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# Whistler's News

Vol. XI.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

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THAT INEXORABLE HANSARD!

DISTRACTED MEMBER:—Well, I declare, after all the trouble I took to write out a splendid speech for my constituents to read here, that stupid county paper of theirs publishing it as I spoke it, word for word! The *Hansard* must have got there before my manuscript!

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### THE NEW STORY.

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

### THE LAW AND THE LADY.

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

Back numbers can be had on application.

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

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 13th, 1875.

### IMMIGRATION.

The Report of the Department of Agriculture for the Calendar Year of 1874, has been laid on the table of the senate, by the HON. MR. LEFELIER. The topic of chief importance it contains is Immigration; which is at once a question of the greatest interest and importance to the country. The Government has certainly made great exertions to promote Immigration. The expenditure last year was \$281,413.11 and the year before \$331,513.86. This latter included a grant of \$70,000 to the Provinces which was not given last year. But the figures of last year include an item of \$22,485 for the expenses of Mennonite Immigration. Against this last item, however, there was a refund of \$5,158.

The total number of Immigrants who entered the country during the year was 80,022. Of these 23,894 came by way of the St. Lawrence; 54,014 by way of the Suspension Bridge and other Inland Ports of the Dominion; and 2,114 entered the Ports of the Maritime Provinces. These Immigrants, however, have to be divided into two classes. A very large proportion, viz. 40,649 were simply passengers who took the route through Canada for the Western States as being the shortest and the best. The number of those who came to settle in Canada during the year was 39,373; against 50,050 in 1873; 36,578 in 1872, and 27,773 in 1871. It thus appears that, although there was a falling off as compared with 1873, the Immigration was much larger than that of the preceding two years, and nearly four times as large as in 1866; from which time there has been a steady increase in the number of Immigrant settlers in Canada.

There is an especial feature in the Immigration of last year, which renders it very satisfactory; viz. that the Immigrants, as a whole, were of a class of which Canada is the most in need. A very considerable number of them were brought out by the assistance of Government war-

rants, and the Ontario Refund Bonus applied in deduction of the cost of passage selections were therefore made by the Government agents, and the class was altogether different from those large numbers of persons from the East of London, sent to this country some years ago.

Another feature in these returns is the large Immigration of settlers from the United States to Canada during the year. The number was, as ascertained from the entries in connection with settlers goods at the Custom Houses in 1874, 14,110, against 8,971 in 1873. The value of settlers goods entered by these Immigrants was in the neighbourhood of \$300,000. This movement from the United States to Canada is no doubt due to the commercial and industrial depression which has prevailed there; and includes a considerable member of French Canadians.

This brings us to another point. The total Emigration from Great Britain in 1874 was 241,014, against 310,612 in 1873. The falling off in the Immigration to the United States was in the proportion of about 1 to 2. It will therefore be seen from a consideration of these facts that Canada has very well held her own in the competition, in what may be called the Emigration Markets of the Old World. We may here remark that the Australian Colonies have become most powerful competitors. Their total Immigration in 1874 was 53,958 against 26,428 in 1873. The young colony of New Zealand alone obtained 30,000 Immigrants at a cost of \$3,000,000, which it expended in direct prepayment of passages apart from its very expensive system of agency, and this year we notice it is in the market for a loan of \$4,000,000 to continue the same policy.

The Agricultural Labourers who came to Canada, received the advantage of the Dominion Government Passenger warrant of £2.5, and the Ontario Government added its Refund Bonus of £1.6.8 in further reduction of the passage. The balance was paid by the Agricultural Labourers Union, and thus thousands of the most valuable settlers which Canada wants were helped to come to the country. Without such help, they could not have come; for a man cannot keep a family on twelve or fourteen shillings a week, and make savings from it to defray the expenses of a sea voyage.

The great bulk of all the Immigrants to American now come by steamships; arriving in a shorter time and in a healthier condition.

We notice in the Report some particulars about the Mennonite settlers in Manitoba and the Icelanders in Ontario; but it does not contain further particulars than we have already published.

It is noticeable that the greater part of the Immigrants settle in Ontario. There seems to be a natural tendency of Immigrants to settle in that Province, except in some particular cases, and the great exertions and expenditure of the Ontario Government may furnish another reason for the fact.

The Province of Manitoba is rapidly filling up. It received an accession of 3,635 settlers, including the Mennonites during the year, and more are expected next year. We understand the Dawson Route is very much improved, and from many of the accounts we have heard, there was need of it.

### MONTREAL SKETCHING CLUB.

This new club has recently started into existence under the auspices of some of the original members of the Art Association of Montreal, an association which has from one cause and another fallen into desuetude since the death of its first President, the late Metropolitan, Dr. Fulford, who during his presidency did so much by his presence to keep the Association alive. The scope and objects of the Sketching Club are to encourage the youth of both sexes in an art which is not only delightful, but useful and necessary, as many ancient and modern books of travel abundantly testify.

Without the aid of drawing, descriptions of noted places, buildings and scenes would, in most instances, fail to impress those who had never seen them with their grandeur, sublimity, and beauty.

The Club meets every alternate Saturday afternoon, at the rooms of Mr. Thos. D. King, 26 Beaver Hall. The second meeting, on the 27th ult., was a success. The number and quality of the sketches and water colour drawings tended to show that the taste for drawing was by no means extinct in Montreal. After the drawings have been criticized, as they are candidly, impartially and freely, the time for an hour or so, is agreeably spent by the examination of portfolios of etchings, prints from engravings, and choice illustrated books, lent for the occasion by the senior members; from these books, &c., the juniors derive no small benefit as it accustoms them to the beauty of form and proportion, the knowledge of which is absolutely required before they can become artists. Again there is another advantage beyond the social converse upon art matters, namely, that of determining in the minds of the members and visitors the value and great consequence of drawing as a graded study in our public and private schools.

Judging from the results of the first two meetings of the Club we think there is every prospect of its being established upon a sure basis, and of its becoming a most important agent in developing a taste for, and knowledge of art in the city of Montreal. It is the intention of the Club during the summer months, to make excursions in the country for the purpose of out door sketching.

### POSTAL SERVICE.

Our zealous Postmaster-General has explained very lucidly the reforms he contemplates in the postal service. With regard to the small tax upon newspapers, he stated that it had exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and he believed that at the end of the first year the local postage received through the delivery of letters would pay the expenses of free delivery. With regard to the objection that it was not extended to towns as well as cities, he reminded the House that in the United States there was no free delivery in cities with a population smaller than 20,000.

The publishers would pay a trifle for handling large masses of newspapers, and he was satisfied that before a year or two publishers would find the circulation of their newspapers so largely increased by the removal of the postage that their gain would more than counterbalance the loss. To meet the objection that the bill was coming into operation too soon, it was proposed to extend the time to six months hence. In the United States that much time was not given; prepayment was made compulsory on the 1st of January on all mailable matter. He had received a communication from the Postmaster of New York stating that the circulation of publications has increased considerably, owing to the change in the postage rate, and particularly the manner of prepayment; and the publishers are well satisfied that the service is giving abundant satisfaction, the detail and annoyance inseparable from the old plan being entirely avoided. It did not seem to be generally understood how newspapers were to be mailed. It was proposed that all papers should go by weight; the half cent postage only referred to transient newspapers or those not sent from the office of publication. It made no difference whether a publisher mailed, say fifty copies, to one post office or to fifty different post offices; they would, in either case, be put into the scales, and the postage charged by the pound. Under the convention with the United States the department was not prepared to forward letters unless they were fully paid. Letters overweight and insufficiently prepaid would be returned to the senders. The United States would not undertake to collect anything for us;

consequently we would not undertake to collect anything for them. It would be well, therefore, that the public should know that all communications with the United States must be prepaid. With other foreign countries with which we have no understanding of that kind, the system would remain as at present.

### OUR WINTER EVENINGS.

We have just traversed an old fashioned winter. Mountains of snow, an elevated blue sky, keen winds, white ineffectual sunshine—nothing has been wanting. And we have enjoyed the weather accordingly. Outsiders must not imagine that we are the victims of our boreal climate. Not so. We make it minister both to our wants and our recreations. There is no gayer country on earth than Canada in winter. To say nothing of our out-door sports—upon which we wrote at length some weeks ago—we need only refer to the mode in which we spend our long evenings. The experience of every one, during the present season, is that he has enjoyed himself, just in proportion as he made a good or ill use of his winter nights.

All the moments of our life are precious. According to the beautiful legend of the Thebais, an angel drops them, one by one, into a precious urn, and has them registered above in the great Doomsday Book. Every moment of our life should therefore be turned to use, spent for the good of the intellect, the heart or the body. When the labors of the day are over, when the implements of our trade or profession are laid aside, we may and should give rest to the mind and body, in such manner as to improve, at the same time, the other faculties of our nature.

Most of us work hard, our days are well filled, we have our trials and tribulations, and evening comes to all as a respite. When it comes, the best thing we can do is to go home direct. Yes, go direct home to our wife, to our children, without stopping at the bar-room or the beer house. Straight home, tired it may be, but with brain undimmed by the fumes of spirits, and buoyant heart glutted by no devilish drugs. We should enter our own house, humble though it be, but made all pleasant by the dear welcome of those we love. Let us put off our great coat, put on our slippers, approach near the genial fire and enjoy our winter evening. It is the hour of rest which God has given—to be spent amid the joys of the family, in learning the transcendent secret of loving and being loved. What constitutes the poetry, the enjoyment of domestic life? Precisely the infinite play of the heart's affections. On such nights as these, they are brought out at every turn, by every trifle. A glance of the eye will suffice, a wave of the hand, a smile, a soft low tone, any insignificant gesture. All day long there is this vibration, this flutter as of unseen wings, this pleasurable beating of kindred hearts responsive to each other's sympathies, and at night, if we only wish it, we can gather in these coils and nestle in each others bosom—father and mother bending over their children, as they sit clasped in each other's arms—an image of Providence brooding over his own. Winter evenings around the fireside are a very harvest time of peace, of joy and of consolation. They are associated in our mind with all that childhood recalls most fondly, with all the mystery of conjugal happiness, with all the sage advice and blessings of venerable age. The hearthstone with its circle of illumined faces, the baby on the rug, the sweet sister smiling amid her curls, the mother bending over her needle, the father reclining in his easy chair—the hearthstone always warm and clear, with its polished fender and resplendent andirons, is the brightest spot in memory, never forgotten amid all the changes of this world, ever remembered by the yearning heart of the exile and the forsaken. The forsaken! They who enjoy without appreciating the boon of domestic felicities, should ask of the forsaken, and he will tell them the infinite meanings of that



holy word Home, what wells of sweet waters spring from it, healing like blessed olives the aches of the bruised heart, and exhilarating like a spiritual grace the gentler powers of the soul.

Interest, ambition, avarice and worldly passions alienate too many of us from our homes, and our long winter evenings are often spent in other company, than that which we ought to seek. The thirst of wealth pursues us even after business hours; we follow the phantom even through the night, at the risk of our health and mental rest. The thirst of pleasure increases with the darkness; we leave our pure mothers, wives, sisters and children, to revel in low haunts, where we are exposed to disease, loss of money and loss of honor.

There is no harm in repeating it. The best occupation of the busy man is to spend the leisure of his winter evenings in cultivating the domestic affections, in binding closer and closer the family ties. Every man should be attached to his home and allow nothing to withdraw him from its circle. The example of the spendthrift and the drunkard, with that of the poor Magdalene, daughter of the pave, is there to teach the danger of abandoning it for other pleasures. Let us cling to the hearth. The true joy is found there which the world knows not of and which it can never impart.

The Premier has submitted to Parliament two very important documents. The first was an Order in Council granting to the Canada Central Extension twelve thousand dollars per mile to aid in the construction of the line west from Douglas to connect with the eastern end of the Georgian Bay Branch, 120 miles. The terms are that within one month from the date of the Order the Company must enter into a *bona fide* agreement for the building of the road and provide sufficient means for the work, and they are to make such progress as to justify the completion of the work on or before the 1st of January, 1877. Lessors of Government lines from Georgian Bay to the Eastern Terminus to have running powers over the line of railway. The other document was a contract entered into with Senator Foster for the construction of the Georgian Bay branch, subsidy \$10,000 and 20,000 acres of land for each mile of railway constructed, the land to be in alternate sections along the line of 20 square miles, and 1 per cent. per annum for 25 years, or \$7,500 for each mile of the railway.

Hon. Mr. RYAN, of the Senate, has spoken favorably of the Copyright Act, as amended. According to him the bill provides that the author, if he wishes to publish in this country, and does so within the time prescribed in this law, shall have an opportunity of doing so through any publisher that he thinks fit to choose in the Dominion. On the other hand, the bill provides that if, through neglect of the author to take out his copyright here, or if he is unwilling to do so, then individuals in this country may take out a copyright for such work. The bill does not prohibit the importation of the cheap literature which we now receive from the United States. This was done in justice to the general reader, who might not have an opportunity of receiving cheap literature. There was no doubt but that, with the right to publish copyright works under certain restrictions, we in this country would be able to furnish a cheap or a cheaper literature than we received from United States.

Hon. P. MITCHELL called attention last week, in an exhaustive speech, to the fact that under the Treaty of 1818 the Americans had forfeited any claim they ever had to the right to fish within the three miles headland limit. He gave an elaborate historical account of the measures taken by the Imperial Government to enforce the exclusive rights of British subjects to

the use of our fisheries. That right was never yielded, although it remained in abeyance during the existence of the Reciprocity Treaty. When that Treaty was abrogated, the license system was introduced, principally with a view to requiring recognition of our exclusive jurisdiction in these waters from the Americans. It would be unwise and imprudent in the extreme to raise a question in the House as to the exclusive right of Canada to her inshore fisheries.

The United States Senate has passed a bill remedying the counting of the electoral vote. It requires that no electoral vote or votes to which objections have been made shall be rejected except by the affirmative vote of the two Houses. It also provides that all electoral votes received by the President of the Senate shall be submitted to the Houses in joint convention, and there shall be opportunity for debate in each House previous to the decision by it of any objection. It was pointed out during the debate that, as no vote could be thrown out, except by concurrent action, one House might except one set of returns and the other another, and that two votes from the same State might thus be received. This was guarded against by an amendment, and the bill was passed. It was not regarded to any extent as a party measure.

Hon. Mr. CARSWRIGHT has introduced a bill to regulate the issue of Dominion notes and provide for their redemption. Whenever the amount of Dominion Notes issued and outstanding shall at any time exceed *three millions of dollars*, the Receiver-General shall hold specie to the full amount of such excess, for the redemption of such notes; and whenever the amount of the said notes shall fall below *three millions of dollars*, the Receiver-General shall hold in specie not less than fifty per cent. of the amount of such notes above *one million of dollars* for the redemption of such notes.

It is reported that the German Government has received a memorial from the Protestant clergy of Spain complaining that liberty of worship is threatened. Similar memorials have been forwarded to other Protestant powers in Europe and to the United States. The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* says the memorial asks the intercession of the Protestant powers in behalf of those who, once priests, embraced reformed religion and married while the Republic was in existence, as by a recent decree such marriages have been declared null and void.

We hear by telegraph from Berlin that the adoption by the Prussian Parliament of the new Ecclesiastical Bill withdrawing State endowments from the Catholic clergy is considered secure. All parties except the Ultramontanes have agreed to support it. There is reason to believe that the Government is preparing another measure requiring a test from Catholics in the Civil Service, who number several thousands, and dismissing those who fail to give satisfactory assurances of loyalty.

The cost of the British Arctic Expedition is estimated at £35,000 sterling, including the price of the vessels and the three years' stores. Experienced navigators consider the present season as an unusually favorable one for the enterprise. It is thought that the German Expedition now in course of organization at Bremen will succeed in getting Government aid.

Rumors are prevalent that some changes will soon take place in the Quebec Government. We have no means of testing their truth, but, judging from the character of the debates and the work done dur-

ing the last session, we should say that a little reconstruction would do no harm. Surely there is plenty of talent in the Province to choose from.

The project submitted to King Victor Emmanuel by General Garibaldi for the diversion of the Tiber river and the improvement of the Campagna is received with favor. Offers have already been made to the Government for the prosecution of the work, and a survey under Government supervision will shortly be made.

Right Hon. John Bright has written a letter on the subject of Home Rule, in which he says that only partly mad or wicked men could advocate and urge the plan of John Mitchell. He considers that Mitchell's plan of Home Rule is ridiculous and absurd.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.

VII.

THE TRICKS OF OLD ROOSTER—LOST—SLEEP ON THE PRAIRIE—MOSQUITOES—FOUND.

I was bound to have my own private adventure and I had it. I started, one afternoon, with Page, one of our half-breed guides, for a duck-hunt on the prairie. About five o'clock in the afternoon, we came to a lake which, to our delight, we found covered with the coveted birds. Page had a shot gun, I had only my rifle. His chances were, in consequence, far superior to mine. He took up his position at one side of the lake and plied his weapon to his heart's content. I went over to the other side of the water in quest of adventure. Sitting on my horse, hardly expecting much success, I spied a fair chance for a shot and aiming my rifle, I brought down a duck stricken to the heart with a ball. Too well pleased with my success, and forgetful of the risks which I ran, I immediately leaped from my saddle, and dragging my horse by the bridle, I turned to the water's edge.

My horse was a thorough bred mustang, with all the virtues and vices of his race. He was docile enough, affectionate after a fashion, at times dull as a post, at other times, intelligent, vivacious and proud. He knew me well, as we had been constant companions ever since the march commenced from Fort Dufferin. But like all old acquaintances, he was sometimes inclined to be too familiar. I had christened him "Old Rooster," and I have since fancied that he did not feel complimented by the appellation. In the first place, he may have objected to being called old, when he was probably not more than fifteen, and in the next place, he may not have liked being compared to the type of ridiculous, vain-glorious birds. "Old Rooster" was not much to look at, but for the jog of the prairie, I could not ask for a better horse. I kept him to the end, and when I left the Force at the end of my mission, I can honestly say that I parted from him with genuine regret.

On this particular occasion, as I stooped to pick up the duck from the margin of the lake, the horse seized his opportunity and broke away. And, of course, instead of making straight to the main body of the camp, as a civilized horse would have done, he scooted away in a directly opposite line. Nothing would do, but I must make after him. He did not go fast, being intent upon teasing me, rather any thing else, so that I ran along side of him, but whenever I reached out to seize the bridle, he would shy his head, kick up his heels, and look around me, as if to say, "O no, not if I know it." I ran about eight miles, dropping my duck in disgust on the way. I was amused at first, then I got vexed, then I swore, but all was useless. At last, I resolved upon being philosophic and employing strategy. I got ahead of "Old Rooster," and got up a conversation with him. I promised him all sorts of things, and talked to him like a father. He was actually fooled. He turned his head to make sure that I was in earnest, when I made a desperate plunge and seized the bridle. He had sense enough to see that he was fairly caught and he fairly capitulated.

I got on and struck for the line of march. But here another disappointment presented itself. Instead of continuing the direct route mapped out for the day, the caravan had deflected at an acute angle, and after several hours' ride, I failed to come up with it. It was now far past sunset, night was gathering in its shadows, I was tired and I made up my mind to give up the pursuit for the evening. So I halted in a sheltered hollow, dismounted, made a pillow of my saddle, tied down my horse with the bridle to his pasture, and stretched out to sleep, supperless, wearied and disgusted. The mosquitoes were buzzing in millions. I wrapped my hands in two handkerchiefs, thrust them in my pockets,

covered my face, and still they pestered me beyond endurance. The next day, hands and face were all blistered. I slept thus as best I could, till about three o'clock, next morning, when I awoke to find that my rascally horse had broken from his fastenings and had scampered off over the prairie. Another chase and another series of vexations. At last, I caught him about six or seven miles from the place where I had left my saddle.

Meantime, my friends in camp were kind enough to be alarmed at my absence. Captain Brisebois was detached to the rear with the wagons in order to pick me up. Early in the morning, Dr. Kittson, Morin of E Troop, and Wright of D Troop, went forth in search of me. About six o'clock we met, and my return to camp, I am proud to chronicle, was received with general manifestations of joy.

(Continued next week.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A NEW SHAKSPEAREAN EDITION.—Good reasons only can justify another edition of Shakspeare, when there are so many extant, and we think that Messrs. Virtue are not only justified but to be commended for their present re-issue of Mr. Charles Knight's edition, more especially as the first edition has long been out of print, and also because the accomplished editor undertook the revision of his original work. With the exception of Coleridge, perhaps no critic and commentator has approached the writings of Shakspeare with more reverence and love. The students of our great bard have unanimously admitted the critical ability with which Mr. Chas. Knight performed his task, and the learning and research he has manifested in his copious notes. Those to whom Shakspeare's writings are a dearly-prized inheritance will be glad to know that the illustrations have been selected from such artists as Frith, Maclise, Stanfield, Leslie, Cope, Ward, Briggs, Clint, all Royal Academicians, though, alas! many of them are gone to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." These eminent artists have done more to bring home the text or rather particular scenes and episodes in the various plays to the understanding than those artists employed by Boydell, because they were permitted not only to select their subjects, but to interpret them in their own way; and how admirably they have succeeded must be acknowledged by all who have seen their illustrations; they are full of power, full of merit, full of feeling, full of beauty.

The edition to which we have referred is imperial quarto size, and the prints are from engravings on steel, ten inches by eight inches, and would, if framed, make a Shakspearean picture gallery large enough to cover the walls of an ordinary large sitting-room. In conclusion, we consider the Messrs. Virtues to have performed an acceptable service to the world by this publication, and are pleased to learn that the reading and thinking public are thoroughly appreciating their efforts in producing the best drawing-room edition of Shakspeare yet issued.

SHAKSPEARE VS. BACON.—Mr. T. D. King, of Montreal, a well-known student of Shakspeare, has now in print, and will shortly have published, an exhaustive defence of Shakspeare versus the Baconian Theorists, who are claiming for Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, the authorship of the plays which common consent and tradition have ascribed to Shakspeare. We are glad that the antidote to this "Baconian poison," which emanated from Boston, will be sent forth from Canada.

DOMESTIC.

TO DRESS MACARONI.—Boil a quart of a pound of macaroni in a quart of milk till it becomes tender; put it into the dish in which it is to be served, scrape Cheshire cheese over it, and brown it with a salamander.

FRICASSEE OF PAESNIUS.—Boil in milk till they are soft; then cut them lengthways into bits two or three inches long, and simmer in a white sauce, made of two spoonfuls of broth, a bit of mace, half a cupful of cream, a bit of butter, and some flour, pepper, and salt.

APPLE FOOL.—Bake good sharp apples, remove the pulp with a spoon, and beat it up with a little sifted sugar. To a teneupful use the yolk of an egg and a penny sponge cake; mix together, and rub through a sieve. This is nonishing, and useful in any case where cream or custard is objected to.

YEAST DUMPLINGS.—A pound of flour, a spoonful of yeast, a little salt, make this into a light paste, with warm water; let it lie near an hour, make it into balls, put them into little nets; when the water boils, throw them in; twenty minutes will boil them. Keep them from the bottom of the pan, or they will be heavy.

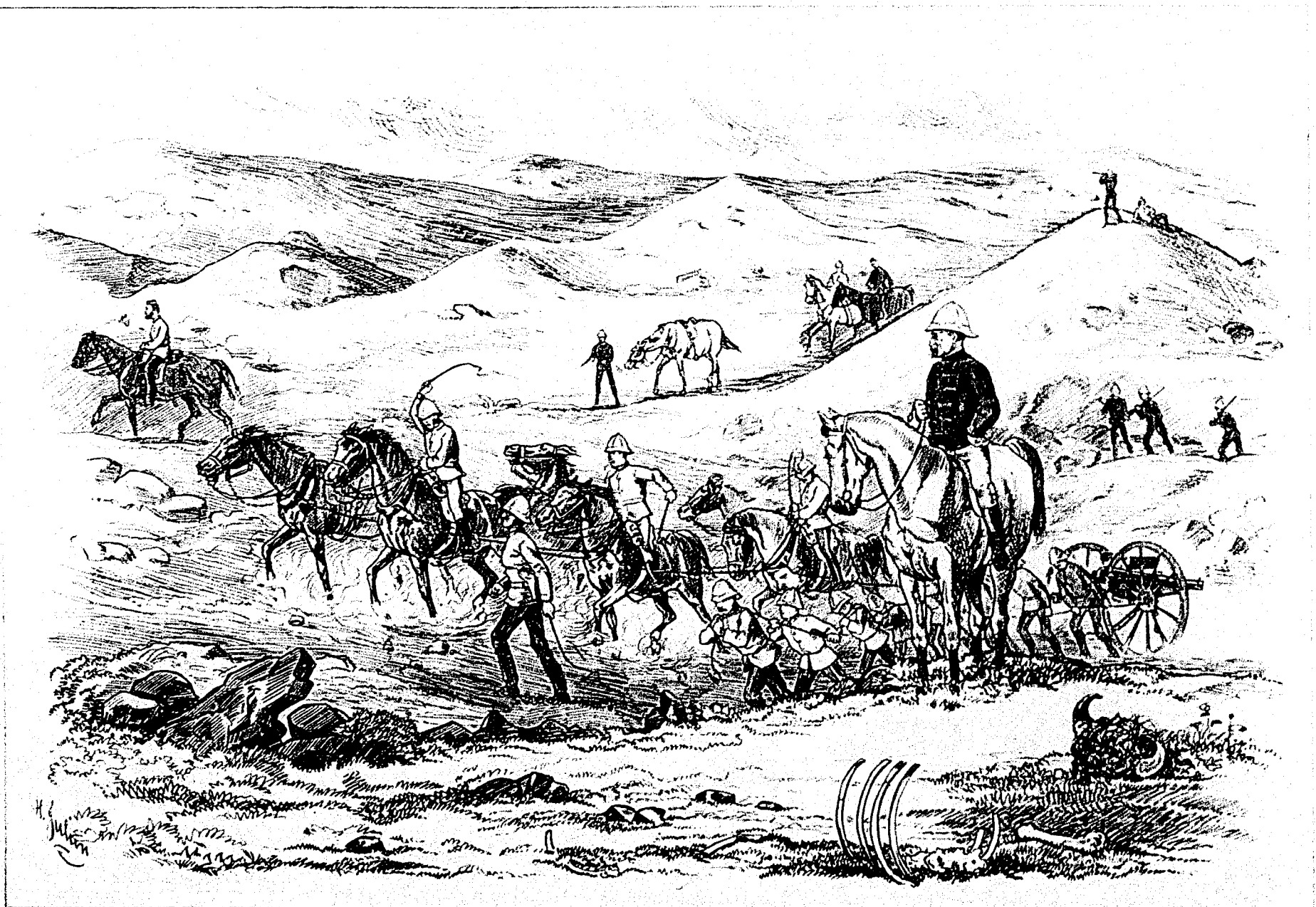
HASH.—At last science grapples with this mysterious compound. The attention of housewives is directed to the words of Professor Redfern, who contends "the process of cutting up meat into small blocks, and then stewing it, the effect of which is that the albumen in the outer surface of each block becomes firmly set, and the whole affords about as indigestible a mass as can well be imagined."

SAUSAGES.—It is a common practice to prick sausages before frying, but this lets out all the gravy. A properly made sausage will not burst in frying if it is put into the pan with a little melted but not hot fat, and cooked slowly until hot throughout. Fifteen to twenty minutes should be allowed for frying sausages, but when done they should be nicely browned. A little butter or lard is best for frying, and some pieces of light bread may be fried in it when the sausages are done, and placed neatly round the edges of the dish.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST:



THE DOCTOR IN HIS TENT.



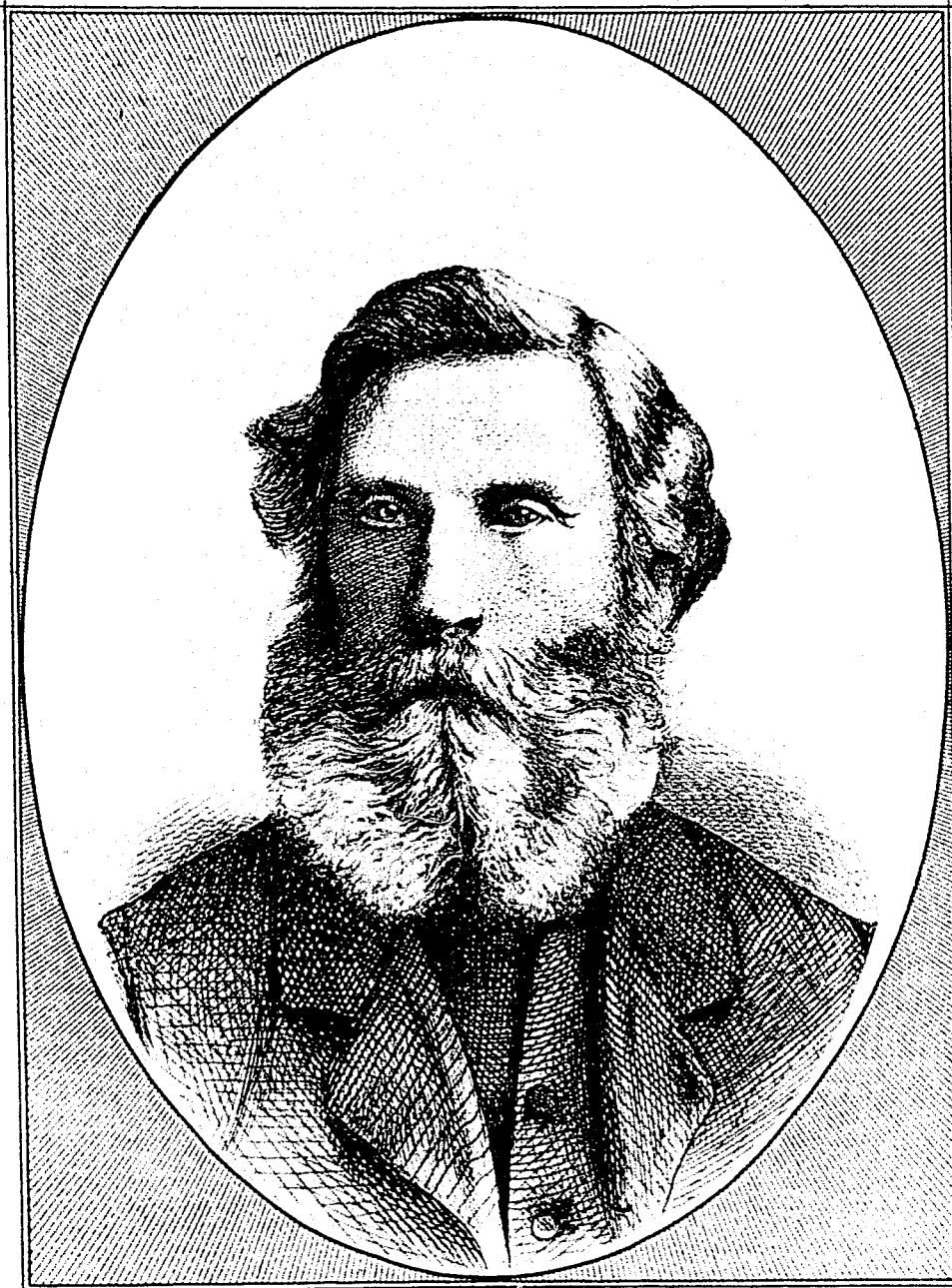
CROSSING THE DIRT HILLS; 6TH AUGUST.



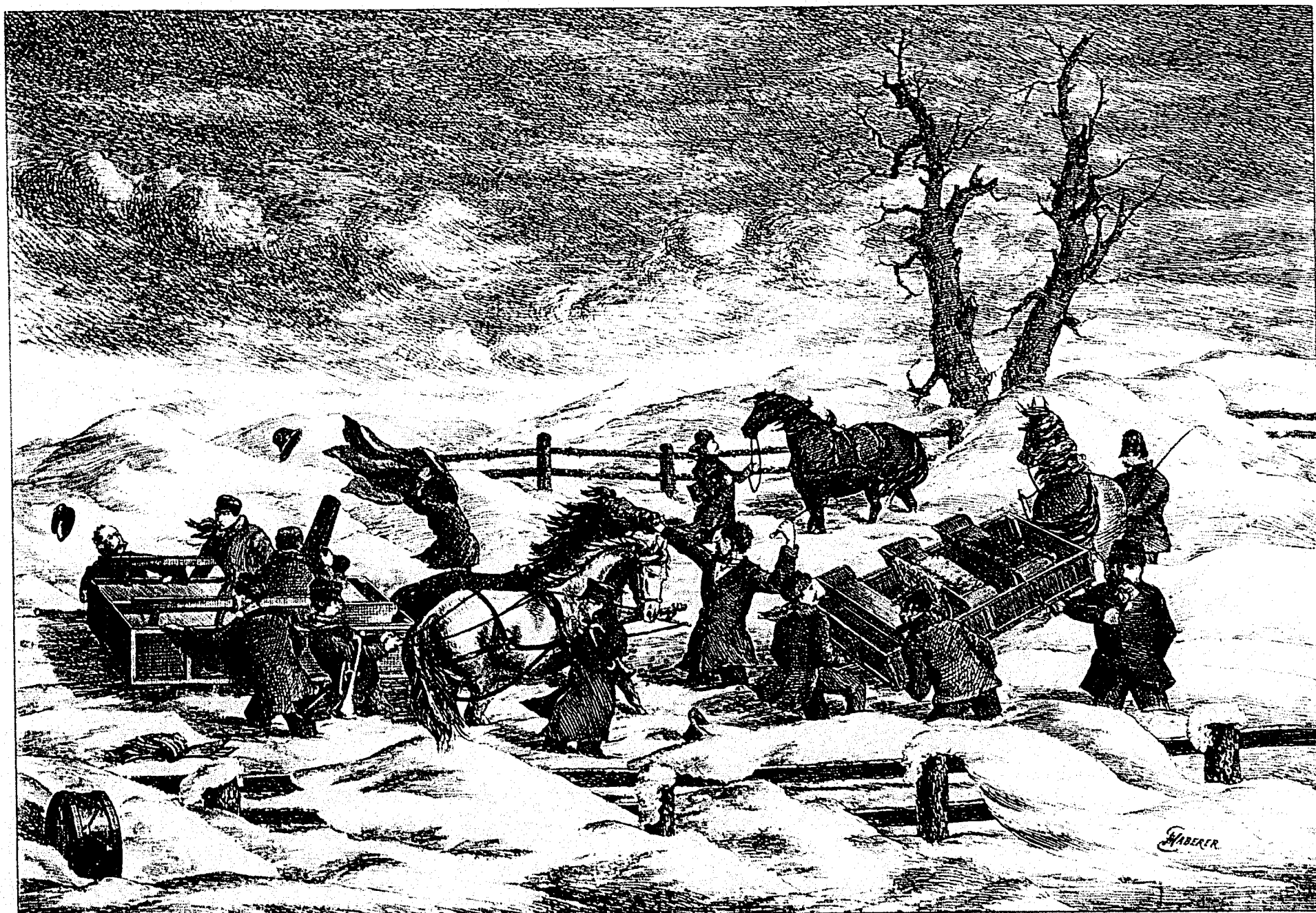
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 227.—HON. L. S. HUNTINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.



No. 228.—HON. R. W. SCOTT, SECRETARY OF STATE.



BERLIN, ONT.—THE BAND OF THE MULLIGAN GUARDS CAUGHT IN A SNOW STORM ON THEIR WAY TO ELMIRA.

## STANLEY FERRY.

This is Stanley Ferry:  
Here we met and parted—  
Meeting, we were merry,  
Parting, broken-hearted.  
She came—she went away—  
I kissed her—she was gone:  
Unchanged at all from day to day,  
The river is flowing on.

Still looks Stanley Ferry.  
By the peaceful river:  
Ever-changing faces  
Come and go forever;  
Never one may stay—  
They flit—they fade—are gone;  
While still unchanged from day to day,  
The river is flowing on.

Why by Stanley Ferry  
Mute I like a lover?  
Love must come and vanish,  
Youth is quickly over.  
Sweet lips turn to clay,  
Pleasure must begone,  
While still unchanged from day to day,  
The river is flowing on.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

## GUY'S FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL

(Continued from our last.)

III.

"I always have callers in the morning," Nettie was standing on the door-step of her friend's house, looking oh, so sweet in her pretty seal sacque and furs. She wore a little scarlet bird perched coquettishly in her cap, and as she said good-by to Alice and walked briskly out into the morning air, a color that rivalled its bright plumage, came into her cheeks; her eyes sparkled, and the smile that played around her tiny coral mouth plainly told that her thoughts were pleasant ones.

"How unjustly he has been treated!" she mused "robbed of his inheritance, and sent from home, just because he refused to marry one whom he didn't love! As if any person could! But his father will be sure to relent. He must. No one could keep anger against Guy—and then, perhaps I—oh, I'd love to go to Scotland!" And she clasped her hands tightly together, inside her muff. She was sure, in her present hopeful state of mind, that her father would forgive her for frustrating his design with regard to marrying Ernest Hamilton, and that when he heard Guy's story, he would not be so averse to their union.

Poor Nettie! when she reached home, she ran gaily up to her room, and taking off her walking-dress came down in a pretty, warm rose-colored cashmere, to the breakfast room. "Good-morning, papa," she said, kissing him. "How lazy you are! eleven o'clock! why, I breakfasted two hours ago, and am hungry enough after my long walk to go through the performance again!" And she sat down, laughing, and poured out a cup of coffee. She wondered why he did not speak, and glancing up she saw him looking at her with a loving, pitying gaze. He had been reading the morning-paper, and it lay on the table beside him.

"Is anything wrong, papa?" she asked, putting down her cup.

"Have you seen the *Globe* this morning, Nettie?"

"No; Mr. Rose had not yet got his when I came away. I left early. What is it?" She was not yet alarmed.

"You will be very much shocked, dearest. There is a long account of an attempt at murder which was committed last night."

"A murder! in Toronto?" cried Nettie.

"Yes. The poor fellow is not dead yet, however, although his wounds are supposed to be mortal. Don't give way, my love! Oh, how shall I tell her!" said he, in despair, trying in vain to lead up to the final disclosures in the easiest way. Nettie had risen from her seat, and her father came round and put both his arms around her.

"Who is it, father? How does it concern me? Oh, speak! don't be afraid!" She grasped the back of her chair tightly. She was pale as marble; her eyes were distended, and her slender body swayed to and fro like a reed. "He is not dead, dear, while there is life, there is hope," said her father, trying to soften the blow. "It is young Sylvester!"

Nettie stared at him blankly, then shaking herself free from his arms, she made one step forward, and then fell, crushed and death-like on the floor. "Better so," said her father, as he lifted her tenderly and placed her on a sofa. "How she loves him, poor child!" and he rang violently for assistance. Nettie was carried to her room, where the combined efforts of her maid and father succeeded after some time, in restoring her to consciousness. A long lingering sigh indicated her return to life and misery. She opened her eyes and found her father bending anxiously over her.

"Are you better, love?" he asked, motioning to the servant to retire.

"Better?" she sighed. "What was it?" and then with a piercing shriek, she sprang from the bed, and seizing her father violently by the arm, she cried, "How did it happen? Where is he now? Who did it?"

"Calm yourself, my child, and I will tell you all I know. I have only the first accounts for it happened last night, or early this morning. The body was found apparently lifeless, in a half-finished building, just outside of the city on the

Brockton road. It was found by old Dougald McNab, who on his way to his work this morning (he is one of our porters, you know,) discovered blood upon the snow—but never mind, dear, it only distresses you."

"Go on!"  
"Well he followed a track of footsteps made by one person—all along which were traces of blood, till it brought him to this partly finished house in which he found young Sylvester, to all appearances, dead. There was no evidence pointing towards the perpetrator of the deed, and it was not known whether the poor fellow was carried there, or whether he managed to walk himself. However, had it not been for the shelter the place afforded him, he would certainly have been quite dead, for the frost was keen."

"Where did they take him?" A dreadful calmness had replaced her agitation. She seemed turned to stone. Her father ceased to expostulate, and went on.

"Dougald carried him at once to his house, and dispatched his daughter for assistance, which soon arrived, along with several doctors. He was attended to with all skill, but they give no hope of his recovery. It seems that McNab had been a confidential servant in the young fellow's family in Scotland, though I was not aware of the fact before, and that Sylvester had been at his house till late at night, and left with the intention of walking into town. That is all that is known about the sad affair."

"No! I know more about it!" said Nettie in a hard cold voice.

"You!" Exclaimed her father, "why you knew nothing at all about it when you came home this morning!"

"I know that the murderer is Ernest Hamilton!"

Mr. Glynberry was thunderstruck; but throwing off his amazement, he took his daughter's hand, and drawing her down beside him on a sofa, he said, gravely "Nettie, only your terrible distress and bewilderment of mind excuses the absurdity of such a statement. Ernest Hamilton was here this morning, and was as greatly shocked as I was about this dreadful occurrence. He was very ill, and looked miserable and unhappy, and you, Nettie, were the cause. He begged me to apologize to you for some hastiness of temper he accused himself of having exhibited the other day; he even manifested great concern at the sorrow that he said he knew you would feel about young Sylvester. He was both kind and generous, although I could see your rejection of him had well-nigh broken his heart. He was nervous and prostrated, had come to say "good-by," as he intended going away for change of air. He was to start by the noon train, and is gone by this time."

"Oh, fled! Gone, and unsuspected!"  
"Really, Nettie, you are too preposterous! Let me hear no more of this!" said Mr. Glynberry, impatiently.

Nettie turned suddenly, and holding out both hands, said entreatingly, "Papa, take me to Guy! Oh, take me to my darling!"

"My love," said her father, touched to the heart, "he must not be disturbed. His physicians say that absolute and perfect quiet are necessary, as his life hangs by a thread; your seeing him would agitate him. Besides, why should you go? It is true, you say you love one another, but there is no engagement between you."

"Oh, there is—I am his promised wife! Our engagement only wants your sanction. You will take me to him! Oh, you cannot, cannot be so cruel as to refuse!" The pathos of her own words brought the relief of tears. Her father kissed her, and ordered the carriage. On the way, she told him of having seen Guy upon the evening before, and of all he had told her.

"Only a few hours ago, I left him safe, well, and happy in the prospect of a reconciliation with you! He was to call this morning, papa," she said, between her sobs, "and now—Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

Her father petted and soothed her; he withdrew, at this late hour, all opposition to their wishes, and begged her to be calm for Guy's sake. By degrees she became quiet, and even maintained her outward composure when the carriage stopped at the little garden gate. She was so weak, that she leaned her whole weight on her father's arm as they walked up the path. The door was ajar and they entered the parlor at once. Flora McNab was standing by the table, rigid and motionless. Her black hair fell in showers of ringlets about her shoulders; there were great black rings under her eyes, and, although her lips were colorless, a bright red spot flamed on either cheek.

She fixed her eye on Nettie as she entered, and when Mr. Glynberry, said, removing his hat, "Madam, we have come to enquire after Mr. Sylvester's condition," she never stirred, but still gazed on Nettie.

"Poor Flora," thought Nettie pitiful even in her own grief. "She feels it as much as I do!" And stepping forward, she laid her hand on Flora's arm, saying, "I am Nettie Glynberry. You must be Flora—Miss McNab. Oh, do tell me how he is! Is there any hope?"

"I do not know. The doctors are with him now." The words fell from her lips as though of their own accord, and at the sound of her own voice a shudder ran through her frame. And then these two girls sat down side by side in speechless but superpathetic sorrow and suspense. Presently, Nettie turned to her father and said, "papa, you may as well go back and leave me here. You will let me stay, Miss McNab, and help you nurse him, won't you? You know—you know I have the right."

"I cannot think of allowing you to stay, Nettie!" said her father.

"Oh, don't, don't prevent me, papa!" She pleaded, and Flora said, "Certainly, Miss Glynberry. If I were in your place, nothing under heaven would keep me from him!" There was bitterness as well as spirit in her tone, but Nettie's sweet manner had quite disarmed her jealousy. Her whole heart was filled with pity for the girl whose lover lay dying in the next room. She buried her own hopeless love down, down in the bottom of her heart, and though it lay there like a leaden weight, she bore it bravely.

Mr. Glynberry yielded to his daughter's entreaties, and left the two girls together. Flora rose and paced the floor, and Nettie remained sitting with bowed head and clutched hands. Presently, she looked up and asked, "Has he spoken?"

"Only to speak your name."

Nettie sobbed, a pitiful, heart-breaking sob without tears.

"Oh, Flora," she cried, "I know nothing about it! How was it done? Was he—shot?"  
"No. He was stabbed three times in the back. No one has the least suspicion who did it, for he was a universal favorite and never made enemies, and it is feared that, if he should ever recover sufficiently to tell anything, he will not be able to throw any light upon the matter, as it is not likely he saw his assailant at all."

At this moment, Dougald McNab came in, he was haggard and worn, and looked ten years older than when we last saw him. He showed no surprise at seeing Nettie there, and in answer to the looks of agonizing enquiry of the two girls, said, "They hae gang awa'. They canna' tell whither or na' my puir lad will live, but say there is a chance where there is youth and guid care."

The poor loving hearts caught at that chance, and with a gleam of reviving hope on her face, Nettie cried "Good care he shall have, and the best of it! How is he now, Mr. McNab? Can I see him?"

"He is conscious Miss Glynberry, but as still as the dead. He has whispered your name once or twice. The doctors say he maun na be excited, sae ye will hae to be very quiet. "Oh, Dougald I will be quiet; only let me see him!"

The old man went softly into the adjoining room, and bending over the bed, whispered, "Dear Master Guy, Miss Glynberry hae come." The pale, wan lips smiled, and the heavy eyelids strove to open but drooped with the effort. Dougald went out as softly as he had entered. "Ye kin gae noo," he said. And both the girls went in. Flora went over to the table and poured out a few drops from a vial into a glass. Nettie glided over to the bed on which was laid the whom she had seen but the day before, radiant with love, happiness, health, and manly beauty. The soft fair hair lay against the cold clammy forehead; the face was deadly white; and the blue-veined eyelids were so transparent that the loving eyes looking down upon them fancied they saw the deep blue which they covered. She stooped and dropped one kiss, light as a breath, upon the marble brow, and that kiss light as it was, fell like a blow on the heart of her who watched. Once more the poor pale lips smiled, and formed the well-beloved name.

Nettie stayed and nursed her lover. The effect of all the loving care that was expended on Guy Sylvester was at first very uncertain. For days and days, he hung between life and death. At last, youth and a superb constitution had a final struggle with death, and conquered. A few more days, and his case was pronounced hopeful; yet a few more, and he was out of danger. Oh, the grateful hearts, the happy faces and joyful voices, that lighted up the little cottage when this result was achieved!

Nettie Glynberry returned home, but spent all her time in bringing fruit and delicacies to the convalescent, who seemed to gain strength from the sunshine of her presence.

Now that the excitement was over, and the strain removed from her nerves, Flora McNab seemed to grow paler and thinner every day. She was languid and weak, and the hectic flush upon her cheek grew brighter and brighter. Her poor old father trembled as he looked upon her large eyes, glowing like stars. She tried to laugh away his fears at first, but after Guy was well enough to return to his own rooms in the hotel where he lived, she made an effort to breathe the sad tidings gently to the father who worshipped her.

"This world is not for me, father. I could never be happy, try how I would. To love and take care of you would be a never-ending source of delight, but it would not entirely compensate for that which I could never have. I will tell you, who will only love and pity me more, that I love one who loves another—one without whose love I would rather die than live!" And she laid her head on the tender heart whose every pulse throbbled with love for her.

"My puir lassie! My ain dear bairn!" while his tears dropped on her bowed head. Not one word did he say of his own lonely, breaking heart.

"When he goes home—and I am sure when Benarven hears of what has happened, he will send for his son—you will go with him, father dear, to the old home you love so dearly, and I, oh, father dear," she cried, while her face became radiant with a heavenly smile "I too, will be with you—in spirit!" The old man checked his sobs for fear of grieving her, and after clasping her passionately to his breast, he went away to bear his burden alone.

Meanwhile, Guy Sylvester, unconscious that

while one tender heart was living in his love, another was dying for want of it, continued to recover. He was able to go out and visited constantly at Mr. Glynberry's. He was looked upon by every one as a hero, although, as is often the case, his heroism was of a passive, rather than an active kind, consisting, as it did, in some one else having tried to murder him, and failed. Of that some one, nothing had as yet been discovered, for Guy himself, as Flora had supposed, could give no clue; and Nettie, in obedience to her father's command, had refrained from expressing her suspicion; and as Guy had recovered, she was content to banish everything else from her mind.

IV.

Guy Sylvester's engagement to Nettie Glynberry had been made public for some time, and the date of their marriage had been fixed upon. One day, early in June when, under a serene and lovely sky, the air was filled with the songs of the birds, and the delicious odors of the roses and honey-suckles, Guy stepped in at the open window of the parlor where Nettie sat reading to her father, and after greeting them both, he took a letter from his pocket, and said, gravely, "I have news from home, Nettie."

"Good or bad?" She asked quietly.

"Both: My father sends for me, but he is ill—dying, I fear. Read it."

Nettie took it and read

BENARVEN HOUSE, BENARVEN.

June 1st, 1873.

MY DEAR GUY,—Our father is very ill, may-be dying. He bids me send for you to come to him. We have all heard the tidings of your providential escape from death, and are waiting to see and rejoice with you. The shock had a bad effect on Benarven's delicate health, and he longs with the greatest impatience to see, and restore you to your rightful position as heir to his estate. You always knew that I did not willingly displace you. Need I add that I agree with him in wishing to do you this tardy justice! Do not fail to return to Scotland at once, on the first steamer, if possible, for our father's state is most precarious. Till then, farewell, and accept the best wishes and congratulations of

Your affectionate brother,

EDGAR SYLVESTER.

"Oh, how delightful!" cried Nettie, "I was sure it would be so! Of course, you will go at once, Guy? It may do your father good to see you, for you may be sure he has missed you sadly in spite of his anger."

"Yes, Nettie. I will go by the very first steamer."

Nettie's face suddenly fell. She grew pale and then blushed like a rose as Guy came to her side, and whispered, "And you will come with me!"

"Well, my dear Guy, I congratulate you. If ever any person ought to be congratulated, you ought. No sooner do you recover your health, than you also recover all that makes youth and health enjoyable—a fine inheritance, and I must be pardoned if I add, as lovely a little wife as could be found the wide world over." And Mr. Glynberry laid Nettie's soft, trembling little hand in Guy's.

"And will they call you 'Benarven,' instead of Guy Sylvester?" said Nettie, "How funny!"

"Not while my father lives, Nettie. But I will always be Guy Sylvester to you!"

"Dougald McNab will go, too, of course?"

"Certainly, darling. Poor dear old man. He is heart-broken about Flora's death, but bear it well. For my part, I don't know how people who have such trouble keep from getting hardened. Instead of that, the poor old fellow is more sweet-natured than ever. He rejoices in my happiness, and only wishes to go with us and die where he was born."

Nettie's face was bathed in tears as she listened, and Guy, wishing to change the subject, suddenly cried, "Oh I have more news, stranger still, but shocking! I read it in a foreign paper this morning. A man in a little French watering place, who was known by the name of Frank Barton, had become insane. He labored under the delusion that he had been murdered and talked constantly of three wounds which he said he had in his back where he had been stabbed by a person bearing my name!"

"Your name!" Exclaimed father and daughter in a breath.

"Yes. You can imagine my surprise. No sooner was he found to be insane, when efforts were made by the people to restrain his liberty, but he escaped, and throwing himself from a rock into the water, was drowned. His body was recovered and from papers found upon it, he turns out to be no other than Ernest Hamilton!"

"Ernest Hamilton!" ejaculated Mr. Glynberry, while Nettie clasped her hands.

"His father, you know, Sir, has been abroad for some time; on seeing the accounts in the paper, and recognizing my name, he was filled with vague suspicions, and immediately went to the place and identified the body. The explanation is simple: It was he who attempted my life—do you remember warning me once, Nettie?—and then went mad, if he was not so at the time, which is very probable, and became possessed of this extraordinary delusion."

"I told you so, papa!" said Nettie, and after she had relieved her mind by this truly feminine remark, they agreed to forget all their misfortunes and only think of their good fortune.

Five days after, Guy and Nettie Sylvester, accompanied by their faithful friend Dougald McNab, were on the bounding deep, which was not more deep nor unfathomable than their love for one another.

THE END.



HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

**WEIGHTS OF BOYS AND GIRLS.**—Upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than seven pounds. For the first twelve years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that age the boys acquire a decided preponderance. Young men of twenty average one hundred and thirty-five pounds, while the young women of twenty average one hundred and ten pounds each. Men reach their heaviest weight at about forty years of age, when their average weight will be about one hundred and forty pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty years of age, when their average weight will be one hundred and thirty. Taking the men and women together, their weight at full growth will then average from one hundred and eight to one hundred and fifty; and women from eighty to one hundred and thirty. The average weight of humanity all over the world, taking the ages and conditions, working men and women, and gentlemen and ladies without occupation, black and white, boys, girls, and babies, is very nearly one hundred pounds avoirdupois weight.

**LIVING OUT SORROW.**—Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow—over-leaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction so solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.

**EVEN TEMPER.**—An attribute so precious that, in our consideration, it becomes a virtue, is a gentle and constant equality of temper. To sustain it, not only exacts a pure mind, but a vigour of understanding which resists the petty vexations and fleeting contrarieties which a multitude of objects and events are continually bringing. What an unutterable charm does it give to the society of a man who possesses it! How is it possible to avoid loving him whom we are certain always to find with serenity on his brow, and a smile on his countenance?

**"LITTLE CONJURERS."**—"I am fond of children," said the late Doctor Binnev. "I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes—little conjurers, with their 'natural magic,' evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think—if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child!"

**EXPERIENCE.**—The best education one can obtain is the education experience gives. In passing through life learn everything you can. It will all come in play.

**HOPE.**—A strong mind always hopes, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events.

**MISTAKES.**—Let not mistakes or wrong directions, of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many, discourage you. There is a precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong.

**OPENNESS AND DISGUISE.**—Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

**VIRTUE.**—Epicurus says "Gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it." And where is the virtue that has not? But still the virtue is to be valued for itself, and not for the profit that attends it.

**SEEMING DECEITFUL.**—It is far easier to feign respect when we do not feel it, than to express it when we actually do; for which reason frank, straightforward people always appear hypocritical to suspicious ones. The very fear of seeming deceitful makes us seem so.

**TELL MOTHER.**—Her advice is worth having. When you are inclined to flirt with some gay, unknown Don Whiskerando, ask her opinion concerning the matter. If she check the untimely flirtation, so much the better. School-girl flirtations may end disastrously, as many a foolish, wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be bruised off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent. And, above all, tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is strange that many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important that she should know. It is said that indifferent persons know more about her fair young daughter than she does herself.

**KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.**—Pay no attention to slanderers or gossip-mongers. Keep straight in your course, and let their back-bitings die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at night, brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of fretting over a piece of gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody who

has more time than character? These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them and in combining them give them character and standing.

If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all back-bitings and gossipings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

KNIFE AND FORK.

The science of cooking is unknown in this country. One reason is that we have more good meat than we know what to do with. We buy lots of it for a comparatively small price, throw it over the fire, and let it "do" itself as it likes. If we had less meat, and if we had to pay high for it, as in Europe, we should be more careful in our preparations. We should then study to make it go a long way, and every piece would be dressed so as to make it palatable.

There is the beefsteak. We can get the best for ten or twelve cents. No food is like it, and yet how few housekeepers know how to make it. O memories of boarding house breakfast tables, with their cold plates, their screeching knives, their sticky gravy and the leathery slab that one does not eat, but must tear like a carnivorous beast! Women complain of cantankerous or capricious husbands, but who can blame these if they fret or growl when the succulent rosy steak which they selected in the morning on their way down town, is served up to them dry, hard and tasteless?

And yet nothing is simpler than the operation of cooking a steak properly. Let women pay attention and I will teach them once for all. First, a good bright fire topped with charcoal, or in default thereof with coke. This will produce the intense heat absolutely necessary to cook a steak to perfection. Next, use a gridiron, never a frying pan or odious saucepan. Let the bars of the gridiron be thoroughly heated and then rubbed with a little fat. You may slightly pepper the steak before putting on, but never salt until it is cooked, as this causes the juices of the meat to flow. The steak should be turned, and only once turned, with a pair of tongs or a couple of spoons, and should by no means be prodded with a fork. All hammering of steaks with cleavers or cutlet bats should be avoided, and the use of hideous contrivances resembling gigantic "back-scratchers," for punching and clapper-clawing the meat to make it tender, should be eschewed.

Turned only once and broiled for about ten minutes over a clear fire, the steak is cooked, and should then be sprinkled with salt and served on a tremendously hot dish garnished with horseradish. Confirmed steak eaters insist that nothing beyond pepper, salt, mustard, and horseradish is needed with a steak, except a mealy potato and slice of stale bread; but the *dicta* of these rigid purists are often set aside in these degenerated days, and oysters sauce or fried onions are often served as accompaniments. Many like their plates rubbed with a shallot, while others cover their steak with shallot finely minced. Hot horseradish sauce is also frequently eaten with a steak, and is an excellent companion to it. Mushroom catsup is also liked by many, but should always be made hot. The sight of a human being deluging a prime hot steak with cold catsup arouses stormy emotions in the bosom of a true eater.

The practice of cutting steaks from the sirloin prevails in America as well as in France; but, although the upper and under portions are often divided into "sirloin steak" and "tenderloin," the truly national practice is to cut clean through the bone and serve both in one piece, which is then called a "porterhouse steak." There is a story current "on the other side" to the effect that, on landing in New York, a gentleman of the Hibernian persuasion endowed with the lightness of heart and of luggage often enjoyed by the "Irish emigrant," was enthusiastically received by a jovial compatriot who, having enjoyed the free air of Manhattan for about six months, and being already a thriving citizen and a "good democrat," invited the "new chum" to eat a steak with him forthwith. Rushing into a restaurant he ordered a "double porterhouse," and was quickly served with that very agreeable species of the genus steak. "By the powers!" yelled the new comer, "to think that my mother's son should cross the salt sea to eat a mutton chop made of beef!" This Hibernian definition actually gives a perfectly clear idea of the famous "porterhouse steak." These hand-some cuts are broiled, and often served with mushrooms, making a capital dish for at least two persons. It must, however, be admitted that in America exist persons depraved enough not only to fry these magnificent steaks, but, like the man who ate asparagus at the wrong end, to pretend that they like them best that way.

Then there is mutton. You may search every hotel, every restaurant and every household kitchen before finding that old wholesome chop, which wept succulent tears under the sharp action of the knife, the chop whose borders rustled under the teeth, while the heart remained

firm and marrowy. Now, under the guise of chops, some stuff or other is presented you which resembles so much sponge dipped in tallow. The famous French writer and critic, Roqueplan, used to say in his inimitable manner, when such were set before him:

"Water," showing his plate, "if this is a chop, you are making fun of me. If it is candle-grease, you have forgotten a match?"

A chop must be swiftly, hotly done, so as to retain all its juice. Use nearly the same process as with a steak, and you have a dish fit for king.

FOURCHETTE.

THE GLEANER.

A word about the literary habits of the late Canon Kingsley: "His energy made him seem everywhere, and to pervade every part of house and garden. The MS. of the book he was writing lay open on a rough standing-desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall; his pupils—two in number, and treated like his own sons—were working in the dining-room, his guests perhaps, lounging on the lawn or reading in the study. And he had time for all, going from writing to lecturing on optics, or to a passage in Virgil, from this to a vehement conversation with a guest, or tender care for his wife—who was far from strong—or a romp with his children."

Another word about the personal appearance of the Poet Laureate: "He lives in great luxury, in a poetically picturesque country mansion rich in its architecture and lavish and tasteful in its adornments and knick-knacks. There are about it terraces and fountains, greeneries and flower parterres, avenues and lawns; it is the mansion of a rich man of high taste and culture. He is tall, gaunt, shaggy-haired, with a ragged-looking beard and long, straggling locks of a light brown, very much tinged with grey. He wears a big slouch hat and cloak, and were it not for a pair of deep, large, dreamy eyes, there would be nothing in the least poetic in his appearance. Indeed, he is almost shabby to the outward eye; his manner shy, and his apparent endeavor is to pass hither and thither quite unnoticed."

A reverend lecturer has been giving some amusing comments on the incongruities of certain psalm singing: For instance, 'Love thee better than before' was divided, 'Love thee bet-'; 'My poor polluted heart' became 'My poor pol-'; 'We'll catch the fleeting hour' was sung 'We'll catch the flee-'; 'And take thy pilgrim home' became 'And take thy pil-'; 'And in the pious he delights' was 'And in the pi- and in the pi-'; and 'Send down salvation from on high' became 'Send down sal-'. A soprano in one case sang 'Oh for a man-'; and the chorus responded 'Oh for a mansion in the skies.' In one case the soprano modestly sang 'Teach me to kiss'; the alto took up the strain 'Teach me to kiss,' while the bass rendered it quite prosaic by singing 'Teach me to kiss the rod.'

The great and wonderful Liszt has been giving a concert in Rome. He was dressed as an abbe. His hair, which has become quite white, is still very long. The eye-glass with which he followed the notes was constantly falling. His touch is still a prodigy, and the keys seem to fly to the ends of his fingers. The ladies in particular were rapt in admiring astonishment as they were forty years ago.

A very touching exchange of presents has just taken place between the Queen and the Empress Eugénie. Her Majesty sent to the widow of Napoleon III., immediately after her return to Chislehurst from her visit to Windsor Castle, the first volume of Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*; and this week the Empress Eugénie has presented to Queen Victoria a superbly-bound copy of the first two volumes of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's *Life of Napoleon III.*

Our theatrical readers will be pleased to read the following classification of the more famous Parisian actresses, the greatest in the world: "Theo is the prettiest, Angelo, of the Gymnase, is the most beautiful, Rousseil is the most tragic, Alphonsine the most comic, Croizette the most *bizarre*, Sarah Bernhardt the most poetic and refined, Lia Felix the most emotional, Marie Laurent the most maternal, Emilie Broisat is the sweetest, Schneider the jolliest, Celine Chaurmont the 'chippiest,' Judic the most bewitching, and Angele Moreau the most touching. Angelo has the most beautiful figure; Lloyd, of the Comedie Francaise, the loveliest neck and shoulders, Sarah Bernhardt the most expressive eyes, Judic the pearllest teeth, Clotilde Colas the prettiest profile, Peschard the most beautiful legs, Schneider the daintiest hands and feet, Blanche Pierson the most beautiful hair, Marie Laurent the biggest and blackest eyes, and Angele Moreau the most plaintive voice."

The number of London and provincial managers of theatres who have been attracted to Paris by M. Ernest Blum's *Rose Michel* at the Ambigu is legion. The melodrama has excited the Parisians to fever heat. It is a "one-part piece," and the character is a lady and a mother. Accordingly, enterprising Englishmen thought it would be a good thing for them, and crossed the Channel in spite of sou'-westers and chopping seas. The mail train from Charing Cross on one Saturday night conveyed four of these gentlemen, and as luck would have it, three of them travelled in the same carriage to Dover. At first they each tried to cover themselves in wraps and avoid recognition; all, however, were aware of their companions' identity, and at last con-

versation became general. The secret could no longer be kept, and it was remarkable how fluently the various reasons for the journey were explained. One was going to visit his daughter who was at school, another intended to meet his father-in-law at Marseilles, whilst the third declared himself bilious and thought that a toss on the Channel might set him up. The question, however, as to the right of producing *Rose Michel* in English has been settled. Mrs. Mary Gladstone has, through her agent, bought the coveted drama for a large sum.

Marshal Canrobert has been pushed forward of late as the successor of Marshal MacMahon in case he resigned; of course so noted a Bonapartist was only advocated by the Imperialists. Canrobert is a good fighting soldier, but nothing more; Parisians well remember his energy on the Boulevards, in the execution of the Coup d'Etat. He is married to an English lady, Madlle. Flora Macdonald, whose acquaintance he thus made in 1856 at a Tuileries ball. "Marshal," said she, "will you treat me as a Russian and make me dance?" "Impossible, Mademoiselle, there is an armistice proclaimed," but he called a young officer, and ordered him to be her *vis-à-vis*, remarking that a Marshal of France envied a sub-lieutenant's good fortune. A few years later Mademoiselle became Maréchale Canrobert.

HUMOROUS.

JOSH Billings says: "If you are going to give a man anything, give it to him cheerfully and quick, don't make him get down on his knees in front of you, and listen to the ten commandments and then give him five cents."

COLONEL PRALL, of Lexington, Ky., says an old lady on his pension-roll, now living in that city, was one hundred and one years old last October. But the old lady is killing herself smoking a pipe. She has been at it now for the last half century, and he thinks she can't stand it many years longer.

MILLIONAIRES are called "rich men" in New York, and no others may expect this felicitous title. A half millionaire is said to be "well off and independent." A \$250,000 man is "very comfortable." Place that figure at \$100,000 and the owner is a "small man"; under \$50,000 he is "poor," while a \$25,000 man is such a poor devil as to be unworthy of mention.

"You jist ought to have been over to our house, last night!" shouted one small boy to another on the Campus Martius, yesterday. "Why—making pictures?" inquired the other. "Not much! Humph! No, Sir; our folks went away, and we had pop-corn, two kinds of sweetened water, milk and camphor, drew the dog around in the table-cloth, and the hired girl told us eight ghost stories."

WHEN the Duke of Newcastle was on this continent, a citizen of Cincinnati, who had managed to get introduced to the Duke, thus introduced his wife at Pike's Opera House: "Duke, let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Judge—, the daughter of Major-Gen. —of Kentucky, who was brutally massacred by the British and Indians while gloriously fighting for his country at the battle of River Raisin."

ONE of the boys just before returning to Cornell, the other day, sent a young lady friend of his, a cake of Lubin's finest variety of toilet soap, with the request that she would draw no inference on receiving such a gift. The next day, the young man was somewhat astonished when he received a letter from the young lady containing the present of a fine-tooth comb, with the request that he would draw no inferences therefrom.

SEVENTEEN years ago, a Louisville young woman was told by a clairvoyant that she was destined to marry an auburn-haired young man with blue eyes and a heavy mustache; that he would soon be rich, and that they would have two children—a boy and a girl. She did marry the auburn-haired man. They have five children now, the auburn hair has disappeared from the top of the husband's head, and he is getting fifteen dollars a week.

How, would you feel, my dear, if we were to meet a wolf? "asked an old lady of her little grandchild, with whom she was walking along a lonely country road. "Oh, grandmamma, I should be so frightened!" was the reply. "But I should stand in front of you and protect you," said the old lady. "Would you granie?" cried the child, clapping her hands with delight. "That would be nice! While the wolf was eating you I should have time to run away."

BISHOP AMES tells a story of a slave master in Missouri, in the olden time of negro vassalage, who said to his chattel: "Pompey, I hear you are great preacher." "Yes, massa, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes." "Well, Pompey, do you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?" "Ise mighty 'fraid they does, massa." "Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes against stealing." After a brief reflection, Pompey replied: "You see, massa, dat wouldn't never do, cause 't would trou such a col'ness over de meetin'."

"OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO!" (A fascinating young Irish lady, with a lovely brogue, is warbling characteristic popular ditties in the Neapolitan dialect, encouraged thereto by the consciousness that her enraptured audience doesn't know a word of even ordinary Italian.)—Enthusiastic Youth: "How awfully beautifully your sister sings, Mr. O'Dowd! How awfully vividly she recalls to one's mind the—the—Chiusa, you know—and Vesuvius—and—the deep blue Italian sky!" Mr. O'Dowd: "Ah! th'in doesn't she, sor! Ye've been in Italy, sor!" Enthusiastic Youth: "A—a—a—no—no!" Mr. O'Dowd: "No more!—No more has me sister!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THEODORE THOMAS will go to Europe next summer, to engage singers for his promised opera-season.

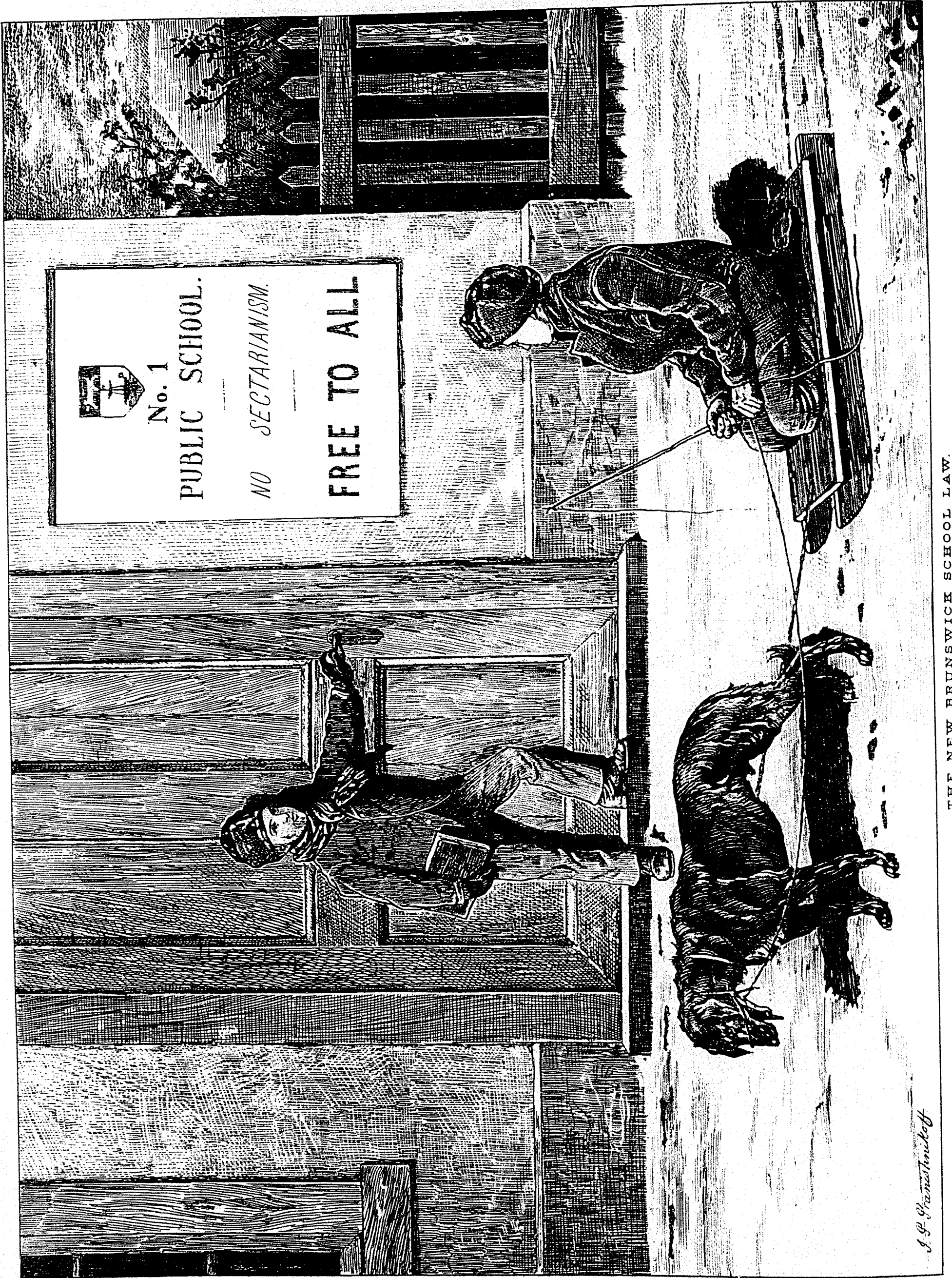
MADAME RISTORI is said to have conquered the English language so thoroughly that almost any Italian can understand her.

VERDI is said to be engaged upon a new opera, the subject of which is taken from Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

M. BRESSANT, of the Théâtre Français, has received from the King of Holland a gold medal, worth 2,000 fr., in recognition of his talent as an actor.

A PROPOSAL is being made to place in Westminster Abbey, over the spot where Stenedale Bennett was buried on Saturday, a "musicians' window," which will serve not only as a memorial of the composer of *The May Queen*, but of the other musical worthies who lie around him.



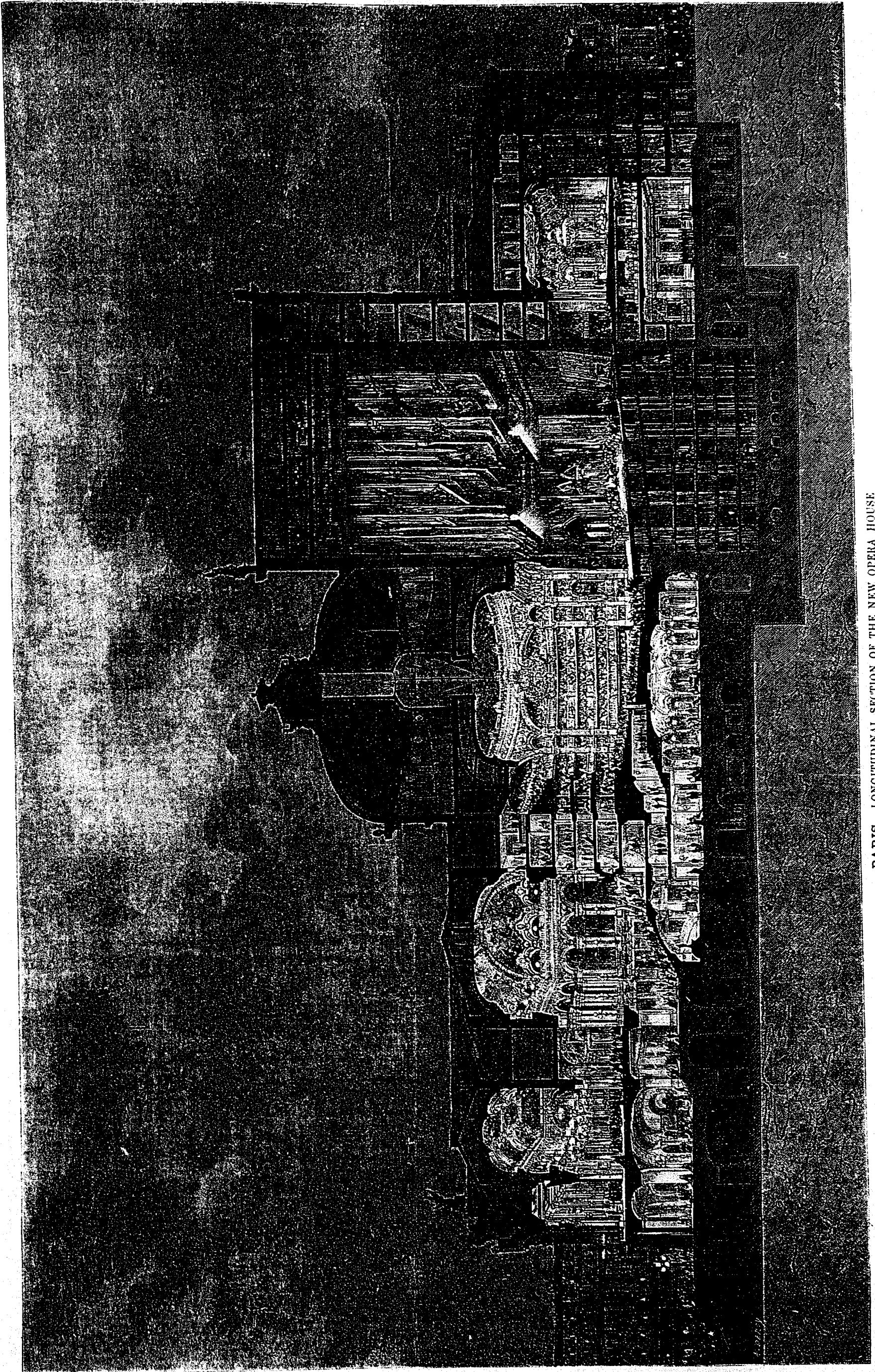


THE NEW BRUNSWICK SCHOOL LAW.

Free School Boy - Don't you go to school, I don't  
JOHNIE - No, Dad can't pay for two schools, and he can't send me to Free School; so I don't go to none.

J. P. Franzenhaukoff





PARIS.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE NEW OPERA HOUSE



## DAS STILLE LAND.

Once more I hear thy tuneful breezes playing  
O'er music-haunted streams,  
Once more my spirit through thy realm is straying,  
O holy land of dreams!

There do the shadows of the faithful hearted  
Wave by me to and fro,  
The shadows of the loved ones who departed  
In the far long ago.

There is the one who never knew another  
Sorrow than for my pain,  
There murmured blessings from thy lips, O mother!  
Sink in my soul again.

There, too, thou art with me fond and tender,  
As thou art good and fair;  
Look in thy brown eyes' unfathomed splendour,  
And read "I love thee" there.

Not with that cold and measured liking only  
Which here I win from thee,  
But love for which, when saddest and most lonely,  
I pine so utterly.

There, from the heroes of the bygone ages,  
The clash of armour swells,  
There, with calm, thoughtful look, the ancient sages  
Walk mid the asphodels.

There the old poets, themes of song and story,  
On that eternal shore,  
To strains of an unutterable glory,  
Sweep the rich chords once more.

God! how my full heart leaps up and rejoices,  
As through the thrilling calm,  
With deep accord of their harmonious voices,  
They pour the solemn psalm.

O Land! O Land! how long will human blindness  
To all thy gifts endure,  
Land for the lonely, land which heaven's own kindness  
Hath opened for the poor?

But lo! the night hath gone, and coldly o'er me  
The chill grey dawn-light streams,  
Vanish the sacred shades that passed before me,  
There is no land of dreams.

J. L.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

## WINNIPEG TO OTTAWA IN WINTER.

## IV.

One hundred miles or thereabouts, east from Brainerd, is Thompson's Junction. The train which carried me down from "Life Spice and Brainerd forever" reached the Junction at noon. The traveler here bids farewell to the Northern Pacific Line, and becomes acquainted with the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad connecting with Duluth and St. Paul. The "Northern" train continues its course due east and reaches Duluth early in the evening. Between Brainerd and Thompson's Junction, opportunities are afforded for seeing the great snow fences which have had to be constructed along this line as a protection against the great drifts of the prairie. The snow, in Northern Minnesota, is generally very heavy, the inevitable fence serves to confine the drift, although hardly a winter passes without the trains having a good share of snowing up. These fences are frequently to be found on both sides of the track, a short distance from the rails. They are more or less built according to the topography of the surrounding country, and as each winter comes around, experience always suggests where new and additional ones are required. One of these fences extends for several miles, and at first sight the stranger is wont to exclaim "what a large farm this man has!" and not often he is permitted by the mischievous conductor to carry away this impression.

The heavy forest to be found in North-eastern Minnesota, especially through that portion traversed by the Northern, will account for the extensive snow storms and drift experienced in that region. The trains have been frequently delayed a whole week, and snow fences have disappeared beneath the surface of mountainous drifts. After the traveller takes a car on the Lake Superior and M. R., going south, he will discover a great change in the appearance of the country. The timber, though plentiful, is of a lighter and more serviceable variety to the pioneer settler. Here and there an opening discloses the squatter and the settler, and signs of agricultural civilization take the place of smoky lumbering camps and shanties. The various little stations of pine stumps and a solitary shanty, along the line between the Junction and St. Paul are, of course, designated as "something" city, and among the denizens of these pioneer cities the short Scandinavian predominates. Although a United Statesman by naturalization he still speaks his own language with fluency and partiality, but he is satisfied with his new lot, and is something like the French Canadian who prefers to speak his mother-tongue, unless it is absolutely necessary that he should speak English, and this in most cases he speaks fluently and well.

To reach St. Paul just as night commences and take the iniquitous "bus" for the Merchants' Hotel, is far more pleasant than to be disturbed at early morning, even in the same hotel, and informed that you have to go a half a mile to catch an outward bound train and that you have just twenty minutes in which to do it. Let it be remembered that the chief metropolis of the North Star State is no mean city, and some time I may undertake to write a running description of it. For the present, let it suffice, if I say that its two chief hotels, the Merchants' and the Metropolitan, cannot be beaten by more pretentious cities than the capital of Minnesota. The people of the city have a self-satisfied well-to-do appearance, a fact which is sufficiently demonstrated on the streets and by the numerous palatial private residences of its wealthy citizens.

He whose ticket reads *via the West Wisconsin* has an evening and a morning in which to see

the city, but not so fortunate is he whose past-board compels him to travel nocturnally by the *Milwaukee* and *St. Paul* line, though to many it may be an advantage to have no detention. The *West Wisconsin* line is only a recent one. I have a vivid recollection, and it dates only four years ago, when the West Wisconsin was opened only as far as the lumbering regions of Menomonee. Now it is one of the chief connecting links between St. Paul and Chicago. Our train left its station at half past nine in the morning, and at 6 o'clock, the next morning, we were in Chicago without exchanging the comfortable Pullman which carried us out of St. Paul. Four years in the West make wonderful changes in the country and in the people. Towns and cities now appear where four years ago, there was only unoccupied space and towns. Much of this line traverses old and familiar ground to me, and to behold these changes in so short a time almost makes one regret the revolutionary tendencies of his fellows, but who dares stop the head of pioneers, "of nations yet to be?" Certainly not the sickly sentimentalism of the poet would have the axeman spare the tree and prevent a house or a steamboat, and his sentiment neither obtains observance—hardly respect, so rude and inconsiderate is progress in the western wilds. By the West Wisconsin, I found myself passing such cities and towns as Stillwater, Ma., Hudson, Wis., Roberts, Hammona, Baldwin, Hersey, Wilson, Menomonee, Elk Mound, Eau-Claire, Chippewa Falls, Fall Creek, Augusta, Fairchild, Humbird, Elroy, Madison, Beloit, and Caledonia, Ill. The distance by the cars is 409 miles, and this was overcome at six o'clock on the following morning. Two hours later I was enabled to take a Great Western car on the Michigan Central. Detroit was reached at six in the evening. Thence, by Great Western to Hamilton occupied the time until the following morning, at three o'clock, which being Sunday morning, no train left for Toronto. But there are worse places than Hamilton in which to spend any day even a Sunday. Monday morning, from Hamilton, and the same evening in the capital requires no description, as your readers are too familiar with the ground. The distance from St. Paul to Ottawa is certainly not less than 1200 miles by rail, and this distance can be easily overcome in two days and a half. The distance from Winnipeg to St. Paul is only one-half, and yet it takes twice as long to accomplish it. When the Pembina Branch is constructed, St. Paul and Garry will be within 36 hours of each other, and the whole distance from Winnipeg to Ottawa will be readily overcome in four days. There is no wonder then that the "Half Breeds" are very anxious to see the Pembina Branch constructed and the St. Vincent Branch of the St. P. and P. line completed to the Boundary line.

KANTUCK.

## MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Sir,—Under the above heading there appeared in your last issue a letter signed "A Newspaper Critic." Why did the writer not sign *Critique de la presse*; or perhaps better, *Criticism Newspaperum*, as he objects to English expressions? (Of which paper is "A Newspaper Critic," as it would be beneficial to some of us (who consider ourselves better than Patti, Thalberg, or Gretton!) to know, for we should then learn where to look for our meed of praise, and where to escape criticism? We might improve by studying his "Musical Criticisms," as he calls them. Your readers must learn from my lips (pen?) that I am not one of those ignoramus who does (do?) not know a dominant seventh from a minor third, &c., &c. But enough of travesty. Let not "A Newspaper Critic" presume that because a man can speak several languages, and writes for a Montreal paper that he is thereby qualified to criticise a musical performance, even if he has heard Patti, Kellogg, Nilsson, Lucca, &c. Something more is needed. A considerable knowledge of music, both theoretical and practical, is absolutely necessary. To have heard good music by the best artists is not sufficient. How many are there of those who have heard all the above named artists who are competent to decide which is best, or to pronounce upon the merits of any particular performance of any of the same? Has "A Newspaper Critic" never heard the story of the sailor who travelled all over the world, but learned nothing more than the names of the taverns in the different places he visited, and the price of the liquor sold therein? It comes in *apropos* here.

"A Newspaper Critic" says, among other twaddle, "it is because some of us have heard Patti, Kellogg, Lucca, &c., &c., that we can judge." Here he coolly asserts a fact as proof of the same. Logical certainly! Again, he says "We have been educated to hear good music, and envy those who have not." The italics are mine. A good musical education does not seem to be a very desirable attainment, or why envy those who have not received it?

Still, again, he says: "Critique" seems to have been at great pains to pick out, here and there, a "*lapsus calami*," and thus, &c." A paragraph of nonsense is to be overlooked, because it was only a *lapsus calami*! This is somewhat like the individual who could not spell correctly because his pen was a bad one. Glancing my eye down "A Newspaper Critic's" letter for other points worthy of notice, I fail to find any; and I cannot but consider his letter as another proof of the truth and justness of "Critique's"

strictures upon that class of writers of which "A Newspaper Critic" is a number.

I will conclude these few lines, for which I hope you will be able to find space, by remarking that the position taken by "Critique" is approved and supported by a majority of the amateurs of this city, some of whom have probably heard as many of the first artists of the day as "A Newspaper Critic," and have the further advantage of knowing a dominant seventh from a minor third.

Yours very truly,

AN AMATEUR.

P. S.—It is perhaps worth while to point out that "A Newspaper Critic," in his last sentence, completely undoes the work of the whole column which precedes it, by admitting that he is "amenable to many of the just animadversions of 'Critique.'" But this was probably only another *lapsus calami*. I would recommend a stiff pen and strong rough paper to prevent these frequent slips.

## THE RIGHT WAY TO DO BUSINESS.

There is always a species of warfare going on between the tradesmen who have a conscience and those who keep no such article in stock. It may be the case, and probably is, that the man without a conscience occasionally gets the best of the market, and that the honest man is the sufferer; but in the long run the old adage in favour of honesty is justified, and the honest policy succeeds. For there is always this immense advantage on the side of the fair dealer, viz.: that his transactions will bear investigation, and therefore he can stand his ground and confidently wait the ultimate verdict of the public. On the other hand, the tricky dealer—the adulterator and the sophisticator—must make a hit soon, or he is not likely to make it at all. In all neighbourhoods there are people who will have their eye on him, and take care that he is known for what he is. It is reputation, after all, that is the best stock in trade, and the genuine trader knows this, and is so thoroughly convinced of it, that he cultivates reputation above all things, and will sacrifice anything or everything else to maintain that inviolate. "I can make that do," said a gentleman to a tradesman to whom he had given a great deal of trouble. "Nay," was the answer, "if you can make it do I cannot, sir; I see it is not what it should be, and I cannot consent to let it out of my hands in a defective state." That was the expression of a true man.

Persons conversant with trade and manufactures know very well that with regard to any product of industry that can possibly be named there are certain men or women, or certain firms, who will supply it of the best quality. It does not seem to be of much importance what the thing be which a man makes, so that he make it well. As surely as he can make it better than his rivals, and sell it at a fair price, so surely will he in the long run get a reputation for it, which means that he will make much money by it. It may be a monster steam-engine, the moving spirit of our iron-clad leviathans of battle; it may be a biscuit that relishes pleasantly on a luncheon tray; it may be a screw, a nail, a pin, a needle, a reel of cotton, a lucifer match, or anything else of even less significance than that. No matter what it is, if it is a thing of real use and general demand, and is the best of its kind, it will prove of sufficient importance to found a reputation and build up a fortune. This, of course, is not the place to record the names of those who might be cited in illustration of the truth of what we affirm; most readers will be able to tell over a list of them in their minds, seeing that so many of them have long been household words in almost every home.

These are the examples which the young tradesman should set up for his imitation, if he means to do business in the right way. The fact that there are so many tricky traders ever ready to delude is one that is in favour of the really honest man, if only he can have patience "and bide his time." Integrity and uprightness, if they are not always at a premium, are sure of recognition and appreciation sooner or later; and if their progress is slow it is sure. Further, of all methods of doing business, the honest method is the comfortable method, as being the simplest and the most free from anxiety, not to speak of the higher motives which will always affect the business life of a true man. "Plain dealing," says one, "is safe sailing," and plain dealing is what the public wants. If we want a free breakfast table, we want still more an honest one—honest bread, honest butter, tea, coffee, milk, sugar, eggs, etc.—instead of the substitutes, adulterated and stale, with which we are too often treated. We want genuine beer, wine, and spirits, if we want them at all; and we want far weight and measure in the place of light weight, the fraudulent bottles, and lying envelopes in which too many of our liquors and viands are contained. Again, we want cutlery that will cut; plate that is really silvered, and not superficially filmed over by the electrotype process; watches that will go correctly, and tools that will do their work. We want books correctly printed, and not cut down and eviscerated that they may fill fewer pages, and we want them honestly bound; and, among other things, we want cloth that will wear and coals that will burn. In a word, we want to have what we pay for, and not a good-for-nothing something else in its place. Whoever will satisfy these wants at a just price will be doing business in

the right way, and he shall prosper in spite of all the roguery and chicanery that blows its brazen trumpet in public, and gets itself periodically white-washed according to the latest improved system in private.

## OUR GREAT LAKES.

A correspondent to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS from Barrie, sends us the following correct dimensions of the great lakes which form the mighty St. Lawrence. They are the fruit of his own travel and observation: Lake Superior—Length, 355 miles; width, 160; area, 32,000 miles; elevation, 601 ft.; depth, 900 ft. Huron and Georgian Bay—Length, 280 miles; width, 190 miles; area, 25,000 miles; elevation, 578 ft.; depth, 800 ft. Michigan, not Canadian, of course, but quoted last week—Length, 390 miles; width, 108 miles; elevation and depth same as Huron; area, 23,000 miles. Erie—Length, 240 miles; width, 80 miles; area, 9,500 miles; elevation, 566 ft.; depth, 100 ft. Ontario—Length, 180 miles; width, 65 miles; area, 6,000 miles; elevation, 234 ft.; depth, 500 ft.

## VARIETIES.

THERE exists at the present time a village in Germany—Ströpkö—the peasants of which have been from time immemorial consummate chessplayers.

A BOY jockey in California, who during the past two years has ridden horses in several races, was lately discovered to be a girl.

THE Municipal Government of Paris asked for 220,000,000fr.—for eight million eight hundred thousand pounds sterling—and they have been offered over 374 millions sterling. Paris itself has covered the loan 30 times, the Departments 11 times, and outside France (including Alsace-Lorraine) 5½ times. Poor Bismarck! we pity you. You must be galled indeed at your shortsightedness.

MR. DISRAELI is looking a little shaky, notwithstanding the great care and skill with which he is made up. There is no jauntiness in his step, and he is visibly thinner than he was. But the fire burns as brightly as ever, and he has made two or three most felicitous replies already, and altogether may be said to be in what is called "good form." He looks very sharp after his men, and to serve under him is an admirable apprenticeship.

"NAUTILUS" writes to recommend a very simple, ready, and effectual agency for the prevention and extinction of fire on board ships. This is the introduction, by means of a steam pipe connected with the boilers, of a jet of steam into each of the compartments into which all properly-constructed steamships are divided by means of water tight bulkheads. This jet is regulated by steam cocks under the control of the engineer, and is sufficient, where the hatches are properly closed and battened, to stifle any flame that can be supposed to exist.

A LECTURER on natural history was called upon, the other day, to pay for a live rabbit he had in a basket in a railway carriage, and which the ticket-collector said would be charged the same as a dog. The lecturer vainly explained that he was going to use the rabbit in illustration of a lecture in a provincial town; and, indignantly taking a small live tortoise from his pocket, said, "You'll be telling me next that this is a dog, and that I must pay for it also." The ticket-taker went for superior orders, and on his return delivered the lecture in natural history—"Cats is dogs, and dogs is dogs; but a tortoise is a hissect."

FARMING IN THE STATES.—In 1870, there were 1,660,000 farms in the United States, employing 7,140,000 horses and 1,300,000 oxen; while the agricultural population comprised at the same date 2,977,711 farmers or landowners, 2,885,996 agricultural labourers, 1,112 vine-dressers, 3,609 managers of estates, 31,565 gardeners, 15,369 herdsmen, 3,550 milkmen, 1,085 bee-keepers, and 2,478 individuals engaged in the production of resin. It is well known that the United States is of all countries the most prolific producer of cereals. In 1850 its harvest amounted to 99,731,000 quarters; in 1870, it had risen to 189,145,000 quarters, worth upwards of £200,000,000 sterling.

VOLUNTEERS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—An abstract issued from the War Office shows, according to the annual returns up to the 1st of November last, that the maximum establishment of Volunteers in Great Britain was 236,685, subdivided thus:—Light horse, 995; artillery, 42,026; engineers, 8,410; mounted rifles, 300; rifles, 183,473; and staff of administrative regiments, not included in the returns of any corps, 1,481. The number of supernumeraries authorised was 3,252. The efficient numbered 161,100, of whom 30,827 belonged to artillery and 122,492 to rifle corps. The total number of men enrolled was 175,387—viz., Light horse, 556; artillery, 33,550; engineers, 6,601; mounted rifles, 175; rifles, 123,323; and staff, 1,483. The number of officers and sergeants who had obtained certificates of proficiency is 14,152; and the total number of volunteer present at the last annual inspection was 139,858.

## ARTISTIC.

M. CAROLI'S DURAN, the painter, is charged to execute at the Palace of the Luxembourg a grand ceiling-piece representing Marie de Medicis and her Court.

A WONDERFUL exhibition has been opened at Brussels. It is a collection of about 100 landscapes of great merit, painted by a boy named Fritz Kerchove, of Bruges, who died an idiot at eleven years of age.

M. CLENGER has just finished a bust representing "La France" that is greatly admired for its calm power and originality. "C'est la France," writes a French critic, "cuivrassée et casquée, non point belliqueuse, mais prête à la guerre."

TITIAN'S famous painting, "Danaë," has been purchased from the Prince Buoncompagni of Bologna for 630,000 francs by the Emperor of Russia. The picture is at present on view in the gallery of Angers, for a charitable purpose.

MR. GEORGE SMITH has discovered, among the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum, the legend of the building of the Tower of Babel. This discovery is quite as important as that of the tablet relating to the Deluge, made known last year by the same gentleman.

A STATUE of Venus, cut in the finest Parian marble, has been discovered in the gardens of Mæcenias at Rome. The figure is considered greatly superior to the Venus de Medicis. It has unfortunately sustained some injuries. The other discoveries are a fine bust of Commodus, the Tritons, and a Bacchus. These seem to belong to the time of the Antonines.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BRUSSELS.

The marriage of the Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, and Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg was celebrated in the Royal Palace at Brussels. The civil ceremony took place in the Salon Bleu, which contains four fine portraits of the King and Queen of the Belgians, Queen Victoria, and the late Prince Consort. Though everything was carried out in the most simple and unpretentious manner, each Royal House of Europe sent its representative, while the members of the Diplomatic Body, and a number of the Belgian Legislative, Military, and Civil dignitaries were present. Precisely at half-past ten the Royal party entered the room and ranged themselves in a semi-circle before a round table, whereon lay a copy of the Code Civil and the marriage settlement. At the left hand of the Princess was the King, and next to him the bridegroom, who was supported by his mother, the Princess Clementine of Orleans. On the Princess's right hand was the Queen, next to whom was the Princess of Wales, and then came the Countess of Flanders, the Comte de Paris, and the Duc d'Aumale. When the Royal party were seated, M. Jules Anspach, the Burgomaster of Brussels advanced, asked the King and Queen if they consented to the marriage of their daughter, and the Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and the Princess Clementine of Orleans if they consented to the marriage of their son, and receiving affirmative answers, proceeded to read aloud the marriage settlement and the clauses of the Code Civil relating to marriage. After this the Royal party stood up, and the Burgomaster asked Prince Philip whether he consented to take the Princess to wife. To this a firm "Yes" was the reply, and the Princess having affirmatively answered a similar question, M. Anspach pronounced them "in the name of the law to be united in marriage." The Burgomaster then read them a short address of congratulation, and the signing of the Marriage Act by principals and witnesses ended the civil ceremony. Our illustration represents the Princess signing the register. Among the witnesses were the Prince of Wales, the Comte de Paris, the Duc d'Aumale, the Archduke Joseph of Austria, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and a host of princely celebrities. As our lady readers may like to know something of the toilettes we may mention that the bride's dress was trimmed with silver, and that she was covered from head to foot with a lace veil, draped out of compliment to her husband in the Hungarian style, and carried a bouquet of orange blossom in her bodice and a second in her hand. Her mother wore a carmine silk dress, trimmed with lace, and a crown and necklace of pearls and diamonds, the Princess Clementine a water green, similarly trimmed, while the Countess of Flanders was in blue. As for the men, with the exception of the Comte de Paris, who was in plain black, each wore the military uniform of the country and regiment to which he belonged. Thus the bridegroom was in the Hungarian Honved uniform, the Duc d'Aumale in that of a French General, and the Prince of Wales in the scarlet of a British General.

HON. L. S. HUNTINGTON.

Hon. Lucius Seth Huntington was born at Compton, Eastern Townships, on the 10th May, 1827. He was called to the Lower Canadian Bar in 1853, and ten years later was created Queen's Counsel. He was elected for Shefford, at the general elections of 1861, and has continued to represent that constituency to the present day. In 1863, he was made Solicitor General in the Macdonald-Dorion Cabinet and retained that office till the downfall of the Ministry in March of the ensuing year. He took a leading part in the discussions of the Pacific Railway contract in 1873, and on the 20th January, 1874, was appointed President of the Council in the present Government. Mr. Huntington is an advocate of Canadian independence, and an orator of great fluency, but he seldom takes part in the debates of the House.

HON. R. W. SCOTT.

Hon. Richard William Scott, the present Secretary of State, is still in the prime of life, and a statesman of much promise. He was born at Prescott, on the 24th February 1825, and called to the Upper Canadian Bar in 1848. Nineteen years later, he was created a Queen's Counsel. He represented Ottawa from 1857 till 1863, and in the Legislature of Ontario from 1867 till 1874. He was for a short time Speaker of that body, and afterwards Commissioner of Crown Lands till 1873, when he was admitted to the Mackenzie Cabinet. In January 1874, he was appointed Secretary of State with a seat in the Senate. Mr. Scott is looked upon as representing an important element in the Government and he does so with general satisfaction.

THE HANSARD.

Our front page cartoon is an amusing commentary on the Hansard mode of reporting, to which we referred editorially, some weeks ago, in favourable terms. There is no doubt that the Hansard is a fine instrument to show up the real worth of some of our Parliamentary orators.

THE MULLIGAN GUARDS.

This is a comic representation of the tribulations which a band of American itinerant minstrels experienced in our Canadian winter scenery.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK SCHOOL LAW.

Our picture is an honest and impartial view of the situation in New Brunswick. We have fre-

quently written on the school question, and pronounced it as perhaps the knottiest and most dangerous topic now enjoying the attention of Canadian statesmen.

THE MUSES AND THE NEW OPERA.

We give two more illustrations of this marvelous Parisian building. The Muses by Baudry are pronounced so many masterpieces, while the longitudinal section presents the best view we have yet seen of the magnitude and varied appointments of the edifice.

ALBERT DURER'S GIFT IN ART.

Writing of drawings by old masters in the British Museum a critic says: "We possess certain evidence of Durer's respect and admiration for Mantegna's genius. In the Albertina Gallery at Vienna are two drawings copied from compositions which Mantegna engraved. These drawings were executed as early as the year 1494, and in the volume in the British Museum are several studies in which we may trace very clearly Mantegna's influence. One in particular, a half-length nude male form, is executed in the slanting strokes so often employed by Mantegna in his drawings. The features of the face and the long curling hair that falls with an effect almost statuesque suggest the teaching of a master familiar with the antique, and we may suppose that this knowledge, never completely embodied in Durer's work, had come to him from Mantegna. There are also other signs, as, for example, the copies of the Tarocks cards, which serve to show that Durer's inclination lay towards the style of the Italian painters, and from his letters written from Venice we may judge he would gladly have remained in the circle of artists whose chief, Gian Bellini, was his constant admirer and friend. But, whatever may have been Durer's ambition, it is certain that his real gift in art was not to perfect a noble type either of face or form, but to penetrate, with a power never surpassed, individual qualities of character and expression. Portraiture, as we have said, rests as the strongest element even of his most poetical inventions, and it is to his wonderful gifts in this direction that the present volume bears such ample evidence. In the faces of children, no less than in those where age and character are strongly marked, the artist has power to distinguish subtle differences of individual expression. One of the most beautiful drawings in the volume, ideal beyond the wont of Durer's faces—perhaps because it is the face of an infant—represents the winged head of a cherub. It is drawn in black on green tinted paper, heightened here and there with body color, and touched upon the cheek with a delicate flesh tint. The head, half turned away, reclines upon the feathers of the wing that springs from the neck; the eyes are cast downwards, the lips half open, and the hair clustering in curls around the brow. On the next page are two other infant faces, drawn with the pen, and evidently from a different model. Comparing the one with the other, although it is true that the childish countenances do not present marked distinctions of character, we may nevertheless perceive how finely the qualities of each individual face have been discerned by the artist. Still, in the department of child portraiture we must mention the drawing of a baby face and shoulders, where the artist appears to have had to deal with a refractory model; and last, the head of a boy with short hair growing upon a forehead of full development, and with the expression of deep pathos in the large eyes and delicately moulded lips."

NOTABLE DRESSERS.

A Paris correspondent, writing of a ball at the Elysée, says: "From our sequestered nook let us mark these groups of fair women. Our first impression is that cuirasse bodies are decidedly not becoming to portly figures; they are not becoming either to mere skeletons. Phryne alone looks well in them. Unfortunately or fortunately, all women are not Phrynes. Long-pointed bodies are more generally becoming than these cuirasse bodies, which show alive every perfection and imperfection of the form. The Queen of Spain was among those who were magnificently but unbecomingly dressed. Her mistress of the robes must decidedly have had a grudge against her. Instead of being dressed in a quiet-colored satin, made to fall in the long, rich folds, and thus give height to her figure, she was enveloped in shrouds of gauze and tulle, only fit for the slimmest of nymphs. Nor was this all. The dress was striped with silver; and all glittering objects increase the appearance of size. Remember this, ladies. And, still worse, the dress was trimmed with wreaths of roses. All show and no elegance. Such a dress could scarcely have become the matchless form of Eugenie, Empress, herself. Mme. de MacMahon suffered from a similar error—too much tulle, too much lace, too much puffing, and too many flowers. It must not be urged that tulle and lace are necessary for ball-dresses. Not in the least. Look at the Princess Troubethkoi, one of the best dressers in Paris, with her clinging robes of satin, and a tightly fitting cuirasse, with emerald clasps on her shoulders for sole ornament. Her hair was powdered. It is the fashion to powder all fair hair now, and ladies who may wish to have their eyes look large and full of dark light cannot do better than follow the fashion."

SELECTA.

DIPSOMANIA.—There is one dreadful form of nervous excitement very prevalent among all classes of society; very often inherited, very often acquired, and that is what is commonly called "dipsomania." A weak tendency to drink becomes an insane tendency. We are especially liable to it at the present time, because so many of us are overwrought. Our actors, our orators, our commercial men, can hardly keep up the nervous energy required to go through with their work, and so they take alcohol to get up the steam of the mind. I believe if a man has to go through a certain amount of bodily work he will do it better if he takes a little stimulant. In cases of mental strain, the freer he keeps from stimulant the better. Let him always eat something when he drinks. Let him drink as little stimulant as possible as a rule; let him substitute coffee or cocoa for spirits and wine, and he will be fresher for work and last out better. The body is a tough machine, but you must treat it fairly; and so of the mind—it is usually tough enough, but you can upset it. I beseech you, workers, to watch yourselves, especially in this matter of taking stimulants. But what shall I say of the pleasure makers? No one will accuse me of being censorious, I want young people to enjoy themselves. But what do I see constantly? I see young people whose susceptibilities are keenly alive to everything that comes from without, fresh and healthy young girls of 17 and 18, at parties and balls, who really require no stimulant, or the least possible amount—a little wine and water at most. Well, these young girls drink champagne at intervals, glass after glass; they do not know how much they do drink. They have not been cautioned. It is over excitability; it is thoughtlessness. But it is like throwing vitrol on healthy bodies. A little thought would constantly set all this right. If young people would merely watch themselves a little more all would be right. They would not get so excited, and then so pale, and prematurely old and worn.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 1.—The public debt of the U. S., on the 1st instant was \$2,137,315,989.27. M. Buffet has been elected President of the French Assembly a majority of 479 to 63. U. S. Senator Thurman spoke very strongly against the new Tax Bill, yesterday, characterizing several clauses as bad, injudicious and a great injustice, and declaring that the increased import on whiskey could not be collected. The Chief Secretary for Ireland stated in the Imperial House of Commons, that the Government intend to renege the laws against Ribbonism in Westmeath, being assured that the conspiracy is still as strong as ever there. MARCH 2.—The Mark Lane Express says the lowest figure for wheat has at length been reached. The bill to repeal the Local Option Law finally passed the English House of Commons, yesterday, by 124 to 54. The bill to regulate the construction and maintenance of marine electric telegraphs was reported, without amendments, by the Ottawa House, was read a third time and passed. MARCH 3.—The Pope is to institute new Dioceses in the United States in the Consistory to be held this month. The Bill for the admission into the Union of Colorado and New Mexico was defeated in the Washington House last night. A meeting of the Irish Rifle Association was held, yesterday, in Dublin, at which it was decided to fix June 30th as the date of commencing the return rifle match with the Americans. Amicable arrangements have been entered into between the Union Pacific and Pacific Mail Lines. Mr. Dillon, President of the former line, has succeeded Russell Sage as President of the Pacific Mail. Jay Gould is among the new Directors of this Company. MARCH 4.—The second session of the forty-third Congress of the United States came to a close to-day. Archbishop Manning has been summoned to Rome by the Pope, rumor says to be created a Cardinal. John Mitchell has been again nominated to run for the County of Tipperary, and will be opposed by Mr. More, a Conservative. Mr. Mitchell's health is said to be worse. There is a little difficulty in the formation of the new French Cabinet, failing a satisfactory settlement of which, the President will form a Ministry without consultation of the Assembly. In consequence of the Pope's last Encyclical, the Prussian Government has withdrawn the State Endowments from the Roman Catholic clergy, to be restored only on their formally binding themselves by document to obey the law. MARCH 5.—Germany has demanded the dismissal of the Papal Nuncio at Munich, and the cessation of relations between the Vatican and Bavaria. The first action under the Civil Rights Bill, taken by a negro against a saloon-keeper for refusing to sell the newly Civil Rights gentleman a drink, was dismissed on the ground that the Bill did not apply to bar-rooms. The ship Violetta, from France to St. Pierre, was abandoned in the ice at St. Mary's Bay on the 2nd inst. A number of people from the shore went to the ship, but the ice scattered and 20 persons were lost and 22 are still missing. The Calcutta Englishman says the Indian Government have received orders from home to hold all regiments in India in immediate readiness for active service, and deduces therefrom the possibility of an approaching extensive war in Europe. The Standing Committee of Central Pennsylvania Diocese have refused to confirm Dr. De Koven's election to the Bishopric of Illinois, by a vote of 6 to 1. Dr. Jagger's election to the Diocese of Southern Ohio the Committee have unanimously confirmed. MARCH 6.—Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin held an "at home," to-day. The wife of Senator Archibald died very suddenly at the Russell House, in Ottawa. Twenty thousand people are said to have perished from the terrible effects of the famine in Asia Minor. General Sir James Hope Grant is dead. The death of Mr. Arthur Helps, the celebrated author, is also announced. The Standing Committee of the Diocese of New Jersey refuse to recognize Dr. Jagger as Bishop of Southern Illinois. The Pennsylvania Committee have taken the same action in reference to Dr. De Koven.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. P. P., Toronto.—Letter and Problem received; many thanks; the latter shall appear shortly. Expect a letter in a day or two.

O. Trempe, Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 6., received. Correct.

All our Chess friends will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr. De Vere, the eminent Chess player. Although only 30 years of age, he had reached a high place among the best players of Europe. In the year 1866, he won the challenge cup of the British Chess Association, and in other encounters gave promise of a very brilliant career.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 9.

- WHITE. 1. R to Kt 6th 2. P takes Kt 3. P Queens 4. B or Q mates. BLACK. 1. Kt takes R or (A) 2. K to Q 3rd 3. Any move.

(A)

- 1. Kt to R 2nd 2. Kt to B sq or (B) 3. Kt takes R.

(B)

- 2. Any other move. 3. Any move.

Another Variation.

- 1. R to Kt 6th 2. P takes Kt 3. P to K 8th becoming a Kt (ch) 4. B to B 6th, mate. BLACK. 1. Kt to K 2nd or (A) 2. K moves 3. K moves

(A)

- 1. Kt to Q 3rd 2. K takes R 3. Any move.

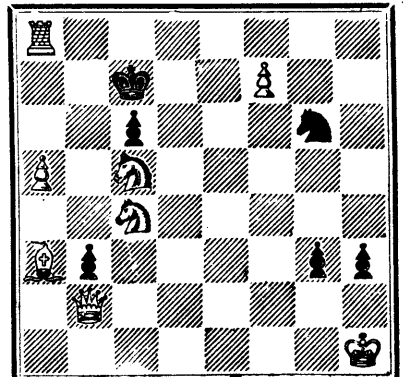
Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 7.

- WHITE. 1. K B P two (ch) 2. R to K 2nd (ch) 3. R takes B (ch) 4. Q to Q R's sq (ch) 5. Q takes R (ch) 6. B to K B 6th, mate. BLACK. B takes P B to K 6th (best) P takes R (best) R to Q 5th (ch) K takes Q

PROBLEM No. 10.

By J. Henderson, Montreal.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 8.

- WHITE. K at K Kt 7th Q at K R sq R at K R 8th Pawns at K B 4th and Q 4th. BLACK. K at Q 2nd Pawns at K 3rd and at K B 4th

White to play, and mate with a pawn in three moves.

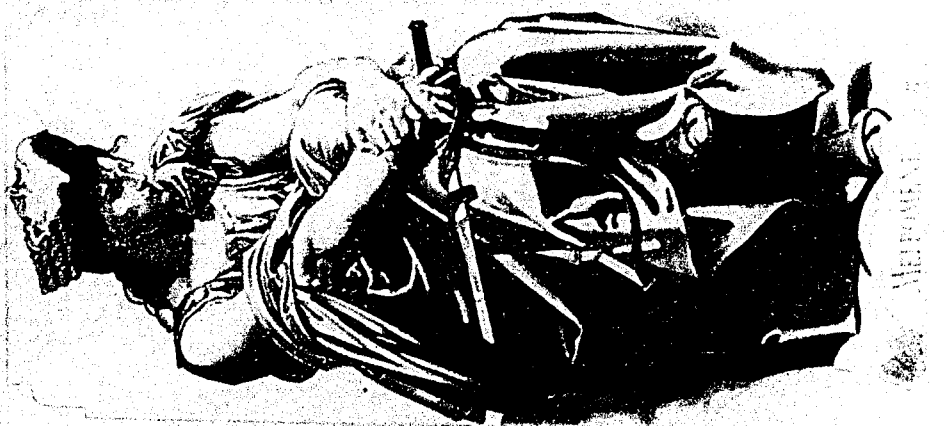
GAME 14th.

Played at the Montreal Chess Club by two of the leading members.

- WHITE. (King's Gambit.) 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K B 4th 3. K Kt to B 3rd 4. B to Q B 4th 5. P to Q 4th 6. Castles 7. P to Q B 3rd 8. P to K Kt 3rd 9. K Kt to R 4th 10. K Kt takes P 11. Q takes P 12. Q Kt to R 3rd 13. B to Q 2nd 14. P to K 5th 15. Kt takes B 16. Q takes Q Kt P 17. Q takes Q B P 18. Kt to Q 6th (ch) 19. P takes P 20. Q to Q B 4th 21. Q to Q 5th 22. K to R sq 23. Q takes Kt 24. Q takes Q 25. B to K B 4th 26. K R to K sq 27. R takes R 28. B to Q 6th 29. P to Q R 4th 30. R to Q Kt sq 31. B to B 4th 32. P to Q B 4th 33. P to Q Kt 4th 34. P to Q Kt 5th and the game was finally drawn.

- BLACK. P to K 4th P takes P P to K Kt 4th B to K Kt 2nd P to K R 3rd P to Q 3rd Q to K 2nd P to K Kt 5th P to K B 6th P takes Kt B to K 3rd P to Q 3rd Q Kt to Q 2nd B takes B P takes P R to Q Kt sq P to K B 3rd K to K B 4th B to K B 3rd K to K 3rd Kt to K 2nd Kt to Q B 3rd P to K R 4th P takes P.

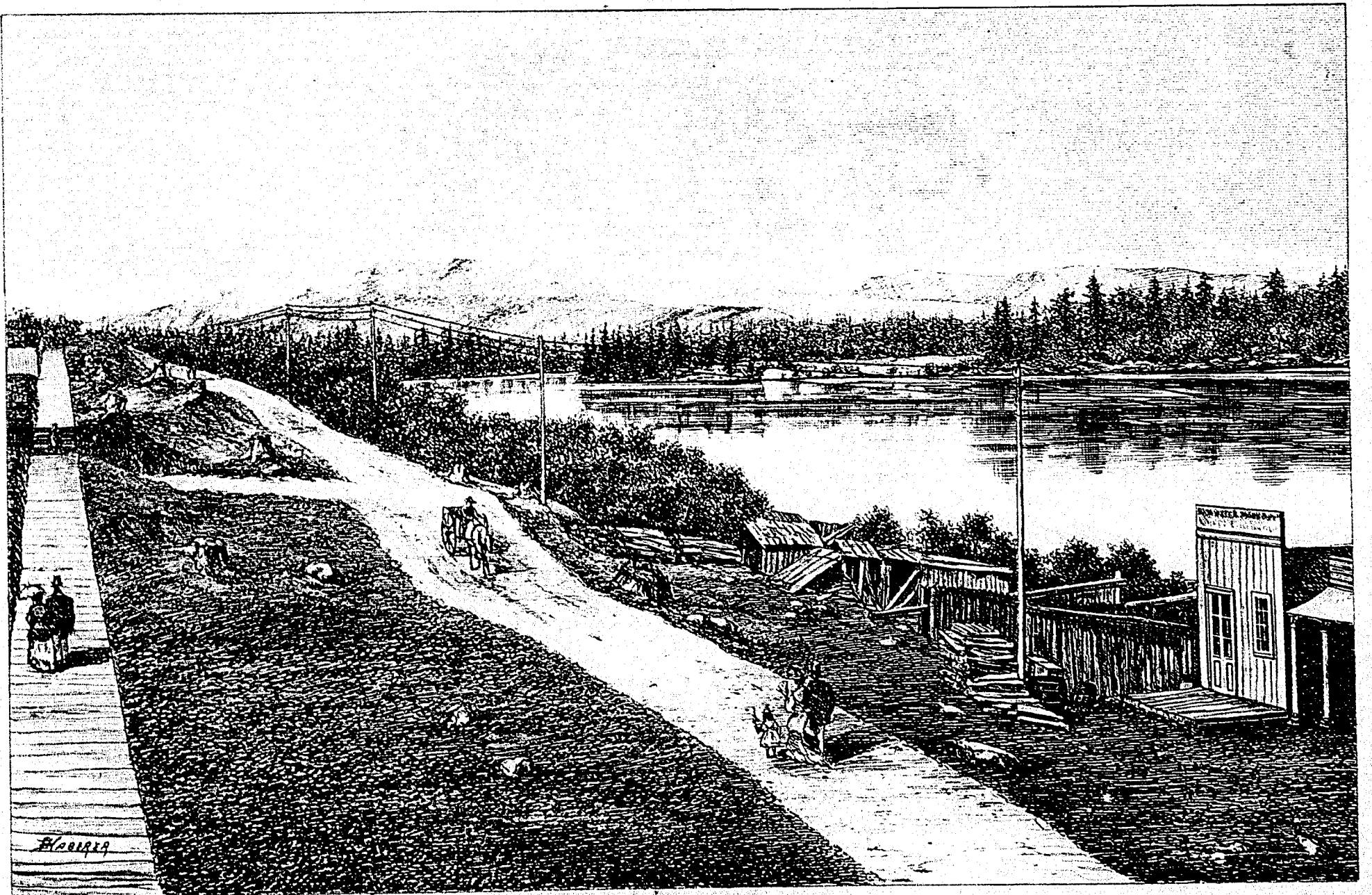




PARIS. THE MUSES. AS PAINTED BY F. BAUDRY, IN THE GRAND GUEBE HALL.



MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE OF BELGIUM, AND PRINCE PHILIP OF SAXE-COUBOURG-GOTHA.



VIEW OF THE FRASER RIVER AT NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



# THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

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

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

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

## PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### MORE SURPRISES!

I laid down the letter, and did my best (vainly enough for some time) to compose my spirits. To understand the position in which I now found myself, it is only necessary to remember one circumstance. The messenger to whom we had committed our inquiries was, at that moment, crossing the Atlantic on his way to New York.

What was to be done? I hesitated. Shocking as it may seem to some people, I hesitated. There was really no need to hurry my decision. I had the whole day before me.

I went out, and took a wretched lonely walk, and turned the matter over in my mind. I came home again, and turned the matter over once more, by the fireside. To offend and repel my darling when he was returning to me, penitently returning of his own free will, was what no woman in my position, and feeling as I did, could under any earthly circumstances have brought herself to do. And yet, on the other hand, how in Heaven's name could I give up my grand enterprise, at the very time when even wise and prudent Mr. Playmore saw such a prospect of succeeding in it that he had actually volunteered to help me! Placed between those two cruel alternatives, which could I choose? Think of your own frailties; and have some mercy on mine. I turned my back on both the alternatives. Those two agreeable friends, Prevarication and Deceit, took me as it were softly by the hand: "Don't commit yourself either way, my dear," they said in their most persuasive manner. "Write just enough to compose your mother-in-law, and to satisfy your husband. You have got time before you. Wait and see if Time doesn't stand your friend, and get you out of the difficulty."

Infamous advice! And yet, I took it—I, who had been well brought up, and who ought to have known better. You who read this shameful confession, would have known better, I am sure. You are not included, in the Prayer Book category, among the "miserable sinners."

Well! well! let me have virtue enough to tell the truth. In writing to my mother-in-law, I informed her that it had been found necessary to remove Miserrimus Dexter to an asylum—and I left her to draw her own conclusions from that fact, unenlightened by so much as one word of additional information. In the same way, I told my husband a part of the truth, and no more. I said I forgave him with all my heart—and I did! I said he had only to come to me, and I would receive him with open arms—and so I would! As for the rest, let me say with Hamlet: "The rest is silence."

Having despatched my unworthy letters, I found myself growing restless, and feeling the want of a change. It would be necessary to wait at least eight or nine days before we could hope to hear by telegraph from New York. I bade farewell for a time to my dear and admirable Benjamin, and betook myself to my old home in the North, at the vicarage of my Uncle Starkweather. My journey to Spain to nurse Eustace had made my peace with my worthy relatives; we had exchanged friendly letters; and I had promised to be their guest as soon as it was possible for me to leave London.

I passed a quiet, and (all things considered) a happy time among the old scenes. I visited once more the bank by the river side, where Eustace and I had first met. I walked again on the lawn, and loitered through the shrubbery—those favourite haunts in which we had so often talked over our troubles, and so often forgotten them in a kiss. How sadly and strangely had our lives been parted since that time! How uncertain still was the fortune which the future had in store for us!

The associations amid which I was now living had their softening effect on my heart, their elevating influence over my mind. I reproached myself, bitterly reproached myself, for not having written more fully and frankly to Eustace. Why had I hesitated to sacrifice to him my hopes and my interests in the coming investigation? He had not hesitated, poor fellow—his first thought was the thought of his wife!

I had passed a fortnight with my uncle and aunt before I heard again from Mr. Playmore. When a letter from him arrived at last, it disappointed me indescribably. A telegram from our messenger informed us that the lodge-keeper's daughter and her husband had left New York, and that he was still in search of a trace of them.

There was nothing to be done but to wait as patiently as we could, on the chance of hearing better news. I remained in the North, by Mr. Playmore's advice, so as to be within an easy journey to Edinburgh—in case it might be necessary for me to consult him personally. Three more weeks of weary expectation passed before a second letter reached me. This time it was impossible to say whether the news was good or bad. It might have been either—it was simply bewildering. Even Mr. Playmore himself was taken by surprise. These were the last

wonderful words—limited, of course, by considerations of economy—which reached us (by telegram) from our agent in America:—  
"Open the dust-heap at Gleninch."

### CHAPTER XLIII.

#### AT LAST!

My letter from Mr. Playmore, enclosing the agent's extraordinary telegram, was not inspired by the sanguine view of our prospects which he had expressed to me when we met at Benjamin's house.

"If the telegram means anything," he wrote, "it means that the fragments of the torn letter have been cast into the housemaid's bucket (along with the dust, the ashes, and the rest of the litter in the room), and have been emptied on the dust-heap at Gleninch. Since this was done, the accumulated refuse collected from the periodical cleanings of the house, during a term of nearly three years—including, of course, the ashes from the fires kept burning, for the greater part of the year, in the library and the picture gallery—have been poured upon the heap, and have buried the precious morsels of paper deeper and deeper, day by day. Even if we have a fair chance of finding these fragments, what hope can we feel, at this distance of time, of recovering them with the writing in a state of preservation? I shall be glad to hear, by return of post, if possible, how the matter strikes you. If you could make it convenient to consult with me personally in Edinburgh, we should save time, when time may be of serious importance to us. While you are at Doctor Starkweather's, you are within easy reach of this place. Please think of it."

I thought of it seriously enough. The foremost question which I had to consider was the question of my husband.

The departure of the mother and son from Spain had been so long delayed, by the surgeon's orders, that the travellers had only advanced on their homeward journey as far as Bordeaux, when I had last heard from Mrs. Macallan three or four days since. Allowing for an interval of repose at Bordeaux, and for the slow rate at which they would be compelled to move afterwards, I might still expect them to arrive in England some time before a letter from the agent in America could reach Mr. Playmore. How, in this position of affairs, I could contrive to join the lawyer in Edinburgh, after meeting my husband in London, it was not easy to see. The wise and the right way, as I thought, was to tell Mr. Playmore frankly that I was not mistress of my own movements, and that he had better address his next letter to me at Benjamin's house.

Writing to my legal adviser in this sense, I had a word of my own to add, on the subject of the torn letter.

In the last years of my father's life I had travelled with him in Italy; and I had seen in the Museum at Naples the wonderful relics of a bygone time discovered among the ruins of Pompeii. By way of encouraging Mr. Playmore, I now reminded him that the eruption which had overwhelmed the town had preserved, for more than six hundred years, such perishable things as the straw in which pottery has been packed; the paintings on house walls; the dresses worn by the inhabitants; and (most noticeable of all, in our case) a piece of ancient paper, still attached to the volcanic ashes which had fallen over it. If these discoveries had been made after a lapse of sixteen centuries, under a layer of dust and ashes on a large scale, surely we might hope to meet with similar cases of preservation, after a lapse of three or four years only, under a layer of dust and ashes on a small scale? Taking for granted (what was perhaps doubtful enough) that the fragments of the letter could be recovered, my own conviction was that the writing on them, though it might be faded, would certainly still be legible. The very accumulations which Mr. Playmore deplored would be the means of preserving them from the rain and the damp. With these modest hints I closed my letter; and thus for once, thanks to my Continental experience, I was able to instruct my lawyer!

Another day passed; and I heard nothing of the travellers.

I began to feel anxious. I made my preparations for my journey southward, over night; and I resolved to start for London the next day—unless I heard of some change in Mrs. Macallan's travelling arrangements in the interval.

The post of the next morning decided my course of action. It brought me a letter from my mother-in-law, which added one more to the memorable dates in my domestic calendar. Eustace and his mother had advanced as far as Paris on their homeward journey, when a cruel disaster had befallen them. The fatigues of travelling, and the excitement of his anticipated meeting with me, had proved together to be too much for my husband. He had held out as far as Paris with the greatest difficulty; and he was now confined to his bed again, struck down by a relapse. The doctors, this time, had no fear for his life; provided that his patience would support him through a lengthened period of the most absolute repose.

"It now rests with you, Valeria," Mrs. Macallan wrote, "to fortify and comfort Eustace under this new calamity. Do not suppose that he has ever blamed, or thought of blaming you, for leaving him with me in Spain, as soon as he was declared out of danger. 'It was I who

left her,' he said to me, when we first talked about it; 'and it is my wife's right to expect that I should go back to her.' Those were his words, my dear; and he has done all he can to abide by them. Helpless in his bed, he now asks you to take the will for the deed, and to join him in Paris. I think I know you well enough, my child, to be sure that you will do this; and I need only add one word of caution, before I close my letter. Avoid all reference, not only to the Trial (you will do that of your own accord), but even to our house at Gleninch. You will understand how he feels, in his present state of nervous depression, when I tell you that I should never have ventured on asking you to join him here, if your letter had not informed me that your visits to Dexter were at an end. Would you believe it?—his horror of anything which recalls our past troubles is still so vivid, that he has actually asked me to give my consent to selling Gleninch!"

So Eustace's mother wrote of him. But she had not trusted entirely to her own powers of persuasion. A slip of paper was enclosed in her letter, containing these two lines, traced in pencil—oh, so feebly and so wearily!—by my poor darling himself:—

"I am too weak to travel any further, Valeria. Will you come to me and forgive me?" A few pencil-marks followed; but they were illegible. The writing of those two short sentences had exhausted him.

It is not saying much for myself, I know—but, having confessed it when I was wrong, let me at least record it when I did what was right—I decided instantly on giving up all further connection with the recovery of the torn letter. If Eustace asked me the question, I was resolved to be able to answer truly:—"I have made the sacrifice that assures your tranquillity. When resignation was hardest, I have humbled my obstinate spirit, and I have given way for my husband's sake."

There was half an hour to spare before I left the vicarage for the railway station. In that interval, I wrote again to Mr. Playmore; telling him plainly what my position was, and withdrawing at once and for ever, from all share in investigating the mystery which lay hidden under the dustheap at Gleninch.

### CHAPTER XLIV.

#### OUR NEW HONEYMOON

It is not to be disguised or denied that my spirits were depressed, on my journey to London.

To resign the one cherished purpose of my life, when I had suffered so much in pursuing it, and when I had (to all appearance) so nearly reached the realisation of my hopes, was putting to a hard trial a woman's fortitude, and a woman's sense of duty. Still, even if the opportunity had been offered to me, I would not have recalled my letter to Mr. Playmore. "It is done, and well done," I said to myself; "and I have only to wait a day to be reconciled to it—when I give my husband my first kiss."

I had planned and hoped to reach London, in time to start for Paris by the night-mail. But the train was twice delayed on the long journey from the north; and there was no help for it but to sleep at Benjamin's villa, and to defer my departure until the morning.

It was, of course, impossible for me to warn my old friend of the change in my plans. My arrival took him by surprise. I found him alone in his library, with a wonderful illumination of lamps and candles; absorbed over some morsels of torn paper scattered on the table before him.

"What in the world are you about?" I asked.

Benjamin blushed—I was going to say, like a young girl. But young girls have given up blushing in these latter days of the age we live in.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" he said confusedly. "Don't notice it."

He stretched out his hand to brush the morsels of paper off the table. Those morsels raised a sudden suspicion in my mind. I stopped him.

"You have heard from Mr. Playmore?" I said. "Tell me the truth Benjamin. Yes, or No?"

Benjamin blushed a shade deeper, and answered "Yes."

"Where is the letter?"

"I mustn't show it to you, Valeria."

This (need I say it?) made me determined to see the letter. My best way of persuading Benjamin to show it to me was to tell him of the sacrifice that I had made to my husband's wishes. "I have no further voice in the matter," I added, when I had done. "It now rests entirely with Mr. Playmore to go on or to give up; and this is my last opportunity of discovering what he really thinks about it. Don't I deserve a little indulgence? Have I no claim to look at the letter?"

Benjamin was too much surprised, and too much pleased with me, when he heard what had happened, to be able to resist my entreaties. He gave me the letter.

Mr. Playmore wrote, to appeal confidentially to Benjamin as a commercial man. In the long course of his occupation in business, it was just possible that he might have heard of cases in which documents had been put together again, after having been torn up, by design or by accident. Even if his experience failed in

this particular, he might be able to refer to some authority in London who would be capable of giving an opinion on the subject. By way of explaining his strange request, Mr. Playmore reverted to the notes which Benjamin had taken at Miserrimus Dexter's house, and informed him of the serious importance of "the gibberish" which he had reported under protest. The letter closed by recommending that any correspondence which ensued should be kept a secret from me—on the ground that it might excite false hopes in my mind if I was informed of it.

I now understood the tone which my worthy adviser had adopted in writing to me. His interest in the recovery of the letter was evidently so overpowering, that common prudence compelled him to conceal it from me, in case of ultimate failure. This did not look as if Mr. Playmore was likely to give up the investigation, on my withdrawal from it. I glanced again at the fragments of paper on Benjamin's table, with an interest in them which I had not felt yet.

"Has anything been found at Gleninch?" I asked.

"No," said Benjamin. "I have only been trying experiments with a letter of my own, before I wrote to Mr. Playmore."

"Oh, you have torn up the letter, yourself, then?"

"Yes. And, to make it all the more difficult to put them together again, I shook up the pieces in a basket. It's a childish thing, to do, my dear, at my age—"

He stopped, looking very much ashamed of himself.

"Well," I went on; "and have you succeeded in putting your letter together again?"

"It's not very easy, Valeria. But I made a beginning. It's the same principle as the principle in the 'Puzzle' which we used to put together when I was a boy. Only get one central bit of it right, and the rest of the Puzzle falls into its place in a longer or shorter time. Please don't tell anybody, my dear. People might say I was in my dotage. To think of that gibberish in my note-book having a meaning in it, after all! I only got Mr. Playmore's letter this morning; and—I am really almost ashamed to mention it—I have been trying experiments on torn letters, off and on ever since. You won't tell upon me, will you?"

I answered the dear old man by a hearty embrace. Now that he had lost his steady moral balance, and had caught the infection of my enthusiasm, I loved him better than ever!

But I was not quite happy, though I tried to appear so. Struggle against it as I might, I felt a little mortified, when I remembered that I had resigned all further connection with the search for the letter at such a time as this. My one comfort was to think of Eustace. My one encouragement was to keep my mind fixed as constantly as possible on the bright change for the better that now appeared in the domestic prospect. Here, at least, there was no disaster to fear; here I could honestly feel that I had triumphed. My husband had come back to me of his own free will; he had not given way, under the hard weight of evidence—he had yielded to the nobler influences of his gratitude and his love. And I had taken him to my heart again—not because I had made discoveries which left him no other alternative than to live with me, but because I believed in the better mind that had come to him, and loved and trusted him without reserve. Was it not worth some sacrifice to have arrived at this result? True—most true! And yet I was a little out of spirits. Ah, well! well! the remedy was within a day's journey. The sooner I was with Eustace the better.

Early the next morning, I left London for Paris by the tidal-train. Benjamin accompanied me to the Terminus.

"I shall write to Edinburgh by to-day's post," he said, in the interval before the train moved out of the station. "I think I can find the man Mr. Playmore wants to help him, if he decides to go on. Have you any message to send, Valeria?"

"No. I have done with it, Benjamin; I have nothing more to say."

"Shall I write and tell you how it ends, if Mr. Playmore does really try the experiment at Gleninch?"

I answered, as I felt, a little bitterly.

"Yes," I said. "Write and tell me if the experiment fails."

My old friend smiled. He knew me better than I knew myself.

"All right!" he said resignedly. "I have got the address of your banker's correspondent in Paris. You will have to go there for money, my dear; and you may find a letter waiting for you in the office, when you least expect it. Let me hear how your husband goes on. Good-bye—and God bless you!"

That evening, I was restored to Eustace.

He was too weak, poor fellow, even to raise his head from the pillow. I knelt down at the bedside and kissed him. His languid weary eyes kindled with a new life, as my lips touched his. "I must try to live now," he whispered, "for your sake."

My mother-in-law had delicately left us together. When he said those words, the temptation to tell him of the new hope that had come to brighten our lives was more than I could resist.

"You must try to live now, Eustace," I said, "for some one else, besides me."

His eyes looked wonderingly into mine. "Do you mean my mother?" he asked. I laid my head on his bosom, and whispered back. "I mean your child." I had all my reward for all that I had given up! I forgot Mr. Playmore; I forgot Gleninch. Our new honeymoon dates, in my remembrance, from that day. The quiet time passed, in the bye-street in which we lived. The outer stir and tumult of Parisian life ran its daily course around us, unnoticed and unheard. Steadily, though slowly, Eustace gained strength. The doctors, with a word or two of caution, left him almost entirely to me. "You are his physician," they said; "the happier you make him, the sooner he will recover." The quiet monotonous round of my new life was far from wearying me. I, too, wanted repose—I had no interests, no pleasures, out of my husband's room.

Once, and once only, the placid surface of our lives was just gently ruffled by an allusion to the past. Something that I accidentally said, reminded Eustace of our last interview at Major Fitz-David's house. He returned, very delicately, to what I had then said of the Verdict pronounced on him at the Trial; and he left me to infer that a word from my lips, confirming what his mother had already told him, would quiet his mind at once and for ever. My answer involved no embarrassments or difficulties: I could, and did, honestly tell him that I had made his wishes my law. But it was hardly in womanhood, I am afraid, to be satisfied with merely replying, and to leave it there. I thought it due to me that Eustace too should concede something, in the way of an assurance which might quiet my mind. As usual with me, the words followed the impulse to speak them. "Eustace," I asked, "are you quite cured of those cruel doubts which once made you leave me?"

His answer (as he afterwards said) made me blush with pleasure. "Ah, Valeria, I should never have gone away, if I had known you then as well as I know you now!"

So the last shadows of distrust melted away out of our lives.

The very remembrance of the turmoil and the trouble of my past days in London seemed to fade from my memory. We were lovers again; we were absorbed again in each other; we could almost fancy that our marriage dated back once more to only a day or two since. But one last victory over myself was wanting to make my happiness complete. I still felt secret longings, in those dangerous moments when I was left by myself, to know whether the search for the torn letter had, or had not, taken place. What wayward creatures we are! With everything that a woman could want to make her happy, I was ready to put that happiness in peril, rather than remain ignorant of what was going on at Gleninch! I actually halted the day, when my empty purse gave me an excuse for going to my banker's correspondent on business, and so receiving any letters waiting for me which might be placed in my hands.

I applied for my money without knowing what I was about; wondering all the time whether Benjamin had written to me or not. My eyes wandered over the desks and tables in the office, looking for letters furtively. Nothing of the sort was visible. But a man appeared from an inner office; an ugly man, who was yet beautiful to my eyes, for this sufficient reason—he had a letter in his hand, and he said "Is this for you, ma'am?"

A glance at the address showed me Benjamin's handwriting.

Had they tried the experiment of recovering the letter? and had they failed?

Somebody put my money in my bag, and politely led me out to the little hired carriage which was waiting for me at the door. I remember nothing distinctly, until I opened the letter on my way home. The first words told me that the dust-heap had been examined, and that the fragments of the torn letter had been found!

CHAPTER XLV.

THE DUSTHEAP DISTURBED.

My head turned giddy. I was obliged to wait and let my overpowering agitation subside, before I could read any more.

Looking at the letter again, after an interval my eyes fell accidentally on a sentence near the end, which surprised and startled me.

I stopped the driver of the carriage, at the entrance to the street in which our lodgings were situated, and told him to take me to the beautiful Park of Paris—the famous Bois de Boulogne. My object was to gain time enough in this way, to read the letter carefully through by myself, and to ascertain whether I ought, or ought not, to keep the receipt of it a secret before I confronted my husband and his mother, at home.

This precaution taken, I read the narrative which my good Benjamin had so wisely and thoughtfully written for me. Treating the various incidents methodically, he began with the Report which had arrived, in due course of mail, from our agent in America.

(To be continued.)

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**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869**

AND AMENDMENTS THERETO.

IN THE MATTER OF J. H. CHAPRON, OF VILLAGE ST. HENRI, P. of Q., HOTEL KEEPER AND TRADER.

AN INSOLVENT.

I, the undersigned, HUBERT B. LEFEBVRE, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at the Office of WHYTE, KERR & LEFEBVRE, in Merchants' Exchange Building, St. Sacrament Street, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday, the first day of April next, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

H. B. LEFEBVRE,  
Assignee.  
Montreal, 1st March, 1875. 11-11-52-116.

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**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.**

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Montreal.

IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE E. DESBARATS,

AN INSOLVENT.

ON TUESDAY, the sixth day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

Montreal, 27th February, 1875.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.  
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