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# THE GAZETTE Wholesale News

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THE MAGIC MIRRORS.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters in advance.

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All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required stamps for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

#### NOTICE.

Our agent, Mr. WALTER STREET, is now visiting the towns and villages situated on the Brockville and Ottawa and St. Lawrence and Ottawa railways, and the district between Montreal and Gananoque on the Grand Trunk Railway, collecting accounts and seeking new subscribers to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Subscribers whose accounts are overdue are requested to settle with him for the amounts in which they are indebted and we also trust they will do their best to assist him in his efforts to secure new subscribers.

#### NOTICE.

As the year is now verging to a close, we think it opportune to make a call upon such of our subscribers as are in arrears with us. The rule of payment in advance ought to be applied everywhere, and it was made one of the chief recommendations of the Quebec Press Association, lately organized in this city. All our friends should understand that an illustrated paper which requires so great an outlay, must, as a matter of business protection, insist upon this rule. For those who do not pay at once, the price of the NEWS is \$4.50 per annum, the extra half-dollar being intended to cover the interest on delay and postage. But as a further inducement, however, and in order to regulate our books and accounts with the opening of the new year, we will charge only the regular rate of \$4.00 to such of our subscribers as will settle with us immediately, or between this and the close of December. We are glad to know, from the reports of our patrons and the notices of our contemporaries of the press, that the efforts we have made to improve the paper are duly recognized, but with proper encouragement we are prepared to improve it still more. Our readers can help us in this, first by prompt payment of their subscription, and by inducing others to subscribe. Let each reader of the NEWS send us at least one subscription besides his own, and by thus doubling our circulation, we shall be enabled to give them a paper second to none in its special sphere. Canadians, all over the Dominion, should take pride in supporting an illustrated family and literary journal, and making it a truly national institution, the reflex of Canadian life, progress and thrift.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 2nd Dec., 1876.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Magic Mirrors, a sketch of which appears upon our first page, is a happy old fancy made to do service in the illustration of the Presidential deadlock in the United States. Columbia seeks the service of the ancient witch to learn the name and view the features of her intended, and is confronted with two glasses, one of which represents the bearded visage of HAYES, the other, the shaven countenance of TILDEN. She is left in the embarrassment of an ultimate choice, and unfortunately so are the whole American people. The month of November is closing, and yet no satisfactory solution of the Presidential problem has been reached.

Among our illustrations of the Eastern question, we have the portraits of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF and Count ANDRASSY. The octogenarian Minister of Foreign Affairs for Russia is a disciple of the NESSELRODE and METTERNICH schools, and probably the most accomplished and experienced diplomatist of the day. A staunch Muscovite, he may be credited with the intention of doing his best to promote the cause of his country at the approaching Conference. The handsome ANDRASSY, still in the prime of life, is a Hungarian, an by life-long association is deeply interested in the fate of the Slavs. There is reason to suppose that his policy will not be very energetic as against Russia, although, in the event of serious differences, he may find himself obliged to side with England. In the same connection there is a view of General IGNATIEFF presenting his credentials to the new Sultan. IGNATIEFF is perhaps the best man that Russia could have at Constantinople where he has long resided.

We published last week an account of the main results of the late British Arctic expedition. This week there is a sketch of the *Alert* hoisting her colours at the highest latitude attained by any ship on record. Supplementary to this we have another small sketch, representing the very dismal scene of a funeral in the ice.

The late Hon. LOUIS RICHARD, whose portrait is published in another column, was a representative of the old Acadians, and was married to a descendant of General HOWE, Governor of Acadia in 1759, and who was instrumental in expelling the Acadians. Mr. RICHARD was member of the Legislative Council of Quebec for the Division of Kennebec.

#### HEATING AND VENTILATION OF DWELLINGS.

As there may be still those who think that a house can be properly ventilated by windows kept partially open in the higher stories, we can only say we believe an appeal to experience and observation will negative the theory. If it be desired to find an exhaust through the upper part of the dwelling instead of lower down, the capped-tube through the roof is the best method known. The capping should come down sufficiently over the mouth of the tube to prevent all down-drafts of cold air. Down-drafts of cold air are inadmissible because they give the lungs two atmospheres or temperatures to breathe at one and the same time—a thing they are not fitted for. The chief delicacy both of lungs and cuticle is during sleep. The basement will be the place for the admission of cold air, if the fresh air be allowed to come into the dwelling in an unwarmed state. What we have said does not of course touch the question of the occasional opening of window-slips in the daytime to change the air of a room. It is the continuous cold drafts coming through the warmer air that hurts the lungs, and it is folly to suppose that by leaving the interstices of our windows unstopped we improve the winter ventilation of the house. What is known as the air warming system in some one of its

shapes is doubtless the best. On this plan an exhaust is sometimes taken by capped-tube from the roof and sometimes by capped shaft or tube from the basement. The first may be speediest. The latter may also be thorough, and most economical of heat. One of the best exhausts will always be the stove chimney with a good draft. We cannot ventilate either in cold or moderate weather without fire heat.

#### SAFETY OF LIFE AND LIMB.

If the care of the lives of the people devolves upon the Legislature as the great inquest of a nation or province, and as granting those powers under which civic organisations act, it is also the duty of public journals to maintain accurate records and notices of matters affecting the general safety. We are informed by the *Quebec Chronicle*, which is very faithful in these matters, that an aged woman walking home along St. Joseph Street in that city, at a little before six in the evening, fell into the open cellar of the store of one of the citizens, fracturing her leg. The cellar had been opened for putting in wood. There was no light to shew the pitfall, nor was there any one there to warn passers-by. The poor old woman is not expected to recover from her injuries. This description of risk is quite of common occurrence, and the necessity for some reform in the police regulations of this and other municipalities is evident. The British law and practice on the subject of obstructions of traffic might probably be found worth studying in Canada.

Literature, from the days of Dickens and of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," till the hour in which we write, has done much to alleviate human suffering, but it will not do everything. Shrewd observers will say: "You can have no reform without a sacrifice." We should not like to think that it will always be so.

Cardinal ANTONELLI is believed to have left about 30,000,000 francs, 10,000,000 francs of which, it is said, is invested in England. This colossal fortune will, it is said, be divided equally among his brother, Count Angelo Antonelli, and three other members of his family. He has left his valuable and unique collection of precious stones and rare marbles to the Vatican Museum. He inherited much from two uncles. His salary as Cardinal Secretary of State was, it is reported, only \$2,500 a year. It is mentioned that, even when most overwhelmed with business and the cares of state, he never omitted, for one single day, to visit his mother, for whom he entertained the most filial affection.

The specific proposals which will come before the Eastern Conference are said to have been examined in every capital of Europe. The conclusion is universal that they present no insuperable obstacle to peace, but, under the leadership of the English and Russian plenipotentiaries, may be so moulded as to command the support of every guaranteeing power, and secure the acceptance of the Porte.

Having been appealed to on the subject of vaccination, Mr. GLADSTONE has written, stating that he views with misgiving all new aggressions upon private liberty, unless upon a clear and certain proof of necessity. As to vaccination, he keeps his mind open on the question whether such proof has, or has not, been supplied.

DOM PEDRO, now in Europe, has been visiting and examining with great interest the excavations in the Troad, under the guidance of Dr. SCHLIEPMANN, the *savant*, who has been directing their progress for some years past. The emperor delighted his companions by his copious citations from the "Iliad" which he seemed to have almost by heart.

The resignation of the Servian Ministry seems to be definitive. The present Ministry will continue to carry on the administration of affairs provisionally. The new Ministry will probably not be formed until the return of M. MORINOVICS from Prussia.

It is reported that the Russian army of the Pruth has been furnished with clothing suitable for a winter campaign. The commander-in-chief's staff, the commissariat, the engineering, artillery and other staffs of the army, have been formed.

According to the *Medical Examiner*, mustard and cress are an excellent remedy for scurvy, and may be grown on board ship during long voyages, as the seeds easily germinate on wet blankets in a moderately warm atmosphere.

Professor POTTER, of Washington University, a most zealous archaeologist, is now digging for aboriginal relics in the American Bottom, opposite St. Louis and in the State of Illinois, a section dotted with Indian mounds.

Mr. WILSON, custom officer at St. Johns, P.Q., was run over by a locomotive on the 22nd November, and there is little hope of his recovery.

It is expected that the *thé* Montreal, Ottawa and Western Railway will be running to Grenville by Christmas.

#### FOOT NOTES.

A DRIVER of a street car in Paris has hit upon an expedient for giving warning to clear the road by attaching a small trumpet to a pair of bellows, which he works with his foot, thus relieving his hands, which are usually occupied with the reins and the brake. The General Omnibus Company has adapted the arrangement to a number of its cars.

THE first anniversary of a marriage is called the iron wedding; the second, paper wedding; third, straw; fifth, wooden; tenth, tin; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, linen; twenty-fifth, silver; fiftieth, gold; seventy-fifth, diamond. The presents to the couple in whose honor such parties are given must be of the material which conforms to the name of the anniversary.

THERE are few prettier vineyard views in France than the one seen from the chestnut-covered platform on which stands the old and romantic Château Yquem. There has been an old-standing feud and rivalry of hundreds of years between the greatest wines of this district and the far-famed Johannisberg of the Rhine, and a great trial of skill took place at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. The jury was composed equally of French and German experts, with a Rhenish President, and two bottles of the choicest Rhine wine were pitted against two bottles of Château Vigneau of 1861. A unanimous verdict gave the prize to Château Vigneau of Bordeaux, and it was afterward ascertained that the Rhine wine was taken from a single barrel made from grapes chosen individually from a whole growth. The French have never forgotten this victory and though the Germans claim for their Johannisberg a bouquet that is indescribable, the French maintain that for wealth and delicacy of flavor no wine in the world can touch Château Yquem or Château Vigneau.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

SOME French geographers are agitating the establishment of an observatory on the top of Mont Pio IX. in the Apennines, to serve as the centre of European meteorology. They propose to build a metallic chapel on the summit, to which visitors will be conveyed from the foot of the rock in a captive balloon.

At a public dinner recently given by the Anthropological Society of Paris, a paper was circulated, the signers of which pledge themselves to bequeath their brains to the society for inspection and dissection. It is thought that an examination of the thinking organs of persons whose habits and works are perfectly known will throw light upon the laws of physico-mental organization.

THE total number of cinchona trees now planted in India is 2,765,000, chiefly of the red bark variety, which though it does not yield so much quinine as the yellow, yet is said to give more alkaloid, which as a febrifuge is equally effective, and is easily extracted. These trees occupy about 3,000 acres of ground on the Nilgherries, and the bark is now sent to London for sale, at about \$1 a pound.

BRUNEL with the *Courier* class of locomotive ran 13 miles in 10 minutes, equal to 78 miles an hour. Mr. P. Stirling, of the Great Northern, took, two years back, 16 carriages 15 miles in 13 minutes, equal to 75 miles an hour. The "Great Britain," "Lord of the Isles," and "Iron Duke," broad-gauge engines on the Great Western Railway, have each run with 4 or 5 carriages from Paddington to Didcot in 47½ minutes, equal to 66 miles an hour. The new Midland coupled express engines, running in the usual course, have been timed 68, 70, and 72 miles an hour. The 10 a.m. express on the Great Northern from Leeds has been timed, and found mile after mile at the rate of a mile in 52 seconds, or at 69.2 miles an hour. The engines used are Mr. Stirling's outside cylinder bogie express engines, the load being 10 carriages.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

MAIDEN SPEECHES.—MONTREAL JUNCTION.—THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR.—BILLS.—THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE.—CIVIL SERVICE.—PARLIAMENTARY AMENITIES.

The maiden speeches of members are generally crucial tests. Such was the case, this year, with the proposer and seconder of the Address. The former, who spoke in French, commenced well, and his sentiments were happy and correctly expressed, but his nervousness overcame him, and the end of his speech was rather broken. The latter commenced by stating that he was an independent member, while the very act of seconding the Address pledged him as a Government supporter. His speech afterwards consisted merely of a repetition of the Address, but, unhappily, his nervousness also overcame him, and he nearly broke down. How easy it appears to one in the Gallery, to make a speech on the floor of the House, but how difficult a thing it becomes when the critical moment arrives! Two or three members have told me that they then saw nobody, indeed saw nothing from the time they rose to their feet till they sat down; and even yesterday, the seconder of the Address in the Council told me he had spoken on numerous occasions in public, and especially at election meetings, but when he contemplated rising to his feet amidst the awful quiet of the Legislative Council, he actually shook with sheer nervousness, and therefore wrote his speech beforehand and read it in the House, and still he felt nervous. Even a well-known member of the Toronto Press, who is a member of the Ottawa House, said that, accustomed as he was, from sitting in the Reporter's Gallery for many years, to the House, its members and its whole routine, yet when he rose to make his maiden speech his sensations were exactly as I have described.

The first business of importance has been the introduction of a Bill by the Leader of the House, which will do away with the nuisance of each municipality, when it wishes to become a Town, being obliged to come to Parliament for an Act of Incorporation. In addition, and this is very important to many of your readers, in answer to Mr. Taillon, the Leader of the House stated that it was the intention of the Government that the Junction Depot of the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railroad for Montreal would be built within the limits of the Eastern Division of your city, and I am officially informed it is not their intention to build it just within the limits, so as to keep within the letter of their contract, but some distance within. The exact spot I know not, but I have no doubt it will be placed as conveniently as possible for the citizens of Montreal.

A paper of your city, lately, contained some notes from Quebec, written, it is believed, by a member of the Civil Service in this Capital, which have excited some rather lively conversation amongst members of the House and also of the Government, owing to the unfounded and utterly false statements with regard to the mental condition of the Lieutenant-Governor of this Province. It is barely necessary to contradict the statements, but as considerable indignation is felt on the subject, I do so on the very best of authority. The real reason why His Honor was not present at the opening of the House was that his medical advisers considered he was too weak to undergo the very wearisome and, to men of his age, exhausting ceremonies necessary on such occasions, especially after so severe an illness as that from which, I am happy to say, he is now rapidly recovering.

According to new rules, every Bill should be sent to the Clerk of the House in both languages, and then it will be printed at \$2.00 a page which, as the Leader of the House said, is a dollar a page less than last year. I am sorry to say some people will send their Bills in one language only, therefore time is occupied in translating them which would otherwise be occupied in passing them. I state this, as it may be information to someone who is sending down a Bill.

I have noticed in the correspondence to a number of the country papers, as well as to one of your evening papers, a determined attack on the Attorney-General, who is Leader of the Lower House. They complain that he is irritable and excited, and one paper blames him for endeavouring to imitate the late Sir George Cartier in his manner of addressing the House, because while speaking he occasionally turns his back to the Opposition. The Attorney-General is the most hard-working man in the Ministry, and certainly one of the most conscientious statesmen in the Province. His position is no sinecure, as, though he is supported by a large majority, yet even a small Opposition can be very annoying, and he has all the more reason to be watchful and careful when that small Opposition is led by such able men as Messrs. Joly, Marchand and Bachand. There is no denying that at times Mr. Angers is a little excited, or rather I should say was, but during the past few days he has been as cool and collected as the Leader of the House should be. The Hon. Mr. Angers is always a gentleman.

The Resolutions of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau and those of the Hon. Mr. Angers, relating to the Civil Service of Quebec and providing for their superannuation, have passed through Committee and the Bills founded on them introduced. The former fixes the salary of the Deputy Heads of Departments at \$2,400 per annum, they commencing at \$2,000. The Clerks are divided into five classes, and commence at the following salaries: 1st class, \$1,500; 2nd class, \$1,200;

3rd class, \$1,000; 4th class, \$800; 5th class, \$600. Each class will increase at the rate of \$50 per annum, till they reach the maximum of \$200 a year more than at what they commenced. Messengers commence at \$400 and increase \$40 per annum, till they reach \$600. The above are the interesting and important particulars of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau's Resolutions.

How pleasant a thing it is to see a friendly feeling existing between the two chiefs of the House. This afternoon, just at the opening of the sitting, I saw the Hon. Mr. Angers walk across to where Mr. Joly was sitting, with a paper in his hand; the latter immediately rose, bowed with his usual grace and politeness, and offered Mr. Angers a seat beside him. They then amicably discussed the contents of the paper and parted as they met. C. W. M.

A PRIZE FOR ELOQUENCE.

In my opinion, no surer way exists to stimulate literary merit in the Dominion, than the mode so successfully and so generously resorted to by the enlightened statesman and scholar now holding the reins of Government in Canada: the Dufferin medals. It is with pleasure we notice that his praiseworthy example is being followed by private individuals in the city of Quebec.

Last year the Canadian Institute announced "Un Concours d'Eloquence," to take place this fall, subject: "COLUMBUS," the laureate to receive a medal munificently presented by one of its founders, Théophile Ledroit, Esq., merchant. Hon. P.J.O. Chauveau, in his inaugural address on the occasion, while complimenting the Institut on this progressive movement, pointed out two precedents of this kind, in the early portion of the century, and in running over the files of the *Quebec Mercury*, for 1809, I find the following advertisement, which I think worth while rescuing from oblivion.

J. M. L.

Quebec, 10th Nov., 1876.

"Quebec Mercury, 17 April, 1809."

"THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF QUEBEC will give a silver medal to the person who will produce the best verses, in the English, French or Latin languages, on the birth of His Majesty George III.

"The verses accompanied with a letter containing the name of the author and sealed with his seal, to be forwarded, under cover, by the 20th May next, post-paid, addressed as follows: "To Mr. Louis Plamondon, Secretary to the Literary Society, Quebec."

"As the Society wishes to know the name of the successful candidate, the letters containing the signatures of the authors of the other verses will be returned to the person reclaiming them, upon his giving satisfactory information of the seal and writing being his.

"The prize will be given to the person to whom it is adjudged, either to himself, or by his attorney, on SATURDAY, the 3rd June, at two o'clock, in a public sitting of the Society.

"By order of the President,

"LOUIS PLAMONDON,  
Secretary."

"Quebec, April 5th, 1809."

VARIETIES.

A NEW ORNAMENT.—An antique bell, recently found in the excavations of the Esquiline, one of the seven hills of Rome, was sold to a French antiquarian in that city. This bell was worn by ladies round the neck in the reign of King Tullius (before the era of the Roman Emperors) as a charm. On the bell is an engraved inscription in Greek:

"TOICOM MACIN\*  
ATTOTET ATMAI\*"

which signifies

"God preserve us from the evil eye."

The Princess Margherita (Crown Princess of Italy) on hearing of this little treasure trove, expressed a great desire to see it, and was so pleased with its appearance that she ordered her Jeweller to execute a number of necklaces and earrings, copying the bell as the design. These she presented to each of the *dames de Cour*.

BALZAC.—Balzac's correspondence from the age of twenty till within two months of his death has been published in Paris. Most of the letters are to his sister, and the last epistle—to Théophile Gauthier—was dictated to Madame de Balzac, the novelist having only strength to sign his name and add the words, "I can neither read nor write." Balzac's hours for work were generally from one o'clock in the morning till eight, he would then have a short sleep, go out driving or visiting, dine early, and go to bed at six or seven in the evening. At other times he would work from midnight till noon, or from seven in the evening till seven the next morning. Balzac never read over his manuscripts till in proof, and the proof sheets always had enormous margins, which were soon covered with close writing, a short story being thus extended to a lengthy novel. These additions and corrections cost him a large part of his income.

BUSY MINISTERS.—Lord Beaconsfield has had three days' holiday at Birmingham, and all the rest of the recess has been spent either in London or at Hughenden, with a secretary travelling backwards and forwards every day. Lord Derby has not been out of town for a single day. He is at the Foreign Office eight, ten, and twelve hours a day. You may see him striding through

the Park every morning from St. James's-square to Downing-street, and from that time till eight or nine o'clock at night he is reading or writing telegrams, is closeted with Ambassadors hour after hour, or is penning dispatches to the Porte, to St. Petersburg, or Vienna. Yet the man who submits, in this way, to all this drudgery and imprisonment is a man with an income of £150,000 a year, with splendid estates, with all that can make life pleasant, and an intense love of country life! It is exactly the same all round.

ONE-SIDED DEVELOPMENT.—The habit of using the right hand in preference to the left among those peoples whose monuments date from the remotest antiquity appears to be a universal fact, and this is accounted for by the anatomical mechanism of the human body. It is known that the right lung, liver-lobe, and limbs exceed in size those of the left side, involving, of course, a greater amount of tissue structure and a larger supply of nerves and blood-vessels for their nutrition. A person walking in a dense fog figures with his feet the segment of a circle, and, if he is right-handed, he takes a direction to the left, because the right leg naturally takes a longer stride. The left side of the brain is larger than the right, and, as it appears that the power of verbal articulation in the right handed is confined to a certain convolution on the left side, the conclusion is arrived at that, in speaking and thinking, the left side of the brain is used, this being the result of dextral education.

AN INTERESTING MANUSCRIPT.—The National Library of Paris has just made the acquisition of a very precious manuscript by Denis Papin, the illustrious philosopher who originally discovered the use which might be made of steam as a motive power. The manuscript is entitled "A Treatise on Painless Operations." In it the author describes the different means which may be used to lull the sensibility of patients and to spare them the pain of operations. It is known that Papin, disgusted at the shackles which were placed on his researches in medicine, gave himself up to philosophical pursuits. The manuscript in question was written in 1681. Papin, when leaving Germany to return to France, gave it to an old friend, Dr. Bremer, who alone had sustained him by his encouragement and appreciation. This manuscript finally fell into the hands of Pador Lahn, a schoolmaster in the environs of Marburg, who has lately died. His heir has sold it to the National Library for a considerable price.

CARLYLE.—Mr. Carlyle receives his visitors in the little house where he has dwelt ever since coming to London, No. 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, near the famous hospital founded by Nell Gwynne, and not far from where Sir Thomas Moore lived—Henry VIII.'s great chancellor. The street is old and dingy and unattractive, but it is close to the Thames and to a magnificent bridge, and to most charming views from every side. Mr. Carlyle's house is small, plain and unpretentious on the outside, but full of manifold charm within. The afternoon sun streams in through three small windows in the drawing-room, the patriarch sitting in a capacious arm-chair in front of the fireplace and a glowing fire, for London is in a fog and the day is cool. There are book-shelves on either side of the fireplace. On the shelves is a complete set of Ruskin's works. Emerson and some other of the American writers also hold a conspicuous rank in Carlyle's library. Carlyle is now very feeble through age, but his memory is still marvellous, and the flow of his talk is unabated.

CARLYLE ON DARWIN.—I have known three generations of the Darwins, grandfather, father, and son; atheists all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man, who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraven with this legend: "Omnia ex conchis," everything from a clam shell! I saw the naturalist not many months ago; told him that I had read his "Origin of the Species," and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descended from monkeys, but had gone far toward persuading me that he and his so-called scientific brethren had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near to monkeys. A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it is a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe.

METZ.—The Messineses seldom leave their houses. They live amongst themselves and for themselves. Their houses resemble little castles, of which they keep garrison. There they can speak openly and comfort each other. The principles of honour and fidelity are so strong in this city that the Messineses will never imitate the example of the German barterers and pedlars. It is now more than five years Metz has lived under the foreign rule, and she, the *invicta*, has not yet thrown off the marble mask she assumed the day she was taken by force and treason. When the troops march past the blinds are down; while the bands are playing the shutters are put to. The Messineses who remained in the town are mostly old people or children, who have nothing to fear from the recruiting law. The female population, which was 48,000, is now reduced to 18,000, and the number is daily increasing of those who leave the

land of desolation and mourning. There are now 3,500 apartments to let. The Rue Serpenoise, the finest of the town, is placarded with bills for letting or selling houses and hotels. A great number of shops are closed, and the trade of the German shopkeepers is insignificant.

A LOOK AT HAMERTON.—The writer of an interesting article on "Philip Gilbert Hamerton," in the November International Review, says that "his general appearance is singularly attractive. In person he is well formed and athletic, with a noble head, regular features, a clear and penetrating eye, and a fine beard, which is worn full. The type of his features is decidedly American rather than English, and his countenance is strongly suggestive of that of George Macdonald, if, indeed, it cannot be said to resemble the latter." His habits of life are spoken of as "quiet and regular in the extreme. He generally employs the early hours of the morning in literary composition, and reserves several of the best and lightest hours of the day clear for practical art. Toward evening he has another literary sitting, after which he dines with his family. He has wisely given up all literary work at night. Once in a while, for the sake of recreation, he takes a run to Paris, or London, or Switzerland, but even these visits are turned to good account, and amid exercise he picks up a good many grains of knowledge. His republican sympathies are very strong, and he has watched the political events of Europe and America with profound interest, and a strong faith in the growth of liberal principles and institutions." He is now engaged in writing a "Life of Turner," which will be published early next year.

ECKMANN.—This great novelist, who is not married, is an exile, without near relations. He had a grandniece at Strasbourg, who has married a German. Broken down by this sorrow, he wandered for a long time on the borders of his dear native land, the door of which is shut to him as to so many others. Before the war he had settled in the pretty valley of the Zinsel, to live after the fashion of the Ami Fritz. He is the best liver in the world; he adores the good wines of Alsace, sauerkraut, ham, the crayfish of the Zorn, the beer of Strasbourg, and he gladly loses himself in the clouds that rise from his pipe. What he loves, perhaps, still better, is shooting in the woods, long expeditions in the mountains, and discussions without end with a small group of friends. "A most worthy man, in truth, this Eckmann, and a droll fellow, too. He had decayed teeth, which gave him pain from time to time. So he had them all taken out at one sitting, and now, with a set of gums, as fresh and rosy as an infant of six months old, he munches the most solid of food and the softest of crusts. With his cheeks a little hollow, his fat chin, his long moustaches, and his bourgeois country dress, he looks like a colonel on half pay. After having long wandered like a tormented spirit near the lost paradise of Alsace-Lorraine, he has settled in the neighborhood of Saint Die, in the Vosges, with worthy friends who are connections of his.

A ROW IN THE LORDS.—Lord Albemarle says in his Recollections: "I was witness to a curious scene in the House of Lords on the 25th of April, 1853, and as a very imperfect account of it is given in Hansard, I offer my version. The debate was on the Clergy reserves in the Canada bill. The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Wilberforce, in making some quotation, smiled. This gave offence to Lord Derby. The Bishop admitted the smile, but denied any intention thereby of imputing anything offensive.

Lord Derby—I accept at once the explanation that has been offered by the Right Reverend Prelate, but when he tells me that it is impossible for him to say anything offensive, because he has a smiling face, he will forgive me if I quote in his presence from a well-known writer, without intending in the least to apply the words to him:—

"A man may smile and smile and be a villain."

Lord Clarendon (in a voice of thunder)—"Oh, oh! oh!"

Lord Derby—What noble peer is it whose nerves are so delicate as to be wounded by a hackneyed quotation?

Lord Clarendon—I am that peer, and protest against any noble lord applying, even in the language of poetry, the epithet of villain to any member in the House, most of all the use of such an expression by a lay peer towards a right reverend prelate.

Peacemakers rose on both sides of the House. The reporters had left the gallery, the House was proceeding to a division. Lord Clarendon poured out a glass of water and drank it off. Lord Derby at the same time filled another bumper of water and called out across the table, "Your good health, Clarendon," and so the affair ended.

Lord Derby was probably not aware that the same quotation from "Hamlet" had more than fifty years before produced a similar scene in the House of Commons. My authority was the late Sir Robert Adair, who was present. The contending parties were Tierney and Pitt, who had fought a duel a short time before. Tierney was addressing the House. Pitt smiled contemptuously, upon which Tierney said, "The right honorable gentleman smiled, but need I remind him that a man may smile and smile" here he paused. "Take the fellow a message from me," cried Pitt to one of his followers, but before the bearer of the hostile mission could reach the opposition benches Tierney added, "and yet he a minister." So the affair ended in a laugh instead of a duel.

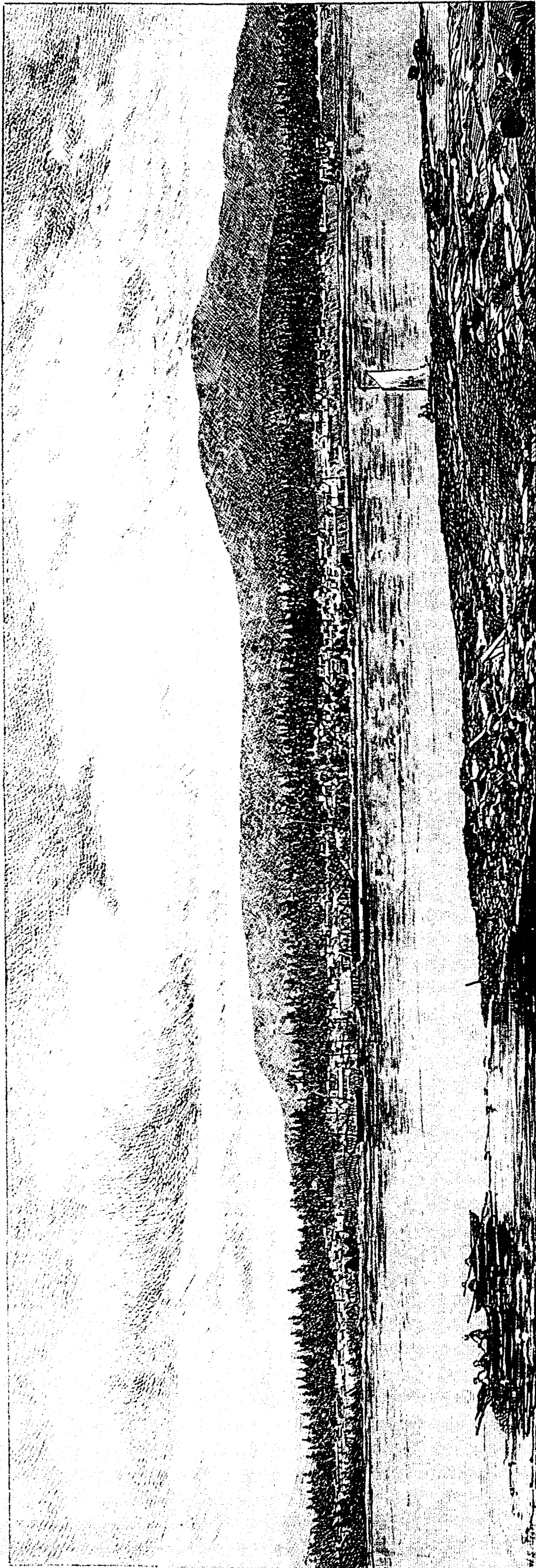
THE HOME OF DETAILLE.

The home of Detaille, who is now acknowledged as the most eminent battle-painter of the present day, is situated on the upper part of the Boulevard Malesherbes, near the Parc Monceau. It is built in the usual French fashion, around an inner court, of which, however, it occupies only three sides, the fourth being taken up by the low wall dividing the court yard from that of the spacious building in white freestone which is still in course of construction next door, the unfinished house of Meissonnier. Thus the great master and the greatest of his pupils will soon dwell side by side. The visitor, on ringing, is admitted to the *porte-cochère*, which, with the arches that surround the lower floor of the house, is painted in Pompeian style, the prevailing tints being dark-red and cream-yellow. Opposite to the entrance a wide doorway, screened with a heavy *portière* of straw matting, meets the eye. Cross the court-yard, lift the screen, and you will find yourself in the studio of the painter. It is a vast and lofty room, lighted from above, and with a paved floor which, as well as the wide doorway, has been constructed especially to allow of the introduction of the horses which form so frequently the subjects of the artist's pencil. Around the walls hang uniforms, mostly French, sabres, cuirasses, helmets, etc., while from rows of shelving along one side stare solemnly a set of *papier-mâché* heads, each wearing some peculiar military head-dress, including the spiked helmet of Prussia. A handsome young man, with a slender yet vigorous form, finely outlined features, brilliant hazel eyes, and a complexion fresh and roseate as that of a girl, rises from his post and comes forward before the easel which stands in the centre of the room to greet us. Can this be the world-famous painter, this almost boyish young fellow with military bearing and frank address? Can he be the renowned artist who so narrowly escaped taking the medal of honor at last season's *salon*, and who has won every award that government ever bestows on a French painter, save only the highest grade of the Legion of Honor and the medal aforesaid? It is indeed he—not quite twenty-seven years old, and yet placed by acclamation on the highest pinnacle of French art, a summit which it has taken many of his great contemporaries years and years to climb. He received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor when he was only nineteen, and being then a light-complexioned, beardless youth, he looked much younger than he really was. It was awarded to him at the distribution of prizes of the *salon*. As he came down from the platform with the coveted rosette in his buttonhole he was met with open arms by Meissonnier, whose favorite pupil he has always been. Master and pupil fervently embraced each other, and both shed tears of pride and joy. At one side of the studio a flight of steps leads to the upper story. Unlocking a door at the head of these steps we find ourselves in a long and wide hall, lighted with windows at one side and hung with splendid old tapestry. Passing through this hall we are ushered into the artist's second studio, now converted into a drawing-room. It is very large and immensely high, the walls reaching to the very top of the building. Half-way up these walls a light gallery extends around the room, which gallery is accessible by a spiral staircase that rises in one corner. The most noticeable feature about this vast apartment is the chimney-place, which, built in projecting mediæval fashion, towers well-nigh to the roof. It is to be cased in porcelain tiles, but looks picturesque and appropriate enough in its native roughness of brick and mortar. None of the wood-work is painted, but is merely waxed and polished. The furniture is mostly Japanese in its character, including some splendid bronzes, such as a grinning tiger which occupies the fire-place, and two gigantic vases which stand one on either side of the hearth. A book-case in black and gold lacquer stands at one side, and chairs and lounges in bamboo are scattered here and there. But neither the decoration nor the furnishing of this improved *salon* is finished. On the walls hang a few pictures—a landscape of Lucien Gross, a figure of a soldier by De Neuville, a sketch in Indian ink by Vibert. At one side an open door affords us a glimpse of the painter's sleeping apartment, which is simple and severe in every respect. He has evidently lavished all his time and thoughts, and his wealth as well, on his two studios. As I surveyed the vast area and lofty ceiling of the painter's drawing-room, I mentally concluded that were I ever to build a house I should not choose an artist to draw the plan thereof for me. How on earth is this gigantic room ever to be warmed? was the problem that puzzled my house-wifely brain as I gazed at it.

It is curious that the leaders of the two great political parties in England should both seek seclusion and repose in dens. But each has the den the other ought to have. Mr. Gladstone, who hews trees, and who has nothing of the "swell" about him, lives at Hawaw-den; while Lord Beaconsfield, who was always a "swell," and couldn't hew down an oak to save his life, lives at Hewen'-den.

MOUNT BENSON.

PINE COVERED RANGES OF MOUNTAINS.



Northern limit of the City is some distance farther north.

17. City Council Chamber.  
1. Methodist Church.  
2. St. Paul's Episcopal Church.  
3. Court House and Jail.  
4. Steamboat wharf.

15. Presbyterian Church.  
6. Haast's wharf.  
5. Mechanics' Institute.  
16. Catholic Church.  
3. Court House and Jail.

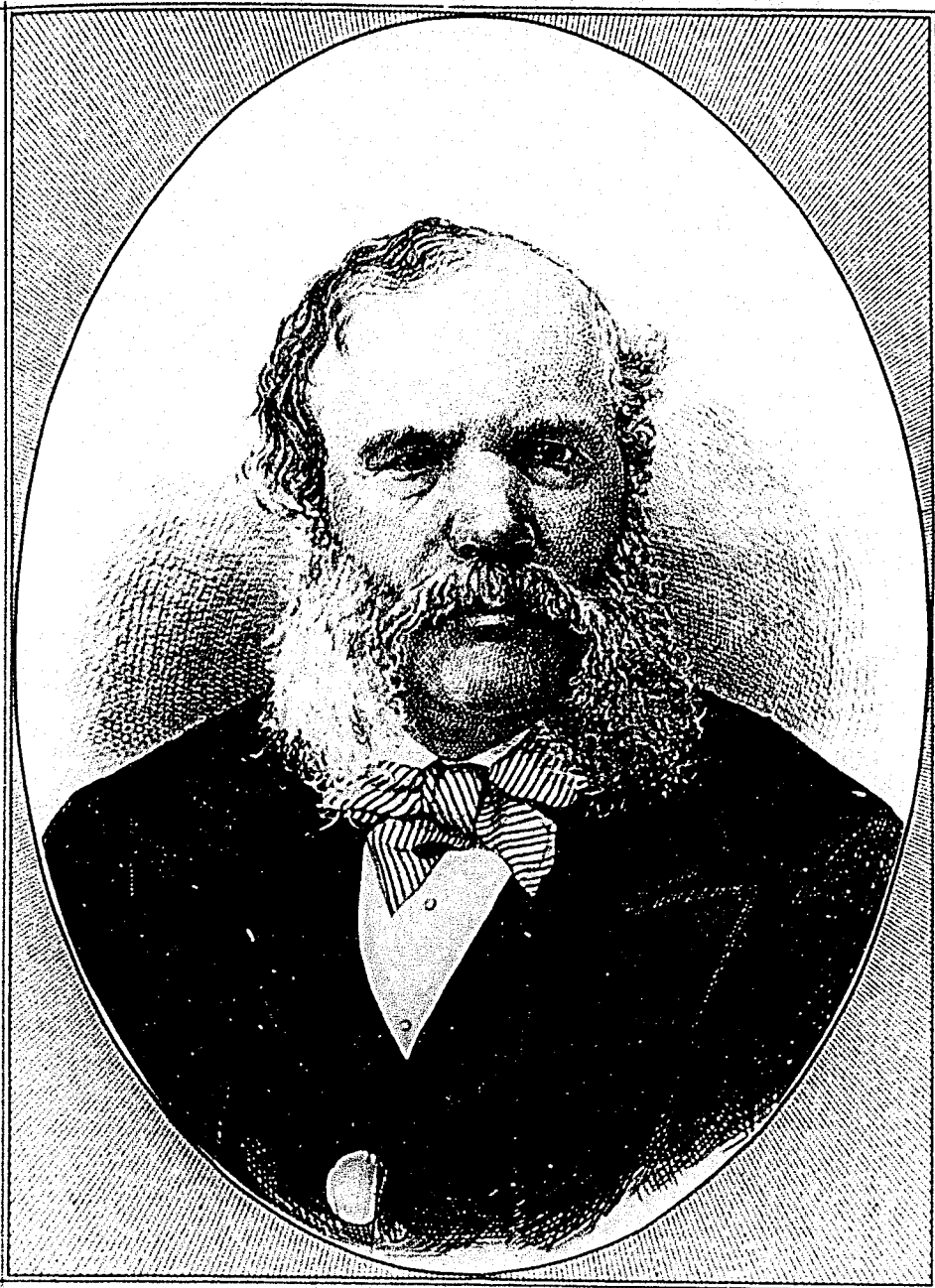
13. Douglas Pt.  
10. Ship's Head Engine of Douglas Mine.  
14. Vancouver Coal Camp.  
11. Railway bridge leading to Vancouver Coal Company's loading wharves.  
12. Public archway.  
9. V. C. Co.'s ballast wharves.

Southern limit of the City is some distance farther south.

VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOUR OF NANAIMO, VANCOUVER ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. SHAKENBARE, VICTORIA, B. C.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY



No. 287.—THE LATE HON. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON.



No. 288.—THE LATE HON. LOUIS RICHARD.



MOROCCO.—THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO REVIEWING GENERAL OSMONT'S TROOPS, AT MARINA.

## GOUNOD'S LAST SONG.

## "L'ABSENT."

O silence des nuits dont la voix seule est douce  
Quand je n'ai plus sa voix ;  
Mystérieux rayon qui glisse sur la mousse  
Dans l'ombre de ces bois,  
Dites-moi si ses yeux, à l'heure où tout sommeille,  
Se rouvrent doucement.  
Et si ma bonne amie, alors que moi je veille,  
Se souvient de l'absent.

Quand la lune est aux cieus, baignant de sa lumière  
Les grands bois et l'azur,  
Quand des cloches du soir qui tintent la prière  
Vibre l'écho si pur,  
Dites-moi si son âme un instant, recueillie,  
S'élève avec leur chant,  
Et si de leurs accords la paisible harmonie  
Lui rappelle l'absent.

## TRANSLATION.

O, silence of the night, whose voice alone is sweet  
When hers is lost to me—  
Mysterious ray that falls about the mossy feet  
Of yonder shading tree—  
Tell me if that her eye, when others soundly sleep,  
Rekindles soft its sun,  
And if my darling friend, while I my vigil keep,  
Recalls the absent one!

When in the blue aloft the moon floods with her light  
The forest and the sky—  
What time the bells that to the vesper prayer invite,  
Chime and vibrate and die—  
Tell me if that her soul to their sweet harmony  
Responds in unison,  
And if to her that chime of peaceful melody  
Recalls the absent one!

## THE PROBLEMS.

I was very much in love with Miss Isadora Curren. I had met her at two balls—had danced with her twice at each, besides helping her to ices and cakes, and now I am making a visit to some friends in the country where Miss Isadora was also a guest. What happiness! What good fortune! Miss Isadora sang, and laughed, and flirted, and I had no eyes or ears for anybody but Miss Isadora. I was very much in love—so everybody said, and so I confessed to myself—and I was not too old not to be very much flattered at the idea of being thought in love with a girl who was so much admired.

One sweet, soft summer afternoon I sat at Miss Isadora's feet, gazing into her pretty face, while she cast her eyes by turns on the charming landscape that lay before the window, and upon me. I was very happy. Other guests were sauntering up and down the room, or amusing themselves in various ways—by reading, working, or listening to the music of a fair performer at the piano.

It was a pleasant scene—I was thinking about it, and connecting it all in my mind with Miss Isadora. Had she been absent, I was assured that not only I, but everyone else, would have been wretched, and I contemplated with delight the scene of happiness which the charming Isadora had created. As my eyes wandered round the room observing the various groups, they fell at last on the sweet, thoughtful face of the little daughter of my hostess—a school girl of sixteen.

She was sitting alone in the recess of a window, with her eyes bent on a volume, on which she seemed vainly striving to fix her attention. In spite of the resolute little frown with which she would turn her eyes on the pages, in a few moments the moving lips would become quiet, and a smile would steal slowly over her countenance, as the gay remarks of some of the company fell on her ear. Again and again she turned resolutely to her task, and as often she failed in keeping her mind to it.

It was indeed an impossibility, under the circumstances, but I could not be amused as I watched her. She did look like such a sweet, innocent, conscientious little thing as she sat there, struggling with temptation, that for a little while I almost forgot my beautiful charmer—Miss Isadora. I rose and sauntered towards the little student.

"What is puzzling your head so, Miss Violet?" I said, pausing before her and smiling.

"Ah, Mr. Seldon, it is the forty-eighth problem. "If you only knew how hard it is!"

"Geometry?" cried I; "why do people think it worth while to puzzle such charming little heads as yours with such abstruse matters? But let me see if I can help you."

I sat down beside her, and took one side of the book, while Violet's delicate little hand held the other. I had just begun my elucidations, when I heard Miss Isadora's voice calling me—"Come, Mr. Seldon, we are going to walk." My first impulse was to drop the book and desert little Violet in the midst of her difficulties—but my better nature prevailed, and I said resolutely, "I cannot come just now, but I will follow you presently."

"Oh, Mr. Seldon, you shall not stay with me," cried Violet earnestly; "indeed it would distress me. Please leave me and my dull old problem, and go with Miss Isadora, or I shall be quite vexed, quite grieved!"—and she looked up in my face with pleading eyes.

I thought I had never seen eyes of such a deep, heavenly blue, and altogether she looked so very sweet, innocent, and lovely, that I could not feel it a hardship to remain with her, even though separated meanwhile from the divine Isadora.

"No, no," I said, kindly and cheerfully, "I will solve your problem first, and there will be time enough afterwards to overtake the party—so now for it."

My pupil was apt, and in a few moments all obscurities were cleared up, and little Violet's face was bright with smiles.

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Seldon; you have been very kind, and I hope it is not too late for you to overtake the walking party."

"Perhaps not," said I carelessly; "but I want to know first why you were so very anxious about that problem."

"Why?—why don't you know that tomorrow is my last day at school, and that it is examination day? I thought everybody knew that to-morrow was examination day!"

"Not everybody," I replied, smiling; "for I did not know it. But tell me all about it."

"Oh, no, do not ask me—it would take too long; and Miss Isadora—"

"Never mind Miss Isadora," said I, becoming impatient at the frequent repetition of her name; "I find it is now too late to join the walkers, and, if you please, I prefer taking a little ramble in the garden with you."

"Oh, delightful! with pleasure!" cried Violet, gaily, and stepping from the low window, we walked down the shadowy garden walk together. The afternoon was uncommonly lovely, and as the glimpses of sunlight fell on the girlish face of my little companion, I thought I had never seen a being so fresh, so innocent, and charming; but I added mentally, "She is nothing compared to the queenly Miss Isadora."

Ere long we heard the voices of the returning party, and with the consciousness of a duty pleasantly performed, I was again at the side of my charmer. I thought she was rather cool towards me at first; but that soon wore off, and I was the happy slave whom she selected to carry her fan, or to seek her forgotten gloves or handkerchief. I appreciated her condescension, and was, as of course I should have been, supremely blest. In the evening Miss Isadora sang, and sang the songs that I preferred. All radiant with smiles and jewels as she was, she dignified to lean on my arm—to dance with me—to eat the ices I presented—to endure my adoring glances, and never was mortal more flattered and bewitched than I. That night, after going to bed, I rose, and for Miss Isadora's sake spoiled half a quire of good paper.

It was not until the next day, when little Violet returned smiling and happy from school, with a silver medal around her neck, that I again thought of her.

"So, Miss Violet, you have passed examination creditably, I see," said I, pointing to the medal.

"Ah, yes," she replied, blushing, and holding it up that I might see the word *Problem* engraved on it—"and I know whom to thank for it. Indeed, Mr. Seldon, I think this medal belongs rather to you than me; but for you, I am sure, I should not have had it."

"Do you think so? Well, then, give it me."

Smiling, she took it from her neck and handed it to me, saying, "I am sure you will not take it—you would not care for such a thing."

"Yes, but I shall, if you will yourself place it round my neck."

Violet hesitated and blushed, but did as I desired, and turned hastily away. She looked so shy, so modest, and so innocent, that I was irresistibly charmed! I followed her down the garden walk.

"Is not this rose beautiful, Miss Violet?" I said, gathering a half-opened bud.

"Ah, yes, most beautiful," she replied, turning to look at it.

"Forgive me, Miss Violet," I continued; "but to me it looks like you. May I put it in your hair?"

"No, you would be too awkward," she replied, smiling; "I will do it myself."

She took the rose and placed it in her hair in so graceful a fashion, and so greatly did it set off her beauty, that I could not withdraw my eyes from her, and Bryant's exquisite lines rose to my mind—

"Innocent maid and snow-white flower,  
Well are ye paired in your opening hour;  
Thus should the pure and lovely meet,  
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet."

So several weeks flew by, and had I not known that I was incontrovertibly in love with Miss Isadora, I should almost have fancied that I was losing my heart to little Violet, so rapidly did she win upon my heart. I would not admit myself to have been so fickle as to have changed, but I could not deny that Miss Isadora bewitched and fascinated me—my heart was most full of tenderness when I thought of sweet little Violet. It was a problem which I could not solve—which of these two charming beings I was most in love with; and but that such a thing has been declared impossible by all persons skilled in such affairs, I should have cut the matter short by believing myself in love with both.

While in this undecided state of mind, events began to take a turn which soon let me see a little further into my own heart, and left me in no doubt as to my feelings. A young gentleman, Mr. Cameron, also a great guest at the house, suddenly began to pay assiduous attentions to Violet. I was indignant—I felt as if personally insulted in the most flagrant manner—my blood boiled whenever the man presumed so much as to speak to "my little Violet," or to look in her innocent face. I wondered she

should permit it—but she, poor child, seemed quite unaware of the dangerous nature of this man. I longed to put her on her guard, and one day made up my mind to do so, in the course of the afternoon walk. I was preparing to accompany her, when I saw that Mr. Cameron was already by her side. I was in a horrible humour; and though Miss Isadora said, with her sweetest smile, "Come, Mr. Seldon, you shall be my escort," I excused myself, and would not walk at all.

I went and sat alone in my room, indulging my jealous fancies—yes, I was jealous—I could no longer deny it. I had made that discovery, and before that another, which was, that little Violet was dearer to me than life itself. Miss Isadora, with all her brilliancy, had faded from my heart—all her charms and graces seemed worthless, compared with one innocent, child-like smile of sweet little Violet's—and she—she was now, perhaps, lost to me for ever. I was wretched. After a time I heard gay voices below, and presently a voice singing. It was one I did not know, but very clear and sweet; its tones were full of freshness, purity, and feeling, and, as though drawn by a magnet, I stole nearer and nearer to the enchanting sounds. I entered the drawing-room just as the voice ceased, and Violet rose blushing from the piano.

"Charming! delightful! what a shame you have never sung before!" resounded from all sides, and one of the ladies explained to me—"Mr. Cameron has at last prevailed on Violet to sing; I am sure we ought to be much obliged to him for using his influence to such advantage."

I bit my lip, and glanced towards Violet. Mr. Cameron was bending over and whispering to her—her eyes were cast down, and a blush was on her cheek. It was a sight that was hateful to me, but as if fascinated I stood, and could not withdraw my gaze. Violet—my Violet listening to the flatteries of another! I saw her rise to dance with Mr. Cameron, and I could endure it no longer: in a passion of jealousy I hurried from the room. I found my way to the library, and mechanically took up a book. It was Violet's geometry, and it opened to the forty-eighth problem. I sat at the table with it open before me, my eyes fixed upon it, while my thoughts wandered back to that first sunny afternoon when I sat by Violet's side, so unconscious that she would soon be to me the being most dear on earth—the one to whose hands was committed my weal or woe. I took Violet's little medal, which I still wore, from my neck, and laid it on the book and gazed in a reverie on the word *problems*. The door opened, and Violet hastily entered. Coming behind me she looked over my shoulder, exclaiming, "What! more problems?"

"Yes, Miss Violet," I answered, sadly; "but now they are too hard for me to solve."

"Indeed! then it is my turn to help you, as you once helped me," she exclaimed, laughing. "Pray tell me if I can help you."

"Ah, if you only would?" I replied, looking up searchingly and earnestly into her face.

She was silent, and cast down her eyes. Something in her blushing face and shrinking manner encouraged me.

"Yes, Violet," I said hurriedly; "there is indeed a problem that perplexes me, and which you alone can solve. I hardly dare to ask you, for it seems impossible that you should; but do you think you could ever—in time, I mean—learn to love me? or," I added, with a burst of grief and tenderness, "must I give my little Violet up to another?"

Tears came into Violet's eyes, and she trembled.

"What you ask is impossible," she began, and paused. In bitterness of heart, I bowed my head upon the table, that she might not see my agony. "Because," she added, laying her hand on my shoulder—"because I cannot learn to love you, when I already do so with all my heart and soul! Yes," she added, smiling through her tears at my bewilderment, "that lesson I began to learn with our first problem."

## SPIRITUALISM.

In considering the growth, or spread of spiritualism, we cannot but notice how the credulity of those who affect to believe in it keep pace, ever, with the pretensions of those by and through whom the supposed evidences of its reality are manifested. Now, in our own minds, we have identified believers in spiritualism with those superstitious and partially insane individuals who are in the habit of looking at the new moon over their left shoulder, and are filled with gloomy forebodings and presentiments of evil if they are unfortunate enough to spill the salt, &c. It seems, after all, as if people were taken very much at their own valuation. We mean to say that such a class of persons as we have particularised, would witness the sleight of hand performances of a "Wizard of the North" and because he himself acknowledges that they are but tricks, performed in such manner as to deceive the eye, they would believe him readily, we presume, and wonder at his *skill* alone. On the other hand, bring them into the presence of a professing spiritualist, or so-called "medium," and at once their wits seem to desert them, and they are ready to attribute to spiritual intervention, tricks and deceptions that, in most instances, would not do credit to an ordinary conjuror, and to hug, as evidence of a future existence, performances remarkable only for the inferiority of their conception. Seeing that the

nature of Heavenly occupation, or employment (if we may be allowed the term), is supposed to be so much more sublime than anything we poor mortals can imagine, what ought we to think of those miserable specimens of humanity who affect to believe that the spirits of the departed stand ready at the beck and call of self-styled mediums, whose merit consists principally in being needy. The idea that the immortal spirit of a "Milton" or "Newton" leaves, or is permitted to leave, at a beck from one of these impostors, the sublime atmosphere of heaven, to slip a doorkey into Smith's pocket, or pinch Jones on the leg, would be the very acme of absurdity, if it were not so utterly blasphemous. There is one feature about these manifestations, prominent enough, one would think, to put everybody claiming to have a grain of common sense upon their guard, and that is, that these so-called "phenomena" are presented only under the cloak of darkness. Now why should this be the case! Surely light would not disconcert, in the spirit, one who was such a seeker after it in the flesh. It is difficult to imagine what possible objection any well regulated spirit could have to mid-day performances, unless indeed the evenings are their only spare time, and even then one would think that a room, brilliantly illuminated, would be more pleasing to everything and everybody concerned.

This spirit-inclination to keep dark is all the more unaccountable, when we take into consideration the fact that they (the spirits) are, we believe, invisible. If this were not the case, if the spirits were all very visible, we could easily understand how it would add to the confusion of any "shade" to be seen pulling Brown's whiskers, or strumming on a tambourine reeking with phosphorus and the more illustrious the performer, the more, we presume, he would "blush to find it fame." Some believers in spiritualism would doubtless say, "We do not pretend to call spirits out of Heaven, but out of some sort of 'purgatory' or 'ever-presentness,' if we may so say." But such an argument, while it might subtract somewhat from the profanity of spiritualism, could not materially alter the bald absurdity of its pretensions.

Montreal.

LOOP REVIL.

## ARTISTIC.

MR. RUSKIN is occupied at Venice in studies for the completion of a supplementary volume to "The Stones of Venice," a sort of art-guide or art-history of the masterpieces existing in that city.

FRENCH artists have been invited to take part in a fine-art exhibition at Vienna. All pictures accepted at the Paris Salon will be admitted without further examination.

THE excavations of Olympia were recommenced on Sept. 27. An inscription has been found of the first century before the Christian era which contains a list of colleges of priests.

THERE has just been opened in London a class for teaching ladies drawing and engraving on wood. The work has many advantages. It is clean, not laborious, may be carried on at home, and is fairly remunerative. From £1 to £5 a week may be earned at it, and really superior artists may get a good deal more.

If a statue, made of plaster of Paris or *papier maché*, be coated with thick white dammar varnish, and then dusted with pulverized glass, it will have, when dry, the appearance of alabaster. If it be afterwards varnished a second time, and dusted with coarsely pulverized white glass or mica and again dried, it will be a very successful imitation of Carrara marble, especially if the marble veins be first traced with some delicate blue pigment.

A bronze statue was unveiled at Copenhagen, Sept. 25, to H. C. Oersted, the discoverer, in 1821, of electro-magnetism, who died twenty-five years ago. On a hexagonal pedestal, surrounded by a group representing the Past, the Present, and the Future, stands a statue of Oersted holding the wire of an electric battery over a magnetic needle. The ceremony was attended by the King of Denmark, the King of Greece, the Crown Prince and a number of distinguished scientists.

"DEVINS' VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES" are of the greatest medical improvements of modern times. They combine what has hitherto been considered the most opposite and distinct qualities—being as agreeable to the taste as the most delicious confectionery, as delightful to the smell as fresh flowers, and more effective in their medicinal operation than any preparation hitherto discovered; they are safe for the most delicate child, and are guaranteed to remove every vestige of worms. The genuine have the word "Devins" stamped on each pastille.

Read the following flattering notice of one of our Montreal institutions:

OPINION OF DR. SHEPPARD, ONE OF THE DIRECTORS OF "THE HAMMAM," JERMYN ST., LONDON.

Montreal, October 13th, 1876.

As I have had much experience of the Turkish Bath in England and have just bathed here at the new establishment in St. Monique Street, the proprietor has asked me to state my opinion of its merits.

This I am happy in doing. The Montreal Hammam is admirably conducted and deserves every support. The heat of several chambers is well maintained, and the superintendent, who has had great experience in England, is quite equal to all the requirements and duties of an institution devoted to the promotion of health and comfort.

EDGAR SHEPPARD, M. D., D. C. L.,  
Medl. Supt. of Colney Hatch Asylum, London, Eng.

SNOW SHEDS ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Unless the Intercolonial Railroad can be used during the winter, it will be worth very little. Government is, therefore, resolved to keep it open all the year, if possible. For this end, it is going to great expense in covering all the cuttings of any importance. It is in these places where the greatest difficulty in clearing away the snow from the track is found. Our readers, therefore, will look with interest on the three views of snow-sheds on the Intercolonial Railroad which we give in this number. These buildings have a flat roof and sliding sides. The frame, as is shown in the inside views, is made of thick beams to withstand the pressure of a great mass of snow. In some instances, every row is braced together at the upper corners, in others, only the alternate ones. Where there are great and deep gays between the sides of the cuttings and the sheds, they are roofed. As it is not designed to make the sheds perfectly snow-tight, the boards with which they are covered are seldom put close together. Consequently, there is too much light during the day to allow travellers to play any tricks while they are going through them. But when they are covered with snow, they will be in effect tunnels. Then, if the lamps are not lighted, there will be abundance of opportunities for playing tricks. There are a great many snow-sheds on the line—some of them very long. The one close to the Métis Station, part of which covers a double track, is three quarters of a mile long. The cutting is a rock one. We hope that none of them will fail in the hour of trial, and, it may be, prove men-traps.

We come now to a description of our views. No. 1 represents the inside of the snow-shed at Campbellton, N. B., a straight and comparatively short one. The zebra-like appearance of the rocks, to the right, represents the effect of the sun climbing through the chinks in the boarding on the opposite side. The building like a martello tower, in the centre in the distance, is the water-tank. To the left of it, is the blacksmith's shop. In the corner, to the left of the latter, is seen a very small part of the roof of the engine-house. The rocks, to the right hide the station. No. 2 represents the inside of the snow shed close to the Metapédia station. It is curved at both ends and is, we understand, a thousand feet long. A collision took place here some time ago, between two freight trains. Both locomotives and several of the cars were badly damaged, but no person was hurt. No. 3 represents the outside of the last mentioned shed. It gives one a very good idea of how these buildings look outside. The church to the right is a Roman Catholic, and that to the left, a Protestant one. A great many visit this place during the summer on account of the excellent salmon and trout fishing in the Restigouche and Metapédia rivers, which are close at hand.

We hope to be able, during the winter, to give our readers several views of the magnificent scenery on the Intercolonial Railroad, from Metis to Campbellton, after sketches taken this fall.

AN INGENUOUS COMPOSITION.

The following is a remarkable performance. It evinces an ingenuity peculiarly its own. The initial letters spell "My Boast is in the Glorious Cross of Christ." The words in SMALL CAPITALS, when read on the left-hand side from top to bottom, and on the right-hand side from top to top, from the Lord's Prayer complete:—

Make known the Gospel truth OUR Father King: Yield up Thy grace, dear FATHER, from above; Bless us with hearts WHICH, feelingly can sing. "Ogr life thou ART for EVER, God of Love, Assuage our grief IN love FOR Christ, we pray. Since the Prince of HEAVEN and GLORY died. Took all our sins and HALLOWED THE display, Infant BEING first a man and then was crucified. Stupendous God! THY grace and POWER make known; In JESUS NAME let all THE world rejoice, No labour in THY heavenly KINGDOM own— Thy blessed KINGDOM for Thy saints THE choice, How vile to COME to Thee IS all the cry, Enemies to THYSELF and all that's THINE; Graceless our WILL, we live FOR vanity; Loathing the very BRING ENIL in design— O God Thy will be DONE, FROM earth to Heaven, Reclining ON the Gospel, let us live, In EARTH from sin DELIVERED and forgiven, Oh! as THYSELF BUT teach us to forgive; Unless ITS POWER TEMPTATION doth destroy, Sere is our fall INTO the depths of woe; Carnal IN mind we have NOT a glimpse of joy Raised against HEAVEN; IN US no hope we know O GIVE us grace and LEAD us on the way; Shine on US with Thy love AND give us peace: Self, and THIS sin that rises AGAINST US slay, Oh! grant each DAY our TRESPASSES may cease: Forgive OUR evil deeds THAT OF our shame; Convince us DAILY of THEM to our shame; Help us with heavenly BREAD—FORGIVE us too, Recurrent lusts AND WE'll adorn Thy name, In Thy FORGIVENESS we AS saints can die, Since for US, and our TRESPASSES so high, Thy Son, OUR Saviour, died on Calvary.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE. — The Queen City Mezzograph Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, offer in another column of this paper, another beautiful picture, produced by a new art, entitled "The Crown of Roses." This new art is exciting great curiosity, and none are able to determine how the picture is made. Their first picture "The Cross of Roses," was picked up at once. Send your 50 cents at once as per instructions, and you will get in return a beautiful picture, made you can't tell how, that will excite your wonder that it can be furnished so low.

PERSONAL.

THE Duke de Saldanha, Portuguese Minister in London, is dead.

MR. STEPHEN RICHARDS, Q. C., has been chosen Treasurer of the Law Society, in room and stead of the late Hon. J. H. Cameron.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE militia corps of Ottawa have been ordered to keep themselves in readiness for an emergency.

GOLD mining is going on at Glastonbury, near Napanee.

CHICKEN sausages are manufactured in Montreal from young calves a week or two old.

COUNTERFEIT fifty-cent pieces have made their appearance in Ottawa, where there is supposed to be a gang of counterfeiters.

ONE hundred and fifty loaves of bread, were taken from the bakers at London on the 18th inst., being short weight, and given to the poor.

CAPT. CUTBERT intends building several yachts this winter for persons in different parts of the Province. The model of the "Countess of Dufferin" will not be used. No, we should think not.

DOMESTIC.

CHISWICK PUDDING.—The following is a cheap and very good pudding: Quarter pound of suet, quarter pound of flower, quarter pound of currants, two ounces of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of treacle, juice and peel of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of milk. Boil in basin quite three hours.

MUTTON CHOPS WITH SHARP SAUCE.—Take some chops from a loin of mutton, trim them neatly, and remove all fat; lay them in a deep dish, with slices of onion, a few cloves, whole pepper, salt, and sweet herbs; add oil and vinegar in equal parts just sufficient to cover them; let them marinate for ten or twelve hours, turning them occasionally, then broil over a clear fire; arrange them neatly on a dish. Fry one or two shallots, minced very finely, in butter; when just beginning to take colour, pour on the chops, and serve with sharp sauce in a boat.

BROILED FOWL.—(To use the legs of cold fowl.)—Take the skin off the fowl's legs, score them down to the bone, dip them in hot bacon fat, and having sprinkled them with pepper, place on the gridiron over a slow fire. Turn the legs every minute, taking care they do not become the least hard on the outside. In from eight to ten minutes the legs will be done; place them on a hot dish, sprinkle a little more pepper over, and a pinch of salt; garnish the dish with toasted bacon, and pour any fat which may have run from over the broiled fowl. Be careful to serve very hot.

GERMAN POTATO CHEESE.—Boil sound white potatoes, peel and mash them perfectly smooth; to five pounds of the mashed potatoes, when cold, add a little more than a pint of sour milk; season it with salt and knead it well; cover it and let it remain, according to the season, from two to four days; then knead it afresh and make it into small cheeses; hang them up in a basket in the shade to dry; when they are sufficiently dry, put them up in layers in large pots or kegs, and keep them closely covered. It will be fit for use in three or four weeks, but become finer the longer it is kept. It must be kept in a dry place well covered.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WAGNER'S "Flying Dutchman" is to be produced in the United States this winter in three languages—German, English, and Italian.

AT Naples a committee has been formed to raise a monument to Thalberg.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT is said to have made from "The Shaughraun" the pleasant sum of \$250,000. "DIANE de Solange," an opera composed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, will shortly be represented at the Riga Theatre.

ALBONI, the great contralto, widow of Count Pepoli, is about to marry a French officer of the Republican Guard, named Lieger.

MR. GOUNOD is engaged on an opera, "Cinq-Mars," for the Paris Opera Comique. He is going to the South to devote himself to this work, which he hopes to finish by the end of the winter.

SIGNOR BRIGNOLI has had fresh triumphs in Chicago. When he sang in "Martha" recently he was presented by some of his admirers with a very beautiful and massive gold goblet, suitably inscribed, attached to a large basket of flowers.

A YOUNG prima donna, Mdlle Priola, died of vexation the other day. She had undertaken an engagement at the Marseilles Theatre, and on the night of her first appearance was extremely unwell. Though her state of suffering was apparent to all, the audience showed no indulgence, but gave such unmistakable tokens of dissatisfaction that Mdlle. Priola threw up her engagement, took to her bed and died.

MARGINALIA.

SOME of the episodes of the Arctic voyage stir the heart of an Englishman like a trumpet, and others almost bring tears to his eye. The poor Esquimaux who piloted them, Petersen, succumbed to the frost, and when he was being borne back on a litter to the ship, two of the young naval officers—those fellows who in a ball-room would flutter about in blue and gold, thinking only of securing the prettiest girl in the room for the next polka—lay down in the sledge, one on each side of him, and actually kept him warm with the heat of their bodies. Truly we have reason to be proud of "our boys." May they go on for ever acting thus, and their race never come to an end.

An experiment has lately been made in Russia in order to ascertain whether it was possible to get a regiment of cavalry to cross a river by swimming their horses over. The river selected was over 230 yards wide and more than twelve feet deep. The troops with whom the experiment was made were the 8th Regiment of Cossacks. The first trial was made with thirty horses, divided into groups, the leading horses of each group being fastened to a boat; the men swam by the side of their horses, holding on to the mane, and crossed the stream safely in three minutes. After this the whole regiment marched into the river and swam across, without using boats, in a quarter of an hour.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

We have decided, in our desire to render the NEWS still more acceptable and interesting to even the youngest classes of our readers, upon opening this column for boys and girls. We shall give every week a variety of puzzles, anagrams, arithmetical and geometrical problems, literary curiosities, historical and geographical queries, and other oddities, which by taxing the ingenuity of our youthful friends, will contribute to increase their knowledge, while passing away a pleasant evening hour. We invite them to send us their solutions in writing, and the correct solutions will be duly credited to their authors. To afford ample time for study and for the answers to reach us, the solutions will be published a fortnight after the problems.

NO. 10. BIOGRAPHICAL.

- 1. A French poet of wit, who was honoured with the patronage of Louis XIV.
2. An Italian painter and engraver, chiefly employed in the decoration of churches and chapels.
3. A Poet Laureate, who published pastoral eclogues, and was a professor of poetry at Oxford.
4. A French naturalist and philosopher, who early displayed his love of literature and the polite arts.
5. A celebrated Dutchman, and one of the most elegant of the modern Latin authors.
6. A painter born at Parma, who excelled in painting domes and ceilings in fresco.
7. An eminent divine and antiquarian, who understood eight languages perfectly, and was called "Walking Library."
8. An Egyptian sultan, who was engaged with the Christian Powers in the Crusades, and finally entered Jerusalem and Acre in triumph.

Now take, if you please, The initials of these: And soon you will find 'Twill a work bring to mind; In which may be found, by those who peruse. Much to delight, and instruct, and amuse.

NO. 11. GEOGRAPHICAL.

- 1. A tribe of North America. 2. A fortified town in Germany. 3. A town in Yorkshire. 4. One of the United States. 5. A town in India. 6. A river in Scotland. 7. A river in England. 8. A town in Essex. The initials read downwards, and the finals upwards, will name a noted seaport town, and for what it is famous.

NO. 12. TRANSPOSITION.

Read me forwards, and you will see What children are early taught to do; Transpose, and then I'm sure to be What every kind friend is to you. Again transpose, and you will find What always comes from a strong mind.

NO. 13. PUZZLE.

- 1. Whole, I am a monosyllable and a pest; twice beheaded, I am a dissyllable and a disease.
2. I am one of the greatest boons of nature; but, strange to say, if I arrive early, I depart late; if I arrive late, I depart early.

NO. 14. ARITHMETICAL.

A and B each bought £400 into the funds. A into the three per cents, and B into the fours. These stocks were at such a price that B received four pounds interest more than A. When, afterwards, each of the stocks rose five per cent., they said out their money, and A found himself £1. 13s. 4d. richer than B. Required the prices of the stocks.

NO. 15. CHARADES.

I. My first is a preposition; my second is an adjective; my whole is to expatiate.

II.

My first doth often in my second Take an active part; My whole is surely one that has His country's good at heart.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. H. Lewis, Winnipeg, Manitoba.—Correct solution of Problem No. 93 received. We were much pleased to receive the letter of our distant correspondent, and to find that our Column affords some gratification to the far off pioneers of the West. We hope to hear from him again.

C. H. Baker, Montreal.—We have posted a letter containing the solution to your address. The other matter shall receive notice in our next column.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 95 received. We have posted a letter to your address.

J. W. S., Windsor street, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 96 received; also, a letter, the contents of which we have made use of, as you will perceive. Many thanks.

Sigma, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 97 received. Correct. We are glad of an opportunity of inserting in our Column the following extract from the Hartford Times which will throw light upon the unexpected result of the late Clipper Tournament in which Mr. Bird took the third prize after his successful play with the strongest of his antagonists.

The Clipper Tournament, at the Café International ended on Wednesday, Oct. 18th, and resulted in the success of Mason, Delmar, and Bird, who took the three prizes in the order named. A study of the table of results will evolve some interesting facts. It will be observed that Mason played within one of his full quota of

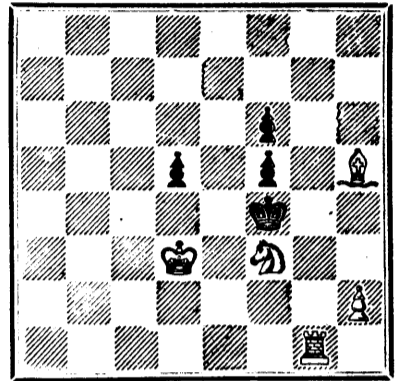
games, Delmar within two, while Bird had three to play when the tourney closed. The withdrawal of Messrs. Becker, Roser and McCutcheon, after playing only seven or eight games, doubtless affected the result. For example, both Mason and Delmar scored against McCutcheon, while Bird, who was morally certain to beat him, had no chance to play with him. If Bird had played with McCutcheon and won, he would at least have tied Delmar for second place. After the Englishman had defeated Mason, Delmar and Ensor in the tournament—his most formidable rivals—it seems a little hard he should be compelled to take third place. At all events he should have had an opportunity to play as many games, then we should all feel as if he had fair play. And, to state it plainly, it don't have that look now. Mr. Delmar to the contrary notwithstanding.

The same paper contains a letter on the subject from Mr. Delmar, and also, one from Mr. Ensor. Without giving an opinion on the matter, we may say that in the late encounter, Mr. Bird fully maintained the high position which he has held so long among the great players of the day.

The November number of the "Westminster Papers" contains a full amount of interesting Chess news with the usual addition of excellent problems and instructive games. It ought to be in the hands of all Chess players.

PROBLEM No. 98. By Mr. J. G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 141ST.

Played at the Montreal Chess Club in the recent match between Messrs. Henderson and Shaw.

Remove Black's K B P.

WHITE.—(Mr. Shaw.) BLACK.—(Mr. Henderson.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Shaw.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to Q 4, 3. B to Q 3, 4. P to K 5, 5. P to K R 4, 6. B to K Kt 5, 7. B interposes, 8. P to Q B 3, 9. P to K R 5, 10. P takes Q P, 11. Q to Q B 2 (a), 12. P takes P, 13. B takes P (ch), 14. R takes R (ch), 15. B to Kt 5 (b), 16. Q to K 4, 17. Q to K B 4, 18. Q checks, 19. B takes Kt, 20. Q to R 6, 21. Q Kt to R 3, 22. Kt to Kt 5, 23. P to K B 3 (c), 24. B checks, 25. B takes R, 26. Kt to B 3, 27. Castles, 28. Q to B 4, 29. K to Kt sq, 30. Q to K 4 (ch), 31. R to Q B sq (d), 32. Q takes Q, 33. Kt to K 4, 34. Kt to B 6, 35. Kt checks, 36. P takes P, 37. P to R 3, 38. R checks. BLACK.—(Mr. Henderson.) P to K 3, P to Q B 4, P to K Kt 3, B to K Kt 2, Q to Q R 4 (ch), Q to Q B 2, Kt to K 2, P takes Q P, Q Kt to B 3, P to Q Kt 3, P takes R, K to Q sq, B takes R, B to Q R 3, B to Q Kt 2, K to B sq, Q to her sq, Kt takes B, B takes Kt P, Kt to K 2, Kt to Q B sq, P to R 3, K to Kt sq, K takes B, Q to Kt sq, Kt to K 2, Kt to K B 4, Q to Kt 3, K to R 2, Kt to R 5 (e), Kt takes Q, K to Kt sq, P to Q 3, K to Kt 2, B takes Q P, B to K Kt 2.

And Black resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) The right move. (b) The two Bishops have a very taking appearance. Black's pieces are badly confined. (c) Good again. (d) The attack is vigorously carried on. (e) Apparently the best move under the circumstances.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 96.

- WHITE. 1. Q to Q B 6, 2. O to K B 6 (ch), 3. Kt mates. BLACK. 1. P moves, 2. K to Q B 4.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 94.

- WHITE. 1. B to K Kt 6, 2. B to Q 3 (ch), 3. Kt mates. BLACK. 1. K takes Kt, 2. K to K 6.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 95.

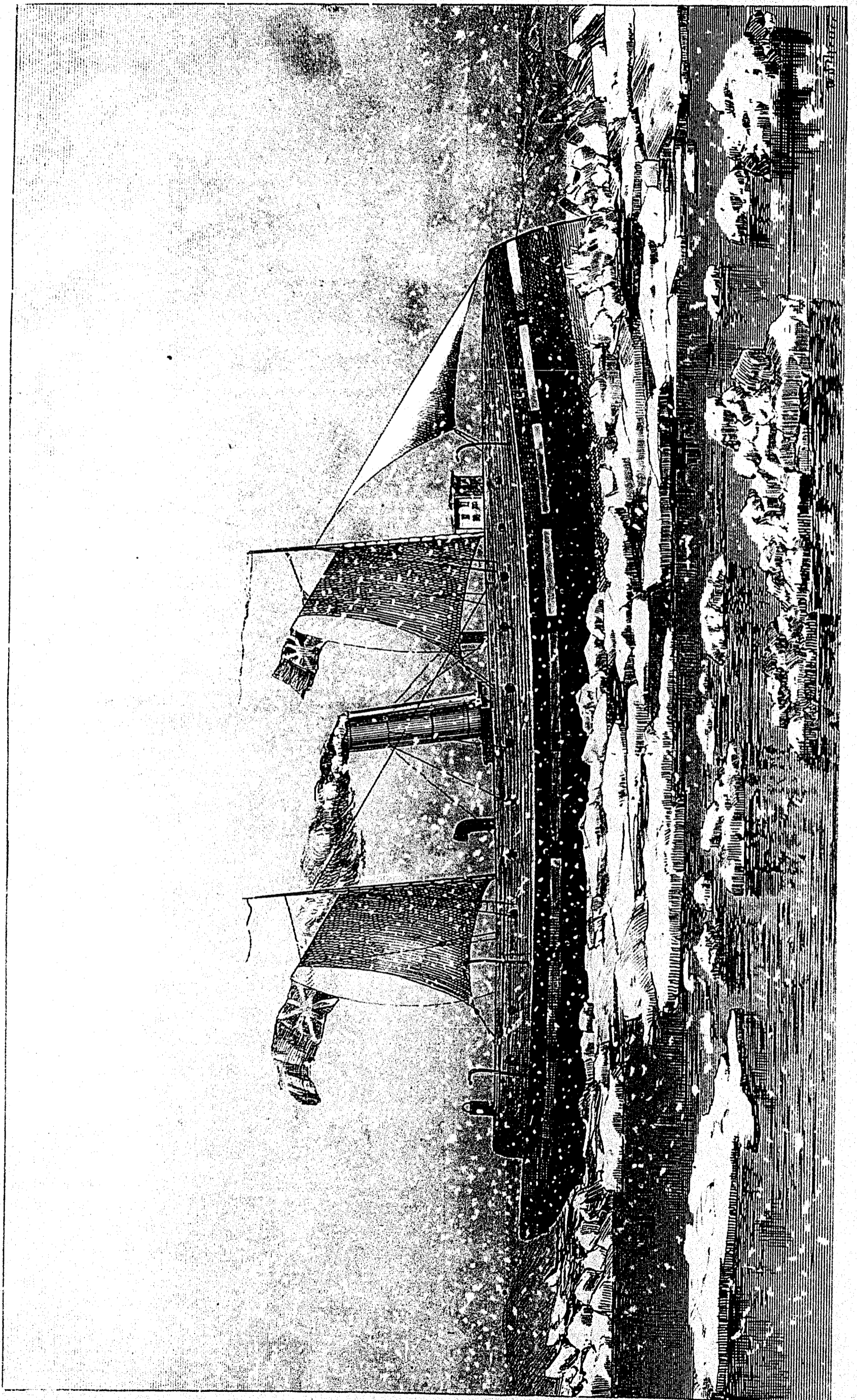
- WHITE. K at K Kt 4, R at K B 6, Kt at Q R 3, Kt at K B 7. BLACK. K at K Kt 2, Pawn at K Kt 3 and 4 and Q R 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Pressure upon our space prevents us giving our usual literary and dramatic criticisms, but we must call attention to the great classical concert to be given on the 5th inst., by such consummate artists as MM. Prume, violin; Jacquard, violoncello, and Lavaller, pianist. We may look for nothing better in this respect during the winter. Madame Prume and Mr. Maltby will contribute their distinguished vocalism.

DEAFNESS RELIEVED. No medicine, Book free. G. J. WOOD, Madison, Ind.





THE WINTER STEAMER NORTHERN LIGHT.--FROM A SKETCH BY E. W. SEWELL.

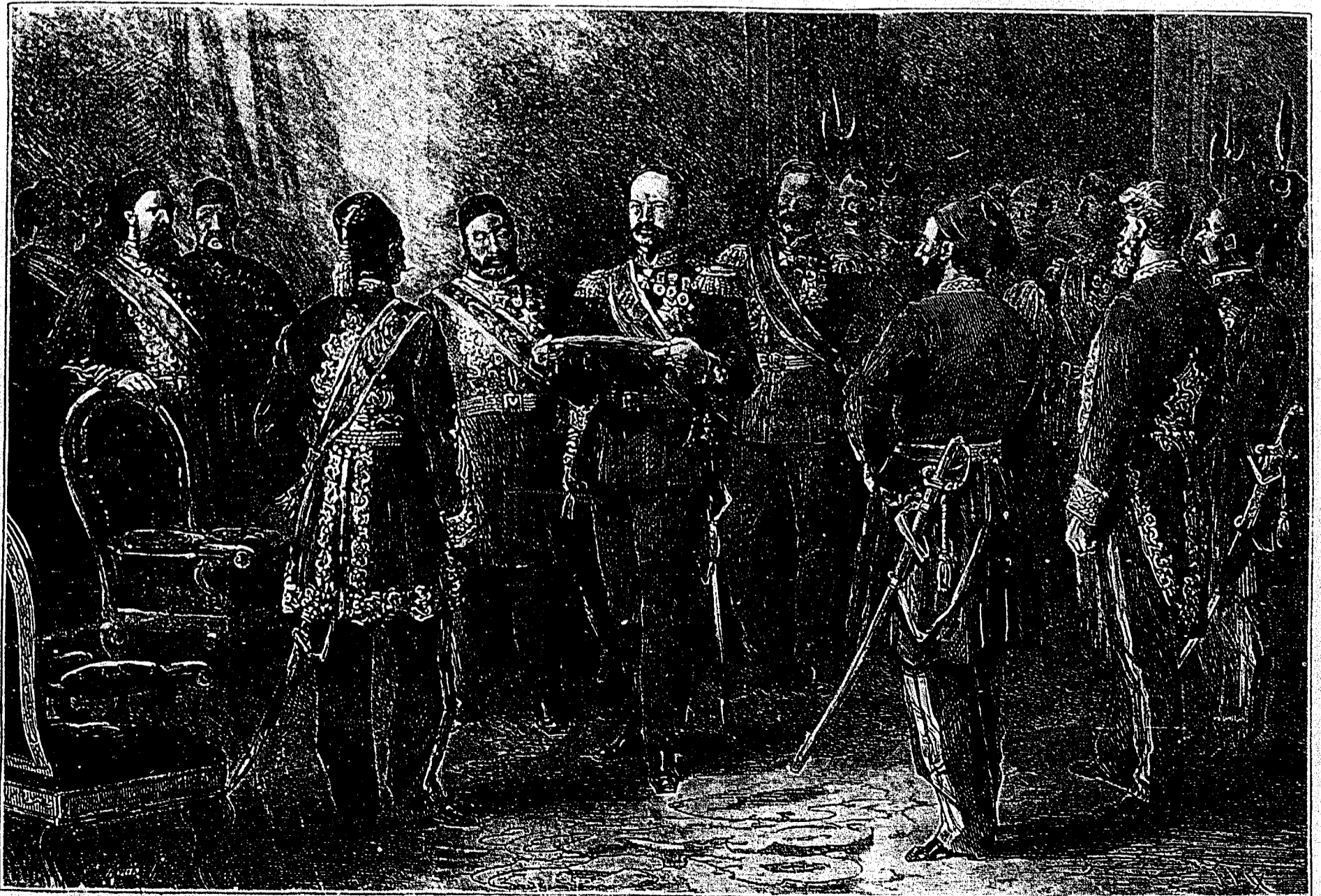
THE EASTERN QUESTION.



COUNT ANDRASSY.



PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.



GENERAL IGNATIEFF, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE, PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE SULTAN.

AT EVENTIDE.

Look down the valley there  
Between the mountains  
All lit with Autumn's  
Glorious tints of red,  
Where some of Nature's trophies,  
Yet unfaded,  
Are mingling with the dead

There when the dry brown  
Stubble is enamelled  
With the sweet violet's  
Dusky purple hue,  
And over all this scene  
Of peaceful beauty  
Heavens canopy of blue.

List to the rippling brooklet,  
Wandering slowly,  
Adown the valley o'er its  
Pebbles bright,  
While gentle zephyrs  
Play amid the glory,  
Wafting the evening shadows  
Into night,  
Kissing the mountains  
Tipped with crimson glory,  
The gentle breezes bid  
The day farewell;  
And night, with sombre mantle,  
Soft enclaves  
The beauties of this  
Autumn-tinted dell.

Montreal.

H. BEEWICK.

GEIER-WALLY:

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK TO THE FATHER.

Joseph's motionless form lay stretched on Wally's bed in Wally's chamber. Everything around was still and quiet. Wally had sent every one out of the room, and was kneeling beside the bed, with her face hidden in her hands, praying. "Oh! God, my God, have pity upon me, and let him live. Deprive me of all, all, only let him live! I will never seek anything from him; I will avoid him; I will leave him to his Afta—only he must not die!" Then she rose and applied fresh bandages to his head, where the blood was flowing from an open wound, and to his breast, which had been torn by the rocks, and threw herself upon him as if she would fuse with her own body the gates from which his life was streaming. "Oh! you poor lad—you poor lad—so crushed—so bruised—oh! what a sin, what a sin! Wally, Wally, what have you done? would you not rather have thrust a knife into your own heart? would you not rather have looked on at his marriage with Afta, and then gone quietly away and died, than watched him lying there, ending his days like a beast the butcher's stroke has failed to kill?"

Such were her lamentations as she bandaged his wounds and meantime railed at herself with the same severity she usually displayed toward others. Had she possessed the power she would have torn her own heart to pieces with her hands, in the fierce, mad remorse that overwhelmed her. Just at that moment the door was gently opened. Wally turned in surprise, for she had forbidden any one to disturb her. It was the priest from Heiligkreuz. Wally, pale and trembling in every limb, stood before him as before a judge.

"God be praised!" exclaimed the old man; "he is really here." He approached the bed, looking intently at Joseph, and felt his pulse. "Poor fellow! you have been hardly used."

Wally clenched her teeth, that she might not shriek aloud.

"How did you get him up the precipice?" asked the priest; but Wally could not answer.

"Well, the Lord be thanked that His mercy has spared us the worst," the old man continued. "Perhaps he may recover, and then you will at least have no murder on your conscience, though in the eyes of the Eternal Judge the intention is as bad as the deed!"

Wally tried to speak.

"I know all," he said, sternly; "Vincenz stopped at my house on his flight and confessed everything: your love and his jealousy. I refused to give him absolution and sent him to the papal army; there, by faithful service to the Holy Father, he may obtain God's pardon or atone for his crime by death. But what, what am I to do with you, Wally?" He gazed mournfully at her with his keen, searching eyes.

Wally covered her face with both hands, exclaiming, "Oh! your reverence, I am so terribly punished that no one can inflict any worse agony upon me. There lies the one I loved best in the world, dying, and I know that it is my fault! Can there be any greater misery! Is more punishment needed?"

The priest nodded. "So you have brought yourself to this—become a rough club used to commit murder! What I told you has come to pass. You did not submit to God's knife, and now the Lord throws you away and leaves the hard wood to burn in the purifying fire of romance!"

"Yes, your reverence, it is so; but I know of water that will quench the flames! If Joseph dies I will leap into the Asche. Then all will be over."

"Foolish child! Do you suppose any earthly water can quench those flames? Do you really suppose that you can drown the immortal soul with the earthly body? It would burn in the fiery torment of eternal remorse, though oceans were poured upon you!"

"Then what am I to do?" asked Wally, in a hollow tone; "what can I do except die?"

"Live and suffer; that is harder than death!"

Wally shook her head; her dark eyes gazed into vacancy with an expressionless stare. "I cannot—I feel it—I can't live; the happy maidens will hurl me down—everything has happened just as they threatened in my dream. Joseph is lying crushed and bruised, and I must follow him. It is so ordered, and I must submit; no one can help it!"

"Wally, Wally!" cried the priest, clasping his hands in horror. "What are you saying? The happy maidens! What happy maidens! For Heaven's sake, are we living in the old heathen times, when people believed that evil spirits played their pranks with them? I'll tell you who the happy maidens are. They are your own passions. If you had learned to control your unbridled temper, Joseph would not have been thrown over the precipice. It is very easy to attribute our own guilt to the influence of hostile powers. That is why the true God came upon earth, to teach us that the evil powers are in our own hearts, and we must struggle with them. If we conquer ourselves we also conquer the mysterious powers which drove even the giants of ancient times to destruction, since the latter, with all their physical strength, had no moral power. And you, with all your strength, hardness, and defiance, are only a poor feeble creature, so long as you cannot do what is accomplished by every plain, simple handmaid of the Lord, who, day after day, under the strict discipline of the convent, sacrifices her heart's dearest wishes on God's altar, and esteems herself happy! If you had only a spark of such greatness, you would no longer have cause to fear any 'happy maidens,' or attribute your fate to foolish dreams, but your own clear, conscious will. Reflect and see whether this would not be nobler and greater!"

Wally stood leaning against the bed-post; she felt elevated by a new idea, never understood before. "Yes," she answered, in a curt, firm tone, folding her arms over her heaving bosom, "you are right, your reverence. I understand what you mean and will try."

"I will try," repeated the old man; "you have already said that once, but did not keep your word."

"I will keep it this time, your reverence," replied the girl, and the priest secretly admired the expression of her face as she uttered the words.

"What security will you give me?" he asked. Wally laid her hand on Joseph's breast, and two large tears fell from her eyes. No spoken vow could have said more. The wise priest was silent; he knew nothing farther was needed.

The wounded man turned in the bed and murmured a few unintelligible words.

Wally applied a fresh bandage to his head; he half opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and relapsed into a death-like slumber.

"If the doctor would only come," said Wally, seating herself on a stool beside the bed. "What time is it?" The priest looked at his watch. "What time did you send for him?"

"Just after five."

"Then he cannot get here yet. It is just ten o'clock, and it takes three hours to go to Sölden."

"Just ten o'clock," repeated Wally, softly, and the good priest pitied her, as she sat so quietly, with her hands folded on her lap, while her heart was throbbing with such painful anxiety that its pulsations were distinctly audible.

He bent over the young hunter and felt his head and hands. "I think you may be comforted, Wally; he does not seem like a dying man."

Wally sat motionless, gazing into vacancy. "If the doctor comes and says he will live, I shall ask for nothing more in this world."

"That's a good thought, Wally; I am glad to hear it," replied the priest, in a tone of approval. "And now tell me how Joseph was rescued; it will shorten the time before the doctor comes."

"There isn't much to tell," answered Wally, curtly.

"Well, it is, at any rate, a brave deed, that does honor to all the men of Sonnenplatte," observed the priest; "were you not there?"

"Of course."

"Well, don't be so short. I spoke to no one on my way here, and as yet know nothing at all about it. Who brought him up from the chasm?"

"I!"

"God have mercy on us! You, Wally; you yourself!" cried the old gentleman, staring at Wally, in amazement.

"Yes, I!"

"All that makes no difference," said Wally, shaking her head. "If he dies, I have killed him."

"That is true; but you offered a life-risked your own life to save his; and, in so doing, atoned for your crime so far as lay in your power. The result we must leave with God!"

A heavy sigh escaped Wally's lips; she could not feel the comfort contained in the good priest's words. "The result we must leave with God!" she repeated, mournfully.

The priest's eyes rested kindly upon her. In spite of its many faults and errors, God could not reject this soul. Old as he was, he had never seen her equal in good as well as evil. He looked at the wounded man, who, in his unconsciousness, was clenching his fists defiantly, and felt almost angry with him for having disdained the best gift earth can offer—such a love—and by his coldness hard-nosed heart originally so noble, capable of such generous devotion. "You stupid peasant boy!" he muttered, indignantly, between his teeth.

Wally looked at him inquiringly; she had not understood him.

Just at that moment some one knocked at the door, and directly after the physician entered. Wally trembled so violently that she was obliged to cling to the bed-post. This was the man whose lips were to pronounce the sentence of deliverance or condemnation. A crowd of people pressed into the room to hear what he would say; but he waved them back. "This is no place for curious spectators; the sick man must have the most complete repose," he said, sternly, closing the door. Very few words were uttered during the visit, but when he removed the bandage from the wounded head he muttered, between his teeth: "Ah! a crime has been committed!"

Wally stood motionless and pale as a marble statue; the priest did not look at her, fearing to disturb her composure. The examination began, and an anxious silence pervaded the little room. Wally stood at the window, with averted face, while the doctor examined the bruised head and probed the wounds. She had lifted something from the floor, and now held it in a convulsive grasp, pressing her lips upon it; it was the thorn-crowned head of the Saviour, which she had chattered during the night.

"Forgive me, forgive me," she murmured, trembling with deadly terror. "Have mercy upon me! I don't deserve it, but let Thy mercy be greater than my sin!"

"None of the wounds are mortal," the doctor now said, in his dry manner; "the fellow must have bones like a marmoset!"

Wally's strength failed. Her nerves, so long stretched to their utmost tension, gave way, and, sobbing aloud, she threw herself on her knees beside the bed, and buried her face among Joseph's pillows. "Oh! thank God! thank God!"

"What relation is she?" asked the doctor. The priest made a sign which he understood.

"Calm yourself, Hochstbaurin, and help me put on the bandages," he said.

Wally instantly started up, wiped the tears from her eyes, and began to make herself useful. The priest watched her with silent delight as she aided the physician, as deftly and skilfully as a sister of charity. She no longer trembled or wept; her manner had a calm, quiet composure—the composure of love—and such a glorified expression rested on her brow—a transfiguration in the midst of her sorrow—that the priest scarcely recognized her.

"She will yet be saved!" he said, joyously, like a gardener who sees a pet plant he thought dying, suddenly put forth fresh shoots. When the bandage was finished and the doctor had given directions for the future, the priest went out with him, and Wally remained alone with Joseph. She seated herself on the stool beside the bed, and rested her arms on her knees. The wounded man was now breathing quietly and regularly; his hand lay on the coverlid, close beside her; she might have kissed it without moving from the place. But she did not do it; she felt as if she ought not to touch him with a finger. If he had lain there dying or dead, she would have covered him with kisses, as before, when she believed him lost. The dead man had belonged to her, but she had no right to the living! So he had died to her at the moment when the doctor said he would live, and with bitter agony she buried him in her heart, while she received the tidings of his recovery like a message of deliverance! So she sat motionless, with her eyes fixed on Joseph's beautiful pale face. She was suffering all a human heart can suffer, but she suffered patiently. She did not sigh and moan; she did not, as before, clench her hands in the fury of her grief. In this hour she had learned the hardest of all lessons—she had learned to suffer.

What right had she, so laden with guilt, to complain? What better fate did she deserve? How could she have dared to still covet him for herself—she, who had been almost his murderer! How could she have still ventured to raise her eyes to him? No, she would complain no longer. "Oh! God, let me atone as Thou wilt; no punishment is too great for one like me!" she prayed, bending her face humbly on her clasped hands.

Just at that moment the door was thrown open, and, with the cry, "Joseph, oh! my Joseph!" a young girl darted past Wally and threw herself on the hunter's breast. It was Afta. Wally started up, as if a serpent had stung her. For a moment a bitter conflict raged in her heart—the last, hardest struggle. She clasped her arms around her own body, as

if to restrain herself from rushing upon the girl and tearing her away from the bed—from Joseph. She stood in this attitude for some time, while Afta was weeping violently on Joseph's breast; then her arms fell by her side, as it paralyzed, and drops of cold perspiration stood on her brow. "What had she been about to do? Afta was only claiming her rights!"

"Afta," she said, gently, "if you love Joseph, be calm and still and make no outcry; the doctor says he must be kept perfectly quiet."

"Who can be calm who has a heart in her body, and sees the lad lying there so?" wailed Afta. "It's all very well for you to talk; you can be calm enough; you don't love him as I love him. Joseph is my all; if he dies, I shall be entirely alone in the world; oh! Joseph, dear Joseph, wake, look at me only once; speak just one little word." And she shook him in her arms.

A low moan escaped Joseph's lips, and he uttered a few unintelligible words.

Wally stepped forward and grasped Afta firmly but quietly; not a muscle in her pale face quivered.

"I'll tell you what it is, Afta! Joseph is here under my care, and I am responsible for having everything done exactly as the doctor has ordered, and this is my house, and if you don't do what I tell you, and let Joseph remain quiet, as the doctor wishes, I'll use my right, and put you out of doors, till you have come to your senses, and can undertake the care of nursing him; then—her voice trembled—then I'll leave him to you!"

"Oh! you wicked creature," Afta passionately exclaimed; "do you want to drive me out of the house, because I weep for Joseph? Do you suppose everybody has a heart as hard as yours, and can stand like a stick in the presence of all this misery? Let go my arm! I have a better right to Joseph than you, and if you don't like to hear me cry, I'll take him in my arms and have him brought home to me. There I can at least weep as much as I like. I'm only a poor maid-servant; but, if I were obliged to work all my life to pay for it, I'd rather nurse him at home, in my little room, than suffer you to show me the door, you proud Hochstbaurin!"

Wally pleased Afta; but as she stood before her, with her pale face, and an expression of mortal agony around the silent lips, the young girl cast down her eyes, in confusion, as if she suspected that she had wronged her.

"Afta," said Wally, "your need must be so unkind to me; I don't deserve it, for I brought him out of the chasm for you, and now it—and he will live for you, not me! An hour ago I would have strangled you before I would have let you come to this bedside; but now everything that was hard in me is crushed; my defiance, and my pride, and my heart!" she murmured. "So I will freely make way for you, for he loves you and wants to know nothing about me. You need not have the sick lad taken away. Stay quietly here with him; I will go; I should have gone at any rate. You can be at the Hochstbaurin as long as you choose. I will settle with him to whom it belongs. And I'll provide for you in every way, for you are poor and cannot marry while you have nothing. Perhaps then Joseph will some day bless Geier-Wally."

"Wally, Wally!" cried Afta; "merciful God, what are you thinking of! I beg you—oh! Joseph, Joseph, if I could only speak!"

"Let it pass," said Wally. "Hush, for Joseph's sake, hush! Let me go quietly, and don't torment me. I must go; don't stop me. I only ask one thing in return for all I do for you—take good care of him. You will promise that, so that I can go in peace."

"Wally," cried Afta, imploringly, "don't do this, don't go. Oh! what will Joseph say when he hears we have driven you out of your own house?"

"Spare your words, Afta," said Wally, sternly; "when I've once said a thing, I stick to it, come what may!"

She went to a chest and took out some clothes and linen, which she made up into a bundle and hung over her shoulder. Then she drew out a roll of linen. "See, Afta," said she, "this is the old linen, to be used for bandages, and here is coarse, to be made into lint, which the doctor will need when he comes this evening. Here are scissors; you must cut it into strips a finger long. And every quarter of an hour you must put fresh bandages on his head, to draw out the inflammation. Can I depend upon you not to neglect anything? Think; suppose after saving him from the chasm, I should hear that you—you had neglected anything in nursing him—here, by his bedside. And, remember, he must always lie with his head high, that the blood may run down; keep his pillows well shaken. I believe that is all; I know of nothing else. Oh! dear, you can't lift and move him as I do—you haven't the strength. Call Klettenmaier to help you; he is a faithful servant. And now I leave him in your hands." Her voice failed, her knees trembled; she could scarcely hold the bundle she carried. She cast one last look at the wounded man. "May God preserve you!" Then she left the room.

The priest was standing outside the house, talking to Klettenmaier.

Wally approached the bed.

"Klettenmaier," she whispered, "go in and help Afta nurse Joseph. She is now in my place. Joseph will stay at the Hochstbaurin, and I going away. You must all look upon him as your master and obey him as you would me, until I come back. Wa betide you if he should

have any cause for complaint. Tell the other servants."

Klettenmaier understood the whole matter and shook his head, but did not venture to ask any questions. "Farewell, Wally," said he; "come back soon."

"Never!" replied Wally, under her breath. Klettenmaier went into the house. Wally stood before the priest, without avoiding his searching glance. "Now there is nothing on which my heart is set, except the eagle," she said, faintly; "but I won't leave it here, it must go with me. Come, Hans," she called to the bird, which was perched lazily on a pole. It flew clumsily toward her.

"You must learn to fly again; we are going away."

"Wally," said the priest, anxiously, "what do you mean to do?"

"Your reverence, I must go! *Afu* is in the house. Don't you see I can't stay there? I'll do anything; I'll wander cold and hungry on the highway all my life, and leave everything—but I can't look on and see him pet his *Afu*. That I can't do!" She clenched her teeth, to force back the rising tears.

"And you will really give up your home to him? Do you know what you are doing, my child?"

"The *Hochstho* never belonged to me, your reverence; since yesterday, I have known it was *Vincenz's*, whenever he claimed it. But all the other property I possess shall be *Joseph's*. Suppose, through my fault, he should be lame, and no longer able to earn his bread; it is my duty to provide for him."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the priest; "did your father really deprive you of house and home?"

"What do I care for house and home? The house where I belong is always ready for me!" said Wally.

"Child," said the good priest, anxiously, "I hope you will not do yourself an injury!"

"No, your reverence, not now! I see you are right in everything, and our Lord does not allow Himself to be defied. Perhaps, if He sees that I am honestly trying to atone, He will have mercy, and not deny my poor soul the blessing of peace!"

"Blessed be the lesson, however hard it was, that softened your obstinate nature. Now, Wally, you are really great! But where are you going, my child? Do you want to enter some institution? shall I take you to the *Carmelite convent*?"

"No, your reverence, that won't do for *Geier-Wally*. I can't be shut up within walls and cells. I will die as I have lived—under God's free sky. I should feel as if He could not get through some thick walls. I will do penance and pray as if I were in church, but I must have rocks and clouds around me, and the wind must whistle in my ears, or I cannot bear it. Don't you see that it is so?"

"Yes, Wally, I see it, and it would be folly for me to try to restrain you; but where are you going?"

"Back to my father *Murzoll*. That is now my only home."

"Do as you will," said the priest. "In God's name, my child, I can see you depart with a quiet mind, for wherever you may now wander, you will go back to the *Father*."

CHAPTER XV.

A MESSAGE OF PARDON.

Once more the solitary, outcast girl sat high up on the lonely glaciers, near her stony father, as if she were fixed there like a portion of the dizzy crags, from whence she gazed down on the little world below, which had no longer room for the great heart, matured amid the wilderness and storms of the glaciers. Men had rejected and cast it out, and the promise of the dream had been performed; the mountain gave it a child's place. It belonged to the mountains; rocks and ice were its home; and yet it could not turn to stone itself; the poor warm human heart was silently bleeding to death amid these crags and glaciers.

Twice had the moon's shining crescent waxed and waned since the day when Wally sought refuge here, and she had not seen the face of any dweller in the valley. The priest alone had once dragged his feeble body up to her, and reported that *Joseph* was recovering. News had also come from Italy that *Vincenz* had been shot soon after joining the army, and bequeathed her all his property. She folded her hands on her knee and said, softly: "He is fortunate; his time of atonement was short!" as if she envied him.

"But what are you going to do with so much money?" asked the priest. "Who is to take care of your immense property? You ought not to let it go to ruin."

"Money and land as plenty as hay—and of what use is it? I can't buy one hour of happiness. When sufficient time has passed for me to be able to think of such things, I'll go down to *Imst*, and make arrangements to have my property legally given to *Joseph*. I'll only keep enough to build myself a little house for winter, farther down the mountain; but now I must have rest. I can't attend to anything yet. Do you take care of my property, your reverence, and see the servants have their wages—and give the poor what they need; from this day no one in *Sonnenplatte* shall suffer want!"

In these few words she arranged her temporal affairs, as if on the verge of the grave; nothing

was left her, except to wait till her hour came—the hour of deliverance.

It seemed as if God had told her through the priest's lips: "You must not come to me till I summon you!" And now she waited for the summons; but how long—how terribly long the time might be. She looked at her powerful frame: it was not formed for a speedy end, and yet there was no more hope for her than if she were dead. She saw that she could not end by violence a life devoted to atonement; but she thought she might venture to *help* the dear God to release her soul—and so she did everything that could tend to destroy the strongest constitution. It was no suicide to take only just sufficient food to keep herself from starving—fasting was a part of penance—or to expose herself for days and nights to rain and storm, when even the eagles took refuge in the clefts of the rocks; so that gradually wet, cold and privation undermined her health. It was no suicide to climb cliffs, which probably had never before been trodden by any human foot, merely to give the dear God an opportunity to hurl her down, if He so willed! And with a sort of cruel joy she saw her beautiful body gradually lose its power, felt her strength fail. Often, when she had wandered a long distance, she sank wearily down, and when she climbed, her knees trembled, and she gasped for breath. Thus one day she sat wearily on one of *Murzoll's* highest peaks. Around her, white ridges and blocks of ice rose one above another: the scene resembled a graveyard in winter, when the snow-covered headstones stand in rows, no longer veiled by climbing vines or flowers. Directly at her feet lay the glittering green waves of the frozen sea, that extended to the commencement of the *Hochjoch*. The deepest stillness reigned in this motionless, frozen world. This distant horizon, with its boundless chain of mountains, was shrouded in a dreamy veil of mist. *Similaun*, which rose beside the brown *Riesenhorn*, was veiled by thin light clouds, which clung caressingly to its rugged sides, rising and falling, until at last rent and dispersed by the sharp edges of the terrible cliff.

Wally lay supporting her head on her elbow, while her eyes mechanically followed the movements of the clouds. The noon-day sun shone fiercely down upon her, and the eagle sat a short distance off, languidly pluming itself, and occasionally stretching its wings. Suddenly it grew restless, turned its head, as if listening, and, with a loud scream, flew to a higher peak.

(To be continued.)

VINUM ET VIR.

Frederick the Great, like a good many other persons, had a particular affection for Tokay. Napoleon preferred Chambertin, but liked black coffee even better. Peter the Great thought Madeira the best of wines, but regarded brandy as superior to all other drinks. Marshal *Riche-lieu* held Medoc in the highest honor, and *Rubens* had the strange taste to esteem Marsala the finest of wines. *John Bart*, whom the French persist in imagining to have been a great admiral, drank confusion to the English in bumpers of Beaune. *Rabelais* thought that "the divine bottle" never looked more admirable than when filled with Chablis. Marshal *Saxe* had a decided predilection for champagne; while the severity of *Cromwell's* countenance is said to have occasionally relaxed at the sight of a pipe of Malmsey. The Emperor *Charles V.* would plan his campaigns and devise more stringent laws for the repression of heresy, over a flagon of good Alicante wine. His rival, *Francis I.*, consoled himself for the loss of everything but honour with a cup of Xeres, or, as we should say, a glass of sherry. *Henry IV.*, whether as a Catholic or a Protestant, was faithful to the vintage of Suresnes. In more recent times, the genius of *Goethe* was fired by a bottle of *Johannisberg*. *Humboldt* studied and wrote unpleasant things about his friends under the gentle influence of *Saunterne*. *Talleyrand* often owed an hour of good nature to *Chateau-Margaux*.

THE "NORTHERN LIGHT."

Our illustration represents the winter steamer *Northern Light*, built by Mr. E. W. Sewell of *Levis*, for the Dominion Government to carry mails and passengers across the "Straits of Northumberland" during the winter months. The points between which it is intended to run are *Pictou, N. S.* and *Georgetown, Prince Edward Island*, a distance of forty-five miles. Mr. Sewell, the promoter of winter navigation, looks upon this undertaking as the initiatory step towards this greater scheme of winter steam communication between *Quebec* and *Europe*. The engines of this vessel are of great power as compared with her displacement. They are of the compound build of 700 nominal H. P. and performed their work during the trial trip of fifty-four miles in the most satisfactory manner. They were built by Messrs. *Carrier, Laine & Co.* of *Levis*, and reflect the greatest credit on the firm. The distance of fifty-four miles was run in four hours and four minutes, very good time, considering that the vessel was out of trim, being nine inches by the bow, caused by the stowing of some ninety tons of coal all forward. Steam has been communicated to such parts of the hull as are requisite to receive warmth and comfort for passengers and crew. The *Northern Light* will leave for *Prince Edward Island* in a week or ten days.

HON. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON.

This very distinguished man, whose death occurred at Toronto last week, was born at *Beaucaire, Languedoc, France*, on April 14th, 1817, at which time his father's regiment, the 79th Highlanders, were stationed there as part of the army of occupation. He came to Canada in 1825. His earlier education was obtained at *Kilkenny College*, and was completed in *Upper Canada College*, in Toronto. At an early age he entered as a student the law office of the Hon. *J. H. Boulton*. In the rebellion of 1837-38, he commanded a militia company, and in 1866, he donned his old uniform and went to the front to fight the Fenians. In his 21st year he was called to the Bar, and at once commenced practice. In 1840, he was appointed a Commissioner for revising the Statutes of Upper Canada, and in 1856, for consolidating the Statutes of Upper Canada and of Canada respectively. On the death of the Hon. *Robert Baldwin*, he was elected Treasurer of the Law Society, the highest distinction which his professional brethren could confer upon him. In 1846, he became Solicitor-General for Upper Canada in the *Draper Ministry*, and was soon afterwards elected for *Cornwall*. In 1848, he was again elected for *Cornwall*, and soon afterwards retired from office. At the general election of 1851, he was not a candidate. In 1854, he was returned for Toronto, and represented that city until 1857. He was elected for the County of *Peel*, in 1861, and represented that County until the Union in 1867, and subsequently, to the general election in 1872, when he was defeated. At the time of his death he was member for *Cardwell*. Mr. Cameron was twice married, first to a daughter of the late Hon. *J. H. Boulton*, by whom he had one son, now an officer in the 16th Regiment of Foot, and secondly to *Miss Mallett*, an American lady, who survives him, and by whom he had four children, two sons, one an officer in the 71st Regiment, the other a child, and two daughters, all living.

HEARTH AND HOME.

**BLUSH.**—What a mysterious thing is a blush, that a single word, look, or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer's sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, more than the glove or sock that covers it.

**HUSBANDS AND WIVES.**—It is stated as a significant fact in the experience of prison-keepers, that while wives constantly visit and condole with their husbands, when imprisoned, husbands seldom or never visit their erring wives in prison, but almost invariably desert them in their trouble. And yet how many of these poor women have suffered brutality at the hands of their criminal husbands!

**EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.**—Life may be eked out with pleasure, but it must be mainly filled up by business; and he who should persevere in the vain attempt to fill up his time with amusements, would then find it too late to take up any serious pursuit, and be compelled to drag on a miserable existence, haunted by the ghosts of his defunct pleasures, in the shape of ennui, restlessness, and melancholy.

**COLOUR OF THE HAIR.**—The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which colour most becomes it. We account red hair as by no means the most preferable; but in the time of *Elizabeth* it found ardent admirers, and was in fashion. *Mary of Scotland*, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. *Cleopatra* was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

**PROFUNDITY.**—Profundity of thought is generally purchased at the expense of versatility. To be very profound, it is necessary that the intellectual eye be fixed, for a long time, on one continuous series of operations; to be versatile, the mind must glance from subject to subject, and brood over none. Profundity plunges to the depth, while versatility skims the surface, of the sea of speculation; while the former is going down, the latter is sporting onward on easy wing.

**A PROMISE.**—A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. A promise should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

**SNUG.**—A home with flowers and vine growing about it, and neatly furnished and kept within; a husband temperate in habit and virtuous in heart and life; a wife discreet, chaste, good, and a home-keeper; children hearty, cheerful and obedient; the home half paid for, and the remainder payable in small instalments; the husband earning fair wages, supporting his family, paying the premiums on a life policy large enough to cover his indebtedness, and saving a little besides;—that is what we call having things SNUG.

**THE CAPACITY OF WOMEN.**—Women, in their course of action, describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness. There may be here and there a soaring woman who

looks down with disdain on the paltry affairs of "this dim speck called earth," who despises order and regularity as indications of a grovelling spirit; but a sound mind judges directly contrary. The larger the capacity, the wider is the space of duties it takes in. Proportion and propriety are among the best secrets of domestic wisdom; and there is no surer test of integrity than a well-proportioned expenditure.

**ADVICE TO MARRIED PEOPLE.**—Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state, and your heart. Let no father or mother, or sister or brother ever presume to come between you, or to share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone. With God's help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no, never speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew and re-renew your vow; it will do you good, and thereby your souls will grow together, contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.

**MERE BEAUTY.**—It is natural that men should pursue beautiful women; but it would be well to remember that there are qualities of far more importance than mere personal charms. True, we may be fascinated with a dark, lustrous, and beautiful eye, the crimson blush of the cheek, a graceful, symmetrical form; but, after all, the inquiry should be, is there a soul within? Is there elevation of thought, generous principles, noble purposes, a cultivated intellect? If not, what else would a woman of beautiful personal appearance be but as a doll or gilded toy? How long could a man of genius be induced to worship at such a shrine? How long before his affections would assume the form of hatred or contempt? Powerful passions and strong affection invariably accompany the man of genius. Hence it is clear that unless personal charms envelope a cultivated mind as well as the sterling qualities of virtue, the noblest impulses of affection in such a man will soon be extinguished, and his fondest hopes blighted, in the selection of a partner for life. Nothing is more desirable to a man of genius in this life than the ardent affections of a good, sensible woman; and, on the other hand, no offering on earth is so acceptable to a woman as the sincerest affection of a man of genius and truth.

LITERARY.

ITALY now possesses 1,126 publications, including 387 diurnals.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's new novel is named "Miss Misanthrope."

THE authorities have forbidden the introduction into France of *Le Tocsin*, organ of the Russian revolutionary party, published at Geneva.

THE autotype fac-simile of the commonplace book of the poet *Milton*, which was found among the manuscripts of *Sir Frederick Graham*, has just been finished, and will be issued shortly.

STUDENTS have not yet offered themselves to *Dr. Legge*, the Professor of Chinese at the University of Oxford, but it is expected that the lectures which the reverend gentleman is about to deliver will bring some.

THE MS. remains of the late *John Keble* are in an advanced stage of preparation, and the publication of them will be accompanied by an essay by *Dr. Pusey*, together with an elaborate criticism by *Dr. Newman*.

MISS *SARA S. RICE*, who was the leading spirit in securing the monument to *Poe* at Baltimore, has prepared a memorial volume, giving a biographical sketch of the poet, with reminiscences by one of his fellow-students and other interesting memorabilia.

THE long-promised edition of the Greek Testament, on which *Professor Westcott* and *Mr. Hart* have been engaged for nearly twenty years, is now really approaching completion, and the sheets of the Apocryphes are actually in the printer's hand.

*IDA VON DURINGSFELD*, the German novelist, author of "Schloss Coczyu," "Die Literaten," &c., and her husband, *Freiherr O. von Reinsberg*, who was also a writer, have both died at an hotel at Stuttgart, within a couple of days of one another.

FATHER *BOLIG*, who, it appears, is a member of the Society of Jesus, has been appointed to the office of custos of the Vatican Basilica. Father *Bolig* is said to be an exceedingly learned man, and to be able to speak fifty-two languages.

MR. *PETER O'LEARY*, author of "Travels in Canada, the Red River Territory, and the United States," has just returned to England from a tour through the Northern and Western States of America, and is now engaged in preparing a work on "The Irish in England," which is to be published in America.

THERE are three derivations of the word "sterling money." The first is, that it is derived from *Stirling Castle*, and that *Edward I.*, having penetrated so far into Scotland, caused a coin to be struck there, which he called sterling. The second opinion derives it from the figure of a bird called *sterling*, which appears about the cross in the ancient arms of England. The third assigns its true origin by deducing it from *Easterling*; for in the time of *Henry III.* it is called *Monea Esterlingorum*, the money of the *Esterlings*, or people of the East.

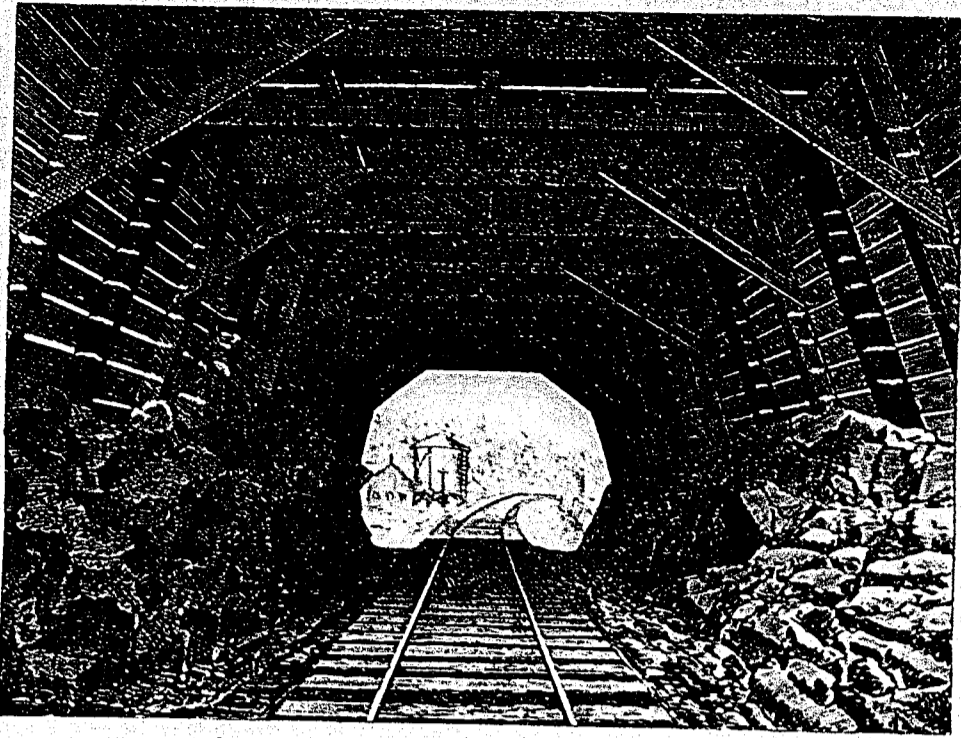
*CHARLES HEMANS*, a son of *Felicia Hemans*, the poetess, well-known as an antiquary and archaeologist, died at *Lucera*, in Italy, the other day. Mr. Hemans was the secretary of the British Archaeological Society in Rome, where he had passed his winters for years. To scholars and students of Italian ecclesiastical history and archaeology his works are invaluable. His more recent ones, "A History of Medieval Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy," and "Historic and Monumental Rome," contain the results of his most mature studies.

ROUND THE WORLD.

It is stated that Germany positively declines to participate in the Exhibition of 1876.

THE Prince of Wales will visit New Zealand and Australia in 1876.

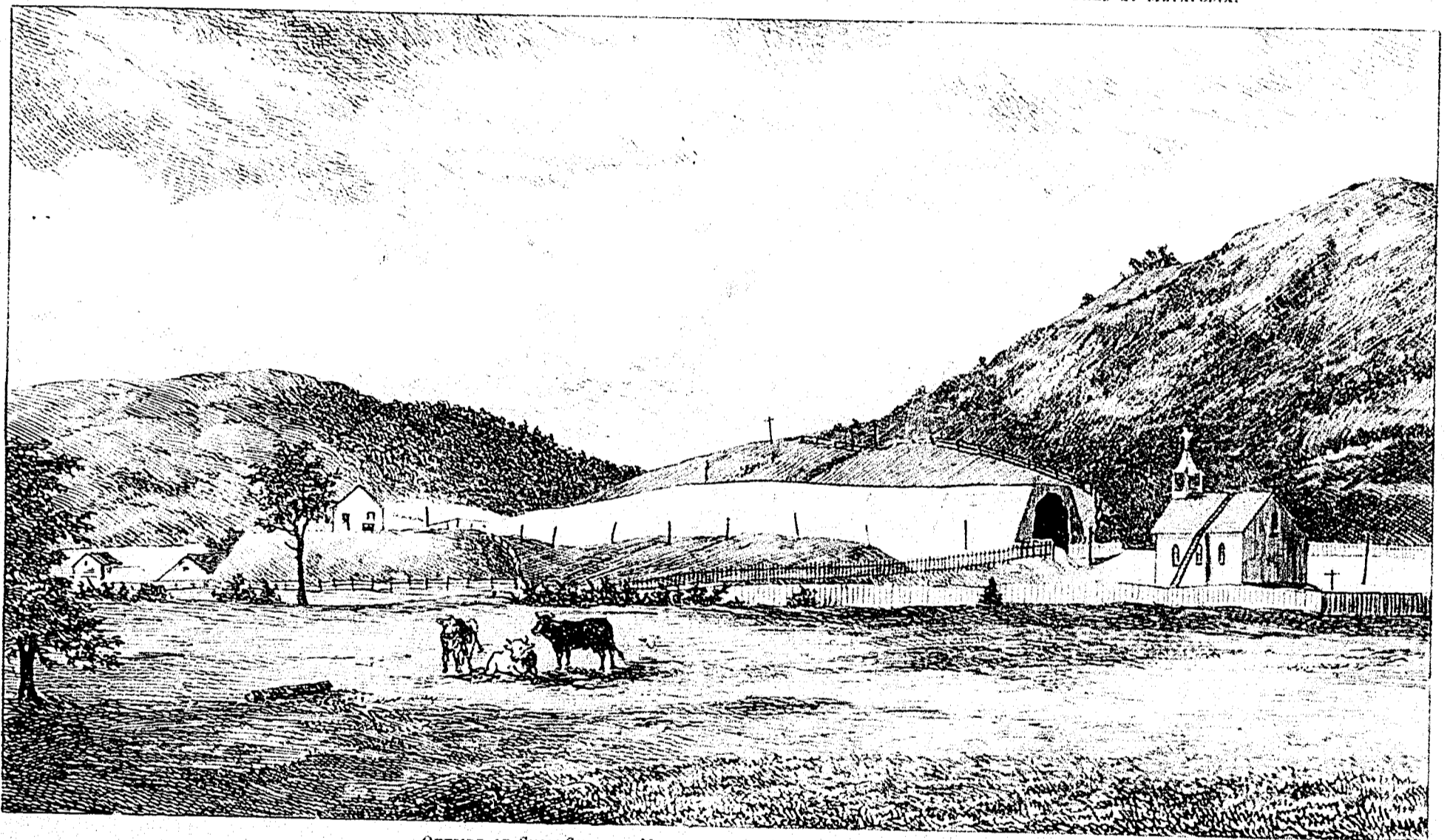
SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.



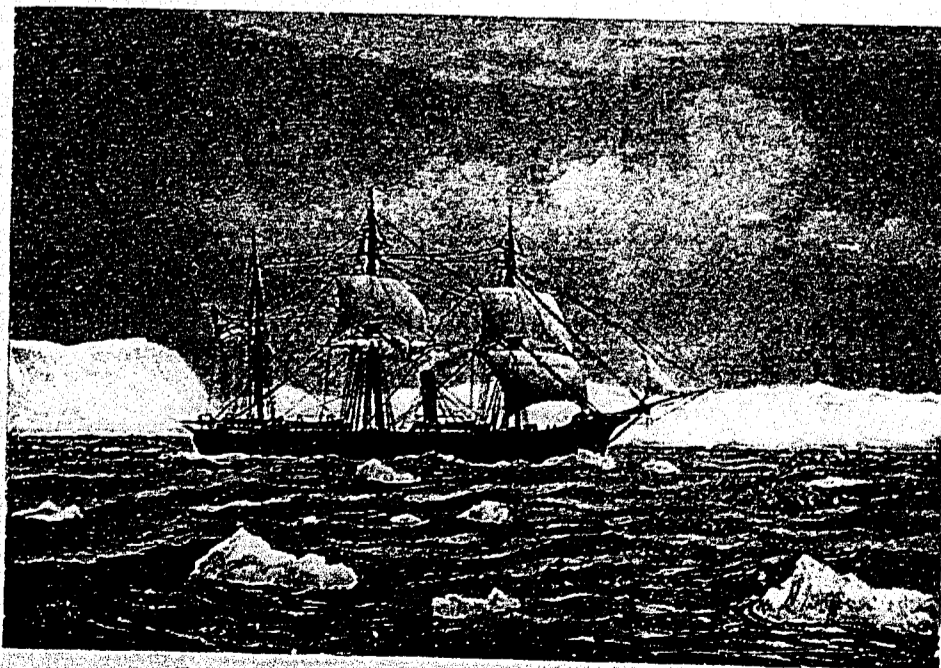
INSIDE OF SNOW-SHED AT CAMPBELLTON, N. B.



INSIDE OF SNOW-SHED AT METAPEDIA.



OUTSIDE OF SNOW-SHED AT METAPEDIA. — From Sketches by Rev. T Fenwick.

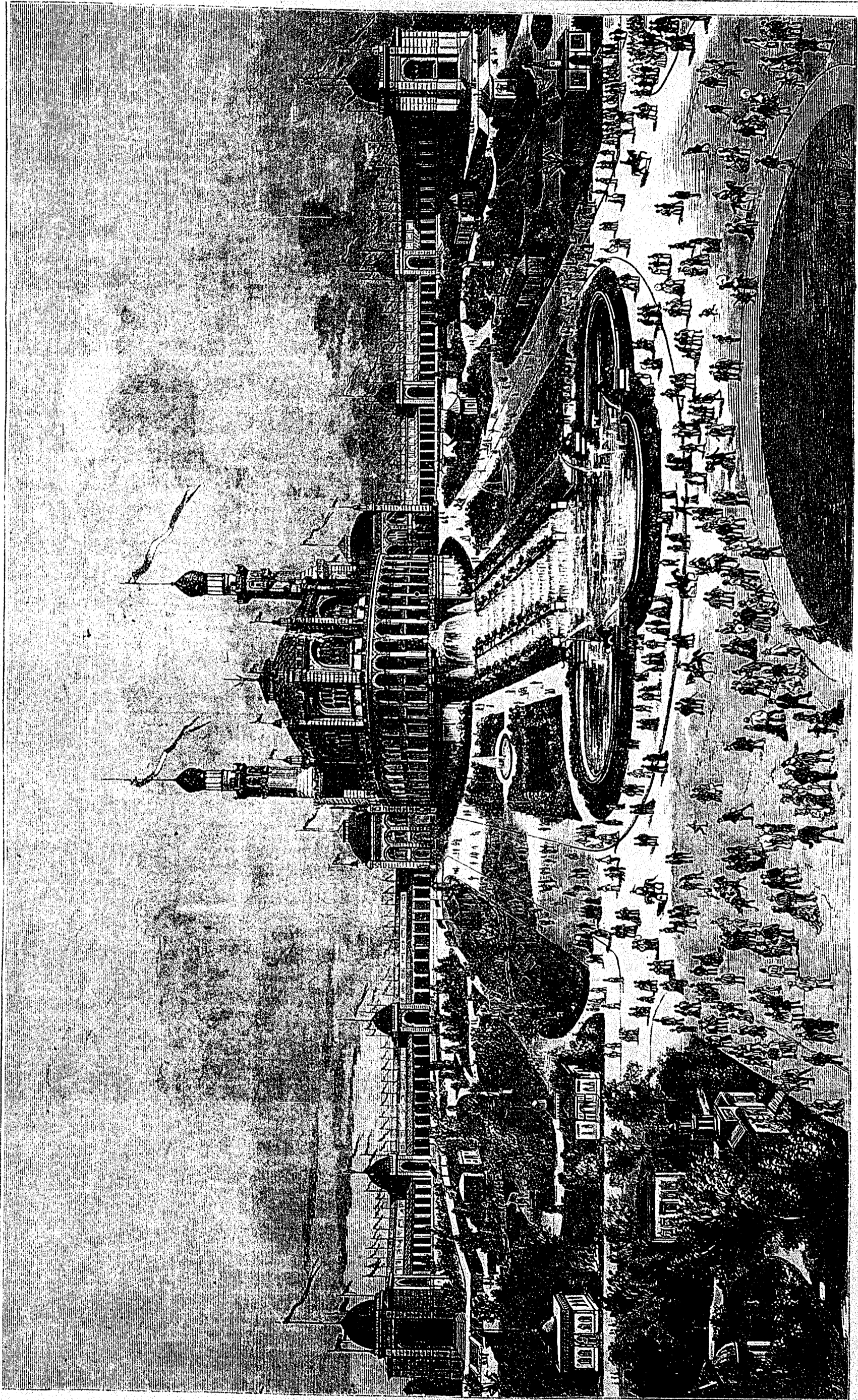


THE "ALERT" HOISTING COLOURS AT THE HIGHEST LATITUDE ATTAINED BY ANY SHIP ON RECORD.



A FUNERAL IN THE ICE.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.



PARIS: EXHIBITION OF 1878.—VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED ON THE TROCADERO.

## CLANSHIP.

My friend, this is "St. Andrew's Day!"  
Let us shake hands "Auld Country" way,  
And kindly greet each other.  
But,—what did our good Premier say,  
When visiting, the other day,  
About "Fraternal" pother?

Yet, "let him, or let him him do!"  
It is well known to me and you,—  
The Scotch will stick together,  
And go a mile to serve a friend,  
No matter what the weather!

As members of one family,  
How'er remote from each they be,—  
Think kindly of each other.  
So, we in this far distant land  
Still like to feel the holy band  
That makes each man a brother!

And now, not only Scotia's sons,  
But many more this country owns,  
As patriots of the soil!  
Yet each one feels his heart's blood warm,  
When from the "dear old country" come  
"Some news" to cheer his toil!

Then, let us each our "Clanship" own,  
Yet stand united round the "Throne!"  
Like jewels round the Crown!  
And may each lovely "gem" still grace  
The station where it finds a place  
In Canada's renown!

The "Emerald" for the Shamrock,  
The "Ruby" England's Rose,  
The "Amethyst" like Thistle Top  
In royal purple glows,  
And the "Diamond" France's chivalry  
In brilliant lustre shows.

So,—who would wish these "precious stones"  
Whose separate beauty each one owns,  
To be all fused together?  
No!—let them be "in order laid,"  
And of the whole a structure made  
To stand the roughest weather!

Montreal.

## HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY AND MAKE IT EXACT.

Teacher—"Have you a good memory?"  
Late-to-learn—"That depends. If I am owed anything, I have a capital memory. But if I am in debt, I am rather forgetful."

## THE CLOUDS.

This time-honoured joke of Aristophanes gives us a clue to the best way to strengthen the memory. It suggests that we remember best what we take the most interest in. To remember a thing, then, we must rouse ourselves to take a lively interest in it. To make his pupils remember a thing, the teacher must induce them to take a lively interest in it. This will necessitate three things:—

Firstly—They must understand, it or they will not care for it.

Secondly—The lesson must not be so long that the interest will flag in learning it.

Thirdly—The teacher must try and make the scholars feel that it is important to them to learn the task set, either to win the teacher's praise, or because it bears on their interests in life.

Roger Ascham enumerates three requisites for a good memory. He says that the memory must be trained to be, 1. Quick in receiving. 2. Sure in keeping. 3. Ready in delivering forth again.

Now, 1. The memory will be quick to receive if it yield vigorous attention to the thing to be remembered. 2. It will be sure in holding if it does not try and grasp too much and frequently goes over its store. 3. It will be quick in delivering if it is practised in giving prompt answers to quick questioning.

## VIGOROUS ATTENTION.

One rule that helps us here is eighteen centuries old. It is that the mind is impressed more keenly by what flashes through the eye than by what passes through the ears. Reduce what has to be learnt to a tabulated form and draw it on the blackboard. In many minds the exact position of a word or mark will help the memory. A most successful lecturer on anatomy in England used to draw bold sketches in coloured chalks on the blackboard, of the chief plates to be got up, and the same sketches always on the same part of the blackboard.

The attention is kept vigorous by a constant use of pen and note-book. Very brief abstracts should be made of what is chosen for remembrance, but the greatest care should be taken not to choose too much. Between twenty and a hundred words are enough for an ordinary chapter on history. Instead of proper names the initials only should be written. This tries and tests (and therefore strengthens) the memory in going over the note-book.

Some recollect best by using symbols. Crossed swords, for instance, will represent a battle. Different nations may have differently shaped swords. The initials of the generals engaged may be written at the hilts. The initials of the place where the battle was fought should crown the whole. An olive branch will symbolise a treaty of peace. The death of a man is suggested by the initial of his name with a line drawn through it.

The discovery of an appropriate symbol for an event is excessively interesting, and will cause some subjects to be studied with eagerness which would otherwise be crammed with disgust. And intellectual is like bodily food. If we do not enjoy our meal we do not digest it.

If a piece has to be learnt by heart, some minds will recollect it best by writing it out.

Others again learn a thing more quickly and surely by repeating it aloud. A boy was once set the singular of *Musea* to learn by heart. He

tried to do it and failed. The plural was then added to the lesson. He looked the picture of despair. He was then made to read them out loud and learnt both in seven minutes. We once learned some German poetry very easily by reading over once or twice just before going to bed. We then lay down in perfect quiet and forced the memory to recall it word for word.

The above hints are suggested merely as aids to rouse the attention.

When the mind is fagged with study it is no use to try and force its attention. The student must then take a rest, a breath of fresh air, a song, anything to change the current of his thoughts and begin again. Hence we must never puzzle over anything. Directly you get confused, put the matter aside and do not take it up again till after some interval. If a well known name has slipped the memory for the nonce, do not worry about recalling it. Wait a while and it will probably come of itself.

## SURE RETENTION.

Our memory is like a pack-horse which should accompany us through life carrying what we want in such a shape that we can get it at a moment's notice. But this pack-horse when suddenly overweighted has a peculiar habit of slipping off its whole load. If by an unnatural force of attention we prevent its doing this and it once breaks down under its burden, then we have no chance of getting another such pack-horse all our lives.

It is true that we must strengthen our memory by making it constantly carry all that it can bear with ease. But we must put on small loads at a time, neatly arranged and at first keep continually looking to see if they are being retained in good condition.

The greatest injury to the memory is caused by cramming in a lot of facts for a lesson to be disgorged when the lesson is being said and then forgotten. The very few leading points in a lesson must be carefully pointed out by a teacher, the rest of the lesson grouped round these in the way of illustration or accessory, but these few leading points must be constantly repeated in frequent reviews of back lessons and on paper at regular intervals.

Marking the really important sentences in a book is a great aid to the memory. The art of judiciously marking his book should be learnt by every scholar.

In learning history a very brief synopsis with dates of the whole period under review should be carefully composed by the teacher, committed to memory by all and rapidly repeated by some one scholar before each lesson. When a clear outline of the whole is distinctly impressed on the memory, it is much more easy to put any individual fact in its proper position, where it will be readily remembered without special effort.

All this illustrates what is after all the great principle of the art of memorising—the observance of order. Get a brief outline of the subject vividly before you. Jot down the chief points of it on paper, one under the other, leaving spaces between each. Fill in the minor details in imagination or write down some little word in small characters to suggest the most important. Try and discover some law of causality or reaction between the different parts of the scheme thus written out. The mind will then retain surely what you have thus carefully committed to its keeping, for you must load the memory only with the very brief outline attended to. The impressions made by this you must strengthen by frequently going over it. All else will recall itself when needed by the mere force of association. You must make no effort to load the memory with it.

The best way of learning English verse, which is a common and good way to strengthen the memory, and accustom it to carry reasonable loads, is shown by the principles laid down in the earlier part of the chapter. The master must first see that the child understands every line and every word of the lesson. The scholar must then try to picture to the mind's eye the event or scene described. The piece to be "learned by heart" must be very short compared to the learner's powers, but should be so learnt as to be repeated with rigid verbal accuracy, without the least hesitation and in spite of such distractions as each member of the class saying a line in turn, &c. Very few pieces must be given to be learnt in a year (hence the necessity of selecting the very choicest gems of the best poets), but these pieces must be repeated over and over again till they are indelibly engrained into the memory for life. A teacher who, while teaching one class, has to keep another occupied, can make the latter write out the poems they know, or the first half of each line, or the first word of each line, without a book.

## CRAM.

But after all nearly every subject requires a certain amount of "cram." Cram has been defined as intellectual food swallowed without previous appetite or subsequent digestion. Such are strings of names, lists of rules or exceptions to rules, inflections, paradigms, &c. If these pills are to be bolted, it is surely well to make them up in as small a compass as possible.

In learning a string of names, try and make some word out of the initials. Thus ANZIMEBI gives the initials of the names of the tribes of Israel on the West side of Jordan in order from North to South. The consonants in the word ManGeR give the three tribes on the East of Jordan. A name is generally suggested almost instantaneously by its initial. By the word Anzimebi the names of the tribes and their posi-

tion are recollected in one fiftieth part of the time otherwise required.

A string of words is often learnt much quicker in a sing-song way than any other. Thus the Latin pronouns:

"Ego, mei, mihi, me.  
Tu, tui, tibi, te.  
Wanting, sui, sibi, se."

are learnt all at once in sing-song quicker than any single one of them would be in the ordinary method. So it is with the Greek pronouns, singular and plural.

Here the rhyme helps us, and rhyme, like rhythm, is an important adjunct to the art of memory. How quickly the signs of the zodiac are learnt in rhyme—

"The ram, the bull, the heavenly twins,  
And next the crab the lion shines.  
The virgin and the scales;  
The scorpion, archer and sea goat,  
The man that holds the watering pot  
And fishes with glittering tails."

Here the very faults in the rhyme help to make us remember it.

The rules when to put a capital letter in English can be reduced from 2 pages to 6 lines.

"After note of exclamation!  
And of interrogation?  
Full stop. Prop names. Words O and I,  
Book, chapter, writing, line of poetry,  
Words very reverential and very emphatical,  
These nine begin with letter capital."

The teacher can easily warn the scholar not to be misled by the last line but one.

The rules for the quantities of letters final in Latin, which used to cover a couple of pages in the grammars of our unlucky boyhood, may be reduced to a score of short words.

Long are:—all vowels final except e, and c, as, es, os.

Short are:—e final and all consonants final except c, as, es, os.

The exceptions are not numerous.

So the neuter terminations of the third declension in Latin are learnt at one effort of the mind by working them into the words "calet armenurus," "armenus is hot." How much more quickly this is learnt than such a list of terminations as al, ar, e, c, ur, us, t, men. The masculine terminations of the third declension make the words "osor Neronis," i.e. os, or, N, (except men) er, and o making onis in the genitive.

Many Latin grammars devote a page or two to these verbal notions which when expressed by Latin verbs govern a dative.

Expressed in rhyme they fall (exceptions and all) into 6 lines—

"Envy spare, persuade, displease.  
Heal, favour, pardon, study, please.  
Command, obey, resist, or serve.  
To treat, tell, trust, be angry with.  
All take a dative case, observe.  
But *ludo, juro, jubeo, th' accusative.*"

So with the rules for verbs governing the genitive and ablative, and all the otherwise dreary exceptions to the rules of Latin grammar.

These are all crams. But they belong to the things which must be crammed, and we maintain that the fewer these are the better, and that the shorter they are the better.

Things can be expressed in a shorter form in verse than in any other way. That is why Pope wrote his Moral Essays in verse. So he claims. Truly, English poetry admits of a wonderful display of terseness. Take this excellent example—

"Whence but from Heaven, could men unskilled in  
arts,  
In different ages born, in different parts,  
So wondrously agree? Or how, or why,  
Conspire together to contrive a lie?  
Thankless their pains: unplesing their advice;  
Nothing their gains: and martyrdom their price."

## THE GLEANER.

LATIN is giving place to German in the professorial language of the German universities.

THE shop girls of Boston number nearly one-tenth of the entire population of the city.

IN Paris white horses are used at children's or young unmarried people's funerals. So they are in Montreal invariably.

THE wine crop of France this year is unusually large, being a third larger than the vines promised at the outset of the season.

THE military force of England, militia, yeomanry, and volunteers included, is reckoned at 470,766, of which 191,814 are regular troops. The navy numbers 65,000 men.

IT is estimated that the annual production of paper of all kinds in the world amounts to 1,800,000,000 lbs. Half of this is employed for printing purposes.

THE English Anti-Tobacco Society has adopted a resolution earnestly calling upon Christian philanthropists to discountenance three great evils which weigh upon the civilized world: The use of tobacco for smoking, the use of alcohol for drinking, and the eating of dead animals.

AN English sect of moralists, calling themselves the "Christodelphians," have offered £100 to any one who will prove from Scripture that man is possessed of an immortal soul. The Rev. Walter Briscoe, a Wesleyan minister, has accepted the challenge.

LORD BEACONFIELD is at present staying at his official residence in Downing street, his house next door to the National Club, in Whitehall Gardens, receiving such an overwhelming and beautifying as might suggest something in the distance.

THERE is said to be a paper church actually existing near Berlin, which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The reliefs outside and statues within, the roof, ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all papier maché, rendered waterproof by saturating in vitriol, lime-water, whey and white of eggs.

THE codfish caught off the shore of Newfoundland are split, washed, and laid on spruce boughs to dry. After the sun and air have bleached them white, they are assorted into "merchantable," for the best markets, "Madeira," for sale as second quality, and "dun," or broken fish, for home consumption. The fish exported to hot countries are packed by screw power in casks. Very large quantities are sent to countries as remote as Greece, Spain and Portugal.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A KANSAS paper announces that a certain gentleman has been nuptiated—that is, married.

SHE was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but a woman-like, she strove to catch him. He was a flea.

HE was carving at dinner, and thought he must talk to the aesthetic-looking angel on his right. "How do you like Beethoven?" asked he, at a venture. "Well done," said she, promptly, interested in the business at hand.

A young gentleman of Kilkenny, meeting a handsome milkmaid, near the parade, said, "What will you take for yourself and your milk, my dear?" The girl instantly replied, "Yourself and a gold ring, sir."

THE committee of a school district in Connecticut recently refused to employ a young lady because she had a beau. They wrote:—"We daunt want our gals taut by a nuther gal who has such notions about such things."

"MR. TOMKINS," said a young lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Julia," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story."

To see a woman drive a tack is something worth observing. She will first proceed to fill her mouth with material, then take one, stick it in the offending carpet, and firmly clutching the hammer in her right hand, prepare to come down on the innocent tack. But—alas for female calculation!—she misses it and pounds her finger instead. The hammer is dropped and the injured member is instantly thrust into the feminine mouth. The offspring, who is upsetting the tacks, is slapped, and other means are found to relieve the feelings, when business is proceeded with again and the tack again stuck in its place. This time the hammer hits it, but knocks it on one side, a blow being given sideways to straighten it, which knocks the point clear off. Another one is tried, and after a succession of thumps—sometimes on the finger, sometimes on the floor, and occasionally on the tack—it is finally driven in. And the operation is repeated until the carpet is down, and a dishevelled female with red fingers, red face, and inflated temper stands looking at her work and congratulates herself on having finished at last.

## HYGIENIC.

No person in health should drink more than from two to three pints of any liquid daily.

It is customary in some places to put a saucer of new milk in the larder to preserve meat or game from approaching taint. It is said that not only does it answer that purpose, but that the milk after a few hours becomes so bad that no animal will touch it.

OF late years cautious people have taken to boiling their water, in the hope of thereby destroying all organic matter in it, and afterwards filtering through a charcoal filter. Such a process of course thoroughly eliminates every possible source of contagion. On the other hand, the water thus treated becomes "soft" and is deficient in lime salts, a certain supply of which is necessary for health.

OF the many diseases which afflict mankind, the following fifteen causes of death take the lead in England, according to the Registrar-General's returns: Bronchitis carries off the largest numbers, then comes phthisis, next debility, then old age, then heart disease (principally afflicting children), then pneumonia, scarlet fever, diarrhoea, apoplexy, and paralysis, measles, cancer, premature birth, and whooping cough.

## HUMOROUS.

To an indigent person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious, successful tradesman of humble origin observed, "You, my friend, are proud of your descent: I am proud of my ascent."

A Western paper, in describing an accident recently, says, with considerable candour:—"Dr. Jones was called, and under his prompt and skillful treatment the young man died on Wednesday night."

"STEAM is not a great thing," remarked a French traveller in a railway-carriage to his *vis-à-vis*. "So it is," was the reply: "I owe my fortune to it." "Monsieur is manager of a company?"—"No."—"An engineer perhaps?"—"No: I have lost a number of relatives by railroad accidents."

IN all policies of life-insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, "if living," one hundred and twelve years, and his mother's one hundred and two. The agent was amazed at this showing, and fancied he had got an excellent subject; but, feeling somewhat dubious, remarked that the man came of a very long-lived family. "Oh, you see, sir," replied the applicant, "my parents died many years ago, but 'if living' would be aged as there put down.—"Oh, I see," said the agent.

**A NEW PAVEMENT.**—The new system of macadamizing now being tried on a large scale in Paris, Faubourg Poissonnière, is likely to replace asphalt, the greater portions of the materials for which have to be purchased in foreign countries, and it has the advantage of offering a better foothold for horses, whilst the noise is not greater, and the shaking to carriages on paving stone is avoided. A discovery of the bituminous deposits of Limagne (Puy-de-Dôme) has led to this new material for roads. They were pointed out by Professor Julien and Dr. Pommerehne, and are found very near the level of the soil in beds varying from 20 inches to 23 feet in thickness along the whole extent of the vast plain of Auvergne which lies between Forcé and the Dômes. The Romans knew of these deposits, and had commenced working them. The produce is applicable to all the uses for which bitumen is employed. Recently, on a portion of the national road from Clermont to Montfermeil, a first experiment of macadamizing with the cold material was made, in presence of the members of the French Association for the Advancement of Science.

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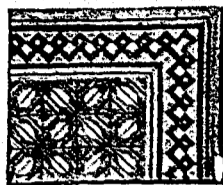
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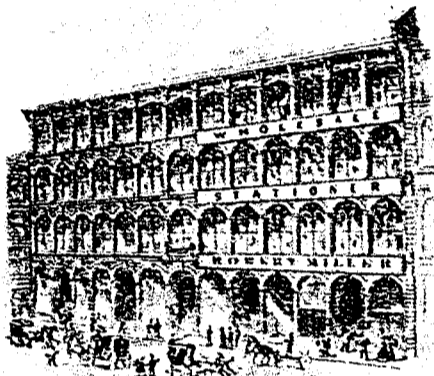
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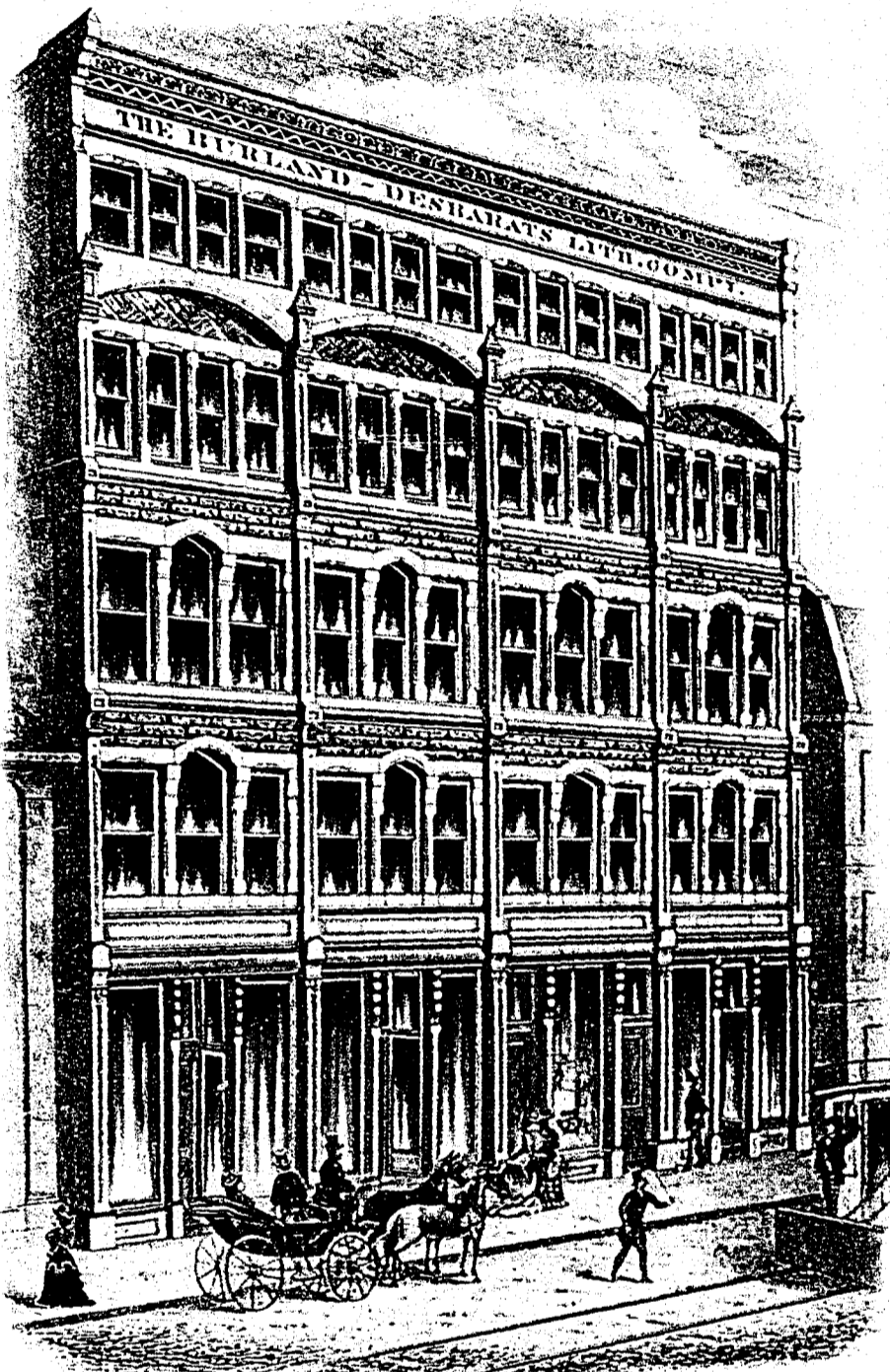


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