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WEDNESDAY

Whistled News

Vol. IX.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1874.

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\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER.

MRS. B—E.—*Aint it a little dear—something like yours, don't you think, Mrs. M.*

MRS. M—D.—*Drat it, no. A skimpy little thing like that, I'd be ashamed of it if it were mine.*

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 Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communications to be ad-
 dressed to,
 THE MANAGER—DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

All correspondence for the Papers, and literary contribu-
 tions to be addressed to,
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1874.

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING
 COMPANY.

The Engraving, Printing and Publishing business founded
 and heretofore carried on by G. E. Desbarats, will henceforth
 be continued by a Joint Stock Company under the above title.
 This Company, which will shortly be incorporated by charter
 under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada, has acquired
 the property of "The Canadian Illustrated News," "The
 Favorite," "The Canadian Patent Office Record and Me-
 chanics' Magazine," "The Dominion Guide," "L'Opinion
 Publique," and other publications issued by G. E. Desbarats,
 also his Patents, in Photo-typing, Photo-lithographing, Electro-
 typing, etc., and the good-will of his large Lithographic and
 Type Printing Business.

The Company proposes to build a magnificent structure in
 a conspicuous and convenient locality in this City, where the
 business can be permanently established on a footing second
 to none of its kind in America.

Meanwhile, the ample Capital at its command will enable it
 to push the existing business to the utmost extent compatible
 with its present location; to improve the above mentioned
 publications in every particular, and to satisfy its customers,
 as to promptness, style of workmanship, and moderation in
 prices.

The Patronage of the enlightened Canadian Public in every
 part of the Dominion is solicited for this new Company, which
 will strive to build up a business alike beneficial and credit-
 able to Canada.

The Premier has changed his railway policy a second time
 within the past two months. He declares now that he pro-
 poses to utilise the enormous stretches of magnificent water
 communication which lie between a point not far from the
 Rocky Mountains and Fort Garry, and between Lake Superior
 and French river on the Georgian Bay, thus avoiding for the
 present the construction of about 1,300 miles of railway esti-
 mated to cost from sixty to eighty millions of dollars, and
 rendering the resources of the country available for the pro-
 secution of those links of the Pacific Railway which are neces-
 sary in order to form a complete line of rail and steamboat
 communication from east to west.

This will involve the construction of a short line of railway
 from the mouth of French river, on Georgian Bay, to the south-
 east shore of Lake Nipissing, and a grant in aid of extension
 to that point of the existing and projected lines in Quebec
 and Ontario.

He proposes also to facilitate the construction of the branch
 line from Fort Garry to Pembina, already provided for by Par-
 liament, although he cannot hope that this will be accom-
 plished by December next, the time limited by the late Gov-
 ernment for its completion.

It will be observed that the eastern or Lake Superior section
 which, in his Sarnia speech, Mr. Mackenzie refused to counte-
 nance, is now promised. The inference is that the honour-
 able gentleman was forced into the concession by public
 opinion and in order to influence the elections. With regard
 to the bulk of the scheme—the line from Fort Garry to the
 foot of the Rocky Mountains—it will strike every one ac-
 quainted with the geography of the route, as utterly chimeri-
 cal and unworthy the consideration which Mr. Mackenzie asks
 for it. Really if the new Premier expects us to be gulled by
 such hasty, ill-matured and gratuitous measures, he will find
 himself mistaken, and the sooner he learns his mistake the
 better. There is no object whatever to be gained in thus
 trifling with a matter of such national importance. The
 Canada Pacific must be built. That is an issue which cannot
 be shirked. The matter is vital. It is the condition of the
 coherence of this Confederation. It is the condition *sine qua*
non of immigration. The men who oppose this great work
 on the score of expense are very narrow-minded or have no
 faith in the future of Canada. If you believe that Canada must
 sooner or later be absorbed by United States, then of course the
 road is useless, as competing with the Northern Pacific. But
 if you know and feel that Canada is destined to become one of
 the great nations of the earth, half proprietor of this hemisphere

and the home of millions of men who are still beyond the sea,
 then you can have no hesitation about building the road at
 once. Surely Canada will be good for her bonds a quarter of
 a century hence. Will she or will she not? If she will, why
 banker, like hucksters, over a few million dollars required to
 build this necessary road? The day of mere parish politics,
 of mere personal politics is over in Canada. We want large
 bold statesmanship. The government party would carry the
 country much more readily if, instead of constantly abusing
 Sir John A. Macdonald—whose greatness they unwittingly
 admit by this abuse—they would ground their triumph on a
 brave enunciation of national policy. Let Messrs. Blake
 and Mackenzie forego diatribe and invective and ring
 out the principles of true statesmen, that shall stir and
 exalt the hearts of the people as the blare of trumpets.
 Thus will they win the love and the admiration of the
 whole people. There is a golden opportunity. They
 must prove that they are equal to it. It is arduous, no
 doubt, for whatever else Sir John A. Macdonald may have
 been, he was a great statesman. The difficulty of succeeding
 him is one that the new Ministry cannot shirk, but must con-
 front manfully. We trust, therefore, that they will abandon
 the puerile make-shifts and the narrow partisan tactics hitherto
 employed by them, and prove themselves worthy of every in-
 dependent man's approbation by the pursuit of a fearless and
 comprehensive policy.

If energy and activity are titles to success the Reform Party
 is certainly deserving of a large majority at the coming elec-
 tions. Ever since the announcement of the dissolution they
 have displayed unabated energy and unwearied perseverance
 in furthering the return of their candidates throughout the
 country. They have left no stone unturned in their search
 for facts which will tell in their favour, and these facts once
 in their power they have lost no time in putting them to use.
 There is hardly a constituency in the Dominion that they are
 not doing their best to carry. In this matter they have borne
 well in mind the truth of the old maxim which warns us
 against despising our enemies however small their number or
 weak their forces. In striking contrast to the alertness of the
 Reformers is the lack of interest and apathy with which the
 party in opposition seem to look upon the coming struggle.
 In glancing over the list of candidates we find nearly forty
 constituencies in which the Reform candidates are unopposed.
 In several of these the former representatives, late minist-
 erialists, have withdrawn, and in others, Montreal, for in-
 stance, it is impossible to find a fitting person willing to run
 in the Liberal Conservative interest. In Montreal the inacti-
 vity exhibited by the members of the party of the opposition
 is a disgrace to themselves. In the Western Division it has
 been especially marked. A whole fortnight was lost in vain
 endeavours to induce Sir A. T. Galt to run, and when he finally
 declined another week was frittered away in coquetting with
 Mr. Rodden. As things now stand the Reform candidate will
 walk the course. In the Centre Division matters are in but
 little better condition. The Reformers are indefatigable in
 the canvass, while the Conservatives, from the candidate
 down, evince the most unaccountable and unpardonable
 apathy. In the East, after much trifling, a candidate has
 finally been fixed upon at the eleventh hour. The spirit of
 inaction seems to have spread even to the Press. The editor
 of the only conservative paper in the city leaves his post at
 a most critical time for the party in order to push in another
 county his claims for a seat. During his absence politics
 have no place in his journal, the editorial columns of which
 are filled with discussions of such matters as the Baldacchino
 case, legislative interference in judicial decisions, and the in-
 terests of science, matters of great interest, no doubt, to some
 readers, but hardly the sort of topics, one would have imagined,
 that a live paper would care to hold forth upon in the heat of
 an important election contest. It is not too much to say
 that many of the more active Conservatives are disgusted with
 the faint-heartedness and inaction of the majority of their fel-
 lows, and it would not be surprising were they in future to
 cast in their lot with the party which has shown a proper re-
 spect for itself and a thorough understanding of its own in-
 terests. We have not the slightest doubt that the Reformers
 will obtain an overwhelming majority at the polls, thanks to
 their own energy and the shilly-shallying of their opponents.
 On this account, if on no other, we shall hail their success with
 the utmost satisfaction.

"Indiscretion" is the word used by the Opposition Press
 with reference to Sir John A. Macdonald's conduct in the mat-
 ter of the Pacific Railway Charter. When a married lady of
 position leaves her husband for some other and unlawful love,
 Society calls it an "indiscretion." When a young man be-
 longing to a wealthy family embezzles other people's money,
 Society again dubs it an "indiscretion." Sir John's conduct is
 an "indiscretion," a "mistake;" some papers are almost ready
 to say that "it bordered on a fault." The *Mail*, with charming
 candour, even goes so far as to admit that nobody could be
 asked to say that he had done right. If he did not do right
 he must have done wrong; there is no medium, the casuists
 notwithstanding. When shall we have a little plain speaking
 from the party Press?

The issue of new writs has had the effect of developing a

new class of politicians whom we may designate as the Whim-
 perers. They are all new men and are all endeavouring to
 unseat former members. Their cry is a whine, as follows, "Mr.
 So-and-so has sat in the Commons for so—many years, and sure-
 ly it is time that he should give some one else a chance." The
 some one else is of course the speaker. This strangely
 childish argument is in great favour just now with would-be
 legislators, who look upon themselves somewhat in the light
 of martyrs in as much as they have hitherto been debarred
 from participating in the wordy fights at Ottawa.

Canadian patriotism is beginning to look very like a myth.
 Its products just now show themselves chiefly in the shape of
 "Scandals." Of these we have had a goodly crop within the
 last six months, witness the Pacific Railway Scandal, the Let-
 ter Stealing Scandal, the Lake Superior Ring Scandal, and the
 Huntington Mining Scandal. If we go on in this cheerful
 manner we shall before long be so bad that even the United
 States will decline to annex us at any price, and what a sad
 thing that would be for Mr. Huntington. But it is astonish-
 ing how blind some people are to their own interests.

Great is the new Speaker of the Ontario House. The other
 day Hon. Mr. McKellar, in the course of the debate on central
 prisons, referring to the "Proton Outrage" Committee report,
 said two members of that committee had stated that its chair-
 man had falsified the report. Mr. Laufer asked that the word
 be taken down, and when this was about being done, a dispute
 arose as to the exact words used, and the Speaker, being ap-
 pealed to, had to make the damaging admission that he had
 not been listening to the debate. Is there no one in the Pro-
 vince to paraphrase Cromwell?—"Take away that dummy!"

Mr. Blake is hardly complimentary either to himself or his
 fellow politicians. In his speech at Peterborough the other
 day he said that he was "anxious to raise the standard of the
 public morality to such a height that honest and honourable
 men would not think it a degradation to be actively engaged
 in political life?" Do honest and honourable men think it a
 degradation to be actively engaged in political life? Mr.
 Blake certainly bears his degradation remarkably well.

When will the journals—of all shades of politics—compre-
 hend that the public is not to be bamboozled by all the clap-
 trap about purity of elections? There is not a party sheet in
 the country that has not accused members on the opposite side
 of the fence of having obtained their seats "by a very large
 expenditure of money," "by the most shameless bribery," and
 so forth. Such persistency is needless. No one disbelieves
 the statement, only it applies both ways.

The Protection vs. Free Trade question is complicating mat-
 ters very considerably. The Young Canada party are being
 especially ill-used. They are in favour of Protection, the
Globe is not. So the *Globe*, notwithstanding the service they
 did for the Reform candidate at the last election for West To-
 ronto, turns round upon them and scolds them as Macdonald-
 ites. Which, as they renounce Macdonald and all his works,
 is rather hard.

There is no use preaching about peace, arbitration, and for-
 giveness. The old war spirit is still alive in the United
 States. Caleb Cushing, who is unquestionably the greatest
 lawyer in the United States, lost all chance for the Chief-
 Justiceship because, in the very beginning of the secession
 movement, he wrote a letter to Jeff. Davis recommending a
 young friend of his.

Young Grant wanted to whip Don Platt, editor of the Wash-
 ington *Capital*, the other day, because the latter thought fit
 to make some remarks on Mrs. Grant's public New Year's re-
 ception. The Don had police stationed at the door of his
 private residence to screen his family from insult, and then
 dared young Grant to meet him at his office.

In the interests of humanity it is to be hoped that Mr. W.
 H. Scott will be returned for West Peterborough. If he is
 elected the constituency will have the honour of sending to
 Ottawa a representative who has proved himself a match for
 "Logical Teddy" at his, L. T.'s, own game.

Spite of every assertion to the contrary, President Grant is
 not a candidate for a third term, and Ben Butler is aiming at
 the lofty office. Butler's character is not above suspicion, but
 his political abilities are of the highest order.

It is to be regretted that, whereas Mr. Fred. Mackenzie,
 candidate for Montreal West, is charged by his adversaries
 with being unlearned, he has so rapidly learned to abuse his
 adversaries in the most bouncing style.

Is there any truth in the Lake Superior Ring story? People
 are rather chary about giving an opinion before the Premier
 has been heard from respecting the cleanness of his hands.

"Government Pap" will hardly be regarded as a favour by
 newspaper proprietors if it is to be administered with the
 spoon that was used to the *Minerva*.

Literature Notes.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

A paper on the Communisms of the Old World which appears in the *Penn Monthly* for January is worthy of no little attention. The writer, in so far as the narrow limits of a magazine article permit him, classifies and analyses the various grades of communism and then proceeds to enumerate, with a few brief remarks on each, the various types of positive socialism in the earlier ages. These types begin with the paternal despotism of China and pass onwards to the Platonist Republic, the intermediate steps being the village system of India, Buddhist monasticism—which undoubtedly is but the antitype of the Jewish, Mohammedan, Catholic, and Protestant monasticism—the Egyptian caste system, the Mosaic legislation in land matters, the Nazirite order, the Essenes of Palestine and the Therapeutics of Egypt, the communistic usages of Crete and Sparta, and finally the great Pythagorean Society of the Greek cities of Southern Italy. The subject is of course beyond the scope of a single article, and will, we are pleased to see, be continued in a future number. It is treated in an unusually intelligent manner, which is the more remarkable as it is by no means a question that too frequently obtains an unprejudiced and impartial consideration. Another article of importance in this issue is a statistical paper by Dr. Stockton Hough on the Relative Influence of City and Country Life, from which we gather out of a mass of statistical information the following facts: That the very noticeable decline in health, fecundity, and longevity of the human race, and of the American people in particular is in great measure due to the too great crowding into cities, in support of which the writer quotes Dr. Parry's belief that "it may yet become a serious question whether the Anglo Saxon race is adapted for life in this country with its variable climate; and it may yet become a very serious question whether the American will become a permanent nation, if immigration is cut off, for it is beyond doubt that though our people are not physically weak, the number of children born to native parents is small and is decreasing every year. This is true not only of those families who have lived in this country for three or four generations, but it is more or less true of the immediate descendants of our Irish and German immigrants." That there is no actual proof of increased longevity in cities, rather on the contrary; that residence in cities develops a nervous temperament, that the mortality of cities is far greater than in the rural districts, and that, lastly, the longevity of females is greater in cities than in the country, while the opposite is the case with males.

Our space does not allow of our dwelling on a literal translation, with comments, of some of the principal verses of the *Niebelungen Lied*. One of the author's remarks in the exordium is however too good to remain unquoted.

"Literalness is surely the chief virtue of a translation, all other points are subordinate. What does the reader care for the poetical gifts of the second-hand? It is the original he wants in all its essence, peculiarities of expression, turn of thought, halt of rhythm, all as near the spirit and letter as the sense allows." And such accordingly does he give it.

The feature of the *Canadian Monthly* is, as every one knows its "Current Events," but as these have already appeared at length in various newspapers, we reserve our remarks for a future number. The present issue opens with a compilation from the last Census Report, by John Costley, Secretary of Statistics, Halifax, who gives us some varied information of the progress of the last ten years. Mr. George Beers has a chatty pleasant article on Wild Duck, at the close of which he delivers the following wholesome homily to the cynical moralists who look at everything in its worst light and denounce true sport as "bare cruelty! barbarian cruelty! protected by act of Parliament!"

"How many, sir, are born for critics and gentlemen, and aren't needed? You put a hard bit in your horse's mouth, and never travel without a whip, you bring up an innocent calf in the way it should go, and knock it on the head with an axe when it becomes a cow. The uproar of a hog on the eve of slaughter, awakens no sympathy in your heart. You ill-treat your dog until he takes French leave, and your very cat must shiver in the garden all night. You even bully your own children until they are afraid of your approach. You take pretty canaries from the freedom of the woods, keep them cooped up to chirp away their lives in a few feet of caged wire, under the delusion that they learn to enjoy it because they sing—as if Bunyan's fabled imprisonment because in jail he wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Open the cage door at your window, and see where your bird prefers to be. Do you imagine a duck, if consulted, wouldn't rather die in the full flush and fervour of health in a competitive race to escape your shot—just as surely as would a soldier rather perish on the field of battle with his face to the foe, than give his last gasp in camp? Wouldn't you rather meet your end, pulse beating at its best—though that's no great shakes—heart and lungs uphysiced and full strung? It's an article of the sportsman's creed that duck, like deer and foxes, enjoy being hunted. I believe they'll meet you half way. Did you ever know an Irishman who didn't from the bottom of his heart enjoy an honourable 'discussion wild sticks?' If immortal Celts are to be found who prefer to risk being shilledahed into eternity, what great stretch of imagination does it need to believe that a duck prefers to be shot? Won't that corollary hold water? Shall I kill my duck as the Inquisitors killed their victims, by a mock prayer for them as I fire? I fancy you don't give your fowl chloroform before you wring their necks; nor even say grace over the flies you slap into flatness in June, or the fish you play with at the end of your rod and line.

"Were I to keep wild duck, fatten them on outs and peasant for future sacrifice, as you calmly do with tame duck, and then let them fly to sky, only to be brought down with an Eley cartridge, or to escape with a broken leg—that is a sportsman's idea of cruelty. Even the very moral character of wild ducks you deteriorate. You domesticate them, and the drake who when wild was faithful to one spouse, becomes polygamous, and a veritable Brigham Young."

"To father a tame duck as you do, and then cut its throat at Christmas, is the cruelest and unkindest cut of all."

Under the title "A Great Railroad and Its Vanquisher," Stephen Powers gives in the *Lakeside Monthly*, an admirable account of the inception, success and fall of the Central Pacific Railroad. The work on this gigantic line was commenced in 1863, and was for some time held in very bad odour, especially

in San Francisco, where it was known as the Dutch Flat Swindle. Gradually, however, it crept on, waxing more and more powerful, and swallowing down all the rival and independent lines, until it became the immense power it was before Newton Booth rose up to break its back and to set a limit to its ambition. Its line covered 1,222 miles of road, the company owned 56 vessels on all the navigable waters in California, Nevada and much of Utah. Ten thousand men earned their bread at its hands, and were bound to support its ticket, and the numbers of its supporters were swelled by five thousand more merchants, manufacturers, shippers, and hotel-keepers along the line; three subsidized newspapers; a complete line of telegraph across the Plains, with vast ramifications on this side; half the stock of the only Express company on the Pacific coast; a Senator and two Representatives at Washington, and a clear working majority in the California Legislature, these, Mr. Powers tells us, were some of its possessions and the upholders of its might. Speaking of Newton Booth whom he characterizes as a student of politics rather than a politician, the writer defines two arts, only one of which is understood "in this blatant country of ours," viz.: "the great art of How to Get into Office—politics," and "that other neglected art of How to Get out of Office—statesmanship." Apropos of statesmanship we are carried off to another paper in the *Lakeside*—a chippy account of a "Wandering in Saxony and Silesia," by N. S. Dodge, in which a Halle Professor's opinion of Bismarck is quoted. As it will be new to many of our readers we quote in turn:—

"In spite of his brilliancy of talents," said a Halle Professor "to me the other day, 'no one has the remotest confidence in him.'"

"But he must have personal good qualities," I answered, "to make him such fast friends as he has."

"Every rogue of a statesman," he replied bitterly, "in all ages has always been devotedly loved by friends. Pitt was; Fox was; Wyndham was; Calhoun was; Clay and Webster and Andrew Jackson were. All these, though they yielded to Prince Bismarck in roguery as much as they do in ability, had each his blind and bigotted followers and friends. In my judgment it would be better for the interest of Germany, and fortunate for Bismarck himself, if his breaking constitution should remove him from political life for ever. It was said of Wyndham that he would be guilty of any vile action but a lie. I am sorry to say that the remark, without the saving clause, is true of Bismarck, and that everybody believes it."

In the current number of this magazine J. Gilliland Davis commences a series of papers entitled "Professor Josiah Hidebound and his Friends," in which we find many choice bits and clever hits. The character of these papers resembles that of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," or more closely still, the style of Charles Dudley Warner's "Back Log Studies." The friends with whom the Professor discourses, are six in number; Miss Foomlesum, ex-head of the village academy; a young Banker, a round, jolly bachelor of thirty; a small girl called Betsey; Professor Theorem, a long gaunt man with three or four first class planets—full of wisdom in his face; Miss Lucy, Professor Hidebound's eldest daughter, sixteen years old, and "as pretty a girl as the town contains;" and, lastly, Dr. Dynamix, a judicial minded person, with a fine capacity for catching the sense of the meeting. The discussion turning on honesty, Miss Foomlesum delivers the following startling opinion:—

"What is the use of pretending to be honest, when you can't be if you wanted to ever so much? I used to get my girls into corners and make them lie; and all the time they knew that I knew that they were lying. I believe it is the great first paramount duty of every man and every woman to get on in the world. Those that don't get on will have to answer for 'wasting their talents. I don't believe the Lord likes these squeamish saints that are always falling in life because they are too proud to sb and cheat just as their neighbours do."

And in support of her theory, this energetic lady requests us to "look at Moses and Jacob and David—they were not above deceiving and cheating—and see how the Lord prospered them." A remarkable woman is this Miss Foomlesum. Professor Theorem starts a subscription for the victims of a strike and requests her to contribute. After satisfying herself that the names of subscribers will be published, she replies:

"Then put me down for five dollars. It is worth that as an advertisement of my name. What an admirable provision of Providence it is that one can by giving wisely, get value received for his free gifts. That is what I call having a double blessing in charity. I never see a notice that some person has given a large sum to a good cause, but withholds his name, without feeling that the particular giver is a bad kind of Christian. He cheats himself out of the reward paid by Providence for liberality, and cheats the Lord out of the example. If his neighbours only knew that it was he that gave some of them would be moved to give also."

But it would be unfair to give any more extracts from this excellent paper. Those who wish to know further respecting the Professor and his friends had better subscribe to the *Lakeside*. A better magazine money cannot buy. The articles all bear the trace of earnest thought and honest labour, and there is an entire absence of the padding that too often disfigures magazine literature. Besides the papers already mentioned there are in this number six short stories, two serials (one of these a translation of Julius Grosse's story "A Revolutionist") two very good poems, an account of the Battle of Franklin, and an elementary paper on Protection vs. Free Trade. The latter should be carefully read at the present political juncture in this country.

NEW BOOKS.

A new book from the pen of Mr. Wilkie Collins is always an event of importance to the chronicler of doings in the literary world. The last work by this well-known author is a novelette with the somewhat startling title "The Dead Alive." It is based on the facts of a trial, the author tells us, "which actually took place, early in the present century, in the United States. The published narrative of this strange case is entitled 'The Trial, Confessions, and Conviction of Jesse and Stephen Boorn, for the murder of Russell Colvin, and the Return of the Man supposed to have been Murdered.'" Mr. Collins adds, for the benefit of incredulous readers, that all the "improbable events" in the story are matters of fact, taken from the printed narrative. Anything which "looks like truth" is, in nine cases out of ten, the invention of the author. The plot of the story is briefly as follows: Philip Lefrank, barrister, of the Temple, London, having been order-

"The Dead Alive; a Story. By Wilkie Collins. Cloth 8vo. pp. 107. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

ed by his medical man to take a rest from his professional labours, visits some relations who had settled in the United States. He finds the family to consist of old Mr. Meadowcroft, farmer; his two sons, Ambrose and Silas; an elderly and particularly disagreeable daughter; Naomi Colebrook, a charming "American cousin," in every way the reverse of Miss Meadowcroft; and one John Jago, over-looker and general superintendent, between whom and 'the boys' a very bitter feeling exists, which is shared by pretty Naomi, probably out of sympathy with Ambrose, to whom she is engaged. A few days after the visitor's arrival there is a scene, and John Jago disappears. The neighbours institute a search which results in the discovery in a neighbouring lime-kiln of some bones, said to be human, the remnant of John Jago's stick, his knife, and two buttons off his coat. Evidently John Jago has been murdered. Ambrose and Silas are arrested, and finally confess, Silas the first, and his brother later on after conviction and sentence. Throughout the period that elapsed between the arrest and the conviction Naomi bears up like a little heroine, and is so aided and cheered by the English visitor that on one occasion she is forced to express her obligation, as follows: "Oh, my! what a good fellow you are! When your time comes to be married, sir, I guess the woman won't repent saying 'Yes' to you!" This in reference to a former saying of hers: "When a man asks anything of a woman, the woman, I find, mostly repents it if she says 'Yes.'" Mr. Lefrank's time to be married duly arrives, and Naomi is the woman who says yes to him. John Jago has turned up unhurt and all is well again. Why he went away, and why he returned the reader will learn by consulting the book. The story is cleverly put together and told in vigorous style, the interest fully sustained throughout, and the recital is scattered with gems of quaintness and feminine prettiness.

THE ENGLAND OF TO-DAY.

On Friday last Mr. Edward Jenkins, the author of "Ginx's Baby" delivered to a Montreal audience his celebrated lecture on the England of To-day—a lecture, a Halifax paper says, full of such interesting and important facts, and delivered with such stirring eloquence, that the reporter forgot his notes, so absorbed was he in the lecturer's statements. Evidently the impression made by Mr. Jenkins in Halifax was much greater than that produced in Montreal, for during the course of the evening he was but feebly applauded and was even met by evident signs of disapproval. Not that his statements were in the main incorrect, but the way in which he made them was very far from pleasant. Speaking of the Church of England, which, he informed his hearers, was allied with the Licensed Victuallers, he was actually offensive. No was he less so, but in another way, in his allusions to the British House of Commons. Such allusions he premised with "in my time." We are aware that Mr. Jenkins undervalued to obtain a seat for an English constituency, but we were under the impression that he had been defeated. Before commencing the lecture he stated that it was such as he had delivered it in the United States. It was remarked that the following passage, taken from a printed account of the lecture as delivered on the other side of the line, was omitted:

"The action of Parliament in passing a criminal law amendment act, which provided penalties for offences supposed to be peculiar to trades unions was another piece of class legislation. So also was the discouragement of the endeavours made since the passing of the Reform Act to get working class representatives into Parliament. From this and other causes has arisen the Republican movement. That movement is important, but not at present dangerous. It may become so at any critical juncture. In one or two towns the Republicans control the elections. There are about one hundred Republican clubs in the country."

The first half of the lecture was, it must be said, disappointing, but the peroration, in which he traced the progress of Reform in England, was a masterly effort and evoked a burst of well deserved applause. The lecture was delivered under the auspices of the University Literary Society.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"I'LL CROSS IT, THOUGH IT BLAST ME."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

SIR,—To what "law of the Protestant succession" does your correspondent, Thomas D. King, allude, when he cites the marriage of James I. to Anne of Denmark, as a proof that the latter could not have been a Roman Catholic country when the play of "Hamlet" was written? By parity of reason, neither Spain nor France can have been Roman Catholic countries in the days of James, since that King negotiated a marriage between his son Charles and a Spanish Infanta, and actually concluded a marriage between the same Prince and the French Princess Henrietta Maria. Your correspondent mixes up things strangely.

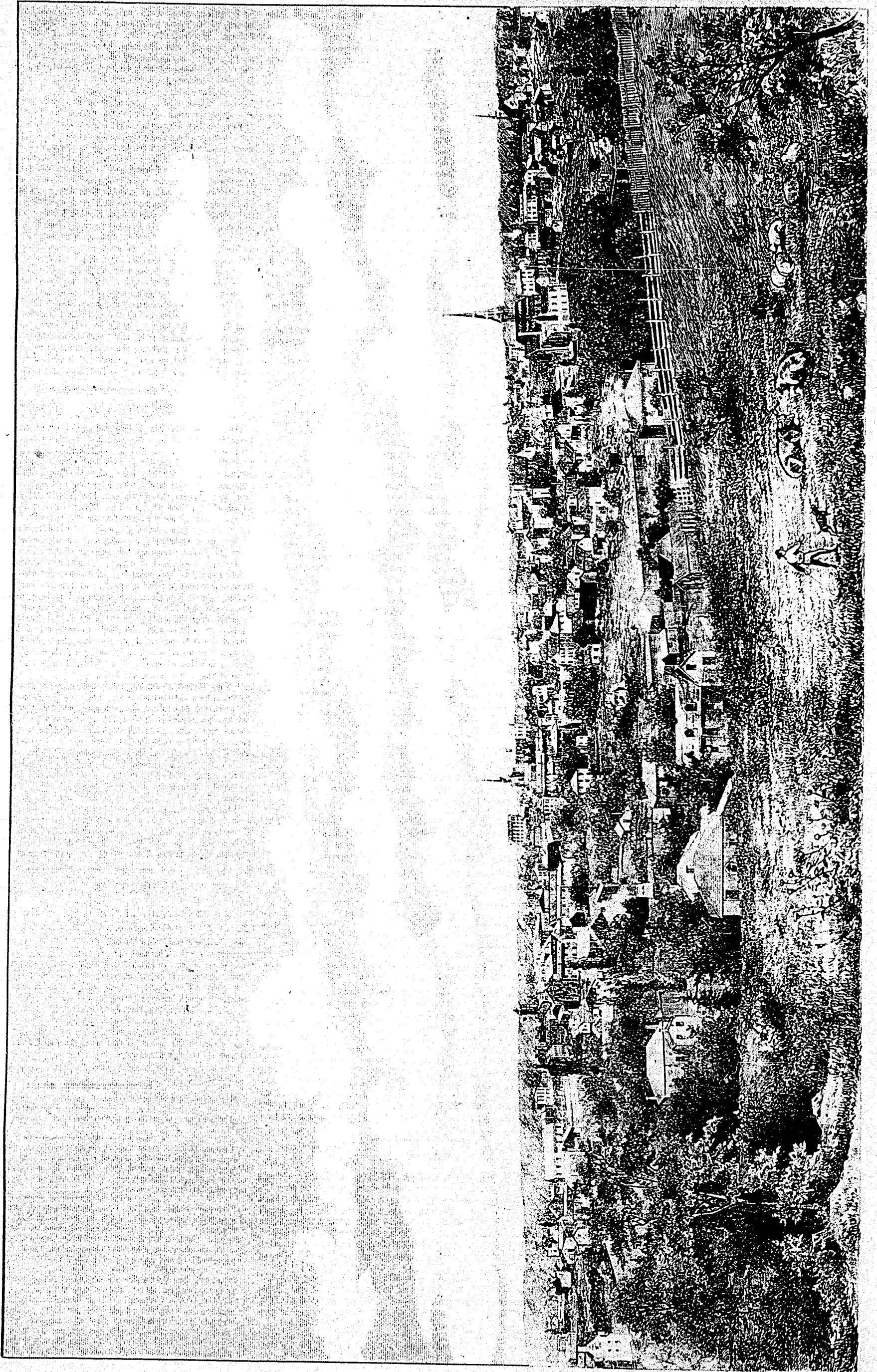
Montreal.

Rochefort is writing an autobiographical novel in the *Rappel*.

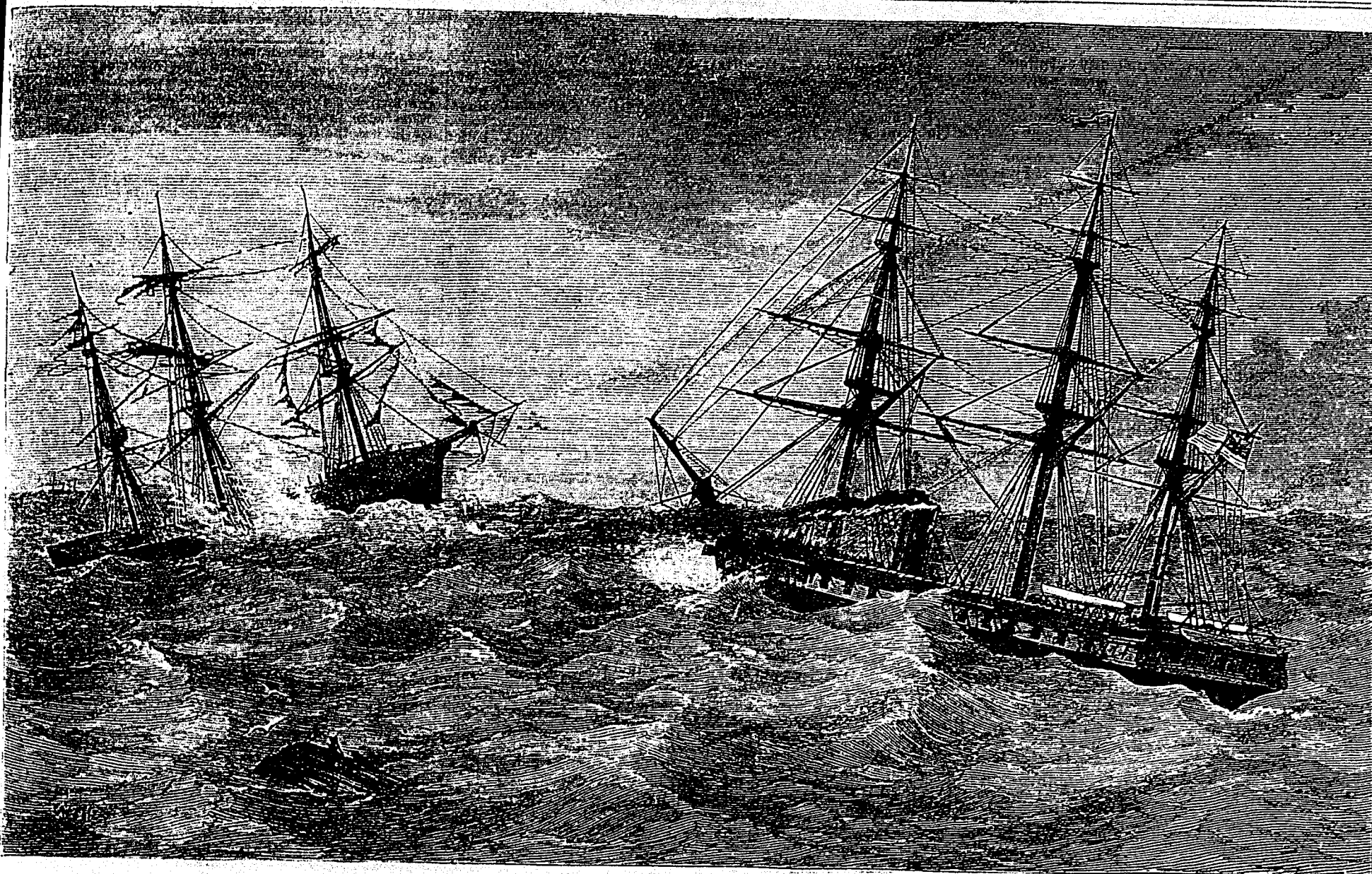
George Sand is writing a new novelette in the *Temps, L'Orgue de Titan*.

Victor Hugo's new novel, "93," will be published in the columns of the *London Graphic*, beginning early in February. It is generally understood that Victor Hugo has written a great many novels, although few will be prepared to believe that he has written ninety-three.

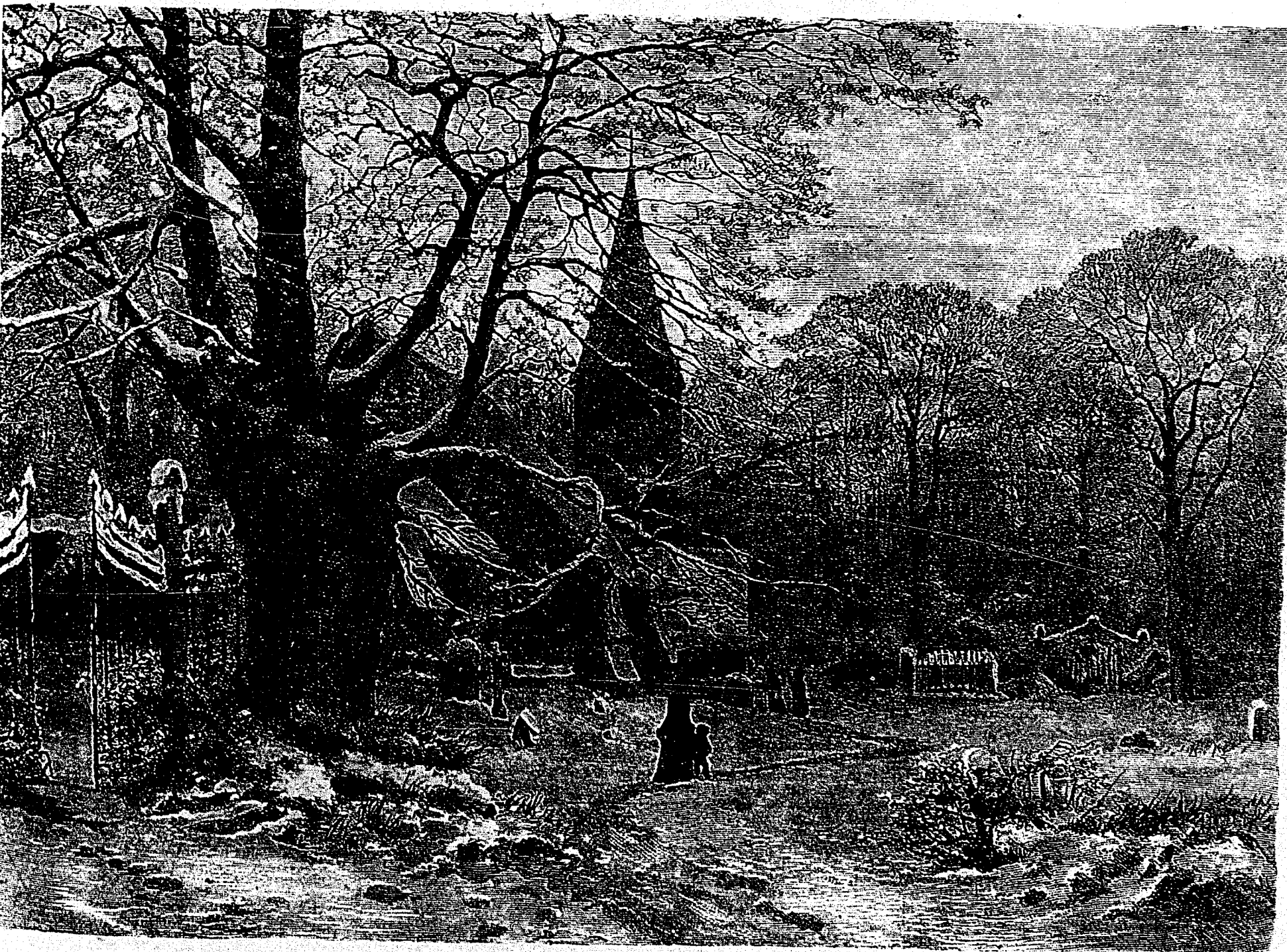
François Hugo, the second and only surviving son of Victor Hugo, who lately died in Paris, was born October 22, 1823, at Paris, studied at the Charlemagne Lyceum, and won university honours. When his father was driven from France, in 1851, he and his brother Charles shared the great poet's exile, and during the succeeding seventeen years François never revisited his native land, although at liberty to do so. During this period he resided principally in Jersey and Germany, devoting his time to literary pursuits. He published in 1857 a history of the Island of Jersey, and a French translation of Shakespeare's sonnets, the first made in that language. In the interval from 1860 to 1864 he completed the arduous task of translating into French all Shakespeare's works, which he reclassified and annotated. In 1869 he aided in founding the *Rappel*, the ultra-Radical organ of M. Rochefort, and was in active sympathy with the Republican movement which at that time so much embarrassed Napoleon III.



VIEW OF GUELPH, ONT.



"THE "BRITISH QUEEN" RESCUING THE CREW OF THE "LOCH EARN."



A WINTER SCENE.

THE FLANEUR.

On the 18th of last December, the centenary of Petrarch, the urn of pink granite which contained his remains was opened and examined. The bones were found to be of an amber colour, moist and partially decayed. The cranium, of moderate size, was intact; the frontal bone well developed. The jaws contained several teeth in a good state of preservation. A quantity of small bones was discovered, the remains, probably, of the hands and feet. Of the clothes nothing was left except a blackish powder. From the size and length of the bones, the conclusion was drawn that Petrarch was of medium height and robust constitution. But the brain that crowned the sonnets and the heart that loved Laura—where were they?

In all European cities there are barriers where people coming from the country must stop and have their effects examined by a revenue officer of the municipality. Some time ago an omnibus passing through a city gate was hailed as usual.

"Anything to exhibit, gentlemen?" cried out the officer.

"Yes," replied a hollow voice from the interior of the coach, "I have to exhibit what I am sitting on."

"You are insolent, sir," exclaimed the guardian of the Customs.

And he made a sign to the conductor to go on.

When a few yards within the city limits, the individual rises, draws a splendid ham from under his seat and brandishes it before the eyes of the crowd.

A problem for Dr. Tyndall. While the judges were deliberating on the sentence of Marshal Bazaine, his young wife knelt in the chapel of Trianon praying for mercy. The sentence, as we know, was death and degradation. The prayer of the devoted woman was therefore not heard. Who will say so? Did it not, perhaps, obtain that appeal for grace which the judges immediately appended to their sentence?

There are two sorts of tufts on the chin which Frenchmen wear—the *impériale* and the *royale*—but there is a vital difference of half an inch between the two.

A hint for teachers.

The great Arago's method of lecturing was this. He selected in his audience the person whose face displayed the least intelligence of the subject in hand, to whom he addressed his instruction in the simplest language, rising or falling, according as the features seemed to comprehend or not.

One day, as he was explaining to some friends his mode of teaching, a young fellow came up and said innocently:

"M. Arago, why do you always look at me so steadfastly when you lecture?"

Great news for artists! The Venus of Milo has found a companion. In the ruins of the city of Valeri a duplicate of that adorable model has been discovered. The head and arms are wanting, but the drapery which rolls over the hips and falls to the feet is admirable in workmanship. The body, instead of being nude, is clad in a light tunic. The left foot, which is wanting in the Venus of Milo, is preserved in this, and it rests upon a helmet, which confirms the opinion that it is a Venus Victrix.

What is the king of dishes for a midnight winter snack, after the theatre, the concert, the lecture or the "social"? Oysters, oh, my brothers, and truffled partridge, sprinkled with Hochheimer. Only, don't let the cook do your truffles, for she will burn them to a crisp and then throw them into the slop basin.

Teacher.—This is too bad, Joseph; your sums are all wrong. How does that come?

Joseph.—My father helped me, sir.

Bobby meets two vagrants on the street.

"Where do you live?" says he to No. 1.

"Dunno, sir."

"And you, sir?" to No. 2.

"With Mickey, sir."

An old woman in one of our country parishes did a very cool thing the other evening. She had sold a piece of property during the day, got the money for it, and stowed it away in the straw of her bedding, which is the savings bank of most of our good Canadian housewives. During the night two negroes broke into the house and demanded the money. She gave it up. Finding the old lady so liberal and accommodating, they ordered something to eat. The table was spread out and tea was added to the other delicacies. The burglars had not taken more than two or three sips when they fell over on the floor, writhing in convulsions, and finally stretching out in the rigidity of death. The old woman had dropped a strong dose of strychnine into their tea. When the bodies were identified, she recognized her nearest neighbour and another farmer who had witnessed the deed of sale.

The subject of the incineration of the human body is again discussed by scientific men in Europe. An English magazine writer has a singularly clever article in favour of it. A Mr. Sutte has declared that the fair form of a fond wife can be calcined into so small a compass that her sorrowing husband can wear all that remains of her in a ring on his little finger.

A gentleman at a dinner narrated that at Frankfort bodies previous to interment are left in the dead house with a bell attached to the wrist, so that the slightest movement, or almost pulsation, would set it tinkling and attract attention. "Ah, yes," said Mr. —, "that is evidently the custom alluded to by Tennyson in the well-known lines in 'Locksley Hall,' 'Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the corpses ring.'" Wicked, but very clever?

Canadians are fast following on the traces of their American neighbours with respect to abuse and vulgarity in political discussions. In the United States we have been accustomed to Baru Burners, Yellow Hammers, Copperheads, Locof coes, Blood Suckers, and other similar amenities. In Canada, at

the present time, we are treated to something nearly as choice, thus:

The Conservatives are CHARTER SELLERS.
The Reformers are LETTER STEALERS.
The Independents are SUCKLING POLITICIANS.
Or C.S., L.S., and S.P., for short.
Furthermore, Protectionists are eloquently denominated FIG-HEADED!

A confectioner asked a sculptor permission to make a reduction of a famous piece of statuary in sugar candy and chocolate. The artist refused.

"Sir," said the man of sweets, "you lose a precious chance. Your name would be in every mouth."

ALMAYIVA.

MRS. JARLEY'S POLITICAL WAX WORK.

Walk up ladies and gentlemen. Walk up and see the wonderful collection of politicians of which this great Dominion is so justly proud, a collection not to be equalled in any other country in the civilized world. Be in time. Be in time.

The first figure I shall have the honour of introducing to your notice, is the famous ex-Premier commonly called John A.

He is represented in an oratorical attitude as he appeared when addressing the House and uttering the celebrated sentence, "These hands are clean." Observe the purity of the hand which is uplifted. Observe also the oily appearance of the palm intended to show that none of the money which passed through it ever stuck to it, which is generally admitted to be the fact.

The other hand holds a *fac-simile* of the Pacific Railway Charter which he says he didn't sell to Sir Hugh Allan.

Immediately opposite you will observe a life-like representation of the present Premier, the patriot of Lambton. The attitude of this figure has been greatly admired by competent judges. He is supposed to be rejecting with disdain the titles and decorations offered by the British Government and pronouncing the historical words, "Take away that bauble." Observe the expression of virtue on the features. In the pocket of his pants you will notice the plan of the new route of the Pacific Railroad which is intended to open up the mineral resources of the North West and promote harmony with our republican neighbours by railway reciprocity.

On the right hand of the Lambton patriot you will observe the figure of our great musical genius, the Orpheus of the Dominion.

He is the proprietor of the only genuine and recognized Organ in the country and such is the extraordinary power and influence of this wonderful instrument that whatever tune is played on it all the party are compelled to dance whether they like it or not. With the usual modesty of genius this famous organ-grinder seldom plays in public, he usually remains quietly in the background and turns the handle of his instrument out of sight of the audience.

George, wind up the organ-grinder and let the ladies and gentlemen hear him play the last new air of "Dissolution."

Directly opposite the great organ-grinder stands the figure of the Dominion Demosthenes better known as "Logical Teddy." He is said to know more about constitutional laws than all the other politicians put together. He is also remarkable for his skill in picking holes and flaws in the bills brought forward in the House, but has not yet evinced any remarkable aptitude in mending them. It is a singular illustration of the remark of the poet,

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied,"

that with all his ability this great orator is strangely deficient in arithmetic and is quite unable to count beyond number one. His musical education has also been sadly neglected and he is supposed to be woefully unappreciative of the melodies of the organ-grinder.

I have now, ladies and gentlemen, to call your attention to one of the greatest curiosities of the collection. The famous political twins,—Lucius and George! They are a greater curiosity than even the Siamese Twins, inasmuch as although they are inseparably united as you observe, yet they both disown any intimate connection.

The face of Lucius bears an expression of grief and regret caused by his anguish of mind at being compelled to make his famous charge against the late Government, while the countenance of George is remarkable chiefly for its superabundance of cheek. Observe the ligature which connects the Twins, also its striking resemblance to a railway track. On looking closely you cannot fail also to notice that it bears the name, indelibly impressed, of Jay Cook & Co.

Adjoining the Twins you will observe the sprightly figure of the ex-member for Vancouver, well known as the "Financier." He is supposed to know more about making railways, or at least making money out of them, than any man in the Dominion. It is believed that the grateful shareholders of the Grand Trunk Railway will erect a statue in his memory as soon as the line begins to pay, which it is expected to do shortly, unless he should express his preference at his time of life for cash instead of a contingent benefit.

Next to him is the ex-member for Dorchester, the late acting Minister of Militia. He is chiefly remarkable for having received twenty-five thousand dollars and not being able to explain what he did with it.

On the left you will observe a striking portrait of the celebrated Flour Inspector. He is able to classify all the different qualities of flour with his eyes shut—unless he happens to have a cold in his head. He has a number of devoted friends who send him letters which don't belong to him and which in order that the rightful owners may not fail to become acquainted with their contents, he very thoughtfully publishes in the public journals.

Looking over his shoulder are the members for Chateauguay and Napierville, who are supposed to be advising him on literary questions.

The rather mean looking figure in the background is a gentleman from the wilds of Manitoba. His name will be handed down to posterity for his noble refusal of the bribes offered by Alderman Heney.

George, wind up the member for Marquette and let him tell the ladies and gentlemen how much his election cost him.

Home Notes.

Mrs. Badger, whose maiden name was Adeline Sheppard, drowned herself in Long Island Sound the other day. She was a lady of uncommon culture, had been a governess in the Hawthorne family, and accompanied them to England and Italy. What adds interest to the mournful incident is the belief that she was the Hilda in the great novelist's "Marble Faun."

The rights of women are making their way even in Bengal. A writer says that now some Hindoos feel quite offended if you do not ask after their wives when the usual "How do you do" has passed, and that to invite them to dinner without asking their better halves to come would be looked upon as a very bad taste.

Hindoo husbands are really very kind. We all know many of their European brethren who are not half so considerate about their wives.

Acting words is an amusing game for children or grown-up people. It is played in this way: The company divide into two parties, one-half remaining in, and the other going out of the room. The former then chooses a word for the party outside to act, and they usually fix upon one which will rhyme with a good many, such as fail, rail, tail, sale, pail, nail, and so on. When the word is chosen the party outside are told a word with which it rhymes. If the word fixed on is fail, for instance, you would tell them that it rhymes with dale; and then they will come into the room and act the different words without speaking, and if the wrong word is acted they are ignominiously hissed out, and have to try again until they hit upon the right word, fail. To act pail they would come into the room carrying a pail or bucket, or for nail would pretend to be knocking a nail on the head with a hammer, or for sale make believe a sale of furniture, with the auctioneer and hammer, &c. Another nice amusement is a game called "Twenty Nouns," which can be played by as many as ten or twelve persons. Each person is provided with a sheet of paper and a pencil, and at the top of his paper writes down twenty nouns which the company will give one after another in turn, till the number is complete. The nouns should be as diversified as possible; then all begin to make up a story, or at least connected sentences, bringing in the nouns one after another in the order in which they are placed, and using no other nouns, but as many pronouns, adjectives, or other words, as they like. When all are finished they are read aloud by one of the party, and cause much amusement.

Madame Bazaine is described as uncommonly beautiful. She is blonde as a tea-rose, her hair curls short like a child's, her teeth are of dazzling whiteness, and her laugh—in the days when she did laugh—was a silver tinkling. She is of a high Mexican family. She was only seventeen when she married, and the marshal was fifty-five. They have had four children. The eldest, Maximilian, had the unfortunate Mexican Emperor and Empress for sponsors. He died at the age of three. The second, Achille, has been the constant companion of his father. The third, Eugénie, had Napoleon and the Empress for godfather and godmother. The last, Alphonsé, was held at the font by Queen Isabella and the Prince of the Asturias. Madame Bazaine will henceforth reside at Cannes, about an hour's sail from Isle Ste. Marguerite, where her husband is interned. She is one of the heroic women of the age.

The wife of Lord Desart has been writing Chesterfield letters in *London Society* which well nigh brought her husband into trouble. He had to take the responsibility of them and apologize to a gentleman for some offensive passages in them. Look out ladies! When women's rights prevail you will have to do your own fighting. All or nothing, you know.

Our Illustrations.

There is a great variety in our pictorial department this week. The double page cartoon fully explains itself.

Guelph, Ont., is one of the most flourishing towns of the Upper Province.

We present the last episode of the "Ville du Havre" catastrophe in the rescuing of the crew of the "Loch Earn" by the "British Queen."

There are several different views of the Isle Ste. Marguerite, where Marshal Bazaine is confined. It lies off Cannes, in the Mediterranean.

We append a sketch of the grand tableau at the Opera House in New Orleans, on the occasion of the fifth appearance of the Twelfth Night Revellers. The leading figure is that of the Chief Reveller—the "Lord of Misrule." This association made its first appearance on the streets of the Crescent City, on the night of the festival whence it takes its name, in 1870. They appeared as "The Lord of Misrule and His Knights." On the next anniversary they represented "Mother Goose's Tea Party." In 1872, the subject chosen was "The Tide of English Humour," and last year they appeared as the "Birds of Audubon." This anniversary they represented "Dollars, or Childhood's Pleasures." The figures conveyed the ideas of dolls and wooden playthings. They occupied 15 cars, including the one in the van of the procession on which was displayed the traditional "Twelfth Cake"—a triumph of the confectioner's art fully four feet in diameter, and which was the hiding-place of two golden lockets, fashioned as the orthodox bean, and which were assigned respectively for the Queen and Maid of Honour of the festival. The procession was lighted by rows of lights borne by negroes in masks and dominoes, and was preceded and followed by bands of music. There were 107 figures in the tableau, which occurred at the Opera House, subsequent to the parade by the "Revellers" through the principal streets. The ceremony of cutting the cake succeeded to the tableau and the same was distributed amongst the maidens—guests of the maskers. The fortunate finders of the beans were duly announced in accordance with the custom and the evening's pleasure terminated with a ball. This is the second pageant of this kind in the past week in New Orleans, the first one having been the representation by the "Knights of Momus" of the "Coming Race," and consisting of a collection of monstrous half brass and the other half, fish and bird. This was the second appearance of the "Knights." The third and last display of the masked association will occur on the night of Shrove-Tuesday, or as it is styled in New Orleans—"Mardi Gras." This will be the representation of the "Mystic Krew of Comus," which was originated in 1857. During that day the streets will be occupied by, and public attention engaged in, the contemplation of the pageant of his Majesty "Rex," King of the Carnival, which will be of a most splendid character.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."
(Suggested by Holman Hunt's Picture.)

[In this picture, now exhibited in London, Christ is represented as a young man working in a carpenter's shop at the close of the day. Weary with labour, he stretches his arms above his head. The action throws upon the wall behind, his shadow, resembling that of one hanging upon a cross. His mother, kneeling before a casket, where she has been examining the crowns brought by the Wise Men of the East, starts to see the omen.]

Weary, half weary of the work of life,
The just-begun and never-ended strife,
O Son of Mary;
Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter,
God-given, twenty years ago, to her,
His mother Mary.
Jesus, the Lord's Anointed, free from sin;
The Way, by which a far-off heaven we win,
The Door, through which we all may enter in,
Christ, Son of Mary.

Our days, Thou knowest, are short and full of woes,
Our cross, like Thine, too soon its shadow throws,
Tired Son of Mary:
Our birth-crowns, that our mothers treasure up,
Are melted oft into one bitter cup—
They drink, like Mary:
And with dim, frightened eyes they also see
The shadow of some strange accursed Tree,
Where their dear sons give up the ghost, like Thee,
Great Son of Mary.

O full of life, with all life's lawful joys
Calling upon Thee in mellifluous noise,
Fair Son of Mary;
Full of man's strength to do God's whole behest,
The moonlike labour bringing evening rest,
Sweet Son of Mary;
Yet through all this, love-wier or far than these,
The shadow of the Cross Thy mother sees
In its unfathomable mysteries—
Heart-pierced Mary.

But Thou, with those Divine eyes, free from fear,
Thou seest the rest, remaining even here
To Thee—and Mary,
And all God's people, all His children poor,
Whom Thou namest brethren: knocking at their door,
Blessed Son of Mary:
And, by-and-by, Thy earthly travail done,
Death consummating what Thy life begun,
Thou'lt say, "Come unto Me each weary one—
I am Son of Mary."

O Son of God, and yet the woman's seed,
Bruise Thou our serpent sting, even though we bleed,
Like Thee and Mary.
Forgive if we, too, tired ere work be done,
Look forward longing to the set of sun,
Alone—no, Mary:
And in the day of evil, anguish-rife,
Remember us! Through this our mortal strife,
Lead us unto Thine everlasting life,
Christ, Son of Mary.

For Everybody.

The Sister-in-law of a Murat.

Mrs. E. A. Booker, a sister of the late Princess Achille Murat of Florida, died in Savannah, Ga., on the 26th ult., aged 60 years. She was a Virginian by birth, and had married three times. She had in her possession many relics of the first Napoleon, and the late Emperor continued to give her, while he reigned, the pension formerly given to the Princess Murat.

The Poetry of Dress.

If the English know best how to dress in the day-time Frenchmen shoot ahead of them in the night season. A tasteful Frenchman's dress-coat is a whole symphony in cloth. It has no creases or twists, no discord in its universal harmony; and the little slip of red ribbon which knights like M. de Sangbleu are privileged to wear for their war deeds shows better on it than an eighteen-pennyworth of flowers.

American Aristocracy.

Aldrich, in his new story in the *Atlantic*, gets off a pretty good thing on aristocratic circles as follows: "One is pained to find that the most exclusive folks have frequently passed their early manhood in selling tape or West India goods in homoeopathic quantities. This is not an immoral thing in itself, but it is certainly illogical in these people to be so intolerant of those less fortunate people who have not yet disposed of their stock."

Both Smart Dogs.

During General Birney's raid through Florida a bright little girl was found at one house, her parents having skeddaddled. She did not know whether the troops were Union or rebel. Two fine dogs made their appearance while a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of her questioners that their names were Gillmore and Beauregard. "Which is the best dog?" asked a by-stander. "I don't know," said she; "they're both mighty smart dogs; but they'll either of 'em suck eggs if you don't watch 'em." The troops left without ascertaining whether the family of which the girl was so hopeful a scion was Union or rebel.

A Story of Landseer.

A pleasant instance is related illustrating Landseer's genuine kindness of heart. Once, being informed that an artist of some considerable merit was in pecuniary distress, having been unable to sell any of his pictures for some time, Landseer immediately visited him. He found the poor fellow sadly contemplating a picture which had just been refused by several dealers. The work was good, but the artist lacked a "name." The subject of the picture was a rural homestead, with human figures and a mare and foal. Landseer looked critically at the horses, then said, "There are several errors here; lend me your palette and brushes." Landseer painted on the horses for several hours. When he had finished, he said to the artist, who was known to be too proud to accept pecuniary assistance, "I think I can help you without offending you;" and he wrote in the corner, "Horses by Edwin Landseer." Next day the picture was sold for \$2500.

Vicious Sheep.

There was a fellow in a certain neighbourhood in Arkansas who was suspected of sheep-stealing. At last a planter, riding through the woods, perceived the suspected individual emerge from the woods, and after looking round to see that no one was near, walk up to a flock of sheep and knock over the largest and fattest. At this moment the planter rode up, and confronting the thief, exclaimed, "Now, sir, I have got you. You can not get off; you are caught in the act." "What act?" indignantly inquired the thief. "Why, sheep-stealing," was the prompt reply. "Sir, you had better mind how you charge a respectable American citizen with such a crime as sheep-stealing," replied the gentleman with the penchant for mutton. "Now will you deny that I saw you kill that sheep?" asked the planter. "No, sir," was the answer; "I did kill it, and I'd do it again under the same

circumstances. I'll kill anybody's sheep that bites me as I'm going peaceably along the road."

A Hint.

This is the way an editor gets rid of persevering "feminines": "We gently and as it were unconsciously, pushed a paper weight towards the end of the table where she sat. It attracted her attention directly. She looked at it, took it up, looked more earnestly, and then, laying it gently down, she calmly rose, gathered her ample skirts about her, and straightway took her leave, not even saying good-bye. Certainly nothing was further from our intention than to give offence. We merely wished to attract her attention to the paper weight as a work of art. We regard it as a fine work of art, and value it solely for that reason; but the effect on some visitors is remarkable and inexplicable. It is a small slab of crystal, through which may be seen a sketch representing a skeleton surrounded by this legend:—"This unfortunate editor was talked to death."

Why French Actors are so Eminent.

I expressed my surprise, says Herr zu Putlitz, in his memoirs, describing an interview with Scribe, "that so difficult a part as that of the Queen of Navarre should have been given at the first performance of the play to an actress who had never been on the stage before. 'Did you notice the least sign of awkwardness about her?' asked Scribe with a smile. 'We wrote the piece expressly for her, and there was no great risk, for we knew her talent and her beauty, besides which her teacher, Samson, was responsible for her. She studied the part so thoroughly that no modulation of speech, no accent, nor gesture was wanting when she played in the first rehearsal; and upwards of forty rehearsals of the play were made before it was produced in public.' I now understand the secret of the *ensemble* which is so remarkable in French theatrical performances. It must also be a great advantage to the authors to be present at all these rehearsals, for they are given the opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the stage and the means by which theatrical effects are produced."

Buck Hunting in Florida.

During the camp hunt on St. James Island, an incident occurred which is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of hunting. A large buck, closely pursued by that famous stag hound, Old Ring, belonging to Mr. Hopkins, took water, and headed right out to sea; the dog, without hesitation, boldly followed him in his voyage over the "dark and treacherous waves." They were watched with intense interest by the hunters until each was a mere speck upon the surface of the sea, and until they were finally and totally lost to view. After some time, when it was supposed both dog and deer had found a watery and perhaps bloody grave, in mortal combat, or been devoured by sharks, a small object was discovered, which proved to be Old Ring returning from his long swim, much exhausted, but reaching the shore in safety. But to the greater surprise of the spectators, after a time the deer appeared in sight, making right for the shore, on reaching which he was shot down by one of the hunters. They should have given the noble beast his life.

A Concealed "Treasure."

"There is no knowing what may turn up," especially in a horse-hair sofa. In a small attic, says a Vienna journal, lived the family of a tailor who had died some weeks since in the greatest poverty and misery. The widow could not earn enough to support herself and her children, and was obliged to sell her furniture bit by bit to supply their needs. In her garret stood an old sofa, which had been given to her at her marriage by a relation long since dead. At length even this valued heirloom had to go to the broker's. Two porters accordingly attempted to remove the sofa, but were unable to do so. The broker, who naturally feared that his bargain was stuffed with stone instead of horse-hair, insisted on immediate investigation. To the surprise of all persons, the removal of a thick coating of the latter material brought to light about forty muskets, of the existence of which the owner of the sofa had no idea. Each musket was wrapped in a poster containing an invitation to join the students' legion, and bearing date "October 14, 1848." An animated controversy is now in progress between the broker and the tailor's widow regarding the ownership of the property thus unexpectedly discovered.

A Newspaper Recipe—And Its Result.

It was not until a Bridgeport woman read the recipe in half a dozen different papers that she concluded to give it a trial. We refer to that recipe which says that "a table-spoonful of sawdust placed in each boot will keep the feet both dry and warm." The husband of this Bridgeport woman was always complaining about cold feet, and so the other morning she poured two table-spoonfuls of sawdust into his boots. The result rather surprised her. He slipped on his boots, ate his breakfast, and started for his place of business. He had not gone twenty-five yards from the house before he retraced his steps, and commenced to orate on profane history. As soon as he got into the dining-room he assisted one boot off with the toe of the other, and kicked it against a ten-dollar mirror, while its mate struck his seven-year-old son on the head, and made him yell lustily. His wife, seeing that something ailed her husband, asked, "What's the matter, dear?" He said something that sounded like "jam it," gathered up his boots, and after emptying out the sawdust, replaced them on his feet, and shot out of the house, with his feet warm clear to the root of the hair on his head. His wife thinks maybe she used the wrong kind of sawdust.

A Likely Story.

A man of the name of Henri has given some very startling evidence at the Bazaine Trial, showing, among other things, the risk and peril to which emissaries were exposed when trying to get in and out of Metz. If the man Henri speaks the truth, he was captured in attempting to force the German lines, and was about to be hanged—in fact the noose was already about his neck—when he solemnly invoked the vengeance of the Lord on his enemies. Prince Frederick Charles, who, like another Tristan l'Hermite, was attending the operation, was struck by Henri's adjuration, and asked him if he were a Catholic. The prisoner replied in the affirmative, and the Prince immediately added that no good Catholic could die without a confession, and the execution was put off till the next day. During the night Henri managed to make his escape, and after many hairbreadth escapes and chucking a Prussian sentry into the Moselle, he got into Metz with a despatch. The Prince will either be much surprised when he reads the above story, or will regret his toleration, which evidently cost the life of a German sentry—for Henri didn't wait to know whether he was a Lutheran or a Catholic before chucking him into the river.

The London Publishers and Congress.

Not long ago the leading publishers and authors of London were convened at a room in Paternoster Row to hear an important statement from a distinguished personage from the United States on the subject of International Copyright. When all were assembled this personage rose and descanted on the great amount which English authors and publishers lost because of the lack of protection for their works in America; whereto there was a warm assent. In conclusion, this authority stated that so far as the action of Congress was concerned it was sim-

ply a question of money; and he bluntly declared that if those interested in the matter in England were willing to get together a certain sum of money, he would undertake to put it where it would secure the passage through Congress at its next session of the desired law. There seemed to be no doubt of the good faith or authority of this American, and several publishers at once arose and named the sums they were willing to contribute. But an eminent author who has much interest in the matter arose and declared the proposition a shameful one for America, and an insult to English literary men; wherupon he left the room, and was followed by nearly all of the authors. The whole matter then fell through.

The Vinegar Polyp.

A very singular present has been made to the aquarium of the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris; it is a medusa polyp, which, on the day after its entry into the pool assigned to it, had created a void around it, and skilfully got rid of all its neighbours. How? This was a mystery until the water of the pool was analyzed; the water was found to be converted into a solution of vinegar, and it was apparent that it was one of those very rare molluscs, the vinegar polyp, whose body when plunged into pure water gives presently a strongly characterized acetic solution. The working of this animal is very curious; it produces alcohol, which it transforms into vinegar. The poisonous mollusc was, of course, quickly withdrawn and placed in clarified vinegar in a closed jar, where it will pursue undisturbed the economical manufacture of vinegar.

Charming Candour.

Not long ago the youthful Mr. C— was engaged to manipulate the ivory on a church organ not far from the Hub. At the same church and upon the same occasion a Unitarian clergyman was engaged to officiate in the pulpit. Both of these gentlemen left town the following morning by the same train, and both occupied the same seat, the young organist recognizing the clergyman, but himself unknown to the cloth. Passing the compliments of the morning, the cloth queried whether the young man attended the Unitarian Church on the preceding day. Organ said he had the pleasure, and asked Pulpit how he liked the music. Pulpit said the music would have been excellent if the organ had not been played in so loud and boisterous a manner. Then old Pulpit asked young Organ how he liked the preaching. Organ said, "Not at all; the preacher was too loud and ranting." A gentleman in the next seat who had listened to the conversation, and knew both parties, turned about and kindly introduced the clergyman to the organist.

Critical Rhapsodies.

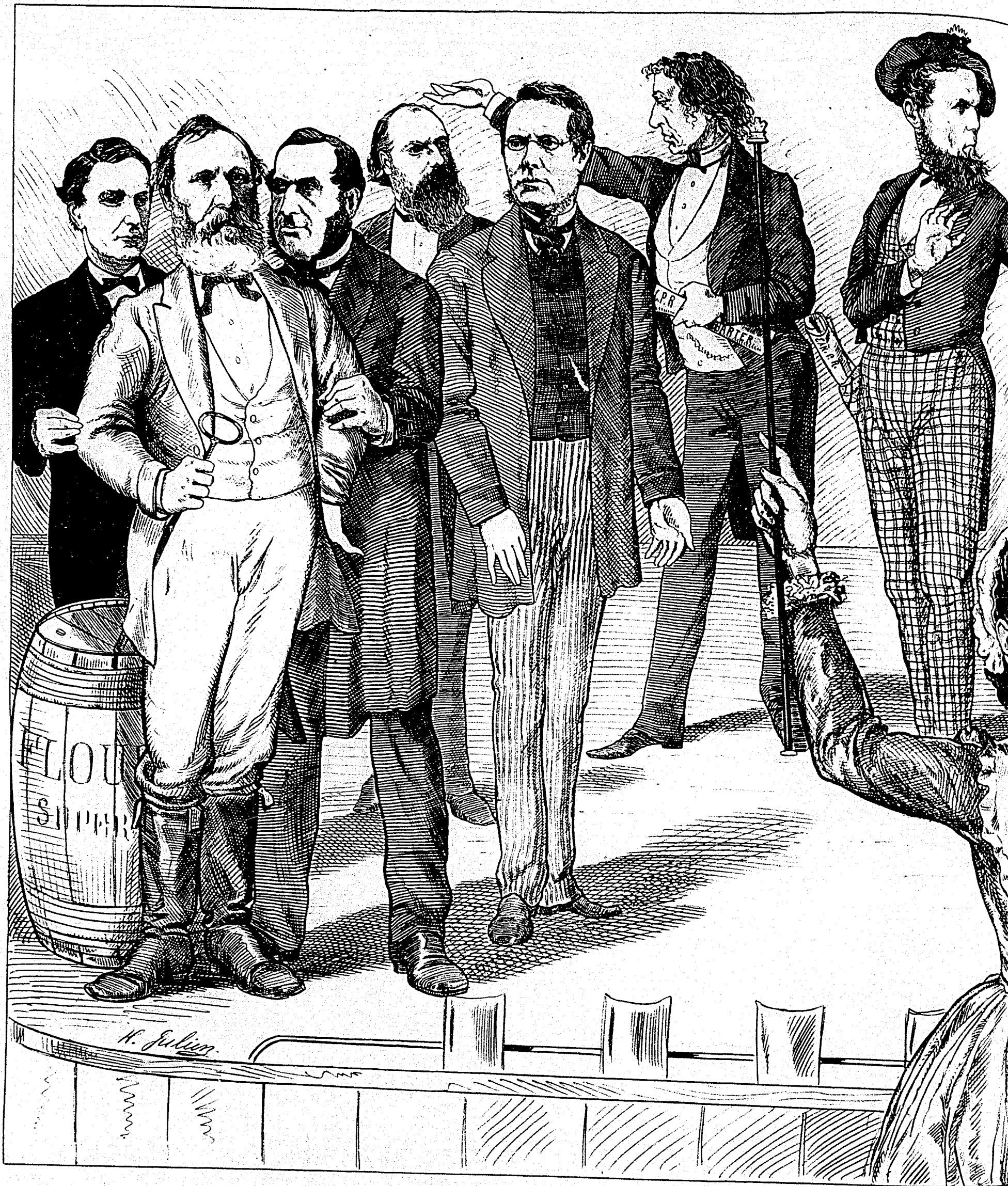
For a sample of "aesthetic gush," the following is to be commended. It is taken from the *Famulla*, of Milan, and it treats of the playing of Herr Rubinstein: "His hands! Out of these sinews, muscles, and veins speaks a thinking spirit; these hands have but one soul; they are two electrical batteries animating the instrument. The greatest wonder is that there are but five fingers on each hand. But what fingers! Lightnings stream from them, and when they fly over the keys they flash with blue light. On the platform stand two pianos. Let none be alarmed; he only plays on one at a time. The other is there in case one perishes under his hands. The owner of the instruments goes to all the concerts, and sits there stern, gloomy, unsympathetic, save when a string breaks under Rubinstein's detonating blows. Then a smile glides over his lips. The marble trembled before Michael Angelo—pianos shudder at the approach of Rubinstein." The climax of this rhapsody is rather *hazardé*, after the manner of some of the Italian papers. Translated, but by no means freely, it runs thus: "At the last day St. Peter will call Rubinstein, and say, 'Play that piece by Schumann thou didst perform at Florence.' Then the shade of Rubinstein will sit down to a shadowy piano-forte, and at the crash the dead will wake!"

How to Write a Play in Common.

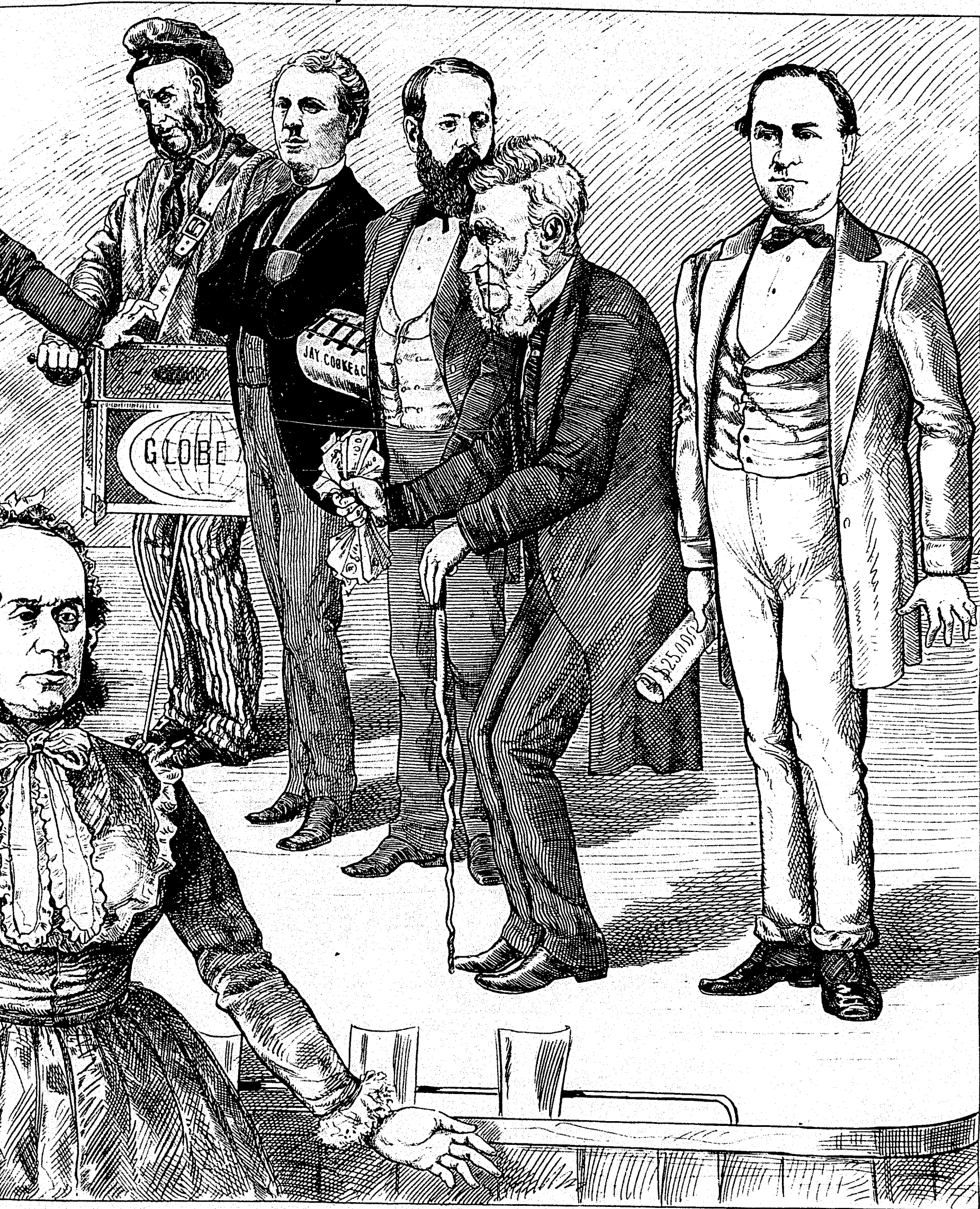
Scribe, the great playwright, gave this account of writing with "collaborateurs": "One author brings the idea, and the scaffolding of the piece (*charpente*) is then built up by the authors in common, after which the various scenes are distributed among them according to their special qualifications. Often the whole play is written by one author, who afterwards makes alterations in it according to the suggestions of his collaborators. It also frequently happens that the songs in the piece are written by a third man, who has nothing to do with the plot or the dialogue. It is much more difficult for two or more authors to join in writing a longer piece. In such cases they have to consult together about the whole of the play, down to the smallest details. When an agreement is arrived at, the execution of the idea is comparatively easy, although it often happens that in the writing of a play things occur which render it necessary to alter the whole plan of the piece. This was the case in writing the 'Contes de la Reine de Navarre.' My idea was to make the piece a graceful comedy; but my assistant, Legouvé, took up a very serious tone in the second act, and in writing the fifth act he gave the play a tragical catastrophe, which was quite contrary to our agreement. I protested, but we could not agree. We then decided each to write a fifth act and read them to the actors, who would determine by a majority of votes which of the two should be accepted. The actors voted almost unanimously in my favour, and my friend Legouvé, far from showing any ill-humour at the decision, readily assisted me in completing the piece."

Holman Hunt's New Picture—The Shadow of Death?

In his new picture which is making such a sensation in England, Mr. Hunt is strikingly original in the treatment of his subject, and forsaking the example of the old masters in adopting certain costumes for their scriptural subjects, he does not aim at divinity in either the expression of the face or form of the Saviour, but depicts Him in humblest guise as "the Carpenter," gaining His bread by the sweat of His brow. The picture is large, the figures of the Saviour and His Mother being life size, and the story sought to be told is this:—In a carpenter's shop, in which the afternoon sun shines brightly, are Christ and the Virgin Mary. The Saviour, whose figure, with the exception of some slight covering around the hips, is undraped, is standing upright, with arms outstretched, the whole position being indicative of a wearied sadness. Around him are the implements of his trade; drills, an augur, mandrils, a plumb line, and half square, whilst immediately at hand is the saw in a half-sawn plank, forming the immediate task upon which the Saviour is engaged. On the right of Our Lord is His mother, kneeling before a large open casket, containing a crown, a censer of *cloisonné* enamel, and other costly presents, representing the offerings to the Infant Jesus by the Magi or wise men of the East. Behind the Saviour on the wall—on which, be it observed the sun shines brightly,—is a rack containing the various carpenter's implements before referred to. It so chanced that the Mother is alone with her Son. The Mother, seizing the opportunity, approaches the casket containing the magnificent regalia before referred to; but when she has opened the lid of the casket her attention is attracted by a shadow on the wall—the shadow of the Saviour standing with upraised arms—and the effect produced is that of one crucified. The rack against the wall forms the cross, and upon this is seen "The Shadow of Death," the image of the crucified Saviour.



MRS. JARLEY'S POLI



AL WAX-WORKS.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE GHOST AT THE HOLLIES.

A TRUE STORY.

BY NED P. MAH.

I have taken pen in hand and seated myself before a blank sheet of paper. What shall I write? Hitherto, gentle reader, I have written Fiction for your amusement, suppose for once I change my tactics and write Truth? Truth, they say, is stranger than Fiction. If it interest you equally well, I suppose the axiom is proved.

I.

"Morning, Squire," said our worthy Rector, as with a long pull at the hard-mouthed grey he at length succeeded in bringing her to a full stop, an undertaking the arduousness of which was only equalled by the difficulty of persuading her to move again. "Be sure you come to church next Sunday, you will hear a sermon that will be worth the listening."

The Squire's eyes twinkled. "Then I'll go bail you never wrote it, parson," said he.

"You may without risk," replied the good-humoured Rector. "No, it's a shining light from London that is coming all the way to Mudford to shed a gleam upon our darkness. A young man, a curate yet, but who has the gift of tongue, and who bids fair, if popularity can do it, to rise high in the church. And I believe, though it is not always the case, that he is as earnest as he is eloquent. I wanted to house him at the Rectory, but with sickness in the house, and the old wing under repair, I don't see how I can do it."

"Is he afraid of ghosts, Jack?" enquired the Squire.

"Not that I know of," returned the Rector. "Why?"

"Then send him to me and I'll give him the Haunted Room. We are pretty full just now, and Saturday will be May's birthday and all the Horton girls will be with us, so that's the best I can do for him. The room's a good room enough, barring the ghost, and that will never be so ill-mannered as to forget the respect due to the cloth."

"I will accept in his name, Richard, and thank you in my own. Curates are not rich men, and beside it's not the thing to send him to an inn. And as for the phantom, why we clergy are used to deal with things ghostly and things spiritual."

"And spirituous too, sometimes, eh! Jack? Just a nightcap, you know *cañum cum*, after supper," laughed the Squire.

"And a little wine for our stomach's sake" added the good Rector. "Oh! if it didn't give us the gout! Confound the gout," he added devoutly, as if it were a form of prayer.

"Amen!" cried the Squire "Pity you parsons can't hunt. — in fields, I mean, 'for health unbought' instead of 'sue the doctor for a nauseous draught.' Well, send me your shining light anyhow, he will be an acquisition to the girls," and putting his cob to a canter, he rode off with a wave of the hand, and left the Rector flicking away at the old grey, of whom it was suggested by a certain profane wag, that she was in the habit of occasionally holding forth to her equine companions, and was constantly lots in meditation upon her next discourse.

II.

The Shining Light arrived duly by the 4:30 train at Mudford and became the hero of the evening at The Hollies. Was there ever a damsel of any Period whatsoever who could resist the temptation of flirtation with a pet curate? Is there not a subtle flavour of a special naughtiness in devoting speaking glances at those eyes wont to turn devoutly heavenward; in pressing with an all too earthly clasp hands newly raised in benediction; in winning compliments from lips still trembling with 'Dearly beloved'? And Edward Holmes was a man who, apart from the superior attractions of his 'cloth,' compared advantageously with the generality of men. Tall, stalwart, handsome, fluent in address, he was in every way calculated to prove attractive to a woman of taste. He joined unaffectedly in the innocent mirth of the evening and drank champagne because he liked it and was sure that the gifts of God were intended for our enjoyment.

Next morning, after genial handshakings and the usual greetings had gone round, the hostess said:

"I hope you slept well, Mr. Holmes?"

"Never better in my life," was the reply. "I was a little fatigued, perhaps, by the long journey."

"Then you didn't see the ghost, Mr. Holmes," arose from a chorus of voices. "It was a shame of us not to have warned you, but it's all right now. Do you know your room is haunted?"

"Indeed, then the supernatural occupant did not favour me. Yet I must own to an extraordinary dream, nevertheless."

"Ah!"

"A vision of a white-robed Seraph that fluttered about my couch, so near me that I felt distinctly a warm and most un-seraph-like breath fanning my cheek, and vanished as it came without awaking me."

"That was the ghost," responded the chorus. "If you hadn't been so tired you would have seen it!"

"As you please," said Edward Holmes, good-humouredly. "I should not have even remembered my dream, if your questions had not recalled it."

When Edward Holmes faced his audience in the pulpit of the little church at Mudford there was a dead silence in the building.

The clean shaven face, the massive features, the piercing black eyes, the commanding stature, presented such a contrast to the corpulent form and rubicund countenance of the Rector whom they loved, that the hearts of the people were awed.

And when he preached to them they listened with an attention they never accorded to their pastor, for his style was as new to them as himself, and so plain that the meanest intellect among them understood every word of it. He was eloquent, but there was no dandyism about his eloquence, as there was no dandyism about the man. He used no big words, his sermon was full of little ones, he stuck to the Saxon mostly and to Saxon monosyllable when possible. His sermon was like the address of a commanding officer to his troops. It was Duty, Duty, Duty. But he didn't speak of future rewards and punishments, or say that to gain this, or for fear of that, they old do their duty. He strove to actuate them by no eordid

motive, by no craven fear, but showed them the innate beauty of doing good as it had never been shewn to them before, and the ugliness of sin, hideous as they had never seen it. He mystified them with no abstruse doctrines which they had not understood or had gone complacently to sleep over; he did not thunder of a wrath to come and a bottomless pit, and yet his words came home to them with a force, all the greater that the words were such as they heard by their own hearthstones day by day, that their Rector's discourses, which comprised alternately the doctrine and the thunder, or his curate's, Mr. Soothsays, which were a patchwork of ill-fitting texts, never attained. There was a stirring of the waters in the pool that day.

"Mr. Holmes," said Squire Harkaway as he and the curate sat smoking a last cigar in a nondescript apartment variously known as his study, his snuggery, his den; "pardon a question I have no right to put, and don't answer me unless you like. Do you believe in the thirty-nine articles?"

Edward Holmes started. Then he answered the question by another. "Why?" he said, "I didn't say anything unorthodox, did I?"

"By no means," said the Squire, "you simply preached a sermon that might have been preached by any denomination under the sun; you told us what Good and Evil and Right and Wrong meant, but there wasn't a haphorth of doctrine in it from beginning to end."

"Would the bulk of the congregation have understood anything abstruse?"

"Certainly not. Only it was something new."

"And consequently riveted their attention the more."

"Granted. It would be better if they heard such sermons oftener. No doubt you do a deal of good by preaching. I couldn't help thinking, when I heard you, how much more you might have done as a county Squire."

Edward Holmes was mystified. It was not till afterwards he understood the current of thoughts which had led to this one in the Squire's mind.

"How did you sleep last night, Mr. Holmes?" was the query again next morning.

"Admirably," was the reply.

"And you didn't see the ghost?" in a tone of disappointment.

"Well, I saw an apparition in white raiment certainly, but I doubt if it were an orthodox ghost. Pray, was a genuine ghost ever known to wear a ring?"

And he held up a little golden hoop for inspection by the company.

"Why," exclaimed little Louisa, "that's Nancy's ring!"

Nancy was the Squire's eldest daughter, a bouncing girl of nineteen.

Nancy blushed, Edward Holmes, looked disconcerted, the company generally looked blank.

"Pray," said Edward Holmes who was the first to recover himself and speak, "was Miss Harkaway ever in the habit of sleeping in the haunted room?"

"Yes," said Louisa who constituted herself spokeswoman on this momentous occasion, "when she was a little girl like me."

"And had the reputation of being haunted, then?"

"No, not for a year after she moved to the green chamber," said Fanny taking up the explanation which now outwent Louisa's fund of information. "Then somebody saw a white woman at the window of the empty room?"

"And Miss Harkaway does not walk in her sleep?"

"Not that we know of."

"That is however, probably, the solution of the ghost story," continued Edward Holmes; "watch her for a night or two and you will see."

"Do tell us all about how you got the ring," begged Louisa.

"Yes, tell us, Mr. Holmes," said the hostess.

"Well," said the curate "I will be as exact as I can. I went to bed and slept soundly for about an hour. When I awoke, I looked at my watch. I saw by the light of the moon, which streamed freely through the window from which I had withdrawn the curtains on retiring, that it wanted only a quarter to twelve. I resolved to keep awake till the witching hour when 'churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead' should pass. I was rewarded for my self-denial. The stable clock had scarcely struck its twelfth solemn stroke when a white figure advanced noiselessly through the door, which opened slowly, and apparently of its own accord. With the gait of a tragedy queen the white figure moved on through the moonlight. When it reached the foot of my bed and stood between me and the moon's rays, I noticed that it was opaque. The figure passed calmly on to the other side of the bed. It came close to the bedside. Shall I own that I felt awed, and moved as far as the clothes allowed me to the other extremity. With the utmost coolness and the calm noiseless grace that characterised its previous movements the figure sat down upon the bed, rolled noiselessly over upon its side, reclined its head upon the pillow within a few inches of my own, and with a light and graceful motion extended its arm so that the tiny hand actually lay upon my breast. Upon one of the fingers of that hand a ring set with brilliants glistened and twinkled in the white light. A tangible breath, warm and regular as that of a person peacefully sleeping, fanned my cheek. I know not how long the mysterious visitor remained, but before the tiny hand removed its incubus from my breast, I had taken the precaution to secure the ring which is that which I now hold between my fingers. Slowly and stately, as it had come, the fair vision left me. Restless and fevered, it was not till near daylight that sleep again visited my eyelids. That is my experience of the Ghost at The Hollies."

"Mr. Holmes," said the Squire as he faced his guest in the sanctity of his den, "I am glad to know that this foolish ghost story will be set at rest for ever, but I am sorry that my daughter's name should be mixed up in it, and form the scandal of every tea party for the next twelve months."

"You cannot be more sincerely annoyed than I. Is there no way of hushing the busy tongues?"

"Of the gossips in a country village? None. But there is a way of rendering their gossip harmless if it would meet your approval. Nancy's a good girl, would you object to her for a wife?"

"I should be only too highly honoured, if—"

"If she would have you, you mean. Of course, she will! Stay with us a week and so."

"But I am only a curate, and we curates are poor men."

"Look here, Edward Holmes," said the Squire. "I have no son. When I die my estate will go to a useless scapegrace who will live abroad and squander the rents and every penny I leave him, among foreign women and gamblers; who will be an Absentee Landlord all his life, and let the tenants and the hounds, and the land, go to rack and ruin and eternal perdition. Strip that parson's coat off your back, release yourself from the restrictions of a creed which you must find too narrow for your great heart and your great head. Don a shooting jacket and top boots, and pink on hunting mornings. Marry Nancy, live at Meadowlands with her till I die and then show them, far better than poor Dick Harkaway ever did, what a county Squire should be!"

The Squire's eyes were moist as he concluded this earnest address. Tears stood in Edward Holmes' honest eyes as he clasped his proffered hand.

"Not a word, Ned, not a word," said the good old Squire. "'Tis the very thing that Heaven built you for, my boy! Stop with us till next Sunday, you're not wanted till then, and will talk matters over and arrange everything."

"But I am wanted. There are Matins and Even songs, and visiting in the parish."

"Then put in an Ager, as we used to do at college."

The curate smiled. Need we add more? Out of this adventure a true love arose, and, for once, the course of that true love did run smooth.

Music and the Drama.

Michel Mathey, the oldest organist in France, is dead. The female orchestra was only moderately successful at Paris. The Gregorian chant is making headway in English church music.

Endeavours are being made in London to break up the monopoly of musical "Stars."

A new nightingale has been discovered in Sweden, Martha Ericson by name and servant girl by condition.

Laura Alexander is dead. She will be remembered as second lady in Ben de Bar's Company. A handsome, virtuous and talented actress.

Racine's 234th Anniversary is to be celebrated at the Paris Odéon by the performance of *Athalie*, with the whole of Mendelssohn's music.

Mlle Krauss has departed from the Paris Italians after a farewell benefit. While her voice is in no way striking, her dramatic talents are of the highest order.

On the 300th consecutive night of "La Fille de Madame Angot," the director presented all his company with a fortnight's additional salary. A model director.

For some reason or other, the French never took to Handel. It is therefore an event that his "Messiah" was produced for the first time, at the cirque, in the Champs Elysées.

The Kellogg English Opera troupe opened in New York on Wednesday for a season of seven nights and two matinees. They were to have given "Mignon," for the first time in English.

Charles Matthews is sojourning in Nice, but is to return to England for professional purposes in February, being announced to come out in a new play at the Gaiety, London, in the spring.

A collection of autograph compositions by Mozart has just been purchased for the Royal Library, Berlin. It consists of 531 pieces, and includes ten operas, one oratorio, five masses, fifteen symphonies, etc.

Mme. Nilsson has been released by Mr. Strakosch from her contract with him in April next, and she has been engaged for Her Majesty's Opera in London at the cost of two hundred guineas per representation.

M. Offenbach's new three-act opera, "La Jolie Parfumeuse," is likely to have a long run at the Renaissance, in Paris. The music gains on rehearsing, and is found to be of a superior order to that in his previous works.

A new feature in Christmas pantomimes is a mask which has been invented by a dramatic critic. Being made of India rubber, with a tube terminating in an air reservoir, it is susceptible of producing the most laughable effects.

Prime donne seem to be fond of the lightest dramatic entertainment. It is recorded that Mme. Nilsson has just attended a performance of "Little Nell" in Cincinnati, and Miss Kellogg is recorded as having laughed over Joe Emmett's *Fritz*.

Lucca's husband, Baron von Rhuden, has appealed to the United States Supreme Court for a reversal of the decree of divorce granted to her. It is sincerely to be hoped that he may not get it. "Our Pauline" has suffered enough at his hands.

The death is announced of Mlle. Grossi, a contralto singer, who recently appeared at the Italian Opera in Paris, and obtained some success in the part of Maffeo in "Lucrezia Borgia." She was singing at the San Carlo Theatre at Naples, and is said to have been poisoned by the imprudence of a cook.

The new tenor, M. Devillers, who has made his *début* at the Italian Opera-house in Paris as Alfredo, in Signor Verdi's "Traviata," is admitted on all hands to have a fine voice, but one which will require careful cultivation. As an actor, too, he has everything to learn; but what surprise can be felt at his defects? Two years since he was working as a cooper at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and was picked up by a professor of singing, Signor Rublat, who has instructed him in his scales and in the Italian language. In 1841, another *tonnelier*, at Rouen, M. Poutier, was found and taught. He appeared at the Grand Opéra in Paris. Only in "Masanello," in the air of "Sleep," did he ever produce any striking effect.

Lord William Lennox tells the following anecdote of Malibran: "During the time that Malibran was singing at Drury Lane and delighting the audience with her exquisite representations of *Fidelio* and the *Maid of Artois*, a certain newspaper, the musical notices of which were supposed to be written by the late Honorable Henry Berkeley, M. P. for Bristol, was in the habit of attacking her—hinting that she was a little too much addicted to porter. The fact was that in the last scene of the "Maid of Artois"—the desert scene—so great was the exertion that, when reclining on a bank, she, unknown to the audience, indulged in a glass of this refreshing liquor, handed up to her through a trap-door, so that, as the wags said, there was more beer than *bier* in her last scene. One day at dinner I spoke to Henry Berkeley upon the subject, and pointed out how kind and amiable Malibran was, especially to those of her own profession. 'I should like to meet her,' he said. 'So you shall to-morrow evening.' I replied, 'Dine with me at the Garrick, and we will go into her room at Drury Lane.' Upon the following evening, at the conclusion of the opera, we entered the ston's room, I having previously mentioned my intention of presenting Mr. Berkeley to her. 'Allow me,' I said, 'to introduce Mr. Berkeley.' He approached her shyly, for he knew that, right or wrong, she suspected him of writing the hostile criticisms; but, to his delight and surprise, she rushed forward, with a smile on her countenance, held out both her hands, and, with the utmost *matel*, said, 'Oh, Monsieur Barclay!—so she pronounced his name.—I shall never drink another glass of Barclay & Perkin's without thinking of you.' My friend the member for Bristol was what is termed a little flabbergasted at the remark."

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

The following is a partial list of candidates at the coming elections. The names printed in Italics are those of members who sat in the last Parliament.

- Addington: Shibley, M.
Waggoner, O.
Albert: Wallaco, M.
Calhoun, O.
Algoma: Dennison, M.
Barrow, M.
Simpson, O.
Brown, M.
W. H. Scott, M.
Annapolis: Ray, M.
Chesley, O.
Antigonish: McIsaac, I.
Argentouil: Abbott, O.
Bellingham, M.
Bogot: Forsyth, I.
Moussou, O.
Beauce: Poyer, M.
Beauharnois: Robitard, O.
Girouard, O.
Bellevue: Fournier, M.
Berthier: Bonaventuro: Robitaille, O.
Trenblay, M.
Bothwell: Mills, M.
Brant, N.: Fleming, M.
Brant, S.: Patterson, M.
Brockville: Budd, M.
Crawford, O.
Brome: Pettis, I.
Elkins.
Bruce, N.: Gillies, M.
Bruce, S.: Hon. E. Blake, M.
Cape Breton: McKay, M.
McDonald, O.
McLeod, O.
Cardwell: Hon. J. H. Cameron, O.
Bowles, M.
Cariboo: Thompson, O.
Carleton, N. B.:
Carleton, Ont.: Rochester, O.
Wallace, M.
Chambly: Benoit, O.
Jodoin, M.
Champlain: Gaudet
Trudel.
Normand.
Charlevoix: Tremblay, O.
Charlotte: McAdam, O.
Chateaugay: Holton, M.
Chicoutimi & Sagouay: Price, O.
Compton: Pope, M.
Cornwall: Bergin, M.
A. S. Macdonald, M.
Cumberland: Tupper, O.
Hibbard, M.
Digby: Savary, O.
Vail, M.
Dorchester: Morriset, M.
Drummond and Arthabaska: Laurier, M.
Dundas: Gibson, M.
Merkeley, O.
Durham, E.: Lewis Ross, M.
Williams, O.
Durham, W.: E. B. Wood, M.
Elgin, E.: Harvey, M.
Day, O.
Elgin, W.: Casey, M.
Essex: O'Connor, O.
McGregor, M.
Frontenac: Kirkpatrick, O.
Cartwright, M.
Glengarry: D. A. Macdonald, M.
Gloucester: Anon, M.
Greenville, S.: Brause, O.
Shanly, O.
Grey, E.: Flecher, O.
Grey, N.: Snider, M.
Lane, O.
Grey, S.: Landerkin, M.
Preble, O.
Guysboro: Campbell, O.
Kirk, M.
Haldimand: D. Thompson, M.
Halifax: Almon, O.
Tobin, O.
Jones, M.
Power, M.
Halton: John White, M.
Chisholm, O.
Hamilton: Witton, O.
O'Reilly, O.
Eanilius Irving, M.
A. T. Wood, M.
Hants: Gaudge, M.
Allison, O.
Hastings, E.: John White, O.
Hosden, M.
Hastings, N.: Burrell, O.
O'lynn, M.
Hastings, W.: Jas. Brunen, O.
Patterson, M.
Hochelaga: Desjardins, O.
Huntingdon: Scriver, O.
Rowe.
Huron, C.: Horton, M.
Huron, N.: Leckie, M.
Perkins, O.
Huron, S.: M. C. Cameron, M.
Greenaway, O.
Iberville: Richard, M.
Inverness: McDonald, O.
Cameron, M.
Jacques Cartier: Leflamme, M.
Joliette: Baby, O.
Kamouraska: Pelletier, M.
Kent, Ont.: Stephenson, O.
Stripp, M.
Kent, N.B.: Cutler, M.
McLeod, M.
King's, N.B.: Domville, O.
McCreedy, M.
Sharp, M.
King's, N.S.: Chapman, O.
Kingston: Sir J. A. Macdonald, O.
Carruthers, M.
Lambton: Mackenzie, M.
Lanark, N.: Gaitbroth, M.
Lanark, S.: Haggart, O.
Gould, M.
Laval: Quimet, O.
Beausoleil, M.
Leeds and Grenville: Jones, O.
Weir, M.
Macrae, M.
Leeds, S.: Fredenburg, M.
F. Jones, O.
Lennox: Hon. R. J. Cartwright, M.
Levis: Frochetto, M.
Chabot, O.
Lincoln: Norris, M.
Clark, O.
Lisgar: Schultz, O.
L'Islet: Casgrain, M.
London: Carling, O.
Walker, M.
Lotbiniere: Joly, M.
Fabre, M.
Beaudet, O.
Lunenburg: Church, M.
Maskinongé: Boyer, M.
Caron, O.
Megantic: Richard, M.
Baudot, O.
Middlesex, E.: Glass, M.
Crowell Willson, O.
Middlesex, N.: Scatcherd, M.
H. O'Neil, O.
Marquette: Cunningham, M.

Qualities.

A precocious boy observes that the sky has had a bad attack of the dropsy.
An exchange remarks that wood will last much longer if left for the women-folks to split.
Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.
'This is the rock of ages,' said a tired father who had kept a cradle going for two hours, and the baby still awake.
A Missouri druggist advertises 'pure liquors for eggnog purposes,' which is doubtless too explicit to suit some of his customers.
A little girl asked her sister what was chaos that her papa read about. The elder replied, 'It was a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it in.'

Scraps.

A Buffalo widow, aged sixty, has married her deceased daughter's husband.
Cincinnati has shipped to Glasgow, Scotland, via New York, 5,000 tereces of lard at one dollar, gold, per 100 pounds.
There remains to be paid upon the statue of Stonewall Jackson, now completed at Nuremberg, a balance of \$20,000.
The present British Parliament has just completed its fifth year, and promises to be the longest of the present reign.
The Paris Figaro declares marriage to be a tiresome book with a very fine preface. This looks like a disappointed reviewer.
The London Figaro says that since the year 1851 two and a quarter millions of people have emigrated from Ireland to America.
There is a 'mad stone' in Richmond, Va., which has been recently sold for \$1600, and which is said to have cured over three hundred people.
Recent statistics show that the value of the books sold in the German empire amount to only about one half of the tax upon the consumption of brandy.
From Rome we learn that at the second Consistory, which is to be held at Easter, it is highly probable that an English prelate will be elevated to the dignity of Cardinal.
Fairbanks the scale inventor, has been created by the Emperor of Austria a Knight of the Imperial Order of Francis Joseph. Communications respecting scale honours will be doomed to the waste-paper basket.
Of the fifteen million inhabitants of Spain, twelve millions can neither read nor write. There are four thousand villages, towns and cities presided over by mayors, two thousand of whom are unable to sign their names to any public document.
Professor Owen has made a valuable archaeological discovery at Sheppey in the London clay—a fossil bird, with teeth similar to those of the Austrian hooded lizard. He believes it to have been web-footed and a fish eater. No evidence of true teeth had previously been known in any bird.
The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha will arrive in New York at the end of this month, and will stay in the country about a year. As he is fifty years of age, it is altogether likely that he will be fitted only as a royal personage, and not with the intense enthusiasm that is lavished on a possible royal catch.
Arthur Helps, in Ivon de Biron, says of a man whose whole life had been spent in the endeavour to rise in the world, 'He had never really known what love was—to lose all thought of self in admiration of another human being, to idealize all her perfections, and to think that converse with her was the greatest blessing this earth could give.'

News of the Week.

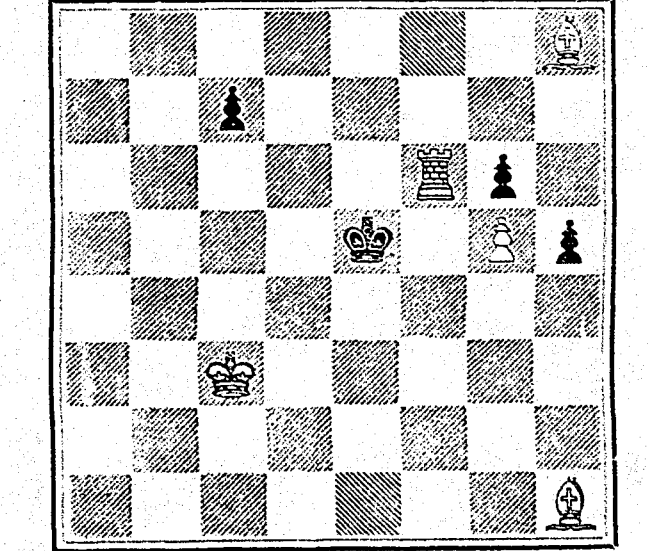
THE DOMINION.—The elections are absorbing the attention of the country.
By a fire in Ottawa, all the archives connected with the Pacific and Intercolonial Railway were destroyed. Lost about one million and half dollars.
THE UNITED STATES.—The announcement is made that at the meeting of the Directors of Lake Shore R. R., at Commodore Vanderbilt's office, it had been deemed advisable to skip the February dividend.
At a secret meeting of the Workingmen's Association of Chicago, it was resolved to sever all connection with the Internationalists, and hereafter the two organizations shall have nothing in common.
President Grant has refused to interfere in the state elections of Texas.
Hon. Caleb Cushing's appointment to the Chief Justiceship of the United States has been withdrawn by the President.
There is a general strike among the colliers of Central Pennsylvania.
FRANCE.—During a discussion in the National Assembly on the clauses of the bill providing for the appointment of Mayors by Government, the Left proposed an amendment requiring that Mayors shall be chosen from among members of the Municipal Council, but it was voted down by a majority of 5.
The same amendment was afterwards offered by the Left Centre, and was again rejected, this time by a majority of 14.
SOUTH AMERICA.—Late advices from Rio report that the termination of war in Entrerios has officially been declared. Gen. Jordan, the leader of the rebellion, had been totally defeated, and was a fugitive. His adherents had given in their submission to the Government.
The town of Yaviza, centre of the conchugathering district on the Isthmus of Panama, was destroyed by fire, the work of an incendiary.
CUBA.—The official report of the engagement on the 6th inst. near Puerto Principe states 300 insurgents made an attack on 47 Spanish soldiers who were out foraging, killing 30 of them and wounding three.
GERMANY.—Returns from all parts of the Empire show definitely that 100 Ultramontanes and 230 Ministerial Liberals have been elected to the Reichstag. The number of candidates elected by other parties is respectively insignificant.
The North German Gazette to-day says if the policy of France is made subservient to the temporal aims of the Papacy, the peace of Europe will be compromised.
SPAIN.—The insurgents at Barcelona have surrendered, and the authority of the Government has been fully restored in that city.
The publication of three more newspapers has been suspended by Government.
The iron-clad 'Numancia' has sailed from Mers-el-Kebir for Cartagena, convoyed by the 'Victoria' and 'Carmen.'
Gen. Domínguez has been appointed to the command of the Central Army operating against the Carlists.

Chess.

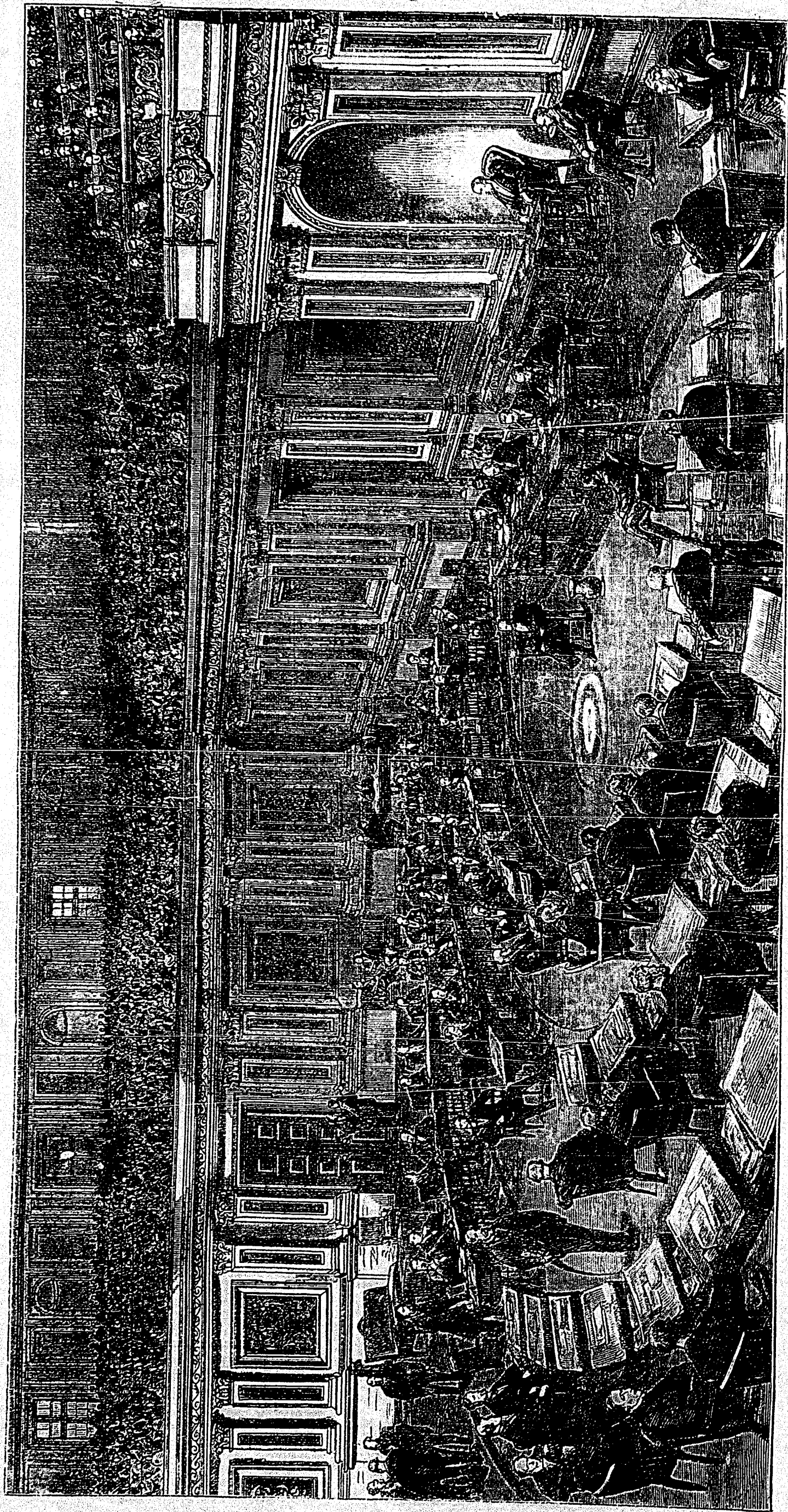
It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our 'column.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
W. H. P., Montreal.—Please send the solution of your last Problem.
J. W. B., Toronto.—Problem received. Thanks.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—No. 113. W. H. P., Montreal; Del-ta, Rock Island; Junius, Stanstead; G. E. C., Montreal.

PROBLEM No. 115.
By 'Alpha,' Whitty, Ont.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in four moves.
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 113.
White. Black.
1. P to K R 6th 1. P takes P
2. P to K Kt 7th 2. Any move.
3. P to K Kt 8th converted to Kt. checkmate.
or.
2. P takes P 1. Kt takes P
3. Same as before. 2. Kt moves.
or.
2. Kt P takes Kt 1. Kt to K B 2nd
3. P advances checkmate (converted to Bishop.) 2. P moves.



THE UNITED STATES SENATE IN SESSION.

THE U. S. SENATE-CHAMBER.

The United States Senate-Chamber, in the national Capitol at Washington, is not an imposing, but a very comfortable hall. The seats are ranged in semi-circles in front of the President's desk, and for the spectators who crowd the galleries whenever an important debate is going on, in which public interest is strongly excited. As at present constituted, the Senate, when full, consists of seventy-four members, requiring fifty votes to make a two-thirds majority. Of this number there are forty-nine Republicans, nineteen Democrats, and five Liberals. There is one contested seat, that of Mr. Platchback, of Louisiana.

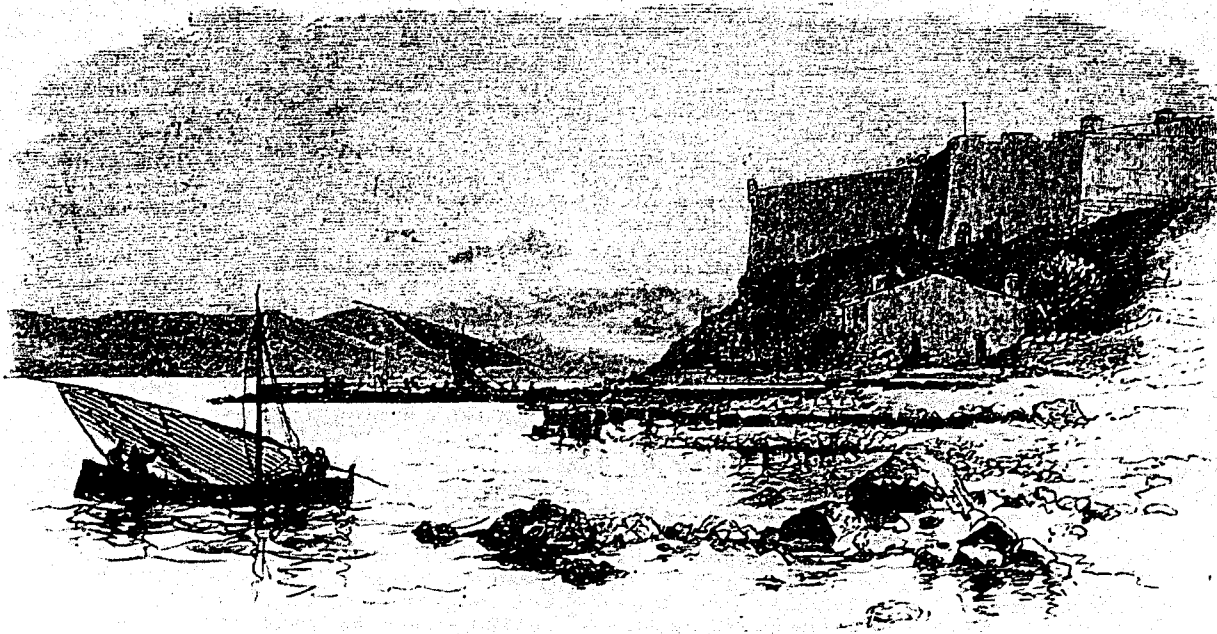
At the close of the Forty-third Congress, in March, 1875, the terms of twenty-five of the present Senators will expire—namely: *Republicans*—Buckingham, of Connecticut; Gilbert, of Florida; Pratt, of Indiana; Hamlin, of Maine; Chandler, of Michigan; Ramsey, of Minnesota; Ames, of Mississippi; Stewart, of Nevada; Scott, of Pennsylvania; Sprague, of Rhode Island; Brownlow, of Tennessee; Fannagan, of Texas; Edmunds, of Vermont; Lewis, of Virginia; Boreman, of West Virginia; and Carpenter, of Wisconsin. *Liberal Republicans*—Sumner, of Massachusetts; Schurz, of Missouri; Tipton, of Nebraska; and Fenton, of New York. *Democrats*—Casslerley, of California; Bayard, of Delaware; Hamilton, of Maryland; Stockton, of New Jersey; and Thurman, of Ohio. Senator Casslerley resigned his seat at the beginning of the present session. His successor, for the remainder of his term, has not been appointed.

The United States Senate is not by any means the important body that it was twenty years ago, in the days of Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Bellow, Hale and Toombs. It possesses talent unquestionably, but its influence is impaired by extraneous forces which considerably cripple its independence and usefulness. Its late action in connection with the Chief Justiceship will certainly not tend to heighten its prestige with the world.

But one member of the Senate, Mr. Sumner, is now in the fourth term; four are in the third, ten in the second, sixteen have just entered, and the remainder of the seventy-four members are well along in the first term. Of the new Senators, Mr. Sargent, of California, Mr. Allison, of Iowa, and Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, have had such large experience in the House of Representatives that they can not be called new to legislative business.

HEART PHOTOGRAPHY.—An apparatus for rendering the variations of the pulse visible is one of the novelties of French ingenuity. There is a camera, in which, by means of clock-work, a sensitized glass plate is pushed in front of a very narrow aperture exposed to the light, and in this aperture there is placed a glass tube, in which a column of mercury may rise or fall as in a thermometer. Now, by attaching to the wrist a rubber tube, filled with mercury, in connection with the tube of the apparatus, the beating of the pulse is received on this artificial artery, and the pulsations are transmitted to the recording apparatus. The column in the tube acting as a screen, light can penetrate the aperture only where the column is deficient; consequently the prepared plate becomes black under the influence of light everywhere except at such places where the column intercepts it. As the column rises and falls with each pulsation of the heart these black lines on the prepared plate, pushed regularly forward, will be longer or shorter alternately, and will be successively photographed as being lines perpendicular to a column base, the heart thus being made to register photographically its own pulsations. These photographic representations can be so magnified as to be rendered visible across a large hall, and the apparatus may be modified so as to register the variations of respiration and similar physiological and pathological phenomena.

The once world-renowned Louis Kossuth, the Dictator of Hungary, is living in obscurity and poverty in the city of Turin. He lives by giving lessons in German, English, and Hungarian.



THE JETTY.



THE FORT AND PRISONS.



VIEW FROM LA CROISSETTE.

THE ISLAND OF STE. MARGUERITE.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

OVER THE SEA.

A lover knelt at a maiden's side
In the flush of his manhood, his young life's pride;
And smiling through tears, she strove to hide
She murmured "It may not be!
For what you would I cannot give,
And lone and lone I must ever live:
My heart is over the sea."

When the Ocean lies like a glassy plain,
Or when it moans like a soul in pain:
When the storm wind howls o'er the raging main:
In the castle on the sea
A face at the casement, pale and grave
Gazes, with patience true and brave,
While the hot calm broods, or the tempests rave,
Over the boundless sea.

And the maiden gazed for many a year,
With a faith that overwhelmed her fear,
Yet never might tidings reach her ear:
Not dead but false was he.
Till, kissing her cheek with a chilling breath,
On the Tempest's wing rode the Angel of Death
Over the angry sea.

The casement looms dark o'er the Ocean wave
While the hot calm broods, or the tempests rave,
But it frames no fair face, pale and grave,
In the castle on the sea:
And the breakers murmur a ceaseless refrain,
And the surf sobs and moans like a soul in pain,
And the winds lament. For she looks not again
Over the sea.

NEO P. MAH.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Continued.)

Edmund went into the churchyard, climbed the low wall, and seated himself on the top of it. From this position he could survey the Italian garden, and the south front of Perriam Place, whose lighted windows showed dimly in the summer dusk. He lighted his cigar. Let the smoker's disappointment be ever so bitter, he mechanically seeks consolation from tobacco. He sat smoking, and looking dreamily at those faintly shining windows.

"Is she happy, I wonder," he mused. "She has a new source of happiness, the mother's joy, which should be very deep. A new life begins for her from to-day; a new life in which self must needs be but secondary in all her thoughts. She will taste her child's innocent joys, suffer his baby sorrows, forget her own desires in his. And thus she will be more further away from me than ever. Until to-day there may have been some faint regret for me still lingering in her heart; after to-day I shall be the most insignificant atom in creation in comparison with that new-born child. Happy privilege, to succeed to a new inheritance of hope, new capacities for joy."

He thought, and with deepest compassion, of the afflicted husband and father, the clouded brain which this new light of home could hardly brighten. The particulars of Sir Aubrey's sad condition were tolerably well known in the neighbourhood. Mr. Stimpson, the surgeon, affected to be reserved upon this point, but by nods and frowns and shrugs, and confidential admissions to particular friends, had made the state of the case known far and wide. The servants also had tongues and knew how to use them.

While Edmund Standen sat looking at the windows, and smoking, a man, who also had a cigar in his mouth, came with a brisk step along the Italian terrace, and planted himself, leaning with folded arms upon the stone balustrade, a few paces from the spot where Edmund was seated. In this new comer Mr. Standen recognized Mr. Bain, the solicitor, with whom he had frequent dealings in his professional capacity. Mr. Bain would as certainly recognize him. It was best therefore to accost the agent, Edmund thought, lest there should appear anything surreptitious in his occupation of that particular spot.

"A nice evening for a country ramble, Mr. Bain," he said, cheerfully.

"Bless me, is it you, Mr. Standen?" exclaimed the agent, "I shouldn't have expected to see you so far from Dean House after dinner."

"That's because you don't know my habits. There's nothing I like better than an evening ramble, with no company except my cigar."

"Isn't that a rather misanthropical turn of mind for so young a man as you are, Mr. Standen?"

"I don't know about misanthropy—but I know it's pleasant to be able to think one's own thoughts now and then—instead of making conversations."

"And you've chosen such a nice spot for your evening's meditations," replied Mr. Bain. "Now I suppose that old churchyard, lying under the shadow of this terrace, with its balustrade and antique vases and statues and so forth, is a scene which poets and that sort of people would call romantic?"

"I think one need hardly be a poet or a painter to admire this old churchyard."

"Really now?" asked Mr. Bain, with an incredulous air. "You see it's out of my way as a man of business. If I were owner of yonder house, I should object to a burial ground so near my water supply. I should fancy everything I eat and drank was flavoured with the ashes of my ancestors. Have you heard the bells ringing?"

"It would be rather difficult to avoid hearing them," answered Edmund, with well assumed carelessness.

"This is a great day for Perriam," said Mr. Bain, between two puffs of his cigar.

"You consider the birth of an heir a great advantage?"

"Yes, in this case, certainly. The estate would have gone to a distant cousin if Sir Aubrey had died childless. And I know how anxiously he desired an heir."

"Is he pleased at the accomplishment of his desire?"

"As pleased as he can be at anything, poor man."

"His capacity for joy of any kind is limited, I imagine from your tone."

Mr. Bain sighed and shook his head with a melancholy air. "That's a subject I don't care much about discussing," he replied, after a brief silence. "Fortunately," he added, with a keen glance at the young man's face, just visible to him in the twilight, "whatever decay there may be in Sir Aubrey's mental state, his bodily health is remarkably good. Indeed, I shouldn't wonder if he were to live as long as you or I."

"Starting with a disadvantage of twenty years or so," said Edmund.

"Yes, but we live fast—wear our brains and fatigue our bodies to the utmost. He lives like a baby—neither thinks nor labours—sleeps as placidly as an infant in its cradle, and as he has very little memory, he lives almost without care. I see no reason why he should not live to be ninety."

Not once did Edmund Standen inquire about Lady Perriam. He knew not how near she might have been to the gates of death—knew not if her hour of peril were ended. Was she not dead to him already? Could death remove her farther from him—or divide him more completely than her falsehood had divided them.

Yet he would have given much in that hour to know how she fared. It was but his fear of compromising her that prevented his questioning Mr. Bain as to her welfare.

He spoke a little of indifferent matters, finished his cigar, and wished the agent good night. Shadrack Bain leaning with folded arms upon the broad stone balustrade, watching the departing figure till it vanished in the narrow lane.

"This rather confirms my notion," he said to himself; "I thought there'd been something more than a passing flirtation between those two. Mr. Standen was deeply hit at any rate, though he contrives to carry it off pretty well. But she doesn't take matters quite so easily. The lightest mention of his name brings the blood into her cheek, and leaves it ashy pale a minute after. You'd better make haste and cure yourself of that fancy, Lady Perriam, for if ever you become a widow I don't think you'll find it to your advantage to marry Edmund Standen."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. BAIN MAKES HIMSELF USEFUL.

Sylvia's babe grew and flourished, and for the rest of that glorious summer time it seemed to her as if life had a new zest. The infant was such a novel plaything, and its existence gave her so much additional importance. The servants were more reverential than before. The mother of Perriam's future lord was a much grander person than Sir Aubrey's young wife. Sir Aubrey, being in a measure civilly dead, the household worshipped at the shrine of the heir, as if that unconscious infant were already master and ruler.

A motherly countrywoman, the childless widow of a small tenant farmer who had failed and gone to the dogs untimely, had been engaged as nurse. Mr. Bain, who knew everybody, had found this person, and brought her to Lady Perriam, with a recommendation so strong as to be almost a command. Sylvia would have rejected the woman solely, to resist an interference which she resented as a species of tyranny, but Sir Aubrey, who was present at the discussion and who always sided with Shadrack Bain, insisted that Mrs. Tringfold should be engaged. Mrs. Tringfold was accordingly introduced into the household a few weeks before the birth of the heir.

Sir Aubrey forgot all about the business within an hour of the argument, but his influence had enabled Mr. Bain to have his own way, which Sylvia considered no small hardship.

"Why do you always take Mr. Bain's part against me?" she asked when the steward had left them.

"Very sensible man is Bain, my love," answered Sir Aubrey, in his senile way; "can't do better than take Bain's advice. If Bain recommends nurse, nurse must be good."

"I'd rather have chosen for myself," said Sylvia, pouting.

"What can you know about servants, my dear? You're too young to decide properly. Very good servant is Bain—a faithful servant."

"Faithful to his own interests, I daresay," muttered Sylvia.

Sylvia did not know that it was through Mr. Bain's influence her future income had been made five thousand instead of three thousand a year; but perhaps even had she been aware of this important fact it would hardly have reconciled her to that ever watchful influence which she considered a kind of tyranny.

There was no one in that house, the mother not excepted, to whom that infant stranger seemed to give such heartfelt pleasure as to the sick nurse, Mrs. Carter. She deemed it her sweetest privilege to nurse him for an odd half hour, when Master Perriam's own special attendant, Mrs. Tringfold, was in an amiable humour, and disposed to permit such a liberty with her nursing. She hung over his cradle with a fondness which, if assumed, was the perfection of acting. The servants declared this show of affection was assumed, and condemned Mrs. Carter as a time server and sycophant.

"She's always been able to get the blind side of my lady," said Mrs. Spicer, the housekeeper, "and now she thinks she'll get more of a favourite than ever if she makes believe to worship that blessed child."

Although this was the uncharitable opinion of the servants' hall, nothing could be more quiet and unobtrusive than Mrs. Carter's love for the infant. It was when for a few blessed moments she was left alone beside the cradle, or with the baby in her arms, that her soul overflowed, and she shed tears, the sacred tears of the repentant sinner over that unconscious little one, or breathed a heartfelt prayer that his path might be far from the sin and misery that had beset her footsteps.

The time came, but too soon, when the charm of novelty wore off this last blessing as it had worn off the splendour of her stately home, and Sylvia began to lose her first delight in the baby. He was a troublesome plaything at best, and if his mother allowed herself to take the sole charge of him for half an hour she was apt to find that half hour the longest in the day. She was glad to hand him over to Mrs. Tringfold or Mrs. Carter, and to admire his infantine graces at a distance.

Sir Aubrey liked to have the babe paraded up and down his room now and then; seemed proud of him; and caressed him with a senile fondness occasionally; but at other times forgot his existence, and sometimes even moaned and bewailed his want of an heir. At first Mrs. Carter would bring him the child, and show him the folly of these complainings, when Providence had already blessed him with so fair a son. But after a little while she discovered how vain this was, and allowed him to utter his useless lamentations as often as he pleased, without endeavouring to demonstrate their foolishness. As time wore on, and the babe became advanced in months, Lady Perriam found him more and more troublesome.

With every tooth he cut there was the same fuss and anxiety. He had innumerable small ailments and peevish fits, and squalling fits which Mrs. Tringfold put down to his teeth, until it seemed to Sylvia that he could scarcely have been worse had he had teeth sprouting out all over him like the almonds on a tippy cake.

"I shall be fonder of him when he is a little older, I dare say," the mother thought, self-excusingly, when she found the heir of Perriam more than usually troublesome.

So, little by little, as the months wore on, the child ceased to be the new delight and amusement of her life, and the burden of her monotonous existence weighed upon her as heavily as of old.

She was in some measure more free to do as she liked since Sir Aubrey's illness. He, who had been so completely her master, was now little more than a cipher in the house. Dead in life he occupied a place upon this earth, yet was no more than a blank in the sum of its inhabitants.

Sylvia visited his sick room almost as she might have visited his grave, and was as little likely to be called to account by that unremembering questioner, as if her husband's lips had been sealed for ever in the last silence.

Weary as she felt her attendance upon Sir Aubrey, she contrived to be tolerably kind to him—schooled herself to a passive amiability which was the very reverse of her vivid nature. She read to him, and sang to him, and answered the same questions again and again with a patience which seemed almost sublime. But she restricted the performance of these duties to about two hours a day—an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening. More she declared would have killed her.

For the rest of his time Sir Aubrey was dependent upon Mordred Perriam, Mrs. Carter, and Jean Chapelain for society, cheered only by the doctor's daily visit, or by Mr. Bain, who came about twice a week, and went over the business of the estate with his employer as seriously as if the baronet had been in the fullest possession of his faculties.

Lady Perriam had now almost unlimited command of money. Sir Aubrey still kept his cheque book, and signed all cheques for the maintenance of his household. He was quite conscious of each amount which he so dispensed, and invariably bewailed the largeness of the sum demanded from him, but his brain had lost the power to remember or multiply the figures of previous cheques, and he might have been induced to sign three or four for the same purpose and amount in one day, had his land steward asked him to do so. All cheques were written at the instigation of Shadrack Bain. He alone could obtain money from Sir Aubrey, and thus all sums required by Lady Perriam passed in a manner through the agent's hands.

Sylvia felt humiliated by Mr. Bain's mediation but was fain to submit, for if she ventured to ask Sir Aubrey for money he always replied in the same manner. What could she want with so many cheques? She had plenty of gowns to wear; he was always seeing her in some new finery. She had a house to live in, and a carriage to ride in. What more could she require?

Sylvia would suggest that there were bills to be paid, and that some one must pay them.

"Let Bain bring me the bills and I'll write the cheques," was Sir Aubrey's invariable answer. "Bain knows what I ought to pay. He is a sharp man of business, and won't see me imposed upon. You'd ruin me, Sylvia, if I allowed you to manage matters."

Lady Perriam submitted therefore, and received all cheques from the hands of Shadrack Bain. He gave her ample funds to gratify her own caprices as well as to pay household bills. Sir Aubrey signed a cheque for sundries about once a fortnight, and sundries meant pocket money for Sylvia. She was now able to gratify her taste for fashionable dresses, rich laces, delicate-hued ribbons, at Mr. Ganzlein's, new books and new music without stint, to crowd her dressing table with the latest inventions in perfumery, to send her father a bank note now and then, and to add an occasional bonus to Mrs. Carter's liberal wages. If the possession of money could have made Sylvia Perriam happy she might now have tasted the fulness of joy; but however pleasant it was to buy fine dresses it seemed a hardship not to be able to wear them before admiring eyes. She might be pleased with the reflection of her beauty when she stood before her mirror dressed in the style which Mr. Ganzlein assured her was the last Parisian fashion, as worn by the Empress Eugenie. But she turned away from the glass with a dismal sigh, remembering that hardly anyone but her sick husband and Mr. Bain would be likely to behold her splendour. Thus after a brief period of extravagance, she grew tired of buying fine dresses.

She might have gone to Hedingham Church every Sunday, and shown off her finery among people who had known her in her poverty, but this she did not care to do. That one scornful look from Edmund Standen had been almost more than she could bear. She could not hazard its recurrence. Better never to see his face again than to see it with that expression. Yet when she dreamed of the dim unknown future—and all her dreams were of the future—she did not despair of winning her forsaken lover once again, were she but free to attempt the winning.

There was one person at Perriam Place in whom Sir Aubrey's altered state had worked a change almost as melancholy as the change in Sir Aubrey himself. This was Mordred Perriam, who had taken his brother's affliction deeply to heart; so deeply that it seemed as if the very main spring of his life were broken, and the vigour of the man so wasted and decayed that in the dismal journey to the grave the young brother was likely to go before the elder. Mordred made no complaint of illness, though to any ear that would harken he did occasionally bewail those sharp, shooting pangs which afflicted his internal being; now striking the heart, now assailing the head. He shuffled about very much as usual; shambled up and down his accustomed walks in the kitchen garden, but all his joy in life seemed gone. He had never stirred out of his own room since his brother's attack save to go to Aubrey's room, or for his constitutional walk in the kitchen garden. He couldn't bear the sight of the dining room without Aubrey, he said; so, at his request, all his meals were taken to him in his own littered chamber, and he sat among his dingy brown-backed folios, and quartos, and octavos, and mumbled his solitary meal, indifferent, or hardly conscious what he eat.

He bought no more books; corresponded no more with second-hand booksellers; studied no more catalogues of book sales; and this in him meant the relinquishment of his share in life. Not Charles V., when he shut himself up in the Mo-

nastery of St. Just, could have made a more complete finish of his career than Mr. Perriam did when he closed his catalogue and said, "I will buy no more." "What's the use of my getting any more bargains?" he said "when Lady Perriam remarked on this change in her brother-in-law's habits. There's no one to sympathise with me. You don't care for old books. You like new novels, poor ephemeral things, which become waste paper six months after their publication. How can you appreciate an Aldine Cicero, in twenty folio volumes; or a Decameron, almost as rare as that famous edition which sold the other day for something like two thousand pounds? Aubrey could sympathise with me. Aubrey understood when I talked to him." Sylvia had in some measure merited the reproach implied in this speech, for without being absolutely uncivil to her brother-in-law, she had let him see her almost contemptuous indifference to his pursuits. She had yawned when he showed her some treasured volume; and she had gone so far as to show that she considered bookbinding an ignoble pursuit for a cadet of the house of Perriam. From the first day of his brother's affliction Mordred Perriam seemed to shrink away from Sylvia. He recoiled from that lovely butterfly-like creature, as if the very fact of her beauty were an offence against her husband. Sir Aubrey's room was Mordred's favourite habitation. To sit by the fire-place in winter and summer with his chair close to the hearth, even when the capacious grate was empty of fuel, formed Mordred's chief pleasure. He brought a pile of books with him every day, and would read aloud to Sir Aubrey when the invalid cared for

that recreation, nothing discouraged, though his brother made the same senile remarks day after day, and gave utterance to feeble criticisms that went often wide of the text. He would make approving remarks on the piety of Voltaire, mistake Jeremy Taylor for Gibbon, confound Paradise Lost with Dante's Inferno, and in various ways betray the weakness of his decaying brain; but Mordred was happy if he would but appear to listen, and talk a little now and then, and seem content with his company. Thus day after day the two men sat together, both old before their time, both with the looks and the manners of men who had, as it were, outlived life itself, and now dwelt apart in a kind of Hades, between the life past and the life to come.

Almost the only interest these two evinced in the actual world was their interest in the heir of Perriam. Of him, each seemed equally proud. The infant's presence always brought a smile to Sir Aubrey's wan face, a smile which seemed reflected in the countenance of his brother.

"Providence has been very good to you, Aubrey," Mordred said very often in exactly the same complacent tone; "It's a great blessing to see that fine little fellow, and to know that the Perriam estate need not go out of the direct line."

To be continued.

The wardrobe of a fashionable New York poodle usually costs \$20.

A NEW WAY TO GET OLD DEBTS PAID.

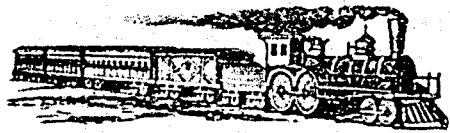
London tradesmen have discovered an ingenious method of obtaining the payment of small sums from unwilling customers. The great disinclination of some of the upper classes to pay their debts is said to have led to one celebrated firm becoming voluntarily bankrupt every six years, by which act the operation of the statute of limitations was evaded, and the odium of enforcing payment devolved upon the trustee. But the method just devised is put in force against a less influential class of customers, and practically arms the tradesman with the authority of the law without expense or uncertainty. He obtains spurious notices purporting to be issued from the County Courts. These are printed and got up in every way to resemble a legal document, and it is said, may be purchased from law stationers without investigation as to the purposes for which they are to be employed. The form is then served on the debtor, who finds himself placed in the dilemma of having to dispute the claim in Court, to suffer judgment or to pay the money. The trick is clever but dangerous. The notice is often merely a reproduction of a statutory provision previously repealed. Still if the system were brought before the notice of a County Court Judge, he might be inclined to regard it as a contempt of Court.

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Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes GOING WEST: Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations, at 7.00 a.m. Mail Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations, at 4.00 p.m. Night Express for Island Pond, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, and the Lower Provinces, at 10.00 p.m. Night mail train for Quebec, stopping at St. Hilaire and St. Hyacinthe, at 11.00 p.m. GOING SOUTH: Train for Boston via South Eastern Counties Junction R.R., at 7.40 a.m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central Railroad, at 8.20 a.m. Mail Train for St. John's and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly, and South Eastern Counties Junction Railways, at 2.45 p.m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central, at 3.30 p.m.

As the punctuality of the trains depends on connections with other lines, the Company will not be responsible for trains not arriving at or leaving any station at the hours named. The Steamship "CHASE" or other steamer, leaves Portland every Saturday at 4.00 p.m. for Halifax, N.S. The International Company's Steamers, also running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday at 6.00 p.m. for St. John, N.B., &c.

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Through Tickets issued at the Company's principal stations. For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Depot, or at No. 143 St. James Street. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, October 6, 1873. 7-15 zt

Grand Trunk Railway

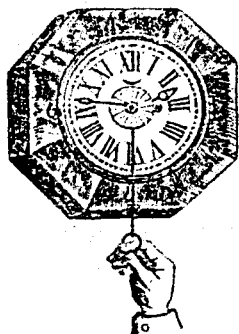
ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave

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Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5.15 p.m. arriving at Richmond at 9 p.m.

C. J. Brydgos, MANAGING DIRECTOR. 7-21 U

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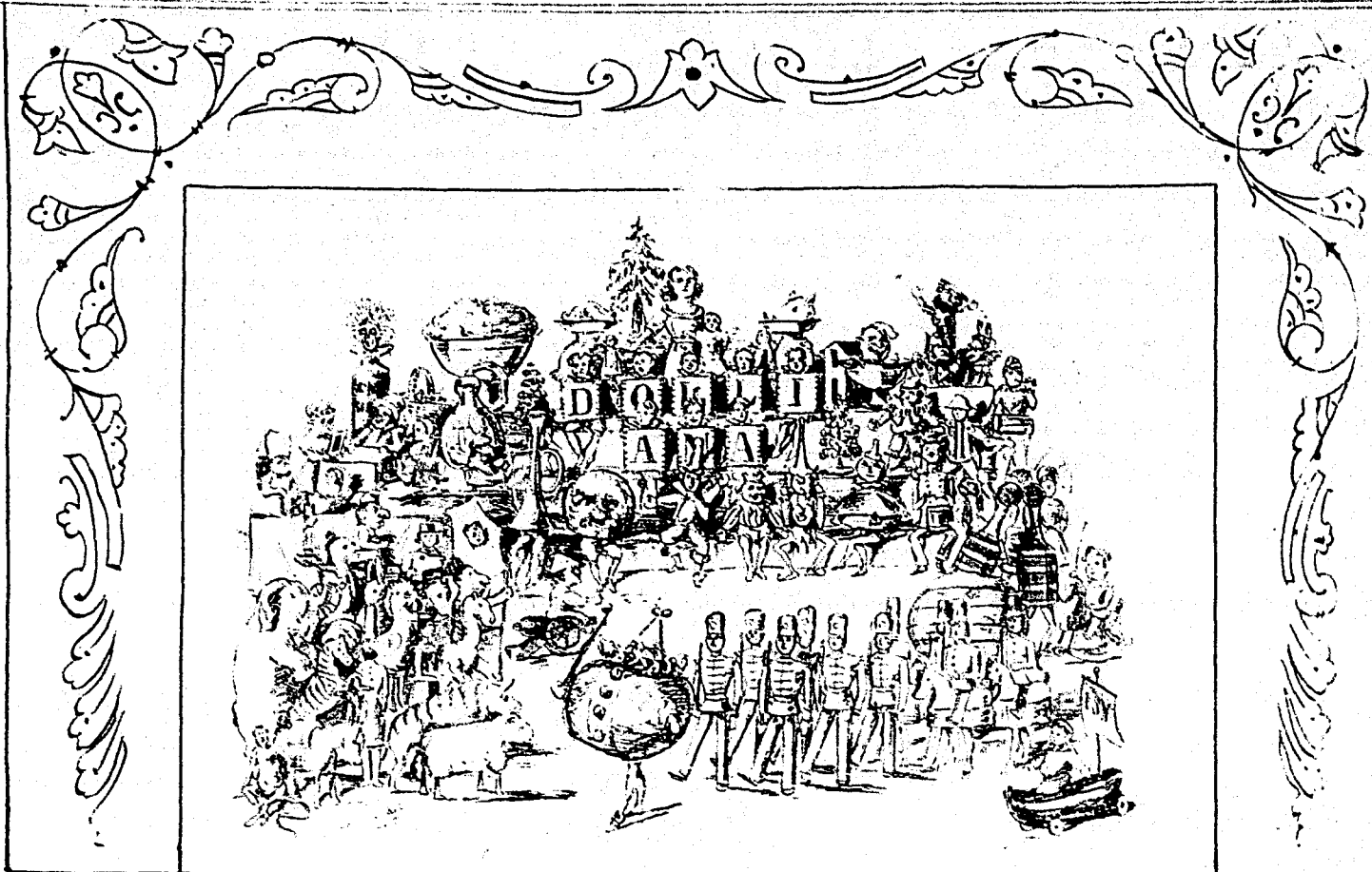
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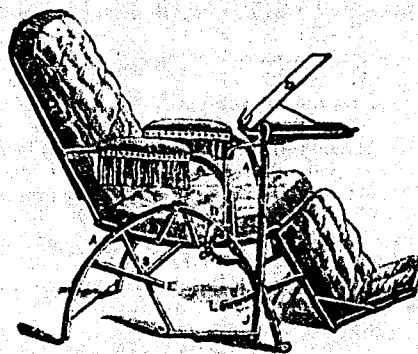
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1873. Summer Arrangement. 1873.

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Trains will connect At Painswick with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations. At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations. At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent. Railway Offices, Montreal, N.B., May 1873. 7-2-11

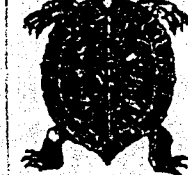
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