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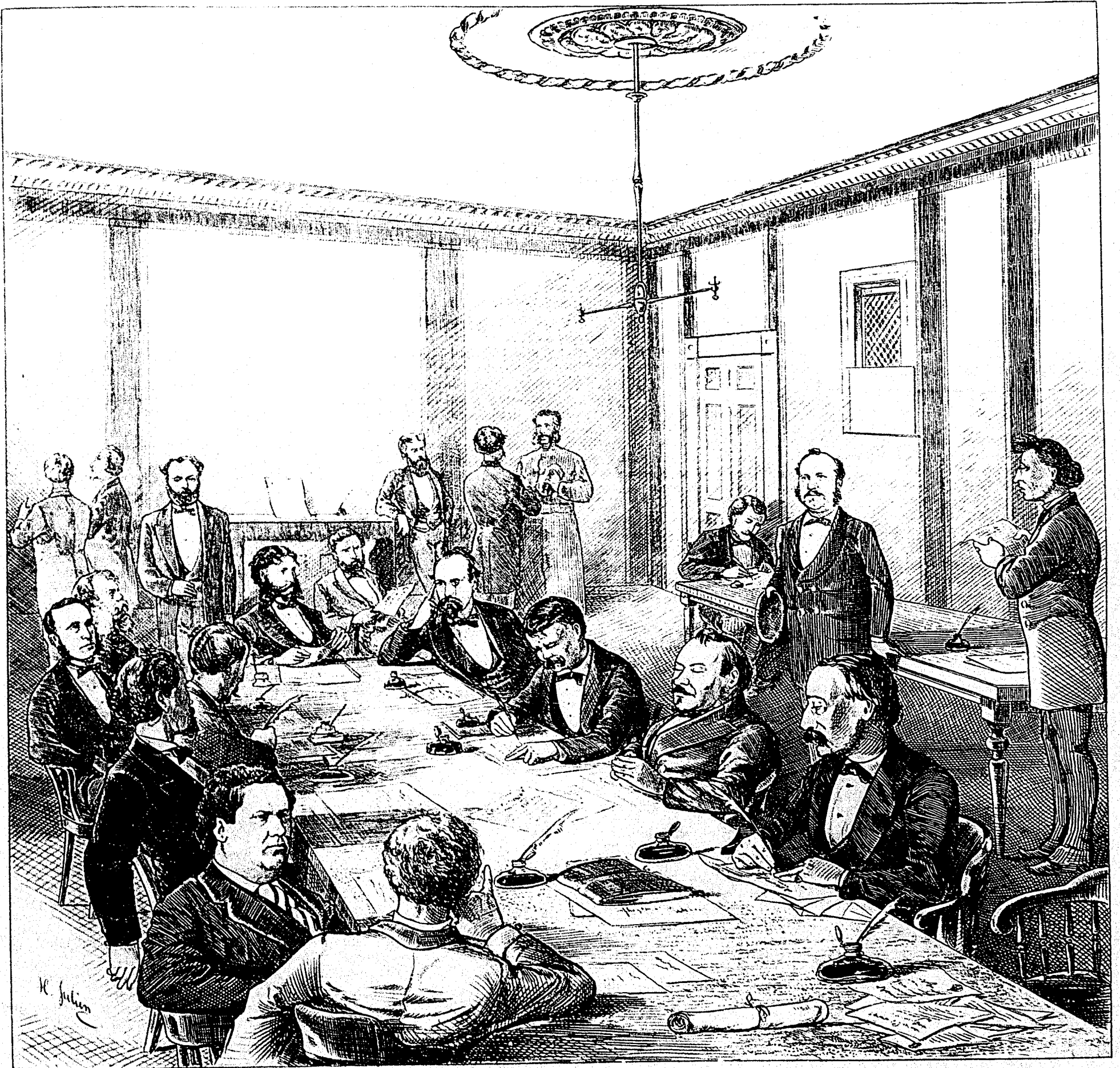
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THE NEW STORY.

In this issue we give a further liberal instalment of WILKIE COLLINS' new story.

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

This story, considered the best yet written by Mr. Collins, was begun in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of Nov. 7, (Number 121).

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We beg to call the attention of News Dealers throughout the country to the fact that we have secured the sole right for Canada of publishing "The Law and the Lady" in serial form.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 23rd, 1875.

DISQUALIFICATION FOR BRIBERY.

In commenting, some time ago, on the new Electoral Law, we expressed the fear that its provisions were not sufficiently explicit to bring home the charge of personal bribery to the candidate himself. We stated that the responsibility thrown upon the Judge presiding at a contested election trial was so great, that he would naturally seek every loop-hole of escape, before taking upon himself to declare a respectable man guilty of the odious civic crime of corruption. Fortunately, our misgivings have been since dispelled by two remarkable cases, that of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, who narrowly escaped conviction on this very score, and more recently, that of Major WALKER, who has just been found guilty of the same and disqualified for seven years, from holding a seat in Parliament. Our previous remark was based precisely on the case of this gentleman, when it first came up for trial, in London, last autumn. There the presiding Judge distinctly expressed his perplexity as to the charge of personal bribery, and declined to assume the responsibility of pronouncing upon it, but he himself suggested the propriety of an appeal from his ruling. This appeal was taken, and the result just announced is that Major WALKER has been found guilty on every count, and thereby disqualified for reelection to Parliament. In delivering judgment, the learned Judge expressed an opinion which deserves attention, because it lays down a principle of guidance very useful in future trials of a like nature, and tears away the veil of excuse which has been persistently employed by candidates to secure themselves from personal charges. The Judge stated that the pre-arrangement or understanding, tacit or expressed, between the parties was that Major WALKER should be kept in ignorance of the particular, separate and distinct acts of bribery committed, while he was aware, as he

could not but be on any rational principles, that corruption and bribery upon a most extensive scale were being daily practiced on his behalf and in his sole interest. Hereafter, on the strength of this judgment, the plea of ignorance, on the part of the candidate, will have to be sifted more carefully than it has previously been in contested elections.

If the case of the London election somewhat dispels the apprehensions we entertained in regard to the undue responsibility of the Judges in matters of personal bribery, that of South Huron, on the other hand, tends to confirm it. Judgment has also been delivered on appeal in this case, their Lordships stating that there were strong grounds for thinking that the respondent, MALCOLM C. CAMERON, had been guilty of personal bribery. Had the Judge who tried his case given judgment to that effect, they would have sustained it. But as he had not done so, they confirmed the judgment which he had delivered, and had to dismiss the case. They so far differed from it, however, that they would not impose the costs on the plaintiff. We regard this judgment, in South Huron, as highly important, and we trust it may prove a lesson to all Judges called upon to try election cases, in the first instance.

GLADSTONE'S RESIGNATION.

MR. GLADSTONE'S voluntary retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party in Great Britain may be a matter of regret, but it cannot be the occasion of surprise. Ever since his defeat in February of last year, he has kept aloof from public affairs, and only occasionally occupied his seat in Parliament. Once or twice, during debates on ecclesiastical subjects, he woke up to his old energy and delivered speeches worthy of himself, but, in general, he remained gloomily in his tent like another Achilles. He all along intimated to his friends that it was his intention to withdraw from active participation in political strife, and it was only at their earnest solicitation that he consented to hold the nominal guidance of his party. Even this he has, at length, determined to resign. In a letter to Earl GRANVILLE, after reviewing a number of private and public considerations, Mr. GLADSTONE declares that he sees no advantage in his continuing to act as the head of the Liberal party. After forty-two years of laborious public life, he thinks himself entitled to repose. He states that his retirement is dictated by personal views regarding the method of spending the closing years of his life. What Mr. GLADSTONE'S personal motives are in taking this important step is gathered from the fact, already made public, that he desires to "complete the cycle of his Homeric researches, for which two years of close application will be requisite. The bent of his mind has always been religious, not to say ascetic, and it may be that, at the evening of his life, he irresistibly reverts to the tastes which characterized his youth, and which prompted his first work on the relations between Church and State. Indeed, the situation which Mr. GLADSTONE has created for himself by the recent publication of his "Vatican Decrees" is such that, if he purposes continuing the controversy and answering all the pamphlets which have been issued in reply, he will have his hands full for another twelve months, without any leisure for political discussions.

It were altogether premature to use the present occasion to write a political obituary of Mr. GLADSTONE. He is by no means dead. He still retains his seat in Parliament, and, doubtless on days of important debate, his potent voice will again be heard. He may yet leap forward for a final battle and a victory, dragging his Hector around the walls of Troy. Were Mr. DISRAELI to withdraw from office within the next two or three years, we should not be at all surprised to see Mr. GLADSTONE called upon to form a new cabinet.

A more pertinent question is concerning the successor of the retired chieftain. We

are informed that, at a meeting of the leading men of the Liberal party, held at the residence of Lord GRANVILLE, the prevailing opinion was in favour of the selection of Mr. FORSTER as leader of the party. The names of the Marquis of HARTINGTON and Sir VERNON HARCOURT were also mentioned. The subject is regarded as of so much importance, however, that the succession will not likely be formally announced until the opening of Parliament, when a general meeting of the party will take place, and all the members will be allowed to express their choice.

There is a passage in the account of the preliminary meeting at Lord GRANVILLE'S which, if authentic, would lead to the conclusion that Mr. GLADSTONE'S retirement was prompted not merely by personal motives, but by discontent in the ranks of his followers. All the members present at that meeting are said to have agreed that Mr. GLADSTONE'S withdrawal from the leadership of the Liberals should be immediately followed by his withdrawal from Parliament. And it is further stated that the constituency of Greenwich will present a requisition calling upon the ex-Premier to resign his seat. With our present means of information, this piece of news is unintelligible, and we trust that it will not be confirmed. Should it prove true, we shall further indulge the hope that the electors of Greenwich will be guilty of no such foolish step, and that Mr. GLADSTONE himself will insist on retaining a place in that assembly which he has always honoured by his presence and so often led by his genius. In the present circumstances of English politics, the complete absence of Mr. GLADSTONE from St. Stephens would be a national misfortune.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL CLUBS.

In Montreal and Toronto, as in all other cities of wealth and importance, there are clubs, the membership of which is principally composed of men of the wealthy class and where public and private business matters form almost the sole topics of conversation. Nor can any other result be expected from the congregation together of those who are engaged in commercial or manufacturing enterprises. Conversation will naturally turn on subjects which engross the minds of a majority of the members.

Science, literature and art can have little interest to such men in the hours of business and though many of these persons in the quietude of their homes, may take a deep interest in such matters, and by their substantial aid would be glad to forward any scheme that might tend to advance them, they cannot be expected to expend their time as well as money in the pursuit of objects so foreign to their daily avocations.

In a recent issue of the *Boston Traveller*, an account was given of the formation of the "Athenian Club." This club is formed after the pattern of the "Lotos" and "Arcadian" clubs of New York, and from the success which seems to have attended the efforts of its promoters at the first meeting, will in all probability be as profitable to its members in Boston as those clubs have been to their members in New York.

The membership of the "Athenian" club, the *Traveller* tells us, is composed of Journalists, Artists, Musicians, Actors, and men of all the liberal professions, and from the list of office bearers elected, journalists seems to have taken the lead in the matter. The question naturally suggests itself, if New York can have its Lotos and Arcadian Clubs and Boston its Athenian club, why cannot Montreal and Toronto, the Metropolitan cities of the Dominion, have clubs of a similar character; and we think the only answer that can be given to such a question is, because the individuals to whom such an institution would be of incalculable benefit have been too indifferent to their own interest in the past, while through the columns of the press, from the school room, from the stage and from the platform, they have struggled to

elevate, instruct and amuse the outside public.

Such an enterprise as that now spoken of cannot, of course, be carried out successfully without money, and it is a noted fact that many of those engaged in the professions here alluded to are not overburdened with a weight of gold. It is then to the generous outside public for whose edification they have in the past, do in the present and will in the future, write, lecture, sing, play, act and teach, that application must be made for assistance in such a work. Nor do we think it would be made in vain. There surely is in Montreal and Toronto sufficient appreciation of all those things which tend to elevate society to guarantee that a deep interest would be taken in such a work were it but started and taken hold of by men of prominence in the several professions included in the list of membership. And we hope the day is not far distant when Montreal, like Boston, the Athens of America, may come to look upon all those engaged in intellectual pursuits, as something different from the proverbial Bohemian, at the mention of whose name the shoulders and eyebrows of the bear-ideal of society are significantly shrugged and elevated.

GLADSTONE AND HARCOURT.

The controversial war which has arisen out of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees has taken a political phase, and Sir W. V. HARCOURT, who was Solicitor General in the Gladstone Government, has turned against his chief in a very decided manner, in a speech delivered to his constituents at Oxford. Upon the merits of the controversy excited by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet we do not propose, as we have before stated, to enter in these columns. But the political incident to which we refer has a general significance which calls for notice. Sir W. V. HARCOURT has not been very long in Parliament; but very soon after he had obtained his seat, he was selected for the post of Solicitor General by Mr. Gladstone. This was a tribute to his marked ability, for his appointment was promotion over the heads of many men who had longer served the party. Before his entry into Parliament he was known to the public both in England and America as the author of the remarkable series of articles in the recent American war, signed *Historians*, in the columns of the *London Times*. And we now find him pointed out by several of the newspapers as the possible successor and supplanter of Mr. Gladstone. However this may be, his speech at Oxford is a cruel attack on his late chief. He began by acknowledging that the Liberal party was completely beaten, broken, and routed at the polls. He said: "those who conduct a party, like those who do not, are a race, ought to be good judges of the pace. You cannot govern a people without some regard to their sentiments, their convictions and even their prejudices. You will not restore the healthy tone of an over excited system, by blaring rhetoric and sensational pamphletting. If any medicament is wanting it would prescribe a few grains of the salt of common sense, to be taken night and morning, as a gentle alternative." * * * "This country does not love a Government which is capable of nothing; but there is one thing which it fears still more and that is a Government which is capable of anything. It has a wholesome dread of parties of sensation and politics of surprise." And a little further on Sir W. V. HARCOURT said: "The lesson to be learned from the great disaster which has befallen the Liberal party is that parties that desire to be trusted must have the courage to put down their foot. (Hear, hear.) To extend a covert toleration to rash speculation and questionable schemes in order to secure a precarious support is not the way to recover confidence but further to destroy it." * * * "You cannot get unity on the terms of insisting that every one else shall agree in your opinions. I cannot help thinking

"that it is very hard on the Liberal party to bear all this farago of crotchets. You cannot jumble up this mass of crude cries and present it to a rational nation, and call it a policy, without revolting its common sense and creating inevitable reaction." All of these remarks, which are as true as they are cutting, were only indirectly aimed at Mr. Gladstone, but he is a sensitive man, and cannot fail to have felt keenly their point. The relentless orator, however, has more arrows in his quiver; and he next turns to the "Whig tradition" which he states is the inheritance of the Liberal party of to-day. In this, he says: "are enshrined those principles of religious toleration and of personal freedom which have regenerated the political system of England." The Whig party has never been the party of destruction. It has always been the party of reform, and reform is the antidote to destruction. If those who demand subversion repudiate and ostracise those who adhere to reform, they will neither unite the party nor will they reassure a nation." "In England, as well as abroad, the ecclesiastical topic like Aaron's rod, has swallowed up all the profane snakes. Theological affairs are difficult and dangerous matters to handle. They are a sort of dynamite which blazes up when you least expect it; and no one can tell where it may be quenched. No man who has a due sense of responsibility will set flame to such a material." The speaker then went on to refer directly to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, and stated in the words of Burke that "he did not know how to draw an indictment against a whole people." "I cannot impeach a community which forms so great a portion of this empire." "I cannot impeach five or six millions of men as a suspected class." "The truth is there has been nothing changed." He continued to argue that the doctrines of the Church denounced by Mr. Gladstone have been precisely those which were held when the great emancipation measures of the Whig party were passed; and to which he contended the Liberal party should adhere. It may be added that Sir W. V. HARCOURT is himself a decided Protestant; and that his argument is substantially that which has been held by the *London Times* and many other papers. Mr. Gladstone's resignation of the leadership is, beyond doubt, the immediate result of the concentrated attacks upon him. But whether as some papers suggest that Sir W. V. HARCOURT can supplant him, is what we very much doubt. He is for one thing too new to political life for a leader, but his ability none can question.

INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTESTS.

Americans, who are always straining after novelty in all the pursuits of life, have lately devised a contest between representatives of the colleges of the country. This time there was no question of a competition for excellence in rowing or other athletic exercises, but the game was purely intellectual. Two prizes—one of \$175, the other of \$125—were offered for the best oration, and two prizes of \$150 each for the best essay. Another year, premiums will be given to the best exhibitions in classics and mathematics. On the 7th inst., in the New York Academy of Music, the first contest took place. Six colleges were represented—Cornell, Lafayette, Rutgers, Williams, Princeton, and New York University. Among the judges were some of the highest names in the land, such as WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, F. W. HIGGINSON, WHITELOW REID, GEORGE W. CURTIS, RICHARD GRANT WHITE, and JAMES T. FIELD. Eleven orations were delivered, and eight essays were submitted. Although the number of colleges which sent representatives was not large, the contest is said to have been fairly successful, and hopes are entertained that next year the competition will be larger.

Americans claim that this is a new feature in education. But such is not the fact. The idea is an old one, and has

been put into practice for a long time in the different countries of Europe. We could not tell the number of colleges which send their representatives yearly to the British metropolis to compete for degrees in the London University. And the examination is something quite different in variety and thoroughness from that of the late Intercollegiate Contest. However, the introduction of the plan on this side of the ocean is a praiseworthy one which should find imitation in Canada. A trial of strength in some of the popular branches of study between the colleges of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to be held at Toronto or Montreal, would doubtless be productive of good in more senses than one. While it would primarily stimulate a wholesome emulation, it would likewise result in bringing together the young men of the country, and assimilating to a greater degree the modes of instruction in the different provinces. As a rule, we believe that our teaching is too provincial, and not sufficiently national.

All sorts of causes are being imagined as leading to the spread of infectious disease. Dr. CARPENTER, of this city believes that small pox was introduced into a certain neighbourhood by persons attending a funeral of one of its victims, walking on the footpath, instead of in the street, and coming in contact with children who were playing in the snow. Others call attention to dogs and cats as dangerous companions, because their woolly coats may contain the germs of disease. Others still warn us against using books which may have previously been through the hands of fever patients. If this goes on much longer, we shall be cautioned against kissing our wives and sweethearts, through the same fear, and then what will become of us!

The Provincial Legislature of Quebec has taken a severely virtuous turn of late, and wished to wreak its vengeance on the Government for alleged negligence in the matter of the Tanneries Land Exchange. Suppose it should look to itself a little, and examine whether it has done or is willing to do its whole duty in the same business. The three or four most important witnesses in the case have positively refused to give their full testimony before the Investigating Committee. Let us see whether the House will force them to appear before the bar, and oblige them to answer, at the risk of imprisonment.

ALBANI.

AUTHENTIC SKETCH OF HER LIFE.

The Americans have claimed this charming artist as their own. They have assigned to several of their cities the honor of her birth place, Albany, Troy and Saratoga. They have made her mother to be a Scotch woman. They have attributed her musical education to their own teachers. When the Canadians asserted their right to call the PRIMA DONNA a countrywoman of theirs, they have been laughed at. We have had occasion, in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, to give some of the correct facts in the life of this distinguished young lady, but our statements were not accepted by our contemporaries across the border. We are, therefore, pleased to find that, at length, Albani's own people have taken the matter in hand. We have just received from Quebec an elegant pamphlet giving an authentic account of her history from the pen of one who is authorized to speak, and who ranks high among French Canadian literateurs. We think we are doing a service to the public, as well as to the cause of art, by briefly analyzing this work in our columns.

I.

EMMA LAJEUNESSE was born at Chambly, Province of Quebec, in 1848. She was christened later, at Plattsburg, N. Y. Her father, Joseph Lajeunesse, was first a student of medicine, and afterwards professor of music, in which art he displayed considerable ability and an elevated taste. Emma is the eldest of two other children, one of whom is in orders, at the Montreal Seminary. Madame Lajeunesse, nee Melina Mignault, was the first teacher of her

* Albani: Par Napoleon Legendre. Avec autographe et portrait. Quebec, Coté & Cie, 16 mo. pp. 72. Price 25 cents.

daughter. At the age of four, the child began her practice on the piano, but she was by no means assiduous in her exercise thereon, being fonder of the noise and amusements of her age. She was far from being a docile pupil, as she was giddy, irascible and difficult to manage. Towards the year 1853, M. Lajeunesse came to settle in Montreal. He occupied a house on St. Charles Borromée street, where he taught music and went about repairing and tuning pianos. The profession was not a lucrative one, and his hardship was increased by the death of his wife. His only hope was then centred on his young daughter, whose musical education he set about conducting in earnest. M. Lajeunesse adored his child, but when there was question of her musical studies, he was extremely severe. The days of little Emma were well filled. She practiced six hours a day regularly, two or three hours on the piano, an hour or two on the harp, and an hour, morning and evening, at singing. Her father was then her sole instructor. The character of the child did not bend with absolute ease to this artistic servitude. She often rebelled against, or tried to rebel against it. One day, when her father absented himself for a considerable time, the child had taken advantage of the circumstance to amuse herself with one of her young companions. During the course of the game, she bruised a finger in the frame of a door. She was obliged to hide her pain and suffer in patience. But a few days after, the torture proved so great, that she found it impossible to play the harp. She sat near the instrument and began to read. The father was naturally astonished.

"Come," said he, "this is no time for reading, you must work."

"I cannot work."

"What?"

"It hurts my finger to play."

"Show me your hands."

She did no such thing, but she hid her hands in her apron. Her father got angry and insisted. The girl grew stubborn, in her turn, and transported with anger, she seized the harp and ran her fingers over its strings, while the pain shattered her nerves. Unfortunately, the finger caught in one of the strings, and the nail was torn off. Emma fell upon the floor and her father had just time to prevent the heavy instrument from falling upon her head and crushing it. She was a long time recovering from her swoon, and her health was seriously compromised. But she gradually rallied, and resumed her studies. One of the things upon which M. Lajeunesse insisted was that his daughter should read music at first sight. She had an extraordinary aptitude in that direction. Her musical memory was likewise prodigious. Often, in her walks, after hearing a piece of military music, she would return to her piano and repeat it from beginning to end, without a single error. When Emma had acquired a certain mastery of her art, her father went with her through the principal towns and villages in the environs of Montreal, giving concerts. She played on the piano, the harp and the harmonium. He accompanied on the violin. On all his programmes, he invited the public to offer the young pianist a piece to play *prima vista*. She always passed through such perilous tests with credit. She made her *debut* as a singer, in Montreal, at the age of eight; and even at that early age, the quality of her voice presaged her future eminence. On the 12th of September, 1862, she appeared at the Mechanic's Hall, under the patronage of Sir Fenwick Williams and staff, Lieut.-Col., Consul and Hon. C. S. Rodier, Mayor of the City. Her triumph was complete. In the same year, however, she retired to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Sault-au-Récollet, to complete her literary education. There she led a quiet, laborious life, for two years, and even had volleys of embracing the cloistral career. But her vocation so clearly pointed elsewhere, that she changed her mind and resolved upon a higher artistic culture.

II.

In 1864, M. Lajeunesse started with his family for Albany. There Emma found a protector in Bishop Courty. He obtained for her a teacher's employment in the Convent of that city, with the position of organist and first soprano in St. Joseph's Church. She kept the organ, however, only one year, finding the labor too severe for her delicate health. After several years spent in the capital of New-York, M. Lajeunesse, by his own savings and those of his daughter, and with the aid of a grand public concert, found means to undertake a voyage to Europe. Emma was further assisted in this resolve by the generosity of the Baroness Lafitte. On arriving in Paris, she placed herself under the direction of Duprez, the famous tenor. He, at once, divined her extraordinary gifts.

"Your nerves not solid enough for the piano," said he, "especially as it is played now-a-days. You were born a nightingale; follow the instincts of your race. *Noblesse oblige.*"

After two years spent with Duprez, she went to Milan by his recommendation. Her professor there was the celebrated Lamberti. After examining her, he exclaimed:

"Duprez has not exaggerated. There is a fortune in that little throat."

Under this great master, she passed several years in serious, difficult, uninterrupted study. Finally, overcoming her repugnance for the stage and her natural timidity, she appeared at the Opera House of Messina, in 1870, as Anina in *La Sonnambula*, and under her present *nom de guerre*, Albani. The manager of the Malta Opera House was in the audience, and before the beginning of the second act, had made her sign

an engagement to sing for him, during the next fall.

In Malta, her success was as decided as it had been at Messina. English officers garrisoned there, many of whom had previously been in Canada, were loud in their applause of the little Canadian nightingale. Her renown reached England, and Mr. Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, engaged her for the next season. She was to have appeared in 1871, but after several rehearsals, the English impresario judged that her nerves were not yet sufficiently strong to confront the critical audiences of the great metropolis. He postponed her *debut* till the following year, and Albani returned to study under her old master Lamberti. In 1871-72, Lamberti made her sing in the Theatre of La Pergola, Florence. He wrote thus to the director:

"I send you the most accomplished musician, and the most perfect singer, in regard to style, that ever went forth from my study."

The public of La Pergola recognized that the master had not deceived him, and the *palco scenico* was strewn with flowers at every appearance of Albani.

III.

On the 2nd April, 1872, Albani may be said to have regularly opened her career, as Anina, before a London audience. She was received with enthusiasm by her hearers, and with the highest favor by the critics. She followed this initial success by *Marta, Gilda*, in *Requiem*, and *Linda de Chamouni*. In October of the same year, she presented herself at the Theatre Italien, Paris. Before the most fastidious, if not the most critical audience in the world, she renewed her triumphs in the same series of lyric characters. The pamphlet before us gives lengthy extracts from the leading French papers, which are full of most discriminating praise. With the sanction of London and Paris, the future of Albani was secured. In April, 1873, she returned again to London, adding to her repertory, the roles of the Countess, in *Le Nozze de Figaro*, and *Elvira*, in *I Puritani*. During that season, she sang on alternate nights with Patti, and it is only justice to say that she shared the public favor with that popular artist. In October, 1873, she went to St. Petersburg, where her singing was not only a success, but an ovation. The enthusiasm of the Russians was unbounded. After another season at London, during the past summer, Albani crossed the Atlantic, and stepped upon the boards of the Academy of Music, New York, the 21st October, 1874. Her achievements there are fresh in the recollection of our readers. She, and she alone, saved Strakosch from failure, in his operatic management.

It is to be hoped that Canada will not be forgotten by her brilliant daughter, and that before she returns to Europe, all the principal cities of the Dominion may be privileged to hear this admirable artist. If Strakosch consults his own interests, he will not fail to bring Albani among us. He will be sure to make money. In any event, we are informed that Mlle. Lajeunesse will visit her native country in Spring, and spend a month or so among her relatives and the friends of her childhood.

HUMOUROUS.

BY an Irishman.—Why is a storm, when it's clearing up, like a castigation! Sure an' ain't it a bating?

"THE rude forefathers of the hamlet" are not known in Utah, but there are often four rude mothers in a family.

THE man who three years ago married a Newport belle says he begins to realize that a thing of beauty is a jaw breaker.

MRS. PARTINGTON declares that she does not wish to vote, as she fears she couldn't stand the shock of the electrical franchise.

THEY have a new test for intoxication in Canada. When a man can pronounce "reciprocity" without tripping, the police let him go.

THERE is a Connecticut widower who declares that nothing reminds him of his poor, dear wife so much as to live within earshot of a saw mill.

ONE by one the roses fade. It is now boldly denied that men who wear long hair are possessed of any more talent than men who have it nipped close.

A poor young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is "to live within his income;" whereas, the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

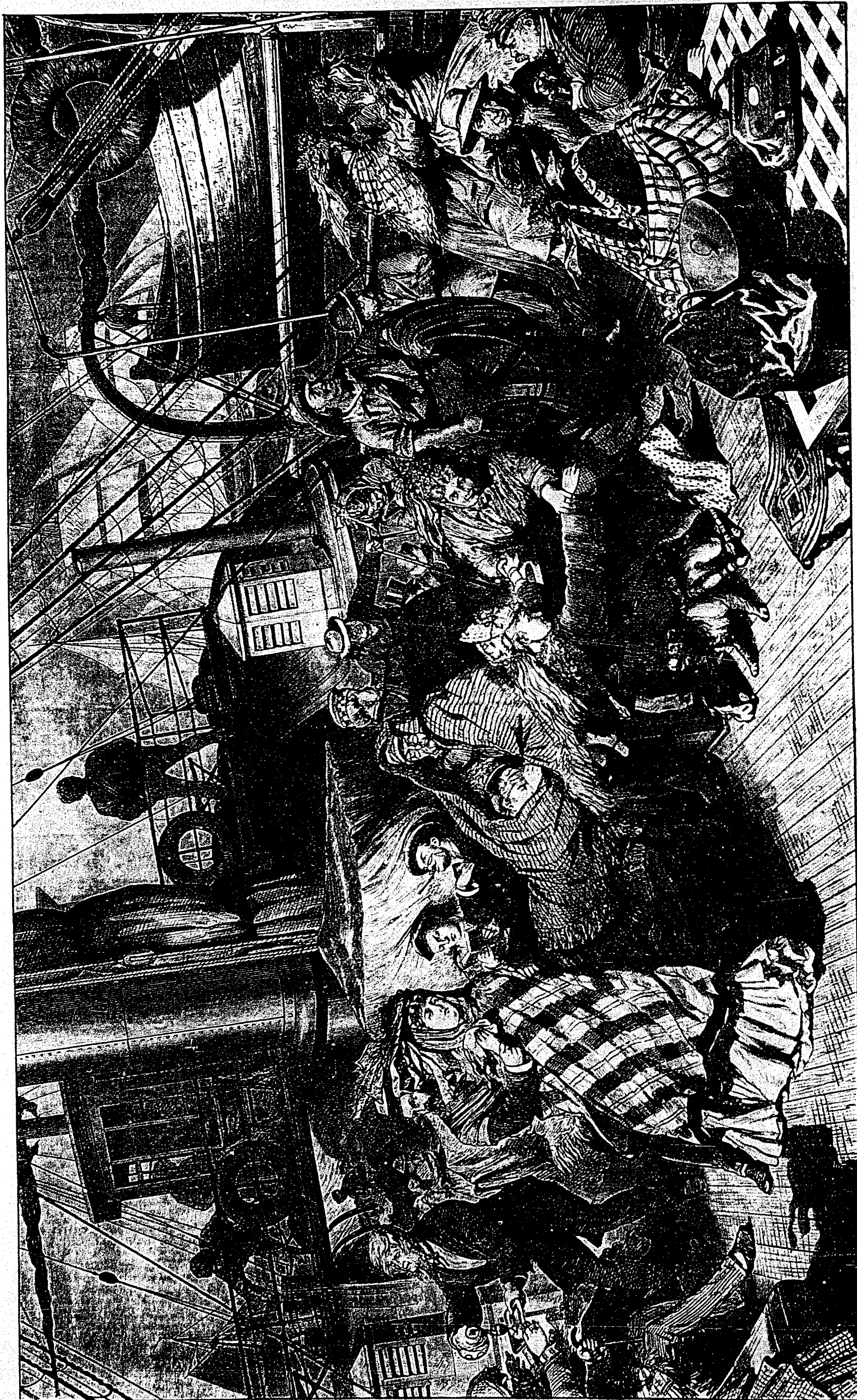
A CANADIAN murderer wanted them to put off the day of execution, owing to his being afflicted with the toothache; but the sheriff said he'd get to go to mill next day and he couldn't possibly accommodate the prisoner.

AN old bachelor says: "When I remember all the girls I've met together, I feel like a rooster in the fall exposed to every weather. I feel like one who tronds alone some barn-yard all deserted, whose oats are fed, whose hens are dead, or all to market started."

IN Lowell, the other day, a discouraged mill-girl said to her boarding-house mistress, who was lamenting the fate of a boarder who had eloped with a sealawag grocery keeper: "You keep us on bull beef at \$4 a week and then expect us to be contented angels."

A LAD who borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he got through, with the remark: "It was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often." It was his sister that thought the first ice cream she tasted was a little touched with the frost.

A certain zealous but ignomant negro preacher, in expounding to his flock as to the astonishing nature of miracles, got a little confused in the matter. He said: "My beloved friends, the greatest of all miracles was about the loaves and fishes. Dere was 8,000 loaves and 2,000 fishes an' de twelve apostles had to eat dem all, and de miracles is dey didn't bust."



A HIGH SEA.

HON. DONALD ALEXANDER MAC-DONALD.

This gentleman belongs to the distinguished family of the Macdonalds of Glengarry, whose fame has been established throughout the country by the eldest brother, the late John Sandfield Macdonald. The youngest brother, Alexander Francis, is also in public life, being member of Parliament for Cornwall. The subject of our present sketch was born at St. Raphael's, Glengarry, Ontario, and educated at the Cornwall Grammar School. His youth was spent in mercantile pursuits. In these, he was so successful that, in the course of a busy life, he has amassed considerable wealth. He was also a contractor on the Grand Trunk Railway, and built the aqueduct for the Water Works of Montreal. He has been Warden for Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry; is Lieutenant Colonel, commanding the Glengarry Reserve Militia; President of the Montreal and Ottawa Junction and Director of the Ontario Bank. Mr. Macdonald served in Parliament for many years, but never rose to office till the advent of the present administration, when he was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Post Master General, on the 7th November 1873. He has represented his native Glengarry in Parliament since 1857. In appearance, Mr. Macdonald recalls his more distinguished brother, John Sandfield, in size, build, and expression of countenance. As a departmental officer, he has displayed rare qualities of firmness, industry and care. Economy has been his rule of action, and by its gradual enforcement, he has succeeded in reforming several abuses of long standing. Towards the members of his branch of the service, he is represented as just and polite. Among the improvements which are due to his administration, we may mention the introduction of the free delivery system in several of our principal cities. But the circumstance which will mark an era in his career of public usefulness is the new postal convention between the United States and Canada, whereby the most palpable benefits will accrue to the inhabitants of both countries. Mr. Macdonald's name will be long remembered in connection with this public boon.



HON. D. A. MACDONALD, POST MASTER GENERAL OF CANADA.

—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

This Institution was established some five years since, in one of the lowest parts of London, England, by the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, B.A., and a few friends. Its object was to rescue children who by the death, vice, or extreme poverty of their parents, were in danger of falling into criminal ways.

The beginning was small—a cottage was rented capable of receiving some 10 to 20 boys, who were employed in chopping firewood, &c. It has since gradually increased, until at the present

moment between three and four hundred boys and girls have been received.

The Institution consists of—

1. The "Home" in London, which is now being enlarged to make it capable of accommodating two hundred children, in which the children are received; and those who are not adapted for agriculture are taught trades, as carpentry, printing, book-binding, &c.

2. A farm of 100 acres in Lancashire, at which another two hundred, who have passed through the London branch, receive schooling and training in farm work.

3. The Home, Main Street, Hamilton. This property was purchased about a year since, at a cost of \$10,000—about \$5,000 having been subscribed during the visit of Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson in 1872, who has since been specially appointed to the Home work by the Wesleyan Conference.

The property consists of 7½ acres of rich garden land, pleasantly situated in the extreme limits of the city. An acre and a half is tastefully laid out with lawn, avenue, and shade trees; there is an orchard of about 2½ acres, bearing some of the choicest fruit in the neighbourhood, and the remainder of the land is worked as a market garden.

The buildings consist of a large brick house, which will be used as a school and officers' residence; a brick cottage, to be used as a dormitory for girls; and spacious outbuildings, which, during the present season, have been made capable of receiving and training one hundred children, in addition to affording a home to those who are sick or changing situations.

More than one hundred and fifty children are already provided with comfortable homes in this country, and two or three parties will arrive during every season. The younger of these children are sent out to farmers and others who can satisfy the Committee as to their fitness to accept the charge, and receive clothing and schooling in return for their services. Those trained to farm work receive wages varying from \$3 to \$6 per month, according to age and ability. Employers are required to purchase the necessary clothing, &c., and remit the balance of wages in June and December, together with a report on the conduct of the child. The money is placed to the credit of the child in the Hamilton Provident and Loan Society Savings Bank, and handed back whenever it is thought a proper use will be made of it.

No application for children is entertained that is not accompanied by a letter from the applicant's pastor, giving the positive assurance of the applicant being a member in good standing of his church, and that his home is a desirable one for the child.

Publications fully explaining this work can be obtained at the Home, or the Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto.



FANCY COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

Correspondence.

RECIPROCITY IN HARDWARE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

DEAR SIR:—It is heavy goods in which home manufacturers first begin to compete with foreigners. These require little skilled labor and a large quantity of raw material. The raw material and the manufactured work being alike heavy, freight on this class of goods affords home manufacturers some protection. They can make ploughs before axes and axes before penknives. In the manufacture of boots and shoes, for example, this country ceased to import stogies long before woman's calf boots, and woman's calf boots long before children's boots.

It is not long since these latter were imported in large quantities from Massachusetts; and notwithstanding the duty always paid they would be still imported but for the increased taxes caused by the war in the States. The ostensible argument of Free traders is that Canadian manufactures can compete with American. I admit they can in some kinds of heavy goods; but the quantity of American manufactures on the shelves of hardware stores in the Dominion show that they cannot do so in light goods. It shows also, that even English manufactures cannot stop the importation of American goods into Canada.

Notwithstanding this Free Traders tell us that American manufactures are ruined by protection. Take Fish Hooks, for example. I have been selling Fish Hooks for thirteen years and never saw a Fish Hook made in Canada; though, during that time, I have seen, and sold, thousands manufactured in New Haven, Conn. Now, I have no doubt there is a larger percentage of profit on Fish Hooks than on any article of hardware manufactured in this country. The Americans, and the English, have the best share of our hardware business yet. Most if not all the brass rivets used in Canada are made in the States.

Fire bolts and carriage bolts are imported in large quantities from Philadelphia. Factories for the manufacture of these have been lately started in different parts of Canada, but as yet, notwithstanding freight, duty and war taxes the American manufacturers do a large share of the business. The plough bolts used in this country are extensively made in New York City. Manufacturers of Ploughs tell me they never saw a plough bolt made in Canada. Neither did I. Whenever I order plough bolts from a wholesale house those made in New York are sent.

Bolts, hinges, especially the small sizes, 2 inches and under, are imported in large quantities, from Providence Rhode Island. All the gimlets, so far as I can see, and a great many of the auger bits used in this country are made in New York City. From the lightness of these goods, in proportion to their value, freight is hardly any protection to our manufacturers. Among light goods, of this kind, cut tacks is one of the first things in which Canadians have begun to compete with the Americans. Messrs. Pillow, Hersey & Co. of Montreal have been manufacturing in large quantities for some times. A good deal, however, are still imported from the States, particularly, Abington Mass.

Spirit Levelers are imported from Philadelphia. I have never seen one made in Canada and am not aware of a factory of the kind being in the country. Whenever I order Spirit Levelers from a wholesale house I get those of American manufacture. Here then are articles in which neither Canadians nor English can drive the American manufacturers from the market and it is protection which gave them the start necessary to attain this position. Most, if not all, of the scratch awls used in this country are made in the States.

There is no cartridge factory in Canada of which I know: all the cartridges used in this country come from Connecticut and New York. Venetian chalk, very much used by engineers and in lumber yards is imported from Boston. Scales, every one knows, are largely imported from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, where the famous Fairbank's factory is.

The protection afforded by the American government has built up splendid factories, of this kind, all over the Union, and made American manufacturers formidable all over the globe. Still, Free Traders tell us that protection is ruining the States. I am inclined to think it is ruining somebody else.

Steel pens manufactured in New Jersey are used extensively in this country. Razors of American manufacture are imported to this country, but I am not aware of any being manufactured here. Shoemakers awls come from Massachusetts and the handles from Connecticut. Though the manufacture of hammers is carried on to a large extent here, very many are, still, imported from the States. When I order steel hammers to retail at over a dollar I am usually sent those of American manufacture. Distance or freight, on hammers, afford our manufacturers very little protection. These advantages are much more than counterbalanced by the accumulation of labor, skill and capital where the business has been long established. But let the tariff remain as it is, let the danger of sudden changes cease, and labor, skill and capital will come to Canadian manufacturers in such quantities as will soon enable them to make all this description of goods required both in respect to price, quality and quantity. Nothing paralyzes industry more than uncertainty. While the Free Trade agitation continues, Canadian manufacturers cannot calculate, either, who will be their customers or what will be their profits.

With "a market of forty millions" they may be like Moses, permitted to see, but not allowed to enter the promised land. More American cradle scythes were sold here, at Fenelon Falls, during the last three years than similar scythes of Canadian make. They were no cheaper or better than Canadian goods, but they were imported and purchased by store keepers here, and had to be sold and were sold. The farmers who bought them gained nothing, but I judge rather lost, the dealers gained nothing, but the American manufacturer made a profit and the Canadian manufacturers were deprived of part of their legitimate trade.

There is neither patriotism, statesmanship nor policy in theories calculated to produce such results as this. Such a policy must necessarily tend to impoverish a country. Reciprocity would annihilate, in one instant, millions of Canadian capital. As in the case of the scythes, above referred to, it is not necessary for American manufacturers to undersell ours: they need only to take enough of the business to make the balance unprofitable. Here is another thing which would operate against Canadian manufacturers: Canadian goods, not being yet known or introduced in the States, agents would have great difficulty in getting orders.

There would be a prejudice against the idea that we could make goods either as cheap or well as old American manufacturers. On the other hand, American goods being long known in this country, agents would get orders without much difficulty. To establish a business in the States, our manufacturers, would have to offer a better and cheaper article than the American manufacturers, which they cannot do. It is easy to foresee the result. Between the loss of the home market, and the delays and difficulties of establishing any business in the States, Canadian manufacturers would be ruined in nine cases out of ten.

Notwithstanding heavy freight on safes, considerable numbers are imported from the States. An agent from Cincinnati took quite a number of orders in Canada not long ago. It is probably with the safes as with the scythes. The purchasers are in no way benefited. But it results in profit to the American manufacturer and loss of legitimate business to the Canadian.

It is natural for Canadians to buy American safes, but not for Yankees to buy Canadian safes if they were, even, twice as good as any made in their own country. The "market of forty millions" has a great many draw backs like this.

Steam engines are also imported from the States. Not long ago, I saw an agent selling steam engines made in New York City to persons living at Georgian Bay. Axes, once largely imported from the States, are still imported to some extent. A storekeeper, at Horse Shoe Bridge, some where in the back country, south of Lake Nipissing, has American axes advertised for sale. These axes are no cheaper and perhaps not so good as Canadian axes. Their sole result consists in transferring a certain profit from home manufacturers to foreigners.

In the face of these facts can any person argue that Reciprocity would benefit Canadian manufacturers. Free Traders know this, as well as any one, but their real spring of action is utter indifference about the success or existence of Canadian manufactures at all. With access to the States, Canadian manufactures are needed no longer. Perish Home manufactures, in order that Free Traders whims may succeed!

The great mass of mankind exercise too little foresight.

Mr. Bagehot, in his able work on Politics, says a desire for instant action constitutes the chief difference between savages and civilized man. It is this desire for instant action in politicians which lead people, step by step, unconsciously, to results of which they never dream, till their prevention becomes impossible. I see a man opening a dyke and tell him the sea will come in. He says "I will oppose the sea." His opposition will be too late. If he opens the dyke, the sea will enter in spite of him. I hear men demanding Reciprocity and tell them it will lead to annexation. They say "we will oppose annexation." Their opposition will be too late. Annexation will follow Reciprocity in spite of them. "They're sowing the seed" but "what shall the harvest be?"

Yours truly,

W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

GLADSTONE AND GRANVILLE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—The resignation by Mr. Gladstone of the leadership of the Liberal party, in Great Britain, is a political event of the greatest significance. He did proffer his resignation of this post in March last, but his party declined to accept it. Now, however, it appears, from a letter of Lord Granville's which has been telegraphed, that the late leader's decision to retire is in fact accepted with, of course, expressions of many regrets. Mr. Gladstone puts his resignation on the ground that forty-two years of laborious public service gives him the right to retire; and further, he says his action is governed by personal views regarding the method of spending the closing years of his life. His conduct in Parliament, he adds, will be governed by the same principles as hitherto; and he will support, so far as he can, the measures of the Liberal party. Such is the precise substance of the reasons he has given, so far as telegraphed,

for a step which will excite very great interest throughout Europe, and in every part of the globe where the English language is spoken.

The Liberal party in Great Britain was in fact broken up by the late general election. It met with as signal a defeat as did the Conservative party in this country, at about the same time. It had held power for many years, and passed many important measures. But when Mr. Gladstone went to the country, it was not one with itself. More than one of its sections made impossible demands upon its leaders, and an uneasy feeling arose throughout the country, men asking, "what next?" This led to a Conservative reaction, and Mr. Gladstone had the pain of seeing his appeal answered by protest, and his power swept away.

He says now that he seizes the "present opportunity" to retire. Does he by this mean that his pamphlet has broken up his party still further? And that it has rendered him an impossibility? We believe such to be the fact, and that this is his plain and honest meaning.

Lord Granville would appear to be his successor in the leadership of the party from the summary of the correspondence which has been telegraphed. At least he acted as the medium of communication between the late chief and his followers. Lord Granville is a man of known and marked ability, but it is always a disadvantage for a party to have its chief in the House of Lords; and furthermore, the leadership of a great party cannot be transferred like a negotiable instrument of commerce. The power that he has is something personal to himself, and he must grow to his position.

Mr. Gladstone is a learned, able, and conscientious man, and he has made for himself, whatever faults may be attributed to him, in the language of Archbishop Manning, "a great name." X.

JULES VERNE.

There is perhaps no French author so popular at present on this side of the water, as Jules Verne, nearly all of whose works have been rendered into English. A Paris contemporary has written a bright sketch of this prolific and successful writer which we were about to translate for our readers, when we received the following version of the same paper from *Appleton's Journal*.

Among those who most assiduously frequented the residence of Alexandre Dumas fils, twenty years ago, was an old retired captain of the army named D'Arpentigny. D'Arpentigny, with his yellow hair, his black mustache, and his piercing eye, was one of the strangest types of that period. He had invented a science—*la chiromonte*, he called it—and assumed to read people's characters from their hands. He was a charming talker, much courted, and, but for his mania to inspect the palm of your hand, very agreeable.

One day he called on Dumas. "One of my friends at Nantes," he said, "has recommended to my courtesy a young man who desires to be a writer."

"The unfortunate!" replied the author of "La Dame aux Camelias," with his broad, crafty laugh. "Why doesn't he make a grocer of himself?"

"It seems that he lacks aptitude for that business. He has a number of manuscripts—"

"Then he is a lost man! What is to be done with him?"

"He asks to be introduced to you."

"Bring him here to-morrow to dinner." The young man, who was no other than Jules Verne, one of the authors of the "Tour du Monde," came, in fact, the next day, and presented to the master a little dramatic piece which he had just finished, entitled "The Broken Straws."

Dumas read it, liked it, and said to the author, "Come back some of these days, and we will have the sketch brought out at the Théâtre Historique."

The piece was promptly accepted by the manager, was performed, and met with great success. Jules Verne entered the domain of literature as one of his imaginary characters; later, penetrated into the moon, to wit, mounted on a bullet.

After this brilliant debut there was nevertheless a pause in the career of the author of the "Tour du Monde." He was secretary of the Théâtre Lyrique, managed at that time by Séveste, and later, after Séveste's death, he frequented the Bourse and became a broker. When he had passed the whole day in dotting down figures, in buying, selling, and reselling shares in stock, obligations, shares paid up and not paid up, in muddling his mind over reports, over 3 per cent., 62, 07½ or 72, 08½, he would return to his house with aching head and dry throat, and would begin to write for the sake of distraction. He threw himself among his chimeras and his dreams, but he knew how to give to all his rambles an aspect of truth which kept up the illusion.

To date from this period, he published in the *Musee des Familles* first, and afterward in various periodicals, those scientific novels which have met with so much success, namely: "The Adventures of Captain Hatteras"; "The Children of Captain Grant"; "Adventures of Three Russians and Three Englishmen"; "From the Earth to the Moon"; "Twenty thousand Leagues under the Earth"; "Journey to the Centre of the Earth"; "The Land of Furs"; "Around the World in Eighty Days" (from which was drawn the piece which is now being performed at the Porte-Saint-Martin Théâtre), etc., etc.

These works obtained an enormous popularity, and all of them ran through numerous editions.

Perceiving finally that he could earn his livelihood with his pen, Jules Verne gave up brokering.

Jules Verne is forty-six years old. Of medium size, he wears a full beard, and presents a vague resemblance to Alfred de Musset. Nevertheless, he has not the melancholy and somewhat sickly look of the great poet. His complexion, tanned by the sea-air, breathes strength and health. His other physical attributes are a keen gaze, a brief manner of address, nervous movements, white hairs, and gray bread.

The author of the "Tour du Monde" owns a pleasure-boat, and passes half his life on the water. This is doubtless the reason why he describes with so much fidelity the hollow sounds of the ocean breaking on its shores, the whistling of the tempest which dashes the spray in your face, the piercing cries of large birds, the groaning of the cables, and the flapping of sails in the wind. At other times, he lays before you the majestic spectacle of the calm sea, the waves of which murmur gently, seeming to bear away on their crests patches of white clouds or of blue sky which are reflected in them.

During the entire summer Jules Verne sails his boat around France, going from Havre to Marseilles, making sometimes one hundred and fifty or two hundred leagues without touching land. He has two sailors under his orders, and he desists only when the sea becomes too rough and his little bark can no longer breast the waves.

He is not the only one of his family who has contracted the taste for journeys. His brother, M. Paul Verne, made the fortuitous ascension of Mont Blanc, under very unusual atmospheric conditions, and nearly lost his life while doing so.

Let us conclude with a sufficiently curious incident which does M. Jules Verne credit:

A few days before the "Tour du Monde" was placed on the stage at the Porte-Saint-Martin, a delegation representing a very well known financial company presented itself at the house of the author, and said to him: "If you will cause your hero, in the piece that is about to be performed, to pass through the country whose loans we are engaged in negotiating, at the same time praising the prosperity of the country, and pointing out that the railroad that crosses it is the most direct medium of travel for a journey around the world, we are charged to offer you a considerable sum of money."

The author of the "Voyages Extraordinaires," who knew by heart all the subtleties and devices of the Bourse, listened coldly to this overture and at its conclusion said laughingly: "No, it is useless to continue. I show the tour of the world, but I don't want to exhibit the trick (tour) to the world."

The delegation retired disappointed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

GOUNOD is rewriting his five-act opera "Polyeucte."

ADELAIDE Philips will probably have a series of farewell testimonials in Boston.

BARRY Sullivan is giving farewell performances prior to his departure for America.

MRS. ROUSBY will act *Mary Stuart* during her stay at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

MELLE VICTORIA, the queen of the lofty wire at the Hippodrome, has returned to Europe.

SARDOU is said to contemplate setting up as a banker.

PYGMALION and Galatea was given for the first time, last week at the Royal Opera House, Toronto.

At the Theatre Royal, Montreal, the principal attraction last week was Sappho in Lalla Rookh.

It has been announced that from the 1st of January inst., no French piece will be allowed to be acted in Alsace and Lorraine.

OFFENBACH'S "Madame l'Archiduc," one of his brightest and best operas, is to be brought out in London about Easter.

MISS DOLORES Drummond, an Australian tragedienne, has appeared in London, and is pronounced pleasing and clever.

HANDEL'S "Messiah" was performed at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, last week, with fair success.

MINNIE Hauck is said to have improved immeasurably, but the manner in which she takes breath between the words of her part is much criticised.

JARRET and Palmer, who have bought the steamer Plymouth Rock, are to be presented with a set of colors by the ladies and gentlemen of their company.

MISS LOUISE Moodie, who is talked of in connection with the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, was the *Bertha* of "The Sphinx" at the Haymarket, London.

BIJOU Heron takes a benefit at the Union League Theatre shortly, acting *Gertrude* in "The Little Treasure," *Nan* in "The Good-for-Nothing," and reciting the chamber scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

AT THE Grand Opera House, Toronto, Fred. Robinson, the English tragedian, has just closed an engagement of two weeks, during which he appeared in Shakspearian drama. He is accompanied by Miss Lee, a pupil of his own.

"GIROFLE-GIROFLA" is to be given at the Park Theatre, New York, by the opera bouffe company sent by Messrs. Grau and Chizola to Havana some time ago. There is a new tenor in M. De Quercy, a new prima donna in Mme. Grotfroy, and M. De Beer and Mlle Gandon are in the troupe.

THOMAS Gaylord, the artist, has returned to New York from Paris for a brief visit. Mr. Gaylord is a brother of Miss Julia Gaylord, the soprano, who is making rapid progress under Wartel Nilsson's maestro and who recently gave a concert, at which all of the prominent Americans in the French capital assisted.

AGATHON.

Away with me to Athens, Agathon!
 Again we pause in idle mood to see
 Great Pheidias' pupils shape the marble fair,
 Whose perfect forms by Art from chaos won,
 And garments broad and free
 Stand cool and clearly limed in violet air.—
 Statues and workmen in such beauty clad,
 We cannot pause to judge but are divinely glad.

Bright Agathon, once more I challenge thee.
 The shade has reached the wrestlers, 'tis the time
 For merry play and contest. Hark! with sound
 Of laughter rippling, pausing dimly,
 What shouts of welcome chime!

Young Charmides methinks doth take the ground,
 Or naked Lysis fresh from eager game
 Draws down the strigil light o'er breast and limbs aflame.

There will we lie and listen, too, for know
 I spied but now amid the olive trees
 That strange old face you loved a while ago.
 Ay, it was Socrates!

Oh else a satyr by some god's gift wise
 Leered through the dusky leaves to mock our dazzled
 eyes.

O that gay supper when he lay by me,
 And talked and talked, till I was wild with joy
 Of thinking bright new thoughts, nor cared to see
 The dancing girl from Corinth nor the boy
 Who bore the wine jar to us,—and 'twas good
 To see thee lie and laugh at my unacted mood.

O Agathon, and how we burned that day,
 With Eschylus' great chorus in our ears,
 To see our queenly vessels far below
 Ride down and dash to foam the quiet bay.
 And thine eyes turned to mine were filled with tears,
 And thy fair face aglow.

For the old bard who fought at Marathon
 And that our streak were brave when Salamis was won!

My friend, canst thou call back our friendship's dawn
 What time I checked my horse on yon steep road,
 Where the slow pageant moved in order morn,
 And boys from lowland haunts
 Passed upward to the shrine with fragrant load,
 When loud all voices thy voice sung so sweet
 That as I heard my joy was almost pain,
 And many deemed I was Harmodius come again!

Vain, vain—the hope is vain!
 Our skies are dull, and through the ragged trees
 A slow cold wind is blowing. Far away
 From driving clouds and rain
 A zephyr breeze the rich Aegean stirs,
 And o'er the dimpling waves light sea birds play;
 But no queen Athens in her beauty here
 Bathes warm with golden hue in the deep violet air.

The city of the pleasant gods is cold,
 No more the mellow sunlight streams
 On naked rocks that spring to marble rose,
 Temples and legends old
 Are empty as a poet's vanished dreams,
 And though we hear the dawn was wondrous fair
 Yet by no flash of art nor labour slow
 Can we bring back the light that faded long ago.

Bright Agathon, we cannot strive with time,
 The shadows steal around us, and from far
 Terrors in our ears the moan of ocean gray.
 Weak hand nor feeble rhyme
 Can charm again that spirit like a star
 That rose awhile o'er Hellas. Stay, O stay,
 Sweet friend! I cannot bear the days to be.
 Ah! Heroes, give him back! Must he too fade from
 me!

THE HERMIT OF RED-COAT'S GREEN.

We have abbreviated the following remarkable paper from the last number of THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, and we commend it to our readers, as a curious illustration of certain phases of mental eccentricity.

James Lucas, the fourth child of an opulent London merchant, was born in 1813; there were five children in all, of whom a brother and sister survive. He had an aunt who, like himself, exhibited a contempt for the ordinary decencies of civilized life, and an uncle who was also eccentric, though not in an asylum. Nothing is known of the previous generation, except that the paternal grandfather was successful in making money. Lucas was considered a healthy boy in mind and body up to ten years, when he suffered from a ringworm, and had his head shaved, and an ointment, said by a relative to have been very strong, rubbed in. His mother claimed that at this time his character underwent a change. She said that "he was never quite the same" afterward. At seven, he was sent to school. He ran away, but was sent back and kept there until he was fourteen. With a view to moral restraint and discipline, he was next sent to Mr. Hicks, a physician of Whitwell. His stay was short; one day during Mr. Hicks's absence, he escaped and took refuge with a relative, who refused to give him up. Mr. Hicks, who is still living, remembers the lad, and tells me that he regarded him as the victim of ill-judged indulgence and injudicious treatment. He displayed "incorrigible perverseness and obstinacy, combined with a certain amount of cunning." Mr. Hicks learned nothing of his previous condition except that, when driven out for an airing, he would, if taken from the carriage, stand still and shut his eyes. He returned home, but his father was totally unable to manage him. He was self-willed, obstinate, impatient of restraint. Thwarted in any of his wishes, he took offense, and shut himself in his bedroom for days together, spending therein, it seems, the greater part of his time. He would not refuse to eat his meals if they were left at his door, but he resolutely refused to return the plates, until, at length, his room contained nearly all the crockery in the house. At one time he would put on but little clothing; at another, dress like a fop. On account of these eccentricities, his father moved into the country, but shortly returned, as he there fell into low company and became less controllable. He next would not allow the cinders to be removed from his grate, thus keeping the family in constant dread that he would set the house on fire. He objected so much to an attendant, that one who

had been procured was discharged. At his seventeenth year his father died. At twenty, his conduct became unbearable, and by medical advice he was forced to have a constant attendant. This supervision, which lasted two years, showed how his state of mind was regarded by those competent to judge—the late Dr. Sutherland was one of the authorities consulted. It ceased only because his mother intensely disliked it. The family now lived at Red-Coat's Green, near Hitchen, in the house where the hermit afterward lived and died. He hunted occasionally with a gentleman of the neighborhood. He rode either with his shirt outside, or in a nankeen suit, barefooted, with a small cap, or bareheaded, his long hair streaming in the wind. He bestrode a high-peaked saddle, and used a rope for his bridle and stirrups. Sometimes, he would ride in a carriage, his hair done up in curl-papers. He became attentive to a young lady, to whom he sent a pair of doves in a cage, but she returned the present. He persecuted her sadly, by prowling around the house. His mother died in 1849. He was then the eldest surviving son, but a younger one was left executor. A fatal objection to his acting in that capacity was, that he would not sign his name to any paper bearing her Majesty's stamp. He held that she was not the rightful heir to the throne, and would not use a postage or receipt stamp lest he should seem to admit her supremacy. But he did not scruple to use a coin bearing her image. He kept his mother's body in the house from the 24th of October, 1849, to January, 1850, promising each day to let her be buried "to-morrow." The greater part of his time was spent beside the corpse. At length his brother interfered and buried the body. It has been published that he was heart-broken at his mother's death. His relatives doubt the depth of this attachment. He, indeed, expressed himself as much attached to her, and intimated that he would die with her; but she often said that he never showed his affection by gratifying one of her wishes. However, he may have felt real sorrow at her death, and this seems to be implied by the fact that he allowed things in the house to remain just as they were when she died; her letters and money untouched, and the beds as they were then made. In fact, his distress seemed genuine. He often told a neighbor that he would willingly have died for her, and he would weep bitterly at the mention of her name.

II.

His life as a hermit now began, but, however great his distress, we cannot attribute to it his strange mode of life. His brother believes that he afterward appeared worse only because all restraint was removed. His brother and sisters could not now live with him. I believe he never saw the latter again, while he became estranged from the former because of his interference about the interment. Lucas spoke in the bitterest terms of his brother, and even left a hay-stack untouched, all his life alleging that he would hold him responsible for it. Still, his brother visited him several times, and was received. It is important to observe that he made a will a few years after his mother's death, wherein he evinced no animosity toward his brother, nor displayed any eccentricity in the disposition of his property. The appearance of the house bespoke the character of the occupant. Windows and doors were carefully barricaded, and the house was allowed to go to ruin; so likewise was the garden. A tree which fell across the walk was not cleared away except to allow a passage to the house. I visited the hermit some years ago, going up to the window of what had been the kitchen. Glass and casement had long disappeared; the strong upright iron bars alone remained. Here the possessor of ample means, a man of at least fair education, lived day and night. He appeared to emerge from a bed of ashes. He had not slept in a bed for many years. He came forward, and entered, rather reluctantly, into conversation, with a suspicious expression. Unwashed for many years, his skin was in an undesirable condition, the whites of his eyes contrasting strangely with the rest of his face. Clothes he had none; only a dirty blanket loosely thrown over him. His hair, long a stranger to scissors or razor, was matted with dirt. He was about five feet six inches high, rather muscular, with dark hair and eyes, the latter prominent, and pale complexion. His forehead appeared well developed. The room had a fire, an old table, a chair, and numerous bottles. It is said he suspended a basket from the ceiling to keep his food from the rats. He spoke to me in a low, rather plaintive tone, which impressed me that he was laboring under a certain amount of fear or apprehension. Part of his conversation, otherwise perfectly rational, conveyed the same impression. He intimated that his relations were against him, and I understood him to assign it as the reason why his house was barricaded. He appeared to be laboring under a partial insanity—a monomania of suspicion or persecution. Whatever reasons he may have subsequently had for barricading his house, his brother informs me that some panes of glass were actually broken by stones during the papal aggression in 1850, because he leaned to Romanism, and then it was that bars of wood were nailed across the windows. He wrote no letters, nor wrote at all, that I know of, except upon a check. He had a check-book and used it to pay some of his bills. When he required money, his bankers received a verbal message, and sent a clerk to transact business with him. The check was always very correctly written, and the counterfoil duly filled in. On his last check, dated April 14, 1874, the signature, unlike the

previous ones, was rather shaky. Because of his antipathy to stamps, the receipt-stamp had to be added afterward. The dividend-warrants that came to him remained uncashed for the same reason, forming a large collection of very dirty papers. About four years ago he was induced to authorize his bankers to receive his dividends, and thus surmounted his scruple to recognize the queen. Landed property of his at Liverpool, required for public purposes, was sold under compulsion because he would not become a party to the sale, as it involved the use of a stamp. The money was placed in the Bank of England, and remained there to his death, because he would not use a stamp to draw it out. I have a curious proof of his shrewdness and desire to get the money. A solicitor he knew had some connection with the Court of Chancery. One day he suggested to him to file a bill in chancery to obtain the money. His visitor replied that the court would then institute an inquiry into the condition of the owner. "What?" asked Lucas, alarmed, "do you mean *de lunatico*?" An affirmative answer killed the scheme. Lucas was not a miser. He gave to swarms of tramps, in coppers and gin, giving always more to a Romanist than a Protestant. It is said that on last Good Friday he doled out sweetmeats, coppers, gin-and-water (large quantities of which he always kept on hand) to two hundred children. For some years he gave a poor old woman four shillings a week. His diet was simple, though not scant. He ate bread, cheese, and red herrings, and drank both milk and gin. Once, however, he gave up milk—and this, of course, is an important feature of his case—because he suspected that poison had been put into it. At one time he charged a farmer who supplied him with eggs with putting poison into them. When the farmer replied that it would be rather a difficult thing to do, he said that some poison must have been given to the *old hen*. He did not habitually drink to excess, but was occasionally drunk. It is supposed that he drank largely of gin the evening before his death, while feeling depressed. Fear of poison frequently led him to change his baker, and he carefully selected a loaf. In his room was found nearly a cart-load of loaves which he probably suspected of containing poison.

III.

He died of apoplexy at sixty-one, on the 19th of April last. A week before his death he appeared as well as usual; he was, in fact, lively and communicative, and seemingly without any unfriendly spirit or delusion regarding his friends. He spoke with an asthmatic visitor very intelligently of the symptoms and causes of that disease. He remembered the number of years (seven) since he had seen him, and the subject discussed, which the visitor had forgotten. Sometimes, however, he complained of losing his memory, and it was noticed latterly that in using a Greek word—he partially remembered both Greek and Latin—he could not recall the whole of it, and, contrary to his custom, would be at a loss for a word. One who frequently visited him says that he was sometimes low-spirited, crying like a child, bemoaning his condition, and attributing it to the unkindness of his brother, which I know to be entirely false. At other times, if contradicted, he would fly into a passion, swear, and act so violently that his guest would be glad to get out of the house. Because, while this visitor was present once, a medical man happened to call, he quarreled with him, and suspected the two of a conspiracy. That there was no imbecility of mind may at once be granted. His conversation was coherent and sensible; he was shrewd and wide awake in the ordinary transactions of his limited life, and he fully understood the value of money; his memory was remarkably retentive. Most of his visitors failed to detect any signs of madness, and it is doubtful whether any jury would have found him insane. The commissioners considered his case in 1853, and took the testimony of his brother and a neighbor, but concluded that there was not sufficient evidence to warrant an interference. Mr. Forster saw the hermit last year, and found him singularly acute, without the least trace of mental aberration. He said to that gentleman: "You may think it strange my living like this. So I do sometimes, but it is not done without a reason." Nor could Forster's friend, Dickens, recognize the signs of madness in his behaviour. On the other hand, there is the family history pointing to hereditary predisposition to insanity, only wanting some exciting cause to develop it; also the change of character at ten, with an alleged physical cause; the action, as a moral cause, of an injuriously indulgent rearing; the constant waywardness, obstinate willfulness, in a word, wrongheadedness; the acts which frequently alarmed his family; the necessity at length of legal restraint; the freaks regarding dress; his extraordinary conduct on the death of his mother; the persistent delusion respecting the queen, involving much loss of property; the entire neglect of his dwelling and person; his groundless suspicion of and antipathy toward his brother; the delusion that poison was put into his food; his fits of mental depression; and his violent passion on the slightest contradiction. These characteristics—in many respects so familiar to us in asylum-life, and so easily conceivable in others, if certain cases of insanity we have known had been allowed to develop—prove that the hermit's condition passed the limits of eccentricity, that his emotions were perverted by disease. But, while his case was primarily one of moral insanity—a madness of action rather than language, a state of degraded feeling rather than of intellectual incapacity—his suspicions at

times took the form of a definite delusion. It should be carefully borne in mind that his isolated life, and neglect of his residence and dress, did not arise from the preoccupation of his thoughts by any absorbing pursuit. He had none. It arose from his diseased mental condition, and the solution of the problem of his life can be obtained only by tracing back his history to the unfavorable circumstances of his childhood, acting upon a brain in all probability predisposed to disease.

THE FASHIONS.

FANCY DRESS FOR CHILDREN.

In view of the approaching fancy dress entertainments, especially at the Victoria Rink, the following beautiful costumes are well worth attention:

PEASANT GIRL.—Dress of percale striped white and red, and trimmed with black velvet. Corsage decolleté. Apron with bib. Fichu and cap of white muslin.

FLOWER GIRL.—Skirt of lilac cashmere. Corsage in black velvet. Petticoat, corsage, and apron of white muslin.

MARCHIONESS.—Skirt of lilac turlatan, trimmed in *tablier*. Dress decolleté in apple-green satin. Bouquets of pink roses bound in black velvet.

MAN OF LETTERS.—Short breeches and velvet coat, both black. Hose of grey silk. High heel shoes. Lace cravat. Tricorn hat.

COSTUME HENRY IV.—Dress of pink damask, trimmed with green ribbon. Ribbon sleeves alternately pink and green.

JAPONAISE.—Yellow satin dress, with designs of black satin and set on the yellow satin. Border of the same stuff, but black. Belt of black satin, with gold paper applications.

NAPOLITAINE.—Blue skirt with black bands. Square laced corsage. Puffed sleeves. Broad flat Neapolitan hat with long pendant ribbons.

LITERARY.

REV. J. S. C. ABBOT'S "Pioneers and Patriot" series have averaged at least 4,000 to the volume.

THE last Journals of Livingstone, will be the first important book of the year. It makes a handsome octavo, and may be expected in a few days.

THROUGH the regular trade, the "Internal Scientific Series" has sold admirably. Dr. Draper's book promising to reach the highest point of any of the volumes.

THE SUCCESS of the Rev. E. P. Roe's latest novel, "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr," has been another illustration—the ninth thousand was selling at the close of the year.

DR. HOLLAND'S "Mistress of the Manse," reached its 24th thousand in one Fall season, and on a single day about holiday time, the orders for it equalled those for all Scribner's other books together. The "Brie-a-Brac" books, from the same house, have averaged a sale of about 1,000 each.

AT THE APPLETONS the revised "Cyclopaedia" has sold at the start two or three times as many copies as the original work, successful as that was, and the costly "Picturesque America," sold in numbers, by subscription, has averaged probably between 40,000 and 50,000 copies per number.

LONGFELLOW'S "Hanging of the Crane" has had what is probably the widest sale of any American volume of its kind: 5,000 copies were disposed of almost at once, and by Christmas time, it is stated, one jobbing house in the East was buying up all the individual copies it could lay hands on.

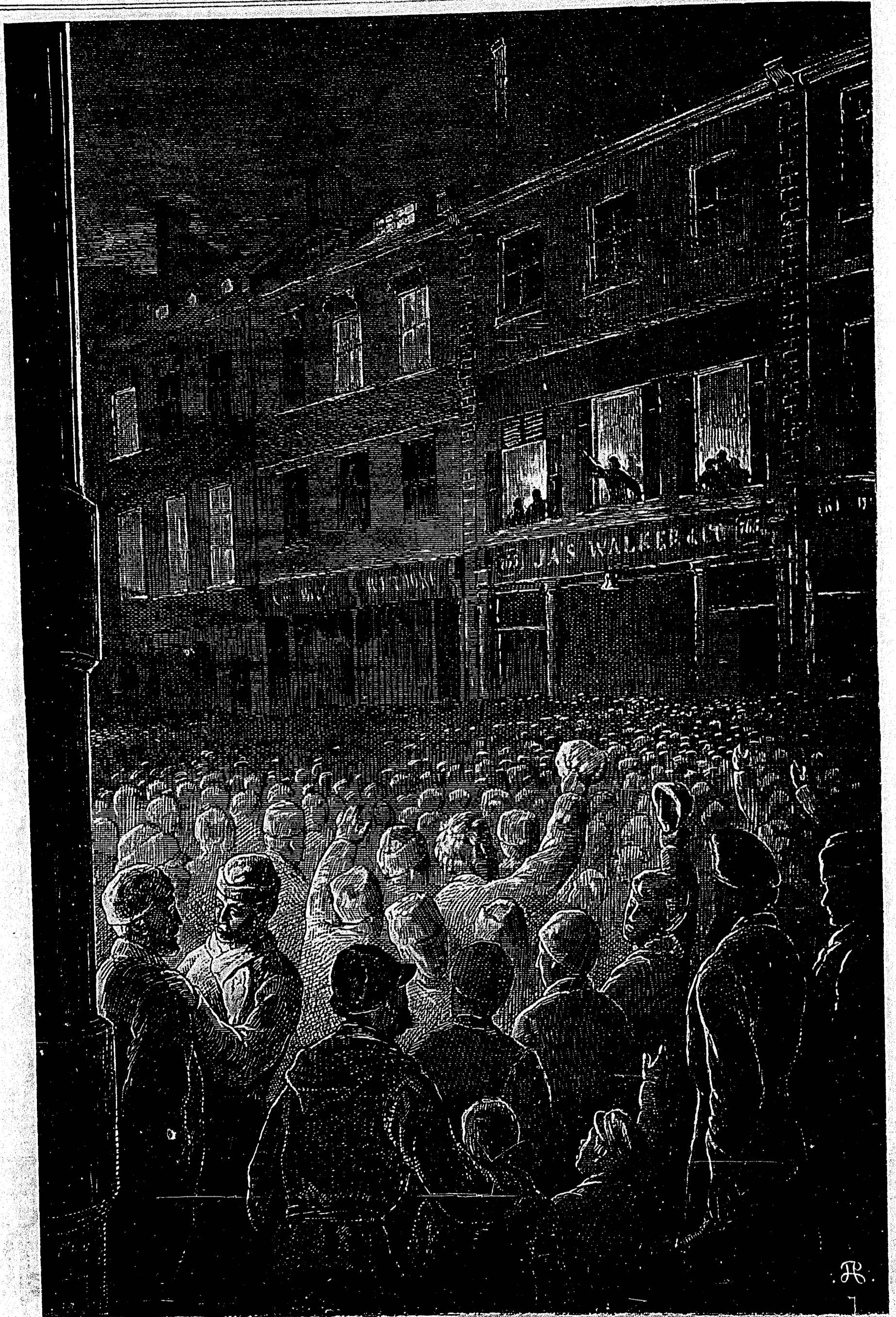
WHILE Mr. Bancroft, in one sense, concluded his History with the tenth volume, in order that in the event of his death, his work might not go into literature as an unfinished one, he is now at work upon an eleventh volume, which at least he hopes to add to the previous series.

AMERICAN booksellers profess to be satisfied with the results of the holiday trade, which has run from 10 to 25 per cent above that of last year. Thanks to "Put-in-Bay," as the reform movement is nicknamed, there was less difficulty than ever before over the demand for abnormal discounts, and in obtaining a reasonable "living profit."

VICTOR Hugo has in the press the first and second parts of his new poem, a sequel to the "Légende des Siècles." It is entitled "Les Quatre Vents de l'Espérance," and is divided into four parts—the "Vent du Drame," the "Vent de l'Ordre," the "Vent de la Satire," and the "Vent de la Comédie." The first part contains three unpublished dramas in verse.

SEVERAL of the jobbing houses in New York state that their sales for some of the Fall months of 1874 were double those of the respective months of 1873. The great fires and the panic, in successive years, had made every one cautious and reduced stocks, so that booksellers were compelled to buy, and especially on the two or three days before Christmas orders chased each other by telegraph with remarkable rapidity. The tendency of the year has been to enlarge the sales of the more taking books and to let the poorer ones alone.

DR. JOHN H. Newman has written a pamphlet of ten chapters addressed to the Duke of Norfolk, in reply to Gladstone's famous expostulation on Vatican Deeds and civil allegiance. He declares Gladstone's aspersions of English Catholics undeserved, his tone uncharitable and his conclusions untrustworthy. The Schola Theologiae alone is competent to determine papal and synodal utterances. It must be confessed, he continues, that some among us, in past years, have stretched truths until they were near snuffing, and have done their best to set the house on fire, leaving others to extinguish the flames. "I see no inconsistency in being a good Catholic and a good Englishman." He then draws a distinction between spiritual and secular allegiance: "if," he says, "Parliament should pass an act compelling Catholics to attend Protestant services once a week and the Pope should forbid them, I would obey the Pope and not the Law, and if I was a soldier or sailor, and the Pope bid all Catholics leave the army, I would disobey him in time of war." The reverend Father, in conclusion, says infallibility is declared a matter of faith and thought merely, not in action; there is only one oracle of God—the Holy Church with the Pope as head.



MONTREAL.—SCENE AT THE LIBERAL HEAD QUARTERS ON THE NIGHT OF MR. DEVLIN'S ELECTION.

R.
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A. GIFFORD, LECTURER, MEAFORD, O.

S. E. PHILLIPS, STEWARD, SCHOMBERG, O.

W. COLE, CHAPLAIN, SARINIA, O.

S. W. HILL, MASTER, RIDGEVILLE, O.

THOS. W. DYAS, SECRETARY, LONDON, O.

HIRAM LEET, OVERSEER, DANVILLE, O.

H. S. LOSKER, ASST. STEWARD, NORWICH, O.

OFFICE-BEARERS OF THE DOMINION GRANGE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TANNERIES COMMITTEE.

The sittings of this committee have an interest, not only for the Province of Quebec, but for the whole Dominion, on account of the very great issues with which it has to deal. We have, in consequence, deemed them worthy of permanent reproduction, in an illustrated shape. Our artist has sketched the committee as it sat on the last day prior to its adjournment to Quebec, while it was receiving the important testimony and the important reticences of Mr. Dansereau. The figures are nearly portraits, which will be easily recognized. Hon. Mr. Church sits at the head of the long table; standing at his right is Hon. Mr. Ouimet, ex-Premier of the Province; sitting at his right is Mr. Joly; to Mr. Joly's right is Mr. Bachand, a member of the committee; to the right of Mr. Bachand is Mr. Loranger, counsel for the Government; and to the right of this gentleman is Mr. Mousseau, counsel for Mr. Ouimet. To the left of Mr. Church is Mr. Trudel, a member of the committee; to his left is a handsome reporter, and then, deeply ensconced in his chair, with half-closed eyes, is Mr. Dansereau, right opposite his examiner, Mr. Loranger. The rest of the room contains spectators and lawyers.

SCENE AT MR. DEVLIN'S ELECTION.

It is seven o'clock. The lamps are lighted, and shed a lurid glare over the soft snow. A dense, nervous, enthusiastic crowd is gathered in front of the Liberal headquarters, on St. James street. The votes have just been counted. Up to the twenty-ninth polling place, the majority was for Ryan, but the thirtieth arrived with thirty-nine majority for Devlin, and was followed by five or six confirming his election. At that supreme moment, a cry went forth, "Devlin is elected." Then the air rung with snouts, and, spite of the cutting blast, an upper window was thrown open, and the form of Mr. Devlin appeared. He proceeded to make a speech. It is this feature of the scene which our artist has chosen for delineation, and the night effect he has reproduced with rare effect.

THE NEEDLE THREADER.

She used to thread a needle deftly in her younger days, when her eyes were very bright. Indeed, she needed not her eyes then, so great was the force of habit in threading. But now, Granny has still to sew, and the threading of her needle is quite a labour. As a piece of art, our illustration is perfect.

THE POLITICIAN.

While the grandmother sews, grandfather reads his weekly newspaper. It is an hebdomadal bliss. He has his pipe and his mug of beer, and his face shows that he has lighted on something interesting. But surely grandfather might have taken his hat off.

THE LOVE LETTER.

How beautiful she is. The tossed ringlets held by a single ribbon, the opening corsage, the swelling bosom, and the sharp, attentive features, all tend to heighten the effect of her loveliness. Look at the taper hands, how firmly they hold the letter, how the large brown eyes gloat over it, how the budding mouth is softly pronouncing its message. Sweet girl! Still in that innocent phase of life which believes in love letters.

COURRIER DES DAMES.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.—A good housewife is one of the first blessings in the economy of life. Men put a great value upon the qualifications of their partners after marriage, however they may weigh with them before, and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicities of married life than recklessness or want of knowledge of the new housekeeper or the duties which belong to her station. Men admire beauty, order, and system in everything, and men admire good fare. If these are found in their dwellings, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will see their chief enjoyment at home—they will love their home and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers who study the welfare of their daughters, will not fail to instruct them in the qualifications of married life, and daughters who appreciate the value of these qualifications, will not fail to acquire them.

WOMEN AS DECORATIVE ARTISTS.—It has been one particularly gratifying incident of the passion for decoration in England that it has been the means of opening to women beautiful and congenial employments. Miss Jekyl, who was one of the first to take up this kind of work, attracted the attention of Mr. Leighton, Mme. Bedichon, and other artists by her highly artistic embroidery, and has since extended her work to *repousse* or ornamental brass work, especially scabbles and many other things. There has been established in London a school for embroidery which has succeeded in teaching and giving employment to a number of gentlewomen who had been reduced in circumstances. Miss Philott, whose paintings have often graced the walls of exhibitions, and have gained the interest of Mr. Ruskin, has of late been painting beautiful figures and flowers in plaques, which, when the colours are burnt in by Minton, make ornaments that are eagerly sought for. A Miss Coleman has also gained great eminence for this kind of

work. Miss Levin, the young daughter of a well-known artist, has displayed much skill in designing and painting pots, &c., with Greek or Pompeian figures. Many of these ladies have begun by undertaking such work as this for personal friends, but have pretty generally found that the circle of those who desire such things is very large, and that their art is held in increasing esteem among cultivated people.

A GREAT MISTAKE OFTEN MADE.—Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine, if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, soon or late, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundations will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double-dealing and dishonesty, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

DOMESTIC QUARRELS.—Married people who have common sense and control over themselves do not openly quarrel. Quarrelling destroys their peace of mind, makes the servants and people in general talk, and leads to no practical results. When two persons are tied together for life, and there is not a superabundance of affection on either side, the best thing for them to do in a utilitarian point of view, is to avoid open ruptures, and jog along together as smoothly as circumstances will permit. This is what is in many cases done. The man goes to his club or becomes absorbed in his business. The woman flies to her friends, and keeps herself in good heart by discussing the affairs of her neighbours, and conclusively knowing that the latter are, in their domestic relations, about as miserable as they can well be.

THE PRETTY WOMAN.—An old description of a pretty woman is—"She was just about that height which the greatest of Greek sculptors deemed the stature most perfectly consonant with perfection of female beauty—five feet two. She had a quiet, handsome face, decidedly classical, and rich black hair, neatly arranged in heavily-plaited coils at the back of a dainty little head. She had faultlessly round white arms, and she probably knew how pretty they looked, inasmuch as she had turned up the sleeves of her dress even as far as the ivory smooth curves of her shoulders. Her figure was full and graceful and strong—the figure of a girlish Venus de Milo."

NEW PARISIAN BONNETS.—First, there is the "Bibi"—a kind of soft-crowned cap of black velvet. Round the crown a wreath of blush roses, and on one side a butterfly perched on one of the roses. White tulle scarf, proceeding from the back, to tie under the chin in front. Then there is the "Eurydice," of white felt, surrounded by a rouleau of black velvet, and long lancer feather hanging over the crown, with a wreath of roses under the brim. The "Imperatrice" is of jetted velvet, with feathers and aigrette at side; a wreath of "Sphinx" leaves under the brim. A "Marie-Amelie" is composed of black velvet. The brim is drawn, and is lined with blue satin. On the forehead a wreath of primroses and a tuft of feathers, falling back over the crown. The "Aramis" is a model, fashioned after the hat worn by Dumas's celebrated hero. The sides are thrown up, and a corkscrew feather covers the whole of the crown. The "Crillon" is in gray velvet, with a feather flowing loosely to the winds; the front, a bird of paradise as clasp. All these bonnets are but fancies—pretty fancies, certainly—but not one is worn more than the other. Almost every vagary is allowed. The essential is to look pretty; ugliness alone is set aside; and, certainly, if a lady does not look pretty now, it is her own fault, for there are styles and shapes to suit every kind of face and countenance.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

When I taught a district school, said he, I adopted as a principle to give as few rules to my scholars as possible. I had, however, one standing rule, which was, "Strive, under all circumstances, to do right," and the text of right, under all circumstances, was the golden rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

If an offence was committed, it was my invariable practice to ask, "Was it right?" "Was it as you would be done by?"

All my experience and observation have convinced me that no act of a pupil ought to be regarded as an offence, unless it be such when measured by the standard of the golden rule. During the last year of my teaching, the only tests I ever applied to an act of which it was necessary to judge were those of the above questions. By this course I gained many important advantages.

In the first place, the plea, "You have not made any rule against it," which, for a long time was a terrible burden to me, lost all its power.

In the second place, by keeping constantly before the scholars, as a standard of action, the single text of right and wrong, as one which they were to apply for themselves, I was enabled to cultivate in them a deep feeling of personal responsibility.

In the third place, I got a stronger hold on their feelings, and acquired a new power of cultivating and directing them.

In the fourth place, I had the satisfaction of seeing them become more truthful, honest, trustworthy, and manly in their intercourse with me, with their friends and with one another.

Once, however, I was sadly puzzled by an application of the principle by one of my scholars. George Jones was a large boy, who, partly through a false feeling of honour, and partly from a feeling of stubbornness, refused to give me some information. The circumstances were these.

A scholar had played some trick which interrupted the exercises. As was my costume, I called on the one who had done the mischief to come forward. As no one started, I repeated the request, but with no success. Finding that the culprit would not confess his guilt, I asked George if he knew who committed the offense.

"I did not do it," was the reply.

"But do you know who did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"I do not wish to tell."

"But you must tell. It is my duty to ask, and yours to answer me."

"I cannot do it, said George firmly."

"Then you must stop with me after school."

He stopped as requested, but nothing which I could urge would induce him to reveal anything. At last, out of patience with what I believed to be the obstinacy of the boy, I said,

"Well, George, I have borne with you as long as I can, and you must either tell me or be punished."

With a triumphant look, as though conscious that he had the better of me by an application of my favourite rule, he replied, "I can't tell you, because it would not be right. The boy would not like to have me tell of him, and I'll do as I'd be done by."

A few years earlier, I should have deemed a reply thus given me an insult, and should have resented it accordingly; but experience and reflection had taught me the folly of this, and one of the most important applications of my oft-quoted rule was—to judge of the nature of others as I would have them judge of mine. Yet, for the moment, I was staggered. His plea was plausible; he might be honest in making it. I did not see in what respect it was fallacious. I felt that it would not do to retreat from my position, and suffer the offender to escape; and yet that I should do a great injustice by compelling a boy to do a thing if he really believed it to be wrong.

After a little pause I said, "Well, George, I do not wish you to do anything which is wrong, or which conflicts with your golden rule. We will leave this for to-night, and perhaps you will alter your mind before to-morrow."

I saw him privately before school, and found him more firm in his refusal than ever. After the devotional exercises of the morning, I began to question the scholars, as was my wont, on various points of duty, and gradually led the conversation to the golden rule.

"Who, I asked, 'are the persons to whom, as members of this school, you ought to do as you would be done by? Your parents, who support and send you here; your schoolmates, who are engaged in the same work with yourselves; the citizens of the town who, by taxing themselves, raise money to pay the expenses of this school; the school committee, who take so great an interest in your welfare; your teacher; or the scholar who carelessly or willfully commits some offense against good order?"

A hearty "yes" was responded to every question except the last, at which they were silent.

Then, addressing George, I said, "Yesterday I asked you who had committed a certain offense. You refused to tell me, because you thought it would not be doing as you would be done by. I now wish you to reconsider the subject. On one side are your parents, your schoolmates, the citizens of this town, the school committee, and your teacher, all deeply interested in everything affecting the prosperity of this school. On the other side is the boy who, by this act, has shown himself ready to injure all these. To which party will you do as you would be done by?"

After a moment's pause, he said, "To the first; it was William Brown who did it."

My triumph, or rather the triumph of principle, was complete; and the lesson was as deeply felt by the other members of the school as by him for whom it was specially designed.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

A GHOSTLY WEDDING.

Twilight was just creeping over the surface of Georgian Bay, and the ships gliding along seemed like misty phantoms in the distance, as I walked my horse up the winding path that led to her home.

I left my horse at the lodge and walked up the gloomy avenue. I did not go to the house; I knew that she was in the arbour across the lawn, where every evening she was wont to sit still and muse as night came on; it made her feel sad, she said, and a little bit afraid, but she could not help it; some one, she felt sure, was waiting there for her, and she must be there at the evening hour.

So I knew where to find her, and crossing the lawn, I tremblingly stood at the door-way facing her, and as I stood, I heard her murmuring to herself. She was sitting on the old-fashioned seat, her head resting on the rustic table in front, and her hands clasped before her.

She looked up as I entered, and with a sort of dreamy smile bade me welcome. I replied not, but seating myself by her side, I took her hands in mine, and gazed long and lovingly at her. She half divined my feelings, but before she could question me, I poured into her ears the oft-repeated, never-tiring tale of love, that every son of Adam repeats differently, and yet not differently. I told her how I had watched her and tendered her since she was a child, and how I had kept back the impassioned words that rose so oft to my lips, until she had arrived at an age when she could decide for herself as to whom she would entrust her fate. And now I could wait no longer, and would she—would she—would she—?—yes! she would.

Long and lovingly we sat there, till the stars came out one by one, and the old Colonel, her father, sent out a servant to bring her in. She would be in a minute, she said, and then, after a fond embrace, I went home again, to dream of love and her.

I called again next day, and found the family making preparations for a visit to the Great Manitoulin Island, where the Colonel had built a summer residence. I saw the party off in their snug little steam yacht, and stayed on the bank till the little white handkerchief faded away, still fluttering in the distance.

Had I known what was to happen! Ah! had I known!

Six weeks afterwards they returned. I was there to meet them. It was twilight again, as my beloved and I walked arm-in-arm up the same narrow path. She was pale, in her eyes was a strange, unearthly light, and her rich masses of hair seemed alone to retain their beautiful freshness. I remarked her looks. "Yes," said she, "I have something to tell you in the arbour." A shudder came over her as we crossed the lawn. An indefinable dread took possession of me, and an awe crept through my bones. In the arbour! Why there!

"On the Island, I used to go at twilight to the shore, and look over the water. One evening I heard music, and fairy laughter, and lo! a bright company came dancing over the waves, and far ahead a youth dressed in green, straining every nerve to reach me. I would have flown home, but something held me fast. On he came, and, like a prince, he knelt and wooed me, and his voice was like the ripple of the waves upon the beach. Meanwhile the others surrounded us, and joined their entreaties with his. I spoke not, nor stirred, and, as the first star came out, they departed.

"Next evening he came alone, and so for the rest of our stay upon the Island. In vain I pleaded my troth was plighted. He would listen with a strange smile full of deep meaning. And I feel that—but look!"

As she spoke, I looked up, and there, coming across the lawn, was the most beautiful form I ever saw; every feature was full and distinct. Dressed in the gaudiest hues of the forest, he stood forth in manly strength. He did not come out from under the shade of the trees; he but beckoned. I looked at my beloved, her eyes were riveted on him, and slowly she rose and glided towards him. I would have held her, but I was powerless. Together did the lovely pair recede down the avenue.

Just then the Colonel came out. I saw that his gaze was riveted on them. He fell down in a swoon. I rose, and, with the aid of the servants, he was carried into the house. He recovered almost instantly, and search was made all over the country.

We both knew it was useless.

She was never found.

DOMESTIC.

TO FRY EELS.—Kill, skin, empty, and wash the eels; cut them into lengths of about four inches, and dry them. Season with salt and pepper, flour thickly, and fry in boiling lard. Drain, and send to table with plain melted butter, and a lemon.

BEIGNETS SOUFFLES.—Put about one pint of water into a saucepan with a few grains of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and as much sugar, with plenty of grated lemon peel. When the water boils throw gradually into it sufficient flour to form a thick paste; then take it off the fire, let it remain ten minutes, and work into it three or four eggs, reserving the whites of one or two, which you whisk to a froth and mix into the paste. Let it rest a couple of hours, then proceed to fry by dropping into hot lard pieces of it the size of a walnut. Serve piled on a dish, with powdered sugar over, and a lemon cut into quarters or make an incision in each beignet, and insert a small piece of jam or jelly.

ADULTERATION.—Chicory is said to contain properties positively injurious to health. Yet ground coffee, as sold by grocers, is often adulterated with this substance, and many persons insist that it improves the flavour of the coffee. We are informed in a recent work on coffee, that the coffee dealer adulterates his coffee with chicory to increase his profits: the chicory dealer adulterates his chicory with Venetian red to please the eye of the coffee dealer; and, lastly, the Venetian red manufacturer grinds up his colour with brick dust, that by its greater cheapness and the variety of shades he offers, he may secure the patronage of the trade in chicory.

THE VALUE OF OATMEAL AS INFANT'S FOOD.—In a communication to the Société Médicale des Hospitaliers, MM. Dujardin-Beaumetz and Hardy make known the results of the employment of oatmeal on the alimentation and hygiene of infants. According to them, oatmeal is the aliment which, by the reason of its plastic and respiratory elements, makes the nearest approach to human milk. It also is one of those which contains most iron and salts, and especially the phosphate of lime, so necessary for infants. It also has the property of preventing and arresting the diarrhoeas which are so frequent and so dangerous at this age. According to the trials made by Mr. Marie, infants from four to eleven months of age fed exclusively upon Scotch oatmeal and cow's milk thrive very nearly as well as do children of the same age suckled by a good nurse.

FOR CUPID DEAD.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

When Love is dead, what more but funeral rites— To lay his sweet corpse lovingly to rest, To cover him with rose and eglantine, And all fair posies that he loved the best!

What more, but kisses for his close-shut eyes— His cold, still lips that never more will speak— His hair, too bright for dust of death to dim— The flush scarce faded from his frozen cheek!

What more but tears that will not warm his brow, Although they burn the eyes from which they start!— No bitter weeping or more bitter words Can rouse to one more throb that pulseless heart.

So dead he is, who once was so alive! In summer, when the ardent days were long, He was as warm as June, as gay and glad As any bird that swelled its throat with song,

So dead!—yet all things were his ministers— All birds and blossoms, and the joyous June! Would they had died, and kept sweet Love alive: Since he is gone the world is out of tune.

—Scribner for February.

THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

This new secret society which has made such astounding progress within the past few years in the United States, has been working its way into Canada during the present year and although Granges only commenced to be organized this spring, they were 57 in number in November last and rapidly increasing.

On another page, we give portraits of the Grand Officers elected on September 22nd by the Dominion Grange at its annual meeting in Toronto. Mr. S. W. Hill, the Worthy Master is a farmer in the county of Welland and is a man of ability, as is evinced by his excellent address delivered at the Toronto meeting. The officers, as will be observed in referring to their Post-office address, are pretty well distributed over Ontario and Quebec. The Secretary, Mr. T. W. Dyas reports to us that numbers of applications are coming in from the other provinces, but that the greatest increase at present is in Ontario, where the farmers are all stirring in the matter.

The intentions of the order may be judged by the following extract from their platform of principles.

MOTTO.

1. We hardly endorse the motto: "In essentials, Unity; in non essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

SPECIFIC OBJECTS.

2. We shall endeavour to advance our cause by labouring to accomplish the following objects:

To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves.

To enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes, and strengthen our attachment to our pursuits.

To foster mutual understanding and co-operation.

To maintain inviolate our laws, and to emulate each other to hasten the good time coming.

To reduce our expenses, both individual and co-operate.

To buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining.

To diversify our crops, and crop no more than we can cultivate.

To condense the weight of our exports, selling less in the bushel and more on hoof and in fleece.

To systematize our work and calculate intelligently on probabilities.

To discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion system, and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy.

We propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, selling together, and in general acting together for our mutual protection and advancement, as association may require.

We shall avoid litigation as much as possible, by arbitration in the Grange.

We shall constantly strive to secure entire harmony, good will, vital brotherhood among ourselves, and to make our Order perpetual.

We shall earnestly endeavour to suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, all selfish ambition.

BUSINESS RELATIONS.

3. For our business interests we desire to bring producers and consumers, farmers and manufacturers into the most direct and friendly relation possible. Hence we must dispense with a surplus of middlemen, not that we are unfriendly to them, but we do not need them.

Their surplus and their exactions diminish our profits.

We wage no aggressive warfare against any other interest whatever. On the contrary, all our acts and all our efforts, so far as business is concerned, are not only for the benefit of the producer and consumer, but also for all other interests that tend to bring these two parties into speedy and economical contact. Hence we hold that transportation companies of every kind are necessary to our success, that their interest are intimately connected with our interest, and harmonious action is mutually advantageous.

We are opposed to such spirit and management of any corporation or enterprise, as tends to oppress the people and rob them of their just profit.

We are not enemies to capital; but we oppose the tyranny of monopolies.

We long to see the antagonism between capital and labour removed by common consent, and

by enlightened statesmanship worthy of the nineteenth century.

We are opposed to excessive salaries, high rates of interest, and exorbitant per cent. profits in trade. They greatly increase our burdens and do not bear a proper proportion to the profits of producers.

We desire only self protection, and the protection of every true interest of our land by legitimate transactions, legitimate trade and legitimate profit.

EDUCATION.

4. We shall advance the cause of education among ourselves and for our children, by all just means within our power.

POLITICAL RELATIONS.

5. We emphatically and sincerely assert the oft-repeated truth taught in our organic law, that the Grange is not a political or party organization. No Grange, if true to its obligations, can discuss political or religious questions, nor call political conventions nor nominate candidates, nor even discuss their merits in its meetings.

Yet the principles we teach underlie all true politics, all true statesmanship, and, if properly carried out, will tend to purify the whole political atmosphere of our country.

For we seek the greatest good to the greatest number. But we must always bear in mind that no one by becoming a Grange member gives up that inalienable right and duty which belongs to every citizen, to take a proper interest in the politics of his country.

On the contrary it is the right of every member to do all in his power legitimately to influence for good the action of any political party to which he belongs.

It is his duty to do all he can in his own party to put down bribery, corruption and trickery; to see that none but competent, faithful and honest men, who will unflinchingly stand by our interests, are nominated for all positions of trust; and to have carried out the principle which should always characterize every Grange member that THE OFFICE SHOULD SEEK THE MAN, AND NOT THE MAN THE OFFICE.

We acknowledge the broad principle, that difference of opinion is no crime, and hold that "Progress towards truth is made by difference of opinion," while "the fault lies in bitterness of controversy."

It is reserved by every Patron, as his right as a freeman, to affiliate with any party that will best carry out his principles.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

JAN. 13.—King Alfonso arrived at Valencia to-day and was enthusiastically received by the people.

Bismark has intimated to Spain that the German Government will refuse recognition of King Alfonso until the decree suspending two Protestant newspapers and closing the Protestant Chapel in Cadiz is repealed.

In the Reichstag, the Landsturm Bill passed its second reading. There is an important clause which gives the Government power to suspend the Landwehr from the Landsturm; it was agreed to by a vote of 176 to 104. The members of the Fortschritt and the Centre voted with the Ministry.

It is reported that Don Carlos is determined on a rigorous prosecution of the war, notwithstanding the restoration of Monarchy. The Government will accordingly direct the resumption of active operations against him in a few days.

JAN. 14.—Several bands of Carlists are reported to have been badly defeated in the Provinces of Barcelona and Navarre by National troops.

The Union Bank of Jersey City suspended payment yesterday. The President asserts that the Bank's assets though not immediately available, are amply sufficient to cover the liabilities.

In the United States Senate yesterday, Senator Conkling presented ten memorials from the citizens of Ontario and Yates counties, N. Y., protesting against the ratification of the proposed Reciprocity Treaty.

President Grant sent in a message to the U. S. Senate in reference to the alleged military interference in Louisiana affairs. While exculpating General Sheridan and the army from all blame in the matter, the President deprecates the course pursued by Congress in letting the whole conduct of the affair rest with himself.

JAN. 15.—All ecclesiastical property in Spain not included in the redemption fund, it is to be restored to the Church.

The Dutch troops in Acheen, in a general assault on the enemy's works, have captured nine forts.

The Steamer City of London, which left Liverpool yesterday for New York, is ashore off Carnore Point, Ireland, and is in a dangerous condition.

Both branches of the New Orleans Legislature passed resolutions for an immediate enquiry by Congress into the late disturbances in the State of Louisiana.

Prince Gortschakoff declares that the Russian Government will take no notice of the recognition of Alfonso XII by the Cortez, but will be guided entirely in their action with regard to the new Monarchy by the conduct of Germany and Austria in the matter.

Ex-Governor Dix has come out strongly in favor of specie payment for the United States. He advocates the accumulation of coin and the gradual withdrawal of circulation notes till the difference in value between the notes and specie, as a currency, shall have disappeared.

JAN. 16.—Mr. Gladstone has announced his intention of finally withdrawing from the leadership of the Liberal party.

Alfonso XII made his entry into Madrid on the 14th, and was most enthusiastically received by the populace.

The German vessel of war Nautilus has been sent to demand satisfaction from the Carlists for their outrage on the Gustav.

Permission has been granted for the resumption of publication by the Protestant journals lately suspended by the Spanish Government.

A riotous strike has taken place in the Forest of Dean, in England, and military assistance has been applied for to quell the disturbance.

The names of the Marquis of Hartington, Sir W. Harcourt and Right Hon. W. Forster are mentioned in connection with the leadership of the Liberal party in the English House of Commons.

At a caucus of Republican Senators held in Washington it was decided to support the President in his recognition of the Kellogg Government, and a resolution to that effect will likely be introduced.

JAN. 18.—The merchants of Madrid have presented that new King with a magnificent crown.

Alfonso is to take chief command of the army of the north, and is already taking measures for the relief of Pampeluna.

Ben Butler's Bill for a new election in Louisiana has been thrown out by the Committee on Judiciary, only two members besides himself voting in its favor.

Anent a decree relative to the salaries of clergymen, Alfonso XII says that, while giving support and respect to the Catholic Clergy, he desires to firmly maintain religious liberty as it exists in other civilized countries.

The Board of Trade, of London, Ont., have passed a resolution strongly condemnatory of the partiality shown towards Americans in the free entry of teas from the United States to the direct injury of an important branch of Canadian commerce, and have authorized their delegates from that body to the Dominion Board of Trade to act in conjunction with other Boards to petition for the removal of the evil.

JAN. 19.—War is threatened between Turkey and Montenegro.

Serious alarm is again felt for the health of the Pope, who is suffering from a chill.

A Paris despatch says MM. D'Audiffret-Pasquier and Dufaure are endeavoring to form a Coalition Cabinet composed of members of each Centre.

The Prussian authorities have closed the Roman Catholic Seminary at Fulda, expelled the Father Superior, and sequestered all the property of the Bishop of that Diocese.

The steamship Faraday, which has of late been engaged in grappling for the cable of the U. S. Direct Cable, has returned to England in a leaking condition, and will not resume grappling operations again till next April.

The Hon. W. E. Forster, in a speech at a public meeting at Bradford, in Yorkshire, said he did not think the withdrawal of the proposed Reciprocity Treaty with the U. S. would have much injurious effect on Canadian trade.

The elections throughout Ontario yesterday, show a gain for the Opposition.

VARIETIES.

UNDER the Roman law unmarried females over forty-five were not allowed to wear jewellery or be carried on a litter.

THE Louvre has been enriched by the gift of fifty statues in terra cotta, from M. Dupont. These works came from Tanara, in Bœotia.

THE Princess Galitzin, a near relative of the Orloffs, and one of the belles of the Russian colony in Paris, is going to remarry with Count Aress, an intimate friend of Napoleon III.

LORD Lyons, the English Ambassador in Paris, is declared to be the best dinner-giver in the French capital. He introduced the English fashion of giving music during dinner—a fashion that is now copied by all the best dinner-givers in Paris.

It is stated from Brussels that a reward of 10,000 francs has been instituted, to be given to the colliery owner who in the decennial period ending 1883 shall have had the smallest number of workmen killed by explosions.

THE royal foundry of Munich has cast successfully the monument which the City of Venice is about to erect to Manin, on the square which bears the name of that illustrious citizen. The model of this memorial was furnished by the Venetian statuary, Luigi Porro.

It is stated that the Sultan of Zanzibar is about to visit England next spring, and some of his countrymen, aware of the changes which have taken place in Turkey since the Sultan's journey hither, anticipate that similar advantages will accrue to Zanzibar.

MME. MACMAHON received as an *étrenne* from the ladies of St. Pierre, near Calais, a basket filled with every kind of lace that is made in that place. Most of the manufacturers there are English, still retain their English customs, and speak French with an English accent.

WORTH is, it is rumored, a perfect *petit-maitre* and dresses in satin trousers and lace-trimmed shirts, and has his hair curled daily like a young coquet. The man-milliner has his bed-room hung with blue satin and white lace, and the sweetest odors are burned in his rooms.

MR. ALEXANDER Belcher, of Montreal, was dreadfully injured two years ago by falling while attempting to escape from the St. James' Hotel in that city during a fire, and was nursed back to life and health by Miss Barnes, of Hamilton. Hymen has now crowned the mutual feeling which arose from this experience.

THE late Alvah Croker, member of Congress from Massachusetts, married some two years ago a very young and lovely girl. He was seventy-one years old at the time, but for a brief season shook off his grim, old-fashioned manners and cried, "Hymen, ho!" as lustily as the next one.

KALAKAUA is hourly expected in Chicago, of which city it appears he is a self-invited guest. His Majesty construed the congratulations of the Mayor into an invitation, and there was loud dismay when it was discovered that there was only about \$60 in the contingent fund.

AN Italian, named Damascene, published in 1662 a pamphlet of six pages, at Orleans, on laughing. In it he pointed out the nature of men by their mode of laughing: "The melancholy laugh, *hi, hi, hi!*—the bilious, *he, he, he!*—the robust, *ha, ha, ha!*—and the happy, *ho, ho, ho!*"

THE art of fattening oysters in artificial beds was first taught by the Romans, finding-pits being invented about ninety years before Christ. They were first constructed upon the shore of Baise, and even as early as the reign of Vespasian the British oyster was deemed famous among the Romans, and thought worthy to be carried into Italy.

THERE is no other work in the world, we are told, of which so many copies are printed annually as of the Chinese almanack. The number is estimated at several millions. This almanack is printed at Pekin, and is a monopoly of the Emperor. It not only predicts the weather, but notes the days that are reckoned lucky or unlucky for commencing any undertaking, for applying remedies in diseases, for marrying, and for burying.

THE Times is about to work another great newspaper reform. Composing machines are to take the place of compositors, and each daily issue is to be printed from new type. Instead of distributing the types used, say, to-day, so that the composing machine may set them up for to-morrow's paper, they are thrown into the melting pot, recast, and transferred to the composing machine. Thus there is no loss of time compared with the old method of hand distribution.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott lent a book out of the house, which was seldom, he took a piece of wood the size of the volume—quarto, octavo, duodecimo, as the case might be—pasted on one of the edges a slip of paper, on which were written the title of the work, borrower's name and place of abode, date of lending, and day on which it ought to be returned, and put this on the shelf whence the book had been removed, and there it stood, a record and a reminder, until the volume was returned.

THE number 7 has in all ages played an important part. The ancients counted 7 planets, 7 primitive colours, 7 senses, 7 wonders of the world, 7 wise men of Greece, and 7 celebrations of games of the circus. Almost every nation has divided time into 7 periods—7 days in the week, and 7 days to the creation of the world. There are 7 notes in music, and, for some ages, 7 modes of counting time. In the Bible the number 7 is frequently mentioned—thus, there were 7 churches, 7 candlesticks, 7 branches of the gold candlestick, 7 lamps, 7 stars, 7 seals, 7 angels, 7 trumpets, 7 plagues of Egypt, 7 heads of the dragon. In religion there are 7 penitential psalms, 7 gifts, 7 sacraments, 7 mortal sins, and 7 canonical laws, and, to use an oft-quoted saying, the wise man falls 7 times a day.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

The Editor of the Chess Column will be glad to receive original problems for insertion, solutions of problems already published, and any information respecting the game, in Canada, which may be of general interest.

A series of problems for young players has been prepared for our column, and No. 1 is inserted to-day. These problems will be found easy of solution, and yet difficult enough to improve those just beginning the game.

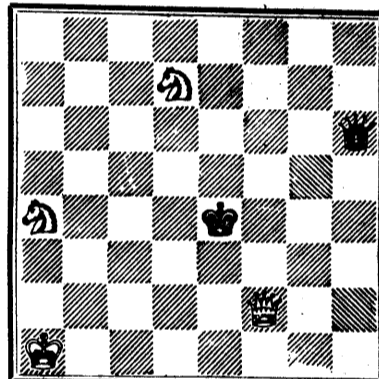
It appears that a Tournament has been carried on during the past week, by the members of the Quebec Club, among themselves. This is a good move, and might be profitably imitated by other clubs, as it is the best way of ascertaining the relative standing of the players in any locality, besides being the best kind of practice.

If the particulars of the Quebec Tourney, and the results, can be obtained, they shall appear in our weekly column.

PROBLEM No. 3.

By M. D'Orville.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 1.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- 1. K at K B 5th
2. R at Q 7th
3. Kt at K R 6th

- 1. K at K B sq.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Game in the late Telegraphic match between Montreal and Quebec.

(Board B.)

QUEBEC.—Mr. C. Sicilian Game. MONTREAL.—Mr. H

WHITE.

BLACK.

- 1. P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th
3. K Kt to B 3rd
4. K P takes P
5. P takes P
6. K B to Q Kt 5th ch
7. Castles.
8. B to K Kt 5th
9. B takes K Kt
10. B to Q R 4th
11. P to K R 3rd
12. Q to Q 3rd
13. Q Kt to Q 2nd
14. B to Q Kt 3rd
15. Q R to K sq
16. Q to K 2
17. Q to Q Kt 5th
18. Q to K 2nd (a)
19. P to Q B 3rd
20. Q Kt to K Kt sq
21. P to K Kt 4th (c)
22. Q to Q sq
23. Q Kt to Q 2nd
24. K to K Kt 2nd
25. Kt to K R 4th
26. K R to K R sq
27. Kt takes K. B.
28. Q R to K 4th
29. K to K B sq
30. P to K Kt 5th
31. Q R to K Kt 4th
32. Kt to Q B 4th
33. K R to K Kt sq
34. Kt to K 3rd
35. P takes B
36. Q to K B 3rd
37. K to B 2nd
38. B takes Kt
39. K to K Kt 3rd
40. K to Kt 2nd

- 1. P to Q B 4th
2. P to K 3rd
3. P to Q 4th
4. K P takes P
5. B takes P
6. Kt to Q B 3rd
7. K Kt to K 2nd
8. Castles
9. Kt takes B
10. B to K Kt 5th
11. B to K R 4th
12. Q to Q 2nd
13. Q to K B 5th
14. Q R to Q sq
15. Q B to K Kt 3rd
16. Kt to Q B 3rd
17. Q to Q Kt 5th
18. Q B to K R 4th
19. Q to Q Kt 3rd
20. P to Q 5th (b)
21. P to Q 6th
22. B to K Kt 3rd
23. Q to Q B 2nd
24. Q to K B 5th
25. K B to Q 3rd
26. Kt to K 4th
27. Kt takes Kt.
28. Kt to K R 5th ch
29. Q to K B 3rd
30. Q takes P
31. Q to K R 3rd
32. B to K B 5th
33. P to K Kt 3rd
34. B takes Kt
35. Kt to B 4th
36. Kt takes P ch
37. Kt takes R ch
38. Q to Q 7th ch
39. Q to K 8th ch
40. Q R to K sq

Resigns.
(a) It is better here, perhaps, to exchange Queen than to return to the cramped position at K 2nd sq.
(b) A useful move.
(c) This move is almost compelled by the position of the first player's pieces.



THE NEEDLE-THREADER.



THE POLITICIAN.



HAMILTON.—THE CHILDREN'S HOME



THE LOVE LETTER.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOONSTONE," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC.

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

[ENTERED according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1874, by WILKIE COLLINS, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE INDICTMENT OF MRS. BEAULY.

"I am equally good at the autobiographical style," he said. "Shall we try that next, by way of variety?"

"Anything you like," I cried, losing all patience with him, "if you will only go on!"

"Part Two; Autobiographical Style," he announced with a wave of his hand. "I hopped along the Guest's Corridor, and turned into the South Corridor. I stopped at the little study. Door open; nobody there. I crossed the study to the second door, communicating with Mrs. Macallan's bedchamber. Locked! I looked through the keyhole. Was there something hanging over it, on the other side? I can't say, I only know there was nothing to be seen but black darkness. I listened. Nothing to be heard. Same blank darkness, same absolute silence, inside the locked second door of Mrs. Eustace's room, opening on the corridor. I went on to her husband's bedchamber. I had the worst possible opinion of Mrs. Beaully—I should not have been in the least surprised if I had caught her in Eustace's room. I looked through the keyhole. In this case, the key was out of it—or was turned the right way for me—I don't know which. Eustace's bed was opposite the door. No discovery. I could see him, all by himself, innocently asleep. I reflected a little. The back staircase was at the end of the corridor, beyond me. I slid down the stairs, and looked about me on the lower floor, by the light of the night-lamp. Doors all fast locked, and keys outside, so that I could try them myself. House door barred and bolted. Door leading into the servants' offices barred and bolted. I got back to my own room, and thought it out quietly. Where could she be? Certainly in the house, somewhere. Where? I had made sure of the other rooms; the field of search was exhausted. She could only be in Mrs. Macallan's room—the one room which had baffled my investigations; the only room which had not lent itself to examination. Add to this, that the key of the door in the study, communicating with Mrs. Macallan's room, was stated in the nurse's evidence to be missing; and don't forget that the dearest object of Mrs. Beaully's life (on the showing of her own letter, read at the Trial) was to be Eustace Macallan's happy wife. Put these things together in your own mind, and you will know what my thoughts were, as I sat waiting for events in my chair, without my telling you. Towards four o'clock, strong as I am, fatigue got the better of me. I fell asleep. Not for long. I woke with a start and looked at my watch. Twenty-five minutes past four. Had she got back to her room while I was asleep? I hopped to her door and listened. Not a sound. I softly opened the door. The room was empty. I went back again to my own room to wait and watch. It was hard work to keep my eyes open. I drew up the window to let the cool air refresh me; I fought hard with exhausted nature; and exhausted nature won. I fell asleep again. This time it was eight in the morning when I woke. I have goodish ears, as you may have noticed. I heard women's voices talking under my open window. I peeped out. Mrs. Beaully and her maid, in close confabulation! Mrs. Beaully and her maid, looking guiltily about them to make sure that they were neither seen nor heard! "Take care, ma'am," I heard the maid say; "that horrid deformed monster is as sly as a fox. Mind he doesn't discover you." Mrs. Beaully answered, "You go first, and look out in front; I will follow you; and make sure there is nobody behind us." With that, they disappeared round the corner of the house. In five minutes more I heard the door of Mrs. Beaully's room softly opened and closed again. Three hours later, the nurse met her in the corridor, innocently on her way to make inquiries at Mrs. Eustace Macallan's door. What do you think of these circumstances? What do you think of Mrs. Beaully and her maid having something to say to each other which they didn't dare say in the house—for fear of my being behind some door listening to them? What do you think of these discoveries of mine being made on the very morning when Mrs. Eustace was taken ill—on the very day when she died by a poisoner's hand? Do you see your way to the guilty person? And has mad Miserrimus Dexter been of some assistance to you, so far?"

I was too violently excited to answer him. The way to the vindication of my husband's innocence was opened to me at last!

"Where is she?" I cried. "And where is that servant who is in her confidence?"

"I can't tell you," he said. "I don't know."

"Where can I inquire? Can you tell me that?"

He considered a little. "There is one man who must know where she is—or who could find it out for you," he said.

"Who is he? What is his name?"

"He is a friend of Eustace's. Major Fitz-David."

"I know him! I am going to dine with him next week. He has asked you to dine too."

Miserrimus Dexter laughed contemptuously.

"Major Fitz-David may do very well for the ladies," he said. "The ladies can treat him as a species of elderly human lap-dog. I don't dine with lap-dogs; I have said No. You go. He, or some of his ladies, may be of use to you. Who are the guests? Did he tell you?"

"There was a French lady whose name I forget," I said, "and Lady Clarinda."

"That will do! She is a friend of Mrs. Beaully's. She is sure to know where Mrs. Beaully is. Come to me the moment you have got your information. Find out if the maid is with her; she is the easiest to deal with of the two. Only make the maid open her lips, and we have got Mrs. Beaully. We crush her," he cried, bringing his hand down like lightning on the last languid fly of the season, crawling over the arm of his chair, "we crush her as I crush this fly. Stop! A question; a most important question in dealing with the maid. Have you got any money?"

"Plenty of money."

He snapped his fingers joyously.

"The maid is ours!" he cried. "It's a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence with the maid. Wait! Another question. About your name? If you approach Mrs. Beaully in your own character as Eustace's wife, you approach her as the woman who has taken her place—you make a mortal enemy of her at starting. Beware of that!"

My jealousy of Mrs. Beaully, smouldering in me all through the interview, burst into flame at those words. I could resist it no longer—I was obliged to ask him if my husband had ever loved her.

"Tell me the truth," I said. "Did Eustace really—?"

He burst out laughing maliciously, he penetrated my jealousy, and guessed my question almost before it had passed my lips.

"Yes," he said, "Eustace did really love her, and no mistake about it. She had every reason to believe (before the Trial) that the wife's death would put her in the wife's place. But the Trial made another man of Eustace. Mrs. Beaully had been a witness of the public degradation of him. That was enough to prevent his marrying Mrs. Beaully. He broke off with her at once and for ever—for the same reason precisely which has led him to separate himself from you. Existence with a woman who knew that he had been tried for his life as a murderer, was an existence that he was not hero enough to face. You wanted the truth. There it is! You have need to be cautious of Mrs. Beaully—you have no need to be jealous of her. Take the safe course. Arrange with the Major, when you meet Lady Clarinda at his dinner, that you meet her under an assumed name."

"I can go to the dinner," I said, "under the name in which Eustace married me. I can go as 'Mrs. Woodville.'"

"The very thing!" he exclaimed. "What would I not give to be present when Lady Clarinda introduces you to Mrs. Beaully! Think of the situation. A woman with a hideous secret, hidden in her inmost soul; and another woman who knows of it—another woman who is bent, by fair means or foul, on dragging that secret into the light of day. What a struggle! What a plot for a novel! I am in a fever when I think of it. I am beside myself when I look into the future, and see Mrs. Borgia-Beaully brought to her knees at last. Don't be alarmed!" he cried, with the wild light flashing once more in his eyes. "My brains are beginning to boil again in my head. I must take refuge in physical exercise. I must blow off the steam, or I shall explode in my pink jacket on the spot!"

The old madness seized on him again. I made for the door, to secure my retreat in case of necessity—and then ventured to look round at him.

He was off on his furious wheels—half man, half chair—flying like a whirlwind to the other end of the room. Even this exercise was not violent enough for him, in his present mood. In an instant he was down on the floor, poised on his hands, and looking in the distance like a monstrous frog. Hopping down the room, he overthrew, one after another, all the smaller and lighter chairs as he passed them. Arrived at the end, he turned, surveyed the prostrate chairs, encouraged himself with a scream of triumph, and leapt rapidly over chair after chair, on his hands—his limbless body, now thrown back from the shoulders, and now thrown forward to keep the balance, in a manner at once wonderful and horrible to behold. "Dexter's Leapfrog!" he cried cheerfully, perching himself with his birdlike lightness on the last of the prostrate chairs, when he had reached the farther end of the room. "I'm pretty active, Mrs. Valeria, considering I'm a cripple. Let us drink to the hanging of Mrs. Beaully in another bottle of Burgundy."

I seized desperately on the first excuse that occurred to me for getting away from him.

"You forget," I said—"I must go at once to the Major. If I don't warn him in time, he may speak of me to Lady Clarinda by the wrong name."

Idea of hurry and movement were just the ideas to take his fancy, in his present state. He blew furiously on the whistle that summoned Ariel from the kitchen regions, and danced up and down on his hands in the full frenzy of his delight.

"Ariel shall get you a cab!" he cried. "Drive at a gallop to the Major's. Set the trap for her without losing a moment. Oh, what a

day of days this has been! Oh, what a relief to get rid of my dreadful secret, and share it with you! I am suffocating with happiness—I am like the Spirit of the Earth in Shelley's poem. He broke out with the magnificent lines in "Prometheus Unbound," in which the Earth feels the Spirit of Love, and bursts into speech. 'The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness! The boundless, overflowing, bursting, gladness. The vaporous exultation not to be confined! Ha! ha! the animation of delight, which wraps me like an atmosphere of light, And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind.' That's how I feel, Valeria! that's how I feel!"

I crossed the threshold while he was still speaking. The last I saw of him, he was pouring out that glorious flood of words—his deformed body, poised on the overthrown chair, his face lifted in rapture in some fantastic Heaven of his own making. I slipped out softly into the antechamber. Even as I crossed the room, he changed once more! I heard his ringing cry; I heard the soft thump-thump of his hands on the floor. He was going down the room again, in "Dexter's Leap-Frog," flying over the prostrate chairs!

In the hall, Ariel was on the watch for me. As I approached her, I happened to be putting on my gloves. She stopped me; and taking my right arm, lifted my hand towards her face. Was she going to kiss it? or to bite it? Neither. She smelt it like a dog—and dropped it again with a hoarse chuckling laugh.

"You don't smell of his perfumes," she said. "You haven't touched his beard. Now I believe you. Want a cab?"

"Thank you. I'll walk till I meet a cab." She was bent on being polite to me—now I had not touched his beard.

"I say!" she burst out, in her deepest notes. "Yes?"

"I am glad I didn't upset you in the canal. There now!"

She gave me a friendly smack on the shoulder which nearly knocked me down—reaped, the instant after, into her leaden stolidity of look and manner—and led the way out by the front door. I heard her hoarse chuckling laugh as she locked the gate behind me. My star was at last in the ascendant! In one and the same day I had found my way into the confidence of Ariel and Ariel's Master!

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DEFENCE OF MRS. BEAULY.

The days that elapsed before Major Fitz-David's dinner-party were precious days to me. My long interview with Miserrimus Dexter had disturbed me far more seriously than I suspected at the time. It was not until some hours after I had left him, that I really began to feel how my nerves had been tried by all that I had seen and heard, during my visit at his house. I started at the slightest noises; I dreamed of dreadful things; I was ready to cry without reason, at one moment, and to fly into a passion without reason, at another. Absolute rest was what I wanted, and (thanks to my good Benjamin) was what I got. The dear old man controlled his anxieties on my account, and spared me the questions which his fatherly interest in my welfare made him eager to ask. It was tacitly understood between us that all conversation on the subject of my visit to Miserrimus Dexter (of which, it is needless to say he strongly disapproved), should be deferred until repose had restored my energies of the body and mind. I saw no visitors. Mrs. Macallan came to the cottage, and Major Fitz-David came to the cottage—one of them to hear what had passed between Miserrimus Dexter and myself; the other to amuse me with the latest gossip about the guests at the forthcoming dinner. Benjamin took it on himself to make my apologies, and to spare me the exertion of receiving my visitors. We hired a little open carriage, and took long drives in the pretty country lanes, still left flourishing within a few miles of the northern suburb of London. At home, we sat and talked quietly of old times, or played at back-gammon and dominoes—and so, for a few happy days, led the peaceful unadventurous life which was good for me. When the day of the dinner arrived, I felt restored to my customary health. I was ready again, and eager again, for the introduction to Lady Clarinda, and the discovery of Mrs. Beaully.

Benjamin looked a little sadly at my flushed face, as we drove to Major Fitz-David's house.

"Ah, my dear," he said, in his simple way, "I see you are well again! You have had enough of our quiet life, already."

My recollection of events and persons, in general, at the dinner-party, is singularly indistinct. I remember that we were very merry, and as easy and familiar with one another as if we had been old friends. I remember that Madame Mirrillmore was unapproachably superior to the other women present, in the perfect beauty of her dress, and in the ample justice which she did to the luxurious dinner set before us. I remember the Major's young prima-donna, more round-eyed, more over-dressed, more shrill and strident as the coming "Queen of Song," than ever. I remember the Major himself, always kissing our hands, always luring us to indulge in dainty dishes and drinks, always making love, always detecting resemblances between us, always "under the charm," and never once out of his character as elderly Don Juan, from the beginning of the evening to the end. I remain-

ber dear old Benjamin completely bewildered, shrinking into corners, blushing when he was personally drawn into the conversation, frightened at Madame Mirrillmore, bashful with Lady Clarinda, submissive to the Major, suffering under the music, and, from the bottom of his honest old heart, wishing himself home again. And there, as to the members of that cheerful little gathering, my memory finds its limits—with one exception. The appearance of Lady Clarinda is as present to me as if I had met her yesterday; and of the memorable conversation which we two held together privately, towards the close of the evening, it is no exaggeration to say that I can still call to mind almost every word.

I see her dress, I hear her voice again, while I write.

She was attired, I remember, with that extreme assumption of simplicity which always defeats its own end, by irresistibly suggesting art. She wore plain white muslin, over white silk, without trimming or ornament of any kind. Her rich brown hair, dressed in defiance of the prevailing fashion, was thrown back from her forehead, and gathered into a simple knot behind—without adornment of any sort. A little white ribbon encircled her neck, fastened by the only article of jewellery that she wore—a tiny diamond brooch. She was unquestionably handsome; but her beauty was of the somewhat hard and angular type which is so often seen in English women of her race: the nose and chin too prominent and too firmly shaped; the well-opened grey eyes full of spirit and dignity, but wanting in tenderness and mobility of expression. Her manner had all the charm which fine breeding can confer—exquisitely polite, easily cordial; showing that perfect yet unobtrusive confidence in herself, which (in England) seems to be the natural outgrowth of pre-eminent social rank. If you had accepted her for what she was, on the surface, you would have said, Here is the model of a noble woman who is perfectly free from pride. And if you had taken a liberty with her, on the strength of that conviction, she would have made you remember it to the end of your life.

We got on together admirably. I was introduced as "Mrs. Woodville," by previous arrangement with the Major—effected through Benjamin. Before the dinner was over, we had promised to exchange visits. Nothing but the opportunity was wanting to lead Lady Clarinda into talking, as I wanted her to talk, of Mrs. Beaully.

Late in the evening, the opportunity came.

I had taken refuge from the terrible bravura singing of the Major's strident prima-donna, in the back drawing-room. As I had hoped and anticipated, after a while, Lady Clarinda (missing me from the group round the piano) came in search of me. She seated herself by my side out of sight and out of hearing of our friends in the front room; and, to my infinite relief and delight, touched on the subject of Miserrimus Dexter, of her own accord. Something I had said of him, when his name had been accidentally mentioned at dinner, remained in her memory and led us, by perfectly natural gradations, into speaking of Mrs. Beaully. "At last," I thought to myself, "the Major's little dinner will bring me my reward!"

And what a reward it was, when it came! My heart sinks in me again—as it sank on that never-to-be-forgotten evening—while I sit at my desk, thinking of it.

"So Dexter really spoke to you of Mrs. Beaully!" exclaimed Lady Clarinda. "You have no idea how you surprise me,"

"May I ask why?"

"He hates her. The last time I saw him he wouldn't allow me to mention her name. It is one of his innumerable oddities. If any such feeling as sympathy is a possible feeling in such a nature as his, he ought to like Helen Beaully. She is the most completely unconventional person I know. When she does break out, poor dear, she says things and does things which are almost reckless enough to be worthy of Dexter himself. I wonder whether you would like her?"

"You have kindly asked me to visit you, Lady Clarinda. Perhaps I may meet her at your house?"

Lady Clarinda laughed as if the idea amused her.

"I hope you will not wait until that is likely to happen," she said. "Helena's last whim is to fancy that she has got—the gout, of all maladies in the world! She is away at some wonderful baths in Hungary or Bohemia—I don't remember which—and where she will go, or what she will do next it is perfectly impossible to say. Dear Mrs. Woodville, is the heat of the fire too much for you? You are looking quite pale."

I felt I was looking pale. The discovery of Mrs. Beaully's absence from England was a shock for which I was quite unprepared. For the moment it unnerved me.

"Shall we go into the other room?" asked Lady Clarinda.

To go into the other room would be to drop the conversation. I was determined not to let that catastrophe happen. It was just possible that Mrs. Beaully's maid might have quitted her service, or might have been left behind in England. My information would not be complete until I knew what had become of the maid. I pushed my chair back a little from the fireplace, and took a hand-screen from a table near me. It might be made useful in hiding my

face, if any more disappointments were in store for me.

"Thank you, Lady Clarinda, I was only a little too near the fire. I shall do admirably here. You surprise me about Mrs. Beauty. From what Mr. Dexter said to me, I had imagined—"

"Oh, you must not believe anything Dexter tells you," interrupted Lady Clarinda. "He delights in mystifying people, and he purposely misled you, I have no doubt. If all that I hear is true, he ought to know more of Helena Beauty's strange freaks and fancies than most people. He all but discovered her, in one of her adventures (down in Scotland), which reminds me of the story in Auber's charming opera—what is it called? I shall forget my own name next. I mean the opera in which the two runs slip out of the convent and go to the ball. Listen—how very odd! That vulgar girl is singing the castanet song in the second act at this moment. Major, what opera is the young lady singing from?"

The Major was scandalised at the interruption. He bustled into the back room, whispered, "Hush, hush, my dear lady! The 'Domino Noir'!"—and bustled back again to the piano.

"Of course," said Lady Clarinda. "How stupid of me—the 'Domino Noir'! And how strange that you should forget it too!"

I had remembered it perfectly, but I could not trust myself to speak. If, as I believed, the "adventure" mentioned by Lady Clarinda was connected, in some way, with Mrs. Beauty's mysterious proceedings on the morning of the twenty-first of October, I was on the brink of the very discovery which it was the one interest of my life to make! I held the screen so as to hide my face, and I said, in the steadiest voice I could command at the moment—

"Pray go on—pray tell me what the adventure was?"

Lady Clarinda was quite flattered by my eager desire to hear the coming narrative.

"I hope my story will be worthy of the interest which you are so good as to feel in it," she said. "If you only knew Helena—it is so like her! I have it, you must know, from her maid. She has taken a woman who speaks foreign languages with her to Hungary, and she has left the maid with me. A perfect treasure. I should only be too glad if I could keep her in my service; she has but one defect, a name I hate—Phoebe. Well, Phoebe and her mistress were staying at a place near Edinburgh, called, I think, Gleninch. The house belonged to that Mr. Macallan who was afterwards tried—you remember it, of course?—for poisoning his wife. A dreadful case; but don't be alarmed—my story has nothing to do with it; my story has to do with Helena Beauty. One evening, while she was staying at Gleninch, she was engaged to dine with some English friends visiting Edinburgh. The same night—also in Edinburgh—there was a masked ball, given by somebody whose name I forget. The ball—almost an unparalleled event in Scotland—was reported to be not at all a reputable affair. All sorts of amusing people were to be there. Ladies of doubtful virtue, you know, and gentlemen on the outlying limits of society, and so on. Helena's friends had contrived to get cards, and were going, in spite of the objections; in the strictest incognito, of course, trusting to their masks. And Helena herself was bent on going with them, if she could only manage it without being discovered at Gleninch. Mr. Macallan was one of the straight-faced people who disapproved of the ball. No lady, he said, could show herself at such an entertainment without compromising her reputation. What stuff! Well, Helena, to one of her wildest moments, bit on a way of going to the ball without discovery, which was really as ingenious as a plot in a French play. She went to the dinner in the carriage from Gleninch, having sent Phoebe to Edinburgh before her. It was not a grand dinner—a little friendly gathering; no evening dress. When the time came for going back to Gleninch, what do you think Helena did? She sent her maid back in the carriage instead of herself. Phoebe was dressed in her mistress's cloak and bonnet and veil. She was instructed to run upstairs the moment she got to the house, leaving on the hall-table a little note of apology (written by Helena, of course), pleading fatigue as an excuse for not saying good night to her host. The mistress and the maid were about the same height, and the servants naturally never discovered the trick. Phoebe got up to her mistress's room safely enough. There, her instructions were to wait until the house was quiet for the night, and then to steal up to her own room. While she was waiting the girl fell asleep. She only woke at two in the morning, or later. It didn't much matter, as she thought. She stole out on tiptoe, and closed the door behind her. Before she was at the end of the corridor she fancied she heard something. She waited till she was safe on the upper story, and then she looked over the banisters. There was Dexter—so like him—hopping about on his hands (did you ever see it? the most grotesquely-horrible exhibition you can imagine)—there was Dexter, hopping about, and looking through keyholes, evidently in search of the person who had left her room at two in the morning; and no doubt taking Phoebe for her mistress, seeing that she had forgotten to take her mistress's cloak off her shoulders. The next morning early Helena came back in a hired carriage from Edinburgh, with a hat and mantle borrowed from her English friends. She left the carriage in the road, and got into the house by way of the garden, without being discovered this time by Dexter or by anybody. Clever and daring, wasn't it? And, as I said just now, quite a new version of the 'Domino Noir.' You will wonder, as I did, how it was that Dexter didn't make mischief in the morning? He would have done it, no doubt; but even he was silenced—Phoebe told me—by the dreadful event that happened in the house on the same day—My dear Mrs. Woodville, the heat of this room is certainly

too much for you. Take my smelling-bottle. Let me open the window."

I was just able to answer, "Pray say nothing let me slip out into the open air."

I made my way unobserved to the landing, and sat down on the stairs to compose myself, where nobody could see me. In a moment more I felt a hand laid gently on my shoulder, and discovered good Benjamin looking at me in dismay. Lady Clarinda had considerably spoken to him, and had assisted him in quietly making his retreat from the room, while his host's attention was still absorbed by the music. "My dear child," he whispered, "what is the matter?"

"Take me home, and I will tell you," was all that I could say.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SPECIMEN OF MY WISDOM.

The scene must follow my erratic movements—the scene must close on London for awhile, and open in Edinburgh.

Two days had passed since Major Fitz David's dinner-party. I was able to breathe again freely, after the utter destruction of all my plans for the future, and of all the hopes that I had founded on them. I could now see that I had been truly in the wrong—wrong in hastily and cruelly suspecting an innocent woman; wrong in communicating my suspicions (without an attempt to verify them previously) to another person; wrong in accepting the flighty inferences and conclusions of Miserrimus Dexter as if they had been solid truths. I was so ashamed of my folly, when I thought of the past; so completely discouraged, so rudely shaken in my confidence in myself, when I thought of the future, that, for once in a way, I accepted sensible advice when it was offered to me. "My dear," said good old Benjamin, after we had thoroughly talked over my discomfiture on our return from the dinner-party, "judging by what you tell me of him, I don't fancy Mr. Dexter. Promise me that you will not go back to him, until you have first consulted some person who is fitter to guide you through this dangerous business than I am."

I gave him my promise, on one condition. "If I fail to find the person," I said, "will you undertake to help me?"

Benjamin pledged himself to help me, cheerfully.

The next morning, when I was brushing my hair, and thinking over my affairs, I called to mind a forgotten resolution of mine, at the time when I first read the Report of my husband's Trial. I mean the resolution—if Miserrimus Dexter failed me—to apply to one of the two agents (or solicitors, as we should term them), who had prepared Eustace's defence, namely, Mr. Playmore. This gentleman, it may be remembered, had especially recommended himself to my confidence by his friendly interference, when the sheriff's officers were in search of my husband's papers. Referring back to the evidence of "Isaac Schoederaff," I found that Mr. Playmore had been called in to assist and advise Eustace, by Miserrimus Dexter. He was therefore not only a friend on whom I might rely, but a friend who was personally acquainted with Dexter as well. Could there be a fitter man to apply to for enlightenment in the darkness that had now gathered round me? Benjamin, when I put the question to him, acknowledged that I had made a sensible choice on this occasion, and at once exerted himself to help me. He discovered (through his own lawyer) the address of Mr. Playmore's London agents; and from these gentlemen he obtained for me a letter of introduction to Mr. Playmore himself. I had nothing to conceal from my new adviser; and I was properly described in the letter as Eustace Macallan's second wife.

The same evening, we two set forth (Benjamin refused to let me travel alone) by the night mail for Edinburgh.

I had previously written to Miserrimus Dexter (by my old friend's advice) merely saying that I had been unexpectedly called away from London for a few days, and that I would report to him the result of my interview with Lady Clarinda on my return. A characteristic answer was brought back to the cottage by Ariel. "Mrs. Valeria, I happen to be a man of quick perceptions; and I can read the unwritten part of your letter. Lady Clarinda has shaken your confidence in me. Very good. I pledge myself to shake your confidence in Lady Clarinda. In the meantime, I am not offended. In serene composure I wait the honour and the happiness of your visit. Send me word by telegraph, whether you would like Truffles a la, or whether you would prefer something simpler and lighter—say that incomparable French dish, Pig's Eyes and Tamarinds. Believe me always your ally and admirer, your poet and cook—DEXTER."

Arrived in Edinburgh, Benjamin and I had a little discussion. The question in dispute between us was, whether I should go with him, or go alone, to Mr. Playmore. I was all for getting alone.

"My experience of the world is not a very large one," I said. "But I have observed that, in nine cases out of ten, a man will make concessions to a woman, if she approaches him by herself, which he would hesitate ever to consider if another man was within hearing. I don't know how it is—I only know that it is so. If I find that I get on badly with Mr. Playmore, I will ask him for a second appointment, and, in that case, you shall accompany me. Don't think me self-willed. Let me try my luck alone, and let us see what comes of it."

Benjamin yielded, with his customary consideration for me. I sent my letter of introduction to Mr. Playmore's office—his private house being in the neighbourhood of Gleninch. My messenger brought back a polite answer, inviting me to visit him at an early hour in the afternoon. At the appointed time to the moment, I rang the bell at the office door.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SPECIMEN OF MY FOLLY.

The incomprehensible submission of Scotchmen to the ecclesiastical tyranny of their Established Church, has produced—not unnaturally as I think—a very mistaken impression of the national character in the popular mind.

Public opinion looks at the institution of "The Sabbath" in Scotland; and it unparalled in Christendom for its senseless and savage austerity; sees, a nation content to be deprived by its priesthood of every social privilege on one day in every week—prohibited to travel; forbidden to telegraph; forbidden to eat a hot dinner; forbidden to read a newspaper; in short, allowed the use of two liberties only, the liberty of exhibiting oneself at the Church and the liberty of secluding oneself over the bottle—public opinion sees this, and arrives at the not unreasonable conclusion that the people who submit to such social laws as these are the most stolid, stern, and joyless people on the face of the earth. Such are Scotchmen supposed to be, when viewed at a distance. But how do Scotchmen appear when they are seen under a closer light, and judged by the test of personal experience? There are no people more cheerful, more companionable, more hospitable, more liberal in their ideas, to be found on the face of the civilised globe than the very people who submit to the Scotch Sunday! On the six days of the week there is an atmosphere of quiet humour, a radiation of genial common sense, about Scotchmen in general, which is simply delightful to feel. But on the seventh day, the same men will hear one of their ministers seriously tell them that he views taking a walk on the Sabbath in the light of an act of profanity, and will be the only people in existence who can let a man talk downright nonsense without laughing at him.

I am not clever enough to be able to account for this anomaly in the national character; I can only notice it by way of necessary preparation for the appearance in my little narrative of a personage not frequently seen, in writing—a cheerful Scotchman.

In all other respects I found Mr. Playmore only negatively remarkable. He was neither old nor young, neither handsome nor ugly; he was personally not in the least like the popular idea of a lawyer; and he spoke perfectly good English, touched with only the slightest possible flavour of a Scotch accent.

"I have the honour to be an old friend of Mr. Macallan," he said, cordially shaking hands with me; "and I am honestly happy to become acquainted with Mr. Macallan's wife. Where will you sit? Near the light? You are young enough not to be afraid of the daylight, just yet. Is this your first visit to Edinburgh? Pray let me make it as pleasant to you as I can. I shall be delighted to present Mrs. Playmore to you. We are staying in Edinburgh for a little while. The Italian opera is here; and we have a box for to-night. Will you kindly waive all ceremony, and dine with us and go to the music afterwards?"

"You are very kind," I answered. "But I have some anxieties just now which will make me a very poor companion for Mrs. Playmore at the opera. My letter to you mentions, I think, that I have to ask your advice on matters which are of very serious importance to me."

"Does it?" he rejoined. "To tell you the truth I have not read the letter through. I saw your name in it, and I gathered from your message that you wished to see me here. I sent my note to your hotel—and then went on with something else. Pray pardon me. Is this a professional consultation? For your own sake, I sincerely hope not!"

(To be continued.)

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

IN THE MATTER OF MALESIPPE PAQUETTE, OF THE VILLAGE OF ST. JEAN BAPTISTE, CABINET MAKER AND TRADER.

AN INSOLVENT

I, the undersigned, ANDREW B. STEWART, of the City and District of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, Merchants' Exchange Building, in the said City of Montreal on Wednesday the 17th day of February next (A. D. 1875) at the hour of three of the clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend.

A. B. STEWART, Assignee.

Montreal, 11th January 1875. 11-32-81

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF ALEXANDER WATSON, TRADER.

AN INSOLVENT.

I, WALTER RADFORD, of the City of Montreal, Book-keeper, have been appointed assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month.

WALTER RADFORD, Assignee.

408 St. Paul Street. 11-32-82

Montreal, 23 December 1874.

PUBLIC NOTICE

IT IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE SELECT COMMITTEE of the LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY appointed to inquire into the facts connected with the Exchange of Government Property at the Tanneries will continue their sittings at the Committee Room, No. 63 ST. GABRIEL STREET, Montreal, on MONDAY, the 25th day of DECEMBER instant, at 10 o'clock A. M., and thereafter from day to day. All persons who have any Evidence or Information to give relating to the Subject Matters of the Enquiry are requested to communicate with the Chairman or any member of the Committee; or with Mr. Bishop, Q. C.; or Mr. Loranger, Advocate, or with the undersigned.

By order of the Committee.

CHS. P. LINDSAY

Clerk to Committee.

Montreal, 23rd December, 1874.

11-14-75

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET. Agent for the SELF-AIDED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBING & CROCKERY COMPANY, BATHURSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

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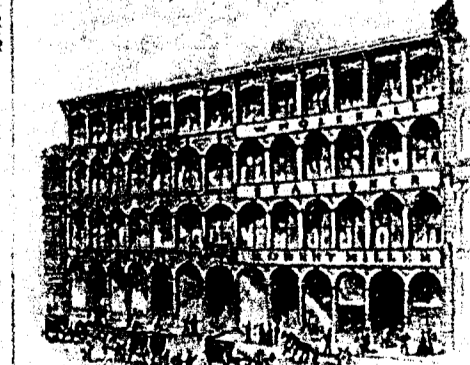
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