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Wholesale News

Vol. X.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1874.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
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JOSEPH HICKSON, ESQ., GENERAL MANAGER GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.—See Page 342.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

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

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THE NEW STORY.

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

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

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

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

FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED

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

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

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 27th, 1874.

A WORD TO THE LADIES.

EVERY WOMAN is in her HOME a QUEEN, a SOVEREIGN. This is as correct in theory, as it is delightful in practice. Delightful to the ladies that reign, and feel the charm of undisputed sway, seasoned perchance by an occasional, and gentle, *loyal* opposition. Delightful and comforting to those inmates of the masculine persuasion, who can gracefully submit to the silken sceptre, and can, without fear, leave in the fair hands of their wives, daughters and sisters, the Government of the Household. LADIES, we advocate WOMEN'S RIGHTS! We clamor for HOME RULE! We maintain that women know better than men the requirements of the house and are better fitted to regulate them. Their lives are spent at home, they study to make it comfortable for themselves and the children, as well as for those vain and over estimated creatures, who sometimes style themselves the "Lords of Creation." They have also more natural appreciation of beauty, symmetry, the fitness of things, than men. They perceive at once the voids, the filling of which will make home more complete. They see every day the trifling additions necessary to the thorough comfort of those they love. They understand the pleasures of the children, and know how to minister to them such amusement and instruction as best to combine the present enjoyment and the future happiness of the nurslings. Theirs the task of early education. Theirs the care of food and raiment, the nurture of the body, the training of the mind. Thus it is that Woman's Rule at Home is established by every law of nature, fitness, and circumstance; required for the comfort and happiness of the Family, the moral and material welfare of future generations. Persuaded of this as we are, you will understand why we should strive to make the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS agreeable to the ladies. Our devoting a pictorial page weekly to *Fashion Plates* accompanied by ample descriptions; a column to matters of special interest to ladies

under the caption of "*Courrier des Dames*;" another to recipes, and other items of importance to housekeepers, denotes sufficiently our ambition in this respect. But besides this, much care is exercised in the choice of illustrations, stories, and miscellaneous literature, to meet the taste of our lady-friends. They will find the "NEWS" a welcome weekly visitor, and will not fear to leave the younger members of the family scan, and read it through; for never will they meet anything in its pages that can offend the modesty of the most sensitive child. And remember, ladies, that Pictures are a great means of education. Children learn more, and remember better, by the use of pictures, than by any other method. We claim therefore that the "NEWS" is a necessity to every family, and we trust mainly to the ladies for a permanent circulation. Not only do we ask you, as mistresses of your homes, to insist upon the "NEWS" being laid each week upon your parlor table; but we hope to find among you zealous friends and active supporters.

If the ladies are with us, who shall say nay! Yes! if you wish to see a respectable, interesting, beautiful, Illustrated Paper produced in Canada, on which you can rely each week for good reading, useful information, and elegant pictures; if in the interests of education and morality, for the love of your children and the beautifying of your homes, you prefer such a paper to the flood of trashy and dangerous prints issued across the line; then Ladies! to arms! Wield not arms of steel and iron, but the soft persuasive tongue that God has given you. Who can refuse when you request? The effort of asking your friends to subscribe to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is nothing, if you think of the good result. And again although we know that hundreds of ladies throughout the land will spontaneously respond to our call, we know that to many who are in a position to help us materially, the reward we now offer, will be welcome. Ladies procuring subscribers may retain, when remitting, ten per cent of the amount, or forty cents, for each subscriber paying for one year. Thus, a club of ten, which every lady can easily form, will pay her \$4.00. This sum is not to be despised, and can be earned quite easily by many mothers of families, as well as by young ladies. To those for whom money is no object, we offer a copy of the NEWS free for one year, and a beautiful chromo, for nine paid subscribers of one year. We hope to see at once the results of this invitation, and will be happy to furnish all particulars, as well as sample numbers, forms of receipts &c. to any lady desirous of trying her powers of persuasion.

POPULAR ELECTIONS.

According as one party triumphs in a popular election, its votaries have the right to rejoice and shout victory. Thus the Democrats of the United States are jubilant over the result of the November campaign. Forgetting the past, they are entirely absorbed in their present success, which they regard as a harbinger of the future regeneration of the country under the ascendancy of their principles. No doubt there is much to encourage them in the result of the late elections, but we must avow that the triumph is not of a nature to inspire one with unalloyed confidence in its stability. We cannot help remembering that the United States are a country of violent and rapid changes, extreme as well in its opinions as in its actions. Today one party sweeps the field; to-morrow, the other is in the ascendant. Republicans were everywhere victorious last year; this year the Democrats have the upper hand. Who can tell that the Republicans will not have it all their own way within the next twelve months? Such radical transitions from one camp to the other nearly every year, and by overwhelming majorities, indicate an abnormal state of public feeling. They point to a morbid condition of political principle, to the rule of passion, to the absence of sound political philosophy. They show to the outsider that

Americans are in a quasi-revolutionary situation rather than in the normal enjoyment of settled government. Statesmen and politicians of long standing in the old countries, men of study and observation, can safely predict the course of events among their own people, even in circumstances of an unusual or critical nature, but there is hardly a public man in the United States—or for that matter in Canada either—who has not, at some time or other, made a laughing stock of himself by venturing to foretell the march of the popular will, even one year ahead.

Much, if not all, that has just been said may apply to ourselves. Popular elections in Canada have much affinity with those of the United States. And their vagaries are, in great measure, an outgrowth of our peculiar institutions. A child of the people ourselves, we love the people, and are perfectly willing to confide our destinies to them. We have confidence in the people because they are naturally honest. The popular conscience is upright, and quite competent to choose and do what is just.

Libera sit dentur populo suffragia quis tam Perditus ut dubitet Senecam praeferre Neroni?

But among us the trouble is precisely that the will of the people is not untrammelled and free. It is played upon by a thousand engines of deception that force it away from its straight channel. Their natural shrewdness is likewise abused and imposed on. If left to themselves, they would take up the main palpable facts that bear upon the situation, turn them over in their minds, and shape their course in accordance with a few common sense conclusions. Such hard common sense is worth all the logic of abler minds. We should be quite content to abide by the verdict of a popular vote thus fashioned. But instead of that, what have we? We have the honest masses delivered into the hands of a comparatively small body of scheming wire-pullers. Do the people want principles? They are furnished them cut and dried by their obsequious caterers. Do they want facts—facts which as practical men they are best able to judge of? These are furnished from the same sources, but disfigured and distorted for partisan purposes. It has been said that it is next to impossible for a sovereign to know the true state of his kingdom, the true feeling of his subjects, through the reports of his courtiers and subalterns. We affirm that it is very difficult for the bulk of the people to know the true condition of affairs in this country, so as to be able to judge of them and act on them independently. In the great drama that is enacted on election days, the people deposit a ballot, indeed, but the whole thing is managed at the bidding of your wire-pullers, your caucus men, your executive committee men, few in number, but all powerful. Demagoguism is rampant on the stump and in the press. Indeed this system of misrepresentation is getting so bad, that one hardly knows what to believe of what he hears at public meetings, of what he reads in the public prints. No wonder that popular elections are so inconsistent in their results. No wonder that we meet so many men who shake their heads ominously at the course of things. Hundreds withdraw from politics in sorrow and disgust, because they see that so little reliance can be placed on the stability of principle when at war with partisan intrigue. Of course, we are not without hope that these modes of procedure will be modified in time. The people must not be treated as minions or puppets by stump speakers and editors, but should read for themselves, think for themselves, vote fearlessly, and independently—at no man's dictation. Then popular elections will point to a different moral.

MENNONITES IN MANITOBA.

We have received from time to time very interesting news of the settlement of Mennonites in Manitoba. The first party arrived from Berdiansk in South Russia, via Hamburg, during the middle of last summer, and the total number who have

gone there is over 1100. Several hundreds more arrived at Quebec too late to proceed to our North-West Province this fall; but they will stay with their friends in Ontario, and proceed next spring. A still further number arrived last week by the first of the Allan steamers at Portland, and they also will stay till the spring with their friends in Ontario. The Mennonite settlement is situated on the Red River between Winnipeg and the U. S. frontier. These new comers have brought with them plenty of money. Some of them had as much as thirty thousand dollars, which they would insist on carrying in gold, being unwilling to trust either our bank or Dominion notes. They carried their gold mostly in leather belts around their persons, and one of the fellows when he left Montreal was literally so heavy he could scarcely waddle about. But they have so far proved splendid settlers, and the actual money which it is ascertained they have taken to Manitoba amounts to \$500,000.

This has proved to be a valuable addition to the wealth of the young province, and has probably saved the town of Winnipeg from a commercial crisis. The very first day they went there to buy their supplies they spent over \$100,000, and from that time to this their settlement has been a scene of astonishing activity. Building after building has seemed to spring up like mushrooms on the prairie. They have introduced their own customs, built their own peculiar stoves, and manufactured their own fuel from straw, manure, and clay. They come from a treeless prairie on the steppes of Russia, where the storms of winter are at times frightful. We heard from one of them that the snow-drifts there sometimes are so deep as to bury their houses; yet they have there neither wood, nor coal for fuel, but only straw. With this, however, and their peculiarly constructed brick stoves, they manage to keep themselves comfortable.

In Russia, they raised and exported a good deal of wheat, and managed to realize in their community very considerable wealth. They have left, at very great sacrifice, for conscience sake. They are a sort of German Quakers, who first settled on the steppes of Russia, under a promise of complete immunity from military service, but that promise has been revoked by an ukase of the present Czar, and the teaching of the Russian language in their schools has been made compulsory. Their remonstrances failed to obtain a repeal of the ukase, but permission was given them to emigrate within a period of ten years as an alternative of complying with the new law. When the Russian Government saw that that alternative would be likely resorted to by an exodus *en masse* of the whole population of about 80,000 souls, they offered some concessions, such as only requiring them to be enrolled in the sedentary military organization; but confidence was broken, and they have resolved to emigrate. The emigrants this year are divided into two parties, one of which has decided to come to Canada; the other has gone to the Western States.

The securing of these people for settlers has been a grand prize aimed at by the emigrant agents of both the United States and Canada, and both have been measurably successful. The Dominion Government offered very considerable inducements, and have incurred considerable expense, but these are considerations which it is worth while to deal with separately as an important question of public policy. We will not, therefore, further allude to them here. But to the narrative of facts already given, we may add that the Mennonites are model settlers for our Western prairies. They know how, as a matter of course, to overcome the difficulties which have appeared stumbling blocks to some of the immigrants who have gone from Ontario to Manitoba, and which have induced some of them to leave it again. These particular difficulties are the questions of fuel and water.

As regards the grasshoppers, these have not caused the Mennonites the slightest scare. They laugh at them, and we suppose they saw grasshoppers before they left

their homes on the Russian steppes. We have heard stories of their boiling them for soup in Manitoba, but for the truth of these we will not vouch. Many of the Mennonite strange ways are, however, the talk and wonder of the new Province, and it is probable they may introduce some new customs that may lead to permanent good. It is certain from the manner in which they have already commenced that they will create wealth, and in many senses their acquisition is a fact on which the Dominion may be congratulated.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

This important question is again vigorously discussed in English and American papers. Not long ago, Anthony TROLLOPE published a very elaborate argument upon it. He was followed by James PARTON in an equally exhaustive paper. The *Athenaeum* and *Appleton's Journal* are also agitating it. All these authorities insist on the salient point that it is unjust to deprive authors of the legitimate rewards due to their talent and labor, and allow publishers to pocket them instead. The whole argument is in this point. The present system is an injustice and a legal swindle, and we wonder that enlightened governments which have so many ties of community should countenance it. In language and literature, England and America are one—*matre pulcra filia pulcior*. English writers are read in the United States and Canada as much as, if not more than, in England. American writers, to a very great extent, are read in England. Why then should the English author be robbed of his gains in America, and the American, in England? Why, if we like a book particularly, can we not pay the money for it into the author's hands, as a slight tribute to him, instead of giving it to his speculating publisher? Why should such monopolists as the great firms of London, New York and Boston, make fortunes on the mere mechanical part of works, while the grand brain work is unrequited?

We can understand why England, for instance, seizes at her custom houses, for breach of copyright, the Lepsic editions of British works published by Tauchnitz and Trübner. This is a mere question of trade, where one nation tries every means to prevent its being undersold by another, in the matter of printing. For the same reason, France legislates with much severity against the surreptitious editions of French works printed at Brussels and Liege. But between England and America, the case is far different. There is a community of literary interests between them, as there is a rivalry of literary glory. No paltry considerations of trade, no absurd technicalities of international legislation, ought to prevent legitimate encouragement to literature.

It is really pitiful to learn how much authors have suffered by the present system of "protection." TROLLOPE mentions that when LONGFELLOW showed him with laudable pride the different English editions of his works in his library, he inquired of the poet how much he had received from their transatlantic reproduction. The reply was a shrug of the shoulders, and a smile of disappointment. PARTON adds, on the authority of McMILLAN, the London Publisher, that if there had been an international copyright between England and the United States, LONGFELLOW would have made fifty thousand pounds sterling on his poems, during the last twenty five years. DICKENS, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, written shortly before his death, said that an international copyright would have given him a large fortune, whereas, as it was, he had accumulated only "moderate savings." The same may be said of the poet TUPPER whose works, worthless as they are, have sold in America by the hundred thousand.

To evade the law, as it stands to-day, writers are forced to have recourse to a rather shabby trick. English authors become American residents, and American authors British residents, while their works are being published in England or America, as the case may be. The first instance of

this evasion we had in OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, who came to Montreal, while his "Guardian Angel" was being printed in London. His example has been followed by HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, HOWELLS, PARKMAN and others. Being thus for the time British residents, these persons were able to have English copyrights for their London reprints.

We are aware that there are arguments against the international copyright, derived from the increased prices of books which would result therefrom. But these prices would soon equalize themselves and even if they did not, this consideration is as nothing compared to the losses which authors endure under the present system.

MYSTERIES SURROUNDING US.

We notice from the English papers, by the last steamer, that Professor Tyndall has made yet another explanation in a lecture delivered at Manchester; and that the conflict of argument arising out of his utterances at Belfast continues to rage angrily. He is apparently stung by many of the remarks to which he has been subjected; and at Manchester we find him again apologetic. His statement at Belfast was "that he discerned in matter 'the promise and potency of every form 'and quality of life.'" A doctrine of this nature, thus nakedly stated, naturally drew forth the chorus of condemnation to which he found himself called upon to reply in an apologetic preface to his lecture, in which, in somewhat misty terms, he endeavoured to make the world believe that he was not a simple atheist. But he yet did not show what he did believe. We see by the *London Times* of October 31st that "Cardinal Cullen and the 27 Catholic Bishops and Archbishops of Ireland have issued a Pastoral addressed to their flocks," in which Professor Tyndall is again denounced for attempting to revive "the teachings of a 'school of Pagan philosophers who flourished six hundred years before Christ, 'and whose condemnation was pronounced 'by Plato and Aristotle.'" The Pastoral goes on to say: "These doctrines born of a corrupt paganism, spurned by the 'great heart of mankind in disgust, and 'angrily rejected as absurd by the flower 'of human intelligence, reprobated by the 'Holy Spirit as unpardonable sins, have 'been haughtily proclaimed in assemblies 'gathered for the advancement of science, 'as a sovereign truth in the splendour of 'which the Christian religion must stand 'convicted as an imposture. If man be 'but an unconscious automaton, a machine 'constructed of organized matter; if the 'soul be but a function of the nervous 'system, the act of volition must be governed by laws similar to those which 'govern the phenomena of matter. To 'what havoc in individual souls, to what 'ruin in society, to what universal unchaining of all the worst passions, rav- enous for satisfaction, these doctrines inevitably point, is there a man so blind 'as not to see?" Professor Tyndall as we have said, has once again in effect, exclaimed, in answer to attacks of this kind, "I am not an atheist." At Manchester he was lecturing on "Crystalline and Molecular Forces;" and after showing an experiment which he described as "astounding," said: "We are surrounded 'by wonders and mysteries everywhere. 'I have sometimes—not sometimes, but 'often—in the springtime watched the 'advance of the sprouting leaves, and of 'the grass, and of the flowers, and ob- served the general joy of opening life 'in nature, and I have asked myself this 'question: 'Can it be that there is no 'being or thing in nature that knows more 'about these things than I do? Do I in 'my ignorance represent the highest 'knowledge of these things existing in 'this universe?' Ladies and gentlemen, 'the man who puts that question fairly to 'himself, if he be not a shallow man, if 'he be a man capable of being penetrated 'by profound thought, will never answer 'the question by professing that creed of 'atheism which has been so lightly at-

tributed to me." This is well, as far as it goes, and it is both pathetically and practically said, but we must observe that the doctrine, that "matter contains within itself, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," does not coincide with the declaration that there is an intelligent "being or thing in nature that 'knows more about these things than I 'do.'" The question that Professor Tyndall has put is not original with him. It has been before met by several of his brother scientists and philosophers of modern times, who have affected to sneer at the teachings of revelation. But they stop there. They seem to be as powerless to construct an intelligent faith, as they are to discover aught in nature, beyond a very few phenomena lying, as it were, on the very surface of things. The reason why the simplest of the facts they discover does exist, is one of the impenetrable mysteries surrounding them; and it can be no more defined and described by them, than the illimitable expanse of the universe can be measured. The really narrow limits of our intellectual scope, should teach us all humility.

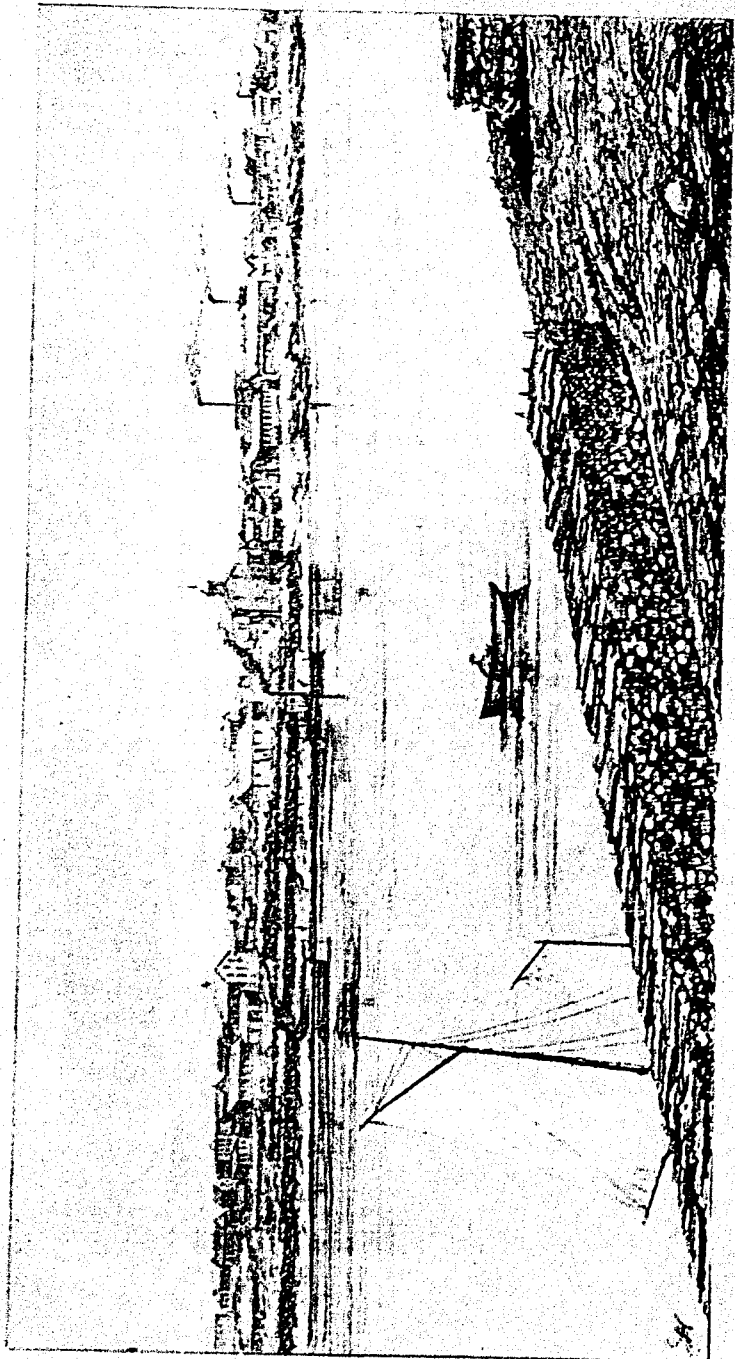
ICELANDIC SETTLEMENT.

The question of an Icelandic settlement has been before discussed in the *ILLUSTRATED NEWS*, and we are now happy to be able to inform its readers that we have information on this subject from Ontario of a very favourable character. We should, however, first explain that there is every reason to believe an exodus of the whole of the people of Iceland will take place, if circumstances favour. The total number of the population is about 60,000; and it is composed of a class likely to make the very best settlers in Canada. The people are for the most part fair-haired and fair-skinned, and they are hardy and industrious. An immigration from among them to this country has been already commenced, by the energy of the Dominion agents, and the government of the Province of Ontario has taken it in charge to foster the infant settlement. Some three or four hundred Icelanders have already arrived, men, women, and children. They are temporarily settled during the winter on the line of the Victoria Railway, in the construction of which work is provided for them, and the Government of Ontario has erected for them temporary sheds to live in while engaged in this work. They express themselves, through their interpreter, Mr. JONASSEN, to be very well satisfied, as well with their position as the treatment they have so far received. In fact they are astonished at the profusion into which they have fallen, and some of them have actually made themselves sick with the quantity of fresh beef they have eaten. Eating fresh beef appears to be a new sensation for an Icelander. And the same remark may be made of several other kinds of provisions which they have been able to obtain. A number of their children, we are sorry to learn, have died of dysentery. In the spring, the Ontario Government will locate them on the free grants, and, we understand, will make them advances to build shanties and clear a few acres to start with; but these advances will have to be repaid, and they will remain a lien on their farms until they are paid. Mr. HENRY TAYLOR, the Secretary of the Agricultural Labourers' Union of England, who came out to this country with a party of English agricultural labourers, asks why as much is not done for them as for the Icelanders? The answer is very easily given: the Icelanders form a nucleus of an entirely new and it may be important immigration, which it is of the greatest interest to nurse. The same cannot be wholly said of the English labourers; but we are not prepared to argue that it would not be desirable to make some such exertions in their case. We understand that this has been tried in New Brunswick, and that with measurable success. The question is especially interesting for the Province of Quebec, which has large tracts of good lands to settle; and it is greatly important for its welfare to get them settled.

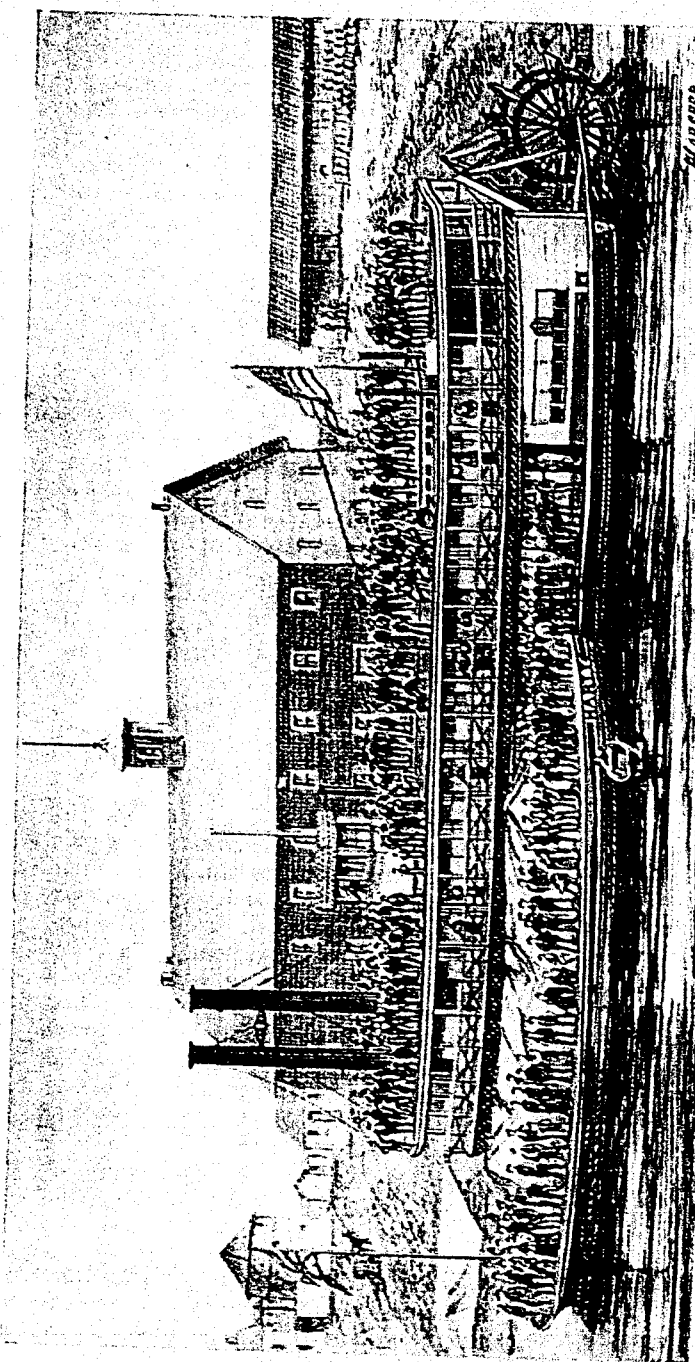
EXTRAVAGANCES OF FASHION.

A paragraph has lately been going the rounds of the press, in which high praise is accorded to a young lady of fashion who appeared at an evening party or ball, in a magnificent dress which she herself had made. "I am so glad you like it," said she to an admirer, "for I made it all myself, and it costs only seven dollars." We might indulge in a little humour over this incident, but we shall not, for when we come to think of it, the young lady in question did a wonderful thing and has some reason to be proud of it. The little fact, insignificant as it may seem, points a double moral, for which reason we presume, it has been so generally circulated in the papers. The young woman actually made her own dress—a modish evening costume—and that dress cost only seven dollars! The announcement may possibly cause the cynical bachelor to leer quizzically and utter some caustic epigram, but it may well open the eyes of *paterfamilias* to the prevailing style of home education to which his daughters are being trained. In the days of our grandmothers—or even within the recollection of our boyhood—the use of the needle was frequent in our highest family circles. To say nothing of elderly or married ladies, our young girls were early taught to sew, made up their own clothes, knitted and quilted, never going near the milliner, except occasionally to get a new pattern, or on some special occasion, such as a wedding, to order a stylish dress. By this means they were innocently and profitably employed at home, and spared enormous expense to their parents. But the manners of fifteen years ago have been amazingly revolutionized. The extravagance of toilet now-days is something positively alarming. To appreciate it, one has only to move about a little, at public entertainments, not only in high life, but among the middle and lower classes. If he has any acquaintance with the ruling prices of dry goods, he can count up a little bill on the back of each figurant, which will surprise even himself. In old times patrons used to push their clerks and clients to matrimony as likely to make them more steady and economical; now, in Montreal, and others of our large cities, they are rather inclined to get rid of their young employees as soon as ever they get married. The reason is that the usual salaries are not sufficient to maintain man and wife, and patrons will not take the responsibility of supporting both. Preachers and moralists complain of the growing evils of celibacy, but what is the reason given by bachelors against matrimony? It is that they find a wife too costly. As fashions go to-day, many men of letters, beginners in a profession or a trade, cannot find the means of toileting a wife according to the requirements of what she fancies her station in society. And, indeed, it is enough to startle them, when they read in the papers that a certain young lady lately appeared in a dress worth ten thousand dollars.

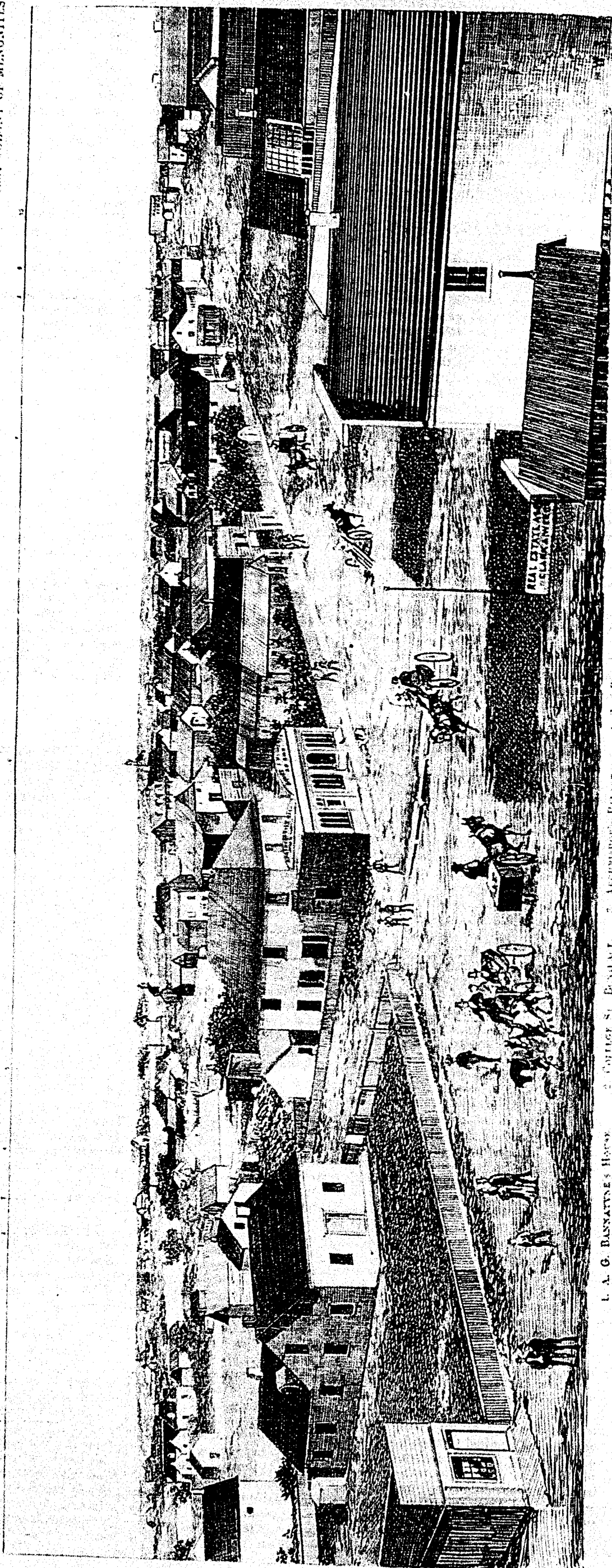
We do not mean to make merry on this subject, although we might easily work it up into a humorous article. The social and religious aspects of the question predominate in our mind over every other consideration. Can money—earned with so much toil and anxious care—be put to no better use than the purchase of plumes, ribbons, flowers, and other gewgaws? Are the grace and glory of womanhood to be set in velvets, silks and satins? Is the female no more than a fair animal bedecked and bedizzened, to be gazed at by every idler, and ogled by every Don Juan? To her husband is the wife to be only a doll, to be shown to every visitor? Has woman no other pride than the beauty of her face or the ornaments of her person? Why, she should be the first to discern and resent the shallowness—we might say, the insolence—of an admiration founded only on exterior and often fictitious charms. Intellect and heart are what distinguish a true woman, as they do a true man. With these she may easily set aside the appliances of fashion.



WINNIPEG FROM OPPOSITE SIDE OF RED RIVER

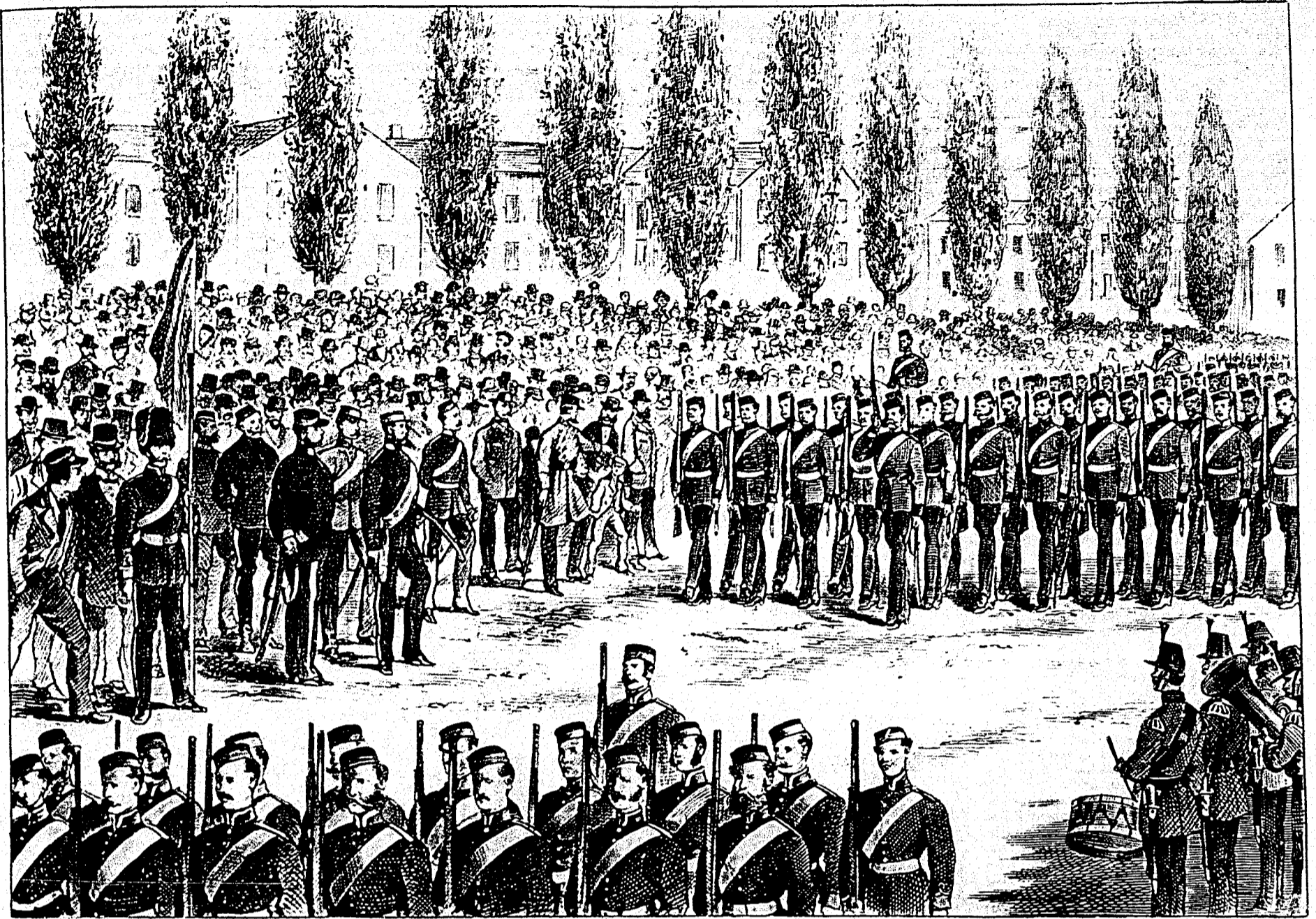


WINNIPEG, ASSINIBOINE RIVER FRONT. FORT GARRY TO THE LEFT. ARRIVAL OF FIRST COLONY OF MENONITES.



1. A. G. BARNATYNE'S HOUSE 2. COLLEGE ST. BUILDING 3. ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE 4. ST. BONIFACE CATHEDRAL 5. GULLY NURSERY 6. CUSTOM HOUSE

7. THE SOUTHERN STORE 8. GRACE CHURCH 9. FORT GARRY 10. CANADA PACIFIC HOTEL 11. SIDE OF NEW FOOT BRIDGE
 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, LOOKING TOWARDS RED RIVER AND ST. BONIFACE ON THE LEFT AND FORT GARRY ON THE RIGHT
 FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY JAS. BISHOP AND S. DODD, WINNIPEG



MONTREAL. A SKETCH AT THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW, ON CHAMP-DE-MARS, BEFORE MAJ-GEN. SELBY SMITH.



THE GAME OF DOMINOS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. JOSEPH HICKSON, the recently appointed General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, whose portrait we give on our first page, is a native of Northumberland, England. He was born in the year 1830, and when a lad entered the offices of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway at Newcastle, and was afterwards with the Maryport and Carlisle Railway as their principal agent at Carlisle. He removed to Manchester in 1851, to join the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, where he went through a regular railway training, rising steadily by the force of his merits, until he became General Manager's Assistant. It was in that position that he attracted the attention of Mr., now Sir Edward Watkin, afterwards for some time President of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. On his return from Canada in 1861, where he found the railway in a condition of almost hopeless bankruptcy, he secured the services of Mr. Hickson as chief accountant, in which position he first became connected with the Grand Trunk Railway. He was shortly afterwards appointed Secretary and Treasurer of the Company, and has continued to occupy that position to the time of his recent appointment as General Manager, fulfilling the duties of the office, often most difficult, with marked ability, and with such satisfaction to the Board at home, that on the withdrawal of Mr. Brydges, he was placed in charge of the railway, and has since been named chief executive officer of the Company in Canada, with the title of General Manager and Treasurer and President of the Executive Council which controls the affairs of the Company. During the last six months, while Mr. Hickson has been in charge of the railway, he has rendered most important service at a critical period of its history. His personal efforts in conducting financial arrangements for the necessary means to change the gauge of the Grand Trunk from Montreal eastward, have accelerated the carrying out, during this year, of that important work. His appointment to his present position was a recognition of valuable and honest service rendered to the Company, and is one upon which the directors and the proprietors are to be congratulated; and Mr. Potter, who has had considerable intercourse with Mr. Hickson during his presidency of the Company and his visits to Canada, has, we think, exercised a wise judgment in the selection of so experienced, zealous, and able an officer for the control of the Company's affairs in this country.

Mr. Hickson has a great taste for agriculture, and has attained some success in carrying out his enlarged views in connection therewith, but his limited leisure has afforded him few opportunities of indulging them. He is a man of sterling honesty, a warm friend, manly and straightforward in all his actions. In his relations with his brother officers and with the employes of the Company, he is strictly just and impartial, and has, by his qualities of head and heart, made for himself a place in the respect and esteem of the large staff of officials connected with the railway.

WINNIPEG.—The City of Winnipeg, lately a wilderness, has now about 5,000 inhabitants, all industrious and thriving, the natural result of active and industrious habits. A great many fine buildings have been erected during the past year, showing greater stability and marked improvement in style—notably the Hudson's Bay Company's offices, Law Office, Custom House, Higgins' store, Bannatyne's store, Hepler's Bank, &c., all of white brick, and three stories. Over 300 buildings of brick or wood have been added to the city during the year.

Among the principal streets are first, Main or Garry street, which is the main artery of the city, and on which the business houses extend for a mile or more, running north and south. Next in point of importance is the Portage Road, the main route west, which strikes from about the centre of the city and stretches west to the Rocky Mountains; then on either side are Broadway to the south and Burrows Avenue on the north, both leading westward, all of which are one chain and a half or two chains in width.

Westerly of the city the barracks are situated, composed of neatly erected buildings of wood, and calculated to afford quarters to about 400 men. They are kept in the nicest order. Trade in Winnipeg has been exceptionally good during the past year. The Mennonites alone, of whom 1,200 are settled near the city, having spent over \$50,000 in the city of Winnipeg, for their outfits of lumber, furniture, provisions, cattle and agricultural implements. A hotel has been built for them in the city, and they are enthusiastic over the prospects of their adopted country. Many of them have been at work on the Pembina Branch R. R. One house sold to them in one week, 20 lumber waggon and 30 stoves, with other articles innumerable, other houses doing nearly as well.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—On Saturday, the 14th inst., an inspection and review of the Montreal Volunteer Force took place on the Champ de Mars. The occasion was the visit of Major-General Selby Smyth, Adjutant-General of the Dominion Militia, who since his arrival in Canada, only a few weeks ago, has already found time to inspect the principal corps in Ontario and Quebec. The review at Montreal was not so large as it might have been, but it was the largest held for a considerable time back, and proved creditable in many respects. There were about 600 men under arms. After the inspection, General Smyth addressed the volunteers in hearty words of commendation and counsel. He

encouraged them to go on in their drill, pointed out where they needed improvement, and promised them all the assistance in his power. Last week, we referred editorially to these inspections of the Adjutant-General, to which we are disposed to attach considerable importance.

THE GAME OF DOMINOS.—This game is more popular in Continental Europe than it is in the United States or Canada. It is also more scientifically played. Our illustration, which is a masterpiece of composition and character drawing, represents the game at its crisis, where all eyes are turned on the last domino, the key to the situation. The effect is admirable.

FALLS OF MONTGOMERY CREEK.—East Berkshire is about fifty miles east of St. Albans, Vermont. Besides being noted for its scenery, a bit of which Mr. Edson has transferred to paper, it is a popular resort for trout fishing.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—The beautiful story of spring-time love which Shakespeare has told, is here reproduced with force and truthfulness. Whether in the drawing-room of the Capulets or on the moon-lit balcony, the loves of the immortal Veronese couple are fraught with a melting tenderness which the artist has cleverly portrayed.

STUDENT LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF HEIDELBERG.

I.

A SCHLAEGER DUEL, WITH THE SECONDS AND UMPIRES.

The love of knowledge is a remarkable feature in the German character. In no other country can so many men be found who are content to lead a more simple, humble life, provided only that it is a studious one. To this cause we must attribute the immense number of universities in Germany.

I spent part of this summer in Heidelberg, and made the acquaintance of many of the students. The following account is not in any part extracted from books, but is framed exclusively on the information I myself gathered.

The universities in Germany differ from those in England, in that they have no compulsory degree, but only a voluntary honour list. The students board and lodge in the town where they please. The universities are thus little more than examining and lecturing bodies. So far they much resemble that of London, except that in Germany the students are more in the habit of migrating from one university to another than in England.

But the chief peculiarity of German student life consists in the Burschenschaften and Corps. In 1817, when the German nation was beginning to recover from the terrible disasters it had suffered at the hands of France, two professors conceived the idea of uniting all German students into a military body for the protection of the country.

This notion was readily adopted by the universities; and corps and Burschenschaften were ultimately formed. They, however, soon split, and became smaller and more numerous; and though many original customs exist in them all, they differ in minor points.

The different corps and Burschenschaften have special banners and uniforms. A slightly braided patrol jacket and two caps—a gold-embroidered forage cap, and a plainer kepi. There is a corps ribbon carried over the right shoulder, like the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, but very narrow. The uniforms are always worn.

The newly-joined students are called *Füchse* (foxes), and are not allowed to wear the ribbon, nor compelled to fight duels. They are obliged, however, to buy tobacco on certain occasions for the use of the Burschenschaft, and, during the course of the first half-year, each to write an essay on some appointed subject. The funds of the Burschenschaft are divided under several heads, among which are the duelling, *Bierkneipe*, library, lending, political and literary debate funds, &c. I cannot pretend to explain all the rules. They are very complicated and take up a book of considerable size.

The principal features are the meetings for debate, held once a fortnight, the *Bierkneipe*, and the duel. The different Burschenschaften and corps are generally named after different parts of Germany; thus, there are the Swabians, the Francomans, the Saxoborussians, and others. Sometimes they have branches in other universities, sometimes they exist only at some one in particular.

II.

THE DUEL.

The chief rules concerning duels are, that no member is allowed to refuse to fight, if challenged, and that each is obliged to fight about once a term. But some fight sometimes as many as one or two a week. These duels are for insults, but there are also arranged duels where no insult is given. The usual form of challenge is, 'Dummer Junge' (stupid youth.)

Heidelberg is situated on one bank of the Neckar, a very rapid river. A bridge communicates with the other side, upon which a small, straggling village stands. One of the houses, the Hirschgasse, contains two large rooms, where many of the duels are fought. On entering the duelling-room, I perceived a large number of students assembled, of two different Burschenschaften. The members of each kept their own side of the room, and on one side was a row of tin basins with sponges and water.

After a short delay, caused by the non-arrival of the surgeon, the business of dressing the champions on each side began. Next to the skin they wore a coarse white linen shirt, and a thick pad under the right arm to guard the brachial arteries. On the right arm were placed a thick leather glove and a silk sleeve, then a sleeve of quilted canvas about an inch thick, an elbow-pad of leather bound on with straps, and a canvas bandage over all. So thick were these bandages, that it was impossible to let the arm hang by the side. A tightly-twisted silk handkerchief extended from the little finger along the outside of the wrist to guard it. A large, thick leather apron, slit in the middle so as to be fastened to each leg with straps, covered the lower part of the chest, and extended below the knees. To prevent an accidental wound in the eye, a pair of iron eye-goggles were strapped on, furnished with glasses for those who were short-sighted. A padded neck guard completed the dress. Thus swathed and bandaged up, the appearance of the combatants was rather comical as, with their huge bandaged arms supported by friends, they walked with a slight swagger round the room, waiting till the umpire had taken his seat. The seconds were provided with arm-guards and leather peaked caps, with neck-guards like small bolsters, and with swords, not to protect their principals, but to prevent foul play. The umpire, watch and note-book in hand, soon took his seat, and the weapons were handed to the swordsmen.

The swords have a very large iron-barred hilt, something of the shape of a claymore hilt, but much larger. They are quite straight, about three-quarters of an inch wide at the hilt and tapering to a quarter of an inch at the point. They are very thin and flexible, and low-tempered, in order that they may not be brittle, and require constant straightening during the fight. They are very sharp at the point for about nine inches; the rest is blunt.

The words 'Auf die Mensur' (to the trial, or measure), 'fertig' (ready), were rapidly given by an umpire, and the two combatants advanced on their guard. This is quite different from the usual broadsword guard; it is a kind of hanging guard, the arm being held high above the head and the sword downwards; but all the blows on the right side are guarded, not by the sword, but by the right arm. No pointing is allowed, and all the blows must be directed at the head. Hence it would appear that one has only to stand still in order to be completely protected; but it must be remembered that the swords are flexible, like riding-wips, and flip over a guard that is not carefully made. When the combatants are in this position, the swords do not touch one another. The word 'Los' (go) being given, a series of very hard blows were rapidly exchanged, consisting exclusively of cuts at the head, being delivered partly with the arm, but mostly with the wrist, and with the full strength. These head cuts are so easy to guard from the position of the swordsman, that I did not see a single stroke fall unguarded, even with indifferent opponents; but the very frequent gashes told that the swords had bent over an insufficient guard.

The duel must last fifteen minutes exclusive of breathing time, and consists of about twenty-five rounds, in each of which some six or eight blows are exchanged. Each of these rounds last from a quarter of a minute to a minute and a half. When a wound is received, 'Halt' is cried, and the umpire examines the place and records the result in a note-book. The challenged party or his second has the right of crying halt if tired. A wound of considerable depth may terminate the duel, but in general it goes on for the whole fifteen minutes. Sometimes a circle is chalked on the floor, within which the opponents must stand during the round.

The students are very plucky. I saw one who had a gash about three inches long across the temple, and which in consequence of a small artery being cut, bled very profusely. He refused to stop, though recommended by the doctor to do so. At each encounter this would bleed afresh, and at the end of the duel his face was such a mass of blood, partly blackened by sulphate of iron, put on to stop the bleeding, that his features were barely distinguishable. The circle of spectators, consisting only of students and their friends and of the waitresses of the inn, were quite silent during the whole time, and no applause greeted a successful stroke. The lightness of the weapons, the impediments to the free use of the arm, the limited number of the cuts allowed, and the consequent ease with which they may be partially guarded, explain how, with such hard hitting and sharp swords, such slight wounds are inflicted. In England we are generally accustomed to laugh at these duels, but they must certainly be confessed to be a manly exercise, whatever other objections may be brought against them. They demand such an exertion of command of temper, that I consider that they could be naturalised, even were it desirable, in few nations besides the German. They replace our national cricket, football, and hunting.

There are, two other kinds of duels—the sword and pistol duels. The punishment for fighting one varies from a month to five years' imprisonment. It is usually proportioned to the severity of the wounds which either delinquent has inflicted on the other. Some years ago, a student one of the best duellists in Germany, killed an officer in a duel. He suffered a long imprisonment, during which he was treated more as a state prisoner than a criminal, and visited by crowds of sympathising admirers. He was finally released, but forbidden to study in any university in North Germany. The pistol duel simply consists of an exchange of shots, usually once, but sometimes twice or thrice, in the wood at Heidel-

berg. The sword duel is with curved infantry sabres. The combatants are naked to the waist, and are either quite unprotected or have such neck-guards, or arm-guards, or other partial protection, as may be specially arranged by the seconds.

No thrusting is allowed, but all other cutting. I am told that the exchange of cuts is so rapid as to prevent any very heavy blows being given. In the last duel, one of the students got six rather severe cuts on the head and chest, which they say will keep him in bed for two months, and the other got six weeks' imprisonment. To give any very severe wound in a sabre duel is difficult, where the opponents are good swordsmen, because it would require to draw back the arm some distance. Before, then, the blow could descend, a good duellist could easily give some light blow. He need then be in no fear of receiving the heavy cut his antagonist was preparing for him, for the seconds strike up the weapons the instant a wound is received.

In the end of June this year, five American students insulted the members of one of the corps. Each of them at once received a challenge to a pistol duel; this weapon being chosen as it was understood that they could not fight with swords. They declined the contest, but the majority of Germans thought that if people come to a country where duelling is prevalent, they ought not wantonly to insult the inhabitants unless they are prepared to fight. In general, however, English and Americans are little molested, for their ready manner of using their fists is as well understood here as elsewhere.

III.

THE BIERKNEIPE.

Kneipschenke stands for a low tavern or gin-shop. The word *Kneipe* has now, however, risen somewhat in the world, and is applied to the bi-weekly meetings of the Burschenschaften and corps to drink beer. The English are, as a rule, very poor hands at drinking beer, when compared with the Germans. Most men in Germany go to a tavern every evening and drink from one and a half quarts of beer upwards. But this is as nothing to the students, who frequently drink fourteen or sixteen *Schoppen*, or quater-litre glasses, of beer at a sitting. A litre is about nine tenths of a quart, so that an evening's allowance is frequently a gallon, but instances are numerous of two and a quarter gallons being drunk by one man in an evening.

The *kneipen* are held in public-houses, in certain rooms specially kept for the purpose. The attendance of active members is compulsory. On entering the *kneipe*-rooms of the Francoman Burschenschaft, whose acquaintance I had made, I perceived an immense number of silhouettes and photographs of the original members hung round the walls. Several large group photographs represented the Burschenschaft at various periods, together with the dogs, banners, drinking-horns, shields, and other insignia. On three sides of the room were hung coloured shields with heraldic devices, the arms of the Burschenschaft, and banners, and on the fourth, over the door two stuffed foxes in student caps and huge military boots were fighting a sabre duel, and displayed several terrible gashes of red paint. Tables were on three sides of the room with song-books on them, and a piano stood in a corner. The members of the corps soon assembled, and the president, having taken his seat, pronounced the *Kneipe* open. Then the tobacco-box was handed round and the long pipes filled. These German pipes consist of a horn mouth-piece, a stem about two feet long, a china or horn water reservoir, and a china bowl. Their price varies from 2s. to 2l. They must be smoked with tobacco prepared specially for them. They are of two kinds, the smooth china, and a peculiar porcelain, which I believe is prepared with arsenic, glazed outside and rough within, which takes a colour like a meerschaum. Some say the latter are unwholesome. The best pipestems have an internal tube of glass, which can be taken out and cleaned; when new they are very unpleasant to smoke, but after a fortnight are very agreeable. The taste of the tobacco is quite different from that in England.

The songs in the *Kneipe* are chosen by the president. No song-books are to be opened except while singing is going on, under penalty of a fine. Partsongs are mostly sung, accompanied by the piano. There are several methods of health-drinking, for example the 'Salamander.' Four students place their glasses one above another and sing. Then one of them counts 'one—two—three' while they drink; then again 'one—two—three,' during which they rattle their glasses on the table; then again at 'one—two' they raise their glasses, and at 'three' bring them down with a thump. Or again, one says to another, 'Ich komme dir etwas' (I drink a measure to you), and drinks a draught of beer. The other is then bound to reply within five minutes, 'Ich komme nach' (the same to you), and to drink an equal quantity. As a stranger, my health was very often drunk in this way. I was therefore obliged to drink a larger quantity of beer than I am accustomed to.

Out of nine hundred students at the university, about two hundred belong either to corps or Burschenschaften. The total expenses of the majority of the students during their residence at the university, do not exceed 100l. a year each. This is partly because they live in very simple lodgings with few servants, and dine in restaurants, and have very small fees to pay. Many of them, being unable to afford this sum, go as tutors into families, receiving their board and lodging free.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY VER-SIFIED.

The following clever lines are interesting and amusing as giving a clear and almost literal insight into the theories of Comte, Hegel, Spencer, Darwin, Carlyle, Tyndall, Huxley, Stanley Jevons and George Henry Lewes.

"Ours is a wise and earnest age, an age of thought and science, sir;
To error, ignorance, and bliss we fairly bid defiance, sir.
'Professors' everywhere abound, both in and out of colleges,
And all agog to cram our nobs with 'isms' and with 'ologies.'
Philosophy, as you're aware, material and mental, sir,
At one extreme is 'positive,' at t'other 'transcendental,' sir.
And each of us who in these days would speculate 'en règle,'
If he can't run the rig with Comte, must take the tip from Hegel.
The fundamental problem which, debated now for ages, sir,
Is still attacked and still unsolved by all our modern sages, sir,
Is, if an effort I may make a simple form to throw it in,
Just what we know, and why we know, and what's the way we know it in.
We can't assume, (so Comte affirms), a first or final cause, sir,
Phenomena are all we know, their order and their laws, sir;
While Hegel's modest formula a single line to sum in, is 'nothing is and nothing's not, but everything's be-comin'.
'Development' is all the go, of course, with Herbert Spencer,
Who cares a little more than Comte about the 'why,' and 'whence,' sir.
Appearances, he seems to think, do not exhaust totality,
But indicate that underneath there's some 'Unknown Reality.'
And Darwin, too, who leads the throng 'in vulgum voces spargere,'
Maintains Humanity is nought except a big menagerie.
The progeny of tailless apes, sharp-eared but puggy-nosed, sir,
Who nightly climbed their 'family trees,' and on the top reposed, sir.
There's Carlyle, on the other hand, whose first and last concern it is
To preach up the 'immensities' and muse on the 'eternities';
But if one credits what one hears, the gist of all his brag is, sir,
That 'Erwüerst, rightly understood, is transcendental 'Haggis,' sir.
Imaginative sparks, you know, electric currents kindle, sir,
On Alpine heights or at Belfast, within the brain of Tyndall, sir;
His late address, some people hold, is flowery, vague, and vapoury,
And represents the 'classic nude' when stripped of all its 'Draper'-y.
Professor Huxley has essayed to bridge across the chasm, sir,
'Twixt matter dead and matter quick by means of 'protoplasm,' sir,
And to his doctrine now subjoins the further 'grand attraction'
That 'consciousness' in man and brute is simply 'reflex action.'
Then Stanley Jevons will contend in words stout and emphatical
The proper mode to treat all things is purely mathematical;
Since we as individual men, communities, and nations, sir,
Are clearly angles, lines, and squares, cubes, circles, and equations, sir.
George Henry Lewes, I'm informed, had 'gone off quite hysterical'
About that feeble, foolish thing, the theory Metempsychical;
And only found relief, 'tis said, from nervous throes and spasms, sir,
By banging straight at Huxley's head a brace of brand-new 'plasma,' sir.
Such are the philosophic views I've ventured now to versify,
And, if I may invent the term, in some degree to 'tersify.'
Among them all, I'm bold to say, fair room for choice you'll find, sir,
And if you don't, why then you won't, and I for one shan't mind, sir."

THE HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The judgment of Chief Justice RICHARDS delivered on the legal points raised in the Kingston election case is pronounced the most elaborate and important judgment ever yet delivered. It was anxiously looked for as a decisive and clear exposition of the law as regards a candidate's liabilities for the acts of his agents. In consequence Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD'S seat is voided, but the charge of personal bribery was dismissed. The friends of the right honourable gentleman speak of raising a testimonial to him. News has been received from the English solicitors employed for the appellants in the GURBORD case before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The judgment was pronounced on the 20th, and the decision, which appears to have been unanimous, though that is not expressly stated, is in favour of the appeal, reversing the judgment of the Court of Review. The full text of the judgment has not yet reached Montreal, but it appears that their lordships have decided that the deceased could not be held to be a public sinner nor to have been excommunicated personally, in such a manner as to give rise to a loss of his status as a member of the Church and of his rights pertaining to that status. The judgment directs the respondents to permit of his being buried in the principal part of the cemetery, and decides that he has not lost his right to the ordinary ecclesiastical ceremonies; but their lordships do not, by their judgment, condemn the curé to perform them.
The gunboat "Parana," of the Argentine revolutionists, has been voluntarily surrendered

to the Government fleet. Her crew landed at Montevideo. The Government of the Argentine Republic has stopped the mails from Buenos Ayres for Europe.

The editors of *La Presa*, *La Bandera*, and *El Espanol*, newspapers published in Madrid, have been arrested and sent to prison for violating the press laws, established under the state of siege. Large reinforcements are going forward to Miranda, where the Spanish Republican army is massing for active operations in Navarre, and for the relief of Pampeluna. The Carlists are concentrating around Estella under the command of General MORIONES. The Basque battalions, with Don CARLOS and General ELIO, are on the point of leaving Vera for Puenta La Reyna.

No perceptible change in the 'Longshoremens' strike in New York is visible. All outward steamers were ready for sailing at the appointed time, and none of the companies have succumbed to the strike. Gatherings of strikers, who were around the docks in the early part of the week, have now disappeared, and no further trouble is apprehended. Stevedores state they will employ no strikers on any terms, but will transact their work henceforward with new hands.

The Republican candidates were generally successful in the municipal elections held at Lille, Nancy, Grenoble, Havre, Cambrai, Perigueux, Angers, and Limoges. The Minister of Public Instruction will probably be obliged to resign because he conferred the decoration of the Legion of Honour on CHAUFFARD, son of the unpopular professor of that name.

It is rumoured that a treaty will shortly be concluded between the Governments of Germany and Morocco, by which a part of Morocco will be ceded to Germany.

The Pope has written to Cardinal CULLEN thanking him and the Irish bishops for their condemnation of the address delivered by Professor TYNDALL at Belfast, and declaring nothing is to be so dreaded.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES. * We have received from the enterprising firm of Hill's, a charming holiday book under the above title. It is essentially a work for the young, and as we take the greatest interest in the cultivation of juvenile taste, we cordially recommend it to our boy and girl readers. The title itself is suggestive of pleasant reminiscences. The book contains all the old familiar nursery rhymes, and professes to be the only correct edition of the same. These rhymes are constantly quoted in current literature and hence a complete edition of them is useful for reference even to the literary man. The volume is profusely illustrated, and in an appendix, there are several pages of music set to the most popular of the stories. Of late years, juvenile literature has taken a decided upward movement in England and the United States, and the Boston firm of Tilton's has made it quite a specialty. Where these books are so put forth as to come within the means of the middle classes, they are a decided advantage, and deserve all the encouragement which they receive.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. † The Dominion Evangelical Alliance which met in Montreal, on the 1st October of this year, and continued its sittings for about a week, has been justly regarded as one of the most notable ecclesiastical events of the past twelve months. It was attended by some of the leading men of the day, such as Drs. McCosh and Hall, of Princeton and New York; Dr. Donald Fraser, of London; Dr. Schaff of Constantinople; Lord Cavan; Henry Varley, the butcher evangelist; Mr. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati; as well as such Canadians as Dr. Dawson of Montreal; Dr. Wilson, of Toronto; Mr. Grant, of Halifax; Mr. Gibson, of Chicago, and others. Many of the papers read were of unusual interest, and altogether, the proceedings may be deemed fruitful in the best results. The Messrs. Dougall, of this city, have collected all the minutes and documents in a handsome quarto volume, printed on tinted paper, and decorated with the portraits of the principal members. These gentlemen have thus creditably done for our Dominion Alliance what the Harpers did for the Evangelical Alliance held in New York last year. And the credit of their work is enhanced by the fact that they sell the book at the nominal price of twenty-five cents.

SCRIBNER'S. This splendid magazine closes the year with a full and useful number. The remarkable papers on the Great South are brought to a conclusion, and we learn with pleasure, that they are to be issued in book form. Among other important papers in the present issue, we may point to the review of Browning's position among Victorian poets, from the appreciative pen of Stedman, and to a popular scientific explanation of the Transit of Venus, quite appropriate in this month, when this astronomical phenomenon will be observed. The poetry of the number is excellent, as are also the short stories. Saxe Holm's "My Tourmaline" is up to the best standard of that able analyst.

THE ATLANTIC. While it is needless to say that the new proprietors of this old favourite have not only maintained, but considerably enhanced its reputation, and that the number for this month is quite equal to any of its predecessors, we may be permitted to announce that the publishers have taken measures to enter upon a new

* Mrs. Partington's edition of Mother Goose's Melodies edited by Uncle Willis. Illustrated with over 100 engravings. Tilton & Co., Boston. Hill's Library 666 Dorchester St., Montreal. 12mo. Paper. pp. 144.

† Montreal Witness Evangelical Alliance Extra.—Being a record of the first Conference of the Dominion Evangelical Alliance. John Dougall & Son. 4mo. Paper. pp. 101.

volume with renewed literary and artistic strength. With such regular contributors as Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Holmes, Mark Twain, Bayard Taylor, Howells, Aldrich, Warner, Parkman, and Dale Owen, the magazine must sustain its old stand among American periodicals.

ST. NICHOLAS. We can never tire in our admiration of this delightful juvenile. Its bright scarlet cover is of itself an invitation. The editor assumed a high standard from the initial number, and has maintained it steadily ever since. She has succeeded in publishing the best magazine for boys and girls which has ever appeared in any country. The present number is a fit pendant to its predecessors. It glows with beautiful illustrations and teems with a variety of appropriate letter press. The bound volume in red and gold, which we have not yet seen, must become one of the best holiday books of the season, bringing together the separate numbers into a continuous and harmonious whole.

OLD AND NEW. The paper on a Life of Letters read by the editor at Vassar and Cornell, is worth the price of the present number. Mr. Hale is always direct and original. He aims at the medium mind and his object is practical improvement. He has infused this spirit into his magazine, which is different from all others of its class, and exercises an influence peculiarly its own. The present number, besides a series of interesting articles, contains a copious College Directory, very valuable for reference.

A MARRIAGE ON SPECULATION.

The French entered Amsterdam on the 20th of January, 1815. The soldiers stacked their arms on the pavement, and waited anxiously for their billets for quarters.

Despite the severity of the weather, the citizens turned out in large numbers to welcome and admire the veterans in their rags. There was general rejoicing throughout the city, which for the most part was illuminated. At the extreme end of the town there was a single house, whose dark, forbidding aspect was in strong contrast to the brilliant appearance of the neighboring buildings. It was the residence of the rich merchant, Meister Woerden. He was completely absorbed in his commercial operations, and neither knew nor cared to know what was going on in the political world; and, then, he was too familiar with the rules of economy to think of squandering candles on an illumination.

At this moment, when all was joy and enthusiasm throughout Amsterdam, Meister Woerden sat quietly in his big armchair, beside the fire. On the table there was a little brass lamp, a mug of beer, and a big clay pipe. On the other side of the fire sat an old maid-servant, whose rotundity betrayed her Flemish origin. She was occupied in shoving back the coals that had fallen out on the hearth, when there came a loud knock at the street-door.

"Who can that be? Go and see," said the old merchant to the maid, who had risen to her feet.

A few moments later a stalwart young man entered the room. He threw off his mantle and approached the fire.

"Good evening, father," said he.

"How? Is it you, William? I did not expect you back so soon."

"I left Broek this morning, but the roads have been made so bad by the army trains that we have been the whole day on the way."

"Well, did you see Van Elburg?"

"Yes," said the young man, seating himself before the fire. "Meister Van Elburg consents to the marriage, but he adheres to his determination to give his daughter a dowry of only four thousand ducats."

"Well, then, he may keep his daughter and his dowry," replied Woerden, with a frown.

"But, father—"

"Not a word, my son. At your age we have no more sense than to sacrifice everything for love and to despise riches."

"But Herr van Elburg is the richest merchant in Holland, and what he does not give now will be ours at his death."

"Nonsense!" replied Meister Woerden. "Am I, too, not rich? Listen, my son. You will soon follow me in my business. Never forget these two rules: never give more than you receive, and never further another man's interest to the detriment of your own. Guided by these principles, one will better his condition in marriage as well as in trade."

"But father—"

"Not another word, my son—not another word!"

William knew his father too well to say anything more, but he could not avoid evincing his displeasure by his manner. To this, however, the old man paid no attention; he calmly filled his pipe, lighted it, and began to smoke.

Again there was a loud rap at the street-door, while at the same time the dogs began to bark.

"Aha!" said Master Woerden, "it must be a stranger, or the dogs wouldn't bark so. Go and see who it is, William?"

The young man went to the window.

"It is one of the militia horsemen," said William.

"A militia horseman! What can he want?"

At this moment the maid-servant entered, and handed Woerden a letter. He carefully examined the seal.

"From the Provisional Government," said he. His hand trembled as he hastily opened the letter and read it, but suddenly the old tradesman's face lighted up with a joyous expression as he cried:

"Good—good! I accept." The letter contained an order for four hundred thousand herrings for the army, to be delivered within a month.

"William," cried the old man, "I have a capital thought. You would marry Van Elburg's daughter and have a handsome dowry with her!"

"Yes, father, I would; but—"

"Well, leave the matter to me," interrupted the old man. "But see that there are two horses ready for us to-morrow morning early."

The next morning, at sunrise, father and son were on the high-road from Amsterdam to Broek which they reached about midday. They repaired immediately to the residence of Van Elburg, who, when he saw them enter, cried out:

"Ah, good morning, Meister Woerden! Have you fled from the *Parlevous*? In any case, you are welcome."

"No; I flee from nobody. You know I have nothing to do with politics. I come to propose a good speculation to you."

"Yes! What is it?"

"I have an order from the Government for four hundred thousand herrings, to be delivered within a month. Can you furnish me with that number in say three weeks?"

"At what price?"

"Ten florins a thousand."

"Ten florins! Yes, I will furnish them."

"Very well, and now to dinner; I am half famished. At table we will talk of another matter."

Woerden introduced the subject of the marriage, but Van Elburg could not be persuaded to increase the dowry he had offered to give his daughter to the amount of a single stiver. They nevertheless decided that the wedding should take place that day week.

The following day Woerden and his son returned home. Hardly had they left Broek when the young man asked:

"Then, father, you have changed your mind?"

"How so?"

"Have you not decided to accept the dowry offered by Meister Van Elburg?"

"Let me manage the matter in my own way, my son, and ask no questions."

When the wedding-day came Woerden and his son returned to Broek. Van Elburg received them kindly, but he was so flurried and nervous that William feared he had some bad news for them. His father, however, had no such misgivings; the old fox knew too well the cause of his colleague's disturbed manner.

"What is the matter, Meister van Elburg?" he asked, with a sardonic smile. "You seem to be worried about something."

"Ah, my friend, I am greatly embarrassed, I must speak with you."

"What is it? Have you changed your mind with regard to the marriage. Speak frankly: it is not yet too late."

"No, no: it is another matter entirely."

"Well, then, let us first proceed with the wedding ceremony. Afterward I shall be quite at your service."

The company, therefore, repaired to a neighboring church, and in a few minutes the young people were husband and wife. When they returned to the house, Van Elburg asked Woerden to go with him into his private room.

"My friend," began Van Elburg, when he had carefully closed the door, "in accordance with our agreement, I should within two weeks from now deliver to you four hundred thousand herrings. Thus far, however, I have not been able to procure a single one. There are none in the market; they have been all bought up."

"Certainly they have. I bought them up myself," replied Woerden, smiling.

"But—but—how about my contract?" stammered Van Elburg.

"You will fulfil it. Listen, friend Van Elburg; you will some day leave your daughter a handsome fortune; I shall leave my son at least as much; it is therefore unnecessary to discuss their future. This, however, is not true of the present. I shall soon give my entire business to my son, while you give your daughter only four thousand ducats. I could not oppose the wishes of the young people; but when I consented to their union I determined to compel you to do your duty towards them. With this object in view I contracted with you for four hundred thousand herrings at ten florins a thousand, although I then had all the herrings in the market. Now in order to comply with the terms of your agreement you must buy from me, and my price is fifty florins a thousand; you have, therefore, only to pay over to me the sum of sixteen thousand florins and we shall be square."

While Meister Woerden was arriving at this mercantile deduction, Van Elburg regained his wonted equanimity.

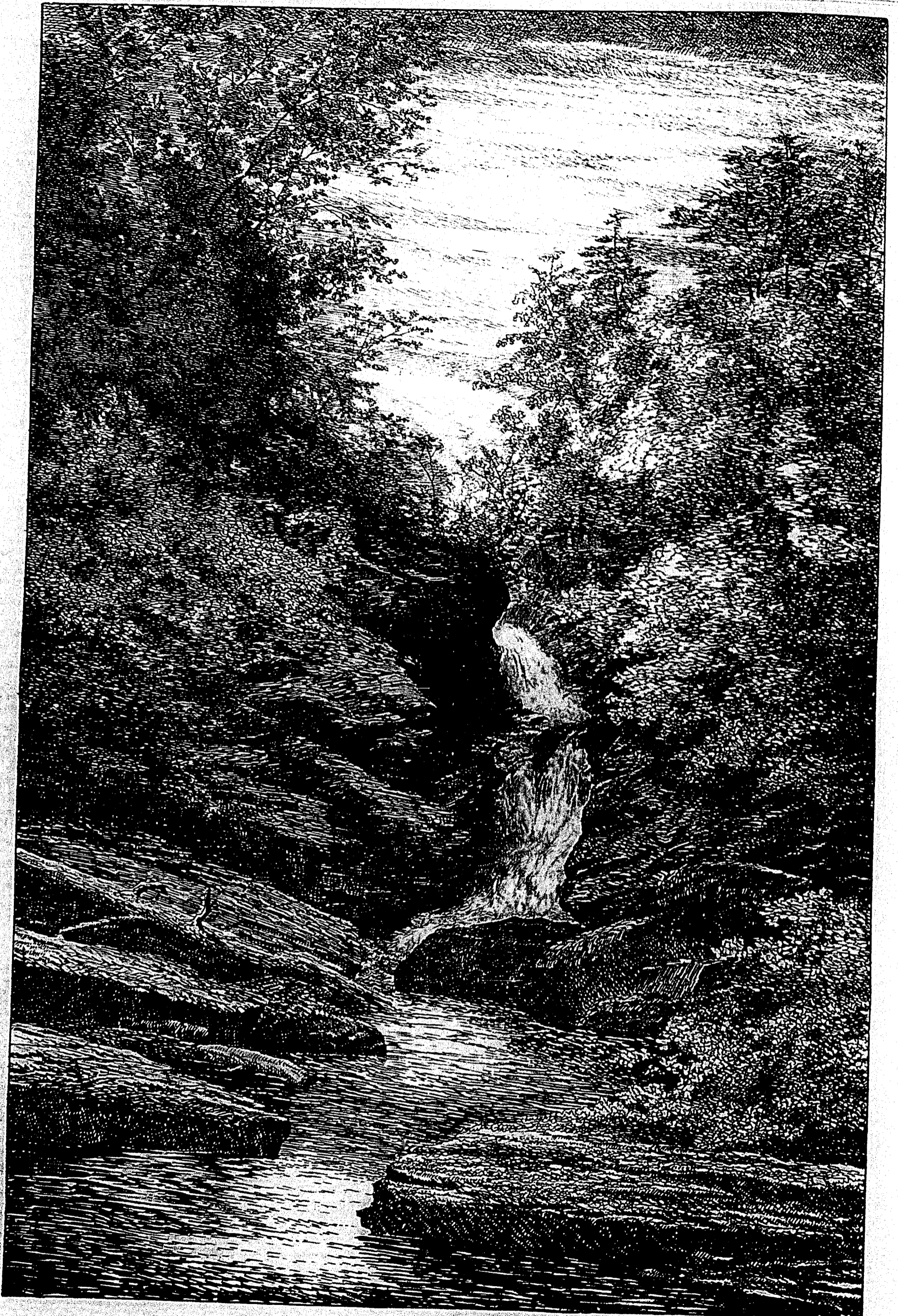
"I see, I see," said he; "you are a clever tradesman. I am fairly caught, and must bide the consequences."

Their conference ended, the two old merchants rejoined the wedding company, as though nothing unusual had occurred between them.

A week later, Van Elburg went to Amsterdam, ostensibly to see his daughter. Now the tables were turned.

"Ah, meister," cried Woerden, on seeing his colleague from Broek, "I am in a terrible dilemma. The time is approaching when I must deliver the four hundred thousand herrings, and not a cask can I find to put them in!"

"That does not surprise me," answered Van Elburg, smiling; "you bought up all my herrings, and I bought up all your casks!"



FALLS OF MONTGOMERY CREEK, EAST BERKSHIRE, VT.—BY ALLAN EDSON.



ROMEO AND JULIET.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CH. JALABERT; ENGRAVED BY DEMANNEZ.

FIRST SNOW.

The sun burns pale and low
Along the gloomy avenue of pines,
And the grey mist hangs heavily in lines
Above the torrent's flow.

I hear on the purple hill
The caw of blackbirds flying from the cold,
And hum of insects hiding in the mould
Under the ruined mill.

The deep embrown'd wood
Is garlanded with wreaths of fleecy white,
And the stark poplar stands, like Northland
Muffled in snowy hood. [epitaph]

Afar, the village roof
Glistens with gems—the bridge that spans the
Is carpeted with down—the harvest plain
Gleams like a crystal roof. [drain]

Heigho! the silver bells,
The gaudy sleighs that glide so merrily along—
The crunch of slipping hoofs—the woodman's
Loud echoing in the dells. [song]

The pine knots brightly blaze
And shed a cheerful heat in wealthy homes;
The lords of earth, immersed in cosy rooms,
Heed not the wintry haze.

But in the dark, damp lanes,
Where shrinks the pauper girl in filth and rage,
How dimly falls the snow upon the flags,
Athwart the broken panes.

With quick, convulsive breath
And hollow cough, the hopeless sufferers greet,
In cruel winter's ice and snow and sleet,
The harbingers of death.

But chief on her headstone
Who slept 'neath summer roses, cold flakes rest,
And filter icy drops upon her breast,
Thy virgin breast, my own!

While on my drooping head,
Yea, on my sunken heart distils the snow,
Chilling the life and warmth that in it glow
In pity for my dead.

Not till the crocus bloom,
And April sunbeams thaw the frost-bound slope,
Will my numb'd heart, Louise, to light re-ope,
With the flowers on thy tomb.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

COURRIER DES DAMES.

THE FASHION PLATE.—The following are directions:—

1. The DANAR cloak, in black Lyons velvet richly trimmed with gimp and jet, faille bows, a border of cock's feather and a handsome woollen lace beaded with jet.

2. DOLMAN in cloth of all shades, fitting to the figure, large square sleeves, trimmed with five rows of woollen braid and a border of cock's feathers.

3. CLOTH CLOAK in all shades, edged with a deep border of Siberian fur. This cloak makes up equally well in cashmere or Lyons velvet.

4. ROTONDE, or large cape, in poul de soie (bonnet) lined with *petit-gris* edged with Siberian fur.

5. CLOAK in cloth of all shades, trimmed with woollen braid and black fancy fur.

6. CASHMERE TUNIC forming tablier with detached body, entirely covered with jet galloon and headed woollen lace; this model is one of the novelties of the season.

7. LOUIS XV. JACKET in Lyons velvet with *rovers* and cuffs in sicilienne. Plaited basque, looped up with a large bow in *poult de soi*.

8. YOUNG LADY'S JACKET in the new material known as *matelassé*, fitting to the figure; gimp buttons.

9. THE MAGENTA TUNIC, with separate body in *matelassé*; velvet sleeves with cuffs of the silk material; large velvet bow draping the tablier, which is trimmed with woollen guipure and border of cock's feathers.

10. BLACK CLOTH CLOAK trimmed with woollen braid and black fancy fur.

EXCITEMENT AND SHORT LIFE.—The deadliest foe to man's longevity is unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased but which may be expended or husbanded rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice, to move fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtakes himself, indulges in no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasure, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his "accounts with God and man duly squared up," is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limit which it is possible to attain; while he who intensely feeds on high-seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labour, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

DON'T TELL ALL YOU KNOW.—It is a bad plan to place unreserved confidence in man or woman. Never tell any one everything about yourself—let there be a little mystery and reserve; your friends will like you all the better for it. A book that you "know by heart" must inevitably be cast aside for a fresh volume; so will you be served if you allow yourself to be thoroughly read. But be prepared, in any emergency, to look your own life and acts squarely in the face without even flinching, or mark yourself a coward. It is not necessary to publish to the world all that is strictly personal, unless ridicule and frittering of

power are desired; but if gossip makes itself busy with your name, do not be aggrieved if a grain of truth is spread over a dozen lies. Pass them by in silence, and do not even then forget your habitual reticence. Justice will be done you in time, never fear, and the less you clamour for it the better. Don't talk too much.

THE LANGUAGE OF COLOURS.—The French hold that violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and azure sky. A bunch of violets would, therefore, tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition; indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green, the love of change, fickleness, but also work; orange, enthusiasm; white, unity, universality; black, favouritism, the influence exerted by an individual. Certain persons have the gift of fascinating all who approach them; and black, which absorbs all the rays of the spectrum, is the reverse of white, which combines them in one. Beside the seven primitive colours, gray indicates poverty; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver-gray (semi-white), feeble love; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pale pink, false shame.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.—If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did; and if you find anything in all this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and rather than that it should be uninteresting, they will by degrees learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you! You will by this course render the spirit of curiosity—which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief which shall serve only to narrow them. It requires more magnanimity to give up what is wrong than to maintain what is right; for our pride is wounded by the one effort and flattered by the other.

HOME LIFE.—It is the fashion of restless and ambitious women to despise home-life as too tame, too narrow, too uneventful for them. They long for a wider arena, set well in view of the world, whereon to display their gifts or their acquirements; and they think this home, this unexciting family of which they form a part, unworthy of their efforts. And yet in reality the art of living well at home, and of making the family life a success, is just as great in its way as the finest shades of diplomacy and the largest transactions of business. All sorts of talents, both moral and intellectual, are wanted for the task; and it is irrational to despise as futile qualities which so few of us are strong enough to possess, or to rate them as beneath the regard of high-minded people, when not one in a hundred has wit enough to employ them to a satisfactory issue.

FRANKNESS BETWEEN LOVERS.—One of the most essential things in all love affairs is entire and perfect frankness. Both parties should be frank—true to themselves, and true to each other. How many uneasy, troubled, and anxious minds, how many breaking and how many broken hearts there are to-day in which content and happiness might have reigned supreme but for a want of frankness! Repentance inevitably comes for all these things; but it often comes too late, and only when the evil produced is incurable. In love, as in everything else, truth is the strongest of all things, and frankness is but another name for truth.

A CHAPEAU IN JET.—A Paris correspondent says: "I must speak of a pretty picture here—a lady all in black jet. (For since we have been told that jet is not to be worn after this winter it is worn more furiously than ever.) It was the hat of this lady, however, which most attracted attention. It was a miniature 'Lamballe,' of black-jetted velvet, its peculiar charm being a jet arrow, which, while it traversed the left side of the hair, helped to fasten the hat on the head. The effect of this arrow was very coquettish, though simple in the extreme. The arrow should always be of the colour of the hat or trimmings. If the hat be gray the arrow may be of steel. I have seen jewelled arrows for coloured hats, such as pearls and diamonds for white hats, and torques for blue hats. The clasp, buckle, or aigrette, which fastens the feathers to the hat, must match the arrow."

IN THE BOND.

Sometimes the floral presentations made to "distinguished" actresses are genuine surprises to the ladies thus honoured by their friends; but occasionally they are rank humbugs, and are "presented" to the distinguished actress by herself, being paid for out of her own pocket. Sometimes they are paid for by the manager and the "star" jointly; and, alas! there have been cases in which they have not been paid for at all. In one theatrical contract, signed and sealed not long ago in New York, it was distinctly stipulated that the manager was to see that a certain specified number of bouquets, baskets, &c., were "presented" to the "star" during her engagement; and a quarrel transpired behind the scenes, one night, because the manager had not complied with this engagement. So much for tinsel.

DORE'S GREAT PICTURE.

Colonel Forney writes from London: "The wonderful picture called 'Christ Leaving the Pretorium' is still the main attraction at the 'Doré Gallery,' New Bond street. To have seen it once is to come again and again. Much discussed and freely criticised, the verdict of the judges leaves it overweighted with praise. The size of the canvas is thirty by twenty feet, and the scene is filled out with brilliant and audacious originality. The picture itself was begun in 1867, but was delayed during the siege of Paris, when Doré's studio was in danger from the shells of the enemy, and his great work had to be rolled up and buried in a metal cylinder to save it from ruin. Over three years were given to it by the great master. Many of the figures are larger than life. The Saviour is walking down the steep stairs leading from the hall called the Pretorium to Golgotha. The scene is the open air. Christ, though in the midst of a mob, surrounded by Roman architecture, guarded by Roman soldiers in helmets and leathern armor, nevertheless seems alone in His incomparable majesty. The adjacent buildings were reared by Herod the Great—the time chosen is the military occupation of the Roman Procurator of Judea. At a distance is the fortress-crowned hill—the foreground is dark with the angry populace, through which the Roman guard is slowly cleaving a path to let the Saviour pass to Calvary. The difficulty of an ideal Christ is felt by all artists and readers. There is such an immortal harmony among men as to His existence that, however they differ on doctrine and text, they agree that there has yet been no complete conception of a visible Christ. Art has exhausted itself in the effort. For nearly nineteen centuries we have been taught to regard Him as of angelic mien, always as radiant as if the star that led the Magi to his cradle shone forever over His head. In the Holy Family there is a variance. Joseph and the other actors, even the centurions and the Marys, have been represented by other persons. Rubens, for instance, painted his relatives and friends into some of his finest works of the Crucifixion. But the Christ was, I believe, always ideal, not the same in any one, but the same in spiritual grace and sorrow. Doré has given Him an infinite sweetness and dignity. He moves as if in sacred self-communion. The thorny crown and the spot of blood on the seamless robe, and the halo or nimbus, mark Him out as the central figure, and the press of men and women around, before, and behind him are held by the Roman soldiery till they are crushed back, as we often see crowds retiring reluctantly before an armed guard. The warrior, a half-tamed Goth, directly in front of Christ, is a superb creation of stolid, savage indifference to emotion. The three Marys at the foot of the great stair are a surpassingly touching group. One has fainted and another gazes herself on the ground. The Virgin Mother caresses at her son with unspeakable solicitude, and Mary Magdalen, who cannot bear the sight of His sufferings, is in danger of being trampled under foot by the military. The cross-bearers are evidently among the worst of His foes, from their malignant expression. In the background are Pontius Pilate and Herod making friends together, according to the Scripture account. Caiaphas and Annas on the right of the steps, immediately above the Saviour, dark and bitter in their scowls, are most effective. The costumes of the priests and rulers, crimson, green and golden, are in fine contrast with the white robe of the Christ, while the dense crowd in the distance, filling hill and valley, and clustering on the roofs and balconies of the towering temples, expands the picture into a wide landscape, with all the historic features of the solemn tragedy. You gradually separate the figures, and by this process and a brief study of the atmosphere and the soil you gather how much anxiety and time Doré gave to the work. There is a storm in the sky, and the wind is tossing the garments of the spectators, while the clouds are drifting rapidly. One girl, in her eagerness to witness the passing Saviour from one of the marble blocks, almost loses her balance, while the wind disports her dress, and she catches for the nearest support. As Christ moves down and out the concourse of spectators closes behind Him, and you see Judas cowering as if to avoid the gaze of his august victim."

KING VICTOR AND HIS VILLAS.

The Italian correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin writes: "The King is in Rome, and it is reported that he intends to make a longer stay than he has done hitherto. There is a rumour that three military inspectors are to be appointed: Princes Humbert and Amadeus, and one of the army generals. Prince Humbert, it is thought, is very eager for this arrangement to be made, as it will relieve him and his wife, the Princess Marguerite, from holding a regular court at Rome every winter. Neither of these two young persons likes Rome. If it is done, the King and his morganatic wife and family will be established almost permanently in the new royal villas, and His Majesty will remain longer periods of time in Rome. I say villas, for the King and his wife have each a villa in the neighbourhood of Rome. The King's is the Villa Potenziana; it is about a mile outside Porta Salara. The situation is beautiful; it overlooks the confluence of the Arno and Tiber, and its views are divine—you remember that charming landscape: Alban and Sabine hills, Soracte and the far-off Apennines. But the villa itself is a monster of ugliness; it was built, or rather rebuilt, by a young architect, who evidently did

not know his profession. It is called by the sarcastic Romans a hay-loft with two pigeon-houses, for it has a two-story centre building, flanked by two masses that are not towers, but which rise above the centre. The outlines are heavy and vulgar; and it seems all the more frightful because it is in the neighbourhood of the lovely Villa Albani and Villa Borghese; it is half-way between the two. When the King first saw it, after its completion, he was very angry, and swore he would never live in it; it was offered for sale, but no one wished such a fright; so the King has consented to occupy it. All the furniture that was placed in the Palazetto of the Quirinal last year has been removed to Villa Potenziana. A new chapel has been built there, and the King attends mass in it every Sunday regularly and on feast days. The King's wife has her villa at a short distance from his, but on another road, outside Porta Pia about three quarters of a mile, near St. Agnes Church. The views are almost the same. The villa belonged to the Malatesta family, and is a pretty one; the grounds are lovely, and the gardeners from the royal gardens at Caserta are working industriously at the decorations. The entrance looks as if it led to a German gymnastic ground; the gate is silvered over *fer argenté*; on the summit of the gate are two letters in a gilt monogram, R. M., which are the initials of the sergeant's daughter that Victor Emmanuel has offered to the ancient House of Savoy and the Kingdom of Italy as his wife; in short, his ex-mistress Rosina Mirafiore! The villa is having very gay furniture put in it, and Mme. Rosina is superintending the finishing of her Roman home."

A PRECIOUS PEARL FAN.

The Washington correspondent of the Louisville Courier Journal writes: "Apropos of the removal of a marshal in one of the Southern States, I am reminded of a cruel joke that was played on the poor man when Nellie Grant was married. He happened in Washington about that time for some matters of personal interest. A heartless wag wrote a paragraph for one of the papers, which was universally copied, that this gallant gentleman had travelled to Washington for the purpose of making a magnificent bridal present of a fan to Miss Nellie. A lengthy description was given of the fan, and, as the writer had a brilliant imagination, there was no limit to the costliness of the pearl frame, exquisite paintings, point lace cover, and sticks resplendent with diamonds, and monogram of the same precious gems. The poor man was thus placed in a most embarrassing position. Of course, as such notoriety was given to his offering, there was no alternative left him but to procure a fan as nearly resembling the description as it was possible to find. But oh! what an inroad was made in his finances by the fan purchased. Every one who saw the presents at the wedding looked for that remarkable fan, and were of course disappointed when they saw only a smoked pearl fan with a lace cover minus monogram and diamonds. The variation between the highly colored description and the reality was attributed to the general unreliability of newspapers, and everything about it might have been forgotten if the cruel wag had not boasted of the joke."

TO THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

Permit us to call your attention to the advantages of publicity offered by the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to Advertisers, especially Merchants, Manufacturers, Hotel-Keepers, Railway and Steamship Companies, Professional men, and others, desirous of reaching the best classes of the community in every part of the Dominion. It has other points to recommend it besides its large and wide-spread circulation. In the first place, it is a family paper, taken home, read from beginning to end, and kept on the parlor table throughout the week, and then put by, and finally bound; not, as befalls the daily paper, torn up, after a rapid perusal of telegraphic news. The children con over the pictures, read the stories and the funny column, and finally meander among the advertisements and call their parent's attention to those that suit them. The ladies peruse it from end to end, dwelling especially on the fashions and the ladies' column, then naturally turn to the advertising pages to know where to buy the materials for that dress, or the ingredients for that *Poudingue à la Czarévitch*. The men read the leading articles, the stories, the paragraphs, study the cartoons and other pictures, night after night, and while sipping their *hot stuff*, or enjoying their Havana, pore over the advertisements, and make up their mind to go next day and buy that fur coat, that hall-stove, or that superexcellent sherry. Then again the limited space reserved to advertisements being less than one-fifth of the paper, secures to each advertisement greater attention, whilst most papers devote one-half or two-thirds of their available space to advertisements, which are mostly doomed to oblivion in the great mass. Also, the very low price charged, being much less than several weekly newspapers in Canada, and far lower than any illustrated Paper in the United States, where the prices are from ten to forty times higher than ours, without an equivalent difference in circulation. And finally, remember that, while serving your own interest in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, you contribute to the support and improvement of this national enterprise, and consequently to the work of progress and education effected by the spread of art and literature.

THE BRIGAND JOKE ON THIERS.

The *Soir* pursuing the joke about the capture of M. Thiers by brigands, says that M. Thiers, having obtained *la parole*, proceeded to address the brigands in these terms:—"Gentlemen, I frankly confess that my sympathies are not for you, but for the gendarmes. During a long and laborious career I have always defended the cause of the gendarmerie. Recently (alluding to the Commune) I caused it to triumph at the peril of my popularity. But, gentlemen, after an existence of seventy-five years entirely consecrated to the cause of order, I recognise that the gendarmerie has had its day, and that that institution is no longer compatible with our customs. The execution in the Rue Haxo, the deplorable accident which happened to the police agent Vincenzini, the affairs of Marseilles, Lyons, and Pisa show an irresistible current which pushes us in the direction of new destinies." &c. The Paris correspondent of the *Pull Mall Gazette* writes:—"The latest intelligence states that M. Thiers, who has been dressed in the brigand costume, had been offered the leadership of the band, but had refused owing to previous engagements with the rabble of Paris. The joke respecting the capture of M. Thiers by brigands has been turned to account by the whole conservative press. We are told that the ex-President on being brought before the brigand chief was questioned as to his private fortune, which appears to be considerable. He was asked if the amount of his wealth had not induced him to oppose the income-tax, and finally he was told that his ransom had been settled at £120,000, which was a small sum for a man who had paid five milliards to the Germans. M. Thiers protested that he had not paid that sum himself, but the brigand chief replied that he received the *Bien Public* (the organ of M. Thiers), and had frequently seen this fact asserted. The *Paris Journal* says that M. Thiers, who made such a good thing out of the destruction of his house by the bandits of the Commune, will no doubt manage to reap an advantage from his capture by Fra Diavolo."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Among the novelties of the stage arrangement of "Hamlet" at the London Lyceum will be the acting of the play-scene by torchlight, in accord with the original directions.

OPERA-BOUFFE would appear to be a very lucrative property. Within the last year, according to the *Belgian Times*, M. Offenbach has received £80,000 for the author's rights of three of his pieces.

NEW YORKERS do not seem to be very well versed in Scriptural lore—at least, if we judge by a spectacular drama now being played at Niblo's Theatre—"The Deluge; or Paradise Lost," the two events being entirely considered contemporaneous.

THE causes of Madame Patti's recent failure at Paris have been chiefly political. She is suspected of not being very "patriotic." When we say "failure," we mean artistic failure, in being attacked by the newspapers, not commercial failure, as the receipts have been large.

A YOUNG cantatrice, Angelica More, born at Bissone, in the Canton of Tessin, has already achieved a reputation upon the stages of some of the principal theatres in Europe. She has recently been singing at the Victor Emmanuel Theatre at Turin, and there met with an enthusiastic reception.

THE acoustic properties of the new Paris Opera House were tested, the orchestra playing the overture of Auber's "Muet de Portici." The results were considered satisfactory, but the space allotted to the orchestra proved so limited that it has been decided to extend it, by the suppression of one row of the orchestra chairs.

MILLE PATTI, who has left Paris for St. Petersburg, had, it is reported, a narrow escape while performing Marguerite in "Faust." A scene fell on her head, and would have seriously injured her but for the thick wig she wore. She merely experienced a little dizziness, from which she recovered in a quarter of an hour.

In the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Marietta Ravel filled a very successful engagement last week. This week John Jack and Annie Firmin are playing the emotional play of the "Sphinx" with gratifying success. So far manager Lindley deserves great credit for the manner in which he has conducted the theatrical season.

MADAME DOMINIQUE, the teacher of dancing in Paris, has at present in her academy a future Tagliioni, who has been engaged for three years by Halanzier for the new opera. The director appears to be so charmed with his young recruit that he allows her annually a three months' leave of absence, but imposes at the same time a forfeit of 50,000 francs. This Tagliioni of the future is called Amélie Colombine, and is a sister of Marie Colombine. She is only fifteen, but very gifted, and has a musical turn, besides being an adept at drawing and sculpture.

MELBOURNE journals announce that Madame Arabella Goddard has made a precipitate retreat from Sydney to Melbourne, from fear of personal violence. The whole affair arose from the Sydneyists taking up the cause of a music-hall prima donna, with whom the pianist declined to appear, on the ground of professional etiquette. Rather than have this vocalist's name on her programme, Madame Goddard broke a contract she had made to give recitals at Bathurst and Orange; but Sydney took fire at this breach, and the lady received anonymous intimations that personal violence would be resorted to. Madame Goddard escaped to Melbourne; but legal proceedings, it is said, have been taken against her.

SCRIBE was spending the autumn with friends in the country, whose evening amusement consisted in listening to English novels, read aloud by the governess. One day this lady, during a pause in the reading, said to Scribe, with a sigh—"Oh, that I could hope some day to possess an income of 1,200 francs, which would give me rest and independence!" Some days after this, when the last chapter of the novel, which was but a poor one, had been read, Scribe suddenly said to the reader—"Do you know, that story is a capital subject for a one-act comedy—you supplied me with it, will you write it with me?" It is needless to say the compact was made and carried out. When the piece was about to appear, Scribe said to his dramatic agent—"Whether this play succeeds or not, the lady who is associated with me in the authorship must receive from me 1,200 francs a year for life; this must be made to appear as a mere matter of business." And so it was arranged. The governess, however, delighted with her success, continued to find fresh subjects for Scribe, who always declined them. Then, when he was praised before her, she would say—"Yes, he is a charming young man, but rather ungrateful. We once wrought a piece together, which brought us in 1,200 francs a year each, and now he won't write another!"

SCIENTIFIC.

Sick headache is mostly caused by too much acidity in the stomach. A pretty good cure consists in merely eating a little burnt or very brown bread-crust.

To rescue the drowning, convey the body to the nearest house with head raised. Strip and rub dry. Inflate the lungs by closing the nostrils with the thumb and finger, and blowing into the mouth forcibly, and then pressing with hand on the chest. Again blow in the mouth and press on the chest, and so on for ten minutes, or until breathing begins. Keep the body warm, extremities also. Continue rubbing—do not give up so long as there is any possible chance of success.

M. de Cherville in the *Paris Temps* gives the following useful hints for deciding whether red wines are, or are not, artificially coloured:—"Pour into a glass a small quantity of the liquid which you wish to test, and dissolve a bit of potash in it. If no sediment forms, and if the wine assumes a greenish hue, it has not been artificially coloured, if a violet sediment forms, the wine has been discoloured with elder or mulberries; if the sediment is red, it has been coloured with beetroot or Pernambuco wood; if violet-red, with logwood; if yellow, with 'phytolac' berries; if violet-blue, with privet berries; and if pale violet, with sun-flower."

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burn from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to collodion, or even cotton. Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil, which is easily made from the yolks of hen's eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates, and may be poured off. It is in general use among the colonists of Southern Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises, and scratches.

ODDITIES.

It is better to be flush in the pocket than in the face.—*Danbury News.*

At last Count Von Arnim is set at liberty, and goes to a favourite resort in Italy for his breath. That's Nice.

A man in Weston (Missouri) fired in the dark at a man who was stealing his corn, and the next day the county sheriff was around with his arm in a sling.

The title of a song is "Give me your hand once more." It is a favourite with those who like to have their bills backed.

I want to know," said a creditor fiercely, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me!" "I give it up," replied the debtor, "ask me something easy."

The opinion is being strengthened everyday that the man who first made a shirt to button behind did more for the world than one who has discovered five comets.

"Uncle, how do you do? Which would you like best, work for wages, or part of the crop?" "Waal, I'dlar, I tink bofe de best, if you kin only brang 'em togadder."

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato plant—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

A newly started paper delicately announces that its charge for marriage notices is "just what the ecstasy of the bridegroom may prompt."

A ferryman was asked by a timid lady whether any persons were ever lost in the river over which he rowed. "Oh! no," said he, "We always find 'em the next day."

Love's language—Young bride: "Was she his own darling duckums?" "Yes; she was owny dony darling duckums." Exit old married man, enraged and disgusted.

Girls, as you value your lives, don't get up and get breakfast in the mornings. A young lady attempted it one day last week, and was burned to death. Show this to your mammas.

A young blood at a hotel was requested to pass a dish near him. "Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite. "I mistook you for a gentleman" was the prompt reply.

Washington Irving once alluded to a man of superior pomposity as "a great man, and, in his own estimation a man of great weight. When he goes to the west, he thinks the east tips up."

"The Mysterious Island," a novel which has been running through *Scribner's Monthly*, is now published in pamphlet form. It is very interesting, and reminds one of "Robinson Crusoe."

"Alas!" said the nurse who attended the witty divine, Sidney Smith, in his last illness, "I have made a mistake and given you a bottle of ink." "Then," said the dying wit, "fetch me all the blotting paper there is in the house."

Next to a rooster in a rain-storm, or a man with his mother-in-law on his arm, the most wretched-looking thing in the world is a candidate who has just overheard some friend wanting to bet three to one that he won't be elected.

Poor young thing! she fainted away at the wash-tub, and her pretty nose went ker-slop into the soap-suds. Some said it was overwork; others, however, whispered that her beau had peeped over the back fence and called out: "Hullo, there, Bridget, is Miss Alice at home?"

A young man has been arrested in New York for sleeping in a standing position. He would stand on the street for four hours at a stretch, with his eyes closed, and not move a muscle. It is hereditary. His father was a policeman.

It is related that the secretary of an insurance company, being in command of a platoon during the late unpleasantness in Arkansas, struck up the gun of one of his men who was about to fire at a staff officer, with the explanation, "Don't fire, we've got a polley on him."

If the times are hard stop your paper, but do not shorten your allowance for whiskey or tobacco. A good paper in a family is a great comfort to the wife and children, but that is no reason why you should provide them with a weekly luxury at the expense of a daily necessity.

It was in a Massachusetts village that an old scissor-grinder, calling on a minister, made the usual query, "Any scissors to grind?" Receiving a negative answer, it was the minister's turn, which he took by asking, "Are you a man of God?" "I do not understand you." "Are you prepared to die?" The question struck home. Gathering up his kit and scrambling for the door, he exclaimed, terror-stricken: "O Lor! O Lor! you ain't a going to kill me, are you?"

A new comer at a New York hotel wrote his name in the book thus—"J. Smith." The polite and gentlemanly clerk seized the pen after him, and bending over the book, as if to complete the entry, inquired, "What tribe?" When the visitor had recovered enough to answer, he replied with much dignity, "No tribe, sir, but of English origin, from North America." "Beg pardon—Canadian?" "No." "Ah! Perhaps Nova Scotia?" "No, sir; I am from the United States of America." "Oh, very good! Thank you." Exit Yankee, smaller.

LITERARY.

Allibone's Poetical Quotations will be illustrated by the Messrs. Lippincott for the holidays.

The third volume of the "Memoirs of Quincy Adams" is particularly rich in historical and personal matters of interest.

The publishers have used up over fourteen thousand pounds of tinted paper in printing Theodore Tilton's new novel, "Tempest Tossed," and it has been printing almost constantly since its first publication four months since.

Charles Sumner's gift of 4,000 volumes to Harvard Library can hardly be utilised, on account of the narrow quarters of the library. Gore Hall is only about half large enough for its 150,000 occupants. And its family increases at the rate of 5,000 volumes a year.

It is said that the members of the Astor family paid taxes, a few days since at the tax-office in New York, amounting to \$259,057-83. The value of their estate is estimated, in round numbers, at \$24,000,000, and is probably cheap at that.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus will publish next month a book of grotesque designs and historical notes, about the births, deaths, and characteristics of some "Kings, Queens, and Other Things," drawn and written by S. A. the Princess Hesse-Schwarzbourg. The work will be beautifully printed in gold and many colours.

The Italian journals state that Monsignor Liverani, a Roman prelate, has discovered a method of interpreting the inscriptions on the ancient Etruscan monuments. He has devoted much time to the study of the subject at Chiusi, where Etruscan monuments exist in great abundance. He is about to publish, at Siena, an account of his discovery.

A society for the protection of literary property and dramatic art has been formed in Russia. The society is to keep up relations with all the managers of theatres, and sell them the right of producing new dramas. The royalty goes into the society's funds, and the authors receive the percentage granted by the general meeting of the society.

The queen of Holland has a most exquisite taste for literature, and writes with capacity and judgment; the Empress of Germany is renowned for her eloquence; the Empress of Austria is considered to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, and the Queen of Denmark is remarkable for her polished manners and the way in which she receives her guests. As for our own gracious Majesty, whatever may be the alleged faults of England and her politics, she is looked upon by friend and foe as a woman of womanly excellence—to say nothing of her talents as a writer, conversationalist, and musician. La-bla-che, speaking of her, used to say "that the Queen of England was among his most apt pupils."

The late M. Guizot's "History of France" has been left by its author only completed to the end of the reign of Louis XIV., but the notes in the possession of his family will enable the work to be brought down to the Revolution of 1789. The dedication to his grandchildren was something more than a formula. Every evening at five o'clock the grandchildren used to gather in the library at Val Richer, and the old statesman would tell them, in plain, simple terms the history of his native country, frequently joining to his recital the chronicles of old historians, which he put into everyday language. His daughters were accustomed to take down in writing the history as it was told, and when M. Guizot resolved to publish the book he merely revised and enlarged these notes, while it will be by their aid that the work will be continued.

VARIETIES.

"Men often speak of breaking the will of a child," says Theodore Parker, "but it seems to me they had better break the neck. The will needs regulating, not destroying. I should as soon think of breaking the legs of a horse in training him as a child's will. I would discipline and develop it into harmonious proportions. I never yet heard of a will in itself too strong, more than of an arm too strong, or a mind too comprehensive in its grasp, too powerful in its hold. The instruction of children should be such as to animate, inspire, restrain, but not to bow, cut, and carve; I would always treat a child like a live tree, which was to be helped to grow, never as a dry, dead timber, to be carved into this or that shape, and to have certain mouldings grooved upon it. A live tree, and not dead timber, is every little child."

Quetelet, in his work on the relation of probabilities, speaks of the ridiculous prejudice existing on the pretended danger of being the thirteenth at table. If the probability be required that out of thirteen persons of different ages one of them at least should die within a year, it will be found that the chances are about one to one that one death at least will occur. This calculation, by means of a false interpretation, has given rise to the prejudice, no less ridiculous, that the danger will be avoided by inviting a greater number of guests, which can only have the effect of augmenting the probability of the event so much apprehended.

In Russia there is but one physician to every 17,000 souls. There are governments, such as that of Perm, circles like that of Cherdink, where the proportion is still smaller, and there is scarcely one physician to 60,000 souls. There is, moreover, one hospital to every 175,000 inhabitants; one for foundlings to every 1,350,000; one lunatic asylum to every 390,000; one deaf and dumb institution to every 11,000,000. A Russian journal says that the army is better provided for, there being one hospital to every 5,000 men. In Prussia the proportion is one to 1,250. In Italy there is one physician to every 2,290 inhabitants; in England there is one medical man (surgeons included) to every 3,180.

Whatever good advice you may give your children, if the parents pursue a bad and reckless course of conduct, depend upon it the children will follow the example instead of following the advice. They will turn out ill, and probably worse than the parents whose example they are imitating. There are few principles of human nature stronger than that of imitation; and where children see a man and wife quarrelling, the mother dirty and the father drunken, and the house uncomfortable, it is not in human nature possible that those children should be the girls clean and well-conducted, the sons sober, honest, and industrious.

A London correspondent writes: "Nothing recalls the venerable past so vividly as the old houses and inns except, perhaps, the remains of Roman London constantly being brought to light by excavations in the improvement of the city. These are portions of the old city walls foundations, and buildings, tessellated pavements of great beauty, baths, sewers, bronzes, and various ornaments admirable as works of art. A Roman bath still exists nearly complete in Strand-lane, and a Roman hypercaust remains under the Coal Exchange in excellent preservation, which was discovered in preparing the foundations of the new building. Houses and house fronts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are still standing, and some of the old palaces are also well preserved. Of the ancient inns there are only a few interesting specimens; but what is left of the Inns of Court are visited by thousands."

A good story is told of Mr. Gladstone by Lord Granville. Shortly after their accession to office the practice of paying the clerks in the various public offices their salaries monthly was adopted. Lord Granville caused to be circulated through the Foreign Office a paper on which the clerks of the department were to state whether they preferred the old system of quarterly payments or wished the new practice to be introduced into the Foreign Office. Mr. Gladstone added, in his own hand, "Mr. Gladstone experiences great satisfaction in receiving his own salary at the end of the month, but considerable disappointment at the end of each quarter."

Canning's industry was such that he never left a moment unemployed, and such was the clearness of his head that he could address himself almost at the same time to several different subjects with perfect precision and without the least embarrassment. He wrote very fast, but not fast enough for his mind, composing much quicker than he could commit his ideas to paper. He could not bear to dictate, because nobody could write fast enough for him: but on one occasion, when he had the gout in his hand and could not write, he stood by the fire and dictated at the same time a despatch on Greek affairs to George Bentinck and one on South American politics to Howard de Walden, each writing as fast as he could, while he turned from one to the other without hesitation or embarrassment.

An exchange says: "Of all the lost articles that have been found in Paris a lost bride must be one of the rarest. We are afraid it isn't a true story. She was a country girl, who came to Paris with her betrothed to get married. They took a cab at the station. On the way to church the man got out to make some purchase. The driver was tipsy, and instead of waiting, drove on, so they were separated in the wilderness, and the police found the bride weeping in the cab. The officials issued this advertisement: 'There was found yesterday at mid-day a bride, eighteen years, blue eyes, black hair. Can be obtained on application at police head-quarters.'"

The changes in woman's gait are more mysterious than the transformations in her garments. One year she walks a queen, stately and graceful, the next she frisks along painfully, like a spring lamb or a playful kitten. Now she bends forward, lets her limp hands drop from the wrists, and wriggles as if she wished to advertise the fact that her boots are tight—a thing which is totally unnecessary; anon she throws her shoulders back, and goes bravely forward with long steps. The next change must always inevitably tend to show languishing movements. No other style of locomotion will be possible with the narrow skirts which are to be worn.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Chicken Salad.—Having skinned a pair of cold fowls, remove the fat and carve them as if for eating; cut all the flesh entirely from the bones, and either mince it or divide it into small shreds. Mix with it a little cold tongue or ham, grated rather than chopped. Have ready one or two fine fresh lettuce, picked, washed, drained, and cut small. Put the cut lettuce on a dish (spreading it evenly) or into a large-bowl, and place upon it the minced chicken in a close heap in the centre. For the dressing, mix together the following ingredients, in the proportion of the yolks of four eggs well beaten, a tea-spoonful of powdered white sugar, a salt-spoon of cayenne (no salt if you have ham or tongue with the chicken); two tea-spoonfuls of made mustard, six table-spoonfuls of salad oil and five of vinegar. Stir this mixture well; put it into a small saucepan, set it over the fire, and let it boil three minutes—not more, stirring it all the time. Then set it to cool. When quite cold, cover with it thickly, the heap of chicken in the centre of the salad. To ornament it, have ready half a dozen or more hard boiled eggs, which, after the shell is peeled off, must be thrown directly into a pan of cold water to prevent them from turning blue. Cut each egg (white and yolk together) lengthways into four long pieces of equal size and shape; lay the pieces upon the salad all round the heap of chicken, and close to it; placing them so as to follow each other round in a slanting direction, something in the form of a circular wreath of leaves. Have ready, also, some very red cold beet-root, cut into small cones or points all of equal size; arrange them in a circle upon the lettuce, outside of the circle of cut egg. To be decorated in this manner, the salad should be placed in a dish rather than a bowl. In helping it, give each person a portion of everything, and they will mix them together on their plates.

Tomato Sauce.—Scald some large ripe tomatoes, to make them peel easily. Then quarter them, and press them through a sieve to divest them of their seeds. Put the juice into a stewpan, adding some bits of fresh butter dredged with flour; add finely-grated bread-crumbs, and season with a little pepper, and, if liked, a little onion boiled and minced. Set the pan over a moderate fire, and let the tomatoes simmer slowly till it comes to a boil. Continue the boiling ten minutes longer. Serve it up in a sauce-tureen. It will be mellowed and improved by stirring in (as soon as it comes to a boil) a table-spoonful or a lump of white sugar.

Potato Mutton Chops.—Cut some nice chops or steaks from the best end of a neck of mutton. The loin will be still better. Trim off all the fat, but leave a small part of the bone visible, nicely scraped. Season them with pepper and salt, and fry them in butter or dripping. Have ready plenty of mashed potatoes, with which cover the chops all over separately, so as to wrap them up in the mashed potatoes. Glaze them with beaten egg, and brown them with a salamander or a red-hot shovel.

Rancid Butter made Sweet.—Rancid butter can be made as sweet as when first churned by the following process:—To one quart of water add fifty-five drops of the chloride of lime; then wash thoroughly in this mixture five pounds of rancid butter. It must remain in the mixture two hours. Then wash twice in pure water and once in sweet milk; add salt. This preparation of lime contains nothing injurious.

Stewed Potatoes.—Having pared some fine raw potatoes, quarter them, and put them into a stew-pan with a little salt, pepper, and some green sweet marjoram stripped from the stalks, and scattered among the potatoes. Put them into a stew-pan with milk enough to prevent their burning, and some fresh butter—no water. Cover the pan and let the potatoes stew, till, on trying them with a fork, you find them thoroughly cooked, and soft and tender all through. If not sufficiently done, they are hard, tough, leathery, and unfit to eat.

Boiled Cabbage.—All cabbage should be well washed, and boiled in a large quantity of water with a little salt. The loose or faded leaves being stripped from the outside. They should always be cut or split in two, or in four pieces if very large. Cut the stalk short, and split it up to where the leaves begin. Put it on in boiling water, and keep it boiling steadily till quite done, which will not be till the stalk is tender throughout. If a young summer cabbage, split it in half, and when well boiled, and drained, and pressed in a cullender, serve it up with a few bits of cold fresh butter, laid inside among the leaves. Season it with pepper.

Macaroni with Cheese.—Take half a pound of large macaroni, cut it into convenient lengths, and place it into a saucepan with plenty of fast-boiling water, add salt to taste, and let it boil rather less than half an hour. Drain off the water, place the macaroni in a deep dish, pour over it a couple of ounces of butter melted till it just begins to colour, add plenty of grated Parmesan cheese, turn over the macaroni with two forks as a salad is mixed, then put on a final layer of Parmesan, place the dish in a brisk oven for a few minutes, and serve.

Breakfast Dishes.—Scotch Woodcock: Break two or three eggs into a saucepan; mix well, with a little salt and cayenne, and a good gravy spoon of milk or cream; cook it gently over the fire, and, as it warms, put in a lump of butter as big as a small egg; stir well from the bottom, as the mixture clots. Have ready two slices of toast, slightly buttered on both sides; put between them about three anchovies, washed, scraped, and chopped; pour on the top the mixture from the saucepan and serve very hot.—*Loberst toast:* Take one or two thirds of a shilling tin of lobster, separate it, put into a saucepan, with a little cayenne, powdered mace, salt, and a lump of butter; warm it gradually, add a good squeeze of lemon. When quite hot, spread it on toast slightly buttered on both sides, and serve very hot.



1. THE DANAE CLOAK. 2. DOLMAN IN CLOTH. 3. CLOTH CLOAK. 4. ROTONDE. 5. CLOTH JACKET. 6. CASHMERE TUNIC. 7. LOUIS XV JACKET. 8. YOUNG LADY'S JACKET. 9. THE MAGENTA TUNIC. 10. BLACK CLOTH CLOAK.

THE FASHIONS.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

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

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

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

Part I.—Paradise Lost

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN TO LIFE.

I was still miserably weak. My eyes wandered mechanically round the room as I put the question. I saw Major Fitz-David. I saw the

girl had opened the book to show it to me. I saw the girl herself, sitting alone in a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes as if she was crying. In one mysterious moment, my memory recovered its powers. The recollection of that fatal title-page came back to me in all its horror. The one feeling that it roused in me now, was a longing to see my husband—to throw myself into his arms, and tell him how firmly I believed in his innocence, how truly and dearly I loved him. I seized on Benjamin with feeble trembling hands. "Bring him back to me!" I cried wildly. "Where is he? Help me to get up!"

A strange voice answered, firmly and kindly:

"Compose yourself, madam. Mr. Woodville is waiting until you have recovered, in a room close by."

I looked at him, and recognized the stranger who had followed my husband out of the room. Why had he returned alone? Why was Eustace not with me, like the rest of them? I tried to raise myself, and get on my feet. The stranger gently pressed me back again on the pillow. I attempted to resist him; quite uselessly of course. His firm hand held me, as gently as ever, in my place.

"You must rest a little," he said. "You must take some wine. If you exert yourself now, you will faint again."

Old Benjamin stooped over me, and whispered a word of explanation.

"It's the doctor, my dear. You must do as he tells you."

The doctor! They had called the doctor in to help them! I began dimly to understand that my fainting-fit must have presented symptoms far more serious than the fainting-fits of women in general. I appealed to the doctor, in a helpless querulous way, to account to me for my husband's extraordinary absence.

"Why did you let him leave the room?" I asked. "If I can't go to him, why don't you bring him here to me?"

The doctor appeared to be at a loss how to reply to me. He looked at Benjamin, and said,

"Will you speak to Mrs. Woodville?"

Benjamin, in his turn, looked at Major Fitz-David, and said, "Will you?" The Major signed to them both to leave us. They rose together, and went into the front room; pulling the door to after them in its grooves. As they left us, the girl who had so strangely revealed my husband's secret to me rose in her corner and approached the sofa.

"I suppose I had better go too?" she said, addressing Major Fitz-David.

"If you please," the Major answered. He spoke (as I thought) rather coldly. She tossed her head, and turned her back on him in

high indignation. "I must say a word for myself!" cried the strange creature, with an hysterical outbreak of energy. "I must say a word, or I shall burst!"

With that extraordinary preface she suddenly turned in my way, and poured out a perfect torrent of words on me.

"You hear how the Major speaks to me?" she began. "He blames me—poor Me—for everything that has happened. I am as innocent as the new-born babe. I acted for the best. I thought you wanted the book. I don't know now what made you faint dead away when I opened it. And the Major blames Me! As if it was my fault! I am not one of the fainting sort myself; but I feel it, I can tell you. Yes! I feel

able as you are, if you come to that. My name is Houghty. My parents are in business, and my mamma has seen better days, and mixed in the best of company."

There, Miss Houghty lifted her handkerchief again to her face, and burst modestly into tears behind it.

It was certainly hard to hold her responsible for what had happened. I answered as kindly as I could; and I attempted to speak to Major Fitz-David in her defence. He knew what terrible anxieties were oppressing me at that moment, and, considerably refusing to hear a word, he took the task of consoling his young prima-donna entirely on himself. What he said to her I neither heard, nor cared to hear; he

suffered under it, as I was suffering now, than have been kept in the dark. I told him this. And then I turned to the one subject that was now of any interest to me—the subject of my unhappy husband.

"How did he come to this house?" I asked. "He came here with Mr. Benjamin shortly after I returned," the Major replied.

"Long after I was taken ill?"

"No. I had just sent for the doctor, feeling seriously alarmed about you."

"What brought him here? Did he return to the hotel, and miss me?"

"Yes. He returned earlier than anticipated, and he felt uneasy at not finding you at the hotel."

"Did he suspect me of being with you? Did he come here from the hotel?"

"No. He appears to have gone first to Mr. Benjamin to inquire about you. What he heard from your old friend I cannot say. I only know that Mr. Benjamin accompanied him when he came here."

This brief explanation was quite enough for me; I understood what had happened. Eustace would easily frighten simple old Benjamin about my absence from the hotel; and, once alarmed, Benjamin would be persuaded without difficulty to repeat the few words which had passed between us on the subject of Major Fitz-David. My husband's presence in the Major's house was perfectly explained. But his extraordinary conduct in leaving the room, at the very time when I was just recovering my senses, still remained to be accounted for. Major Fitz-David looked seriously embarrassed when I put the question to him.

"I hardly know how to explain it to you," he said. "Eustace has surprised and disappointed me."

He spoke very gravely. His looks told me more than his words; his looks alarmed me.

"Eustace has not quarrelled with you?" I said.

"Oh, no!"

"He understands that you have not broken your promise to him?"

"Certainly. My young vocalist, Miss Houghty, told the doctor exactly what had happened; and the doctor in her presence repeated the statement to your husband."

"Did the doctor see the trial?"

"Neither the doctor nor Mr. Benjamin has seen the trial. I have locked it up; and I have carefully kept the terrible story of your connection with the prisoner a secret from all of them. Mr. Benjamin evidently has his suspicions. But the doctor has no idea, and Miss Houghty has no idea of the true cause of your fainting fit. They both believe that you are subject to serious nervous attacks, and that your husband's name is really Woodville. All that the

truest friend could do to spare Eustace, I have done. He persists, nevertheless, in blaming me for letting you enter my house. And worse, far worse than this, he persists in declaring that the event of to-day has fatally estranged you from him. 'There is an end of our married life,' he said to me, 'now she knows that I am the man who was tried at Edinburgh for poisoning my wife!'

I rose from the sofa in horror.

"Good God!" I cried, "does Eustace suppose that I doubt his innocence?"

"He denies that it is possible for you, or for



"The window-blind was up, and the Autumn moonlight shone brilliantly into the little room."

it, though I don't faint about it. I come of respectable parents—I do. My name is Houghty—Miss Houghty. I have my own self-respect; and it's wounded. I say my self-respect is wounded, when I find myself blamed without deserving it. You deserve it, if anybody does. Didn't you tell me you were looking for a book? And didn't I present it to you promiscuously, with the best intentions? I think you might say so yourself, now the doctor has brought you to again. I think you might speak up for a poor girl who is worked to death with singing and languages and what not—a poor girl who has nobody else to speak for. I am as respect-

able as you are, if you come to that. My name is Houghty. My parents are in business, and my mamma has seen better days, and mixed in the best of company."

"I hope that foolish girl has not annoyed you—at such a time as this?" he said very earnestly, when he returned to the sofa. "I can't tell you how grieved I am at what has happened. I was careful to warn you, as you may remember. Still, if I could only have foreseen—"

I let him proceed no farther. No human forethought could have provided against what had happened. Besides, dreadful as the discovery had been, I would rather have made it, and

triest friend could do to spare Eustace, I have done. He persists, nevertheless, in blaming me for letting you enter my house. And worse, far worse than this, he persists in declaring that the event of to-day has fatally estranged you from him. 'There is an end of our married life,' he said to me, 'now she knows that I am the man who was tried at Edinburgh for poisoning my wife!'

I rose from the sofa in horror.

"Good God!" I cried, "does Eustace suppose that I doubt his innocence?"

"He denies that it is possible for you, or for

anybody, to believe in his innocence," the Major replied.

"Help me to the door," I said, "Where is he? I must, and will see him!"

I dropped back exhausted on the sofa as I said the words. Major Fitz-David poured out a glass of wine from the bottle on the table, and insisted on my drinking it.

"You shall see him," said the Major. "I promise you that. The doctor has forbidden him to leave the house until you have seen him. Only wait a little! My poor dear lady, wait, if it is only for a few minutes, until you are stronger!"

I had no choice but to obey him. Oh, those miserable helpless minutes on the sofa! I cannot write of them without shuddering at the recollection, even at this distance of time.

"Bring him here!" I said. "Pray, pray bring him here!"

"Who is to persuade him to come back?" asked the Major sadly. "How can I, how can anybody, prevail with a man—a madman I had almost said—who could leave you at the moment when you first opened your eyes on him? I saw Eustace alone in the next room, while the doctor was in attendance on you. I tried to shake his obstinate distrust of your belief in his innocence, and of my belief in his innocence, by every argument and every appeal that an old friend could address to him. He had but one answer to give me. Reason as I might, and plead as I might, he still persisted in referring me to the Scotch Verdict."

"The Scotch Verdict?" I repeated. "What is that?"

The Major looked surprised at the question.

"Have you really never heard of the Trial?" he said.

"Never."

"I thought it strange," he went on, "when you told me you had found out your husband's true name, that the discovery appeared to have suggested no painful association to your mind. It is not more than three years since all England was talking of your husband. One can hardly wonder at his taking refuge, poor fellow, in an assumed name! Where could you have been at the time?"

"Did you say it was three years ago?" I asked.

"Yes."

"I think I can explain my strange ignorance of what was so well known to everyone else. Three years since my father was alive. I was living with him, in a country house in Italy, up in the mountains, near Siena. We never saw an English newspaper, or met with an English traveller, for weeks and weeks together. It is just possible that there might have been some reference made to the Trial in my father's letters from England. If there was, he never told me of it. Or, if he did mention the case, I felt no interest in it, and forgot it again directly. Tell me—what has the Verdict to do with my husband's horrible doubt of us? Eustace is a free man. The verdict was not guilty, of course?"

Major Fitz-David shook his head sadly.

"Eustace was tried in Scotland," he said. "There is a verdict allowed by the Scotch law, which, so far as I know, is not permitted by the laws of any other civilized country on the face of the earth. When the jury are in doubt whether to condemn or acquit the prisoner brought before them, they are permitted, in Scotland, to express that doubt by a form of compromise. If there is not evidence enough, on the one hand, and not evidence enough, on the other hand to thoroughly convince them that a prisoner is innocent, they extricate themselves from the difficulty by finding a verdict of Not Proven."

"Was that the verdict when Eustace was tried?" I asked.

"Yes."

"The jury were not quite satisfied that my husband was guilty? and not quite satisfied that my husband was innocent? Is that what the Scotch Verdict means?"

"That is what the Scotch Verdict means. For three years that doubt about him in the minds of the jury who tried him has stood on public record."

Oh, my poor darling! my innocent martyr! I understood it at last. The false name in which he had married me; the terrible words he had spoken, when he had warned me to respect his secret; the still more terrible doubt that he felt of me at that moment—it was all intelligible to my sympathies; it was all clear to my understanding now. I got up again from the sofa, strong in a daring resolution which the Scotch Verdict had suddenly kindled in me—a resolution at once too sacred and too desperate to be confided, in the first instance, to any other than my husband's ear.

"Take me to Eustace," I said. "I am strong enough to bear anything now."

After one searching look at me, the Major silently offered me his arm and led me out of the room.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SCOTCH VERDICT.

We walked to the far end of the hall. Major Fitz-David opened the door of a long narrow room, built out at the back of the house as a smoking-room, and extending along one side of the courtyard as far as the stable wall.

My husband was alone in the room, seated at the farther end of it, near the fireplace. He started to his feet and faced me in silence as I entered. The Major softly closed the door on us and retired. Eustace never stirred a step to meet me. I ran to him, and threw my arms round his neck and kissed him. The embrace was not returned; the kiss was not returned. He passionately submitted—nothing more.

"Eustace!" I said, "I never loved you more dearly than I love you at this moment! I never felt for you as I feel for you now!"

He released himself deliberately from my arms. He signed to me with the mechanical courtesy of a stranger to take a chair.

"Thank you, Valeria," he answered, in cold measured tones. "You could say no less to me after what has happened, and you could say no more. Thank you."

We were standing before the fireplace. He left me and walked away slowly with his head down, apparently intending to leave the room. I followed him, I got before him, I placed myself between him and the door.

"Why do you leave me?" I said. "Why do you speak to me in this cruel way? Are you angry, Eustace? My darling, if you are angry, I ask you to forgive me."

"It is I who ought to ask your pardon," he replied. "I beg you to forgive me, Valeria, for having made you my wife."

He pronounced these words with a hopeless heart-broken humanity dreadful to see. I laid my hand on his bosom. I said, "Eustace, look at me."

He slowly lifted his eyes to my face—eyes cold and clear and tearless, looking at me in steady resignation, in immovable despair. In the utter wretchedness of that moment, I was like him; I was as quiet and as cold as my husband. He chilled, he froze me.

"Is it possible," I said, "that you doubt my belief in your innocence?"

He left the question unanswered. He sighed bitterly to himself. "Poor woman!" he said, as a stranger might have said, pitying me. "Poor woman!"

My heart swelled in me as if it would burst. I lifted my hand from his bosom, and laid it on his shoulder to support myself.

"I don't ask you to pity me, Eustace; I ask you to do me justice. You are not doing me justice. If you had trusted me with the truth, in the days when we first knew that we loved each other—if you had told me all, and more than all that I know now—as God is my witness, I would still have married you! Now do you doubt that I believe you are an innocent man!"

"I don't doubt it," he said. "All your impulses are generous, Valeria. You are speaking generously, and feeling generously. Don't blame me, my poor child, if I look on farther than you do: if I see what is to come—too surely to come—in the cruel future."

"The cruel future!" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"You believe in my innocence, Valeria. The jury who tried me doubted it, and have left that doubt on record. What reason have you for believing, in the face of the verdict, that I am an innocent man?"

"I want no reason! I believe, in spite of the jury, in spite of the verdict."

"Will your friends agree with you? When your uncle and aunt know what has happened—and sooner or later they must know it—what will they say? They will say, 'He began badly; he concealed from our niece that he had been wedded to a first wife; he married our niece under a false name. He may say he is innocent; but we have only his word for it. When he was put on his trial, the verdict was not proven. Not proven won't do for us. If the jury have done him an injustice—if he is innocent—let him prove it.' That is what the world thinks and says of me. That is what your friends will think and say of me. The time is coming, Valeria, when you—even you—will feel that your friends have reason to appeal to on their side, and that you have no reason on yours."

"That time will never come!" I answered warmly. "You wrong me, you insult me, in thinking it possible!"

He put down my hand from him, and drew back a step, with a bitter smile.

"We have only been married a few days, Valeria. Your love for me is new and young. Time, which wears away all things, will wear away the first fervour of that love."

"Never! never!"

He drew back from me a little further still.

"Look at the world round you," he said. "The happiest husbands and wives have their occasional misunderstandings and disagreements; the brightest married life has its passing clouds. When those days come for us, the doubts and fears that you don't feel now, will find their way to you then. When the clouds rise on our married life—when I say my first harsh word, when you make your first hasty reply—then, in the solitude of your own room, in the stillness of the wakeful night, you will think of my first wife's miserable death. You will remember that I was held responsible for it, and that my innocence was never proved. You will say to yourself, 'Did it begin, in her time, with a harsh word from him, and with a hasty reply from her? Will it one day end with me as the jury half feared that it ended with her?' Hideous questions for a wife to ask herself! You will stifle them; you will recoil from them, like a good woman, with horror. But, when we meet the next morning, you will be on your guard, and I shall see it, and know in my heart of hearts what it means. Embittered by that knowledge, my next harsh word may be harsher still. Your next thoughts of me may remind you, more vividly and more boldly, that your husband was once tried as a prisoner, and that the question of his first wife's death was never properly cleared up. Do you see what materials for a domestic hell are mingling for us here? Was it for nothing that I warned you, solemnly warned you, to draw back, when I found you bent on discovering the truth? Can I ever be at your bedside now, when you are ill, and not remind you, in the most innocent things I do, of what happened at that other bedside, in the time of that other woman whom I married first? If I pour out your medicine I commit a suspicious action—they said I poisoned her in her medicine. If I bring you a cup of tea, I revive the remembrance of a horrid doubt—they said I put the

arsenic in her cup of tea. If I kiss you when I leave the room, I remind you that the prosecution accused me of kissing her, to save appearances and produce an effect on the nurse. Can we live together on such terms as these? No mortal creatures could support the misery of it. This very day I said it to you, 'If you stir a step farther in this matter, there is an end of your happiness for the rest of your life.' You have taken that step—and the end has come to your happiness and to mine. The blight that causers and kills is on you and on me for the rest of our lives!"

So far I had forced myself to listen to him. At those last words, the picture of the future that he was placing before me became too hideous to be endured. I refused to hear more.

"You are talking horribly," I said. "At your age and at mine, have we done with love, and done with hope? It is blasphemy to love and hope to say it!"

"Wait till you have read the Trial," he answered. "You mean to read it, I suppose?"

"Every word of it! With a motive, Eustace, which you have yet to know."

"No motive of yours, Valeria, no love and hope of yours, can alter the inexorable facts. My first wife died poisoned; and the verdict of the jury has not absolutely acquitted me of the guilt of causing her death. As long as you were ignorant of that, the possibilities of happiness were always within our reach. Now you know it, I say again—our married life is at an end!"

"No," I said. "Now I know it, our married life has begun—begun with a new object for your wife's devotion, with a new reason for your wife's love!"

"What do you mean?"

I went near to him again, and took his hand. "What did you tell me the world has said of you? 'Not proven won't do for us. If the jury have done him an injustice—if he is innocent—let him prove it.' Those were the words you put into the mouths of my friends. I adopt them for mine! I say, not proven won't do for me. Prove your right, Eustace, to a verdict of not guilty. Why have you let three years pass without doing it? Shall I guess why? You have waited for your wife to help you. Here she is, my darling, ready to help you with all her heart and soul. Here she is, with one object in life—to show the world, and to show the Scotch jury, that her husband is an innocent man!"

I had roused myself; my pulses were throbbing, my voice rang through the room. Had I roused him? What was his answer?

"Read the Trial." That was his answer.

I seized him by the arm. In my indignation and my despair, I shook him with all my strength. God forgive me, I could almost have struck him, for the tone in which he had spoken, and the look that he had cast on me!

"I have told you that I mean to read the Trial," I said. "I mean to read it, line by line, with you. Some inexcusable mistake has been made. Evidence in your favour, that might have been found, has not been found. Suspicious circumstances have not been investigated. Crafty people have not been watched. Eustace! the conviction of some dreadful oversight, committed by you or by the persons who helped you, is firmly settled in my mind. The resolution to set that vile verdict right was the first resolution that came to me when I heard of it in the next room. We will set it right! We must set it right—for your sake, for my sake, for the sake of our children if we are blest with children. Oh, my own love, don't look at me with those cold eyes! Don't answer me in those hard tones! Don't treat me as if I was talking ignorantly and madly of something that can never be!"

Still, I never roused him. His next words were spoken compassionately rather than coldly—that was all.

"My defence was undertaken by the greatest lawyers in the land," he said. "After such men have done their utmost, and have failed, my poor Valeria, what can you, what can I, do? We can only submit."

"Never!" I cried. "The greatest lawyers are mortal men; the greatest lawyers have made mistakes before now. You can't deny that."

"Read the Trial." For the third time, he said those words, and said no more.

In utter despair of moving him—feeling keenly, bitterly (if I must own it) his meretricious superiority to all that I had said to him in the honest fervour of my devotion and my love—I thought of Major Fitz-David as a last resort. In the disordered state of my mind, at that moment, it made no difference to me that the Major had already tried to reason with him, and had failed. In the face of the facts, I had blind belief in the influence of his old friend, if his old friend could only be prevailed upon to support my view.

"Wait for me one moment," I said. "I want you to hear another opinion besides mine."

I left him, and returned to the study. Major Fitz-David was not there. I knocked at the door of communication with the front room. It was opened instantly by the Major himself. The doctor had gone away. Benjamin still remained in the room.

"Will you come and speak to Eustace?" I began. "If you will only say what I want you to say—"

Before I could add a word more, I heard the house door opened and closed. Major Fitz-David and Benjamin heard it too. They looked at each other in silence.

I ran back, before the Major could stop me, to the room in which I had seen Eustace. It was empty. My husband had left the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAN'S DECISION.

My first impulse was the reckless impulse to follow Eustace—openly, through the streets.

The Major and Benjamin both opposed this hasty resolution on my part. They appealed to my own sense of self-respect, without (so far as I remember it) producing the slightest effect on my mind. They were more successful when they entreated me next to be patient, for my husband's sake. In mercy to Eustace, they begged me to wait half an hour. If he failed to return in that time, they pledged themselves to accompany me in search of him to the hotel.

In mercy to Eustace, I consented to wait. What I suffered under the forced necessity for remaining passive at that crisis in my life, no words of mine can tell. It will be better if I go on with my narrative.

Benjamin was the first to ask me what had passed between my husband and myself.

"You may speak freely, my dear," he said. "I know what has happened since you have been in Major Fitz-David's house. No one has told me about it; I found it out for myself. If you remember, I was struck by the name of 'Macallan,' when you first mentioned it to me at my cottage. I couldn't guess why, at the time. I know why, now."

Hearing this, I told them both unreservedly what I had said to Eustace, and how he had received it. To my unspeakable disappointment, they both sided with my husband—treating my view of his position as a mere dream. They said it, as he had said it, "You have not read the Trial."

I was really enraged with them. "The facts are enough for me," I said. "We know he is innocent. Why is his innocence not proved? It ought to be, it must be, it shall be! If the Trial tells me it can't be done, I refuse to believe the Trial. Where is the book, Major? Let me see for myself, if his lawyers have left nothing for his wife to do. Did they love him as I love him? Give me the book!"

Major Fitz-David looked at Benjamin.

"It will only additionally shock and distress her, if I give her the book," he said. "Don't you agree with me?"

I interposed before Benjamin could answer.

"If you refuse my request," I said, "you will oblige me, Major, to go to the nearest bookseller and tell him to buy the Trial for me. I am determined to read it."

This time, Benjamin sided with me.

"Nothing can make matters worse than they are, sir," he said. "If I may be permitted to advise, let her have her own way."

The Major rose, and took the book out of the Italian cabinet—to which he had consigned it for safe keeping.

"My young friend tells me, that she informed you of her regrettable outbreak of temper a few days since," he said, as he handed me the volume. "I was not aware, at the time, what book she had in her hand when she so far forgot herself as to destroy the vase. When I left you in the study, I supposed the Report of the Trial to be in its customary place, on the top shelf of the book-case; and I own I felt some curiosity to know whether you would think of examining that shelf. The broken vase—it is needless to conceal it from you now—was one of a pair presented to me by your husband and his first wife only a week before the poor woman's terrible death. I felt my first resentment that you were on the brink of discovery, when I found you looking at the fragments—and I fancy I betrayed to you that something of the sort was disturbing me. You looked as if you noticed it."

"I did notice it, Major. And I too had a vague idea that I was on the way to discovery. Will you look at your watch? Have we waited half an hour yet?"

My impatience had misled me. The ordeal of the half hour was not yet at an end.

Slowly and more slowly, the heavy minutes followed each other—and still there were no signs of my husband's return. We tried to continue our conversation, and talked. Nothing was audible: no sounds but the ordinary sounds of the street disturbed the dreadful silence. Try as I might to repeat it, there was one foreboding thought that pressed closer and closer on my mind, as the interval of waiting wore its weary way on. I shuddered as I asked myself, if our married life had come to an end—if Eustace had really left me?

The Major saw, what Benjamin's slower perception had not yet discovered—that my fortitude was beginning to sink under the unrelieved oppression of suspense.

"Come!" he said. "Let us go to the hotel."

It then wanted nearly five minutes to the half hour. I looked my gratitude to Major Fitz-David for sparing me those last minutes; I could not speak to him, or to Benjamin. In silence, we three got into a cab and drove to the hotel.

The landlady met us in the hall. Nothing had been seen or heard of Eustace. There was a letter waiting for me upstairs, on the table in our sitting-room. It had been left at the hotel by a messenger, only a few minutes since.

Trembling and breathless, I ran up the stairs; the two gentlemen following me. The writing on the address of the letter was in my husband's hand. My heart sank in me as I looked at the lines; there could be but one reason for his writing to me. That closed envelope held his farewell words. I sat with the letter on my lap, stupefied—incapable of opening it.

Kind-hearted Benjamin attempted to comfort and encourage me. The Major, with his larger experience of women, warned the old man to be silent.

"Wait," I heard him whisper. "Speaking to her will do no good, now. Give her time."

Acting on a sudden impulse, I held out the letter to him as he spoke. Even moments might be of importance, if Eustace had indeed left me. To give me time, might be to lose the opportunity of recalling him.

"You are his old friend," I said. "Open his letter, Major, and read it for me."

Major Fitz-David opened the letter, and read it through to himself. When he had done, he threw it on the table with a gesture which was almost a gesture of contempt.

"There is but one excuse for him," he said. "The man is mad."

Those words told me all. I knew the worst; and, knowing it, I could read the letter. It ran thus:—

"MY BELOVED VALERIA,—
When you read these lines, you read my farewell words. I return to my solitary unfriended life—my life before I knew you.

"My darling, you have been cruelly treated. You have been entrapped into marrying a man who has been publicly accused of poisoning his first wife—and who has not been honourably and completely acquitted of the charge. And you know it!

"Can you live on terms of mutual confidence and mutual esteem with me, when I have committed this fraud, and when I stand towards you in this position? It was possible for you to live with me happily, while you were in ignorance of the truth. It is not possible, now you know all.

"No! the one atonement I can make is—to leave you. Your one chance of future happiness is to be disassociated, at once and for ever, from my dishonoured life. I love you, Valeria—truly, devotedly, passionately. But the spirit of the poisoned woman rises between us. It makes no difference that I am innocent even of the thought of harming my first wife. My innocence has not been proved. In this world, my innocence can never be proved. You are young and loving, and generous and hopeful. Bless others, Valeria, with your rare attractions and your delightful gifts. They are of no avail with me. The poisoned woman stands between us. If you live with me now, you will see her as I see her. That torture shall never be yours. I love you. I leave you.

"Do you think me hard and cruel? Wait a little, and time will change that way of thinking. As the years go on, you will say to yourself, 'Basely as he deceived me, there was some generosity in him. He was man enough to release me of his own free will.'

"Yes, Valeria, I fully, freely release you. If it be possible to annul our marriage, let it be done. Recover your liberty by any means that you may be advised to employ; and be assured beforehand of my entire and implicit submission. My lawyers have the necessary instructions on this subject. Your uncle has only to communicate with them, and I think he will be satisfied of my resolution to do you justice. The one interest that I have now left in life, is my interest in your welfare and your happiness in the time to come. Your welfare and your happiness are no longer to be found in your union with me.

"I can write no more. This letter will wait for you at the hotel. It will be useless to attempt to trace me. I know my own weakness. My heart is all yours: I might yield to you if I let you see me again.

"Show these lines to your uncle, and to any friends whose opinions you may value. I have only to sign my dishonoured name, and everyone will understand, and applaud, my motive for writing as I do. The name justifies, amply justifies, the letter. Forgive me, and forget me. Farewell.

"EUSTACE MACALLAN."

In those words he took his leave of me. We had been married—six days.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WOMAN'S ANSWER.

Thus far I have written of myself with perfect frankness, and, as I think, I may fairly add, with some courage as well. My frankness fails me, and my courage fails me, when I look back to my husband's farewell letter, and try to recall the storm of contending passions that it roused in my mind. No! I cannot tell the truth about myself, at that terrible time. Men! consult your observation of women, and imagine what I felt. Women! look into your own hearts, and see what I felt, for yourselves.

What I did, when my mind was quiet again, is an easier matter to deal with. I answered my husband's letter. My reply to him shall appear in these pages. It will show, in some degree, what effect (of the lasting sort) is desertion of me produced on my mind. It will also reveal the motives that sustained me in the new and strange life which my next chapters must describe.

I was removed from the hotel in the care of my fatherly old friend Benjamin. A bedroom was prepared for me in his little villa. There I passed the first night of my separation from my husband. Towards the morning my weary brain got some rest—I slept.

At breakfast-time Major Fitz-David called to enquire about me. He had kindly volunteered to go and speak for me to my husband's lawyers on the preceding day. They admitted that they knew where Eustace had gone, but they declared at the same time that they were positively forbidden to communicate his address to any one. In other respects their "instructions" in relation to the wife of their client were, as they were pleased to express it, "generous to a fault." I had only to write to them and they would furnish me with a copy by return of post.

This was the Major's news. He refrained, with the tact that distinguished him, from putting any question to me beyond questions relating to the state of my health. This he answered, he took his leave of me for that day. He and Benjamin had a long talk together afterwards, in the garden of the villa.

I retired to my room and wrote to my uncle Starkweather, telling him exactly what had happened, and enclosing him a copy of my husband's letter. This done I went out for a little while to breathe the fresh air, and to think. I

was soon weary, and went back again to my room to rest. My kind old Benjamin left me at perfect liberty to be alone as long as I pleased. Towards the afternoon I began to feel a little more like my old self again. I mean, by this, that I could think of Eustace without bursting out crying, and could speak to Benjamin without distressing and frightening the poor old man.

That night I had a little more sleep. The next morning I was strong enough to confront the first and foremost duty that I now owed to myself—the duty of answering my husband's letter.

I wrote to him in these words:—
"I am still too weak and weary, Eustace, to write to you at any length. But my mind is clear. I have formed my own opinion of you and your letter, and I know what I mean to do now you have left me. Some women, in my situation, might think that you had forfeited all right to their confidence. I don't think that. So I write and tell you what is in my mind, in the plainest and fewest words that I can use.

"You say you love me—and you leave me. I don't understand loving a woman and leaving her. For my part, in spite of the hard things you have said and written to me, and in spite of the cruel manner in which you have left me, I love you—and I won't give you up. No! As long as I live I mean to live your wife.

"Does this surprise you? It surprises me. If another woman wrote in this manner to a man who had behaved to her as you have behaved, I should be quite at a loss to account for her conduct. I am quite at a loss to account for my own conduct. I ought to hate you, and yet I can't help loving you. I am ashamed of myself—but so it is.

"You need feel no fear of my attempting to find out where you are, and of my trying to persuade you to return to me. I am not quite foolish enough to do that. You are not in a fit state of mind to return to me. You are all wrong, all over, from head to foot. When you get right again, I am vain enough to think that you will return to me of your own accord. And shall I be weak enough to forgive you? Yes—I shall certainly be weak enough to forgive you.

"But how are you to get right again?
"I have puzzled in brains over this question by night and by day, and my opinion is that you will never be right again, unless I help you.

"How am I to help you?
"That question is easily answered. What the Law has failed to do for you, your Wife must do for you. Do you remember what I said when we were together in the back-room at Major Fitz-David's house? I told you that the first thought that came to me, when I heard what the Scotch jury had done, was the thought of setting their vile Verdict right. Well, your letter has fixed this idea more firmly in my mind than ever. The only chance that I can see of winning you back to me is to change that underhand Scotch Verdict of Not Proven into an honest English verdict of Not Guilty.

"Are you surprised at the knowledge of the law which this way of writing betrays in an ignorant woman? I have been learning, my dear; the Law and the Lady have begun by understanding one another. In plain English, I have looked into Ogilvie's 'Imperial Dictionary,' and Ogilvie tells me: 'A verdict of Not Proven only indicates that, in the opinion of the jury, there is a deficiency in the evidence to convict the prisoner. A verdict of Not Guilty imports the jury's opinion that the prisoner is innocent.'—Eustace, that shall be the opinion of the world in general, and of the Scottish jury in particular, in your case. To that one object I dedicate my life to come, if God spares me!

"Who will help me, when I need help, is more than I yet know. There was a time when I had hoped that we should go hand in hand together in doing this good work. That hope is at an end. I no longer expect you, or ask you, to help me. A man who thinks as you think, can give no help to anybody—it is a miserable condition to have no hope. So be it! I will hope for two, and will work for two, and I shall find some one to help me, never fear, if I deserve it.

"I will say nothing about my plans; I have not read the Trial yet. It is quite enough for me that I know you are innocent. When a man is innocent there must be a way of proving it; the one thing needful is to find the way. Sooner or later, with or without assistance, I shall find it. Yes; before I know any single particular of the Case I tell you positively—I shall find it!

"You may laugh over this blind confidence on my part, or you may cry over it. I don't pretend to know whether I am an object for ridicule or an object for pity. Of one thing only I am certain—I mean to win you back, a man vindicated before the world, without a stain on his character or his name—thanks to his wife.

"Write to me sometimes, Eustace, and believe me, through all the bitterness of this bitter business, your faithful and loving
"VALERIA."

There was my reply. Poor enough as a composition—I could write a much better letter now—it had, if I may presume to say so, one merit: it was the honest expression of what I really meant and felt.

I read it to Benjamin. He held up his hands with his customary gesture when he was thoroughly bewildered and dismayed. "It seems the rashest letter that ever was written," said the dear old man. "I never heard, Valeria, of a woman doing what you propose to do. Lord help us! the new generation is beyond my fathoming. I wish your uncle Starkweather was here. I wonder what he would say? Oh, dear me, what a letter from a wife to a husband! Do you really mean to send it to him?"

I added, immeasurably to my old friend's surprise, but not even employing the post-office. I wished to see the "Instructions" which my husband had left behind him. So I took the letter to the lawyers myself.

(To be continued.)

Amusement.

THEATRE ROYAL.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,
November 26th, 27th & 28th.
JOHN JACK & ANNIE FIRMIN.

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,
November 30th, & December 1st & 2nd.
DELEHANTY & HENGLER,

Authors, Composers & Vocalists,
HEADS OF THE MINSTREL PROFESSION.

NOTICE.—Seats can be secured at Prince's Music Store.
10-20-26-33.

LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER will be held at the Bank on THURSDAY THE SEVENTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at THREE o'clock P. M.

By order of the Board,
H. COTTE, Cashier.
Montreal, 17th November, 1874. 10-22-3-46.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

McIVER & CO.,
First Prize Furriers,

New Warerooms:
91 ST. JAMES STREET,
Third Door East Place d'Armes,
10-22-6-48. MONTREAL.

IMPERIAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF LONDON, Established 1803.

Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.
GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA:
RINTOUL BROS.,
No. 24 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.
CHAS. D. HANSON, Inspector.
10-22-52-49

NOTICE

Is Hereby Given that a Dividend of
FOUR PER CENT. (4 PER CENT.)

ON THE PAID-UP CAPITAL
OF THE
JACQUES-CARTIER BANK,

has been declared for the current six months, and will be payable at the Banking House, Place d'Armes, on and after the 1st DECEMBER next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th November inclusively.

By order of the Board,
H. COTTE, Cashier.
29th October. 10-21-2-42.

LIFE ASSOCIATION
OF SCOTLAND.

THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.
DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The List of Policies for 1874, in Class B, will be made up on 5th December next, and all persons entering before that date will be entitled to a full year's Bonus more than later Entrants.

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:
MONTREAL—99 St. James Street.

Directors:
DAVID TORRANCE, Esq., (D. Torrance & Co.)
GEO. MOFFATT, Esq., (Gillespie, Moffatt & Co.)
PETER REDPATH, Esq., (J. Redpath & Son.)
J. H. R. MOLSON, Esq., (J. H. R. Molson & Bros.)
J. G. MACKENZIE, Esq., (J. G. MacKenzie & Co.)
MEDICAL OFFICER—R. Palmer HOWARD, Esq., M. D.

Every information on the subject of Life Assurance, either for Whole of Life, for Short Periods, or Endowments, can be obtained at any of the Agencies throughout the Dominion, or from the Secretary at Montreal.

RICHARD BULL,
Montreal, Nov. 1874. Secretary.
10-21-2-43.

DOMINION TELEGRAPH
INSTITUTE

Was re-opened for the Winter on 12th inst. with Day and Night Classes. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to qualify themselves as Telegraph Operators will please apply personally or by letter, to 75 St. James Street, Montreal. In consequence of so many New Lines of Railway being opened there will be a large demand for Operators in the Spring. 10-21-8-34.

THE
BURLAND-DESBARATS
Lithographic, Printing & Publishing
COMPANY

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

JOB PRINTING.

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

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY.

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

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

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

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

Chromos in the Highest Style of Art.

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

Elegance of Workmanship;
Moderation in Prices;
Promptness in Execution.
THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY,
115 St. Francois Xavier St., and 311 to 319 St. Antoine St.
MONTREAL.

SCOTTISH IMPERIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - £1,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE FOR THE DOMINION:
No. 9 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.
H. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent.
ISAAC C. GILMORE, Agent, Toronto.
MCKENZIE & OSBORNE, Agents, Hamilton.
10-21-52-41.

W. S. WALKER,

Importer of Diamonds, Fine Watches and Jewellery, English and French Clocks, Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Jet Goods, &c., &c.,
No. 381 NOTRE DAME STREET,
(Opposite the Seminary Clock), MONTREAL.
Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes and Jewellery Cleaned and Repaired. 10-21-6-40



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

10-14-9-14.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 10-21-52-36.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN WALL Street safely with \$10 or more. Profits large. Pamphlet mailed. RUMBLE & CO, 52 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 4905. 10-16-13-16.

North British & Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1809. Head Office for Canada: No. 72 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

FIRE DEPARTMENT. Insurances effected on all classes of Risks. LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

LIFE DEPARTMENT. Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policies of Participating Scale.

MANAGING DIRECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS: D. L. MacDOUGALL and THOS. DAVIDSON. WM. EWING, INSPECTOR. G. H. ROBERTSON & P. R. FAUTEUX, Sub-Agts. for Montreal.

R. C. JAMIESON & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Varnishes & Japans, Oils, Paints, Colors, Spts. of Turpentine, &c., 3 Corn Exchange, 6 St. John St., MONTREAL.

DOMINION METAL WORKS, [ESTABLISHED 1822.]

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Machinist and Manufacturer of Steam Pumps, &c., 579 CORNER CRAIG, NEAR COTTE ST., MONTREAL.

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

N. B.—Duplicate pieces of the Baxter Engine kept on hand.

Pratt's Patent BRACE and SKIRT SUPPORTER. LATEST IMPROVEMENT. Illustration of a man and a woman wearing the brace and skirt supporter.

It expands the chest, affords free and thorough respiration, and promotes health, by giving tone and vigour to the vital organs. The best and most perfect brace made. Retail price of Men's, \$1.75; Ladies' (\$1.50). Send to any address, post paid, on receipt of money. Send chest measure. For sale by all first-class dealers, and at the office of the Cleveland Shoulder-Brace Co., Cleveland, O.



LEA & PERRIN'S CELEBRATED WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE The only Good Sauce.



CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD.

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

ASK FOR LEA & PERRIN'S SAUCE.

and to see that their names are upon the wrapper, label, stopper, and bottle.

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

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

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester, Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by the Agents and Office universally. To be obtained of J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., and G. J. HUBERT & CO., Montreal.

The Royal Canadian Insurance Company.

FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - - \$4,000,000,

Having Nearly Two Thousand Stockholders.

Available Funds to meet Claims exceed Seven Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Insure all Classes of Risks against Fire at moderate rates, which will be paid immediately on the Loss being established.

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This Company are prepared to issue Policies on Inland Hulls and Inland Cargoes on terms as favorable as any First-Class Company. Open Policies issued on Special Terms. Losses adjusted equitably and Paid Promptly at the Head Office.

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GENERAL MANAGER, ALFRED PERRY. SECRETARY, ARTHUR GAGNON. MANAGER MARINE DEPARTMENT, CHAS. G. FORTIER. LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

BANKERS:—BANK OF MONTREAL. 10-20-30-32

Commercial Union Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON.

Capital, \$12,500,000. FUNDS IN HAND AND INVESTED, OVER \$3,000,000. UNCALLED CAPITAL, 11,000,000.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR EASTERN CANADA—UNION BUILDINGS, 43 ST. FRANCOIS-XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.

FIRE DEPARTMENT. Insurance granted upon Dwelling Houses and Mercantile Risks, including Mills and Manufactories and their contents, at reasonable rates.

LIFE DEPARTMENT. Terms liberal—Rates moderate—Security perfect—Bonus large, having heretofore averaged over 25 per cent of the Premiums paid. 10-19-52-23. FRED. COLE, General Agent for Eastern Canada.

Provincial Insurance Company of Canada,

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, Ont.

FIRE AND MARINE, Endeavors to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND JUST SETTLEMENT OF FAIR CLAIMS.

MONTREAL OFFICE: 180 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE-DAME.

10-19-52-29. T. S. EVANS, AGENT.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

CHLORODYNE

is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.

CHLORODYNE

is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma.

CHLORODYNE

effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Ague.

CHLORODYNE

acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.

CHLORODYNE

effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms.

CHLORODYNE

is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

From LORD FRANCIS CONINGHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal: 17th December, 1855.

"Lord Francis Coningham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address."

Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE. —See Lancet, 1st December, 1854.

CAUTION. Beware of Piracy and Imitations.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the Inventor of CHLORODYNE, that the copy of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately stolen, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See Times, 12th July, 1864.

Sold in bottles of 1s. 1/4, 2s. 3/4, and 1/2s each. None is genuine without the words "DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overhauling Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

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The Treatment and Mode of Cure.

How to use it successfully

With safety and certainty in all cases of decay of the nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low spirits, despondency, languor, exhaustion, muscular debility, loss of strength, appetite, indigestion, and functional ailments from various causes, &c., &c.

Without Medicine.

THE NEW MODE

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

THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.

THE LOCAL and NERVINE TREATMENT.

Imparts tone and vigour to the nervous system, and possesses highly re-animating properties. Its influence on the secretions and functions is speedily manifested, and in all cases of debility, nervousness, depression, palpitation of the heart, trembling of the limbs, pains in the back, &c., resulting from over-taxed energies of body or mind, &c.

Full Printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Diagrams for invalids, post Free, 2s. cents. (FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.) DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S. L.S.A., 14 York Street, Portman Square, London, W. For Qualifications, vide Medical Register. 10-17-13-15

\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MEN. SEND \$5 for Agents, until which will add for \$10 or money refunded. A. D. CABLE, 528 Craig Street, Montreal. 10 21 52 39.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied.

It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crusts, Puddings, &c., will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer, W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills, 55 College Street. 10-14-30-5.

THE FOLLOWING IN AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Hurnsbury, near Warminster, Wills:—"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep, and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old."

"Reminding, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully, L. B." To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, London. 10-14-19-e2w-8.

Excelsior Do Your Own Printing Portable \$9 Press for cards, labels, envelopes, etc. Larger sizes for large work. Business Men do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. Amateur Printing, delight full pastime for spare hours. BOYS have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue presses type etc. to the Mfrs KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn. 08-10-21-32-37.

BRIDAL GIFTS!

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 226 and 228 ST. JAMES STREET, HAVE IN STOCK THE Largest and Richest Assortment of SILVERWARE and Fancy Articles for Wedding and Presentation Gifts and General Family use to be found in the Dominion. 10-20-4-34.

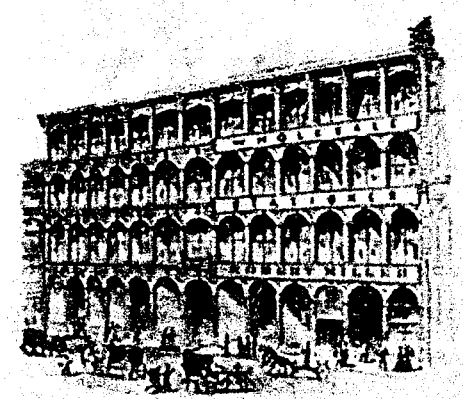
JOSEPH LUCKWELL, BUILDER & JOINER

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E. G. MELLOR, JEWELLER,

285 NOTRE-DAME STREET, Has constantly on hand one of the finest stocks of FINE JEWELLERY, WATCHES AND DIAMONDS TO BE FOUND IN THE DOMINION. 10-20-7-31.

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Illustrated catalogues containing price list, giving full information How to Choose a Good Watch Price 10 cents. Address: R. P. KLEISER, P. O. Box 1022, Toronto. No. 34 Union Block, Toronto Street, Toronto. 10-16-33-7.

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SAVE YOUR EYES!

RESTORE YOUR SIGHT! Ede's Patent American Eye Liquid.

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