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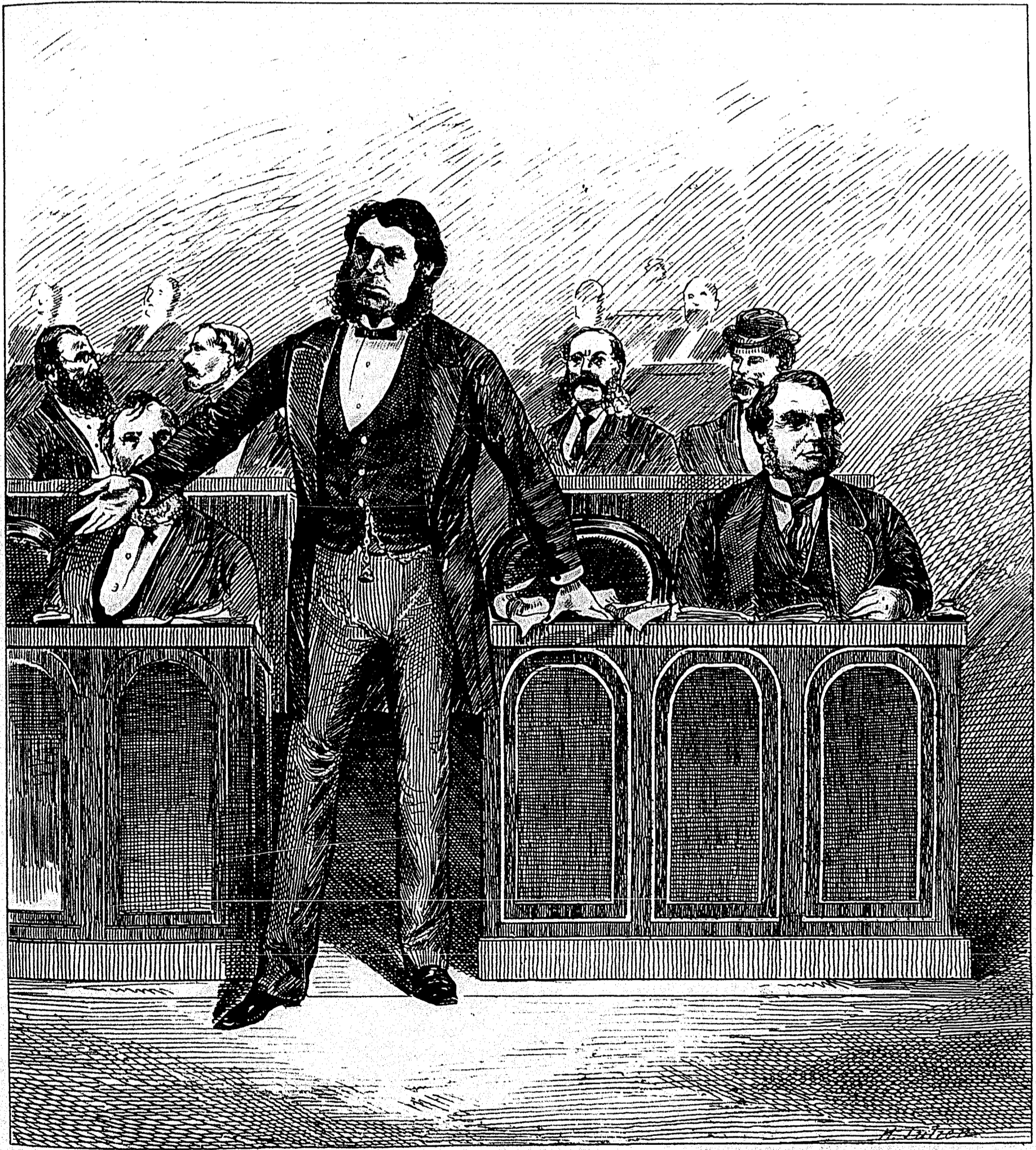
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THE SESSION.—THE HON. MR TUPPER ADDRESSING THE HOUSE, OCT. 27.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1873.

The debate on the Address was of an extreme partisan character, and, as such, not on a level with the important questions at issue. But it was relieved, nevertheless, by the speeches of several independent men, who boldly pursued that course in words which we have endeavoured to follow in writing. They studied the evidence of the Royal Commission carefully and impartially, and they came to the conclusion that while the main charge was not proven, sufficient was elicited to lay the Government open to blame and censure. Having formed this opinion, these gentlemen did not conceal it, neither did they shirk the responsibility of expressing it. We hail such conduct as a good omen. It is an example which will produce beneficial results. The present crisis is the most seasonable opportunity to burst asunder the fetters of party, and assert one's political independence. The Opposition have conducted the campaign, during the whole summer, in such an ignominious manner, that they really present no better record than their adversaries. Both parties are heavily charged with questionable acts, which weigh them down as so many incubi. Prominent men on either side, especially those who have been in public life a number of years, have rendered themselves obnoxious and forfeited a large share of popular confidence. The times point to younger men and new leaders. The two parties—Conservative and Liberal—must survive, because they represent two necessary phases of national policy. But they must be remodelled. The effects of debate, the ancient rancours, the personal complications of past years, must be thrown aside. A fresh start should be made, with a clear, well-defined and purely patriotic programme. There has already been question of a union of moderate men, such as we suggested, weeks ago, and spite of the derision of strict party organs, we are of opinion that it will yet be formed. The indications are that the new and minor provinces of the Dominion will claim a full share in shaping the future policy of the country. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are strangers to the petty strifes which have agitated Upper and Lower Canada so long and they will insist that these contentions shall no longer be made the criterions of party allegiance as they have been up to date. Manitoba, British Columbia, and Prince Edward Island are likewise entitled to figure in our councils. They hold the balance of power in their hands. Let them exert that power towards this much needed consummation. The press, throughout all the provinces, should also exert its potential influence. Independent journalism is destined to do a work in Canada, and that work will also be found profitable. The example of the United States press is there to point an encouragement. The very best papers of the chief cities, sick unto death, of party warfare, have boldly run up the ensign of independence and in each case, they have been liberally rewarded for the venture. We need only instance the *N. Y. Tribune* and *Daily Graphic*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Cincinnati Commercial*, *St. Louis Republican*, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, *Boston Globe*, and *Springfield Republican*. These papers rank as the most authoritative in the United States and they are the best paid. It will certainly take time to get out of our routine and to lose our narrow affection for mere parish politics, but as the country grows its ideas must expand, and the very necessities of its national existence will force a healthful change.

The situation in France has undergone an abrupt change. At the last moment, when all the plans of fusion were perfected and the way to a Monarchical restoration seemed clear the Count de Chambord issued a manifest in which he distinctly states that he must adhere to the white flag and maintain, without shadow of compromise, all the principles of pure, undefiled legitimism. His adherents on learning his determination, tried every means to alter his resolution, but he was inexorable and the consequence is that, for the present, all hopes of bringing Henry V. to the throne of France, have been abandoned. The Right, in order to make the most of the altered circumstances have agreed to vote, at the next meeting of the Assembly, for a prolongation of Marshal MacMahon's term of office and for the indefinite sitting of the Assembly itself. This is virtually retaining the present provisional system so distasteful to the majority of the people of France, with the view of gaining time and maturing other arrangements. That the Republicans have thus gained a most material point is unquestionable. They too have no objection to the prolongation of Marshal MacMahon's term, but they will strive to have the present National Assembly dissolved on the plea that it does not represent the state of feeling in France, and they will insist on having the present Parliamentary vacancies filled. There will therefore be no crisis in France, at the next meeting of the Assembly on the 13th, and this is a matter for congratulation inasmuch as it will give further time for popular opinion to manifest and declare itself.

"IRONCLADS" are discussed in these days sufficiently to satisfy the most ardent constructor. "Iron Ships" have lately come in for a certain share of study, and with what must be

considered rather poor results, so far as the matter has hitherto gone. Certain grave and reverend seigniors forming a Royal Commission in the metropolis of the Empire have come to the conclusion that whatever the faults now chiefly prevailing amongst that Iron Fleet to which so many thousand poor emigrants commit their lives and their future, the government should not attempt to regulate the quality of iron or the mode of construction, "because it would be an interference with the maritime commerce of the country." These maritime Solons, who would doubtless not like to be made chargeable with all the lives lost in some future "Atlantic," have happened to light upon one of the crucial and truly representative questions of the politics of this present time, a question that gentle and simple alike will soon be learning to understand. We believe it may go hard with the government that appointed these gentlemen if this remarkable recommendation be allowed to prevail, even for a time. Mr. Plimsoll and Mr. Reed, it may be hoped, will form a powerful alliance in the interest of the people, and also make the whole movement a constructive one, and by no means content themselves with pointing out existing defects, but enable us all to understand fully what the ship of the future ought to be. They have our hearty, if humble, good wishes whatever success may attend their efforts. The following is a condensation of the facts at present affecting this national and Imperial question, which we have extracted from a contemporary: "The Royal Commission which was appointed in the spring, when public indignation ran high on account of Mr. Plimsoll's allegations respecting the unsoundness of British registered ships, has rendered a report. Amongst the witnesses called before the commissioners was Mr. Reed, so long connected with the construction of the Royal navy. He declared that there is a steady degeneration in the iron employed in ship building, and other competent witnesses state that many merchant ships are built with bad iron, that they are ill put together, and sent to sea in a defective condition. They were said, too, to be frequently lengthened without receiving additional strength, and, in consequence, were weak ships, yet the commissioners object to any attempt on the part of the government to regulate the quality of the iron, or the mode of construction, as an interference with the maritime commerce of the country. In fact the conclusions of the report are almost unanimously pronounced disappointing, and will not raise Royal commissions in popular estimation.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ALL HALLOW EVEN.*

In the ancient calendar of the Church of Rome there is the following observation:

"Festum Stultorum veterum huc translatum est."
"The feast of all fools is removed to this day."

Hallow Even is the vigil of All Saints' day.

It is still customary on this night with young people, more particularly if they hail from the north of England or Scotland, to dive for apples, catch at them when stuck at one end of a kind of hanging beam, at the other extremity of which is fixed a lighted candle, and that with their mouths only, having their hands tied behind their backs. The catching at the apples puts one in mind of the ancient English game of the *quintain*, which is now almost forgotten, and of which a description may be found in Stow's Survey of London. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes" gives a detailed account of the tilting or combating at the quintain, "a military exercise of high antiquity and antecedent." The Quintain was placed upon a pivot and so contrived as to move round with great facility. At one end was placed a figure of a Turk or Saracen armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or sabre with his right. In running at this figure it was necessary for the horse-man to direct his lance with great adroitness, and make his stroke upon the forehead between the eyes or upon the nose; for if he struck wide of those parts, especially upon the shield, the quintain turned about with much velocity, and, in case he was not exceedingly careful, would give him a severe blow on the back with the wooden sabre or club held in the right hand, which was considered as highly disgraceful to the performer, while it excited the laughter and derision of the people.

There is a peculiar "nut custom" on this night which is beautifully described by Gay in his "Spell":—

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
This with the loudest bounce the sors amax'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd:
As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow, &c.

The Roman boys had some sport or other with nuts, to which Horace refers in these words:—

"—Te talos Aule nucisque."

In the ancient Romish calendar (on the 10th of August) we find some religious use was made of them, and they were in great estimation.

"Nucis in pretio et religiose."

Mr. Pennant tells us in his "Tour in Scotland," that the young women there determine the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold on All-Hallow-Even, and like the English fling nuts in the fire.

The Rev. Mr. Shaw, in his history of Moray, seems to consider the feativity of the night as a kind of harvest home rejoicing. "A solemnity was kept," says he, "on the eve of the first of November as a thanksgiving for the safe ingathering of the produce of the fields. This I am told, but have not seen it, is observed in Buchan, and other countries, by having Hallow-Eve fires kindled on some rising ground." In an appendix to his work he further says: "On Hallow-even, they have several superstitious customs."

To our minds the idea of making the eve of the Festival of

* This paper was unavoidably crowded out of our last number.

All Saints, a day celebrated by both the Roman and Anglican churches a harvest thanksgiving is more appropriate than the fooleries of ducking for apples, and the spell of eating an apple before a looking glass, with the view of discovering the inquirer's future husband, who it is believed will be seen peeping over the lassie's shoulder. Or the unhalloved rite of wetting a shirt-sleeve and hanging it up by the fire to dry, and lying in bed till midnight, when the apparition of the individual's future partner for life will come in and turn the sleeve—a practice to which Burns alludes in one of his songs:—

The last Halloween I was waukin',
My dronkit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house stankin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen.

A thanksgiving day in the olden time was a day of rejoicing, or a day for rejoicing, and properly so, when the fruits of the earth are gathered in, and when in some of the country places in England a plentiful supper for the harvest-men, and the servants of the family when they all sat at the same table, conversing freely together and spending the remaining part of the evening in dancing and singing, without any difference or distinction.

The old Jewish feast of Tabernacles was a time of returning thanks to God for the success of the harvest, a time of festivity, and joy, and gladness.—Deuteronomy xvi.

Why not have the festival of All Saints set apart as a Day of General Thanksgiving—if it was so dedicated and observed it would not be felt incommensurate to the commonwealth. Let the day be kept throughout all generations as holy; "severed," as Hooker says, "by manifest notes of difference from other times, adorned with that which most may betoken true, virtuous, and celestial joy." Let all the Churches in due consideration consecrate voluntarily unto the religious use of thanksgiving this day, and let the people cheerfully and willingly accept it as such. It would be infinitely better than having separate days for so good a work capriciously appointed by each sect or church, or the rulers of each Province. Thus saith the Scripture:—"Thou shalt observe the feast of Tabernacles seven days, after thou hast gathered in thy corn and thy wine, and thou shalt rejoice in thy feast, thou and thy son and thy daughter, and thy man servant, and thy maid servant; and the Levite, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widows that are within thy gates."

LONDON MEMORIES.

Somebody once held that London was bounded on the north by Piccadilly, on the south by Pall Mall, on the west by St. James's street, and on the east by the Haymarket. And the wit had a meaning in his description. But London is more extensive than this. Out of the 3,500 streets which compose the territory known as London, a vast number, at least of those having a respectable age, are consecrated by some event which makes them dear to those who cherish memories of past generations. Exclusive of the city proper, there are innumerable streets and houses made sacred in connection with men and women who have become illustrious. It is regarded as an evidence of the refinement of continental nations that they honour the memory of an eminent fellow-citizen by the erection of a memorial on the house of his birth or in memory of his death. Thus in rambling through Boulogne we read, "Ici est mort l'Auteur de Gil Blas," in Geneva, "Ici est né Jean Jacques Rousseau." Were the custom observed among ourselves, the number of houses thus distinguished would be great indeed. One by one they disappear; but enough are left to gratify the curiosity of the antiquary as well as the student of human nature. The other day we alluded to the demolition of Maidenland, Covent Garden, as an instance of the sweeping effect of time upon places historically interesting, and every day adds to the catalogue. A glance at the history of London in the handbooks will show that were we to mark each house wherein eminent persons have lived, the number of tablets would have to be greater than might at first be supposed. Fleet-street and Ch.apside would have a goodly number. Keats wrote his sonnet on Chapman's "Hower" in the second floor of No. 71, Ch.apside; Sir Thomas Moore was born in Milk-street, and Milton in Bread-street, Ch.apside. Dr. Johnson completed his dictionary in the garret of No. 17, Gough-square, Fleet-street, and died at No. 8 Bolt-court. Goldsmith, who lived for some time in Wine Office-court, died at No. 2, Brick-court, Temple. Locke dates the dedication of his "Essay on the Human Understanding" from Dorset-court. If we go west or east of Temple Bar, we shall find mementoes of departed greatness crowding before us. Peter the Great lived on the site of the last house on the west side of Buckingham-street, Strand; in Hartshorne-lane, just by, Ben Jonson first saw the light. Further on, in 24, Arlington-street, Piccadilly, Horace Walpole was born. Were the practice to which illusion has been made pursued in London, a slab would have to be let into the front wall of No. 16, Holles-street, Cavendish square, as the birthplace of Byron. Another would have to be placed on No. 43, Gerrard-street, Soho, to mark it as the deathplace of John Dryden. In No. 27 off the same street, Edmund Burke lived for some time. Sterne died at 41, Old Bond-street. During the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, Daniel O'Connell lived in 29 Bury-street; in 27 of the same street, Tom Moore resided, and in 37 the poet Crabbe. Gibbon composed his defence of the "Decline and Fall" at No. 7, Manchester-street; Byron, who spent his short married life at 139, Piccadilly, wrote his "Lara" in the room of the Albany 2A, facing Saville-row. Sir Isaac Newton made several interesting discoveries at his residence in St. Martin-street, Leicester square, where his observatory is still to be seen at the top of the house. This square is noted also for having been the residence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the west side, and Hogarth on the east. Were we to celebrate foreigners as well as our own countrymen, the list of persons to be honoured would be indefinite. To name a few,—Handel died in Brook-street, Hanover square, and Weber at 91, Upper Portland-street; Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte lived, while in London, at 23 Park crescent, Portland-place; Charles X. of France, at 72 South Audley-street; Louis Philippe's last London lodging was Cox's Hotel, Jermyn-street; and the Emperor Napoleon III's, No. 3 King-street, St. James's. Philip Egalité resided at 31 south street, Grosvenor-square; Madame de Staël, at 30 Argyll-street, Regent-street; Talleyrand was located for a while at the House of the French Embassy, then on the north side of Manchester-square; M. Guizot lived at 21 Pelham crescent; and Don Carlos, grandfather to the present prince of the name, at 5 Welbeck-street.

THE FLANEUR.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

OTTAWA, Nov. 5th, 1873.

A queer excuse for betting. "I am not a politician," said a friend of mine yesterday, "but I have wagered \$25 on the success of the Ministry. My judgment is a deliberate one, the fruit of reflection and I have resolved to stake that much money on the faith of my judgment. If I lose, I am willing to make the sacrifice, as a punishment for having had an opinion of my own." That is philosophy with a vengeance.

The following beats all in the way of a hint. At the Theatre, the other night—Den Thompson was performing, I believe—the comedian was sitting on the floor, between two boon companions. He held a bottle in his hand. "Will you have some?" said he to his companion, on the right. "Yes, of course." "Will you have some?" to companion on the left. "Oh, yes." Comedian looks at the bottle and reflects. "If I give both a drink, it will be two to one. That would not be fair, so I must take a sup first." He has a long drink. "If I let them have any now," said he then, holding up the bottle against the light, "there will be none left, and I will lose my second drink." He reflects again. "Say," turning to companion on the right, "can your friend take a hint?" "Yes, I think so." "Look here," bending confidentially to companion on the left, "can you take a hint?" "Yes, I think I can." "Well, then, clear out of this." (Comedian had the bottle to himself.)

X submits to B, the manuscript of a new novel. "My dear, I wrote it in ten nights." "Without sleeping?" "Without sleeping." "Then you could not possibly have re-read it!"

Don't you think the English papers had better mind their own business and cease lecturing us about our purity? O, but the English papers, you know— I don't know. The English Government is no better than ours. Disloyalty. Treason. Doesn't Disraeli call it a "blundering and plundering" government? Bah! Disraeli belongs to the Opposition. So do Huntington and Young. Yes, but— Yes, but Disraeli never published a private letter, nor took stock in the Black River Railway.

Bazaars, lotteries and raffish are all the rage. Here is the latest. Rally of a fine mitch-cow, followed by a ball, Rue Targeron, St. Augustin Village. We must go and take a chance.

The idea of Cunningham being bribed. What a joke! There is a better joke yet. Namely? The idea of any one bribing Cunningham!

Broken Glass for sale cheap. Apply to McKenzie & Co.

Some very staid and dogmatical papers have had the impudence to take Lord Dufferin to task for writing his despatches in a light, almost playful spirit. What else could his Lordship do? He is a scholar and has learned to adapt his style to the subject in hand. He was writing about a prize fight, a mill, two bands of big boys blackguarding each other in the most approved fashion of Billingsgate. He had to accommodate his description to the circumstances. Besides, Quid vetat?

Some people have a notion that artists and writers are, for the most part, Bohemians. Every thing depends on what is understood by the term Bohemianism. If a little unthriftiness, lack of practicality, oblivion of details are meant, the charge may be accepted as true. But if free living and a tendency to frivolousness are intended, then the accusation may be hurled back as false and malicious. As regards journalists, more especially, there are always a few in every city whose habits disgrace their profession. But black sheep are found in every flock. Taken altogether, there is not a harder working, better behaved and more respectable class than newspaper men. There is none to whom the public owe more. It is time that journalists should club together in mutual protection to maintain their rights and assert their position in society. They should sternly hold their own against ignorance, superciliousness and caddishness. They have reason to do this. I have heard a counter jumper say scornfully, "O that is only a reporter." At public meetings these reporters are sometimes looked down upon as mere hacks. And yet to these men of education, of good breeding, of fine sensibilities, public speakers owe always the good show they make in the papers. If reporters wrote out and printed word for word what preacher, speaker or lecturer says, the world would be horrified. Supposing, for instance, that they put down the City Council meetings just as they happen. It would be a public scandal. Instead of that, they use their talents in remodelling phrases, in excluding vulgarities, in correcting bad grammar, and making the speech of some ninkom-poop read like that of a scholar and a gentleman. I wish they would sometimes take their revenge on these fellows. At all events they must force people to respect them, and an insult offered to the lowliest of them should be resented by the whole profession.

ALMAVIVA.

You do not desire me to write these letters in the old humdrum style of partisan laudation or abuse. You want a plain and honest statement of facts. Well, you shall have it. I may err in my estimate, of course, but such as it is, I will pen it boldly and freely.

Much was expected of the debate on the address. All of us thought that it would rise to the height of the momentous issues at stake. I believe I am only echoing the general impression when I affirm that it has fallen far below it. The discussion was purely partisan, not based on broad views of statesmanship.

Mr. McKenzie opened the fire. The member for Lambton is not an orator, in the conventional sense of the word. His voice is harsh, his articulation occasionally indistinct, his gesture abrupt and angular and his attitude unimposing. But he is a consummate debater. He has the secret of turning every argument in his favour, and there is an appearance of rugged sincerity in his face which makes one go with him instinctively, even when not convinced by his line of reasoning. Monday before last, the best characteristics of Mr. McKenzie were not displayed. Whether it was that he was physically unwell—his health is quite delicate—or that he felt that he was going over a twice told tale, he seemed incapable of rousing himself beyond a dry, and hesitating didactic manner. The consequence was that his speech fell rather flat upon the House.

The contrast presented by Dr. Tupper, who followed him, was amusingly striking. The Minister of Customs always reminds me of a Cuirassier. Cased in heavy harness, swinging a cavalry sabre and mounted on a mettlesome steed, he rides down with the debate, at a *pas de charge*. He has been compared to D'Arcy McGee. I see no resemblance. McGee was an orator first and above all; a politician afterwards. Dr. Tupper is a politician first and an orator only afterwards. There was a tinge of poetic tenderness in every speech of McGee's, which softened its asperities. Tupper is guilty of no gentleness. He is terribly militant. His last speech proved this. It was a scathing *quid pro quo*, from beginning to end. No doubt there was power in it. He was thoroughly justified in "showing up" the Opposition and meeting abuse by abuse; but whether the effect produced was good is quite another thing. I had a notion all along that a spirit of manly conciliation was the best policy under the circumstances.

I liked Mr. Huntington's speech. It was pointed, straightforward and gentlemanly. He introduced some fun in it, too, which is a great secret of success in arresting the attention of an audience and securing its good will. The member for Sheffield has also been likened to poor McGee, but he is only a faint echo of the voice that is dead. He has neither the abundance, the variety nor the æsthetic depth of the born orator, but his equanimity of temper, fine voice and facility of diction place him in the front rank of speakers. If Mr. Huntington would allow the liberty, I would suggest that his swaggering of the body and habit of continual emphasis detract very considerably from the beauty of his declamation.

If there is no one in the House to replace McGee, there is one who is likely to step into the footsteps of the old man eloquent, the lamented Jos. Howe, that is McDonald of Pictou. He has not spoken more than ten minutes, when you settle yourself in your seat and prepare to listen, feeling that you are in presence of a power. I did not mind his speech so much, for it was the repetition of the old story, but I watched and relished the manner of it. I could not help saying to a friend of mine:

"This is a rising man."

He laughed and answered:

"Why, my dear sir, he is a risen man. There are two predestined Prime Ministers of this Dominion—Edward Blake and McDonald of Pictou."

I took off my hat and saluted.

You cannot expect me, within the limits of a brief letter, to go through this week's debate. I must, therefore, pass lightly over the other speakers. Palmer, of St. John, N. B., is a sound, logical debater. Laflamme, of Jacques Cartier, made a rattling speech, full of points and brimful of fire. Its effect was marked. It is a great pity he marred it by a little coarseness. Mr. Tilley is universally respected, and his calm exposition of the whole case was received with respect.

The speeches that I liked most, and which you will like most, because they are the reflex of the independent course which you have taken in your columns, are those of Messrs. Cartwright, Glass and Donald Smith. These men are thoroughly independent and they have had the manliness to show it. Mr. Cartwright was a model of good taste. He spoke admirably and tenderly of Sir John, while forced to differ from him. Mr. Glass, unfortunately, was not so judicious. His sarcastic remarks on his old friend were exceedingly ill-timed.

Sir John's speech had two distinct points. The first, which treated of the constitutional question in all its bearings was a masterly exposition. Clear and defined as became the broad statesmanship which inspired it. The second part, which was polemical and personal, appeared to me unhappy. It was beneath the dignity of the Prime Minister to descend to such matters and deal in the stock in trade which has done so much to discredit his opponents. It was remarked that Sir John was more solemn and self-assertive than he usually is. There are passages full of beauty and impressiveness in which he alludes to his long services and appeals to the affections of the country. A corrected copy of this able speech, published in pamphlet form, will be worth preserving.

The close of the debate was expected to be dramatic. It turned out prosy and common-place. At three o'clock this afternoon Sir John arose in his seat, quietly and as if nothing was the matter. To many who did not know what had taken place during the forenoon, he appeared simply to rise for a formal announcement. Instead of that, he declared that his Ministry had resigned office, and that His Excellency had sent for Mr. McKenzie. There was no excitement, no consternation on the Ministerial benches, no undue elation in the ranks of the Opposition. Rumor is rife as to the new Cabinet. There is no enthusiasm about the names which are known to figure in it so far. Much of the popular feeling is expressed in the following words, which I heard to-night from a man of reflection. "I don't regret Macdonald's defeat," said he. "He deserved a lesson, and besides he has been in too long. But this McKenzie Ministry won't do. Durlon, Holton, St. Just and all these foggy obstructionists the people don't want and won't stand. They are worn out long ago. We must have new men."

CHAUDIERE.

Do you remember the text old Dan Chaucer puts into the mouth of the poor "Persoune", when it comes to that worthy man's turn to edify, if not to amuse, the gathered pilgrims resting at the Tabard, on their way Canterburywards? It begins, if I remember right, "*State super vias et videte, &c.*"—Stand ye in the ways and see! I am not, I confess, acquainted with any man living who ever conscientiously perused the good clergyman's somewhat redoubtable discourse, but I venture to say that the subject he chose for the edification of his jolly companions is one pregnant with suggestions. There are so many pressers-on in the great highway of life that one can afford to separate himself a while from the pushing crowd and watch with interest the spectacle of the thronging thousands that are elbowing their way past him in the grand race which leads to so many goals. Of course the cynic sneers at this. What does he care for the world that is moving around him except to laugh at its follies and sneer at its faults. The changes that are going on around him, the joys, the sorrows of his fellow men have no attraction for him. But with us who can feel for our companion humans, who can sympathise with their griefs, who can enter into their pleasures, it is different, and the wayside as we stand apart offers us many a scene which will excite our sorrow, our profound pity, and often, the cynic notwithstanding, our profound admiration. With the sage of old we can individually exclaim, "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" Naught that interests my fellow-man is uninteresting to myself.

That is a beautiful though a sad story that comes to us from Memphis, the fever-stricken city of the South. When those who had as yet escaped the contagion of the plague had fled the city in consternation a young girl from a neighbouring State devoted herself to the care of the helpless sick left behind, and died at her self-chosen post—died while fulfilling the errand of mercy to which she had, unsolicited, betaken herself. Mattie Stephenson, we are told, went from Towanda, Ill., to Memphis, to devote herself to the care of the stricken ones; did so without pecuniary reward, and without even fitting change of clothing for herself, until, falling a victim to the scourge, she died, leaving no one in Memphis who knew where she came from or where any to whom she might be dear were to be found. On the day of her death a package arrived for her containing a few articles of clothing for herself and many articles intended for the relief of those for whom she cared. This led to her identification, and when the funeral services were held over her remains the knowledge of her singular devotion to those suffering who were strangers to her made the occasion one of singular interest. An exceptional case, you say, oh, my cynic! Not at all. Are there not thousands of women suffering, aye, dying, from a moral contagion to which they have wilfully exposed themselves for the sake of those who they loved—love yet, notwithstanding the blotches and gangrene which disfigure these objects of what you, in your pretended purity, would call misplaced affection. And yet how much greater, how much nobler are these devoted women who give their love, their feminine care and tenderness to their suffering brethren around them. You remember Abou Ben Adhem, whose name stood at the head of the Angel's list in virtue of his love for his fellow-men. And you remember the Pharisee who thanked his God that he was not as other men are. As far as the Hebrew of the Rabbinical lore is removed from the pietist of the Scriptures, so far are you removed from the gentle enduring womanhood which can do all, can suffer all for fellow humanity. What does Ulrich von Lichtenstein say? "All virtue lies in woman and the health of the world. God has created nothing so good as a woman. No one can find a limit to the praise of woman. He who can tell when the sunshine ends may proclaim also the end of their praise. Women are pure, a id good, and fair; they impart worthiness and make men worthy. Nothing is so like the angels as their beautiful form and even the mind of an angel dwells in woman."

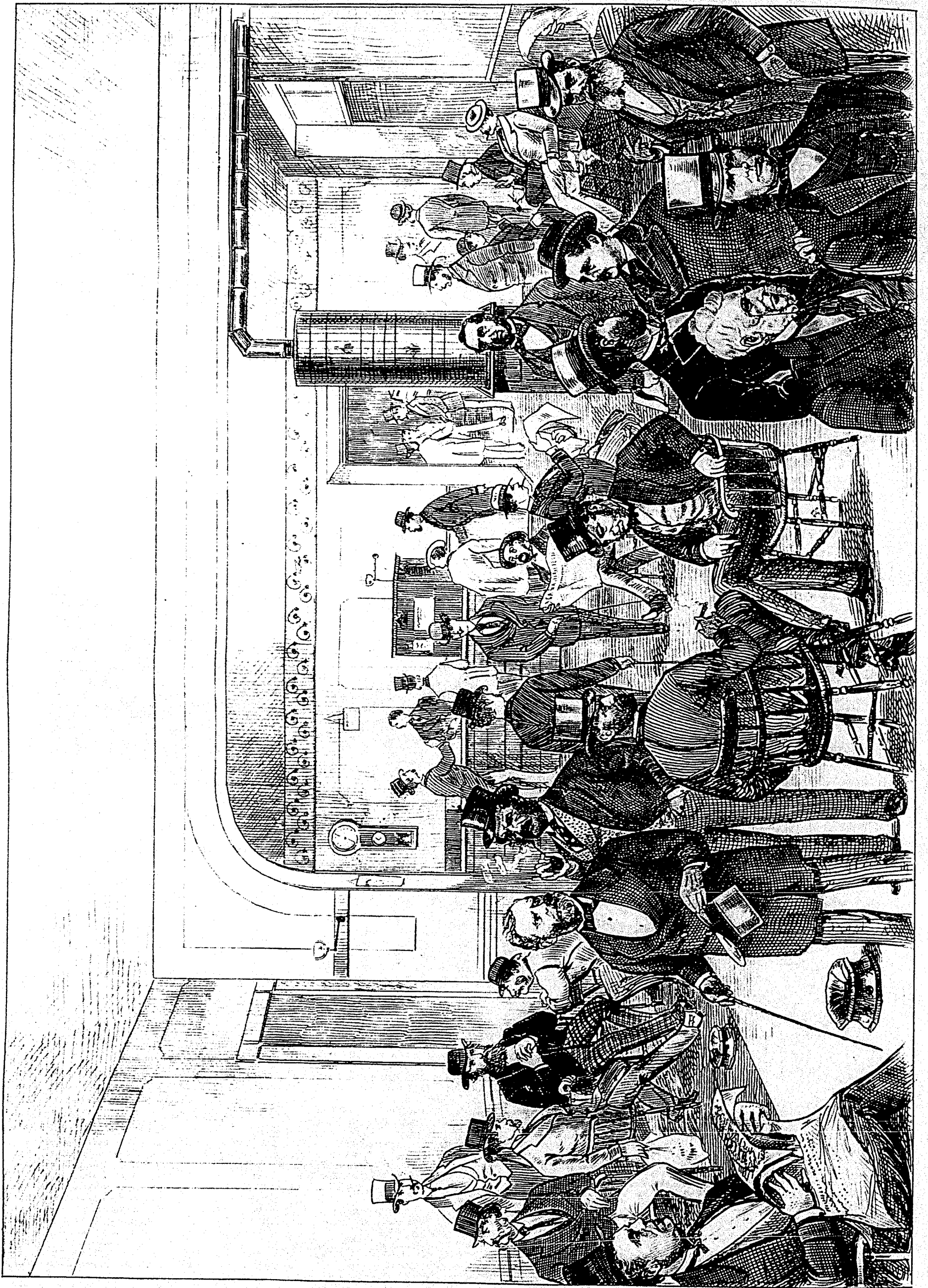
But, say the reader, you are getting too antiquated. Who is Ulrich von Lichtenstein? Some old Middle Age fog, whose doctrines are entirely out of date. Out of date. Yes! alas, more the pity. But an old friend, withal. Which Ferdinand was it, he of Sicily, or he of Aragon, who uttered that celebrated saying about old books, old wine, and old wood? The Aragonese, I think. And some wise man added as an additional comment to the burning of old wood, the drinking of old wine and the reading of old books, the pleasure of talking to old friends. I like von Lichtenstein—unlightened being as he was, who knew nothing of electricity and steam power. Yet he was a gentleman and knew how to speak with respect of

"That gentler race and dear
By whom alone the world is glorified."

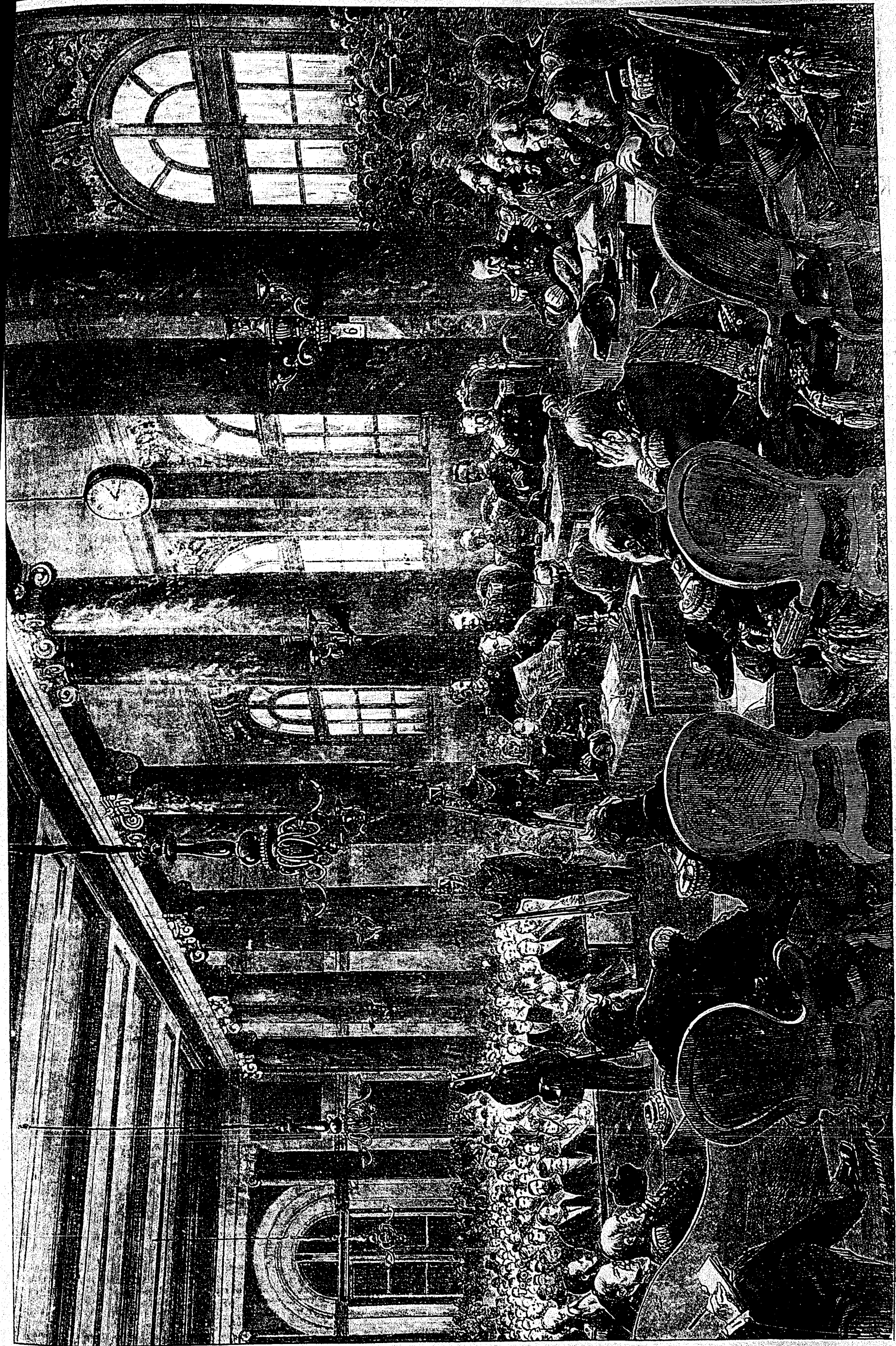
What are we to think of a journalist who confounds a Hindoo pundit with a barn-door fowl? Ridiculous, you say. Not at all. Only the other day a newspaper published in this province announced the arrival of the celebrated Brahma Navyan Sheshadri.

It is a strange thing that the newspapers have taken no notice of a dirty trick of the wooden nutmeg order that has been played on certain of the North-West Indians. At the conference which was recently held by the Commissioners in Manitoba, a chief made a singular complaint. "I will now show you," he said, "a medal that was given to those who made a treaty at Red River by the Commissioner. He said it was silver, but I do not think it is. I should be ashamed to carry it on my breast over my heart. I think it would disgrace the Queen my Mother to wear her image on so base a metal as this. (Here the chief held up the medal and struck it with the back of his knife. The result was anything but the "true ring," and made every man ashamed of the petty meanness that had been practised.) Let the medals you give us be of silver—medals that shall be worthy of the high position our Mother the Queen occupies." To whom the Governor replied, "I will tell them at Ottawa what you have said and how you have said it." A reply which we may construe pretty much as follows: "I will tell the civilized honourable gentlemen at the capital, whose business it is to make laws against fraud, what you semi-barbarians think of their honesty." A neat reply, Mr. Governor, and I hope you will keep your word.

SALATRIEL.



OTTAWA.—THE HALL OF THE RUSSELL HOUSE, 9.30 A.M.



FRANCK.—THE BAZAINE TRIAL.—READING THE ACCUSATION.

AUTUMN HOURS.

The foxglove bells are tolling autumn hours,
The hours of ever-shortening silver day;
The hours that see the moon in full array
Rain on the earth her radiant ripening showers;
The hours when pilgrim corn-fields rest in bowers
Of final bloom, when reapers, binders come
And wagons go and come from field to home
Oft till the stars sleep on their azure towers:
The twilight hours that hear the robin's lute:
The morning hours that see the spider's line
From branch to branch in dowy splendour shine:
The colder hours that see the bramble's fruit
Blush on its purple path, as Winter's foot
Is heard approaching on the lofty pine.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Mr. Carew and his daughter did not approach Perriam by this chief entrance. At the edge of the park there was a little old church in the dell, enclosed by a crumbling old stone wall, in whose interstices hartstongue ferns thrived abundantly, and accessible by a narrow lane with a turnstile, through which one came straight into the park itself. The raised terrace of the Italian garden almost touched the wall within whose boundary the Perriams lay buried, in a narrow graveyard which held nothing but Perriams. And the level of the garden being considerably above the level of the church-yard, Sir Aubrey had the advantage of surveying his slumbering ancestors from an eminence, a spectacle conducive to meditation, and reflections of a Horatian character upon the brevity of life, and the mutability of things in general. The little church, an appendage of Perriam, the graveyard exclusively devoted to Perriams, impressed Sylvia with a sense of grandeur which all the gold of the Rothschilds, taken merely as gold, could not have inspired. That family distinction which comes from long establishment in the land, the deep-rooted family tree which has grown and flourished and spread its branches over the same spot almost from the beginning of recorded time as it were, is a kind of renown which seems peculiarly dazzling to the waifs and strays of humanity. Sylvia, who knew nothing of her father's history except his dishonour, felt this impression keenly; and Sir Aubrey, who in the apple orchard had seemed no more than a courteous elderly gentleman, acquired on his own domain an almost princely character.

The schoolmaster and his daughter crossed a stretch of level turf, and entered the avenue within a hundred yards of the house. Sylvia had never before been so near that stately pile. She had only seen it from the distance, grand and gloomy, standing aloof from the elms and beeches of the park, the cedars and maples of the lawn—on an island of barren gravel and turf laid out stiffly in the Italian style, with a Faunus and a Dryad, a Pan and a Syren, simpering on their pedestals at the angles of the walks.

The hall door stood open, but for ceremony Mr. Carew rang a bell, which made noise enough to have startled the establishment of the Sleeping Beauty. He had scarcely done so when he beheld a gentleman crossing the hall, a gentleman in a coat of somewhat antique cut.

"Good evening, Sir Aubrey," he said. "You see we are very punctual."

Sylvia pulled her father's sleeve.

"Papa, how can you be so stupid," she whispered, while the gentleman stood smiling inanely, with a look of considerable embarrassment.

The woman's quick eye had noted the difference of dress, of style, between the two brothers. The faces bore a marked resemblance, a likeness which in the half-light of the hall had been strong enough to deceive the schoolmaster.

"I beg your pardon," faltered Mordred Perriam, "you mistake me for my brother. We are generally considered alike. Pray walk in. Sir Aubrey expects you."

Sir Aubrey opened the dining-room door at this moment, and came out to welcome his visitors. Yes, there was a wide difference between the two men, but it was a difference of dress and style. The elder brother was as studious in his costume, and as well preserved in his person, as a French marquis of the old regime; while Mordred Perriam's high limp shirt collar, cambric frill, watered black ribbon and double eyeglass, nankeen waistcoat, and chocolate-coloured coat, ill cut hair, and shaggy eyebrows, bespoke the book-worm's indifference to the mutations of fashion, or the decay of his good looks. Even that chocolate coat was a mark of respect to his brother. Mr. Perriam was never happier than when loosely enveloped in a dressing-gown which age had rendered dear to him.

"How do you do?" cried Sir Aubrey. "So good of you to come. My brother, Mr. Perriam, Miss Carew—Mr. Carew, Mr. Perriam. Shall we take tea before we walk round the garden? Perhaps we had better. Miss Carew must want a little refreshment after her walk, and ladies are generally fond of tea. There will be light enough for the gardens afterwards, I have no horticultural specimens to show you; I leave the cultivation of curious plants to foolish old ladies, who want to spend their money. Perriam could only be Perriam if I squandered a fortune on orchids."

Mr. Carew murmured his acquiescence with a proposition which seemed incontrovertible, and Sir Aubrey led the way to the saloon, where tea had been prepared for the visitors on an oval table in the semi-circular bay, or alcove, at the end of the room. The china was Indian, and the silver tray and teakettle were specimens of that famous period which still takes highest rank among the connoisseurs of the silversmith's art. Some dry biscuits in a silver basket and a dish of early plums from the southern wall composed the somewhat unsubstantial meal; but the schoolmaster had not come to Perriam to eat or to drink, and sipped his tea out of the crimson and gold dragon china with supreme contentment. The baronet had placed Sylvia before the tray, with a ceremonious request that she would pour out the tea.

"I do it myself when my brother and I are alone," he said, "but it seems much more natural, as well as much more agreeable, to see a lady in that place."

Sylvia smiled. She felt an almost childish pleasure in handling those pleasant tea-cups, that antique tea-pot, and the curious old tea-kettle, mounted high upon four slim legs. Never before to-night had she poured tea out of a silver teapot; never before to-night touched such costly china. And then these things had a peculiar charm of their own, which lifted them above the common-place splendours of the Monkhampton shop windows. They possessed the double charm of age and rarity.

They lingered a little over that simple banquet, while the dusk deepened yonder on the cedar-shadowed lawn, and the butler, always slow to bring lamps and candles, left them to enjoy the gloaming. Sir Aubrey was in no hurry to break the spell that bound him. He was sitting by Sylvia, watching her white hands as they hovered about the tea things with such light, gracious movements. Why should he not have her always to pour out his tea, if he chose. There was no one to question his will. He was supreme master of his life and actions. Only destiny could interpose to prevent his being happy after his own fashion.

Musing thus, Sir Aubrey fell into a deep silence, which no other member of that small assembly ventured to break. They were there as his vassals, even Mordred, and if the prince were silent who among them should dare to speak? Nor was that stillness uncongenial to the summer dusk, or the splendid gloom of that spacious apartment.

Sylvia's keen eyes wandered here and there in the gloom. Why, the room was as large as Hedingham Church. That lofty ceiling, that florid cornice, impressed her with an unspeakable sense of grandeur. She thought of the school-house parlour, with its low ceiling, sustained by a clumsy whitewashed beam, in which a rusty iron hook or two, which no mortal hand seemed strong enough to extract, marked where ruder generations had hung their bacon to dry in the rack of the household hearth. What a contrast between those two rooms! The carpet here was like the turf on the Vicarage lawn, deep and soft, and silent beneath the heaviest foot-fall. The vast room, void of pictures, mirrors, and frippery of all kinds, had an almost awful look in the dusk. An Egyptian temple could have hardly been more solemn.

"Come," said Sir Aubrey, suddenly rousing himself from that long reverie, "We shall have very little light for the gardens; but you must come again, and see them better. Yes," with a desperate plunge, "you must come and dine with us some day next week."

Sir Aubrey heard his brother's startled movement in the dusk yonder. It was the slightest possible movement; an involuntary action, like the start which some people give at a vivid flash of lightning; but Sir Aubrey understood it. He knew that there was a wide difference between asking this schoolmaster and his daughter to tea, in a purely patronising way, as befitted the lord of the manor, and inviting them to dinner as if they were his equals.

"What would the county say?" thought Mordred, in mute horror. He saw very little of the county himself, and in the serene retirement of his kitchen garden cared very little what the county thought of him. But he had a fixed idea that his brother was bound to defer to the opinion of the county, and if he ever married at all to marry in accordance with the expectations of the county. Sir Aubrey had been engaged to a Duke's daughter; and the county would be slow to forgive him the disgrace of a discreditable alliance.

But Sir Aubrey had cast the die, and began to feel reckless. "After all, a man should live for himself," he thought. "Shall I have a vinegar-faced spinster to pour out my tea for the sake of the quarterings on her father's shield? At my age a man is bound to make the most of his life."

They went out into the garden, this being part of the programme, and a thing to be done as it were. Here, in the cool dusk, Sir Aubrey led his visitors along the stiff walks of the Italian garden, to that wide terrace from which, looking downward, they saw Perriam Church sheltered in its green dell, and the tombs of the Perriams showing grayish white against the surrounding foliage—such a quiet, half hidden little church and graveyard. Here verily death must be a peaceful slumber; no jar of city traffic to stir the sleeper, no roar of steam engine to shake the mouldering dust!

Mr. Carew quoted Horace, involuntarily. Mr. Perriam, delighted at the opportunity, began a long story of a Venetian Horace which he had acquired—a wondrous bargain, only one volume being wanting, from a bookseller in Glasgow. Full of his story Mr. Perriam hooked his arms through the schoolmaster's and trotted him up and down the terrace, at his kitchen-garden pace, and thus, placidly unconscious of the mischief he might be doing, left Sir Aubrey and Sylvia alone together.

The stars were out in the clear summer heaven, and the girl's face looking up at that silver light seemed divinely beautiful, for all lovely things take new loveliness from the light of moon and stars. It was the face of one of Raphael's young Madonnas, serenely pensive, with lips half parted in a thoughtful smile, as if those deeply-dark eyes looked beyond the landscape they seemed to rest on, to some fairer spirit-land. Sir Aubrey contemplated the girl's face in silent admiration as she stood leaning a little against the sculptured vase, at an angle of the balustrade. Could anything so lovely be otherwise than good? he asked himself, with little doubt as to the answer.

It seemed to him that this outward perfection implied a corresponding beauty in the spiritual nature.

And indeed it is possible that in the soul that belonged to this perfect form there had once been all the element of goodness, needing only training for their development. Some natures are self-sustaining, like yonder cedar; others are but plants of a parasitic growth, which need to be directed by the judicious hand of the gardener.

CHAPTER XXII.

"IN SOME, AMBITION IS THE CHIEF CONCERN."

Not very long did Sir Aubrey keep silence as he and Sylvia stood side by side beneath those tranquil stars.

There was one point upon which he was very anxious for enlightenment.

"Your father—when he honoured me with his confidence last night—appeared to me to take a very correct view of Mr. Standen's position with regard to yourself, Miss Carew," he said, coming to the point with the straightforwardness of a mind accustomed to dictate rather than to obey. "You are

too charming a young lady to enter any family which refuses you respect and affection. But fathers are apt to contemplate these subjects from a common-sense point of view, forgetting how far a daughter's feelings may be involved in the matter. I—I hope it is not so in this case. I hope you go with your father in his rejection of Mr. Standen."

Sylvia's heart beat very fast. Why should Sir Aubrey ask her a question, unless he meant to ask a still more particular question by and by? What could it matter to him whether she cared or did not care for Mr. Standen? And how should she answer him? To tell him the simple truth—to tell him that Edmund Standen was very dear to her, and that she had sworn to be faithful and constant in her love for him come weal, come woe—this was clearly her duty, her duty at once to Edmund and the sacred cause of truth. But to do this would be to put an end to Sir Aubrey's very evident infatuation—to destroy that splendid possibility which shone before her dazzled eyes to-night. And Sylvia had not acquired her ideas of life from a teacher who attached much importance to abstract truth. The lessons her father had instilled were hard lessons, taught in bitterness of spirit. He had taught her that to be happy meant to succeed in life—that poverty and contentment were incompatible. That to miss the one brilliant possibility which every life offers is to embrace ruin. "Every beautiful woman has her chance," he said to her, "if she knows how to wait for it." Now Sylvia's chance seemed to have come, after very little waiting. Fortune, the winged genius, stood by her side. She had but to stretch forth her hand to detain him—yet nothing was easier than to scare the bright stranger away. She deliberated before answering Sir Aubrey's question, and then with bold equivocation made a reply which committed her to nothing.

"I cannot help approving of my father's refusal. I have no wish to be looked down upon by Mrs. Standen."

"Looked down upon! I should think not!" cried the baronet indignantly. "Looked down upon by a provincial banker's widow. You, who are fit to be a duchess. But never mind Mrs. Standen," he went on, with some slight hesitation, "her insolence is not worth thinking about. The question I would venture to ask is—whether Mr. Standen, the young gentleman who gave you that book, has won your affection."

This question was too direct to admit of an equivocating answer. Sylvia must either tell the truth, or wrong her lover by deliberate falsehood. Happily neither man nor woman becomes altogether base in a moment. She could not pronounce that direct untruth which wisdom counselled. She would not forswear herself utterly. But in her reply she was only half true.

"Yes," she said slyly, "Edmund and I do care for each other, a little. Only there are so many obstacles in the way of our marriage that—"

"That you have both come to the conclusion that it is wisest to abandon all thought of it," cried Sir Aubrey eagerly. "I understand."

"No," said Sylvia, "Edmund is still anxious that I should marry him, but I—"

"You see the folly of such a marriage."

"Yes—and I am too proud to accept Mrs. Standen's suitor."

"Then I may venture to conclude that your heart is not deeply engaged?" asked Sir Aubrey, earnestly.

Sylvia sighed. If she had ever had a heart it was surely given to Edmund Standen. She remembered that thrilling voice, with its low tender tones; those dark grey eyes, with their fond protecting look; the sense of peace and security that her lover's presence had ever brought her; the deep trust which his trustfulness inspired. Hard to resign such gifts as these, which did, at times, even to her selfish soul, seem sufficient to make life sweet.

She sighed, and those thoughtful eyes surveyed the Italian garden, the park that surrounded it, the little old church in the dell, the undulating expanse of meadow-land, no less unbragous than the park. She knew that far beyond the limit of her gaze the land belonged to Sir Aubrey Perriam. She recalled that succinct lecture upon the extent of his wealth which her father had given her that evening. Could mortal love or truth—at best an uncertain quantity—weigh against these positive possessions? Could she for a moment hesitate, if Fortune offered her in one hand the heart of the man she loved, and in the other Perriam Place?

"And perhaps ten years hence, when my good looks are on the wane, and my temper soured by the struggles of poverty, I should discover that Edmund had grown tired of me," she thought, looking at the question in its varied aspects.

"But I love him, but I love him," urged her heart. "I love him, and I cannot surrender his love."

The stars shone down on the Italian garden. Faunus and the Dryad glimmered whitely athwart orange trees that had scented the air when Henry St. John paced those straight walks with his friend Sir Godfrey Perriam. It was a fair scene which Sylvia's enraptured eyes surveyed. Yet it was but a mess of pottage after all, against which her evil genius tempted her to barter that fair heritage—a woman's honour.

"Tell me the truth," pleaded Sir Aubrey. "Had this Mr. Standen won your heart?"

She could not answer no, but her coquetry and equivocation came to her aid.

"We had only known each other three months when he went away," she said, "and had not met very often in that time."

"Then your heart is not engaged?"

"Not very deeply. In fact I have hardly considered whether I have a heart. But I think I had better remind papa how late it is, Sir Aubrey. Mr. Perriam's interesting conversation may make him forget that we have an hour's walk home."

"You need not walk home. I have ordered the carriage to be ready for you at ten. Give me one more half-hour, Miss Carew. There is another question that I should like to ask you—yes, even to-night. It may seem strange and sudden, but when a man has once made up his mind there is no reason why he should hesitate."

He stopped, feeling that he had rushed almost unawares to the brink of a frightful precipice, a gulf from which, the plunge once made, there could be no retreat. He stopped, and drew breath, as it were, upon the very verge of that dire abyss. But for the runner who has rushed headlong to the edge there is no possibility of recoil. Sir Aubrey had but time to perceive his desperate position, ere he was over the brink.

"Is it possible," he said, "that this girlish heart, unawakened by a youthful lover, could be touched by the deeper devotion of a man long past youth. Sylvia, there are impulses against which it is vain to contend—spells that all the wisdom

of a Ulysses is weak to break from. My dearest girl I think that I must have fallen in love with you that afternoon in the orchard; for your face has haunted me from that hour to this, and I know that life henceforward must seem barren for me if you refuse to brighten it."

Sylvia gave one wide look that took in all the splendour of Perriam. She had turned her back to the church in the dull, and the mansion stood before her, a little way off, in all its solemn grandeur,—the smooth lawn shining like the still bosom of a lake between the Italian garden and the broad stone *perron*. This was offered to her—this, the finest house she had ever seen, by the grandest gentleman she had ever heard of. There was no one in Hedingham whose mind was wide enough to conceive greatness beyond the greatness of Sir Aubrey Perriam.

There was a choking twitch in her throat. Her eyes filled with tears. The tears of pride and triumph. Only in a dream had she ever felt this swelling sense of victory until to-night. She turned to Sir Aubrey and tried to speak, but no words would come. That overpowering sense of gratified ambition stifled her. In that moment Edmund Standen was absolutely forgotten.

Sir Aubrey perceived her agitation and was deeply touched by it. Had she been unmoved, he would have thought her unworthy of his love. This emotion bespoke a chord which trembled in unison with his own deep feeling. He was not without the power to touch that fresh young heart.

"Sylvia, will you be my wife?" he asked briefly, not being practised in the arts of a lover.

"It would be too great an honour for me, Sir Aubrey," she answered, her voice trembling a little. She was thinking of those Hedingham fine ladies, who had looked her down with their cold repellent stare, who had condemned her unheard. Could Fortune really mean to raise her to a pinnacle from which she could crush them with her scorn. The mere fact of her elevation would be a supreme revenge. She thought of the homage Hedingham would offer to Lady Perriam, and Edmund Standen remained absolutely forgotten.

"What would the world say, Sir Aubrey?" she asked.

"What would the world say, except that I was happy in winning so peerless a wife. I have been, perhaps, too much the slave of social rank, but you have broken my bonds. Beauty such as yours would make any man a radical. The world! What need I care for the world if I am happy? A man's home is his world. That uneasy tormenting sense of what the world outside his home may be saying of him is the weakest of all the vanities that ever civilization inspired in the human mind. Let my house be isolated as the wigwam of the savage, so long as it be happy. Sylvia, is there any hope that I can win your regard?"

"How can I do otherwise than admire you, when you are so generous and noble?" she asked softly. A very little while ago she had called Edmund Standen noble and generous because he was willing to surrender a fortune for her sake. But Sir Aubrey, who was able to make her mistress of Perriam Place, seemed still more generous and noble.

"Will you be my wife, Sylvia?" pleaded Sir Aubrey with deepening earnestness. "I am willing to trust to time to give me your love. I do not think one so gentle and innocent can long withhold her heart from a husband who must adore her. If I can trust the future, dearest, to bring us both happiness, will you not trust it too?"

"Yes," she answered, not withdrawing the hand he clasped, but with her gaze still fixed on yonder mansion, upon whose smooth facade the shadows of the cedar branches looked like funeral plumes.

It was Perriam Place she accepted rather than Sir Aubrey.

"Better for poor Edmund than that he should make himself a pauper for my sake," she thought, as her lover's image cast a sudden gloom athwart this brilliant prospect. And for the moment she really believed that in accepting Sir Aubrey's offer she was acting generously to Edmund Standen.

And that solemn promise by the tomb of the de Bossiney's, that promise so firmly believed in by her absent lover? Lighter than thistle-down weighed that sacred vow in the balance that held the wealth of Perriam, and all the pride and power that went along with it.

Sir Aubrey held that little hand in his, wondering vaguely at himself, and the change in his scheme of life. He had not intended to take this desperate plunge. His plan had been to make himself thoroughly acquainted with Sylvia and her father before committing himself in any manner. And lo, it had needed but the magic of night and star-shine to betray him into this foolish precipitation. He felt that he had been rash almost to madness; he felt that he was exquisitely happy.

"Sylvia," he said gently, "if you can but give me one tithe of the love I feel for you we ought to be the happiest couple in the west of England."

Sylvia thought that as lady Perriam it would be impossible otherwise than happy.

Mr. Carew and Mr. Perriam had perambulated every walk in the Italian garden by this time, the bookworm still prosing about that wonderful Venetian edition of Horace—a book which was really the *veriest* dirt in the eyes of accomplished bibliopoles, but which poor Mordred deemed a treasure above price. The schoolmaster listened patiently to the particulars of this bargain—how Mr. Perriam's eye had been caught by an advertisement in *The Bookseller*, how he had written to the second-hand dealer, and how the dealer had written to him—all related at much length, and with numerous discursive additions. Very patient was Mr. Carew, for he had an eye upon those two figures by the stone vase, yonder; and he felt that his time was in no manner wasted.

But when the stable clock chimed the half-hour after nine it seemed incumbent upon him to make some movement. So he reminded Mr. Perriam how late it was, and the two gentlemen bent their steps towards yonder group.

"My dear Sylvia, have you any idea of the hour?" asked Mr. Carew. "This beautiful garden, and Sir Aubrey's kindness, have beguiled you into forgetfulness. We have a longish walk before us."

"The carriage is ordered for ten," said Sir Aubrey. "I could not think of Miss Carew walking home. Come in and take some refreshments, Carew."

He gave Sylvia his arm, and they went back to the house, which now shone upon them with a cheerful light in its lower windows; not the vivid brightness of gas, but a subdued and mellow radiance of lamps and wax-candles.

The saloon which Sylvia had only seen dimly in the dusk was now illuminated by a pair of moderator lamps, innovations which Sir Aubrey had submitted to under protest, and half-a-dozen yellow wax-candles in a pair of silver candel-

abra of the Corinthian column design. By this soft light the room looked its best; no colour predominating where every hue was mellowed by time, pale grays and sombre crimsons melting into each other, doors of darkest Spanish mahogany—such a room as a painter loves. Sylvia felt somehow that Sir Aubrey's saloon, lacking all the luxurious inventions of modern upholstery, was yet infinitely more splendid than Mrs. Toynbee's brand new drawing-room, upon whose decoration as the lady exultingly informed her friends, no expense had been spared. There must have been a rood of looking-glass in Mrs. Toynbee's room. Vast pannels of glass from floor to ceiling, reflecting all the distracting twists and convolutions of the gilded chairs and tables, the brassy modern buhl, the French china, the Bohemian glass, the crimson satin, the mother of pearl, photograph albums; a room which gave visitors a headache, while in the Perriam Place saloon the eye reposed as in the shade of summer woods. Once in a fit of condescension, or in that expansiveness of spirit which seizes some women when they have a new acquisition to display, Mrs. Toynbee had asked Sylvia to come and see her drawing-room, and Sylvia had reluctantly accepted the patronising invitation. She had surveyed those brand new splendours, and wondered from what wild chaos of the artistic mind, upholsterers had evoked the designs for those serpentine chairs, those ricketty coffee tables and plaster of Paris pedestals for flower pots, which looked like gilded lamp-posts. Sylvia had duly admired the Toynbee drawing-room, and had been regaled with a stale macaroon and a glass of sherry, which tasted of cayenne pepper. She had not forgotten the room, nor the condescension which had prompted its exhibition. She thought of both now, with a curious smile.

"When I am Lady Perriam I will ask Mrs. Toynbee to come and see my drawing-room," she thought.

There was just time for some light refreshment of wine and biscuits, and a certain poundcake, upon which the Perriam housekeeper prided herself, before the carriage was announced. There had been time too for Sir Aubrey to engage his new friends to dine at Perriam on the following Tuesday.

"Sunday is a leisure day with you, I suppose, Carew," he said, meditatively. He had been thinking that the Sabbath would seem long and dull to him if he could not see Sylvia.

"No, Sir Aubrey. I am not my own man till late in the evening. I have to take the school to church."

"Dear me, yes, to be sure," said the baronet, a little startled. That school business was decidedly unpleasant. He had almost forgotten it while he was talking to Sylvia in the starlight.

He escorted his guests to the carriage, an old-fashioned lemon-coloured chariot, in which his father and mother had ridden. But the vehicle, though ancient had been carefully preserved. The drab damask lining was spotless, the cushions luxurious. Never before had Sylvia sat in such a carriage.

"Good-bye," said Sir Aubrey, holding Sylvia's hand with a lingering pressure, while the coachman looked round to see how long his master meant to stand at the carriage door. "Good-bye, I shall call upon your father on Monday."

The chariot drove away, and Sir Aubrey went back to the house slowly, thoughtfully. The glamour of Sylvia's presence was hardly gone from him when he awoke to the consciousness that he had done a desperate act. He did not altogether regret the step which he had taken. He was proud to think that Sylvia had accepted him. But he had a dimly doubtful feeling, like that of a purchaser who has just bought something he is not very sure of wanting. The object was a bargain, perhaps, and yet the buyer might have been as well off without it.

"What will Mordred say?" he asked himself, as he went back to the saloon. And beyond Mordred was that outside world which he had affected to despise, a little while ago, on yonder terrace.

Mordred sat near one of the lamps, turning over the leaves of a Quarterly, and utterly unsuspecting. He looked up as his brother came into the room, and in his mild dreamy face there was no indication of curiosity.

"A very intelligent person, that Mr. Carew," he said, "rather superior to his position."

"Rather superior! I should think so, indeed!" returned the baronet, almost testily. "Any one can see at a glance that the man is a gentleman by birth and education."

"I wonder how he comes to be a village schoolmaster," remarked Mordred in a speculative tone.

"Because the man is evidently a fellow of your stamp. One of those dreamy intellectual Sybarites who would be content with any position in which they are not required to exert themselves. What would become of you, do you suppose, Mordred, if you hadn't an income, and Perriam to live in? Do you think you could attain any higher position than Mr. Carew has secured for himself?"

"I daresay not," answered Mordred meekly; "but it must be tiresome teaching boys. Thank Providence, I'm not obliged to do it."

"What do you think of Miss Carew?" asked Sir Aubrey, from the shelter of his arm chair at the other end of the room.

"The young lady!" said Mordred, as if he had just remembered the fact of her existence; "the young lady who came with Mr. Carew. Rather a pleasing young person, I should think."

Pleasing! His goddess of beauty—his Madonna after Raphaelle—summed up in the rapid epithet "pleasing."

After this Sir Aubrey was in no humour to tell Mordred anything. Better, perhaps, to keep his secret till he and Sylvia were actually married. Let people be as much astonished as they pleased afterwards. They could be married quietly some morning by special license, giving no one more than a few hours' notice of the fact. And they could be in Paris before people began to wonder. Sir Aubrey was particularly anxious to escape the wonderment which this somewhat eccentric marriage was likely to occasion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. STANDEN IS INCONSISTENT.

Sylvia said not a word to her father about Sir Aubrey's offer during the drive home. Nor had Mr. Carew the faintest suspicion that the affair had reached a crisis. He had been supremely satisfied to note the main fact: that Sir Aubrey admired his daughter, and had trusted that time might ripen admiration so decided into love. But that the Lord of the Manor would offer his hand and fortune to this obscure maiden after having seen her only four times, was something beyond Mr. Carew's wildest dream. And here the schoolmaster may

have shown himself somewhat deficient in knowledge of human nature. For, to give Sir Aubrey time for the ripening of his fascination, would have been also to give him time for those prudent reflections which must occur to the matured mind of middle age. It was only while the glamour was upon him that Sir Aubrey was likely to forget rank and race for the sake of this new fancy. And the glamour was strongest while the fancy was newest.

Satisfied with what he deemed the steady progress of Sir Aubrey's flame, Mr. Carew forbore from questioning his daughter. They drove home almost in silence, and Sylvia left her father in the parlour with a brief good night.

Once safe in her own little room, she flung herself beside the bed, where her wretched mother had knelt two nights before, and for the first time in her life wept a flood of passionate tears. The sense of her treason had come upon her in all its fulness during that silent homeward drive. She felt herself the basest and falsest of women. She was half inclined to think that all the splendour this earth could give would be worthless to her without Edmund. Yet, through all, she never contemplated the possibility of retracing the step which she had taken—of asking Sir Aubrey to give her back the rash promise of to-night.

No—she wept for her absent lover, and wept for her own infidelity—but she meant to be Lady Perriam all the time. Remorse gnawed her heart, but she held steadily to the new purpose of her life. She would reign in triumph over the people who had slighted her. She would win all that made life worth having.

Broken and feverish were her dreams that night, during briefest snatches of slumber. One moment her lover's reproachful face was before her, and in the next the stately front of Perriam Place. She was standing in the Italian garden, under a starlit sky, but it was Edmund Standen, and not Sir Aubrey, who stood beside her.

She awoke from such a dream as this, with an iniquitous thought. "Sir Aubrey is almost an old man. He may die before many years are over, and I may marry Edmund after all."

What pride, what happiness, to make Edmund lord of Perriam? She forgot that family estates are apt to be entailed. She fancied herself sole mistress of Sir Aubrey's lands and wealth, giving all to her first lover. And cradled by this bright dream, Sylvia sank into peaceful slumber just as the birds were beginning to sing.

She awoke in a frame of mind that was almost cheerful, though that haunting image of her jilted lover still pursued her. "After all, it was better for him," that was the argument with which she strove to pacify the Eumenides of conscience. "He may marry Miss Rochdale," she said to herself once, but that idea was too keen a torment. She could not entertain it.

"No, he will be in no hurry to marry," she thought, "but he will live with his mother, and be a country gentleman. He is made for that. To reduce him to a clerk's position would be shameful cruelty. It would be selfishness in me to accept the sacrifice his generosity rates so lightly. And how can I doubt that our marriage would result in unhappiness. He would regret the sacrifice when it was too late. And after an absence of three months his love will have cooled a little perhaps," she reflected, with a regretful sigh. "Altogether what has happened must be better for both of us, however dearly we may have loved each other. Papa is right. Fortune comes to a woman only once in her life. She must be worse than foolish if she rejects it."

It was Sunday. Sylvia hated Sundays. The perpetual church and Sunday school had no charm for her. She knew the Bible history by heart, and was beyond measure weary of those Bible stories whose unsurpassable grandeur is somewhat lowered in the minds of those who hear the sacred volume droned through Sunday after Sunday by the harsh voice of school children, in a level high-pitched bawl. And then Sunday exposed Miss Carew to some mortification from the exhibition of new gowns and bonnets on the part of young lady teachers. Those young ladies seemed to have something new every Sunday. If they could not dazzle the gaze with a new bonnet, they could generally exhibit a neck ribbon, a pair of cuffs, a parasol, or a collar, which had been on view in Ganzlein's window a day or two before. Sylvia only saw those splendours from the outside of Ganzlein's plate glass. For her Sunday never meant new clothes.

But to-day how different would be her feelings when those insolent Hedinghamites flounced past her in their Sabbath finery. How proudly she would return their scornful looks, strong in the thought of the new dresses that she would wear as Lady Perriam. Looked at from this point of view, her elevation seemed almost too bright a dream ever to be realized. In the face of that little Hedingham world she became altogether worldly. The Eumenides ceased to torment her with Edmund Standen's image. She thought of nothing but her triumph over Hedingham.

It was on this subject that her thoughts ran all through the morning service—the dresses she would wear, the parties she would give, her Continental tours, all those glories of rank and state which might be hers as Sir Aubrey's wife. The service, which generally seemed long to this impatient spirit, seemed brief to-day, so splendid were those visions of the future.

"I shall come to Hedingham Church on Sunday morning when I am married," she said to herself. "It is all very well to have a church of one's own, in one's own park. But I should like the Hedingham people to see my dresses."

A little thrill of remorse or compunction stirred her heart at sight of the Dean House pew, where she had been wont to see her lover's tall figure and handsome head every Sunday. Many a look had she stolen in that direction in the Sabbath days that were gone; many a tender thought had she sent towards that faithful lover; and now her love was a thing of the past. With one sudden wrench she had plucked it out of her heart. But even in the first flush of triumph her heart seemed empty without that banished love.

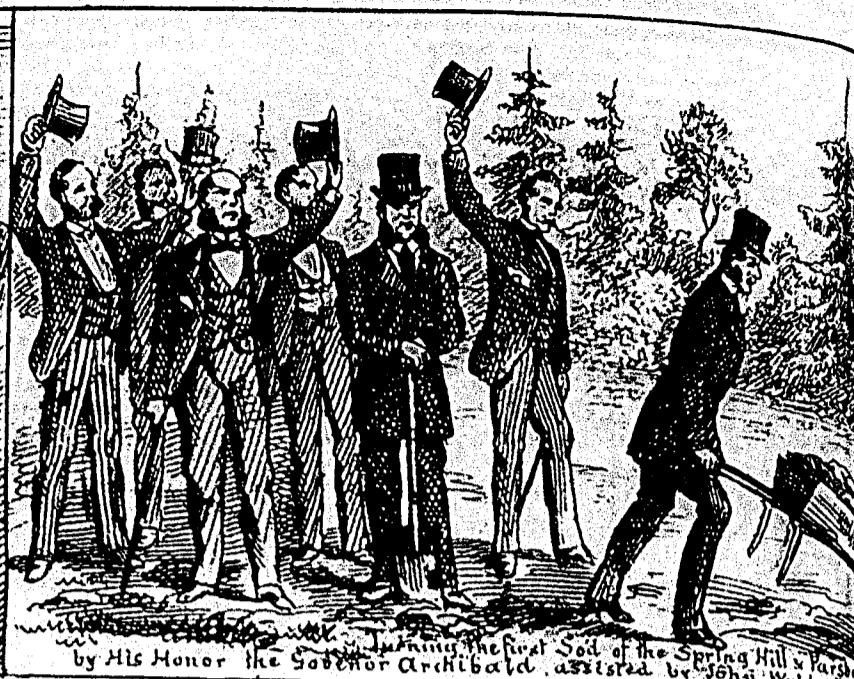
(To be continued.)

MADE CLEAR BY ILLUSTRATION.—We overheard the following between two bell-boys at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, recently: Pat a'as Mike, "What's this suspension of the banks?" "Hist ye!" Mike replies, "I'll tell ye. Suppose you have five cents." "Yis." "Leave it wid me." "Yis." "Next day ye want it, and ye ax me for it." "Yis." "I tell ye, 'No, sir, I've used it meself.'"

Dr. Colby's Pills are Sugar-Coated.



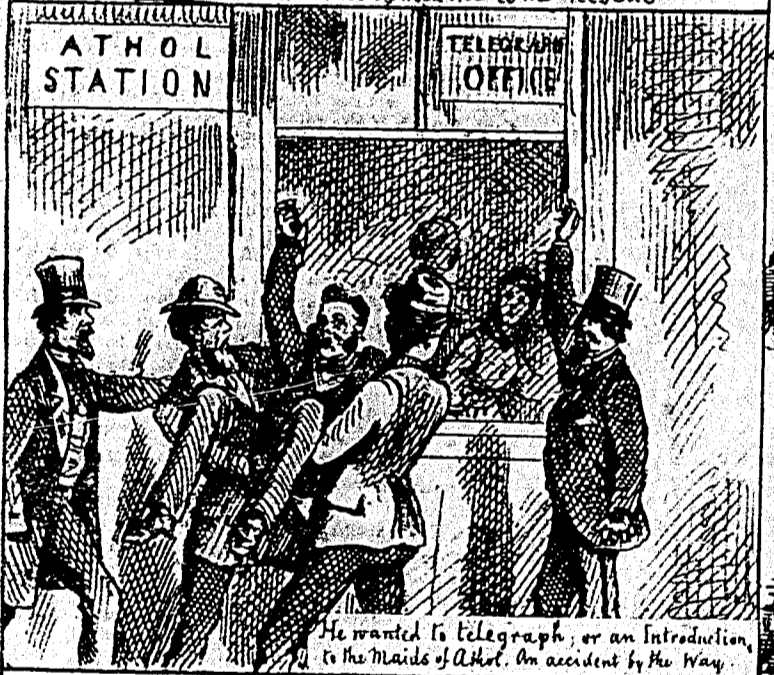
Old Lang Syne with Variations.



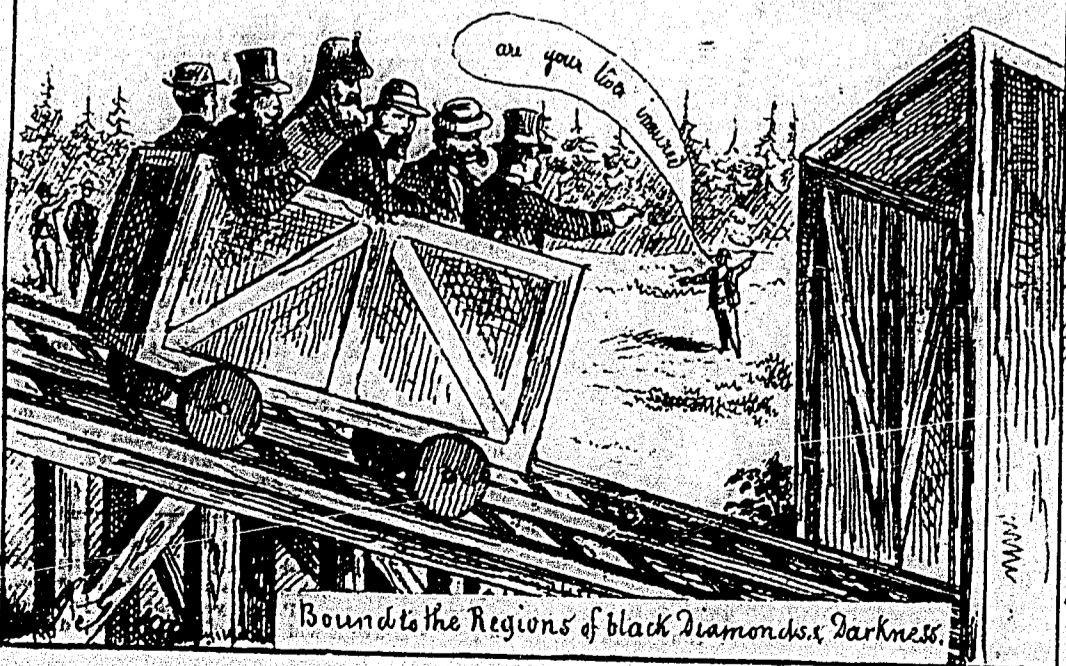
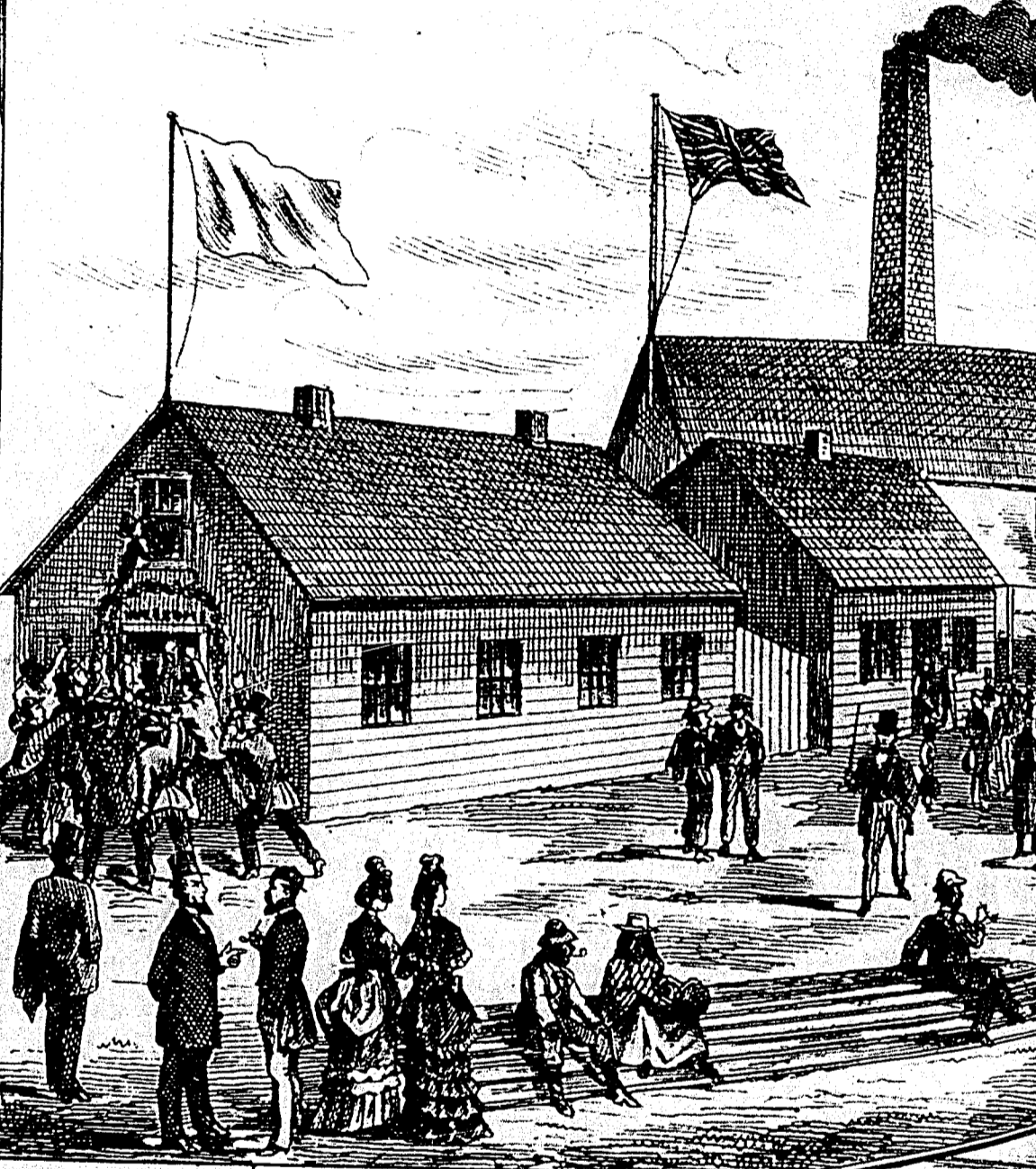
...the first Soil of the Spring Hill & ... by His Honor the Governor Archibald, assisted by John Wylde Esq.



The Minister of Marine to the Rescue.



He wanted to telegraph, or an Introduction, to the Maids of Athol. An accident by the Way.



Bound to the Regions of black Diamonds & Darkness.

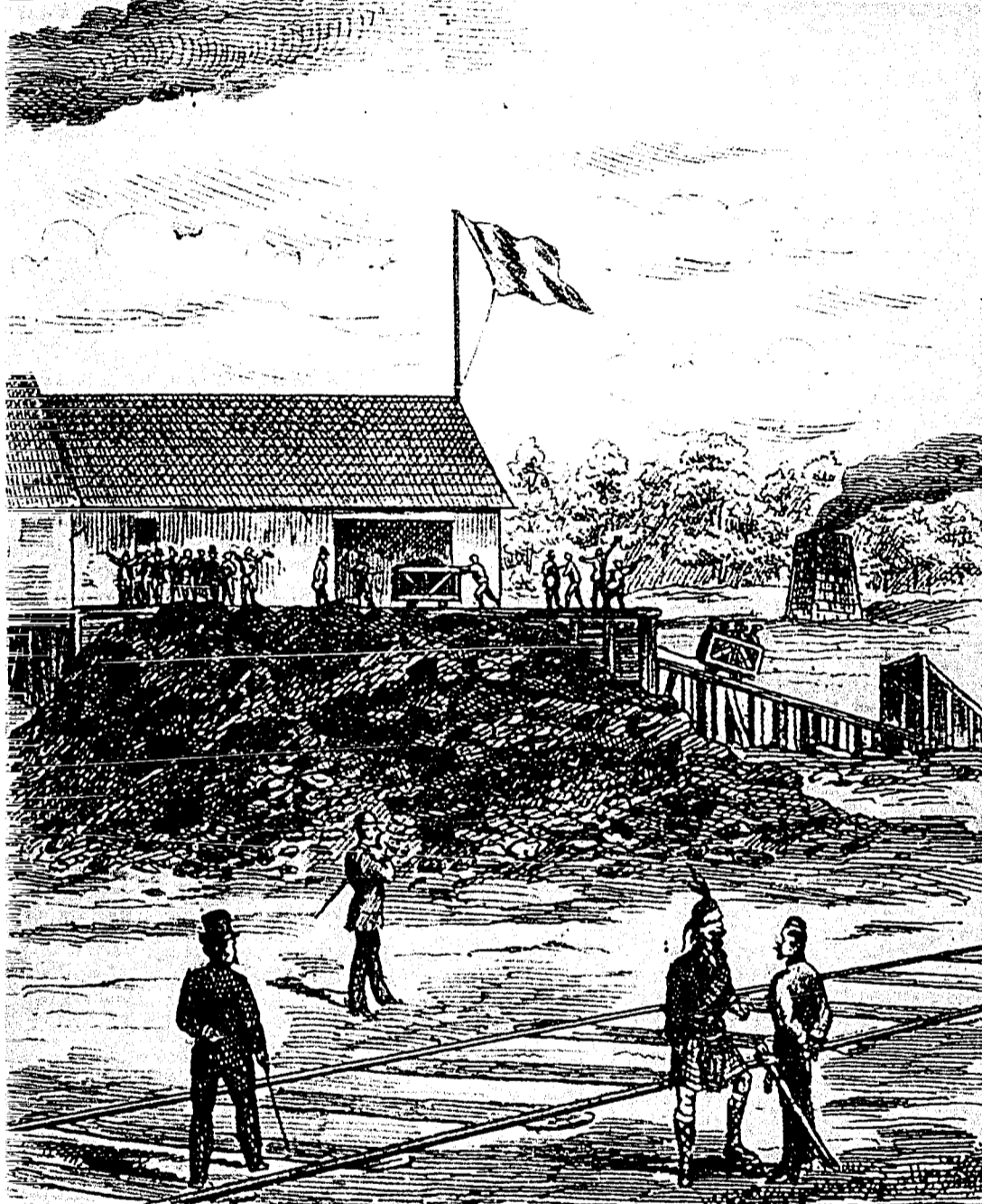




at of the Railway.



Horseflesh in the Workings.



Postal Car Regulations... En Route.



At Work in the Pit.



His Honor Governor Archibald driving the last Spike of the Spring Hill Branch T.C. R.R.



In the Oil Room. The seam exposed showing 14 ft. clean coal.

LOVE IS ALL.

BY JOHN FRAZER.

Poor?—nay, not poor—the joy of worlds is mine; The beauty and the wealth of land and sea, The splendour of the darkness, and the shine, Are all for me.

The ever-shifting glory of the sky, The pale wan moon with all her starry train, Deep rivers making glad great fields of rye And golden grain.

Spring, bringing singing-birds and glad green leaves: Soft summer, strowing rosebuds at my feet; Hear autumn, garnering his last ripe sheaves With odours sweet.

The music of the woodland, and the joy In all things fair and goodly and divine, Dim forms and fancies cherish'd when a boy— All these are mine.

The wealth of all the ages that have fled, The hope of all the ages yet to come, Immortal memories of the mighty dead, For ever dumb.

Songs, that have charm'd the ages in their flight: Fair faces, that have made all men their slaves: Legends of nameless heroes, that make bright Forgotten graves.

Wealth of great minds, treasures of antique lore, With weight whereof the wearied ages groan, The birthright of the centuries—yea more— Are all mine own.

Yea more—sweet girl!—in those dear eyes of thine I read a love that makes all these seem small: O heart that beats in unison with mine! More thou than all!

For love made smooth the roughest steep I tread, And love made sweet what else were sour indeed, And love went ever with me like a god In hour of need.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE GHOST OF THE ETCHEMIN.

BY ANNA BOYDE.

A few miles above Quebec on the Levis side, the sparkling little river Etchemin (after having faithfully performed its allotted labour of bringing logs to the saw mill) falls quietly into the great St. Lawrence, and is born towards the ocean. It is not very much of a river, this little Etchemin, with regard to size, but it is very useful and very beautiful. Where it rises I really do not know, but from where I first caught a glimpse of it at St. Henri village till lost in the St. Lawrence there is scarcely a hundred yards but what has some special beauty of its own. Here flowing on smoothly, calmly, so wide as to almost merit the name of a lake, there dashing along between high rocks, foaming, splashing, so that not even an Indian's canoe could live through it; further on again calm, silent, black, from its immense depth, for the simple Canadians round declare no line could ever be spun of sufficient length to reach the bottom.

But it is not for its picturesque beauty that the Etchemin finds its way into print, but because of the veritable ghost which for a while haunted a house on its banks. About ten miles from its mouth is the very prettiest of the many pretty spots along the river, and there, just at the head of a miniature fall, lived old Alphonse Leduc, his son Pierre, and his adopted daughter Thérèse. A few houses were clustered around the fall, for the grist mill was erected there, likewise a saw mill, which gave employment to a great many. Thérèse therefore, who was the handsomest girl for miles around, had no lack of admirers, but to all she turned a deaf ear, and "would have none of them."

No one but the old man Alphonse Leduc guessed why Thérèse so persistently refused her lovers, and he encouraged her decision, for nothing would have pleased the old man better than to see her the wife of his son; indeed he one day got her to promise that she would marry Pierre if he ever asked her. Thérèse was now about nineteen, Pierre twenty-two, and as he had shown latterly a decided preference for his cousin's society, the old man thought his cherished plans were about being accomplished.

One day coming home tired from his work in the field, he sat down to rest in the cheerful kitchen which overlooked the swiftly gliding stream. Thérèse was singing gaily at her work—a work but little known in cities, but which at one time had to be learned by every farmer's daughter. I mean *fulling cloth*. This was done by soaking in a stream (if living sufficiently near one,) and then drying in the sun. The work was heavy, for the thick homespun soaked up a large amount of water; however, as the young Canadian girls generally contrived to have a *corvée* for it, the work progressed rapidly amid shouts of laughter at the different witticisms which emanated from one or other of the group.

Thérèse, at the moment when her uncle and foster-father was seated at the window, was standing ankle-deep in the water, which danced gaily over the bare white feet. It was her turn to hold a piece of cloth so as to prevent the current from carrying it away, and as she held it she sang a gay little *chanson*, to which all united in chorus.

"Ah!" sighed the old man, "if Pierre only knew what was good for him, he would not leave my little Thérèse unmarried."

"What is that, father?" said Pierre, who had entered unperceived, "would you really wish me to marry Thérèse?"

"Ah, my son, I could then die happy."

"Remember we are cousins, and Monsieur le Curé might object."

"No, no, Pierre, you are not within the forbidden degree; then it would make me so happy to have my little Thérèse provided for without dividing the farm."

Further conversation passed between father and son, resulting in a promise on the part of the latter that he would propose to his cousin that evening. A cold indifferent lover Master Pierre most decidedly was, but the old man never noticed it, and as for poor Thérèse, the blind god had her too entirely in his power for her ever to notice aught amiss in the behaviour of Master Pierre.

* The American word "bee" explains a *corvée* better than any English word.

"Father," she whispered that night to the old man, "you will be doubly so to me now; ah! what care I shall take of you."

"You could not do more than you have, my child, yet still I feel a happy man to-night." Then, after a silence of a few moments, he said in a half-playful tone, "Promise me, Thérèse, you will be sure to marry Pierre."

"Mais assurément oui," she replied, rather surprised at the request.

"If you do not, my ghost will haunt you when I die." The words came slowly, distinctly, though even then death stood near, for within an hour good old Alphonse Leduc was seized with paralysis, which ended in death within forty-eight hours.

The wedding, of course, was now put off, it being against the rules of the church to marry within a year from the time of a relative's decease. Thérèse, therefore, lived on at the farm, and Pierre departed for the "cove," where work could always be had in abundance.

A year went by, Pierre was expected home, and Thérèse was in high spirits, her wedding dress ready, her *fille d'honneur* invited, all prepared, and only awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom elect.

This took place before the days of steamers and railroads, so that no melodious whistle from the iron horse heralded the wished-for arrival, but foot-sore and weary the traveller gained his home.

Thérèse rose a happy girl that day; she went to her bed a heart-broken woman, for Pierre, her Pierre whom she loved so long and so well, had asked her to release him from his promise, and she had done so, though she knew it would break her heart.

"You will live with us, Thérèse," Pierre said, before starting to claim the Marie who had stolen away his heart, "you will still be my sister, I have always loved you as one, and it would have pleased the father."

"The father!" pale turned the poor girl's cheek, as she remembered that father's last words: "If you do not marry Pierre my ghost shall haunt you," but she tried hard to bring plain common sense to bear upon the subject and to feel that one could not haunt another merely because they willed it.

Another six months passed over, Pierre came home, bringing with him his wife, who was a kind, sprightly little woman, and who felt she owed an eternal debt of gratitude to Thérèse for resigning Pierre in her favour; but from that night when first the married pair slept under the old roof tree began the martyrdom of poor Thérèse. No blue lights, no clanking chains, no horrible cries, disturbed the slumbers of the household, but every thing belonging to the poor girl was nightly displaced, inasmuch that it would take hours to repair the mischief, whilst she would lie shivering in her bed, and feeling that old Alphonse Leduc had been permitted to make his promise good.

Vain were all efforts to stay this most implacable of ghosts; nightly visits were paid, spite of bell, book and candle, and each visit seemed to take more and more away from the life of the innocent girl, till at length she was unable to leave her bed. Town relatives were apprised of the illness, and, naturally enough, they disbelieved the cause.

"She walks in her sleep," said one of the uncles, a smart, energetic man, whom a ghost would have hard work to undertake.

"I will spend a night at the farm," he said, "and soon show you how absurd your fears are."

True to his promise, the city merchant arrived at the farm, and as Thérèse was rather better than usual that day, and exerted herself so far as to remain up for supper, he supposed the clue to the mystery would soon be solved.

Night drew on, Thérèse, tired out, withdrew to her little closet off the kitchen, and the rest of the family sat talking together.

"Well, Pierre, *mon ami*," said the uncle, "I think your ghost will not visit you to-night; I have barred the way," pointing to the door of Thérèse's closet.

"It is too early yet," answered the wife of Pierre; "he never comes till twelve."

An incredulous laugh followed the remark of the young woman, and conversation took a general turn, till in the midst of a long tale which was being told by a neighbour who had dropped in, a strange noise was heard overhead.

"What is that?" cried the uncle, starting from his seat.

"The ghost," was the solemn reply.

"Nonsense, it is Thérèse herself who is walking in her sleep," and crossing the kitchen, he opened the door of his niece's room, fully expecting to find it empty, but to his unbounded amazement the poor girl lay there wide awake and trembling.

"Are you convinced now that it is a real ghost," asked Pierre.

"I am convinced it is not Thérèse, as I supposed, yet still I am equally convinced it is something human; will you come with me till I search?"

"Yes, though you will find nothing."

Taking the light, the two men mounted the stairs leading to the garret, which, as all Canadians know, is in the country a store-room for all which is not wanted in the living rooms. Half an hour passed, during which thorough search was made but nothing discovered, and they prepared to descend the stairs.

"Look round well, uncle," said Pierre, "note where those things are which belong to Thérèse, you will find a change among them by morning."

George Leduc did not say "nonsense" this time, but he quietly did as his nephew desired. For an hour or more after the party were once more seated in the kitchen the noise continued, after which all was quiet and they separated. (The old neighbour had gone long ago), though but little sleep visited the eyes of two.

Early next morning a rap at the uncle's door awakened him and Pierre's voice said—

"I have to go to the garret this morning, and I thought you might perhaps like to see if there was any change from last night."

A few moments sufficed for toilet, and the uncle and nephew opened the door leading to the garret.

"What is this?" exclaimed the elder man, as he stumbled over some dark object on the floor.

"Merely a piece of cloth woven by Thérèse," was the reply.

After ascending the stairs, a spinning wheel turned up side down barred further progress till such time as it was removed; then, scattered over the floor, hung to the beams, in fact wherever was the most unlikely place, would be found the belongings of Thérèse, and invariably a something done to

them which, if it did not actually destroy, would at least cost labour to right again.

The beautifully spun wool which had been carefully laid away would be tangled, the carded rolled into balls, the straps undone from the spinning-wheel, or the shuttles unwound or removed from the loom, indeed nothing belonging to the ill-fated girl was safe; and no matter how carefully all might be stowed away in the morning, twelve o'clock at night brought again the restless spirit.

"What do you think now, uncle?" said Pierre.

"I cannot say, but let us arrange all carefully, and perhaps I may find out to-night."

But neither that night nor any other did George Leduc solve the mystery, though he tried hard to do so. The ghostly visits continued all through the time he spent with Pierre, and seldom was the same act repeated twice alike, and daily Thérèse faded before the eyes of those who loved her, for she was indeed dear to the hearts of both Pierre and his warm-hearted little wife.

"Why is it that our Thérèse is the only one troubled, and whose spirit can it be?" were questions daily asked, but none could answer, for the dying girl kept her secret to the last.

"Marie," she said one day to her cousin's wife, "do you love me well enough to keep a secret, even from Pierre, till after my death?"

"Yes, *chère Thérèse*, even from him, though God knows I love him dearly."

"Would you have grieved much had you been separated?" "Grieved! ah, I should have broken my heart."

A silence of a few minutes, and then, with many a pause, came the story of Thérèse's love for her cousin, her promise to her adopted father, his last words, his death, and her release of Pierre from his engagement.

Marie was deeply moved, and throwing her arms around the dying girl, as she sat propped up by pillows, she wept bitterly.

"Ah! *ma chère, ma chère*," she moaned, "to think of all you have suffered for us!"

"Nay, Marie, don't regret it, for Pierre loved you dearly, and I, ah! well, I loved him too well to keep him from you."

"You are an angel," cried the impulsive little woman a few moments after, as she lifted a tear-stained face from her cousin's shoulder, and she was right, for Thérèse Leduc was no longer mortal.

A few days after Thérèse was laid in the little churchyard, where a simple white cross marks the spot, and never since has the quietness of the inmates of Pierre's home been disturbed by the appearance of a ghost.

Such is the tale as I heard it years ago. The narrator firmly believed it, and said there were many then living in the little village who could vouch for the truth of it.

"But why," I asked, "did the ghost trouble Thérèse; it seems to me that Pierre ought to have been the one."

"Ah, madame, we never attempted to think why it was done; we only know it was so," and the old man took several fierce whiffs from his pipe.

"Do you think," I asked, after a pause, "that Pierre had any hand in it himself; might he not wish to drive his cousin away, or even by her death become possessor of the whole farm?"

I had barely asked the question when I perceived I had done wrong, for the old man almost glared at me as he answered fiercely,

"Mais non; *surtout*! Why Pierre loved her well, only not well enough for a wife; and he would not let her leave when she wished to; besides the farm was all his own, for his father died without a will."

"I beg pardon," I said humbly, "I only wish if possible to account for the appearance of Alphonse Leduc."

"But there it is, madame; he never appeared, no one ever saw him during those years that he haunted his niece, we only had her word for it, that the spirit was her uncle's, and yet she never saw him, though she would declare that so soon as midnight came, he would come some nights to sit beside her bed, crying and wringing his hands till dawn; those nights her effects were left undisturbed, others he would pay his noisy visit to the garret, leaving the traces of his visit behind him, but never was he seen."

"How, then," I asked, "did she know it was her uncle?"

"She felt it was he, you see she had loved him tenderly."

The old man's answer was so full of feeling, and yet so simple and child-like in its perfect belief, that I had not the heart to say what I wished to: "she was sensitive and nervous," so I contented myself with a French shrug, learned during my three weeks' stay, and a rather diffident "I cannot understand it."

"Nor can I," answered the old man; and was it imagination which brought to my ear, from far away, a wailing "Nor can I."

Miscellaneous.

Making Mosaics.

The most celebrated mosaic manufactory in the world is within the Vatican Palace. Roman mosaic is formed of tiny bits of opaque colored glass of various shades, amounting, it is said, to the almost incredible number of 39,000 different and distinct shades. These are so arranged as to form pictures perfect in every detail—in light, shadow, shade, and colour. The various pieces of coloured glass are placed in a pre-arranged order on a table covered with a sort of cement, there being often many thousand pieces in one picture, and the surface of this picture is then smoothed and polished. The portraits of many of the popes have been thus made at this manufactory.

Bitters.

Some important experiments as to the effects of the beverages popularly known as "bitters," have recently been described by Dr. Decaisne of Paris. He finds that while the composition of these beverages is not uniform, they generally contain either vermouth or absinthe, in combination with the inferior qualities of alcohol. Concerning the effect of the essential oil of absinthe on organisms, he finds that, quantity for quantity, a few drops of it dropped into a vessel of water containing fishes destroy life sooner than prussic acid. He adduces the evidence of various and careful experiments, to show that vermouth and absinthe produces epilepsy in animals, and believes that epileptic fits in many cases supervene from excessive drinking of bitters.

Thomas Nast at Work.

Mr. Thomas Nast has met with marked success as a lecturer. In Lewistown, Maine, where he appeared a few evenings since, the people were delighted with his speaking as well as his sketching. During the lecture he frequently sketched in colours upon a large screen by his side. This he did in a rapid and, to the average observer, an incomprehensible manner. A

great blotch of vermilion, a net-work of white streaks, a little burnt sienna, and a few charcoal strokes, and behold! ex-President Johnson, crowned, ermined, and snuffing a veto from afar. Next a lurid mass of red, a dash here, a dab there, a wipe all around, and like a full moon out came the face of General B. F. Butler. Finally, a rapid grotesque picture of himself, in night-cap and night-shirt, lighting himself to bed.

Refreshments in the Italian Assembly.

Every now and then a man in livery, with knee-breeches and silk stockings, appears bearing a great salver, whereon are a decanter full of cold water, a goblet, and a silver basin full of powdered sugar. This he deposits on the desk of any honourable member who is about to address the house. For no man would think of attempting to make a speech without having within reach the refreshment of a copious draught of sugar and water. It is a little comic to observe the invariable routine. The speaker always has a friend at hand, who prepares the beverage for him and hands him the brimming goblet as he may need it. Many orators ask for intervals of rest in the course of a long speech, which are always accorded by the house, and thus fight their parliamentary battle in a series of "rounds."

A Patriotic Tragedian.

The tragedian Salvini, like the tenor Campanini, made his debut in the ranks of the Italian patriots. When Rome was invaded by Napoleon, in 1849, he shouldered a musket, and fought with such bravery in the defense of the city that he was decorated with a medal of honor by General Avezzano. He was subsequently imprisoned both at Geneva and at Florence, and on his release was banished from his native city, Milan. It is no wonder that he declaims so feelingly against tyranny in the *Gladiator*, a part which he is fitted for by nature, for a more ideal gladiator was never seen. He is about forty, tall, well made, and muscular, with dark hair and moustache, and a grave and earnest face. He is a master of the robust school, like Forrest, whom he somewhat resembles, and is an admirable tragedian.

Paris Firemen.

The fire brigade in Paris, including one colonel and forty-nine officers, numbers 1,500 men, distributed in eleven barracks, and sixty *postes de garde*. The total annual expense for the maintenance of this force and its accessories is one and a half millions of francs, defrayed by the municipality. The privates and non-commissioned officers' pay varies per class from 550f. to 1,200f. per annum; the children of the regiment receive eleven sous per day, with bread, and an increase of one sou daily for every year. This early service renders the firemen of Paris veritable lions, as they have to practice gymnastic exercises daily; and the value of such training is evident to the visitor who has seen the small, wiry, India-rubber-muscled firemen of Paris at work. It is said an American gunboat will sail wherever the ground is moist; the firemen in question climb anything upright, like cats or monkeys.

Beards and Bronchitis.

Ful beards have long been regarded as a defense against gonorrhoea and sore throat, and it is asserted that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are noted for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy a special immunity from affections of this nature. The growth of hair has also been recommended as a person's liable to take cold easily. It is stated that Walter Savage Landor was a sufferer from sore throat for many years, and that he lost the morbid disposition by allowing his beard to grow, according to the advice of the surgeon to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. A writer to *The Dublin University Magazine*, however, referring to this theory and to the examples cited in its favor, states that he adopted the same course as Landor, for precisely the same reason, and with fair success, but is nevertheless bound to state that he knows of individuals with long flowing beards who have not been saved from attacks of bronchitis and laryngeal disorders.

Music Hath Charms.

A letter to the *Salem Register* from a friend in Southern Africa relates a curious illustration of the power of music. An English ship sprung a leak off Cape Good Hope, and, another vessel coming in sight, it was judged necessary to abandon the sinking ship. Crew and passengers were transferred in safety, but it was found that valuable papers had been left, and a call was made for volunteers; and among those who stepped forward ready to make the hazardous visit was a man who had been a musical amateur. The cabin of the vessel was reached and the documents secured. A piano was in the cabin, and our amateur commenced playing a favorite song of his native home. His comrades repeatedly called to him, but he heeded them not; his whole being was absorbed in the music. The officer in charge of the boat saw the danger, and seizing a top-maul smashed the instrument, and the passenger sprang with him into the boat just in season to save themselves from going down with the ship.

Master and Man.

One day last week, says the *Court Journal*, two young colliers, from Carlisle, drove down in a waggette to a coal pit near Wislaw. They were dressed in the highest stage of finery. Each pocket in their waistcoats sported a watch in its own right, and the cable connections in gold between the button holes and watch-pockets were something enormous. Their fingers had been extracted from the precious ore, while the heads of their walking canes glittered and glowered in the same metal. On driving up to the pit, they asked a man, who happened to be near, if he would "hand the horse," and they would give him "something for himself." The man consented, and the two colliers went down the pit. Inspected their "rooms," came up again and on the pithead held the following consultation:—"First collier—'Hoo mickle will we gie that cove for handin' the horse?' Second collier—'Oh, dash it!—we'll gie him a shilling. He's a hard-up-lookin' sowl.'" Accordingly the "hard-up-lookin' sowl" got his shilling. He touched his hat, thanked them, put the shilling in his pocket, and retired, with a queer smile struggling for a place on his features. He was the proprietor of the colliery.

The Torment of Flame.

Some weeks ago, at the village of Reuil, France, celebrated for the burla: place of Queen Hortense and Empress Josephine, a terrible accident occurred. A grocer's shop took fire, which was soon extinguished; a crowd collected, of course; one of the firemen had the imprudence to descend into the cellar with a lighted candle to see if there were any spirits on fire; in the course of a few seconds a terrible detonation was heard and the shop and for yards around it were enveloped in a sheet of flame. Several casks of petroleum had exploded, fifty persons in the crowd were injured, and eight subsequently died. The doctor who attended the injured has read a curious paper on their burns, all more or less deep. The exposed surface of the body was most severely attacked, the nails of the hands, hair, eyebrows, and whiskers were singed away; the skin peeled off the hands like gloves, and in that state was picked up in a basin of water. For three hours after the accident the injured experienced no pain; then set in the most atrocious sufferings, violent shiverings, and tetanic spasms, and insupportable thirst and delirium; everything they ate or drank appeared to them to be tainted with petroleum; if they closed their eyes for a moment they were haunted with petroleum, and so continued until death relieved their torture.

Romances and Riches.

It is not generally known that, under the provisions of its ancient charter, the Governor and Corporation of the Bank of England are obliged not only to purchase at their fair value any precious metals tendered to them, but are also obliged to take charge of any gold or silver, in ingots or plate, that may be brought to them for safe keeping. From time to time plate chests have been deposited with this view in the vaults of the Bank, and many of them have been there so long that they are actually rotting away. On a recent occasion the servants of the Bank discovered a chest which, on being moved, literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents a quantity of massive plate was discovered of the period of Charles II. This circumstance might not in itself be very interesting but that there was found with the plate a parcel, which proved to be a bundle of old love-letters, carefully arranged according to their dates. An inspection of them revealed a correspondence of a tender and romantic description, carried on during the period of the Restoration. The name of the writer was found to be Berners, and, after considerable search among the archives of the institution, it was found that a family of that name had been connected with the Bank about the time in question. Acting upon this clue, the directors prosecuted their inquiry, and being satisfied that a gentleman of the same name, now living, is the lineal representative of the owner of the plate and the love-letters, both have been handed to him.

The Woman who Sniffs.

In that entertaining novel, "My Little Girl," is the following account of the woman who sniffs: "About a week ago, having nothing to do, I got into a favourite omnibus for an hour or two of quiet thought. The rattle of the omnibus glasses, when the wind is westerly, I find conducive to meditation; and as the Favourite line runs from Victoria to the extreme verge of civilization at Highgate, there is ample time. Several women got in, and I noticed—perhaps it was partly due to the time of the year—several sniffs as each sat down and spread her petticoats. Your regular female omnibus passenger always takes up as much room as she can, and begins by staring defiantly round. I was at the far end, whither I had retired to avoid an accusation of assault; for they kick your shins across the narrow passage, and then give you in charge, these ladies. So delicate, my friends, is the virtue of the class to which I allude, that even the suspicion of an attack is resented with this celestial wrath. Presently, however, I being the only male, there came in a young person, quiet, modest, and retiring. She made her way to the far end, and sat down next to me. Instantly there was fired a volley—a hostile salute—from seven noses; a simultaneous snuff of profound meaning. Versed in this weapon of feminine warfare, and therefore understanding the nature of the attack, the new-comer blushed deeply, and dropped her veil. It was like the lowering of a flag. I took the earliest opportunity of tendering her respectfully the compliments of the season; and, in spite of a second and even a fiercer attack, we held our own, and conversed all the way to Highgate."

THE IDEAL AND REAL.

Few of us set out in life without an ideal aspiration. Few of us realize what we longed for, and fewer still, if we have attained our wishes, are quite satisfied. It is best perhaps, but it is sometimes hard to bear. One man longs to be famous and when fame comes, *done?* He grumbles at the inconveniences it subjects him to. He cannot at once have the bracing air of the mountain and the sunny suggestiveness of the valley. Another man is a poet and his imagination paints a hundred pleasures unknown to Hodge; but then he has intenser pain. The cuticle is sensitive. It is tickled with pleasure and tormented with little stinging insects that the pachydermatous hide of Monsieur Hodge never feels. I have offered up a psalm once or twice that I am not like other men—married. That I can have my Chateau Margaux without grumbling at my expensive habits and if I do come home a little late with an inclination to sing something about being a jolly good fellow, I have no reproachful eyes gazing at me in the morning; a headache is enough. I leave my pipes and tobacco about and no dainty little hand sweeps them out of the window. I can go down to the club when I please and come back when I please. I am free; but, *en revanche*, I suffer inconveniences. The buttons will drop off my shirt just as I am dressing for dinner, and have no one to abuse!

We all have an ideal marriage. I had, but it was not realized. *Venez ici*, Rosie, and tell me your secret aspirations. I listen and I see a picture of the Captain with an impossible character. He is to love you and only you. He is not as much as think of other women. He is never to be cross or ill-tempered. He is to give up his club and sing duets with you and read while your sew little delicate embroideries and hold the silk for you to wind and yet, *ma chère*, he is to be manly and military and brave. *C'est impossible*. Achilles in the Court of Lycomedes, among the daughters of the King, with his great legs in female petticoats, was not as brave a fellow as when he strutted on the plains of Troy. I warn you, Rosie, you Captain will care for other women and pay them *petits soins* which you would like to monopolise, and he will hanker after his club and prefer a glass of brandy and water to muscatel, and if dinner is late he will be cross and he will not defer to every little wish, Rosie, as in the anti-nuptial days. Don't be too exacting, *ma belle*. You will not be quite so sweet tempered as in the old honey-days. You will snap your lips and draw your brows into an ugly frown now and then. The fact is we play ridiculous parts when we are courting. Butter would not melt in our mouths we are so sweet and gentle. Then comes marriage and what a *bouleversement* of preconceived ideas there is! The fine cloak of gold and embroidery is flung aside and we see the under garments somewhat faded and threadbare. Prince Prettiman and the Queen of Beauty at home don't dress as fine nor look as handsome as when they ogle each other behind the footlights!

I am now going to be very serious. Supposing a couple are really each other's ideal, at marriage have we a guarantee of perfect happiness? As life goes on it is hard to escape danger. The woman's occupation preserves her a woman; but the man is specialized by his work. In process of time he is no longer the universal man. His trade or profession marks him and he wears its livery. He may attain to a particular elevation, but his general elevation is lowered. He is a man when a lover. Ten or twelve years hence he is a lawyer, an architect or a physician. *Bon, voilà qui va bien*. But for the woman he was a more interesting person in being a man. Yet she would not have been content had he not soared above her. To be the specialist with universal thoughts, to have hope without bounds; to be practical with unlimited idealism, *hoc opus, hic labor est*. It is hard that by our noblest labors we become inharmonious. He who hammers iron becomes too high in the right shoulder. The wife recollects the

perfect form and is dissatisfied with the imperfection, yet she would not suppress in him his art. The faculties which are not employed suffer atrophy. The great physician cannot make little love verses as he once did; but the wife wants love verses and is vexed at not having them. This is the trouble. Woman's occupation preserves her, man is specialized. He creates and is absorbed in his creation.

Rosie, girl, you may not understand all that I have been speaking *au grand sérieux*; but remember this. Look well after the Captain's dinners. See that he is well fed. It is wonderful how we mellow down with good eating. If I were to live at a cheap boarding house I should be a Radical in a month. Let the gallant Captain, dear, have a feeling that he cannot get a nicer served dinner anywhere than at home and, my word for it, he will not wander much.

Do not expect effusive affection after marriage. Your husband will not be posture-making and protesting *à genoux* as in the love-making days, when you were always kissing and embracing each other. If less demonstrative do not think he loves you less. He has his banker's book to look after and you, my married dame, I hope have your babies to attend to.

Notes and Queries.

"I LOVE CHURCHES, &c."—Whence come the lines:
"But I love churches which mount up to the skies!
For my devotion rises with the roof,
Therein my soul doth Heaven anticipate!"
NEMO.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."—Where does this saying originate?
KAPPA.

AUTHORSHIP OF LINES.—An enquirer asks for the real authorship of the lines often attributed to Queen Elizabeth:
"Christ was the Word that spake it,
He took the Bread and brake it,
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

PAY OF THE CLERGY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—The following curious entry, from the household book of the Stationers' Company, 1560, will give an idea of the poor pay of the clergy at that time, compared with other dependents:
s. d.
Item. Paide the preacher. vi. 2.
" the minstrelle, xij. 6.
" the coke (cook) xv. 9.

ANACHRONISMS.—Shakspeare is full of anachronisms of literature and art. In the "Comedy of Errors," he alludes to ducats, marks, and guilders, and also to the striking of a clock in the ancient city of Ephesus. In "King John" and "Macbeth" he speaks of cannon. He makes "Coriolanus" a contemporary with Alexander the Great, Cato, and Galen, all of whom lived centuries afterwards. Cassius, in "Julius Caesar," also speaks of a clock striking the hour. Beaumont and Fletcher make a man discharge a pistol, who must have lived long before the Christian era. The painters do not behave much better. In one of Albert Durer's pictures representing Peter denying the Saviour, there is a Roman soldier in the background smoking a tobacco pipe. A Dutch painter in the painting of the Sacrifice of Isaac, makes Abraham point a blunderbuss at his son's head as an argument of obedience. Tintoret paints the Israelites gathering manna in the wilderness as carrying guns. Another master, in a picture of Adam and Eve, places a German student in the background shooting ducks. Another represents St. Peter walking along the shores of the Sea of Galilee devoutly reciting his rosary.

THE EOLIAN HARP.—Every lover of nature's harmony may not probably know to whom we are indebted for this simple but pleasing instrument. It was invented by Athanasius Kerecher, a learned German Jesuit, who died 1650. He describes the method of constructing and using it in his "Phonurgia Nova," 1659. The instrument he constructed was "made of pine wood, five palms (fifteen inches) long, two broad, and one deep; it may contain fifteen or more strings, all made of catgut. The method of tuning it is not as in other instruments, by thirds, fourths, and fifths, but all the strings are to be in unison, or in octaves; and it is wonderful that such different harmony should be produced from strings thus tuned."

EPIGRAMS.—A Colledge of witte-crackers cannot float mee out of my humour, dost thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram?
SHAKSPEARE.

The following may be interesting. The first is by some learned gallant of the law, on the fair sex:
"Fee simple, and a simple fee,
And all the fees intall,
Are nothing, when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—Female."

The second shows that the word we now pronounce *ache* was formerly, as John Philip Kemble did, pronounced *ache*. It is by Hayden, 1566, on the letter H:
H is the worst letter in the crisse crosse row,
For if thou find him either in thine elbowe,
In thine arm, or leg, in any degree,
In thine head, or toe, or teeth, or knee,
Into whatever place H may pike him,
Where'er thou find *ache* thou shalt not like him."

The third is one of the time of the Commonwealth. The story is that when Cromwell lay with his army at Perth, in Scotland, a rich old miser in that town—named Munday—hanged himself on account of the fall of grain. Oliver, who was by no means a greedy man, offered a premium for the best epigram on old hunks. Several were sent to the Protector on the occasion, but he was only pleased with the following, from an old cobbler, who received the premium:
Blessed be the Sabbath day,
And curs'd be warily pelf,
Tuesday must begin the week,
For Monday's hang'd his self!

"SOME INNOCENTS 'SCAPE NOT THE THUNDERBOLT," (Shakspeare.)—This alludes to a superstitious notion among the ancients, that they who were stricken by lightning were honoured by Jupiter, and therefore to be accounted holy. Their bodies were supposed not to putrify; and after having been shown a certain time to the people, were not burned in the usual manner, but buried on the spot where the lightning fell, and a monument erected over them. Some, however, held a contrary opinion. See the various notes in Persius on the line—
"Triste jacet inelus, evitandumque bidental."

The ground that had also been smitten by a thunderbolt was considered sacred, and afterwards inclosed; nor did any one presume to walk on it. This we learn from Festus: "Fulguratum, id quod est fulmine tetum; qui locus statim fieri putatur religiosus, quod eum Deus sibi dicens videretur." These places were therefore consecrated to the gods, and could not in future become the property of any one.



MONTREAL.—THE DOMINION BLOCK, MCGILL STREET.



FIG. 2.—Black Velvet Paletot. (Front.)

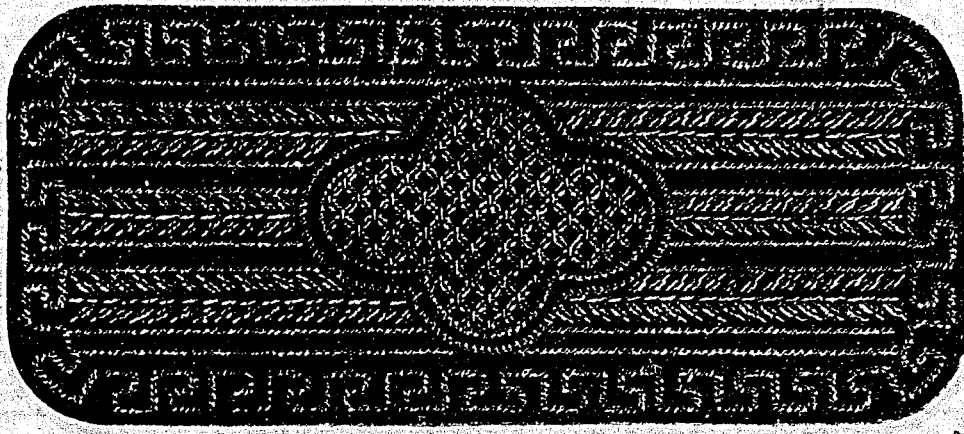


FIG. 1.—Pattern for Cigar Case. Embroidery on Leather.



FIG. 3.—Black Velvet Paletot. (Back.)

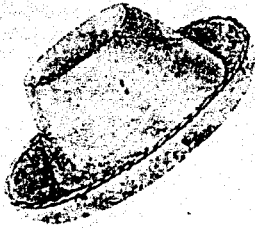


FIG. 4.—Hat Shape for Figs. 5 and 6.

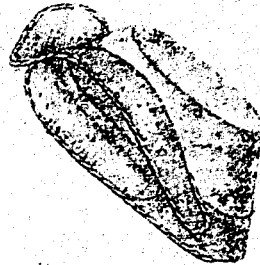


FIG. 8.—Hat Shape for Figs. 9 and 10.



FIG. 5.—Tyrolean Hat. See Figs. 4 and 6.

FIG. 9.—Black Velvet Hat with Alsatian Bow. See Figs. 8 and 10.

FIG. 10.—Black Velvet Hat with Alsatian Bow. See Figs. 8 and 9.

FIG. 6.—Tyrolean Hat. See Figs. 4 and 5.

FIG. 7.—Black Velvet Bonnet. Front. See Fig. 11.

FIG. 11.—Black Velvet Bonnet. Back. See Fig. 7.

FIG. 12.—Brown Velvet Bonnet.

Our Illustrations.

On our front page we give an admirable sketch by our artist in Ottawa of the Hon. Mr. Tupper addressing the House on the 27th ult., and on the fourth page an after-breakfast scene in that well-known hostelry, the Russell House. Nearly all the portraits in the latter picture are recognizable.

We present another scene of the great Bazine trial. It represents the reading of the Act of Accusation drafted by General Riviere.

The great Cumberland basin has long been known to geologists as a most promising land for explorations. For some years at Maccan, coal has been raised and exported owing to its easy access to the seaboard.

At Spring Hill, the subject of our present sketch, the nearest port was Parsboro, on the basin of Minas, twenty-seven miles distant. The direction taken by the Intercolonial Railway which runs to within four miles of the Spring Hill seam caused several gentlemen, among whom may be mentioned Senators Dickey and Macfarlane of Cumberland Co., and Mr. Hickman of New Brunswick to interest themselves in that locality. The tests speedily proved one of the finest coal seams in the world. A number of New Brunswick capitalists came forward and assisted in opening up the most promising collieries in the Dominion. On the 3rd inst., the Spring Hill Mining and Railway Co. invited their friends to celebrate the driving of the last spike of the Spring Hill junction of the Intercolonial Railway, and the turning of the first sod of the Spring Hill and Parsboro Coal and Railway Co., likewise to explore their splendid mining property. Nearly the whole of their railway of 4 miles, the slopes, levels, and chambers below, with first-class powerful machinery above have been planted within twelve months. A small village of 18 double cottages is in course of construction for the use of the miners. A small steam saw mill cuts up the lumber, which is obtained in the immediate neighbourhood. The Spring Hill Company have several workable seams on their property. The seam on which they are now operating is over 11 feet of clean coal, equal according to Sir William Logan's report to the best Newcastle. It has been traced three miles. The coal Measures of the Cumberland basin have been found to extend nearly forty miles, by far the largest coal area in Nova Scotia. The completion of the Bay Verte Canal would open up these splendid coal districts to the Montreal market. The excursion consisted of about 300 of the chief business men of St. John, who left by a special at 5.30. These were met by 50 or 60 of the most enterprising citizens of Halifax who joined the New Brunswickers at Spring Hill junction. Many gentlemen from Moncton, Dorchester, Amherst, and other towns by the way, interested in the development of the country were of the party. His Honour Governor Archibald drove the last spike and dug the first sod Alderman Wyde doing the barrow business to perfection. The banquet hall was well arranged and well patronized. The speeches were all in their place, politics omitted. The Minister of Marine in his usual happy style did up the toast to His Excellency. The Company is now supplying the Intercolonial with coal, and by the time the Parsboro RR. is finished, in one year from date, their workings will be sufficiently extended to do an enormous business. Other collieries in Cumberland in connexion with the Londonderry iron mines will be put in motion at no distant date, and perhaps a second Pittsburgh be established.

In this week's issue we present a capital illustration of one of the most imposing of our palatial business buildings which have contributed so much to the adornment of the city of Montreal. It is fair to say that among the commercial buildings whose superior style of architecture has attracted so much attention to the city, the Dominion Buildings stand in the first rank. Those buildings are the property of Luke Moore, Esq., Mrs. Walter Macfarlane, and Mr. Donnelly. They are constructed with all the modern improvements, and well adapted for the wholesale trade. We are pleased to notice that the enterprising firm of Messrs. J. & R. O'Neil have secured the central stores in the block, and that they have received a hearty welcome from the wholesale dry goods trade of Canada.

Art and Literature.

It is reported that Mr. Disraeli is engaged on a new novel dealing with the questions of Socialism and Communism.

The Messrs. Appleton will bring out Herbert Spencer's "Sociology" in two volumes of their popular International Scientific Series.

Mr. W. B. Kelley, of Dublin, announces a new work on the late Franco-Prussian war, written by an Irish officer in the French service.

The poet Longfellow has a son Ernest, who is an artist of great promise. He has a studio in Boston, where he is painting landscapes from sketches made in Maine last summer.

A new daily paper is to appear in London to be called The Independent. There is said to be a lot of money at the back of it, and arrangements are so far made that its office is taken in Fleet Street.

We have to record the death of Mr. E. J. B. Tschaggeny, the animal painter, of Brussels. He studied under the late M. Verboeckhoeven, and was a much better although a less popular painter than his teacher.

Mr. Edmund Yates, the well-known English author, has lately been appointed London representative to the New York Herald. His Predecessor, Dr. Hasner, sailed in the "Scotia" for New York, Saturday before last.

A Dutch amateur of Brussels has bought a small picture of the "Marriage of Henri IV., exactly similar to the large picture in the series of the "Life of Marie de Medici" in the Louvre. It is said to be the work of Rubens, and was sold for £5,000.

The Brussels journals announce the death of M. Rastoul de Mingeot, author of a history of Leopold I., and of a biography of the first Queen of the Belgians, which he wrote, in 1859, in two days. He died at the age of seventy. In profound misery, having in his possession only a sum of 11.

The "Personal Recollections of Mrs. Somerville," by her daughter Martha Somerville, will be published about the middle of next month. The work will contain beside Mrs. Somerville's own "Recollections," a selection from her correspondence with Herschel, Brougham, Humboldt, Faraday, Miss Edgeworth, &c.

A rumour has become current to the effect that already some members of the Royal Academy have mooted the idea of placing in St. Paul's Cathedral a memorial of Sir Edwin Landseer and the other great artists there buried, at once as a testimony of their esteem and as a substantial addition to the decorations of the mother church of London, where so many eminent painters are buried.

Miss Cecilia P. Cleveland, niece of the late Horace Greeley, is engaged in writing a book to be called "Journal Leaves from Chappaqua," which will contain fresh matter concerning Mr. Greeley, his wife and children, as well as brief sketches of other immediate members of the family, and will be ready for publication early this autumn. Miss Cleveland is spending the summer at the Greeley homestead, at Chappaqua with her cousins.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

Correct solutions received of Problems Nos. 102 from J. T. W., Halifax; of No. 103 from J. H., St. Liboire, and W. H. P., Montreal; of Enigma No. 32 from J. H., St. Liboire.

J. W. B., Toronto.—Your solution of Problem 104 is correct as to the mate, but there is another stipulation which you have overlooked, that is, the draw. Thanks for the Problem; it will be duly considered.

ALPHA, Whitby.—Thanks for Problems. Solution of Problem No. 104 correct.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

The following elegant specimen of Mr. Blackburne's play is from the Norwich (Eng.) Chess Journal. This well-known player was successful in carrying off the second prize in the Vienna Chess Tournament, the first being won by Steinitz, the third by Anderson, and the fourth falling to Rosenthal; the three last names are also of world-wide celebrity.

Quinco Piano.

- White.—Mr. Blackburne. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. Castles. 5. P. to Q. 3rd. 6. P. to K. R. 3rd. 7. Q. B. to Kt. 5th. 8. B. to K. 3rd. 9. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 10. Q. to Q. 2nd. 11. B. to Kt. 3rd. 12. Q. R. to Q. sq. 13. Kt. to R. 2nd. 14. B. takes B. 15. K. takes B. 16. K. to R. sq. 17. P. to B. 3rd. 18. R. to B. 2nd. 19. K. to Kt. sq. 20. P. to Q. 4th. 21. R. takes Q. Black.—Mr. Blackburne. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd. 5. P. to Q. 3rd. 6. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd. 7. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 8. B. to Kt. 3rd. 9. Kt. to Kt. 3rd. 10. B. to K. 3rd. 11. Castles. 12. Q. to Q. 2nd. 13. R. takes R. P. 14. B. takes Kt. P. 15. Q. Kt. to B. 5th ch. 16. P. takes B. 17. K. Kt. to R. 4th. 18. Kt. to Kt. 6th ch. 19. Q. to R. 6th. 20. Q. to Kt. 7th ch. 21. Q. Kt. to R. 6th mate.

- (a) The first player loses too much time here and on his last move, giving Black an opportunity to begin an attack at once. (b) Better have played, 7. Q. B. to K. 3rd. (c) Allowing his B. P. to be doubled, if White chooses, in order to open a file for the Rook. (d) This comes too late. (e) Black's moves from this point to the end are well worth attention: so neat a termination seldom occurs in actual play. (f) This Rook is rather in the way presently.

A very interesting game between Mr. Nixon, of the St. George's Chess Club, and the Chess Automaton, at the Crystal Palace, London, England.

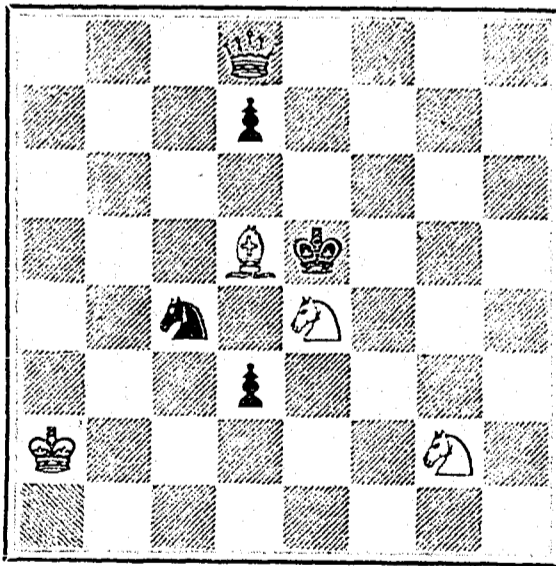
King's Gambit.

- Black.—Mr. Nixon. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. P. to K. B. 4th. 3. Kt. to K. B. 3rd. 4. B. to Q. B. 4th. 5. Castles. 6. P. to K. Kt. 3rd. 7. B. takes K. B. P. ch. 8. Kt. takes P. (double ch.) 9. Kt. to R. 3rd. 10. K. takes P. 11. K. to R. sq. 12. Q. to K. B. 3rd. 13. Q. to K. B. 7th mate. White.—The Automaton. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. P. takes P. 3. P. to K. Kt. 4th. 4. B. to K. Kt. 2nd. 5. P. to K. R. 3rd. 6. P. takes P. 7. K. takes B. 8. K. to Kt. 3rd. 9. P. takes P. ch. 10. B. to K. 4th. 11. Q. to K. R. 5th. 12. P. to Q. 4th.

PROBLEM No. 105.

By I. R. M. B., Hamilton.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 33.

White.—K. at K. R. 2nd, Q. at Q. B. 8th, R. at K. R. 7th, Ps. at K. Kt. and K. R. 3rd.

Black.—K. at Q. B. 3rd, Q. at Q. R. 5th, R. at Q. B. 5th; Ps. at Q. R. 4th, Q. Kt. 3rd, Q. B. 2nd, and Q. R. 5th.

Black to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 103.

- White. 1. B. to K. 3rd. 2. B. to K. 4th ch. 3. R. to Q. Kt. sq. 4. R. to Q. Kt. 5th mate. Black. 1. R. takes B. (best.) 2. R. takes B. 3. Any move.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 32.

- White. 1. K. to Q. 6th. 2. B. to K. Kt. sq. 3. P. to B. 3rd dis. ch. and mate. Black. 1. P. moves. 2. Any move.

Music and the Drama.

Ristori has achieved a triumph in a new drama. Mr. and Mrs. George Darrol have been playing in San Francisco.

Kathi Launer and troupe are giving ballet performances in Louisville.

Rosa Hersee has made a hit as the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro."

Sir Julius Benedict is to write a new English opera for the Carl Rosa Troupe.

"The Wandering Jew," after a long run, has been withdrawn from the London stage.

"Flirtation," a translation from the French, has been successful at Hooley's Chicago.

Julian Edwards, a mere youth, has composed an operetta, which is pronounced "clever."

The Grand Opera House, the Broadway, and the Olympic, New York, have lowered their prices of admission.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons has deferred some of her engagements to read until later than she had originally fixed upon.

Miss Ward is favourably spoken of for her performance in "Lady Macbeth" at The Theatre Royal, Manchester.

"Renati di Francia e gli Ugonotti," at the Opera Comique, London. The play, which is by Giacometti, is too long.

"The Wandering Jew" has been produced by Benjamin Webster, and others of the London Adelphi Company in Manchester.

Miss Virginia Gabriel, the well-known song-writer is, it is reported, about to be married to an official of the Foreign Office.

Mrs. Caroline Richings Bernard has organized a troupe to give Old Folks' Concerts, and began the series in Philadelphia on Monday.

Miss Stella Moore, a young variety actress, has sued the publishers of the St. Louis Times for libel, claiming \$20,000 damages.

King Victor Emmanuel, in his late visit to Vienna, decorated Johann Strauss, chief of the orchestra at the court balls, with the Order of the Crown of Italy.

The Musical Standard says the firm of Erard have sent, even thus late, a harp of a new mould to the Vienna Exhibition, of which great things are reported.

A new comedy, entitled "After all," by W. M. Duckworth, has been produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, and is commended for its spirited dialogue.

George Belmore is on his way to this country. He was to have played an engagement at the Lyceum, and may yet do so if reports regarding the reopening be well founded.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are shortly to publish "Richard Wagner and the Music of the Future," by Dr. Hüffer. It will contain much new matter on the history of modern music.

Mlle. Marie Monibelli has been singing in opera at Wiesbaden, and, being as ignorant of German as the stock company are of Italian, "Il Barbiere" was given in a funny mixture of the two languages.

A curious experiment is to be tried at the Odéon, in Paris; the orchestra is to be composed of stringed instruments with flute and oboe only, in order to play the ancient scores of Lullu, Rameau, &c.

The Count Charles Esterhazy, whose death is just announced, was, like all the members of his family, an enthusiastic musical amateur, and was also known as a composer. He had written three operas, one of which, "Le Serment de Magyars," had been performed in the private theatre in his palace.

The Lyceum Theatre, New York, has suspended, and persons who were upon its free list are now denouncing with great vehemence the reckless spirit of speculation which marks the age, and are about to hold meetings and appoint committees with a view of ascertaining what dividends, in the shape of properties, dresses, and scenery, they can obtain.

M. Sardou, the Paris journals affirm, is preparing no less than five pieces for this winter: 1. "Les Merveilleuses," for the Variétés; 2. "Jacqueline," for the Gymnase; 3. "Les Timoteuses," Porte-Saint-Martin; 4. "L'Officier de Fortune," Gaité; and "L'Oncle Sam," for the Vaudeville. Of all these, the first and last only are completed; the others have been scarcely commenced.

Rubenstein is a composer of no small pretensions. He has written an oratorio, several symphonies, concertos, and operas, chamber quartets, sonatas, and numerous songs. In his music he leans to the ideas of the modern German school; his instrumentation, like most of his fellow-German composers, is masterly, and his power of conception is wonderful. If his music be not original, it is hard to pick out a subject and say from where it is borrowed; his diversity is immense, and his productivity enormous.

The Magazines.

The Penn Monthly for November (the number noticed in our last was that for October) contains excellent articles on the value of Scientific Research and the Financial Crisis, the continuation of the history of the Conquest of Spain by the Arab Moors, a comprehensive critical summary of the events of the past month, an amusing paper on Young Widows, and some masterly reviews of new books.

The contents of Wood's Household Magazine give evidence that no efforts have been spared that could add to its excellence. "A Sermon on a Skimmer," is not only pleasing in its quaintness and originality, but contains sound logic. "Mrs. Pomeoy's Pin Money," is capital. "Upon the Stand," is another meritorious sketch, by the popular writer Kate W. Hamilton. "Cauld and Potatoes," by Eleanor Kirk, is a short serial which opens well. "Growing Aged Together," by the Rev. Robert Collyer, is well worth the price of the year's subscription; it is full of this great man's eloquence—powerful in its very simplicity. There are many other interesting articles had we space to mention them. The poetry in this number is unusually good. A new feature of the magazine is the introduction of pictures.

The Overland Monthly for November certainly is a very superior number, and so far as fresh geographical information is concerned, we are at a loss to designate any other similar publication that gives an equal amount. Of this character are "The Gravel Ranges of the Gold Belt," "Ten Hours in Holland," by Prentice Mulford; "Seeking the Golden Fleece," "An Imperial Sleight-ride," "Tale of a Tooth," by Theresa Yelverton, "Mount Whitney," and the "Etc." department, which abounds in "Contributions to Physical Geography." This number also contains two excellent stories characteristic of the soil and magazine—"Zadie," by Mrs. Cooper, and "The Judge's Story," by Lovell White. The plaintive poetic inspiration of Miss Coolbrith wells forth in "One Touch of Nature." Other articles are "The Rose of Sirlema," "The Haunted Rock of Santa Barbara," "Our German Cousin," and "Ultrava." The book reviews are unusually good and choice.

Oddities.

Courier des James.

News of the Week.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Fig 1.—Cigar case in embroidery on leather. This is worked in grey cord, cordonnet silk, and gold cord, on dark grey leather or morocco.

Figs. 2 and 3.—Black velvet Paletot, lined with black silk. The trimming consists of gimp lace 2 1/2 in. deep, 1 1/2 in. bead buttons sewn over imitation button-holes 2 inches in length edged with a narrow piping, a rep ribbon loop arrangement in front, with revers and cuffs.

The remaining figures show various new shapes and trimmings for fall bonnets.

FASHION HINTS.

A specialité of this month is the tight sleeveless jacket, of the same colour as the trimming of the dress. One very pretty costume, recently shown to us, was of grey soft cloth, trimmed with brown Irish poplin; the front breadth was trimmed with a deep fold, fastened on the one side by a row of oxydised buttons, on the other, at intervals of six inches, it was cut and turned back, lined with brown, and the corners fastened down with buttons. Sleeves are no longer worn open, excepting for full dress, and then only in thin materials. The most stylish and becoming jacket is of velvet, but the dress trimming must in that case be of the same material.

Round skirts are again the fashion. "No lady in Paris walks out in a dress that touches the ground," is the report of leading modistes just returned from abroad. The Bazar has said this repeatedly while deploring the dragged skirts of American women, and is glad to chronicle the fact that it has become the fashion here to walk in the trim French skirt, round, short, and narrow. The new skirts are "round," inasmuch as they appear to be of the same length all around, instead of trailing slightly behind; short, because they escape the ground; and narrow, because their greatest width is from three yards to three and a quarter. The usual number of narrow gores is used for these skirts, and they are made to cling flatly in front and on the sides by tapes attached to the second side seams, and tied behind the person, or else by wearing them over the new sloping bustles.

For the most part it is well that elderly ladies should wear black dresses; or, if they prefer coloured, various shades of grey or violet should be adopted. Soft fine cashmere or French merino is most suitable for morning wear, made with a plain skirt to touch the ground; if the wearer be stout, a small pelerine of the same material as the dress may be worn, edged with yak lace or fringe. The cap is the chief ornament of this period; for the morning it should be made of fine clear muslin, richly embroidered; from Paris may be procured the "raw material" traced for working, and no more appropriate birthday or Christmas present can be prepared by the young people for grandmother than a cap worked and daintily trimmed with bows and knots of pink, blue, mauve, green, or amber ribbon; in fact, any colour which has suited the complexion in youth will remain becoming to the end of life. As old age always meets with respect, or at all events should do so, grandmothers may wear moderately long trains for evening dress; the skirts full and trimmed with ribbons, en tablier or quite plain; the most appropriate materials are rich silk, Irish poplin, moiré antique, and satin; silver grey or mauve are suitable colours for festive occasions, but for general use black is preferable; a Hombton lace, Brussels, or old point cap with a large collar or small cape to match always looks elegant, and although these laces are somewhat expensive to buy, they last for ever, and in some cases are family heirlooms. Here again the skilful young fingers of grandchildren can arrange pretty bows and trimmings of bright-coloured velvet and ribbon, and place them in a more becoming manner than strangers could ever do. It is very easy to make a young girl look pretty, but, "when we are old and grey," ordinary folks think it not worth their while to take any pains about us. There is no more beautiful sight than a dignified elderly gentlewoman, and contrariwise none more saddening than an old lady tottering about dressed like a girl.

THE DOMINION.—The formal opening of the International Railway Bridge took place on Monday. A train of cars with Lieutenant-Governor Howland, Mr. Potter, President of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. Brydges, and the principal officials of the railways, crossed from the Canadian to the American side, returned, and were afterwards entertained at a lunch given by Messrs. Gzowski and McPherson, the contractors. An immense traffic is immediately expected. Regular passenger trains commenced crossing on Monday. The village of Hull has passed resolutions of sympathy with Riel. Toronto is to have a new Opera House, the stock for which has been nearly all subscribed. News has been received at Ottawa of the death of Mr. Dixon, Chief Emigration Agent in London, which took place on Tuesday week. His death must have been sudden, as letters written by him were received at the Department of Agriculture on the day on which news of his decease reached Ottawa.

UNITED STATES.—The public debt of the United States shows an increase of \$303,900 for the month of October.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A telegram from London reports that Sir Garnet Wolseley, Commander of the Ashantee expedition, received instructions to first offer terms of peace to the Ashantees. The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to Princess Maria of Russia is to be solemnized according to the Church of England, and the Dean of Canterbury goes to St. Petersburg to perform the ceremony. At a meeting of national labourers held at Leamington it was stated that the General Agent of New Zealand would give free passages to all labourers who would emigrate to that colony, and that there was room there for 20,000 families.

FRANCE.—President MacMahon has issued an address to the army, in which he alludes to the insubordinate conduct of one of the generals, and appeals to the soldiers to maintain discipline, and support the laws. The Comte de Chambord, in a letter written to a member of a delegation who recently waited on him, explains his present position, and recapitulates his intentions should he succeed in gaining the throne of France. The monarchists in the French Assembly talk of proclaiming a monarchy, and making the Prince de Joinville Lieut. Governor of the Kingdom when the Assembly opens. On Monday, President MacMahon received a delegation from all sections of the Right. It is believed after prolongation of the President's power has been voted, the Ministry will be re-constructed and a series of strongly conservative measures be introduced in the Assembly. The deputies of the entire Left have agreed to question the Government on its participation in intrigues for a Monarchical coalition. Several Republican candidates have been returned in France in the elections for municipal officers. The Bonapartist organ at Paris has published a document signed by many deputies, protesting against the restoration of a monarchy without consulting the country. One of the witnesses in the Bazaine trial has been arrested for writing a letter to the Duke d'Aumale, in which he stipulated what questions should be asked him at the examination.

SPAIN.—Four hundred men left Cadiz on Saturday for Havana, to reinforce the Spanish troops operating against the Cuban insurgents. Several Carlist bands were defeated and scattered by the Republican troops on Saturday and Sunday. A telegram from Cartagena to the Times says the insurgents have arrested a Prussian subject named Girard, and refuse to surrender him on demand of the German Consul, declaring that he is a spy from Madrid. A serious complication with the German Government is probable. The Spanish Government has addressed a note to the foreign powers, complaining of the interference of a French gun-boat at Cartagena, and thereby precipitating a late naval combat.

GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck has been appointed President of the German Ministry in the place of General Von Roon.

RUSSIA.—A despatch from St. Petersburg brings intelligence of a revolt in Khiva upon the evacuation of the capital by the Russians. The town was plundered and destroyed, and 1,600 emancipated Persian slaves fell victims to the fury of the rebels.

A Seranton paper, in giving an account of a shooting affray, says the wounded man is expected to recover, as the pistol-ball lodged in his dinner-pail.

A young man in Texas recently bought a fine orchard of two hundred apple trees, and tapped every one of them in order to secure a supply of cider!

A warm couple stood in the pale, cold moon.—Twas night. Their lips touched, and there was a sound like a cow hawling her hoof out of the mud.

"How does your husband get along?" asked a neighbour of an undertaker's wife. "Nothing to complain of; he had twelve funerals yesterday; thanks be to goodness," was the reply.

The Denver News gave, a short time ago, an account of a raid of three hundred clergymen "on the frontier, carrying their scalp and plunder with them." It meant three hundred Cheyennes.

The editor of the Huntsville, Mo., Herald pops the question in his paper in this public fashion: "There's a certain girl in this town who can carry our smoke-house keys for life if she'll only say the word."

The Ogensburg Journal states that "a Wayne county stage driver who charged a blind woman double fare, and then cheated her in making change, has received an earnest appeal from Niagara Falls to come there and jog a team for visitors."

A facetious senior asked a freshman to tell him the difference between a fac-simile and a sick family; but the laugh was on the senior, for the freshman instantly replied: No difference. A sick family is a family that is sick, and fac-simile means the same.

A lager beer house in Hudson county, N. J., was formerly a church. The shrewd Teuton who now keeps it was about to erase an inscription pointed over the door, but on second thought he left the last line untouched. It is: "Let him who is athirst come."

Chicago wants to have the next world's fair held there. "In the first place," says the Boston Post, "it isn't certain that the next world will have a fair, and in the second place those who'd be likely to attend it will prefer a more pious town in which to celebrate."

The St. Louis Republic puts it this way: "An English jury brought in the following verdict in a criminal case: 'Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man.' The Police Committee's verdict was: 'Not guilty, though there is no doubt that these were the men.'"

The ruling passion strong in death was characteristically illustrated on the occasion of a clergyman's prayer for a dying tollman. The poor man had not many hours to live, and the clergyman was in the middle of his prayer. "Whist a wee," said the tollman, "I think I hear a cart."

A London photographer advertises as follows: "In consequence of the daily increase of accidents by railway, the public are earnestly requested to call at the studios of the Blank School of Photography, to have their portraits taken, that they may have some memento of departed friends."

The editor of a Western paper once gave a notice of a ball, and happened incidentally to mention that the dancing of Major Fleeter's better half was like "the carting of a fly-bitten cow in a field of cucumbers." The fact that the editor had not been invited to the ball may somewhat detract from the value of the simile, while at the same time it accounts for his establishing the figure. The major accompanied by his better half and a six-shooter, called on the editor to complain of the poetical nature of the image. On learning that the lady was the one he had described, the editor besought her to raise her veil. She did so, saying, "Now sir, I expect you to apologise." "Apologise! I should rather think I would," was the answer, as he seized his hat and rapidly left the room. The astounded major rushed to the window: "Stop, you sir! you have not apologised!" "All right; I'm going to do it in a minute!" "What do you mean?" shouted the major, accentuating the note of interrogation with a pistol-bullet. The answer was wafted back from round the next water—"Can't you see I'm looking for that cow?"

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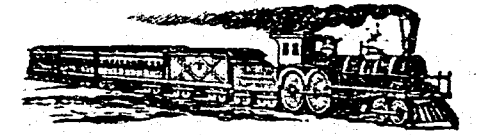
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TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows: GOING WEST. Day Mail for Prescott, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and all points West, at 8.30 a.m. Night Express 8.00 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 6 a.m., 7 a.m., 8.25 a.m., 12 noon, 3 p.m., 5 p.m., and 6.30 p.m. Trains leave Lachine for Montreal at 6.25 a.m., 8 a.m., 9.05 a.m., 1 p.m., 3.30 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 7 p.m., and 10.10 p.m. The 3.00 p.m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING EAST. Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations 7.00 a.m. Mail Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations 4.00 p.m. Night train for Island Pond, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, and the Lower Provinces at 10.00 p.m. Night mail train for Quebec, stopping at St. Hyacinthe and St. Hilaire 11.00 p.m.

GOING SOUTH. Train for Boston via South Eastern Counties Junction R.R. 7.30 a.m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central Railroad, at 8.45 a.m. Mail Train for St. John's and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Stanstead, Sheford and Chambly, and South Eastern Counties Junction Railway, and steamers on Lake Champlain 3.15 p.m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central, at 3.45 p.m.

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 hours named. The steamer "FALMOUTH" leaves Portland every Tuesday, at 5.30 p.m., for Halifax, N.S. The Steamship "CHASE" also runs 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 6.00 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. 143 St. James Street. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, October 6, 1873. 7-16 1/2

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered. CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Cramp, Ague. CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery. CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms. CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

From LORD FRANCIS CONYNHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal: 17th December, 1868. 'Lord Francis Conynham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address.'

'Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.'—See Lancet, 1st December 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF P RACY AND IMITATIONS. CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See Times, 13th July, 1864. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1/2, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words 'DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE' on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle. SOLE MANUFACTURER:—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON. 6-12 1/2 2m

CARD. The undersigned, for several years assistant to the late Mr. CARLISLE, Proprietor of the "TERRAPIN," begs to inform his friends and the public that he has now assumed the management of this popular Restaurant, which will be continued by him on the most modern principles. The Restaurant will be furnished with the most luxurious supplies of Meats, Poultry, Game, Vegetables, &c., while the Bar will be furnished with the best Wines and Liquors that the market can afford. Dinners, Suppers, Lunches, and Evening Parties supplied on the shortest notice, and at very moderate prices. HENRY DUNNE. October 23. 8-13 1/4

HEALTH TO THE SICK, Strength & Vigor to the debilitated. DOES NOT REQUIRE COOKING OR WARMING. LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF AND TONIC INVIGORATOR AND NUTRITIVE. INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN, CURES ALL WEAKNESSES. Consumption, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Lowness of Spirits, Fever, Ague, Cholera, all Female and Children's maladies, Sick Headache, Bladder Complaints, Sea Sickness, Influenza, Purifies the Blood and THOROUGHLY RENEWS THE SYSTEM. THERE IS ONLY ONE LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF IN EXISTENCE. Signatures of the Inventor: BARON JUSTUS LIEBIG, M.D., F.R.S., Professor in the University of Munich.

MARAVILLA COCOA. OPINIONS OF THE PRESS. "Those who have not yet tried Maravilla will do well to do so."—Morning Post. "It may justly be called the PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA."—British Medical Journal. MARAVILLA COCOA. The Globe says: "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and supercedes every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the parent elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For Invalids and Dyspeptics we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."

HOMŒOPATHIC COCOA. This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS, under the ablest HOMŒOPATHIC advice, aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE. Made in One Minute Without Boiling. THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest manufacturers in Europe, and sold in tin-lined packets only, by Storekeepers and others all over the world. Steam Mills, Brick Lane, London. Export Chloory Mills, Bruges, Belgium. 8-14 1/2

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1873. Summer Arrangement. 1873. On and after MONDAY, 26th inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:30 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 8:50 p.m. Trains will connect At Painesco with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations. At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations. At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston. LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent. Railway Offices. MONCTON, N.B., May 1873. 7-2-1/2

NOVEL WATCH-KEY CHARM, PAPER Cutter, Envelope Opener, and Nail Cleaner—four in one. Sells at sight by Agents—boys and girls everywhere. Charm sent to fit any watch on receipt of watch-key and 25 cents. Special terms to Agents. CITY NOVELTY COM'Y., Drawer 217, Buffalo, N. Y. 067-22 1/2

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 Nerve-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. Wingate's Pulmonic Troches—An excellent Remedy for all Irritation of the Throat and Lungs. Wingate's Worm Lotenges—A safe, pleasant and effectual Remedy for Worms. The above Remedies are sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. Descriptive Circulars furnished on application, and single packages sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Dr. N. A. SMITH & Co., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. No. 245 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL. 7-14 1/2

Grand Trunk Railway. ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5.30 a.m., arriving at MONTREAL at 9.10 a.m. Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5.15 p.m. arriving at Richmond at 9 p.m. C. J. Brydges, MANAGING DIRECTOR. 7-21 1/2

WILSON'S ADJUSTABLE CHAIR. THE NOVELTY OF THE AGE! An ingenious piece of mechanism, which can be arranged in THIRTY POSITIONS. AND CONVERTED INTO AN Invalid, Parlor, Library, Reading, Writing, Reclining, Smoking, Student's, Physician's, and Dentist's Chair, or a Lounger, Bed and Child's Crib and Stool. Circulars with explanatory diagrams sent free on application. Orders by mail, or otherwise, receive prompt attention, and Chairs carefully and securely packed, shipped to any address on receipt of price, or forwarded by express, payable on delivery. Address, THE WILSON MANUFACTURING CO., Sole Manufacturers, 245 St. James St., Montreal. P. O. Drawer 202. 097-14 1/2

Night Watchman's Detector. Patented 1870. The above is a simple but useful invention. It is highly recommended to Banks, Warehouses, Manufacturers, Ship owners, and every institution where the faithfulness of the "Watchman" is to be depended upon. REFERENCES: A. G. NISH, Harbour Engineer. C. T. IRISH, Manager Express Office. THOMAS MURKIN, Merchant. Messrs. SCHWOR BROS., do. For further particulars apply to NELSON & LEFORT, Importers of Watches and Jewellery, 66 St. James Street, Montreal. August 9. 8-9 1/2

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Cures the worst Pains In from 1 to 20 Minutes. NOT ONE HOUR. After reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN. IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY. That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application. IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES. no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF. INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HISTERIOS, OROUP, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS. The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort. Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains. JNO. RADWAY & CO., 439 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. 6-17-1/2

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY. STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL. THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather. From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully, F. W. GLEN, President. Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at Messrs. LYMANS, CLARE & CO., 322, 324, & 326, St. Paul Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 5-8 Printed and published by GEORGE E. DEBRASAT 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.