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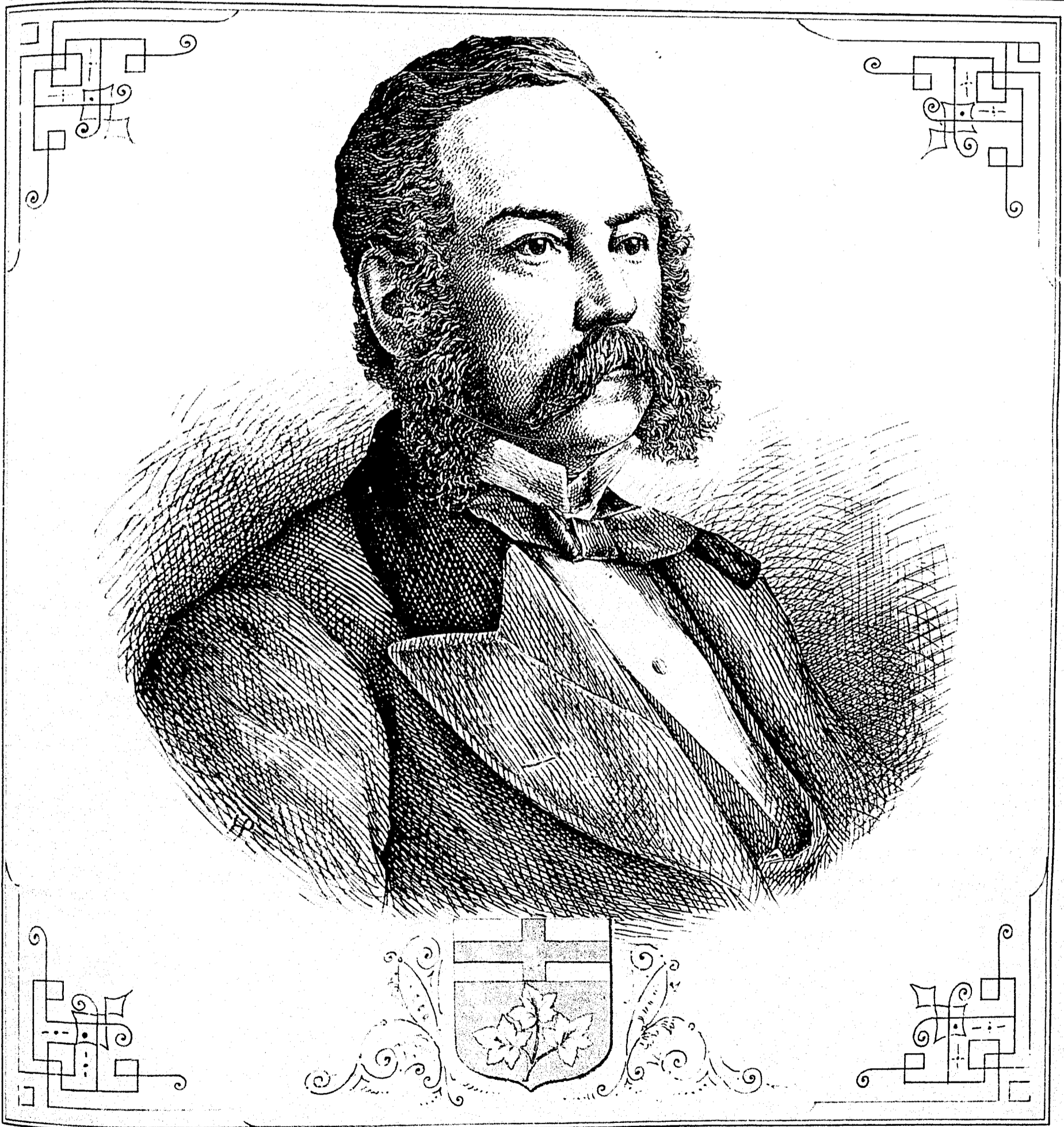
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HIS HONOUR JOHN CRAWFORD, LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

The disaster to the cable steamer "Robert Lowe," sunk last week off the coast of Newfoundland, following so closely upon the burning of the "Bavarian" on Lake Ontario, should have the effect of bringing into earnest and vigorous discussion the most serviceable and effective means of saving life at sea. Although the circumstances that attended the loss of the two steamers were very different, there can be no doubt that the loss of life in each case might have been largely diminished, if not wholly avoided, had the proper apparatus been at hand. The breaking-out of the fire on board the lake steamer was followed by a panic such as invariably proves fatal. With one or two honourable exceptions, the crew, officers and men alike, seem to have lost their wits, and as naturally might have been expected, the life saving apparatus was not used to the extent or with the success that it might have been. As it was, only two boats were lowered the others being found so firmly fixed in their cradles that in the excitement of the moment, it was found impossible to dislodge them. In the case of the "Robert Lowe" the vessel filled and settled down so rapidly that there was no time to get the life-boats afloat. There appears, so far as can be gathered from the meagre report telegraphed from Piacentia, to have been little or no panic. The captain was on the bridge at the time of the disaster, was perfectly cool, and devoted himself to the task of saving as many lives as possible. Yet his coolness and heroism were alike unavailing, and though his efforts were in a measure crowned with success, seventeen souls, including himself, went down with the wreck. With these two cases before us, each of a different nature, but with the same fatal effects we are compelled to believe that the apparatus now in use for saving life at sea is by far too elaborate. Life-boats and life-preservers are well enough in their way, but experience has only too fatally proven that they are frequently utterly useless. The boats are often stowed away in a corner where they remain untouched for months. By constant exposure to damp air wood-work and ropes become swollen, and when the critical moment arrives the boat refuses to budge and the ropes to run through the davit blocks. It is evident that some simpler and more effectual plan should be adopted. One of the most sensible suggestions that have been made on the subject is that of life rafts, light and uncumbrous structures which could be launched without difficulty, even in the time of a panic, and which could not be easily swamped or sunk. There can be no doubt that were such a plan adopted the annual loss of life at sea would be very considerably diminished. In the case of panic the difficulty to be overcome is of course much greater. Yet much can be effected by example and by strict discipline. In this connection, the destruction of the "Wawasset," on the Potomac, taught a most salutary lesson, and one which—and this more to the point—has been turned to advantage with the most gratifying result. This is the enforcement of a system of regular drills on board steamboats, by which the efficiency of crews in case of disaster is very largely increased. The idea is an excellent one, which we hope shortly to see very generally carried out. The results attained where this system is in use have been all that can be desired. It has been demonstrated that in a minute and a half from a given signal the hose can be brought into use, the buckets got in readiness, the life-preservers distributed, and four life-boats launched. It is not, however, the actual space of time in which these operations can be performed that is important, so much as the necessary training and routine which will be found so useful in the hurry and confusion attendant on an accident. The great thing is to ensure coolness, method and regularity on the part of all hands. Had this system of drill, which is somewhat akin to that of fire-brigades, the survivors from the "Bavarian," and in all probability from the "Robert Lowe" would have had a different tale to tell.

A question which naturally throws great light on the prospect of the United States going to war with Spain, but one which, nevertheless, has been strangely overlooked by most writers, is the bearing such an issue would have on the financial condition of the Union. The present state of things through the States is unquestionably very gloomy. All branches of trade, all lines of industry, such as factories, workshops, mills and mines, have experienced the prevailing depression. Forty thousand workmen are thrown out of employment in the city of New York alone. In thousands of other cases, hands are reduced to half time and consequently to half pay. The darkest apprehensions are entertained for the winter. The papers prophesy that there will be more than one instance of absolute starvation to record. Under these circumstances, it is easy to conceive what effect a war with Spain would have. There would, of necessity, be a large issue of new government bonds. If an inflation of \$44,000,000 is already deemed requisite to relieve the New York bankers, what could it become in case hostilities were declared? There would be momentary relief, certainly. Money, for a few weeks, would appear to flow freely. But the experience of the past shows us what direction it would speedily take. The bonds would be bought up by speculators, the premium on gold would rise and the price of every commodity—already so high—would be ruin-

ously elevated. The poor then would suffer immeasurably more than they are doing now, and the trade of the country would meet another stunning check. During the next three months, which are the great exporting season, the exports from all the ports of the United States, will presumably reach the figure of two hundred millions, while the imports will not go beyond one hundred and forty millions. That leaves an excess of sixty millions in favour of the United States, far more than enough to pay for freight on imports and interest on bonds held in foreign markets. The remainder must be settled for in specie or securities. In case of a war, there would be an issue of new bonds, as we have said. That would effectually exclude the negotiation, in America, of United States securities at present in foreign hands. The only recourse would be to take gold. But the importation of gold from England would be too great a strain on that market, at the present time, and it would have the additional disastrous effect, from an American point of view, of completely preventing the exportation of cotton to England, where there would not be the specie to buy it. Those who understand the importance of the cotton staple will feel all the force of this contingency. It is true the South would more directly suffer from the embargo, but the result would affect the North as well, because from the North are derived those supplies which are furnished to the South and made payable on the moving of the cotton crop. It is sincerely to be hoped that there will be no war with Spain, on high international grounds. But this consummation is still more devoutly to be wished for, on lower humanitarian principles. The large masses of the poor are miserable enough at present, without having their condition aggravated by the terror of war prices and the grinding exactions of speculators.

If there is one man in Europe for whom an honest person ought to entertain respect, that man is the Count de Chambord. He has the courage of his opinions. He is above bribes, menaces and intrigues. He has a lordly aversion for that detestible thing called compromise. He possesses ambition, else he were not fit to be a prince and a ruler. But his ambition is not selfish. It is subordinated, like a trained steed, and his whole love is for his country. His principles may be antiquated, they may be subversive of the present order of ideas, but he honestly entertains them and he boldly expresses them. He is willing to stand or fall by them, which is more than can be said of many leaders of our renovated society. There is something affecting in the life of this prince. His birth took place under remarkable circumstances; his presentation to the soldiery at Rambouillet when only ten years old, was full of pathos and his long exile since that date is but a series of pathetic incidents. If the Count had spent his time, as so many royal exiles do, in the enjoyment of his vast wealth and the pursuits of pleasure, our respect for him would be only commonplace. But instead of acting thus, he has led a quiet, unostentatious existence, occupied with his books and his household and always devotedly attached to the interests of France. He has never intrigued for the throne. He has never conspired to advance his dynasty. He has bided his time with heroic patience, keenly following the progress of events in his native country, and preparing himself to serve her whenever opportunity offered. That opportunity presented itself more than once, but under circumstances which he could not conscientiously accept. He has never attempted to force circumstances. Only the other day, he might have allowed himself to be led by the current which seemed to drift him directly to Versailles. But he was not thoroughly satisfied and he said so. If the Count lacked either intelligence or character, we might attribute his conduct to indifference or pusillanimity. But he is known to be brave, both physically and morally, and his mind is one of the most cultivated in Europe. His actions are based on principle, and we must therefore admire him, however much we may dissent from those principles. Another claim which the Count possesses to the esteem of the world, is the purity and simplicity of his private life. For a Bourbon, the exception is a notable one, going far towards our belief in the amelioration of the race. Unfortunately, this good prince has no descendants of his own and his legal heirs—the princes of Orleans—lack that record for personal virtue or political consistency which is necessary to inspire confidence in the utility of their reign over France. Fortunately, since the refusal of the Count de Chambord to ascend the ancestral throne, the chances of the Orleanists have diminished still more. Let us hope that they may never be revived.

The conviction of Tweed was, we believe, unexpected by most people, and its announcement was at first received with a marked degree of incredulity that was but little complimentary to the administration of justice peculiar to New York. The fact is that the record of successful and unpunished rascals on the other side of the line is already such a lengthy document that a few additions would not have excited any very great surprise. In fact, many observers, perhaps, looked upon the acquittal of the Great Panjandrum of public defaulters as a foregone conclusion. And indeed the supposition was not an unlikely one. The accused was a man of influence and immense wealth. In the States the latter is the magic password which throws open every door. His political influence extended not only over the city and county of New York, but throughout the Empire State, and he may

be said to have controlled the Albany Legislature for years. It is true that two years ago, when the Tammany Ring was broken up, much of Tweed's prestige was impaired, but still it was generally supposed that he had friends and money sufficient left to hold his own and forestall the ends of justice. To the satisfaction and relief of the whole country such has not proved the case. An honest jury, and an honest judge were found prepared to do their whole duty and they did it with a promptitude and energy deserving of the highest consideration. The moral effect of Tweed's sentence will be prodigious. It will go very far indeed towards elevating the level of public morality in the United States and will restore confidence in an elective judiciary. We should not be surprised to find that the news should create a buoyancy in American securities held abroad. Taken altogether, the event is one of the most important and notable of the present year.

"It is possible," says the London *Graphic*, speaking of the 'shameless inventions' of the *New York World*, "that there are American journals who deem this kind of matter acceptable to their correspondents, but whether dealing with public or private individuals it is their duty to take care not to publish false and mischievous libels. For much less reason an English newspaper recently confessed itself deceived, and gave up the name of the contributor to public odium. It is only by like conduct that the *New York Daily World* can hope to maintain its rank among respectable journals." We manage these things better in Canada. Here a journal laying claim to the highest respectability may publish the most atrocious rumours—such for instance as the report of the suicide of a public man who lay at the time under the gravest accusations—without in the least degree forfeiting in the public estimation its rank among respectable journals. And yet we complain because Canadian journalism is not so highly respected abroad as we should like to see it.

It appears that the principal objections entertained by some persons to the new Premier, are that he is a working man, that the cut of his clothes is not beyond criticism, and that his household belongings are not on a scale of extreme magnificence. Had those who cling fondly to these defects in Mr. Mackenzie's status and appearance had the good fortune to have received their education at Westminster they would bear indelibly impressed on their mind the maxim "manures make ye man." However, *non culis conijit adire Corinthos*, it does not fall to the lot of every man to be brought up as a gentleman, nor for that matter, to become a Premier.

That is a good proposition which a writer makes in one of the daily papers, to the effect that the Montreal Passenger Railway Company should be compelled to hold annual meetings open to the press, and to publish a certified statement of their dividend. Without entering into a discussion of the Company's manner of conducting business, we judge it only fair to the public that so important a corporation should be brought to obey the general rule.

Reform is evidently to be the order of the day in very earnest under the new Ministry. It is stated that the clerks in the Government Departments at Ottawa, will now be required to work from ten till six, instead of from ten till four. Considering the arduous nature of the duties to be performed the change will doubtless be sincerely deprecated—especially by those who are immediately concerned.

The fidelity of party journals in following the lead of their chief is at times simply marvellous. Not the least remarkable thing about Sir John's resignation was the devotion with which some of his newspaper supporters felt called upon also to resign—their principles.

The inquiry into the fearful disaster of the "Bavarian" has been conducted with proper research and dispatch. Let us hope that the punishment, if any is deserved, will be equally swift and commensurate to the crime.

"What will they say in England?" was the cry of the ex-Opposition press some weeks ago, when the 'Pacific Scandal' "What do we care what they say in England?" is their cry at present.

At the banquet given him by leading citizens of Ottawa, Sir John expressed his desire to retire into private life, but confidently predicted the return of the Liberal Conservative party to power.

Mr. Joseph Arch has changed his mind in regard to Canada, and now extols it in the highest terms. His friends in England are, however, disgusted at his having dined with Lord Dufferin.

Southern planters will not sell their cotton to Northern dealers except for gold. There are over one million bales of cotton lying over in the South till spring.

When will the Opposition papers begin to treat their readers to something else than Sir John A. Macdonald's speech at the Ottawa banquet?

THE FLANEUR.

Wonders will never cease. A young girl named Richard, of the parish of St. Leonard, and aged thirteen, went nine whole months without taking any food, solid or liquid, except an occasional sup of cold water. But within the past few weeks she changed her mind, took to eating like any other feeble-minded mortal, and has at present attained a normal *raisonpoint*. Her parents are particularly glad to see that she is now like every body else. I think myself the girl is decidedly mistaken. It is so much nicer to be like nobody else.

The New York papers inform us that Tweed is much worn.

It is wonderful how circumstances alter cases. Some time ago a certain portion of our press was loud in its praise of English comments on the Pacific scandal. Now that the British papers, after fuller information, modify their opinions very considerably, they are ignored or abused by their former friends here.

If English journals choose to change, why may not ours enjoy a similar privilege?

"Don't do that again, John. I am five years old to-day, and the parson says it is not proper for young ladies to kiss on the mouth." And Minnie sailed out of the room wiping her lips.

There never were so many organ grinders in the city before. They all belong to the same type, with a single exception. That one is a young woman, not unhandsome, whose instrument is on wheels, and contains in a recess, a cosy place where an infant quietly sleeps, as she grinds her screeching music. Gazing at this pretty sight some weeks ago, I felt softened, and fumbled in my pocket for a penny. Just then two high-born dames passed, with a scowl and sneer on their faces.

"That's a baggage," said one, pointing to the poor woman with her parasol.

"The child is not hers," rejoined the other. "She borrowed it to impose upon honest people."

I let go my penny, and diving to the bottom of my pocket, pulled out my last five-cent piece, which I handed to the woman.

Where has the poor musician gone, now that the snow has come?

The glory of Jack Sheppard and Bill Edmonson has departed. Sharkey is the hero of the day. A gambler, black-leg, "political striker," and murderer, he was the terror and desecration of his fellow men, while his handsome face and dashing figure made him the admiration of the sex. Poor Maggie Jordan! He treated her more shamefully than ever Bill Sykes did Nancy. And yet she loved him. Beautiful Maggie! Fit to be the lawful wife of a nob. During Sharkey's trial, she sat constantly by his side. During his imprisonment, she was the only one who visited him. Little by little, she brought articles of female dress to his cell, until his disguise was complete, when he quietly walked out of the Tombs, leaving the poor girl to face the enraged keepers. Sharkey is now free, thanks to Maggie Jordan. O fair, chaste ladies, raise not up your white hands in holy deprecation. Love is stronger than death, and such charity as Maggie's covereth a multitude of sins.

Have you ever received a letter which bore on the face, or rather on the back of it, unmistakable evidence of being a disagreeable letter—perhaps that of a dun or a poor relation? And have you not caught yourself in the act of slipping that letter in your pocket, saying: "I will read it to-night or to-morrow." Now that is cowardice. "But if I read it, it will make me angry or miserable." If it makes you angry or miserable, there is a remedy. Read it over a second time, slowly, deliberately, chewing every word. Then you will feel better. Homeopathy.

A French student's view of the collapse of the Chambord restoration is worth preserving. He rejoiced at the collapse. And why? Because if Chambord had reigned, it would have made the history of one more king to learn by heart.

"Kiss me quick and go."
Said Sally to her lover;
Her cheek was all aglow,
She wished the thing was over.

"Kiss me quick and go?"
Said the lover to the maid;
His spirits fluttered low,
And he stood as one dismayed.

"Go where?" he gasped with pain.
"Do you mean to drive me off?"
She glanced at him again,
And gave a little cough.

"Why, go to daddy's quick,
And ask him for my hand;
Now mind you do it slick,
I hope you understand."

He kissed her quick and scooted,
In a jiffy he was back;
He jumped about and hooted,
And gave his gal a smack.

Quoth Sally, with a stare,
"What did the old man say?"
"Why, he said he didn't care—
"I might kiss you slow and stay."

"Well, go ahead then, Mister,
And take your time," said she,
He took his time and kissed her,
From twelve o'clock till three.

Do you know how to cook a mutton chop? There are few persons who do. In "Shirley," the big Irish Vicar has this point in his favour and this only, that he *did* know how to cook a chop. I confess my ignorance, but I will give you a receipt from a friend who, like Dumas, combines the talents of a writer and a caterer. Place your gridiron—the frying-pan is an abomination—over a clear fire, and keep it there till it is very hot. Then take your chop—one of good thickness preferred—and set it over the bars, turning it over every thirty seconds, till it is done. To know when it is done requires instinct. All good cooks have instincts. But, in the name of decency, do not dab your fork into it to ascertain whether it is done. Next take a dessert spoonful of Tarragon vinegar—don't start, it is only twenty-five cents a bottle—and pour it in drops on both sides of the chop, after which put it on a hot plate, pepper and salt it, and set the plate in a very hot oven for about a minute. Eat the chop thus prepared and let me know how you like it.

I always recognize an American by his delicate, well-shaped boot. An Englishman is always badly shod.

On the other hand, John Bull is distinguished for his elegant head-piece, while, as a rule, Jonathan wears a shocking bad hat.

Who can tell me why a bandy-legged man always looks vulgar?

Why is it that drinking claret while smoking a cigar generally induces headache?

A case of conscience.

Supposing a street car conductor forgets to ask you for your fare, are you bound to remind him of it? I have heard people relate, as a tremendous joke, that they had a free ride on the cars.

Opposite the room where I write these melancholy lines there is a house. In that house there are two windows. In those windows there are curtains. That is all simple enough, you will say. Yes, but the mischief of it is that of those two curtains one is always down and the other always looped up. Now, why are they not both drawn down or both looped up? Some people are very provoking.

ALMATIVA.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE GOURMAND.

BY

A

I have heard some reckless mortals exclaim that they didn't care what they eat. Just something to satisfy hunger, they didn't care what and they were content. *Ma foi*, to eat only to appease the pangs of hunger is animal; but the *gourmand* is an artist. I have no patience with people who have no relish for good things. I tell you, sir and madame, there is a poetry in eating as well as in every thing else that is natural. There are those who hurry through the world in an express train and they never look at the landscape. Mont Blanc at sunrise, the vast stretch of the ocean, the cultivated plains undulating in varied shade, the stream purling between flower-clad banks, the sun, like some grand old monarch, wrapping his purple and gold drapery about him in death, the moon, in melancholy grandeur, followed by her vassal stars, are all unheeded because the unfortunates have no poetry in their souls. We pity them. I tell you the poor mortal is to be more greatly pitied who hurries through life, taking breakfast, dinner and supper, day after day, without a special *goût*, who eats what is placed before him, without regard to the savory flavors of delicately cooked dishes. Why should a man refuse to receive pleasure from his palate, tickled with a carefully prepared *menu* any more than from his ears charmed with music or his eyes pleased with painting and sculpture. The man who derives no more pleasure from Strasbourg *pâté de foie gras* or the delicious truffles than from a dry crust and a tough beef-steak, who can swallow his small beer with as much relish as his Moot or old crusted port, is a miserable for whose unfortunate condition prayers ought to be offered up weekly in the churches!

I tell you eating is the *primum mobile* of a vast array of events. Deprive a people of wholesome food and your aristocracy become *Sans-culottes* and your rabble break out into open rebellion. I maintain that the communist and the *pitroleuse* of Paris arose out of famine by as sure a law as myriads of disgusting animalcules will grow out of putrid water. It is your lean cadaverous looking men, who snatch hasty and unwholesome meals, who become radicals and obstructionists. Your well fed men are conservative to the last. Look at the honoured bench of bishops of the Episcopal Church. They are tolerant and easy and comfortable. They don't start new religious theories to disturb mankind. They don't rush red handed against dissenters. *Pourquoi?* Because they are good liverers. They know the virtue of port wine and grow paunches beneath their silk aprons. Dys-pepsia, *mes amis*, is the great foe to order.

Did I hear the voice of some pale faced little belle, with a waist that I could span, exclaim that I am deifying gluttony? *Ce n'est pas vrai*. I am elevating gastronomy into a science. Come here, *ma belle*, and I will tell you a secret that I learned long ago from perhaps the best Polonius that ever graced the British stage. Have you a lover and do you want to charm his heart—the avenue, my dear, is through his stomach—or an obdurate husband who refuses the cash for a new dress? I will tell you my secret. I will give you a receipt for the *princeps obsonio-um* that will charm him into loving compliance. Take lamb's kidney. Split it open, my charmer, and place in the inside a piece of butter the size of a filbert nut, a little cayenne pepper, the squeeze of a lemon, a pinch of salt, a *souppon* of mustard and a drop or two of Worcestershire sauce. Bring the gaping lips together. Take a Spanish onion, split it in two and from the centre remove sufficient to enable you to introduce the kidney. Close the onion, tie it round and suspend it before the fire and cook till the kidney is done to its heart of hearts. *Ciel!* what a morsel! What a combination of flavors. The snices from the inside of the kidney and the delicate juices of the onion from without permeate that morsel of meat till it tastes like the food of the gods. The trembling lover falls captive at your feet, the obdurate husband yields up his purse.

I said I received the information that I am giving you, *m'amie*, from an actor. I can recall his manner as he took me by the shoulder, standing behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and leading me into his private room, recounted with watering teeth and a peculiar inhalation of the breath, as though he were breathing the fragrance of the dish, how to cook a kidney. *Helas, hélas!* I was younger then. It is some *lustra* since that night and have you, old friend, passed beyond the dark Styx? You have had ere this, I warrant me, many a chat with Shakespeare himself and he has given you an approving smile. Actors are all great eaters. I had almost committed myself to an apothegm—that all great men are great eaters. Not measured by quantity, madame, but hearty eaters, men who relish their food, whose mouths water over delicate morsels, calling forth nature's juices to aid in the wonderful process of digestion. If I see a student, or a newspaper writer, or a medical man or a lawyer passing by savory dishes for a dry crust or pitchforking his food into his mouth, with mind intent on other matters, I prophecy no good concerning his career.

I said actors are good liverers. I have known something about that class in my day. I have seen them pandered and plushed on the stage and I have seen them in threadbare coats and faded dresses in shabby little rooms. I have sat down to a feast with them, where the champagne bottles made a cannonade accompaniment and I have partaken of a little stewed tripe and onions, washed down with hot gin and water and, my little dears, I have enjoyed myself. There is a heartiness about them. You are welcomed to their board, whether it has silver plate on it or only iron forks, with a right good will. They mean to enjoy themselves and they mean that you shall enjoy yourself. There is no fuss and flummery. Polly puts the kettle on with a grace and if she partakes of a little of the steaming punch after, it tastes none the less sweet to you for her company.

I see a vision, a gaunt, dyspeptic, lantern-jawed vision. I am reproved for preaching animalism and sensuality. *Tenez, monsieur*. I look upon you as the sinner to pass by the good things of life. You might be plump and mellow and I declare, good looking, instead of being a scarecrow and a fright, had you enjoyed life. Bah, I have no patience with asceticism. Why should I drink vinegar and set my teeth on edge, when I can have nectar? I despise a glutton as heartily as you, sir, but a *gourmand*, I repeat, is an artist.

Politicians in this country don't know enough of the effects of good eating in keeping their friends together and winning over deserters. They would be the better for recollecting the celebrated instructions of Napoleon to the Abbe de Pradt, when despatched to gain over Poland to his cause: *Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes*.

Vive la bonne table. James, I will have a devilled bone for supper and a little brandy and water after.

NEW BOOKS.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE. By Wilkie Collins. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. pp. 543. Price \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

POOR MISS FINCH. By Wilkie Collins. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. pp. 454. Price \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Among the living English novelists of the present day Wilkie Collins stands *facile princeps*. He possesses a wonderful aptitude for constructing a story, investing it with intense interest, and completely carrying his readers along with him. Perhaps there is no living author of his class whose works are in such wide and continued demand. Messrs. Harper & Brothers have gracefully commemorated Mr. Collins' visit to this continent by the publication of a neat library edition of his works, of which the books before us are the first two volumes. They are elegantly and substantially bound in green cloth—matching the well known Harper's Library Edition of novelists—handsomely printed on good paper, and illustrated by English and American artists. Some of the illustrations have been drawn especially for this edition, the first volume of which bears in a facsimile of the author's handwriting the dedication, to the American People. One volume, it is announced, will be issued each month until the completion of the series. There can be no doubt that the edition will prove a complete success, and will be met with a very large demand from the reading public of the United States and Canada.

MODERN MAGIC. By Mr. Schele de Vere. Cloth. 12mo. pp. 466. Price, \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Mr. de Vere's book has proved a disappointment in every way. In the first place the title is delusive; it gives a very false idea of the nature of the contents, and appears to have been selected more with an eye to profitable sales than preciseness. The information given is of the most meagre description—a careful compilation from Collin de Plancy's *Dictionnaire Infernal* would be more comprehensive and by no means less readable—while the object of the author as expressed in the Preface has been entirely lost sight of. "The aim of this little work," he writes, "is limited to the gathering of such facts and phenomena as may serve to throw light upon the nature of the magic powers with which man is undoubtedly endowed. Its end will be attained if it succeeds in showing that he actually does possess powers which are not subjected to the general laws of nature, but more or less independent of space or time, and which yet make themselves known partly by appeals to the ordinary senses and partly by peculiar phenomena, the result of their activity." In reaching this aim the writer has been anything but successful. The subject he has chosen is one of such infinite and varied scope, that though it would be difficult to do it justice it would be a comparatively easy task to construct thereof a readable work, in which amusement and instruction would be combined. As it is, Mr. de Vere's subject has entirely run away with him, and though there is an amount of cheap learning displayed in the book, it is impossible to overlook its shallowness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

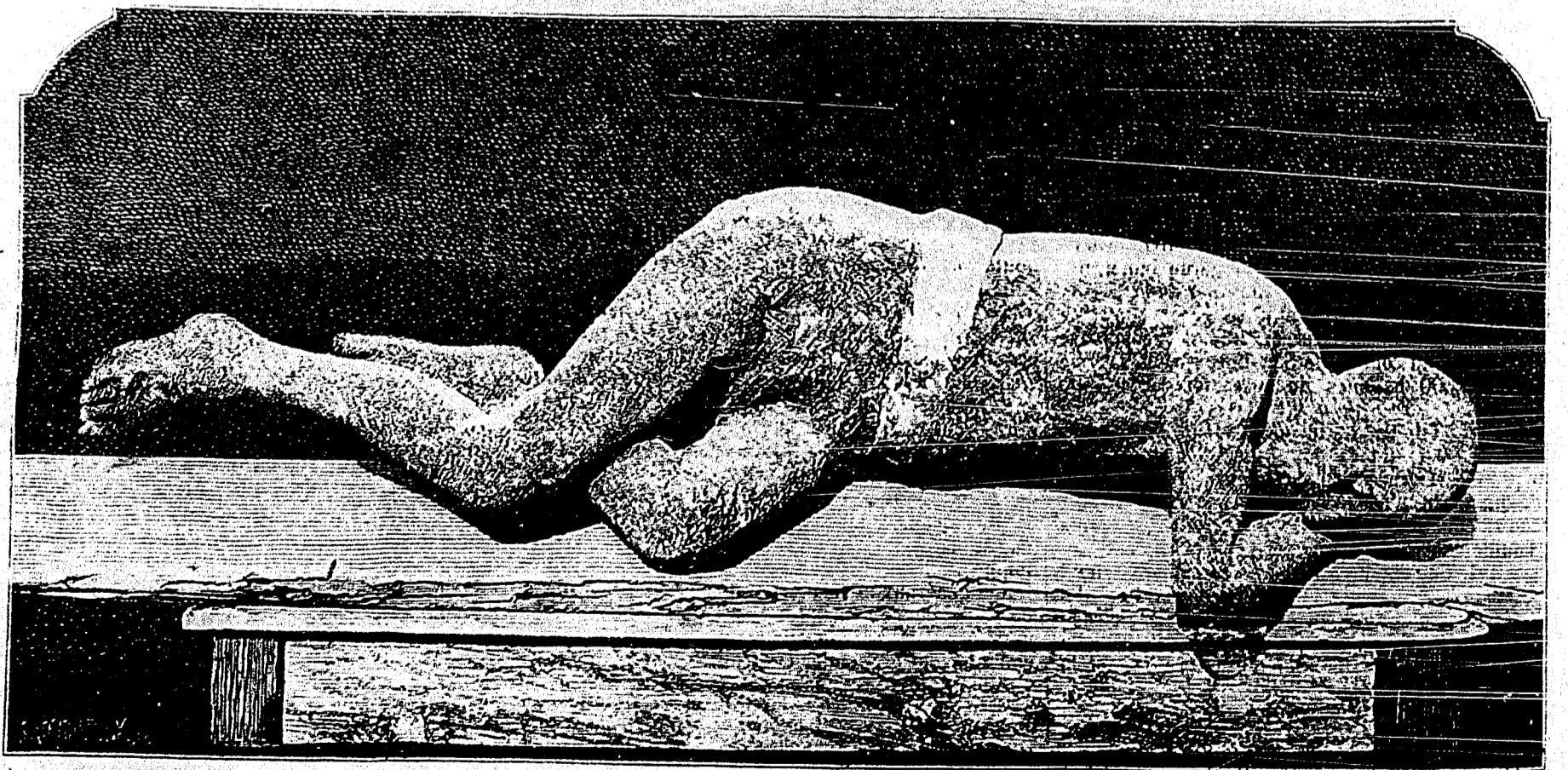
To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

SIR,—In this age of compromise, when the highest political science is an adroit yielding to "inevitable necessity" (necessity which we contribute to create and then style inevitable) it is some consolation to find a man of kingly rank ready to say at all hazards—"Personally I am nothing, the principle I represent is everything." The materialists, whose short-sighted wisdom extends no further than an immediate advantage, cannot understand the gravity of concessions. They marvel that the *Comte de Chambord* should attach importance to a rag,—it is thus they talk of a national flag. They forget that the tricolor is the emblem of the revolution, and that the establishment of *Henri Cinq* on the throne of France means the end of revolution, or it has no significance whatever. *Personally he is nothing*, and if he is to be only the representative of revolution he has no greater claims to respect than the Imperial Charlatan whom he follows. Perhaps less; for he may want skill in the art which has rendered the name of Barnum illustrious. To us the letter to Mr. de Chesnelong marks one of the most instructive passages of history. In it we trace the spirit of a true king. He may not succeed according to the vulgar measure of success; but his words will not perish—his self denial will never be forgotten. The triumphs of virtue are certain and imperishable. The grosser successes dwindle and are lost. The memory of *Dives* only lives to glorify *Lazarus*.

M. L.



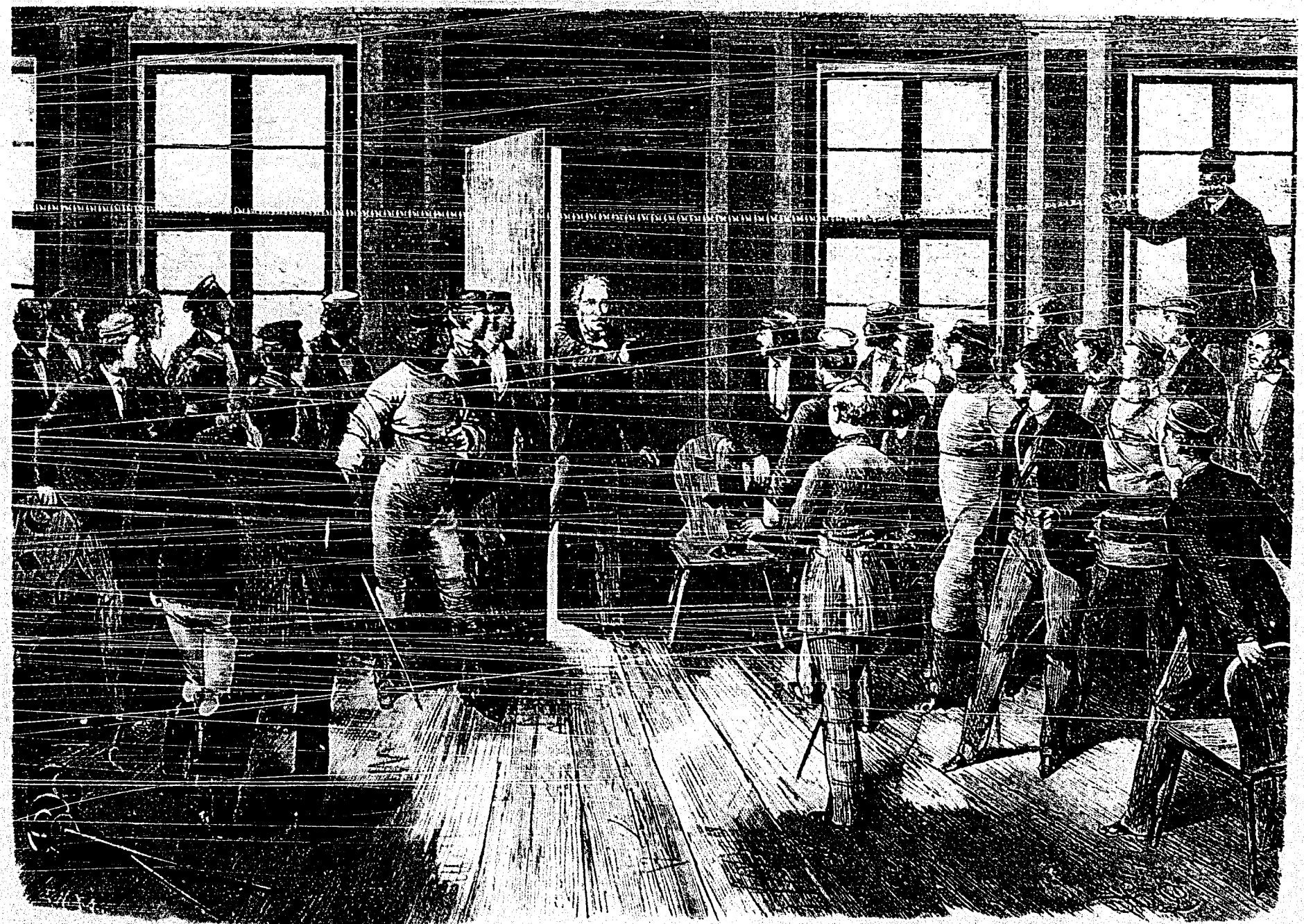
THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.



CAST OF THE CORPSE RECENTLY FOUND AT POMPEII.



FRANCE.—THE BAZAINE TRIAL.—A NIGHT PATROL AT THE TRIANON.



GERMANY.—STUDENT LIFE AT HEIDELBERG.—A DUEL INTERRUPTED.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A LOST ART.

How many lost arts are there? Surely their name must be Legion!

McGillip, the eminent historical painter, tells me that all the great secrets of colouring known to the old masters are lost. Bogus, the collector of ancient coins and curios, says the art of cutting gems is no longer known. Enamelling seems to have died out, notwithstanding the efforts of Madame Rachel to revive it. My good old friend Mrs. Mantrap, who was a famous belle in her youth, says that girls don't know how to flirt now-a-days, though I confess I am somewhat doubtful on that point; and it was only last week that my friend Henpeck complaining to his father-in-law about certain "nagging" propensities exhibited by Mrs. H., was consoled by his venerable relative with the remark, "Ah! my dear boy, you should have heard her mother?" It is therefore evident that the old gentleman considers "Nagging" also a lost art, though I am bound to admit that Henpeck dissents altogether from this conclusion.

I was led into this train of reflection a short time since, while observing some Custom House officers in the neighbouring republic, relieving certain ladies of sundry articles that they were endeavouring to smuggle across the lines, and as I observed the very inartistic manner in which they had stowed away their contraband goods, I came to the conclusion that smuggling was also one of the lost arts.

It is not very many years ago, since the east coast of England where I was born, was a famous place for smugglers. Most of the wealthy people who resided in my native town had accumulated fortunes by the successful pursuit of this, which they deemed a highly honourable profession. Ladies wore their smuggled lace, and drank their smuggled tea, as a matter of course, while their husbands consumed their contraband claret and cigars, untroubled by any qualms of conscience. Even the very Custom House officers and men of the Coastguard when off duty regarded well known smugglers as honourable adversaries with whom they might, at any moment, be brought into collision in the way of business, but who were to be respected and fraternised with on the neutral ground of private life.

For miles in every direction, the cliffs of the coast were honey-combed with caves and long low passages, some of them running inland for great distances; it was a never failing delight for us school boys, to explore the windings of these dark caverns in fear and trembling, till a sudden panic would send us scampering helter skelter to the open air, like so many frightened rabbits.

Where these caves terminated was to us a matter of dark and gloomy conjecture—some were supposed to have their outlets in old disused churchyards—others in lonely patches of woodland, miles away, while one especially noted cave was said to end in the kitchen of an old farm house, the owner of which had been largely engaged in contraband trade.

It is significant of the then general feeling on the subject of smuggling, that it never occurred to us that it was at all a disreputable occupation; indeed, those popularly supposed to be engaged in that pursuit were, to us, objects of respectful regard and admiration,—even in our favourite game of "Smuggling and Cutters," the Smugglers' side was always preferred, and was almost invariably victorious.

I recollect, when a very little fellow, driving with my father across country, one dark foggy night, on our way home from a patient's house, where he had been detained later than usual, and seeing dimly through the mist a long and ghost-like procession of men and horses, the latter with objects that looked suspiciously like brandy kegs slung on each side. They stopped on hearing the sound of our wheels, but responded with a cheerful shout of "all right, Doctor," to my father's hail, and doubtless went on their way rejoicing. I am sure, if they did not deposit their charge in safety, it was not for want of good wishes on my part.

I wish some one would rescue from oblivion the ballads of smuggling. I am sure they are as well worthy of preservation as those which celebrate the feats of Robin Hood. I remember a favourite one of mine, which my old nurse used to sing, detailing the exploits of a certain female smuggler—it was almost as long as the ballad of "Lord Bateman," but I was never weary of hearing it, and when I consider how

"With pistols loaded she went on board,
"And by her side hung a glittering sword,
"And in her belt three daggers; well armed for war,
"Was the female smuggler who never feared a scar."

I cannot help reflecting what a contrast this heroic woman must have presented to those disconcerted and dilapidated females, whom I saw the other day in the clutches of the Custom House officers at Detroit.

There was another too, I remember, which was a very general favourite, called "Will Watch the Bold Smuggler," and a fine stirring old song it was, but although ballads have been written, and stories told, in honour of the aforesaid Will Watch, I must confess that I regard him as a bit of a humbug.

The song tells us that—

"Will had promised his Susan, his trip it well ended,
"He would coil up his ropes, cast his anchor on shore,
"With his pockets well lined, why his life should be mended,
"And the laws he had broke, he would never break more."

Now I maintain that if Mr. Watch had been imbued with a proper sense of the dignity of his pursuit, he would never have expressed himself in this way, nor I am quite sure would a thoroughbred "Susan" of the period have extorted such a promise from him. I fear Mr. Watch entered the profession from merely mercenary motives.

Who now-a-days knows anything about the once celebrated smuggler "King of Prussia," so called from his likeness to the then reigning monarch of that realm. He didn't live down our way, but made the West Coast the scene of his exploits, and was said to have accumulated a large fortune by his illegal trade. He had a small battery planted on the cliffs, and on one occasion beat off a king's cutter which had run in to intercept the landing of one of his cargoes, and drove her dismantled to refit in the nearest port. I believe he was never once taken in *flagrante delicto*, and died respected as he had lived.

Alas! those halcyon days have departed, never to return. What all the coast guard stations and revenue cutters failed to do has been effected by a lowered tariff, and the only relic left to remind us of the departed heroes is the very theatrically nautical looking individual occasionally to be met with at summer resorts, who takes the verdant cockney mysteriously

on one side, and proposes to sell him contraband cigars manufactured from brown paper, or smuggled bandanas purchased at the nearest dry goods store.

I did however witness, quite recently, a rather neat piece of smuggling. I was crossing from Boulogne to Folkestone, and observed that one of our passengers had with him, a parcel of valuable lace, on which a very high duty was then levied; when we arrived at the pier, this person marched up the narrow gangway with his hat pulled very suspiciously down over his brows, and ostentatiously humming a tune—he looked defiantly at the Custom House officer guarding the exit, and in reply to the usual enquiry if he "had anything to declare," replied brusquely—"No."

The officer passed his hand lightly over his coat in the region of the pockets in the usual way, and then looking at his firmly fixed hat, said curtly, "I must trouble you to take your hat off, sir." "What for? there's nothing in it." "I dare say not, sir, but you must take it off."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," indignantly, "I tell you there's nothing in it but my head."

"If you don't take it off I shall have to take it off for you." "Will you?" said the suspected smuggler, menacingly, "I should like to see you try."

He was a stalwart determined looking customer, and such an operation would not be likely to form a pleasant one. So the officer evidently thought, for he said coaxingly, "Come, sir, you know you've got to do it, and you're keeping all the other passengers waiting."

The gangway was narrow and blocked up by an angry and impatient crowd. Still the suspected passenger was inexorable.

"I have given my word that I have nothing in my hat, and I refuse to take it off to satisfy your impertinent curiosity."

"Then you must come with me to the Inspector," said the officer.

"With all my heart," responded the other, and calling another man to take his place at the gangway, the tide waiter marched the impracticable passenger to the Inspector's office, feeling sure that he had made a capture.

Said the Inspector when the matter had been explained to him. "The man is quite in his right, you must take off your hat, sir."

"But I have already pledged my word that I have nothing liable to duty in it" replied the other.

"It don't signify, sir, you must take it off." The matter was hotly debated for several minutes, at last the suspected party plucked out his hat violently off, and dashed it on the floor at the Inspector's feet. "Now, sir, are you satisfied," he exclaimed angrily.

The inspector took it up, and looked at it carefully. There was certainly nothing in it but the lining.

"Why couldn't you have done this at first?" asked the nettled Inspector.

"Because I don't choose to submit to tyranny" was the answer, and passenger and officer left the room, the latter looking very crestfallen.

"I presume I may go on board to fetch my walking stick?" enquired the passenger with ironical politeness, and receiving in reply an intimation from the aggrieved officer that he might go to a more distant and warmer place, he ran lightly down to his cabin, and in a moment returned with the missing stick in his hand.

"Do you wish me to take off my hat again?" he enquired sardonically.

"We've had quite enough of you and your hat too," was the sulky reply, so he walked quietly off (*this time*), with his packet of smuggled lace firmly fixed in the crown of his tall beaver. It was very neatly done.

W. H. F.

BETTING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Although there is no lack of gambling and betting in our days, few wagers are now laid on the second, third, or fourth bottle, nor are the tricks of those "half seas over" now resorted to. At one period a man well-known about was supposed to possess a half-crown with two heads and two tails to it, as the case might be, and by which he was able to win all the dinners to be tossed up for. Another dodge was to bet which way the lions at Northumberland House and at Lion looked, some saying their tails were turned to the west, others to the east; the fact being that the one on the old Bath and Bristol coaching road at Lion looked towards London, while the metropolitan one, at Northumberland House in the Strand, turned his back upon the City. Then, the size of the squares often led to a bet of a "rump and dozen," i. e., a steak and twelve bottles of port wine. Then, the question as to whether St. James's or the Green Park was the largest was another, there being only a few acres difference. Then quotations were introduced, and many a victim has lost a guinea or two in misquoting the oft-misquoted lines:

He that complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

In nineteen cases out of twenty it is quoted thus—

He that's convinced against his will

Then, some one who was well up in Homer asked where the line—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest;

and pocketed a fiver when the "pigeon" named Walter Scott or others, the wagerer knowing well it was in the Odyssey. In short, at late orgies or at a race ordinary, the unwary were often taken in. Then again, men would bet on the number of candles in the room, of the number of pages in a book, the number of bristles in a brush, and this reminds me of an anecdote of John Mytton, the "spendthrift squire of Halston," as he has been called, who, in a very brief career, ran through a fine fortune. Poor Mytton had many redeeming qualities, for a kinder-hearted man never existed. To my story:—Mytton was upon one occasion at the Royal Hotel, Chester, during the races; and, going into the room where the ordinary was to be held, he saw a friend of his industriously counting the number of legs of the tables and chairs. The squire retired unperceived, and waited his opportunity. After a considerable quantity of fiery port had been drunk, the man of figures, who, I grieve to add, was a clergyman, though holding no benefice, began cautiously by saying, "How hot it is! I wonder how many candles are alight in this room." From candles, the conversation got to the furniture, when the sharper continued: "I'll back myself to name the number of legs of chairs and tables, against anyone naming the number of candles." No

one was bold enough to make the bet; but when he proceeded—"and I'll lay a "pony" that I name the number of legs nearer than anyone else"—he was stopped short by Mytton saying, "Done for a pony or fifty."

"Fifty!" and the wager was booked.

"Who'll be umpire?" said the reverend—the "leg," it would be more appropriate to call him.

"The chairman, if he will be so kind," responded Mytton; "and, to prevent mistakes, let each write down his guess, and hand it over to the umpire."

"This was done; the legs of the chairs and tables were counted, and the squire won by four.

"I'll not keep the money," said Mytton, "it shall go to the infirmary, or some local charity."

To account for the above unexpected result, it must be mentioned that Mytton, suspecting a trick, had sawed off four legs before dinner—a pretty broad hint that the rogery was discovered.

Our Illustrations.

His Honour John Crawford who has just been inaugurated in the important office of Lieut-Governor of Ontario, ranks deservedly as one of the foremost men of that Province. He was the second son of the late Hon. Geo. Crawford, Senator, and was born in the County Cavan, Ireland. His education was obtained in Toronto where he married the daughter of the late Judge Sherwood. Having chosen law as his profession, he was called to the Upper Canada bar in 1839. In 1867, he was created a Q.C. He has taken great interest in public enterprises and notably in railways, having been President of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway Co. He is also Lieut-Col., 5th Batt. Toronto Militia. His political career extends over a dozen of years. He represented Toronto East in the old Assembly from 1861 to 1863 and South Leeds, in the House of Commons, from 1867 to 1872. At the last general elections, he was returned for West Toronto by a very great majority. Mr. Crawford, as a gentleman of large means, always maintained a high standing in the society of Toronto. His appointment to the Lieut-Governorship dates from November 5, and his inauguration took place on November 12.

Recent events in France have invested the name of the Count de Chambord with fresh interest. This distinguished personage was born in Paris, September 29, 1820, his father being the Duke de Berri who was assassinated in March 1820. King Charles X abdicated in his favor in 1830, but the revolution of 1830 prevented the accomplishment of this plan. The Count de Chambord after spending some time in Germany, Lombardy, Rome, and Naples, resided for a time in England and then took up his abode permanently at the Chateau of Frohsdorf, near Vienna. In 1846, he married Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena. They have no issue.

The form of another human body, which had been impressed on the ashes of Pompeii, has been preserved in plaster of Paris within the last few days. The cast is said to be extremely beautiful, and far superior to any which have hitherto been taken. The head is a portrait, the nose is long and decidedly aquiline, the lips full and half open, the ears enormously large. There is no muscular contraction indicative of a violent death, and the whole person which is in the pose of one who sleeps a placid sleep, shows that this unhappy citizen of Pompeii died of asphyxia. He lies on the left side, resting the head on the right hand, while the other arm, bent under the breast, is almost concealed; the legs are drawn up unequally, the left more than the right, which is stretched out naturally. Around the loins was a linen covering, which concealed a small portion of the legs; the breast was naked, without the shirt, unless there be some appearance of one under the left armpit, but the feet were naked, and these have been cast magnificently.

We introduce another characteristic scene of the Bazaine trial, that of the night patrol at the Trianon. Surely the old Marshal has no intention of making his escape.

The student scene at Heidelberg is called a Packerel. Two students, stuffed so as to the sword divert thrust, are having the traditional duel when the old master of the Mountain Inn interposes, on the arrival of the authorities.

The two beautiful maps of Cuba and the Gold Coast will be found useful at the present time.

The biography of Hon. Edward Blake having already appeared in our columns, it will be only necessary to state in connection with his portrait to-day, that he occupies a seat in the Privy Council, without portfolio or salary.

The Egyptian snakecharmers form a weird and characteristic group, rendered more attractive by the quaint architecture of the background.

Marguerite, before the statue of Our Lady of Pain recalls these lines of Faust's:

Incline, O Maiden,
Thou, sorrow-laden,
Thy gracious countenance upon my pain.

The *Virginian*, an American vessel, laden with arms and men for the insurgents in Cuba, was captured by the Spanish gunboat *Tornado* on the 31st October, and on the 5th Ryan, Del Sol, Cespedes and Varona, leaders of the expedition, were shot at Santiago. The scenes attending their execution were shocking. They were removed to the place of the execution, about a mile from the jail. The four victims were surrounded by a strong escort of Spanish soldiers. Varona and Ryan, calm and collected, marched amid the yells and vociferations of the infuriated Spanish rabble. Arrived at the place of the execution, they forced Cespedes and Jesus del Sol to kneel, in which position they were shot in the back. The soldiers next directed Ryan and Varona to kneel in the same way, but they refused, and were seized and thrown down, handcuffed all the time. The two victims begged their tormentors to allow them to die standing, and, having offered further resistance, they were murdered standing. Ryan was not instantly killed. A Spanish officer stepped forward and thrust his sword through Ryan's heart. Varona died easily. Then down came upon the corpses, still warm with life, the bloodthirsty mob, severing the heads from the bodies, placing them upon pikes, and marching with them through the city. Ryan was a native of Etobicoke, ten miles from Toronto.

The Russian dog-men who are now creating a sensation in Paris, consists of a man named Adrian, aged 56, and his son aged three. Adrian has his hair growing as long over his face as on his head, giving him the appearance of a King Charles or a terrier. This unnatural crop of long hair on the face is a disease, like elephantiasis, where each hair is developed, instead of being limited to the beard and whiskers. He has also a film over one of his eyes, and a nose as flat as his mouth is wide. His diet is boiled beef and cabbage, with brandy poured over the mess; and as much tobacco as he wishes to smoke. What is most extraordinary in his four upper front teeth which give him a rat-like look; these few teeth only were developed when he was seven-ten years of age. His son is most intelligent, and has the face studiously covered, and in addition, the hands and arms. It is said in Burmah such descendants of the tribe of Esau are not uncommon.

IN EXILE.

The sea at the crag's base brightens,
And shivers in waves of gold;
And overhead, in its vastness,
The fathomless blue is rolled.
There comes no wind from the water,
There shines no sail on the main,
And not a cloudlet to shadow
The earth with its fleecy grain.
Oh, give in return for this glory,
So passionate, warm, and still,
The mist of a Highland valley—
The breeze from a Scottish hill.

Day after day glides slowly,
Ever and over the same;
Seas of intense splendour,
Airs which smite hot as flame.
Birds of imperial plumage,
Palms straight as columns of fire,
Flutter and glitter around me;
But not so my soul's desire.
I long for the song of the laverock,
The cataraet's leap and flash,
The sweep of the red deer's antlers,
The gleam of the mountain ash.

Only when night's quiescent,
And peopled with alien stars,
Old faces come to the casement,
And peer through the vine-leaved bars.
No words! but I guess their fancies—
Their dreamings are also mine—
Of the land of the cloud and heather—
The region of Auld Lang Syne.
Again we are treading the mountains,
Below us broadens the firth,
And billows of light keep rolling
Down leagues of empurpled heath.

Speed swift through the glowing tropics,
Stout ship, which shall bear me home;
O pass, as a God-sent arrow,
Through tempest, darkness, and foam.
Bear up through the silent girdle
That circles the flying earth,
Till there shall blaze on thy compass
The lode-star over the North,
That the winds of the hills may greet us,
That our footsteps again may be
In the land of our heart's traditions,
And close to the storied sea.

Miscellaneous.

Ancient Laws of Massachusetts.

Some of the ancient laws of Massachusetts are worthy of consideration at the present day. In 1642 there was a law providing that "those who do not teach, by themselves or others, their children or apprentices, so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and knowledge of the capital laws, shall be fined twenty shillings for each neglect therein." In those days it was also thought proper that no interference should prevent suitable marriages. A law of 1641 reads that "if any person shall wilfully and unreasonably deny any child timely or convenient marriage, or shall exercise any unnatural severity toward them, such children shall have liberty to complain to authority for redress in such cases."

A Child's Dying Request.

A touching incident is related in the *Memphis Ledger*: A little package was sent to the Mayor's office one morning by a merchant who had been active in obtaining contributions for those who had been stricken with fever. It was tightly rolled up in not very white letter-paper, and contained five dollars and five cents, nearly all in one, two, and three cent pieces and nickels; also two faded pieces of paper currency of the old five and ten cents issue. Evidently this was some child's treasure, the accumulations of months or years. On the inner wrapping was written, "Little Lilly's money, to go to a poor child." On the outer paper, written in a different hand, "From little Lilly, for the Memphis sufferers—a dying request." No other explanation was given.

Not in Earnest.

In Peeblesshire there was a half-witted man who had a notion that he was rather religious, and who was in the habit of saying his prayers in the field behind a turf-dyke. One day he was followed to his retirement by some evil-disposed persons, who, secreting themselves on the opposite side, prepared to listen to what he should say. Jack commenced his devotions, and, among other things, expressed his opinion that he was a very great sinner, and that even were the turf-dyke at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this than the persons on the other side pushed the dyke over upon him. Scrambling out from the debris, he was heard to say—"Hech, sir, it's an awful world this; a body canna say a thing in joke, but it's ta'en in earnest."

A Prince "on the Boards."

Imagine the surprise of the director of the *Ambigu Comique*, Paris, some years ago, when he received an intimation from his *jeune premier*—a promising young man named Florestan—that he must leave the theatre, because he had succeeded to a throne. "What throne? What do you mean?" cried the astounded director. "The throne of Monaco," was the answer. "I am the son of the Prince of Monaco; I have had news of my father's death, and instructions to repair to Monaco to govern my subjects." The director would not believe the story for some time; but on the prompt appearance at the theatre of another *jeune premier* (who afterwards became the famous Marshal Saint Arnaud) he consented to cancel Florestan's engagement, and the following announcement was inserted in the programme and placards: "Mr. Florestan, who is absent on a question of dynasty, will be replaced by Floridor."

An Unaccustomed Sensation.

A good story is told of a gentleman in—well, we will not mention the place—who has been unfortunate of late in his financial affairs. While walking one evening in a lonely spot, he was met by a ruffian, and told to "stand and deliver." We must let the victim tell his own tale:

"I never was so pleased in my life. The idea that I had any thing to deliver was exceedingly gratifying, and I thanked the fellow for the compliment with all my heart. It showed that all confidence in me was not lost, notwithstanding that little affair in stocks, and I felt once more, with Mr. Micawber, that I could look my fellow-man in the face. It may not be exactly the thing to officiate as a town-pump, at which any and every second-rate may be accommodated; but it was very pleasing to know that this fellow thought I had money, and to enjoy the sweet thought that he might even have taken me for the entire Water Commission."

Music Hath Charms, &c.

A beggar who presented himself at a restaurant on the Paris Boulevards, with a clarinet under his arm, said, "Will you allow me, gentlemen, in a humble tone of voice, to play a tune? I am only an amateur, and if you prefer giving me a trifle, I will spare you the annoyance of listening to me." Every one felt at once for a few stray coppers, and the musician departed with a profound obeisance. This answered so well that he tried it on the next evening, when a young man asked him in a friendly manner to give them a tune, let it be good or bad; he wanted to hear him. "But I am afraid, sir, I shall disappoint you." "Never mind that—give us a tune." "But I am a very poor player, and I have a very poor instrument." "No matter for that—I want to hear you." "Well, sir, since you insist upon it," said the poor man, "I will tell you that I don't play at all. I carry this clarinet merely for the purpose of threatening people with my performance."

Birthdays.

There is an old prophetic rhyme, which exists in as many languages as versions, concerning the results of being born on a certain day in the week. One reading runs thus:—

"Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child has toil and woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for his living,
And the child that is born on the Sabbath-day,
Is happy and lucky and wise and gay."

Here are a few tests. Byron was born on a Tuesday; so was Napoleon I.; Napoleon II. (M. Rochefort's ideal Emperor) on a Wednesday; Napoleon III. also on a Wednesday; Pope Pius IX. on a Sunday; Garibaldi on a Wednesday; Bismarck on a Friday (the first of April); the unhappy Emperor Maximilian also on a Friday; his Empress on a Sunday; Mr. Gladstone on a Friday; and Mr. Disraeli on a Saturday.

Anecdote of Landseer.

An anecdote of the late Sir Edwin Landseer may not be uninteresting to our readers. Upon one occasion, when staying at one of the ancestral homes of England, a little boy, the son of the host and the hostess, got into great trouble by breaking a large plate glass window in the state drawing-room, and which had only recently been put up. Young Lord A— was summarily sent to bed for playing at ball in a room evidently not meant for such games, and when he appeared next morning, told Sir Edwin a most piteous tale, adding that he feared he was not to be allowed to come into dessert that evening. "I'll see what I can do," said the kind-hearted artist. The drawing room in question had two corresponding windows to the one that had been broken, and which, until another pane of plate glass could be procured from London, had been closed with a shutter. Landseer, finding himself in the room, took a wax candle, and, smearing it over one of the most prominent panes, quickly produced a likeness of a starved glass. So true was it to nature, that, when the noble owner of the house entered, he immediately exclaimed, "What! another pane broken? Where's young Lord A—?" The supposed culprit made his appearance, and

was questioned as to whether he had again made the drawing-room a play room. "Tell your father," said Sir Edwin, "that as you broke one pane of glass, you will mend this." The youth repeated the saying, when Landseer gave him his handkerchief, and desired him to rub the pane gently. In a second the star disappeared, Lord A— was freely forgiven, and again made his appearance after dinner.

Literary Habits of Literary Men.

"When do you find time to think over your sermons?" asked a country archdeacon of the late Bishop of Winchester. "When I am shaving," was the answer; and that is the only time that many men of his habits have for thinking. The Dean of Westminster is one of these men. He carries MS. in his pocket, thinks in the station, and jots down his thoughts in his fresh and picturesque English at the table of the first waiting room he enters. It is not long ago that he was seen sitting quietly at the corner of a table at the Charing-cross station writing a sermon for Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon or a paper for *Good Words*. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol acts upon a similar plan. All his correspondence for the day is cleared off before breakfast. At the recent Church Congress an important subject was announced to be introduced by an active and able clergyman of this class, who is trying to find out how many hours a day a man may keep body and mind at work and yet keep outside the walls of a lunatic asylum, and a reporter called upon him at ten o'clock the night before to ask for his MS. "I should be very happy to oblige you," was the answer; "but the fact is the paper has yet to be written. You may have it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning." More than one man of letters in London acts upon Dean Stanley's plan, and takes a handful of copy paper about with him and writes wherever and whenever he can. Fancy, and luxuriate in the idea of not having to do it, ye sound and gentle sleepers, the case of a literary man who pulled himself together about a quarter to three in the morning, extinguishing his cigarette, and saying it was time for him to go to work. "He had promised the printer copy at nine o'clock." It was quite a characteristic case.

An Anti-Sheriff Sledge.

The *New Orleans Times* asserts that "of all men living, none have perhaps had more thorough or more distressing acquaintance with sheriff's officers than Dan Rice, the clown and showman," and goes on to recite the following circumstance which occurred in 1869: "Among Dan's creditors there was one whom he promised to pay before his departure, but failing to do so, his creditor determined to capture the showman, and to that end, procuring a writ of seizure against the circus, despatched to Carrollton a sheriff's officer, who, reaching there as the boat was about to cast off, hurried aboard, and, looking up Dan, told that festive lad that he must come to time or be tied up. Dan couldn't pay, and told the man so, intimating to the latter, however, that he could seize away to his heart's content. In response to a request to point out certain property, Dan took the officer to where the horses were kept, and, after designating four noble chargers, he called especial attention to the fifth, a handsome animal; and, managing to place the minion of the law directly behind the beast, Dan suddenly made a loud, unintelligible exclamation, the horse let fly his heels, and lo, the sheriff's officer lay on the deck, knocked as senseless as a hammer. Hurriedly calling assistance, Dan carried the man ashore, and before that luckless chap could recover had cast off his lines and was soon steaming up the river. It will be in order to remark that the horse in question had been trained by Dan for the express purpose of getting rid of sheriffs in the manner above recited—the exclamation given in that instance being the signal for the onslaught. More than one sheriff bit the dust in the same style, when he thought he had a sure thing on Dan, and many a time has the showman got out of an unpleasant predicament by the use of that pair of heels."

The Fruitfulness of Canada.

Mr. Clayden, who accompanies Mr. Arch in his visit to Canada, writes: "We have heard much of the splendid fruits of the Niagara region, but the half had not been told us. In one garden of, say one-quarter of an acre, we found vine after vine, laden with what we should call in England the most delicious hot-house grapes. I never tasted such fruit in my life, and not a piece of glass in the garden! A few miles further on we came to an orchard. Entering it we found tree after tree laden with splendid peaches. Hundreds of bushels, the owner told us, he gathered every year; and for as apples, I thought I had seen some good apples in Somersetshire, but these beat all that I had ever seen anywhere. One fine fellow that was given me I had the curiosity to measure, and found it just a foot in diameter. The whole neighbourhood was fragrant with the perfume of fruit. We left Niagara and its falls for the township of Pelham, a fifteen miles' drive. The ride was, as usual, very delightful. Orchard after orchard of laden fruit trees appeared on either side of the road. The whole appearance of things was quite different from what we had seen in the eastern townships. The farms were better cultivated, and their owners manifestly a superior class. The secret we found to be the absence of French settlers. English and Scotch enterprise was there, and of course there was progress. Those poor easy-going, happy-go-lucky French-Canadians in the Quebec province appear to have a profound reverence for that formula of the English Church, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen." Hence the unfavourable impressions of Canada which their half-cultivated farms convey to visitors. It is only those who take the trouble, as we have done, to penetrate into the very heart of the country, where sturdy Scotchmen, Englishmen, and Irish have settled, that really know what the country is capable of."

A Word to Young Ball-Goers.

The *London Society* gives the following hints to tender youths just entering into the gay round of ball-room festivities: "Be very careful not to put down your shirt-sleeves, or up your collar, or, in fact, to do anything to your costume as you enter the ball-room. It implies nervousness or uneasiness with yourself to do so; and your one great endeavour in all societies should be to appear thoroughly at your ease, and satisfied, without vanity or coxcombry, with your dress and appearance. Do not stand idle; but do not dance overmuch. The one implies a small number of friends; the other wastes valuable time and prevents your keeping that constant lookout all round you which is essential to success. Be introduced to knowable people quietly; there is no necessity to advertise to bystanders that you did not know them before. Never talk much to a woman you have only just made the acquaintance of, nor eagerly. She may be allowed to suppose you wished to know her, but not that her acquaintance is any particular acquisition to you. Above all things, my dear boy, I entreat you not to stand in the doorway, nor herd with other men upon the landing. It is simply advertising yourself a failure. Tie yourself to the veriest wall flower, gossip with the dowdiest mother, dance with the most disappointed of the maidenhood, rather than sink to this. Sitting in the corners comprises a very large subject, or, rather, array of subjects. To know how to sit in corners well and prudently requires a vast experience and a steady head; so, until you have much extended your acquaintance and your knowledge of humanity, I would recommend you to avoid that most agreeable of the pleasures of ball going. It is not for a novice at once to penetrate to the inner depths of fashion's mysteries, and I shall therefore put off my advice on this subject until I come, in a future letter, to the great subject of flirting, which, of course, comprises the art of sitting in corners."

Preparation and Preservation of Mushrooms.

Dr. Remsch, in *Les Mondes*, proposes to cover the fungus with a film of collodion and place it in an airy position. He states that the contraction of the mushroom is equal in every way, and that the chemical and anatomical constitution remains the same. An exact form, preservative against the destructive action of oxygen, and also against insects and germs, and the keeping of the substance for future experiment, are the advantages obtained.

The Spectrograph.

The name is given to a simple device for copying drawings, exhibited in the French Department of the Vienna Exposition. It consists of a board, near the middle of which is a piece of window glass fastened at right angles to it by means of two grooved wooden uprights. When placed near a window, with a drawing or copy on the end of the board nearer the window, its reflection in the glass causes it to appear upon a sheet of white paper on the opposite side of the glass. In this way quite an accurate tracing can be made by one who is no draftsman.

Useful to the Last.

Let those whose anxiety for the public weal makes them wish to be useful in death as well as in life take pattern by the example of a deceased Parisian. M. D., who had always been working for the good of his fellow-creatures, died a few days since, and on his will being opened, a clause was found wherein the deceased requested his body should be given to the Parisian Gas Company, and placed by them in a retort for the purpose of distillation, so that, having sought during his life to enlighten the masses by his mind, he might in death continue to light them by his body.

Modern Magic.

A very singular trial is to take place—that of a real sorceress, who for five years has been making a fortune. She was denounced by a young woman who paid her two francs for a lock of hair of a young lady who died of love at the age of twenty; the talisman when attached to her chinon was to bring back her lover—a *suzette-moi jeune homme*. But the lover married another in a fortnight. The books of the hag have been seized, proving she has had rich lady customers, and who must appear as witnesses. Her collection of charms and philters is extensive. She also sold talismans for the success of the Commune.

Breaking an Idol.

The unreserved idolatry with which Shakespeare has been praised, has sometimes produced reaction, even in English literature. Dr. Johnson always refused to regard Shakespeare as beyond or above criticism. All the early commentators were moderate in their praise; so it will be remembered was Voltaire. Our modern critics, both English and German, have adopted the opposite tone of unbounded eulogy. Now comes German protest. Roderick Benedix, the dramatist lately dead, has left a MS. against "Shakespeareomania." He rates the Bard of Avon, somewhat lower than Goethe and Schiller, and has no patience with the idea of Shakespeare's "supremacy" and unattainable poetical sovereignty.

Proposed Tunnel between Scotland and Ireland.

For many years there have been projects more or less before the public for uniting Scotland and Ireland by means of a tunnel; and the scheme has recently been again put forward, this time, however, with some reasonable probability of its being carried out. A single line tunnel, 15 feet wide at base, 25 feet wide at the maximum, and 21 feet high, the side walls of which would vary from 4 to 7 feet in thickness, is estimated by the present projectors to cost nearly \$23,000,000, with the approaches. The length of the tunnel would be about twelve miles, and it would extend from a point on the north shore of Ireland, near Belfast, under the Irish sea, to the extremity of the peninsula opposite in Scotland.

Taking the Conceit out of Him.

At Vienna a story is told of a very conceited but scarcely popular actor to the effect that sitting one evening in a *café*, the waiter informed him that there was a gentleman outside who wished to speak with him. Forthwith the actor stepped into the street, only to find himself in the presence of a noted Viennese wag and inveterate practical joker, with whom he was, by the way, familiarly acquainted. "Well?" said the actor inquiringly. "Well?" echoed the wag, coolly. "Did you call me?" asked the comedian, somewhat puzzled. "I did," was the response. "What may have been your motive?" the other went on to say. "To encourage you," answered the practical joker; "for at the theatre I don't remember that you were ever called out." Whereupon he nodded, winked, and departed into the night; and the conceited actor returned into the *café* to finish his thoughts and beer.

THE "VIRGINIUS" OUTRAGE.



PEDRO CESPEDES.



GEN. BERNABE VARONA.



GEN. WASHINGTON RYAN.



COL. JOSE BOTTEL.



EUMNIO QUESADA.



CAPT. SALBADOU PINEDO.



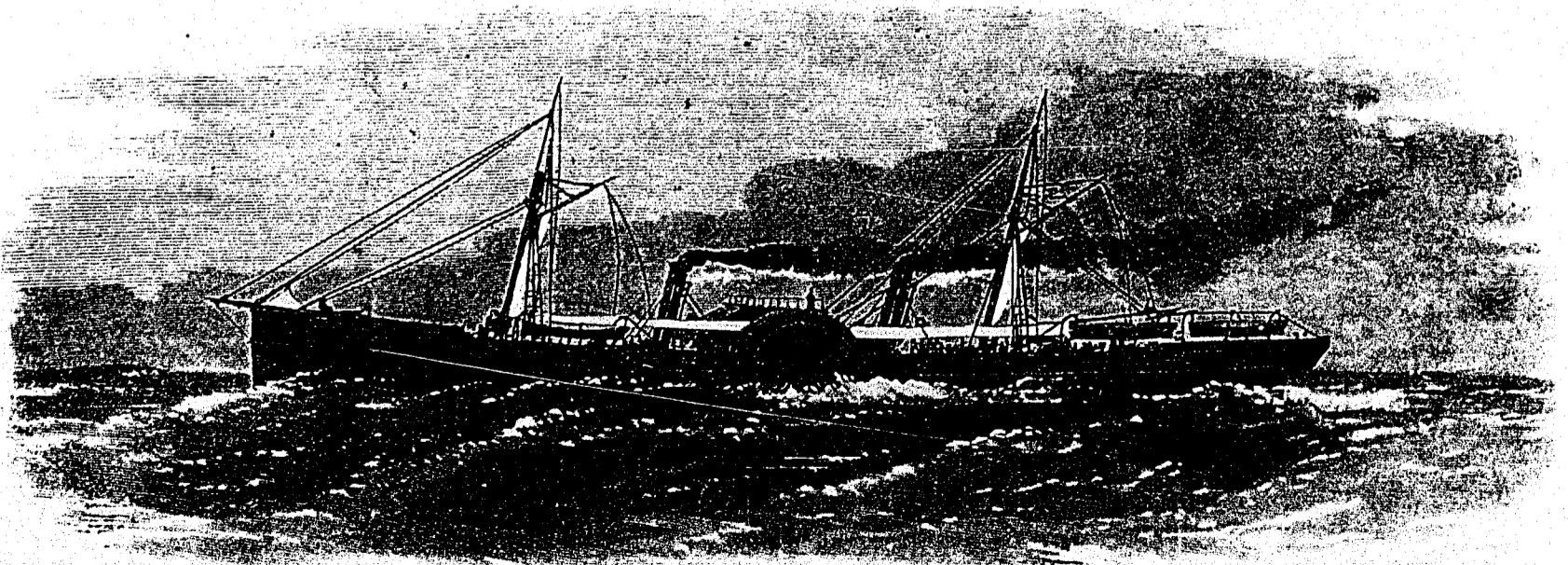
GEN. JESUS DEL SOL.



AUGUSTINE SANTA ROSA.
THE PRINCIPAL VICTIMS.



OSCAR VARONA.



THE STEAMER "VIRINIUS."

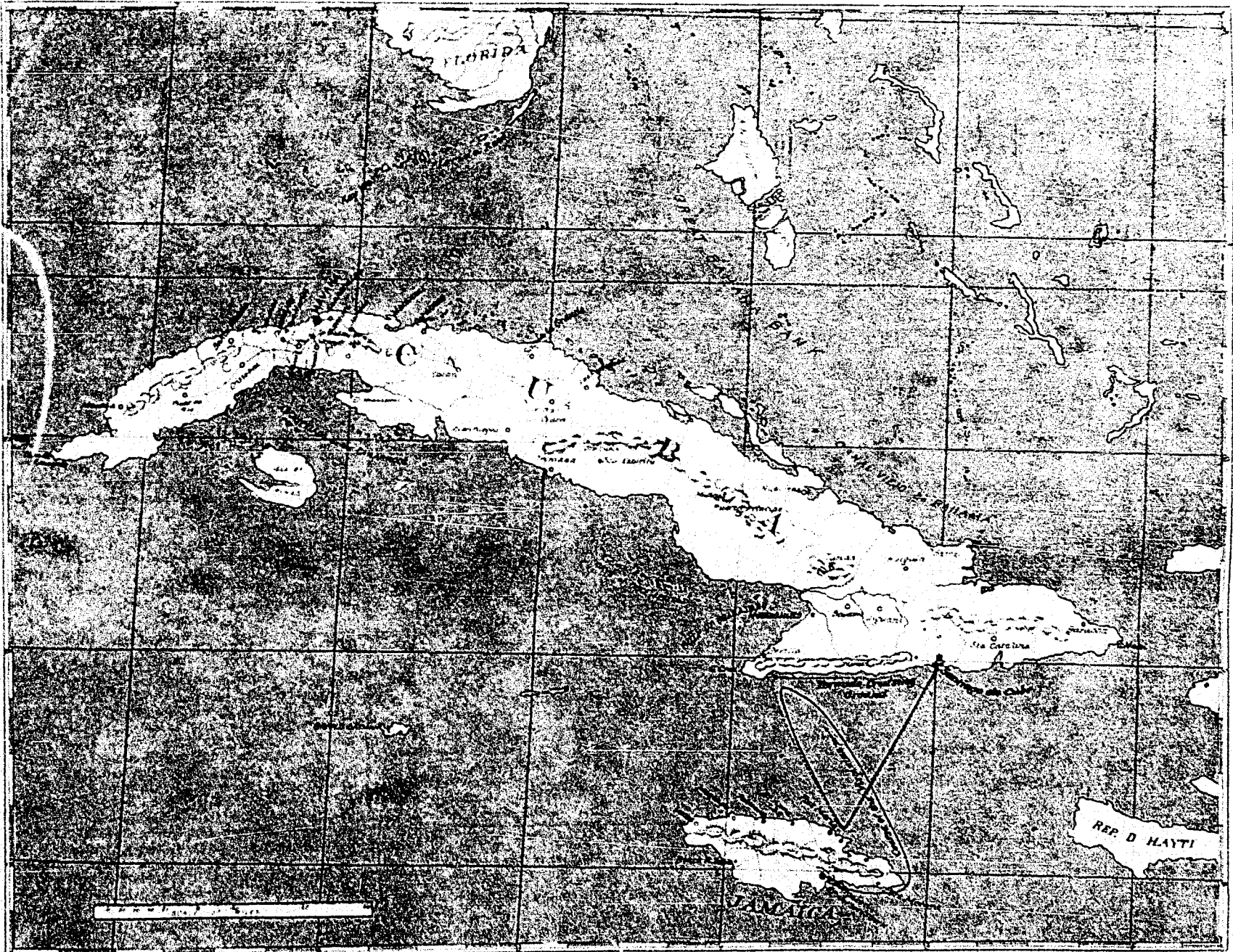
PENSIONS IN ENGLAND.

One sometimes finds the most interesting things, writes a London correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*, in the most uninteresting books—grains of wheat hidden in bushels of wheat—jewels in dust-heaps. Thus, in that most dreary of Blue-Books, the financial accounts of the Kingdom of Great Britain for 1873, I have found some facts and some figures which are curiously interesting, not to say amusing. These facts and figures relate to the recipients of annuities and pensions from the Government. The English pension list is a very different thing from that of the United States. The pensions which your ungrateful Republic pays are only those to soldiers and sailors, or to the wives and children of soldiers and sailors. Generous John Bull, on the contrary, paid last year the sum of \$1,515,695 to a very heterogeneous set of people—to some because they were the Queen's children or cousins; to others because their great-uncle had once done some good service to the State; to others still because their husband or father or brother had written a book or made a discovery; and to still others for no reason whatever that can be discovered. There is a yearly sum of \$17,500 paid "to all and every one of the heirs male to whom the title" of Nelson "shall descend;" there is \$20,000 a year paid to the Duke of Wellington; there is a payment of \$10,000 a year "forever" to the Rodney family, and whoever is Viscount Exmouth, to all eternity is to receive the same yearly sum; the present holder of the Baglan title gets \$10,000 a year, and so will his successors, but then this payment is to end; the Duke of Marlborough gets \$20,000 a year, and "the heirs of the Duke of Schonberg" receive \$10,000 a year; the Earl of



THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Bath has only the modest sum of \$12,000 a year, while the "heirs and descendants of William Penn"—and they will never die out—receive the handsome annual stipend of \$20,000 "forever." Mr. Disraeli receives \$10,000 a year because he has been Prime Minister, and so do Sir George Grey, Sir Milner Gibson, and the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole. Ex-Lord Chancellors St. Leonards, Chelmsford, Cairns, and Hatherley each got \$25,000, and so did Lord Westbury until he died. The veteran diplomatist, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, had \$7,930, and Lord Cowley almost as much. Then the small sum of \$72.50 was paid to the surviving servants of "His late Majesty George III," (they must be getting tolerably well advanced in life by this time); \$1,790 went to the servants of Her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, and \$360 to those of Queen Caroline. It is almost incredible; but there are still living "persons who suffered by the rebellion in Ireland in 1798," and their sufferings were soothed this year by the payment of \$161. Then Mary Ann Foster, "late housemaid of the House of Lords, Ireland," got \$57 to keep her old bones in comfort, and "six trumpeters" of Scotland received \$96 each, for what reason no one can tell. They are not so well off as the "Heritable Usher of Scotland," who has not ushered anybody these many years, but who got \$3,445 last year; and they may even envy Edward Roberson, "kettle-drummer," Ireland, whose "back-pay grab" comes to \$305 each year. "The itinerant preachers" of the Church of Scotland got \$10,000 to be divided between them—I hope there are not too many of them—and the preachers of that kirk who are not "itinerant" received \$35,000 as an "augmentation of stipends."



Dotted line, the course of the "Tornado;" single line, the course of the "Virginia;" double line, the course of the "Tornado" and "Virginia" from the place of capture to Santiago de Cuba.

THE "VIRGINIA" OUTRAKE.—MAP OF CUBA, SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE "TORNADO" AND THE "VIRGINIA."

The Magazines.

Sketches of travel, accompanied with illustrations, have always formed the distinctive feature of Harper's Magazine. The present number is no exception to this rule.

The Atlantic Monthly closes the year in a style befitting its reputation. The papers are of sufficient variety, and a few of them are excellent. The essay on Disraeli is hearty and just, though by no means exhaustive.

Scrivener's has two gems in this number—a sketch entitled "Black Rock and Lake," a poem by Bret Harte. The little story promises much for the author; the name, however, is not sufficiently indicative of its scope.

Lippincott's opens with the welcome "New Hyperion," with its chatty, sparkling letter-press and characteristic illustrations from the pen of Gustave Doré.

There is no lack whatever of pleasant reading matter in the December Galaxy. The number of good things is only so great as to make it difficult to make distinctions.

The two last numbers (November 15 and 22) of Appleton's Journal contain, in addition to the usual attractive features, of which the Miscellany and Editor's Table are by no means the least.

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Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

CHESS NOTATION.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS: CHAR OTTETOWN, P. E. Island, Nov. 11 1873.

SIR,—I beg leave through the medium of your Chess Column to offer what I believe to be an improvement on the common system of Notation which, for simplicity and clearness, leaves nothing to be desired.

In playing a game by correspondence there is no occasion to express the taking of pieces or the giving of check, as these contingencies of the game are necessarily implied as the result of the moves themselves.

By way of illustration, I here transcribe, in the proposed Notation, the game won by Mr. Blackburne, and published in your last number (Nov. 5th), so that the advantages of the system will be readily seen and acknowledged on comparison.

Table showing chess notation for a game between White (Mr. Selkirk) and Black (Mr. J. C. R.).

The cypher is added for the sake of uniformity, and also to show that no other number has been inadvertently omitted.

T. J. LEEMING.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

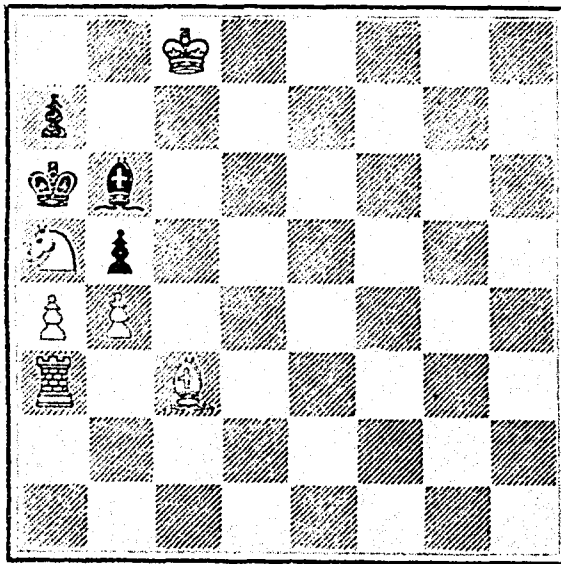
In the following game White gives the odds of his Queen's Rook. (Remove White's Queen's Rook.)

Table showing chess notation for a game between White (Mr. Selkirk) and Black (Mr. J. C. R.).

(a) B takes P leads to a much safer line of defence. The move made gives White a very powerful attack. (b) The attack is well sustained by Mr. Selkirk. (c) Overlooking, apparently, the obvious mate on the move with the Knight.

PROBLEM No. 107.

By Mr. Chas. H. Wheeler, Chicago. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 105.

Table showing the solution for Problem No. 105, listing moves for White and Black.

Art and Literature.

Ernest Feydouan, the French litterateur, is dead. Mr. Edmund Yates is about to write a new tale, "The Impending Sword," for a comic weekly.

The United States alone has 5,871 journals and periodicals, while all the rest of the world has but 7,842.

A work has just been published, from the pen of Mrs. Anna Wilkes, under the title of "Ireland, Ur of the Chaldees."

General Garibaldi is said to be writing an epic poem, "The Thousand of Marsala." It is to be published by subscription.

M. Gustave Doré has commenced to illustrate Shakespeare, first choosing for his pencil "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Macbeth."

The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," who has not for some time appeared before the public as a novelist, has just completed a new domestic love story, entitled "My Mother and I," which will appear immediately in Good Words.

The posthumous work of the German dramatist Benedix, Shakespeareana, which is directed against the admiration for Shakespeare prevalent in Germany, is announced for publication.

The Vionnese seem doomed to misfortune. It has just been discovered that the street frontage over the doors of the splendid cathedral of St. Stephen's is entirely crumbling away.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon has enrolled himself in the noble order of lecturers, and will embark for America in January to tell us from the platform what his notions are about "German Imperialism" and "Spanish Republicanism."

A fragment of the Vendome Column, weighing about 75 lb., has been on exhibition at No. 581, Broadway, New York, for some time. An attaché of the French general consulate recently demanded that the debris be returned to the French Government.

The Jewish Chronicle believes that the Assyrian Expedition undertaken last year at the expense of the Daily Telegraph, and under the direction of Mr. George Smith, is to be resumed by the British Museum authorities.

Music and the Drama.

Jananschek is in the West. Patti has left Paris for Vienna. Nilsson returns to London in May.

"L'Oncle Sam" was given at the Paris Vaudeville on the 18th inst. Marie Monbelli, the singer, is about to be married to the French General Bataille.

Miss Bateman has been acting in England in a new play by Tom Taylor, called "Bitter Fruit."

A new prima donna, Madlle. Wilhelmina Raab, has made her debut successfully at St. Petersburg.

Mr. Edwin Adams appeared on Monday at the Olympic Theatre, New York, as Enoch Arden.

"Griselda," Miss Braddon's new play, will be produced at the Princess's, London, on the 13th prox.

A resuscitation of one of the great dramas of the Barrière a Plouvier is spoken of for the Odéon—L'Ange de Minuit.

Edwin Booth made his appearance as Othello at Booth's Theatre on Monday last. He appears at New Haven on Monday next.

Salvini opened at the Boston Theatre on Monday, and acted during the week Samson, Sullivan, Othello, Conrad, Hamlet.

It is reported that both Madlle. Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Edith Wynne will retire from professional life after the next season.

Mr. Jefferson will act in the old comedies, when he plays in Baltimore, early in December. He will be seen as Dr. Pangloss and as Bob Acres.

At the Olympic, a novelty, likely to be very popular, is to be produced. It is a translation of Le Mariage de Figaro, of Beaumarchais, by Mr. James Mortimer.

It is a curious fact that the piece performed at the last representation at the Opera House—that of Monday—was the Prophete, which ends with a conflagration.

It is rumored that Madlle. Patti intends singing at the "Lothengrin" during her American tour, and that she has been studying the part of Elsa from the original German.

M. Charles Lecocq, the composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot," is writing a new opera-bouffe, "Giroflé-Girofla," to be produced this winter at the Brussels Fantaisies-Parisiennes.

"The School for Scandal" has been withdrawn from the Vaudeville Theatre, London, after a run of 104 nights. At the Haymarket Mr. Buckstone opens the season with the same play.

Mr. Charles Reade has taken the Queen's Theatre, London, and will there produce his "Wandering Heir." This piece has been done at Liverpool, with Mrs. John Wood in an important part.

Madlle. Albani made her debut at St. Petersburg on October 15th (the Grand Duke Constantine being among the audience), in Bellini's "La Sonnambula," and being in splendid voice she won a most enthusiastic welcome.

The Musical Standard gives currency to a statement that the late Louis Drouet, the flute player, was the real composer of "Partant pour la Syrie," which is usually attributed to Queen Hortense, in whose employ he was.

Madlle. Ristori has commenced a short season at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, previous to her departure for Italy, and plays in succession Marie Antoinette, Lucrezia Borgin, Mary Stuart, Renée of France, and Medea. She will also play the sleep-walking scene (in English) from "Macbeth."

Miss Emma Abbott, formerly the soprano of Rev. Dr. Chapin's choir, is in Europe pursuing her musical studies, and has received an offer from Patti to sing in Mr. Mapleson's London season. The success of Miss Abbott has been predicted by Kellogg, Nilsson, Parepa-Ross, Santley, and others.

Scraps.

The United States is reckoned to possess 3,000 monks and 7,000 nuns.
 The late Treasurer of Florida was charged with dishonesty, and a searching investigation revealed the fact that the State owed him nineteen cents.
 Next year, Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, means to have his own reporters in the House of Commons, and to publish a daily report of the debates.
 A new kind of stairs are shown at the Chicago exhibition which are warranted never to squeak when the gentleman of the house returns home late.
 There is no truth in the assertion that the Queen will go to St. Petersburg for the wedding of the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince of Wales will be present.
 It is stated that the betting at Paris on the *affaire Bazaine* is 3 to 1 in favour of a conviction, and 3 to 2 on the Marshal being shot. The odds, it is added, are openly laid on the Boulevards.
 There was recently an exhibition in the Paris Halles a sturgeon as large as two men, and weighing 350 lbs. He was escorted by a lobster measuring 3 1/2 feet from his claws to the tip of his tail.
 The postmaster-general of Madras, India, has a very mean estimation of linguistic talent. He advertises for a clerk who can read, write and speak English, Hindustani, Arabic, Bohra, Gazarati and Mahratti, and for fourteen dollars a month.
 The largest butt of Johannis-berg wine of the famous vintage of 1861 was sold a few days back in the Metternich cellar on the estate. The price was the highest yet reached, the purchaser, who is consul at Moscow, having paid for the cask of about 1,100 bottles the sum of 28,000 florins, or £2 per bottle.
 A man undoubtedly insane, recently entered a telegraph office in Detroit, and wrote the following message: "To the Lord in Heaven.—Where shall I go next? The world is going worse every day. There is not an honest Christian in America." He was informed that the Western Union lines didn't connect with the other world, and he went to see about mailing a letter.

Oddities.

A journal in Bordeaux "listens" with an attentive "eye" to M. Thiers says.
 This is from the *Augusta, Ga. Chronicle*: "Delinquent subscribers should not permit their daughters to wear this paper for a haire. There being so much due on it, there is danger of taking cold."
 "Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "We want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.
 A postal card was received at Portland, Me., recently, having a dollar bill sewed on one side of it, and directly above the bill was written: "If this is stolen, it will be after it leaves the Kittery post-office."
 A man at Princeton College believes in having "a place for everything and everything in its place." He nails his slippers on the wall, four feet up, and then all he has to do on an evening is to wheel up his easy chair in front of them.
 A Chinaman came down one of the main streets in Millerton, Cal., on election day, in a state of inebriation and of joyful exaltation, and thus delivered himself: "Hoop! ho! me all same Heli-an man. Hair cut short and drunk like I—Hoop! ho!"
 Old John Pierpont once said that he never appreciated the reason and wisdom of Paul's medical advice to Timothy until he travelled through that part of Asia and tried to drink the water found there. It was so bad that wine was a positive necessity.
 A marriage between a Christian gentleman and Jewish lady, not long since, exercised the minds of some of their friends. "Pook! pook!" said a gentleman, "why in the world make such a fuss about it. After all, they will only be bound together like the Old and New Testament."
 They have some very smart business men in New Jersey. Last week a young man was struck by lightning in a field near Trenton, and when the people began to flock to the spot to look at the victim, they found a man standing by the corpse trying to sell lightning rods to the crowd.
 Rural journalists are addicted to pleasant figures of speech, drawn naturally from the charming objects with which they are surrounded. Thus, in describing a drunken man who had to climb to things for support, one of them says "he was last seen toney-sackling about a lamp-post."
 A negro in Boston complained at a police station that a brother coloured man had broken a chair all to splinters over his head. Being told there were no marks on his cranium, he said: "Sol! 'e didn't make no marks, but 'e smashed de chair all ter pieces, and de chair belonged ter me."
 The man who advertised for an "epetarte" for his wife, who had "dyed," was served with this couplet:
 "My dear wife Betsy Ann had a bad spell,
 And the end of it is, she's now in hell."
 But the next mail brought a more appropriate and comforting response:
 "My wife Betsy Ann she coloured her hair,
 And all that's left of her is buried here."
 The freedmen are never more in their element at the South than when attending camp meeting. They have a peculiar intonation when they hold forth, which is enhanced by the addition of the syllable "er" to the end of almost every word. A story is told of an old coloured minister who, in expatiating upon the horrors of everlasting condemnation, which those bear the close of their terrestrial journey must expect, pointed to his own aged father, exclaiming: "Look at that ole man-er, with one foot in the grav-er, and the other all but-er!"
 A negro minister widower, who married rather sooner than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: "My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched the Scriptures from Gintsee to Revelations, and found plenty of promises to the widder, but nary one to the widderer. And so I took it that the Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself; and, having a first-rate chance to marry in the Lord, I did so again. Besides, brethren, I considered that poor Betsy was just as dead as she would ever be."
 A Detroit wife has demanded a divorce from her husband upon the following grounds: 1. He is inebriated on an average 27 days in every month; 2. He cut off her hair while she slumbered; 3. He is accustomed to awake her at daylight by throwing several pails of cold water over her head; 4. He has attempted to force kerosene oil down her throat; 5. He has also forced her to go without either shoes or stockings; 6. He put hot potatoes in her hands and then washed them by squeezing her fingers. It is thought by a majority of the best lawyers in Detroit that this singularly treated dame is entitled to a separation; but it is not a case upon which we should like to express an opinion until we hear what the husband has to say about it.

Dr. Colby's Pills are recommended by Medical Men.

MYSTERY.

Wonder if oak and maple,
 Willow and elm and all,
 Are stirred at heart by the coming
 Of the day their leaves must fall.
 Do they think of the yellow whirlwind,
 Or know of the crimson spray,
 That shall be when chill November
 Bears all their leaves away?
 Perhaps—beside the water
 The willow bends, serene
 As when her young leaves glistened
 In a mist of golden green.
 But the brave old oak is flushing
 To a wine-red, dark and deep,
 And maple and elm are blushing
 The blush of a child asleep.
 "If die we must," the leaflets
 Seem one by one to say,
 "We will wear the colors of gladness,
 Until we pass away,
 No eyes shall see us falter;
 And before we lay it down,
 We'll wear in the sight of all the earth,
 The year's most kingly crown."
 So, trees of the stately forest,
 And trees by the trodden way,
 You are kindling into glory,
 This soft autumnal day,
 And we who gaze remember
 That more than all they lost,
 To hearts and trees together
 May come through the opening frost.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"The young lady is the only daughter of Mr. Carew the parish schoolmaster at Hedingham," said Sir Aubrey.
 "The parish schoolmaster's daughter. Why that's the young lady whom young Standen was sweet upon. My daughter Matilda Jane heard something about at the Hedingham Fancy Fair."
 "I beg leave to suggest that 'sweet upon,' is not a phrase I care to hear in relation to my future wife," remonstrated the baronet stiffly. "I am fully aware that Mr. Standen wished to marry Miss Carew, and was rejected by her father."
 "She rejected George Standen, of Dean House. That's curious. However, if the young lady was engaged to you, Sir Aubrey, that explains matters."
 "She was not engaged to me at the time of Mr. Standen's proposal. That young man's offer was rejected on its own merits."
 "Indeed. Well, I hope my daughters may be as lucky when their time comes."
 "You are perhaps not aware that Miss Carew is a young lady of exceptional beauty," said Sir Aubrey with ever increasing stiffness, "a lady who might have won the affections of a gentleman of even more exalted position than my own."
 "She is very young, I suppose?"
 "Between nineteen and twenty."
 "I should have thought, whatever the merits of the lady, a somewhat longer engagement would have been advisable. Of course, I don't presume to offer my advice, Sir Aubrey."
 "Sir," returned the baronet with a freezing look, "this is a matter in which I ask advice from no man."
 Mr. Bain murmured an apology. Sir Aubrey recovered his temper. He felt elated even, for he felt that he had put down Mr. Bain. He had come to that office not without trepidation, and had felt himself blushing as he rode along the empty lanes, and he was glad to think that he had been able to assert himself thus boldly.
 "Now, with regard to the settlement," he said, with his usual friendliness of manner, "I have come to the determination to settle nothing upon my wife during my lifetime. If her affection for me be as sincere as I venture to consider it, she will be content to owe all to my bounty. She will not want to squander my money. To settle an income upon her for her own separate use would be in a manner to instil extravagance."
 "True, Sir Aubrey," said Mr. Bain with approval, "but in that case I don't see that you want a settlement at all."
 "You forget the disparity of years between Miss Carew and myself. I am bound to provide for her after my death."
 "You could do that by a will."
 "Certainly. But I prefer to make her future secure by an immediate settlement. I gratify myself by leaving her dependent upon my liberality so long as I live, but I wish to show myself capable of generosity."
 "After death," said Mr. Bain finishing the sentence.
 "My wife will look to me for all she needs, but I shall amply provide for the independence of my widow," returned the baronet.
 "I understand. Then we have only to settle what portion of your estate you will charge with this provision. You would be able to leave Lady Perriam—how much?"
 "I have been thinking that two thousand a year—" said Sir Aubrey, meditatively.
 "A poor provision for a lady accustomed to the occupation of Perriam."
 "I do not spend more than four thousand at Perriam."
 "Perhaps not—but after your marriage things will be different. Where you now spend four thousand, I dare say you'll spend ten."
 Sir Aubrey shook his head.
 "I beg your pardon," he said. "There will be no difference. A man doesn't change his habits after fifty. Were I to marry a fashionable young woman—accustomed to the dissipations of the London season—I might be expected to alter my mode of living—to launch out in some absurd manner—re-furnish Perriam with your tawdry modern rubbish—set up a house in Town—and so on. But I marry a young lady who has no pretensions—who is simply the loveliest girl I ever saw—a violet which hides itself in the shelter of its leaves—as somebody once remarked of someone else. What Perriam had been in

the past, Perriam will continue to be in the future—until it passes to its next possessor."

"Your son, perhaps," suggested Mr. Bain, who had been thinking profoundly while Sir Aubrey expounded his views. That strong Saxon face looked almost handsome when the man thought. There was such strength of purpose in it. The clear, grey eyes clouded, as the man's gaze—no longer penetrating the surface of actual things—surveyed those impalpable shadows which make the vision of things to be.
 "My son. If God blesses me with children!" replied Sir Aubrey, reverently.
 "I don't think two thousand is enough for a man in your position to leave his widow," said Mr. Bain, presently.
 He was to some extent a privileged person, and could speak as plainly as he chose to Sir Aubrey. He had frequent occasions to demonstrate that he knew the baronet's interests a great deal better than the baronet himself understood them, and had thus acquired a certain empire over the weaker brain of his employer.
 "Two thousand a year is a large income for Mr. Carew's daughter," said Sir Aubrey, thoughtfully.
 "But a paltry pittance for Sir Aubrey Perriam's widow," returned the other. "Why should you stint this lady? You love her; and if she brings you no children, all you do not leave to her will go to your distant relative—a man for whom you don't care two straws."
 "Not one," said Sir Aubrey.
 "The bulk of the estate is entailed, and must go to Mr. Perriam—after your brother's death that is to say—and his life is not so good as your own. But there's a large remainder that is not in the entail—all the land bought by Sir Andrew and the Warren estate, which you inherited from your mother. Why not act handsomely towards this lady in the matter of a future provision? Why not leave her five thousand a year, chargeable on the Warren estate and the Coppice Farm?"
 Sir Aubrey opened his eyes in a blank stare. He had expected all kinds of opposition from Shadrack Bain, and most of all had he expected to be opposed in the matter of the settlement, and here was Shadrack Bain pleading the cause of the future Lady Perriam, a person he had never seen, if his own statement were to be trusted.
 "Five thousand a year for a schoolmaster's daughter," said the baronet feebly.
 "Five thousand a year for Lady Perriam," replied the steward. "If she is worthy of your confidence and your affection, she is worthy of your liberality. Most men in my position would look at this question from the solicitor's point of view, and counsel meanness. I recommend liberality. If you have no children, strangers—or those who are no nearer to you than strangers—will come after you. Why should you pinch the wife of your choice to fatten strangers? You cannot be too generous to Lady Perriam—after your death."
 "True," murmured Sir Aubrey, impressed by this mode of argument, "I shall be none the poorer. It will make no difference to me in my grave whether she have two thousand or five thousand. But, if the dead are capable of thinking about the world they leave behind them, it would vex me to think that Perriam had everything."
 "Of course it would. Shall I draw up a draft of the deed of settlement, and bring it to Perriam Place this evening?"
 "Yes, bring it this evening. Mr. Carew and his daughter are to dine with me, by the way. Don't say anything about it before them. I might change my mind as to the amount. After all it would be always in my power to provide for my widow by will. The settlement is only a matter of form, to satisfy the father, who no doubt wants to see his daughter's future secured."
 "If you doubt the lady make no settlement," said Mr. Bain decisively. "If you believe in her make her a handsome one."
 (To be continued.)

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE PHANTOM WARNING.

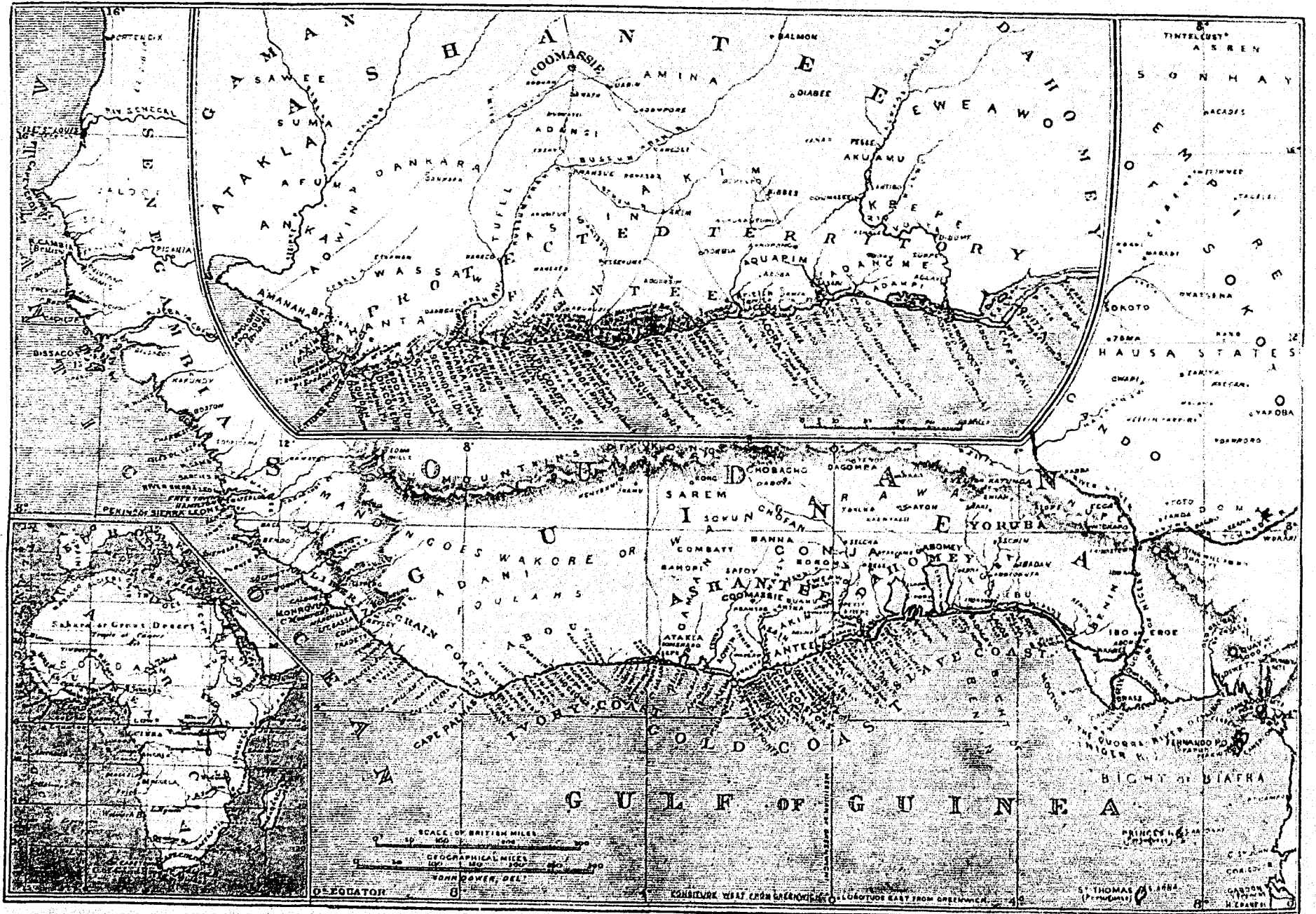
BY KATE LIVINGSTONE.

I.

Picture to yourself, dear reader, the close of a stormy autumn afternoon in the Northern Highlands of Scotland. Pools gleaming along the road show that the rain has ceased but recently, while the black masses of cloud piled in the western sky, indicate more to come. In the foreground is a stream, which a few days ago was a gentle "burn," but which from the heavy autumn rains, has swelled to a turbulent torrent, rushing from the high gloomy mountains in the back ground, and carrying all before it. Over this stream is an old wooden bridge, on which, such an afternoon as I have described, two gentlemen were standing. The tallest, a handsome man, with dark hair, moustache, and whiskers and pleasant grey eyes, was leaning against the railing of the bridge, with a rather melancholy expression on his face, absently picking off bits of the rotten railing, and dropping them into the dark water below, when they were immediately swirled under the bridge. This gentleman, Hugh Raeburn, is the young minister of Glenderavon, while the other, who appears rather impatient, is shorter, about the same age, and moreover is myself, Charlie Mackenzie, assistant and successor to Dr. Gordon, and engaged to his daughter Mabel, the dearest, sweetest, tenderest rosebud of a girl that ever blessed a man's life with the deepest love of her heart. The only borrowed description which at all suits me, is contained in the following words "He has reddish hair and very sweet blue eyes." (Here two young ladies who are sitting in the room with me, as I am copying my manuscript, and occasionally looking over my shoulder, ostensibly for the purpose of correcting my spelling, but really to gratify their curiosity, interrupt me, and one, saying the while, "Did you ever see such a storyteller, Marion?" takes the pen out of my hand, and writes the following words: "My husband is the very best looking gentleman in the parish, except Marion's; that part about the eyes will do, only inserting the word 'dark,' but as for his hair being red! why, it's dark brown, and he has the dearest nose and the pleasantest smile in the whole world.") Well! I'm not proof against such flattery as that, but it would spoil the MSS. to cross it out, and I don't want to copy it over again, so I guess I'll leave it, though it's not true. As I before remarked, ever so far back, my firm friend and college chum, Raeburn, and I, were standing on the bridge, and after fidgeting about in my usual manner for awhile, I shook him by the arm, and said impatiently,



EGYPTIAN SNAKE-CHARMERS.



MAPS OF AFRICA, UPPER GUINEA, AND THE GOLD COAST, SHOWING THE SITE OF THE ASHANTEE WAR.



MARGUERITE BEFORE THE IMAGE OF THE MATER DOLOROSA.—A SCENE FROM FAUST.

"My dear fellow, this is about the hundred and fiftieth time I've asked you if you're coming, don't you see we'll be caught in the shower, if you don't hurry?" The only answer my companion made was to draw himself up, and say thoughtfully, "That bridge won't stand long, shouldn't wonder a bit if it were to go to-night; see how the water has risen since this morning." I made some trifling reply, and nothing more was said as we proceeded, Indian file, along the narrow path for some distance, when Raeburn turned aside into another path.

"Why, man," I cried, "where on earth are you going to? don't you know I promised Mrs. Gordon and Mabel, I'd bring you home to dinner to-night?" "Yes, I know, but I hope the ladies will excuse me this time," replied my companion, rather confusedly, "I'm just going up to Mar—to the Urquharts for a little while, I have an engage—I mean—that is——" and here he broke down altogether with a dark crimson flush over his face.

"Oh, my dear fellow, I know," I exclaimed, heartily wringing his hand, "my cousin is the dearest girl in the world, next to Mabel, of course," I continued, laughingly "and I wish you every success."

"I thank you," said Hugh, simply, as he squeezed my hand again, and in the next minute his graceful, powerfully knit figure was lost in the mist which had crept down from the mountains.

"How glad Mab will be to hear this," I thought, as I walked quickly along, "bless her heart, ever since we have been engaged, she has been wishing that affair settled, so they may be as happy as we are."

Presently I arrived at the Doctor's gate, and as I walked up towards the house the front door opened, and Mabel Gordon ran down the steps.

"Dear Charlie," said my betrothed, as I drew her close to my side, and stooped to kiss her rosy lips, "I am so glad you have come, I was very much afraid that dreadful rain would keep you at home."

"Keep me at home, my own darling! don't you know that nothing could keep me at home if I wanted to come here, which I generally do—no, not even if it rained buckets—cats and dogs—pitchforks—there's a gallant speech for you."

"I've no doubt you do generally follow your own sweet will," said Mabel, laughing a little nervously, "but I've been ill and cross all day, dear, and have been imagining all sorts of absurd things about you."

"Ill, dear," I exclaimed, "and here am I, model physician, letting you stand in the damp without—"

"Oh, it's nothing," interrupted Mabel, hastily, "there's the dinner-bell. Your arm, Sir Knight!" The family, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, the dearest, kindest people in the world; their five children, including myself, and an old gentleman, an uncle of Mrs. Gordon's, are soon seated around the table. Then no one seems at a loss for conversation, for dinner in this house never could be prim or ceremonious, with such a pleasant face as Mrs. Gordon's beaming at us from the top of the table. Mabel soon recovered her spirits, and laughed and talked more than any one else. After dinner, Mabel and I sang some duets in the drawing room. Then, seeing the troubled look coming back into my betrothed's eyes, I called out hastily, "Uncle Henry, won't you please tell us some of those old legends to-night, it's just the time to sit round a grate fire and listen to stories."

"Just hear the wind," quietly remarked Mabel's brother Harry, a lad about fourteen, "it's a good thing for those who have no home to go to-night."

"No home to go to," ejaculated Nellie, aged eleven, "what do you mean?"

"My dear child," said Harry, patronisingly, "if they're at home already, they haven't any home to go to, have they?"

We laughed a little, but the boy's remark called our attention to the weather, and for a minute or two we were quite still listening to the howling of the wind as it drove the rain and sleet against the windows. With a shiver we took our seats round the bright fire, Nellie on her grand-uncle's knee, looking eagerly up into his face for the promised story. So absorbed were we in the terrible, weird tales of the North, that I remembered nothing, until I heard the pretty ormolu clock on the mantel piece strike ten, when starting to my feet with unfeigned surprise, I exclaimed,

"Ten o'clock, why! I ought to be home by this time."

"My dear boy, you're never thinking of going home such a night as this."

"Indeed, Mrs. Gordon—Dr.—it's quite impossible for me to stay to-night. I half promised Ainslie I'd call in and see his wife, as I went home—Goodnight, mother, goodnight, doctor; why—where's Mabel, oh, never mind, I suppose she is waiting for me in the hall." As I stepped into the hall I caught sight of Mabel's pale-colored dress in the dimly lighted drawing room opposite, where we had been singing after dinner. She was sitting in a low chair, in the great bow-window, with her head on the window-sill, and her hands clasped before her face. I advanced quickly toward her, and kneeling down on the floor beside her chair, caught her passionately in my arms and turning up her sweet face, kissed her red lips again and again. "My own darling, what is it," I said in a low voice, noticing how dark were the rings under her eyes. But instead of replying, she only drew her arms tightly round my neck, and leaning her face against my shoulder, burst into a passion of tears. For a minute or two the storm lasted, then the sobs grew quieter and then stopped altogether.

"Excuse me, Charlie," said Mabel, in a sweet tearful voice, "I am so silly, but, oh, my own dear love," pressing my head upon her bosom, and her lips passionately to mine, as she never had done before, "if you only knew how desolate my life would be without you—"

"But, my pet, what can possibly happen to me going home to-night," I interrupted.

"Nothing, I suppose," replied Mabel sadly, as if silenced but not convinced, "but I shall sit up an hour longer—No, dear, don't say anything—I couldn't go to sleep any way—to see if you'll come back again."

"If I see anything more extraordinary than myself," I said, laughing purposely to raise her spirits, "I'll come; but it's my opinion that I shall not be able to see anything at all," and with these words I closed the hall door and stood outside for a minute, before starting on my journey homewards. The rain had again almost ceased, and the wind was moaning fitfully through the almost leafless boughs, while the moon broke through the heavy masses of cloud at intervals, to shine with pale radiance for a few moments before it became obscured again. After a few minutes' walk along the path, I vaulted a fence, and struck out across the fields. As I pro-

ceeded, thoughts of my past life came floating before my mind—of the time when Mabel Gordon, my cousin Marion, Hugh Raeburn and myself were children, and how we used to play together. Then how we boys went away to school, I coming home for holidays and bringing Hugh with me (for Glenderavon was not his native place) each time shy of the two girls growing up so rapidly. Then how we completed our college course, and afterwards how glad we were to be settled in same place. Then how I fell in love with Mabel, and how Hugh fell in love with Marion, (for though he thought his love was perfectly secret, Mabel and I had known it a long while) and how I was the very happiest and luckiest fellow in the whole world, and when Mabel was my own darling little wife—but my reflections were here suddenly brought to a close, by the appearance of a huge black Newfoundland dog, which bounded over the fence, and running along the path (for I had once more struck into the path) in front of me, disappeared in the darkness.

"Confound that brute, what a start he gave me!" I muttered, a thrill of superstitious terror, and anger at the feeling, running all over me. You will think me a great fool, no doubt, to be afraid of a dog on a dark night, but I am a Highlander, consequently superstitious, and moreover I knew at that moment, and shall always believe that the creature was unreal, uncanny. Here the moon broke from behind the clouds, and revealed to my sight the figure of the dog stretched right across the pathway. He was a perfectly immense creature, without exception the largest dog I ever saw, and though I approached very near to him, he did not take the slightest notice of me, but lay quite motionless, his massive head reposing upon his outstretched paws. Again the same singular tremor came over me—I can hardly describe the feeling—it seemed as though I had come unbidden into the presence of the Supernatural—my brain was scared—I could not think—I did not know what I was doing, and yet the scene is indelibly impressed upon my mind. I do not know how long I stood there staring upon the creature before me—I suppose it was some minutes—then following some blind instinct, I left the path and picked my steps through the mud. As frequently happens in an extraordinary situation, or in extreme danger, the mind takes hold of the most trivial matters, and I remember distinctly thinking, as I walked through the mud, how difficult my boots would be to clean next morning. As I regained the path, I glanced over my shoulder expecting to see the dog in the same position, but to my great wonder, nothing was to be seen, save a pool of water right across the path, with the moon reflected in it. Could it have been a mistake? Was it an optical delusion? I rubbed my eyes, and walked on a few paces, when to my unmitigated terror, I beheld the great black brute in exactly the same position. I hurried past him, recklessly plunging into the mud, and again glancing over my shoulder beheld the vacant path as before. I could now plainly hear the rush of the water, for I was quite near the stream, and as I hurried along, Uncle Henry's last words that evening rushed into my mind: "All these warnings, children, just occur three times, and those who disregard them, almost invariably come to some harm." I suppose I uttered these words aloud, for I have a kind of vague impression upon my mind that I heard the last words, then I perceived the dog's form almost at my feet. I suppose I turned and retraced my steps—I do not know—I do not remember anything more till I found myself at the door of Dr. Gordon's house. I saw that there was a light in the drawing-room, though all the rest of the house was quite dark, and so I knew that it could not be very long since I had left the house. I walked up and down the path two or three times, to recover my usual demeanor, then not wishing to alarm Mabel, I opened the door very softly and went straight to the drawing room; I stopped at the door and stood looking at her. She was sitting in the same chair, her head thrown back, and eyes closed. I thought she was asleep, and so did not stir or make the slightest noise. In about a minute her eyes slowly opened, and encountered mine steadily fixed upon her. For one moment she gazed at me in return, her eyes wide open, her nostrils dilating, then uttering a low cry of horror, she bent forward and covered her face with her hands.

"Mabel, my love, my darling" I exclaimed, throwing my arms around her.

"Charlie, is it you," she cried, lifting a face full of astonishment, mingled with happiness.

"Who should it be, my pet?"

"Why, you know, Charlie, I wasn't asleep, but was just sitting with my eyes closed waiting for you, when I felt as if some force made me open my eyes, and I saw you so still, so motionless, looking so steadily at me, I thought," she continued falteringly, "my presentiment had come true, that you were dead, and the figure was your wraith."

Then I drew my chair close to her own, and told my strange experience, and soon after, making my way to the chamber known by the family as "Charlie's room," fell fast asleep, in spite of the strange events of the evening.

II.

"Charlie, Charlie, seven o'clock—time to get up," and I became conscious of some one shaking me vigorously by the shoulder.

"Well, what if it is, can't you let a fellow alone for a minute," I remarked sleepily, opening my eyes a very little way, and perceiving Harry, my brother-in-law elect, standing by the bedside.

"For a minute," laughed Harry, "why I've been up and out for a walk an hour ago—and, do you know, old fellow, the bridge is gone."

"You don't say so" I exclaimed, quite awake now.

"Yes, I do—clean gone, every bit of it."

The boy rattled on while I dressed, but I did not take any notice of what he said, for there was a deep feeling of thankfulness rising in my heart, as I thought over the events of the past evening, and of my remarkable preservation—for the night being comparatively calm, the bridge must have been gone before I reached it. At breakfast little was talked about except this calamity, for as the doctor said "every one who wanted to get across, must go about a mile up-stream" where a bridge had recently been built. As I had a good deal of business on this side of the stream, it was about one o'clock before I got home, when on going at once to the surgery, I met my old housekeeper coming down stairs.

"Good morning, Alison. Any one for me? has M. Raeburn been here yet?"

"No, sir, no one for you. M. Raeburn hasn't been here, but several people have been for him, for they say he isn't at home, sir, and no one seems to know where he is. There's Jimmy Ainslie again. His mother sent him before this morning."

"Mr. Raeburn isn't here, Jimmy," I called, over the banisters, "I suppose he will turn up presently."

"Please, sir, it isn't him, it's you, sir, I want to speak to," cried Jimmy, holding out a small silver-topped cane I distinctly remembered having seen in Hugh Raeburn's possession the evening before.

"Where did you get that, Jimmy," I exclaimed, dashing down stairs, three steps at a time.

"Please, sir, me and Johnny Shaw, sir, went down to the bridge just now, sir, and I found this, sir, wedged up between the branches of a little tree close to the bank, sir."

"Good God," exclaimed Alison in a horrified tone can he be drowned."

"And please, sir, Donald was over from Mr. Urquhart's this morning," continued Jimmy, sobbing, "and he said Mr. Raeburn left their house about half-past nine last night."

Hardly waiting to hear the last words, I picked up a hat, and strode out of the house. I questioned every one I met, and went to every possible and impossible place, but nothing was to be heard of Hugh Raeburn. By four o'clock we had searched all over the village, and down the stream, and my heart sank still lower within me as I turned my steps towards my cousin's house. Bad news travel quickly, and of this I became truly convinced, when I opened the drawing-room door and saw Marion sitting on the sofa, staring straight before her. As I entered she half rose, but whenever she saw my face, she sank down again with a low moan. Marion Urquhart was the most beautiful woman I ever beheld. She never had much color, but as I looked at her then, I thought I had never seen a face so white, and with such a look of utter despair, in the splendid dark eyes. Her hair, which was jet black, was pushed back from her broad brow, and fell in half-curly, half-wavy masses almost to her knees. After I entered the room, she took no notice of me, but gazed straight before her, while she wrung her white hands convulsively, and now and then a smothered sob burst from her lips. I could hardly bear to look upon such agony, and yet, what could I do? I walked to the window, and stood looking out. Again the door opened softly, and I turned quickly to see who it was. Mabel stood there. She looked as if she had been crying, poor girl, and when she caught sight of Marion, her lip quivered, but I shook my head, and she, choking down her tears, glided across the room, and kneeling down beside the sofa, drew Marion's head upon her breast.

"Oh, Marion, Marion," cried Mabel, stroking her hair fondly, "try to cry a little, my poor girl."

"I can't," said Marion, slowly "my eyes burn so."

After a moment or two, she sprang from her seat, and pacing backwards and forwards, she cried aloud: "Oh, why did God give him to me? why did he let such boundless love grow up in my heart, and then tear my darling from me?" and casting herself upon the sofa, as if the very mention of her love had softened her heart, she burst into a perfect passion of sobs and tears.

Mabel let her cry for several minutes, caressing her hair softly, while the tears trickled slowly down her own cheeks.

The afternoon waned, the room became dark, and no sound was to be heard save the clock, steadily ticking through the long hours. I tried to persuade Marion several times to take some rest, but it was no use. At last, about two o'clock in the morning, I forced her to take a sleeping draught, for I was afraid if she remained longer without sleep she would go out of her mind. I then sent Mabel to bed, and Marion fell into a restless and troubled sleep (she would not go to her room for fear there might be news) though after a while she became perfectly quiet. About dawn she awoke, and startled me (for I was almost asleep myself in an arm-chair) by saying, "Is he coming home? He is found, isn't he?"

I shook my head sadly, for I was almost sure that the only way in which he would come home now would be on the shoulders of two strong men. "I must have dreamt it," said Marion wearily, closing her eyes again, "I thought they had found him."

Soon after Mabel came in, and then I had to go away to attend to my own work. And so that day and the next, and many others passed, each day deepening the sorrow in the hearts of the people, for the beloved young pastor, who had thus early been snatched from them by death.

I cannot describe the agony which my young cousin suffered, for she kept it all to herself, sitting day after day, with her head upon her hand, gazing out of the window, her sweet face becoming paler and thinner every day. I was quite sure she would die, and this I told my poor old uncle, when he beseeched me with tears flowing down his furrowed cheeks, to tell him the truth. Mabel, bless her heart, did all she could to soften the grief of her dear friend. Thus the weary days, morn, noon and night, passed slowly away.

One evening, about two weeks after that mournful night, I had pulled the curtains, lighted my student's lamp, and was just sitting down for a few minutes before going up to my uncle's, when I heard the front door open, and an uncertain step come along the hall.

"Alison is getting old," I thought to myself, poking the fire, "she will be glad when I get a wife, I daresay." The step meanwhile had come along towards my door, and a hand seemed to be groping for the handle, when I heard a heavy fall. I rushed to the door, and opening it, I perceived the figure of a man lying upon the floor. At a glance I saw that it was Hugh Raeburn. But how changed! His cheeks and eyes were sunken, and he looked as if he had been very ill. His plaid and Highland bounnet were covered with snow and sleet. I hastily took off the wet things, laid him on a sofa, and rang the bell for Alison. It would be utterly impossible to describe the gladness of the faithful old woman, but I cut short her exclamations of joy, and sent her for a glass of wine, while I pulled off the invalid's boots, chafed his hands and feet, and made him as comfortable as possible. The wine soon came, and I forced it by small quantities between his teeth, but it was some time before, with a sigh, he opened his eyes. A faint smile passed over his face, as he looked wonderingly around.

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh! my dear fellow," I exclaimed, actually laying down my face on the sofa pillow, and shedding tears (I was always a soft-hearted booby), "how thankful I am to see you."

He smiled again as if he did not quite understand, then closed his eyes murmuring—

"If I could see —"

"You're not to talk a single word; here, Alison, sit by the sofa, and if he says anything, you just smother him with a pillow; I'm going for Miss Urquhart."

News of the Week.

"Bless her," exclaimed the old woman, "what a load will be lifted off her heart this night." In a few minutes I had entered my uncle's house, and in the hall met Mr. Urquhart himself. "Uncle Allan," I said, in a low voice, "don't speak loud, he is found—he has come home." "Thank God, thank God!" exclaimed my dear old uncle, the tears standing in his eyes, "break it gently to her, my boy."

ready. I preceded her up stairs, and opened the door. Hugh had heard her footstep, light as it was, and was sitting up looking eagerly for her. "Hugh, my dear fellow," I began, but Marion pushed me hastily aside, and glided into the room. In another moment they were clasped in one another's arms. Not one syllable was spoken, their joy was too deep for words. I closed the door, for no one had the right to look upon such a meeting. Soon after, Mabel and Mr. Urquhart arrived with a carriage to take the invalid home, and then we all went up stairs. Of course there was a great deal of hand-shaking, but I was surprised when Mabel, with tears in her eyes, went up to Hugh and gave him a hearty kiss. Of course I kissed Marion to make all square, and there was a great deal of laughing and fun. Then Hugh told us all about himself since that eventful evening. "It was very dark, you know, Marion," he said, turning towards her, with a tender light in his eyes, "when I left your house, and all the way to the bridge, I was thinking how happy I was, and how unworthy of you. When I reached the bridge I could not see anything at all it was so dark, so I felt for the railing, and having found it, supposed, of course, that the bridge was all there. When I got about the middle I stepped right into the water—half of the bridge was gone. I tried hard to get up again, and shouted for help, but the water was very swift and cold, and I got very numb and could hardly keep my hold, and then I became unconscious, and lost my hold. I have no idea how far I was carried down the stream, but I was picked up by an old shepherd and his son, who were searching for a lost sheep, and the two carried me quite a long way up into yonder mountains, and were very kind to me. I have been delirious almost ever since, so of course they could not find out the place from which I came. I made believe I was much better this morning, and came away, though they tried hard to make me stay till I was stronger. Since then I have been wandering about in the snow, till I found Charlie's house about an hour ago."

THE DOMINION.—It is probable that a Civil Service Commission will be appointed to enquire into the working of the various departments.—Sir John A. Macdonald declines to be nominated for West Toronto.—Further changes in the Ontario Cabinet are rumoured. Mr. Fraser of South Grenville will be made Provincial Secretary, while Mr. Pardee will have the Crown Lands, which department Mr. Scott now manages.—Mr. Langeller of Laval University has been unanimously chosen by the Liberal party to represent Montmagny in the Quebec Legislature, vice Mr. Fournier, who has resigned his seat; he will probably be opposed by Mr. Landry.—Sir Robert Hodgson has been appointed Lieut.-Governor of P. E. I., vice W. C. F. Robinson, resigned. UNITED STATES.—Tweed has been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment, and a fine of \$12,750.—The excitement in the United States over the "Virginian" executions has subsided, and hopes are entertained of an amicable adjustment of the existing difficulty.—The steamer "Morro Castle" has brought intelligence to New York of the execution in Cuba of forty more patriots, resident on the Island, who were implicated through correspondence which was seized by the Spanish authorities.—Considerable sums of money have been sent to New York by the Spanish Government to hasten the completion of repairs on the "Arapiles."—Since the year 1862, this season has been the most disastrous experienced by the Gloucester, Mass., fishing fleet. During the year 24 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,237 tons, have been lost, and 152 lives sacrificed. GREAT BRITAIN.—An immense Home Rule demonstration took place in Dublin last week, 60,000 people being in procession.—Advices have been received from Cape Coast Castle up to October 31. There had been a fight of some two hours' duration, in which the British forces had the best of it, the Ashantees retreating.—Mr. Disraeli made a political speech at Glasgow on Friday. He predicts a conflict in Europe between the temporal and spiritual powers, fears anarchy as the result of it, and suspects treachery from Irish Home Rulers. FRANCE.—The members of the French Cabinet tendered their resignations to President MacMahon last week, but he refused them, and they subsequently expressed their intention of remaining in office until the interpellation concerning delayed elections is disposed of.—A plot for the establishment of the Commune in Lyons, France, has been discovered, and several arrests have taken place. SPAIN.—All members of the Spanish army reserve have been ordered to report in person at the depots of their respective corps within a fortnight.—With the exceptions of two, all the Intransigent officers at Cartagena have been arrested for complicity in a plot to surrender the city to the National troops. On Saturday night the besieging force heard a terrible cannonade and a fusillade going on in the city, and it was believed the forts had opened fire on the military, who were attempting to liberate their leaders. HOLLAND.—Intelligence has been received that the Dutch expedition has left Batavia for Aceh. CUBA.—Seventeen Cuban conspirators are reported to have been executed for complicity in a plot to co-operate with the "Virginian" party.

First-Class Residence For Sale.

THE Large, Substantial, and Elegant Mansion, known as Rose Park, belonging to the Heirs of the late George Desbarats, Esq., is now offered for sale. Possession 1st May next. SITUATION: One mile from Post Office; entrance, 1800 Dorchester Street West. Commands a magnificent view (which can never be obstructed) of the City, River St. Lawrence, and Victoria Bridge. HOUSE: Isolated; cut stone on the four sides; 24 1/2 feet; fitted with all modern conveniences of steam heat, hot and cold water, baths, &c.; perfectly ventilated; Drawing-Room, 22 x 50; Dining-Room, 20 x 30; Library, Fire-Proof Vault, &c. The whole most substantially built and tastefully finished. DEPENDENCIES: Conservatory, 35 x 50; Vineyard 2 1/2 acres, stocked with choice grape vines, in full vigor, and bearing heavily; Brick Stables, Gardener's House, Sheds, &c. GROUNDS: Ample stocked with the finest apple, pear, plum, and cherry trees, beautifully soil-dressed, and surrounded by a superb lawn, 1500 x 500 square feet. For completeness, Convenience, Elegance, and comfort, no home equal to this, is likely to be offered for sale for many years. PLANS have been prepared for the subdivision of the important property, showing its adaptability for use in lots, and its speculative value to a purchaser willing to dispose later of parts of the whole of the land. The subdivision plan shows 15 excellent lots, all convenient of access, the principal one having 1200 feet of superficies, and having access to Dorchester by St. Charles and St. Martin Streets, and to Richmond Square by an Avenue of easy grade to be cut in the hill side. TITLES PERFECT. Terms easy. Only a small portion in cash, and the remainder at interest, a portion of which at 6 per cent., on account of a subdivision. For further particulars, plans, &c., apply to THEODORE DOUCET, N. P., 60 St. James Street. Or, GEORGE E. DESBARATS, 312 St. Antoine Street.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the Matter of JOSEPH CALIATE THAUVEYRE, of Ste. Marthe, Merchant, An Insolvent. I, the undersigned, Antoine Phaneuf, of Rigaud, County of Val-drouil, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month. They are also hereby notified that the above named Insolvent has deposited in my office a deed of composition and discharge, purporting to be executed by a majority in number of his creditors representing three-fourths in value of his liabilities, subject to be computed in ascertaining such proportion, and should no opposition be made to said deed of composition and discharge, within three judicial days next after the last publication of this notice, which will be on the Tenth of December A. D. 1873, the undersigned Assignee will act upon said deed of composition and discharge according to its terms. A. PHANEUF, Assignee. Rigaud, 25th November 1873. 8-22-25-500.

DR. BESSEY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 1 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL. 7-2327.

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This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS, under the ablest HOMEOPATHIC advice, aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

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Made in One Minute Without Boiling. THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest manufacturers in Europe, and sold in tin-lined packets only, by Storekeepers and others all over the world. Steam Mills, Brick Lane, London. Export Chocory Mills, Brussels, Belgium. 8-14 1/2

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street.

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

\$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. Address U. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 7-31 1/2

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These valuable Remedies which have stood the test of trial, and become a household necessity, are the best that experience and careful research can produce for the cure of the various diseases for which they are especially designed. They are pure in quality, prompt in action, effectual in use, and employed with great success by the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons in Hospital and private practice in all parts of the world.

- THE FOLLOWING COMPRISE THE LIST: Wingate's Cathartic Pills—For all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Wingate's Nerve-Tonic Pills—Used with remarkable success in all Nervous Affections. Wingate's Chalybeate Pills—Designed especially for Female use in complaints peculiar to their sex. Wingate's Dyspepsia Tablets—A powerful aid to digestion, and cure for Dyspepsia. Wingate's Pulmonic Troches—An excellent Remedy for all Irritation of the Throat and Lungs. Wingate's Worm Lozenges—A safe, pleasant and effectual Remedy for Worms. The above Remedies are sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. Descriptive Circulars furnished on application, and single packages sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Dr. A. A. SMITH & Co., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. No. 245 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL. 7-14 1/2

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5.30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9.10 A.M. Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5.15 P.M. arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M. 7-21 1/2 C. J. Brydges, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

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THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15 1/2

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HEALTH TO THE SICK, Strength & Vigor to the debilitated. DOES NOT REQUIRE COOKING OR WARMING. Is the finest TONIC Stimulant AND NUTRITIVE. INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN, CURES ALL WEAKNESSES. Consumption, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Lowness of Spirits, Fever, Ague, Cholera, all Female and Children's maladies, Sick Headache, Bladder Complaints, Sea Sickness, Influenza, Purifies the Blood and THOROUGHLY RENEWS THE SYSTEM. THERE IS ONLY ONE LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF IN EXISTENCE. Signature of the Inventor: Justus Liebigs. BARON JUSTUS LIEBIG, M.D., F.R.S., Professor in the University of Munich.



Happily, we have several papers to enlighten us on the situation. Without them what should we do.
 — Ah! there's the *Globe* says all is going well. — Come! Here's the *Masi*, which assures us that all is going wrong.
 — The *Times* says the position of things is perfect. — The *Citizen* says the county is going to the dogs.
 — *Grip* and the *Free Lance* laugh at everything. — And the *Leader* declares that all is "busted."

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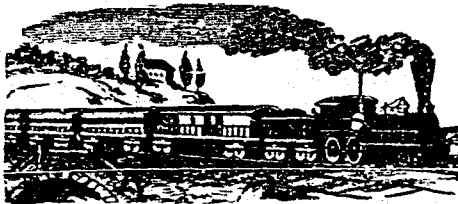
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Gents or Ladies. \$5 to \$10 a day guaranteed. Full particulars sent free. Write immediately, to **DR. J. BALL & CO.,** (P. O. Box 957.) No. 91 Liberty St., New York City, N. Y.

8-22 Jan-os-597



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1873. Summer Arrangement. 1873.

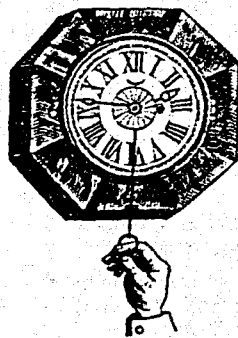
On and after MONDAY, 26th inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:30 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 8:50 p.m.

Trains will connect:
 At Painesec with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations.
 At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations.
 At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
 At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

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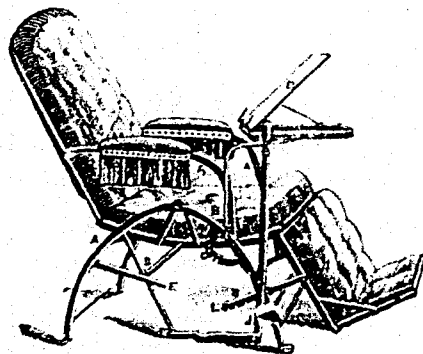


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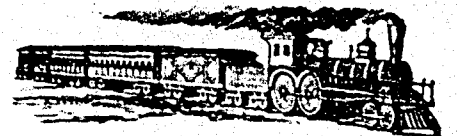
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 Passenger Train for Brockville and all intermediate Stations 4.00 p.m.
 Trains leave Montreal for Lachine at 7.30 a.m., 9.30 a.m., 3.00 p.m., and 5.30 p.m.
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 The 3.00 p.m. Train runs through to Province line.

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Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations 7.00 a.m.
 Mail Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations 4.00 p.m.
 Night Express for Island Pond, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, and the Lower Provinces at 10.00 p.m.
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Train for Boston via South Eastern Counties Junction R.R. 3.00 a.m.
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C. J. BRYDGES,
 Managing Director.

Montreal, October 6, 1873. 7-15 22

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P. S. STEVENSON,
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