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THE CLASSICAL GALLERY OF CANADIAN HEROES.—No. III.—EXPERIENCED NESTOR.

Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
 Experienced Nestor in persuasion skilled:
 Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled:
 Two generations now had passed away,
 Wise by his rules and happy by his sway:
 Two ages o'er his native realm he reigned,
 And now the example of the third remained.

Pope, *Iliad* I, 330-36.

'But heaven its gifts not all at once bestows,
 These years with wisdom crown'd, with action those:
 The field of combat fits the young and bold,
 The solemn council best becomes the old:
 To you the glorious combat I resign,
 Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine!
 He said.

Pope, *Iliad* IV, 374-80.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 120.—THE HON. THEODORE ROBITAILLE,
RECEIVER-GENERAL.

Dr. Robitaille, who now represents Bonaventure in the House of Commons, is, we learn from the "Parliamentary Companion," descended from one of the oldest French families in Canada, the members of which have frequently figured in the history of the country. One of his granduncles, Messire Robitaille, was chaplain to the active militia force of Lower Canada during the war of 1812, in which all the family took an active part on the loyal side; another was one of the founders of the College at Ste. Anne de la Pocatière; and a third, Jean Robitaille, was a member of the Canadian Legislature for twenty years, from 1809 to 1829. Dr. Robitaille was born in 1834 at Varennes, where his father followed the notarial profession. He commenced his education at the model school of the village, and was then removed to the United States, and subsequently to the Seminary of Ste. Thérèse and Laval University. He completed his course of study at McGill College, where he took his medical degree in 1858. Dr. Robitaille's political career dates from 1861, when he was returned for his present constituency to the Canadian Legislature. He sat in that House until the general election of 1867, and was then returned to the House of Commons. At the last election he was again returned, and in January last was sworn a member of the Privy Council and appointed Receiver-General.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ZAIDEE'S CAPRICE.

The play was at an end. The curtain fell
And silence reigned in the deserted hall.
Hushed was the ankle of the prompter's bell,
And hushed the arch stage-boy's nasal call.

Hushed was the mad applause and laughter loud,
Faintest the flickering foot-lights one and all,
And from wardward wended the drench'd crowd
From pit and gallery, circle, box and stall.

Homeward they wander'd too, who nightly ply
The magic art which hushes estranged ears,
With subtle memory deceives the eye,
Wreathes the glad smile, or draws the pitying tear.

Homeward they wend if haply they have homes—
Not always if Art's devotees the lot—
The author seeks his study and his tomes,
To thread the mazes of a novel plot.

The clown puts off his wild exuberant folly
And muley garb to don his private rage,
And with his private air of melancholy
His weary form along the pavement drags.

The fairy leaves her tinsel's tawdry glimmer,
Wiles from her low cheeks the faded paint,
And the child gasps lights throw a sickly gleam
O'er the trail, fagot, weak, and wan, and faint.

The columbine dusts off the powdered chalk
From beamy arms whose native charms are red,
And joins her husband in the homeward walk
To the conjugal supper, and to bed.

The glittering, bustling heroes of the ballet,
Quit the disguise which makes them seem so fair;
Shrinking north archways of the squallid alley
To dwellings poor, yet virtuous, repair.

Yet, envious, some who mourn a youth long down,
Eyes, fever glimmered in the hectic cheek,
On the frail sister's equipage have thrown
Who keeps a brougham on a pound a week!

The famed tragedian who portrays the crushing,
Heroin's agonies of moral strife;
Runs, like a peacock school-boy, meekly rushing
Home, to be henpecked by a shrewish wife.

And she, the tragic temple's brightest star:
In Art omnipotent, in Beauty grand;
Whose proud renown is spreading wide and far
Through her remote recesses of the land.

She, who to Art a magic power imparts,
Fettering B. Jareus in her mystic bands;
Winking the homage of ten thousand hearts,
The loud applause of twice ten thousand hands.

She, who each secret heartstrings can assail,
And strangely sadden the serene brain;
Can make the thoughtless wildly weep and wail,
And, by a gesture, make them laugh again.

She, too, wends homeward: not, indeed, on foot,
Nor humbly jolting in a hackney cab;
A chariot hers, with prancing steeds to boot,
Dark rifle-green, and lined with red and drab.

Home to her gorgeous, art-adorned saloon,
Where, having entrance but a chosen few,
She reigns a fairy sovereign o'er her boon
Comrades, and lightly sways the noisy crew.

Where eddies round the social steaming bowl,
(By far too keen, my friend, for you and me.)
Mingling the flow of nectar and of soul,
The pungent wit of sparkling repartee.

But there was one among her guests to-night:
A man of travel, and of intellect,
Who seemed to have the *causette* there, of right:
A glass where wit and fashion might reflect.

His converse rippled in a sparkling flow
Of raucous satire from his tanned lip;
Painting word pictures, as rich colours glow
Beneath a graceful artist's pencil tip.

He spoke of politics, art, foreign lands:
Of love, adventure, hazard, and intrigue,
And sang strange ditties few might understand,
Yet, still, the ear would charm and not fatigue.

And Zaidée listened, breathless, 'neath the spell
Of the rich fancies the glib tongue expressed:
Till he began a little tale to tell,
Which roused the fair one's personal interest.

A little tale which would the annals swell
Of martyrdom beneath the social code;
Of how vice buys and innocence will sell—
A sacrifice—a marriage *à la mode*.

You, in our story, the result will trace
Of which *his* narrative became the cause:
We could not tell it with Hugh Clifford's grace,
Nor win, like him, your favour or applause.

We hasten to the "Good-nights" which came after
The varied comments when the speaker ceased:
And leave the lingering echoes of their laughter
To hover o'er the remnants of the feast.

II.

The morning came, and o'er her chocolate
Litterly wrapped in a flimsy cloud

Of snowy drapery, Zaidée lingered late,
Gabbled her evening lesson half aloud.

There was a bounding step upon the stair:
Then entered, through the rudely opened door,
A personation of intense despair,
Dashing its now silk hat upon the floor.

With raiment disarranged, disordered hair,
Said Zaidée, glancing archly from her page,
And slyly putting on her requish air:
"Brother, you'd make your fortune on the stage."

"False! She is false," he cried, "whom I thought true.
" Fool that I was to think her true to me.
" By Heaven! a deed of dire revenge I'll do—
" And wed with the first comely wench I see."

"Make no rash vow," she said, "I will not own
" As sister, pretty Anna, my soubrette,
" Though brighter cheeks, or tinier hand, or zone,
" I don't remember to have seen as yet."

Then, with a sudden infall of caprice,
Which so became her nature's sprightly tone:
"Prithee, sweet Thee, these frantic ravings cease,
" And trust your case to me, and me alone."

"What say you if I know a spouse for you,
" Fair, chaste, accomplished, educated, good:
" Who, swearing to love, honour, and be true,
" Will keep her altar-vows as housewives should?"

"Who weds in haste repenteth when too late,
" Till you have seen my paragon, defer:
" I ask of you no favour but to wait:
" I'll win the maid and you shall marry her."

Thus she decreed, and Theo's voice was stilled.
"A charming woman ever has her way:
When once that wayward sorceress Zaidée willed,
No man was rash enough to say her "Nay."

Then, to her Manager in haste she wrote
(She managed him though, were the truth disclosed),
A dainty, pink, patchouli-scented note,
Described herself, "severely indisposed—"

To act was understood. Then presto! Quick!
She darted to the ballet's mystic shrine:
Transformed herself, by pantomimic trick,
To a male image of the form divine.

And as before the glass, by Theo's side
In virile garbments she stood arrayed,
The keenest eye might scarcely have descried
Which was the youth and which the charming maid.

Archly she turned, a bright-eyed roguish elf,
And kissed his dexter cheek with merry laugh.
"Adieu, sweet Thee! I go, your second self,
" To woo and win for you your better half."

III.

Bright with its thousand lights, the festive hall
Shone gayly on the thoughtless glittering throng:
On much of character, or on name at all:
On much of innocence, and much of wrong.

Beauty was there, enhanced by all that art,
Cunningly subtle, lends to native charms:
By all that taste and splendour can impart
Of keenest edge to woman's warlike arms.

Yet one meek, dove-like spirit hovered there,
The gentle eyes of every eye:
A lovely magnet, so supremely fair,
One still must gaze, though gazing were to die.

Bright were her violet eyes, Her golden hair
Wreathed on her brow in great Madonna braids:
Queenly he moved, with proudly modest air,
The fairest flower among a thousand meads.

Grand in her splendid maidenhood she bent
Upon the arm of him whom she should wed:
Modestly downward her bright orbs were bent,
And when he whispered, not a word she said:

And oridant in every gesture lay
The deep oppression of a secret grief:
Yet of the varied charms she brought in play,
In Zaidée's eyes that sweet sad air was chief.

She, patient long, at length in merry valse
Pounced like a playful tiger on her prey,
Clasped her in arms most amorously false,
And whirled her in the dance's maze away.

Still palpitant, with wild exultant glow,
Her partner to the Cactus bow she lead:
Pours out her love in hot impulsive flow,
Reading her soul as only woman reads.

Drawing from the sad soul its piteous tale,
Till the crushed heart threw off its veil of fear,
And Zaidée, bending o'er her, said and pale,
Whispered her passionate pleadings in her ear.

"O fly with me, I am possessed of wealth,
" And if to gold you give but little heed,
" I'm young and comely, strong in hope and health,
" What more endowments does a suitor need?"

"But more than this: I love you with a zest
" Of a first passion's boundless, quenchless fire.
" Oh! do not take you round to your breast
" In weak submission to a cruel sire."

"Better to die than thus exclude the light—
" For Love is sunshine flowing from above—
" No blacker crime may be in Heaven's sight:
" 'Tis terrible—to wed and not to love."

"O! cruel. Make not life a living death,
" Nor end my young life's undeveloped prime.
" In wedding him, you take from me my breath,
" Staining your pure soul with a double crime!"

She sank upon a knee and seized the hand
Which yielded to the sweet imprisonment:
Did Zaidée plead, no man could long withstand:
Then how might a weak maid withhold consent?

And while from Amy's eyes the tears fell fast—
Soft gushing tears of love and gratitude:
Her rival found his fiancée at last,
And said to Zaidée something very rude.

Before the tired musicians were released,
Or champagne-volley ceased their noisy play,
Or the gay revels of that evening ceased:
A duel was arranged for break of day.

IV.

Swift to her hostelry fair Zaidée sped,
Flung off her sable broadcloth's dark disguise,
And stood confessed in charms which merited
The praise they ever won from mortal eyes.

She sought her erowhite rival in his halls
Where he made preparations for the fight,
And stealing on him sad and lonely, recalls
Memories long hidden in Oblivion's night.

She stood a brilliant spectre of the past:
The dead past which his iron will had slain:
And coldly spoke: "Sir, when we parted last,
" Both hoped perhaps we should not meet again."

"You are intent on death to one I love,
" Resign your purpose and submit to fate:

"Or you shall feel, I swear by all above,
" The dire reprisals of a Woman's Hate."

"No more!" he cried, "My Honour is at stake,
" And what is life to me and honour lost?
" For a weak idiot do you Dalton take
" By Woman's angry wiles to be thus crossed?"

"Honour!" she sneered "talk not of honour now"
Her dangerous eyes a fierce defiance hurled—
"My woman's wiles shall strike your proud head low
" And brand you as a felon to the world."

Pale as the marble slab on which he lent,
Ghastly and white his evil visage turned:
And 'neath his knitted brows on her he bent
Eyes hideous, that as lurid fire-pits burned.

His nervous hand sought trembling for the dirk,
But Zaidée did not seem the least alarmed:
Out came her glittering dagger with a jerk—
"O coward Fool!" he cried, "I too am armed!"

"Write an apology upon the spot—
" I tell you I've a penchant for this man
" Within twelve hours he will be mine—if not,
" You're free to wed the maiden—if you can!"

"Agreed," he cried, "I have affairs in town,
" I leave your precious protégé seat free,
" If I but find—by the night mail set down—
" You both are hence, leaving the field to me."

"Well said," she cried, "your brain is keen,
" Your judgment, as it ever was, discreet.
" Adieu!" she curtsied: tripped across the green,
And hastened to her inn with footstep fleet.

V.

The clock struck twelve, as, like a little bird,
With palpitating breast, that leaves its cage,
Amy, with timorous ears, the summons heard,
And tripped downstairs with footstep soft and sage.

In her white bridal raiment, and her wreath
Of orange blossoms, hastening to the gate,
Under great oak trees fanned by zephyr's breath,
Where her fond lover's urgent post-boys wait.

Nostalgic as Amy's violet orbs were bright
While throbbing her breast with wild, tumultuous joys:
Swift, whirled the lovers through the moonlit night,
For Zaidée, with bright gaiters, urged the boys.

She woke her brother with a merry kiss,
Who slept the innocent, sweet sleep of youth,
As yet unconscious of the coming bliss:
But soon his sister's lips disclose the truth.

"Up, up," she cried, "and quickly dress for church,
" While you are shaving, I will curl your hair."
Then, (in her bosom making a short search),
"Here is the license and the bride is—there."

She sped her maid to summon priest and clerk—
Watched drive away the palpitating pair—
Then changed her dress: and scarce had done her work
Before she heard their footsteps on the stair:

Then gravely heard her brother's introduction—
"My sister, Amy—Zaidée, my dear wife."
Then the girls' lips commenced the honey suction,
And vow a friendship-lasting as their life.

VI.

Loud laughed, that night, each late uproarious guest,
Lingering delighted o'er champagne and ice,
As her red lips the merry tale expressed
Of folly-loving Zaidée's last caprice.

Art and Literature.

Mr. Spurgeon has been offered \$50,000 to deliver a course of fifty lectures in the United States.

According to a Cretan correspondent of the *Levant Times*, an antique statue of Venus had been found near the village of Ims.

A manuscript of 84 folios, of the immortal astronomer, Copernicus, has been found at Ermeland in Prussia. The subject is not stated.

Mr. Ruskin has purchased for £1,000 a book of sketches, bearing the title *Dessins de Benozzo Gozzoli*, and found by MM. Lotichos at Florence in 1823.

The discovery has just been made at Cologne of a fine sketch of one of the most celebrated paintings by Rubens, belonging to the church of St. Martin d'Alst.

Messrs. Macmillan have in press a poem by Mr. Eubule Evans, entitled "The Curse of Immortality," which is likely to attract more than ordinary attention.

The University of Heidelberg has recently appointed a professor of English literature, no other German university having more than a lecturer (or reader) hitherto.

In view of Lord Lytton's burying-place it is singular, says the *Athenaeum*, that five times in the last four leaves of "Kenelm Chillingly" occur the words "Victory or Westminster Abbey."

The whole of the unpublished works of Rossini had been bought by Mr. Albert Grant, formerly M.P. for Kidderminster, of Madame Rossini, the great composer's widow, for 100,000 francs.

Mr. Gladstone has presented to the Rev. S. Baring-Gould the sum of £50 from the royal bounty for the purchase of books. Mr. Baring-Gould is at present engaged in writing "Lives of the Saints."

Some most interesting discoveries of different constructions have just been made in the excavations of the Esquimaux. Also at the Castro Pretorio, several Egyptian columns, and the fourth side of the Proetorium Camp.

The Circle Club, a social association of English authors and artists, will issue an annual in May or June to be called "Holiday Papers." It is to be illustrated by Marks, Val, Prinsep, Concanen, Val, Bromley, and a host of eminent pencils.

We (*Britannia*) regret to learn that the *Dark Blue Magazine*, which at first gave promise of excellence, is now amongst the things that were. The publication has ceased, and the editor has repaired to America, where, we hope, he will be enabled to pursue a more prosperous career.

A curious work, "The History of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots," is being printed, and will shortly be published for private circulation only. It has been written by Professor Pell, under the personal patronage of the Empress Eugénie, and translated from the original MS. by M. de Flandre, of Edinburgh.

In the Royal printing office of Berlin photographic copies of about a score of autographs of Peter the Great, possessed by the archives of the Prussian State, are being taken. These facsimiles will appear in a grand work now in course of preparation by the Imperial Government of Russia to honour the memory of the Czar.

Our Illustrations.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

NO. VI.—MAY-DAY.

"We were not meant to plod along the earth,
Strange to ourselves, and to our fellows strange;
We were not meant to struggle from our birth,
To skulk, and creep, and in one pathway range;
Aot with stern truth, large faith, and loving will!
Up and be doing! God is with us still."

From the earliest period of the world man has kept some peculiar days of festivity, and on these days, if he preserved his innocence, all was well. During the seventeenth century these festivals were kept with great hilarity, giving much offence to the Puritans, and those severe censors, who condemned all innocent recreations, and who, if they had had control over the world, would have struck out May-day and the Spring and abolished youth and laughter; the former from the calendar, the latter from human life. These festivals are part of our national habits, manners and customs, and some have contended that from their union has arisen our national spirit, our love of justice, of independence, and of our country, and that he who would destroy them would make a change in our manners and habits, the extent of which we cannot see, and for the consequences of which no good man would choose to answer.

"A bow always bent will grow feeble and lose its force" is a very old saying; so, people incessantly occupied at their labours all the year round, without these festivals, would lose their vigour and hilarity. Man must have time for relaxation and reflection, and also for fun and frolic; as Solomon says "there is a time for everything." Holidays are necessary to ease and relieve those who are oppressed by being too much employed, and to unbend the thoughts of those who are too much stretched by their cares. Without these festivals and holidays a man's blood would become a very "Snow-broth," and he would be soon likened to

"One who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge"

with perpetual work and everlasting toil. With the country folk in England May-day has long been, and is still, observed as a holiday—the juveniles of both sexes rise very early in the morning and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees and adorn them with *nosegays* and crowns of flowers, with which they return and make the doors and windows of their homes triumph in the flowery spoil.

Daffodils, that come before the swallow dars;
Violets dim, sweeter than the lips of Juno's eyes;
Pale Primroses that die unmarried.

These, mixed with the Hawthorn blossoms, the dazzling white Daisies and the glittering Buttercups were all symbolic of that happiness and joy which seems at this season to spread the face of nature, and also of man's grateful sense of the Divine Goodness which makes the promise of seasons so stable and sure.

Not content with garlanding the doors and windows of their houses, the merry people had on the village green a May-pole, on the top of which they suspended wreaths of flowers, and round which they danced in rings until they were tired.

The custom may be the relic of an ancient one among the heathens, who observed the four last days of April and the first of May in honour of the goddess Flora, who was imagined to be the deity presiding over the flowers.

In the old calendar of the Roman Church there is the following observation on the 30th of April:

"*Mai Arborea Pueri exquiruntur.*"
The boys go out and seek May-trees.

Stow tells us, in his survey of London, that on May-day in the morning every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of the birds praising God in their kind.

What a practical commentary on the canticle *Benedicite, Omnia Opera*:

"O all ye Green Things upon the earth, O all ye Fowls of the Air, O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

Stow quotes from Hall an account of Henry the Eighth's riding a maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, with Queen Catherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies.

He further tells us: "I find that in the month of May the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several *Mayings*, and did fetch in *May-poles* with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morrice daucers, and other devices for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets."

And, again, he says: "In the reign of Henry the Sixth, the aldermen and sheriffs of London being, on *May-day*, at the Bishop of London's wood, and having there a worshipful dinner for themselves and other comers, Lydgate, the monk of Bury, sent them, by a pursuivant, a joyful commendation of that season, beginning thus:

"Mighty Flora, goddess of fresh flow'rs,
Which clothed hath the soil in lusty green,
Made buds to spring with her sweet show'rs
By influence of the sun sheene,
To do pleasure of intent full cleane,
Unto the states which now sit here
Hath *Ye* sent down her own daughter dear."

How rich in thought and expression is the poetry of the Tudor and Stuart reigns. Herrick could never have overlooked a custom so full of poetry. "Come, my Corinna," says he,

"Come, and coming mark
How each field turns a street, and each street a park,
Made green and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of white-thorn leatly interwove.
A deal of youth ere this is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream."

Mr. Borlase, in the curious account of the manners of Cornwall, tells us: "An ancient custom still retained by the Cornish, is that of decking their doors and porches on the first of May with green sycamore and hawthorn boughs, and of planting trees, or, rather, stumps of trees before their houses; and on May-eve they, from town, make excursion

into the country and, having cut down a small elm, brought it into town, fitted a straight and taper pole to the end of it, and painted the same, erect it in the most public place, and on holidays and festivals adorn it with flower garlands, or ensigns and streamers." He adds: "This usage is nothing more than a gratulation of the spring season, and every house exhibited a proper signal of its approach to testify their universal joy at the revival of vegetation."

We gather from the author of the pamphlet entitled, "The Way to Things by Words and to Words by Things," in a specimen of his Etymological Vocabulary, that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on *May-day*; the column of May (whence our *May-pole*) was the great standard of justice in the *Ey-commons* or *fields of May*. Here it was, if the people saw fit cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, their kings. The judge's bough or wand and the staff or rod of authority, in the civil and in the military, are both derived from hence. For it was a *mace* of civil power and the truncheon of the field officers. A mayor received his name from this *May*, in the sense of lawful power. The *crown*, a mark of dignity and symbol of power, like the *mace* and *ceptre* was also taken from the *May*, being representative of the garland or crown, which, when hung on the top of the *May* or pole, was the great signal for convening the people. The arches, which spring from the circle and meet together at the mound or round ball, being necessarily so formed as to suspend it at the top of the pole.

The word *May-pole*, he observes, is a pleonasm; in French it is called singly the *Mai*.

This is, he further tells us, one of the ancientist customs, which, from the remotest ages, has been, by repetition from year to year, perpetuated down to our days, not being at this instant totally exploded, especially in the lower class of life. It was considered as the boundary day that divides the confines of winter and summer, allusively to which there was instituted a sportive war between two parties; the one in defence of the continuance of winter, the other for bringing in the summer. The youth were divided into troops; the one in winter livery, the other in the gay habit of spring. The mock battle was always fought *booby*, the spring was sure to obtain the victory, which they celebrated by carrying triumphantly green branches with *May-flowers*, proclaiming and singing the song of joy, of which the burden was in these terms:

"We have brought the Summer home."

Miscellaneous.

At a recent visit of Kaiser William to a needle factory a workman, whose duty it was to bore out the eyes of needles, asked for a hair from the emperor's head. It was given, and placed at once under the boring machine, a hole turned in it with the greatest care, a thread inserted, and then the hairy needle handed back to royalty.

HINT TO WHIST PLAYERS.—In a small work on whist, the following rules seem peculiarly good:—

"Mind well the rules for trumps—worth often need them;
When you hold five, 'tis always right to lead them.
Watch also for your partner's trump-request,
To which, with less than four, lead out your best.
When you discard, weak suits you ought to choose—
For strong ones are too valuable to lose."

A mysterious attempt to murder has occurred in England. A pawnbroker at Oldham received a few days ago a key, and a day or two after a small box, which was locked, but had no key. The pawnbroker found that the key fitted the lock of the box, and he opened it. The result was startling. A pistol had been placed in the box, and was so arranged as to discharge its contents into any person who might open the lid from the front. Fortunately for the pawnbroker, he had turned the box round in order to pull up the lid, and the bullet from the concealed weapon passed through the window of the room.

The *Panama Star and Herald* of February 16 contains an account of a marine animal, resembling in many respects the celebrated "sea-serpent" of the Northern Atlantic, which was seen from the deck of the steamer "Guayaquil" a few days before, when off the Pearl Islands, in the Bay of Panama. Its head was like that of a sea-horse (*Hippocampus*), and its length, estimated from the undulations of its body as they appeared above the water, was about twenty-five feet. A large sting-ray fish was seen in its company. The "Guayaquil" is a vessel belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, plying between Guayaquil and Panama.

A good idea has been put into form in an invention patented by a Mr. Peattie, of Edinburgh. It is simply the substitution, with several little improvements, of coloured and ground glass instead of wood in the ordinary Venetian long and short blinds for windows. The glass is bound round with brass to preserve it; and heavy blinds are simply wound up and down with something like a clock key. The play of colours, it is easy to see, may thus be managed so as to give beautiful effects. Outside at night, and inside by day, windows will look as if they were illuminated; and a city seen from the streets of an evening, under such circumstances, would have quite a gay and novel effect.

The German Emperor, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them he thanked the them. Then taking an orange from a plate, he asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?" "The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied the little girl. The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked: "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl. "And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the Emperor. The little girl coloured deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest His Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said with radiant eyes, "To God's kingdom, sire." The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

THE GREATEST OF WATERFALLS.—Mr. Brown, in the last of his adventurous series of journeys to the sources of the great rivers of British Guiana, has discovered, from a spot near the head waters of the Massaruni, what at thirty miles' distance appeared to be an immense river descending bodily from the north-western face of the great precipice of Raratama mountain, "the attic story of the world." This extraordinary cliff is known to be 2,000 feet in height, and appears inaccessible on all sides yet surveyed. The summit is flat, and of great extent. The fall is believed, on Indian authority, to belong to the Carant River, a tributary of the Orinoco; and will be, therefore, in the territory of Venezuela. After tumbling sheer down that astonishing wall, the water rushes down a glacier of (perhaps) 3,000 feet more, at an angle which cannot be less steep than 45 degrees. The difficulties of approaching Raratama on this side must be very great; but it is a satisfaction to think that there is some good running ground still left for the energies of young England of the future, and a first-class shower-bath.

The biography of
THE HON. THEODORE ROBITAILLE,
will be found on the previous page.

THE SPRING FLOOD.

The year 1873 will be remembered for some time to come in Montreal as one of the flood years, in which the river, previous to the breaking up of the ice, rises far beyond its ordinary limit and inundates the low-lying portion of the city and of the surrounding country. Strange to say these great floods have hitherto occurred pretty regularly at intervals of four years. Thus the memorable flood of 1861 was followed by that of 1865, less extensive than the first. In 1865 another inundation took place, more serious in its effects than the previous one. This year the flood has been repeated, but fortunately on a smaller scale than those of the three years mentioned. The flood of 1861 was of all by far the most serious. Mr. Alfred Sandham, in his admirable work on "Montreal, Past and Present," describes as follows the experiences of that spring:—

"The inhabitants of the lower parts of the city were accustomed to floods, but they were not prepared for such an extensive inundation as that which visited them in the spring of this year. About 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, April 14th, the water rose so rapidly that the inhabitants were unable to remove articles of furniture to a place of safety, and the congregations of St. Stephen's Episcopal Chapel, on Dalhousie Street, and the Ottawa Street Wesleyan Chapel found their places of worship surrounded by from four to six feet of water, and no means at hand whereby they might reach their homes. The water rushed so violently down the streets that it was almost impossible to maintain a footing while endeavouring to wade through it. In order to obtain assistance for his congregation, Rev. Mr. Ellegood, of St. Stephen's Church, waded in the dark through about four feet of water until he reached St. Antoine Street. He then procured the assistance of some policemen, and a boat was obtained, by which, at about 1 o'clock A.M., the congregation were taken away from the church, with a few exceptions, who stayed all night. The trains from the west and from Lachine were unable to enter the city, and passengers had to find their way to the city by Sherbrooke Street. The principal loss to the inhabitants was in live stock. About 3 o'clock on Monday the post-office stores took fire from the heating of a quantity of lime. While endeavouring to quench the flames the firemen were standing or wading waist-deep in water. The efforts of the brigade were unavailing, and the building was entirely consumed. The extent of the inundation may be conceived from the fact that the river rose about twenty-four feet above its average level. The whole of St. Paul Street and up McGill Street to St. Maurice Street, and from thence to the limits of the city, was entirely submerged, and boats ascended McGill Street as far as St. Paul Street. To add to the sufferings of the people, the thermometer sank rapidly, and a violent and bitter snow storm set in on Tuesday, and continued to rage with great fury all night. Owing to the fact that in most cases the fuel was entirely under water, much extreme suffering was caused. Considering the rapidity with which the waters rose, it is strange that no more than three lives were lost. These were drowned by the upsetting of a boat, in which they were endeavouring to reach the city. The flood extended over one-fourth part of the city."

The flood of 1865 was, as the author already quoted says, "only second in extent and damage to the extraordinary inundation of 1861." The river commenced to rise on Friday, the 31st March, and on the following Tuesday reached its highest point—only one foot lower than that attained by the flood of 1861. Fortunately the river rose so gradually as to allow the inhabitants of the low-lying districts to remove their effects, and as the weather was mild, there was comparatively little suffering.

This year the flood and the break-up of the river occurred later than usual. The river began to rise on Thursday the 11th, when a slight shove of the ice took place. On Friday (being Good Friday, it was a public holiday) the wharves were lined with people waiting for the great shove. (Of the appearance of the river-side our artist gives a good idea on another page.) On Saturday the water fell a foot, and on the following day another shove took place which in two places—near the Jacques Cartier Square and at Windmill Point—piled the cakes of ice from 12 to 15 feet high on the street skirting the river. On Monday morning another shove took place, and the river began to rise rapidly. During Tuesday and the following day little change took place, but on Wednesday evening the water suddenly rose, and in less than half an hour had risen three feet. On Friday the much-dreaded flood came, submerging Griffintown and other of the lower parts of the city. On the street by the river the water was at one time half a foot in depth, and in St. Paul Street it reached the axles of the carts. During Friday night the river began to fall, fell gradually during Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday the flood of 1873 was over, and the inhabitants of the inundated district, some of whom had three feet of water in their kitchen, set to work to repair the damages caused by the water. (We make no comment on our illustrations, as they speak sufficiently for themselves.)

We are unable to furnish our readers with any biographical information respecting

MR. PATTULLO.

The portrait was inserted by request, his friends promising to furnish a sketch of his career, which, however, had not come to hand at the time of going to press.

THE BETROTHAL RING.

No information is needed on this subject. The story is too old to bear repetition, but the picture is reasonable.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Cabinet Government in Persia! Such is the burden of a firman published in the *Official Teheran Gazette*, and telegraphed from Constantinople. The Shah orders his Grand Vizier, who is henceforth to be the Prime Minister of Persia, to commence without delay the formation of a responsible Ministry, who, in the absence as yet of a Parliament, are to meet twice a week in Cabinet Council, and to discuss regularly-drawn-up orders of the day. The Ministry is to consist of nine members, the heads of departments being responsible to the Grand Vizier, and he to the Shah.



MR. PATTULLO, WINNER OF THE GILCHRIST SCHOLARSHIP, 1872-5.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING, TORONTO.



MONTREAL. — MASQUERADE BALL AT SIGNOR HAZAZER'S ACADEMY. — BY C. KENDRICK.



THE HON. THEODORE ROBITAILLE, RECEIVER GENERAL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. TOPLEY.



MONTREAL.—THE SPRING FLOODS.—THE RISING WATERS, A SKETCH IN GRIFFINTOWN.—By E. JUMP.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
MAY 3RD, 1873.

SUNDAY,	April 27.	—Second Sunday after Easter. Gibbon born, 1737. Toronto captured, 1813. James Bruce died, 1794.
MONDAY,	" 28.	—Battle of Sillery, 1760. Mutiny of the Bounty, 1789.
TUESDAY,	" 29.	—Admiral Ruyter died, 1676. Abbé de St. Pierre died, 1743.
WEDNESDAY,	" 30.	—Chevalier Bayard killed, 1524. Farquhar, the dramatist, died, 1707. Montgomery died, 1854. Admiral Fitzroy died, 1865.
THURSDAY,	May 1.	— <i>St. Philip and James, App.</i> Lilly born, 1692. Varban born, 1631. Addison born, 1672. Dryden died, 1709. The Duke of Wellington born, 1769. Prince Arthur born, 1859.
FRIDAY,	" 2.	—Leonardo da Vinci died, 1519. Camden born, 1531. Robert Hall born, 1764. William Beckford died, 1844. Meyerbeer died, 1864.
SATURDAY,	" 3.	— <i>Invention of the Cross.</i> Machiavelli born, 1469. Dean Prideaux born, 1648. Kotzebue born, 1761. Psalmazar died, 1793. Thomas Hood died, 1845.

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.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Both in England and in the United States it is the invariable rule that newspapers—and especially illustrated newspapers—shall be paid for strictly in advance. It is only a matter for wonder that so excellent an arrangement has not been adopted before this by Canadian newspaper proprietors. It has frequently been proposed, but nothing has really come of the proposal. Now, however, it is our intention to inaugurate the movement. In future the News will be sent only to those who have paid their subscriptions in advance. The barren honour of non-paying subscribers we do not care at all about. Our establishment is a very large one, as large as any in the country, our staff of writers, artists, and agents very numerous, the expense of publishing a paper like this is, as may be imagined, enormous, and it would be preposterous to suppose that we can furnish the product of money, time, brains and talent without any return. The system we propose to adopt will be as follows:—Subscriptions payable strictly in advance. Each subscriber will find on the label bearing his address two figures indicating the time when his subscription expires. We use only two figures because each subscription dates, in our books, from the first day of the month in which it is received. Thus, for instance, 7-73 will indicate that the subscription is paid to the first of July next; 12-73 to the first of December next; 1-74 to the first of January next, and so on. When the subscription expires, on the date indicated by the label, unless it is at once renewed the paper will be discontinued.

With regard to our delinquent subscribers we are compelled much against our will to have recourse to measures to which we have great repugnance, but which they have themselves rendered necessary. We must request them to accept this notice as final. We have already been put to too great expense and loss of time in collecting the numberless small amounts due. All unpaid accounts will, therefore, be put at once into our solicitors' hands for collection.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1873.

The inquiry into the causes which led to the wreck of the "Atlantic" was brought to an end on Friday last, when the Collector delivered his decision. He finds that the conduct of Captain Williams in the management of the ship during the twelve or fourteen hours preceding the disaster was "gravely at variance with what it ought to have been," so much so, in fact, as would have justified him in cancelling the captain's certificate as extra master; but in consideration of his praiseworthy and energetic efforts to save life after the ship struck, he would be satisfied with imposing the mitigated penalty of a two years' suspension of the certificate. A severe censure is also passed on Mr. Brown, the fourth officer, whose certificate is also suspended for the brief term of three months. This decision has given very general satisfaction, though in some quarters complaints are made that Captain Williams' punishment is hardly heavy enough. In this opinion we confess we are unable to share. No doubt his negligence was great, and deserved a heavy punishment, yet we cannot help regarding the punishment inflicted ample, the more so when we bear in mind the fact that the remorse which will haunt the unfortunate man for the rest of his days will be so overwhelming as to make his life a cruel burden. This alone is retribution as great as his worst enemy could wish him. He has already shown himself to be a man of deep feeling, and no one, we are compelled to think, understands better than he himself does, the greatness of the responsibility that lies at his door. As to the mere sentence, it is in every way as severe as could be desired. The two years' suspension is virtually equivalent to a perpetual suspension, for it will be admitted that Captain Williams, with the brand of the Collector's de-

cision upon him, will find it difficult to obtain any responsible position. The remainder of his life will be an existence of expiation—of expiation harder than many more culpable men than he have gone through. In the face of these facts one cannot help extending pity towards him, guilty as he has undoubtedly been. In one direction the decision does appear to us to be most deplorably incomplete. In the telegraphed report—the only one we have received up to the date of writing—no mention is made of the Company whose negligence, in supplying the "Atlantic" with insufficient fuel, was the primary cause of the disaster. In this matter, however, it is consoling to think that the criminality will bring its own punishment. People will think twice before patronizing a line, the chief recommendation of which is speed without regard to safety.

The Laurium Mines dispute, of which we gave our readers the full history in a former number, appears to have been at last satisfactorily arranged. Not very long ago the matter had assumed a very serious aspect. M. Deligiorgis, the Minister whose obstinacy was a very fruitful source of trouble, had caused much discontent among the people by the line of action he insisted upon being followed, and fears were entertained of an open rupture with France and Italy. His relations with the representatives of the Foreign Powers were anything but friendly. The French and Italian envoys had broken off all correspondence with the Premier except on purely official matters, and the German and Austrian envoys were all on very cool terms with him. The latest intelligence, however, points to a settlement as having been effected. A Vienna correspondent writes as follows to the *Eastern Budget*:—"The question of the Laurium mines is settled at last. It is believed that the Syngros Company, of Constantinople, which has purchased the mines, has in fact done so for the Greek Government; but be this as it may, it is certain that France and Italy declare themselves perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. There can be no doubt that this speedy conclusion of the matter is mainly due to the energetic action of the Powers at Athens. Russia alone has shown a certain lukewarmness in her representations to the Greek Government on the subject, and an article from Athens, in the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, even taxed the Government here with having unduly put itself forward in its endeavours to bring about a solution. But the truth is, that the Vienna Cabinet was invited by the other Powers to interfere, and it could hardly, under such circumstances, have confined itself to general phrases as Russia did. Anyhow, Austria's policy is justified by the result, and Russia herself would probably have been more active in the matter if she had not feared still further to increase the hostility with which she is regarded by the Greeks on account of her conduct in the Bulgarian Church question.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

The House reassembled after its Easter recess on Tuesday, the 15th inst. After some preliminary business, Mr. Tilley's resolution amending the Civil Service Act—the effect of which he explained would be to tax the country for one-half of the amount required for superannuation and to relieve officers who had served for thirty-five years from paying superannuation fees—was passed through committee and a bill founded thereon read a first time. Mr. Tupper brought up his resolution respecting the inspection of gas meters, which caused some debate respecting the jurisdiction of the House. Finally the resolution was passed through committee and a bill read a first time. The remainder of the day's session was passed in committee of supply.

Wednesday's session was a short one, and was taken up with business of no particular interest. The House adjourned at six to allow of members attending the vice-regal ball.

On Thursday several new bills were introduced, among them one by the Minister of Agriculture to amend the Patent Act of 1872. He explained that he did not propose to make any change in the principle of the law, but merely to remedy certain defects which he had found in its working. In the first place he proposed to have the patent forms printed upon strong paper, and he proposed to have the blanks printed instead of written; also to modify the form somewhat, and as a good deal of difficulty had been met with in getting the English judges to attest the affidavits, to provide that the affidavits might be attested before the chief officers or mayors of cities. A great part of the afternoon session and the whole of the evening were occupied in discussing a question of privilege brought forward by Mr. McDonald, of Pictou, with regard to charges of a slanderous character which had been made against the Ministerial supporters by Mr. Anglin, as the editor of the *St. John, N.B., Freeman*, and Mr. McDonald offered a resolution declaring that Mr. Anglin, who was a member of that House, had been guilty of a very grave and libellous offense. A lengthy discussion followed, several amendments being offered, and finally the motion carried by 32 to 66.

On Friday, after routine business, Mr. J. H. Cameron, as Chairman of the Committee appointed to inquire into the Pacific Railway charges, introduced a bill to examine witnesses under oath; but he doubted the power of Parliament to pass such a Bill. A general discussion ensued, and the Premier invited the serious attention of the legal talent of the House to the point raised. His own opinion was, that the House had no power to pass such a Bill. It was finally settled that the matter should be more fully considered when the Bill was brought up for a third reading. Several bills were advanced a stage, providing for local works, including the ship channel in Lake St. Peter, and the channel improvement between Montreal and Quebec. Hon. Mr. Tilley's bill for the appointment of an insurance inspector was read a first time; and the bill confirming the contract with Sir Hugh Allan for carrying the ocean mails was advanced a stage.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

23. "VIDIT ET ERUBUIT." &c.—Sir,—I cannot supply the name of the author of that exquisite line "Vidit et Erubuit," &c., but as familiar with it for more than fifty years past allow me to correct the quotation given in your issue of 12th inst. The line should read, "Vidit et Erubuit *conscia* lymphæ Deum," not "*pu-dea*," as you print it. The second syllable of "*pu-dea*" being long would make a false verse, while "*conscia*" is the right quantity and gives the true meter, and compares favourably as to elegance of diction, at least in the opinion of your obedient servant,

PENTAMETER.

In answer to Quæstor I would quote the following paragraph from a book in my possession:

"Dryden when a boy at Westminster school was put with others to write a copy of verses on the miracle of the conversion of water into wine. Being a great truant he had not time to compose his verses; and when brought up he had only made one verse in Latin and two of English:—

'Vidit et erubet lymphæ pudica Deum!'

'The modest water, awed by power divine,
Beheld its God and blushed itself to wine.'

Which so pleased the master that, instead of being angry, he said it was a presage of future greatness, and gave the youth a crown on this occasion."

R. D. M.

"LYMPHÆ PUDICÆ DEUM VIDIT ET ERUBUIT.—The translation of this verse from Crashaw is generally ascribed to Dryden and not to Hebes. Robert Crashaw's English poems, consisting of 'Steps to the Temple,' 'The Delights of the Muses,' and his 'Carmen Deo Nostro' appeared in 1646. His Latin poems, comprising a few in Greek, are entitled 'Piemata Latina' and 'Epigrammata Sacra.' They contain the above well-known verse relating to the miracle of changing water into wine.

H. D.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Sanitarian* is the title of a new candidate for popular favour. Its object is sufficiently indicated by the title. In the prospectus the editor states that the purpose of this publication is to so present the results of the various inquiries which have been, and which may hereafter be made for the preservation of health and the expectations of human life, as to make them most advantageous to the public and to the medical profession. "The practical questions of State Medicine," he continues: "the health of armies and navies, marine hygiene, quarantine, civic cleanliness, water supply, drainage, and sewerage. Sanitary architecture, light, space, warming, and ventilation. Climate and domestic epidemics, endemic, and hereditary diseases. Occupation, exercise and habits, food and beverages, in all varieties of quality and quantity. In short, whatever thing, condition or circumstance is in rapport with, or antagonistic to, the most perfect culture of mind and body will be considered legitimate matter for the *Sanitarian* to discuss, advocate, condemn or reject at the *bar of health*." So far as the first number goes this programme is very satisfactorily carried out. The object of the *Sanitarian* is an exceedingly laudable one, and we trust it will meet the generous support of all thoughtful people.

In the *Penz Monthly* the papers on Luther and on the conquest of Spain by the Arab-Moors are continued, both growing in interest as they proceed. An article on the Philosophy of Penal Legislation will repay perusal, and that entitled "What Shall Philadelphia do for its Paupers" contains many hints worth treasuring.

NEW BOOKS.

HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. The Student's Series. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 12mo. pp. 747. Cloth \$2.00.

This is a book that will rejoice many a poor student's heart. Hitherto Hallam's works have been published at a very high price, and the Messrs. Harper deserve great credit for their enterprise in producing them at a figure which places them within the reach of those whose purses are not long in proportion to their literary appetite. The present volume is a reproduction, in very nearly the same form, of the well-known Dr. Smith series, published by Murray, of Albemarle Street, London. It is well and correctly printed and neatly bound in black cloth.

BACKLOG STUDIES. By Charles Dudley Warner, author of "Sauterings," "My Summer in a Garden," &c. With twenty-one illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 12mo. Cloth gilt. pp. 281. \$2.00.

It has already more than once been our agreeable task to speak of Mr. Warner's works, and it was therefore with much pleasurable anticipation that we took up "Backlog Studies." The perusal of the book has fully justified our expectations. Those who have read "My Summer in a Garden" will need no recommendation of its sister volume; those who have not done so have decidedly missed a most enjoyable treat, and before beginning the "Backlog Studies" will do well to go through its predecessor. The latter is essentially a summer book, as the present volume is a thoroughly winter book, but both possess otherwise the same features—the same crispness, the same happy rambling style of discourse, and the same freedom from anything like heaviness and prosiness. For individuality, thought, and quaint humour, Mr. Warner's sketches are unrivalled by anything we have read—excepting always Dr. Holmes' works. Part of these "Studies" appeared some time ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where they attracted great attention and received much favourable comment. This volume contains the whole set complete, and is certainly one of the most charming books of the season.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE LOUNGER AT OTTAWA.

NO. V.

SCENES.

"No, sir. I'll never stand that. I can stand a good deal. I stood a good many dollars during the elections. I stood rotten eggs on nomination day and had a taste of an axe-handle on polling day. Since I have had to stand many epithets of a promiscuous character, and even my very friends take it upon them to call me leatherhead. I can stand that too. But when it has gone so far as to be called a 'convicted felon,' and in a dock too, I can't stand it any longer. I am ready to hang, draw and quarter, burn, expatriate——" This was poor old Mouldes, who came in on Thursday forenoon in a terrible state of excitement. Whilst ejaculating the foregoing he rampaged up and down the room in a state of terrible excitement, waving his arms and shaking his fists, more like a madman than a responsible legislator, and had Boulter not luckily come in and brought him to reason with his universal Catholicism, a glass of 'dark,' I don't know what might have come of it. "Never mind," said Boulter in the most hilarious manner; "never mind. The thing is all arranged. Come on. It may come on at any moment. Come on." This was enough for poor old Mouldes, who rushed off without his hat; rushed back again and made off with mine; and I had the mortification of walking towards the Parliament House with my hat stuffed full of *Globes* in order to keep it from getting over my eyes. I got into the gallery at length, and the first words that fell on my ears were, 'convicted felons in a dock.' The benches were crowded, and the member for Pictou was screeching with a preternatural vehemence, and almost every sentence was cheered to the echo. It appeared afterwards that the cheers emanated from the felons themselves, but they did not look like felons at all. On the contrary, they looked wondrously frisky, and more like school-boys baiting a hedgehog than anything else. But there was great excitement all over the House. Members were to be seen rushing frantically out, and rushing as frantically in again, some with fyles of *Globes*, some with *Leaders*, and some with *Chronicles*. These were the laymen. The lawyers, on the other hand, eschewing current literature, had their desks piled up with Hansards, Mirrors of Parliament, and kindred volumes. On inquiring as to the cause of all this display and excitement I was informed that the member for Gloucester in a correspondence with his paper had called the famous '107' a pack of convicted felons, and they in their wrath were going to expel him. The excitement at first was terrific. The man from Pictou, to whom I have already referred, waxed eloquent, and went for the offending scribe with the greatest vigour. The gentlemanly member from Naperville replied, and made out that the *modus operandi* of conducting the case was out of all rule. But what had felons to do with rules. Tupper got up and made a fearful speech. He pictured out the high character the felons had hitherto borne, and demanded indignantly whether it was consonant with any experience or any species of philosophy that '107' respectable men could become felons all at once and *en masse*, and when he reached his peroration and exclaimed, "Sur-r-r, let us hand down to our children's children the fact that we, by our vote to-day, maintained the honour, the dignity, the purity of the Parliament of this great Dominion, which extends from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth," the effect was prodigious, and I noticed poor old Mouldes surreptitiously wiping away a tear which had trickled down his nose; affected no doubt at the vision of his grandchildren, reading with prideful feeling the journals of 1873, and seeing their grandfather's name enrolled among the felons, just as we used to revel over the pluck of those fellows who cornered King John at Runnymede. Then Huntington shook himself up for an effort,—and I wish he would do so a little more frequently,—and the effort was a noble one. At first he playfully brandished the whip over his head; but when at length he brought it down smack on the head of the Minister of Customs, why it made every man in the House wince. As a speech it was perfect; as a piece of keen effective satire, though refined and polished to a degree, it was almost too painful to listen to; and by a long way surpassed any oratorical effort of this Parliament. Then the battle waxed fast and furious. Some cried one thing and some another, but for the most part it seemed the bulk of the orators did not know very well what they were talking about. "Freedom of the Press," shouted one; "the dignity of the House," cried another; "Convicted felons," roared Boulter; "we are all involved in the grave accusation, Sir John and all," creaked Mouldes. Holton suggested that the purpose had been served by what had occurred; but the '107' with one voice bawled forth "no, no." Cunningham in his bluff way made a joke of the whole thing, and begged the House not to make themselves the laughing stock of the Dominion; but he was soon disposed of, Boulter even going so far as to threaten him with a little corporal chastisement if he didn't sit down.

About 1 o'clock Sir John rose. It was anticipated by some that he would throw a little oil on the waters, but that was a delusion. He pictured out the noble '107' as the pure, unadulterated patriotism of the Dominion. He denounced the men who dared even to hint the probability of their having their heads shaved and eating oatmeal mush out of a rusty panikin as convicted felons. As he proceeded the excitement increased, and when at length the question was put, "Men of the 107 are you condemned felons or no?" the shout of indignant denial that supervened was deafening. Boulter waved his hat, and poor old Mouldes was so overcome that he tottered down to Sir John, shook him by the hand, and looked as if he were saying, "O, Sir John, I am willing not only to become a convict, but am ready to go to the scaffold for your sake." Poor old fellow. His devotion is so unadulterated, and it is all the purer since there are no more roads to make. As I went home I caught myself repeating my childhood's stanza:

"But what good came of it at last, quoth little Peterkin,
Why that I cannot tell, said he, but 'twas a famous victory."

In the course of the debate on Thursday an episode occurred worth preserving. Toward the close of the debate an honourable member rose in his place and moved an amendment to the amendment. This was lost, being supported by only 12 votes against the whole House. The amendment was then put, but when the vote was taken the attention of the

Speaker was called to the fact that the honourable member already referred to had not voted. The member rose in his place and stated that he had not voted, it was true, but he had a very good reason for so acting, inasmuch as he had not the slightest idea as to what the amendment was. "Some people round him voted blind," said he, "but he was not in the habit of doing so. Would Mr. Speaker be good enough to read the amendment again?" Though out of all rule, the Speaker good-naturedly re-read the amendment. The honourable member bent his ear, catching every sound with his hand, which he had attached to his aural organ, and when the reading was finished he pronounced in favour of the amendment. But this was not all. The main motion having been put and voted on, again the Speaker's attention was called to the delinquency of the honourable member who had not voted before. "I don't know what the main motion is. Would the Speaker kindly read it over again?" The House roared, but the Speaker felt nettled and said, rather pettishly, to the clerk, "hand me the motion and I will try and read it loud enough for the honourable member to hear it." The motion was read, the ear, with the usual hand attached, was again eagerly bent, and the honourable member pronounced in favour of the motion. One side shouted triumphantly; the other looked disappointed, but all laughed nevertheless. It was a good ending to the farce.

But, perhaps the most ludicrous performance of the session was that of M. Cauchon, the member for Quebec, on Friday night. It was a Government day, but an hour, from 7:30 to 8:30 was given to Private Bills. On the occasion the first bill brought up was a Grand Trunk bill—one of great importance I was led to understand—especially to the promoters. On the motion for the second reading, Mr. Cauchon took the floor and kept it. He had great difficulty in making a start, but at length he got hold of a pamphlet and got on much better after that. Being very short-sighted the honourable member not only has recourse to spectacles, but uses, in addition, a large hand-glass about three inches in diameter, the use of which necessitates the honourable member standing at an angle a little over 90°, with his nose very close to the page. On this occasion he spoke very indistinctly, and from the gallery all we could make out was seeing Mr. Cauchon reading away most assiduously, but hearing nothing save a low, mumbling sound, like the booming of a wheel. Occasionally he looked up from the pamphlet and interjected a few sentences, utterly incomprehensible from the rapidity of the utterance and the lowness of the voice. Half an hour passed and the House began to get uneasy. Something like a cat call was occasionally heard. The lids of desks were called into operation and banged with fearful violence. Noise of every available kind were plied, but it was all of no avail. Now and again, when the noise was exceptionally outrageous, the honourable member would turn round and scan the gallery, as if he were endeavouring to detect the culprit. Failing in this he would begin anew, and so would the noises. At length a new method was hit upon. "Louder," "louder," "louder," resounded from all sides; and at every call he gave a roar or rather a bark, but he soon got to the crooning level again, and the uproar increased. It would seem that in his remarks he was reviewing the whole career of the Grand Trunk, and the member for Lambton offered him the original prospectus of that institution to read from! "The very thing," said the imperturbable member for Quebec. "The very thing, I may as well read from that as from anything else. I have an hour to speak, any way." The house roared in spite of itself. Bringing the hand-glass into operation, he waded through the prospectus, and at length having lighted on something to his mind, he commenced again, and the shouting and laughing and banging of desks was renewed louder than ever. But it was at about ten minutes from the expiry of the hour, that the thing came to a crisis. For laying aside the pamphlet and the prospectus, he stepped out to the front of his desk—he sits on the front row—and lifted a great volume of the *Globe*, which he managed with considerable effort to bear to his desk. "Now, I'll let you have it," said he triumphantly, as he turned round and nodded defiantly to the noisy ones. But the mark had fallen out, and amidst the convulsive laughter of the whole house, he turned leaf after leaf, but could not find the place. Whether he found the place or no, I cannot tell, but in quite a dramatic voice he began with his nose very close to the paper, to read pathetically about some widows and children. Never was a House of Commons so demoralized before. Almost every member in the House was convulsed, except a few. These were those more immediately interested in the passage of the measure, and as half-past eight drew near, they looked very grave indeed. But there was no use in looking grave or gay, for the inexorable M. Cauchon continued his mumbling unmoved, with his nose closer to the page than ever. At length it was 8:30, and Mr. Holton interrupted the honourable member,—who sat down according to etiquette,—and suggested that with the unanimous consent of the House, he should be allowed to finish his speech in order to the passing of the bill. The Speaker, however, took a more effective method. From his place he said, "The motion is on the second reading—carried." The member for Quebec jumped to his feet and gesticulated wildly; the House was a scene of the wildest uproar. The Speaker, amid the tumult, said "The motion is on the committing of the bill forthwith—carried." But not so fast. M. Cauchon defied the Speaker to commit the bill. "I have so ruled," said the Speaker, warmly, "and you must obey." "I will not obey," said the member for Quebec, and in his energy he lashed the *Globe* before him with his eye-glass. More than a dozen members were on their feet at one time, and all speaking together. "Shame" was heard from more than one corner. What the end was to be seemed somewhat dubious, but at length the Speaker gave way, and never shall I forget the cool, cynical grin of the member for Quebec, who, as he closed his *Globe*, turned to his foes and exclaimed, "Never mind, I have the floor yet." His rage, his facts, his figures, his erring, were all part of a farce. He had all along been speaking against time.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. IV.—BELISARIUS.

Was it truth or only legend? It matters little. The old record of school time remains sadly beautiful all the same, and the lesson which it teaches is as instructive as it was a thousand years ago. He walked the streets of Syracuse, blind,

bent and footsore, or sat upon the ramparts looking seaward, lonely and disconsolate, with no one to pity the hero of a hundred victories. On his breast, a little square board was attached with these doleful words: *Dote obolon Belisario to stratéget.*

I love to recall the histories of Marius and Belisarius. I am no cynic, but I doat upon misfortune. I have the idea that a man's greatness is never evolved except from the chasm of some relatively gigantic reverse. And there is a solace, a grim satisfaction in being perforce brought down to the level of the common sufferer. The influence of solitary sorrow is chastening. It begets spiritual peace and a species of voiceless joy. *Est quedam flere voluptas.*

There is a class of beggary which is respectable. When one has worked hard through life, while health and strength were allowed him, he need not blush to ask for succour in the dark day of need. The one thing which neither he nor anybody else can fight is Providence, and when that beats him down, it is no disgrace to bow the head and ask for pity from weak fellow mortals. The soldier who comes out of a war, with limbs broken by grape, or lungs hopelessly diseased by marsh fever, may go boldly forth into the streets to beg his bread, if his country gives him no asylum. Shame on the wretch who would insult, by word or look, the destitution of that mother who wanders at sunset in quest of a morsel for the babes abandoned by a cruel or drunken father.

We are all liable to become beggars. The smart Yankee believes he has invented a code of ingenuity whereby he can ward off the great felling strokes of God, but when he is stricken—as so many of them are and deserve to be—none are so pitifully helpless. There is such a thing as a continuous run of ill luck. Talent, industry, prudence are of no avail. Every thing is attempted and nothing thrives. Stay in the same place or the same occupation and it is a monotonous round, like a tread-mill. Change to something else, and it is to plunge deeper into trouble. Verily, there are some men made to be poor. In the order of Providence, beggars are meant to be a type and a class.

I fear that cant goes for much in the distribution of alms. It was Archbishop Whateley who made it a boast that he had never given a beggar a penny in his life. We all remember the story of the poor woman who stood at the door of a great London public hall, with hand stretched out to the hundreds trooping in to attend a charitable meeting. She was rudely jerked by the majority of them, and after several hours' patient waiting collected less than half a crown. I have seen gentlemen slam the door into the face of mendicant women. I have seen sweet-faced, delicate ladies push cripples down their marble steps. Some people train their dogs to chase beggars from their neighbourhood. Children are taught to treat the poor like lepers.

Yet these same people will give hundreds of dollars for asylums, hospitals, refuges, homes and reformatories. They glory in the brick and mortar. They take pride in the stately charities which adorn the city. They go through the wards with pompous, patronizing mien, or with vulgar curiosity as at a show of wild beasts. Far be it from me to criticize the alms given even in this way. It will receive its reward from Him who knows how to compassionate our silly pride. But I contend that the true eleemosynary spirit is not solely shown in the creation of monumental asylums. It is no proof of the superior civilization of a country that it has no street beggars. Take Montreal for instance. No city in the world, considering its size, is so liberally endowed with institutions of charity. Yet it has its door-to-door mendicants. And I contend that it deserves no special reproach for this. Nay more, he were a bold man who would take upon himself to brand these mendicants as worthless vagabonds, unworthy of a mite.

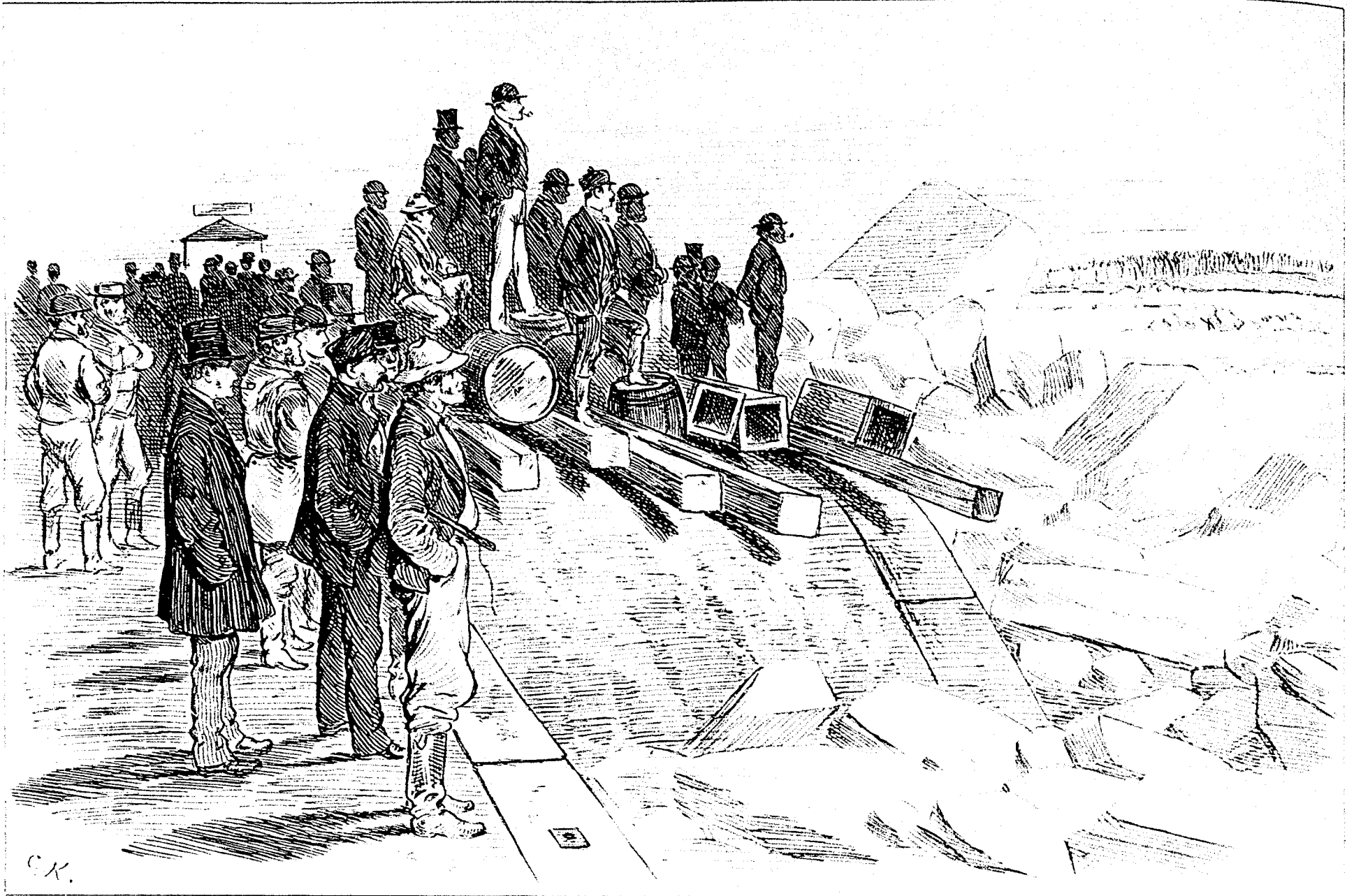
The Parisians love the old blind man who has been sitting on the abutment of the Pont d'Austerlitz ever since it was built. He is a living, eloquent statue. He is the Lazarus of that giddy modern society. He excites pity, which might otherwise never be evoked. He is a perpetual reminder of the duty of alms-giving, who knows the goal which may be produced by a solitary sou dropped into that wallet? Let us remember who Mordecai was, sitting at the gate.

Of course, I have no plea for vagrants or tramps. Let them be swept from the street, like the offal of the lanes, or the straws of the crossing. More particularly, let the child vagabonds be carried out of sight of sin, out of reach of temptation into the sanctuaries of homes and refuges. It is impossible for a girl above ten years of age to walk the street for a fortnight without ruin. With these, it is not a question of mendacity, but a question of crime, to be at once dealt with by the two rules of prevention or repression.

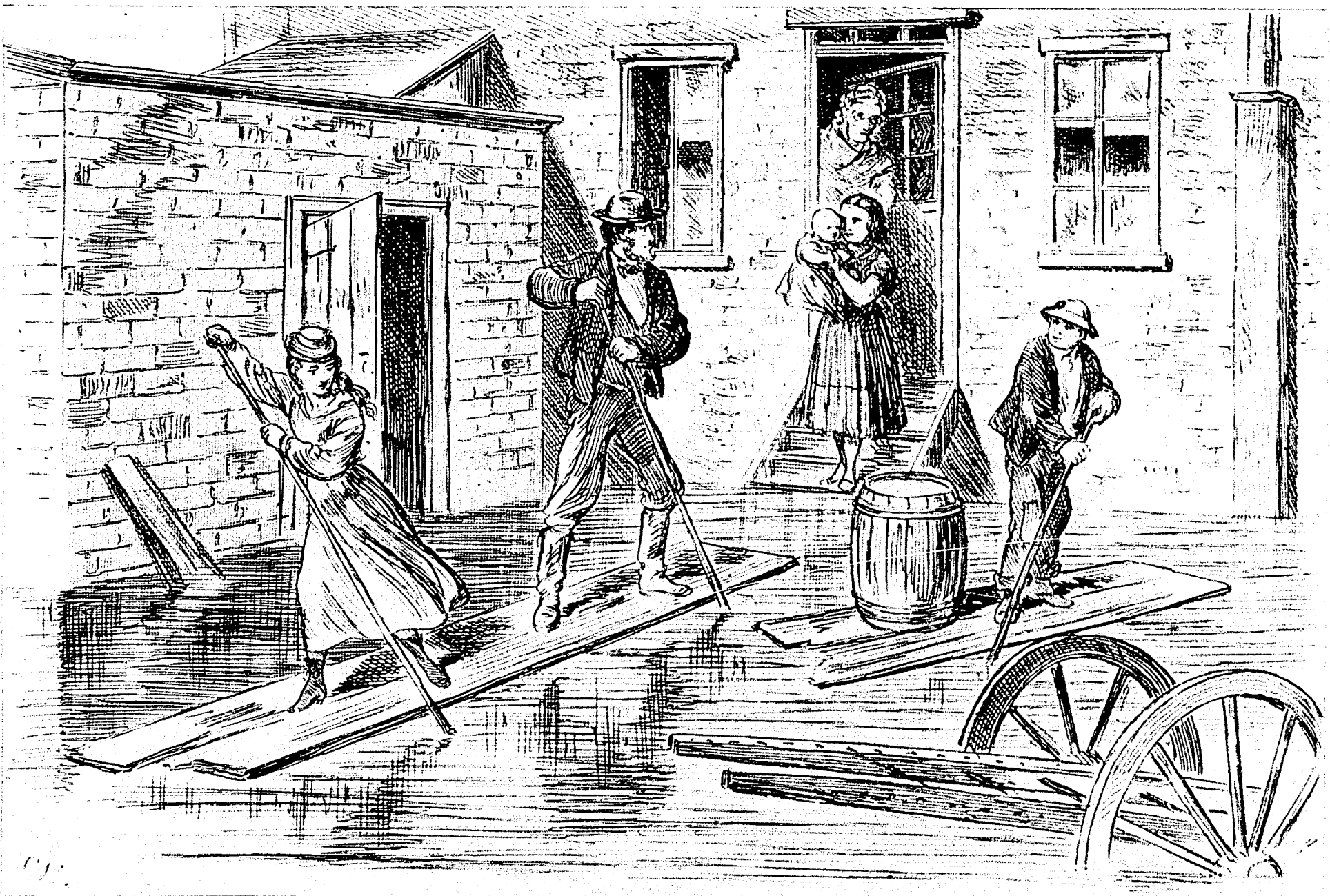
But as to the grown-up man, broken down by the storms of fate, let him walk in the sunshine, let him see the gay, outer world, let him look at others enjoying life, if he does not. If he asks you a copper, do not refuse it. If he strikes at your door, for a piece of bread, do not give him a stone. Be sure of one thing. All your scorn and meanness cannot drive him out of his place in the world. There must be beggars.

Vareek, or sea-wrack, which is a sea-weed used in France for stuffing mattresses, since it presents the great advantage of not harbouring insects, and which is burned for the sake of the soda and iodine which it contains, is found on the Brittany and other coasts in considerable quantities. Attention is now being drawn in France to the enormous quantities of weed to be found in the neighbourhood of the Gulf Stream, where it forms what looks almost like an immense prairie in the midst of the ocean. This sea of vareek, or sargasso, as the Portuguese call it, covers a space nearly equal to the whole area of France. The weed itself is the *sargassum bacillarum* (*elina focus natans*) of botanists, a plant without roots, which floats in the direction of the waves and currents. Soundings taken in this sea in the year 1851-2, show depths varying from 2,000 to 7,000 metres. M. Leps, a captain in the French navy, who has carefully studied the subject, is of opinion that this vareek, or goomon, as it is so called, might be utilised for agricultural and industrial purposes more readily than that which is found on the coasts of Europe, and he suggests that it might either be brought home in compressed bundles, or that vessels might carry the necessary apparatus to burn it on the spot, and bring home only the soda and iodine which it contains. He argues that this would be a lucrative occupation; for iodine, which is now obtained only from the weed thrown on our coasts by the sea, is dear, and promises to be still dearer, on account of its employment in the production of a green pigment. It is said to be contained in such small quantities in sea water that thirty millions of pounds of the latter only give 1 lb. of iodine. The idea of utilizing this huge sea of vareek deserves the consideration of practical men.

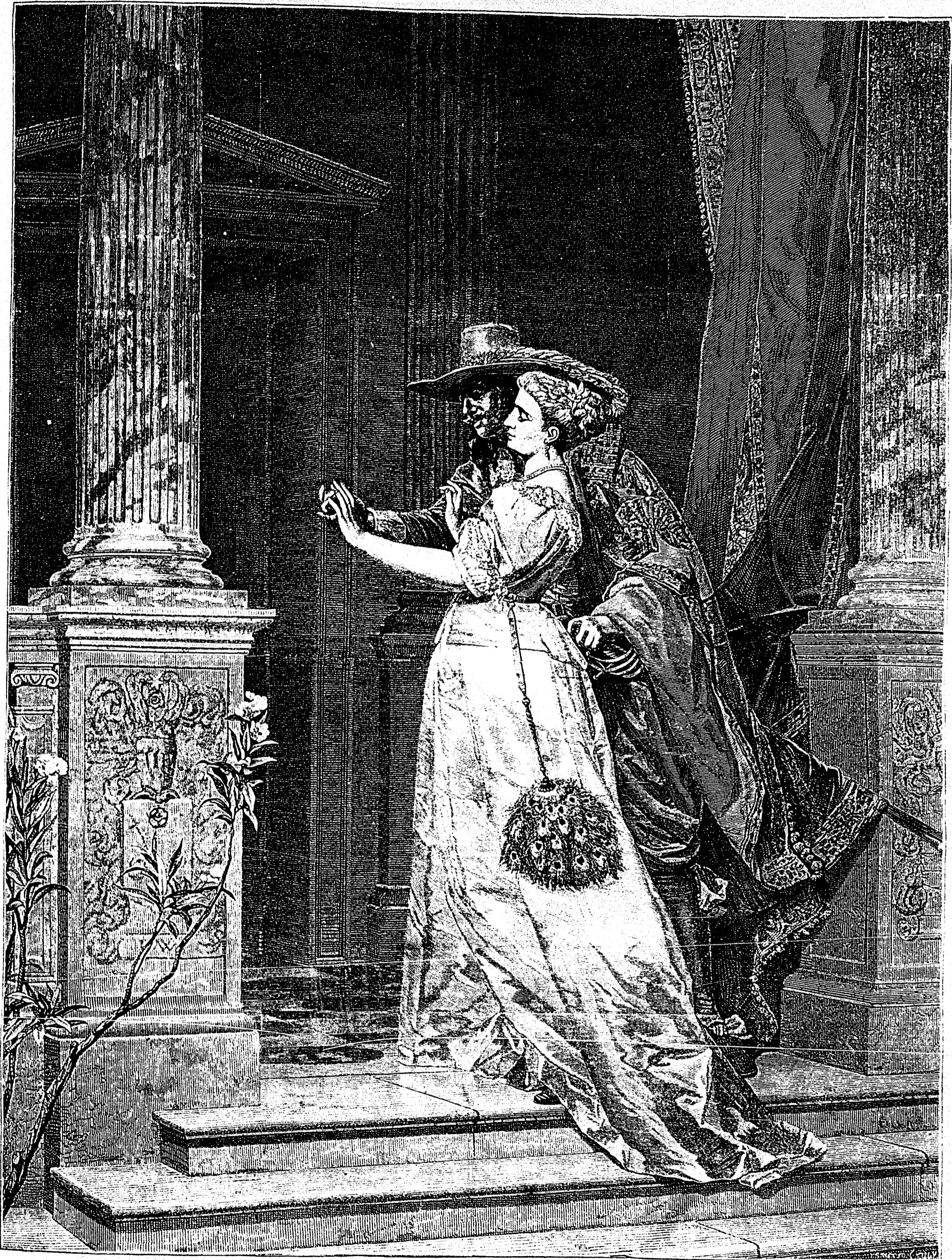
MONTREAL.—THE SPRING FLOODS.—BY C. KENDRICK.



WATCHING THE RIVER.



A SKETCH IN THE FLOODED DISTRICT.



"THE BETROTHAL RING."—FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLEMS.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

MARY MAGDALENE.

Ah, me! He is not here. My Lord! My Lord!
What cruel hands have thus disturbed His rest?
What cruel hands have taken Him away?
Could not their cruel hearts respect His grace?

Ah, me! He is not here and I am lone.
For He was all to me and He is gone.
Ah! whither hast thou gone, my Lord, my Lord?
Oh! hearts of stone! Oh! worse than murderers.

Oh! come again and give Him back to me.
Oh! lay Him in His sepulchre again.
Cruelly me, but bring Him back again.
Let me but see Him once before I die.

Did I not watch beside the sepulchre?
My tears were sweet to know that He was near.
If I had but remained, this had not been:
Or, if I died, I would have followed Him.

Did He not say that He would rise again?
Now they have crucified Him o'er again—
Now they have crucified Him o'er again—
Now I shall see His blessed face no more.

He healed me when my soul was sick with sin.
He breathed His own pure spirit on my soul
Until I felt the pain of sin no more,
And all my soul went out to Him in love.

What cared I for the world that hated me?
The world still called me by its odious names.
But He was ever gentle unto me—
Now He is gone and I am all alone.

He took me up, a soiled and trampled flower.
No man, no woman pined my distress.
He took me up and placed me near His heart.
And I forgot the bruises and the stains.

Did He not look upon me from the Cross?
For He was all to me, and He is gone.
And He has turned its bitterness to sweet—
Oh! that one look was worth a thousand lives.

I had a whole heart full to say to Him—
And yet it was enough to hear Him speak,
Enough to be of those who followed Him,
Now were enough to see Him in His grave.

He is not here. Then, whither can I go?
For He was all to me, and He is gone.
They came and went. I cannot come and go.
Here I will wait until He come again.

Here I will wait for ever till He come.
Here I will see my Lord, or I will die.
'Twere better I should die and go to Him,
But whither He is gone I cannot tell.

My heart is torn within me. Oh! the pain!
My heart is torn with hope and doubt and fear.
Oh! that my Lord were come. My Lord, my Lord,
I know He will not let me wait in vain.

EASTER SUNDAY, 1873.

JOHN READE.

(From the Quebec Gazette, April 9, 1873.)

WHAT TO DO.

To S. PLIMSOLL, Esquire, M.P., London, England:

Sir,—When any of us who may be out sight-seeing are allowed the privilege, at some great establishment of the day, of being introduced to a quiet gentleman who, we are privately informed, is seen in his present quarters because, notwithstanding all his agreeable qualities and his cultivated manners, he is but a "harmless lunatic," after all we try, of course, to adapt our conversation to the sad idiosyncrasies of our interlocutor, perhaps even feeling constrained to address the greater portion of what we wish to impart to his keeper rather than to himself. In matters relating to the preservation of life the Anglo-Saxon public is this harmless lunatic—harmless, that is, in intention—most harmful and injurious, alas, in his neglects and inadvertencies. Poor fellow! we exclaim, let him be—make him as comfortable as his sad circumstances will admit of,—but above all things provide him with a sensible and judicious—a kind and merciful keeper. In the marine department of this lunacy, we rejoice, sir, in having found a suitable keeper in yourself. The patient seems, at least, to be getting a glimmer of sensibility within the regions of his cranium. Even a systematic and constructive arrangement of lessons may be yet awaiting him—who knows? So that his intelligence may be, by these means, gradually advanced to the level of the thinking part of the Divine Creation. The ideas, beautiful in their simplicity, of the first great artificers of the world will once more be perceived creeping over his mind. His faculties and fingers will begin to act. The adaptation of means to ends will be conceded to,—metals will be forged and adapted to the real requirements of their ocean service, and the result will be that the organs of the neophyte, being thus usefully employed, and all those tremendous sciences that bother his brain being for the time laid aside, a worthy vessel will be admirably recognized floating there upon the waters, and pursuing her true course in moderate weather; but if stress of wind and wave should unfortunately arise, and her sides and the points or edges of rock or ice-floe should come into actual contact or impact, then, this ship of the future will be found sustaining the shock like an iron-clad,—repudiating the notion of being constructed of delf or chinaware—and, in short, affording to perishing humanity those precious hours or half-hours, in the worst of weather, which can be made to suffice for the landing of passengers and crew. Grand anticipation of mine!—this getting of your lunatic revived! Not a Canadian or American newspaper has so far lighted upon it—nor even discovered the real weakness upon which all the disaster hinges. Oh! my friends, how delightful, how encouraging to remember that iron, both as to quality and thickness, can be measured,—that its repellent force can be descanted upon to thousands with care and earnestness, and day after day;—that the means can be adapted to the end, namely, human safety—just as the means in the other case of armour-plated *Devastations* can be adapted to their end of offence and defence. In this great discovery of mine, not merely as regards the ship, but particularly as affects the feeble-minded pupil who is to be led to construct it, I claim, with confidence, the silver medal of the Society of Arts, and, in addition, honourable mention by the Trustees of the South Kensington Museum, even though the plan be supplemented by a searching reform of London Lloyds and its deceptive certificates. With such vantage ground to start from the new principles of *life protection* are likely to make the most encouraging progress—perhaps even to become fashionable—and may at length compete with projects for the higher education of our

Celtic brethren, for the attention of grave legislative bodies. Oh! my friend! if I may call you so—pray, pray, be adjutant in the glorious work. Add this grave and serious department to the honourable labours of your life—and a naval chaplet shall decorate the brows—amid the resounding chorus of assembled Britons—of a citizen the record of whose work will be faithfully transmitted to generations to come. Oh! Plimsoll! only get stouter iron and tough wood put into the sides of our ocean steamers, and have all the other ships of the *White Star Line* at once overhauled by experts, and the world at large will rejoice in your conquests for humanity.

DELTA.

QUEBEC, April 8, 1873.

FRENCH COOKERY.

French cookery has become naturalized in this country at the tables of the rich, where the dinner served in the Russian style, and prepared by a French artist, is every day a matter of course. But the lower, middle, and poorer classes have not yet acquired a taste for what they contemptuously describe as slops and kickshaws. That there is more lavish waste with those classes than with many others is only too well known, and the prejudice that exists against any attempt at change is perhaps too great to be overcome in this generation. There is no class with which art is more completely at a standstill than with ordinary English cooks. Their faith and practice may be said to begin and end with the Plain Joint, "with trimmings"—like Mr. John Smucker's "swarry"—pastry and vegetables. And this proverbial liking of John Bull's progeny for "a good cut out of a good plain joint" does more to keep meat at a high price than anything else that bears upon it. Nor do we expect our house-keepers to derive much benefit from "German National Cookery for English Kitchens," a new work on cookery recently published, the contents of which include "practical descriptions of the art of cookery as performed in Germany, including small pastry and confectionery, preserving, pickling, the making of vinegars, liqueurs, and beverages warm and cold; also the manufacture of the various German sausages." As to the last item, we do not believe that even the Emperor William's chef could add much to the metropolitan sausage maker's information on the great sausage meat mystery. In that matter, civilization can no further go. But we find a goodly amount of recipes new to us in the book. Sauerkraut, of course, has a prominent place. Salads, of which the Germans eat more freely than we do. One of the best is a herring salad, though honest herring is good in all ways. In a salad, the fish is to be chopped small, and mixed with onions, apples, pepper, and potatoes, with a sauce of oil, vinegar, and cream poured over it. The use of butter, cream, and especially of eggs, is very extravagant in many of these German recipes. There are some new things in soups. "Fasten suppen," for the present season of Lent, is meagre enough for the heart of any yearling curate. Soups whose basis is milk, wine, and fruit, read good, but we know where to look for the proof of the pudding. Several dishes in jelly, as trout, eels, and poultry—"Geduzel in Aspic"—are suggestive of epicurean delight. At Michaelmas one might eat one's goose stuffed with chestnuts, prunes, and apples, instead of the sage and onion stuffing that usually accompanies the bird of wisdom. Partridges and pigeons are in season then, and may be tried roasted with vine leaves and rashers of bacon; while at all seasons the national "Klause"—little force-meat balls, compounded of bread, coarsely-ground meal, meat, fish, and eggs, or beef, spiced highly and stewed in beer—may be experimented on by the English epicures. There is no more appetizing thing than the Barmeside banquet afforded by the theoretical study of such a book as the one under notice. With a little imagination, one can enjoy the manifold delights of these piquant dishes, with the incalculable advantage of not having the indigestion that would assuredly follow the too bodily gratification of the experimenting gourmand.—*Once a Week*.

REMINISCENCES OF GIBRALTAR.

The rock of Gibraltar towers abruptly from the narrow isthmus called the neutral ground, which practically connects it with the continent of Spain. The eastern side, or back of the rock, is almost inaccessible; and on the west is the singular cave called St. Michael's Cave, which is said to be 1,100 feet above the horizon, and was, during the siege of Gibraltar, the abode of many of the natives, who fled there for shelter, as their houses in the town were entirely battered down about their ears by the fearful bombardment they sustained from the French and Spanish fleets. The cave is now-a-days often lit up with blue lights and torches for the entertainment of distinguished foreigners, or on the occasion of picnic parties given by some one or other of the rich residents on the rock, and a lovely sight does it then become. A military band is placed in what is called the "first hall" of the cave, while the guests sit about on the short green grass which grows on the plateau just outside the mouth of the cavern, in evident enjoyment of the view around them. The ladies, many of them young and pretty, dressed perhaps in cool muslins and becoming straw hats, look like summer butterflies of every colour. The scene, as we look downwards through the halls of the cavern itself, is like one in fairyland. At the bottom is stationed the band; their figures and those of the ladies and gentlemen who stand grouped around them, are rendered so small from the distance, or rather depth, of the cave as to be hardly made out; while overhead, perched on spire-like pinnacles composed of shining stalactites, sit men of the Royal Artillery, holding high aloft blue lights and red torches. The glare from these is most refulgent, as if belonging to another world. After gazing on this picture for a little space, we turn ourselves round, while yet in the dark mouth of St. Michael's Cave, and behold in a blaze of sunshine the lovely hills which surround the bay of Gibraltar. Its intensely blue waters are dotted all over with vessels, whose snow-like sails and diminished size cause them to look like white sea-gulls, folding in their wings as they settle down on the water. There are on the rock many other caves besides that of St. Michael, such as Beefsteak Cave, Poco Roco, and the Monkeys' Cave. During the siege, all these were inhabited, and in that of St. Michael a body of the enemy was concealed for some hours, having scaled the back of the rock, but was ultimately forced to surrender by a body of grenadiers who discovered them. But now all the smaller caves are fitted up as magazines, or are made into reservoirs to add to the supply of water, which at times becomes rather short on the rock. The numbers of petrified bones which abound in the cavities of the rock are

worth naming among the curiosities of Gibraltar. Years ago the perfect skeleton of a man was discovered imbedded in the rocks near Roaia Bay, on the south, and bones of large birds have also been found, all of them petrifications. From the appearance of apes, of a species not known in Spain, amongst the precipices and in the caves of the rock, it was at one time conjectured from fabulous traditions that there existed some subterranean communication between Europe and Africa. These rock monkeys, as they are called, existed in considerable numbers when the writer lived at Gibraltar, and used to appear in large droves on the western face of the rock, with their young on their backs in the most approved gipsy fashion. Many an hour has the writer spent in watching them through a glass from the town below. Of late years these monkeys have nearly all disappeared, a circumstance rather to be regretted, as the study of their habits as they leapt about from rock to rock and from bush to bush, feeding on the palmetto fruit, carrying their babes in their arms the while, furnished an agreeable pastime for the military students of natural history during the time of their residence in the garrison. With the exception of a few red-legged partridges, woodcocks, teal, and snipe, which may be found in the neighbourhood, there used to be very little game to be had. Eagles and vultures annually visit the rock on their way to the interior of Spain, and breed in the craggy parts of the hill; and these, with hawks and kites, are often seen soaring round the summit.—*Et Cetera*.

Dramatic Notes.

The Holmans re-opened at London, Ont., on the 14th inst. Mme. Peschka Leutner is singing at Konig-berg with good success.

Offenbach assumes the direction of the Paris Gaieté on the 1st June.

A London theatre is to be dedicated to afternoon performances.

M. Sardou is writing another comedy, to be entitled "Les Merveilleuses."

It is said that a drama on the subject of Eugène Aram will shortly be produced in London.

A plan is on foot in Paris for erecting a monster theatre, which shall be capable of seating 20,000 people.

Mme. Nilsson commenced her engagement at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, on the 17th inst.

There will be ten weeks of Italian opera in New York in the autumn, commencing on the 29th of September, with Mme. Nilsson as *prima donna*.

Mme. Marie Sasse has made a great success in Madrid in "Lucia Borgia." It is said that she has made a re-engagement for the ensuing season at a salary of 20,000 francs for five months.

The Ottawa St. Andrew's Society are moving in the matter of a new Music Hall, which all visitors to the Capital will acknowledge is very much wanted. The new hall will be erected at a cost of \$35,000.

The marriage of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen with the actress, Frieda Franz, was privately solemnized last month. Frieda Franz will henceforth bear the name of Barbara Hoiburg.

A change has been made in the bills at some of the principal New York theatres since our last announcement. "Lovers" has been produced at the new Fifth Avenue, the "Boons of the Kibben" at Nibbles, by the Vokes Family, who have returned from Europe, and "Frou-Frou" at the Union Square.

TORONTO NEW ROYAL LYCEUM.—On Saturday evening Mr. T. Grant Riggs closed his third engagement to a large house. "Shin Fane" has been a decided success. On Friday night Mr. Riggs took a benefit and was called before the curtain at the end of the third act, and presented with a handsome testimonial by his many admirers. During this week Miss Emma Gline appears for the first time as "Bertha," in Foster's sensational drama of the same name. Miss Gline comes highly recommended by the American press. The seats for the English opera are nearly all taken; preparations of an extensive nature are being made by the management for the production of the operas. The following is the programme:—The opening night, Monday, April 22nd, the ever popular "Martha"; Tuesday, "Maritana"; Wednesday, "Fra Diavolo"; Thursday, "The Italian Girl"; Friday, "Lucia de Lammermoor"; Saturday, "Il Trovatore." During the opera week the Dramatic Company of the Lyceum will visit Chatham, London, and Hamilton, with Miss Amelia Waugh, the accomplished artiste, as the *Stella* attraction.

A STAGE TEMPEST.—The recent revival at the Gaieté, Paris, of the sensational drama, "Le Fil de la Nuit," recalls an old story in connection with it which is worth relating. The chief attraction in the piece is the great ship scene, in which an immense ship is boarded by small boats full of men, the complete manner in which the illusion is carried out exciting as much wonder as delight. The means by which the appearance of a ship in a heavy sea is presented is extremely simple, and can be explained in a very few words. The whole stage is entirely cleared, and three long lines of rails are laid down—one coming straight down from the back towards the footlights, and another from the left wing, while the last traverses the stage at the first grooves. The big vessel, mounted complete upon a platform furnished with rollers, remains till wanted at the extreme back of the stage, and is pushed down the rails and turned to the left ready to enter. The painted cloth, representing the ocean, is then laid down, and the first row of waves take their places. There are little boys, who, armed with semi-circular canes, creep under the canvas, and, pushing their covering, imitate the movement of the sea. There are fifty of these useful aids to all, the second row being composed of full-grown men on their knees, and the last and most stormy undulations of the main are formed by the movements of auxiliaries who stand erect. The electric light plays upon the tops of the waves, and the bill appears. It soon reaches the middle of the scene, where a turntable is fixed, supported by the robust shoulders of twenty-five men, who, by moving up and down in measure, imitate the rolling and pitching of a ship in a gale of wind. The attacking boats now come along the horizontal line of rails, and the vessel is hoisted and taken after a hot hand-to-hand fight. During the first performance of this effective scene in Paris, when the play was produced some years ago, a ludicrous accident almost spoiled the whole effect. The cloth representing the sea gave way in one part, and the head and bust of one of the "waves," who, for the sake of coolness, had divested himself of his upper garments, came through, and remained fully exposed to the gaze of the audience. Fechter, who represented the pirate captain, and was supposed to command on deck, did not lose his presence of mind, but immediately cried out, "A man overboard!" Aided by the crew the amazed "super" was hauled on board, and the applause of the gratified spectators, who fancied that the rescue from a watery grave formed part of the play.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

ON HOME SERVICE.

II. THE "DOMINA" (CONTINUED.)

With regard to the hiring and selection of servants, of course an immense deal must depend upon the size and nature of the household. In the homes of the nobility there are certain departments which find no place in the houses of the middle or of the upper middle classes; but whatever may be the amount of state or service kept up, it is very certain that too many domestics are a mistake. They are in each other's way, constant endeavours are made to shift the work belonging to one on to the shoulders of another, and consequently there are more opportunities for idling. Far better is it for servants to have too much occupation than too little.

Selection is one of the first difficulties to be encountered, and it is an oft-repeated truism that our daily and hourly comfort rests in a great measure with our domestics. We would therefore recommend the Domina not to select them hurriedly, but when she has found them able and trustworthy, not to part with them for a little fault, and to avoid, if possible, engaging either very young or elderly servants; if too young they will lack experience and care, and if too old they will probably fall in activity and energy. On these points the advice of experienced housewives is most valuable, and it occasionally happens that some friend may have an excellent housemaid or cook of her own who may have equally apt sisters, or she may have many protégées of whose capabilities she is aware, and of whose temper and early surroundings she may possess ample knowledge. In making choice, the preference should be given to these rather than to utter strangers; a slight bond of interest will thus be established at the very outset. Should, however, no opportunity of this kind present itself, and the selection remain entirely with her, the "house lady" in no case should trust entirely to a written character, but have personal interviews with the former mistress or master.

The giving and receiving characters are points which require a good deal of judgment and consideration. Good servants are so much sought after, and so well known where they do exist, that we believe they never have any occasion to resort to registry offices or advertising. They are seldom long out of situations, and their reputation and personal character will gain constant employment for them.

It is a great thing to know a little about the ways and habits of a family in which the servant about to be engaged has lived, and during a personal interview with her former mistress note may be taken of her general appearance, and of the state of the house and furniture. Should a want of neatness, cleanliness, and order prevail, and the house betoken the absence of that particular tone of finish and good taste which a household, however small, will not fail to exhibit if well ordered and governed, it is a pretty sure sign that any servant coming from thence will betray equal shortcomings. It is easier to train those who have never been out before than to cure a servant of bad habits contracted in an ill-governed household. When in turn the "Domina" is called upon to give a character, the utmost candour and fairness should be exercised, for it is not right, in order to indulge a desire on her part not to be unkind, to slur over a servant's faults. No good can possibly accrue from it, no effort will be made to amend faults which have been overlooked, and great wrong is therefore done to the lady making inquiries. On the other hand, great care must be taken to be perfectly just, and to allow no angry feelings to prejudice the character given. Very often, where a fair and true statement is made, a wise-judging woman may see that it is possible the shortcomings mentioned may give way under another régime—that is to say, where a servant has been dismissed on account of certain errors, and not for reason of grave faults. And in pursuing inquiries and forming a judgment the utmost use should be made of common sense; too much haste should not be shown in adopting a condemnatory opinion. In engaging a servant to fill whatever department, every detail should be given of the work expected. It should be written down if necessary, and the servant should understand that no negligence on her part will be overlooked.

The love of change, now so universal amongst servants, is a great evil, and one not easy to correct. It might be partially obviated perhaps by a gradual rise in wages year by year, as an acknowledgment of faithful service. This would give birth to an honest feeling of pride in servants; and were they made to understand of what value a long term of service may become to them, both by increasing their efficiency, and securing good and firm friends in those whom they serve, the evil might assuredly be overcome in time. This desire for constant change and the love of dress generally go together; and although this latter weakness is not one which is confined to the serving class alone, it is solely with regard to that especial class that it will be treated of here. There is certainly a great difficulty attending it, as we are told sometimes that "this is a free country, and people are at liberty to dress as they please," &c.; but by tact and firmness, a wise and kind "Domina" may have her will on this point, and moreover, persuade her maid-servants that by following her advice they would even gain much in personal appearance. For there is always a certain beauty in fitness of attire for especial times and seasons, and the plain, easily setting dress, admitting of free

and active movement, can never offend the eye, provided it be scrupulously neat and clean. The cheapness of dress in the present day, the variety and multitude of trumpery outer "adornments"—save the mark—exhibited in shop windows are very tempting to vanity, and the great evil resulting from this is, that young servants expend upon useless trifles the money that should be used for the purchase of the necessities of dress; therefore it behoves the wise mistress to point out the mischief of this, and to advise and help as far as she possibly can upon this very essential matter. It is quite desirable that servants should take pride in their appearance, and they should never be allowed to become careless or untidy in their own persons, for it may be safely inferred from that that they would be careless about their work. But all useless ornament, in the way of mock jewellery, lace, feathers, and flowers, should be absolutely forbidden, and a point made of maid-servants always wearing washing dresses, at all events during their working hours. In some families where their attendance is required during the morning hours, and in answering the house door, neatness of dress is quite as essential then as in the afternoon, although, of course, a change in the middle of the day is always desirable and necessary.

It is quite allowable for parlour-maids or housemaids to wear alpaca or merino dresses when their morning's work is done; still there is, after all, no attire so refreshing to the eye for any waiting maid to wear as the pretty, small-patterned print dress, with neat white muslin or crocheted cap, white checked muslin apron, with linen cuffs and small collar. Care should be taken not to engage a servant without coming to an understanding regarding dress. We do not suppose there has ever been an age in which it was so necessary to warn against excess and bad taste in dress as the present, and hence a farther reason for watchfulness on this point. The mistress who does her duty to her servants will take every opportunity of impressing upon them the necessity of putting by a small portion of their wages every quarter, and of not spending every farthing in dress.

Another domestic difficulty to be met with in dealing with young female servants is whether "followers" are or are not to be allowed. We think the "House Lady" should always, when engaging her servants, ask about their friends, and after a time, when she has become as it were acquainted with the members of her establishment, and satisfied as to the honesty and respectability of their connections, she may allow a visit from a "follower" occasionally for an hour or two in the evening, once a week, provided he does not stay beyond a certain time. This is better than giving leave to go out; it is productive of less idling and mischief, and will give a careful mistress opportunities either for warning or encouraging, as the case may be. But perfect openness on the subject is absolutely necessary, therefore the question should not be omitted at the time of hiring.

In fact, in no relation with her domestics can the "Domina" who really strives after preserving a perfectly well-balanced household free herself from responsibility; she undertakes a great charge it is true, but one for which nature has especially fitted her, if it be true that great powers of persuasions, sympathy, and personal influence are amongst the chiefest gifts of women.—Queen.

THE FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1. Pamela hats, made of white straw, the edge of the rim bound with black velvet. The trimmings consist of a pink ribbon 1½ in. broad, embroidered with flower work, twisted with a tea-green rep ribbon round the crown and terminating in a fringe. A narrow ribbon is fastened at each side of the hat with a bow.

FIG. 2. The Garden Hat is trimmed on one side with a sprig of rose-buds and daisies; and at the back with an embroidered black rep ribbon 2½ in. broad and 40 in. long, terminating in a knotted fringe.

FIG. 3. SOFA CUSHION. This should be worked upon dark brown cloth. The lighter parts, as shown in the illustration, are done in light brown satin; the medallions in brown cloth of a medium shade, and the medallion edges in application of a somewhat darker shade than the last. The outer square, connecting the medallions, is of cloth of a medium shade of brown. The medallions are worked in satin and half-polka stitch embroidery and point-russe stitch, with pink and brown cordonnet silk of various shades; the edging both of the medallions and of the rest of the pattern is done with gold cord, worked on with cross-stitching of dark brown silk. The cushion is backed with brown leather and edged with brown and tassels to match at the corners.

FIG. 4. This sash is made of broad blue moiré and plain silk ribbon, arranged as shown, one end being finished with a deep knotted fringe.

FIG. 5 & 6. SILK REP AND LACE FICHU.—The fichu is made of light blue silk rep. The trimming consists of white lace edging of two breadths, ½ in. and 1½ in., narrow white gimp, and bows and ends of 2 in. blue grosgrain ribbon.

FIG. 7. MORNING DRESSES.—The first of these, counting from the left, is made of light blue flannel, with long train and wattle-folds, and is draped behind as shown in the illustration. The trimmings consist of collar, epaulet straps and pocket, and cuff-revers of brown velvet. Buttons of the same, worked in *point-de-reprise* with blue silk. The second of these costumes is of plain and striped vlgogne trimmed with grosgrain ruching and buttons; fine linen collar and cuffs. The third is of grey Irish poplin, lined with cashmere, and trimmed with black velvet and 5-inch white gimpure lace. Black velvet girdle and sash.

Three lady members have recently been admitted to the Michigan State Medical Society, one to that of Rhode Island, and one to that of Kansas. These were all graduates of the Pennsylvania Women's Medical College. In England all the restrictions on the admission of ladies to the advantages of the Pharmaceutical Society of London have been removed.

The Paris *Figaro* states that a duel was fought on Thursday between two women living in the Boulevard de Courcelles. The cause of dispute was rivalry for the affections of a man named Juglin, and the two women agreed to decide their dispute by means of a duel with knives. The frightful conflict was waged in the house 81 Boulevard de Courcelles, and the result was one woman mortally and the other dangerously wounded. The cause of this dreadful contest, the man Juglin, has been arrested.

The ladies should take heart. In a recent examination for promotions in the Internal Revenue Department, under the civil service rules, one lady secured a fourth-class clerkship (\$1800), another a third-class (\$1600), while of ten other persons appointed to second-class clerkships (\$1100), six are women. Miss Seavey, who secured the fourth-class clerkship, has been employed in the office for over ten years, and for several years has had exclusive charge and direction of the copying division.

The universal fondness for natural flowers is the true reason why there is always a brisk business kept up in making artificial flowers. No ornaments for the dress and hair of all women, especially for the young, are so graceful and attractive as buds and blossoms, leaves and trailing vines. Paris is the great headquarters of the artificial flower trade. While it is carried on to a considerable extent in London, and somewhat in this country, the productions of Paris are more true to nature and more delicately beautiful than those of any other country. The best French makers study floral botany with close attention, and understand the minutest characteristics. A multitude of workers are employed in this industry in Paris, a large part of the work being done by women and children. The materials used are various—cambrie, batiste, kid, muslin, crape, silk, wire, wool, dyes, pigments, gums, varnishes, glue, etc. The selection of the colouring substances is one of the most important features of the trade, requiring much discrimination and skill. Petals of batiste or cambrie are usually dyed after being cut into shape, the tint being lightened in parts by a drop of water, or deepened by painting with a camel's-hair pencil. Stamens are made of little balls of silk fastened to the ends of fine wires, and properly tinted; buds are made of balls of cotton wool, and then fashioned and coloured in the proper way for each particular variety. The putting together of the several parts of a flower calls for nimble fingers, delicate touch, accuracy of eye, and considerable taste, as may well be supposed.

About two years ago the attention of the London public was especially directed to the use of arsenic green in colouring the leaves. Little children were employed on certain parts of the work, involving constant handling of green leaves and grass. One specialty, known as "grass-work," was fastening small glass beads to a sort of feathery grass, to give it a sparkling appearance. The threading of the beads, and the subsequent shaking to see if they were secure, dislodged particles of arsenic green, which poisoned the air, and seriously injured the poor children. Recent acts of Parliament have regulated work in factories, so that the health of women and children is better protected than formerly, by limiting the number of hours for work, and securing proper ventilation and cleanliness. Yet much work is taken by father or mother to be done at home, and the necessity of poverty forces little children to deleterious employments. This branch of industry is, like so many others, very much at the mercy of ever-changing fashion. But we wish all fashions of decorating the costume were as natural and charming as that of which leads to the imitation of beautiful things in nature.

Dr. Colby's Pills sold by all Druggists.

A late number of the *St. John Morning News* thus concludes a lengthy article eulogizing Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites: "Mr. Fellows is certainly entitled to high credit for his energy and enterprise in working up his valuable discovery so successfully, and the presence of such gentlemen in any community is a matter on which that community should congratulate itself."

The *St. John Telegraph and Journal* says: "The invention of Fellows' Hypophosphites has become one of the valuable industries of the country, unique of its kind, and a credit to the Dominion of Canada."

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Much damage has been done by the spring freshet at Montreal, Quebec, Brussels, Tweed, and other places.—The Cornwall canal will open for navigation about the first of May.—An attempt is being made by the citizens of Rimouski to get the English mails landed at Father Point, and sent up by the Intercolonial Railway, which will save several hours.

UNITED STATES.—A graveyard on the bank of the Arkansas River caved in last week, and 700 bodies were washed away.—Both branches of the Michigan Legislature have adopted resolutions asking Congress to provide for the early construction of the Niagara Falls Ship Canal, and the early enlargement of the Erie Canal.—The latest news respecting the

Modocs is to the effect that they have fled to the hills, south-east of the Lava Beds. The cavalry are in pursuit. Serjeant Forrest captured a Modoc battle flag, and took the scalp of Sear-Faced Charlie. The savages fearfully mutilated the body of Eugene Hovey, who was killed, and whose body fell into their hands. Commissioner Meacham is improving rapidly.

Seven hundred Crispans are on strike at Cincinnati.—A frightful railroad accident occurred on Saturday, on the line between Stonington and Providence, R.I., by a train going through a bridge. Fifteen to twenty persons were burnt to death and many were injured.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—A rumour has reached London from Alexandria to the effect that Sir Samuel Baker and his wife were murdered in the interior of Africa by the natives. They were with the Egyptian expedition up the Nile.—"Negro" won the Newmarket Biennial Stakes on the 15th inst. The race was for yearlings of 1871, and is interesting as probably pointing out the winner of the succeeding Derby.—A riot occurred at Chatham last week between the engineers and marines attached to the arsenal at that town. Many of the participants were hurt. The authorities were compelled to call on the troops, who succeeded in restoring order, after arresting a large number of the rioters.

FRANCE.—Gen. Manteuffel, Commander of the German army of occupation, gave a dinner at Nancy in honour of the birthday of President Thiers, 16th inst.—Prince Napoleon has addressed a letter to his constituents in Corsica protesting against his expulsion from France. He says the Napoleons have twice been the saviours of France. The name can never be banished from the hearts of the people. It is proscribed because it is feared.—At the request of Spain, France has permitted the transport of war material through her territory.

GERMANY.—Count Von Arnim, German Ambassador at Paris, will be transferred to London, and Gen. Manteuffel, now commander of the German army of occupation in France, will be appointed successor to Count Von Arnim when the evacuation of French territory by the German troops has been completed.—The Governor of Alsace has removed the Burgomaster of Strasburg because the latter said he only remained in the country in the hope that it would be restored to France. Police Director Bach has been appointed to the vacant office. The Common Council protested against the appointment and refused to sit under Bach's Presidency, and have held no meetings since the change was made. The members of the Council have consequently been suspended for two months from the exercise of their functions, which have been transferred to the new Burgomaster as Commissary Extraordinary.—Prince Albrecht, nephew of the Emperor, was married on Saturday to Princess Mary of Saxe-Altenburg.

RUSSIA.—News having an important bearing on the future of the Khivan expedition has been received at St. Petersburg. Internal dissensions have broken out in Khiva. The reigning Khan has executed his chief counsellor, and imprisoned his uncle and other influential Khivans who were enemies of Russia. He has also released the Russians long held as prisoners in Khiva, and has sent them to meet a detachment of the expedition which is advancing.

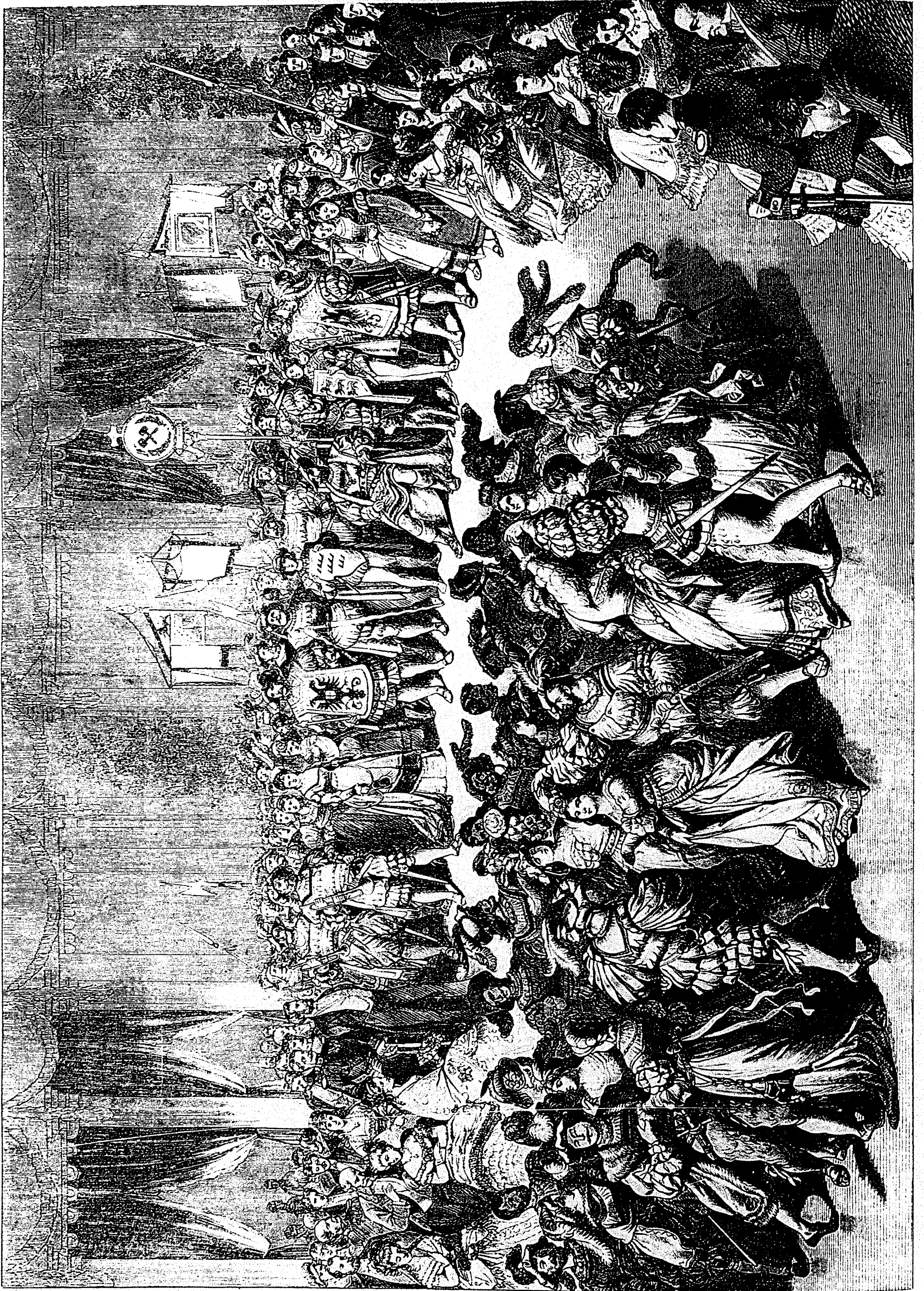
AUSTRIA.—Cholera has made its appearance at Vienna.

SPAIN.—A despatch from Madrid states that the Radicals and Constitutionals have resolved to abstain from voting in the election for members of the Constituent Cortes.—Many Carlists are surrendering to the Government troops in the north, in the hope of receiving amnesty.—It is reported that a son of Prince Henry of Bourbon, who took up arms in the cause of Don Carlos, was killed in the late engagement.—The detachment of Carlists under Saballo, which, before the attack on Puyecorda, was sent to hamper the march of the troops coming to the relief of that town, were repulsed by the Republicans, and lost 300 men exclusive of prisoners.—Additional reinforcements of troops arrived at Puyecorda, where they were received with great enthusiasm by the populace. The Carlists are again threatening the town.—The Government has received intelligence of the crushing defeat by the Republicans of a Carlist force at San Lorenzo de la Muga, in the Province of Gerona. Rowing bands of Carlists in the Northern Provinces continue to stop railway trains and rob passengers.—The library and cabinets of Physicians and Chemistry belonging to the Seminary of Gerona were pillaged by the mob last week. The Federal Republicans continue to rule the city of Barcelona; they make requisitions of wealthy citizens on the slightest pretext.

ITALY.—The *Swiss Times* reports that while Father Gavazzi was preaching recently on the suppression of religious corporations, two men, a tailor and a Roman student, attempted to fire a large bomb at the door of the chapel. They were discovered in the act and arrested in time to save many lives.—The Pope has so far recovered as to say mass, which he did in the private chapel.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid Cures Burns.

It is told of a certain Glasgow ballie that, when visiting Paris, he was shown through the national library. The English classics were pointed out, and it was added, for the sake of talk, "You will know Milton very well?" "Oh, bless you, yes," said the ballie cheerfully, delighted that something had been mentioned that he did know. "I know Milton (a suburb in Glasgow) very well; we're just building slaughter-houses there!"



WURTEMBERG.—MASQUERADE BALL OF THE STUFGART ART UNION.



FIG. 1.—Pamela Hat for a Little Girl.

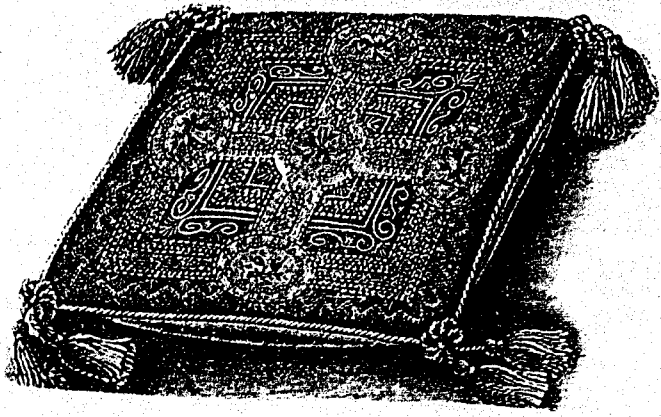


FIG. 3.—Sofa Cushion in Application.



FIG. 2.—Garden Hat for a Little Girl.



FIG. 5.—Silk Rep and Lace Fichu. (Back view).



FIG. 4.—Lilac Silk Sash.



FIG. 6.—Silk Rep and Lace Fichu. (Front view).

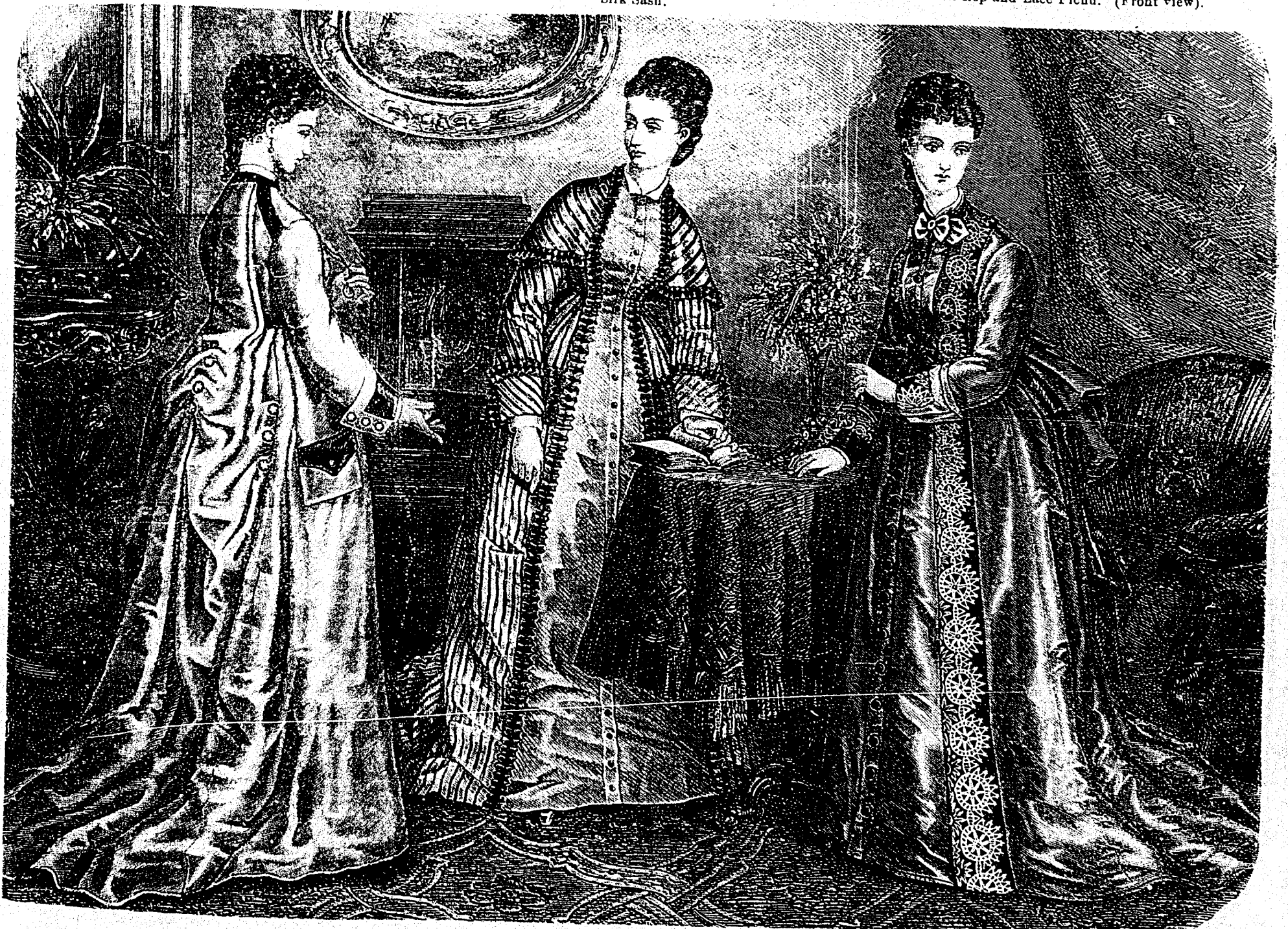


FIG. 7.—Morning Dresses.

IMPORTANT TO ANGLERS.



The accompanying cut represents the HARPER & SMITH'S PATENT DOUBLE SCREW SPINNER, proved to be superior to any in use, three times as attractive and sure to kill. ALL BITS WARRANTED. Anglers will find at 27, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL, a complete assortment of SALMON & TROUT RODS, FLIES & TACKLE. N. B.—Fishing Rods renovated and repaired. 7-16 d

Grand Trunk Railway Com'y.

TENDERS FOR ROLLING STOCK.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to 5 o'clock on SATURDAY, the 26th APRIL, 1873, for the following Rolling Stock, viz:—

- 600 CATTLE, OR BOX FREIGHT CARS.
200 PLATFORM CARS.
2,000 SETS OF TRUCKS FOR BOX CARS.
500 SETS OF TRUCKS FOR PLATFORM CARS.

Specifications and Drawings can be seen at the office of the Mechanical Superintendent of the Company at Montreal.

Tenders to state the Nos. of each sort of Car and Set of Trucks that can be delivered by the 1st OCTOBER, 1873, and the price for each Car and Set of Trucks.

Delivery will have to be made at Stratford and Montreal.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. 7-16 b

Mr. J. M. BELLEW, THE GREATEST OF ELOCUTIONISTS.

Will give Three Readings in THE QUEEN'S HALL

Under the auspices of the University Literary Society.

ON Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday Evenings,

The 23rd, 25th and 26th APRIL, 1873.

Single Ticket reserved, \$1.00; Single Ticket for the Course, \$1.25. Admission to the balcony first night, 50 cents.

Readings to commence at 8. Carriages at a quarter to 10.

Tickets can be had and seats secured at DeZouches's Music Store, St. James Street.

W. S. WALKER, Sec. U. L. Society. Montreal, April 14. 7-16 b

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

OTTAWA, 19th March, 1873. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 12 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

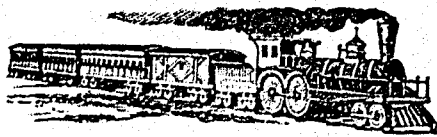
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CHEAPEST INSTRUMENTS IN MONTREAL. MERRIS A. & T. VEZINAS. Are sole Agents for Quebec. 5-16 m



Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada

1872-3. WINTER ARRANGEMENTS. 1872-3.

Pullman Palace, Parlor and Handsome New Ordinary Cars on all Through Day Trains, and Palace Sleeping Cars on all Through Night Trains over the whole Line.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:— GOING WEST.

Day Mail for Prescott, Ogdensburgh, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Berlin, Detroit, Chicago and all points West, at 8:00 a.m. Night Express 8:00 p.m. Mixed Train for Toronto, stopping at all Stations 6:00 a.m. Passenger Train for Brockville and all intermediate Stations 4:00 p.m. Trains leave Montreal for Lachine at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 3 p.m., and 5 p.m. Trains leave Lachine for Montreal at 8 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m. The 3:00 p.m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Express for Boston via Vermont Central Railroad, at 8:40 a.m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central, at 3:30 p.m. Mail Train for St. John's and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly, and South Eastern Counties Junction Railway, at 3:00 p.m. Mixed Train for Island Pond and Way Stations, at 6:00 a.m. Mail Train for St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Island Pond, at 1:45 p.m. Night Express for Island Pond, Gorham, Portland, Boston, and the Lower Provinces, at 10:30 p.m. Night Express for Quebec, stopping at St. Hyacinthe and St. Yvan, at Montreal.

As the punctuality of the trains depends on connections with other lines, the Company will not be responsible for trains not arriving at or leaving any station at the hour named.

Steamer "FALMOUTH" will leave Portland every Tuesday, at 5:30 p.m., for Halifax, N.S.

The splendid steamer "CARLOTTA," running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, will leave Portland for Halifax, N.S., every Saturday at 4:00 p.m. She has excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight.

The Steamship "CLARE" will also run between Portland and Halifax.

The International Company's Steamers, also running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6:10 p.m. for St. John, N.B., &c.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

Through Tickets issued at the Company's principal stations.

For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Depot, or at No. 14 St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, October 21, 1872. 7-15 z



"HEALTH THE CROWNING BLESSING OF LIFE."



WINGATE'S Standard English Remedies.

These valuable Remedies which have stood the test of trial, and become a household necessity, are the best that experience and careful research can produce for the cure of the various diseases for which they are especially designed. They are pure in quality, prompt in action, effectual in use, and employed with great success by the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons in Hospital and private practice in all parts of the world.

THE FOLLOWING COMPRISE THE LIST:

Wingate's Cathartic Pills.—For all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Wingate's Nervo-Tonic Pills.—Used with remarkable success in all Nervous Affections.

Wingate's Chalybeate Pills.—Designed especially for Female use in complaints peculiar to their sex.

Wingate's Dyspepsia Tablets.—A powerful aid to digestion, and cure for Dyspepsia.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Canada, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. In the Matter of JAMES MCCLURE, An Insolvent.

THE UNDERSIGNED has filed in the office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge executed by his creditors, and on the seventeenth day of May next he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

JAMES MCCLURE, By Monk & Butler, his Attorneys and filers. Montreal, 12th April, 1873. 7-15 a

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