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Montreal Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

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THOMAS WHITE, Jr., Esq.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 11th, 1875.

A CANADIAN CENTENNIAL.

Canadians are doing their utmost to contribute towards the success of the great American Centennial of next year. The Dominion Commission is zealously at work, especially through the activity of its Secretary, and each Province is heartily cooperating through its Advisory Board. This is very well. Both pictorially and editorially we have seconded the movement, and we intend to devote even more attention to it according as the Exhibition progresses. It has been charged that the Philadelphia Fair was initially rather a commercial enterprise, than a patriotic celebration. The thrifty American may have had speculation primarily in view, but the ultimate results of the Exhibition must prove patriotic in that they will throw open the country to the knowledge of the world, and reveal resources which will immeasurably increase the trade of the United States. In all these advantages Canada will largely participate, and we shall be much mistaken if, after the Exhibition, our country does not behold a renewed current of immigration setting in upon its shores.

But while aiding the Americans in the celebration of their historical reminiscences, even for our own behoof, it is singular to witness the almost total oblivion in which we allow our own records to lie. The 31st December 1875 is about to dawn upon us and we seem to have forgotten that it is a great Canadian Centennial. On that memorable day, one hundred years ago, the Americans, by a combined attack, attempted to storm the old stronghold of Quebec. They were heroically and gloriously repulsed by the handful of Carleton's men. Montgomery was killed and Arnold was wounded. It was the disastrous culmination of the American invasion, one of the most critical, momentous and decisive episodes in the history of Canada. By a rapid autumn march the Continental troops had pushed along the Lake Champlain route, occupied Isle-aux-Noix, captured St. Johns, taken Chambly, and forced the garrison of Montreal to surrender. The whole Richelieu peninsula was theirs. They arrested a British fleet of boats at Sorel. They commanded the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers. Arnold, moving up the Kennebec and Chaudière, conquered the Beauce and planted his standard on Point Levi. All the country, with the single exception of Quebec, was in the hands of the enemy. It was only fifteen years from the Conquest, and the French were either apathetic or disaffected. The British element was insignificant in number and powerless in influence. There was not a full British regiment in the Province. If Quebec fell, the country was lost. Quebec stood firm, the storm broke at the foot of Cape Diamond, and Canada was saved, to become, what she is to-day, the brightest jewel in the coronet of Britain. Is not this salient event worthy of commemoration, or at least of public remembrance? No preparations have been made,

and consequently we may not look to a celebration, but our fellow laborers on the press might all unite with us in recalling the facts to their readers. The centenary of the Conquest of 1759 was not kept from an obvious motive of respect to our French fellow-citizens, but we need not fear to offend our American neighbors by celebrating our successful resistance to them in 1775 and 76. They certainly, and very properly, have no such scruples regarding Englishmen, in their own Centennial of next year.

We intend giving further relief to this whole patriotic incident by publishing in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS a great historical novel founded on the American invasion of 1875-76. It will be our Centennial Story. We earnestly call our readers' attention to the same. We shall begin it in the number of the 1st January and it will run on for several months. While the usual emotional elements of romance will form the web of the narrative, the principal events of the time will be introduced as woofs, and thus, in a popular form, the reader will be put in possession of a mass of most interesting historical details.

EDUCATION IN QUEBEC.

The Protestant population of the Province of Quebec will be gratified to have the earliest possible intimation of the changes that are proposed to be made in the organization of the Education Office. The Bill of the Honorable the Solicitor General has just passed its second reading and its main provisions are as follows. The charge of the Department is to be restored to a Superintendent who will not be a member of the Cabinet, and who will, therefore, remain outside of all political influences. His position will be such that he will be enabled to devote all his time and attention to the proper business of his office. This is a decided advantage which all friends of education must duly appreciate. Under his special supervision will come the establishment or encouragement of art, literary or scientific societies; the establishment of libraries, museums or picture galleries, by such societies, by the government, or by institutions receiving government aid; the support of exhibitions and examinations, and the distribution of diplomas, medals or other marks of distinction, for artistic, literary or scientific labors; the establishment of schools for adults, and the education of laborers and artisans; all which in general relates to the support and encouragement of art, letters and science; and the distribution of the funds placed at his disposal by the legislature, for each of such objects. After the coming into force of the Act, the Roman Catholic portion of the Council of Public Instruction shall be composed of the Bishops, and of an equal number of other Roman Catholics, to be appointed by the Lieutenant Governor in Council. Whenever the number of Roman Catholic members nominated by the Lieutenant Governor in Council shall be augmented by more than seven, the number of the Protestant members of the Council shall be augmented in the same proportion and in the same manner. The Superintendent shall be *ex-officio* president of the Council of Public Instruction. He shall also be *ex-officio* a member of each of the committees thereof, but he shall only be entitled to vote in the committee of the religion to which he belongs. Everything which, within the scope of the functions of the Council of Public Instruction, respects specially the schools and public instruction generally of Roman Catholics, shall be within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic committee of such Council. In the same manner, everything which, within the scope of such functions respects specially the schools, and public instruction generally of Protestants, shall be within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Protestant committee. Each such committee shall have its sittings or meetings separate, and it may fix their period and number, establish its quorum, settle the mode of pro-

cedure at its meetings, appoint a chairman and secretary, and revoke such appointments at pleasure. The chairman of each committee shall have, on all questions, in which the votes are equal, a second or casting vote. Special meetings of each of such committees may be convened by the chairman, or two members of the committee, or by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, by notice given at least eight days in advance. If two or more members of either committee require in writing the Superintendent or chairman of these committees to convene a special meeting of such committee, it shall be the duty of the Superintendent or of the chairman to convene it, in the manner prescribed by the provision preceding. School inspectors, professors, directors and principals of normal schools, and the members of boards of examiners, shall be appointed or removed by the Lieutenant Governor in Council, on the recommendation of the Roman Catholic or Protestant committee of the Council of Public Instruction, according as such appointment or removals respect Roman Catholic schools or Protestant schools.

OUR PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Pacific Railway affairs have certainly not brightened very much of late, so far as mere appearances have gone; but, for our own part, we do not feel at all inclined to despair in forecasting what the future has in store for us. We believe the heart of the people beats in consonance with the grand enterprise. They see the project as it is—a thing bound up with the future of the Dominion. Without the Railway, what could be the Dominion? A large country certainly—but, surely, as unwieldy an affair to govern as anything a minister under representative and free institutions ever took in hand. A change of season arrives, and we are disintegrated, a puff of winters' icy breath and what were a group of friendly, busy, intercommunicating Provinces, have become a series of communities enjoying something like monastic seclusion. Of course we have our eye upon not only the new Province of the Lakes and British Columbia with its prospective development, but on all the other Provinces soon to be formed out of our magnificent Fertile Belt of the North West. Call these into existence, and contemplate for a moment their winter miseries, all arising from the one overpowering fact of seclusion. Canadians do not fear the cold when armed to contend against it, for they know the health and vigor that come from its bracing advances. The Railway is our chief arm in this case. It is true, no doubt, that the people of the United States are pushing, and seldom let the weeds grow under their feet if they can help it, and it may be argued, having such a people to the south of us, there will always be communication east and west, and that we have only to build a succession of short lines like the prongs of a hay-rake—long enough however, be it observed, in the aggregate,—to be able to avail ourselves of the benefits our neighbours will offer for due consideration paid and rendered. But then we see that this is not the Canadian idea at all. We rightly dread the tolls, the imposts, the inconveniences. We are not greatly in love with the notion of losing our trade and colonization—and that, in bulk, they would go from us, there could not be any doubt. Trade will follow the rail as it invariably does. It will be said that some of these Provinces of our great new territory are not yet in existence. Be it so, but they would soon be seen in existence, if we will build the Railway and sustain, the while, our European and colonizing agencies, while for perseverance in that course the Pacific Through Traffic is quite sufficient warranty. We just now make but a passing reference to this great Pacific Traffic for supplying the marts of Europe, and communicating with China, Japan and Australia. It would simply be immense in volume, and has already become a subject of Imperial consideration. Mr.

MACKENZIE has, in speeches, frequently referred to it and shadowed forth the magnificent results. We know, therefore, what his opinion is. We are not wronging him in saying that at the present moment his policy as to the progress in intervening steps in construction is not fairly before the country. The coming session at Ottawa will no doubt bring developments. We are pleased to see our veteran SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD alive to incipient dangers. We wish he were as fully awake to the enormous risks of his former idea of a "Company" for the ownership of our own—the people's—highway. He will revoke that line of thought, no doubt, if we give him but time for reflection and for fuller sympathy with national and Imperial aspirations, and, if needs be, while retaining Dominion control, substitute the plan of short working leases of the line and rolling-stock only, the country retaining its property in Line and Lands. In fact, it is now pretty clearly seen that we cannot afford to be annihilated by any Land-jobbing and Road-owning Company domiciled all over the world. Hudson's Bay, Prince Edward Island and Nova-Scotia coal fields are neither out of sight nor mind. Monopoly and feudalism, as we know too well, are practical annihilation for a free people. To give up the Railway, in any sense, would be like giving up the Dominion. The Railway we need and must have; as LORD CARMARVON has so clearly discerned—but to allow it to fall, so soon as built, into the hands of a Company that from its very nature and instincts must assume a policy adverse to all our interests and subversive of our very constitution, would be an act of weakness totally unworthy of a free people.

The present state of our politics makes a purely financial question of the Railway expenditure. We like to see a general desire to master the outlines of the country's finance. It is not an unhealthy symptom at all. The Dominion financiers know very well that, in all reasonable outlook, the thing can be done. Those who do not take the trouble to study the elements of it will hold their opinion in suspense. The broad outlines have been given repeatedly in these columns and there is no need to repeat them here. All the sophistry of the opponents of the enterprise cannot make an expenditure which, at the end of fifteen years, and thereafter, will be but 5 per cent on our present revenue, commencing with the outlay of \$80,000, a formidable affair for the Dominion. The style adopted by some who have made reference to the question can be looked upon as nothing better than playing with the uneasy feelings of a time of depression for purposes that are less than patriotic. If our taxation had ever been oppressive, there might be some excuse for complaint. This is not so—and at this very moment almost all classes are crying out for increased duties. We could build the line without increased duties, however desirable for other reasons within the limit of borrowing already assumed. As to the depression of our trade, we fully regard it as soon to be a thing of the past. The heart of the country is sound—and development will progress, if we only let it. Sanguine as we are regarding the future of the enterprise which the country has so well prepared to set afoot, we are not disposed to fret and worry the ministers about details in progress, in the midst of the discouragements of the hour. Only, we say, let us not go back from our engagements as revised in enlarged council with the Empire, if we do not wish, as a people, to take but a tenth-rate place in the grand procession of nations.

They are quarrelling in the Ontario Legislature about the title of the Lieutenant Governor. They object to his being styled His Honor, insisting that he should be called His Excellency. They do things more quietly and neatly in Quebec. Very coolly ignoring the distinction laid down by the British North America Act, they name the Lieutenant Governor His Excellency even in official documents.

The trials of the captain and mate of the *Salacia*, in Quebec, for the ill-treatment of an unfortunate seaman who met his death on board that vessel, have terminated. The remark suggests itself that if the formation of a Sailor's Home for that city, which the Hon. PETER MITCHELL was known to favor, had not been hindered, and which might have been formed and, let us say, may yet be formed with little difficulty as to domicile, the poor fellows would be less likely to be sent aloft in bitter weather without proper clothing or stockings and moccasins for their feet—they cannot wear shoes for that work—as now occurs to the destruction of the less hardy frames amongst them. It is true in the case of the *Salacia* the ship was on the inward voyage, but the establishment of the right procedure for the protection of men who are to a large extent heedless of their own lives, would be more or less general in its effects. Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.

The late speech of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD at Montreal was simply a wonderful feat. Indeed, it is safe to say that, in many respects, it is the greatest speech uttered since the Confederation debates in 1867. Except to the most narrow-minded and bigoted partisan it must be a matter of gratification that our foremost statesman should thus show himself still in the perfect possession of his exceptional powers. For wit, playful sarcasm, searching analysis of character, rapid review of political events, blended with scholarly citation and an occasional dash of personal pathos, the speech is a model deserving of study by all our young men. We urge its republication in more durable form, under the supervision of its author, and with a careful weeding of all the typographical errors which necessarily crept into its hasty reproduction by the daily press.

A controversy of grave importance has lately arisen between some of our Irish journals. With the controversy we naturally have nothing to do. But we may allowed, in the public interest, to express one hope—that the question of Fenianism will not be brought to the surface. The very name of Fenian stinks in the nostrils of every Canadian. It is associated in his mind with two ruffianly invasions of an unoffending country, with plunder and rapine, with the enforced expenditure of our blood and treasure, and, as a dread culmination, with the diabolical murder of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the greatest and best beloved Irishman who ever toiled, with patriotic purpose, and matchless eloquence, for the weal of the Dominion.

The nomination of Mr. CAUCHON to the Dominion Cabinet is astounding. We cannot imagine to what combination of circumstances it is traceable, although we shall try our best to find out. It simply passes our comprehension that the man who has abused and combated the Liberal party for twenty five years should become a Minister of that party, within two short years after he had deserted his own friends on personal grounds. In other respects the nomination is not objectionable. Mr. CAUCHON is without question one of the ablest, most experienced, and energetic politicians in the Dominion.

The steamship *Roma* has become a total loss upon a rock in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the ice having burst her moorings and sent her adrift. The crew escaped with their lives. Over forty lives are known to have been lost in the six vessels cast on the shore of the Magdalen Islands. The steamer *Progress*, built in Quebec especially for service in ice, has been doing effective work in rescuing ships caught in the field ice which formed with such extraordinary suddenness this calamitous season.

We trust it will not push its claims too far. Grand Trunk influence killed the Northern Colonization road in London, a few months ago. A petition from the same source is now presented to the Quebec Legislature, antagonistic to the Montreal, Ottawa and Western. The Grand Trunk has certainly many rights to the consideration of the country, as every year of its past history proves. But it should not set up as a monopoly. By doing so, it will forfeit public confidence, and thus injure itself, without in the least preventing the establishment of the other lines.

The grave ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS thus announced the opening of the Quebec Legislature: "At the meeting of the local legislature of Quebec, which took place at Toronto, on Thursday of last week, Mr. GASPE was elected by acclamation Speaker of the Lower House." This is not bad for a metropolitan journal. The *Paris Figure* had better look to its laurels.

The Board of Trade of Levis has resolved to petition the Dominion Government for an inspection of ships leaving Canadian Ports.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THOMAS WHITE, JR., ESQ.

This distinguished fellow journalist, political writer and public man, was born in Montreal in 1830, and is, therefore, still in the prime of life. He commenced his newspaper career as sub-editor, and afterwards editor, of the *Quebec Gazette* in 1852. In May 1853, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. Romaine, now proprietor of the paper, he started the *Review* in Peterborough. In 1864, he removed, with his brother, Mr. Richard White, to Hamilton, having purchased the *Spectator* of that city. In 1870, he came to Montreal, having, with his brother, purchased the *Gazette*, of which he is now chief-editor. In 1869, and again in 1870, he visited Great Britain as a Special Commissioner from the Province of Ontario on the subject of emigration, and may be said to have been the pioneer in the revival of efforts to direct emigration to Canada. In 1869, he lectured in Glasgow, Paisley and Liverpool, his lecture, in the last place, being considered of sufficient importance to induce the Messrs. Allan, of Liverpool, to have a hundred thousand copies printed in pamphlet form, for distribution among their agencies. In 1870, he delivered twenty-four lectures, in various towns from Wick in the North of Scotland, to Plymouth in the South of England. A large edition of a lecture delivered by him before the Young Men's Christian Association of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on "Our North West" was printed for circulation among the emigration agencies in Great Britain, and two political speeches, one on the history of "Twenty Years of Conservative Administration in Canada," and the other on the "Draft Treaty of Reciprocity" have been printed in pamphlet form. Mr. White has been described as the modern Tantalus, having four times stood for Parliament, the aggregate majorities against him in the four elections being only sixty-six. He is a member of the Quebec Board of Arts and Manufactures, member of the Quebec Advisory Board of the International Exhibition of 1876, has been a prominent delegate of the Dominion Board of Trade, and is President of the Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association. As a writer Mr. White is remarkable for directness of style, while his matter is always distinguished for accuracy founded on knowledge and research, and his tone is that of gentlemanly moderation. As an orator, he ranks among the few great speakers of the Dominion. Notwithstanding his former reverses, he is bound to attain a seat in Parliament, where he will take a foremost stand at once, and thence speedily rise to the dignity of a Minister of State.

THE STRACHAN MEMORIAL, CORNWALL.

Trinity Church, Cornwall, Ontario, an engraving of which appears in our issue to-day, is one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in Canada. It was erected as a memorial to the Right Reverend Dr. Strachan, Bishop of Toronto. The selection of Cornwall as the site of this memorial was made by the Bishop of Ontario, (Dr. Lewis) immediately after Bishop Strachan's death in 1867, and the choice was made on account of Dr. Strachan having labored as a clergyman and educator of youth for nine years at Cornwall, viz: from 1803 to 1812. The old wooden church erected in 1803 by Bishop Strachan is still standing, but is showing symptoms of decay.

The Memorial Church is of Gothic design with nave, chancel and transepts. It was designed by Thomas S. Scott, Esq., formerly of Montreal, now Chief Architect of the Dominion of Canada. The nave is 80 feet, the chancel 28 feet, the breadth of the church 54 feet, and the extreme breadth between the transepts 88 feet.

The interior is very fine, several of the windows (which are all filled with stained glass,) are

very beautiful in design, and are either memorials of deceased parishioners, or gifts, a large one in the south transept being the gift of the children of the parish. The chancel furniture, (with the exception of some gifts from individuals,) was procured by the work of the Ladies of the Parish at a cost of nearly seven hundred dollars. The glass work was done by Mr. J. C. Spence of Montreal, so well known in this department of art, throughout Canada and the United States. The window-frames and other wood work were executed by Mr. James Wright also of this city, the painting by Mr. Wm. Irons of Cornwall, and the plastering work by Mr. Wm. Campbell, also of Cornwall.

The church was commenced in the year 1868, during the incumbency of the late Rector, (the late Archdeacon Patton,) through whose influence, labour and zeal a large amount of money was collected throughout Ontario and Quebec. Many persons (amongst them, those who had in early life been trained by Dr. Strachan at the well-known Cornwall School,) contributed large sums to the erection of the church to the memory of the noble and gifted prelate whose name it bears.

The exterior of the building was completed, at a cost of about \$20,000 during the time Archdeacon Patton was at Cornwall, and, on his promotion to the Rectory of Belleville, the work of the interior was taken up and the church completed under the present Rector, the Rev. Canon Preston, at an additional cost of about \$12,000. The burden of this latter part of the work of erection has fallen almost entirely upon the congregation at Cornwall, who are noted as amongst the most zealous and liberal members of the Church of England, in Canada. They had, also, previously contributed in a very large degree to the whole cost of erection, and it is regarded as only simple justice to a spirited and willing people, as the church members of Cornwall are, that they should be assisted in defraying the cost of this Church, by the thousands of our people in Canada, who hold dear the memory of a man and a prelate who, more than any other individual, imbued the youth of Canada with such principles as were conspicuous in the lives and examples of his former pupils, men, who were ornaments to the country, lived and died in her service and some of whom shed their blood in her defence. The church should be regarded as a memorial of one of the best and noblest Bishops and men of modern history, and as such, and as the first memorial of any magnitude to his memory, should not remain encumbered with a debt that is pressing too heavily on a congregation not numerous or wealthy, but at all times zealous, liberal and willing to assist in every good work for the extension of the Church of Christ.

BANQUET TO MR. THOMAS WHITE, JR.

The Banquet given to Mr. Thomas White in the Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, on Wednesday evening the 24th ult., was an event attended with unprecedented enthusiasm, and long to be remembered by those present for the numbers and influence of the subscribers, the brilliant oratory of the distinguished leader of the Conservative party and other eminent guests, and the elegance and good taste of all the arrangements. The Hall was beautifully decorated with flags, the platform being draped with national emblems. In front of it was a dais occupied by the guests and leading gentlemen present. Mr. John McLennan presided. On his right hand were seated Mr. Thomas White, the guest of the evening, the Hon. Dr. Tupper, Andrew Robertson, Hon. J. L. Beaudry, A. Desjardins, M.P., Hugh McLennan, Richard White, A.M. Delisle, Walter Shanley, M. H. Gault, H. L. Routh, and Col. A. A. Stevenson. On the left of the chairman were the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, R. Masson, Hon. Thos. Ryan, John Hope, Hon. Peter Mitchell, Rev. Mr. Black, John Crawford, A. Lacoste, A. Ouimet, M.P., David Law, John Kerry and David Sinclair. The Vice-Chairs were occupied by Messrs. Ogilvie, Mousseau, McGauvran and Bulmer.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERT, TORONTO.

The first concert of the season 1875-6 of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, was given in Shaftesbury Hall on the 26th ult. The concert opened with the chorus of villagers, "Song is Resounding," from "Fridolin," which was received with much applause. It was very tastefully performed, as also was "Hark! the Horn Awakes the Morn," from the same cantata, which opened the second part. The other choruses and part songs, including the "Soldier's Farewell," by male voices; "Farewell to the Forest" and "Spring's Message" gave satisfaction in consequence of the correctness of the time and the apparent heartiness of the performers. The trio and chorus, "Join we all the Glorious Throng," in the former of which Miss Scott, Mr. Schuch, and Mr. Stammers were to sing, was almost spoiled through the failure of the latter gentleman to perform his part. Miss Scott and Mr. Schuch, with the Society, did admirably. The instrumental part of the entertainment was all that could be desired, except in Schumann's "Traumerei," which did not come up to the general idea. The songs of Mr. Warrington, "Good Night, Farewell," and Mr. Beddoe, "The Message," were sung with considerable expression. The latter gentleman, in particular, has a very pleasing voice. Miss Williams, who sang "Out on the Rocks," impressed the audience very favourably by the distinctness of her articulation. Perhaps the sweetest of the performances were the flute solos by Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge. Although the Society does not appear to be composed of so large a number of

members as it was last year, it possesses advantages which counterbalance the falling off. The chorus is now composed of singers only, and the parts are more evenly balanced which will add considerably to the success of subsequent concerts. It should be stated that to Mr. Torrington, the talented conductor, the success of the concert was owing.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD FELLOWSHIP closes its first volume with the present number under such favorable auspices that the publishers at Stratford announce its continuance with renewed confidence. The JOURNAL is a credit both to the craft and to Canadian journalism. It is beautifully printed, well filled with reading matter, and its special value to the brethren is far more than the trifling cost of subscription. It has our best wishes for the new volume.

The special mission of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE is to encourage the literature and foster the historical spirit of the people of the South. This double purpose it has hitherto successfully accomplished. The December number is particularly interesting in that respect. Among the neglected poets, the unfortunate men of genius of our day, is the South Carolinian, Henry Timrod, to whom a sympathetic paper is devoted. We first made the acquaintance of this fine poet by reading, in a stray newspaper, a poem of his on Peace, inspired by the end of the civil war. Another article on Paganini and the oration at the inauguration of Stonewall Jackson's statue at Richmond, give this number of the magazine a particular value.

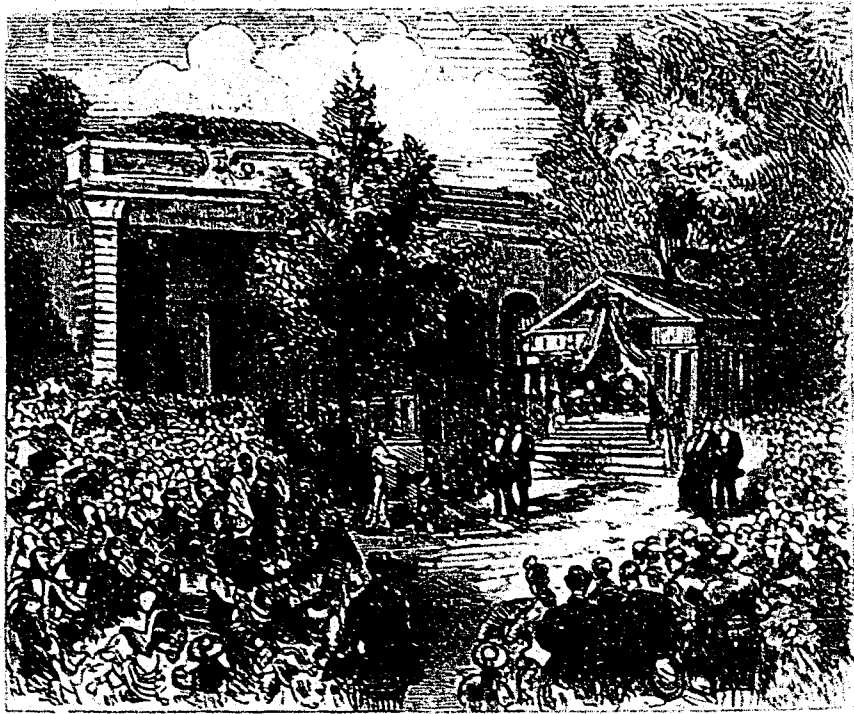
The PENN MONTHLY for December has a capital article on the Relation of Man to the Tertiary Mammalia. Bric-a-Brac is a gossiping paper, rather loosely put together, but containing much entertaining information on art and the habits of artists. Tramps, Ancient and Modern, is quaint and novel. There is a very full and appreciative review of Browning's Balaustion pointing to beauties which perhaps only the few will recognize. This Magazine maintains its original character for solidity and independence.

SINGERS AND DRAUGHTS.

A correspondent of the Boston *Gazette* says: If you want to know what singers have to put up with from badly constructed theatres you should hear Miss Kellogg on the subject. She thinks it a perfect outrage that more attention is not paid to the comfort of performers. When a singer has a cold the public take it as a personal affront and growl considerably about it. If they knew what a prima donna has to put up with they would be surprised that they are ever without colds or sore throats. In the first place, dressing-rooms are nearly always down underneath the stage, and in some instances under the lobby. A lady comes out in a low-necked dress, and has to walk from an overheated room down a long, windy passage, with a door at each end, up on to the stage, and then wait in the wings some minutes before she goes on. How cold it is in the wings an audience can judge from the rush of air they feel every time a scene changes. It is like being in an ice-water bath. Singers' throats are more susceptible to cold than are most persons'; therefore they should be better taken care of than any other class of people. The prima donna's room at the Academy of Music in this city was planned by Miss Kellogg, consequently it is as it should be. It opens right on the stage, so the singer can sit there till the very minute she has to go on. The dressing rooms of the new theatre at Baltimore were constructed by the architect according to Miss Kellogg's suggestions, and are built with an eye to comfort. When the College of Music builds its model opera-house, you will see that as much attention will be paid to the dressing-rooms as to the auditorium.

WORKING UNDER PRESSURE.

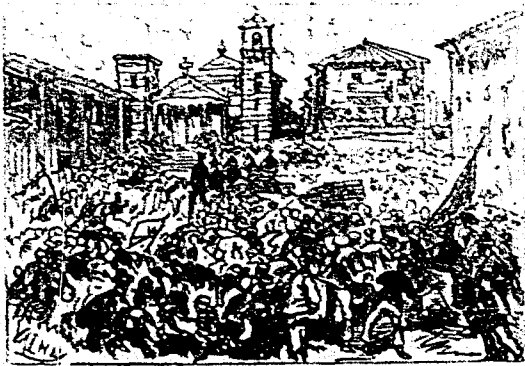
Some men work best under the sense of pressure. Simple compression evolves heat from iron, so that there is a flash of fire when a ball hits the side of an ironclad. The same law seems to hold good in the intellectual life of man, whenever he needs the stimulus of extraordinary excitement. Rossini positively advised a young composer never to write his overture until the evening of the first performance. "Nothing," he said, "excites inspiration like necessity; the presence of a copyist waiting for our work, and the view of a manager in despair tearing out his hair by the handfuls. In Italy, in my time, all the managers were bald at thirty. I composed the overture to 'Othello' in a small room in the Barbaja Palace, where the baldest and the most ferocious of managers had shut me up by force, with nothing but a dish of macaroni, and the threat that I should not leave the place alive until I had written the last note. I wrote the overture to 'Gazza Ladra' on the day of the first performance, in the upper loft of La Scala, where I had been confined by the manager, under guard of four scene-shifters, who had orders to throw my text out of the window, bit by bit, to copyists who were waiting below to transcribe it. In default of music, I was to be thrown out myself."



Don Carlos proclaimed Lord of Biscay under the tree of Guernica.



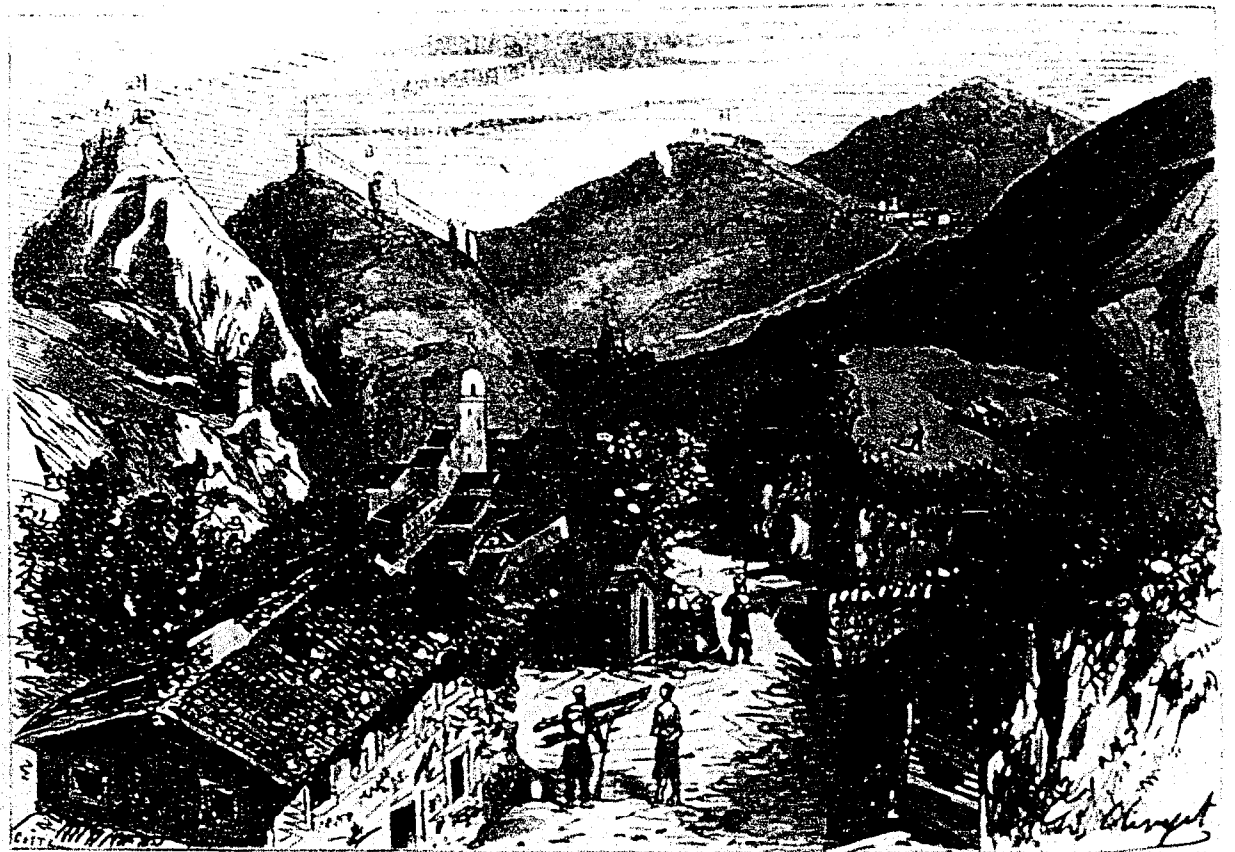
Don Carlos proclaimed King of Spain at Villafranca.



Don Carlos at Berneo Church.

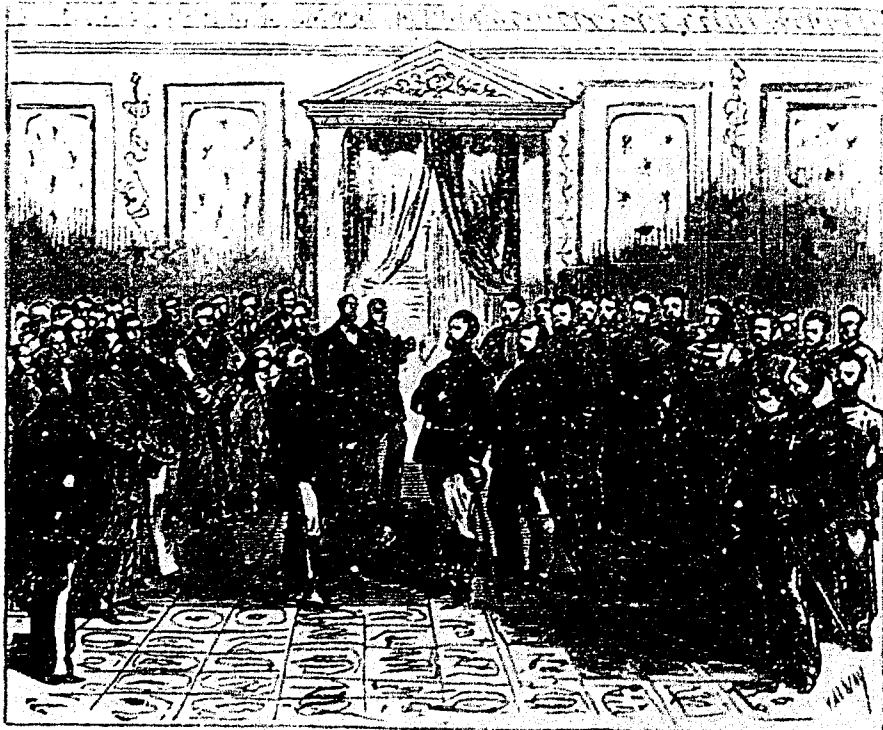


A Street in Mundaca.

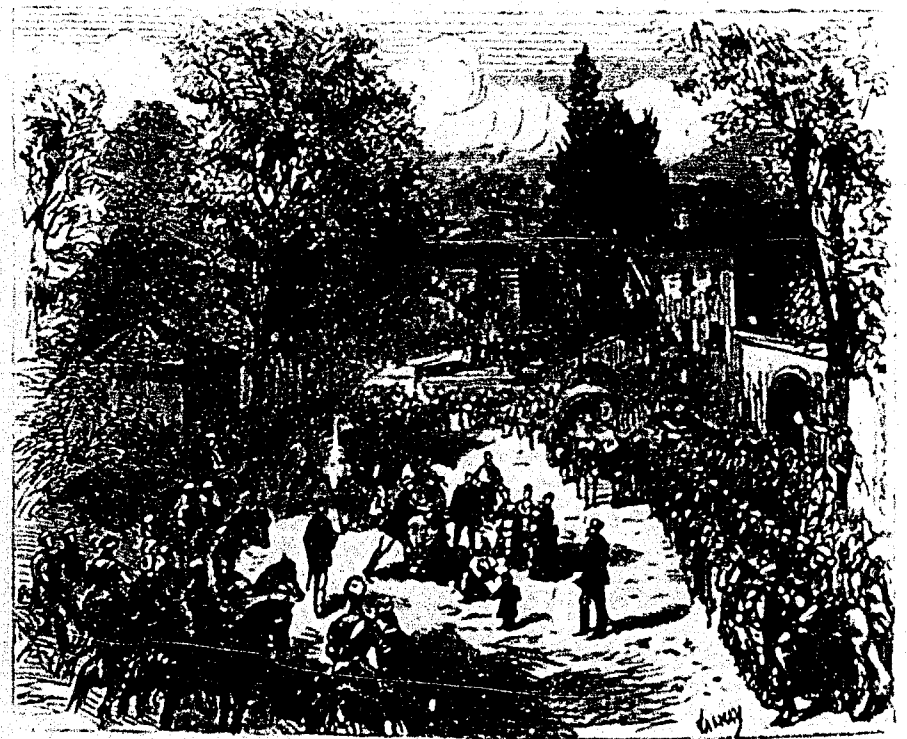


HERNANI AND FORT SANTA-BARBARA.

A. Peak occupied by Carlists. B. Fort Santa Barbara. C. Fortified Tower. D. Village of Urabeta. E. Hernani. F. Route to France. G. Carlist Battery. I. Village of Astigarraga.

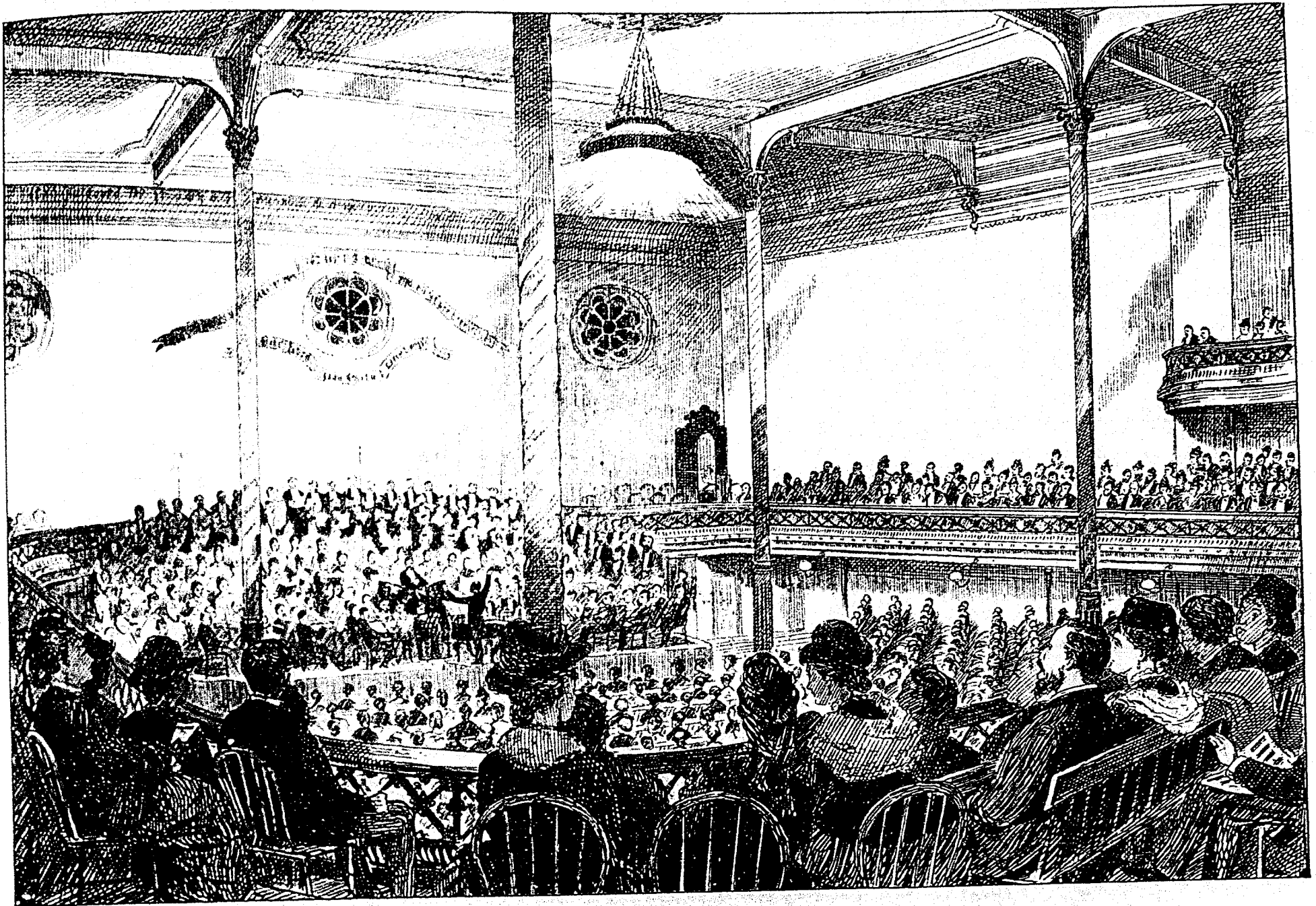


Don Carlos receiving Carlist deputation at Durango



Don Carlos receiving Dona Margarita and their children at the Village of Dancharinea

SCENES OF THE CARLIST WAR.



TORONTO:—CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.



HERZEGOVINA:—SURRENDER OF AN INSURGENT BAND TO TURKISH GUARDS.

SCOTCH PROVERBS.

A're nae thieves that the dogs bark at.
A dirty han' mak's a clear hearth-stane.
A guid name's suner tnat that won.
A' complanin' o' want o' siller, nane o' want o' sense.
A' man may be kind an' hae little to gie.
A' are nae maidens that wear bare hair.
A' wee thing puts yer beard in a bleeze.
Bend the back to the burden.
Be a frien' to yourself an' see will ithers.
Better be alone than in ill company.
Better be deid than out o' fashion.
Come in and taste the tangs till the herrin's ready.
Do weel, an' dried nae shame.
Drink little that ye may drink lang.
Do the likeliest, an' God will do the best.
Every man ken's best whar his ain shoe binds him.
Fear God an' keep out o' debt.
Fuaes mak' feasts, an' wise men gat them.
An' wise men mak' proverbs, an' tules repeat them.
Fair words ne'er brak a bane, foul words may.
Feed a cauld and hunger a colic.
Gie a dog an ill name, ye may us weel hang him.
God never sen's mouths, but He sen's meat for them.
He that teaches himself has a tute for his maister.
Hae God, hae a'.

He has ae face to God an' anither to the deil.
Ika blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.
It's an ill cause that a lawyer thinks shame o'.
It's an ill bird that fyles its ain nest.
Kindness canna be bought for gear.
Law's costly, tak' a pint an' 'gree.
Mak' the best o' an ill bargain.
Mony irons i' the fire—pairt main cool.
Muckle water rins by thut the miller wats na o'.
Naething should be done in a hurry but catchin' fleas.
Nae man has a tack o' his life.
Ower again's no forbidden.
Right wrangs nae man.
Raik nae mair deils than ye're able to lay.
Set a stout neck to a stey brae.
Sharp stomachs mak' short graces.
There was ne'er enuch whar naething was left.
The langer here, the later there.
Tak' a man by his word, an' a coo by her horn.
Wealth mak's wit waver.
Wink at wee faults, yer ain muckle.
Words are but wind, but dunts are the deil.
Ye're maister o' yer ain words; but, once spoken, yer words may maister you.
Ye canna see wood for trees.

GIANETTO: A STRAY.

CHAPTER I.—TRUSTED.

It was as pleasant a house to look at over the low wall as any within ten miles of St. Paul's, and no sign of well-ordered prosperity and comfort was wanting to make the passer-by feel that the place was not as perfect as it is in the nature of things human to be.

Within, similar fine taste and order reigned. Everything was good, elegant, and appropriate. If, without seeing the people of the house, you had judged of them by their residence, you would, if possessed of ordinary perception, have decided that Orchid Lodge belonged to very comfortable people, who had been accustomed to all the charms of life, and who maintained as much of their old rank as was wisely consistent with their then circumstances.

This was exactly the case. Allen Ossary, its master, was one of those genial, if not very wise men, who are laughed at by all clever and dashing women, but who generally manage to find the best of wives, to whom they become equally good husbands.

He had been taught by a sensible mother that worldly distinction and social success, however well in their way, were scarcely worth the charm of domestic life and happiness.

Thrown upon his own guidance early in life, for his mother died when he was twenty-one, at that comparatively early age he sighed for a happy home, the result of the wise schooling on his mother's part; and finding a pretty girl whom he thought, and rightly, pure and good, he married her without one question as to her future, which he knew could not be much, or her family, which naturally he assumed could not be very important.

Do not laugh when it is said—as it should be—that he first met this poor young lady—for lady she was—in an omnibus.

There was no romance or nonsense about the matter. She sat opposite him, and he fell honestly in love with her. Nor had she tempted him, for it is doubtful if she once looked at the stranger.

He left the vehicle, followed her cautiously, and learnt—pray do not laugh again, for it is very common-places—that she was a cashier in a large place of business in the western part of London.

It is needless to tell how he made her acquaintance, courted, and won her. It is sufficient to say that seven years have passed away when the reader is invited to look over the low wall towards little Orchid Lodge, at Kilburn, and that neither wife nor husband has repented of the bargain.

He was then twenty-eight, she two years younger, and their only child, a boy of six, Charlie, was their mutual delight and happiness.

It was only after their marriage that he told her how rich he was, and that she told him her secret. He was quite wealthy, and he had hidden the extent of his means because he feared (as he came to know her, and to discover her worth) that she would decide not to marry him, on the plea of the great disparity of their fortunes.

Her secret was of a very different nature. It ran to the effect that her father had not been Mr. Westville, but Lord Harry Westville, son of an English earl. He had married for love, died in debt, and left his widow little beyond a daughter. Her mother, much like Allen's, had taught her to look forward to domestic life as the aim and end of existence.

She had but one near relation, an aunt, a Lady Agatha Balsbar, her father's sister, who had married an enormously wealthy City man, and borne with him for twenty-years, when he preferred to

die. She was left alone, but for her husband's money-bags.

The first, almost the only, error of Allen Ossary's early married life, was the suggestion that this rich aunt should be informed of the marriage.

From the moment that Lord Harry, her brother, died, Lady Agatha had positively forgotten the existence of her sister-in-law and the daughter Mattie. She had borne with her brother after his and her marriages, and becoming rich through her union with "the man Balsbar," as she called him, she had never turned a deaf ear to Lord Harry's incessant entreaties for money. But her brother dead, she dropped Lady Harry, and elected to live her lonely life, unaccommodated, undomesticated, and unsoftened by any love for any human being, or by human happiness, or consolation.

It was an evil day when Allen induced his wife to write to Lady Agatha, announcing the marriage, and holding out the olive branch.

In the dozen years which had passed since her brother died, Lady Agatha, though as heartless as ever, had made the discovery that her existence was intolerably lonely. At least too honest to obtain a false fidelity by a promise of ultimate reward, she offered no inducement to bad servants to flatter her, while good ones would not stop in the house.

No; when she received her only niece's letter, she was not gentler than she had ever been, but she felt her niece and nephew were the nearest human beings in blood with whom she could claim some association, and, to use her own fashionable slang, she "claimed and took up" her niece and that lady's husband.

When she saw them, upon their obeying her order to appear at her house, she received them frigidly enough; but began to unbend as she found the husband civil and yielding. Yet not five minutes had passed before she said, "I suppose, Mr. Ossary, you married my niece for her fortune?"—you could not have chosen her for her fortune!

"No, Lady Agatha," he said calmly, "I did not marry her for her family—for she did not call herself, as she might have done, the Honourable Miss Westville; and I did marry her for her fortune."

"Why," cried hard-mouthed Lady Agatha, "she was a pauper!"

"Oh dear, no!" said Allen, with another pleasant smile; "her face was her fortune!"

"Yes, sir, she said," replied Lady Agatha, with cruel meaning, as she looked at her niece.

"Oh, no, Lady Agatha!" urged Mattie sweetly; "I did not know he was rich until after we were married. He was afraid that I should refuse him, if I learnt how much superior his fortune was to mine."

"Upon my word," said Lady Agatha, showing an exceedingly unpleasant cast of countenance, "a very pretty Darby and Joan affair, with your little surprises and loves and doves! So, sir, you are rich, are you?" she added, and biting together her lips after putting the inquiry.

Her City husband had taught her to put inquiries about people's fortunes as coolly as though asking them what o'clock it might be.

"From your point of view," said Allen, "I daresay we are poor; but we find our two or three thousand a-year quite a gold mine!"

"Poor young people!" said her ladyship, shrugging her shoulders. "With such a mite, don't dream of a family!"

That same evening, after the interview with Lady Agatha, Mr. Viter's—Tigg Viter's he was called—dropping in for the two days and a night he now and again passed with Allen and his wife, found his friend dull, for the first time since the marriage.

He was a sharp-brained man, and a pleasant, though belonging to the body of British barristers; and, after obtaining the information that their newly-visited aunt had at a blow induced them to doubt their happiness, he said, "Avoid this woman—believe me, she is a danger to both of you; and if she comes to Lustre Court she will shadow it."

But how is it, the reader says, if this young couple lived at Lustre Court immediately after their marriage, that they found themselves in seven years in a small, if convenient and elegant, house at Kilburn, near London?

The answer is very simple. They followed Tigg Viter's advice until their little boy was born, and then, like eleven out of a dozen fathers and mothers, they desired fortune for their son, albeit they themselves were quite contented with their place in life.

Lady Agatha, as sharp as most women, quite understood the theory of their conduct; but it can scarcely be supposed that she wilfully tempted them to risk their fortune. She could not know that water would break into the mine, and nearly ruin them.

"My good people," she said, "why not increase your income! I am part proprietor of a wonderful new mine in Cornwall. Risk your fortune in it. You may lose your money; but on the other hand, you stand a chance to make thousands!"

After some hesitation they followed the rich woman's advice (for we are prone to believe the rich) as far as three-fourths of their riches were concerned, and the sea broke into their mine, and Lustre Court was to be let, and upon the interest of what money remained, they settled at Orchid Lodge.

The household consisted of the husband and wife, two female servants, an English boy, and Gianetto, who gives a title to this narrative.

They lived upon one-fourth even of their income, that the child should have a good start in

life, despite the wrecked mine and loss of fortune. And nobody contributed more to the economy of the household than Gianetto—Netto as he was familiarly called.

As his name suggests, he was an Italian; but he had been so many years in England, it required a sharp ear to detect a foreign accent. He was about sixty years of age, and was a waif picked up by Allen's grandfather fifty years before. He had been found, then about eight or nine years of age, shivering, and even dying, one winter midnight on the principal bridge across the Ouse, at York, and he had been brought back to life.

Nothing would ever induce him to leave the man who had saved him. All he could say was that his mother, an Italian, had come to England to find his father; that she had died in a country work-house; and that he had run away from the place after they buried *la madre*.

The then Mr. Ossary had been quite willing to start the stray in life, and even went so far as to compel him to try a trade, some years after he was rescued from the streets. But a despairing attempt at suicide induced his patron to take him back into the house. From that moment he never left the home of the Ossarys. From father to son, and then to grandson, and until he was sixty years of age, this earnest, strange man had paid the act of saving his life with a gratitude which, from certain points of view, was almost pitiful.

No money—he would never take wages, and could with difficulty be persuaded to accept even pocket-money. When the crash came, he was far more distressed than either Allen or Mattie; and it was then and then only, he proposed quitting the house to earn money for "my people," as he called them. He could have done so, for he was one of the cleverest cooks between York and London.

His joy, when he learnt things were not quite so bad as he thought, nearly killed him. But he was soon up, and thereupon he commenced such prodigies of economy that the tradespeople and servants were reduced almost to despair. His finger was in everything, and not a penny was wasted. He constituted himself house-steward, and curbed the cook; he would have no gardener but himself, and was stableman to the pony bought for the son Charlie.

Between this boy and the stray Netto the most admirable good understanding existed. They were inseparable; and even the mother and father frequently found the boy preferring the old man's company to theirs. It appeared to be a natural attraction between the old man and the child. Netto would go creeping through the night to the child's door to listen if he slept peacefully; and every atom of food prepared for the boy was cooked by himself.

It was he who taught the boy his letters; taught him little short Italian airs; to do little dances. In fact, they were a couple of children; and when they were laughing, their merriment was so much alike that it brought tears into kindly eyes that were looking on.

Upon a certain July morning, in a pleasant morning room overlooking the gay garden, the boy was to be seen lying on his back, half upon a sofa, half upon Gianetto's lap, listening to some wonderful fairy tale the soft-voiced old man was telling, and playing as he listened, with some bright-looking cut-glass toys, with which the old man had surprised him.

"And what became of the wicked old fairy?" asked the boy.

"They shut her up in a well for ever," said the old man, with remarkable promptitude and some warmth.

"But how did it happen that the wicked old fairy was just like Aunt Lady Agatha?"

"Was she?" asked Netto.

"Yes—just like her."

The old man smiled drolly. In fact, he had sketched Lady Agatha as the wicked old fairy.

Lady Agatha treated Gianetto savagely, and he abhorred her equally. In fact, there was a natural antipathy between them, just like that between the crow and the nightingale. Exactly as one crow will silence a whole grove of nightingales, exactly as a crow will show signs of anger when the nightingale trills, so Lady Agatha's voice would in a moment silence the old man's flowing Italian airs; while his voice would cause Lady Agatha to flutter and snap like an old raven.

Netto looked up suddenly, and even brightened—bright as he was—when a well-known foot-step approached.

It was that of Ossary himself, going out, and looking into the room for a moment.

"Happy?" asked the good fellow.

"Ay, excellency," said the old man, "we are both happy, except that—"

And he pointed to a door in the garden wall.

The child laughed, but a shade of anxiety momentarily crossed the features of the father.

"You see," said the old man, "the child hates her, too."

"No, no, not hate. The truth is Lady Agatha is harsh."

"Hate!" said Gianetto, in the eager, wilful, but Italian voice.

"Hate!" laughed the child.

The father turned away with rather an anxious look upon his face.

The "door" in question was one of communication between the small villa, Orchid Lodge, and Lady Agatha's magnificent house. With strange perversity, shortly after her nephew's losses, and upon his removal to London, she determined to take a house near him, and actually built the great place which almost overshadowed Orchid Lodge.

It was then she began a system of small torturing such as cruel women only can imagine, and became the curse of Allen Ossary's little household.

It was pity, not self-interest, which kept him from ordering her never to darken his doors. He knew her to be quite alone in the world, but for one cousin, the then Earl, a hopelessly bad man, with whom she had quarrelled, and by whom in her early days she had been shamefully ill-treated.

Another story had been commenced, and both teller and listener were equally absorbed, when they were interrupted by a harsh, cruel laugh, and the next moment a shadow from the trellised window fell upon the old man and child.

It was Lady Agatha, who came into the room sneering and insolent.

"What, putting nonsense into the child's head, my good *medicante*?" she said, calling the poor Italian by her favourite name—beggar. Then, turning to the son, she said, "Boy, come and kiss me."

"No," said the child.

It was the first time he had resisted his relation.

"No!" she said. "Come this instant!"

"No."

"This is your doing," she said, wrathfully turning upon the stray—"it is you, my *medicante*, who sets the child against me."

"I, *madamima*?" he said, humbly, "No, no, no, no!"

"Make him kiss me."

The old Italian drew himself up.

"*Madamima*, I am not your slave, neither is Carlotta mine. If he will kiss you, he will; and if not, not."

"Do you know that if I do not leave my money to him, he will be poor?"

The Italian here started affrightedly.

"You would not hurt your own blood, Contessa," he said, humbly.

"Bid the boy kiss me."

"*Mio angelo*," he whispers to the child, "go and kiss thy aunt."

The child was running to obey, when he was stopped by the woman's harsh cry.

"Ho!" she cried; "I knew you schooled him to hate me, or why should he run to kiss me when you bid him?"

"What?" asked the Italian, wrathfully;

"have you laid a trap for me?"

"Why, what is all this noise about?" here said a pleasant voice; and at once the child ran to his mother, who now came into the room.

Mattie Ossary was looking very pale and anxious.

"Niece," cried the stern old lady, "you must send your Italian fellow packing. He is like his tribe—a liar and a hypocrite. He tutors the child to hate me, and does his work well. Truly a pretty thing, to set the boy against me, without whom he will be a pauper! Recollect, I have not yet made my will, and I am at liberty to leave my millions as I think fit. Do you hear? The *medicante* must be turned out of the house!"

"It is for Mr. Ossary himself, Lady Agatha, to decide upon such a subject. I think he would be loth to send Gianetto away. Netto, surely you do not set my son against his aunt?"

"Ah, princess mine," cried the old man, "'tis not my doing—'tis the child's instinct."

"There! what say you to that?" cried the vicious old woman. "But perchance he shall not be the only one to leave poor Mr. Ossary's house. I have news for you and for you alone. As for you, niece, take the child away."

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC.

HOW TO MAKE CHOCOLATE.—Put on half a pint of water; when it has boiled, put in a table-spoonful of chocolate, scraped up. When half done, put in half a cupful of fresh milk, and sweeten to your taste either while cooking or when served on the table. This is only the quantity for one cupful.

STIR-ABOUT.—Oatmeal is excellent, stirred gradually into boiling water with a stick, heaving a little salt sprinkled into it. Boil it ten minutes after the oatmeal has been put in, and stir it the whole time to keep smooth. If well done, it becomes a solid, stiff pudding. It should be eaten with a little milk or treacle. This is an excellent wholesome dinner or supper for children. The cottager should always have a clean bag, or earthen pan, full of oatmeal at home. It keeps well in dry places and so do rice and dried peas; a good store of these articles on a shelf or in a box, would be economy in the end. The peas he might grow, and "broken rice" can be bought equally clean and good as the very highest priced rice. A tea-cupful of rice goes a great way in cooking.

TRIFLES.—1. A very good trifle may be made by laying macaroons and ratafia drops at the bottom of a dish, pour on them as much raisin or other sweet wine as they will soak up. When this is done, pour over them cold rice custard, made with rather more eggs than are generally employed, and with a little rice flour. Let this custard stand on the cakes about two or three inches thick; then lay on it about the same thickness of raspberry or any other fruit you possess. Cover the whole with a very high whip of reach cream, made the day before, the white of two eggs well beaten, sugar, lemon-peel, and some more of the same wine used at the first. The whole of these must be well whisked before pouring over the jam. This trifle is best if made the day before it is wanted.—2. *Rice Cake Trifle*.—Bake a rice cake with a mould. When the cake is cold, cut it round about two inches from the edges, but do not cut within two inches from the bottom. Remove the middle of the cake, and put in a thick custard, and a few spoonfuls of raspberry jam; then put on a clean whip as for other trifles.—3. *Apple Trifle*.—Scald as many apples as when pulped, will cover the dish you design to use to the depth of two or three inches. Before you place them in the dish, add to them the rind of half a lemon grated fine, and sugar to your palate. Mix half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolk of an egg; scald it over the fire, keeping it stirring, and do not let it boil; add a little sugar, and let it stand till cold; then lay it over the apples, and finish with the cream whip. *Gooseberry Trifle* is made the same way, substituting a little marmalade for the orange-peel.

THE ELF-KING'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Down the merry streamlet dancing,
Through the flickering shadows dancing.
Foam about her white feet creaming,
All her wayward hair out-streaming
Laughing on the laughing water,
Dances down the Elf-king's daughter—
Youngest daughter fair.

All the trees bend low toward her,
All the rocks are grones to guard her,
All the little grasses whisper,
And the low-toned breezes hiss her
Traises every where.

All around the warm air lingers
Lovingly, the while her fingers,
With a dainty upward gesture,
Seem to draw a shade for vesture
Of her loveliness.

Yet meseems she moves so purely,
Gliding on her path demurely,
Looking with clear eye serenely,
She were clad not half so queenly
In a royal dress.

Now she's lightly onward sweeping,—
Now she stays, half-glad, half-fearing,
O'er the ledge of granite peering,
Eyes the headlong torrent leaping—
Eyes far down the sullen boulders,
While the long locks round her shoulders
Gather tenderly.

Now with little laugh a-tremble,
Glad her shrinking to dissemble,
Flashing through the diamond shower
With her white feet launched below her,
And her hair drawn out above her,
Swift as lady to her lover
Down the fall goes she.

Now when quiet night has clouded
All the river broad and stately,
Down the stream she rides sedately,
By her soft hair warmly shrouded,
Lulled by melody.

Down amid the dim trees greeting,
And the drowsy wheat's repeating,
Dreaming on the dreaming water,
Floats the Elf-king's youngest daughter
To the dreaming sea.

J. R. S.

CARL ROSA'S SUCCESS.

Kate Field writes to the *Louisville Courier Journal* from London: In predicting Carl Rosa's success I was not a false prophet. A German has brought English opera back to life. Expecting to lose at least £3,000 in a season of seven weeks Rosa has startled himself by making money from the outset, and has now gone to the provinces with a prestige which is amazing, considering the brief time in which it has been acquired. His greatest artistic as well as pecuniary success was Cherubini's "Water-carrier," brought out the last week of his season. On the second night of its production the Princess's was packed from pit to dome. I never saw a more delighted and attentive audience. Indeed its intelligence was remarkable, for Cherubini never wrote for the purpose of putting tenors and sopranos on exhibition. His effects lie in noble orchestration and exquisite concerted pieces, all of which were enthusiastically applauded. Cherubini was the one composer to whom Beethoven bowed; and well he might, for *The Water-carrier* was the godfather of *Fidelio*, and it is to the great old Italian that Beethoven owed much of his inspiration. Santley as the *Water-carrier* was admirable. Put him in a domestic drama and his acting is on a par with his singing. He well deserved his call and recall, and when, in answer to prolonged cries, Rosa appeared before the curtain at the close of this opera, he met with an ovation that must have rejoiced his tired mind, for he has worked like a dozen Trojans. Abused for not giving the public the works of English composers—as though opera in English could live a week if it were limited to Balfe and Wallace.—Rosa produced the "Siege of Rochelle," whereupon the critics exclaimed, "How is it possible that we could ever have liked such music?" Having shown up the folly of his judges, Rosa brought out "Cherubini" translated, with the success already recorded. When the same opera was sung in Italian by Titiens and Agnesi, two years ago, an appreciative fashionable public went to sleep over it, and it was withdrawn after one night. Was not Rosa brave to face such a verdict, and does he not merit his reward? Would that his wife were alive to share the triumph and delight our ears with a voice and method that have not their peer!

AN ARCHITECT'S FANCY.

A writer in *All the Year Round* says of a well-known architect: One of the freaks of Sir John Soane, considered by most men of artistic taste to be puerile, is a sort of imitative monastery *en petit*. Wishing to produce, with a small space, the various contrasting effects of ecclesiastical architecture, he imagined the life of a monk and provided him with a monastic cell, oratory, and grave. He imagined the monk, "Padre Giovanni," to be refined rather than ascetic: he built for him a parlor lighted with a window of stained glass, through which can be seen the rules of a monastery, together with the padre's cell, oratory, and grave. In the cell is a niche for holy water; in the oratory is a highly wrought carved crucifix, and there are also missals, relics, stained glass pictures of sacred subjects and models of ecclesiastical buildings. The tomb of the supposed monk is made with the fragments of an old monument once placed over a family vault in an Essex churchyard. In short, to use Sir John's own description, throughout the realization of this mediæval conception "attention has been given to every minute circumstance." The oddity of the conception becomes all the more manifest when we associate it with the locality, a back room or two in a dwelling-house in Lincoln's Innfields!

THE GLEANER.

UPWARD of 20,000 letters were posted in England last year without any address, among them one which contained \$10,000 in bank notes.

JOHN BRIGHT says that Queen Victoria is one of the most careful and domestic women he has ever met.

THE Khedive was educated in Paris, speaks French to perfection, is a capital talker on any kind of subject, and takes an especially keen interest in England and anything English.

A scientific expedition is being organized in Holland for the purpose of exploring the interior of the island of Sumatra, some parts of which are quite unknown to Europeans.

A romantic story is told of a Cuban woman who, with her son of fourteen years, commands a detachment of the rebel army. She leads the insurgents in person, dressed in a riding habit and mounted on a fine horse, and is as brave as a lion.

A LONDON correspondent of the *Buffalo Commercial* reports that Col. Valentine Baker has offered his services to the Emperor of Russia, that the offer has been accepted, and the Colonel will go to Russia as soon as his term of imprisonment expires.

JOHN Frederick Gunter went from Chicago penniless to Australia, twenty-three years ago. He now advertises in the Chicago newspapers that he is able and willing to help his relatives, and invites them to write to him. And won't he hear from them?

IN the reconstruction of the Hotel de Ville, Paris, a machine is used for cutting stone which does in one day the work of 15 men. It is composed of two revolving cylinders furnished with marble hammers, by means of which the stone is separated with great rapidity and precision.

MME. Iturbide, of Mexico, the handsome and intellectual mother of the adopted heir of Maximilian when Emperor of Mexico, is residing permanently in Georgetown. Her son, a youth of uncommon intelligence, is pursuing his studies at the Jesuit College in Georgetown.

LORD HOUGHTON, while in Washington, paid a beautiful tribute to American autumn foliage by giving a high price for some pressed autumn leaves mounted on cardboard ready for framing. He said his English friends would scarcely believe that the leaves were not artificially colored.

PAUL MORPHY, the once famous chess-player, is not insane, according to a New Orleans paper, which positively contradicts the report recently circulated, and states that Mr. Morphy was never in better health, physically and mentally, than now. Mr. Morphy has given up chess-playing, it appears, for the practice of the law.

AN official notice has been issued by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, by which undergraduates are forbidden to take part in, or be present at, any horse race. Any breach of the statute is punishable by rustication for a term for the first offence, for a year for the second, and by removal from the University altogether for a third.

THERE are now five cables connecting Europe with America, three running from Newfoundland to Ireland, one from Brest (France) to Duxbury (Mass.) by way of St. Pierre, and the direct cable recently laid. The cables from Newfoundland are about 1,900 miles long, the direct cable 3,060 miles, and the French cable 3,330 miles in length.

PASCAL DUPRAT, the celebrated member of the French Assembly, is a handsome man, of middle age, with a luxuriant crop of hair, which he wears long. As he plods in and out of the railway station in Paris he would be taken sooner for a hermit artist unaccountably strayed away from the Latin Quarter than for a brilliant and dangerous political antagonist.

IN its sitting of the 25th of October, the Paris Academy of Sciences heard a paper on an electromotor, invented by M. Cherills of Havre, designed to replace steam power in most of its applications. The expense will be much less than in the previous system, the inventor stating that the maximum cost will be two-fifths of a cent per horse power of fifty-four foot pounds per hour of work.

THERE is now being built at the Imperial Russian Arsenal, at Nicolaïen, a steam ram, of a novel design, which will be cased with armor plates of a thickness far greater than have hitherto been employed. This vessel, which will have a speed of fifteen knots per hour, will be fitted with torpedo apparatus. She will carry no guns, and will depend entirely upon a formidable ram for offensive purposes.

A SPECIMEN of the *ophiophagus claps*, or snake-eating snake, is one of the recent accessions to the London Zoological Garden. He is over seven feet in length, and his circumference is about equal to the thickness of a man's wrist. His virus is as deadly as that of the cobra, and he is a regular athlete among snakes. His head is very lizard-like and harmless looking, and has an intelligent looking eye. Like a cobra, he has a hood which he can expand when angry, and his body is ornamented with very pretty stripes. His mode of attack is peculiar. He glides after you with the swiftness of a hawk after a bird, and when he gets up to his enemy bites him and retires. On his arrival at the gardens the *ophiophagus* was treated to a live English snake, which he instantly seized and swallowed head foremost. He is also said to eat rats, mice, and small birds.

FOOT NOTES.

FATHER HYACINTHE is to visit this country in 1876.

SUBTERRANEAN cables are to be laid in Chicago and the telegraph poles removed.

COLONEL FORNEY says it is on the cards that the Prince of Wales may come over to Philadelphia next year.

THE Marquis of Bute has planted 3,500 grape vines on his Cardiff estate, to see if good wines cannot be made in Wales.

ONE of the Cincinnati breweries has received an order for 10,000 barrels of lager beer, to be used at the Centennial.

OUT of 400 religious publications in the United States, the Methodists claim 47, the Roman Catholics 41, the Baptists 35, the Presbyterians 29, and the Jews 9.

A WOMAN in Virginia City, Nevada, who had been bedridden for months, had to be carried out of the house during the last fire, and within half an hour from that her great fright had effected a complete cure of her infirmity.

WILLIAM G. MAXFIELD of New Bedford committed suicide. On the table was found, in his hand writing, a verse in the following stage of construction:

This life-----tears that flow
-----woe.

"GINGER-bread Germans" are the newest and most reasonable entertainments in and about Boston for young ladies who have not come out. No gentlemen are invited, ginger bread and lemonade are the viands, and the girls go home to their mothers before midnight.

THE largest private residence in London is Hertford House, Manchester square; one of the finest residences in Paris is the home of a Rothschild; the largest and most richly furnished private house in New York (and, therefore, in America) is the marble palace of A. T. Stewart, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street.

PARIS has experienced a great loss this month in Mme. Boutoux, who lived in the Rue l'Echelle. She was the delight of the gourmand world of Paris; her dishes and trifles were the perfection of gastronomic art, and the various dainties of her establishment brought her a clientèle refined in taste and varied in character. Sixty years ago the old lady came to Paris and opened a shop in the passage Vero-Dodat, where her wonderful beauty attracted many customers and the fame of her cooking brought more. Rossini patronized her *salon* and Rachel would go there night after night. Eugene Sue, in his romance "Seven Capital Sins," devotes a chapter to this ancient dame, who was also distinguished by her eccentric manner and quaint, dry humor. One of her peculiarities was not serving any customer with viands unless she fancied his appearance. A minister of State, anxious to taste one of her famous *patés*, presented himself no less than twenty times at her counter in vain. On his twenty-first visit, with a letter of introduction in his hand from Marshal Niel, she said: "It is no use, your face does not please me."

HEARTH AND HOME.

FINDING FAULT WITH THE WORLD.—There is a class of people in the world who make it the chief business of their lives to depreciate existence and its blessings; who speak of this world as a "vale of tears," an "abode of sin and sorrow," a "daily cross," a "realm of blighted hopes," and so on through the entire category of such expressions. In nine cases out of ten, our world is just what we make it. If we resolve to see only the dark side, we shall of course see no sunshine. If we choose to live in a cellar, the sun will not be likely to come down out of the heavens, and seek us out in our obscurity.

WAIT AND HOPE.—This is a world full of trouble, full of disappointment, as we all know; but there is, after all, no folly so great as that of ceasing to invite the smiles of Hope, not only because her smiles are so sweet; but also because while we live, there must always be some good, as well as some sorrow, awaiting us.

We can no more stand in life than we can turn back. When we have no desire to go on, invisible forces are at work to compel us to do so. There are things we must do; people we must meet; events that will accrue to us. We cannot believe that the deeds will all be such as we must regret, the events all sorrowful ones, the new acquaintances all enemies.

And since we may do good, and have good done to us—since true hearts may meet ours, though we to-day do not so much as know that they beat—what may we not hope?

Your home may be cold and dark, but it is not because the sun does not shine. It only needs a hand to open the door, and put aside the curtain, to let in warmth and light. So, any moment the shut doors of your life may open, and earth's sunshine fall across your heart. Wait, and hope; it is only that the angel whose mission it is to do this deed tarries for a little on the road.

TO THE LADIES.—The *New WILCOX & GIBBS Sewing Machine* is the only Machine in the World that is positively silent and the only one that requires no change of tension. Agency for the Dominion, Royal Sewing Machine Rooms, 754 Craig St. Call and see it.

ARTISTIC.

HOLMAN HUNT, the eminent English artist, is about to be married.

THE Russian Government has just purchased for \$125,000 the celebrated painting of "Dante," by Titian.

A MARBLE gateway has been secured for the Louvre, Paris, at a cost of \$16,000. It will be placed in the Italian sculpture room on the ground floor.

American sculptors in Italy are still tossed upon that tempest in a teapot, agitated by the question which palms off as original the best work of native artists.

CAPTAIN WARREN, R. E., has presented to the University of Oxford the large collection of Jewish, Roman, Byzantine, and Saracenic coins obtained by him while he was conducting the survey of Palestine.

EIGHTEEN Phœnician inscriptions recently discovered, and on their way to the museum of the Louvre, were lost in the explosion of the French iron-clad Magenta.

HOLMAN HUNT has left England, proposing to remain in Jerusalem about three years, or long enough for the completion of a large picture, having an important subject and comprising many figures.

It has been proposed to the Académie des Inscriptions, Paris, to form a collection of casts from all famous authentic ancient sculptures, the restored portions of the monuments excluded.

A BOSTON professor bought in Dresden a fine copy of Correggio's "Reading Magdalen," for which he paid only seven dollars. On his arrival home he sent it to be framed, when it turned out to be one of Prang's chromos, worth four dollars.

"THE Siege of Paris" remains on exhibition at the Colosseum, N. Y., and public interest is evidently increasing in this excellent and realistic work. As a pictorial representation of the exciting events which it is designed to portray it could not be surpassed.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., are about to publish a new art quarterly called the "Fac-Similist." Each number will contain from twelve to sixteen heliotype reproductions of rare engravings, with twenty pages of letterpress. It will be edited by Mr. Justin Winsor.

THE entries at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts this year are more numerous than they have ever been known to be before. They are divided as follows:—One hundred and seventy-two for architecture, forty for sculpture, eighty for painting, and as many as two hundred and fifty for the section of engraving.

THE French art journal, "L'Art," will be republished in New York, in tri-annual numbers. This work contains reproductions of the more prominent new works by the French artists, and will not fail to be appreciated. This publication and the Portfolio of London, also issued in New York, give the amateur and artist a valuable survey of art movements and interests in the foreign studies.

A French antiquary has found the most ancient bronze statue known, in the collection of Egyptian antiquities recently gathered by M. Gustave Posna. It is almost identical in feature and workmanship with the famous sycamore wood statue in the museum of Boulae, the port of Cairo, and which is contemporary with the fourth Egyptian dynasty—a period some 3,000 years before the Christian era.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

OFFENBACH takes an interest in the Centennial and was present at the recent banquet at the Hotel du Louvre.

THE Edwin Forrest "Home for Aged Actors," near Philadelphia, will be ready to receive beneficiaries in a few months.

THERE is talk of building an opera house in Paris with a seating capacity of 15,000, admission to which is to be only two francs.

VISCOUNT CASTILHO, of Rio Janeiro, has made a translation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" into Portuguese, and read it recently before the Emperor of Brazil.

ROSSI has announced in the Paris papers that, for his part, he has entirely filled his American contract by sending over the stipulated forfeit of \$10,000 to the New World manager. The latter protests that he neither received the money nor replies to his despatches.

WAGNER has obtained for his new work, which is to be brought out at the opera house of Bayreuth, the assistance of the greatest mechanist of Berlin to produce uncommon automatic effects, as several wild animals, including a dragon, are to appear moving on the stage.

So great a sensation has the Italian Rossi made in the character of Hamlet that a party of actors have come from London expressly to see him in that rôle. This flattering compliment has, it is said, much affected the great tragedian, and he has expressed his intention of shortly proceeding to London to give them a series of representations.

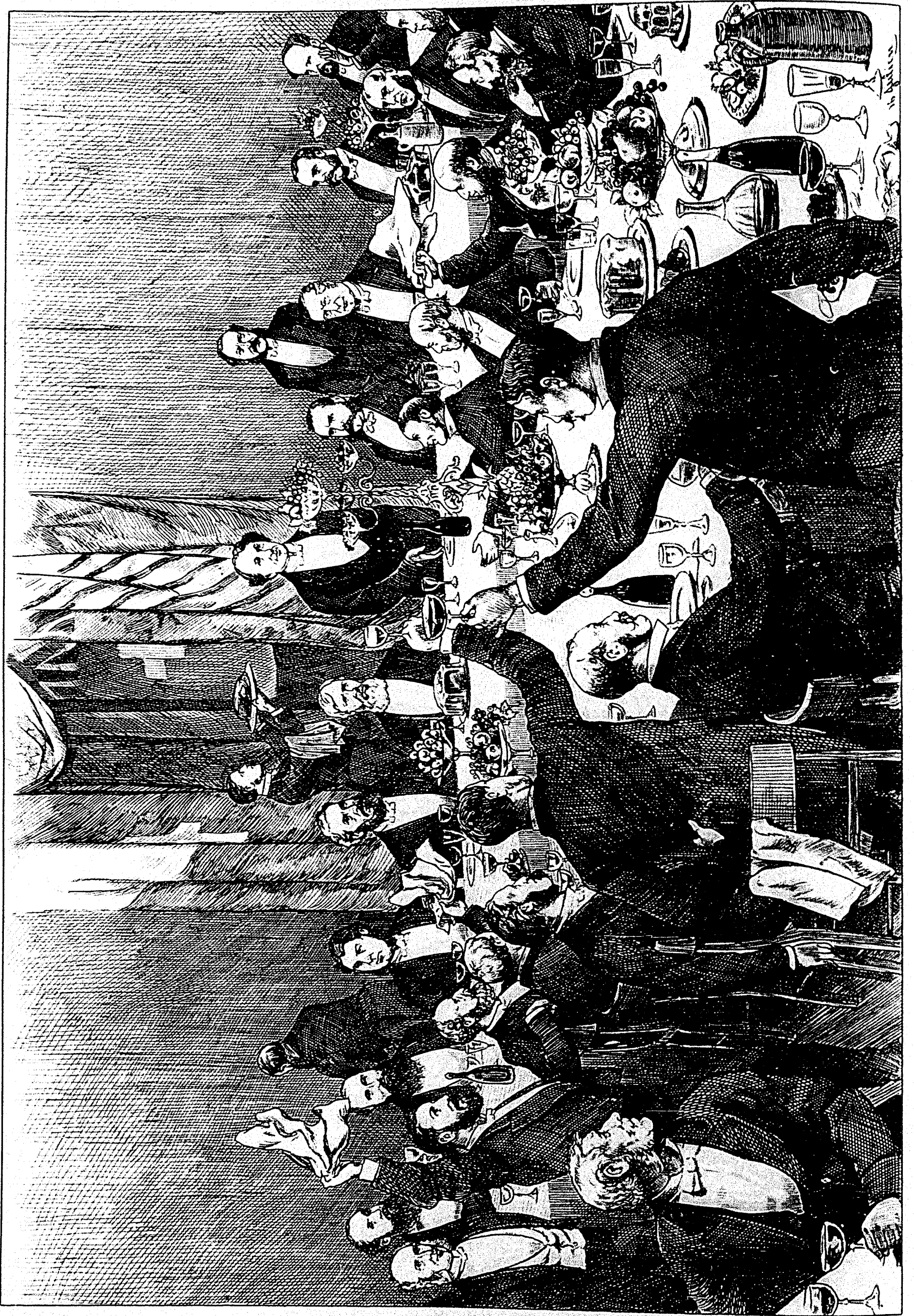
MR. JOHN OXENFORD has retired from the post of dramatic critic of the Times, and has been succeeded, it is said, by Mr. F. W. Hawkins. The notices of new plays that have appeared in the Times for many years past have, with few exceptions, been contributed by Mr. John Oxenford, who has also, during the same period, furnished dramas, comedies, and farces, original and translated, to nearly every London theatre of importance.

AN Irish melody transplanted. German tenor warbles:

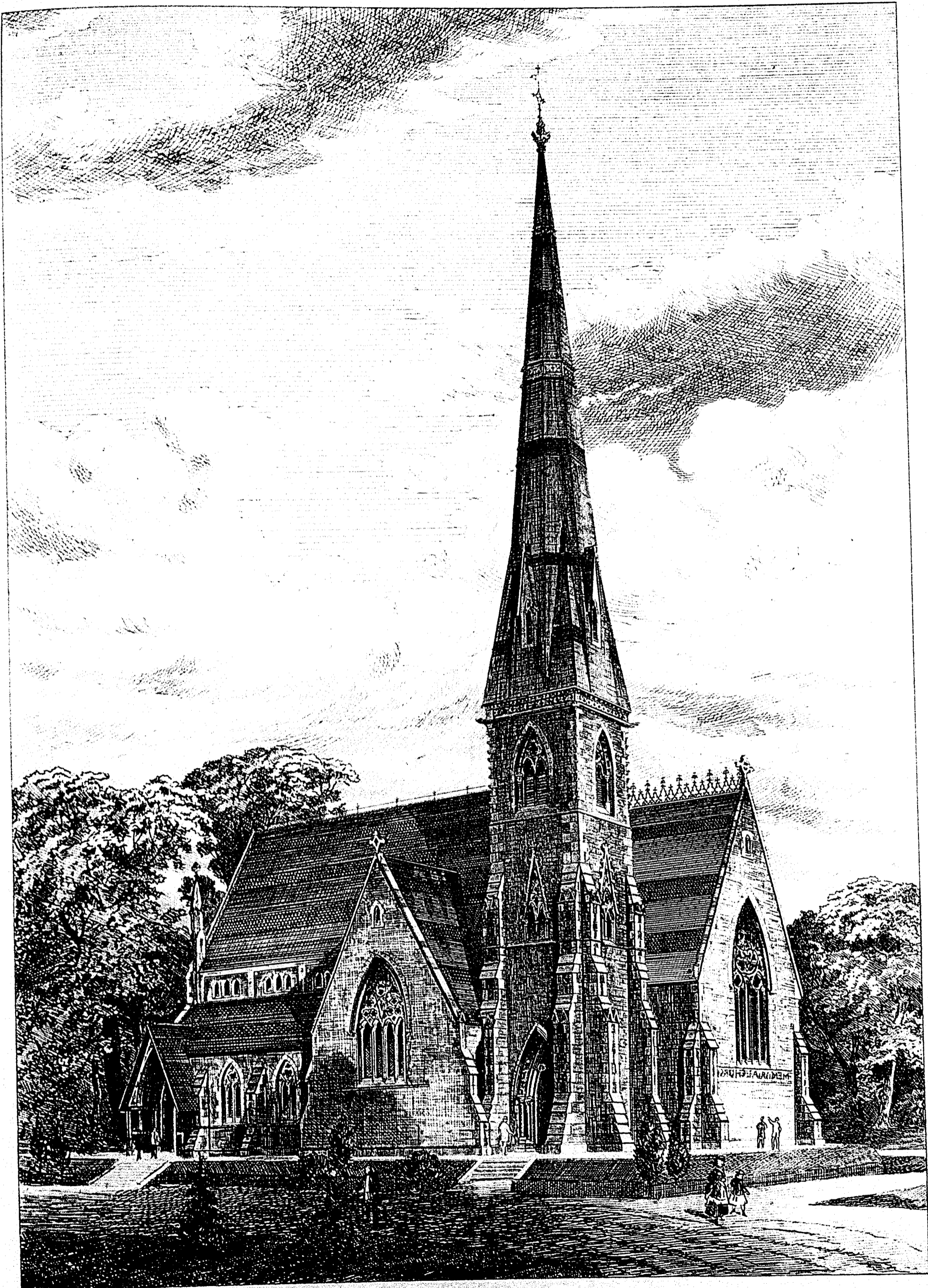
"I'll not leaf zee, sow lön von
To bine on ze sachtm!
Zius ze löfy are szchleebingk,
Cöh! szchleeb sow fiz dem!
Zos ghynly I schgadder
Zy zeafs on the bet,
Vay zy maids of ze härtten
Lie schentless and tet!"

THE directors of the Porte St. Martin Theatre and the authors of *Le Tour du Monde en 80 Jours*, gave a grand breakfast at the Grand Hotel lately to the artists to celebrate the 365th performance of that piece. Even the elephant was not forgotten, as he made his entry with Mlle. Dica-Petit on his back at the dessert, and walked round the table, appearing to relish immensely the sweetmeats with which he was regaled; after being well fed and caressed he made his exit, leaving, however, the actress behind.

HON. OAKLEY HALL, who is about to adopt the stage as a profession, has one of the largest and most valuable dramatic private libraries extant. Everything that is obtainable and worth having in relation to the drama and its exponents he has. He possesses also a copy of every notable play-bill that has appeared in New York for thirty years, and of many theatres he has a copy of each play-bill they have issued since their opening. More than a mere taste for the stage does he bring to it; with the ex-Mayor it amounts to a positive passion.



MONTREAL: BANQUET TENDERED TO MR. THOMAS WHITE, JR. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD REPLYING TO THE TOAST OF HER MAJESTY'S LOYAL OPPOSITION



CORNWALL:—THE BISHOP STRACHAN MEMORIAL CHURCH.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

ONLY ONE.

There is but one; a mother's love,
That ever lives and breathes the same
Thro' height of glory—depth of shame—
As steadfast as the stars above.

A woman holds me very dear;
And looks love in my eyes to-day;
To-morrow she is lured away
By speeches sweeter to her ear.

And friends make pledges, clasping hands,
That nought can e'er their pa's divide;
And ere the ebbing of the tide,
One wanders lonely on the sands.

There is but one that faithful stands;
That never fades; that never dies,
Till the soul closing of the eyes,
And folding o'er of lifeless hands.

BARRY DANE.

LA DAME DE MARGON.

A LEGEND OF LE PERCHE.

On the south-eastern confines of that large province of France which from its beauty and fertility so well deserves its ancient title of La Belle Normandie, lies a small tract of country which, amidst all the divisions and subdivisions of modern departments, still retains its old name of Le Perche—a fruitful picturesque little province, famous for its flax, where there are hedge-rows in the fields as in England, and where the farms are cleaner and better kept than in many parts of France. In shape it is something of an oblong square, about fifty miles in breadth and forty in length, stretching away towards Chartres upon the east, and Le Mans and Orleans upon the south-west and south-east.

Hence come the Percheron horses, large, gray, and strong, which some of us have seen in Rosa Bonheur's pictures, and which most of us have heard of, especially of late.

Le Perche is not without its historical associations. It saw something of fighting during the late war, and in the fifteenth century, when the ill-fated Maid of Orleans was living and dying for the sake of a king who never heartily appreciated her devotion, the province was occupied by the English, who burnt and destroyed most of its strongholds, amongst others the Château de Villeray, a large and strongly fortified castle overlooking the valley of the Huisne, which was rebuilt in the time of Henri Quatre, and is now a spacious and pleasant dwelling-house.

One of the principal towns in Le Perche is Nogent le Rotrou, famous as the burial-place of Maximilian de Bethune, better known as the great Sully, Duke of Rosny, the friend alike of his sovereign and the poor. A monument in the Hospice of Nogent marks the spot where he was interred. Two fine statues of himself, and 'cette très-haute et très-illustre dame Rachel de Cochefilet,' his wife, are placed above the grave. But Sully's body no longer rests there. At the time of the Revolution the tomb was opened and rifled, the coffin melted down into bullets, and the remains of the great statesman shamefully exposed and subjected to every possible insult at the hands of a brutal and infuriated mob.

The Château Fort de Nogent, purchased by Sully from the Prince de Condé a few years before his death, still towered majestically above the town; but it is now little better than a massive ruin. A few rooms in this old château have been made habitable by the present owner; but his wife, we were told, declines to live in them 'on account of the ghosts.'

On a steep hill about a league from Nogent, at a place where two roads meet, stands the old church of Notre Dame de Margon. It is very old, having been built about the tenth or eleventh century, but not otherwise very remarkable.

A triangular grass plot just below, with a round spot in the centre from which the grass has been burnt away, is more worthy of notice.

On a certain Sunday in every year the bell of Notre Dame de Margon rings loudly for many hours, and at sunset a sort of Guy Fawkes scene is enacted on this spot, which would probably arouse the curiosity and amusement of any one who beheld it for the first time. 'Thereby hangs a tale;' and the story or legend of 'La Dame de Margon dite La Belle Bourbonnaise,' as I heard it a few months ago whilst on a visit to some friends at the Château de Villeray, appears to me, in spite of much that is obscure and improbable, to retain enough of freshness and interest to make it worth relating.

Handed down to us as it has been through many generations, from amidst the mists and comparative darkness of the Middle Ages, it is not wonderful that some discrepancies should occur in the narrative; but on the whole the various chroniclers are pretty well agreed about the main facts, which are as follows:

Somewhere about the twelfth or thirteenth century a certain Sire de Courcelles, the proprietor of a large manorial dwelling on the outskirts of Nogent, which was afterwards turned into a farm, fired by the martial ardour of the times, buckled on his armour, and in a moment of religious enthusiasm betook himself to the Holy Land.

He left, not only his home, but his wife and a blooming young daughter aged about sixteen. As the young Renée (or Sophie as some have called her) was rich as well as beautiful, and as her father's absence was likely to be prolonged, it was not improbable that the question of lovers might arise before his return. He therefore left strict injunctions with his wife with regard to the disposal of his daughter's hand.

She was not to allow Renée to marry any one no matter how rich or noble he might be—

who could not bring with him a special marriage licence, as it were, in the shape of a written consent from himself, signed by his own hand, and sealed with the arms of the Courcelles. And for further security, this written consent was to be accompanied by a certain well-known ring which had been in the possession of his family for many generations. This was tantamount to saying that his daughter's hand should not be disposed of without his being previously consulted.

The precautions were not unneeded. In due time lovers appeared upon the field. Two rival suitors aspired at the same time to the honour of espousing 'la gente demoiselle' Renée de Courcelles. One of these is called in the old chronicles the Comte de Nogent, but he was more probably some relative only of the great family who at that time bore the title of Comtes du Perche. The other was the Baron de la Manorière.

Both were alike noble, but it was towards the latter that the affections of the young lady herself inclined. The Baron de la Manorière had been wounded some short time previously whilst assisting to repulse an attack made upon the Château de Courcelles. From what quarter this attack came is not stated; but we are told that the fair Renée helped to nurse him back to convalescence, and that during the dangerously sweet moments of intimacy which ensued, he, as was not surprising, lost his heart to his beautiful companion; whilst she, little by little, learnt to love the brave young champion who was suffering for her sake.

Fortunately the mother approved of her daughter's choice, and a trusty hermit was forthwith despatched to the Holy Land, bearing a letter from the châtelaine de Courcelles to her husband, containing the warmest praises of the Baron de la Manorière's conduct and character, and entreating him to send back as soon as possible by the hands of the same messenger his written consent to the young man's union with Renée.

So far all was well; but alas! for the young lovers, the course of true love in their case was not long destined to run smooth. It had been well for the Baron de la Manorière if he had been content to offer his homage at the shrine of 'one maiden only;' but in earlier days, before he had seen or known Renée de Courcelles, there had been certain love passages between himself and Marguerite de Raderai, the 'châtelaine' of Margon, a hamlet in the immediate neighbourhood. We are not told of this lady whether she was old or young, married or single; but we know that she was beautiful, and we may surmise that she was a widow, as her surname of La Belle Bourbonnaise would suggest that she was not originally a native of the province.

Whether the young baron had ever really loved her may be doubtful, but at any rate he had in some idle moment made professions of an attachment, which she had returned with all the ardour of a jealous and passionate nature.

In an evil hour she learnt the fact of her lover's defection. Whilst the messenger who had been sent by the châtelaine de Courcelles to the East was making his way as rapidly as the slow travelling of those days would permit towards Jerusalem, a letter was received by that lady from her husband, telling glorious things of his successes in the war against the infidel, and holding out hopes of his speedy return.

Upon the strength of this welcome intelligence, and possibly with a view of presenting the Baron de la Manorière as the future husband of her daughter, she gave a magnificent entertainment, to which all her friends and retainers were invited.

Marguerite de Raderai, in her character of Châtelaine de Margon, was present upon the occasion, and then and there she learnt the truth. If she had hitherto disbelieved the report which had reached her ears, she could no longer doubt the evidence of her own senses; for, carried away by the excitement of the hour, the young lovers forgot everything but their own happiness, and, undeterred by any considerations of prudence, allowed their mutual affection to be too plainly seen. The Dame de Margon saw and understood it all; the fact was patent to her, as to all others, that the man whose heart she had believed to be all her own was false to his allegiance, and had deserted her for another, younger if not fairer than herself.

The blow had fallen suddenly, and found her unprepared. In that bitter moment the very blood in her veins seemed to turn to gall; there was no room in her heart for either pity or forgiveness, and from that time forth she hated him with the cruel hatred of an outraged love.

With all the strength and energy of her nature she determined upon revenge. Alone in the solitude of her home, she devised a scheme which was as infamous in the conception as it was successful in its result.

The terms upon which the hand of Renée de Courcelles could alone be obtained were no secret in the neighbourhood. Marguerite de Margon was intimately acquainted with the device of the old ring Renée's father had alluded to, which was an heirloom in the family. The arms of the Courcelles also, consisting of a Virgin supported by two angels, were perfectly well known to her, and in all probability she had some impressions of the latter in her possession.

Upon these she laid the foundation of her plot; but her own knowledge of heart and science was not sufficient to carry it into execution. The help she needed, however, was soon found. A poor artist—a man as false and unscrupulous as herself—was willing, for the sake of the rich reward she offered, to become her tool. With a skill and ingenuity worthy of a

better cause, he succeeded in making a copy of both seal and ring correct enough to deceive the unwary. To forge a letter purporting to come from the Sieur de Courcelles was no difficult task, as in those days no private gentleman was expected to write himself, but every one of any note kept an ecclesiastic or other learned man attached to his household to act as his amanuensis. Such a letter, then, La Dame de Margon or her accomplice forged. It was addressed to the Comte de Nogent, the rival of the Baron de la Manorière, and ran as follows:

'I, the Lord of Courcelles, desire before I depart this life to give my daughter a husband, and it is you whom I have chosen. Go at once and announce this news to my family, and beg of them that the last wish of a father dying for the cause of Christ be faithfully executed. The pilgrim to whom I have intrusted the charge of this letter will also give into your hand the sacred ring which has been handed down to me from my ancestors, and which I beg of you to preserve religiously.'

This letter, duly signed and sealed, was then given, together with the fictitious ring, in charge to a hermit, who was ordered to convey them without loss of time to the Comte de Nogent; and he was further instructed how to parry the count's questions in the event of his being cross-examined on the subject of his mission. No such cross-examination, however, seems to have taken place. The man, who must have been either knave or fool, or perhaps a little of both, played his part well; while the Comte de Nogent, only too eager to grasp at the hope of happiness for which he had never ceased to sigh, was probably not disposed to inquire too curiously into the authority of the proofs on which it rested. History however, acquits him of all wilful complicity in La Dame de Margon's infamous design.

Armed as it were with his credentials, he at once sought the presence of the châtelaine de Courcelles, and in the name of her absent lord demanded permission to address the fair Renée as his bride. The news fell like a thunderbolt upon all concerned, filling the poor mother's heart with grief and consternation at the thought of her own approaching widowhood, while at the same time it gave the deathblow to her daughter's dearest hopes. But so well had Marguerite de Raderai's plans been carried out, so cunningly had the ring and the seal been copied, that the unhappy lady fell helplessly into the snare, and never doubted for an instant that the letter which sealed poor Renée's fate was otherwise than genuine. The dying wish of a husband and father was not to be disregarded, and so in spite of her own misgivings, in spite of her daughter's too evident repugnance to the match, she gave orders that the marriage should take place. As soon, therefore, as the necessary preliminaries could be arranged, the unfortunate Renée de Courcelles became the wife of the Comte de Nogent.

So far the plot of La Belle Bourbonnaise had prospered as successfully as in her most sanguine moments she could have anticipated. Utterly regardless of all future consequences, she had gone on to the fulfilment of her end without mercy and without fear. She had silenced the reproaches of her own conscience and had trampled upon the feelings and affections of others without a single pang of remorse; broken hearts and ruined lives were the sacrifices which she laid without scruple upon the altar of her false god, expediency. Whether her object in doing this had been simply to gratify the promptings of passion and revenge, or whether she indulged in the hope that Baron de la Manorière, once irrevocably separated from Renée, might return to his former allegiance, it is impossible to say. If she had such a hope, however, it proved fallacious. Not long did she enjoy even her seeming triumph, for retribution followed swiftly on her crime.

Some say that she was shortly afterwards attacked with mortal sickness, and that on her deathbed, being seized with unavailing remorse, she made full confession of her evil deeds, in the hope of winning that pardon from heaven which she felt she had no right to expect on earth; and they add that the righteous judgment of the law, which she had contrived to escape during her lifetime, overtook her even on the confines of the grave; for the Comte de Nogent, horrified at her revelations and anxious to prove that he had had no share in her odious crime, demanded that the cause should be tried by competent judges. By their unanimous decree she, being already dead, was refused Christian burial, and her lifeless body was ordered to be dragged from her manor house to the place of execution and burnt to ashes. Such is one account. But another and more probable version of the story is as follows:

That the Baron de la Manorière, growing impatient at the long tarrying of the messenger who had been despatched to the Sieur de Courcelles, followed him at last in person to the Holy Land. Arrived there he was fortunate enough, not only to meet with Renée's father, but also to be the means of saving his life in an encounter with the enemy. Gratitude for this timely succour, added to his wife's earnest entreaties and his own just appreciation of the young baron's worth, induced him to lend a favourable ear to the latter's suit; and very soon he gave him leave to return to France, bearing with him a letter containing his full and hearty consent to his union with Renée.

The happy lover hurried home with all possible speed; but when at last he reached Le Perche, it was only to find that black-hearted treachery had been at work during his absence, and

that the girl he loved so dearly was already the wife of another man. His rage and disappointment knew no bounds; but at once he traced the cruel deception to its true source, and with an unerring instinct he denounced Marguerite de Margon as the author of the plot.

The miserable woman was cited to appear before the criminal court. Proofs of her guilt were not long in forthcoming, while not a voice was raised in her defence. She was found guilty on every count, and condemned to suffer the utmost penalty of the law. Her manor was to be given up to the flames, her meadows dried up (*desséchés*), and her trees torn up by the roots, while she herself was condemned to be hanged by the neck till she was dead, and her corpse then dragged upon a hurdle to the open space in front of the church at Margon, and there burnt in the presence of the assembled multitude. And further, in order to perpetuate the memory of her crime, it was ordained that the latter part of the sentence should be repeated annually, and that for evermore, on the 16th of July, La Belle Bourbonnaise should be burnt in effigy on the same spot, as a wholesome warning to all future generations against the sinful indulgence of jealousy, hatred, and revenge.

According to one account, the vassals of La Dame de Margon were required to furnish a straw figure every year for this purpose, which was to be dressed in *paper* at the expense of the commune.

Such is the story of La Dame de Margon, as it has been handed down by oral tradition to the inhabitants of Le Perche, and as it may still be read in the old chronicles of the province. But even in the written pages of the latter the details are meagre and unsatisfactory, and much is left to the imagination of the reader to supply. We are told nothing of what befell the Baron de la Manorière after the wicked woman who had plotted to destroy his happiness had ceased to exist, nor of how it fared with the Comte de Nogent and his reluctant bride in their after married life—whether poor Renée died of a broken heart, or, resigning herself to the inevitable, did her best to live happily with her adoring husband. Upon these details history is silent; but that the legend is true on all important points there can be but little doubt. At any rate the fact remains unaltered that, once in every year, on the Sunday following the 16th of July (*la fête patronale de Margon*), a straw figure, made to represent a woman, and dressed in all the richest garments that the voluntary contributions of the neighbourhood can provide, with gloves on its hands and shoes on its feet, is taken in a sort of procession to where the cross-roads meet in front of the church at Margon, left exposed for some hours on a platform about five feet high, and finally burnt at sunset, amidst much ringing of bells and shouting of boys, on the self-same spot where Marguerite de Margon is said to have met her fate hundreds of years ago.

The little grass plot, with its blackened centre, 'still remains,' as Carlyle would say, 'a curious monument of many things.' The name of La Belle Bourbonnaise, her wicked life and miserable end, have grown as familiar in Le Perche as household words; and her story has given rise to a proverb which is sometimes used still in that part of the country as a coarse jest against any one who is supposed to have been crossed in love, '*Celle-la aura sa croix entendue sonner à Margon*,'—'She must certainly have heard the bell ring at Margon.'

H. S. ENGSTROM.

HUMOROUS.

THE STAMP OF CIVILISATION.—The postage-stamp.

FOX'S MARTYRS.—Ducks, chickens, turkeys, and geese.

THE BEST LUMINARY FOR AN IMPETUOUS INDIVIDUAL.—A rush light.

A PRESCRIPTION is wanted which will prolong the existence of a dying echo.

WHY is the fire a dissipated character?—Because it goes out every night.

OLD lace is the object of the latest fashionable mania, and the factories are running double time to supply the demand.

MEN AND GOLD.—Anything Midas touched was turned to gold. In these days touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

YOU should never tell a man that he lies, simply remark that he is guilty of heteropemy and drop the subject—if he'll let you.

JAPANESE officials commit suicide when found guilty of theft or embezzlement. American officials refer to their farms and receive the congratulations of friends.

"I ALWAYS think," said a reverend guest, "that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner."—"Oh, no, sir," replied his host. "It is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief."

At a restaurant, the other day, a man inquired reading from a bill of fare. "What is this sirloin of beef à la financière?"—"I suppose that is a cut from the stock exchange bull," replied his friend.

A BROOKLYN man, who had the toes of one foot cut off by a horse car, sued the company for \$5,000 damages—\$1,000 per toe. The company denied responsibility *in toto*, but the jury awarded the plaintiff \$500 as a memento of the affair.

At Port Hope, Ontario, a competitive concert was given a few days since by two rival brass bands, and now, rather than have it repeated, the Port Hopers would prefer having twenty-seven successive thunder storms.

LITTLE Willie having hunted in all the corners, at last appears to give them up, and climbing on a chair, betakes himself to a big book on a side table. Mother says to him:—"What is this darling doing with the book?" "It is the dictionary," papa looks in the dictionary for things, and I'm looking in it to see if I can find my shoes."

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

GYMNASTICA.

The advantage and importance, physically and therefore morally, of gymnastics, is obvious to all who have bestowed a thought to the subject.

An objection has been raised that gymnastics are dangerous. The power they have to brace the character arises from the fact that they seem dangerous and are not.

The following plans and specifications of safe gymnastic appliances suitable for schools have been drawn out after careful consultation with the very best authorities on the subject.

FIG. 1.—THE PARALLEL BARS.

pppp. 4 posts (3' 9") of 4' x 4' cedar tapering on the outside towards the top to 4' x 2' so as to be flush with.

FIG. 2.—THE RINGS.

pp. 2 posts of 5' x 5' cedar. 12' high above ground 3' underground (15' in all) fitting with 2' x 5' x 4' tenons into mortises in

FIG. 4.—THE HORSE.

b. a log rounded with 4 legs, extreme height about 2' 9" from the ground, of spruce 9' in diam. or 11'.

FIG. 5.—THE RUSSIAN SWING.

pppp. 4 posts 15' long (12" above ground 3" under) of 5' x 5' cedar with tenons 5' x 2' x 4' mortised into

FIG. 6.—HORIZONTAL OR VAULTING BAR.

pp. 2 posts 15' long (13' above ground 2' under) of 5' x 5' cedar mortised into

Three feet from the ground two strips of hard wood (2' long) are spiked on each post (1 1/2' apart) of 1 1/2' stuff projecting 2' from the post ; in these are bored holes of 3/4" bore, 3" apart, into which pass pins if chained by a chain 2' long to the posts.

FIG. 8.—ROUND-ABOUT OR GIANT STRIDE. p. a pole of cedar (barked) 19' long, 3" of it being firmly planted in the ground, the upper or small end is 6' in diam, upon which is driven

FIG. 12.—SWING. pp. 2 posts 14' long of 5' x 5' cedar mortised into

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES. A woman is composed of two hundred and forty-three bones, one hundred and sixty-nine muscles, and three hundred and sixty-nine pins.

Mr. BUDD asked her, "Rose wilt thou be mine?" Rose answered: "I am sorry it cannot be—but a rose cannot be turned into a bud."

If to this total of over \$5,000 we add jewelry, toilet articles, &c., we shall have at a moderate estimate \$10,000 for what a fashionable woman calls absolute necessities.

A gentleman from Paris paid a visit to a dame, in whose parlour he saw a portrait of a lovely woman of, say, five-and-twenty. Upon the entrance of the lady, her visitor naturally asked her if the picture was a family portrait, and was told that it represented her deceased daughter.

A romantic pair no more than a thousand miles from New York, were blessed with a number of daughters. The eldest was called Caroline, the second Madeline, the third Eveline, the fourth Angeline, when lo! the fifth made its appearance, and no name could be found with the desired termination.

A reverend gentleman horrified a small company a few evenings ago by telling them that he and his wife had separated. "Not parted?" inquiringly exclaimed three or four in a breath.

Down through the orchard wandered we, Where, bending low, each burdened tree, Hung full of fruitage yellow.

items furnished by one who knows all about the necessary outfit of a genteel lady of the period:

Table listing clothing items and prices: Four silk dresses \$1,800; Two cashmere dresses 360; One velvet dress 200; One evening dress 250; One dinner dress 150; Average cost, \$200.

DID BYRON PLAGIARIZE? Interest has been excited by the discovery of a remarkable coincidence between the well-known passage in Byron's "Childe Harold," beginning—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll; Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain," and certain stanzas in an "Ode to the Sea," by Chénedollé, a French poet, which are as follows:

"The banks are kingdoms, where the shrine, the throne, The pomp of human things are changed and past. The people, they are phantoms, they are flown. Time has avenged thee on their strength at last."

Chénedollé's ode may be found in Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe," from which the above translation is derived. Some doubt exists as to who was the plagiarist in this case, if any plagiarism there is.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT.

Jerrold's wit was of the keenest and most transparent character, like Sidney Smith's wit, like all true wit, for genuine wit is the same all the world over.

"A column of fop, A lighthouse, without any light a-top." So was Sidney Smith's reply to the church-wardens, when they wanted a wood pavement round St. Paul's—

stranger exclaimed: "Well, I say, sheep's head for ever!" "What egotism!" remarked Jerrold. This, no doubt, led up to a kindred flash of wit on another occasion, at the expense of a literary friend of Jerrold's, who had just ordered "Some sheep's tail soup, waiter."

LITERARY.

TAINÉ is lecturing in Geneva on the Ancient regime.

MRS. NORTON, who wrote "Bingen on the Rhine," is going to be married to Sir Stirling Maxwell.

THE HUMOROUS sketches of Southern backwoods character, published in the Vicksburg Herald, are the productions of James H. Sullivan, a young journalist from Memphis.

ON the 16th of December the French Academy will choose the successors of Guizot and Remusat. The two candidates for Guizot's fauteuil are M. Dumas, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and M. Boissier.

MR. CARLYLE is failing rapidly, and as he was born eighty years ago, his condition causes much anxiety. It is fifty-two years since, after enduring for a time the drudgery of teaching mathematics at a school in Fife-shire, he began his literary career by writing in "Brewster's Edinburgh Cyclopaedia" articles on Montesquieu, Montaigne, Nelson, and the two Pitts.

THE library of the Ville de Paris has been reopened after a vacation of six weeks. This library is invaluable to novelists seeking authentic information on matters relating to Paris.

IT is either one of three things must be done. Ladies must stay at home, go to church without their new bustles, or else a hole must be cut in the backs of the seats to let the arrangement hang through the next pew.

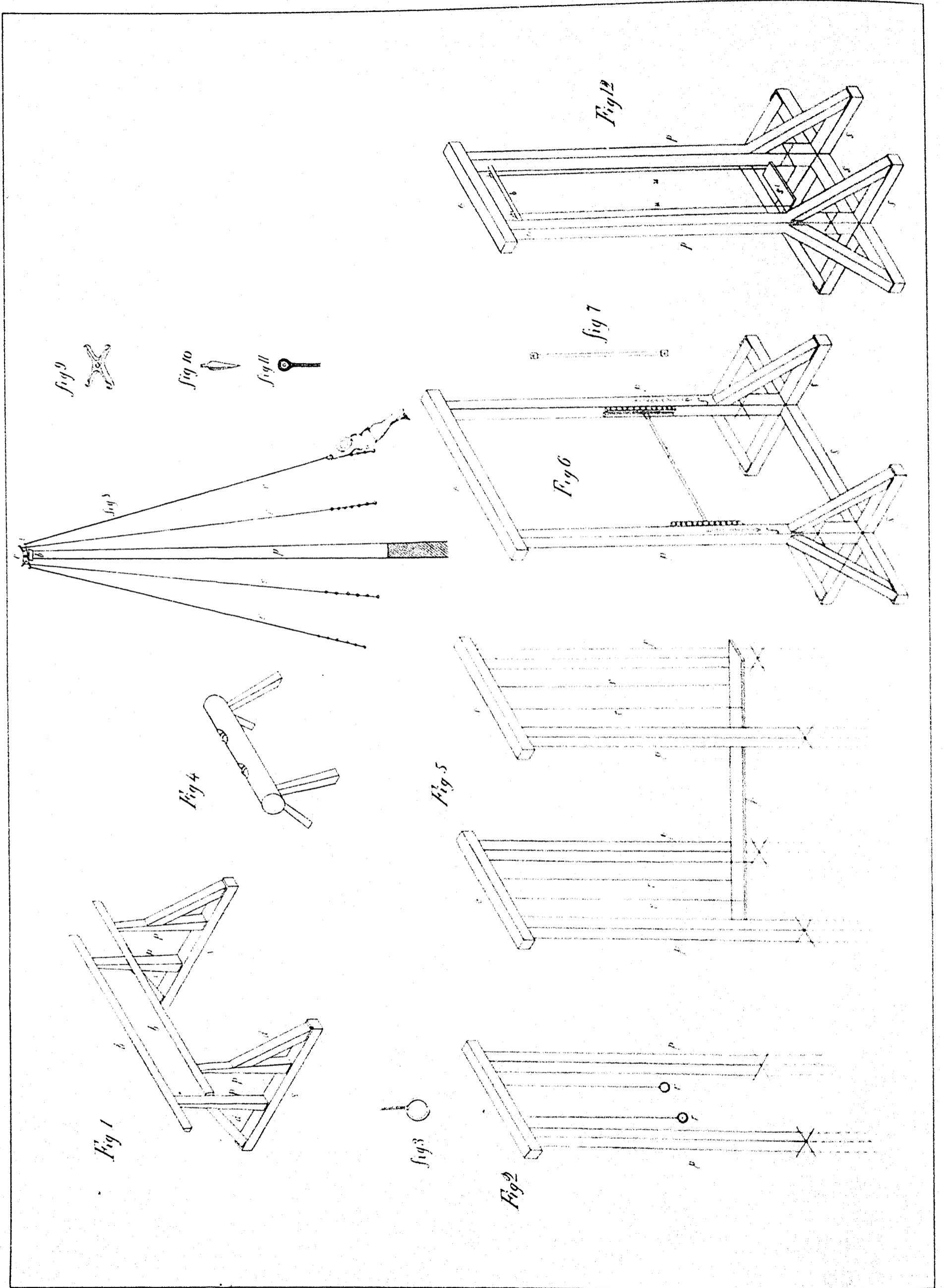
IT is creditable to the English publishing trade that those among them to whom a scheme has been offered for republishing a verbatim report of the Beecher trial for the edification of the British public have declined to be connected with such a speculation.

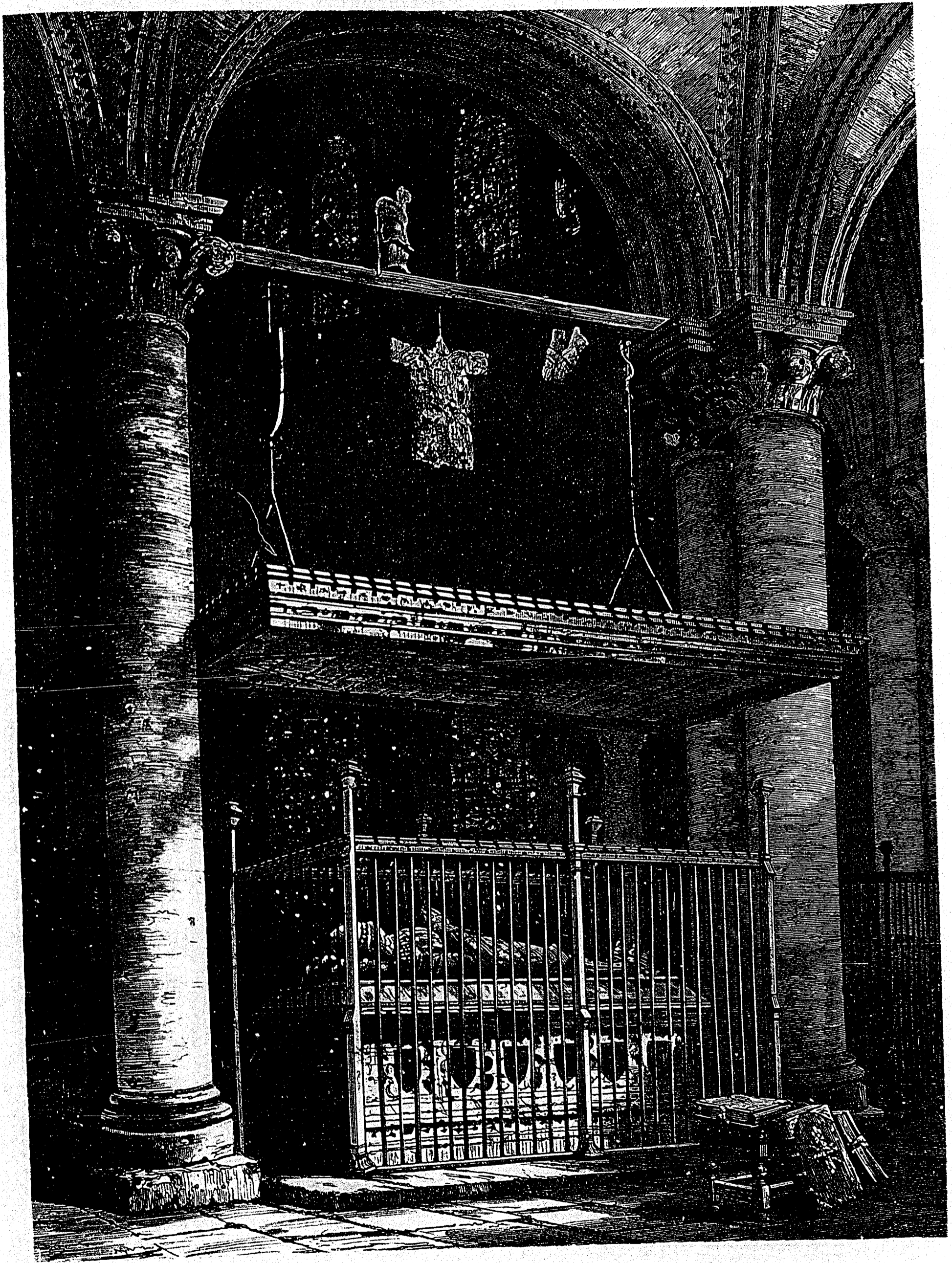
His Royal Highness Prince Leopold has presented to the Shakespeare Memorial Library, in connection with the Cambridge Free Library, a copy of Daniel's Romeo and Juliet, containing the parallel texts of the first two quartos.

IT is reported of a scholar not unknown to one of our universities (says Mr. George Saintsbury in the Fortnightly Review) that before going to bed he invariably, in conscious or unconscious parody of ancient habits, reads a sonnet of Shakespeare. Not complimentary to take him as a nocturne.

PAIN appears to be the lot of us poor mortals, as inevitable as death, and liable at any moment to come upon us. Hence the importance of having, at all times, conveniently at hand, a reliable pain antidote, to be used in case of emergency, when we are made to feel the excruciating agony of pain.

There are a few things, however, which will bear repetition. "Nature has written 'honest man' upon his face," said a person trying to make interest for his friend with Jerrold. "Then Nature must have a very bad pen," was the prompt reply.





THE TOMB OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

RAINY-DAY THOUGHTS.

"Another horrible wet day! As if there hadn't been rain enough all the world over, and now for it to rain, just when we expect bright frosty weather, and perhaps to see the sun for a change," and so on. Every member of the Anglo-Saxon race knows how to grumble. And, truth to say, reader, fair or otherwise, it is not an inviting prospect that we see from our windows. The roads are a quagmire of liquid mud, the trees stand up, gaunt and bare, with no friendly snow to veil their leafless ugliness—the fowls loaf disconsolately about in the sloppy yard, with a total absence of that brisk speculative aspect they generally wear—the busy housewife, her skirt thrown picturesquely but uncomfortably over her head, passes in and out with the half-dried family "wash," with an occasional muttered ejaculation of "drat the rain!"—the family store brought up to meet the exigencies of the late frosts to blood heat, becomes a burden in the present tepid mugginess of the atmosphere, and drives us gasping on to the verandah, in search of fresh oxygen, soon to be driven in again by the pitiless aspect of things without. All nature, in fine, seems to weep, and all mankind to grumble. To grumble, I say. Well, I may be casting a slur on many, the even current of whose habitual good-nature flows untroubled by atmospheric changes of any kind, and of whom we might say with Horace:

"Si fractus illabatur orbis, Impavidum ferient ruinae."

But still, it is an indisputable fact, that a thorough, uncompromising, soaking wet day, coming immediately after a succession of bright frosty weather, will in any Anglo-Saxon community, produce but one effect, that of bitter (though perhaps transitory) discontent. One almost feels inclined to follow, in a modified form, the example of the Scotch laird who "went out into the middle of the road, and swore at large." But still, when, as political writers say, we "look the issue fairly and squarely in the face," what real cause have we for grumbling on such a day as I have described? How much better are we situated, meteorologically, than the inhabitants of many other countries, in England, for instance, where it generally rains, (a friend of mine told me that he always knew a newly-arrived old country-man, because he invariably carried an umbrella), in Scotland, where it rains almost incessantly, or in Ireland, where it never does anything else. A propos of Scotland, do we not all know the story of the Englishman salmon-fishing in the highlands of Inverness-shire, who, after six weeks of uninterrupted "soft weather," said, somewhat irately to his landlord: "Does it always rain in this confounded country?" and his landlord's answer "Weel a weel, Sir, it whiles snaws." Yes, let us be thankful that, in Canada, whatever her other faults may be, we are blessed (barring the winter in a few extra months) with a good, cheerful, seasonable climate. But again, granting an occasional rainy day, why should it be of necessity a season of dullness and depression of spirit? The "people's poet," Longfellow, sings "The day is wet, and dark, and dreary," and "my soul still clings to the mouldering past," and all the rest of it, but *cui bono!* Suppose, then, that the inevitable wet day has come, steady, inexorable rain, not a ghost of a chance of clearing-up, and let us suppose that you are one of those whose time is in a measure their own, and, moreover, of fairly literary tastes. To begin with, nothing will put you so thoroughly in tune for the day, as a good stretching constitutional, always supposing that you live in one of those "happy valleys" where there are side-walks. Put on your long boots, your mackintosh, and a "seedy" hat, and step out like a man, regardless of the weather. It will do you good, and no man knows the pleasure of dry garments, till he has experienced the discomfort of wet ones. Returned, and having cast your water-proof slough, bethink yourself of what there is to be done. Get into your oldest coat, and your easiest slip-pers—fill up your choicest and sweetest pipe, put on your considering (or smoking) cap, and think what you can do. And here let me remark, *en passant*, that an occasional wet day is to me (a fairly worked individual) a source of unbounded gratitude, for I then find time to do a thousand and one things I should otherwise perhaps never accomplish. And similar remedies suit similar cases. For instance, there is that old school or college friend, who was your fidus Achates in the old country, and your heart smites you, when you think that by never a line has he learned of your weal or woe since the good ship "Flying Dutchman" wafted you out from Liverpool. What a flood of old memories the very thought of his name calls up! How it brings to mind those boyish exploits of long-ago—the delicious swims on hot July afternoons, the hard fought cricket-match between the rival houses of Busby and Swishtail, the youthful friendships, hot and short-lived—and then the recollections of old college-days—how one sees again the grey old ivy-crowned pile by the banks of Granta or Isis, the venerable chapel, with the sweet voices of the choristers going up like "winged raptures" to heaven, the merryflashes of talk (chaff largely predominating) in the vaulted dining-hall, the packed benches of the debating society, where every speaker was a future Disraeli, and conservative measures were always sweepingly carried. But there, sit down and spin your old chum a long yarn—tell him that Canada is the finest country in the world, which it

is—tell him that bears as a rule do not walk the streets of Montreal, and that the playful Iroquois has buried the war-hatchet for ever and a day, except for domestic purposes. I know several men who never write even to their nearest relatives in the old country, except on wet days. A lady whom I met lately in England, and to whom I was remarking on the brilliancy of the weather, said, with a half-sigh—"Yes, it's a lovely day, but I hope it's raining in Canada; for Charlie (her son) never writes home unless it rains so hard, that he cannot possibly get out to attend to his farm." Again, supposing you have some hard reading-matter you want to dispose of. Now is the time to do it. Take down your metaphysics or your history, your Spencer or your Macaulay, and go at them with a will. Or, suppose you are of a scribbling turn of mind, and have, we will say an article on "the Beautiful and the Sublime, as exemplified by Canadian politics" on the stocks. Then out with your smoothest foolscap, and your best "Mitchell's J." (the manufacture of quills that will write being unfortunately one of the lost arts) and tackle it. Or, you are of mechanical tastes, and have a Henri Quatre book-shelf, or Gothic dog-kennel, or Renaissance pig-stye in your mind's eye—off with your coat, then, and do not rest until you have fashioned for the guardian of your slumbers a habitation unique in ugliness and sharp corners. Or, you are not by nature one of the tidiest of mortals, then set to work on the family lumber-room, and reduce chaos to order in some measure—or certain drawers in your escritoire are an eyesore and a burden to you—then draw and have at them (forgive the unwitting pun) and, if you are, or ever have been, of a sentimental disposition, what a flood of recollections come upon you here. Ah me! what a history would the interior of some men's desks and writing-tables tell us, if their "poor, poor dumb mouths" could speak. You turn over the heterogeneous mass of seemingly purposeless rubbish, and what a story each one tells. A tiny white glove—have you forgotten the field of which that was the trophy? That ball given by the Slopsire Yeomanry years ago in the dear quaint old Town-Hall of Sloapington, and that last waltz with bewitching little Minnie Trippington? It is years since, but you have not yet forgotten those treacherous brown eyes that shot "soft lightnings" through you from her brougham window. And what came of it? Minnie married the rich incumbent of Slocum Podger, and you? Well, you are the largest farmer in the township of Turtleopolis,

"A Lord of fat prize-oxen, and of sheep," like Tennyson's baronet, and you will "run" for Parliament at the next election on "protective" principles, if you can only tear yourself away from your beloved short-horns. What have we next? What was once a dainty knot of blue ribbon, now sadly faded and tarnished. Don't you remember that steeple-chase (over four miles of a fair hunting-country) when you entered on your celebrated bay hunter Rat-catcher, and were to have won, but didn't? Do you recall the thrill that shot through you, as you stopped in front of the Grand Stand, and some one pinned that dainty knot on the breast of your racing-shirt! And now, some one is Mrs. General McFusty, and reigns with undisputed sway over the society civil and military of Cherootabad, Bombay Presidency, and you are a non-commissioned officer in the Turtleopolis Rangers; and if ever you do ride about your farm, it is on a steady beast, well up to your noble weight of 18 odd stone. And what have we here? A bundle of letters, the ink yellow with age, the fair hand who wrote them is as Mr. Toots would say, Another's, with a capital A, and here is the photograph of your fairest cousin, whom once you thought you loved dearer than life. You went home two years ago, and attended the funeral of your maternal great aunt, from whom you had expectations, (which were not realised) and you saw that fairest cousin, and what a change had come o'er the spirit of your dream! That exquisite peach complexion had mellowed to the ripe hue of some forty odd summers, that silvery voice was loud and strident, that willowy form robust and matronly, and you felt that the fair illusion was dispelled, and you went back again to your back-woods and your short-horns. Well-a-day, collect the precious relics, and if you are wise, burn them reverently on a sacred pyre. But how our theme has led us gossiping on! However, if these few poor thoughts have given any one the idea that rainy days may be utilized, aye, that things may be done at such times which a whole "month of sundays" of fine weather would never see accomplished, the writer is happy.

HEARING RESTORED. Great invention. Book free. G. J. WOOD, Madison, Ind.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

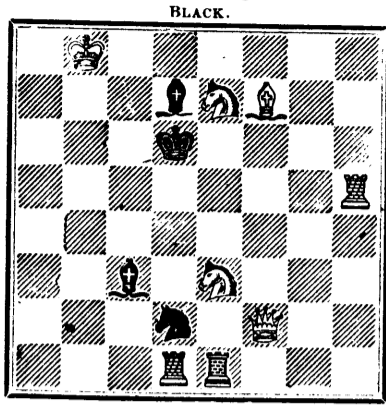
Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged

TO CORRESPONDENTS

G. J. Seaforth. Letter and game received. Many thanks. H. A. C. F., Montreal. Solution of Problem No. 47 received. Correct. Your solution of Problem No. 45 shall be looked over again.

We see it stated that a gentleman of England offers prizes to the value of £100 sterling for competition amongst working class Chess Players, men and women. This is justly considered as a movement of great liberality, and it is employed in the right direction. The working man after the labours of the day requires some relaxation, and we do not see why he should not obtain it from Chess. There can be no reason for restricting this intellectual pastime to any one class of society.

PROBLEM No. 49. By J. H. Blackburne, the winner of the Second Prize in the Vienna Congress.



White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 57TH.

Played a few days ago at the Café de la Régence between M. Rosenthal, now the best player in France, and M. le Comte de l'Eglise. The moves are from La Strategie.

- Muzio Gambit. WHITE.—(Mr. Rosenthal.) BLACK.—(M. le Comte.) 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 2. P to K B 4th P takes P 3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K Kt 4th 4. B to B 4th P to Kt 5th 5. Castles P takes Kt 6. Q takes P Q to K B 3rd 7. P to K 5th Q takes P 8. P to Q 3rd B to K R 3rd 9. B to Q 2nd Kt to K 2nd 10. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 11. Q to K B sq (a) Q to K B 4th (b) 12. Kt to Q 5th K to Q sq 13. B to B 3rd R to K Kt sq (c) 14. R takes Kt (d) Kt takes R 15. R to B 6th B to B sq (e) 16. R to K sq P to Q B 3rd 17. R to K 5th Q to Kt 5th 18. R takes Kt P takes Kt (f) 19. R takes B P (dis ch) K to B 2nd (g) 20. B to K 5th (ch) K to Q sq (h) 21. R takes B (ch) K to K 2nd 22. B to Q 6th (ch) K takes B 23. Q takes Q P (ch) K to K 2nd (e) 24. Q to K 5th (ch) K takes R 25. Q to B 6th (ch) K to K sq 26. B to B 7th (ch) And mates next move.

- NOTES. (a) All the moves are strictly orthodox on both sides up to this point. (b) This move, the invention of Herr Paulsen, is considered better than the old play of Q to B 4th (ch). (c) R to K sq is better. The defence then gets the best of it. (d) The right style. In the Muzio it is fatal to play a slow game. (e) If B to K Kt 4th, White takes the Knight, and then the Rook, and remains with a slight advantage. In answer to R to K sq, White also plays R to K sq, and afterwards R to K 5th. (f) Any other move loses the Queen. (g) Better to have played to K sq. (h) K to Kt 3rd would have secured a draw. (i) If to B 2nd, the mate is in two moves. The ending is very smart.

GAME 58TH. Played in the late Tournament at Ottawa, between Mr. Jackson, who won the First Prize, and another competitor.

- WHITE.—(Mr. —) BLACK.—(Mr. Jackson.) 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd 3. Kt takes P P to Q 3rd 4. Kt to K B 3rd Kt takes P 5. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th 6. B to Q 3rd B to K 2nd 7. Castles Castles 8. P to Q B 4th B to K 3rd 9. P takes P B takes P 10. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt takes Kt 11. P takes Kt Kt to Q B 3rd 12. Kt to K 5th Kt takes Kt 13. P takes Kt B to Q B 4th 14. K to R sq Q to K R 5th 15. P to K B 4th Q to B to Q sq 16. Q to Q B 2nd P to K R 3rd 17. B to Q Kt 2nd B to K 6th 18. B to Q B sq B to Q Kt 3rd 19. P to Q B 4th B to Q B 3rd 20. P to Q B 5th (a) B takes P 21. B to K R 7th (ch) K to R sq 22. Q takes B K takes B 23. Q to Q B 2nd (ch) K to R sq 24. Q to Q B 3rd R to Q 2nd 25. B to Q Kt 2nd Q to K Kt 5th (b) 26. R to K Kt sq (c) K R to Q sq 27. P to K 6th (d) B takes K Kt P (ch) And White resigns.

- NOTES. (a) Throwing away a Pawn. (b) If K R to Q sq, Black would lose the exchange. (c) A bad move. (d) Losing the game at once.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 47. By Mr. Murphy. (The Composer.)

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. R to Q 7th 1. B to Q 4th 2. Kt to K 6th 2. B takes Kt or K moves. 3. B, mates. if 1. R to K sq 2. K moves. 2. Q to K Kt 7th (ch) if 1. K moves 2. K moves. 3. B mates. if 1. Any other move. 2. B takes Kt or K moves. 2. Kt to K 4th (ch) 3. B mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 46.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to K B 4th (ch) 1. K moves 2. Q takes B P (ch) 2. P takes Q 3. Kt to K B 4th (ch) 3. K moves. 4. R mates. PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 47. WHITE. BLACK. K at K 2nd K at Q 5th R at K R 4th B at K 4th B at Q 6th Kt at Q R 5th B at K 8th Pawns at K Kt 3rd Kt at K B 4th Q B 6th and Q Kt Pawns at Q 3rd, Q Kt 4th and 6th 2nd White to play and mate in three moves.

EXCHANGE BANK OF CANADA.

DIVIDEND No. 7. NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of THREE PER CENT. upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution for the current half-year, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank on and after Monday, the Third Day of January next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. R. J. CAMPBELL, Cashier. Exchange Bank of Canada. Montreal, Nov. 30, 1875. 12-24-5-255

Merchants Bank of Canada.

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of FOUR PER CENT. upon the CAPITAL STOCK of this Institution for the current half year has this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after Monday, the Third Day of January next. The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. JACKSON RAE, General Manager. Montreal, 27th Nov., 1875. 12-23-5-253

1876. PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION Province of Quebec.

AS the time for receiving entries expires on the FIFTEENTH DECEMBER, intending Exhibitors must have their applications in by that date. Blank forms of application and all information can be obtained by applying to S. C. STEVENSON, Secy Quebec Advisory Board. 63 St. Gabriel Street. Montreal, Nov. 27, 1875. 12-23-2-252

ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

RINGLAND & EVANS, General Agents, 229, ST. JAMES STREET. 12-24-26-250.

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Royal SEWING MACHINE, very light to run and easily managed. Office 754, Craig St. GEO. NUNN, Manager. 12-24-1-257. Agents Wanted.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY will apply to the Corporation of Montreal, for leave to erect and use for the purposes of their business, a Steam Engine and Boiler, in their premises, in Bleury Street (near Craig). G. B. BURLAND, PRESIDENT AND MANAGER. MONTREAL, Nov. 15th, 1875. 12-21-4-247.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the PARLIAMENT of CANADA, at its next Session, to amend the Charter of "The Bank of the United Provinces" by changing the name thereof, and changing the Chief Seat or Place of Business thereof, and for other purposes. ROBERT ARMOUR, SOLICITOR FOR APPLICANTS. BOWMANVILLE, Nov. 13th, 1875. 12-21-9-246.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

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GASALIERS NEW, ELEGANT, CHEAP DESIGNS RICHARD PATTON, 11-19-52-145 745 Craig Street, Montreal

THE WEEKLY SUN. 1776. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington; and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and everything connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in THE SUN. The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by THE SUN, will steadily and diligently investigate the corruptions and misdeeds of GRANT'S administration; and will, it is to be hoped, lay the foundation for a new and better period in our national history. Of all this THE SUN will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing its readers with early and trustworthy information upon these absorbing topics. The twenty-third Presidential election, with the preparations for it, will be memorable as deciding upon GRANT'S aspirations for a third term of power and plunder, and still more as deciding who shall be the candidate of the party of Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, those who read THE SUN will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed. THE WEEKLY SUN, which has attained a circulation of over eight thousand copies, already has its readers in every State and Territory, and we trust that the year 1876 will see their numbers doubled. It will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the general news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment; and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner. It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the best family newspaper in the world, and we shall continue to give in its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, tales, poems, scientific intelligence and agricultural information, for which we are not able to make room in our daily edition. The agricultural department especially is one of its prominent features; and the fashions are also regularly reported in its columns; and so are the markets of every kind. The WEEKLY SUN, eight pages with fifty-six broad columns, is only \$1.20 a year, postage prepaid. At this price barely repays the cost of the paper, no discount can be made from this rate to clubs, agents, Postmasters, or anyone. The DAILY SUN, a large four page newspaper of twenty-eight columns, gives all the news for two cents a copy. Subscription, postage prepaid, one month or \$6.00 a year. Sixpenny edition extra, \$1.10 per year. We have no trifling accounts. 12-22-52-251. Address, THE SUN, New York City.

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NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP. THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW YOUNG and Mr. JAMES MATTINSON, JR., as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the new firm. JAMES MATTINSON. May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodious premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice. MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO., Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, Coppersmiths, &c 12-1-26-175

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DR. ROBERTS' CELEBRATED OINTMENT CALLED THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description: a certain cure for Ulcerated Sore Legs, even of twenty years' standing; Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Chilblains, Scorbatic Eruptions, and Pimples on the Face, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, Sore Heads, Sore Breasts, Piles, Fistula, and Cancerous Humours, and is a Specific for those afflicting Eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination. Sold in Pots at 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 9d. each.

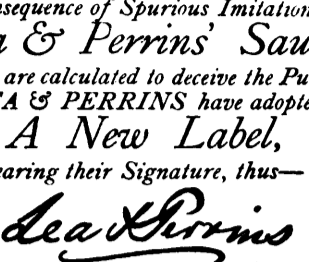
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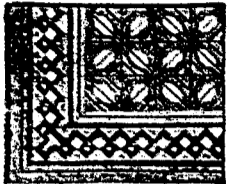


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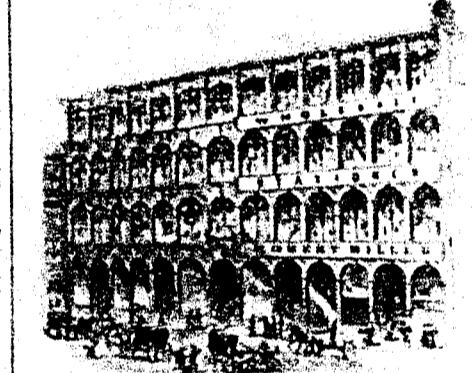
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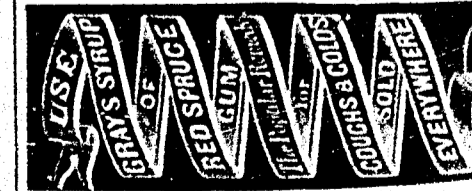


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THE FOLLOWING IS AN

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