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THE POPE LEO XIII.

ELECTED WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1878.

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MORRISBURG ILLUSTRATED.

In this number we present the second of two large double-page illustrations of Morrisburg, Ont. It consists of views of prominent public private buildings, with such scraps as tend to give an artistic finish to the scene. This new enterprise of ours is beginning to excite attention throughout the country, and we are in receipt of flatte ing commendations. And we are certain that the more it is known, the more it will be appreciated. It will be the first time that Canada, its history, resources, industries, geography, &c., will have been set before the people of the country. Not only persons resident in the several localities described, out others also should make it a point to collect these illustrated articles to preserve them for future reference. Nowhere else will they ever find such a mine of useful and entertaining infind such a mine of useful and entertaining information. The letter-press is equal to the pictorial execution. Our Special Correspondent, Mr. George Tolley, well known for years as the editor of the Montreal Star, is devoting his whole time, energy and ability to the work, and he has an exact metally for hits of curious antihe has an eye especially for bits of curious antihe has an eye especially for bits of curious anti-quity connected with each place which he visits. We bespeak for Mr. Tolley the consideration of our friends wherever he goes. Orders for the first of this Morrisburg Illustrated Number should be sent in early, as back sets are often difficult to supply.

NOTICE.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

Owing to some unaccountable delay, we did not receive the advance sheets of this serial in due course, and must, in consequence, postpone the publishing of the closing chapters for one or two numbers. Meantime, we give our readers the choice of two very beautiful short stories.

WANTED.

The call for No. 2 (January 12, 1878), of THE NEWS was so great that we have nearly run out of our supply. Any of our subscribers or readers who may have this number, and are willing to part with it, would oblige us by sending it to us, if in a good state of preservation. We shall gladly pay the price of the number.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

... ontreal, Saturday, March 2nd, 1878.

BEET SUGAR IN CANADA.

The European papers, devoted to beetsugar matters, have lately taken considerable interest in the question of the establishment of beet-sugar manufactures in Canada. They show that we, in Canada, enjoy a climate much more favourable to the successful cultivation of very rich sugar beets than that which usually holds in Europe; that the winter frosts prepare our soil naturally as it were; that the beets can be kept in excellent condition for a space of time fully double to that usual on the continent, thus enabling us, with a XIII, as given under his portrait, in the benediction and when the characteristic of the ceremonies of Rome. After the final benediction and when the latest and the characteristic of the ceremonies of Rome. the continent, thus enabling us, with a factory in Canada, to manufacture, during the working season, fully double the amount of sugar obtained on the Continent with a similar establishment. For several XIII, as given under his portrait, in the present issue, he will find in the upper left field a bright star with a long trailing light. Is not that the Luc in Caelis?

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The organ pealed forth the strains of peace." The organ pealed forth the strains of so mild that frost was an exception, and the beets vegetated in the pits as early a; December, causing great trouble and loss to all beet-sugar manufacturers.

Our readers will no doubt be pleased to hear that the experiments and facts elicited under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture in this Province met with the full approval of the best European authority on the beet-sugar interests.

The Journal des Fabricants de Sucre' published in Paris, an excellent authority? has the following in its number of the 6th inst.: "We have published recently an interesting paper by Mr. Ed. A. BARNARD on the economical and agricultural advantages of introducing the manufacture of beet-sugar in the Province of Quebec, Canada We shall complete the above publication by giving to our readers a report written by Mr. OCTAVE CUISSET, chemist attached to the Department of Agriculture and Public Works, on the value of the sugar beets raised in 1876 in that Province. It seems evident that the soil and climate of our ancient colony are eminently favourable to the successful cultivation of the sugar beet, which acquires, with an extraordinary rapidity, in the months of September and October-generally dry and cold,—the saccharine qualities necessary to perfect keeping. From the first of October to the 15th May there is in that country no danger of vegetation in the beets; the manufacturing can thus continue for 200 days, if necessary, whilst in France it cannot be carried on with profit for more than half that period. A tabular statement, made by Mr. Cuisset, shows with what rapidity the sugar is elaborated in the plant under the influence of heat and dryness, and then by cold weather. Beets which, on the 14th of August, only contained 6.22 of sugar, and 8.75 on the 4th of September, pass abruptly, ten days later, under the influence of cold weather, to 10.06, and again to 11.58 per cent. of the weight of the root, on the 13th of October. With proper cultivation and good seed a still better result could be obtained. Mr. Cuisser has also analysed beets, grown closely together, which gave as much as 13.85 of sugar.

A Canadian company is now being organized with a capital of \$500,000, besides the Government grant of \$70,000, as an encouragement. The delegates of this company propose to visit Europe shortly, in order to contract for the necessary machinery, with the hope of beginning active operations in November next."

PECCI.

When we alluded, a couple of weeks ago, to Cardinal Panesianco as a candidate for the Papacy, we referred to the suggestiveness of his name in connection with an ancient prophecy. The coincidence was widely noticed by the press, and would doubtless have commanded still greater attention if the Cardinal had really succeeded to the Chair of Peter. But as luck would have it, to the confusion of the ancient prophet and the disappointment of his modern commentator, Panebianco's name was not even mentioned in the Conclave, the only competitors to Pecci having been Franchi and Billo. But we are not yet totally discouraged. As will be seen from the last of KRISS KRINGLE'S interesting Quebec letters in the present issue, another prophet who, centuries ago, appended to the name of each forthcoming Pope a legend descriptive of the general character of his reign, and who is said never to have failed in any of his indications so far, calls the present Pontiff Lux in ceelis, "light in the heavens." Now, what this may mean it is, of course, impossible for an uninitiated mortal like ourself to tell, but we may be allowed to remark one singular and pretty coincidence. If

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART.-We give an illustration to-day of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Sault-au-Recollets, visited last week by His Excellency the Governor-General. The architectural beauty of the building posed in the centre of magnificent park-like grounds, on the banks of a noble river, was the theme of general remark, and we are satisfied our readers will be pleased at the pains we have taken to secure a view of this well known institution. The religious order of the Sacred Heart have

acquired a well-earned reputation as a teaching order both here and in France, and if we mistake not, number amongst them several ladies of patrician birth, who have laid aside wealth and title for the humble habit of the simple nun. To the left of the convent, hidden away behind the trees and flowers, but now covered with a virgin fall of snow, lies a little city of the dead, the convent cemetery, sadly beautiful in its loneliness; while to the right in the neighbouring grounds stands a building dedicated to St. Sophia, where poor girls receive gratuitous instruction at the hands of the nuns. The order Instruction at the hands of the nuns. The order of the Sacred Heart in the Dominion of Canada, is presided over by an Italian lady of rare talents and executive ability, the Rev. Superior-General Tommasini, while the treasury department is managed by the Rev. Madame Duffy. The number of young ladies being educated here number from 80 to 100, and are representatives of the leading families of the Dominion tatives of the leading families of the Dominion and United States. It was here that two of Mr. Jefferson Davis' daughters and one or two of Provident Providence was advantagle and the instinction President Pierce's were educated, and the institution is still largely patronized by represen-tative families even in the West and South.

THE ROYAL SPANISH MARRIAGE. -- In connection with this event we present our readers with two pictures to-day—the bridal chamber in the Royal Palace of Madrid, and the marriage ceremony in the Church of the Atocha. The interior of that church presented a very

The interior of that church presented a very imposing sight. The walls had been covered with velvet hangings, embossed with the arms of Castille, and the old flags above could be seen in their tattered and dusty glory. The altar was splendidly illuminated and decorated; inside the railings were a numerous body of clergy. The scarlet robes of Cardinals Moreno, the Primate, Benavideo, the Patriarch in partitlus of the Indies. the Bishous of Orihuela. ibus of the Indies, the Bishops of Orihuela, Salamanca, and others, were most conspicuous the Canons of the Atocha took part in the cere mony, and the Papal Nuncio was present. The mass was a short one, and the King and the Queen then moved to their seats on the right of the altar. The assemblage was a brilliant show: the Senators, Deputies, and delegates of local authorities were uniforms and innumerable crosses, bands, stars and medals. The gran-dees had mustered in great force. The ladies of grandees, with their elegant toilettes, re-lieved the monotony of the uniforms present. The Marshals present were Serrano and Concha, Quesada and Rubalcale. Both Houses had sent their Presidents and some members, who occupied an elevated platform in the nave, where the Bar, the Judges, the Provincial Councils, the Ayutamiento, and the press were also placed. When the Princess Mercedes arrived at the entrance of the Atocha, a few min-utes after the King had taken his place near the altar, every one bent forward to catch a glimpse of the future (lucen as she advanced to the altar. She wore a white veil and dress, trimmed with Alençon and orange-blossoms; on her head was a diadem of pearls of brilliants, given to Her Royal Highness by the Princess of Asturias, and her car-rings and collar, also in pearls and diamonds, were a gift of the King. The Princess of Asturias walked on the left of the Infanta Mercedes. She wore a white satin dress and veil of Alencon lace, with a deep crimson court mantle. Her diadem was of ru-bies and brilliants. The three Infantas wore pretty white dresses, with wreaths of roses. When the King and Infanta got to the altar King Francisco and the Princess of Asturias stood close behind as sponsors. The Patriarch of the Indies went through the ceremonial of asking the King whether any impediment exasking the King whether any impediment existed to his contracting an alliance with Dona Mercedes. The Patriarch then turned to the Infanta, and before she answered she kissed the hands of her parents. Then, in a very audible voice, she answered Cardinal Benavideo. The vocal rais united their hands and in the The royal pair united their hands, and in the solemn words of the ritual the Cardinal took the Almighty to witness that they were united in the holy sa rament of matrimony. The Cardinal then gave them the benediction. He placed one ring on the King's right hand, and gave him the other to place on the left of the Infanta Mercedes. The Cardinal placed in the Infanta Mercedes. The Cardinal placed in the King's hand the marriage coin, and Alfonso XII. repeated after the prelate the formula—"Wife, this com and ring I give thee as token of marriage." The young Queen answered, "As such I receive them." The Archbishop and the Chapter led the King and Queen to the seats which had been placed under the dais to the right of the altar. Mass began, and the solemn strains of the organ and choir filled the Christ loves His Church. Ite in pace; go in peace.' The organ pealed forth the strains of a wedding march as their Majesties quitted the

FROM OTTAWA.

ACRIMONIOUS DEBATE-PERSONALITIES-LEAVE THE DEAD ALONE -AN IMPROMPTU -CAPIL LARY-THE DEFICIT.

The debate on the Address came to an end on | to go to the country. Saturday morning at ten minutes to five, under .

pressure of a threat from the Premier not to adjourn until the Address was passed. The con-cluding portion of the debate, or rather brawl, was quite in keeping with the commencement, and will ever remain on record as a most discreditable display of Parliamentary vituperation.

It was, of course, not to be expected that Dr. Tupper would remain quiet under the new Minister of Militia's telling counter attack. He therefore took an early opportunity of replying to Mr. Jones. This reply consisted of the usual reiteration of his original charges and a point blank denial of the counter charges. Our legislators have evidently great faith in the maxim that, if you keep on throwing mud, some of it is sure to stick.

The worthy Doctor is usually considered to be a master of the art of invective, and to rather enjoy an opportunity for its exercise. I am, however, inclined to think that this proclivity is extrinsic to the Doctor's real character, which has been warped by the debasing effects of a long public career, and that he is naturally inclined to take a most favourable view of the motives of his fellow-creatures. This theory of mine is borne out by a remark made by him while defending Mr. Thibault. He said that gentleman had been elected as an Alderman in Montreal, and that honour was surely some evidence of his respectability! Oh, ingenious Doctor! Oh, artless Alderman!

The Minister of Militia (Mr. Jones), in his works week a fair his internal in Montager.

The Minister of Minister (arr. sones), are not reply, made a fair hit by introducing an anecdote of an old farmer, who would not believe in the Pacific Scandal, because the name of Doctor Tupper was not mentioned, and that he felt sure if there was any money going that Tupper would have had his share. This being very personal as well as rather smart, was well received by the House

Sir John Macdonald, with a laudable desire to emulate the efforts of his sub Iteran, then rose and went for Mr. Jones with a vigour which caused him to be called to order by the Speaker.

caused min to be caused to order by the Speaker. The blood of the Mackenzies being now roused, the Premier took an innings and commenced hitting vigourously. The concluding portion of the altercation between him and his principal opponent is so unique that it deserves to be reproduced in full. The Premier said "that the country would know the object of the tirade of abuse that had been uttered by the two honourable gentlemen opposite, and would value it precisely as he (Mr. Mackenzie) did, and that was as being worth a little less than nothing."

(Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) Sir John Macdonald said "That was about the value they would place on the Premier's words." (Order, and cheers.)

Hon. Mr. Mackenzie—"I dare say, but I

think my word will pass where the hon. gentle-

Brave words, and highly creditable to utterers and hearers!

During the course of this altercation, a smart breeze was raised by an iusinuation that the discretion of the late Sir George Cartier was in excess of his valour. A remark that had better have been left unuttered.

The following rather smart impromptu was sent across the floor while a speech in favour of Protection was being made by one of the mental than the standard to the meaning for Vicense. bers. It is credited to the member for Niagara:

"Protection for our cabbages, Protection for our oats, Protection from the ravages Of grasshoppers and goats, Will make our land more prosperous, More glorious and free, Will make Sir John Victorious And a Minister of me.'

Since the passing of the Address the proceedings in the House have been very tame. There have been no evening sittings during the week, the members being apparently exhausted by their previous efforts. Censorious persons suggest that they have run through their stock of adjectives and are waiting a fresh supply of that

important part of speech.

Mr. Bunster has a motion on the paper to the effect that no man wearing his hair longer than effect that no man wearing his hair longer than five and one half inches shall be deemed eligible for employment on the Canada Pacific Railway. A motion probably intended to prevent the employment of Chinese labour in the construction of the road. This would seem rather a roundabout way of attaining his object, and the honmember from British Columbia should reflect that he is setting a dangerous precedent, and that that he is setting a dangerous precedent, and that some fastidious member might attempt to give a tone to the appearance of the House by bringing forward a motion to regulate the wearing apparel of the members, and thus necessitate a considerable and inconvenient outlay on the part of the some of his colleagues.

The Premier explained that the retirement of Mr. Blake from the Cabinet was caused by the state of that gentleman's health, and not from any difference of opinion with regard to the any difference of opinion with regard to the Government policy. The country will cordially coincide with the Premier in the expression of his regret at the cause which has led to Mr. Blake's retirement, and the hope that he may speedily regain his health.

The Minister of Finance made his Budget speech this afternoon (Friday). There is, a was anticipated, a deficit of nearly a million and a half of dollars.

It is expected that the House will divide on the square question of Free Trade versus Protection, and thus have a definite issue with which

Argus.

THE LATE COL. COFFIN.

William Foster Coffin was born at Bath, England, in 1808, and accompanied his father, a Major in the army, to Quebec in 1813. Though only five years of age he was sent to Beauport to learn French, and what he knew of that language he acquired from the Curé of that place, and his two amiable sisters. He returned to England in 1815, and for nine years thereafter was at Eton College, where he distinguished himself. Instead of going to Oxford, he returned to Canada in 1830. Soon after his arrival he articled himself to Mr. Ogden, who was afterwards Attorney-General of Lower Canada. He took his place conspicuously with the Royalists in 1837-38, and was highly considered by the civil and military anthorists. authorities. He was called to the bar (L. C.) in 1835, appointed Assistant Civil Secretary (L. C.), 1838, and in the following year Police Magistrate. Again appointed Assistant Civil Secretary for police purposes, 1840, and subsequently, in same year, Commissioner for Police for L. C. Appointed 1842, Joint Sheriff of District of Management 1842, Joint Sheriff of Management 1842, Joi trict of Montreal, which office he resigned in 1851, in consequence of a sudden reduction of salary by statute, which made the office insufficient to support two incumbents. Appointed to his late office, 1856. Had been a special Government Commissioner on many occasions: in 1840, to investigate into the state and condition of the Montreal gaol; in 1841, to enquire into Indian troubles at Caughnawaga; in same year, to enquire into election riots in Toronto; in 1854, to enquire into divers accidents on Great Western Railway; in 1855, to enquire into the affairs of University of Toronto; in same year was associated in Commission of the Peace for Montreal, Ottawa and the County of Carleton, and sent to keep the peace on the Gatineau, then seriously threatened by refractory characters, to the great disquietude of the lumbering interests. Was also one of the Interlumbering interests. Was also one of the Inter-colonial Railway Commissioners, 1868. Was in the Volunteer Militia Force for many years, and raised and commanded the Montreal Field Battery, 1855, for which he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and thanked to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and thanked by the Commander-in-Chief in "General Or-ders." Was a member of the Royal Institution ders." Was a member of the Royal Institution for the advancement of learning, a Governor of McGill College, and has written a "History of the War of 1812 (Mont., 1864), and "Thoughts on Defence, from a Canadian Point of View (do., 1870.) He also sent some interesting contributions to the Literary and Historical Society of Ounder. ciety of Quebec.

For twenty-one years he has had the charge and management of the Ordnance Lands of Canada, and he has fulfilled the duty with such scrupulous rectitude and correct judgment as to command the unqualified approbation of all who have had the opportunity of forming an opinion on the subject. On the resignation of Mr. Archibald, the Hon. Joseph Howe, the then Secretary of State, offered the Lieut. Governorship of the Province of Manitoba to Colonel The nomination was met with a good deal of indecent clamour by persons to whom Colonel Coffin was unknown. Nevertheless, the proprietor of the Montreal Herald, no shallow critic, and who knew the man he criticised, is reported to have said of him, that he was ' right man in the right place, whose public life had been without blame." All criticism however might have been spared, as the appointment was declined.

Though born in England, Colonel Coffin had an historic connection with Canada, for in a paper, read by him in 1872, he says: "My grandfather, my father and two uncles were all present at Quebec during the siege." The paper is very interesting, but it is too long to quote. The point of it is that Colonel Coffin's grandfather, on the 31st December, 1775, kept the guard at Pres-de-Ville under arms, and, with great coolness, at the critical moment directed Capt. Barnsfare to fire. The order was carried out with such precision as to result in the death of General Montgomery and the dispersion of

With the instincts that always animated Col. Coffin, it was natural enough that he should have been drawn in marriage towards a gentlewoman who, apart from all personal attractions, inherited, like himself, the blood of the Loyalists. He was married at Boston to one of the two daughters of Deputy Commissary General Clarke, who was nearly related to the late Lord Lyndhurst. The other daughter became the wife of the Honourable Charles Ogden, at one time Attorney-General of Lower Canada. Speaking of his marriage, in a printed foot-note to his history of the war of 1812, he touchingly adds, "the second daughter of the Commissary sheds light and happiness on the hand which traces these lines.

POPE LEO XIII.

The Papal Conclave session was a remarkably short one, having lasted only thirty-six hours, the choice having been agreed upon on the third ballot. When Pius IX. was elected in the Quirinal in 1846, the conclave lasted only 48 hours, which was then considered an unusually short period. Contrary, this time, to the usage which ordinarily cuts off the Camarlingo as a Pope-seeker, from the succession, Cardinal Gioachino Pecci now occupies the Chair of St. Peter, under the title of Leo XIII. He was chosen in the forenoon of Wednesday, the 20th inst. The new Pope was born at Carpiento, Diocese of Orraqui, on the 2nd day of March, 1810. He was known and recognized as one who | iron.

would honour the Pontiff's throne both as regards the great moral and spiritual gifts he posesses, and the natural and acquired mental gifts and accomplishments which have been conspicuous for many years of his career. Cardinal Pecci was Archbishop of Perugia, and Chamber-lain of the late Pontiff. His position as Cham-berlain did not favour his chances of election to the Pontiff's throne, but having occupied it only a short time, he had not had time to create any jealousies or enmeties. At one time, before his elevation to the Cardinalate, he was invested with important functions as Papal Nuncio to Leopold of Belgium; it was then the intention of Gregory XVI., had he survived, to confer the hat on Pecci, at the request of a Protestant sovereign. Of high intellect, and of an energetic nature, His Eminence has made not only an excellent bishop, but has displayed such high native qualities in such a manner as to very soon realize the beau ideal of a Cardinal. His administrative qualities were of a rare type. cleared the infested districts of Benevento of brigandage and smuggling in a manner that would have done credit to a successful soldier or magistrate of any age, and the manner in which he at once began to dispose of the machinations and intrigues of his political and aristocratic opponents stamped him, in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen, as a statesman of high order.

Leo XIII. will be 68 on the 2nd March, yet his personal appearance does not testify to any such advanced age. He is still a very erect, well-preserved, good-looking man, in the enjoy ment of excellent health. From a physical point of view he looks as tough as he is known to be firm, even unto obstinacy in intellect and will. Within the last few years he has been more or less a steady inmate of the Palazzo Falconieri in nome, only occasionally running over by rail to his old home at Perugia, a small town half-way between Florence and Rome. In the latter city his favourite recreation was to ride out in his sombre and closed carriage, drawn by two magnificent jet-black thoroughbreds (all the horses in the service of the Papal Court and its highest officers are invariably jet-black), on the Appian Way, outside the gate of San Giovanni (near the Lateran Church), and when once well out on the old ruined pavement, flanked on either side by tumuli and tumbling towers, he would he seen to get out on foot, and walk up and down for long stretches, with his hands behind him, attended by his camariere, occasionally halting to take a pinch of snuff, or to survey the broad horizon of the Campagna dotted with ruins and broken lines of aqueducts. His popularity is great, both among the Perugians and Romans, owing to his pleasing manners, a friendly, good-natured disposition and many acts of charity. In person he is lean, meagre, and above the medium height, though not what might be termed "tall :" his head is decidedly a distinguished one, his features refined, his eyes especially bright and quick, and his general carriage stately and dignified, apparently forbidding any approach to familiarity—in this quite the reverse of Pio Nono's celebrated bonhomic, which seemed to invite approach -- and on another point he is unlike Pio Nono in not possessing the same powerful lungs, and consequently the same sympathetic and powerful voice which the latter was proud to articulate in recitativo, or otherwise. In point of family Leo XIII. dates back to a very old, aristocratic origin.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

AMONGST the most precious sonvenirs of his exploration Mr. Stanley brings back an old pocket-knife which belonged to Dr. Livingstone, and which he recovered from a native. It was worth going to fetch.

An order has been issued that young men in Government employ are not to write for the Press, as secrets have been made public, an order which at once became a dead letter almost as soon as the ink was dry in which it was written.

It is quite extraordinary the number of rob beries of late of secret papers from Government offices—the India Office, the Foreign Office, and the Admiralty to wit. No clue has been yet discovered to the robbery at the India Office by breaking open the desks at night.

THE authorities of Christ's Hospital have made an important concession to the fair sex. Ladier, like every one else who make a donation of 500l, are to be made "donation governors" of that institution. Few would give that sum to be a governess.

ANGEMENTS have been made for establishing a new club in London to meet the wants of the Liberal party. Suitable premises in St. James' Square, especially built and decorated for the purpose, have been secured. The club will consist at first of 1,000 members. to be increased from time to time as the committee may deter-

In recognition of the great value of his invention, the Institution of Civil Engineers have awarded to Mr. Henry Bessemer, inventor of the Bessemer process of steel manufacture, the first Howard Quinquennial Prize. The terms on which the prize was established are that it should be given to the inventor of a new and valuable process relating to the uses and properties of

WHILE "the Professor" of "Lothair" finds everything so dreary intellectually in England that he has to betake himself to the New World, Mr. Story, the eminent American sculptor, thinks so highly of England that he has sent one of his sons to Oxford for education. Mr. Story, after many years of absence from his native country, has been revisiting it; but he has not found it so attractive as to make him desirous of living in it. He has returned to Rome.

DURING the late debate, the honourable and learned member for Oxford likened Sir Robert Peel to the Apostle Paul, and he playfully alluded to Sir Robert having sat at the feet of the Gamaliel of Birmingham. A daily London paper printed for the word "Gamaliel!" "Gameper printed for the word "Gamattel?" Game-bird," and so unwittingly dubbed the "Tribune of the people" a fighting cock. The mistake is certainly very amusing, but the definition is not altogether out of place.

An experiment was lately suggested, by a military gentleman, as to the means of dispersing the fogs of London, Paris, &c., by firing cannon, so as to create a wind sufficiently powerful to dispel the fog. As to the efficiency of the breeze so created we may well doubt, when we are informed that on a late occasion the members of the House of Commons could scarcely see, whilst vehemently pouring fourth their elo-quence, the persons around them, so dense was the fog which pervaded the House

THE near approach of a most startling change in locomotion is announced, namely, the introduction of a noiseless steam-carriage, which its driver can stop in a moment, and which seems likely to combine in itself all the merits and conveniences of railway travelling. At a private exhibition, in the neighbourhood of Woolwich, last week, several eminent engineers and other persons of scientific attainments expressed their approval of the new carriage, and foretold for it a sure and speedy success.

One of the funniest mistakes ever made by the reporters was committed at Oxford, when they were reporting Mr. Gladstone's speech. The blunder has caused shouts of laughter on the banks of the Isis. According to the reporters, the ex-Premier said, "We have all heard of the Humanities, and we know that they were also called by the less pleasant name of the Fairies. Of course, what he did say was, "We have all heard of the Eumenides, and we know that they were also called by the less pleasant name of the Furies." There is another curious blands in Furies." There is another curious blunder in the report of Mr. P. Smyth's eloquent speech in the late debate. He is described in the Times as saying-"Is the Indian Empire a structure so frail, a glittering pagoda without a pillow to support it?" Of course, the member for Westmeath did not say "pillow," but "pillar."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE memoirs of the Countess Dash, the nom le plume of la Marquise de Saint-Mars, will shortly see the light, and are expected with much curiosity for piquante reasons.

 Λ COMMISSION has been nominated to study the records of the *fêles* given in past ages at Versailles, with the view of repeating such of them as are practicable during the Exhibition.

THE hotel keepers in Paris have had a meeting, at which it was pointed out that the Vienna Exhibition would have been a success but for the exorbitant charge made for board and lodg-ing. The landlords of the French capital have resolved therefore to make but a slight increase in the present tariff, and that principally where the visitors get their food abroad.

THE Hôtel Drouot will be the scene, very early in the season, we hear, of two sales of great interest and importance; the first being that of the collection of M. Arosa—an assemblage of pictures chiefly, we believe, of the French school, and inclusive of the works by artists both of the eighteenth and of the present century—and the second being the sale of the remarkable little collection of the Count André de Bloudoff.

A SERIES of panoramic views of Paris is being prepared at great cost by the municipality for the coming Exhibition. These views, we learn the coming Exhibition. These views, we learn from the Chronique, are taken at a height of 500 mètres, the first perspective being that of the hich every fully represented. Another shows the terrace of the Tulleries and the course of the Seine, and others various parts of the city. Each design is five metres square, and the work has occupied a dozen clever topographical designers for about two months.

A SCHEME has just been submitted to the French Post Office, and is said to have met with its approval, for the reduction of all postage stamps to three models and colours, each divided by perforation into four parts, so as to give twelve different rates of postage, according to twelve different rates of postage, according to the number of fractions actually used. At present there are no less than eleven different French stamps. The models adopted are these:—4 centimes, thus enabling the public to obtain stamps brawne, and a fac-simile of one of the letters.

THE Move Letters written by John Keats, to Fanus Brawne, during the years 1819-20, are to be printed to figure the original manuscripts. The volume is edited by Mr. H. Buxton Forman, who turnishes a copious introduction and elucidatory note; and it is flux that the printed by an etching, by Mr. W. B. Scott, from Mr. J. Severn's last portrait of Keats, a silhouette of Fanny Brawne, and a fac-simile of one of the letters.

of 1, 2, 3 and 4 centimes; 20 centimes, with parts of 5; and 1 franc, with parts of 25 centimes.

VALUE OF SCARCE COINS.

Of all the decimal United States coins, the most valuable is the silver dollar of 1804, which is excessively rare. Specimens are worth from \$500 to \$1,000 each, according to the nearness with which they approach perfection. The coinage of this year was very limited, and there were no more dollars coined till 1836. "Proofs" of the last named year are worth \$10, and good examples \$5. There was nothing done in dollars in 1837, and the issues of 1838 and 1839 are rare enough to raise the quotations of good specimens to \$40 each. From that date forward to 1873, when the trade dollar came in, there is no break in the line of dollars; but from 1850 to 1856, inclusive, they are quoted as "rare" or "scarce," those of 1851 and 1852 being worth \$35 to \$40 each. Previous to 1804 the value of a "gool" specimen varies from \$1.75 for 1799, to \$5 for 1798 and \$4 for 1801, save that for the first date of all (1794), which is very rare, brings \$50. Some of the early dates are made peculiarly valuable by reason of variation in the number and style of stars, etc., there being three varieties of 1798 and five of 1795.

Of the silver half-dollars those of 1796 and 1797 are the most valuable, choice examples of those dates being worth from \$15 to \$20. Good ones of other years previous to 1806 will bring from \$2 to \$4. One of this class of 1815 is quoted at \$2.50, and then they are of little rarity until 1836, when a specimen with reeded edge and a head of 1837 is valued at \$3 or \$4. The other issue of this year is worth \$1. The next dates of note are 1850, 1851 and 1852, valued \$1.50, \$2.55 and \$3 respectively. More recent dates are only valuable to collectors when in perfect condition, "proofs of later issues only being desired," and they range in worth from \$1.25 to \$8.

Quarter-dollars are likewise a speculative

issue, and, therefore, favorites with dealers, particularly the dates 1823 and 1827, which are excessively rare, and command from \$45 to \$75 each. The 1853 issue without arrows is also much sought after, fair specimens bringing from \$5 to sought after, fair specimens bringing from \$5 to \$8. The only other dates worth over a dollar for "good examples" are: 1821, \$1.50; 1822, \$2; 1819, \$1.75; 1815, \$2; 1807, \$2; 1806, \$2; 1805, \$1.50; 1804, \$4; and 1796, \$4.

Silver dimes are still more valuable as a class than the quarters, their smaller size and more general circulation having made good specimens rather scarce in all the earlier dates. From 1828 back to 1796 they range in worth from \$4 to \$7.

rather scarce in all the earlier dates. From 1828 back to 1796 they range in worth from \$4 to \$7, except in five instances. The high rates are: 1824, \$3.50; 1822, \$5; 1811, \$2.50; 1809, \$3; 1807, \$2; 1803, \$3; 1802, \$6; 1801, \$5; 1800, \$7; 1798, \$5; 1797, \$5 and 1796, \$4. An 1840 with a dropped figure of Liberty like 1041, is worth \$1, as is a good issue of 1846.

Of all the minor coins, however, an 1802 half-dime is the chief in cost, the price ranging from

dime is the chief in cost, the price ranging from \$75 to \$200, according to quality. A good specimen of many other dates is, nevertheless, a handy thing to have, as will be noted by the following quotations: 1794, \$5; 1796, \$6; 1797, \$2; 1800, \$1.25; 1801, \$6; 1803, \$4; 1804, \$4; 1840 (with drapery), \$1; 1846, \$1.75. From that date until 1873, when the coinage closed, no annual worth attaches to this class. class specimen of the last named date is worth 50 cents, however.
For the three cent silver pieces there is but

little speculative sale, as their period only reaches from 1851 to 1870, including both those years. By far the most valuable of all of them is the 1855, a perfect specimen of which is worth \$2. From 1863 to 1869, an uncirculated one is worth 50 cents. All the other dates are of small value.

An Indignant Vagrant.--Down at the south end of Market Square somebody threw the skin of an orange on the flagstone just three seconds before a citizen's foot was planted on the spot. He keeled on starboard, rolled back to port, and then settled away and went down in about seven fathoms of miscellaneous water. As he was getting up, a man who had been eat-

"Are you a vagrant?"

"Vagrant! Why, sir, I'll knock your infernal nose off!" shouted the victim.

"Can't help that," continued the turnipeater, "I saw you when you started to fall, you were clawing this way and that Vorestell were clawing this way and that. You could have been convicted of vagrancy then." "What's that ! You lie, sir, and-

"And I can't help that. You had no visible means of support, and that's vagrancy, or I'm a ssian

The victim of the fall kept his mouth open for half a minute, wanting to say something, but his jaws finally closed, and he backed out of the

LITERARY.

It is rumoured that the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell has left an account of the more unteworthy incidents of his own time, including new facts relating to the episode of Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton.

THE Love Letters written by John Keata to

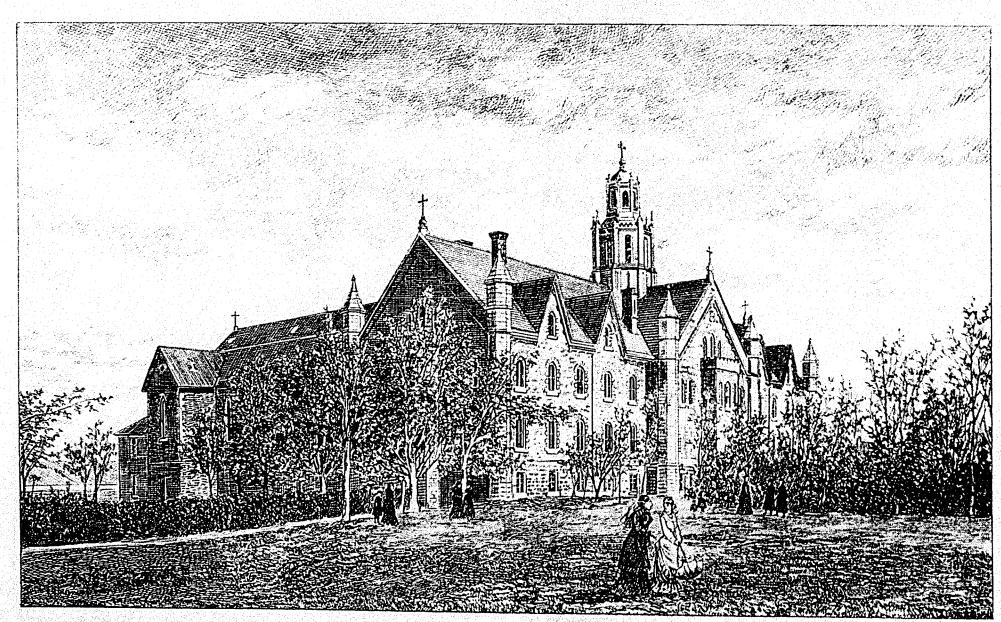
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



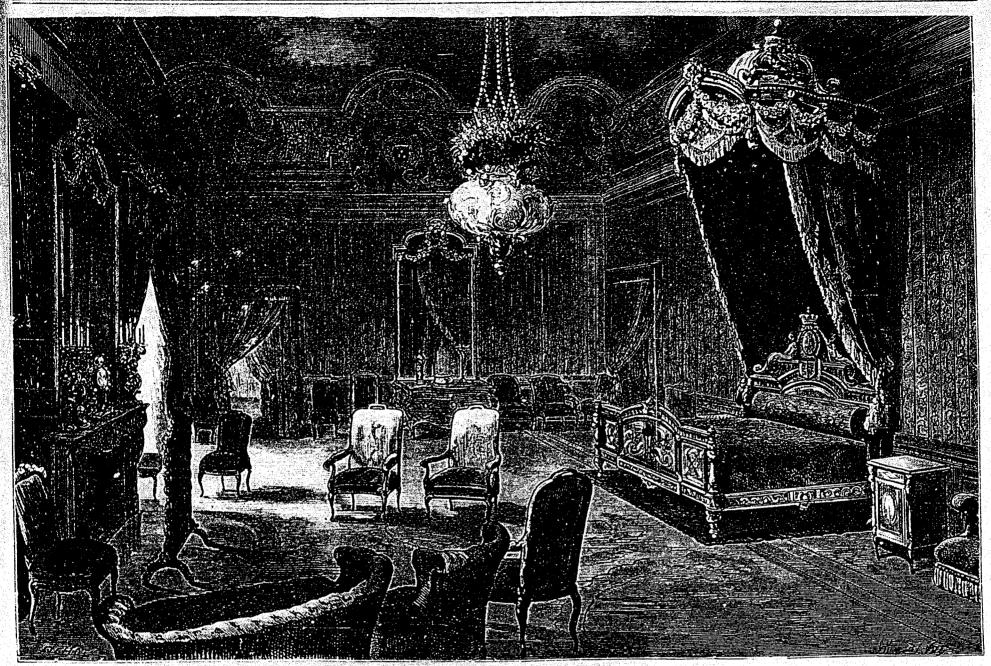
No. 292.—THE LATE COLONEL COFFIN.



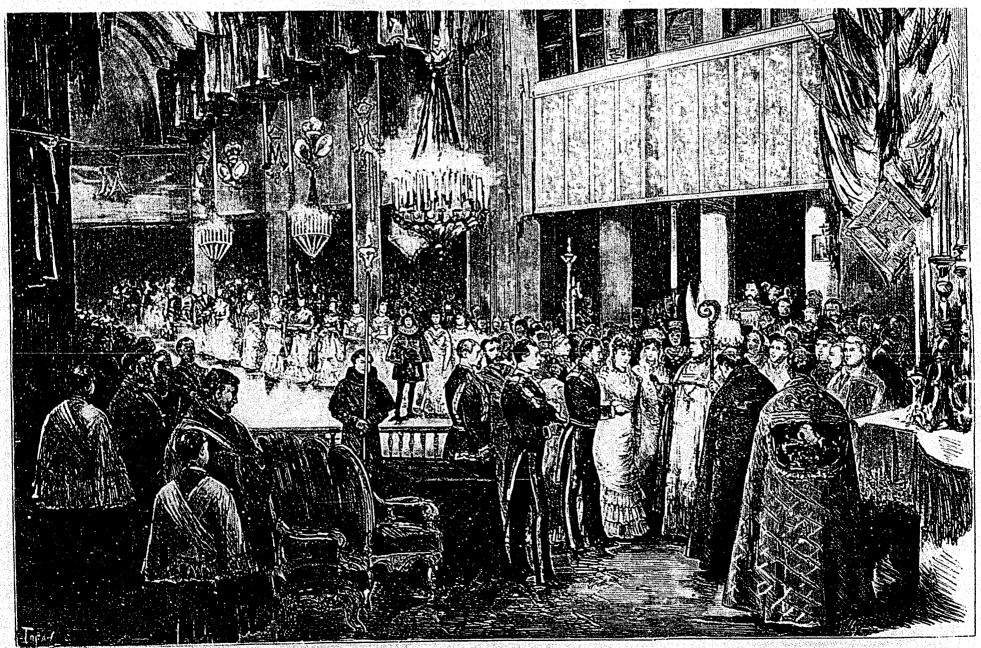
No. 293.—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILY.



CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART AT SAULT-AUX-RECOLLETS.



THE BRIDAL CHAMBER IN THE PALACIO REAL, MADRID.



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN THE CHURCH OF THE ATOCHA.

THE ROYAL SPANISH NUPTIALS.

THE

Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

III.

MORRISBURG, Ont.

LYLE'S BLOCK

includes three stores. John Halliday & Co. are general merchants, offering a well assorted stock of dry goods, hats and caps, boots and shoes,

crockery and glassware, and groceries.

Next door is Mr. J. C. Chalmers' well-ap pointed jewellery store, which, with its nicely-arranged windows and handsome show cases, filled with gold and silver ware, is one of the most creditable establishments in the village The ticking of the telegraph mingles with the tick-tick of clocks, Mr. Chalmer being agent for the Montreal Telegraph Company. Adjoining is the "Central Drug Hall," F. B. Carman, proprietor, where may be obtained pills and potions for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Mr. Carman keeps a well-assorted stock of toilet and fancy articles usually looked for such es-

and fancy atteres usually looked to all tablishments.

The upper portion of the block is owned and occupied by Excelsior Lodge A. F. & A. M. No. 142. The Lodge Room is large, and neatly furnished. There is only a small debt upon the building, and when this is paid the Brethren intend to make their quarters equal to any in the breisism. The membership is large and the Dominion. The membership is large and growing.

THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

This, the leading, as it is also the largest, hotel in Morrisburg, is situated on Main Street, opposite Bradfield's Block, and close to the Post Office, bank and steamboat landing. It is the resort of business men, always has an air of bus-tle and life about it, has a reading-room well supplied with the daily papers, sets a good table, has airy and well furnished bed-rooms, sends a 'bus to all trains, has a good livery attached, and excellent yard and stable accommodation.

The proprietors are Mr. J. J. McGannon and Brother, enterprising young men, who are well liked and bound to succeed.

Near the steamboat landing is another very

creditable hotel called

WEAGANT'S FACTORY.

Mr. W. H. Weagant is an enterprising young man who has recently erected a commodious factory for carrying on the manufacture of furniture, blinds, doors, sashes, mouldings, &c., &c. Particularly noticeable among the machinery is an invention of the proprietor for making slats for inside window blinds. These slats are strips of wood about three quarters of an inch wide and about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, the length being governed, of course, by the width of the window. The old mode of manufacture was to split the laths by hand. This was not only tedious and expensive, but the laths were apt to splinter up. The machine perlaths were apt to splinter up. The machine perfected by Mr. Weagant will cut up per day enough slats to make five hundred yards of blind, and the slats are so cut that they can be bent almost double, are smooth and regular, and the edges bevelled so that they lap neatly and make a perfect joint. In operation, the machine works like the old French guillotine.

THE BUTTER TRADE.

Butter making is one of the staple industries of Dundas County. The quantity annually manufactured is something marvellous. Morrisburg being the point whence this commodity is distributed, the term "Morrisburg butter" has become a recognized trade mark, and such butter always commands the highest figures. In butter making, as in most other branches of in-dustry, the inventive genius of the age has been working out improvements. Among such the Excelsior milk-pan and cooler, manufactured by Mr. O. J. Stickles, Lock Street, Morrisburg, is claimed to be a real boon to butter-makers. It is represented to be a pan which will cool milk in the shortest possible time—a most important item in the manufacture of first-class butter. The Excelsior pan is so arranged that the ice or cold water reaches all parts of the milk—bottom, sides and centre. The pan revolves on a pin and casters, said casters running on the stool on which they sit. By this means the operator can reach all parts of the pan to skim and clean it without changing position. But the greatest benefit of this is that farmers who have no milkrooms can put them in an ordinary-sized pantry, where they can have access to only one side of the pan, and operate them with case. Mr. Stickles hus numerous testimonials from experienced butter and cheese makers, all agreeing in according the highest praise to the Excelsior Pan. One writer says, "The price of the pan is so low that it is within the reach of all, and no farmer who studies to make money with his dairy will no without them, as they will not only increase the quantity, but will add very much to the quality

If properly cared for and honestly conducted, the butter trade is destined to become one of the most important of Canadian staple industries. Among those who are doing their best to induce makers to bring to market none but first-class packages, is Mr. W. Garvey, known in Morrisburg and vicinity as the "butter king," from the

fact that he is building up a trade which enables him to pay higher than the general run of buyers for the "gilt-edged" variety. Mr. Garvey has the quick with and ready tongue of the Milesian race, and takes great delight in harangueing a crowd on the market-place—his one angueing a crowd on the market-place—his one text: Butter.

THE HIGH AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

are situated side by side. The former has an attendance of about seventy pupils; the latter about three hundred. Mr. J. S. Stuart is Principal of the High School. He has two assistants. Mr. J. S. Rowat, with five assistants, teaches the young idea how to shoot" in the Grammar School.

St. James Church (Episcopalian) has an able and eloquent minister in the person of the Rev. Charles Forest, Rector. For many years the proposal to finish the edifice has been agitated, but at last the work has been actually taken in hand. Thanks to Mr. J. W. Tate, architect and draughtsman, we are enabled to present a view of the church with the proposed tower, though it is not yet decided whether the latter shall be placed at the end or centre of the edi-

fice.

The Presbyterians at present meet in the hall in Meikles' Block. They propose building a \$16,000 church this season on a vacant corner opposite the Lutheran Church.

THE BATTLE OF CRYSLER FARM.

About five miles east of Morrisburg is the famous Crysler Farm where the British defeated the American invaders November 11th, 1813. It has been proposed to erect a monument on the battlefield to commemorate the event and as a tribute of respect to the memory of the dead. At present the only landmark is the tall chimney of the old Crysler house, accidentally burned a few years ago. This house was the headquarters of the British

Dr. Chamberlain, recently re-elected Reeve by acclamation, graduated at Queen's College, Kingston. He settled in Morrisburg about fifteen years ago, and has built up a very large practice. He is gifted with eloquence, takes a great interest in public affairs and more than once has been requested by the Grits to accept a Parliamentary nomination. His duties have, however, so far prevented him from accepting the flattering invitation. Dr. Chamberlain is Associate Coroner for the United Counties.

Dr. Sherman, an American by birth, is an old and successful practitioner, having resided in Morrisburg some forty years. He claims that his new residence, when turnished, will be the finest in the village.

Mr. Frank Tyrrell, Barrister and Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public and Conveyancer, is the popular lawyer of the place. He is an able pleader and remarkably successful in his suits, especially if there is a jury in

Mr. Gilbert Smith is the senior partner in the firm of Smith & Montgomery, Meikles'

Near the western border of the village stands H. G. Merkley & Son's Sash and Door Factory
—a very complete establishment, nicely arranged and containing the most improved laborsaving machinery for the manufacture of sashes, doors, blinds, mouldings, hand railing, newel posts, ballasters, &c., &c. Mr. Merkley is one of the "solid men" of Morrisburg. He is now erecting, on one of the finest lots in the village, a block which he says will equal any now stand-

Not "Under the spreading chestnut tree, but "Down by the river-side" the village smithy stands. It is something more than a smithy, however, as it contains four very fine lathes and a splendid planing machine. The proprietor, Mr. R. G. Nash, is a skilled machine ist, and he "bosses" a smart lot of men. Re-pairing steamboat and mill machinery, making the huge valves used in lock-gates, and such like work keeps the blast blowing and the anvil ringing. "Each morning sees some work begun, each evening sees its close." Mr. Nash merits the title of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" for he is an accomplished musician and the organizer of more than one brass band. He comes of a musical family, and no village entertainment is considered complete unless the Nash's have something to do with it.

Two weekly newspapers are published in orrisburg. The Courrier, Conservative, H. Two weekly newspapers are published in Morrisburg. The Courrier, Conservative, H. C. Kennedy proprietor, is issued on Friday. It is now in its filteenth year and enjoys a larger circulation than any other paper in the United Counties. The Herald, Arthur Brown, proprietor, supports the Mackenzie Government.

A BRIDGE PROJECT.

Some years ago it was proposed to bridge the St. Lawrence at Morrisburg for a railway connecting the Ottawa region with the eastern cities of the United States and passing through the Counties of Huntingdon and Beauharnois. When the project was first mooted Capt. Farlinger and Mr. Augustus Keefer were its active advocates, and they obtained the opinion of many experienced railway men as to the feasibility of the scheme. These gentlemen reported very favourably, estimating that the bridge could be built for \$1,500,000. The point selected was at the western end of the village, where the river bank is forty feet high and two islands, known respectively as Merkley's and Dry, would reduce the widest span to about 400 teet. The railway, it is said, would shorten the distance between Ottawa and the eastern cities

of the States by fifty miles. The project in the meantime remains in abeyance, but it is said that a wave of prosperity in place of "hard times" would start it into life again.

LIEUT .- COLONEL WILY,

DIRECTOR OF STORES AND KEEPER OF MILITIA

PROPERTIES. Lieut. Colonel Wily, of the Militia Department, Ottawa, and for many years resident of this city, where his name was once as familiar as a household word, is the son of an old British officer of long service in various parts British officer of long service in various parts of the world, and came to this country in 1834 with his Regiment, the 83rd, in which corps he was then serving as colour and paysergeant of the Grenadier Company. In 1837, in view of the threatening aspect of affairs in Canada, the 83rd was suddenly ordered to Quebec, and in November of that year, Col. Wilv was aunointed Ensign and Adintant to Wily was appointed Ensign and Adjutant, to d ill and organize the Quebec Light Infantry, one of the newly raised volunteer regiments. In 1838, he was created Brigade-Major to the whole volunteer force of Quebec, then numberwhose volunteer force of Quebec, then numbering between 2,000 and 3,000 men, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. James Hope, of the Coldstream Guards. In 1839, he was appointed Lieutenant and Adjutant to the First Provincial Regiment, organized and paid by the Imperial Government for frontier service, for which he raised one hundred recruits within twenty-four hours, in the City of Quebec. For three years he served with this regiment, until it was disbanded in 1842, when he was until it was disbanded in 1842, when he was appointed Captain and Adjutant to the 4th Battalion of Incorporated Militia U. C., which also was disbanded a year later. From that period until after the burning of the Parliament Buildings in 1849, he was Chief of Police in Montreal, when he was nominated Assistant-Quarter-Master General to Colonel the Hou. James Moffat, in command of the District of Montreal. In 1855, he was amointed to the Montreal. In 1855, he was appointed to the command of the 1st Volunteer Regiment of Canada, afterwards the Prince of Wales' Regiment, in which position he remained until 1861. In 1859, he was sent to Ottawa to remove a large quantity of animunition, then improperly stored there by the Ottawa Field Battery, and which it was cousidered dangerous to allow to remain during the strike of the labourers engaged on the new Parliament Buildings. In 1860, he was appointed by the Government to superinted the arrangements for the expected visit of the Prince of Wales to Council, building building. Canada, his duties being to provide accommodation, transport, &c. This was an onerous task, and for the manner in which it was discharged, he received the thanks of His Royal Highness, and a handsome present as a memorial of his visit. In 1861, Col. Wily was appointed Secretary to the Grand Trunk Railway Commission, and also subsequently to the Militia Commission, and in 1862, his present position Commission, and in 100%, his present position in the Militia Department was conferred upon him. Immediately after he was directed by His Excellency Lord Monck to inspect the whole of the Volunteer Militia in Upper and Lower Canada, on which duty he was employed four months, and received the thanks of His Excellency for the manner in which it was performed. In 1865, he was sent to settle some disputed claims of the inhabitants of Chateau-Richer, below Quebec, consequently on the billeting of troops, called out in aid of the Civil Power. In December 1864, and March 1865, he was directed to provide quarters and other accommodation for the Militia called out to guard the frontier, and repress threatened incursions of Southerners into the United States. This he did in the west at Niagara, Windsor, Sandwich, Amherstburg, Chathan and Sarnia; and in the east, at Huntingdon, Hemmingford, Lacolle, Philipsburg and Frelighsburg. In the same year he was again sent on a confidential mission by Lord Mouck, to search for some piratical craft, said to be preparing in the harbour of Lake Erie, for the purpose of making descents on the American shore. The case was urgent, as the report came from our Ambassador at Washington. After making a thorough search of the Canada shore of Lake Erie, Col. Wily failed in making any

Monck put it, a "mare's nest."

In 1866, during the Fenian troubles, Col.
Wily was appointed Commandant of Ottawa,
drilled and organised two battalions, which were called out on two separate occasions. During the same year he was appointed to the command of the Civil Service Rifle Regiment, position he banded in 1868. In 1870, he was directed to procure all the supplies required for the Red River Expedition, then being organised, and in 1872-73, he organised and sent off at Colling-wood the drafts required for the Red River Force, doing the same thing from Sarnia in

From 1870 to 1872, Col. Wily was employed taking over the whole of the Imperial property -forts, armaments, and lands-then transferred to the Dominion Government, on the with-drawal of the troops from Canada. Speaking of this matter himself, he says: "It struck of this matter himself, he says: "It struck" me as a singular coincidence, that I should " receive over, then a Lieut.-Colonel and "Director of Stores of Canada, the Citadel of "Quebec, with all its guns and stores, into whose gates I had marched a sergeant with "my regiment in 1837, and to which I was "sent in hot haste from Halifax, to hold it

against all comers. Who could have predicted such a thing, without being laughed at

for his pains?"
In 1874, he performed the last and most unpleasant of his many duties, having been sent down by the Government to obtain possession of the Crystal Palace at Montreal. He performed the duty successfully, and was subsequently tried for it before the Court of Queen's Bench at Montreal, on the charge of forcible entry and detainer. After a trial which lasted a week, he, and three others, members of the Water Police, also implicated, were acquitted by the increase. by the jury.

In concluding a record of long service faithfully performed, it might be said that a "sim"ple tale tells best being plainly told."

FASHION NOTES.

WRAPPERS are not worn to the breakfast

COLOURED pearl bonnets are as stylish as silk for bandsome dresses.

DINNER napkins are very large, but those for breakfast and tea are smaller.

If you are wearing mourning, you should be married in a white silk dress, made very plainly, and a tulle vei!. The only kind of travelling dress suitable to be married in would be dark iron grev camel's hair over silk.

THE coloured embroideries on muslin are used for trimming children's white dresses, and also for edging ladies' petticoats, dressing sacques and night-gowns. Those with scallops of dark blue or cardinal red are mentioned.

Chuddan shawls are very fine camel's hair of a single colour, not embroidered, but merely fringed out on two ends. They come in squares, or as double long shawls. The colours are sky blue, mazarine, cream, gray and red.

It is said that satin will be much used for trinning spring and summer dresses. Brocaded black silk will also be used with plain black. Dolmans will not go entirely out of fashion, and it is probable that Dolmans of a new shape will be very much worn.

Boys of three years will wear long blouse BOYS Of three years will wear long processes dresses of linen pique and checked gingham, in the summer. These are made with kilt pleated backs a belt behind, and straight princesse front all in one from neck to foot. They will also continue to wear kil skirts and jackets with vests.

LITTLE girls' summer dresses will be made in princesse shape, and with yokes, with or without belts, but laid in flat lengthwise pleats below the yoke. Jet black kid buttoned shoes without heels for a girl of two years, and coloured stockings to wear with her white dresses. Such is the odd fushion of the day.

It is a disputed question whether it is best to hang heavy silk dresses when not in use, or to fold them. Careful modistes who have elegant dresses to sell keep them packed in separate cases, or else in large trunks that are divided into many trays, putting a dress in each tray that it may not be crushed.

PURE white damask is preferred for table-PURE White damask is preferred for table-linen, as it shows to advantage the coloured china now so much used on the table; there are, however, very handsome cream, rose, or blue damask cloths for break-fast, lunch, or tea. and there are others in very dark shades of blue, red and orange, with intricate Persian designs, or else bars or stripes.

MAKE little girl's cloaks long princesse garments, double-breasted, with sash back and square pockets. It will be very handsome trimmed with white 8 myrna lace, or with a narrow border of chinchila fur; but if the velvet is nice, it is good enough without any trimming, merely edging the bottom with a silk piping fold or cord. A little Carrick cape will add to the style and warmth of the cloak.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME MODJESKA insists on dressing for

MAX STRAKOSCH is said to be \$30,000 ahead n his Kellogg-Cary-Roze season.

MARIE ROZE says Patti is the greatest living prima donna, while Miss Cary is undoubtedly the first ontralto.

THE drop curtain still in use at the Broadway Theatre. Philadelphia, was painted by Gustave Doré as one of his earliest bits of work.

ROSINA VOKES has married and spoiled the "Vokes family" fun by her defection. Fred's wife takes her place, but she is only beautiful and not at all funny

LUCCA's manager had to raise the prices of admission during her trip in Italy and Spain to pay the \$\frac{1}{8}\$, 200 a night she asked for singing, and as a result is Italy people stayed away, while at Madrid they hisse her off the stage.

A DANCER, rehearsing before his appearance A DANCER, renearing defore his appearance on the Paris stage, suddenly stopped, and said to the conductor, "It seems to me that my morecau tires me more than it ought to. What key are you playing in?"—"In E."—"Ah, now I understand. I can only dance to be a present that it is not because in the conduction of the present that it is not because in the present that it is not because in the present that it is not because it is not because in the present that is not because it is not because it is not because in the present that is not because it is no

A NEW theatrical dodge in Paris. Several of A NEW theatrical todge in Tails. We contain the Parisian papers print "orders" amongst their advertisements, and these, when cut and presented at the door, admit the bearer at half price. We commend this extraordinary system to the attention of those who are learned in the art of papering houses.

MLLE. FECHTER, daughter of the popular season of English opera at the Adelphi Theatre, which commenced lately. Mile. Fechter, who has recently gained much distinction as a prima doma in French opera, is an excellent English scholar, having been brought up in the classic air of St. John's Wood.

MAURICE NEVILLE, a young Hungarian MAURICE NEVILLE, a young Hungarian of the court theatre of Germany. The Allgemeine Zeitung says Germany has scarcely seen an actor of so high agenius in tragedy, and some of the best continental critics do not hesitate to place him above Salvini in the rôle of Othello. His conceptions of the dramatic art are said to be very little short of revolutionary. He uniformly refuses to perform in any but classically poetic pieces, and prefers to confine himself to Shakespeare. He is now in London.

A LITTLE WIFE.

O, give to me the fairy form.
The little hand and heart,
The beauty, that is Nature's gift—
Triumphant over art;
For little heart, and little hands Were not designed for strife. And for othereal happiness. I'd choose a little wife.

No royal Jamo's regal glance Can melt or more my heart!
Or strike a sympathetic chord.
Or make me leve by art:
For I must have a little dove—
A being, for whose life
I'd yield my own; and count it nought—
A faithful, little wife.

Almost a fairy in her touch Amost a lary in her touch,
An angel in her form,
She sheds a ray of happiness,
Despite the gathering storm,
What does switch man deeled.
Than trapaness in life.
And truest course of earthly blass,
Is a choerial, little wite.

Her step is like the fawn at play.
So glaceful gray and neat:
Her manner, like the highwork toe.
Charming, without deed:
A word to those that seeking are,
Gelebraties in life....
For buggest heart, and mind, and sout.
Go seek a little wife...

Rempivitle, Con.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

Dora Guild was the daughter of an Indian tioneral who died, covered with time, and left het alone literally triendless in Bombay, where he breathed his last.

His dving words were . gut, to your aunt in Arlingford at Eliasley, near Landon, and stay with her until you are married to Walte: "

For General Guild and Colonel Cray had been friends together and comrades in many a battle, and had long ago athanced their motherless children to one another; the wedding to take place as room as the young man had attained his majority.

So here was the orphan girl nearing the end of her long journey, and gazing wistfully at the strange and unfamiliar bend of her birth.

There was one clause in her dead father's will which had recurred to Dora's mind with ever which had recurred to them's mand with ver-present pain, ever since she had first heard it; and that was, should she, upon making the acquaintainer of Walter Cray, teluse to marry him, the bulk of her furture should be passed

over to her cousin, Penchope Arlingford.
That her dear either should think it necessary to coerce ber into compliance had wrong from her many a teat, Wholly unversed in the strong-minded ways of some English maidens, she had never dreamed of disobeying him, or of choosing a mate for herself.

The journey was over at last

Miss Could fested berself in a quiet country house, surrounded by the most ferrent assurabove of welcome from her sale surviving telutives, who, of crotse, knew all about her affairs, and treated her with the most delicate consider eration.

Mr. Arlingford was a bluff and hearty gentleman farmer; Mrs. Arlangford a reserved bely. who, however, seemed kindness itself; while Peneloge, the only daughter, and there's possible rivel for the fortune, was a gentle-treet, chestant barred gill of twenty, who greeted bord by winding her arms around her and lavfing bet check to bers without a word.

In the course of the evening of Miss Child's strival, while she was giving her aunt some light. account of her vey ge from India, she observed her cousin Penelope standing out on the lawn.

falking earnestly with a contleman. It was a brilliant night in midsummer; the i chamber proof, white and scarching as a great linelight, shone on the pair, and showed Miss but the soul of Affington's companion to be not only young astonishment, and handsome, but also a lovet. She could's

His hand held hers, and his stately head was first, so terrido was the ordeal through which stratued her there, and kissed her fearful, often bear in unmistakable adoration close to she had passed; but at length she saw that she smilling face with kisses, which were fully refer tresses, while she leaned towards him in thus beave the house immediately; that she turned.

Very soon they entered the parlor, and Walter Crity was directly presented to Miss Guild.

And he the lover of Penelope!

Dismay, consternation, fell mon the heart of the original. There could be no mistake levery look, every action of the two betrayed it.

Show was affained to a man who leved ans.

'' you have made a terrible mistake.

When she joined the fandry, in answer to the breakfast bell, she was in her travelling dress, and her trunks were all respected.

'' Why, coustin Dora, what is the matter (Arman Arman) and the could be a soft,

other.

The gold touch or his hand on hers, the distant salutation, as it she were the merest stranger, proclaimed that he was resolved to ignore the contract which was between them.

Dora shrank into the darkest corner of the room, ami bitter disappointment filled her soul.

Very soon, however, flor conversation going on round the table ariested ber attention. Walter Cray was telling Mr. Arlingford and Penelope an account of a stronge murder which had lately occurred.

"The man," said he, "was rather a elever chemist, and accomplished his purpose in a manner savoring more of the exploits of the Arabian Nights' epoch than those of our day He got possession of her journal, and impreisnated its leaves with a sort of volatile poison, i which she of course inhaled the first time she made a record in the book, the result being a mysterious death which no one could account

The eyes of Penelope Arlingford were fixed upon the narrator with a pulsating eagerness while arrested the attention of the erphan.

"What could it have been ?" she almost whis-

pered.
"Don't believe it," remarked Mr. Arlingford, sententionsly.

The lovers were gazing at each other, and there was half a smile on the features of each.

Soon after this, Dora, being considered weary after her railway journey, was conducted to her bed-chamber by her cousin, who again embracing her in a mute, clinging fashion, hoped she would rest well, and left her.
Not one word had been said about her be-

trothal to the young men in the parlow. Her ousin was likely not only to rob her of her inheritance, but of her husband also

The young girl retired to bed with a feeling of desolution at her heart which may be easily imgined, and fell asleep weeping bitterly for the old, happy Indian life, when she was the idol of her tather, and the durling of her syah.

She awoke or, rather, she struggled back to consciousness with these words running through her mind "the result being a mysterious death, which no one could account for."

It was a disagreeable remark to occur to one in the middle of the night, and it roused her to a preternatural wakefulness.

She began to ponder over the events of the ast evening, when suddenly something struck her ear which sent all the blood tingling to her

It was like the trailing of a long muslin robe over the thick carpet which covered the floor, and the cautious justling of paper; the one sound following the other with the slow and regular instactony of a michine.

The night was at its darkest, and the head of hanging. the bed was in an alcove, so that a view of the room could not be seen; but Dora divined with a choking of the breath, the meaning of the strange sounds.

Penelope Arlingford was in the room!

Before she retired, Dorahad read a chapter from a large old Bible which lay on her table.

She perfectly recollected placing it in the endof the sofa men the window when she had finished reading it.

She felt that her rival was on her knees before ford?" that look, imprognating its leaves with the volatile poison" which Walter Cray had spoken of, and that as she finished each leaf The wind was rising." and turned it slowly over, her long muslin sleeve swept the edge of the book, making the stealthy

unds which had aroused her intended victim. Doro lay bound hand and foot by a teeling which almost stopped the hearing of her heart.

thems inber, she had grown up, and scenes of esion and violence: she had been among the neipless ones at Cawapare when the Sepoys massacred their victims in old blood; and death was not so stronge a weapon in the hands of a young girl, to her, as it would be to us a may, it creaks in this. Listen "
seemed the one weapon by which Penelope ArShe can across the passege, shutting the door lington's would most likely strike for love and after her, and in a moment the ventable creak-

of agony dripping from her every limb, the or- Dora plan girl lay and listened to this evidence of treache ry

Adat once a locald at the side of the led creaked, as though a wait foot was passing ever it, and the long swish of the garments folwed.

Then the door softly burst open as a without fully gooding at her.

"Person perhapse yes," faltered Dora, whist-

hards, a flow of an Iron the passage rushed across the gril's right face, and she heard annel the sufficienting throbbings in her cars. The first creek of some beighbouring chantiel er.

Her terror ended in a swinn, When she came to tarself it was broad day-

The golden similation was lying across her pelslow, and the rich perform of honeysuckle came in through the open window and filled the pretty

All seemed peace and impreme around her. but the soul of the orphan girl was filled with !

She would scaredy arrange her thoughts at all the loving confidence of a returned affection, must relinquish both her affiqued and her for-

times, it she would heel her life safe. "Oh, papa i my papa " wepe "you have made a terrible mistake wega pees Dore,

von ill, dear " exclaimed Penelope, in a soft, gooding voice, which seemed liabitual to her.

Doga turned her mack on her melnight visitor, and striving to speak calmay, said to Mr. Ar ingled, "I wish to go to Lambor, toolay, sir. lone, allow Some one to drive me to the station.

There was a pause of consternation, then they ill with one accord began to plead with her to change her mind, and none of the three were so urgent or so tenderly laving about it as Pene-

lope. "Just try as, dear cousin!" she cuttoated. then comes you will be lonely at first, everything is so different; but who will make you happier than we can? Has anybody offended you, dear Dara? "No," answered: Dora, shuddering: "but I

shall prefer to live alone."

You are so young, so ignorant of the ways of our towns," said quiet Mrs. Aringford, here chiming in auxiously. "It is a used thing for you to think of, child."

"I must go," responded the orphius, averting her pallid face that the dark misery of it might not be seen.

So, when the persuadings of himself, and the pleadings and tears of his women availed not, Mr. Arlingford get offended, and cried, "Let her please herself, Pensie. King and order Sam to bring the earriage round."

Dora swallowed a cup of tea, and choked down morsel of bread, and then she went back to

her room to put on her hat.

Locking the trunks took but a few moments. She flung herself upon a chair, and wept silently, feeling herself to be the most desolate and friendless being on the face of the earth. What should she do in London?

Go to her father's lawyer, and tell him she did not wish to marry Walter Cray, then live alone in such lodgings as the remnant of her fortune could afford her.

Ah! it was, indeed, a terrible mistake, that clause in the will.

But into the midst of her musings stole a sound which thrilled her once more with awe. The swish of a garment, the rustle of a paper,

just as it aroused her last night. Dora gazed about her like one bereft of reason. The large, old Bible lay quiet enough and closed exactly where she had placed it—no liv-

ing thing was in the room but herself. And then she saw the whole mystery The window was partly open, and a slight puff of wind had blown out the crisp white curtains in the room; then needing, had sucked them outward through the aperture, while the imprisoned air, running up the blind, had caused

the tissue-paper hanging at the top to rustle. There came another puff - the trail of the curtain over the carpet, the rustle of the paper

Dota sat gazing at the window, her face, in its astounding thankfulness, a study for an artist.

At this moment Penelope came in. She had

evidently been weeping.
"The carriage is ready, dear consin," signed she, tremulously,

Dor't passed her land over her forchead, then facing her rival, asked, in a hurried tone, Were you up last hight any time, Miss Arling-

"Yes," answered Penelope, in surprise. "About four o'clock I rose and shut my window.

"Did you hear a cock growns you did so ?"

1 Yes, bild. Why do you ask, dear t. Stay. I know why! You were frightened by hearing a board creak beside your bed. I should have told you shout that board: how stund of me?! told you about that board; how stupid of me?" theard a board creak," said Dora, scarcely

believing her own cars.

"Yes, it ought to be fastened down. It runs the whole breadth of the house, and when I tread on one end of it is my room the other end

Motioniese, her eyes distended, the cold slow of the latch of the door, which had so petrified

When the young holy returned, the expression of her consin's teatures was so mightly altered that she exclaimed, "Why, my darling girl, I do think you wanted to leave us because you thought the house was haunted."

"You poor little darling." murmined Penchops, it a voice of deep compassion, and she took Pora's unresisting band in hers. "Why would you not tell us? Don't you know, Dora, and a suite playest around her tips, "that we ought to love each other very learly; We are both going to marry a Walter Cray, and by the closest sort of course."

"Are there two Walter Crays" ejaculated

Dota "What!" - ried Penelope, her countenance slowly crimsened is the situation burst upon her; "did you simagine."

She never completed the sentence, but snatching up the poor, tred little orphan to her boson, strained her there, and kissed her tearful,

But Done never toxogled the whole of her terrible mistake

THE GLEANER,

The reduced scale of registering letters in England has increased the business four-fold already

For a instruments are required for a complete telephone line-two at each end, one to transmit and one to receive.

Tur. King of Italy has ordered the sale of 1,000 of his father's horses, and is reducing the house hold expenditure. The King must indeed have been found of morses; pur thorn down at 240 a year each (for Italy), there is ruin in the sum total.

Ir powdered mustard is rubbed up with a little water it imports to the latter powerful deodorising and purifying properties. The proportions are not given, but the writer reconciounds it not only as a means of cleansing various utensils, but also of removing the smell of tish and so forth from the hands.

It is a remarkable fact that not only in On tario, but also in the other Provinces of Canada, the Irish are more uniderous than either the Scotch or the English. In the four Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brinswick and Nova Scotia, there are 706,369 of English, 549,946 of Scotch, and \$40,414 of Irish origin. In Ontario

the Protestant Irish are twice as numerous as the Irish Roman Catholics, and thereby materially help to form a counterpoise to the great Roman Catholic population of the Province of Quebec.

It is popularly supposed in Italy that the late King "caught his death of cold" by sitting en bras de chemise at an open window in the middle of the night. Victor Emmanuel was, as the story goes, a sufferer from want of sleep, and whenever he found that all attempts to court the fickle god were hopeless he was wont to get up, and, lighting up one of his great eigars, placed himself where he could gaze out into the darkness or the moonlight. The tale, whether true or false, will serve to illustrate the curiously diverse expedients to which sufferers from a similar malady betake themselves.

SCGAR is required to combat cold; this seems to be the conclusion to be drawn from the ex-perience of the sufferings from cold of General lourko's troops during the crossing of the Balkans. The longing which the Russian troops had in their cold, cheerless march for sugar was remarkable. When approaching Sofia, "sugar," says a correspondent of a London paper, not seeing the joke, "was in every one's mouth. They said "Give us sugar," and the universal remark which passed around to cheer the despondent and to quiet the impatient was, "We'll get sugar in Sofia." Probably this was the impulse of a correct instinct as to the true physical requirements under exposure to piercing cold.

HUMOROUS.

DANCING masters seldom have any money, but they're always taking steps to raise some

Or all men it must be confessed that the tax-

gatherer has the most calls for his money. The minister who tells the truth in the pulpit be sure to make some people glad and other people

A MAS must be grounded upon a moral mounrain to be able to withdraw a counterfest half dollar from circulation if he happens to get stuck with it.

BARON ALDERSON, on being asked to give his pinion as to the proper length of a sermon replied. Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy.

Ir don't require a very imaginative man to have unarterable thoughts when he's whicked acros-the southern end of his back with a middly crosswork.

Eveny day or two the telegraph announces that somebody has discovered a low esteroid. Which in licetes carelessness in not sprinkling ushes on the

Ir a boy is sent to clear the snow from a side; walk, he gets "a crack in the back," but he can put in ten hours' work building a snow tort and growl because the days are not longer. As Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who

wished for a reason way echo was always of the femilibre gender, that May be it was because she airways had the last word." A snorman advertises in a country paper for

n situation, and in order to excite admiration of his ex-perience, innocently states that he has been discharged from seven establishments within a year! Conversacion overheard not a thousand miles from Adelphi Terrace: "I say, liede, can you lend me a Shakespeare C = 1 don't think I've got a Shakespeare, but I can lend you a brad-awl."

A farring boy was asked the other day if he know where the a seked finally went to t. He answered.

They practice have a spell here and then go to the Lesg'slature. It was a painful operation for the boy to sit. down for a few days.

TALK about female curiosity-it's all bucsided. Let one man stop on the street to spell that a sign on the top of a mig a building and every other moments son that goes by will stand will and state for ten minutes trying to make out what the first idiot is looking of.

To the correspondent who asks if it is wicked to smoke, we can only reply sorrowfully that we consider it an almost unpardonable sin. Let him se at his present stock of eights to this office, and we will burn them up for him as a sacrifice for his first misdoings—

"LET me see," said a desperately durined debtor: "this is the fifth time you have called within tour days, is it not? Regret to disappoint you, your man; but step in next Saunday before three colors, and I all positively settle—in my mind whom you may call again."

Mr. Bykes, the dramatist, mer an improvident and imposituations actor, who extracted a few sever-eigns from him as a temporary town. A few includes after be encountered an old friend whose he had not seen for some mouths. "Why, Byron," said he, you re-getting quite thin! — "Pint! I should think so, so would you. Why I vo lost several pomais in the last ten minutes!"

THEODOR'S HOOK once most with the Duke of B—— The latter was to have been one of the kneghts at the Eglinton Tournament, and was lameating that he was obliged to excess binned on the ground of several tack of the gout. "How," said he, "could I ever ker my poor puffed legs into these aboundable iron boots." It will be quite as appropriate, "repried Hook. "Kyour Grace goes in your list shows."

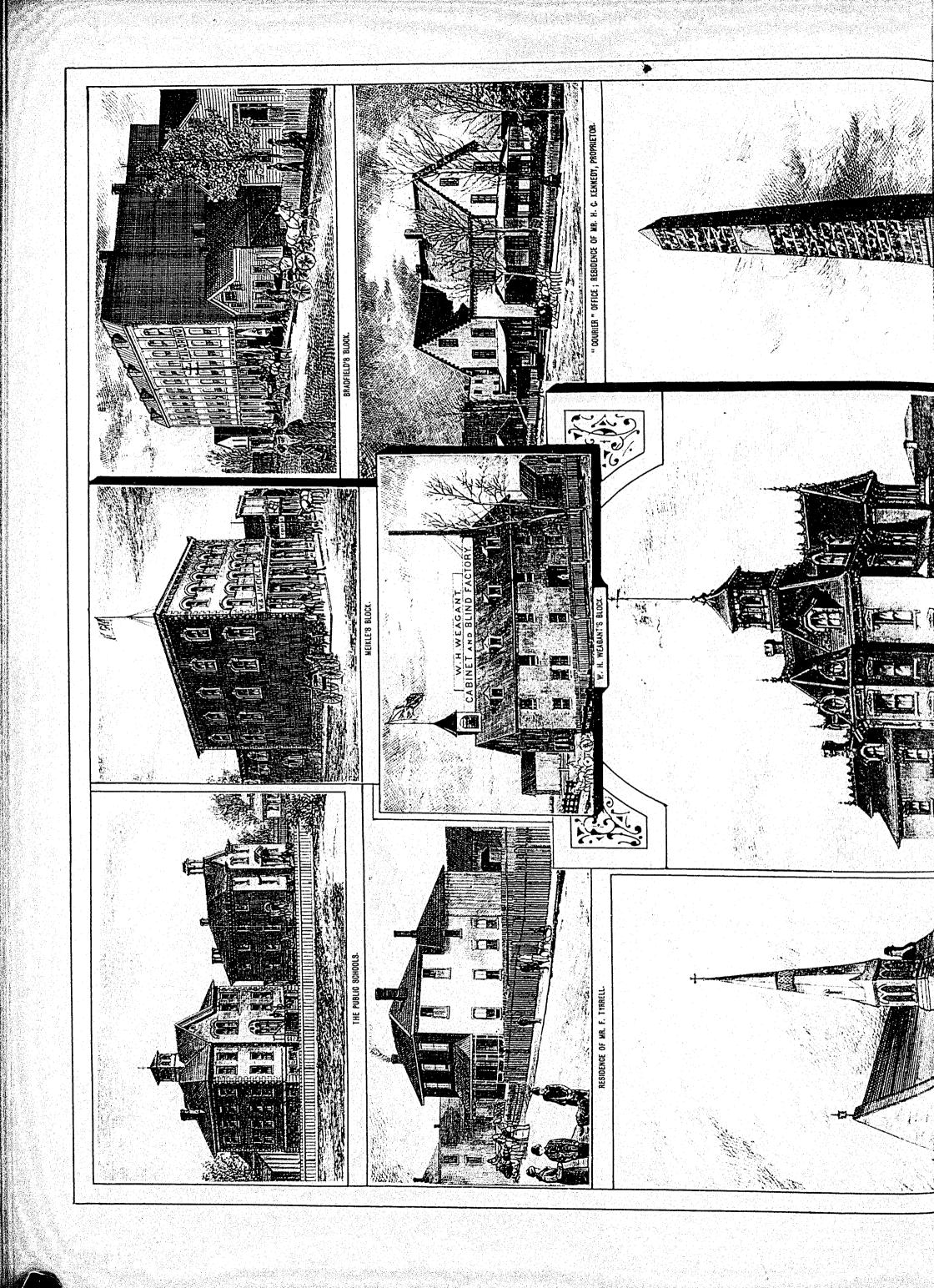
Those admired regiments called "the Heaveles" are, as is known, kept-exclusively for service in the United Kingdom. An officer, who as belonging to one of the regiments in question; must be called distinguished, was lately heard talking to insparrier at a councy ball on the subject nearest his heart, when the young lady asked bim, "Does your regiment often go to India?"—"Oh, doar, no," replied the officer; "our regiment never leaves England—except, he added, removabiling himself—"except, of course, in case of ire yeasion." Those admired regiments called "the Heavs

Tue following imprompto is attributed to a House testoral advicate. seems to have been suggested by the motion for the appointment of a committee of the House of Lords on intemperature, the Dake of Westminster having deputed the function of "moving" to Lord Cork :—

Said the Duke to the Barl, "a committee I want, This horrible drink to threstle. And you, my dear Cork, are the very best man. I think of for stopping the bottle." So the Earl did the business without idle talk.

And moved the committee instanter.

And they all of them said they were thankful to Cork, Who thus helped them to step the december.



MORRISRIRG (ONT.) II JUSTRATED

"HOW WOMEN CAN DRESS."

W. W. CANE.

He sat by the window at twilight, And placidly puffed his eigar, He gazed on a neighbouring sky-light, And thought of his bank stock at par.

Two voices came upward, as high as
The place where he sat, from the street:
Two ladies, on "gored" and on "bias,"
Were holding communion sweet.

Then he mused upon feminine folly And fashion's absurd excess; And he said with a tone melancholy: ''How women do rave over dress!

"Just get any two of them started And they'll talk for a month about clothes." He spoke like a hero, strong-hearted, Who all such frivolity loathes.

"And the way they oppress the poor creatures Who build all those dresses and things! They'd like to make marks on their features For a little mistake in the strings."

Here a knock at the door. Then a waiter And a new suit of garments appear.

"Oh, they've come, have they? Strange they're not

One glance from a proper position Suffices their fate to decide; The linings are only Silesian, The trowsers a trifle too wide.

"Well, if I don't pitch into that Schindler! I neverdid see such a bilk. Why I told the outrageous old swindler I wanted the linings balf silk!

Quick, light up the whole chandelier!"

Oh, hang all the scoundrely tailors! The collar's a half-inch too high. The contars a name non too mgn.

The trowsers—they might be a sailor's!

Now wouldn't I look like a guy?"

Each glance makes him more and more irate. "Why, they look even worse from behind! I'll blow up the sneaking old pirate;
I'll give him a piece of my mind.

I'm done with the scoundrel, that's certain. Now, if ever I saw such a sight
May I be eternally ——" (Curtai)
The rest wouldn't suit ears polite.)

ON THE THRESHOLD.

PART I.

HER RICHES.

"But I'm not cured, and I forbid you to give up your profession until I am perfectly well."
"My dear Mrs. Kandar, you are as well as you ever will be in this life, and far healthier than most ladies of your age."
The speakers were—the first, a chirpy, pleament willing a speakers.

sant, smiling woman, of about 50, who supposed herself to be suffering from some obscure disease of the heart, and who had kept the second speaker, a medical man, about her for some months, owing to the sheer belief that he could improve a health that was by no means wanting in vigor.

The doctor war a young, handsome, but wild, and even angry-looking man—one who would be adored by some few women, and detested by the majority as a mere brute.

He had not been brought up in society, and he cared very little for its manners and modes of thought.

He was dark; his eyes flashed when he was speaking; his head then reared, his nostrils quivered, and there was a slight motion of the hands, which augured sufficiently for the strength of his character.

Had he not been educated he would have been an outcast. As it was, his life certainly did not err on the side of insipidity.

These two—the patient and the medical adviser—had for audience one of those quiet, serene girls, who succeed in life, however they may be surrounded by adverse circumstances, by the sheer force of calm, good sense, and will increase the same of t

states, by the siteer force of caim, good sense, and willingness to be happy and patient.

She was nothing remarkable apart from her open look of earnestness and trust. With it she was positively beautiful.

That she was lovely from any point of view taken by lovers, was sufficiently proved; for though she was not twenty, she had refused many advantageous offers, to the amazement of her father and her aunt-the lady, in fact, who is lecturing her medical man in the first lines of this statement.

Lucy Errington (this was her name) belonged to a rare kind of young lady—she mistrusted her own riches

At last, when her father, the rich Indian mer-chant, had remonstrated with her for refusing one especially brilliant offer of marriage, she re-

"Papa, how do I know that he loves myself?"

"Why should you doubt it ?"

"Why should you doubt it?"
"Because I am rich, papa. Whenever a gentleman proposes to me, I keep thinking, 'Does he wish to marry me or my money? Is it myself he seeks or my wealth?' Then I dread him, and say 'No!' Papa, dear, I am jealous of my own property."
"Hush, hush, child!" said the keen merchant; "a woman may doubt when she is rich whather a man courts her or her fortune; but

whether a man courts her or her fortune; but she has no difficulty in learning why men avoid her when she is poor. Do not fret at riches. child, for perhaps there is something in the old fancy that Fortune is angry with us if we flout

her."
"Papa," she said, "it is useless to reproach
me. I wish myself poor!"

"You wish a bitter change," replied Errington.

He was a fine, portly man-too portly, his friends said; and his neck was short—a man of bad build to support a sudden mental shock.

Such were the three persons who were to-gether in Mr. Errington's drawing-room on the day when the first words recorded in this tale were uttered.

Dr. Ishmael Dorlech had known the selfstyled valetudinarian, Mrs. Kandar, for about three months, and during that time he had almost daily seen Lucy Errington.

When was it he first felt she was so marvel-

ously different from most of the young ladies he had seen?

Did he reach this conclusion on the first moment he beheld her, or when he first touched her—upon the occasion of a slightly-strained wrist, which was the result of an attempt on

her part to save a servant from falling?

She was so very different from most young ladies, when speaking to a doctor. She gave herself no little airs and graces, but she spoke favourably and fairly, and offered him her hand with smiling calmness.

His sudden announcement that he was about to give up his profession, not only exasperated Mrs. Kandar herself, but induced a sudden movement on the part of the young lady, who was at the moment busy with the housekeeper's books.

Speak to him, Lucy!" cried the excited invalid. "Tell him he must not cease to be a medical man—until I am cured, at all events!"

"Doctor Dorlech," she said calmly, "do not the poor of your neighbourhood love you?"

"Yes, Miss Errington—for what they can get, doubtless."

"Yes, Miss Errington—for what they can get, doubtless."
"Perhaps it may be so," she answered, her face darkening a little. "Doubtless there is no such thing as pure affection. And perhaps, after all, self-interest is at the bottom of all pretended affection."

His head raised, his eyes flashed, his nostrils quivered, as he replied, "At least, it is as well for those who command adulation by their superiority of wealth, or by their power to con-

for those will command additation by their superiority of wealth, or by their power to confer benefit, to think so; it saves them from the merest exercise of pity."

"There! I am so upset, that I must go to my room!" cried Mrs. Kandar. "I never was so worried! Lucy, talk to him, and scold him!"

The door offered no opposition to the angry lady leaving the room.

lady leaving the room. When he and Lucy Errington were alone, he appeared to make up a wavering mind, and sitting down near her, he said, "Can you guess, after what I have just said, why I am about to quit my profession."

"No, Dr. Dorlech."

"Will you try to guess?"

"Would it not be easier for you to tell me?"
"Yes; shall I?" "If you wish; do as you will."

"Ah! you have no curiosity to learn?"
"Not the least, unless I could be of any use

in any way."
"I am quitting medicine, because I want to be rich."

She looked up terribly shocked.
"Indeed!" she said. "Is poverty so vers infamous ?"

"Infamous? No! But it is despised. for the infamy of poverty, I think all the clever men are poor; while the more talented they are, the more likely they are to remain in poverty."

"Then do you wish to cease to be clever?" she asked, in a voice, which had some humour in it. Already she had forgiven him his attack upon

Yes." he said; " I would rather be a fool, and rich, than a genius, and poor; for wealth is never despised; and the higher the genius of a man, the more likely he is to be laughed at."

"But do men of genius care for people laugh ing at them ?

"No, I think not. Still, they have a right to crush the fools. I shall grow rich; and then, if I give my heart away to a rich woman, I shall not have to fear telling her of my love." "And how long do you expect to wait for

riches ?" "Many years."
"And if you fail?"
"Death will console me."

"And should you succeed?"
"I shall defy the merely rich."
"Are they worth defying?"

"Yes," he said; "they are insolent."
"And all your youth will be gone, Dr. Dorlech, and perhaps all your honour.

What matters that? I shall be rich. Are not all men and all things weighed against gold? If a man is wise he goes with his age. All men worship the golden calf, and I am down in the mud before the glittering idol. I am laughing at love, honour, domestic happiness; for never bowed more heads than now droop before the great bleating divinity.

"I am sure you will think better of all this," she urged; "I am sure you will be a good man and go on with the usefulness for which already vou are celebrated."

"Miss Errington," he replied, "could you bear to hear my history in a few words?

"Do as you will, Dr. Dorlech." He saw that she seemed interested.

"I was a thief, picked out of the gutter."
"Ah!" She shrank back; what woman would not at

such a revelation.
"Yes," he continued, violently; "a thief, out of the gutter. I was, perhaps, eleven when

the man, who is dead, and who was far more than father to me, caught me with my hand in his pocket. He could have given me into cusor thrashed me, or let me go, flinging me

a shilling in pity."

"The good man," she interposed, "I see what he did!"

Yes; he took me in hand, and out of an animal he created something which came to have education and knowledge; but I think that all his goodness has been thrown away upon

me."
"No; you are a gloriously useful man, Doctor Do not libel yourself.

"I feel it here, here in my heart, that I am of the low, even as I came from them!"

she said.

"Miss Errington," he asked, almost savagely, will you accept me as a husband?"

That she shrank from him is certain, and not without reason.

blacken his own character. Yet the doctor put before her the awful truth of his life in its roughest and blackest form; and then suddenly he asked her to be his wife.

Her heart leapt with delight as she herself shrank from him in natural momentary terror.

In an instant he was towering above her.

"Ah, I am poor," he said, "and you are rich! No wonder you turn away! He named me Ishmael, and Ishmael, a wanderer, let me

become. Good-bye—forever!"

The blood was so rushing through the veins and arteries about his ears that he did not hear

the two soft, low words she uttered.

"Come back," she said.

He was gone—out again inlo the world, from whose lowest depths of degradation he had been snatched by a gentle and no longer living hand, and into which he once again plunged, at war with that world, with society, life, worst of all, at war with himself.

Two hours afterwards, Ishmael Dorlech, being in the city, and already making preparations to attempt the possession of that fortune with which he meant to defy society, he was suddenly attracted by the sound of running feet; and, the next moment, a frightened-looking youth dashed against him.

What is it ?" asked Ishmael.

"I beg your pardon," responded the other, can you tell me where I may find a doctor?"

"I am one. What has happened?"
"Pray, sir, come into the office! Our principal has got a fit of some sort!" Quick! show me the way!"

He found a handsome, portly man supported in the arms of two or three clerks.

His face was pallid, the body immovable. He leant over the sufferer—if sufferer he could be called—and he said, "There is no hope.

What happened?" "He opened a letter," said one of the clerks, and read it, shouted the one word, 'Ruined!' and then fell forward. It all occurred in a few

moments

Orlech looked again.
"He has died," he said, "while we have been speaking." With natural curiosity, he asked, "Who is—what was the gentleman?"
"Mr. Errington."

The medical man started.

Of Chesham Square?

"Yes, sir."

" He has a daughter, an only child?"

"You seem, sir, to know the family."
"I did," he answered.

There was a pause.

"Were you saying," continued the doctor, that our friend uttered the word 'ruined?"

"Yes, sir," replied the head clerk, a white-headed old man, who was now sobbing. "I have been atraid the house has been going wrong for some time; and—and I suppose it is so! Sir, will you inform Miss Errington of this awful

He did not answer rapidly; but he said at last, "No; I have had a difference of opinion with the family. I have known Mr. Errington's sister as a patient during some months, but I had never met Mr. Errington. I will see what must be done here, and save the young lady all the wretchedness I can. You, sir, "—this was to the broken-hearted old confidential clerk—"you are the fittest for this work. Go, and heaven help you in your sad errand!"

PART II.

HER POVERTY.

Six months, perhaps, after the great commerhalf a century, Dr. Ishmael Dorlech might have been seen seated in his pleasant library, going conscientiously through the medical publications

Yes, six months have passed away, and Ishmael had not quitted his noble profession, car-

ried away by the ignoble thirst for wealth. The death of Errington took from Dorlech all notion of abandoning his occupation. Loving Lucy, and supposing her to be rich, he warred wildly against his own poverty, and sought to overcome it, looking upon his want of means as the one bar to his desire to ask Lucy to be his

He had vaulted over that social bar by way of the awful confession of the facts of his early life, and rashly condemning her mere retreating movement as that of a rich woman who hated his poverty, he had turned away, and gone from the house, determining to war with society on its own grounds, and to insult it with his ulti-

But when, before the day was out, he learnt the awful truth-when he came to know that she was poor, and an orphan, he was saved from his folly

He had no further wish to be rich.

He was poor. He wept with happiness to know that she was so. Then he hated himself for his miserable selfishness.

He dared not return to the house, and he could not, on the spur of the moment, frame a letter

But when, a week being past, he wrote, no answer came, beyond his own letter returned. with the cruel, careless post-mark, "Gone

Mrs. Kandar, poor woman, upon learning that thout reason.

A man, when he seeks to be accepted, does not ruined, unable to bear the double shock—for her fortune was embarked in his house-had suffered a slight paralytic stroke, from which, however, she recovered sufficiently, in two or three days, to be removed far into the country, to the house of a married sister.

Miss Errington had likewise left town, after

assigning everything to the creditors. She had even refused to keep so little as one jewel of her many lovely trinkets, when she went out of the house with her wardrobe only, leaving even the books of her childhood to the auctioneer.

Not all his energy, or bribery, or stratagem resulted in ascertaining the place of her con-

cealment. She was gone—gone!

But he had profited by his serrow. Never truer words said of lost love than by one who is still amongst us-

"It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all!"

His sorrow had bettered him. He was more patient with the faithful, gentler with the greedy than he had been. Six months! Would he never

The copy of the Lancet had fluttered from his hand, and his wild eyes were unconsciously searching the fiery depths of the burning coal in the stove, when the rattling of the surgery-bell recalled him to the world about him. His man came in to say that old Mrs. Bleacham wanted to see him.

"Let her come in !" he said, in a voice of un-disguised disgust.

The man grinned, and left the room. Then there entered the most miserable specimen of woman-kind that could be imagined. It was not that she was thin, that she was shrivelled, that her skin was yellow and her attitude deplorable, but it was her aspect.

The forehead and brows were wrinkled; the sharp, greedy eyes glittered vividly from side to side; the lips were firmly set; and there was a pinched expression of the nose most pitiable to

Her hands betrayed her deplorable character; for they were like clenched claws, and seemed undecided whether to keep what they had, or

fight for more.

"He's bad again," she said, in a hard, cracked voice; "and this time, perhaps, he'll go off."

"Ha! I'll come."

The words were uttered by the doctor in a scornful tone.
"Doctor," she continued, looking mistrustfully at the door, "we are alone?"
"Yes, Mrs. Bleacham."
"There has been a change at our house," she continued at ill watching the door.

continued, still watching the door.

"Ah! It must have been for the better; it

could not be for the worse." The wearisome woman shook her head, and said, "For the worse, sir-much, very much, for

the worse!"
"How is that?"

"We have 'had a visitor—a pauper, and a sheer fool, sir; for she despises riches, and says they do not lead to happiness; a born daft, who is his grand-niece; and—what if he was to die, leaving all his money to her?"
"Ah!"

"Or even any part of it?" cried the old woman, a thin froth fringing her lips. "Havn't I given up all my life to him! Forty years, doctor-forty years! Yes, I was only twenty when I went to that house; and I gave up everything for him. Why, from twenty to thirty, I never saw a little child with its mother, but my heart sank within me! I gave up the hope of husband, of children, of hope, for him. I've been a true and faithful servant. I've done a true and faithful servant. I've done everything in the house—washed, and even dug in the garden; and, sometimes, the housekeep ing has not been seven shillings a week for both of us when there was vegetables in the garden. And now, after waiting forty years, when he is eighty-four, here comes a milk-faced girl, and, perhaps, she will have part of all that ought to be mine! It's hard—very hard!"

The poor wretch rocked herself in her misery,

for she was one of those most deplorable of all humans-the misers-with nothing to save and

the fear of everything to lose.
"I have taken no wages through forty years, doctor; and now comes one who was only born yesterday, as compared with my long life, and is she to have part-is she to rob me, if only of

The doctor watched her. "And this." he thought, "is to what the lust for money will bring! She has lived alone, divorced from all that makes life bearable; she has led such an existence as can only be compared with that in a workhouse—and all for what? The hope of

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inheriting a miser's wealth, when she is far past an age at which she could alter her mode of life."

Suddenly he saw a smile, even more terriblethan the woman's usual expression, still further cross her wrinkled face.

"Rut I don't think sho will got mything."

"But I don't think she will get anything," she said, for you know how he loves money, and she tells him she despises it. It isn't likely he will leave his vast wealth to a chit of a girl who will think nothing of it."
"When you say he," said the doctor, gravely,

"I suppose you mean Mr. Hainer?"

"Yes," she replied, "I mean Mr. Abimelech Hainer. But bless thee, doctor, he's the only he for me, for there seems to be nobody in the world but him."

"You know Mrs. Bleecham I warned you

You know, Mrs. Bleacham, I warned you three years since, when first I came to know you, that it frequently happens such men as your

that it frequently happens such men as your master are very treacherous with regard to their promises. I su gested to you that he might die without making a will."

"Don't 'ee say so!" she said, in an insinuating tone. "Don't 'ee say so, or I shall take something bad for me, I know I shall! Why, haven't I earned it? Forty years, doctor—forty years!"

She rocked herself in sheer mental pain as she

However, as he watched the woman, once more a sense of hope caused the housekeeper to repeat her detestable smile, and she soid, "He must leave me his money, for he knows I should take care of it. Oh," she continued, hugging herself, "I wouldn't spend a shining coin of it—I love

it so dearly!"
"Meanwhile," continued the doctor, "our

patient is waiting; what is the matter?"

"This time, I think he is going, doctor!

Doctor,"—here her voice fell—"keep him to his word—only hold him to his word, and I will not forget you; no, no—the old woman will not forget you.

get you?"
"And this comes of the love of money!" he thought.

Never once, during the transit from the doc man of immense wealth, who, the most miserable of men, tied himself down to sixpence as his daily expenditure—never once did the wretched housekeeper cease from urging upon the surgeon the necessity of keeping Mr. Hainer

He enters the large, neglected, pinched and starved-looking house; he mounts the thread-bare carpeted staircase, and then in a moment

he sees her once again.
"Miss Errington!"
She started and looked up. "Doctor Dorlech!"

Then she shrank as she heard a voice calling "Dorlech, Dorlech, mind I haven't sent for you; it is that wasteful woman, Bleacham, who has called you in! Come here—come here, now you have got inside the house!"

She puts a finger on her lips, then pointed to the inner room, whence the fretful voice came. He obeyed.

It was such a change! He had seen her last in the midst of luxurious wealth. Now she was steeped in poverty.

Her worn and even patched dress, her rough-ened hands, the shapeless common boots—he saw all these in an instant.

Tears were falling over his cheeks as he turned and entered the miserable miser's room.

Their cause was of a mixed character. He wept for joy at seeing her again, and for sorrow

that her surroundings were so changed.

Life had altered for Dr. Ishmael Dorlech in

The old man might rage at the cost of a medical man presenting himself daily at the house, but, nevertheless, he saw the surgeon.

Every day a few words passed between Ishmael

she was quite gentle, resigned and humble. In her heart she really accepted her father's warning against poverty. She hated her dependent bread; yet what could she de—whither

Again the still, small voice of conscience told her that she was of use in that miscrable house, and that she fairly gained her bread.

The old man was gradually sinking, despite the medical man's endeavours to raise his vitality by a more generous diet than that to which he had been accustomed.

But upon one day he came from the sick-

room looking strangely white and guilty. For about a week previously every morning there had been a long consultation in the sickroom, from which Lucy was excluded, and at which Mrs. Bleacham assisted the master and the doctor.

Upon that particular day the housekeeper (following the surgeon, and carrying the old man's dinner tray) looked exceptionally calm

The couple passed through the outer room without speaking to Miss Errington, who seemed buried in thought as she sat near the window.

The satisfied and serene housekeeper, for whom the doctor opened the door, continued her way

The doctor remained hesitating on the threshold, and looking back at the desolate girl.

He made up his mind at last. He closed the door softly and went towards

There he found the housekeeper.

"Bless 'ee!" said the woman, "I've got will locked up in my box; and don't 'ee—don't 'ee let him change his poor mind! Think on it—for farty years his slave!"

for forty years his slave !"
"You will still be a slave to his wealth, after ou are freed by death from him, my poor creature " said Dorlech.

Two weeks afterwards the old man died. He had left all his money to his housekeeper

Not a shilling was left to his grand-niece. The will had been made some time before he knew of Miss Errington's existence.

Once again she was cast upon the world.

Her poor box was packed, and she was going out on the face of the wide earth, when, on the threshold of that miserable home, she met Dr.

"Good day, doctor," she said gently.
"Where are you going, Miss Errington?"
"To my aunt, Mrs. Kandar, for a short time, until I can see my way in life a little clear."
"Lucy," he said, "you know how I hate riches?"

"Yes," she answered.

for me.

"Yes," she answered.
"We are both poor enough—are we not?"
"Yery poor," she replied.
"But you would have been rich to-day only

Indeed, Mr. Dorlech!" "Yes; your grand-uncle would have altered his will in your favour; but, by my advice, he left the old one as it was. I told him you would waste his monev.

She looked at him calmly—not at all angry.
"I quite forgive you!" she said.
His face flushed.

"Why do you forgive me?"
"That is my secret," she replied, trying to

speak coldly.
"Is it—is it because you love me?"
She looked at him. It was sufficient answer.

He took both her hands. You are not afraid of poverty?"

"No," she said; when you were angry, and went away, before papa died, as you were leaving the room, I said, 'Come back!"
"For life!" he interposed, "together for both

our happy lives!" So they went out into the world, leaving the heiress desolate in her inherited home. Home!

At the end of six placid months, a letter came to the peaceful husband and wife from the

heiress. She described herself as wretched, asked to live with them, promising, in return, all her wealth at her death.

When she was refused, the desolate woman,

who had wasted her life in pursuit of wealth that, once possessed, crushed her, begged that she might see them now and then.

Oh, they granted her that boon, from very

Gradually, very gradually, the rich old woman is becoming human. She is most so when Lucy's two children are playing about her, and bawling

She has been taken into the house now, and the wealthy spinster begins to look bright. But it is hard work to rub away forty years' rust.

However, there is some good metal even in Mrs. Bleacham; and the poor woman declares that she is now truly happy for the first time in her life.

Dr. Dorlech may possibly be very rich some day; but his wealth will be a blessing, because he has learned the great lesson afforded by pov-

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

French Engineers — A Parthian Shaft from Col. Rhodes—Montmorency Falls -LEGISLATION-QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE-

The session is fast drawing to a close, the Private Bills have gradually decreased till but one or two remain on the Orders of the Day, and the majority of those will be gone this after-noon. A few public Bills, a few Government measures to be taken through their final stages, and this time next week will find the third Session of the second Parliament of the Province of Quebec ended, its halls and corridors will be once more silent, the furniture will be once more covered, the permanent employees will renew their arduous labours of reading the morning papers and having a pipe, and the hum-drum quiet life of a Government office will prevail and last till next Session, the last of this Parliament.

I find Mr. Bazerque, whom I mentioned in a previous letter, a more important individual than I at first learned. He was engaged in the Principality of Satsecumah, in Japan, as engineer, and was also employed in teaching the the effect that the charges made by Mr. natives military evolutions, and was made a Brigadier General. He is now engaged as a travelling correspondent and agent of the Encyclopedia of the XIXth Century, several copies of which, numbering some eighty odd volumes, he has placed here. He has been joined here by two engineers, Messrs. de La Mothe and Marchand, sent from l'Ecole Centrale of Paris, to make an official exploration of our mines and write a report thereon.

The Railway question has brought forth a series of letters in the local press here, on the advantage of the different routes, among which have been several from Col. Rhodes. This gentleman has lately left for California, but before going left a letter which has been pub-lished. I clip the following extract which is interacting as a vertical way. interesting as a parting shot from an old citizen: quieter, and a place where they might deliberate

arraid to go into the workshops of the land and learn the use of their hands as well as of their heads; they have all gone from the Province of Quebec, and I am left to vegetate and grow flowers to decorate the grave of the dying Quebecers or travel West, like the old Indian, the complete of the hanny lunting grounds. The large Archester of the hanny lunting grounds. in search of the happy hunting grounds. The great mistake of my life was settling in Quebec, but this I am not repeating in the second generation, as a man may pay too dear for beautiful

I paid a visit to Montmorency Falls last Sunday and had the pleasure of showing them to two gentlemen born in Quebec, who have lived here the major part of their lives and yet have never seen them before. The cones are small but well formed and afford splendid sliding grounds. I was lucky enough to witness the fall of a mass of ice weighing some tons which became detached and fell with the water into the hole beneath causing a tremendous roar and raising a curtain of spray which almost hid the scenery behind. On returning we came by the river road which was hardened on each side with heaps of ice caused by recent shoves and afforded a pleasant variety from the white waste beyond.

An amusing incident in the House, the other ternoon, is worthy of mention. When the afternoon, is worthy of mention. When the House goes into Committee of the Whole, the Speaker calls upon any member to preside then leaves the chair, the member presiding alway sitting in the place of the clerk immediately below the Speaker's throne. Mr. Price being called on quietly stepped up the dais and took the Speaker's chair amidst yells of from all parts of the House. Last Session Mr. McGauvran caused a similar explosion by doing the same thing.

The Private Bills Committee have completed

their labours, and here let me remark that the English members have been very remiss in their attendance at this, one of the most important if not the most important, committee in the House. Out of 37 members, 10 are English and of the 10 only 2 are regular attendants, namely the Hon. Mr. Robertson and Mr. McGauvran, and of those two Mr. Robertson deserves the most credit for the manner in which he has watched the private legislation, and very often with the result of preventing the passage of measures which were not only unjust butillegal. Of the other eight members those who have special bills look after them, and so soon as they are finished, away goes the mem-This is a mistake ; the English minority in this Province depend upon the English members to watch over their interests which are often affected by private measures and which cannot be properly attended to by one

I have mentioned in several of my letters that lively times were expected over the Quebec Charter amendments. The Bill was fixed for Tuesday and the committee were obliged to adjourn to their largest room, and that could not accommodate the crowd that wished to be present. The Corporation Billasked for power to borrow more money, the citizens' amendments looked for the abolition of the Council and the appointment of Commissioners, but like the Kilkenny cats they destroyed one another, as on it being found the Corporation had forgotten to put a preamble to their Bill, it was dismissed by the committee and with it went the citizens' amendments. So Quebec is left in financial difficulties and without the power of getting out of them.

Another question of privilege has arisen, but this time it was settled in one afternoon. It was raised by Mr. Bellingham who charged the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, the Provincial Secretary, with acting as Director on the Board of the Laurentian Railway Company, his only qualification being stock transferred to him without consideration by the contractor. He attempted to introduce a copy of an affidavit made by the contractor, but was prevented on a point of order being raised by Mr. Angers. Mr. Bellingham then resting his charges on his declaration, moved for a special committee to enquire into them. A point of order was raised on this motion, which was reserved but subsequently withdrawn. In the meantime Mr. Chapleau made a personal explanation in which, while acknowledging having been qualified by the contractor, he gave a full history of the road and his dealings therewith, showing that it was a private matter and in way conflicted with his position as a Cabinet Minister, or as a member of the House. After dinner the whole question was settled by the adoption of Bellingham did not reflect upon the honor and dignity of the House or amount to a breach of its privileges.
A special committee has been appointed to

take into consideration the present system of Municipal Taxation which exists in the Province of Quebec, with instructions to enquire into the best measures to take to remedy the injustice and unfairness which attend the levying of municipal taxes, as at present practised, with power to report from time to time by bill or otherwise.

A motion made seriously, but treated as a joke, was one to move the seat of Governmet to Three Rivers, made by Mr. Turcotte, member for that city. His principal argument was that, in view of the late disturbances, Three Rivers would be

"Let every man look into his own family to read the history of the future: what does mine teach me? I have five sons, men who were not afraid to go into the workshops of the land and monies, which should be introduced by a mes-

Louis Archambault.

The Committee on Industries have reported to the House a letter from Mr. Prevost, a French mineralogist, who suggests the use of carbonic acid gas as a means of economizing fuel in smelting metals, the heavy cost of fuel making the operation of smelting extremely expensive. Mr. Gauthier, member for Charlevoix, offered to surrender the whole of his large interest in the St. Urbain Mines if Government would adopt the system proposed by Mr. Prevost.

The first Report of the Commissioners ap-

pointed to make the classification, revision and consolidation of the General Statutes of the Province of Quebec, has been brought down and ordered to be printed. It is a bulky document and will be found of important interest. It is not yet distributed.

The Treasurer's Tax Resolutions were brought down on Wednesday evening. The tax on tranfers of stock and powers of attorney to make such transfers remains unchanged, at 10 cents on the \$100. The other tax is reduced from 25 cents to 15 cents per \$100 or fraction thereof over \$200 on agreements, obligations or contracts.

These Resolutions have been adopted and the Bill founded on them has been introduced, but not without opposition, Mr. Joly having made an amendment that they were unnecessary, which was lost on a division, 22 to 39. The Bill will likely be opposed further, but with the same result.

Apropos of the Government Railway Bill, Mr. Shehyn, on Friday, attempted to introduce a Bill to incorporate the Terrebonne and St. Therese Ry. Co. for the construction of a road between those two places. It was, however, too late to introduce a Private Bill, so the matter fall through fell through.

The consideration of the License Bill has commenced, and as for the future the House will sit twice a day till the prorogation on Thursday or Friday next, there is no doubt it will be thoroughly considered, notwithstanding there are nearly one hundred amendments to be dealt with. It is to be hoped the Bill will satisfy nearly everybody when it is passed. The tec-totaliers, I know, it will not; they want no licenses granted whatever.

On mentioning the prophecy concerning the new Pope, you published editorially in a late number, I was informed of another to the effect that in days gone by a monk had prophesied the number of Popes and had given a motto to each. So far every motto has been fulfilled. That of Pius IX was, "Cross upon crosses;" that of the present Pope is, "Lux in Cœlis"—"Light in the Heavens." By the bye some curiosity is felt here as to the meaning of Pecci in regard to your prophecy. Can you enlighten them?

KRISS KRINGLE.

ARTISTIC.

A FRENCHMAN has discovered a process for engraving upon glass by electricity.

The subscription organized by the $Bien\ Public\ for\ raising\ a\ statue\ to\ the\ late\ M.\ Thiers has now reached the sum of £1.500.$

THE Louvre has bought a portrait of a man by Ingrés, dated 1814, and a beautiful study in pastile by Prud'hon, a bust of a young woman, life size.

ALL the stalls and nearly every dress-circle seat for the 1000th representation of Our Boys have been sold. Charing Cross Hospital will benefit greatly by the result of the performance. M. GUILLAUME has been appointed to execute

the memorial statue of M. Thiers, which is to be in white marble, of lite size, and to be placed in one of the halls of the Musée Historique at versailles. MEISSONIER is painting for the next Paris Salon a picture to form a pendant to the celebrated "Waterloo Charge." It is an early morning scene, and represents cuirassiers in line of battle ready for action.

DETAILLE is at work on a painting for the Paris Exhibition, representing "Napoleon, First Consul, in Egypt." The scene is just after a great victory, with the great General on horseback in the centre, General Kleiner and staff, and to the right a group of prisoners in the gorgeous costumes of the East.

MARBLE identical with the famous yellow MARTIE. REHISTORY WITH THE REHISTORY SPEED.

Italian narble—the Giallo Antico—has been found in California, at Tehacepa, Kern County. The Californian stone is white, with amber-coloured veins, and the discovery is highly prized, as the quarry from which the yellow Italian marble was procured has been unknown for centuries.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

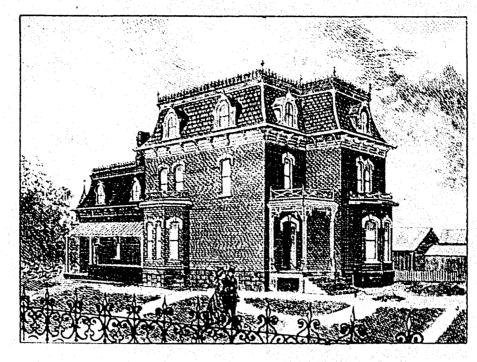
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

VARIETIES.

HEALTH IN WINTER .- Perhaps the best and most natural way of arriving at true rules of guidance with respect to the art of living in win-ter is to ask, How does cold weather affect the normal functions of the human body ! The primary physiological action of cold may be defined as the production of internal congestions. This fact may be expressed in simple explanatory fashion by saying that cold drives the blood from the circumference to the centre of the framefrom the skin to the viscera, from the outside to the inside. As a medical correspondent puts it, "While the extremeties are suffering from an insufficiency of blood, the internal organs are suffering from an excess; and hence the lungs and liver become oppressed in proportion to the coldness of the hands, the feet, and the face." Heart, lungs, and liver are consequently over-strained by the additional blood-pressure thus thrown on them. They are affected with that engorgement which enfeebles them, and which, if it does not render them suitable soil for the seeds of disease, at least weakens their ability to resist morbific influences.

TRE HUMAN FAMILY .- The late exhibition in America having brought together people of all nations, it occurred to Professor Richardson, of Pennsylvania, that it would not be a bad idea to get individuals of the several races to give him a little of their blood for investigation. It is reported that he carried out his idea very satisfacported that he carried out his idea very satisfactorily. Blood was produced from individuals hailing from Japan, Spain, Belgium, Zurich, Turkey, Copenhagen, Russia, Christiania, Sweden, Italy, France, America, and likewise from a Cherokee Indian and a "nigger." It is well known that blood consists of a clear liquid and of millions of little red circular disks called corpuscles. These are too small to be seen be These are too small to be seen by the naked eye, but under a microscope they can measured. This was what Professor Richardson manuel. When in Paris some ten years ago, did. He passed the different samples of blood he entered a shop in which he had noticed a very beneath the micrometer of his microscope, and pretty girl, and, like a bom bourgoois, purchased he was thus enabled to say whether they differed a pair of braces. "Et arec ça !" asked the shopin form or size. And what was the result! In form or size. And what was the result! In differences were in almost all nil, but in a lew tuomo. "Arecça," answered Victor Emmanuel, were exceedingly slight. He therefore concludes nettled at the intrusion of the jealous tradesman, that all are alike, and his observations go to show "arec ça, mousicur, je fuis tenir mon pantalon."



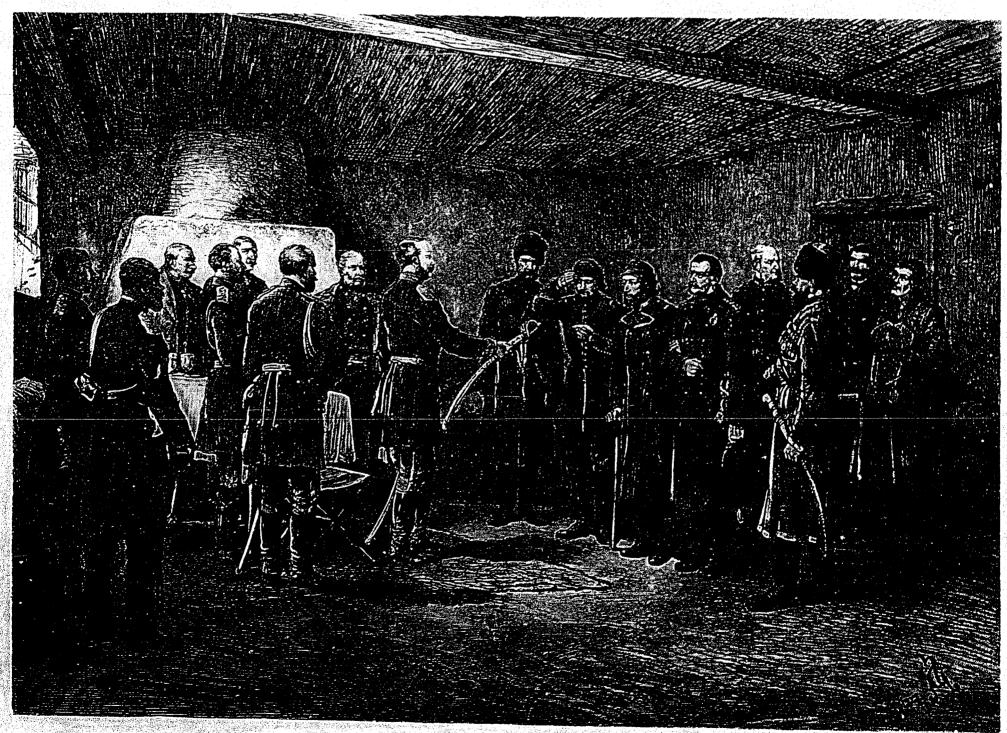
RESIDENCE OF GILBERT SMITH, ESQ., MORRISBURG, ONT.

ET AVEC CA .-- This enervating "anything

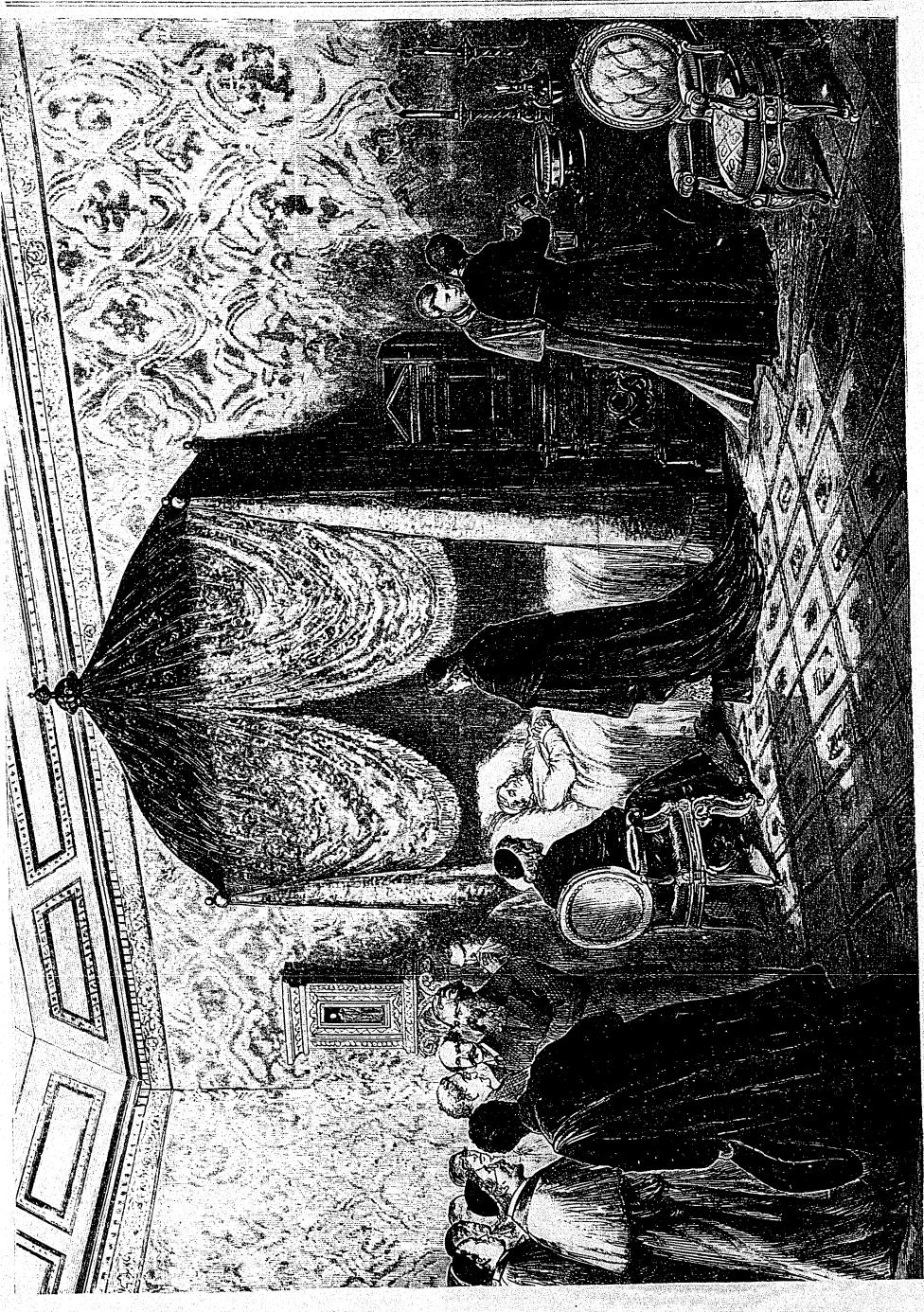
L'Eschavage .- The fashionable bracelet in be distinctly observed, and by means of an in-else!" of French shopkeepers once gave rise to Paris is called l'esclarage. It is a fetter of gold, strument called a micrometer can be accurately a very witty reply from the late Victor Emworn on the arm above the elbow, and is riveted measured. This was what Professor Richardson manuel. When in Paris some ten years ago, and soldered by the jeweller of bland and is riveted that the research of the different sample of bland a basic part of the given to be wearn till death or disperse of

that the Scriptural declaration is correct, that the Almighty "made of one blood all the nations of the earth."

PRELING A PICTURE.—Three young painters had often heard what the American Page had proved, relates Mr. C. G. Leland, that by carefully peeling the picture of a great artist coat by coat, one may learn all his secrets of colour. So, having raised their last available cent, and brought themselves, by closely-screwn sacrifice, down to the level of the bottom dollar, they invested the results in an undoubted Titian-a Virgin which they laid on a table, and proceeded to remove the outer varnish by means of fric-tion with the fingers, which varnish very soon rose up in a cloud of white dust, and acted much as a shower of snull would have done, to say nothing of dusting their jackets. They thus arrived at the naked colours, which had by thitime assumed a very crude form, owing to the fact that a certain amount of liquorish tincture, as of Turkey rhubarb (tine rhubarbara), had become incorporated somehow with the varnish, and to which the colours had been indebted for their "golden warmth." This brought them to the "glazing proper," which had been deprived of the evidence of the age or antiquity by the removal of the paliner, or little cups which had formed in the canvas between the web and the woof. The next process was to remove the glaze from the saffron robe, composed of yellow lake and burnt sienna. This brought them to a flame colour, in which the modelling had been made. They next attacked the robe of the Virgin Mary, and having taken away. gin Mary, and, having taken away the crimson lake, were astonished to find a greenish drab. When they had thus in turn removed every colour in the picture, dissecting every part by diligent care, loosening every glare by solvents too numerous to mention—including alcohol and various adaptations of alkali—they had the ineffable satisfaction of feeding their eyes on the design in a condition of crude, blank chiaroncuro. Blinded by enthusiasm—yet having made careful notes of all they had done—they flew valiantly at the white and black with pumice-stone and pot-ash; when, lo and behold, something very rubicund appeared, which further excavations declared was the tip of the red-nose of King George the Fourth! The Titian for which they had sacrificed so much was a false



THE CZAR RETURNING TO OSMAN PASHA HIS SWORD.



A FLORENTINE CARNIVAL SONG OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Composed by Antonio Alamanni.)

AS SUNG BY A COMPANY OF MASQUERS, HABITED AS SKELETONS, ON A CAR OF DEATH DE-SIGNED BY PIERO DI COSIMO.

> Sorrow, tears, and penitence Are our doom of pain for aye: This dead concourse riding by Hath no cry but penitence

E'en as you are, once were we: We are dead men, as you see: We shall see you dead men, where Nought avails to take great care. After sins, of penitence.

We too in the Carnival Sang our love-songs through the town: Thus from sin to sin we all Headlong, heedless, tumbled down: Now we cry, the world around, Penitence! oh. penitence!

Senseless, blind, and stubborn fools! Time steals all things as he rides: Honours, glories, states, and schools. Pass away, and nought abides; Till the tomb our carcase hides, And compels this penitence.

This sharp scythe you see us bear. Brings the world at length to woe: But from life to lite we fare; And that life is joy or woe: All heaven's bliss on him doth flow Who on earth does penitence.

Living here, we all must die ; Dying, every sout shall live: For the king of kings on high This fixed ordinance doth give: Lo, you all are fugitive! Peuitence! Cry penitence!

Torment great and grievens dole Hath the thankless heart mid you But the man of piteous soul Finds much honour in our crew: Love for loving is the due That prevents this penitence.

Sorrow, tears, and penitence Are our doom of pain for aye: This dead concourse riding by Hath no cry but penitence!

J. A. S.

WHICH PROPOSED?

Dr. Gibson, having made a friendly visit to Mrs. Kellicott, walked down to the garden-gate with her daughter Matty.

Mutty was now 20 years old, and the doctor was 30. Her eyes were brown, and his were grey. She "had on" a pink calico dress and a white muslin apron; and he wore professional

The gentleman admired the lady's flowers very much, especially the white roses, one of which, by the way, she had tucked under her chin. She inquired, with considerable show of interest, about the Ruggles children, who had the measles. He told her, gravely, all about Tommy and Ben, Alice and Kit; and when he had finished, a silence fell upon them.

Matty was leaning on the gate, looking down the village street. She thought how singular it was for Mr. Scott to paint his verandah pea green, with lavender borders, and was about to say so to Dr. Gibson, when he stopped her.

He said the very last thing she would have expected to hear. He said, "Matty, I love you, and want you to marry me!"

Her very look would have told him, without

a single spoken word, how thoroughly unlooked for such a proposition had been. She had never, in all the years she had known Dr. Gibson thought for a moment of the possibility of his loving her. She was very sorry, she told him, but she didn't love him one bit, at least in that way. But tears came to her relief, as she saw

the quiet face grow a triffe overcast.
"I hardly believed you did care for me," he "But I hoped you went on, after a pause. "But I hoped you might learn to do it."
"But -but," said Mary, with embarrassment,

"I-I thought everyone knew I am engaged to

my cousin Tom."
"Your cousin Tom!" echoed the doctor.

It was impossible to mistake the expression which passed over his features. It was not merely personal regret at the fact she announced, but an impartial disapproval of the match.

He made no comment, however, but directly nean that I shall always love you; and if you ever need a friend or protector, or—or any one, you'll come to me, won't you?"

She promised, and held out her hand to him. He took it warmly, said "Bless you," and left her have been have detailed.

her hurriedly. Matty, still leaving on the little wooden gate, watched the retiring figure out of sight. She was very quiet all day, and in the evening propounded this absurd question: "Tom, what would you do if I should jilt you?"

Ton stroked his down your line and looked

Tom stroked his downy upper lip, and looked

pensive.
"Couldn't say," he replied, after some moments of reflection. "You might try it, and

see."
"Perhaps I will," she responded, more seriously than the occasion seemed to warrant. Tom stared hard at her, but immediately forgot the incident.

Nearly a year passed. One day, Mrs. Kelli-cott's servant rushed into Dr. Gibson's house, and breathlessly announced to that gentleman that "Mr. Tom would be dead as a door-nail long afore he got there, if he did not run." For two seconds, thinking of Tom as his rival in Matty's affections, the doctor had half a mind to consign him to the tender mercies of good,

The second secon

stupid, old Dr. Wells; but his better nature prevailed, and he started for Mrs. Kellicott's at

the very heels of the excited servant-girl.

When he arrived, he found Tom in a high when he arrived, he found from he arrived, he found from a severe case of typhoid fever, and privately added a doubt whether he would recover. He sent to his own house for some changes of clothing, and prepared to stop for the present with the sick

Matty, too, was unwearied in her work, and, being necessarily much in Tom's room, consequently saw the doctor constantly.

He and his patient presented a marked con-trast to each other; the latter was cross, cap tious and peevish to an unheard of degree, and talked incessantly of some unknown being

On the other hand, Dr. Gibson was so patient and gentle, so strong and helpful, doing so much for Tom, and yet not forgetting one of his accustomed duties, that Matty opened her eyes in astonishment.

One morning, as the doctor prepared a sleep-Matty a prescription for somebody else, she said, with real solicitude, "Dr. Gibson, you will certainly kill yourself, if you keep on at this rate, and 'tis my belief that you are over-worked and you ought to take a rest."

"Do I appear to be at death's door?" he inquired, straightening up, and squaring his shoulders, as if proud of his proportions. "No, Matty," he continued, solemnly, though with a merry twinkle in his eyes; "'work," as Mrs. Bowers frequently remarks, 'is a panacea."

Matty understood him, and coloured crimson. At last Tom was pronounced out of danger, and now the coctor felt he must remove his belongings from Mrs. Kellicott's house to his own. Matty, hidden by the honeysuckle vines of the

piazza, watched him go, and cried a little.

The morning after, Tom and Matty sat on the lawn; he reading, or pretending to read, while she sewed diligently. Neither had uttered a word for more than half an hour.

Presently Matty shook out the muslin cap she was making, and laid it on her work-box, put her little silver thimble aside, and dropped her Then hands, one over the other, into her lap.

she looked up.

Tom was staring straight at her. She coloured

violently, and so, for that matter, did he.

"Tom," she began. "don't be angry. Oh, do forgive me!—I——" She paused, trying to think how she could tell him softly; but went."

on, bluntly, "I want to end our engagement."
"So do 1," rejoined he, with difficulty repressing a whistle.

Then both burst into a hearty laugh.
"You see, Mat," said Tom, when he could speak, "I love some one clse."

Mattie appeared to be taken quite by surprise at this declaration.
"But I couldn't help it; indeed I couldn't.

"She is a young lady whose name is Kate, and her eyes are the blackest, and her checks the ruddiest, and she sings 'Under the Stars,' with guitar accompaniment," rattled Matty, all It was now Tom's turn to stare.

"Where did you find all that out?" he

asked.
"My dear, a little bird whispered it. I think I'll go and write to my future cousin;" and off she ran, glad to escape from the questions which

she feared he might propound.

"But you haven't told me——" he called

after her.
"And never shall," she returned, whisking into her own room.

In less than half an hour she had reconciled

her mother to Fate's decree, had written to Miss Kate Spencer, had persuaded Tom to write also, and had done much toward informing the whole village of her altered prospects.

In due time Tom was married, Matty officiating as first bridesmaid.

Matty, after the excitement of Tom's wedding, bethought herself what she should do. There were her summer dresses to be made up and the flowers to attend to, but these occupied neither all her time nor thoughts. There ought to have been Dr. Gibson, too, she could not help thinking, but that gentleman, instead of falling at her feet as soon as he heard she was free, paid her no more attention than before. She waited for him in growing wonder and worry, an eternity—two weeks—and then took measures to bring him to his senses

She employed only recognized and lady-like means, however. She began by flirting a little

with different gentlemen.

There was Will Ellis. This young gentleman had offered himself to our heroine on the aver age four times a year, ever since she was fifteen

She had invariably refused him, decidedly and emphatically; but they were the best friends in the world. She now told him in so many words, that she would accept all the attentions he would offer her during the next week, taking care to remember that this singular declaration proceeded not from any special regard for him, but was made in pursuance of

some occult design on her part.

Forthwith, the pair embarked upon what seemed the stormiest flutation Skinnersville ever saw. In the long mornings they drove or walked out together; they dined at Mrs. Kellicott's and immediately called forth on some warken out together; they dired at Mrs. Kellicott's, and immediately sallied forth on some other excursion. Both were excellent equestrians, and Matty gloried in galloping "over hill and over dale," on one of Will's handsome horses (Will, by the bye, was the son of a rich

man.) Then they drank tea on the lawn, and spent the evening at the piano, or in reading.

At the hour of 10, Matty always sent Will

home, without a particle of ceremony, or regret at his departure. In short, what appeared to Skinnersville a serious courtship, was, in reality, a purely business matter, and so understood between the parties to it.

This state of affairs continued for a week, or so, during which time the doctor ignored Matty's existence, excent as she was the daughter of his dear friend, Mrs. Kellicott. And all the while the girl was raging inwardly at her former

suitor.
"Why doesn't he ask me once again?" she queried, mentally. "I am sure he loves me, and anyone might see that I love him; but he won't speak, and I can't. I suppose I shall be an old maid."

But the doctor was not to blame. A man of the world would have seen through Matty's stratagem, but he did not; he imagined that she was either trying to drown her disappointment at losing Tom, or had hardly decided to marry the enamored Will.

The truth occurred to Matty at last. She could hardly believe such stupidity existed in the mind of man; but she determined to try what a modest and retiring behaviour would

So she dismissed Will, and became, to all outward resemblance, a little nun. Still, no advances on the doctor's part. He came and went constantly to the house, however. Matty gave up all hope, finally, of ever coming to a better understanding with him, when something hap-

Dr. Gibson "dropped in" one morning, when Mrs. Kellicott sat sewing on the lawn, in the cool, refreshing breeze.

You musn't come here," she called, as he alighted from his gig. "My work requires my undivided attention. You may go and help Matty, if you like." "My work requires my

That young lady was making tartlets in the kitchen. She saw the doctor coming round the corner of the house, gave a hurried glance at the bright bottom of a tin pan she was holding, found herself presentable, and greeted him composedly. She was very glad to see him, she Wouldn't he come in?

No, he wouldn't come in, the day was so beautiful. He would just stand on the little bried pavement under the window and lean over the sill.

So there he stood, under the grape-vine trellis, with little flocks of golden sunshine falling on his hair and shoulders. Matty observed that he looked thoroughly unlover-like, and concluded that he didn't intend to propose.

Somehow the talk veered round from the weather to Miss Becker, the suffrage, and woman's rights.

Matty, on this, spoke up. She didu't at all believe in the second-hand influence which reached the ballot-box through the agency of

when I vote," she said, "I vote to march to the polling-place, and put in my vote my

What a pretty spectacle you'd make, Matty,

with that rolling-pin in your hand, and—"
"I am not at all sure that I want to vote," she interrupted. "But I would just like to make a few laws, that's all."

"Well, you might petition the House of suggested the doctor, gravely.

Commons," suggested the doctor, gravely.

"Oh, they're not legal laws; only social customs and usages. I'll tell you just what I mean.

She laid the rolling-pin aside with an emphatic bang, placed her floury arms a-kimbo, looking very earnest and determined, and quite regardless of the fact that she and Dr. Gibson were in love with each other. "Now, at a party, when a lady sits alone in a stiff chair all ! the evening, not dancing, simply because she hasn't a partner, and can't ask any one—ah, you know, Dr. Gibson, you know—"
"How it is myself?" interpolated he.

"How it was at Mrs. Campbell's, the other ight. If I had been Anna Radcliffe, or Dora Collard, I'd have asked some of you men to

"Then you think women should have the privilege of asking for whatever they wish?" he retorted, with a half smile.

She answered that she thought just that.

"Well, Matty, I quite agree with you. I not only think they should have the right in such case as you mention, but also in more serious For instance, women might, with perfect propriety, make proposals of marriage."

Now, such an idea had never entered Matty's

head, and she seized the jam-pot in great embarrassment. The doctor went on, with much gravitv.

"I am aware that it would be a very unconventional proceeding, and I am afraid no woman will ever be wise enough to take the initiative; and yet I am persuaded that, in many instances, it would be the most natural and beautiful thing she could do."

He was looking unconsciously up at the blue sky shining through the filagree-work of vinc-leaves above him. It was evident he was think-ing of women in the abstract only, but a falter-ing little "Dr. Gibson" recalled him to himself. And there stood Matty, smiling, blushing, dimpling, ready to extinguish herself in her

"Dr. Gibson, I like you ever so much!" she faltered, bravely, but breathlessly.

The doctor jumped through the open window, and made his proposal over again.

DOMESTIC.

CELERY.—Celery can be kept for a week or longer by first rolling it up in brown paper, then pinning it up in a towel and placing it in a dark place, and keeping as cool as possible. Before preparing it for the table, place it in a pan of cold water, and let it remain for an hour. It will make it crisp and cold.

ONION DUMPLING .- Take a large onion (Span-ONION DUMPLING.—Take a large official (Spains ish if possible), cut it in two, and take out just as much of the heart as will leave room for a little piece of bacon or ham. Make a common paste with flour, suct, add salt, as large as will hold the onion. Put the two halves of the onion together, and close it up in the paste. Boil in a cloth for two and a half hours.

BREAD SAUCE. Boil a moderate-sized onion with black pepper and milk till the onion is quite soft. Pour the strained milk on grated white stale bread, and cover it closely to keep in the steam. In an hour put it into a saucepan with a good piece of butter mixed with a little flour; boil the whole up together and serve.

a little flour; boil the whole up together and serve.

OATMEAL.—Oatmeal, as ordinarily prepared, contains much more flesh-forming material than fine wheat-flour, and often from six to eight times as much oil. Oatmeal rrequently contains seven or eight or even ten per cent. of oil, while the whole grain of wheat rarely has more than two per cent., of which the greater part is cast aside in the preparation of flour. Oatmeal is hence much superior to wheat, not only as a muscle-forming food, but also for increasing the formation of fat. forming food, but also for increasing the formation of nat-in addition to a large quantity of readily assimilable starch, it also contains a notable proportion of sugar, and is capable of furnishing the requisite mineral consti-tuents for the formation of bone. FRENCH STEW.—Two pounds of knuckle-end

FRENCH STEW.—Two pounds of knuckle-end of a leg of muton cut into pieces about two inches square, the bone being well broken, six large carrots cut into rings about a quarter of an inch thick, two onions, one tablespoonful of catsup, one of any piquant sauce, and two of vinegar, a bunch of parsley, half a pint of boiling water, and two tablespoonfuls of dripping outer. Put the dripping into a hot saucepan, and fry in it the onions cut into quarters; add the meat, vinegar, sauce, catsup, and parsley, with a little pepper and salt; cook all together for five or ten minutes, taste the gravy to judge if more pepper or salt is required, then add the carrots and water, and stew slowly for two hours, stirring occasionally. If more gravy is desired, add more water. Serve hot.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

tiste street. Montreal.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.— etter received. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 162 re-

ceived. Correct.
G. G., London, Ont—Letter received, which we have handed to Mr. Shaw, the conductor of the Tourney.
G. B., Montreal.—Games received. They shall appear

shortly.
E. A., Montreal —Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 159 received. Correct.

We have recently had the pleasure of looking over a very interesting Chess work, Phillidor's "Analysed ut Jeudest Echecs." It is the second edition of the work, the first having appeared about thirty years before. The volume bears the date of 1777, and consequently is just over 100 years old. It is in a good state of preservation, and belongs to the McGill College Library.

We learn from the work that it was published by subscription, and in the list of subscribers we find some names which at that time, were among the in-st important connected with the political and literary affairs of England and France. Charles Fox, Lord North, Voltaire. Marmontel Raynal and Mrs. Garrick, are names associated with circumstances and events which are well known to the student of history.

As a guide to Chess, the work is not equal to some of the treatises of the present time, but it was very valuable at the period when it was published, and Phillodr's name was a great recommendation, as he was the great Chess player of the day. The work was published in London, and must have been highly prized by the members of the Chess Ches Ches of that city, which at that time met in St James Street.

S: James Street.

It has been stated that Philidor's chief excellence lay in his pawn play, and his expression, "Le pion c'est l'ame du jeu," is often repeated. We notice in his analyses that he gives parti-ular directions as to the proper employment of these important minor pieces.

It is not generally known that Philidor was also an excellent music composer his Chess skill having cast his other talents into the shade. He is als generally acknowledged in Chess circles as among the first to exhibit before the public those astonishing performances

hibit before the public those astonishing performances of blindfold Chess of which numerous examples are given in the present day by Blackburne and others.

All Chess-players interested in the International Tournev will be pleased t) read the following, copied from Forest and Stream:

"The games in the International Tourney are already well advanced, and, judging from the games published, the contestants are generally playing extremely well, and with great care. The pairing of the several participants shows very good judgment on the part of the managers of this Tourney, notwithstanding a few critics demur to Mrs. Gilbert, the "Queen of Chess." being opposed to Mr. Gossip, a prominent English player. These aggressions are uncalled for, unkind and unjust to that lady, and these critics ought not to persistently ignore her record containing important match games won by as brilliant and sound combinations as correspondence play hrs yet spread upon the record, from players not inferior h's yet spread upon the record, from players not inferior to Mr. Gossip in Chess strategy."

In our Column before the last we are made to say, in speaking of Mr. Bird's reception in England, that his general character was appreciated by his Montreal friends

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It should have been his *genial character*; but, inasmuch as his *general* character is a *genial* one, the misprint is not of much consequence.

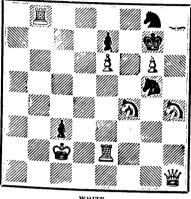
A few days ago we copied the following from the Hart-ford Times (Conn.). It appears to be the first of the games in the International Match brought to a conclu-sion. It is remarkably short for a correspondence game. THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH—TALLY ONE FOR AMERICA.

(Between William Olcott, of Hartford, and H. Williams of England.)

WHITE-(Olcott.) BLACK-(Williams.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 4 4. Kttakes P 5. B to K 3 6. P to Q B 3 7. B to K 9 8. B to C 9 BLACK—(W. 1. P to K 4 2. Kr to Q B 3 3. P takes P 4. B to Q B 3 6. K Kt to K 2 7. P to Q 4 8. P to Q R 3 9. B to Kr 3 10. Kr 5 10 B to Q 3 Castles. 9. Castles, 10. P takes P 11. R to K sq 12. Q to K R 5 13. Q takes Kt 14. Q to K Kt 5 10. Kt takes P 11. Castles 12. P to K Kt 3 13. R to Q sq Black resigns.

> PROBLEM No. 162. By H. MRYER

> > BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND. GAME 242ND.

Played at the recent Tourney of the Lincoln County Chess Association, by Messrs. Ensor and Thorold, for H. R. H. Prince Leopold's Cup.

WHITE-(Mr. Ensor.) BLACK--(Mr. Thorold.)

(King's Gambit.)

1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4
3. P to Q 4
4. K to K 2
4. K to K 2
5. P takes P
6. Kt to K B 3
6. Kt to Q 2
7. K to Q 2
7. R to Q 2
7. B takes K t
8. Q takes B
9. P to Q B 4
10. Kt to Q B 3
11. B to Q 3
12. K to B 2
12. K to B 2
13. B takes K t
14. P takes B
14. P takes B
16. P takes C
17. P takes P
18. K takes K t
19. Q R to K K tsq
19. Q R to K K tsq
19. Q R to K K tsq
19. P to K B 3
20. R takes R P
21. R to K R 5
22. B to B 5 (cb)
23. P takes P
24. P to Q B 4 and White wins. (King's Gambit.) ambit.)

1. P to K 4
2. P takes P
3. Q to R 5 (ch)
4. P to Q 4
5. B to K t 5 (ch)
6. K t to Q 2
7. B takes K t
8. Castles
9. B to K t 5 (ch)
10. K t to K B 3
11. K R to K sq
12. P to K K t 4
13. B takes K t

GAME 243RD.

(From the Dramatic Times.) The following charming little game was one of seven which Mr. Blackburne conducted simultaneously, and without board or men, azainst seven of the strongest players of the Church Club, at Manchester.

Game between Blackburne and Simon-

(Petroff opening.) WHITE (Mr. Blackburne.)

BLACK (Mr. Simol. Pto K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. Kt takes P
4. Kt to K B 3 (a)
5. Pto Q 4
6. R to Q 3
7. Pto B 3
8. Cavites
9. Kt to Q 2
10. Q to B 2
11. Pto Q R 4
12. Pto Q R 4
12. Pto Q K 1
13. Kt to K sq
14. Rt takes K (b)
15. B takes K P
16. B takes K P
16. B takes K P
16. B takes R (a)
17. Bto Q 3
18. B to Q 3
20. Q to Q 2
21. B to Q 3
22. Kt takes P
23. B takes R
Resigns. BLACK (Mr. Simon.) P to K 4 Kt to K B 3 B to B 4 4. Kt to B3
5. Kt takes P
6. B to Kt 3
7. P to Q 4 11. Q to K 2 12. P to Q R 4 13. R to B 3 14. P to B 5 P takes Kt R to K sq K to R sq Q to K 3 19. Q to Q 2 20. P to B 6 21. R to Kt 3 22. P takes P 23. B to B 6 24. Q to Kt 5 (c)

NOTES

(a) Weak. The best move here is Kt takes Kt. Pto Q 4 may also be played without disadvantage. (b) Had he tried to win a piece by P to B 3. White would have finished off the game very elegantly, thus—

WHITE. BLACK. 15. Kt takes Q P 16. B takes P (ch) 17. Kt to Kt 6 (ch) P tak s Kt

Mating next move.

(c) A perfect picture of a lovel end-game is here realized by this mar, ellous "blindfold" player.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 161. WHITE. (By the Composer.) BLACK.

1. R to Kt 6
2. B to Q Kt 5
3. Mates accordingly.

There is an easy solution of this Problem by Checking with Kt at Q B 3,

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 159 WHITE. BLACK.

 Q to K Kt 4 (ch)
 P takes Kt (ch)
 P to K Kt 5 (ch)
 B mates. 2. K to K R 3 3. K to K R 4

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 160. WHITE. BLACK.

Kat K Kt 8 Rat K R 6 Bat K 2 Kt at Q Kt 7

K at K sq Pawns at K 2, Q 2, and K B 2

White to play and mate in two moves.

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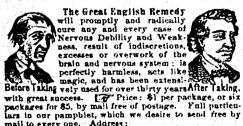
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