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GRAND MARSHAL

Wholesale News

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Why is Rumour here?
I run before great Macbeth's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Ottawa,
Hath beaten down great Macbeth, and his troops.
SHAKSPERE, KING HENRY IV. PT. II. INDUCTION.
(Slightly altered).

OPENING OF THE SEASON OF 1873 AT THE ROYAL DOMINION THEATRE.

TENNYSON'S NEW ODE TO THE QUEEN.

The following is the full text of the Tennyson's Ode to the Queen, which will be published at the end of the new edition of his poems:—

TO THE QUEEN.

O loyal to the Royal in thyself,
And loyal to thy land, as this to thee—
Bear witness, that remembrance day
When, into us yet and for ever worn, the Prince,
Who scarce had sunk his flouering life again
From half-way down the shadow of the grave,
Past with thee thro' thy people and their love,
And Lond' on roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
Hartreded millions, and lone tongues of man
And welcome, witness too, the silent cry,
The prayer of many a race and creed, and clime—
Thunderless lightnings striking under sea
From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,
And that true north, where of we lately heard
A strain to shame us, "Keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! friends—your love
Is but a burden: loose the bond and go."
Is this the tone of Empire? Hear the faith
That made us rulers? This, indeed, her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
Lettimgatist of all peoples under Heaven?
What shock has foil'd her since, that she should speak
So feebly? Wealthier—wealthier—hour by hour!
The voice of Britain, or a sinking land—
Some third rate isle, half-lost among her seas?
There rang her voice when the full city pealed
Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to their crown
Are loyal to their own fair sons, who love
Our Ocean Empire with her boundless homes,
For ever broadening England and her throne
In our vast or ent, and one isle, one isle,
That knows not her own greatness. If she knows
And dreads it we are fall'n,—but thou, my Queen,
Nor for itself, but thro' thy living love
For one to whom I made it o'er his grave,
Sacred, accept this imperfect tale.
New-old, and the shadow of a sex at war with Soul,
Rather than that gray King, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped from mountain peak,
And cleaves to Cairn and Cromle h still; or him
Of Geoffrey's book or him of Maltoor's, one
Touched by the adulterous finger of a time
That hovered between war and wantonness,
And or-writes an idyl in moments; take withal
Thy poet's blessing and his trust that Heaven
Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thee and ours. For some are seared who mark
Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
Waverings of every vine with every wind,
And woful trucklines to the transient hour,
And fierce or careless looseners of the faith,
And softness breeding scorn of sunnie life,
Or cowardice, the child of lust for gold,
Or labour, with a groan and not a voice,
Or art, with poisonous honey stol'n from France,
And that which knows, but careful for itself,
And that which knows not, rulling that which knows,
To its own harm. The goal of this great world
Lies beyond sight; yet—if our slowly-grown
And cr-would republic's crowning common-sense,
That's ved her many times, not fails, their fears
Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
That cast them, not these gloomier which forego
The darkness of that battle in the west,
Where all of high and holy dies away.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

MINING OPERATIONS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A short time ago there appeared in the advertising columns of the London Times the prospectus of "The Newfoundland Mining Company (Limited)." The capital of this company is stated to be £100,000 in 10,000 shares of £10 each. The purpose for which the company has been formed is announced to be the acquiring of the lease, plant and machinery of the La Manche lead mine, in Newfoundland, and the working of the same on an extensive scale. This was the earliest mine opened in this island, operations having been commenced in 1865. It is the property of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, who leased it to the company now working it for twenty-one years, at a royalty of five per cent., or one-twentieth of the gross output; and by the terms of the lease this company have the right to acquire the fee simple of the property within ten years for the sum of £27,000. There is no doubt about this being a very valuable property. Although but feebly worked, owing to the want of adequate capital, over 3,500 tons of galena have been taken from this mine, and sold at an average price of £12 12s. The new company propose not only to work that mine, but to devote £2,000 to an exploration of the country. Their prospectus states very truly that "promising indications and known geological conformation justify the belief that the mineral resources of the colony are very great." They propose to employ a working capital of £15,000 so as to raise 650 tons of ore monthly, the value of the ore being now £14 stg. per ton. The chairman of the company is Sir Alexander Malet, K.C.B. All this looks like business, and shows that Newfoundland is attracting the attention of mining capitalists, although few of its own people believe in anything but codfish. When La Manche mine was first opened Professor Shepherd, of the United States, a very high authority in mining matters, was sent to examine it. In his published report he said:—"I saw three thousand five hundred pounds of clean, pure galena thrown from the vein by a single blast. From my explorations, made with great care and circumspection, I feel confident that you may safely calculate on one hundred feet of the vein in depth, above water level, extending 1,200 feet inland at least. This will give 30,000 cubic feet of solid galena, which is a little more than seven times as heavy as the same bulk of water, which gives a product of upwards of thirteen millions of pounds, together with the additional chances of quadrupling that amount, by sinking below the sea-level and extending inland. The mining is the easiest thing imaginable." Professor Shepherd places it on a par with the greatest lead deposits in the United States, and adds:—"This mine is accessible not only by small boats, but even by the smaller class of ocean steamers." One sample he says was found to contain 83.64 of lead, 13.87 sulphur, and the remaining 2.49 parts consisted of silver, copper, zinc, carbonate of lime and silica. During 1849, the quantity of lead taken from this mine was 210 tons, valued at \$10,500: in

1870, 250 tons, valued at \$12,500. The mining staff employed during these years was a very small one.

COPPER MINE.

Our principal copper mine is that of Tilt Cove, a little south of Cape John, on the north-east coast. It was discovered in 1864 by Mr. Smith McKay. The value of geology in guiding to localities where mineral deposits may be discovered was strikingly exhibited in this case. Dr. Dawson, Principal of McGill College, Montreal, recommended Mr. McKay to examine the north-east part of this island, as, from the position of the serpentines, which in Canada are fruitful in copper, and their relations in Newfoundland, he was strongly of opinion that they would be found to hold copper ore. The divination of science in this case was verified by the discovery of a large and valuable deposit of copper ore at Tilt Cove. This mine yielded in 1868 eight thousand tons of copper ore, which sold for \$256,000. In 1869 a decline in the value of copper took place, and the works were not carried on so vigorously as before, the yield being 5,933 tons, value \$313,768. At this time, however, a fine vein of nickel was found intersecting the copper, from which, in two years, ore was taken which realized \$38,600. The copper ore is associated with the serpentine rock, the "strike" of which is apparently right through the island, from north-east to south-west. In all probability the copper mining region of the future will be in this direction, following the developments of the serpentine. The whole region around Tilt Cove is found to be more or less metalliferous, and numerous mining licenses have been taken out for localities along the coast. Within the last few months an English mining company have purchased Tilt Cove Mine for £150,000 sterling; and the works will probably be carried on in future on a very extensive scale.

NOTRE DAME MINING COMPANY.

Another copper mine is worked at Burton's Pond, south of Tilt Cove, by the "Notre Dame Mining Company," but as yet the returns have not been remunerative. Last year a skilled mining engineer, Mr. Hugh R. Fletcher, of Toronto, was employed by the company to examine and report on their property. His report is favourable as regards the prospects of the mine. He states that "the serpentine with which the ores of copper in this island seem uniformly to be associated is exceedingly well developed, and extends through the entire length of the property, from east to west. Steatite and chlorite, also mineral-bearing rocks, show in large masses and fragments, and no doubt underlie the serpentine here in the same order in which they occur in other localities. The mineral band is nearly two hundred feet wide, and is composed of a dark, chloritic slate, steatite, and diorite. The ore contained in these rocks is a yellow sulphuret of copper, and is deposited in the form of concretionary layers and bunches, usually following or conforming to the lines of stratification, but also occurring in veins or seams, forming various angles with the strike of the strata." "In both drifts the copper has frequently been cut off by the intrusion of diorite, and this may be expected to continue until the workings are carried beyond the immediate influence of the diorite. When this is done, more regular deposits of ore may be expected." Mr. Fletcher closes his report thus: "I strongly recommend that the explorations and mining operations be continued, and have great confidence that the mine will ultimately become a paying enterprise." The effect of this report will probably be to encourage the shareholders to prosecute operations, next season, on a more extended scale.

GOLD.

As yet no gold has been found in Newfoundland, but geologists expect that the rocks of the southern portion of the island, the peninsula of Avalon, will prove to be the equivalents of the auriferous strata of Nova Scotia. Should this expectation be realized, gold may be looked for in this region.

A METALLIFEROUS ZONE.

The geological survey which has been carried on for some years, under the able management of Alexander Murray, Esq., F.G.S., formerly one of Sir William Logan's assistants in Canada, has clearly established the existence of the Lauzon division of the Quebec group of rocks on an extensive scale, this being the great metalliferous zone of North America. Mr. Murray said, in one of his recent reports: "From the numerous indications presented at different parts of the island, and in different geological positions, of the presence of lead ore, we may fairly infer that it will, in process of time, become an important material among the economic resources of the country." Quite recently the discovery of a rich deposit of lead ore at Port-au-Port, on the western shore, has been reported. The block sent on here, as a specimen, was of the most promising description. In another report, Mr. Murray says: "There is a vast exposure of gypsum between Codroy Island and Codroy River, where it may be quarried to any extent, while the same material occurs in various parts of St. George's Bay."

MARBLES.

Besides the metallic ores and the more valuable substances, the island abounds in other materials of great importance. Marbles of almost every shade of colour have been produced, from various parts of the coast, on both the eastern and western shores. Indications of petroleum have been found at a few spots, while building stones, whetstones, greenstones and limestones are in ample profusion.

COAL.

There is a carboniferous region in the neighbourhood of St. George's Bay, where the existence of coal has been ascertained. The area of this coal field has not yet been carefully surveyed, but is known to be of considerable extent. One workable seam, discovered by Professor Jukes, was pronounced by him to contain excellent *cannel* coal, to be three feet thick, and to be apparently part of a larger seam. The spirit of enterprise albers among us; and, as yet, no borings have been made to ascertain the extent of this seam. From structural evidence alone, Mr. Murray concluded that, within the area, supposed to be underlain by this seam, there were 54,720,000 chaldrons of coal, much of it probably within workable depths.

ROOFING SLATE.

One other material this island is destined to supply, in rich abundance,—I refer to roofing-slate—the value of which, as a covering for houses, America is learning by the dearly purchased experience of burned towns. The whole of the great peninsula of Avalon is a fine-grained and very hard slate,

which in several localities possesses the quality of cleavage, fitting it for roofing houses. The best slate quarries yet opened are in Smith's Sound, and Random Island, Trinity Bay. The development here is very extensive, sufficient to supply half the continent of America, if duly worked; and the quality is declared, by good authority, to be equal to the best Welsh slate. The demand for these slates is as yet local and limited, and the works are carried on spasmodically and feebly. Mr. Murray says of them:—"Judging of the quality of the specimens which were brought from Smith's Sound, and the thickness of strata attributed to their place in the formation, together with their proximity to the sea, these slates, when fully developed, can hardly fail to prove of very considerable commercial importance."

Miscellaneous.

The death of Dr. Lushington was announced in a Swiss paper thus:—"Le Docteur Lushington a été condamné à mort d'après une décision de la cour d'Amirauté."

The following is the average of suicides in the four great cities of the world:—London, one in 175 deaths; Paris, one in 72; Vienna, one in 180; and New York, one in 712.

The Lord Mayor of London proposes to entertain the Mayors of every city and other corporate towns in England and Wales at a banquet at the Mansion House, to be held on Wednesday, the 26th inst.

One Captain Hughes, of South Australia, having the intent to do something beneficent, recently gave \$100,000 toward founding a university at Adelaide. The example has so far been contagious as to induce another peccunious captain to throw in his little mite of \$50,000.

The strike of the London gas-stokers has not altogether been unproductive of good. We learn that there is good reason to believe that at least one-half of the sentence passed on those strikers will be remitted, and that the Government will undertake to introduce a bill during the session amending and defining the law of conspiracy.

In a recent lecture Mr. Thomas Hughes expressed the opinion that trade unionism was, on the whole, a benefit to the nation, though he hoped to see the day when trade unions would have played their part, and become things of the past. He had looked for twenty years, and still looked, to "co-operative union" for the solution of the labour question.

A vast field of urns and lacustrine habitations has just been discovered near Lussowa (Pösen), in the slope to the lake. The number of the urns is stated at 10,000 (?), containing decayed bones or ashes. The water has been let off the lake, and eighty piles have been found. The communication between habitations and the land seems to have been established by a bridge laid over a line of piles, connecting the main group with the shore of the lake.

A singular sale is shortly to take place in Paris—that of the collection of M. Heindreich, the late principal executioner of France, who died some weeks ago. Monsieur de Paris, with a true love of his business, had gathered together every imaginable picture relating to capital punishment—a ghastly array of gibbets, guillotines, crosses, &c. Each picture has several annotations on the margin, and M. Heindreich, who ought to have been a *connaisseur* on the subject, has noted on an engraving of the Spanish *garrote*, that this is the most painful of all modes of execution.

Under the head "An Historical Parallel to Monte Christo," an extraordinary story has appeared in the *Times* of how six Communist prisoners escaped from the fortress of Port Louis, on the coast of Brittany. The statement is that the prisoners, by incessant labour for three months, contrived to slake shaft thirteen feet in depth, and then excavated a tunnel, by which they escaped on to the rocks at low water, having ascertained the times of the tides. Three hundred prisoners were in the fortress, and all were aware of what was going on, but the warden says the secret was never betrayed.

From London comes an interesting story of the intelligence and readiness displayed by a parrot, leading to the arrest and subsequent conviction of a burglar. The latter, who was nominally a baker, broke into the house of a Mr. Wyatt, and stole several articles, amongst them Mr. Wyatt's parrot "Sarah." The owner on discovering next morning the robbery of his house and the abduction of "Sarah" went forthwith to Mr. Jamrach's, the well-known dealer in wild and foreign animals, and mentioned the fact of his loss. While telling Mr. Jamrach that his parrot was called "Sarah," a parrot in the back shop overheard the conversation, and immediately joined in it, by repeating the word "Sarah" several times. Mr. Wyatt at once went to the bird and discovered that it was really his own "Sarah," and on further inquiry learned that it had been sold to Mr. Jamrach that morning by the prisoner, who had confidentially given his name and address. A detective thereupon went to the prisoner's house where he found the property stolen from Mr. Wyatt, together with the proceeds of several other robberies. The prisoner was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, and seven years' police supervision, and as there were three other indictments against him for burglary, and three previous convictions for the same offence in the course of the last five years, "Sarah" appears to have indirectly rendered a valuable service to the community.

PROPOSED ENGLISH VOLUNTEER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—We understand, says the *Court Journal*, that a number of the leading members of the Royal Geographical Society, including Admiral Richards and others, who have for many years taken a deep interest in Polar exploration, have been negotiating with the owners of the whaler screw-steamer "Arctic" with the view of obtaining the use of her for some months during the approaching season. It is the intention of those who desire to charter the vessel to send with her an experienced representative to make scientific observations. The fishing will be prosecuted by the crew of the "Arctic" as usual, but it is proposed that for one month during the most open part of the season a determined effort will be made to reach as far northward as possible from the view of making a complete investigation into the nature of the country. We understand that the Messrs. Stephens have been offered £5,000 as remuneration for her use to the extent indicated, and the probability is that an arrangement will be concluded. The proposal has originated, we may say, in consequence of the reputation Captain Adams has acquired in Arctic enterprise and discovery. Recently a very complimentary letter was received from Admiral Richards upon forwarding to him a copy of a chart disclosing new country which he in his last voyage had explored. He then found that there was a great deal of open water north of Melville Bay, and that he could have prosecuted a voyage in that direction to a very considerable extent. Of course the realization of the objects desired will depend mainly upon the state of the ice in the country, but should no serious impediment be interposed the likelihood is that the scheme may be attended with very important geographical results.

Our Illustrations.

THE "PYRAMUS" IN THE DOCKYARD, HALIFAX.

The "Pyramus" is an old teak-built Danish first-class 28-gun frigate that was captured with seven others by Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen. The eight vessels were quite new at the time, and lay on the stocks. They were launched by Nelson, fitted up with jury-masts, and sent to England. The "Pyramus" was sent some forty years ago to Halifax, where she now lies moored alongside one of the wharves, offering a strange contrast to the modern specimens of ship-building that surround her. The hulk has been used as an hospital for invalid men-of-war's men; also for the temporary accommodation of the crews of vessels refitting in the dock-yards.

SALMON RIVER, N. B.

Salmon River, one of the short and rapid streams of the hilly southern counties of New Brunswick, has in former years well earned its name by the abundance and fine quality of its salmon. Some forty years ago the forest was assailed by Joel Foster and others from Machias, Maine, and by lumbering, trading, fishing, building small vessels, and later by the cultivation of the soil, a steady, quiet progress has been made, till now, with increased facilities and larger means, the comfortable contentment of the past is somewhat disturbed by the invading hand of enterprise. An association styled the Alma Lumbering Company, composed of parties in New York and Machias, Maine, recently took up land in the neighbourhood, and availing themselves of the splendid water power of the river, erected a saw-mill with all modern improvements. They are now doing a large business. A handsome residence and store, with a boarding-house for the employes, have been erected. The employment by the company of over forty men and some seven or eight vessels, has given Alma quite a start.

THE QUEBEC STREET SCENES

form the second instalment of our series of sketches in the Ancient Capital. The first of these requires no comment. The second is essentially Lower Canadian. On the day after a heavy snow-storm our friend Johnny Crapaud, who forms the principal figure in the sketch, is set at work with some scores more of his kind to clear the streets. 'Ten hours' labour is insufficient to complete the Augean task, and as he ruefully surveys at the close of his day's labour the heap that awaits his attentions he piteously breaks out, "*Et jure que demain ça sera encore pareil, et rien à boire!*"

SNOW-SHOE RACING SCENES.

These graphic little sketches from our artist's note-book will be recognizable by all who are in the habit of attending snow-shoe races as depicting many of the incidents—ludicrous as well as picturesque—which characterize meetings of this kind in Canada.

The view of

THE NARROWS, ST. JOHN RIVER,

looking towards Indiantown, is from a sketch by Mr. C. J. Russell, St. John, N. B.

BARBER BROS.' PAPER MILLS, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

The brothers William, James, Joseph and Robert Barber, were born in the County of Antrim, Ireland, and arrived in this country with their father in 1822. After living two years at the old town of Niagara, the family removed to Crooks' Hollen, which at that time was the greatest manufacturing centre of the Western Province. Here the Hon. James Crooks, father of the present Atty. Gen. of Ontario, carried on the following works: a distillery, foundry, grist mill, oil mill, tannery, edge tool factory, woollen factory, saw mill, potashery, coopershop, and also worked a large farm. In 1826 he also erected the first paper mill for the Dominion of Canada, and received the sum of five hundred dollars from the Government for the first sheet of paper manufactured. At these works the brothers remained, William and Robert going into the woollen factory, James into the paper mill, and Joseph learning the wheelwright and building trade. Thirteen years of labour and saving supplied them with sufficient capital to start a small custom and one set carding mill in Georgetown, to which place they removed in 1837. Six years later an establishment of the same proportions was established at Streetsville, under Robert Barber and Benjamin Franklin, a brother-in-law. As the country grew so did each factory until the Georgetown one had too much machinery for its water-power, and the Streetsville one too much for its buildings. A new factory was erected at the latter place in 1852, and the machinery from both old mills placed into it, much new being also added.

After the removal of the woollen machinery from Georgetown in 1853, the building of the G. T. R. R. shewed that a paper mill might be carried on at that place successfully, and the first one was erected. The second followed in 1858, and since that time other erections for bleaching and working straw papers. The buildings are principally of stone: first mill, 60 x 100, two floors; second mill, 84 x 85, three floors; bleaching mill, 105 x 65, two and three floors. The machinery consists of one seventy-six, one sixty-two, and one fifty-four inch Fourdrinier paper machine, with all the necessary complementary machinery.

The number of hands employed is about sixty; consumption of rags, two tons per day; straw, two tons; chemicals, two hundred tons per year; and, about fifteen hundred cords of wood per year. The machinery is entirely driven by water, the force employed being estimated at 160 horse-power. The goods manufactured consist chiefly of news, book, envelope, and paper in rolls for paper hangings. The paper used by the Dominion and Ontario Governments is manufactured at these mills. This latter fact we presume is well known, the *Globe* having advertised both establishments gratis for some time previous to the Ontario elections last summer, in an attempt to defeat Mr. Wm. Barber, the member for Halton. The firm established in 1837 was dissolved in 1869, William Barber and Robert continuing the woollen business, James Barber in the paper business, and Joseph Barber and Benjamin Franklin retiring. No change was made in the business title of either firm.

THE VALLEY OF THE ETSCH, NEAR MERAN.

The lower reach of the valley of the Adige or Etsch from Toll to Botzen, on the Tyrol, is known to the Germans as Etschland. The broad expanse of this rich valley is crowded

with villages and hamlets, whose spires rise amidst the rich foliage of the chestnut and walnut, and are girded with vine-planted hills, beyond which rise higher mountains on either side. The vegetation of this valley is almost southern in its character, including the vine, almond, and peach trees, and Indian corn. The wealth of the inhabitants of this valley of the Etsch is derived from these luxuriant vineyards and orchards. The vines in this district are trained upon trellis-work, and sometimes overshadow the road in the picturesque way painters love to represent in Italian landscapes, though as a rule the Italian vines are trained on sticks like our hops, and have a decidedly scrubby appearance. This Etsch valley is dotted throughout with feudal castles in various states of preservation, as Schloss Tyrol, Leoben, and Griefenstein. Obermais, Untermais, and Schloss Neuberger are all places of resort for invalids during the winter months, and for tourists all the year round. The principal city of the district is Meran, which, from the exceptional mildness of its climate, has become a favourite winter resort for consumptive patients. It is much frequented for what is known as the whey cure in spring, and for the grape cure in autumn; but in summer it is very hot, and all who can leave the town for the hills. Meran is an ancient walled town standing on the Passerbach, and romantically situated at the junction of three of the most beautiful valleys of Tyrol. It was the ancient capital of the Duchy. Meran is a very small place, having only two principal streets, the Rennweg and the Laubengasse, which latter street takes its name from the Arcades or "Lauben" running under the overhanging upper stories of the houses on both sides, filled with shops and refreshment houses for the visitors. The Kelleramt or Remtamt in the Laubengasse is worth inspection. It was formerly the residence of the Counts of Meran when they visited their capital. The principal chamber still retains the frescoes with which it was originally decorated. The sacristy likewise contains some curious old mural paintings, by the earliest of the Tyrolean painters, Christopher de Meran, representing the wedding of Margaret, surnamed the Wide-mouthed, through whose marriage with an Austrian prince the district of Meran passed from its original possessors. The parish church of Meran is an interesting old building, dating from 1355, and having some curious monuments on its outer walls. The tower of this church is said to be the highest in Tyrol. Meran has suffered severely from the ungovernable irruptions of the Passerbach, the river on which it stands; in consequence of which a dyke of massive masonry, called "die Wassermauer," has been constructed to endeavour if possible to protect the town from future injury. This wall is planted with poplars and willows, and from the beginning of April is the fashionable promenade of Meran, where people scrutinize toilettes, "just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," as in more frequented places. The environs of Meran, made up as they are of fertile vale and hills "renowned in story," afford scope for many and delightful excursions. These, however, are less suited to the invalid visiting Meran in search of health than to the ordinary tourist, as they must as a rule be made on foot or horseback, the routes not admitting of wheel carriages.

For our illustration, and for the above remarks, we are indebted to the *Queen*.

A CONSTANTINOPLE BELLE.

A most important element in the strangeness of aspect offered by the locality (of Constantinople), says a writer in the *Queen*—who is also the artist of the portrait we reproduce—is the absence, or rather the invisibility, of the female "face divine." In most other Mahometan cities a large proportion of the women belong to tribes who do not cover their faces; but in Constantinople every woman, of whatever age or rank, hides her visage behind the six inches of cotton termed the yasmak. Not that any feeling of propriety or even the most sensitive Turkish lady would seem to be involved in this concealment, as they, in common with their face-covering sisters in the Arabian desert, in Barbary, and elsewhere, have no objection to uncover their features, but then they must not do it in public, and they must be permitted their hearty laugh during the exhibition. About her feet a Turkish lady would seem to have no qualms, as she may at any time be seen buying slippers at the bazaar and thrusting her unstocked extremity into one gold-embroidered covering after another till she is suited; nor will she betray the slightest objection to the gaze which perhaps some wandering and unsophisticated Frank directs on the operation, though he is likely to be dismissed from the stall by the "marchand" with by no means complimentary remarks on his mother, sisters, and other female relatives.

A Turkish lady's slippers are worn more for ornament than use, and she oftener than not carries them in her hand, as seen in our illustration; but it is not to be hence inferred that she is for the moment barefooted. She generally wears long, yellow-legged boots, something like Wellington boots, only not neatly made; for, let her foot be formed after the most perfect model, she takes no care to display it, but wears the clumsiest-shaped chausure, generally two or three sizes too large. Over these she wears the embroidered slippers, which, having no heels, are difficult to keep in position; consequently, to prevent them falling off, she is compelled to adopt a peculiarity of gait in walking, anything but conducive to ease or grace of locomotion.

I had established my studio in a room looking over a courtyard in Pera (the Frankish quarter). One of my windows looked on an old cemetery, the other upon a house on the further side of the quadrangle. My sole attendant was a brown-skinned boy, rather scantily garmented, who kept my place in order, stole anything left about, made the lowest of salaams to my face, and despatched me incontinently to "Sheitan" immediately he thought I was out of hearing.

I had settled myself to my work for some two or three weeks, painting swarthy Arabs, and such picturesque examples of Oriental humanity as struck me in the bazaars, and who could be induced to sit: no easy thing, by-the-by, as all Orientals entertain the belief that they are ever after in your power—from a magic point of view—if you once possess yourself of their likeness. I had, of course, made repeated endeavours to procure female models, but without effect; and, being informed by other artists of the difficulties in the way, I had almost given up the attempt as futile. I entertained some hopes, however, connected with the window of the opposite house. As I painted close to my own, in order to get as much light as possible, I, or rather my doings, had excited some interest in my opposite neighbour's, and on looking round suddenly I could often catch a glimpse of a yasmak-

covered face peeping furtively, and withdrawn instantly I looked in that direction. After a time I ventured to make an obeisance to my unknown *vis-à-vis*, a proceeding that was met by a light peal of merry laughter, which at first I considered to have been excited by some piece of absurdity on my part; but I afterwards learnt that it was only the lady's mode of announcing her presence, and that it was to be considered somewhat in the light of a salutation. After this occurrence her visits to the window became more frequent, and she would remain for half an hour at a time watching my operations. Having consulted with an artist more *au fait* in Oriental customs than myself, it was suggested that I should send the lady a box of bonbons. Turkish women will eat sweetmeats by the hour; so the box must be a large one, and a handsome one too, or the chance was that it would be thrown into the road, after severe objurgations on the bearer. The plan succeeded to admiration, as they were duly accepted and eaten, the latter operation being performed not only at the window, but with the yasmak removed, affording a complete view of the lady's visage. My difficulties, however, were not quite at an end. The lady had, or pretended to have, a decided objection to being painted, and if I directed my gaze towards her too intently she instantly absented herself. I managed, however, by pretending to work on a larger picture, and by keeping a small canvas on my easel at the same time, to do what I required, and, with the aid of another box of bonbons, to obtain the material for the illustration given in these pages.

Dramatic Notes.

Mr. Byron is writing two new plays.

It is rumoured that Lucca is to visit Havana.

Harry Lindley's troupe opened at Kingston on Tuesday week. Miss Neilson reappears at Booth's Theatre on the 12th of May.

Offenbach is setting Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" to music.

An English version of "Rabagas" is about to be produced in London.

The Toronto Academy of Music was to have opened on Tuesday last.

Mdme. Camilla Urso has been singing at the Brooklyn Philharmonic.

Fifty-one new operas were produced in Italy in 1872. Of these forty-nine were failures.

Mdme. Parepa-Rosa is negotiating for the right of reproducing Balfe's last opera, "The Talisman," in the States.

M. Dumas fils is good enough to announce that he never intends to write a play again. He probably means till next time.

It seems likely that there will be a short season of Italian opera in the spring at the New York Academy, with Mario as tenor.

Mr. Bateman, we are told, has concluded to come over from London to this continent next autumn with various theatrical attractions.

The *Völk's Zeitung* says that Pauline Lucca has just paid the management of the Berlin Opera *Seventy* (nearly £1,200) for breaking her engagement.

Gounod is said to be engaged on a new work for the Royal Italian Opera, London, to be produced during the season of 1874, with Patti in the leading role.

A musical curiosity in the shape of a ballad by Mozart has been unearthed in Paris. It is entitled "Les Petits Riens," and has lain *perdu* for nearly a century.

Before her next stay in England Mdme. Nilsson will sing in Brussels and other Belgian towns. During her engagement at Her Majesty's Opera it is probable that Thomas' "Mignon" will be revived.

Mdme. Patti makes her *réentrée* at the Royal Italian Opera, London, in April. She has concluded a new engagement for two years, by the terms of which she is to receive £200 per night, with the privilege of choosing her own repertory.

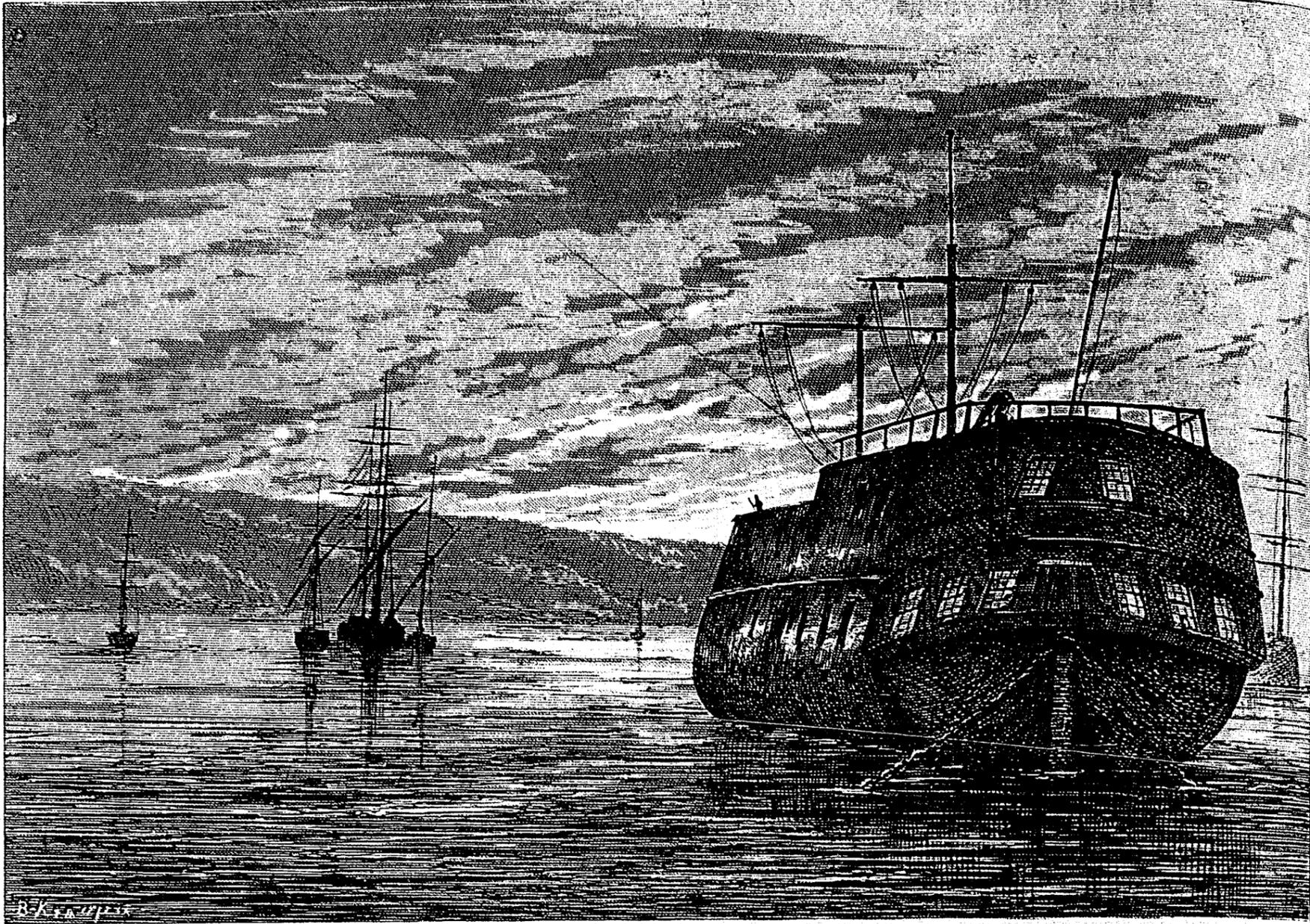
Mr. Sothorn has been meeting with great success as "David Garrick" at Wallack's. He is to be in California in June and July, and in Australia in September and October. He will then return to the United States, where he will probably remain throughout 1874.

At the Brighton Musical Festival, this month, Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir Michael Costa, and Sir Julius Benedict will each conduct a composition of his own. A new cantata on Longfellow's "Evangeline," by Miss Virginia Gabriel, will be among the novelties produced during the festival.

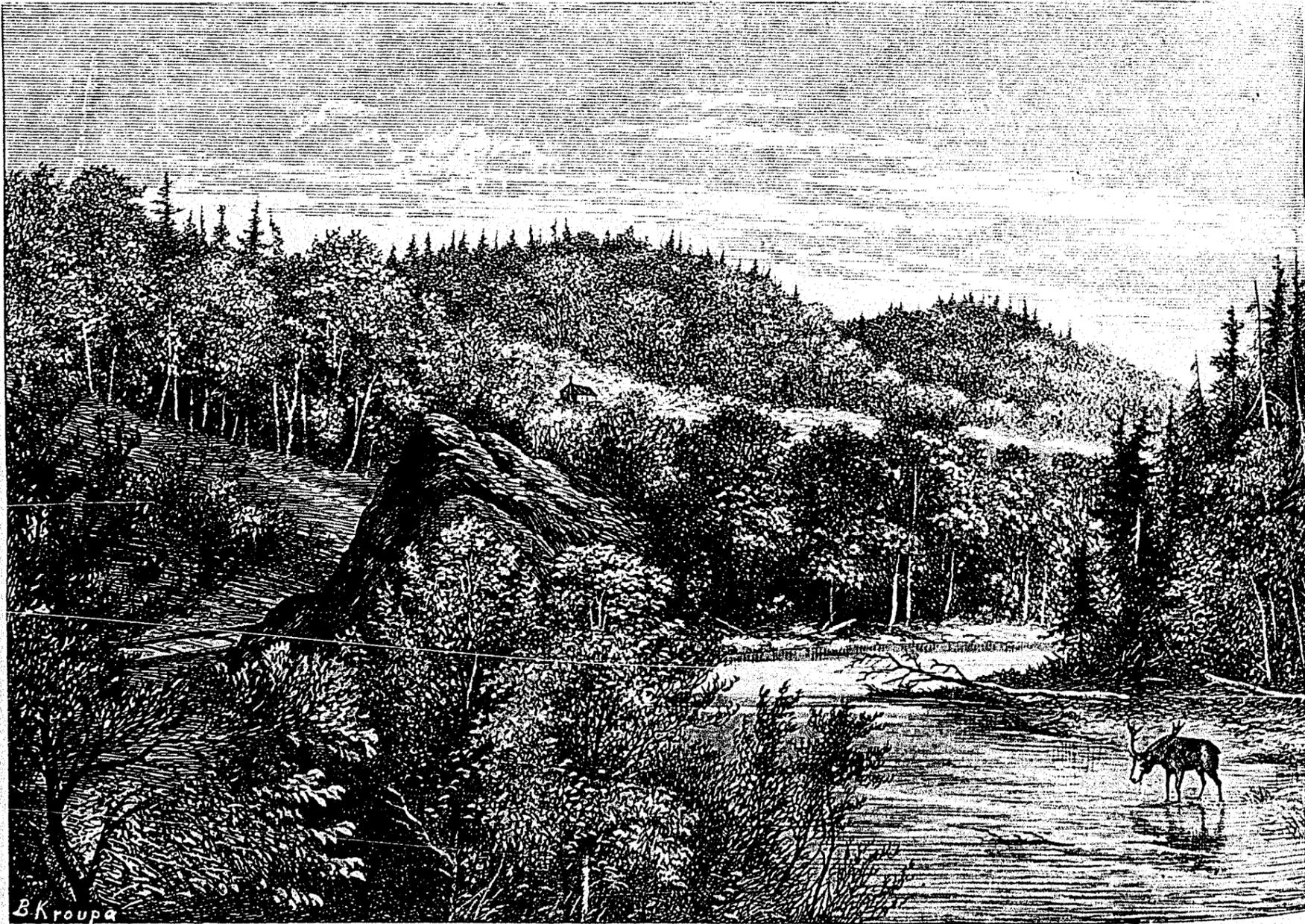
A Paris correspondent argues that a married woman on the stage exercises less magnetism over an audience than a single woman does; that the fact that she belongs to another, that her brightest glances, sweetest smiles, and most musical tones are for him, unconsciously diminishes her influence, and states in illustration that there were offered in Paris what were called Christine Nilsson watches, which had a great sale, but when she took a husband their demand so sensibly diminished that the proprietor changed their name.

TORONTO NEW ROYAL LYCEUM.—Mr. Vining Bowers has been fulfilling an engagement at Toronto this week, and has been well received. On Monday evening Mr. J. M. Leonard, the popular treasurer, had his benefit, and received a bumper, the house being packed in every part. The piece selected was the *Océan*, Mr. Bowers taking the part of "Salem Scudder," which was well rendered, as in fact were all the parts by the different members of the company. In addition several songs, &c., were given by Mr. and Miss Tannehill, Mr. Vernon, &c., &c. At the close of the performance Mr. Leonard was presented with a valuable ring, as a token of the esteem in which he is held by his associates at the Theatre. Next week Messrs. Farron and Baker are engaged to appear.

MONTREAL THEATRE ROYAL.—The Holman troupe have had a most successful week. On Monday "Inshavogue" was produced, in which Mr. Den Thompson had full scope for his admirable representations of Irish character. Tuesday night was set apart for Mrs. Holman's benefit, with "La Grande Duchesse" as the *pièce de résistance*, followed by the *Miserere* scene from "Il Trovatore," and a farce to close with. The house was of course crowded from floor to ceiling. The singing and acting of Miss Sallie Holman, Brandisi as Fritz, Peakes as General Boum, and Messrs. Holman and Barton as Baron Puck and Prince Paul, was in every way worthy of the occasion. The trio from the *Trovatore* brought down the house. As a success Mrs. Holman's benefit has been unsurpassed during the season. On Wednesday "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was produced—little Emily receiving as usual, her full share of the applause—and on Thursday "The Lancashire Lass," with Miss Sallie Holman as Ruth Kirby.



THE OLD FRIGATE "PYRAMUS," IN HALIFAX HARBOUR.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.



SALMON RIVER, N. B.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. R.

QUEBEC SKETCHES.—BY J. PRANISHNIKOFF.



No. 2.—He.—I HAD THE PLEASURE OF BEING INTRODUCED TO YOU AT—
She.— ? ! ? ! ? !



No. 3.—"ET DIRE QUE DEMAIN ÇA SERA ENCORE PAREIL! ET RIEN À BOIRE!!"

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by
THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Feb. 17, 1873.

Mean Temp. 7 A. M. 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M. 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direc- tion of Wind.	State of Weather.
Feb. 12 9.3	19.0	6.5	76	30.08	N. E.	Clear.
13 5.2	16.0	-6.0	80	30.24	N. E.	Clear.
14 6.3	11.5	-4.5	75	30.38	N. E.	Clear.
15 16.0	24.0	1.0	78	30.47	N. E.	Clear.
16 17.0	23.0	3.5	81	30.14	N. E.	Cloudy.
17 23.5	39.0	14.5	80	30.10	Vari.	Clear.

ALMANAC OR KALENDAR.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

	Toronto.	Montreal.	Quebec.	Halifax.	St. Johns. N. F.
Sun Rises	6.55	7.00	7.00	6.58	7.06
Sun Sets	5.24	5.28	5.28	5.31	5.24
Third Quarter of the Moon on the 20th.	6.5 a.m.	6.20 a.m.	6.35 a.m.	7.09 a.m.	7.06 a.m.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY.
MARCH 8th, 1873.

SUNDAY, March 2.	—First Sunday in Lent. Wesley died, 1791. Horace Walpole died, 1797. Rabini died, 1854.
MONDAY, " 3.	—Waller born, 1835. Otway born, 1631. W. C. Macready born, 1793. Battle of Point au Peleu, 1838.
TUESDAY, " 4.	—First American Congress, 1788. Lincoln elected President U. S., 1861. Scott murdered at Fort Garry, 1870.
WEDNESDAY, " 5.	—Correggio died, 1534. Dr. Arne died, 1778. Volta died, 1827.
THURSDAY, " 6.	—Michael Angelo born, 1474. Guiccardini born, 1481. Bishop Atterbury born, 1662. York changed to Toronto, 1841. Catholic Eccle.-diastical Council at Quebec, 1838.
FRIDAY, " 7.	—De Monts sailed for Canada, 1604. Smith O'Brien pardoned, 1854.
SATURDAY, March 8.	—Layard born, 1817. Jekyll died, 1837.

OUR CHROMO.

Owing to the large number of copies of the Chromo now being printed the delivery to subscribers has been unavoidably delayed. We are printing in three tints more than we originally intended, and are thus necessarily somewhat behind. The work is being proceeded with with the utmost diligence, and our subscribers may expect the delivery at an early date.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND
MECHANICS MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS.

The undersigned has the honour to announce that he has been entrusted by the Honourable Commissioner of Patents for the Dominion of Canada, with the publication of the OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE PATENT OFFICE, to be illustrated by diagrams of all the patents susceptible of illustration. This Official Record will be published Monthly, and will be combined with letter-press and illustrations selected from the best English and foreign scientific papers, thus not only placing before the public of the Dominion the products of native genius and industry, but also keeping them posted on the progress of Science and Mechanics in other countries. Inventors will thus know in what direction to apply their ideas. Mechanics will note the advance in labour-saving appliances, and the improvement in tools. Manufacturers will be prevented from employing obsolete methods, while new machinery and modes of operation are in use elsewhere. Builders and contractors will know where to apply for all the latest productions in their line combining economy, beauty, and utility. Chemists and Druggists will be saved useless search for compounds already invented by others, and be told where to get the most recently discovered curative remedies and toilet requisites. Farmers will see every new agricultural implement illustrated and described. In a word there is not a scientific, industrial, mechanical, or commercial pursuit that will not be benefited by this publication. It is therefore expected that a very large circulation will take place among all classes, and the price is fixed correspondingly low.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE will be published once a month. The official portion will cover from 16 to 32 pages, comprising from 100 to 240 patent claims, specifications and diagrams. As the publication will commence with the patents issued under the new Act, which came into operation September 1st, 1872, the first four issues will contain 240 patents each, and each successive number will contain the patents issued during the preceding month.

The unofficial portion, or MECHANICS MAGAZINE, will give in each number 32 pages of carefully selected articles and items, gleaned from the very best foreign technical papers. Every branch of Engineering, Mechanics, and Manufactures will be treated, especially such as have a practical application in Canada. For instance, Railways, Shipbuilding, Lumbering, Mining, Architecture, Machinery, Cabinet-making, and the manufacture of Cloth, Linen, Cotton, Paper, Tobacco, and other articles of Home Industry. Practical Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Natural Philosophy, will also receive attention. Original articles will be contributed by distinguished Canadian scientists, engineers and manufacturers, and the whole will be profusely illustrated.

The subscription price of the CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE is fixed at ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, invariably in advance. Single numbers will be sold at 15 cents. Appropriate advertisements will be inserted at 10 cents per line for each insertion.

The first issue will be dated 1st March, 1873, and will be distributed about the 25th instant.

Address: GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
PUBLISHER, MONTREAL.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

The next number of the News will contain a double-page copy of a steel engraving entitled

ANDROMACHE,

after the painting by Guérin.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873.

WEDNESDAY next is the day appointed for the reassembling of the Dominion Legislature, and the inauguration of a session which has been looked forward to ever since the general election of last year with much interest and not a little curiosity as to its results. The situation is very much such as has been portrayed by our artist in this week's cartoon. There can be no doubt that a battle royal is in preparation, and that a very few days will elapse after the opening when the conflict will commence in good earnest. Ministerialists and Oppositionists are alike hopeful of the success of their party. The elections in Ontario have resulted entirely in favour of the latter, and the consequence is a cherished and widely-boasted expectation on their part of the defeat of the present Government, and the assumption by the Reform Party of the reins of the State. On the other side the supporters of the Ministry are equally confident of the success of their own party. As matters now stand Rumour may well be doubtful as to whether Macdonald will defeat Mackenzie, or Mackenzie overturn Macdonald. Whichever way the victory goes one thing is certain, the majority obtained by the victorious side will be but a small one. An additional feature of interest is given to the coming session by the recent changes in the personnel of the Ministry. Sir Francis Hincks has resigned, and his position as Finance Minister has been assumed by the Hon. Mr. Tilley, who is in turn succeeded as Minister of Customs by Dr. Tupper, while Mr. O'Connor takes the Inland Revenue, and Mr. Robitaille the Receiver-Generalship. The greatest regret is on all sides expressed at the retirement of Sir Francis Hincks. As an old and experienced Canadian statesman he has in great measure identified himself with the history of the country. Since his return to Canada and to office he has had in his position as Finance Minister many difficult problems to deal with. But he has triumphed over all the obstacles in his path, and the management of the department under his charge has been characterized throughout by boldness, vigour, and well-merited success. He has left the Treasury in a most prosperous condition, and there is every reason to believe that under the new administration it will flourish as under the old. Mr. Tilley has enjoyed long financial experience in his own Province, New Brunswick, where he held for some years the position of Financial Secretary, and in Dr. Tupper he has a coadjutor of the highest ability.

A recent article in the *Times*, in which that "leader of public opinion in England" reiterates its advice to Canada to sever its connection with Great Britain, and affectionately urges us to take up our freedom as our days of apprenticeship are over, has, we learn, "been met in England by a storm of indignant remarks." The *Morning Post*, the *Standard*, the *Telegraph*, and the other leading daily journals, have been administering to their greater brother a sound scolding on the impropriety of constituting itself the exponent of the feeling of the nation in this matter; while the *Saturday Review*, in its usually happy style, has held up to the brightest glare of ridicule the absurd pretensions of the *Times*. In this country the remarks of the Thunderer have decidedly created a stir, and given rise to much indignant protest, and not a little complaint. Hardly a day passes but we come across an editorial in one paper or another in which the writer either vehemently repudiates the gratuitous advice of the *Times*, or bewails the falling off in the British spirit which prompts such a suggestion as that of the breaking up of the colonial connection. For our part we fail to see that there exists so much ground for either complaint or protest as some of our writers either do, or affect to, believe. We are convinced that the large majority, if not the whole body, of Englishmen, firmly believe in Canadian loyalty. Of its existence they have had sufficient proof. We know that the desire for the severance of colonial connection is not generally shared in the old country. And in this matter—and not in this alone—we must respectfully decline to admit that the *Times* represents the will of the people. Believing this, we fail to see any reason for the outcry that has been made. England wishes to retain Canada; Canada wishes to be retained by England. While this is the case, the *Times* may cry out for separation as loud as it will, without altering to any perceptible degree the public wish. And as for us, we can afford to look upon its outcries and its advice with the same good-humoured contempt which inspired the labourer in the story who, on being condoled with on his wife's ill-temper, philosophically replied, "Oh, it amuses her, and it don't hurt I!" There is one feature, however, in the *Times* article which cannot be allowed to pass without remark. The charming simplicity, not to say ignorance, displayed as to matters respect-

ing Canada, is, to say the least, decidedly unworthy of a journal that pretends to be the leader of public thought. We should like to know where the *Times* got the information imparted in the following lines: "There are in Canada elements to form a great people, and the danger is that comparatively nothing will be made of them. Look at the French Canadians, and consider the energy their ancestors had when they swarmed out of Normandy and Brittany to settle along the St. Lawrence. What are they now? They are the most amiable people on the American Continent, but a state of pupillage has reduced their higher capacities to something little removed from the standard of a native Indian." Where on earth did the writer get his idea of the standard of the French Canadian? It looks suspiciously as though it had been evolved from his own inner consciousness. Is the *Times* aware that much of the prosperity of Canada is due to these same French Canadians whose higher capacities have been reduced to something little removed from the standard of a native Indian? that they occupy high and honoured places in our legislative halls? that they swell in no small degree the ranks of our Canadian authors? that our learned professions are proud of them as members? It would be well for the *Times* writer and his fellows, before attempting to lay down the law, to get up a little information on this subject. *Disce qui didicet* is a motto decidedly applicable to their case.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D.

The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, one of the most celebrated divines and pulpit-orators of the Presbyterian Church in the United Kingdom. The deceased was born in 1806 at Brechin, Forfarshire, where his father was an influential merchant and banker. He studied at Edinburgh for the Church of Scotland, and having received his license to preach proceeded to Paris, where for some time he followed the medical course, his object being to acquire sufficient therapeutic knowledge to enable him to assist the sick poor in his future parish. On his return he spent some time in his father's banking house, and finally in 1839 was ordained and received the charge of the parish of Arbilot, in his native county. He was subsequently called to Edinburgh and was attached to the collegiate church of Old Greyfriars. Here he attained such popularity that a church was built especially for him and a new parish constituted, of which he took charge in 1849. It was here, as the pastor of St. John's, that Dr. Guthrie connected his name with the Ragged School movement, and won by his fervent appeals and his strenuous exertions on behalf of the destitute and homeless children of the Scottish capital his highest title to the esteem of his fellow-men. To him was in great measure due the establishment of the Edinburgh Original Ragged or Industrial School. In church matters Dr. Guthrie took a prominent part, and his name is connected with those of Chalmers, Candlish, and Cunningham in the Non-intrusion Controversy and the other questions which led to the establishment, in 1843, of the Free Church. In literature he also achieved honourable distinction, and for some years past has been well-known as the editor of the *Sunday Magazine*. His fame as a pulpit-orator is widely spread abroad. Wherever he preached the church was invariably crowded to overflowing. Of late years, however, owing to the bad state of his health he had been compelled to give up regular pulpit duty, and when last heard from he was recruiting his failing forces at an English watering-place.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Atlantic* opens with another of James Parton's papers on Jefferson—a series of wide interest beyond the mere country of which Jefferson was a citizen. We trust to see these papers reproduced at some future day in more enduring form. This is followed by a story of art at Florence, of a poor, half-crazed, American painter, who fancies he is to reproduce the Madonna of the future, which shall be worthy to rank side by side with "the most tenderly fair of Raphael's Virgins, the Madonna in the Chair." Of course the poor fellow's hopes are never realized, and he dies on awakening from the cherished dream. Another instalment of the Robert Owen series is given retelling further of the experiences of the writer's father at New Lanark. Perhaps the most remarkable paper in this number is that by Edward Spencer, entitled "A Good Word for Quacks," in which the writer argues that imagination is of more effect in healing than the mere exhibition of drugs. Without agreeing with him to any great extent, we admit that he makes one or two excellent points, and he has certainly succeeded in investing his subject with considerable interest. Of course we expect to see the matter taken up by the medical journals. While speaking of medical matters we must notice the article on Life Under Glass, advocating the establishment of sanatoria on the hot-house system for the accommodation and treatment of invalids during the winter months. The idea is not a new one, and has, we believe, been already experimented on, though with but indifferent success, in England. Celia Thaxter's "Heartbreak Hill," and Bayard Taylor's "John Reed's Thoughts," are especially deserving of mention. The latter is a real gem. Its burden is briefly given in the fifth stanza, on the "something" that "comes in the spring."

It's the hankering after a life that you never have learned to know;
It's the discontent with a life that is always thus and so;
It's the wondering what we are, and where we are going to go.

The most valuable article in the current number of *Lippincott's* is unquestionably that on Cuba, in which the writer succinctly and clearly relates the causes and the history of the revolution. Of course it advocates the annexation of the island. Unless it did so, we fear it would fall flat upon the American reading public. It contains, however, much information of value, and is especially valuable as giving a comprehensible *résumé* of Cuban history during the last few years. An amusing paper on "Unsettled Points of Etiquette" offers some very sensible suggestions for the remedy of what have hitherto been looked upon as unavoidable social difficulties. "The Roumi in Kabylia" is the title of an interesting description (to be continued) of a tour in modern Algeria. Charles Warren Stoddard tells a sad story of suffering at sea in his "Cradle of the Deep." Caroline Cheseboro's quaint story, "Probationer Leonhard," is completed in this number, which inaugurates a new story by William Black. This author's last book, "The Strange Adventures of a Phacton," met with immense success, and to all appearances his new story, "A Princess of Thule," will not be behind. "Chateaubriand's Ducks" is a charming sketch of an incident in the later career of this famous statesman and author. In a paper on "The National Trans-Alleghany Water-Way," Professor Thompson B. Maury gives a history of the progress of the undertaking, which originated with Thomas Jefferson, of connecting the waters of the Mississippi with the Atlantic Ocean, and thus establishing direct water communication between Omaha and the ports of Europe. "The Hermit's Vigil" is an admirable versified legend by Margaret J. Preston, a writer whose poems are well known and highly appreciated among American magazine readers.

The March number of *Scribner's* contains several features of importance. Not the least among these is a paper on Napoleon II., King of Rome and Duke of Reichstadt. A chatty article on Folk-Life in Germany will be read with interest; and Augustus Blauvelt's remarkable essay on "Christ's Miracles Scientifically Considered," will at least have the effect of provoking discussion. There is, too, an anonymous article on the late G. P. Putnam, which will be read with avidity by members of the literary world. The papers on "Life in the Diamond Diggings," and "Prof. Morse and the Telegraph," though possessing merit of their own, lose much of their value from the fact that these are subjects that have of late been pretty well overdone. The "Bridge of Neuilly" is a short sketch of the last days of the Commune, coming rather late in the day, and containing no new information. "The Woman Who Saved Me," and "The Ghost Who Made Himself Useful," with the usual instalment of "Arthur Bonnicastle," complete the Fiction Department. George Macdonald contributes another translation from the German of *Novalis*.

Every Saturday is unchangeably good. The selections are all that can be desired, and this fact, combined with the handy form of the sheet, the irreproachable excellence of the type-work and printing, should make it a favourite publication. No one of our exchanges is more acceptable than *Every Saturday*.

To-Day is prospering as it should do under the editorial management of Dr. Dio Lewis. On the first appearance of this periodical we predicted for it unbounded success, and we are happy to learn that our predictions have been entirely realized. It is essentially a popular paper for the home; the health hints it contains are by no means the least of its many attractions.

NEW BOOKS.

How Will It End? A Romance. By J. C. Heywood, Author of "Herodias," &c., &c. New Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Mr. Heywood is a well-known member of the New York Bar, who has achieved a considerable literary reputation on this continent by his dramatic trilogy on the story of Salome, the daughter of Herodias—a work which has received the warmest encomiums of the United States Press. As a dramatist he undoubtedly possesses great powers. As a novel-writer we cannot allow that he is a success, and can only lament that he has not confined himself to the province he has hitherto adorned. It is not given to many men to excel in three such important walks as oratory, the drama, and fiction. In two of these Mr. Heywood has won distinction, and he might, for his own sake, have been content to let well alone. "How Will It End?" is a story of the American Civil War, very far from being devoid of interest,—a story which in the hands of an experienced novelist could not have failed to make its mark. The plot is not without merit, the characters are drawn with some skill, but the narrative is prolonged with lengthy dialogue and needless dilation upon minor incidents in a manner that must infallibly weary, if it does not exasperate, the patient reader. It is throughout characterized by a dramatic style—in some parts waxing, in the middle of passages of intense pathos, absolutely ludicrous, and irresistibly reminding one of the melodrama as produced on the London transpontine stage. It is throughout a love story—in fact a double-barrelled love story, for there are two sets of lovers. There is a secret marriage, a "wandering heir" (whose father refused to recognize him that he might consummate a marriage with "a high-born lady, whose dower was" by some unaccountable process "an earldom"); a villain in the person of the Hon. Pestifog Clapperdong, politician; a mysterious lady-mother, and finally a noble gray-haired father to pronounce the inevitable blessing upon his children, just before the curtain falls. Of the stage, stagey, is the verdict we must return on Mr. Heywood's romance.

The Mother's Work with Sick Children. By Prof. J. B. Fossagrives. Translated from the Fourth Paris Edition—by F. P. Foster, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is another of the Messrs. Putnam's valuable Handy-Work Series, to which we have already more than once had occasion to refer in terms of the highest praise. The present volume is one which needs little or no recommendation. The name of the author, and that of the translator—a New York physician—are sufficient guarantees of the correctness of the advice given in its pages. To the large majority of text-books on medicine for home use we decidedly object, not only as be-

ing frequently carelessly compiled and too often incorrect, but more especially as possessing objectionable features which cannot fail to diminish the feeling of confidence and trust which should always exist between physician and patient. The absence of such features in the work before us is a fact that we remark with much pleasure, and recommend to the notice of members of the medical profession throughout the Dominion. Mothers will find the work invaluable, and many an hour of care and anxiety will be saved by following the simple, practical advice to be found in its pages. Of the few medical terms employed a full explanation is given in the glossary at the end of the book.

SANTO DOMINGO, PAST AND PRESENT; with a glance at Hayti. By Samuel Hazard, author of "Cuba, with Pen and Pencil." New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Illustrated. Cloth, 8vo. pp. 311. Price, \$1.50.

This is decidedly one of the most useful as well as most entertaining books lately published. So little is known about Santo Domingo and the adjoining Republic of Hayti that information of any kind will prove acceptable. Mr. Hazard has certainly accomplished his task with great credit to himself. His book is not only entertaining, it is in the highest degree instructive—a book that no one can read without learning something new and profitable. He treats his subject in the most exhaustive manner. Beginning with Santo Domingo, which he visited in the early part of 1871, at the time of the stay of the United States Annexation Commissioners, he recounts in easy attractive language the early history of the island from the time of its discovery by Columbus. A preliminary chapter has already made the reader sufficiently acquainted with the geography of the country to follow his Mentor. Breaking off at the separation of Dominica from Hayti in 1844, the writer goes on to relate his own experiences in the island, taking up further on the respective histories of the Republics of Dominica and Hayti. Much information is given respecting the natural resources of the island—not, of course, forgetting the Samana peninsula. The account of the author's travels, both along the coast, and across the country, is given pleasantly and without any of that assumption of superiority which travelled authors are too prone to put on before their readers. Throughout the whole book he is natural, and we part with him with regret at leaving a companion at once so entertaining and so instructive. The book is profusely illustrated with engravings of a superior class, and contains a fair sized map of the Island of Santo Domingo, compiled from the Dominican official map, published in 1853.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

13. "Dup."—
"And dapped the chamber-door."

The word "dup" is, I think, composed of the words *do up*, and in this passage means to raise up the latch.

Montreal. J. P. F.

14. BEAVER HALL.—SIR,—In reply to Query 14 I would say that Beaver Hall derives its name from a building which formerly stood at the head of the hill, and which was the residence of one of the old fur magnates, who named it quite naturally "Beaver Hall." This building was, I believe, removed to another site close by, and was finally destroyed by fire.

17. AN OLD HOUSE.—The old house near the Water-wheel (mentioned by your correspondent "Sciolus"), is the old "Gregory mansion, the residence of the proprietor of the farm still known as Gregory's farm."

THE ORIGIN OF "JOHN BELL."—Dean Swift is responsible for bestowing this name upon the typical Englishman. In his History of Europe he satirizes England under that name, Austria under that of Esquire South, and France under the name of Louis Baboon.

SEE NAPLES AND DIE.—This saying has been quoted over and over again, by enthusiastic tourists who have visited the magnificent bay of Naples, the promontory of Pausilippe and the fairy islands of Procida and Caprea. And yet it is founded on a misconception. The Italian proverb is *Veder Napoli et Mori*, a lovely spot near the city of Virgil.

IGNOLEE, (Vol. VII. No. 7).—A correspondent of the *N. Y. World*, cited in a late number of the *News*, goes as far back as the Druids, in accounting for the Canadian custom of chaunting at farm doors on the eve of Christmas. He may be right, but Frenchmen themselves generally regard the *Noël* as little more than a corrupt diminutive of *Noël*, the Christmas songs once so popular in Europe and still preserved in Bretagne and Normandy.

"SUZERAIN" AND "SOVEREIGN."—I have frequently remarked that these two terms are frequently employed as though they were convertible. It may be worth remarking that they are entirely distinct. As Charles Butler says, in his Revolution of the German Empire, "the King was called the Sovereign Lord; his immediate vassal was called the Suzereign; and the tenants holding of him were called the arriere vassals." To give a modern example, the Sultan is the Sovereign, and the Khedivé the Suzereign.

THE OLD FRENCH RECORDS.—MR. EDITOR,—The public spirit displayed by the State of New York in publishing its immense collection of Colonial records and the archives relating to the French missionaries among the Five Nations, is about to receive a fresh impulse by the publication of the Dutch papers particularly relating to Manhattan Island and vicinity. I believe there is no publication in Canada better entitled than yours to urge upon the Dominion Government the necessity of doing a similar work for the invaluable mass of manuscript lying *perdu* in the different libraries of the Provinces, illustrative of the history of New France. I am of opinion that an editorial appeal from you would go far towards awaking the Government to a sense of its duty in this respect.

QUERY.

THE DEVICE OF THE CANADIAN PAPAL ZOUAVES.—The motto on the banner of the Canadian Pontifical Zouaves—*Aime Dieu et ton chemin*—has been much admired for its pithiness. It is generally supposed to have been uttered by a French volunteer in the service of the Pope. But such is not the fact. It comes from a young Englishman, named Watts Russell, who shed his blood among the vineyards of Mentana. In a pocket-book found upon him, after the battle, were these words:

"Anima mia, Anima mia,
Ama Dio e tira via."

The sentiment is the same, but the Italian rhymelet is prettier.

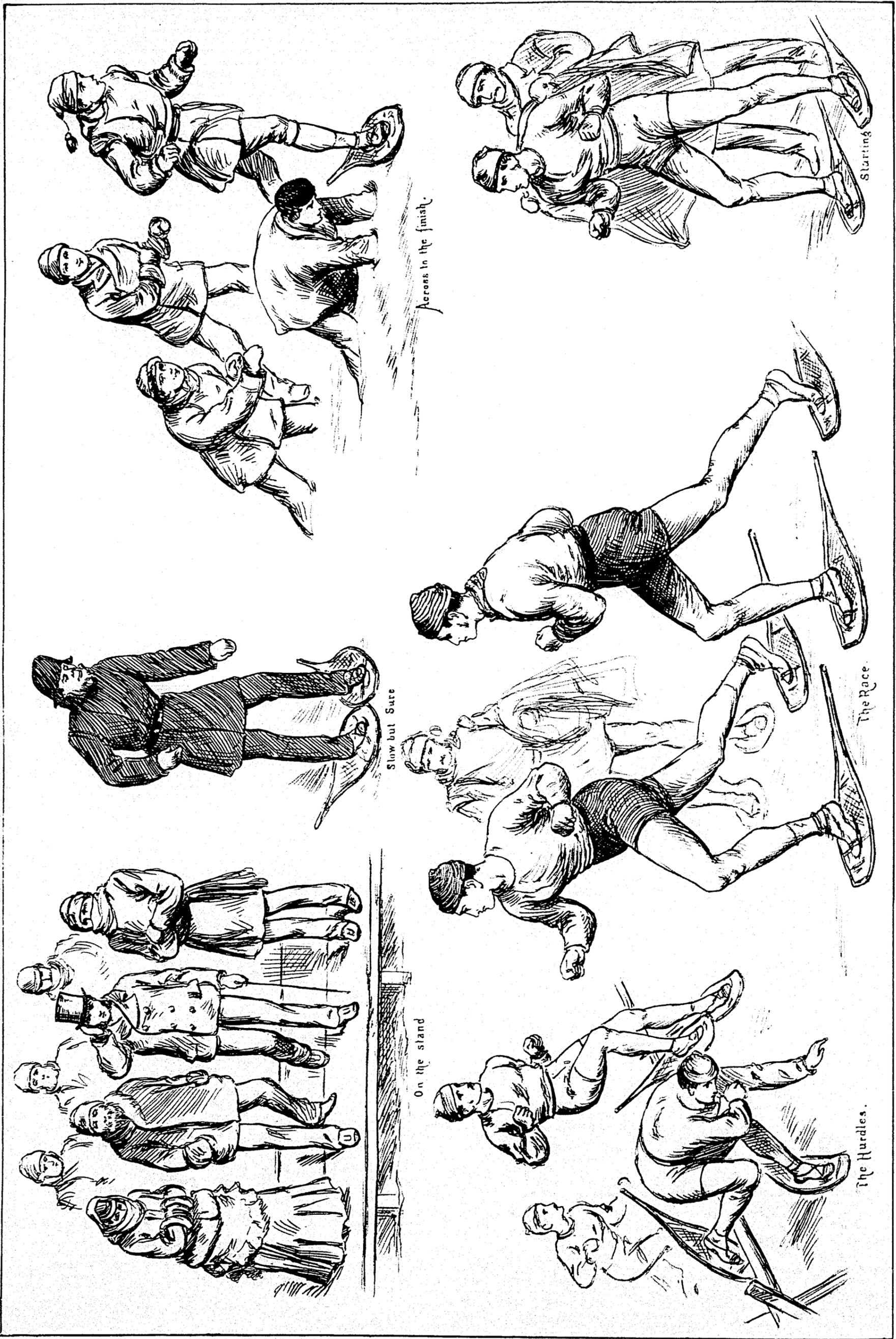
CAT'S CRADLE.—A writer in the *Episcopalian* says:—Who among the little folks who have played the familiar game of "Cat's Cradle, or as some have called it, "Scratch Cradle," can tell the origin of this simple game? And would they like to know? A friend of ours was recently looking over a copy of an old Bible, printed in London, in the year 1599, called the "Breeches Bible," and, among many quaint expressions, came across these words: "And she brought forth her firstborn son, and laid him in a cratch." Going to Webster's large dictionary to look out this word, we found the following definition: "Cratch, a manger or open frame for hay. The childish amusement called *making cratch-cradle* is an intended representation of the figure of the cratch."

MOTHER GOOSE.—Some writer having rashly asserted that nothing was certainly known concerning the author of the famous "Mother Goose's Melodies," he is assured by a correspondent of the *Providence Journal* that Mother Goose is by no means a myth, but a veritable personage. She belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather, in 1715, to Thomas Fleet, editor of the Boston *Weekly Rehearsal*. When good Mrs. Goose, who was herself the mother of nineteen children, found grandchildren growing up about her, she broke into a flood of nursery ditties and her son-in-law collected and printed them with the title, "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for children." Printed by T. Fleet, at his printing-house, Puddling Lane, Boston. Price ten coppers.

MR. E. COBBAM BREWER writes from Lavant, Chichester, to *Notes and Queries*, with respect to the birthplace of Napoleon III.: "In almost all the newspaper biographies of the late Emperor of the French, it is said that he 'was born at the Tuileries.' The ordinary tradition is that, 'of all the numerous progeny of the Bonapartes, the Emperor Napoleon III. and the 'King of Rome' were the only two born in the Tuileries.' The son of Napoleon I., it is true, was born there, but Louis Napoleon was born in the Rue Ceruti (Lafitte). He himself is my authority for this fact, and it ought to be made known before the error has become historically established." In the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale" of MM. Didot (vol. 37), M. Hoefler says the late Emperor was born at the Tuileries; and as the article is known to have been subjected to diligent surveillance, it fairly claims to be an authority.

There is no more worthy institution in the whole Dominion than the Montreal General Hospital, and it is with sincere regret that we see that its treasury is so far depleted as to necessitate an appeal to the public for aid. The Governors of the Hospital have recently issued a circular soliciting subscriptions from the working classes of the city "to assist them in maintaining this necessary and well-known Charity, which admits the poor of all creeds and of every nationality, when sickness or injury has incapacitated them for work." We have no doubt of the success of this project. The appeal will, we believe, be heartily responded to on all sides. But there is yet another mode of obtaining funds for the Hospital which we think the Governors would do well not to overlook. Why not set apart one Sunday during Lent for the collection of funds in all the Protestant churches in the city? We say the Protestant churches, for the poorer members of the Catholic community are well provided for at the excellent establishment of the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu. There could be, we should imagine, no objection to such arrangement, and the result would be to raise a considerable sum, which "would greatly aid them in meeting the steadily increasing cost of management, and in enabling them to make the institution, if possible, still more efficient and useful in the relief of suffering humanity." The example once set would doubtless be speedily followed throughout the country.

Mr. Patrick Slattery is a horse-dealer by vocation, and a rowdy by instinct, if not by inclination. Unhappily for himself his rowdiness developed itself at an unfortunate moment, and his hitherto promising career has met with a decided check. On Monday last he appeared before a magistrate on a charge of committing a brutal assault upon a Mr. Knox. It appeared from the evidence that one day in August last the complainant and a friend met Mr. Slattery, who was engaged in the congenial occupation of beating his horse in a most unmerciful manner. Indignant at the treatment the animal was receiving the two gentlemen remonstrated with the defendant. But Mr. Slattery, naturally supposing that of all men a horse-dealer should know best what is good for a horse, resented this interference by savagely attacking Mr. Knox, felling him to the ground and knocking three or four of his teeth out of his head. Probably Mr. Slattery, having the result of former cases of brutal assault before his eyes, imagined that the payment of a small fine would condone for his little pleasantries. But in this opinion he was grievously mistaken. The magistrate was unable to see the offence in the light in which Mr. Slattery regarded it. On the contrary he characterized it as a most aggravated case of assault, and sentenced the defendant to a fine of \$100 and six months' imprisonment at hard labour. It is to be hoped that when a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings is formed it will send its first medal to the worthy magistrate who has thus read a most salutary lesson on the rights of the person to the great rowdy fraternity. We cannot help thinking that a judicious application of the lash would have been still more effective in checking Mr. Slattery's playful but very unpleasant propensities than even fine and imprisonment—but we cannot expect everything at once. The prospect of six months at hard labour will make even the worst of our street rowdies hesitate before indulging in his favourite pastime. The only cause for regret that we can see in the whole case is that Mr. Knox's friend, thinking the defendant had had enough, mercifully forebore from pressing his own case.



Starting

The Race

The Hurdles

On the stand

Slow but Sure

Across in the finish

SNOW-SHOE RACING. LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.—By C. KENNEDY.



A CONSTANTINOPLE BELLE.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Thus to a butterfly a flow'ret sighed:
 "Stay, child of light!
 "Our fates estrange us—I to earth am tied,
 "Thou takest flight;
 "But still we love—where mortals seldom stray
 "We pass the hours,
 "And we are like, for do not poets say
 "We both are flowers?
 "Chained to the earth I track thee through the calm
 "Of summer skies,
 "And my fond love thy path would fain embalm
 "With fragrant sighs.
 "But no! Thou wand'rest far 'mid flowers that burn
 "With countless hues;
 "While at my feet I watch my shadow turn,
 "And sadly muse.
 "Thy form now quivers near, now flits away,
 "And disappears—
 "But no thou findest at each dawn of day,
 "All bathed in tears.
 "If 'tis thy will our love should lasting be,
 "O! truant king,
 "Like me take root, or let me soar like thee
 "On splendid wing!

GEO. MURRAY.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

GOSPIES ON POPULAR SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

NO. V.—AURORA BOREALIS.

The exhalations whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light that I may read by them,
 JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT 2, SC. 1.

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance,
 KING JOHN, ACT 2, SC. 2.

The grandest of all the exhibitions presented to us in the sky, when seen in all its magnificence, is the *Aurora Borealis*, or *Aurora Polaris*, as it is not confined to the Septentrional regions.

To behold the heavens in flames in their whole breadth, and up to the Zenith,—to see spires of luminous matter tinged with the colours of the rainbow, shooting from a vast arch of light, thrown over, as it were, a dark place in the north; and after reaching their greatest altitude, chasing one another with the rapidity of lightning through its whole extent, then as quickly subsiding, blending and changing in a thousand ways, and at length settling in a still, milky whiteness—this is a spectacle which must be viewed and contemplated; it can scarcely be described.

It is no wonder the ancients, and those who lived in the middle ages, should have recorded it on many occasions as "a prodigy of fear and a portent,"—the combat of celestial hosts, exhibited thus to the view of mortals, and foreboding like dreadful conflicts among the powers of earth.

We can understand such sights being a source of terror, and the imaginations of the people who lived "in gross darkness" depicting an immense conflict in which men of fire struggled for mastery; and, at another, an assemblage of hideous heads, with "wide Cerberian mouths, tossing their flaming tresses.

In a work published in 1749 there is a curious medley of chronological atmospheric phenomena;—a few specimens will suffice.

"A. D. 793. Strange fiery meteors in the air in England, followed by severe famine and a Danish invasion. Terrible prodigies in Northumberland—fiery dragons flying—great blasts, or streamers—soon after followed a severe famine."

"A. D. 867, a cloud was seen hanging over England, one half of it blood, the other like fire. Soon after the Danes arrived, burnt, plundered, and murdered without mercy, and carried multitudes into miserable captivity."

"A. D. 929, a bitterly cold winter. A. D. 930, on the 5th of the Calends of March the noise of armies and the cries of the wounded were distinctly heard in the air."

"A. D. 1117. On the 3rd of the Calends of January, and on the 3rd of the ides of December, the heavens appeared red and all in a flame of fire; scarcity of corn from the great hail and tempests, and incessant rains, which ceased little all the year."

"A. D. 1568. In clear nights were seen in several places of Germany, *uo armies in battalia*, brandishing their glittering pikes as if they were ready for the charge." Soon after began the religious war.

In Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book II—539, we find—

As when to warn proud cities war appears
 Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van
 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears,
 Till thickest legions close.

So much for prodigies! Night battles fought in the air!!! Companies of horse, cohorts of foot!!!

"Abortives, presages, and tongues of Heaven,"
 "Disturbances that Nature works."

"Such apparent prodigies" and the "unaccustomed terror of the night" made Cæsar, at the persuasion of his augurs, withhold himself from the Capitol. From such sights, caused by the "ETERNAL MOVER OF THE HEAVENS,"—now known as meteorological phenomena—may be traced the rise of sorcerers, augurs, soothsayers, and other impostors, the interpreters of omens and portents, who, from the signs in the heavens, read the destinies of monarchs, the downfall of nations, famine and pestilence.

Those who have studied in the book of God's works, "in Nature's infinite book of scenery," and have had a scientific training by means of classes and of lectures, and are led to believe that science rightly interpreted is a knowledge of things through their causes, will not attempt to predict from the appearance of the sky, nor from the passage of a comet, the prostration of thrones, convulsions of kingdoms, and the destinies of the human family.

Philosophers and scientists, such men as Admiral Fitzroy,

J. Glaisher, M. Marie-Davy, M. Renon, M. le Verrier, in Europe; and Prof. Maury, Henry, and Kingdon, on this continent, have given the science of meteorology a productive impulse. The end they aim at is not predictions of battle, murder, and those plagues and pestilences we pray in our Litany to be delivered from, but to warn by daily bulletins and alarm-signals the approach of storms which annually cost the lives of thousands of men and the loss of millions of property.

Now, thanks be to science, meteors and auroras, solar and lunar halos, mock suns (*Parhelia*), mock moons (*Paraselene*), are not "prodigies of fear and portents." The *Aurora Borealis*, *Aurora Polaris*, *Aurora Australis*, Northern Lights, Zodiacal Lights, are, it is supposed, connected with the electrical state of the atmosphere; certain it is that there is an intimate connection existing between the magnetism of the earth and the *Aurora Borealis*. Whenever the earth is present the magnets have been in a state of disturbance.

At the Magnetic Observatory, Toronto, now under the direction of Professor Kingdon, meteorological registers have been kept, for a long time, which indicate the state of the atmosphere on days that precede and follow auroral displays. On nearly all those days there has been either snow or rain, a circumstance which renders it very probable that icy particles were in the atmosphere during the presence of the aurora.

When the point of observation is sufficiently near the aurora, there is heard, and we have distinctly heard it at Montreal and Quebec, a peculiar rushing sound; some say mixed with sudden crackling noises, analogous to those produced by electricity when it escapes from a body in the form of an *cigarette* or a sheaf. Frequently a sulphurous smell is in the air, and this is due, no doubt, to the ozone which is produced during the electric discharges of the pole, as it is in a thunderstorm.

In all parts of the European net-work of telegraphs the working of the wires was disturbed by the magnificent aurora of August 28, 1859. Two days later, the luminous phenomenon was perceived over a great part of the continents of Europe, Asia, and America, and a magnetic action still more general was noticed. There were currents sufficiently intense to cause a spark to be thrown off when they were interrupted. In the United States, two telegraph operators, stationed at Boston and Portland, were able to use the terrestrial fluid, which was much more powerful than that of the battery, and kept up a conversation for some time.

As recently as September 27, 1870, a telegraphic operator found the wires very much interrupted all the evening. About 11 o'clock the light and flashes increased in brilliancy, and the whole north-western portion of the heavens was a brilliant red, the colour gradually fading to the north to a strong white light. At this time he disconnected one of the lines from the batteries and grounded the ends at Harrisburgh and Philadelphia. This arrangement gave a current a trifle stronger than the regular batteries, and in the same direction, galvanometer deflecting to the right.

Father Secchi, the director of the Observatory at Rome, has also established the fact that magnetic perturbations manifest themselves at night when light phosphorescent clouds veil the heavens. These are, in a certain degree, feeble *auroræ*.

These displays of auroral light are believed to result from the electricity excited and liberated in one region, and passing off to another—where it finds a readier descent to the earth. It appears, by the most minute and exact observations of those competent to decide the question, that the Aurora is, in effect, an electro-magnetical process of Nature.

If the knowledge of the laws of meteorology is thus instructive, we ought to strive to elevate the popular mind by the truths of natural science, *teaching them in every school*, and *recommending them, if not illustrating them, from every pulpit*.

One of the authors of "Guesses at Truth" beautifully asks:

"What are art and science, if not a running commentary on Nature? What are poets and philosophers, but torch-bearers leading us through the mazes and recesses of God's two majestic temples, the sensible and the spiritual world? Shakespeare and Bacon are priests who expound the mysteries of man and the universe."

We might add Wordsworth and Brewster. The poet says:

"To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The philosopher says:

"Those familiar with the more magnificent works of creation,—seeing them through the heart, as well as the eye, the young will look to the future with a keener glance, and with brighter hopes;—the weary and the heavy laden,

"Lifting their tearful eyes unto the stars."

will rejoice in the vision of their place of rest; the philosopher will scan with a new sense the lofty spheres in which he is to study;—and the Christian will recognize, in the worlds of stars, the Gorgeous Temples in which he is to offer his sacrifice of praise."

NAPOLEONIC AND OTHER OMENS.

Ever and anon attention is called to real and alleged omens or predictions connected especially with the government of France. That some of the statements published can be verified is beyond all question, although their solution is as obscure as the phenomena of spiritualism. In *The Queen* for Sept. 24, 1870, just after the fall of the Napoleonic empire, there was an article headed "Napoleonic Predictions," the principal facts in which may be reproduced as of unusual interest at the present juncture; and none the less interesting because the decease of the head of the house of Bonaparte enables us to add another to the extraordinary list of ominous dates.

Shortly after the catastrophe of Sedan public attention was invited to certain French verses which limited the reign of Napoleon III. to seventeen years and three-quarters. They were announced as a prophecy of Nostradamus, but their authorship was claimed by the Chevalier de Châtelain; and there is no doubt they were printed prior to the event.

Still more curious is the fact that in 1866 a writer in *Notes and Queries*, by referring to a similar class of oracles as current in France, brought a communication from one "Zadkiel, jun.," containing a list of ominous dates of the most extraordinary character. It appears that by combining certain dates in the forms represented below, every pair produces a third of critical import. The process is so simple that the examples will require no explanation. We shall first give those which are supplied by "Zadkiel, jun.," and then add such as have

arisen out of events subsequent to his article. He commences his series with 1774, the date of the accession of Louis XVI., as the first which he can fix upon, and his examples are as follows:

1774 Accession of Louis XVI.
 1
 7
 7
 4

1793 Louis XVI. beheaded.

In 1794 occurred the fall of Robespierre. Now, taking this in the same way, we get:

1794
 1
 7
 9
 4

1815 Abdication of Napoleon.

Similarly we have:

1815 Abdication of Napoleon.

1
 8
 1
 5

1830 Fall of Charles X., revolution, and accession of Louis Philippe.

Louis Philippe was born in 1773, and we may add this to 1830, the date of his accession. Thus:

1830 Accession of Louis Philippe.
 1
 7
 7
 3

1848 Abdication of Louis Philippe.

In like manner, taking 1732 as the date of the birth of Louis Philippe's queen, Amelie, and adding the sum of its units to 1830, as before, we have:

1830 Accession to the throne.
 1
 7
 8
 2

1848 Abdication again.

But Louis Philippe and Amelie were married in 1809, and this date may be also treated in the same way.

1830 Accession, as before.

1
 8
 0
 9

1848 Abdication once more.

To the above calculations "Zadkiel, jun.," adds three, which events have since proved equally significant. In 1848 by universal suffrage Louis Napoleon was appointed President, and this gives the following result:

1848 Louis Napoleon elected President.

1
 8
 4
 8

1869 Louis Napoleon confirmed in the empire by the last *plébiscite*.

He was born in 1808, and married in 1853, to which year his real possession of the imperial power is referred; he was proclaimed Emperor Jan 30, 1853.

Now these dates gives us:

1853 Marriage and Empire.
 1
 8
 0
 8

1870 Fall of the Empire.

The Empress Eugénie was born in 1826, married and Empress in 1853. We therefore take these dates:

1853 Marriage and Empress.
 1
 8
 2
 6

1870 Fall of Empire

Marvellous as it may seem, the recent melancholy event at Chislehurst may be added to the list, by taking the date 1853 again, and the date of the birth of the Prince Imperial, 1856.

1853 The Empire.

1
 8
 5
 6

1873 Death of the Emperor.

We refrain from expressing any opinion or attempting any explanation of the singular coincidences; but if they are to be continued it will be easy to forecast the years in which other critical events are to happen. They are too curious not to be interesting, and we have therefore repeated those we formerly published, with the latest addition.—*Queen*.

Meissonier has painted three hundred and nineteen pictures from 1840 to 1872. Rosa Bonheur has finished, from 1848 to 1872, seventy-one paintings.

The King of Bavaria has given a commission to the celebrated sculptor Halbig, for a colossal group representing the Crucifixion, to be erected on a mountain commanding the Valley of the Ammes, in the Bavarian Highlands, the scene of the decennial Passion Play. The figure of the Saviour is to be carved out of an immense block of marble, weighing upwards of fourteen hundredweight.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

WOMAN'S WORK.

Women so amiable in themselves are never so amiable as when they are useful, and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work. I read these words of Cobbett the other day and jotted them down, thinking that a good many of ourselves should seek to remember them. Surely in these days we want to learn the lesson that we are never so attractive as when suitably and usefully employed. Who is so lost for something to do as the girl who has just left school? She has now no occupation save a narrow circle of amusements, and what becomes to her almost a duty, the perusal of the latest novel. She settles down to her narrow life, waiting for marriage to give her new thoughts and objects in which to interest herself; should this dream not be realised her life is little else than a blank, and although society may have been adorned by her charming presence, the world is none the better for her youth and beauty. But is not this day-dreaming about marriage on the part of our girls a mistake? Hundreds of girls dare not ask themselves the question, what shall I do if father dies and I am not married? When misfortune befalls the family, or with the death of its head goes the greater part of the income, do not regrets come that opportunities for acquiring such knowledge as would make them independent of friends by contributing to the family exchequer had been allowed to pass unimproved. Our cities afford many such examples, and these should lead us to seek some useful channels of work into which the physical and mental energies of our daughters may be directed. Our most refined girls would no more be lowered by participating more largely in the active affairs of this busy life, than was Miss Florence Nightingale when she bound up the wounds of the soldiers in Scutari Hospital and spoke words of comfort to dying men.

Women everywhere are now engaging themselves in the world's affairs with wider outlook and firmer footing. In England we have ladies elbowing members of Parliament and eminent clergymen on public platforms, forming associations to promote the attainment of their "rights," and above all—and this is the special point—there is a manifest tendency among women of all ranks to do a larger amount of practical and useful work. Now, is this feeling increasing among ourselves here in Canada? Are our young ladies spending their time in tea-drinking, and balls, and a round of frivolous amusements, or are they cultivating their talents to the utmost so that they may be utilized, if necessary, in after-years in assisting to maintain the family in comfort and respectability? To families who have become reduced, this question must come home with double force. Whilst they admit that something must be done by the girls to earn a living they at the same time anxiously ask, what can they do?

This question of woman's work has, indeed, long been, and still is, attracting attention on all hands. There are many different opinions regarding it, many sides from which to view it. Many men are against women entering the professions or engaging in other pursuits usually followed only by them, thinking that it will detract from their position and render less profitable those pursuits. Others again say especially with regard to the professions, let the women try these callings, for only those who are really clever and capable will succeed. In spite of opponents, however, there are certainly many more avenues of labour open for women at the present time than in the past. Formerly there were but few ways in which a woman could earn her own living except as a needle-woman or as a governess, both wearisome occupations to body and mind. The seamstress bent early and late over her sewing to gain sufficient for her support; the governess was often badly paid and suffered, if not so much in body, more in mind from the anomalous position in which she was placed. Who has not known cases where highly-accomplished and talented ladies have been engaged in families much inferior to themselves, except in money, and where they have had to endure the overbearing and patronizing manner of some coarse, ill-bred woman, and a troop of rude and petted children? But these are not now the only paths open. In these days, and especially on this continent, we have women everywhere; behind the counter, and the desk, at the printer's case, and invading the editor's sanctum, reading law, and walking the hospitals, competing

with men in nearly every branch of business and learning, save such as require great physical strength. Better days are dawning for women, more opportunities are being granted them for work. Men are giving up the idea that women have fewer brains and less capabilities than themselves. And are they not carrying off some of the very highest prizes from our colleges and various institutions of learning? Are they not taking their places side by side with the "lords of creation," on the platform, at the school board, in the judicial courts, and at the medical consultations? These honourable positions can, however, only be won by essentially clever women. Besides, we are not all ambitious to appear as lawyers, or doctors, or force our way to public appointments. But for the humbler ones there is much to do. Let us see then in what direction woman's labour can be profitably employed. One great field lying open, and only partially occupied as yet, may be found in the stores where woman as the attentive and lively clerk soon feels at home. Already there are indications that on this continent at least shop-men will ere long be almost unknown, having surrendered the stores to their more facile rivals and gone out to till our fertile lands. Then again telegraphy, photography, type-setting, and watchmaking are among the proper avocations for women. We know that the English Government employs a large staff of female telegraph operators, who speedily prove adepts at the instruments. The Post Offices open up another field of labour which will doubtless be entered upon in due time by hundreds of the so-called weaker sex. Some few, and those more for pleasure than for profit, have turned their attention to art. In the photographer's darkened closet, in the wood engraver's shop, in the artist's studio, in the musician's room, unassuming women may be found patiently toiling during long hours to win success. Let more of us follow these good examples, and success in an enlarged degree will be ours, and the world will be the better for our work.

BLANCHE B.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.—NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED.

A correspondent of the *Queen* makes the following sensible remarks on the habit very prevalent among house-keepers of stipulating that their servant girls shall have "no followers." "I scarcely know," she says, whether to be most astonished at the foolishness or at the unreasonableness of this stipulation. Do employers really expect that because, for board, residence, and wages, they get others to perform certain services for them, therefore these latter ought to, and will, renounce the usual feelings of humanity? Because a girl engages to sweep floors, dust rooms, light fires, &c., is it therefore taken for granted that she is a mere machine, guaranteed to perform a certain amount of work—allowed indeed to breathe, eat, speak, and sleep, but supposed to exist without affections or passions; in short, to be quite differently constituted from human beings who live in drawing-rooms? Do masters and mistresses really think that their fiat will suppress the emotions which are common to most human beings, from the occupant of the throne to the dweller in the cabin? And are they so foolish as to suppose that they can prevent love affairs by signifying that such things do not suit the convenience of employers? The assumption is utterly absurd, and the disposition implied in it is such as ought not to be borne. When the stipulation of "no followers" is made, the inevitable result generally is that the servant maids are always planning to see their lovers and admirers without the knowledge of their employers, and are likely to be more occupied with the matter than if there was no necessity for such contrivances. The extreme inconsistency of those who make this stipulation is usually sufficiently striking. Whilst the maid-servants are given to understand that they must not have "followers," the young ladies of the house are probably encouraged to do their best to attract admirers. The difference cannot fail to excite the notice of the servant girls. It ought to be always taken for granted that young men and women of every class of life will probably think about marriage, and it is only reasonable that they should have opportunities of marriage. Sensible persons will generally recognise this fact, and will not expect that because a girl enters into service she therefore gives up the idea of marrying. Indeed, as a mere matter of policy, putting sympathy and feeling out of the question, I believe masters and mistresses do well in putting no difficulties in the way of servants making marriages. A meddling, tyrannical employer is not likely to get or keep good servants. Unnecessary interference in the affairs of others is, indeed, always to be deprecated. Some worthy folk cannot be satisfied unless they constitute themselves into providences, incessantly watching over and guiding others; again, there are other people who, from a desire to exercise influence and authority, are always taking the affairs of their neighbours into keeping; but, as education and enlightenment spreads, it will be gradually recognised that each human being should judge between right and wrong for himself or herself, and that, though none of us can live to ourselves alone, yet we are each, in our separate identity, of right perfectly free.

The immense advantage which education gives sets the cultured classes in a position of superiority to those whose minds are unimproved and untrained; but the aim of every really liberal mind ought to be that of diffusing the blessings of knowledge, refinement, and

civilization as widely as possible. Instead of selfishly trying to keep the benefits of education and station to ourselves, and so to magnify the difference between ourselves and the "common people," we should feel ashamed of the narrow limits of civilization, and should endeavour to spread it around us. The more we respect the individual rights and freedom of others, in whatever position of life they may be, the more we shall be able to give that genuine and kindly sympathy which is twice blessed—"blessing him that gives and him that takes."

There is no reason why there should not be genuine friendliness between persons of different positions in life, and the manifestation of this feeling between masters and servants is sometimes very beautiful. It is something quite different from the foolish familiarity which some ill-educated or weak-minded persons cultivate with their attendants, and which is generally deteriorating, and often ends in the servant being a tyrant and a mischief-maker. The friendship I speak of must be based on mutual respect, and presupposes certain sterling qualities. I have such an instance in my mind at this moment (though the person is rather above the position of a servant—indeed, I wish the words "master" and "servant," as a general rule, could be replaced); and I will venture to say that, if faithful and profound attachment, combined with an innate good breeding and refinement which never errs, constitutes a basis of friendship, the individual I speak of deserves to be considered as a friend by those who are fortunate enough to be the objects of a never-failing devotion.

STAYS.

The ridiculous lunatic who first brought in stays (some suppose her to have been Mademoiselle Pantine, a mistress of Marshal Saxe, others say an early Norman lady) is to blame for the first and greatest defect of modern gowns—the grotesque outline of the body.

We are not denying the necessity for some close-fitting garment as a support to the body and an improvement to the figure; but we must emphatically protest against a machine that, pretending to be a servant, is, in fact, a tyrant—that, aspiring to embrace, hugs like a bear—crushing in the ribs, and injuring the lungs and heart, the stomach, and, indeed, all internal organs. For what end? The end of looking like a wasp, and getting rid of the whole charm of graceful movement and easy carriage, the end of communicating an over-allish sensation of deformity to the spectator.

Why is a tightly-laced figure a deformity?

A small waist is a beauty, because, when it is natural, it goes together with the peculiar litheness and activity of a slenderly-built figure; but when it is artificially formed, unheard-of horrors are inseparable from it. The shoulders are palpably too broad for such a waist to support, the hips spread too suddenly from the ugly straight line (at an acute angle) between them and the armpit, and the face betrays the condition of the inside! Who can forgive the unhealthy cheek and red nose induced by such a cause? Who can forget the disease that has come or is coming? What sensible man or woman can pity the fool who faints, perhaps in the midst of a dance or conversation, from the unbearable pressure on the heart caused by her stays and girdle—or, if they pity, do not also blush for her?

The Roman dame made use of bands that afforded support without impairing the supple beauty of the body. If our women would employ such means, the bodice would express, rather than deform, the figure, and there would not be the triangular hollow between the waist and elbow which now gives so much hardness to the outline.

Tight lacing is far less general now than it was some years ago; let us hope that soon there may be no tight lacing at all, and that the cruel corset may at last disappear forever. Whatever may be said of the fashions of to-day, no one can deny that with their natural corsets, thick shoes, short dresses, and comfortable bonnets, they are far more sensible and beautiful than the much-vaunted modes of our grandmothers. Those who lace tight to-day cannot throw the responsibility on the fashion, for that authorizes them to do precisely as they please.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

A lady has been appointed in England a Poor Law Inspector, at a salary of \$2,000 a year.

An ancient festival in Switzerland, *la fête des femmes*, has just been celebrated. In the second week of January it is the usage in Aargau for all the women to assume the prerogatives of "the lords of creation" for one day. The *fête* this year came off splendidly. Every woman was a man and every man was nobody.

A contemporary says: "We notice an advertisement in the *Co-operative News* which affords a delightful example of the diffusion of co-operative principles. As tradesmen are to work for nothing, and not be so wicked as to wish to live by their labour, domestic servants are to do without wages. Here is a pretty specimen of meanness: 'A lady, who would prefer giving help to becoming a 'servant,' and who would accept a home instead of salary, would be welcome in a small family.' A 'lady' to do the housework for nothing is a rich idea."

A Reuter's telegram from Gibraltar says:—The marriage of His Highness the Sheriff of Guazan with an English Christian lady, Miss King, took place at Tangier on the 17th inst. (Jan). The bride rode to the English Consulate on an Arab horse, covered with a scarlet saddle and cloth embroidered with gold, and was presented by the bridegroom. The marriage was merely a civil ceremony, and was performed by Sir John Drummond Hay. The bridegroom appeared in a flowing Eastern dress of

dark blue, and was escorted by a guard of Moorish soldiers to the Victoria Hotel, where all the consular body were present. His Highness has now four wives. Miss King, by her marriage to a Mahometan, forfeits all protection of the English law.

The *Court Journal* gives a singular account of a servant girl who seems to have acquired such a relish for pins and needles as to be unable to resist the temptation to swallow them. Apparently she has a constant craving for this unusual diet. Once, when hanging out some clothes to dry, she accidentally swallowed a quantity of pins she kept in her mouth. Some unpleasant symptoms appearing, she went to an hospital, whence, after vomiting twenty-eight pins, she returned to service. After a while the former symptoms returned. She was sent again to the hospital, and there no less than seventy-eight pins and sixteen needles have been taken from her body. The greater part of these she vomited, but some were taken out through her skin on different parts of her person. The needles in particular indicated a decided inclination to wander through the body, several being taken out about the face, neck, and arms. One was taken out below the ear; with a long thread after it, and another came out in three pieces, the broken parts following close in each other's wake. The pins included a large one, nearly the size of a darning-needle, and a "safety" one.

Not long ago a boat containing two men captured in Huntington Bay, Long Island. One of the men, who could swim a little, succeeded in reaching the boat, which was floating bottom upward, and got upon the keel; the other could not swim at all, but clung to a mass of ice scarcely buoyant enough to sustain his weight. The accident occurred directly opposite a house in which there were three women and a little boy. They all rushed to the beach, though not knowing how to aid the man, who evidently was rapidly becoming exhausted. Then one of them, a Miss Conklin, determined to make an effort to save him, and waded out into the bay. She cleared the ice from her path with her hands, but when within a few feet of the man only her head was above water. With great heroism she plunged into the deep water, and with a few strokes reached the benumbed and almost drowning man. He was still sensible, and faithfully obeyed the instruction given him by the brave woman. She had warned him against seizing hold of her in such a manner as to impede her motions; so when she reached him he placed his hands on her shoulders, and in a few seconds, thanks to her good swimming, both stood neck deep in the ice-cold water, and began wading shoreward. When Miss Conklin reached the shore she fainted away, and was carried to the house by her relatives. She did not recover from the effects of her exertions for two or three days. The companion of the rescued man, who had clung to the keel of the boat, was safely brought ashore after other help was summoned.

It is certainly curious, says the *London Globe*, that the branch of art which, above all others, comes home to women is that from which women have hitherto kept clear. Architecture is as much the business of women and men, and yet, in all the generations of female painters, female musicians, and female poets, there have been no female architects. There may be many reasons, but the demand which architecture makes for masculine qualities cannot, in these days of womanly ambition, be taken as one of them. The only type of female architect known to the world is that represented by Miss Brooks in "Middlemarch." But she did not draw her plans for improved cottages professionally, even though she probably avoided the error of that illustrious male amateur, Balzac, who when he planned a country house for himself, forgot the necessity for a staircase. A suggestion has been thrown out on the other side of the Atlantic, to the effect that women would make excellent architects, with special reference to interior decoration. Certainly the grandest of all the arts does not flourish so marvelously in male hands that we should be justified in preventing women from trying to beat us in an open field. Perhaps their acquaintance with domestic requirements and their instinctive good taste might give us buildings that would be fairly comfortable. It might be interesting, moreover, if some lady could be induced to "give us her idea," as that eminent male architect Mr. Pecksniff would put it, of a design for the Law Courts that we are to have one of these days. After opening such a field, it surely savours of bathos to complete the suggestion by hinting that it would lead to business, and perhaps other partnerships, wise and otherwise."

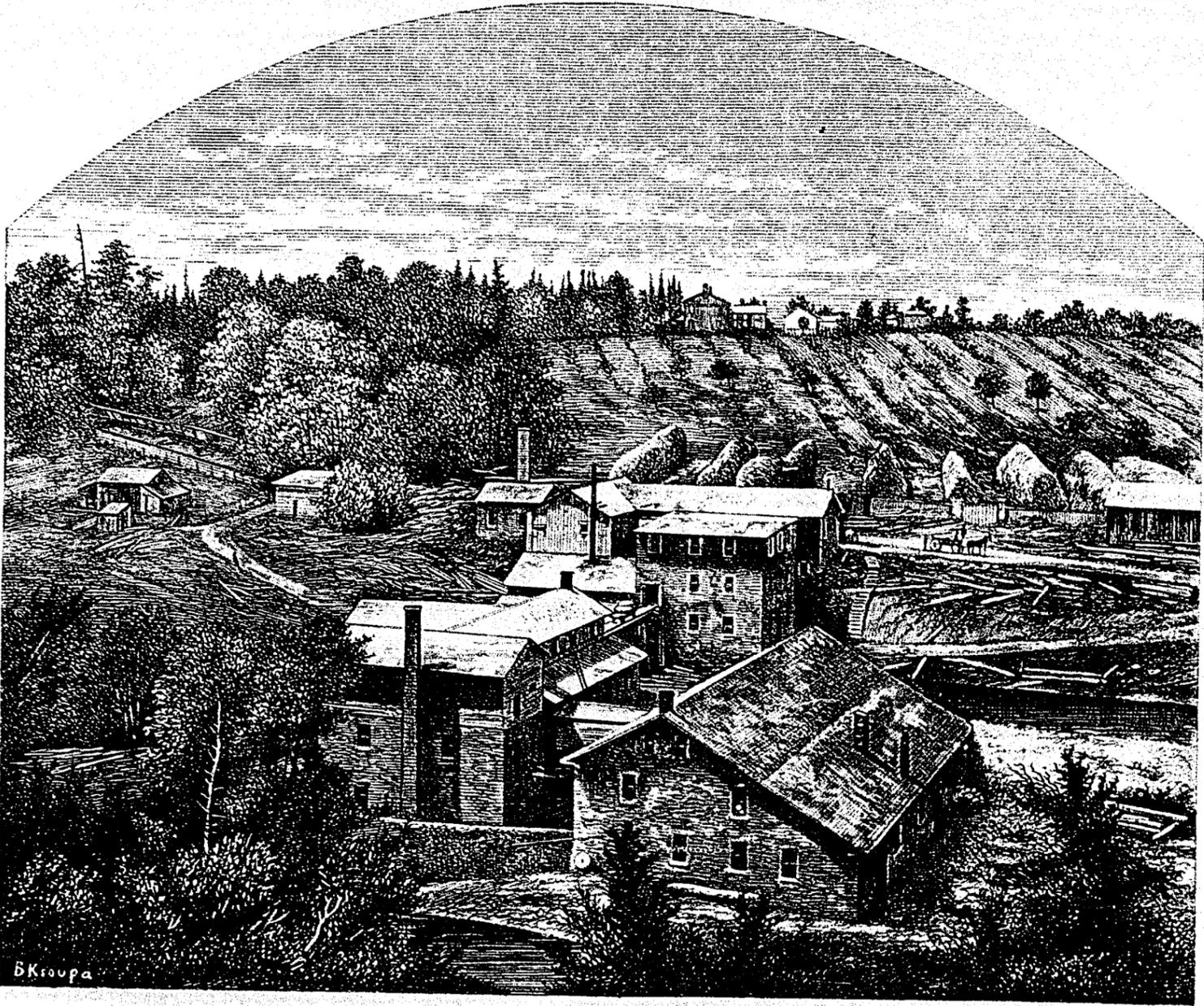
MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS, ST. JOHN, N. B.—Sir: Having, while at your establishment, carefully examined your prescription, and the method of preparing your Compound Syrup, I felt anxious to give it a fair trial in my practice. For the last twelve months I have done so, and I find that in incipient consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs, it has done wonders. In restoring persons suffering from the effects of diphtheria, and the cough following typhoid fever, prevalent in this region, it is the best remedial agent I have ever used. But for persons suffering from exhaustion of the powers of the brain and nervous system, from which so many young men suffer, I know of no better medicine for restoration to health than your Compound Syrup. If you think this letter of any service you are at liberty to use it as you see fit.

I remain, yours, &c.,

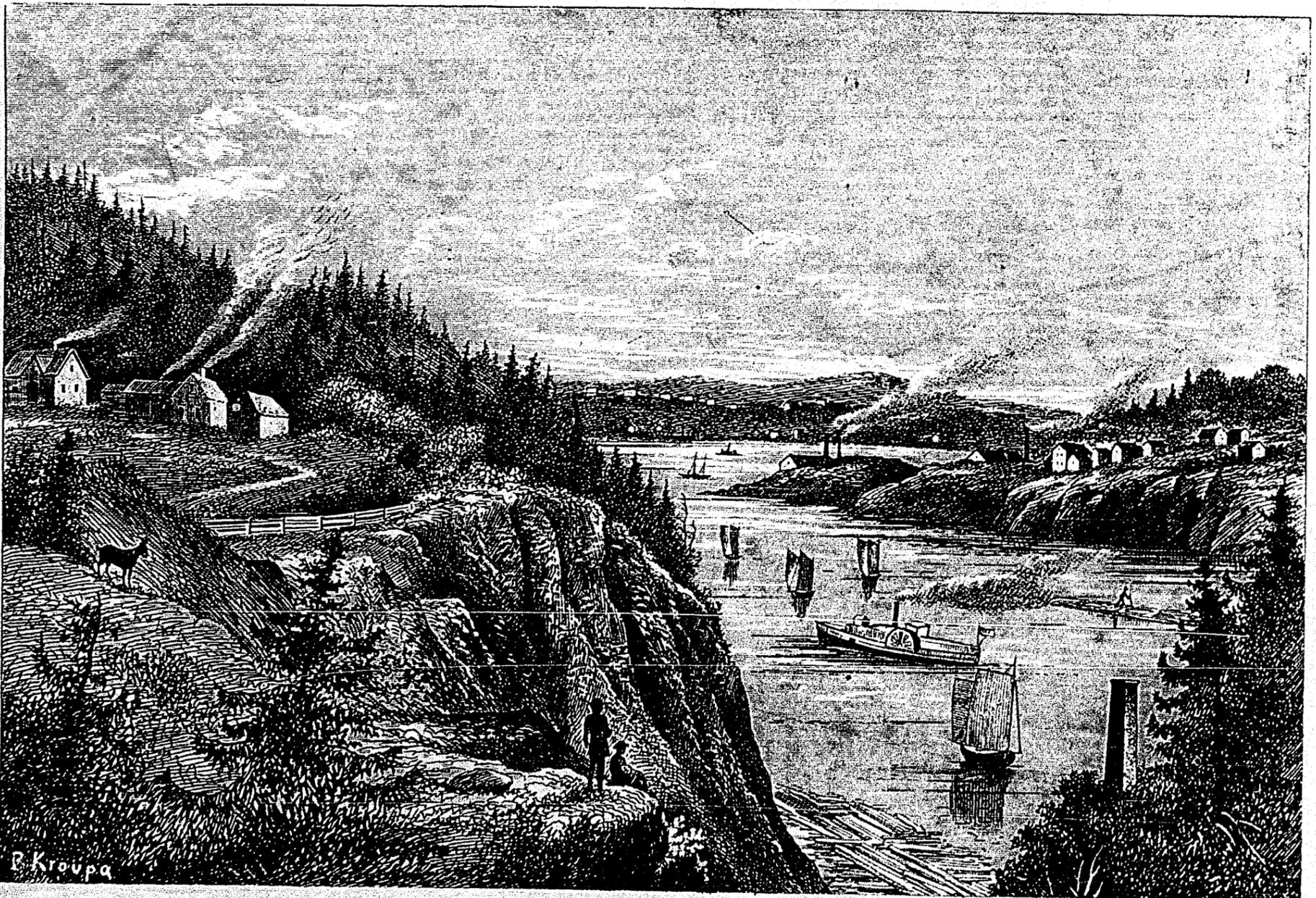
EDWIN CLAY, M. D.

PUGWASH, N. S., January 14, 1871.

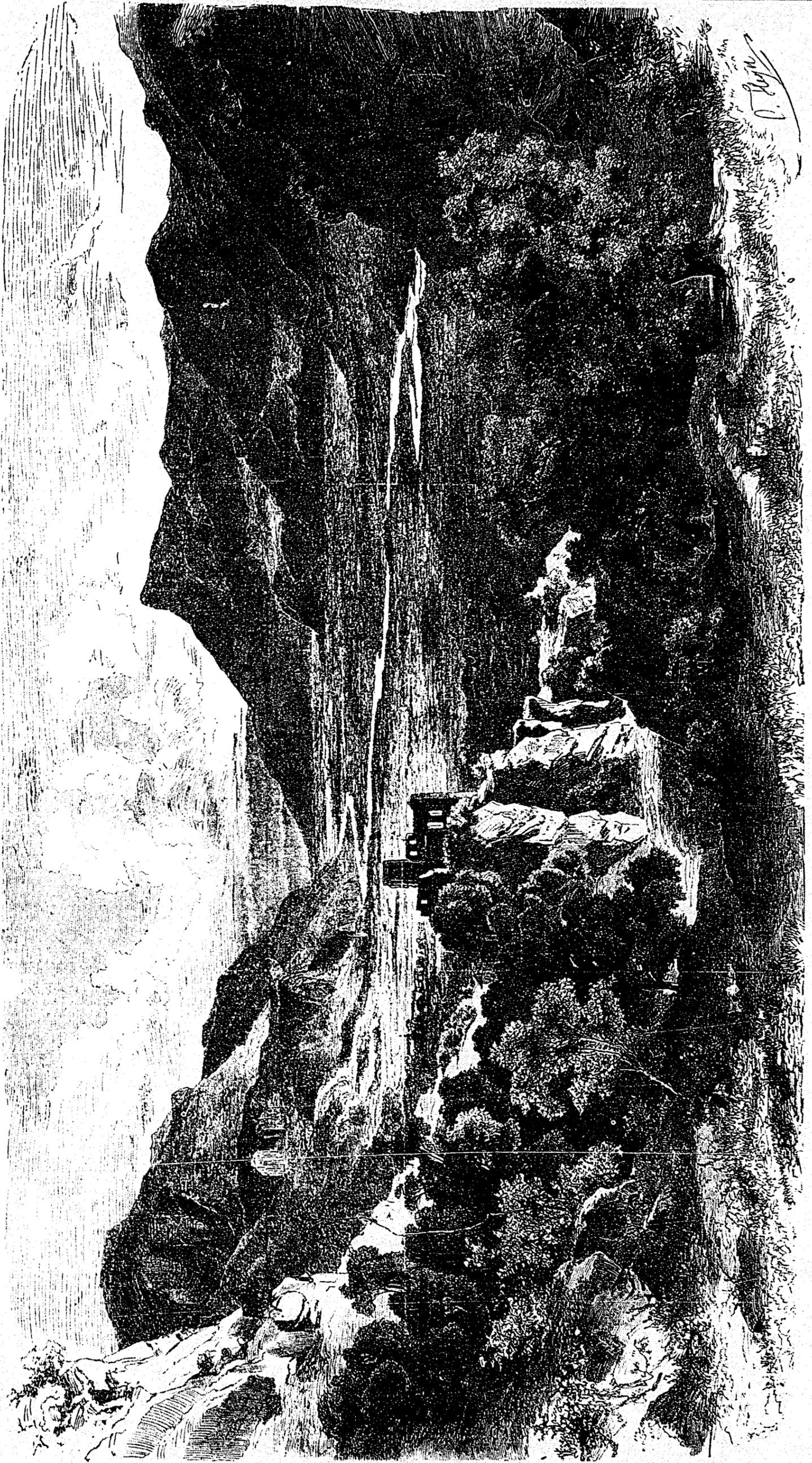
Dr. Colby's Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills supply a long-felt want.



BARBER BROS.' PAPER MILLS, GEORGETOWN, ONT.



NEW BRUNSWICK.—THE NARROWS OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER—LOOKING TOWARDS INDIAN TOWN.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. R.



THE VALLEY OF THE ETSCH, NEAR MERAN, TYROL.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—His Honour Lieut.-Governor Caron was sworn in on the 17th ult. at Quebec. The Hon. Mr. Taschereau has been appointed to the Court of Queen's Bench, and the Hon. Mr. Tessier to the Superior Court. The Welland Canal Commissioners have sent in their report. It is understood that they have recommended the route previously fixed by the Department of Public Works. Captain Taylor has been elected for Halifax by a majority of over 1,000. The Hon. Messrs. Haythorne and Laird, delegates from the Prince Edward Island Government to treat on the question of the admission of the island into Confederation, are now at Ottawa. The last rail of the Canada Southern RR. was laid last week. The Hon. Messrs. DeBoucherville and Beaubien have definitely left the Quebec Cabinet, and will be replaced, the former by the Hon. J. J. Ross, and the latter by Dr. Fortin. The Hon. Mr. Chauveau has been appointed Speaker of the Senate. The Engineers' report on the proposed route of the Bay Verte Canal has been handed in. It is rumoured that Mr. F. W. Cumberland is to have full charge of the construction of the Pacific Railroad.

UNITED STATES.—Heavy floods are reported from Pennsylvania and Virginia. At Pittsburg property to the amount of \$300,000 was destroyed. Driver, the Chicago wife murderer, has been sentenced to be hanged on the 14th inst. It is said that important testimony on behalf of Stokes will be offered at his forthcoming trial; among other witnesses produced will be a woman who picked up Fisk's pistol. It is believed that a bill providing for the payment of the Fishery Claims will pass through Congress before the adjournment. Martial law has been declared in some parts of Arkansas.

UNITED KINGDOM.—The "Murillo" has been allowed to leave San Fernando, where she was detained. Four thousand of the striking Welsh miners have resumed work. The owners of the "Murillo" have brought an action for libel against Lloyds, claiming \$10,000 damages. Emigration to Brazil is to be stopped until the investigation into the sufferings of recent emigrants has been concluded. Twenty miners have been killed by an explosion in Staffordshire. The Bishop of Clonfert and the Rev. Mr. Quinn have been acquitted of the charge of intimidating electors at the Galway elections. The estimated expenditures for the army, for the financial year of 1873 and 1874, form a total of \$86,157,000, which is a reduction of \$2,040,500 from those of the current year. The University Boat-Race is fixed for the 29th inst.

FRANCE.—A rumour is afloat to the effect that France will attempt to compel Spain to sell Cuba. In the case of Prince Napoleon against the ex-Minister Lefranc the court has declared its incompetency to try the case, and has ordered the plaintiff to pay his own costs. The Committee of Thirty have adopted an amendment proposed by M. Dufaure, which provides that before its dissolution the National Assembly shall enact laws organizing and directing transmission of legislative and executive powers, and also creating a second Chamber. This decision has led to a complete rupture between the Right and Left Centres. A quarrel has broken out between the Legitimists and Orleanists.

GERMANY.—It is said that Prince Bismarck's indisposition is due to the number of poisoned letters he is receiving. Both he and his wife are suffering from unaccountable dizziness. Measures are to be proposed for reducing the National Debt.

SPAIN.—The Republic has been recognized by France. Further Carlist defeats are announced. A proclamation has been issued offering an amnesty to the Carlists in the Northern Provinces on the condition of their laying down their arms in two weeks. The army supports the Republic. The Conservatives have decided not to oppose the present Government, but to press for the dissolution of the Assembly and the convocation of a Constituent Cortes. The bill for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico has again been taken into consideration. The Governorship of the forty-eight Provinces of Spain are to be divided equally among the Radicals and Republicans. The Secretaries of the Radical Governors are to be Republicans, and those of the Republican Governors Radical. Republican demonstrations have been held at Saragossa and Barcelona. It is stated that there is ground for belief that several leading Conservatives are intriguing for the renewal of the Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne.

ITALY.—It has been decided to abolish the head houses of religious orders at Rome, but to provide an indemnity therefor. The Carnival at Rome was a success this year.

SWITZERLAND.—M^r. Mermillod has been expelled from Switzerland.

RUSSIA.—It is stated that seven thousand men only will form the expeditionary force to Khiva.

INDIA.—Persian encroachments on Beloochistan have been restrained.

WEST INDIES.—The Dominican Revolutionary Generals have issued a proclamation against the cession of Samana Bay.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid for Colds. Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid for Coughs.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—Mablethorpe House.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

Julian's hand stole unobserved to hers, and told her, in its momentary pressure, to count on his brotherly sympathy and help. All the other persons in the room looked at her in speechless surprise. Grace rose from her chair. Even the man in plain clothes started to his feet. Lady Janet (hurriedly joining Horace, and fully sharing his perplexity and alarm,) took Mercy impulsively by the arm and shook it, as if to rouse her to a sense of what she was doing. Mercy held firm; Mercy resolutely repeated what she had said: "Send that man out of the house."

Lady Janet lost all patience with her. "What has come to you?" she asked sternly. "Do you know what you are saying? The man is here in your interest as well as in mine; the man is here to spare you, as well as me, further annoyance and insult. And you insist—insist, in my presence—on his being sent away! What does it mean?"

"You shall know what it means, Lady Janet, in half an hour. I don't insist—I only reiterate my entreaty. Let the man be sent away!"

Julian stepped aside (with his aunt's eyes angrily following him) and spoke to the police officer. "Go back to the station," he said, "and wait there till you hear from me."

The meanly-vigilant eyes of the man in plain clothes travelled side-long from Julian to Mercy, and valued her beauty as they had valued the carpet and the chairs. "The old story," he thought. "The nice-looking woman is always at the bottom of it; and, sooner or later, the nice-looking woman has her way." He marched back across the room to the discord of his own creaking boots; bowed, with a villainous smile which put the worst construction upon everything; and vanished through the library door.

Lady Janet's high breeding restrained her from saying anything until the police officer was out of hearing. Then, and not till then, she appealed to Julian.

"I presume you are in the secret of this?" she said. "I suppose you have some reason for setting my authority at defiance in my own house?"

"I have never yet failed to respect your ladyship," Julian answered. "Before long you will know that I am not failing in respect towards you now."

Lady Janet looked across the room. Grace was listening eagerly, conscious that events had taken some mysterious turn in her favour within the last minute.

"Is it part of your new arrangement of my affairs," her ladyship continued, "that this person is to remain in the house?"

The terror that had daunted Grace had not lost all hold of her yet. She left it to Julian to reply. Before he could speak, Mercy crossed the room and whispered to her, "Give me time to confess it in writing. I can't own it before them—with this round my neck." She pointed to the necklace. Grace cast a threatening glance at her, and suddenly looked away again in silence.

Mercy answered Lady Janet's question. "I beg your ladyship to permit her to remain until the half-hour is over," she said. "My request will have explained itself by that time."

Lady Janet raised no further obstacles. Something in Mercy's face, or in Mercy's tone, seemed to have silenced her, as it had silenced Grace. Horace was the next who spoke. In tones of suppressed rage and suspicion, he addressed himself to Mercy, standing fronting him by Julian's side.

"Am I included," he asked, "in the arrangement which engages you to explain your extraordinary conduct in half an hour?"

His hand had placed his mother's wedding-present round Mercy's neck. A sharp pang wrung her as she looked at Horace, and saw how deeply she had already distressed and offended him. The tears rose in her eyes; she humbly and faintly answered him.

"If you please," was all she could say, before the cruel swelling at her heart rose and silenced her.

Horace's sense of injury refused to be soothed by such simple submission as this.

"I dislike mysteries and innuendoes," he went on harshly. "In my family circle we are accustomed to meet each other frankly. Why am I to wait half an hour for an explanation which might be given now? What am I to wait for?"

Lady Janet recovered herself as Horace spoke.

"I entirely agree with you," she said. "I ask, too, what are we to wait for?"

Even Julian's self-possession failed him when his aunt repeated that cruelly plain

question. How would Mercy answer it? Would her courage still hold out?

"You have asked me what you are to wait for," she said to Horace, quietly and firmly. "Wait to hear something more of Mercy Merrick."

Lady Janet listened with a look of weary disgust.

"Don't return to that!" she said. "We know enough about Mercy Merrick already."

"Pardon me—your ladyship does not know. I am the only person who can inform you."

"You?"

She bent her head respectfully.

"I have begged you, Lady Janet, to give me half an hour," she went on. "In half an hour I solemnly engage myself to produce Mercy Merrick in this room. Lady Janet Roy, Mr. Horace Holmcroft, you are to wait for that."

Steadily pledging herself in those terms to make her confession, she unclasped the pearls from her neck, put them away in their case, and placed it in Horace's hand. "Keep it," she said, with a momentary faltering in her voice, "until we meet again."

Horace took the case in silence; he looked and acted like a man whose mind was paralysed by surprise. His hand moved mechanically. His eyes followed Mercy with a vacant questioning look. Lady Janet seemed, in her different way, to share the strange oppression that had fallen on him. A vague sense of dread and distress hung like a cloud over her mind. At that memorable moment she felt her age, she looked her age, as she had never felt it or looked it yet.

"Have I your ladyship's leave," said Mercy, respectfully, "to go to my room?"

Lady Janet mutely granted the request. Mercy's last look, before she went out, was a look at Grace. "Are you satisfied now?" the grey eyes seemed to say mournfully. Grace turned her head aside, with a quick petulant action. Even her narrow nature opened for a moment unwillingly, and let pity in a little way, in spite of itself.

Mercy's parting words recommended Grace to Julian's care:

"You will see that she is allowed a room to wait in? You will warn her yourself when the half-hour has expired?"

Julian opened the library door for her.

"Well done! Nobly done!" he whispered. "All my sympathy is with you—all my help is yours."

Her eyes looked at him, and thanked him, through her gathering tears. His own eyes were dimmed. She passed quietly down the room, and was lost to him before he had shut the door again.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FOOTSTEP IN THE CORRIDOR.

Mercy was alone.

She had secured one half-hour of retirement in her own room; designing to devote that interval to the writing of her confession in the form of a letter addressed to Julian Gray.

No recent change in her position had, as yet, mitigated her horror of acknowledging to Horace and to Lady Janet that she had won her way to their hearts in disguise. Through Julian only could she say the words which were to establish Grace Roseberry in her right position in the house.

How was her confession to be addressed to him? In writing? or by word of mouth?

After all that had happened, from the time when Lady Janet's appearance had interrupted them, she would have felt relief rather than embarrassment in personally opening her heart to the man who had so delicately understood her, who had so faithfully befriended her in her sorest need. But the repeated betrayals of Horace's jealous suspicion of Julian warned her that she would only be surrounding herself with new difficulties, and be placing Julian in a position of painful embarrassment, if she admitted him to a private interview while Horace was in the house.

The one course left to take was the course that she had adopted. Determining to address the narrative of the fraud to Julian in the form of a letter, she arranged to add, at the close, certain instructions, pointing out to him the line of conduct which she wished him to pursue.

These instructions contemplated the communication of her letter to Lady Janet and to Horace, in the library, while Mercy—self-confessed as the missing woman whom she had pledged herself to produce—waited in the adjoining room whatever sentence it pleased them to pronounce on her. Her resolution not to screen herself behind Julian from any consequences which might follow the confession, had taken root in her mind from the moment when Horace had harshly asked her (and when Lady Janet had joined him in asking) why she delayed her explanation, and what she was keeping them waiting for. Out of the very pain which those questions inflicted, the idea of waiting her sentence in her own person, in one room, while her letter to Julian was speaking for her in another, had sprung to life. "Let them break my heart if they like," she had thought to herself in the self-abasement of that bitter moment; "it will be no more than I have deserved."

She locked her door and opened her writing-

desk. Knowing what she had to do, she tried to collect herself to do it.

The effort was in vain. Those persons who study writing as an art are probably the only persons who can measure the vast distance which separates a conception as it exists in the mind from the reduction of that conception to form and shape in words. The heavy stress of agitation that had been laid on Mercy for hours together, had utterly unfitted her for the delicate and difficult process of arranging the events of a narrative in their due sequence and their due proportion towards each other. Again and again she tried to begin her letter, and again and again she was baffled by the same hopeless confusion of ideas. She gave up the struggle in despair.

A sense of sinking at her heart, a weight of hysterical oppression on her bosom, warned her not to leave herself unoccupied, a prey to morbid self-investigation and imaginary alarms.

She turned instinctively, for a temporary employment of some kind, to the consideration of her own future. Here there were no intricacies or entanglements. The prospect began and ended with her return to the Refuge, if the Matron would receive her. She did no injustice to Julian Gray; that great heart would feel for her, that kind hand would be held out to her, she knew. But what would happen if she thoughtlessly accepted all that his sympathy might offer? Scandal would point to her beauty and to his youth, and would place its own vile interpretation on the purest friendship that could exist between them. And he would be the sufferer, for he had a character—a clergyman's character—to lose. Not for his sake, out of gratitude to him, the farewell to Mablethorpe House must be also the farewell to Julian Gray.

The precious minutes were passing. She resolved to write to the matron, and ask if she might hope to be forgiven and employed at the Refuge again. Occupation over the letter that was easy to write might have its fortifying effect on her mind, and might pave the way for resuming the letter that was hard to write. She waited a moment at the window, thinking of the past life to which she was soon to return, before she took up the pen again.

Her window looked eastward. The dusky glare of lighted London met her as her eyes rested on the sky. It seemed to beckon her back to the horror of the cruel streets—to point her way mockingly to the bridges over the black river—to lure her to the top of the parapet, and the dreadful leap into God's arms, or into annihilation—who knew which?

She turned, shuddering, from the window. "Will it end in that way," she asked herself, "if the matron says No?"

She began her letter.

"DEAR MADAM.—So long a time has passed since you heard from me, that I almost shrink from writing to you. I am afraid you have already given me up in your own mind as a hard-hearted, ungrateful woman."

"I have been leading a false life; I have not been fit to write to you before to-day. Now, when I am doing what I can to atone to those whom I have injured, now, when I repent with my whole heart, may I ask leave to return to the friend who has borne with me and helped me through many miserable years? Oh, madam, do not cast me off! I have no one to turn to but you."

"Will you let me own everything to you? Will you forgive me when you know what I have done? Will you take me back into the Refuge, if you have any employment for me by which I may earn my shelter and my bread?"

"Before the night comes I must leave the house from which I am now writing. I have nowhere to go. The little money, the few valuable possessions I have must be left behind me; they have been obtained under false pretences; they are not mine. No more forlorn creature than I am lives at this moment. You are a Christian woman. Not for my sake—for Christ's sake, pity me and take me back."

"I am a good nurse, as you know, and I am a quick worker with my needle. In one way or the other can you not find occupation for me?"

"I could also teach, in a very unpretending way. But that is useless. Who would trust their children to a woman without a character? There is no hope for me in this direction. And yet I am so fond of children! I think I could be—not happy again, perhaps, but content with my lot, if I could be associated with them in some way. Are there not charitable societies which are trying to help and protect destitute children wandering about the streets? I think of my own wretched childhood—and oh! I should so like to be employed in saving other children from ending as I have ended. I could work, for such an object as that, from morning to night, and never feel weary. All my heart would be in it; and I should have this advantage over happy and prosperous women—I should have nothing else to think of. Surely, they might trust me with the poor little starving wanderers of the streets—if you said a word for me? If I am asking too much, please forgive me. I am so wretched, madam—so lonely and so weary of my life."

"There is only one thing more. My time here is very short. Will you please reply to this letter (to say yes or no) by telegram?"

"The name by which you know me is not the name by which I have been known here. I must beg you to address the telegram to 'The Reverend Julian Gray, Mablethorpe House, Kensington.' He is here, and he will show it to me. No words of mine can describe what I owe to him. He has never despaired of me—he has saved me from myself. God bless and reward the kindest, truest, best man I have ever known!

"I have no more to say, except to ask you to excuse this long letter, and to believe me your grateful servant,"

She signed and enclosed the letter, and wrote the address. Then, for the first time, an obstacle which she ought to have seen before showed itself, standing straight in her way.

There was no time to forward her letter in the ordinary manner by post. It must be taken to its destination by a private messenger. Lady Janet's servants had, hitherto, been, one and all, at her disposal. Could she presume to employ them on her own affairs, when she might be dismissed from the house, a disgraced woman, in half an hour's time? Of the two alternatives, it seemed better to take her chance, and present herself at the Refuge, without asking leave first.

While she was still considering the question, she was startled by a knock at her door. On opening it, she admitted Lady Janet's maid with a morsel of folded note paper in her hand.

"From my lady, miss," said the woman, giving her the note. "There is no answer."

Mercy stopped her, as she was about to leave the room. The appearance of the maid suggested an inquiry to her. She asked if any of the servants were likely to be going into town that afternoon?

"Yes, miss. One of the grooms is going on horseback, with a message to her ladyship's coachmaker."

The Refuge was close by the coachmaker's place of business. Under the circumstances, Mercy was emboldened to make use of the man. It was a pardonable liberty to employ his services now.

"Will you kindly give the groom that letter for me?" she said. "It will not take him out of his way. He has only to deliver it—nothing more."

The woman willingly complied with the request. Left once more by herself, Mercy looked at the little note which had been placed in her hands.

It was the first time that her benefactress had employed this formal method of communicating with her when they were both in the house. What did such a departure from established habits mean? Had she received her notice of dismissal? Had Lady Janet's quick intelligence found its way already to a suspicion of the truth? Mercy's nerves were unstrung. She trembled pitifully as she opened the folded note.

It began without a form of address, and it ended without a signature. Thus it ran: "I must request you to delay for a little while the explanation which you have promised me. At my age, painful surprises are very trying things. I must have time to compose myself, before I can hear what you have to say. You shall not be kept waiting longer than I can help. In the meanwhile, everything will go on as usual. My nephew Julian, and Horace Holmeroff, and the lady whom I found in the dining-room, will, by my desire, remain in the house until I am able to meet them, and to meet you, again."

There the note ended. To what conclusion did it point?

Had Lady Janet really guessed the truth? or had she only surmised that her adopted daughter was connected in some discreditable manner with the mystery of "Mercy Merrick"? The line in which she referred to the intruder in the dining-room as "the lady," showed very remarkably that her opinions had undergone a change in that quarter. But was the phrase enough of itself to justify the inference that she had actually anticipated the nature of Mercy's confession? It was not easy to decide that doubt at the moment—and it proved to be equally difficult to throw any light on it at an after-time. To the end of her life, Lady Janet resolutely refused to communicate to any one the conclusions which she might have privately formed, the griefs which she might have secretly stifled, on that memorable day.

Amid much, however, which was beset with uncertainty, one thing at least was clear. The time at Mercy's disposal in her own room had been indefinitely prolonged by Mercy's benefactress. Hours might pass before the disclosure to which she stood committed would be expected from her. In those hours she might surely compose her mind sufficiently to be able to write her letter of confession to Julian Gray.

Once more she placed the sheet of paper before her. Resting her head on her hand as she sat at the table, she tried to trace her way through the labyrinth of the past, beginning with the day when she had met Grace Roseberry in the French cottage, and ending with the day which had brought them face to face,

for the second time, in the dining-room at Mablethorpe House. The chain of events began to unroll itself in her mind clearly, link by link. She remarked, as she pursued the retrospect, how strangely Chance or Fate had paved the way for the act of personation, in the first place.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

A cheerful giver put the following note in a pair of pantaloons sent to the Michigan sufferers: "There, take 'em. Last pair I've got. Don't get burned out again."

William Webb, at St. Austell, England, lately dried 12 dynamite cartridges in his stove. His wife, two children and his father were with him when he began, but they all separated immediately after.

A noble Chicagoan's first thought, when his house took fire recently, was for his mother-in-law, whom he saved from the peril of a burning staircase by promptly throwing her out of the third-story window.

A Bengal paper supplies a neat instance of confusion of metaphor. Criticising the Income-tax, it hopes "the Government will not repeat the blunder of killing the calf which daily produces the golden egg."

Mr. Hyde having married a Miss Toller, and the "fatted calf" having been killed in their honor, it gave an editor a chance to say that "it was not the first time that cattle had been killed for the Hyde and Toller."

A new dish is grape-leaves fried in egg-batter; it is called a French dish. A contemporary remarks, "We can't think of anything that would be more delicious than fried grape-leaves, unless it is a theatrical poster on toast."

A man who has a red-headed sweetheart addressed her as "Sweet Auburn, loveliest of the plain." "Sweet Auburn got mad about it. She objected to being classed among the "plain," even though called the loveliest of them.

A Bridgeport, Ct., boy loaned his sled to a policeman to enable him to overtake and arrest another boy for coasting, and when boy No. 2 was hauled up in court, benighted the whole affair by threatening the outwitted policeman with a similar prosecution.

A clergyman says it is curious to note how many people attend a circus only because they want to please their children; but still more curious to observe that in many instances it takes two or three able-bodied men, with as many women, to look after one little boy or girl."

The answer of Damas to the Berlin theatrical manager who desired to bring out his new comedy, in which he said his terms were Alsace, will be remembered. A Berliner has written a rejoinder to the witty Frenchman, in which he says, "I freely admit that your merits are far above those of that Roman flute-player to whom one of the Caesars gave a province as a reward. But the days of territorial liberality are passed for the fine arts. If you want Alsace there is only one way to get it—come and take it."

Dr. Terry, of Columbus, Georgia, is a thoughtful man, who sets a certain value upon his personal liberty. Recently, in what is technically called a court of justice, in that State, he testified thus: "Saw deceased after he was shot; he was lying on the floor, in a pool of blood, in a dying condition. Don't know how long he lived afterward; did not make any minute examination, for the reason that I did not want you lawyers to prove I killed him with a probe."

A poverty-stricken clerk applied for a situation to a large employer of labour in the western district of England. There was no vacancy, and he was curtly informed of the fact. Being of a religious turn of mind, as he was leaving the office he comforted himself with the passage of Scripture the concluding words of which are, "Hath not where to lay his head?" "Don't stand there quoting Shakespeare," said the employer; "I can't give you what I haven't got."

A chemical contemporary contains the story of a sea captain to whom a sailor applied for relief for "something on his stomach." The captain consulted his book of directions, and prescribed "No. 15." Unfortunately, however, there had been a run on No. 15, and the bottle was empty. But the skipper, remembering old games of cribbage, made up a dose by combining Nos. 8 and 7, saying, "8 and 7 make 15!" and the sailor, to whom the calculation seemed quite natural, took the mixture with startling effect.

A writer in the *Figaro*, perfectly familiar with the English language, and anxious to make the fact known, has just given us one of those fearfully and wonderfully made paragraphs which so astonish the English and American residents of Paris. As this item is not translatable, and as it is a literary curiosity of the first water, we feel bound to give it in the original:—"Avez-vous remarqué la dépêche Américaine qui annonce que M. Stock a été reconnu coupable de meurtre de M. Fisk? C'est peut-être vrai. Mais quelle drôle de rencontre!—Stock-fish est un mot anglais qui signifie mort. Que voulez-vous qu'il fish contre trois? Qu'il morit." Such is fame. Mr. Stokes would be content to die if he knew that he had assassinated Fisk, only to be handed down in history in this manner. The *IXX. Sicle* also has a writer very strong in English. "Ce gars drinkers Edgar Poe" is one of his quotations, he meaning to say, probably, "the gin drinker Edgar Poe;" but Poe was not a gin drinker; he never took anything stronger than whiskey.

Chess.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. J. H. G., St. John, N. B.—Quite correct about Prob. 71. See answer to J. H. in our last.

LONDON CHESS ROOMS.

FAVOURITE RESORTS OF THE GREAT PLAYERS—LADY AMATEURS, &c.

The Liverpool *Albion* published recently a series of sketches of club and public chess rooms of the English metropolis, from which we culled the following extracts:—

The City of London Chess Club was founded in 1852 by a few amateurs. It remained for many years in obscurity, and gave but little indication that it would ever arrive at the important position which it at present occupies. It is now admittedly the strongest of the metropolitan chess clubs, and may be said to have an European reputation. The emergence from mediocrity is due to the zealous labours of two gentlemen in particular, viz: Mr. Wm. Tollemache Chapman, late honorary secretary, and Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the celebrated blindfold player. To their harmonious co-operation is primarily due the successful career which the City Club has since run. Having vanquished all its rivals except the St. George's Club, which it challenged in 1871, but which, with inglorious wisdom, avoided do eat by a gentlemanly negative, the City of London Club remains undisputed master of the metropolitan chess field. Its internal operations have been conducted in a spirited manner. Its annual handicap always numbers 48 entries; and last year another handicap for weaker players was formed, also of 48 entries, making two great handicaps or tournaments, in one season, and the present winter will, it appears, witness a repetition of this feat. The match with the Vienna Chess Club now progressing is naturally the hardest battle that the City Club has ever had to fight. It would not be proper to express any opinion upon the position at present arrived at; but the moves have been regularly recorded in this column, and therefore our readers are in a position to form their own speculations. The following players of the first-class are members of the club, viz: Steinitz, Zukertort, Horwitz, Lowenthal, Wisker, Blackburne Bird, Boden, DeVore, Pottar, and Hoffer. The second, or pawn and move class, and which includes several above that strength, numbers from twenty to twenty-five, the other degrees of force being in like proportion; and the total number of members, after an honest excision of backrank names which has just been effected, amounts to 210.

The St. George's Chess Club is second in strength in the metropolis, and its meetings are held at Nos. 29 and 21 King street, St. James, S. W. During the parliamentary season the rooms are exceedingly well attended, and also at other times a fair amount of play is generally going on. The club shows a praiseworthy spirit in matters relating to chess, and it has been on various occasions characterized by its liberality on that behalf. We may instance the two matches of Wisker against Rosenthal, and Steinitz against Zukertort, as examples, we believe, provided the prizes for the winners thereon. Those who reside in Devereux will be glad to know that various peers and baronets are among the frequenters of the club; but the genuine lover of chess will feel more interest in the information that Cochrane is a member, and plays there continually. This distinguished veteran, whose name is historical, and who links the present generation with that of Labourdonnais and McDonnell, has now gone some distance past that limit of fourscore years which by reason of strength some men attain to; yet his chess power has, comparatively speaking, very little diminished, and in bouts with some of the strongest English amateurs he has shown himself well able to hold his own. With reference to the chess talent of the club, Messrs. Wisker, Lowenthal, and Owen are members; but otherwise it cannot, we fancy, claim to receive much light from the stars of chess. The Westminster Club once had a high position, but is now hardly more than a name, from a chess point of view. We have alluded previously to the causes of the regrettable decline which has taken place, and have nothing further to add on that score. The Bermondsey Chess Club is held at No. 99 Bermondsey street, S. E. It contains some fair players, and has been very successful in matches with other suburban clubs. Among the remaining chess clubs of the metropolis we may indicate the following:—Bedford Club, held at the Bedford Institute, Wheeler street, S. W.; Railway Clearing House Club, Euston road, N. W.; Brockley and New Cross Club, Ashby Place, Brockley road, S. E.; City Bank Club, London and Westminster Bank Club, Kensington Amateur Club, and there are various smaller associations scattered over London. We have now but to enumerate the remaining public chess rooms of the metropolis, and our task will thus be finished. There is the King's Head, in Fenchurch street—an inscription over the door informs you that Queen Elizabeth dined there on the 19th May, 1551. We imagine she might also have made a very good meal there at present. Ascending the stairs you observe on the left a portrait of the great Henry, with full stomach and full payment. The chess-room is on the second floor, and arrived there you will fancy yourself in the sixteenth century. Helmets, shields, and antique swords are hung about the walls, while the windows are tinted with heraldic devices—no doubt highly intelligible to the antiquarian. Among the frequenters of the room are some fair chess-players, and we may mention for the benefit of those who take an interest in the adjoining column that draughts seem also a popular game there. Another place where a tolerable amount of chess-playing goes on is the Anchor, Cheapside. The chess-room is situate at the top of the house, which is four huge stories high. It is very wholesome exercise going up stairs, and the frequenters we apprehend need have no recourse to Bantingism. Arrived, breathless, at the altitude, you observe with wonder, not unmixed with admiration, that there are various elderly gentlemen in the room, and arrive thereby at the conclusion that as lovers laugh at locksmiths, so chess players, however grey-headed, derive any amount of stair climbing. For the benefit of our readers we paid a visit to Swainston's, of Gresham street, City. Very fine chessmen are there provided by the establishment, and the liberality of the proprietor in that matter is undoubtedly much to be commended; but chess appliances, however splendid, do not exhilarate much in default of players, and of the latter there were on this occasion none visible to the naked eye. There is a handsome, tastefully fitted, and very comfortable chess room at the City Restaurant upon the same floor as the room of the City of London Club. Some, though not very much, chess is played at Carlo Gatti's room in Villiers street, Strand, adjoining Charing Cross Railway Station. The best day is the second Tuesday in every month, when the "Rooks" Chess Club meets there. The "Rooks" are a genial company of gentlemen, and as their name shows, are devoid of that self-esteem which is too often an unpleasant characteristic of chess-players. Notwithstanding the unassuming title, some of their number are creditable performers. Chess is played, but we believe to a small extent only, at "The Shades," in Leicester Square. The room is underground, which is the reason, perhaps, that it seems rather a dull place; though a couple fond of quietness might find it to their taste. Chess-

playing to a more or less extent goes on also at the following places, viz: Lake's, Gracechurch street; Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate street; Hill's, Bishopsgate street; Khrol's, Coleman street, on both sides of the way; and Reichardt's, Bucklersbury. The Café Royal, Regent street, used also to be patronized by chess-players, but we are not aware whether or no such is now the case.

A capital game in the recent match by telegraph. TORONTO V. SAFFORTH.

Table showing chess moves for White and Black in the Toronto v. Safforth match. Includes moves like 1. P. to K. 4th, 2. P. to K. B. 4th, etc.

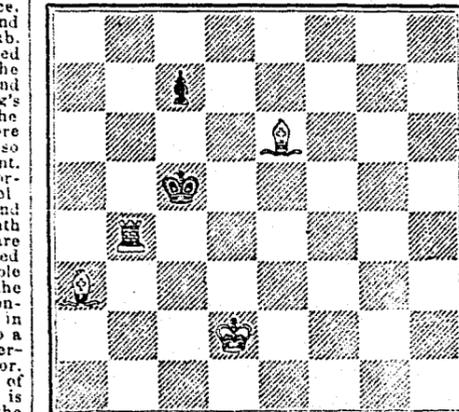
(a) An excellent counter attack to this gambit, now in vogue; the old move, Q. to R. 5th ch., has, at least, the merit of preventing the adversary's castling, and retards the development of his rooks. (b) We prefer P. takes P. (c) Hazardous. (d) Q. to R. 5th ch. would also have been good here, but the move made seems quite as strong. (e) Q. to K. 2nd would have been safer; apparently enabling Black to retain his pawn already won. (f) The right style, as White retains his piece and the pawn, with a better position. (g) If K. to Kt. 3rd, White can force mate in five moves. (h) All this is very well played; Kt. takes B. would not have regained the piece. (i) The only move. (j) The last fourteen moves on both sides seem to us the best possible; here, however, K. to B. 3rd would have been the correct play, e.g. White. 31. K. to B. 3rd, 32. P. ch., 33. P. to K. R. 4th, 34. P. to Q. B. 4th, 35. K. takes P., 36. P. to B. 5th wins. If, in the above, Black play 32. K. to Kt. 4th, White can move K. to Kt. 3rd with the advantage. It is evident that Black could not have removed his King to the Queen's side. 31. P. to K. R. 4th, 32. K. to B. 3rd.

White to play and mate in three moves. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 72. White. 1. Kt. to Q. 2nd, 2. Q. to B. 5th ch., 3. Kt. mates. Black. R. takes P., K. takes B.

VARIATIONS. 1. R. to K. 4th, 2. Q. to Kt. 6th ch., 3. B. to R. 2nd mate. K. moves. R. other moves (a) K. moves. (a) R. to B. 4th, K. takes B. K. to B. 2nd, K. moves. B. to Kt., K. moves. 3. B. mates. B. to Kt., K. moves.

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PROBLEM No. 74. By Mr. W. Atkinson, Montreal.



White to play and mate in three moves. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 74. White. 1. Kt. to Q. 2nd, 2. Q. to B. 5th ch., 3. Kt. mates. Black. R. takes P., K. takes B.

VARIATIONS. 1. R. to K. 4th, 2. Q. to Kt. 6th ch., 3. B. to R. 2nd mate. K. moves. R. other moves (a) K. moves. (a) R. to B. 4th, K. takes B. K. to B. 2nd, K. moves. B. to Kt., K. moves. 3. B. mates. B. to Kt., K. moves.

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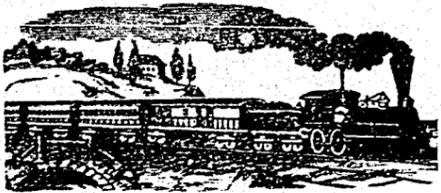
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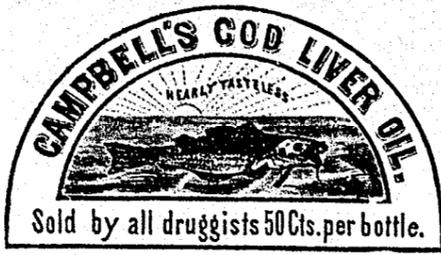
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On and after SATURDAY, 21st inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 5:35 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 9:30 p.m.

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., Dec. 1872. 7-2-tf

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THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:20 P.M., making a certain connection with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West, arriving at Ottawa at 7:20 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.
THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.
BOAT EXPRESS at 4:20 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M.
EXPRESS at 6:20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 1:40 P.M., 8:10 P.M., and 9:45 P.M.

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H. ABBOTT, Manager, 5-21 tf

Brockville, 16th May, 1872.

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