

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Illustrated News

Vol. XI.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



TOMMY WHITE: "Here's my ticket, Sir." SHOWMAN: "Dat tickets no good, leetle boy. Me vault some Stamps."

THE PEEP SHOW.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to "The General Manager, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

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

One or two good reliable carriers required—Apply to the MANAGER, BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY.

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

THE NEW STORY.

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

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

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

Back numbers can be had on application.

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

FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED

for the advertising and subscription departments of this paper. Good percentage, large and exclusive territory, given to each canvasser, who will be expected, on the other hand, to furnish security. Also for the sale of Johnson's new MAP OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Apply to THE GENERAL MANAGER, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal.

In the number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for January 23rd we shall publish the portraits of the Office Bearers of the

DOMINION GRANGE.

The new secret society of the Patrons of Husbandry. The illustrations will be accompanied by full letter-press descriptions of the aims, character and purpose of this important association.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 16th, 1875.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

The proclamation summoning Parliament, for despatch of business, on February 4th next, has been published. Ministers will certainly meet Parliament in a quiet time. There is an absence of political excitement, which seems to arise from the very strength of their majority. As far, therefore, as can be seen, the way is clear before them, but it is yet impossible to say what disturbing questions may come up during the course of the session. They will, probably, have to hear something about the Election Courts; but anything which might have been said on this subject is weakened by what happened in the case of the election of Sir John; and the fact that remains, after all the summer's war, is, that they are stronger than they were by two seats.

MANITOBA MOUNTED POLICE.

We have received a communication on the subject of the Mounted Police, from a gentleman in Manitoba who evidently is acquainted with the subject whereon he writes. As the matter is one of public interest, we judge it right to make known his ideas, leaving, of course, all the responsibility with himself. He reaffirms the numerous desertions from the Force, which were persistently denied in certain papers, and rehearses all the hardships which the

men had to endure on the line of march. He charges that Col. FRENCH was too much interfered with and dictated to, instead of being left to his own devices. "The authorities," whoever they were, "were wrong in urging him to leave Toronto and Dufferin before the men and horses were perfectly trained." Our informant states that FRENCH had more difficulties to encounter than WOLSELEY did in 1870. The Force travelled over 300 miles where there was no grass, and it was wonderful that all the horses did not die. "He positively could not bring back the three troops which he left at 'Hoop-Her-Up.'" It seems that personally the Colonel is popular with his men who understand that he is obliged to act according to his instructions. Short rations are said to have been the rule, rather than the exception, and the sufferings encountered on the route are represented as such that the expedition is rather boldly set down "as unsurpassed in the whole British annals." A singular grievance is said to be the fines imposed upon the men for misdemeanors. Cases are given of men who had their whole month's wages taken from them in this way and the very natural remark is added that this "joined with hunger is not fit to keep a man in the good spirits so much required on the prairie." There is no doubt that such a force as the Mounted Police of Manitoba is both useful and necessary, but it should be maintained on strictly military principles, else it may result in more mischief than benefit. What it accomplished on its summer and autumn march through the Great Lone Land is not yet very clear, because not generally known, but we hope soon to be able to publish a full and consecutive account of it with appropriate illustrations.

PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Some of the surveying party have returned from the Pacific coast, and the air is naturally filled with rumours. It is said, and we are inclined to think, correctly, that a very favourable route has been found along the valley of the Fraser. Some boring will, it is said, be required; but with this, to a moderate extent, the line will present no difficulties greater than those which have been surmounted in the case of railways actually constructed in the old Provinces of the Dominion. If these rumours be well founded, the information is of the greatest importance. A line by the valley of the Fraser, would, of course, take the Tête Jaune pass and find a terminus probably at Bute Inlet. This line of route passes moderately near the U. S. frontier; and would render unnecessary the continuation further West of the Northern Pacific Railway; and probably, for the purposes of commerce, will fulfil the conditions required from the proposed work. The objection is, that it will pass between Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains, through about 300 miles of comparatively worthless country, and this is a great drawback. It has been contended with much force that, if the line were carried five or six hundred miles further North through the Peace River country, it would pass through a region altogether more fit for settlement; find passes through the Rocky Mountains of less elevation than the Tête Jaune; and find easy access to the Pacific in some of the numerous harbours higher up the coast in British Columbia, without materially, if at all, extending the length of the railway. The reports of surveys, so far as published, have not been sufficiently perfect to enable us to judge with positiveness of these questions; but the importance of the interests involved is so great, that no hasty action ought to be taken. British Columbia, on her side, is pressing the immediate commencement of the work; and influential British Columbian interests seem to have favoured the Fraser Valley route, which is now said to be feasible. But these are really small matters to enter into the consideration of so vast a question. We have already stated, that by the compromise which has been effected

by the good offices of the Imperial Government, the time for building the Pacific Railway is extended to 1890; and that two millions of dollars a year are to be spent on its construction within that Province. One incident of this arrangement is, that there appears to be a good *entente* between the Government of British Columbia and that of Mr. MACKENZIE. One straw indicating this, is that Mr. WALKER, who went to England to invoke the aid of the Imperial Government against the Canadian Government, after the very angry correspondence that was laid before Parliament last session, dined with Mr. MACKENZIE, at Ottawa, the other day. This is very much better than the Western seaboard province kicking up its heels in futile rebellion.

THE AMENITIES OF POLITICS.

It has been said, over and over again, that we have nothing to learn from the manners of American politicians. That is true after a fashion. We have copied, with servile closeness, the asperities and personalities of public men in the United States, until, like Shylock, we have bettered the instruction. Any one who reads our daily papers, especially those actively engaged in political debate, must feel pained, not to say disgusted, at the acerbity and the injustice steeped in the gull, which characterize them. Our best men, our most honored names, are dragged in the mire of impersonal and irresponsible abuse, by writers who, if they were known, are not fit to hold the position of literary men to the persons whom they so atrociously vilipend. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, whose deeds have made him a great man, is treated like a common party hack. Mr. MACKENZIE, whose talents and honesty are above cavil, is spoken of as a mere trickster and charlatan. Mr. BLAKE is denied his unquestioned gifts of eloquence and statesmanship. Dr. TUPPER is written down as a simple harlequin.

The papers are followed by public speakers. Our political meetings are distinguished by nothing so much as by vulgar personal abuse of the men opposed to them in politics. Outsiders reading the articles of our journals, and the speeches of our politicians, must set down the chief men in Canada as a set of scoundrels and incapables. This may serve the purpose of a local election, or it may flatter the prejudices of a local editor, but it disgraces the country, demoralizes the public feeling and results in mischief to both parties. He must be hopelessly blind who does not recognize patriotism, talent and efficiency in the Conservative party and its leaders. He must be narrow minded, indeed, who denies that the party in power, is ably led, and is actuated by honest intentions to govern the country with integrity. There are good men in both parties, as there are intriguers in both parties. Neither, so we far as we see, is better than the other. Both, in their essential elements, deserve the support of their friends and are a credit to Canada. Circumstances have put the one in power for the time being. But there are no circumstances which can prevent the other from succeeding to office when the natural train of events shall have taken their necessary course. The sooner mere politicians understand this fact, the better. All the rant of Liberal writers will not wipe out the magnificent record of the Kingston Knight, any more than the railing of Gratiano could rail the seal from off the Israelite's bond. All the high-flown sarcasm of Conservative editors and speakers cannot obliterate the sterling merits of the present Prime Minister. Let us respect our country, if we cannot respect our principal men. Americans have certainly given us a bad example in all these things, but there have been of late remarkable instances of cordiality among politicians which, if it would be well if we set ourselves to imitate. A bright exemplar comes to us from New York, the greatest state of the Union, larger than the whole of Canada, and the model in culture of

all her sisters. Mr. TILDEN ran against General Dix for the Governorship of the Empire State. He not only defeated his distinguished antagonist, but ousted him from office. When his inauguration took place on the 1st of this month, what happened? Did the two gentlemen indulge in mutual recriminations? Did they hold aloof from each other? The contrary was the fact, and their respective speeches on the occasion are worthy to be set down for the guidance of Canadian politicians. The inaugural procession was composed only of the two Governors, arm-in-arm, and with uncovered heads, the staff of each following, and forming a double file of handsome uniforms. The military had been left outside to that silence which the Latin maxim prescribes. The Governors parted in front of the Clerk's desk, and passing around the opposite sides, met face to face behind it, while their staffs fell back from each other and halted. Gov. Dix then addressed Gov. Tilden as follows:

"Mr. TILDEN: The people of the State have called you to preside over the administration of their Government by a majority which manifests the highest confidence in your ability, integrity and firmness. I need not say to you, who have had so long and familiar an acquaintance with public affairs, that in a state of such magnitude as ours, with interests so vast and diversified, there is a constant demand on the Chief Magistrate for the exercise of the essential attributes of statesmanship. It is gratifying to know that the amendments to the Constitution, approved and ratified by the people at the late general election, by limiting the powers of the Legislature in regard to local and special laws, will, in some degree, lighten the burden of your arduous and responsible duties. While a material progress has been made during the last two years in the correction of abuses, much remains to be done, and the distinguished part you have borne in the work of municipal reform in the City of New York gives assurance that under your auspices the great interests of the State will be vigilantly guarded. I tender you my sincere wish that your labours in the cause of good government may be as successful here as they have been elsewhere, and that your administration may redound to your honour and to the lasting prosperity of the people of the State."

At the close of his remarks Gov. Dix shook hands cordially with Gov. Tilden, who replied as follows:

"Gov. DIX: It is he who has completed a period of distinguished public service, and having gathered all its honours, has nothing left to him but to lay down its burdens; it is he who is to be congratulated on this occasion. I cannot stand in this hall to assume the Chief Executive trust of the people of this State, now to be transferred by you, without my thoughts turning on him (Silas Wright), your friend and mine, and my father's, who held it in early manhood. I come here to sustain his administration. In the interval how vast and diversified have the interests become, which are under the guardianship of the State administration. To build up this great Commonwealth in her polity and institutions, until they shall become a greater blessing to all the people within her jurisdiction, and an example worthy of imitation by other communities, is a work far surpassing any object of human ambition. I had hoped to pass the coming winter in the cradle of ancient literature and arts. In the exchange in which I undertake duties you have so honourably performed, I understand that you find an opportunity to visit a portion of our own country not inferior in natural advantages to the renowned climes of the Old World. I felicitate you on the pleasures which you may look forward to by reason of your fortunate transfer, and beg to assure you that you and your accomplished lady and the other members of your family will carry with you my warmest wishes for your happiness in those recreations, and in all your future."

This example is all the more worthy of imitation, that it is in strict accordance with that English practice of amenity and politeness which Canadians ought to be proud to make their rule of action. Our fellow journalists themselves should be the first to understand that they can never command public confidence so long as they indulge in this habit of indiscriminate abuse and depreciation.

Canadians, as a rule, are not sufficiently jealous of their own productions. They are too apt to under-estimate their native resources. Thus they have allowed the race of Canadian ponies—the equals of the Mustang—to die out. The Canadian cow, introduced from Alderney breeds by the ancient missionaries, has almost disappeared. The Canadian apple—Famouse, Grise, and St. Lawrence—unrivalled in flavour and hardihood, has been replaced in the market by foreign varieties. Yet there are no apples like them. A New York grower has recently written: "I am fully satisfied that the farther North apples can be raised, the better and more beautiful they are. The Famouse is the most striking example of this fact, for though we get very perfect and excellent specimens here, still about Montreal they grow very much finer. I have had specimens of other kinds sent me from Canada, which I considered very extra in size, colour and quality. I have often sent trees of the Famouse, and other leading northern apples to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and in one case to Virginia, and in every instance the report after bearing has been that the fruit was not at all, in size, quality, or colour, like the same variety they had eaten and enjoyed at the North."

Notwithstanding the convention held in Montreal on St. Jean Baptiste Day, it appears that the return of French Canadians from the United States to Canada is not settling in so steady a tide as was then pleasantly anticipated. The reasons for this are not far to seek. They are both social and ethnological. In presence of this failure, a movement is now attempted to get French Canadian immigration from the New England States to Manitoba. Louis Riel has been going around several towns of Massachusetts advocating this step. A gentleman from New England has gone to Ottawa for the express purpose of obtaining from the Dominion Government a free passage for returning French Canadians to the Northwest. While we hope that this and all other schemes of immigration may prove successful, we fear that Manitoba will, no more than Quebec, lure wandering Canadians to the allegiance of their youth. The French Canadians who leave their native villages for the United States may be set down, in general, as lost to the country.

The new postal arrangement between the United States and Canada, of which we gave a full account in our last issue, is undoubtedly a great step in advance, and for the convenience which it affords the public, both the Dominion and American governments deserve the greatest credit. But there is a special view of it which we commend to our fellow journalists. It is that it must stimulate them not to allow themselves to be overrun by the American press. The New York *Herald* has already prophesied that the change will result in "a leavening" of the British Provinces with American newspapers and periodicals, and that this leavening will, in course of time, produce a great impression. Personally, we are not of those who dread the contact of American ideas, but from a purely business stand point, there is no doubt that Canadian newspapers will have to shake off much of their provincial routine and old-fashioned mannerisms if they wish to compete successfully with their American rivals.

JOURNALISM.

ITS REMUNERATION AND ITS STANDING.

At the present time when the journalists of Canada, by their general co-operation at Ottawa, under the note of Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association, and in Toronto, Montreal and other Cities, by their local societies, are awakening to a just sense of their rights, privileges, as well as responsibilities, it is well to call their attention and that of the reading public to a remarkable paper in the December number of the GENTLEMAN'S Magazine, on the £ s. d., of Literature. Nothing but good can come from a full and free discussion of the topics suggested by that article. Its length prevents us from publishing it entire, but the analysis which we give of it is sufficiently complete for all practical purposes.

I.

The writer begins by enumerating the prices which are generally allowed at the London press. He says that £1000 a year is now the standard of the an editor's salary on the London morning papers, the evening papers, with the exception of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, paying only about two-thirds of that amount. The salary of the editor of the *Times* five years ago was £600 a year, and that is the salary of the editors upon most of the provincial morning papers, although in three or four cases, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds, the rate is equal to that of the London morning newspapers. In the Colonies the rate varies. It is lowest in Canada, although with the multiplication of the press it is rising there. In India and Ceylon the salary is often as high as £2,500 a year.

The highest salaries now paid upon the London press, except, perhaps, in the case of the *Times*, are those paid to special correspondents. Mr. Sala received "the pay of an Ambassador" from the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* for years; and Mr. Archibald Forbes can hardly receive less from the *Daily News* than the salary of an Under Secretary of State, £1,200 or £1,500 a year. The rate of remuneration for general contributions is £2 2s. an article. That is the average rate. The *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* pay 2s. 6d. an article, and frequently more. And that is the rate upon the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. It is less upon the *Illustration*. The *Echo* pays a guinea and a half. But upon some of the London newspapers the guinea rate is still adhered to. It is still, the rate all through provinces. The *Times*' rate represents the maximum. That often rises as high as 15 guineas an article. The customary rate for correspondence is 4s. 6d. a column, and that is the rate for reviews.

The upshot of all this may be put in a sentence. It is that nowhere are newspaper writers paid worse than in England. There are very few newspaper writers in London who are making an income of £1,500 a year by their pens. A special correspondent like Dr. Russell or Mr. Archibald Forbes may make that an more, because a special correspondent is paid at a fancy price, the work requiring physical as well as mental qualifications which only a man here and there possesses. But you may count upon your fingers the men on the English press who by their pens alone make £1,200 a year, and they work like horses for eight or ten hours a day for that. Yet in France and America £1,200 and £1,500 a year are second-rate salaries upon the press, and £10 is the ordinary price of an article upon most of the Paris newspapers. That was the sum paid to M. Louis Blanc for his London letters and to M. Sainte-Beuve for his *feuilletons*. M. Lemoine's salary as a regular contributor to the *Journal des Debats* was £2,000 a year, and M. Albert Wolf and M. Françoise Sarcay can, it is said, always reckon upon £15 for an article, and may contribute at the rate as many articles as they like. £750 a year may, perhaps, be taken as the average salary of newspaper writers in Paris. Even in Russia twenty-five roubles is more frequently paid for an article upon a first-class paper than 25 is paid for one here. In Germany ten thalers is the regulation honorarium, and that may be taken as representing the low-water mark in the scale of newspaper pay, although here we have many men contributing to the provincial press at a guinea an article and less.

II.

What is the cause of this difference between the American, French, and English journalist? And what is the explanation of the low scale upon which journalists are paid in England in comparison with journalists across the English Channel and the Atlantic? The answer to both questions lies in one word. The American and French press is a personal press. The English press is an impersonal press. In France and America journalism is a profession, and is followed as a profession by men who put themselves in training for their work as others put themselves in training for law, physic, or arms. In England journalism is a pastime, except perhaps with a handful of men, and a large proportion of the work of a newspaper is done by men who are looking to anything but newspaper work for their success in life. And that makes all the difference in the world to the press and to journalism as a profession. In France and America the press is an independent power, and journalists, as a class, are the equals, socially and politically, of the members of the Legislative Assemblies—often their superiors; a man like M. Lemoine, at the head of the staff of the *Journal des Debats*, often

possessing more power—more personal power—than the most eloquent member of the Assembly. A journalist in England is a shadow—a man without a name—without a position in the world—standing outside every profession without belonging to an independent order that he can take the slightest pride in—a supernumerary even in politics. The press in France is, next to the bar, the high road to fame and fortune, to Ministerial portfolios, to embassies, to prefectures, to seats in the Senate, to seats in the Cabinet.

Many of the articles that appear from day to day in the London press are the work of men who are pushing their way to the front in Westminster Hall or Lincoln's Inn, of men sitting in chambers in the Temple waiting for briefs that do not come, of medical men without patients, of captains without commissions or the chance of commissions, of clergymen without churches, of politicians in training for Under Secretaryships, of women in ringlets and steel spectacles, and perhaps now and then of a professional man of letters who has not yet hit the fancy of the public with a novel or a play, and who use a newspaper, as Southey used the *Quarterly Review*, to pay his rent and taxes and to keep a roof over his head till he is independent of newspapers.

III.

The anonymous system is the bane of the English press. It is a system fatal to the press as an institution, and fatal to the influence and advancement of newspaper writers. Upon the writers themselves the influence of this system of secrecy is demoralising, tempting men to write to order instead of writing with freedom and independence of their own personal authority. The editor is an autocrat. The writer is a slave. "I do not ask you to think, I only ask you to write what I think, and to put my thoughts into the best English you can." This is the principle upon which the English press is worked, the London press particularly. The contributors upon the London press come to the office at an appointed hour, like chorus-singers to a rehearsal without knowing what they shall have to play or to fight for, whether they are to be converted into priests, into fishermen, or into gipsies. After a more or less moderate delay they receive their theme and keynote, and are allowed a couple of hours for looking into their club to see whether anything towards copy can be got there, and for making up their minds as to what sort of encyclopedia, dictionary, guide book, law digest, or other files of their own production they shall refer to. Then perhaps they write a couple of provincial pot-boilers to be despatched by the evening mails, and after dinner proceed to the manufacture of the 200-line article which the chief cook is to revise and season at midnight; and the all-absorbing reader is made to swallow all hot the next morning. There is but one word for this system. It is a system of literary slavery; and to hear that system defended, as it is defended every now and then, as the secret of the strength of the English press and the surest guarantee of its independence, is enough to put one out of conceit with the use of language as a vehicle for the expression instead of the concealment of thought. The independence of the press? What is this independence, and where is to be found? Who represents, or who is supposed to represent it? The proprietor—the editor—or the writers? The writers are governed by the editor. The editor is governed by the proprietor. The proprietor is governed by the publisher. He prints and publishes his paper with one thought and one object—to make it pay, and all the world knows that if a paper is to pay, the less the proprietor and editor think of independence the better. A Conservative newspaper may be independent of the Liberal party. A Liberal newspaper may be independent of the Conservative party. But where is the newspaper that is independent of its own party—independent of its leaders—independent of everything but principle and public honour?

The fault is, however, with the writers themselves. The press at present is the slave instead of the ally of the politician, and will remain his slave until it asserts a position for itself, quits the catacombs, holds up its head in the light of day, and makes itself an independent power in the State, instead of an echo of rival factions, of Tory, Whig, or Radical. An anonymous press means a weak press, and must mean a weak press, because the only motive that can induce a man to take up a pen in its service is the lowest of all motives—a motive of £ s. d.—and every man with a capacity for writing anything beyond leading articles, or aspiring to play a conspicuous and honourable part in life, will abandon it upon the first chance that offers itself, or write only, as so many men write at present, to eke out the income of a profession. Throw the press open, make it an avenue to the House of Commons, and an independent power in the State equal to Parliament itself, and the boldest, freest, and most original spirits in the country will be as proud to be known as members of the staff of this or of that newspaper as most men are now to be known as members of the House of Commons.

COURRIER DES DAMES.

ACQUAINTANCES. Ladies, let the names on your acquaintance list be many. Friends are too familiar. To them you confide your troubles, and so make them grow. You tell them your private affairs, which, ten to one, they tell again, being so sorry for you. You ask advice, and get it, and follow it, and suffer in consequence. Now an acquaintance is quite a different thing. Ac-

quaintances stay in the parlour, and never dream of entering your private room. You go to them with dress and hair all right, and talk weather and gossip with great satisfaction to both. It is well to talk of the weather and the fashions, and the last new novel, and all that—now and then. You forget your personal grievances—of which every one has plenty—for a while. When Mrs. A. has been "sitting up for Alfred until one o'clock the night before," it is better that her acquaintance, Mrs. B., should call than her friend Jane. She would tell Jane that Alfred's conduct was dreadful, and that she should go home to ma if he went on. But Mrs. B. asks, "How is Mr. A.?" and Mrs. A. says, "Very well, thank you." And Mrs. B. says, "I do hope we shall see you at our house together some evening soon." And Mrs. A. says, "We shall take a great deal of pleasure in coming." And then comes the thought, how dreadful it would be to be talked about by acquaintances! And so acquaintances are good for you. They are not led into the midst of family arrangements. They are not treated to washing-day luncheons. They do not see shabby morning gowns and crimping-pins. They are a fine relief for all sorts of agonies. In their company we try to look our best, behave our nicest, put our best foot foremost, and exhibit the best, and not the worst, qualities of our relatives.

HOME EDUCATION.—We should not hesitate to attribute greater importance to home education than to school education; for it is beneath the parental roof, when the heart is young, and melted by the warmth of fireside affection, that the deepest impressions were made; it is at home, beneath parental influence and example, that the foundations of physical, moral, and mental habits are laid; it is at home where lasting opinions are founded. School instruction can never supersede the necessity of vigilant parental leading and training at the fireside.

VOICES run in families quite as much as do eyes, mouths, noses, chins, tempers, capacities, complexions, hands, feet, and legs. Resemblance of thorax is transmitted from sire to son, with other congenital likenesses, and notably with the constitution that speaks average length of life. Sorrowful experience will often connect the well-remembered quality of "a voice that is still" with the visible signs of declining health. The music of the tone, like the flush on the cheek, was mortal: the very life of the voice, the clear, bell-like ring, was the ring of death. There is now and then a strange witching in these doomed voices.

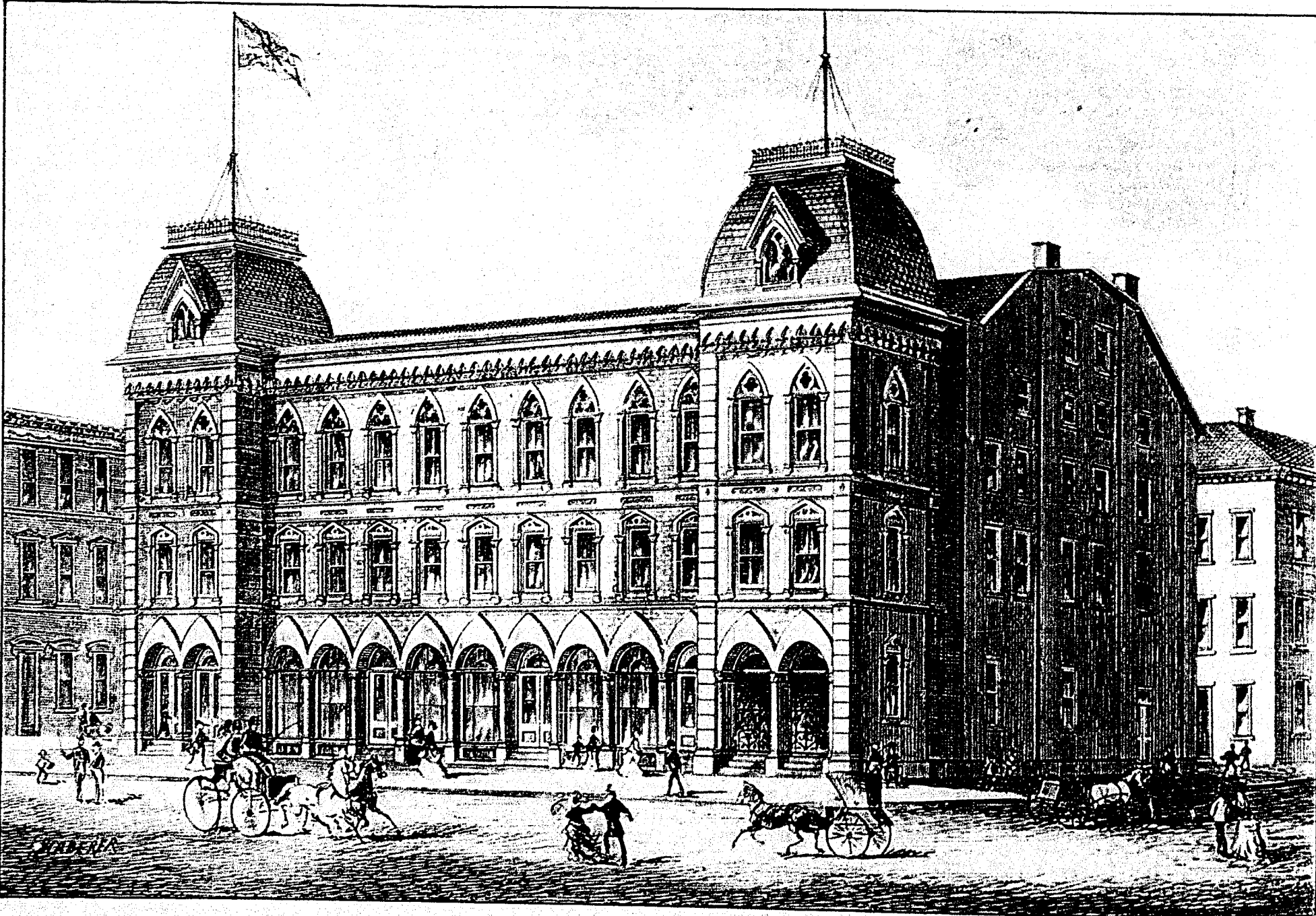
WOMAN'S LOVE.—A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or elevating; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the court and aristocracy; an American woman, if he has plenty of money.

WHY RUN UP-STAIRS.—We do not run in the street, nor in the park or garden; why, then, run up-stairs, and then complain that the stairs are so high? It is difficult to answer this question; nevertheless, English people generally do run up-stairs, while foreigners are well satisfied with walking up. Servants frequently complain of the height of the stairs, and leave their places in consequence. Houses of six and eight storeys are now built in England, as they are in Paris and Edinburgh. Now, there is really but little more difficulty in ascending several flights of stairs than there is in walking in a straight line, provided we take sufficient time to do it, which should be about twice as long as we should be in walking the same distance in the street. Walk up-stairs slowly; rest at each landing; again walk steadily; and you will reach the top flight without exhaustion or fatigue.

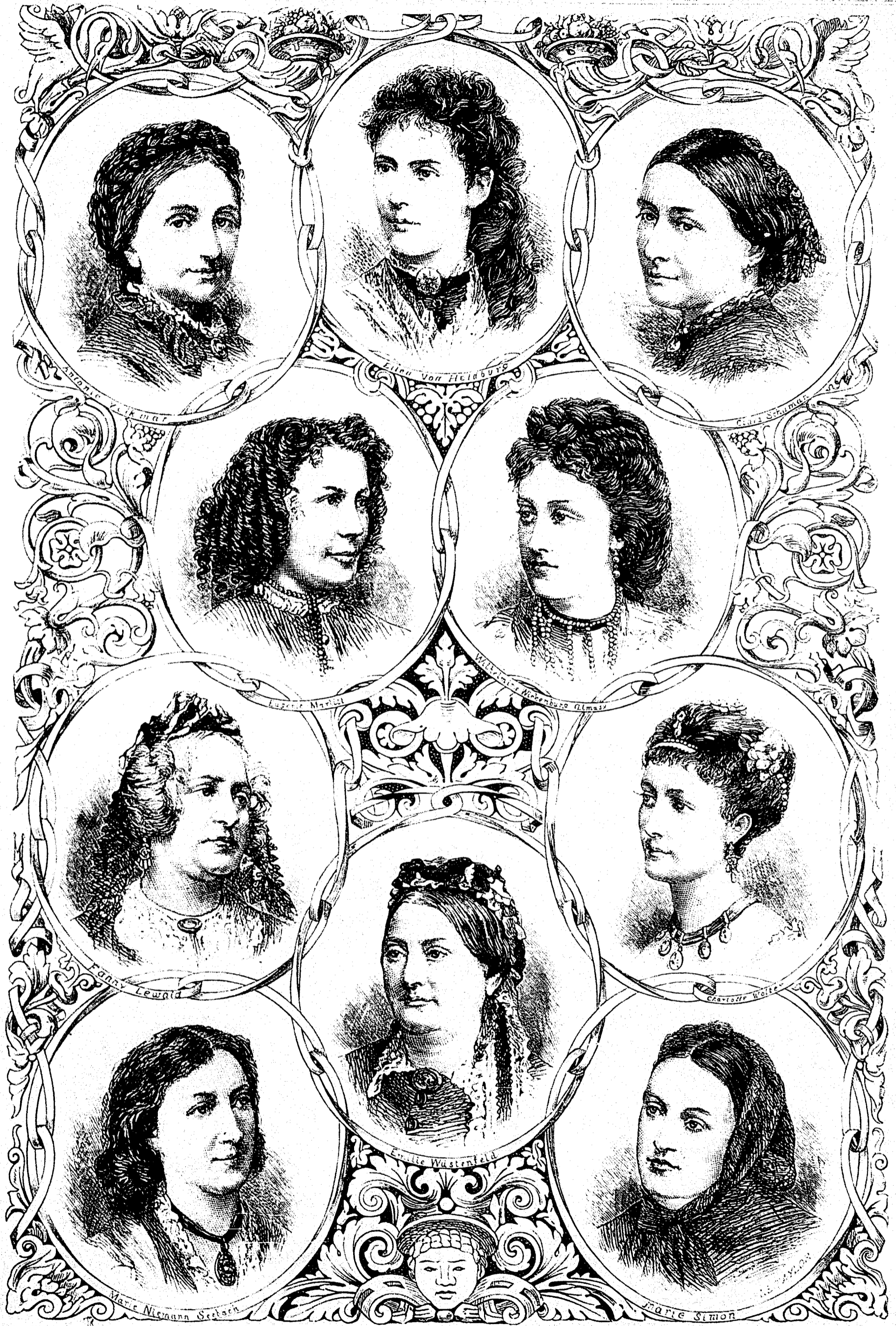
BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is a good deal like china. It is very durable and beautiful as long as it is quite whole; but break it, and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage. You may stick the pieces together so that, at a distance, it looks nearly as well as ever; but it won't hold hot water. It is always ready to deceive you if you trust it; and it is, on the whole, a very worthless thing, fit only to be put empty on a shelf, and forgotten there. The finer and more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. A mere acquaintance, which needs only a little ill-humour to keep it up, may be coarsely put together like that old yellow basin in the store-closet; but tenderness, and trust, and sweet exchange of confidence can no more be yours when angry words and thoughts have broken them, than can those delicate porcelain tea-cups which were splintered to pieces be restored to their original excellence. The slightest crack will spoil the true ring, and you had better search for a new friend than try to mend the old one. And all this has nothing to do with forgiveness. One may forgive and be forgiven, but the deed has been done, and the word said; the flowers and the gilding are gone. The formal "making up," especially between two women, is of no more avail than the wonderful cements that have made a cracked ugliness of the china vase that you expected to be your "joy for ever." Handled delicately, washed to purity in the waters of truth, confided to no careless, unsympathising hands, friendship may last two lives out; but it "does not pay" to try to mend it. Once broken, it is spoiled for ever.



THE ONLY FRIEND



MONTREAL.—THE VICTORIA OPERA HOUSE.



CELEBRATED GERMAN LADIES OF THE DAY.

FAMOUS LIVING WOMEN.

GERMAN.

ANTOINE VOLKMAR.—A painter, born in 1827. In 1847 he received her first instruction under Professor Julius Schrader. Small *genre* pictures produced at this time found a rapid sale. In 1853 she went to Paris, and studied in the studio of M. Leon Coquel. Here she spent several years producing pictures that met with much success. Two of these are specially noteworthy—"Le Jeune Artiste," "Le Dernier Bijou." On her return to Germany, Fraulein Volkmar painted her best-known work, "German Emigrants," now in possession of the German Emperor, and a *genre* picture representing Goethe as a child. After this she spent two years in Italy. This time, though most genial to her mental powers, had no influence on her art. The question of woman's rights had just begun to agitate Germany, and very naturally interested her. This interest inspired her pictures, "The New Governess" and "The Commencement of an Artist's Career," both of which have been popularised by admirable photographs. Fraulein Volkmar is now living in Berlin, and is so overwhelmed with commissions for portraits and *genre* pictures that she cannot find time to paint any of the larger and more important pictures she desires.

ELLEN VON HELDBURG.—This admirable actress, whose maiden name was Ellen Franz, is the morganatic wife of the reigning Duke of Meiningen. She was born at Naumburg-an-der-Saale, in 1842. Her father was director of the commercial school of Berlin; her mother was an Englishwoman. Her inclination for dramatic art early manifested itself; at first her desire to embrace a theatrical career met with some opposition, but when her relations saw how decided was her talent, they no longer felt it right to refuse her wishes. The director of the royal theatre was engaged to give her lessons in the dramatic art. It was classical characters she chiefly wished to represent, and her *début* at Gotha, in 1860, was in one of these. She speedily attained a considerable reputation. One of her best representations was that of the Princess Leonore in Goethe's play of "Torquato Tasso;" in this all her consummate theatrical ability, her culture, and her innate ladyhood found full vent. In March, 1867, she was quietly married to the Grand Duke, since which time she has lived in retirement under the title of Frau von Heldburg.

CLARA SCHUMAN.—One of the first pianists of the day and widow of the famous composer Robert Schuman. Her maiden name was Wieck. She was born in Leipzig on the 13th of September, 1819. She early showed a decided taste for music, and when she was but six years old her father commenced giving her regular lessons on the piano.

Her first performance in public was at one of the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, where she played a duet. This event came off after she had just entered her ninth year; but so rapid was her progress, that three years afterwards she accompanied her father to Paris, passing through Weimar, Gotha, Cassel, and Frankfort, giving concerts at each of these towns, and playing difficult music by Hummel, Czerny, &c. She was invited to Goethe's house, and played twice to him. He was charmed with her manner of execution, paying her a high compliment by saying that "the composition was forgotten in listening to her style of treating it." After the second performance he exclaimed, "That child has more power than half a dozen boys." He made her a present of his portrait, accompanying it with a kind note. The Grand Duke and the people of Weimar were likewise enchanted with her performances, and she managed also to please the fastidious Parisians.

She has a house at Baden, where she retires every summer for several weeks—the only opportunity she has for surrounding herself with all her children.

EUGENIE MALLIT.—Perhaps the most popular of German novelists. She was born at Arnstadt in Thuringia, and early studied for the stage, but abandoning that, devoted herself to literature. After some years of preparation she made her first appearance before the literary world in 1865 with her novel "Die Zwölf Apostel" (The Twelve Apostles). This was speedily followed by "Gold Else," which had an immense success. She then wrote "The Old Maid's Secret," "Archduchess Gisela," and "The Moorland Princess," all of which have been translated into English as well as into other European languages. They have nearly all been dramatised in Germany, and have also met with great favour in that form. Her latest work is called "Die Zweite Frau" (The Second Wife). An American edition of this novel is in progress.

WILHELMINE, Countess Wickenburg-Almsy. This charming young poetess is the daughter of Count Moritz Almsy. She was born in Hungary, educated in Vienna, and married, in 1868, Count Albrecht von Wickenburg, chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria. These few facts include the whole of her happy, uneventful career. Her first volume of poems was published before her marriage. It soon reached a second edition, and encouraged by this success, she issued another collection of short poems in 1872, which she followed up the next year by a novelette, "Emanuel d'Astorga." The Countess has a particular gift for translation; her renderings of foreign poems are most happy, especially those of Alfred

de Musset and Thomas Moore, whose light flowing style harmonises with the easy rhythm of the Countess's own verse. Together with her husband, she has also translated Michael Drayton's "Nymphidia."

FANNY LEWALD.—She has not inaptly been styled the George Sand of Germany. Like her great French contemporary, her imagination seems inexhaustible, and, like to her also, her favourite themes are questions of psychological interest. She was born at Königsberg, March 24, 1811. Her father was a rich Jewish merchant. At the age of seventeen she made a public profession of Christianity. After this she travelled for some time in Germany and France. In 1845, during a journey in Italy, undertaken for purposes of study, she lost her father. This event caused her to return to Germany, after which she applied herself to literature as a profession. The most notable of her works are, "Von Geschlecht zu Geschlecht" (from Generation to Generation), "Wandlungen" (Transformations), "Bunte Bilder" (Varied Pictures), and "Meine Lebensgeschichte" (My Autobiography). In 1858 Fanny Lewald married Professor Adolf Stahr, himself an author of great repute in Germany, but she continues to sign her works with her maiden name. Her home is in Berlin.

CHARLOTTE WOLTER.—It was some evening in 1859 when Heinrich Laube, the world-famed manager of the Burg Theatre, sat talent-hunting in a box of a rival house, that a girl in grey silk attire appeared on the stage. She had a Greek profile, and a certain indescribable grace in her action. This was Charlotte Wolter. Laube recognised the rough diamond, and lost no time to have it polished and secured for the Burg Theatre. On his advice Charlotte Wolter went to Berlin to begin her studies for the stage anew. After two years' absence, Laube presented his foundling at the Burg Theatre. She played Adrienne Lécouvreur, Jane Eyre, Maria Stuart, and Countess Rutland. The Viennese were delighted, and her genuine success with a fastidious audience secured her at once a permanent engagement at the "Burg." Since then Charlotte Wolter is considered as a star of the first magnitude on the Austrian stage.

MARIE SEEBACH.—This gifted actress, was born at Riga. Her first theatrical *début* was made at Lubeck, where she played *soubrette* parts. After several other engagements in this capacity, she endeavoured, when acting at the Kassel Theatre, to obtain a tragic rôle. This was refused to her, and Marie Seebach, left the theatre. She succeeded in Hamburg, and it was in this town that she won her first laurels, and obtained her widespread renown as an admirable actress and tragedian. Her fame obtained her an appointment in Vienna. In 1856, she threw up her Austrian engagement and went on a starring expedition through Germany. At Hanover she met with much success. She is married to the great singer Niemann.

MARIE SIMON.—The Florence Nightingale of Germany, whose hospital services during the late Austrian and French wars have won her a most enviable fame.

EMILE WUSTENFELD.—One of the few women who have assisted in Germany towards the cause of women's rights, was born at Hanover in 1817. When, in 1841, she married Herr Wustefeld, a Hamburg merchant, she endeavoured as much as lay in her power to continue the intellectual life she had led before her marriage. She laboured, in concert with some friends who shared her views, towards the encouragement of more liberal ideas. She did not on this account leave out of view the work she had most at heart, the higher education of women, and an enlarged sphere for female labour. For this purpose she founded various institutions, some of which were intended to assist the poor, others the higher middle class, and a separate one for such women as desired to become teachers in *Kinlergarten*. From the time of her marriage until the present day Frau Wustefeld has laboured with unflinching energy and industry at her favourite pursuit.

FRENCH.

The portraits of these appeared in our last issue.

MARIA DESKAINES' name stands forward conspicuously among notable French women. An energetic orator and Republican, her *début* was as a writer of comedies. Mlle. Deraisme cultivated music and painting. At an early age, she began to take a vivid interest in philosophy and ethics, deploring deeply the tendencies and had taste of the time. An outcome of this feeling is found in various pamphlets, especially in that named "Thérèse et son Epoque"—an appeal to rich ladies—which attracted much attention.

Until this time Mlle. Deraisme's life was the quiet existence habitual to a lady. A great change was about to take place, and open out for her a public career of discussion and strife.

The *Grand Orient de France*, a Freemason's lodge, determined to depart from custom and introduce the feminine element into their society. Some of the most esteemed Freemasons of this lodge sought out Maria Deraisme, and begged her to join them, and give the active assistance of her voice. After some hesitations she accepted the mission.

Last year she published a pamphlet, "Eve contre Dumas Fils," a pungent and sharp answer

to the author of "L'Homme-Femme." "France et Progrès" is the name of her latest work, in which she hotly defends her country against what she holds the unjust aspersions cast upon France since her disasters. Maria Deraisme is an ardent republican, and believes in the salvation of France only by means of a republican form of government.

GEORGE SAND.—Mlle la Baronne Amantine Aurore Dudevant, by *nom de guerre* George Sand, was born in 1804. She traces her descent on the maternal side from Maurice de Saxe, and in the irregular life and birth of this hero she finds excuses for her own eccentricities of conduct. Her youth was spent in the Château de Nohant, in the department of Berri, and here in solitude her early education was accomplished. She was an eager reader, devouring every book that came in her way. Here too she learnt the masculine accomplishments of fencing and shooting—accomplishments which at a later period of her life enabled her to disguise and pass for a man. She was an heiress, and therefore much sought in marriage. At the early age of sixteen she married the Baron Dudevant, but the union was dissolved by mutual consent after a few years. It was not until after this separation that Mlle Dudevant appeared before the world as an authoress; indeed, it is questionable whether her great genius was suspected even by herself. "Indiana" was the first of her marvellous works that burst upon the world as a revelation, and at once established the fame of its author. This was followed by "Valentine" and "Lelia" in quick succession, and since then scarcely a year has passed without giving us some product from her fertile pen, whether in the shape of romance, travels, reflections, plays, and latterly most graceful fairy tales written for the grandchildren who are her pride and pleasure. Her latest work is "La Sœur Jeanne," which proves that her genius is still unimpaired, and treats a subject that appears from her earliest writings to have had a strange fascination to her mind. At seventy Mlle George Sand still writes of love and passion with all the youthful enthusiasm and fervour that inspired "Consuelo" and "Indiana." To enumerate her works would be needless, so well known are they to the reading public.

JULIETTE LAMBER.—She is the wife of M. Edmond Adam, deputy for the Département de la Seine, formerly préfet de police. Her leisure hours are all devoted to literary labours, which are directed specially to all questions regarding women. She has also written novels. The "Récits d'une Paysanne" contain passages of most delicate word-painting and descriptive grace. All her writings are tempered by a social purpose. Of these the principal are "Le Mandarin," "L'Education de Laure," "Mon Village," "Saine et Sauve," "Dans les Alpes," "Idées anti-proudhoniennes."

M. Adam was préfet de police during the entire siege of Paris. His wife remained with him in the beleaguered city, and she has written one of the best and most graphic of the many records penned concerning those terrible days. It is called "Le Siège de Paris, Journal d'une Parisienne," and is a work which alone would have commanded for her a place of distinction in the literary world.

CLAUDE VIGNON.—The eminent sculptor known as Claude Vignon is a lady whose real name is Mme Rouvier. Besides the chisel she also wields the pen, and is favourably known as a journalist and song writer. Claude Vignon was born in Paris in 1833.

In 1855 she exhibited a marble group of two children. The idea had been suggested to her by André Chenier's poem, "Parmichys." The city of Paris bought this group, as well as three other creations of Mme. Claude Vignon's chisel, "The Nest," "The Rose," "The Cherries," all of which may be seen by any visitor to Paris. They are in the Square Montholon.

In 1855 Mme Vignon published a collection of fantastic stories entitled "Minuit" (Midnight). About the same time she assisted at the decoration of the new rooms in the Louvre. Mme Claude Vignon has written even more than she has chiselled. After her *début* in the *Moniteur*, she also became a contributor to the *Temps*. She has also written novels, tales, and essays for the *Correspondant* and the *Revue Française*, as well as news leaders for the *Indépendance Belge*. To the latter journal she has contributed daily accounts of the sittings of the Assemblée since its constitution at Bordeaux. The following are a few of the many novels that have issued from her fertile brain: "Récits de la vie réelle," "Jeanne de Manguet," "Un Drame en Province," "Un Naufrage Parisien," &c. and a novel dealing with contemporary morals, called "Château Gaillard."

LOUISA SIEFERT.—She was born at Lyons on the 1st April 1845. Her literary tastes have been developed by the retired life she was forced to lead for some time owing to delicate health. Her first volume of poems was published in 1868, though they had all been written some time before—a few at the early age of seventeen, and all before she had attained the age of twenty. Three editions were sold in less than six months, and a fourth appeared in February, 1873. This collection, named "Rayons Perdus," placed Mlle Siefert among the best contemporary French poets. Her poems are characterised by sincerity, force and grace of sentiment, and by the delicacy and charm of expression. In 1869 "L'Année Republicaine" was issued, in which the young poetess sings the praises of the months under the names bestowed

on them by the first French Republic. It is a descriptive poem, presenting a series of pictures rendered with subtle touch. A year later, this volume was followed by "Les Stoïques," containing poems of elevated thought couched in pure and powerful language. Mlle Siefert's latest publication consists of a series of plays ("Comédies Romanesques"), one of which, "Le Docteur Bertholdus," had previously appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

BLANCHE PIERSON.—The favourite actress at the Gymnase is a Creole, born on the island of Bourbon. In short frocks she played at the theatre of Brussels, and made her *début* at the Ambigu, in Paris. At first nothing was expected of the lively Creole but to ornament the stage and grow handsomer as the years went on. This she did in a prominent degree; but soon her personal ambition took a higher flight. She wanted to become a great actress, and took great pains to attain this end by careful study of her parts, most of which she created anew in a style thoroughly original and entirely her own. Blanche Pierson worked her way through innumerable pieces. In "Un Mari qui lance sa Femme" she opposed her fair beauty to the celebrated brunette Céline Montaland, as Bébé Patapouf, in "Les Curieuses"—she was charming; and in "La Cravate Blanche" her rapid strides to fame were distinctly visible. But it was through the part of Alix in "La Comtesse de Sommerive" (1872) that the Parisians became fully aware of Blanche Pierson's extraordinary powers. Alexandre Dumas was so much struck by her rendering of this difficult part that he allowed the revival of the "Dame aux Camélias" at the Gymnase only under the condition that Blanche Pierson should play Marguerite Gauthier. She imparted a new charm to this much-maligned piece, and the dream of her youth—to become a great actress—may now be considered as fulfilled. Blanche Pierson's appearance on the stage is wonderfully attractive. With finely cut features, she combines alluring manners and the subtle grace peculiar to her race. A leaning to *embonpoint* has been effectually cured by a course of enforced Banting during the siege of Paris.

FAVART.—Mlle. Favart is, by universal consent of the critics and the public, one of the best actresses who have, since the death of Madame Rachel, impersonated the parts so magnificently rendered by that great actress. Her talents, developed and ripened by constant study, have placed her in the first rank of contemporary tragedians, and of late years very few important works have been produced at the Théâtre Français which have not owed much of their success to the valuable aid of Mlle. Favart. This favourite artiste is a native of Beaune, and was born in 1803. She studied her profession at the Conservatoire, and when she had finished her abstract studies, she applied to be admitted at the Théâtre Français. There she has reigned supreme. In 1854 Mlle. Favart was received as full Associate of the Théâtre Français company. Since that time her artistic progress has been constant, and she has performed with equal excellence plays of every style by the best French writers, classic and romantic. Victor Hugo, Emile Augier, Alfred de Musset, and many others owe to Mlle. Favart an embodiment of their ideas which has increased the public appreciation of their talents. Who that saw Mlle. Favart during her performances in London the year before last, with the company of the Théâtre Français, can ever forget her impersonation of Camille in "On ne badine pas avec l'amour," the Muse in "La Nuit d'Octobre," and others of the parts she played during the season of 1871? Mlle. Favart is now playing in Paris the principal character in Victor Hugo's "Marion Delorme."

DANIEL STERN.—Marie de Flavigny, Countess of Agout, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine on the first day of January, 1806. Her father was a Frenchman, her mother a German, and she thus by birth and parentage belongs to both nationalities. At the age of twenty-one she married the count d'Agout. After her marriage she travelled over the greater part of Europe, studying the language and literature of the various countries she visited. About this time she began to publish some very remarkable articles in the *Presse*, and later in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. These treated chiefly of matters connected with artistic or literary criticism. They were so cleverly and ably written that they attracted more attention than is usual with ephemeral magazine articles. In 1845 she published a novel, called "Nelida," which created a sensation on its appearance. And since her writings have been frequent and remarkable.

MADAME TARDIEU.—Charlotte de Malleville, now Mme. Tardieu, is one of the most eminent French pianists. She was born at Rouen in 1829. Her childhood and youth were passed in a small town in Normandy, so that she was completely debarred from all musical resources. When six years old she would improvise for hours at the piano, thus showing her marked taste for music. In 1848 she made her first public appearance, instituting chamber concerts for classical music that survive to this day; these gave her scope to be heard in the principal works of the great masters of sound. Mme. Tardieu has also composed a number of excellent pianoforte pieces; yet, with good taste as commendable as it is rare, she never plays her own compositions, but confines herself solely to the classical *chefs-d'œuvre*.

ROSA BONHEUR.—The celebrated animal painter was born at Bordeaux on the 28th of May, 1822, as the daughter of a poor drawing master. In 1829 her father removed to Paris, where he placed little Rosa in a boarding school, and afterwards apprenticed her to a seamstress. Pining under such ungenial occupation, Rosa Bonheur at last prevailed upon her father to take her home to teach her drawing. For four years she studied the works of the great masters at the Louvre; but when the time came to select a *specialité* of her art, Rosa's intuitive love of the animal world manifested itself, and forthwith she took to immortalising her pets on canvass. She has since become immortal, the Landseer of France.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PEEP SHOW.

The interest about the ballot is one which the people will not allow to die out. It is continually cropping up in the papers. Hence we illustrate it to-day in a comic cartoon. The Minister of Justice, who is the custodian of the sacredness of the ballot, is represented as an itinerant showman, going the rounds. A lot of street Arabs hang about him, as usual, and want to get a peep at the mysteries of his oblong box. Among the boys are such wild little Tories as Tommy White, Charley Davidson, Davy McCord, and others, while stalwart bobbies, who bear striking resemblance to Messrs. McLaren and Archambault of this city, stand as wardens of the showman's treasures. A boy on the other side of the fence looks like Freddy Mackenzie, and somehow he wears a more satisfied aspect than the other boys. The trouble with the lads is that the showman is hard-hearted, and will allow no peep into his box WITHOUT STAMPS.

INTERLAKEN.

This loveliest of towns in Switzerland is here represented in a winter view. The effect is less picturesque than in summer, when the verdure of the Lauterbrunnen Valley contrasts with the snow-clad tops of Mount Blanc, but the uniformity is no less striking.

VIEW ON ST. JAMES STREET.

There is no thoroughfare in America, certainly none in Canada, which is more picturesque than St. James Street, Montreal, in winter. The sleighs and equipages are of every variety, and the street is generally crammed with people. From two till five of an afternoon the scene is animated and altogether worthy of the sketch made of it by our artist.

Our other illustrations will be found described in separate articles.

VICTORIA OPERA HOUSE.

We have great pleasure in presenting among our illustrations, a view of the Victoria Opera House now in course of erection on Victoria street, Montreal. There has long been felt the want of a commodious, comfortable and modern Opera House and Theatre situated in a pleasant and accessible part of the Town, which should afford every encouragement to the lovers of Opera and the Drama to patronize more liberally that class of amusement and education.

We are sure that the erection of the Victoria Opera House, fulfilling as it will all the desired conditions, will be hailed by a large and increasing class of our citizens with delight, and on its completion will meet with their most liberal support.

The building itself, situated on Victoria street one block from St. Catherine street, and just behind the Queen's Hall, and virtually in the line of the street railway is to have a handsome front in the Italian Gothic style, of Montreal lime stone, rock face with cut stone dressings. It is three stories high with pavillions at each end and is about eighteen feet by one hundred feet deep. The entrance to the House is at the S. W. angle of the building. A handsome and lofty vestibule in which is the Ticket-office for the stalls, boxes and dress circle, leads to a wide corridor from which are several doors to the ground of the House which, like that of the Academy of Music, New York, and most modern theatres, is arranged in orchestra stalls, and balcony circle, the latter slightly raised above the former and both containing seats for about six hundred people. At the end of the corridor a handsome flight of stairs leads to the dress circle and boxes which seat about four hundred and twenty-five people. On this floor will be one or more parlours or ante-rooms, and cloak-room. Above the dress circle is the gallery with a seating capacity of over eight hundred, the entrance to which is at the corner of the building on the lane between Victoria and University streets and at a convenient distance from the main entrance. In addition to the accommodation already described there is camp stool and standing room for several hundred more.

The general dimensions of the stage and house are almost exactly those of the New Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York, so well known for its presentations of high class scenes and other Dramas, the stage of the Victoria Opera House however, being somewhat larger.

On the Victoria street front, separated from the House itself by a fire wall, are a number of large apartments; those on the ground floor beginning at the St. Catherine street end, being a suite of large refreshment, lounging and smoking rooms, entered either from the street or vestibule, and affording an agreeable lounge between the acts, or indeed a small club for general resort. Beyond, there is the large and handsome green room with

its private entrance and stair. On the first floor there is a large suite of rooms suitable for dinners, suppers or dances and in the third story a Masonic Hall already leased to one of the leading lodges of the city.

The house is to be handsomely decorated, upholstered and finished with all the latest improvements in its seating requirements, heating and lighting apparatus, (it is intended to light the gas by electricity,) and the greatest precautions have been taken against fire; all the doors opening outwards and there being extra exit so arranged as to be available in case of need.

It is also intended that all the arrangements for the actors and actresses will be on the most liberal scale and the scenery and stage machineries the best of their kind. The house is built after the designs of Mr. Taft, of Montreal, with whom is associated Mr. A. E. Hutchison as supervising architect. The works will proceed as soon as possible in the Spring, and it is hoped that the house will be opened to the public early in the autumn.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

THE BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB.

This musical combination has made a most favourable impression on Montreal. The two concerts of the 7th and 8th inst., in the Mechanics' Hall, were well attended, and the appreciative audience testified to their pleasure by most hearty applause. The club is composed of six artists, each of whom has a claim to be considered a good soloist. Indeed, some of the solo performances were very remarkable. We instance the violin playing of Mr. Bernard Listemann, and the Fantasias on the flute by Mr. Eugene Weiner. Mr. Hartdegen is a sweet and correct violoncellist. We have seldom heard anything on the 'cello more delicately played than "Sounds from the Alps," or more dashing than "Danse Hollandaise." But Mr. Weiner's fingering and *embouchure* on the flute are simply perfection; and while that instrument possesses no difficulties he has not overcome, no secret powers he has not evoked, this finished artist does not allow the brilliancy of his execution to interfere with the pathos and sweetness of his theme. On the other hand, Mr. Bernard Listemann, a most correct and rapid violinist, does not belong to the sympathetic and soul-stirring school of players. His art is ideal, appealing to the mind and waking the imagination, but not impinging on the heart-strings. His play is nervous, dry, at times violent. He infuses into the concerted pieces played by the club a weird and vigorous tone which contributes much to the general effect. The first five bars of the "Rhapsodie Hongroise" had not been played before the audience felt a thrill as of electricity, betokening the intense pleasure conferred by the rich harmony. They felt that each instrument was handled by an artist, and that while no one of the six lost his individuality in the performance of his part, each contributed to produce a perfect *ensemble* possessing an originality and intensity not exhibited by any other club that has visited us. Miss May Bryant is a contralto whose voice is rich and full of feeling, and her songs were a pleasing feature of the evening. Mr. De Zouche deserves the thanks of the citizens of Montreal for affording them this fine musical treat, and we hope the success of this visit of the Philharmonics will induce them to favour us again.

DE MURSKA CONCERTS.

There is always something suggestive of failure when an artist is announced as stepping down from the operatic stage in order to mount the concert platform. In the case of Ilma de Murska we have not to inquire into the causes which have led her to retire from the former and assume the latter branch of her profession, as the change has resulted in the pleasure which her entertainments have furnished us. On Monday and Tuesday, of this week, she and her company gave successful concerts in Montreal, after meeting with much favour in different cities of Ontario. Ilma de Murska is so well known in England and the United States that it is useless to enter upon any analysis of her vocalism. Suffice it to say that, in range and versatility, her voice is unsurpassed, and that any one who wishes to convince himself that the human voice, especially the female voice, surpasses every other instrument, has only to listen to the wonderful effects of de Murska's singing. She was ably supported by Teresa Carreno, the charming pianist, M. Sauret, a graceful violinist, M. Braga, a master of the violoncello, and Signor Ferranti, a fair baritone singer.

SELECTA.

A GERMAN correspondent states that much offence has been given at Berlin by designating the Centre (Ultramontane) party of the German Parliament as "the Kullmann fraction."

The Queen, desiring that all who are interested should have an opportunity of seeing the books containing the addresses of thanks from the French people, has directed that the volumes shall be sent to the British Museum for that purpose.

Two weeks ago, at a Parliamentary reception at Prince Bismark's, two of the guests wandered into the Princess's library, where they found a pistol lying upon the writing-table. While they were handling it the dangerous toy discharged, fortunately without doing any harm.

It was Kullman's pistol loaded with ball cartridge.

THE new Paris Opera House will have a peal of ten bells, not embracing the whole scale, but giving those notes required in the most popular operas, such as the *Huguenots*, *Robert the Devil*, *Der Freischütz*, &c. The diameter of the bells will equal their height: they will be cast of 78 parts of red copper and 22 of tin, and will bear no inscription except the name of the founder and the note they give forth.

PRINCE George of Prussia is engaged in writing a drama, the subject of which is taken from the Old Testament; with a view of preparing himself for the careful working out of the plan, he has called in the aid of a distinguished Semitic scholar to direct him in regard to the correct exposition of the accessories of the piece.

A VERY remarkable character died in Paris last month, Sophie, to whom the late Dr. Vernon was indebted for his reputation as the first dinner-giver in Paris for something like half a century. Sophie generally used to come in after dinner and be complimented, and, in her humble way, became acquainted with almost every man and woman of note in Paris. The late Emperor, while plain Citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, partook of the good things elaborated by this woman of genius.

THE marriage of the Princess Louise (daughter of the King of the Belgians) with Prince Philip, Duke of Saxony, is finally fixed for Thursday, the 4th of February. Prince Philip has ordered a considerable amount of jewellery. The dowry of the Princess is to be 1,800,000fr. (£72,000). The Prince will have a considerable fortune of his own. Three court balls are to be given at Brussels, the dates of which have not yet been fixed, but all the Princesses invited to the marriage are expected to be present.

THE Roman law courts are likely to be called upon to decide upon a somewhat peculiar case. Pope Leo XII., finding himself hard pressed for money, induced several families to make him advances, and by way of compensation freed them and their estates from liability to taxation during the present century. The tax-gatherers of the new Italian kingdom, however, refuse to acknowledge the dispensation, and have demanded payment of four years' taxes from the representatives of the families in question. The latter have therefore determined to contest their liability before the legal tribunals.

THE new *Almanach de Gotha*, which appeared last month, contains an amusing misprint. The Vice-President of the Council of India appears as "Sir Bartle, frere."

SIR Richard Wallace has bought a piece of ground from the city of Paris. It is situated at the corner of the Rue de Morney and François Ier. The new Anglican Chapel is to be built upon it, and a beautiful square is to ornament the front, in which there are to be fountains, flower beds, statuary, and so forth.

THE Archduchess Marie Antoinette is expected in Paris. Her Imperial Highness intends to make a long stay in the French capital, and rooms have been prepared for her in the hotel of the Countess de Trapani, the aunt of King Francis II. of Naples.

THE managers of all the German theatres have received a four-act comedy, named *Recept gegen Hausfreunde* by an author with a long Spanish name, a pseudonym—the real name of the author is Ludwig II., King of Bavaria.

THE latest introduction is "Mind Reading." It is understood to be based upon a theory of unconscious muscular action, and is played in this manner:—A member of the party goes out of the room, and during his absence an object is hidden. On his return two others of the party stand up beside him in the middle of the room, placing both their hands upon his body, one hand on his chest and the other on his back, in the meantime keeping their mind intensely concentrated on the locality where the object is hidden. In a few moments the party operated upon will move in the direction of the hidden object, and in nine cases out of ten finds it. An expert by means of placing the back of the hand of the person operated on against the back of his own head, "holding it there permanently," the other hand of the operator being touched lightly against the tips of the fingers of the hand of the person operated on, has been known to tell what the latter was thinking about.

SOME surprise has been expressed at the fixing of the opening of Parliament for a Friday. No one in the present and in the last generation recollects such a circumstance. Of course there is banter about opening on an unlucky day; but the present Premier M. Disraeli is just the man to "defy augury."

MR. JOHN Bright proposes attending the meeting of his constituents on the 25th January, at which the other borough members will also be present. Mr. Bright says that his health is now much better. He has had a reminder that his place is wanted.

PRINCE Orloff has delivered to the Marshall President of the French Republic the numerous insignia of the Order of St. Andrew, which include the grand cordons of all the other Russian Orders, with the exception of the Military Order of St. George. The Ambassador at the same time handed to Vicomte d'Harcourt the Order of St. Stanislas and that of St. Ladislas with a star in diamonds to the Marquis d'Abzac, the Chief Secretary and the second aide-de-camp of the Marshal.

A BOOKSELLER of Paris has managed to get hold of a treasure of antiquity, and souvenir of the great French Revolution, which many persons would gladly possess. This is none other than the famous Prayer Book, called the "Office of the Holy Spirit," written by Gilbert, in the year 1703, for the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., and which was the only book left to the unfortunate Louis XVI. in his captivity in the Temple. It will be remembered that the king's gaoler, Vincent, had shown his Royal prisoner all the marks of attention, humanity, and respect which he dared. On the morning when Louis mounted the scaffold, he took off his cravat and handed it, with the Prayer Book, to Vincent as a souvenir, and to show his gratitude to the gaoler. Shortly after the king's execution, he, too, was guillotined as a *suspect*. His widow, unwilling to part with the souvenir, yet fearing to keep it, tore out the two fly-leaves containing the Royal donor's signature, and affirming the origin and presentation to Vincent of the missal. These pages have unfortunately been destroyed, or lost. The signature, however, of Gilbert remains, and proves the book to have been written by him, and not, as some people suppose, by Jarry, calligrapher to Louis XIV. Cléry, in his *Journal du Temple*, mentions this book as being the only one in the possession of Louis XVI. during his imprisonment. It is doubly bound in morocco—the outside being black and very plain—the inside red and ornamented with crowned dauphins and *fleurs de lys*.

VARIETIES.

THE announcement is now made that, in addition to the improved postal arrangements with the United States, a portion of which have already gone into effect, the Canadian postal authorities contemplate the creation of a system by which newspapers directed from the office of publication will, in cities where the free delivery system is in force, be distributed to regular subscribers without charge. A portion of the scheme is to establish a rate of newspaper postage which will be merely nominal, to be charged at so much per pound, prepaid by the publisher, so that a small light newspaper will be at no disadvantage as compared with the large and heavy ones, and that this privilege will extend to newspapers going to the United States.

SOME of the more intimate of the Masonic friend of the Marquis de Ripon, several of whom are members of the Grand Lodge, although pained at his Lordship's secession from the order, intend presenting him with a costly artistic gift, and as a mark of their continued esteem and friendship for him. The *souvenir*, the presentation of which was decided upon very shortly after the noble Marquis had resigned the Grand Mastership, has just been received from the hands of the artist. It consists of a jewelled casket of pure gold, six inches in length by four in depth. The corners of the lid on the outside are enriched with carvings of beautiful and appropriate designs, while raised in the centre is the monogram of the Marquis worked in jewels. Attached to the inside of the lid is a trowel, the surface being filled in and ornamented with the symbolism of Masonry. An illuminated address accompanies the casket.

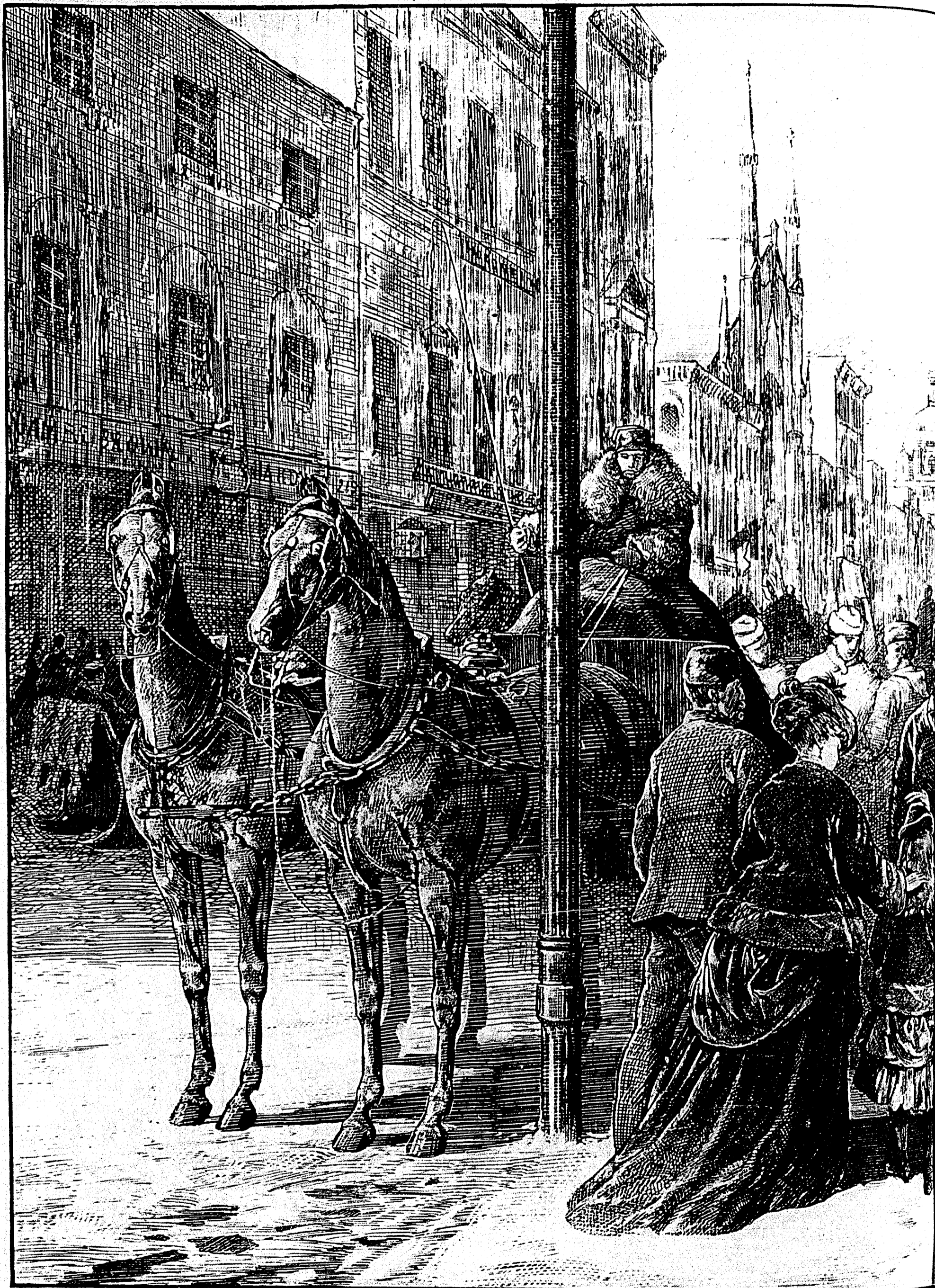
THE fourteenth of December being the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, the Queen and her family, as is usual, visited the Royal Mausoleum, where a special service was held. It is looked upon as suggestive that while the Duchess of Edinburgh was with the Queen that day, the Princess of Wales was not, and that the Princess of Wales arriving the next day, the Duchess left the Queen's circle some hours before, so that the two did not meet. This may have been accidental, but "they say"—who know almost everything—that the old question of precedence is still unsettled, the Princess claiming to be first, because she is the wife of the heir to the throne, and the Duchess claiming it because, as the daughter of Russia, she should rank above her of Denmark. Ladies quarrel in royal circles, as well as in lowly ones, and may, perhaps, be indulging in it at Windsor.

A MINISTER of a parish in the north of Scotland had been entertaining at dinner a clerical from some distance. The evening was unpropitious, and the friend was invited by the minister to remain during the night, and had accepted the invitation. They walked together for some time in the manse garden. At dusk the minister asked his visitor to step into the manse, while he would give directions to his man servant in regard to his friend's conveyance being got ready in the morning. As the stranger entered the manse the minister's wife mistook him for her husband, in the twilight; she raised the pulpit bible which chanced to be on the lobby table, and bringing the full weight across the stranger's shoulders exclaimed emphatically:—"Take that for asking that ugly wretch to stay all night!" How the lady looked on discerning her mistake is not related; but the visitor is understood to have relinquished his intention of tarrying for the night.

DOMESTIC.

ROAST TURKEY.—Remove the outer skin from a quantity of chestnuts; set them to boil in salted water, with a handful of coriander seeds and a couple of bay leaves. When nearly done drain off the water, and remove the inner skin of the chestnuts. Cut up half a pound of butter into small pieces, mix it with the chestnuts, when cold, together with a small onion finely chopped. Sprinkle the mixture with pepper, salt, and powdered spice to taste, and stuff the turkey with it. Cut some thin slices of fat bacon, tie them with thread over the body and breast of the bird, and set it to roast at a moderate fire, basting frequently with butter. A quarter of an hour before the turkey is done remove the bacon, and just before serving sprinkle the bird freely with fine salt. Serve with sausages.

TO BOIL A TURKEY.—The turkey should be well washed in tepid water, then rubbed all over with lemon juice, and placed in a saucepan, with just enough water boiling hot to cover him well. A large piece of butter, a couple of onions, a head of celery, some carrots, sliced, whole pepper, mace, cloves, a bundle of sweet herbs, and parsley, with salt to taste, should be added. The boiling should be carried on slowly, the pot should be skimmed, and in a couple of hours or less, according to the size of the victim, the sacrifice will be accomplished. Some people stuff a boiled turkey with oysters, and serve oyster-sauce with it. That is a matter of taste. A purée of celery, or of chestnuts, or of onions, even oyster sauce (not oysters floating in paste) properly made, will go very well with boiled turkey. But the best of all sauces is tomato sauce, or a purée of endives, or of any other green meat meat, if the proper degree of piquancy were given to it by the admixture of lemon juice.



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, JANUARY 16, 1875.

MONTREAL.—A SKETCH



ON ST. JAMES STREET.

SECRET AFFINITIES.

A PANTHEISTIC FANTASY, FROM THE FRENCH OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

Deep in the vanished time, two statues white,
On an old temple's front, against blue gleams
Of an Athenian sky, instinct with light,
Blended their marble dreams.
In the same shell imbedded [crystal tears
Of the sad sea mourning her Venus down],
Two pearls of loneliness, through long years,
Kept whispering words unknown.
In the fresh pleasure, by Grouda's river,
Close to the low-voiced fountain's silver showers,
Two roses, from Boubou's garden, ever
Mingled their murmuring flowers.
Upon the domes of Venice, in a nest
Where love from age to age has had his day,
Two white doves, with their feet of pink, found rest
Through the soft mouth of May.
Dove, rose, pearl, marble, into ruin dim
Alike dissolve themselves, alike decay;
Pearls melt, flowers wither, marble shapes dilute,
And bright birds float away.
Each element, once free, flies back to feed
The unfathomable life-dust yearning dumb,
When God's all-shaping hands in silence knead
Each form that is to come.
By slow, slow change, to white and tender flesh
The marble softens down its dawsless grain;
The rose, in lips as sweet and red and fresh,
Rejuvenesces again.
The doves once more murmur and coo beneath
The hearts of two young lovers, when they meet,
The pearls renew themselves, and flash as teeth
Through smiles divinely sweet.
Hence sympathetic emanations flow,
And with soft tyranny the heart controul;
Touched by them, kindred spirits learn to know
Their sisterhood of soul.
Obedient to the hint some fragrance sends,
Some colour, or some ray with mystic power,
Atom to atom never severing tends,
As the bee seeks her flower.
Of moonlight visions round the temple shed,
Of lives linked in the sea, a memory wakes,
Of flower-talk flashing through the petals red,
Where the bright fountain breaks.
Kisses, and wings that shivered to the kiss,
On golden domes afar, come back to bliss,
Sweet influence, faithful to remembered bliss,
The old love stirs again.
Forgotten presences shine forth, the past
Is for the visionary eye unveiled;
The breathing flower, in crimson lips reared,
Lives, to herself revealed.
Write the laugh plays a glittering mouth within
The pearl remains her lustre softly bright,
The marble throbs, fused in a maiden skin,
As fresh, and pure, and white.
Under some low and gentle voice the dove
Has found an echo of her tender mood;
Resistance grows impossible, and love
Springs up from the unknown.
Oh! that on burning trembling, I adore,
What shrines, what sea, what dome, what rose-tree
Dove,
Saw us, as mingling marble, joined of yore,
As pearl, or bird, or flower!

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.) THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

BY AN ARTICLED CLERK.

I.

By accident I became an articled clerk in a lawyer's office in the City of Bristol, England. By what accident and in whose office, it matters not for the purpose of my story. Let it suffice that in the year 1865, I was an articled clerk, or law student, in the office of one of the leading firms in the ancient capital of the West of England. I had the charge of the Bankruptcy Department. Being naturally of a roving disposition I liked my work, as it entailed a great deal of travelling, and it was in the course of my business that I visited many cities and towns in England that otherwise I might never have seen. During one of my trips I happened to be brought in the Forest of Dean, which is situated on a high level not far from the city of Gloucester; and as no inn seemed to be near, I entered the first public-house I saw, and explained my position to the proprietor, who gave me a cordial welcome. His name was Robert Jones, and he kept a general store as well as the tavern, both being contiguous to one another. I told him my business, which was connected with the bankruptcy of a man in a neighbouring village, and in the course of our conversation, Jones, complaining of the poor business he was doing, said if ever he got into trouble he would "cut and run," as he had friends in New Orleans, in South America, and there he might do better. That night I stayed in Jones's house, and next morning, having completed my affairs, I returned to Bristol. Some few weeks after, Robert Jones was adjudicated a bankrupt, and the same evening my chief came into my room and told me that Jones had left his house, and gone no one knew whither, taking with him nearly £1000 in cash, obtained by the surreptitious sale of part of his stock-in-trade. I then for the first time remembered that the bankrupt was the same man in whose house I had stayed a few weeks previous, and told my chief of the conversation that had taken place between us. He immediately communicated with our clients, who were the largest creditors, and as the case did not come under the Extradition Treaty, it was resolved that I should, for the first time in my life, turn detective, and pursue Mr. Jones.

Accordingly, being furnished with the necessary funds and authority to treat with Jones, should he refuse to return, I left that night for Liverpool, and having found on enquiry at the steamship offices that a man answering to Jones's description had taken passage for New York, and sailed the day previous, I telegraphed to Bristol, and received instructions to follow him up, whereupon I took my berth in the old "America," and left Liverpool two days after the departure of Jones.

II.

Now that I had fairly started, I had time to think upon the difficulties of my mission, and as to what course I should take when I arrived in New York. Here was I, a perfect stranger to America, hunting a man I had only once seen, and of whom I knew no more than that he was a runaway bankrupt, whom I must catch and either take himself and the money he had with him back to England, or else I was to treat with him and get as much money as I could prevail on him to part with. There were, however, two circumstances in favour of my being successful, the first was, that Jones had a very remarkable nose—it was a fine specimen of the "Wellington," but on the bump in the middle of the bridge was a red excrescence, which caused him to squint in a most horrible manner, and as he had taken a large trunk with him, I was certain that he would be noticed by the custom-house officers, and very likely by the police, so I had reasonable hopes of being able to trace him out on my arrival. The second circumstance in my favour was that, under his marriage settlement, Jones was entitled to some property, but the title deeds were complicated—some were missing, and Mrs. Jones would give no information on the subject; so I was authorised to give Jones a written guarantee that if he would return and assist in winding-up his estate, his creditors would not prosecute him, and would help him to start in business again. Having these two circumstances in my favour, I felt it would be hard indeed if I could not return to England with Jones, baggage, money and all, and therefore I enjoyed my trip on the "briny ocean" to the utmost of my ability. We arrived in New York after a passage of a little over eleven days, just one day later than Jones; and this I took to be another point in my favour. So far all was well, but now commenced my difficulties. The customs officers had noticed Jones, not only from his nose, but that owing to his being partly intoxicated, he had given them some trouble before his baggage was cleared, and they were so glad to get rid of him that nobody had noticed or cared what had become of him after. However, nothing daunted, I went into New York, and put up at the St. Nicholas Hotel, on Broadway. Having taken a bath and a hasty lunch, I started on what to many would appear a "wild-goose chase"; but I had not forgotten Jones's observation with regard to New Orleans and his friends there, so I hired a carriage and started off to visit the railway depots, and make enquiries. It was now for the second time I found the value Jones's nose was to me. That, to him, unfortunate excrescence had been observed by the ticket clerk of the Erie depot, who informed me that "a goggle-eyed man with a frog-blossom on his nose," had taken a ticket for St. Louis. To me this was at first anything but pleasant news; but, upon further enquiry, I found that *via* St. Louis was the quickest route to New Orleans, so my spirits rose again, even faster than they had been depressed. I then endeavoured to discover if he had left New York; and here again that nose was useful—Jones had been seen to "get on board" the train which had left that morning for St. Louis, and, I supposed, was on his way rejoicing, little dreaming that he was being pursued by one who, though young and inexperienced, nevertheless felt he was entrusted with an important and difficult enterprise, and intended to carry it through at any cost.

I returned to the St. Nicholas, where I slept that night, and next morning left for St. Louis *en route* to New Orleans. On my arriving at St. Louis, I made diligent enquiries for "that nose," but could hear nothing of it. This, however, I did not mind; I felt sure Jones had gone on to New Orleans, as it was in that city he had friends, and judging from the numbers of people at the depot when I arrived, I argued that Jones and his nose may very easily have passed through unperceived; so I went to the ticket office, and procured a ticket for New Orleans by boat, partly because I supposed Jones had done the same, and partly because having read so much about the boats on the Mississippi, and the scenes enacted on them, I felt a natural curiosity to see what I could of the same; and, lastly, I was tired of the cars, and longed for a trip on that world-renowned river.

III.

At an early hour next morning I went on board the "Firefly," the size and magnificence of which somewhat astonished me, and shortly after started on my first voyage on the Mississippi. The water was low, as it usually is in the month of August, so the width of the river was not over half a mile, and in many places much narrower. A "first trip on the Mississippi" has been so often described, that I will not weary my readers with a repetition. I will only mention my surprise that, after leaving Vicksburg, the river was so serpentine, that the boat was opposite the city for nearly three hours, and yet going at its full speed. I arrived at New Orleans without accident—a circumstance at which I was surprised, for I half-expected a blow-up, or, at least, that we should run on a snag, espe-

cially as I have always heard it stated, and believe it to be true, that there is no river in the world on which so many accidents have happened, and so many lives and steamboats have been lost, as on the Mississippi. On my arrival at New Orleans, I put up at the St. Charles Hotel, and at once commenced my search for Jones's nose. I went first to the police station, and "interviewed" the captain, telling him part of the facts of the case, and asking his assistance, which he readily granted, and placed at my disposal one of his men. We then started for the wharf, but could learn nothing of the "nose." Next we went to the depot, and there we learned that Mr. Jones had been seen to alight from the cars some few days previous, and had taken a hack to a house in St. Mark-street, to which I immediately proceeded, after having rewarded and dismissed the policeman.

On arriving at the house I asked for Mr. Jones, and was shown into a room where he sat, still in a state of semi-stupor, caused, as I supposed, by the quantity of bad whiskey he had been drinking, but I afterwards discovered it was from bad champagne, he having consumed a number of bottles of what he called "Click ho" during and since his journey. Of course, he was considerably astonished and frightened at seeing me walk into the room, the door of which I locked behind me. I then told him that I wanted him to return with me quietly, and all would be well; but he refused point blank. Then I told him that he would not be prosecuted, and pointed out it was to his advantage to do so; but he would not listen to reason, and defied me to take any steps for his extradition. At this I was somewhat puzzled how to act, as I had counted on his being ignorant of the extradition powers, it having been my intention to threaten him with force as a *désespéré* resort. However, I changed my tactics, and while I was unduggering my brains as to what course I should take, I sat down and entered into conversation, and in the course of half an hour had succeeded in restoring Jones to so good a humour, that before leaving I made him promise to dine with me at the hotel that same evening.

On my way back to the hotel, I conceived the idea of making Jones so stupefied with liquor, that I could get him on board the cars without his being aware of the fact, and then to administer a dose of opium, that would keep him so till I had him safe on the broad Atlantic. Accordingly, I stopped at the first chemist's shop I saw, and provided myself with a small bottle of laudanum.

At six o'clock punctually, Jones arrived at the hotel, and we sat down to dinner at the table nearest the door of the dining room. I then noticed that he had been drinking since I had left him, but he still knew what he was about. He ate little, but drank freely, so that on rising from the table he could scarcely walk straight. We then went to my room, and in a very short time I had the satisfaction of seeing Jones totally insensible. The next morning I took him on board the cars, and started for New York, where we arrived without a single complaint from Jones, who was intoxicated the whole journey, and on the following morning we left for England. On arriving at Liverpool I gave Jones a Turkish bath, and gradually sobered him down, till, finding there was no help for it, he became reconciled to his situation, and gave so much assistance in winding up his affairs, that his estate paid ten shillings in the pound instead of but half-a-crown, as it was first expected.

J. C., Jr.

THE FASHIONS.

RECEPTION COSTUME.—In our FIRST FIGURE, the dress is of grey faille of two shades, one deeper than the other, with velvet band. The skirt is trimmed lengthwise with deep grey faille, bound with velvet, and the spaces between the bands disposed in biased fichus, according with pretty Chantilly lace. The dress is trimmed all around with deep grey faille, surmounted with rounded teeth, the head of which is adorned with light grey faille. The corsage has long grey basques in front, and, behind, these are cut in teeth, and from their angles appear Chantilly lace. The corsage has a berth in the shape of braces. A diadem of shell in the hair, and assorted pins to hold it in position.

BALL TOILET.—Pink robe of Italian taffeta, in our SECOND FIGURE, veiled by a second skirt of silk tulle constellated with stars. The upper skirt is garnished with bouillons of pink crepe. They support a volant of Chantilly sewed to the skirt of pink silk. The tunic falls near this volant; it is raised on the sides by a garland of roses which, repeated higher up in the shape of a chataine, holds up the double tunic of Chantilly lace, which falls over the whole dress. Head-dress of roses, crowning a trail of clematites, which fall over the hair.

EVENING DRESS.—In FIGURE THIRD, we give a dress of mauve tulle, with ornaments of violet satin. The skirt makes a train. It is adorned, in the first place, with two small plaited volants, one violet and the other mauve, above which depends a volant of Chantilly, covered over with dented violet satin. The corsage is *décolleté* in squares. The dented berth frames in the throat, then crossing over the bosom, falls scarf-wise on the sides. The sleeve comes to the half elbow.

EVENING DRESS.—Blue faille dress of two shades is represented in FIGURE FOURTH. The upper skirt is of the deeper tint; it forms a

train; it is adorned with a plaited volant, then with two additions of three biases each. The tunic is of blue satin. The berth above the corsage is *décolleté*.

DINER COSTUME.—Green faille, in FIGURE FIFTH, adorned with bias of water green satin. The corsage is set with traces, which, crossing at the waist, extend over the skirt, where they join gracefully.

LITERARY MEN.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Smith were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very un-social, and even irritable when pressed into conversation. Kirwin, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse, and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was dry and dull, his humour satiric and reserved. Corneille, in conversation, was so insipid that he never failed in wearing; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Johnson used to sit silent in company, and suck his wine and their humours. Southey was still, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in his common conversation never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was inquisitive, so also was Grotius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was "like a pleasant stream" in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly denounces.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mlle. JENA DE MURSKA's western tour was only fairly successful.

MR. A. T. STEWART denies the rumour that he has purchased the Grand Opera house, New York.

RAPHAEL's celebrated painting, *The Fishes* (which was reported as lost, has been found).

MADAME JANASCHER proposes to retire from the stage at the close of this season and return to her family.

MR. EDWARD DANREITER is writing a work upon Liszt, and an analysis of the great pianist's various compositions.

WE BELIEVE to know that the recent tour of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's opera troupe has been a perfect and brilliant success.

FRANZ GAUL, the painter, father of two eminent artists (Franz and Gustav Gaul) died suddenly, last month, in Vienna.

ALBERT WAGNER, brother of Richard, has just died in his 75th year, at Berlin. He was to his younger years a tenor singer.

MISS JOSIE JONES, of Cincinnati, has just completed her engagement in Milan and Vienna. Her success was great at both places.

M. HERVE, Offenbach's rival, has completed a new three-act opera, named "Alice de Nevers." It is full of sarcasm on court life.

HALEVY, the Opera Comique composer is indelible. He has another new piece ready for presentation at the Palais Royal this month.

A MISS ALEXANDRA MORRISINI, from the United States, has appeared at Sorisima, near Milan, Italy. The debut was not a great success.

Mlle. REDETTI, who is singing with much success in Italy, is an American lady—the wife of Lieut. Philip Reed, of the United States army.

MISS ROSE HEESE, since Patpa's death the leading English opera singer, will be the prima donna of Carl Rosa's opera troupe for the spring season.

"BLACK-EYED SUSAN," Douglas Jerrold's drama, will soon be performed in London as a ballad-opera.

"JUDAS MACCABEUS" has been performed in French for the first time in Paris. The solo were sung by Mlle. Jenny Howe, a young American lady.

HOW MUCH the art of singing is on the decline among the Italians is shown by the fact that the most important singers on the Italian stage are for the most part not Italians.

ALBANI is claimed by Saratoga as its own. The *Saratoga* says: "Saratoga is her home, and it is not long since her father and her sister left this place to join her."

MISS VON ELISSER, of Cleveland, who was mentioned recently in these columns as the coming prima donna, who has gone to Europe, is now in Paris under the tuition of Mme. Viardot-Garcia.

MR. CHARLES SANDLEY has resolved to cease the practice of perambulating the provinces with shop-ballads and royalty songs, and to once more take his rightful place on the stage of English opera. Which announcement is received with general satisfaction in England.

ONE night, during the late engagement of the Kellogg troupe at Cincinnati, Mrs. Seguin occupied a box near our well-known sweet singer, who signs herself "D. M. J." As our poetess had fallen desperately in love with the pretty artist, and lacked an introduction she wrote upon her libretto the following graceful lines:

"Sweetest singer of the throng— Sweetest eyes that ever shone— Let me tell you while I may How you've made my heart your own."

Mrs. Seguin was delighted with the compliment, and asked Mrs. D. M. Jordan to write the lines in her libretto which she of course did. The sequel to this impromptu poetic introduction was a very pleasant acquaintance.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ATLAS OF THE DOMINION. We have to thank the publisher for a copy of this magnificent work, which is a credit to his energy, to the science of the author, and one of the most useful educational and referendary compilations ever offered to our public.

ST. NICHOLAS. We have received direct from the publishers, the bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS for 1874. While every successive number of this charming periodical for Boys and Girls strikes the reader with admiration, it is especially when all the numbers are collected together, as a whole, that the worth of the material, the painstaking of the editors, and the wealth of the illustrations are fully appreciated.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. The January number of this excellent magazine is full of the most excellent material, the object of which is to popularize science, and place it within the reach of the average intellect.

RIDDLES.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

- Do you know why a ploughed field is like feathered game?—Because it is partridges.
Who is the only blasterer from whom a brave man will take a blow?—The wind.
What fish is most valued by a loving wife?—Her ring.

- Why is the polka like bitter beer?—Because there are so many hops in it.
What curious animals with wings form part of a very manly exercise?—Bats.
Why is a lamplighter like a cowardly soldier?—Because he fires and then runs away.

On what ground may confectioners be deemed very mercenary lovers?—Because they sell their kisses.
What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza?—One stops the nose, and the other knows the stops.

LABLACHE'S TERRIBLE DEBUT.

Lablache's debut was marked by an adventure that might have ended fatally, and, indeed, his salvation so impressed the greatest of basso singers as being absolutely supernatural and miraculous that he made public offerings to a shrine of a popular Madonna, which are still shown in Naples.

ANCIENT COSTUMES.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Leader speaking of the Centennial tea-party at the Capitol says: "There was a pretty brunette who wore a dress 140 years old; it was an heirloom in her family and had been preserved with great care, having been worn by her great-grandmother at the first reception given at Mount Vernon.

HUMOUROUS.

The first thing a young man does when he sees a friend with a new hat on, says an American paper, is to take it off and serenely try it on his own head.
A GENTLEMAN took the following telegram to the telegraph office: "Mrs. Brown, Liverpool street, I announce with grief the death of Uncle James. Come quickly to read will. I believe we are his heirs. John Black." The clerk having counted the words said: "There are two words too many, sir." "All right, cut out 'with grief,'" was the reply.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

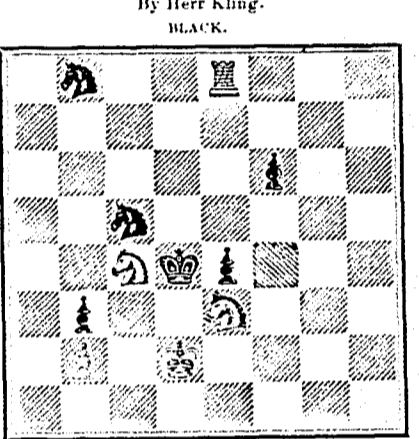
JAN. 6.—The Beecher-Tilton case was up before the Brooklyn City Court yesterday, but up to the hour of adjournment only three jurors had been empanelled.
Rumours are afloat in Paris of another message from President MacMahon to the National Assembly, urging the passage of the Constitutional Bills.

The Bank Commission of Germany have passed resolutions with regard to the price of gold ingots brought by the Imperial Bank, having for their object successful competition with the United States and the attraction of gold to Germany.
The excessive drought last fall in the vicinity of Quebec had the effect of drying up all the wells in the elevated country round the city, so that the farmers are compelled to melt snow to obtain a sufficient supply of water for their cattle.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

We are sorry that the Problem No. 1, in the last number, was wrongly printed. The Black Rook, instead of being on Q R's 4th, should be on Q R's 5th. Mistakes of this nature shall be prevented in future.

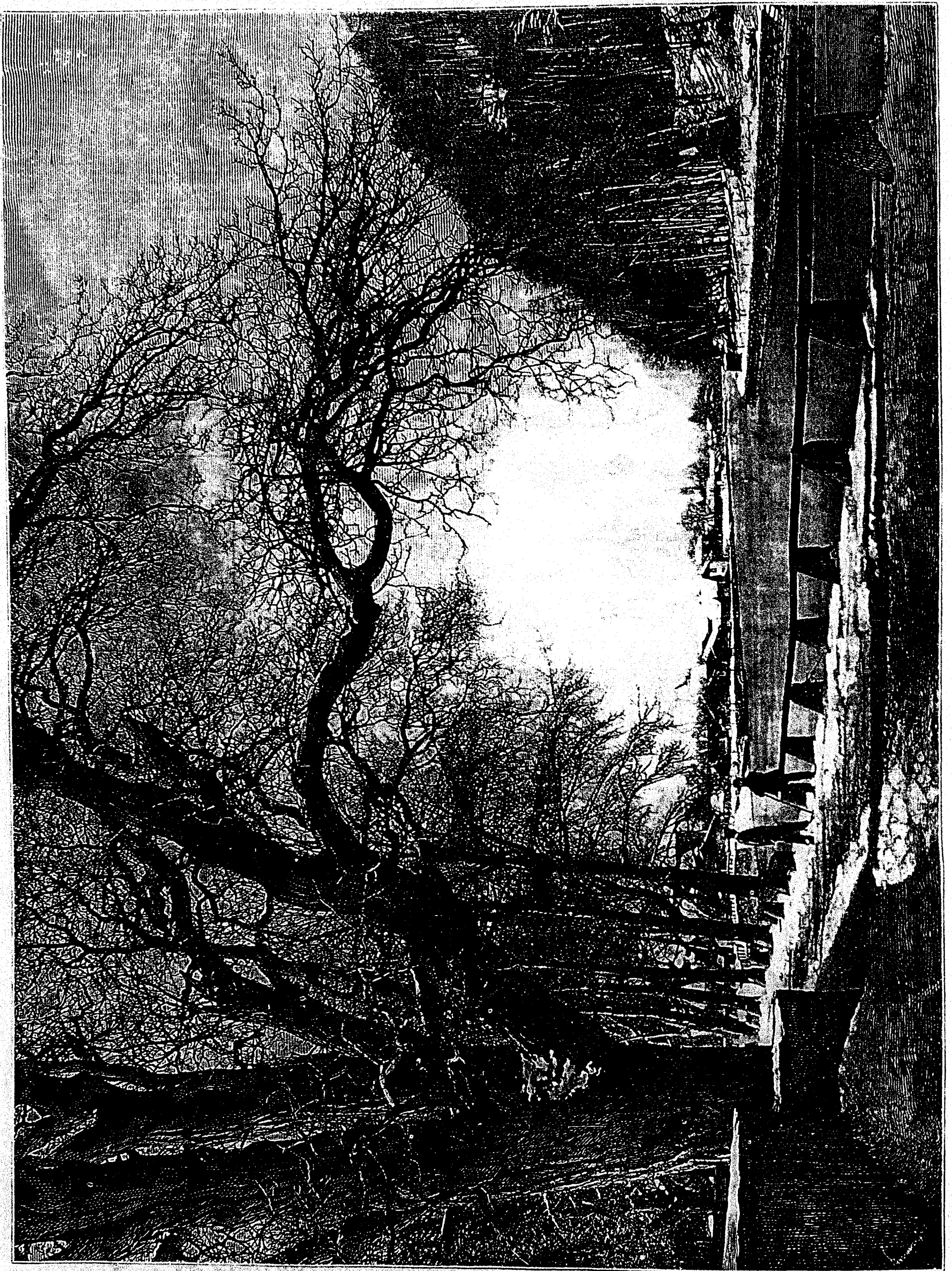
PROBLEM No. 2.



- White to Checkmate in three moves.
Game between Calvi and Kieseritzky. (King's Knight's opening.)
WHITE.—Mr. Calvi. BLACK.—Mr. Kieseritzky.
1. P to K 4th. 1. P to K 4th.
2. K Kt to B 3rd. 2. Q Kt to B 3rd.
3. P to Q 4th. 3. K P takes P.
4. Kt takes P. 4. K B to Q B 4th.
5. Kt takes Kt. 5. Q Kt P takes Kt.
6. K B to Q B 4th. 6. P to Q 3rd.
7. Castles. 7. Q B to K 3rd.
8. K B to Q Kt 3rd. 8. P to K B 3rd.
9. K to K R sq. 9. P to K Kt 4th (a).
10. B takes B. 10. P takes B.
11. Q to K R 5th ch. 11. Q to K Kt 3rd.
12. Q takes Q ch. 12. P takes Q.
13. Q B takes P. 13. K to K B 2nd.
14. Q Kt to Q 2nd. 14. P to Q 4th.
15. P to Q B 3rd. 15. K Kt to K B 3rd.
16. B takes Kt. 16. K takes B.
17. Q R to K sq. 17. K R to R 4th.
18. P to K Kt 4th. 18. P to Q Kt 3rd.
19. P to K B 4th. 19. P to Q 4th.
20. K P takes P. 20. Q B P takes P.
21. P to Q 5th. 21. P to Q 5th.
22. Q R to K 2nd. 22. Q R to Q R 4th.
23. K R to K sq. 23. Q R takes P.
24. Q R takes P ch. 24. K to K R 2nd.
25. R to K 7th ch. 25. K to K B 3rd.
26. P to K Kt 4th. 26. K to K R 4th.
27. P to K R 3rd and wins (b).

- (a) A very weak move. Throwing away the game at once.
(b) If the B takes P, the K attacks the Rook, &c.
Game between Devineck and Kieseritzky. (King's Gambit.)
WHITE.—Devineck. BLACK.—Kieseritzky.
1. P to K 4th. 1. P to K 4th.
2. P to K B 4th. 2. P takes P.
3. K Kt to B 3rd. 3. K B to K 2nd.
4. K B to Q B 4th. 4. B checks.
5. K to K B sq. 5. K B to K B 3rd.
6. P to K 5th. 6. K B to K 2nd.
7. Q Kt to R 3rd. 7. P to Q 3rd.
8. P to Q 4th. 8. P to K Kt 4th.
9. P to K R 4th. 9. P to K Kt 5th.
10. Q B takes P (a). 10. P takes Kt (a).
11. Q takes P. 11. P to K R 4th.
12. K P takes P. 12. P takes P.
13. Q R to K sq. 13. K to K B sq.
14. B takes Q P. 14. K to K R 2nd.
15. Q B to K 5th. 15. Q Kt to B 3rd.
16. Kt to Q 5th. 16. Q B to K 3rd.
17. B to Q B 7th. 17. Q to Q 2nd.
18. R takes B. 18. Q takes P.
19. Kt to Q Kt 6th. 19. Q Kt takes P.
20. Q takes Q Kt P. 20. P to K B 4th ch.
21. K to K Kt sq. 21. Q R to K sq.
22. K to K R 2nd. 22. K Kt to K B 3rd.
23. K R to K B sq. 23. K Kt to K Kt 5th ch.
24. K to Kt sq. 24. K B to Q B 4th (b).
25. R takes Q (c). 25. Q Kt to K B 6th ch.
26. K to K R sq. 26. R to K 5th ch. (d).
27. B to K B sq. 27. Kt mates.

Atlas of the Dominion. By H. F. Walling, C. E. Published by G. S. Tackabury, Montreal, Toronto, and London. Printed by the Furland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, Montreal. Large 4to, pp. 238.



INTERLAKEN IN WINTER



FIG. 5.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 1.

THE FASHIONS.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

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

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

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

PART II.—PARADISE REGAINED.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE DARK.

He resumed his childish ways; he recovered his innocent smile, with the odd little puckers and wrinkles accompanying it at the corners of his eyes. I began to doubt whether I might not have been unreasonably hard on him. I penitently resolved to be more considerate towards his infirmities of mind and body, during the remainder of my visit.

"Let me go back for a moment, Mr. Dexter, to past times at Gleninch," I said. "You agree with me in believing Eustace to be absolutely innocent of the crime for which he was tried. Your evidence at the Trial tells me that."

He paused over his work, and looked at me with a grave and stern attention which presented his face in quite a new light.

"That is our opinion," I resumed. "But it was not the opinion of the Jury. Their verdict, you remember, was Not Proven—in plain English, the Jury who tried my husband declined to express their opinion, positively and publicly, that he was innocent. Am I right?"

Instead of answering, he suddenly put his embroidery in the basket, and moved the machinery of his chair so as to bring it close to mine.

"Who told you this?" he asked. "I found it for myself in a book."

Thus far his face had expressed steady attention, and no more. Now for the first time, I thought I saw something darkly passing over him which betrayed itself to my mind as rising distrust.

"Ladies are not generally in the habit of troubling their heads about dry questions of law," he said. "Mrs. Eustace Macallan the second, you must have some very powerful motive for turning your studies that way."

"I have a very powerful motive, Mr. Dexter, My husband is resigned to the Scotch Verdict. His mother is resigned to it. His friends (so far as I know) are resigned to it—"

"Well! I don't agree with my husband, or his mother, or his friends. I refuse to submit to the Scotch verdict."

The instant I said those words, the madness in him which I had hitherto denied seemed to break out. He suddenly stretched himself over his chair; he pounced on me, with a hand on each of my shoulders, his wild eyes questioned me fiercely, frantically, within a few inches of my face.

"What do you mean?" he shouted at the utmost pitch of his ringing and resonant voice. A deadly fear of him shook me. I did my best to hide the outward betrayal of it. By look and word I showed him, as firmly as I could, that I resented the liberty he had taken with me.

"Remove your hands, sir," I said. "And retire to your proper place."

He obeyed me mechanically. He apologised to me mechanically. His whole mind was evidently still filled with the words that I had spoken to him, and still bent on discovering what those words meant.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I humbly beg your pardon. The subject excites me, frightens me, maddens me. You don't know what a difficulty I have in controlling myself. Never mind. Don't take me seriously. Don't be frightened at me. I am so ashamed of myself—I feel so small and so miserable at having offended you. Make me suffer for it. Take a stick and beat me. Tie me down in my chair. Call up Ariel, who is as strong as a horse, and tell her to hold me. Dear Mrs. Valeria! Injured Mrs. Valeria! I'll endure anything in the way of punishment, if you will only tell me what you mean by not submitting to the Scotch Verdict?" He backed his chair penitently, as he made that entreaty. "Am I far enough away yet?" he asked, with a rueful look. "Do I still frighten you? I'll drop out of sight, if you prefer it, in the bottom of the chair."

He lifted the sea-green coverlid. In another moment he would have disappeared like a puppet in a show, if I had not stopped him.

"Say nothing more, and do nothing more; I accept your apologies," I said. "When I tell you that I refuse to submit to the opinion of the Scotch Jury, I mean exactly what my words express. That verdict has left a stain on my husband's character. He feels the stain bitterly. How bitterly no one knows so well as I do. His sense of his degradation is the sense that has parted him from me. It is not enough for him that I am persuaded of his innocence. Nothing will bring him back to me—nothing will persuade Eustace that I think him worthy to be the guide and companion of my life—but the proof of his innocence, set before the jury which doubts it, and the public which doubts it, to this day. He, and his friends, and his lawyers, all despair of ever finding that proof, now. But I am his wife; and none of you love him as I love him. I alone refuse to despair; I alone refuse to listen to reason. If God spares me, Mr. Dexter, I dedicate my life to the vindication of my husband's innocence. You are his old friend—I am here to ask you to help me."

It appeared to be now my turn to frighten him. The colour left his face. He passed his hand restlessly over his forehead, as if he was trying to brush some delusion out of his brain. "Is this one of my dreams?" he asked faintly. "Are you a vision of the night?"

"I am only a friendless woman," I said, "who has lost all that she loved and prized, and who is trying to win it back again."

He began to move his chair nearer to me once more. I lifted my hand. He stopped the chair directly. There was a moment of silence. We sat watching one another. I saw his hands tremble as he laid them on the coverlid; I saw his face grow paler and paler, and his under lip drop. What dead and buried remembrances had I brought to life in him, in all their olden horror?

He was the first to speak again. "So this is your interest," he said, "in clearing up the mystery of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death?"

"Yes."

"And you believe that I can help you?"

"I do."

He slowly lifted one of his hands, and pointed at me with his long forefinger.

"You suspect somebody," he said.

The tone in which he spoke was low and threatening; it warned me to be careful. At the same time, if I now shut him out of my confidence, I should lose the reward that might yet be to come, for all that I had suffered and risked at that perilous interview.

"You suspect somebody," he repeated.

"Perhaps!" was all I said in return.

"Is the person within your reach?"

"Not yet."

"Do you know where the person is?"

"No."

He laid his head languidly on the back of his chair, with a trembling, long-drawn sigh. Was he disappointed? Or was he relieved? Or was he simply exhausted in mind and body alike? Who could fathom him—who could say?

"Will you give me five minutes?" he asked, feebly and wearily, without raising his head. "You know already how any reference to events at Gleninch excites and shakes me. I shall be fit for it again if you will kindly give me a few minutes to myself. There are books in the next room. Please excuse me."

I at once retired to the circular ante-chamber. He followed me in his chair, and closed the door between us.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE LIGHT.

A little interval of solitude was a relief to me, as well as to Miserrimus Dexter.

Startling doubts beset me as I walked restlessly backwards and forwards, now in the ante-room, and now in the corridor outside. It was plain that I had (quite innocently) disturbed the repose of some formidable secrets in Miserrimus Dexter's mind. I confused and wearied my poor brains in trying to guess what the secrets might be. All my ingenuity—as afterwards showed me—was wasted on speculations not one of which even approached the truth. I was on surer ground when I arrived at the conclusion that Dexter had really kept every mortal creature out of his confidence. He could never have betrayed such serious signs of disturbance as I had noticed in him, if he had publicly acknowledged at the Trial, or if he had privately communicated to any chosen friend, all that he knew of the tragic and terrible drama acted in the bedchamber at Gleninch. What powerful influence had induced him to close his lips? Had he been silent in mercy to others, or in dread of consequences to himself? Impossible to tell. Could I hope that he would confide to me what he had kept secret from Justice and Friendship alike? When he really knew what I really wanted of him would he arm me, out of his own stores of knowledge, with the weapon that would win me victory in the struggle to come? The chances were all against it, there was no denying that. Still, the end was worth trying for. The caprice of the moment might yet stand my friend, with such a wayward being as Miserrimus Dexter. My plans and projects were sufficiently strange, sufficiently wide of the ordinary limits of a woman's thoughts and actions, to attract his sympathies. "Who knows," I thought to myself, "if I may not take his confidence by surprise, by simply telling him the truth."

The interval expired, the door was thrown open, the voice of my host summoned me again to the inner room.

"Welcome back," said Miserrimus Dexter. "Dear Mrs. Valeria, I am quite myself again. How are you?"

He looked and spoke with the easy cordiality of an old friend. During the period of my absence, short as it was, another change had passed over this most multifarious of living beings. His eyes sparkled with good humour; his cheeks were flushing under a new excitement of some sort. Even his dress had undergone alteration since I had seen it last. He now wore an extemporised cap of white paper; his ruffles were tucked up; a clean apron was thrown over the sea-green coverlid. He backed his chair before me, bowing and smiling, and waved me to a seat with the grace of a dancing-master, chastened by the dignity of a lord in waiting.

"I am going to cook," he announced, with the most engaging simplicity. "We both stand in need of refreshment, before we return to the serious business of our interview. You see me in my cook's dress—forgive it. There is a form in these things; I am a great stickler for forms. I have been taking some wine. Please sanction that proceeding by taking some wine too."

He filled a goblet of ancient Venetian glass with a purple-red liquor, beautiful to see. "Burgundy," he said. "The King of Wines. And this is the king of Burgundies—Clos Vougeot. I drink to your health and happiness."

He filled a goblet for himself, and honoured the toast by draining it to the bottom. I now understood the sparkle in his eyes and the flush in his cheeks. It was my interest not to offend him. I drank a little of his wine, and I quite agreed with him—I thought it delicious.

"What shall we eat?" he asked. "It must be something worthy of our Clos Vougeot. Ariel is good at roasting and boiling joints, poor wretch. But I don't insult your taste by offering you Ariel's cookery. Plain joints!" he exclaimed, with an expression of refined disgust. "Bah! A man who eats a plain joint is only one remove from a cannibal, or a butcher. Will you leave it to me to discover something more worthy of us? Let us go to the kitchen."

He wheeled his chair round, and invited me to accompany him with a courteous wave of the hand.

I followed the chair to some closed curtains at the end of the room, which I had not hitherto noticed. Drawing aside the curtains, he revealed to view an alcove, in which stood a neat little gas stove for cooking. Drawers and cupboards, plates, dishes, and saucepans were ranged round the alcove, all on a miniature scale, all scrupulously bright and clean. "Welcome to the kitchen," said Miserrimus Dexter. He drew out of a recess in the wall a marble slab which served as a table, and reflected profoundly with his hand to his head. "I have it," he cried—and opening one of the cupboards next, took from it a black bottle of a form that was new to me. Sounding this bottle with a spike, he pierced and presented to view some little irregularly-formed black objects, which might have been familiar enough to a woman accustomed to the luxurious tables of the rich, but which were a new revelation to a person like myself, who had led a simple country life in the house of a clergyman with small means. When I saw my host carefully lay out these occult substances, of uninviting appearance, on a clean napkin, and then plunge once more into profound reflection at the sight of them, my curiosity could no longer be restrained. I ventured to say, "What are those things, Mr. Dexter—and are we really going to eat them?"

He started at the rash question, and looked at me, with hands outspread in irrepressible astonishment.

"Where is our boasted progress?" he cried. "What is education but a name? Here is a cultivated person who doesn't know Truffles when she sees them!"

"I have heard of truffles," I answered humbly. "But I never saw them before. We had no such foreign luxuries as those, Mr. Dexter, in the North."

Miserrimus Dexter lifted one of the truffles tenderly on his spike, and held it up to me in a favourable light.

"Make the most of one of the few first sensations in this life, which has no ingredient of disappointment lurking under the surface," he said. "Look at it—meditate over it. You shall eat it, Mrs. Valeria, stewed in Burgundy."

He lit the gas for cooking, with the air of a man who was about to offer me an inestimable proof of his good-will.

"Forgive me if I observe the most absolute silence," he said, "dating from the moment when I take this in my hand." He produced a bright little stew-pan from his collection of culinary utensils as he spoke. "Properly pursued the Art of Cookery allows of no divided attention," he continued gravely. "In that observation you will find the reason why no woman ever has reached, or ever will reach, the highest distinction as a cook. As a rule women are incapable of absolutely concentrating their attention on any one occupation for any given time. Their mind will run on something else—say, typically, for the sake of illustration, their sweetheart or their new bonnet. The one obstacle, Mrs. Valeria, to your rising equal to the men in the various industrial processes of life is not raised, as the women vainly suppose, by the defective institutions of the age they live in. No! the obstacle is in themselves. No institutions that can be devised to encourage them will ever be strong enough to contend successfully with the sweetheart and the new bonnet. A little while ago, for instance, I was instrumental in getting women employed in our local post-office here. The other day I took the trouble—a serious business to me—of getting downstairs, and wheeling myself away to the office to see how they were getting on. I took a letter with me to register. It had an unusually long address. The registering-woman began copying the address on the receipt-form, in a business-like manner cheering and delightful to see. Half-way through, a little child-sister of one of the other women employed trotted into the office, and popped under the counter to go and speak to her relative. The registering-woman's mind instantly gave way. Her pencil stopped; her eyes wandered off to the child, with a

charming expression of interest. "Well, Lucy," she said, "how-d'ye-do?" Then she remembered business again, and returned to her receipt. When I took it across the counter, an important line in the address of my letter was left out in the copy. Thanks to Lucy. Now a man in the same position would not have seen Lucy—he would have been too closely occupied with what he was about at the moment. There is the whole difference between the mental constitution of the sexes, which no legislation will ever alter as long as the world lasts. What does it matter? Women are infinitely superior to men in the moral qualities which are the true adornments of humanity. Be content—oh, my mistaken sisters, be content with that!"

He twisted his chair round towards the stove. It was useless to dispute the question with him, even if I had felt inclined to do so. He absorbed himself in his stew-pan.

I looked about me in the room. The same insatiable relish for horrors exhibited downstairs by the pictures in the hall, was displayed again here. The photographs hanging on the wall, represented the various forms of madness taken from the life. The plaster casts ranged on the shelf opposite, were casts (after death) of the heads of famous murderers. A frightful little skeleton of a woman hung in a cupboard, behind a glazed door, with this cynical inscription placed above the skull—"Behold the scaffolding on which beauty is built!" In a corresponding cupboard, with the door wide open, there hung in loose folds a shirt (as I took it to be) of chamols leader. Touching it (and finding it to be far softer than any chamols leather that my fingers had ever felt before), I disarranged the folds, and disclosed a ticket pinned among them, describing the thing in these horrid lines: "Skin of a French Marquis, tanned in the Revolution of Ninety Three. Who says the nobility are not good for something? They make good leather."

After this last specimen of my host's taste in curiosities, I pursued my investigation no farther. I returned to my chair, and waited for the Truffles.

After a brief interval, the voice of the painter-composer-and-cook summoned me back to the alcove.

The gas was out. The stew-pan and its accompaniments had vanished. On the marble slab were two plates, two napkins, two rolls of bread—and a dish, with another napkin in it, on which reposed two quaint little black balls. Miserrimus Dexter, regarding me with a smile of benevolent interest, put one of the balls on my plate, and took the other himself. "Compose yourself, Mrs. Valeria," he said. "This is an epoch in your life. Your first Truffle! Don't touch it with the knife. Use the fork alone. And—pardon me; this is most important—eat slowly."

I followed my instructions, and assumed an enthusiasm which I honestly confess I did not feel. I privately thought the new vegetable a great deal too rich, and, in other respects, quite unworthy of the fuss that had been made about it. Miserrimus Dexter lingered and languished over his truffles, and sipped his wonderful Burgundy, and sang his own praises as a cook—until I was really almost mad with impatience to return to the real object of my visit. In the reckless state of mind which this feeling produced, I abruptly reminded my host that he was wasting our time, by the most dangerous question that I could possibly put to him.

"Mr. Dexter," I said, "have you heard anything lately of Mrs. Beauty?"

The easy sense of enjoyment expressed in his face left it at those rash words, and went out like a suddenly-extinguished light. That furtive distrust of me which I had already noticed, instantly made itself felt again in his manner and his voice.

"Do you know Mrs. Beauty?" he asked. "I only know her," I answered, "by what I have read of her in the Trial."

He was not satisfied with that reply. "You must have an interest of some sort in Mrs. Beauty," he said, "or you would not have asked me about her. Is it the interest of a friend? or the interest of an enemy?"

Rash as I might be, I was not quite reckless enough yet, to meet that plain question by an equally plain reply. I saw enough in his face to warn me to be careful with him before it was too late.

"I can only answer you in one way," I rejoined. "I must return to a subject which is very painful to you—the subject of the Trial."

"Go on!" he said, with one of his grim outbursts of humour. "Here I am at your mercy—a martyr at the stake. Poke the fire! poke the fire!"

"I am only an ignorant woman," I resumed; "and I dare say I am quite wrong. But there is one part of my husband's trial which doesn't at all satisfy me. The defence set up for him seems to me to have been a complete mistake."

"A complete mistake?" he repeated. "Strange language, Mrs. Valeria, to say the least of it!" He tried to speak lightly; he took up his goblet of wine. But I could see that I had produced an effect on him. His hand trembled as it carried the wine to his lips.

"I don't doubt that Eustace's first wife really asked him to buy the arsenic," I continued. "I don't doubt that she used it secretly to improve her complexion. But what I do not believe is—"

that she died of an overdose of the poison, taken by mistake."

He put back the goblet of wine on the table near him, so unsteadily that he split the greater part of it. For a moment, his eyes met mine; then looked down again.

"How do you believe she died?" he inquired, in tones so low that I could barely hear them.

"By the hand of a poisoner," I answered.

He made a movement as if he was about to start up in the chair, and sank back again, seized apparently with a sudden faintness.

"Not my husband!" I hastened to add. "You know that I am satisfied of his innocence."

I saw him shudder. I saw his hands fasten their hold convulsively on the arms of his chair.

"Who poisoned her?" he asked—still lying helplessly back in the chair.

At the critical moment, my courage failed me. I was afraid to tell him in what direction my suspicions pointed.

"Can't you guess?" I said.

There was a pause. I supposed him to be secretly following his own train of thought. It was not for long. On a sudden, he started up in his chair.

The prostration which had possessed him appeared to vanish in an instant. His eyes recovered their wild light; his hands were steady again; his colour was brighter than ever. Had he been pondering over the secret of my interest in Mrs. Beaulieu? and had he guessed? He had!

"Answer on your word of honour!" he cried, "Don't attempt to deceive me! Is it a woman?"

"It is."

"What is the first letter of her name? Is it one of the first three letters of the alphabet?"

"Yes."

"B?"

"Yes."

"Beaulieu?"

"Beaulieu."

He threw his hands up above his head, and burst into a frantic fit of laughter.

"I have lived long enough!" he broke out wildly. "At last I have discovered one other person in the world who sees it as plainly as I do. Cruel Mrs. Valeria! why did you torture me? Why didn't you own it before?"

"What!" I exclaimed, catching the infection of his excitement. "Are your ideas, my ideas? Is it possible that you suspect Mrs. Beaulieu, too?"

He made this remarkable reply: "Suspect?" he repeated, contemptuously. "There isn't the shadow of a doubt about it, Mrs. Beaulieu poisoned her."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE INDICTMENT OF MRS. BEAULIEU.

I started to my feet, and looked at Miserrimus Dexter. I was too much agitated to be able to speak to him.

My utmost expectations had not prepared me for the tone of absolute conviction in which he had spoken. At the best, I had anticipated that he might, by the barest chance, agree with me in suspecting Mrs. Beaulieu. And now, his own lips said it, without hesitation or reserve!

"There isn't the shadow of a doubt; Mrs. Beaulieu poisoned her."

"Sit down," he said quietly. "There's nothing to be afraid of. Nobody can hear us in this room."

I sat down again, and recovered myself a little.

"Have you never told any one else what you have just told me?" was the first question that I put to him.

"Never. No one else suspected her."

"Not even the lawyers?"

"Not even the lawyers. There is no legal evidence against Mrs. Beaulieu. There is nothing but moral certainty."

"Surely you might have found the evidence, if you had tried?"

He laughed at the idea.

"Look at me!" he said. "How is a man to hunt up evidence who is tied to this chair? Besides, there were other difficulties in my way. I am not generally in the habit of needlessly betraying myself—I am a cautious man, though you may not have noticed it. But my immeasurable hatred of Mrs. Beaulieu was not to be concealed. If eyes can tell secrets, she must have discovered, in my eyes, that I hungered and thirsted to see her in the hangman's hands. From first to last, I tell you, Mrs. Borgin-Beaulieu was on her guard against me. Can I describe her cunning? All my resources of language are not equal to the task. Take the degrees of comparison to give you a faint idea of it. I am positively cunning; the devil is comparatively cunning; Mrs. Beaulieu is superlatively cunning. No! no! If she is ever discovered, at this distance of time, it will not be done by a man—it will be done by a woman; a woman whom she doesn't suspect; a woman who can watch her with the patience of a tigress in a state of starvation."

"Say a woman like me!" I broke out. "I am ready to try."

His eyes glittered; his teeth showed themselves viciously under his moustache; he drummed fiercely with both hands on the arms of his chair.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked.

"Put me in your position," I answered. "Enlighten me with your moral certainty (as you call it)—and you shall see!"

"I'll do it!" he said. "Tell me one thing first. How did an outside stranger, like you, come to suspect her?"

I set before him, to the best of my ability, the various elements of suspicion which I had collected from the evidence at the trial; and I laid especial stress on the fact (sworn to by the nurse) that Mrs. Beaulieu was missing, exactly at the time when Christina Ormsby had left Mrs. Eustace Macallan alone in her room.

"You have hit it!" cried Miserrimus Dexter. "You are a wonderful woman! What was

she doing on the morning of the day when Mrs. Eustace Macallan died poisoned? And where was she during the dark hours of the night? I can tell you where she was not—she was not in her own room."

"Not in her own room?" I repeated. "Are you really sure of that?"

"I am sure of everything that I say, when I am speaking of Mrs. Beaulieu. Mind that; and now listen! This is a drama; and I excel in dramatic narrative. You shall judge for yourself. Date, the twentieth of October. Scene, The Corridor, called The Guests' Corridor, at Gleninch. On one side, a row of windows looking out into the garden. On the other, a row of four bedrooms, with dressing-rooms attached. First bedroom (beginning from the staircase), occupied by Mrs. Beaulieu. Second bedroom, empty. Third bedroom occupied by Miserrimus Dexter. Fourth bedroom empty. So much for the Scene! The time comes next—the time is eleven at night. Dexter discovered in his bedroom reading. Enter to him Eustace Macallan. Eustace speaks: 'My dear fellow, be particularly careful not to make any noise; don't bow! your chair up and down the corridor to-night.' Dexter inquires: 'Why?' Eustace answers: 'Mrs. Beaulieu has been dining with some friends in Edinburgh, and has come back terribly fatigued; she has gone up to her room to rest.' Dexter makes another inquiry (satirical inquiry, this time): 'How does she look when she is terribly fatigued? As beautiful as ever?' Answer: 'I don't know; I have not seen her; she slipped upstairs without speaking to anybody.' Third inquiry by Dexter (logical inquiry on this occasion): 'If she spoke to nobody, how do you know she is fatigued?' Eustace hands me a morsel of paper, and answers, 'Don't be a fool! I found this on the hall table. Remember what I have told you about keeping quiet; good night!' Eustace retires. Dexter looks at the paper, and reads these lines in pencil: 'Just returned. Please forgive me for going to bed without saying good-night. I have over-exerted myself; I am dreadfully fatigued. (Signed) Helena.' Dexter is by nature suspicious; Dexter suspects Mrs. Beaulieu. Never mind his reasons; there is no time to enter into his reasons now. He puts the case to himself thus: 'A weary woman would never have given herself the trouble to write this. She would have found it much less fatiguing to knock at the drawing-room door as she passed, and to make her apologies by word of mouth. I see something here out of the ordinary way; I shall make a night of it in my chair.' Very good. Dexter proceeds to make a night of it. He opens his door; wheels himself softly into the corridor; locks the doors of the two empty bedrooms, and returns (with the keys in his pocket) to his own room. 'Now,' says D to himself, 'if I hear a door softly open in this part of the house, I shall know for certain it is Mrs. Beaulieu's door! Upon that he closes his own door, leaving the tiniest little chink to look through; puts out his light; and waits and watches at his tiny little chink, like a cat at a mouse-hole. The corridor is the only place he wants to see; and a lamp burns there all night. Twelve o'clock strikes; he hears the doors below bolted and locked, and nothing happens. Half-past twelve—and nothing still. The house is as silent as the grave. One o'clock; two o'clock—same silence. Half-past two—and something happens at last. Dexter hears a sound close by, in the corridor. It is the sound of a handle turning very softly in a door—in the only door that can be opened, the door of Mrs. Beaulieu's room. Dexter drops noiselessly from his chair on to his hands; lies flat on the floor at his chink, and listens. He hears the handle closed again; he sees a dark object flit by him; he pops his head out of his door, down on the floor where nobody would think of looking for him. And, what does he see? Mrs. Beaulieu! There she goes, with the long brown cloak over her shoulders which she wears when she is driving, floating behind her. In a moment more, she disappears, past the fourth bedroom, and turns at a right angle, into a second corridor, called the South Corridor. What rooms are in the South Corridor? There are three rooms. First room, the little study, mentioned in the nurse's evidence. Second room, Mrs. Eustace Macallan's bed-chamber. Third room, her husband's bedchamber. What does Mrs. Beaulieu (supposed to be worn out by fatigue) want in that part of the house, at half-past two o'clock in the morning? Dexter decides on running his risk of being seen—and sets forth on a voyage of discovery. Do you know how he gets from place to place, without his chair? Have you seen the poor deformed creature hop on his hands? Shall he show you how he does it, before he goes on with his story?"

I hastened to stop the proposed exhibition.

"I saw you last night," I said. "Go on! pray go on with your story!"

"Do you like my dramatic style of narrative?" he asked. "Am I interesting?"

"Indescribably interesting, Mr. Dexter. I am eager to hear more."

He smiled in high approval of his own abilities.

(To be continued.)

CANCER CURE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO, BY DR. WOOD. Cure warranted without the use of the knife, and almost painless. 11-3-52-83

THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE

Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world. 10-25-52-68

HUTCHINSON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS, valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 245 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHINSON. A. D. STEELE. 10-26-52-71

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF ALEXANDER WATSON, TRADER.

AN INSOLVENT. I, WALTER RADFORD, of the City of Montreal, Book-keeper, have been appointed assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month.

WALTER RADFORD, Assignee. 468 St. Paul Street. 11-3-2-82

Montreal, 23 December 1874.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

IN THE MATTER OF MALESIPPE PAQUETTE, OF THE VILLAGE OF ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CABINET MAKER AND TRADER.

AN INSOLVENT. I, the undersigned, ANDREW B. STEWART, of the City and District of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, Merchants Exchange Building, in the said City of Montreal on Wednesday the 17th day of February next (A. D. 1875) at the hour of three of the clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend.

A. B. STEWART, Assignee. 11-3-2-84

Montreal, 14th January 1875.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869

AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

IN THE MATTER OF NORMAN VAN ALSTYNE, OF THE CITY AND DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, IRON FOUNDER-TRADER, CARRYING ON BUSINESS AS SUCH AT THE SAID CITY OF MONTREAL, UNDER THE NAME, STYLE AND FIRM OF N. VAN ALSTYNE & CO.

AN INSOLVENT. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business No. 29 Dalhousie Street, in the said City of Montreal, on Monday, the first day of February next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an assignee.

A. B. STEWART, Interim Assignee. 11-3-2-85

Montreal, 12th January 1875.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869

AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

IN THE MATTER OF NORMAN VAN ALSTYNE, OF THE CITY AND DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, IRON FOUNDER-TRADER, CARRYING ON BUSINESS AS SUCH AT THE SAID CITY OF MONTREAL, UNDER THE NAME, STYLE AND FIRM OF N. VAN ALSTYNE & CO.

AN INSOLVENT. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business No. 29 Dalhousie Street, in the said City of Montreal, on Monday, the first day of February next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an assignee.

A. B. STEWART, Interim Assignee. 11-3-2-85

Montreal, 12th January 1875.

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE SELECT COMMITTEE OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY appointed to inquire into the facts connected with the Exchange of Government Property at the Tannerist will continue their sittings at the Committee Room, No. 63 ST. GABRIEL STREET, Montreal, on MONDAY, the 28th day of DECEMBER instant, at 10 o'clock A. M., and thereafter from day to day. All persons who have any Evidence or Information to give relating to the Subject Matters of the Enquiry are requested to communicate with the Chairman or any member of the Committee; or with Mr. Bishop, Q. C.; or Mr. Loranger, Advocate, or with the undersigned.

By order of the Committee. CHS. P. LINDSAY, Clerk to Committee.

Montreal, 23rd December, 1874. 11-4-67-8

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET. Agent for the SHEPHERD CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBERY CRUIBLER COMPANY, BATHURSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

PARLOR BOOT & SHOE STORE,

375 Notre-Dame Street, One door East of John Arken & Co.

Have always on hand a choice selection of LADIES WHITE GOODS, in Satin, Kid and Jean. 10-25-52-61

E. & A. PERRY.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER

MONEY SAVED. NONE EQUAL TO THE "CINGALESE." PRICE, ONLY 75 CENTS, OR THREE BOTTLES FOR \$2. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Sole Proprietor, J. GARDNER, Chemist, 457 Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.

Ask for CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER 10-25-52-62

JAMES MATTINSON.

of the Firm of Charles Garth & Co.

PLUMBER, STEAM & GAS FITTER,

BRASS & IRON FINISHER,

Mechanical Manufacturer of Steam Pumps, &c., 379 CORNER CRAIG, NEAR COTTE ST. MONTREAL.

All work personally superintended, and executed with despatch on the most reasonable terms.

N. B.—Duplicate pieces of the Boiler Engine kept on hand 10-19-52-27.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS 1874.

FANCY INKSTANDS, in Cutglass, Bronze, Walnut &c., &c. Writing Cases, Writing Desks, Portfolios, &c., &c., in Morocco, Russia and Calf Leathers. Gold Pen and Pencil Cases. Penholders, Gold Pens, &c., &c. Card Cases, in fine Russia and Calf Leathers. Fancy Stationery, in Boxes, Portmanteaus, Pocket-books, Wallets, &c., in great variety. Cabinet and Stationery Cases, and Desks, in Oak and Walnut.

MORTON PHILLIPS & BULMER, (Successors to Robt. Graham, Established 1829.)

STATIONERS, &c., 375 Notre-Dame Street, Montreal. 10-21-57

IMPERIAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF LONDON, Established 1803.

Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA: RINTOUL BROS., No. 24 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.

CHAS. D. HANSON, Inspector. 10-21-52-40

SCOTTISH IMPERIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE FOR THE DOMINION: No. 9 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.

H. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent. I. SAUCY GILMOUR, Agent, Toronto. McFENZIE & OSBORNE, Agents, Hamilton. 10-21-52-41.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 10-21-52-26.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS

Lithographic, Printing & Publishing COMPANY

wish to direct public attention to the unequalled facilities they possess in the ARTISTIC, TYPOGRAPHICAL, and PRINTING Departments of their Works, for the production of every kind of

JOB PRINTING.

They employ a large staff of Artists Engravers, Transferers, Type Setters, Lithographic and Type Printers, besides many assistants, numbering in all over

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY.

The Establishment is one of the largest in America, and perhaps the most complete, containing:

- Seven Steam Lithographic Presses. Twenty-five Hand Lithographic Presses. Three large Cylinder Steam Presses. Four Gordon and other Type Job Presses. Three Label Cutting Machines. One Heavy Guillotine Paper Cutter. A Powerful Hydraulic Press. Stone Grinding Machines; Ink Mills. A complete Stereotyping Apparatus. The most modern and perfect Electrotyping Apparatus, covered by several Patents. A complete out-door Photographic Equipment, including the Patent Camera, which gives perfect views of Buildings, &c., besides the finest Set of Lenses and Cameras for copying purposes in America. An immense stock of Lithographic Stones of all sizes, over 60,000 lbs. weight. A large stock of Papers, Cards, &c., of every quality and description, and every kind of Tool, Implement and Material used in the Business.

With these appliances, and the skilled labour and competent direction it commands, THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY is prepared to execute every class of printing required by

- BANKS: as: Cheques, Drafts, Bills of Exchange. COMPANIES: as: Policies, Bonds, Debentures. MERCHANTS: as: Price Lists, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Business and Show Cards. BREWERS AND DRUGGISTS: as: Beer Labels, Drug and Perfume Labels, &c. LAWYERS AND NOTARIES: as: Facsimiles, and Forms of all kinds. PRINTERS: as: Stereotype and Electrotype Plates, Engravings, Maps, Music, &c., &c. ARCHITECTS AND SURVEYORS: as: Plans, Diagrams, Details, Views, &c. Facsimiles of old Books, Manuscript, Engravings, Maps, Plans, &c., produced at the shortest notice.

Chromos in the Highest Style of Art.

We invite orders from all parts of the Dominion and are even prepared to send our products to the United States. All who favor us will acknowledge that we surpass all competitors in

Elegance of Workmanship; Moderation in Prices; Promptness in Execution.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY, 115 St. Francois Xavier St. and 311 to 319 St. Antoine St. MONTREAL.

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but two cents. Address J. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 10-18-32-20.

North British & Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1820.
 Head Office for Canada:
 No. 72 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
 MONTREAL.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Insurances effected on all classes of Risks.
 LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
 Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policies of Participating Scale.
 MANAGING DIRECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS:
 D. L. MACDOUGALL and THOS. DAVIDSON.
 WM. EWING, INSPECTOR.
 G. H. ROBERTSON and P. R. FAULTON.
 SUB-AGTS. FOR MONTREAL.
 Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns. 10-25-24

R. C. JAMESON & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Varnishes & Japans,
 IMPORTERS OF
Oils, Paints, Colors, Spts. of Turpentine, &c.
 3 Corn Exchange, 6 St. John St., MONTREAL.
 10-19-13-23

DR. HAYWARD'S NEW DISCOVERY.

(PATENTED 1872).
ENGLAND, FRANCE & BELGIUM.
The Treatment and Mode of Cure.
How to use it successfully
With safety and certainty in all cases of decay of the nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low spirits, despondency, languor, exhaustion, muscular debility, loss of strength, appetite, indigestion, and functional ailments from various excesses, &c., &c.
Without Medicine.

THE NEW MODE
 RE-ANIMATES and REVIVES the failing functions of life, and thus imparts ENERGY and FRESH VITALITY to the EXHAUSTED and DEBILITATED Constitution, and may fairly be termed.

THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.

THE LOCAL and NERVINE TREATMENT.
 Imparts tone and vigour to the nervous system, and possesses highly reanimating properties, its influence on the secretions and functions is speedily manifested, and in all cases of debility, nervousness, depression, palpitation of the heart, trembling of the limbs, issues in the bark, &c., resulting from over-taxed energies of body or mind, &c.
 Full Printed Instructions, with Prospectus and the Grams for invalids, post Free, 25 cents.
 (FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.)
 DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., 14 York Street, Portman Square, London, W.
 For Qualifications, vide Medical Register.
 10-17-13-16.

AMERICAN WATCHES

Illustrated catalogues containing price list giving full information
How to Choose a Good Watch
 Price 10 cents. Address,
 S. P. KLEISER
 P. O. Box 1022, Toronto
 No. 34 Union Block, Toronto Street, Toronto.
 10-14-31-7.

BERKELEY, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking Norton's Camomile Pills. I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of those who may thus be afflicted. I am, Sir, yours truly, HENRY ALLEANS.—To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS.
 10-14-19-22-8.

DOMINION METAL WORKS,

[ESTABLISHED 1828.]
CHARLES GARTH & CO.
 MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
Plumbers, Engineers, Steamfitters, Brass, Copper & Iron Work, Gasfittings, &c.
 OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY:
 536 TO 542 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.
 10-19-13-26.

JOSEPH LUCKWELL,

BUILDER & JOINER
 35, ST. ANTOINE STREET,
 MONTREAL. 10-20-32-32.

NOTICE.
Morson's Effectual Remedies.



Are sold by Chemists and Druggists throughout the world.
PEPSINE, the popular and professional medicine for indigestion is MORSON'S PEPSINE, the active principle of the gastric juice. Sold in Powder, Lozenges, Globules, and as Wine in 1, 1 and 1 pint Bottles.
CHLORODYNE is of such celebrity that it can scarcely be considered a specialty, its composition being known to all chemists. Many of the Chlorodynes being inferior in strength, MORSON & SON have prepared this. Sold in 1, 1 and 3-oz. bottles.
PANCREATIZED COD LIVER OIL perfectly miscible in water or milk, in 4 oz., 8 oz., and pint Bottles.
Highly recommended by the Medical profession in Pulmonary complaints.

Carefully packed and shipped. Orders made payable in England.
THOMAS MORSON & SON.
 MEDALLISTS AND JURORS AT ALL THE GREAT EXHIBITIONS.
 31, 33, & 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.
 WORKS—HORNSEY AND HOMERTON.

PURE CHEMICALS AND NEW MEDICINES.

INDICESTION! INDICESTION!
 SEE NAME ON LABEL. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.
 HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
 SOLD as wine in bottles, Lozenges in bottles, globules in bottles, and as powder in 1 oz. bottles, and by all Chemists and Manufacturers. Full directions given.
 T. MORSON AND SON, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.
 11-17-21-23-24-25

The Royal Canadian Insurance Company.

FIRE AND MARINE.
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - - \$6,000,000,
 Having Over Two Thousand Stockholders.
 Available Funds to meet Claims exceed Seven Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Ensure all Classes of Risks against Fire at moderate rates, which will be paid immediately on the Loss being established.
MARINE BRANCH
 This Company issue Policies on Inland Hulls and Inland Cargoes on terms as favorable as any First Class Company. Open Policies issued on Special Terms. Losses adjusted equitably and Paid Promptly.
DIRECTORS:—HON. JOHN YOUNG, PRESIDENT. J. F. SINCENNES, VICE PRESIDENT.
 ANDREW ROBERTSON, J. R. THIBAUDEAU, L. A. BOYER, M. P., JOHN ONTELL,
 W. F. KAY, M. C. MULLARKY, ANDREW WILSON
 GENERAL MANAGER, ALFRED PERRY, SECRETARY, ARTHUR GAGNON
 MANAGER MARINE DEPARTMENT, CHAS. G. FORTIER.
BANKERS:—BANK OF MONTREAL. LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.
 Montreal, December 14th, 1874. 10-20-32-22

Commercial Union Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON.
Capital, \$12,500,000. FUNDS IN HAND AND INVESTED, OVER \$5,000,000.
 UNCALLED CAPITAL, 11,000,000.
 BRANCH OFFICE FOR EASTERN CANADA—UNION BUILDINGS, 43 ST. FRANCOIS-XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.
FIRE DEPARTMENT. Insurance granted upon Dwelling Houses and Mercantile Risks, including Mills and Manufactories and their contents, at reasonable rates.
LIFE DEPARTMENT. Terms liberal—Rates moderate—Security perfect—Bonus large, having before averaged over 25 per cent. of the Premiums paid.
 10-19-52-28. **FRED. COLE, General Agent for Eastern Canada.**

Provincial Insurance Company of Canada,

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, Ont.
FIRE AND MARINE. Endeavour to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND JUST SETTLEMENT OF FAIR CLAIMS.
 MONTREAL OFFICE: 160 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE-DAME
 10-19-52-29. **T. A. EYRYS, AGENT.**

GRAVEL ROOFING.

R. ALEXANDER,
 805 CRAIG STREET,
 MONTREAL.
 10-21-52-28.

NEW ATTRACTIONS

FOR
CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS.
 CROWDS OF PEOPLE are attracted all through the day to the Window of 209 NOTRE DAME ST., in which is to be seen an entire New Stock of Novelties, consisting of Magic Lanterns and Slides (a very fine assortment imported), Mechanical Toys, Children's Toys, and Fancy Goods of every description. Also, a Choice Selection of Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, and Gold and Silver Spectacles to suit all Sights.
 A variety of New, Elegant Photographs just received from LONDON, PARIS and NEW YORK.
 G. J. HERBARD,
 209 NOTRE DAME STREET.
 N. B.—Every article suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Presents can be found here.
 Montreal, December 15, 1874. 10-23-13-32

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER
 Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied.
 It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crusts, Puddings, &c., will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.
THE COOK'S FRIEND
 SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.
 For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer,
 W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills,
 10-14-30-5. 55 College Street. 10-21-32-35.

LEA & PERRIN'S

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
 CELEBRATED
 DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE
The only Good Sauce.



CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD.
 The success of this most delicious and unrivalled Condiment having caused certain dealers to apply the name of "Worcestershire Sauce" to their own inferior compounds, the public is hereby informed that the only way to secure the genuine is to

ASK FOR LEA & PERRIN'S SAUCE.

and to see that their names are upon the wrapper, label, stopper, and bottle.
 Some of the foreign markets having been supplied with a spurious Worcestershire Sauce, upon the wrapper and labels of which the name Lea & Perrin have been forged, L. & P. give notice that they have furnished their correspondents with power of attorney to take instant proceedings against Manufacturers and Vendors of such of any other imitations by which their right may be infringed.

Ask for LEA & PERRIN'S Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester, Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c., and by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.
 To be obtained of J. M. DOUGLAS & CO. and FRICHAULT & CO., Montreal.
 10-14-31-6.

Excelsior Do Your Own Printing
 Portable \$9 Press for cards, labels, envelopes etc. Larger sizes for large work.
 Business Men do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. Amateur Printing, delightful pastime for spare hours. BOYS have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue presses type etc. to the Mfrs
KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn.
 10-21-32-37.

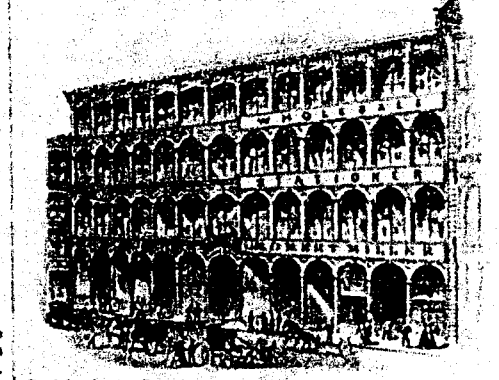
TO PRINTERS.

The undersigned offers for sale the following Machines:
 ONE IMPERIAL JOE WASHINGTON HAND PRESS.
 ONE SUPER ROYAL IMPROVED DITTO.
 ONE GORDON JOB PRESS, FOOTSCAP SIZE.
 THREE HAND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING PRESSES.
 ONE HAND PAPER CUTTING MACHINE.
 THREE WANZER SEWING MACHINES.
 The above will be sold cheap for cash or its equivalent.
 Apply to the General Manager of
THE BURLAND-DESHARATS CO.
 MONTREAL.

WANTED

Several active energetic young men to canvass for the
"Canadian Illustrated News,"
 AND FOR THE
"MECHANICS MAGAZINE."
 Good and exclusive territory will be given to each, and a liberal commission.
 Apply to the General Manager of
THE BURLAND-DESHARATS CO.
 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, or 319 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.

ROBERT MILLER,



Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER.
 IMPORTER OF
Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS,
 397 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
 10-19-26-08-30.

Printed and Published by the BURLAND-DESHARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, MONTREAL.

WHITESIDE'S PATENT SPRING BED!