

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS
DONE TO ILLUSTRATE
THE NOVELS OF HONORÉ
DE BALZAC ♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣

HENRY T THOMAS AND COMPANY
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ORIGINAL PAINTINGS ILLUSTRATING THE NOVELS OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC

By GASTON BUSSIERE

1 Esther's Attempted Suicide

The grisette was senseless. A chafing-dish of burned charcoal told the story of the awful morning. The hood and cloak of the domino lay on the floor. The bed was undisturbed. The poor girl, cut to the heart by a deadly wound, had, no doubt, arranged everything after her return from the Opera. From THE WAY THAT YOUNG GIRLS LOVE.

2 Carlos and Esther

"You must wait a few days more and then you shall both be free."

"Both?" repeated she in ecstasy.

Viewed from a distance the scene amazed both scholars and teachers. They thought that they had witnessed some magical transformation, as they compared Esther to her former self. The girl, quite changed, lived once more. She reappeared in her true, living nature, sweet, coquettish, impulsive, gay. In a word, she came to life again! THE WAY THAT YOUNG GIRLS LOVE.

3 In The Rue Taitbout

Esther sprang up like a wild beast; her hair uncoiled, clustered about her splendid face like the leaves of a tree. She looked fixedly at Lucien.

"Your life?" she cried. THE WAY THAT YOUNG GIRLS LOVE.

4 Arrest of Esther

At the moment that Esther opened her door and appeared, ill-covered by her dressing-gown, her bare feet in slippers, her hair floating loose, so beautiful that the angel Raphael would have lost heaven for her sake, five unclean wretches burst in through the parlor door and advanced toward the heavenly creature as she stood like an angel in some religious picture of the Flemish school. HOW MUCH LOVE COSTS OLD MEN.

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5 The Death of Peyrade

Contenson, who appeared with his face cleansed from its black disguise, stood as though transformed into a bronze statue, when he heard Lydie say :

"Then you won't pardon me, father? It was not my fault!"

She did not know that her father was dead. HOW MUCH LOVE COSTS OLD MEN.

6 M. Camusot, Bébé Lupin and Trompe-la-Mort

Once again Jacques Collin was obliged to remove his coat. Bébé-Lupin drew back the sleeve of his shirt and pointed to the scar he had named. THE END OF BAD ROADS.

7 Suicide of Lucien

When the cell door was opened, and the countess saw Lucien hanging as though his garments were suspended from a peg, she bounded toward him to seize and clasp him to her. THE END OF BAD ROADS.

8 The Attorney-General, M. Gault and Collin

M. de Granville looked carefully at Jacques Collin and saw that he was outwardly calm, but he soon perceived the truth of what the director had told him. The convict's deceptive attitude hid the cold and terrible irritation of the nerves of a savage. Volcanic fire was smouldering in his eyes and his hands were clenched; he was like a tiger. THE LAST INCARNATION OF VAUTRIN.

9 La Pouraille to Jacques Collin

These three questions were snapped like as many pistol shots.

"Don't trifle with a poor priest who is here by mistake," answered Jacques Collin, mechanically; for on the instant he had recognized his three comrades.

"That's the ring of his voice; but it's not his phiz," laying his hand on Jacques Collin's shoulder. THE LAST INCARNATION OF VAUTRIN.

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10 Collin and Corentin at M. de Granville's

Jacques Collin...forced back his savage impulse, and repressing it with the energy which made him so formidable, he assumed the amiable manner and tone of obsequious politeness to which, while playing the part of an ecclesiastic of high rank, he had accustomed himself.

"Monsieur Corentin," he said, bowing to the little old man, "is it to chance I owe the pleasure of meeting you, or have I the honor of being the object of your visit to the office?" THE LAST INCARNATION OF VAUTRIN.

By LOUIS-EDOUARD R. FOURNIER

11 In the Rue —

She appeared then to Henri so marvellously beautiful that the old woman and all the horrid phantasmagoria of rags, antiquated, rusty, worn draperies, the green straw cushions of the arm-chairs, the red foot-stool much worn, all this miserable luxury, vanished entirely. THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES.

12 San Réal and Paquita

Some animals, when roused to fury, leap upon their enemy, despatch him, and then, tranquil in their hour of victory, seem to have forgotten their momentary madness. There are others that wheel and turn about their victim, watching jealously lest some one should come and rob them of the carcass—like Homer's Achilles, three times making the circuit of Troy's walls dragging his vanquished foe attached to the feet of his war-car. So it was with the Marquise. She did not see Henri. THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES.

13 M. and Madame Jules and Ida

"My name is Ida, Monsieur. And if that is Madame Jules to whom I have the advantage of speaking, I've come to tell her all I have in my heart against her. It is very wrong when one is set up and when one is in her furniture, as you are here, to wish to take away from a poor girl a man with whom I am as good as married, morally, and who talks of repairing his wrongs by marrying me before the municipality." FERRAGUS, CHIEF OF THE DEVORANTS.

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14 The Prefect's Ball

"You knew then that there were *bravés* sent against me by the man of the Rue Soly?"

"Monsieur!"

"Madame, now I will not be alone in calling you to account, not for my happiness, but for my blood——"

At this moment Jules Desmarests approached.

"What are you saying to my wife, Monsieur?"

"Come to enquire at my house if you are curious, Monsieur."
FERRAGUS, CHIEF OF THE DÉVORANTS.

15 The Widow Gruget and M. Desmarests

Clémence ran rapidly down the little staircase, found wide open the door into Madame Gruget's apartment, heard the cries which echoed through the upper floor, mounted the stairway quickly, guided by the noise of the sobs into the fatal chamber, whence, before entering, these words came to her ear:

"It is you, Monsieur, with your inventions, who are the cause of her death." FERRAGUS, CHIEF OF THE DÉVORANTS.

16 Adoremus In Æternum

They saw then, in the antechamber of the cell, the dead body of the duchess lying on the floor upon a plank. LA DUCHESSE DE LANGEAIS.

By ALCIDE-THEOPHILE ROBAUDI

17 Presentation of the Fan

The luckless Pons, who literally sawed in two the president's wife and Cécile every time that he called them "cousin," drew from the side pocket of his coat a ravishing little oblong box made of mahaleb wood and exquisitely carved. COUSIN PONS.

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18 Pons Schmucke and The Cibot

In hearing this promise Schmucke jumped from one end of the table to the other, dragging with him the cloth, the plates, the water bottles, and seized Pons in an embrace comparable to that of one gas rushing to mix itself with another gas for which it has an affinity. COUSIN PONS.

19 In the Rue de Rivoli

The little old woman had a green capote lined with pink, a flowered dress, a mantilla; in short, she was still, and more than ever, shepherdess of the Alps, for she no more comprehended the causes of her misfortune than the causes of her opulence. She was leaning on the poor Malvina, that model of heroic devotion, who had the air of being the old mother, while the baroness had that of being the young daughter, and Wirth followed them with an umbrella. THE HOUSE OF NUCINGEN.

20 M. Colleville and Flavie

"So don't go making enemies; you haven't any now, for you're a good fellow, and, thanks to that quality, which, in your case, amounts to fascination, we have got along pretty well so far!"

"Enough! enough!" said Colleville, throwing his coat on a chair and untying his cravat; "I am wrong and you're right, my dear Flavie."

"At the first opportunity, my dear old sheep," said the sly creature, patting her husband's cheek, "try to be civil to that young lawyer; he's a shrewd one, and we must have him on our side." THE PETTY BOURGEOIS.

21 M'lle Brigitte Loses Her Head

Amid the hilarity caused by this abundance of good things which the old maid was induced by her gratitude to produce, and which, in her excitement, she distributed with a profusion which amounted to condemnation of her stingy fortnightly hospitality, numerous varieties of desert arrived; heaps of raisins, figs, almonds and filberts, pyramids of oranges, sweetmeats and preserved fruits produced from the inmost depths of her cupboards, and which would never have graced her cloth except for this happy occurrence. THE PETTY BOURGEOIS.

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22 The Thuillier Establishment

"How so?" said Brigitte, without pausing in her shelf-cleaning.

"Why, I think she and Madame Thuillier have been to see Abbé Gondrin this morning, and lo and behold! she has just attacked me about Felix Phellion, whom she speaks of as a god; from that to refusing La Peyrade is only a step, you see."

"Those cursed parsons," said Brigitte; "they have to poke their noses into everything!" THE PETTY BOURGEOIS.

23 From the Comtesse de Godollo

Having read the letter through, the poor man's advocate took his head in his hands; he could neither see, nor hear, nor think; he was utterly crushed. THE PETTY BOURGEOIS.

24 M. Phellion's Study

He ran to the old man's side, quickly removed his cravat and shirt collar and chafed his hands. But it was only a passing weakness; recovering consciousness almost immediately Phellion drew his son to his heart, and holding him there in a long embrace, he repeated in a voice, choked by the tears which came to the relief of his paroxysm of joy:

"Felix, my noble son, great in heart and great in mind!" THE PETTY BOURGEOIS.

25 In the Rue Honoré-Chevalier

Thereupon, with one of those bursts of feverish impatience which were the result of her mental condition, she seized Théodose's arm and forced him to let her see his features.

"Look at him, doctor, will you!" she cried. "My God!" she exclaimed as soon as she saw the Provençal's face.

Dropping the package of linen she held in her arms, she threw herself violently back. THE PETTY BOURGEOIS.

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By PIERRE VIDAL

26 At Musard's

At four o'clock in the morning, the countess, enveloped in a black domino and seated on the steps of one of the amphitheatres of this Babylonian hall, in which, since then, Valentine gives his concerts, saw defile before her in the galop, Thaddeus as Robert Macaire, conducting the circus-rider in the costume of a female savage, her head adorned with plumes like a horse of a coronation carriage, and bounding above the groups like a real ignis-fatuus. THE PRETENDED MISTRESS.

27 The Masked Ball of the Opera

Toward three o'clock in the morning, carried away by the intoxication of the ball, Clémentine, for whom La Palférine had displayed all his powers of seduction, consented to go to supper and went to take her seat in the carriage of this false friend. In this critical moment, she was seized by a vigorous arm, and, notwithstanding her cries, carried to her own carriage. THE PRETENDED MISTRESS.

28 The Assize of Troyes

Pressed with questions, harassed before Gothard, put in contradiction with himself, Michu struck the rail of the prisoner's gallery a heavy blow with his fist and said: "I had nothing to do with carrying off the senator, I am disposed to believe that his enemies have merely confined him; but if he reappear you will see that the plaster could have served no purpose in this affair." A DARK AFFAIR.

29 The Sandal-Wood Box

On seeing the casket in Corentin's hands, the young countess raised her whip and sprang at him so quickly, and gave him so violent a stroke on the hand, that the casket fell on the floor; she seized it, threw it into the midst of the embers. A DARK AFFAIR.

30 M'lle De Cinq-Cygne to Napoleon

Napoleon was seated on a rude chair.

* * * * *

"Sire," said she, looking at him with an eye not less fixed, "I am Mademoiselle de Cinq-Cygne."

"Well?" he replied, in an angry voice, believing himself braved by that look. A DARK AFFAIR.

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31 The Death of Diard

"Is there need of such haste, Juana? I would like to kiss you."
The gendarmes were coming upstairs. Thereupon Juana took the pistol, covered Diard with it, held him firmly by the throat despite his shrieks, shot him through the head, and threw the weapon on the floor.
THE MARANAS.

32 The Red Inn

The four companions, for the host was invited to drink, did not hear her go to bed.

* * * * *
About midnight, when nothing was left on the table but crackers and cheese, dried fruit and good wine, the guests, principally the two young Frenchmen, became communicative. THE RED INN.

33 Marie de Sassenage to Louis XI

"A young fellow, so well turned as he, risk his life to kiss your pattens or your sleeves! Tell that to others."

"O sire, it is true. But he came for another purpose too."

As she spoke Marie realized that she had placed her husband's life in jeopardy, for Louis XI. asked at once and quickly:

"For what purpose?" MASTER CORNELIUS.

34 Il Barbière

The duchess's box was on the ground floor, which is called *pepiano* in Venice; she always seated herself in such a position that the light from the footlights fell upon her, and her lovely head stood clearly forth in the soft light against the shadows behind her. MASSIMILLA DONI.

35 The King to The Duke

"Read, Master Corbiveau," said the old man, handing the despatch to his confessor.

* * * * *
"Maréchal d'Ancre has been killed on the Pont de Louvre by the King's orders; then—oh! *mon Dieu!*"

"Finish!" cried the old nobleman.

"Monseigneur le Duc de Nivron——" THE ACCURSED CHILD.

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By EDOUARD TOUDOUZE

36 M. Guillaume and Théodore

But, at this moment, the old draper paid no attention to his apprentices; he was busily studying the motive of the anxiety with which the young man in the cloak and silk socks alternately surveyed his sign-board and the recesses of his shop. THE HOUSE OF THE CAT AND RACKET.

37 The Duchess and Augustine

They came to a sumptuous gallery, where the duchess led the artist's wife to the portrait Théodore had painted of Mademoiselle Guillaume. At this sight Augustine gave a cry.

"I knew it was no longer at home," she said, "but here!" THE HOUSE OF THE CAT AND RACKET.

38 The Baronne de Rouville, Adelaide and Hippolyte

So he sat down at the card-table. Adelaide wished to share the painter's lot, asserting that he did not know piquet and needed a partner. Madame de Rouville and her daughter, during the game, exchanged signs of intelligence which made Hippolyte all the more uneasy in that he was winning; but, in the end, a last trick placed the two lovers in the baroness' debt. Intending to look in his pocket for money, the painter drew his hands from beneath the table, and then saw before him a purse that Adelaide had slipped there. THE PURSE.

39 M. Servius' Studio

When the painter and Ginevra believed themselves alone, he knocked in a certain way at the attic door, which at once turned upon its rusty, noisy hinges. The Italian saw a young man appear, tall and well-made, whose imperial uniform made her heart beat. The officer's arm was in a sling. THE VENDETTA.

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40 In the Rue de la Paix

When the three ladies entered the shop, Madame la Baronne de Fontaine pulled Emilie by the sleeve and pointed out Maximilien Longueville, seated at the cashier's desk, engaged with mercantile grace in giving change for a gold piece to the needle-woman with whom he seemed to be debating.

The "handsome stranger" held several patterns in his hand. THE DANCE AT SCEAUX.

41 Nemours, Rue des Bourgeois

"Obey this gentleman," said this person extending his hand over the woman's head, who seemed to inhale both light and life from him, "and remember that all you do for him will please me."

"Now you can speak to her," said he to Mirouet.

"Go to Nemours, Rue des Bourgeois, to my house," said the doctor. URSULE MIROUET.

42 The Chateau of Aigues

He cast upon the four persons sitting at the table and upon Sibilet the suspicious, servile glance that the peasant uses as a veil, and waved the amphibious creature triumphantly in the air.

"There she is!" he said, addressing Blondet.

"My otter!" observed the Parisian, "for I certainly paid for it." THE PEASANTS.

43 Ax La Vivetière

* * * with eyes filled with hate; for she already felt a terrible craving for revenge springing up in her heart. Seeing death behind her, her powerlessness choked her. Her brain whirled as if she were going mad; thereupon, instead of killing herself, she seized the sword, brandished it over the marquis' head, and buried it in his body up to the hilt. THE CHOUANS.

44 Montauran to his Brother

"Commandant," said the marquis, summoning all his strength, and still holding Marie's hand, "I rely upon your honor to inform my young brother, now in London, of my death. Write him that, if he has any respect for my last words, he will not bear arms against France, but will remain faithful to the King none the less. THE CHOUANS.

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45 At the Foot of the Falberg

On a certain morning when the sun was shining brightly upon the landscape we have described, kindling the flames of all the ephemeral diamonds produced by the crystallization of the snow and ice, two persons passed across the fiord, flew along the base of the Falberg, and soared toward its summit from bastion to bastion. SERAPHITUS.

By ADRIEN MOREAU

46 Renée and Louis de l'Estorade

We arrived in great state about two o'clock, to dine at three, at the country house in which dwelt the Baron de l'Estorade. The father-in-law has no château, but a simple house in the country, situated at the foot of one of our hills, at the opening of our beautiful valley. MEMOIRS OF TWO YOUNG WIVES.

47 Louise de Chaulieu and the Spaniard

"Mon Dieu! does he think that I have left my window open purposely?" I said to myself; "to close it suddenly would be to make myself his confederate."

I did better, I returned to my window as if I had not heard the sound of his message, as if I had seen nothing, and I said aloud:

"Come and see the stars, Griffith!"

Griffith was sleeping like an old maid. MEMOIRS OF TWO YOUNG WIVES.

48 The Midnight Wedding of Louise and Felipe

"We will be married at the church of Sainte Valère, this evening at midnight, after a brilliant soirée." MEMOIRS OF TWO YOUNG WIVES.

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49 Julie at the Piano

Delighted with her triumph, she enchanted the assemblage with the first part of *Al più salice*. Never had Malibran or Pasta given utterance to strains so admirable in intensity of feeling, so perfect of intonation ; but as she was about to begin the second part, she saw Arthur standing in one of the groups, with his eyes fixed upon her face. She started convulsively, and her voice trembled. Madame de Sérizy darted to her from her place. A WOMAN OF THIRTY.

50 The Curé of Saint-Lange Calls upon Julie

After a pause, the priest, having overcome his emotion, added these words in a gentle voice :

“ And the father has lived on, Madame. He understood that, since God had left him upon earth, he must continue to live and suffer here, and he is suffering ; but he has sought comfort in the bosom of religion. A WOMAN OF THIRTY.

51 On Board the Saint-Ferdinand

The father and son-in-law recognized each other instantly. The captain, twisting the marquis around and pushing him in the other direction, as if he weighed nothing at all, placed him at the foot of the mainmast, instead of tossing him into the sea. A murmur arose on the deck. * * *

“ It is Hélèn's father,” he exclaimed, in a firm, ringing voice. “ Woe to the man who dares not respect him !” A WOMAN OF THIRTY.

52 In Chesnay Wood

The brigands, remaining masters of the field, thanks to their numbers, searched the wagon, which was driven into a ravine for that purpose. They covered the driver's head for a blind. They broke open the chests, the ground was strewn with bags of money. MADAME DE LA CHANTERIE.

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53 In the Rue Chanoinesse

Then he went down without the slightest noise. He reached the door of the salon and opened it abruptly.

He saw a man of some note, still young, a poet whom he had often met in society, Victor de Vernisset, kneeling at Madame de la Chanterie's feet and kissing the hem of her dress. MADAME DE LA CHANTERIE.

54 In the Rue Corneille

* * * * *
"This is what Marcus told us that morning, interspersing his narrative with slices of bread spread with cheese and washed down with divers glasses of wine. All the tobacco disappeared." Z. MARCAS.

55 Godefroid Meets M. Bernard

"Ah! good! he comes just in time!" cried La Vauthier; "see, there's your neighbour, Monsieur Bernard." "Monsieur Bernard," she said, as soon as the old man was within ear-shot, "you won't be alone any longer, this gentleman has hired the apartment opposite yours."

Monsieur Bernard looked up at Godefroid with a feeling of apprehension easy to detect. THE NOVICE.

56 In the Rue Notre-Dame

"Vanda! Vanda! be calm, my child! See, here's the tea," said the father.
* * * * *

Luckily Auguste appeared, bringing a tea-pot, which he placed upon a little table, upon which he placed the Sèvres tea service also, together with sandwiches and cakes." THE NOVICE.

57 To Supper

He hardly recognized Florine and Coralie, who had changed their clothes and were arrayed in ordinary silk dresses and cloaks, like butterflies returned to their cocoons.

"Will you do me the honor to give me your arm?"

"With pleasure," said Lucien, who felt the actress's heart beating against his like a bird's when it is snared. LOST ILLUSIONS.

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58 Notes by Fendant and Cavalier

Having exchanged a glance in which they asked each other the thousand and one questions suggested by the existence of such a character, Lucien and Lousteau saluted him and handed him Gabusson's letter of introduction, together with Fendant and Cavalier's notes. While Samaron was reading,— LOST ILLUSIONS.

59 Lucien to the Comtesse du Châtelet

"Permit me to commend to your homage the name of her who was my first muse and my patroness, and to drink also to my native city: I give you, therefore, the lovely Comtesse Sixte du Châtelet and the noble city of Angoulême!" LOST ILLUSIONS.

60 M. Cardot to Raphael

"The estate is settled and the residue ready to be paid over. I had been vainly seeking the relatives of Barbe-Marie O'Flaharty for a fortnight, when yesterday, at this table——"

At that moment Raphael suddenly arose with the abrupt movement of a man who receives a wound. THE MAGIC SKIN.

61 On the Road to Lyon

"The sun is behind you," said Raphael, in a stern solemn voice, as he loaded his pistol slowly, heedless of the signal already given and of the care with which his opponent was taking aim. * * *

Playing with his power, or desirous to test it, Raphael was talking to Jonathas and looking at him when his adversary fired. THE MAGIC SKIN.

62 The Gallery at Claes House

Emmanuel had accompanied his uncle when he visited his penitent to examine the pictures at Claes House. Learning from Martha that Abbé de Solis was in the gallery, Marguerite, who was very anxious to see that famous man, had sought some false excuse for joining her mother in order to gratify her curiosity. THE QUEST OF THE ABSOLUTE.

THE NOVELS OF BALZAC

By **DIOGENE MAILLART**

63 At the Siege of Calais

He placed his left foot on the duke's chest, seized the wooden shaft of the lance in his fingers, slowly worked it back and forth, and at last drew it from the duke's head, as if he were dealing with a thing, not a man. **CATHERINE DÉ MEDICI.**

64 At Madame de Belleville's

Marie, surprised by his silence, knelt in order to examine more carefully her royal master's pale face, and detected then the indications of terrible weariness and of a melancholy more consuming than all the melancholies she had previously charmed away. **CATHERINE DE MEDICI.**

By **DANIEL HERNANDEZ**

65 Eugénie and Charles

Charles, who had followed on, took her hand, drew her to him, put his arm around her waist and gently forced her to lean upon him.

Eugénie no longer resisted; she received and gave the purest and sweetest, but also the most unreserved of kisses. **EUGÉNIE GRANDET.**

66 In the Rue d'Artois

"Then," said the drummer, looking at the polished back of the florist, "I become a shareholder in the journals, like Finot, one of my friends, the son of a hatter, who has now thirty thousand francs income, and who is going to be made peer of France!" **THE ILLUSTRIOUS GAUDISSERT.**

67 Margaritis Receives Gaudissart

"No, I am speaking," said the illustrious Gaudissart, "of the insurance upon intellectual capitals and of financial operations concerning life. I resume my argument."

The lunatic grew quiet, resumed his former attitude and looked at Gaudissart. **THE ILLUSTRIOUS GAUDISSERT.**

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68 Vernier to Gaudissart

"Well, monsieur, I consider you insulted if that is agreeable to you, and I will not give you reparation, for there is not enough reparation in this affair for me to give you any. What a buffoon he is!"

At this word Gaudissart threw himself upon the dyer to cuff his ears.
THE ILLUSTRIOUS GAUDISSERT.

69 The Rue du Bercail

The notary returned to the Rue du Bercail after three days of absence. Although it was eleven o'clock at night, he was too late. Chesnel saw gendarmes at his door, and, when he reached the threshold, he saw in his court the young count arrested. Certainly if he had had the power, he would have killed all those officers of justice and the soldiers. THE PROVINCIALS IN PARIS.

70 In the Benassis Barn

Gathered in little groups around three or four candles, some of the women were sewing, others were spinning; several were quite idle, their necks stretched, their heads and eyes turned toward an old peasant who was telling a story. THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

71 The Pontonnier of the Bérésina

Genestas then perceived the smoke of a pipe among the foliage of a pile of rubbish, and pointed it out to the doctor, who repeated his cry. Presently the old *pontonnier* thrust out his head, recognized the mayor, and descended by a little path. THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

72 Evelina to M. Benassis

My old friend took charge of my petition, delivered it secretly, humiliated his white locks by begging Evelina to read it, to reply to it; and this is what she wrote me:

"Monsieur," * * * THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

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73 Breakfast with La Fosseuse

"Here comes Mariette with the coffee," she replied. "When you are all served, I will tell you of my loves. But monsieur le commandant will not forget his promise?" she added, with a glance, at once modest and aggressive, at Genestas.

"I am incapable of it, mademoiselle," replied Genestas respectfully.
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

74 Public Confession of Madame Graslin

The dying woman appeared. * * * * She knelt upon a cushion, clasped her hands, and was silent for a few moments, as if collecting strength to speak from some spring supplied by Heaven. At that moment there was something indefinitely terrifying in the silence. THE VILLAGE CURÉ.

75 The Appeal to the Curé

At that moment the curé felt a hand pulling at his cassock, he heard sobs, and, upon turning around, saw the whole family kneeling. Old and young, large and small, men and women, all were holding out their hands imploringly. THE VILLAGE CURÉ.

76 On the Terrace at Montégnaç

"The air is keen, it has given me a chill," said Madame Graslin, falling in a swoon into the arms of the two churchmen, who carried her to one of the rooms of the château. THE VILLAGE CURÉ.

By ORESTE CORTAZZO

77 The Count, Moreau and Oscar

Moreau then took Oscar by his coat, dragged him as if he were a corpse through the courtyards, which the lad filled with his cries and sobs; he dragged him up the steps, and with an arm made stronger by rage, he threw him bellowing and stiff as a stake, into the parlor, at the feet of the count. A START IN LIFE.

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78 Madame Firmiani, de Bourbonne and Octave

In fact, Madame Firmiani was not slow in making her appearance. "Ah!" she said, giving indication of ill humor on seeing Monsieur de Bourbonne. "But our uncle is not one too many," she continued, as she let a smile escape her. "I wanted to kneel humbly before my husband and entreat him to accept my fortune." * * *

Then, unable to contain her happiness, she buried her head in Octave's bosom. MME. FIRMIANI.

79 Albert Sarvarus in his Study

By means of the excellent eyesight possessed by young girls, and which curiosity seems to improve, she saw Albert writing, and thought she could distinguish the color of the furnishings, which seemed to her to be red. A thick column of smoke ascended from the chimney.

"When all the world is sleeping, he is awake—like God!" she said to herself. ALBERT SAVARUS.

80 The Abbé de Grancey and Savarus

He seized the abbé without uttering a word, took him in his arms, pressed him to his heart, letting his head fall on the old man's shoulder. And he became a child once more, he wept as he wept when he learned that Francesca Soderini was married. He gave no sign of his weakness except to this priest, whose face was beaming with hope. The priest had been sublime and no less shrewd than sublime. ALBERT SAVARUS.

81 Behind the Capuchin Church

At an ill-judged parry on Max's part, Philippe sent his sabre spinning out of his hand.

"Pick it up," said he, suspending operations; "I am not the man to kill a disarmed enemy."

It was the sublimity of atrocity. LA RABOUILLEUSE.

THE NOVELS OF BALZAC

82 In Chaudet's Studio

"Go on, Madame! make an idiot of him. * * * I hope that, in spite of your efforts, he will persist in being an artist. The vocation is stronger than all the obstacles you can put in the way of its results! Vocation—the word means calling, that is, selection by God! But you will make your child unhappy."

He threw the remaining clay in a pail, and said to his model:

"Enough for to-day." LA RABOUILLEUSE.

83 At La Cognette's

At two o'clock, just as they were beginning to siroter,—a word taken from the dictionary of the order, which well expresses the act of sipping wine to taste it,—Max began as follows:

"My dear knights, ——" LA RABOUILLEUSE.

84 From the Faubourg de Rome

The explanation was this: poor Joseph Bridau, as he was quietly returning by the mill of Laurôle, in order to be at home for breakfast, was recognized, when he reached Place Misère, by all the groups at once. Luckily for him two gendarmes came running up and rescued him from the men from Faubourg de Rome, who had already seized him unceremoniously by the arms, while clamoring for his death. LA RABOUILLEUSE.

85 Philippe to Flore

"Kouski," said Philippe, offering his hand to assist Flore to alight, "you are no longer in Monsieur Rouget's service, you will not sleep here to-night, so pack your trunks; Benjamin here takes your place."

"Are you the master, pray!" queried Flore, ironically.

"With your permission," replied Philippe, pressing her hand in his as in a vice. "Come! we must both *rabouiller* our hearts." LA RABOUILLEUSE.

86 The Avenue of Sighs

"Well, Monsieur Groslier?" said the sub-prefect walking forward to talk with the commissioner a few steps away from his three companions.

"Monsieur," replied the commissioner of police in a low tone, "Monsieur le préfet bade me tell you a sad piece of news: Monsieur le Vicomte Charles Keller is dead." THE DEPUTY FROM ARCIS.

PAINTINGS TO ILLUSTRATE

87 M. Dorlange to the Duc de Rhétoré

Returning to his seat, Monsieur Dorlange sketched something in haste and when the curtain rose and Messieurs de Rhétoré and de Ronquerolles resumed their places, he touched the duke lightly on the shoulder and passed him his sketch.

"My card," said he, "which I have the honor to present to your lordship." THE DEPUTY FROM ARCIS.

88 At La Saint-Estève's

Three women of venerable age were seated about a small table, gravely engaged in a game of dominoes. Three glasses, a silver bowl drained dry, and an alcoholic odor whereby the sense of smell was unpleasantly assailed on entering the room, bore witness to the fact that the cult of the double-six was not the only cult held in honor there. THE DEPUTY FROM ARCIS.

89 On the Banks of the Aube

It seemed to him, I doubt not, that the poor child, having more good will than science, did not go about as she ought.

Certain it is that Mademoiselle Beauvisage happening to cross the bridge with her mother, cried out like a genuine *enfant terrible* :

"Look, there's papa talking with the Parisian lady !" THE DEPUTY FROM ARCIS.

90 In the Chamber of Deputies

At that moment there was great excitement in the gallery reserved for the members of the peerage ; its occupants crowded about a lady who was seized with a violent attack of hysteria. A large number of deputies hurried toward the gallery where the scene took place. THE DEPUTY FROM ARCIS.

THE NOVELS OF BALZAC

By JOSÉ ROY

91 In the Park of Saint-Leu

"My mother was unable to obtain a pension, and we fell into such poverty that we were obliged to work for our living. * * * As for myself, who would not know how to regret delights which I had never known, I ask only one thing of Heaven —"

"What one?" Roger, who seemed to be dreaming, asked quickly :

"That the women may always wear embroidered tulle, so that the work may never fail." A DOUBLE FAMILY.

92 Madame de Merret's Chamber

The crafty mason seized the opportunity, when her husband had his back turned, to give a stroke with his pick through one of the glasses of the door. This action made Madame de Merret comprehend that Rosalie had spoken to Gorenflot. All three of them saw then the face of a man sombre and dark, with black hair and fiery eyes. Before her husband could turn round, the poor wife had time to make a sign with her head to the stranger, for whom this sign meant : "Hope!" ANOTHER STUDY OF WOMAN.



PAINTINGS TO ILLUSTRATE

By JACQUES WAGREZ

ILLUSTRATING CONTES DROLATIQUES

93 The Fair Imperia

He stood dumfounded, like a robber before the officers of the law. The lady was without skirt or head-dress. The maids and tire-women, busily removing her clothes and her shoes, bared her lovely body with such dexterity and openness, that the wonder-struck priest uttered an Ah ! that smacked of love.

94 The Curtain-ruse of François I

After vespers, therefore, the keeper ushered all warm, into the King's chamber, a lady most dazzlingly white, most bewitchingly sweet.

95 The Devil's Heir

Whereupon, La Pasquerette opened her eyes and bent her head slightly to look at her flesh, which was white and firm ; then she returned to life, with a resounding buffet on the captain's cheek.

96 The King's Sweetheart

But she walked not as far as a crossbow will carry, for the King had placed on the watch one of his retainers, who was prowling about the house, and straightway said to the bride, who was still padlocked :

“ Seek ye not the King ? ”

97 The Jolly Curé of Meudon

Then did all the courtiers hold their peace, and place themselves in a circle, pliant as osier twigs, before the creator of Pantagruel.

THE NOVELS OF BALZAC

98 The Succuba

Still, as long as he had strength to do so, he went to end his life with that accursed creature, with whom, likewise, he squandered his savings.

99 The Succuba

She climbed with great agility to the upper galleries, flitting like a bird along the colonnades and delicately carved friezes. She was about to escape by the roof when a cross-bowman took aim at her and shot his arrow into her ankle.

100 Bertha the Penitent

On hearing these tender words spoken in a sobbing voice, Bertha released the dagger; Jehan ran forward and plunged it in his own breast, saying:

"Death alone can pay for such happiness."

101 Fortune is Always Feminine

"My Dear," said the queen to her spouse, leading him to the window, "yonder is a traitor who plotted to take from you the dearest of your treasures; hereof I will give you the proofs when you have the leisure to examine them."



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