

not a man could have escaped to tell the story. The enemy, so successful during the whole attack, would have been entirely annihilated when preparing to win the final victory. As it was—always bearing in mind that this was a sham fight—the enemy advanced to the ditch outside the Redoubt, where they halted while the defenders and guns within withdrew from the parapets to the rear of the Redoubt. This was considered to be a victory for the attacking forces, who were supposed to have captured the Redoubt. After "cease firing," the assembly was sounded, and the troops fell in on their markers and marched to the usual parade ground on the Common, where they marched past in columns of companies—the defending army leading, under Col. Drayson, and the attacking army under Col. Cameron. They then formed contiguous columns at six paces intervals, advanced, gave a general salute to the Marquis of Lorne, and then dispersed.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our first page this week is occupied by an engraving from the charming picture of Durck's of a Roman Goatherd. The figure of the boy with his rustic pipe and picturesque costume is characteristic at once of the artist's best manner and happiest choice of subject.

THE review at St. John's, N.B., of which we give two half-page illustrations from photographs taken in the camp by Messrs. Notman, was originally intended to take place on Queen's Birthday; but was owing to the difficulty of making suitable arrangements, postponed until the 1st of July. Though small by comparison with the Halifax affair of the following week, it was a complete success, and the Governor-General's presence added to the attractions of the spectacle itself to entice a large crowd of spectators. Owing to a press of space we have been obliged to defer an engraving of the review itself, which should have appeared in this number, but being crowded out will be given in our next.

THE Montreal ship-labourer's strike, which is now apparently advancing to a close, had assumed such formidable proportions during the past few weeks that it was found necessary to bring a contingent of the Quebec police over to assist in keeping order. These men our artist sketched as he found them on duty at the wharves, under command of Benjamin Trudel, Chief of the River Police and Shipping Master of the Harbour of Quebec.

A FISHING TRIP TO LAKE ST. JOSEPH.

Lake St. Joseph is situated about thirty miles N. W. of Quebec, and about twelve miles N. of the Q. M. & O. Railroad, from which we descended at St. Jeanne de Neuville (Pont Rouge). We had spent a considerable amount of conjecture upon the means of reaching our destination, and the appearance of the station and its surroundings did not tend to reassure us. However our doubts were soon solved by the appearance of a somewhat sleepy *habitant* (it was about five A.M.) with kind inquiries as to our health and intentions. We speedily satisfied him on both heads, and having accompanied him to his shanty, which adjoined the station, we presided at the installation of a remarkable horse between the shafts of a (to me) still more remarkable vehicle, and the connecting of the two by means of a collection of cordage and old leather (I can't in truthfulness call it harness) even more remarkable than either. The conveyance I have endeavoured to depict on another page, and can only add in justice to the owner, that it was really far more comfortable than it looked. Indeed for the rough roads over which our journey lay, the buckboard, so called, produced less and less unpleasant motion in the body of the vehicle than would have been the case with any springs.

These preliminaries despatched we proceeded to the village which lies at a short distance from the station, where after with some trouble awakening the sleepy population ("on se couche tard ici") was our Jehu's only comment on the (the prevalent somnolency) we made arrangements for something to eat, and strolled about to await their arrival. And here I would warn any who attempt a similar journey against a prevailing characteristic as far as I have observed of the French Canadian. He has no idea of either time or distance, and hence is equally ready to lose the one or miscalculate the other. Our first experience in this direction was the behaviour of our charioteer, who, having petitioned for half an hour's leave of absence, breakfast *causé*, disappeared from the scene for a practically unlimited period. When we had consumed our own meal (I can recommend the eggs and coffee at the establishment, which, although I have forgotten its name, if it had one, I have immortalized in an easily-to-be-recognized sketch) three quarters of an hour had already passed, and no carter. I strolled out to sketch the village, and returned; no carter. A momentary diversion was created by the arrival of a funeral; but the procession entered the little church, and came out again, the boys in their surplices, chanting a requiem as they passed into the graveyard; still no carter. We looked at our watches and began to use bad language. At length after an hour and a half of waiting we resolved that as the mountain would not come to Mahomet, the only thing to be done was for Mahomet to go to the mountain, and accordingly we shouldered our rods and proceeded to seek out our carter, whom finally we met just taking his

way leisurely homewards in the confident belief that he should find us yet at breakfast (from which remark of his I could only conclude that either he was a liar, or that he had gauged our appetites by his own).

As I have said the *habitant* knows nothing of distance. I know this now, but did not then, or my heart would have been less rejoiced at the intelligence that we had but six or seven miles to drive. But the drive itself was perhaps as enjoyable as anything I experienced. As we drove over the Red Bridge there burst upon us the most lovely view of the river, tumbling through half a mile or so of rapids, in exquisite grays and browns flecked with creamy foam, and relieved against a background of warm tinted rocks and brilliant foliage that rose against a cloudless sky. But we had wasted too much time for sketching, and I had to let nature alone for the time being, and devote myself to art—the art, none too easily acquired of holding on to the shiny leather seat of a buck-board on a country road.

Passing over a comparatively flat tract of country, settled all along the road with uninteresting whitewashed shanties all out apparently off the same piece, we struck the river once more, and skirted it for a few miles. The scenery, which had failed a little in interest during the past half hour, now gained fresh attractions, and the steep banks of the river, which ran some sixty or seventy feet beneath us, clothed in luxuriant foliage, with the glassy surface of the water glittering through rifts in the verdure, made a series of charming views which passed before us as it were in a panorama.

When at length the road began to diverge, we had accomplished probably eight miles, and allowing a little for "windage," I thought I might reasonably expect an early view of the lake. Here it was that I was in error. On questioning the gentleman who presided over our destinies and drove our rig, he laconically pointed to a mountain some three miles distant, and muttered without removing his pipe something of which "autr cote" was all I could catch. From this point the road commenced to climb and descend again, the sand of which it was composed distressing our horse a good deal, and compelling occasional pilgrimages on foot. Finally after crossing the line of the new Lake St. John Railroad which will in future prove a boon to travellers by the same route, we struck off into the bush, and enjoyed a ride more picturesque than strictly comfortable. A buck board is well enough so long as it is not called upon to surmount a rock of a greater height than two feet. Anything over this in size is apt to make it jump, and—well I did not measure them, but the road seemed mainly composed of boulders of various size and shape, and each boulder accounted for a more or less serious bump on my unfortunate anatomy. But there was some comfort we were nearing our destination, and when a clearing burst upon our fatigued vision followed shortly by a view of the lake, after a journey of some twelve miles and a half, in place of six, we felt that we had not suffered in vain.

Our destination, which we had left in the carter's hands, led us to the house of a Mr. White, a gentleman from the "old country" who administered a hearty welcome, and promised the minor convenience of a bed. The really important items in the programme, a boat and a guide, were also forthcoming, and we lost no time in starting, considering that the journey had lost us enough already. The lake is in shape a parallelogram, some seven miles long by a mile to a mile and a half in width, with an outlet into the river—Jacques Cartier thence into the St. Lawrence, and on the opposite side a small stream flowing into it, which with its numerous springs keeps up the water supply.

Our first day's fishing was on the far side of the lake. Crossing almost directly across—the house is situated almost in the centre of the S. side—we coasted along towards the head of the lake. A gravelly bottom, and rocky shore seemed suggestive of trout, and in the shadow of an overhanging boulder I dropped my first fly. A few casts only and a splash, a struggle and a landing net epitomized the history of the first blood. Along the shore we paddled with easy luck, returning over the same ground after reaching the head of the lake, until, when we put up our rods and paddled across to dinner it was growing late, and our basket held about two dozen fish, all trout save three or four bass, and though small of an excellent flavour, as my palate subsequently testified. As to this same dinner occurred for the first time a slight difficulty. It seems that visitors to Lake St. Joseph are expected to bring their own provisions, a fact of which neither my companion nor myself were aware. The difficulty however was but temporary, and with fresh eggs, home made bread, and fresh trout, the veriest epicure could make a hearty meal, especially after a day in the open air. Dinner discussed I threw a fly in the nearer waters of the lake, but with little success, and darkness sent me home to make the acquaintance of the three or four other fishermen staying in the house. Sportsmen easily make friends, and the present occasion was no exception to the rule. With the assistance of a certain amount of creature comforts, which they, as knowing better the locality, had not omitted to bring, we became before midnight even as brothers, and retired to bed to dream of the, truth to say, fishy stories with which we had during the evening imposed upon the credulity of one another.

Five o'clock saw us afoot again as we had but one more day to spare, but breakfast brought us home hungry and empty handed, save for four or

five infinitesimal trout. From which I am fain to believe that he who would kill fish on the lakes may keep his bed until a reasonable hour, for, as far as my own experience went, the early part of the afternoon gives as good sport as any part of the day. The second day's experience on the lake was much like the first, except that I pursued my way alone, my companion having departed elsewhere after breakfast. We tried the opposite of the lake and I killed some three dozen by three o'clock, when we turned homewards. A last meal and a drive back to the station, which reproduced only the incidents of the outward journey, brought a pleasant trip to an end, and I reached Montreal the better for two day's in the open air. One remark and one only I wish to make relative to the journey home. If you ever go on the same route and alight at Three Rivers to recruit the inner man—remember that it enjoys renown as the one place on the civilized globe at which a sandwich, and a pork sandwich at that, costs ten cents. I have been in many lands, and eaten in the course of my life many sandwiches, some better, a few worse than the Three Rivers article, but never have I paid so large a sum for so unpretending a provision. And I had three or four before I found it out.

A. J. G.

HEARTH AND HOME.

Do not expect to be treated as you have treated others. If you have been charitably disposed, or have assisted others, do not entertain the vain expectation that you will receive a somewhat proportionate return of thanks and kindness. The reward for such assistance is the pleasure and gratification to yourself of knowing that you have been the means of relieving the wants or alleviating the sufferings of others. This is the only reward that any man can expect, and gives more satisfaction in the long run than any other.

HAVE A PURPOSE.—Carlyle once asked an Edinburgh student what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden flash of the old Scotchman's eyes, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said, "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a wail, a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and sell oxen well, but have a purpose, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

FOOT NOTES.

THE age of sentiment is long gone by, and instead of sighing for woes and privations which will prove the disinterestedness of their affection, young lovers now talk of settlements, or worse still, consider contingencies in the most cold-blooded manner. It was not surprising then that a South End bride should remark: "I told all my friends to have my name put on all their presents, so that if I ever should be divorced from George, he couldn't claim any of them."

"AGNOSTIC."—What is "Agnostic?" It is a word of late coinage. The definition given by those who use it most is that it is composed of two Greek words signifying "I don't know," or "I have not sufficient evidence on the subject to enable me to decide." An agnostic is a kind of know-nothing in religion; he neither affirms nor denies. One author denies such a person thus—"An agnostic is a man who doesn't know whether there is a God or not; doesn't know whether he has a soul or not; doesn't know whether there is a future life or not; doesn't believe that any one else knows any more about these matters than he does, and thinks it impossible and a waste of time to try to find out."

ESTEEM.—Many persons who most earnestly crave for approval are for ever disappointed, because they fall into the common mistake of thinking that they ought to have what they intensely desire. Nothing is ever gained in this way. No one ever grew rich or famous, or superior in any art or achievement, by idly longing to become so; so no one ever gained the esteem of his fellow-men by merely wishing for it, even ever so ardently. He must acquire the right to be esteemed before he can reasonably hope to be so. He must cultivate qualities worthy of admiration; he must form a character that shall command respect; he must pursue a line of conduct at once honourable and self-respecting. This alone is the road to the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having. The direct efforts which weak-minded persons make to gain favour by suppressing their real selves and pretending to be what they suppose will be admired by those whom they flatter, are worse than futile; they merely earn the contempt and failure which all deceit and hypocrisy deserve.

AMERICA has already a bad name in European estimation, and perhaps the partisans of some effete monarchy might be pardoned for circulating among emigrants or those about to emigrate, two items from the American papers of this week. In one is told the tragic story of an Englishman who landed in New York, entered a saloon to have a drink, and was drugged, robbed of \$110, and brown into the street, pawned his watch for \$1, spent half of this sum in buying a 25 cent meal, and on going to spend the change was arrested for passing counterfeit money. Such an experience was naturally surprising, not to say stupefying, but the ways of

the sinners of New York will not seem to the European critic more curious than those of the saints of Chicago. Behold a clergyman who organizes a new congregation, and being pressed for money borrows a silver service from the soprano of the choir, and pawns the same, and is straightway arrested as a receiver of stolen goods, the plate being the long and anxiously looked-for spoils of a burglary.

THE climate of America, says Sarah Bernhardt, is rather trying to the French, and dry—*sec & casser les ongles*; it sends a current of electricity all through one's frame. But America is a grand country; colossal, extraordinary, fabulous—*un vrai pays de Jules Verne*. What a future is before it! Of all the cities of America I liked Boston the best. The American theatres are arranged in a fashion quite by itself, and are unlike those of either France or England. There are no boxes except the *avant scenes* (stage-boxes) nothing but orchestra, pit, balcony and gallery. But the audiences are brilliant; such rich toilets! The ladies know how to dress. And the public understands very well and is appreciative, quite warm and sympathetic. The women are charming—*tout ce qu'il y a de plus aimable*; but the men are not so nice as the women. The artists are clever, they have talent, appreciation, and a temperament; but systematic training is wanting, and there is no *ensemble* in the acting. I was quite satisfied with my comrades, all but one, Madame Colombier, who wrote ill of the Americans, what is not true; at least, I do not think it is. She offered me half the proceeds from the sale of the work if I would only sanction it by my name, but I refused. It was that that caused the rupture between us; *et je l'ai chassé de chez moi*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ENGLAND is to conclude a commercial treaty with Spain.

THE army worm has appeared in vast numbers at Long Branch.

THE thermometer at Wimbledon on Monday registered 137 in the sun.

NEARLY all the leading journals in Vienna have been seized by the police.

THE Khedive of Egypt will not recognize the French protectorate in Tunis.

Two hundred persons are now in jail in Ireland, arrested under the Coercion Act.

A FRENCH emissary, bearing compromising papers, has been arrested at Tripoli.

MIDHAT PACHA confesses to having been accessory to the murder of the ex-Sultan.

MR. JOHN APPLETON, of the firm of D. Appleton & Co., died in New York last week.

A DISASTROUS storm occurred on the Lake of Geneva recently, swamping towns on its borders.

DESPATCHES from Oran state that the French troops have had a sharp skirmish with the Arab rebels.

IN the celebration of the Twelfth at Lambeg, near Dublin, recently, the procession was three miles long.

THE meeting between the Emperors of Austria and Germany has been arranged to take place about the middle of next month.

THE appeal of the Socialists against the prohibition to their holding a congress in Zurich has been rejected.

SOME of the Royal Princesses were upset recently while driving, by the horses running away. Happily, none of them were injured.

DR. BLISS gives it as his opinion that it will be an easy matter to remove the bullet from the President's body when the proper time comes.

THE present Canadian team at Wimbledon is said to be the best ever turned out of the Dominion. Two of the team are in the sixty for final competition for the Queen's prize.

CABLE rates between New York and the United Kingdom and France will be reduced to 25 cents a word after the 1st prox., *via* Anglo-American, Direct U.S., and the French Cable Companies.

WHAT physician was ever known to possess an infallible cure for headache? Burdock Blood Bitters is more than the doctors. If you are skeptical try it and be convinced. Trial bottle only 10 cents.

THOUSANDS of the beautiful and talented succumb to the dread scourge, consumption, whom a course of the saving pulmonary, Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda might have rescued from the grave. Coughs unwisely treated or neglected shape a sure, undeviating course towards fatal lung disease. How many persons of vigorous physique and plenty of nervous stamina have succumbed to the consequence of a simple cold! The only safe course is a sure remedy, and assuredly none has met with higher commendation in professional quarters, or is better known for the thoroughness of its action than the above. Asthma, coughs, colds, spitting of blood, soreness and weakness of the chest, are remedied by it. Sold in 50 cent and \$1.00 bottles. See you get the genuine.