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Vol. XI.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 1st. 1875.

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Mr. Bull;—Don't mind him, Sir Huon, I beg! He's getting old and crusty, and we don't mind him ourselves. He's great at barking, but he can't bite!

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, May 1st, 1875.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

The Bill introduced by the Hon. Mr. CARTWRIGHT at the recent Session of Parliament was an evidence of a desire to do justice to the Civil Servants; and its withdrawal, in as far as they are concerned, from whatever cause that action was moved, is matter for very great regret.

The facts are: in 1872, as a result of a general agitation for increase of fixed salaries, in consequence of changed values which they were required to meet, an Act of Parliament was passed to make a readjustment of official salaries, and by that act the following increases took place:

Ministers were raised from \$5,000 to \$7,000, and the salary of the First Minister was put at \$8,000.

The salaries of the Lieut. Governors of Ontario and Quebec were raised to \$10,000, and those of the smaller Provinces to **\$9,000.**

The salary of the Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench in Quebec was raised to \$6,000. The salaries of the Puisne Judges to \$5,000. Corresponding increases were made of Judges' salaries in Ontario. There were also increases in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba and British Columbia of Judges' salaries.

The allowance to members of Parliament was raised to \$10 per diem, and to \$1,000 if the session lasted over one month.

The two Speakers' salaries were raised to \$4,000 each.

\$75,000 were voted to readjust the salaries of Civil Servants. And as a consequence of this vote the Deputy Heads were raised from \$2,600 to \$3,200 by Order in Council. A pledge was made to Poles and Irish. Thus LAFAYETTE, PULAS-Parliament that the salaries of the other EI, Kosciusko joined the American to show that the alarming increase of vice place for them.

Civil Servants would also be readjusted; but the work was put off, and a bonus to the amount of 15 per cent. on their salaries was paid to them. The proportion per cent. of increase that was given by the bonus was very much less than that given to Ministers, Judges, Lieut.-Governors and Deputy Heads of Departments, even if its permanence could be assured; but it is And, therefore, a very large body of men who need the increase more than those who get it, because while they have smaller salaries, they are required to keep up a respectable position in society, are unjustly, and without any good reason that can be given, left out in the cold.

CHEVALIERS D'INDUSTRIE.

Singularly enough, the celebration of the initial events of the American Revolution, at Lexington and Concord, the other day, has already brought into painful prominence the part played by the hired Hessian soldiery in that great drama. Some of the American papers, referring rather bitterly to the fact, congratulate themselves that such things could not happen in our day. We are not so sure about that. Probably the age in which we live is not less patriotic or chivalrous than those which have preceded it. If there were knights-errant in the olden times, there are generous cavaliers now. and converting the proposition, if there are filibusters to-day, there were freebooters and condottieri in the romantic eras of Bayard and St. Louis. Man is man in all ages and under every clime. As the gallant horsemen who rode over Europe, tilting for ladies' virtue or the rights of fatherland, have lineal descendants in our ageunselfish heroes, doing the battles of honor, even in a hopeless cause,—so the reckless adventurers of the Werner stamp, who fought for gold under every standard, are represented to-day by those soldiers of fortune whose only home is the camp, and whose sole occupation seems to be the easy acquisition of alien plunder. Whether on the sandy plains of Algeria, even to the gorges of Mount Atlas, or the fertile valleys of Sicily and Naples, or the inhospitable shores of the Crimea, whether in legitimate warfare, or in revolutionary uprisings, or in cavalry raids on defenceless frontiers, we are sure to meet these lawless, independent warriors, eager to grasp and share the spoils of victory. The French, with their usual politeness, have covered up the ignominy of this nomad class under the euphemism of Chevaliers d'Industrie. But we brand them in broad Saxon as hirelings—at least the majority of them. What else but hirelings were the Hessians of the American Revolution, and the 36,000 Canadians and the hundreds of thousands of Europeans who came direct from their country to take part in the late Civil war? We refer not to those who resided in the United States when the war broke out, and who had a right to join the army through patriotic motives, but to the immense numbers who enlisted on foreign soil, picked up there by recruiting agents, all for \$12 a month and a bounty. What else were they but hirelings? We can excuse, if we cannot always justify the man who fights for the idea of liberty or the redressing of wrongs, but we can have no words of reprobation too strong for their own, slaughter fellow men who have on women and children whom it is the first duty of true chivalry to p rotect from ill. An officer may engage in foreign service for the wild adventure of the thing, or to get schooling in the art of war, acting in some capacity where he shall be benefitted without injuring those who have never injured him. Thus General Phil. KEARNEY served in the French army. Or he may go and combat for the defence of one or more of those great universal principles which, in his heart of hearts, he deems sacred and precious as life itself. Thus Continental officers have joined the

colonists. Thus the COMTE DE PARIS and the Duc de Chartres sided with the North on the staff of McClellan; thus the PRINCE DE POLIGNAC battled for the South in the marshlands of Louisiana.

We may condemn the opinions of such men, but we may not condemn their chivalry. But what we must condemn is the conduct of those who go from abroad purposely to join the rank and file, and who, on a hundred battle fields, stand to their work of death, deliberately firing volley after volley into the hearts of men who are utter strangers to them, against whom they have no complaint and whose standard they are perfectly willing to bear in the event of their capture. all this for money-blood money.

The adventurous spirit of our times is possibly not greater than that of former days. But such as it is, it is an evil to be denounced. The word filibusterism is one of those peculiar American expressions which quaintly point out an evil generally known by the people. It is associated in all minds with WALKER and Nicaragua. It has been associated with other predatory expeditions. It might not inaptly be connected with the late Indian war in the Western prairies. That war we shall not call a filibustering war, because it was carried on by the American Government, but we do say that there were hundreds engaged in it with filibustering intentions. Greed was their motive. In the wild anarchy which reigned there, and which their presence served to increase, they expected to enrich themselves with spoils to make theirfortunes in a single cavalry dash.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

More than one painful circumstance brought under our notice of late, more than one deplorable instance of ruin related to us, seem to require that we should point out some of the dangers to which young females of the middle and lower classes are exposed in our large cities. We have no disposition, of course, to stir the turbid waters, especially in a family paper like ours, and shall confine ourselves to touching lightly and briefly on two or three points of salient interest.

Our first observation is that the present extravagant luxury of dress has visibly contributed to the increase of vice and immorality. Now-a-days a woman is rated by her toilet among a certain class. Natural beauty and grace are at a discount, for they are set at naught if not coupled with extraneous ornament. Besides, they can be readily replaced by the thousand tricks of false hair, paints and padding. For those whose means allow them to incur the enormous expenses of fashion, the evil is reduced to a mere matter of dollars and cents, but to the thousands whose vanity is unbounded, while their means are slender or absolutely null, the evil is more than pecuniary; it oftens becomes a moral one. How many daughters of the poor are betrayed into indiscretion in order to emulate the rich. How many resort to larceny in order to procure a bonnet or a dress. And, what is still more deplorable, how many purchase their finery at the sacred price of honor. More than once have we seen ragged girls—the Arabs of our streets—standing at corners and watching with greedy eyes their fallen those who take up a cause which is not sisters, sweeping the pave in gaudy silks, or riding down the square reclining in never done them harm, and entail miseries | luxurious carriages. These girls, in whom age was just ripening the emotions, felt the contrast between their rags and those costly dresses, and who knows but that even some of those we happened to see went straight to get a toilet at the same price? A country clergyman recently informed us that, in the comparatively small district where he lived, he could count several girls, of humble parentage, who, having gone to the city on a visit or for business, returned with magnificent trousseaux which they had exchanged for their virtue. As just said, we have to write cautiously or we could go into more startling details, but enough has been said

is owing, in a great measure, to the extravagance of female toilet. This being so, it is an additional reason why ladies themselves should be the first to put a stop to this extravagance.

Another point which may be referred to is the isolation of young girls in public places of large cities, such as taverns, saloons and certain shops. It may be laid down as a principle of public morality that no young girl or unmarried woman should be left alone in places frequented only by men. When the place where these young women are isolated from their sex is frequented by all kinds of men for the purposes of drinking and gambling it is easily calculated what disorders must ensue. If the public show of babies, last year, was denounced as disgraceful and immoral, how much more immoral is the exhibition of young girls, where, as in a market, they are sensually examined and commented on, and learn boldness of look and freedom of carriage-the forerunners of something worse.

We have received from an esteemed correspondent at Quebec, a valuable communication in which he states that there are few subjects upon which he feels more acutely than the yearly loss of human life by the upsetting of small boats on our Canadian waters. It is all very well according to our correspondent to get into a rage with the boatbuilders. really deserve it—but it would do no good. The law of demand and supply overrides the claims of humanity in that as well as other trades; and he believes we shall do nothing effectual without social organization. To further the prospect of some such Society being started—say, " For the protection of life on sea and river," or something of that sort, he would ask the favor of our repeating in the ILLUSTRATED NEWS that capital design of a sail-boat with "side-boards," and with "feet" attached to the keelson, which lately appeared in L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, published from this office. He also calls upon us to draw attention to the danger always arising from the practice of standing up in boats,". sists furthermore on the force of the two ideas of Axis of Flotation (or line around which the boat makes partial revolution by the action of wind and wave) and of centre of gravity of boat and lad-ing, which must be either above or below that line-in the former case always with more or less of danger to stability. If this were done, the nail would be hit on the head, even better than by Mr. PLIM-SOLL with his Load Line, which is, after all, only a necessary makeshift.

The following remarks of a New York contemporary are well worth the attention of the class to whom they are addressed. For years past there has been a strong and growing rivalry between well-to-do farmers in the matter of educating their children. They are not content to see them finish a course of useful study in the district academy, and go to work on the farms as they did themselves. They send their sons to colleges and their daughters to fashionable boarding-schools, and thus, often without being aware of it, they are themselves the means of turning them aside from useful pursuits. It would be better for hundreds of country-born young men if they were supplied only with such an education as would fit them to be good agriculturists. It would materially reduce the annual number of graduates in medicine, and it would also help to thin the ranks of the idlers in the cities. Farmers who have sons growing up, if they take friendly advice, will educate them to follow in their own footsteps. If they do, it will not only save them a world of trouble, but will likewise promote the true interest of their children. The same advice will apply with equal force to the education of farmers' daughters. If they are intended for farmers' wives, the socalled fashionable boarding-school is no

The use which Canadians might make of their maples is instanced by the following fact. The largest maple sugar manual of the During his absence the first phase of the odious temptation takes place. At facturer in Vermont, and possibly in the suggestion of Gallantio, the heavy villain of the play, Hylar is induced to attempt the ruin of Volina. Not content with doing this by all buckets. His average crop of sugar is from four to six tons, each spring, about himself, because she is a woman. Paphiana, the one half of which is run into diminutive cakes, while the remainder goes into that of Ceant Filippo, is the name of the demon molasses, which is put up in caus and hermetically sealed. He has two main moth evaporators, which span two large brick arches, besides four smaller arches, which are used both for boiling and sugar off purposes. His facilities are ample for disposing of a thousand buckets of sap, which ordinarily will make a thousand pounds of sugar. Mr. Ray's annual repounds of sugar. Mr. Pay's annual receipts for sugar and melasses for the past the false conscience; then the bubbling of the blood, the paroxysm of passion, and finally six years have reached from \$1,000 to the swift, blind headlong leap of Sappho, from the mannature of Longotti due to the double water. \$1,500. The amount of help required in this eachard is seven men, with two yokes of oxen.

M. Michel Chevalier, the celebrated French economist, in reply to a complimentary teast, made a speech, at a banquet in Liverpool, last week, in which he dwelt on the benefits of Free Trade. He expressed his admiration of the extraophinary progress made by the United States. A nation so anxious to possess all improvements in public and private life, so eminent for its love of liberty, could not long remain bound to the protective system. Protection was repugnant to a progressive policy; it checked the growth of trade and restricted the liberties of the producer and consumer. He especially pointed out the inconsistency of Americans in imposing duties on foreign grain, while they attempted to immdate the grain markets of i Europe with their products,

In commenting a few days ago on the constituting of the new French Senate, we expressed the belief that M. Threas. would be its first President. Our latest intelligence from Paris confirms this opinion. Le Moniteur says that M. Thiens will be elected to the Senate by many Departments, and may possibly be chosen to provide over that body, in which event he is sure to hold the prestnen for life.

M. Wallon, Minister of Public Instruction, has designated Judge Cambert as a special communitioner to examine and report on American systems of collection. M. Cambert will visit Washington and Now York, and will also attend the Philadulphia Exhibition, in connection with throughout l'dippo's impressions, there is a ten-which he will receive special instructions dency to drawing out which is not always true to which be will receive special instructions from Ministers Dellages and DeMeaux.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

CHARLES HEAVYSLOP

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We are glad to know that our first study on the writings of Charles Heavy sege, has awakened considerable interest in the genius of a man who has been too much neglected by his countrymen. We are, therefore, the more encouraged to contime our examination of two subsequent positis of his which have been in our library for time. The first of these is "Count Filippe or The Unequal Marriage," a drama in five acts, printed at Montreal, for the author, in 1860. The subiest is a terribly hazardous one, being the study ed a harrowing social problem, a fearful temptation, growing out of unsqual loves between anold man and a young woman of fascinating leveliners. Mr. Heavywege, in his introduction, lays down the theory that such a union is tantamount to a come, and that "next in enermity to a breach of the marriage relation should its mutual con-traction by youth and years." This idea we believe to be philosophically insound and ethically daugerous, but it is bold and originafull the same, and at once interests the resider to see how the author carries it out.

Tremohla, a very aged man, is Duke of Pereza. Hylas is his only sou and heir. Count Filippo, an elderly nobleman, is chief minister of state, and the husband of the lovely Volina, a very young woman. The Duke, at the instance of from the body of the poem. Filippo, wants his con to get married and Here is a description of secures for him a suitable weatch in the daughter from his Ammonite victory

of the Duke of Arno. Count Filippo is desthe artifices of his own corrupted nature, he draws in to his assistance a creature baser than wife of a Perezan gentleman whose estate adjoins in human shape, who, under the guise of friend-ship, weeks to poison the heart of the pure and unsuspecting Volina.

There is no need to rehearse the whole incidents of the play. The infernal game follows its usual and almost necessary course. First there is the ignorance of innocence; then the surprise of awakened virtue; then the first latal lingering over the gibbed vision of sin; then the step which compromises reputation without yet staining the soul; then the terrible reasoning which the promontory of Leneadia into the death waters. It is the old, ald story, but how novel ever, and magnificiently terrible

Such a drama was suited to the soudhe analysis which is characteristic of Mr. Heavy sege sgenius, and though it were the easiest thing to point out mistakes of both conception and execution throughout the work, it cannot be defined that the poem is very powerful. It is not equal to "Saul," as indeed none of Mr. Heavysege's subsequent writings have come up to the standard of that me. that masterpiece, but with considerable revision as to the details of stage business, it could easily be performed in public, a use to which the drama of "Saul" could not be put. Considering the amount of mediocrity that is represented at theatres, we do not wonder that Count Filippo has not had the honor of histrionic reproduction, but we do think that Montreal or Toronto might attempt to mount this Canadian work. We commend the project both to Mrs. Morrison, of

Toronto, and Professer Andrew, of this city.

At the first rumor of the disgrammand sorrow that are in store for him, Filippo thus beautifully expresses his confidence in the fidelity of his wife

Is there some my stic and invisible bond. That ever links us unto those we love? Or doth love's strong and melting power transfuse. Two scale and they do rompose but one? I fear not for Volum. where tore should I?

What impious Perezin Time Would pile his passage to my lovely sin. Or, having dured approach her glorious sphere Is not already by her from theme-hulled As Satan trom the living light of heaven?

Here is one of those terrible prayers that ex poet no answer, because the heart is already fixed on smilt. One of those ghastly mockeries of that Providence which might still save if appealed to

Now, you compagal Powers that hower have, Ye resions wardens of our constance. That reaches to the thought, assist med now, that of my hosem, that mack clustery. If make new iritious sill.
Then that in pity here det on Magdalen. Nor didst tobuke her when she washed thy feet. Hebuke not now, but tell me—gracious tell me. Is pity shown to Hylas criminal? Do not the garitless angels have each other.

The confessional scene where Filippo, under the guise of a monk, hears from the lips of his own wife the avoyal of her guilt, is wrought with considerable power, though there, as well

mind, the most successful portion of the work. centraged morality

We go, has deflored ways, toward different ends. You to a throne in a luxurious court. I to a cell among envered mus.

BYLAS.

Then what remains but here to abdicate,— Descend, indeed, before we have arisen— With cruciffx go pade the cloistered side, instead of sitting instead of sitting, sceptred, on a throne We will beinks us to the sackcloth, too Who should have domed the purple

A later work of Mr. Heavy sage, and the last to which we shall refer is " Jephthali's Daughter, A handsome volume published in 1865, by Dawson Brothers, of Montreal, and Sampson Low, of London. It is the weakest of our aut-hor's poems, and considering the beauty of the subject, oin disappointment on realing it was equal to our expectation. Mr. Houvysege's talent is essentially dramatic and he fails in sustaining the interest of a lengthy opic. If he had treated this scriptural episode in a tragic form, as Enripides did its great counterpait, the story of Iphigenia, we have no doubt ho would have produced a worthy pendent of his "Saul." Even the language is not up to Mr. Heavysege's standard. The blank verse is often limp and crude and the imagery is not always well sustained. There is no need to go into the details of the story. It will suffice for our purpose to give a few extracts, gathered here and there,

Here is a description of Jophthale returning

Banners filled the air,
And martial music, and a roar of joy.
From the wild, welcouning multitude, that stood
Dense as primeval woods, aspiring, spread
to carnival attire of brightest hues,
O'er balcony and beaun, o'er tower and tree,
Thick as the blooms of spring on orchard walls;
And, climbing, clustered on adventured heights
'I'll nought was weant: top of tallest pile
Was covered, and the next of crow and crane
Invaded, whilst the grinning urchin sat
Astraddle on the gilded, yielding vane. Banners filled the air.

The following represents Jephthah's daughter among her maids, after her first interview with her father.

r lather.

She said, and, at her signal, half the maids. Received their discarded instruments. Received their discarded instruments. Psaltery, and dulcimer, and sacred harp. Blazoned with gold and twined around with flowers. The other half the sober distaff took. And spun fair flax.—less fair than their fair flagers: Less rich, that dyed of purple, or of axure. And that which rivalled evening's golden clouds. Than were their various beauties, all confessed: And, while the wheels whirred like the hum of bees, the chant rose softly as flow summer winds. Over ambroxial downs, or through the copse where linnets sing, or woods where wild doves woo.

aturally formed a principal part of the picture, but we fear that in the hands of Mr. Heavysege it has been overdone. She does not appear on the scene too often, but her speeches are toolong. But, on the other hand, the character of the young victim is better wrought. The following little picture of her resignation is exquisite :-

Again she pansed, and, with yet raised regard. Stood withdroopedarms, crossed at the marble wrists, As if, in fancy, for the altar bound So stood, composed, all to her fate resigned Peace on her face and patience in her eyes.

The tragic end is set forth as follows:

Thus passed away this ancient Hebrew maid. Thus passed away has ancient Hebrew maid. Trassendent, and surpassing poet's praise; Who bowed her to a parent's urgent need. Enduring an irreparable wrong. Two months she wandered o'er the mountains wild; Midst awful shadows and pale, spectral sheen, Mourned with her virgins her virginity; Then rendering heiself to the grim end. Died self forgetful; -yet immortal, lives Loved and remembered to the end of time

THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE DOMINION.

THE HOTEL-DIEU HOSPITAL.

(Candialed from our last.)

The imposing pile of buildings represented in to the Hotel-Dieu in 1730 by M. and Mme. Basset. The edifice may be considered as an immense cruciform building flanked by wings on three ends of the cross. The building on its greatest length runs east and west. The center, or shaft of the cross, is 295 feet in length, from north to south, and 50 feet wide. Its northern extremity, however, expands into a wing about 100 feet length, east and west. The two arms of the cross are each 190 feet in length, cast and west, by 50 feet depth. The wings at each side of the cross, and forming the eastern and western ends of the Hospital measure 162 feet north and south by 50 feet in width. The total frontage in a straight line, comprising the width of the center building, the length of the two arms of the cross, and the width of the two wings, is 535 feet. The greatest depth, 295 feet. The several wings and the main building, if placed in a continuous straight line, would measure 1,050 feet in length by 50 in depth, 4 stories high. The Church, which occupies the southern part of the center when occupies the southern part of the center aroughout Filippo's imprecations, there is a tension of the work to drawing out which is not always true to wants have each a half or dormitory 172 feet atmee.

The finale of pardon and repentance is, to our wind, the most successful partion of the work. In this great Hotel of Charity, 70 Nuns, 8 that is nothing modeled or around account in the transfer of the roots side and indices. These There is nothing morbid, or even conventional in the sentiments expressed by Filippo, Volins or are usually under their care from 200 to 225. Hylas, while the annuasking of the two wretches Paphisus and Gallantia is a truthful tribute to have also 50 orphan boys, and 36 orphan girls; outraged morality.

The priests and seminarists of the Diocese, are also provided for, when ill, in this hospital. The Venerable Bishop Bourget has been for some time under the one of these good Sisters. The Hospital is visited daily by Doctors Hingston and Munro, whose services to the poor are gratuitous, but whom the Community retributes for professional calls to any of the Sisters who may require their skill. The Canadian School of Medicine also visit daily, the students being accompanied by one of the 6 or 7 learned professors, their masters in the healing art. So that no assistance that charity on the one hand, and science on the other, can afford, is defiled to the aufortunate, whom illness and poverty consign to the Hotel-Dien. There have been from 2,500 to 3,000 patients received yearly in the Hotel-Dien for the last ten years, and the total number treated since the foundation exceeds 125,000.

The Nuns of the Hotel-Dien are cloistered, that is to say, they never leave the precincts of the monastery and hospital. Their life is most regular and industrious. They rise at 5; the morning prayer and meditation occupies an hour. At half past 6 they visit and tend the sick; at broakfast; after which they hear mass, and each attends to her work. They sweep, dust, make up the beds, prepare bandages, medicine, Se. At 10, dinner is served to the sick by the Nuns, who dine themselves at half past 10. At 4 o'clock they recite vespers, and at half past four instruct the sick and distribute to them words of peace and salvation. At 5, the patients receive from their motherly hands the evening meal. At half past 7, the Nuns recite matins and lands, and at 9, retire to sloat. Twenty-

two of the Sisters remain with the sick all day, and six watch all night. The house work, cloth-ing, preparation of food, care of the sick, take up all their spare moments; and although monotonous, laborious, and frequently painful and disgusting, their duties and mode of life are not contrary to longevity. Of the 192 Sisters who had died previous to 1860, and whose remains were then transferred to the newchurch, seventythree had lived past 60 years, 14 of whom had reached 80, and 3 attained respectively 90, 92, and 96 years of age.

The revenues of the Community and of the Poor are still kept distinct. The Nuns do not hesitate to spend much of their income for the poor sick and infirm under their care, but are most scrupulous not to touch a farthing of the precious inheritance belonging to the Poor of Christ. These revenues all arise from real estate given to the Hotel-Dien at its foundation or in the following century. Some of these donations were for the support of the Nuns themselves, others for the use of the poor alone. From the two, a strict economy, and wise administration enabled The despair and imprecations of the mother the Sisters to build the Hospital they now occupy turally formed a principal part of the picture, at a cost of over \$250,000. One wing and one of the arms of the cross, belong to the Nuns. The remainder is the property of the Poor. The Church was built on joint account, but the Nuns furnish the means necessary to maintain the dignity of the divine service. The expenses of the house are about \$35,000 per annum.

The Sisters of the Hotel-Dieu have also established hospitals at Tracadie, and Madawaska.

ANTIGONE.

In our issue of the 17th April, we gave a full synopsis of the plot and incidents of this tragedy. The performance of it, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week in Association Hall, gave the citizens of Montreal an opportunity of hearing the beautiful dialogue, and expressive music, which clothe this noble work. The dramatic interest prevailing throughout the play, the sublimity, variety, and vigour of the sentiments it portrays, the rapidity with which the chain of interesting events is unrolled, give to this ancient tragedy a greater attraction than most modern dramas, whilst it possesses a further charm of quaint simplicity, and freshness heightened by its twenty-three centuries of age. Dramatised according to the possibilities of modern art, and our last issue, was erected in 1861. The site it placed on the stage with all the accessories of occupies forms part of a farm of 150 acres given scenery, costume, and appointments, "Antigone" would draw without a doubt. On Thursday night in its primitive state, it drew a large audience to Association Hall, and was listened to with marked attention and evident delight. The performance was a success. Professor Andrews displayed not only his own powers as an elecutionist and reader, but his talent in training others. For although the several parts sustained by pupils are difficult, and would tax the ability of experienced actors, all acquitted there-selves most creditably. The east was as follows: -Creon, Prof. Andrews; Hamon, Mr. McCorkill; Tiresias, Mr. Baynes; Messenger, Master R. Smith; Sentinel, Master R. Mui; Chorus, Mr. Weir: Antigone, Miss McGarry; Ismene, Miss Henderson.

The part of Antigone is the most important

and requires not only a retentive and ready memory, but vivid sensibility and histrionic talent. Miss McGarry certainly proved herself possessed of all these qualifications. Her election is clear and distinct, her voice sympathetic. her gesture expressive and graceful. Her natural modesty did not degenerate into timidity. Her confidence never savored of boldness. We have not heard any amateur actress recite as difficult a part with so much fluency, nor identify herself so thoroughly with her assumed character.

Professor Andrews, who conducted the piece, read with energy and excellent intonation the several passages albotted to Creon. The contrast between the haughty imperative accent of the King aroused to wrath and vengeance, and the humble subrasive tone of the terror stricken Monarch, was especially well defined, and very

Mr. Baynes, as Tiresias, the old blind seer, rophesying the punishment about to be inflicted by the angry Gods on Creon, exhibited an intensity and subtlety of feeling and expression seldom witnessed on the stage. He was grand, east upon him by the King, he hurled on Creon's head the curses of the Gods. His exit was followed by loud and continuous applause.

The other young gentlemen all acquitted them-selves well, as did also Miss Henderson, whose part, though secondary, was fraught with diffi-

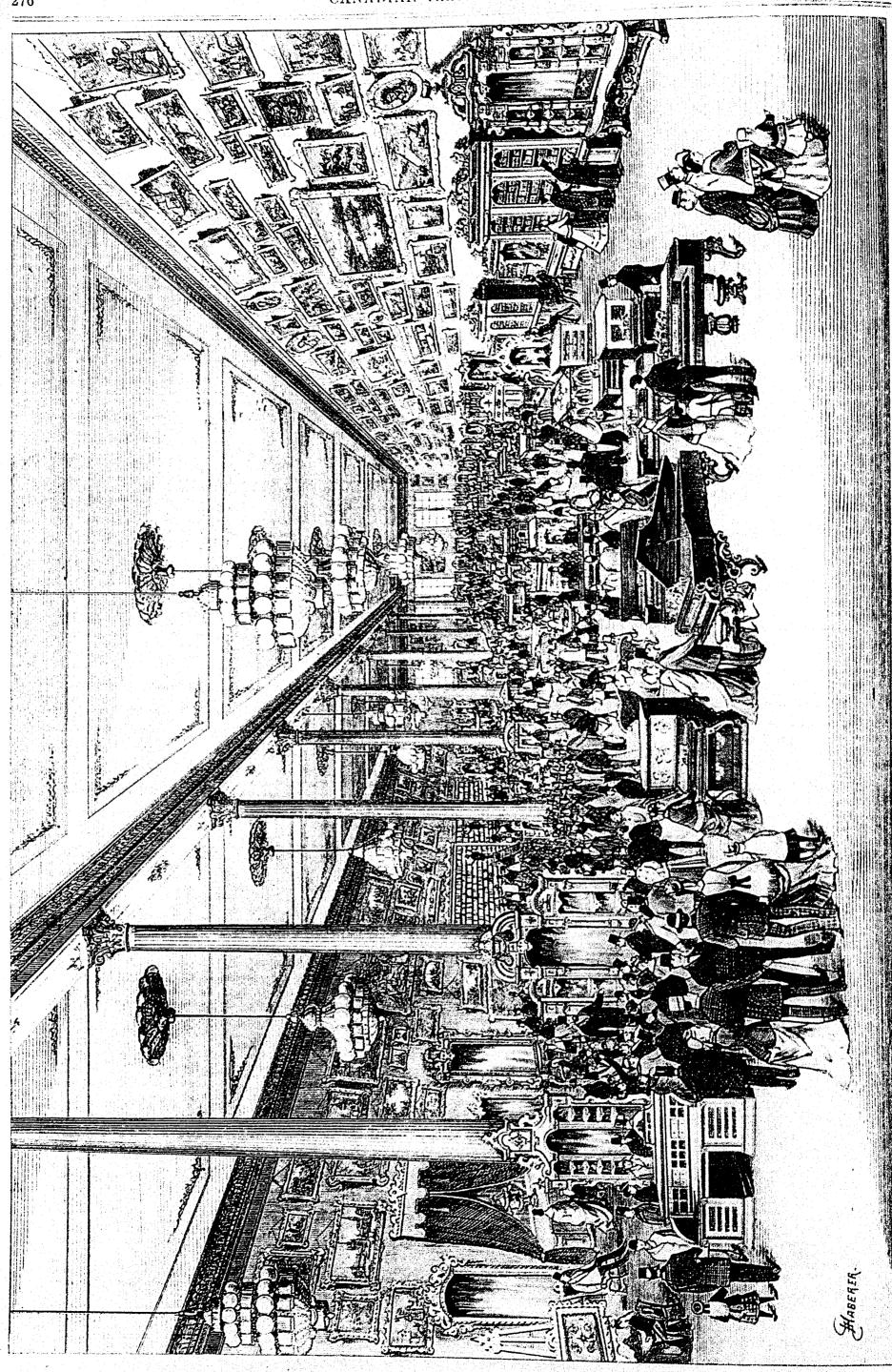
If the narrative and dialogue of this Greek drams, written 450 years before Christ is so attractive, spoken by young gentlemen in black broad-cloth and white kid gloves, how interesting would they not be on the stage, with the illusions of scenery and correct costume! We

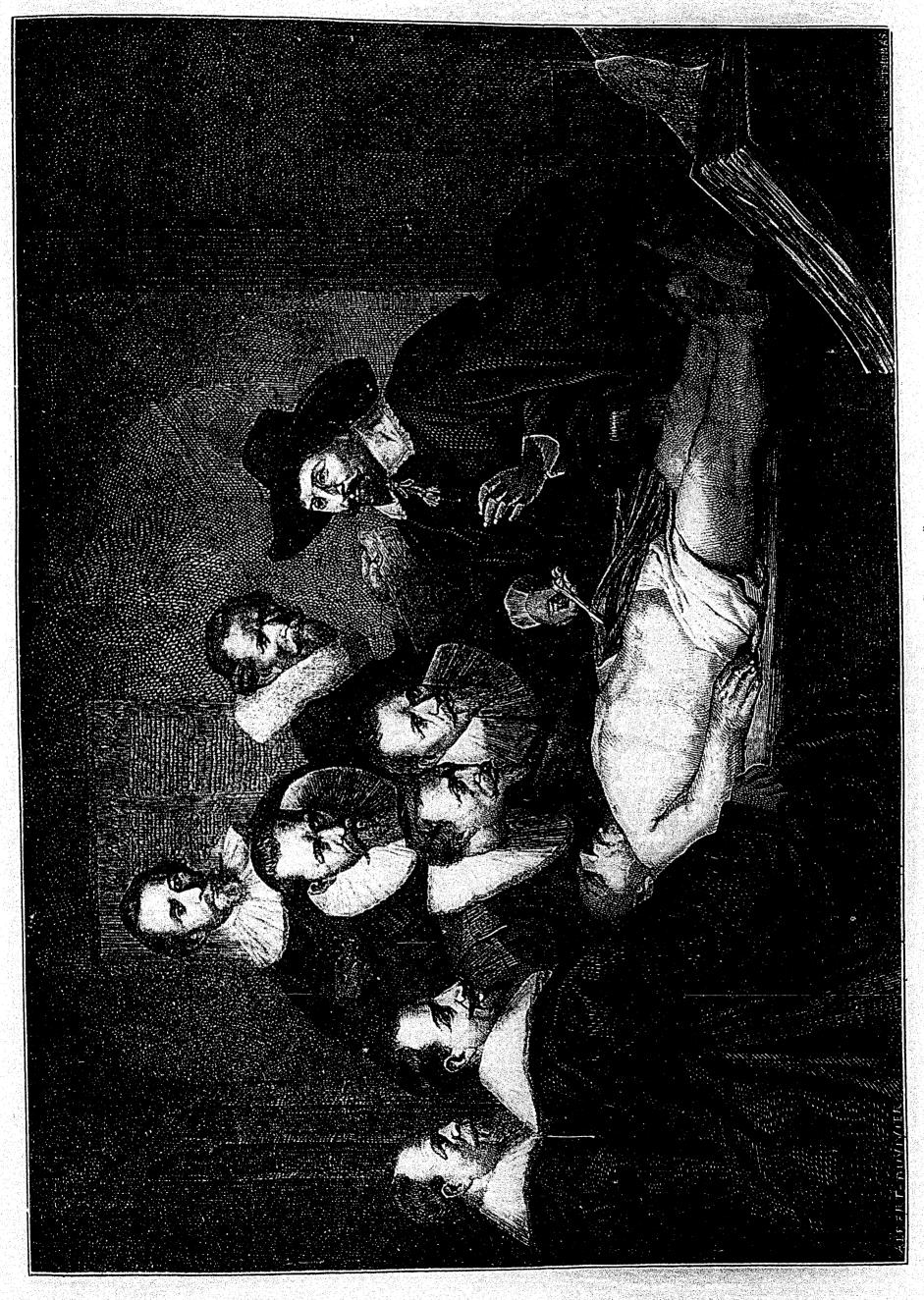
throw out the suggestion.

The music of the choruses which occur in the piece, is beautiful in harmony, but, agait from one or two passages does not leave a lasting impression. It was however very well rendered. and on the performance of the singers. Professor Harrison is to be congratulated, as well as on his own precise and classical execution of the piano

accompaniment. We hope the success of this "revival" will encourage the managers of the entertainment to unearth and produce more goins of the same beauty and excellence.







ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

LEXINGTON -- 1775.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ı.

No maddening thirst for blood had they, No battle-joy was theirs who set Against the alien bayonet Their homespun breasts in that old day.

II. Their feet had trodden peaceful ways,
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath His praise.

m.

No seers were they, but simple men; Its vast results the future hid; The meaning of the work they did Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

IV.

Swift as the Summer came they left The plow. mid-furrow, standing still, The half-ground corn-grist in the mill. The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call; They scarcely asked the reason why; They only knew they could but die, And death was not the worst of all.

Of man for man the sacrifice, Unstained by blood, save theirs, they gave. The flowers that blossomed from their grave. Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

VII.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower, And shattered slavery's chain as well; On the sky's dome, as on a bell, Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That faithful echo is not dumb;
The nations, listening to its sound,
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come—

IX.

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release.
When, war sick, al the feet of Peace.
The bawk shall nestle with the dove.

The golden age of brotherhood, Unknown to other rivalries Than of the mild humanities, And gracious interchange of good.

When closer strand shall lean to strand, Till meet, beneath saluting flags, The cagle of our mountain crags, The lion of our Mother-land.

REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

III.

The representation of minorites would solve the Senate question. It would give us such a the Senate question. It would give us such a House of Commons as would render a second chamber unnecessary. Some want to reform the Senate, I say reform the Commons and abolish the Senate. There are men in the Senate whose services are useful to the country, but by the representation of minorities they would be always sure of seats in the House of Commons.

There are very few of the Senators who could not make up the quots of votes required, by a

not make up the quota of votes required, by a candidate, at a general election if their friends, everywhere, throughout the Dominion were allowed to vote for them.

Parliament should be composed of the best men of all parties, together with the most successful and enterprising men in all trades and professions; and I maintain that the representation of minorities would result in Legislatures of precisely this description. The crudeness of Legislation is due to the absence of practical men in Parliament. No man deserves a seat in Parliament who has not distinguished himself in some way. There are men on the various Boards of Trade throughout the Dominion, equalled by very few, and surpassed by none in either branch of the Legislature. If some of these had seats in Parliament fewer deputations would be

Legislation is now carried on, on the most momentous questions, in the absence of practi-cal men. The Commons should be open to our best bankers, merchants, manufacturers, agriculturists and professional men, on much easier terms.

If there is a farmer in Parliament let him be the best farmer. Send him there just on account of what he knows about farming, and not what he knows about finances, our constitution or foreign policy. Farming will be such a man's hobby and he will feel prouder of being considered a good farmer than of being a member of Parliament. The agricultural interests of the country are safe in the hands of such men. A farmer's passport to Parliament should be "what I know about farming." If he is silent on this and eloquent on the constitution, finances or foreign trade suspect him of fraud, of being Jack of all trades and master of none." Many a farmer aspires to Parliamentary honors, in the agricultural interests, who has no taste for farming, and continues at it only from necessity. Those who expect to be beneficially represented by such men are mistaken. With the representation of minorities there would be farmers in Parliament, but they would be men of national reputation, who have benefited the country by their intelligence and enterprise.

We should have more bankers in Parliament,

and they should be those under whose care the great monetary institutions of the country, were started and flourish. The bankers' passport to Parliament should be "what I know about banking." It would save the appointment of many Committees to have such men in Parliament, to tell the House what they know about banking every time the question comes up. These men could always make up the quota of votes required to elect them if their friends everywhere in the Dominion were enabled to vote for them.

We need more wholesale merchants in Par liament, and these should be the most successful, the most experienced, and of the highest reputation. Like bankers they possess a kind of in-formation indispensable to the House and good Legislation. Their business brings them into direct contact with all the great industrial enter-prises of the world. They stand between the foreign and home manufacturer. They import the raw material for the home manufacturer and sell his goods for him. They do the same thing, to some extent, for the foreign manufacturer. They have business with banks both at home and abroad. They employ the various lines of Ocean steamers, railways and telegraphs more than any other class. The successful wholesale merchant knows a great deal about many things on which Legislation is required. The local tyrany of parties is excluding nearly all practical successful business men of national reputation from politics and public life. A rich man can, in many cases, secure his election by sacrifice of principle and money. But if attained in this way, the very act which secures the seat, destroys his public usefulness. He enters Parliament, in fetters, and groans under the local tyranny of his constituents every day. With the represen-tation of minorities, local tyranny could not reach or hurt men of national reputation. Their friends, everywhere, being allowed to vote for them, their quotas would be made up, and they elected without any sacrifice of money, or principle. To secure an election at present is a work of great labor and expense, and the country loses the services of its ablest men, simply because a way is not devised to elect them without this labor and this labor and expense. The honor of being a member of Parliament is not worth the labor and cost of an election at present. very few men in the Commons who are not "paying too dear for their whistles." It is not the interest of society that this should be so. On the contrary, it is the interest of society to make the way to Parliament as easy as possible to such men of national reputation as are, in any way, an honor to the nation. If we were to block up our harbors and rivers, so as to make navigation dangerous and difficult, the ships and treasures of foreign countries would soon cease to visit our shores. The best ship with the most valuable cargo may be wrecked in attempting to reach Now, a politician is like a ship and Parliament like a port; and no obstructions, in a river, can be more fatal to shipping than the present election law is to the public men of this Dominion. The man who thinks that this state of affairs can be endured knows little about history and human nature. The people will flee from it in some direction, and the point to be attended to, in time, is that they may not "jump out of the frying pan into the fire." The tyranny of local majorites is a torpedo that blows up many an intellect and fortune. I pro-pose the representation of minorities, as the proper remedy for these evils.

It would open Parliament to all who had through intellect or success in business acquired a wide reputation; and this being the case, the Commons being composed of able men, and always easily accessible to them, we might safely abolish the Senate. It is the low average intellect of popular assembling which popular assemblies which ever causes second chambers to be considered necessary. Raise the average intellect sufficiently and the only excuse for a second chamber disappears. would not like to trust the country to the present House of Commons, or any House elected on the present system; but I am convinced that with the representation of minorities we would have a House of Commons, with an amount of intellect, to whom we might safely leave all our Legisla to whom we might safely leave all our Legisla-tion. "Make straight the paths" of intellect; let it into Parliament without fetters, "and without price." All of the Senate and the best men in the Commons, combined, would make a pretty good Parliament. This would raise the average intellect enough to dispense with a second chamber.

There should be more manufacturers in the House of Commons. The House should contain, within itself, all the information necessary to deal with this question whenever it comes up It is evident that this is not the case at present. Otherwise, the House would not need to call Committees to collect opinions and evidence. Every Committee of this kind, and every Board of Trade is a protest against the incapacity of the House of Commons. They prove a back of brove ack of legislative ability in our Legislatures. They are living evidences of unredressed abuses in the law and administration. Men go to Ottawa on deputations and committees every session. This attention may flatter the vanity of Ministers, but, assuredly, it is not creditable to their legislative assuredly, it is not creditable to their legislative or executive ability. Petitions, committees and deputations are evidences of misgovernment. They show conclusively that there is something neglected or overdone. The men who go thus are often the men who should have been sent to legislate, and those whom they go to instruct or convince or persuade are those who should have been always at home.

Fenelon Falls.

W. DEWART.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A call for recognition and increased patronage is made in the present number of the POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, and with cause. It is a distinctive publication, like no other in range of subject or in manner of treatment. The amount of special reading in every number is of a kind which cannot be found elsewhere, being the sum The price of and substance of many books. publication is a trifle compared to the work performed. The twelve numbers make two portly volumes at the end of the year, each of which would cost more than the whole years' subscrip-We cordially recommend the publication to all our readers.

There is no dearth of good poetry in the May ATLANTIC. Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Aidrich are the contributors. The Centennial poem of Whittier will be found in the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Among the other articles, to say nothing of Mark Twain's humourous paper on the "Pilot Life of the Mississippi," we noticed one entitled "What is an American?" which, though "What is an American?" which, though brief, is remarkably keen in its analysis. "Afferi," by Howells, is a careful and ap-preciative study creditable to the subject and writer. Laudari a viro laudato.
The beautiful St. Nicholas again. Its magni-

is from the pencil of Doré. Among the literary contributions are stories by Rebecca Harding Davis, Louisa M. Alcott, J. T. Trowbridge, and poems by Rose Terry Cooke and Mary A Lathbury. The usual appendices for very young children are as usual admirable.

bury. The usual appendices for children are, as usual, admirable.

The prominent feature of this month's GALAXY is the space given to Biography, in which there are three most entertaining articles. The first of these sets forth the character of Louis II., the eccentric, not to say insane monarch who now rules over Bavaria. The second is a sketch of Salvator Rosa, the "Last of the Old Masters;"

Salvator Rosa, the "Last of the Old Masters;" and the third is an equally attractive sketch, by another hand, of another great painter, the beautiful and gifted Angelica Kauffman.

There are poems by Bourdillion, John James Piatt, and Mrs. Mary B. Dodge. There are "Linguistics" by Richard Grant White. There are three serials, and finally, the usual quantum of political and society gossip, scientific and literary notes and Nebulæ.

Wirt Sykes in Lippincott's has put together a number of anothers recognized the series of anothers.

a number of anecdotes concerning the career of the great French actor, Frederick Lemaitre, seve-ral of which we have read elsewhere, but which we were glad to see collected. "Behind the Fans," by Gustave Droz is a charming bit. Articles of travel and adventure always find a place in the pages of this able magazine and the present number contains two—"Up the Parana and in Paraguay," and "Northward to High Asia." The art and society papers are replete Asia." The art and society papers are replete with light and entertaining reading.

The contents of OLD and New for May are

nore copious than usual. The American Government is a striking paper in Mr. Hale's usual original vein. Some parts of it are hard to make out and hence they provoke thought. The chronological table of the Bourbons is worth keeping for reference. "A Queer Little Hat," by Kate Tamatt Woods, is a queer little story and wall told. and well told. As usual, the hints, precepts and studies on the cultivation of Art, especially painting, make this magazine extremely valuable to specialists.

Among the good things in SCRIBNER's, we may mention the Baltimore Bonapartes, with several portraits. There is a romance about this which has been too much overlooked. Dr. Holland's story of Seven Oaks is steadily developing its plot and increasing in interest. A tele-of the most valuable paper is a criticism on Some Recent Poets. The number is made up of

other recent 1 octs. The number is made up of everal short stories and poems.

Illustrated articles of travel and discovery have late formed a leading feature of APPLETON'S JOURNAL. The last number contains a second paper:—Among the Bavarian Highlands. Another capital article and well timed is the Centennial Concord, containing all one wants to know about that remarkable old town. This periodical is remarkably well edited. Printed in small type, its pages afford a very large amount of reading. Its Paris and London Art letters are a special attraction, giving details of everything going on in those capitals.

on in those capitals.

In "Mr. Vaughans Heir" we have another of
Mr. Frank Lee Benedict's masterly pen portraitures of the weaker sex, (so called ;) yet somehow under his vigorous handling they seem to us to lose much of that characteristic, at the same time leaving us unable to break the charm he yet keeps floating like a cunning drapery around his female characters. His male delineations he strength and effect of the bold touches he expends on the other sex. The blending of the French and American free think-The ing ideas are certainly original, while the peculiarities of each are still retained. "Mr.

Vaughans Heir" is essentially a book of the day.

There is nothing in "Safely Married" to
offend the taste of the most fastidious of readers. It is a little home tale, pleasingly narrated, and points a good moral against the too common practice of hasty marriages, which in nine cases out of ten, effectually put it out of the power of the parties contracting such, to congratulate themselves on being even "Safely Married;" we will say nought of happily. Both books are published by Harper Brothers, and are for sale at Dawsons. at Dawsons.

THE GREAT DOMINION. This is an address by Edward Jenkins, Esq., M. P., Agent General for Canada, to the Manchester Reform Club, published in a handsome pamphlet by Dawson Brothers, of Montreal. The address is a copious and correct history of the different Provinces of the Dominion, in their agricultural, industrial and commercial aspects. Nothing is exaggerated, but there is an honest enthusiasm pervading the whole discourse which we believe will promote the best interests of immigration.

The Canadian Parliamentary Companion. We are glad to see the present years edition of this invaluable and indispensable little work. We are further pleased to learn that the book has an increased circulation at home, as well as out of the country. This is as it should be. Mr. Morgan fulfils his duty as editor in the most painstaking and satisfactory manner. The work is replete with useful information and contains a mass of details not found in previous editions. It is on sale at Dawson Brothers.

RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY. This is the volume of 1874, of the series published by Harper Bros., and edited by Spencer Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute. The work is in every respect an encyclopædia of scientific information, so arranged as to be easily serviceable for reference. It is for sale at Dewson Brothers. for reference. It is for sale at Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

TILTON vs. BEECHER.—The well known firm of McDivitt, Campbell & Co., 111 Nassau Street, N. Y.. continue the publication in regular parts of this great criminal trial. The attention of lawyers is called to this important publication, as the best adapted for reference. The presiding Judge, His Honor Justice Neilson, has written a letter to the firm testifying to the service which the publication has been to himself.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ALL BARK.

Our front page cartoon is a timely satire on a subject about which the whole of Canada is sore at present. We refer to the attacks of the London *Times* on Canadian credit. Sir Hugh Allan, who is at present in London, on business connected with the Northern Colonization Railway, and who has done his country another service by boldly answering the audacious mis-statements of the *Times*, is represented in our sketch as standing on the outside of Mr. Bull's banking house counter, and expressing his annoyance, if not his fear, at the noise and threatening appearance of the dog. John Bull, in his bluff hearty way, calms the apprehensions of his distinguished customer, in words which all Canadians must consider as very appropriate. Let capitalists be warned against foolish or swindling private speculators in Canada or elsewhere, but when they are applied to for public works, to which the credit of the country is attached, and which the Provincial Governments support by liberal grants of lands and money, they may well afford to use their own judg-ment, and despise the croakings of erratic newspapers.

MISS RYE'S CHILDREN.

We lately took up the cause of Miss Rye against the attacks of Mr. Doyle, as will appear by reference to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of April 3rd. We give to-day pictorial proofs of the good work this estimable lady is doing, in a selection of a few photographs of her children who are proporting in Canada. We call children who are prospering in Canada. We call attention to a biographical sketch of each in another column.

RT. REV. DR. FULLER.

We hasten to give the portrait of this distinguished prelate, on the very day of his consecration, 1st May. Our friends in the diocese of Niagara, more especially, will be glad of the opportune publication. Next week, we shall publish the biography of the new Bishop, with a brief description of his consecration.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MDME. MARIE PLEYEL, the celebrated pianist. lied at Brussels lately.

An interesting debut is announced at the Paris Opera. The manager has engaged a new prima donna, Mdlle. Fechter, the daughter of the well-known actor.

It is not alone at Paris that Italian opera is out of fashion. The Berlin company has been abandoned by the manager, Signor Smeechia, and is now acting on its own account in order to endeavour to overcome the indifference of the public.

M. Gounod's new work, "Jesus on the Lake of Tiberias," was produced at the Châtelet on Saturday. This work (a Paris letter says) charmed a critical audience well acquainted with the storm in "William Tell." M. Gounod was present and seemed enchanted with the enthusiasm his music awakened.

THE friends and admirers of the famous Belgian composer and violinist, M. Vieuxtemps, who is disabled from future playing by paralysis of one arm, will the Athensum says) be glad to learn that the cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred upon him by the French Government.

the French Government.

The grand project of M. Michaelis for an international drama, to be written for the year of the American Centennial, is said to be assuming shape and consistence. A grand jury, to decide on the merits of the pieces offered, is in process of formation, with Victor Hugo at its head. Francisque Sarcey, that most admirable and conscientions of the Parisian Theatrical critics, is also a member. As the prize offered in itself is very handsome (10,000 francs and a gold medal), and the author's royalty will amount to an immense sum, the inducements held out to the French dramatists are quite sufficient to call forth a chef-dœure. If only they will condescend to study the epoch and the nationality which they are to reproduce in their plays, what a comfort it will be.

SHAW'S AUCTION, FURNITURE AND PIANO WAREHOUSE, MONTREAL.

We give this week a fine view of the interior of the principal Salesroom of this great Auction, Piano, and Furniture Warehouse, and cannot give our readers a better description of it than the following which appeared some time ago in the Montreal Gazette:
"To obtain an idea of the number, variety

and value of the articles arranged or piled in the salesroom, it must be visited. Our visit was made during one of the evening sales. As you enter from Craig street, two long rows of brilliant gas-lights illuminate the whole, and give a very pretty effect. Near the front entrance, standing a little apart, are six or eight pianossome large, square, modern in style, and of fine tone; others old-fashioned—one made ten, twenty, or forty years ago, and some of the old "Broadwood Grands" that look, if put in some houses, as though the long projecting end would have to be put out of the window. There are also in this department, harmoniums, melodeons, violins, and all kinds of musical instruments, intermixed with engravings, paintings-some of them mere daubs, and others, works of real merit—landscapes, portraits of mothers and fathers, whose grandchildren are now old; books, magazines, telescopes, time-pieces, grand old English hall clocks, with their large honest face and well-known "tick-tick"; silverware, glass, and old china, swords, pistols, stuffed birds, deer's heads, and other specimens of natural history. Yonder sits a happy couple, evidently lately married; they are interested in a fine drawingroom suite, with handsome green silk cove and they are not going to leave the spot till that is sold; another couple select a handsome bedroom suite, with marble-top; an elderly gentleman walks up and down before a wardrobe which he intends to purchase; and an old lady with glasses is intently examining a Brussels carpet, and, to prevent another who seems likely to compete with her for it, she points out a corner where there have been moths;—yonder is a shrewd bargain hunter, brushing the dust off a mirror to see that there are no flaws; another takes possession of a fine Turkish easy chair, and is evidently unwilling another should even look at it; another examines the forks and spoons, or silver tea sets; another holds a piece of china up to the light; a young miss runs her fingers over the keys of a piano; a book-worm pores over the musty volumes, while an old woman down the room rattles the tins on a stove, on which she intends cooking her old man's dinner on the morrow. The whole scene is a study for an artist or the student of human nature. Meantime Mr. Shaw himself arrives on the scene and takes the management of the sale. His manner is pleasant and lively, and his voice, though not loud, is heard distinctly at the farthest end of the room. Since he has taken the sale in hand, the bidding is more spirited, and we have to change our position, or be borne down by the mass of people who crowd around to get a view of the articles. Though the purchasers know they will have to pay more for the things, they seemed pleased at the change. He is counted a first-class auctioneer, and those who cannot approach near enough to examine the articles, depend on his representation of them; like all auctioneers, he gets all he can for the goods, but without misrepresenting them, nor will he take advantage of those who, in their excitement, advance on their own bid—and is as polite and considerate to the poor mechanic or laborer, who buys a five dollar cooking stove, as to the wealthy who can run up to six or eight hundred dollars for a drawing-room or bed-room

He has now reached the young couple who have placed themselves and their affections on have placed themselves and their affections on the pretty green suit; the bidding has already commenced; "fifty," "sixty," "sixty-five," "seventy," "eighty," "ninety," "one hundred," "one hundred and ten," says the gentleman with the young wife; "one hundred and twenty," says an old lady, not moved a bit by the pleuding looks of the young lady, who still retains her seat in one of the large chairs. After a moment's hesitation, a word more of recommendation, it is knocked down to the young pair, and with a look of real satisfaction, the lady and with a look of real satisfaction, the lady grasps her husband's arm and both leave the It is no wonder that Charles Dickens loved to frequent the auction room, and no doubt he drew many lessons of humanity therefrom.

Consider for a moment, the probable history of the articles sold at auction. Some are sold because their owners have become rich and are supplying themselves with grander furniture at "Thompson's." Some have met with misfortune, and one by one, are parting with their household goods. Other things are sold under seizure to satisfy rapacious landlords. the causes, an incredible amount of goods change owners at this salesroom, during this season of owners at the year.

The new and splendid building deserves some notice, as it is not only the largest salesroom in the Dominion, but probably the best lighted and adapted for the purpose in America. The ground was purchased by Mr. Shaw some six years ago for \$9,000, and comprises about 6,000 superficial feet. Judging from the price paid for the adjoining lot a few months ago, it is now worth with the buildings above \$70,000. The present building was erected on the site of that destroyed by fire in October, 1872, on the plan and under the superintendence of Mr. Thomas, architect. and cost Mr. Shaw about \$38,000 to notice, as it is not only the largest salesroom in chitect, and cost Mr. Shaw about \$38,000 to erect it. It is five stories high, with an arched coal cellar under the sidewalk. The lower flat or basement is devoted to the sales of secondhand furniture, and is 12 feet high, about 42 feet wide and 140 feet long. The next flat—the principal show-room, and the one represented in the engraving—is the same area, 16 feet high, with a raised dais along the sides and down the centre, for the better display of goods. Those who visit the place during the display and sale of furniture, will remember the fine effect this arrangement gives to the appearance of the furniture. There are also two fire and burglar-proof vaults. In the flat above this is stored the fine walnut and other furniture for which Mr. Shaw is agent. The front of the second story is partitioned off as a piano room, and in this is to be seen a large num-ber of valuable instruments of various makers for sale; noticeable among them are the celebrated Vose & Sons, of Boston, and of J. P. Hale of New York, who also have their agency here. The number of pianos sold in this establishment is something surprising, averaging two a day during the past year, besides the large number of second-hand instruments sold in the auction salesroom below.

The 4th flat is filled with chairs and cottage

furniture from the Bowmanville and other manufactories—and on the 5th flat is the upholstering

department, where parties can have their furni-ture covered in the best and neatest style, select-ing the quality and color they prefer.

The whole building is admirably adapted for its present purposes, and is crowded with furni-ture, pianos, carpets, and general household ef-fect, and icin while contract with the small fects, and is in striking contrast with the small delapidated place in which Mr. Shaw carried on his business, a few years ago, in St. François-Xavier Street.

THE FASHIONS.

Fig. 1. RECEPTION COSTUME. - Dress of black faille with long train, which is trimmed with three rows of plissés. Corsage cuirasse. Fichu of black lace. Sleeves plaited with narrow lon-gitudinal folds, and at the waist two volants with ow of black faille.

Fig. 2. DINNER DRESS.—Dress of grey lavender faille. Overskirt with train trimmed on the sides by large bias variegated with band of black Corsage open square, and laced. Sleeves bouillonnés.

Fig. 3. PARLOR DRESS.—Dress of maroon poplin of two shades. The train is of the darker shade. Tunic with bias, round apron. Corsage opened heart-shape on the bosom.

Fig. 4. MOURNING COSTUME. - Dress of cashmere. Skirt with light puffs. Rounded apron. Corsage with short round basques.

Fig. 5. VISITING TOILET:—Dress of pearl-grey faille. Skirt ample, with ostrich feathers in front, and bows below, in the shape of tre-foils. Corsage with large basques. Wide belt.

Fig. 6. VISITING TOILET.—Dress of ruby-colored faille. Skirt trimmed with volants.

Fig. 7. CARRIAGE DRESS .- Skirt of cashmere adorned with a high volant. Large apron. Fig. 8. -- MORNING DRESS. -- Simple skirt nar-

row above, and almost like a bell below. Paletot sack of light cloth. Fig. 9.-Dress for GIRL of 6 or 7 YEARS

Blue poplin dress with rounded skirt and little volants. Belt with clasp.

Fig. 10. Dress for GIRL of 5 or 6 YEARS. White rep dress with yellow bias. Blue paletot.

Fig. 11. WALKING DRESS.—Maroon dress with rounded skirt, and tunic forming a second skirt. Corsage with adjusted basques.

THE GLEANER.

It is reported that up to the present date 60 volunteer regiments in England, have adopted the scarlet uniform, in accordance with the War Office regulation on the subject, and that 82 retain grey clothing and 62 green.

It is expected that the money testimonial which it is proposed to present to Cardinal Manning, from Roman Catholics in England, will amount to £10,000. Cardinal Manning is expected in London next week.

An English grievance against Ireland is given by the Registrar-General, who states that a million and a half sterling is lost in Ireland annually through the farmers allowing weeds to grow unchecked.

The Pullman cars have at length reached Manhester, and there are now two daily services of this kind between London and London-road. The extension of the system seems to show that it has been found successful.

Good Friday was observed in Scotland with annually increasing respect. Besides the banks and public offices, many leading mercantile houses closed their places of business. Several Presbyterian churches were open for Divine ser

Considerable progress has been made with the swimming-bath which is in course of construc-tion on the Thames, close to Charing-Cross Bridge. One feature of the structure will be an ornamental tower. It is said that the bath will not be ready for the use of the public before the end of May or the beginning of June.

By order of King Alphonso, his sister and housekeeper, the Countess of Girgenti, has assumed the title of the Princess of the Asturias. In other words, the King, having no brother, has made public intimation of his desire that his eldest sister should meanwhile be regarded as heir to the Throne.

It is worth knowing that if one volume of castor-oil be dissolved in two or three volumes of spirits of wine it will render paper transparent, and, the spirit rapidly evaporating, the paper in a few minutes becomes fit for use. A drawing A drawing pencil or in Indian ink can thus be made, and if the paper is placed in spirits of wine the oil is dissolved out, restoring the paper to its original condition. This is the discovery of Herr Fus-

It is decided that the ships for the Arctic expedition shall be supplied with 36 sledges of various sizes, including two which can be used either as bridges or ladders. There are also in preparation two ice saws, which, worked by a tripod stand, will be useful occasionally to cut a dock for the vessel in the fixed ice when threadock for the vessel in the fixed ice when threatened with a nip from floating masses. They are 14 feet in length, 6 inches in breadth, with teeth 2½ inches wide and deep, and half an inch thick. The ships will leave early in June.

A project is on foot to present a testimonial to Heir Lowenthal, to whom much is due by the lovers of the game of chess in England. He has been for more than 23 years past engaged in the promotion of the practice and theory of the game. From 1854 to 1866 he edited the chess column of the Era, and has since then been con-nected with Land and Water and various other nected with Land and Water and various other periodicals. The Ches Players' Magazine, the career of which was not so long as it deserved to have been, bears ample evidence to his talents as a chess editor. He has also at various times delivered lectures on the game with great success, and was appointed manager of the British Chess Association in 1861.

A French gentleman of the name of Georges has, for many years past, been experimenting on the preservation of fish, and has at last discovered a fluid which will effectually bring about the long-desired result. For this fluid he has taken out a patent which has been practically tested. Fish of various kinds were simply placed in s bath of the solution for two hours only; they were then taken out of the solution and placed in a cellar for six days. The fish, salmon especially, is found to have kept its flavour and colour. Delicate fish, such as soles, mackerel, red mul let, turbet, &c., are found quite up to the mark, and though three days from the sea as palatable as though fresh from the fishmonger's stall. The importance of this invention applied on a large scale is very great. Many hundred tons of sca-fish caught in far distant localities are now lost as food to the inhabitants of large towns because the time required for the railway journey is too

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAPE IN QUEBEC.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED News.

In your paper of the 27th ult., an article with the above heading appeared, Mr. W. W. Smith, of Philipsburg, being the author.

In reading said article I have found a number of unreliable statements (honestly made, no doubt), but liable to mislead persons unacquainted with the culture of the Grape in our good old

Province of Quebec.

I merely wish to point out out a few inaccuracies contained in Mr. Smith's paper. It is a delusion to imagine that choice varieties of Grape on herearm in the open of the Province of the Grape of the Province of the Grape can be grown in the open air in this Province,

in any place where Corn will ripen.

Certain hardy varieties of the American Grape, when well sheltered and cared for, can be grown for amusement and adornment, but with very little success as to fruit-bearing.

I think Mr. Smith is inaccurate in saving that the Adirondack is a variety introduced but four years ago. I have seen it advertised in Nursery

Catalogues at least ten years ago.

The maturity of Grapes stated by Mr. Smith, responds with those cultivated in some of the United States, that are favored with a more genial climate than ours. My experience on this point warrants me in saying that the earliest varieties will mature about two weeks later. when not sooner injured by the early frosts of

September.
I will hail with much pleasure the discovery of some hardy choice varieties of Grape that will fully mature during our short seasons.

Those in the market have not done so. We want a Grape that can be cultivated for profit in the open air, without costly protection, yielding an abundant crop, either for wine or the

lessert, thus rewarding the cultivator for his Such a Grape is still wanting with me. These few comments are not intended to discourage the Grape culture. Very far from it. Even though the crop should be neither abun-

dant nor of the best quality, yet who would grudge to spend time and money on the cultiva-tion of a Vine, which has such splendid foliage

tion of a vine, which has such splendid foliage and creeping properties?

I admire their first peeping buds in the spring, and their opening roseate silver and bronzetinged leaves; their minute ivy pistils circled in their delicate white flowers; their luscious clustered fruit hanging. I love them, for they have beauty that always creates in me a charm, a satisfaction, a joy that is never impaired, only when the cruel frosty chills strike down their leaves in the autumn, leaving on their rude stems the drooping and crispy fragments of their past glory.

Coaticook, April, 1875.

HUMOUROUS.

BETTER run in old clothes than run in debt.

THOSE old Greeks were pretty wise fellows. In their vocabulary matden is translated nothing, and marriage is gammon.

"SARAH was a good wife," said a Georgian, speaking of his last wife, "but she could never do up a shirt real nice"

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.—Settle as much money upon your wife as you can, for her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a sixpence.

"John! John! wake up, there's a burglar in the house!" said the wife. John sat upright in bed. "Burglar—b-u-r-g-l-e-r—burglar"—and he rolled over waiting for a harder word. A SUBSCRIBER to a South-Western newspaper

died recently, leaving four years' subscription unpaid.
The editor appeared at the grave and deposited in the coffin a palm leaf fan, a kinen coat and a thermometer.

"Why do you ase paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason that you use rosin, papa." "How is that?" "Why, to help me draw my beau." Notobious as a reader of his sermons, a reve-

NOTOBIOUS as a reader of his sermons, a reverend gentleman, in bantering a mason, one of his parishioners, on the superior stability of aucient compared with modern buildings, put the question, "Can you tell me when the masons lost the art of tempering their mortar?" "I've heard," said the man, with a sly leer, "that it was about the time that ministers lost the gift of extempore preaching." A LOVER of good coffee, who has been several A LOVER of good conec, who has been several times swindled, entered a Woodward-ave, grocery, recently, and holding up a handful of ground coffee from the big can, he inquired: "Are there any beans in this coffee!" "No, Sir," promptly replied the grocer. 'How do you know?" asked the man. "Because I was out of beans and had to put peus in!" was the answer.

LITERARY.

- M. RANGABE, the Greek envoy at Berlin, has translated Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" into Greek verse, and dedicated his work to the King of Italy.
- M. THIERS is occupied in writing another im-ortant work, entitled "Histo're de l'Art." from notes ollected during his late tour in Italy.
- A propos of the recent revival of Nicholus Nickleby, it may not be uninteresting to know that the character of Smike was drawn by Charles Dickens from life, and that Smike still lives in London.
- R. G. HALIBURTON, son of the author of "Sam Slick," will shortly publish a volume of poems. Mr. Hailburton is the author of the quaint Nova Scotian poem entitled "Injin Joe," which appears in the new number of Temple Bar.

Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, has just been named corresponding member of the Franch Academy of Sciences, in the section of navigation and geography. He is the only sovereign who has been enrolled amongst the active members of this illustrious scientific body since its foundation in 1766.

A SHAKSPERE Memorial Theatre is to be erected in Stratford-on-Avon, the old town theatre heving been pulled down. There is to be a library in connection with the building, and a gallery to receive pictures and statuary of Sanksperean subjects. Subscriptions are urgently requested by the local committee which has taken the matter in hand.

which has taken the matter in hand.

Mr. SWINBURNE is progressing rapidly with his book on the progress of Shakspere's style, and the first instalment will appear in the May number of the Fortnightly Review! He will shortly bring out a volume of his early poens, which will consist of the "Queen Mother," "Rossmund," those of "Poems and Ballads" which date from college years, and one or two pieces bitherto unprinted.

VARIETIES.

THE Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial will-visit Madrid at the end of spring to see the Countess Montijo, the Empress's mother.

UMBRELLAS are now made with an oval pane of glass inserted in the front breadth, through which anything approaching may be seen.

THE statue of Jean d'Arc, put up in Paris in the Rue de Rivoli, was done for the Prince Imperial; they dared not put his name to it, so they put hers. It is very like him.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON has consented to France being thoroughly represented in an official way at the forthcoming exhibition at Philadelphia. The Marquis de Lafayette, very appropriately, will be at the head of the committee.

THE Empress of Japan has decided on causing a new college to be built for young girls who wish to devote themselves to the career of teachers, and has given the sum of 5,000 yen from her private pursa towards the expense of the construction of the college.

MANY of the London squares are now being put into a highly ornamental condition. Mounds of brickwork and rubbish form a basis for elevated garden-ing, which will almost give a bill and dale effect from the boldness of the undertaking.

The new egg and poultry voyage from Rouen to Leith, noticed lately as contemplated, is now an accomplished fact, and the burghers of Midlothian now feast on Irish French eggs at breakfast. The eggs are very rich in quality as c mpared with the fishy-tasted, coast-gathered eggs in Scotland and Ireland.

ARTISTIC.

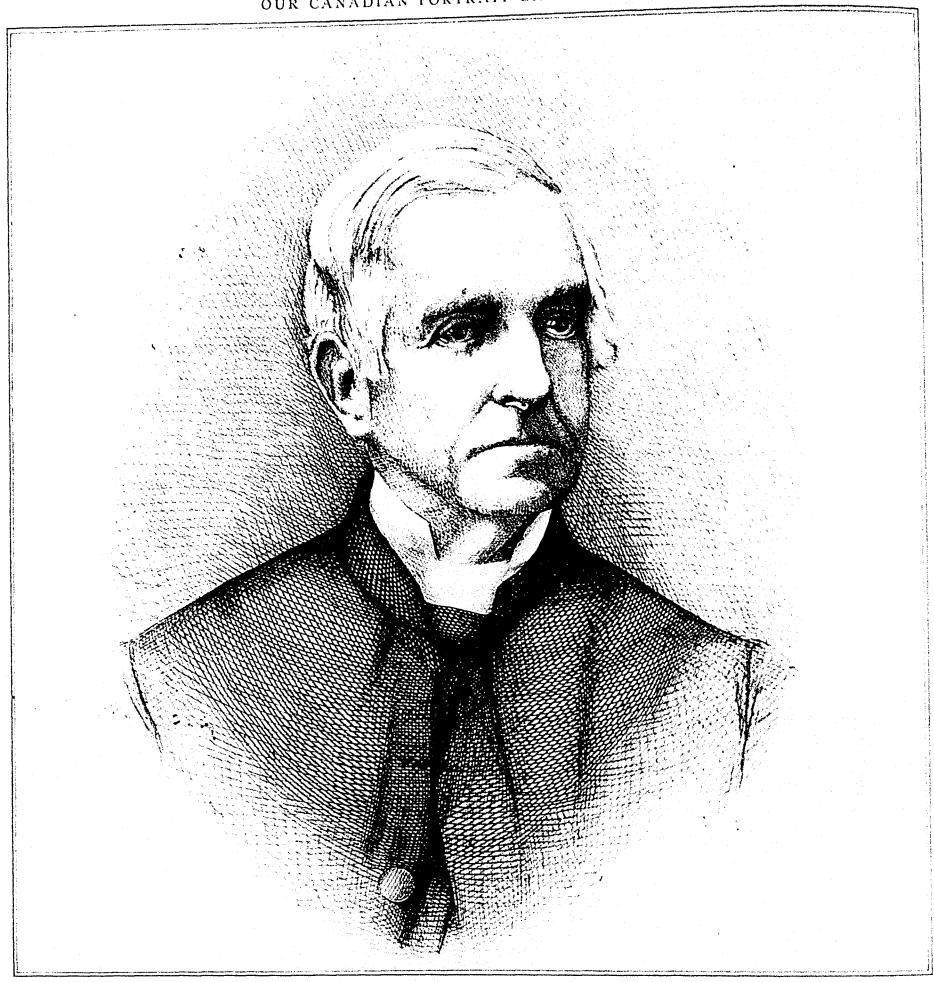
It is said in art circles that Gustave Doré will receive £10,000 for illustrating Messrs. Cassell's magnificent pictorial edition of Shakspere.

M. PHILIPPOTEAU, a French artist well known M. PHILIPPOTEAU, a French artist well known for his exquisite drawings and his pictures of military life of various epochs, has forwarded a picture representing the charge of the French cuirassiers on the English squares at Waterloo. The painter has given, on the one hand, the full force of the firita francese, and, on the other, has thoroughly caught the British tenacity. It has been said that the English squares were seventeen times pierced to be re-formed the eighteenth. M. Philippoteau has admirably displayed the best qualities of adversaries so worthy of each other, and since that period so closely allied.

riod so closely allied.

CAPTAIN MERCIER has just finished a picture of the present British Cabinet, for which, something less than a year ago, he received a commission from a private committee of members of both Houses of Parliament. The picture includes portraits of all the Cabinet Ministers, each of whom, with the exception of the Premier, has given several sittings to the artist. Mr. Disraeli, was, however, none the less successfully "taken" whilst receiving a deputation. The soene is laid in the Council Chamber at Downing-street, which is sketched with a fidelity that has not omitted to take note of a rent in one of the yellow called window-blinds.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 240



RIGHT REV. DR. FULLER, FIRST BISHOP OF NIAGARA .- PROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & PRASER, TORONTO.

now enjoys. It was the introduction of the skating and the concurrent circumstance of the admission of ladies as members. The opening of the skating rink revolutionised the club. course skating on wheels, was not accepted by the fashionable world with instant readiness. But the mere fact of its having been introduced at " Prince's" was much in its favour, and there were among the members certain ladies and gentlemen whose high privilege it is in some measure to set the fashions for society. When Lord - was seen coursing over an asphalte pavement on eight wooden rollers, and when Lady B — and the Hon. Miss C— were observed gliding to and fro by the aid of the same contrivance, no one could doubt that, however dangerous and inconvenient the mode of transgression might be, it certainly was "quite the thing. The next discovery made was that skating on wheels is in no way dangerous, and is a healthful and graceful exercise. In a week a lady will be able to get about on her skates with confidence, and in a month she may with fair practice hope to be proficient. Many of the ladies who now appear on the rink have been skating for several

part of the day, are young ladies who are still at school, for there is no limit to the age of skating members, the only stipulation being that "boys on skates is well enough. But it is intuitively out the picture on a willow pattern dinner-felt that a schoolboy similarly equipped would plate."

be undesirable company, and accordingly boys are relegated to an outhouse to the right of the entrance gate. All the skates in use at the club come from America, and are of very simple and and, apparently, inexpensive construction. The great popularity of the exercise has given rise to series of efforts in the direction of making skates suitable for use on ordinary macadamized roads and flag pavements. The leading characteristics of one such design just patented are thus tersely and clearly described by its inventor :- "Two driving wheels, each outside of the stock, on an axle suspended under the arch of the instep, in brackets, depending from the lower side of the stock or foot-rest, so that the upper parts of the peripheries of the wheels may till morning; that we should spend the whole opium eater.

SKATING ON WHEELS.

seasons, and have, with the natural aptitude for acquiring graceful habits which distinguishes the stock in combination with one smaller roller perfecting, and polishing our night's work, in other inspiration there was born the design which has asphalte as they are in the ball-room. Wondermade "Prince's" a club apart, and has crowned it with the extraordinary measure of success it with the natural aptitude for acquiring graceful habits which distinguishes the stock in combination with one smaller roller under the toe, and another under the heel." The correcting proofs or taking notes, or in other natural aptitude for acquiring graceful habits which distinguishes the stock in combination with one smaller roller perfecting, and polishing our night's work, in other natural aptitude for acquiring graceful habits which distinguishes the stock in combination with one smaller roller correcting proofs or taking notes, or in other natural aptitude for acquiring graceful habits which distinguishes the stock in combination with one smaller roller correcting proofs or taking notes, or in other natural aptitude for acquiring graceful habits which distinguishes the stock in combination with one smaller roller perfecting, and polishing our night's work, in other natural aptitude for acquiring graceful habits which distinguishes the stock in combination with one smaller roller perfecting, and polishing our night's work, in other natural aptitude for acquiring graceful habits which distinguishes the stock in combination with one smaller roller perfecting, and polishing our night's work, in other natural aptitude for the stock in combination with one smaller roller perfecting, and polishing our night's work, in other natural aptitude for the stock in combination with one smaller roller perfecting and polishing our night's work, in other natural aptitude for the stock in combin the ice, with the exception, perhaps, of encom-passing "the inside edge." A considerable pro-small wheels of rosewood, attached by an indiaportion of the skaters, particularly in the early rubber spring, that allows of the motion by which "the outer edge" can be accomplished, curves made, and, to quote the expressive summing up of an enthusiastic Admiral who is one of the shall not have access to the rink. A little girl heaviest skuters on the rink, "You can skate

BALZACS STIMULANT.

A writer in the Home Journal says : " Balzac who had the disease of creative genius in its most outrageous form, 'preached to us,' says Theophile Gantier, 'the strangest hygiene ever propounded among laymen, 'If we desired to hand down our names to posterity as authors, it was indispensable that we should immure ourselves absolutely for two or three years; that we should drink nothing but water and eat soaked beans, like Protegenes; that we should go to bed at aunset and rise at midnight to work hard

for one half hour a year, but he might write to her for the cold-blooded reason that letter writing improves the style. Leon Gozians account of the daily life of the author of the 'Comedie Humaine' has often been quoted. He began his day with dinner at six in the afternoon. at which, while he fed his friends generously, he himself are little besides fruit and drank nothing but water. At seven o'clock he wished his friends good night and went to bed. At midnight he rose and worked till dinner-time the next day; and so the world went round. George Sand calls him, 'Urunk on water, intemperate in work, and sober in all other passions. he sat down to his deak his servant used to place coffee within reach, and upon this he worked till his full brain would drive his starved and almost sleepless body into such self-forgetfulness that he often found himself at daybreak, bare headed and in dressing gown and alippers, in the Place du Carrousel, not knowing how he came there, and miles away from home. Now, coffer acts upon some temperaments like laudanum upon others, and many of the mainers and customs of Battac were those of a confirmed



MARTHA. KATB.

LOUISA.
LITTLE HEPZIBAH.
NANCY.
SOME OF MISS RYE'S EMIGRANT GIRLS.

Sarah. Annie.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[RRAD AT A MEETING OF SOROSIS APRIL 19.] Sown on good ground."-St. Mark iv.: 20.

> A seed was sown! And did it live and grow! Aye, aye; For see to-day What rich, ripe hay

Ob. it was sown in tears !-Such tears as fall When mothers, blind with fears, Say "Go; Mind not my woe;

I said 'twas sown in tears— Aye, tears did fall; For dead men on their biers Were left Where the seed slept, And women wept Their all,

Aye, and with blood 'twas wet—Blood from the breast
Of men who foes had met:
Men who
Like steel were true
Their work to do,
Then rest.

And blood is rich, you knew— Good blood, I mean. Such blood as years ago Made men. 'Twas needed then— And always when Love leans.

And love, just then, did lean Between the two— The land of kings and queens And ours— Waiting the hour When freedom's dower Was due.

So, wet with blood and tears, Moistened and fed With drops from dreary biers And eyes, Our little prize Grew large in size, They said.

And as it grew it spread And as it grew it spread
Its fibres strong.
Till the rich roots were led
Now here,
Now far, now near,
Till it was clear Till it was clear
Ere long
There was no field
Wherein it did not yield
Its hundred-fold
Of what of old Was better thought than gold.

And we to-day do reap
From seed thus sown,
And if our eyes do weep

It is
Because of this
The greatest bliss
E'er known—

That we our fields have kept That we our fields have k
Free from all tares;
That we have never slept
When hands
Were cut by bands,
But thro' the land
And everywhere

Have cried aloud, "On for the Right,
No tyrant spare;
For as the morn doth follow night,
So God Doth make the righteous rod, Grown on whatever sod, First leaves, then fruitage bear.

April 19.

CAROLINE A. SOULE.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

I was standing, I remember, a beardless youth the chief hostelry in a West-of-England country town, trying to look as much like a man as the absence of all virile indications would permit, when another young fellow, who might have been a year or two older than myself, passed, and, seeing me, suddenly stopped, and betrayed by his looks some feeling of astonishment. I affected, in pursuance of the lofty rôle of grown-up man I had undertaken to play, not to see this moonstruck individual, who to my view was still the lad I would fain be deemed no longer. I, however, furtively marked him, and had debated within myself whether he might be in the commercial or in the agricul-tural interest. There had been something in the easy swagger with which he had lounged up the main street, prior to reaching the spot where-on I stood, which announced the self-satisfied on I stood, which announced the soil-satisfies air of the being who travelled for somebody or in something. On the other hand, his open mouthed and somewhat stupid gaze of wonder when he detected me, together with certain peculiarities of attire, led me to conclude that he couling the soil and the produce of it. Presently he recovered himself, and making as though he would enter the inn, opened the conversation with a casual remark, which I have formatten, passible in the latest th conversation with a casual remark, which I have forgotten—possibly it had reference to the weather. The ice being thus broken, he plied me with a question or two, asked me if I knew the neighbourhood, and then, with a curious aside glance, inquired whether I had ever been to Tewkesbury. I replied that I had once visited that historic and somnolent town, with the object of seeing its ancient abbey. My friend looked at me with an incredulous air, and said, 'Are you sure you have only been there once?

Ouite." I answered. Again an expression of incredulity passed over his countenance, and, unable to contain himself

any longer, he exclaimed, "Why, don't you remember me at old Skinner's establishment for young gentlemen, where a sound English education, the rudiments of Latin, and comforts of home were imparted for ten guineas a quarter, not including extras and dancing?'

I disclaimed all knowledge of old Skinner, and of his establishment and its educational advan-

of his estatushment and the stages.

"What," he cried, in seeing amazement, "are you not Poppleton minor, and don't you recollect the devil of a licking you got from old Skinner for picking gooseberries one Sunday afternoon out of the old boy's garden?"

I told him, with the calm air of a man who

makes a statement of whose truth he is assured that I was not Poppleton minor, and that therefore the punishment inflicted upon that outra-

geous young thief was not felt, and accordingly not remembered, by me.

"Well, it's most extraordinary! I never saw such a likeness in my life," said the stranger.

"'Pon my word I can't believe it. You must be you are Pompleton minor!" be, you are, Poppleton minor!

Again I asserted my own identity in more forcible terms, and even hinted that it was, to say the least of it, unusual to doubt a gentleman's word, especially on a subject on which he ought to be well informed.

My friend, or rather Poppleton's friend, felt that he had slightly passed the bound of politeness, apologised, still with the remains of incredulity hanging about him, and handed me his card, from a perusal of which I perceived that neither of my suspicions as to his calling or profession was wholly unfounded. I gathered from the document he placed in my hand that Mr. (I forget his name) was a commercial gentleman, who dealt in British and foreign corn (which accounted to some extent for his semi-agricultural appearance), and occasionally roamed into the kindred region of "seeds."

The meeting was the first intimation I received that I possessed a double; for I then thought there could be but one Poppleton. However, I was soon undeceived; for not many months after the occurrence I have just related, I was walking down Regent street on a summer's afternoon, when I met two young ladies, strangers to me, fashionably attired and of engaging address. The taller of the two, and also the more prepossessing, no sooner caught sight of me than she rushed upon me, and, and overcome as it would seem by emotion, laid her hand on my arm, and would not be persuaded that I was not her cousin Tom; a favoured individual with whom, to judge from her behaviour to the person whom, to Judge from her behaviour to the person she mistook for him, she must have been on terms of the warmest affection. I protested that my name was not Tom, and that I knew her not; whereupon she called her companion to witness also that I was no other than Tom evidence which the latter hastened to give, testifying in the clearest possible manner that I was their cousin, and that they were ashamed of my want of breeding thus to affect not to recognise my relatives. I began to have doubts as to their sanity or my own, when, suddenly remembering my adventure with the corndealer, I said "Perhaps you mistake me for a gentleman of the name of Poppleton?"

"Good gracious, no!" exclaimed the younger

of the two with vivacity. "Who ever heard of such a ridiculous name? You are Tom, that's who you are, and we insist upon your coming with us.

From certain indications, incapable of exact description, but still even apparent to my then inexperienced eye, I began to suspect that the conduct of the young ladies might be prompted by motives other than those of affection for a much-loved cousin; upon which I hurriedly left them, covered with reproaches for my unfeeling desertion of relatives so warmly attached to me.

I omit all mention of many subsequent occasions on which I was mistaken for a double, and come to more recent times. Not many months since, while "on circuit" (a solemn farce I, in company with a number of other young barristers, go through with edifying gravity and at much useless expense twice a year), I called at one of the towns on the circuit upon some people, strangers to me, but friends of connections, who had given me an introduction to them. Several members of the family were in the room when I was announced, and the moment I entered I observed that each inmate seemed to shudder as if he or she had seen a ghost, while a stare of wonder illumined a number of commonplace countenances that would otherwise have been singularly wanting in expression. I was, however, very kindly received, and asked to dine with them on that very evening. During the meal the host, glancing at his wife, turned the conversation to the Universities, and asked me which I belonged to. I said, Cambridge. Whereupon he inquired whether I knew a Mr. So-and-so there. The words were no sooner out of his mouth than his wife exclaimed, "Good heavens, John, how can you ask Mr." (naming me) "such a question! Why, he is the very image of Mr. So-and-so (not Poppleton). I disclaimed all knowledge of this other double; upon which I was told that Nature, pleased, it may be presumed, with her model, had made an exact imitation of me in the person of their friend. Some merriment followed at the coincidence, and anxiety was expressed to see what Sophia would do when she saw me. Sophia, it appeared, was a grown-up daughter, who was spending the evening at a neighbour's house, and was expected to return about ten p.m. I was pressed to stay until that hour, and, so far as I could, play the part of my duplicate. In an evil moment I consented, but as the time drew near sad misgivings seized me. What interest

could Sophia have in this young copy of me, un-less— But no, the thought was too terrible; I drove it from me, and awaited the result in much discomfort. Punctually as the clock struck, the exemplary Sophia returned to the parental nest. minutes later, a tall and elegant girl en-the room. "Don't you see Adolphus, Sotered the room. phia?" asked her father, pointing to me with a reproachful air. I rose to meet what I felt was my inevitable and well-deserved fate. A rustle as of a silk-dress rapidly whirled through the air followed. In an instant I was clapsed to the palpitating bosom of a lovely creature full six inches taller than myself, who murmured in my left ear, as she pressed me in a close embrace, Dolly! my own darling Dolly!

A loud and derisive laugh from a hobbledehoy brother, and a titter from a sister, aroused her suspicions. She unclasped me, took one long searching glance at my crestfallen countenance, satisfied herself that I was not Adolphus, uttered a piercing shriek, and swooned.

was truly appalling. I turned and fled.

Strange to say, it was at the very same town that, a month or two after the harrowing occurrence just related, I was again mistaken for some one else. This time It was not on circuit, but attending sessions, which to juniors is commonly the more lucrative performance of the two. The magistrates in that part of the word are a genial set, and every quarter sessions invite the Bar to a sumptuous spread. It was on the occasion of one of these entertainments that the event I am about to tell happened. After dinner, while we we were chatting together in the drawing-room, a young fellow whom I had observed eyeing me with some appearance of interest across the mahogany, but whom I had never seen before, came

hogany, but whom I had never seem between up to me and said,

"I think we were at college together."

"I should fancy not," I replied; "I must be your senior;" and I named the year in which I took my degree.

"I was up then," he answered; "and I think I met you at Lloyd's of the 'Hall."

I said I knew Lloyd by sight and reputation well, but was not acquainted with him.

"What," exclaimed my companion, "didn't all the 'Hall' men know each other?"

"Most probably they did," I said; "men generally do in a small college."

nerally do in a small college."
"How was it, then," asked my friend with a triumphant air, "that if you were at the 'Hall' you didn't know Lloyd?"

But I was not at the 'Hall,'" I said "What do mean to say you are not What's-s-name of the 'Hall?" Your name is the his-name of the

same at any rate. So here was another double; and so far the worst of the lot. This double not only resembled worst of the lot. This double not only resembled me in personal appearance, but he had the same name, spelt in the same way as I spelt mine; the same number of initials as I have, and two of them the same; he was at the same university at about the same time that I was; and he was a member of the same learned profession. What fate there may be in store for me arising out of this extraordinary coincidence, I know not. Up to the present time, the most inconvenient result has been that produced by an unsuccessful attempt of my ambitious double to gain a seat in the Legislature. I suppose I have been the recipient of as many derisive condolences from my friends upon my presumed ill luck as have been poured into the ear of the real sufferer.

But, to come to the last, and in some respects the worst, instance of my duplication and reduplication. I have actually met in the flesh one of my doubles. Whether it was Poppleton, or Adolphus, or which of the others it might be, or whether it was a new and previously undiscovered one, I can't say; but I undoubtedly met a double, and he and I knew that each was the double of the other. The hideous rencontre took place at a concert, where by a strange fatality the number of my seat followed arithmetically that of his. In point of fact, I sat next to myself. had often, of course, seen my own countenance in a glass darkly, and gone away and forgotten what manner of man I was; but to meet myself face to face—oh, it was a gruesome thing! I shudder whenever I recall to mind the dreadful event. The moment we looked at each other we felt with horror that we were in every respect similar. A glance did it; a momentary look carried conviction to the mind of each of us; and from that instant we hated each other with a perfrom that instant we hated each other with a perfect hatred. And yet it was strange to note how, notwithstanding the certainty each of us felt that he was, in the minutest particular, the double of the other, we both of us persisted in taking furtive and sidelong glances at each other, with the sole object of trying if possible to discount the minutest shade of difference. I have over the minutest shade of difference. I have, unhappily for my personal appearance, a Ciceronian wart on the right-hand side of my nose; so had my double. He was on my left, and I had consequently a full view of the right-hand side of his face. But he, not being so situated with respect to me, was uncertain whether I had a wart or no. The possibility that, by some chance, the extraordinary resemblance between us might fail in the matter of the wart proveked us might fail in the matter of the wart provoked an extravagant anxiety on the part of my double to catch a glimpse of that side of my face on which the wart, if there, ought to be; but guessing what was passing in his mind, I kept it studiously averted from him. The efforts that man made to see round the back of my head without attracting notice, and the subterfuges he made use of in order to induce me to turn my face, would have been ludicrous if the almost superwould have been ludicrous if the almost super-natural likeness that subsisted between us had not rendered the whole occurrence so unspeakably ghastly. Not only did we ourselves per-

ceive this remarkable identity of dress (for we were both in evening costume), form, age, manners, and features, but it attracted also the notice of the performers whom we faced, for were in the front view of the audience. They all stared at us as if we had been a couple of initation and not real men; and I heard the primo tenore say to the principal lady vocalist in a whispered reply to some allusion she had made to us, "Yes, it's perfectly astounding. I never say such a likeness in my life—twins, of

I suspect the double heard this remark, for he turned and glared at me like some fiend. more composed, but I am convinced, from my own sentiments, that the most bloodthirsty designs were nurtured in our respective bosoms. Each of us felt the existence of the other to be an injury to him, and would have had the most exquisite pleasure in terminating it, could he have done it without imperilling his own. I thought the concert would never end, yet I was afraid to leave before my double, lest I should discover to him the wart on my nose; for I am certain, had he seen it, he would either have gone mad on the spot, or offered to do me some grievous bodily harm. Fortune, however, favoured When the concert was over. my double stooped to pick up his umbrella, which had fallen behind the seat. I seized my opportunity when his head was turned, slipped quickly by him, I have never seen him since, and and escaped. devoutly trust I never may. I have now briefly described some of the con-

sequences which are likely to follow, and which do follow, the possession of a type of figure and countenance common to oneself and to others of one's fellow creatures. For years I was of the opinion that the drawbacks which, as my readers have seen, attend this unhappy state of things were compensated by no redeeming feature. I have, however, recently had occasion to modify that view, and I now hope that what has so long been a source of vexation to me may ultimately turn out a mine of untold wealth. When I first began to suspect that Nature, when she moulded my manly proportions, had copied a model with the form of which she must have become by constant practice pretty familiar, I felt disposed to consider the matter in the light of an odd but somewhat laughable freak, over which it was allowable for the victims to make merry at their own expense. But when one case of mistaken identity followed the other in rapid succession, the subject assumed a more serious aspect. An intimate friend to whom I had been relating some of the instances recorded above, struck the first note of alarm, a note which vibrated through my susceptible frame for months afterwards. "Ah," he said, in the easy, agreeable, and self-satisfied tones of the man who regards with complacency the possible misfortunes of his neighbours, "you'll be hanged by mistake some of bours, "you'll be hanged by mistake some of these days, dashed if you won't. Capital joke that will be—capital. Do you see?" And the unfeeling soul chuckled with glee over the wretched pun. "Hanged by mistake," I reflected. What an uncomfortable position to be placed in, and yet how likely to occur in my case! I had often dreamed that I was going to be hanged, and felt uncommonly relieved on waking to find that I was still alive and free; and here was the ghastly suggestion that there was a chance, and not such a very remote one, of these hideous dreams one day coming true. Do what I would, I could not divest myself of the notion that eventually it might be my lot to expiate on the scaffold the crime of one of my many doubles. For a length of time this gloom y side of the subject was ever present to my mind; and whereas I had once perused with a kind of relish the appetising accounts of murders, which relieved the otherwise dull columns of the daily press, I now shunned all such as if they had been so many plague-spots, and even ceased to scan with my accustomed interest the reports of minor offences, and gloat over with my wonted zest the cases of hideous atrocity and revolting cruelty, lest by the death of the victims the perpe trators might have rendered themselves liable to be put on their trial for the capital crime.

What would have been the result had I continued long in this frame of mind, I cannot say; but it was while the anticipations I was forming as to the fate which might befall me in the future were at their gloomiest, that a prospect of a far more agreeable character was presented to me in the career then just brought prominently be-fore the public of the notorious philosopher, temporarily under a cloud, the question of whose identity afterwards engaged for so many months the attention of our courts of law. If I might one day suffer for the deeds of my doubles, was there not also, I asked myself, a probability that I might also benefit by them? Of course there Poppleton, for all I know, may be rolling in riches; Adolphus may be oppressed with the magnitude of his possessions. Yet if either were to be taken with a sudden desire to travel, to wander over the face of the earth, and were to be lost (the most natural result of wandering). and were to be advertised for under a description which would infallibly resemble me in every particular, how easily might I step into the place of the lost heir! Soothed, then, by such reflec-tions as these, I cease to regret that Nature should have turned out so many duplicates of me, and dwell in the hope that one of them will atone for the annoyance his existence and theirs have caused me, by gracefully secluding himself from a society which he may rest assured will not miss him, and permitting me to enjoy what-ever advantages may have been attached to his

LEXINGTON.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping, Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun. When from his couch, while his children were sleeping. Rose the bold rebel, and shouldered his gun.

rtose the bold rebel, and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty sfire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing, Calmly the first-born of glory have met; Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing! Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet! Faint is the feeble breath, Murmuring low is death, "Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;" Nerveless the iron hand, Raised for its native land, Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hill-sides the wild knell is tolling, Over the hill-sides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeamanry come;
As through the storm-cloud the thunder burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath.
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein:
Pale is the lip of sooru,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving.
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest—
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMIS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMIS.

SEVEN OF THE THREE HUNDRED

CHILDREN GATHERED AT THE WESTERN HOME, NIAGARA, ON THE 22ND OF SEPTEMBER LAST TO MEET MR. DOYLE, THE ENGLISH INSPEC-

No. 1, Louisa, from Bristol.—Indentured to service. Been in Canada since 1873,—her indenture will expire this autumn. She intends to remain in the same family after that date. Miss Rye was visiting at the house of her master and mistress, when Mr. Doyle' report reached Canada. Noticing that her friend was in great trouble Louise selection. ble, Louisa asked her mistress the cause, and being told that Mr. Doyle had written to say that poor girls in England, were far better off in Work Houses than in Canada. The following was the characteristic comment: "The brute, anyhow, I'm glad, we're here, (alluding to her two little sisters). Then after a pause, with a long sigh, "But I'm sorry for them, poor things at home." at home.

No 2, LITTLE HEPZIBAH, from Greenwich Union.—This child came out in 1873, with a little sister, and a widowed mother who has, since that date, been house servant at the Home, Niagara, Hepzi living with her mother. The medical men belonging to the Union warned Miss medical men belonging to the Union warned Miss Rye she should never get the child across the Atlantic alive, and there certainly seemed great chance of the fulfilment of the prophecy, for the child was a mere bag of bones, and the Work-house authorities declined to pay one cent to-wards the expense of removing either the mother or the childson or the children.

No. 3, NANCY, from Holborn Workhouse, No. 3, NANCY, from Holborn Workhouse, who left England in 1870.—A poor plain, delicate little waif, now adopted by a wealthy gentleman who has no children of his own, and this is how little Nancy won her way in the world. A request was sent to the Home, that a specially pretty and attractive child should be sent to—. After the usual anguiries answer was returned. After the usual enquiries, answer was returned, that the only child in the Home available for adoption was little Nancy, whose merits and demerits were fully described, and in fear and trembling the child was sent to her new home. Great and serious was the disappointment felt on her advent in the place, and toleration was all that was felt for a few months. After a while, the lady of the house fell sick, and the child's affectionate devotion became very apparent. anectionate devotion became very apparent.

'Oh!" said the step-mother, one day, as the child lay with her on the sofa, kissing and stroking the pale cheek, "do you really love me, Nancy?" "Why yes," was the ready answer, "don't you know that I've no one else to love me 'cept you and my Father in heaven." That little speech sealed the bond for ever, and untold yold now could not part the foster-parents and gold now could not part the foster-parents and

No. 4.—MARTHA, from Kirkdale, Liverpool, came out in October, 1869. Been in one place six years; removed this spring, by advice of her mistress and with Miss Rye's consent. Has saved 460, \$53 of which, she writes, are in the bank, adding in her last letter to Miss Rye, a propos of Mr. Doyle and his report: "them gentlemen in England, as says we poor girls are better off in the workhouses at home than out here in Canada, doy't brow reathing about it." da, don't know nothing about it.

No. 5. KATE, from the slums of Islington. Father dead. Mother, a worthless reprobate. When brought to Miss Rye's London Home, the little feet were so full of soresthat the child could barely stand, and one of the ladies working in that home, was so touched at the sight that she herself knelt to wash those feet, and as she wash-ed, the tears rolled down and down her kind face; while the comment made by the child was simply this: "My mother's a cruel woman, she said, she'd scrub my feet with a scrubbing brush." Truly, the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

No. 6.—SARAH, from Foxteth Park, Liverpool, came out in October, 1870. Been in same place ever since, (indentured for service), time up this summer; intends to remain in same place; has a sister who came out from same school, at same time. Living in the same village in Canada, the joint prayer of the two sisters, who saw Miss Rye two months ago, was to bring out a third sister from England, if she could only find

No. 7.—AMIE, from Kirkdale, Liverpool, came out in October 1870. Adopted in same family ever since, said by the neighbours near where she lives, to be "just the very best girl Miss Rye has ever brought out." The photograph was sent by the child to Miss Rye, just before the last great gathering at the Home, for fear an invitation should not be sent!

Children brought out by Miss Rye, since Octoher 1869,—1370, of whom 200 have been nonunion children.

Mr. Doyle reverses the figures, and makes out that Miss Rye has added the Workhouse children as addends, the truth being that her Home, at "Peckham," London, for waifs and strays, was not opened until 1873."

MR. CHILDERS ON CANADA-

Mr. Childers delivered an address to his constituents at Pontefract lately on the subject of his recent visit to the United States and Before speaking of his tour in the States, to which the greater part of the lecture was devoted, Mr. Childers gave his impressions of Canada. He said that he travelled through the greater part of Canada, and, with the excep-tion of Quebec, visited all its most important cities. He found among all classes only one great sentiment, and that was the sentiment of loyalty and attachment to the mother country, coupled with the hope and desire that Canada might long flourish as the most important colony of this country. As to the condition of Canada, Mr. Childers said that if any thought that the Dominion of Canada was overshadowed by the great empire of the United States close to it, they were greatly mistaken. The Dominion of Canada has advanced in wealth, prosperity, population, and in matters of self-government of the great of quite as much as any other part of the world, and quite as much as the United States of and quite as much as the America, and we might be satisfied that we had in Canada, not only a thoroughly loyal, but a thoroughly prosperous and well-governed country. "But," Mr. Childers continued, "I have been told-and I have heard it said since I came home—'Oh, the Canadians, however you may speak of their success and of their loyalty, are not such fine fellows as the inhabitants of the United States are, and in the long rivalry between the two nations the Canadians must go to the wall." I think also that it must be a mistake. I am not at this moment speaking of warfare, of what might happen if any differences between ourselves and America were to lead to a war in that country, but as to the character of the that country, but as to the character of the people which occured to me, watching, as I did, the different classes from the top to the bottom of society. I saw both their public men, those engaged in commerce, those of no occupation, those engaged in the humbler vocations of life—and it seemed to me that the Candiana born to and it seemed to me that the Canadians bore to their American neighbours much the same posi-tion that the Scotch bear to the English. They may be in some respects a colder people, they may have all those special characteristics which we attribute to the Scotch, but just as you know that Scotchmen are able at all times to hold their own with Englishmen—as however proud we may be of being English, the Scotch character is a thoroughly independent and thoroughly stable character—so it seems to me that our Canadian fellow-subjects will be thoroughly able to hold their own with the United States, and retain their thoroughly, national characteristics we attribute to the Scotch, but just as you know retain their thoroughly national characteristics. On that ground, therefore, as well as on many others, we may well be thoroughly proud of our connection with them.

DEATH OF CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

It is not often a man of conspicuous ability can pass through a long life without creating a single enemy. Of Mr. Charles Dawson Shanly, who died last week at Jacksonville, Fla., it could be truthfully said that he had not an enemy in the world. No one ever spoke of him except with respect and kindness, and he was recognized as the true of a chiral same mediant. It is not often a man of conspicuous ability recognized as the type of a chivalrous, modest Mr. Shanly was born in Ireland, gentleman. Mr. Shanly was born in Ireland and part of his early life was spent in Montreal where he first began to write for the press, and and for the last twenty years he had resided in New York. He was a constant contributor to the daily and weekly press and to the leading magazines, and wrote stories, essays, criticisms, and poetry with equal facility and with remarkable

evenness of merit. He edited Vanity Fair and Punchinello, to which he contributed drawings as well as articles and paragraphs. There is probably not a daily paper of any reputation in New York to which Mr. Shanly was not an almost constant contributor, and his work was always done in a thorough and conscientious way. While he was one of the most gentle and courteous men, he loved a solitary life. He rarely visited any of his friends, and few of them knew where he lodged. His favorite amusement was to take long solitary walks, and he often began the day by a walk to High Bridge and back.

For the last two years it has been evident that consumption had taken firm hold of Mr. Shanly, and last fall he was compelled to give up work and seek the milder climate of Florida. He died at the age of sixty, and there is not a man who ever met him who will not read with warm regret of the death of this honest and noble gentleman.

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

MODESTY.-Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to good reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is op-posite to the humour of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids every-thing that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

SCOTCH GIBLS.—We question if a more beau tiful sight can be seen upon this wide world than the fashionable promenade of Prince Street, Edinburgh, any sunny day about four o'clock. Let the spectator take his eye from the pictures-que glories of that exquisite landscape, and fix them upon the more beautiful of Nature's works who pass him by. The writer promenaded upon one occasion during the past summer with an American gentleman of considerable taste; and, said he, "What I admire about your Scotch ladies is their healthy look and their educated faces." He had struck the right note. In the high-bred air which he remarked he saw perfect health, without vulgarity; ease of manner, with unapprochable dignity; elegance of costume, with common sense. Scotch girls are educated for use, not show; to live a life of usefulness and pleasure to others and themselves. and pleasure to others and themselves. What they know they have learned solidly. If they play the piano, which they generally can, they do not offend the musical sense by sitting down like a mark of interrogation, and thumping the soul out of a showy piece of music like an eccentric sky-rocket in a shower of whirligigs. The Scotch girl may not venture on the confines of marvellous execution; but what she plays is generally executed with feeling, trained accent, and proper time. The same rule holds good in every branch of education.

FACES.—How many and how varied are the faces which Nature has imprinted on our fellow-creatures! The human face, with its different features and many expressions, is truly a study none are sufficiently wise to read and fathom entirely and distinctly.

Often merely an expression keeps an otherwise perfect face from being beautiful; and again, one containing hardly a regular feature has been ren-dered almost divine by its extremely lovely expression. Hence, to a true reader of human nature beauty consists not only in perfectly chiselled features, but the disposition, character, and feelings are helping elements; for has it not been said the "eyes are the index of the soul?"

How quick we are to notice one's face, and how ready and lavish with our criticisms and judgments, and how wrong and harsh these judgments are many times! There is nothing which has so great an influence over us for a time as a truly heautiful face. It was no marvel that Mark Antony with "such lofty scorn did cast a world away from Cleopatra's lips!" It was a strange enthantment that held his great heart with Circean bands stronger than life itself.

There is as much difference existing between two pretty faces as between an ugly and pretty one; and the impression made on us is as great There are some faces we gaze on as we would a beautiful picture, with faultless features and dazzling complexions, but soulless; which fade dazzling complexions, but soulless; which fade from our memory when removed from our sight. There are faces, too, which are, at a glance, pronounced cold, cynical, and proud; then passed by. Stop and study such. Note the pallor of that classic brow, radiant with the light of genius; drink deep from the depths of those large midnight eyes, for they are the well-springs of nobility of soul. A face of this kind takes its destined place in the gallery of life's pictures, whose likeness, though shadowy, will never entirely fade away. tirely fade away.

Warm hearts, bearing their heavy burdens behind gilded and costly masks, often produce harsh faces; while many a fair face has been the mask behind which foul play and many dark deeds have been carried on. Would that the world be more careful, and draw a line of discrimination between the features and expression of the human face; more would be read rightly, and fewer worthy souls would go down to their graves misunderstood and misappreciated!

LOVE, FEAR, HATE.—Love nothing but what is just and honourable; fear nothing but what is ignoble; and hate nothing but what is dishouest.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lachute, P.Q., Solution of Problem 14, received.

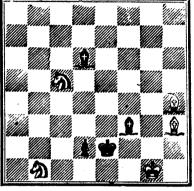
We have this week inserted in our columns, a game recently played between two of the best players of the Cambridge University.

The late contests between that University and Oxford having excited considerable interest on both sides of the Atlantic, we thought a fair specimen of the skill of the Cantabs in Chess might prove to some extent acceptable to our subscribers.

Next week we purpose inserting one of the game played in the Inter-University Match.

It will be borne in mind that Cambridge came out victorious in the late trial of Chess skill.

> PROBLEM No. 17. By M. D'Orville. BLACK.



WHITE.

White, playing first, gives mates in four moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 15. WHITE.

1. R to Q 2nd (ch)

2. R to Q 3rd (ch)

3. P to K 4th BLACK. 1. P takes R 2. P takes R

Solution of Problem for Young Players,

Mate.

No. 14. WHITE.

1. R to B 6th (ch)

2. Kt takes B (ch)

3. Kt to K 3rd (ch)

4. Kt to B 4th (ch)

5. Kt takes Kt P (ch)

6. R to Q 7th Mate BLACK. BLAC

1. Kt takes R

2. K takes P

3. K to Q 3rd

4. K to Q 4th

5. K to Q 3rd

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.-No. 15.

WHITE.
K at Q Kts sq
Q at Q B 4th
R at K R sq
B at Q B 2nd
Kt at K Kt 3rd
Pawns at K Kt 2nd
K Kt 4th K B 3rd
Q 2nd U Kt 3rd and BLACK.

K at K Kt 2nd
Q at K B 5th
R at K sq
R at Q R sq
B at Q Kt 3rd
Kt at Q Kt sq
Pawns at K R 2nd
K Kt 3rd K B 3rd
K 4th Q B 3rd
and Q R 2nd
mate in five moves. Q 2nd Q Kt 3rd and at Q R 2nd

White to play first, and mate in five moves

GAME 22nd.

The following game wa bridge, England, and is a chess.	s recently played at Cam- good specimen of University	
WHITE	BLACK.	
Mr. Chatto (Trinity).	Mr. Keynes (Pembroke).	
French	Opening.	
1. P.to K 4th	P to K 3rd	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	
3. P takes P	P takes P	
4. B to K 2nd	B to Q 3rd	
5. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	
7. B to K 3rd	1' to K R 3rd	
8. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	
9. Castles [Q R] [a]	Q Kt to Q 2nd	
10. P to K R 3rd	B to R 4th	
11. K R to K sq	B to Kt 3rd	
12. Q to Q 2nd	B to Kt 5th	
13. B to Q 3rd	Castles	

14. B takes P [b]
15. P takes B
16. Q takes P
.17. R to K 3rd B takes B
P takes B
Kt to R 2nd
Q to B 3rd
Q to B 5rd 16. Q takes P

17. R to K 3rd

19. P to K Kt 3rd

20. P to Kt 4th [c]

21. P takes B

22. P to Kt 5th

23. P takes R

24. K to Q 2nd

25. K to B 2nd

27. K to B 2nd

28. K to B 2nd

29. Kt to B 3nd

29. Kt to B 5th

31. R to Q 2nd [c]

32. K to Q 2nd

34. Kt to B 5th

35. Kt to B 5th

36. Kt to B 5th

36. Kt to B 5th

36. Kt to B 5th

37. Q takes P

38. Q takes P

38. Q takes P

38. Q takes P

38. Q takes P Q to Q 3rd B takes Kt B takes Kt
K R to K sq (d)
R takes R
Q to R 6th (ch)
Q takes R P (ch)
Q to R 8th (ch)
Q to R 8th (ch)
Q to R 6th (ch)
K Kt to B sq
Q to R 7th [ch]
Q to K 6th
Q to K 6th

Q to Kt 6th
Q takes P [ch]
Q to R 8th [ch]
Q to K Kt 8th
R to K sq [f]
K to R sq
Kt to R 2nd R to K Kt sq 39. Kt to K 7th Kt to K 5th And Black wins. NOTES.

[a] Exception may be taken to some of the moves in the opening. At White's fourth move it is usual to carry the Bishop to Q third. At Black's fifth he loses time by playing the Bishop to K Kt fifth. Finally, this policy of Castling on the Queen's side is almost always reprehensible in the French Game, as the hostile pawns can advance so readily.

[b] Well devised, but certainly not sound, as the Black Queen can so readily be brought to the rescue.

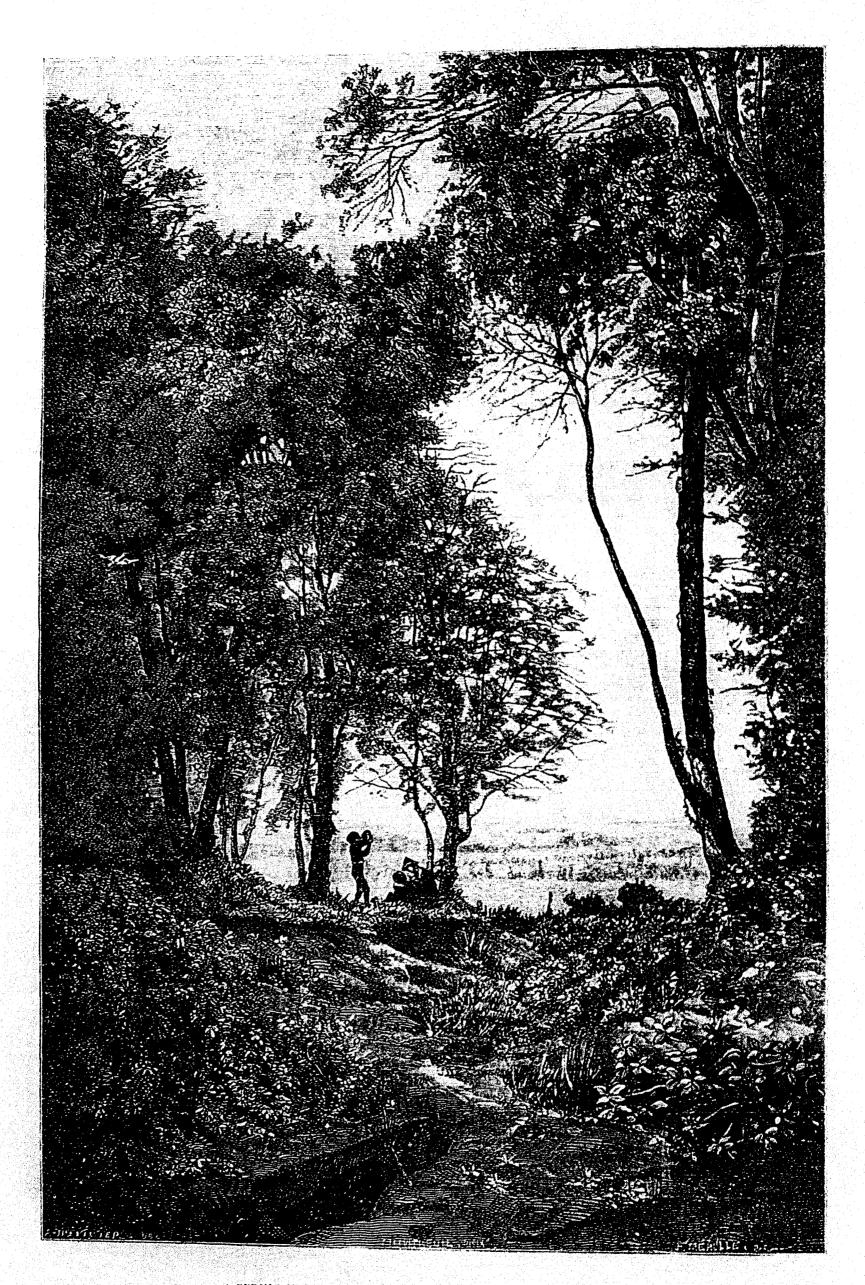
[c] Too slow to be effectual.

[d] A good move.

[e] He should have continued to move his King.

[f] An oversight, we presume, as it allows White a chance of retrieving himself.

[g] By taking the Pawn with Knight he might have drawn.



A SPRING MORNING IN THE COUNTRY - FROM A PAINTING BY CHINTRECIL.





Fig 1

Fig. 2



Fig. 3

Fine 1.

F10 5 F10 6 F10 7 F10 8 F10 9 F10 10

F10. 11.

THE FASHIONS.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

1789.

IV.

It was a very good method of teaching; and only through hearing the others answer, at the end of three months I knew nearly all my catechism.

He also made us say our lessons by question and answer; about eleven he used to go down behind the benches and lean over to see that we were learning; while we were spelling in a low tone, he would pinch one's ear gently, and

"That's right—you will get on!"
Every time he said that to me I lost breath, and my eyes dimmed with pleasure. Once he even said to me—

"You may tell Jean Leroux that I am very

well satisfied with you. Give him this mes-

That day I should not have cared to call the échevins or the governor himself cousin; still I said nothing about it to Maître Jean—I was afraid of the sin of pride.

By the beginning of March I could read. Unfortunately, Jean could not keep me doing nething all the year, and with the return of spring I was again down in the pastures. But I had my catechism in my bag, and while my goats were climbing about the rocks, quietly seated on a tuft of heather, in the shade of a beech or an oak, I learned over again what the curé had taught us.

Thus, instead of forgetting what I had learned, like the Hultenhausen, Chevrehof, and other boys, I knew it still better at the close of autumn and M. Christopher at the beginning of winter removed me into the class of the well-to-do boys of Lutzelbourg, who went to school all the year round. I learned all there was to learn in our villages—to read, write, and do a few sums—and on the 15th of March. 1781, I received the communion for the first time. Here my studies came to an end; I knew as much as Maître Jean; the rest would come of itself if I worked with a will

From this time my godfather took me entirely into the forge; he put his cattle in charge of old Yéri, the town herdsman; I still looked after them in the stable, but I was learning a trade at the same time, and some months after. having gained strength, I became third ham-

Madame Catherine and Nicole were kind to me, for in the evening, when the forge fire had tired Maltre Jean's eyes, it was I who read the gazettes and little books of all sorts brought us by Chauvel. I read them without understanding much about them. For instance, when the paper spoke of the crown rights, of state provinces, and provinces of election, I sweated blood and water, as they say, but I could not get the sense of that into my head. I saw clearly enough that money was to be given to the king, but I could not understand in what

way it was to be raised from us.

In everything relating to our country it was another thing. When the paper spoke of the gabelles, as I used to go every week to buy sait in town for the house, at six sous a pound, which would be more than twelve sous now, I fancy I heard the salt-dealer at his wicket

crying out at some poor devil—

You were not here last Tuesday. You are buying smuggled s.it. I've got my eye on you take care what you are about."

For not only were we obliged to buy our sait at the office of the gabelle, at a price much above its value, but also to take so much a head,

When it was a question of tithes I could see the tithe-collector, with his pole and his carts, calling out in the fields, "Mind the eleventh," For then, even when the weather was likely

to be bad or stormy, we were obliged to put the sheaves in a line, and the collector came so slowly, and stuck his pitchtork into the finest before your face, to add to the help he had

In the middle of all recollections, what causes the saddest recollection is the state of want of my parents, always at work, and always failing short of food in winter. Etienne had grown the poor child worked with father, but was oould hardly earn enough to feed him; Claude was herdsman at the Tiercelin convent at Lixheim, Nicolas was at work in the forest as woodcutter; he was a workman, but he was fond of tippling and fighting in the wine-shops on Sundays, and hardly gave his mother anything. My sisters, Lisbeth and little Marceline, waited on the officers and town ladies at Tivoli, but that was but once a week; on Sundays and the rest of the week they begged on the high road, for there were then no manufactories; they did not knit those fine woollen hoods, jackets, and puffs in our villages, nor did they plait those thousands of straw hats which are now sent to Paris, Germany, Italy, and America; children often reached the age of eighteen or twenty without

having earned a penny.

But, worst of all, our debt went on increasing; it already exceeded nine crowns of six livres, and M. Robin knocked at our window regularly | be signed at the town-hall in the course of the every three months to tell father he must do such and such a corvée—this was our nightmare, all our other ills were small by comparison. We did not know that owing to the system of farmers-general, of tolls and taxes, we were made to pay for life's necessaries ten times as much as they were worth; for a piece of bread we paid the price of a loaf, for a pound of salt

we paid the price of a loaf, for a pound of sait the price of ten, and so on, which was our ruin. We did not know that at a distance of twenty-five leagues, in Switzerland, with the same amount of labour, we could have lived better and put money by as well. No, poor peasants never understood indirect taxation; whatever is asked from them in coin at the close of the waar if only transfer some disguest them; but year, if only twenty sous, disgusts them; but if they knew what they paid for daily necessaries, they would cry out in another fashion.

There is nothing of that now: the barriers are withdrawn, and the officials cut down to a quarter of their number; but in those days what robbery and what distress!

How I longed to be able to relieve my parents! how I comforted myself by thinking—

"Next year Mattre Jean will give me three livres a month, and so we shall be able to pay off our debt little by little!"

Yes, this idea gave me double strength. I dreamed of it day and night.

At last, after suffering so much, one piece of good fortune happened to us. Nicolas, in drawing for the militia, drew a white ticket. At that time, instead of being numbered, the tickets were white or black—black tickets only had to

What good luck!

The idea of selling Nicolas immediately came into my mother's head; he was five feet six inches (French) high; he was fit for the grenadiers. That would be more than nine crowns.

diers. That would be more than nine crowns.
All my lite long I shall see the joy of our family. Mother held Nicolas by the arm, and

"Now we can sell you! Many married men are forced to serve in the militia. You can take the place of one of them."

was only married men who were allowed substitutes, but you had to serve double the time—twelve years instead of six! Nicolas knew that as well as his mother, but he an-

swered all the same—
"Just as you like. I am quite satisfied." Father would have preferred keeping him rather would have preferred keeping him; he said that by cutting wood in the forest, and doing corvée work in winter, he could earn money and pay his debt*; but mother took him aside, and whispered to him—

"Listen, Jean-Pierre! If Nicolas stays here he will get married. I know he is looking after little Jeannette Lorisse. They will marry and have a family, and that will be worst of all for

Father then asked, with his eyes full of tears: "You want to be a substitute, Nicolas; you want to leave us?"

And Nicolas, with a bit of red ribbon in his old cocked hat, cried —

old cocked hat, cried—
"Yes, I'll go! I ought to pay the debt."
He was a good fellow. Our mother threw both her arms round his neck, ki-sed him, and told him she knew he loved his parents, she knew it long ago; and that he would come back to his will ago; and that he would come back to his will ago; and that he would come back to his will ago; and that he would come back to his will ago; and that he would come back to his will ago; and that he would come back to his will ago; and white coat and a sky-hime

to his village in a white coat and a sky-biue collar and a feather in his hat.

"All right! all right!" replied Nicolas. He saw through our mother's plans, who was only thinking of her family, but he made believe to

notice nothing; besides, he was ready for war. Our father sat crying by the hearth with his head in his hands. He would have liked to have kept his whole family by him; but mother leaued over his shoulder, and while the rest of the family were crying at the door and disturbing the neighbours, she murmured in his

"Listen! We shall have more than nine great crowns. Nicolas has six inches to spare, and they will be paid for extra; that will come to twelve louis! We can buy a cow; we shall have milk, butter, and cheese; we shall be ab to fatten a pig."

He made no reply, but was sad all day. However, next day they went to the town together, and in spite of his sorrow father said that Nicolas would be a substitute for the sou of the baker Josse, that he would have to serve twelve years, and that we should get twelve louis—a louis for each year's service; that Ro-

bin should be paid first, and then we should see

He wanted to give Nicolas a louis or two; but mother said he wanted nothing, that he would be well fed once a day, that he would be well clothed; he would have stockings to his feet like all the militia, and if he had money in his pocket, he would spend it in the wine-shop and get punished.

Nicolas laughed and said-

"Well, well, so be it."

Father alone was grieved. But you must not suppose that mother was glad to see Nicolas go. No, she loved him a good deal; but great misery hardens the heart; she thought of the younger ones, of Marceline and Etienne: in those days twelve louis was a fortune.

So the affair was settled; the papers were to

week. Nicolas set off for the town, and of course, as he was to be the substitute of the son of the house, Father Josse, who kept the inn galled the Great Stag, opposite the German gate, treated him to sausages and choucroute; nor did he refuse him a glass of good wine. Nicolas passed his time in laughing and singing Nicolas passed his time in haughing and singing with his comrades, who were substitutes for other townspeople. I worked on with more courage than ever, for at last Robin would have his money, and we should be freed from that rascal. I struck the anvil with pleasure, and Maltre Jean, Valentine, and all the household understood my satisfaction.

One morning as the sparks were flying right and left under the hammer, there suddenly appeared in the doorway a strapping fellow six feet high, a corporal in the Royal Allemand regiment, his large cocked hat stuck over his ear, the coat buttoned, a chamois-coloured vest, yellow leather breeches, and long boots up to his knees, his sword belted round his waist; and he begins to call out—

"Good morning, cousin Jean; good morning." He was as grand as a colonel. Mattre Jean first looked at him with surprise, and then he

"Oh, it's you, is it, you rascal? You are not

hanged yet?"

Thd other began to laugh, and cried— "Always the same, cousin Jean—alawys king. Won't you pay for a bottle of Rikejoking.

"When I work it is not to wet the whistle of a fellow like you," said Mattre Jean, turning his back on him. "Go on, boys, work away."

And while we went on hammering the coporal laughed and walked off, trailing his sabre.

He was really Mattre Jeau's cousin—his cousin Jerome, from Quatre-Vents; but he had been in so many scrapes before he enlisted that his family no longer noticed him. This fellow had come home on leave; and why I mention him is because next day when I salt I heard some one call out at the corner of the market...

" Michel! Michel!"

wir?

I look round and I see Nicolas with this fellow before the Bear tavern at the entrance to Cœur-Rouge-lane. Nicolas takes me by the arm and says-

"You must have a drop."

"Let us go to Josse," said I.
"I have had enough choucroute," said he.

And when I said something about money the

other struck in with—
"Never mind that; I like a fellow-country. man- that's my business."

I was obliged to go in and drink.

Old Ursula brought whatever they called for—wine, brandy, cheese. But I had no time to love, and this den full of soldiers and militial productions. smoking, crying and sluging together, did not please me either. Another Baraquin, little Jean Kat, the clarionette player, was with us, and he too was drinking at the Royal Allemand's expense. Two or three old soldiers, mand's expense. Two or three old soldiers, veterans, their wigs pushed back, hats on one side, nose, eyes, and the whole face covered with red patches, were sitting at the table leaning on their elbows, and black pipes between the stumps of their teeth. They thee and thou'd Nicolas, who returned it. Two or three times I saw them wink to the Royal Allemand, and when Nicolas said anything they laughed, and

"Ha! ha! ha! that's it."

"Ha! ha! ha! that's it."

I could not understand it. I was surprised that the other paid for everything.

Outside, the rappel was being beaten at the infantry barracks. The Swiss soldiers of Schénau's regiment went running by; they had relieved the De Brie regiment some days since. All these Swiss wore red coats, and the French soldiers white. But the old soldiers who were national versuant belonged to no regiment, so paid off veterans belonged to no regiment, so they did not leave the tavern.

The Royal Allemand asked me how old I was; he said nothing more to me.

Nicolas began to sing, but I, seeing more peo-ple continually coming in, took my bag from under the bench, and I made haste home to

This happened the day before the papers were to be signed at the town-hall. This Nicolas did not come home to sleep. father was uneasy when I told him what I had seen. My mother said—

"It's nothing; boys must have pleasure. Nicolas can no longer come back to us every day; he had better make the most of his time, and amuse himself, since others pay for it,

But my father was thoughtful; my mother and sisters had been long asleep; my mother went up the ladder, and left us alone by the hearth; my father said nothing-he was thinking; at last, very late, he said-

"Let us go to bed, Michel, and try to sleep. To-morrow morning early I will see after him. The sooner this business is over the better. must sign, as I promised."

He went up the ladder, and I was undressing, when we heard some one come to our cottage from the garden lane, My father went down, and said" Here is Nicolas."

He opened the door, but instead of Nicolas it

was little Jean Kat, very pale, who said—
'Listen; don't be frightened; but a misfor-

tune has happened."
"What is it?" cried my father, trembling.

"Your Nicolas is in the town prison. He has nearly killed big Jerome, of the Royal Allemand, with a jug. I told him to take care, and do as I do; for the last three years I drink at the expense of the kidnappers; they all want to catch me, but I won't sign—I leave them to pay, but I never sign." I never sign.

"Oh, my God!" said my father, "how many ills fall on us!"

I could not keep quiet; I was sitting by the hearth. My mother got up-they were all

"What has he signed?" asked my father; " tell us what. He could not sign, since Josse

"Well," said Jean kat, "it was neither his fault nor mine. We had had too much. The recruiting-sergeants told him to sign; I made signs to him not to do it, but he could not see distinctly, he was too far gone. I was obliged to go out for a moment, and when I returned he had signed. The Royal Allemand had air ady pocketed the paper with a laugh. air ady pocketed the paper with a laugh, took Nicolas into the kitchen, and I asked him if he had signed. 'Yes.' 'Then instead of twelve louis you will only get one nundred livers; you have let them cheat you!' Then he goes back in a rage, and tells the others that the paper must be torn up. The Royal Allemand laughs at him. Well, I can only tell you that your Nicolas upset everything; he had the Royal Allemand and one veteran by the cravat. Everything shook in the house. The old women Everything shook in the house. The old woman called for the guard. I was shut in between the table and the wall. I could do nothing; I could not get away. Jerome drew his sword, but Nicolas took a jug and gave him such a blow on the head with it that it was broken in pleces, and that rascal Royal Allemand was stretched at full length by the side of the stove, which was upset, botties, jugs, and glasses rolling un-

But he had no right to draw his sword; Nicolas was not going to let him kill him. Jerome was to blame in it all; I will swear it if called upon—he was to blame!" While Jean Kat told us this sad tale, we stood while Jean kat fold us this sad tale, we stood there crushed down, saying nothing, for we had nothing to say; but when mother lifted her hands every one burst into tears. It was my saddest remembrance; not only were we ruin-

der one's feet. The guard came to the door, and I was just able to get away by the stable at the back into the Rue de la Synagogue. As I turned the corner I saw Nicolas in the mid-lie of the

guard near the archway. Market-street was full of people. It was not possible to get near. They said the Royal Allemand was nearly dead!

ed, but Nicolas was in prison.

Had not the city gates been shut my father would have set off at once, but he was obliged to wait till morning in all this trouble.

Our neighbours, who were already in bed, got up one after the other when they heard our lamentations. As they came Jean Kat repeated the same story, while we at on the edge of our old box full of leaves, resting our hands on our kness and crying. The rich do not know what misery is. No; talways falls on the poor everything is against them. At first my mother had blamed Nicolas, but afterwards she was sorry for him and cried about him.

Early in the morning my father took his stick,

and was going to start alone; but I made him wait. Mattre Jean was getting up, and he might give us good advice, and perhaps he could go with us and try to arrange the matter. We waited till five, when the forge fire was lighted, and sat out for the inn. Mattre Jean was already up in his shirt-sleaves to the reset was already up in his shirt-sleeves in the great room. He was much surprised to see us, and when I told him our trouble and begged him to

when I told him our trouble and begged him to help us, at first he was very angry.

"What can I do in all this?" said he. "Your Nicolas is a tippler, and the other, my big rogue of a cousin, is worse! What is there to be settled? Things must follow their own course; the prevot must take it in hand. Any way the best thing that could happen would be to see your seamp of a son off to his regiment, since he has been such a fool as to let them kidnaphim." him."

He was right; but as my father's tears fell fast, he all on a sudden put on his Sunday coat, took his stick, and said—

"Come, you are a good man, who deserves to be helped, if it be possible, but I have very lit-

He told his wife we should be home by nine, and gave his orders to Valentine before the forge. We then set off, very much cast down.

From time to time Maltre Jean cried-What can be done? He made his mark before witnesses, he is five feet six, strong as a box-tree. Do you think they will let off such fools when they allow themselves to be caught? Why, they make the best soldiers; the less brains they have the bolder they are. And the other fellow, that great gallows-bird, would be have had six months' leave of absence if it was not to entrap our country boys? Don't you think he would catch it if he did not carry back one or two with him to the regiment Royal

Allemand? I don't see what is to be done."

The more he talked the sadder we were.
However, when we got to the town Maltre

Jean toek courage again.

"Let us go first to the hospital. I know the old director, Jacques Pelletier. We can get leave to see my cousin, and if he will give up the enlistment paper we shall gain everything. Let me try.

We went along the ramparts till we came in front of the old hospital between the bastion of the Porte de France and that of the Poudrière. Maitre Jean rang a bell at the gate, where a sentry stands day and night; a hospital atten-

actury stanus day and night; a nospital steel-dant came and opened the door, and my god-father went in, telling us to wait.

The sentinel paced up and down; my father and I, leaning against the garden wall, looked up at the old window in a state of grief which

may be easily imagined.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, Maitre Jean came back to the door and beckoned us in Jean came back to the door and beckened us In.
The sentry allowed us to pass, and we entered the great corridor, and then went upstairs, right up to the roof. An attendant went up before us; at the top he opened the door of a room, where Jerome lay in a little bed, his head so covered with bandages that it was difficult to

recognise him.

He raised himself on his elbow and looked at us from under his cotton nightcap, throwing his

head back.

"Good morning, Jerome," said Mattre Jean to him. "I heard of your accident this morning, and I am sorry for it."

Jerome made him no answer; he did not look as proud or as gay as he was two days before.

"Yes," said my godfather, "it was very unlucky; you might have had your skull fractured; but fortunately it won't be anything; the naior tells me it will be of no consequence. tured; but fortunately it won't be anything, the najor tells me it will be of no consequence, only you will have to leave off drinking brandy for a fortnight, and you will be all right."

Jerome was still silent. At last he said, as

he looked at us-

"You want to ask me something I know; What is it?"

"Well, cousin, this is what I want. I am or well, cousin, this is what I want. I am glad to see you are not as bad as they said you were," replied Maître Jean; "these poor people come from Baraques; they are the father and brother of Nicolas—"

brother of Nicolas..."
"Ah! ha! I see," said the rascal, lying down "I understand now; they come to ask again. "I understand now; they come to ask you for the other fellow's enlistment paper! I would rather have my throat cut. Ah, you will strike people, will you? you will throttle them, you blackguard! If ever you come into my company I will pay you off for it?" for it."

He ground his teeth, and drew the sheets over his shoulders, in order not to see us.

"Listen, Jerome," said Maître Jean.

"Go to the devil !" said the rascal.

Then Maitre Jean lost his temper, and said—
"Then you won't give up that paper?"
"Go and hang yourself!" said the vagabond.
The hospital attendant told us to go—his rage
might choke him. But before leaving, Maitre
Jean gried out.

"I thought you good for nothing, cousin; I thought you bad enough when you sold your father's cart and oxen before enlisting; but at this moment I wish you were on your feet all well, to have the pleasure of boxing your ears; you are only worth that."

He would have continued in this strain, but the attendant came and I shut the door; we went downstairs in despair; we had nothing to hope for now.

Once more, at the door of the hospital, Maitre Jean said to us-

"Well, you see we have lost our time and trouble too. Nicolas will, doubtless, remain in prison till he is sent off to his regiment. He will have to pay all the expenses and damages out of his bounty, and you will get nothing."

Suddenly, in spite of our grief, he began to laugh, and said, wiping his eyes-

(To be Continued.)

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 19.—The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has passed the Ecclesiastical Bill.
The National Gazette of Berlin says Austria and Russia will support Germany in her demands.
The county of Meath has returned Mr. Farnell, a Home Ruler, to the Imperial House of Commons.
The Waterworks, debentures of the city of Ottawa, to the amount of \$450,000 were sold in London last Saturday at 95.

the amount of \$450,000 were sold in London tast Saturday at 95.

In reply to a question in the Imperial House of Commons last night, Lord Derby said the Government were happy to think that neither the peace of Europe nor the independence of Belgium was threatened.

The Centennial Anniversary at Lexington yesterday, passed off very successfully, though the weather was somewhat trying to the patriotism of those who were not inside the dining tent, where plates were laid for 3,740 persons.

persons.

The second German note to Belgium says Germany has not sought to interfere with the internal affairs of Belgium, but to prevent foreign intervention in her own. The obligations which Belgium is under, on account of the powers guaranteeing that r neutral position status, are also cited.

APRIL 20.—The iron factory at Chatanooga was burned on Saturday last; loss, \$150.000.

Kirkcaldy has returned Sir George Campbell, the Liberal candidate, to the Imperial Commons
Dalham won the handicap at the Epsom Spring Meeting yesterday, Freeman second and Tom O'Shanter third.

The St. Petershouseh correspondent of the Loudon

third.
The St. Petersbourgh correspondent of the Loudon The St. Petersbourgh correspondent of the Loudon Daily News reports the discovery of a plot in Khiva for the massacre of all the Russians in the Khanate. and that the massacre of all the Russians were already been ordered by the Russian Government.

Russian Government.

Dr. Kenealy appeared at the Guildhall, London, yesterday, to answer a charge of libel preferred against terday, to answer a charge of libel preferred against him by the editor of the Advertiser. The case was, however, dismissed, much to the gratification of the numerous friends of the doctor who were in astendance.

APRIL 21.—At the Epsom spring meeting yesterday Hampton won the Metropolitan Stakes, Temple Ba second, and Rosenblush third..

The Paris Monitour says M. Thiers is certain to be elected to the Senate, and will possibly be chosen to preside over that Assembly.

At a dinner given by the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce to M. Michel Chevalier, the celebrated French economist, the distinguished guest referring in the course of his speech to the subject of free trade, especially pointed out the inconsistency of the United States is imposing duties on foreign grain, and at the same time flooding the European markets with their own products.

April 92.—Attorney-General Williams, yesterday,

APRIL 22.—Attorney-General Williams, yesterday, tendered his resignation to the President. It is rumored that Secretary Bristow will succeed him.

The Duchesne conspiracy examination was commenced at Brussels yesterday. The prisoner refused to give the names of his accomplices.

The gold medal presented by the French Geographical Society to the family of the late Captain Hall in commemoration of his arctic expedition, has been handed to Minister Washburne by the President of the Society.

April 23.—It is authoritatively denied that Secretary

Minister Washburne by the President of the Society.

APRIL 23.—It is authoritatively denied that Secretary Delano has resigned his position, or has been requested by the President to do so. It is stated, on the contrary, that in deference to the President's wishes Delano has foregone his original intention of resigning.

In the Imperial House of Commons last night, a member notified the House that he would each night call attention to the presence of strangers, which would compet their withdrawal, this action being taken for the purpose of terminating the present anomalous relations between the House and the Press.

APRIL 24.—Brigham Young has been summoned to

the House and the Press.

APRIL 24.—Brigham Young has been summoned to show cause why he should not pay Ann Eliza \$9,500 pending the suit.

Despatches from the Pennsylvania coal districts indicate that there is no prospect of a resumption of work in the near future.

Further outrages by Mexicans are reported from Corpus Christi, and a feeling of great indignation and retailiation is said to exist among his many friends for the murder of Dr. Loveil.

The report from St. Petersburg telegraphed to the London Standard, to the effect that the Marquis de Caux, husband of Adelina Patti, has been killed in a duel, is pronounced to be entirely without foundation.

In all buildings, particular care should be taken to have an open space between the flues and pipes, by which hot air is conducted, and the woodwork, and were this precaution always observed, fire originating with the flues would be of rare occurrence. The experience of the Fire Insurance agents, and others whose business is to investigate the causes of fires, goes to show that in many instances they arise from the fact that the beams which support the flooring are made to rest either directly in the brickwork of the flues, or close against it, and it is almost impossible to tell in a finished house, whether this open space had been left or not.

The only remedy is a fire insurance policy in the "Stadacona," No. 13, Place d'Armes, Montreal.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA
PROVINCE OF QUEBRO
District and City of
Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT.

IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE E. DESBARATS

AN INSOLVENT.
ON THURSDAY, the 20th day of May next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 10th April, 1875.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Per MOUSSEAU, CHAPLEAU & ARCHAMBAULT, 11-16-5-129 His Attorneys at litem.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND

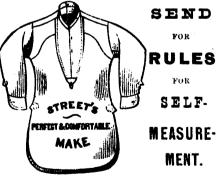
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