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# THE WESTERN NEWS

Vol. VIII.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1873.

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



POLO

DON CARLOS.

MARICHALAR.

PALACIO.

DON CARLOS AND HIS STAFF.

## THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 19.—	Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. Quebec: SS. "Casplan" due from Liverpool.
MONDAY,	" 20.—	Battle of Navarino, 1827.
TUESDAY,	" 21.—	Halifax: Dalhousie College Faculty of Medicine opens.
WEDNESDAY,	" 22.—	Sir Rowland Murchison died, 1871.
THURSDAY,	" 23.—	Ottawa: Meeting of Parliament. Quebec: SS. "Texas." (Dominion), due from Liverpool.
FRIDAY,	" 24.—	Daniel Webster died, 1852.
SATURDAY,	" 25.—	Quebec: SS. "Prussian," for Liverpool.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1873.

It is now officially announced that Sir Hugh Allan has thrown up the Contract for the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Ministerial papers attribute this unfortunate event to the persistent attacks of the Opposition and hold that the latter will have to render an account thereof at the bar of public opinion. It were, perhaps, nearer the truth to say that Sir Hugh has to thank himself largely for the failure of his gigantic scheme. If he had managed it with that admirable prudence which has characterized all his other undertakings, there would never have been cause for the Pacific Scandal and the arraignment of the Government. The arraignment of the Government and its failure to disculpate itself completely form the true reason why the construction of the Railway became impossible by the present company and why Sir Hugh had to resign the chairmanship of the same. Add to this the total demoralization of the money market in the United States consequent on the failure of Jay Cooke & Co. to float the Northern Pacific bonds. With the best possible record, Sir Hugh would have found it extremely difficult to negotiate a loan at present in Europe: with the revelations before the Royal Commission, he could not have succeeded under any consideration. It was wise of him, therefore, to withdraw from the concern. What will be the consequences to the Railway itself, it is impossible to foretell. Nothing can be determined till after the session of Parliament, when the present political excitement will have subsided, and the relative strength of parties ascertained beyond dispute. The idea of abandoning the work altogether, as some journals have advocated, is one which we are positive the country will not entertain for a moment. The Canada Pacific is a necessity of our confederated existence. It is the artery which is to unite the two extremes of the Dominion. Not only must it be built, but means must be devised to begin it as soon as possible, in order that our own people and the world abroad may have the assurance that, spite of the very unfortunate circumstances which have just happened, Canada is determined to work steadily at the extension and consolidation of her nationality.

Several of the French papers of this Province have been studying the problem of the relative backwardness of their countrymen. They attribute it to a variety of causes, all of more or less force, but none of which leads directly to a solution. We apprehend that the real reason why our French Canadian fellow citizens are lacking in the spirit of enterprise, and consequently lag visibly behind in the race of progress, is because they persist in being exclusively French and do not assimilate with the essentially English spirit of the country. French training, French education, French habits, both of thought and of society, are good in themselves, but they are clearly out of place, as distinctive traits, on the American continent. We know that this is a delicate subject, but it is one which interests the French people themselves, and we are therefore pleased to find that their own press have recognized the necessity of treating it plainly. There is no denying the fact that the language of America is English. The United States and Canada are commercial nations and English is the language of commerce. Hence if any expect to succeed in these countries, they must learn the language, not merely from books and when thrown upon the world, but they must learn its idioms and they must begin that instruction at an early age. In most of the schools and colleges of the Province of Quebec all teaching is done in French. Until English is substituted, there can be no chance of that proper training which we advocate as essential. The French settlers of Louisiana, Missouri, Mississippi, Alabama and Florida, have acted more wisely. They have become Americans; while not ceasing to be French in many of the best attributes of their race, they have thoroughly identified themselves with the language and institutions of their native country and thus held their own in commerce, in society, in politics and even in literature. The same remark may be made of the Germans who have emigrated to the United States. In a few years they acquire the English language and in the second generation cannot be distinguished from Americans. But these men love the Fatherland, as their enthusiasm during the late war proved conspicuously. We trust that the French press will continue to agitate this most important subject. It is a patriotic duty on their part and nothing but good can come from the truth being honestly told in the matter.

There is great room in this country for an independent daily newspaper, a paper at once fearless and unbiassed in tone, attached to no party and pledged to no irrevocable policy. Such a journal, we venture to say, would meet with unprecedented success. People are tired of having their political opinions dictated to them by prejudiced organs, whose inviolable rule is to find fault with everything suggested or carried out by their opponents, and invariably to lavish unbounded praise on the proposals and measures of their own supporters. It is a difficult thing in the present state of Canadian journalism for an unbiassed reader to reach at the truth of a political question, so torn and rent is it by the struggle of rival factions. Little light is shed upon its bearings by the dissertations of rival organs, for these mainly consist of angry accusations and retort. There is but a small measure of argument to be found in the editorial columns of our leading dailies. They content themselves with brief assertion or contradiction, as the case may be. They are loud in their protestations and denunciations, but the cry is out of all proportion to the wool. In their unseemly wrangling they remind one of country bumpkins belabouring each other with words, but afraid to come to the test. "You're a liar," cries one. "You're another," retorts the other. And there the matter ends. We cannot confess to any very great admiration for the *London Times*, but the class of journalism exemplified in that ubiquitous newspaper is very much to be preferred to the unreasonably kind of thing which is the fashion in Canada. We have plenty of sound, logical, forcible writers in the country who can teach what they feel. Will no public spirited capitalist seize the chance, remove the opprobrium from our national journalism, and at the same time become a benefactor to long-suffering newspaper readers?

The latest news from France seems to leave no room for doubt that a desperate effort will be made by the members of the Right and Right Centre to restore the Monarchy on the opening of the National Assembly, early next month. Whether or not the long talked of fusion between the Bourbons and the Orleanists has been consummated, a sufficient understanding appears to have been arrived at to secure the entire co-operation of those two branches in the great Parliamentary contest which is imminent. Of themselves they command a bare numerical majority, but this majority is so slight that without the alliance of some other wing of the Assembly, it would scarcely carry the day. Hence there is a general curiosity to ascertain what stand the Bonapartists will take in the crisis. At first, judging from their uniting with the Royalists in ousting M. Thiers, there was hope that they would further help to defeat the schemes of the Republicans, but subsequent events show that they will hold fast to the Napoleonic principle of universal suffrage and will therefore not assist in electing a merely Parliamentary monarch. On the other hand, the Republicans are thoroughly aroused. All branches of them are being consolidated under the powerful direction of M. Thiers. The contest will be a close one and full of interest to the friends of constitutional government. How it will turn it is really impossible, with the present data, to foresee. Let us only hope that it will be free from bloodshed.

Once more an attempt has been made to solve the vexed question of the "easterly current." With commendable perseverance Mr. Donaldson has made another essay in the science to which he has given, and is yet willing to give, his life. The fact that his experiment proved unsuccessful deteriorates in no way from the honour that is due to him as an able and a brave man, who is determined to succeed where others have failed. Rome was not built in a day and it is not to be supposed that such an arduous and daring undertaking as that of a balloon voyage across the Atlantic can be accomplished until much discouragement has been met with and many difficulties have been overcome. That such a man as Mr. Donaldson has undertaken the experiment is undoubtedly a matter for congratulation. He is a man of tried courage, an experienced aeronaut, a man who has thrown his whole soul into the task he has set before himself, and who will, we are firmly convinced, ultimately succeed therein if the thing is anyway feasible. The unfortunate ending of his attempt last week does not in the least shake us in our belief. On the contrary we are more sure than ever of his fitness for the work. Under the arduous circumstances in which he found himself placed he displayed a coolness of method, a perfect understanding of his situation, an unshaken courage and a rare skill which augur well for his future success. Where most men would have been utterly disheartened he rose from his defeat with fresh determination to conquer, and showed a manly spirit which is the more remarkable when contrasted with the craven faint-heartedness exhibited on more than one occasion by Professor Wise. Such men as Donaldson are not easily conquered. He has pledged himself to the undertaking, and notwithstanding the difficulties with which he has met, the discouragement that has been cast in his way, we are, we repeat, convinced that if it can be carried out he will do it. Some of the daily newspapers, we observe, have systematically cast ridicule upon the whole scheme. Happily the *vox populi*, even when expressed through the medium of the press, is not always infallible, and Mr. Donaldson has no cause to take to heart the croakings of incredulous journalists. Columbus was

looked upon as a dreamer in his day, Galileo as a madman, and notwithstanding the warnings and prophecies of those croakers the day may yet come when the name of the daring navigator of the sky shall be revered with that of the discoverer of the Western world. For our part we are content to augur for the success of the balloon enterprise from that which has already been met with by the journal under the auspices of which that enterprise was undertaken. When the project of establishing a daily illustrated journal was first mooted it was greeted with a shout of derision. The thing was impossible. It was preposterous. The *Daily Graphic* is now an established fact, and a very successful fact at that. The croakers notwithstanding, we look for the voyage of the *Graphic* balloon to share the success of the only illustrated daily.

We learn from the New York papers that the Rev. Mr. Tozer has addressed a letter to the President of the Evangelical Alliance and to the Dean of Canterbury reproaching the latter with having assisted at the celebration of the Holy Communion in a Presbyterian church, and basing his complaint on the strange ground that the Dean's action would have the effect of encouraging Protestants in being present at the services of the Roman Catholic Church. We confess to our inability to understand the logic of such reasoning. It is, we are aware, very much in vogue with a certain class of ultra High Churchmen whose sole motto appears to be the much-quoted saying "Let ancient customs be observed." Men of this stamp in England raised a howl of lamentation when it was stated that the late Bishop of Winchester had preached one Sunday last year in a Presbyterian church in Scotland, and thereby brought down upon themselves a torrent of ridicule. Happily for that party in the Established Church the sentiments of these ecclesiastical sticklers met with scant favour even among their own friends. Such sentiments were entirely opposed to the teachings of the Association for the Promotion of Unity in Christendom—a society founded, and almost exclusively maintained, by High Churchmen. It is to be hoped that the cry about "ancient customs" is not about to be raised on this side of the water. There is a sufficient rarity of Christian charity in this world to satisfy the most unbending stickler, without a return to the religious bickerings and persecutions which have disgraced so many professors of the religion whose God is love, and which recognizes charity as its first virtue. The Rev. Mr. Tozer's letter is calculated to be productive of much ill-feeling and we trust that its publication will give rise to an indignant protest on the part of the delegates of the Alliance against the opinions he enunciates. How very different must be the spirit which actuates him to that which prompted the old Recollet Fathers in the city of Montreal to offer the use of their chapel to the Presbyterian congregation, who at that time possessed no edifice devoted to the worship of the Universal Father. With what holy horror must he regard the Protestant community at Heidelberg which did, and does yet, for all we know, worship under the same roof as their Catholic brethren—each congregation treating the other with the utmost consideration and observing in all their relations the most perfect harmony. Surely those who are brought up in the same belief in one Lord, one faith, one baptism, can afford to drop their slight differences of ceremonial and creed in the consideration of the grand truths which unite them all. By endorsing such objections as that advanced by Mr. Tozer they not only foment ill-feeling; they also bring discredit upon themselves and upon the religion they profess; they directly violate the Divine law and prove themselves unworthy of the name they bear.

## THE FLANEUR.

A philosophic friend was wondering why it was that Tom Thumb drew such crowded houses lately. He is no novelty, for he has been here often before. He is not handsome, for his face is scarified like a pa. impost. He is not young, for he was a man when most of us were boys and girls. Then, what in the world makes him draw?

Why, the law of contrasts. Big people go to see him because he is little.

And the little people, the children?

To see how much bigger they will be when they get of his age.

Three seedy looking Frenchmen were selling *Articles de Paris*, last Saturday night, near one of the markets, and under the glare of gusty patent burners. They were surrounded by a crowd, of course. An old woman approached, and fumbling amid a lot of greasy photos, asked if they had that of Mrs. Darboy.

"All sold, Madame," said one of the mountebanks, "but we have rosaries blessed upon his tomb."

He bent his head very low and giggled.

The good woman bought a chaplet.

There is no use talking politics to my matter-of-fact old friend Pudlmaier, for he knocks you down at once with some common sense remark or other. For instance, the other day, when I observed with great learning and originality that the Bourbons had never learned or forgotten anything, he replied:

What does that mean? How can you forget nothing, when you have learned nothing, and what is the use of learning anything when you have forgotten it?

It is a wonder Kate Fisher rides so well.

Look at those lights, you can hardly see by them. The gas is gradually going down.



I beg your pardon, it is gradually going up.

An Ottawa correspondent telegraphs that bets are freely offered on a majority of thirty for the Government at the next session of Parliament. Why so precise? Wouldn't twenty-nine do? Ask Sir John. I think he would put up with an odd number for once and pay all the lost bets into the bargain.

A quiet humourist wishes me to notice the curious fact that one of the Modoc gentlemen reprieved at the very last hour was called Sloluk. Slow luck in his case seems to have been sure luck.

Rain! Rain! ejaculated, with an oath, a shivering and bedabbled wretch who had just taken refuge in a street-car. "We should thank God for all his mercies," said a rubicund old gentleman sitting beside him. "I bless the rain." He was a Director of the M. P. R. C.

A profound thought.  
A Flour Inspector cannot be a member of Parliament, but a member of Parliament can be a Flour Inspector.  
There is a profounder thought still.  
A fool can be a wise man, but a wiseman cannot.  
No, that will never do. The first is decidedly the profounder thought of the twain.

I shall claim a medal from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I lately saved my fellow citizens from an infliction and a humbug. During the late Exhibition, a Yankee whom I met on the horse cars was going to the Fair grounds to establish a side show. The show he carried under his arm nicely concealed from view. It was a petrified Indian boy found somewhere in New Hampshire. My man was beginning to descend upon this wonder when I interrupted him with a frightful account of the tax imposed upon shows by the city. He decided to return home at once, declaring that he ought to have known that Montrealers were barbarians.

The Yankee was not so far wrong after all, for it has since turned out that the Beethoven Quintette Club were outrageously taxed on the occasion of their last visit.

Somebody was inquiring the other day who was the tall figure in vermilion and gold, standing guard on top of the Dominion Theatre Refreshment Rooms, Gosford Street. "That is Jakes Cartier," said one. "It is a member of the Temperance Vigilance Association," said another. "He is watching how often you and I turn into the bar below?"

If there is such a thing as *prima facie* evidence, there must be *secunda facie* also.

Of course. Just as there is the first thought and the sober second thought.

One generally destroys the other. Doesn't it?

Almost always.

Then Sir John is safe. I knew he would get out of it.

Why don't journalists organize themselves into a club? Not a club with a President seated on a high back chair and the members ranged on either side in a row, discussing stiff formalities. But a social club, a gathering about a round table with books and papers and pictures and fruit and the juice of certain fruits. What a bond of union such a club would be. What an agent of mutual help. It would be an invigorating relief from the routine of daily work. The old association of school and college days would be evoked, and the scintillations which the friction of conversation would produce, would illuminate the scene with glory. Let our journalists, in all the cities, think of this and act accordingly.

ALMAVIVA.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY

I like occasionally taking a look behind the scenes of a theatre. It destroys much of the illusion; but it is the child's delight of breaking a toy to see the inside. Those gorgeous scenes don't bear inspection well. The fairy palace of Delight is a gew-gaw affair of tinsel and vermilion; the trailing roses are sorry daubs of paint; but while I am looking, how those before the curtain applaud and buzz with animation! The Queen of Beauty has the red and white pretty thick on her fallow cheeks, and if the paddings were all taken away, those young men with the eye-glasses wouldn't utter so many "Fine girl, by Jove, you know." I like to contemplate the villain with the cork eyebrows and the black moustache. I tell you, my little innocents, when he washes his face he is not so terribly wicked looking as some of you suppose.

The theatre is not the only place in the world that has scenes which we can get behind, nor is the clown the only man who cries "Here we are again," with a grin on his face while his heart aches. We have all heard public speakers declare that they had no idea they were to have been called upon to respond to a certain toast. No idea, the rogues, but we know that they have had the secretary's invitation in their pockets for a fortnight, and that the speech they make has been carefully prepared. We know that, sir, and that they have their M&S tied up with a blue ribbon to hand to the reporter of the *Nerecheangle*.

I have heard a Temperance orator speaking of *aqui pura* very eloquently, and refer to the adder that lurketh in strong drink, and requesting us not to look upon the wine cup when it is red. I had supper with that orator *en famille* and we enjoyed a glass of brandy and water after a nicely devilled bone. *Ma foi*, that was a peep behind the scenes which his cold water friends little dreamed of. I would hardly like to call my orator a hypocrite. He thought abstinence was good for some, perhaps, but he didn't fear a little indulgence himself. Or maybe he looked upon his lecture as a legal gentleman would upon his address to the jury, so much talk to order for so much pay. I am not bound to explain. I only tell you of the little glimpse I had.

I like occasionally to get behind the scenes when love-making is going on. I mark Strephon and Chloe sighing and

ogling. How they bill and coo together and whisper softly and vow eternal affection and so-forth! Yet I can swear I saw Strephon with his arm round the waist of a ballet girl a few evenings before, or lacing those fairy little silver boots or looping up her back hair, while she playfully tapped him on the cheek with her fan and called him her naughty, naughty scapegrace. And Chloe sometimes whispers very low and softly to a certain young man with blonde moustaches, and they sing tender duets together. And when Miss C. is quizzed by some of her giggling young lady acquaintances about having two strings to her bow (two beaux to her string would be better) you should hear her saucy laugh as she replies *Cela est à la mode!* The mode indeed, yet what a passion you would get into if you knew about the ballet girl and how you would long to tear that brazen-faced hussey's eyes out; and Strephon would look a little *effaré* if he heard of the other young man. These glimpses behind the scenes are not altogether pleasant.

I am sometimes let behind the scenes because my head is bald and I look innocent (which, *ma bonne*, I am). Young Lovkins flung himself into my room the other night with his hair tumbled about and his gait a little unsteady. "Old boy," he exclaimed, "I am going to leave the country. I have nothing to live for. Mattie has gone back on me. That girl, how I loved her and now—'Twas ever thus: I never loved a dear gazelle to light me with her soft black eye, but when I came to know her well she snubbed me and rejected my offer," and the poor fellow burst into tears. I asked him not to emigrate in the morning by the first train and he said he wouldn't and went to sleep on my sofa. Next morning I saw Mattie and her pretty eyes were red with crying and she made her little plaint. Her heart was broken, she said; men were all so cruel. She wished she were a Catholic that she might become a nun and never see a man again. I set the misunderstanding right. I confessed these little people and pronounced the *Ego te absolvo* and brought them together. They have been married since then and I hope they never wish in their secret hearts that the old man had minded his own business!

Young people are very silly. They do not know the value of either friendship or love. The chalice is presented to their lips, containing the wine of a lifetime, and what do the *bêtes* do? They take a little sip and pour out the balance on the barren sands. They think the spring is perennial. By-and-by, perhaps when too late, they discover the value of what they so recklessly expended. When I was young I found a pearl in an oyster and I gave it to some chance acquaintance, because I thought I could easily find another. Since then I have eaten more oysters than would buy a pearl of great price; but no second gem ever came my way. *Venezic, mea bellus*. Love is a very rare thing, friendship, I think, is rarer still. When either is sincerely offered to you, let no maiden shyness induce you to refuse the gift. Flirt, my little dears, with Tom and Harry and Dick, but when the true lover or the true friend comes don't toy with him. It is, perhaps, your one chance in the lottery; seize it. What has this got to say to being behind the scenes? *A quoi bon?* Perhaps I ramble a little, but is the advice bad? The stage lover with the pinky cheeks and the curly hair is not always the best husband. See to it. Get rid of silly romance, dear; do not flirt too long with the bubble-brained Adolphus or Reginald, while a good husband is waiting in plain Charles or William. His hair is not perumed so nicely, but who has more brains, whose love will be more lasting? Try to look beyond the church pageant and see behind the scenes of domestic life.

These peeps from the door of the *coulisses* show us a good deal of deception; but we also see honest hardworking people toiling for the public amusement. What is life after all but going behind the scenes and putting a little rouge on our cheeks and then strutting about bravely? God grant that we all before the footlights of public opinion may be well up in our parts and gain the applause of the gods!

## NEW BOOKS.

A SIMPLETON. By Charles Reade. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

It is the fashion now-a-days among a certain set of critics—humuncules, our author calls them—to indulge in unbounded abuse of Charles Reade and of his stories. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was, if we remember right, the first of these literary assailants, and led the van of an army of would-be connoisseurs who were and are indebted for their own opinions to those of older and more experienced warriors than themselves. With all respect to the opinion of the critic who writes for the *Pall Mall*, we must decidedly decline to chime in with his expression of disgust at Mr. Reade's writings. We have always held this author in high esteem as a brave man, a bold and fearless exponent of public wrongs, a writer possessing perfect originality with the additional and, we may add, rare merit of wonderful painstaking. These are traits that are only too seldom to be found in English fiction writers, and the Old Country may well be proud of a man who, since the death of Thackeray and Dickens, has almost single-handed sustained its literary reputation among the nations. A writer in the *Athenæum*, speaking of a recent American work of fiction, says: "There can be no doubt of the superiority of American writers over the great and increasing mass of our own fairly successful novelists, both in skill as to the manipulation of plots and insight in the delineation of character." The reproach is fairly deserved. The style of English novelism is slowly but surely deteriorating, and were there a few more novelists with the earnestness and point always observable in Mr. Reade's writings its downward progress would be speedily arrested. Although, as we have already said, we cannot subscribe to the opinion enunciated by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we must confess to having been disappointed in the last novel by the author of "Hard Cash." It is not that the book, as a novel, is inferior. It is only inferior as compared with the writer's other works. Had it been written by any other individual it would doubtless have immediately brought the writer into prominence. Yet inferior as it is to others of Mr. Reade's books it is very far from being bad enough to detract in any sensible degree from his well-deserved reputation. Its great demerit, or rather, we should say, lack of merit, is the absence of point—a feature the more observable after Mr. Reade's earlier novels. It is merely a plain, pleasant story, with nothing particular to recommend it to the thinking reader, unless we except the irresistible attraction of the author's style. It evinces, like all of its predecessors, a vast amount of careful labour, the characters are admirably drawn, from the girlish, lovable Simpleton to crusty Uncle Philip, and the "situations" are dramatic in the extreme, while the dia-

logues are as fresh and fragrant as any that the author ever penned. With such recommendations as this it is no wonder that the book is in active demand, and that one edition has followed another in rapid succession. The edition before us is brought out by a prominent Canadian firm, whose enterprise is well known throughout the country, and whose endeavours in catering to the public taste are, we trust, meeting with the success they deserve. The book is well printed and neatly bound, and in form matches the other volumes of the series published by Messrs. Hunter & Rose.

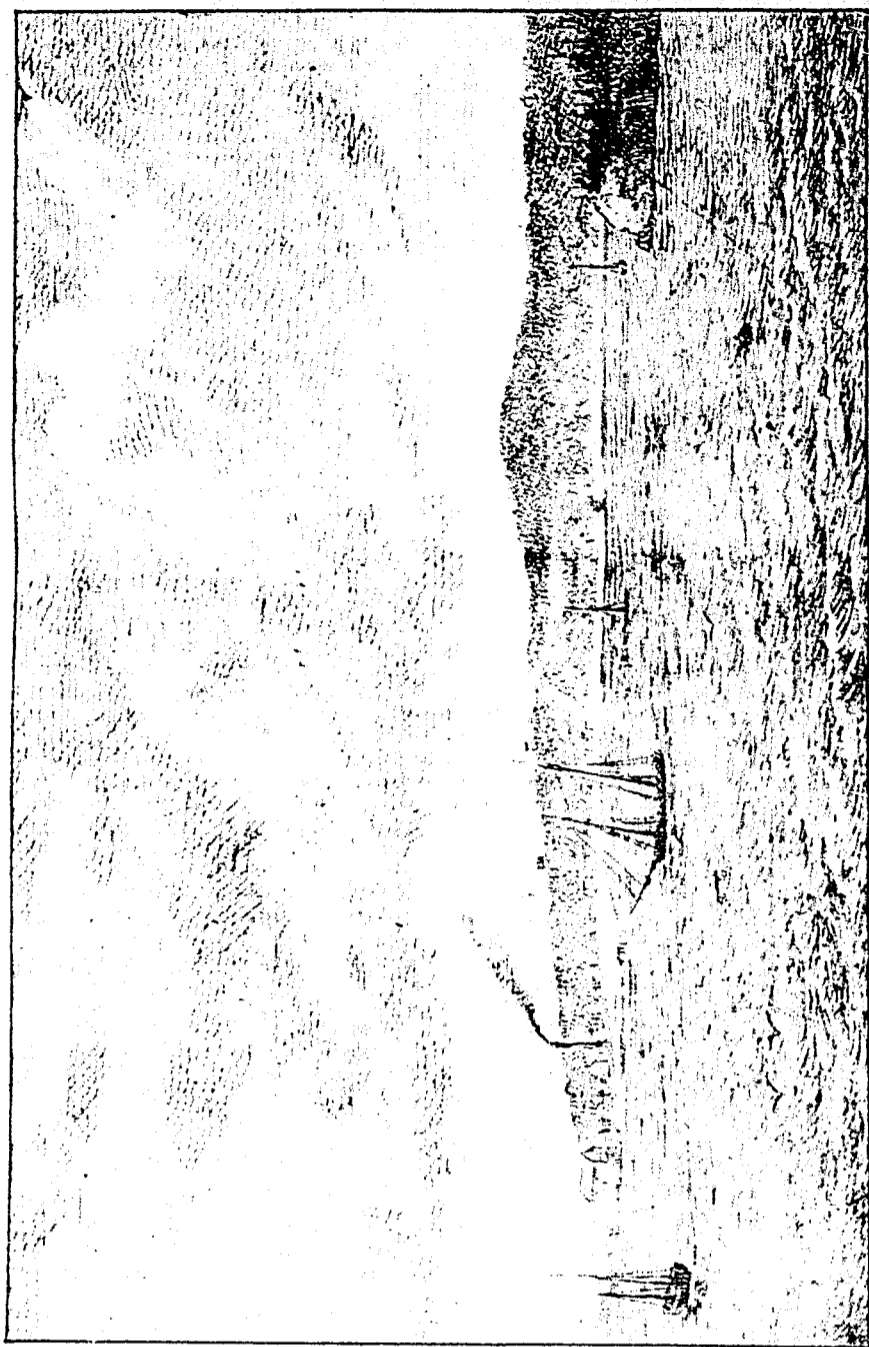
MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE. By the author of "My Daughter Elinor." New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Cloth, 8vo., \$1.50.

Mr. F. L. Benedict has already made himself a name by his contributions to fiction, and his country—he is an American—may well be proud of him. It has not been reserved for many American novel writers to achieve any very great distinction in the reading world, but Mr. Benedict has proved a striking exception to the rule, and has succeeded in winning the highest praise from the critics on both sides of the Atlantic. His last production is in every way equal to its predecessors. Notwithstanding its unpretending title it is one of the most readable books of the year. It depicts American life, with a glance at high life in England and Italy, painted by an old experienced hand. The characters are master-pieces in their way, drawn with a pleasing freshness and exactitude; the style is easy and unaffected; and the scenes are described with immense graphic power. Miss Dorothy makes a charming old Aunt to her two charges, the half-sisters Valery and Cecil—a lady still in the prime of life, with strange old-maidish ways that recall the celebrated Betsy Trotwood. Valery, the poor nameless, homeless girl, is one of the noblest characters ever portrayed. Cecil, the dazzling young American heiress who captivates an English nobleman whom she refuses for an untitled countryman of her own, is a pretty young personage enough, but before her grand half-sister she pales almost into obscurity. The strangest character in the book is Hetty Flint, a humble help who believes in her star—a la Napoleon—and is firmly convinced that she is destined to become either an actress or a duchess. Her conviction is carried out in the course of the story, and though she makes but an indifferent show on the stage she succeeds perfectly as a duchess. The male characters are hardly so successful in the art of pleasing, and we can hardly accord them the praise that the author evidently intends them to meet with. As a whole "Miss Dorothy's Charge" is indubitably a success and we predict for it an immense success among novelreaders. Unfortunately its title is not so taking as it might have been.

The Queen once sent the poet laureate word that she would honour him with a visit on the following day. The announcement was received with full loyal welcome from the poet and his household, which, be it said in all respect, has, with all the attractions, some of the disadvantages of the poetical atmosphere. Order does not reign there supreme in outward things. The house was, however, put under arms to receive the royal visit; Tennyson arrayed himself in solemn dress-coat; Mrs. Tennyson wore an appropriate toilette; the younger Tennysons were snatched from mud pies, washed and dressed, and kept in bondage to the best clothes for the whole afternoon, while a delicate repast of strawberries and cream and flowers was prepared in an arbour out-of-doors. But the day passed, and the next, and the next, and no Majesty appeared. The household drew a sigh of regret—some of them doubtless of relief—and lapsed into slippers and mud pies once more. But lo! one morning, as the children were at their favourite pastime in the garden, and the poet meditating in his dressing-gown, and Mrs. Tennyson on domestic cares intent, a horseman dashed up to the gate and shouted, "The Queen!" and before Tennyson could don his coat or warn his wife the royal carriage drew up before the house. With the instinct of a true gentleman, he went forward to greet his sovereign, called his family to him, and led her Majesty into the house. Then there was an awful pause. Suddenly the poet raised his head, and looking at the Queen exclaimed, "Oh, woe is me! For five days I waited, ready in suitable attire, to receive my Queen. My wife was ready, and my children were washed, and pictures to behold, and her Majesty came not; and now she has come, and found us in what a plight!" The poet groaned. The Queen broke into a merry laugh, and the ice thus broken so gracefully and wittily did not form again during the visit.

The Reno (Nev.) *Crescent* vouches for the genuineness of the appended miscarried love-letter, which, with all its orthographic originalities, tells the good old story quite touchingly: "reno. Sept 2 the 1873: well mrs — I desire to tolk a fue words with on paper as I haf no convenet chance othery chance now dear I haf seen you and changed a fue words with you and I well plessed with yoeer a pearance I haf ben hieley rekmeded to you and I am satisfied that you are a good wormon and that you will make me a good companion one that will always prove trae and deare I say this to you with all my heart and if you will join in the bonds of matramonia with me your true lover I will ever prove true to you. I will love you as I love my life I will stay with you in sickness and in helth I will comfort you and yours in time of distress I will furnish you in everything you need to make you and your children happy I will doe all man can doe to make you and yours happy I never will forsake you as long as watter runs or life lasts I will forsake all others and cleave onley unto you as long as we both shall live now deare I want you to believe thes words for they are faithful and true and deare dont not cast your bread on the watters and thou shalt find them a gan meny days hence and deare dont make yourself too much of a stranger to me for I am your true lover I join in the journey of this life in the journey of pese to help either a long in the journey of pese and happiness from earth to our heavenly home come deare join in the journey with me I will doe you no harme but all the good I can com my deare intended wife dont dout for I haf visibel means of support for you and children come deare dont dout for all shall bee rite your wae shall bee esey. your troubles shall bee fue. come deare dont think I will bee a skold I never will skold you nor bee crose to your children I will bee kind a fection to you my deare you shall not haf cose to find fat with me for I am determined to doe that is I wael and rite. Come deare I want you for my bosem companion to ceep me compeny wittle we journey a long the lonely paths of our journey throo the land. read thes lines a plye them to your own heart then rite to me what you think a bout the bisnes that I may no what to depend on for I most haf a pardner direct your letter to — p O sisklyou e o J H California

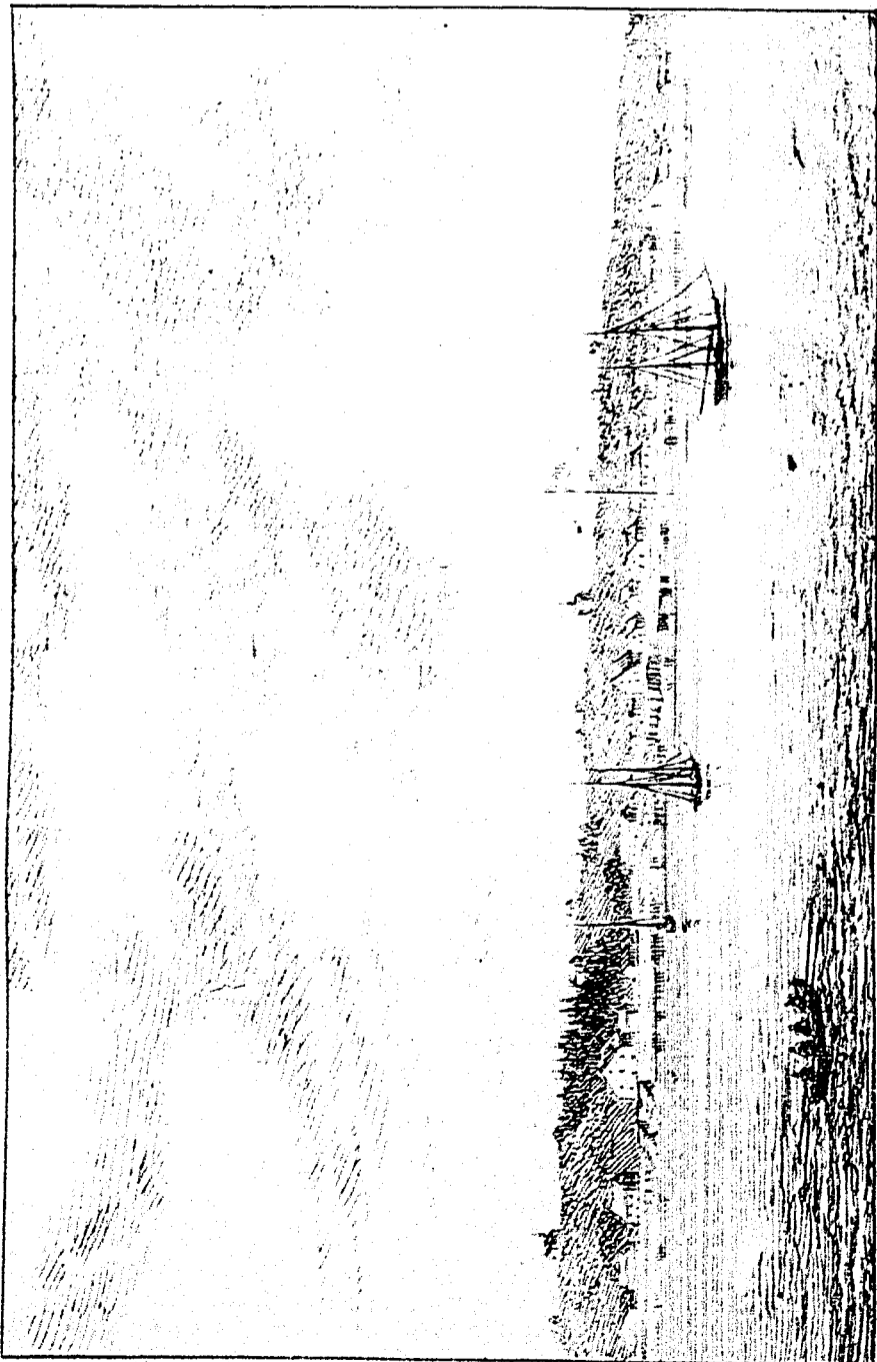
A pastoral cantata, founded on Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh," has been presented in Birmingham. It is the work of Signor F. Schira.



VIEW OF DALHOUSIE, N. B.



VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE OF PICTOU HARBOUR, N. S.



VIEW OF PASTEBIAC, Q.

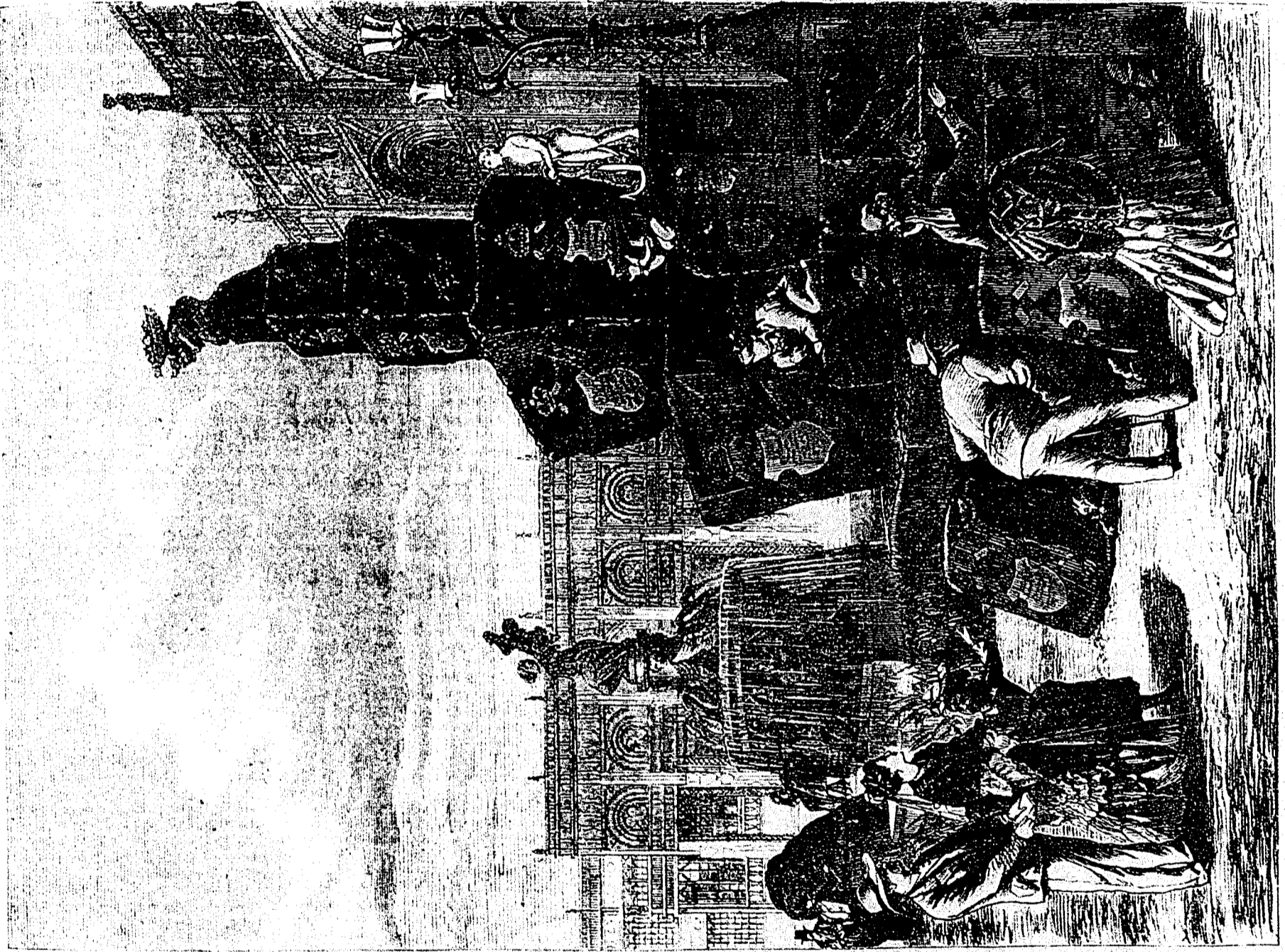


MELVILLE ISLAND, HALIFAX, N. S.





THE MARQUESES.—VIEW IN THE VALLEY OF THE TAIONS, NUKAHIVA.



VIENNA.—COAL TROPHY AT THE EXHIBITION.



THE MARQUESES.—VIEW IN THE VALLEY OF THE TAIONS, NUKAHIVA.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## A MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

(From the Italian).

## I.

Again the blissful day's return  
 Endeared by memories old we greet,  
 But for the thoughts that in us burn  
 How can we find expression meet?  
 Mother, our hearts o'erflow with love,  
 And fain would utter all they feel,  
 But ah! our lips refuse to move  
 And all our love to thee reveal.

## II.

If thou our helpless infant years  
 Didst kindly tend by act and prayer,  
 To soothe thy sorrows, calm thy fears—  
 Let this, in turn, be now our care.  
 And let us ever of all days  
 Highest esteem the happy morn  
 That gave thee, mother, beyond praise,  
 A blessing to thy sons unborn.

JOHN READE.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

## TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

## A NEW NOVEL.

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

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE WRECK OF A LIFE.

The woman entered with a nervous, furtive air, as if she were not quite sure whether that dimly lighted parlour might not be in some way a trap,—which might close upon her to her undoing. She looked around the room curiously,—wonderingly—and from the room she looked at the schoolmaster.

"Yes," he said, answering the look. "It's a change, isn't it? Nothing splendid here—nothing to swell a woman's vanity or to feed her pride."

"The place looks very poor," replied the woman, falteringly, "but I've long been used to poverty." Then with a little gush of feeling he looked straight in his face, and said, "Hav'n't you one kind word for me, Carford, after all these years?"

"Drop that name, if you please," he said, angrily. "Here I'm known as James Carew. You could only have tracked me here by that name."

"Don't say tracked you here, James. I should never have troubled you if there'd been any other creature upon this earth to whom I could appeal in my distress."

"What, have you used them all up—worn them all out—all the fops and flatterers who used to swear by the pretty Mrs. Carford?"

"I want so little, James, pleaded the woman, not replying to this sneer, "I expect so little."

"I'm glad of that," cried Mr. Carew, "this is no place to foster large expectations. Why, woman, do you require to be told that the utmost I have been able to do in all these years has been to find bread for myself and my child? Do you want words to tell you that, when you see me here?"

He surveyed the room with ineffable contempt; the woman watching him all the while with hollow haggard eyes, and tremulous lips.

"This room is a palace, James," she said presently, "compared with the holes that I have occupied."

She seated herself with a shrinking air, as if doubtful whether the privilege of sitting in that room might not be denied her—seated herself where the light of the one candle shone full upon her wan face.

It was a face that had once been beautiful, that was seen at a glance. Those large hazel eyes, seeming larger for the hollowness of the cheeks, haggard as they were, had not lost all their lustre. The delicate features neither years nor sorrow had changed; yet on all the face there was a stamp of ruin, a decay beyond hope of restoration. Never again could bloom or freshness brighten that image of departed beauty. Like a ghost appeared this woman to the eyes that had seen her in her prime. The schoolmaster contemplated her for a little while thoughtfully, then turned away with a sigh. Such decay is sadder than death.

Yes, she had been pretty; and her face bore a painful likeness to another face, now in its flower of loveliness. Those eyes were Sylvia's eyes grown old. Those delicate features had the same modelling. But all the glory of colouring which made Sylvia resemble a picture by Titian this face had lost. A pale grayness was its pervading tint. The loose hair that strayed untidily across the deeply-lined forehead was of the same faded neutral hue as the shrunken cheek. If ever the ghost of beauty walked this earth, this was that sorrowful phantom—a shade which seemed to say to youth and loveliness, "Behold how fleeting are your graces!"

A history of women's decadence might have been written from this woman's dress. The flimsy gray silk gown, worn at every seam, stained and smeared with the dirt of years—the wretched rag of a shawl which had once called itself black lace, but was now the colour of the grass in Hyde Park after a hot summer—the bonnet, a thing compounded of scraps from a milliner's rag bag—the gloves, last sacrifice to civilization, shrunk with exposure to bad weather till they could scarcely cover even those wasted hands. Genteel penury had reached its ultimate limit.

"How did you find me?" asked Mr. Carew, after a pause, during which the woman had watched his face closely, trying to read hope there.

"Mr. Miles, the cashier, met me in Holborn one day, and seeing me so poor asked me why I did not apply to you. He had seen you in the church here one day when he had come down for a week's fishing in this neighbourhood and he remembered you. He told me that you seemed comfortably off, and might help me a little. This happened quite three years ago. I did not want to come to you, James. I knew I had no right. I waited till starvation drove me here."

"Starvation," cried the schoolmaster, "if you had enough

money to pay your journey down here, you must have been a long way off starvation."

"A few shillings did that. I came by a cheap excursion train to Monkhampton. I borrowed half-a-sovereign from my landlady—a good soul, who has been very patient with me."

"Your friend would have done better to keep her money. I have not ten shillings to give you. Good heavens! is there no corner of the earth remote enough to shelter a man from the eye of the world? To think that fellow Miles should spy me out even here!"

"He spoke quite kindly of you, James."

"Curse his impertinence! What right had he to mention my name? To you of all people!"

"Oh, I know I had no right to come to you," said the woman, with abject humility. "There is no pity, no forgiveness—at least, none on earth—for a wife that has once wronged her husband."

"Once wronged!" cried James Carew, with intensest bitterness. "Once wronged? why, your life was one long series of wrong against me. If it had been but your falsehood as a wife—well, there are men whose philosophy is tough enough to stretch to forgiveness! I don't say I am one of those. But it is just possible that, had your one crime been your flight with that scoundrel, time might have taught me to think less hardly of you."

Worms are said to turn when trodden on. A curious sparkle glittered in Mrs. Carford's wan eyes; her lip curled with irrepressible scorn.

"My crime served as a set-off against yours, James," she said quietly. "But for that you might have stood in the felon's dock."

"But for that! Mr. Mowbray could not afford to prosecute the husband of the woman he seduced, for the error of which her extravagance was the chief cause."

"My extravagance! Oh, James, don't be too hard upon me. Who was it most loved show and splendour, and prided himself on his hospitality, and was never satisfied unless life was all pleasure? Who was it that belonged to half a dozen clubs, where one might have sufficed him? Who attended every race meeting, and won and lost money so fast that his bewildered brain lost count of gains and losses? My extravagance, indeed! What was a dressmaker's bill against settling day at Tattersall's, or the price of an occasional box at the opera against a run of ill-luck at Crockford's? And, how was I to know that we were living beyond our income when I saw you spare nothing to gratify your own fancies. I knew you were only a salaried manager in that great house, but I knew your salary was a large one, and that you occupied a position of influence which your father had held before you. What was I but a school-girl when you married me; and what experience had I to guide me? Do you think I should have been reckless if you had told me the truth; if you had only been frank and confessed that we were on the brink of ruin? that you had falsified the accounts of the house, and lived in hourly fear of discovery?"

"Confess to you!" cried the husband, scornfully; "confess to a doll that only lived to be dressed and made pretty. Where was I to look for a heart under all your finery? No, I preferred trusting to the chapter of accidents rather than to such a wife as you. I thought I might tide over my difficulties. The deficiency was large, but one great stroke of luck on the turf might have enabled me to make things square. I went on hoping in the face of ruin, till one day I went to my office to find a strange accountant going through my books; and came back to my house a few hours later to discover that my wife had eloped with my employer."

"That guilty act saved you from a convict's cell," said the woman.

"At the price of my dishonour," answered the schoolmaster. "The same night brought me a letter from my betrayer—the honoured guest at my board—the innocent victim of my fraud, as I had believed him—informing me that my defalcations had been long suspected, and had now been proved with mathematical exactness by an examination of the books. The letter, curt, and without signature, informed me further that the house would spare me the disgrace of a prosecution on condition that I withdrew myself from the commercial world, and refrained from any future attempt, to obtain credit or employment in the city of London. Of the wife he had stolen from me the villain who penned the letter said nothing."

There was a pause—James Carew stopped exhausted by passion which was not the less intense because he held it well in check.

"What was I to do? Submit gamely to my dishonour, or follow the scoundrel who had stolen my wife? If I followed him, if I asserted an injured husband's right of satisfaction, he would bring my defalcations against me. I had signed his name to bills for my own advantage. He could denounce me as a forger. I had kept back moneys that ought to have come to him. He could charge me with theft. Vain to say that I meant to redeem the bills—that I hoped to replace the money—The thing was done."

He paused again, breathless, and wiped the drops from his forehead. The very memory of those days revived the old passion.

"I dreaded the felon's fate. But I was a man and not a worm. So I followed you and your seducer—found you, after a long hunt, at Lucerne. How could such guilty souls face the sublimity of nature? Mowbray behaved a shade better than I could have hoped. We fought, and I wounded him, and left him in the arms of his valet, in a little wood not five hundred yards from the hotel where I found you both. I came back to England, wandered about aimlessly for a little while; carrying Sylvia with me, always expecting to be arrested; and finally came down here penniless. I found the post of village schoolmaster vacant; applied for it, and after a little delay obtained it, with no better recommendation than a bearing which my patrons were pleased to think that of a gentleman. That is the sum of my history. Yours. I doubt not, can boast more variety."

"Only the varieties of sorrow and remorse, James," answered the wife, with a heart-broken sigh. "I was not so guilty; so lost to shame as you deem me. The burden of my sin weighed heavy upon me. I pined for my child. I felt the sharp sting of dishonour. Grief made me a dull companion; and the day came when I saw weariness in the face that had once known only smiles for me. I felt then that the end was near. My sacrifice had won happiness neither for myself nor the man who still professed to love me. We wandered about the continent till he grew tired, and talked of going back to England. I was heart sick of those garish

foreign cities, but the thought of returning filled me with horror. I should see people I had known—people who knew my story. I told him my dread, and for the first time he answered me with a sneer, 'There's not much fear of your friends recognizing you,' he said. 'You forget how changed you are.' I looked in my glass a little while afterwards, and saw how truly he had spoken. My beauty was gone."

"And soon after this mutual discovery, your lover left you, I suppose," said Mr. Carew.

"No, that last shame was spared me. I left him. I felt that the chain dragged heavily, and conscience, which only the thought of his affection could stifle, awoke with all its terrors. I could hardly have found courage to tell my wretched story to a pastor of my own faith, but there was a good old priest who sang mass at a little chapel in the Tyrol, where we had wandered, an old man whose face promised pity. I went to him, and told him all. He bade me consider that if I wished to reconcile myself to offended heaven, my first act must be to leave the path of sin. I told him that I was penniless, but that I thought if I could get to one of the great cities of Germany I might obtain employment as a governess, or travelling companion; in short some situation where a knowledge of languages would be valuable. The good old man lent me a few pounds, enough to take me to Leipsic, and support me there while I looked about me. Just at first fortune seemed to favour my efforts, and I thought heaven was reconciled with me. I obtained a situation in a school, to teach English, French, and Italian. The pittance was small, but my chief need was a shelter. Out of that pittance I contrived to repay the good priest's loan, and clothe myself decently. All went well with me till an evil hour, after I had been three years at the school, and had won the principal's good word by my industry, one of my old friends brought a pupil to the school, a woman who had admired my face and jewels, and shared my opera-box, and a dozen other pleasures. She saw me, recognized the wreck of her former acquaintance, and told the principal my story—not too gently. I was dismissed that day, and had to begin the world again, without a character and without a friend. I need not weary you with the rest of my story. Indeed I have not strength to tell it. Enough that I have lived. I have hung on to the ragged edge of society, been daily-governess in poor neighbourhoods, danced in the ballet at a theatre in the City Road, gone out as a dressmaker's drudge at fifteenpence a day—but though often face to face with starvation—I have never applied to Horace Mowbray for help."

"I read his marriage in the papers some years ago," said James Carew, "a great marriage, one that must have doubled his fortune. I suppose he is a millionaire now?"

"Mr. Miles told me that he is very rich," answered the woman, with a sigh. "He seemed to wonder at my rags."

"And not to give you credit for your penitence," said her husband, with his cynical laugh. "This world is not a good place for penitents."

"James," said the woman, with a sudden appeal, "will you give me something to eat. I am faint with hunger. I have had nothing but a penny biscuit all this long day."

"Well, I'll give you a meal. You don't ask to see your daughter—a queer kind of mother."

"I don't want her to see me," said the woman, shuddering. "Heaven knows how my heart aches at the thought of her, but I couldn't face her in these rags."

"Couldn't you?" exclaimed the schoolmaster; "then you mustn't stay here. This house is not large enough to keep people apart. It isn't like our snug little box at Kilburn, with its drawing-room and boudoir, and smoking-room, and study. If you want something to eat, Sylvia must bring it."

"Don't let her know who I am," said the mother, trembling, and turning with a scared look towards the door.

"She shall know nothing, unless she has been listening all the time, which is not impossible."

He opened the door leading into the kitchen, and called Sylvia. The staircase led out of this room, and at the sound of her father's voice Sylvia came fluttering down the stairs. But it was just possible that a light footstep might have only a minute before ascended.

There was a pale, unquiet look in the girl's face, but she said not a word.

"There is a half-famished wanderer in there," said her father. "Bring her whatever you can find for supper."

Sylvia opened her littlearder, and produced the carcass of a fowl, a scrap or two of bacon, some cold potatoes, and a loaf. She spread a napkin on a tray, and set out these viands with a neatness which was habitual to her—even though her hands trembled a little as they performed the task. Then with that tray in her hands she went into the parlour.

The wanderer looked at her, and she at the wanderer, both faces with something awful in their expression—as flesh and blood may look at a ghost. And indeed each saw a phantom in the face of the other. One the spectre of the past—the other the shade of the future.

"This is what I was," thought the mother.

"This is what I may be," said the daughter.

Sylvia set the tray down before the woman, looking at her all the while with a half-shrinking curiosity. That pale wan countenance, where all colour seemed effaced by gray spectral shadows, was so terribly like her own. She beheld her own lineaments, with all their beauty vanished. "What," she wondered, "is beauty so dependent on colour and freshness and youth that, though the lines remain, all is lost when youth is gone?"

She remembered Mrs. Stauden's handsome middle age. The fine face in its matronly repose, the clear bright eyes, and the ripe bloom of the cheek.

"Care is the destroyer of beauty," she thought, "and not Time. God keep me from such a life as my mother's."

She had heard all. Her curiosity had been awakened by her father's manner, and she had taken care to make herself acquainted with the cause of his agitation. She had heard every syllable, for the doors fitted but loosely in that old house, and the voices had sounded as clearly as if she had been in the same room. Horrified, heart-sick, she had heard of her mother's shame, her father's dishonour. But though she had a shuddering compassion for the weaker sinner, her chief pity was for herself. By these sins she had been robbed of her birthright. Her parents' wrong-doing had condemned her to a youth of obscurest penury. They had started fair on the road of life, and of their own guilty wills had wandered off into bramble-choked bye-ways, among thorns and briars which wounded her innocent limbs. They had enjoyed their brief day of pleasure, and plucked the flowers in the golden valley of sin; but for her there had been only the rugged



stony stoop of atonement. She had begun life weighted with the burden of their iniquities.

The mother looked at her with a heart-rending gaze. Those faded eyes devoured her young beauty; love's fond yearning spoke in every look, yet fear kept the tremulous lips silent. Never had the sinner so deeply felt her sin. Years of remorse and sorrow weighed as nothing in this moment. The runaway wife looked at the child she had deserted, and felt her guilt as keenly as if it had been a thing of yesterday.

"How could I leave her," she thought. "What if James was hard and cruel, and that other pleaded so tenderly? I had my child. I might have sustained my heart with that comfort. I might have put that sacred shield between my weakness and temptation."

"You told me you were hungry," said Mr. Carew. "You had better eat your supper. It's late already."

His wife had not seemed conscious that food had been set before her. She watched Sylvia with eyes that could see nothing else; or only the past, which made a phantasmal background to that living picture. She stammered an apology, and began to eat, slowly at first, and with an absent air, then ravenously.

The bird, dismembered though he was, having served Mr. Carew for two dinners, was savoury. The cold potatoes, the bacon, and the home-made loaf, were luxury to one to whom plenty had been long unknown. She ate like one who had known starvation. Vague complainings, protestations of penitence, evoked no pity from Mr. Carew; but absolute hunger touched even his cold heart. In dim half-forgotten years he had loved this woman—with no self-sacrificing soul-absorbing devotion, but with just as much love as he was capable of feeling—and it moved him to see her brought so low.

He opened a cupboard and took out his bottle of claret—*cin ordinaire* at fifteen pence a bottle—filled a tumbler, and gave it to her. It was the first direct kindness which he had shown her, and she looked up at him with a crouching gratitude—like a dog which had been beaten for wrong-doing, and then restored to his master's favour.

"That's kind of you, James," she murmured, after drinking a little of the somewhat crude vintage. "I haven't tasted wine since I was in the hospital."

"In the hospital—what for?"

"I got knocked down by a cab, and my arm was broken. They took me to the Royal Free Hospital. I was there six weeks. The happiest time I ever had—after—I left Germany."

"God help you!" cried Mr. Carew, with a groan. "Eat your supper."

Sylvia still lingered—fascinated by that spectral face. She had no yearning to fling her arms around this newly-discovered mother. She saw how worn and soiled those rags were, and could hardly have brought herself to touch them, for a love of external purity and a loathing of dirt were innate in Sylvia's mind. No new-fledged affections fluttered her heart, but by degrees a shuddering pity crept into that breast. She went to her father, and whispered in his ear.

"Where is—the person to sleep, papa?"

The question puzzled him. He looked at his unconscious subject doubtfully. Did she mean to plant herself upon him. Was this late arrival a deep laid scheme intended to saddle him with this woman's maintenance for the rest of his days. If he gave her, out of mere Christian charity, a shelter to-night, would she refuse to depart to-morrow morning. She was his very wife. No legal process had ever severed her from his table or his home. She could claim shelter and alimony from him if she pleased, and it would be hard for him to dispute the claim, impossible to deny it, without exposure that would mean ruin.

He looked at her doubtfully. He had had ample cause of complaint against her in those vanished years; but her sins had been vanity and extravagance, not hypocrisy or artifice. Yet she had ended by deceiving him. She had planned her flight secretly enough, no doubt. He could hardly believe in an unpremeditated elopement; even in one as reckless as that vain foolish woman. And, again, poverty engenders vices not original to the character; and poverty teaches artifice, poverty destroys pride. All lofty sentiments are crushed out of being by that grinding wheel. So, at least, argued James Carew. A woman who had served such a long apprenticeship to destitution must be dangerous.

Sylvia stole to the window, lifted the blind to look out. The sky was dark, and the rain fell fast; noiseless summer rain, soft fertiliser of the beautiful earth. She went back to her father and whispered again. "Let her have my room, papa," she said, "I can sleep on the sofa here. You can't turn her out on such a night; and she looks ill."

"She can stay, then," answered Mr. Carew.

"If she makes any attempt to settle herself here I shall know how to meet it," he said to himself. "I am not a man to be caught in a trap of her setting."

So it was arranged that the wanderer should rest at the schoolhouse for that one night. Mr. Carew took care to specify the extent of his proffered hospitality. Rest elsewhere in Hedingham, save on the lee-side of a hay stack, there would have been none for her. That virtuous village had long been wrapped in restful slumbers, and had a mortal aversion to vagrants.

#### CHAPTER XV.

"ALAS! OUR LIPS ARE HELD SO FAR APART."

Sylvia took the wanderer upstairs to her own room—a mere cottage chamber in the roof, which sloped like that of a toy Noah's Ark. The furniture was of the poorest, but the girl's vanity had endowed it with a certain grace and prettiness. One could fancy Gretchen's chamber bedecked with the same girlish art. Purest white dimity curtains and draped casement and bed were tied back coquettishly with knots of green ribbon. The clumsy old walnut wood bureau had been rubbed with beeswax till it might almost have served for a mirror. A china vase of flowers on the dressing table made the atmosphere sweet with the scent of fresh lavender and spice-breathing carnations. The bare boards were scrubbed to spotless whiteness, and the oblong patch of faded carpet beside the narrow bed was neatly bordered with a cheap worsted fringe. The girl's aspiration for the beautiful was visible in every detail.

Mrs. Carford surveyed the room with that mournful deprecating gaze with which she had looked at Sylvia. Sweet shrine of innocent girlhood; how long since she, the sinner, had entered such a temple. There was a charm in this cottage chamber which made it fairer than the handsomest apart-

ment her varied life had ever shown her, from the luxury of satin wood and looking-glass in the Kilburn Villa, to the more tawdry splendour of continental hotels. And after the garrets that had sheltered her in later years, how gracious was this humble chamber! True that in shape and size it was hardly superior to those attics in the purlieus of Holborn, or the outskirts of the City-road, but its purity, its neatness, its perfume of flowers and sweet country air made it different as Paradise from Orcus?

"What a pretty room!" she said, falteringly.

"Pretty!" cried Sylvia, scornfully; "it's a miserable little hole, but I try to make it as decent as I can."

"Ah, you don't know what London rooms are."

"No, but I thought London was delightful. I hear everyone praise it."

"Then they have never known what it is to walk its streets penniless. Those endless stretches of burning pavement under a July sun! What desert in Africa can be worse? There are two Londons, Miss Carew—one lies to the west, and is a Paradise for the rich, the other spreads east, north, and south."

"Good night," said Sylvia, briefly, but not unkindly. She always widening, and is a Place of Torment for the poor." could not conquer her shuddering horror of this woman; could not own that mass of rags for mother.

So she went down stairs, and left the wanderer to fall on her knees beside the bed, and bury her haggard face in the white coverlet, and kiss and sob over the lavender-scented sheets.

"Oh, my daughter, my daughter," she cried, "may thy beauty bear thee fairer fruit than mine has brought to me. God keep and guard thee from the snares of this troubled life. God give thee the lowliest lot, if it be but too humble for temptation."

Mrs. Carford was not a student of the human mind, and did not know that in some unquiet souls temptation may be self-engendered.

The temptation that was destined to attack Sylvia Carew took no common form, and sprang from the depths of her own subtle mind.

Morning came, fresh and fair. Thrushes and blackbirds sang their glad carols to the rising sun. The chanticleer's keen voice shrilled from the farm-yard; the skylark rose above wide fields of ripening corn. And Sylvia was glad of the morning, for night had brought her no slumber.

She had been laying broad awake on the sofa, which made a comfortable bed enough, thinking of that woman upstairs; thinking of her with anguish that gnawed her heart, until she fancied that no joys of after-days could ever take the taste of this bitter out of her mouth. Her mother! She shivered as the words shaped themselves, even in the silence of her soul. So degraded, so guilty, so destitute; and yet her mother. Sylvia's mind was not wide enough to see that in that very destitution, outcome of long sorrowful years, there lay the sublimity of atonement; that this mother in her rags and helplessness was the modern type of the true Magdalen; the woman who has washed out her sin in the deep gulf of earthly woe, and can look up to heaven, humble, but not despairing. Sylvia only comprehended that her mother had fallen. To her the poverty seemed the outward symbol of the fall.

Could she ever acknowledge this degraded one, even to her little world, above all to Edmund Standen? She clasped her hands before her face, shuddering at the thought. This horror, this depth of humiliation, must be avoided. She did not pause to consider how hard a thing it was for a child to deny its mother—a sin second only to denial of its God. She only thought of how the revelation of this woman's existence must be prevented; but here she felt herself helpless. If Mrs. Carford were to go out into Hedingham this very day, and tell her miserable story, who was to gainsay her—who was to deny her claim.

"If I were only rich," thought Sylvia, with a bitter sigh, "I would give her money, and she might go away and live peacefully somewhere, and never trouble us any more. But I am helpless and penniless, and shall be penniless all my life, I suppose."

She recalled Edmund Standen's hopeful talk about their future; and her keen intellect, sharpened in necessity's stern school, perceived how airy was the foundation on which he based the pillars of his palace. Claude Melnotte, painting that fancied home besides the Italian lake, was a conscious impostor. Poor Edmund, when he glibly set forth the charms of domestic life upon an unknown income, only imposed upon himself. Yet the suburban villa he described had hardly a surer foundation than Claude's marble roof.

"Shall I ever sink as low as that?" wondered Sylvia—*that* being the dismal figure on which she had gazed last night. The thought that such decay was possible, even for her, filled her soul with melancholy. She surveyed her lover's prospects with the cold eye of common sense.

Love sees everything in his own rose hue, fair as earth in the warm glow of a summer morning, or sunset's golden haze. Common sense revealed the picture with every line cut sharply against winter's dull gray sky.

Seriously, then, what were Edmund's prospects. Without experience of commerce or finance he hoped to obtain a situation in a bank, and four or five hundred a year, on the strength of his dead father's name. Suppose the situation were refused to him—or suppose he held it a little while, and, beguiled by a seeming promise of prosperity, they two began life together, until in some evil hour he lost his position at the bank, through incapacity, ill health, or sheer ill-luck.

The prospect was not enchanting.

Nor was there a wide choice of occupation for Mr. Standen. Young as he was he was almost too old to begin a learned profession, and to succeed in a profession now-a-days a man should have either superlative talent, or powerful friends. Friends Edmund had none, except his mother's grand relations, the de Bossineys who lived in a stoney looking mansion in the far west of Cornwall, and were unknown beyond the nearest post town. He was certainly clever; in the way in which five young men out of ten are clever. He had read a good deal, could talk well, possessed tastes decidedly intellectual; but of the genius of a Thurlow, a Blomfield, a Paget, he had as yet shown the world no indication.

Sylvia turned upon her sleepless couch and sighed, and hated Mrs. Standen a little more vehemently than before. Edmund was made to be a country gentleman of the new school, intelligent, philanthropic, useful in the vestry and at quarter sessions, and destined in ripe middle age to blossom into a member of Parliament. This was his vocation; and missing this, what could he be but a waif and a stray, a mere

weed tossed upon life's troubled ocean. And in a Fate so uncertain, his fellow-weed Sylvia had no wish to be entangled.

"But I love him too dearly to give him up," she said to herself, with another twist of her restless head upon that sleep-refusing pillow. "I never, never could give him up. Yet I almost wish that he could see the folly of our engagement and give me up."

Last night—before the coming of that fatal stranger—she had considered her father an inexorable tyrant. To-day he seemed to her only a man of the world.

It was but natural that to his worldly eyes the engagement must seem foolish—almost to idiocy.

"And how inconsistent Edmund is, poor fellow," she thought. "Only the day before yesterday he was for having our banns given out next Sunday, and yesterday he talked as coolly as possible about waiting a year for our marriage."

Whereby it will be seen that Miss Carew had taken it upon herself to overhear a conversation which so nearly concerned her own interests.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"SO YOUNG AND SO UNTENDER."

Sylvia rose before six, flung open casement and door, and let the light of glorious day and sweet morning air in upon the parlour. She performed her toilet in the small scullery, where there was an ample supply of that cold spring water which is beauty's best balm. Then, arrayed in her neat print dress—washed and ironed by her own hands and always fresh—she swept and dusted the sitting-room—lit the kitchen fire—laid the breakfast table—gathered a bunch of newly opened flowers to brighten it—boiled some eggs—and made the tea.

The uninvited guest came down stairs while Sylvia was busied with these last duties. In the daylight, which is no friend to haggard faces or shabby garments, Mrs. Carford looked even older and more worn than she had looked last night; but she had contrived to dress herself in those limp and faded rags with a neatness which made them almost respectable. She had made good use of the big can of cold water in Sylvia's room to remove the stains of travel, the grime of flying smuts from the engine, the dust of the road. Her hair, whose faded auburn was almost obscured by advancing greyness, was now smoothly banded across the troubled brow. She had washed her poor rag of a collar before going to bed, and pressed it under Sylvia's big Bible, the gift of the kind Vicar. She had read a chapter in that sacred book before she lay down; perhaps with a more earnest spirit than had ever inspired its happier possessor.

Sylvia saw the poor attempt at decency, but felt that the woman looked not the less a pauper. She had seen women in the workhouse better dressed. She made a mental survey of her own limited wardrobe, considering whether she could spare a gown for this hapless creature. But the gowns were so few, and Sylvia needed them all; even the old ones, for they helped to save the new.

"I hope you slept pretty well," she said, in reply to the stranger's timid salutation.

"Thank you, Miss Carew. Yes, pretty well. I am not a sound sleeper at the best of times. I have such bad dreams."

"Indeed," murmured Sylvia, coldly. She dared not be friendly. It might give the intruder encouragement. And in her restless heart there was a voice that kept saying—

"When will she go?"

"Dreams of the dead—or of those who are dead to me—for my dead are among the living. They visit me in my dreams, and are even kind. Yet the dreams are sad, because I know they are false. I keep saying to myself, 'It is only a shadow. It will fade!'"

Sylvia gave a faint sigh, and then began to cut bread and butter with a business-like air, as if to put an end to sentimentality.

"If there were not another world where all wrongs shall be righted—where we shall be permitted to begin new lives, warned by the experience of sorrow—who among us could bear the pain we suffer here. But there is—there must be a better life. Christ did not deceive us. This dark riddle will be solved above."

Mrs. Carford raised her eyes to the summer heaven with a look that made them once more beautiful. She was standing in the doorway, drinking in the fresh morning air. Sylvia repented her folly in leaving the door open. People might pass the gate and see the stranger, and be moved to enquire about her.

"You had better come away from the door," she said. "The morning air is chilly. Come and sit down to your breakfast. You needn't wait for papa—he's always late."

Mrs. Carford divined the motive of this polite speech.

"You don't want me to be seen," she said, coming away from the door.

"Oh," said Sylvia, blushing, "it isn't exactly that; but people in Hedingham do talk so."

Mrs. Carford gave a little sigh, and seated herself in the place indicated. Sylvia could not avoid taking the opposite chair, before the tea-pot, and thus the two found themselves seated face to face, for the first time within the memory of one of them.

The other remembered a smartly furnished nursery in a suburban villa, and a little petted child of two years old, in a white muslin frock bedizened with blue ribbons, sitting up in a high chair, pouring make-believe tea out of a toy tea-pot. The picture she saw to-day strangely recalled that phantom picture of the past.

"Do you take milk and sugar?" asked Sylvia politely.

"Who—I?"

The woman looked at her helplessly for a moment, and then burst into tears, the first she had been seen to shed since she had entered that house, save by the watchful eyes of those angels who guard penitent sinners.

Sylvia looked distressed, but kept her place, and did not stretch out so much as a finger towards the stranger.

"Pray don't cry," she said, "crying never does any good."

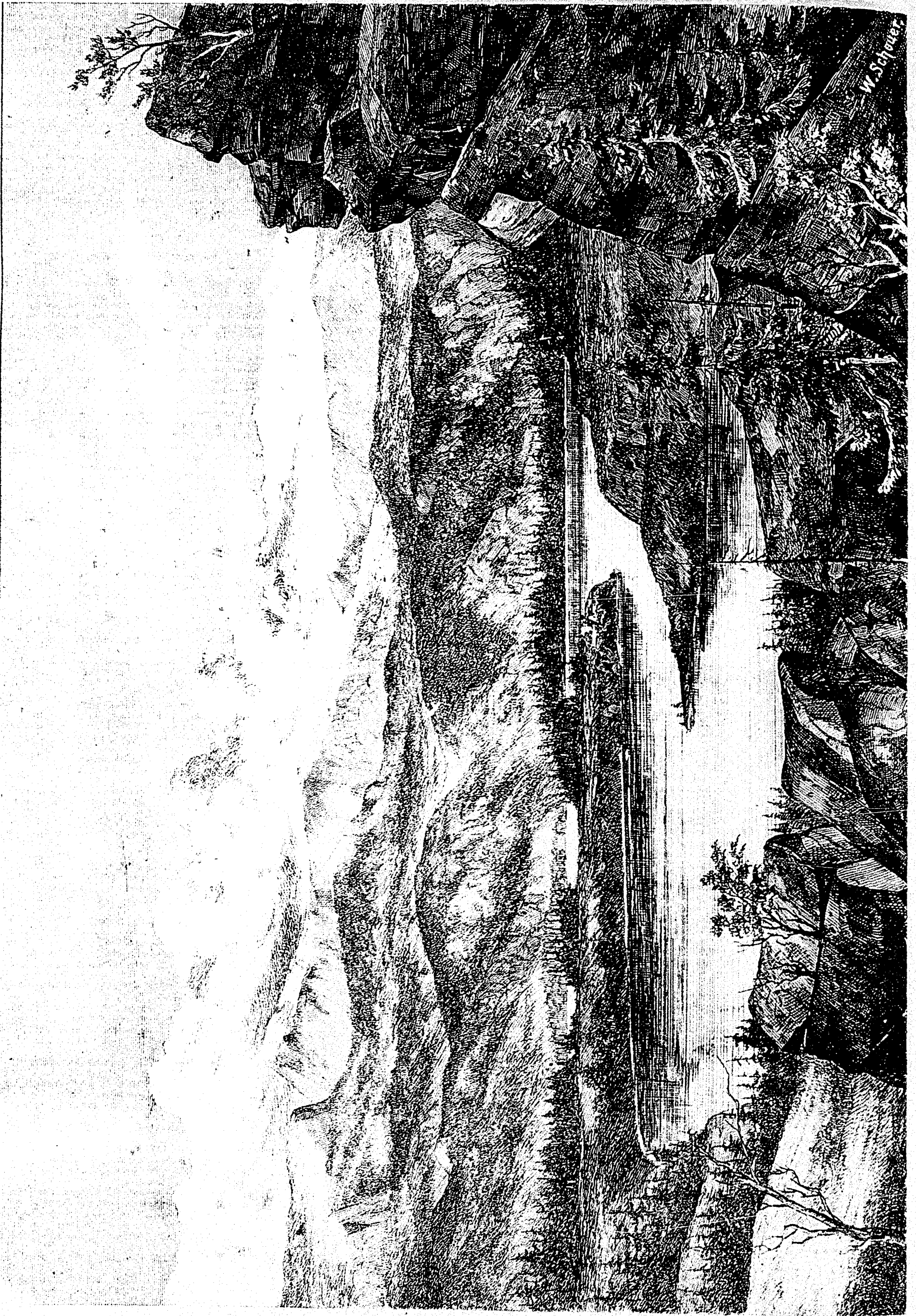
Mrs. Carford dried her tears, slowly, silently. She stole a look at the face opposite her, and its indifference pierced her heart.

"But she knows nothing," she thought, "why should I expect her to pity me?"

She had eaten eagerly last night; but the sharp pangs of hunger once relieved, appetite was languid. She drank her tea, eat one morsel of bread, and declined the egg which Sylvia offered.

(To be continued.)





SCENERY IN THE NIPIGON REGION.



MR. JOSEPH ARCH.

The visit of Mr. Joseph Arch to this continent for the purpose of prospecting for homes for English labourers has excited almost as much interest at home as in this country, and his movements are being eagerly watched by all who are in any way concerned in the emigration question. We have already given our opinion as to the success with which Mr. Arch is likely to meet, so we content ourselves with quoting the statement of a correspondent of the *London Daily News*, who is accompanying him in his tour of inspection. Writing from Quebec on the 9th ult. this gentleman says: "As some misapprehension seems to exist as to the mission of Mr. Arch in America, it may be as well to preface my correspondence with a brief sketch of its origin. For some time it has been growing apparent to the Executive Committee of the Labourers' Union that such measures as the migration of labour from one part of the country to another would but very inadequately meet the necessities of their case. Mr. Arch and other prominent leaders of the movement had hitherto steadily set their faces against emigration. Sympathising, perhaps, too largely with that love for the old home which has kept so many thousands from pushing their fortunes in other parts of the world, these men have contended that their fellow-labourers have a legitimate claim upon the owners of land which their toil enriches, for comfortable and adequate support. 'Why,' they have said, 'should we be driven beyond the seas to secure a livelihood when millions of acres of land are lying uncultivated in England?' But the emphatic *non possumus* of the landlords to this somewhat unusual reasoning, combined with the difficulty of obtaining increased wages and better house accommodation, has at length forced attention to the practical measure of wholesale emigration. This position reached, the steps to the present mission were few and short. If it was best for the labourers to go elsewhere, whither should they go? A hundred eager claimants soon appeared. Each colony and each foreign Government had its agents in the labour market bidding against one another for the much coveted article—



MR. JOSEPH ARCH.

for the English agricultural labourer is known far and wide as the best thing of the sort on the face of the globe. But the Executive Committee, composed as it is of farm labourers alone, or at any rate of men who were such but yesterday, received the overtures of these agents with much caution. The lamentable break down of the Brazilian scheme had done not a little to shake their faith in emigration. Hence the mission of Mr. Arch. The offer of a member of the Consultative Committee to accompany him being cordially accepted, the deputation sailed in the "Caspian" on Thursday, the 28th August, for Quebec. We had a number of Canadians on board, and it was pleasing to us Englishmen to listen to their enthusiastic loyalty. Another peculiarity of these prosperous colonists is equally striking and satisfactory—their profound satisfaction with their union with Great Britain. 'I suppose annexation to the States will be your final destiny,' I said tentatively to a group in the smoking room. 'Never!' was the unanimous and emphatic reply. "On Sunday the 7th inst. we steamed into the magnificent harbour of Quebec. On landing, a gentleman connected with the Emigration Department soon found us out, and after our luggage had been passed, he took us over the extensive emigration barracks which the Dominion Government has erected. Mr. Arch was much gratified by the completeness and variety of the accommodation provided. Driving out for some miles into the country both yesterday and to-day, we had an opportunity of seeing something of the Canadian small holdings. As the settlers were mostly French, the evidence was not of much value as respects the English labourer. A careless, slovenly style of farming seemed to be the rule everywhere. Knowing how much better his English brothers would improve such advantages, Mr. Arch seemed to see in those miles of small farms, with their brightly coloured and tasteful little homes, something like a realization of his fondly-cherished hopes. "From an interview we had with the Deputy Minister of Public Works here it appears that the Government of Can-



HOLLAND.—ON THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN.



ada is engaged in maturing an emigration scheme which embraces most of the points deemed essential by Mr. Arch. I am not at liberty to divulge the scheme, as it is at present but very imperfectly developed. Suffice it to say that it is contemplated to supplement the free grants of land with some provision for the immediate starting in life of the settler who, like our agricultural labourers, has no capital. A rough home will be built for him, seed will be supplied, a portion of his land cleared. The cost will be repaid after, say, the third year, by annual instalments, to be paid for, say, in ten years.

"Here we have all that reasonable men could desire, and should the results of Mr. Arch's personal investigation of the grants, and contact with those who have already availed themselves of them, be satisfactory, a stream of emigration will probably flow out westward next spring which, for good or bad, will exert a considerable influence on British agriculture."

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

#### MANITOBA.

Manitoba Lake, which has given a title to the Province formed out of the Red River region, derives its name from a small island from which, in the stillness of night, issues a "mysterious voice," though there is no real "mystery" about it. On no account will the Ojibways approach or land upon this island, supposing it to be the home of the Manitoba—"the speaking God." The cause of this curious sound is the heating of the waves on the "shingle" or large pebbles lining the shores. Along the northern coast of the island there is a long low cliff of fine grained compact limestone, which, under the stroke of the hammer, clicks like steel. The waves heating on the shore at the foot of the cliff cause the fallen fragments to rub against each other, and to give out a sound resembling the chimes of distant church bells. This phenomenon occurs when the gales blow from the north, and then, as the winds subside, low, wailing sounds like whispering voices, are heard in the air. English travellers assert that the effect is very impressive and have been awakened at night under the impression that they were listening to church bells.

Manitoba! I would bring thee  
Honours meet to deck thy isle:  
Deign to listen while I sing thee—  
Cease thy tinkling chimes awhile:  
Manitoba! Manitoba!  
Speaking god! upon me smile.

Gods less noble crowd the pages  
Of the ancient scrolls of fame,  
Till the growing dust of ages  
Hides one half their guilt and shame:  
Manitoba! Manitoba!  
Thine be a more honour'd name.

God of mystery and wonder,  
First unming in poets' rhymes:  
Long ere Jupiter's loud thunder  
Shook the old hebraic times,  
Manitoba! Manitoba!  
Spoke thy sad and plaintive chimes.

Are they warning voices only  
Calling to the Northern blast?  
Was thy home not bare and lonely  
Through the cycles of the past?  
Manitoba! Manitoba!  
Shall thy risin' forever last?

Long respected by the savage—  
Wilt thou still maintain thy power,  
When the White Men come to ravage  
And invade thy sacred tower?  
Manitoba! Manitoba!  
Dawns for thee the trying hour.

When the steamer plows the billows,  
Dashing on thy shore the foam:  
When the axe assails thy willow—  
And the furrows mark thy home:  
Manitoba! Manitoba!  
Will thy whispering voices roam?

THOMAS DEAYNE, JR.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## TWO THOUSAND FRANCS.

BY NED P. MAH.

It was a great haunt of mine that Bains au Mer pier. For many reasons it was my favourite resort. It was the coolest spot in Bains au Mer, in that warm summer, the hottest within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, when the dazzling white flags scorched the feet like white-hot iron, when the sitting-room of my humble domicile over the pastry cook's, despite its eligible situation on the shady side of the street, despite its two large *jalousie* guarded windows, despite the frequent imbibation of cooling and well-iced beverages, supplied in unlimited quantities, on unlimited tick, and at unlimited charges by the urbane Restaurateur below, was like the one in which those miraculous *pâtés* and *bricoches* and *petits pains* which graced my table at convenient seasons, were baked; when it was too hot to walk, or ride, or drive, or play dominoes, or smoke, or move, or speak, or think—too hot even to carry on a telegraphic flirtation with the pretty modiste over the way, so exasperatingly cool in her white wrapper, with her shining black braids, watering her choice flowers with coquettish air. Cool as a cucumber although she lived on the sunny side of that terrifically close Rue Syblicaine. O my brothers! what mysterious dispensation of Nature is it that enables the smooth skinned brunettes to live untrifled in their frigid comfort when the red fluid in those elegant little tubes labelled Fahrenheit and Réaumur rises to the height of its wildest ambition unmoved by the abuse of suffocating mortals. Will no married brother, initiated into the arcana of life feminine, impart the secret for the benefit of suffering male humanity? Is it some subtle mystery of the toilette, some wondrous lotion the offspring of the fertile brain of some Parisian chemist or artist in perfumery? Is it the invention of a Rimmel or an importation from some Eastern harem—or is it merely the result of that patient endurance of all subliminary matters, and events and phases of things which enables women to bear with equanimity physical agony and mental pain, and heights of prosperity and depths of adversity which would kill, or idiotic, or madden the most stoical of the boasted lords of creation. When I say the *haute ville* was a purgatory, and the *basse ville* was as Hades, then there was always a cool breeze, or a gentle zephyr to soothe the heated brow, or the flushed cheeks on the Bains au Mer pier.

I might make the most of the pier and the breeze now while I had liberty and leisure to enjoy them. Next week the Imperatrice would open again, with new decorations and a new drop scene, and I should be called upon again to undergo the misery of rehearsals, to endure the bickerings and backbitings and petty jealousies of the green room in order that I might strut and fret my little hour upon the stage successfully.

But to-night it was sultry even upon the pier head. Hot

gusts flapped fitfully the pennants on the mast heads. It grew dark early and the lightning flashed at intervals with sheeted glare upon the waters. We were going to have a storm, people said, and prophesied the mail boat as she steamed defiantly out of the harbour a hazardous trip. But she dashed saucily over the bar with a dip, and a graze, and a bound, and went stoically out amid the black waves with her two funnels flaming like large torches. I watched her speed swiftly on, straight as an arrow over the silent highway, till the glare of her furnace shone on the far horizon like the faint reflection of some distant conflagration and then I became lost to all outward things, and fell into a fit of musing, into an odd jumble of childish recollections, and recent memories—new experiences throwing a new light on old wonderings, and old thoughts quaintly illustrated in the practice of a more advanced existence. Yes, I became totally unconscious of present surroundings. Vanished hands touched me, dead lips caressed me, ghostly voices spoke to me, far off scenes rose before me. I lived again the past which is always so pleasant to revive since we forget its miseries and recall only its enjoyments. How long I thus dreamt I cannot say, but when I awoke to a consciousness of the actual present the pier seemed almost deserted, yet I was not alone.

Not alone, for close beside me, seated half sideways upon her chair, her hands clasped upon its back and her chin rested upon her hands, gazing intently out into the semi obscurity of the distance, sat, so far as I could judge by the treacherous light of the moon which strove to shine through the interstices of the dense canopy of cloud, one of the fairest of the daughters of Eve.

She too, it seemed, was in a reverie—for presently she said apparently to herself.

"It is a charming evening. It gives one a melancholy which is ravishing."

"If there be such a charm in melancholy it must be from its novelty," I remarked. "I hope it may never lose its charm to you."

"Merci," she said, "but I must show my gratitude" she continued, half rising and putting one knee upon her seat, "by running away to look for papa and mamma who are doubtless ignorant that they have left me here in the dark with a stranger."

There was an archness in her tone which provoked me to beg that her lips might give me my reward otherwise than in words. Silently she stooped over me, pressed two velvety lips upon my moustache, and with a little musical laugh, vanished round the lighthouse, swift and noiseless as a bird.

Ten minutes afterwards I rose to return to the town. I walked round to the sheltered side of the lighthouse, took my cigar case from the right hand pocket of my linen jacket, lit a cigar, and replaced it. Then tucking my cane beneath my arm buried my left hand and its silver mounted head in my left pocket and prepared to saunter townwards.

I had taken only two steps when I halted as though a chasm lay at my feet. When I had paid for my coffee and petit verre at the Café Bellevue I had placed my cigar case in my right and my purse in my left hand pocket. My right hand still grasped my cigar case but my left pocket, save that it contained my left hand and the cane head, was empty.

I went back, lit a match, examined every nook and cranny of the planking on the spot I had occupied, but the search was fruitless.

My purse was gone, and with it the two thousand francs that Hortense and I were to begin housekeeping on.

#### II.

"A note for Monsieur," said my dresser, as I entered my dressing room in order to be transmogrified into Don Cesar de Bazan. "It has been left by a Commissionnaire at the box office to-day."

"Some dun," I thought as I glanced at the envelope, which was directed in a cramped back hand, and thrust it into the pocket of my own proper coat. I was late, and had no time to busy myself with the concerns of my ordinary existence. I surrendered myself to the hands of my dresser and commenced to seem and to be Don Cesar.

But when in the privacy of my own apartment in the Rue Syblicaine I sat in the happy ease of dressing gown and slippers and lit my long pipe for my customary smoke before I retired to rest, I own it was not entirely without curiosity that I broke the seal of the mysterious document.

The envelope, I have said, was directed in a cramped back hand; but within, the characters which covered the rose-colored paper were the tiny, exquisitely formed characters of a charming lady hand. The faint odour of some subtle essence rose like an incense from the tinted page. With a lively interest I devoured its contents.

"Monsieur," it began, "Pardon the temerity which leads me, a poor dull country girl, to address you. Perhaps when Monsieur learns that his correspondent is only nineteen years of age, that her glass and the few admirers who have been permitted to enliven the gloom of the old chateau, her home in the country, tell her she is pretty; that this is the first time that she has tasted of the gaieties of a city and that her head has been turned by the talent by which he depicts with the versatility of a great genius, a vast range of character; that she has wept over him in the "Hunchback," laughed at him in "Vingt-sept centimes;" that her soul has prostrated itself in adoration before the noble integrity of the Marquis in the "Adventures of a Poor Young Man;" that, *bref*, she has discovered a new display of genius in every fresh rôle which she has witnessed, and that she has been struck no less by Monsieur's noble carriage and charming exterior than by the attractions of his clever delineation of every phase of life from high to low, from grave to gay, he will the more readily excuse the audacity which may prove to him the overture to a romantic little adventure.

"Monsieur, I have heard wise people say that great actors are very ordinary mortals when once they are separated from the illusion and the tinsel of the magic boards. Monsieur, since I have seen you, the poor dull country girl has permitted herself to doubt the decision of these wise people, and has determined to reserve to herself with Monsieur's permission, the privilege of judging for herself. She purposes to present herself, always with Monsieur's permission, and in a guise which shall compromise neither Monsieur nor herself, at the residence of Monsieur, on the afternoon of Thursday next, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour her parents will have absented themselves on a visit to some very dull people in which she has no desire to participate, and from which a severe headache will have excused her which will confine her to her chamber.

"Monsieur, to-morrow evening, to which I look forward

with an ungovernable impatience, you appear once more in the rôle of *Le jeune homme pauvre*. If Monsieur will be complaisant enough not to cross the caprice of a wilful child it will not be necessary to alter one word of his rôle. But if, in spite of the gallantry of Monsieur, to which I appeal in the character of a pretty girl who is not accustomed to be refused, there should arise some impediment which should render his compliance impossible, then I entreat that in the last scene, instead of the words "Est-ce à toi que je pardonnerai. Ah je t'adore!" he will say, "Ah je t'implore!" The attention, undistinguishable to the audience, will not pass unnoticed by

AIMÉE DE M.

Next evening I dressed my part with extra care, and felt that I played it to perfection. Without vanity I may say I was always a favourite with the public of Bains au Mer, never had it declared its partiality so demonstratively until now.

Encouraged by the applause and the evident sensation among the audience I became wrapt up in my rôle, and all thought of my mysterious correspondent faded from my memory till I uttered the words "je t'adore." Then suddenly recollecting the watch-word of our tryst I felt myself blush scarlet. I became confused, and Mme. B—, who was bending gracefully before me, looked on me with concern, evidently doubting if my confusion were not in some measure actually due to her own charms. How I got through the rest of the piece until the curtain fell I know not, but that I had given satisfaction was evidenced by the deafening and prolonged applause which rose, as in answer to repeated calls I appeared with Mme. B— to make my final bow. As I did so I stole a glance at the boxes but failed to recognise any face I could connect with my undefined idea of the fair unknown.

#### III.

I began to feel a little nervous when the hands of the ornate clock upon the mantelpiece in my apartment pointed to three o'clock next day.

Not that I was a tyro in adventures. I suppose no actor who has risen to any distinction in his profession but has had his *bonnes fortunes*. But my present correspondent was evidently a young and innocent girl, totally thoughtless of the ill consequences her thoughtless frolic might cause.

Again and again I cursed my forgetfulness of last night.

With my mind in a ferment I strode up and down the floor of my room till the hands of the clock pointed a quarter to four.

Then there came a tap at my door, which was thrown open by my landlady, who exclaimed, "Un Monsieur pour Monsieur."

A pink and white faced boy, about fifteen, stood in the doorway with his hat on. Her page, I supposed.

"Ha! you bring me a letter from —?" said I, advancing.

"No, Monsieur, I bring you no letter," said the boy colouring. Then he made a little nervous rush into the room, while I, obeying some inward impulse, closed the door upon the landlady, who still lingered on the landing, taking the precaution to touch the spring which secured the latch, and fling a screen before the key-hole—and taking off his hat, out of which a profusion of bright curls fell helter-skelter upon his shoulders, "Monsieur, I only bring myself."

Then I knew that before me, her bright head sunk upon her bosom, which heaved and sank beneath the snowy linen, her cheeks now pale, now scarlet, her tiny hands toying nervously with her silken hat, agitated, trembling, irresistibly lovely, stood Madlle. Aimée de M., confessed.

"Mademoiselle," I said, affecting a sternness I was far from feeling, "it is necessary that I represent to you that this is a very wild freak."

"O, Monsieur," said the culprit, shaking back her curls and gazing at me with her great blue eyes and rapidly regaining the natural confidence of a young, fearless, and innocent nature, "you must not begin to lecture me already, I have so much of it at home."

"Nevertheless, Mademoiselle must picture to herself that a young lady of good family has a position to maintain and a dignity to uphold and an ancient and noble name which her thoughtless actions, however innocent in themselves, may easily compromise."

"That's it," she cried, passionately stamping her little foot, "good family, position, dignity, name—one can actually do nothing but one has those terrible words ringing in her ears.—'Aimée don't run, it is not dignified,' 'don't whistle, Aimée, young ladies of good family don't whistle,' 'don't talk so much to your groom, my dear, remember your position,' 'you must not dance with such abandon, Aimée, remember your good name.' So it goes, just like that, from morning until evening. But you, cannot you be grateful that a young lady of such good family, with such a terribly time-honoured name, has condescended to grace your plebeian lodgment with her distinguished presence," said she, laughing a little timidly.

"Bref, can you not forget that you are an actor, and talk like any ordinary mortal?"

"Thereby confirming the decision of the wise people?"

"Ha, ha! I forgot," she said, "that would not do at all."

"Believe me," I said, leading her to a seat and retaining the little hand as I sat beside her, "I am not insensible to the honour Mademoiselle does me in visiting my little domicile: still less am I insensible to the beauty and the charm of manner of Mademoiselle. Alone, I am inexpressibly pained to see one of such refinement and talent lending herself to a freak which more befits the thoughtless levity of a grisette than the conduct of a young lady."

"Believe me," I continued, turning off my staid manner, for I saw tears of anger and humiliation glistening on the long lashes, "it pains me to scold you, especially as it is in a great measure my fault that you are here. If it had not been for my want of thought last night I might have prevented this foolish step altogether. Forgive me. But I must entreat you, at the risk of seeming a prig or a peacock, to remember that there are higher things in the world than the gratification of our whims or the indulgence of our momentary desires, that we have duties, too, according to our station in life, that your duties are very high ones, that you should be an ornament to the society in which you move, an object of esteem, an angel of bounty and benevolence to your dependents."

"I must be dreadfully wicked to come here," she said archly, but there were tears in her eyes again. "Give me two things and let me go home, like a good child."

"Anything in my power," I began.

Her arms were round my neck in a moment, a shower of golden hair fell about my face, and a kiss, slight as the touch of a feather, was upon my lips, and too hot tears fell upon my forehead.

"That's one," she said, smiling through her tears, "now give me a cigarette and listen how I can whistle as I go down stairs."  
 She had twisted up her hair in her hat again as I turned and presented the cigarette.  
 "Adieu," she said, extending her hand.  
 "Good-bye," said I, "and will you remember?"  
 "I will try hard," said she.  
 "You must never see or think of me again, but only of one little word—duty."  
 She nodded, and puffed at her cigarette.  
 I moved the screen and opened the door for her, and with a smile, half sad, half arch, she passed me and was gone.  
 Next moment the air of *Partant pour la Syrie*, whistled musically by some one beneath, was wafted through the open window.

IV.

Whether or no the ceaseless study necessitated by a constant succession of new pieces for the population of Bains au Mer was not large enough to secure a run of any length to any one piece in the repertoire of its theatre; whether my intense devotion to my art, and the excitement consequent on the abandonment with which I threw my whole being into the representation of the characters I assumed; whether my interview with Mdlle. Aimée de M., from which, despite my stoicism, I had not escaped scatheless, for her memory haunted me as the memory of no woman had haunted me before; whether any one or all of these things combined were the cause I know not, but before many weeks after the incidents above related I was stricken with a fever.

At the time this fell tyrant seized me in his fiery grasp, from which it was months ere he released me, I was no longer living in the Rue Sybicalne, but in apartments more convenient to the Imperatrice in the Rue Montmartre. The holders of the house were a young couple who had just launched in the perilous barque of matrimony, and had decided on keeping an hotel garni as their first attempt on the road to fortune. Probably it was to this fact that I owe my existence at this present moment, for no mother, no wife, no sister, could have been kinder, more unceasing in her care, more solicitous in her devotion to the lodger who lay at death's door than my landlady. She procured me, I learnt afterwards, the best medical advice in the city, and spared no trouble, no expense, to obtain for me anything that could alleviate my suffering or hasten my return to health.

"Madame," I said to her one day, when I was sufficiently recovered to be once more conscious of her tender care and watchful anxiety, "I am deeply indebted to you. How can I ever hope to repay you; the money you have expended I can certainly return you as soon as I am able to resume my professional career, but your kindness I can never repay, and must remain your debtor all my life long."

"Monsieur," she said, advancing to my chair and laying one hand nervously upon my shoulder, "not a word I entreat, for you give me pain. Monsieur, I have been longing ever since you have been in my house to make you a confession, but I have never had the courage till now."

She drew back behind my chair so that she was without my range of vision, and continued—

"Monsieur, do you remember one sultry evening that you sat upon the pier head and a young girl embraced you?"

"Certainly, I have good cause to remember it, for on that evening—"

"You lost your purse. Is it not so? Ah! Monsieur, I was the thief."

"You!" I exclaimed, thunderstruck.  
 "The same, Monsieur. I know not what possessed me to take the pocketbook. My hand came in contact with it as I stooped over you. Honestly, I think it was more out of frolic than otherwise. But when I got home and found it contained two thousand francs I was dismayed, but then I did not know you, and how could I restore it; and then Jacques and I were just going to commence housekeeping, and the temptation was so great—"

"Then the money has been of use to you—I am glad."

"But Monsieur will perceive—it is I who am in the debt of Monsieur."

"I cannot allow that, for you have, in all human probability, saved my life."

"Thank God that he has given me an opportunity to make some expiation of my offense. O, Monsieur, I should never have forgiven myself if you had died. I knew your voice directly you came into the house. I have been miserable till I could make you my confession. And Monsieur forgives me?"

"Willingly, if I have anything to forgive."  
 "Then I can begin to be happy once more!"

"A letter for Monsieur."  
 Lauguidly I broke the seal.

It was a proposal from the manager of a minor Parisian theatre for an engagement for the season!

So my fame, it seemed, had reached the capital, and my painstaking devotion to the art I loved was not to go altogether unrewarded. It was but a minor theatre, it is true, but let me once set foot in the capital to what height might not my ambition soar.

I accepted, of course, and from that date my career was a successful one.

I awoke one morning to find myself famous—not only famous but rich.

But despite success, fame, and riches, I was dying of melancholy. So long as the brief excitement lasted—from the curtain's rise until its fall—I was happy; then I was taken out of myself, I lived the lives of the people I personated, I joyed in their joys, I sorrowed in their sorrows; yet through all I lived, and to live is to be happy; but when it all was over, never had existence seemed so flat, so narrow, so worthless as now.

To what end—to be the people's idol, to have reached the pinnacle of fame, to revel in wealth—if none of these brought happiness, if no one could share these with me? Always before the public, never had I been so thoroughly alone.

Aimée! If she could see me now. Now that I had risen so high might I not present myself before her without shame? I wondered if she were married, if she were leading the fashion of some stiff, dignified country coterie? The longing became unendurable—I would go and see!

I reached M. I approached the chateau, the gloomy old chateau Aimée had called it; there was the oppression of the stately dignity of a time-honoured noblesse in the very avenue

that led to it. How could such a nature as Aimée's exist in such an uncongenial place?

I crossed the draw-bridge. I pulled the huge iron handle at the closed *porte cochère*; the very bell sounded weird and unearthly. Mademoiselle was within, they told me as I dismounted. They shewed me to her presence. She was dressed in black, pale and sad, and a thousand times more beautiful than ever. Her father had been dead a year, her mother for six months since. She was alone now, the mistress of the great chateau.

It was pitiful to see her, to hear her speak; there was such a world of sadness and of solitude in her voice.

And she had never married. Yet she must have had a throng of eligible suitors.

"Monsieur," she said, "I have striven hard to be a good child, to do my duty to myself, to my position, to my people. I fear that I have failed. Monsieur," she said, rising and bending low with the peaceful humility of Madame B— on the little stage at Bains au Mer, "Monsieur, pardonnez-moi!" "Est-ce à toi que je pardonnerai. O! je t'adore."

Reader, I am happy now. I am no longer alone, for Aimée, whom I have transplanted from the old-world dignity of an exploded regime to the fresh soil of a modern city, and to circles of which she is fitted to be the chiefest ornament, is with me always. And the one endeavour of my life is to make her happy too.

On what slight events the after-tenor of our lives may hang. Had I not lost my two thousand francs I should have married Hortense, who is now the wife of a young merchant in Bains au Mer, and doubtless much happier than I could have made her.

As for me, I could never have been a third as happy with Hortense as I am with Aimée.

Thus you see good may arise even from the misfortune of losing Two Thousand Francs!

Miscellaneous.

A "Cut."

Jacques Miller diffuses his personal presence over the fashionables of London by appearing on horseback with Mexican saddle, and wearing a white sombrero with coris and tassels of the gayest fashion. A circus man has offered him several pounds a week to appear on his fiery steed in the sawdust arena. His talent scolds at the low greed of that man.

What is Love?

"What is love, Nanny?" asked a minister of one of his parishioners, admitting of course, to the word in its Scriptural sense. "Ho, ye, sir," answered the blate Nanny, blushing to the e'enhobs, "dinn't ask me sic a daft-like question, I'm sure ye ken as weel as me that love's just next to cholera. Love is just the worst inside complaint for a lad or lassie to have."

Significant.

In the Papal army promotion on a large scale are said to be taking place, and it does not seem to be improbable that the Government of the Holy See is anticipating a speedy mobilization of all its forces. There are many rumours among the clericals on these promotions. Some say that they signify the "beginning of the end," others that there is preparing a Papal contingent which shall second the operations of the grand army of His Majesty the King of France and of Navarre.

A New Impression.

One of the proprietors of the Petersburg, Va., *Intel*, in going over the office recently, discovered that a slab used as an imposing stone was the tombstone of a near relation, who had died nearly forty years ago. The engraved side of the stone was downwards, and how it came into use in the office is unexplained. That was rough, but not so bad as the baker who stole a tombstone for the bottom of his oven, and the next morning found that every loaf of bread had "Sacred to the Memory" on the bottom of it.

What is Done with Wastepaper.

It may give readers some idea of what a little economy in saving paper material will amount to when they hear that the sales of wastepaper from the various public departments in England amount to something like \$80,000 a year. About half this waste is confidential paper, income tax returns, &c., all of which is sold direct to paper makers, who reduce it to pulp and remanufacture it. About 77 per cent of the wastepaper sold is reduced to pulp. For some kinds from £17 to £25 a ton is obtained; for mill waste £10 a ton.

Took the Law into His Own Hands.

A dentist in Paris (M. Sandre) lately took the law into his own hands and administered summary justice. Returning from a visit to a patient late at night, he heard a cry of distress, and, hastening to succour, was rushed at by the mourner with evident felonious intent. The assailant was at once knocked down with M. Sandre's forceps, and was then informed that he could not be released unless he allowed the victor to draw one of his teeth. Reluctantly the rascal consented. He was seated upon a stone, and then the dentist, selecting a beautiful molar, had it out in a twinkling. This spoil of war M. Sandre now wears for a charm, attached to his watch chain.

Princely Prigs.

Among the jewellers of New York a story is current not altogether creditable to some of the suite of the Shah. When that potentate was in London various of his suite, being connoisseurs in brilliants, visited certain establishments where diamonds were for sale, and in their eager admiration appropriated in an irregular way a few fine stones, when the attention of the salesman was momentarily directed elsewhere. But other eyes were upon the royal satellites, and the quantity and value ascertained, a little bill was presented to the British authorities, with the quiet remark that unless the grand cash was immediately paid they would arrest the Persian nobility for stealing. The little bill, being only about \$10,000, was paid.

A Deceptive Youth.

There is a boy in Minnesota who has greatly puzzled the neighbouring wild ducks. He puts a hollow pumpkin over his head and wades into the ponds which the ducks frequent. Presently those unsuspecting birds perceive a floating pumpkin, and with quacks of joy, proceed to dig out the seeds. What the ducks who view the scene from a distance cannot understand is the singular way in which those who are investigating the pumpkin suddenly dive and never come to the surface again. The pumpkin also reappears day after day in an undiminished state. The boy thinks that, unless the ducks grow tired of investigating the matter, he will be able to retire from business in a few weeks more, and devote his life to the peaceful pursuit of marbles and mumble-peg.

The "Innocent" at Newgate.

Said a Newgate turnkey to a Quaker lady: "I was showing

our place the other day to a remarkably intelligent American who admired our arrangements exceedingly, only he thought we were too lenient. That gentleman said the great mistake in America was leniency. 'Would you believe it,' said he, 'we caught a rascal in America, the other day, whom we ought to have immediately burned, and we only hung him. But we are coming to our senses, and are now making arrangements to burn certain men for whom the gallows is too good.' "Will thee be good enough to tell me the name of the American gentleman who made that remark to thee?" said the Quakeress. "Ah, yes," said the warder, reflectively; "let me see—it was a Mr. Mark Twain."

Notice to Letter Stealers.

A firm of packers in this city, alarmed at the late stealing of the letter packets in the Montreal post office, addressed by the Premier to the Hon. J. H. Pope, have called in the aid of the printer; and their envelopes now bear the following note neatly printed on the left hand corner:

"To Postmasters:  
 You'll safely this transmit, we hope;  
 It's from no Minister and for no Pope."

The poetry is the creation of one of the partners, who does not claim, however, to be a wooer of the muses; he can reel off a rhyme if he chooses. He states that the exigencies of the times require that he should bring into play all the natural ability with which he is gifted, in order to defeat the evil machinations of the leaders of the party of Steal.

Compulsory Education with a Vengeance.

An extraordinary scene was recently witnessed in one of the busiest thoroughfares of Manchester. A crowd of ragged urchins had assembled in front of one of the newspaper offices waiting for supplies of race-cards, when they were bounced upon by the officers of the School Board. Each official made as many captives as he could control, and marched them to the premises of the board. The first haul was easily made, as the boys were too much bewildered to effect a timely escape, but when the officers returned for a second batch all were on the alert, and some very amusing hunting took place among the crowd of persons who had been attracted to the spot. The officers received more chaff than assistance in their efforts, but the result of the raid was that about forty wretched-looking boys were got hold of. After the names and residences of the captives had been noted they were released.

The Inventor of the Sewing Machine.

Some years ago Elias Howe succeeded, to the satisfaction of the Patent Office, in establishing his claim to have invented the sewing-machine. Other so-called inventors were, therefore, compelled to pay him tribute, and the result was that an enormous fortune came to the Howe estate. Now it is claimed that proof has been discovered that the real inventor of the sewing-machine was one Thomas Saints, of London, who obtained a patent for an invention for making shoes, which included the distinguishing features of the sewing-machine in 1790. If this be true, the patent granted to Mr. Howe was wholly undeserved. Whether, indeed, any one man is entitled to a patent for a mechanical invention may well be doubted, since, as a rule, his invention is the work, not of himself alone, but of other men who have preceded him, and whose work has inevitably led to the invention for which he claims the exclusive credit.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

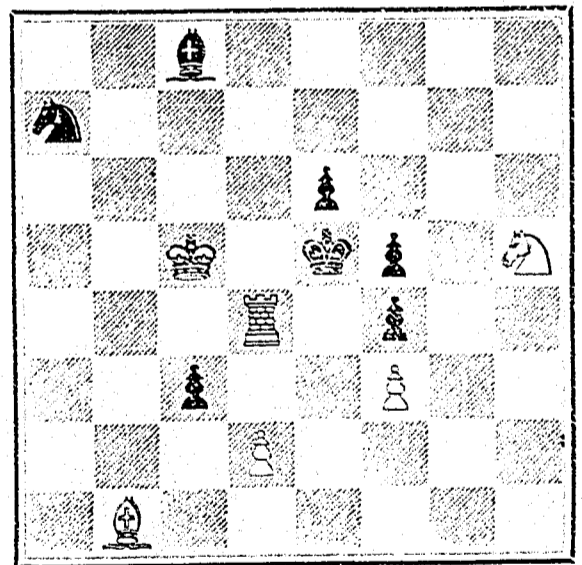
"It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessary brief replies through our "column."

Correct solution of Problems Nos. 99 and 100 received from J. H. St. Loboire.

PROBLEM No. 102.

By Alpha, Whitby, Ontario.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 99.

- |                     |              |
|---------------------|--------------|
| White.              | Black.       |
| 1. R. to K. B. 5th  | 1. K. moves. |
| 2. B. to Q. Kt. 6th | 2. Any move. |
| 3. B. mates.        |              |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 100.

- |                             |                 |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| White.                      | Black.          |
| 1. R. from K. to K. 4th ch. | 1. Kt. takes R. |
| 2. R. mates.                |                 |

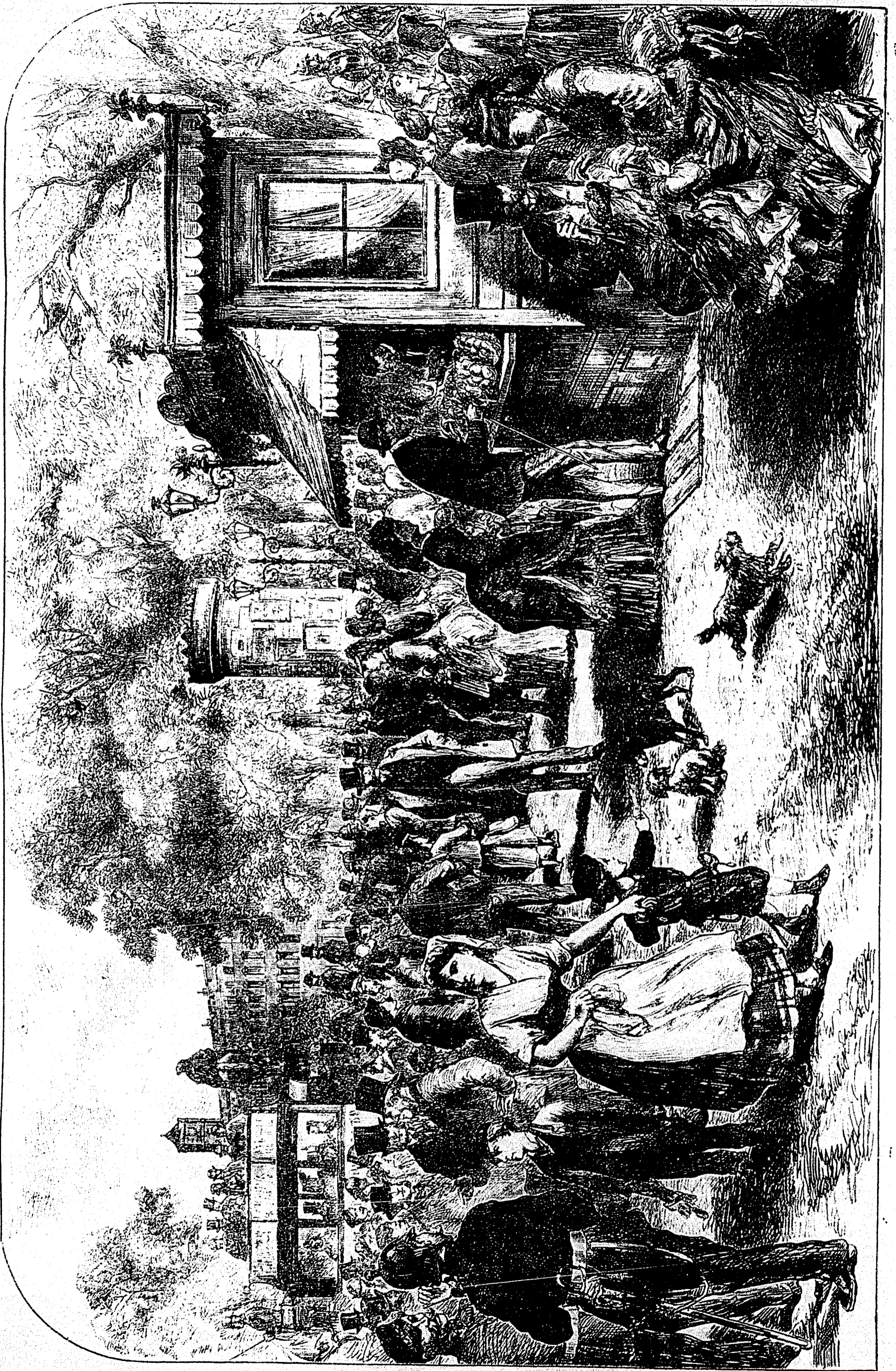
ENIGMA No. 31.

(The following is forwarded by a correspondent who informs us that it was published some years ago in the *New York Saturday Courier*.)

- White.—K. at Q. 3rd. B. at K. R. 4th and Q. 7th, Kt. at K. 4th, Ps. at K. B. 3rd. K. 3rd. Q. B. 2nd. Q. Kt. 3rd. and Q. R. 4th.  
 Black.—K. at Q. 4th. Ps. at K. B. 3rd. K. 4th, Q. Kt. 5th. and Q. R. 4th.  
 White to play and mate in four moves.

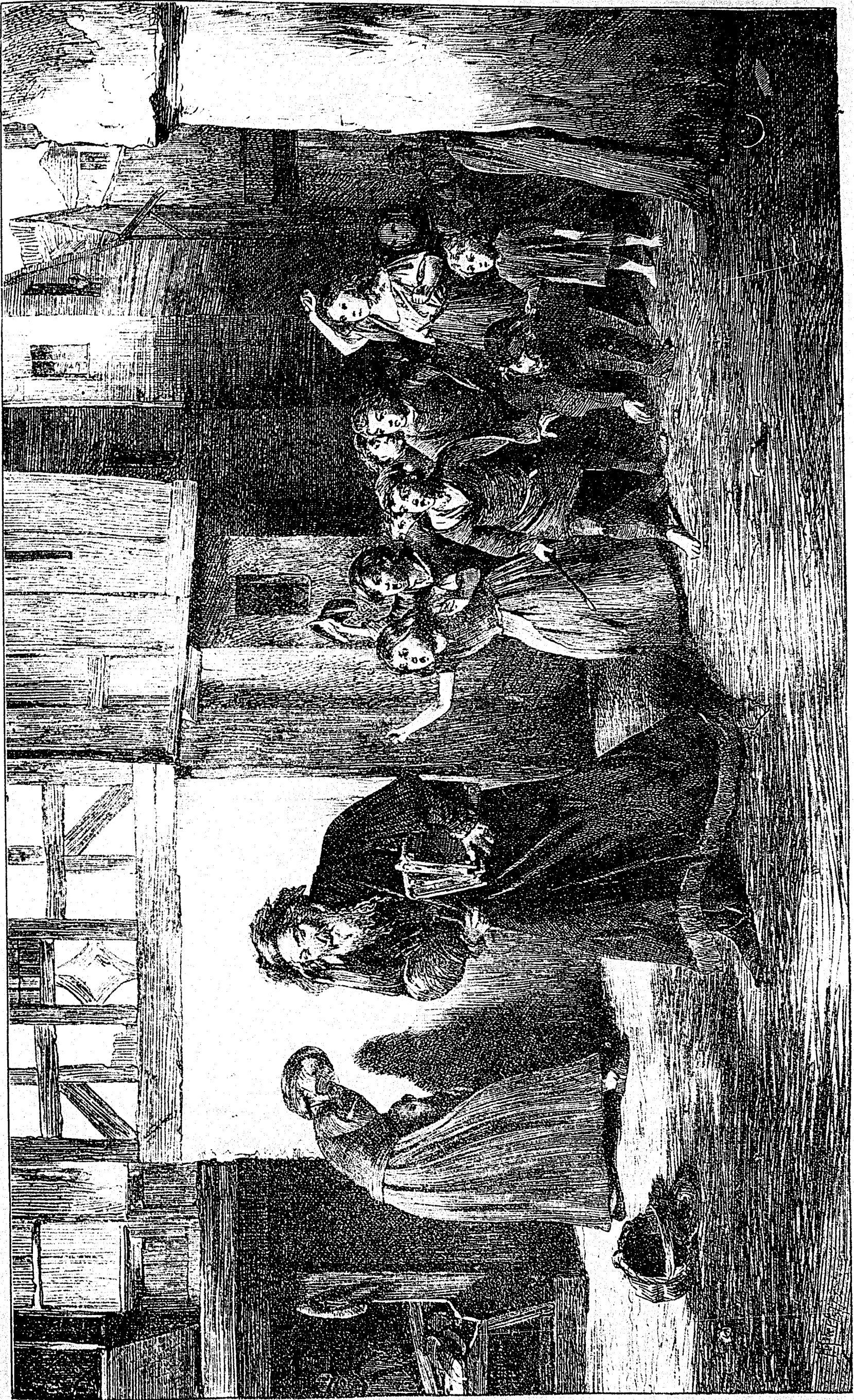
Dr. Colby's Pills can be used by the most delicate.





Berlin.—UNTER DEN LINDEN.





"ADAM WARNER HOOTED AS A WIZARD."

By H. B. ROBERTS.



## Our Illustrations.

The front page is decorated by the portrait of Don Carlos and his staff—Polo, his brother-in-law, Palacio and Marichalar. They form a striking group. Don Carlos de Bourbon and D'Este was born at Laybach, Austria, March 30, 1848. Most of his life has been spent in Germany and Italy. He speaks fluently Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, and German, and is tolerably well acquainted with English. He is an excellent horseman and excels in all bodily exercises. He married, February 4, 1867, Donna Margarita de Bourbon, daughter of the late Duchess of Parma. From this marriage have issued Donna Blanca, (Oct., 1868); Don Jaime, Prince of the Asturias (June, 1870); Donna Elvira (Nov. 1872).

Our fourth page contains a series of beautiful Canadian views. PAPERBAC is a village on the North Shore of the Bay of Chaleurs. Some of the papers have spoken of making it a harbour of refuge and a winter harbour for European steamers. It is totally unfit for either. West of the village is New Carlisle, a small fishermen's village. DALHOUSIE, N. B., is a small, straggling village at the mouth of the river Restigouche. It is very prettily situated. The principal trade is salmon and lobsters. The Intercolonial RR. is about four miles distant from it. The view of the entrance to PICTOU HARBOUR, N. S., represents in the foreground the dock where vessels of small tonnage can be dry docked and repaired. On the right is the coaling wharf and in the distance is a light-house on a low sand bank which runs partly across the entrance. MELVILLE ISLAND is situated at the N. W. arm of Halifax Harbour and is approached by a remarkably picturesque road, overshadowed by pines, maples, and chestnuts. On the island is the military prison of the Halifax garrison. In 1812 the English confined their French prisoners there.

The double views of the VALLEY OF THE TAIGONS, on our fifth page, show scenery in the French penal colony of the Marquesas, equal to anything in the much vaunted Yosemite. The COAL TROPHY is a wonderful monument from the mines of Duke Hohenlohe-Ujest, Bavaria.

View in the NIPIGON REGION has been thoroughly described in previous numbers of the NEWS.

SCHIEVENINGEN is a favourite watering place in Holland, and our picture represents the ladies' bath. The peculiar form of the basket-like booths will attract attention.

UNTER DEN LINDEN is the famous promenade of Berlin. The larches and lindens, and an occasional horse chestnut are, kept in the highest state of cultivation and as soon as one is affected it is replaced.

ADAM WARNER HOOTED AS A WIZARD.—Of the few strictly imaginary characters introduced in Lord Lytton's historical romance, founded on the story of the Earl of Warwick, the Klug-maker, and, after him, entitled "The Last of the Barons," the most successful is Adam Warner, the philosopher in advance of his age. This is the author's own opinion, and he adds, with pardonable self-consciousness, "As an ideal portrait I look upon it as the most original in conception, and the most finished in execution, of any to be found in my numerous prose works, 'Zanoni' alone excepted."

The following passage is quoted by the artist in the catalogue: "At last he heard a shout, or rather hoot, at a distance, and, turning his attention whence it proceeded, he beheld a figure emerge from an alley opposite the casement, with a sack under one arm and several books heaped under the other. At his heels followed a train of ragged boys shouting and hallooing, 'The wizard! the wizard!—Ah!—Bah!—the old devil's-kin!' At this cry the dull neighbourhood seemed suddenly to burst forth into life. From the casements and thresholds of every house curious faces emerged, and many voices of men and women joined, in deeper bass, with the shrill tenor of the choral urehins, 'The wizard!—the wizard!—out at daylight!' The person thus stigmatised, as he approached the house, turned his face with an expression of wistful perplexity from side to side." Before reaching his door Adam Warner, for it was he, was struck by a missile; and the crowd, infuriated by supposing that he had cursed a child that had fallen in his path, would have stormed the house but for the timely interposition of friends."

## Music and the Drama.

Mr. Santley will not go to America during this or the next season.

Maggie Mitchell has been playing at Booth's in *Fanchon*, with her old success.

Signor Mario and his two daughters, Mdles. de Candia, will pass the winter in Paris.

Offenbach has composed a new operetta for the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, entitled the "Jolie Parfumeuse."

It is stated that the Holmans have engaged the Theatre Royal, Montreal, for the winter season. That is welcome news.

An Italian version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" has been successfully performed at the Opera Theatre, at Rome.

Miss Charlotte Thompson has appeared in San Francisco in a "pastoral drama" called "Fanchette." It is a sequel to "Fanchon."

The Princess Louise and the Marquis de Lorne have signified their intention to be present at the Glasgow Musical Festival in November.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new oratorio, the "Light of the World," will be performed during the ensuing season by the Brixton Choral Society.

It is said that Amelia Waugh, the talented leading lady of the Ben de Bar company, is about to go on a starring tour, in the character of "Mercy Merrick."

The Abbé Listz has just put the finishing touch to a third oratorio, "St. Stanislas," and now intends compiling a new book of instruction for young pianists.

Signor Verdi has left Paris for Italy, and is now occupied with the composition of a Mass, to be produced in Milan on the anniversary of the death of Manzoni.

Signor Tamberlik made his debut on the 6th in New York as *Polino*, in Donizetti's opera of that name. The opinion of critics is that he is only an echo of his former self.

Mr. Barney Williams, under advice of his physicians, has cancelled all his engagements for the coming season, in consequence of having been afflicted with paralysis of the nerves of one of his eyes.

Mr. Southern, the actor, while transacting some business in the Bank of California, San Francisco, grew suddenly dizzy and fainted. He soon recovered, and the physician pronounced his illness the result of a rheumatic affection of the heart.

Adelina Patti, speaks English, French, Italian, and Spanish. Her favourite authors are Dickens and Feuillet. She reads the Paris *Figaro* every day.—*Punch* and the *Illustrated* once a week. Rossini and Bellini are her best beloved composers; primrose the colour she most delights to wear.

A new operetta in one act, by Offenbach, has been produced at the Renaissance. It is called "Pomme d'Api." The piece contains some charming airs, and it was distinguished by the first appearance of an admirable young singer, Mdle. Theo, who at once took the rank of an operetta star.

## News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—A woman named Mary Ellis, awaiting trial in Toronto on a charge of robbery, made a daring escape from the Interim Sessions Court. During the temporary absence of the constable in charge, she opened the window and leaped to the ground, a distance of 18 feet. Two men and a buggy were awaiting her, when she was rapidly driven away.—At a meeting of Bank Managers in Toronto, on Saturday, the outlook for the winter was represented as anything but promising. Money is expected to be tight.—The nomination for Provencier, to replace Sir Geo. E. Cartier, will take place on the 20th inst.—There is considerable activity in the Pitou coal mines, all the companies shipping extensively.—Sir Hugh Allan has thrown up the Canadian Pacific Railway Contract.

THE UNITED STATES.—The ravages of yellow fever in Memphis, Tenn., are represented as dreadful. Business is suspended, houses and stores are deserted, and there is scarce a house but has lost one of its inmates.—Chicago observed the 9th, the second anniversary of the great fire, by a half holiday.—It is charged that two adverse reports, made two years ago by a delegation from Europe, in regard to the Northern Pacific Railway have hitherto been suppressed.—The Evangelical Alliance at New York was largely and enthusiastically attended.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—There was an immense open air demonstration at Cork, Ireland, on the 11th, in favour of Fenian Amnesty, Home Rule, and the Rights of Labour. There was much disorder.—Sir Edward Landseer's funeral took place on the 11th, the remains being escorted to St. Paul's by a number of the members of the Royal Academy. The Queen and the Prince of Wales were represented.—Bath, Eng., has returned Mr. Forsyth, a conservative, to Parliament.

FRANCE.—M. Grevy, formerly a President of the French Assembly, will soon publish a note declaring in favour of the Republic.—The Bazarine trial is going on at the Tribunal. It is exciting unwonted attention.—Should the French Assembly be asked to vote for a restoration of the monarchy, with the Count de Chambord as King Henry V., M. Rouher will propose that the monarchial principle be established, but the choice of dynasty be left to the people.—A meeting of the Republican members of the French Assembly was lately held in Paris and was largely attended. A Committee representing three groups of the Left, was appointed to draw up an official declaration for the Republican party. MM. Thiers and Gambetta, and many Conservative Deputies, favoured the movement.—Partial returns from four of the Departments in which elections took place to fill the vacancies in the French Assembly, show that three Republicans were returned by overwhelming majorities.

GERMANY.—The German Kaiser was expected in Vienna, on the 16th inst.

SPAIN.—After this month Spain imposes five per cent. duty on all exported wines.—President Castelar has courteously refused the offer of a Greek battalion who desired to assist in the defence of the Spanish Republic.—A great victory has been won in the North, by the Republicans over the Carlists.

## Scraps.

A recent issue of the *Dundee Advertiser* was printed on paper made entirely from Calcutta jute cuttings.

"Equality," says a French writer, "means a desire to be equal to your superior, and superior to your equal."

The Comte de Chambord has rented a shooting right near Vienna for six years. That is what he thinks of the situation.

The Italian Government has determined to adopt the Prussian helmet as a headdress for generals, in the place of that in use at present.

The "cast of countenance" of an English tragedian at present in Paris is described by a French critic as that of "Don Quixote giving away tracts."

A very practical and original idea has got into the heads of the Spaniards. They recently paraded the streets of Barcelona, exclaiming, "Down with the lawyers!"

Carl Vogt argues that Adam was a monkey before Eve was created, because a gorilla has thirteen ribs and man only twelve, one having been removed to make woman.

It is said that nearly 900,000,000 of letters, 80,000,000 of post cards, 100,000,000 of newspapers, and 100,000,000 of book packets pass through the London Post Office annually.

The Carlist authorities in Biscay have published an order directing that all those persons who do not attend the celebration of the mass on Sundays shall be whipped.

Prince Roland Bonaparte, grand-nephew of Napoleon I., and second cousin of the late Emperor of the French, has been entered as a pupil at the Royal Naval School, New Cross, near London.

Madame de Bayleus, a fair Parisienne who flourished in gorgeous array in the days of Napoleon, threw herself from the window the other day upon being refused six thousand francs by a friend.

£10 for a quart of milk is a good price. That we are glad to see had to be paid, by order of a magistrate, by a man who put water into his milk and sold a quart. Protection from adulteration should be the reform of the day.

A lady from Pennsylvania spent two weeks among the fashionables at the Grand Hotel, Saratoga, and when the time for her departure came, to the utmost horror of all the other ladies, it was found that she had only one small trunk.

A well-known authoress gives it as a secret of domestic felicity that a husband should be absent from home at least six hours every day. Then why such a row if he chooses to select the time to suit himself—say in the evening?

A medical congress is to be held at Vienna before the close of the Universal Exhibition to exchange opinions as to the merits of the surgical instruments and appliances exhibited, and also with reference to the treatment and care of the sick and wounded in time of war.

A lady who, on the death of her first husband, married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dressing-room. One day a visitor, remarking the painting, asked, "Is that a member of your family?" "Oh, that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenious reply.

The Luxemburgers, for whose city France and Prussia wanted to fight, have a very popular amusement in their cat-races. Everybody who has an animal of the feline race takes it in a bag two miles from the city gates, where, at a given signal, the bags are all emptied, and the cats start for home, frightened nearly to death. The cat that reaches the city first wins the race.

A most extraordinary action for damages has been taken by a man living at Sarlat, in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. Disgusted with life, he bought a rope, ascended to a garret, and hanged himself from a beam. Suspecting his intention, the landlord's wife followed him, and did not arrive a moment too soon. As a recompense, the would-be suicide has taken an action against the woman for 2,000 francs, as compensation for preventing him hanging himself. A high figure for a little loss of time, for the man at any moment is at liberty to begin again, and the landlord's wife, for one, will not interfere.

## Art and Literature.

Dr. Strauss, the author of the "Life of Jesus," is stated to be seriously ill, and his recovery is doubtful.

Anthony Trollope is to receive £1,200 for his new story, "Phineas Redux." The London *Graphic* pays it.

M. Jules Janin, who for forty-one years was the theatrical critic of the *Debats*, has just retired from that post.

Hans Christian Anderson has just returned to Copenhagen with recruited strength after taking the baths in Switzerland.

M. Paul de Cassagnac has just handed to his printers the MS. of a work on the Empire, which promises to make a sensation. Victor Hugo has just published a poem entitled "La Libération du Territoire." It is to be sold for the benefit of the expatriated Alsaciens and Lorrains.

It is said that Miss Susan P. Cooper, a daughter of J. Fenimore Cooper, is about to publish a work on the history of the Iroquois, to which the famous "Last of the Mohicans" belonged.

"MY KAFFEE; Prince, King, Slave; a Story from Central Africa," is the title of a new volume by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, author of "How I found Livingstone," which will be published immediately.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co., are preparing a volume of reproductions of twenty portraits, by Reynolds, of celebrated English beauties, including the Duchess of Devonshire and Rutland, Lady Bunbury, Mesdames Pelham and Musters.

A letter from Genoa announces the discovery in that neighbourhood of a large supply of stones for lithographic purposes, so that Germany, which has hitherto provided the greatest portion used, will soon cease to possess the monopoly.

General Garibaldi has written a book, which is to be published under the title, *The Thousand (I Mille)*. It gives interesting details of the events of the Italian wars of liberation, and of the adventures of the celebrated thousand men of whom he was the leader.

The ninth edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," edited by Mr. Spencer Baynes, Professor of Logic in the University of St. Andrew, assisted by competent writers, will involve Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, the publishers, in an outlay of something like £200,000.

AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF BOOK PROFITS.—The following is an estimate of the profits of the various persons interested in making a book. Approximately, out of one dollar, which is paid, say for one copy of an ordinary book, the money goes thus:—To the author, 10 cents; to the publisher, 10 cents; to the paper-maker, 15 cents; to the bookbinder, 15 cents; to the printer and stevedo, 10 cents; to the retail bookseller, or to him and his assistants, 10 cents; total, 1 dollar.

UNPUBLISHED BOOK OF JAMES BOSWELL.—The *Companion's* Book of James Boswell, which was kindly handed over by Lord Houghton some time ago to the Gramplan Club for publication, is now passing through the press, and will be issued before the close of the year. A biography of Boswell, to which Lord Houghton has made some interesting contributions, will accompany the volume. It contains, we are informed, a great deal of original information, and throws much new light on the character of the most distinguished of the Lairds of Auchinleck, confirming the estimate formed by Mr. Carlyle, and so eloquently set forth in his *Essay on Johnson*, rather than the contemptive view taken by Lord Macaulay.

## Fun.

Somebody said "Dress makes the man." In Paris a man makes the dresses.

"Mary, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done." "Well, finish it, then, my dear."

The old maxim that "man proposes" is contradicted by certain ill-tempered spinsters, who only wish he did.

An Indiana gentleman is now living in a house with his fifth wife and three mothers-in-law, and yet he is not happy.

A school-boy remarks that when his teacher undertakes to show him what is what, he only finds out which is swifter.

An old lady from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went into Augusta, Ga., the other day, hunting for the Parons of Husbandry. She means business.

When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he refer to doctor's patients? No. How do you know he didn't? Because you always find them under a monument.

An Indiana woman, whose suit for divorce had lingered along until she was completely out of patience, burst into her lawyer's office last week, her face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, "Squire, the old man's dead."

The difference between having a tooth properly drawn by a professional surgeon, and having it knocked out miscellaneously by a fall upon the pavement, is only a slight verbal distinction—one is dental, and the other accidental.

A Memphis girl was married the other day, and immediately sold her piano, bought a sewing machine, and made her husband a suit of clothes and herself two dresses; and now fourteen young men are seeking the hand of her unmarried sister.

A physician, on presenting his bill to the executor of an estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn?" "No," replied the executor, "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

A deaf and dumb woman who has been visiting Danbury to solicit aid, says the *News*, was annoyed by some bad boys at the lower end of Main street, and gave them a talking to they will remember until their dying day. She said: "Hoeter the afflicted, will ye? If I had you across my knee for two minutes I'd make you acquainted with astronomy."

A man out in Montana, a short time ago, squatted on another person's land and built a small frame shanty. When requested to move he positively refused to do so; so, one night, a squad of men came round after the squatter and his wife were asleep and lifting the whole concern, shanty and all, with deliberate care, carried it to the river and set it on a small raft. Then they pushed the raft out into the stream and let her go. When the squatter got up in the morning to go out, he was surprised to find himself about sixty miles down stream, and making good time in a nine-knot current. This is all we shall say about that man. It would be extremely improper to report his remarks in full.

The following dialogue occurred between a patriarchal gentleman and his granddaughter:—"What makes you hair so white, grandpa?" inquired the maiden. "I am very old, my dear, I was in the ark," says grandpapa, humorously, but with a reckless regard for truth which does not prepossess us in the old man's favour. "Oh," says the child, regarding her relative with a fresh interest, "are you Noah?"—"No, I am not Noah."—"Are you Shem, then?"—"No, I am not Shem."—"Are you Ham?"—"No, I am not even Ham."—"Then you must be Japhet," says mademoiselle, at the end of her historical tether, and growing rather impatient at the difficulty that surrounded her aged relative's identification.—"No, I am not Japhet."—"Then, grandpa, you must be a beast."

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Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations, 7.00 a.m. Mail Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations, 4.00 p.m.

As the punctuality of the trains depends on connections with other lines, the Company will not be responsible for trains not arriving at or leaving any station at the hour named.

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C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, October 6, 1873. 7-15 22

MARAVILLA COCOA.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS. "Those who have not yet tried Maravilla will do well to do so."—Morning Post. "It may justly be called the PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA."—British Medical Journal.

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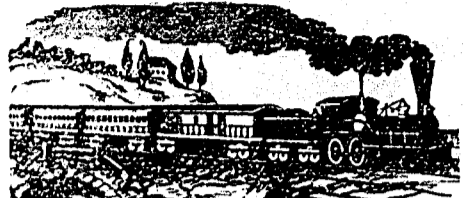
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1873. Summer Arrangement. 1873.

On and after MONDAY, 26th inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7.30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8.30 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8.00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 8.50 p.m.

Trains will connect at Paines with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations. At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations. At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent. Railway Offices, MONCTON, N.B., May 1873. 7-2 4f



WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal," will be received at this office, until noon of SATURDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of OCTOBER next, for the construction of Fourteen Locks and fourteen Regulating Weirs, a number of Bridge Abutments and Piers—the excavation of the Lock and Weir Pits—the intervening Reaches, Race-ways, &c., on the new portion of the WELLAND CANAL, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie.

The work will be let in sections, six of which, numbered respectively 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, are situated between Port Dalhousie and St. Catherine's Cemetery, and three numbered 12, 13, and 14, extend from the northern side of the Great Western Railway to near Brown's Cement Kilns.

Tenders will also be received for the enlargement and deepening of the prism of the present Canal between Port Robinson and the Aqueduct at Welland; work to be let in sections, each about a mile in length.

Tenders are also invited for the completion of the deepening and enlargement of the Harbour at Port Colborne.

Maps of the several localities, together with Plans and Specifications of the work, can be seen at this Office, on and after THURSDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH day of SEPTEMBER instant, where printed forms of Tender will be furnished. A like class of information relative to the works north of Thorold may be obtained at the Resident Engineer's Office, Thorold; and for works at and above Port Robinson, Plans, &c., may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, Welland.

All Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied, and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 4th Sept., 1873. 8-11 6f

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C. J. BRYDGES, MANAGING DIRECTOR. P. S. STEVENSON, General Freight Agent. 7-21 4f

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED

KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street:—

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARROUND AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE, MR. RICHMOND SPENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

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She sits upon the brooklet's strand,  
And holds a fish line in her hand.



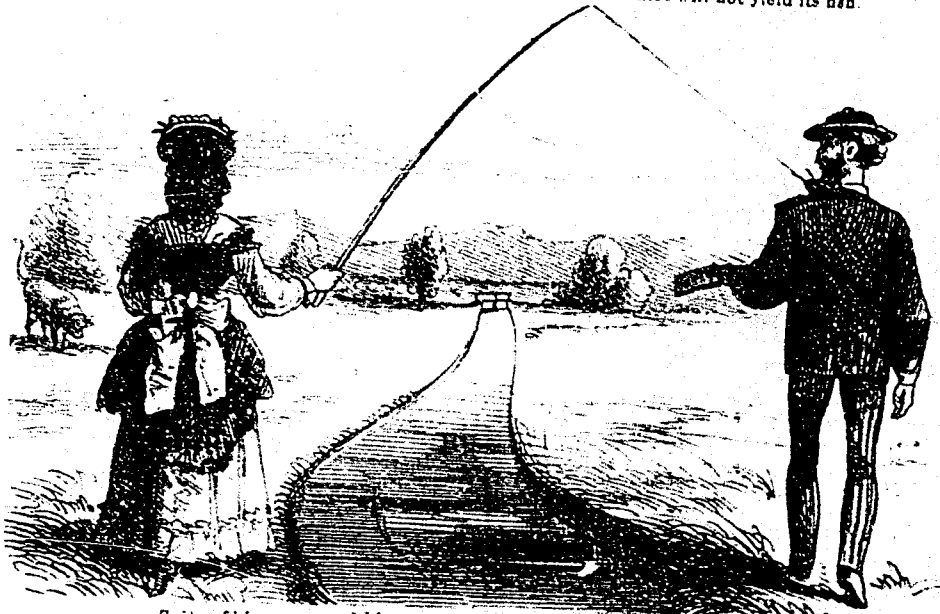
And while the sky backs in the tide,  
He sits upon the other side.



I fear, however she may wish,  
The streamlet will not yield its fish.



While he was buried in his book,  
She planted in his neck the hook.



Spite of his power and his tact,  
The fish-hook he cannot extract.

So he must go along the ridge,  
Until they reach the wooden bridge.



A steer beheld her scarlet snood,  
And chased her for full many a rood.



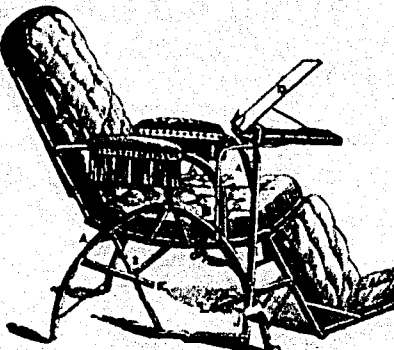
Till on the bridge, with wild alarms  
She threw herself into his arms.



The fish-hook from its hold was brought,  
It was the catcher then was caught.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—A SKETCH DURING THE FISHING SEASON.

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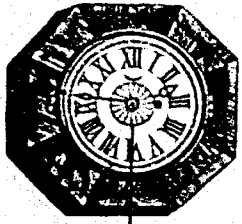
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By order,  
**F. BRAUN,** Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 24th Sept., 1873. 8-14 3f

Printed and published by **GEORGE E. DEBBARAT**  
1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.