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THE WEST-COAST NEWS

Vol. X.—No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
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CANADA'S SHAME.—THE WORK OF THE ELECTION COURTS.

"O my offence is rank; it smells to heaven!"

HAMLLET.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we shall publish a double-page composition, representing the

New Fire Stations of Montreal,

and containing the portraits of the Chairman of the Fire Committee, Chief Engineer BERTRAM, and Captain McROBIE, of the Salvage Corps. In the same connection, we shall publish the portrait of Mr. ALFRED PERRY, so long identified with the Fire Department and Insurance business of Montreal. There will also appear a sketch of the

Royal Yacht Club Ball,

recently given at the Grand Opera House, TORONTO. The paper will further contain the usual variety of illustrations, fashions, and interesting letter press.

THE NEW STORY.

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

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

This story, considered the best yet written by Mr. Collins, was begun in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of Nov. 7, (Number 19).

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

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TO THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

Permit us to call your attention to the advantages of publicity offered by the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to Advertisers, especially Merchants, Manufacturers, Hotel-Keepers, Railway and Steamship Companies, Professional men, and others, desirous of reaching the best classes of the community in every part of the Dominion. It has other points to recommend it besides its large and wide-spread circulation. In the first place, it is a family paper, taken home, read from beginning to end, and kept on the parlor table throughout the week, and then put by, and finally bound; not, as befalls the daily paper, torn up, after a rapid perusal of telegraphic news. The children can over the pictures, read the stories and the funny column, and finally meander among the advertisements and call their parent's attention to those that suit them. The ladies peruse it from end to end, dwelling especially on the fashions and the ladies' column, then naturally turn to the advertising pages to know where to buy the materials for that dress, or the ingredients for that *Poudingue à la Czarevitch*. The men read the leading articles, the stories, the paragraphs, study the cartoons and other pictures, night after night, and while sipping their *hot stuff*, or enjoying their Havana, pore over the advertisements, and make up their mind to go next day and buy that fur coat, that hall-stove, or that superexcellent sherry. Then again the limited space reserved to advertisements being less than one-fifth of the paper, secures to each advertisement greater attention, whilst most papers devote one-half or two-thirds of their available space to advertisements, which are mostly doomed to oblivion in the great mass. Also, the very low price charged, being much less than several weekly newspapers in Canada, and far lower than any illustrated Paper in the United States, where the prices are from ten to forty times higher than ours, without an equivalent difference in quality. And finally, remember that, while serving your own interest in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, you contribute to the support and improvement of this national enterprise, and consequently to the work of progress and education effected by the spread of art and literature.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 5th, 1874.

REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

The circumstances of public feeling and of newspaper discussion in the Province of Ontario are such that we cannot afford to ignore the introduction of this important civic right into our legislation. The question is simple enough when properly understood, but because it is not generally understood, it is the duty of every journalist who aims at a share of influence over popular opinion, to explain it according to his views. Universal manhood suffrage does not enter into our constitution, but we have perhaps a better substitute for it, the cardinal feature of which is to give every voter a voice in our legislation, and thus make him part and parcel of the government. This principle, beautiful in theory, would be equally beautiful in practice, were there no party divisions among the people. In that case, the men who would be elected to the Parliament, the men who would be returned to the Legislature, without a contest, would be the representatives, the concretions, as it were, of the whole people. Every individual might truly claim his personal share in every executive act of the Prime Minister; in every judicial decision of the Chief Justice appointed by that Prime Minister; in every legislative enactment of Parliament. But unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, there are divisions of party with us, as with other nations; one fraction of the people demands one government, another fraction, another government. To meet this necessary case a second principle had to be introduced into the constitution—viz, that the *majority must rule*. The question then arose—What majority? An absolute or a relative majority? The answer was—a relative majority. How far relative? One-half, two-thirds? No, the majority of even *one*, should it so happen. That is, a mere plurality. So that the grand principle of equality is reduced to this—the *plurality must rule*. Thus if, on one side, one hundred thousand votes are cast, and, on the other, one hundred thousand and one, that unit rules, and may sway the majority as it likes. This is no ideal statement of the case. There are many examples of such slender pluralities. Take, for instance, Lincoln's second election, in 1864. On that occasion, 4,000,000 votes were polled in round numbers. The majority had 2,200,000; the minority 1,800,000. A plurality of only one-tenth.

The working of this plurality principle would be quite fair if the representation in Congress or Parliament were in direct ratio of the popular vote; that is, if the minority had the same relative strength there as it had at the polls. But such is not the case. If the rights of minorities were enforced, then, in our Municipal Councils, in our Provincial Legislatures, in our Federal Parliament, the number of representatives composing both parties would exactly correspond to the division of the popular vote. Thus if, at the polls, the majority stood to the minority in the relation of 2 to 1 or 4 to 1, in our representative halls the very same ratio would exist. Otherwise, it is evident that the popular vote cannot be correctly represented. This anomaly was strikingly illustrated in the Thirty-Ninth Congress—that which followed the Presidential election just referred to. The people stood at the elections as 10 to 9—that is, in a majority of only one-tenth—and yet, in Congress, their representatives stood 3 to 1, or a majority of two-thirds. It is to this fact for a whole decade, revealed, perhaps, more than anything else, the defects of the American electoral system.

England may be said to have taken the lead in this important matter. Its first champions were Mr. HARE and Mr. JOHN STUART MILL. The latter wrote upon it largely and introduced it into Parliament,

where it was further elucidated by such men as Lord CAIRNS, Mr. LOWE, and Mr. SHAW-LEFEBVRE. In the Reform Bill of 1867, there was a clause providing that in three-cornered constituencies—that is, constituencies in which there are three candidates—each elector shall have two votes only, instead of three, as was formerly the case, thus giving a minority, whenever it is over two-fifths of the whole electors, the chance of choosing a representative of their own. There were at that time eight such three-cornered constituencies, though in reality only five, in which the two-fifths minority enjoyed their privilege, for we believe that in the three counties of Berkshire, Bucks and Oxfordshire, the three representatives were of the same political opinion. In the five other counties, where parties were divided, two representatives being Conservatives, for instance, and one Liberal, the majority could return its two members, and the minority also elect its candidate. Thus the great principle of Minority Representation was embodied in the Electoral Reform scheme of Britain, and though its practical working is, for the time being, restricted to the comparatively small area of eight constituencies, because it was thought better to test it on a limited scale, before introducing it throughout the electoral system, yet a great point was gained, and there is no doubt its extension will soon be favoured by all parties. Singularly enough, however, it was opposed at the time by Mr. BRIGHT. In Illinois, and, if we mistake not, in one or two of the Western States, the project was attempted, with a certain measure of success, while in New York, a few years ago, a body calling itself "the Personal Representation Society" was formed by DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, to discuss the measure in all its bearings, and come to some practical arrangement about it. At the establishment of Confederation, Canada took a step or two in this direction, the traces of which are still visible. In certain mixed communities, Minority candidates were put forward and elected. In Montreal, for example, where the population is more than one-half French and about two-thirds Roman Catholic, it was agreed that, besides the French and Irish members, an English Protestant should be returned both to Parliament and the Provincial Legislature, whose function it should be to represent the important minority of the metropolis. In this arrangement all classes acquiesce to this day, and the result has been harmonious action and good will for the whole constituent body.

CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES.

We are glad to notice that the Government of the Dominion have advertised for tenders for a fortnightly steam-line to carry the mails between Canada and St. Thomas and Guiana; and also for another between Canada and the Island of Cuba. In our opinion, it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the proposed services; and the Government deserve the most hearty support of the whole country in their attempt to establish it. There must, in the very nature of things, be a very large trade between Canada and the West Indies, whether it is done directly, or by the means of intermediate merchants in the United States. The broad fact is, that Canada does require, and does consume annually, a large amount of West India productions, while the West Indians, on their part, require and consume a large amount of our northern products in the shape of woods, fish, and other articles. The Maritime Provinces have in fact, for some years past, been somewhat largely engaged in this trade, and some individual merchants in the other Provinces have also, to some extent, carried it on. The total volume of the trade, however, has not been relatively large. In 1872, the total amount did not quite reach seven millions of dollars; and, in 1873, it was only a little over six. These figures show only a small fraction of what our trade with the West Indies ought to be, and what we believe it will be, in the almost immediate future. Trade will follow fa-

cities, and the first step in opening them out is the establishment of regular and direct steam postal service. It is not very many years ago since that now gigantic enterprise, the Allan steam-line, was a struggling and, at one time, almost a doubtful fortnightly service. Perhaps the development of trade between Canada and the West Indies may not be so great, but when we remember some of the facts which were elicited by the Commission that was sent to the West Indies a few years ago by the late Government, and look at the magnitude of the mutual wants which exist between the two countries, it is impossible not to predict a very large trade.

POLITICAL CAPITAL.

It would be amusing, if it not were disappointing, to see the tricks that political parties use to get into place and power. The negotiations and the bargainings, the sacrifices of principle, the reticences, the wild rush, in defiance of all past pledges, at the bright goal of success, are something startling, and they point to a state of public morality which is far from flattering to Canadians. The people at large have no idea of the machinery that works up popular elections. They read the names printed on the party ticket and think that it is all right. But if they knew the amount of wire-pulling, the mean chicanery, the downright dishonesty, the double dealing that presided at its confection, their native sense of honor would probably lead them to spurn it. They would hear and read of that peculiar American institution yelet the caucus? But do they really know what it means? Have they found out that it is has, in great measure, been introduced amongst us? Are they aware that it consists of a handful of self-constituted political managers, with no authority but their own audacity, and talent for scheming, who take upon themselves to canvass the relative fitness of candidates for office, and put through such as please them, without consulting hardly any other qualification? Then come mass meetings and ratification meetings. Do the people suspect how these are got up? The orators who speak on such occasions are all named in advance, and generally supplied with an outline of harangue. The resolutions or "platform" are all cut and dried before hand, worded in careful technicalities by some cunning lawyer, and submitted to a crowd which is so large that not one in a hundred can hear them read. The meeting over, the papers begin their work. How many are independent, unselfish supporters of this or that measure? How few have any settled policy to which they adhere through good and evil report? Do the people who read their favorite paper, and change right and left, according as it changes, know the influences that make it uphold one principle or man to day, and denounce both to morrow? Can they penetrate the mystery of the tergiversations of responsible editors who pretend to be conscientious guides of the public conscience? Do they see through the calumnies that are bruited against this public functionary, or through the thin film of adulation which covers that aspirant to office, as with a halo?

The more we see of this tomfoolery, the more we are disgusted, and the more we wish the people themselves could understand it. The people are led by the nose in the wake of a few tricksters who call themselves managers. These men praise the sovereign people, exalt their wisdom and their sagacity, and yet they treat the people with the most cavalier unconcern. If the whole truth were known, the people would perceive that, in the matter of elections, they are no purer, no more independent, than the inhabitants of other countries whose enthrallment is a frequent source of derision among us. The work of the election courts, sketched in a cartoon on our front page, teaches a rude lesson which ought to make Canadians open their eyes very wide. It points to wholesale bribery and intrigue such as must be pronounced a positive disgrace to any civilized community, and an evil on

which newspapers cannot descant too severely. Political capital is an American expression, but it has found a meaning of its own in Canada. It reveals exactly the *modus operandi* of our popular elections. There is a line of business, a speculation, in getting up parties and candidates. Politics have become a profession, a career in life, out of which a lot of middlemen, who govern elections, draw emolument of different kinds. So long as the people allow themselves to be cozened into advancing the behests of such men, there is no hope of seeing this political capital decline.

TENEMENT HOUSES.

The social problem is one which, in some phase or other, is always coming up before the public. At the present time, and in such rapidly growing cities as Montreal and Toronto, that feature of it which relates to habitations for the poor and lower classes, seems to call for particular attention. A few years ago Lord SHAFESBURY, in treating this subject before the British Social Science Association, truthfully stated that "the master evil which nullifies every effort for the benefit of the working people, which leaves us no rest, and on which let us take care that the public also has no rest, the evil that embraces and intensifies all the others, the evil that is negative in preventing every improvement and positive in maturing every mischief, that lies at the root of nineteenth-century of the corruptions that beset our social state—is the domiciliary condition of thousands of our people." This is strong language, but it does not exaggerate the evil of the tenement system. In whatever light we view it, we cannot sufficiently deprecate it.

In a *physical* point of view, it is extremely injurious to health. People living in tenements generally have bad food. They have no means of preventing food from being tainted, and they have not the ready money to buy fresh food at the daily market. Their supply of water, especially in the upper storeys, is scant both for drinking and washing. There is little or no ventilation. The cellars are often reeking and damp. The courtyards are filled with mire in winter and wet weather, and with dirt-heaps in summer. The dust bins are not regularly removed. There are parts or sides of these houses where the sunlight and heat never penetrate, where the poisonous carbonic acid gas is never burned off, where the pure oxygen never sweetens the atmosphere. Tenement houses are frequent hot-beds of fever. Consumption, especially among women and children, is prevalent there.

In a *moral* point of view, the system is injurious to virtue. Tenements are crowded with families—families of different religions, nations and habits. Curses, blasphemies and obscenities in conversation and song can be overheard through the board partitions. Each family, generally speaking, occupies only one room. Old and young, male and female, are thus in full view of each other, night and day. We need say no more.

Remedies have been devised against the evil, but so far with slender success. The Model Lodging House was planned in England, but experience proved that it could not be built in sufficient numbers, and that, besides, it benefited large capitalists without corresponding advantage to the poor. Suburban Villages and Penny Trains to reach them, were next proposed, neat hamlets for the poor on the city's skirts and passage to and fro for a penny fare. A beautiful, thoughtful project, but one which unhappily cannot be realized, especially in the case of men and women who have no fixed occupation and no regular hours of work. The late Emperor NAPOLEON turned his attention to this important subject. At the Paris Exposition of 1867, he inscribed his name as exhibitor in the 10th class, which comprised improvements of the moral and physical state of man. The Emperor had imagined the model of a house for working people, which combined low rent with every desira-

ble comfort, and the conditions required by public hygiene. By means of a small rental, part of which went to make up a sinking fund, the tenant became, in a few years, the proprietor of the house. The house itself had nothing of the tenement style. It was self-contained, and partially isolated, affording the comforts of a real home. The illustrious inventor believed that his arrangement was destined to be one of the surest means of inspiring the working class with habits of order, economy and cleanliness. In New York, where the tenement system is proportionately as ruinous as it is in European cities, the subject has been much agitated, with a view to radical reform. The merchant prince, Mr. STEWART, lately donated one million dollars towards constructing suitable lodgings for the poor, and we believe his idea was to keep clear of anything resembling tenements. Our own poor should not be overlooked. Of course, we have no crying abuse here yet, such as we have described from European observation, but our city is fast filling up, and we may come to it. The lodgings in our lanes and alleys are no credit to our philanthropy, and we have watched rows of buildings put up expressly for rent to the poor, which we fear are open to many of the objections levelled against European tenements.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

The question has been debated in England whether the electoral franchise be a right or a privilege. There can be no such discussion in the United States, for in a government which derives its powers "from the consent of the governed," no two opinions can exist about the suffrage being a right. This is a thoroughly, and we believe, a distinctive American principle. But it does not follow thence that there are no limitations to that right, and it is not inconsistent with true democracy as the example of Canada proves, to circumscribe the franchise so that the end of good government may be attained. In theory there are three such limitations for all citizens, native or naturalised—time, property and capacity. The Americans have adopted the first, requiring every citizen to have reached his majority before being entitled to vote. They have discarded the second, eliminating every objection to a voter on the ground of his being more or less blessed with this world's goods. The third has never been called in question until the Fourteenth amendment came up for debate, for it was universally allowed that the ordinary run of white citizens is endowed with sufficient knowledge and good sense to vote one way or the other. But Americans have found out, within the past seven years, and notably at the last elections, that this point can be seriously called into question. A million of black electors were thrust upon them in a lump. Had they, or had they not sufficient mental capacity to exercise the great civic right of voting? If they had, well and good. If they had not—and who will deny that they had and have not?—then their right to voting ought to have been postponed until they were educated for it. We think it consistent with the most latitudinarian democracy to maintain that no man has a right to vote who cannot do so understandingly. Of course, we do not object to color. An educated negro may have his vote. But swarms of darkies—hundreds of thousands of them—who not only cannot read and write, but who have scarcely more than natural instincts, ought not to have the balance of a nation's destinies in their hands. Whoever would be convinced of this truism need only look at the South Carolina of to-day. The Americans are a bold people, it is true, but they cannot have gone quite crazy with catch words and fancy principles. "Universal Suffrage" is a very pretty word no doubt, but the democratic fathers, Jefferson, Jackson and Van Buren, knew full well and have declared that it could not be applied even in free America. What makes matters worse is the fact that this Negro Suffrage was forced upon the country by Northern politicians, not through

any love for the colored people themselves but merely for partisan purposes. They care not a snap for the negro, as their treatment of him at the North abundantly proves. They give him a vote solely as a means to an end—to strengthen their power and perpetuate their domination. Transplant these Southern negroes to the North, and a different treatment will forthwith be manifest. This glorification and idolatry of the untutored African will then cease, if it does not change into that system of extermination which is now pursued against the Indians.

POVERTY IN LARGE CITIES

Now that the cold season is setting in, people's thoughts naturally turn to the poor. Their necessities are such, in a large city like ours, that all the resources of charity should be enlisted to supply a prompt and efficient remedy. It is true we have not, in Toronto or Montreal, as in European and in some of the American cities, organized Boards of Relief whose business it is to attend to the wants of the whole suffering population, without distinction of class or creed; but that makes no difference so long as the voluntary system, in vogue amongst us, is kept on the footing it has maintained in former years.

No one will deny that this has been a pretty hard year. The wealthy classes themselves are likely to feel the pinch. The middle classes will have a rougher struggle, and, of course it cannot be expected that the people of the lowest grade should not have their share of hardship. Those who are acquainted with the low places of our cities—Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Quebec, St. John, Halifax—the tenement houses, the cabins in the narrow lanes, the extemporised shanties on the outskirts, can testify that the amount of actual misery is always very great, and that the prospective misery, during a severe winter, will tax the zeal and charity of the whole population. It will not do for the dwellers in our little Belgravias to repeat the complacent axiom that no person in Canada, who is willing to work, can lack the necessaries of life. For besides the fact that many who are willing to work, cannot find employment enough to sustain their families, it is painfully certain that thousands who have a full and fair day's work, are doomed, by a variety of outward circumstances, to spend all they earn, and suffer a host of privations besides. We must take into account the high prices of all kinds of provisions. We must make allowances, too, for accidents, for sickness, and for the increased expenses of the winter season, in clothing, light and fuel.

People would open their eyes if the full statistics of poverty and destitution in this city were published. We think a thorough registration of the kind ought to be made, as it would, doubtless, be the best means to arouse the sympathy and generosity of those who are able to give. Our orphans are usually well provided for. Appeals in their favor are generally attended to with abundant charity. But the sick, the aged and the infirm are generally not so well supplied. This is owing to the want of organized almsgiving. In every alley, in every lane, in many streets, sufferers of this description are to be found. Let them be discovered and relieved. Then there is the class of bashful poor, much more numerous than is usually imagined. The sympathy for them should be the livelier that there is not one of us, who by some sudden and unforeseen reverse of fortune, may not be reduced to precisely the same condition as these shrinking shame-faced poor.

It is not our business to urge the motives which should inspire charity. Every body knows them. But there is one consideration which may quicken our generosity. It is that poverty often leads to vice. To single out only one instance. Statistics are there to prove, that whereas a few females are led to sin by seduction and passion, the great majority are driven to vice by a mistaken horror of poverty. Here is

a work for the Ladies, and Montreal sorely needs their cooperation in this labor of redemption.

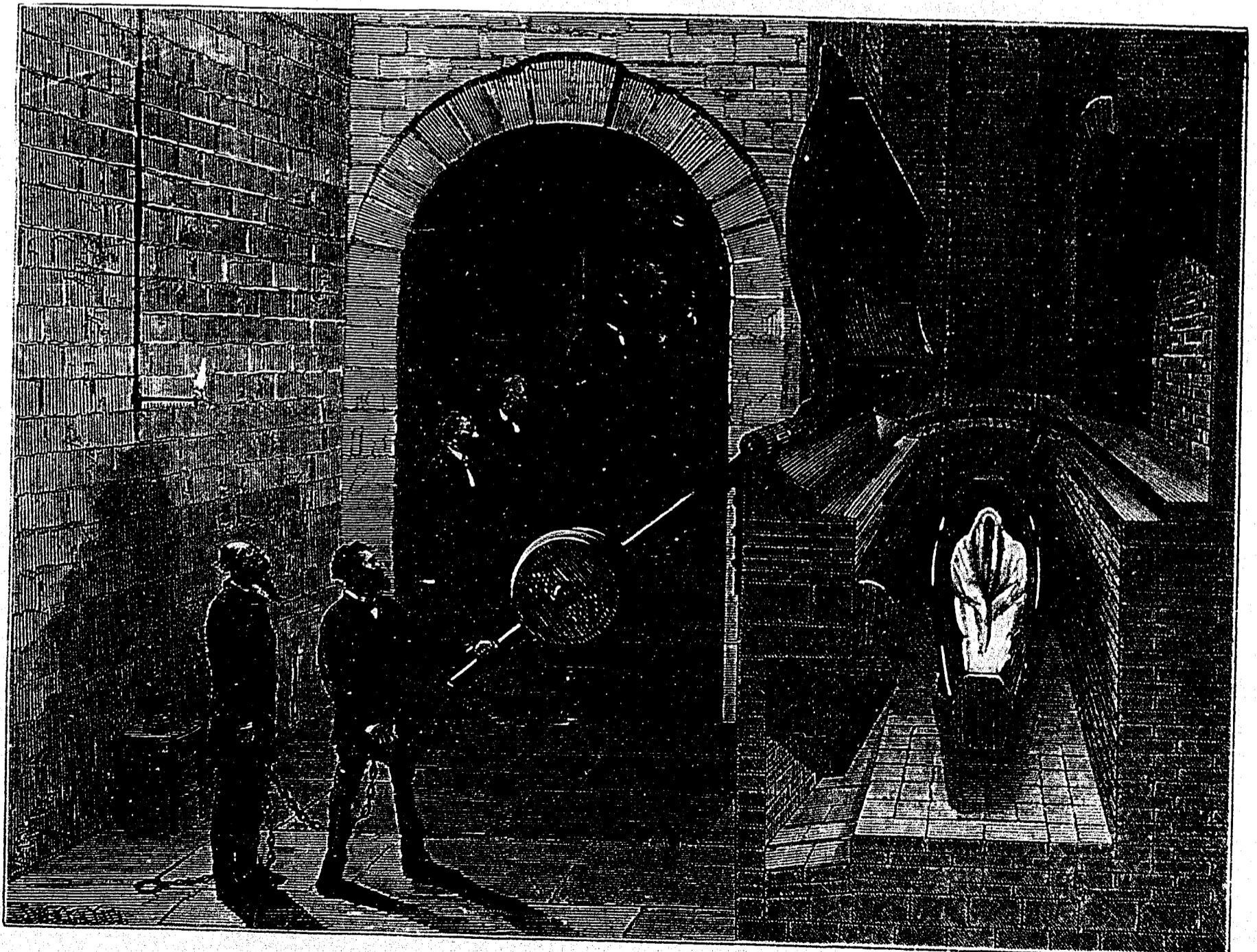
Considering the prevalence of typhoid fever in several parts of the country, and Montreal more especially, it may be interesting to refer to an important letter just published by Professor TYNDALL on the subject. He supports the theory that the disease is not spontaneously generated by the decomposition and putrefaction of animal and vegetable substances, but is propagated solely through the medium of matter "which has already been in contact" with a typhoid patient. He holds that ash-pits, putrescence, and stench fail to develop the fever, and that even the open privy is powerless so long as it is kept free from the discharges of those who are already attacked. The sanitary measures proposed by Dr. BUDD, in his treatise on this dreadful malady, are, first, flooding all the drains of the place with disinfectants, with a view to destroy, as far as possible, the poison already cast off; secondly, the reception of all discharges from the sick, immediately on their issue from the body, into vessels charged with disinfectants; thirdly, the instant immersion of all bed and body linen used by the sick into a disinfecting liquid before its removal from the ward; scrupulous ablution and disinfection of the hands of the nurses; and, lastly, the burning or disinfection of all beds occupied by the sick as soon as vacated by death, convalescence, or otherwise.

While we have always devoted much of our space to the all-important subject of immigration, there is another side of the picture which must not be lost sight of, however unpleasant it may be to refer to it. According to the New York papers, the number of foreigners who have returned to Europe from that port during the six months, extending from May to November, is as great as, or if not greater than the number of immigrants who have landed in New York during that period. All sorts of theories have been adduced to account for this exodus. With these we have nothing to do, but what concerns ourselves more particularly is the statement of a Quebec journal that, during the last season, four thousand immigrants sailed from the ancient capital on the way to their old homes. At first sight, the announcement is rather startling, chiefly in view of the strenuous efforts made by Federal and Provincial agents, but, upon enquiry, while not vouching for the correctness of the number, we have been informed that almost all, if not all, of those who sailed from Quebec were United States immigrants. This is some comfort. As a rule, Canadian immigrants are content in their new home, and seem disposed to take up their permanent abode therein.

We had occasion some time ago to discuss the question of the union of the Maritime Provinces. We stated that the project was mainly local in its essential features, and should be left to the decision of the interested Provinces themselves. The Halifax *Chronicle* had lately a non-committal article on the subject, in which, however, its leaning to it was perceptible enough. The *Daily Telegraph*, of St. John, in referring to that article, was careful to give expression to no adverse opinion. Since then the matter seems to have progressed somewhat. The Halifax *Reporter*, which, we are glad to see, is about to enlarge its sphere of action, publishes a "programme," one of the clauses of which is advocacy of a Maritime Union. The consolidation of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia into one Province, both for local administration and Federal representation, must, if freely and spontaneously carried out, result in a common gain to both. Faintly, however, and only just faintly, as we view it at present, the step might have some effect on our general system of federation. But there will be time enough to discuss that aspect of the case when the scheme is practically attempted by the Provinces themselves.



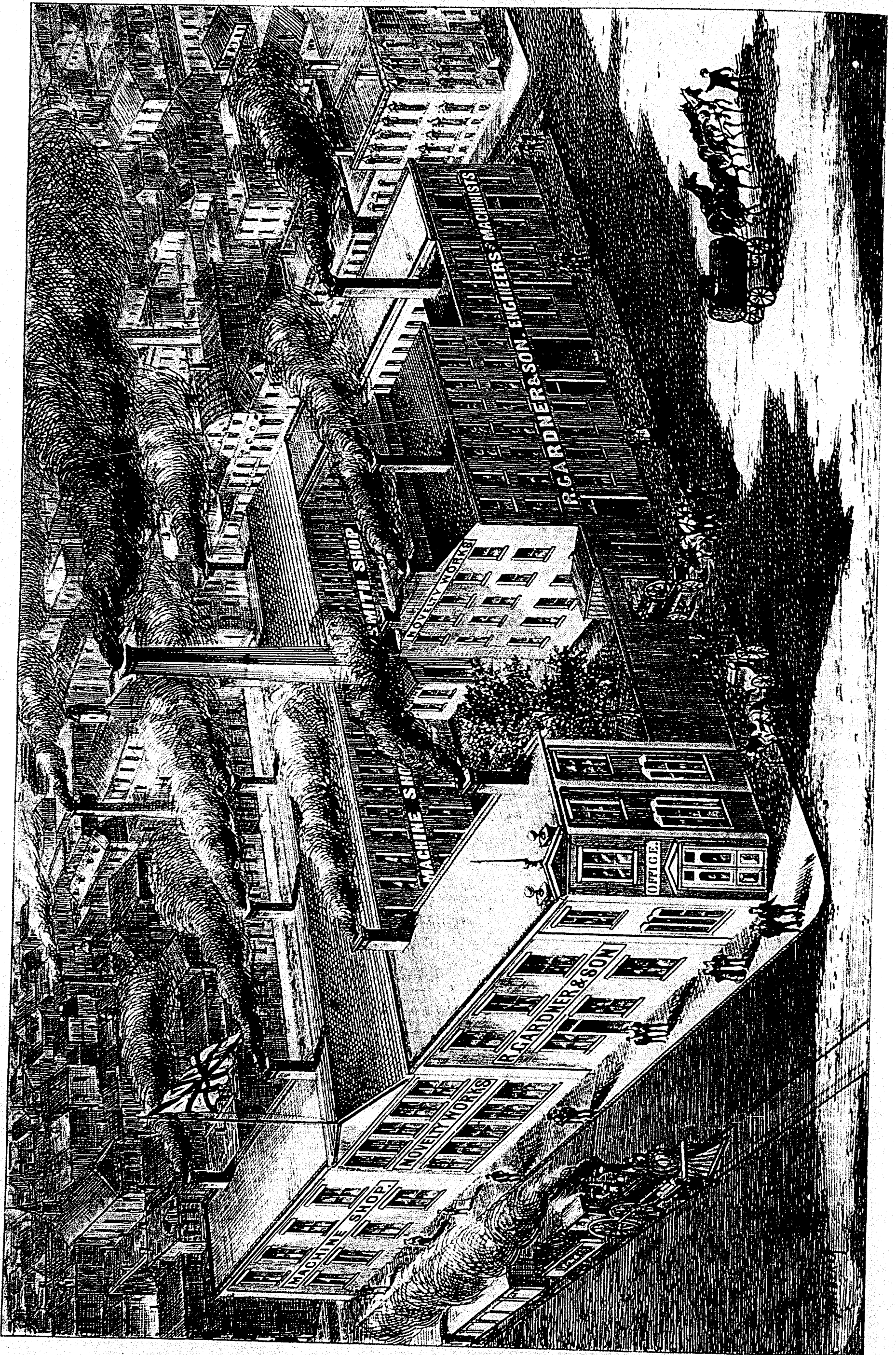
THE CREMATION OF THE DEAD.—LOWERING OF THE BODY OF LADY DILKE INTO THE FURNACE.—FUNERAL CEREMONY.



THE CREMATION OF THE DEAD.—SECTION OF THE FURNACE IN WHICH THE COMBUSTION TOOK PLACE.



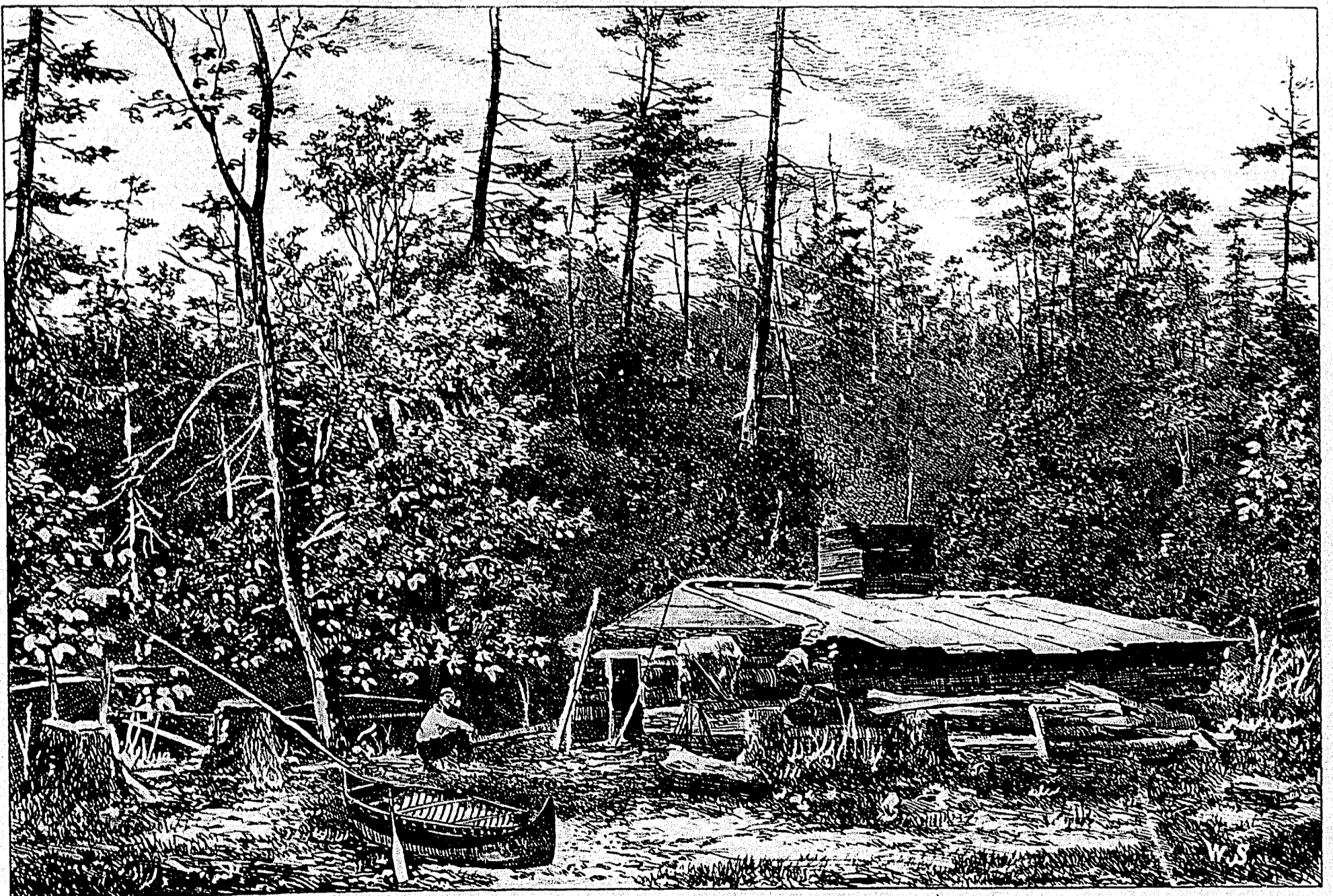
HUNGARIAN BEAUTIES.



MONTREAL.—R. GARDNER & SONS' NOVELTY WORKS ON NAZARETH AND BRENNAN STREETS



THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA: A NEW SETTLEMENT.



THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA: LUMBERMAN'S SHANTY.

SALVE, REGINA.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

(Read at Charlotte Cushman's Farewell Benefit.)

The race of greatness never dies;
Here, there, its fiery children rise,
Perform their splendid parts,
And captive take our hearts.

Men, women of heroic mould,
Have overcome us from of old;
Crowns waited then, as now,
For every royal brow.

The victor in the Olympic Games—
His name among the proudest names
Was handed deathless down:
To him the olive crown.

And they, the poets, grave and sage,
Stern masters of the tragic stage,
Who moved by art austere—
To pity, love, and fear.—

To these was given the laurel crown,
Whose lightest leaf conferred renown,
That through the ages fled
Still circles each grey head.

But greener laurels cluster now,
World-gathered, on his spacious brow,
In his supremest Place,
Greatest of their great race,—

Shakespeare! Honour to him, and her,
Who stands his grand interpreter,
Stepped out of his broad page,
Upon the living stage.

The unseen hands that shape our fate
Moulded her strongly, made her great,
And gave her for her dower
Abundant life and power.

To her the sister Muses came,
Proffered their masks, and promised fame:
She chose the tragic—rose
To its imperial woes.

What queen unqueened is here? What wife,
Whose long bright years of loving life
Are suddenly darkened? Fate
Has crushed, but left her great.

Abandoned for a younger face,
She sees another fill her place,
Be more than she has been—
Most wretched wife and queen!

O, royal sufferer! Patient heart!
Lay down thy burdens and depart:
"Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,"
They ring her passing bell.

And thine, thy knell shall soon be rung,
Lady, the valour of whose tongue,
That did not urge in vain,
Stung the irresolute Thane

To bloody thoughts, and deeds of death—
The evil genius of Macbeth;
But thy strong will must break
And thy poor heart must ache.

Sleeping, she sleeps not; night betrays
The secret that consumes her days,
Behold her where she stands,
And rubs her guilty hands.

From darkness, by the midnight fire,
Withered and weird, in wild attire,
Starts spectral on the scene
The stern old gipsy queen.

She croons his simple cradle song,
She will redress his ancient wrong—
The rightful heir come back
With Murder on his track.

Communing, crouching, dangerous, kind,
Confusion in her darkened mind,
The pathos of her years
Compels the soul to tears.

Bring laurel! Go, ye tragic Three,
And at her feet lay down
Here, now, a triple crown.

Salve, Regina! Art and Song,
Dismissed by thee, shall miss thee long,
And keep thy memory green—
Our most illustrious Queen.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

We take the following extracts from a sketch
by an American writer in *Appleton's Journal*.

I.

The Queen, who has had the most prosperous and distinguished reign so far of any monarch who has ever filled the throne with a royal ermine in the history of the world, is a problem somewhat worthy of study. She had the reputation, as a young woman, of having a very bad temper. The world has read of her striking her maid-of-honour, Lady Flora Hastings, when the poor girl was dying of a mysterious disease. She was not beautiful, and she was said to be jealous of those who were. She fell in love with her cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, and with a young nobleman of her court. The astute ministers did not let her marry either of them, and doubtless she tore her hair and flung her slippers about, as any other girl would do if thwarted in her flirtations. England's queen, too! If she could not have her way, who could? And yet she has had probably less of it than most women. Yet every old *Polonius* of them "build-ed wiser than he knew" when he plotted to marry her to her cousin, Prince Albert. A happier marriage never blessed a throne. In looking back over the thirty-three years of devoted wife-hood and the singularly deep grief at the loss of her husband, one must respect Queen Victoria. She can be no common woman who loves and regrets as she has done.

Her beautiful domestic life and the royal brood of children interested every papa and mamma in the United Kingdom. "My boy was born on the same day with Prince Leopold," said a Scotch laundress to me as I admired her flaxen-haired

laddie, and her face flushed with pleasure. This sentiment of loyalty, of which we know so little, is very attractive. The human figure never looks so well and so nobly as when it is looking up. It has no snobbery in it, as between royalty and the people, for Royalty is to them incarnate England. The Queen was a loving and attentive mother. Every day, as her old doctor tells us, she saw every one of her children, talked with them and caressed them, paid most motherly attentions to their teeth and hair and costume, which many a fashionable mother neglects, and this with all her enormous work, for no charwoman in Her Majesty's dominions worked as hard as she.

When we remember that the royal nursery absorbed all the attention of one great man, that it was an institution of the state, that every royal infant had a retinue of admirals, generals, noble duchesses, and the like, as soon as it was born, to look after it, this maternal solicitude is another point in Queen Victoria's character of great and unexpected excellence.

When the Prince of Wales was here as a young boy, he was accompanied by General Bruce, who was his governor. The Prince would jump into his lap and caress him, boy-like, but the general never entered his presence unless his Royal Highness requested it, and never sat down in his presence unless commanded to do so. The Prince might be familiar when he pleased; the subject, never! What a state of things! We can imagine the royal under-nurse saying, "May I be permitted to brush your Royal Highness's hair?" to a recalcitrant prince of three years, and receiving a very ungracious snub.

But there came into this royal nursery one presence which always brought about law and order. It was the father. Prince Albert was an uncompromising disciplinarian. It would be curious to imagine what England would have been, what the Queen would have been, without this extraordinary man—a man of such gifts and graces, who had the remarkable gift and grace to appear a nonentity. The English would have been jealous, would have been up in arms, had they suspected how great he was; indeed, they were even jealous of his appearance in politics.

We get pleasant glimpses of Queen Victoria's accomplishments from Mendelssohn's letters. When the great composer went to England, the Queen and the Prince gave him an audience. He says that the Queen sang for him very prettily, and that she was a most thorough musician. He gives a graceful picture of the royal interior, the Queen and her young husband singing duets; and the praise and admiration which they gave to him was, in his idea, of a most delicate and discriminating character.

II.

The Queen has always appeared to great advantage in her grateful care of her old servants. Hampton Court, St. James's Palace, and I do not know how many other palaces, are filled with her disabled courtiers. In her patronage of authors, she has undoubtedly appeared to less advantage; but in this she may be dependent on others, and under obligations to the civil list. Her immense private fortune might be spent more liberally. The foreigners who live in England accuse her of avarice, and we all know how weary the English got of her prolonged mourning, and her determination not to be seen. What part avarice may have had in this deliberate seclusion I do not know; certainly she is not fond of spending her money.

Those who have seen her of late years have beheld a very plain lady, with a very red face—that heavy face of the Georges, and a short, dumpy figure. Her only beauty is a very small, exquisite white hand. It is a peculiarity of her family. Her uncles had it eminently. Her manners are very dignified; they even give her height. She wears her great rank worthily in this respect, knowing, to the shadow of a shade, just how much affability to show.

The rumoured disaffection of the Queen to the Prince of Wales was probably true. She, however, melted toward him, mother-like, during his illness, and watched by him and prayed for him very tenderly. Her court has ever been one of the severest morality until the Prince began his flirtations. The very popular and good little Princess of Wales is an immense favourite, and often, it is said, intercedes for her naughty spouse with the Queen, which is certainly very pretty and noble of her to do.

The Queen, as an authoress, has not added much to the reputation of her family. Perhaps some sponging censor went over the books and wiped out all individuality. She never says a clever thing, if we may judge of her by her books, but they speak loudly for her heart. They are pure and sweet pictures of domestic happiness, love of nature, and soft and womanly affection. One lady of high rank in England told me that the Queen always bowed and kissed her hand to her children. She is remarkably fond of children, and takes much notice of them.

Among her accomplishments she numbers the possession of five languages, all of which she speaks fluently, except Latin; the faculty of painting well in water-colours, and some cleverness in modelling in clay. She has acquired some knowledge of Indian dialects, finding it necessary from her possessions in conquered India. Her reading is vast and various, as we learn by her books, and by her occasional letters to the authors. Yet, with all this culture, she cannot be called an intellectual woman; she has no genius, unless it be for affairs. Probably, in a less exalted station, she would have been a very good and frugal housekeeper. She has certainly kept her large and various household in good order so far.

She is very kind and thoughtful about the sick. The attention to poor Mrs. Warner, the actress, who died wearily of a cancer, and at whose disposition she placed one of the royal carriages, was much remarked, and gave great comfort to the poor sufferer. It seems very little to us, who remember her vast powers of doing good, but we must also remember how much is expected of her, and how much she has to think of. Charity often consists of thoughtfulness.

III.

In religious opinions the Queen is remarkably liberal. The party with which she has the least sympathy in England is the very High-church party. She liked very much to hear the Rev. Norman McLeod, and she goes often to dissenting churches when at Balmoral. Her favourite and highly-prized friend is the admirable Dean Stanley, whose liberality is almost working a schism in the English Church; and I happened to hear her attacked at St. Mary's Church, Oxford, the very stronghold of English orthodox High-church sentiment, for signing the Irish Church Disability Bill.

"She has no right to break her oath," said the brave preacher. "She has sworn to be the defender of the faith in these three kingdoms," and he quoted that ferocious text about the curse on "the bloody house of Saul," who broke his oath and slew the Gibeonites.

But although there are this freedom of speech and freedom of thought in English pulpits, and in the mouths of Sir Charles Dilke and the like, they would all die for their Queen. They could not pray loud enough, sing high enough, or watch with sufficient patience for the Prince of Wales's recovery; they stood, thousands of them, to see the Queen ride by to St. Paul's, to offer up her thanksgiving for her son's recovery, and, I dare say, my brave preacher of St. Mary's, Oxford, threw up his shovel-hat higher than the rest, and forgot all about the bloody house of Saul.

And in this unending devotion to the royal family, in this curious loyalty, lie the glory and safety of England. I shall never believe, until I see it, that Radicalism will succeed in England. The pendulum will swing, of course, and there will be disaffection. There are gigantic evils of overcrowding, and concentration of landed property; no doubt those can be remedied by emigration and just laws. But you can never knock down this pyramid which they have built, unless you change the body and blood of an Englishman. The little girl on her way to church stops and courtesies to the ladies of the great house, and she is a much better little girl for so doing. The peasant takes off his hat to the squire, and I do not think he is a less respectable man for that act of breeding. The whole people bow down and cheer when their Queen and her children drive by; and every one raises his hat to the pretty Princess of Wales.

On the whole, looking closely at the private character of Queen Victoria, as derived from conversation with some who knew her best, from her books, and from all we can see of her life, it is a character greatly to be respected. It is not an unusually great character, like Prince Albert's, nor a wonderfully masculine mind, like that of Queen Elizabeth. She is not a Semiramis, nor a Zenobia. She has not the charm of the latter or the genius of the former, and yet she has been a better queen for England of to-day than either would have been. It was once said wisely of monarchs that the world must thank them if they escape being great monsters.

"That great white light which shines upon a throne" is a hard light to live in. Had Queen Victoria been a great genius and a great beauty, she might have ruined England. A too pronounced personality in a monarch, especially a female one, is to be regretted. The Empress Eugenie improved the dress of the world, but it is to be feared she did it at the expense of France.

The Queen has suited the eminently home-loving genius of healthy England. They like to read that she walked yesterday on the terrace with the Prince Leopold, the day before with the Princess Beatrice, who, by the way, is the prettiest of her daughters.

Her speckless morality is the brightest jewel in her crown; that and her undoubted love for England; her devotion to her husband, living and dead, and her love for her children, and her faithful devotion to her kindred and old friends, will remain to praise Queen Victoria when even the glories of her Indian Empire and the splendid pageants which she summons at Windsor when she entertains an Emperor, or in London when she drives to her famous old church of St. Paul's—nay, even when the last grand pageant of all takes her to Westminster Abbey to lay her beside her royal sisters, Mary and Elizabeth—yes, when all these glories shall have faded from the pages of history and the minds of men, it will be remembered that Queen Victoria was a good woman, and that she passed through the terrible ordeal of her court, through the depreciating influence of flattery and eye-service, and bore the temptations of enormous power, without losing the respect of herself or her subjects.

HEAD DRAPERY.

The Paris Fashion writer in the London *Hornet* says: "A great many ladies also, now that the cold weather has set in, are fixing long tulle scarfs to the back of their bonnets, and then tie them under the chin in a large bow, and long, flowing ends. When in white tulle, these scarf strings are very becoming, and also take the place of cravats. Each end is about a metre and

a half long; so that it takes three metres of tulle, at the least, to make these scarfs. They are fastened under the crown at back and are pinned away from the face with jet or tortoise-shell pins. Many ladies prefer black lace scarfs instead of white tulle. Black lace is more economical; and when the bonnet is all black, with perhaps a single rose at the side, these black lace scarfs give quite a Spanish look to the face. I have even seen some worn thrown back a second time. For instance, after the scarfs have been brought forward, and have been well pinned back from the face with black jet pins, they are loosely crossed over the chest in front, and are then thrown over the shoulders, where they are invisibly pinned to prevent them from flying out of place. To make this arrangement look well, however, great care must be taken to have the folds of the scarfs prettily arranged in front, that the head may appear to peep out of a cloud of lace. If well arranged, it is most poetic and becoming; otherwise, however, the effect will be spoiled, and, instead of an elegant appearance, it will look ungraceful and old-fashioned; for something of the kind has long been worn on hats at the seaside. But then only one scarf was used, and this was twisted round the neck; now two scarfs are used, which, when properly arranged, give a charming look to the head."

VARIETIES.

A LADY guest recently entertained by Lord Dufferin at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, wore suspended from her neck the original reward of merit presented by the King of Portugal to Alvarez Pedro Cabral for the discovery of Brazil in 1500. It is described as a richly designed ship under full sail, composed of gold, silver, and precious stones.

It is said that women are housewives in Germany, queens in England, ladies in France, captives in Italy, slaves in Spain, and coquettes in America.

Whatever profession a young man may choose, let him take heed lest he merge his profession of a man in his profession of law, or medicine, or journalism, or whatever it be. A man's profession should always be incidental and subordinate to himself, never the chief thing to be said about him. There was once a cynical Frenchman who, recognising that he had made the mistake we have warned against, had engraved upon his tomb by way of epitaph: "Born a man; died a grocer." Don't let it be said of you that, born a man, you died a tradesman, no matter what the trade may be, liberal or mechanical.

IN THE families of the country gentry of the seventeenth century the Levite or chaplain was something of a groom, and a little of a veterinary. The squires were, like Sir Roger de Coverley, "afraid of being insulted" with Latin and Greek at their own table." They, too, requested their college friends to send them down curates "rather of plain sense than of much learning, of a good aspect, a social temper, and, if possible, men understanding a little of backgammon."

THE FAMOUS *Grande Duchesse* was for three weeks an important Cabinet question. It was first brodden as reflecting on Catherine II. of Russia; then the authors having submitted it to the Russian Ambassador, M. de Moustier, the French Foreign Minister, wrote to his Excellency saying he had not authorised the appeal, and finally the manuscript was despatched to Prince Gortschakoff, who returned it with the witty reply that, having never been to Gerolstein, he saw no reason for being sensitive about the morals of that State.

A VIENNA correspondent mentions an incident indicative of a rapprochement between Russia and Austria. At the masses with which All Soul's Day was celebrated in the army and navy, no foreign orders, save the St. George of Russia, were laid on the catafalque. The omission of the Prussian and other foreign orders is alleged to have taken place under instructions from the Emperor.

THE following is the natural history of a hermit:—"For thirty years he has lived in a cave near Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, Penn. The excavation is six feet by eight feet. Name, Austin Sheldon. Birth-place, Wales. Age, about seventy years. Diet, berries and fruit. Has worn the last suit for twenty years. Never shaves. Is deaf. Reads the Bible most of the time. Never has a lamp, and sleeps upon straw. Charms birds. Owns an acre of real estate around the cave. Never works. Says he expects to be buried in the cave when his time comes."

THE DUKE of Brunswick's—old Diamonds—biography has appeared. It is amusing. The Duke had a Blue-Beard chamber in his palace, near the Arc de Triomphe; this was a collection of wax heads of himself, painted and wigged to suit the times and seasons; so that he had only to indicate to the hairdresser, and his beautiful-for-ever making artist, the model he desired to resemble, to be turned out so. Like Louis XIV., he owed not a little of his celebrity, in Paris at least, to his wigs and also to his chocolate carriages, his rose-painted mansion, and its chime of hall-door bells. He was very abstemious, drank nothing but light beer brewed on the premises, a bottle of which he brought with him when dining out, even at the Tuileries. He was an able chess player; during the moves of his antagonist, he sipped iced milk, and combed his beard.

THE DEATH is announced of the Marquis de Laplace, son of the famous astronomer, at the age of 85. He joined Napoleon's army in 1809, and was one of the last to leave him in 1814. He attained the rank of General, and remained in the army till 1861. He was created a senator in 1852, and received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1859.

THE *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and other Paris papers have been devoting their columns to all kinds of fantastical anecdotes respecting Nana Sahib, the hero of the great Indian Mutiny. The number of French journalists which the anecdotes represent as having interviewed the Indian Chief at the moment of and after the perpetration of his crimes, would lead one to suppose that the scene of action must have been the Boulevard des Italiens—that far-distant spot so dear to adventurous French newspaper correspondents.

TRINITY College, Dublin is in despair. One of its chief library treasures is missing—viz. the book of Kells, written by Saint Columbkil in 474—the oldest book in the world, and the most perfect specimen of Irish art, with the richest illuminations, and valued at £12,000. It is alleged to have been sent to the British Museum for the purpose of being bound. The college solicitor, Mr. Munn, has been sent, it is said, with a sealed order from the board of Trinity College to the trustees of the British Museum, requiring immediate delivery of the peerless volume.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CANADA'S SHAME.—The cartoon, on the front page of this week's NEWS, is a simple composition, containing only one figure, but it is eloquent in meaning, and points a moral which all Canadians must take to heart. The work of the Election Courts has been a terrible revelation to the electors of the Dominion. The ground at the feet of the figure of Canada is strewn with the petitions of voided elections, and the story of bribery and corruption must be repeated of them all. We have had occasion several times already to refer to this discreditableness business, and we treat of it again editorially in the present issue. It seems to us that the gravity of the question has not been sufficiently appreciated by the press, but in this we hope to be mistaken, and, at any rate, there is reason to trust that the effect will be a complete electoral reform.

CREMATION OF THE DEAD.—In a recent number of the NEWS, there was a sketch of the Dresden furnace intended for the purposes of cremation, but as the case of Lady Dilke has painfully drawn public attention to the matter again, we publish new views of the same process. The apparatus of the brothers Siemens, of Dresden, is a furnace or mortuary chamber built of special brick. Around this chamber, but without communication therewith, is an open space in which jets of carbonated hydrogen burn. The coffin, being brought to the aperture of the chamber, is seized by the chain of a mechanical hoist, worked by one man. It thus descends into a cavity, which is covered by a heavy top and hermetically closed. When all is ready, the gas is lit, and, by its combustion, it raises the brick walls of the cremation chamber to a white heat. The temperature of the chamber soon rises to a degree sufficient to induce the rapid combustion of the body, whose gaseous products escape through a special chimney, while only a few calcined bones remain. After the operation, these bones may be gathered in funeral urns and handed over to the relatives. From the above description, it will be seen that the Siemens process is a simple one. The body is not directly attacked by the flame, but consumes of itself, without the admixture of any extraneous element, and by the sole action of the excessive temperature. The remains of a horse, submitted to this mode of incineration, showed after thirty minutes a heap of pulverulent bones. This experimental trial was followed by the cremation of Lady Dilke. The operation took place on the 10th October. Eleven minutes after the descent of the coffin, clothes, wood, and leather had all disappeared. There remained only the bones, the calcination of which was accomplished ten minutes later. Thus twenty-one minutes sufficed for the complete cremation of the body, and in the chamber were found six pounds of ashes to represent what was once Lady Dilke.

HUNGARIAN TYPES.—At first sight, this galaxy of beautiful faces will perhaps appear to offer nothing characteristic, but a closer inspection will reveal a marked distinctive type. If the faces and heads were draped in their national gear, the effect would be more visible. There is nothing German in their physiognomies. They are mainly meridional, with a fairness derived from the mountains. Beauty is a well-known appanage of the men and women of Hungary, and among the belles who adorn the Paris salons of high life, the daughters of Pesth are always conspicuous.

THE BACKWOODS.—We present two sketches in connection with our backwoods. They are particularly intended for our foreign readers. One represents the shanty of the lumberman on the upper Ottawa, and the other the opening of a new settlement on the Free Grants of Ontario. Both are characteristic of primitive life in the forest, and form episodes of immigration.

R. GARDNER & SON'S NOVELTY WORKS.—This important firm possesses one of the most extensive and complete machine-shops in the Dominion. The buildings are situated on Brennan, Nazareth, and Dalhousie streets, having a frontage of 210 feet on Brennan and 180 feet on Nazareth streets. The main building, as seen in the illustration, runs through the centre of the block, and contains the principal machine-shop; the offices and stores occupying the Brennan-street front, and the fitting and light machine shops facing on Nazareth street. In these extensive premises are manufactured every variety of machines—steam-engines, lathes, saw-mill machinery, tobacco manufacturers' machinery, bark-mill machinery, letter-copying presses, all kinds of machinists' tools, &c., &c. Messrs. R. GARDNER & SON make a speciality of bakers' and confectioners' machinery, biscuit-cutters, &c., of which they are the sole makers in Canada, and which they not only supply to the *knobby* people of Canada, but even export to the States and to Europe. They lately filled an order from Prussia for some of their machines. They also make it a point to keep on hand a large stock of machines of their own manufacture: steam engines, lathes, &c., as well as mill and machine shop supplies of British and American manufacture. Their energy and ability to keep up such a stock is fully appreciated by customers, who find there, all ready made, what would take months to turn out to order. The works are well known throughout the Dominion, the firm having filled orders for all parts thereof, from Manitoba to Halifax and even beyond. It is only recently that they supplied machinery to a party in Winnipeg, and another in Prince Edward's Island. They have the reputation of producing well-finished articles, and of employing the best materials. The works

are under the personal supervision of Mr. ROBT. GARDNER, Senr., and his two sons, the elder of whom is part owner. Mr. GARDNER, Senr., is a man of large experience, having served his time as a machinist in the old country, and worked his way up. He was foreman in Kerr's, then in Bartley & Gilbert's, also in Plattsburgh, and in New York City, before starting on his own account. He began in a small shop, in 1850, where he worked for the St. Lawrence & Atlantic R. R. Company; then took Barry & Co.'s shop in Wellington Street; then Sutherland & Bennett's on Chenneville and Vitre Streets, and three years later finally moved to his present location, where, since 1854, he has been gradually increasing his business and his premises, until they have attained their present proportions. The firm employs at present about seventy-five hands. Their thorough knowledge of this business, their active habits, and courteous manner, have earned for the Messrs. GARDNER the general esteem and confidence of the public.

THE OLD HOME.

BY WILL WALLACE HARVEY.

An out-door quiet held the earth
Beneath the winter moon,
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,
And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth,
A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy race,
With the clicking of the cricket,
And red coals in the chimney-place
Peeped out, with many a rosy face,
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,
And tinware on the shelves
Twinkled and winked at every gliff,
In the flickering fire-light, as if
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,
Counted her stitches slowly,
And the old man, with full many a gap,
Read from the Big Book on his lap,
The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock clicked; the old man read,
His deep voice pausing, lowering;
The good wife nodded, dropped her head—
The lids of both were heavy as lead—
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,
While—all the milk-pans tilting—
Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,
Till John and the belated team
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May Time, I pray, when falling years
Make thin my voice and thralprie,
Finn my last days of life like theirs,
As sweet with children's love and prayers,
And like a winter apple.

Sciviner's for December.

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE WIFE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Did it ever strike any one that wives have mothers-in-law too? 'Tis a melancholy fact, but I don't believe it ever did; the fact is that men make such a noise in the world about theirs that the voice of a woman's plaint is lost in the din. Their precious mothers never interfere with their household affairs. Oh dear, no! Alive or dead, they never rise up at unexpected times and haunt them, suffocating their wives with their superiority, melting them to tears with their reminiscences. Bless your heart, no! It's only the wife's mother that causes all the trouble. Around the husband's mother there glows a halo (brighter if she has departed this terrestrial globe) that no mild suggestions, no discovered proofs of its falsity can dim; there it shines a crown of virtue and perfection never to be attained by the partner of his joys and sorrows, the wife of his bosom, so to speak, until, worn out with the cares and small worries of every-day life, the wife's dreams, waking and sleeping, are filled with the image of the departed saint. But the living ones are the worst. A solemn sympathizing look of condolence will very often nip the catalogue of the perfections in the bud, or a chirpy, cheerful way of agreeing to make the curry her way, and then going to work and making a very excellent one of your own, will have the same effect, only that ever afterwards you must let her have undisturbed possession of the receipt for that curry. If you disclose the fraud, you are done for; you must sit still and hear your husband tell your visitors, every time receipts are mentioned, what an excellent house-keeper his mother was, how his wife never knew how to make a curry until he told her how his mother made it. Or perhaps his hobby is dress. His mother never put on the outlandish head-gear and frills and furbelows the women wear now-a-days. If you are red-haired, and wish to please him by wearing the colours his mother liked, they are sure to be pink or yellow; and if you are swarthy, you must make a guy of yourself by wearing blue. Still there are ways to avoid these little idiosyncracies, if the bodily eyes of your husband's mother are not on you. If she is in the flesh, she generally looks after the furnishing of your house for you, arranges the furniture, colours of curtains, chooses what room you are to have, etc. Then in the first flush of the honeymoon, coming home, receiving visitors, etc., everything is *couleur de rose*; but by-and-by when you find you have the most northerly room in the house, that there is a draught blowing on the bed which gives you a sore throat about once a week, you must grin and

bear it, until by some happy providence she goes on a visit, for a couple of months, to some friends in the country, when you can get up some plausible excuse for changing; but woe betide you if you ever are foolish enough to attempt it while she is in the house or within five miles of it, for she will set on you like a nightmare with a lace cap on, looking the sweetest prettiest picture of a dear old lady, drawing down upon your devoted head the congratulations of your friends upon the pleasure and happiness it must be to you to have such a "dear old love of a mother-in-law always with you." Then when Tom comes home at night, she is so loving and tender, so afraid he has been caught in the storm and got wet, she will get every thing he needs, for "that dear foolish Mary has been moving the furniture all day and must be far too tired for any more exertion." "What furniture?" exclaims the tired man, and straightway there looms up before his mental vision scenes of wild disorder, fruitless searches for missing things that have been moved and "tidied," and no after persuasions of Mary's can convince him of the wisdom of her change. Then it is always this "dear old lady" who tells him any piece of good news which is really your own property, and which you have been bottling up as a surprise for him, referring to it as if he already knew, and when asked for an explanation, elevates her eyebrows and says, "Oh, didn't Mary tell you?" So poor Mary gets a look of mild reproach, instead of the one of glad surprise and love, the expectation of which has all day made the children's fretfulness less wearisome, and the cook's mistakes less irremediable. This "dear old lady" goes out visiting too, takes her work and sits half an hour with a neighbour. A week after, you are condoled with upon having so much to do in the house, so many dresses to make, etc., that your poor husband has to be content with his old mother's company when he is at home.

But these are only a few of the little peculiarities of that "nice old lady," a whisper of which you daren't breathe to your husband, for most men have such love for their mothers that they cannot see with your eyes, and having grown up with a belief in their perfections, they fail to see that your sight is the clearest. All honour to them say I, for this love, for as long as a man loves his mother there is a germ of good in him nothing can eradicate; but let them believe that our love for our mother can be as great, and not make the name of their mother-in-law a by-word and a reproach among nations.

OTTAWA.

RETURNING FRENCH CANADIANS.

The following little paragraph appears in the Boston Globe under the heading of "Vermont news:"

"Owing to the reduction of wages in many sections of the States, a large number of French Canadians are returning to Canada."

We have no doubt of the truth of this statement. We have had reports for some time past of the continued returns of French Canadians to the Province of Quebec from the neighbouring states. The stagnation which has followed the commercial crisis in the U. S. that commenced in the fall of last year, has been so great as to depress almost every kind of industry, and has caused very severe distress among workmen. Many thousands have in consequence, emigrated back to Europe and some thousands have come to Canada. We see it stated in the American newspapers that 33 per cent. of the immigrants in the United States during the last quarter recrossed the ocean. The time is, therefore, a favourable one, to obtain the return of the French Canadians in the U. S. and to colonize them in Canada. It is rumoured that the Dominion Government is going to make some move in this direction, and if they do so, it will likely be very popular in the Province of Quebec. The late Government did take a step in this direction by sending the Rev. P. E. Gendron to the United States to make a report as to the possibility of obtaining a return of French Canadians to their own country. He found among them, the utmost willingness to come; but the chief obstacle in the way was want of means. He said, "a very large proportion of the Canadians resident in the U. S. were not in possession of sufficient savings to defray the expense of returning to the part of Canada from which they emigrated." As a general rule, their success has not been commensurate with the expectations they entertained when leaving Canada. Mr. Gendron thinks that 200,000 is the outside number of French Canadians now in the New England States. The last U. S. census gave the number of the republic born in the Province of Quebec and Ontario as 412,000; and probably their descendants added to this number would make a total of over three quarters of a million. The number of French Canadian origin in the Western States is estimated at 150,000, and in other states at 50,000, making altogether a total of persons of French Canadian origin in the U. S. of 400,000. It may, however, be remarked on this point, that the people of the Northern part of this continent, in the United States as well as Canada, are remarkable for their migratory habits, and the emigration from the New England States to the West, within the last ten years has been altogether greater than the emigration from Canada to the States. The argument to be deduced from the migration which has taken place from Canada to the U. S. is not a simple one, but mixed with many important considerations. In the coming ten years, the balance will probably be redressed.

OVERCROWDED CALLINGS.

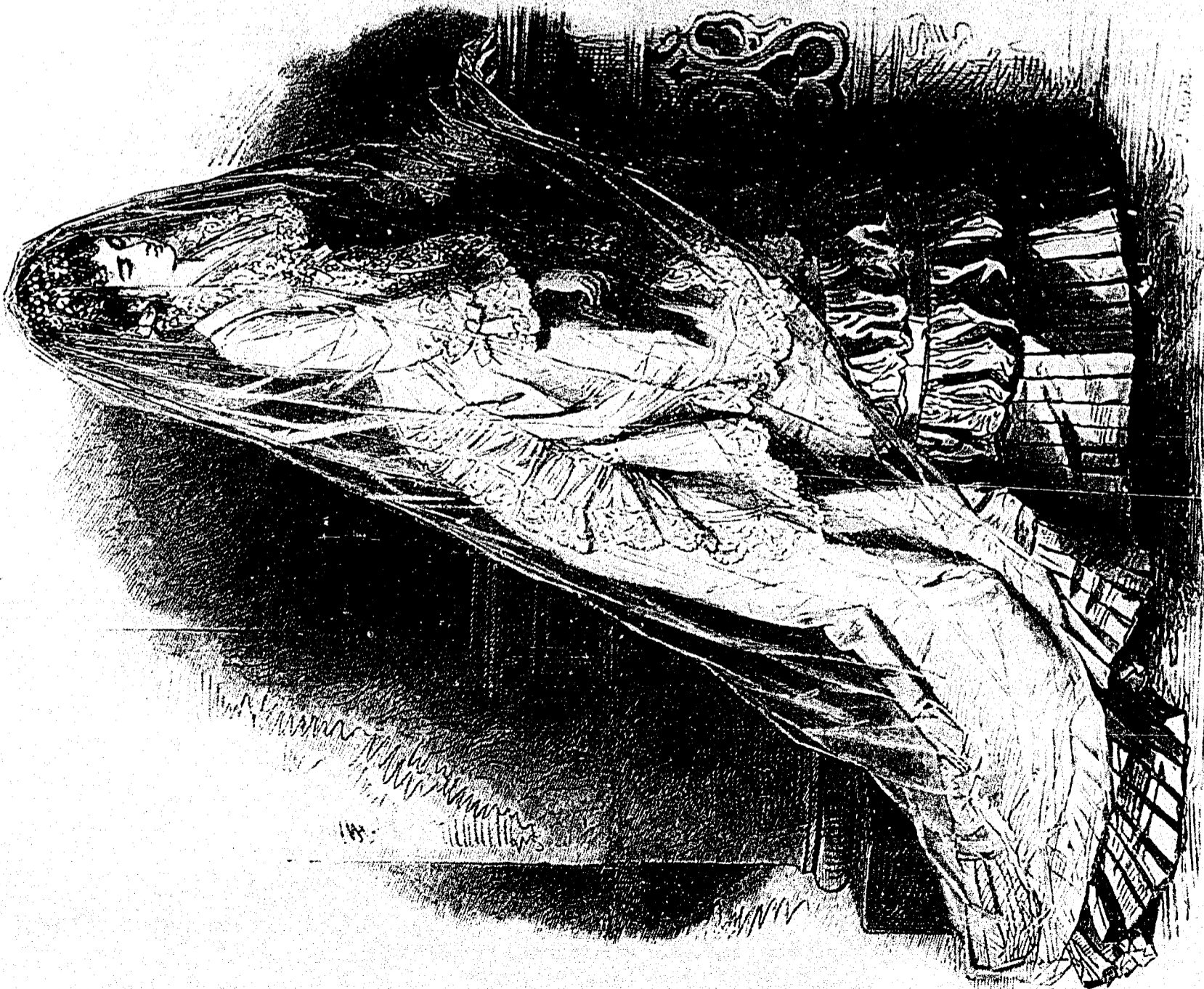
There usually comes a period when all professions and callings are overcrowded, and at the present time, according to all accounts, the supply of sempstresses and clerks is far in excess of the demand. The consequence is that both these classes find a difficulty in making a living. Probably it is the progress of education that has caused a rush upon what were formerly styled "genteel" callings. Any man who can hold a pen fancies he can be a clerk, just as any woman who can sew imagines she can make a comfortable living as a milliner. The consequence is that both these callings are overcrowded by people who earn with difficulty a scanty wage, while they might live comfortably and free from anxiety as domestic servants. If you discharge a common clerk, or are compelled to get rid of an ordinary needlewoman, you can fill their places twenty times over within the next hour. But with regard to a compositor, a telegraph worker, a carpenter, a housemaid, a kitchenmaid, a cook, a groom, or skilled craftsmen of any description, the result is very different. If every one were to be taught some craft in his youth, if education were more adapted for the station people are expected to fill in after life, this overcrowding of various callings might to a certain extent, be prevented. There is no reason whatever that among the many accomplishments that are nowadays taught at schools the acquirement of a useful craft of some kind should not be included. It is true the learner might never require to make use of it, but it might eventually prove of the greatest assistance to him. At any rate, a little superfluous knowledge can do harm to no one. No gentleman would be any the worse for being able to shoe a horse or thatch a house, and no lady would lose her dignity by being able to demonstrate practically to her maids that a fire is not properly laid, or that a step is ill-cleaned. This kind of thing is beginning to be understood, and the earnest and thorough manner in which some ladies lately went through every description of kitchen drudgery at the School of Cookery augurs well for the future. That paragon of perfection, the "girl who can walse and make melted butter equally well" is not so far distant as many people imagine. If people were less afraid of good, honest work, of wholesome, healthy manual labour, if they would only get rid of absurd notions with regard to "genteel" occupations, we should probably hear much less about the overcrowding of callings than we do in the present day.

THE EFFECT OF AN ELOPEMENT.

Young ladies in Armenia, like young ladies elsewhere are often afflicted with restlessness on the subject of religion, which prompts them lightly to hop over the barrier which divides one persuasion from another without realizing the difficulties that beset them if, as is sometimes the case, they desire to hop back again. A young lady belonging to the Armenian Catholic community of Moush, in Armenia, has lately fallen into sad trouble by a hasty step of this nature. In the latter part of September she ran away from home with a Turk, a resident in Moush. By a strange coincidence, on the very day of her departure a change took place in her religious opinions and she made a profession of Islamism. By a still stranger coincidence, on the following day she not only discovered that she had committed an error of judgment in forsaking her parents for her lover, but also in forsaking her creed. She accordingly renounced both the Turk and his religion and returned to her home, explaining that she had acted in a moment of weakness and begging the forgiveness of her parents. This pardon was accorded; but the authorities, having been informed of the affair, arrested the impulsive girl, who was taken before a court of justice and there examined as to her religious belief. Her only reply was that she wished to return to the faith which she had quitted but for one day. This answer not being deemed satisfactory the case was referred to the authorities at Erzeroum, where the girl was sent in custody, accompanied by her father. She repeated to the *medjlis* of the province her desire to remain a Christian; but by latest accounts still remains in the custody of the police, until a vizierial order from Constantinople authorizes her release.

THE TROIKA.

Gautier writes in his "Life in St. Petersburg": "The most picturesque winter vehicle is the troika—a sledge which holds four persons, sitting face to face, besides the driver, and is harnessed with three horses. Four reins suffice—the outside animals having one apiece. Nothing is more charming than to see a troika spin along the Newsky Prospekt at the hour of promenade. The thill-horse trots, stepping straight ahead; the other two gallop, and pull fan-wise. One of these ought to have a wild, excited, indomitable air—to hold up his head and seem to start aside and kick; this one is called 'the fury.' The other should shake his mane, arch his neck, curvet, and go sideways, touch his knee with the end of his nose, dance and fling himself about at the caprice of the moment; this is 'the coquet.' These three noble steeds, with metal chains on their head-stalls, with harness light as threads, spangled here and there with delicate gilt ornaments, are suggestive of those antique horses upon triumphal arches, drawing bronze chariots to which they are in no way attached. They seem to sport and gambol before the troika entirely at will.



1. BRIDAL TOILET.



2. BLACK VELVET TOILET.

THE FASHIONS

McGUYRE

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

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

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

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

Part I.—Paradise Lost

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WOMAN'S ANSWER.

The firm consisted of two partners. They both received me together. One was a soft lean man with a sour smile. The other was a hard fat man, with ill-tempered eyebrows. I took a great dislike to both of them. On their side, they appeared to feel a strong distrust of me. We began by disagreeing. They showed me my husband's instructions; providing, among other things, for the payment of one clear half of his income, as long as he lived, to his wife. I positively refused to touch a farthing of his money.

The lawyers were unaffectedly shocked and astonished at this decision. Nothing of the sort had ever happened before, in the whole course of their experience. They argued and remonstrated with me. The partner with the sour smile reminded his colleague satirically that I was a lady, and had therefore no reason to give. I only answered, "Be so good as to forward my letter, gentlemen"—and left them.

I have no wish to claim any credit to myself in these pages, which I do not honestly deserve. The truth is that my pride forbade me to accept help from Eustace, now that he had left me. My own little fortune (eight hundred a year) had been settled on myself when I married. It had been more than I wanted as a single woman, and I was resolved that it should be enough for me now. Benjamin had insisted on my considering his cottage as my home. Under these circumstances, the expenses in which my determination to clear my husband's character might involve me, were the only expenses for which I had to provide. I could afford to be independent—and independent I resolved that I would be.

While I am occupied in confessing my weakness and my errors, it is only right to add that, dearly as I still loved my unhappy misguided husband, there was one little fault of his which I found it not easy to forgive.

Pardoning other things, I could not quite pardon his concealing from me that he had been married to a first wife. Why I should have felt this so bitterly as I did, at certain times and seasons, I am not able to explain. Jealousy was at the bottom of it, I suppose. And yet, I was not conscious of being jealous—especially when I thought of the poor creature's miserable death. Still, Eustace ought not to have kept that secret from me—I used to think to myself, at odd times when I was discouraged and out of temper. What would he have said, if I had been a widow, and had never told him of it?

It was getting on towards evening when I returned to the cottage. Benjamin appeared to have been on the look-out for me. Before I could ring at the bell, he opened the garden-gate.

"Prepare yourself for a surprise, my dear," he said. "Your uncle, the Reverend Doctor Starkweather, has arrived from the North, and is waiting to see you. He received your letter this morning, and he took the first train to London as soon as he had read it."

In another minute, my uncle's strong arms were round me. In my forlorn position, I felt the good vicar's kindness. In travelling all the way to London to see me, very gratefully. It brought the tears into my eyes—tears, without bitterness, that did me good.

"I have come, my dear child, to take you back to your old home," he said. "No words can tell how fervently I wish you had never left your aunt and me. Well! Well! we won't

at bottom. She would have travelled all the way along with me, if I would have let her. I said, 'Oh; you stop at home and look after the house and the parish; and I'll bring the child back.' You shall have your own bedroom, Valeria, with the white curtains, you know, looped up with blue! We will return to the Vicarage (if you can get up in time) by the nine-forty train, to-morrow morning."

Return to the Vicarage! How could I do that? How could I hope to gain what was now the one object of my existence, if I buried myself in a remote north-country village? It was simply impossible for me to accompany Doctor Starkweather on his return to his own house.

"I thank you, uncle, with all my heart," I

It was only due to my good guardian and friend that I should take him into my confidence sooner or later. There was no help for it, but to rouse my courage and tell him frankly what I had in my mind to do. The Vicar listened in breathless dismay. He turned to Benjamin, with distress as well as surprise in his face, when I had done.

"God help her!" cried the worthy man. "The poor thing's troubles have turned her brain!"

"I thought you would disapprove of it, sir," said Benjamin, in his mild and moderate way. "I confess I disapprove of it, myself."

"Disapprove of it, isn't the word," retorted the vicar. "Don't put it in that feeble way, if

you please. And act of madness, that's what it is, if she really means what she says." He turned my way, and looked as he used to look, at the afternoon service, when he was catechising an obstinate child. "You don't mean it," he said, "do you?"

"I am sorry to forfeit your good opinion, uncle," I replied. "But I must own that I do certainly mean it."

"In plain English," retorted the Vicar, "you are conceited enough to think that you can succeed where the greatest lawyers in Scotland have failed. They couldn't prove this man's innocence, all working together. And you are going to prove it single-handed? Upon my word, you are a wonderful woman," cried my uncle, suddenly descending from indignation to irony. "May a plain country person, who isn't used to lawyers in petticoats, be permitted to ask how you mean to do it?"

"I mean to begin by reading the Trial, uncle."

"Nice reading for a young woman! You will be wanting a batch of nasty French novels next. Well, and when you have read the Trial—what then? Have you thought of that?"

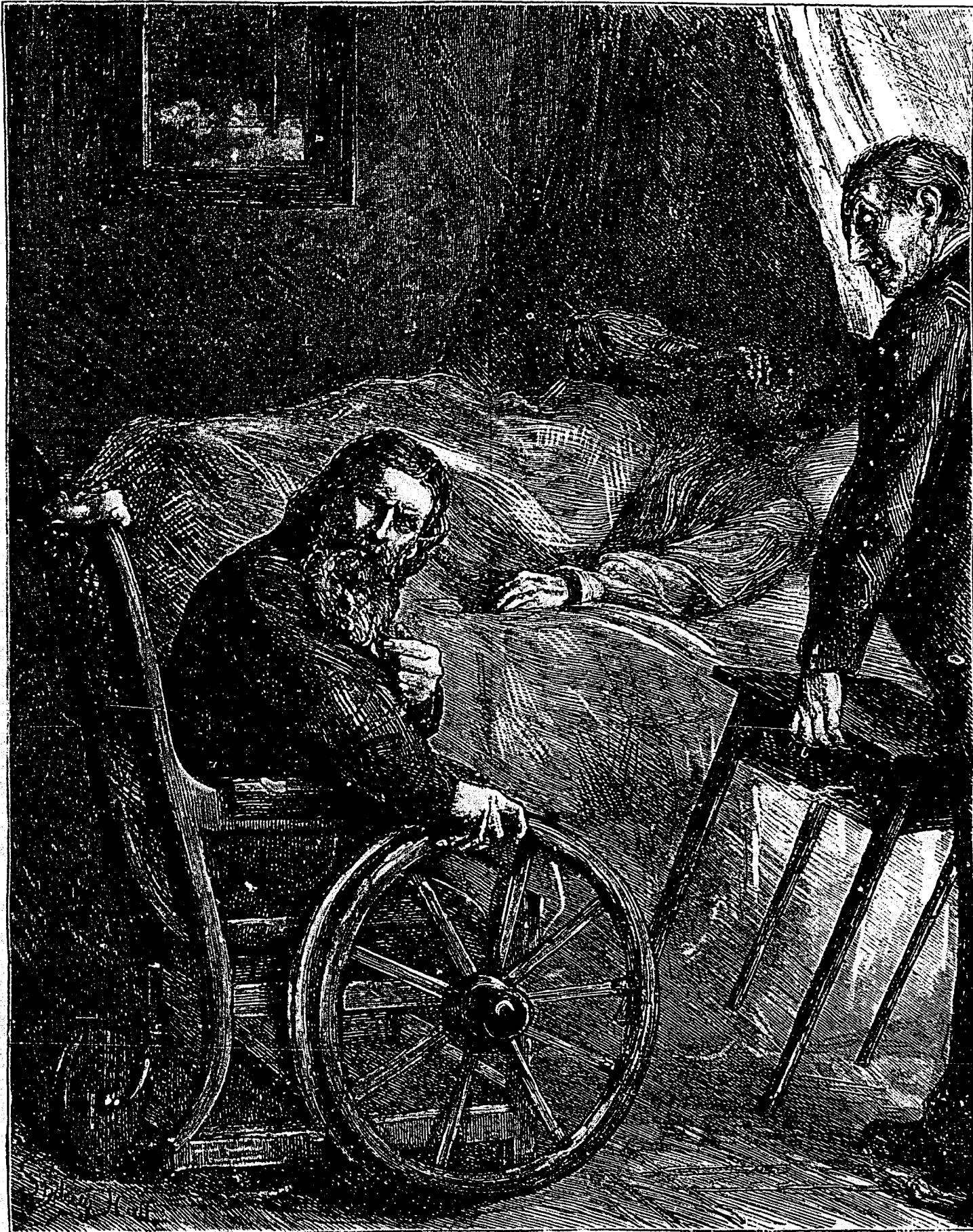
"Yes, uncle. I have thought of that. I shall first try to form some conclusion (after reading the Trial), as to the guilty person who really committed the crime. Then, I shall make up a list of the witnesses who spoke in my husband's defence. I shall go to those witnesses, and tell them who I am, and what I want. I shall ask all sorts of questions which grave lawyers might think it beneath their dignity to put. I shall beg guided, in what I do next, by the answers I receive. And I shall not be discouraged no matter what difficulties are thrown in my way. Those are my plans, uncle, so far as I know them now."

The Vicar and Benjamin looked at each other, as if they doubted the evidence of their own senses. The Vicar spoke.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that you are going roaming about the country, to

throw yourself on the mercy of strangers, and to risk whatever rough reception you may get in the course of your travels? You! A young woman! Deserted by your husband! With nobody to protect you! Mr. Benjamin, do you hear her? And can you believe your ears? I declare to Heaven I don't know whether I am awake or dreaming. Look at her, just look at her! There she sits as cool and easy as if she had said nothing at all extraordinary, and was going to do nothing out of the common way! What am I to do with her—that's the serious question—what on earth am I to do with her?"

"Let me try my experiment, uncle, rash as



"I took his chair and pulled it away, while Robert Lorrie laid hold of the table and carried it to the other end of the room."

talk about it. The mischief is done, and the next thing is to mend it as well as we can. If I could only get within arm's length of that husband of yours, Valeria—there! there! God forgive me, I am forgetting that I am a clergyman. What shall I forget next, I wonder? By the bye, your aunt sends you her dearest love. She is more superstitious than ever. This miserable business doesn't surprise her a bit. She says it all began with your making that mistake about your name, in signing the church register. You remember? Was there ever such stuff? Ah, she's a foolish woman, that wife of mine! But she means well, a good soul

said. "But I am afraid I can't leave London for the present."

"You can't leave London for the present!" he repeated. "What does the girl mean, Mr. Benjamin?"

Benjamin evaded a direct reply.

"She's kindly welcome, here, Doctor Starkweather," he said, "as long as she chooses to stay with me."

"That's no answer," retorted my uncle, in his rump-and-ready way. He turned to me. "What is there to keep you in London?" he asked. "You used to hate London. I suppose there is some reason?"

It may look to you," I said. "Nothing else will comfort and support me; and God knows I want comfort and support. Don't think me obstinate. I am ready to admit that there are serious difficulties in my way."

The Vicar resumed his ironical tone. "Oh?" he said. "You admit that, do you? Well, there is something gained at any rate!" "Many another woman before me," I went on, "has faced serious difficulties, and has conquered them—for the sake of the man she loved."

Doctor Starkweather rose slowly to his feet, with the air of a person whose capacity of toleration had reached its last limits.

"Am I to understand that you are still in love with Mr. Eustace Macallan?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"The hero of the great Poison Trial?" pursued my uncle. "The man who has deceived and deserted you? You love him?"

"I love him more dearly than ever."

"Mr. Benjamin," said the Vicar. "If she recovers her senses between this, and nine o'clock to-morrow morning, send her with her luggage to Loxley's Hotel, where I am now staying. Good night, Valeria. I shall consult with your aunt as to what is to be done next. I have no more to say."

"Give me a kiss, uncle, at parting."

"Oh, yes. I'll give you a kiss. Anything you like, Valeria. I shall be sixty-five next birthday; and I thought I knew something of women, at my time of life. It seems I know nothing. Loxley's Hotel is the address, Mr. Benjamin. Good night."

Benjamin looked grave when he returned to me, after accompanying Doctor Starkweather to the garden gate.

"Pray be advised, my dear," he said. "I don't ask you to consider my view of this matter as good for much. But your uncle's opinion is surely worth considering?"

I did not reply. It was useless to say any more. I made up my mind to be misunderstood and discouraged, and to bear it. "Good night, my dear old friend," was all I said to Benjamin. Then I turned away—I confess with tears in my eyes—and took refuge in my bedroom.

The window-blind was up; and the autumn moonlight shone brilliantly into the little room.

As I stood by the window, looking out, the memory came to me of another moonlight night, when Eustace and I were walking together in the Vicarage garden before our marriage. It was the night of which I have written many pages back, when there were obstacles to our union, and when Eustace had offered to release me from my engagement to him. I saw the dear face again, looking at me in the moonlight; I heard once more his words, and mine. "Forgive me" (he had said) "for having loved you—passionately, devotedly loved you. Forgive me, and let me go."

And I had answered, "Oh, Eustace, I am only a woman, don't madden me! I can't live without you. I must, and will, be your wife!" And now, after marriage had united us, we were parted! Parted, still loving each other as passionately as ever. And why? Because he had been accused of a crime that he had never committed, and because a Scotch jury had failed to see that he was an innocent man.

I looked at the lovely moonlight, pursuing these remembrances and these thoughts. A new ardour burnt in me. "No!" I said to myself. "Neither relations nor friends shall prevail on me to falter and fail in my husband's cause. The assertion of his innocence is the work of my life.—I will begin it to-night!"

I drew down the blind, and lit the candles. In the quiet night—alone and unaided—I took my first step on the toilsome and terrible journey that lay before me. From the title-page to the end, without stopping to rest and without missing a word, I read the trial of my husband for the murder of his wife.

PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STORY OF THE TRIAL. THE PRELIMINARIES

Let me confess another weakness, on my part, before I begin the story of the Trial. I cannot prevail upon myself to copy, for the second time, the horrible title-page which holds up to public ignominy my husband's name. I have copied it once in my tenth chapter. Let once be enough.

Turning to the second page of the Trial, I found a note assuring the reader of the absolute correctness of the report of the proceedings. The compiler described himself as having enjoyed certain special privileges. Thus the presiding judge had himself revised his charge to the jury. And, again, the chief lawyers for the prosecution and the defence, following the judge's example, had revised their speeches, for and against the prisoner. Lastly, particular care had been taken to secure a literally correct report of the evidence given by the various witnesses. It was some relief to me to discover this note, and to be satisfied at the outset that the story of the Trial was, in every particular, fully and truly told.

The next page interested me more nearly still. It enumerated the actors in the judicial drama—the men who held in their hands my husband's honour, and my husband's life. Here is the list:—

THE LORD JUSTICE CLERK, LORD DRUMFERNICK, LORD NOBLEKIRK,	Judges on the Bench.
THE LORD ADVOCATE (Mintlaw) DONALD DREW, Esq., (Advocate- Depute),	
Mr. JAMES ARLISS, W.S.,	Counsel for the Crown.
THE DEAN OF FACULTY (Farmichael)	
	Counsel for the Panel,

ALEXANDER CROCHET, Esq., Advocate	} otherwise the prisoner
Mr. THORNBANK, W.S.,	
Mr. PLAYMORE, W.S.,	} Agents for the Panel

The indictment against the Prisoner then followed. I shall not copy the uncouth language, full of needless repetitions, and, if I know anything of the subject, not guiltless of bad grammar as well, in which my innocent husband was solemnly and falsely accused of poisoning his first wife. The less there is of that false and hateful indictment on this page, the better and the truer the page will look, to my eyes.

To be brief then, Eustace Macallan was "indicted and accused, at the instance of David Mintlaw, Esq., Her Majesty's Advocate, for Her Majesty's interest," of the murder of his wife by poison, at his residence called Gleninch, in the county of Mid-Lothian. The poison was alleged to have been wickedly and feloniously given by the prisoner to his wife Sarah on two occasions, in the form of arsenic, administered in tea, medicine, "or other article or articles of food or drink, to the prosecutor unknown." It was further declared that the prisoner's wife had died of the poison thus administered by her husband, on one or other, or both, of the stated occasions; and that she was thus murdered by her husband. The next paragraph asserted that the said Eustace Macallan, taken before John Daviot, Esq., advocate, sheriff-substitute of Mid-Lothian, did in his presence at Edinburgh, on a given date, viz.: the 29th of October, subscribe a declaration stating his innocence of the alleged crime, this declaration being reserved in the indictment, together with certain documents, papers, and articles, enumerated in an inventory, to be used in evidence against the prisoner. The indictment concluded by declaring that, in the event of the offence charged against the prisoner being found proven by the verdict, he, the said Eustace Macallan, "ought to be punished with the pains of the law, to deter others from committing the like crimes in all time coming."

So much for the indictment! I have done with it—and I am rejoiced to be done with it.

An inventory of papers, documents, and articles followed at great length on the three next pages. This, in its turn, was succeeded by the list of the witnesses, and by the names of the jurors (fifteen in number) balloted for, to try the case. And then, at last, the report of the trial began. It resolved itself, to my mind, into three great questions. As it appeared to me at the time, so let me present it here.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRST QUESTION—DID THE WOMAN DIE POISONED?

The proceedings began at ten o'clock. The prisoner was placed at the bar, before the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh. He bowed respectfully to the Bench, and pleaded Not Guilty, in a low voice.

It was observed by every one present, that the prisoner's face betrayed the traces of acute mental suffering. He was deadly pale. His eyes never once wandered to the crowd in the court. When certain witnesses appeared against him, he looked at them with a momentary attention. At other times he kept his eyes on the ground. When the evidence touched on his wife's illness and death, he was deeply affected, and covered his face with his hands. It was a subject of general remark and general surprise, that the prisoner, in this case, although a man, showed far less self-possession than the last prisoner tried in that court for murder, a woman, who had been convicted on overwhelming evidence. There were persons present (a small minority only) who considered this want of composure on the part of the prisoner to be a sign in his favour. Self-possession, in this dreadful position, signified to their minds, the stark insensibility of a heartless and shameless criminal, and afforded in itself a presumption, not of innocence, but of guilt.

The first witness called was John Daviot, Esq., Sheriff-Substitute of Mid-Lothian. He was examined by the Lord Advocate (as counsel for the prosecution) and said:

"The prisoner was brought before me on the present charge. He made and subscribed a Declaration on the 29th of October. It was freely and voluntarily made, the prisoner having been first duly warned and admonished."

Having identified the Declaration, the Sheriff-Substitute, being cross-examined by the Dean of Faculty (as counsel for the defence) continued his evidence in these words:

"The charge against the prisoner was Murder. This was communicated to him before he made the Declaration. The questions addressed to the prisoner were put partly by me, partly by another officer, the procurator-fiscal. The answers were given distinctly, and, so far as I could judge, without reserve. The statements put forward in the Declaration were all made in answer to questions asked by the procurator-fiscal or by myself."

A clerk in the Sheriff-Clerk's office then officially produced the Declaration and corroborated the evidence of the witness who had preceded him.

The appearance of the next witness created a marked sensation in the court. This was no less a person than the nurse who had attended Mrs. Macallan in her last illness—by name Christina Ormsay.

After the first formal answers, the nurse, examined by the Lord Advocate, proceeded to say:—

"I was first sent for, to attend the deceased lady, on the 7th of October. She was then suffering from a severe cold, accompanied by a rheumatic affection of the left knee joint. Previous to this I understood that her health had been fairly good. She was not a very difficult

person to nurse when you got used to her and understood how to manage her. The main difficulty was caused by her temper. She was not a sullen person; she was headstrong and violent, easily excited to fly into a passion, and quite reckless in her fits of anger as to what she said or did. At such times I really hardly think she knew what she was about. My own idea is that her temper was made still more irritable by unhappiness in her married life. She was far from being a reserved person. Indeed, she was disposed, as I thought, to be a little too communicative, about herself and her troubles, with persons, like me, who were beneath her in station. She did not scruple, for instance, to tell me, when we had been long enough together to get used to each other, that she was very unhappy, and fretted a good deal about her husband. One night, when she was wakeful and restless, she said to me—"

The Dean of Faculty here interposed; speaking on the prisoner's behalf. He appealed to the Judges to say whether such loose and unreliable evidence as this was evidence which could be received by the court?

The Lord Advocate, speaking on behalf of the Crown, claimed it as his right to produce the evidence. It was of the utmost importance, in this case, to show, on the testimony of an unprejudiced witness, on what terms the husband and wife were living. The witness was a most respectable woman. She had won and deserved the confidence of the unhappy lady whom she attended on her death-bed.

After briefly consulting together, the Judges unanimously decided that the evidence could not be admitted. What the witness had herself seen and observed of the relations between the husband and wife was the only evidence that they could receive.

The Lord Advocate thereupon continued his examination of the witness. Christina Ormsay resumed her evidence as follows:—

"My position as nurse led necessarily to my seeing more of Mrs. Macallan than any other person in the house. I am able to speak, from experience, of many things not known to others who were only in her room at intervals.

"For instance, I had more than one opportunity of personally observing that Mr. and Mrs. Macallan did not live very happily. I can give you an example of this, not drawn from what others told me, but from what I noticed myself.

"Towards the latter part of my attendance on Mrs. Macallan, a young widow lady named Mrs. Beaulieu—a cousin of Mr. Macallan's—came to stay at Gleninch. Mrs. Macallan was jealous of this lady, and she showed it, in my presence, only the day before her death, when Mr. Macallan came into her room to enquire how she had passed the night. 'Oh,' she said, 'never mind how I have slept. What do you care whether I sleep well or ill? How has Mrs. Beaulieu passed the night? Is she more beautiful than ever this morning? Go back to her—pray go back to her! Don't waste your time with me.' Beginning in that manner, she worked herself into one of her furious rages. I was brushing her hair at the time, and feeling that my presence was an impropriety under the circumstances, I attempted to leave the room. She forbade me to go. Mr. Macallan felt, as I did, that my duty was to withdraw, and he said so in plain words. Mrs. Macallan insisted on my staying, in language so insolent to her husband that he said, 'If you cannot control yourself, either the nurse leaves the room or I do.' She refused to yield even then. 'A good excuse,' she said, 'for getting back to Mrs. Beaulieu. Go!' He took her at her word, and walked out of the room. He had barely closed the door before she began reviling him to me in the most shocking manner. She declared, among other things she said of him, that the news of all others which he would be most glad to hear would be the news of her death. I ventured, quite respectfully, on remonstrating with her. She took up the hairbrush and threw it at me, and, then and there, dismissed me from my attendance on her. I left her, and waited below until her fit of passion had worn itself out. Then I returned to my place at the bedside, and, for a while, things went on again as usual.

"It may not be amiss to add a word which may help to explain Mrs. Macallan's jealousy of her husband's cousin. Mrs. Macallan was a very plain woman. She had a cast in one of her eyes, and, if I may use the expression, one of the most muddy, blotchy complexions it was ever my misfortune to see in a person's face. Mrs. Beaulieu, on the other hand, was a most attractive lady. Her eyes were universally admired, and she had a most beautifully clear and delicate colour. Poor Mrs. Macallan said of her, most untruly, that she painted.

"No, the defects of the complexion of the deceased lady were not in any way attributable to her illness. I should call them born and bred defects in herself.

"Her illness, if I am asked to describe, I should say was troublesome—nothing more. Until the last day there were no symptoms in the least degree serious about the malady that had taken her. Her rheumatic knee was painful, of course, acutely painful, if you like, when she moved it, and the confinement to bed was irksome enough, no doubt. But otherwise there was nothing in the lady's condition, before the fatal attack came, to alarm her or anybody about her. She had her books, and her writing materials, on an invalid table which worked on a pivot, and could be arranged in any position most agreeable to her. At times she read and wrote a great deal. At other times she lay quiet, thinking her own thoughts, or talking to me and with one or two lady friends in the neighbourhood who came regularly to see her.

"Her writing, so far as I knew, was almost entirely of the poetical sort. She was a great hand at composing poetry. On one occasion only she showed me some of her poems. I am no judge of such things. Her poetry was of the dismal kind, despairing about herself, and wondering why she had ever been born, and non-

sense like that Her husband came in more than once for some hard hits at his cruel heart and ignorance of his wife's merits. In short, she vented her discontent with her pen as well as with her tongue. There were times—and pretty often, too—when an angel from heaven would have failed to have satisfied Mrs. Macallan.

"Throughout the period of her illness the deceased lady occupied the same room—a large bedroom situated, like all the best bedrooms, on the first floor of the house.

"Yes, the plan of the room now shown to me is quite accurately taken, according to my remembrance of it. One door led into the great passage or corridor, on which all the doors opened. A second door, at one side (marked B on the plan), led into Mr. Macallan's sleeping-room. A third door, on the opposite side (marked C on the plan), communicated with a little study or book-room, used, as I was told, by Mr. Macallan's mother when she was staying at Gleninch, but seldom or never entered by any one else. Mr. Macallan's mother was not at Gleninch while I was there. The door between the bedroom and this study was locked, and the key was taken out. I don't know who had the key, or whether there were more keys than one in existence. The door was never opened to my knowledge. I only got into the study to look at it with the house-keeper, by entering through a second door that opened on to the corridor.

"I beg to say that I can speak, from my own knowledge, positively about Mrs. Macallan's illness, and about the sudden change which ended in her death. By the doctor's advice I made notes, at the time, of dates and hours and such like. I looked at my notes before coming here.

"From the seventh of October, when I was called in to nurse her, to the twentieth of the same month, she slowly but steadily improved in health. Her knee was still painful, no doubt, but the inflammatory look of it was disappearing. As to the other symptoms, except weakness from lying in bed and irritability of temper, there was really nothing the matter with her. She slept badly, I ought perhaps to add. But we remedied this by means of composing draughts, prescribed for that purpose by the doctor.

"On the morning of the twenty-first, at a few minutes past six, I got my first alarm that something was going wrong with Mrs. Macallan.

"I was woken at the time I have mentioned by the ringing of the hand-bell which she kept on her bed-table. Let me say for myself that I had only fallen asleep on the sofa in the bedroom at past two in the morning from sheer fatigue. Mrs. Macallan was then awake. She was in one of her bad humours with me. I had tried to prevail on her to let me remove her dressing-case from her bed-table, after she had used it in making her toilet for the night. It took up a great deal of room, and she could not possibly want it again before the morning. But no, she insisted on my letting it be. There was a glass inside the case, and, plain as she was, she never wearied of looking at herself in that glass. I saw that she was in a bad state of temper, so I gave her her way and let the dressing-case be. Finding that she was too sullen to speak to me after that, and too obstinate to take her composing draught from me when I offered it, I laid me down on the sofa at her bed-foot, and fell asleep, as I have said.

"The moment her bell rang I was up and at the bedside, ready to make myself useful.

"I asked what was the matter with her. She complained of faintness and depression, and said she felt sick. I enquired if she had taken anything in the way of physic or food while I had been asleep. She answered that her husband had come in about an hour since, and, finding her still sleepless, had himself administered the sleeping draught. Mr. Macallan, (sleeping in the next room) joined us while she was speaking. He, too, had been aroused by the bell. He heard what Mrs. Macallan said to me about the composing draught, and made no remark upon it. It seemed to me that he was alarmed at his wife's faintness. I suggested that she should take a little wine or brandy and water. She answered that she could swallow nothing so strong as wine or brandy, having a burning pain in her stomach already. I put my hand on her stomach, quite lightly. She screamed when I touched her.

"This symptom alarmed us. We sent to the village for the medical man who had attended Mrs. Macallan during her illness, one Mr. Gale.

"The doctor seemed no better able to account for the change for the worse in his patient than we were. Hearing her complain of thirst, he gave her some milk. Not long after taking it, she was sick. The sickness appeared to relieve her. She soon grew drowsy and slumbered. Mr. Gale left us, with strict injunctions to send for him instantly if she was taken ill again.

"Nothing of the sort happened; no change took place for the next three hours or more. She roused up towards half-past nine, and inquired about her husband. I informed her that he had returned to his own room, and asked if I should send for him. She said, No, I asked next, if she would like anything to eat or drink. She said, No, again, in rather a vacant stupefied way—and then told me to go downstairs and get my breakfast. On my way down, I met the housekeeper. She invited me to breakfast with her in her room, instead of in the servants' hall as usual. I remained with the housekeeper but a short time: certainly not more than half an hour.

"Going upstairs again, I met the under-housemaid, sweeping, on one of the landings.

"The girl informed me that Mrs. Macallan had taken a cup of tea, during my absence in the housekeeper's room. Mr. Macallan's valet had ordered the tea for his mistress, by his master's directions. The under-housemaid made it, and took it upstairs herself to Mrs. Macallan's room. Her master (she said) opened the door

when she knocked, and took the tea-cup from her with his own hand. He opened the door widely enough for her to see into the bedroom, and to notice that nobody was with Mrs. Macallan but himself.

"After a little talk with the under-housemaid, I returned to the bedroom. No one was there. Mrs. Macallan was lying perfectly quiet, with her face turned away from me on the pillow. Approaching the bedside, I kicked against something on the floor. It was a broken tea-cup. I said to Mrs. Macallan, 'How comes the tea-cup to be broken, ma'am?' She answered, without turning toward me—in an odd, muffled kind of voice—'I dropped it.' 'Before you drank your tea, ma'am?' I asked. 'No,' she said; 'in handing the cup back to Mr. Macallan after I had done.' I had put my question, wishing to know—in case she had split the tea when she dropped the cup—whether it would be necessary to get her any more. I am quite sure I remember correctly my question, and her answer. I inquired next if she had been long alone. She said, shortly, 'Yes; I have been trying to sleep. I said, 'Do you feel pretty comfortable?' She answered 'Yes,' again. All this time, she still kept her face sulkily turned from me towards the wall. Stooping over her to arrange the bed clothes, I looked towards her table. The writing materials which were always kept on it, were disturbed; and there was wet ink on one of the pens. I said, 'Surely you haven't been writing, ma'am?' 'Why not?' she said; 'I couldn't sleep.' 'Another poem?' I asked. She laughed to herself—a bitter, short laugh. 'Yes,' she said; 'another poem.' 'That's good,' I said; 'it looks as if you were getting quite like yourself again. We shan't want the doctor any more today.' She made no answer to this, except an impatient sign with her hand. I didn't understand the sign. Upon that, she spoke again—and crossly enough too! 'I want to be alone; leave me.'

"I had no choice but to do as I was told. To the best of my observation, there was nothing the matter with her, and nothing for the nurse to do. I put the bell-rope within reach of her hand, and I went down stairs again. "Half-an-hour more, as well as I can guess it, passed. I kept within hearing of the bell; but it never rang. I was not quite at my ease—without exactly knowing why. That odd muffled voice in which she had spoken to me hung on my mind, as it were. I was not quite satisfied about leaving her alone for too long a time together—and then, again, I was unwilling to risk throwing her into one of her fits of passion by going back before she rang for me. It ended in my venturing into the room on the ground floor, called the Morning Room, to consult Mr. Macallan. He was usually to be found there in the forenoon of the day. "On this occasion, however, when I looked into the Morning Room it was empty. "At the same moment, I heard the master's voice on the terrace outside. I went out, and found him speaking to one Mr. Dexter, an old friend of his, and (like Mrs. Beaulieu) a guest staying in the house. Mr. Dexter was sitting at the window of his room upstairs (he was a cripple, and could only move himself about in a chair on wheels); and Mr. Macallan was speaking to him from the terrace below. "Dexter! I heard Mr. Macallan say. Where is Mrs. Beaulieu? Have you seen anything of her?" "Mr. Dexter answered, in his quick off-hand way of speaking, 'Not I! I know nothing about her.'

"Then I advanced, and, begging pardon for intruding, I mentioned to Mr. Macallan the difficulty I was in about going back or not to his wife's room, without waiting until she rang for me. Before he could advise me in the matter, the footman made his appearance, and informed me that Mrs. Macallan's bell was then ringing—and ringing violently. "It was then close on eleven o'clock. As fast as I could mount the stairs, I hastened back to the bedroom. "Before I opened the door, I heard Mrs. Macallan groaning. She was in dreadful pain; feeling a burning heat in the stomach, and in the throat; together with the same sickness which had troubled her in the early morning. Though no doctor, I could see in her face that this second attack was of a far more serious nature than the first. After ringing the bell for a messenger to send to Mr. Macallan, I ran to the door to see if any of the servants happened to be within call.

"The only person I saw in the corridor was Mrs. Beaulieu. She was on her way from her own room, she said, to inquire after Mrs. Macallan's health. I said to her, 'Mrs. Macallan is seriously ill again, ma'am. Would you please tell Mr. Macallan, and send for the doctor?' She ran downstairs at once to do as I told her. "I had not been long back at the bedside when Mr. Macallan and Mrs. Beaulieu both came in together. Mrs. Macallan cast a strange look on them (a look I cannot at all describe), and bade them leave her. Mrs. Beaulieu, looking very much frightened, withdrew immediately. Mr. Macallan advanced a step or two nearer to the bed. His wife looked at him again, in the same strange way, and cried out—half as if she was threatening him, half as if she was entreating him—'Leave me with the nurse. Go!' He only waited to say to me in a whisper, 'The doctor is sent for'—and then he left the room. "Before Mr. Gale arrived, Mrs. Macallan was violently sick. What came from her was muddy and frothy, and faintly streaked with blood. When Mr. Gale saw it, he looked very serious. I heard him say to himself, 'What does this mean?' He did his best to relieve Mrs. Macallan, but with no good result that I could see. After a time, she seemed to suffer less. Then more sickness came on. Then there was another intermission. Whether she was suffering or not, I observed that her hands and feet (whenever I touched them) remained equally cold. Also, the doctor's report of her pulse was always—the

same—very small and feeble.' I said to Mr. Gale, 'What is to be done, sir?' And Mr. Gale said to me, 'I won't take the responsibility on myself any longer; I must have a physician from Edinburgh.'

"The fastest horse in the stables at Gleninch was put into a dog-cart; and the coachman drove away full speed to Edinburgh, to fetch the famous Doctor Jerome.

"While we were waiting for the physician Mr. Macallan came into his wife's room, with Mr. Gale. Exhausted as she was, she instantly lifted her hand, and signed to him to leave her. He tried by soothing words to persuade her to let him stay. No! She still insisted on sending him out of her room. He seemed to feel it—at such a time, and in the presence of the doctor. Before she was aware of him, he suddenly stepped up to the bedside, and kissed her on the forehead. She shrank from him with a scream. Mr. Gale interfered, and led him out of the room.

"In the afternoon, Doctor Jerome arrived. "The great physician came just in time to see her seized with another attack of sickness. He watched her attentively, without speaking a word. In the interval when the sickness stopped, he still studied her, as it were, in perfect silence. I thought he would never have done examining her. When he was at last satisfied, he told me to leave him alone with Mr. Gale. 'We will ring,' he said, 'when we want you here again.'

"It was a long time before they rang for me. The coachman was sent for, before I was summoned back to the bedroom. He was despatched to Edinburgh, for the second time, with a written message from Doctor Jerome to his head servant, saying that there was no chance of his returning to the city, and to his patients, for some hours to come. Some of us thought this looked badly for Mrs. Macallan. Others said it might mean that the doctor had hopes of saving her, but expected to be a long time in doing it; "At last I was sent for. On my presenting myself in the bedroom, Dr. Jerome went out to Mr. Macallan, leaving Mr. Gale along with me. From that time, as long as the poor lady lived, I was never left alone with her. One of the two doctors was always in her room. Refreshments were prepared for them; but still they took it in turns to eat their meal, one relieving the other at the bedside. If they had administered remedies to their patient I should not have been surprised by this proceeding. But they were at the end of their remedies; their only business in the room seemed to be to keep watch. I was puzzled to account for this. Keeping watch was the nurse's business. I thought the conduct of the doctors very strange.

"By the time that the lamp was lit in the sick room I could see that the end was near. Excepting an occasional feeling of cramp in her legs, she seemed to suffer less. But her eyes looked sunk in her head, her skin was cold and clammy, her lips had turned to a bluish paleness. Nothing roused her now, excepting the last attempt made by her husband to see her. He came in with Dr. Jerome, looking like a man terror-struck. She was past speaking, but the moment she saw him she feebly made signs and sounds which showed that she was just as resolved as ever not to let him come near her. He was so overwhelmed that Mr. Gale was obliged to help him out of the room. No other person was allowed to see the patient. Mr. Dexter and Mrs. Beaulieu made their inquiries outside the door, and were not invited in. As the evening drew on, the doctors sat on either side of the bed, silently watching her, silently waiting for her death.

"Towards eight o'clock she seemed to have lost the use of her hands and arms: they lay helpless outside the bedclothes. A little later, she sank into a sort of dull sleep. Little by little the sound of her heavy breathing grew fainter. At twenty minutes past nine Doctor Jerome told me to bring the lamp to the bedside. He looked at her, and put his hand on her heart. Then he said to me, 'You can go down stairs nurse, it is all over.' He turned to Mr. Gale.

(To be continued.)

Amusement.

THEATRE ROYAL.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, DELEHANTY & HENGLER,

MONDAY, TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, December 7th, 8th & 9th.

The Great English Tragedian NEIL WARNER, LATE OF DRURY LANE THEATRE, LONDON.

NOTICE.—Seats can be secured at Prince's Music Store. 10-20-26-33.

LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER will be held at the Bank on THURSDAY THE SEVENTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at THREE O'CLOCK P. M.

By order of the Board, H. COTTE, Cashier. 10-22-3-46.

Montreal, 17th November, 1874.

THE OTTAWA IRON AND STEEL MANUFACTURING CO.

(Limited)—CAPITAL: \$500,000, in 20,000 Shares of \$25 each. PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS:—HON. JAMES SKEAD, Vice-President of the Dominion Board of Trade, and President of the Ottawa Board of Trade. J. M. CURRIER, Esq., M.P. for City of Ottawa. EDWARD MCGILLIVRAY, Esq., Ex-Chairman Board of Trade. R. S. CASSELS, Esq., President Union Forwarding Co. H. V. NOEL, Esq., Manager Quebec Bank, Ottawa. EDWARD HAYCOCK, Esq., Ottawa. BANKERS:—THE ONTARIO BANK. SOLICITORS, pro tem:—MESSRS. COCKBURN, WRIGHT, and CLEMOW. SECRETARY, pro tem:—R. W. CRUCE, Esq.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of purchasing and working the valuable Iron Mines situate in the Townships of Templeton and Hull, in the County of Ottawa, and Province of Quebec, called the Haycock Iron Location. The Company holding the power under the Act to "carry on the business of exploring for, mining, smelting, manufacturing, dealing in and disposing of iron and other ores and metals, and the manufacturing, selling, dealing in, and disposing of steel workings, or the products of iron and steel." The property to be acquired has been carefully examined on two different occasions by the eminent Mining Engineer, Dr. E. J. Chapman, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology, in the University College, Toronto, who in the course of his full detailed report, says: "The Haycock Iron Location comprises a compact area of 300 acres of mineral land and 100 acres of timber land, situate in the Province of Quebec, about eight miles north-east of the City of Ottawa; together with an additional piece of land of 10 acres near the head of navigation on the River Gatineau. This latter area has been secured partly as a storing place and loading ground for, but chiefly as a convenient site for the erection of Furnaces. The area is connected with the mineral or iron area proper by a tramway of 6 1/2 miles in length, and of three feet gauge. The assets of the property also include a Steam Saw Mill, of 20 horse power, sawn timber and logs; a Boarding House; Manager's House; Store House; Office; Stables; Powder House, and Blacksmith's Shop. Also a Derrick and other mining plant, tools, &c., together with about 5,000 tons of raised ore, and 30 tramway cars.

"The 300 acres of mineral lands are traversed in a general north-east and south-west direction by numerous bands of iron ore, favorably situated for mining, and for the greater part, if not entirely of workable thickness—the beds at present opened widening rapidly on descending." Prof. Chapman considers that these united beds "in the more central portion of the property alone, cannot carry less than from six to six-and-a-half millions of tons of ore, and they probably contain a much larger amount"—and further says, "I have been anxious to keep free from all suspicion of exaggeration. My estimate might, therefore, be greatly increased, and still be within the truth as it takes the bands of ore merely at their surface strength, and most of these bands, if not all, will probably be found to widen more or less in descending.

"The ore is of very remarkable purity, and it holds on an average 64 per centum of metal, equivalent to a furnace yield of about 60 per cent. A practical test made upon several cwts. of the ore, in a Stemen's furnace, produced at one heat a steel of very superior quality. The cost of producing first quality pigmetal from the ore at the furnace site on the Gatineau would not exceed \$20 per ton.

"These statements and estimates, which I have sought to keep scrupulously within the truth and which are confirmed, I may observe, by independent and thoroughly trustworthy testimony, prove the value of the Haycock Location as an iron property."

"Trials and experiments made at some of the largest iron and steel works in England, the United States and Canada, have in every case proved the suitability of the ore for the manufacture of steel. The reports on the property particulars of analysis, and trials and samples of the ore, of steely ingots made in one heat from the ore, and the bars rolled in one heat from the ingot, can be seen at the office in Ottawa, and of the Agents in Montreal.

It is intended to immediately erect bloomeries for reducing the ores.

The price to be paid for the purchase of the property is \$250,000, one-half in cash, and the balance in fully paid-up shares of the Company, in consideration of which the proprietor will make over the freehold of the estate free from all incumbrances whatsoever.

And further, as a proof of his bona fides, and his entire confidence in the prospects of the undertaking. He will guarantee to the Shareholders a minimum dividend of not less than

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

on the paid up capital for three years from the date of the allotment of shares and as security for the due payment thereof, he will deposit in the hands of the Company the whole of his paid up shares, and give such further security in cash as may be thought necessary for the carrying out of his guarantee.

The Capital will be called up as follows: On Application \$2 per share; on Allotment, \$3 per share; 15th January, 1875, \$5 per share, and \$2 on the 15th day of each month thereafter as the Directors may require. Shares will be allotted according to priority of application. Applications for Stock must be made on the printed form, which, with any further information relative to the Company can be had at the Head Office in Ottawa, or from the Agents at Montreal, Messrs. DRUMMOND, CASSELS & CO.

Montreal, December 5th, 1874.

10-23-4-54.

TO PRINTERS.

The undersigned offers for sale the following Machines:

- ONE IMPERIAL HOE WASHINGTON HAND PRESS;
- ONE SUPER-ROYAL IMPROVED DITTO;
- ONE GORDON JOB PRESS, FOOLSCAP SIZE;
- THREE HAND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING PRESSES;
- ONE HAND PAPER CUTTING MACHINE;
- THREE WANZER SEWING MACHINES.

The above will be sold cheap for cash or its equivalent.

Apply to the General Manager of THE BURLAND-DESBARATS CO., MONTREAL.

WANTED

Several active energetic young men to canvass for the

"Canadian Illustrated News,"

AND FOR THE

"MECHANICS' MAGAZINE."

Good and exclusive territory will be given to each, and a liberal commission.

Apply to the General Manager of

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS CO.,

115 St. Francois Xavier Street, or 319 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.

NEW ATTRACTIONS

FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS.

CROWDS OF PEOPLE are attracted all through the day to the Window of 299 NOTRE DAME ST., in which is to be seen an entire New Stock of Novelties, consisting of Magic Lanterns and Slides, (a very fine assorted importation,) Mechanical Toys, Children's Toys, and Fancy Goods of every description. Also, a Choice Selection of Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, and Gold and Silver Spectacles to suit all Sights. A variety of New, Elegant Photographs just received from LONDON, PARIS and NEW YORK.

G. J. HUBBARD,

299 NOTRE DAME STREET.

N. B.—Every article suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Presents can be found here.

Montreal, December 15, 1874. 10-23-13-52

Merchants' Bank of Canada.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of

FIVE 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 SATURDAY, the SECOND 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, 25th November, 1874. 10-23-5-53

ESTABLISHED 1848.

McIVER & CO., First Prize Furriers,

New Warerooms:

91 ST. JAMES STREET,

Third Door East Place d'Armes,

10-22-6-48.

MONTREAL.

W. S. WALKER,

Importer of Diamonds, Fine Watches and Jewellery, English and French Clocks, Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Jet Goods, &c., &c.,

No. 321 NOTRE DAME STREET,

(Opposite the Seminary Clock), MONTREAL.

Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes and Jewellery Cleaned and Repaired. 10-21-6-40

DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE

Was re-opened for the Winter on 12th inst. with Day and Night Classes. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to qualify themselves as Telegraph Operators will please apply personally or by letter, to 75 St. James Street, Montreal. In consequence of so many New Lines of Railway being opened there will be a large demand for Operators in the Spring. 10-21-9-34.

IMPERIAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF LONDON, Established 1803.

Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA:

RINTOUL BROS.,

No. 24 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.

CHAS. D. HANSON, Inspector.

SCOTTISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE FOR THE DOMINION:

No. 9 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.

H. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent.

ISAAC C. GILMOUR, Agent, Toronto.

McKENZIE & OSBORNE, Agents, Hamilton. 10-21-52-41.

JOSEPH LUCKWELL,

BUILDER & JOINER

35 1/2 ST. ANTOINE STREET,

MONTREAL. 10-20-52-32.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 10-21-52-36.

GRAVEL ROOFING. R. ALEXANDER, 805 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted! All classes of working people...

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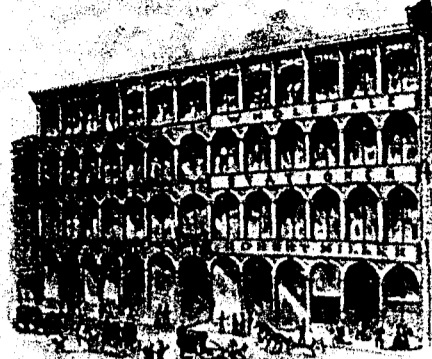
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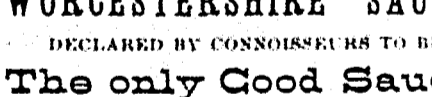
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