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EMERALD LEAF

Wholesale News

Vol. VI.—No. 25.

MONTRÉAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

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CANADIAN SKETCHES.

We have been favoured with some advanced sheets of a work to be shortly issued by J. M. Le Moine, Esq., of Québec, containing sketches of Canadian scenery, literature, and sporting intelligence. It seems likely to command as great a sale as the celebrated sketches the same writer published under the name of *Maple Leaves* in 1863-64-65. It will form two handsome volumes. The following short chapter graphically alludes to Canadian winter scenery: it will, we hope, rejoice the *littérateur* no less than the sportsman.

THE GLORIES OF WINTER.

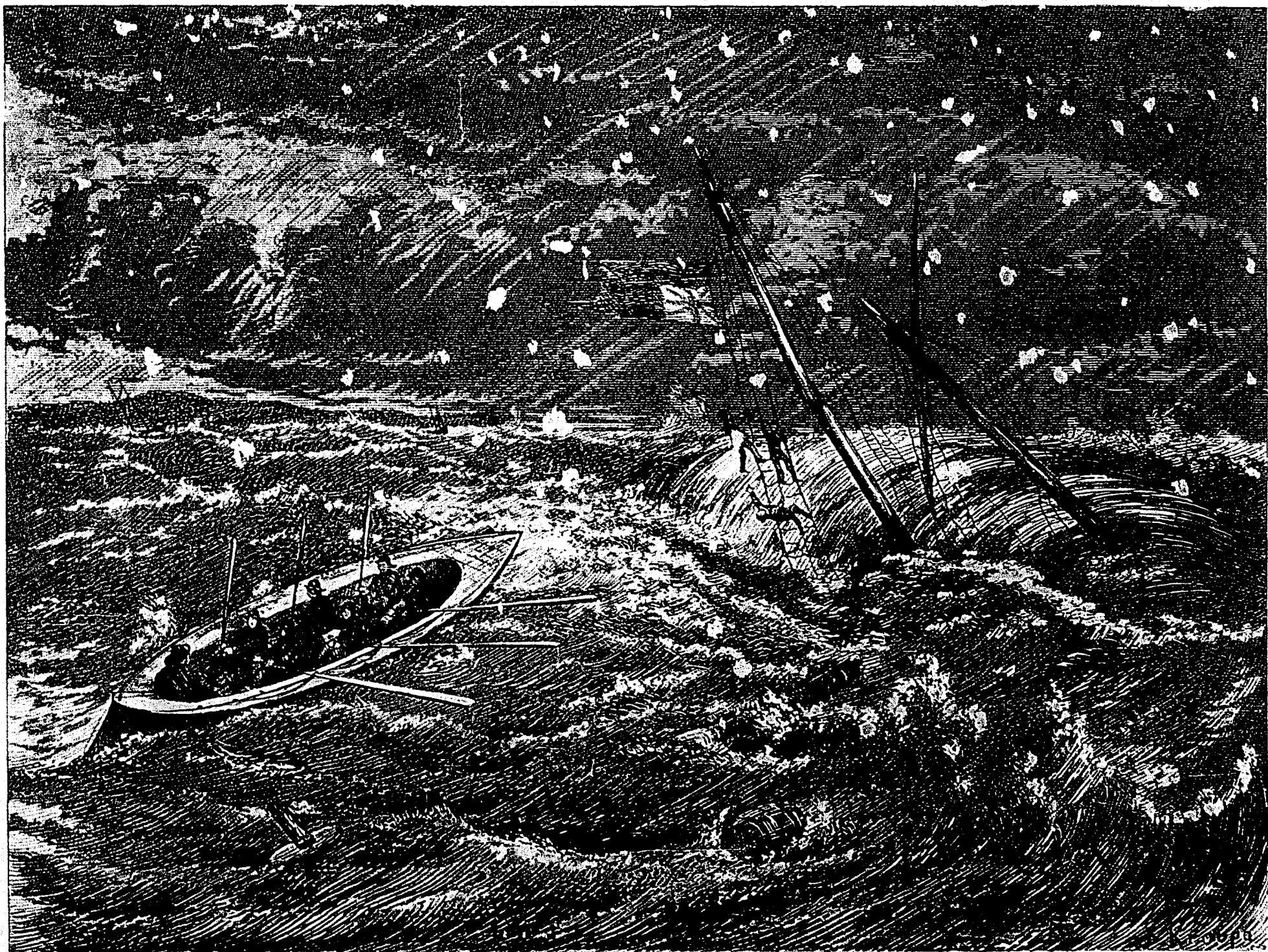
"Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the earth and sky below;
Over the house tops over the street,
Over the heads of the people we meet,
Dancing, flirting, skimming along.

"Beautiful snow; it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!"

Has it ever been your fortune, kind reader, to enjoy, in the depth of winter, a ramble in a Canadian forest, at the mystic hour when the Queen of Night holds gentle sway? Have you ever revelled in this feast of soul, fresh from the busy hum of city life—perchance strolling up a mountain path with undulating plains of spotless whiteness behind you, or else canopied by the leafy dome of odorous pine or green hemlock, with no other companion but your trusty rifle, nor other sound but the hoot of the Great Horned Owl, disturbed by the glare of your camp fire—on the rustle of the passing hare, skulking fox, or browsing cariboo? Has it ever been your lot, venturously hunter, with the sable shades of evening descending, to have, after a twenty miles run, to abandon the red-stained trail, reserving for the morrow the slaying of the stricken deer? Can you recall the sense of weariness with which you retraced your heavy steps to the *cabane*—perspiring at every pore, panting with thirst—faint—perhaps bewildered with the flakes of the gathering storm—yea, so exhausted that the crackling of the pine faggots of your mountain hut—watched over in your absence by your faithful Indian "Gabriel"—struck on your ravished senses amidst the winter gloom like heavenly music—sounds as soft, as welcome as the first April sunbeam? Have you ever had the hardiness to venture

with Indian guide and *toogga*: on an angling tour far north in the Laurentian chain to that *Ultima Thule* sacred to the disciples of old Isaac, Snow Lake, over chasm, dale, mountain, pending that month dear above all others to King Hiems—inexorable January? If so, you can indeed boast of having held communion with the Grim God of Winter in some of his stern though captivating moods. Nor are these the only charms which the capricious monarch has in store.

Never shall I forget, one bright March morning, sauntering along the green uplands of Sillery, towards the city, while the "sun god" was pouring overhead waves of purple, fecundating light. The day previous, one of our annual equinoctial storms had careered over the country; first, wind and snow, then wind and sleet, the latter dissolving into translucent, icy tears, encircling captive nature in thousands of weird, gloomy, living crystals; every tree of the forest, according to its instinct, its nature, writhing in the conqueror's cold embrace—rigid, groaning, ready to snap in twain rather than bend: witness the red oak or sugar maple; or else, meekly, submissively curving to the earth its tapering, frosted, fettered limbs, like the white birch—elegant, though fragile ornament of the Canadian park, or else heaving amid air a graceful net-work—trembling, ever-waving; transparent sap-



RESCUE OF THE SURVIVORS FROM THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER REWARD DURING THE GALE AT ST. JOHN, N. B., ON THE 30TH ULT.
FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.

phire tinted arabesques, decorating amber pillars witness the Golden Willow. Each gleam of sunshine investing this gorgeous tapestry with all the glories of Iris: here, rising above his compeers a stately lord of the grove, hoary with frost and years, whose outspreading boughs are furnished as if every twig had been touched by the wand of an enchanter; whilst there, under his shade, bends a sturdy mountain ash, smeared with the crimsoned berries of the preceding summer, now ice-coated *bon-bons* eagerly plucked by flocks of roseate grosbeaks resting on the whitened branches. How lovely the contrasts!

Such the scene in the gladsome light of day. But, of those objects, viewed by moonlight, who can becomingly depict the wild beauty? The same incomparable woodland landscape, with the silver rays of Diana softly sleeping on the virgin snow; on each side, an avenue of oak, spruce and fir-trees, the latter with their emerald feathery boughs wreathed in solid snow, and to the earth gracefully bending in festoons—now and again kissed by the night wind—at each wavy motion, disclosing their dark trunks, amidst the frozen foliage, like "Old Ocean's" billows breaking on dark rocks; the burnished gold of the morn melted into diadems of silver floss, twinkling with a mild radiance, under the eye of night, like diamond tiaras—a vista fit for Queen Mab. Of such mayhap dreamed Moorish maids, under the portals of the Alhambra. Where Armida's enchanted forests brighter?

Who can describe all thy witchery? Thy nameless graces, who can compass, serene majesty of Winter in the North?

Wouldst thou fancy another view, of aspect less serene—a contrast such as glorious old Kir North would have revelled in? Step forward, my witty, my sarcastic friend of the *Evening* newspaper—by name Henri Fabre.

THE JOYS OF WINTER.

"The true season of Canada is winter; winter with its bright skies by day and its brighter stars by night. Of spring we have none: April is nothing better than a protracted thaw, with scenes of mud and melting snow. May, the month dear to poets, is frequently but an uninterrupted succession of showers to fecundate the earth; its symbol, an array of outspread umbrellas in our streets. As to our summer, it is but the epitome of the joyous summer of France and Italy, for the use of new countries. Autumn is a shade better, but anon the first snow hits us on to blanch and disperse the leaves and dim the hues of mellowed nature. When the fields slumber under ten feet of snow, when human noses freeze before their sneezing owners have time to utter a cry for help, then is the *beau ideal* of our climate. He who on such an occasion dares to sigh for the boasted shade of trees and the murmur of gushing waters, that man is no true Canadian. The searching wind, the snow, the northern blast, are part and parcel of our country: one is bound to love them: should they increase in intensity, rub your hands, first to keep yourself warm, next to denote your patriotic joy."

But all this won't prevent us from exclaiming with a Canadian son of song:

"Oh! dear is the northern forest home,
Where the great pine shoots so high;
And the maple spreads its soft, green leaves,
In the clear, blue, cloudless sky.
Though the summer months palest fast
Into winter's virgin veil—
There is health in the ferns, quick lightning blast,
And strength in the icy gale,
And life glides on quiet calm,
Like our own river's flow,
And dear to the hearts of her children all,
Is our own Fair Land of Snow!"

J. M. LEMOINE.

SILLERT, near Quebec, 1872.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL JOKERS.

Jesting with Kings, particularly him it is—why, it was as if a swimmer, however experienced, should venture within the smooth but death-bearing current of Niagara, which inevitably carried all within its power over the Falls. People have played little teasing jokes with elephants, and when the jokers have forgotten all about it the gravely majestic beast has put his foot upon the offender, and crushed the humour out of him forever. It has been just so with malice-bearing monarchs, and with courtiers who thought they might joke with them. The incarnation of all such monarchs existed in the person of an African king named Chaka. He was given to joking at others, and woe betide them if they did not burst with ecstasy at the joke; but if a "fellow of infinite humour" happened to cap the royal joke with a better, Chaka broke into hilarity, which he ended by exclaiming, "Cut off that wretch's head: he has made me laugh." The Caesars must have been almost as dreadfully dangerous men to joke with as Chaka. The great Julius, indeed, after he became great, had no leisure for jesting, but was the object of some popular jokes, which he took with indifference. The guests of Augustus were afraid to "crack a joke" in his presence. They would whisper one to a neighbor, and then turn pale if the Emperor invited them to "speak up." The imperial table was as grand and dull as that of the copper Augustus, Louis XIV, and the Emperor had recourse to merry-andrews, just as the Grand Monarque had to harlequins. But the harlequins of those days were gentlemen and scholars. The grim Tiberius, on the other hand, was remarkably facetious. His delight was to puzzle his learned guests with unanswerable questions, such as, "What was the name of the song the Syrens sang?" and the like. Fancy half a dozen members of the Society of Antiquaries dining with Her Majesty and being gravely asked who built the marble halls the Bohemian girl dreamt she dwelt in? or what was the Christian name of the "Minstrel Boy?" and at what period "Auld Lang Syne" had been young! Nevertheless, Tiberius was a nicer man to deal with than Caligula, all of whose jests were brutally cruel, in words, and oftener in deeds. What a serious joke was that, when having nothing on but the linen apron of a victim-slaver, he raised the mallet, and, instead of slaying the beast, knocked out the brains of the sacrificing priest? Claudius was too huge a feeder to have appetite for wit; but he would have eaten the whole beast that his predecessor should have killed. Yet Claudius, half beast himself, had a good deal of the scholar in him; as Nero had, who loved science, admired art, was mildly witty, and therewith as savage as an insane hyena. We must except the occasions of his visiting the theatre, when he sat in an upper seat, and found delight in flinging nuts down upon the bald head of the praetor below. That official was as proud of the attention as if every nut had been an especial honor. Joyless Galba had none of the Neronic fun in him. But though not witty himself, Galba could smile when he heard the popular slang name, in

allusion to his flat nose, "Simius." His successor, Otho, was just such a wit as a man might be expected to be who washed his face in asses' milk. If witty men went away from him feeling dull and heavy, it was the result of their exchanging ideas with their imperial master. He had his wit at second hand, as Vitellius had, who got his jokes from a stag-player and charioteer. In more modern times, when Astley's was in his glory, and the clown of the ring a joker that people went to listen to, that circus clown got his jokes, not from his own brains, but from the Westminster boys. Jokes used to be made at Westminster as they now are at the Stock Exchange, where fresh batches are served each morning, like hot rolls. But to return to the Caesars. Perhaps Vespasian was a greater joker than any of them, but his jokes were often broad and scurrilous. Titus was rather gracious than given to jesting, though he enjoyed one serry joke in promising to every suit or that his request should be granted. They went away radiant, "Every one," he said, "ought to depart joyfully from the presence of his Prince;" and then, "the delight of mankind" thought no more of his promise. The chief recreation of the gloomy Domitian was in playing dice; but he always won. Every antagonist knew what the joke would cost him if he beat the Emperor. Altogether, those twelve Caesars, were men compounded of the most opposite qualities, with a small modicum of what is called wit among the whole of them. Out of all those who followed one alone, Hadrian, made a standing and sterling joke—a joke which has descended to us and added a slang phrase to our vulgar tongue. To "scrape acquaintance" comes to us from Hadrian. He was at the public baths one day, when he saw one of his veteran soldiers scraping his body with a tile. That was such poor luxury that Hadrian ordered that his old comrades should be supplied with more suitable cleansing materials, and also with money. On a subsequent occasion, when the Emperor again went to the bath, the spectacle before him was highly amusing. A score of old soldiers who had fought under Hadrian were standing in the water, and each was currying himself with a tile and winking at the self-indulgent rubbing. The Emperor perfectly understood what he saw and what was the purpose of the sight. "Hadrian!" he exclaimed, "you had better scrape one another, my good fellows!" He added, "You certainly shall not scrape acquaintance with me!"—*Temp's Bar.*

THE RETENTION AND COLOURING OF EGGS AND THE MIMICRY OF SOUND BY BIRDS.

A correspondent of *Nature* forwards the following interesting facts observed in New Zealand: Regarding the length of time during which a bird can retain its egg, the case is mentioned of a kindfisher that began six nests, abandoning all in turn and depositing her eggs in the seventh, after working for over six weeks in a condition analogous to pregnancy. The labour was incessant, three of the homes that were excavated in a turf chimney and abandoned being so far finished that a deposit of eggs must have been imminent on three occasions during the above period.

In answer to the question: Can a bird influence the colour of its eggs protectively? the writer says that a female bittern, when kept in a grassy enclosure, laid an egg of a pale bluish green colour, precisely like that of a heron. The egg of the bittern naturally is of an olivaceous buff tint, which harmonizes well with the half faded leaves of aquatic plants, of which the nest is often built. It is doubtless probable that the egg thus became tinged to secure for it the protection of the verdure of the grass in which it was deposited. Another and more curious instance is that of the whistler or small cuckoo placing its egg in the nest of the blight bird. The latter is a bird foreign to New Zealand and builds a suspended nest; the eggs are clear blue green in color. The egg of the cuckoo is greenish dun, but in order to place it in the hanging nest where it will be free from reptilian invaders, the writer has found cases where it has manifestly changed the color to one closely resembling that of the eggs of its dupe, so that the latter would fail to distinguish the addition to its deposit.

Referring to the mimicry of sounds, it is stated that, in camping for some days on a river bed, the author frequently heard what he took to be one of the notes of the *Arctopus* but that wader was nowhere to be seen; at length he traced the call to the piopio, a bird with feeble powers of flight, yet one that delights in the open glades of river beds. The mimic cry was always given when near to a stream just where the red bill (*Arctopus*) would be likely to be found. A pair of red bills can drive away a hawk; now a hawk, "from his place on high" perceiving something near the water, might forgo its swoop on hearing the mimicked note of the wary yet bold redbill. The common gray warbler, it is also stated, gives an exact imitation of the cry of the common tern, one of the boldest birds in defence of its young.

PRINTERS' ERRORS IN THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

The errors of the foreign editions of the Dutch and Scotch Bibles are almost innumerable. In a black-letter Testament of 1654, printed either at Edinburgh or in Holland, a mistake may be met with in every column. In Holland itself a vigorous attempt to insure correctness was made by the restriction of the right of publishing Bibles to the King's printers, and no more curious proof of the perpetuity of English usages could be found than in the history of this monopoly. The house of Christopher Barker, to which the patent was granted in 1577, went on steadily printing under it to 1799. The right was held for sixty years by Thomas Baskett, and purchased in 1769 by Charles Eyre, whose representatives, Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, continue a succession which has been unbroken since 1655. But the monopoly failed in securing the various editions from even ludicrous and profane blunders. In one of the earliest issues, the second folio of 1611, in which the mistakes of the first were supposed to have been corrected, we find, "Then cometh Judas with them unto a place called Gethsemane." A folio of 1717 has received its name of "the Vinegar Bible," from a misprint in the heading of the parable of the Vineyard. In two quartos of the present century we are told that "the blast of thy terrible ones is as a s'one against the wall," and that "the dogs liked his blood." We may perhaps suspect a little irony in the compositor of 1838 (he may have been an acquaintance of Milton's), who makes the heathen vex the Israelites, not with their "wives," but with their "wives," or in the printer of 1640, who substituted "rulers in the wilderness" for "mules."

But the real mischief of such blunders lay in their tendency to perpetuation. The omission in the first folio of two important words in the fifth chapter of St. John's first Epistle is still perpetuated in our Prayer-Books, though it has been corrected in the text of our Bibles. "Strain at a gnat" was probably a typographical blunder in the first issue of King James' Bible for the "strain out" of the Bishops' and Geneva versions; but it remains to this day. So a misprint in the First Epistle to Timothy, which originated at Cambridge about 1629, went on uncorrected, edition after edition, till 1803. The fine of £3000 inflicted by the Star-Chamber on Barker for his omission of the prohibitory "not" in the Seventh Commandment is a well-known instance of the fruitless efforts to obtain correctness; the fine, however, as we hear from Mr. Lottie, "dwindles on investigation to £300, and this again is compensated for by the presentation of a set of Greek types to one of the universities."

Nor was free trade more conducive to correctness than monopoly. The great rebellion for a time threw upon the market, but the popular editions of Field and Hills were distinguished with a greater number of blunders than any that had appeared before. Their defects are mercilessly exposed in a rare tract by William Kelbourne, which Mr. Lottie has reprinted in his preface. Besides the greater errors, however, which we have noticed, we find an infinite number of smaller modifications going on in spelling and punctuation. During the first century which is comprised in Mr. Lottie's list the spelling of no two editions is the same. In such a change as that of "sometimes" for "some time" spelling becomes an important organ of revision. "We still," says Mr. Lottie, have such words as "astonish," "thoroughly," "praisings," "soon," although the authority by which they are retained has no more existence in reality than that by which such words as "shamefastness" or "impossible" were altered.

CAN THE STATURE BE IN ANY WAY AFFECTED BY THE WILL?

It is written that "no man by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature;" but if there be any truth in the following extracts from Babbage's "Passages in the Life of a Philosopher," it appears that man can, at all events, voluntarily do just nearly an equivalent amount from his height. At the opening of chapter eighteen of the work just cited Mr. Babbage makes the following statement respecting the celebrated tinker Valooq, with whom he had an interview: "He had a very remarkable power, which he was so good as to exhibit to me. It consisted in altering his height to about an inch and a half less than his ordinary height. He threw over his shoulders a cloak, in which he walked round the room. It did not touch the floor in any part, and was, I should say, about an inch and a half above it. He then altered his height, and took the same walk. The cloak then touched the floor, and lay upon it in some part or other during the whole walk. He then stood still, and altered his height alternately several times to about the same amount. I inquired whether the altered height, if sustained for several hours, produced fatigue. He replied that it did not, and that he had often used it for a whole day without any additional fatigue. He remarked that he had found this gift very useful as a disguise. I asked whether any medical man had examined the question, but it did not appear that any satisfactory explanation had been arrived at." Now if this had been the statement of an unscientific person, or one whose powers of observation were presumably untrained, it might be put aside unheeded; but coming, as it does, from one very unlikely to jump to conclusions, it seems to merit some degree of attention. This, then, being granted, the question arises, how can we account anatomically for this shortening in height? Of this the solution does not appear to be very clear. The only way in which an individual could alter his height would be either by adopting a stoop of his neck and shoulders, or by bending his knees and flexing his thighs upon his pelvis, or lastly, by actually shortening his vertebral column. The two first may be disregarded, as they would be pretty evident, even if a cloak were worn, and, if employed by Valooq, would scarcely have aroused the curiosity and wonder of Mr. Babbage. The last only, namely, a voluntary shortening of the vertebral column, remains then to be considered. There seems to be a general impression, both among doctors and the laity, so called—though it is difficult to discover any definite and concrete expression of it in the text-books—that, by virtue of the compressibility of the intervertebral fibro-cartilaginous discs, the stature of a man when he goes to bed is shorter than when he gets out of it, the amount of shortening varying according as the individual dangles a cane on the street, or is employed somewhat more actively as a porter at the docks. —*Nature.*

THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF DOGS.

A dog feels anger precisely as we do, and after provocation is sometimes vindictive and sometimes placable, according to his individual character. He is susceptible of hatred of the bitterest kind. He is so exasperatingly jealous that his life becomes a burden in the presence of a favoured rival. His envy continually leads him to eat what he does not want lest another animal should take it, and to illustrate the fable of the dog in the manger. Gluttony holds out to him temptations under which even his honesty sometimes succumbs; but, on the other hand, from drunkenness he is nobly emancipated. A dog mentioned by the Rev. Thomas Jackson ("Our Dumb Companions"), having been once made so drunk with malt liquor that he was unable to walk up stairs, ever after declined to taste the pernicious beverage, and growled and snarled at the sight of a pewter pot. Again, as to love, Don Juan was a cold and unenterprising character compared to a dog; and as to maternal affection, the mother dog feels it with heroic passion, starving herself to death rather than forsake her offspring. Gratitude may be almost said to be a dog's leading principle, supplying first the spring of allegiance to his master, and ever after reconciling him, with true magnanimity, to take evil from the hand from which he has accepted good. Regret and grief he feels so deeply that they often break his heart. Fear is a passion which dogs exhibit with singular variation, some breeds and individuals being very timorous, and others perfect models of courage, the latter characteristics and fortitude seeming to be more characteristically canine. A greyhound has been known, after breaking his thigh, to run on till the course was concluded. As to

hope, no one can observe the dog watching for his master's step, as in Landseer's picture of "Expectation," without admitting that he knows the sentiment as well as we. Pride in a successful chase may be witnessed in every dog, and even felt in the quickened heartbeats of a greyhound when carressed and praised. That dogs have personal vanity appears from the fact that they are so manifestly dejected and demoralized when dirty and ragged by long exposure, and recover their self-respect immediately on being washed and combed. Chivalry and magnanimity may nearly always be calculated upon in dogs, and wife-beating is an offence to which the four-footed beast never descends. The stories are endless of big dogs generally overlooking the insults of small curs, or taking them into water and giving them a good ducking as a punishment for their impertinence, and then helping them mercifully back to land. Sense of property, bifurcating into both covetousness and avarice, is common to all dogs. The kennel, rug, collar, water basin, or bone once devoted to his use, no dog can see transferred to another without indignation. Frequently he "covets his neighbour's house," and attempts to ensconce himself in it surreptitiously; and almost universally he covets his neighbour's bone, and purloins it, if he dare. Even from avarice he cannot be wholly exonerated, observing his propensity to bury his treasures. Shame, after transgressing any of the arbitrary rules imposed on him, a dog displays with ludicrous simplicity; but of the deeper sense of violated modesty which in human beings accompanies the commission of sin, the dog evidently knows nothing whatever. Humour, so far as it can proceed without language, the dog catches readily from a humorous master, and also the enjoyment of such games as he can understand. As a baby crows with glee at "bo-peep," so a dog barks with delight at "go-fetch." Make-believe runs and false starts, romps and ticklings, throwing a ball for him to catch on the grass, or a stick to fish out of a lake, all supply him with pleasure perfectly analogous in their nature to that which boys and men find in blind-man's-buff and prisoner's base, lordly cricket, and lady-like croquet. Lastly, faith in a beloved superior is perhaps the most beautiful and affecting of all the attributes of a dog.—Quarterly Review.

Our Illustrations.

THE WRECK OF THE "REWARD."

Saturday, the 29th ult., will long be remembered in St. John, N. B., as one of the most stormy and disastrous days in the memory of the inhabitants. On the night before there had been little appearance of a gale, but about two in the morning the wind, which had been east-south-east, chopped round to the south-west and broke over the city and vicinity in a perfect tornado. When the day broke it was found that several vessels had gone ashore. Among these was the "Reward," a topsail schooner of 101 tons, bound from the neighbourhood of Windsor to Portland, Me., with a cargo of plaster. Off St. John she had been overtaken by the hurricane, and while endeavouring to make the harbour, had struck on the rocks to the east of the Beacon, where she was exposed to the full fury of the waves, which swept over her in a manner that threatened speedy dissolution. This was about five o'clock. The crew, six in number, at once took to the rigging for safety, where they hung for dear life, in spite of driving snow, piercing wind, and drenching spray, until the day broke. About seven their perilous situation was first observed from the land, but, surprising to say, for a full hour no steps were taken to rescue them. "Then," says the Telegraph, "was the time that a life-boat might have been expected to be in readiness to relieve the perishing men, had the Corporation of St. John possessed such a thing or a crew to man it. On an open shed on the ballast wharf there was a thing which some people out of courtesy called a life-boat. It was old-fashioned, leaky and utterly out of repair, according to the statement of several parties. There were no oars in it to row with, and no thole-plus to place oars in. His statement is contradicted by others, who assert that only one oar was wanting. There was a hole in the bottom of this precious piece of Antedeluvian art, big enough to sink a ship, in a short time, let alone a boat, and that was what the City of St. John depended on for the saving of life." Finally, at about eight o'clock, the crazy life-boat was got out and, manned by seven brave volunteers, started for the wreck.

The following are the names of the crew:—John Thomas, captain; Charles Bridges, at helm; George Dosty, Robert Murray, Timothy Collins, oarsmen; and James O'Neill.

For a description of the scene we must again borrow the language of the local writer:—"They were cheered to the echo as they left the shore, and many a prayer was breathed for their safety and their success. But the sea was terrible. The whole line of the foul ground was a mass of foam, and the long rollers were breaking on the rocks with a noise like thunder. Even where the water was unbroken, the crested billows rose to a prodigious height, and the persistent fury with which the storm raged was simply awful. It was a sublime spectacle to see these daring men engage in a contest with the great forces of nature to rescue their drowning brothers in the "Reward." As the boat left the shore the six men who had hung on to the rigging for so many hours were still alive, and their joy at the prospect of deliverance may be conceived. But nature was nearly exhausted and every successive wave which swept over the luckless vessel was rapidly hastening her total dissolution. But the life-boat was now ploughing through the waves towards the wreck. Sometimes for a few moments it would disappear, and the cry would be raised that she was lost! Then she would be seen on the crest of the wave, to the delight of the spectators, and then with a sudden plunge she would sink out of sight. But her progress was necessarily slow, in the teeth of so tremendous a sea. In the meantime the sufferings of the men were terrible, and some of them could hold out no longer. The vessel, too, was rapidly going to pieces. The main-mast was seen to topple over and sink into the sea. The same wave which bore down the main-mast carried with it Thomas Hill, the captain's son, a youth of about 16 years of age. He exclaimed, "Father, I'm going!" as he released his grasp and sank into the foam covered waves. The grief-stricken father forgot his own sufferings in his agony for the loss of his son. "Oh God," he exclaimed, "my son is gone!" Greenough, the mate, who was above him in the rigging, replied, "Well, Captain, I expect we are all going, and I'll bid you good-bye." The exclamation had scarcely passed his lips when the captain also sank to rise no more. Reyson was the next victim. In his hour of peril he remembered his bereaved and widowed mother, and as he felt himself going, cried to the mate, "O! Mr. Greenough, what will my poor widowed mother do?" Then he sank and the ruthless waves closed over him. By this time the life-boat was under the lee of the vessel, and three living men were hanging in the fore-rigging. Jackson, who felt his strength leaving him, cried loudly for the men in the boat to make haste, and as they, with the most heroic exertions, were striving to reach him, the mast

went and with it the three men! Jackson gave a wild, despairing cry as he fell into the sea, on the lee side of the wrecked vessel. In another moment the topsail had covered him and pressed him down—but for this he would have been saved! The other two men were struggling with the waves on the same side of the vessel. To approach the "Reward" and the struggling survivors of her crew was a work of extreme difficulty. Dismantled, plaster-laden, the more immovable she was, the more dangerous it was to come near her, even on the lee side, lest the boat should be dashed to pieces by collision. But after her spars had been swept away, to a portion of which the two survivors clung, the waves which dashed them about did the same with the life-boat, their motions however being in unison. As the spectators, on the shore, by aid of glasses, watched the scene of disaster and gallant rescue, their hopes were now excited and now blighted. At one moment they seemed close enough to lay hold on the struggling men; at another they were carried away from them, and seemed themselves in danger of being submerged in the waves—a most tantalising spectacle—causing the most profound excitement in the life-boat and equally profound suspense on shore. The crew continued their superhuman efforts, which were soon to be crowned with a measure of success. At a favourable moment the insensible survivors were heaved, grasped and rescued! Davis was greatly exhausted and oblivious of everything, and Greenough was somewhat delirious. As soon as the life-boat got clear of the wreck the tug steamer "St. George" was seen approaching her, but unfortunately had no suitable line to throw to the life-boat, and the latter had no line at all. The tug "Dirigo" then went out and took the life-boat in tow, and she was rapidly brought to the shore amid the plaudits of all who saw the heroism of her crew."

We cannot refrain from expressing a hope that the darling self-devotion of the seven brave men who thus risked their lives in a wretched leaky tub of a boat to save their fellows from the horrors of a watery grave, will meet with the substantial reward it deserves. Seldom even in the annals of shipwreck, where deeds of heroism are to be found on every page, do we come across a case of such intrepidity as was displayed by Captain Thomas and his crew. They have already received a slight testimonial from the members of the St. John Board of Trade, but their case will, we trust, be duly reported to, and duly honoured by, the Royal Humane Society.

THE CENTENARY CHURCH ORGAN, HAMILTON, ONT.

The illustration of this fine instrument, (perhaps the best of its kind in the Dominion,) given in another place, will convey to the reader a pretty correct idea of its magnitude and grandeur. The builder, Mr. T. W. White, of Hamilton, expended his whole skill upon it, studying every improvement, American, British, and foreign, and combined in this organ all that could add to its value. The best materials, the most skilful workmen, were employed, and the highest perfection of tone has been attained to make this a model instrument worthy of comparison with the large cathedral organs of Europe. The organ occupies a width of sixteen feet and a depth of twelve feet. It is about twenty-three feet in height, and is enclosed in a beautiful imitation of rosewood case, with richly burnished gilt speaking pipes in front, which give it a novel and beautiful appearance, with a dignity and stateliness becoming an instrument of such immense size and capacity.

The builder furnishes us with the following specification, which may be found of interest:

Compass of Manuals from C to G.....56 notes.
Compass of Pedals from C to C.....25 notes.

Great Manual.

Table with 3 columns: No. FEET., Name, PIPES. Includes Bourdon, Open Diapason, Dulciana, Stop Diapason Bass, Melodia, Gamba, Principal, Flute D'Amour, Gem-horn, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Barks Sesquialter, Trumpet Bass, Trumpet Treble, Clarion.

Swell Manual.

Table with 3 columns: No. FEET., Name, PIPES. Includes Open Diapason, Clarabella, Stop Diapason Bass, Stop Diapason Treble, Principal, Flute Harmonique, Piccolo, Barks Cornet, Hautboy, Tremulant.

Pedal.

Table with 3 columns: No. FEET., Name, PIPES. Includes Open Diapason, Bourdon, Principal, Viol D'Amour.

Mechanical Registers.

Table with 4 columns: No., Name, No., Name. Includes Swell to Great, Great to Pedal, Swell to Pedal, Bellows Signal.

VIEW UP THE MIRAMICHI FROM NEWCASTLE, N.B.

The scenery along the line of the river Miramichi has already furnished some charming subjects for illustration in this paper. The view in this issue is no exception to the rule. The banks of the river in the neighbourhood of Newcastle are dotted with saw-mills, while the stream is covered with shipping waiting to load with lumber. At this point is the head of navigation for large vessels, but small craft can proceed several miles farther up the river.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE RIMOUSKI RIVER.

The photograph of this bridge from which our illustration is copied was taken some five months ago by M. F. X. Labelle, of Rimouski, when the structure was in a different condition to that which it now presents. The bridge crosses the river about a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the town. It is composed of four piers and two abutments, making five spans of 50

feet each. The piers stand 33 feet above low water mark, and are built with a bluish grey sandstone brought from the Murray Bay quarries. Great difficulty was experienced in getting down to the rock in consequence of the gravelly nature of the bed of the river. Steam pumps were used to pump out the water while the necessary excavations were being made. All the piers are founded on the solid rock, which averages some ten feet from the bed of the river. The bridge is in Section 5, and consequently forms part of the contract of Alex. McDonnell & Co. The masonry was built under sub-contract by Mr. Robert Gibson, of Grimsby, Ont.

Miscellaneous.

The costs of trying 23,000 of the French Communists have been 11,589,021 francs.

Upwards of \$1,500,000 is the average annual sum paid in Great Britain for foreign artificial flowers.

Models of the Tabernacle and the Temple of Solomon will be among the objects of interest at the Grand Exposition at Vienna. In the model Tabernacle every object is executed in its proper tissue—the textile reeds, cedar boards, the silver and brazen sockets, all being faithfully reproduced.

It is reported that a pilgrimage to Rome, in the course of the winter, is being organized in France, to consist of 2,000 persons. The pilgrims are to pay 120 francs a head for journey, food, and lodging, so they must make up their minds to pilgrims' fare and shelter indeed in that most expensive city.

The Cincinnati Commercial was lately shown a rare curiosity, in the shape of an old almanac, printed in Nuremberg, in the year 1500, in the German language, edited by D. Mauritio Knauren, in which it is stated that at that time there was raging in portions of Germany and throughout the Holy Roman States an epizootic of horses and cattle. The good abbé then proceeds to predict that under the influence of the planet Mercury, which then reigned, there would be recurrences of this disease in the years 1872, 1879, 1886, 1892, and 1899.

Statistics of maritime disasters for the month of October of the present year, from the International Register of Shipping, dated November 13, show that during October 240 sailing vessels and 18 steamers of all flags have been reported lost. Among the former, the number lost, above ten, are as follows: 113 English, 21 Norwegian, 18 Dutch, 17 German, and 14 French. The American loss of vessels was 9. Of the steamers lost 9 were English, 3 Dutch, and 1 each belonging to the United States, France, Brazil, Norway, and Sweden. Among the sailing vessels are 5 and among the steamers 1 reported missing.

The Diorama of the Champs Elysées (in Paris, of course,) will be shortly re-opened, after having been closed since the beginning of the war. The "Battle of Solferino" was the picture formerly shown, but this has been replaced by a representation of the "Siege of Paris." The painting is executed in masterly style, and the illusion is complete. The spectator is supposed to be standing upon a platform in the middle of the Fort d'Issy, and the bombardment is going on furiously. The proportions of this gigantic view can be guessed when it is stated that real field-pieces and real fascines form part of the foreground.

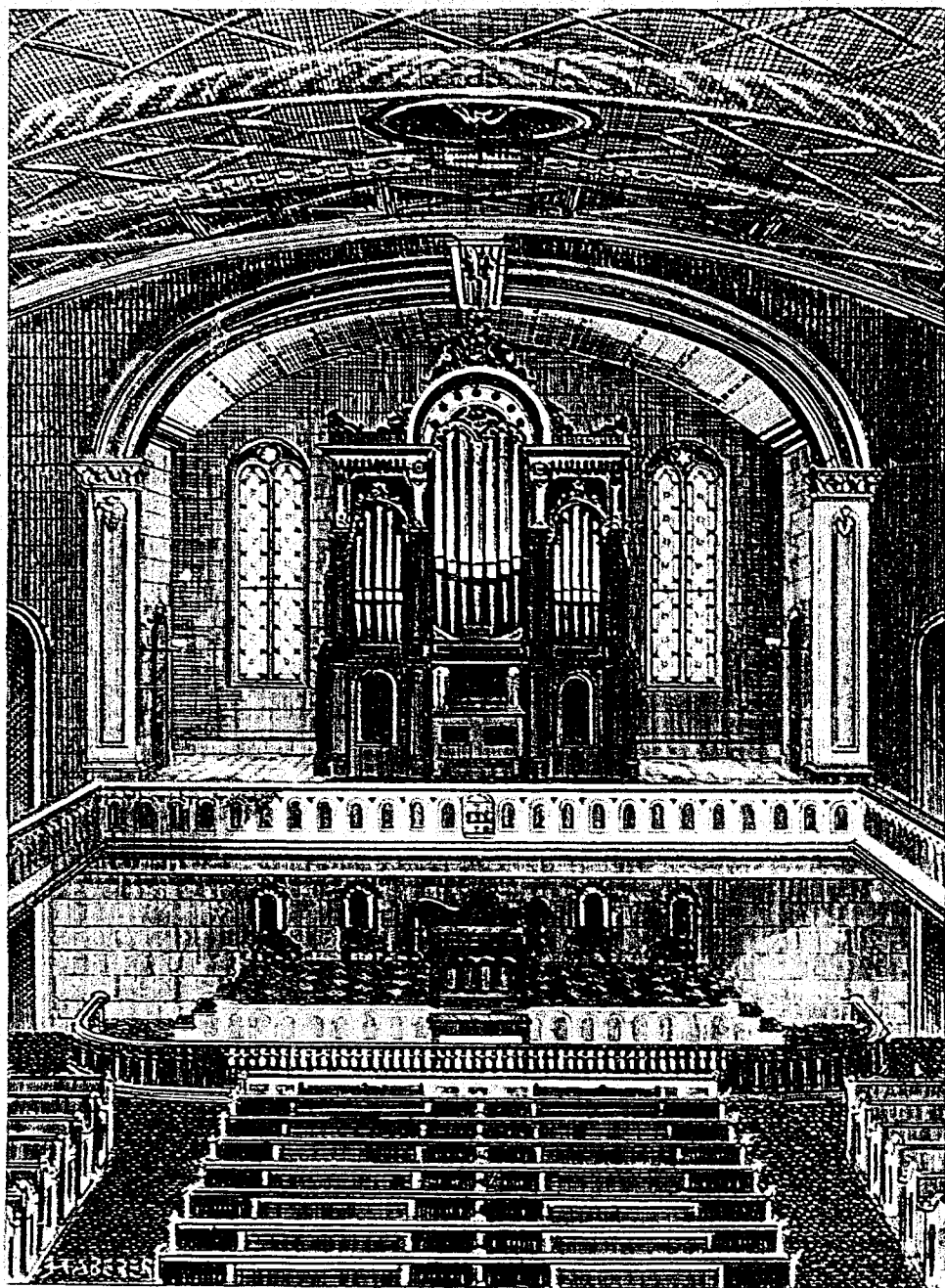
A new advertising dodge has just been invented in Paris. Of late a large number of bank bills have been seen in circulation with slips of paper pasted upon the back. At first it was supposed that the bill had been torn and mended, but as the same thing was seen on new bills, a more careful examination was made. It was found that an enterprising tradesman had pasted his advertisements upon the back of the currency of the realm, and had taken this novel way of getting his business cards into circulation. A complaint has been made to the Government, and the question of right will be decided in the French courts.

A very singular ceremony is described in a French paper—a peace-making between twenty-nine families of Anglona, between whom hostilities had existed for ten years. The bishop of the diocese, priests, and country authorities assisted at the ceremony. The offenders, and those offended by the assassinations committed or the wounds inflicted by vendetta, formed themselves into separate rows in the open field; then they embraced each other, two by two, at first with a certain reluctance, but soon with the greatest cordiality. The twenty-nine families who, with their relations, exchanged the kiss of peace numbered in all 1,200 persons. And a crowd of 2,000 persons witnessed the strange and interesting scene.

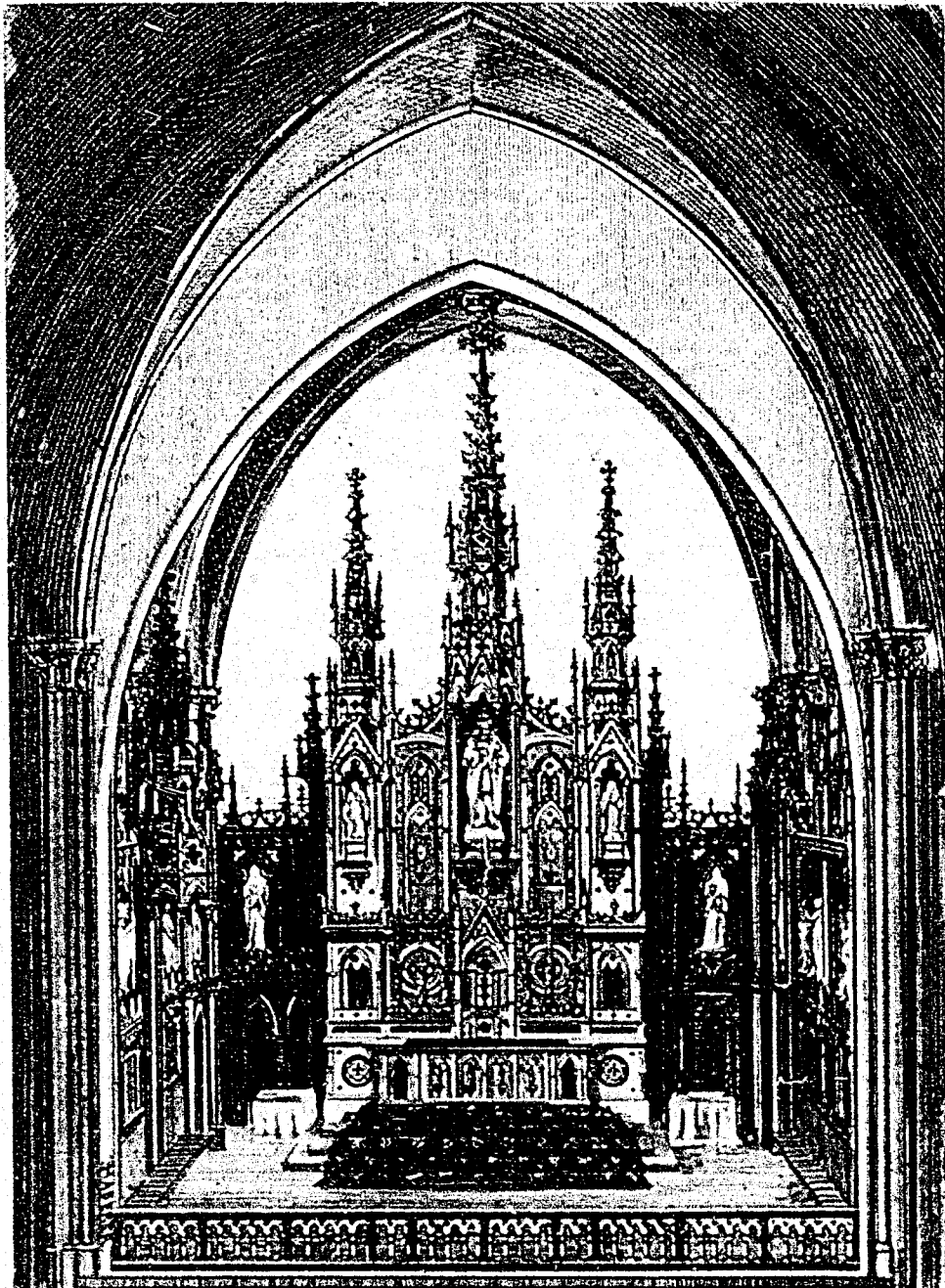
The London Spectator has compiled a list of the wealthy Englishmen who have died during the last ten years. From this, it appears that between 1863 and 1872, ten persons have expired in Great Britain leaving to their heirs more than a million sterling. During the same period, fifty-three people have died worth half a million, and one hundred and sixty-one leaving more than a quarter of a million sterling. These figures refer solely to what is called "personality" in English probate records, i.e., actual hard cash, or its equivalent in bonds, stock, business interests, furniture, pictures, &c. The fortunes represented by the great and small landed estates transmitted during the same period are not included in the statistics referred to.

Most newspaper readers will remember the Zouave Jacob, whose wonderful cures were the subject of general attention a few years ago. He had but to speak the word of command and the paralyzed patient immediately performed feats of activity that would not have disgraced an acrobat. For some years nothing has been heard of Jacob, and many people imagined he was dead; but the Arena National announces that he still lives and continues to work cures in a house in the Rue Ramponeau, Paris. He occupies a small room meekly furnished and illuminated by two windows of unpolished glass. He is visited every day by a number of persons who cannot get relief from the general practitioners. With an aspect of profound conviction he lays his hands on the sick and paralytic and tells them to walk, upon which they depart with a persuasion that there is an improvement in their condition. Jacob, however, admits that magnetism without another occupation is not a lucrative business; he therefore depends partly on his skill as a hatter for subsistence, and between the two manages to make a living.

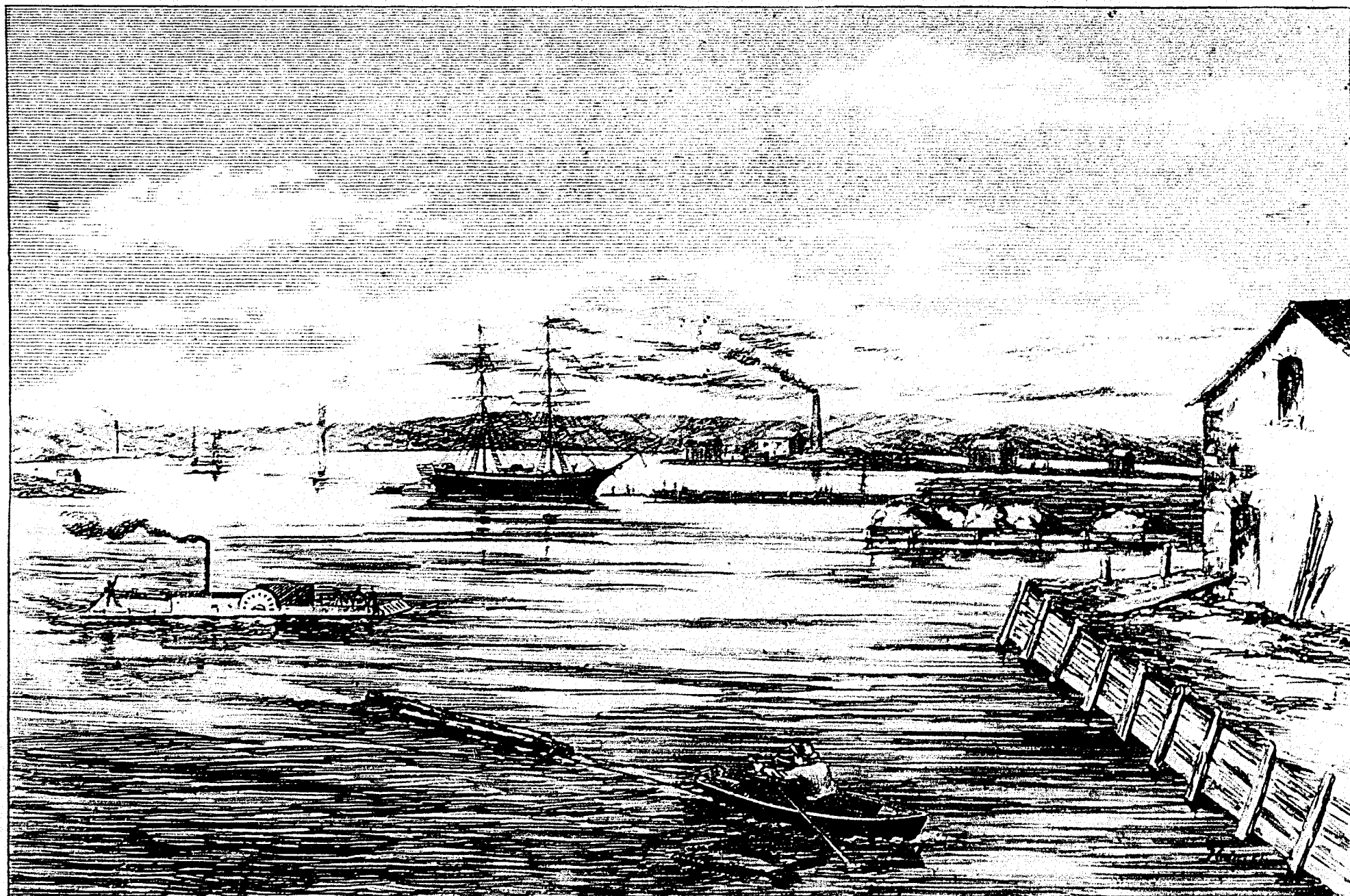
OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or ineffective, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morsou's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morsou and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name



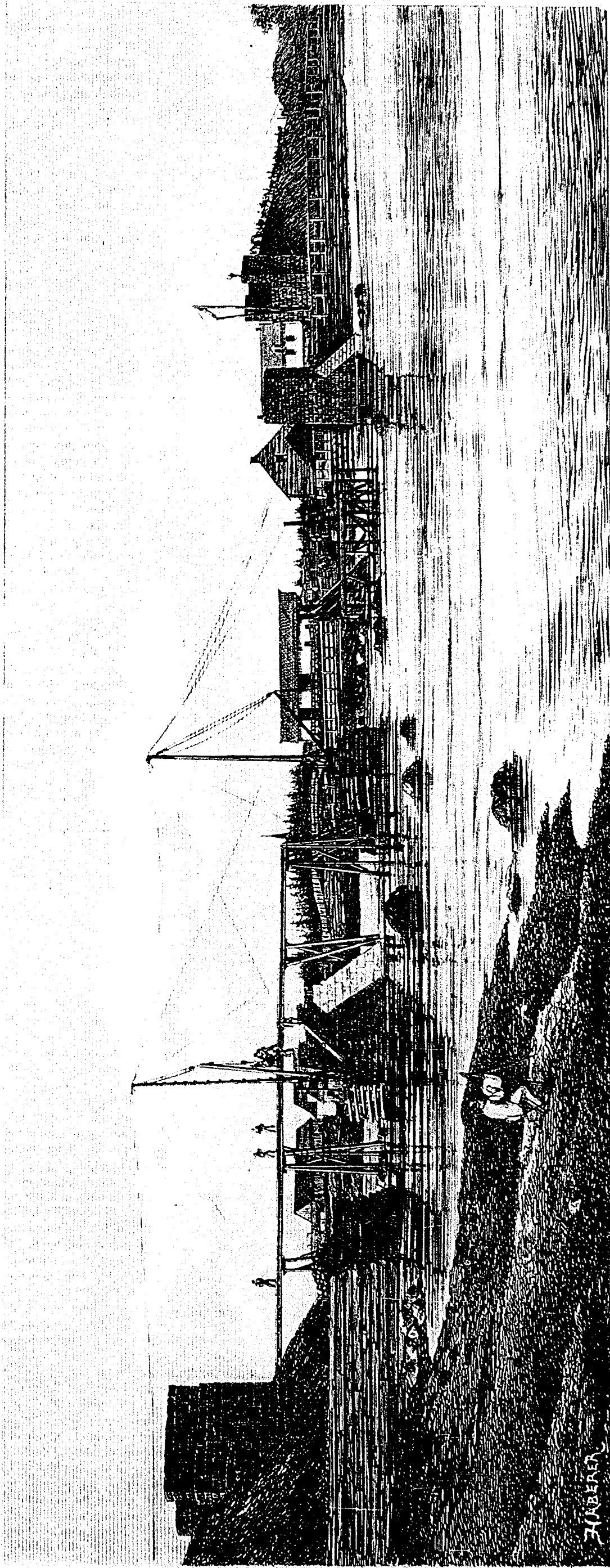
HAMILTON—THE ORGAN IN THE CENTENARY CHURCH
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MILNE.



HAMILTON—THE HIGH ALTAR, ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MILNE.



NEW BRUNSWICK.—VIEW UP THE MIRAMICHI RIVER FROM NEWCASTLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C



THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BRIDGE AT RIMOUSKI—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHILE UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
DECEMBER 28, 1872.

SUNDAY.	Dec. 22.—Fourth Sunday in Advent. Lord Ellenborough died, 1871.
MONDAY.	" 23.—Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, 1620. Drayton died, 1821.
TUESDAY.	" 24.—Christmas Eve. Vasco de Gama died, 1525. Bishop Warburton died, 1865. Crabbe born, 1754. Eugene Scribe born, 1791. Treaty of Ghent, 1814. Mdme. de Genlis died, 1830. Hugh Miller died, 1856. Thackeray died, 1863.
WEDNESDAY.	" 25.—Christmas Day. Champlain died, 1635. Sir Isaac Newton born, 1642. Porson born, 1759.
THURSDAY.	" 26.—St. Stephen, M. Gray born, 1716. Upper Canada constituted a province, 1791.
FRIDAY.	" 27.—St. John, Ap. & Co. Ronsard died, 1555. John Wilkes died, 1797. Charles Lamb died, 1834.
SATURDAY.	" 28.—The Holy Innocents. Bayle died, 1706. Lord Macaulay d. J. 1858.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KIN, for the week ending Dec. 15, 1872.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M., 2 P. M., 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M., 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Dec. 9	15.8	31.0	22.5	85	29.53	SW W	Snow.
10	8.6	11.5	2.0	78	29.57	W	Snow.
11	3.7	7.5	1.0	70	30.26	W	Clear.
12	5.5	9.0	-1.2	71	30.13	W	Hazy.
13	18.1	24.0	4.0	85	29.88	S	Snow.
14	24.0	31.5	24.0	74	29.91	W b S	Cloudy.
15	18.7	28.5	19.0	70	29.80	W	Cloudy.
MEAN	13.4	21.8	11.2	77.0	29.91		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 8.0; of Humidity, 25.0; of Barometer, 0.880 inches. Maximum height of Barometer on the 11th, 30.243; Minimum height on the 10th, 29.463.

Whole amount of snow during the week reduced to its equivalent of water, 0.45 inches, equivalent to 10.51 gallons of water per acre.

NOTE.—The Temperature and Barometer pressure has been very variable during the week. The Minimum Temperature recorded was on the morning of the 12th, when it reached for the first time this winter below zero (-1.2).

OUR CHROMO FOR 1873.

We are happy to state that we are preparing a fine Chromo for presentation to our subscribers for 1873. The subject and execution being thoroughly Canadian and very artistic, will no doubt please our numerous patrons. It represents a Snow-shoe Party by Moonlight, halting at a farm-house near the Mountain of Montreal, and is taken from a photograph by Notman, coloured by Henry Southam. It will be printed on plate paper, and be the size of a double page illustration in THE NEWS. We hope to distribute it early in January to our subscribers; and we take this opportunity to request an early renewal of all subscriptions, and trust that our friends will erect themselves to send us each a few new names. The price, \$4.00, is henceforth strictly payable in advance. One remittance of \$20.00 entitles the sender to six copies for one year, which will be addressed separately if desired.

AGENTS WANTED.

The Proprietor of this paper wishes to secure the services of two responsible, active, intelligent business men to take charge, the one of the North-western Ontario, and the other of the Eastern Ontario Agencies of THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Exclusive territory and liberal percentage given. Satisfactory references or adequate security required. Apply at once to

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS OFFICE,
Montreal.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributors are requested to take notice that any MS. sent to the Editor on approval must be accompanied by the name and address, in full, of the author.

Rejected MSS. will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps to defray postage.

NOTICE TO INTENDING SUBSCRIBERS.

Persons and Clubs sending in their names NOW, accompanied by \$4.00 for each subscription, will receive THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS from the date of their remittance to 31st December, 1873. 16th November, 1872.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Christmas number of the "ILLUSTRATED NEWS" —with which will be issued an eight-page supplement—will contain a variety of seasonable illustrations, among others a superb double-page engraving,

"THE GOOD SHEPHERD,"

after Murillo;
CHRISTMAS CHURCH DECORATION;
a series of sketches illustrative of

DEER HUNTING IN THE CANADIAN FOREST;
"A MERRY CHRISTMAS, DARLING,"

after a steel engraving;
and the first of a set of cartoons apropos of

"THE DOMESTIC QUESTION."

In this number will appear a set of
CHRISTMAS STORIES,
CHRISTMAS POETRY,
AND
CHRISTMAS SKETCHES,
BY CANADIAN WRITERS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Mr. T. O. Bridgewater is not and has not been for some time past agent for this paper, and that payments made to him will not be recognized by this office. In Western Ontario Mr. W. Rowan is at present our only travelling representative.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

Edwin Forrest, the great American tragedian, departed this life, on last Thursday week, the 12th inst., in the 65th year of his age. To those who look only at the surface of things the demise of this remarkable man will pass almost unnoticed, and, before another fortnight shall have passed by, his name will be almost forgotten. And yet he was a personage who filled the public eye for nearly half a century, who was heard, seen and admired by perhaps more people than any other man in America, and who did as much for the development of literature and art as any of the more showy celebrities of the period.

The death of such a man seems to furnish an apt occasion for a few straightforward remarks about the standard of public taste on this continent of ours, more especially in the matter of the drama. We boast of many things and with some show of reason, but when it comes to the subtleties of art and the niceties of literature, it must be confessed that we still hold the subordinate position of novices. We have made some headway, certainly, but not in proportion to our opportunities and by no means in the measure of our boasting.

The position of the drama among us is the aptest of illustrations. Not only have we scarcely risen from the elementary forms, but we have done worse. We have degenerated to the relish of the fleshly, the emotional, the evanescent; giving but scant and rare encouragement to the spiritual, the æsthetic and that permanent ideal in art, which makes it the charm of every age from Sesostris to Victoria, and of every clime from Greece to California. Let an interpreter of Shakespeare come amongst us, and unless there be the bait of fashion as in the case of Kean, to urge us forward, we leave the benches of the theatre unoccupied. Let an actor of burlesque, of pantomime or of sensational society drama make his appearance and we flock to hear him. If an Ethiopian Minstrel troupe is announced, the hall is crowded. We have nothing to say against the latter forms of the drama, which are the humble parts of a whole, but we do regret to see them usurp the high functions and monopolize that large opinion and purity of taste which nature reserved for the loftiest manifestations of art.

Edwin Forrest was a man of unquestioned genius, but he was keenly sensitive of these deficiencies of his countrymen, and yet so covetous of their applause, that he imagined a hybrid style of acting which should please them, while it partially satisfied his own ideal. In this he certainly lacked the virginity of art; but how many have laboured under the same temptations, without the opportunities of resistance which Forrest enjoyed? If the Philadelphia tragedian had been properly encouraged, his own good sense and instinctive taste would have led him to abandon his physical obtrusiveness, his muscular exaggeration, his tempestuous passions and his aggressive realism, or transmuted them into the higher elements of art, and he would have figured to-day, in truth and not by sufferance, as the founder and model of the American drama. As the case now stands, Forrest's influence has been baneful; the school of rant, mouthiness and staginess which he inaugurated, has derived prestige from his name, and it will take a long time to tear it down.

The drama is an ennobling art. Tragedy is the highest manifestation of poetry; comedy, the most effectual form of moral philology. Properly understood and properly con-

ducted, the stage has its uses which enter into the necessary curriculum of education. Æschylus should be studied alongside of Plato; Shakespeare is as indispensable as Bacon; and in this country, we need not flatter ourselves that we have attained a claim to native literature, so long as we have not a drama and great actors of our own.

THE DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.

III.

"UTOPIAN IDEAS."

So we are told,—"Utopian Ideas." Well, we are not ashamed of them, and will even condescend to enumerate some of them.

1. A good substantial breakfast at 7:30 p.m., and everybody as cheerful as your singing kettle. No! "Not to be done?" Why so? "You cannot get the girl up;" or the "cold" stove lit in time.

But my friend Mr. Milkman, what are you about? If you are a big man, turn "Purveyor," if you are a little man, be content to be a respectable "Costermonger." It will bring you in more money than watering your milk by a "long chalk" and please your customers much better. Let your milk cart or sleigh be to all intents and purposes a "breakfast cart," white and brown bread, hot potatoes, hot pies, hot porridge, hot "cross," and all sorts of "kinder buns," "crumpets," and "sally lunnis," hot sausages, hot haddies, and hot herrings, and what not? and why not? People will be glad to buy! and much prefer it to a smokey house, and a tepid breakfast, and a weak cup of something called "coffee"—(which is all some husbands start with for a "matrimonial!") To get all that you want, at a moderate price, left at your very door, is certainly an "Utopian" idea!—we admit it!

Another is the advent of a covered bread-cart or sleigh calling daily at twelve or one, and rolling out on castors into your hall a neat little box, not unlike a ship's medicine chest, which you unlock with your private key and find in suitable vessels all covered with felt jackets, and as warm as when they left the kitchen—1 quart of mock-turtle soup, 1 joint roast mutton and baked potatoes, 1 baked rice pudding, all hot! all hot! All cooked with the exquisite skill of Alexander, Joyce, Martin, or Privett, and served to your very door at about one half the cost of "Old Dolly's" bill of fare.

Utopian is it? but mark this—if well and punctually done it would pay *and pay well*. Good "Corner Grocer"—why not keep hot soup daily? Scotch kail? or French "bouillon?" and sell the same "on draught" or "per pint," or "per quart," instead of beer? or, in addition thereto, if your customers require both. Cook-shops, bakeries and eating-houses thrive in London, Paris and New York—why not in Montreal?

ANOTHER IDEA—"Happy thought!"

Why can we not hire occasional labour of men, boys and charwomen at such business-like places as the "City Express offices?"

"Mr. Sharpe, I want a man for two hours to do so and so, when can you send me one? Give me a time cheque and your rate per hour, and I'll settle with you." Or, "I want a man to come every Saturday to clear snow, pile wood, &c., for the season. I'll tye the cheques and pay monthly." Or, "I want a boy to run errands three days a week, from 3 to 5 p.m." Or "I want a charwoman one day a week, &c."

Would it not be well worth while to have such labour duly organized and pay a fair and reasonable profit to the employer for such hourly service?

As for the obnoxious and dirty practice of blacking boots—why do it? The said boots are no more beautiful when you've blacked them than artificial niggers, and a felt boot is better, cleaner, and more serviceable. Why waste elbow grease when it is dear and scarce? Why polish furniture? and why polish brasses? Furniture and door-plates, and boots and shoes, may be so chosen as to require no labour to be expended upon them in order to maintain their neat and cleanly condition—and why not so choose them? When articles of acknowledged utility become scarce—economy is the order of the day. Labour, we say—Domestic Labour is scarce. Would the rearing of a few hundred of these infants in Montreal who die annually, unnatural, and preventable deaths, be any solution of the Domestic Difficulty? O, ye City Fathers!

Your unfiltered water, your badly trapped, pestiferous sewers, your dangerous side-walks, your unwholesome "water closets" and the careless disposal of your winter garbage, O, ye City Councillors! "decrease the surplus population"—do they? or do they not? Condescend, O, ye men of "property"—house property, to rear more of these children, who would, being "Canadian born," make us the best of "servants" and "helpers" and assistants every way.

"Another Utopian Idea"—well, it may be so. Ocean Steam Traffic was "Utopian" a few years ago. Ocean Telegraph was "Utopian;" still more recently—an Ocean Penny Postage and a Pacific British Railroad, some profess to consider "Utopian" even now! But still the world moves on! "It moves notwithstanding," as Galileo said, as he stamped his foot upon it.

And Montreal will one day wake up to the value of the little lives it is now losing from the "labour market," unless, indeed, its fate shall be after repeated warnings of "plague, pestilence and fire"—to be (like the hardened reprobate) "suddenly destroyed and that without remedy," when its ancient volcanic fires will no doubt be found equal to the occasion!

MR. SPROUTS, HIS OPINIONS.
(Continued.)

Just as Josef had discharged his double-barrelled joke at the expense of the Cathedral and the Mercantile Library, the servant came to the door with an announcement that one of Mr. Sprouts' constituents was awaiting him in the dining room. He therefore left me to amuse myself by the contemplation of the various works of art which decorated his apartment, observing that he would be back in "half a jiffey." This indefinite period extended itself to fully half an hour before Mr. Sprouts returned, when he threw himself into his arm-chair with an air of fatigue, and observed that "public life wasn't all beer and skittles after all."

"I suppose you are considerably bothered with applications of this sort since you came prominently before the public," I remarked.

"Bothered!" he exclaimed, "why there's a lot of people as seems to think that a feller goes into public life with the special object of parading for them and their families. Now there's that feller that's just left me, he keeps a saloon down in the East End and he's got a son wots rather soft in the 'ed, and whose education has been a good deal neglected, so he materially wants to make a Government clerk of him, and I suppose I shall have to get him into one of the public offices down in Quebec. You see these tavern-keepers has a deal of influence among a certain class of voters and we're obliged to keep in with 'em."

"But, dear me! Mr. Sprouts," I replied, "if this young man is soft in the head as you state, and has no education; surely he is not eligible for a Government appointment?"

"You're realy werry ignorant, my dear feller," my friend replied. "Wot do you suppose all them extensive establishments is kept up for by the Local Government if it ain't to provide for people of this sort?"

I gazed with mingled awe and admiration at my accomplished friend and felt that in knowledge of the ways of this innocent world I was indeed an infant.

"Now about this enquiry into the state of the Fire Brigade?" I said. "I see the charges are now completed. What do you think of it?"

"Well," returned Mr. Sprouts, "wot I make of it is just this: That there's two or three men in the Brigade as ought to get the sack; that they wants new hose; that the water supply ain't wot it ought to be, and that Mr. Perry knows a precious sight more than any body else and his information seems to be turbin' hard on his stomach. That's about the size of it, and it's werry like the mouse and the mountain as I've heard tell about."

I felt that this was putting the matter in a nutshell and that there was a great deal more truth than poetry in my friend's remarks.

"I think you were saying," I resumed, after we had discussed some half and half, "that Mrs. Sprouts was attending Mr. Goldwin Smith's lectures on ancient history. I presume she is very much gratified and interested?"

Mr. Sprouts, eyes twinkled humourously. "I was a talkin' to the old lady about it honly the other day," and says I, "I suppose instead of listening to that chap's yams, you're a lookin' at each other's dresses, the same as you does in church." "Oh!" says she, "you're werry much mistaken. We works werry hard." "The dickens you do!" says I. "Wot at?" "Why," says she, "sorter comic like, 'a making *h'e stob us*." I laughed heartily, as in duty bound, at this wild joke of Mrs. Sprouts, and my friend continued. "I rather think that Mr. Smith's a bit of a lumbag. I asked him t'other day who was the most celly-bated costermonger of hancient times, and blowed if he knew! Said he didn't think as there was any; but of course that's all nonsense or else where did them hancient Romans get their greens and other vegetables from? Besides I reckoned asking the same question of a classick-cove in London—a jolly teller he was too, and werry fond of beer, and he said that there was a hold Roman called 'Oratio Cockles' who, no doubt from his name, was in the shellfish business, and in st likely he sold vegetables as well, as the two generally goes together."

As Mr. Sprouts considers himself invulnerable to anything like a "sell," I did not of course venture to hint that his classical friend was probably amusing himself at his expense, but simply remarked that the study of history, ancient and modern, was a very fascinating pursuit and extremely useful to public men.

"I believe you, my boy," returned Mr. Sprouts, "and it's a pity as our fellers don't pay a little more attention to it. Why I was at one of our councillors' meetings the other night, and they was a discussin' wot name to give to that new square that they've been a makin' of, and one chap wanted to call it 'Sally Square,' after some old cove of that name as did something years ago; but I'm blest if I could make out wot, and another werry peppery feller, who's halways tryin' to kick hup a shine, he goes for the other werry fierce, and says he, 'Wot did Mr. Sally hever do for Montreal that we should name it after him?' And thinks I if *doan* anything for Montreal is a good reason for using folk's names, blest if all the streets and squares in the city won't be named after the city councillors, for they've done Montreal enough, and done her werry brown too. But really it's a pity, as our councillors can't carry on their little games without pitchin' into one another quite so much. It's settin' a werry bad example to the gen'ral public. One chap said as they warn't gentlemen, but honly councillors. Of course he knows best, but I thought he might just as well have tried to keep hup the delusion as long as possible."

I now expressed a wish to be shown over the house, and as it is now generally admitted to be the correct thing to describe the apartments of distinguished men, I need offer no apology for a detailed description of the whole mansion of Mr. Sprouts:

The house is of the Doric and window style of architecture, solidly constructed in red brick, faced with stone from the famous mountain quarries. A noble flight of steps—three in number—leads to the main entrance hall; a symmetrical apartment, six feet by three, in the shape of an oblong square, the floor of which is covered by a tessellated oilcloth of *neo Grecian* pattern.

Immediately to the right on entering, the visitor's eye is struck by an elegantly constructed umbrella-stand in oxidized iron, on either side of which is a light and classically shaped chair in perforated cane work. A Chinese paper lantern, de-

pendent from the ceiling, adds the crowning charm to this chaste apartment, and when illuminated by a composite candle of six to the pound, which I was informed the lantern was constructed to carry, the effect must be singularly striking.

At the end of this fine hall, and at the head of the stairs leading to the basement, is a very comfortable and convenient butler's room, four by three and a-half feet, eminently well adapted to be used as a supper room on state occasions, when a large party is present, the refreshments being thereby greatly economized. This plan, I am given to understand, is now much in vogue in some of our great houses.

Proceeding upwards by a noble but somewhat precipitous staircase, the visitor enters the drawing-room, which has already been sufficiently described. This fine saloon is separated by a sliding door from the dining room, also a noble apartment, but imposing, more from its exquisite proportions than from its size, it being only twelve by eight and a-half. But it is to the bedroom of the distinguished owner of the mansion that the attention of the visitor will naturally be most particularly directed. At one end of this most interesting chamber stands the bedstead honoured by the occupancy of Mr. Sprouts, the impress of whose manly form I fancied I could even then trace upon its yielding surface. It is painted of a light French gray, beautifully relieved by an arabesque green stripe; covered by fine calico sheets of that beautiful *cream color*, the secret of the production of which is, I believe, only known to Montreal laundresses, and surmounted by a gorgeous counterpane composed of squares of various coloured material, skillfully joined together, the effect must be seen to be properly appreciated. As I gazed respectfully on this couch and saw neatly folded on the pillow the severe and classical headgear which nightly decks the sleeping brows of Josef, and the more elaborate and highly ornamented article which graces the head of his accomplished spouse, a thrill vibrated through my whole frame, and I felt that I was, indeed, honoured by being thus admitted into the arena of wealth and fashion.

THE ANEROID BAROMETER.

It is interesting to know that "weather glasses" were used before the eighteenth century. De For, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, having registered their indications in his account of the great storm of 1703.

Admiral Fitzroy, in his notice of this fact, says: "It is an instance of the necessity for repeating information, that, generally speaking, even now so little complete use is made of these indicators, however inexpensive and even familiar they have become."

The air is in constant motion, sometimes more heated, and then lighter; and at other times more cooled, and consequently denser. As it contains sometimes more, sometimes less vapour, the pressure of the columns of air will also be exposed to continual changes indicated by the barometer.

The practical end in view in using a barometer is to learn how to translate these indications in such a manner as to enable the observer to "forecast the weather."

The word Aneroid is derived, in an anomalous way, from the Greek primitive *an* and *neros*, wet. The invention of the instrument bearing the name Aneroid Barometer was attributed to Conté in 1794, and to Vidi about 1844. By its means the pressure of the air is measured without the use of liquid as in the sumpsiometer, or without mercury as in the ordinary house barometer. It thus possesses advantages over all other forms of weather-glasses, and again its compact circular form and size—not much larger than an old-fashioned pocket-watch—recommends it at once as a convenient companion for tourists and travellers. It is an instrument which, from the ingenuity displayed in its construction, and the accuracy of its indications, is entitled to the confidence of the agriculturist, the seaman, and the civil engineer.

Admiral Fitzroy, the great promoter of storm signals, which are now about being introduced into the Dominion under the supervision of Professor Kingston of the Magnetic Observatory, Toronto—says: "The Aneroid is quick in showing the variation of atmospheric pressure, and to the navigator who knows the difficulty, at times, of using the mercurial barometer, this instrument is a great boon, for it can be placed anywhere out of harm's way, and is not affected by the ship's motion, although faithfully giving indication of increased or diminished pressure of air."

Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., of the Ordnance Survey Department, in speaking of the Aneroid Barometer, says: "This is a most valuable instrument; it is extremely portable. I have had one in use for upwards of ten years, and find it to be the best form of barometer as a *wether glass* that has been made."

James Glaisher, Esq., F.R.S., of balloon ascent notoriety, says:—

"The Aneroid readings from all observations made in the several ascents may be safely depended upon." Mr. J. H. Belville, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, says of an Aneroid he used during a tour in North Wales: "Its movements were always consistent; it was delightful companion, and highly useful, its indications preventing many an excursion which would have ended in disappointment."

A tourist in Egypt, ignorant of the height of the principal pyramid, ascended it "armed" with a pocket Aneroid, and after noting its indications at the base and summit he consulted his guide-book and found the height indicated by the Aneroid agreed exactly with that obtained by trigonometrical survey.

As illustrative of the sensitive nature of the Aneroid it may be mentioned that it shows in a most interesting manner, the various inclines on a line of railway, even at the utmost speed of the engine.

In preliminary surveys of railways it is a most useful instrument, as altitudes can be accurately determined with it, without any correction for temperature, merely by the use of a set of tables prepared by Professor Airy, the Astronomer Royal; or the Aneroid may have an extra graduated ring for heights; or, in other words, a moveable scale of altitudes, designed for showing without the aid of pencil and tables, the height of any given place above another.

We have said enough to show that the Aneroid possesses advantages over the ordinary mercurial barometer, and we have only to add that it is now produced in a much improved form, and at such a price as to place it within the reach of all.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—It is understood that among the measures to be brought forward by the Ontario Government is a more liberal homestead law than that now in force; also a measure to relax the stringency of the Division Court law. These are advocated on the ground that it is necessary to make our laws as liberal as those of the States, if we are to attract emigration. —A new line of steamers is to be started in the spring, to run between Montreal and the ports of Marseilles, Charente, and Bordeaux.—The Governor General will come to Montreal and Quebec in the beginning of January, and after a visit to the latter city will spend some weeks in Montreal.—Governor Archibald and Lieut.-Colonel Barnard are gazetted Companions of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. There is a rumour that Messrs. Langevin and Howe will soon be created Knights of the same Order.—Mr. Cauchon is to be prosecuted for illegally sitting in the Assembly. The fine, if imposed, is five hundred dollars a day.—The Quebec Legislative Council has voted down the bill for the abolition of dual representation.

UNITED STATES.—Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, fell dead on the morning of the 12th while dressing himself, at his residence on North Broad street, Philadelphia.—An exploring expedition, just returned from the interior of Arizona, reports discoveries of the greatest scientific and antiquarian value.—At the dreadful fire of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, eleven females were burned to death.—A *Tribune's* Washington special says that the Attorney General is reported to have said recently, that the Government had not refused to pardon a single Ku-Klux prisoner on whose behalf a proper petition had been filed, and that it would in future refuse no pardon under similar circumstances.—A special to the *Herald* from Washington says that Vice-President Colfax will undoubtedly resign his position in order to take the editorial charge of the *New York Tribune* on the 1st of the New Year. It is understood that his salary will be but five thousand dollars less than that received by President Grant, and at least ten shares in the paper will be contingently held at a fixed price for Colfax.—Another steamship disaster is reported. The "St. Louis," from New Orleans to New York, foundered at sea, but luckily all her passengers were saved.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Several of the striking stokers in London who were summoned to appear on a charge of conspiracy, have been found guilty and sentenced to six weeks imprisonment.—Viscountess Beaconsfield, wife of the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, the leader of the Conservative party in England, died on Sunday. It is well known that much of the success attained by Mr. Disraeli was due to the encouragement and support he received from the deceased lady during the early years of his married life.—Reports from London concerning the recent heavy gales which have prevailed along the British coast, announce among many marine disasters attended with loss of life, the wreck of a Hull steamer, 13 persons drowned, and the abandonment of a ship sailing from Quebec, seven persons having been washed overboard and drowned.—There was a Fenian amnesty demonstration in London on Monday.—It is reported that the employees of all the English Railway Companies, will strike on the 2nd of January.—Lady Doughty, who was a prominent witness at the Tichborne Trial, is dead. She has been ill for some time.—A meeting in support of the Tichborne claimant was held at St. James' Hall on the 11th inst. The principal speakers were Mr. Whalley, M.P., Mr. Onslow, and the claimant himself. There was much disorder during the proceedings, and parties in the audience expressed their disbelief in the assertions of the alleged Sir Roger, who was roughly treated by his friends, and pushed out of the hall.—The *Daily News* publishes a letter from Garibaldi to his Italian friends, in which the General says that he joined France in 1870 purely from his devotion to Democratic principles, yet he feels a pang of sorrow because he had to fight against those noble Germans who, in their progress towards truth, are struggling against the Hydra of Jesuitism. He confesses with shame that Italy is going back to the Inquisition.

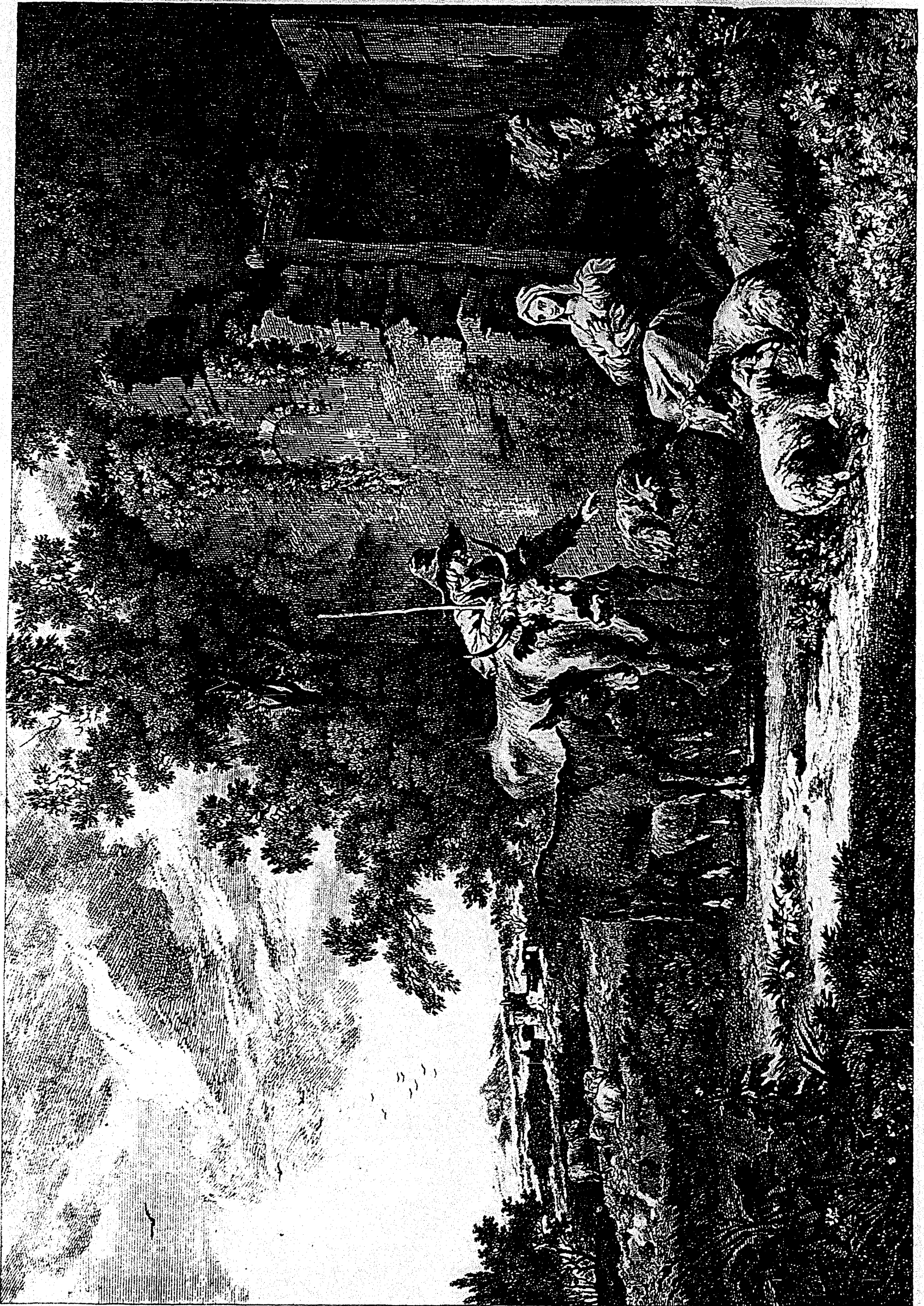
FRANCE.—Ninety-two members of the Assembly, which belonged to the Left Centre during the September Government, and fifteen Moderate Republicans, have united in the present session to the National Assembly of the proposal for the reference to the committee of thirty, suggesting the prolongation of M. Thiers' term of office four years, the election of a Vice-President, the partial removal of the Assembly yearly, the establishment of the principle of Ministerial responsibility, the creation of a second Chamber, and the settlement of the relations between the Executive and the Legislative Departments.—The French House of Assembly has been the scene of excited debates and recriminations between opposing parties. M. Gambetta and other leaders addressed the House. President Thiers pathetically absent himself during these violent discussions.—Destructive floods have occurred in France, and in some of the country districts the crops were destroyed.—A manifesto, signed by MM. Gambetta, Cremieux, Louis Blanc, Quinlet, and 55 members of the Extreme and Moderate Left, has been published. It demands a pacific and legal dissolution of the National Assembly as the only means of averting present dangers to the country. The divisions in the Assembly render the Government powerless. The address expresses strong disapproval of the pressure now being exerted to bring about disorder, which as had been hitherto proved, can only result in the advantage of the enemies of France. New elections will constitute a compact majority in the Assembly, securing majorities therein to the administration of M. Thiers, and for the establishment of Republican institutions. The right of petition to the Assembly is claimed to be inviolable from attacks upon the principle of universal suffrage.

GERMANY.—The German Prince Imperial is at Wiesbaden recruiting his health.—Bismarck is to retain the portfolio of Foreign Affairs for Prussia.—News has been received of Mauch, the German explorer of Africa, he had arrived at Gallemane, on his way home, and was in good health.

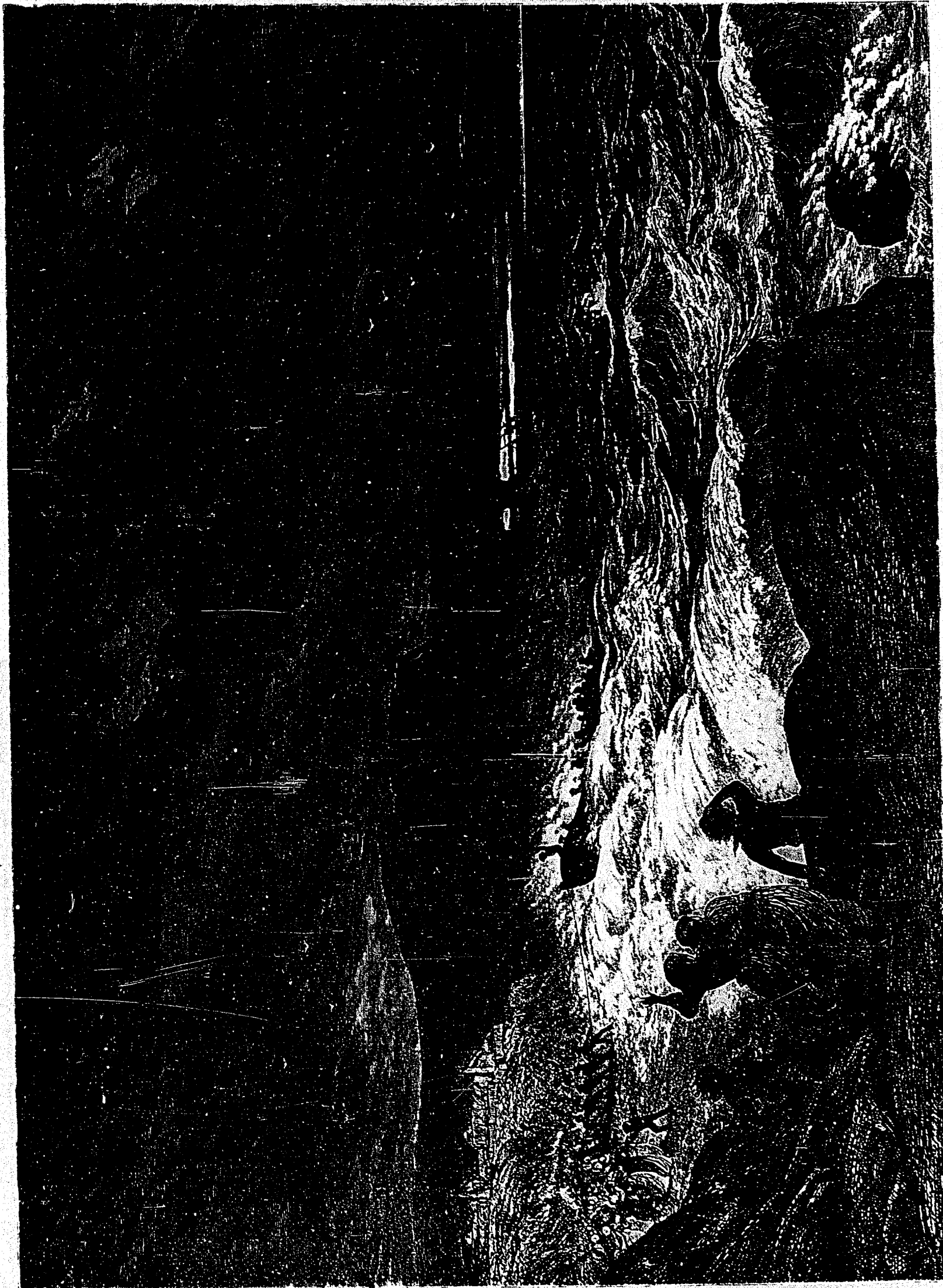
ITALY.—Naples advices report the band of brigands, headed by Muzze, are becoming daily more daring and lawless, notwithstanding that heavy ransom is offered for his head. All efforts to capture the leader are unavailing.—An important announcement comes from Rome. A Committee of the Italian Chamber of Deputies has formally declared to the Chamber that a suppression of the Society of Jesus, including the chief establishment of the order in Rome, is imperatively demanded by the interests of the nation. Enthusiastic applause from the Liberal deputies greeted the announcement.

SPAIN.—Considerable excitement was created in Madrid on the 12th inst., by the report that an attempt at insurrection had been made in the suburbs during the previous night. It was soon announced that it was on a very small scale, and was speedily suppressed by the Government forces, not, however, until twenty persons had been killed. When these facts became known the excitement subsided, and the city has since been quiet.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The project of uniting the Republics of South America in one confederation has been revived.—The English emigrants who have lately gone to Brazil are thoroughly disgusted with the country, and want to return home.



THE HAPPY PEASANT — AFTER THE PAINTING BY BRECHER



BEACHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

Science & Mechanics.

GAS ON OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

In a former number we gave a brief account of the manner in which the steamships of the White Star Line are lit with gas. We are now able to lay before our readers an illustration of the apparatus, recently perfected by Messrs. J. T. B. Porter & Co., of Lincoln, for the manufacture of gas on shipboard. This apparatus, says *Engineering*, from which the our illustration was copied, was first used on board the "Adriatic," and was tested by constant use during several voyages between Liverpool and New York. The experience gained on these occasions showed that the motion of the ship, even in very heavy weather, did not affect the efficiency of the apparatus; nor interfere with its management, and the results were sufficiently encouraging to justify the owners of the same service in extending the introduction of the apparatus to other of their vessels. The one illustrated on page 397 is that fitted on board the "Celtic." It is intended to supply gas for 300 lights, ten per cent of which will be kept continually lighted.

The apparatus is composed of three principal parts, the retorts, the washer, condenser, and scrubber, and the gas-holder. The space occupied by the complete apparatus is 1,600 cubic feet, or 22 tons measurement.

There are two furnaces, placed under three retorts, which may be either worked together in pairs, or singly. The ovens and retorts are arranged so as to secure a maximum amount of efficiency with economy of fuel; the retorts are provided with diaphragm pendants, so that any leakage from the feed pipes may be distributed over the heated surfaces and volatilized. The brickwork in which the retort stack is set is enclosed with cast-iron plates, and a good feature in the design is the facility with which any part of the apparatus can be inspected, cleaned, or renewed. The washers, condensers, and scrubbers are so arranged that the water they contain is always maintained at a constant level, although the ship may be rolling heavily.

The gasholder, which is not shown in the engraving, is of special construction to meet the peculiar requirements of the situation. It consists of a holder in a tank deep enough to contain it entirely when empty. It is steadied by sufficient guides to prevent any movement being imparted to it from the ship's motion. An indicator shows constantly the amount of gas contained in the holder, by which the rate of feed of oil into the retorts is regulated.

A uniform pressure at the burners is secured by means of a governor, through which the gas flows on leaving the holder. The gas manufactured in this apparatus of Messrs. Porter & Co. is very pure and brilliant, a burner consuming $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 cubic feet per hour, gives a light equal to 11 or 12 candles. The saloon of the "Celtic" is illuminated with 30 or 40 such burners, and the improvement over the old mode of lighting will be easily appreciated.

WEATHER PROGNOSTICS.

(Second Paper.)

In the economy of Nature we find that plants, like animals, adapt their motions to their wants; some expand their flowers to the sun, and close them at eventide; others expand their flowers in the evening, open before rain, or perform various other functions, the result of their particular natures, and to which the varying states of the atmosphere are specific stimuli.

From an accurate and constant observance of these, many prognostics of the ensuing weather have been deduced; of which we insert the following on account of their great popularity:

Chickweed has been said to be an excellent weather-guide. When the flower expands freely, no rain will fall for many hours; if it so continues open, no rain need for a long time to be feared. In showery days the flower appears half concealed, and this state may be regarded as indicative of showery weather; when it is entirely shut we may expect a rainy day. Before showers the trefail contracts its leaves, as does the convolvulus and many other plants. Lord Bacon observes that the trefail has its stalk more erect against rain; he also mentions a small red flower called by the country people wincoppe, and which grows in stubble fields, if it opens in the morning a fine day follows.

The reader may consult Lord Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*.

We will now allude to the prognostics of the weather from the appearances of the sky. The prevalence of clouds of the modification of cirro-stratus at eventide had been noticed long before the specific nature of the different clouds was attended to—see Luke Howard's essay on the Modifications of Clouds, and on the principles of their production, suspension and destruction. Thanks to the scientific meteorologist, the clouds are now shown to be governed in their production, suspension, and destruction by the same fixed Laws which pervade every other department of Nature.

The vivid colours of red and crimson seen in the cirro-stratus cloud when the sun is near the horizon, give rise to many proverbs about the

red evening, and its favourable omen to the traveller; a remark quite as trite among country people, as the grey morning before a fair day. This, as well as the redness of the morning, is noticed in the Gospel of St. Matthew, chap. xvi. 2. There is an old proverb:

"An evening red and a morning grey
Are sure signs of a fair day;
But an evening grey, and a morning red,
Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head."

The Italians have:

Sera rosa e nigro matino
Allegra il Pelegrino.

When a dense and uniform veil of cloud covers the sky, as is often the case before rain, with a still air, music and noises are heard a great way off, which has caused the far propagation of sounds to be regarded as a prognostic of rain. The sound of distant church bells in the country often serves this prognosticative purpose. In Wales the common people say that when the mountains have their night-caps on, the rain will soon fall. The clearness of the tops of mountains is, on the contrary, a sign of the fairness of the weather.

Luminous phenomena about the sun by day, or the moon by night, being generally produced by the intervention of cirro-stratus, indicate the fall of rain, snow, or hail, according to circumstances; indeed many of the signs of rain are likewise under other circumstances of time, of year, &c., prognostics of snow. The halo is one of the most certain signs of rain we have; though it may sometimes fail in its accustomed indication. The parhellen and other peculiar refractions also forbid rainy weather. Upon the other hand, the clear and bright appearance of the moon and stars, after they have long been hazy and confused, indicates approaching serenity.

There is an old distich:

"When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers."

In summer or harvest, when the wind has been south two or three days, and it grows very hot, and you see clouds rise with great white tops, like towers, as if they were on the top of each other and joined together with black on the nether side, there will be thunder and rain suddenly.

Many of these sayings and adages are generally founded on observation, and these are less likely to be compared with false and vain theories, because they are the philosophy of the unlearned, who have nothing but experience to go upon in establishing rules. Let our readers judge from time to time how far any of them are correct, and compare them with their own experience.

To enumerate all the signs of atmospheric changes which may be collected would exceed our limits, especially as we shall, at no distant time, pursue the subject under the head of Meteorological Superstitions, many of which originated in facts, ascribable to atmospheric influence. For instance, the remarkable appearance of the upright shadows in some foggy moonlight nights, as well as some curious atmospheric refractions, have probably co-operated with ocular spectra and apparitions, which so mightily terrify the country peasants. The idle tales about Pandora, and about Fortune, and many others are referable to a physical origin. The inactivity, anxiousness, and mystic feelings of some minds, viewing the great uncertainty of future events, and the casualties of life, render persons more disposed to trust to their stars than to their wits, who content themselves with praying to the goddess not to crush their fabric, and, like Horace of old, sing—

"Injurioso ne pede prorua
Stantem columnam."

LUMINOUS FUNGI.—The Rev. M. J. Berkley describes in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, a very remarkable instance of luminosity in fungi. It occurred in the mycelium of an unknown species growing on a trunk of spruce or larch, and vividly illuminating everything in contact with it. It gave almost light enough to read the time on the face of the watch, and continued for three days.

PRESERVING CHARRED PAPERS.—The *Scientific American* says:—"Mr. E. H. Hoskins, of Lowell, Mass., has suggested a very useful and practical way of preserving and giving toughness and flexibility to charred paper, which has proved to be of much importance in the identification and copying of valuable documents, charred by conflagrations such as the recent Boston and Chicago calamities. We have seen specimens of charred papers and bank notes, thus treated, that can be handled with impunity. The printing upon the charred bank notes can be readily discerned. The preserving process consists, we believe, in pouring collodion upon the surface of the charred paper. The collodion forms a thin transparent film, dries in a few minutes, when the process is complete.

A new process for the instantaneous extinction of a conflagration is said to have been recently experimented with at Paris, and with entire success. M. de la Vielle Montagne, chemical manufacturer, of Amiens, has, it appears, discovered a resinous substance which is quickly soluble in fresh water. Such a solution, employed for the service of the ordinary fire-engines, is stated to produce the following effects:—The water is prevented from conversion into steam by the heat, and thus effectually penetrates and wets the bodies on which it falls, avoiding all the ordinary phenomena of calefaction in similar cases, by which the action of pure water is so notably neutralized. Moreover, the resinous matter would appear to give rise to dense volumes of smoke, unfavourable to flames and combustion, or even ignition.

Should always have a bottle of Jacobs' Liquid ready.

Courier des Dames.

BREAKAGES.

It is said that three moves are as bad as one fire; but has anyone tried to fix exactly the cat's equivalent of harm in every quiet household? These useful animals seem to be encouraged for the special benefit of domestics. Their mission is less the capture of small game than to act as the servants' scapegoat. That "the cat did it" is an excuse as old in the kitchen as the time-honoured principles of perquisites and followers. Indeed, it is open to argument whether the proverbial bull in the china shop did more mischief than puss down stairs among the crockery. Of course it was the cat. What else takes jugs of hot water up to the bed-rooms? or washes the tea things? or carries out the tray laden with tumblers and fragile glasses? The cat, unable to plead, is condemned unheard; and doubtless there are damning facts and antecedents in the cat's career to make her at least the object of suspicion. Thus, with all the kitchen floor to choose from, she prefers to travel from one end to the other *via* the dresser; a feat fraught with fearful consequences when the plates stand nicely balanced, and jugs hang by a single hair. Cats, too, are given to late hours, and, scorning latch keys, will jump through a window sooner than stay out all night; they are notorious gluttons, and would risk a dozen smashes to get at the cream ewer. But in course of time the sagacious housewife will come to allot the blame as it deserves; though the lesson may take long to learn. She gains her experience slowly and sadly. To watch the progress she makes is no uninteresting study.

Ménages vary of course with the means of their possessors. In one, regardless of expense, the glass comes from Phillips, the china is all Minton's or Mortlock's; in another the service consists of bare necessities—the tumblers are of thick and turbid glass, the plates of willow pattern. But I will take as my example the household midway between these two extremes; the home of a couple in comfortable circumstances, who during their engagement "shopped" for themselves, bought their furniture with certain restrictions in price just as it pleased them, and started in life surrounded by a host of "nice things," half purchased, half due to those enthusiastic friends who deluged them with wedding presents. At their first dinner in their new home, they sit down to a well appointed table. The glass is of the last design, the centre piece and flower vases are charming, the dinner service a gem—just a plain dead white, with an exquisite border of one bright colour, and a neat monogram below it; in the rest of their snug house the eye is equally well pleased. The crockery in the best bed-room has been chosen in perfect harmony with the hangings; even the kitchen fittings have a certain æsthetic charm. How long will this last? The first crash comes when that costly saucer of majolica, which was handed down from her mother's ancestors, is ground to pieces under the iron heel of a flat-footed maid; by-and-by the boy in buttons plays football with the water carafe—a choice specimen of the modern antique, tall and slender and exquisitely shaped. Soon great chips appear in the dinner plates—the cook says the colour will not stand the fire; the soup tureen leaks, and a close inspection shows a gap like a yawning chasm underneath. Such accidents as these stand first upon the roll. They are of a nature not easily to be overlooked, and Madame may shed tears over their very fragments at the time of the catastrophe. It is otherwise with the rank and file of the china closet—the cups and saucers and the delicate glass. The slaughter here may be great before it is apparent, and the adroit servants, to hide their mishaps, will shift and change them about with desperate sleight of hand, making the same set do duty twice over, as we see a clever stage manager, with a limited company, manoeuvre his supers. By this time, too, there is probably a nursery to increase the chances of loss. In the royal domain, where "baby" reigns, there is a supreme indifference to breakable property, and infant paws at one fell sweep will destroy in half a second as much as half-a-dozen cats. And so the game proceeds. The mistress of the house passes through every stage of passion. At first she is loud with invective and reproach, then sullen and morose, rousing into life only at each fresh crash; by-and-by she settles down like Job in passive resignation, which should be infinitely reproachful to those who do her so much wrong. In the end the supreme hour arrives. It becomes evident all at once, in one year, or two or three at the most, that everything fragile has been destroyed, and that the house must be entirely replenished from top to bottom.

And now it is that the woman who is wise bows her head, with something of Hindoo fatalism, before the inevitable. She recognises for the first time that while glass and human nature remain as they are there will be breakages; and she seeks not to escape a natural law, as certain in its processes as the rising of dough or the burning of fire, but to suffer as little as is possible from its action. She bends before the cruel blast, and tries to screen herself from its severity. There are many anodynes to prescribe—anodynes and lenitives, not cures; for all that the most sanguine can expect is to reduce the evil to its lowest terms. Constant preaching, rising at length to the sublimity of "nagging," has probably been tried in the very earliest stages of smash. The results thus obtained have of course been unappreciable. Brave words; you might as well talk to the winds. Reproaches run off a servant's back like water from a duck's; their sensitiveness is impenetrable to such attacks, unless accompanied by what our friends the cheap tailors call the *argumentum ad crumenam*. The "pocket" argument

comes in here with especial force. Nothing else will foster carefulness. Make it a rule with your servants when you engage them that they pay for all they break. It is wonderful what delicacy of touch will then be developed in the most callous finger tips. When Maria knows she must give up her Dolly Varden because her mistress insists on the damaged sauce bowl being replaced, she will think less of a 22 and more of her footsteps in coming down stairs. So Thomas, the careless boy, who only dreams of top and marbles, will wake to the fact that he is wiping glass when he has to give his master a couple of new decanters. But, in order to carry out this principle in its integrity, repeated stock-takings at irregular seasons are indispensable. In no other way is it possible to fix accurately the saddle to the right horse. Without such frequent inspections we come at once to the vague and mysterious agency of the "cat," to which I have already referred. Last of all, it behoves all prudent housekeepers to adopt the least fragile forms of ware. In the matter of glass this is no doubt nowadays especially difficult. Fashion is all on the side of the shopkeepers. The wine glasses that are most in vogue seem made only to be broken; their thread-like stems and delicate thin chalices quite implore us to squeeze them tight. If you must have thin glasses, use them as little as possible. Relegate them to the closet, or at least keep them for your own dinner table, and at luncheon, when the children feed, bring out something more substantial. Again, the man who invented "stone china" should have a statue in his own enduring materials. Nothing short of *malice prepense* will break a stone china plate. I have seen the stewards of a great Company's ocean steamers throwing them about in a gale of wind as coolly as a landsman plays with quoits. They may chip and turn colour, but they will not break. They are the Old Guard; they may be hacked in pieces, but they will not surrender. All that is needed with stone china is an exterior more inviting. With stout glass, stone china, and a stern discipline, housewives may do much to alleviate the ills of breakage. But, as I have already said, they cannot escape the evil altogether unless indeed they return to primitive habits. After all, a bill at a glass shop is better than a plantain leaf for a plate, or a tin pannikin to receive your champagne.—*Queen*.

Opera Bouffe is evidently taking an important position in Hungary. The prospectus of a girls' school at Pesth announces:—"With regard to mythology, we shall teach the young ladies all that is necessary to understand the modern *opera-bouffes*."

Pearls are likely to become more priceless than ever. The pearl oysters of Madras and Tinnevelly are in a very bad condition, and the banks having been recently investigated, it was found that on forty-three there were no oysters at all, while on thirty others they were very mediocre. The failure is attributed to under-currents, the formation of mud or sand on the banks, the ravages of the skate and parrot-fish, and the disturbance of the water caused by the mooring of the fishing boats.

A novel substitute for the custom of giving wedding presents was recently adopted by a youthful couple in a western town. They were married in church, and a fee of twenty-five cents was collected from all persons entering to see the ceremony. The whole amount was given to the newly married pair as a capital to commence house-keeping. This plan has great advantages over the ordinary method of present-giving—nobody has to think what to give and the parties most concerned can buy what they want. The fee might be increased to fifty cents or a dollar.

NORTH HAVEN, KNOX COUNTY, ME.,
12th June, 1871.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Chemist, St. John, N.B.:

Dear Sir,—Having used your chemical preparation of Hypophosphites, which was recommended to me by Mr. Blagdon, Apothecary of Rockland, I am truly surprised with its wonderful effects, because for several years my health has been declining, notwithstanding every means possible, which offered encouragement, was used by me. Several alarming symptoms appeared, amongst which dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, impoverished blood, and great prostration. Since January, when I began the use of your Syrup, my health has steadily and amazingly improved, so that now it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to others, and in this way to show my gratitude for return of health. To all who require a remedy for debility, I would say they will find your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites just what you say it is. I believe it is the best preparation in use.

I am, sir, &c.,

ELEASER CRABTREE, J. P.

WE SAY THEY ARE GOOD.—The Shoshonee Pills are manufactured with the utmost care, scrutiny, and exactness, from the very active principles, doubly refined and purified, of such of the choicest remedial agents of the vegetable kingdom as to possess them of properties that only meet in harmony the exigencies of every ingredient entering into the composition of the Shoshonee Remedy, and also that give the Pills themselves more desirable qualities for general use than any family pill before the public. On account of the extreme mildness and yet great certainty in action of the Pills, as well as their strengthening and healing effects on the stomach and bowels, and in fact the whole system; along with their permeating and restorative action on the liver, kidneys, skin, &c., &c., we say on account of their superior qualities the Pills are placed on sale as a Family Medicine.

THE BEACHING OF THE LIFE-BOAT.

Mann'd by a crew of heroes, she
Had boldly charged the storm-strung wave,
And, battling through, had nobly caught
The shipwreck'd from their threatened grave;
And young and old, all hurrying down,
Had watched her, in the early gray,
With eager eyes and anxious hearts,
Come struggling on her homeward way.

All through the night the storm had led,
With angry shout and sullen roar,
An army of impetuous seas
Upon our iron-ribbed shore:
And now the tempest, fiercer grown,
With all its strength the boat assails,
But English hearts are at her cars,
And courage over might prevails.

And as she wins her way to land,
Cheeks pale that never blanch'd from fear,
And many a hardy veteran turns
Aside to hide an honest tear,
Full soon a score of willing hands
Prepare their deed of heroism;
Now shoreward flies her lion—Liz!
She runs in safety on the beach.

J. G. WATTS.

THREE TIMES.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret,"
Etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND TIME.

THE Spindlecum people showed their appreciation of the British drama as represented by lion-taming by giving Herr Prusinowski a bumper. Whether it was the influence of the Cham of Tartary, or the Mikado, the Grand Duchess of Selzerwasserburg, or the local member, or the simple merits of the performance, is a moot question; but the Spindlecumians assembled in full force; and before the Herr had left the family tea-table to repair to the theatre, he received the pleasing intelligence that the crowd at the pit and gallery doors was half-way across the street.

"If we only go on like this for another year or so, Liz, I'll cut the profession," exclaimed Herr Prusinowski cheerily, "and start a theatrical public, somewhere on the Surrey side. It's a trying life is the wild-beast business."

"And a dangerous life too, William," said the little woman with a sigh. (The renowned Rudolph's name in private life was William.)

"Not much of that, old girl. I'm more than a match for Robinson by this time. There isn't a move he's up to that I'm not down upon; and he's the cunningest beast that ever picked a bone. You're going into the front to-night, eh, Liz?"

"O yes, I shall get a seat at the back of the boxes. Mrs. Prodger's going with me. She's took her ticket, and paid for it, you know, William, like a lady."

Mrs. Prodger was the Prusinowski's landlady, a ponderous matron of fifty, who had let lodgings to "theatricals" for the last twenty years.

"Ta-ta, Liz, then; I'm off."

"It's early, William. There's the Miller and his Men—that'll last an hour and a half, surely."

"I don't believe it'll play an hour. You ought to know what my benefit audiences are—all agog for the lions. I want to have a look at the beasts before we begin, and I'm always a little nervous on my ben. Good-bye."

This was a mere conjugal excuse. The theatre to a man bred at the side-scenes is his club. The Herr preferred smoking his pipe in the free-and-easy atmosphere of the dressing-room at the Queen's to the tamer delights of the domestic tea-table. He had very little anxiety about his beasts. Joe Purdy, his factotum, a keeper who had served his apprenticeship with the great Wombwell, had the custody of them.

The house was an excellent one. The boxes were not so well filled as on that memorable night at Manchester, which Herr Prusinowski had described to his friends; but the pit was a seething caldron of humanity, the gallery looked like a wall of eager faces piled one upon the other up to the iron roof. The Miller and his Men was performed almost in dumb show, or seemed so to be, though the leading tragedian retained on the establishment was roaring himself hoarse in the character of Grindoff, with a faint hope of snatching a stray leaf from the crown of wild olive which would be cast at the feet of the lion-tamer by and by.

Grindoff did not bate a syllable of his part or the minutest detail of his stage business; not a stamp of his russet boot, or a scowl of his heavily-inked eyebrows; but the rest of the company, less enthusiastic, scamped their work to the best of their abilities, and the drama was raced through in one hour ten minutes and seven seconds by the prompter's chronograph.

Then came a stirring overture—the "Bronze Horse"—during which the audience cracked nuts and became momentarily more excited; and then the act-drop rose to slow music of a soul-appalling character, and revealed Brown, Jones, and Robinson picturesquely grouped in the stock primeval forest.

There was a pause. The house applauded vociferously. There was something stirring in the notion that these three unfettered beasts might leap into the pit at any moment. It was quite a pleasant sensation—especially for the gallery. Brown, who was elderly and decrepit, yawned and stretched himself out as if for slumber, with the air of having been untimely disturbed from his after-dinner nap. Jones, who was of a lively temperament, whisked his tail, and snapped at an imaginary fly. Robinson stared full at the audience, as if he really did understand and appreciate their plaudits.

The music quickened, broke into a stirring march, and then, at a fortissimo chord from the full orchestra, the lion-tamer bounded on to the stage—a striking figure, broad-shouldered and muscular, in close-fitting flesh-coloured raiment, a scarlet girdle round his waist, and a leopard's skin over his shoulder.

There was a good strong Sheffield knife in his belt, but he had no appearance of being armed.

His reception was tremendous. He stood bowing and moving his lips in vague murmurs, with an air of being quite overcome by his feelings, for nearly five minutes before he could begin his performance. His eyes wandered all round the house with the gaze of calculation, they grew suddenly fixed, glaring at the stalls.

Now the stalls at the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, were a delusion and a snare. Spindlecum at its best was not an aristocratic town, and the Queen's was not the aristocratic theatre of Spindlecum. Except on a mayor's bespeak or under masonic patronage, the stalls were rarely tenanted. But there they were, two long rows of partitioned seats, covered with dusty red cloth.

To-night there were three people in all the length and breadth of them—two faded-looking elderly women in opera-cloaks at one end, and in the middle, in a position that commanded every inch of the stage, a middle-aged man, with a cadaverous face, prominent light-gray eyes, and lank reddish hair, carefully dressed in full evening costume.

He sat in an attitude of extreme attention, with his arms folded on the back of the seat in front of him—he was in the back row—and his eyes fixed upon the lion-tamer. For the moment the sight of him seemed to turn Rudolph Prusinowski to stone. It was the man he had been talking of that day.

The cold sweat broke out upon his forehead; but he stamped his foot savagely, angry with himself for this folly, muttered an oath, and began his business with the lions—standing upon their backs, riding round the stage upon all three at once, leading them through a kind of dance movement, described in the bills as a set of quadrilles, with garlands of paper roses, and otherwise sporting himself with them, the red-haired man in the stalls watching his every movement and every movement of the animals breathlessly, and never stirring by a hair's breadth from his attentive attitude, or turning his eyes away from the stage.

Then came the feature of the evening—a single combat between Herr Prusinowski and Robinson—who was described in the bills, by the way, as "Moloch, the royal brindled lion, presented to Herr Prusinowski by one of the native princes of the Punjab"—at the end of which the Herr dragged asunder the animal's jaws, and put his head into his red-hot-looking mouth.

To-night, in spite of that deadly terror which had come upon the Herr at the sight of that one detested spectator, everything went smoothly enough. Robinson, otherwise Moloch, kept his temper, suffered his jaws to be opened to their widest extent, and the tamer's head to repose upon his tongue as on a pillow for half a dozen seconds or so, and the curtain came down to vociferous applause; but when the *beneficence* was called for, there was no response. The prompter found him leaning against one of the wings, white to the lips.

"Did you ever see a man tremble?" he asked, in a voice that shook so much as to be scarcely intelligible. "If you want to see one, look at me."

He was shaking in every limb, like a man stricken with ague.

"Why, what's the matter, cully?" asked the prompter, with more friendliness of tone than elegance of diction. "They're calling for you like mad. You'd better go on."

"I'm going, as soon as I can steady myself. I never neglect my business; but I've had a turn. I never thought I should come off the stage alive to-night."

"Why, the animals were quiet enough."

"Yes, as mild as lambs; but there's a man in front that's my evil genius. I never felt superstitious about anything else before—none of your ghosts or that kind of rot—but I've got my fancy about that man. He'd like to see me killed, and—he'll contrive to see it."

"Prusinowski," said the prompter. "I couldn't have believed it of you. I thought you was a man of sense."

But the prompter felt uncomfortable nevertheless. The human mind is especially open to uncomfortable sensations of this kind.

"Come, my boy," he exclaimed, "they're losing temper." This in allusion to the au-

dience, who were clamouring hoarsely for their favourite. "You'd better go on."

Prusinowski wiped his damp forehead, pulled himself together, as it were.

"All right," he said, and followed the prompter to the first entrance, and went through the narrow opening which that functionary made for him by pulling the heavy drop-scene a little on one side. He went on, made his accustomed mechanical bow, and crossed the stage, to disappear with renewed bowings on the opposite side. He was looking at the stalls all the time. The man was gone.

"Curse him!" muttered the lion-tamer. "If he'd given me time to change my clothes, I'd have been in front of the house in time to see him come out. I want to know who he is; I want to know what he means."

He dressed hurriedly, tearing off his close-fitting garb, and shuffling on the costume of every-day life anyhow, and then went back to the prompt entrance before the curtain had risen for the farce, and took another survey of the stalls, thinking it just possible that his evil genius had returned. But the man's place was empty. There were only the two dreary women, waiting meekly for one of the stalest inane faces known to dramatic literature, and fanning themselves with their pocket handkerchiefs.

Herr Prusinowski went round to the public doors of the theatre, and hung about there, with a vague idea that the man might be lingering also. There was a large tavern just opposite the Queen's, where the audience were wont to refresh themselves—even the stalls and boxes—with brandy-and-soda. The Herr crossed the road by-and-by, went into the crowded bar, still looking for his man, and looking vainly.

While he was staring about him a friendly hand tapped him on the shoulder.

"It was well over eighty, my boy," said the voice of De la Zouche, upon whose youthful cheek still lingered some trace of the vermilion it had worn in the *Miller and his Men*, and whose upper lip was still stiff with the glue that had secured his horsehair moustache. "Nearer ninety, Tiddikins tells me, and he knows how to reckon up a house with any man in the profession. I wish you joy."

"Thank you, old fellow," replied the lion-tamer vaguely. "Yes, I think 's a good house."

"Think! There's no room for thinking. The perspiration was running down their faces in the pit all through the *Miller*. The house was like a furnace; and uncommonly thirsty that kind of thing makes a man. The pongelow you sent in was very acceptable. I thought Fitz Raymond would never have taken his head out of the pewter. He's awful coolly on his Grindoff—goes in a perisher, even when he can't hear himself speak for the noise in front. But I say, Prusi, how about the little supper you talked of?" This in an insinuating tone.

Prusinowski stared at him blankly for a moment, and then said carelessly:

"The supper—O, to be sure. I'd forgotten all about it." The noble countenance of De la Zouche fell, and his open brow was overshadowed by a sudden gloom. "But it's all right," continued the *beneficence*. "It's ordered for twelve o'clock sharp. I ordered it on spec. I thought I should have a good house."

Prusinowski, you are a gentleman!" exclaimed the actor. "You are one of Nature's nobility, sir, and daily contact with the brute creation has not degraded your lofty mind. At twelve sharp! I'll go home and put on a clean collar. I think you mentioned a goose?"

"Roast beef at the top, roast goose at the bottom," said the Herr absently.

"It is a bird which, on the supper-table, I appreciate above any of the feathered tribe," replied the walking gentleman. "*Adieu*!"

He departed, wondering at the silence and gravity of a man who could draw an eighty-pound house.

Herr Prusinowski left the room and strolled listlessly along the street. It was not quite eleven. He had a clear hour before him, in which he could do what he pleased with himself. Under ordinary circumstances he might have gone home, to have a few words with his "little woman," and make some amendment in his toilet; but to-night he hardly cared to face his wife. She would see that something was wrong, and question him. The impression that man's appearance had made upon him was a subject he did not want to talk about, not even with her. He turned out of the busy thoroughfare in which the Queen's Theatre was situated presently into a broad, quiet, old-fashioned-looking street leading down to the quay—a street of broad square red-brick houses of the Georgian era, grim and respectable, with a shop only here and there, and then a superior class of shop. It was a very quiet street at this time of night. The summer moon was shining full upon the broad pavement and empty road, and there was just a glimpse of moonlit water at the end of the street where it opened on the quay.

There was only one shop open at this hour, a tobacconist's at a corner. Prusinowski felt in his coat-pocket with a dim recollection of having allowed Mr. Fitz Raymond to empty

his tobacco-pouch that evening, and then strolled across the road towards the tobacconist's shop. While he was in the act of crossing, a man came out of the shop and walked slowly away towards the quay. The lion-tamer recognized him at a glance and darted after him. It was the occupant of the stalls, a tall angular figure in the moonlight, with more or less the air of a gentleman.

It was an unjustifiable thing to do, of course; but Rudolph Prusinowski did not stop to consider the etiquette of the situation. He was resolved to accost this man. He would have done the same wherever he had met him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, at the stranger's shoulder, "I believe you were in front to-night in the stalls at the Queen's?"

The man turned and faced him. It was not a prepossessing countenance by any means, that long cadaverous visage, with the pale prominent eyes and lank sandy hair. The moonlight made it look more than usually cadaverous.

"Yes," he said, "I have been at the Queen's Theatre this evening. Dear me! you are the lion-tamer, I believe. This is really curious!"

He spoke in a formal deliberate way that was strangely irritating to Herr Prusinowski's nerves. These artists—even professors of the lowest arts—are apt to be sensitive.

"You have some kind of business with me, Herr Prusinowski?" the stranger said interrogatively, the lion-tamer standing for the moment staring at him like a newly-awakened sleep-walker, utterly lost and helpless.

"I—I wanted to ask you a question," he said abruptly, rousing himself with an effort. "This isn't the first time I've seen you. You took a private box at Manchester five years ago for my benefit."

"I did," replied the stranger. "I congratulate you on the possession of an excellent memory, Mr. Prusinowski. You had a narrow escape that night at Manchester, I imagine. One of your animals turned restive."

"Yes," said the lion-tamer moodily, "that brute Robinson cut up rough. I lost my nerve, and he saw it. It was a narrow escape—a disappointment for you, wasn't it?"

"Excuse me, I hardly catch your meaning."

"You thought it was all over with me, didn't you? Come now, I want to know your motive for coming to see me that time—I want to know your motive for coming to see me to-night."

"Motive?" repeated the stranger. "I should suppose the motive must be sufficiently obvious. People generally attend that sort of entertainment, in search of amusement."

"Other people perhaps—not you. I know what a man's face means, and I watched yours, as close—well, almost as close as you watched me. It wasn't the face of a man that came to be amused."

"You seem to have a peculiar way of looking at things, Mr. Prusinowski," replied the stranger, rubbing his bony close-shaven chin thoughtfully. "However, to be candid with you, I am somewhat interested in lion-taming. I am an idle man, you see. My means enable me to live pretty much as I please and where I please, and a man without occupation is in a manner compelled to create an interest for himself in things outside his own life. I am an amateur of wild-beast shows. There was a man called Green—you may have heard of him perhaps. I saw that man Green perform seventeen consecutive times. I was peculiarly interested in him."

"Yes," said Prusinowski. "I know all about Green. He was killed—killed by a tiger that he'd made a good deal of money out of."

"He was," answered the stranger; "I saw it."

Herr Prusinowski shuddered. "I thought so," he said; "I thought as much. You've tasted blood."

"Upon my honour that is a very unpleasant way of putting it," replied the stranger. "I look at these things entirely from an artistic point of view. I have heard it asserted that men of your profession always do meet with some fatal accident sooner or later. Since you push me so closely, I am bound to admit that has formed one element of interest for me in this kind of performance. I can understand the delight of the Roman people, from the emperor down to the humblest freedman, in their gladiatorial shows. I have a somewhat classical turn of mind, perhaps, and am proud to acknowledge a taste which connects me with a classic age."

"I don't understand half that palaver," said Herr Prusinowski rudely; "but I trust in God I may never see your face again."

"Really, now! but why?"

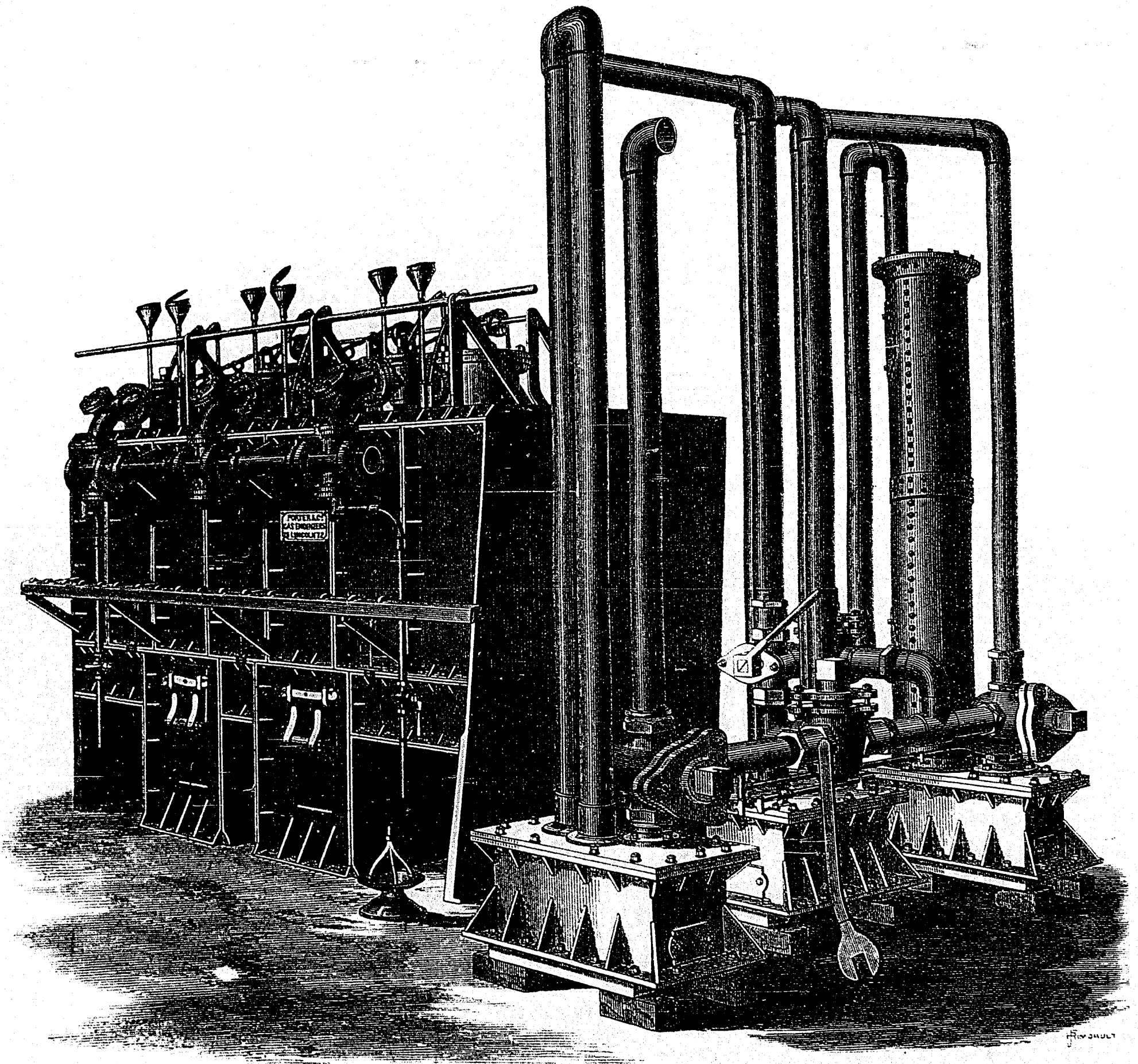
"Because you are a cold-blooded scoundrel, and you would like to see me killed."

"My dear Mr. Prusinowski, that is a style of language which, if I were an ill-tempered man, I might resent. Happily I am not an ill-tempered man, so let it pass. You have no right to remark that I should like to see you killed by one of those brutes of yours. But if you are destined to meet your death in that manner, which it is to be hoped you are not, I freely admit that I should wish to be a spectator of the catastrophe. It would not make the smallest difference to you, and it would be highly interesting to me. Is this your way? No? In that case, good-night!"



A LADY OF DAMASCUS

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.



APPARATUS FOR MANUFACTURING GAS ON SHIPBOARD.

He lifted his hat ceremoniously, and departed towards the patch of moonlit water at the end of the street, leaving the lion-tamer standing on the pavement, transfixed and brooding.

It was just as he had imagined—the man was an amateur of sudden death.

The supper at the Lion and Lamb public-house—a snug little hostelry five doors from the theatre, and much affected by the actors—was a gastronomic success, but not a social one. The fare was excellent. The giver of the feast ordered liquors on a liberal scale, and eatables and drinkables disappeared with a celerity cheering to witness. Yet the banquet was not a cheerful one. Nothing could rouse Prusinowski from the gloom that had fallen upon him. The actors did their utmost to beguile him into gaiety, with boisterous talk and laughter, racy anecdotes, and an unlimited amount of that humorous converse commonly known as 'chaff,' to which the theatrical mind is especially prone; but all their efforts failed. Once or twice he did make some faint show of rallying—gave a smart answer or two, threw a lobster claw at the tragic and dignified Fitz Raymond, when that great artist was engaged in argument, and pushed a stick of celery down the coat-collar of the absent-minded De la Zouche. But these were the feeblest spurts of gaiety, and by degrees the talk fell flat, and the revels, which under happier auspices would have lasted far into the summer dawning, broke up abruptly at a quarter past two.

Mr. Warbeck, the prompter, walked home with Tiddikins and De la Zouche, and told them what had happened after the fall of the curtain.

"Prusinowski's as good a fellow as ever breathed," he said in conclusion, being thoroughly warmed through with gin-and-water. "If he was my own brother, I couldn't like him better than I do. But I'm afraid there's something queer hereabouts."

He tapped his forehead significantly.

"A loose slate," said Mr. Tiddikins.

"A bee in his bonnet," said Mr. De la Zouche.

CHAPTER III.

THE THIRD TIME.

It was three years later in the life of the lion-tamer, and he was performing for three nights only at a sea-coast town in the north of England, a dreary little place enough, whither he had strayed from the rich manufacturing districts, where his harvests were wont to be so plentiful—a dismal little town, beside which the sea seemed to howl more dolefully than by other shores; a stony High Street, a damp, windy fish market, a beach of great loose pebbles and a long wooden jetty stretching out to sea, and slippery always with slime and weed, dead fish, and other refuse of the great ocean.

Three years!—and yet on his benefit night at Spindicem Herr Prusinowski had talked about retiring on his laurels in a year. He had not been doing badly either; prosperity had followed all his wanderings; but the human mind is elastic in its estimate of money, and Herr Prusinowski's notions of the fortune he ought to retire upon had widened with the passage of time.

"Another six months, little woman," he said, "and I'll sell the beasts by auction, and take a public house," which was his notion of peace and retirement.

"I wish it was to be to-morrow, William," the little woman answered sadly. "I shall never know a happy moment till you've done with those animals."

The first two nights at Lowshore, this obscure northern seaport, had been tolerably successful. The theatre was the mouldiest old barn perhaps that had ever been dedicated to public entertainment, and was opened about twice in two years for a week or so of transient splendour, when some wandering star of the dramatic firmament, more wildly speculative than his brethren, essayed his fortunes at Lowshore, and informed the nobility and gentry of the district that he was about to appear for six nights only in a round of favourite characters. Rarely as the doors of the temple were open, the denizens of Lowshore were not wont to rush with remarkable unanimity to the shrine. It would have seemed, indeed, as if the drama were a dead letter in the seaport, the audience which came to be subdued by pity and terror being generally restricted to some two or three dozen seafaring men smelling strongly of fish, a sprinkling of boys, and a dash of brightness and colour in the shape of young women in service, or fisherman's wives and daughters.

But what the drama, whether legitimate or illegitimate, failed to do, the lions succeeded in doing. They drew very fair houses—not the nobility and gentry, as represented by one elderly peer, whose estates bordered Lowshore, but who was rarely known to inhabit his great stone castle, preferring a little box at Richmond, stuffed with rare old silver and costly curios; and the vicar—but the shopkeepers and their young men and maidens; the few visitors and the lodging-house proprietors; all the seafaring men and their families; the maids-of-all-work and fisher-

boys; the policeman off duty, and a sprinkling of farmers from inland farms. It was late in October, the very dreariest time of the year, and Herr Prusinowski had come to Lowshore in a speculative humour, just to fill up a blank week in his winter programme.

The house was nearly full the first night, a trifle less well attended the second, and on the third a considerable falling-off was apparent. Still it was a very fair house for Lowshore. There was a cheerful sprinkling in the pit, a very good gallery. The boxes alone had a cavernous and dismal aspect. The box audience—the upper middle-class of Lowshore, tradespeople and lodging-letters—had exhausted itself. Herr Prusinowski had brought a dramatic company of three with him to support the lions, and to eke out the evening's entertainment with a couple of farces or comediettas. This company consisted of a light comedian, a low comedian, and a comedy lady. The light comedian was the aspiring De la Zouche, who had blossomed from a walking gentleman into the popular provincial Charles Matthews—white hat, patent-leather boots, light-green trousers, cane, and rapid utterance. The performances began with *Delicate Ground*, and were to conclude with the *Secret*, a farce of an ancient and respectable character.

The lion-tamer, who was a spoilt child of fortune, had a supreme contempt for bad houses, and, with a flagrant injustice, was wont to wreak upon the innocent few who did come to see him that wrath inspired by the guilty many who stopped away. That is to say, he punished the scanty but admiring audience by stamping his performance, and depriving them of their just due. The dramatic company were accustomed to empty benches and a barren dress-circle.

The weather was against Herr Prusinowski on this particular evening. The north winds came howling across the German Ocean as if they were intent upon sweeping Lowshore from the face of the earth, driving a salt-flavoured sleet before them, which well-nigh blinded the adventurous pedestrian. The Herr expressed himself very forcibly about the weather, as he took leave of his family before setting out for the theatre. The comedietta was just over as he went in at the stage-door, and he had to dress in a hurry, struggling into his close-fitting raiment, and girding himself with sash and gold, while a feeble little orchestra of four—clarionette, flute, and two fiddles—played some ob-fashioned country-dance tunes, what time the audience regaled themselves with prawns and porter. The three lions looked tremulously big on the small stage, awfully red against the background of faded scenery. Robinson was out of sorts. He was sensitive upon the subject of weather, and had an especial aversion to high winds; perhaps some hereditary yearning for Arabian sands or Asia's burning sky—personally, he could know nothing about either, having been born in White-chapel—may have affected him at such times; at any rate the fact remained, cold or blustering weather disturbed his lionine mind.

The feeble little orchestra made a great struggle to produce a soul-inspiring chord, and came out superbly, the second violin a trifle in the rear. Herr Prusinowski bounded on to the stage from a rocky set piece, and began his work rather languidly, handling Robinson with a certain amount of caution.

He had got through half his performance, and was leading the three lions round the stage on their hind feet to the stirring music of the march in "Blue Beard"—stirring even from those poor feeble players—when he heard the opening and shutting of a door at the back of the boxes. He looked up quickly. A gentleman in evening dress was seating himself deliberately in the centre place, a pale complexioned man, with straight, reddish hair. The lion-tamer's heart turned cold. It was the man he had seen at Manchester and Spindicem, the man whose presence, by some morbid fancy, he associated with the idea of peril to himself. During the last three years he had been always more or less on the look-out for this man, and had never seen him—had begun to congratulate himself upon the probability that he would finish his public career without ever performing before him again; and here he was, in this remote seaport town, watching him with the same eager eyes and hungry face, watching as men watch the gladiators in old time, greedy for their blood.

If he could have brought the entertainment to an abrupt conclusion that instant he would have done so. He would have willingly returned the people their money, and sacrificed the night's profits to escape performing before that man. He was half inclined to plead sudden illness, bring down the curtain with an apology, but to do that would be to confess himself afraid of that man.

"D—n him!" he muttered to himself, "he shan't see that I'm afraid of him. Faster!" he called out to the orchestra, "faster and louder!" and as the music quickened, he urged the animals with his whip.

Robinson, alias Moloch, resented the impertinence with a suppressed roar, and from that moment Rudolph Prusinowski lost his presence of mind and lost his temper. He was determined to bate not one of his tricks,

to demonstrate to that cold-blooded wretch in the boxes that he was not afraid of him. He made the animals do more work than usual, looking defiantly at that watchful face in the boxes all the while. The little theatre shook with applause, the pit rose to him, as the good old actors were wont to say; the gallery rang with bravos.

All in a moment, at the last, in the crowning feat which was to conclude the performance, the bravos changed to an awful shout of horror. No one could say how it happened, the brute's movements were too rapid for human eyes to follow. Herr Prusinowski was lying on the stage mangled and torn, the lion crouching upon him.

The keeper and a couple of brawny scene-shifters rushed upon the stage; they dragged him from under the infuriated beast insensible and covered with blood, and carried him off to the dressing-room, where the two rival surgeons of Lowshore came rushing in to him five minutes afterwards. Surgery could do nothing; his ribs were crushed to powder, and there was a perforation of the lung and hæmorrhage. He breathed stertorously for about half an hour, and then died, without one ray of returning consciousness.

"Strange," the red-haired gentleman used to say afterwards, when he told the story as a pleasant kind of thing after dinner, and in some manner reflecting distinction upon himself; "the poor devil was the second of his trade I saw killed, and I had come across him three times at long intervals in the course of my travels in the north. I take a considerable interest in that sort of thing; there's more excitement about it than there is in the drama. Prusinowski was a very respectable fellow; had saved money, I believe; and left his wife and children comfortably provided for."

[THE END.]

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THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE.—Mablethorpe House.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"I will make myself understood. You asked me if I knew your name. I ask you, in return, which it is? The name on your card is 'Miss Roseberry.' The name marked on your clothes, when you were in the hospital, was 'Merrey Merrick.'"

The self-possession which Grace had maintained from the moment when she had entered the dining-room, seemed now for the first time to be on the point of failing her. She turned and looked appealingly at Julian, who had thus kept his place apart, listening attentively.

"Surely," she said, "your friend, the consul, has told you in his letter about the mark on the clothes?"

Something of the girlish hesitation and timidity which had marked her demeanour at her interview with Merrey in the French cottage, reappeared in her tone and manner as she spoke those words. The changes—mostly changes for the worse—wrought in her by the suffering through which she had passed since that time, were now (for the moment) effaced. All that was left of the better and simpler side of her character asserted itself in her brief appeal to Julian. She had hitherto repelled him. He began to feel a certain compassionate interest now.

"The consul has informed me of what you said to him," he answered kindly. "But, if you will take my advice, I recommend you to tell your story to Lady Janet in your own words."

Grace again addressed herself with submissive reluctance to Lady Janet.

"The clothes your ladyship speaks of," she said, "were the clothes of another woman. The rain was getting when the soldiers detained me on the frontier. I had been exposed for hours to the weather. I was wet to the skin. The clothes marked 'Merrey Merrick' were the clothes lent to me by Merrey Merrick herself while my own things were drying. I was struck by the shell in those clothes. I was carried away in those clothes after the operation had been performed on me."

Lady Janet listened to perfection—and did no more. She turned confidentially to Horace and said to him, in her gracefully ironical way, "She is ready with her explanation."

Horace answered in the same tone, "A great deal too ready."

Grace looked from one of them to the other. A faint flush of colour showed itself in her face for the first time.

"Am I to understand?" she asked with proud composure, "that you don't believe me?"

Lady Janet maintained her policy of silence. She waved one hand courteously towards Julian, as if to say, "Address your inquiries to the gentleman who introduces you." Julian, noticing the gesture and observing the rising

colour in Grace's cheeks, interposed directly in the interests of peace.

"Lady Janet asked you a question just now," he said; "Lady Janet inquired who your father was."

"My father was the late Colonel Roseberry."

Lady Janet looked indignantly at Horace. "Her assurance amazes me!" she exclaimed.

Julian interposed before his aunt could add a word more. "Pray let us hear her," he said in a tone of entreaty which had something of the imperative in it this time. He turned to Grace. "Have you any proof to produce," he added in his gentler voice, "which will satisfy us that you are Colonel Roseberry's daughter?"

Grace looked at him indignantly. "Proof?" she repeated. "Is my word not enough?"

Julian kept his temper perfectly. "Pardon me," he rejoined, "you forget that you and Lady Janet meet now for the first time. Try to put yourself in my aunt's place. How is she to know that you are the late Colonel Roseberry's daughter?"

Grace's head sank on her breast; she dropped into the nearest chair. The expression of her face changed instantly from anger to discouragement. "Ah," she exclaimed bitterly, "if I only had the letters that have been stolen from me!"

"Letters," asked Julian, "introducing you to Lady Janet?"

"Yes." She turned suddenly to Lady Janet. "Let me tell you how I lost them," she said, in the first tones of entreaty which had escaped her yet.

Lady Janet hesitated. It was not in her generous nature to resist the appeal that had just been made to her. The sympathies of Horace were far less easily reached. He lightly launched a new shaft of satire—intended for the private amusement of Lady Janet—"Another explanation!" he exclaimed, with a look of comic resignation.

Julian overheard the words. His large lustrous eyes fixed themselves on Horace with a look of unmeasured contempt.

"The least you can do," he said, sternly, "is not to irritate her. It is so easy to irritate her!" He addressed himself again to Grace, endeavouring to help her through her difficulty in a new way. "Never mind explaining yourself for the moment," he said.

"In the absence of your letters, have you any one in London who can speak to your identity?"

Grace shook her head sadly. "I have no friends in London," she answered.

It was impossible for Lady Janet—she had never in her life heard of anybody without friends in London—to pass this over without notice. "No friends in London," she repeated, turning to Horace.

Horace shot another shaft of light satire. "Of course not!" he rejoined.

Grace saw them comparing notes. "My friends are in Canada," she broke out impetuously. "Plenty of friends who could speak for me, if I could only bring them here."

As a place of reference—mentioned in the capital city of England—Canada, there is no denying it, is open to objection on the ground of distance. Horace was ready with another shot. "Far enough off, certainly," he said.

"Far enough off, as you say," Lady Janet agreed.

Once more Julian's inexhaustible kindness strove to obtain a hearing for the stranger who had been confided to his care. "A little patience, Lady Janet," he pleaded. "A little consideration, Horace, for a friendless woman!"

"Thank you, sir," said Grace. "It is very kind of you to try and help me; but it is useless. They won't even listen to me." She attempted to rise from her chair as she pronounced the last words. Julian gently laid his hand on her shoulder and obliged her to resume her seat.

"I will listen to you," he said. "You referred me just now to the consul's letter. The consul tells me you suspected some one of taking your papers and your clothes."

"I don't suspect," was the quick reply. "I am certain! I tell you positively Merrey Merrick was the thief. She was alone with me when I was struck down by the shell. She was the only person who knew that I had letters of introduction about me. She confessed to my face that she had been a bad woman—she had been in a prison—she had come out of a refuge."

(To be continued.)

A huckster in Stamford, Ky., has the following warning displayed over his stall:—"Any Man or Boy that takes One Apple Without Leave is a Bad Rogue in his harte."

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Scene—A Galloway farmer's kitchen. *Dramatis Personæ*—Jean, the ne'cess, hiding the partridge; Jock, the farm servant, Jock coming in from his day's work and throwing himself wearily into a chair—"Jean!" "Weel, Jock?" "I think I'll marry ye, Jean!" "Man, I wud be muckle obleeged ta ye if ye wud." Honest, at least.

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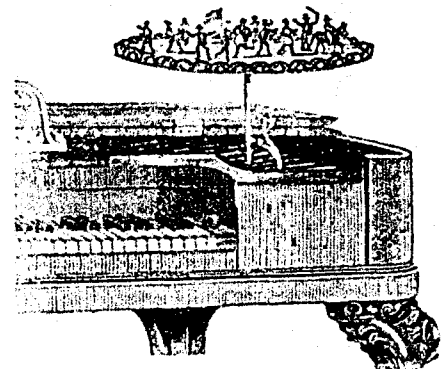
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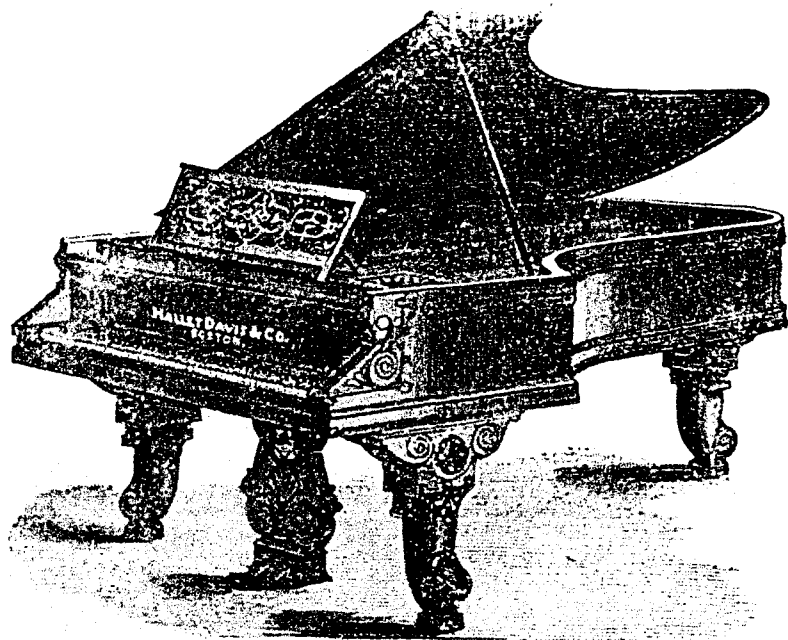
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Welland Canal Enlargement.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
CONTRACTORS are hereby informed that the Plans, Specifications &c., of the nine Locks, Weirs, and other works, on the new portion of the Welland Canal, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie, will not be ready for inspection before Friday, the 20th instant.
By order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 7th Dec., 1872. 6-24 b

TO CONTRACTORS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
THE COMMISSIONERS appointed for the Construction of the Intercolonial Railway hereby give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for Track-laying and Ballasting on the following Divisions, viz:
No. 1, on Sections 3, 4, 5, and 15,—a distance of about 78 miles.
No. 2, on Sections 16, 10, and 20,—a distance of about 46 miles.
No. 3, on Sections 21, 22, and 23,—from the Miramichi River to Moncton, a distance of about 72 miles.
All the above sections are in the Province of New Brunswick.
Specifications and forms of Tender can be obtained at the Office of the Chief Engineer at Ottawa, and at the Offices of the Engineers at Rimouski, Dalhousie, New Castle, and Moncton.
Sealed Tenders marked "Tenders," and addressed to the Commissioners, will be received at their Office in Ottawa, up to 12 o'clock Noon on FRIDAY, the 21st of January, 1873.
A. WALSH,
ED. B. CHANDLER,
C. J. BRYDGES,
A. W. MCLELLAN,
Commissioners.
Intercolonial Railway,
Commissioners' Office,
Ottawa, Nov. 24th, 1872. 6-24 d
N.B.—Separate Tenders will be required for Divisions Numbered 1, 2 and 3.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.
OTTAWA, 14th November, 1872.
Authorized discount on Import Invoices until further notice: 12 per cent.
R. S. M. ROUCHEE,
Commissioner of Customs.

Welland Canal Enlargement!

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Surveyor-General and enclosed in a Tender for Welland Canal, will be received at this Office until Noon of FRIDAY, the 10th Day of JANUARY next (1873), for the construction of Nine Locks and Nine Weirs—the excavation of the Lock and Weir Pits connected with them—the intervening Reaches, Race-ways, &c., on the new portion of the Welland Canal, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie.
The work will be let in sections: four of which numbered respectively 8, 9, 10, and 11, are situated between St. Cashmere's Cemetery and the Great Western Railway, and Sections Nos. 15 and 16 are situated between Brown's Cement Kilns, and what is known as Marlett's Pond.
Tenders will be received for certain portions of the enlargement and deepening of the prism of the Canal above Port Robinson, and for the removal of part of the West bank of the "Deep Cut," &c., &c.
Plans of the several localities, together with Plans and Specifications of the works, can be seen at this Office, on and after FRIDAY, the 13th Day of DECEMBER next, where printed forms of Tenders will be furnished. A like class of information relative to the works north of Marlett's Pond may be obtained at the resident Engineer's Office, Thorold; and for works south of Allanburg, Plans &c., may be seen at the resident Engineer's Office, Welland.
All Tenders must be made on the printed forms, and to each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract.
The Department will not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.
By Order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 22nd Nov., 1872. 6-24 d

TO CONTRACTORS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
THE COMMISSIONERS appointed for the Construction of the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for the erection of Passenger and Refreshment Buildings, Freight Building, and Engine House, at Campbellton, N. B., and for Passenger and Refreshment Building, at New Castle, N. B.
Plans, Specifications, and forms of Tender may be seen at the Office of the Chief Engineer, Ottawa, and the Engineers' Offices at Rimouski, Dalhousie, New Castle, and Moncton.
Tenders may be for the whole, or any less number of these Buildings, and will be received marked "Tenders for Buildings," at the Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, up to 12 o'clock Noon, on FRIDAY, the 31st January, 1873.
A. WALSH,
ED. B. CHANDLER,
C. J. BRYDGES,
A. W. MCLELLAN,
Commissioners.
Commissioners' Office,
Ottawa, Dec. 4, 1872. 6-24 d

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BOAT EXPRESS at 4:30 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M.
Express at 6:30 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

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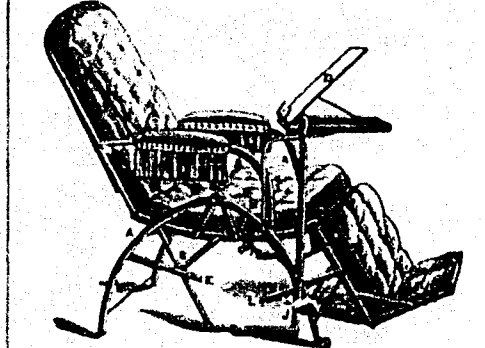
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CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED

KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street:—

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872. DEAR SIR,—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARHOUD AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE. Mr. RICHMOND SPENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869

And its Amendments.

CANADA, Province of Quebec, } SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal.

The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a consent by his Creditors to his discharge, and on FRIDAY, the SEVENTENTH Day of JANUARY next, A.D. 1873, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

MONTREAL, 11th Dec., 1872. PIERRE GRAVEL, By CASIMIR & LAPOSTOLLE, His Attorneys ad litem.

6-24 z Printed and published by GEORGE E. DEBRASAT 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street Montreal.