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MONTREAL.—SHROVE TUESDAY AT THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. KENDRICK.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 117.—LIEUT.-COL. B. STRANGE, C. A.

Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Bland Strange, Inspector of Artillery, Canadian Army, and Commandant of the School of Gunnery, Quebec, is the son of Colonel Strange, and only brother of the late Bvt.-Major Alexander Strange, 2nd Battalion, 14th Regiment—who died June 11th, 1870, at sea, while returning from service in Australia and New Zealand—and first cousin to Col. H. F. Strange, C. B., Royal Artillery. The subject of this sketch is now the sole surviving representative of an old military family of Scotch origin, a branch of which settled in Ireland. In Denistoun's memoirs of the family the Stranges of Balaskie are mentioned in 1352 as gentlemen of ancient lineage and fair estate in the "Eastern neck or corner of Fife"—one of them fell in 1547 at the battle of Fawkeside or Pinky, so fatal to Scottish chivalry, and the son commanded a Scotch regiment in the German wars of the great Gustavus. In 1745 one member of the family raised a company for the Hanoverian cause, while another, subsequently Sir Robert Strange (the celebrated artist engraver), fought at Culloden in the body guard of Prince Charles. Sir Thomas Strange, who rose to eminence in the Indian service, and his sons, distinguished in both services, are the direct descendants of Sir Robert. For the last three generations every male member of this family have served in the British Army or Navy.

Col. Strange entered the army in 1847. He has served at Gibraltar and in the West and East Indies. During the Indian Mutiny he was present at Chanda, Sultanpore, Fort Moonsh-junge, Lucknow, Koorsee, Nawabjunge, Seraijunge, the Passage of the Goomie, and Doodpore, and was highly spoken of by his superiors.

At Moonsh-junge, March 4th, 1858, Lieut. Strange, R. A., assisted by Capt. Middleton, 29th Regiment, and other officers, enabled the Commanding Officer, R. A., to carry off two captured guns under a heavy matchlock fire from the loopholes; on the same day after the Engineer Officer Capt. Innes, Bengal Engineers (now V. C.) was severely wounded in the attempt. Lieut. Strange carried the powder bag to the gate of the interior retrenchment, and (with the assistance of Capt. Middleton, 29th Regiment), fired it.

On March 26th, 1853, at the capture of the Kaiser Bagh, Lucknow, Col. Napier, now Lord Napier Magdala, Bengal Engineers, being Engineer directing the attack. Lieut. Strange with assistance, endeavoured to empty a Powder Magazine in the great square while the adjacent buildings were on fire, an explosion left that officer the sole survivor.

On 20th October, 1858, at Doodpore, Oude, while in command of Right Division Q Field Battery, R. A., Capt. Strange captured two guns and 16 horses.

From 1856 to 1871 Col. Strange was Gunnery Instructor at the Repository Branch of the School of Gunnery, Woolwich.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ANTICOSTI.

ITS HISTORY, RESOURCES, AND FUTURE.

Dirt, says the sage, is only useful matter in the wrong place. All the forms of human industry are simply efforts to get things, at present misplaced, rightly placed. This is a very bold generalization, it must be admitted; but a statement may be at once very bold and perfectly true, and if this may appear to be the former to the superficial thinker, it will command the assent of all whose cogitations are patient and careful. In fact, every form of human activity, from the most servile to the most dignified and lucrative, is a practical exemplification of the axiom: Is an effort to put things right by removing them from the category of things useless or harmful, and placing them among those of service to mankind. This is obviously true in regard to the mechanical employments by which so many gain a livelihood; it is preeminently so in respect of efforts to colonize parts of the earth fit for human habitation, but only partly peopled, if peopled at all. Such efforts to equalize the distribution of the race, and so accelerate the development of natural resources are in all cases to a certain extent commendable in intent and in most cases also in themselves; and not much less so on account of profit accruing to those who undertake and conduct them to a successful issue. Every effort to make the earth's treasures more abundant and more available by a better distribution of labour, that is, by a more even distribution of human beings, is a conforming to the law of order into which the above cited maxim strikes its roots. Still, in regard to colonization as in reference to anything else the principle must be rightly applied to be true. The philosopher, whose maxim we commenced by quoting, would not have admitted as a just corollary to it that the only thing necessary to make dirt useful is to shift it. Gold thrown into the sea is as much dross as gold in the bed of a stream or the recesses of a mine. It is moved, not utilized. So with human beings. It is not enough to remove them to turn them to account.

Into the question of wise and successful colonization many considerations enter besides that of change of place. If every one were a Robinson Crusoe, and every spot equally favoured by Providence with *El Dorado*, the island of Juan Fernandez, it would be a work of unmixed benevolence to drive the surplus population away from our crowded cities, and send them adrift to seek their fortunes wherever the winds of heaven might waft them. The great thing is to find a place where people can live better than they have been accustomed to do, and this of course supposes something better to live upon. It is claimed by those interested in the Anticosti Company,—of which more will be said presently,—that the project it has undertaken fulfils this prime condition. We premise the statement of a few interesting facts respecting the island with the remark that the object aimed at is simply to give information, and not to serve the Company except as its members form part of the general public. There is no occasion to do so as there is, we understand, no intention to invite speculation, all the required capital for commencing the working of the scheme being already in hand. This remark is necessary as nothing is more vexatious to the reader than to find at the end of a long article that he has been beguiled into reading mere puffery, however skillfully the puffery may be phrased.

The information which many persons—even intelligent persons living in Lower Canada, and even in counties lying far east of Montreal—have of Anticosti, is limited to the knowledge of the bare fact that there is such a place, and a vague idea of its locality. That of others extends somewhat farther, they having, perhaps, while steaming down the gulf, caught a glimpse of its rugged dreary shore, or heard some harrowing tale of storm and disaster in its vicinity. There are few, however, who have the least idea of the vast reaches of primeval forest beyond the grim rocks against which the waves dash in powerless rage; few have heard of the existence of rolling prairies as richly clad with herbage as those of the Far West. That there should be deposits of more or less value is more easily supposable, but few have any conception of their actual variety and wealth. Further, most would be "surprised to learn" that the mainland may yet have to look for its principal supply of one description of fuel to the little island of Anticosti, yet nowhere in the same area is peat found in such abundance or of better quality. The waters which surround the island abound with fish of every description, from the hugest monsters to the tiniest denizens of the deep. At certain seasons of the year myriads of seals bask lazily on the rocks which fringe its shores; while the numerous streams which intersect the island literally swarm with trout, salmon, &c. In a few sentences we have indicated, not enumerated, the resources of the island. Full details cannot be given within the compass of such an article as this, although they are supplied in plenty by authorities whose veracity is less open to suspicion than that of a public company necessarily is. Supplementing what has been already said we may mention that these independent authorities give, as among its natural resources, fossiliferous limestone, as susceptible of a fine polish and as durable as marble; a lithographic stone equal in quality to that found in any part of the world; limestone and sandstone serviceable for building purposes; clay fit for brick-making; as already mentioned, peat, of which there is a plain of vast superficial extent, and in depth varying from three to ten feet; salt springs or ponds; of trees—the tamarac, pine, spruce, balsam fir, poplar, mountain ash; of fruits—the cranberry, gooseberry, red and black currants, strawberry, and many others; of animals—the common black bear, the red, black and silver fox, the marten, the otter, &c., ducks, geese and partridges, while there are no reptiles of any description; of marine animals and salt and fresh water fish—the seal, the porpoise (worth on an average £.5), whale, cod, salmon, mackerel, herring, halibut, hadlock, eels, lobsters, &c. These are all natural products, independent of human effort and ready for human use and enjoyment.

A word as to the geographical position and aspect of the island. It has hitherto been viewed by the modern navigator with as much dread as frowning Scylla and foaming Charybdis were of old. Sadly too often have its shores been strewn with fragments of hapless vessels, which had been freighted with costly cargoes and far more precious lives. But its very position, which now renders it so fruitful a cause of peril and loss should render it a means of safety and a source of comfort to the mariners wearying for "the desired haven," and to whom the kindly glimmer of numerous beacons would be a pledge of coming rest and renewed intercourse with the world he serves.

The question naturally presents itself here,—what has been done to utilize these provisions, to make these desirable possibilities facts? And the answer is—next to nothing. All Europe has contributed to swell the band of pilgrims to the dreary verge of the Salt Lake, where modifying Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn—

"No prospect pleases,
And men are very vile."

We send out colonies to starve in Patagonia. The ill-regulated and profitless labour of the race is, in the aggregate, immense—inconceivable so. Here, within hail of every vessel which steams or sails to our Canadian ports is an island of 2,460,000 acres, rich actually and indefinitely richer potentially, lying undeveloped, unoccupied and all but unknown; a region capable of affording subsistence to hundreds of thousands, yet with bears and the like for its only occupants, "a local habitation" for such "a name," and nothing more. It is a very grim, harsh satire on human short-sightedness and on the enterprise on which our age so vaunts itself. So completely has it been neglected that it might be one of the most sterile instead of one of the most fruitful regions; far remote from civilization instead of within bowshot of it, and cursed with a climate the most unkindly instead of blessed with the most healthy and generous of any land within the temperate zone!

The history of the island may in part account for this curious neglect. In 1639 it was granted by the French crown to an adventurer who had made some important discoveries, but on the conquest of Canada it passed into the hands of some wealthy families residing chiefly in England, in whom the exclusive proprietorship has till recently been vested by succession, the greater portion being owned at the time of the recent transfer by the Forsyth family of Quebec. Efforts had been made from time to time, but without success, to purchase the island for colonization purposes; but by an Act of the Dominion Parliament, assented to on the 22nd of June, 1869, it became by legislation what shortly before it had been made by purchase, the property of a private joint-stock company. This legislation did not render their title to the Island more valid than it would have been without this Parliamentary sanction, or rather recognition; but it will give the enterprise a status which it could not otherwise have had, and will be of great service in the carrying out of the works which the company is projecting.

A few weeks ago we heard of the transfer of the most important part of the Island of St. Domingo, including the Bay of Samana and its surroundings, with large contingent privileges, to a knot of Yankee speculators, in consideration of an almost nominal rental. The details of the preposterous if not roguish transaction are so well known that we need not recite them; and the only reason for referring to the matter is to make the objects of the new proprietors of Anticosti more appreciable by the contrast. What do they propose to do? What has been their design in seeking Parliamentary recognition? Undoubtedly, to a certain extent, to make money enough to secure themselves from risk and give them a fair return for the labour and capital they must expend. This motive, if paramount instead of secondary, would not detract from the merit of their scheme or depreciate the value of their work; and it is, moreover, one with which the public

have nothing whatever to do. The work proposed to be undertaken is manifold, but its principal features may be briefly stated as follows:—

1. The division of the Island into twenty counties of 120,000 acres, each to be subdivided into five townships.
2. The laying of a submarine cable between the Island and the mainland, with which it will have further communication by
3. A steamer, connecting with other lines of river and ocean travel.
4. The laying out of town sites at Ellis Bay, Fox Bay, and the South-West Point, the first named to be the *chef-lieu*.
5. To invite immigration from all quarters, and chiefly hardy, industrious settlers from the North of Europe.
6. To open up roads throughout the Island, and construct five hundred log-houses, the erection of these being simultaneous with the road-making.
7. To put up grist and saw-mills, stores and warehouses as required, 250 small cottages, three hotels, a hospital, two churches, three school-houses, and an iron factory, with forges.
8. To improve the naturally fine harbours at Ellis Bay and Fox Bay, with docks, slips, ship yards, &c., and construct a breakwater at South-West Point; and finally to build or purchase five fishing schooners, two trading schooners, five hundred fishing boats, four iron screw steamers for whale and seal fishing, one for conveying, at all seasons of the year, mails and passengers between the Island and the mainland, and three propellers to form a fortnightly line to Chicago.

If this ambitious programme of operations can be carried out, the company will have provided for every conceivable material want of a thoroughly organized community, and this not by the slow processes by which human society usually takes shape and provides for its necessities, but with the rapidity which foresight, system, and ample means secure. And the emigrant of any class will find everything in partial readiness for him, and settle at once with the toils of the pioneer reduced to the minimum. The farmer will find his log-house ready, the limits of his allotment defined, roads available, and mills awaiting the fruits of his labour; the fisherman will have boats, tackle, and appliances for preparing his perishing commodity for the market; persons resorting to the island for health, sport, or business will be able to put up at as commodious and well-appointed hotels as they have been accustomed to. Such, we learn, are the works projected by the company, whose enterprise in doing is fully equal to its boldness in conceiving and planning.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

GOSIPS ON POPULAR SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

NO. VI.—THE ELECTRICITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE, AND LIGHTNING-RODS.

"Fear no more the lightning flash."

CYMBELINE, Act 4, sc. 2.

The first satisfactory attempt to collect the electricity of the upper regions of the air, was made by Benjamin Franklin, on this continent, in 1752. He raised into the atmosphere a kite, formed by stretching a silk handkerchief across two rods of light wood, and with this, when the string had been rendered sufficiently moist by the falling rain to conduct electricity, he obtained a copious succession of sparks from a key fastened to the end of a string.

Cavallo, in 1777, raised an electric kite repeatedly in the neighbourhood of London, and obtained an enormous quantity of electricity; he found that the electricity frequently changed its character, as the kite passed through different aerial layers, or strata, and, also, that the air always contained free positive electricity, except when influenced by heavy clouds near the zenith.

Experiments with "electrical kites" are, however, attended with some danger, and should be conducted under the eye of experienced persons. The kite has sometimes shocked strongly, and might conduct a stroke. Professor Richmann, observing at St. Petersburg with the insulated rod, received a ball of fire on the head, (on a sudden clap of thunder, which killed him instantly. The index which he was observing was about a foot distance from the insulated rod. It is well to advert to the fact, as a caution to the young experimentalist, to be careful how he proceeds to question Nature in these her more dangerous operations, unless he is ambitious to rank with the martyrs of science.

Perhaps the most ingenious mode of investigating the electric state of the atmosphere in the upper regions, is by means of the apparatus used by M. M. Becquerel and Breshet, on the Great St. Bernard. (See *Traité de l'Electricité et du Magnétisme*, t. iv. p. 110.) These philosophers placed one end of a cord, covered with tinsel, about ninety yards in length, on the cap of an electroscope, and tying the other end to an arrow they projected it, with the aid of a bow, into the air, and they found that the gold leaves diverged in proportion as the arrow ascended into the atmosphere.

Out of such experiments came the lightning-rod, by the invention of which, Franklin proposed to neutralize the effects of thunder-clouds by furnishing them with an electricity the opposite of their own. He protected buildings with long metallic rods, terminating in sharp points at the top and communicating with the ground. Along these the terrestrial electricity escapes towards the overhanging cloud, and neutralizes it more or less rapidly. Sometimes, during the night tall plumes of electric light are seen shining on these points.

The efficacy of lightning-rods is fully demonstrated by statistics. Mr. Snow Harris, a well-known electrician, reports that out of six churches in Devonshire, with tall steeples, which were struck by lightning, one of them only, that was protected by a lightning-rod, suffered no damage. The church of Saint Mark at Venice, the Valentino Palace at Turin, the tower of Sienna, all in cities where the lightning causes frequent damage, have likewise been preserved by lightning-rods. In a terrible thunderstorm that burst over the city of Strasburg in 1833, the tower of the cathedral was struck by lightning three times in the space of half an hour. At the last stroke the whole pile appeared to be in flames. In many parts of the sacred edifice the lead, copper, iron, and even the mortar were found to be melted and vitrified. In the next year one of the turrets was literally cut in two by the lightning.

and then it was decided to put up lightning-rods on the spire and other parts of the buildings. Since that time it has been remarked, as a matter of fact, that the cathedral has been struck by harmless discharges only, which fall on the rods and followed the conductors into the ground, without the least deviation.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember how, a few years ago, one of the pinnacles on the western tower of the cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal, was struck by lightning, and fell with a loud crash on the pavement below—but the lightning-rod has not followed. Lord Bacon's famous apothegm "Nature is only conquered by obeying her" is disregarded by the City Fathers and by the Sulpician Fathers; if they would but hear the voice of science the lofty towers of Notre Dame would no longer be allowed to remain without parapet-nerres.

Science must ever remain a debtor to the ingenuity of Franklin for proposing, at least, a partial protection against the dreaded effects of atmospheric electricity; let us mention the following instance, where, as Arago phrases it, "Nature was caught in the act." "On the 21st of May, 1831, during a very violent thunder-storm, the ship "Caledonia" was under sail in Plymouth Bay. From the town, the lightning could be seen darting toward the water, at but a short distance from the vessel. On the shore the lightning caused several fatal accidents. Surrounded, as it were, by these falling thunderbolts, the "Caledonia," protected by her lightning-rods, escaped all harm and sailed along as safely as though the sky had been clear."

The name of Franklin will ever be associated with electricity. His genius, like Lord Bacon's, lay in his power of swift induction, from moral and physical facts. What a man he was! what an example for our youth, who too often despise science! We read that from his parents he had received no inheritance except the noblest—a spotless example, a healthful constitution, a sane mind. He founded schools, libraries and various useful institutions in his adopted home, and at the age of forty-five he had become one of Philadelphia's most useful citizens. He occasionally uttered keen apothegms that live like the sayings of Solon, and sharp satires that want the bitter hopelessness of Diogenes. He taught young men that purity, honesty, and self-respect were better than wealth, luxury, or any other success. He combined in himself the philosopher and the moralist—the mechanic and the Christian. In his electric triumphs the first thought of his generous nature was how to make his discovery useful to his fellow creatures. If he has gained immortal renown by drawing down the lightning from the skies by presenting his iron-points to the thunder-cloud, he has also gained the everlasting gratitude of the world by the invention of his lightning-conductors, which render comparatively harmless the "nimble stroke of quick cross-lightning" which destroys life, breaks rocks and walls of stone in pieces, fuses metals, splits the "unwedgeable and gnarled oak," and makes lofty towers to topple.

The Philosophical Transactions will furnish the reader with a number of curious facts illustrative of the effects of the electric fluid (in the case of a stroke on a building) among the different substances it meets with in its course to the earth. He will find it here making no distinction of sect, or party, or of property sacred or profane—putting out the candles, upsetting the chalice and the paten on the altar amid the Roman Catholic congregation at Stralsund, (vol. i. 526); knocking down the steeple and dismantling the bells, and breaking and tearing out of their frames the creed and ten commandments in Anglican churches, (xi. 113, xii. 126, 610); entering the tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road soon after the great Whitfield had built it,—and on a Sunday too,—doing much damage there, and killing a man.

Thanks again to science, Wheatstone and Morse following up the remarkable experiment of Oersted's which formed the union of magnetism and electricity, and enlarging upon it, the electric flash is now busy day and night in doing the work marked out for it by modern magicians. It flies swifter than Ariel to do the bidding of Prospero; and like my gentle Puck, at the request of Oberon, "puts a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes;" and the thunder-bolt of Jupiter is everywhere toiling in the cause of human progress. A modern writer thus expresses himself:—"When we attempt to catch the idea of the electric spark, it still appears almost as superhuman and terrible as when it flashed fear into the hearts of Greeks and Romans. It obeys with scrupulous accuracy; it performs the most important tasks with equal care; it is as docile as was the genie to Solomon's seal; and yet it still remains shadowy, mysterious, and unpalpable. It still lives in the skies and seems to connect the material and the spiritual. Whence came these tongues of fire, these sharp shocks, these pale, ghostly lights that play around us and mock the master they obey? Who is that wields this electric element, which seems to be the very base and source of our existence?"

We must now answer the question which doubtless will be uppermost in most young minds who have followed our gossip thus far:—What is this electricity of the atmosphere?

The existence of it has been referred to various sources; the phenomena of animal and vegetable life, as well as chemical action, have been called in to explain its origin. Among others the evaporation of water, and other fluids, constantly taking place on the earth's surface may certainly be regarded as one of the sources of atmospheric electricity. The evolution of electricity by evaporation may be readily proved by placing on the cap of a gold-leaf electroscope a small metallic cup containing water, in which some common salt has been dissolved. On dropping into it a piece of hot cinder, the vapour will arise copiously, and carry off positive electricity, leaving the cup negatively electrified, with which electricity the gold-leaves will diverge. If water, containing a weak portion of acid, be substituted for the weak brine, the reverse will occur, the gold-leaves diverging with positive electricity, the vapour being negatively electrified.

Let us suppose an insulated conductor, consisting of a pointed iron rod, mounted on a glass pillar and receiving on its upper length, and on the inverted funnel through which this is made to pass whatever may fall from the clouds. At the approach of a shower of hard rain or hail brought by a nimbus cloud moving with the wind, the pith-balls of the electrometer open with negative electricity and gradually close again; as the first drops of rain or the hail stones touch the conductor, they open positive and this charge continues strong while the shower is passing over; but, the rain or hail gone by, the charge again becomes negative and dies away in like gradual manner as before; lastly, there is left behind a

slight positive charge. Those facts prove that the central part of the space occupied by the rain cloud is the focus of a strong positive electricity, concentrated by the diminution of surface in the water as the drops come together and increase in bulk. (See Howard's "Essay on Atmospheric Electricity" in Climate of London. Vol I., p. 137 to 153.)

Many of our scientific meteorologists are inclined to regard the evaporation of fluids as one at least of the sources of the electricity of the atmosphere.

The clouds, consisting of immense masses of aqueous vapour, are tolerably good conductors of electricity, and consequently contain a considerable quantity of the latter in a free state. There can be but little doubt that a cloud consists of an aggregation of minute vesicles of aqueous vapour filled with air.

Sometimes travellers have found themselves, and the horses on which they rode, electrified strongly by the air alone at the approach of charged clouds and showers—the brim of the hat worn by the rider, and the horse's mane and ears presenting little luminous points like those we see upon the comb of an electrical machine, or upon any point set upon the charged conductor.

Pliny, the naturalist, takes notice of these manifestations of the natural electricity occurring upon metallic points, exposed to a thundery air, as happening to the pikes of a Roman Legion. The points and angles of crosses on churches have been seen to exhibit very fine electric brushes. The same phenomenon has frequently been noticed by sailors, the mast-heads and the ends of the yards being apparently on fire. In proof of this see an account by Captain J. L. Winn (Philos. Trans., 1770) of a light and sparks proceeding for a space of two hours and a half from a place where the electric communication had been interrupted by the accidental breaking of the conducting chain of his ship below it.

Books on this and kindred subjects are now published at a marvellous cheapness, which puts them in reach of everyone inclined to know something about Natural Philosophy, perhaps none better or cheaper than Deschanel's Natural Philosophy translated by Professor J. D. Everett, D.C.L., who has done great service to the cause of natural science for having furnished to students such admirable translations; they seem to hit the mean between a dry school-book and a popular treatise.

Such books are good educators if they throw the imagination outwards by giving it a class of objects which may excite wonder, reverence, the love of novelty and of discovering, without heating the brain or exciting the passions." Such studies as that of natural history will prevent the imagination from being thrown inward, "producing a mental fever, diseasing itself and the whole character by feeding on its own fancies, its own day-dreams, its own morbid feelings, its likes and dislikes," even if it do not take at last to viler food, to French novels, sensational stories, and melodramas, wherein, instead of setting forth heroic deeds, the readers and playgoers are taught new possibilities of crime and new palliations for those crimes; when instead of purifying the affections by pity and terror it confounds the moral sense by exciting pity and terror merely for the sake of excitement; or again, instead of stirring a divine scorn of baseness, or even a kindly and indulgent smile at the weaknesses and oddities of humanity, learns to make a mock of sin,—to find excuses for the popular frailties which it pretends to expose.

Next to books on meteorology and cognate sciences the best way of learning these matters is by classes, in which men may combine and interchange their thoughts and observations. The greatest savans find this, and have their geological, botanical, astronomical, royal societies, British and American associations for the advancement of science, and what not, in which all may know what each has done, and each share in the learning of all; for, as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the face of his friend.

Art and Literature.

George Eliot has received £3,000 for *Middlemarch*, the highest sum ever paid to a lady for a work of fiction.

Mr. Edwin Weedon, whose nautical sketches in the *Illustrated London News* are familiar to the public, is dead.

Professor Tyndall has given the Yale Scientific Club \$250, as a tribute of good-will and a token of his good wishes.

Sir John Lubbock is about to introduce a bill in the Imperial House of Commons for the preservation of historical monuments and antiquarian relics.

Mr. Randolph Rogers, the American sculptor, has been elected a member of the Roman Academy of Saint Luke. He is the first American sculptor upon whom this rare and distinguished honour has ever been conferred.

The *Musical Gazette* of Milan publishes a curious article on the cannon considered as an instrument of music, from which it appears that the first to originate the idea was one Giuseppe Sark, an Italian, who composed a *Te Deum* at St. Petersburg in 1738, to celebrate the capture of Fort Otzakow by Potemkin.

Holman Hunt has completed a new picture, which will probably be exhibited in the approaching show of the Academy. The subject is much the same as that of Millais' "Carpenter's Shed." Joseph's son (not as a boy but a man) is resting from his work in his father's carpenter's shed, and as he raises his hands his figure throws the shadow of a cross on the wall.

Mrs. E. M. Ward is painting an incident from the boyhood of Chatterton, of his having been discovered by his foster-mother, Mrs. Edkins, in the act of concealing the earliest specimens of the so-called "Rowley Poems." The scene is in the garret of the house of the family at Bristol. There are three figures in the composition, that of Chatterton's grandmother being included.

OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or ineffective, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morson's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morson and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name

T. MORSON & SON.

Our Illustrations.

SHROVE TUESDAY AT THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK, MONTREAL.

The fancy-dress entertainment given at the Victoria Skating Rink on Shrove Tuesday, though in every way a successful affair, was of course not to be compared with that held some time ago in honour of the visit of H. E. the Governor-General. Still the ice was thronged, and a goodly number of spectators were present. There was little new to remark among the costumes, but this is a complaint that has not only been made this season. Perhaps the character who attracted the most attention was the African snake-charmer, shown in our illustration. The illusion he produced with his toy-snakes was at first really startling, and his attentions to some of the lady-spectators were the cause of much pretty shrieking and exclamations of fright among the fair recipients, among whom the opinion seemed to be very generally shared that the swarthy Adonis was a "horror."

A biography of

LIEUT.-COL. STRANGE, R. A.,

is given on the preceding page.

THE ROCKING STONE,

shown on page 143, is a huge granite boulder naturally poised with such nicety that by using a sapling for a lever it may be made to rock to and fro, each end in turn ascending and descending like the balance of a scale. In length it is about 25 ft., with a maximum breadth of 15 or 16, and it is said to weigh between two and three hundred tons. The spot where the stone lies is an open space in a forest, about five miles and a half from Halifax, on the other side of the North-West Arm. In summer this is a very favourite meet for pic-nics. It is supposed by geologists that this rock was deposited where it now lies at a period in the earth's history when Nova Scotia and Canada were under the sea and immense icebergs—many of which contained great masses of rock—were floating down from the northern regions. On reaching warmer latitudes the icebergs melted, the imprisoned boulders were set free, and were deposited on the face of the earth. Nova Scotia shows visible signs of having been at one time under the sea, and of having had at another enormous glaciers passing over it, the rock-surfaces being frequently polished and grooved by the action of these ice masses, as in Greenland and among the Alps.

THE VIEWS IN QUEBEC

are familiar to many of our readers, and need no explanation.

A SINKING CITY.

Over this title we give three views in the town of Iserlohn, in Westphalia, showing the gradual sinking of the houses, due to the falling in of the thin strata which lies between the upper surface of the earth and a mine, over which the town is built.

Dramatic Notes.

Charlotte Cushman has been playing at Washington.

Mr. Robinson's "Bridge of Glass" has been dramatized.

It is now stated that Nilsson will sing in New York next October.

Miss Fanny Janansek opened at the Boston "Globe" on the 21th ult.

Minnie Hauck has signed a three-years' engagement at Vienna.

A Spanish version of "Hamlet" has been brought out at Madrid.

Aimée has been playing at New Orleans with an Opera Bouffe Company.

A new cantata, founded on Longfellow's "Evangeline," has been brought out at Brighton.

A dramatized version of Dickens' "Message from the Sea" has been produced in London.

An Italian composer named Filoni has composed an opera, the scene of which is laid in Paradise.

Milla Tiffens has been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis which has prevented her singing.

Nilsson and Faure appear together in "Hamlet" next month at Brussels, Liège, Ghent and Antwerp.

"The Long Strike" was recently produced with great success in Paris, under the title of "La Dépêche."

A Vienna kapellmeister has composed airs to a medley of advertisements from a German paper. *Cui bono?*

An adaptation of Charles Reade's "Clouds and Sunshine" has been played at the Boston Theatre under the title of "Rachel the Reaper."

Mme. Arabella Goddard made her last public appearance in England on the 11th ult. She was to start early this month on a tour through America and Australia.

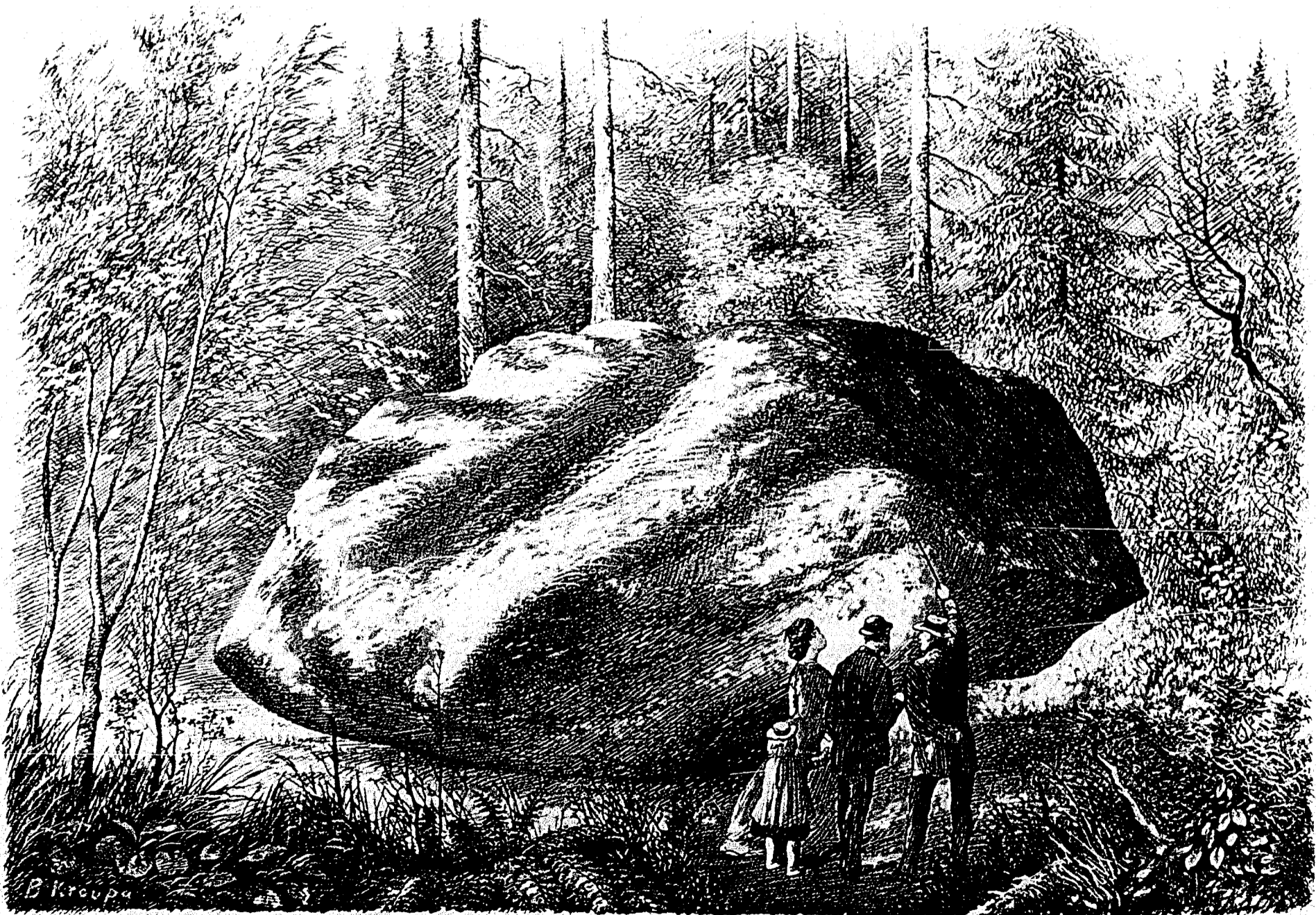
Albani will sing in London during the forthcoming season. She has added two new parts to her list of rôles, in both of which she will appear, viz., Ophelia in the "Hamlet" of Ambroise Thomas, and Elvira in Bellini's "Puritani."

The late Mr. Balfe left a MS. opera called "The Knights of the Leopard," the libretto by Mr. A. Mattheson, based on Sir Walter Scott's romance. Madame Nilsson-Rouzeaud having expressed her readiness to play the principal part, the Queen of Richard Cœur de Lion, it is proposed, if time should permit, to produce an Italian adaptation at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, during the forthcoming season. The score was left uncompleted by Mr. Balfe, but Sir Michael Costa has kindly edited it, and added a finale, at the request of the widow.

Offenbach's "Braconniers"—the Poachers—has been having a great run in Paris. In its plot it is a good deal like "Les Brigands"—not in its principal feature, however. The chief of the poaching gang is a young girl, Ribletto or Ribletta, accordingly as she appears in the gaiters and *carmaigne* vest of the inveterate poacher, or in her real character of a very pretty girl, the true proprietor of the woods in which Ribletto and her brave men poach out of revenge to the Marquis de Las Coueres, who has robbed her of her rights. The most successful air, loudly encored, was Ginetta's duet with her husband, in which every verse ends with Ginetta's "Je ne me souviens plus," sung each time with a different shade of expression. The quintet of the second act is admirable, as is the dashing, vigorous finale of the whole—a sort of parody of the eccentric finales in the old Italian style.

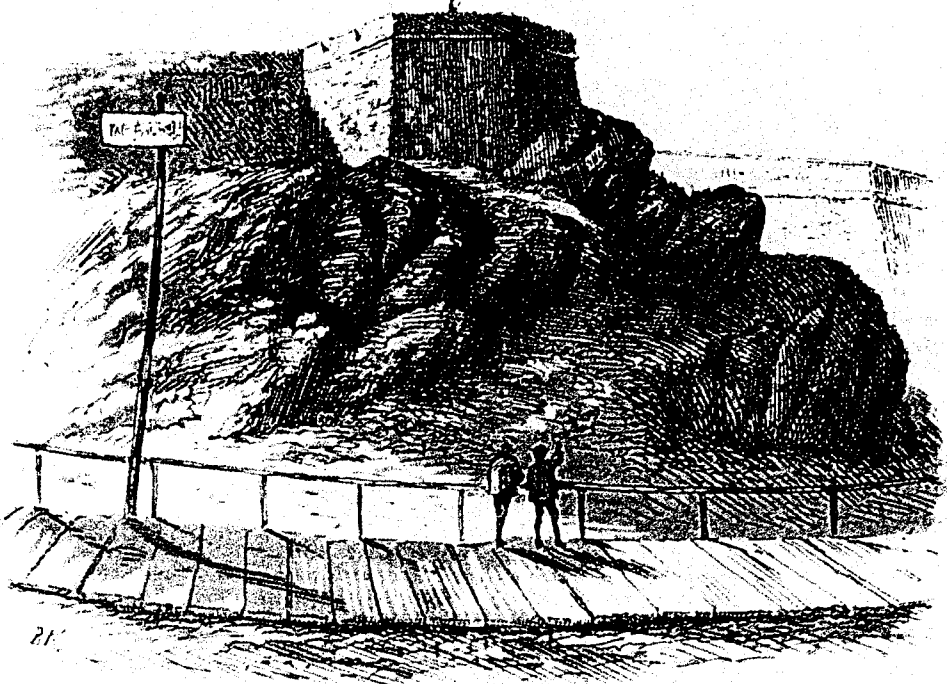


LIEUT.-COL. STRANGE.
COMMANDANT OF THE QUEBEC SCHOOL OF GUNNERY (B. BATTERY)

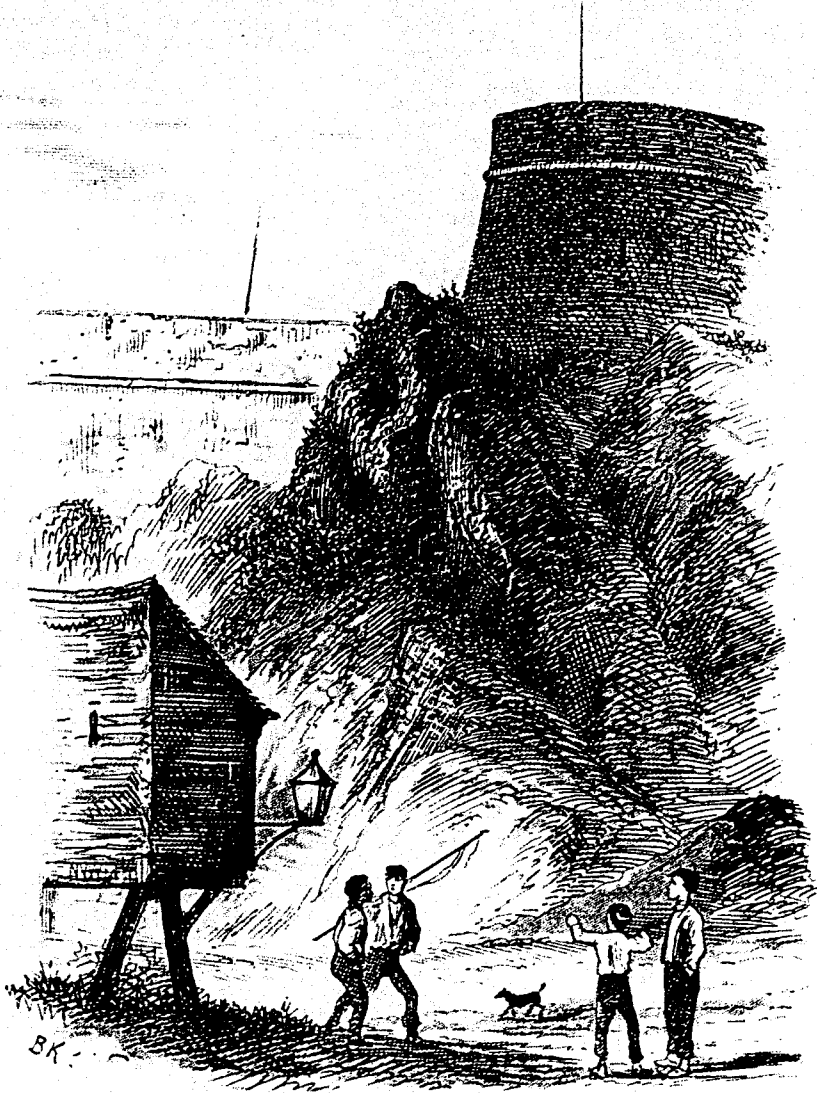


THE ROCKING STONE, NEAR HALIFAX, N. S.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

QUEBEC SKETCHES.—By W. O. C.



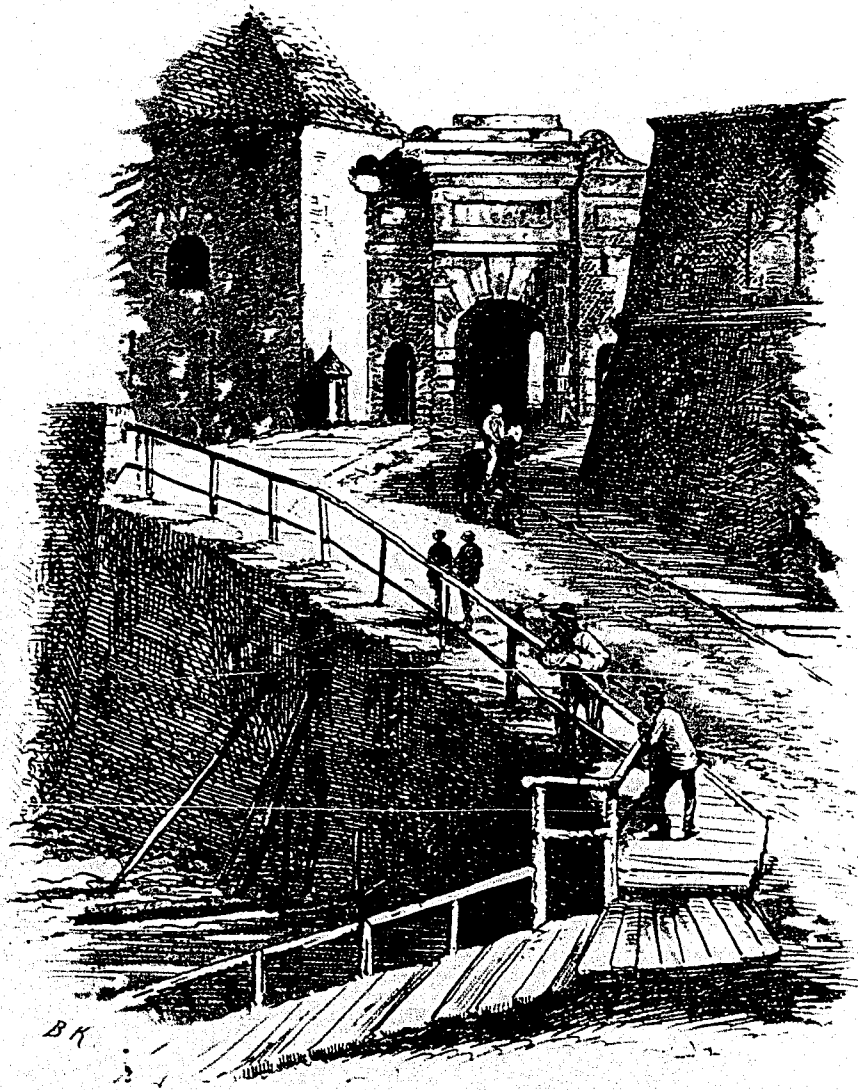
PART OF THE OLD FRENCH FORTIFICATIONS BETWEEN HOPE AND PALACE GATES.



PART OF THE OLD FRENCH FORTIFICATIONS ABOVE ST. PAUL STREET, LOWER TOWN.



THE STEPS, CHAMPLAIN STREET.



PALACE GATE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1873.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Date. Rows include SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY with corresponding historical events.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 25 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending March 5, 1873.

Table with 7 columns: Mean Temp., Max. Temp., Min. Temp., Mean Rel. Hum., Mean Height of Bar., Gen. Direction of Wind, State of Weather. Rows for Feb. 27-28 and Mar. 1-5.

ALMANAC OR CALENDAR. MARCH, 1873.

Table with 6 columns: City (Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, St. Johns, N. F.), Sun Rises, Sun Sets, Full Moon on the 14th.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have the pleasure to announce that the Premium Chromo for 1873 will be ready for delivery on and after the 15th March inst., to all our subscribers who have paid us for the current year.

To those who have not as yet sent us their subscriptions we would request them to do so without delay, so that the Chromo may be mailed on receipt of remittance.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS OFFICE, Montreal, 8th March, 1873.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS.

The undersigned has the honour to announce that he has been entrusted by the Honourable Commissioner of Patents for the Dominion of Canada, with the publication of the OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE PATENT OFFICE, to be illustrated by diagrams of all the patents susceptible of illustration.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE will be published once a month. The official portion will cover from 16 to 32 pages, comprising from 100 to 240 patent claims, specifications and diagrams.

The unofficial portion, or MECHANICS MAGAZINE, will give in each number 32 pages of carefully selected articles and items, gleaned from the very best foreign technical papers.

The subscription price of the CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE is fixed at ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, invariably in advance.

The first issue will be dated 1st March, 1873, and will be distributed about the 25th instant.

ADDRESS GEORGE E. DESBARATS, PUBLISHER, MONTREAL.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873.

Ontario is taking the lead in an enterprise which must command the attention and enlist the sympathies of all lovers of art throughout the Dominion. Acting on the idea suggested by the London Art Union, and inspired by the signal success of that Society, a number of amateurs and virtuosi in Toronto have met together and decided upon establishing a somewhat similar institution in that city.

It enters directly within the scope of the News to encourage, in the warmest language, everything which aims to popularize art among the masses, and raise the aesthetic standard among the more highly educated.

Talent is not wanting among us. All it needs is a field of activity and the pledge of appreciation. Give our young artists the assurance that the productions of their brush and chisel will be viewed with judicious criticism, and if wrought according to a proper ideal, will meet with a ready sale, and emulation will stimulate them to high efforts.

Not is there any lack of subjects for composition. No country has finer and more varied scenery—ranging from the Titanic Saguenay to the Pastoral Richelieu—than the Dominion. Our skies are high and pure, and the seasons in their intensity, impress on the imagination the most striking gradations of light and shade as well as combination of colour.

The appalling catastrophe of the steamer Northfleet, run down by the Murillo, has roused public attention to the pressing necessity of devising a new code of signals, new laws about pilots and other marine safeguards, and special punishment for such officers as neglect to succour a derelict vessel.

extreme distress. Captains displaying this light, except in cases of extremity, ought to be punished, in order to deter them from making use of it when they simply want a pilot, as such may lead to disastrous misconceptions.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

MR. SPROUTS, HIS OPINIONS.

THE DEBATE AT THE "COSMOPOLITAN."

The President, Monsieur Jean Baptiste Longtoe, rose and said:

"GENTLEMEN,—De soobject of dis evening's debate is de English language—where he is spik wid de most puritee and correction, I mean correctness. I have been request to act as Chairman, because aldo' I am French Canadian, and my vocabulaire is not so plentiful as some of de English peoples, yet it is ver well acknowledged dat I spik wid ver mooch purtee of pronouncation, and I will derefore be very good joodge of de debate, and besides I sall be ver mooch disinterested, because everybody know dat de French Canadian hab no prejudice at all.

"I will derefore call on Monsieur Terence Maloney, from Cork, to open de debate."

Mr. Maloney:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—In rising to advocate the claims of ould Erin, I anticipate that my task will be by no manes difficult, and that I shall aasily be able to convince this mating that not only did the deludin' Saxons stale from the Immirald Isle the nucleus of the language which is now called English, but ought by rights to be called Irish, but that at the same time they stole from her most of those arts and sciences which the unblushing thaves now declare to have been invented by themselves.

"Look at potatoes, for instance,—do not the lying Saxon chronicles declare that they were discovered by an Englishman? whereas I am able to state on the authority of me brother, Timothy O'Toole Maloney, who was a distinguished student at the classical academy of Ballyshannon, that they, as well as that interesting quadruped, the pig, were first invented and brought into notice by an Irish gentleman living in Greece, called E-pig-laters, erroneously pronounced 'Epictetus,' whose grandmother was an Irishman by the father's side, and who took that name in consequence of his discovery.

"Me brother 'Tim' was unable to find any direct evidence to show what was the original name of this distinguished patriot; but he believes that it was formerly 'Mullooney,' and that consequently he is a connoisseur of my own, and, like myself, descended from the royal family of Oireland!!

"Look at agriculture again—what would the breed of cattle in England have been without the Irish Bulls? Does not every unprejudiced person acknowledge that there are no Bulls in the world like Irish Bulls!!

"And spaking of language, look at the Irish ballads of Tommy Moore! where will ye find such specimens of illoquent and magnificent language? And as some of these beautiful ballads are as old as the time of King Malachi and Brian Boru, doesn't that prove beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the so-called English language was originally Irish, and consequently that it is in Oireland only that ye can find it spoken in all its native purity and illoquence.

"And while we are talking of poetry,—I would like to read you a small efusion of my own,—(pulls out a paper.)

"Up with the standard of Brian the Brave. No longer shall Erin be bound like a slave. Free to the breeze let the green banner wave, Till the hated invader lies low in the grave."

Cries of Order. Question.

"Question! and isn't this the question? Aint the wrongs of ould Ireland the question—the great question of the day? I appale to you, Mr. Chairman, if an Irish gentleman is to be prevented from rading his own poem in a free country by the clamour of a set of noisy and ignorant spalpeens. (Order. Chair.) I appeal to the Chair."

Chairman.—"I would beg to remark to de honorable member dat unless his poem has de connection wid de soobject of de debate, it will not be in order dat he should read it; but I would recommend dat he should send it to de Witness, vot have de larger circulation dan all de oder daily papers, and no doubt dey vill be ver glad to pooblish it for de honorable member; or he may send it to Mr. Chauveau for de Journal of Education, vere everybody vill see it."

Mr. Maloney.—"I bow to the Chair—merely remarking that the day will come when the Ignoramuses I am now addressing will be only too proud to listen to the illoquence of an Irish gentleman. (Cockney voice—"Shut up, Paddy.")

"Shut up! is it shut up the gentleman manes? Am I to be tould to shut up by such a miserable exerescence upon the epidermis of debating humanity as the dirty spalpeen who has just interrupted me. If he or any other mumber who has not been convinced by me arguments will have the goodness just to step outside wid me, I will be happy to remove any of their doubts by manes of a small shillelah I have left in the lobby."

Mr. Timothy Tape, of London, rose indignantly:—

"Hi should like to know, Mr. Chairman, whether hi was to submit to be called a hexerescence by a hignorant H Irishman? Hi'd 'ave 'im to know that hi'm has good as 'e 'is hany day, and has for his shillelah as 'e calls it, hi don't care the end of a yard of 'apenny ribbon about it, and hi'm ready to meet 'im hany night he likes arter we've shet up shop. He's a pretty feller to talk about being a H Irish King. Hif all the H Irish royal family was like 'im hi pidas their tradesmen! Why he's owed our firm two dollars for the last six months

for the werry shirt as 'e's wearing this minite; and hi don't belleve as 'u's got ever another, and has to lay in bed when he sends it to the wash, which hi expects ain't very often.

"Has for all that rubbish about the Hrish speaking the best Hinglish, hi don't believe a word about it, because hi know when hi went to Belfast to buy goods for our firm, the people couldn't make out half what hi said, and heverybody knows that the Londoners speak the best Hinglish anyweres. That's all hi've got to say, Mr. Chairman."

Mr. Fergus Macpherson, from Glasgow, next addressed the meeting. He said:—

"I have listened with great interest to this debate, but at the same time I must observe that I am considerably surprised to find so much difference of opinion existing with regard to a subject which I had imagined had been decided long ago. I dinna propose to question the strength of the arguments of that gentleman who is prepared to enforce them through the medium of his bit shillelah; but I would wish, Mr. Chairman, to simply remind this meeting that it is pratty well admitted that in Scotland generally, and particularly in Glasgow the English language is spoken with mair elegance and correctness than in any other part of Her Majesty's domeenions. I winna deeny that it is just possible that there may be a few of the more highly educated Englishmen who speaks the language with almost as much purity as the generality of Scotchmen.

"I say, Mr. Chairman, I winna deeny that there may be such cases, but all I can say is that I have never had the plesure of meeting any of them.

"It has been shown clearly, and to the satisfaction of every Scotchman, by the researches of the late Professor McTavish, that the English language was derived originally from the Gaelic, but with that retiring modesty which is so distinguished a characteristic of the Scottish nation, the claim has been allowed to lie dormant. The Professor also shows that the difference at present existing between the dialect, as spoken in Scotland and England, is caused seemply by the English having adopted numerous words and phrases introduced among them by foreign nations, and which are neither so elegant nor so forcible as the oreeginal Gaelic.

Tak, for instance, the expressive word 'Bawbee,' there's music for ye! equal, if not superior, to the sound of the bagpipes. It taks a Scotchman fully to appreciate the beauty of this delightful word now almost unknown in England—'Bawbee!'"

Captain Fitz Boodle being called upon said:—

"Haw! I wise, Mistaur Chairman, to express my surpwise that there should be any doubt that the best English in the world is spoken by the awistoc racy at the West End of London. Of cawse I don't mean spelling or writing any of those howwid long words that no fellow can be expected to understand—because I admit that many of the cads can do that better than we can—but I mean ppronunciation genewally.

"Now, there's that gentleman from Scawtland who has been talking about a *Bawby*. Why, dem me! nobody in sociwety knows anything about *Bawbys*.

"I've heard the cads call the policemen *Bobbies*, and I've got a little Scawtch tewwler I call 'Bobby,' and a dooced clever little dawg he is; and I can back him to kill wats against any dawg of his weight for a pony a side. I wish my bwother 'Tham' was pwesent to-night, because 'Tham' can make a bettair speech than I can; but I think the awguments I have bwrought forward will convince the meeting that to the awistocwacy of the old country belongs the honour of speaking the best English."

Herr Zwanziger next addressed the meeting. He said:—

"Mr. President and gentlemen,—Ven I was sthudy in Jarmany I vash pay ver' great attention to de English language, and my professee he do tell me that de English vot dey speak now ish not de proper language at all; but ish made up of all de different pieces of de other language, ver mooch like de *Hush* vot dey do give for dinner at my board-house; vot ish compose of all de old scraps vot left on de table.

"I tink dey not speak de proper English in London, for ven I go dere dey not understand mooch vot I say.

"I tink de English language come first from de Jarman. I tell you vy: vot vord you find most spik in England? '*Beer*.' Zo. Vot vord you find most spik in Jarmany? '*Bier*.' ALL DE SAME!! Den I tink English come original from Jarmany. Zo."

This argument produced a profound impression on Mr. Sprouts, who rose to say that he considered it reflected "werry much credit" on the countrymen of the "foreign cove" that they knew the proper name for that delightful beverage, and requested to be informed what they called "*arf* and *arf*?" Herr Zwanziger being unable to afford him any information on that point, Mr. Sprouts resumed his seat with some disgust, remarking that the German "had a lot to learn yet."

Mr. Jefferson G. Bodger said:—

"Waal neow, Mr. Chairman, if this ain't kinder curious, darn my old grandmother! I did suppose that there warn't a civilized being from Sandy Hook to San Francisco as didn't know that the great American nation air the only people in creation who know how to speak English as it ought to be spoke.

"Why, it was only the other day as I met a Britisher on that everlastin' rattling old tramway as you calls the 'Grand Trunk Railway,' and I says to him: 'I say, stranger, where was you riz?' 'What do you mean,' says he, looking sorter amazed. '*Mean*,' says I, 'why, where do you hail from?' He looked at me as sour as a persimmon, and says he: 'I don't understand you.' 'Don't you,' says I; 'I guess you're a foreigner, ain't you?' He looks mighty huffish, and says he: 'Hi'm a Hinglishman.' 'Air you?' says I. 'I reckon, then, you've been so long abroad that you've forgot how to speak your own language. What I warn't to know is, where's your location?' Says he: 'I don't speak no foreign languages.' I most bust, Mr. Chairman, I tell yeou, when I found the critter didn't understand that neither. So, thinks I, I'll give him another chance, and I says: 'Look here, stranger, where air yeou when you're to *lum*,' and mash me into pumkin sass if he didn't turn round and say: 'I s'pose that's *Indian* you're speakin'."

"Now, arter that, Mr. Chairman, I calc'late there's no need to tell this enlightened and intelligent meetin' that it taks an American to fix up the English language properly."

The meeting was adjourned without any decision being arrived at—Mr. Sprouts remarking that in this respect, and in the character of the speeches, "it was werry like the House of Commons."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

"O my scrofulous French novel,
On gray paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel,
Hand and foot in Belial's grips."

Individuals change easily their opinions of each other. National opinions, which are prejudices, do not change so quickly. For instance, the Frenchman of the British public is still in a great measure that familiar figure with tufted chin, lifted eye-brows, and extended palms, which used to appear so regularly in Punch. On the other hand, the Englishman of the French public is still the same eccentric party, with knee-breeches and a fat paunch, who swears "God-dam," eats "rosbif," and sells his wife at Smithfield. The conventional "Yankee" still clings to the stage with great tenacity, short as to its trousers, full of tobacco as to its mouth, and very slangy in its conversation. *L'Oncle Sam*, the very newest play, from the pen of a playwright whose abilities are very great, exhibits all the conventional peculiarities of the stage "Yankee," and is said to be very offensive to the great number of good Americans, who, having died, have "gone to Paris."

In like manner, the common idea of the "French Novel," is a very condemnatory one. It is supposed to be "scrofulous," to be prurient, to deal in a morbid fashion with the evil passions of life and to be fit only to be relegated to the upper shelves of the library, where we have mostly placed the eighteenth century novelists of England. This opinion is founded on the prevalent objections to the works of those high priests of licentiousness and profanity, the *Dumas*, father and son, and of certain tales, well known, of *Madame George's Sand*.

But here is a little story from the French, which I have read. It is a literary pond-lily. It is fragrant and fair. It is perfect and pure. It deals with crimes, but does not dabble in them. It deals with passion, and is not prurient. It deals with politics, and is not partizan. It deals with marriage, and is not mercenary. This "French Novel" is a fit present for a vestal, it is a charming subject for the kindly critic, and should be known widely. It is called *Fleurange*. And What I Think About It is this: That there are French novels and French novels; some are good as in England, some are bad as in England also. But there are numbers and numbers of volumes by recent writers, as well as the classics of France, which have all the sweet and tender light in them which one perceives in the pictures of *Edouard Frere*. And I think, too, that maybe heaven's judgments, who knows? may include a punishment for the uncharitable nation as for the uncharitable man.

I have just been reading a telegram which tells me that a man was murdered in a shanty on the Upper Ottawa; that the—probably lumbering—companions of the murdered man seized the criminal and lynched him. The lynchers have been, I am also informed, arrested, and will be brought to speedy trial.

What I Think About It is this: There is a large number of men engaged in Canada in the rough pursuit of lumbering. Up to this time the business, though extensive, has been domestic. But we are going to build a Pacific Railway—going to try, at any rate—and there will be an inevitable influx of strange and lawless men. They will bring, probably, a reckless and daring spirit with them into the woods and the work. Rum will probably get in among them also. Revolvers will not, perhaps, be absent. Sticks will, of course, be at hand, or at fist, if you like that better; and as the nationality of the labourers will differ, a row may at any time result in the most natural manner. Now the very first signs of a lawless, pistol-carrying, lynching, and faction-forming disposition should be "stamped out," like the cattle plague. The *Law* should be enforced at once, and in all cases. I have heard of a judge, in British Columbia I think, who, when a rush was made for a certain mining place in his jurisdiction, assembled the crowd and said, "Men, you carry pistols and are said to be lawless; but mark me, if there is any shooting here, there will be hanging after the shooting!" There wasn't any shooting. We are all familiar with the awful pictures of those wifeless, Godless, lawless cities of tents that sprang up at intervals as the Pacific Railway was pushed across the central region of the United States. How wicked and wild they were. There was, nightly, held in them revels that were as the saturnalia of a superterranean Pandemonium. There was no God, no judge, no law; no authority but the pistol, no argument but the bowie knife, no jury but a mob, no trial but a midnight visit, and the body that dangled from the tree branch published an execution to the people. We must change all that. On our new road there must be peace. Whatever brawls disturb the House of Commons, there must be peace all the way to Pembina and beyond. Tapper and Tilley and Blake, and the rest, may tear each other's eyes out if they find it funny; but Nokes and Stokes and O'Hoolihan, and McSawney, and the rest who are engaged in the noble labour of opening up a road to the "golden splendours of the Orient," and helping to put Britain in easy and rapid communication with "far Cathay," must really keep, and be kept, quiet and law-obeying, and God-fearing, if possible.

There is a gentleman in Toronto who contributes much elegant writing to the literature of politics in Canada. He is the Jupiter Tonans of the *Canadian Monthly*. He is an Englishman, and therefore disposed to undervalue the newness of things on this side of the water. He is a Professor, and therefore he is disposed to lecture. Since he came to Canada he has done little else than lecture us. "Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to Charles Lamb. "I never heard you do anything else," said Lamb. Well, we have not heard this gentleman do much else than lecture us, peccant Canadians, since he did us the honour of coming to dwell with us. He chiefly abuses us for the faction which dominates the country. He laments the absence of Great Principles. He weeps over the pettiness of our Party Cries. He thinks there is no choice between the two parties because each is at best but a faction and a fraud.

What I Think About It is this:—"Your Grace is yet but a young hero," said Byron to the Duke of Wellington. And I would say to Mr. Goldwin Smith, "You are but a young Canadian." It is difficult to understand the political passions and pass-words of a people in a few weeks or months' study. Even *De Tocqueville* made mistakes about the United States; and Mr. Smith may make mistakes about Canada. Our press is not dignified enough for Mr. Smith,—yet I have read in the much admired London papers, the meanest attacks on public men; have seen disquisition on Mr. Bright's breeches, apropos

of a Drawing-room, or Royal reception; and have read (this in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) a coarse sneer at Lady Beaconsfield's childlessness. We are not so much worse than that after all. But our politics are so full of faction—that is what troubles his soul the most. Well, the offence is rank perhaps, but where is it less so? We can only judge by comparisons; and with what factionless country will he compare us? If we have factions in Canada,—are there no factions in England? If our party names have lost their original significance,—to Whig and Tory, Conservative and Liberal still retain precisely their original meanings? If we have no great party cries, it is because our constitution is so happy that there are no great constitutional grievance to remedy. If party names are not fully significant to Mr. Smith, they may be more so to a Canadian; and he must remember that we are now in an uncertain state. Our old provincial politics have been mostly dissolved; and the greater politics of the Dominion have not yet assumed those solid and significant shapes that "time and the world's lot" will give them. In the meantime the good Professor must not cry "faction" every time he sees a fight. The boy who stopped the historical hole in the German dyke and so saved the country from a destructive inundation, is no bad subject for his contemplation. Our fights over little things often involve greater issues. But even of great fights we have had a fair share. The division on the Washington Treaty was no faction fight, the debate was not the clamour of a faction. The men who formed this Dominion were not chiefs of factions. The Pacific Railway is no job of a faction. The repulsion of the Fenians was no "job." The formation of Manitoba and the admission of British Columbia were no faction matters. And since the Dominion was founded there have been signal occasions on which this people of ours acted as one man, with no factious thought, and to no factious end. Mr. Smith had better be careful in his criticisms. He may get between two fires. He will please neither side. He will be the butt of all our sharpshooters. What business is it of his anyhow whether we have our faction fights. Our Parliament is now open, and we will go at it again:

"In our own quagmire 'tis provoking
That folks should think to stop our croaking.
Sons of the swamp with lungs of leather,
Now is our time to screech together!"

ARTHUR PENDEENNIS.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

March, various, fierce and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,
By wilder Welshmen led an i' crowd with leeks.
Churchill.

There is an old Scotch proverb that March borrows three days from April, known as the "borrowing days."

"March borrowit from Averill
Three days, and they were ill."

The origin of this curious old proverb is perplexing, as no alteration such as the lines would imply has been made in the Kalendar. Dr. Jamieson says that these days being generally stormy, our forefathers have endeavoured to account for this circumstance by pretending that March borrowed them from April that he might extend his power so much longer; and he adds, "Those who are much addicted to superstition will neither borrow or lend on these days." This explanation, however, is utterly at variance with the old English proverb that "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb."

The first of March, the Festival of St. David, the patron saint of Wales, is up to this time as great an occasion among Welshmen as St. Patrick's Day among Irishmen. The old Welsh custom of wearing the leek is analogous to the wearing of the Shamrock ("Wearing the Green.") How the custom arose history does not disclose, unless we can accept the testimony of the *Claivis Culendria*, which asserts that Cadwallader, the King of the Britons, at the desire of the Saint, ordered all his men to place a leek in their hats, to distinguish them from their Saxon enemies, on going into the battle.

In Shakespere's *Henry V.*, Fluëllén reminds the King that the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your majesty knows, to this hour, is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. David's Day. The King replied that he wore it for a memorable honour.

So do the hardy Welsh still wear the leek upon St. David's Day, for a memorable honour.

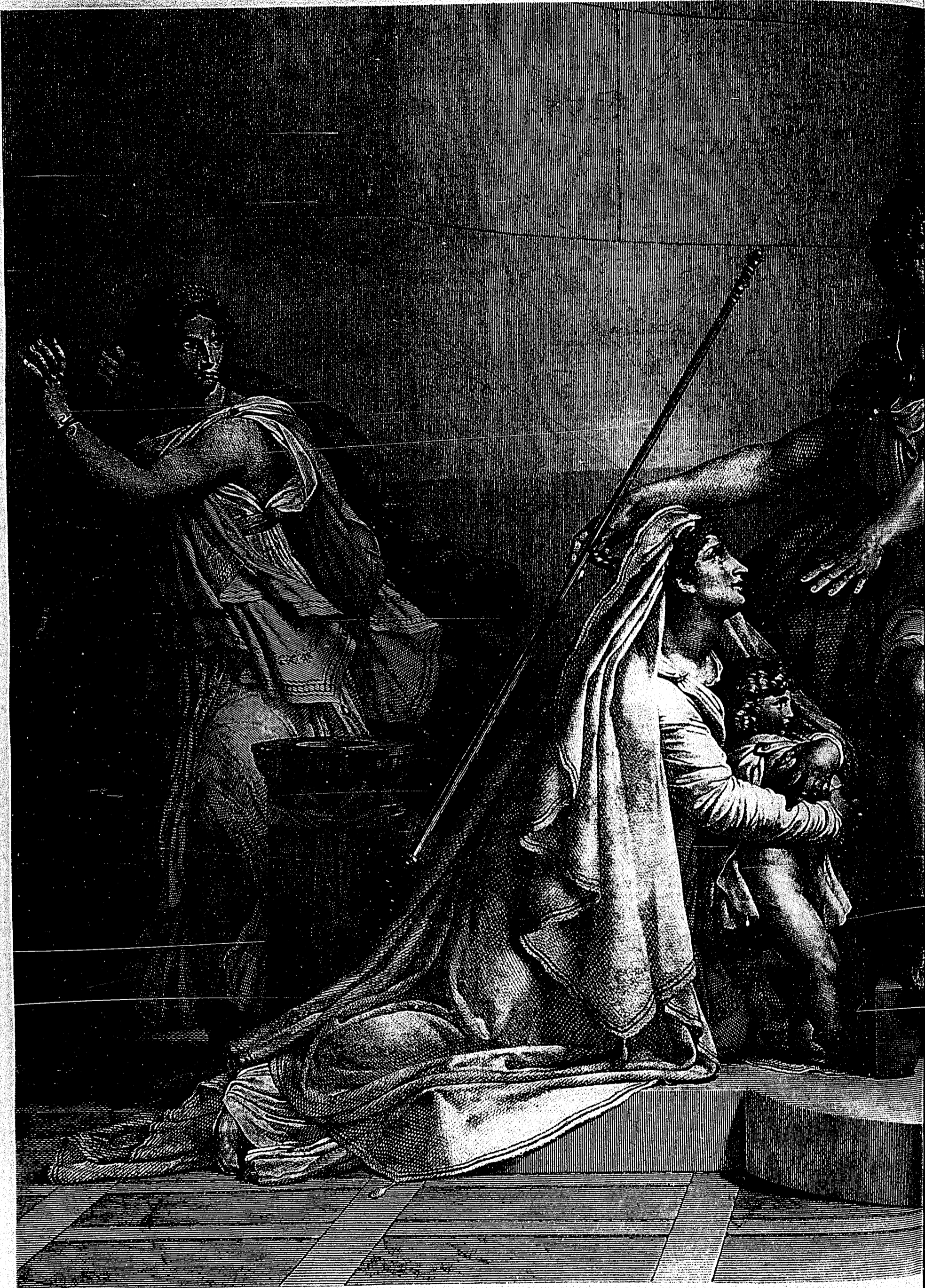
Owen, in his *Cambrian Biography*, 1803, observes that the symbol of the leek, attributed to St. David, probably originated from the custom of Cymhortha, when the farmers, assisting each other in ploughing, brought their leeks to aid the common repast.

The value of popular tradition as evidence in antiquarian inquiries cannot be disputed, though in every instance it should be received with greatest caution. According to some, St. David's pedigree is deduced from the Virgin Mary, who make him the lineal eighteenth descendant. Of this there can be no doubt that he was Archbishop of Carleon in the sixth century, and that he is numbered in the *Triads* as one of the three canonized saints of Britain. The Welsh do well in commemorating his day, and they would do better if they imitated his life, for Geraldus terms him "a mirror and pattern to all, a guide to the religious, a life to the poor, a support to orphans, a protection to widows, a father to the fatherless, a rule to his clergy, and a model to his teachers, becoming to all, that so he might gain all to God."

Would that history could have truly written such a character for all past Archbishops and Metropolitans.

The 1st of March is also celebrated for being the day on which William Caxton began to translate the *Recueil of the Histories of Troy*,—the first English book that ever was printed—the first of so many! That William Caxton was the first English printer, there is no doubt, and Westminster Abbey was used for his printing office. Caxton's earliest book in the Abbey was on the game of chess, which was held in great respect in those days, and much used with all sorts of people, and in all possibility first desired by the Abbott and the rest of his friends and masters. It underwent two impressions, and was finished in the month of November, 1474, nearly four centuries ago.

The 1st of March is also to be noted for the death of



AFTER THE PAINTING BY GUERIN.

“ANDRO



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 5TH MARCH, 1873.

MACHE."

Rabelais in 1483. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose opinion is worth having, says:—

"Beyond a doubt, Rabelais was among the deepest, as well as boldest, thinkers of his age. His buffoonery was not merely Brutus's rough stick, which contained a rod of gold: it was necessary as an amulet against the monks and legates. . . . I class Rabelais with the great creative minds of the world—Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, &c.

The 1st of March is yet further to be remembered as one among many days associated with the bestowal of the Victoria Cross upon heroic soldiers and sailors, who now receive in this Order of Valour as great a reward for their hard knocks as the general officers get in the Order of the Bath for leading them where they get well peppered. Trifling as is the intrinsic value of the little bronze maltese cross, with its scroll bearing merely the words "For Valour," it has hitherto been *honestly* bestowed, which is more than can be said for certain academic titles bestowed by some Universities, such as D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., too often conferred on persons utterly unworthy of them, that is if the titles are to be the test of sound learning, ripe scholarship, and brilliant literary or scientific attainments.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

A taste for relics is like a taste for caviare: it is generally acquired; and it may be affirmed of it with confidence that it is not worth acquiring. An exception may perhaps be made in favour of autographs, because they help us to understand the characters of the writers—or we think they do, which does quite as well. But he must be a great man indeed whose genius invests with a factitious value his old pipes, brace-buttons, odd gloves, and cigar ashes. Affection is, we know, potent in attaching interest to objects associated with the loved ones; but he was not the wisest of lovers who gave a beggar half-a-crown for a half-penny his lady had just thrown to him, and wore the precious coin next his heart while he lived—especially if it didn't happen to be the same half-penny.

I have tried to impress these views on my friend Whiffles, who is the greatest collector of literary relics I am acquainted with; but without effect. Whiffles feels it his destiny to collect, if—to quote his own small joke at his own small expense—it is only to collect his scattered thoughts. His relics are Whiffles. Without them he would be nothing, nobody; with them, he is at least—a bore. His admiration of great people is not of the highest kind, since he cares less for them than their surroundings: is content to know little of what they have done, if he can pick up something they have had, but even a furniture acquaintance, a cast-off-clothing intimacy, a waste-paper association with the illustrious, is not without its satisfaction. Whiffles will never achieve greatness; he knows that; but he feels all the bigger for sitting in a great man's chair, poking his head into a warrior's helmet, or scrawling "Whiffles" with an author's pen. We all have a little of this weakness; he is strong in it. It is his form of hero worship—the variety of it reduced to the meanest capacity. But what he is it makes him, and among the eternal necessities of things it may be—hard as it is to credit—essential that the world should have a Whiffles.

It was my fortune to meet with our friend in the crisis of his life. He was on the eve of commencing the great work with which he fondly believed his name would be for ever associated. This was nothing less than a collection of "The Used Postage-Stamps of Great Men." Superb idea! It had struck him, he modestly said, all at once, and the mental effect of the shock, he kindly added, had not been of a serious character.

"Consider," exclaimed he, with the natural pride of an inventor, "how interesting! The stamps they have fingered! the stamps they have licked! What more precious or intensely interesting? I began with a Tupper, an undoubted original. It was supplemented by an Odger (half-penny), and there was every prospect of my being favoured with a contribution from the friend of one of our greatest artists."

"Which one?" I ventured to inquire.

"Him to whom we owe the gorgeous cartoon of the Nabob, in a moment of ecstatic enjoyment, surrounded by envious attendants, ready to sacrifice him for a pungent relish—But the work is familiar to you: copies of it adorn most of our public thoroughfares."

I affected a vague knowledge of this work of art—admitted to pacify him that I might have encountered it, and proceeded to inquire into the circumstances attending the failure of the great collection, which was, when completed, to be presented to the nation. Various reasons were offered, but one will suffice. It was that he had failed to obtain the materials, and perhaps inability to collect ought to be accepted as a reasonable plea for their being no collection.

Impressed with the interest of the subject, and the inability of any one save Whiffles to do justice to Whiffles, I have prevailed upon him to set down the rest of his experiences in his own words. What follows, therefore, is a personal narrative the authenticity of which may be relied upon.

"In abandoning my idea of this unique gallery, I did not give up collecting. When I tell you that I have in my possession a pass-check, used by Mr. Ruskin's valet on the occasion of a visit paid by him to the Olympic Theatre, and inscribed in peculiar letters with the words 'In the Pigskin,' I know I shall excite your envy. But I will go further. It was my good fortune on one occasion to see the late Lord Macaulay (I could hardly be mistaken in him, I think) purchase a ballad in the street—a custom of his, you will recollect. Instantly I hastened to secure a ballad from the same man! And it is before me! What his lordship's was, I don't know; but the curious will be glad to learn that *mine* is called 'The Rum Go,' and has this charming refrain:

"Now that I calls a rummier go
Than right-fol-de-riddle-iddle right-fol-de-ro."

The point of these words is no doubt political—I hope not Fenian.

"I have not the honour of George A. Sala's acquaintance; but he will doubtless recall being in Denmark Street, St. Giles's, on the night of the 10th of October, 1862. I too was there, and knew him by a portrait in that week's 'Penny Bouncer.' He was standing at a shop window, his eyes fixed on a placard inscribed 'Let-off Wearing Apparel.' No doubt the great humorist was, with myself, wondering who had adopted the indecent course of abandoning his or her garments, and making this audacious announcement of the fact—in that chilly weather, too! As if it were not a violation of

the law to leave off wearing apparel, and this statement did not add to the offence. The G. H.'s attention was next drawn towards a placard touching the price given for bones and rags—a pictorial placard, on which were depicted the advantages of economizing in these matters, namely, the privilege of wearing a red coat, yellow trousers, a pea green waistcoat, and escorting a magenta woman to witness the apotheosis of Fat in a temple resembling the Crystal Palace. Both the placards thus gazed upon by the G. H. (I am pretty sure it was he) I succeeded in securing. Need I say that to a literary mind they are priceless?

"I need not describe how other treasures came into my hands. Enough that I have them, and that in their possession I naturally look down with proud superiority upon feeble hero-worshippers, like those who drive Tennyson into exile from the Isle of Wight, through their impertinent intrusions, or help to 'guy' the Chelsea philosopher as he walks the streets, because of his literary white hair and philosophical glossy black coat. Without further preface, I will give a list of new acquisitions:

"1. Portions of a dinner service—two plates and a ladle—purchased at an establishment at which the Premier has bought old china for his collection. Identified as having belonged to the Premier from dealer's assurance that it originally comprised *three courses*.

"2. Half a first-class return ticket for the Crystal Palace, issued by the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, and used by the authoress of 'Lady Audley's Secret!!!' The relic is in a capital state of preservation. It bears on one side the words, 'L. C. and D. R. Return. C. Palace to Ludgate Hill. 1st Class. 2,159.' On the reverse—(curiously the reverse—CARLYLE) the announcement, 'This ticket is issued subject to the general regulations and bye-laws of the Company, and is not transferable nor available by express or fast trains without payment of the difference of fare.' It would be interesting to know whether the fair authoress ascertained from the Company 'the difference of fare' on her transferring the ticket, had she been so minded.

"3. A document which appears to be in the nature of a bill, probably that of some favoured butcher of the period, whose privilege it is to help to sustain the cockles of the merry heart of the immortal author of the 'Green Buses';

"J. B. Buckstone, Esq., to John Champ, Aug. 13th.

To 1 leg mutt, 6½ lb. 8s. 9d.

"lites for kitten ½d.

"Pade J. C. 8s. 9½d."

What a touching picture this simple document conjures up in the mind's eye! Can we not see the genial comedian, English to the back-bone, sitting down to his goodly leg, contented in mind? For has he not the happy consciousness that, in the rude orthography of the shambles, all is pade? Light of heart, too; for has not his pet, his fireside darling (his 'harmless, necessary cat'—SHAKESPEARE) been mercifully cared for? 'Lites for kitten, ½d.'—touching sentence! Ah, J. B. B., whatever thy faults that day, doubt not but that, as in the case of Uncle Toby, while the accusing Spirit wrote them down, thy kitten's lites were dropped upon the words, and wiped them out for ever!

"4. Half a page from the washing-book of a distinguished literary lady, whose name, considering the delicate nature of the relic, will only be revealed to the curious on the receipt of six stamps. The fragment is most enigmatical, yet no doubt capable of being deciphered. I give it in *extenso*:

'Petts 6
Handkfs 12
Pill case 4
Boddy 1
Stocks 6
Jac-Tow 1

In the endeavor to ascertain the meaning of this fragment, I feel I have only been partially successful. It is natural that a lady should send four of her pets to be washed, though not, I should have thought, to a laundress, who would hardly have undertaken the responsibility. Besides, they could not have required starching, and what lady would send one of her pets to get mangled? Again, 'handkfs'—I can make nothing of it save 'handkerchiefs,' and that seems odd. So does that other instrument of punishment—the stocks. Then, is not 'body'—to correct the spelling—obviously set down at random while the mind was running on some sensational incident? The same explanation may serve for the elucidation of 'Jac Tow'; else I give up that in despair with the 'pill case' (the only reasonable case for pills being the person who swallows them). But does not all this mystery add to the absorbing interest of the fragment?

"5. Autograph of the secretary of the Close-ian Club, at Kirby Stephen. It is appended to a proposal to 'place the works of our Master in close consanguinity to the clear and clever Chickweed, side by side with the ravings of the robust Ramshackle.'

"6. A *serviette*, marked in the corner G. E., obviously George Eliot. It has been objected that the inimitable authoress of 'Adam Bede' would have her table-linen marked with her own initials rather than those of her *nom de plume*. This is clearly begging the question. The lady had clearly a choice of action open to her, and what more probable than that she should identify herself in every way with her literary life? Besides there is an historical parallel for this. Did not a late Scotchman of unimpeachable character always affirm his relationship to the Admirable Crichton on the ground that the family linen was marked A. C.?

"7. Pencil of unknown artist. Doubtful. Length 1½ inch. Cut. Initial B. B. Similar pencils in use by Millais, Jones, and Sir E. Landseer; especially by the former. History of relic curious, but forgotten.

"8. An original autograph letter addressed to Charles Mathews, Esq., on a subject of extreme delicacy, allusion to which will, I hope, be pardoned in the interest attaching to the work itself; 'Bow Street, Friday afternoon.—Mr. Clarkson begs to inform Mr. Mathews that his lady's w—g shall be ready without fail. Mr. C. will bring it round.'

"9. I reserve my greatest treasure to the last.

"NOTES OF A LADY RESIDING NEAR THE POET LAUREATE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

"From my position as neighbour to the P. L. I am able to give many curious particulars respecting him or his household. These I offer in the order in which I have set them down. Our dear Alfred is often in his garden, especially in fine weather. I have seen him there, and therefore know it

for a fact. On these occasions he sometimes wears a garden-hat, but no gloves. At least, not always. Sometimes, shall we say? Judging from observation, I should say that a rose was a favorite flower with him. Perhaps from its perfume? The postman goes to his house frequently, sometimes three times a day. It would be an interesting point of inquiry whether he approved or disapproved of the system of giving Christmas-boxes to postmen? No passage in the poetical works throws any light on this point, so far as I remember. The baker is very regular in calling at the house on his rounds—often arriving there when the steps are being cleaned. It is a coincidence, though trifling; but then, trifles—well, well, I must not moralize. In the wet weather A. T. does not disdain an umbrella, and I have seen him in an extra coat; but this was in winter. We have often wondered whether the daughter of a half-pay officer near Ryde suggested the poet's 'Maud.' She has a lovely face, and since the publication of the poem has on several occasions appeared in white muslin. She did so at a ball last Christmas. I am making a collection of the autograph of the tradesmen who supply the post: it will be most interesting. I have those of the grocer and the butcher. A sweep who was once called in to see to the chimneys has also kindly added his smudge—he is unable to write. Major Jenkins, of Freshwater, has been kind enough to furnish a little anecdote, or rather trait of character. Being in London, he saw our dear Alfred in a cab in the Strand—opposite Rimmel's, he noticed. The cab was a four-wheeler, I need hardly say, as a man of genius would not demean himself in a haansom. The body of the vehicle was green; the wheels red. The post was looking out on the off side. Major J. was good enough to notice the number of the cab, and to write it down for me. The number was 432. With this interesting anecdote I will conclude."

And I also will close the list of these Curiosities of Literature.—*Hood's Annual*.

Miscellaneous.

Greenwich Hospital was opened last month as a Royal Naval College.

The expenses of the inauguration dinner of the Lord Mayor of London came to £1,436 10s.

There are now ten English and American Protestant places of worship open every Sunday in Paris.

The North British Railway Company are about to put sleeping carriages on the limited mails between London and Edinburgh.

A Canadian Society has been established at New Orleans. The *Picayune* says that in *personnel* it is equal to any nationality in the city.

The Baroness Bartlett-Coutts has offered to hand over a piece of land in Bethnal-green to the local vestry, as a pleasure garden for the poor.

Baron Haussmann, the famous Prefect of the Seine, who built Imperial Paris, is now on his way to Constantinople to engage in some financial enterprise, where he will meet M. de Lesseps, who is negotiating about the Suez Canal difficulty.

The tournament between the English and French shoe-makers will shortly come off at Boulogne-sur-mer. A manufacturer of the town has offered to supply the materials gratuitously to the knights of the law who will contend on condition that their handiwork falls to his possession afterwards.

A Parisian chemist has been astonishing his neighbours by exhibiting a supposed "Siren" said to have been caught in the Sea of Okhotsk. On investigation, however, the Siren was found to be of Japanese manufacture, consisting of the skeleton of the head and shoulders of a monkey, artistically joined to the body of a fish.

A French journal of horticulture says that tan has been found to be an efficient preventive against the potato disease. For several years a French farmer has introduced a small quantity of the residue of the bark used in tanning into each hole on planting potatoes, and has been successful in preserving his fields free from the disease.

The Fenian Amnesty Association have made arrangements to secure the presence of the band of the 69th, or Irish, Regiment of New York State Militia, at a bazaar to be held in the Rotunda, Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day, for the purpose of raising funds to pay off the expenses incurred on behalf of the released Fenian prisoner, Charles J. Kieckham, in contesting the representation of Tipperary against Mr. Heron, the present member for that county. It is stated that the Inman Company have undertaken to give the band a free saloon passage.

Street singing in Paris appears to be a lucrative and not undesirable profession. The number is strictly limited to 100, and the police never grant a fresh license (for no one is allowed to sing professionally in the streets without a *permis*) save to replace a member dead or retired. With the license the artist receives a medal, which he is bound to produce when called upon, and he must submit every song to the Censorship. Most of the members compose their own words, which are printed and distributed in thousands in tea papers, &c. A good singer can make from eight to twelve shillings per diem.

Many of our readers, says the *Graphic*, will remember Azimoolah, the agent of the Nana Sahib, who avenged the ill-success of his mission to London by instigating the Indian mutinies. According to a correspondent of the *Friend of India*, we have had a similar adventurer among us, prepared to render this country a similar service. A young Afghan prince, we are told, has been living in London, flinging, like Azimoolah, a ready acceptance in society, especially among ladies of a romantic turn of mind, to whom the idea of a handsome Indian prince seems irresistible. Azimoolah caused some scandal in the fashionable world, and the Afghan, it is said, is likely to follow his example. Indeed, it is declared that a lady whose affections he had appropriated has been the cause of his true character being discovered. To her he confided the fact that he was a Russian spy; and it is ailed in support of this belief that he had for some time previously been resident in St. Petersburg. However this may be, the lady told her husband and the husband told the India Office, so that the Afghan's antecedents—it may be supposed—have by this time been investigated. So at least the story goes. But probabilities seem somewhat against its accuracy. It does not seem likely that the Afghan would confide the secret of his mission even to a lady, nor that the lady, under the circumstances alleged, would take her husband into her confidence. The hero of the story is stated to be a near relative of the Amir of Caubul; but the circumstance, if true, would in no way implicate our ally, Shere Ally, as one half of the royal family of Caubul is usually in rebellion against the other half, and the Amir has no more deadly enemies than among its members. The story is principally notable for its resemblance to that of Azimoolah, who was supposed to be in the confidence of Russia at the time of the Crimean war.

Courier des Amies.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

MARKETS AND MARKETING.

What busy hives are to be witnessed at our markets on the regular market days, when our Canadian farmers and their wives cross the river to dispose of the varied produce stored up at quiet farms! Bonsecours and St. Ann's markets are thronged at these times. The motley group of buyers is only exceeded by the diversity of nationality, of style, and manners which characterise the vendors of the products of field and farm. A visit to our markets gives us glimpses of life which we little thought was to be found in this city.

From Jacques Cartier Square eastward lies a busy quarter which has little in common with the rest of the city. The streets round Bonsecours market, with their quaint buildings and odd arrangements, bedecked with sign-boards whose names remind you frequently of noble French families of the past; the loud and voluble flow of talk that beats upon your ears from every side, remind you of a Normandy town in *la belle France*. Farmers' wives and daughters, clinging closely to the fashions of the place from whence their ancestors came, perhaps several generations past, still wear the same dress of the French peasant—modified somewhat to suit our Canadian climate—and these form prominent figures in a purely French scene. While as regards the farmers, they are of somewhat stouter build than the ordinary French peasant—made harder and stronger by Canadian pure air and bracing climate—and as they chatter in their French patois over bargains with customers, or discuss home affairs with neighbors every gesture and utterance tells the tale as plainly as may be that the *habitant* is yet purely French in his thoughts and affections. It is rather remarkable, therefore, that more of us do not wander through these portions of our city where there is so much to interest and amuse. The scene at Bonsecours in the early morning of Tuesday, Friday or Saturday is one full of life, and an hour can be well spent among the French *habitants* who there assemble in full force. Saturday night at St. Ann's would also make a capital subject for a series of sketches, for here gather the thrifty wives of our artisans to make their weekly purchases of household requisites from the strange knot of stall keepers, most of whom have a wonderfully strong Irish brogue. If you want to see all phases of our city life I think you must become a frequent visitor at the markets. As some chubby-faced, bright-eyed lad passes you, carrying under his arm a fine turkey, for the Sunday family dinner, his face lighted up with a happy look of pride at the treat he is bearing homeward, a thrill of pleasure quickens your heart-strings, momentarily though it may be, making you glad that peace and plenty will be the lot of that family for one day at least. Our hearts become more mellow, the sharp edges of our matter-of-fact lives are somewhat rounded by the sight of the poor man's pleasure at securing some delicacy for ailing wife or darling child. Here is, then, one reason why we should more frequently visit our admirable markets.

There is another reason, however, which has more of a practical turn. A considerable pecuniary saving is yearly effected by visiting and purchasing at the markets, which by-the-by are within walking distance of almost all our homes. Friends tell me of the high prices now demanded for all articles of living in up-town markets, how the prices have advanced a hundred per cent on those charged in the "good old days!" But I feel that conscientiously I cannot complain at the rates ruling, —I believe the gentlemen call it so in their transactions, so why not term it so in ours— at Bonsecours and St. Ann's markets. There is much grumbling at the prices charged for provisions here, with I fear but little show of reason. We should be thankful for our own good fortune, rather than hanker after the low rates which prevailed in Canada many years ago. If my readers wish to derive consolation for prices paid in Montreal let them peruse the market lists given in the New York and Boston papers, where everything seems exorbitantly high when compared even with the highest ruling here. Or let them glance at the English papers, and see how meat in manufacturing towns is more than twice the price we pay even at up-town markets, much less at our principal ones. And while provisions are cheap compared with the prices charged in the States and in England—for which we should be duly thankful—a reduction not to so great an extent certainly, but still very considerable, will be found in the prices demanded at Bonsecours and St. Ann's compared with other markets and shops. This is especially the case with meat, poultry, vegetable and butter, the natural result of keener competition and more direct trade between producer and consumer. Those of us who wish to reduce our annual expenditure and make the

best use possible of limited incomes, will, therefore, act wisely by setting out on market morning to Bonsecours, to return invigorated in body and happy in mind at making a little money go a long way, having enjoyed the pleasant walk and the picturesque scene at Bonsecours market. I fear, however, marketing proper, I mean attending our large markets is not fashionable in our city. Why such should be the case I cannot imagine. In the great provincial cities of England the *elite* may be seen every morning, and more particularly on market days, driving round to market in their carriages, choosing and purchasing the necessities as well as the delicacies of the table; it is, in fact, the best time to see the latest fashions, for the markets are filled with a gay throng from nine to twelve o'clock. I hope the weekly trip to the markets will become equally fashionable in Montreal ere long, and that Bonsecours and St. Ann's will be visited by our "upper ten" as well as by the hard working thrifty wives of our artisan class.

BLANCHE B.

THE FASHION PLATE.

- Fig. 1. This waste paper basket is made of black polished, and covered with alternate rows of puffed black silk and embroidery. Fig. 2 shows the pattern in the size required for the embroidery. The height of the basket is about 17 inches.
- Fig. 3. The materials used in making this needle-book are cardboard for the lids, covered with white flannel embroidered with blue, and blue ribbons at the side. Flannel leaves as usual to hold the needles.
- Fig. 4. Card-case. This is made of fine gray linen with point-russe embroidery in two shades of red.
- Fig. 5. Blue satin pincushion with gold thread embroidery, and satin ribbon ruching.
- Fig. 6. The tea-caddy should be of lime-wood, ornamented with brown and red stained wood, and with legs and mounting of green compressed leather. The medallion in the centre of the cover is embroidered with fine chenille of different colours on a white silk ground.
- Fig. 7. This bracelet or footstool consists of a cornered cushion four inches and seven-eighths high, which is furnished with a canvas cover embroidered in cross-stitch and loop-stitch with zephyr and tapestry worsted in green shades. A fringed border, also worked on canvas, trims the edge of the cushion.
- Fig. 8. The upper part of the front hair is waved, and is first combed on the forehead and then upward. The side hair is all combed up. All of the remaining hair is arranged in puffs of different sizes over or up.
- Fig. 9. For this coiffure the front hair is partly arranged in short curls fastened by pearl combs, and partly combed up over or up. The puffed back hair covers the beginning of two braids, which are wound around the crown, and which complete the coiffure. The braid hair ends in curls of different lengths underneath the back braid.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Black bonnets are no longer *de rigueur* with black dresses; if the bonnet is only partially black, there is always a slight admixture of colour with it. For example, a black face Rabagas has a coronet of black velvet, with jet leaves appliqué on it; beneath the coronet a row of forget-me-nots. At the side there is a branch of jet wheat, which stands upright from a pale blue satin bow; a pale blue feather rises at the back of the wheat, and another feather falls over the crown.

Toques, composed of a mixture of black and white lace, are very fashionable. They are ornamented with white lilies of the valley arranged both as a wreath and as an aigrette.

There are really no very important changes in the fashions at this season of the year. No one apparently wishes to put aside the looped-up tunics which we have worn so long; some suppress them at the back, and replace them with a train; but the looped-up tunics are so very pretty and so generally becoming that it would be rash to put them aside.

Black ball dresses are in great favour just now. Tabliers made of narrow black lace à l'Espagnol are worn, and broad black lace is used profusely on trains. With mourning ball dresses bunches of white lilac are worn, also tufts of lilies of the valley, large daisies both in black and white velvet and camellias; and yet in my opinion these flowers do not look so brilliant and effective alone as when the dress is trimmed with jet embroidery and jet foliage is mixed with them. When the wearer is not in mourning, but still desires a black dress, such flowers as pompon geraniums and pink laurel are worn. Flower fringes are also in favour.

In the new piece by M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, *Mlle. Disclée*, the principal actress, wears some very pretty toilettes. A charming one is composed as follows: A sapphire-blue velvet skirt trimmed with flosses; a blue lace fullie tunic embroidered with shaded leaves and blue flowers, and trimmed with fringe and white lace. Light blue fullie bodice with *Lamballe fleu* of white lace.

Polonaises made of embroidered white China crepe shawls are gaining ground in public favour. I mentioned this in a preceding letter; but when they were first adapted to this use the trimming was not rightly understood. These shawls, when richly embroidered, sometimes terminate with a long but straggling fringe, when this is the case the fringe should be cut off and replaced either by a richer and thicker one or with lace, as nothing looks in worse taste than a poor trimming upon an exceedingly rich fabric.—*Paris Correspondence of the "Queen."*

After a somewhat prolonged courtship of fifty years, John Griswold Rogers, aged seventy-eight, and Eliza Denison Griswold aged seventy-nine, were recently married at Tunkapogue. So far as is known, there never was any misunderstanding between the couple, nor any assignable cause for the long delay. They have always been considered "engaged," and the gentleman has made his Sunday evening call on the lady every fortnight for the last fifty years!

A memorial to Mr. Disraeli is in circulation for signature by women only, thanking him for the services he has rendered for some years in favour of giving votes to women who have a property qualification. It adds—"Your memorialists pray that you will further aid the cause of just representation by giving to the bill to remove the electoral disabilities of women the weight of your advocacy when next it shall be brought before the House of Commons, and your support as leader of the Conservative party influencing votes in its favour. They respectfully suggest that by taking such a course you would assist in completing, in a truly constitutional manner, that great and beneficent measure of reform based on household suffrage, with which your name must ever be associated in the annals of the country." A memorial is also to be presented to Mr. Gladstone, praying that he will, on behalf of the Government, give his support to the bill.

A CLASSIC HINT TO MODERN SOCIETY.—In old times it was considered unpatriotic for a citizen to remain a bachelor all his days. By the Spartan laws those citizens who remained bachelors after middle age were excluded from all offices, civil or military. At certain feasts they were exposed to public derision and led around the market place. Although, generally speaking, age was usually respected in Sparta, yet the feeling was not manifested toward old bachelors. "Why should I make way for you," said a Spartan youth to a grey-headed old bachelor, "who will never have a son to do me the same honour when I am old?" The Roman law pursued the same policy toward old bachelors. They had to pay extra and special taxes. Under Augustus, a law was enacted by which old bachelors were made incapable of acquiring legacies and devices of real estate by will, except from their near relatives. In canon law old bachelors are enjoined to marry, or to profess chastity, or in earnest to become monks.

"Howard Glyndon," in the *Christian Union*, recommends that the study of art be more generally utilized by women, so that they may engage in pursuits congenial to their natures, and work be a delight rather than a hardship. She says:

"It is sad indeed—when one thinks of the thousand graceful pursuits, which are fairly remunerative and which require an adept hand, a ready eye, and loving attention rather than great mental effort, which women might make their own—to see them so firmly tied down to the idea that teaching, sewing, writing, lecturing, and doctoring are the only things they can do! I fully approve of women as teachers; but there are many who have not the stamina which it requires. Sewing for a living is slow death, as a rule. As for lecturing, the less said the better. Every body likes to hear himself talk, but it is an open question as to how much good is gained by either side when a woman of only average talents lectures. Every profession requiring a woman to be out at all hours, in all weathers, and on all days is open to unanswerable objections, and that covers the ground of doctoring. There are many artistic pursuits in which a woman may choose her own hours and days for work and relaxation; and every calling that favors this plan is specially adapted for women."

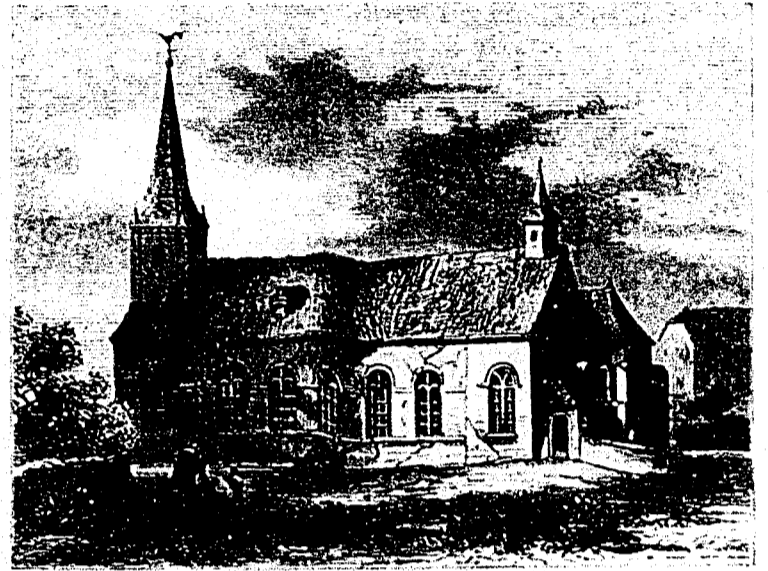
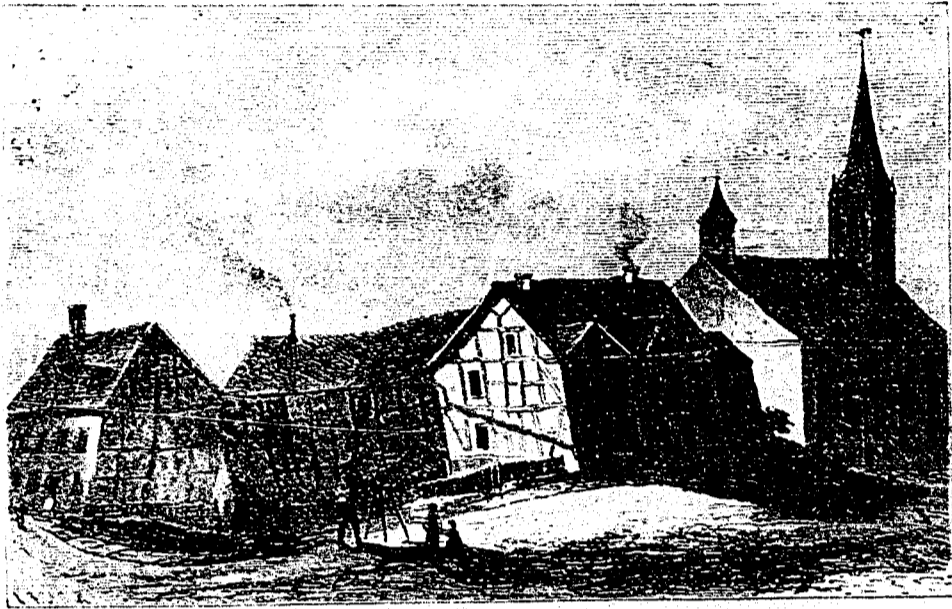
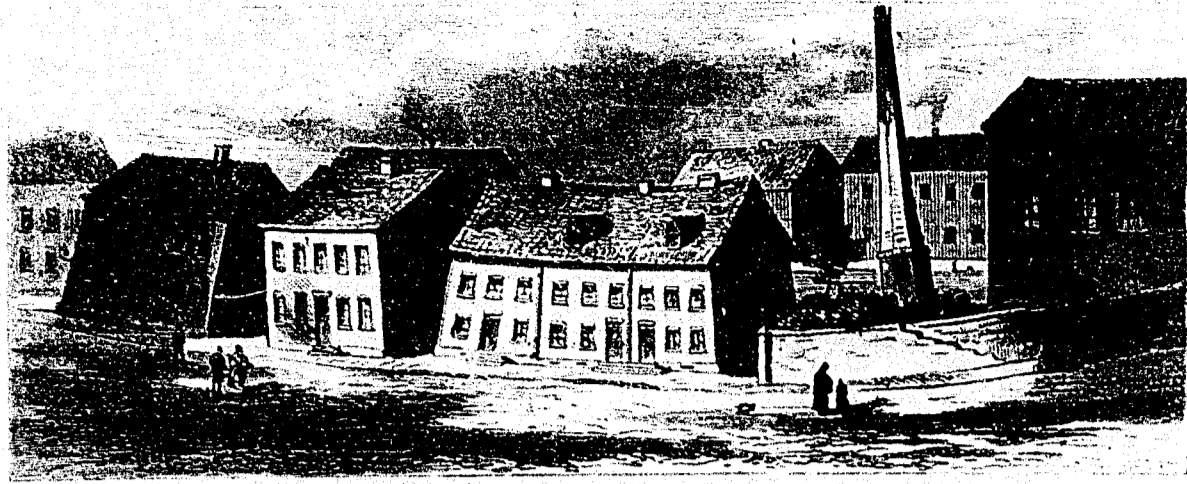
The following letter has been sent to a daily contemporary in allusion to a notice of the marriage of Miss Keene, or King, with a Mahometan in Morocco. As we published the report in common with other journals, we cannot do less than print the rectification, only endeavouring to hope that the writer's anticipations will be realized. "The report which has appeared in the papers concerning the above being very inaccurate, and your comments on the same likely to prove very injurious to the lady concerned, as well as a source of annoyance to her friends, I trust you will in justice allow me to state the real facts of the case. In the first place, the Sheriff is a widower, and has no other wife. A declaration to that effect was signed by him in the presence of two notaries public before Sir John Hay performed the marriage ceremony, and in the certificate signed by him he is also described as a widower. In the second place, a contract was duly drawn up to the effect that the lady should retain her own religion, dress, and all privileges the same as if she had married a Christian. In conclusion, who knows but that an English Christian lady occupying such a position may not, by her influence, be able in many ways to benefit the people of a country so far behind Europe in enlightenment as Morocco is?" In case the Mahometan "widower" uses the liberty allowed him by his religion and the laws of his country, what remedy will be within reach of this "English Christian lady" who is now married to him?

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid cures lameness.

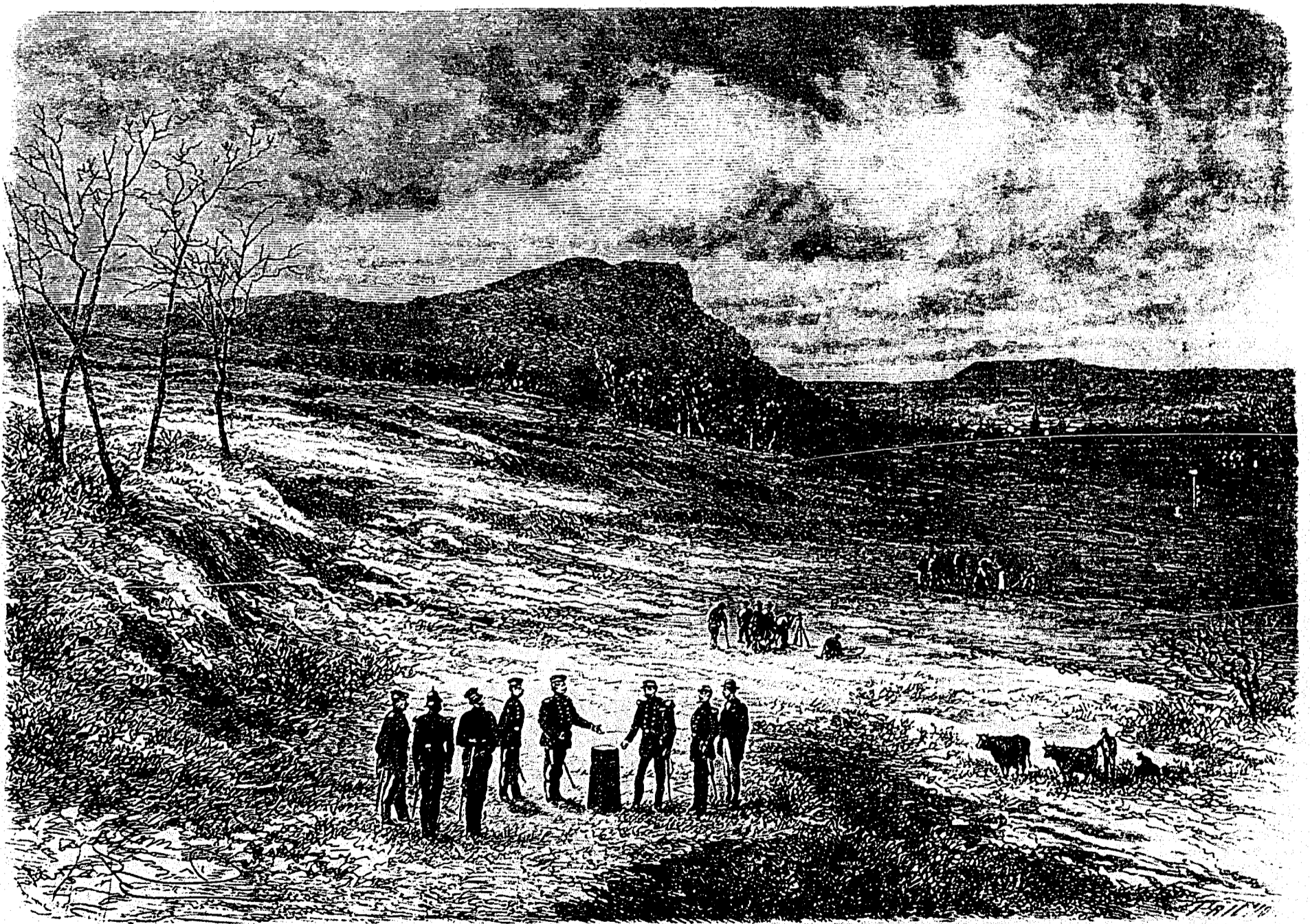
James H. Johnston, Esq., Montreal, wrote in August, 1871, as follows:—It affords me great pleasure to bear testimony to the benefit received from using Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. I found it a nervous tonic of great power and efficacy, curing me in a short time from GENERAL DEBILITY and NERVOUSNESS, and I became robust and vigorous under its influence, and gained considerably in weight withal.

News of the Week.

- THE cabinet of Berlin were on strike.
- Marshal Serrano is appointed Dictator of Spain.
- THE Liverpool Peace Society have held a meeting.
- THE Carlists were said to be active and the army dissatisfied.
- THE European Powers will protect Portugal from Spanish aggression.
- Mr. Stephen Tobin, one of the members for Halifax, will move the Address.
- MR. PICHE, Q. C., is appointed Assistant Clerk of the House of Commons.
- It is expected that 60,000 miners will resume work immediately in South Wales.
- Two hundred men are at work on the Montreal and Ottawa Junction Railroad.
- THE King of Portugal gave a farewell dinner to Amadæus, who leaves Lisbon for Italy.
- THE Spanish Government will honor the financial engagements of the late monarchy.
- BARON Falkenberg, Consul-General for Norway and Sweden, died at Quebec on Friday.
- THE United States send a cargo of raw and manufactured products to the Vienna Exhibition.
- THE forgeries perpetrated on the Bank of England will, it is said, amount to a million of dollars.
- FAMILIES were still leaving Madrid and other cities to escape the threatened disturbances.
- AN unusual phenomenon at Montmorenci Falls this winter is the formation of three cones of ice.
- THE London Telegraph says Russia will propose a Joint Commission to settle the boundary of Afghanistan.
- A MADRID despatch says that one of the first acts of the constituent Cortes will be to proclaim emancipation in Cuba.
- YUCATAN Indians had attacked Belize, which has led to a correspondence between the English authorities and Mexico.
- THE Conservatives in England are organizing a strong opposition to the Government Educational Amendment Bill.
- THE Brazilian Government has issued a decree permitting the free navigation of the Madeira, a tributary of the Amazon.
- SOME reports represent the Carlist movement as increasing in power, while other accounts mention the defeat of insurgent bands.
- It is expected that in the National Assembly both parties will call upon M. Taïers to declare distinctly the policy of his Government.
- THE European powers maintain semi-official communication with Spain, but Russia does not favor a recognition of the present government.
- The Prussian authorities had ordered the cabinet of Berlin to put an end to the strike, under penalty of a withdrawal of their licenses.
- The frauds perpetrated on the Bank of England will amount to two million dollars, and startling revelations are looked for in the case.
- COMMISSIONERS are now at work investigating the claims of citizens of the United States, for damages sustained through the civil war in Cuba.
- A REQUISITION has been presented to Mr. Thibaudeau asking him to come forward as a candidate for Quebec County. Mr. Thibaudeau has not yet replied.
- SWITZERLAND has recognized the Spanish Republic, Austria, with Germany and Russia, doubts if the government is sufficiently secure to entitle it to a full recognition.
- SOME of the South American States have closed their ports against vessels coming from Brazil, in consequence of the prevalence of yellow fever on the coast of that country.
- A REPUBLICITY treaty between the Sandwich Islands and the United States is spoken of; as also, the cession by the insular government of a portion of its territory lying adjacent to Pearl Bay.
- PRESIDENT Grant calls the attention of Congress to that portion of the Washington Treaty which deals with the fisheries and other Canadian interests, and asks for legislation on the subject.
- THE Ottawa snow-shoe race will take place on Saturday next, under the patronage of Lord Dufferin, who will offer prizes, as will also the honourable the Privy Council, the Corporation, and others.
- A REVOLT had broken out in the Russian provinces of Volhynia and Podolia, on the confines of Poland, and the insurgents, who had defeated a body of troops sent to oppose them, were committing fearful excesses.
- THE Carlists were within three miles at Pampeluna on 3rd Inst., the fortified capital of Navarre. The garrison was small and threatened by internal enemies, and the re-inforcement which had been sent to them had deserted on the way.
- SOME rioting occurred at the election in Quebec on 3rd Inst., during which a polling booth was demolished, and the books destroyed; but the fighting does not appear to have been serious, the mob being overawed as it would appear by the display of military force.
- A NEW bureau will be formed at Ottawa, under the direction of a Minister of the Interior, to have charge of Indian, Crown and Ordnance lands; and the two Secretarial departments, the Secretary of State's and the Secretary for the Provinces, will be merged into one.



A SINKING CITY.—VIEWS IN ISERLOHN, WESTPHALIA.



RUNNING THE NEW FRONTIER LINE BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY.

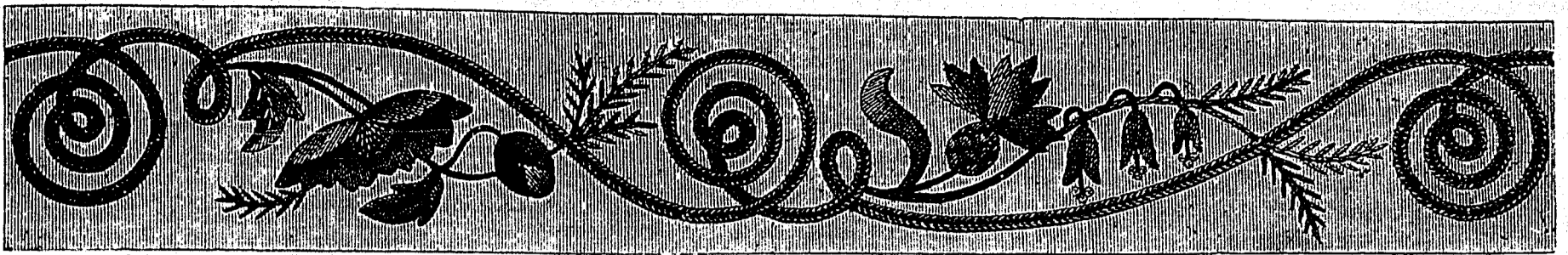


FIG. 1.—Embroidery for Waste Paper Basket.—(SEE FIG. 2.)



FIG. 3.—Needlebook with Embroidered Work.

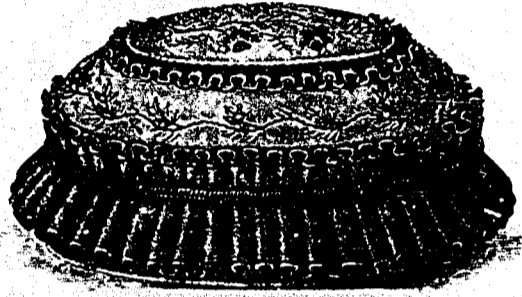


FIG. 5.—Pin-cushion with Embroidery.

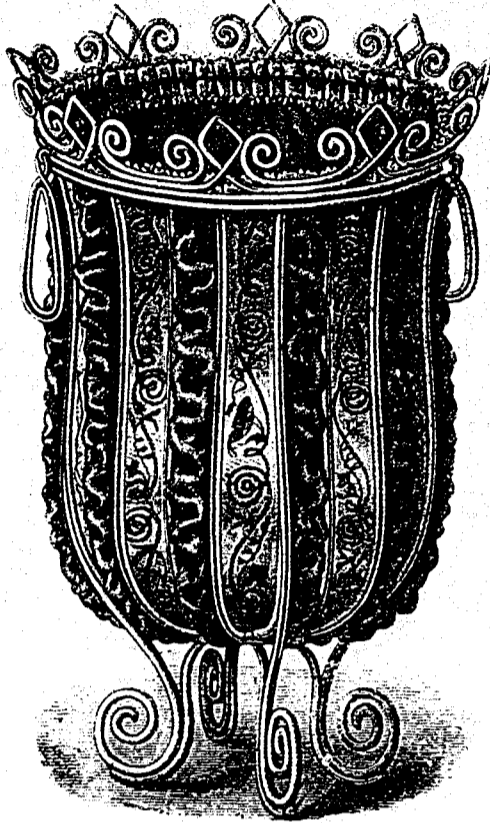


FIG. 2.—Waste Paper Basket.

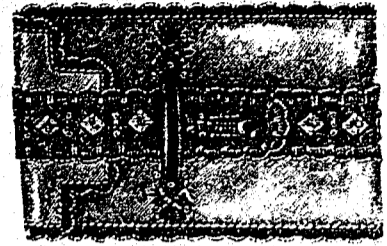


FIG. 4.—Card Case.

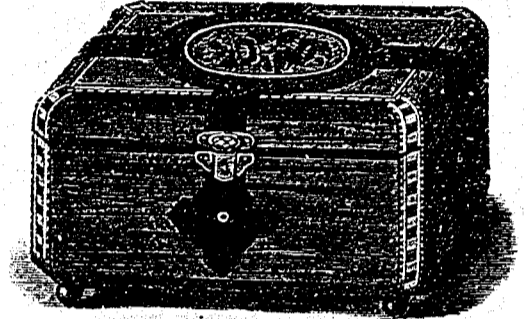


FIG. 6.—Tea Caddy with Embroidered Work.



FIG. 8.—Lady's Coiffure.

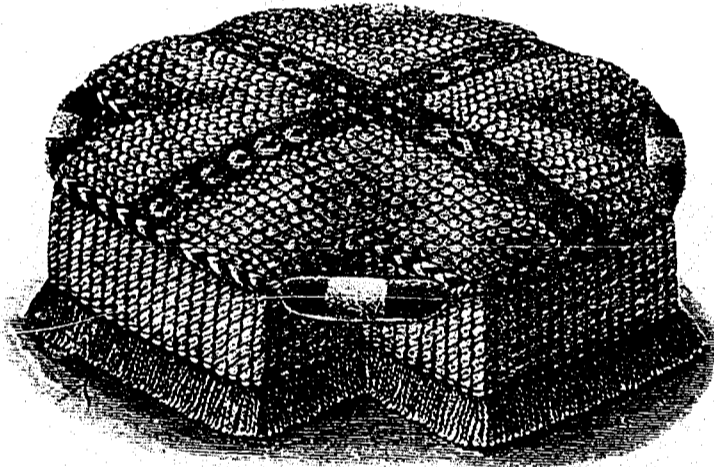


FIG. 7.—Tapestry Foot Stool.



FIG. 9.—Lady's Coiffure.



FIG. 10.—Figured Tulle and Lace Scarf Worn as Fichu.



FIG. 11.—Figured Tulle and Lace Scarf Worn as Fanchon Hood.—Back.—(SEE FIG. 12).



FIG. 12.—Figured Tulle and Lace Scarf Worn as Fanchon Hood.—Front.—(SEE FIG. 11).

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THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SERIES—Mablethorpe House.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

If they had met under ordinary circumstances, neither Mercy nor Grace would have trusted each other with the confidences which had been exchanged between them. As the event had happened, they had come together, under those extraordinary circumstances of common trial and common peril, in a strange country, which would especially predispose two women of the same nation to open their hearts to each other. In no other way could Mercy have obtained at a first interview that fatal knowledge of Grace's position and Grace's affairs which had placed temptation before her, as the necessary consequence that followed the bursting of the German shell.

Advancing from this point, through the succeeding series of events which had so naturally, and yet so strangely, favoured the perpetration of the fraud, Mercy reached the later period when Grace had followed her to England. Here again, she remarked, in the second place, how Chance, or Fate, had once more paved the way for that second meeting which had confronted them with one another at Mablethorpe House.

She had, as she well remembered, attended at a certain assembly (convened by a charitable society) in the character of Lady Janet's representative, at Lady Janet's own request. For that reason, she had been absent from the house when Grace had entered it. If her return had been delayed by a few minutes only, Julian would have had time to take Grace out of the room; and the terrible meeting which had stretched Mercy senseless on the floor would never have taken place. As the event had happened, the period of her absence had been fatally shortened, by what appeared at the time to be the commonest possible occurrence. The persons assembled at the society's rooms had disagreed so seriously on the business which had brought them together, as to render it necessary to take the ordinary course of adjourning the proceedings to a future day. And Chance, or Fate, had so timed that adjournment as to bring Mercy back into the dining-room exactly at the moment when Grace Roseberry insisted on being confronted with the woman who had taken her place.

She had never yet seen the circumstances in this sinister light. She was alone in her room, at a crisis in her life. She was worn and weakened by emotions which had shaken her to the soul.

Little by little, she felt the enervating influences let loose on her, in her lonely position, by her new train of thought. Little by little, her heart began to sink under the stealthy chill of superstitious dread. Vaguely horrible presentiments throbbed in her with her pulses, flowed through her with her blood. Mystic oppressions of hidden disaster hovered over her in the atmosphere of the room. The cheerful candlelight turned traitor to her and grew dim. Supernatural murmurs trembled round the house in the moaning of the winter wind. She was afraid to look behind her. On a sudden, she felt her own cold hands covering her face, without knowing when she had lifted them to it, or why.

Still helpless under the horror that held her, she suddenly heard footsteps—a man's footsteps—in the corridor outside. At other times the sound would have startled her: now it broke the spell. The footsteps suggested life, companionship, human interposition—no matter of what sort. She mechanically took up her pen; she found herself beginning to remember her letter to Julian Gray.

At the same moment the footsteps stopped outside her door. The man knocked.

She still felt shaken. She was hardly mistress of herself yet. A faint cry of alarm escaped her at the sound of the knock. Before it could be repeated she had rallied her courage, and had opened the door.

The man in the corridor was Horace Holm-

croft. His ruddy complexion had turned pale. His hair (of which he was especially careful at other times) was in disorder. The superficial polish of his manner was gone; the undisguised man, sullen, distrustful, irritated to the last degree of endurance, showed through. He looked at her with a watchfully-suspicious eye; he spoke to her without preface or apology, in a coldly angry voice:

"Are you aware," he asked, "of what is going on down-stairs?"

"I have not left my room," she answered. "I know that Lady Janet has deferred the explanation which I had promised to give her, and I know no more."

"Has nobody told you what Lady Janet did after you left us? Has nobody told you that she politely placed her own

boudoir at the disposal of the very woman whom she had ordered half an hour before to leave the house? Do you really not know that Mr. Julian Gray has himself conducted this suddenly-honoured guest to her place of retirement? and that I am left alone in the midst of these changes, contradictions and mysteries—the only person who is kept out in the dark?"

"It is surely needless to ask me these questions," said Mercy, gently. "Who could possibly have told me what was going on below stairs before you knocked at my door?"

He looked at her with an ironical affectation of surprise.

"You are strangely forgetful to-day," he said. "Surely your friend, Mr. Julian Gray, might have told you? I am astonished to hear that he has not had his private interview yet."

"I don't understand you, Horace." "I don't want you to understand me," he retorted irritably. "The proper person to understand me is Julian Gray. I look to him to account to me for the confidential relations which seem to have been established between you behind my back. He has avoided me thus far, but I shall find my way to him yet."

His manner threatened more than his words expressed. In Mercy's nervous condition at the moment, it suggested to her that he might attempt to fasten a quarrel on Julian Gray.

"You are entirely mistaken," she said warmly. "You are ungratefully doubting your best and truest friend. I say nothing of myself. You will soon discover why I patiently submit to suspicions which other women would resent as an insult."

"Let me discover it at once. Now! Without wasting a moment more!"

There had hitherto been some little distance between them. Mercy had listened, waiting on the threshold of her door; Horace had spoken standing against the opposite wall of the corridor. When he said his last words, he suddenly stepped forward, and (with something imperative in the gesture) laid his hand on her arm. The strong grasp of it almost hurt her. She struggled to release herself.

"Let me go!" she said. "What do you mean?"

He dropped her arm as suddenly as he had taken it.

"You shall know what I mean," he replied.

"A woman who has grossly outraged and insulted you—whose only excuse is that she is mad—is detained in the house at your desire, I might almost say at your command, when the police-officer is waiting to take her away. I have a right to know what this means. I am engaged to marry you. If you won't trust other people, you are bound to explain yourself to me. I refuse to wait for Lady Janet's convenience. I insist (if you force me to say so)—I insist on knowing the real nature of your connection with this affair. You have obliged me to follow you here; it is my only opportunity of speaking to you. You avoid me; you shut yourself up from me in your room. I am not your husband yet—I have no right to follow you in. But there are other rooms open to us. The library is at your disposal, and I will take care that we are not interrupted. I am now going there, and I have a last question to ask. You are to be my wife in a week's time: will you take me into your confidence or not?"

To hesitate was, in this case, literally to be lost. Mercy's sense of justice told her that Horace had claimed no more than his due. She answered instantly.

"I will follow you to the library, Horace, in five minutes."

Her prompt and frank compliance with his wishes surprised and touched him. He took her hand.

She had endured all that his angry sense of injury could say. His gratitude wounded her to the quick. The bitterest moment she had felt yet was the moment in which he raised her hand to his lips, and murmured tenderly, "My own true Grace!" She could only sign to him to leave her, and hurry back into her own room.

Her first feeling, when she found herself alone again, was wonder—wonder that it should never have occurred to her, until he had himself suggested it, that her betrothed husband had the foremost right to her confession. Her horror at owing to either of them that she had cheated them out of their love, had hitherto placed Horace and Lady Janet on the same level. She now saw for the first time, that there was no comparison between the claims which they respectively had on her. She owed an allegiance to Horace, to which Lady Janet could assert no right. Cost her what it might to avow the truth to him with her own lips, the cruel sacrifice must be made.

Without a moment's hesitation, she put away her writing materials. It amazed her that she should ever have thought of using Julian Gray as an interpreter between the man to whom she was betrothed and herself. Julian's sympathy (she thought) must have made a strong impression on her indeed, to blind her to a duty which was beyond all compromise, which admitted of no dispute!

She had asked for five minutes of delay before she followed Horace. It was too long a time.

Her one chance of finding courage to crush him with the dreadful revelation of who she really was, of what she had really done, was to plunge headlong into the disclosure without giving herself time to think. The shame of it would overpower her if she gave herself time to think.

She turned to the door, to follow him at once.

Even at that terrible moment, the most ineradicable of all a woman's instincts—the instinct of personal self-respect—brought her to a pause. She had passed through more than one terrible trial, since she had dressed to go downstairs. Remembering this, she stopped mechanically, retraced her steps, and looked at herself in the glass.

There was no motive of vanity in what she now did. The action was as unconscious as if she had buttoned an unfastened glove, or shaken out a crumpled dress. Not the faintest idea crossed her mind of looking to see if her beauty might still plead for her, and of trying to set it off at its best.

A momentary smile, the most weary, the most hopeless that ever saddened a woman's face, appeared in the reflection which her mirror gave her back. "Haggard, ghastly, old before my time!" she said to herself. "Well! better so. He will feel it less—he will not regret me."

With that thought she went downstairs to meet him in the library.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MAN IN THE DINING-ROOM.

In the great emergencies of life we feel, or we act, as our dispositions incline us. But we never think. Mercy's mind was a blank as she descended the stairs. On her way down, she was conscious of nothing but the one headlong impulse to get to the library in the shortest possible space of time. Arrived at the door, the impulse capriciously left her. She stopped on the mat, wondering why she had hurried herself, with time to spare. Her heart sank; the fever of her excitement changed suddenly to a chill, as she faced the closed door, and asked herself the question, Dare I go in?

Her own hand answered her. She lifted it to turn the handle of the lock. It dropped again helplessly at her side.

The sense of her own irresolution wrung from her a low exclamation of despair. Faint as it was, it had apparently not passed unheard. The door was opened from within—and Horace stood before her.

He drew aside to let her pass into the room. But he never followed her in. He stood in the doorway, and spoke to her, keeping the door open with his hand.

"Do you mind waiting here for me?" he asked.

She looked at him, in vacant surprise, doubting whether she had heard him aright.

"It will not be for long," he went on. "I am far too anxious to hear what you have to tell me to submit to any needless delays. The truth is, I have had a message from Lady Janet."

(From Lady Janet! What could Lady Janet want with him at a time when she was bent on composing herself in the retirement of her own room?)

"I ought to have said two messages," Horace proceeded. "The first was given to me on my way downstairs. Lady Janet wished to see me immediately. I sent an excuse. A second message followed. Lady Janet would accept no excuse. If I refused to go to her I should be merely obliging her to come to me. It is impossible to risk being interrupted in that way; my only alternative is to get the thing over as soon as possible. Do you mind waiting?"

"Certainly not. Have you any idea of what Lady Janet wants with you?"

"No. Whatever it is, she shall not keep me long away from you. You will be quite alone here; I have warned the servants not to show any one in." With those words he left her.

Mercy's first sensation was a sensation of relief—soon lost in a feeling of shame at the weakness which could welcome any temporary relief in such a position as hers. The emotion thus roused merged, in its turn, into a sense of impatient regret. "But for Lady Janet's message," she thought to herself, "I might have known my fate by this time!"

The slow minutes followed each other drearily. She paced to and fro in the library, faster and faster, under the intolerable irritation, the maddening uncertainty of her own suspense. Ere long, even the spacious room seemed to be too small for her. The sober monotony of the long book-lined shelves oppressed and offended her. She threw open the door which led into the dining-room, and dashed in, eager for a change of objects, a thirst for more space and more air.

At the first step, she checked herself; rooted to the spot, under a sudden revulsion of feeling which quieted her in an instant.

The room was only illuminated by the waning firelight. A man was obscurely visible, seated on the sofa, with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands. He looked up, as the open door let in the light from the library lamps. The

mellow glow reached his face, and revealed Julian Gray.

Mercy was standing with her back to the light, her face being necessarily hidden in deep shadow. He recognised her by her figure, and by the attitude into which it unconsciously fell. That unsought grace, that lithe long beauty of line, belonged to but one woman in the house. He rose, and approached her.

"I have been wishing to see you," he said, "and hoping that accident might bring about some such meeting as this."

He offered her a chair. Mercy hesitated before she took her seat. This was their first meeting alone, since Lady Janet had interrupted her at the moment when she was about to confide to Julian the melancholy story of the past. Was he anxious to seize the opportunity of returning to her confession? The terms in which he had addressed her seemed to imply it. She put the question to him in plain words.

"I feel the deepest interest in hearing all that you have still to confide to me," he answered. "But anxious as I may be, I will not hurry you. I will wait, if you wish it." "I am afraid I must own that I do wish it," Mercy rejoined. "Not on my account—but because my time is at the disposal of Horace Holmcroft. I expect to see him in a few minutes."

"Could you give me those few minutes?" Julian asked. "I have something, on my side, to say to you, which I think you ought to know, before you see any one—Horace himself included."

He spoke with a certain depression of tone which was not associated with her previous experience of him. His face looked prematurely old and care-worn, in the red light of the fire. Something had plainly happened to sadden and to disappoint him, since they had last met.

"I willingly offer you all the time that I have at my own command," Mercy replied. "Does what you have to tell me relate to Lady Janet?"

He gave her no direct reply. "What I have to tell you of Lady Janet," he said gravely, "is soon told. So far as she is concerned, you have nothing more to dread. Lady Janet knows all."

Even the heavy weight of oppression caused by the impending interview with Horace failed to hold its place in Mercy's mind, when Julian answered her in those words.

"Come into the lighted room," she said faintly. "It is too terrible to hear you say that in the dark."

Julian followed her into the library. Her limbs trembled under her. She dropped into a chair, and shrank under his great bright eyes, as he stood by her side, looking sadly down on her.

"Lady Janet knows all!" she repeated, with her head on her breast, and the tears falling slowly over her cheeks. "Have you told her?"

"I have said nothing to Lady Janet or to any one. Your confidence is a sacred confidence to me, until you have spoken first."

"Has Lady Janet said anything to you?"

"Not a word. She has looked at you with the vigilant eyes of love; she has listened to you with the quick hearing of love—and she has found her own way to the truth. She will not speak of it to me—she will not speak of it to any living creature. I only know how dearly she loved you. In spite of herself she clings to you still. Her life, poor soul, has been a barren one; unworthy, miserably unworthy, of such a nature as hers. Her marriage was loveless and childless. She had admirers, but never, in the higher sense of the word, a friend. All the best years of her life have been wasted in the unsatisfied longing for something to love. At the end of her life you have filled the void. Her heart has found its youth again, through you. At her age—at any age—is such a tie as this to be rudely broken at the mere bidding of circumstances? No! She will suffer anything, risk anything, forgive anything, rather than own, even to herself, that she has been deceived in you. There is more than her happiness at stake; there is pride, a noble pride, in such love as hers, which will ignore the plainest discovery and deny the most unanswerable truth. I am firmly convinced—from my own knowledge of her character, and from what I have observed in her to-day—that she will find some excuse for refusing to bear your confession. And more than that, I believe (if the exertion of her influence can do it), that she will leave no means untried of preventing you from acknowledging your true position here to any living creature. I take a serious responsibility on myself in telling you this—and I don't shrink from it. You ought to know, and you shall know, what trials and what temptations may yet lie before you."

He paused—leaving Mercy time to compose herself, if she wished to speak to him.

She felt that there was a necessity for her speaking to him. He was plainly not aware that Lady Janet had already written to her to defer her promised explanation? This circumstance was in itself a confirmation of the opinion which he had expressed. She ought to mention it to him; she tried to mention it to him. But she was not equal to the effort.

The few simple words in which he had touched on the tie that bound Lady Janet to her, had wrung her heart. Her tears choked her. She could only sign to him to go on.

"You may wonder at my speaking so positively," he continued, "with nothing better than my own conviction to justify me. I can only say that I have watched Lady Janet too closely to feel any doubt. I saw the moment in which the truth flashed on her, as plainly as I now see you. It did not disclose itself gradually—it burst on her, as it burst on me. She suspected nothing—she was frankly indignant at your sudden interference and your strange language—until the time came in which you pledged yourself to produce Mercy Merrick. Then (and then only) the truth broke on her mind, trebly revealed to her in your words, your voice, and your look. Then (and then only) I saw a marked change come over her, and remain in her while she remained in the room. I dread to think of what she may do in the first reckless despair of the discovery that she has made. I distrust—though God knows I am not naturally a suspicious man—the most apparently trifling events that are now taking place about us. You have held nobly to your resolution to own the truth. Prepare yourself, before the evening is over, to be tried and tempted again."

Mercy lifted her head. Fear took the place of grief in her eyes, as they rested in startled inquiry on Julian's face. "How is it possible that temptation can come to me now?" she asked.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

A reporter calls a woman who had buried four husbands a "married quadrilateral." This is good; but why didn't he say a four-cornered widow, and then everybody would have understood him?

If you would have an idea of the ocean in storm, says a temperance orator, just imagine four thousand hills and four thousand mountains in vino, running over newly-ploughed ground with lots of caverns in it for them to step into now and then.

At a medical examination a short time back a question was put to the students as to the meaning of the word "hypothesis." One candidate replied that it was "a machine for raising water;" another gave the answer that it was something that happened to a man after death.

It was Daniel who said "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." He clearly referred to the reporters in this remark, and this suggests the idea that Daniel was in that line himself; it is certain at all events that he was allowed to pass in free to see the lions.

A Scotch postmaster, puzzling over a very uncertain superscription to an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin, who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to Scotland. "That's a fact, yer honour," replied the Irishman; "but they get harder ones after they arrive here."

A gentleman took the following telegram to a telegraph office:—"I announce with grief the death of Uncle James. Come quickly to read will. I believe we are his heirs.—JOHN BLACK." The clerk, having counted the words, said: "There are two words too many, sir." "All right, cut out 'with grief.'"

An exchange informs us that an intelligent foreigner recently wrote to his home friends that "when a great man dies in the United States, the first thing done is to propose a fine statue in his honour; next, to raise part of the necessary money; next, to forget to order any statue; and last, to wonder what became of the money."

The latest method of spending the "honey-moon" is reported from Italy. An American recently met at Rome an old school-fellow whom he had not seen for years. "You here?"

"Yes, my dear fellow; I have just been married, and am come to pass the honey-moon in Italy."

"And your wife?"

"My wife? Oh, I left her in New York!"

Says Josh: "Before you ask a favour of any man consider three things. First, can you not avoid it? Second, can the one you apply to grant it? Third, would you, if your places were reversed, do for your friend what you ask him to do for yourself? It is well to think of this." Quite right, philosopher, Josh's critic replies, and it may give the other man time to get round the corner and out of sight, or to leave the room in a hurry when he sees what you are up to."

A correspondent of the Court Journal writes: "Driving with a relative over Tansley Common, near Matlock, last week, he told me the following anecdote, the truth of which is well-known in the neighbourhood:—A good many years ago, a rich farmer and miser lost himself on the common (which is a very wild spot amongst the hills) one night during a thick fog. He began to sing out, 'Lost, I'm lost!' After a long time he was heard by a man, who managed to get him home. He gave the man half-a-crown (which, I suppose, he considered the value of his life), and thanked him heartily. The next day the miser was telling one of his servants the occurrence of the previous night, whereon Chawbacon said: 'Aa, mester, dunna ye know it wor me as fun yo?' Whereon the miser replied: 'Aa, war it they? Wa, thou'rt ma servant, and nu pay thee wages, thou mun gee me back ma hauf-crown.'"

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. E. C., Montreal.—Problem 72 admits of a double solution in three moves; there is, as you suggest, a blk. P. wanted (at Black's K. Kt.'s 4th) to make it perfect. Your solution of No. 73 is quite correct, although not the one intended by the composer. In the latter problem, there should be a white pawn at Q. R. 2nd.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

In addition to the regular chess columns of the Toronto Globe and Mail, the London, Ont., Advertiser now publishes four diagrams of original problems in each weekly edition. The Ontario clubs are still engaged in a series of matches by telegraph.

Chess on the Continent and in Britain seems to be flourishing, judging from the frequent reports of meetings, &c., in our English exchanges, and the number of chess periodicals and "columns" appearing recently. The match, Vienna v. London, is still progressing, and another has been commenced between Leipzig and Breslau.

Stimpson's "Divan" in the Strand, London, (Eng.) is the rendezvous of several eminent players: Steinitz, Blackburne, De Vere, Potter, and others of scarcely lesser celebrity; late numbers of the Field contain games played there.

The Glasgow Weekly Herald, in its chess column of February 1st, gives some particulars of a recent visit to their city by Dr. Lukertort, the famous German player, who played, on one occasion, twelve of the strongest members of their club simultaneously, and without sight of the board, winning five of the games, drew five, and lost but one; the remaining game was unfinished.

The following are the prize-winners in a lately concluded tourney of the Brooklyn, (N.Y.) Chess Club:—Mr. E. Debnar, 1st, by a score of 19 games won, lost 5; Mr. F. Perrin, 2nd, 18 games won, lost 5; Mr. Dill, 3rd, 18 games won, lost 7.

Another game in the recent match by telegraph. TORONTO V. SEAFORTH. Vienna opening.

Table showing chess moves for White and Black in a Vienna opening match between Toronto and Seaforth.

(a) This leaves White a fine attack; we should have preferred casting.

(b) If B. to Kt. Sch the following is a likely continuation:—

Table showing chess moves for White and Black in a continuation of the match.

(c) B. to K. 3rd seems better.

(d) Wh. to's play throughout is admirable.

(e) A slip, which loses at once: B. to K. sq. would, perhaps, have been best, surrendering the exchange. If K. to B. 2nd—

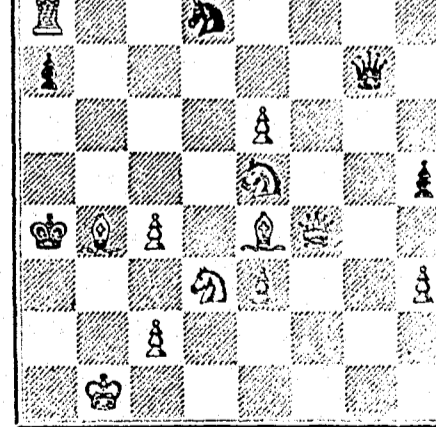
Table showing chess moves for White and Black in a variation of the match.

The following masterly stratagem won the second prize in the Problem Tourney, for last year, of the London, Ont., Advertiser.

We congratulate our correspondent on the distinction gained against such competitors as Messrs. Shikman, Gillberg, Madge, Wheeler, Martindale, and other highly ingenious composers. Mr. O. P. Rice (of the United States) carried off the first prize:

PROBLEM No. 75.

By Mr. J. Henderson, St. Louis, P. Q.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 73. White. 1. Q. to K. R. sq. 2. Q. to Q. R. 5th 3. Q. mates.

Black. K. takes P. K. to B. 5th (a) 2. Any other move.

(c) 3. B. to B. 5th mate.

Dr. Colby's Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills, Sugar-Coated.

PATTI-MARIO AT THE STRAKOSCH CONCERT.

Max Strakosch has the honour to announce to the public of Montreal and vicinity that ON SATURDAY AND MONDAY EVENINGS, March 8th and 10th, at 8 o'clock, He will give in this city

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INSOLVENT AOT OF 1869.

Canada, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, In the Matter of Lusk, LOUGH & CASTLE, Insolvents.

THE UNDERSIGNED, two of the members of the firm of Lusk, Lough & Castle, the above named Insolvents, have filed in the office of this Court a consent by their creditors to their discharge, and on Thursday, the seventeenth day of April next, they will individually, and as members of the said firm, apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

ROBERT JAMES LUSK, By MOSK & BUTLER, his Attorneys ad litem.

WILLIAM LOUGH, Jr., By MOSK & BUTLER, his Attorneys ad litem.

Montreal, March 6, 1873. 7-10-e

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for New Custom House, Toronto," will be received at this office until Wednesday, 26th day of March next, at noon, for the erection and completion of a new Custom House, at Toronto, P. O. Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Office of R. C. Winder, Esq., Architect, Toronto, on and after Monday, the 10th March.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 27th Feb., 1873. 7-10-b

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WITH THE Northern and Western States. BY J. JOHNSTON, C.E., MONTREAL.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE EARLY PART OF 1873. BY GEO. E. DESBARATS.

Size of Map, about 7 ft. x 5 ft. Extending (East and West) from Newfoundland to Manitoba and (North and South) from Hudson's Bay to latitude of New York, drawn on a scale of 25 miles to the inch, and compiled from the latest Astronomical Observations, Official Surveys, and Records of the Departments of Crown Lands, as well as from County Maps, Local and Railway Surveys. From Manitoba to Vancouver Island will be delineated on a scale of 50 miles to the inch. This arrangement of the map admits of the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being mapped on a scale large enough to show accurately all bona fide surveys. The Great N. W. Territory and British Columbia—where comparatively little has been done in the way of actual survey—a smaller scale answers every purpose. The whole map is thus kept within the dimensions best adapted for general office use.

The following are some of the most important details, which have been collated with great care, from the latest Official Plans and Reports:—Recent Explorations and Surveys in the "N. W. Territory;" New Boundary Lines: Electoral Districts and Divisions; New Townships and Mining Locations; all New Railways; Canals and Colonization Roads; the "Free Grant Lands;" and New Settlements; Elevations of the Inland Waters and mountainous regions above the Sea—marked in feet—and the correct delineation of all prominent Topographical features. In connection with the General and Detail Map, there will be two SUPPLEMENTARY or COMMERCIAL MAPS exhibiting the relative geographical position of the Dominion and other countries, showing the great Routes of Travel both by Land and Water; shortest lines of communication; Telegraph lines in operation and projected; distances, &c., &c., with much other new and valuable information.

The explored route for the Canadian Pacific Railway with its connections—East and West—with accompanying Profile, will be accurately laid down from data supplied by the Government Engineer; also, the Route of the Northern Pacific Railway (United States), of which a correct plan of the actual location specially prepared for this Map, has been sent to Mr. Johnston by the Chief Engineer.

ALL ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS WILL BE MADE TO DATE OF PUBLICATION.

Mr. Johnston has been engaged on the compilation and drawing, unremittingly, for a period of nearly four years. Neither labour nor expense has been economised in the endeavour to gain for this great geographical and Topographical work the merit of being the STANDARD MAP OF CANADA for many years to come.

The manuscript has been submitted to the following eminent authorities, receiving their unqualified approval and recommendation:—ANDREW RESSKILL, Esq., Geographer to the Dominion Government. LIEUT.-COL. DENNIS, Surveyor-General. THOS. DEVINE, Esq., P.R.G.S., Surveyor-in-Chief, Ontario. SANDFORD FLEMING, Esq., Government Engineer-in-Chief.

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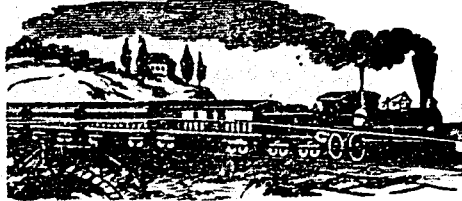
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On and after SATURDAY, 21st inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:35 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 9:30 p.m.

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LEWIS CARVELL,
General Superintendent.
Railway Offices,
MONCTON, N.B., Dec. 1872. } 7-2-1f

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7-4-h
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TELEGRAPHY.

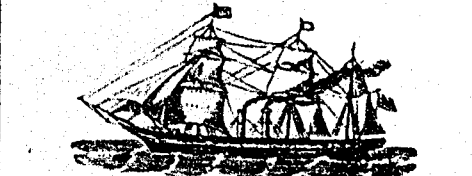
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