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# FRIDAY Wholesale News

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THE OLD STORY.—FIGHTING AGAINST THE MAJORITY.

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### WANTED.

The call for Nos. 2 and 4 of the NEWS was so great that we have nearly run out of our supply. Any of our subscribers or readers who may have these numbers, and are willing to part with them, would oblige us by sending them to us, if in a good state of preservation. We shall gladly pay the price of the numbers.

### IROQUOIS ILLUSTRATED.

In our next number we will present a large double-page illustration of Iroquois, Ont. It consists of views of the most prominent public and private buildings, with such scraps as will tend to give an artistic finish to the scene. This new enterprise of ours is beginning to excite attention throughout the country, and we are in receipt of flattering commendations. And we are certain that the more it is known, the more it will be appreciated. It will be the first time that Canada, its history, resources, industries, geography, &c., will have been set before the people of the country. Not only persons resident in the several localities described, but others also should make it a point to collect these illustrated articles to preserve them for future reference. Nowhere else will they ever find such a mine of useful and entertaining information. The letter-press is equal to the pictorial execution. Our Special Correspondent, Mr. George Tolley, well known for years as the editor of the Montreal Star, is devoting his whole time, energy and ability to the work, and he has an eye especially for bits of curious antiquity connected with each place which he visits. We bespeak for Mr. Tolley the consideration of our friends wherever he goes. Orders for this Iroquois Illustrated Number should be sent in early, as back sets are often difficult to supply.

### CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 16th, 1878.

#### THE QUEBEC CRISIS.

THE longest session, since Confederation, of our Local Parliament has been brought to a close in a manner that is almost unparalleled in constitutional history. But a week ago, and the majority of the members, satisfied that their labours were finished, departed for their homes, leaving as they thought only routine matter to be attended to. What must have been their surprise and what the surprise of the whole Province, when the announcement was made that the DE BOUCHERVILLE Government no longer existed. At first it was said they had resigned, but that a Ministry supported by two-thirds of the House should have resigned without any reason being made public, was so improbable, especially when the leader of the one-third had been called on to form a new Government, that the true story that they had been dismissed from office was at once accepted by all impartial observers.

A crisis has come and has terminated, and it becomes our duty to give to the readers of our paper an unbiased statement of the facts. A few days previous to the 1st March it had been rumoured that the Lieutenant-Governor intended to reserve the Government Railway Bill for the consideration of the Federal authorities, and this rumour was intensified when on the 3rd of March, all legislative proceedings having been suspended the previous day, it was announced that Mr. DE BOUCHERVILLE and his Cabinet had been dismissed from office, and that Mr. JOLY, the leader of the Opposition, had been entrusted with the formation of a new Ministry. Excitement through-

out the Province was intense and became still more so when the House was adjourned from day to day without any official explanation having been given by either party. The formation of a new Ministry from the ranks of so small an Opposition that could in any way be looked upon with favour by the Province appeared to be impossible, and when it was found that Mr. JOLY was endeavouring to form a Coalition Cabinet without success, it was the opinion of many that he would have declined to take office. Finding, however, that all offers were refused and even overtures rejected by the Conservatives, he reverted to the idea of forming a "straight Liberal Government," and on the 8th inst., the names of the new Cabinet were officially announced in the House. They are as follows:—

Hon. Mr. JOLY, Premier, Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works.

Hon. D. A. ROSS, Attorney-General.

Hon. P. BACHAND, Treasurer.

Hon. F. G. MARCHAND, Provincial Secretary.

Hon. F. LANGELIER, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Hon. A. CHAUVEAU, Solicitor-General.

Hon. Hy. STARNES, President of the Council.

All but two of the above gentlemen were members of one or the other House, and as on their being sworn in, their seats became vacant, the supporters of the new Ministry numbered but seventeen, whereas the new Opposition numbered forty-four. Therefore, when the House opened on Friday, the 8th inst., the singular spectacle was exhibited of almost empty Ministerial benches on the one side, and crowded Opposition benches on the other. The result was that on the first day of holding office, want of confidence in the new Ministry was voted thrice, and on the second a fourth was under discussion when the Usher of the Black Rod summoned the Lower House to the presence of the Lieut.-Governor in the Legislative Council Chamber where he then and there prorogued both Houses, intimating his intention of dissolving the Legislative Assembly with a view of obtaining the opinion of the people of the Province on his action in dismissing the late Government. The Royal assent, however, was given to all Bills passed during the session excepting the Railway Bill which was reserved, and the new Taxes Bill which was not mentioned, and therefore must have been vetoed.

When the members of the Legislative Assembly were summoned to the Council Chamber, the Speaker was followed by the Ministerial members only, and on his return the members of the Opposition who had remained in their seats rose, sang "God Save the Queen," and gave three cheers for "Her Majesty," "the Constitution," "Popular Rights," and the "Hon. Mr. Angers."

The explanation as given in both Houses consisted in the reading of a correspondence which showed that the late Government had introduced certain important measures without first consulting the Lieutenant-Governor, but it was accompanied by a detailing of conversations between the same parties from which it was claimed that the late Government had assumed the consent of the Lieut.-Governor as it had been customary under his predecessor, and even M<sup>r</sup>. LEJELLIER declared that his advisers had acted in good faith.

The new Government have the necessary funds to carry on the affairs of the Province till the 30th June next, and as the supplies for the ensuing year were refused at the last moment, a new Parliament must assemble before that date in order that they may be voted.

Whether or not the present Administration will be supported at the general elections, and thus the action of the Lieutenant-Governor be approved by the people, is a question which is of secondary importance at the present stage. The momentous point is whether a cardinal principle of constitutional government

may be set aside for no other stronger reasons than those set forth by the present Governor of the Province. Party feeling should be thrown to the winds in a popular estimate of this central fact, and the people have to set before their eyes this rather startling alternative: Shall we continue as we have been since Confederation, or must we revert to Legislative Union?

#### THE LIQUEFACTION OF OXYGEN

Ours is not a scientific journal, but there are certain momentous discoveries of modern science which all papers should make known to their readers, on account of the necessary instruction which they convey. Lately, M. CATELET, a French chemist, succeeded in compressing nitric oxide, methyl hydride, and acetylene to the liquid form, thus reducing the number of permanent gases to hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. Now the information comes to us that M. PETER, of Geneva, has been successful in liquefying the latter of these. We may describe the process thus briefly:—By a double circulation of sulphurous acid and carbonic acid, the latter gas is liquefied at a temperature of 65° of cold, under a pressure of from four to six atmospheres. The liquefied carbonic acid is conducted into a tube four metres long; two combined pumps produce a barometric vacuum over the acid which is solidified in consequence of the difference of pressure. In the interior of this first tube containing solidified carbonic acid is passed a tube of a slightly less diameter, in which circulates a current of oxygen produced in a generator containing chloride of potash, and the form of which is that of a large shell thick enough to prevent all danger from explosion. The pressure may be thus carried to eight hundred atmospheres. All the apparatus being arranged as described, and under a pressure which did not exceed three hundred atmospheres, a liquid jet of oxygen issued from the extremity of the tube, at the moment when this compressed and refrigerated gas passed from that high pressure to the pressure of the atmosphere. The great scientific interest of this experiment is that it demonstrates experimentally the truth of the mechanical theory of heat, by establishing that all gases are vapours capable of passing through the three states—solid, liquid, and gaseous. After the experiment of M. RAOUX PETER there remain not more than two elemental gases which have hitherto escaped the attempt at liquefaction—hydrogen and nitrogen.

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

AN exhibition of fans and a competition in the art of fan making are about to be held in London, under the auspices of the Fan Maker's Company.

LONDON lawyers who are thinking of going next summer straight from the Temple to the high Alps, should not read a paper in *Temple Bar* on the dangers of Alpine mountaineering. It describes the fate of several London lawyers who, within the last few years, have lost their lives in the bewitching but treacherous regions of eternal ice and snow. It is to be hoped that these lawyers who intend to go will not read this warning, and thus be deterred.

ALL the young ladies are singing Lord Dunmore's new song. Not only as a composer does he appear, but as a violinist he is one of the few men who ever took up a violin after one-and-twenty, masters it sufficiently to play in all the classical quartets, even under the baton of Costa. His kinsman, the Duke of Athole, is no mean performer on the bag-pipes, but has as yet never performed under Sir Michael's bat.

A ROYAL Commission has been set on foot to inquire into the constitutions and operation of the University of London and especially its relation with the affiliated colleges. The movement is believed to have a fair chance of success; and it is expected that it will develop a scheme for the establishment of high class schools in London, and the bettering of those which already exist and are connected evidently with the London University.

WITH regard to dog licences, the Inland Revenue Commission report that the machinery of their department is insufficient for the extensive discovery of defaulters, and referring to a suggestion that all dogs should be compelled

to wear an official collar, says the details of any such regulations when examined would be found so objectionable as to be practically impossible. We should rather think it would! The joke was too good to enter the House of Commons.

MR. GLADSTONE is undoubtedly in bad odour with the public just now. Fearing a demonstration of a disagreeable kind the other night, an extra guard of policemen were placed on the Harley street beat, but the precaution was unnecessary, for the very dirty windows by which the right hon. gentleman's house is distinguished remained intact. Even the ladies are warlike just now, if we may judge by a present which Mr. Gladstone has just received from the women of Bridgport. These fair ones have kindly forwarded him a halter.

"The New Liberal Club." The members will consist of those for whom "The Reform Club" is not advanced enough in its political principles. Mr. Gladstone has consented to become a member of this new institution, but Lord Harrington and nearly all the former colleagues of the ex-Premier have declined the honour. This can only be taken as an additional proof of the permanent split which has taken place in the party. The "New Liberals" form now a body quite separate from the old Whigs.

THEATRICAL managers are in a sore dilemma. The recent prosecutions of Mr. Robertson and Mr. Hengler, for employing children in their respective entertainments, is leading to a sudden collapse of the pantomimes in which juvenile performers are a feature. It is estimated that the number of children so employed in the metropolitan and suburban theatres was about 12,000, the salaries averaging 5s. per week for each child. The prosecutions were instituted by order of the London School Board, and it is a question if they have not done more harm than good. The Board might have looked on one side at this infringement.

A NEW and ingenious method of pilfering has been inaugurated round London. At a recent football match at Richmond, the members of the two clubs engaged hired a room at a neighbouring inn where they changed clothes, locking the door when they had finished, and gave the key to the landlord. No sooner had they gone than a young man, apparently a gentleman, came hurriedly into the inn, and he was afraid he was very late, obtained the key from the landlord, who thought of course he was a member of one of the teams, and after having helped himself to all the money and watches of the thirty-two players, he managed to escape. Search was made for his name and address.

IN the course of the next three months steps at least will have been taken to rid our metropolis of one reproach, namely, that its Cathedral has not got a peal of bells. A peal of twelve bells is in the course of being cast by a firm at Loughborough, and the frame which is to receive them is also being prepared. So, before the summer is well upon us, we shall hear a carillon of chimes once more upon Langbath-hill, just as in the days before the Great Fire, which melted down the bells which the Reformers and the Puritans had spared. It is to be hoped that this step, for which we have mainly to thank the activity of two High Church Canon, will be a real addition to the chimes and bells of London.

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE present Paris fashion for names on ornaments is to wear them run through with a spit, all the letters being uneven and falling about as if shuddered, and there are names on everything. A great deal of familiarity is created by this new fashion. Gentlemen who ignore the surnames of young ladies, speak of them as Jeanne and Marguerite, simply because *es dénommées* have thus ticketed themselves round the throat and on their reticules, instep and belts.

A *parure* of garnets, which has just been manufactured for Lady Dudley, by a jeweller of Prague, is pronounced by connoisseurs of that city to be quite unique. The set comprises a diadem, a brooch, a pair of bracelets, and a pair of earrings, all of Bohemian garnets. In the centre of the diadem, which represents a ship, is a garnet of extraordinary size and beauty, weighing 1½ carats, and which was found near Freiberg. The price of the entire *parure* was very moderate, not having exceeded £2,500.

THE French appear to have the command of the Paetolus, so freely do they vote vast sums for the Exhibition: each Minister has been allowed extras to entertain coming guests. The weather continues to be very favourable for finishing the works. The rotundo of the Trocadero will have no less than 50 state lodges, each preceded by a boudoir, where parties can lunch, or take tea, before a representation, or pending the interludes. The ventilation of the vast hall enables the fresh air to enter by the roof, and machinery will drive the vitiated air to escape under the seats; it is said that, if all the doors even were left open, no currents will be felt.

The race of *enfants terribles* is as numberless as in those joyous days when Giovanni limned

them, but so is the forbearance of the French people, whose kindness to children is their great redeeming quality. So it fell out some time since that all Paris palpitated with excitement when a judge's child was kidnapped in the Tuileries Gardens, and carried off and concealed in the country by a girl who presented the babe to her lover in the hope that he would marry her. Another child, the son of wealthy parents, has been enticed from his home by a foul witch Syconax, who lived with her daughter in grim repose in the navel of the hideous wood. They carried off the poor child for the mere gratification of their cruel instinct. They set a dog at him, which tore his flesh with sharp fangs; stuffed wood in his mouth to stifle his cries, and after keeping him concealed for some days in their lair they laid him down in the depths of the forest to die. His moans were fortunately overheard by some woodcutters, and this strange tale of human perversity was revealed. One of the hags is sentenced to six years' hard labour, and her accomplice, who was acquitted, left the Court showering curses on all around her.

THE DEATH AND OBSEQUIES OF THE POPE.

From time immemorial the Roman Catholic Church has surrounded every event in its career with an amount of ceremonial intended to impress the ordinary mind with the awful solemnity and importance of its movements. An instance of this is presented in the accompanying engravings, where the elaborate ceremony of "verifying the death of the Pope" is in process of performance by the Cardinal Camerlingo, in this case Cardinal Pecci, now the occupant of the pontifical chair. As soon as it is ascertained that dissolution has positively taken place, it is the duty of the Cardinal Secretary of State to convey the information to the Camerlingo, who from that moment becomes the Vice-Pope, the sole supreme ruler within and without the palace. It is for him to repair to the Pope's death-chamber, to knock at the door with a silver mallet, and, upon receiving no answer, to step up to the death-bed and "tap the corpse on the forehead, fall on his knees before the motionless body, and pronounce the words, 'Dominus Papa meus mortuus est.'"

This is but a small part of the numberless ceremonies that attend the dissolution of a Pope, for whose last hours an elaborate routine is arranged, calculated to invest Death with double his usual terrors. There is no possibility of a Pope's slipping quietly out of life, ignorant of the great change until it is upon him, for the physicians who attend him have strict orders to apprise the sick man of the approach of his last hour. From that moment, according to the prescriptions of Pope Innocent III., no favour can be granted by the dying pontiff; no act of his is valid unless countersigned by two Cardinals appointed for that purpose. It is the custom, when the physicians have issued the fatal fiat, for the Pope to cause the Cardinals to be summoned, in order to make his profession of faith, to declare the contents of his will, to choose his place of interment, and to publicly demand forgiveness for his errors. In this last respect he must state the debts he has contracted in the name of the Church, and reveal the place where he has concealed his treasures. After all this is done he is permitted to give the assembled Cardinals advice as to the choice of his successor. Then he dismisses them. From that moment there remains near the dying pontiff only his confessors, his chamberlain, and his domestic prelates. It may be said that he is already dead so far as the world is concerned. Every thing that occurs up to the moment that he breathes his last is known only to his intimates.

As soon as the fatal moment is near, the Pope receives the sacraments. A couple of wax lights are kept burning in the chamber near a crucifix. The crucifix is presented to the dying pontiff, so that he may press it to his lips until death paralyzes the hand that holds it. During all this time the *penitencieri* recite the offices for the dead. They only cease when the last breath has left the body. Then follows the ceremony of "Verification," as already described. The corpse of the Pope is exposed for three days in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament at St. Peter's. Then, in the presence of three Cardinals who have been previously chosen by the dead, it is inclosed in three coffins—one of lead, one of cypress wood, and one of oak. The authorities then take charge of the obsequies. These are confined to the care of the College of Cardinals, who cause a large catafalque to be erected in the nave of St. Peter's. Then, in the presence of all the Cardinals, a mass and requiem are chanted, and candles of yellow wax are freely distributed to the public. When the ninth day arrives, the mass is sung by a Cardinal-Bishop, assisted by all the mitred Cardinals. Then five of them ascend to the catafalque with an incense-burner and a holy-water sprinkler. After this the ceremony of interment is proceeded with. It takes place either in the spot selected by the deceased Pope or in St. Peter's, if no other place has been designated.

MAX STRAKOSCH assures a Western interviewer that he has no less than ninety people with him, who cost him about \$8,000 a week. He says that from the 7th of January to the 7th of February he has received \$55,000. His highest salary is \$5,000 a month and his lowest \$25 a week. He intends to abolish the practice of sending bouquets to the stage and transfer them to the dressing-rooms.

FALCONWOOD LUNATIC ASYLUM.

This fine building is in course of erection near Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island. The following is an extract from a report on the building, its site and arrangement: The site chosen for the building is situated on the north bank of the Hillsborough River, being about 100 acres in extent, and generally known by the name of Falconwood. It is about three miles distant from Charlottetown, and for a long time has been used as the Government Model Farm.

There are about thirty acres of woodland. A fine grove of beech, birch and maple trees, intermixed with spruce, skirt the north side of the fields chosen for the site. These will form a good protection from north winds in winter, and with a little judicious thinning of underbrush, will make a fine park for summer use. The carriage entrance to the Asylum will be along the Model Farm Road, branching from thence under the large avenue of trees, and winding through the wood near the western part of the farm at the entrance to Coles' Creek, and thence up along the front of the building.

In locating the Asylum, all the natural advantages of the situation have been taken hold of. It has been arranged so that the patients in the front dormitories will have the benefit of direct sunlight from sunrise till about two o'clock in the afternoon, while those in the rear will have it from three till sunset. The recreation hall and day rooms will receive the sunlight during the whole day. From each of the recreation hall bay-windows there will be a beautiful prospect of the river and town. A large belt of woodland will protect the rear of the building in winter. The highest point in the field has been taken for the centre of the building, and in the survey made of the site, a very strange coincidence happened, namely, that from this central point to the extreme points east and west to where the building, when altogether completed, is to extend, a distance of seven hundred and seventy-nine feet, there was a natural fall in the land to the east of 6 feet, and to the west of 6 feet 1 inch, thus making a fine natural grade line for the face of the building. By grading the earth excavated from the basement, the natural surface around the building will be raised on an average 3 feet all round, thus giving a very good grade from front and back of the building down to the shore. This grading will be sown with grass, thus giving a pleasing effect to the lower stonework of the building, which will show about five feet above the finished grade line.

The buildings are to be built of brick, having stone window sills. The style of the architecture has been kept as simple as possible, and the architectural effect will depend upon the broad masses of the separate sections. To make a prominent central feature, the administration block has been carried up one story above the surrounding buildings, and the water-tanks are to be placed in a tower rising out of this central roof, the iron van of which will be 163 feet above the surface of the ground and 41 feet above the roof of the administration building.

Everything has been arranged, both in the internal arrangements and outside appearance of the building, to keep from the minds of the patients the idea of prison life. At each end and centre of the recreation hall there will be large day rooms, pleasantly lighted by bay windows, from which a beautiful view of the river may be had, arranged in situation so that the sun will continually shine into some of the windows from morning until night.

When all the future extensions of the buildings are completed, there will be accommodation for two patients. The central block of buildings is devoted to administration office in the front, and kitchen arrangements in the rear. The ground and first stories will be used for physicians' apartments, officers' sleeping-rooms, and chapel. In the upper stories of this building convalescents are to be placed.

Connected with this central building by long fire-proof corridors, there are two large wings—one on the east side and one on the west. Each wing is to be three stories high, beside having basement and attic. Eighty-seven patients may be accommodated in either of the wings, and these patients classified into twenty-nine inmates for each ward. Each ward may be subdivided into two distinct portions, by having an iron sliding door in the centre.

The general classification will place all the female patients to the right of centre building, and all the males to the left.

The building, when finished, will be an ornament to the locality, and a lasting monument of the humanity of the people of Prince Edward Island, in thus providing for the unfortunates who cannot provide for themselves.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"MARRIAGE! Pooh! don't men shun it!" exclaimed the maiden aunt. "Indeed they don't," replied her lovely niece.

A CAUTIOUS Chicago lover wrote letters to his sweetheart in ink that would speedily die out, so that when she desired to use them in a breach of promise suit they were only blank paper.

"NEVER be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish Peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; "the only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the fault of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."

SNIPPERS refused to get his wife a new hat,

and soon after his little girl came in and said: "Mamma, won't you buy me a monkey to play with when you go down town?"—"No, darling—wait till you are older, and then marry one, as I did," replied the grief-stricken wife, her tears bursting forth afresh.

THE LUSUS NATURÆ OF ST. BENOIT.

Nothing like these monomphalian children of a certain M. Drouin, of St. Benoit, in the Province of Quebec, has ever been seen on the American Continent. They are two beautiful female infants, two months old, who are united below the ribs, and terminate by an ordinary basin and two perfect legs. In front these children present no deformity whatever, but the posterior plane offers the rudiments of a third leg inserted on the median line of the basin. For the use of this curiosity during five years, American exhibitors or showmen have offered the parents \$25,000. This they have refused. But we understand that it will shortly be exhibited in this city. We have published a pen-and-ink sketch of it entirely in the interests of science.

BURLESQUE.

SHE COULDN'T APPRECIATE PRUDENCE.—Something went wrong in business the other day, and Mr. Schrobiker reached home in the evening in a very bad humour. His wife met him at the door in her usual cordial and affectionate manner, but his response was gruff and grim.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Thomas?—you act so strangely," asked the fond wife with much solicitude.

"The fact is, I'm mad!—mad at all creation—and feel like killing somebody," replied the husband.

"Oh, dear! that's dreadful! It's downright shocking. You shouldn't feel so; who is it you want to kill?"

"Anybody—everybody."

"And me too? Are you mad with me?"

"Oh, no, not you, of course, but everybody else. I just want to do something desperate. I feel as though I could eat up a dozen men. Oh, if I only had somebody to pound, wouldn't I give some starving surgeon a job, though?" And Schrobiker glared savagely as he kicked over a chair and a table.

That night, away along about the small hours, there was a noisy clatter in the next room, and Mrs. Schrobiker clutched her husband by the arm and said:

"Thomas! Thomas! wake up—the house is full of burglars! Get up and drive 'em out, and give the doctors something to do. The chance you wanted is right here in the house now."

But Mr. Schrobiker having recovered from his mad spell, had changed his mind, and no longer thirsted for gore; so he got out of the bed and crawled under it, and told his wife to tell the burglars if they came into the room to help themselves to whatever they could carry and clear out in peace. Mrs. S., however, didn't propose to see her property taken away without a fight, and paying no attention to her husband's chattering entreaties to seek safety by his side, she struck a light and marched boldly into the adjoining chamber, with blood in her eye and an iron boot-jack in her hand, to drive out the robbers.

A few minutes later Mr. Schrobiker scrambled out from under the bed with a very sheepish look, and declared he'd kill the cat if she wasn't kept out of doors hereafter. This thing of having a cat prowling around in the house of nights, rolling pitchers off the table and disturbing the rest of a hard-working man had got to be stopped or somebody will get hurt, that is certain.

"But you'll let somebody else take that part of the contract, won't you?" asked the wife with a tantalizing smile.

He only muttered in reply, as he got back into bed, that a woman never could appreciate prudence.

VARIETIES.

THE Sultan has required the resignation of all British officers holding commissions in his service, and Colonels V. Baker and Ailix have already left the country.

GENERAL TODLEBEN'S official report upon the siege and fall of Plevna has been published in the *Invailid Russ*. It deals with the events which it relates from a purely military point of view. The author bestows high praise upon the valor and perseverance of the Turks.

COUNT LAFAYETTE, the Italian envoy sent to St. Petersburg to notify the accession of King Humbert to the Italian throne, took with him an autograph letter from the King. He was received by the Emperor on the 8th inst., having been conveyed to the palace in a Court carriage drawn by six horses. A Court dinner was given in his honour on Monday last.

PICTURE OF ISRAELI-BEACONSFIELD.—A London correspondent says: "I saw not long ago this striking personage step out of his carriage and walk leisurely through a street near Piccadilly alone. He was dressed in plain black, without ornaments; his head was bowed, his face strong and sad; his strange, piercing, powerful eye looking at nothing before him, or nothing that was visible; he seemed the personification of all that he is called in the present

hour of his greatness, a 'modern Machiavelli,' a 'sphinx,' an Italian 'jettatore,' or 'Evil Eye'—the cruellest of all. \* \* \* I am told that at the garden parties of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, and other great houses, and at Buckingham Palace, you may see the Prime Minister wandering about among the throng of eminent men and beautiful women, like an evil spirit, without a word for any one save when necessity compels, his face the expression of moody and saturnine discontent, tinged with contempt and lofty scorn. Now that he has reached his goal—gained his paradise—he finds, perhaps, the soil strewn with ashes, and that it is not the paradise after all that brings peace to the soul."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

PRESIDENT and Mrs. Hayes decline all invitations to the theatre.

E. A. SOTHERN'S right name is Douglas Stewart.

DI MURKA'S last husband is named Hill, and they live in Denver.

IN 1846, Joe Jefferson, light comedian, made in a Baltimore theatre \$7 a week, besides \$2.50 for helping to paint scenery.

M. DE FLOUW has delivered to M. Esquier, of the Italian Opera in Paris, the complete score of a new four act opera.

M. BARDOUX, Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, has demanded that 30,000*fr.* be inscribed upon the Budget as a subvention for the popular concerts in Paris. This present acknowledgment of the efforts of M. Pasdeloup to popularize classical music in France will give universal pleasure.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS' married name is Canter. Her husband's father objected to having the sacred name of Canter used on the stage, so young Canter, by law, took the maiden name of his mother, Scott. Miss Siddons objected to giving up her name, and so the matter was compromised by both assuming the name Scott-Siddons.

LITERARY.

JOAQUIN MILLER makes about \$4,000 a year by his pen.

GEORGE ELIOT has cleared £10,000 on "Daniel Deronda."

GEORGE ELIOT'S last novelette, "The Lifted Veil," is described by a good critic as altogether disagreeable, with not an element of interest in it.

AN Omaha telegram says that Miss May Fisk, an actress, a cousin of the late James Fisk, Jr., delivered a lecture on "Womanly Duties" in a Pullman palace car, lately, on a through train from the West. The lady stood at one end of the car, her audience facing her. She kept her feet, notwithstanding the vibration of the train, and spoke for about half an hour.

THE English public shows itself somewhat in advance of the American on the question of reform on popular literature. An effort is already being made in London to suppress the pernicious cheap juvenile literature which is doing so much to make young criminals of those who read it, and the sale of *Wild Boys of London* and several similar publications has been prohibited.

A CORRESPONDENT says George Eliot's home life is a very charming one. She exercises an active supervision and develops a most comprehensive management and exquisite taste in every detail of the household. In composition she is very slow and methodical, writing not more than from forty to sixty lines a day. When a book is completed she is in such a state of nervous exhaustion that her husband takes her to Italy or Southern France to recuperate. While writing she must be scrupulously arranged as to her person, while every detail of her surroundings must be in harmonious place. Her information is encyclopaedic in its extent and as exact as the sciences. She belongs to a materialistic school of thought.

FASHION NOTES.

THE short dress for the street is at last an accomplished fact.

GENTLEMEN wear cameo rings or dark stones with intaglio cutting.

SEVERAL rows of knife-pleated lace will be used for trimming mantles.

MOST of the wide collars and cuffs have a lace frill to stand around the neck and wrists.

GET sheer striped muslin, or else dimity, and work the edges in coloured scallops for drapery for an infant's basket.

A HALF-DOZENSACQUE or else a Dolman mantle of black silk or of camel-hair, with jet and fringe for trimming, is what you want for the spring.

CARRICK capes promise to be much worn on various spring garments. They are seen on cloth sacques, on basques of plain costumes, on polonaises, on Dolmans, on English cloth cloaks, and finally on linen Ulsters.

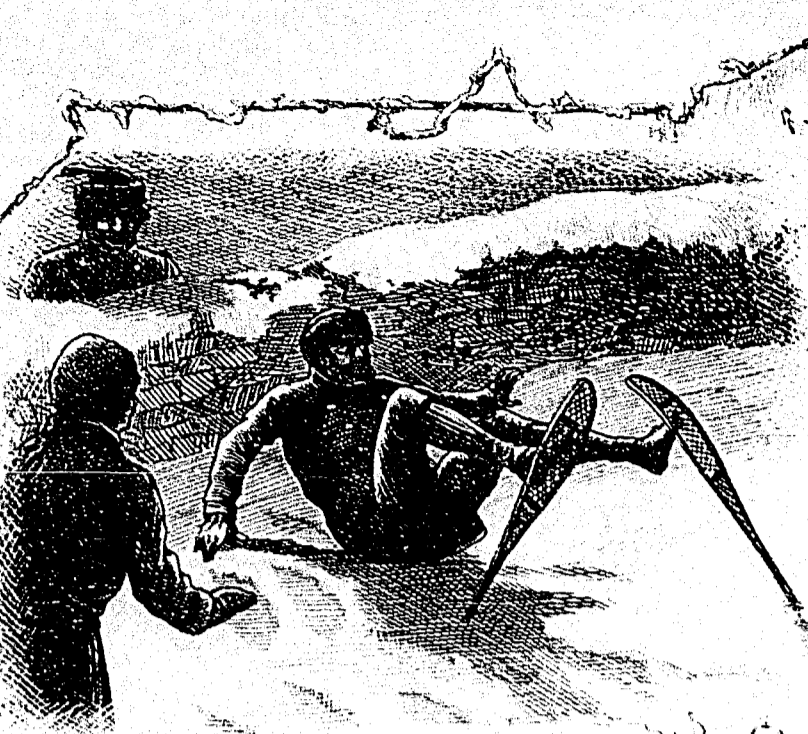
THE furnishing stores display new costumes of percale, cambric, and Scotch gingham, trimmed with pleated frills of the material, on which fall scant ruffles of white Hamburg embroidery. The favourite design for these is the pleated basque.

CAMBRIC wrappers are also being fancifully made at the furnishing houses. The prettiest of these have a yoke with Watteau pleating in the back, and are made of bordered cambrics, with the border used for trimming down the front, edging the yoke, pockets, collar and cuffs.

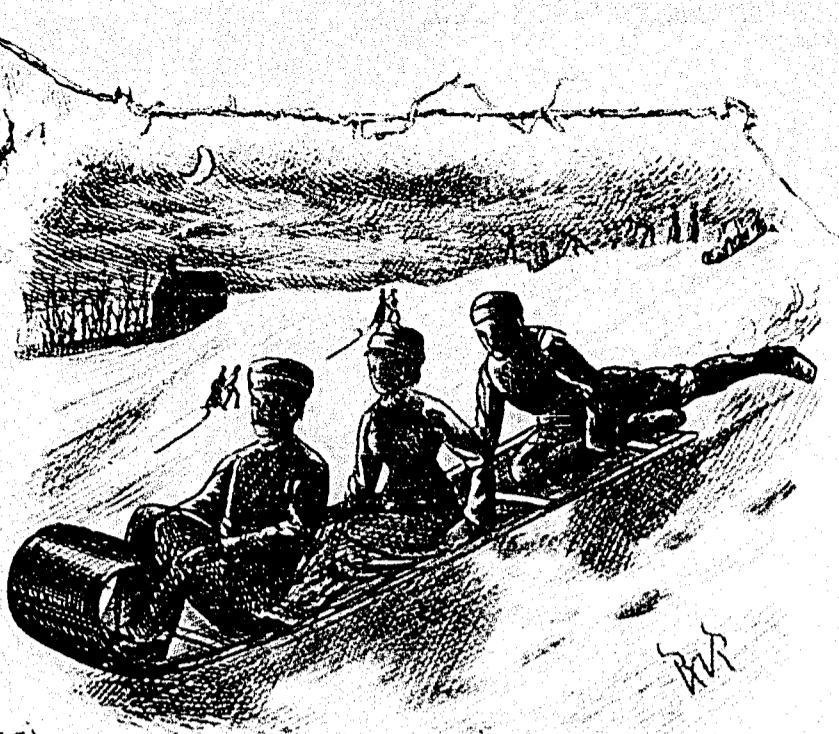
SILKS of light quality with raised figures are offered for spring costumes, or as parts of combination suits. These are more stylish than checked or striped silks sold for the same money, but they do not wear so well, as the raised figures are apt to fray; they serve, however, for a season, or as long as the capricious fashion lasts.

To make yourself look more slender you should wear the princess underclothing with yoke skirts and with close-fitting chemises that add nothing to the figure. Arrange your hair so that it will add nothing to the size of your head. Braid the back hair, and make a coil of it high on the crown, wave the front hair, and comb it back from the temples.

PUT velvet buttons on a silk dress trimmed with velvet. Put wide panels of velvet down the sides of the over-skirt, and edge it with fringe. The velvet flounce should be so deep that the bottom of the over-skirt will cover the top of the flounce, and make the skirt seem to be entirely of velvet. Turn the edge of the flounce under, and face it with silk. Gathered flounces are very smart. Pleated velvet flounces are twice the length of the space to be covered.



ONE WAY OF GETTING OVER A WALL.



TAKING DOWN A LADY.



INDIAN FILE.



A NOVICE'S EXPERIENCE.



TRYING EXPERIMENTS WITH THE USUAL RESULT.



GOING DOWN STANDING.

WINTER SPORTS IN NOVA SCOTIA.—FROM SKETCHES BY R. W. RUTHERFORD.



MONTREAL.—THE CONSERVATORY OF MR. ANDREW ALLAN, THROWN OPEN TO THE MONTREAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE DESERTER.

SCENE—IN BOHEMIA.

Gladi! Don't I say so! Aren't your fingers numb where they've felt the home returning wanderer's grip? Sit down! I will!

Put my umbrella somewhere Where it won't drip.

My book—that parcel—thanks! What is it? Mrs. Barbauld's—no, I mean, Plato's Nursery Rhymes—Barton's Anst—oh, never mind it! This is Just like old times.

Thank you, I will take something. No, not whiskey. I've cut that—oh dear, yes, of course! from choice. One lemonade! Jave! I feel younger—frisky— One of the boys.

Give an account? Oh, I've been quite the raver. These two years—yes, I've only just got home. Set out in April. Roughish passage over. Went first to Rome.

I staid in Paris longer than I meant to: (I had to break the trip there coming back From Rome). Bonn was the next place that I went to— Met you there, Jack.

You, with an ancient relative and a Murray— Relatives dead? I hope he— Ah, that's right! I say, what made you leave in such a hurry. On Christmas night?

I got engaged that last week in December. —Didn't you meet the Carltons in Bordeaux? You knew the girls. Mine's Florry. You remember— The blonde, you know.

You—what? God bless me! And you were refused, eh? Of course you were. That's why you looked so blue That Christmas? Yawas! I called the following Tuesday. Sorry for you.

Hope, though, since then, some fair maid has consoled you? Not! Hence you say. Poor fellow, that's too bad. My wife— Of course I am. Hadn't I told you? I thought I had.

Ah, boys! These pleasant memories stealing over me— I think I will take a Habana now. Thank you, old man. You'll have to roll it for me. I forget how.

Well, this is pleasant. Bacco, takes vivacious. And beer. Frolic youth's free spring once more I quaff. A wild Bohemian. Five o'clock! Good—gracious! Somewhat? I'm off!

No, positively can't. My wife—my dinner. Always in, evenings; people sometimes call. (Here, Jack!) one word—no grudge against the winner! Shake it! Good-bye, all!

And—I suppose my small domestic heaven Would much interest you? If it did— Fellows! come up next Sunday—tea at seven— And—

By Kid.

KIT LAYER'S DAUGHTER.

It was a cold, gloomy night, in the year 1722, when, at the "Green Man," in Apping Forest, a small party had assembled ostensibly to celebrate the birthday of Kit Layer's daughter.

She was a charming girl of eighteen, and the daughter of a well-known barrister, Christopher Layer, who was shrewdly suspected of being more devoted to the cause of the exiled royal family than to his profession.

Be this as it may, on the present occasion he was seated in a room surrounded by his family, consisting of his wife, his eldest child, Arabella, the young lady in question, other youngsters, and two friends, one John Dobson, a citizen of renown, and the other a student of his own profession, Lawrence Wilton, a stalwart, handsome young man of one-and-twenty, whose proximity to Bella, with the shy glances with which she continually indulged him, together with his own whispered words, appeared to indicate a considerable amount of intimacy, if not of affection.

Christopher Layer—or, as his friends called him, Kit—was a stout, burly, handsome man, of about forty; his wife, as is often the case in matrimony, a meek, timid little thing, with very little to say for herself; but, then, her husband made up for this deficiency by his loud talk with his compeer, John Dobson, a relative of his spouse.

They were speaking rather in an enigmatical tone, using odd words to express their meaning, which sufficiently indicated the topic on which they were engaged—the claims of "James the Third" to the throne of England.

There was no particular reason for this secrecy just then, but it was a habit with those who were continually engaged in conspiracy had got into, and which were usually necessary, as no man could say from one moment to another in to whose company he might not be thrown.

The mother contrived to amuse herself with her younger children, occasionally turning to smile at the elder-born, whose unalloyed happiness reminded her of her younger days, before Christopher Layer became the rather moody and thoughtful man he was now.

This had been the case ever since he had made a journey to Rome, to have an interview with "James the Third" and his consort, from which he had come back very elated, but, at the same time secret, and, save her, never telling his affairs to anyone.

His elation was caused by the fact of the Prince and Princess standing sponsors by proxy for his eldest child, Arabella.

But there all satisfactory results ceased. The barrister had chambers in the Middle Temple, but he was seldom found there. His clerk either said he was gone out for the day, or was in the country, so that his business fell off rapidly, and had he not possessed a private fortune, things would have gone badly with him.

Where was he all the time? It is well known that in this age and time of conspiracy and overthrow of the Government, in order to disarm suspicion, and throw the powers that existed off the scent, employed female agents, who were as active, cunning, and far more unscrupulous than the men.

Some of these travelled about the country; others lived in handsome lodgings, where they received their friends under the pretence of routes and card parties.

In this way the conspirators had an excuse for meeting, which naturally allayed suspicion, and, as a rule, no one was admitted save known and trusted Jacobites, all went swimmingly for awhile.

But of these female agents and their influences on the plot we have to speak anon. We are now at the "Green Man" in Epping Forest.

It is late. All the other guests have departed. The birthday party was to stay all night, and the landlord, a friend of Layer's, was suggesting another bowl, when a loud knocking was heard at the door.

Layer and Dobson exchanged startled glances. They looked troubled and alarmed.

Some mysterious arrests had been made of late, which seemed to indicate a greater knowledge, on the part of the Government, of what was going on than was safe or pleasant.

"What can it be?" asked Layer. "Tis a late hour for travellers across Epping Forest."

"I must go see," answered the landlord, rather ruefully, "or they will knock the door down!"

And he went out, opened a small wicket in the stout oak panel, and peered out into the night.

"Who knocks at this unseasonable hour?" he asked, in a harsh and smily tone.

"Friends to see Kit Layer," replied a rather commanding voice. "We were told he was down here janticketing, and have followed, having important business."

Layer, with rather a troubled face, was listening behind the barley hest.

"I must open," whispered the landlord. "If they are officers, they will have the warrant; if not, there is no harm done. Go back to your feasting, and brew the punch."

With which words he opened the door, letting in a heavy amount of wind, snow, and sleet, as well as two men closely wrapped up, wearing three-cornered hats, rapiers, and carrying heavy swords, with a formidable array of pistols.

"See to our horses!" one of them remarked: "we do not intend turning out any more to-night. Which way?"

The landlord pointed to the room, gave his orders to a sleepy ostler, and then followed his new guests in a very suspicious mood.

But as he entered the room, he found Layer shaking hands heartily with both.

When they throw off their cloaks, they stood revealed plainly-dressed gentlemen of the period.

"There is supper left, and to spare," said Layer, after handing them a steaming goblet of punch.

The travellers confessed themselves hungry, having travelled from Dover with very little stoppage, and therefore were glad of supper.

As soon as this meal had been disposed of, amid general conversation the ladies retired, as did Lawrence Wilton.

Much as he esteemed the barrister—much as he loved his beautiful daughter, he had no sympathy with his political proclivities—was, indeed, a frank supporter of the Government.

Still, whatever he might suspect or know he kept to himself.

As soon as the four men were alone—the landlord, after supplying all they wanted, discreetly withdrew—they began to talk earnestly.

The two new-comers were men of rank, of desperate fortunes, and little more than their lives to lose. In those days, as in ours, all movements which have a tendency to advance the cause of Rome were sure to find support from the Vatican. But for the fatal facility with which money could be obtained from that quarter, all these movements to restore Catholic supremacy would have been impossible.

One was Lord Creighton, the other Sir Thomas Daring.

"What news?" asked Layer, taking out a large jorum of punch from the bowl.

"All is ready," said Creighton, gravely; "that is, if His Majesty can have assurance that he will find support in London. Doings in the country are all very well; but those who hold the purse-strings want to be sure of London."

"And they shall be made sure," replied Layer, with that earnest enthusiasm and belief in his cause which specially characterized him.

"To-morrow night you shall be present at our meeting, when you will find nobles, citizens, and even apprentices."

"But no spies, I hope," continued Creighton, shaking his head. "There have been rumours in Rome that certain arrests have been made from treachery."

"I can scarcely believe it possible," replied Layer, gloomily; "and yet fears have entered my soul."

"I fear you have trusted women too much," was the dry remark of Creighton. "Rely upon it, the kind of women you have to employ are quite as likely to be traitors as conspirators."

Layer's dark face flushed.

"My lord," he cried, "I believe I am as good a judge of human nature as yourself. I have only trusted Kate Carson where we meet to-morrow night, in Southampton Buildings, and Darry Dorset in Queen Place, Lincoln's Inn. I would answer for their honesty with my life."

"I am bound to believe you, Layer; but if our great undertaking is a failure, I shall always believe a Dehlah at the bottom of it," retorted Creighton; "and as we are very weary, let us have one more parting glass, and retire."

The landlord who had been smoking and drinking in solitary state, was now summoned to join them in a last bowl, which he accordingly brewed with his own hands. It was not the worst of the evening and that finished, all retired.

Next day the birthday party went back alone, the two Jacobite agents taking a different route. The men rode on horseback, the women and children in one of the heavy vehicles of the day.

Layer lived with his family at his chambers in the Middle Temple. Here his movements were utterly unknown to them. When once he went out, no one knew where he went, or when he would come back.

This was a source of great misery to all, but none dared interrogate him.

He was not a man to be questioned.

That evening as Lawrence Wilton was making his way up-stairs on his usual visit, he met his future father-in-law descending in a very grave and thoughtful mood.

"Going out, I see," said Lawrence. "May I expect to see you any more this evening?"

"I cannot say, young man," replied the barrister, gloomily. "My business is very important."

"My dear Mr. Layer," the young man went on, speaking in a low tone, "so soon to be my father-in-law, I wish you would abandon practices which I only too strongly suspect."

"Give up my God, my King, and my country?" was the earnest and fatal reply. "May they forget me if I do! Farewell! Check me not!"

And he passed on, leaving the young man still more convinced of immediate danger.

Lawrence went up to the floor on which the other lived, full of gloomy forebodings.

Layer crossed Fleet Street in the direction of Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

There was a noted tavern a little distance off, and here he first adjourned.

It was the place of rendezvous with the Jacobite agents, who were there dressed like gullants of the period, sipping their wine with perfect Bohemian indifference.

Layer, as a matter of precaution, joined them, and after some few words and a glass, they left.

A queer-looking man in shabby clothes, with a patch on his eye, who had been watching them, followed them, dodging their footsteps to the entrance of the house where Kitty Carson occupied apartments.

The lady, a blonde beauty of five-and-twenty, appeared only too glad to play the part of hostess with other people's money, being an expert and well-known actress when her part was not difficult to play.

She saw to the tables, provided chocolate and more potent liquors, moved about the room, and then attended to the wants of the guests.

As they were nearly all gamblers, and devoted a large time to play as well as business, it was not an unprofitable concern. She received a percentage on all winnings, which was regularly placed in a small bowl.

The rooms were well lighted, the company numerous—Kitty the only woman present—when Layer and the two envoys entered. They were well received.

Kitty now received a hint that a more than usual luxurious and copious supper was expected that night. After this, with a gracious smile, she retired to consult with—whom?

As soon as she was gone, and the door closed and locked behind her, the conspirators closed round the newly-arrived envoys.

At first they contented themselves with reading their credentials, which were general and peremptory.

They had full powers to act.

But their instructions on one point were clear and precise.

"We are well aware in Rome that there are parts of England," said Lord Creighton, "the parts where the faithful remain in large numbers, which are ready and willing to rise. But the Government has only to send out her troops and local militia to beat these risings in detail. London must set the glorious example. This would occupy the Government and the army, and the whole land would, in one burst of wild enthusiasm, rush to our standard."

"It shall be done!" cried Layer, warmly.

"You must seize the Tower, and hold it until the advancing columns reach London, and the usurper is driven from the throne with shame and ignominy!" he continued. "Let this news reach his gracious Majesty, and he will himself land at Dover, and take the command of his faithful friends and adherents."

At this moment the heavy thud of soldiers grounding arms was heard, and then, the door being found closed, there came a loud command to open in the name of the law.

Consternation sat on every face, but Layer drew his sword.

"We are betrayed!" he said, hoarsely. "Let us sell our lives dearly! Anything better than Temple Bar!" he added, with a shudder.

"What did I tell you?" observed Lord Creighton. "Did I not tell you what would come of trusting a woman?"

At this moment the door almost yielded to the knocking. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Gentlemen," suddenly exclaimed a young man, a very exquisite, "no need to explain, but I know a back stairs by which this suite of apartments is reached. If the soldiers have forgotten to guard this, all is well. Follow!"

He darted into Kate Carson's bedroom, hastily removed a pier-glass, and revealed an opening in the wall. There was a sliding panel, which, however, was not closed.

Leading the young gallant, angry and moody, descended a narrow stairs, which brought them to a vaulted chamber, in which was a small doorway.

The gallant, with a meaning smile, produced a key, with which he opened it.

"Disperse," he said, waving his hand as he pointed to a dark and gloomy lane, now as much a thing of the past. "I return to punish the traitress. Farewell."

"Do not be mad, Sir Frederick," cried one of his friends; "she is not worth a thought! If you remain, we all remain."

"I yield for the present," replied the young man.

As soon as they were in the lane they hurried in the direction of Fetter Lane. Not a moment was to be lost.

Doubtless the city was in the hands of the royal troops, who would arrest every suspicious person. There was one thing to be done or reach shelter, the more that Kate Carson did not know the real names of one half of the conspirators.

Hoping for better times, these desperate men shook hands and parted, few eyes to meet again.

Layer, reaching a quiet street, stepped under an archway to rest. To go home was madness. He, at all events, was well known to Kate Carson, and to return to the Middle Temple would be to enter the lion's den.

What, then, should he do? He knew several houses where he would be welcome, but feared to compromise friends.

Then it occurred to him that one of these times where swash-bucklers and rakes kept it up all night would be the safest. He could get into a quiet corner, with the excess of supper and a bottle, and then, before daylight, he would make for Epping Forest, where he knew haunts in which he might hid for weeks.

This decided on, he acted at once.

The inn was at no great distance. Pulling his hat over his eyes, and drawing his check around him, he stalked along with assumed indifference, in case he met the watch. But there was no interruption, and he entered the tavern to all appearance unnoted.

The place, as usual, was crowded; but Layer knew it well, and, pushing through the crowd, reached a back room, where there were benches and tables.

Here he easily found room by a fire, the company being more select than numerous. This was a part reserved for people who could pay well.

Layer at once gave a liberal order—not too liberal, for fear of exciting suspicion—and then turned to gaze into the fire.

What was he to do? His career was at an end; he was at the mercy of a venomous woman, and Layer knew why.

Of late he had paid more attention to Darry Dorset than to the other, and thus enabled the jealous rival of Kate Carson to have the greater amount of the business.

Go home he could not—not even to see his wife and children once more. Poor wife—poor Bella!

He must go into hiding for some time, and then fly to a foreign country.

But his family? Even if he could save some part of his property from sequestration—the universal punishment of absentees—but little would remain. He must remain in poverty and misery all the rest of his life.

Did he regret it? Not for a moment. His fanaticism, or, as some would call it, his loyalty, kept him up.

He only mourned for his children.

While he was still thinking, his supper was brought. He ate it listlessly, and then, burying his head in his hands, rested them on the edge of the bench, and slept.

How long he could not tell, but he was startled by a heavy hand being laid on his shoulder, and by a confused murmur of voices.

He started up, and knew at a glance what had happened. He was tracked—arrested.

"I have a warrant against you, Kit Layer," said a King's messenger, with scant courtesy.

"I make no resistance," replied the barrister, who saw that though all in the place sympathized with him by looks and murmurs, they dared not attack an official backed by four oficers armed to the teeth.

Still, in such a company the King's messenger felt uneasy.

"Go," he said to the suspicious character who had tracked them, "and say Layer is taken. I want a powerful guard to take him to the Tower. Now, landlord, an upper room, and a safe one, or you'll get yourself into trouble encouraging all this Jacobite scum."

(To be continued.)

THE PAGES OF THE PAST.

I. In the volumes of my memory, I hold those chapters dearly...

II. Here's the little dog who bit me in a fit of puppy gladness...

III. Here's my little schoolboy lover, with his water-spaniel Rover...

IV. Here's another buried treasure—my own faith in human kindness...

VI. Here the parents who departed, full of years and grace and honour...

THE TELEPHONE OUTDONE!

STARLING STRIDE OF CIVILIZATION—A WILD DREAMER'S DREAM—THE TELEOPTISCOPE WHICH REPRODUCES BY TELEGRAPH A PERFECT IMAGE OF A PERSON OR OBJECT THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY.

"Why, the mighty discoveries and applications of natural sciences which distinguish this nineteenth century, my boy, are as far short of the tremendous achievements of the future, as the narrow, barren life of that handful of plucky pilgrims on Plymouth rock was insignificant compared with the numbers, wealth and civilization of the American people to-day!"

And the professor resumed the languid and meditative manipulation of his post-prandial toothpick; while the Eclectic reporter, to whom this oracular prophecy was addressed by his eccentric friend, in a corner of their accustomed dining place, encouragingly responded: "But you don't really look for any new stride, immediately, do you? Civilization advances, not steadily, but by jumps, and at long intervals. But it's scarcely a year since the telephone was first talked of."

It is unnecessary to remark that the previous conversation had been upon science in general, and telephones in particular.

"Yes, to tell the truth, I do," was the hesitating answer; "and I rather hope to point the way myself."

"No!" Interrogatively, earnestly and attentively.

"Yes." Dreamily, yet convincingly.

"Do tell a fellow."

"Well, there can't be any harm now, I s'pose, though it is not quite perfect. I don't know as I care to profit pecuniarily by the invention myself; but I do want the honour of it. I must complete it alone. I can't divide the work with any pirate. However, I can tell you the general object and method without revealing the unperfected secrets of it."

"Good fellow! Go on! I'm all attention."

"I believe that the telegraph wire can be made to transmit light as well as sound; that we can devise apparatus that will produce, at a distance of hundreds of thousands of miles, a perfect eidolon."

"Eidolon? What is an eidolon?"

"Well, an image then. A perfect image of any person or object. We shall be able to see as well as hear our friends, no matter how far away. Distances will be practically annihilated."

Courtesy forbade any expression of the listener's incredulity; but he could not repress a smile.

"You may laugh! He laughs best who laughs at last! The theory is very simple, though, after all."

"Light is only one form of force. So is sound; so is heat; so is electricity. If the vibrations of the one can be conducted by solids for any distance—that is, if a molecular motion can be started at one end of a wire by one of them, which is transmitted to the other, and is there appreciable—so can another. And—"

"Hold a minute," said the reporter, who was an amateur scientist himself.

"You must remember that there are good and bad conductors of electricity, good and bad conductors for heat, good and bad conductors for light. A telegraph wire may conduct the vibrations of electricity any distance; but light can't go through opaque matter a hundredth part of an inch. Besides, light can't turn a corner as electricity can."

"Not so fast? Suppose we do not transmit the same rays of light the whole distance, but make the vibrations given off by any object

operate delicate telegraph keys, just as the vibrating diaphragm of the telephone does? See! The sound which comes out of a telephone, so to speak, is not the one that went into it, but one exactly like it. So with the image that will be conveyed by the Teleoptiscope."

"The what?" "The Teleoptiscope. The name is a little redundant, but it will do until I get a better one."

"All right! Go on!"

"Of course I need not explain to you that in ordinary telegraphing the electric current from the battery goes through the operator's key, the miles and miles of circuit wire, the receiving office's sounder, and then down into the ground; and that the opening and closing of the key by the operator's hand, at longer or shorter intervals, is exactly imitated by the rattling of the sounder, hundreds of miles away."

"Yes—I understand all that."

"Sound is made up of a series of vibrations. The higher notes are composed of more rapid vibrations; the lower notes of slower ones. Each vibration of sound as you talk or sing into a telephone opens and closes a delicate key, breaks and restores a telegraphic current, and excites a corresponding vibration in the receiving instrument, which is magnified, so to speak, and made audible. If the sound is pitched high the sound excited at the other end must exactly correspond; if low, the same. And this, no matter how many corners you turn."

"Now light is not a fluid, as we used to think, but a series of like vibrations with sound, only more rapid. The different coloured rays, as we call them, are only different rates of vibration. The scale of colour is only a graduation of rates of velocity, just as the scale of sound is. If, then, a medium sufficiently sensitive can be made to vibrate under light, just as the diaphragm of a telephone does under the sound of your voices, electricity will register, convey and reproduce those vibrations at any distance."

Our reporter looked more serious and seemed to be impressed, and after a few moments' silence, inquired if the professor had arranged any apparatus yet that would do the work, and how it looked.

"Well, I can't answer you squarely. I have not accomplished as much as I wish. But you've got the theory and now I'll tell you a little about the practice."

"I shall have an instrument that will look like a photographer's camera. The ground wire or battery wire will come up through the bottom. Out of one end will go the circuit wire. At the other end I will arrange a huge flaring hollow cone, say four or five feet in diameter, black on the outside, and lined with highly-polished mirrors. Before it I will have my easel, if I want to transmit a painting; or the platform and chair if it be a person; and overhead I will arrange for as intense a light as possible. The image, greatly diminished, will be thrown by reflection and refraction into the interior of the camera, and fall upon the surface of a cup of transparent liquid, the reflection and refraction carrying it from underneath. The composition of this liquid will be one of the great secrets of the device. But if you will remember that all our aniline dyes, of whatever colour, all come from the same basis, and that photographing in colours has already become a fact in London, you will be prepared to believe that a liquid may be found sensitive enough for my purpose. The vibrations of this liquid will make my telegraphic connection, and the wire will carry the impulse thus imparted. At the other end of the circuit, maybe a thousand miles away, there will be a somewhat similar instrument: the process will be reversed, and the flaring cone of the receiving camera will throw out an image upon a screen in a darkened room, something like the picture of a magic lantern."

"I'm not going to tell you what I think about the practicability of all this," said the reporter. "It isn't safe for a man to prophesy, now-a-days, that the most visionary scene under heaven won't be realized. But another serious difficulty occurs to me."

"When a telegraphic message is sent, the dots and dashes go in succession, not simultaneously. One is out of the way of the other. So, too, with the telephone. One vibration keeps ahead of the next. But your Teleoptigraph—"

"Teleoptiscope—"

"Beg pardon—teleoptiscope—will be obliged to convey all these innumerable vibrations, sent off from a thousand different points, simultaneously. Won't they get jumbled slightly? Will they know enough to arrange themselves in the proper relation at the other end, like the particles of a crystal?"

"Oh, I've thought of all that, long ago. And that's what makes this invention, scientifically if not practically, a far greater one than the telephone. The difference in the way in which that part of the brain which we call the sensorium receives the impressions of sight and hearing is very marked. Yet science ought to be able to imitate the one process as well as the other. And I think it can."

"Now, in the first place, you must remember that the telephone does transmit different rates of vibration simultaneously. Let a chord be struck on a piano, and all four notes, vibrating at different rates, will be transmitted precisely, and you will hear that same chord, all blended, at the other end of the wire. They don't interfere with one another a particle. Then, too, we have what we call a quadruplex telegraph instrument, by which four messages can be sent

simultaneously over the same wire, and each message separates itself from the other three, and switches off on the right branch at the receiving office.

"However, wonderful as are these operations, the separation and proper combination of the impulses sent by the Teleoptiscope is infinitely more miraculous, not only in extent, but in character. The separation of the four messages of a quadruplex instrument is accomplished by what electricians call a resistance coil. Such a device would be altogether too cumbersome for my use."

"The end of the circuit wire in my camera directly over the image on the surface of the liquid, is composed of a bunch of fine platinum wires, over two thousand in number, each carefully varnished to insulate it, and the whole brush being cut off even, so that each point is equi-distant from the liquid. Of course the distance between the brush and the liquid is almost inappreciable, as only the most delicate vibration of the liquid can be effected. You can easily see how the transmission of these several thousand vibrations through the main wire is induced; and can also see how the number, size and arrangement of the platinum wires in the receiving instrument would entirely preclude the use of the resistance coil. I have been obliged, therefore, to devise an entirely new and vastly more efficacious distributing apparatus. And this I regard as an even greater invention than the combination of my sensitive liquid."

"Such an instrument would have a pretty wide application, if it were once invented," remarked the reporter, musingly, after another brief lull in the conversation.

"Still skeptical, eh? Well, just wait and see! My, yes! It will have both practical business uses like the telegraph and telephone, and sentimental and esthetic uses beyond computation. The first great application will be made by the press. Photographs of actual events, parades, processions, coronations, inaugurations, battles, disasters, architectural work and decorations, new paintings, scenery, dramas, distinguished personages and so on will be sent instantaneously from all quarters of the globe, and we shall have a pictorial daily newspaper instead of one simply containing reading matter. Then the churches and halls of congress, concert rooms, theatres, and all places of public instruction and entertainment will be connected with our homes by the district telegraph. Everybody can be cognizant of great and public events, and see them as they really happened. People can not only visit with their acquaintances and dearest friends by the mediums of language, following every tone, inflection and shade of feeling in the voice, but can see the familiar lineaments, the state of health, the marks of age, the smile, the frown, and every minute shade of facial expression which reveal the individuality of the distant one. Art culture will be immensely facilitated. All the great paintings and statuary of the world, and all the magnificent architecture and natural scenery that is accessible to human enterprise, can be copied at an insignificant cost, and placed within the reach of everybody. Locomotion will soon be almost unnecessary, and people will use carriages, street-cars, railroads, stages and steamship lines for scarcely anything more than freight transportation. Illuminating gas will be done away with, too. Instead of sending gas through pipes, corporations in the illuminating business will manufacture light at the central establishment, and deal it out to us by telegraph wires; if not in our homes, certainly on the streets and in public buildings. Indeed, the imagination cannot begin to grasp the awful possibilities and the promised revolutions in our every-day life and business methods thus opened up. But don't let me keep you if you're in any hurry."

"Well, we'll talk it over further some other other time. You've quite taken my breath away for the present. Meantime, you wouldn't object to some little mention of it in print, would you?"

"No—I've concealed the essential points; but I don't want my name used yet."

"All right; however, I shan't speak of it as a fact, but a fancy, as yet. You know the world won't believe it until you get it in actual operation. It would be better to lead up to it gently."

"As you please; but no names, remember. Honour bright."

"Honour bright. Ta, ta!"

"Good-day!"

THE GLEANER.

The Shah of Persia is shortly expected in Paris.

The ex-Queen of Spain, Isabella, has taken a house on the banks of the Thames, near Kingston.

MR. STANLEY'S book will be illustrated by a great number of photographs taken by himself during his little trip.

A MAN in Kentucky devotes the yearly product of one acre of his farm to purchasing reading matter for his family.

MR. SPRIGGON is at Mentone, where he has been ordered to remain in absolute rest for at least six weeks.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in 1789, left \$5,000 for a fund to make loans to young mechanics. The fund is now \$200,000.

MARSHAL CAMROBERT has received from King Humbert a magnificent portrait of the late King Victor Emmanuel.

A TELEGRAPH Congress is to meet in London in July next, for the purpose of agreeing upon a uniform international tariff for telegrams.

It is intended to place a telephone under the Atlantic, so that oral communication may shortly be held between Wales and the United States.

It is expected that the Prince of Wales will arrive in Paris some time this month, and that he will make an inspection of the works of the Universal Exhibition.

A FASHION paper at Baltimore says: "Gail Hamilton began losing her hair, but by persistent anointing of the parts with raw onion, not only arrested the process, but has produced a second growth of quite a different and slightly reddish colour."

PROF. DANA, the eminent American geologist, is quoted as saying of the first chapter of Genesis: "Examining it as a geologist, I find it to be in perfect accord with known science; therefore, as a Christian, I assert that the Bible narrative must be inspired."

HERR SIEMENS, the inventor of toughened glass, believes and boasts that he has now discovered a method by which glass broken only under enormous pressure can be manufactured. If this process is cheap, he will probably find a great success.

During the Paris Exhibition, under the auspices of the Central Commission it is proposed to establish two powerful electric lights at the summit of Notre Dame, so arranged as to illuminate the public buildings for a great distance round.

At the Stanley lecture, the Prince of Wales is said to have asked Midhat Pasha if he had found the discourse interesting. The answer is said to have been, "We Turks have more need now than other people to take an interest in expeditions into unknown lands, since we may soon have to seek among them for a home."

HOBART PASHA will resign his command, and there is every probability of his receiving a high post in the English navy. His knowledge of the Turkish waters would make him a valuable acquisition to the Admiralty should hostilities break out. Colonel Baker, we hope, will also be restored to the service of his country, for he also has had his experience, and shown splendid qualities.

ARTISTIC.

A MONUMENT to Leini Rollin in Pere La Chaise was unveiled recently. MM. Cremieux, Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc delivered addresses.

It has been decided that the Salon shall remain open a month longer than usual this year, so as to give all the visitors to the great Exhibition an opportunity of seeing it.

It is proposed to place a bust of the late George Cruikshank in Westminster Abbey, or to erect a memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, should the requisite funds be forthcoming.

It is announced that Mme. Thiers will present the wonderful portrait of her illustrious husband, by Bonnat, to the State. It will be placed—we hear—in the Luxembourg Palace Gallery.

HUMOROUS.

I WILL never purchase lottery tickets so long as I can hire a man to rob me at reasonable wages.

"CLEGGMEN," remarks an exchange, "like railway brakemen, do a great deal of coupling." Ay, yes; and then the coupled ones do all the switching.

SOMEbody will have to devise a quicker way of taking off an umbrella and putting on an ulster, or there will have to be a weather reform, that's all.

You can get a very good idea of "a natural selection" in its practical workings by viewing a celery glass after it has been once around the table.

"WHAT is enthusiasm?" asks an exchange. "Why, my dear fellow, it is that degree of pleasure a man feels when he has the boy across his knee who hit his "plug hat" with a snow ball."

A SIX-YEAR-OLD, who was found putting himself outside of various good things at a rapid rate just after complaining of inward griping, explained to his wondering parent that he "didn't mean to leave any room for that stomach ache."

WHEN they get telephones in the hotels, it will refresh the weary traveler who is sent up to the fourth floor, to sit down quietly and impart to the clerk down in the office his private opinion of that functionary's conduct.

THE man who comes to the depot two minutes behind time, and sees the railroad train sending out at the other end, derives no satisfaction from the proverb, "Better late than never."

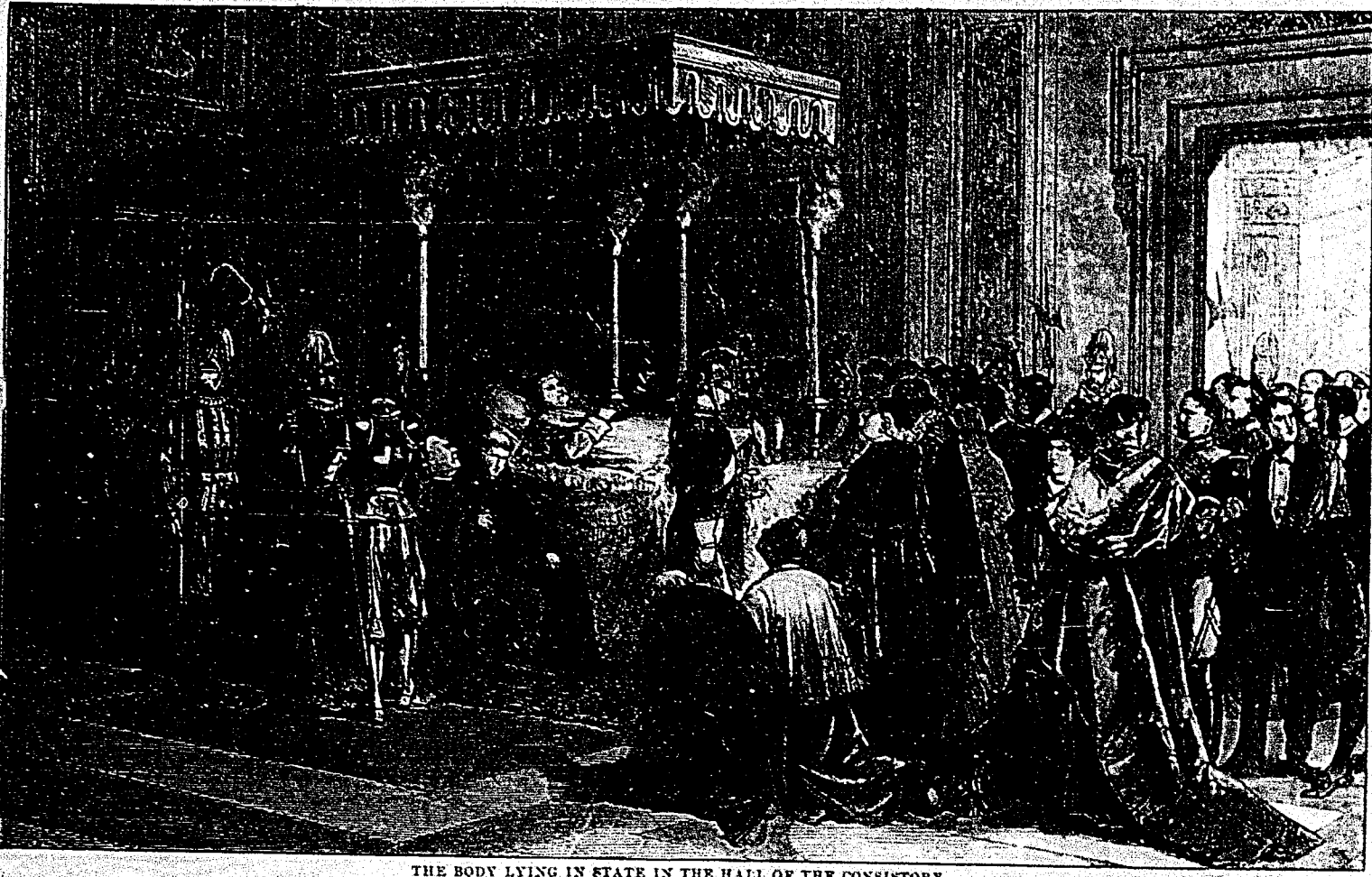
A YOUNG lawyer, who had been admitted about a year, was asked by a friend, "How do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion: "My profession is better than my practice."

A TOM cat is a more independent animal than man. When a man comes home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning he slips in as quietly as possible, but a Tom cat don't seem to care. The later the hour, and the nearer the house it approaches, the louder it will yell.

OUT in Dakota, the other day, a stage load of passengers were compelled to hold their hands above their heads while a gang of highway robbers robbed them. One of the victims, who remarked, "This is a high-handed piece of business," was allowed to keep a watch for his humour.

As several shiftless citizens have so far failed to clean their walks down to the dragging, and as this course will certainly result in slippery places and much fallen humanity before spring, we are moved, in the interest of morality, to suggest that "Thunder and molasses" is a term that may be made to express the feelings of the most severely bumped individual, while it is free from the favour of profanity apt to be found in expressions used by people of hasty temperaments suddenly brought to grief.





THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN THE HALL OF THE CONSISTORY.



THE LATE POPE PIUS IX.  
DIED AT ROME, 7TH FEBRUARY, 1878.



THE KISSING OF FEET IN THE CHAPEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, ST. PETERS.



DETERMINING

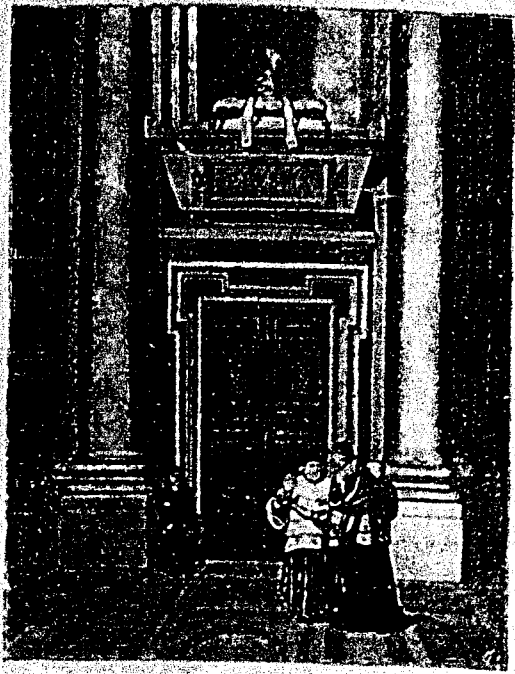


TRANSLATION OF THE BODY FROM THE CHAPEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT TO THE CHAPEL OF THE CHOIR, ST. PETERS.

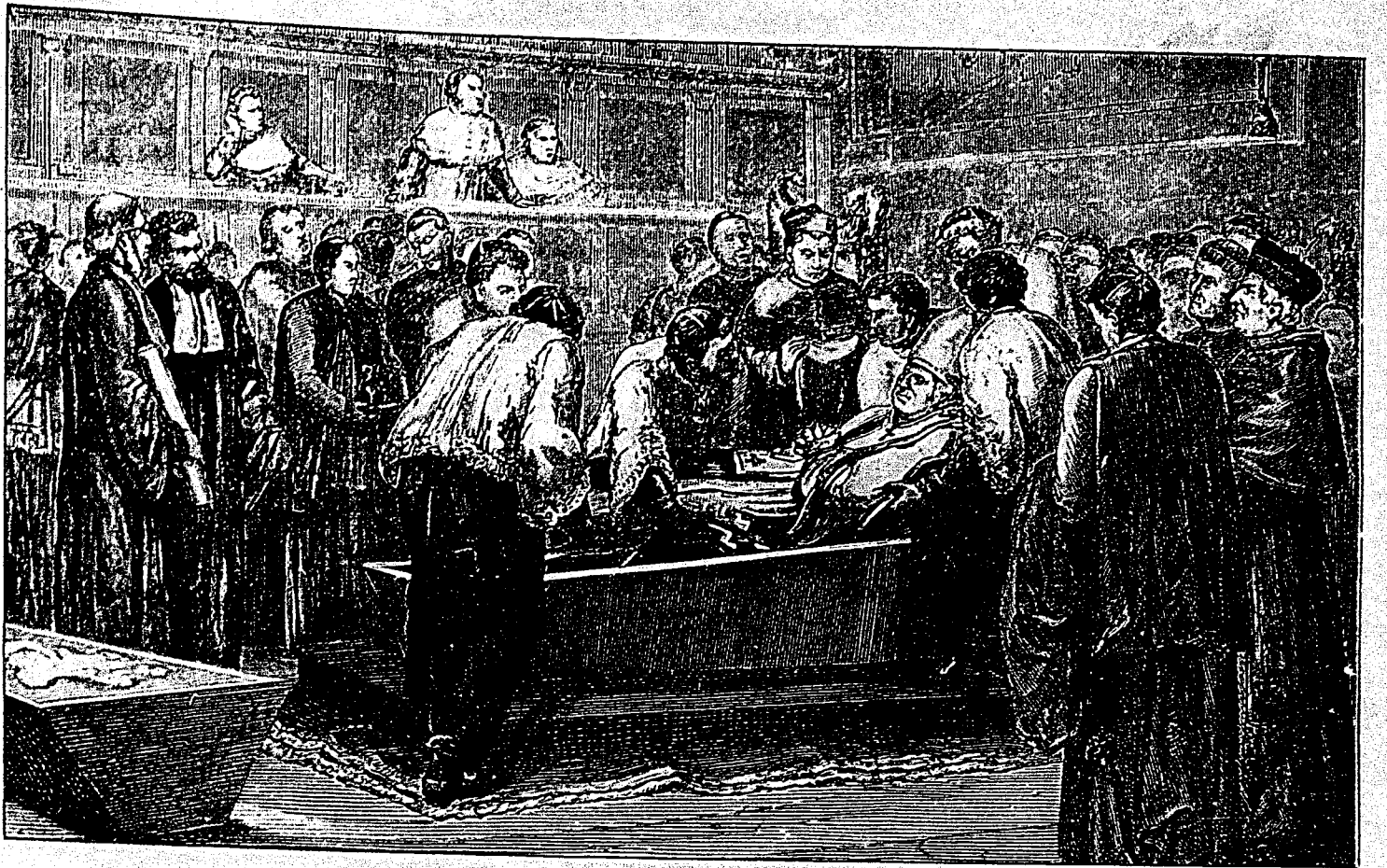


THE TRANSLATION OF THE BODY FROM T  
BY THE ROYAL STAIRCASE

# THE DEATH AND OBSEQUE



THE PROVISIONAL TOMB OF THE POPE  
AT ST. PETERS.



PUTTING THE BODY IN THE COFFIN.



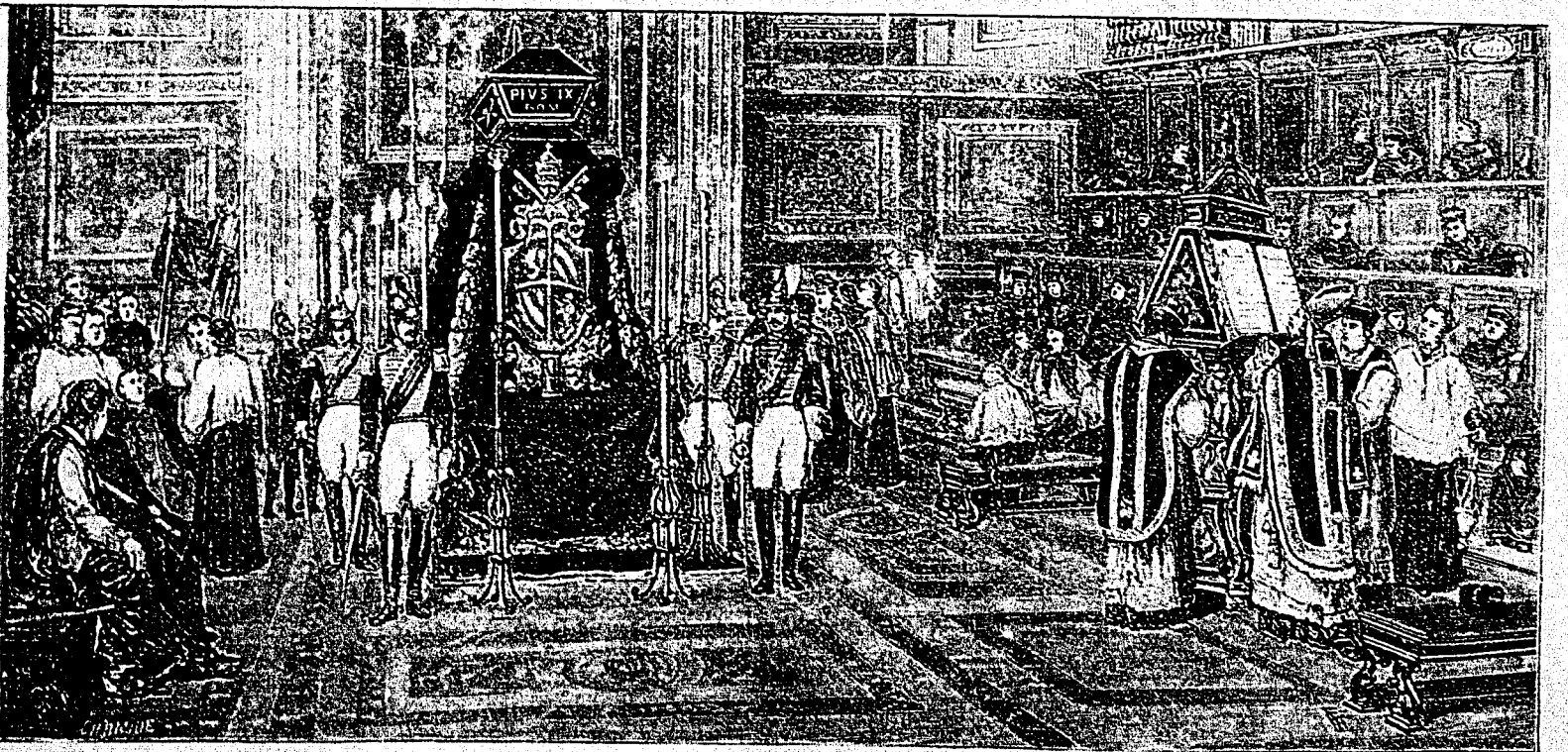
THE DECEASE.



BURNING THE HEART AND STOMACH IN THE CHURCH OF SS. VINCENT AND ANASTASIUS.



THE SIXTINE CHAPEL TO ST. PETERS  
BASE OF THE VATICAN.



THE NINE DAYS' OBSEQUIES IN THE CANONS' CHOIR, ST. PETERS.

# OBSEQUIES OF POPE PIUS IX.

(COPYRIGHT SECURED FOR THE DOMINION.)

## BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTUARY,"  
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

## A CORONER'S INQUEST.

It is a shame for a man to have to confess his own weakness; but the truth has to be told. I broke down at this point, and lay on the bed to which Leonard carried me for three weeks, in delirium. I suppose the great horror and shock of the evening following on the nervous agitation of the preceding three days was more than my brain could bear. At any rate, I had a bad time for the next fortnight or so, during which things went on without my being interested in them. Could one remember what delirium means a chapter might be written—but one would need to be De Quincey to write it. First the chest seems to expand, and then the head to swell out and become of gigantic size. Then you lay your hands upon the forehead to make sure that it has not been carried somewhere else. Then you grow big all over, hands and feet and limbs. Then you lose all sense of weight, and seem to be flying in the air. And then just as you are beginning to feel uncomfortable, your mind runs away from your control: things grotesque, things splendid, things absurd, things of the past, things from books, wild imaginations crowd the brain, and move before the eyes like a real pageant of living creatures. Nothing astonishes, nothing seems strange; there is no sense of incongruity, and when you recover all is forgotten but the general impression of grotesque unreality. They told me afterwards what had happened.

They discovered, early in the morning, two things. First that a convict had escaped, and secondly that a dead man was lying in the meadow beneath the walls.

At first they connected the two things, but subsequent inquiry led them to believe that the convict had nothing to do with the homicide.

As soon as Leonard could leave me with the Captain he sought the old Pole, Wassilewski's single room was on the second floor in one of the crowded streets near Victory Row. The sailors' wives were all gathered about their doors though the rain was falling heavily, talking of the discovery of the dead body, and wondering whether it was a murder or only a suicide. Most of them knew Leonard as an old inhabitant of the *quartier*, and saluted him kindly as Gentleman Jack, a name which they learned from their husbands' friends, the soldiers.

Leonard asked if the old man had been seen that morning. He had not, it was too early in the morning. It was his custom to remain in his room until noon, unless he was engaged to play for a paid-off crew. At twelve he descended, and would seldom return till the evening. Leonard would find him in his room.

He mounted the stairs, and knocked. There was no answer. He knocked again. Again there was no answer. Could he have gone off already, on his way to Poland, acting on the burglar's advice?

Leonard went down the stairs again, and asked the mistress of the house. No, he had not gone out. He came home late, she said, perhaps as late as twelve, because she must have been in bed some time, and his footsteps woke her; but she had been up since six, and he certainly had not come down-stairs.

She came up with Leonard this time, and they both knocked.

Then they called him by his name.

All was still and silent.

Leonard leaned his shoulder against the door and pushed. The bolt came away from the rotten wood, and the door fell open.

Wassilewski was kneeling by the bedside. In his hands was the miniature of my mother, and his lips were pressed closely to it. But the lips were as hard and as cold as the hands that held the cross, for the poor old man was dead.

He was not undressed. He died in his devotions, perhaps immediately after he came home. Red-handed with the blood of the spy, he went unrepentant to the after world. The two souls, side by side, departed almost together.

This event, as Leonard said, simplified matters amazingly. It was no longer necessary for him to consider how the old man ought to give himself up to justice. It seemed pretty clear that the convict would hold his tongue even if he got caught, while if he got away he certainly would tell nothing. On the other hand, if he did tell it would be time enough to reveal the real truth. There was excuse, at any rate, in the plea that, the old Pole being dead, nothing could be gained by letting the whole world know that, like Lamech, he had slain a man.

The inquest on Wassilewski was very short. He had been found dead, he was an aged man, the Doctor certified that the cause of death was disease of the heart, the verdict was given in accordance with the evidence, and the poor old man was buried with the rites of his own Church.

By common consent of the few Poles who remained in the town, Leonard took possession for me of the few effects which the old man left. These were two or three weapons, relics of the last struggle, and his violin. We looked through

the drawers and cupboard, but there were only a few papers containing lists of names and plans of campaigns. These were burnt to prevent accidents. Also there was a bagful of sovereigns—seventy or eighty—which he had put together in readiness for a start at a moment's notice. With the Captain's consent and by his advice I subsequently distributed the legacy among his fellow-countrymen, who all came to the funeral of the most determined patriot that ever Poland produced.

A more important inquest was that held on the same day upon the body of Herr Rämmer.

Ferdinand Brambler was, of course, present taking notes with the air of one who has got hold of a good thing and means to make the most of it. Also he was himself conscious of an accession of importance, for was not the deceased a ledger in his brother Augustus's house?

They first called the policeman who found the body.

He deposed that early in the morning, at half-past four, he took the walk under the walls in the course of his beat, that he saw lying on the grass just within the meadow the body of a man. The man was dressed, but without a hat. Money was in his pocket—somehow the statement of Stepmey Bob and that of the policeman did not exactly tally, and either the burglar helped himself to more than he confessed, or the policeman took advantage of the situation and took two notes, at least, on his own account—that the deceased had upon him also a watch and chain and a diamond ring, those, namely, that lay on the table.

A suspicious juror—there is always, I believe, a suspicious juror—here requested to see the watch and chain, which he inspected minutely. The deceased lay, the policeman went on, as if he had fallen backwards after the blow was inflicted, and never moved again. The knife, which was that lying on the table, was of foreign make, such as a German gentleman might have carried. Being asked if he thought it was a murder, he said that there were no marks of violence or tramping in the grass, that, as he had not been robbed, he did not see why it should have been a murder. That from the knife being held tight in the right hand he thought it was suicide.

Then the doctor was called, the same doctor who gave evidence in the case of Wassilewski. He stated that death had been caused by a deep wound which penetrated right through the heart, that the death must have been instantaneous; that, although such a wound would require the greatest determination, it was quite possible for a man to inflict it upon himself; that the right hand tightly held a knife covered with blood, and that the wound, in his opinion, was undoubtedly inflicted by that knife, the one before the jury.

The next witness was Mr. George Tyrrell, the Mayor of the Borough. He deposed that Herr Carl Rämmer and himself were on friendly and intimate terms; that he had the management of his family connections in Germany; that a short time previously the Herr had instructed him to realize certain investments, which had been done as he requested; that he had last seen the deceased on the morning of his death, when nothing whatever passed which could warrant a belief that he was about to commit suicide; that, on the contrary, he stated that he was about to go away to the Continent, there to take up his permanent residence. But, on the other hand, he had received a note in the evening which struck him as singular. This note he would read. It was short, and was as follows:

"DEAR TYRELL,—I find that my departure will take place earlier than I intended. I wished to see you again. I shall, however, go this night and for ever. My affairs are all settled. I wish, as you will never see me again, that you will take care of Ladislas Pulaski. Do not let the boy be persuaded ever to go to Poland. That is my solemn advice to him. Yours,  
"C. R."

He said that on receipt of the letter he thought at first of going round, but as the hour was late he refrained, to his present great regret. The letter was brought by a child, daughter of his clerk, Augustus Brambler, in whose house Herr Rämmer lodged.

The Coroner asked if any of the jury wished to put any questions to His Worship the Mayor. The suspicious juror wished to ask the Mayor if he was quite certain about the handwriting. The Mayor had no doubt whatever of the letter being in his old friend's writing.

Then Charlotte Brambler was called. The report in the paper of the following Saturday, with which, of course, Ferdinand Brambler had nothing to do, spoke of her as a most intelligent, straightforward witness, who gave her evidence clearly and to the point. "Her face," the report went on, "is singularly attractive, and her appearance and demeanour elicited universal respect and admiration. She is, we understand, the eldest, not the second daughter, as reported, of Mr. Augustus Brambler, long and honorably connected with the legal interests of the Borough."

Little Forty-four did give her evidence very well. She had to say that she attended to Herr Rämmer, and that at nine o'clock in the evening he called her up, and sent her with a letter to Mr. Tyrrell. There was no answer, and she returned immediately after delivering the note. Then he rang the bell again and told her that he was going away that night—going on a long journey.

An intelligent juror here interposed. He said that a long journey might mean anything, and he asked the witness why she did not ask him how long it was?

Forty-four replied that she never asked Herr Rämmer anything, but answered his questions, and as he did not say where he was going, it was not for her to inquire. She went on to depose that he added that he should not return any more; that instead of a month's notice he paid down a month's rent; that as she had attended him for some years he gave her a five-pound note, which he advised her to keep for herself, and not waste it in buying things for her brothers and sisters—this was a touch entirely Rämmeresque. Then he looked about the room, and said that the furniture could go to Mrs. Brambler, and she might have his old piano if she liked. Then she asked him what they were to do with the books which are in French, with yellow paper covers, in fact, French novels. He laughed, and said that if she pleased she might keep them till her brothers grew up, and then give them the books, which would certainly teach them a good deal about life previously unsuspected by them; but that, if she preferred, she might sell them for what they would fetch as waste paper. At all events, he would never want any of the books or any of the things any more.

The Coroner here interposed, and asked her if she was quite sure that those were the very words the lodger used.

The witness was perfectly certain that those were his exact words.

"He would never want the books or any of the things any more."

The jury whispered together.

Then the Coroner asked the girl about the knife.

She knew nothing about the knife; she had never seen such a knife in his room; but could not swear that he had no such knife, because he kept everything locked up. Perhaps the knife had been lying among Herr Rämmer's things in one of the drawers. Had never tried to look into the drawers; would not be so mean as to pry into things.

Here the suspicious juror remarked plaintively that he should like to see the five-pound note which the deceased had given her. She produced the note, which was handed round among the jury, who examined it as carefully as if it had been an important *pièce de conviction*. Then they all shook their heads at one another, and gave it back to the coroner, who restored it to Forty-four.

There being no other evidence to call, the coroner proceeded to sum up.

The jury must consider, he said, all the circumstances. The deceased informed an old friend in the morning that he intended to go away shortly; in the evening he sent a very extraordinary epistle, stating that he was going away "for ever"—the jury would make a note of that expression. At the same time he tells the little girl who was accustomed to attend upon him—and he was constrained to express his admiration of the very straightforward way in which that little girl's evidence was given—that he was going away, and was not coming back again. Let the jury mark, at this point, the suddenness of resolution. He took nothing with him; he abandoned the piano, his books, everything; and even made the very important remark that he should not want them any more. Why not? If a man goes on the Continent he does not give up reading; if a man changes his residence he does not throw away, so to speak, all his furniture, but carries it with him, or sells it; but Herr Rämmer was not, as he told the girl, Charlotte Brambler, going on the Continent, that he was going—let the jury mark this very earnestly,—he was going on a long journey. Very good; but consider another point. The doctor was of opinion that the blow, if that of a suicide, must have required great determination. Possibly, perhaps, Herr Rämmer had not the requisite amount of resolution, but the jury will remember him—a stout, stern, and determined-looking person. As to courage, no man could tell when any other man's courage came to an end. And there were the facts that the knife was found in his hand, covered with blood; that there was no sign of any struggle on the ground, and that the knife was of foreign manufacture. If it was not suicide, what was it? Could the jury believe that a man of singularly quiet, regular, and reserved habits, should go out in the dead of the night, after making those remarkable statements and writing that remarkable letter, for a stroll, without his hat, on the walls? That he should then, still with the intention of taking a purposeless stroll, have climbed over the wooden railings into the field, and then presented his breast, offering no resistance, to the murderer? Then it was whispered that a convict escaped that morning from the prison close by might have done the deed. First of all, he must say that it appeared to him disgraceful that any convict should escape, but it was absurd to connect the convict with the death of a man he could not have known, and whom he did not rob. Also, how did that convict get hold of a foreign knife? Let the police catch and produce the fugitive, and it would

then be time to consider the absurd suggestion. There, in fact, was the evidence, all before the jury. They were a body of educated and intelligent men; they had sat at coroners' inquests before, and he, the coroner, was glad to say that a more trustworthy body of men to weigh evidence impartially he did not hope or desire to find. He therefore dismissed them in the confident hope that they would shortly return with a verdict.

In five minutes the jury came back. Their finding was unanimous. It was that the deceased committed suicide while suffering from temporary insanity.

This verdict, never disputed, was the end of the whole business. The deceased was buried at the expense of the Mayor, who acted as chief mourner. Our Polish friends made not the slightest sign of any knowledge of the deed; no one in the town knew anything, and our only accomplice was Stepmey Bob. I never heard that he was re-captured, and I have every reason to believe that he managed to escape altogether and get to America or some other part of the world, where his possible good private qualities had not been obscured by his public reputation as a cracker of ribs. Nor did it appear that any inquiry was made into the matter by the Russians. They did not acknowledge the *mouchard* who died fighting for his life with one of the people whom he was paid to watch. If he had friends or relations, none of them ever turned up. No doubt his was an assumed name, under which no one of his people would be likely to recognize him.

When I recovered, and was able to be told everything, I confessed to a feeling that fortune for once had found a fitting death for this man.

We never told the Captain, Leonard and I. But one, when Mr. Tyrrell had been lauding in public over his great private loss, while he was perfectly oblivious of the little facts which preceded the death of his friend, I ventured to tell him privately the whole history. After that we never mentioned him again. The behaviour of Leonard in suppressing the real facts was, like his conduct, when first he introduced himself to the Captain—what Mr. John Pontifex called a Wrong Thing.

## CHAPTER L.

I got well again and strong, but I was forbidden to do any teaching work for two or three months, and had to give up all engagements for that space.

A holiday of three months, with Celia to come every day, till I was strong enough to go out, and read to me; the Captain to suggest about what was best for me to eat and drink; Leonard to tell stories, and sometimes the Rev. John Pontifex to come and sit with me, making profound remarks on the wickedness of men in general, his own painful backslidings in his youth, and the incredible amount of repentance which they involved, the ignorance of the Papists, and the strength of will possessed by his remarkable wife. Or Mr. Broughton, who would come round, and, by way of giving me a flip, read a little Greek with me and then send round a few bottles of choice old Port. Miss Pontifex sent strawberries and tracts; she also told me that my fever was no doubt intended to bring me more directly under the influence of her husband's ministrations. Augustus Brambler would come bursting in between the intervals of writ serving and message running, to tell me joyfully of the great business done by the House. And little Forty-four would come as often as she could, if no one else was with me she sat down, beaming with smiles, the tenderness of little nurses, and told me how they were all getting on. Forty-six developing into a real genius over his books—he was the son who subsequently became a Reporter and Journalist; Forty-eight, who had been named at school for insubordination, and so on. I learned, too, from her, that the famous five-pound note had been, contrary to the donor's intention, distributed in new clothes, as far as it would go, among the whole family. A new lodger had been found who was at least more considerate than the former, did not dine at home, and talked to the children.

But, of course, Celia was the most regular visitor, and with her, Leonard. They came together, and went away together; and in my presence he made shameless love till sometimes the light of answering love flashed for a moment in her eyes, and then she drew herself from him, blushing, and fell to busying about my pillows. Miss Rutherford drove over from Farnham, too. She turned out to be exactly what she looked at first sight—for that matter, people always do; a gentle, quiet, and careful old lady, who ought to belong to some planet where there are no such things as temptations, follies, or worldliness. She was always prettily and daintily dressed, and as became an elderly lady, behind the fashion.

She had a sweet and pleasant face, with an expression on it which reminded one of Leonard, and when she spoke it was in a clear and precise way, like the ripple of a stream over stones. And when she looked at her nephew it was with an ever-growing wonder that there should be in the world such a boy as that to call her Aunt.

Imagine all the sentimental and tender things that these two women, Miss Rutherford and Celia, would say to each other and me as they sat beside my armchair while I was recovering. Think, if you can, how they were bound together by their common love for one man, and how they would read, as women always try to do, in each other's soul, dissatisfied until they succeed in

finding, as in a mirror, each her own image in the heart of the other. Some women can have no half-measures; they must love wholly and trust altogether; and they must receive back as much as they give.

I tried to write down some of these tender scenes, but I have torn them up; words that are altogether sweet and precious when spoken sometimes look sentimental and meaningless when they are written down. What they came to was this, that two women tried to spoil one man by attention and thoughtfulness, and did their best to make another man vain by their exceeding love for him. I do not think either was much injured.

In September we all four, Miss Rutherford acting chaperone, went to the Lakes together in order to complete my recovery.

I have been in many places since the year 1858, and enjoyed many holidays. I have learned to know this beautiful garden set with all manner of delights, with mountain, stream, lakes and forests, with all kinds of sweet flowers and singing birds to raise the heart of man, which we call England. I have dreamed away the hours in the pleasant land of France, among old castles by the stately Loire, or where the white cliffs of Normandy face their sisters of Albion. I have sat among the students of Germany and wandered among the sweet-scented pines round mountain feet, but I have had no holiday such as that. A dreamy time, when one was still weak enough to allow the sentiment of the situation to dwell in the mind, with a clinging for the last time to the robe of Celia, while all sorts of sweet phrases and endearments gathered themselves together and took shape in my heart, to be expressed in music when I might find time to set them down, with a new interest in listening to the talk, so truthful and so old-fashioned, of the lady whom chance had joined to our party, who ought to have been set in a bower full of flowers and fruit, with pious tales about her of angels—not churchy angels—ladies could be pious twenty years ago without ecclesiastical rubbish—and faces of holy women full of trustful thought. With this, the old admiration for Leonard, the strong, the brave, the handsome Leonard.

One evening, after sunset, we were in a boat on Derwentwater, Leonard, Cis, and I. Leonard was rowing us gently, letting the oars dip slowly in the smooth water, and then resting, while the boat made slow way among the wooded islets. Cis and I sat side by side in the stern; she was steering. The dark foliage was black now, and the lighter leaves were changed into a dark green. The lake was still and quiet, now and then a fish came to the surface with an impatient splash; or it really was getting too dull down below; or a wild fowl flew over our heads with a whirr; or a noise of voices, mellowed by distance, came across the water from the hotel, and far off, somewhere a man was blowing a horn, and the echoes flew from hill to hill.

"Blow, bagles, blow, set the wild echoes flying," Celia quoted softly.

And then we were all silent again.

It was Leonard who spoke next. Deeper darkness had fallen upon us now, clouds were coming up in the west, and the breeze began to rise. The boat was quite motionless, on either hand an islet, before us in the distance the lights of the hotel reflected in the water. And again the sweet rolling echoes of the horn.

Said Leonard, speaking slowly.

"There is a thing I should like to tell you, Cis, if Laddy will let me. It is a thing which he told me in his delirium, a thing I ought to have suspected before, but did not, so dull and selfish as I was. Can you guess what it is?"

I could guess very well. There was nothing else that I could have told unknown to Cis already.

"I thought I was the only one who knew," Leonard continued, "but I was not, the Captain knew."

"He knew before," I murmured. "Tell Cis, if you please, Leonard, if you think well. But remember, it is all a thing of the past—forgotten—torn up by the roots."

"When I went away, Cis, dear," Leonard began, "I left you in the charge of Laetitia. You were, I told him, in my contented way, to be his peculiar trust, he was to look after you to watch you, and to anticipate everything that you could want."

"And so he has done," said Cis. "Haven't you, Laddy?"

"The reason I gave him was that I loved you, my queen, and that if things went well—all looks so easy to a boy—I proposed coming back, and telling you myself—in five years' time. Observe, please, the extraordinary selfishness of a boy of eighteen. At that age one cannot possibly think of anything but oneself. Well—I went away. I came back. Fortune had been kinder to me—far kinder than I ever deserved. I am loaded with the gifts of Heaven. Don't think me ungrateful, because I talk little about these things. I can only talk of them to you two. But that is nothing. While I was away, Cis, you grew from a child into a woman."

"Yes, Leonard."

"What I did not think of was that Laddy was growing too from a boy to a man—what I forgot was that there would be one girl and two men—that both men might love the same girl."

"Laddy!" Cis cried, with surprise and pain.

"Forgive me, Cis," I said, "Leonard has told you the truth. For a time—it was early this year, I think—what he hinted at was the case, I fought with it—and I beat it down, because it was hopeless, and because of the promise I gave to Leonard. But it is true that there was

a time when I gave way, and ventured to love you, otherwise than a brother may. Why did you tell her, Leonard?"

"Because I want her and myself to feel more what we owe to you, Laddy, to your unselfish labour, your watchfulness, and the sacrifice of your own interests. He loved you, and he gave you up, Cis. I wonder if any words of mine could make you understand what that meant to him."

"It could never have been, Leonard," I said. "How could it? Celia was my sister always."

She laid her hand in mine and one arm upon my shoulder.

"Always your sister, Laddy dear. And henceforth more and more. There is now nothing that we have not told each other."

Henceforth, more and more. Yes, as the time has gone by, nothing has dimmed the steady trust and affection which Celia has showered upon me. I can see now, too, how different her life would have been, how wanting in fulness, had things been different, and had she married me. Some women are happiest with a man of action; how could the life of a dreamer like me satisfy the aspirations of a girl who worthily fills the place of Leonard's wife, and has stepped gracefully into the rank to which his success has raised her?

About that one thing we never spoke any more.

Leonard rowed us quietly back to the hotel, the lawn of which ran down to the water's edge. The garden was full of visitors, for the evening was warm. They looked at us as we passed them, Celia with her hand on my shoulder in the old familiar fashion, staring with that half-impudent, intuitive way in which English people at hotels look at each other and at strangers. In the *salon* was nobody but Miss Rutherford, quietly waiting on return.

She asked Leonard to take her into the garden for a walk, and left Celia and me alone.

Then I sat down to the piano, and collected my thoughts—all those musical thoughts of which I have spoken,—and began to play them.

It was no improvisation, because the ideas had been long in my head, and many of them had been already noted down and tried over, but it was the first time I played the piece as a whole.

"What is it, Laddy?" Celia asked, as she saw me striving to talk to her in the old fashion, with my fingers on the keys, a language unknown to the outer world. "What is it? I cannot understand it yet."

"Listen, Cis. It is a love poem of two young people—we will call them 'Leonard and Cis.' It tells how one went away, and how after five years he came back again, not a prodigal son, but covered with honour; how they fell in love at once, and how after many difficulties, which were got over in a most surprising and extraordinary manner, quite as if those two lovers belonged to a novel, which, of course, they did not; and how they were finally married, and lived happily for ever and ever. Now listen."

The symphony came forth from my brain clear and distinct, and after a few bars of prelude, flowed straight on to the end. I have written plenty of music since, though I am not, as Celia affects to think me, a great composer, but I have written none that has pleased me so much, that dwells so constantly in my mind, and where I have found such fulness of expression. It is, I am sure, by some such masterful wave of passion that the highest expression and the noblest conceptions are brought together in the brain, and great works are produced.

I could see in my own music—and Celia could see it as well—first in rippling music showing the peace and sunshine of early maidenhood; then the yearnings and unconscious reaching out of hands in thought for a fuller and richer life; then the awakening of love the glorious, like the awakening of Adam in the garden to look about with wonder, to walk with uncertainty, to feel his way in broad daylight, to fear lest it should be a dream, and that the vision should pass away, and all be nothingness again. Presently followed the growth of passion till it became a great river for strength. And, lastly, the Wedding Hymn of triumph.

"Do you understand it, Cis?" I asked. "It is meant for you, and written for you. I shall copy it all out, and give you a copy, as my wedding present."

"I think I understand—some of it," she replied. "How can your pupil understand it all at first? Oh! Laddy, you have made me very humble to-night. How can men love women as they do? What are we, and what can we do, compared with them, that they should lavish such affection upon us?"

"Ask Leonard," I replied, laughing.

And outside the people were all listening in the garden. When I finished there was a general applause, as if I had been playing for them.

That night, an hour later, I heard below in the garden the voices of those who sat up still.

"Who was it playing?" asked a girl's voice.

"He has a sweet face; it is a pity he is deformed."

"It is a certain Pulaski—Pole, I suppose. Patriot most likely. Count, of course, or Baron, or Duke"—this agreeable person was a man, perhaps the young lady's husband—"some adventurer, most likely, who goes about trying to pick up a rich English wife by his tale of misfortunes and his pianoforte playing. To-night's performance was an exhibition. No doubt he wants to fascinate that extremely pretty girl, almost as pretty as some one else I could name."

"Nonsense, sir, a great deal prettier; and,

besides, she's engaged to the tall young man, who is a Captain Coplestone and a Crimean officer. The old lady with them is a Miss Rutherford. She is his aunt, and plays propriety. I do not know anything about the pianoforte-player."

"Well, I'm glad she is not going to marry a hunchback, pianoforte-playing Pole."

Listeners, as has been frequently observed, never hear any good of themselves. But I played no more at the Derwentwater hotel, because next day we returned southwards, and began all of us to prepare diligently for Celia's wedding.

CHAPTER LI.

I have come to the end of my story, the only story I have to tell from my own experience. How should it end but with a wedding? There is no romance where there is no love; there is no plea ure in the contemplation of love unless it ends happily, and is crowned with orange blossoms; love is the chief happiness of life, as everybody knows—except, perhaps, John Pontifex—and has ever been completed by the wedding bells.

Ring, wedding bells, then; shake out the clashing music of your joy over all the fields, startle the farmer at his work, rouse the student at his desk, strike on the ear of the sailor out at sea, echo along the shore, mingle with the roar of the saluting guns to go of the ship's crew when they come home, so that they may know that during their three years' cruise the world's happiness has not altogether died away. Bring back to the old the memory of a day long gone by. Lift up the heart of the young with hope. Put ambitious thoughts of such a day of victory into the mind of the maiden who would like nothing better than to hear the bells ring for herself on such a wedding morning, and walk in such a procession, decked with such white robes and such orange wreaths. May they ring for every one of our girls, so that not one shall miss the love of a man but those who are unworthy.

They were married in the old church, the parish church, a mile from the town.

It is a day at the end of October, a breezy day of autumn; the clouds are driving across the sky, light clouds which leave plenty of clear blue sky and sunshine, the leaves are lying all about the old churchyard, drifting in heaps against the headstones and whirling round and round like unquiet spirits within the iron railings of the vaults; at the edge of the paupers' corner is a small new cross, quite simple, which I have not seen before. It is "In memory of Lucy, wife of Captain Richard Coplestone, late of Her Majesty's Tenth Regiment of Dragoons, who died in this town in childbirth in her twenty-first year." Poor Lucy! Poor hapless victim of a selfish and cold-hearted villain! I knew that Leonard would put up some monument to his mother's memory, but he had not told me that it was done already. Doubtless he wished it to be there before his marriage.

The churchyard is all of people waiting to see the wedding; the honest folk from Victory Row are there. I shake hands with Jim Hex and his wife and half-a-dozen more, who know me in the old days of Mrs. Jerome's guardianship. They care less for the bride than for the bridegroom, these denizens of Victory Row. That a boy, so to speak, who used to run ragged about the logs on the Hard, who played on the iron doorsteps, who was accustomed to fight Moses daily, and on small provocation, before the sign of all; who actually, only the other day, did not disdain to remember the old time, and rewhipped Moses again at the Blue Anchor; that such a boy should have become such a man was not, of course, unexpected, because out of Victory Row have come plenty of distinguished men—though not put down in books—Nelson's bulldogs, mind you, and a few of Wellington's veterans. But that he should have developed to that height of greatness as to be a real Captain in the Army, and come home to marry nothing short of the daughter of the Mayor, and her a lady as beautiful as the day; that was, if you please, something quite out of the common.

Here is the Captain, marching up the walk in uniform and epaulettes as becomes a great occasion. Fall back, good people, don't crowd the Captain. God bless the Captain. Is the Captain looking well to-day? And a happy day for him too, if all's true that's said. Which if any credit is due to anybody for that boy turning out so well, it's due to the Captain. There was only one Captain for these people. Other persons held equal rank in the navy, it is true; there were, for instance, Captain Luff, Captain Hardport, Captain Bodstay—who was only a retired master with Captain's title—all living not far away from Victory Row; but they had their names assigned to them as well as their titles—ours had not. The old man, pleased to see so many people gathered together to do honour to him and his, stops and has a word to say to every one, and then goes on to the church, where he stands by the altar, and waits.

The Rev. John Pontifex and Mrs. Pontifex his wife. The sailor folk know nothing of them except as residents. So they pass in the silence of respect, John Pontifex and his long tail coat on, and a very, very voluminous white muller round his neck.

The Rev. Verney Broughton. He it is who is going to marry them. Ah! quoth John Hex, and a right sort, as he has heard, either for a glass of wine or for a marriage, or for a sermon. From Oxford College, he is, and once taught Master Leonard a mort o' learning,

which, no doubt, helped him agin them Roos-hans.

Among the people, bustling and here and there with importance, is the historiographer, Ferdinand Brambler, note-book in hand. He goes into the church; he dashes down observations in his note-book on a tombstone; listens to the people and jots down more observations, and then, absorbed in meditation, is seen standing motionless as if grappling for the mastery of language. This is a great day for Ferdinand.

Round the church door are all the younger members of the Brambler family, told off to strew flowers at the feet of the bride. Augustus is with them, bearing in his hands a pair of new white cotton gloves, and an air of immense dignity. These crowds, this ringing of bells, strewing of flowers, and general excitement all attest in his eyes to the greatness and glory of the Legal. Nothing in the Scholastic, and even a prize-giving, ever came near it. All the children are dressed in new clothes presented by the Captain, so that they may do fitting honour to the occasion.

Leonard had pressed me to be his best man, which, indeed, was my proper place. But I wanted to play the organ for Celia's marriage, and I had promised myself to play my own Love Symphony, which she alone knew. It was a fancy of mine. Forty-four, my faithful little ally and friend, begged to come with me to the organ loft.

It is after eleven, and time to go up the stairs. What are these heavy heels tramping in the aisle? They are Leonard's company, with, I believe, about half the regiment, come to see Gentleman Jack married. I remembered the faces of the regiments; they were at the Blue Anchor that night when he thrashed Moses, and made him give up the papers. Jem, the organ-blower, is in his place; Forty-four is by me to turn over the leaves. Stay one moment, Forty-four, let us look through the curtains again. There is Leonard going up the aisle. He is in uniform, as are his best men as officers of the Garrison—the young naval officer whom they call Grit, and a man of his own regiment. A brave show of scarlet and gold. His brother officers are mostly in the church, the Colonel among them.

"There comes Uncle Ferdinand," says Forty-four. "Oh! how beautiful he will describe it!"

All are there but the bride. She is coming. Now, Forty-four, for Celia's Symphony.

The music rolls and echoes among the rafters in the roof. As I play I am a prophet, and see before me the happy years unfold their golden wings. All is as it ought to be; let those who have to sit during their lives outside the halls of human joy take pleasure in the prospect of others' happiness, and be thankful that they can at least look on.

"There is the bride," whispered Forty-four. "Oh! how lovely, oh! how sweet she looks."

My Wedding Hymn of Prayer and Praise—listen to it, Celia—I knew that you are listening—as you stand for a moment before the altar beside your lover waiting for the words to be spoken. Listen. There is no joy, says the music, given to men and women like the holy joy of love; there can be no praise too full and deep for the gift of love; there can be no prayer more eloquent than the prayer for the continuance of love. Listen! it is the voice of your heart speaking in the music which rings and rolls about the pillars of the old church—I learned it reading in your heart itself—it is singing aloud to God in gratitude and praise, singing in the music where I have enshrined it and preserved it for you.

I finish my symphony, and the service begins. The words are faint and low as they mount to the organ loft. I have pulled the curtains aside, and we watch, we three, Forty-four, Jem the organ-blower, and I, from our gallery, while Leonard holds Celia's hand in his, and they take the vow which binds them for ever to each other. You are crying, Forty-four? Foolish child!

All is over, and they have gone into the vestry. Come, we have played Celia's Symphony before the wedding with her Hymn. Now for the March. Mendelssohn alone has reached the true triumphal rapture. His music is the exultation of the bridegroom; it is a man's song; the song of a man who bears his bride away; the song of the young men who clap their hands; the jubilation of clarions and trumpets which throw their music abroad to the winds that envious men may hear; and though the women cry, like foolish little Forty-four, we drown their tears with song and shout. A bridegroom's song of triumph this.

But the bride is gone, and the bridal company with her; the children have strown their flowers upon the ground; the carriages have driven off; only the people are left; they too, are leaving the church; in a few moments we shall be alone in the loft.

Consequently, Leonard has come home. Leonard has won his bride; Celia has gone from us. Shut up the organ, Forty-four; let us go down and join the wedding guests. Somehow I do not feel much like feasting.

(To be concluded in our next.)

IT NEVER FAILS.

PHOSFOZONE has never been known to fail in performing after a fair trial all that is claimed for it. The most skeptical readily acknowledge its surprising curative powers after taking a few doses, as its action is always rapid and certain. One or two or a dozen doses of Phosfozone may not cure them, but if they persevere in taking it a favourable result is inevitable. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.



# FLAG OF FATHERLAND.

WORDS BY THE EDITOR  
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MUSIC SUGGESTED BY BRITANNICUS.  
ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENT BY REV. W. B. LONGHURST.

ALLA MARCIA.

ACCT.

*mf*

VOICE

List not to the du-bious word, Guard thee 'gainst the deed of wile,

*P* BEN MARCATO.

Bu-ckle on the liege-man's sword, Keep your feal-ty free from guile.

CHORUS. SOPR.

*f* Stand, Ca-na-dians! Firm-ly stand round the Flag of Fa-ther-land!

ALT.

TEN.

BASS.

Stand, Ca-na-dians! Firm-ly stand round the Flag of Fa-ther-land!

SYMPHONY

*mf*

D. S.

FINIS.

Shall we break the plight of youth,  
And pledge us to an alien love?  
No! we'll hold our faith and truth,  
Trusting in the God above.  
Stand, Canadians! firmly stand  
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Britain bore us in her flank,  
Britain nursed us at our birth,  
Britain reared us to our rank  
Mid the nations of the earth.  
Stand, Canadians! firmly stand  
Round the flag of Fatherland!

In the hour of pain and dread,  
In the gathering of the storm,  
Britain raised above our head  
Her broad shield and stalwart arm.  
Stand, Canadians! firmly stand  
Round the flag of Fatherland!

O triune Kingdom of the brave,  
O sea-girt Island of the free,  
O Empire of the land and waves,  
Our hearts, our hands, are all with thee!  
Stand, Canadians! proudly stand  
Round the flag of Fatherland!

MY WIFE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

My little wife is out beyond the burn, I see her parasol behind the fir. And here am I inditing verse to her Ere she return.

FROM OTTAWA.

The proceedings in the house during the past few days may be characterized as dull, flat, stale and unprofitable. The leader of the Opposition has been absent for several days, and his Lieutenant, Dr. Tupper, has been in command.

that the sufferings of the residents of New Campbellton have not their origin altogether in the fertile imagination of their representative. I was much impressed with the little debate which occurred on Mr. Christie's motion relative to Sabbath observance on our Pacific works.

ARGUS.

HEARTH AND HOME.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—We can gain the greatest victories over ourselves. What wits we should be if we only uttered the bright things we think of when the occasion has passed!

LOSING FRIENDS.—Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness.

A MISTAKE OFTEN MADE.—Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured.

REFINEMENT.—Refinement is not fastidiousness. It is not luxury. It is nothing of this kind. It is far removed from excess or waste. A person truly refined will not squander or needlessly consume anything.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—Whenever you can conscientiously encourage any one, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window-boxes without water, nor refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them;

no one knows" blights many a bud of promise. Whether it be the young artist at his easel, the young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at her piano, give what praise you can, for many a one has fallen by the way for the want of that word of encouragement which would have "stablished their feet."

A CLASS TO BE PITIED.—We are all familiar with that type of people known as the shabby-genteel—people who cannot bear to be thought poor. They must live like their neighbours, although these neighbours may be twice or three times as rich as themselves.

UTILIZE THE WIND.—As we cannot all have what we want in the way of music, perhaps the following information how to make the most of what all can get may be acceptable:—Double, twist and wax strong silk thread; tie a knot on each end; make two little wedges of soft wool, with the little end split up a quarter of an inch, and put one on each end of the thread, the knot keeping it from slipping through.

SPURGEON AND THE SHOEMAKER.—It is said of Spurgeon that in his pointed way he cried out from the pulpit, "There's a shoemaker. Last Sunday he sold shoes that amounted to ninepence, and there was fourpence profit on it."

WHY ADVERTISE?

People sometimes ask why does Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y., spend so much money in advertising his family medicines, which are so well known and surpass all other remedies in popularity and sale.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Much obliged. Solution of Problem No. 168 received. Correct. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 164 received. Correct.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS MATCH.

(From the Glasgow Evening News, Feb. 14, 1878.) We have the pleasure to inform our readers that, on the 5th inst., we received a copy of a game in which one of the British team had a decided winning advantage—no less than the gaining of his opponent's Queen; the pleasure was increased by receiving seven days afterwards a copy of another game, in which the British player has announced mate in six moves.

Let no man say that Chess is an ignoble subject. It is, if properly considered, as reconducing a science as mathematics. Kings, conquerors and sages have not thought it beneath them to ponder over the checkered board; and it may be that the noble game has contributed, in no slight degree, to the success of their most triumphant efforts.

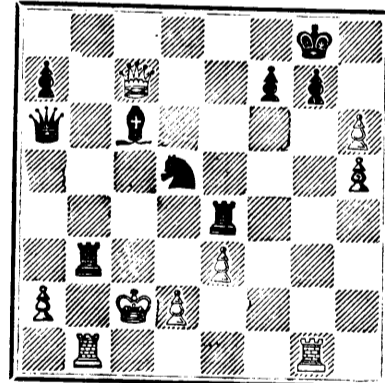
We learn from a recent issue of Land and Water that in the match between Mr. E. Thorold and Miss Rudge, at the odds of a Knight, two more games have been played, in both of which the lady was unfortunate. The score, as it now stands, gives Mr. Thorold eight, Miss Rudge eight, and no draws. Eleven games won by either side gain the victory, and, consequently, the contest is exciting considerable interest.

In speaking of this, we are reminded that, in a match fought lately by two rival Clubs in the south of England, we were glad to find a lady amateur, Mrs. Whitemarsh, contesting with players of the other sex for Chess-honours. May many more follow her example on both sides of the Atlantic!

There appeared in the Hartford (Conn) Times, very recently, a problem by G. Reichhelm, to be solved in ninety-two moves. We recollect noticing some years ago a position by the celebrated Labourdonnais, which required eighty-one for solution.

The subjoined Problem is an interesting position which occurred recently in a game between Dr. I. Ryall and Mr. J. Henderson. White (Mr. Henderson) having the move, gave mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 165. BLACK.



White to play and mate in four moves.

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 245TH.

A lively skirmish played at the Montreal Chess Club recently between Messrs. J. Barry and Saunders.

WHITE—(Mr. Saunders.) BLACK—(Mr. Barry.)

- 1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. K Kt to B3 2. Q Kt to B3
3. P to Q B3 3. K B to B4
4. P to Q4 4. P takes P
5. P takes P 5. B to Kt3
6. P to Q5 6. Q Kt to K2
7. Kt to K5 7. Q to Q B3
8. K B to Q3 8. Castles
9. Q B to K3 9. P to Q3
10. K Kt to Q B4 10. B takes B
11. Kt takes B 11. Kt to Kt3
12. Castles 12. Kt to K4
13. B to Q B2 13. P to K R3
14. P to K B4 14. Q Kt to K Kt5
15. Kt takes Kt 15. B takes Kt
16. Q to K sq 16. P to Q B3
17. P to K B5 17. Q to Q Kt3 (ch)
18. R to B2 18. Q takes Q Kt P
19. Kt to Q B3 19. Q to Q Kt3
20. K to R sq 20. P takes Q P
21. P to K R3 21. P to R4
22. P to K Kt4 22. B takes P
23. P takes B 23. P takes P
24. K R to B3 24. P takes K P
25. Kt to Q5 25. Q to Q Kt7
26. B takes P (a) 26. Q mates

GAME 246TH.

Played recently in the Province of Ontario between G. Jackson, Esq. and Dr. —

(Evans' Gambit.)  
 WHITE—(G. Jackson, Esq.) BLACK—(Dr. —)  
 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4  
 2. Kt to KB3 2. Kt to QB3  
 3. B to QB4 3. B to QB4  
 4. P to Q Kt4 4. B takes P  
 5. P to Q B3 5. B to R 4  
 6. P to Q 4 6. P takes P  
 7. K Kt takes P 7. K Kt to K 2  
 8. Castles 8. Q Kt to K 4 (a)  
 9. B to Q Kt3 9. Castles  
 10. P to K B 4 10. Kt to QB3  
 11. P to K B 5 11. Q Kt to K 4  
 12. P to K B6 (b) 12. K Kt to Kt3  
 13. P takes Kt P 13. K takes P  
 14. Q to K R 5 (c) 14. B to Q Kt 3  
 15. B to K R 6 (ch) 15. K to Kt sq  
 16. B takes R 16. Q takes B  
 17. Q Kt to Q 2 17. P to Q B 4  
 18. K Kt to B 3 18. Kt takes Kt (ch)  
 19. Kt takes Kt 19. P to Q B 5 (ch)  
 20. K to R sq 20. P takes B  
 21. Q Kt to Kt 5 21. Q to Kt 2  
 22. B takes K B P 22. Q to R sq  
 23. Q R to K B sb. 23. B to K 6  
 And White mates in two moves.

NOTES

(a) This move, which is very weak, leads to immediate difficulties.  
 (b) White, very properly, avails himself at once of the opportunity of pushing forward the Pawn.  
 (c) White has now more than one strong move at his command. The one he chooses is perhaps the shortest way to victory.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 163

WHITE. BLACK.  
 1. Q to QB sq 1. Any move  
 2. Mate accordingly

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 161.

WHITE. BLACK.  
 1. Kt to Q B 3 1. B takes R (ch)  
 2. R to R 7 (ch) 2. K to B sq  
 3. R to K 7 (ch) 3. K takes Kt  
 4. R mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 162.

WHITE. BLACK.  
 K to K R 5 K to Q Kt sq  
 B to K 7 B to K R 7  
 B to Q 3 Pawn to  
 Kt to Q R 5 Q 4. K B 5  
 and K R 5

White to play and mate in five moves.

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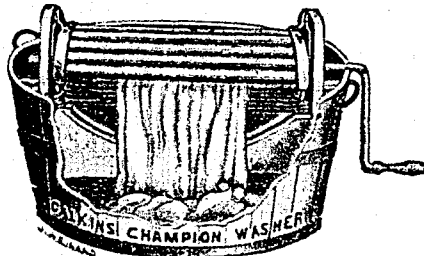
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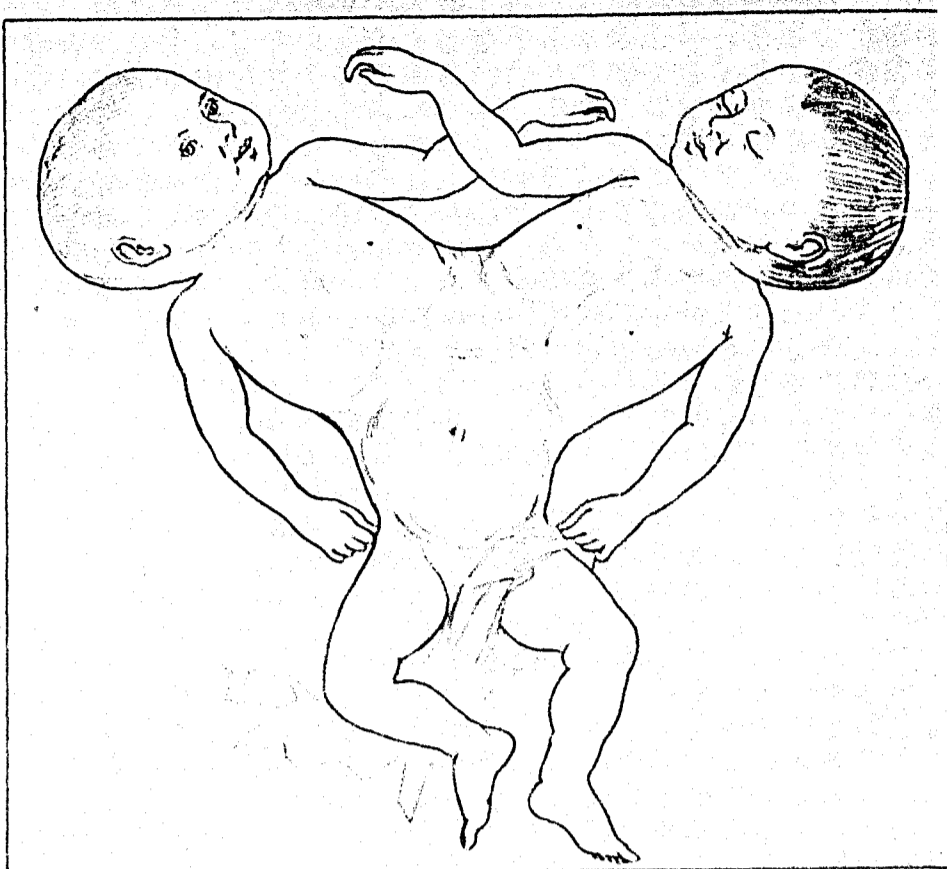
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