

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

AMERICAN Whistleblasted News

Vol. XV.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877.

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



NARROW ESCAPE OF GENERAL B —
"THE SHELL HAS FIZZED. I AM SAFE ONCE MORE. BEWARE!"

Our agent MR. W. STREET will commence the New Year by a visit to the various towns and villages situate on the G. T. R. between Montreal and Toronto and those on the Midland and Toronto and Nipissing Railways, collecting accounts and seeking new subscribers. At the New Year the commencement of a new volume affords such an excellent opportunity for intermingling new subscribers to commence their subscriptions, that it is to be hoped a largely increased subscription list will be the result of his efforts. Old subscribers are requested to assist him by all the means in their power.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 13th, 1877.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

We received the other day a marked copy of an American specialist paper which contained a rudely designed, but very effective woodcut to the following effect—a plump milk cow stood between two men, both of whom were falling backward exhausted, one with the horns in his hands, the other with the tail. These represented respectively the plaintiff and defendant in a protracted lawsuit. Quietly seated under the cow's haunch was a sleek individual who drew milk from the full udder with both hands. This was the lawyer who profited by the discomfiture of both litigants. Accompanying the illustration was an article entitled "Died of a Lawsuit," rather clumsily constructed, but replete with such significance that we have thought proper to reproduce it in another part of the present issue, in order that our readers might judge of it for themselves.

In young countries like the United States, Canada and Australia, lawyers as a class enjoy a prestige and authority accorded to no other profession. They almost monopolize legislative and other public honors, while in every community they hold the privilege of being considered the most experienced and best cultured of men. In country towns and villages, they are looked up to as superior beings, casting the schoolmaster, the notary and even the parson completely in the shade. We should have no particular objection to this anomaly—for it is an anomaly—and should remain content to be amused by it, as we have often been, were it not that it sometimes leads to grave inconvenience, not to speak of glaring injustice.

The legal profession is critical of all others, while it will not bear criticism itself. And yet no profession should be more closely watched by public opinion, or regulated by a healthy public sentiment. There are many positive abuses in our present legal and judicial procedure, which lawyers themselves complain of when they clash with their personal interests, and which the public should animadvert on, because the public are always the sufferers. Cases come under our notice every day which may be set down as scandalous abuses of the interests of clients for the behoof of counsel. The evil depicted by the woodcut and article above referred to is only one of these abuses, but it is so common, and so hopelessly out of the public control, that it may be imputed as the chief of the abuses. It is no secret anywhere that lawyers play into one another's hands, and that what is called "legal etiquette" is often stretched to suspicious lengths. Legal technicalities have become a by-word of ridicule, and to the uninitiated present as hopeless, sometimes as fatal, an issue as the Cretan labyrinth. We have a notable instance of this in our city at the present time. A late bank officer stands charged with grievous offences, and not only the shareholders and depositors of the bank, but the whole country are interested in his speedy trial. And yet that trial has been postponed from term to term, for over a year, on what must appear to outsiders as the most futile reasons. The man is either guilty or innocent. If innocent, he ought to be anxious for ex-

culpation. If guilty, public morality demands that he should be punished without delay. As it is, the feeling grows more and more that the tricks of lawyers are almost omnipotent to balk the ends of justice.

Cases are similar in litigation among individuals. The delays and other vexatious measures referred to not only bring ridicule on judicial procedure, but they very often entail irreparable losses upon clients. In England, France and other old countries, there is no danger of such abuses being tolerated, and while the evil in this country has been after a fashion an almost unavoidable one, we think it is about time that measures were taken to circumscribe it within limits which will prevent it becoming a national disgrace.

THE TRUE POSITION OF THE SOUTH.

Those who are acquainted with the standing of the prominent men of the South will be slow to accept the authority of the words or acts of BEN HILL, Congressman from Georgia. Mr. HILL bears the tacit reproach of not having been a soldier during the war, confining his services to the Confederate Congress where they were very little needed indeed. It is very hard that such a man should be held up as an exponent of Southern ideas and a shaper of Southern movements in the actual Presidential crisis, and if we call attention to him to-day it is because there is some reason to believe that he is in a manner the mouth-piece of ROBERT TOOMBS, the Achilles of the South, and one of the greatest men this continent has produced. But whether that is a fact or not, it is none the less true that a late utterance of Mr. HILL conveys in a few words the real policy of the whole Southern States. He is reported to have said that while he believed TILDEN to be really elected, he foresaw the contingency of the technical election of HAYES, in which case he would give the latter's administration his hearty support. The first ground for this acquiescence is given in the Congressman's graphic and pathetic language. The South needs repose and is not prepared to fight for any President of the United States, and those Northerners who judge that office worth fighting for "know not the conservative influence of a six-month shell" about to burst with devastation upon one's hearth and home. A deeper reason is that, while the South loyally accepts the results of the war, it cannot heartily throw itself into national affairs, just as France, to-day, cannot take any active part in continental complications. The South is forced by material pressure and by a sentiment of dignified resignation to busy itself with its own concerns alone. All it asks is Home Rule, the privilege of being let alone, of being freed from the terrible visitations of Carpet Beggars and the members of Federal troops. If the Southern States can have their own Governors and their own untrammelled institutions, they care comparatively little who share the spoils of the one hundred thousand offices of the National Government. Furthermore, there is a large section of the Democratic party to whom the South feels that it is under no obligation whatever, and, personally, Mr. TILDEN is not the man to excite any enthusiasm for his cause. The South voted for him and with the Democratic party in order to record its adherence to States Rights, the cardinal doctrine of American republicanism, but if it must be that, by force or diplomacy or a flaw in the constitutional procedure, Mr. HAYES is "counted in" President of the United States, the South will not raise a finger in resistance. It is enough for the Southern States just at present that by a solid vote they have had an opportunity of raising their voice against centralization and military interference, and of advancing a step towards the old ante-bellum self government.

CANADIAN CENTENNIAL AWARDS.

The project of holding a grand banquet with other appropriate ceremonial at the awarding of prizes and diplomas to the Canadians who won distinction at the Philadelphia International Exhibition, is one which deserves to receive from all quarters the heartiest support and encouragement. There are artistic, scientific, and industrial, as well as patriotic interests, involved in the scheme, and therefore, while it will recommend itself to the approbation of the public in general, it will be sure to receive particular favor from specialists of nearly every description.

It is proposed that the banquet and distribution shall be held at Ottawa, on as early a day as possible, and shall be presided over by the Governor-General. Both the locality and the presiding officer are appointments of the fittest kind. It is further intended to invite the Board of United States Commissioners who managed the Centennial with so much judgment and courtesy, as well as several State and Federal officials from over the borders. Invitations will be sent also to the principal authorities of each Province of the Dominion, and it is expected that all the great bodies of the State will be suitably represented. Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal have already taken the lead in contributing money towards the necessary expenses of such an event, and we have reason to believe that Quebec, St. John, Halifax, and other enterprising cities of Ontario will follow the good example with proper generosity.

We make no doubt whatever that the movement will culminate in a real success, and that it will be one of the marked incidents of the present year. Canada did so very well indeed at the Centennial that she surprised not only other nations, and notably the United States, but even herself, and it is meet that the rewards of those who contributed to her triumph at Philadelphia should be celebrated with salient demonstration.

Another benefit which we look for from this gathering at Ottawa is that, then and there, effective steps will be taken to lay the sure basis of a great representation at Paris, in the Spring of 1878. This is a matter which will admit of no delay. We shall be expected at Paris and our place is already set apart, as we saw from plans of the grounds and buildings the other day. If we did well at Philadelphia, we can do vastly better at Paris, and therefore the golden opportunity must not be lost.

The amendments added in the House to the Bill of the Quebec Corporation contemplated the protection of the city from the recurrence of great fires by Government Inspectorship of Buildings, and by the substitution, within given periods, of fire-proof roofs in place of shingled ones, all wooden buildings being prohibited from being erected within the limits, for all time to come. These amendments were lost on division by a majority of one, all the Ministers present voting in their favor. Mr. JOHN HEARS, M. P. P., who is fully in favor of legislation for fire prevention and reduction of insurance rates, approved of the postponement of all but the Inspectorship, the clause for which he introduced, in consideration of the ratepayers having been taken somewhat by surprise. All this must be looked upon as a hopeful state of things, and as shewing that the Legislature will not ultimately determine that vast conflagrations are to be legalized. The fire at the convent of St. Elizabeth, in Joliette, adds sad point to our reflections—thirteen lives—chiefly poor little children—being lost there! The interest on loans for renewal of roofs would be a trifling matter if the Insurance Companies see the full benefits to accrue to them, for it would be mainly covered by the reduction of premiums.

We beg to call attention to the beautiful poem published in another column over the signature of Mr. ISIDORE G. ASCHER. Mr. ASCHER is remembered in Montreal, as indeed throughout Canada, for his fine literary productions, and his poem shows that, at the Christmas season of reminiscences, his heart is still with us. In a letter written from London, (and accompanying the verses, Mr. ASCHER says: "Mrs. A... and I always enjoy your publication, and look forward to it each week with pleasure. It is a link that binds me to the dear old city and institutions."

It is contended by some that the Provincial Legislatures are not Parliaments. They divide the work of Parliaments with Ottawa at any rate, and what is the status of an M. P. P., if he is not a Member of the Provincial Parliament!

THE FREE LANCE.

Brown on the rampage.

The people of Ontario do not want the Hon. John Young for Sydney Commissioner. B-nighted people.

A fair widow was very disconsolate. A friend called to console.

"Glad to see you looking so well to-day!"

"Ah! if you had only seen me yesterday!"

The management of the Academy of Music will be soon consolidated. It will be governed in part by a Revue.

There was some engineering off the track on the Grand Trunk last week.

Pouch says Britons never will be Slavs. No. But if Gladstone's Russian policy prevails, they may yet become serfs.

A paper says that there is a scheme about to build a bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec. That would be a floating bridge.

There is plenty of snow in New York, and the papers say it will last till March. Don't tell Venuor, or there will surely be a thaw.

The London *Advertiser* goes to France for a joke. It quotes the words:

Pas de Lien
Rhoque nous.

If you read them rapidly and consecutively they give you the words of a popular English song. The whole town was exercised over the riddle. At length two unfortunate fellows sneaked into the back office with the solution: "Paddle your own canoe."

This atrocity reminds me of another. In the late Red River Expedition under Wolsey, there was a chaplain, of course, and that chaplain was both a scholar and a wit. He thus travestied the watch-words of the expedition from Virgil:

"Arma, virumque cano!"

One reminiscence brings on a second. In the India mutiny, the General who took Seind despatched this single word to England:

"Pecuni!"

It is not generally known that Napoleon III. was toothless in the last year of his life. How did that happen? Because he had lost Sedan (see dents).

It is indignantly denied that it was a Prentice hand that floated the *Graphic* bonds.

"Who's to pay?" was the stupid question asked by the local authorities when summoned to enforce the peace during the Grand Trunk strike. As if the poor public did not have to pay in any case.

The latest temperance axiom. One swallow does not make a summer, but it often makes a big drunk.

It was made of unbleached linen and about the size of a medium pillow. She didn't throw it at him, but belabored his head and shoulders with it until he was forced to take refuge in the street. A great crowd gathered to see the bustle.

Beaver Hall Hill is called Butcher's Row because so many doctors live there. St. Francois Xavier street is called the Banker's Quarter because it has so many brokers.

LACEDS

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BAZAAR OF THE TORONTO INFANTS' HOME.—The sketch of the bazaar in aid of the Infants' Home, Toronto, is given not so much from any special interest in itself, but as appertaining in some sort to the Christmas season. The Infants' Home is under the patronage of the Countess of Dufferin, and, from the positions of the ladies engaged in it, should be a popular charity. The promoters of the bazaar are ladies of the highest social standing, and the success of the affair was assured from the opening of the doors. It is the fashion to declaim against enterprizes of this kind, partly because it is so easy to declaim against anything, and partly because charity in any shape is a very objectionable feature of our social economy. This hardly applies, however, to an institution for the bringing up of helpless infants. The caring for of children is an essential part of woman's work in the world. But so quietly has the Home been conducted that many in Toronto have hardly been aware of its existence, till perhaps the milk was getting a little short and bundles of flannel not being found on the steps in profusion, womanly sagacity—supplemented by cunning and willing fingers, united in their determination to do, rather than dispute on the method of doing—culminated in one of the most successful bazaars ever held in Toronto. That this way of raising the wind robs a man of his gratitude and the blessedness that comes of giving, is perfectly true, if all men were as good as Sir Henry Taylor. But unostentatious charity is so rare a virtue that, to depend on it alone, children would die. Probably the young man in the sketch with the ulster coat has some other objection to make, if he had courage enough to make it, but we do not think he has. Indeed, we believe he will spend five dollars in a hopeless raffle, fret over it for an hour, and finally make up his mind that "Government ought to put a stop to that sort of thing."

FORT FRANCIS.—Fort Francis is situated at the foot of Rainy Lake, about half-way between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg, on the Dawson Route. The rocky formation, which extends from Shebandowan to the outlet of Rainy Lake, ceases there, and a formation of soil free from stone commences and extends the whole length of the river, some eighty miles. The river is admitted, by all travellers who have seen it, to be one of the most beautiful in the Dominion. The banks rise from a height of from 10 to 15 feet, and slope gradually back. The soil is chiefly clay and is covered with a rich vegetable loam.

The undergrowth is very luxuriant. The timber is chiefly poplar and birch. There are along the banks of the river some beautiful openings which no doubt have been cultivated for centuries by the Indians, and at one time by the mound Indians, as their mounds are still to be seen along the banks of the river. These openings are covered with vetches and flowers, and studded here and there with oak and elm trees, which make the scenery in many places really enchanting. The soil is rich and very productive; wheat, barley, oats, corn and vegetables grow well and mature. The Government have had 15 townships and a town-plot at Fort Francis surveyed. Forty buildings have been erected at Fort Francis during the past two years. The town boasts of a saw mill, a planing mill and a shingle mill, several stores, a good school, a photographic gallery and two clergymen.

The Government is rapidly pushing on the canal which when completed will connect the waters of Rainy Lake and those of Lake of the Woods, which will utilize a water stretch of upwards of two hundred miles. All that is wanted to open up that section of the country is communication with the outer world. It is to be hoped the Government will transport emigrants, during the coming season, as far as Fort Francis, over the Dawson Route. A sketch of this rising town appeared in our last issue.

THE CARTOON.—On the front page there is a comic cartoon, entitled The Narrow Escape of General B—, the amusing point of which will be readily perceived by all our readers. The Big Push letter is a matter of notoriety; the opinion of Judge Wilson thereupon and the reply of Senator Brown thereto, are equally famous. Mr. Dalton M. Carthy, Q. C. and Member for Carlwell, gave the whole matter additional interest by moving in the Court of Queen's Bench that Mr. Brown should be brought up for contempt. The editor of the Globe argued his own case with his usual ability and fire. Finally the decision came on. Chief Justice Harrison delivered a judgment adverse to Mr. Brown on every point, and held that the rule Nisi should be made absolute. Justice Morrison, in a lengthy judgment, held that the rule should be discharged. The Court being divided, the motion fell to the ground. This is precisely the situation depicted in our cartoon. The great shell buries itself harmlessly into the ground. The fuse dies out, and General Brown, like Napoleon at Ratisbonne, looks out with the contempt of unconsciousness, at the missile that was charged with his destruction. All he says to his enemies is "Beware!" and when he says that, his enemies may well tremble.

GRAND REVIEW BEFORE THE CZAR.—This review was in honor of the Grand Duke Nicholas, on the eve of his departure for the South. The troops assembled on the Field of Mars numbered 35,000 men. The infantry, artillery and cavalry, the latter composed of cuirassiers, hussars, mounted grenadiers and Cossacks, marched past the Emperor and the Grand Duke, cheering enthusiastically while the crowd re-echoed their

acclamations. The snow fell in large flakes, but this circumstance rather added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

DEPARTURE OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.—Immediately after the review just described the Grand Duke Nicholas took his departure for the army of the South over which he has been placed as Commander in Chief. When he took his seat in the train which was to take him to Kichenew, the hereditary Grand Duke and Lieutenant General Riemann, commanding the division of St. Petersburg, handed him the Holy Images. On accepting these Images, the Grand Duke expressed the assurance that his army, if called into action, would do their duty to their sovereign and country.

ST. FEREOLO.—As an example of delightful scenery, little known to the majority of Canadians, we commend the view of St. Fereol which we present to day. St. Fereol is a beautiful village on the north shore of the river St. Lawrence, in rear of St. Joachim, seignior of Beauré, county of Montmorenci, district of Quebec. In the vicinity are seven or eight waterfalls, which are visited by a large number of strangers who annually go to Quebec.

TASSO AT THE COURT OF FERRARA.—It was one of the customs of the middle ages to give royal entertainments to men of culture and great artists, according them the honors of nobility and introducing them to all the best families in the land. In return for the compliment, they were expected to deliver passages from their most recent compositions. Our engraving in the present issue represents the immortal author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, receiving such honors from Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara. He stands up high on a raised platform above the distinguished assembly, and declaims stanzas either from his great epic or from his delicious pastoral *Aminta*.

THE NEW LONDON OPERA HOUSE.—We have on several previous occasions given full accounts of this magnificent building. We need not therefore repeat them to day especially as a study of our engraving will prove quite sufficient to give our readers an adequate idea of the new temple of art.

THE LATE JOHN FENNINGS TAYLOR.—A memoir of this lamented public officer will be found in another column.

THE LATE JUSTICE MONDELET.—A brief memoir of the late Judge is published in a separate article of this issue.

THE BENGAL CYCLONE.—These are the first views which have reached us of the terrible cyclone that, six or eight weeks ago, carried off 250,000 people to a watery grave, without a moment's warning. Particulars of this frightful catastrophe appeared in the News at the time.

THE LATE MR. JOHN FENNINGS TAYLOR,

FORMERLY CLERK OF THE SENATE.

Mr. John Fennings Taylor belonged to what may be termed the pure middle-class of the English people. He was born on the 26th January, 1801, and consequently had passed the age which man hopes to reach without labour or sorrow. His grandfather, Mr. Arthur Taylor, was a freeholder of the Counties of Suffolk and Essex. In the former county he and his forefathers for several generations owned a farm called the Brook Farm, situated, we believe, near the borders of the two counties, and a few miles from the town of Hadleigh. In the latter county he owned some freehold property in the town of Harwich. Mr. Arthur Taylor had three sons and one daughter. The youngest of the sons, George, married Catherine, a daughter of Mr. John Fennings, a gentleman of some estate, and at that time a resident of the town of Harwich. The issue of this marriage was two sons, the younger being the subject of this notice, and several daughters.

Mr. Taylor arrived in Upper Canada in the year 1820. In the following year he entered the service of the Legislative Council. A little later he was articled as an attorney-at-law to the late Hon. William Warren Baldwin, more familiarly known as Dr. Baldwin; but though he fulfilled the term of his articles, he never practised. On the contrary, he steadily continued in the service of the Legislative Council, and at the re-union of the Provinces in 1841 was Deputy Clerk of that honorable House. On the organization of the Legislative Council of reunited Canada he was appointed one of the two clerks assistant. In 1850, on the retirement of Mr. de Lery, he was preferred to the office of Clerk of the Legislative Council. On the Confederation of the Provinces in 1867, he was appointed "Clerk of the Senate."

Besides the offices to which we have referred, Mr. Taylor was the recipient of other marks of royal favor and confidence, including among other commissions that of Lieut.-Colonel of the militia; nor is it too much to say that in all the relations of a quiet, unobtrusive life, he avoided no duty and abused no trust.

Towards the end of the session of 1870 Mr. Taylor was disabled by severe illness from attending to his duties in the Senate. He had nearly completed the fiftieth year of his public service, and following the instincts of his character he would have striven manfully against being put in "ordinary." His friends, however, suggested to him that for the interests of his family, if not for his own personal comfort, he ought to seek the retirement which, by a life of

faithful service, he had richly earned. He accepted their advice, was placed on the superannuated list, and from that time to the close of his life he lived in the retirement of his family, occasionally seeing old friends whose recollections like his own were chiefly drawn from the earlier days of Canadian history. He will be remembered by those who knew him best with great affection, and even those with whom he was but slightly acquainted will perhaps pleasingly recall ceremonials in which his official duties required him to take anything but an obscure part. Nature had given him "a goodly presence," and instinct had instructed him to clothe it with a drapery of dignity and graciousness. Those who had the happiness to serve with, or under him, will always remember with affection the kindness of his heart and the gentleness of his rule. As he lived, so he died, for though his last illness was complicated with several most painful diseases, he passed through the ordeal of prolonged agony with singular fortitude and patience. His Christian courage enabled him to be the comforter of those about him, whom he knew would soon be his mourners. Indeed, his cheerfulness seemed to increase as his strength diminished, and, perhaps, for the reason that he knew himself to be approaching the goal where the "weary are at rest." He reached it thankfully on the 18th ult. On accepting superannuation he was succeeded by the present Clerk of the Senate, Mr. Robert LeMoine; his nephew, Mr. Fennings Taylor, retaining the offices of Clerk Assistant and Deputy Clerk.

THE LATE JUSTICE MONDELET.

This well-known Judge died on Sunday the 31st ult., from an attack of congestion of the lungs. Charles Joseph Elzéar Mondelet was the son of Jean Marie Mondelet, notary, and was born at St. Charles, River Chambly, on the 27th December, 1801, being educated at the Roman Catholic Colleges at Nicolet and Montreal, and finishing his education at the latter in 1819. He was then immediately, as an assistant to the Astronomical Commission, appointed to define the position of the boundary line between the United States and Canada, under the Treaty of Ghent. He studied law first under Mr. O'Sullivan, who afterwards was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and completed his legal education under his brother Dominique Mondelet, who was appointed Judge of the Superior Court. He was admitted to the Bar in 1822, and after practicing before the Bar for twenty years was appointed District Judge for Terrebonne, L'Assomption and Berthier. In 1844, he was appointed Judge of the Circuit Court at Montreal; in 1849, Judge of the Superior Court; in 1855, Judge of the Seigniorial Court, and in 1855 Assistant Judge in Appeals in the Court of Queen's Bench. From his admission to the Bar till his appointment to the Bench he took an active part in politics and was twice arrested for political offences, but never put on trial. He published his "Lectures sur l'Education" in 1840, the suggestions contained in which are said to have been embodied in the school law passed in the first session after the Union in 1841. Judge Mondelet bore a very high character for his legal learning and judicial fairness, and was the judge whose decision in the Guilford case was endorsed by the Privy Council. Having once formed his judgment, he inflexibly maintained his position, and he was as much distinguished for firmness as for originality. That he was a most painstaking and conscientious judge all will allow, and his death is a loss to the profession not easily replaced.

EPIGRAMS.

SWIFT'S famous epigram on poets and fools has been commonly supposed to be original:—

"Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet."

It is clearly taken from the following, by Schévole de Sainte-Marthe, the friend of Henry IV., of France:

"Je confesse bien comme vous
Que tous les poëtes sont fous;
Mais puis-je poëte vous n'êtes,
Tous les fous ne sont pas poëtes."

The war of jealousies between playwrights is a perpetual one, dating from the days of Ben Jonson to our own. When one author really succeeds, therefore, in captivating the public, he has a right to crow over it if only in doggerel. This is a mixing of metaphors, but it is appropriate. At the recent six-hundredth night of "Our Boys," in London, Byron was quite justified in having the following parody read to a crowded house for the edification of the hypercritical:

Keep the league! keep the league!
Keep our league onward!
We twain have "run" a piece
Nights now Six Hundred.
Though but a light brigade,
Not such "great guns" 'tis said,
Yet we a play have played
Nights full Six Hundred!

"Here's your piece," Byron said,
"Take it, friends, undismayed,
So we did, for we knew
Seldom he's blundered!
Ours not to talk, but busy,
Ours but to act (or try!)
How fared the Comedy?
Unto two yeas we've run,
Nights now Six Hundred."

Prophets to right of us,
Prophets to left of us,
Prophets in front of us,
Volleyed and thundered
Wiseacre about and abell.
"May, for a time, do well!"
Ne'er in their jaws (so right!)
Ne'er in their mouths that night
Boded Six Hundred.

"Flashy! a thing of air!
"Flashy! but very fair!"
So said these wonders there,
Stage-wise alarmists! while
All who of fun 'd heard,
Crushed in the groaning pit,
Fought thro', fought bit by bit!
Coster and Nobleman
Laughed at the same old hit,
Laughed at, and wondered,
Thought of that night, but not
Dreamed of Six Hundred.

Dresses wore spite of us,
Scenes wined each night of us,
Stitches made light of us,
Severed and sundered:
Summers on "houses" fell,
"Business," 'tho' never fell.
Everything turned out well,
So, we are playing still,
Playing each night with will,
All that is left of us
After Six Hundred!

When shall this fortune fade?
No increased charge we've made
(Herein we blundered!)
Thanks to all, true as steel!
Thanks to the Public, we'll
Double Six Hundred.

Montreal, of all cities on this Continent, is exercised on the subject of vaccination. Compulsory vaccination has had to be abandoned in the face of the argument of the brick-bat and paving stone. And now voluntary vaccination is discouraged by a self-constituted band of medical seers. Recently, Mr. Gladstone, in that *cacothese scribendi*, which has latterly possessed the great man, wrote that he was dubious about the wisdom of compulsory vaccination, and could not express an approval of its enforcement. Whereupon, *Punch*, the ever-vigilant custodian of common sense in England, goes for him in this style:—

Doubt if the stars are suns;
Doubt if the earth is round;
Doubt if a boy likes buns;
Doubt light more swift than sound.

Doubt as to Polar search
A useful purpose serving;
Doubt, if you like, the Church
Of England worth preserving.

Doubt if the sun will rise;
Doubt about Euclid's rules;
Doubt Keighley's Guardians wise;
Or doubt them to be fools.

But never doubt the need
Of Jenner's great protection,
Or that it can impede
Various infection.

Or, if you must feel doubt,
Don't give it publication,
To hinder carrying out
Compulsive Vaccination.

Sometimes a philosopher will put in a few pregnant words the ideas which float vaguely in the common mind. I have picked up a gem from a French lawyer on the subject of seduction which deserves to be remembered for its terseness, eloquence and sublime truth. He says:—"Whenever society declares that the honor of a woman and the life of a child are values, the same as a dozen of plates or a roll of money, then men will look at them without daring to take them, and the idea will occur to them to acquire these things, not to steal them. Instead of dishonoring girls, men will marry them; instead of making them their victims, they will constitute them their allies."

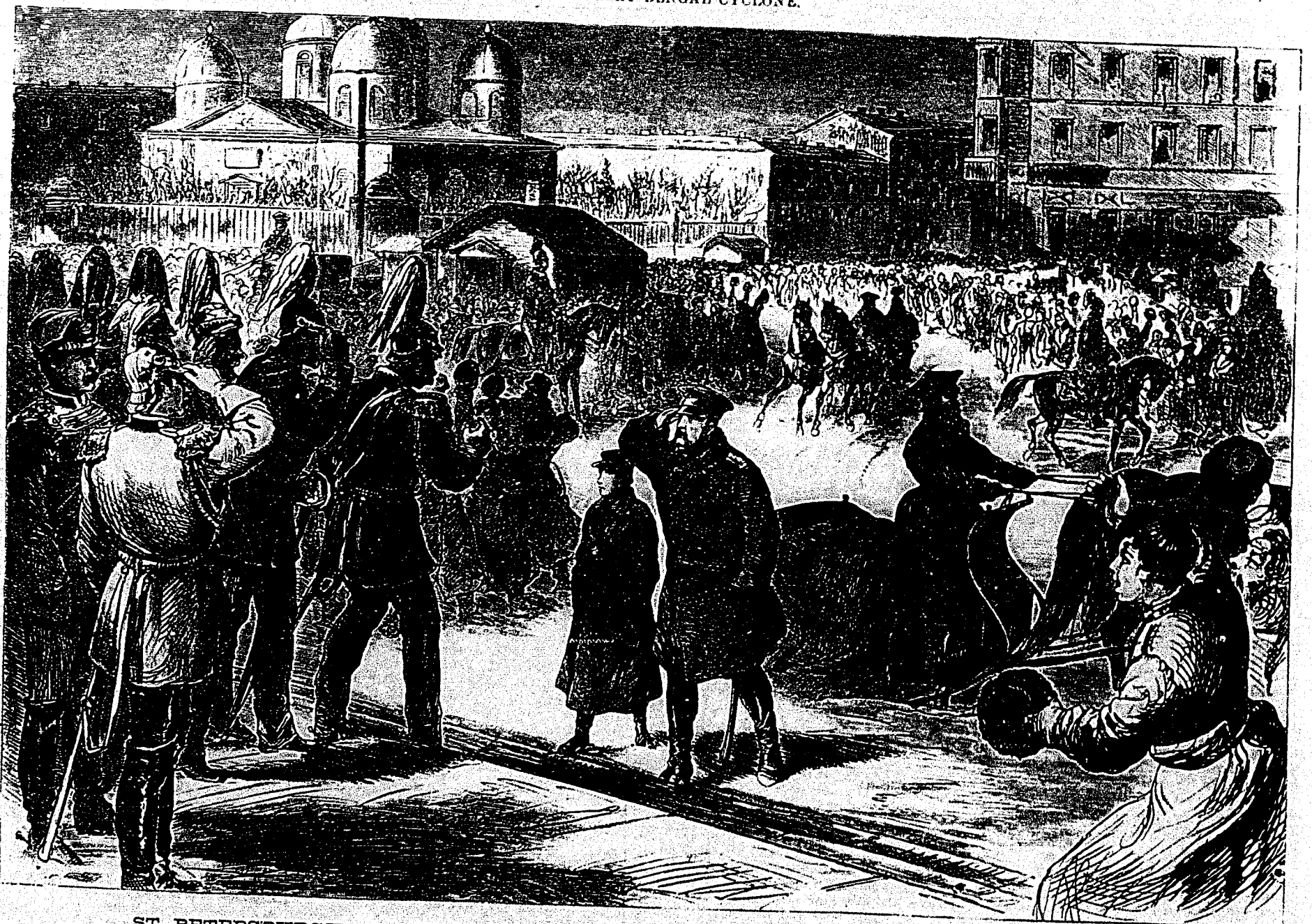
Frederick Lemaitre, the greatest of modern French actors, had a new way every evening of entering upon his role, thus attaining that diversity which is the perpetual charm and the touchstone of a durable success. As soon as he stepped upon the boards, he took in his audience at a glance, and knew it at once. After the delivery of his first passage that fetched applause, he looked again, and observed those whose applause was spontaneous, as distinguished from the official manifestations of the *claqueurs*. He might see only one pair of hands thus engaged. They belonged either to an old man, a young man, a woman, a girl or a mere child. It made no matter. Lemaitre knew from that moment that he had a partisan in the house. He watched him, studied him, established a communication with him, and during the whole evening played almost solely for him. The enthusiasm of the partisan thus became contagious, and it was he or she, not the actor, who spread the emotion throughout the house. The old man rendered his play grave, noble, solid; the young man or woman communicated passion to it; the young girl infused an element of simplicity and moderation, while the mere child revealed effects of fun or laughter which the master had not previously recognized in the role. Thus genius makes use of everything to gain great ends.

A. STRELE PENN.

WHAT CAN AIL THAT CHILD?—How many thousands of parents ask themselves this question, as they see their children becoming more emaciated and miserable every day? A correct reply to the question would be *Worms*; but they are seldom thought of, and the little sufferer is allowed to go on without relief until it is too late. Parents, you can save your children. *Devins' Vegetable Worm Pastilles* are a safe and certain cure; they not only destroy the worms, but they neutralise the vitiated mucus in which the vermin breed. Do not delay! Try them! Take no other kind offered you.



THE GREAT BENGAL CYCLONE.

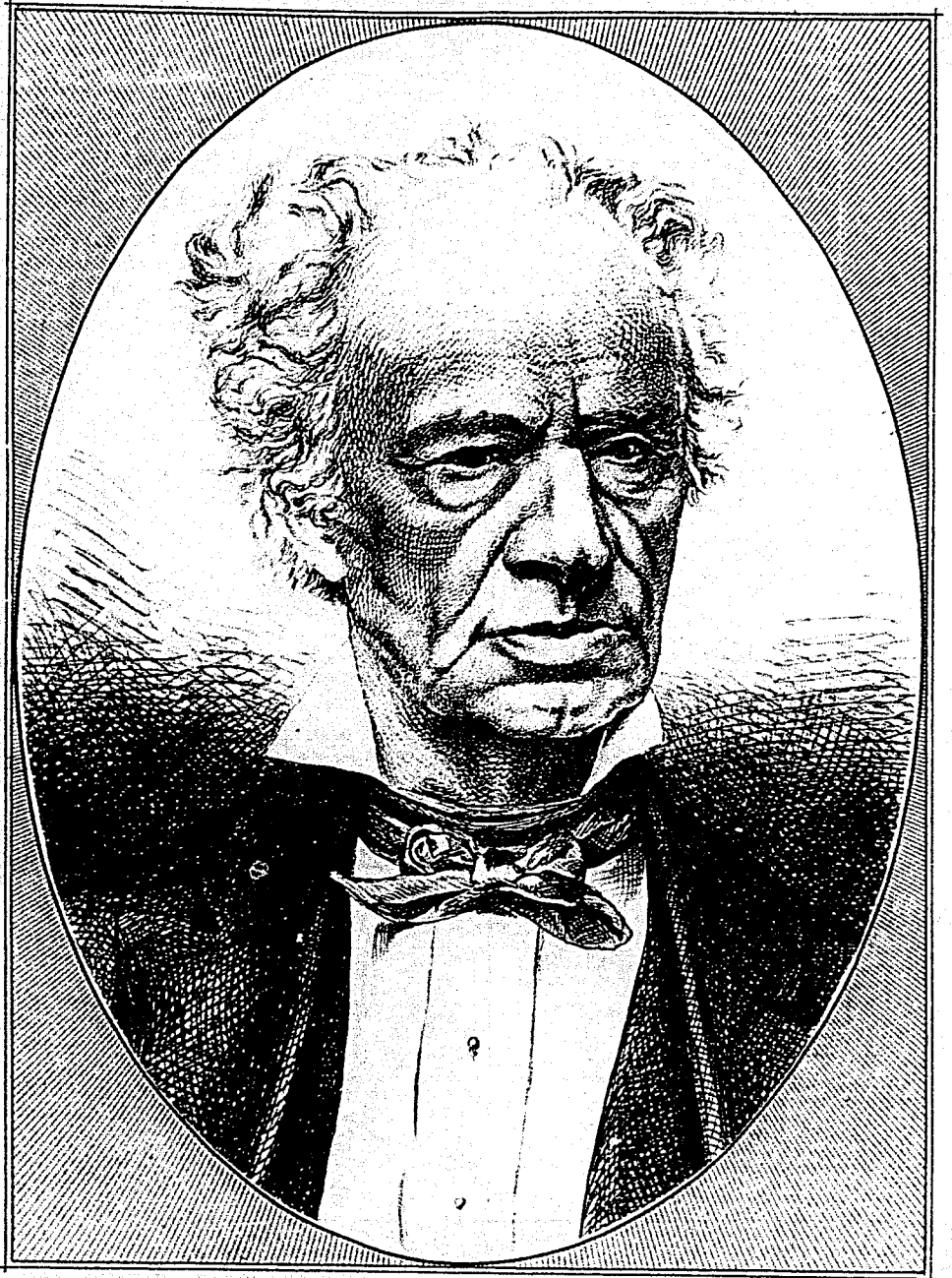


ST. PETERSBURGH.—DEPARTURE OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS TO TAKE COMMAND OF THE SOUTHERN ARMY.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 291.—THE LATE JOHN FENNINGS TAYLOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.



No. 292.—THE LATE JUSTICE MONDELET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



TORONTO.—INFANTS' HOME BAZAAR.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRUICKSHANK.

A LONDON HEARTE.

A RETROSPECT.

Once more, I see the flickering blaze
Pouring its stream of ruby rays
Upon the quiet floor;

London Eng. ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

BEAUTIES OF "MARMION."

A STUDY ON THE INTRODUCTIONS TO THE POEM.

There are many young men, and not a few old ones, who make it a boast how many books they have "gone through."

his private views, for being so communicative, for saying so many true things so finely.

From amid a casket of gems we might select one for its lustre, another for its shape, or another for its value; but of these six Introductions I know not which to prefer.

The second Introduction opens well with the description of a lonely old tree, and then follows an imaginative tale, told by this old tree, of sights it had seen and sounds it had heard since it, a slender sapling bough, had waved in the breeze of its native dell.

Then the allusion to the charities of the deceased, so well directed, so gentle, and yet so perfect.

The third Introduction gives us another glimpse of Scott himself. The regretful cadence swells along the opening lines like a lingering echo of the former Introduction.

The first twenty-five lines of the fourth Introduction are repeated by Scott in a much more graceful manner at the beginning of the third canto of his "Lady of the Lake."

The introductions to the cantos are tagged on to the poem. They do not in the least way serve to throw light upon the poem.

The introductions to the cantos are tagged on to the poem. They do not in the least way serve to throw light upon the poem.

are peculiarly vivid; as are also the subsequent five or six, but he broke off abruptly, knowing well that he could not surpass Thomson, who in his "Seasons" describes most fully a man perishing in the snow.

about the shepherd's fate is the completion of what he had spoken of in the first Introduction about the shepherd and his employments in November; and, if we notice, the fact is that he touches some of his landscape features before he speaks of the shepherd, in order to re-induce his picture of November in the first Introduction; and having recalled it, he does his best to make it vivid and striking.

"Mirth was within; and Care without
Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout,"

All the descriptions of Nature which occur in the Introductions are of nature grown barren, of nature stripped of all her beauty; mude gaunt and grim.

I would remark before beginning the Sixth that Scott's compliment to Ellis is too extravagant; it occurs towards the end of the last Introduction.

The description of an old-time Christmas is very amusing and in it occur some beautiful lines. His apology at the end for the numerous hobgoblin stories he has introduced into the poem proper is well timed, and may have been overlooked by many critics who have objected to his poem on account of the fairy agencies introduced.

J. HAROLD LYNCH.
MONTREAL, December, 1876.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

My first is skittish; my next is used for clothes; and my whole is considered by some a pleasant tittle at Christmas-time.

I'm found in your bedroom; I ride through the darkness; I bring glad tidings; and the boys jump over me.

My first is a lady; my next a warrior captain; and my whole, if not too rough, is amusing at Christmas.

My first holds liquor; my next is exceedingly heavy; and my whole fastens a lady's glove.

My first comes always before you; my next holds my first; and my whole is necessary to a social party.

My first is a place of public resort, my second the entrance thereto; when my first to my second is rightly conjointed, in Cheshire a town you then find.

My first is a trade quite as useful as any; my second, we know, has been fatal to many; my total long famous in history's pages, for horrible deeds we've not heard of for ages.

My first's a tree that's always green, and makes good timber for the cutter; my second relatives doth mean; my whole is often full of butter.

My first Voltair was not; my next a male is not; my whole a child has got.

My first gives my second, and becomes my whole.

In days of old, I have been told
That British soldiers us'd my first;
E'en now they're grand, when they do stand
In my second, when full dressed.

He that would first my last too free,
It can't be reckoned droll,
Though he should in a state thus get,
As to require my whole.

A vehicle is first, and one well known;
My second is peculiar, odd, or strange;
And huge and mighty in my whole is shown,
If you these parts will properly arrange.

My first is to know or to study,
Or fix anything in your mind;
My second belongs to both father and mother,
And to love me they both seem inclin'd;

My first is my second, who works on my first.

My first is a mother; my second is a child; my whole is a fruit.

My second is found in my first, and is called my whole.

My first of every garment forms a part; my next conveys a thought of weight; my whole doth cause the feeling heart To pity her unhappy state.

My first is an animal; my next is a crossing; my whole is an Irish town.

My first is an animal; my second is part of the face; my whole is a flower.

My first is a metal; my second is my whole; and my whole is a town in Essex.

My first (transposed) is a plant; my second is a name; my whole is a name.

My first is a boy's name; my second is a bird; and my whole is a bird.

Solutions of all previous puzzles in our next.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS is writing his "Life" and it is understood the first volume is ready for the printer.

A large number of Chopin's letters will be published soon at Dresden. They form part of a collection made and carefully preserved by his sister.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL, Don Luiz I., is engaged upon a translation of Shakespeare's tragedy of "Hamlet." The translation is made entirely in prose.

In nearly every city throughout the country the exits of theatres have been officially examined since the Brooklyn disaster, and in most of them alterations have been ordered.

MME. ALIDA MARCHAND, formerly a dancer at the Grand Opera, Paris, died in that city lately, at the age of 108. She made her first appearance in 1775 at the age of nine. She has left memoirs which are soon to be published by her executor.

"Paul and Virginia," by Victor Masse, is the greatest success of the season. The first ten performances having realized 100,000 francs. The one thousand three hundred and sixty seventh representation of Boulevard's "La Dame Blanche" was recently given in Paris.

M. GOUNOD has been asked to decide whether the great church scene in his "Faust" should precede or follow the death of Valentine. He has replied that he originally followed Goethe in putting the death of Valentine first, but on the production of the opera in Paris it was found more convenient to put the death scene last, and this arrangement he now prefers.

DOMESTIC.

ROAST SIBLOIN OF BEEF.—Trim and tie up a sibloin of beef, removing all superfluous fat; roast before a bright clear fire, baste very frequently, sprinkle with salt, and serve with the gravy well freed from the fat; garnish with scraped horseradish and potato croquettes.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Take six boiled potatoes, pass them through a sieve; add a little grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt to taste, and some chopped parsley; work into this mixture the yolks of three or four eggs, then fashion it into the shape of balls or corks, roll them in bread crumbs, and fry them in hot lard.

LOBSTER SAUCE.—Take a hen lobster, pick out the meat, and break it into pieces, not too small; pound the shell of the lobster and the spaw with some butter till a smooth paste, pass it through a sieve; make one pint of melted butter, put the meat from the lobster into it, add a dust of cayenne, and when the sauce boils stir into it the lobster butter that has come through the sieve, and half a pint of cream.

BRAISED TURKEY.—Truss the turkey as for boiling; stuff it with truffle and elegant stuffing. Line the bottom of a braising pan with slices of bacon; lay the turkey on these, and place more slices of bacon on the top of it. Put in two carrots and two onions cut in slices, and sweet herbs, parsley, bay leaf, a clove of garlic, and whole pepper, and salt to taste; moisten with some stock and a tumblerful of sherry. Lay a round of buttered paper on the top, put on the lid, and bake with a moderate fire (under and above) for about four hours, then serve with the gravy strained and freed from excess of fat.

EXCITING ADVENTURE
OF A
CANADIAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Visit from a Man-eater on the Okovango River.

We take the following from the Auckland, (New Zealand) Weekly News. The writer, Mr. Frederick Green, is a Canadian born, a son of Mr. William Green, Deputy Commissary General, formerly of St. Catharines, near Montreal, and Margaret, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. John Gray, President, and, we believe, the first President of the Bank of Montreal. Mr. W. Green was the brother-in-law of Mr. Wicksteed, Law Clerk of the House of Commons, and an old friend of several of the senior officers of our Civil Service. He was stationed for some years in South Africa, and some of his sons remained there after he had retired from the Service. Frederick became an elephant hunter by profession, and his elder brother Henry is now the Hon. Henry Green, member of the Legislative Council of West Griqua Land, at Kimberley, in the Diamond Fields of South Africa. Major E. L. Green, now of Auckland, is his younger brother.

(FROM MY DIARY, NOVEMBER, 1874.)

The night was unusually still and calm. All life seemed wrapt in slumber; and teeming as the river does at all times with such a variety of wild animals—especially during night time, when they repair to it to slake their thirst and enjoy a bath in its cool waters, this profound silence appeared to me as singular as it was inconceivable. Not a breath of air could be felt. Even the vane, which I always use in skarm-shooting to indicate the direction of the wind, stood stationary. As I sat lost in thought, gazing at the innumerable stars, and contemplating the vast and marvellous works of the Creator, an indescribable gloom, accompanied by a sad and melancholy feeling, as if foreboding some dire calamity hanging over me, took possession of my mind, which I tried in vain to dispel. I had but recently lost one of my children by a very sudden death—a boy of nearly five years of age, and much endeared to me—and this sad affliction may have partially explained the cause of otherwise unaccountable gloom. I, however, kept my station, now anxiously watching and attentively listening for the first sound that would apprise me of the approach of elephants, which I felt confident from the numerous recent traces around the water would make their appearance during some hour of the night. After a tedious watch for about three hours, and feeling an irresistible inclination for a doze (having been hard at work most part of the day with spade and pick), I was on the point of lying down, when I heard the gruff and unmistakable tones proceeding from a troop of lions not far distant. As there was now something to attract the attention, I resumed my place on the seat of my skarm and sat silently awaiting events. The troop was soon responded to by the roaring of others, and such an inharmonious conglomeration of discordant tones was at length heard as I had seldom known rivalled by the lords of the forest; no sooner one troop ceased than another and anon others would continue the strain, and when all united, the noise—reverberating through the otherwise stillness of the night—was really what I imagined as grand and wild a melody as ever a hunter could wish to hear. Notwithstanding, I was fairly surrounded by lions, and the night became unusually dark, occasioned by such a hazy atmosphere as is frequently found on the river; still I cannot say I felt any inordinate degree of nervousness, although I was well aware that the lions on the Okovango were renowned for their daring and frequency in entering the werts and carrying off the natives, besides attacking them in broad daylight. I was, however, well prepared for an encounter with the brutes; although, I must confess, I should not have agreed to my little fortress being besieged by such a multitude of lions as were unmistakably approaching. My battery consisted of a No. 4 gauge two-grooved rifle, a superior No. 12 four-grooved ditto, besides a No. 10 breech-loading rifle, central fire; and in conjunction with these the confidence I fortunately possessed of my own experience in night shooting. Nevertheless, I deemed it expedient, under present circumstances, not to trust too implicitly to either of the watches I had with me (an old Damara and a Bushman, the latter a most uncouth and lazy good-for-nothing specimen of his race), but rather to keep watch, lest they should betray us under the obscurity of the night. I soon became aware that the troops at last were drawing closer from nearly opposite directions, the one especially between my position and the river was rapidly advancing. I now detected the Bushman becoming alarmingly uneasy, and casting an envious glance at old Karapue, who was fast asleep under the logs forming the covering of the skarm, and quite unconscious of the diabolical concert going on now in such close proximity to us. Matters at last assumed a more serious aspect, as I observed the lions still continued advancing as though they had scented us. I accordingly handed one rifle to Karapue, whom I awoke, and kept my breech-loader in my hands ready for immediate action, and thus remained in anxious suspense for some

time until fairly compelled to lie down and snatch a few moments' rest; but I had barely closed my eyes when my watcher called me, and directed my attention to two animals which I observed reflected in the water. To my inquiry as to what they were he merely shook his head; but I ascertained at another glance that they were two bull elephants. They had, doubtless, got our scent through a puff of wind from our quarter. As they were moving away I tried to stalk them, but they gained the thicket before I could get within rifle range, so I returned somewhat disappointed to my skarm. At this time one troop of lions seemed only distant about a hundred yards, but separated from us by the veld, and roaring most defiantly. After a short interval these ceased, but the other troops continued the duet. The night was far advanced; and weary and sleepy with my prolonged watching, I was compelled to lie down under the logs, but before doing so I particularly cautioned the old Damara against falling asleep, strictly commanding him to keep a keen look out, and should he either hear or see any animal approaching the skarm, to warn me without a moment's delay. I soon fell into a deep slumber, from which I was awakened by a most piercing shriek, accompanied by the noise of a terrible scuffle. Seizing my breech-loader, which was by my side, I sprang up, and to my horror I observed my watcher was gone. In another moment I stood in the place I left him, and there alongside the skarm a most horrible spectacle met my gaze, for within a few feet from me was the monster man-eater tearing away at the poor old Karapue, whilst his cries for help were heartrending. My sudden appearance upon the scene, which the brute doubtless never anticipated, so startled him that he seized his unfortunate victim and was in the act of flying when I levelled and fired, but the fear of shooting the man caused me to miss the lion, and it was this alone which stayed my hand when I could nearly touch the monster with my rifle as the dust occasioned by the struggle prevented me for the moment from distinguishing one object from the other. The shot, however, had the effect of causing him to release his hold. When seeing no time was to be lost I dragged the terror-stricken wretch of a Bushman out of the skarm by the heels, and compelling him to accompany me, with one rifle I hastened to the spot indicated by the groans of the dying man whom I threw on my shoulder, and bore back to the spot where only a few moments before he sat on his lonely watch, little dreaming so sad and dreadful a fate awaited him. I incurred no inconsiderable risk on this occasion in rescuing the poor old man from his fearful situation, as I was well aware it was not one lion I might encounter to dispute the possession of the mangled remains of poor old Karapue, but many, perhaps, and I also had a not very agreeable conviction that if the lion or lions sprang upon me when encumbered with the wounded man, the Bushman, carrying now both rifles, would cast them away and seek his own safety in flight. I was not aware at this time of the extent of the injuries sustained by the unfortunate man, and entertained hopes I had saved his life. Not so. At the back of my skarm there lay an old reed mat, left by the natives, which they use for damming up waters for entrapping fish, and as it was perfectly dry I ignited it with a match, the blaze of which shed a brilliant light for at least a hundred yards around, and rendered any object distinctly visible which might try to approach my skarm. The reflection of this temporary illumination, however, revealed to me a ghastly sight, as I now observed that the dying man had one side of his breast torn away as far as his throat, his under jaw broken and lacerated, besides one of his hands fearfully mutilated, no doubt in an endeavour to defend his body, and I plainly perceived he was now suffering the agonies of approaching dissolution. The glaring light afforded me by the mat was soon extinguished, and all again was plunged in silence and utter darkness, rendered far more obscure to me by my sight having been subjected, for the last several moments, to the intense light. The stillness of the night was now disturbed by the groans of the unfortunate sufferer, who repeatedly called upon his wife or son to help him. I feared his unceasing cries would bring the lions back to search for their victim, which they so reluctantly abandoned; and as a safe-guard kept discharging my rifle at intervals in the direction I observed the lions decamp, and from whence I could distinguish, ever and anon, the low muffled roar of one of them, doubtless that which I fired at. I continued firing until I observed the first streak of the approaching day, and I must confess I never hailed the light with greater joy and thankfulness than I did after this night, which ended in such a fearful manner. The poor old man shortly before daylight sat up and clutched my knees with both arms and muttering a string of unintelligible words to me, fell back and expired. I have followed the life of a hunter for five and twenty years, and have, during that period, frequently experienced some marvellous escapes from encounters with elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, lions, &c., besides on several occasions having had men carried away from their sleeping places in close proximity to my waggons by lions; but none have left such an indelible impression upon my mind as the fate of poor old Karapue, and which might have been my own had I been watching in his stead. I felt grateful to Providence for His mercy in stretching His all-protecting hand over me during this night, beset with such danger, and resolved for

the future to be well guarded in night-watching for elephants on the Okovango River against another visit from a man-eater. Soon after daylight some of my people arrived from the waggons, having, as they informed me, suspected from the unusual number of shots fired, that some calamity had befallen me. Upon inspection of the ground we found traces of several troops of lions which evidently meant to join in the attack, but were doubtless scared by the report of my rifles. I spent an hour with the aid of my people, to trace the man-eater, but so many spoors confused us, and compelled me for that day to abandon the pursuit. I had what I imagined a better plan in view, and so returned to the waggons. I had barely finished reciting the night's tragedy to my wife and many eager listeners, when there arose hubbub of voices in the camp, and all the men with their guns could be observed hurrying away. I soon detected the cries, "Ongama! Ongama! Lions! Lions! They are amongst the cattle." In the confusion it was some time before I could procure my horse; when at length I did succeed, I dashed off after all our men scampering over the open flat towards the river and there found them drawn up facing an impenetrable jungle of reeds on the banks of the stream where for two hours at least all our efforts to compel the lions to break cover were ineffectual, if I except one which showed the white feather and swam the river. There was, however, only one of my trek oxen beaten, and he ultimately recovered. To prosecute my plan, and try and slay the man-eater, I had determined upon occupying the same skarm again, but to take two drivers, both tolerably good marksmen, as I felt confident the brute would return to the spot where he so reluctantly left his victim, and such was really the case, as we had not been in the skarm above two hours when Klass gave the signal. The skarm was now slightly altered, as I had taken precautionary measures and enclosed it with a low thorn fencing. The brute, however, came direct to the pool of blood left from the wounded man, the precise spot he dropped him, and crept stealthily on to where he was seized, and where Klass now sat on the watch. I had provided a bull's-eye lantern for this occasion, and had quickly adjusted the light, which John was to throw upon the lion, when bang went Klass' rifle, before I had mine to my shoulder, and the lion bounded away unscathed. I felt horribly annoyed at Klass' want of patience, as we otherwise must have killed the brute, which was standing about three lengths of our rifles intently watching us. Another lion came within a few yards of the skarm later in the night, but whilst getting the lantern in readiness he disappeared without our getting a shot. The ensuing night, as there was every appearance of rain, I refrained from occupying the skarm; moreover, as the lion had been scared a second time I did not believe he would risk another visit. On the following morning we trekked, Todd and myself riding on in advance of the waggons. Upon passing the skarm we, however, found that the lion had indeed been there again, and had the inquisitiveness to walk inside and apparently scrutinize the interior well. We were shortly after engaged with our rifles in shooting pallahs and luebees, with which this river abounds. During this time we heard many shots in our rear, which we concluded were fired by the boys at the waggons, and we supposed at the same game which we were in pursuit of. Eventually having killed a couple of bucks, I returned to look for my waggons, but found only Todd's and a bastard's who accompanied him. Upon enquiry I learnt that one of my men had been seized by a lion along the road, so I hurried back to ascertain if such was true. Todd also rode back with me, and we met the waggons coming on, and found the delay was indeed occasioned by a general attack upon a lioness, and undoubtedly the same which carried the man from my skarm, and had the audacity to twice repeat the visit in quest of another victim. She was fearfully savage, and had she not been assailed by all the dogs I fear more than one man would have been seriously injured, if not killed; as it was, with one fore-leg broken by a shot from John, she charged, and caught one of my Damaras, and was lying over him, when two of my best dogs seized her, one by the cheek and the other by the back of the neck and compelled her to relinquish her hold of the man. Before she had time to seize him again she was laid low by two well-directed shots from my drivers. The Damara was bitten in the head and body, from which he suffered for a considerable time after, but ultimately recovered. One of my brave dogs, whilst holding on the lion, was shot in the hind leg, the ball passing through the joint, by the careless shooting of one of my Damaras, and was disabled for life, which I was very much grieved at. This lioness after visiting the skarm and finding it untenanted, took up our spoor leading to the waggons. She was observed slowly retreating from behind an ant-hill, where she allowed both myself and Todd to pass close alongside of her; she permitted likewise two of Todd's hunters to pass without attempting either to make her escape or molest the people. She was a very old lioness, but small, with her teeth worn down to stumps, verifying the opinion that it is chiefly old toothless lions which invariably become man-eaters. I was rejoiced, however, to find the brute was killed. About the same time one of our Bushmen followers, who was left behind with a load of meat from an elephant recently killed, fell a victim to a lion. He was seized from the fire, alongside of which

he slept, and his skull and portion of bones, which I accidentally found while hunting, remained to tell the tale of his untimely end. Upon our return journey, whilst in advance of the waggons and passing near the same spot where my Damara was seized, I was chasing some wild pigs, and had just dismounted, and was in the act of firing, when an enormous male lion darted out from an adjacent thicket in full pursuit of me, and bounded up within four paces, and for several moments we stood face to face. As I did not flinch a step back but kept my eyes fixed upon him, he turned about and retreated 60 paces, where he sat on his haunches watching me. I had only a Snider in my hands at the time, but my gun-carrier, with my double breech-loading rifle No. 10 appearing in sight, I called out to him to hurry up. I then walked a few paces towards the lion, still in the same position, and fired for his chest; he uttered a roar and fell backwards, but recovering himself he fled into the thicket, where I left him—thinking "discretion the better part of valor." There is not the slightest doubt if I had attempted to fly when the brute stood gazing upon me at such close quarters I should have been seized by him, but I have saved myself on more than one occasion from similar encounters with lions by showing a determined front. I mention this incident for the benefit of any of my brother sportsmen who might be placed in similar positions.

FREDERICK GREEN.
Desert, south of Okovango, April 4th, 1875.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE Republican leaders in Florida concede the State to the Democrats.
It is said that Vanderbilt's will is to be contested by some of the relatives whose legacies did not come up to their expectations.
THE Porte was to have offered on Saturday to sign a protocol solemnly engaging to faithfully execute the reforms, and agreeing that the Conference shall assemble after two years to verify the loyal execution of the new charter.
A MEMORIAL signed by most of the large houses of New York has been presented to Congress, expressing satisfaction at the appointment of committees to consider the best mode of conducting the Presidential ballot, and expressing a hope that in dealing with this question all party considerations may be laid aside.
THE friendly relations between Spain and China have been broken off, and the Spanish fleet has been ordered to Chinese waters. The cause of the rupture is not definitely known, and is variously set down to a difficulty respecting unsettled claims and the vexed Cuban coolie question.

HUMOROUS.

A YANKEE says he thinks that instead of giving credit to whom it is due, the cash had better be paid.
A GEOLOGIST says that he never heard of secondary formations without pleasure, the ladies being the secondary formation for they were formed after the first.
A YORK PAPER asks, "Why are we what we are?" One reason, we presume, is because we are not what we are not; though, of course, this may not be the answer.
"SEEMS to me you're mighty particular about the size and kind of wife you want," observed the advertising clerk. "Well, perhaps I am, but you see my wife died before we had been married long, and I just want a wife to match her things."
A CENTENNIAL critic being asked by a correspondent which he liked best, the statues or the pictures, replied, "I donno, hardly, Zeb, but on the hull, praps, I like the statues best, cos you kin go all round the statues, but you can't only see one side of the pictures."
It promises to be a severe winter, but it is comforting to know that the church festivals have begun and that every one is likely to have a croquet match box or a lamp mat or a pin-cushion or some other necessary article to avert the distress which extreme cold must otherwise bring.
It is probable that Hamlet had for the first time put on a shirt that buttoned behind, and didn't know the hang of it, and had got it on hindside foremost, and was buttoning up and down the gaping back for the bosom when he remarked to his mother, "Seems, madam! Nay, I know not seems. There's more seems than I know what to do with it's bosom plait I'm looking after."
THERE seems to be very little rest in this world. The weather has only just become cold enough for a man to be able to take a girl out to walk and pass an ice-cream saloon with a sense of security, when they begin to hold church festivals at the rate of six a week and unless he attends them all and buys a worsted tidy and a couple of bead lamp mats and takes four chances in an indigestible pound cake, he is generally regarded as a dangerous character with a tendency toward atheism.

HYGIENIC.

SOME physicians now claim that the general prevalence of diphtheria is due in a great degree to the gas which is thrown off from coal stoves in ill ventilated rooms.
AN unexceptionably able physician has said that mental labor never alone produces disease of the brain, but that "worry" is the chief source of softening of the brain, and of that paralysis which is distinct from apoplexy.
THE medical journals report the discovery by an Italian doctor of a cure for diphtheria. It consists of the local use of chloral and glycerine and the internal administration of chlorate of potash.
DR. MAGNUS is strongly opposed to the use of blue glasses, so much used in Germany to protect the eyes, and prefers the gray and smoky glass used in England. He considers blue glass especially irritating to the eye, and says that many birds, reptiles, and amphibians possess yellow or reddish oil-drops in the eye to neutralise this blue colour and protect the eyes.



ST. FEREOOL, QUEBEC.



ST. PETERSBURGH.—GRAND REVIEW ON THE CHAMP DE MARS IN PRESENCE OF THE CZAR.

her companion. The butcher apparently divines her fears.

"Quite empty, miss," he says, reassuringly; "there ain't no jints!" Then he takes a stirrup-cup from the fair hand of an easy-mannered barmaid, strips off the nose-bag, climbs in without a chair, shakes the reins, crying "Tel!" and they are off.

For the first few minutes, Joan is entirely occupied by the novelty of her sensations. She wonders how she will turn a somersault backward over the backless bench. It seems to her only a question of time. And then how it shakes! The treatment that a physic-bottle experiences appears to her gentle in comparison of that to which she is subjected. She feels as if all her vital organs were getting hopelessly mixed and entangled together. Joan has hitherto only seen life from the boxes or stalls. She is now beginning to learn how engaging it can look from the upper galleries. It is a fair, meek night, not very light, for not all the million little stars can make up for the absence of the one great moon; but yet a very gentle twilight, by which lovers might kiss, and friends softly talk. The station is a mile distant from Helmsley town; by-and-by they are jolting and clattering over the streets; cabs and carriages pass them; lamp-posts hold up their yellow lights to out-twinkle the white stars; people are walking along the *trottoir*; dirty girls, idle soldiers, staring into such shops as are still open; policemen. Then out of the town again, along a road that is neither a road nor yet a street—a melancholy hybrid—dreary as only the outskirts of a town can be. Just-begun houses—half finished houses, with the poles of their scaffoldings gamutly cutting the sky; heaps of bricks. She shudders with a feeling of disheartened repulsion, saying to herself in heart-sickness, "Is it possible that it can be here?" But Fate is not quite so unkind. Farther still, till the country begins to be almost country again; till the fields grow grass instead of bricks; till the trees are trees with leafy crowns instead of naked scaffolding-poles. A large building in all the harshness of utter squareness is lifting itself before their eyes; so blackly outlined against the pensive night. Her companion pulls up.

"This is the 'ospital, miss."

Again she shudders. What a ghastly and ominous finger-post to point her to her destination!

"That is your road, miss" (pointing with his whip). There is no chair to help her this time; so she scrambles down as best she can.

"No obligation at all, miss! I wish you good-night."

The old gray is in a hurry, apparently; for he is off before she can make up her mind as to whether his master would be insulted by being offered a tip or no. She is left standing alone in the middle of the road. It is very still—very silent. There is not a passer-by; no smallest sound hits the ear. There is no light save what the stars give, and a dull red glimmer from two or three of the windows of the great lazaret-house beside her. What if she had been misled by a wrong information! What if Portland Villa do not lie in this direction at all! What will she do then! She will have to beg for a night's lodging at the 'ospital.

With a heart beating hard and quick from fear, and sick and weary with inanition, she hustles, as quickly as the weight that she has to carry will let her, toward the indicated goal. Four mean little detached houses (even by this flattering starlight she can see that they are mean) lie ahead of her; each seated in its garden-plot; each with its own small carriage-drive and stone-posted entrance gates. She reaches the first, and reverently reads the name that, painted in black letters, adorns the gate-posts: "Sardana-patus Villa!" On the next: "De Cressy Villa!" The third: "Campidoglio Villa!" There is only one more. For a moment she dares not look. Too much hangs on the issue of that glance. For a moment she looks in the other direction; then gathering up her courage, turns her eyes upon the fatal posts: "Portland Villa!"

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is decidedly the most important part of the ordinary woman's destiny. She can do very well without marrying, if she only thinks so; but, if she marries, her whole future depends on her choice of a husband; for "to marry" means to most to follow the fortunes of the man chosen, abide by the laws he lays down for his household, dwell where he decides, and take from his hands as much or as little as he is able or willing to bestow. Tastes make little difference in destiny after the wedding-ring is on.

HARD WORK.—Men who use their muscles imagine that men who depend upon their brains are strangers to hard work. Never was there a greater mistake. Every successful merchant does more real hard work in the first ten years of his business career than a farmer or blacksmith ever dreamed of. Make up your mind to work early and late, if necessary, that you may thoroughly master the details of the business upon which you purpose to enter. The habit of persistent rapid work once formed, you have gained a momentum that will carry you very satisfactorily through many a pinch in business where a less persistent worker would find it vastly easier to lie down and fall.

FROST AND LOVE.—Frost kills vegetation, but it enlivens human beings. It stirs the blood, it makes the cheeks rosy. Somehow it seems to warm up our whole nature. Now is the season for courtships, and proposals, and engagements—as if we were bound to spite old Nature by the warming of the affections in proportion as she grows colder. Well, this is natural. The girls look prettier in their winter costumes, with their cheeks painted by the cold north winds. Their manners grow more winning and cordial. Contraries rule throughout the world. We rebuff the cold of winter by the glow of the affections. There are said to be stoves which save half the fuel; but love does more than that—it gives a tenfold value to everything, and cheers as well as warms. All hail, then, to winter and frost—so only that love waxes correspondingly strong.

"COMPANY."—What a ceremonious affair we make of entertaining company! Too many of us lose all sense of being at home the moment a stranger crosses our threshold; and he instantly feels himself to be a mere visitor—nothing more—and acts accordingly. The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw up his chair to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive or familiar, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the houses—ah, how few of them!—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by one's presence—what joy it is to cross their threshold! What harbours of refuge they are to weary wanderers! What sweet reminiscences they bring to the lonely and homeless!

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The manager of the Academy of Music has changed his mind, and is now resolved to hold on to its fortunes. He does more. Not only does he not divorce the muse, but he takes unto himself a wife out of the fairest and ablest of muse's representatives. Miss Fanny Reeves will soon be Mrs. McDowell. This is all very nice, and while we congratulate the happy couple, as in all gallantry and good fellowship we are called upon to do, we may add our felicitations to the public, who are gainers by the arrangement. We thus preserve the acting of Miss Reeves, and the management of Mr. McDowell.

Several schemes have been set forth to maintain the Academy and keep its management free from loss. Among these, we are pleased to find a renewal of the suggestions which we ourselves made, almost at the inauguration of the theatre. So far back as November 27, 1876—only twelve days after the opening of the theatre—we wrote as follows:—"We should remind these gentlemen, who insisted upon building the Academy on its present site, instead of in a more central place and eligible position, that they have taken the dramatic reputation of Montreal into their own hands, and are therefore bound to sustain it. If this theatre should fail, we have no hopes of a successor to it in the next ten years. It is the middle classes that patronize and encourage the drama, as a rule, but in the present instance our upper classes have stepped in and must persevere. One way, and a very effective way of doing this, would be to buy seats for the season, as is done in Europe, and thus secure the management a certain sum to rely upon through all contingencies. We have spoken neither to Mr. McDowell, nor to any else on the subject, but we calculate that it is necessary to his success that he should play to average nightly houses of \$400. He might drag through with \$300, but not in a way to encourage him or his company. To enable him to secure this average, he should have the spontaneous help of the Directors and their wealthy friends in the way just indicated."

Another suggestion that we then made, and now repeat, is the drawing of the centre and eastern portions of the city. Mr. McDowell should play to the gallery, which is the mainstay of all theatres. The gallery of the Academy can alone furnish from \$100 to \$150 on a good night. And decent, moral plays so constructed with scenic effects, or so dashed with smart dialogue and amusing incident, as to please the gallery, where there is no other criticism but nature, will also please the rest of the house.

The introduction of stars has long been felt as a necessity, and we are glad that it has at length been decided upon. With such a company as ours to rely on as support, the appearance of stars will be sure to give a new impulse to the theatre.

REVIEW.

INFELICE, by Augusta J. Evans Wilson, can hardly be styled a novel, as what is generally understood by novel is something more than "a fictitious tale." It is rather a fictitious tale told in such language as to be acceptable to the general run of readers, while **INFELICE** is rather of the pedantic, the most learned language being placed in the mouths of fashionable girls of seventeen or twenty-three, that is seldom heard outside the classroom. The tale is very interesting and contains some powerful

chapters, especially those in which the heroine is represented on the stage playing her role to the bitter truthfulness of her history.

The plot is simple. A young girl wooed and won, is separated from her husband through the machinations of his father, who denies the marriage and deceives him into a wealthy alliance. The betrayed, believing in the guilt of her husband, devotes her life to revenge, and obtaining the acknowledgment of her rights and those of her child, she educates herself, goes on the stage under an assumed name, and obtaining celebrity and wealth, so conducts herself as not only to be courted by her husband, but actually obtains an offer of marriage from his father, neither of whom recognize her. To consummate her revenge she dramatizes her own history, and brings it out in Paris, playing her own role before the horrified father and son. The former dies of apoplexy, and in the end the son and husband is forgiven, the second wife and child being opportunely drowned at sea. The characters are well drawn and sustained throughout, but are rather too superlative, each type being of the highest or lowest degree. The book is well printed and bound, and is almost entirely free from typographical errors. It is well worth reading, and is not of the sort that can be lightly skimmed, but rather requires studying. The publishers are Belford Brothers, Toronto, and the work is on sale at Dawson's.

AMHERST.

Some four or five weeks ago, we published a sketch of the beautiful town of Amherst, in Nova Scotia, from a Mr. Hill, Civil Engineer, and presumed resident of the place. We have since received two communications, a courteous one from Ottawa, and another from Halifax, complaining that the view gave in no wise a correct idea of the town. In answer to these criticisms, Mr. Hill, on whom we, of course, implicitly relied, writes us a long letter emphatically insisting upon the absolute correctness of the sketch from the point of view selected. This reply relieves us of all responsibility. We do our best to represent faithfully points of interest in Canada, but cannot always, from personal knowledge, guarantee their fidelity.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHY is a man who marries an heiress a lover of music?—Because he marries for-tune.

AN Irish lover remarks, "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is wid ye!"

A YOUNG lady sends us a poem, entitled, "I cannot make him smile." She ought to have shown him the poem.

WHEN a young lady and gentleman have a controversy about kissing, they generally put their heads together.

IMPLICIT submission in a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in a wife to the will of her husband is what she promised at the altar, and what the good will revere her for.

"I DON'T believe in fashionable churches," said a lady recently; "but after all, considering that we are all to go to the same heaven, perhaps it's better to keep up the social distinctions as long as we can."

WE are glad to see that the ladies are again forming reading clubs for the winter. The reading club is an organization that discusses the character of Shakespeare's *Portia* for fifteen minutes, and the best manner of cutting a basque on the bias for an hour and a half, and rarely fails to be of great profit.

A FARMER and his wife called at a Detroit photographic gallery last month, to have some photographs taken of the latter, and while the operator was getting ready, the husband gave the wife a little advice as how she was to act. "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spoil the job. Think about early days—how your father got in goal, and your mother was an old scolder, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you. Just fasten your mind on that!" She didn't have any photographs taken.

THE following was written and sent by a distinguished clergyman to his mother recently. The message was on the back of a postal card.

"Dear Mother:—
From sweet Isaiah's sacred song, ninth chapter, and verse six.
First thirteen words please take, and then the following affix;
From Genesis, the thirty-fifth, verse seven-teenth, no more;
Then add verse twenty-six of Kings, book second, chapter four;
The last two verses, chapter first, first book of Samuel,
And you will learn what on this day your loving son befall."

WHAT'S A BOY LIKE!

Like a wasp, like a sprite;
Like a goose, like an eel;
Like a top, like a kite;
Like an owl, like a wheel;

Like the wind, like a snail;
Like a knife, like a crow;
Like a thorn, like a nail;
Like a hawk, like a doe;
Like the sea, like a weed;
Like a watch, like the sun;
Like a cloud, like a seed;
Like a book, like a gun;
Like a smile, like a tree;
Like a lamb, like the moon;
Like a bud, like a bee;
Like a burr, like a tune;
Like a colt, like a whip;
Like a mouse, like a mill;
Like a bell, like a ship;
Like a jay, like a rill;
Like a shower, like a cat;
Like a frog, like a joy;
Like a ball, like a bat;
Most of all—like a boy!

DIED OF A LAWSUIT.

THE DIARY OF AN EXHAUSTED LITIGANT.

A tattered memorandum book was recently found on the steps of a very humble dwelling "out west." Some of the entries are as follows: "My father had a slight misunderstanding with a neighbor about a division fence, which he had inherited from my grandfather. After several disputes he consulted a lawyer, who had a good many children, but little practice. This was fatal. A suit was commenced.

"Several years ago my lawyer said I must get ready for the trial. I did so, and went to court at every term. But it was postponed on every pretence which human ingenuity could invent.

"1871. March term—Counsel for defendant moved for continuance, because he was engaged in the Court of Common Pleas. Court granted the motion, but intimated with great dignity that such an excuse would never avail with him again.

"September term—Counsel trying a case in an adjoining county. Judge hesitated, but yielded.

December term—Defendant ill. Proved by the certificate of a respectable physician.

"1872. March term—Counsel has made an engagement to meet a client from New York, who could not conveniently leave his business again. Continued, the judge suggesting that New York clients might find Counsel nearer home.

"1873. September term—Carried the title deeds to my lawyer. Surveyor examined the premises; said the defendant had encroached upon me. But another surveyor, (partner and pupil of the first one,) said that my deed spoke of a hackmatack stump in the line of the fence, a foot in diameter; whereas the only tree anywhere in the fence was a pepperridge tree not more than seven inches and a half across; case postponed to employ other surveyors.

"December term—Counsel agreed that Court might visit premises in dispute. Judge refused to go, provided that nobody went with them to explain and confuse. Next morning a heavy snow fell, and boundaries were covered. Case continued.

1874. September term—motion to postpone, on the ground that the defendant's attorney wished to be absent hunting for a few days. Motion prevailed. I remonstrated, but my Counsel said the lawyers were very accommodating gentlemen, and the courtesies of the bar required it.

"1875. March term—One of the jurors taken sick. Motion to go on with the trial with eleven jurors. Defendant's Counsel objected with great strength of voice, and demanded a full jury trial, pure and simple. I think he called it the 'palladium of our liberties.' Case postponed.

"September term—Received a bill for retainers, term fees, clerk's fees, and expenses. One item was for the amount of a retainer which my lawyer had declined from the defendant. Offered him the farm, provided he gained the case. He said this would not be deemed honorable practice, but he would take it and give me credit as far as it went.

"Took the cars for the west coming mostly on freight trains and after night-fall.

"Mem.—Don't forget inscription for my tombstone—'Here lies one who died of a lawsuit bequeathed by his father.'"

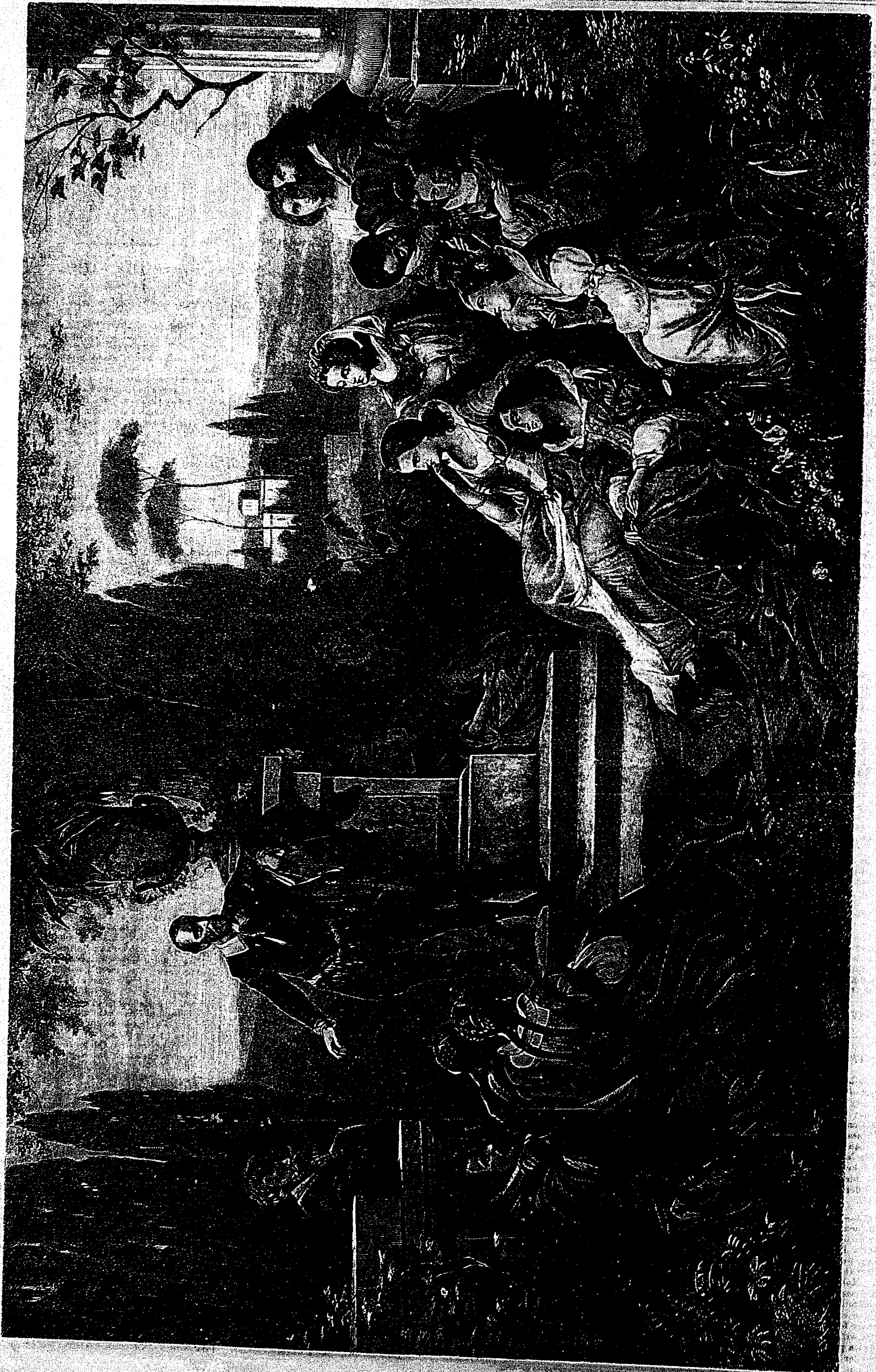
FASHION NOTES.

A NEW style of stationery exhibits a coloured rebus instead of the usual monogram, and this, after a little study, is found to read, "Expect a reply from you."

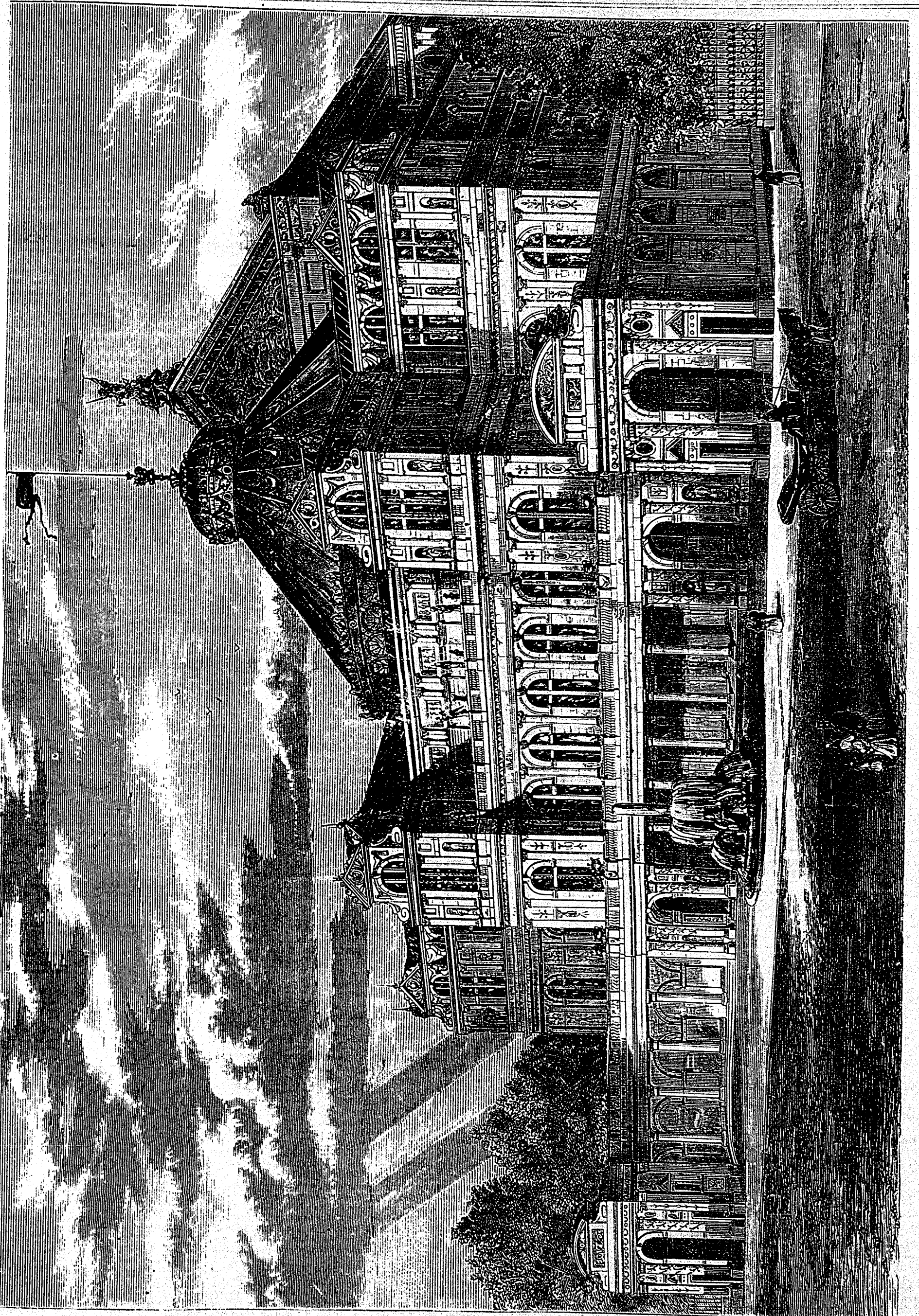
THE newest fan has a black chalk etching on pale pink silk, the mounting is of smoke pearl, with two incrustations of coral pink pearl between the sticks, so that a rosy flash shall play from the hand when the fan is in motion.

THREE-CORNERED kerchiefs are to be worn outside mantles, and made of white lawn edged with either Maltese, Valenciennes, or Mechlin. They are so shaped that they fit into the shoulders with a short point at the back, while the long ends fall straight down the front.

THE new winter stockings are worsted with silk, and the stripes go across the leg and not down it; but plain silk and spun silk stockings will be much worn, because the boots that extend midway to the knee, and are barred across the instep, are decidedly in favour. These bars or straps are straight, and have a button in the centre, and sometimes this button is of cut steel.



TASSO AT THE COURT OF ALFONSO, DUKE OF FERRARA.



LONDON.—THE NEW OPERA HOUSE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

76-77.

The little babe
Knowing now
The world, its joys,
And onward flow,
With lullaby
And sweet caress—
The year doth find
On mother's breast.

The listless child
Half wondrous at
The oft-told tale
Of year's defeat
O'er Christmas past,
Still loving deep,
As fades the year
Doth gently sleep.

The mother fond,
With silent prayer,
And heart uplifted,
To Heaven's care
Her babe and child
She doth commend,
And thus with her
The year doth end.

The father, Oh!
Sad tale but true,
The year to him
Shall ne'er be new;
The orphan'd babe
And widow's wife,
Save heaven, are
Alone in life.

Montreal.

X.

THE TRAGEDY OF ST. JEROME;

OR,

HUMAN JUSTICE, AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

(Continued.)

In the month of September, 185-, more than a year prior to the events about to be related, Mr. Louvac, without any apparent cause or premonitory symptoms, sickened and died in a few hours. A country doctor, without much medical knowledge or professional experience, was called in by Madame Louvac, but he was too late—the man had died before the physician arrived; and as the deceased had suffered from insupportable thirst, paralysis of the tongue, and severe burning pains in the stomach, this country doctor gave it as his opinion, no doubt honestly, that Louvac had succumbed to acute inflammation of the stomach brought on by ordinary causes, and in the natural way. The farmer was followed to the grave by his sorrowing children and was buried. There was a suddenness and a mystery about Louvac's death which excited some vague suspicious derogatory to Madame Louvac, but as these existed almost exclusively among members of the family and mutual friends, no inquiries were made, and people's imaginings were not openly expressed. A few days after the fatal occurrence, one of the daughters, a young girl of amiable character and great beauty, about eighteen years of age, fell suddenly ill, and died after a few days' intense suffering. At first excruciating pains in the throat and stomach, high fever, intense distress and agitation, ending in spasm; then languor came and death. Two physicians, by Madame Louvac's orders, were in attendance, one of whom had attended the father, and the other of about the same standing. They were of opinion that this young and vigorous organization had fallen a victim to brain fever; and if not that, to a violent form of typhoid at that season of the year being very prevalent in Canada. Either of these suppositions may have been well founded—may have been true, but it was strange indeed, very strange. Strange things however have happened in this world. Suspensions were now generally and openly expressed that the deaths of both father and daughter were caused by foul play and by foul means; but no one chose to take the initiative, and no inquest was held for the present; no investigation made, and the fair girl, so good and so beautiful in life, had made no revelation, had murmured no words of reproach or recrimination in her agony; but had passed away in her early bloom, in the dawn of her young hopes, and was buried by the side of the father she had loved so well.

It was stated by a witness on the trial of Madame Louvac that, after a violent altercation between her and her husband, she had heard this daughter vehemently remonstrating with her mother—that she had heard the latter, in a paroxysm of rage, utter these terrible words:—"Let me hear no more of your interference—no more of this abominable nonsense. Before a month your father, Mr. Dulong, or myself must disappear; and then these scenes will end." But this testimony was not corroborated, and perhaps it was not true. Many other things were said, but as they were not sustained by any proof, they can receive no notice here, but must be peremptorily excluded from a narrative such as this. As before stated, whatever may have been the terrible suspicions excited by these hidden and mysterious deaths, no one, friend or foe, seemed willing to take an active or open part in the matter—a duty so thankless, and so full of peril. Perhaps they were right—at all events they were prudent. Madame Louvac had a subdued, affable and caressing way about her when she pleased, which in such a grand, shadowy creature rather flattered and charmed those who came near her; and, moreover, it was thought to be discreditable, if not dangerous, to cause a row about the affair, which might, after all, involve nothing more serious than calumny and suspicion. Great sympathy was felt and shown by Madame Dulong for her friend in her tribu-

lation; and Madame Louvac became a frequent visitor at the Dulong's, who, in their turn, reciprocated these marks of friendship. Dulong and the widow, painful to relate, laid aside much of their previous restraint in their intercourse, and this reprehensible and unguarded conduct began to create a great scandal in the village and in the neighbourhood; but as yet nothing had occurred to disturb or interrupt the friendly relations between the two families.

During the first weeks of January and upwards of a year subsequent to the deaths of Louvac and his daughter, Antoine Dulong had made three open visits to Madame Louvac's; and on these occasions it was remarked that he went alone. It was proved that at each visit to Madame Louvac's, he and she passed most of the time together and alone. What was the particular subject of their conversation, the object of his going there, or what occurred, no one could say and no person seemed to know; and we have no right now to hazard conjectures, or at least to express our suspicions. There was no conclusive evidence adduced on these points. On the 17th of January, however, Dulong left St. Jerome early in the morning. The alleged reason for this journey was, as he informed his wife, to see a friend residing in rather a remote part of the country, and with whom he said he had important business to transact. He told Madame Dulong, on leaving home, that he would not return before the next day; but that probably he would be at home early the following morning; that his absence caused him less regret than usual, as she seemed quite well; indeed much better than she had been for some time past. He added that having trustworthy servants in the house, he hoped she would not feel nervous, or too lonesome. He said nothing about Madame Louvac coming to see her, nevertheless, to pass the night at the house. Madame Dulong, in taking leave of her husband, seemed more serious and pre-occupied than she had ever been before. She implored him with a strange earnestness to return as soon as possible, as she did not feel safe or easy in mind at any time when he was absent; and that she experienced more anxiety on this occasion than she had ever previously known. Dulong having given his wife a positive assurance to that effect, having reassured her with a confident and gentle smile, he took an affectionate leave of her, and started on his long solitary journey. He left home in a small cutter sleigh, drawn by a splendid horse famed for his great speed and enormous strength. The day was intensely cold, but calm and cloudless, such weather as frequently prevails in these almost arctic regions. The roads were in the most perfect condition imaginable—hard, smooth and without a rut or unevenness of any kind. With such roads, such a day, and a horse like the one he drove, he could easily have gone the thirty miles and returned home the same night, as will be clearly shown in the sequel. It was about seven o'clock when Dulong left home, and the affectionate eye of his wife followed him till he was out of sight.

As this purports to be, and in fact is, a truthful narrative of painful and mysterious incidents, the writer desires to adhere as closely as possible to a description of the strange circumstances of the tragedy, as they were successively attested on this celebrated trial; and has no wish, and claims no right, to go beyond these limits. Hence it would be out of place to attempt, and indeed it would be very difficult to analyze or describe with entire accuracy the feelings which existed between Dulong and Madame Louvac. It is not, however, assuming too much if we entertain the opinion that they were persons of cruel, profligate and eccentric character and disposition. Their shameless intimacy since the death of Louvac, and perhaps prior to that event, had been remarked and severely commented on as a matter of public scandal. Some of the evidence adduced, moreover, went to show that Madame Louvac had meditated her husband's death some time before it occurred—that Dulong was tired of his wife, and had for some time wished, or at the least anticipated her demise; and that they both contemplated a second marriage at no distant day, but with whom they never stated, and none of the witnesses could positively declare. No doubt these facts furnish broad and marked outlines of very rough and revolting characters, and the moralist, or the writer of fiction, of instructive exaggerations, would perhaps have much to say in dissecting the motives and the natural proclivities of such specimens of our race as are here presented. But that is not our aim, or our business just now. So we proceed with the humble work before us.

It was about five o'clock in the evening of the day on which Dulong left home, that Madame Louvac came to the village of St. Jerome, on a visit to Madame Dulong. When she arrived, Madame Louvac was alone, and had driven from her own house in a neat small sleigh belonging to herself; but as she was in the habit of driving unaccompanied by any one, in this plain but unpretending turnout, the circumstance attracted no particular attention. It was, however, proved at the trial that George Dulong had passed the greater part of the day with her at her own house—that he had left with her in the vehicle used on the occasion; and that, before they reached the village he had left and had come in through a by-path which shortened the route to the Dulong's.

When Madame Louvac arrived he was already there, and greeted her as if he saw her for the first time that day. Madame Dulong received her friend with great cordiality, and pressed her with much warmth of expression to pass the evening with her, as she was alone, her husband being absent and would not return till the next day. Madame Louvac, with some apparent hesitation, at length cheerfully accepted Madame Dulong's friendly invitation. Her horse was sent to the stable and unharnessed; and after Madame Louvac had taken off her winter wrappings, the two ladies entered into free and amicable conversation. All this seemed quite natural, in no way strange, as on one or two occasions since her husband's and daughter's death, Madame Louvac had passed the night at the Dulong's. About eight o'clock Madame Louvac carelessly remarked to her friend: "You are alone, dear Catharine, and you say your husband will not return till tomorrow, I feel strongly inclined to remain all night with you. Besides, the night is cold, it is getting too late, and I don't much relish driving home alone." Madame Dulong expressed her hearty acknowledgments to her friend for this fresh proof of her kindness, and declared how much gratified she would be if she would do so. Madame Louvac then, however, pointed out the inconvenience there would be in her children waiting for her, as she had not thought of remaining when she left home; but quickly added that, perhaps, Madame Dulong's servant-man might drive her sleigh home, and bring it back at an early hour in the morning. To all this Madame Dulong, admiring the arrangements, readily assented. The man was despatched with orders to return early on the following day. Not long after the servant left Madame Louvac remembered that, perhaps, after all, they had made a mistake in sending the servant away, as it was not quite safe or pleasant to be without a man in the house. There was something amusing, almost ludicrous to hear such a woman express such apprehensions. Madeline Vogel, the servant-girl, who gave evidence of this conversation, said she (Vogel) smiled at this remark of Madame Louvac, and the latter cast on her a sharp, quick glance; but it was one so natural, she thought nothing of it then. Louvac then suggested with an amiable smile, that in any case they could send for George Dulong, if they found themselves too lonesome or became alarmed. This proposition seemed to please Madame Dulong, and she declared she would send at once for George to come and pass a couple of hours with them. He was in the habit of doing so when her husband was at home, and also sometimes in his absence. Madeline was at once sent to George's, she delivered the message, and he immediately consented to go. On his arrival at the house, he offered with great apparent kindness, if his sister-in-law thought proper, to pass the night at his brother's, as they were entirely alone, and there were some rough characters going about—which latter statement was true. He added that he had told his wife that he would probably remain, if she did not feel any alarm; that she had desired him to do so; and it was agreed that Madeline should stay with his wife in the event of his not going back immediately. Madame Dulong thanked him very cordially, and remarked to Madame Louvac that now she felt more at her ease in one sense, as no one would do them much harm, if they happened to fall in with George, alluding to his well known intrepidity and great bodily strength. "Moreover," she added, "I am glad," for she could not account for a vague feeling of uneasiness which she had experienced all day—she did not know why—but there seemed something like a shadow or dark cloud hanging over her since her husband left in the morning; at times she imagined something was going to happen to Dulong, at others she could give no definite form to her apprehensions. To all this Madame Louvac listened with a gentle and re-assuring smile, and remarked that there was, in fact, no accounting for the existence of such feelings. She, herself, had often experienced them; but that, no doubt, they were caused by the state of the health at the time, and which had such an influence on our physical and mental susceptibilities. George, during this conversation, remained silent, and grew sombre and thoughtful—at least so he stated afterwards to a person who gave this testimony. He said he thought she was going to have one of her fits, and he felt great anxiety. Thus it would appear that there was in the house only the two women and George Dulong. A Madame Danagon, who had been there on a short visit that evening, had left before George arrived. These three passed a couple of hours, if not very cheerfully, at least in easy and friendly conversation. At about half-past ten o'clock they spoke of retiring, and then Madame Dulong offered her guests some refreshment, which they, however, declined; but Madame Louvac asked permission to prepare some punch, adding with a smile, that she was aware that her husband was in the habit of making it for her. She also said that she felt as if she had taken cold, and ginger punch was one of her remedies in such cases.

While Madame Louvac was preparing this agreeable but singular beverage, Madame Dulong cautioned her against making it too strong. Her husband, she said, was in the habit of putting too much wine in it; and though more pleasant to the taste, it rendered her drowsy, and did not agree with her. Madame Louvac

drank her's cold, but recommended Madame Dulong to take her's warm, as perhaps her stomach was rather delicate. George offered to go for hot water, but Madame Louvac descended to the kitchen herself, and took the tumbler with her, having just filled it half-full of sherry, and in such a way that Madame Dulong could not detect how much she had poured in. When she returned she immediately put it in the ginger and sugar. Madame Dulong put it to her lips, found it rather strong, but extremely to her taste; she drank it slowly. They afterwards conversed a short time, and then the two women retired, leaving George in the dining-room. After Madame Dulong was in bed, Madame Louvac returned, conversed a short time with the brother-in-law, and then returned to the bed-room; but by this time Madame Dulong, from the effects of the strong punch and the lateness of the hour, was in a deep sleep.

During the time these incidents, very trivial in themselves, were taking place at his house, where was Antoine Dulong, the husband of this confiding and unhappy woman? What was he doing, and what were the thoughts pre-occupying his mind? On the trial for the murder of his wife, it was shown where he lingered and skulked, and what he was doing through the long, dark hours of that fatal night.

About seven miles from St. Jerome, there stood at that time a small road-side inn, kept by an individual of the name of Roberge. He was a good man and enjoyed an excellent reputation. He deposed that he saw Dulong pass in the morning of the day he left home; he was driving at a great pace, he exchanged salutations with him, and Dulong proceeded rapidly on his way; he returned the same evening about six o'clock, and drew up at the door of the tavern; he alighted from his vehicle, and told Roberge that he intended to pass the night at the inn. The tavern-keeper remembered that the horse was not at all fatigued; the noble animal was neither warm nor blown, though it was evident that he had made a rather long journey. The horse was put up for the night. Roberge said he was a good deal surprised, but he asked no questions.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

Judge McCully, of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court, is dead.

LIEUT. COLONEL McLeod, of the North-West Police, is in Ottawa.

COMMODORE Vanderbilt died at his residence in New York last week. A sketch of the career of the deceased financier will be given next week.

GOVERNOR Hayes has received a number of letters, some respectful and some the reverse, urging him to withdraw from the contest for the Presidency.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

The English sparrows are dying in Toronto.

It is said the Cabinet have decided to readjust the Civil Service salaries, instead of giving them a bonus.

The press galleries of the Ontario Legislature have been lowered and made generally more convenient. The ventilation of the Chamber has also been improved.

The trade in foreign fish since the opening of the International Railway is becoming extensive. Trout and salmon are arriving daily at Montreal.

The first section of the North Shore Railway, viz. that between Quebec and Red Bridge, a distance of 26 miles, was opened for traffic on the 3rd January.

The City and District Savings Bank of Montreal has donated \$2,000 to be distributed among the various Roman Catholic and Protestant institutions, according to population.

A TOURIST party of English gentlemen is likely to be organized next spring to visit Manitoba and the North West Territories for the purpose of hunting and shooting.

LATEST advices from Newfoundland confirm the report already published of the failure of the herring fishery on the west coast. Much desolation prevails in that section of the island.

A fearful hurricane is reported at Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, the tide rising in some cases over the houses, and doing much damage to shipping and to property on shore.

It is suggested in the Montreal papers that the salaries of Quebec Judges ought to be raised, as the cost of living has increased since salaries were fixed twenty-five years ago.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

FO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 100 and 101 received. Correct. We have none of your problems at hand. Cannot you favour us? Your productions are always acceptable.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 102 received. Correct.

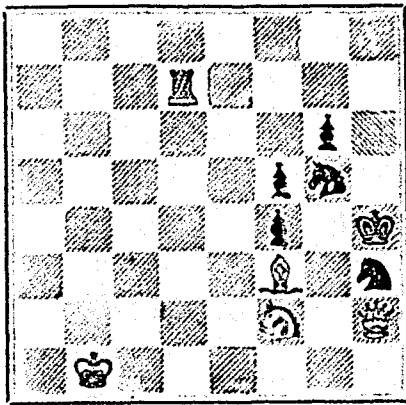
"Anonymous," Montreal.—We find our space so limited in our Chess Column that it is hardly possible to insert anything but what may be strictly of an instructive nature. We will, however, publish your comment on the story is very common in the annals of Chess, and appears in almost every work for beginners. Hoyle relates the story, but with a more difficult position than the one you send. We give your version of it. Two Persians who were fond of chess played for stakes, and one of them lost in successive encounters, all his possessions, and finally risked his fair partner in the

result of the game. The position annexed will show the state of the contest when the lady in question...

WHITE. K at K R 4 R at Q R 2 Bat K 4 Pat Q B 6 Pat Q K 6. BLACK. K at Q Kt sq Q at K Kt 2 R at K Kt sq R at Q Kt 7. White to checkmate in two moves.

The ornaments of the Chess world are rapidly departing one after another. Not long ago Herr Lowenthal died, and a few weeks past we heard of the departure of Mr. Mortimer Collins...

PROBLEM No. 101 By W. S. PAVITT.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves. CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES. GAME 150TH.

Played some ago between Mr. Elson and Mr. McKenzie.

(Buy Lopez.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Elson.) BLACK.—(Mr. McKenzie.)

- 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Q Kt 5 4. B to R 4 5. Kt to Q B 3 (a) 6. B to Q Kt 3 7. Castles 8. P to Q 3 9. B to K Kt 5 10. B takes Kt 11. Kt to K R 4 12. B takes B 13. Q to R 5 (ch) 14. K to R sq 15. P to K B 4 16. R takes P 17. Q to K B 3 18. P to K R 3 19. P to K Kt 3 20. Q to K Kt 2 21. Q takes Q 22. Kt to K 2 23. Kt takes R 24. Kt to K 2 25. Kt to K B 3 26. P to Q B 3 27. P to Q R 4 28. P takes P 29. P to Q 4 30. P to Q Kt 3 31. P takes P (ch) 32. K to R 2 33. Kt to K sq 34. P to Q B 4 35. Kt takes Kt 36. P to Q 5 (ch) 37. P takes P (ch) 38. Kt to Q B 3 39. B to K sq 40. Kt to Q sq

And Black wins. NOTE.

(a) Mr. Elson's favorite mode of attack.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 102

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

Black has other defenses.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 100.

- WHITE. 1. B to K 3 (ch) 2. R to K B 4 (ch) 3. R to K B 5 (double ch) 4. B mates. BLACK. K to R 5 K to K Kt 4 K to R 5

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 101.

- WHITE. K at K Kt 2 R at K sq Bat K Kt 4 R at Q B 3 Kt at Q Kt 8 Pawns at K B 4 K Kt 5, Q B 1 and Q R 5. BLACK. K at Q 3 R at Q B sq R at Q B 2 Kt at K B 2 Pawns at K 3 Q at Q R 2 and Q B 3 and 4

White to play and mate in three moves.

Ladies' College, Compton, P. Q.

AN INCORPORATED SUPERIOR SCHOOL FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF GENTLEMEN.

PRESIDENT. THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC. TRUSTEES. The Rev. Professor Row The Hon. M. H. Cochrane The Rev. John Foster, M.A. R. Herbert Smith, Esq. TERMS.—Board and Washing, English, French, Latin, Drawing and Painting \$175 per an. Music, with use of Piano 36 Winter Term will begin Saturday, 13th January, 1877. For Circulars, &c., address: REV. J. DINZEY, Principal, Ladies' College, Compton, P. Q.

ASK YOUR GROCER for the IMPROVED Maraschilles, Queen's, Sky and Ultramarine Balls, also Button and English Liquid and Parsina Square Washing Blues. 14-23-52-180

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Westminster, Wilts:— 'I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old. Remaining, Gentlemen, Yours very respectfully, L. S. NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. LONDON. 14-26-52-2w.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS. ADVERTISING AGENTS. 186 W. FOURTH ST. CINCINNATI, O. ESTIMATES FURNISHED FREE SEND FOR OUR MANUAL.

DR. BULLER, M. R. C. S., ENGLAND, (Late of Berlin, Prussia, and London, Eng.) Oculist and Aurist To the MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL. Office, Corner Craig St. and Place d'Armes Hill. Hours, 1 to 5 P.M., except by special appointment. 13-9-52-90

New Work of Vital Interest. Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stig. FROM J. WILLIAMS, P. M. 22, MARSHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, NORTH BRITAIN. A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE. CONTENTS: 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid. 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments. 3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Feeble Digestion. 4.—Salt Baths, and their Efficacy in Nervous Ailments. 5.—The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength. 14-25-52-197

FAMILIES who want to have the best Family newspaper in their homes, should send for a Specimen Copy of the 'Family Herald and Weekly Star' published in Montreal. By dropping a postal card to the publishers, sample copies will be sent free. You will be delighted to see it even if you do not subscribe. It has 135,000 readers in Canada. Handsome cash prizes are offered to canvassers. Agents wanted every where.

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY. DEVIN'S WORM PASTILLES. The most effectual Remedy for Worms in Children or Adults. Le meilleur remede contre les vers chez les enfants ou adults. PASTILLES DE DEVIN'S CONTRE LES VERS. APPROUVEES PAR LA FACULTE MEDICALE

A Box will be sent to any address in Canada (post paid) on receipt of 25 cents. DEVIN'S & BOLTON Drugists, Montreal. DR. CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING SYRUP For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c., &c. Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, for Infantile Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition, &c. Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir, for all cases of Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the skin or blood. These valuable remedies are all prepared under the immediate direction of J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D., of over 25 years' experience, and are recommended by the Professors of the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery. For sale at all the principal Drugists. 13-17-52-109

Goodyear's Pocket Gymnasium or Health Pull.

ENDORSED BY THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS. The most complete System of Physical Exercise ever devised for General Practice, and adapted to the use of Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, for home, office, schools, hospitals.

PRICE LIST.—No. 1, for children 4 to 6 years, \$1.00. No. 2, for Children 6 to 8, \$1.10. No. 3, for Children 8 to 10, \$1.20. No. 4 for Children 10 to 14, \$1.30. No. 5, for Ladies and Children 14 years and upward, \$1.40. No. 6, for Gentlemen of moderate strength, \$1.50. No. 7, used by Ladies, Children or Gents, \$2.00. No. 8, for Gentlemen of extra strength, \$2.50. Full set, Family use, 1 each (1 to 6, two 7's and two 8's, \$16.00. Nos. 7 and 8 (4.00) or 8 (5.00) make a complete GYMNASIUM HEALTH LIFT and ROWING MACHINE. Sent post-paid on receipt of price. Exclusive rights to sell the Pocket Gymnasium afford the largest possible returns for small investments. Its sales are NEARLY UNIVERSAL, wherever it is placed before the public and its merits fully understood. For illustrated descriptive circulars, terms, &c., address

ALFRED GRANT, Sole Agent. 15-1-52-196 P. O. Box 214. 450 Fulton St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, 365 Notre Dame Street. 3-10-52-91 MONTREAL

DON'T READ poor newspapers when you can procure the 'Family Herald and Weekly Star' in clubs of five new subscribers at \$1.00 each. The 'Family Herald and Weekly Star' is the great family newspaper of the country. It has a national aim and scope, and is edited with the utmost care in every department. Its pages teem with interesting subjects for thought, study and conversation, and are an unending source of new and instructive information. Its editorial columns, under the management of powerful and vigorous writers, present able and strong arguments in favor of political economy, expose all manner of knavery and corruption, and point out the ways and means for the advancement of the industrial and agricultural interests of the country. The agricultural department of the 'Family Herald and Weekly Star' is in charge of men of intelligence and practical experience in farming. The 'Veterinary' and 'Medical' departments, new features in newspaper press, are under the charge of gentlemen of eminent professional skill and enlarged experience. The monetary and commercial department gives the most complete reports of the financial affairs of the great monetary centres of the continent, the ruling prices and market value of all stock, produce and merchandise. The 'Family Herald and Weekly Star' is the only paper in the English language that agrees to refund the subscription money to any subscriber who is not thoroughly satisfied with the paper, price \$1.25 per annum, clubs of five new names \$5. A list of handsome cash prizes is published in the paper. Canvassers wanted everywhere. Sample copies free.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$54.50 Can be made in one week at home. Samples free. ADDRESS: MONTREAL NOVELTY CO. 14-14-52-161 236 St. James Street, MONTREAL, P. Q.

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES! Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES. 244 Parthenais St., Montreal. 13-12-52-98 BULMER & SHEPPARD.

HOPKINS & WILY, ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS. 13-9-52-22 251 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. HUTCHISON & STEEL, ARCHITECTS. Valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 181 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEEL. 13-9-52-87

50 Bristol Visiting Cards, with your name finely printed, sent for 25c. 9 samples of CIROMO, Snuffbox, Danish Glass, etc., with prices, sent for 3c. stamp. We have over 200 styles. Agents wanted. A. H. Fuller & Co., Brockton, Mass. 14-6-52-143

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. Samples FREE P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

OUTFITS FREE to AGENTS selling Holt's Improved Rubber Printing Wheels, Daters, Hand Stamps, &c., manufactured by HOLT & CO., Toronto. Address: HOLT & CO., 14-7-26-146 56, King Street West, Toronto.

SHOPS TO LET. Two fine, commodious Shops to let, No. 9 and No. 11, BLEURY ST. Both heated by steam—one of them well fitted up with shelves, drawers, &c., and very suitable for a Tailor or Milliner's Establishment. Apply to G. B. BURLAND.

WANTED! SALESMEN at a salary of \$1200 a year to travel and sell goods to Dealers. NO PEDDLING. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. Address: Montreal Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. The Great English Remedy is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a consequence of Self Abuse, or Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude. After Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases. Pamphlet free by mail. The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing WILLIAM GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ont. Sold in Montreal by R. S. LATHAM, J. A. HARTE, JAS. HAWKES, PICAULT & CO., and all responsible Druggists everywhere. 14-2-52-136



WINGATE'S Standard English Remedies.

These valuable Remedies which have stood the test of trial, are the best that experience and careful research can produce for the cure of the various diseases for which they are especially designed. They are prepared from the receipts of the celebrated Dr. Wingate, of London, England, and none but the purest drugs are employed in their composition. They are pure in quality, prompt in action, effectual in use, and employed with great success by the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons in Hospital and private practice, in all parts of the world.

Wingate's Blood Purifier.—The most effectual remedy known for the cure of Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Skin Diseases, and all impurities of the blood, Chronic Complaints, and Disorders of the Liver. A perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Put up in large bottles. PRICE, 51.00 PER BOTTLE.

Wingate's Infant's Preservative.—The safest and best remedy for Children Teething, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Wind Colic, and all the various Ailments of Infancy, ever produced. It quiets pain, soothes the suffering child, and procures refreshing sleep. In use all over Europe for nearly 30 years. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Wingate's Cathartic Pills.—For all complaints of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild, yet certain and speedy in operation; they thoroughly cleanse the alimentary canal, regulate the secretions, and cut short the progress of disease. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Wingate's Nervo-Tonic Pills.—Used with remarkable success in Neuralgia, Epilepsy, Cholera Paralysis, Softening of the Brain, Lapse of Memory, Mental Derangements, Impotency, and all Nervous Affections. PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

Wingate's Dyspepsia Tablets.—For the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency, Irritability of the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, and Debility of the Digestive Organs. A powerful aid to Digestion, and far more palatable and effective than the ordinary remedies. PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOX.

Wingate's Pulmonary Troches.—An excellent Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Irritation of the Throat and Lungs. Public Speakers and Singers will find them very effectual in giving power and clearness to the voice. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Wingate's Worm Lozenges.—A safe, pleasant, and effectual Remedy for Worms, easily administered,—will not injure the most delicate child—and sufficiently laxative to remove all unhealthy secretions, and regulate the action of the Bowels. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Stanton's Pain Relief.—The best Family Medicine known for internal and external use. It cures Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, Back, Side, and Limbs. It cures Sudden Colds, Sore Throat, bruises, Burns, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Pains and Aches. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Smith's Green Mountain Renovator.—We have the sole control for the Dominion of Canada, of this well known remedy, which as a Liver Corrector, and specific for all Bilious Disorders, and derangements arising from diseases of the Liver, is unequalled. PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

The above Remedies are sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicines. Descriptive Circulars furnished on application, and single packages sent, pre-paid, on receipt of price.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO. (LIMITED.) MONTREAL.

In consequence of spurious imitations of
LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,
 which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins
 have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature,
 thus,

Lea & Perrins

which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE
 SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.
 Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.
 Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crasse and Blackwell, London,
 &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of
 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.
 14-14 52-165

CANADA METAL WORKS,
 577, CRAIG STREET.

Plumbers, Steam & Gas Fitters.
 MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO.
 13-5-52-70-os.

PAPER HANGING
 WINDOW SHADES, WIRE
 SCREENS, BANNERS, RUSTIC
 BLINDS and SCENERY.
 GEO. C. DE ZOUCHE,
 351 NOTRE DAME STREET
 3-8-52-841

EAGLE FOUNDRY,
 14 TO 34 KING ST., MONTREAL.
GEORGE BRUSH,
 MANUFACTURER OF
 STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS,
 STEAM PUMPS, DONKEY ENGINES,
 CIRCULAR SAW-MILLS,
 GEAR WHEELS, SHAFING, PULLIES,
 HANGERS, & C.
 IMPROVED HAND AND POWER HOISTS,
 BLAKE'S PATENT
 STONE AND ORE BREAKER.
 AGENT FOR
 WATERS' PERFECT ENGINE GOVERNOR.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal.
 Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plate
 cheaply and neatly done.

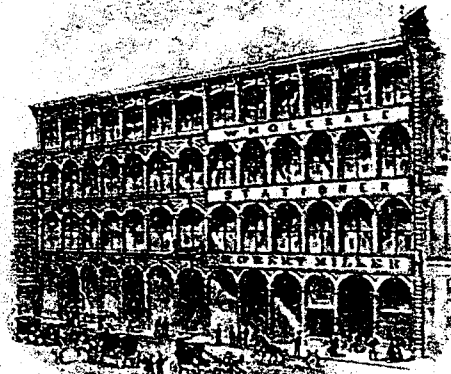
FARMERS who wish to improve
 their Farms and Stock,
 should subscribe for
 the "Family Herald
 and Weekly Star" published in Montreal. It will
 not cost anything to get sample papers. Drop a
 postal card to the publishers. The "Family Herald and
 Weekly Star" has been a wonderful success, having now
 at least 135,000 readers. It is a marvel in Journalism.
 Handome cash prizes to canvassers. Agents wanted
 everywhere.

The Hammam
 IMPROVED
 TURKISH BATH
 140 ST MONIQUE ST.,
 In rear of Exposition Building, between St.
 Catherine and Dorchester Streets.
 GODFREY RUEL, Proprietor.

JAMES WRIGHT,
 501 Craig Street
 Manufacturer of
 WOOD CARPETING, CHURCH-
 Bank, Store and Office Fit-
 tings, Fancy Wainscots, Par-
 quet Floors, Carving, Turn-
 ing, Sawing, Planing, &c.
 1st prize for Wood Carpet-
 ing at Toronto and Ottawa
 Exhibition of 1874 and 1875
 13-8-52-85

D. A. PROUDFOOT, OCUList & AURIST
 Special attention given to DISEASES OF THE EYE
 AND EAR. Artificial Eyes inserted 37 Beaver Hall. Office
 hours before 10.30 a.m., 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p.m. 13-7-52-77

ROBERT MILLER,



Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and
WHOLESALE STATIONER.
 IMPORTER OF
 Wall Papers, Window Shades and
 SCHOOL BOOKS,
 397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
 14-6

Printing & Decorating
 In first-class Style.
 J. MURPHY,
 766, Craig St., Montreal.
 14-1-52-135.

Montreal Business College.

Corner NOTRE DAME AND PLACE D'ARMES.
 Imparts a thoroughly commercial education, and offers
 superior advantages for preparing young men for busi-
 ness pursuits. The course includes Book-keeping in all
 its forms, Commercial and Mental Arithmetic, Corre-
 spondence and Penmanship. The progress is rapid and
 the results beneficial and practical. Special instruction
 in French and Shorthand. For full information apply at
 the College or address
 t-1-2-77 **TASKER & DAVIS.**

THE COOK'S FRIEND
 BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a
 HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY
 in every family where Economy and Health are studied.
 It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan
 cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used
 in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save ha-
 the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY
 For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion
 and wholesale by the manufacturer.
 W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS,
 13-17-52-110 55 College Street.

50 VISITING CARDS, name finely printed, for 25
 cents. 1000 Agents wanted. Samples 3c stp.
 A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S. 13-26-30-131

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE.
 CAPITAL,
 ASSETS, OVER

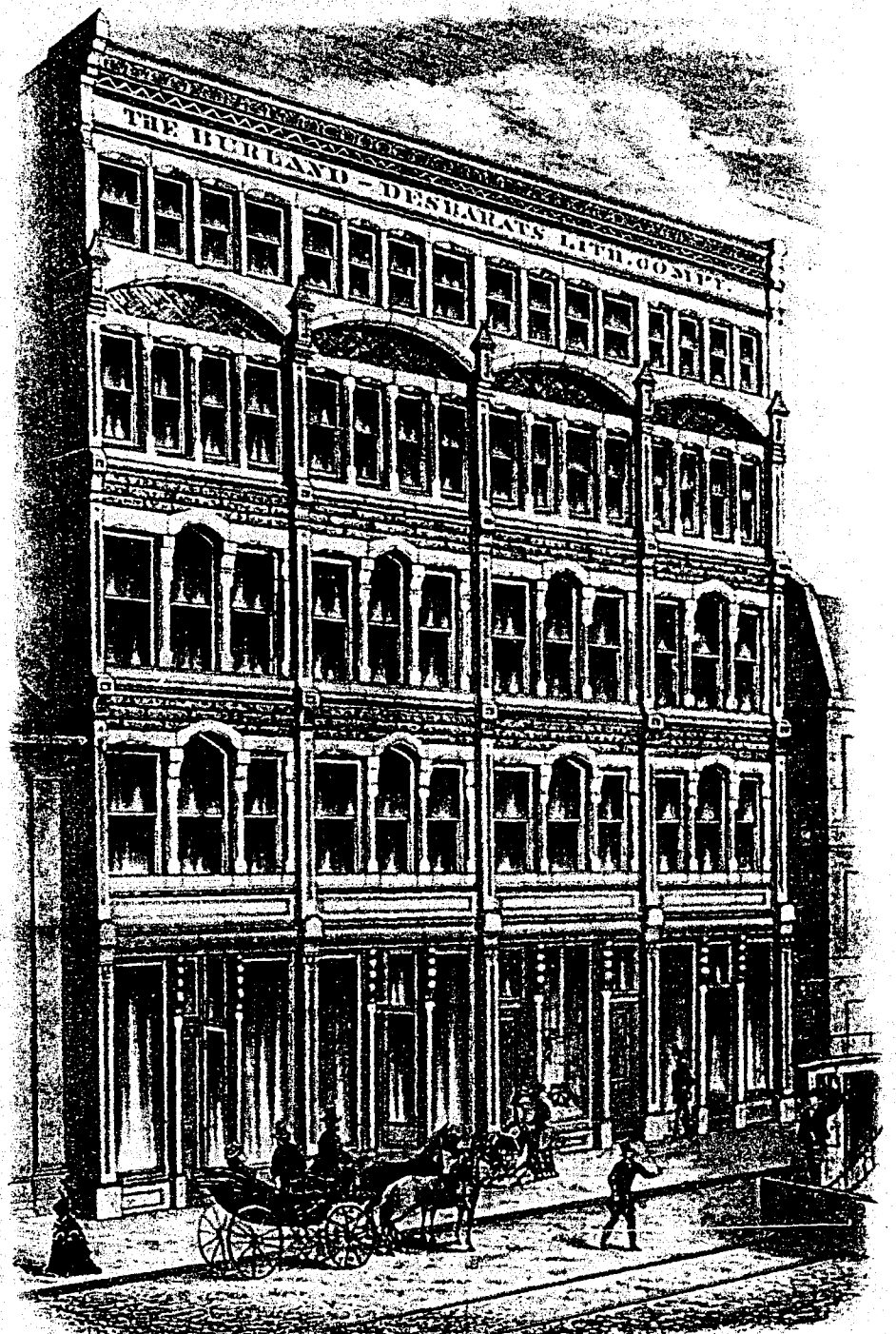
LIFE.
 \$10,000,000
 \$18,000,000
 Agencies in all the Principal
 Cities and Towns.



Unlimited liability of
 Shareholders.
 W. E. SCOTT, M. D.,
 Medical Adviser.
 JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector.

H. L. ROUTH,
 W. TATLEY, } Chief Agents.

13-16-52-107 OFFICE: 64 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.



REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

The Engraving, Die Sinking, Lithographing, Printing
 and Publishing Business

Heretofore carried on at No. 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, by the late firm of BURLAND, LAFRICAIN & Co., and at
 319 St. Antoine Street, by GEO. E. DESBARATS, being merged into the

BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,

has been REMOVED to those substantial, commodious and spacious premises, erected for the Company at
 3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, NEAR CRAIG, MONTREAL.

The double facilities acquired by the fusion of the two firms, the conveniences provided by the removal, and the
 economy and efficiency introduced by the united management, enable THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHO-
 GRAPHIC COMPANY to execute orders for every kind of

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING & ELECTROTYPING,
 AT SHORT NOTICE IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOWEST PRICES.
 Our friends and the public are invited to leave their orders for every description of
 ENGRAVING. LITHOGRAPHING. TYPE PRINTING.
 DIE SINKING. EMBOSSEING. ELECTROTYPING.
 PLAIN, GOLD, & COLOUR PRINTING. STEREOTYPING, &c., &c.

At the Office Bleury Street.
PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY A SPECIALITY.

To this branch the attention of ENGINEERS, SURVEYORS, ARCHITECTS, &c., is particularly requested:
 the Company being prepared to reproduce MAPS, PLANS, and DRAWINGS, in an incredibly short space of time
 and at a trifling cost.
 ENGRAVINGS, BOOKS, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c., &c., reproduced same size or reduced to any scale.
 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES for manufacturers done by this process at very cheap rates.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,
 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

PIANO-FORTES. JOSEPH GOULD, Inc.
 Cabinet Organs. Street, Montreal.
 13-7-52-77

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published
 by the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY
 (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street,
 Montreal.