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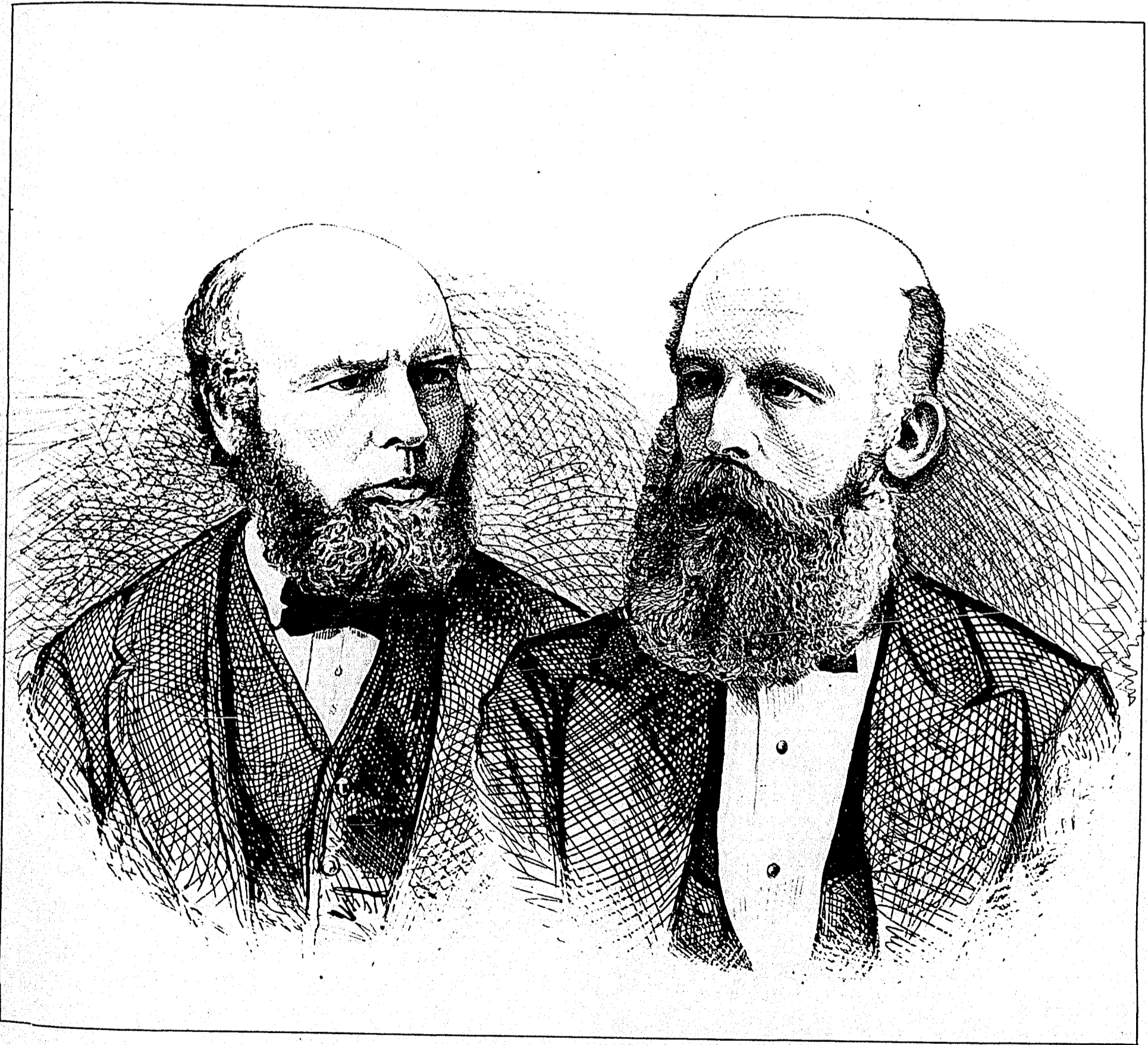
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Illustrated Wholesale News

Vol. IX.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874.

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THE HON. E. G. PENNY, SENATOR.

MR. A. H. DYMOND, M. P. FOR NORTH YORK.

THE PRESS IN PARLIAMENT.

We begin in this number a series of portraits of Journalists in Parliament. Besides the fellow feeling which we, as newspaper men, experience for members of our profession

who have risen into prominence, we are certain that the public will likewise be gratified at the sight of those editors whose services with the pen have been rewarded by a seat in the responsible counsels of the nation. We are not precisely disposed to admit that a seat

in Parliament is more important or useful than the editor's chair. Indeed, the editor's duties are more constant, direct and personal; still there is a prestige surrounding a legislative career which fitly makes it the object of a Journalist's ambition.

We begin our series in this issue by the portraits of Hon. Edward Goff Penny, and Mr. Dymond, the former a member of the Senate, the latter representative of North York in the House of Commons.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874.

THE ELECTION LAW.

The Bill introduced last week by the Minister of Justice for the regulation of elections of members to the Commons is one of the most satisfactory measures that have been submitted for the deliberation of Parliament. With one or two slight exceptions, its provisions have met with the hearty approval and cordial support of members on both sides of the House, and it is pretty evident from present indications that it will undergo but little, if any, modification during the process of becoming law. In many points the Bill is identical with that introduced last year by SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, but several desirable additions have been made by the framer—additions which we have little doubt will be found to work satisfactorily in every way.

The principal features of Mr. DORION's new measure are, the appointment of Sheriffs and Registrars to be Returning Officers; the holding of elections throughout the country (with certain exceptions) on one and the same day; the abolition of open nominations and of the property qualification; the regulation of the franchise according to that fixed by law in each Province; and, finally, the introduction of the ballot.

The first of these provisions is in every way a most desirable one, inasmuch as it is calculated to put an end to the abuses arising from the appointment by Government of Returning Officers. Each such officer will for the time being be an employee of Parliament, and will be responsible to Parliament for any maladministration of the functions of his office. A special clause in the Bill provides for the disqualification of offending Returning Officers. Of the advisability of holding the elections throughout the country on one and the same day there can be but one opinion. The manipulation of the elections by the Government is an old, old story, and one which time and time again has been cast in the teeth of Ministers by the Opposition. On these two points but little discussion has taken place either on the floor of the House or in the columns of the press. On all sides it is felt that such measures have long been called for, and both sides unite in congratulating themselves that they are now in a fair way of becoming law.

The proposed abolition of the open nomination day has perhaps excited more discussion, and given rise to more difference of opinion than any other feature of the bill. Members on both sides of the House expressed their opinion that the measure was, if not ill advised, at least unnecessary. It was objected that the public nomination was a useful institution inasmuch as it brought people together to hear the speeches and discussions of public men confronting each other. There is, no doubt, much truth in this. But on the other hand there is nothing to prevent candidates from holding meetings, even on the day of the nomination, for the exposition of their views and the public discussion of the events of the day. Add to this that the public nominations are a fruitful source of disturbance, and the advisability of the intended abolition will at once become patent. Without doubt the soundest plea put forward in favour of the retention of the public nomination was that advanced by SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, who urged that under the proposed law sham nominations would be much more frequent than under the present system, and that in the future there would be no such thing as elections by acclamation. These are, at first sight, undoubtedly strong objections, but they could be met by the introduction of a clause similar to that proposed by Mr. BLAKE, providing for a deposit to be made by each candidate nominated, which should be forfeited in case of his non-appearance. An additional safeguard against bogus nominations would be found in requiring that the nomination paper of each candidate should be signed by a certain number of electors. The Bill as it now stands contains a provision that the nomination of ten

electors, with the consent of the candidate, shall be sufficient. This would, however, hardly meet the case, the number of signatures being manifestly too small. A better arrangement would be that each nomination should bear the signatures of say one per cent. of the total number of electors in the constituency. In this way any unjust discrimination between large and small constituencies would be avoided. For it is evident that in a largely populated district, where the electors are to be counted by thousands, a bogus candidate would have little or no trouble in obtaining the requisite number of signatures to his nomination paper. Whereas in a sparsely settled district, where the electors number only a few hundreds, it would be a matter of some difficulty to obtain even the necessary ten. As the Bill now stands it legislates entirely in favour of the smaller constituencies. But with some such amendment as that suggested this discrimination would be done away with and the main objections against the proposed measure would be met. On the whole, we are inclined to welcome any legislation which will diminish the expense and lessen the complication of the elective machinery, and we therefore look upon the abolition of public nominations as a most valuable and opportune measure.

The regulation of the franchise according to the various provincial standards is another provision which has given rise to considerable discussion. This is, to our mind, the most undesirable feature of the Bill. Both SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD and Mr. TUPPER raised strong objections to this point. The former argued that only those who contribute to the public revenue should enjoy the franchise. The member for Cumberland took an entirely different ground. He insisted that it would not add to the dignity of the House to have one gentleman sitting in the House as the representative of a constituency where universal suffrage prevailed (as in Prince Edward Island) and another for a constituency where a property qualification was required; and further, he was unwilling to leave the franchise to be settled by the Provincial Assemblies, on the ground that it would be liable to be changed from time to time to suit the ends of the parties who might be in power. On the other hand the arguments in favour of the adoption of the franchise as existing in the various provinces are by no means few in number. A saving of \$50,000 or \$60,000 would thus be effected, and the confusion arising from having different franchises used by the same people would be done away with. The patronage which would be held by the Dominion Government if it made its own electoral lists would also be avoided. Again, it is very justly argued that the franchise of a maritime province like Nova Scotia would not be suitable for an agricultural province like Ontario. An additional plea in favour of the provincial franchise is based on the supposition that the Provincial Assemblies would be the best judges of what would most suit their people, and that it would be to their advantage so to legislate that the best men should be sent to represent the various constituencies at Ottawa. United States practice is also cited in favour of the proposed measure. In that country it has been the custom for ninety-one years to elect representatives to Congress on the State franchise. In spite, however, of this array of arguments, we are inclined to believe that a uniform franchise for the Lower Provinces—an exception being made in favour of Prince Edward Island and British Columbia—would be found to answer better than the proposed system.

Against the proposed abolition of the property qualification a very serious objection was raised by Mr. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON, who argued that the property qualification being provided for by the British North America Act this Bill was powerless to touch it. The Minister of Justice made a note of the objection, and promised to give the matter consideration. It is also suggested that in the event of the abolition of the qualification for members, the introduction of manhood suffrage would only be fair.

The space at our disposal does not allow of our commenting on the great feature of the new law—the ballot. We shall therefore reserve our remarks on this subject until our next issue. We may, however, observe in passing that the sense of the country appears to be strongly in favour of the introduction of secret voting, as the only efficient check upon bribery and corruption. Next week we shall enter at some length into the details of the measure as framed by the Minister of Justice.

THE PRESS AND THE P. O. INVESTIGATION.

The investigation now being carried on into the circumstances attending the theft in September last of the POPE-MACDONALD letter has naturally given rise to much comment in the Press all over the country. The matter is one of the highest public importance, as affecting the honesty of certain public officials; and one which should

be discussed only in the calmest and most dispassionate manner. Unfortunately this has not been done as often as it might have been. Party journals on both sides have seized upon certain evidence adduced during the enquiry to further their own party purposes, and not unfrequently have allowed themselves to be carried away in a fashion in no way creditable to themselves. The fact has too often been lost sight of that although certain evidence points to one individual as the abstractor of the late Premier's letter, from the fact that this person's handwriting resembles that on the envelope addressed to the Hon. JOHN YOUNG, nevertheless no actual proof exists as to his being the real offender. It is a universally admitted principle that no man shall be condemned for an offence until his guilt shall have been sufficiently proved. And yet, totally ignoring this important safeguard in judicial proceedings, a number of journals have hastily jumped at conclusions, judged, condemned, and branded a Post-Office employee, before the enquiry into the matter of which he is accused is actually terminated—thus constituting themselves both judge and jury, no doubt to their own thorough satisfaction, but certainly very much to the prejudice of the unfortunate man who is now so unjustly suffering at their hands.

Now what are the circumstances of the case? The handwriting of all the clerks in the Montreal Post-Office was collected in one book which was forwarded, together with a fac-simile of the envelope addressed to Mr. YOUNG, to a New York expert, who declared, after a careful examination, that the address on the envelope was in the same handwriting as that of Mr. PALMER. His opinion—for all the certainty upon which his declaration was based it deserves no stronger name—was carried out by that of a colleague in Boston, and on the strength of this Mr. PALMER was suspended. Had the experts' testimony been regarded as conclusive evidence, there can be no doubt the Government of the day would have immediately instituted proceedings. And then we should probably have had a fine outcry from the Opposition Press against the injustice of blasting a young man's character and injuring his prospects in life upon the mere *ipse dixit* of an expert. Fortunately for the then Government they showed themselves wiser than the writers whose remarks we are about to quote. After a brief suspension Mr. PALMER was reinstated in his position without any further inquiry into the matter. Upon this absence of inquiry—ill-advised we believe it to have been—the Ministerial Press hang their accusations against SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD's Ministry, and in their eagerness to blacken the characters of the members of the late Cabinet they plentifully bespatter the suspected, but hitherto unconvicted, Post-Office employee. Nor are some of the Liberal Conservative journals a whit more careful in their assertions—though their motives are traceable to a widely different source.

From the following extracts the reader will be able to judge how far political partisanship may blind ordinarily clear and far-seeing minds. Let it be borne in mind that no proof exists against Mr. PALMER, however much suspicion may point at him as the culprit. The extracts are a few among many taken from journals of all shades of politics and dating from all parts of the country.

A Conservative paper begins an article on "The Montreal Letter Thief" by calling PALMER, "the accomplice of the Hon. JOHN YOUNG in the Montreal letter-stealing business." This is pretty direct, although the writer qualifies the assertion by stating that "if PALMER is the guilty party, the country will not be satisfied with his suspension." The value of the qualification, however, is annulled by the following passage which occurs lower down in the same article:—"Mr. PALMER, however, is a sort of second edition of DAVID GLASS, a gentleman whose conscience would not allow him to condone the Pacific Scandal, and who was consequently ready to do any dirty work for the party to show the sincerity of his conversion. There is good reason to believe that he had been acting as a spy in the department for a couple of months, and that the present PREMIER of Canada was aware that he was employed in that capacity. There is good reason to believe that SIR JOHN's letter to POPE was not the only one which was subjected to Mr. PALMER's scrutiny." and so on. And after giving utterance at length to these unworthy innuendoes, the writer unworthily shields himself behind the apologetic addition, "these, of course, may be mere rumours." Can anything be more pitiful than such a course as this? Turning to the other side of the fence we find a ministerial organ making the following statement: "A few weeks ago, when Mr. MACKENZIE's Government ordered an inquiry into the matter, our Ottawa correspondent stated that there was some reason to believe that SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD's Government did discover the thief and that they, for reasons best known to themselves, shielded him. *That has now been proved to be the fact.*" (The italics are in the original.) And fur-

ther on this writer, after fairly stating the circumstances respecting the experts' examination and evidence, very illogically and unjustly adds: "It is only necessary to say that PALMER was a protégé of SIR GEORGE CARTIER's, and that the Government, for some reason, dare not punish him. Why he sent the letter to Mr. YOUNG may yet be explained." The implication in the last clause could hardly be stranger. But it is not every writer on this matter who confines himself to mere implication. The editor of a ministerial weekly makes his assertion point-blank: "The Commission appointed to investigate into the state of affairs in the Montreal Post-Office have discovered that the POPE-MACDONALD letter, about which so much was said some time ago, was opened by a clerk named PALMER, who was chief of the delivery department." A direct and deliberate mis-statement, if ever there was one.

We would not be understood as being desirous of shielding Mr. PALMER from any just suspicion which may attach to him in this matter. It is our desire to be perfectly impartial in a case of such importance, but it would be impossible for us to preserve strict impartiality without raising our voice in protest against the unjust and uncalled-for aspersions that some journals have thought fit to cast upon Mr. PALMER's character—not so much in malice, we are fain to believe as in their blind eagerness to serve their party. If it be wrong to condemn an unconvicted man, then Mr. PALMER has been most wrongfully and most shamefully treated. We trust that those journals who have offended in this matter will see the propriety of making the *amende honorable*, and retrieving their reputation as upright and unbiassed commentators on the events of the day.

THE VETO.

PRESIDENT GRANT has surprised everybody by returning the Financial Bill without his signature. It was almost universally admitted that he would not be able to withstand the pressure put upon him by the West and Southwest, whence he holds his strongest bases of support. He has done so, however, and thereby put a new face on the situation. The reasons assigned by the PRESIDENT for acting as he did are simple and straightforward. He says the fact cannot be concealed that the Bill increases the paper circulation of the country one hundred million dollars. The theory, in his belief, is a departure from the true principles of finance, and its approval would be a departure from every Message sent to Congress by him on the subject. He recommends such legislation as will secure, as speedily as practicable, a return to specie payment, and refers to the pledges of Government to make provision at the earliest practicable moment for the redemption of United States notes in coin. He recommends that the revenue of the country be increased so as to meet current expenditures, as a preparatory measure towards specie resumption. He was disposed at first to give great weight to the argument that there was an unusual distribution of national banking currency, but thought four millions of such currency still remained in the Treasury subject to the demand of the section desiring it.

As was to be expected the Presidential veto has created a stir. The whole New York and Boston press support it in glowing language. The Western papers and the Western Members of Congress are devising all sorts of plans to counteract its influence. The House of Representatives could pass the Bill over the President's head, but in the Senate the two-thirds majority for that purpose is lacking, hence the veto must stand. The only way to defeat it is by strategy. The latest project aiming in that direction is the framing of another Bill such as will combine the feature of redemption proposed in the Senate Bill, with the right to issue additional bank notes on condition of a certain proportion of legal tender notes being withdrawn at the same time. Many are of opinion that if such a Bill shall be reported from the Senate with a provision authorizing free banking, it will pass the Senate and the House, and receive the approval of the President.

Meantime the political results of the veto will likely be of major importance. We are already informed that Senators MORTON, LOGAN, CARPENTER, FERRY, and others will issue an address to the Republican party of the country, replying to the President's veto, charging him with inconsistency, arguing that the Veto Message will depress the industrial interests of the country; that it represents only the President's views as against a majority of the people, and that the Republican party is not responsible for it.

Anything relating to the law of libel is of interest during the present excitement consequent on Judge RAMSAY's ruling in the recent *Witness* libel case. The following opinion recently delivered by Judge THURMAN, of New

York, is especially *apropos*. The Judge told Gibson, of the *Sun*, that he could not refuse to answer questions on the ground of a privileged communication. "If it were," he said, "it would be perfectly easy for any malignant person to scatter his libels broadcast over the whole country without any responsibility whatever for his action. If he could, by merely disclosing them to a member of the press, procure their publication everywhere, and the member of the press is entitled to say this is a privileged communication which I will not disclose, then, as I said, any malignant person might with impunity disseminate his libels far and wide over the country. That is not the law. There is no such thing known as a privileged communication, and there is not a court in the country, from the highest to the lowest, in which, if you were called upon to testify in relation to the matters that are now under investigation before this committee, if the court had jurisdiction to inquire of them, that it would not require you to answer the question, and subject you to punishment if you failed to answer."

Mr. CUNNINGHAM (Marquette) has constituted himself the advocate of the dog-in-the-manger policy with regard to the Mennonite land grant. On Mr. SCOTCHERD's motion for correspondence relating to the immigration of this sect he complained of the locking up of the townships for people such as these, who might come and who might not, and expressed his opinion that we might obtain a far better class of immigrants, who would require no special legislation. If this is the kind of welcome that honourable gentleman from the Prairie Province prepare for coming emigrants, it is small wonder that the settlement of the country is a matter of difficulty. In the neighbouring State of Minnesota, the immigrant is always welcome, and in consequence land is being rapidly taken up. Is the Province of Manitoba so thickly populated that there is no room for a few score of Mennonite families; or does the member for Marquette subscribe to the doctrine of Manitoba for the Metis. If the former, enlarge the Provincial boundaries; if the latter, what says Mr. CUNNINGHAM doing in Manitoba.

The Hon. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON, during the debate on the new Election Bill, strongly expressed his objections to the introduction of the Ballot on the ground that it is an un-English and unmanly institution. The honourable member for Cardwell will pardon us if we suggest that such an objection savours strongly of Podsnappery of the most offensive style. This style of waiving aside unpalatable propositions on the ground of their being contrary to the charter which the guardian angels exclusively bestowed upon the people of Great Britain, is not a little effete and worn out. It is the more surprising that the member for Cardwell, whose critical taste and legal acumen are household words throughout Ontario should have gone to the trouble of dividing the House on a mere question of taste; inasmuch that any objection from him to a measure before the House is usually supported by an ample array of argument and precedent.

A New York paper is good enough to inform the world—on what authority it does not appear—that QUEEN VICTORIA has a decided partiality for the DUKE OF EDINBURGH over the PRINCE OF WALES. With this axiom to start from it launches into a surmise bewildering enough to anybody acquainted with English Constitutional History. "Who knows," it exclaims, "but she keeps the throne in the hope that the younger son may have it? Stranger things than this have happened, and in England, too. Aye, and stranger things have happened, in the United States too, than the nomination by GRANT of BUTLER to the Presidency and GRANT's acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds.

It appears that Mr. JENKINS, our Agent General in England, has once more distinguished himself. At a recent private interview with the Duke of Richmond, the President of the Council, his conduct is described as having been grossly insolent. In commenting upon this new freak of the author of "Ginx's Baby" the *New York Times* expresses a hope that Canada does not feel proud of her agent. We can assure the *Times* that the pride Canadians take in their Agent-General is much of the sort that the parents of an erratic genius take in the escapades of their eccentric offspring—the parental affection, however, lacking in our case.

The member for North York is not remarkable, notwithstanding his boasted services to BRIGHT and COBDEN, for sagacity or good taste in his observations; but he certainly did manage to hit the right nail on the head when, in alluding to the Quebec election riots in 1872 he expressed his belief that the disturbances were due to the existence of a Government which was afraid to put the law in force.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

VISITORS TO OTTAWA—THE TARIFF—DISCONTENT AND DISCOURAGEMENT—THE DULLNESS OF THE HOUSE—COMMITTEE WORK—RUMOURS.

OTTAWA, April 27, 1874.

Ottawa has been very lively this week. Toronto and Montreal seemed to have poured into the capital. The visitors consisted, for the most part, of members of delegations who had come to consult with the Finance Minister in regard to the new tariff. Mr. Cartwright has learned by this time that his office is no bed of roses. Holding two or three interviews every day with representatives of the different trades and manufactures of the Dominion is rather trying on the nerves and patience of any man, and I rather fancy that for a man in Mr. Cartwright's peculiar position, the ordeal must have proved quite a hardship.

We are all at sea here respecting the issue of these conferences, and, in fact, respecting the ultimate fate of the tariff. There is no doubt whatever that the present season, when trade is reviving on the opening of navigation, is in the highest degree unfavourable for a disturbance of the tariff. Politics have nothing to do with the discontent, and, in some cases, the discouragement which Mr. Cartwright's changes have induced. The only remaining hope is that whatever is to be done will be done speedily, and that the present interregnum will cease as soon as possible.

Inside of Parliament, public interest has visibly flagged. The militia bill has been discussed in its preliminary stages; the election bill has been canvassed pretty thoroughly in all its stages; several private bills of great importance have been brought up, and still the proceedings have had a languid air of formalism very difficult to account for. Even the members are by no means regular in their attendance. On some evenings there were not more than fifty members present, out of a House of two hundred.

A great deal of useful committee work is being done. I may refer particularly to that on mercantile agencies and to the remarkable testimony of Mr. Middlemiss, so well known in your city. That gentleman emphatically declared that his firm have never been influenced by improper motives in the conduct of this business. He also denied that the members of his firm or any of his employees ever received any consideration whatever for the performance of their duties in connection with the office, excepting, of course, the legitimate remuneration which was paid to the hands.

The North-west committee is still sitting, and I might regale you with many stories respecting the testimony given therein. But inasmuch as the investigation is carried on with closed doors, I believe I am safe in saying that really nothing is known of what has transpired. Archbishop Taché is looking well and goes freely into society.

There was a very ridiculous scene at the Hull Presbyterian Bazaar, where a chair was set up for the candidate who would poll the largest number of votes. The young ladies who were the promoters of the movement hit upon Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. Mackenzie as rival candidates, and enlisted the services of the respective votaries of these gentlemen to push the matter through. A sly way of doing business. The chair was worth about \$100, and it realized \$600. The friends of Sir John won it by a great majority, and they took the trouble to carry the victor from the House to have a seat in it.

"All right," said a disgusted Ministerialist, "the Tories have fooled us this time, but next year we will put up a sword of honour (!) and if it costs us \$10,000, Mackenzie shall have it." As a test of popularity, the incident has no significance at all. Sir John is universally loved in Ottawa, where his personal qualities are thoroughly appreciated and where he has resided so long. Mr. Mackenzie is not so well known, but in society he is much more amiable than he is in the House. CHAUDIERE.

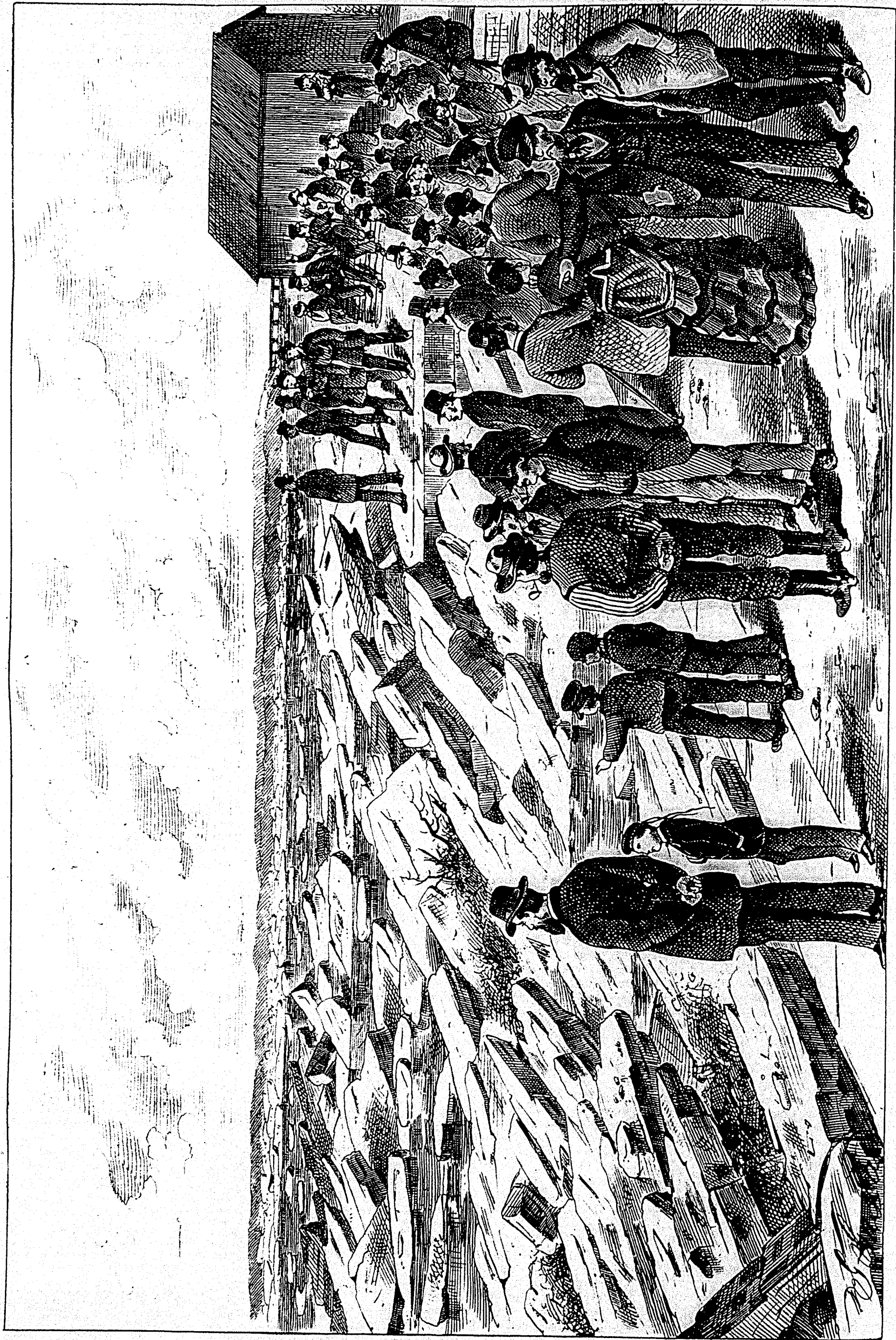
NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have issued another volume* of their Illustrated Library Edition of Wilkie Collins's works. We know of no better edition of this popular novelist than this.

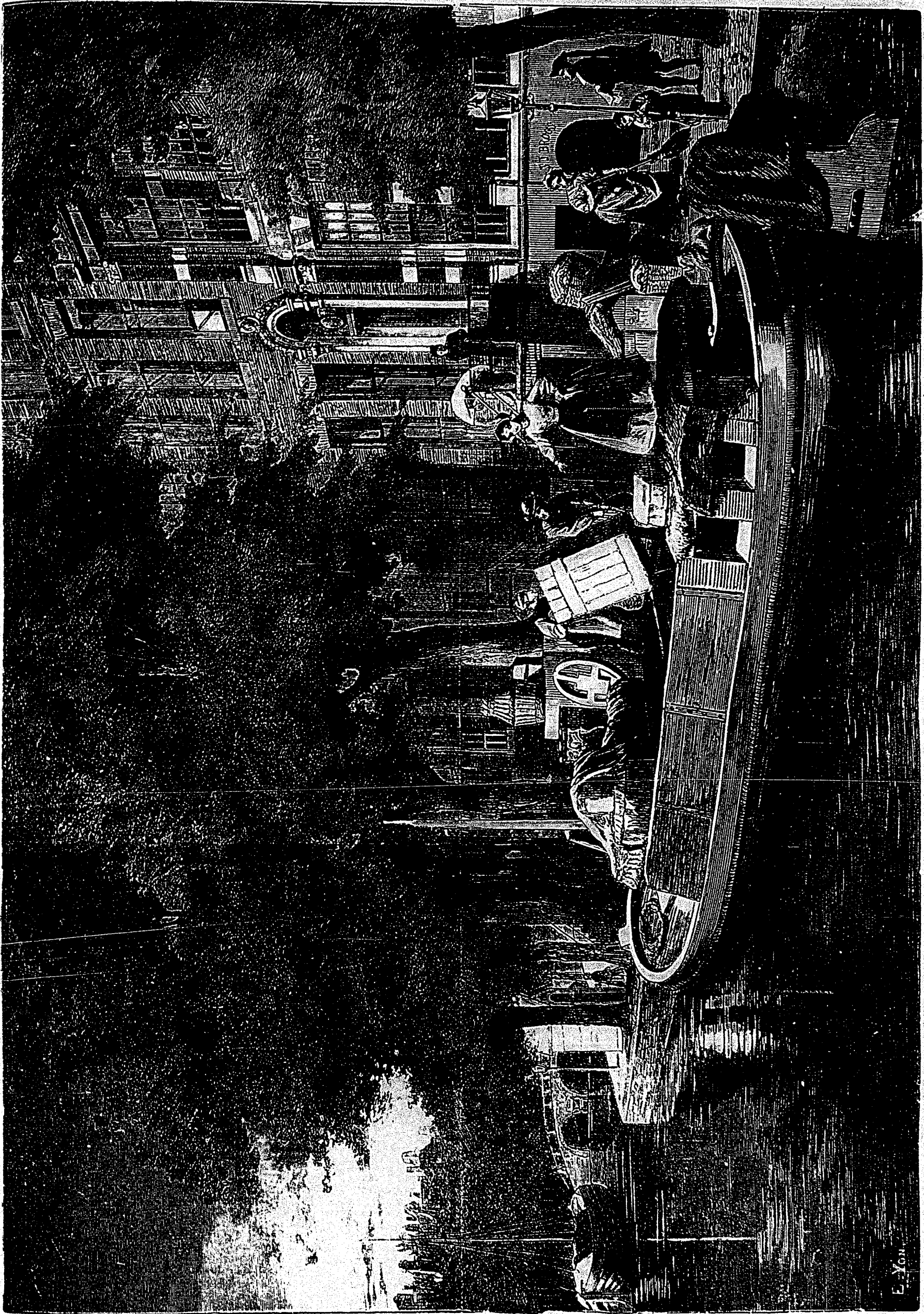
Frederick Talbot's novelette, "Through Fire and Water,"† which appeared in "Belgravia" last year, has been added to Harper's Library of Select Novels. It is true that as a work of fiction it possesses no marked merit of its own; nevertheless it is not without interest, and will serve to while away pleasantly an idle hour.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. are issuing a series of handy little Science Primers for the use of schools and of beginners, which, judging from the specimen before us, are admirably calculated to serve the purpose for which they are intended. In the last volume issued,‡ the fifth of the series, Dr. Geikie, Director of the Geological Survey of Scotland, and Murchison Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, gives a number of easy lessons in the elements of geology, illustrated with cuts of the various specimens introduced. The instruction is given in a plain and familiar style, to which the author succeeds admirably in imparting a considerable degree of interest.

* Armadale. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 57. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
† Through Fire and Water. A Tale of City Life. By Frederick Talbot. Paper. Illustrated. Pp. 64. 25 Cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
‡ Science Primers. V. Geology. By Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S. 18mo. Cloth. Limp. Illustrated. New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.



MONTREAL.—WATCHING FOR THE SHOVE.



THE FIRST OF MAY IN HOLLAND.

E. YOUNG

THE FLANEUR.

The origin of the line

"Thought lost to sight, to memory dear,"

was referred to in a late number of the News. The whole piece where it occurs appeared in 1701 in the Greenwich Magazine for Sailors—

Sweetheart, good-bye! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee;
And soon before the favouring gale
My ship shall bound the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgotten every charm—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace!
O cruel fate, two souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone, shalt dwell forever.
And still shall recollections trace
In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that from that face
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

The origin of the phrase, "Mind your P's and Q's" is not generally known. In alehouses where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall, it was customary to put these initial letters at the head of every man's account, to show the number of pints and quarts for which he owed; and when one was indulging too freely in drink, a friend would touch him on the shoulder, and point to the score on the wall, saying, "John, mind your P's and Q's." That is, notice the pints and quarts now charged against you, and cease drinking.

A bright lad was sent out the other day to get something to light his mamma's fire. He sallied out to a neighbouring news stand on St. Antoine Street.

"Have you the 'Star'?"
"All sold."
"Got the 'Witness'?"
"Don't keep it."
"Then give me a bundle of kindling wood."

The very latest.
Who is the father-in-law of Prince Alfred?
The Czar, of course.
No such thing, sir. Popular mistake.
Who the deuce is it, then?
Jacques Offenbach.
How do you make that out?
He is the author of The Grand Duchess!

Two years before the French-Prussian war, the famous prophet of palmistry, Desbarrolles, was introduced to Napoleon III. at the Tuileries.

"What do you read in my hand?" asked the Emperor.
The chiromancer hesitated.
"Speak without fear. Say all."
"Well, sire, I read in your hand that your majesty should henceforward devote himself exclusively to agriculture."
It was a sybilline answer.
Later, in explaining these words, Desbarrolles said:
"The Emperor did not understand me, and yet it was clear. Devote yourself to agriculture meant 'Do not wage war and take care of your health.'"

Who will say that our servant girls are not improving? And how soon even country girls learn the tricks of the trade. A young married couple had hired a lass from St. Andrews. The other day the lady saw on her purveyor's pass book an entry of one dollar and a-half for a turkey. She called the girl.

"How is this, Madge? On that day I remember perfectly that you gave us roast pigeon."
"Tis true, mam. But I noticed that you never checked your entries, and I wanted to give you a lesson!"

The appearance of "Ninety-Three" has quite naturally turned public attention to Victor Hugo. The first question one puts is—does the work rise to the standard of the author's reputation? It certainly does. It swarms with his peculiar defects of manner, but it is likewise tessellated with beauties of genius.

Victor Hugo writes rapidly, and busies himself with several works at the same time—novels or romances. When he is tired he takes rest by composing verses. "Ninety-Three" was written in six months. The master-piece, "Notre Dame de Paris," was composed in two months. A popular and cheap edition of the former is about to appear.

A few details of Hugo's writing habits may be interesting. Winter and summer, he rises at six. As soon as he is dressed, he swallows a fresh egg and a cup of black coffee. He then works till eleven, when he breakfasts. At noon, he goes out for a stroll, on foot or in the omnibus, choosing the old quarters of Paris and the oddest streets. At four he returns, and works till dinner, after which he receives his friends. He invariably retires at midnight. Hugo writes standing. There is not a chair in his study. Visitors are obliged to take seats on piles of books. He is fond of a few friends at table. Every morning he gives his housekeeper twenty dollars for the expenses of the day.

One of the most delicious examples of an evasive answer is credited to that charming wit, the late Theophile Gautier. Being asked whether he liked amateur piano playing, he answered:

"I prefer it to the guillotine!"

In his latest work, Merimée refers in terms of admiration to this maxim of Swift: "A lie is too good a thing to be wasted!"

There is one word of our Canadian language which strikes visitors as singular and incongruous. Whereas Englishmen speak of their public drivers or Jehus as cabmen, and Americans, as hackmen, we call them carters. Montreal and Quebec are faultiest in this respect, deriving the word from the equally evasive French word *charretier*.

ALMAYVA.

EXPERIENCES OF "A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER."

BY "ONE OF THEM."

ORANSEVILLE, March 21st.

Arrived at Bracebridge, the aspiring "capital" of the Muskoka district, I found it necessary, it being my first visit, to look about me before making a raid on any of the merchants. The excitement consequent upon the election had hardly begun to subside, and as no one would talk or think about anything else, I had abundance of time to make my observations. Loud was the boasting of the holders of "the winning hand," and both loud and bitter were the accusations of bribery made by those who had lost. And so it is with every election. The victors always win by fair means, the vanquished are always defeated by foul ones.

Bracebridge, in its winter dress, is not the most inviting place in the world to live in; whichever way you enter it, you have to go down hill, and part of it is built on the brow of the hill to the north and west, and part at its base, so that to travel all over it you have to do considerable climbing. Being only of some five or six years growth, the dwellings and stores are very much scattered, while most of them have a mushroom appearance, as if they had gone up in a night. The principal hotel is made up of two or three single dwellings "rolled into one," necessitating that uncomfortable arrangement which compels you, in going from its sitting-room to the bar-room, to pass through the dining-room and half-a-dozen other rooms. As the prosperity of the place becomes more marked, the old buildings will doubtless have to make room for a better class. Such of the land in and near Bracebridge as was uncovered by the snow, which in this region veils everything, looked to me rather sterile and unproductive. "The virgin rock" crops through the soil everywhere. Still, farmers whom I conversed with, and who ought to have been disinterested, told me that there is plenty of good land within a few miles of the village. Undoubtedly the rocky character of the country is a great drawback to its settling up fast; there are, though, as an intelligent farmer at dinner-table aptly remarked, no Gillespie nor Little Hodges there. Every farm-drudge who emigrates there from the "old country" becomes, if he wishes, a property owner, and in the course of a few years proprietor of a productive and profitable farm that would, in many instances, bear comparison, in both its yield and its profit, with the landed estates of the master whose hind he was in times past. For my part, I can say I heard no murmurs of discontent from any of the farmers who thronged the village that day; not often have I seen a healthier, happier lot of faces than clustered round the dinner tables. Many of them, too, were recent arrivals, and as such, privileged to look melancholy with the recollections of home and kindred, and despondent with the uncertainties of their future life in the wilds and fastnesses of Canada. Whether the spirit of their neighbours infected them or not I cannot say, but certainly they looked fully as cheerful. There is no question that from a sanitary point of view few parts of Canada can compare with the Muskoka District: the atmosphere is wonderfully clear, and although I was there in the coldest month of the winter, the frost seemed to have a peculiarly bracing effect, different from the dead, marrow-freezing cold prevalent in the winter months of a more temperate latitude.

I was speaking of the up-hill work entailed by opening, or endeavouring to open, accounts in new places, and this brings me to a consideration of the various types of customers encountered by the traveller. A rather rare specimen, but a very provoking specimen, is the merchant who greets you, friend or stranger, with an affable grin; his face literally beams with smiles, but his smiles are unfortunately far more plentiful than his orders. The novice, when he goes into the merry gentleman's store, and has shaken hands with him, feels the thermometer of his spirits go up to summer heat, and pleasing visions of a good fat order flit through his brain. He neglects his other customers, believing that this is the prize, and hangs around this combination of suavity and deceit like a bee about a sugar barrel. When dinner-time comes, although he has not yet "had him in," the beguiled traveller is in no wise discouraged; he talks bombastically to his fellow travellers about "the large bill he is going to sell Mr. Smooth-tongue," and superciliously informs them that "it only requires a gentlemanly address to get into the good graces of these hard cases," to all which they give a doubtful assent, and when he has gone to see after Mr. Smooth-tongue, chuckle over his coming discomfiture. Tea-time comes and still he hasn't "had him in," but hope and Mr. Smooth-tongue still tell their flattering tale, and he now says that "he rather prefers getting the old chap in at night, as then he won't be worried with the shop." But alas! "the old chap," though suave and pleasant as ever, won't come to time. All the importunities of the despairing "Commercial" have about as much effect on him as water has on a duck's back, and probably from the same cause, the oil that exudes from both. Next morning, as he leaves town, a sadder and a wiser man, he bitterly realises that "hope deferred" and Mr. Smooth-tongue "make the heart sick."

Who has not met the "Bluff Customer," who never agrees with your first remark, and who, if you greet him with "How do you do, Mr. Bluff?" will gruffly inform you that "he does as he pleases." This man considers himself privileged to make unpleasant remarks, under a cloak of pretended love of truth and frankness; he is too often an Englishman, and usually an ignorant one, and being so, adopts what is said to be a national characteristic, and the one his native boorishness enables him to simulate best, that of a churlish bluntness. I am acquainted with one of these Bluff merchants in Orillia. When some retiring, delicate little man calls on him for the first time, Mr. Bluff shouts at him from the other end of the store, so as to give all inside and some outside the benefit of his harangue, and informs him with a volley of expletives worthy of Billingsgate that "he don't want his d—d goods"; that "he has more of these (here comes a string of choice adjectives) peddlers calling on him than he has customers." Now some travellers more sensitive than wise are terribly galled at being called a "peddler," and if the little man is so disposed, he will probably turn on his heel and walk out in high dudgeon. But it is more likely he will be stupefied by this style

of address, when this gentlemanly merchant will launch into a tirade of abuse against wholesale men, travellers, and all and everything connected with that class of men upon whom he is entirely dependent upon for his supplies of merchandise to carry on his business. There is no use in handling such men with kid gloves; you must, if you know how, give them as good as they send. They will respect you for it. But customers are as numerous in their characters and idiosyncracies as travellers, and deserve what they shall receive—a paper to themselves.

WAYFARRER.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Lydia Thompson acted as ticket-taker at a recent charity entertainment at Washington.

A new operetta by Johann Strauss, entitled *Doctor Federmaus*, is in preparation at Vienna.

"The Wife is too Beautiful" is the curious title of a piece to be produced shortly at the Paris Gymnase.

Zale Thalberg, a sixteen-year-old daughter of the famous pianist, sings so well as to have been engaged for six years by Mr. Gye, the London impresario.

Neilson was playing at Booth's last week, and the Strakosch Italian Opera troupe, including Nilsson, Campanini and Miss Cary, at the Academy of Music, New York.

Melle. Helene Petit was so ill on the first night of "La Jeunesse de Louis XIV." at the Paris Odeon that she fainted after each scene. But she struggled through to the end.

"Queen Mab," a new play by W. G. Godfrey, brother of Dan Godfrey, the musician, has been produced at the Haymarket, London, and is well spoken of. The dialogue seems to be its best point.

Mlle. Croizette, an actress who plays in Feuillet's new play the "Sphinx," is creating an immense *svore* in Paris by what a critic terms her "offensively truthful physical presentation of a death by poison."

A Japanese operetta called the "Belle Sainara" was recently given with great success at a private entertainment in Paris and the London journals express the opinion that it would take immensely as a first piece in that city.

Salvini began his farewell performances in the States at New Haven, on the 27th ult. After a tour embracing Hartford, Washington, Providence, Richmond, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, he will appear in New York on the 1st of June.

Mr. Gye, the manager of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-Garden, has just been appointed by the Emperor of Russia director of the Imperial Theatres at St. Petersburg and Moscow upon exceptional conditions. Mr. Gye is to have the title of director, instead of that of manager, and will himself select the *artistes*, contrary to the usual custom.

Mlle. Levassuer, a leading tragic actress in Paris, was once playing a most touching part in which the heroine commits suicide by taking poison. At the most pathetic passage, while she was bidding adieu to life and making everybody in the theatre sob, she suddenly changed her tone, and shrieked, "Damnation! what has been put in this bowl?" Imagine the effect of this homely prose delivered in so energetic a manner in the midst of stately poetry! The actor Beauvallet, who loved a practical joke, had smeared the beaker with assafetida.

Leona Dare and her husband get \$150 a week in New York and \$200 outside of it; the Jackley Family, \$350; Lulu \$1000; Ala, \$150; the Wilsons, \$150, and the Matthews Family, \$190. At least, the last named were engaged in England three years ago by Mr. Butler for \$190 a week, and after they made their appearance in N. Y. he let them out to other managers at \$500, making by the transaction over \$200 a week himself. The Berger Family of bell-ringers get about \$800 a week, and other specialists receive all the way from \$100 to \$500 weekly.

The late Alexandre Dumas is now asserted to have left three unpublished dramatic works, in addition to the drama of *La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.*, produced this week at the Odeon. One is a *Le neo and Juliet*, in verse, quite complete, and which was to have been produced in the Odeon in 1869, but was shelved on account of a difficulty in finding a suitable Juliet. The two others consist of a part of a drama, *The Death of Porteus*, a piece written at the actor Dumaine's request, and three scenes of *Joseph Balsamp*. Dumas is said to have felt dissatisfied with all three of these works.

Mons. Offenbach has a son, Auguste Offenbach, who is as bright a little fellow as ever lived. He was quite ill last September, and became so weak his family thought it desirable that he should spend the winter at Cannes. A few days before the first performance of "Orpheus aux Enfers," (the first performance of its revival.) Mons. Offenbach sent to his son this telegram: "To Mons. Auguste Offenbach, Splendide Hotel, Cannes: My dear Auguste—I have introduced your little Turkish March into "Orpheus aux Enfers." You give me permission, don't you?" The child replied: "To Mons. Jacques Offenbach, 11 Rue Lafayette, Paris: Dear father—I consent to become one of your collaborators, and to give you my little Turkish March, but upon these conditions, namely: that I may be present at the three last rehearsals, and at the first performance, and that I may personally go to the Dramatic Composers' Agent's office and receive my share of the copyright."

The following story is told by M. Legouve of a solecism committed by Scribe, the dramatic author: "The second empire had just been inaugurated when Scribe met a former schoolfellow of his, an important personage, whom the writer calls M. de Verteuil. 'Well,' said he to Scribe, 'what are you about? Any new comedy on the stocks?' 'Yes,' replied the dramatist, 'I have got a charming subject. A peer of France under Louis Philippe who becomes a Senator under Napoleon III. Imagine the comic situations afforded by this character in his attempts to reconcile his past with his present allegiance. It will be glorious!' Here the friends were parted by the crowd. Scribe returned home in a thoughtful mood 'I'm afraid,' thought he, 'that my subject is not as good as I supposed. De Verteuil is a clever fellow. I fully unfolded the plot to him. But he did not laugh, hang it, he did not laugh. That's a bad sign.' While thus musing Scribe opened the evening paper and read the following: M. de Verteuil, peer of France, is appointed Senator."

PERVERTED MOTHERHOOD.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

I hardly know a woman who moves in good society who is not ashamed of taking care of her own child out of doors, and I have no words for my scorn and contempt of the feeling. It is as though a Queen should hide her crown, or a soldier the cross of the Legion of Honour.—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*

While my poor heart aches and makes its moan,
Take my babe away, though it be my own,
Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone,
Take it away!

Fashion has issued her stern decree,
And the babe of my bosom is not for me,
Though its sad eyes follow me silently—
Take it away!

Carry it out for the morning air,
Oh, God! to think I should ever dare
To trust my child to a hireling's care,
Day after day;
Content (?) so I hear not my baby's call
Through the plate-glass windows and brown stone
walls,
So its voice never pierces the frescoed halls—
Take it away!

Yet often I think how sweet 'twould be
To run with my darling o'er field and lea,
But, baby, it is not for such as we,
This innocent play.

We dwell in palaces rich and grand,
Yet the veriest slaves in all the land—
How the little warm fingers clasp my hand—
Take it away!

Oh! I grudge the humblest mother blest,
Who nurses her babe at her own white breast,
Yet is not ashamed of her love's emfrest
By night or day!

Who, should a rude hand strike her child,
Would spring like a tiger fierce and wild—
Ah, see! my baby looked up and smiled—
Take it away!

On a stranger's milk my darling thrives!
Heaven fill the blank in our useless lives,
Heaven help us poor, unnatural wives,
If we still may pray.

Oh! I often wonder if on that shore
Our babes will be with us for evermore,
When we are freed? One kiss at the door—
Take it away!

FOR EVERYBODY.

Much Married and Many Named.

The new Lord Hampton is a remarkable man. He has gone by three names (he was born a Russell, became Pakington on succeeding his father, and is now Hampton.) He has had three wives (who were respectively, Mrs. Russell, Dame Pakington, and Lady Hampton). He has been a member of three Ministries (1852, 1858, and 1866), and he has held three appointments (Colonial Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of War).

Bound the Other Way.

Henry Ward Beecher lectured recently at Winsted, Connecticut, and all the region round about flocked to hear him. On the return of the crowded Collinsville car, the train stopped to let off several passengers at the upper end of Satan's Kingdom Gorge, and as the conductor shouted "Satan's Kingdom," the venerable Dr. F—— gracefully responded, "There are no passengers, Sir, in this car for that place." Then they smiled among themselves.

The Pleasures of the Imagination.

The cynic defined love to be an insane desire to pay some young woman's board. An old bachelor in Orleans County, Vermont, pondering marriage, set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as often as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates, and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He remains a bachelor.

Truly Patriotic.

Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, is generally supposed to have been a Greek. But M. Delcour, Minister of the Interior, of Belgium, has discovered that he was a Belgian. The *Independence Belge* says that of course it matters not that Belgium did not exist at the time of Hippocrates; and that Mr. Delcour should be thanked for the service he has rendered to Belgian national history and the lustre he has given to Belgian medical science by his discovery.

The Unkindest Cut.

We recommend the following to the Premier's serious consideration. For such an emergency as this he will do well to provide by adding a clause to his Election Bill. It is a fact that at the election for Staleybridge in Lancashire a voter drew the image of a donkey's head on his ballot-paper opposite the name of one of the candidates. When the returning officer came to examine the votes, he rejected this paper on the ground that the voter had put some mark upon it by which he could be identified!

The Company of Jesus.

From the *Jesuit Almanack* for 1874, published in Cracow, it appears that the Order consists at present of 9,101 members. Of this number 1,527 are in Italy, 463 in Austria, 643 in Belgium, 313 in Holland, 2,303 in France, and 1,080 in Great Britain, Ireland, and the British possessions abroad. 1558 members of the Order are employed as missionaries in America, Asia, Africa, and Australia. The remainder are dispersed over other countries. In Galicia the Order possesses two colleges, four stations, and one convent, and the number of members is 218.

Coiffures for Gentlemen.

The Parisian dandy, or *gommeux*, has taken a leaf from the Indies' book, and now delights in fearful and wonderful arrangements of his ambrosial locks. Nor is he above giving fancy names to the various styles of hairdressing to which he submits himself. That now most in vogue is the *Coiffure à la lyre*. The parting is down the middle, and the hair, carefully curled, puffed up on each side like *Orphée* in olden frescoes. The *toupet (topageur)*, the *Coiffure à la Slave* (like Lisa's), *à la Russe*, the *frisons à la chien* (like Capoul), and the *Style Décembrieur*, are other favourite fashions with the *petits crêvés*.

A Novel Advertising Dodge.

The Yankees have hitherto borne off the palm in advertising dodges, but here is something new from over the ocean which goes one better than the best yet. M. Villemessant, of the *Paris Figaro*, has recently put up a new building, which is appropriately decorated with a statue of the barber of Seville. The opening ceremony took place a couple of weeks ago, when in the presence of an immense crowd the presses and plant, were, by the special permission of the Archbishop of Paris, formally blessed. The chimes which were to ring out the hour were of course included in the blessing, the grand-children of M. de Villemessant standing sponsors for the two largest bells, christened Valentine and Pierrette!

Brevities.

The Czar visits England this month.—Mr. Emerson is to be proposed for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, *vice* Disraeli.—A patent suspension railway carriage, for the prevention of nausea from oscillation, on the Bessemer "Sickless" ship system, has been constructed in England.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will shortly visit Paris, where they will be received with great pomp and ceremony at the expense of the Government.—Cairo is to have a grand gambling hall, like those *ci-devant* at Baden-Baden and Hombourg.—The Good Templars in London, Eng., are imitating the praying women of Ohio, but hitherto without success.—120 newspapers and periodicals have been suppressed in France during the Presidency of McMahon.

Thought Better of It.

Here is a characteristic story of the author of "Quatre-vingt-Treize." The great writer was very fond of Henri Rochefort. He called him his "third son," he said that he adopted him; and now that both of Hugo's own sons are dead it might be supposed that the adopted one would be still dearer. The other day when Rochefort, escaped from New Caledonia, telegraphed to Paris for money, every one said: "Oh, Victor Hugo will send him all he wants," and it was announced, indeed, that Victor Hugo had sent him six thousand francs. But, in truth, when the old poet was applied to, he refused to give a farthing. M. Adam, who went to him, expressed surprise at this refusal. "You have said that Rochefort was your son," he remarked. "It is true," said old Hugo; "but that was in a moment of effusion."

Working his Way Out.

A New York correspondent writes of the late Fitz James O'Brien: "O'Brien had a penchant for moving from lodgings to lodgings, leaving his library in pledge for rent until he redeemed it or notified the landlady of his abandonment. Books came to him freely from publishers, and a new one soon accumulated. He once found himself involved in debt to a number of small but annoying creditors. Necessity spurred him into action. He laid in a supply of beer and provisions, bought a coffee-pot and a few cans of preserved milk, wrote on a card 'out of town,' nailed up his door, himself inside, and wrote himself out of debt by poems, magazine sketches, and a play in two weeks, coming out of his self-inflicted imprisonment healthy and happy to *féte* the event by a two hundred dollar dinner at Delmonico's, at which the guests remained until breakfast next morning."

A Hero of Ashantee.

The following canine anecdote is told by the *Morning Post*:—"A dog, who already bore about his muzzle some not inglorious scars, accompanied his master, who carried on his breast the Victoria Cross, to the Ashantee campaign. Being of the bulldog breed, and with a natural turn for fighting, he distinguished himself on several occasions and indeed throughout the campaign. In one instance he rushed into the enemy's ranks, and singling out one of his naked foes, so bit and worried him that he actually brought in his prisoner in triumph. He was such a favourite with the men that in a heavy engagement their fire was suspended for a minute to allow of his uninjured retreat from one of his desperate forays. He lives to enjoy his return and his honours, and at this moment is one of the greatest pets of Belgravia."

The Precedence Question at the British Court.

The London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* states that "some surprise has been expressed at the absence of the Royal Princesses from the Queen's last Court. I am informed that at the last moment a difficulty arose as to the precedence to be accorded to the Duchess of Edinburgh. The Emperor of Russia instructed his ambassador here to claim for his daughter not only the *pas* before the Princess Beatrice, the Marchioness of Lorne, the Princess Christian, and the Princess Alice, but on certain occasions before the Princess of Wales herself. Of course the pretensions of the Imperial Russian Court in this last particular could not for a moment be admitted, and it is doubtful whether they will be in the other cases. In the meantime, however, and while this delicate matter is under negotiations, any occasion for bringing the rival claims of the Russian and English Princesses in conflict will be carefully avoided."

Amateur Labourers.

Mr. Ruskin has been converting some of the Oxford undergraduates to one of his particular "fads." He has long been protesting against the amount of time lavished on cricket, boating, and other fashionable out-door amusements, which, he considers, are purely selfish modes of getting exercise. The labour and actual amount of force lost thereby might be turned to very great advantage. So he has started a proposition to the effect that a party of undergraduates should give up these selfish modes of recreation, and arming themselves with spades and picks, should proceed to Hinksey, where the country is in a shameful condition, and by dint of hard work and perseverance clear the roads and turn the place into a beautiful environ of the city. The proposal has not been unfavourably met, and already some sixty undergraduates have enrolled themselves in his band of amateur labourers.

Bird Duellists.

A singular incident, illustrative of emulation, rivalry, overpowering envy, and jealous fury on the part of two birds, took place on the lawn in front of a residence at Madeley, Shropshire. The residents had been delighted listeners to the marvellously loud and thrilling out-pouring of rapturous song from the throats of two thrushes, that fixed themselves in two low trees at each extremity of the lawn. As soon as day dawned this "proud, imperious pair" broke forth into incredible efforts of emulative song, which might well win the attachment of their companions, whose love was, no doubt, the object they sought to gain; but this delightful music one morning suddenly ceased. The rivals, finding each a match for the other, engaged in a duel, and, overcome by passion rather than blows, fell dead at the same instant. The birds

were picked up by witnesses of this bit of bird tragedy and will be preserved, as become their deeds, in a glass case.

A Remarkable Onyx.

The latest advices from Italy state that there was recently found at the Villa Alfieri, near St. Croce in Gerusalemme, in the excavations, one of the most remarkable onyxes in existence. The man who watches the excavations for the municipality went into the works after the operators left to take a last look. He brushed his hand about in the dirt and returned, saying to the Secretary: "There is nothing but this little piece of glass." The little piece of glass, when cleansed off, was found to be this beautiful onyx. It is elliptical, fifty-eight millimetres in the larger axis, forty-three in the smaller. It originally represented two heads facing each other, but unluckily one head is gone. The remaining head is of a beautiful woman crowned with laurel and poppies, the attributes of which are those of Proserpine. It is very difficult to distinguish the Cinque Cento cameos from the antique. There are few original antiques in existence. The only certain ones are the cameo of Sainte Chappelle, two or three at Naples, and a few at Venice.

Salaries in the Imperial House of Commons.

The following list of salaries paid to officials in the British House of Commons will be found interesting. It is to be hoped the figures will not excite envy in the breasts of our own officials. The Speaker, Mr. Brand, has £5000 per annum, a residence, and a pension and peerage on retiring. The Deputy Speaker and chairman of committees, £1800; clerk, £2000; assistant clerk, £1500; second ditto, £1000; principal clerk of Public Bill office, £1000; principal clerk of committees, £1000; clerk of the journals, £1268; principal clerk of private bills, £1000; six senior clerks, each £300; twelve assistant clerks, each £300 to £500; twelve junior clerks, each £100 to £250; accountant, £500; deliverer of votes and printed papers, £500; Sergeant-at-arms, £1200; deputy ditto, £800; assistant ditto, £500; chaplain, £400; secretary to Speaker, £5,000; counsel to Speaker, £1900; two examiners of petitions, each £300; librarian, £600; assistant librarian, £100.

The Coolest Yet.

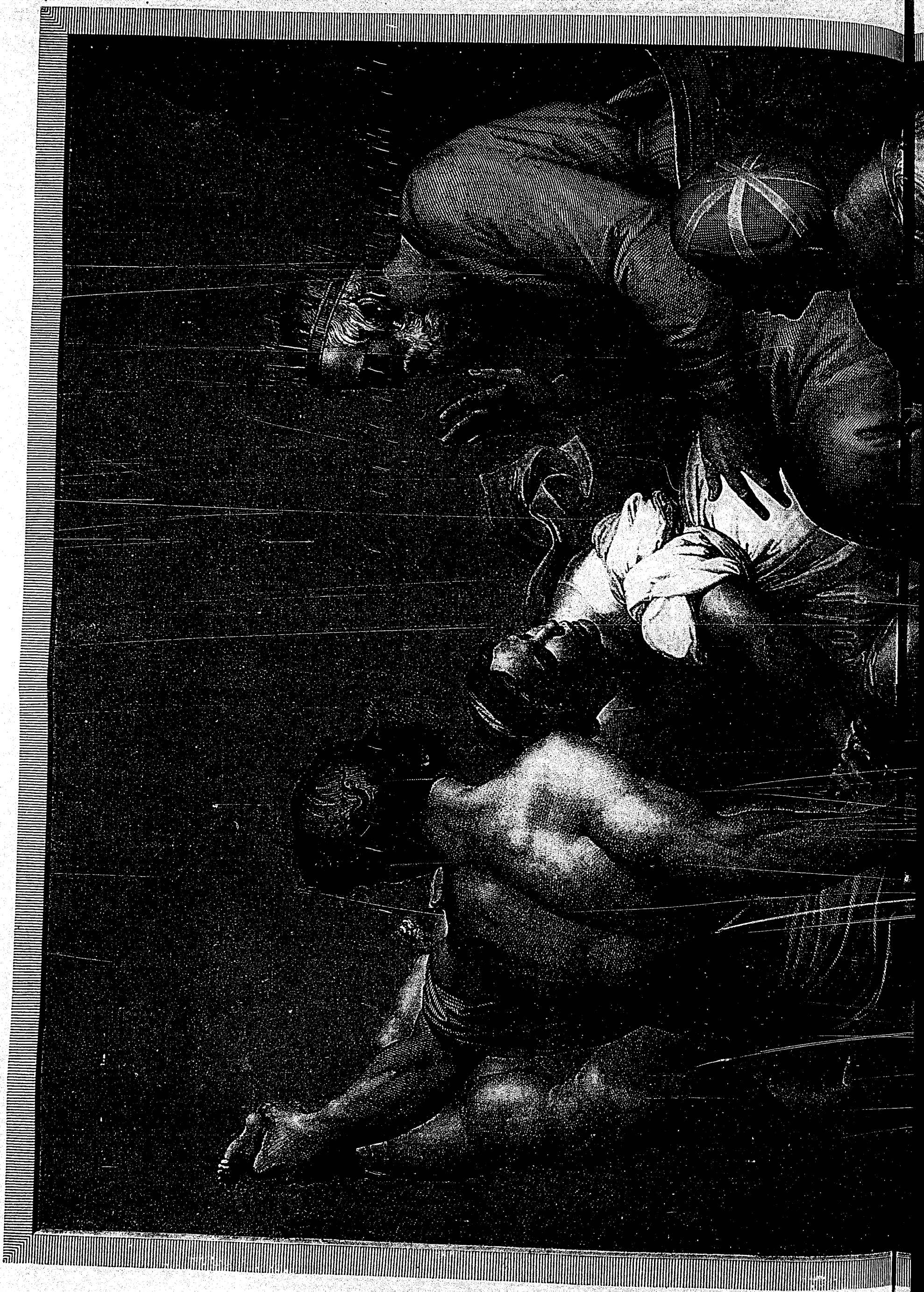
A San Francisco paper says: "Charles Meyer, a member of Company M. Twelfth Artillery, U. S. A., came to the city from the Presidio, and entered a beer saloon on Jackson street, known as the Boston Exchange. He remained at this place during the afternoon and night drinking. At half-past three o'clock yesterday morning Meyer danced with one of the waiter-girls, and after he had escorted her to her seat he took from his pocket a pistol, and placing it to his head fired with the intention of committing suicide. The course of the bullet was not such as Meyer wished, for it entered under the right eye, glanced downward, and passed out near the right carotid artery, producing an ugly and painful wound. The report of the discharge attracted the attention of Officer Simmons, who entered the saloon and saw Meyer standing in the middle of the floor bleeding profusely from the two wounds described, and at the same time he was smoking a cigar. As soon as Meyer saw the officer he handed him the pistol he had used, saying: 'This is the pistol I shot myself with. I wanted to kill myself; but I find that I am a poor shot.' Meyer was then taken to the City Prison, where his wounds were dressed."

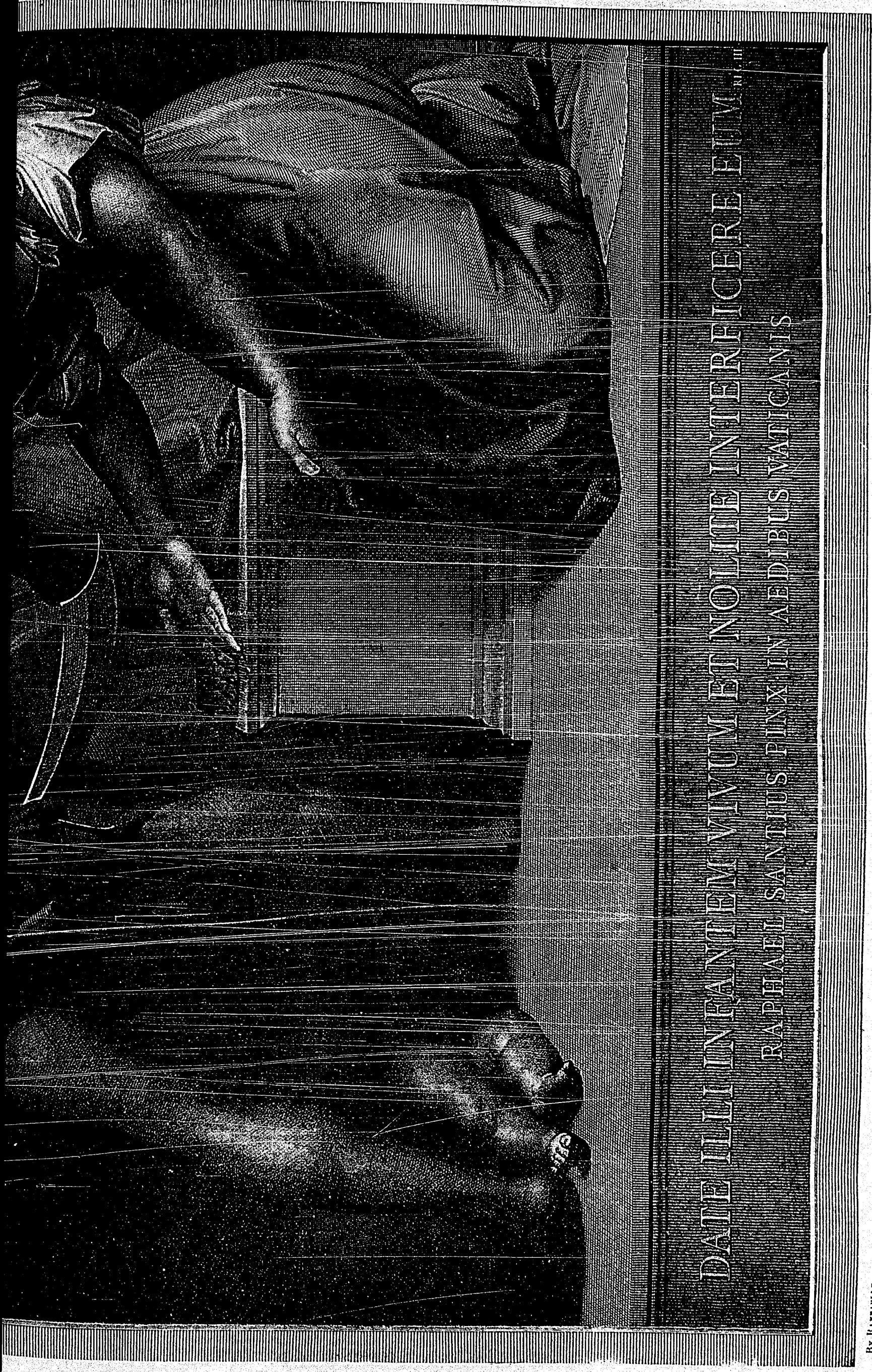
Behind the Scenes.

Sothern, in an interview in *After-Dinner*, says: "Does acting tell on me? Yes, indeed, it does. Until within the last two years I have never given myself more than four weeks' rest in a year. I have noticed the wear and tear of my constitution because my labours are heavier than the public know anything about. I will give the work of one day, when there is a matinee. I perhaps have a scenic and property rehearsal at nine o'clock; a company rehearsal at ten o'clock, and this rehearsal lasts until one o'clock; I have half an hour for lunch; go on the stage at two o'clock, and act till half-past four; I dine at five; from six to seven rest; at eight o'clock on the stage again; the performance is over at ten and a half, or a quarter of eleven; and then I am so weary that after a light supper I am compelled to go at once to bed. In my early days when the star actor had to write out his own part, instead of buying printed books, I have frequently written and studied twelve long parts a week, and each of these were seven lengths, making an aggregate of twelve times three hundred and eight lines of fresh matter per week. This was to arrive at the mere question of getting the words into my head; the analysis of the character being another thing to do afterwards. I have had to study all day when I was not rehearsing or eating and to go straight home from the theatre at night and stay up till three and four and five in the morning; I have been obliged to get up at eight o'clock the same morning, read my parts over again and go to a rehearsal at ten o'clock. I got my memory so well cultivated that I at last would get my wife to read through a long farce, just repeating the long speeches twice, without ever having seen the words myself, and got through it actually every word."

An M. P.'s Letter-box.

A London correspondent writes:—The new members who have come to town daily receive all manner of strange circulars; here, for instance, is a list of "documents" received by one honourable gentleman since Thursday last—circular from a money-lender offering "favourable terms;" letter from the incumbent of a Western Chapel, setting forth the attractions of a ritualistic service; three copies of the *National Reformer* with articles marked; the *Sun* newspaper with an article on the Church of England marked; circular from a professor in a well-known college in London offering private lessons in the English language, literature, and rhetoric, to "gentlemen who have spent their early years in the honourable pursuit of wealth;" the *Sword and Trowel*, with two passages marked; a photograph of the Claimant, with the compliments and address of the photographer; an Atlantic and Great Western Railway prospectus; circular from a professor of deportment, offering private lessons in attitude, bows, motions, and much else besides, including "the Court advance and retire"—whatever that may be; five circulars from fashionable tailors, and three from fashionable shoemakers; a pamphlet on the potato disease; "Some Thoughts on the Mission," by an Eastern clergyman; the bills of fare and prices at nine hotels and restaurants; letter marked "strictly private," from the secretary of a public company, offering Mr. — a number of shares and an annual sum for "liberty to place your name on our prospectus;" circular stating that Messrs. So-and-so "execute commissions on all the principal events;" letters reprinted from the *Times* on the fire at the Pantheon; two copies of the *Rock*, on which, because of insufficient postage, there was a charge of twopence.





DATE ILLI INFANTEM VIVUM ET NOLITE INTERIFICERE EUM.
RAPHAEL SANTIUS PINXIT IN AEDIBUS VATICANIS.

By RAFFABLE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MAY 2, 1874.

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

LITERARY NOTES.

Bret Harte is threatened with the loss of his eyesight. Mrs. Oliphant is writing a volume of "Scenes of Florentine Life."

Ernest Renan has nearly completed his "Origin of Christianity."

A new novel by Mrs. Pender Cudlip (Annie Thomas) is announced.

A novel by Senor Castelar is announced at Madrid—"The Story of a Heart."

It is denied that Victor Hugo ever refused to allow "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" to appear in German.

Delavigne is the real name of "Julius Verne," the extravagant French pseudo-scientific fiction writer.

Henry M. Stanley has a book in press entitled "Coomassie and Magdala; the Story of two British Campaigns."

"Saint Paul's," the English monthly magazine, has been changed into a weekly paper called the *Saturday Journal*.

Mr. Disraeli is reported to have completed a new political novel; if so, it is not likely to see the light during his reign of office.

"The House that Baby Built" is the title of a brochure recently issued by the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School."

The Laureate's welcome has been turned into Russian for the Duchess, although she speaks English well, and it is even better in Russian.

"Waldfried," Auerbach's new romance, will appear simultaneously in English, Dutch, Italian, and Russian. There will be no French translation.

The biography of Edgar Allan Poe, now being written by J. H. Ingram, will, it is promised, advance a defense of his memory against the assertions of Griswold.

Vice-President Wilson has finished the second volume of his history of slavery in the United States. This volume brings the narrative down to the Presidential election of 1860.

George Augustus Sala has succeeded Shirley Brooks in the editorship of the *Home News*, a weekly paper of European intelligence for circulation in India. It is needless to say that he is well paid.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY for April has reached us rather late. It contains a number of useful and well-written papers. Its serial is a prize story entitled, "For King and Country," of which chapter ix. has been reached.

Eckmann, the dramatist, does all the writing for the firm, for his collaborator Chatrian never touches the pen. But Chatrian has remarkable taste in the matter of style, and, being a master in groping, knows how to throw the characters into proper relief.

Prosper Merimé's mysterious "Unknown," to whom so many of his philosophic, sentimental letters were addressed, is now believed to have been wholly a myth, like the "Clara Gazel" whose poems the same author once pretended he had translated "from the Spanish."

Prof. Blackie is writing a new volume of essays which will be opposed to many of the views of Mr. Grote and Prof. Max Muller. There will be discussions of "The Theology of Homer," "The Prometheus Bound," "Mythological Interpretation," "The Onomatopoeic Principle in the Formation of Language," and other historic, literary, and philological subjects.

Victor Hugo is systematic as tireless in his literary labour. He eats fish very plentifully to keep up the supply of phosphorus to the brain, dictates his novels, poems, and political absurdities to his two jaded secretaries from early morning until late at night, and on the day of his son's burial, some weeks ago, left his proof-reading in the morning to attend the funeral, and returned to it after the ceremonies.

Two well-known German writers are just now analysing two English authors. Friedrich Spielhagen, in *Die Gegenwart*, is making a profound and exhaustive study of George Eliot, or, more correctly, of the philosophy of the novel in the abstract by the light of "Middlemarch." In other words, in setting forth his theory of the art of writing romances, he takes George Eliot as the typical artist. Could a greater compliment be paid to that brilliant writer? Dr. Julian Schmidt, the author of a rather dull history of German literature, is contributing to the *National Zeitung* a series of articles on Mr. Carlyle.

Edward King takes us through Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina in the present number of *Scribner's*. These papers maintain themselves excellently, and the illustrations are in the highest style of art. When collected into a volume they will be very valuable. We cannot enumerate all the articles which grace the pages of this splendid magazine. We must call attention, however, to a study of Alfred Tennyson, begun in this number, by Stedman. It is a case of *laudari a viris laudato*.

THE ATLANTIC came to us with the announcement of a great poem on Agassiz by James Russell Lowell. We read it with great interest. It is worthy of its subject and its author, but by no means to be compared to the "Commemoration Ode," "Rachel at the Well" is worthy of Trowbridge. "Behind the Convent Grille" is a mediocre bit of padding. Warner and Aldrich contribute their pleasant fancies. The critical department of the magazine strikes us as very satisfactory this month, especially the portions devoted to Art and Music.

ST. NICHOLAS for May is perhaps the brightest number yet issued of this bright little periodical—the queen of juveniles. The illustrations, from the full-paged frontispiece to the Rubus, are not only well chosen but well executed. "Something New," in the Riddle-box, is a pleasant study for the little ones. Of the letter-press we can only say that it maintains itself at the usual standard of this monthly. There is little conventionality about it, and much freshness. We particularly note "The Peach Boy," "The Magic Keys," "Miss Fanshaw's Tea Party," "Chrestmor City," "The Robin's Nest," and "Not such a Noddy as He Looked."

THE GALAXY has several very readable papers. The first of a series on Scandinavia, by Clemens Petersen, promises a good deal of information on a subject little known in this country. Richard Grant White has another of his articles on Language, which are full of interest, though somewhat marred by quaintness, prolixity, and obscurity. "Rachman and Terzag" is a singular story of the Thugs. Among the sketches we have particularly noticed are "M. Roque's Hobby," and "In the Dark." The poetry of the number is not beyond the average, although such names as William Winter and Howard Glyndon figure among the contributors. The Editorial Miscellanies at the end are very full.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The English Old Testament Revision Company concluded their twenty-second session on the 27th of March, after revising for the first time the translation of the Book of Joshua and Judges I, III.

The A. P. U. C. (Association for the Promotion of Unity in Christendom), an English High Church guild, have at last apparently achieved some success in the direction in which they have been striving for the last fifteen years.

The annual report of the Procurator of the Synod of the Russian Church to the Czar contains a section on union with the Anglican body. It states that a petition has been presented to the Synod by 122 Anglican ministers praying the Synod to promote the union of the two Churches. The petitioners express a willingness to accept the Russian Church's doctrine, but prefer their own ritual. To this the Synod has signified its assent.

Ritualism was one of the principal matters that occupied the attention of the delegates at the recent annual meeting of the English Church Association. The report states that the Ritualistic movement, which at the outset seemed confined to a mere question of rites and rubrics, has developed into an overt attempt to build up the alien Church of Rome upon the ruins of the Church of England. One by one nearly every doctrine and ceremony of Popery has been adopted, until it has become almost impossible to distinguish the churches and books under the direction of the Jesuits from those under the control of the Ritualists.

A letter from Japan in the *Cologne Gazette* says that the religious question, which is an increasing topic of discussion among the Japanese, has again been brought before the public by a memorandum issued by two officials of the religious department. The memorandum begins by pointing out that Japan has made such immense progress that her civilization and commerce are equal to those of Europe, but that in religious matters she still hesitates between Buddhism and Christianity. It therefore proposes that public disputations should be organized between Buddhist and Shinto priests on one side, and Christian preachers on the other. Each of these disputations would take place on a specified subject, to be agreed upon beforehand by the contending parties. The speeches would be taken down by shorthand writers, and published in several languages; and an interval of ten days would elapse between one disputation and the next. By these means, the memorandum continues, the world would be able to decide which religion is the true one, and make its choice accordingly.

Cardinal Franchi succeeds the late Cardinal Barbabo as Prefect of the Propaganda at Rome. He is one of the new cardinals, has been secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda for Oriental rites, and is fifty-five years old.

Some very valuable statistics of the Waldensian Church have been recently published in the *Annuaire de l'Eglise Evangelique Vaudoise*. There are sixteen of the ancient churches remaining—fifteen in the valleys and one in Turin. A theological school is also maintained in Florence. The members of the valley churches vary from 264 to 1,394 for each. Sunday-schools and day-schools are maintained, the latter attended in winter by one-fifth of the entire population. The entire number of ministers is fifty. This venerable Church is active in missionary work throughout Italy, and has united with the Free Church, the Wesleyans, and the Episcopal Methodists in forming an inter-missionary committee, with the design of securing harmonious co-operation.

The Rev. Navayan Sheshadri, whose visit to this country last year has doubtless not passed out of the recollection of our readers, has been on a preaching tour through parts of Ireland, where he met with more than one experience. At Dublin, Coleraine, Belfast, Derry, and elsewhere, he met with the heartiest receptions, and addressed large crowds of eager hearers. Of his reception in Connor, a correspondent of the *Christian Intelligence* writes: "He appeared there on their fast-day, before communion, at the close of a service of two hours, and when he ascended the pulpit every neck was stretched to catch a sight of him. Most of them had never seen a Hindoo or a turban before, and for an hour and a half he had a breathless audience. When he and the Rev. W. F. Stevenson, the convener of our foreign missions, got out of the church they found the people ranged in two lines on each side of the footpath and along the road he was to pass, in order to get another look at him. Seeing this, Mr. Stevenson proposed they should shake hands with him as he passed. From each side a perfect forest of hands was extended. All went well till he got to the church-yard gate, when those behind made a rush to get near him again, and he was actually swept away for some distance by the surging crowd."

From all appearances, 1874 is to be a great year for pilgrimages. One has already been planned from the United States to Rome. In England, Archbishop Manning will in person conduct a number of the faithful to St. Edmund of Canterbury, at Pontigny, near Sens—a place doubly interesting to English Catholics as being the home of St. Thomas of Canterbury during two years of his exile, as well as the resting place of St. Edmund for eight hundred years. This pilgrimage is arranged to take place in the second half of August. In France the pilgrimages will, it is said, far surpass those of last year; and more than this, the pilgrims will give proof of their fervent piety by submitting to unwonted bodily mortifications. There will be more travelling on foot than in sleeping railway carriages, and there will be none of the proxy pilgrims of last year. A great development is further anticipated in the form of international pilgrimages; one is to be organized for England in June, being a return to the English religious excursionists to Paray-le-Monial.

HOME NOTES.

A writer in an English magazine waxes cynical over the dress follies of fashionable worshippers. Such a congregation 'worshipping' in their Sunday clothes is, he says, a sight to feed upon. "Madge Wildfire stuck straws in her hair, and the humane pitied her; only the cruel laughed at her. But Mrs. Smith comes to her devotions with half a sheaf of artificial wheat on her head (as trimming for a two-guinea bonnet), and no one seems to think it an odd item in her toilet. With a cloth hood, or part of a shawl turned over her head, Mrs. Smith would look like the good, kind soul that she is; but with all the beard of the wheat-ears bristling round her face, she is as little like a sensible woman as she is like Ceres. Captain Horshue-Pinn confesses on his knees that he is a sinner, and his 'sackcloth and ashes' consists of the tightest of gloves and boots, the 'loudest of ties, and jewelry typical of his sporting tendencies. The Lady Angela mourns her transgressions in spotless attire, thinking of that horrid shabby woin who brushed against her as she came into church." So long as our writer is fair and above board, dealing out his reproaches indiscriminately to both sexes, he is welcome to rail, as far as the *monde* is concerned. But it is rare to find a man—we presume it is a man who wrote the above—so just to "the poor women," as to include his own sex in his censures.

Here is another cynic, but one of a different kind; unsparring in her criticism, though there is not a little truth behind the sting she uses so unmercifully. She writes from Paris. "You never see a young girl in velvet and her mother in tulle except they are an American mother and daughter, and I never saw a French woman whose front hair looked like a poodle dog's back. Vanity without common sense has made more 'frights' in looks among American women than their Creator is accountable for, and nowadays, when fashions are so adaptable, no one is excusable in not being at least presentable. But so long as the word 'stylish' supersedes all others in our vocabulary, and so long as 'oddity' is the synonyme of style, I suppose those of us who are neither one or the other can only fold our hands and wait for our turn."

A new thing in riding skirts has recently been brought out in Paris, namely, jupecloche, or bell-skirt. In appearance it must present much the appearance of the habits in vogue a century ago. (For a description consult Charles Reade's "Wandering Heir.") The bell is to be "as tight as an umbrella-case," exceedingly plain, with a few gatherings behind, and indescribable circular ornaments of untold gracefulness all round, with a tight bodice or corselet, over which comes a rich scarf of cambrie or lace tied up in an opulent bow behind. Ladies whose *force* does not correspond with Praxitelean proportions, or those who have the figure selected by Balzac as indicative of a kindly disposition and faithful heart, are allowed by the *arbitre elegantiarum* to wear a velvet or other jacket over the treacherous "corselet."

Gas-light silks is the name given to some Parisian novelties of manufacture. Among these are *éume*, or foam green, azure and Indienne blue, pale rose, *gris-perle*, a tender lilac with pinkish hue, and a new faint grey almost as blue as the sky.

Apropos de gants, which is very far from being the same thing as *apropos de bottles*, it may interest the reader to know that there are no less than twelve hundred shades in new gloves. This is official from Paris. With so many shades to choose from, a few hints to guide the choice may be found useful. The leading colours are silver grey and silvery drab. Then there are greys with a dash of another colour in them, such as blue-grey like slates, green-grey or mignonnette, black or ink grey, and the blue-black with greyish tones. With dressy black toilettes the following gloves are worn: Buff, pearl, lavender, salmon, and tea rose. For outdoor wear long-wristed gloves with three buttons are now invariably used, but for full dress four or six buttons are seen. *Gants de Soûds* or undressed kid are worn by *élégantes* with morning costumes. They are now made in dark drab and buff shades, with two, three, and four buttons, while others have closed tops that fit the arm as though moulded to it, and these require only one button.

From dress to diamonds is no very great leap. The Baltimore *monde* is in ecstasies over a diamond cross recently made for one of the daughters of the monument city, at a cost of \$2,000. The design is unique and the workmanship of the most artistic and elaborate character. The centre is composed of a large diamond, surrounded by eleven smaller diamonds, all of the purest water. The arms and their floriated terminations are studded with the same precious jewels, the ends being adorned with a cluster of four diamonds. The space not covered with the glistening stones is adorned with purest gold and fine enamelled work in black, heightening the effect of the diamonds. The length of the cross is about three inches.

The Baltimore jewel, however, pales its ineffectual fires before the glory of the diamonds belonging to the French actress, Mile. Duverger, which were recently disposed at auction at the Hotel Drouot, in Paris. Among the jewels sold was a magnificent necklace, which contained twenty-seven diamonds of the purest water, was the first article sold. It was not disposed of in one lot, but was divided into fourteen, which produced the sum of 150,000 francs. The earrings (belonging to the set), which were composed of two superb solitaires, with pendants each formed of a single pear-shaped diamond, were sold for 75,000 francs, while a single large rectangular diamond brought 50,000 francs. The most beautiful of all the ornaments is yet to be sold. It is a brooch formed of a large sapphire set in diamonds, and with a sapphire pendant. This superb trinket is said to have cost 200,000 francs (\$40,000)! The oddest part of the sale was the disposal of the morocco and velvet cases which had once contained these sparkling treasures, and which in several instances were stamped with the coat-of-arms of the noble or royal donor. This lot was sold to an old-clothes vendor of the Rue de Provence for the sum of 80 francs.

FATAL OMENS.

There may be some advantage in believing in lucky omens, since the believer enjoys his good fortune in expectation, if not in fruition; but, unless it be good to meet trouble considerably more than half way, those who have faith in death-tokens are not to be envied. If they would not make themselves miserable with dismal guesses as to the coming vacancy in the home circle, they must keep every window close, lest some erratic bird fly in and out again; and even then a robin, intent on a friendly call, may tap thrice at the glass baring his entrance, a heedless swallow may tumble down the chimney, or a lively crow croak thrice as he flies overhead—all infallible signs of a speedy visit from the grisly king. In Northamptonshire it is sufficient to see three magpies in sociable communion, to become aware a burying is at hand, although elsewhere the sight is a welcome one, for

One is a sign of sorrow, two is a sign of mirth,
Three are a sign of wedding, and four a sign of birth.

Chaucer speaks of the "owl eke that of death the bode bringeth," and Spencer's "whistler shrill, that whose hears shall die," has but to flap his wings against an invalid's chamber-door, and the doctor may go his way. The owl's evil repute reaches even to Siam, where his perching upon a roof is held prophetic of at least one death in the house it covers. The only bird rivalling the owl in this sinister respect is the raven. "I had a lief hear the night raven, come what plague could have come after it," says Benedick. Full of her fell purpose, Lady Macbeth exclaims,

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements;

and the victim of Iago's treacherous counsel, and his own weak credulity, cries,

It comes over my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all.

According to an Eastern tradition Cain, after committing the first murder, wandered about the earth with his brother's body, knowing not how to rid himself of the ghastly burden. One day he came upon two ravens in fierce conflict, and saw the victor make a hole in the ground with his talons and beak, and deposit therein the body of his foe. Taking the hint, Cain set to work with his hands, and hid Abel's corpse in a grave beneath a palm tree. When he had finished his task his instructor, who had watched the operations from a tree branch, flew to Adam with the news. From that time the raven has been a messenger of ill to mankind. The grim aspect of the raven, his sombre plumage, and his odd croak, in some measure excuse his libellers; but it is hard upon the pigeon that he cannot rest on a tree or stray into a house without being scouted as the harbinger of death. Fowls roosting at noon lie under the same imputation, and if a hen so far forgets herself as to crow, the only way of preventing a death following such an assertion of the equality of the sexes is to wring the offender's neck.

The liability of insects to play the part of death-seers seems to be limited to the bee, the butterfly, and the death-watch. The ticking of the last behind the wainscot, the appearance of three butterflies taking the air in company, or the mere entrance of a wild hummer into a house, are equally fatal. If a swarm of bees choose to settle upon a dead hedge-stake, a dead tree, or the dead bough of a living one, a death is sure to occur in the family of the owner before twelve months have gone by. It is a still more serious matter for an ox or a cow to break into a man's garden; that is a warning he will hear of three deaths in his family in the ensuing half year. Does the feminine horror of mice spring from a latent belief in the superstition that a mouse running over a person, or squealing behind a bed, is as ominous of drawn blinds as the howling of a dog outside a sick man's house?

Some shrewd old farmer, we suspect, first promulgated the notion that the missing of a drill in sowing betokened the demise of somebody employed on the farm before the season was out; but how the idea could obtain anywhere that a similar misfortune is entailed by growing parsley in a garden is beyond comprehension. Thanks to gas, colza, and rock-oil, one is pretty safe now-a-days from having one's equanimity disturbed by a tallowy winding-sheet; but, unless we eschew open fires, we must remain liable to receive an unpleasant notification by a coffin-shaped cinder popping out upon us. Maternalists should look to it that nurse makes sure baby is in the cradle ere she sets about rocking it, for if the cradle be tenantless when rocked a little coffin will soon be required. Ladies who love their lords must beware of fracturing the symbol of wedlock, the breaking of a wedding-ring being a certain sign that its owner will soon wear the weeds of widowhood. We suppose the rarity of such an accident has invested it with such dire significance. Rarer still is the substitution of a mourning ring for the circle of plain gold; and no wonder Mauritia de Nassau swooned when she discovered her careless bridegroom had bound her to him with a death's-head ring. When he should have been at church the young Earl of Balcarras was quietly taking breakfast in his nightgown and slippers, oblivious of the fact that it was his wedding morning. Reminded that the fair Mauritia was waiting for him, he dressed hurriedly, and hastened to church. When the wedding-ring was wanted it was not forthcoming, and Balcarras taking a ring from a friend's hand, placed it upon the bride's finger. After the ceremony was over, the lady glancing at her hand beheld a death's head and cross-bones upon the ring, and fainted. When she recovered, she declared she was destined to die within the year—a presentiment that probably helped to bring about its own fulfilment, for before the twelvemonth expired the heedless Earl was a widower.

When the Scottish "dead-bell" tinkled in Lord Marmion's ears, the forger-hero addressing Fitz-Eustace, said:

Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul,
Say, what may this portend?

but the squire left the Palmer to answer—"The death of a true friend"—a very safe interpretation upon the eve of Flodden. Persons possessing the uncomfortable faculty of second sight, know that an individual will succumb to death within a year when they see him or her accompanied by a shadowy shroud, invisible to less-favoured eyes; the nearer the shroud rises to the doomed one's head the closer is the end at hand. Lord Reay writes to Mr. Pepys, "A gentleman who was married to

a cousin of Drynie's, living in the county of Ross, coming on a visit to him at his house, called him to the door to speak to him about some business. But when they went out he was so frightened that he fainted, and, having recovered, would in no wise stay in the house that night, but went with his wife to a farmer's hard by, where, she asking him why he left the house, he told her publicly that he knew Drynie would die that night, for when they went to the door he saw his winding-sheet about him. And accordingly the gentleman did die that night, though he went to bed in perfect health, and had had no sickness for some time before. I had this story from Drynie's own son, the farmer, his servant, and the man himself who saw it." Henry, Earl of Clarendon, son of the famous Chancellor, sets down a still stranger story for the Secretary's edification. "One day, I know by some remarkable circumstances it was towards the middle of February, 1661-2, the old Earl of Newborough came to dine with my father at Worcester House, and another Scotch gentleman with him, whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman, who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife, 'What is the matter, that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my Lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why dost thou not speak?' 'She's a handsome lady, indeed,' said the gentleman, 'but I see her in blood.' Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him; and all the company going out of the room we parted, and I believe none of us thought more of the matter, I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the small-pox; she was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say if ever she had it she should die of it. Upon the ninth day after the small-pox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which quickly stopped; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she died, almost weltering in her blood."

To see ourselves as others see us is sentence of death, with speedy execution. In 1793, the hostess of the Three Stags in St. George's Fields fell one day into a sort of slumber as she was sitting in the bar. When she awoke she said that she had dreamed she saw herself enter a room where she was sitting; getting up from her seat she spoke to her second self, taking the phantom, which resembled her in every particular, by the hand. Nothing her friends could say would convince her it was only a dream. "Whether it was her eidolon or not," says the newspaper chronicler of the strange vision, "we shall not pretend to say, but certain it is that the next morning, after eating her breakfast, she was taken ill, and expired in a quarter of an hour."

Were omen-mongers content with drawing dire conclusions from doleful visions, there would be something like method in their madness, but they make joy prophetic of sorrow, a light heart premonitory of heavy woe. Since prevision is happily denied mankind, it were odd, indeed, if instances could not be cited of merriment preluding misfortune. James the Second, of Scotland, held high revel, and was unusually gay, a few hours before he was murdered. Buckingham cut a caper or two upon rising from his bed the day Felton's knife split his proud heart in two. A young officer put on new regimentals "to meet Master Squit," and was full of fun on the morning of Vimiera's fight, in which he was killed. The idea that high spirits presage impending calamity does not lack poetic authority. Romeo has only just uttered the words,

My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all the day, an unaccustom'd spirit,
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts,

when Balthasar comes with bad news from Verona. Hastings jests at the doubts of the boar-fearing Stanley, asking,

Think you, but that I know our state secured,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

but a little while before he hears Gloucester swear he will not dine before he sees his head. King Duncan had been in unusual pleasure before seeking the bed from which he was not to rise again. But in truth Shakespeare might be quoted as effectively to prove that low spirits forerun evil hap. Hamlet feels ill about the heart when summoned to meet Laertes with the foils "such a gainsaying as would, perhaps, trouble a woman," but he defies the augury, and goes to his death.

Sunday funerals would need no official discouragement were it an article of common belief that if a grave be open on the first day of the week the sexton will have to ply his spade before another Sunday comes; but so far as we know this notion is peculiar to a solitary parish in Suffolk. Another superstition of the same sort is the belief that one death in a house will be speedily followed by another if the door is closed upon a corpse—that is, if the house door be shut before the hearse has started on its journey.

Mr. Fludd told the author of "A History of Remarkable Providences," that James the First was earnestly entreated to forego disturbing the remains of his unhappy mother, it being very well known that if a body were removed from its grave some of the family would die shortly afterwards; "as did," says Turner, "Prince Henry and, I think, Queen Anne." He was half right, half wrong. Prince Henry's death followed hard upon the removal of Mary's body from Fotheringay to Westminster Abbey. That took place in the autumn of 1612, in September the Prince sickened, in October he took to his bed, and when, upon the twenty-ninth of the month, a lunar rainbow for seven hours seemingly spanned the palace of St. James's, the crowd of gazers accepted the unusual sight as a fatal omen, and upon the fifth of November he who might have saved his race from ruin passed away to his rest. James did not lose his consort till seven years afterwards, and we have his royal word for it that a comet appeared specially for the sad occasion. His bereaved majesty, turning poet in his grief, wrote,

Thou to invite, the great God sent a star;
His nearest friends and kin good princes are,
Who, though they run their race of men, and die,
Death serves but to refine their majesty.
So did my Queen her court from hence remove,
And left this earth to be enthroned above;
Then is she changed, not dead. No good prince dies,
But, like the sun, doth only set to rise.

Baxter assures us that the well at Oundle "drummed" in anticipation of the decease of Charles II. When Shakespeare's Henry IV. swoons after hearing good tidings from the seat of war, Prince Humphrey deems he will soon be stressless, because

The river has thrice flowed, no ebb between;
And the old folk, Time's dotting chroniclers,
Say it did so a little time before,
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd, and died.

The Welsh captain in Richard II. declares his countrymen cannot be longer kept together, the withering of the bay-trees, the bloody aspect of the moon, and meteors fighting the fixed stars, all assuring them the king was dead. When there were lions in the Tower the death of one of the royal beasts was supposed to herald the demise of the wearer of England's crown, as surely as any extraordinary disturbance of the elements announced a great man was dead. The Greeks, thronging Missolonghi's streets, to learn how it went with their post-leader, cried with one accord, as a violent thunderstorm broke over their heads, "The great man is gone!" and they divined rightly, for at that moment Byron died.

Not a few old families pride themselves upon inheriting certain omens, whereby they are warned of death's approach. Some are warned by a meteor's light, some by melancholy strains of music floating from the mansion to die away in the woods. A mysterious knocking, never heard at any other time, tells the lords of Bampton that one of their race is bound for the silent land. A stamping by unseen feet on the palace floor predicates a death in the family of the Ducal house of Modena. A sturgeon forcing its way up the Trent towards Clifton Hall, is a sign that the Cliftons of Nottinghamshire will have to put on mourning. For some days before the death of the heir of the Breretons, the trunk of a tree is to be seen floating on the lake near the family mansion. Two giant owls perch upon the battlements of Wardour Castle when an Arundel's last hour has come. If a Devonshire Oxenham is about to die, a white-breasted bird flutters over the doomed one's bed. A local ballad relates how on the bridal eve of Margaret, heiress of the brave and generous Sir James Oxenham, a silver-breasted bird flew over the wedding guests, just as Sir James rose to acknowledge their congratulations. The next day the bride fell dead at the altar, stabbed by a discarded lover.

"Now, marry me, proud maid," he cried,
"Thy blood with mine shall wed!"
He dashed the dagger in her side,
And at her feet fell dead.

Poor Margaret, too, grows cold with death,
And round her, hovering flies
The phantom bird for her last breath,
To bear it to the skies.

Howell saw a tombstone in a stone-cutter's shop in Fleet-street in 1632, inscribed with the names of sundry persons who thereby attested to the fact that John Oxenham, Mary, his sister, James, his son, and Elizabeth, his mother, had each and all died with a white-crested bird fluttering above their beds.

A family of Rock Bansa, Arran, know when one of their kin is about to die by an invisible piper playing a lament on the hill-side. When Death purposes visiting a McLean of Loch-lury, the unwelcome caller is heralded by the spirit of a battle-slain ancestor ringing the bells on his fairy bridle, as he gallops twice round the old homestead. As a rule, death-announcing phantoms are of the feminine gender. No Lady Holland expects to shuffle off this mortal coil until she has seen a shadowy counterfeit presentiment of herself. The Middletons of Yorkshire, as becomes an ancient Catholic house, have a Benedictine nun to apprise them of a reduction in the number of Middletons. A weeping, moaning, earthy sprite warns the Stanleys of the death of a distinguished member of the family. A hairy-armed girl, called May Moulach, bring the like sad news to the Grants of Grant; the Bodach-am-dun, otherwise the ghost of the hill, performs the office for the Grants of Bothiemurcus; and most old Highland families boast their own familiar Banshee, whose wailing, screaming, and weeping tells them the head of the house must make room for his heir. Lady Fanshawe, visiting the head of an Irish sept in his moated baronial grange, was made aware that banshees are not peculiar to Scotland. Awakened at midnight by an awful unearthly scream, she beheld, by the light of the moon, a female form at the window of her room, which was too far from the ground for any woman of mortal mould to reach. The creature owned a pretty pale face, and red dishevelled hair, and was clad in the garb of old—very old—Ireland. After exhibiting herself for some time, the interesting spectre shrieked twice and vanished. When Lady Fanshawe told her host what she had seen he was not at all surprised. "A near relation," said he, "died last night in this castle. We kept our expectations of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. Now, before such an event happens in the family and castle the female spectre you saw always becomes visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank whom one of my ancestors married, and whom he afterwards caused to be drowned in the moat, to expiate the dishonour done to our race." If all banshees originated in the same way the less the proprietors of such things brag of the matter the better. If we must believe in omens, rather than own a banshee, we would put our faith in warnings that are common property, like the credulous who behold

No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortions, presages, and tongues of heaven.

ODDITIES.

Dio Lewis is the man who kept a Utica audience until 10.30, explaining to them the good results of going to bed promptly at nine.

A pack of wolves in Sherbourne County, Minnesota, chased a couple of lawyers five miles, and the New Orleans *Republican* thinks it showed a lack of professional courtesy.

An exchange says that a Michigan man dreamed recently that his aunt was dead. The dream proved true. He tried the same dream on his mother-in-law, but it didn't work.

They were going to put a man out of a San Francisco theatre for creating a disturbance, when a voice cried, "He's all right—he's killed a Chinaman!" and they let the man alone.

A well-dressed, matronly-looking lady walked into a saloon in Oswego the other day, laid her muff on the counter, and took out a pair of spectacles, when the bar-tender promptly informed her that no Bible reading would be in order there. Reaching down into her dress pocket the woman produced a flat bottle and coolly called for a pint of whiskey. She doesn't know yet what that bar-tender was alarmed about.

THE HON. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN.

The contest for United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Charles Sumner, which will terminate March 3, 1875, resulted on the 17th of April in the election of the Hon. William B. Washburn, the present Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Washburn was born in Winchendon, Massachusetts, January 31, 1820. He graduated at Yale College in the year 1844, and has since been engaged in manufacturing pursuits. He has for nearly a quarter of a century taken an active part in State and national politics. He served as a member of the State Senate in 1850, and of the Lower House in 1854. He has served three terms in Congress as a representative from Massachusetts. He was first elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and served on the committees on Invalid Pensions and Roads and Canals. He was re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, and served on the committees on Claims and Revolutionary Pensions. He was elected and served as a delegate to the Philadelphia "Loyalists' Convention" in 1866, and was again re-elected to serve in the Fortieth Congress. In 1871 he was elected Governor of his native State, and was re-elected in 1872, and again in 1873, to the same position.

The election of Mr. Washburn was effected by a compromise between the supporters of Mr. Dawes and those of Mr. Hoar, when it had become apparent that neither of these candidates could be chosen. The thirty-third and final ballot resulted as follows: Whole number of votes, 267; necessary to a choice, 134. Wm. B. Washburn, 151; Curtis, 64; Dawes, 26; Adams, 15; Loring, 4; Banks, 4; Wendell Phillips, 1; Stephen N. Gifford, 1; John G. Whittier, 1.

MAY.

The derivation of the name of this, one of the most pleasing months of the year, has long been a bone of contention. The old Roman name of *Maius* (which was adopted by the Saxons) for this month is by some asserted to come from *Mai*, the mother of Mercury, to whom sacrifices were offered on its first day. The more probable derivation is that Romulus named this month in honour of the *majores*, the nobles and senators, and called it *Maius*, as he named the following month *Junius* in honour of the *juniores*—the youth of Rome. During this month the *lemuria*, or festivals in memory of the dead, were observed with great solemnity;

and from this source may be traced the custom of the Dark and Middle Ages, forbidding marriages at this season. In his "Fasti," Ovid says:

"Nec viduae totidem, nec virginis apta
Tempora; quae utis, non diuturna fuit;
Hinc quoque de causa, si te proverbs tangunt,
Mense malum Maio nubere vulgus ait."

It was certainly considered unlucky among the Romans to marry during the month of May. The Romans also particularly honoured the goddess Flora during this month with games. Hence the gaily decorated and festooned May-pole, the dancing and processions of villagers decked with flowers and garlands, and the old Jack-in-the-green often seen in the streets of London, to which all English writers on manners and customs allude, especially Stowe, and which are in vogue to this day in the country districts of England. Dancing round the May-pole on the village green on the first of May was, in olden times, almost a religious duty among young people. It was by no means confined to the lower classes. In Hall's Chronicle we find that Henry VIII. went a-Maying with Queen Katharine and her court to Shooter's Hill. And farther back, Chaucer tells us, in speaking of May, in the "Court of Love":

"Forth goeth all the court, both moote and leste,
To teche the floures freshe, and braunch and blome."

Shakespeare constantly alludes to this theme; and John Milton wrote a sonnet on it, as also did Spencer.

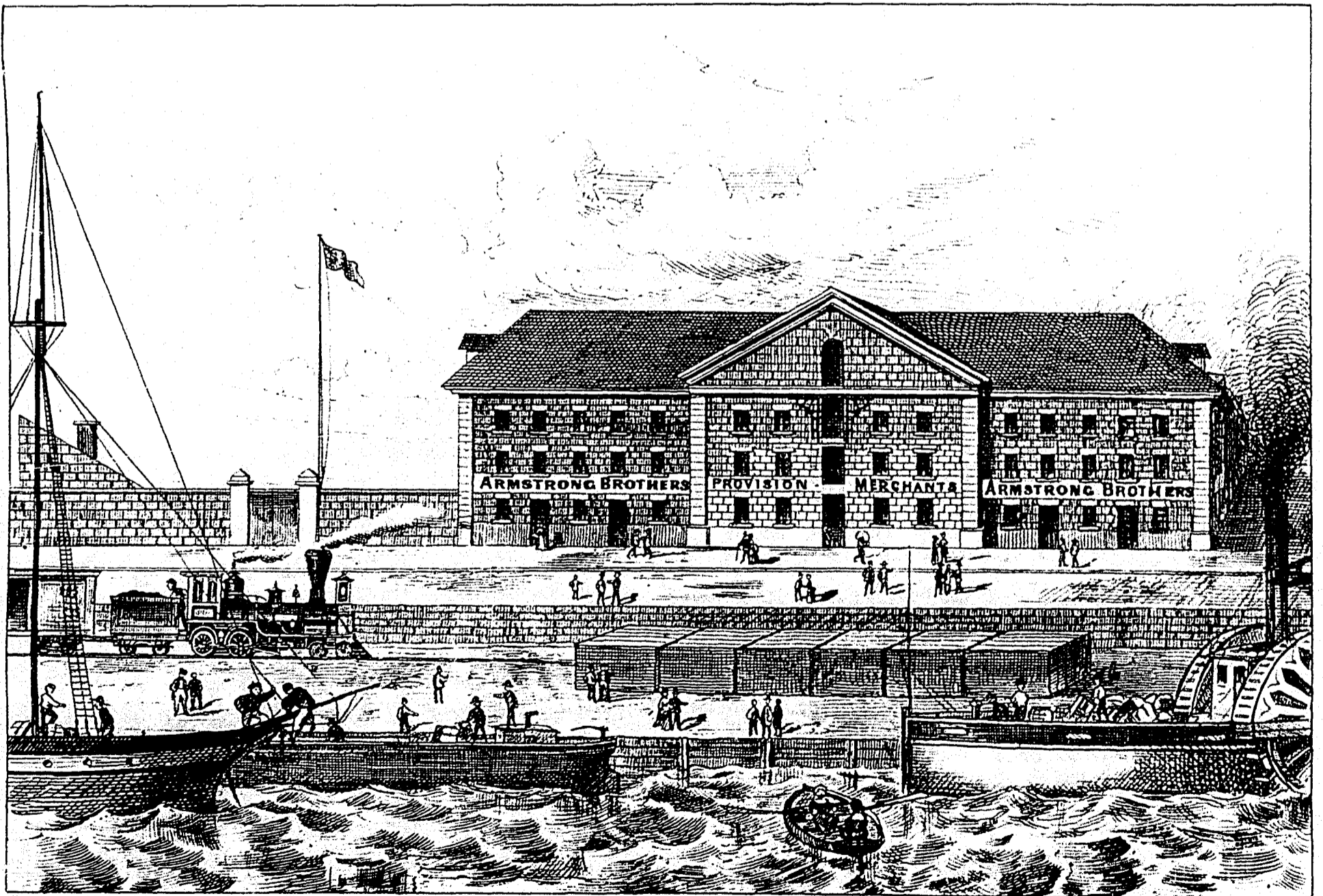
These May-poles were terrible thorns in the sides of the Puritans, and eventually, after much wrangling and opposition, an ordinance was passed by Parliament on the 5th of April, 1644, ordering that "all and singular May-poles, that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down and removed by the constables," etc., etc. They were, however, quickly put up again on the restoration of Charles II. Washington Irving records in the "Sketch Book" his pleasure on first seeing a May-pole.

On the 2nd of May is commemorated the invention (or discovery) of the real Cross by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, the identity of which was supposed to have been proved by the dead body of a man immediately coming to life again on touching it.

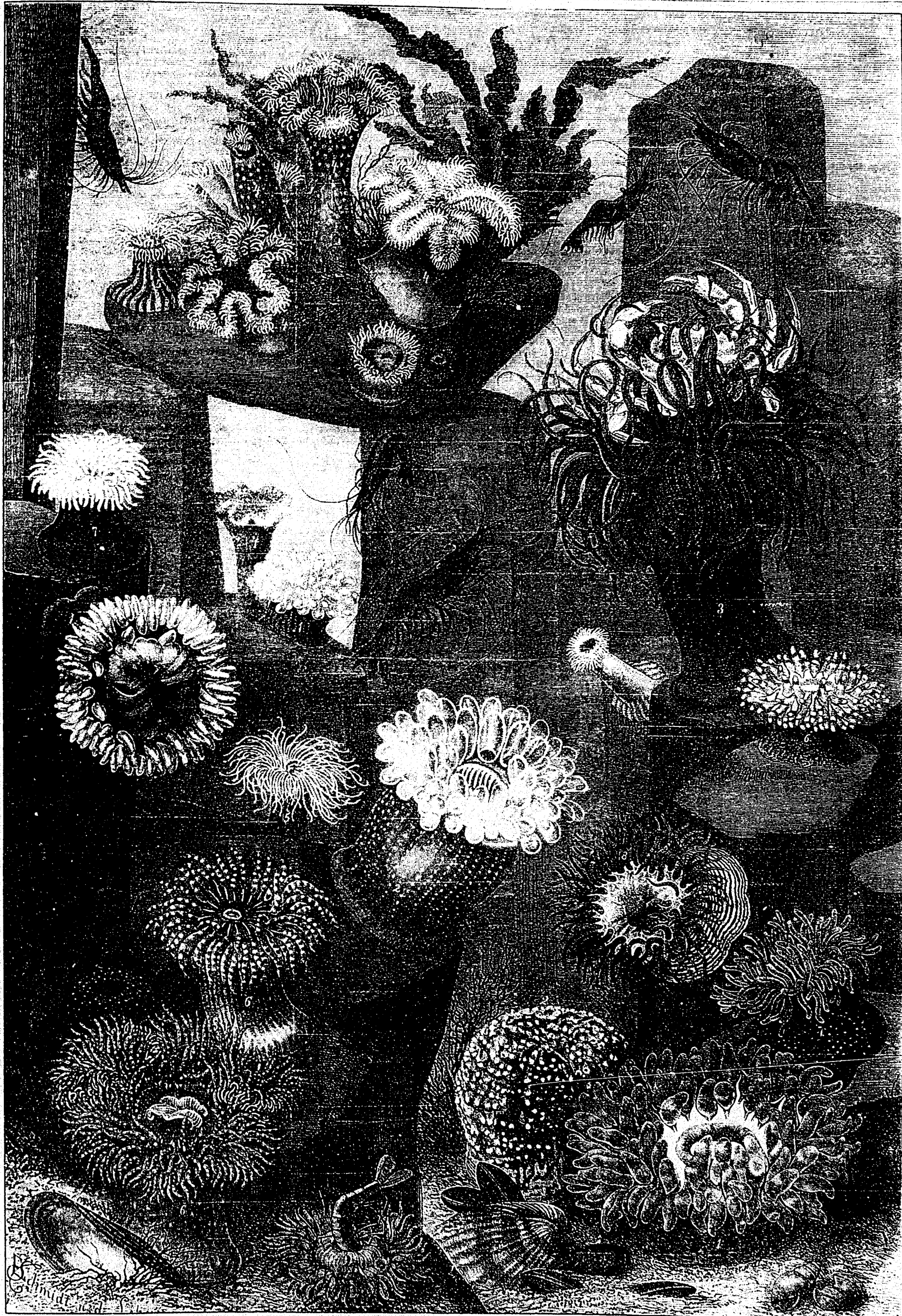
On the 3rd of May died poor Tom Hood, in the year 1845; and on the 9th, 1805, the immortal Schiller was lost to the world.



THE HON. W. B. WASHBURN, U. S. SENATOR.



MONTREAL.—ARMSTRONG BROS' PROVISION WAREHOUSE AND WHARF.



1. Thick Horned Sea Rose. 2. Strawberry Rose. 3. Green Sea Rose. 4. Sea Pink. 5. Widow Rose. 6. Rose Red Sagartia. 7. Wart Rose. 8. Girdle Rose.
A GROUP OF SEA ANEMONES.

THEATRICAL MACHINERY.

Perhaps no class of persons in the world require the genius of invention more than stage carpenters. Every new play must have its appropriate machinery arranged to work with the utmost precision, so as to produce the most deceptive effect upon the audience. Some of the devices and apparatus used on the stage possess remarkable features of mechanism, requiring originality of the first order; and although these devices are seldom patented, many of them show more real ingenuity than three-fourths of the inventions for which patents are obtained. Yet with all this ingenuity in devising and constructing novel machinery for producing startling scenes upon the stage, but little improvement has been made in the mechanism for working the permanent apparatus of the stage. To-day the drop-scene is rolled up by cords and pulleys operated by hand, at the proper signal, in the same manner that it was rolled up fifty years ago; and who has not often witnessed the distressing accident of two flat scenes positively refusing to come together properly just at a time when it was particularly necessary to shift them quickly? We have recently forwarded to the patent office the application of Mr. H. F. Parsons, a resident of Los Angeles, in this State, for some very useful and ingenious improvements in the permanent mechanism of a theatrical stage. In the first place, Mr. Parsons proposes to paint the scenes on wire cloth instead of canvas, as heretofore. One or two preliminary coats of paint upon the wire cloth, he states, will completely fill the meshes so that a perfectly opaque and uniform surface is provided. Mr. Parsons claims that there will be a saving of 30 per cent. in the amount of paint required to complete the scenes. He proposes to use wire cloth, not only for the flat scenes, but also for the wings and flies, and to use wires instead of ropes for operating them, thus rendering the stage comparatively fire-proof, and effecting a reduction of 70 per cent. in the insurance rates. The scenes thus made will also be more easily handled. Instead of ropes and pulleys for raising and lowering the drop-scene, Mr. Parsons will employ a small water-wheel driven by water conveyed through a pipe connected with the water-main of the city, and the valve will be controlled by the prompter, so that he can, at the proper moment, drop the scene without depending on an assistant. Besides the above improvements, Mr. Parsons has provided a number of others, by which the flat scenes, wings, and flies can be easily worked by one person instead of the large number heretofore required. He claims that a saving of 60 per cent. in the labour of operating stage machinery is obtained by his improvements, besides every part is so adapted as to work smoothly without noise or stoppages.

Mr. Parsons expects to place his improvements on some of the theatrical stages in this city during the coming summer.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" CRITICIZED.

In a book just published called "Shakespeare on the Decline," "Romeo and Juliet" is dished up in this fashion: "In the first place it is a grievous mistake to open with Romeo in love with Rosalind. Why does the poet deprive Romeo of this charm? Even if he had loved before, why should, we know it? In deserting Rosalind for Juliet, Romeo is guilty of treachery towards the former; who, then, will vouch for his fidelity to the latter? The first love of Romeo serves no object. It casts a doubtful light on him, and has not the least significance for the action or the piece. Besides, there is here a psychological impossibility. Romeo loves Juliet at first sight. Such a sudden love is beautiful and poetical, but it is only possible with a free heart. Now, Romeo is not free; he is enchained by another love, which hitherto has been unfortunate, and which should, therefore, have a double hold on his heart. As for Juliet, she is a rhapsodical little maiden, and goes on as no tender, timid, trusting maiden would. She talks of taking Romeo when dead and cutting him into little stars: as though any such fanciful mutilation would mingle with the fond idea of a girl's first love. Girls in love are not prone to speculate on the death and dissection of the beloved object. There is also no reason for Juliet's simulated death; no reason why she should not have fled from Verona with her husband. This play, like the Danish tragedy, suffers from weakness of construction involving inexplicable motives, and is deformed by irrational talk and a punning mania incidental to even the heroic characters and in their case utterly ignoble.

In the by no means straitened city of Paris forty Parisians, noblemen, artists, and journalists of the best sort—all men of the world in fact—have formed a league for the purpose of hissing without mercy all pieces that may be immoral, all actors who may hazard *double entendres*, and all actresses who may strive to clamour to fame by means of jewellery and good looks instead of by talent.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WATCHING THE SNOWS is the representation of an event familiar to the inhabitants of the banks of the St. Lawrence, in Lower Canada. This year there were no peculiar circumstances connected with the shove. The ice broke up gradually, the water fell space, and the river was soon clear in front of Montreal. Within twelve hours a score of schooners and small craft from the Boucherville Islands had been towed into port.

We give to-day a reproduction of a steel engraving—THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON—intended to illustrate the excellence of our process for delicate work of the sort. THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON is well known as one of the master-pieces of Raffaele. Printed on plate paper, our copy is hardly distinguishable from the original engraving.

The flora of the sea is represented by a fine group of ANEMONES, including several rare varieties remarkable for the beauties of their tints. Seen through certain conditions of refracted light, naturalists describe them as of marvellous effect.

On page 284 we give an illustration of the business premises of one of the largest firms of wholesale provision dealers and shippers in Canada. The Messrs. Armstrong do an immense business in exportations of butter and cheese and other Canadian produce to the English market, and are gradually but surely extending their connection. The warehouse now occupied by the firm is the old Commissariat stone building, which was erected in 1838-39, under the superintendence of Major Foster, R. E., at a cost of nearly \$3000. The premises are well situated and roomy, measuring 190ft. in length, with a depth of 36ft.; and facing directly on the river.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER LXIII.—Continued.

"Oh, if you please, sir," she said in a gasp, "I'm very sorry, but I made a mistake in allowing you to come in. Missus says Mr. Ledlamb is up in London attending to his business there, and its against his rule for patients' friends to be admitted without an appointment, except its the friend which placed the patient in his care. And if you'll please to write and ask for an appointment Mr. Ledlamb will let you know when you can see Mr. Peeram, providing you has Lady Peeram's lief. Mr. Ledlamb 'olding hisself responsible to Lady Peeram, and no one else."

The girl stumbled slowly through this message, which had evidently been laboriously imprinted upon her mind, for she tried back when she had finished, and went over a good bit of it again, like a musical box.

"I'll ask an appointment by and by," answered Edmund, "But while I am here I'll take a look round your place."

"Oh, if you please, sir, you musn't go out into the garding," said the girl with a frightened look, "It's against the rules."

"Come, Mr. Bain," said Edmund, heedless of this remonstrance. He went out of the window, followed by the steward. "Oh, if you please, you musn't," gasped the girl, in much alarm, and then finding her appeal unheeded she rushed out of the room, stole upstairs crying, "Missus, missus, they've gone out out in the garding, and Mr. Peeram's there with Sammy in the preamberlater."

CHAPTER LXIV.

MR. LEDLAM'S PATIENT.

Mr. Standen's first act on getting out into the open was to take a survey of the house, thinking that Mr. Ledlamb's prisoner might in all probability be looking out of one of the windows. But the windows were all blank. Two of the upper casements were guarded by bars, doubtless with the view of preventing the escape of any desperate patient, who might be inclined to emulate Jack Shepherd's evasion from Newgate.

"Come round the garden," said Mr. Bain; "from that girl's anxiety I'll be bound he's somewhere out here." They crossed the grass to the stagnant pond where ducks and duckweed flourished, and where the ancient willow wept the desolation of the scene. That willow was the one bit of shelter in all that arid waste of garden, and between the drooping branches Mr. Bain's keen eye had discerned some object that looked like a human figure.

He made for this spot, therefore, followed closely by Edmund. The willow was on the opposite side of the water. They went quickly round the edge of the pool, Mr. Bain always in advance. Yes, there was some one under the tree—a child's shrill voice sounded as they approached, an old man's piping tones answering.

Mr. Bain parted the willow branches and looked into the natural arbour.

An old man was seated in a dilapidated wheel-chair, an infant by his side, in an equally dilapidated perambulator, and both these helpless objects were under the care of a tall, lanky-looking girl of about eleven years of age.

Shadrack Bain, not wont to display violent emotions, drew back with a loud cry, and the ruddy tints of his sun-burnt face faded to a sickly white.

"Sir Aubrey Perriam!" he cried, aghast. "What do you mean?" asked Edmund in a hoarse whisper, seizing the agent by the shoulder.

Mr. Bain did not answer him, but crept under the willow, and bent over the old man, taking his hand and looking into his face.

"Sir Aubrey, don't you know me? I'm your old steward, Shadrack Bain, come to fetch you out of this wretched hole—come to take you back to life."

"Yes, to life," answered the old man in senile tones. "They made believe I was dead—they told me to my face that I was not Aubrey but Mordred. They put me in Mordred's rooms, and kept me shut up there, and told me it would be worse for me if I called myself Sir Aubrey Perriam. Who was it that did this?—with a pained look and a wilder tone—"Not my wife, oh, no! not my wife—not my pretty Sylvia. She was beautiful and good. She could never have been so cruel to me."

"Never mind who did it, Sir Aubrey. It is all over now. No one will dare to deny your name when I am by your side. Good God! what a scheme for a woman to invent—for a woman to execute. I see it all now. It was Mordred who died, and that woman made the world believe it was her husband. I wish you joy of your pighted wife, Mr. Standen," added the agent, turning to Edmund, who leaned against the sill, white as death.

The old man clung to Shadrack Bain, like a child who had been restored to the nurse he loves.

"Yes, I know, I know," he muttered, "you are Bain, a good servant, a faithful servant. Take me away from this place—this dull, cold, cheerless place. They don't beat me, they're not very unkind to me, but they're poor, and everything is comfortable. Carter was always good, but she is ill now, and I am left with Sammy and Clara—and Clara calls me Mr. Perriam, and laughs at me when I tell her my right name is Sir Aubrey."

Clara was the tall girl, who stood behind the wheel-chair, knitting a baby's sock.

"That's his fancy," she said sharply; "when he first went out of his mind he took it into his head that he was his elder brother—the one that died. It was his brother's death that turned his brain, father says."

"His brain is no more turned upon some points than yours, my girl," answered Mr. Bain. "His intellect was weakened by a stroke of paralysis, but he's clear enough at times. He has been used very badly, and I mean to take him away from here without loss of time."

"You can't do that," said the girl promptly; "father won't let you."

"I shall not ask your father's leave," replied Shadrack Bain. "You'll stand by me, won't you, Mr. Standen?"

"Yes, I will do what I can to see this poor old man right-ed," answered Edmund, gloomily.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Carter, the nurse?" asked Mr. Bain.

"Inflammation of the lungs. She was took bad a fortnight ago, and father got her round a bit at first, but he says the cough has settled on her chest, and she'll never get over it. She's awful bad. We were afraid last night she'd hardly have lived till this morning."

"If you want to know the particulars of this business you'd better stop and question Mrs. Carter," said Mr. Bain to Edmund. "She has been in it from first to last—she was Lady Perriam's prime confidante and adviser."

"I'll see her," answered Edmund, "unless you want my help in getting Sir Aubrey away."

He had been gazing at the old man's face with earnest scrutiny, to assure himself that this was indeed the elder and not the younger brother—that he was not being made the dupe of some juggling of Mr. Bain's. That scrutiny left no doubt in his mind. This was verily Sir Aubrey Perriam, Sylvia's husband. Strong as had been the resemblance between the brothers there was just sufficient individuality in the face to make Edmund Standen very sure upon this point.

"I only want you to go as far as the carriage with us," said Mr. Bain, "and then you can return and see Mrs. Carter. But don't commit yourself by any promise to condone her share in this conspiracy."

"If she is dying it can matter little whether her crime is condoned."

"If—but it is just possible she may be no nearer death than I am. We can get Sir Aubrey to the gate in this chair. He used to be able to walk a little, but perhaps he's weaker now. It will be easy to lift him into the carriage between us. I shall take him to an hotel in Hatfield, and keep him there till he can be moved comfortably back to Perriam."

"But you musn't take him away!" shrieked Miss Ledlamb.

"I'll run and tell mother."

She sped off on this somewhat futile errand, leaving the baby squalling in the perambulator, appalled by the sudden solitude. When she came back, followed by Mrs. Ledlamb, a timid-looking matron, who had been all this time trying to make herself presentable to the eye of strangers, Sir Aubrey and Mr. Bain had just driven off in the fly, and Edmund Standen was quietly approaching the house.

"He's gone, Mar," screamed Clara; "they've took him clean away!"

Mrs. Ledlamb began to cry.

"Your father will say it's my fault," she screamed, piteously, "but what could I do? I wasn't fit to be seen when they came, and was just getting myself a little bit tidy when you ran in to say they were going. And there's all our income gone at one swoop, for he was your Par's only patient, and goodness knows when he'll get another. I'm sure I tremble when I think what he'll say to me."

"It wasn't your fault, Mar. You couldn't have stopped them if you'd been dressed ever so. They'd have taken him away by main force. There's one of the gentlemen; you'd better ask him what they mean by it."

Mr. Standen, being timorously interrogated upon this point, would give no definite answer.

"There has been a great wrong done," he said, gravely. "I cannot tell what knowledge your husband may have had of that wrong, but I know that the first step towards setting it right was to get that poor old man out of this house."

"I'm sure he's been treated kindly," whimpered Mrs. Ledlamb, "and if he says he isn't, he's a deceiving old thing. He's had every indulgence—sago puddings that I've made for him with my own hands, and mutton broth, and all kinds of delicacies. I'm sure he's been treated like the family, and we've all of us borne with his worrying nonsense, when he said he was not himself but his brother. Clara has had the patience of an angel with him."

Mr. Standen asked to see the nurse, Mrs. Carter, and after some difficulty, by means of a good deal of persuasion and the gift of a five-pound note to Mrs. Ledlamb, as consolation under the sudden loss of income, he obtained permission to go up to the attic where the sick woman was lying.

"She's very bad," said Mrs. Ledlamb. "I sat up with her half last night, thinking she was going, but it's a harassing, deceiving complaint, and I darsay she'll go on lingering ever so long, a burden to herself and others."

Mrs. Carter, otherwise Mrs. Carford, lay on her narrow bed facing the casement through which the western sun streamed with soft, yellow light. She was the very shadow—the pale ghost—of that Mrs. Carter who had been seen at Perriam a month ago. The bright brown eyes looked larger than of old—larger than they had seemed even in her days of semi-starvation, when she came a suppliant to Hedingham schoolhouse.

Yet even now, with that deadly brightness, they were like Sylvia's eyes. Edmund perceived the resemblance at once. He sat quietly down by the bedside, and took her hand. She looked at him at first with a dull indifference, thinking he was some strange doctor who had been brought to see her. Then a gleam of recognition flashed into her eyes. She remembered a face she had seen in a photograph Sylvia had shown her—the face of her daughter's first lover.

"Is—Sylvia—is Lady Perriam here?"

"No, but if there is anything on your mind—anything you wish to tell before you are called away—you need not fear to tell me. Whatever wrong you have done is now past atonement upon earth. Try to secure God's pity by a late repentance. Do not carry the secret of your sin to the grave."

"The wrong I did was not done for my own sake, but for another. If I tell the truth it is she who will suffer."

"If you are speaking of Lady Perriam, be assured that nothing you can tell me can affect her injuriously. In the first place her secret is already known, and in the second place I should be the last to use any knowledge to her disadvantage."

"What, is it known already?" cried Mrs. Carter, agitated.

"I knew that it must come to light sooner or later, that such a sinful thing could not long be hidden; but so soon! That it should all be discovered so soon! How did it happen—who came here?"

"Do not trouble yourself about details. You are too weak to bear much emotion. Sir Aubrey has been found, and he is in safe hands. Let that content you."

"And she—Lady Perriam?"

"Are you so deeply interested in her welfare?"

"More deeply than you imagine," answered Mrs. Carter, with a sigh.

"You are related to her, perhaps. I saw a likeness in your face to hers the moment I entered this room."

"We are related by the nearest tie that kindred owns—Lady Perriam is my daughter."

"What! You are the mother of whom she spoke to me with such affection, for whose sake the married Sir Aubrey Perriam?"

"Did she tell you that?"

"Yes, she told me that you were in abject poverty—almost starving—and that her only chance of helping you was by a marriage with a rich man."

"It was true—I was in abject poverty—and after her marriage she relieved me with an occasional remittance. But I have every reason to believe that at the time she was ignorant of our relationship. I accepted her alms as an act of pure benevolence from one who knew not that I was more to her than a stranger."

"But she did help you?"

"She did. And when she had the opportunity of giving me lasting employment and a home as Sir Aubrey's nurse she sent for me."

"She employed you as a servant in her house?"

"Yes, the position was one of servitude, but she did not make it degrading. I lived apart from the other servants, and I was near her. That to me was exquisite happiness, until—"

"Until what?"

"Until she tempted me to aid her in a sinful act, a wicked act, which poisoned my life and hers. You, of all men, should be merciful in your judgment of her, for it was her fatal love for you that urged her to commit that sin."

"May God deal as mercifully with her as my thoughts," said Edmund, deeply moved.

"You will think less kindly of her, perhaps, if you knew all; but it is a wicked story, and I hate myself for the weakness that made me help in that evil work. Since I have been in this house, with the fear of death before my eyes, I have written an account of all that happened at Perriam Place. Dare I trust you, as a Roman Catholic would trust his Father Confessor? Will you promise to make no use of that information against Sylvia?"

"Against her! You do not know how blindly, how utterly I have loved her. If her love for me has been fatal, mine has been fatal too—and it has been thorough, which hers never was. Whatever power I have to shield her from the consequences of her guilt shall be used to the utmost. But, alas! I fear that power is of the smallest."

"Where is she now?"

"In London, with her father."

"Lose no more time here, then, but go back to her. Tell her that all is discovered."

"She must know that, for she knew where we were coming when we left her this morning. But I will go back and see if I can be of any use, though it will be hard to see her face again."

"Do not trust her father's kindness in the hour of misfortune. Take my keys and open that desk in the chest of drawers." The feeble hand groped under the pillow and drew out a small bunch of keys. "The smallest key belongs to the desk." Edmund obeyed. "You see a roll of papers."

"Yes."

"Take those with you and go."

"Cannot I do anything for you? Have you proper medical attendance—good nursing?"

"Yes, these people do all they can; but my doom is sealed. Go to her—you may save her from despair."

CHAPTER XLV.

"IT IS THE TALE WHICH ANGRY CONSCIENCE TELLS."

Edmund Standen put the roll of paper in his breast-pocket, and took his leave of the sick woman, wondering at the mother's unselfishness, which even on a death-bed made the thought of a daughter's peril paramount above all personal suffering.

Anxious as he felt about Sylvia's fate, he stopped to appeal to Mrs. Ledlamb, on behalf of the helpless invalid upstairs, volunteering to pay any charges that might be incurred in careful nursing, and to reward kindness by liberal donations. Mrs. Ledlamb, who was soft-hearted, wept, and promised to do her best.

"We'll move her down into Mr. Perriam's room. It's better than where she is; and she shall have every attention, shan't she, Clara?" said Mrs. Ledlamb, appealing to the sharp eleven-year-old daughter, her eldest hope.

"Yes, Mar, I'm sure I'm willing to do anything. She was always ladylike and pleasant, and gave no trouble."

"Quite a superior person," said Mrs. Ledlamb. "Anyone could see that."

Edmund administered another five pound note, as an earnest of future favours, and left the dreary Arbor, to go back to London, and to Willoughby Crescent.

He had to walk back to Hatfield, through the unknown lanes, in the deepening dusk, carrying a heavier heart than he had ever known yet; for the pain of Sylvia's desertion two years ago seemed light, when looked back upon, in comparison with the anguish of knowing her to be the guilty creature she was.

He arrived at Willoughby Crescent late in the evening; and here he found Mr. Carew in a wretched and uneasy state. The whole household was disorganised. Lady Perriam had gone, none knew whither.

"What is to be done?" asked Mr. Carew, helplessly. "I know nothing—have been kept in the dark—treated as a cipher."

"She has gone, knowing that shame and disgrace were inevitable if she remained," said Edmund, when the father had finished his fretful lamentings. "Perhaps it is better that it should be so. Flight was the only escape possible to her. If she has but found a safe asylum, I am content. I, who have loved her so dearly."

But then came the thought of a darker possibility. What if she had rushed out of that house, restless and despairing, to find the surest escape in death?

Edmund questioned Céline as to the manner of her mistress's departure. The girl could tell him nothing, except that Lady Perriam had gone, that she must have left the house dressed in her weeds, and could have taken nothing with her,

except a small morocco bag, which was the only object Céline had missed from the dressing-room.

This looked bad, but Edmund did not despair.

"She may have taken money in the bag, and money will buy everything. Do you know if she had any money in the house?"

"Yes, sir, I have seen a bundle of notes in her jewel case."

"Bring me the jewel case."

The case was brought. Edmund smashed the lock with a poker, and examined the case in Céline's presence. The money was gone, and the diamonds. Céline knew that both had been in the case on the previous night.

"Thank God," exclaimed Edmund, when he and Mr. Carew were alone. "She has not thought of making away with herself. She would not have taken money and diamonds if she had any idea of suicide."

"There's no fear of suicide," replied Mr. Carew calmly. "It doesn't run in our family."

There was nothing more to be done. She had escaped all interrogation; she had ample means of maintenance for some time to come; she had done the best for herself.

"I do not know that I could have advised anything better if I had been at her side," Edmund thought sadly. "And now she and I are indeed parted; she to be a nameless wanderer, I a desolate broken-hearted man. My mother was too true a prophet when she told me that my love for Sylvia Carew was fatal."

His mother. That name took his thoughts back to Heddingham, to the home whose doors he had shut against himself. There lay the bitterest humiliation. To go back—to confess that he had wasted all the passion of his youth upon a worthless woman.

"No, I will not call her worthless," he said; "whatever her sin was she did all for my sake. My lips shall not condemn her."

He left Willoughby Crescent and went back to that dreariest of all abodes for the dejected—his hotel. Here, after a brief and tasteless meal—the first food he had eaten since eight o'clock in the morning—he drew the lamp near him, and opened Mrs. Carter's manuscript.

It was nearly midnight; the house quiet, the servants at rest in their chambers in the Norman-gothic roof, only the night-watchman on guard below. Mr. Standen had no fear of interruption in the perusal of these closely-written pages; a reading that would doubtless be full of pain.

MRS. CARTER'S CONFESSION.

I write these lines with the knowledge that my troubled life is rapidly drawing to its lonely close—write with the thought and fear of death before my eyes, write because I feel that it is my duty to the living to leave behind me a clear and truthful confession of my sin; even though by so doing I may bring sorrow and shame upon her for whom I sinned, and who is the sole object of my love and pity.

I believe that it is better for her peace—on earth and beyond earth—that the truth should be known. The first suffering will be lighter than the last—better for her that her wrong-doing should be revealed while justice may yet be done while her victim still lives and some atonement may be made, than later, when his life may have been shortened by her sin and atonement may have become impossible. She will say, perhaps, that her mother's sole legacy is shame and grief for her; but let her believe that her mother's last thoughts were full of tenderness for her, and that even in this act of confession her ultimate peace was the chief object of that unhappy mother's desire.

When first I came to Perriam Place as nurse and attendant to Sir Aubrey Perriam, the change in my mode of existence was so complete, that it seemed to me like the beginning of a new life. From the deepest poverty, from the most sordid surroundings, from the ceaseless struggle for daily bread, from a life whose present deprivations were darkened by the shadow of the future, which might bring even worse misery, I found myself suddenly placed in a position of perfect ease and comfort, luxuries that I had not known for years again at my command, my wants provided for without an effort or a thought of mine. All this I owed to Lady Perriam, my benefactress, who had seen me in my distress, and whose benevolence had been enlisted by my abject misery—Lady Perriam, who knew not that the object of her charity was her most unhappy mother!

All that was demanded of me in return for these new and manifold blessings was unvarying devotion to my patient. That I conscientiously rendered. I can safely say that for the first year of my residence at Perriam my duty was never out of my thoughts. I felt for my helpless patient a pity which was almost affection. He was troublesome, he was exacting; my nights were often broken; my days always laborious; but his affliction ensured my compassion, and the study of my life was to lighten the burden of his wearisome existence.

Lady Perriam's son was born, my grandson, and his birth awoke a new joy in my heart. It was my most cherished privilege to watch beside the infant's cradle, to hold him in my arms. But this delight I only enjoyed at intervals, and by the favour of the nurse.

It was not selfish pleasure alone which I felt in that dear one's birth. I rejoiced for the sake of her who was dearer still, the daughter to whom I never dared to reveal myself, lest she should shrink from me with contempt or aversion. "Now," I said to myself, "my Sylvia will be happy. If her life has been hitherto purposeless and unhappy, spent in the gloomy silence of this old house, ministering to a husband who is dead in life, now all will be changed. This first-born son will occupy her empty heart, absorb all her thoughts, all her care—become the centre of all her hopes." This is what I hoped and believed; and for a little while it seemed as if my hope was to be realised. So long as novelty gave a charm to the endearments of her babe, Sylvia was happy; but even in her happiness I saw with deepest pain that the pleasure she derived from her first-born son was rather the delight of a child in the possession of a new toy than the deep joy of maternity. Little by little she tired of the child's company, complained that he was troublesome, lost her interest in his welfare, and left him more and more to the care of his nurse. Then, indeed I trembled for my poor child's safety; for I saw that the one influence which would have purified her nature, redeemed it from all its original imperfections, was wanting. I remembered my own wedded life and its guilty close. Remembered how wanting in maternal love, I had torn myself away from my infant daughter—forever for ever the right to claim her affection or duty.

Time went on, and I saw Sylvia growing sadder and more

despondent. She took no pleasure in life. If she came to the sick room, and sat by her husband's arm chair for a quiet hour in the long day, her restless melancholy air showed that she was performing an irksome duty. Even Sir Aubrey's dull perceptions were sometimes aware of this. "Go away, Sylvia," he would say, "go and be happy away from your afflicted husband. Why do you stop in this dull room? It makes me miserable to see your sad face."

One night I went to Lady Perriam at a later hour than usual, with a message from Sir Aubrey. I knocked at her dressing-room door, and receiving no answer, ventured to open it and go in. She was on her knees on the ground, her head flung upon the sofa cushions, in an attitude of utter self-abandonment, her hands clasped convulsively amongst the loose dishevelled hair, which fell over her shoulders, her whole frame shaken by the violence of her sobs. The sight of her grief made me forget all the restraints of prudence, and my supposed position in that house. I knelt beside her, lifted her head and laid it on my bosom, wiped the tears from her pale cheeks—kissed her with a mother's passionate love.

"Sylvia," I cried, "Sylvia, Sylvia, my beloved child, what is the secret grief? Confide in me, trust me—not a stranger, but your own mother. In whom should you trust if not in me?"

It was some time before she answered me, and before those convulsive sobs had slowly exhausted themselves. While she was becoming gradually calmer I told her my own wretched story; briefly, but without sparing myself the record of my own guilt. She received the intelligence with wonderful tranquillity; or rather as if some grief of her own so absorbed her mind that she was hardly capable of feeling surprise.

"If you are my mother, you ought to be true to me," she said at last, "yes, and help me, and stand by me in my hour of need."

"Do you think I should ever again forsake you, Sylvia?" I said. "In the sinful years of my youth your childish image haunted me in every hour. Remorse for the wrong I had done you was the bitterest anguish of all I had to suffer. If Heaven gives me an opportunity of atoning for that wrong I shall not be slow to seize it."

To be continued.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE DOMINION.—The names of Messrs. Walter Shanly, ex-M. P., and W. K. Muir, Manager of the Great Western Railway, are mentioned in connection with the vacant management of the Grand Trunk. A retail Board of Trade is to be established in Toronto. The Halifax House of Assembly has adopted a resolution to erect a memorial in the Legislative Hall to the memory of the late Joseph Howe and Judge Johnston. In the same House a bill has been passed authorizing the seizure and destruction of liquor kept for illicit sale in districts where no licenses are granted.

UNITED STATES.—The veto of the Finance Bill by the President has created great confusion in the camp of the inflationists. Several rumours are abroad as to the steps the latter are about to take. At a recent caucus, according to the *Journal of Commerce*, it was arranged for Morton, Logan, Carpenter, Ferry, of Michigan, and West, to issue an address to the Republican party of the country, replying to the President's veto, charging him with inconsistency, arguing that the Veto Message will depress the industrial interests of the country; that it represents only the President's views as against a majority of the people, and that the Republican party is not responsible for it. It is also stated that the leading inflationists in the House of Representatives have proposed to offer the substance of the vetoed banking bill, or an amendment to one of the appropriation bills, and express confidence that in this shape it will pass and receive the sanction of the President. They assert that the President would not take the responsibility of vetoing an appropriation bill even if it contained very objectionable legislation. Another despatch says the result of several private conferences of inflationist Senators is announced to be an understanding that the vetoed bill shall receive, when the question is put to pass it, notwithstanding the President's veto, every vote that it received when it was passed before. A measure providing for free banking with the retiring of percentage of greenbacks seems now most likely to be probably considered. The Mississippi began to fail on Sunday last. Much damage was caused by the floods. It is stated that in the northern portion of the State of Louisiana 12,500 persons were in actual want. Other districts of the back country swelled the number to 25,000. The overflowed district comprises five millions of acres and a population of 178,000. A quarter of a million of acres of cotton were submerged, besides 100,000 acres of corn. An appropriation of \$90,000 for the purchase of rations for the sufferers has been made. The Arkansas dead-lock still continues, Brooks having refused to accede to Baxter's proposal to allow a competent tribunal to pronounce upon their claims.

UNITED KINGDOM.—A motion censuring the late Imperial Government for the suddenness of the dissolution, was brought up in the House of Commons by Mr. Smollet, who, in speaking to his motion, used exceedingly strong and personal terms. After indignantly refuting the statements made against him, Mr. Gladstone left the House. The motion was negatived without a division. The Premier has advised the Queen to bestow a mark of distinction upon Capt. Glover for his services in the Ashantee War. The Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for India, stated in the House of Lords last week that the next harvest in India promised to be abundant, and the present provision against famine was undoubtedly ample. The bill abolishing sugar duties from May 1st has finally passed the House of Commons. The House of Commons has also voted a reduction of income tax one penny in the pound, and the abolition of the horse license duty as recommended in the annual budget. The French steamship "L'Amérique," having been freed from water, has been examined. Her hull was found to be right, but the valves were open. Her crew were telegraphed for, and she proceeded to Havre on Monday. The Admiralty Court have fixed her bail at £125,000. The rescuers have instituted proceedings for \$400,000 salvage.

FRANCE.—The Government has ordered a rigid investigation in the case of "L'Amérique." The Comte de Chambord arrived at Versailles last week.

SPAIN.—It is rumoured that the Carlists have asked Marshal Serrano for an amnesty. Castelar has written a letter in which he declares in favor of a Federal Republic.

GERMANY.—The session of the Reichstag was closed on Friday last.

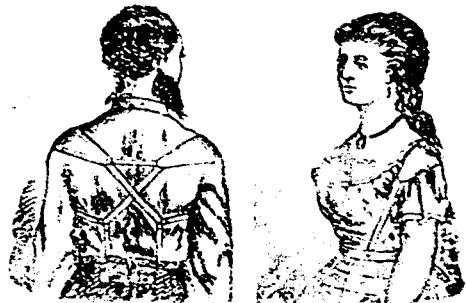
TURKEY.—Advices from Constantinople report that the Suez Canal difficulty has been settled by Mr. De Lesseppe's acceptance of the tonnage rates prescribed by the international commissioners. A famine prevails in Anatolia.

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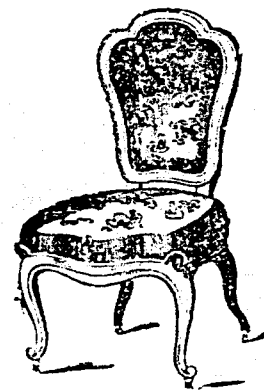
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CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly,
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which he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 15th July, 1864.

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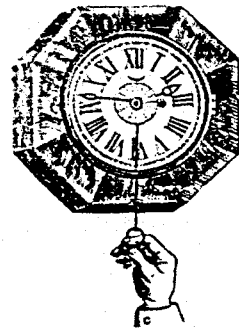
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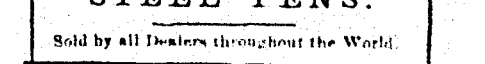
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