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Montreal Saturday, Jan. 1st, 1876.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876.

ON THE OPENING OF A NEW YEAR we feel justified in calling upon the public in every part of the Dominion to aid us in making the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS second to no journal of its class in the world. We have accomplished much in the way of improvements, and we think we have fulfilled the promises we made twelve months ago. *But we feel that there still remains much to be done*, and we call upon our friends to assist us in doing it. This is the only illustrated newspaper in the Dominion. As such it has special claims upon the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect PICTORIALLY and EDITORIALY the life, the sentiments, and the daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

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COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

The happy and unusual coincidence of the first day of the new year with the first number of the new volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS furnishes us an apt opportunity to extend to all our readers the compliments of the season. During the year which has just closed there has been a constant intercommunion of ideas between them and us, and relations of mutual sympathy have subsisted without interruption. We can conscientiously say that we have done our best, frequently amid circumstances of anxiety and trouble, to discharge our obligations towards the friends and patrons of this journal, and the generous encouragement we have received from them is the strongest proof we could desire that our efforts have been appreciated. As stated in the Prospectus for 1876, printed in another column, we are aware of our own shortcomings and of how much remains to be accomplished before the News comes up to our own ideal, but the support we have received in the past is an earnest of the increased assistance which we may expect in the present year, and to us it shall be an incentive to more zealous labor and diligent attention for the promotion of the interests of our paper.

The year which we have closed will be a memorable one to all classes of the community for the financial stringency and commercial stagnation which have distinguished it. The times have pressed hard upon all; upon many they have told with distressing severity. But it is one of the pleasant features of the New Year that we can foretell a lifting of the clouds and a near return to better days of ease and prosperity. The winter season, with its usual dullness of trade, and exceptional expenditure in clothing and fuel, will retard this consummation for a few months, but with the advent of spring and the opening of navigation, there is every reason to expect that the country will lapse once more into its normal and necessary career of thrift and progress. Canada has reached a stage where it must advance. It is in that transition period of development where its blossoms must burst into fruit. The sap cannot be allowed to rush backwards to the roots, and the blight of etiolation is a contingency not to be thought of. Cheered, therefore, by these prospects it is with sincere gratification that we wish all our friends the benisons of the New Year. In their hearts and in their homes may they enjoy the benedictions of peace and contentment. May abundance reign in every enclosure and throughout all our borders, and may God bless our common country.

ARE WE CREEPING TOWARDS THE PACIFIC?

We are free to say that the new endeavour of the Government to give up their part of the solemn engagement entered into for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the expectation of British Columbia cancelling the agreement, has taken us by surprise. The lover, it seems, proposes to take back the engagement ring, and leads us to ask if it will ever come to a marriage. This is humbling to the patriotic aspirations of

all Canada. MR. MACKENZIE has shown himself on more occasions than one as a real Dominion Minister and man of large views, as opposed to mere complaisances. We heartily think that he will still be persuaded to look a little further towards the future, that future of great promises and a Western Suez giving new life to the nations. The Government have not absolutely declared that they will never make the road. But they have taken one more step in descent towards the sad negation. It was very well for the Dominion to give up, if able to do so, the responsibility of the local line in Vancouver, for that was no part of the Pacific Railway proper, but it is quite a different affair to determine an arrangement that, while noble and promising, was not onerous in any intelligent view. Canada had become an object of interest to the civilized world and especially to the great Empire of which she forms a part, and this mainly because she seemed to be imbued with an idea—to be aggregating a unity—to be looking forward to a future. If the country shall go with the Government in their hesitating step, all this will soon be of the past. We shall come to be regarded not merely numerically as a community of but moderate strength, but as nationally and governmentally humdrum and uninteresting, sturdy breakers of the clods like Russians, brave mariners like Norwegians, but with little to mark us out for collective distinction, or to point us as a people with a grand inheritance. The offering of a bribe to British Columbia to keep quiet was politic—an amiable appeal to local instinct—always too powerful, and quite in the line of parish politics. It will carry with it probably a fair chance of provincial success. The money is in hand, and that always works wonders.

One of the best ways, though far from being the only one, of helping the working classes in a time of need is for those whom Providence has blessed with the means, to meet their obligations promptly, thus keeping the money in circulation—wisely scattering and so increasing the general benefit. There will still remain the needful measure of assistance in contriving new work for those who for the time are plunged in involuntary idleness. Montreal has not been slow this year in careful provisions and thoughtful offerings.

The late meeting in Montreal on Boiler Inspection elicited a praiseworthy willingness on the part of manufacturers to submit to regulations truly requisite for the protection of life and property. Montreal is, we believe, in advance of almost the entire Dominion upon this vital question. We might well say that other cities should follow, but there is really no reason why such right feeling and civic action should not be made the model of general governmental provision.

We still receive accounts of ocean steamers sinking almost instantaneously after being struck in collision. When shall we have an "Association" to demand, in the light of existing knowledge and invention, that this thing shall cease and determine for all the future of the race we belong to and are concerned to benefit?

LITERARY NOTICES.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE makes a strong bid for popular favor during the coming year by beginning in the January number a series of papers entitled "The Century, its Fruits and its Festival," and designed, as the name indicates, as a record of the Centennial Exhibition while in progress. The opening paper gives a spirited sketch of the general advance in the past hundred years and the chief inventions and improvements that have revolutionized society. After this preliminary survey the series will be illustrated, and can hardly fail to prove attractive as well as serviceable. The third installment of Mr. Bruce's "Up the Thames" furnishes very pleasant reading, and throws fresh interest on the historical sites and picturesque scenery depicted in the fine wood-cuts that accompany the text. Another illustrated article transports us to India, and deals in a somewhat novel manner with its religious systems and ideas, always objects of won-

der and inquiry. Three other articles in the number call for special notice: "The House on the Beach," which is a graphic account of the signal service and the benefits it confers upon the country, by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis; an anecdotal paper on court life in France, under the title of "Gentilhomme and Gentleman," by a writer who has evidently a personal knowledge of the scenes and incidents described; and a letter from Portugal, giving a vivid but appalling picture of the destitution and demoralization that prevail among the masses of the people. The variety of the contents is well maintained by an entertaining article on "Old Plantation Life in South Carolina," by Robert Wilson; the continuation of Mrs. Linton's able and interesting serial, "The Antonement of Leam Dundas," and a story by the author of *Blindpits*, "Lady Arthur Eildon's Dying Letter," which is marked by the shrewd observation and insight into character that distinguish this anonymous writer. A fine poem by Mrs. Kemble, and a letter in the "Gossip" describing the recent performance of the *Kreuzschnee* at Ober-Ammergau, should not be overlooked. The whole number is bright and readable in a high degree, and commends this Magazine strongly to those desiring to subscribe to such a periodical for the coming year. \$4.00 per annum. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

WITH the January number "The Galaxy" enters on its twenty-first volume. The marked success which it has attained in its eleven years of existence proves pretty clearly that a high-toned literary magazine will be generously supported. For the year 1876 it expects to make a great advance. At no time during its existence has "The Galaxy" been surrounded with so strong a staff of elegant and brilliant writers. Every department will be maintained at even a higher standard than heretofore. A new serial story will be commenced in the January number of "The Galaxy," by Wm. Black, author of "A Princess of Thule," "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," etc., etc. Wm. Black is now one of the most brilliant novelists of the day. Miss Annie T. Howells, sister of W. C. Howells, the delightful essayist and novelist, has just commenced a serial story in "The Galaxy." Miss Howells has written several short stories full of promise, and giving evidence of a delightful fancy and graceful style. This is her first novel and will justify the high expectations which are entertained of it. Henry James Jr., Albert Rhodes, Richard Grant White, and Prof. H. H. Boyesen will contribute to "The Galaxy." Gen. Geo. A. Custer, the brilliant cavalry officer, will also contribute a series of sketches, giving some of his exciting and interesting adventures in army life. Gen. Custer handles his pen as well as his sword, and is sure to furnish a most charming series of papers.

DOMESTIC.

FINE PANCAKES.—Take a pint of cream, eight eggs (leave out the whites), three large spoonfuls of orange flower water, a little sugar and grated nutmeg; melt a small quantity of butter with cream over the fire, then add three spoonfuls of flour, and mix well together. Butter the frying-pan for the first; let them run as thin as you can in the pan, fry them quick, and serve them up hot.

SAUCE PIQUANTE.—Brown lightly, in an ounce and a half of butter, a tablespoonful of eschalots; add a teaspoonful of flour when they are partially done; pour to them half a pint of gravy or of good broth, and when it boils, add three chillies, a bay-leaf, and a very small bunch of thyme. Let these simmer for twenty minutes; take out the thyme and bay-leaf, add a high seasoning of black pepper, and half a wine-glassful of the best vinegar.

PRUSSIAN CUTLET.—Take a piece of veal, say one pound, from any part of the calf, with a little fat, chop it up, but not too fine; add to it two teaspoonfuls of chopped eschalot, one of salt, half a one of pepper, a little nutmeg, chop it a little more, and make it into two pieces of the size of two walnuts, which give the shape of a cutlet, egg and bread-crumbs each, keeping the shape; saute in fat, oil, lard, or butter, give it ten minutes on a slow fire till a nice, brown colour, dish and serve with sauce, in which put a tablespoonful of Harvey's; they may be served with stewed vegetables. Any other meat may be used as well as veal.

BEEF-STEAK PIE.—From two to three pounds of steak will make a good family pie. Trim off part of the fat, should there be much, of it. If the beef should not appear very tender, it may be gently beaten with a paste roller until the fibre is broken; then divide into slices, and lay in a dish bordered with paste. Season with salt and pepper, and sufficient water poured in to make the gravy and keep the meat moist. Lay on the cover, join it securely to the paste which is round the rim, trim both off close to the dish, make an incision through the middle of the cover, and lay some slight ornament of paste round it. Let the pie remain in a well heated oven for nearly an hour and a half. You may season with minced onion and eschalot. Mushrooms improve all meat-pies.

PLUM PUDDING.—1. One pound of suet chopped very fine, one pound of grated bread, one pound of carrots, one pound of raisins stoned, the rind of half a lemon shred as fine as possible, six Jamaica peppers in fine powder, four eggs, a glass of brandy, a little salt, and as much milk as will make it a proper consistency; boil it nine hours, and serve with sweet sauce. The pudding will keep after it is boiled for full six months, if not taken out of the basin. Tie it over a clean cloth, and boil it a full hour when wanted.—2. Half a pound of potatoes, a quarter of a pound of carrots to be well boiled, worked through a colander, a tablespoonful of treacle, half a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of suet well chopped, two ounces candied peel, a little grated nutmeg, half a pound of flour; mix all together the night before wanted, and boil four hours.—3. Half a pound of suet, chopped very fine, half a pound of grated bread, half a pound of raisins, stoned; the yolks of three eggs, and the whites of two, a little nutmeg, two spoonfuls of sugar. Boil it six hours; serve it to table with a little butter and sugar.—4. Half a pound of grated bread or flour, half a pound of suet, three ounces of brown sugar, half a pound of currants, a wine-glass of brandy, the yolks of five eggs and whites of two, one nutmeg, grated, candied peel to your taste. To be well mixed, and boiled four hours.—5. One pound and a half of beef-suet, one pound of grated bread, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, one glass of brandy, half a nutmeg, a teaspoonful of salt, eight eggs, leaving out half the whites, a small quantity of loaf sugar, and a few bitter almonds. Boil six hours.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LAKE HURON FISHERIES.

The first two views show the mouth of the Lake Huron with the Lighthouse above the Rapids, and the fishing grounds on one side above the St. Clair River. The vessels being towed in or out—called Tows—show the direction of the River St. Clair after its disappearance round the Point, and as these are constantly going or coming it always has a lively, busy look about it. The Lighthouse is furnished with a "Fog horn" for bad weather, and fortunately for the people here it is not often required, for its dismal howl has quite a depressing effect on all who hear it; so wailing and melancholy is it in tone, and so loud. The fishing begins in April, and the "Shanties" are at once put in order and everything repaired. The men fish according to the weather, i. e. the wind; rain is not minded altogether but it has an influence of some importance also on a "pack" or "floe." We give also a sketch for each of the most important sections of fishing and have lettered them from A to L. A shows the taking of the net or "seine" from its frame or "reel," and placing it in folds on a handbarrow. B, shipping it to begin fishing. C, hauling on the land and sea brails and playing the "fish" with the current. D, winding in the sea brail on windlass, quite a heavy job and a long one, as there are about 2,500 yards of line and lead to be hauled. E, the "close" or end of a "haul" in which some activity is required to prevent "slips." I was present at one haul in which 32 reels (or hf. Brills) were "closed" or caught. F, crawling after a haul. G, opening and cleaning before washing and salting. This is done remarkably quick, in 3 strokes. H, washing the fish in the trough. I, "dipping" them from the trough to the "vat" where they are first covered with salt. J, where they are packed and brine poured on them. K, where they are coopered, drilled, again "brined," and plugged. L, where they are carted to the Railway for transportation.

GRAND AVENUE BRIDGE.

This bridge spans the Schuylkill river in the city of Philadelphia, at the main avenue of approach to Fairmount Park and the Exhibition buildings, and is one of the great public works that will interest visitors to the Centennial Exhibition. It is remarkable as the first attempt in the United States to combine the American system of pin-jointed, open-work girders, distinguished for their lightness of appearance, with a solid roadway of stone, constructed in that massive and substantial manner which is customary in England and on the Continent. To this is added a higher degree of architectural ornament than is common. The height of the roadway above low water is 55 feet. The girders rest on three piers and two abutments, and form the centre spans of 197 ft. each and two side spans of 137 ft. each. The height of the lower chord above low water is 23 ft. The bridge has a number of 18 in. in its total length.

MEDIEVAL WROUGHT-IRON ENTRANCE GATES IN FRONT OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, H. R. IVES & CO., MONTREAL, P. Q.

The above beautiful gates and fence which adorn the spaces in front of the Parliament Buildings, challenge the admiration of every beholder, recalling as they do an art almost lost. At a time before the age of cast iron, the most beautiful metal work the world has ever seen, not even excepting those in the precious metals, were executed in wrought iron by the hands of very great artists—such as Quentin Matseys. Their works exhibited the greatest variety, from the most delicate grill work for interiors, to that of the most massive in the form of gates to protect a city. We are all more or less accustomed to the beautiful hammered hinges which are to be seen on most church doors, but until now we have had no such specimen of iron work as is here before us. The magnificent span of the centre gate is 22 feet wide, divided into panels by twisted columns surmounted by pointed and cusped arches, these panels having in the centre rich pieces of scroll work of symmetric design, exhibiting conventional leaves and flowers. Each compartment is terminated by a finial, and in the centre rises boldly a beautiful piece of foliated scroll work. The lower portion of the gate is more massive in character as befits its position. The whole, as may be seen, forms a rich and striking addition to the Parliament Buildings, as well as reflecting no small credit on the Montreal firm whose enterprise prompted them to bring to the country and retain workmen of such excellence and skill.

1st. PRINCE OF WALES RIFLES.

On Saturday week last, Colonel Bond and the Officers of this Regiment gave a most delightful entertainment to their numerous friends, in the shape of "a drive" to Longue Pointe, followed by a dance and a supper. The day was all that could be desired, though perhaps a trifle cold, but that only afforded an excuse for the display of all those becoming furs and "clouds" of endless variety and colour, in which our fair Canadian lady-friends take such delight in disguising themselves to the mystification of their bewildered admirers. There were blue clouds, rosy clouds, black clouds and even green clouds, until nature herself took offence at such rivalry; and by way of showing her displeasure, banished every one of her clouds, and allowed the sun to show his round, good-natured face without let

or hindrance, in the midst of an expanse whose azure depths reminded one of skies of Italy and the Mediterranean shores. The roads, too, were in perfect order for sleighing; snowy but firm. At 3 p.m., the hour named, a goodly company, numbering over a hundred, conveyed in from 50 to 60 sleighs of every possible description and shape, from the handsome "drag" with its pair of high-stepping steeds, to the more humble one-horse "cuttle," began to assemble in Dominion Square. Each sleigh, as it arrived, took up an assigned position and when all had "mustered," the photograph, of which our engraving in this issue, is a faithful copy, was taken, the scene itself, at the moment, being exceedingly interesting and picturesque. The photographers being satisfied, the order to advance was given and, headed by Colonel Bond, the cavalcade set forth at a brisk pace to the merry music of the bells.

To the rhythm and the chiming of the Bells, Bells, Bells.

Up into Sherbrooke street, down Union Avenue and Beaver Hall, along St. James's street and out into the country swept the gay cortege, to the manifest admiration and delight of pedestrians. Colonel Bond, in his character of leader, permitted no lagging, but kept up the speed throughout the whole distance, which was accomplished in a marvellously short time. After a most exhilarating drive of 6 miles, which must have effectually dispelled any lurking spirit of melancholy, if such there were, lingering amongst the company, Hochelaga was reached and passed, and Longue Pointe, with the Hotel hoisting its flag of welcome and decorated with wreaths of evergreens and coloured lanterns came in sight. There was a regimental guard in attendance, and the whole of the arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the guests were carried out with that military precision and completeness so characteristic of the Regiment, and which it is impossible to estimate too highly. If the tactics of the Officers of the Prince of Wales Rifles are as cleverly planned, and as satisfactorily executed in warfare as in peaceful pursuits, we need have no fear, we are sure, in confiding ourselves and our country to their keeping.

Made necessary it was inevitable. In less time than it takes to describe, horses and sleighs were given up to the care of the grooms in waiting—clouds and wraps disappeared as if by magic and out of the chrysalis forms hitherto visible, emerged a formidable phalanx of veritable butterflies. The gentlemen, on their part, had been no less expeditious, and all speedily found their way to a large room which had been prepared as a ball room, and most tastefully decorated with wreaths, flags and trophies of arms, the Prince of Wales Plume being conspicuous among the devices. Here, Colonel and Mrs. Bond were waiting to receive and welcome the guests. An excellent band, under the able guidance of Herr Gruenwald, struck up an inspiring measure, and for two hours the dance was kept up with untiring zeal. The view from the gallery, provided for the chapetons and non-dancers, was an exceedingly pretty one, made up, as it was, of bright looks and flashing eyes, tasteful toilettes and brilliant uniforms; one and all seeming bent upon enjoying the evening to the full. There was an excellent buffet adjoining the ball-room, where the most delicious ice-creams and the coolest and most refreshing of lemonades, brewed from a celebrated regimental receipt, might be obtained. At 7.30, supper was announced and all trooped into the spacious dining room with appetites sharpened by the frosty drive and the subsequent homage paid to Terpsichore, and did ample justice to the good things provided by the kind forethought of the committee. After supper, dancing was resumed with increased vigour and continued without flagging till between 9 and 10 o'clock, when a general move was made. Sleighs were again brought into requisition, "clouds" once more appeared on the social horizon, spiritually hiding the fair, glowing faces which had enchanted us but a few minutes before; and with many tender and prolonged adieus, the happy evening at Longue Pointe was reluctantly brought to a close. Not the least enjoyable part of the programme was the scamper home through the clear frosty night. Unfortunately there was no moon visible, but the stars which thickly studded the heavens, did their best to supply her absence; and, as they twinkled like crystal drops, seemed, as it were, to keep time with the tinkling of the sleigh-bells. We heard on all sides expressions of unanimous content and satisfaction, and can only add in token of our own enjoyment, that when next the Prince of Wales Regiment gives "a drive" "may we be there to see." The greatest praise must be given to the officers who formed the committee, for their unwearied exertions in the management of the whole affair; to the proprietor of the hotel, M. Toupin, whose arrangements for the reception of so large a number of guests showed unusual skill and judgment; and also to his attendant satellites, who were paragons of kindness, celerity and attention.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

HOW TEACHERS' DIPLOMAS ARE GIVEN.

These "comic exhibitions, given by a paternal government at no expense to themselves, gratis to the public, and with results as valuable as the price of admission," surely claim immediate reform.

Throughout the Province where there is a McGill Normal School Teacher, and notably at Richmond, Grenville, Marlleton, etc., there you find a well-taught school, kept in thorough

order, with little punishment. The school-room is neat and tidy and the registers satisfactory. This is not only due to the excellence of the N. S. professors, to its scholars learning "How to teach" (whereas at other schools, without monitors, they are taught only "How to learn") but to the impartial strictness of their examinations compared with those of local boards. The members of local boards, travelling and working, not only without pay, but absolutely at expense to themselves (!) often muster but thinly.

We have met the Secretary of one of them roaming over the town in hopes of running against some chance person to help him examine. We would have agreed to help him (on condition of passing all comely examinees at once) but the thing seemed too ridiculous.

In one case the Chairman of a local board cannot spell! He is supposed to examine for Academy Diplomas, which require a knowledge of three languages and nineteen other subjects, about nine times so much as is required for and "pass" B. A. Degree at Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin.

The candidates are, at times, huddled in the small parlour of

SMALL COUNTRY TAVERNS,

and so mixed up with friends or strangers that the examiners can hardly tell who is an examinee and who is not. It is very difficult, and still more invidious, to stop the free interchange of information about the questions they are answering. Any one energetic examiner can pass or pluck any one he chooses. The queer system of having a fixed schedule of questions has, among other phenomena, enabled a man to "pass" in Philosophy, (mental and moral), Geology, and "Pedagogic" after five days' expert instruction! On the other hand no English text book, it is said, can supply answers to the questions on one other subject.

The system in use elsewhere, if adapted to our Province, should probably be somewhat as follows.

HOW IT MAY BE DONE.

Allow all examiners present something for expenses, to be met by a charge on each diploma granted. Enact that the academy of the place shall be given up for this examination, duly warned, etc., the four days a year required. Let the Inspector of Academies send sealed papers of questions, and a piece of dictation to the Secretary of each board.

These with the answers of each candidate (who seems to the board to deserve two-third marks) and with affidavits of the way in which the examination was conducted, must be returned to the Council of Public Instruction and the Inspector of Academies would have to countersign each approved diploma, after inspecting such papers and withholding such diploma as he thinks fit. The papers might be filed for three years and an appeal allowed to the Council of Public Instruction against the decision of the otherwise plenipotent Inspector.

Fixed text books might well take the place of the present unusual system of fixed schedules of questions to be asked.

THE GLEANER.

It is proposed to hold an exhibition illustrating electrical, science and its application in Paris next year.

"I'm married now," was the excuse a Chicago youth gave a florist for not buying as many bouquets as in former years.

The death is announced of Captain Acklon the originator of the Volunteer movement in England. There is a strong desire manifested to mark the recognition of his services by a subscription for the widow and family of the deceased.

NEWFOUNDLAND contemplates the appointment of an agent in England. The idea was first suggested in connection with the fisheries dispute. Once appointed, however, the agency is likely to be permanently retained.

THE statistics of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, in 1876, show that it has fifty-seven bishops, three bishops-elect, 3,122 priests and deacons, 222,095 communicants, 235,943 Sunday-school pupils, and contributions to the amount of \$6,899,305.

ONE of the most beautiful churches in Toronto is the new Baptist Church at the corner of Jarvis and Gerrard streets. It has just been dedicated. It cost \$100,000, gold, and owes only \$5,000. The Rev. Dr. Castle, its pastor, went there three years ago from Philadelphia.

CASTELAR is said to purpose remaining in Paris throughout the winter. His sad, earnest face, with its Spanish gravity and sensitive lines, is now seen in the picture galleries, at the concerts and theatres, on the boulevards, and in the book-shops—everywhere in short where goes the world.

GENERAL FREMONT, who twenty years ago had "a glorious moustache" and parted his hair in the middle, is now, according to a correspondent, "a little, weazen-faced, dried-up old man resurrected from his premature grave occasionally only through the name and the letters in print of his accomplished wife."

A THREEMMET mat twelve feet square is being made at Plymouth for the Black Prince, to be employed in stopping the hole in the event of a similar accident to that which befell the Vanguard. A special drill is to be introduced on board the Black Prince to educate the crew in using this mat.

The condition of Turkey will remind the curious of the old-rhymed prophecy which has dropped out of common recollection. It is said to have been made in 1453:—

"In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent shall assail,
But if the Cock and Bull unite
The Bear shall not prevail.
But look! in twice ten years again,
Let Islam know and fear,
The Cross shall wax—the Crescent wane,
Grow pale and disappear."

It will be "twice ten years" next spring from the conclusion of the Crimean War.

THE N. Y. Sanitarian says that canned fish generally is not a particularly wholesome food, and that it is not infrequently dangerous. It should never be eaten unless it has been heated to a boiling temperature shortly before, even though it is preferred cold subsequently; and that it is particularly liable to spoil soon after opening, under the most favorable circumstances. Brands devoid of these necessary directions for safe use should be avoided, and persons who persist in putting such food upon the market without precautions, should be placed under legal restraint.

At a spiritualistic seance an accredited medium—a young man—entered a cabinet, was tied up, and shortly afterwards was seen floating about as a beautiful female, covered with a gauze veil. A sceptic, however, seized hold of the apparition and called for a light; whereupon it was found that the materialised spirit face—as a beautifully-modelled gutta-percha mask, covered with a cloth, which the medium waved about over his head, and "the spirit light" which surrounded the form was caused by phosphoric matches.

THE Prince of Wales is accompanied in all his travels by a squadron of European cavalry. Extraordinary precautions are to be taken to secure his person from accidental or malicious injury. The collector of each district through which he passes is to be held responsible for his safety, and the eyes of certain persons are never to be off his Royal Highness's person. When travelling by night trains, both sides of the whole of the railroad are to be lined by coolies with lights in their hands, the coolies being placed at such distances that each coolie can see the light of the coolies on the other side of him.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VERDI is the thinnest and leanest of all the Italian Senators.

"SHE stoops to Conquer" was written before the days of pin-back skirts.

MISS CLARA KELLOGG is engaged to be married to Mr. Johnson Smith, a wealthy New Yorker.

LISZT has reentered his old convent of Santa Maria Francesca, on the Forum at Rome, to spend the winter.

MME. TITIENS recently sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" in Baltimore, out of compliment to the composer, F. V. Cough, who was present.

OPERA-bouffe appears to pay well in Paris. The royalty derived by Offenbach from his three pieces at the Gaite, Varietes, and Bouffes respectively, averages £220 per night.

ROSSI is extravagantly fond of opera-bouffe and spends the evenings, when he does not act, in vibrating between the three prominent establishments in Paris devoted to that order of entertainment.

SARAH BERNHARDT, the Paris actress, who has some of the magnificent qualities of Rachel, is, as was the great queen of tragedy, a Jewess. Unfortunately her health is miserable and she seems a living skeleton.

IN a performance by the Richings-Bernard Opera Company, in Springfield, Mass., Mr. Bernard was too hoarse to utter an audible sound. He went through the motions of his part silently, and the absurdity pleased the assembly as well, probably, as his singing would have done.

MME. NILSSON has created a great furor in Dublin where she has appeared for the first time. Her *Leontina* in "Il Trovatore" nearly drove the gods frantic and they appeared to increase in enthusiasm throughout her engagement, despite the fact that she unmistakably snubbed them. When they requested English songs in the midst of Verdi's opera, Mme. Nilsson promptly quelled them "by a look and gesture full of queenly dignity and grace," and when they would have dragged her in her carriage home to her hotel she escaped through the front entrance and drove away unperceived in a cab.

HUMOROUS.

THIS is the season when old men get around the fire, and tell lies about how they enjoyed going to school, in such cold weather as this, when they were boys.

NO Chinese bank has failed for five hundred years. When the last failure took place the officers' heads were cut off and hung into a corner with the other assets.

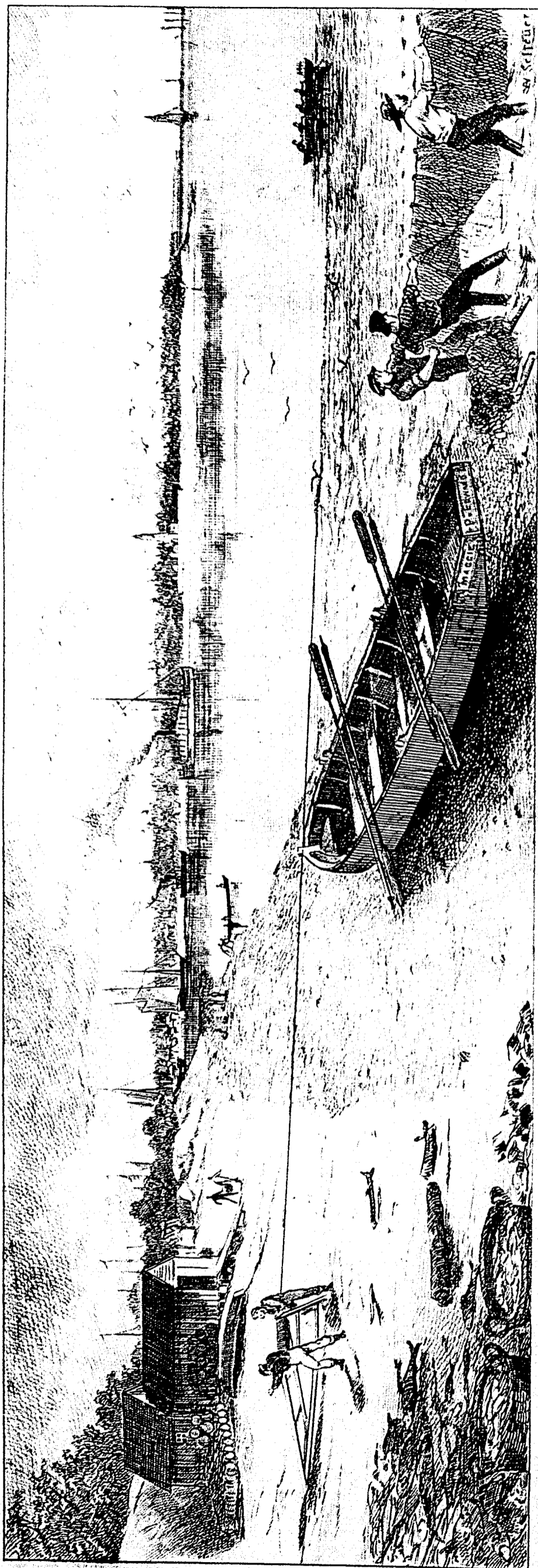
UNCLE LEVI—"Now, Sammy, tell me, have you read the beautiful story of Joseph?" Sam—"Oh! yes, uncle." Uncle—"Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" Sam—"They sold him too cheap, I think."

"WHAT can you say of the second law of thought?" Student—"It cannot both be and not be. For example, the door over there must be either shut or open." Tutor—"Give another illustration." Student—"Well, take the case of another door."

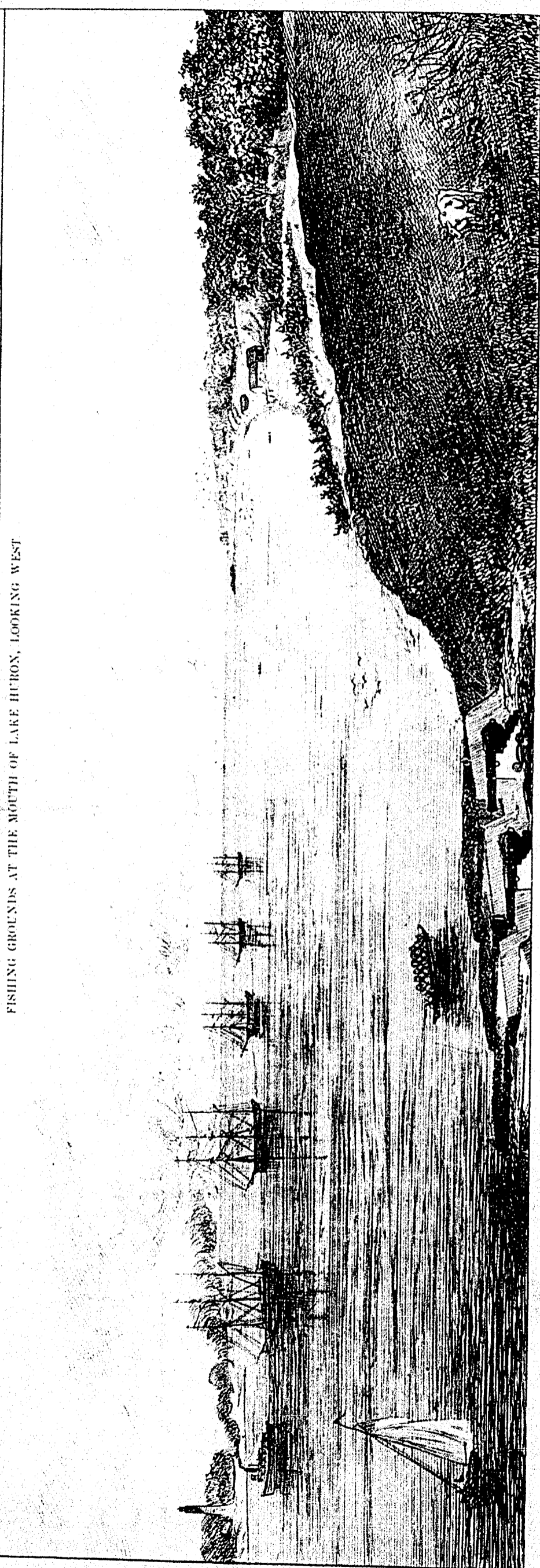
A little fellow, who was at a neighbor's house about noon the other day, watched the preparations for dinner with great interest, but, when asked to stay and eat something he promptly refused. "Why, yes, Johnnie, you had better stay," said the lady; "why can't you?" "Well, 'cause," said the little fellow, "ma said I mustn't unless you ask me three times." They invited him twice more right off.

IN a crowded horse car on the Sixth avenue, the other evening, a gentleman who was seated resigned his place in favor of a slender, pale woman, who carried a large child in her arms and was being jostled this way and that with the motion of the car. To the gentleman's surprise a burly individual took the seat before the lady could reach it.

"I meant this lady to have my seat," said the gentleman, angrily. "Well," replied the other, settling comfortably back in the seat, "dat ish my wife."



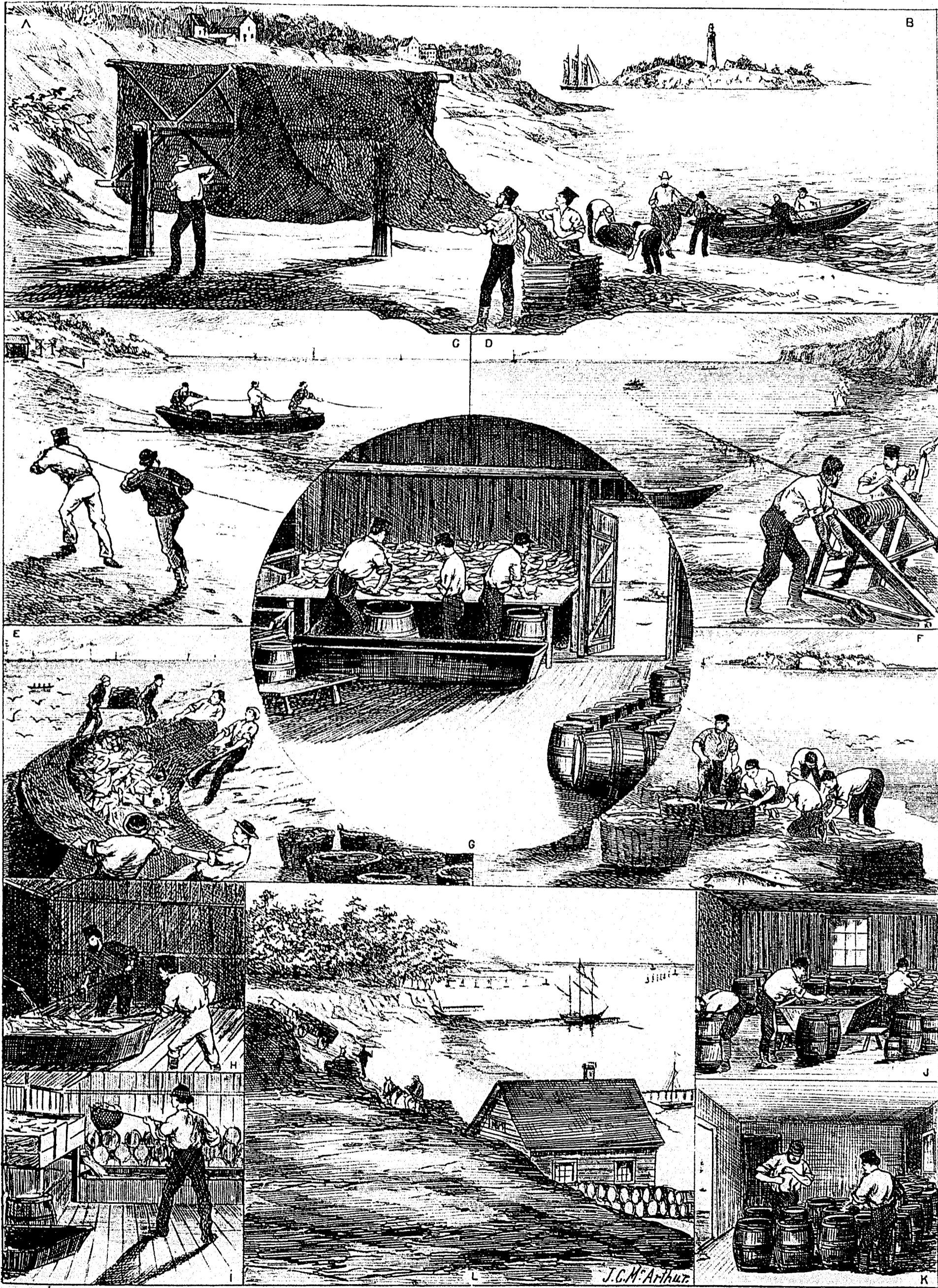
FISHING GROUNDS AT THE MOUTH OF LAKE HURON, LOOKING WEST



THE CRESCENT FISHING GROUNDS, FROM THE BATTERY AT POINT EDWARD, ON THE GOVERNMENT RESERVE, LAKE HURON

CANADIAN FISHERIES

From sketches by J. C. McArthur



CANADIAN FISHERIES ON LAKE HURON: CATCHING AND CURING THE FISH.

CANADIAN FISHERIES.

FROM SKETCHES BY J. C. McARTHUR.

ONLY A VOICE.

It was only a voice that swept through the hall,
In accents responsive to somebody's call,
From a form that I did not see;
But the door stood ajar, and the sound made way,
As its musical rhythm asserted its sway,
And fatefully floated to me.

At first it was only a thrilling surprise,
Inviting the soul from its slumber to rise
After toil of a tedious day;
And the paper and pencil seemed tired too,
And suggested the artist's labor was through,
Till lit by the morning ray.

But the spell of that voice was a potent spell,
And its musical cadences rose and fell
In dreams and in day's ecstasy;
Till the brain gave heed to no other tone,
And the soul was in bondage to this alone,
Nor mourned for its lost liberty.

We have never yet met—but that voice so clear
With its marvellous melody smote my ear,
As Love's own reveille;
And till heart-throbs are silenced by Death's tattoo
That voice I shall hear, and the long sleep through,
Be the call to eternity!
—The Galaxy.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

QUITE ENOUGH OF IT.

My story opens in a private sitting-room of a hotel in a small seaport town, in the north of France. The party present was composed of my mother, my lately married sister and her husband, a Mr. Lawrence, and your humble servant. We had left England some two years before on account of the declining health of my mother and sister, and had just settled down for awhile after travelling by easy stages through the South of France. Mr. Lawrence was an Englishman whom we had met at the *table d'hôte* and had invited to our rooms, offering him the use of the English papers which we received daily. When we had become a little more intimate, in other words, when we had broken through that frigid reserve so strictly maintained by all Englishmen when they come in contact with strangers, he informed us that he was a director on one of our largest railways, and, before leaving France, he said that if ever he could be of any service to us we should let him know and he would be only too happy to exert any influence he might possess, in our favour. Giving us his address he bade us good-bye.

Some little time had elapsed when my brother-in-law, wearying of the lazy life we were leading, bethought him of the offer made us by Mr. Lawrence. He accordingly wrote, and requested that gentleman's aid in obtaining some kind of employment in England. In the course of a few days he received a reply from him stating that he was very much pleased to have the opportunity of doing something for us after the kindness and courtesy we had showed to him during the short time he had stopped at the hotel in France with us, but that, at the present time, he knew of nothing that would suit my brother-in-law; the only situation that he was aware of as vacant was in one of the ticket offices of a suburban railway in London, with a salary of fifty pounds per annum, and that, of course, there was no use offering it to him, as he was a married man. My brother-in-law showed me the letter and asked me whether I would like the offer for myself. After thinking the matter over, I requested him, as he was writing, to thank Mr. Lawrence for his kindness, to propose to him to get me the refusal of it, which he did, and everything being satisfactorily arranged, the next week saw me in London, and at the head offices of the suburban railway. After waiting about three hours, I there saw Mr.—the General Manager's Head man, and was told to proceed to B—Station, there to be initiated into the mysteries and routine of the Booking office. On my arrival at B—station, I presented my credentials to the Clerk in Charge, and was by him handed over to the tender mercies of a young man with a flaring red necktie and a great propensity for chewing tobacco, which very naturally did not greatly prepossess me in his favour. My friend with the red necktie told me to observe what life did, if I wished to learn the art of selling tickets, technically termed "Booking." I immediately paid attention; while so doing, I noticed that every few minutes he would throw some coppers or a sixpence into an old cracked and broken cup which stood by his side, instead of into the till. I asked him his reason for so doing, whereupon he told me in a rather sharp manner to mind my own business and that I would find out the reason for myself before I had been very long in the office. This aroused my curiosity, in so much that without letting him see that I was doing so, I narrowly watched all his movements, watched him take the tickets from the pigeon-holes, accurately noticed the prices written above them, and remarked the amounts he charged the passengers. I presume the reader has pretty well guessed what my observations led me to discover. He was overcharging the general public at every opportunity. Seeing this, I timidly approached him and said: "Mr.—did you not make a mistake just now? I noticed that that last ticket you sold came from the pigeon-hole marked fourpence and you charged the passenger sixpence."

Whereupon my friend with the tobacco chewing propensities and red necktie turned and glared down upon me, coolly telling me that if I did not mind my own business he would report me to the Clerk in Charge for being impudent to him. That was experience number one.

I had not been many days at B—station when I was sent to a small station a little further on, which was a branch of B station. I felt very proud the first time I was placed at the Booking window on my own account. That

evening I made up and balanced my cash, and took it into the clerk at B—station. He was busy at the time, and told me to leave it and he would count it when he had time. So remarking that he would find five pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence, I said "good night," and left him. Picture my surprise and indignation when on my arrival at the office, next morning, he told me that my accounts were thirteen shillings and sixpence short. I was morally certain that I had given him the right sum because I had counted it three times before taking it to him, and I naturally protested, but all to no purpose.

I had taken no receipt from him so that I had no proof. That was experience number two. I then and there inwardly resolved that, in future, I would take a receipt for all moneys that I might have occasion to pay to him. Accordingly that evening when I made up my cash and took it in to him, he again told me the same story—"He was busy." So I said: very well, I would come in later on, when I hoped to find him disengaged, and taking up my money I turned to go out of the office. He called to me and said that I might leave the money and he would count it when he had time, but there is an old saying, "A burnt child dreads the fire," and I said, I preferred taking his receipt before leaving it. He immediately became very angry, and asked me in a highly indignant tone of voice whether I meant to insinuate that he was untrustworthy. I answered that I meant no insinuation whatever, but that last evening taught me a lesson which I was not likely to forget in a hurry, and that if he was ready to count my cash and give me a receipt well and good, if not, that I would call again when he was disengaged. He then threatened to report me to the Clerk in Charge, but seeing that that did not seem to have any effect on me and that I was firm, he, with a very bad grace, took my money, counted it, found it all correct, and gave me a receipt which I carefully placed in my pocketbook in his presence, and wishing him a very good night went on my way rejoicing. It was a very remarkable fact that ever after that he was always ready to receive and give me a receipt for my cash when I took it to him.

This state of things did not last long, however, for I had not been many days at this little branch of B—station, before I was removed to a larger one further along the line and in a more fashionable part of London. There I found Mr. J—, the Clerk in Charge, a different sort of man altogether, and in consequence we got on splendidly together. We never had a disagreeable word between us from the time I went there, till I resigned my position in the Company's service.

One Sunday afternoon, having nothing particular to do, I thought I would go down to the office and have a chat with J— whose turn it was to do duty. On my arrival at the station I went immediately to the Booking office, opened the door with my latchkey and walked in. Directly J— saw me, he called out, "Ah! Herbert, you're just the boy I want to see. Do, like a good fellow, take my place at the Window while I write up my train book." I accordingly removed my gloves and prepared myself to wait upon the first passenger who might require my services. I had not been long in the office before a young gentleman, a friend of mine, the only son of one of London's merchant princes and a season-ticket holder on our line, came and stood talking to me. While he was there, a young lady stepped up and requested a ticket for V station at the same time asking me the price, which I informed her was sixpence. I stamped and gave her the ticket and was in the act of getting her change from the till beside me, when away she went without saying a word, leaving it in my hands.

"Why, she has left her change behind her!" was the exclamation of my friend who had witnessed the whole transaction.

"Yes," I replied, putting it carefully aside "and now you mark my words, she will come tearing back presently when she finds out her mistake and accuse me of wilfully overcharging her."

"Never mind, Herbert," said my friend, "if any row comes of this, you may rest assured that I will cheerfully give in my testimony to corroborate yours, and I think our combined statements would refute hers."

He then left me, saying he would come back in about an hour. Later on in the afternoon, my friend having returned, we were quietly conversing at the "Booking Window" when up came a young fellow who, to use a slang phrase was got up fit to kill. He had a large blue bow under his chin, a collar, the turned down flaps of which almost reached his shoulders, an eye-glass stuck in his left eye—which, by the bye, kept falling out notwithstanding his gigantic efforts to the contrary—an incipient moustache waxed, as it was evident he thought from the way he fondled it, to the highest pitch of perfection, a pair of straw coloured kid gloves with an immense ring on the third finger of his left hand outside the glove; in fact his *tout ensemble* was that of one of those creatures who bear more resemblance to monkeys than anything else, but who think themselves paragons among men. Clearing his throat—like a person who was going to sing—he emitted a sound something between the braying of an ass and the slamming of a squeaky door.

"Aw, I want to know," said he, "what you meant by overcharging this lady just now."

I answered him saying: "I should like to know, in the first place, who you are that take upon yourself to speak to me in that style, and, secondly, who the lady is that I am supposed to have overcharged."

The young lady then came up. I recognised her immediately and so, I noticed, did my friend, as the young lady who had run off in such a hurry to catch her train, leaving her change in my possession. I asked her for what station she was booked, and told her that I remembered the affair distinctly. Then handing her her change, I at the same time requested her in future, out of consideration for and in justice to the Booking clerks, whenever she might be buying a ticket, to wait for her change and not run away thoughtlessly without it, to come back on finding out her mistake and accuse them of overcharging her; in other words, of dishonest practices. Whereupon her companion, the creature with the eye-glass and straw coloured kids—I cannot bring myself to designate him as a man—became abusive and told me that it was all a lie about the young lady not waiting for her change, and that he knew all about the blasted clerks on railways, how they cheated every person whom they thought at all green and innocent, and that he would make it his business to report the affair to the General Manager the next day. This he did. Two days after, the Clerk in Charge received a letter from head office with this complaint, and at the bottom written, "Please explain." We accordingly despatched our report of the whole transaction, at the same time referring to my friend S— if they required more conclusive testimony. The next day I was sent for to the Head Office and again gave my version of what had happened, and was congratulated by Mr.—, the General Manager's Head man, on the successful termination of the affair. This was experience number three.

The adventure, if I may so term it, got me into high favour at headquarters, and a few days afterwards J—, the Clerk in Charge, received a letter saying "Please send Mr. Herbert to K—station, to-morrow morning." This was a larger station still, but I was very comfortable where I was, so we burnt that letter and took no notice of it. Consequently, the next day, we received another one asking the reason why I had not gone. We immediately wrote back and stated that no instructions had been received to that effect, and that was the last we heard of it.

It was in the afternoon of a damp and raw day in the latter end of January, one of those nasty days so peculiar to our English winters. I was on duty in the office and writing up my train book, when I noticed a young and pretty looking girl about 19 years of age, I should say, pass and re-pass the booking window in a very timid manner. I immediately got up and went to the window thinking that perhaps she wanted a ticket. The next time she passed, on seeing me she stopped and hesitated, and I asked her if I could be of any service to her. She flushed up and began to cry. I requested her not to cry, but to tell me her grievance, and if it were in my power I would be only too glad to aid her. The reader must here pardon me for the interruption, but allow me to inform you that although the majority of my young lady friends state unhesitatingly that I am heartless and that where my heart should be is nothing but a vacant space, I am very susceptible towards the sex and more especially towards a girl in tears. The young lady at last mustered up courage and told me that she was on the way to her home situated in Clapham, and had intended taking the train from this station, but when she arrived at the Booking office, felt for her portemonnaie and found that it was gone, in other words, she surmised that her pocket had been the recipient of kind attentions from some one or other of the light fingered gentry, in which class the streets of London abound. I told her not to mind it, that I would give her the ticket, for which she could repay me the next time she was passing. She thanked me gratefully with eyes brimful of tears and left me. After she had gone I sat down to my book, but all to no purpose. I could not get her image out of my head. Those large laughing brown eyes together, with that saucy Grecian nose and tempting cherry ripe lips, which seemed made only to kiss, kept dancing before me, preventing me from seeing what I was writing, so I was forced to desist, and putting down my pen, leant back in my chair and found myself drifting into a delicious reverie about Lucy Thornton—which was the name she gave me before leaving—and was picturing to myself all sorts of romantic and nonsensical things such as an invitation to dinner from Papa succeeded by sundry games of croquet on the lawn and quiet strolls through the grounds, of course, accompanied by my Lucy, as I already named her in my thoughts. From this dream I was rudely awakened to the stern realities of duty by a loud knocking at the the Booking window and a gruff voice saying: "Confound these railway clerks, they always keep a fellow waiting half an hour when he is 'in a hurry.'" Of course I had to go and furnish my crusty friend with his ticket, with which he hurried off to the platform grumbling the whole way.

The next day, as I had confidently expected, brought miss Lucy Thornton accompanied by her father, to whom she presented me, saying: "Papa, let me introduce to you the kind-hearted young gentleman who was generous enough to trust me yesterday when I arrived here without any money."—The dear little thing, how fond and proud of her I felt at that moment.—Then turning to me she said: "Papa has come down with me this afternoon to thank you for your kindness to me and also to say that we shall be only too happy to see you at our house in Clapham. Is not that what you mean, Papa?"

Mr. Thornton who, I could see at a glance, was of a disposition the very opposite to his daughter's, had been looking on seemingly fear-

fully expectant that his daughter would commit herself in some way or other, turning to me, said in a pompous manner: "Young gentleman—I do not yet know your name—my daughter has left me nothing to say, so I can only add that I reiterate her sentiments." This was said with such bad grace that I mentally resolved not to intrude my apparently obnoxious presence upon him.

Just then a train bound citywards came in and that being their destination, the Thorntons bade me a hurried farewell, hurried on the part of Mr. Thornton, but on Lucy's accompanied by a look that thrilled me through and through. Soon after this I was called home, and I gladly resigned my situation and returned to France. I have never seen Lucy since, but must in justice to myself add that she is "Though lost to sight to memory dear."

F. A. J.

We beg to call attention to the advertisement of JOSEPH WALKER & Co., 16 St John street. This firm are agents, in the first place, for the famous Sheffield house of Haworth, Eyre & Co., manufacturers of electro-plated ware, which may be said to be unrivalled in the world. The assortment at the Show Rooms, St. John Street, is complete in all its branches, and deserves a visit from holiday purchasers. Messrs. WALKER & Co. have also a large consignment from Paris, of most beautiful clocks in enamel and bronze, together with caskets, opera glasses, and other handsome articles of *virtu*.

LITERARY.

WILKIE COLLINS has adapted his novel of *Armadale* to the stage.

LONGFELLOW having declined to be Centennial poet, the admirers of Lowell and Whittier are urging their claims.

IT IS understood that Mr. Valentine Baker has been lately employed in writing his personal experiences of the Russian campaign against Khiva, and that the narrative will be shortly published.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is said by a correspondent to occasionally indulge in gymnastic exercises, such as raising himself up over the door by his arms; and he is one-and-eighty.

EDMOND ABOUT is now the chief editor of the *XXIème Siècle*, one of the prominent Paris newspapers. He hopes to visit this country next year, when he will write to his paper about the Centennial.

MR. SWINBURNE'S new work, *Erechtheus*, which will be given to the world about Christmas, is a play on the Greek model, of a little over 1,700 lines. It is more regular in construction than *Atlanta in Calydon*.

A congratulatory address is to be sent from Berlin to Carlyle, on his 80th year reaching, which to-day will be realised, a rejoicing period. Frederick the Great was of this writer indeed much behonoured, which to the German nation, soundly beloved, maketh the great historic composer. Snow, softly, gently, lightly on him fall you.

MR. CONWAY says Walt Whitman feels that his end is not far off, but he is perfectly calm in the prospect. Time has not diminished his sanguine democracy, and his enthusiasm for America. He spoke most sadly when saying that he could hardly hope to see those of his readers and critics in England from whom he has received so many expressions of esteem and affection, and he was never wearied in asking questions concerning those among them.

MRS. LOUISA M. ALCOTT may be credited with inventing a new substitute for a speech. She visited the Sorosis the other day and was formally presented to the club by the President as the "most successful woman author in America," and being on her feet, told a little story. She said at Vassar College the girls, as usual, asked for a speech, and when she also, as usual, told them she never had and never intended to make one, they requested that she would place herself in a prominent position and turn around slowly. This she consented to do, and if revolving would satisfy or gratify Sorosis she was willing to "revolve."

ARTISTIC.

ARTHUR BOYD HOUGHTON, one of the most noted of English wood-draughtsmen, is dead.

THE subject of Miss Thompson's new picture is to be the return from the Balaklava Charge.

GUSTAVE DORE will bring out his illustrated edition of Shakespeare at his own expense. The first play will be "Macbeth."

THE Pope has had built on the Piazza Mastai at his own expense a number of "economical" houses for the accommodation of operatives and poor people.

M. BARTHOLDI, the artist who has designed the colossal statue of liberty for New York harbor, is confident that one of the arms will be ready for the laying of the corner-stone by next Fourth of July.

A discovery of great historical importance has just been made while digging and opening in the New Via Nazionale. In the grounds of the Palazzo Antonelli was found a perfect arch of the period of Servius Tullius about 670 A. C. This was, doubtless, Livia's Porta Fontinalis, which led to Arx Martis.

A number of Brunswick people have combined to erect on the top of the Burgberg, a lofty hill in the Harz Mountains, an obelisk commemorating the famous words of Prince Bismarck, "We shall not go to Canossa again." Two-thirds of the requisite sum have been subscribed at Brunswick; for the remainder subscriptions will be opened in all Germany.

A vast crowd collected at the Hôtel de Ventes, Paris, to witness the sale, by M. Charles Fillet, of the valuable collection of violins, altos, violoncellos, and basses left by the late M. Mautz, a well-known amateur. A violin of Stradivarius, year 1712, brought 2,220fr.; another, 1727, 7,000fr.; a third, 1714, 9,000fr.; another about which some doubts were entertained, 1,550fr.; one by Cappa, 5,000fr.; by Gasparo de Salo, 8,300fr.; an Amati, 6,300fr.; a very old violin attributed to Duiffoprugcar, 1,010fr.; four by Germain of Paris, 105fr.; 110fr., 102fr., and 140fr.; a Stainer, 610fr.; a bass of Lupot, 1,550fr.; another of Montag, 2,500fr.; a third by Germain, 2,550fr.; and lastly, one by Amati, 500 fr. Several bows by Tourtè brought high prices—one for violin, 300fr., another 275fr.; two others, 180fr. and 220fr., one for bass, 235fr., another 340fr., one of Tourtè, sen., for alto, 305fr. The total amount received for the musical collection was 30,012fr.

SOME TRIUMPHS OF PLAIN WOMEN

Few women and fewer men would be inclined to undervalue the gift of beauty in the weaker sex. A woman without beauty is deprived of her most potent influence over man, though there may still remain to her the perhaps more enduring powers of fascination of manner, strength of will, and sweetness of disposition.

There is, however, such a diversity of opinion with regard to beauty, no two people apparently thinking alike, that it is not an easy matter to decide who really have been plain women. Biographers are naturally chary of so describing a living woman, and history abounds in conflicting opinions on these points; for example, by some Joan of Arc was put down as plain, yet Tennyson mentions her in his "Dream of Fair Women" as "Joan of Arc, a light of ancient France."

As a rule, literary women have not been noted for their personal charms, and amongst the greatest triumphs of plain women are those of the mind. Mrs. Fry, good as she was, had no personal beauty to adorn her successful, honest life; nor had Hannah More, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hemans, or Mme. Guyon.

"Ink," says Le Brun, "ill becomes rosy fingers;" and, justly or not, studious women are supposed to care little for the duties of wives or mothers, or the vanities of dress, and this impression has prevailed for centuries. The least attractive girls in every circle are often the first to marry, probably because they are less difficult to please than their more favored sisters; but for all that, the richest fruits of life not seldom come to their share, rather than to the fair ones.

Among women of exalted rank who have been wanting in beauty are Margaret of Sweden; Matilda, Empress of Germany; and Christiana of Sweden. Fulvia, wife of Antony, had few personal charms; nor had Terentia, wife of Cicero, if one may trust to the majority of historians, but most of these have found some admirers among biographers.

In France the gay and pleasure-loving plain women have gained many laurels. Mme. de Stael is a memorable instance, though no one was more conscious of her personal defects. Even her name was a power in itself. The great Napoleon condescended to be so jealous of her influence, that no persuasion would induce him to allow her to return to France.

On the stage and in the concert-room many plain women have triumphed; for on the stage, at all events, they can call to their aid costume, paint, and other accessories to repair the defects of nature.

A notable instance of a plain and popular singer occurs at the end of the seventeenth century, when women first appeared on the stage, men having previously taken their parts. Margherita de l'Epine was a Tuscan by birth, and tall, gaunt, and swarthy, with no winning softness of manner to make atonement; yet, in spite of this, she secured unbounded popularity by her singing and good temper, though her rival, Katharine Tofts, whom she cordially hated, was exceptionally beautiful.

she was called "Greber's Pig." She led a stainless life, though much courted, the Earl of Nottingham following her about as her shadow. She eventually married Dr. Pepasch, a scientific man, who called her Hecate on account of her ugliness. They were very happy together; she continued her professional career, and he was organist at the Charter-house. She never mastered the English language but sang in her own tongue while the rest of the characters of the opera sang in English.

Margherita Durastanté, a singer in Charles II.'s time, was a large, coarse, masculine woman, but popularity itself. Her voice, a soprano, found great favor with the Court—so much so, that the King, the Princess, and Lady Bruce stood sponsors to her child. The excitement to hear her in the operas of "Radaminto" and "Agrippina" was so great that \$40 was paid for a seat in the gallery.

An admirable instance of mind triumphing over matter is the history of Martha de Rochois, an exceedingly plain woman, both in face and figure, brilliant eyes being her only redeeming point. She was the greatest actress of her day, and on the stage she was a queen. Her every gesture was a study to conceal the effects of nature. Her weak, misshapen body, and deformed arms, hidden by long sleeves, served her in as good stead as those of Venice herself.

Antoinette Clavell, a singer who did much towards abolishing the anachronisms of stage costume, achieved vast triumphs, though small, thin, and fair, with an ungainly mouth, and bad, shy manner. She was a perfect actress, and worshipped by her audience. One night she was crowned on the stage, an honor never before accorded to a singer; and she met with an ovation at Marseilles, the ladies of the town accompanying her to an illuminated pavilion in a gondola, surrounded by hundreds of little boats, she herself wearing a rich costume presented by her Greek admirers.

Rosamund Pisaroni was plainness itself, and yet acquired widespread fame. Marked with small-pox, her voice for a time affected by the disease, she fought bravely with misfortune, and to such good purpose that on her recovery, she was enthusiastically received in Paris, though her lack of personal charms was so apparent that a wit described the performance as "the Paradise of the ear and the Inferno of the eye." Even at the acme of her fame, when she appeared in "Semiramide" and with her back to the audience exclaimed "Eccomi alfin in Babilonia," the plaudits were deafening, but they stopped instantly as her face was seen, changing to a whisper of disappointment.

Mme. Mara's history proves the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. Of unprepossessing physiognomy, short of stature, with large, unsightly, irregular teeth, and a bad actress, her triumphs were manifold; though she failed in spite of her talents, her devoted affection, and pleasant manner, to secure the affection of her profligate, handsome husband.

She was the daughter of Johann Schmalzing, a musician. She developed her musical talents early, and became an infant prodigy, playing before the English King and elsewhere. Dr. Harrington had her taught, and the Duchess of Saxony greatly assisted her, as did Frederick the Great, who made her Court singer, with £450 a year. She married, in 1773, Jean Mara, a violinist, against the advice of everybody; and it blighted her life, for he treated her with brutal cruelty. At her native Hesse-Cassel the Grand Duke sent for her between the parts of the performance and kissed her forehead; and Pfister the preacher, on his dead-bed, said he should die happy could he once more hear her sing.

Among other women who achieved professional fame, in spite of the drawbacks of personal defects, were Anna Selina Storace, Madame Schroeder Devrient, and Persiani—who was pale, plain, and anxious looking, with no taste in dress. A pretty story is told how once Malibran at Naples introduced herself into her dressing-

room before a performance, and arranged her abundant tresses so as to develop the few charms she had. Still she, like many others, overcame the defects of person by her character and talents, throwing a brilliant mind into a face that might lack regularity of feature and other transitory charms. What triumphs can a plain woman attain equal to this?

ARDEN HOLT.

BULWER AND TENNYSON.

Mr. Tennyson contributed one, and only one, poem to the columns of Punch. It is a notable work, and will, no doubt, make a curious chapter in the next great book on "The Amenities of English Literature." Behind the anonymous shield of "The New Timon," the late Lord Lytton delivered himself of the following scathing attack on Tennyson:—

"Not mine, not mine (O, muse forbid!) the boon Of borrowed notes, the mock-bird's modish tune, The jingling medley of purloined conceits Out-babbling Wordsworth, and out-glittering Keats, Where all the airs of patch-work pastoral chime To drown the ears in Tennysonian rhyme."

Let school-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight On darling little rooms, so warm and light; Chant 'I am weary' in infectious strain, And 'catch the blue-fly singing in the pane: Though praised by critics, and adored by Blues, Though Peel with pudding plums the puling muse; Though Theban taste the Saxon purse controls, And pensions Tennyson, while starves a Knowles."

Mr. Punch had a word or two to say on behalf of Tennyson, and said what he had to say epigrammatically and well:—

THE NEW TIMON AND ALFRED TENNYSON'S PENSION.

"Won't you see a lordly mastiff's port, Bearing in calm, contemptuous sort, The snarls of some o'erpetted pup, Who grudges him his 'bit and sup.'"

So stands the bard of Locksley Hall, While puny darts around him fall, Tipp'd with what Timon takes for venom: He's the mastiff, Tim the Blenheim."

Mr. Tennyson, with his two hundred pounds a year just granted to him, was furious. Encouraged by the sympathy of Punch, the poetic sage produced a reply, which was signed Alcibiades, printed under the title of "The New Timon and the Poet." The following lines from the string of personal verses are sufficient to do justice to the muse's sting:—

And what with spites, and what with fears, You cannot leta body be; It's always ringing in your ears— They call this man as great as me!

What profits now to understand The merits of a spotless shirt— A dapper boot—a little hand— When half the little soul is dirt?

You talk of tinsel! why, we see Old marks of rouge upon your cheeks. You prate of Nature. You are he That split his life upon the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame; It looks too arrogant a jest— The fierce old man to take his name. You bandbox! Off, and let him rest."

And thus the battle ended. It was too furious to last.

UNLIMITED REMEDIAL RESOURCES.

People sometimes suppose that Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines represent the entire extent of his resources for curing disease. This is an error. Experience proved that while the Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, would, if faithfully used, cure a large variety of chronic complaints, there would be here and there a case which, from its severity, or from its complication with other disorders, would resist their action. These exceptional cases required a thorough examination into their symptoms, to ascertain the exact nature and extent of the disease or diseases under which the patient was laboring, and the use of specific remedies to meet and overcome the same. This led to the establishment of the World's Dispensary, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, each of whom is skilled in the treatment of chronic disorders in general and those belonging to his own special department in particular. To one is assigned diseases of the throat and lungs; to another, diseases of the kidneys and urogenital organs; to another, diseases of the digestive system; and to another, diseases of the nervous system; and to another, diseases of the eye and ear. Thus the highest degree of perfection in medicine and surgery is attained. The establishment of this institution enables the Doctor to meet a long-felt want in the treatment of the more severe chronic affections. By a careful consideration of the symptoms as given in writing, he successfully treats thousands of cases at their homes. Others visit the Dispensary in person. The amplest resources for the treatment of lingering affections are thus placed at the disposal of every patient, and those on whom the proprietary medicines do not have the desired effect can procure a more thorough and efficient course by a personal application to the proprietor of the World's Dispensary.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

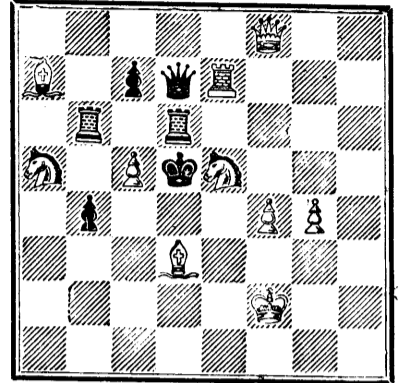
TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M., Quebec.—Your letter containing remarks on problem No. 48 received, and shall be attended to. The problem is rightly set up.

PROBLEM No. 52.

By M. J. MURPHY.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 63RD.

Played recently in the match between Messrs. Zukertort and Potter.

(Irregular opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Potter.) BLACK.—(Mr. Zukertort.)

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

And White resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) A good reply when Black plays for his first move P to K B 4th, but not to be commended in the present circumstances.
(b) This is played in a poor style, which is very unlikely to answer against a player of Mr. Zukertort's readiness and accuracy.
(c) Thus early in the opening Black has obtained an unquestionable superiority.
(d) He ought to have played B to K B sq at once.
(e) Driving the Kt to the Square where Black intended to play him.
(f) Well conceived. The whole of the game is played by Mr. Zukertort in his best style.

GAME 64TH.

A lively skirmish played some years ago, in England, between two players of a Provincial Chess Club.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. K B to Q B 4th P to K B 4th (a)
3. K B takes Kt R takes B
4. P takes P P to Q 4th
5. Q to K R 5th (ch) P to K Kt 3rd
6. P takes P R takes P
7. K Kt to B 3rd Q B to K Kt 5th
8. Q takes R P Q to K B 3rd
9. P to Q 3rd P to K 5th
10. Q P takes K P P takes P
11. K Kt to R 4th R to K Kt 2nd
12. Q to R 6th R to Q 2nd

And White resigned.

(a) The student will find this defence analysed at great length in a Treatise published by Mr. Lew in some years ago.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 50.

MEYER.

BLACK.

- 1. B to R 2nd 1. Anything.
2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 49.

WHITE.

BLACK.

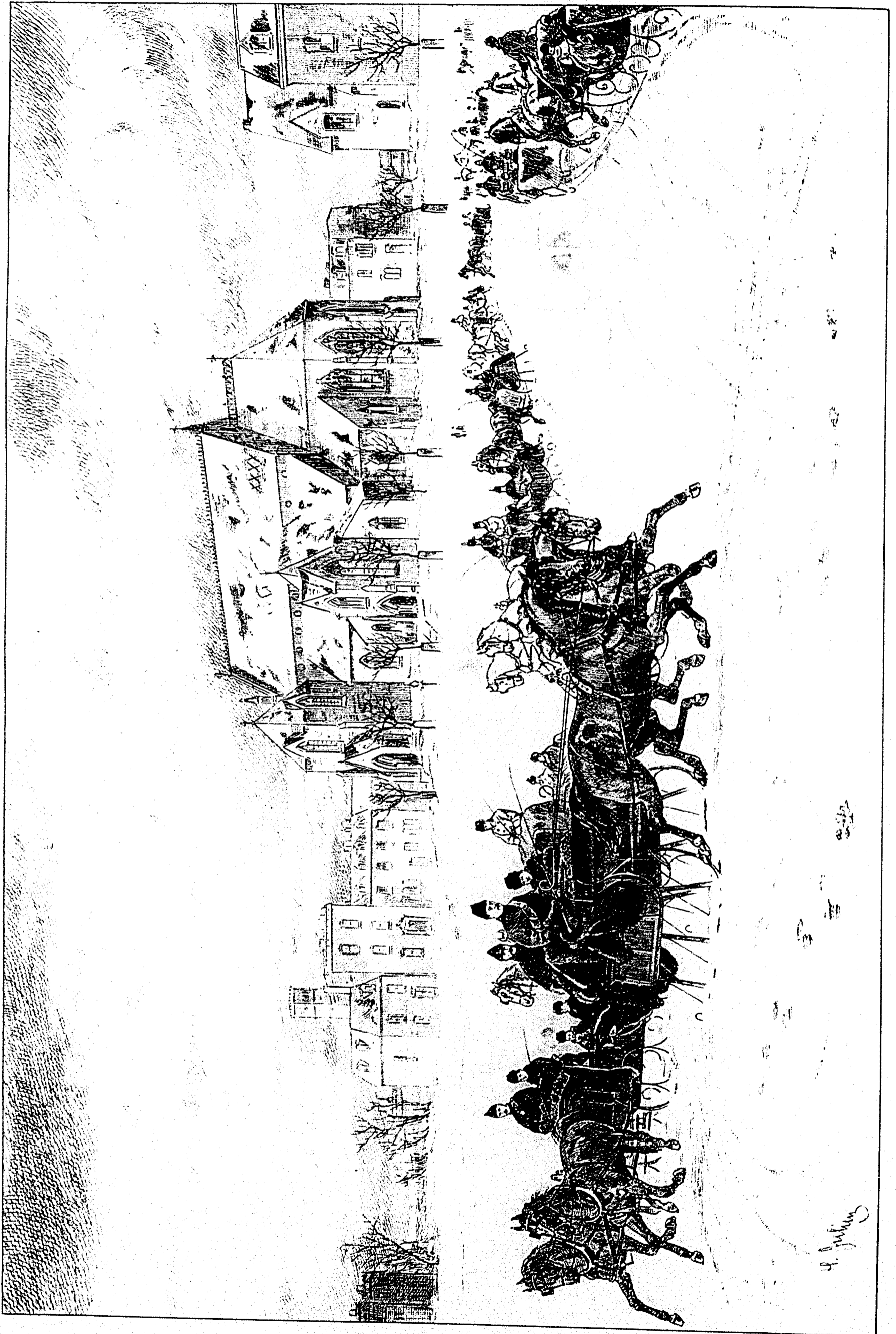
- 1. Kt to Q 4th 1. P to K R 7th
2. Kt to Q B 6th (ch) 2. K to Q R
3. Kt to Q Kt 5th 3. P Queens.
Kt to Q B 7th, mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 50.

WHITE.

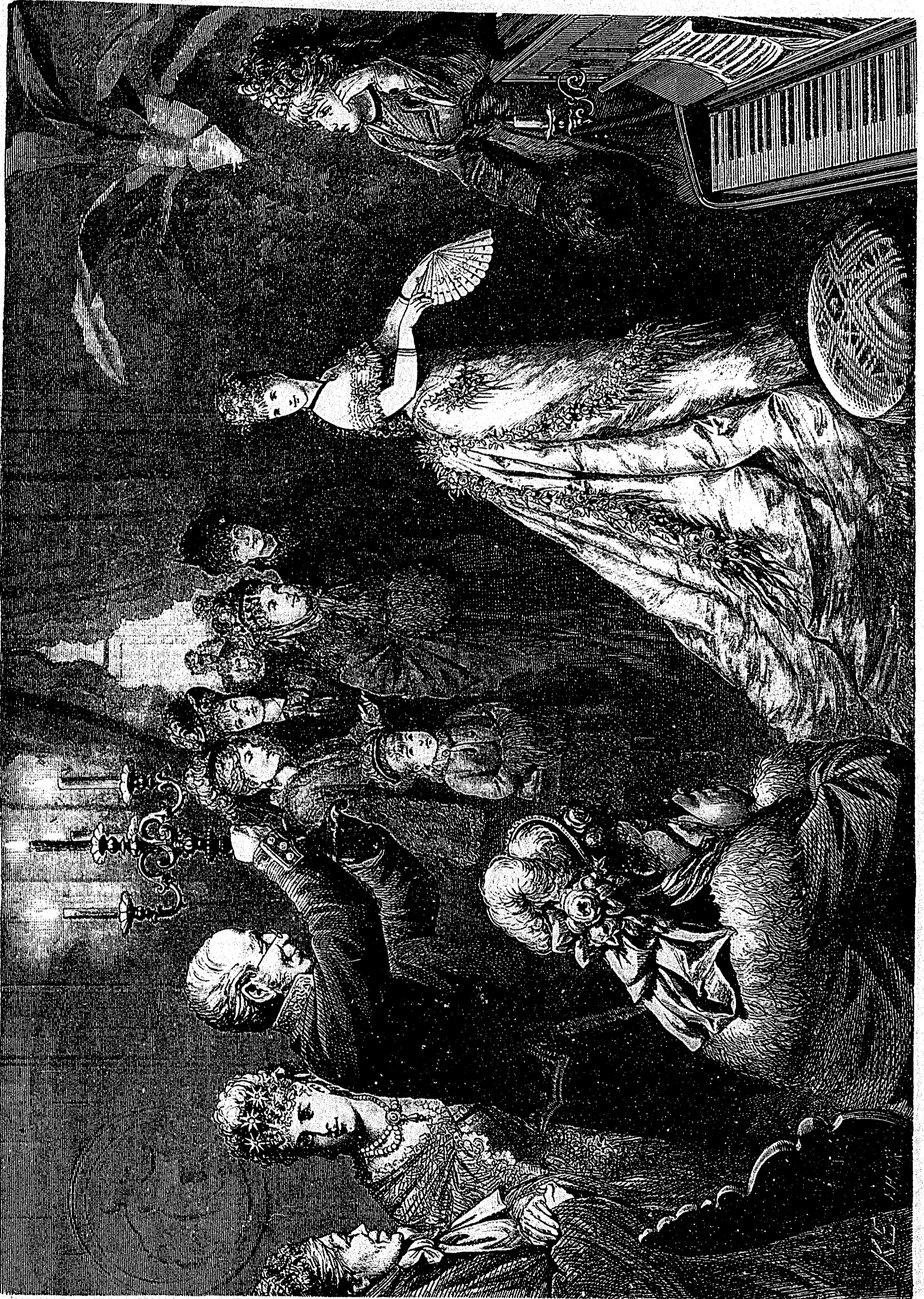
BLACK.

- K at K sq K at Q B 3rd
R at Q Kt sq R at Q 7th
R at K 7th R at K R 7th
Kt at Q Kt 5th B at Q Kt 3rd
P at Q B 4th, and Pawns at K 6th Q 3rd
K 6th. and Q B 4th.
White to move and mate in two moves.



MONTREAL:--MILITARY DRIVE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE "1ST PRINCE OF WALES REGIMENT."

H. Johnson



DRESSED FOR THE BALL.

[Registered according to Act of Parliament in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK I.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

I.

BLUE LIGHTS.

He stood leaning heavily on his carbine. High on his lonely perch, he slowly promenaded his eye over the dusk landscape spread out before him. It was the hour of midnight and a faint star-light barely outlined the salient features of the scenery. Behind him wound the valley of the St. Charles black with the shadows of pine and tamarac. Before him rose the crags of Levis, and beyond were the level stretches of the Beauce. To his left the waterfall of Montmorenci boomed and glistened. To his right lay silent and deserted the Plains of Abraham, over which a vapor of sanguine glory seemed to hover.

Directly under him slept the ancient city of Champlain. A few lights were visible in the Chateau of St. Louis where the Civil Governor resided, and in the guard-rooms of the Jesuit barracks on Cathedral square, but the rest of the capital was wrapped in the solitude of gloom. Not a sound was heard in the narrow streets and tortuous defiles of Lower Town. A solitary lamp swung from the bows of the war-sloop in the river.

He stood leaning heavily on his carbine. To have judged merely from his attitude, one would have said that he was doing soldier's duty with only a mechanical vigilance. But such was not the case. Never was sentry set upon watch of heavier responsibility, and never was watch kept with keener observation. Eye, ear, brain—the whole being was absorbed in duty. Not a sight escaped him—from the changes of cloud in the lowering sky over the offing, to the deepening of shadows in the alley of Wolfe's Cove. Not a sound passed unheeded—from the fluttering wing of the sparrow that had built its winter nest in the guns of the battery, to the swift dash of the chipmunk over the brown glacis of the fortifications. Standing there on the loftiest point of the loftiest citadel in America, his martial form detached from its bleak surroundings, and clearly defined, like a block of sculptured marble, against the dark horizon—silent, alone and watchful—he was the representative and custodian of British power in Canada in the hour of a dread crisis. He felt the position and bore himself accordingly.

Roderick Hardinge was a high-spirited young fellow. He belonged to the handful of militia which guarded the city of Quebec, and he resented the imputations which had been continually cast, during the preceding two months, on the efficiency of that body. He knew that the Americans had carried everything before them in the upper part of the Colony. Schuyler had occupied Isle-aux-Noix without striking a blow. Five hundred regulars and one hundred volunteers had surrendered at St. Johns. Bedell, of New Hampshire, had captured Chambly with immense stores of provisions and war material. Montgomery was marching with his whole army against Montreal. The garrison of that city was too feeble to sustain an attack and must yield to the enemy. Then would come the turn of Quebec. Indeed, it was well known that Quebec was the objective point of the American expedition. As the fall of Quebec had secured the conquest of New France by the British in 1759, so the capture of Quebec was expected to secure the conquest of Canada by the Americans in the winter of 1775-76. This was perfectly understood by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. The plan of campaign was traced out with this view for General Schuyler, and when that officer resigned the command, owing to illness, after his success at St. Johns, Montgomery took up the same idea and determined to carry it out. From Montreal he addressed a letter to Congress in which he said pithily: "till Quebec is taken, Canada is unconquered."

Roderick Hardinge was painfully aware that the authorities of Quebec had little or no confidence in the ability of the militia for the purposes of defence. It was necessary in the interest of that body, as well as in the interest of the city, that this prejudice should be exploded. Hardinge undertook to do it. No time was to be lost. In a fortnight Quebec might be invested. He set to work with the assistance of only one tried companion. Their project was kept a profound secret even from the commander of the corps.

It was the night of the 6th November, 1775. Hardinge left headquarters unnoticed and unattended, and proceeded at once to the furthest outpost of the citadel. He was hailed by the sentinel and gave the countersign. Then, addressing the soldier by name—the man belonged to his own regiment—he ordered him to hand over his musket. No questions were asked and no explanations were given. Hardinge was an officer and the simple militiaman saw no

other course than obedience. If he had any curiosity or suspicion, both were relieved by the further order to keep out of sight, but within hailing distance, until his services should be required. The signal was to be a whistle.

Roderick Hardinge remained on guard from ten till twelve. As we have seen, he was sharply observant of everything that lay before him. But there was one point of the horizon to which his eye more assiduously turned. It was the high road leading from Levis over the table-land of the Beauce back to the forests. It was evidently from this direction that the object of his watch was to turn up. And he was not disappointed.

Just as the first stroke of twelve sounded from the turret of Notre-Dame Cathedral, a blue light shot into the air from a point on this road, not more than a hundred yards from the river bank. Roused by the sight, Roderick straightened himself up, snatched his carbine from his left side, threw it up on his right shoulder and presented arms.

The sixth stroke of midnight was just heard, when a second blue light darted skyward, but this time fully fifty yards nearer. The man who fired it was evidently running toward the river.

Roderick made a step forward and uttered a low cry.

The last stroke of the twelve had hardly been heard, when a third light whizzed up from the very brink of the river.

Roderick turned briskly round and gave a shrill whistle. The faithful soldier, whose watch he had assumed, immediately rushed forward, had his musket thrust back into his hands, with an injunction from Hardinge to keep silence. The latter had barely time to recede into the darkness when the relief-guard, consisting of a corporal and two privates, came to the spot and the usual formality of changing sentries was gone through.

II.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

With a throbbing heart, Roderick Hardinge walked rapidly over the brow of the citadel into Upper Town. He glanced up at the Chateau as he passed, but the lights which were visible there two hours before, were now extinguished, and the Governor was sleeping without a dream of the mischief that was riding out upon the city that night. He passed through the square and overheard the wassail of the officers over their wine and cards. He answered the challenge of the sentinel at the gate which guarded the heights of Mountain Hill, and doubled his pace down that winding declivity. The old hill has been the scene of many an historic incident, but surely of none more momentous than this midnight walk of Roderick Hardinge. Along the dark, narrow streets of Lower Town, stumbling over stones and sinking into cavities. Not a soul on the way. Not a sign of life in the square, black ware-houses, with their barricades of sheet-iron doors and windows.

In twenty minutes, the young officer had reached the river at the point where now stands the Grand Trunk wharf. A boat with two oars lay at his feet. Without a moment's hesitation he stepped into it, unfastened the chain that held it to the bank, threw the oars into their locks, and, with a vigorous stroke, turned the boat's nose to the south shore. As he did this, his eye glanced upward at the city. There it stood above him, silent and unconscious. The gigantic rock of Cape Diamond towered over him as if exultant in its own strength and in mockery of his forebodings. He rowed under the stern of the war-sloop. A solitary lantern hung from her bows, but no watchman hailed him from her quarter.

"The Horse Jockey is evidently a myth for them all," he murmured. "But he will soon be found a terrible reality, and it's Roddy Hardinge will tell them so."

The St. Lawrence is not so wide above Quebec as it is at other places along its course, and in a quarter of an hour, the oarsman had reached his destination. As the keel of his boat grated on the sands, a man stepped forward to meet him. The officer sprang out and slapped him on the shoulder:

"Good old boy, Donald."

"Thanks to you, maister."

"Punctual to a minute, as usual, Donald."

"Aye, sir, but 'twas a close scratch. The horse, I fear, feels it mair than I do."

"No doubt, no doubt. Rode much?"

"Nigh on ten hours, sir, and nae slackened rein."

"Oh, but my heart leaped, Donald, when I saw your first rocket. I could hardly believe my eyes."

"Just saved my distance, maister. If I had broken a gairth, I would have been too late. But it's done, sir."

"Yes, old friend, and well done."

The two men then entered upon a long and

earnest conference, speaking in low tones. From the animated manner of the old man and the frequent exclamations of the younger, it was evident that important information was being communicated by the one to the other. During a pause in the conversation, Donald produced a small paper parcel which he handed to Roderick Hardinge.

"'Twas stuckit in the seat o' my saddle, maister," said he, "an I wadna hae lost it for the world."

Roderick wrapped the parcel in his bandanna, and carefully placed it in his breast pocket, after which he buttoned his coat to the chin. At the end of half an hour, the two men prepared to separate.

"I will now hurry across," said Roderick. "And you, Donald, return to the inn. You must need rest terribly."

"Two hours or sae will set me to richts, sir."

"And your horse?"

"He's knockit up for gude, sir."

"Then get another and the best you can find. Here are fifty sovereigns. Use them freely in His Majesty's name."

Donald bowed loyally and low.

"I will be awake and awa' a gude hour before dawn, maister Roddy. The sunrise will see me weel out o' the settlements."

"And we meet here again at midnight."

"Depend upon it, sir, unless the rascalion rebels should catch and hang me up to one of the tall aiks o' the Chaudière."

"Never fear, Donald; a traitor's death was never meant for an old soldier of the King, like you."

The young officer entered his boat and immediately bent to the oars. The old servant walked up the hill leading to Levis, and was soon lost in the darkness.

III.

AT THE CHATEAU.

Roderick reached the north shore in safety. He fastened his boat to the same green, water-worn bulwark from which he had loosened it not more than an hour before. He walked up to the city along the same route which he had previously followed. Nothing had changed. Everything was profoundly quiescent. Every body was still asleep. If he courted secrecy, he must have been content, for it was evident that no one had been a witness of his strange proceedings.

When he got within the gates of Upper Town, his pace slackened perceptibly. It was not hesitation, but deliberation. He paused a moment in front of the barracks. The lights in the officers' quarters were out and no sound came from the mess-room. This circumstance seemed to deter him from entering, and he continued on his way direct to the Chateau St. Louis. Having passed the guard satisfactorily, he rapped loudly at the main portal. An orderly who was sleeping in his clothes, on a lounge in the vestibule, sprang to his feet at once, snatched up his dark lantern from behind the door, and opened. Throwing the light upon the face of his visitor, he exclaimed:

"Halloa, Hardinge, what the deuce brings you here at this disreputable hour? Come in, it's blasted cold."

"I want to see His Excellency."

"Surely not just now. He was ailing last evening and retired early. I don't think he would fancy being drummed up before daylight."

"Very sorry, but I must see him."

"Some little scrape, eh? Want the old gentleman to get you out of it before the town gets wind of it," said the orderly, who by this time was thoroughly awake and disposed to be in good humour.

"Something far more serious, Simpson, I am concerned to say. You know I would not call here at such an hour without the most urgent cause. I really must see the Governor and at once."

This was said without any signs of impatience, but in so earnest a way, that the orderly, who knew his friend well, felt that the summons could not be denied. He, therefore, proceeded at once to have the Governor awakened. With more celerity than either of the young men had looked for, that official rose, dressed and stepped into his anti-chamber where he sent for Hardinge to meet him. After a few words of apology, the latter unfolded to His Excellency the object of his visit. He stated that while every body in the city was busying himself about the invasion of the Colony from the west, by the Continental army under Montgomery, the other invading column from the east, under Arnold, was almost completely lost sight of. For his part, he declared that he considered it the more dangerous of the twain. It was composed of some very choice troops, had been organized under the eye of Washington himself, and was commanded by a dashing fellow. In addition to his other qualities, Arnold had the incalculable advantage of a personal knowledge of the city from several visits which he had quite lately paid it for commercial purposes. The people of Quebec seemed completely to ignore Arnold's expedition. They had a notion that it was or would be submerged somewhere among the cascades of the Kennebec, or, at least, that it would never succeed in penetrating so far as the frontier at Sertigan.

The Governor wrapped his dressing gown more closely about him, threw his head back on the pillow of his arm chair, and gave vent to a little yawn or two, as if in gentle wonder whether it were worth while to rouse him from his

slumbers for the sake of all this information with which he was quite familiar already. But the Governor was a patient, courteous gentleman, and could not believe that even a militia officer would presume so far on his good nature as come to him at such an hour, unless he had really something of definite importance to communicate. He, therefore, did not interrupt his visitor. Roderick Hardinge continued to say that fearing lest Arnold should pounce like a vulture upon the city while most of the troops of the Colony were with General Carleton, near Montreal, and in the Richelieu peninsula, and while, consequently, it was in an almost defenceless condition, he had determined to find out for himself all the facts connected with his approach. It might be presumption, on his part, but he had not full confidence in the few reports on this head which had reached the city, and wished to satisfy himself from more personal sources.

Here His Excellency smiled a little at the ingenuous confession of the subaltern, but a moment later, he opened his eyes very wide, when Roderick told him in minute detail all the circumstances which we have narrated in the preceding chapters.

"Your man, Donald, is thoroughly reliable?" queried the Lieutenant Governor.

"I answer for him as I would for myself. He was an old servant of my father's all through his campaigns."

"He says that Arnold has crossed the line?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"And that he is actually marching on Quebec?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"And that he is within —?"

"Sixty miles of the city."

The Lieutenant Governor plucked his velvet bonnet from his head and flung it on the table.

"Did you say sixty miles?"

"Sixty miles, sir."

His Excellency quietly took up his cap, set it on his head, threw himself back in his seat, placed his elbows on the elbows of the chair, closed his palms together perpendicularly, moved them up and down before his lips, and with his eyes cast to the ceiling, entered upon this little calculation.

"Sixty miles. At the rate of fifteen miles a day, it will take Mr. Arnold four days to reach Levis. This is the seventh, is it not? Then, on the eleventh, we may expect that gentleman's visit."

"Arnold will make two forced marches of thirty miles each, Your Excellency, and arrive opposite this city in two days. This is the seventh; on the ninth, we shall see his vanguard on the heights of Levis."

"Ho! Ho! And is that the way the jolly rebel is carrying on? He must have had a wonderful run of luck all at once. The last we heard from him, his men had mutinied and were about to disband."

"That was because they were starving."

"And have they been filled, forsooth?"

"They have, sir."

"By whom?"

"By our own people at Sertigan and further along the Chaudière."

"But horses? They are known to have lost them all in the wilderness."

"They have been replaced."

"Not by our own people, surely."

"Yes, sir, by our own people."

"Impossible. Our poor farmers have been robbed and plundered by these rascals."

"Excuse me, Your Excellency, but these rascals pay and pay largely for whatever they require."

"In coin?"

"No, sir, in paper."

"Their Continental paper?"

"The same."

"Rags, vile rags."

"That may be. But our farmers accept them all the same and freely."

Roderick here produced the small parcel which he had deposited in his breast pocket, and having unfolded it, drew forth several slips which he handed to His Excellency. They were specimens of American currency, and receipts signed by Arnold and others of his officers for cattle and provisions obtained from Canadian farmers.

"Indeed," continued the young officer, "Your Excellency will excuse me for saying that, from all the information in my possession—information upon which I insist that you can implicitly rely—it is beyond question that the population, through which the invading column has passed and is passing, is favorable to their cause. A trumpety proclamation written by General Washington himself, and translated into French, has been distributed among them and they have been carried away by its fine sentences about liberty and independence. These facts account for all the misleading and false reports which we have hitherto received concerning the expedition. We have been purposely and systematically kept in the dark in regard to it. Left to itself, Arnold's army would have disbanded through insubordination, or perished of starvation and hardship in the wilderness. Comforted and replenished by His Majesty's own subjects, it is now marching with threatening front toward Quebec."

"Traitors to the King in the outlying districts cannot unfortunately be so easily reached as those who lie more immediately under our eyes. But their time will come yet. Meanwhile, we have to keep a sharp watch over disaffection and treason within the walls of this very city," said the Lieutenant Governor with great earnestness and very perceptible warmth.

"This parcel may probably assist Your Ex-

cellency in doing so," replied Hardinge, at the same time delivering the remainder of the package which he had received from Donald.

"What have we here?" questioned the Governor, while unfastening the string which bound the parcel.

"Letters from Colonel Arnold to General Schuyler, the original commander of the army of invasion. Arnold will be surprised, if not chagrined, to learn that Schuyler has been succeeded by Montgomery."

"Ah! I see. Well, as these letters are not addressed to General Montgomery, and as Gen. Schuyler has left the country, it will be no breach of etiquette on our part if we open them. No doubt they will furnish very interesting reading. And these?"

"They are letters from Arnold to several prominent citizens of Quebec."

"Impossible."

"Your Excellency will please read the addresses."

The Governor examined the superscriptions one by one, and in silence, while he made his comments in an undertone.

"Mr. L.—It does not surprise me."

"Mr. F.—I shall inquire into it."

"Mr. O.—As likely as not."

"Mr. R.—Must be some mistake. He is too big a fool to take sides one way or the other."

"Mr. G.—His wife will have to decide that matter for him."

"Mr. X.—I'll give him a commission and he'll be all right."

"Mr. N.—I don't believe a word of it."

"Mr. H.—Loose fish. He was false to France under Montcalm. He may be false to England under Carleton."

And so on through a dozen more. At length he came upon the twentieth address, when he exclaimed:

"Mr. B.—Impossible! My best friend! But what if it were true? Who knows what these dark days may bring about? B—! B—! I will see to it at once."

Saying which, he flung all the letters on the table, and striving to master his excitement, turned towards Roderick Hardinge, and asked:

"Have you anything else to say to me, my young friend?"

"Nothing more, sir, unless it be to apologize for having occupied so much of your time, and especially at this hour."

"Never mind that. If what you have told me is all true, the information is incalculable in importance. I shall lose no time in acting, and shall not forget you nor your old servant. I will send out scouts at once and proceed myself to the examination of these letters which you have placed in my hands. The situation is grave, young man. You have done well, and to show you how much I appreciate your conduct, I intend employing you on a further mission. You have not slept this night?"

"No, Your Excellency."

"It is now half past five. Go and rest till noon. At that hour come to me with the best saddle horse in your regiment. I will give you your instructions then."

Roderick Hardinge gave the salute and took his departure just as the first streaks of dawn lighted the sky.

No one accosted him in the vestibule. The sentinel at the entrance did not even notice him. He walked straight to the barracks. As he crossed the Cathedral square, a graceful hooded figure glided past him and entered into the old church. It was pretty Pauline Belmont. Roderick recognized her, and turned to speak to her, but she had disappeared under the arcade. Alas! if either of them had known.

(To be continued.)

A "TIED-BACK" WOMAN.

Charles Dudley Warner writes: She resembled a fish; but fish do not walk on their tails, nor even mermaids. There was I know not what fascinating about her, more than any siren whom cast-away mariners used to be led on to follow. And you could not say exactly in what it consisted. She wore a round hat put upon the back of her head, like the aureole of a saint to whom her sweet face gave her the appearance of kindred. Her bodice was close-fitting—indeed, drawn tight about the waist like the bark of a young slender tree. Her scant skirt pulled tight in front so as to show her form, and "tied-back," terminated behind in a short fan-like train, like the tail of a mermaid. She was mounted on shoes seven sizes too small for her feet—indeed, only her toes appeared to have accommodation in them, and the high heels coming under the instep tilted her forward and completed the grace of her carriage. When she walked she put down one little foot after the other as if each leg were as elastic as an iron rod. It was a great pleasure to see her pecking along, a thing of perfect beauty, like one of the drawings of a chimera by an old master. It is not every woman who looks well in this singular costume, or who can put it on with just that last touch of art that conceals art. It needs a certain piquancy in the wearer, and I may say archness and prettiness that all women—Heaven forgive me—do not have. Everybody knows that notwithstanding a ridiculous rigidity of outline and scantiness of apparel, a certain sweetness of face and purity of form which enchant even this faithless generation. Let no one suppose that I am ridiculing this costume or the woman who wears it worthily. On the contrary I am trying to discover, upon principles of art, in what its quaint beauty consists. I suppose that it is pre-

Raphaelite. I only know that it attracts one in the street as the quaint figures of Giotto do in the frescoes, and that one is tempted to follow it and see the wearer of it in motion—a new sort of angel, drawn in angular lines, astray in the world. Few, very few, attain to the high art of tying themselves back in an artistic and at the same time striking manner. It would be well if it were taught in our schools of design. It is not a matter of no importance. One can gain or lose a reputation by it. I heard a lady say the other day: "The Duchess of Manchester has the reputation of being the best 'tied-back' woman in England."

BRELOQUES.

TEACHER—"What is the definition of flirtation?" Intelligent young pupil—"It is attention without intention."

As leap year is only a month off a good many young men are already procuring bogus marriage certificates to carry about their persons as a means of protection.

A BACHELOR returning from a ball in a crowded coach, declared with a groan that he had not the slightest objection to "rings on his fingers," but he had a most unequivocal aversion to "belles on his toes."

It is a strange world we live in, and every person has his ups and downs. Many a young man who is now mournfully treading the path of sorrow and affliction, will soon be lifted into the sunshine of joy and ecstasy by the gift of a pair of slippers which are too small for him.

YOUNG Mrs. Burdock asked old Miss Ann Thropy why Little Johnnie Burdock was like an angel, and Miss T. said there was not the slightest resemblance between them, which was not the right answer. Now the ladies do not speak to each other mornings when they are sifting the ashes at the fence dividing their back yards.

LADIES (says a Western fashion writer), you may fix your hair, do it up high, let it down low, have it hanging on your back, "scrambled" over your foreheads, "banged" into your eyes, puffed up at the sides, worn waterfall style, tied up in a doughnut, or any other way you may please, and it will be all right—for fashion says so.

YOUNG man, if you should see your girl gazing intently at your feet, don't shift them about uneasily, or draw them up and sit upon them, under the impression that she is overwhelmed by their immense size. She is merely taking their measure mentally, for a pair of slippers, on the toes of which she intends to work a blue dog with a green tail and scarlet ears.

A TEACHER in the Wood street school has, by long experience of the innocent manners of childhood, become so wise that when a little girl comes to her in the morning, and twining her arms around her neck, kisses her, and falters with bashful tenderness, "Dear Miss Page, I love you so much," she always replies, "Well, Cornelia, why is it that you didn't study your lessons for to-day?"

A WOMAN on Craig street has learned a lesson that will do her some good in the future. One cold morning last week she had the hard-heartedness to make her husband get up and make the fire. He mistook the clothes pins she had put in the basket for chips and made a roaring fire with them. She mourns the loss, but the husband is satisfied that she'll impose upon him no more.

"I beg pardon, sir; I'm attached to you!" she exclaimed, pettishly, in the street car, struggling at the same time to free her clanking chain which had got hooked upon his button. He lifted his hat and bowed and stammered: "The attachment is mutual, madame, I assure you." The chain was loosed and the lady got off, blushing, and the young man sat down complacently. It wouldn't happen that way once in a thousand times.

A WRITER on Spanish women says: Occasionally one meets a type of the true, *distingué* breed, the clear, pale complexion and finely cut, oval face contrasting superbly with the dark hair and great eyes, and all enhanced by that most graceful of head dresses, a rich Spanish veil. To see one of these standing in the barn-like doorway of an insignificant house, with her fan restlessly fluttering as she waited for us to pass, and her eyes scanning us fearlessly, apparently unconscious of the admiration she excited, was to have a vision that restored all one's idea of Spain.

A native-born Wolverine can't be crushed out by anything short of death. Yesterday an old man seventy years of age called upon the Chief of Police and abruptly said:

"My wife has run away."
 "Has, eh?"
 "And taken all my money."
 "Well, that's bad."
 "And nearly all the household goods."
 "Whew!"
 "And she took the children with her."
 "Well, well."
 "And she run me in debt \$300 before she left."
 "She did?"
 "And I shan't have a place to lay my head after to-day," continued the old man.
 "Well, what shall we do about it?" asked the Chief.

"I know what I'm going to do," replied the old man in a determined voice; "I'll marry again in less than a week, and before spring I'll have a hundred dollars in the bank!"

HYMNUS RESPONSORIUS.

The *Contemporary Review* for December publishes a rhymed Latin version, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, of this hymn. The translation is made from the hymn by Dr. John Mason Neale (No. 254, Hymns, Ancient and Modern Revised and Enlarged) taken from the Greek of St. Stephen the Sabaites.

I.
 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
 Are thou sorely distressed?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest!"

II.
 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If he be my guide?
 "In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

III.
 Hath He diadem as Monarch
 That His Brow adorns?
 "Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns."

IV.
 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear."

V.
 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
 Jordan past."

VI.
 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till Earth, and not till Heaven
 Pass away."

VII.
 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is he sure to bless?
 "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins
 Answer, Yea!"

(TRANSLATION.)

I.
 "Scis te lassum? scis languentem?
 Luctu contristatus?
 Audin' Veni, veniensque,
 Pace perfruaris?"

II.
 Notas habet, quas agnōrim
 Istum consecutus?
 R. "Manus. Plantæ cruentatæ,
 Cruentatum Latius."

III.
 Equid portat, pro coronâ
 Quæ Monarchas ornât?
 R. "Diademæ, sed spinarum,
 Frontem Hanc adornat."

IV.
 Sin obnitat, sin attingam,
 Qui remunerabit?
 R. "Luctus, fletus, ac laborum
 Largitatem dabit."

V.
 Sin obstrictus adhærebo,
 Quis in fine status?
 R. "Vite meta, luctus fuga,
 Labor exantiliatus."

VI.
 Si receptum supplicâssim,
 Votum exaudiret?
 R. "Quamquam Terra, quamquam Cœlum,
 In ruinam iret."

VII.
 Persistentem, perluctantem,
 Certus est beare?
 R. "Vates quisque, Martyr, Virgo,
 Angelus testare!"

ART IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Writing from Paris a correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* says; The French people are unsafe keepers of the treasures which their own genius has evoked. They kindle at a spark, and in any revolution marbles and pictures, whose names are synonyms for beauty, would be but pebbles and rags in the way of their fury, and the Louvre itself but a mad bonfire. We can easily understand, after having seen its glory with our own eyes, the wail of horror which went up from all tourists at its reported destruction in 1871. No possible creative power could have given back to the world what a few hours of conflagration would have taken from it. Great men might have painted worthy pictures, but they would have been lacking in that sweet, memorial presence of the past which the canvas of dead masters so touchingly presents to us. Who can ever fail to be impressed by what seems to us in a great picture the living presentment of the inspirations of a painter, talking to us and teaching us, long after all that pertained to his mortal frame has gone back to dust? It is a rare school for art education, this Louvre, a place of endless resource and pleasure. It is freely open to artists who congregate here and cumber the rooms with their easels. A few copy well, most of them indifferently, and their wares are dispersed to every quarter of the globe. It gives exquisite delight to meet here in full glory so many pictures and statues which have been feebly repeated across the water in print and photographs. That certain something, which you missed from the engraving, which gray outline could not give, is here, the warmth, the glow, a vital clue to the imagination, a fire that looks from the eyes and speaks from the lips; hands full of motive power—the whole canvas instinct with that life which, through the master's hand, went out from the thing represented or conceived, through the instruments or use, and, having fastened itself upon the canvas or marble, lies there, not so much a simulation as a real thing, poised in some supreme moment of attitude or emotion. Thus the "Venus

of Milo," the "Ascension" of Murillo, the St. Cecilia" of Raphael, become to one exponent of the highest types of art, and as such seem as easy of comprehension as the alphabet to a little child. The Palais du Luxembourg, built by Marie de Medicis, beautiful for its gardens, holds the pictures of the best living artists, who by a touching winnowing and just process of fame are liable at death to have their pictures transferred to the Louvre and their names thus given a permanent place. The Louvre, the Palais du Luxembourg, and every other place of public exhibition in the city are full of articles of *virtu* and costly *bric-a-brac*. The Hotel de Cluny is rarely rich in antiquities of this sort. Its chapel communicates with the garden of the Roman palace Thermes, which was built by Constantius Chlorus towards the end of the fifth century, and is the oldest ruin in Paris. The part left was called the Frigidarium, or place for cold baths; a vast hall, with its water-tank and appurtenances clearly defined. It is a ruin full of the flavor of the past, telling, through its disjointed fragments, of the habits of a people so long since dead that their name even sounds like a fable. The peace of the past seems to hang over the whole place, and one emerges from the Hotel de Cluny, with its relics and its ruins, into the bustle of Parisian streets, as one would amazingly come out from a Roman tomb where he had been sitting with mummies.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SAVOURY RICE PUDDING.—Wash one ounce of the finest rice, put it in a pie-dish with half a pint of beef-tea or any kind of broth. Bake until the rice is well cooked; it will take about an hour in a moderate oven. Boil a quarter of a pint of milk, pour it on to an egg lightly beaten, stir well together, and then mix with the rice. Season with salt, and, if liked, a little pepper. Put the pudding into the pie-dish, bake very slowly for an hour and a half, and then serve.

A GOLDEN RULE.—Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost anything. He who has it should draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the ragged slaves of idleness and judge which is the best to serve, industry or idleness.

DREAMY LIFE.—Would you not call a man a fool who should spend all his time fishing up oysters, with the expectation of finding a pearl? But is he really more unwise than hundreds who, with their hands in their pockets and cigars in their mouths, are waiting for something to turn up or turn over, that will throw them at once into business and fortune? They may wait till doomsday—and longer, if possible—before their fond expectation will be realized. If there is a kind of life we abominate, it is that lingering, waiting, lazy, dreamy sort of existence over which angels and true men weep with unfeigned horror.

CURIOSITY.—Curiosity is in great and generous minds the first passion and the last, and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties. He who easily comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subject, is always eager for new inquiries; and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider prospect, it must be gratified by more rapid flights and bolder excursions than perhaps can be proposed to those who have been accustomed to the pleasure of thought—a more powerful incitement to any undertaking than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

MAN.—During his days of youthful enthusiasm every man promises himself a career of perfect happiness—of stainless respectability—of matchless honour. We flatter ourselves that the world will reform itself for our sake. We anticipate a faultless partner in our future bride, and cheat ourselves with the expectation that the even current of destinies will flow over sands of gold. Alas! the first self-deception we are compelled to resign becomes a bitter trial to our fortitude; but, one after another, we see these cherished visions fade away—we inure ourselves to the degree of mediocrity which is our allotted portion—and, finally, learn to be contented with such dirty scraps as the charity of fortune throws in our way.

THE CHOICE OF A VOCATION.—In the choice of a vocation there is one great mistake to be avoided—that of entering what are called "the professions," or mercantile life, or some other employment, where there is but little manual labour, on the supposition that this must promise to the young man a comparatively easy life. There are none who work harder than some who are supposed not to work at all. An aching brain may be more trying than a weary arm. The man who handles tools often sings at his work, but there is not much music of this sort in the counting-house where the capitalist weaves the web and unravels the tough knots of a great and complicated business. Some seem to imagine that thoughts come spontaneously, and that, when a clergyman has preached his two sermons on Sunday, he may rest until another Sunday recurs—that the barrister, when he is not engaged in consultation or pleading in court, is doing nothing—and that the only work of a physician consists in driving about and writing cabalistic prescriptions. The experiment of a few weeks in some such line of life would effectually cure all such delusions.

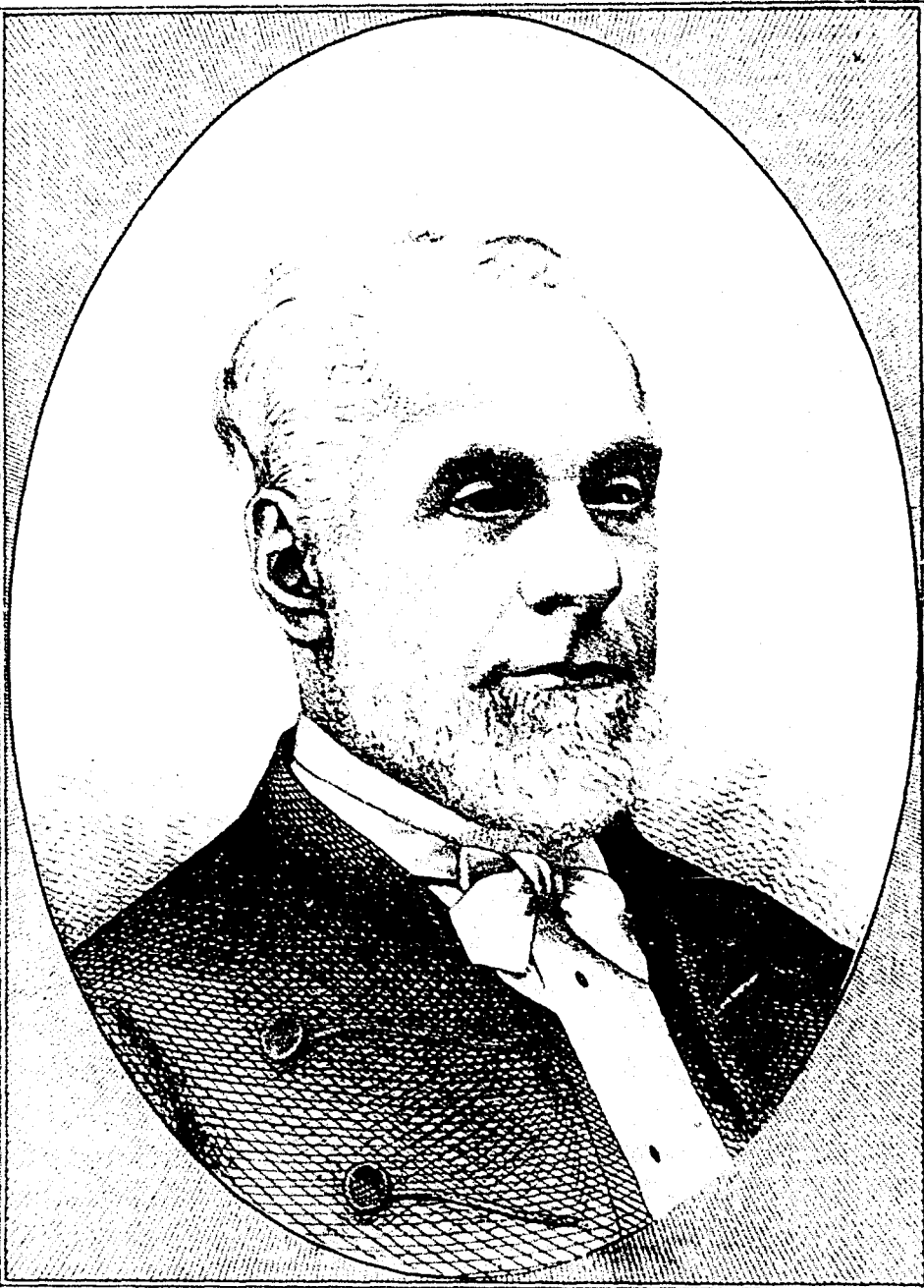
HON. F. H. LEMAIRE.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY
No. 266

The Speaker of the Legislative Council of Quebec was born at the Mission of the Lake of Two Mountains, on the 15th March, 1808. He was admitted as a Notary Public on the 16th January, 1836; is Major Two Mountains Reserve Militia, and has been agent for the Seminary of St. Sulpice at the Seignior of the Lake of Two Mountains, since 1842. He was appointed a member of the Executive Council and Speaker of the Legislative Council of Quebec on the 22nd of September, 1874. He was called to the Legislative Council in 1867.

AUTUMN LEAVES IN AMERICA.

Charles Bradlaugh in a recent letter to an English journal says: At present the climate is glorious, and the foliage so splendid that it is almost worth an ocean journey to admire the trees. Yesterday, I visited the Forest Hills Cemetery, on the south side of Boston, but fear that I can but very faintly convey an idea of the magnificent robes of many-shaped and many-colored leaves in which nature has temporarily arrayed herself. The bright leaves of the Virginia creeper, trained around the doors and windows on the wooden house fronts, or making a brilliant crimson riband on the walls, and excelled only by the vivid color of the Japanese woodbine at the cemetery gates, prepared the eye somewhat for the splendor which dressed the walnut, oak, elm, maple, and fir of the neighborhood. Here the russet-brown leaves of the walnut and the dark green of the scrub oak formed a back ground for the light ochre of the live oak; contrasting with the scarlet of the maple, now pale, now deepened, now about a blood red, and now a leaden plum color, as the bright sunshine or dull cloudshade came on the wind-swayed branches. One tree was specially remarkable; it was a rock maple, its lower limbs thickly clad in dark olive green, which faded into pale emerald, then shone out in pale carmine, and at last edged itself all round with a broad fringe of bright yellow ochre. Special leaves presented marvellous freaks of coloring; a yellow ochre leaf with an eccentric line of bright emerald green, and with two of the points of the leaf scarlet-dyed; another leaf of pale green, as if a fern had been printed on it in dark brown, and others—among which the pretty brown striped squirrel ran to hide—so strangely tinted and painted with mander carmine, sea green, pink, and ruby, that any fair description seems exaggeration. The beauty is not so much in the single leaves, however curious, or in solitary trees, however gorgeous. It is in the glorious array of a thousand trees ranked beside

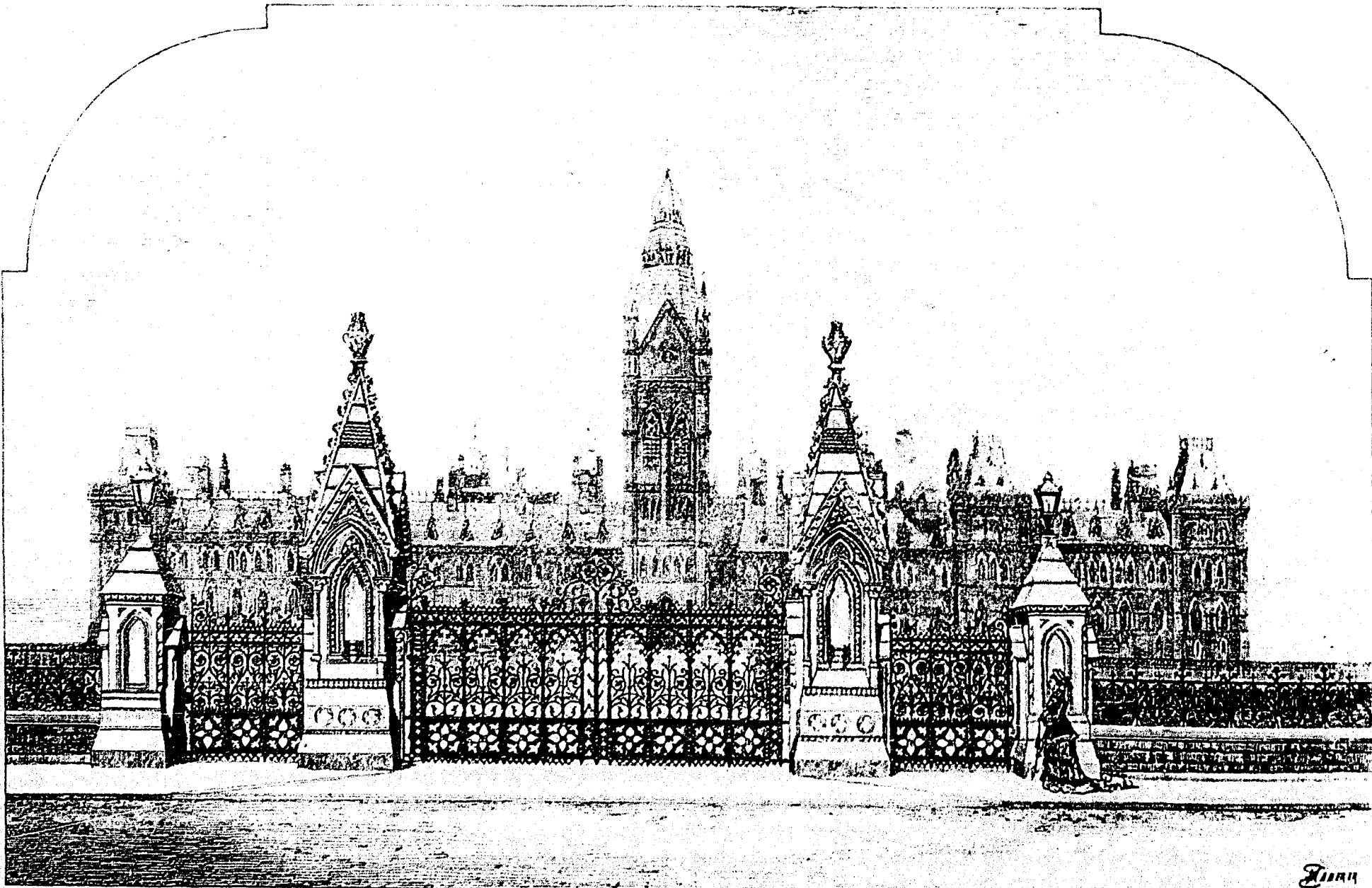


HON. FELIX HYACINTHE LEMAIRE, SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, QUEBEC.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS.

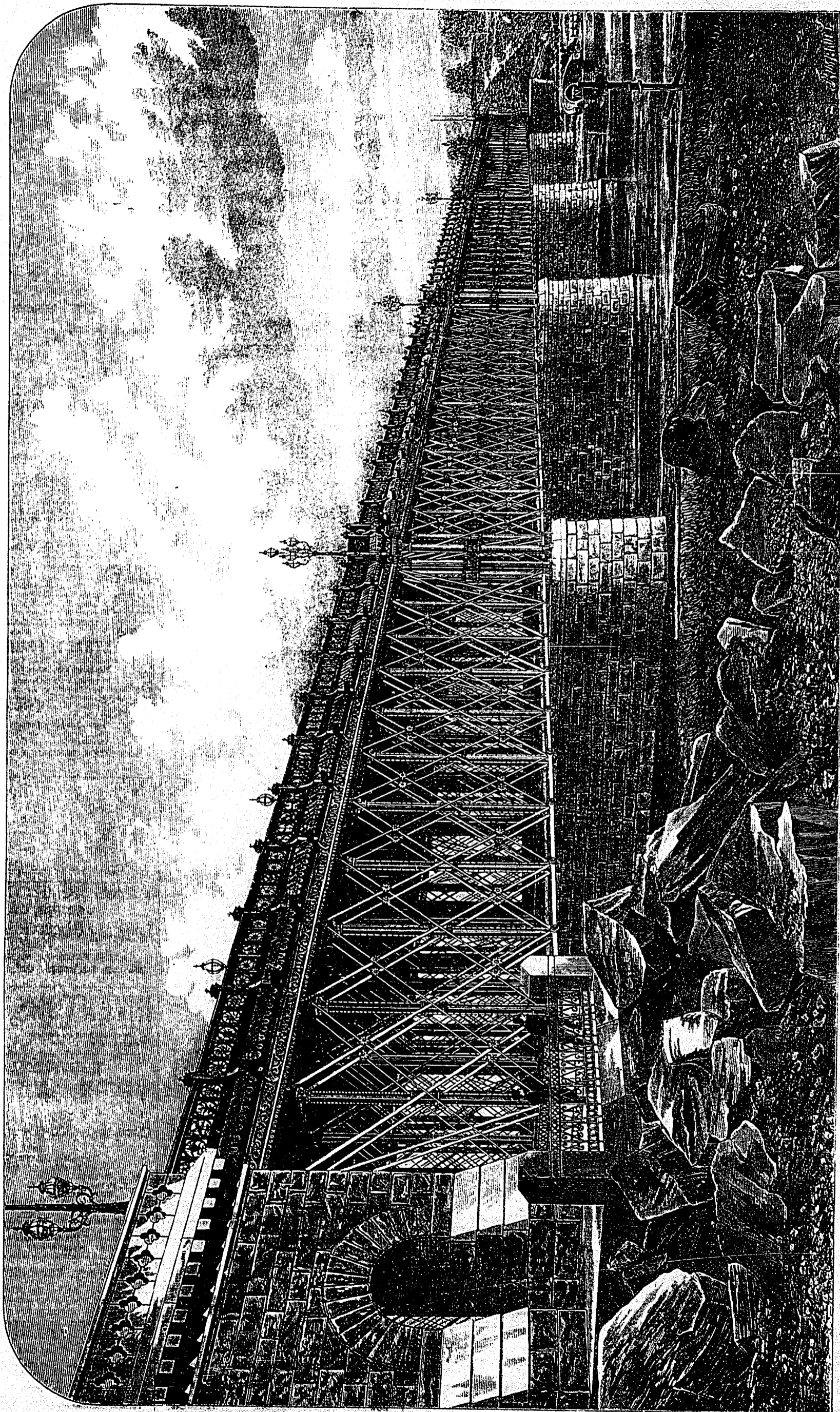
and above each other on the hill slopes, girded and burnished by the sun's ray pencil. The dark green of the fir, the American poplar, and the elm, the bright green of the spruce, and the white oak, the innumerable shades of color from pale yellow to dark chocolate, of the different varieties of oak, the delicate green, pink, carmine, and scarlet of the maple, fringed with the brilliant crimson of the sumach bush, whose lower leaves mingle with the rich but treacherous and heavy magnificent scarlet of the poisonous ivy, this last losing itself amongst the thick ferns. Paint all these on your eye, and give them almost life with the breeze-breath amongst them, and then you have a faint idea of the beauty of autumn leaves in Massachusetts.

CANOVA'S RIGHT HAND.

Anne Brewster writes from Venice to the Philadelphia Bulletin. Do you know that Canova's clever right hand is in a jasper urn that is placed against the wall in one of the halls of the Venetian Academy? I did not, and was startled one day by learning the fact from the Latin inscription in gilt bronze letters upon the beautiful urn; underneath it is Canova's steel scalpello, which he used when giving the last best touches of a master to the marble. At the Municipal Museum Correr (named Correr from the distinguished collector of the objects who left the museum to the city) you will find a curious collection of Canova's abozzi, or first sketches in clay; among them is the repentant Magdalen, and the group of the old man leaning on the young woman's arm in the sad procession entering his own monumental tomb at Frari. The group was originally modelled for the well-known tomb of the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria, in the Augustines church at Vienna. Above this case of clay sketches are three of Canova's oil paintings, very poor, and a few carefully executed designs of some of his monuments. Among them is a very beautiful Rezzonico, Clement XIII., tomb, which is in the north transept of St. Peter's at Rome. On the wall, below these drawings and oil paintings, are fastened a bone modelling tool, a rasp, and a long steel chisel with a wooden handle, which were used by Canova in his clay and marble work. Canova, you will remember, died in Venice in 1822; he was born at Possagno, near Bassano, in 1757. He died in Campo St. Gallo; you will find the house easily; it is No. 1119. His cunning right hand is enshrined in jasper at the Academy; his simple, honest heart is embalmed in the superb monument built by all Europe to his memory in the fine old Venetian church of the Frari, and his body rests in the temple he built at his birthplace, Possagno.



OTTAWA:—THE NEW GATES OF THE PARLIAMENT GROUNDS; (IRONWORK MANUFACTURED BY H. R. IVER & CO., OF MONTREAL.)



THE GIRARD AVENUE BRIDGE, PHILADELPHIA.

MANY PEOPLE THINK that if they have a slight cold or cough, the best thing they can do is to do nothing, but simply let it wear off. It is the indulgence in this fearfully erroneous idea that makes the dread scourge of Consumption so frightfully common—so common, that it is estimated that war is as nothing, and pestilence a bagatelle compared to it. Never neglect a cold till too late, but use Wingate's Pulmonic Troches, which give immediate relief. Sold everywhere for 25 cents.

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MONTREAL, Dec., 1875.

12-26-3-271

Merchants Bank of Canada.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of **FOUR PER CENT.**

upon the CAPITAL STOCK of this Institution for the current half year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after

Monday, the Third Day of January next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

JACKSON RAE,

General Manager.

Montreal, 27th Nov., 1875.

12-23-5-253.

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NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the PARLIAMENT of CANADA, at its next Session, to amend the Charter of

"The Bank of the United Provinces"

by changing the name thereof, and changing the Chief Seat or Place of Business thereof, and for other purposes.

ROBERT ARMOUR,

SOLICITOR FOR APPLICANTS.

BOWMANVILLE, Nov. 13th 1875.

12-21-9-246.

EXCHANGE BANK OF CANADA.

DIVIDEND No. 7.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of **THREE PER CENT**

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution for the current half-year, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank on and after

Monday, the Third Day of January next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

R. J. CAMPBELL,

Cashier.

Exchange Bank of Canada.

Montreal, Nov. 30, 1875.

12-24-5-255

(ESTABLISHED 1803.)

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"Remaining, Gentlemen, Yours very respectfully,

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

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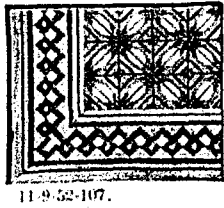
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 SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES, \$1,000,000.
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 6-10 Palace Street,
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Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas always in readiness, and admi-
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CELEBRATED OINTMENT
 CALLED THE
POOR MAN'S FRIEND,

is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing
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 Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Chilblains, Scorbatic
 Eruptions, and Pimples on the Face, Sore and Inflamed
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 Cancerous Humours, and is a Specific for those afflicting
 Eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination. Sold in
 Pots at 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 9d. each.

DR. ROBERTS'S PILULE ANTISCROPHULE,
 OR ALTERNATIVE PILLS, confirmed by sixty years
 experience to be one of the best medicines ever com-
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 her operations. Hence they are useful in Scrophula,
 Scorbatic Complaints, Glandular Swellings, particularly
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BLOOD MIXTURE.

Trade Mark,—"Blood Mixture."
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER
 For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impuri-
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 For Scrophula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all
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 Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs.
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 Cures Scurvy Sores.
 Cures Cancerous Ulcers.
 Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
 Cures Glandular Swellings.
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 From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted
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NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW
 YOUNG and MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR.,
 as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on
 under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG &
 CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the
 new firm.

JAMES MATTINSON.
 May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to
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 Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, Copper-smiths, &c.
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BAKING POWDER

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In every family where Economy and Health are
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It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Bolls, Pan-
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 used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save
 half the usual shortening, and make the food more
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 General Manager: ALFRED PERRY.
 Sub-Manager: DAVID L. KIRBY

Vice-President: JOHN OSTELL.
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ASSETS IN GOLD:

U. S. Bonds and other Securities and Cash in hands of U. S. Trustees	\$400,178 45
Montreal Harbor Bonds (in hands of Receiver General)	50,000 00
Montreal Warehousing Company's Bonds	34,725 34
Bank Stocks	276,715 96
Mortgages on Real Estate	55,347 00
City of Quebec Consolidated Fund	2,000 00
Bills Receivable for Marine Premiums	145,351 27
Agents' Balances in due course of Transmission, and uncollected Premiums	151,838 34
Sundry Accounts due the Company for Salvages, re-Insurances, &c	39,216 08
Furniture—U. S. and Canada	21,966 27
Cash on hand and on Deposit	27,138 79
	\$1,175,237 53

LIABILITIES:

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Insures every description of Fire Risks, Inland Cargoes and Hulls; also Ocean Cargoes and
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 November 13 12-29-52-235

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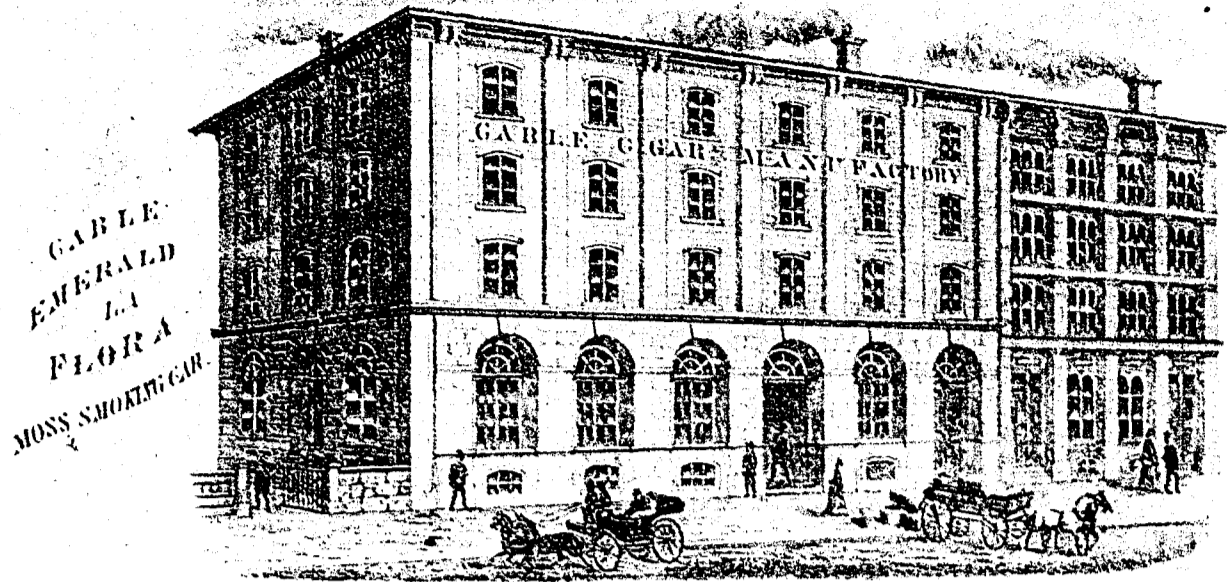
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IS
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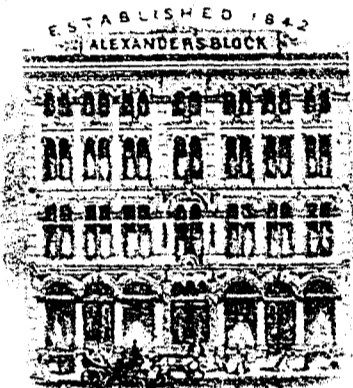
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BECAUSE THEIR CUSTOMERS ARE ALWAYS
SATISFIED WITH IT.

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NEVER DISAPPOINTS THEM.

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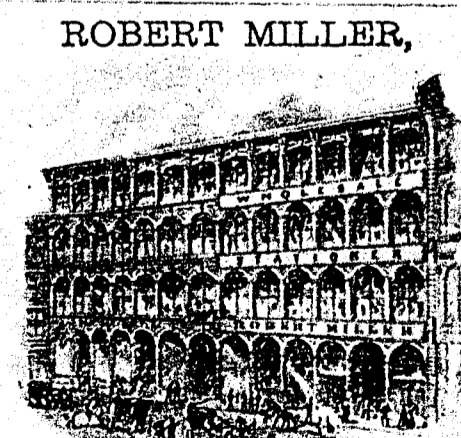


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I shall be pleased to send it to you as soon as it will come in
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