SUGAR: GONE UP, OUT OF SIGHT.—(Market Reports, November, 1876.)

CUSTOMER :—Them's free-trade prices to consumers, be they? Then protect Home Manufactures to death, sez I. I'd a'taken two pounds refined at the old Redpath price. Gi'me a quarter pound brown; that'll have to do for a week, *now*.

GROCCER :—Very sorry, Ma'am, but we are positively losing money on sugar, even at these prices. (More's the pity. *Ed. note.*)

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$8.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters in advance.

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

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

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

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

NOTICE.

Our agent, Mr. WALTER STREET, is now visiting the towns and villages situate on the Brockville and Ottawa and St. Lawrence and Ottawa railways, and the district between Montreal and Gananoque on the Grand Trunk Railway, collecting accounts and seeking new subscribers to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Subscribers whose accounts are overdue are requested to settle with him for the amounts in which they are indebted and we also trust they will do their best to assist him in his efforts to secure new subscribers.

NOTICE.

As the year is now verging to a close, we think it opportune to make a call upon such of our subscribers as are in arrears with us. The rule of payment in advance ought to be applied everywhere, and it was made one of the chief recommendations of the Quebec Press Association, lately organized in this city. All our friends should understand that an illustrated paper which requires so great an outlay, must, as a matter of business protection, insist upon this rule. For those who do not pay at once, the price of the NEWS is \$4.50 per annum, the extra half-dollar being intended to cover the interest on delay and postage. But as a further inducement, however, and in order to regulate our books and accounts with the opening of the new year, we will charge only the regular rate of \$4.00 to such of our subscribers as will settle with us immediately, or between this and the close of December. We are glad to know, from the reports of our patrons and the notices of our contemporaries of the press, that the efforts we have made to improve the paper are duly recognized, but with proper encouragement we are prepared to improve it still more. Our readers can help us in this, first by prompt payment of their subscription, and by inducing others to subscribe. Let each reader of the NEWS send us at least one subscription besides his own, and by thus doubling our circulation, we shall be enabled to give them a paper second to none in its special sphere. Canadians, all over the Dominion, should take pride in supporting an illustrated family and literary journal, and making it a truly national institution, the reflex of Canadian life, progress and thrift.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 9th Dec. 1876.

CANADIANS AT THE POLE.

The British Arctic Expedition, several illustrations of whose adventures we have published, including a graphic one in the present issue, has naturally turned the attention of scientific men and travellers generally to the subject of exploration toward the North Pole. It seems to be almost universally admitted that there is no hope of reaching the Arctic circle by means of ships. The British Expedition has demonstrated at least this fact, that sledging is the only means left of penetrating to the ultimate latitudes of the earth. This being conceded, a number of suggestions, more or less fanciful, have been put forward. An Englishman proposes the propulsion of sledges by means of galvanic batteries, demonstrating to his own satisfaction that these would overcome every obstacle that has hitherto proved insuperable to Esquimaux footman or Greenland dog. A Frenchman advises the use of aerostation, insisting that if Captain Nares had employed balloons, he would have reached the Pole, from the highest point attained by his vessels, within a few hours. That other expeditions to the frozen North will speedily follow this late one, and that other scientific appliances will be brought into play, there is no reason whatever to doubt. Pending these future attempts, it has struck us that we have the material in this country for the very best specimens of Arctic travellers. While the views of suffering and endurance in the Polar regions, as given in the illustrated papers, freeze the blood of most men, and while the account of these hardships bring the tears to many who, like GEORGE AUGUSTA SALA, for instance, ought to be familiar with the varied aspects of human endurance, they are regarded by Canadians with a feeling of calm familiarity. We are all used to just such scenes. Snow, ice, hail, blinding drifts, cutting blasts and the premature darkness of winter days, are things which we know and to which we have become hardened from childhood. In view of these facts, it appears to us that the very best men to enlist into an Arctic expedition, whether on the score of intelligence, hardihood, courage or fertility of resources, would be a band of our Canadian *voyageurs* or *coureurs des bois*. These and the Metis of the Saskatchewan, for example, could be trusted to go as far as, if not farther than, any similar body of men in the world. We rank them as superior, if anything, to the Greenlander, the Icelander, the Labradorian and even the Esquimaux, in all the qualities that go to make up the successful Arctic explorer. If another British Expedition is fitted out, we think they would only consult their own interest in selecting a part of their crew from among our hardy Canadian woodmen.

THE NEW WINTER PORT.

The Government have notified the Allan Steamship Company that in future, during the winter months, mails must be landed and shipped at Halifax instead of Portland. The mail steamships of this line leaving Liverpool will therefore call at Halifax, whence the mails will be sent west over the Intercolonial. The question of making Halifax the winter port of the Dominion, so far at least as the transatlantic mail service is concerned, has been under discussion ever since the successful termination of the Intercolonial Railway. Many and very obvious advantages were urged in favor of this selection. In the Lower Provinces, more especially, no two opinions were admitted in the matter. We are amused to see that some parties are endeavoring to make political capital out of the measure, but as they are of those who subordinate everything to partisanship and the love of office, we do not apprehend that their agitation will amount

to much. In acting as they have done, the present Government have performed only what their predecessors would have performed, and may therefore be regarded as simply carrying out a policy bequeathed to them, without really any option in the premises. It is purely and simply a question of trade, and the Government cannot possibly take any other view of it. So far as we have seen, there has been no direct opposition from any influential quarter in the Upper Provinces. The only fear expressed was that the Intercolonial service during the winter had not been sufficiently tested, and the advice given by Sir HUGH ALLAN and the Montreal Board of Trade, for instance, was that the change should be delayed for another season. It has also been urged that there will be a diversion of much mail matter, and even of freight carriage, to New York. We are hardly prepared to admit the full cogency of this objection. We believe Halifax will be given a fair trial on broad national grounds. Should that route cause delay, there will then doubtless, and very properly, be a recourse to the facilities of New York. But with regard to freight and merchandise, it is not to be supposed that Halifax will offer much rivalry to Portland, at least for this winter, and hence we do not look for much disturbance in this respect. A little good will on all hands will, we trust, lead to generally satisfactory returns, and in the meantime we congratulate our Halifax friends on the opportunity thus thrown open to them.

THE VELOCIPEDE.

A Coventry maker of bicycles has received extensive orders for the manufacture of a new patent bicycle, of which great things are expected. The new machine is the invention of a Brighton gentleman. The action of the ordinary bicycle is reversed, as the smaller wheel is placed in front and the big wheel behind, the riding saddle being in the middle between the wheels. One great advantage gained is that there is no strain on the rider's wrists. The improved machine may be driven at the rate of twenty-four miles per hour. It is easily stopped, the rider having merely to stand up, so to speak, in his stirrups or treadles, when a novel spring action stops the bicycle instantaneously. It has always been a wonder to us that the velocipede, which created such a fashionable fury in this country, only a few years ago, should have been entirely abandoned. We lately saw one solitary rider in this city—and a very fair rider, too—but he trundled his way at night, and through dark streets, as if ashamed of himself. In England, the bicycle has been maintained and is in extensive use at present as a gallant, manly mode of exercise. In France, it is so popular that mail carriers employ it along the high ways of the Departments to deliver letters from village to village. It is likewise adopted in the army for the purposes of despatch. In Canada, where outdoor sports are so popular, and so much in consonance with the hardihood of our young men, it seems to us that the velocipede ought to be brought into favor. For the purposes of locomotion there is as much fun in it in summer, as there is in the snowshoe in winter. It is a fleet vehicle of pace than the webbed sandal. It trains the eye and the muscles of both foot and arm. It induces a grace of carriage beyond that of horseback riding. There is no more danger of breaking one's neck in propelling it than in jumping hurdles, and the lacrosse breaks more shins than the twisting axle. But even the few "accidents" that might occur would only add zest to the novel enjoyment. We should therefore recommend bicycle clubs, to compete for ladies' smiles with cricket, lacrosse, baseball, snowshoe and boating clubs.

RAILWAY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Corporation of Montreal must be considered to be taking a remarkable course when it entertains the idea of re-

pudding its Railway obligations. Whatever may be the aspect of the case as affecting the validity of its subscription to the North Shore and North Western extension Railway Line, no merely technical difficulty can diminish the duty that rests upon the city to stand by the Government that came to its assistance in its trouble, and delivered it from its monetary difficulties, and which it was happily enabled to do with such a handsome margin of profit in the negotiations. If we identify the City interest with those of the Railway, we are perfectly justified in doing so, for the community will actually be reimbursed the whole of its agreed outlay in a very few years in the article of fuel alone, of which it is so great a consumer. The winter trade of Three Rivers and the North bank of the St. Lawrence, and of Ottawa and the North-West districts would have been to a great extent shut off from the inhabitants and merchants but for the prompt action that interposed for their protection at a most critical juncture. When the question comes before the citizens at large we feel sure they will take a more rational view of the situation than that which has been put forth by some individuals of their number.

THE general commerce of Canada has suffered a large decrease during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1875. The total value of exports from the Dominion, exclusive of coin and bullion, have amounted to \$74,628,212, being a reduction of nearly \$10,000,000 from the previous year. The goods entered for consumption are reported as having amounted during the last fiscal year to \$119,618,657, showing a decrease from the year 1873-74 of \$7,795,512. The commerce of Canada with the United States exhibits a diminution during the year above mentioned of \$4,847,563 in the imports from the Dominion, and of \$3,477,752 in imports from across the border. The balance of trade appears to be in favor of the United States by nearly \$22,000,000. In the year 1872 it was in favor of Canada. This is *multum in parvo* with a vengeance.

The members of the Ottawa Civil service pursuing their duties in the Government building may fairly claim among their privileges that of getting pure water to drink. But at the present juncture, in consequence of a dispute between the General Government and the City Water Works Commissioners, upon a question of rating, they are shut up to the use of the water of the Rideau, in the neighbourhood of the mouth of whose conduit pipes a number of sewers duly scheduled in the *Citizen* are daily emptying their horrible contents. *Amor nunquam crescit*, &c. The health of Mr. MACKENZIE himself has lately created some anxiety among his friends and well-wishers. We must not have the curtain falling upon his efforts in that way, if it can be avoided.

A number of citizens of Quebec, with ex-Speaker FORTIN at their head, have successfully petitioned the Provincial Government for aid in establishing a school of navigation, to take the place of that formerly supported by the Dominion Government. The Provincial Government have done themselves credit in reviving an institution which should never have been abandoned. On the contrary, it should be a national establishment.

THE "Ianthé" of Byron's *Childe Harold* is still living. At a private view of the designs for the Byron Memorial, she was particularly struck with the fact that several of the sculptors had depicted the poet in boots. From her recollection of the poet, he invariably wore shoes. It is intended that the statue shall be placed in the Green Park, opposite the house where Byron wrote *The Siege of Corinth*.

The champion weather prophet of Canada, Mr. Vennor, thus vaticinateth for December:—There is every prospect of its being a very stormy and wintry month, and a particularly blustery one. Last year we had no sleighing during the month. This year we shall have sleighing throughout. He expects a great deal of snow and a severe snap of cold.

Mr. CARLYLE strongly endorses the recommendations in Mr. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet for the expulsion of the Turkish governing classes from Europe. This is one of the rare examples of an extreme Tory taking sides with a Radical. But CARLYLE'S Toryism has always appeared to us a peculiarly suspicious form of radicalism.

THE accounts of the ravages of small pox in the settlements north of Manitoba are sad news, indeed. The strictest regulations for vaccination will doubtless have to be enforced among the whites, and the serious experiment made of endeavouring to impress the Indian mind with the necessity of the great precaution.

MARSHAL MACMAHON has contributed three thousand francs (\$600) to the fund in aid of the sufferers by the St. Hyacinthe fire. This is a great deal more than any single Canadian has thought of doing for the victims among his own people. The lesson is a rude one.

THE Minnesota Supreme Court has decided favourably on the constitutionality of a State law taxing liquor sellers for the maintenance of an asylum for inebriates. A very nice question, indeed, which we commend to the Dominion League.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

The dull routine proceedings of introducing Petitions and Bills were varied last week by a lively attack on the Government by the Leader of the Opposition, on account of the backwardness of the printing of Departmental Reports and Bills. The Government claimed they were not to blame and threw the onus on the printer. This brought the subject before the Committee on Printing, who directed their Clerk to inform the printer (Mr. Cary of the *Monero*) that they required immediate explanation of his backwardness, or his contract would be rescinded. The next day, Mr. Cary appeared and entered into lengthy explanations, claiming the Bills had not been sent in early enough to get them printed in time, and considerable delay had been caused by the great length of the Corporation General Amendments Act. Mr. Cary promised to do better in the future, and has certainly sent the Bills in much quicker since the remonstrance of the House.

The members are becoming slightly funny by calling out "lost" and "carried" when certain unimportant Bills or Motions are introduced, and great hilarity was caused when Mr. Thornton, member for Stanstead, made his maiden speech by introducing "An Act to Incorporate the Beber Plain Advent Camp Meeting Association." Of course a great many jokes have been perpetrated on this Bill, but they are too poor for repetition.

One of the most singular Bills before the House is one to incorporate Emmanuel (Congregational) Church, Montreal, the second session of which contains the following articles of faith of the "Evangelical Pede-Baptist Congregational Church":

2. The said corporation shall be an Evangelical Pede-Baptist Congregational Church, according to the received faith and order of such churches, holding with other doctrinal principles not specified herein, the following tenets, that is to say:

(1) That God is revealed to mankind in the holy scriptures as *The Father, The Son, and The Holy Spirit* to whom are attributed all Divine perfections, Eternal in being, Omniscent and Omnipotent, Infinite in power, wisdom, knowledge, holiness, justice, and truth.

(2) The true and proper deity and vicarious atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God and Son of Man.

(3) The personality and proper deity of the Holy Spirit, whose agency, without interference with human freedom and responsibility, is essential to the bringing of sinners to repentance, and to the exercise of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and is effectual to secure their sanctification and redemption.

(4) That all men have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

(5) Justification through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, such faith being evidenced by appropriate works.

(6) That there will be a second appearance of Jesus Christ to judge all mankind, when there will be a resurrection of the dead, and that, as the Supreme Judge, He will divide the righteous from the wicked; will receive the righteous into eternal life; but the wicked shall go into eternal punishment.

(7) That the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are divinely inspired, and are of supreme authority in all matters pertaining to faith and morals.

(8) The perpetual obligation of the sacramental ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper:—the former to be administered to believers and children, by the application of water to the subject, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost; and the latter to be observed by the members of the said corporation, with those present who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

(9) The obligation to sanctify the Lord's day or Christian Sabbath, as a day of sacred rest, and of holy convocation for the public worship of God in His house.

This Bill is causing considerable discussion among the members, many of whom strongly object to legislate as to the belief of any religious body, arguing, and I think with reason, that if they do so they will be continually beset with amendments by some member or other of the Congregation who does not agree with some one or other of the tenets. I expect the clause will be struck out in Committee.

The excitement caused by the Sisters of Providence Bill to empower them to manufacture will be put to an end by the introduction of a clause providing that any manufacture they may enter into will be carried on in a building separate from the Convent and on which the Sisters will pay the usual taxes.

A very absurd and uncalled for attack has been made on the Solicitor-General on account of the reply he gave to the question of Mr. Watts regarding the reason of the non-removal of the new female prison of the Protestant female prisoners. Mr. Baker stated that it had been intimated to the Government that the Protestants of Montreal desired that the Protestant prisoners should not be removed from the Montreal goal to the new female prison, the reason, I believe, being that the latter was in charge of the Sisters of Bon Pasteur. The Solicitor-General pointed out that every necessary arrangement had been made for the comfort of the Protestant prisoners, both temporal and spiritual, and so soon as it was intimated that the Protestants desired their removal, it would be immediately done. Now, where is the untruth in that reply? Mr. Baker did not state that the Protestants did not desire their removal, but that it had been intimated to the Government that such was the case, and that intimation came through the only source by which Government could take cognizance of it, namely, the Protestant member for Montreal.

For some days past, the largest committee room in the House has been hung round with a number of drawings of every description, the work of the pupils of the schools founded by the Council of Arts and Manufactures. Many of them show signs of talent and are very creditable to the students, the majority being the handwork of those in their first and second year of study. I will not enter into any lengthy description, as you will shortly receive a paper on the subject from another source.

Up to the present time we have had no evening session, everything having passed off with little or no discussion or opposition; but as the Budget speech will be shortly given, we may look for some harder work.

C. W. M.

HON. R. LAFLAMME.

Toussaint Antoine Rudolphe Laflamme, Q.C., D.C.L., is the son of the late Toussaint Laflamme, a merchant of Montreal, by Marguerite Suzanne Thibauden, of Pointe Claire, a daughter of one of the expelled Acadians from Nova Scotia. He was born in Montreal on the 15th May, 1827, and is therefore in his fiftieth year. He performed brilliant studies at the St. Sulpice College, thus early revealing the intellectual qualities which have distinguished his career. He prepared for the bar under Hon. Judge Drummond, and was called to practise in 1849. In 1863, he was awarded the silk gown. He stands, by universal consent, among the most eminent lawyers of this Province, and enjoys a large and lucrative practice. One of his partners is a colleague of his in the Ministry—Hon. Mr. Huntington. Mr. Laflamme has appeared in his professional capacity several times before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England. He was also counsel for the Seigniors who claimed their indemnity in virtue of the Seigniorial Act of 1857-8. Among others of his celebrated cases, we may mention his labors in favor of the St. Albans raiders where he won very high consideration, and the prominent part which he took in the Guibord trial. He is Professor of the Law of Real Estate in McGill University, from which institution he received the honorary degree of B.C.L. in 1856, and that of D.C.L. in 1873. He declined a Puisne Judgeship in the Supreme Court in 1875. Mr. Laflamme has always taken an active part in politics, but singularly did not covet Parliamentary honors till late in life. He was one of the earliest members of the Lower Canada Rouge party, became one of the editors of *L'Acadie*, and in 1847 was elected President of the *Institut Canadien*, of which he was one of the founders.

He was first returned to Parliament for Jacques Cartier at the general elections of 1872, and has since maintained the seat. His advent to office is a tribute to fidelity to party convictions. As Minister of Inland Revenue, he will add much to the strength and prestige of the Government.

HON. LOUIS BEAUBIEN.

The new Speaker of the Quebec Legislative Assembly belongs to an ancient and honorable family. He is descended from Trotter de Beaubien, who came from France so far back as 1650. His father is Pierre Beaubien, M. D., of the University of Paris, who represented Montreal from 1841 to 1844, and Chambly from 1848 to 1851 in the Canada Assembly. His mother is a daughter of the late Hon. C. E. Casgrain, Seigneur of Rivière Ouelle. The subject of our sketch was born at Montreal, on the 27th July, 1837, and educated at the St. Sulpice College of this city. In 1864, he married Suzanne Lauretta, daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice Stewart, of Quebec. He has been for many years a member of the Agricultural Council of Quebec; President of the Hochelaga Agricultural Society, and a Director of the Laurentides Railway Company. He was also, for several years, Vice-President of the Northern Colonization Railway. Indeed, in the promotion of the agricultural, colonization, and railway enterprises of the Province, Mr. Beaubien has ever been a foremost man, devoting thereto much of his time, means and energy. He represented Hochelaga in the House of Commons from 1872 to 1874, when he retired from that body to confine himself exclusively to the Provincial Assembly, for which he was first returned in 1867. The County of Hochelaga has since then re-elected him at every contest. Mr. Beaubien is a man of directness and power, and in his new position will doubtless add much to his well-won reputation, as well as to the strength of his party.

OUR PICTURES.

Our cartoon on the first page needs no explanation. It appeals directly to the experience of every housekeeper. Sugar is not a luxury, but a necessity of life, and its rapid rise, especially on the eve of a long and severe winter, is a great hardship for the poor. The question is above politics or party. It addresses itself directly to the common sense of the community and by them should be regulated. The Serbian types grouped elsewhere as a half-page are an object of curious observation, especially at the present time. There is nothing distinctive in the types, and beauty is certainly not one of the features. A characteristic scene is that of the Turkish chicken thief meeting with condign punishment in the streets of Smyrna. The details are sufficiently clear, while the execution of the whole is quite effective. Our Fashion plate consists of new styles for winter wear. The front and back of three toilets are given. Nos. 1 and 3 are a Duchess pattern of black velvet, long and straight in front, short and tightened behind. The ornament of the whole is of rich passementerie. The skirt of dress is of slate cashmere. Nos. 2 and 5 are a Hussard vest of grey woollen matelasse. Nos. 4 and 6 are a visiting Dolman of black velvet.

EPHEMERIDES.

The prospectus for the new volume of SCENES OF THE MONTHLY gives the titles of more than fifty papers (mostly illustrated) by writers of the highest merit. Of Foreign Travel we have "A Winter on the Nile," by Gen. McLennan; "Saunterings about Constantinople," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Out of My Window at Moscow," by Eugenie Schuyler; "An American in Turkistan," etc. Three serial stories are announced: "Nicholas Murnum," by Dr. Holland, the Editor whose story of "Sevenoaks" gave the highest satisfaction to the readers of the MONTHLY; "His Inheritance," by Miss Trafton, will begin on the completion of "That Lass o' Lawrie's," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. There are to be, from various pens, papers on "Home Life and Travel." Also, practical suggestions as to town and country life, village improvements, etc., by well-known specialists. A richly illustrated series will be given on "American Sports by Flood and Field," by various writers, and each on a different theme. The subject of "Household and Home Decoration" will have a prominent place, whilst the latest productions of American humorists will appear from month to month. The list of shorter stories, biographical and other sketches, etc., is a long one.

During the year ST. NICHOLAS, the incomparable Magazine for youths (published by Scribners, N. Y.) will have interesting papers by William Cullen Bryant, John G. Whittier, Thomas Hughes, William Howitt, Dr. Holland, George MacDonald, and others. There will be stories, sketches and poems, of special interest to girls, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Susan Coolidge, Sarah Winter Kellogg, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa Alcott, Lucretia P. Hale, Colia Thaxter, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others. There will be also "Twelve Sky Pictures," by Professor Proctor, the astronomer, with maps, showing the "Stars of Each Month," which will be likely to surpass in interest any series on popular science recently given to the public. Amusement and instruction, with Fun and Frolic, and Wit and Wisdom, will be mingled as heretofore, and ST. NICHOLAS will continue to delight the young and give pleasure to the old.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY, the old and ever popular Boston Magazine, promises for 1877 among its attractions—An unusual number of Poems by Longfellow, Poems by Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes, a New Story, in three parts, by T. B. Aldrich, two Stories in dramatic form by W. D. Howells, frequent contributions from Mark Twain, Papers on Colonial History by C. F. Adams jr., descriptions of Egyptian Life by Charles Hale, Original Music, in each number, by such composers as J. K. Paine, George L. Osgood, Julius Eichberg, Dudley Buck, and Francis Boott, with words by some of the most distinguished ATLANTIC poets, and the Contributor's Club, a new department.

The CANADIAN MONTHLY will begin its eleventh volume with the beginning of the new year. The publishers, Adams, Stevenson & Co., Toronto, promise that they will make it their endeavor to preserve the standard which they have hitherto maintained and will improve upon it if possible. The MONTHLY deserves well of the Canadian public for the work it has performed in the past, stimulating a love for letters among a reading public. For certain classes of readers, more especially those who are partial to theological discussions and political debates, the Magazine has been a vehicle of entertainment and instruction. From its prospectus, we infer that it will continue to cultivate these two special fields.

There is perhaps no public so willing to bestow favor on genuine musical execution as that of Montreal. Opera of different styles and various grades of excellence is frequently performed here, and it always meets with encouragement. But when performances of unquestioned superiority are offered, the response is unequivocally flattering. This is positively true in the case of the Boston Lyceum Opera Company, whose appearance is set down at the Academy of Music for the 14th, 15th and 16th of the present month. The works they have chosen for representation are the ever charming masterpieces—the Bohemian Girl, Maritana and Martha, by Balfe, Wallace, and Flotow respectively. The artists chosen to interpret these operas are not known to us, but, upon careful inquiry, we find that they enjoy the very best reputation in the United States. Another guarantee, which the public will readily accept, is that the entire appropriation of Mr. C. C. DeZouche, whose taste and experience have stood a long test among us, and who serves, as often before, the thanks of all lovers of music for the opportunity thus extended of aesthetic enjoyment.

DOMESTIC.

HADDOCK.—Tie the fish with a string in the shape of an 8, or with its tail into its mouth; lay it in plenty of cold water, well salted. Place the fish kettle on the fire, and by the time the water is on the point of boiling, the fish (unless it be a very large one, should be quite done. Let it drain across the kettle, and serve with

CORN STARCH CAKE.—One cup butter worked to a cream, with two cups of sugar, one cup milk, which is dissolved one teaspoonful soda, two cups flour, which are sifted two to splendid cream-tartar. Whites only of six eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Mix all these well, and bake in a moderate oven. This will make one good sized loaf, and is very rich and delicate.

CAPER SAUCE.—Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of flour; when the two are well amalgamated add pepper and salt to taste, and rather less than a pint of boiling water; stir the sauce on the fire until it thickens, and add a good allowance of capers, either whole or coarsely chopped, and, removing the saucepan from the fire, stir into the sauce the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of a half a lemon and strained.

HUMOROUS.

"TIME works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

"THERE!" said Jones, as he wrathfully pushed away the pig which his landlady had just served him. "The stuff isn't fit for a pig to eat, and I ain't going to eat it."

THE meanest man on the street to-day is the one that is seen hanging around a band of street musicians, near enough to hear the music, but far enough to avoid the hat.

ANOTHER of the Pope's neat little jokes is recorded. A young American girl six feet high, had just received the Pope's blessing at a reception, and as she rose from her knees Pope Pius began to smile at her height, and made her kneel again. "Miss," he said, "I shall have to give you a blessing and a hat."

A WORTHY barrister has a habit of taking his spectacles from his nose, and twirling them in his hand. One day last week, while arguing a case, he became so deeply absorbed in the point he was making, that instead of his spectacles, he took a large cork-screw from his pocket and twirled it about for some time, to the infinite amusement of those who were present.

A WESTEVAN brother was engaged in preaching a collection sermon, and pleaded earnestly that the congregation would give him a good collection. At the conclusion the plates were produced, and the good man perceiving that copper, and not silver, was the prominent coin, said with great solemnity: "I perceive, my brethren, that now, as in the days of Paul, Alexander the coppersmith has done us much evil."

A leading Paris grocer offers for sale small bits of macaroni for use in soup which are stamped with the image of Napoleon III., instead of us ordinarily, with the letters of the alphabet. When the macaroni swells the features enlarge until the nose, moustache, and profile of the late Emperor stand out in startling relief. Republicans complain that, having had to swallow the Emperor during twenty years, it is too much to ask them to renew the dose.



THE NORTH-POLE EXPEDITION: THE "ALERT" SLEDGE PARTY TRAVELLING IN THE 83RD DEGREE OF NORTH LATITUDE; THERMOMETER 60° BELOW ZERO.

SLEDGING TO THE NORTH POLE.

It appears that, instead of land extending far towards the north, as reported by the *Polaris*, Robeson Channel opens directly into the Polar Sea. The *Alert* rounded the north-east point of Grand Land, but, instead of finding a continuous coast-line leading one hundred miles further towards the north, as everyone had expected, found herself on the border of what was evidently a very extensive sea, with impenetrable ice on every side. No harbour being obtainable, the ship was secured as far north as possible inside a sheltering barrier of grounded ice, close to the land, and there she passed the winter. During her stay of eleven months no navigable channel of water permitting further advance to the northward ever presented itself.

Instead of finding an "open Polar Sea," the ice was of most unusual age and thickness, resembling in a marked degree, both in appearance and formation, low floating icebergs rather than ordinary salt-water ice.

It has now been termed the "Sea of Ancient

Ice"—the Palæocrystal or Palæcrucic Sea; and a stranded mass of ice broken away from an ice-floe has been named a floeberg.

Whereas ordinary ice is usually 2 ft. to 10 ft. in thickness, that in the Polar Sea, in consequence of having so few outlets by which to escape to the southward in any appreciable quantity, gradually increases in age and thickness until it measures from 80 ft. to 120 ft., floating with its surface at the lowest part 15 ft. above the water-line.

Strange as it may appear, this extraordinary thickness of the ice saved the ship from being driven on shore; for owing to its great depth of flotation, on nearing the shallow beach it grounded and formed a barrier, inside which the ship was comparatively safe. When two pieces of ordinary ice are driven one against the other and the edges broken up, the crushed pieces are raised by the pressure into a high, long wall-like hedge of ice.

When two of the ancient floes of the Polar Sea meet, the intermediate lighter broken-up ice which may happen to be floating about between alone suffers; it is pressed up between the

two closing masses to a great height, producing a chaotic wilderness of angular blocks of all shapes and sizes, varying in height up to 50 ft. above water, and frequently covering an area upwards of a mile in diameter.

Such an icy road, which was sure to be continuous, destroyed all hope of the Pole itself being reached by sledges. Nevertheless, it was determined by Captain Nares to advance as far as possible, and during the spring of this year a party, headed by Commander Markham and Lieutenant Parr, made a most gallant and determined attempt. They were absent seventy-two days from the ship; and on May 12 succeeded in planting the British flag in latitude 83 deg. 20 min. 26 sec. N. From this position there was no appearance of land to the northward, but, curiously enough, the depth of water was found to be only seventy-two fathoms.

Owing to the extraordinary nature of the pressed-up ice, a roadway had to be formed by pickaxes for nearly half the distance travelled before any advance could be safely made, even with light loads; this rendered it always necessary to drag the sledge-loads forward by instal-

ments, and therefore to journey over the same road several times. The advance was consequently very slow, and only averaged about one mile and a quarter daily—in fact, much the same rate attained by Sir Edward Parry in his somewhat similar attempt during the summer of 1827.

Although the distance made good was only seventy-three miles from the ship, 276 miles were travelled over to accomplish it.

It is quite impossible for any body of men ever to excel the praiseworthy perseverance displayed by this gallant party in their arduous struggle over the roughest and most monotonous road imaginable. Their journey, considering the ever-recurring difficulties, has eclipsed all former ones.

The result of their severe labour proves the utter impracticability of travelling over the Polar Sea to any great distance from land, and also that Baron von Wrangel was perfectly correct in his expressed opinion that, before the North Pole can be reached, it is first necessary to discover a continuous coast-line leading towards it.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 289.—HON. R. LAFLAMME, MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE.

No. 290.—HON. LOUIS BEAUBIEN, SPEAKER LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, QUEBEC.



SERVIAN TYPES.

1. Peasant Woman of Vichniza.—2 and 3. Peasant Women of Tapchidéré.—4 and 5. Ladies of Belgrade.—6 and 7. Women of Kragujevatz.—8. Grape Vendor of Semendria.—9. Bend Merchant.—10. An Inhabitant of Krupa.—11. Turkish Tympan-player.—12. Market weigh-master.—13. Servian Peasant.

MY WIFE.

She's as natty a body as ever you saw,
(I believe I've expressed this opinion before),
Yes, there seems to be something after all left in life—
I'll confess and own up—I'm in love with my wife.
In this age of fraud, pretence and of sham,
It may be a weakness on the part of a man
To admit, notwithstanding this world's cares and its
strife,
You're not so bad off if you're in love with your wife.

True, this mystical passion often implies
A great deal of humbug and manifold lies,
You can't always deceive observers astute,
Who will sometimes mutter "how he treats her, the
brute!"

It may seem very vain; have it so, if you will,
I gain strength in the knowledge which clings to me
at all.

That this world, with its show and jealousies rife,
Are dispell'd when I know I'm in love with my wife.

Now old Mrs. Grundy would think me absurd,
And perchance doubt her senses if ever she heard
Such a monstrous assertion as herein expressed;
I fancy 't would be like a weight on her breast.
But that lady and I do not often agree,
(And I don't think much of her, between you and me)
Her mind gets confused over fragrant Bohea,
Our acquaintance just now, I believe, is U. P.

To return to my subject—don't think me remiss
If I bore you a moment; my reason is this:
I don't like to obtrude family matters. You see
I love my wife and I know she loves me.
In every day converse how often you find
That people who're married are oftentimes blind
To each other's merits and pretty conceits;
Their careless indifference all true love defeats.
For the wants of that deep inner feeling express'd
The spark dimly burns in each other's breast;
While conventional folly does all it can
To stamp it out on the modern "society" plan.

If he calls her "darling" or she calls him "dear,"
There's a class in this world who term such things
"queer;"

Who are blind to the love tinct which flushes her cheek
As she lives in the light of his eyes weak by week.

Those critics who think they read others like books
Can't interpret the language conveyed in their looks;
But proceed to discuss with much animation
And decide "that such nonsense is mere affectation."

If husband and wife lived as these folks desire,
There wouldn't be much left in this world to admire,
So we heed not their jargon; their verdict defy,
And jog on together, my dear wife and I.
She's as natty a body as ever you met.
And 'tis through her financing we keep clear of debt.
At noon 'tis "good-by, dear"—a smile and embrace,
When I return home, love still beams in her face.

I'm not going to say we never fall out,
That, of course, wouldn't be natural; her sweet little pout
So comely piteous keeps me on the rack;
We linger, and falter, and then—take it back.
In our joys and our sorrows we each have a share,
And as far as we can, we bear and forbear,
So I'll merely observe a man's duty in life
Is more readily learn'd by the help of his wife.

Montreal. F. J. HAMILTON.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

Above the door of a rather snug but not over
ostentatious little shop, centrally situated on the
principal thoroughfare of one of the numerous
little villages of Western Ontario, hung the
following sign:

"ANTHONY HOPGOOD, GROCERIES, & C."

Mr. Hopgood was the proprietor of the establish-
ment. Although he had been in business
in the same premises for several years, still he
could not be regarded as much more than a
youth, for Mr. Hopgood, like many great men,
had launched out into the battling world at
an early age. The greater portion of his life-
time had been spent in the village, and, as a
consequence, everybody in the whole township
could claim intimate acquaintanceship with
him. He was a genial, good natured young
fellow, very sociable and fond of fun, and was,
moreover, something of a philosopher. He also
had the happy knack of being able to express
his ideas in an easy and entertaining sort of a
way, and it can, therefore, be readily understood
that Mr. Hopgood was a general favorite in the
community. The people liked to deal with Mr.
Hopgood for, no matter whether his customers
were old or young, he always had a smile, and
a pleasant word for each; besides, he had, long
since, acquired a reputation for fair and
honest dealing in business, and there was not a
person in the whole neighbourhood (except,
perhaps, his old rival, opposite) that could say
a single word derogatory to his character.

In consequence of all these good qualities the
older heads in the village looked upon Anthony
(as they usually termed him) as a very prom-
ising young man. There were, however, just
three things about Anthony, upon which the
village people would like to have had a little
more definite information. These questions
were, first: where he originally hailed from; second,
how much of the "needful" he had
managed to lay by, and lastly, why he persisted
in remaining single? These were, certainly,
very important considerations, and several of
his more inquisitive neighbours frequently en-
deavored to sound him on these points. But
Anthony was cautious, and he evaded their
bluntly put questions in the most innocent
manner imaginable. Not that he was in any
way afraid to have light shed upon any of the
questions, but because, while he was willing
that his kindly neighbours should gratify their
curiosity and love of gossip to a certain degree,
he was unwilling that they should know too
much about him, perhaps more than he knew
himself. Consequently, in spite of all of their
well meant efforts to solve these conundrums,
the people could arrive at no positive conclusions
in regard to them. Even the oldest inhabitant

could reveal nothing in regard to Anthony's
pedigree, and the old constable, who was con-
sidered tolerable good authority on most legal
matters, could give no definite statement as to
Anthony's financial standing.

Notwithstanding these few drawbacks, An-
thony continued to dwell in the hearts of the
people, and the people continued to take an
active interest in him and his affairs. Indeed,
his welfare was almost made a thing of their
own concern.

But Anthony grew ambitious. The grocery
business, in a small place, is a pleasant enough
avocation, it is true, but he began to feel that
his heart was not in his work; that he had a
soul worthy of a higher destiny than that of
measuring out soap, sugar and other trifles.
So he had his head examined by the phrenolo-
gist, who happened to come round that way, and
the result was that, soon after, he went over
to Mr. Dorson's, the druggist—who also did
the job-printing for the village—and ordered
fifty large-sized posters which were to read as
follows:

"RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

"Anthony Hopgood desires to announce to
the residents of this village and surrounding
neighbourhood that he has resolved to

GIVE UP BUSINESS,

and will sell out at a great sacrifice in order to
make a speedy clearance.

"All parties, &c., &c."

When old Mr. Dorson had looked through
his spectacles long enough to get at the gist of
the matter, a visible change came over his
whole person. He was simply amazed. He
was just as much astonished as he would have
been had the paper which he held in his hand
been a call to allow himself to be nominated
for the Local Legislature. As soon as he had
recovered himself a little he broke out as
follows:

"Why, Anthony, what does this mean?"
To which Anthony calmly replied: "It
means, Mr. Dorson, that I am about to abandon
the grocery trade forever. I have, at last,
awoke to a true conception of the grand object
of my existence, and I must hie me hence
without delay, to enter upon my new destiny."

Now, Mr. Dorson was a kind old soul and his
habits were very simple. He was not ac-
customed to being startled in this manner, so,
after a while, he said:

"Anthony, I am afraid you are acting rash-
ly; this is a very serious step; you must take
time to consider it. You have a nice little
business here and you are very comfortable
among us, and, for my part, I can see no reason
in the world why you should give up. I am
older than you are, my boy, and I advise you to
drop this idea, and don't trifle with Providence
by throwing away your chances. Yes, Anthony,
the more I think of it, the more I am convinced
that it is my duty to refuse to print any such
wild nonsense for you."

At this, Mr. Hopgood seemed to grow a little
impatient and did not appear to value the old
gentleman's advice as much as a good young
man should do. He mildly threatened to go
elsewhere for his printing, whereupon Mr.
Dorson reconsidered the matter, and after dou-
bly impressing on Anthony's mind the fact
that he had warned him, concluded to do the
work, and, after saying good-day to Anthony,
immediately stepped into the little back room
to tell his wife about it.

In due time the fifty posters were sent over
to the grocery. Mr. Hopgood procured the ser-
vices of the "Tom Sawyer" of the village, and
shortly after, all suitable places around about
were ornamented with M. Hopgood's intention.

In the course of a day or two the news had
spread all over the township, and it may be
safe to say that nothing, since the news of the
Fenian invasion, had ever so "taken a hold of
the people," as it were. Everybody immedi-
ately began to wonder, and to surmise, and to
guess, and to talk. The air was full of it.

The first person that came in to see Anthony
about it, officially, was old Dr. Brown. He had
been having a talk with Mr. Dorson, that morn-
ing, and they had come to the unanimous con-
clusion that this idea of his giving up business
was the greatest piece of folly that had ever
come under their observation. The good old
Doctor stormed, and argued, and advised, until
he was almost exhausted and, finally, demanded
to know "where he was going and what he
was going to do." To which questions An-
thony was mum.

Shortly after the Doctor's departure, in came
the Rev. Mr. Perkins who, in a very calm and
mild manner, remarked that he was very much
surprised, indeed, when he had learned of An-
thony's intention to retire from business. He
had always considered the grocery business to be
quite profitable, &c., &c. Not succeeding in
his gentle efforts to obtain an insight into An-
thony's future intentions, he somehow jumped
at the conclusion that Mr. Hopgood contem-
plated removing to some large city and, straight-
way, felt that it was his duty, as a minister, to
warn him of the wickedness and of the tempta-
tions which beset young men in all large places.
His line of argument was, that as peace and
contentment ought to be the *somnum bonum* of
human ambition, Anthony's intention to re-
move was entirely wrong, because it was di-
rectly opposed to both right and reason.

Anthony listened attentively for some time
because he was not very busy just then, and,
also, because he always had a good deal of respect
for the Rev. Mr. Perkins.

During the afternoon, Johnson, the black-
smith, went up to see Anthony about the matter.
He had heard something about his going to
leave the village, but he declined to believe any
such stuff until he heard it from Anthony's own
lips. So the first thing he said, when he got
into the store, was—

"Is it true?"
"Is what true?" asked Anthony.
"Is it true that you are going to leave us,
Mr. Hopgood?"

Anthony informed him that he believed fate
had so ordained it. Upon which, Johnson broke
out as follows:

"Now see here, Anthony, I've always been
a friend o' yours, and have done all I could to
help you along, and we're all been a dealing
with you for a long time, and I don't think its
the square thing for you to 'pick up' and
'dig out' in this way."

Anthony did not say much because he felt
that his honest old friend, Johnson, meant well.

Towards evening, in dropped the dashing
little Mrs. Fisher, the widow, whose merry
brown eyes were said to be sharp enough to see
through half a dozen mill stones.

During the conversation, the little darling
laughingly intimated that Mr. Hopgood could
not fool her; that she believed he had no in-
tention of giving up business at all, and that
he only said so for an advertising dodge. Her
late husband had been in business, some where.

In a few days it became pretty generally
known that Anthony really did intend to retire.
It became the chief topic of conversation in all
the houses, in the other stores, over at the
tavern, everywhere. But nobody could find
out, by hook or by crook, what Anthony's in-
tentions were in regard to the future. This
was very perplexing. He nearly lost several
intimate friends in consequence of his stubborn
silence in that respect. However, in the ab-
sence of authentic information, the following
rumors were freely handed about, viz.:

That he had rich and powerful relatives in
Europe and that they had sent for him to come
and fill some big position. That his grand-
father was in the Russian army, and that he
was going over to fight with the Servians. That
he was going away to the States to marry an
heiress; that he was going to edit a newspaper
and, lastly, that he had joined the Church and
would become a preacher.

In the meantime, the old constable busied
himself every day, hunting round, trying to fish
up something that would give him a clue. He
went over to see if Doctor Brown had noticed
anything strange or remarkable about Anthony's
actions, of late, but the Doctor shook his head;
then he held a confidential interview with the
proprietor of the tavern to see if Anthony had
been much of a frequenter, or if he had taken
to drink, but the jolly old landlord regretted
that he had seen Anthony so seldom. Then, as
a last resort, he called upon the postmaster to
ascertain if that functionary had noticed any-
thing peculiar or suspicious about Anthony's
correspondence, but the postmaster had noticed
nothing worth speaking of. The old constable
began to grow wrathful. Things continued in
this unsettled state for several days and the
people could get no satisfaction out of Anthony.
As might be expected, the rumours kept con-
stantly increasing in number, and they had to
be varied so as to be in accord with the indigna-
tion which was spreading. The following are
a few specimens of what was being whispered
around. That he had become a gambler and
had lost every cent he was worth at cards; that
he was going to join a gang of robbers, then
supposed to be prowling about the country; that
he was a counterfeiter, a horse thief, and, finally,
that he had concocted a plan of robbing the post-
office. Still, Anthony kept silent, and, strange
to say, looked more and more happy each day,
which was very annoying to the people.

It is a long lane that has no turning, how-
ever, and that was what the old constable
thought as he walked in, one evening, after
having almost abandoned all hopes of ever
finding out anything. Although there was an
air of profound melancholy about him, still he
could not conceal the triumph which glittered
in his little gray eyes as he thus addressed An-
thony:

"Mr. Hopgood, I have a very unpleasant
duty to perform. I had always regarded you
as an upright young man. You have nobody
to blame but yourself. I have to inform you
that I am sent here to seize all your goods and
chattels. Here is the distress warrant which
was got out against you by Mr. Skinner, your
landlord. He has become dissatisfied and un-
easy at the way you are carrying on."

It somehow occurred to Anthony, just then,
that there was a possibility of carrying a joke
too far, so, after a much fruitless argument, he
politely pointed to the door, but the old con-
stable was big, and declined to move.

Mr. Hopgood had to go up and interview old
Skinner, the landlord, as follows:

Anthony.—"What did you put the bailiff in
my place for?"

Old Skinner.—"The waywardness of youth,
Mr. Hopgood, has always been a source of
much uneasiness to me. In all my experience,
I have found that young men, as a rule, cannot
be depended upon, and your own case proves
the rule. You are now established in a business
which is growing from year to year, and you
have a bright prospect before you. But no,
some tom foolery or other catches you, and
you must give up your business and throw away
your chances. You are already on the road to
the poor house!"

Anthony.—"I have always paid you the
rent when it was due. I do not owe you one
cent of rent. Upon what ground, then, do you
seize?"

Old Skinner.—"Fool, your lease has some
months to run yet, I seize for the rent that will
become due."

Anthony.—"But your rent will be paid as it
becomes due just as it always has been."

Old Skinner.—"When you have arrived at
my years you will have learned the worthles-
ness of promises."

Anthony.—"When I am as old as you are I
hope I will have better sense. The seizure which
you have made is entirely illegal and uncalled
for. You have allowed your avariciousness to
get the better of your judgment. Believe me,
sir, you shall be made to pay dearly for the
gross injustice done me. Some of the wealth
which you have wrung from the helpless and
inexperienced shall, in turn, be wrung from
you as a fit compensation for the injury which
you have done me this day."

Then Anthony went over to the county town
and placed the matter in the hands of able
lawyers, and the result was, that, in a few days,
old Skinner hopped around like a whipped cur.
He came down and invited the old constable to
come away as he had dropped the seizure and
desired to withdraw all further proceedings.
Old Skinner was very wealthy, but nobody in
the whole village liked him; so when the old
constable went round and told how he had been
made a fool of, everybody actually congratulated
Anthony on his victory.

During all this time, Anthony's stock was
being reduced to a fine point, so to speak, and
things began to look as though the place would
not know him much longer. Then the people
began to hunt up claims against him, and, as
the majority presented were purely imaginary,
he was kept quite busy in hunting up old re-
ceipts for bills which had been settled months,
and even years, before. Then, much to the sa-
tisfaction of everybody, he was threatened to
be sued for breach of promise, by the father of
the girl he once took to singing school. But,
terrified at the fate which befell old Skinner,
this would-be plaintiff concluded not to press
the case at present. And, as a grand finale,
a crowning climax to his persecution, old Figgins,
the tailor, had Anthony actually arrested on a
capias. Anthony had always been in the habit
of buying his clothes there, and old Figgins had
often boasted that Mr. Hopgood was one of his
best paying customers. But the new suit, which
he had got a few days before, was still unsettled
for, and, as the people could now believe An-
thony capable of doing anything, somebody
had advised old Figgins to look sharp, or he
would be the loser. The bill was easily settled,
however, and Anthony was again free to stand
in the door of his shop and smile and look
happy.

This so vexed the man who kept the other
grocery, that he was obliged to come over and
mention how that the people had intended to
present Anthony with a testimonial on the eve
of his departure, but as he persisted in being so
stubborn, and disagreeable, he now doubted if
enough money could be collected to purchase as
much as a tin whistle.

In due time Anthony got his estate wound
up, and, as he actually appeared to have some
money, and was not likely to ask any favors of
anybody, many of his old friends gathered about
him and wished him God-speed as the stage bore
him away.

HAMILTON, ONT.

W. F. McM.

LITERARY.

MR. HALLAM TENNYSON, a son of the Lau-
reate, is a writer of some promise.

MURRAY is going to publish Captain Nares's
official report to the Admiralty, and illustrate it with
maps.

WILLIAM BLACK says the alleged discovery of
the original "Princess of Thule" is all in the imagina-
tion of the discoverers.

A NEW weekly periodical, especially devoted
to the exposure of the shams and fictions of commercial
and fashionable life, is to appear in London in the be-
ginning of 1877. The freshcomer is to be produced under
the auspices of Mr. Labouchere, and will be called *Truth*.

"FULL many a swarthy face and stern was
there," was given to an aspirant for a University
scholarship in England in his task of turning English
into Latin verse. He reversed the aspect of things in
this amusing fashion:—"Nigre illis facies, nigraque
terga."

ROBERT BROWNING is now in his sixty-fifth
year, and is full of vitality and vivacity. He is of medium
height, erect and broad-shouldered. His hair and beard
are white, his large gray eyes have youth in them still.
He is a bright companion, a teller of comical stories, and
as a talker not at all given to the incomprehensible.

A NEW description of Swinburne makes his
face resemble a cat's, a fact of which he is said to be
proud. He is small and slight, but has a large head and
bushy auburn hair. Although by birth an aristocrat, he
is in theory democratic.

AN important sale of books, prints, and
drawings of great value, being the collections of Mr.
Didot, the famous connoisseur, will take place in Paris
in the spring of next year, and comprise many rare trea-
sures. Among the drawings are the originals by Hol-
bein, for the "Dance of Death;" and among the prints
is a choice copy of the woodcuts of Hans Lüzelberger
from these drawings.

AN amusing incident occurred lately at the
establishment of a well-known London publisher. The
manuscript of a novel was sent to him so hermetically
sealed in a tin box that it could not be extracted without
a hammer. The clerks who received the box conjured
up in their minds an idea that it contained dynamite, and
consequently, after much perturbation, the box was de-
posited unopened in a dark cellar, where it remained for
several months, and where probably it would have con-
tinued to remain had not the author, who lives in a remote
part of the world, unexpectedly made his appearance in
the British metropolis.

"BIRDIE."

Far in this green old graveyard stands
A little cross of marble white
Telling its tale of sundered hands
In the soft moonbeam silvery light.

A year ago the little child
Who lies below, so cold, so still,
With merry laughter sported wild
In this old graveyard by the hill.

A year ago the little eyes
Flushed out, and beamed with gay delight,
The little heart knew naught of sighs
In these song days so warm, and bright.

A year ago the little voice
Sang out glad mirth with every breath,
But now it may no more rejoice,
For it is hushed, and stilled in death.

The little feet are wan, and chill,
No footfall strikes upon the ear,
The violet and the daffodil
Are growing high above them here.

Oh! marble cross, a year ago
The ground was bare where now you stand,
I could not tell my tears would flow
Upon your lot of velvet land.

Oh! marble cross, my tears must flow,
And rent with grief my heart must be,
My bitter tears alone can show
How dear my lost one was to me.

Toronto. A. D. STEWART.

THE TALK OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"Who went to the door just now?" demanded a young lady, entering the parlour with a quick step, and showing considerable excitement of manner.

"I did," was answered by a girl of fifteen, with the air of one half-conscious of a wrong.

"You did? So I imagined! What on earth possesses you to run to the door every time the bell rings, Emily? Servants answer bells, not young ladies. Pray let us have an end to this. We'll be the talk of the whole neighbourhood."

"I can't see any particular harm in opening the door for a visitor," was answered.

"Harm! It's vulgar. People will think we don't keep servants."

"I can't see what business other people have with the arrangement of our family," said the younger sister, speaking more resolutely. "Suppose we didn't keep any servants? That would be our own affair."

"Emily!" The elder sister spoke imperatively. "You must not go to the door when the bell rings. That's Ellen's place. She's hired for that purpose. You'll be taken for a servant girl. Can't you understand?"

Now, that argument had its influence. To be taken for a servant girl! Emily was silenced.

"I'm out of all patience with her," said the elder sister, entering the room where her father and mother were sitting, a few moments afterwards. She seemed particularly annoyed.

"With whom, Kate?"

"Why, with Emily. She will persist in going to the door when the bell rings, just as though we hadn't three servants in the house."

The father, a care-worn looking man, who sat reading the morning paper, let the sheet fall upon his knees, and turned his eyes upon Emily. His brows contracted a little, and with a painful expression, while his thin lips shut themselves closer. He made no remark, however, though it was plain that his sympathies were not with his daughter Kate.

"I wish you'd speak to her about it," added the young lady, still addressing her mother. "We shall be the talk of the whole neighbourhood."

If the ear and heart of Kate Hamilton had been open in the right direction, she would have heard the sigh that came faintly breathing through her father's lips. If her eyes had been observant, she would have seen the deeper shade that fell over his countenance. His thought had gone back over many years, to the time his wife kept not even a single servant, and when she opened her own door to everyone who chafed to call to a time when his heart, free from oppressive cares and humiliating embarrassment, beat rhythmically in his bosom, and his lips answered to his heart in song. There was no fine rhythm in his pulses now, and long ago music had died from his lips.

"I can't see any harm in it," replied Mr. Hamilton. "If Emily chooses to open the door, and thus save Ellen a few steps, why should it trouble you so seriously?"

"I don't want my sister to put herself on a level with servants; at least, not in the face of the whole neighbourhood," retorted Kate, with an air of conscious self-importance.

Mr. Hamilton threw his newspaper on the table, and rising, left the room without a remark. While putting on his great coat in the hall, preparatory to going forth on the day's dreaded business, Emily came out of the parlour, and placing her hand upon him in a fond, familiar way, said, "What harm is there going to the door when the bell rings?"

"None, dear, that I can see," replied Mr. Hamilton.

"Kate thinks it dreadful."

"Does she?"

"Yes, and says if I go to the door, we'll be the talk of the whole neighbourhood."

of bringing her all the way down when I could step to the door in a moment?"

"True enough," said Mr. Hamilton. "What would have been the use of it?"

"Then," added Emily, "it takes a long time to get to the door when Ellen happens to be at work upstairs, and persons who ring have to wait. I can't sit still in the parlour, if I am there, until a servant comes. I must go to the door. As to the harm, I am too dull to see it."

"And I hope you'll always remain too dull," answered her father. As he said this the bell rang loudly. Some one had given it a vigorous jerk.

"Shall I open the door?" Emily was already on tip-toe.

"Certainly."

She came back with a letter. Mr. Hamilton took it from her hand, and broke the seal in evident nervousness. Letters left for him at his dwelling had come to be, in most cases, unpleasant visitors.

An exclamation of surprise and pain fell from the lips of Mr. Hamilton as his eyes glanced over the long, narrow slip of paper which the envelope had covered. Then he refolded the paper, and thrust it into his pocket in a half-desperate, half-despairing way.

"What is it, father?" Emily drew her hands through his arm, and looked up anxiously into his face.

"Nothing that you can help, dear," replied the father, endeavouring to rally himself and assume an indifference which he did not feel. Then he kissed her, and went hastily out, to flounder through the day's dreaded business. We say "flounder," for Mr. Hamilton was in embarrassed circumstances. In the morning, when he went forth to business, it was not often that he knew where the money to meet the day's payments was to come from, and usually one-third of his time was spent in seeking discomfits. The bill just received was from a jeweller, to whom he had given his two eldest daughters, Isabel and Kate, permission to go for a few articles, and they had, in the course of six months, run up an account of nearly fifty pounds. No wonder that its receipt by Mr. Hamilton occasioned an ejaculation of surprise and pain. What hope was there of release from embarrassment under the steadily accumulating pressure of debts like this? It was only on the day before that a milliner's bill of twenty pounds had given him a shock, from which his nerves yet had a low, sickening quiver. Like a man struggling in deep water, he felt that even the smallest additional burden laid upon his shoulders must bear him under.

Half an hour after her father went out, Kate was on her way upstairs to dress for a walk, when she heard the bell ring. The sound arrested her steps. Would Emily go to the door? Scarcely had the question formed itself in her thought, when she saw Emily emerge from the parlour.

"Emily!" she called, in a low, warning voice. But Emily giving no heed to her sister, opened the door. A rough man, with cold, hard features, looked steadily into her face for a moment or two, and then drawing from his pocket a folded paper, said, "Be sure that you give this to Mr. Hamilton."

Something in his look and tone chilled her. She felt that, in some way unknown to her, this man had an evil power over her father.

"What is it?" she asked, as the colour left her cheeks.

"It is a summons," answered the man.

"A summons!" and she stepped back, shutting the door almost in his face.

"Who was it?" asked Kate, calling down from her position on the stairs.

"A man to see father," replied Emily, as she glided into the parlour, where she sat down trembling. Kate went upstairs to remonstrate with her mother against the right of Emily to compromise the family dignity, while Emily unfolded the paper just received at the door, and sought to explore its meaning. It was an ordinary writ, or summons, giving notification that an action for debt had been commenced against Mr. Hamilton by some creditor whose patience was exhausted; but poor Emily explored its written and printed sentences, and its mystic phraseology, for some clear meaning, in vain.

"We shall be the talk of the whole neighbourhood, mother." These words, spoken on the stairs, and accompanied by the sound of feet, caused Emily to rise and thrust the summons into her pocket. As she did so, her mother and Kate appeared at the door.

"There is no need of your going to the door," said Mrs. Hamilton, kindly. "But what is the matter, dear?" The mother's voice changed, for she saw that Emily's face was pale and troubled.

Emily, not yet clear in her own mind as to what was best to be done in regard to the summons, evaded the question of her mother, and, turning aside, commenced dusting the piano, saying, as she did so, "I like the exercise. It's good for me."

Now, that was a reason against which Mrs. Hamilton had not a word to say.

"You'd better wash and iron," said Kate, with asperity, "if exercise is what you want."

Emily did not reply, but went on dusting the piano.

"I wouldn't go to the door," suggested Mrs. Hamilton, "That is Ellen's duty. And your going so often annoys your sisters. They don't regard it as genteel. People are so observant, and we must act with some regard to public sentiment."

"This was left at the door just now," said Emily, acting from the moment's impulse, as she drew the summons from her pocket, and handed it to her mother.

Mrs. Hamilton unfolded the paper in a hurried manner, and turned pale as she glanced at the contents.

"What is it?" asked Kate.

"Something for your father," replied Mrs. Hamilton, in a subdued voice, as she went from the room. Kate stood a few moments; and then followed, leaving Emily without further interference.

Two hours later in the day, Kate and her sister Isabel, two showy girls, dressed in a costly and attractive manner, went forth to exhibit themselves and win admiration. They did not fail to win attention; as to the admiration, we cannot speak with assurance. After promenading about for an hour, they stepped into the shop of a jeweller—the same who had, on that very morning, furnished their father with a long bill. Heretofore the jeweller had been exceedingly polite and anxious to have them purchase; but he seemed rather indifferent on this occasion, and displayed his goods, as asked for, in almost total silence; but not the remotest suspicion of the cause entered their mind.

"Isn't this elegant?" said Kate taking up an opal ring.

"Beautiful!" replied Isabel.

"What is the price?" asked Kate.

"Five guineas," answered the jeweller, reaching out his hand to take the ring. But Kate slipped it on her finger, and gazed like one fascinated into the flame that quivered in the heart of the gem.

"I must have an opal," she said. "And this is such a very fine stone!"

"Yes, miss, for a small opal, one of the finest I have seen."

"Charge it to my father," said Kate.

But the jeweller answered, "Hadn't you better ask your father's consent before buying so costly a ring?"

"Ask my father?" Blood came reddening into Kate's face.

The jeweller bowed gravely, and held out his hand for the opal, which hurriedly drawing from her finger, Kate restored to his possession. Another customer entering at the same moment, the jeweller turned from the two surprised young ladies, who left the shop hastily.

"He acted very strangely," said Kate as they passed along the street. "I wonder what he meant?"

"Can papa have been saying anything to him?"

"Of course not. He wouldn't disgrace himself and us in that way. It was downright insulting! Mr. King will see no more of our money, that is certain!"

"Indeed he will not! I was never was so mortified in my life! It is impossible that papa would allow us to order goods just for the purpose of receiving a humiliating refusal."

So the sisters talked over the humiliating incident, which the reader understands better than they did. They now went into a draper's shop, where they were in the habit of making purchases. Here each selected an elegant silk dress, and ordered it to be sent home.

"Wait a moment," said the young man who had shown them the goods; and he stepped across the shop to where one of the proprietors was standing. Their experience at the jeweller's made the two young ladies feel a little nervous at this movement, and their eyes took note of the knitted brows, and earnest manner of the principal. In a little while the young man came back, and with a smile that was evidently enforced, and an embarrassment of manner which could not be hidden, said, "We should prefer not sending these goods to-day, if you will excuse us."

"Oh, just as you like!" Kate tossed her head a little proudly; but the arrow had gone to her heart. A few minutes the sisters lingered, and then with a crest-fallen air that could not be veiled, went quietly from the shop.

This shock considerably agitated their nerves, and led them to seek refuge and refreshment at a pastry-cook's. As they entered they noticed a party of three young ladies at a table who eyed them closely. From the shop they passed into a back room, and seated themselves at the extreme end; but not liking the position, came back to a table near the entrance, across which a Venetian screen was placed. This brought them very close to the party of young ladies we have mentioned, and within hearing distance, though concealed from them.

"They're the talk of the whole neighbourhood," scarcely were they seated before this sentence pricked their ears.

"On what account," was asked

"Oh, on various accounts; mainly for their silly pride and flaunting airs. You saw how they were over-dressed, and how queenly they tried to walk—as if the ground they trod on was scarcely good enough for their dainty feet."

"Yes, I noticed that. But I suppose their father has a deep purse, and wealth turns the heads of some people."

"There lies the poor folly of the whole thing," answered the other speaker. "So far from being a rich man, their father is over head and ears in debt, and worried half out of his life to make his payments and keep above water. My brother knows all about his business affairs, and says it's a disgrace for his daughters to add the heavy burden they must be adding to the bent shoulders of so kind-hearted a man. Proud, idle, good-for-nothings, he calls them. He took a fancy to one of them; but soon comprehending

her quality, turned away in disgust. They are in debt everywhere. Our dressmaker told me last week that they owe her nearly fifty pounds and that she has sent for the money over and over again—and I know they have a large unpaid bill at a jeweller's. The grocer and butcher in our neighbourhood both say that it is almost impossible to get an account settled; and yet these idle girls sweep about in rich attire, as though they were the daughters of a prince."

"I don't wonder they are the talk of the neighbourhood," was replied to this.

"And they keep three servants!" went on the other. "The neighbours think it would be more creditable for them to keep one—and honest into the bargain."

"How many sisters are there?"

"Three."

"All alike?"

"No. The youngest is wholly different from the two you saw just now. She's a sensible girl, and worth a score of her good-for-nothing sisters."

And the conversation ceased.

The talk of the whole neighbourhood! Even so! Full two weeks passed before Kate and her sister were again seen abroad, and then so great was the change in their attire and manner, that many people who knew them questioned each other as to the meaning. During these two weeks other scales dropped from their eyes. So stern was the pressure of embarrassment upon their father, that he had been forced to yield, and all men knew him as a broken merchant.

Necessity cannot stand to parley with circumstances—it does not give place to pride. Mr. Hamilton was compelled to demand of his family a different style of living. Three servants gave place to one; and idle daughters had, under constraint, to assume their places, and become the talk of the neighbourhood. To them the fact involved deep humiliation. But how did the neighbours talk? In many ways: yet chiefly in tenour like this:—

"I didn't think it was in them." So a lady opposite remarked to a friend who lived next door.

"Nor I," was answered. "Kate, in particular, had such a proud, dashing air, and was so vain and idle, that I never could believe it possible for her to make a sensible woman. But she has promptly accommodated herself to her father's changed circumstances. They've sent away all their servants, I am told."

"Yes."

"A fact more creditable to them than idle dependence on their father."

"A thousand times more creditable. Do you know I've felt an utter contempt for these girls! But now respect comes involuntarily."

"Just what Mrs. Lee told me this morning."

"Misfortune is the only means of salvation for some people."

"It is the only thing," replied the neighbour, "that would have saved the daughters of Mr. Hamilton. I've never called upon them, but shall do so now."

So the neighbours talked, as neighbours who are very apt to look past the outward seeming to the real character, will talk. Pride and pretence cannot hang up a veil thick enough to conceal the truth; and mock gentility is sure to be detected and despised.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"Miss MULLON," in which Miss Clara Morris appears, has settled down to a steady success at the Union Square Theatre.

It is definitely decided to build an international theatre in connection with the Exhibition of 1878, at which performances in different languages are to be given twice daily during the whole period of the exhibition.

M. PASDELOUP, the Parisian manager whose attempts to present Wagner brought on such a row, has come out in a card referring to his service during the Franco-Prussian war as the best possible answer to charges of a want of patriotism.

At a ballad concert at Manchester, Mr. Sims Reeves had complied with an encore in the first part of the concert, and his exacting hearers insisted that he should repeat his last song. Mr. Reeves very properly declined to comply, and then ensued a most disgraceful scene. The concert was broken up.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI has just returned to Paris from her rapid tournee in the provinces. She sang only in three cities, and only four times in all, but these concerts brought in the enormous sum of £2,200 sterling. This fact is probably unprecedented in the history of music.

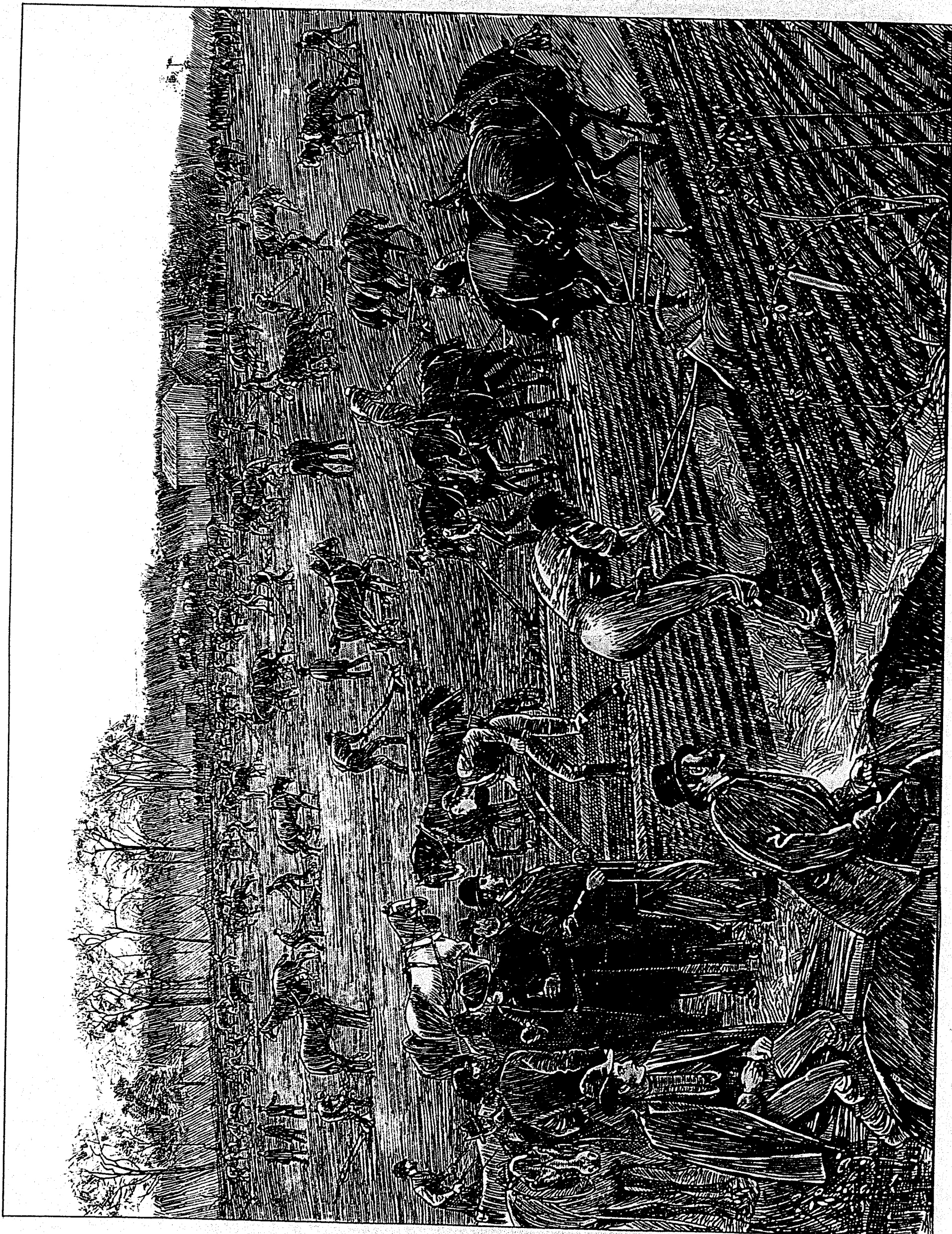
SIGNOR TAMBURINI, whose death has just been announced, was at one time, and for many years, the most famous baritone in Europe; and he will further be remembered as the last of the celebrated quartet of which Grist was the soprano, Rubini the tenor, and Labache the bass.

Lucca is in bad luck, it would seem. Her German concert tour has been unprofitable, and she has been reminded by the decision of a legal tribunal that she must pay the twenty-five thousand dollars damages awarded Manager Gye, of London, for the violation of her contract with him.

SOME people happened to find themselves in the railway carriage with a fine-looking lady and gentleman. The lady had a pretty little dog with her, which she called "Ophelia." After some hours of riding together an American friend said to her, "I see you have an Ophelia; now you should have Hamlet."

"I have," replied the lady laughing, and laying her hand upon her husband's shoulder proudly; "he is here." It was Faure and his wife.

THE Prince Imperial, now residing at Florence, was present a few evenings back at a performance of "Hamlet" by Rossi. In consequence of his Imperial Highness having expressed a desire to have an interview with the tragedian, the latter called on the Prince and was very cordially received. The visit lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and the conversation turned entirely on literary subjects, and especially on "Hamlet" and Shakespeare.

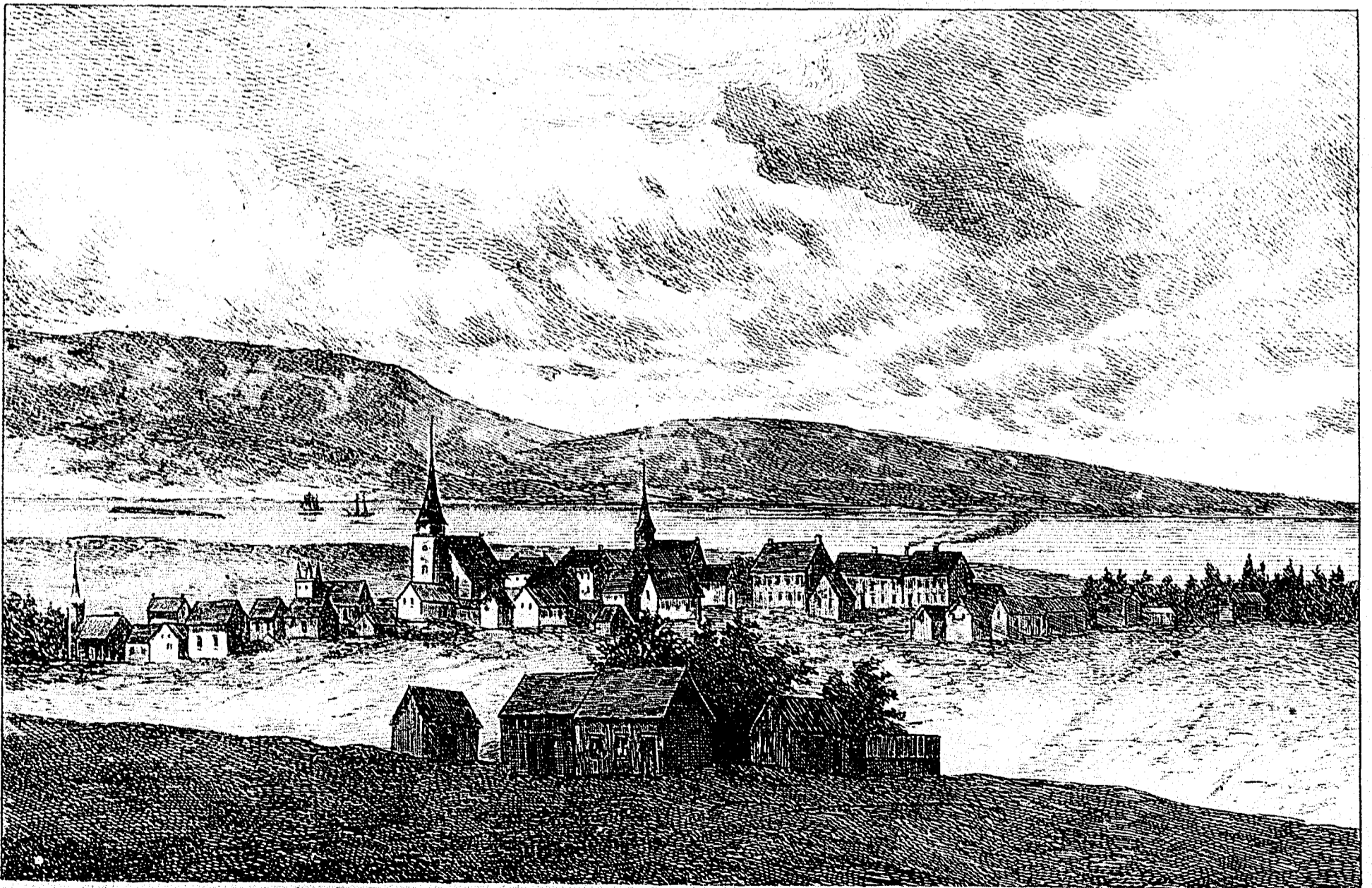


HAMILTON: THE PROVINCIAL PLOUGHING MATCH.—BY W. CRICKHANKS.

NOVA SCOTIA SCENERY.



VALLEY OF RIVER PHILIP.



TOWN OF AMHERST.
FROM SKETCHES BY A. J. HILL, C.E.

ROSETTE.

(Translated from Bérauger.)

Unmindful of your blooming youth
Why talk of love to me, forsooth,
To me, whose ardour disappears,
Chilled by the frosts of forty years?
A pretty face of old, I vow,
Sufficed to fire my heart, but now—
I cannot love you, I regret,
As once, long since, I loved Rosette.

Whirled in a carriage you display
A brilliant toilet, day by day:
Rosette, arrayed in simple white,
Smiled as she tripped with footstep light:
And, though her quick coquettish eye
Provoked the gaze of passers-by,
I cannot love you, I regret,
As once, long since, I loved Rosette.

In this *boudoir* with satin hung
Your smiles are back from mirrors flung;
Rosette could boast one glass alone—
To me it seemed the Graces' own.
No curtains veiled her sleep by night,
The daybreak woke her with its light;
Ah! wherefore can I love no more,
As once I loved Rosette of yore?

Your wit, that sparkles, well may claim
A more than transitory fame;
Without a blush I own, Rosette
Could scarcely read the alphabet.
When words to tell her thoughts were weak,
Love's silent language she would speak—
Ah! wherefore can I love no more
As once I loved Rosette of yore?

What, though her charms than yours were less,
What, though she looked your tenderness;
What, though she turned a glance less sweet
Than yours on lovers at her feet!
She had my youth—my youth that yet
I sigh for with a fond regret—
Ah! wherefore can I love no more
As once I loved Rosette of yore?

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

GEIER-WALLY:

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

BACK TO THE FATHER.

Wally raised herself to see what startled the bird. There, across the smooth sea of ice, with its reefs and chasms, came a human figure, advancing straight toward the rock where she lay. Wally recognized the dark eyes and black moustache, saw the cap waved in joyous greeting, and heard the loud *jodel* he uttered, as once before, long ago, she had heard it when she looked down from the Sonnenplatte, and saw him guiding the traveller through the ravine; she herself then a hopeful, innocent child—not yet cursed and disinherited by her father; not yet an incendiary; not yet a murderer. As a whole landscape, illuminated by a flash of lightning, suddenly looms up, with all its heights and depths, from the gloom, now, at a single stroke, the chain of incidents rose before her mind, and she beheld with a shudder the depth of her fall.

What was she then—and what was she now? What did he, who had not sought her in the old days, now seek with the criminal—the living dead?

She gazed at him with unutterable horror. "Oh, God! he is coming!" she shrieked aloud, clinging in mortal terror to the cliff, as if it were the hand of her stony father. "Joseph, stay below; don't come up here. For Heaven's sake, turn back—go away; I cannot, I will not see you!" But Joseph had hastily bounded up the rocks, and was rapidly approaching her. Wally pressed her face against the hard stone and waved the intruder back. "Is there no place in the whole world where one can be alone?" she cried trembling from head to foot. "Don't your hear? You must leave me. You have nothing to do with me! I am dead; the same as dead! Oh! can I not even die quietly?"

"Wally, Wally, have you lost your senses?" exclaimed Joseph, raising her from the rocks in his strong arms, like a piece of moss that clung to the cliff. "Look at me, Wally, for God's sake! Why do you not wish to see me? It is I, Joseph, whose life you saved; we don't do such things for those we hate!"

He held her clasped in his arms; she had sunk upon one knee; she could neither move forward nor back; she could not defend herself. She was no longer the Wally of former days, but a weak, feeble girl. With dim eyes she bowed her head, like a victim about to receive a death stroke.

"Holy Virgin, lass, how you look! as if you were going to die. Is this the proud Höchstbauerin? Wally—Wally, speak—come to your senses. This comes from living like a wild animal. I should forget how to use my tongue at all up here! You have grown very weak; come, lean on me, I'll help you down to your hut. To be sure, I'm not much of a hero, but I've rather more strength than you. Come—it's enough to make one giddy up here—and I've a great deal to say to you, Wally, a great deal." Wally almost unconsciously let him lead her down, step by step. Without uttering a word, he guided her tottering feet over the sea of ice, and down to the hut. But the shepherd lad was standing at the door, so he stopped, and gently seated his companion on a patch of mountain grass. She sat there silently and submissively, with her hands clasped in her lap. It was doubtless God's will that she should endure this trial also, and she prayed only for firmness.

Joseph threw himself on the grass beside her, rested his chin on his hand, and gazed with

ardent eyes into her grief-worn face. "I have much for which to make amends to you, Wally," he said, gravely; "and I should have come long ago, if the doctor and priest would have let me; but they said it might cost me my life if I went up the mountain too soon, and I thought that would be a pity, for now I should like to live, Wally"—he took her hand—"since you have saved my life!—for when I heard the story I knew how matters stood with you—and they are just the same with me, Wally!" He gently stroked her hand.

Wally snatched it away, in sudden terror, and almost gasped for breath.

"Joseph, now I know what you mean! You think, because I saved your life, you must out of gratitude love me and leave Afra in the lurch! No, no, you dare not do that, for so surely as there is a God in Heaven, I am base and wicked, but not wicked enough to accept a reward I don't deserve, or have a heart given to me like a traveller's fee—a heart which, moreover, I must steal from another. No, Geier-Wally has not yet come to that. Whatever she may have done, thank God, there is still one evil deed of which I should not be capable," she added, under her breath. Then, summoning all her strength, she rose and attempted to go to the hut, where the shepherd sat whistling a song. But Joseph held her firmly with both arms. "Wally, listen to me first!"

"No, Joseph," she said, with pallid lips but haughty bearing; "not another word. I thank you for your kind intentions, but you don't yet know me!"

"Wally, I tell you you must listen—do you understand? You must!" He laid his hand on her shoulder, and his eyes rested upon her with such an imperious expression that she sank down, as if utterly conquered.

"Speak then," she said, faintly, sitting down on a rock some distance off.

"That's right; now I see you can obey," he said, with a pleasant smile.

He stretched his handsome limbs upon the turf, put the game bag he had removed under his elbow, and leaned upon it. His warm breath fanned Wally's face. She sat motionless, with downcast eyes; the conflict within gradually flushed her pale face, but outwardly she remained calm, almost stolid.

"I'll tell you everything just as it happened," Joseph continued; "I never could bear you, though I didn't know you. People talked so much about your fierceness and hardness, that I had a very bad opinion of you, and wanted to know nothing at all about you. Of course I always saw that you were a beautiful lass, but I wouldn't see it. So I always kept out of your way, till your quarrel with Afra; but I couldn't let that pass. You see any wrong done to Afra is done to me, and when Afra is hurt it cuts me to the heart, for, you know—well it must come out now—my mother will forgive me in her grave: Afra is my sister!"

Wally started and gazed at him as if in a dream. He paused a moment, and wiped his forehead with his shirt-sleeve. "It's not right for me to tell it, but you must know and will never repeat the secret. My mother told me on her death-bed that before she knew my father, she had had a child in Vintschgau, and, with my hand in hers, I promised to provide for the girl as a brother; that's why I brought her from the other side of the mountains and put her at service in the Lamb. But we promised each other to keep the secret, and not let our mother be disgraced in her grave. Don't you see that I couldn't let my sister be insulted without revenging it, and was forced to stand up for her when any one injured her?"

Wally sat like a statue, fairly gasping for breath. It seemed as if the mountains and the whole world were reeling around her. Now everything was clear: now she understood what Afra had said at Joseph's bedside! She pressed both hands on her head, as if she could not grasp the thought. If this were so how terrible became her guilt! It was not the heartless man, who had insulted her for the sake of a low born servant, she had sought to kill, but the brother, who was only fulfilling his duty to his sister, in an outburst of blind jealousy. She would have robbed a poor orphan of her last support. "Oh! God, if that had happened!" she said to herself. Her head swam; she buried her face in her hands and a hollow moan escaped her lips.

Joseph, who had not noticed her emotion, continued:—"So I swore in the Lamb before all the people that I would humble your pride and insult you as you had insulted Afra, and we hatched the plot together, in spite of Afra, who did not want it to be done. And it all succeeded; but when we wrestled together, with your beautiful breast pressed against my heart, and I kissed you, it seemed as if my veins were on fire. I did not like to say a word, because I had been your enemy so long; but it grew worse from hour to hour, and at night I clasped my pillow in my sleep, fancying it was you, and when I awoke, called your name aloud and sprang from my bed."

"Stop, you are killing me," cried Wally. The young hunter eagerly continued:—"So I went out in the darkness, and wandered upon the Sonnenplatte. I meant to knock at your window before daylight, and was just thinking how beautiful it would be when you put your sleepy little face out and I took it between my hands and kissed it and asked your pardon a thousand, thousand times! And then, just at that moment, a bullet whistled past my head, and the next instant one struck me in the shoulder, and as I staggered some one sprang

from behind and flung me over the precipice. And I thought my love and life were at an end. But you came, you angel of a girl, and took pity on me, brought me out of the chasm and took care of me—oh Wally!" He threw himself at Wally's feet and laid his clasped hands on her lap: "Wally, I can't thank you as I should like to do; but if all the love of all the people in the whole world were gathered together, it would not be so much as mine for you!"

Wally's strength gave way. With a heart-rending shriek she pushed Joseph back and threw herself, face downward, on the earth, in wild despair. "Oh! I might have been so happy, and now all is over—all, all!"

"Wally, for God's sake, I really believe you are mad! What does this mean? If you and I love each other, surely it's all right!"

"Oh! Joseph, Joseph, you don't know. There can never be anything between us two; oh! you don't know; I am cast out and condemned. I dare not be your wife. Trample on me, kill me, kill me; it was I who caused you to be hurled over the cliff."

The terrible words made Joseph recoil. He still thought she was raving. Starting to his feet, he gazed at her in horror.

"Joseph, she murmured, clasping his knees; "I have loved you ever since I knew you; for your sake my father sent me to the Hochjoch; for your sake I set his barn on fire; for your sake I wandered three years in this wilderness, starving and freezing, and preferred to die rather than marry any other man. I was almost mad with jealousy of Afra, because I thought she was your sweetheart and was taking you away from me! At last, after long, long years of waiting, you asked me, like a betrothed bridegroom, to the dance, and I thought my heart would burst with joy and allowed you to kiss me as if I were your betrothed, but you—you insulted me before all the people—insulted me, in return for all the love and faith with which I had waited for you, for all the misery I had endured for you—then my love was transformed to hate, and I told Vincenz to murder you."

Joseph covered his face with both hands. "This is horrible!"

"That night I repented," Wally continued; "I went out and tried to prevent it; but the crime had already been committed. And now you tell me that you would have loved me, and all might be well, if I could stand before you with a clear conscience. And all this I have brought upon myself by my blind rage and malice! Oh! I thought there could be no greater sorrow than that you have already caused me, but it was nothing to what I have inflicted on myself. But it serves me quite right; it serves me quite right!"

There was a long silence. Wally had pressed her forehead, damp with the sweat of agony, against Joseph's knee; her whole body writhed with pain. An anxious minute elapsed. Then a hand was placed under her chin, gently raising her face, and Joseph's eyes gazed at her with a strange expression: "My poor Wally!" he said softly.

"Joseph, Joseph, don't treat me so kindly!" she cried, imploringly; "take your gun and shoot me. I will not move an eyelash, and thank you for the favor."

He raised her in his arms, laid her head on his breast, stroked her tangled hair, and kissed her, warmly and passionately. "But I love you still!" he exclaimed, in a loud, joyous tone, that echoed exultantly from the dreary walls of ice.

Wally stood, almost unable to believe her senses, silent and almost crushed beneath the flood of happiness that poured upon her.

"Joseph, it is possible; can you forgive me—can the dear God can forgive me?" she murmured, breathlessly.

"Wally! he who could hear all this and look at your pale face, and still be angry with you, must have a stone instead of a heart in his breast! I'm a hard fellow, but I can't do it!"

"Oh! God," exclaimed Wally, tears gushing from her eyes; "when I think that I wanted to still that heart"—she wrung her hands, despairingly. "Oh! you dear lad, the kinder you are to me, the more terrible is my remorse! Oh! I shall never find rest on earth or in Heaven. I'll be your servant, not your wife. I'll sleep on your threshold, not by your side. I'll work for you, serve you, and read your commands in your eyes. And if you beat me, I'll kiss your hand, and if you trample upon me, I'll clasp your knees, and beg and pray till you are kind once more. If you give nothing but a look and a word, I'll be satisfied: it will be more than I deserve!"

"And do you suppose I should be satisfied with that?" asked Joseph eagerly; "do you suppose a look and word would be enough for me? Do you suppose I could bear to have you sleeping on the threshold, and I within? Do you suppose I should not open the door and call you? And do you suppose you would remain outside if I called you in?"

Wally tried to escape from his embrace. "Be calm, dear lass," Joseph continued, in his deep, musical voice, drawing her on his knee. "Be calm, and joyfully accept the happiness our Lord sends. You must, for you have honestly atoned for your fault. Never torment yourself with reproaches; for, by Heaven, I too have bitterly wronged and irritated you—rewarded your long years of love and faithfulness with mockery and contempt. It's no wonder you at last lost patience. How could you help it? You are Geier-Wally. But you instantly repented and brought me out of the chasm at the risk of your life, when no man had courage to

venture down, and ordered me to be placed in your own bed, and nursed me till that foolish Afra came and drove you off, because you thought she was my promised wife. Then you went away, and wanted to give us your whole property that I might marry Afra. And you retired in the wilderness with your heavy sorrow. Oh! you poor soul; I have caused you nothing but pain ever since you knew me; and am I not to love you, that we may be happy together? No, Wally, if the whole world were against you I would not care, I'd take you in my arms and no one should injure you!"

"Then it is really true, you will take me from misery and disgrace to your heart, your good, noble heart? You won't fear the wild Geier-Wally, who has done so much mischief?"

"I fear Geier-Wally—I Bären-Joseph? No, dear child; and even if you were far more untamed than you are, I would not fear you. I would still conquer you, as I have already told you—at that time I spoke in hate, but now I utter the words in love! And even if I could not conquer you, and knew you would kill me within the next fortnight, I wouldn't let you go: I could not part from you. A hundred times I've climbed down the rocks for a chamois when I knew that a single false step might cost me my life, and I would not stop; and are not you, my beautiful lass, worth as much as a chamois? Ah! Wally, I would gladly die for one hour in which you looked at me and clung to me as you are doing now!" He clasped her in his arms so passionately that she could scarcely breathe. "Two weeks from to-day you will be my wife, and then you will never kill me. I know that, for I know your heart."

Wally started up and raised her clasped hands to Heaven. "Oh, merciful God, I will thank and praise Thee all my life, for this is more than any earthly happiness: it is the message of pardon Thou sendest!"

Evening had come—a mild face looked kindly down upon them from above—the full moon was sailing over the mountain. Twilight shadows rested on the valleys; it was too late to go down from the heights. They went into the hut, lighted a fire, and sat down by the hearth. How happily they talked after their long years of silence. The eagle dreamed on the roof—it was building a nest; the night wind sighed like the notes of a harp, and a star peeped through the little window.

The next morning Wally and Joseph stood before the door of the hut, ready for their return home.

"God be with you, Father Murzoll!" said Wally, and the first ray of the morning sun glittered on a tear that ran down her cheek. "I shall never come back to you again; may happiness will now be down below; but I thank you for having so long given me a home when I was homeless; and you, old hut, you will now stand empty; but when I am sitting with my dear husband in a warm room, I will think of you: how I shivered and wept through the lonely nights under your roof, and then I shall always remain humble and grateful!"

She turned and placed her hand in Joseph's arm. "Come, Joseph, or we shall not reach the good priest in Heligkreuz before noon."

"Yes, come; I will guide you home, my beautiful bride. Look, happy maidens, I have her, and she belongs to me, in spite of you and all other spirits of evil!"

And he uttered a loud *jodel*, which resounded from the cliffs like the exultant shouts of the redeemed on the Resurrection Day.

"Oh! hush," said Wally, in terror, laying her hand over his mouth. "Don't defy them!" Then she smiled, with a bright, clear look in her joyous eyes. "Ah! no, there are no happy maidens and evil spirits; there is only God!" She turned once more. The snow-capped mountain peaks were crimsoned by the morning sunlight.

"It was beautiful on those heights!" she said, with lingering steps.

"Are you sorry that you must go down with me?" asked Joseph.

"If you descended into the deepest chasm in the earth, where no ray of sunlight ever shone, I would go with you, and neither ask questions nor complain!" she said, and her voice had such a strange gentleness that Joseph's eyes grew dim.

Suddenly a rushing sound came from the roof of the hut. "Oh! my Hansl, I had almost forgotten you," cried Wally. "You must be reconciled," she said, turning to Joseph, with a smile; "fate has made you brothers: I brought you from the cliffs as well as Hansl!"

So they went down together. It was a very small bridal procession, with no pomp, except the golden crowns the morning sunbeams wove around their heads; no attendants, except the eagle, circling far above them; but dearly-bought, unutterable happiness in their hearts.

On the dizzy heights of the Sonnenplatte, where once "adown the rugged steep gazed the mountain maid," and where she afterward descended into the gray abyss to save the man she loved, a lonely cross now rises into the blue air—a monument, erected by the parish, in memory of Geier-Wally and Bären-Joseph, the benefactors of the whole neighborhood.

Wally and Joseph died young, but their names live on and will be praised as far and as long as the Asche flows. The traveller who passes through the ravine late in the evening, when the vesper bell rings and the silver crescent of the moon rises above the mountains, will probably see a gray-haired couple kneeling there. It is

Afra and Benedict Klotz, who often come from Rosen to pray at the cross. Wally herself had brought their hearts together, and on the edge of the grave they bless her memory.

Down in the ravine misty forms float around the traveller, and remind him of the happy maidens, while it seems as if about the cross hovered an echo of long-forgotten heroic legends, and he mourns that the strong must sink and perish like the weak; but let him be consoled by the thought that, though the strong can die, they can never become extinct.

END.

ONTARIO PLOUGHING MATCH.

The Ontario Provincial Ploughing Match was held recently at Bishop's Farm near Hamilton. The agricultural being Canada's first interest, a sketch of this kind will naturally find its place in Canadian news independently of its pictorial quality.

WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED?

It was a warm, drowsy afternoon in "Merrie Old Yorkshire" a long time ago. Slowly and sedately the congregation took their places in the quaint, old-fashioned pews at the parish church, and in solemn silence awaited the arrival of the minister.

By and by the minister came. When he entered the vestry the little organ began to peal forth its tremulous notes, that quivered and quavered about through the dim chancel, and echoed back again and again from the quaint recesses and niches in the walls and roof.

The singing over, the minister looked down upon his audience from the plain, straight-sided, rustic pulpit, that towered above the pews, while a slight, rustling sound, followed by an expectant hush, announced that his hearers were listening attentively for the text.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" it came in clear and solemn tones.

"In Farmer Smith's wheat field, sir," was the unexpected reply, that in sharp, speaking notes sounded back from the neighbourhood of the door, filling the worthy minister and his flock with the utmost astonishment.

Just on the threshold there stood a queer, little, old woman with a remarkable expression of face visible under her coal-scuttle bonnet. It was Mrs. Peerabout, the most egotistical, hypocritical, fault-finding scandal-monger within a radius of ten miles.

As Mrs. Peerabout walked across the fields that day, the sighing sound of the wind among the rustling clusters of leaves on every hand brought to mind something that her father had told her years before, as they walked that very path one afternoon to church.

Alas, one shady nook, half hidden by a huge elm, must have been overlooked by them, for a tempting spirit was there and it cast a spell over poor Mrs. Peerabout as she was trudging past. "Stop!" it whispered. "You have lots of time to gather a big armful of wheat here before church, and nobody will know anything about it!"

She hurried away when she heard the bell, and presently to her amazement it began to ask: "Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" and the little birds in the hedges, taking up the refrain, whistled the question after her.

Reaching the church, and standing in the porch, she could hear the same question trilling out here and there in a mysterious manner, while the congregation sang, and she was afraid to enter. For awhile she hesitated and then turned to go home; but a weird, unearthly voice seemed to rise up against her from among the graves, and, shrinking back to the door in affright, she opened it.

Is it to be wondered at that she responded as she did to the greeting she received the moment she entered the church?

Spell-bound she stood with the eyes of the congregation fixed upon her. Then as a low, rippling murmur spread around, and expanded into a hearty laugh, she fled from the place. The grave voice and uplifted hand of the minister instantly checked the unwonted sound, and the sermon proceeded without further interruption.

It was a long time before Mrs. Peerabout heard the last of her adventure, and deeply did her mortified feelings suffer in consequence. Whenever she felt inclined to allow her tongue too much latitude, she was sure to receive a hint that would effectually seal her lips for the time; and finally she became as much reformed in her habits as any old woman of like proclivities possibly could be; which, perhaps, after all, is not saying very much in her favour.

Stayner, Ont.

C. E. JAKWAY.

THE NEW MAGAZINE.

We know of nothing which gives us greater pleasure than to record the least sign of progress in the field of Canadian literature and culture. There is a disposition in certain quarters to bestow a patronage of mere condescension on native letters, and the taunt of "weak sentimentality" levelled against those who champion this cause is to us sovereignly distasteful.

We are firm believers in the present resources and future capabilities of Canadian literature. The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS may lay just claim to pioneering in this sphere, and the experience we have derived therefrom is, spite of many and very natural drawbacks, quite encouraging to the view which we hold.

If we needed further confirmation of our opinion, we have it in the proprietors and publishers of the new magazine before us, Messrs. Belford Bros., of Toronto. Their career is a striking proof of the assertion which we have often made in these columns that the time is ripe for the inauguration of a distinctively Canadian publishing business.

It is not more than one year ago, we believe, that these gentlemen opened in Toronto earnestly, but without flourish of trumpets. They set themselves to publishing the most popular works of the day—English, American and Canadian—in elegant form and at cheap rates.

Their success has been commensurate with their judgment and enterprise. In that short period they have produced a small library, and placed themselves in a position of equality with the best publishing firms in America. We maintain that this is a result with which every Canadian should be proud, and that the Belfords deserve well of the country.

They have now crowned their labors by issuing a new periodical called BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, the first number of which has just been received. In its faint lilac cover of handsome design, its hundred and thirty-three pages printed from new clear-cut type and on strong paper, and its neat illustrations, it presents a most inviting appearance.

The letter-press is in keeping with the material execution. The two main stays are the serial stories of such well-known writers as the author of "The Lost Sir Massingham," and Dr. Holland. The first story is entitled "What He Cost Her," and the second, "Nicholas Minturn."

and Current Literature. The educational section is confided to such an authority as Dr. Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario. There are scientific and musical notes and a comic department which we trust will yet be worked into a "feature." A new and valuable addition is a book list containing alphabetically the names of all works—Canadian, American and British—published during the month.

AMHERST.

Amherst, the county town of Cumberland, is situated on the Intercolonial Railway, midway between Halifax and St. John, N. B. Centrally located in one of the largest and finest agricultural districts of Nova Scotia, Amherst has felt comparatively both the commercial depression that has borne so heavily on many of the less favorably situated country towns and even upon the capital itself, and with its extensive local trades and the exceptional facilities enjoyed for import and export, manages to keep up its credit and even to advance in substantial prosperity.

No other town in Nova Scotia of equal population is so well provided with hotel accommodation, four commodious and well appointed establishments being open to the public, either of which would do no discredit to towns of much greater pretensions. Six churches of different denominations furnish theological paladium to order. Three or four factories are in full operation, and two weekly newspapers cater to the political necessities of the "free and independent electors of Cumberland."

Our sketches represent the town as seen from the rising ground to the eastward, with the Amherst marshes, Cumberland basin, Sackville, and Shepody mountain in receding order in the distance.

The line of the future Baie Verte canal enters the head of the Basin at the right of the sketch, and is one of the local "blessings" confidently counted upon "when Tupper returns to power."

HYGIENIC.

PAINTING the surface with ink soon relieves the pain of a small superficial burn.

BURN your kitchen garbage. A very hot fire soon converts it into inodorous ash, and effectually destroys all germs of disease which it may contain. It is undoubtedly a better plan than to allow it to remain in back-yards for days, poisoning the atmosphere and sowing the seeds of disease and death.

To keep the feet dry and warm and increase the durability of boots and shoes, have the soles perfectly dry and then apply linseed oil on the outside of them until they will absorb no more. This oil fills up the interstices which would otherwise be occupied by water, and as it dries converts the sole into a dense material through which water cannot penetrate.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

A COUNCIL has been appointed to assist Lieut. Governor Morris in the government of the province of Keweenaw. Smallpox is raging among the Islanders and Indians in that quarter.

SCIENTIFIC.

A BERLIN mechanic has invented a steam velocipede, which is said to answer admirably. The engine is heated with petrol, and being placed on the two back wheels, does not interfere with the convenience of the driver.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Student, Montreal—Solution of Problem No. 98 received. Correct.

M. J. M. Quebec—Letter and Solutions of Problems No. 96 and No. 97 received. The dual in No. 96 is very plain, and apparently it might easily have been avoided, but all composers do not attach the same importance to flaws of this nature.

Problem No. 97 shall be examined. J.W.S., Windsor st., Montreal—Solution of Problem No. 97, received. Correct.

We are sorry our space would not allow of our giving the whole of your well arranged solution. J.F., Morganfield, Kentucky, U.S.—Solution of Problem No. 95 received. Correct. We are glad to have your good opinion of our "Illustrated."

J. H., Montreal—Problem received. It shall appear next week. Many thanks.

We are surprised to learn that Mr. Wisker, the celebrated Chess player, has left England, and is at present on his voyage to Queensland, Australia, where, it appears, he proposes to reside for some time at least. The Australians have recently given considerable attention to Chess, and there is no doubt they will be glad to have in their midst one whose brilliant career gives him a very high standing among the most noted champions of the chequered board.

In the last number of the Westminster Papers, in some remarks on the Centennial Chess Problem Tournament the necessity of a problem code is very strongly urged. We should be glad to see the production of

something of that nature, as a guide to those who have to determine the value of Chess problems.

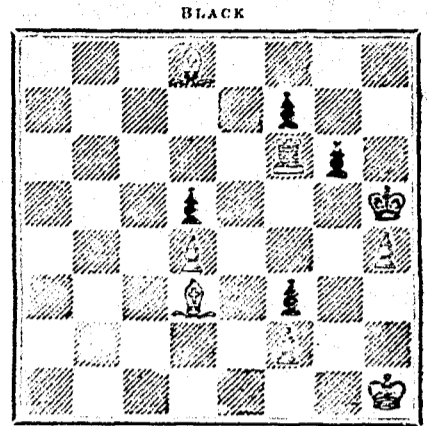
In a recent number of a periodical devoted to literature and science in London, Eng., the following statement appears:

"There is probably nothing in the world on the merits of which it is more difficult to find unanimity of opinion than a chess problem."

Some of our correspondents promise us their views on the subject. We shall be much surprised if they all agree in selecting the same points of excellence in Chess Problem composition.

PROBLEM No. 99.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.



WHITE. White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 1428B.

Played a short time ago at New York between Mr. Alberoni and Mr. Richardson.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

WHITE.—(Mr. Alberoni.) BLACK.—(Mr. Richardson.)

- 1. P to K4 P to K4
2. Kt to K B3 Kt to K B3
3. Kt to Q B3 (a) Kt to Q B3
4. B to Q Kt5 B to Q B4 (b)
5. Kt takes K P B takes K B P (ch) (c)
6. K takes B Kt takes Kt
7. P to Q4 Q Kt to Kt5 (ch)
8. K to Kt sq P to Q B3
9. B to K2 P to Q3
10. P to K R3 Kt to K R3
11. B takes Kt (d) P takes B
12. K to R2 Q to K2
13. Q to Q3 B to Q2
14. K R to K B sq R to K Kt sq
15. P to Q Kt4 Castles
16. P to Q R4 R to K Kt4
17. P to Kt5 Q R to Kt sq
18. B to B3 Kt to R4
19. P takes P B takes P
20. B to Kt4 (ch) K to Kt sq
21. Q to B4 P to B4
22. B takes Kt R takes P (ch)
23. Q takes R R takes Q (ch)
24. K takes P Q to Kt4 (ch)
25. K to R2 Q takes B
26. R takes P Q to R5
27. R to B2 (ch) K to B2
28. K R to K B sq K to K3
29. K R to B4 Q to K4
30. Q R to B2 Q to Q R4
31. Q R to B3 P to Q R3
32. P to Q5 (a) P takes R P
33. P to K5 B takes P
34. P to K6 B to Kt3
35. P to K7 Q to R8
36. Q R to K3 Q to Q B5
37. K R to K4 Q to K B8
38. P queens Q to Q B7 (ch)

And drawn by perpetual check.

(a) A poor timid style of play. We much prefer 3. Kt takes K P, or even 3. B to Q B4.

(b) An error. He ought to have played 4. P to Q R 2, which would have reduced the position to a well-known form of the Ruy Lopez.

(c) Tempting, but in reality inferior to 5. Kt takes Kt.

(d) A questionable capture—very inferior to 11. K to R 2.

(e) Very ingenious. After this White must, at least, draw the game.

GAME 1430B.

Played in England some years ago.

(From Land and Water.)

WHITE.—(Max Lange.) BLACK.—(Amateur.)

- 1. P to K4 P to K4
2. Kt to K B3 Kt to Q B3
3. B to Q Kt5 Kt to K B3
4. P to Q4 Kt takes K P
5. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt
6. P to K5 P to Q B3
7. Castles P takes B
8. B to Kt5 B to K2
9. P takes Kt B takes P
10. R to K sq (ch) K to B sq
11. B takes B Q takes B
12. Kt to R3 P to Q R3
13. Q to K2 Q to K3
14. Q to Q2 Q to Q Kt3
15. Q to Kt4 (ch) P to Q3
16. Kt to B4 Q to B5
17. Kt takes P Q to B3

White mates in five moves (d).

NOTE.

(a) The ending forms a beautiful combination, leading to a smothered mate.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 87.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q R6 is the best move. We have not the space to give the full solution of the very neat problem.

BLACK.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 85.

WHITE.

1. K takes P at K Kt5
2. B to Q Kt2
3. R mates K to R2
P to Q R6

BLACK.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 96.

WHITE.

The position of the pieces at the end of Game No. 143 will give this week as our Problem for Young Players. The solution will appear as usual in our next Column.

BLACK.

HEARING RESTORED—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARMORE, Lock-box 905, Covington, Ky.

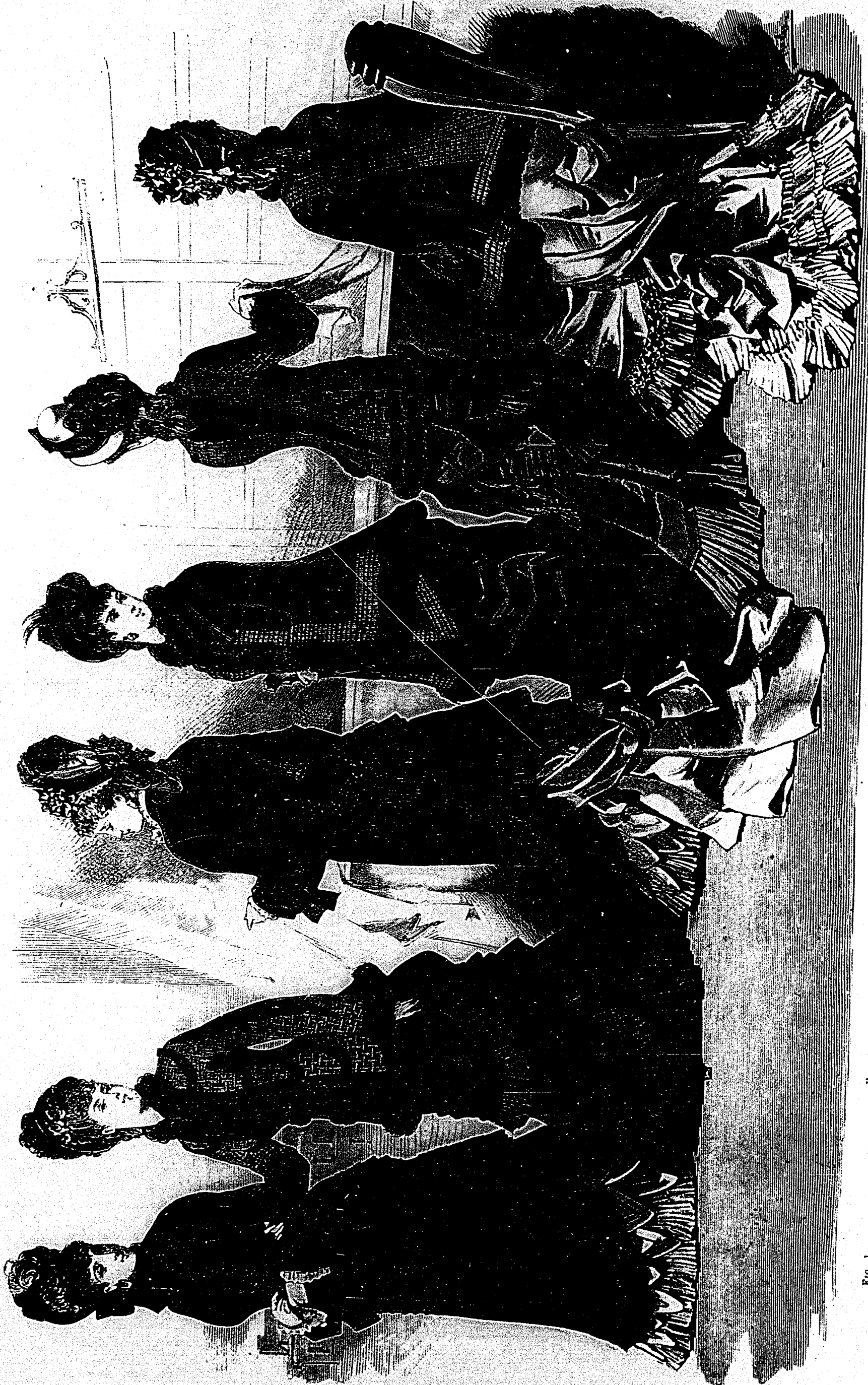


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

THE LATEST PARIS WINTER FASHIONS.



PUNISHMENT OF A BARN-YARD THIEF IN THE STREETS OF SMYRNA.

NUMISMATIC AND ANTIQUARIAN.

A general meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, was held last Wednesday evening, at its rooms. Daniel Rose, Esq., President, in the chair.

A number of books, pamphlets and catalogues were laid on the table, among these, several of great interest and use, kindly given by the "Massachusetts Historical Society," Abbott Lawrence, Esq., and S. A. Green, Esq., M. D., of Boston, for which the Society return their thanks and appreciation of the gifts.

On motion, Mr. John Horne (Mansfield St.) was elected an ordinary member.

Mr. Gould E. Hart exhibited a series of 4 Indian Chief medals, an Agricultural Society medal, a Directory of Montreal in 1819 (the first Directory of the city, and only known copy), and a plan of the Siege of Quebec in 1759.

The Indian Chief series are: 1. Obv.—Ludovius XV. Rex Christianissimus. Bust laureated; rev.—Honor and Courage (emblematic) standing upright, facing each other, each holding at arms length a lance, the other hands grasped. Legend—Honor et Virtus. Size 36, thick planchet.

This medal is the only known specimen and the one mentioned in P. Kalm's travels in Canada, 1749, in which he states that the Indian Chiefs, in their reception of the new Governor, wore around their necks strings of wampum, to which was suspended a large Silver Medal being the King's effigy. In the catalogue of the Musée Monétaire, this medal is not mentioned, but, under heading of Peace of Utrecht, No. 469 has a similar reverse, with obv.—Head of Louis XIV. Likewise No. 192 under Louis XVI. has the same reverse. The inference may be that this one was not a struck medal, with an authorized design, but a few may have been hastily prepared with a naive design, the more so as the size corresponds with No. 469. The medal has been a reward for services which terminated in the Peace of "Aix la Chapelle" corresponding in time with Kalm's travels, and thus is not mentioned by the observant Charlevoix.

II. Obv.—George III. and Queen Charlotte, busts facing court dress, no legend. Overhead, drapery, divided by two tassels. Rev.—Royal Arms, as on No. 59, (Sandham)—size 24.

This medal, hitherto unknown, is attributed as an Indian Chief series, by its similarity in reverse to the above No. 59. Its smallness in size may account for its scarcity, as doubtless the Chiefs did not appreciate so trivial a gift, which may have caused the authorities to withdraw and replace it by the following larger medals.

PEACE OF PARIS 1763 MEDALS:

III. Bust of George III. in Armour—Georgius III. Dei Gratia—rev.—Royal Arms. Sandham No. 59, size 48. Sandham No. 61, size 38.

The Agricultural Society medal is also the first shown to this Society. Obv: Two horses, tandem, driving a plough in a farm. A man leads the first horse, whilst another guides the plough. Back ground consists of fence and a range of mountains, below a horn of plenty, with a rake and other garden implements grouped; the word "Montreal" is engraved. Legend, Agricultural Society, Lower Canada. Rev: an engraved inscription: "To Moses Hays, Esq., first prize for a Bull at District Cattle Show, September, 1832."

The Secretary mentioned that he had received a sword for examination by the Society, which had recently been dug up on a farm at Orillia, Ontario, measuring 35 1/2 inches long, width at hilt 1 inch, tapering to a point. In the groove are the words, M. C. Jétil, on one side, and in Valenciennes on the other. The sword will be submitted at the next meeting. The make of the sword is about the early part of the 16th century.

GERALD E. HART, Secretary.

THE QUEBEC CIVIL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR, Your parliamentary correspondent in Quebec, in his otherwise fair account of the proceedings, has referred to a statement of a correspondent of a Montreal journal in a manner which, by its vagueness, reflects injuriously upon the entire Civil Service of the Province. As the members of that service yield to none in their high respect for the Queen's representative in Quebec, and their hearty desire for his speedy restoration to health, they will feel gratified if your contributor will name the paper and the writer he speaks of, and while affording the latter an opportunity to apologize, give them the opportunity, if it be necessary, of repudiating his sentiments or suggestions.

I am, yours, &c., H.

A NEW WONDERFUL MEDICINE.—Until within a few years the remedies prescribed for the removal of worms from the human system were of the most dangerous and disgusting nature. Our little ones, after the greatest resistance, were dosed with Cowhage, Jalap, Calomel and other drastic and corroding minerals, generally without effecting the desired object. How different is the present method, those delightful confections known as Davis' Vegetable Worm Pastilles, which never fail! Take no other preparation offered you instead.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

We have decided, in our desire to render the News still more acceptable and interesting to even the youngest classes of our readers, upon opening this column for boys and girls. We shall give every week a variety of puzzles, anagrams, arithmetical and geometrical problems, literary curiosities, historical and geographical queries, and other oddities, which by taxing the ingenuity of our youthful friends, will contribute to increase their knowledge, while passing away a pleasant evening hour. We invite them to send us their solutions in writing, and the correct solutions will be duly credited to their authors. To afford ample time for study and for the answers to reach us, the solutions will be published a fortnight after the problems.

No. 16. REBUS.

The initials read forward, and the finals backwards, will give the name of a county, and what it is noted for:—An English seaport; a Scottish lake; a Swiss canton; a Russian river; a French town.

No. 17. ANAGRAMS.

1. Claims Arthur's seat; 2. Inquire at Cove; 3. Fan tenderly, son; 4. Hal jam awells in fire; 5. And why read I all? 6. Dull arms will I sell.

No. 18. CHARADE.

I am composed of nineteen letters. My 14, 4, 7, 13, 11, 14, 15, 19, 12, 18, 16, was an English poet: my 9, 7, 10, 3, 11, 6, 5, 1, 7, is a town in my 14, 15, 17, 2, 1; my 15, 11, 7, 13, and my 12, 15, 15, 6, 19, are fruit; my 6, 5, 3, 16, was an English philosopher; my 1, 16, 6, 3, 5, 1, was a naval hero; my 1, 5, 6, 6, 11, 13, 2, 1, 8, was a celebrated sculptor; my 18, 17, 15, 4, 7, 11, 6, was a noted painter; and my whole was a celebrated Englishman who obtained very high honours in the church of Rome.

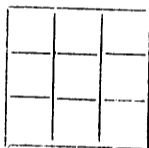
No. 19. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A government of which few examples exist. An instrument of use in wind, storm, or mist. A zodiacal sign you're next to name. An Italian country of ancient fame. The wife of heathen God, of high esteem. A pain of which strangers to it hardly dream.

The initials disclose if rightly read, A general, who a noble army led, And the finals will show, the place where he fought; For his country he honour and glory bought.

No. 20. ARITHMETICAL.

It is required to place in the following figure, using only the nine digits, and place a digit in each compartment so that the addition will come to fifteen, eight different ways.



No. 21. DIAGONAL.

A bathing room, an omen, fens, a kind of nut, a mineral, a pattern, to confuse, to omit. The above form a square, the diagonals downward from left to right, name a well-known work, and upward from left to right, what it may be purchased for.

No. 22. CHARADE.

My first belongs to the vegetable kingdom, my second is a stoppage, and my whole is a country in England.

SOLUTIONS.

No. 1.—Time. No. 2.—100-99+9. No. 3.—The Mussulman's executor made this arrangement. He took an old camel of his own and said: "I throw him with the lot. That makes 20 camels. Let the elder choose." The elder took 10 camels. "Let the second choose." The second took 5 camels. "Let the youngest choose." The youngest took 4 camels. "Now," said the executor, "I take back my camel which nobody chose. We are all satisfied. Allah is great!"

No. 4.—9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.—45
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.—45

8, 6, 4, 1, 9, 7, 5, 3, 2.—45

No. 5.—The half of XII—

VII.

XII

VI.

The half of XI—

VI

No. 6.—The line of men was thus: 2 w. 1 b. 4 w. 1 b. 1 w. 4 b. 1 w. 2 b. 2 w. 2 b. 1 b. 3 w. 5 b. 1 w.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

The gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow" caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

"Miss," said a fop to young lady, "what a pity that you are not a mirror!"—"Why so?"—"Because you would be such a good-looking lass."

MOTHER: "Now, Gerty, be a good girl, and give aunt Julia a kiss, and say good night." Gerty: "No, no! If I kiss her, she'll box my ears like she did papa's last night."

TYPOGRAPHY GONE MAD.—"Bright * of my xialoce, give me an M—!" said a printer 2 his sweetheart. She made a — at him, and planted her ** between his i's, which made him C***.

A YANKEE couple celebrated their silver wedding in Vermont, the other day, of whom it was said that they never exchanged a harsh word during their wedded life of twenty-five years. The most incredulous will believe it when it is stated that they are deaf mutes.

At the opening exercises of Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass., Professor Smith told the young ladies that, while he was not "prepared to send them forth as captains in the social ship, there would never be any difficulty in their finding situations as first mates."

A DISTINGUISHED politician, while conversing with a lady the other evening, became piqued by her attention to a beautiful dog that was resting its head confidingly in her lap, and impatiently asked, "How is it that a lady of your intelligence can be so fond of a dog?"—"Because he never talks politics," was the prompt reply.

Mrs. JONES has a numerous offspring, to which she is in the habit of adding a new specimen regularly every year. Among the number is a little boy who has just returned from board-school for a few days. On the evening after his arrival a newly-engaged servant inquired of the schoolboy how many brothers and sisters he had. "I don't know," replied the child—"I came home only this morning."

THE Count de Najac, a man of some authority concerning the table in Paris, avers that the interests and traditions of the kitchen can only be confided with safety to men, and that if the women guests at the table were not under the eye of the stern sex, they would begin dinner with the desert. As may be conceived, this is a painful statement for a gallant Frenchman to make, but a sense of duty doubtless rises above all other considerations.

HEARTH AND HOME.

HOME EDUCATION.—We should not hesitate to attribute greater importance to home education than to school education; for it is beneath the parental roof, when the heart is young, and melted by the warmth of fireside affection, that the deepest impressions are made; it is at home, beneath parental influence and example, that the foundations of physical, moral and mental habits are laid; it is at home where lasting opinions are founded. School instruction can never supersede the necessity of vigilant parental leading and training at the fireside.

MARRIED LIFE.—Forbearance is the keynote of married life. There can be no greater discord, no large divergencies from tunefulness, so long as the wife and the husband forbear. Now this cannot be attained without some labor. Results are approached gradually in character, as they are in making a sand hill. It is grain upon grain, and shovelful upon shovelful, and load upon load, that makes the mound to rise. So results of character come gradually. An act at this time, a deed yesterday, a word this morning, a cross answer to-day, repeated a month hence, and so on, till at last you find there is a ridge between you and your wife's or husband's affection.

LOVE-MAKING.—False modesty frequently deters women from doing their share of love-making. From fear of being considered overbold, they are apt to be over-shy, and thus discourage attentions which they secretly desire. Women are as well entitled as men to express their love, only each sex has its own way—man with words and women with manners. The one is quite as expressive as the other; and in either case, the more delicately expressed the better. A woman who does not express her attachment by her manner cannot expect to be loved. It is altogether a foolish, because it is a hypocritical practice, that of her pretending to be indifferent to those whom she really and legitimately loves. Of course she ought to conceal excess, because it is a weakness we want to cure; but preference is a legitimate feeling which may be always modestly manifested by any woman.

FASHION NOTES.

BLUE silk collars and plastrons, piped with cardinal and trimmed with cardinal buttons, are new.

In dresses the beautiful carnelite shade is most successful; the bonnet is made to match the rest of the costume, and lined with some bright colour.

THERE is not much that is new in the shape of linen collars and cuffs, which are either straight, or the collars made with points are turned down in front; the cuffs have the corners cut off.

FUR is the great rival to embroidered gulleons, and the chief aim now is that it should harmonize in colour with the costume it is used to trim; it is considered more dressy than braid, and it is much more costly.

THE most fashionable material of the present winter is plush, and certainly there is nothing prettier in woven fabrics. Mantles, polonaises, skirts, and bonnets are now all made of plush, and for furniture there is quite a rage for it.

THE hats now worn are of two distinctive shapes, the one close and round, the other with a broad brim à la Gainsborough, the pointed crowns being a marked feature in present fashions. Gold braid is much used as a trimming with velvet, felt and straw.

MANY winter hats are trimmed with a piece of the material of the dress to be worn at the same time. Coarse silk cord is often introduced on the brim, a short distance from the edge; sometimes no other trimming is used, the cord being twisted in a sort of device about the crown.

AN original toilette consists of a Louis XVI. Merveilleuse skirt of pale blue silk, fastened at the side with antique crystal buttons; a simple ruchoe à la vieille above a flounce borders the skirt; the habit bodice is made of red velvet; a blue sash is knotted over the basque, and terminates at the back in wide ends.

THE jackets that are worn over costumes, and made of the same material, are almost all one shape—close-fitting at the back, and double-breasted in front. These jackets are mostly trimmed with gulleons made of black velvet, embroidered with either white or moss-green silk. The quantity and variety of these gulleons is indescribable.

ARTISTIC.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT is now at work in his newly built studio in Jerusalem, and making hopeful progress with the important task that engages him; he is in excellent health. It is probable he may return to Europe for a short time in the spring.

ALBRECHT DUBER'S "Hercules Killing the Stymphalian Birds," which had long been thought hopelessly ruined by being so overlaid with oil color and varnish, has just been successfully restored. The painting now looks fresh and beautiful. It bears Dürer's monogram and the date, 1500, and belongs to the artist's early style.

A MOST interesting feature of the Webster statue inauguration at New York was the presence of Mrs. Webster, formerly Caroline Hayward Le Roy, who was a resident of New York at the time of her marriage with the deceased statesman, and still lives in that city. This venerable lady was the object of general respect.

MR. LAVARD has bought one of the most interesting palaces on the Grand Canal, Venice, and is finishing it with works of art and antiquity, gathered in Italy, Spain, and the East. It is understood that this distinguished amateur intends, at a future period, to make Venice his headquarters.

THE restoration of Salisbury Cathedral in England has cost thus far \$260,500, exclusive of the reredos, the organ, and the choir screens, which were special gifts. The completion of the work, the restoration of the nave and north porch, will cost, according to Sir Gilbert Scott's estimate, about \$41,000, of which half has been subscribed. The Dean of Salisbury generously gave \$15,000.

THE committee intrusted with the raising of a national monument to Lord Byron, of which Lord Beaconsfield is the President, met in London the other day to make a selection from the models offered in competition. The committee, however, was not entirely satisfied with any one of the designs, and decided to reopen the competition until May next, requesting the sculptors whose designs were deemed the best to compete at that time. The design offered thus far which is accorded the first place in merit is said to be by William W. Story, the American sculptor and author. It represents the poet in his sailor's dress leaning with his right elbow on a broken column, and the hand against the chin. The likeness is good and recalls the famous Phillip portrait of Byron.

THERE are strange rumours about an Empress medal for the Imperial Assemblage. The services of a well-known English sculptor are said to have been engaged; and the Prince and Princess of Wales are represented as taking a warm interest in the progress of the work. The matter is wrapped up by the India Office in a good deal of mystery. We have been told, however, of £4000 worth of medals, gold and silver, with gold and silver clasps, and nearly three-quarters of a mile of scarlet ribbon edged with gold. We hear, too, of a small difficulty about the inscription, which is in three languages, Persian, Hindoo, and English. Somebody wrote to the well-known English sculptor, complaining that Kaiser-i-Hind was masculine; and the sculptor retorted that the gender was nothing to him, and referred the man to the India Office. The India office, however, said that the well-known English sculptor was responsible.

THE house in which Turner, the painter, lived was so dirty and disorderly that it was known as "Turner's den." He was very untidy, and in this dwelling his peculiarity had full sway. The windows were never cleaned, and had in them breaches patched with paper; the door was black and blistered; the iron pulldown were rusty for lack of paint. If a would-be visitor knocked or rang, it was long before the summons was replied to by a wizened, meagre old man, who would unfasten the chain sufficiently to see who knocked or rang, and the almost invariable answer was, "You can't come in!" It was here that he kept for many years the greater part of his stores of pictures, shrewdly calculating upon the time when they should be worth thousands of pounds.

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By order of the Board

JACKSON RAE General Manager.

Montreal, 24th November, 1876

W. NOTMAN, Photographer to the Queen,

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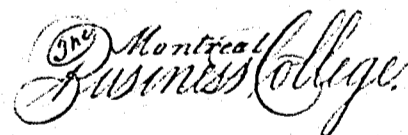
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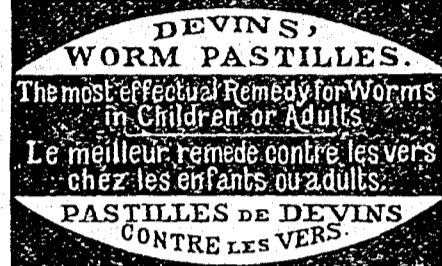
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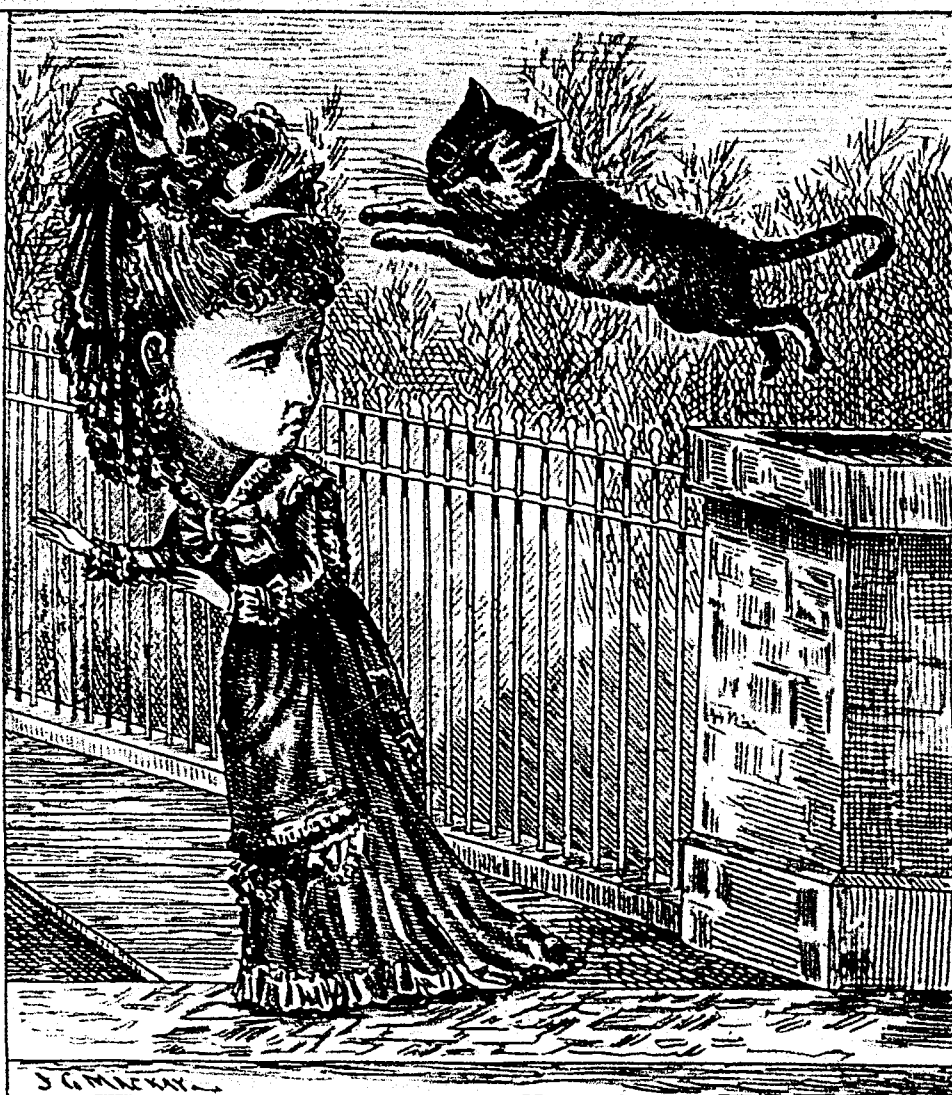
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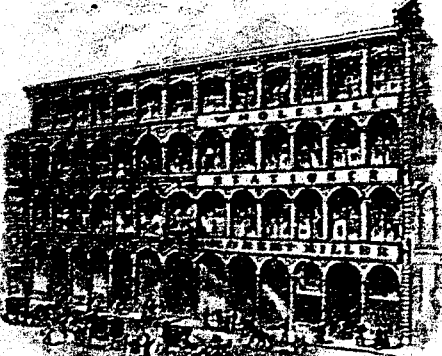
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 Montreal.