

WAR PICTURES.—We present our readers to-day with a series of pictures illustrating the Eastern war, as we have done every week, since the opening of hostilities.

A GALAXY OF LANDSCAPES.—This splendid page is composed of some of the most notable landscapes lately exhibited at the French Salon. It is worth preserving.

ESCAPE OF CAPTIVES.—This magnificent picture, which is most interesting as a study, commemorates the escape of a band of Greek captives during one of the numerous civil wars about a hundred years ago.

LONDON FIELD BATTERY IN CAMP.—In our present issue we give an illustration of London Field Battery E, now in camp at London, Ontario. This Battery, commanded by Major John Peters, has become one of the very best drilled Batteries in the Dominion, and their drill is always witnessed by the citizens of London and vicinity, with pleasure. The Battery is made up of a smart active lot of young men, who by their proficiency in gun practice, show the result of good efficiency and careful training.

PROTECTION TO AGRICULTURE.

Free Traders speak of Agriculture as an industry which subsists and prospers without protection. The assertion is utterly groundless, in at least one particular. If it is more prosperous than other industries it is because it has had more protection. Free Traders do not perceive, and perhaps some Protectionists have not noticed, that no industry in Canada is so highly and regularly protected as agriculture. But because this kind of protection commenced before we were born, and continued with as much regularity as the rising and setting of the sun ever since, most persons have come to regard it as part of agriculture, being unable to separate the one from the other, or refer either to its proper principle. There is not a free grant settler in Canada who has not got a bounty from Government for becoming a farmer.

Lands are surveyed, roads opened, bridges built, streams rendered navigable, and, even, in some instances, railways constructed through the forest, at the public expense. Inasmuch as these expenditures add to the value of the land to be settled, they constitute a bounty on agriculture. The manufacturer asks protection, only when he has produced something ready to sell. The farmer is protected, and gets a bounty from Government, before he produces anything, or sets foot on the land he is going to occupy. Who pays for these improvements? Who pays this bounty on agriculture? The whole people, of course, and Canadian manufacturers, along with all others. But what do Canadian manufacturers get in return? Free Traders will doubtless say it enlarges the market for their manufactures. Now, this is practically false. Unless home manufacturers are enabled to compete with foreigners, it does not enlarge their markets the least. It rather opens up markets for foreign manufacturers. If one has to make bricks without straw the privilege is not worth much. The foreign manufacturers, who are not taxed at all for opening the new markets, can surely undersell the home manufacturers, who are heavily taxed for the purpose. This tax is, therefore, protection to the farmer and foreign manufacturer, but a burden to the home manufacturer. Protection is the secret of success in agriculture as in other things. Without such aid as I have described, to what a condition would agriculture retrograde? It has not sprung up in this country without protection any more than manufacturing can do. The application of Free Trade principles to agriculture would take the following form:—Under Free Trade, the surveying of Crown lands, the opening of colonization roads, the building of bridges, and the improvement of navigation, would be left to private enterprise. For doing these things at the public expense is giving agriculture a bounty on production and exports. It is just as bad as if Government were to give manufacturers free sites for their factories, and public aid in erecting buildings.

There is no doubt that were Government expenditures for these purposes to cease for ever, that the increase of population, and the demand for food would compel these things to be done by private enterprise. A government might simply enact that before any portion of the Crown lands could be appropriated, the persons wishing to do so would have to survey the same, and register a plan of it in the Crown Lands office. This is similar to the Free Trade theory with regard to home manufactures. It is that when there is a healthy demand for home manufactures they will be made without the aid of bounties, duties or protection.

One might say with equal force that when there is an effective demand for more food that new lands will be surveyed, made accessible and brought under cultivation without government aid of any sort. It is true that they would. Private enterprise would undertake these things before people would allow themselves to starve. But food would have to rise to a very high price before private persons would survey and settle the Crown lands without any Government aid.

It is precisely similar with manufacturing. Foreign goods have to be selling at very large profits before capitalists consider it safe to embark in home manufactures without protection at the start. Nearly all countries see the advantages of protecting agriculture, by bounties or duties or both, but only some countries see the equally great advantages of protecting home manufactures, in a similar way. It is in economy as in nature. The herbs which spring up spontaneously, are not the herbs of most value to mankind. On the contrary, the herbs of most value require to be planted and protected. It is the same with the animal kingdom. The animals which come to maturity without care are not those of most value to us. The animals of most value require shelter, care and protection from us throughout their whole lives. Hence, Free Trade is analogous to a weed or a wolf, requiring to be destroyed, on account of their tendencies to injure what is most useful to mankind. Free Trade is like a man falling into a river and saying to himself. If it is desirable that I shall be saved I shall reach land without effort, and if I perish it is evident that my survival is undesirable; but protection is like one, in a similar situation, feeling instinctively that life is desirable, and accordingly striking for the shore as quickly as possible.

W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR BOY.

I have just finished reading an article headed, "What shall I do with my boy?" ending with the plea, "Answer me, dear mother; what shall I do?" I am not over fond of advising, but have had considerable experience with boys, being the mother of four fun-loving frolicsome ones.

First, dear young mother, keep your boy's heart; that is, provided you already have it. If you have not, the first step is to get it. Study boy-nature. I know of no study more thoroughly interesting. A sturdy, healthy boy, a real, live, romping, noisy boy is a living inspiration, in my opinion at least. Next convince your boy that you are his best friend. There are countless ways of convincing him; one is to make home a delightful spot, that is, provided it is within your power so to do. God pity the poor mothers that are wives of intemperate men otherwise unfitted for fatherhood. But even such mothers, if they are what they ought to be, can make home a desirable place for their boys. Their patient love and sympathy can make it a joy to be in their presence, even if there is something lacking in the home atmosphere.

Let the earnest growing boy play, even if the house is disordered, even if Mrs. Gossip and Mrs. Faulsticher do say they never saw such a topsy-turvy house. Ah, if we would only remember how fleeting their young days, how very, very soon, if they live, they will be strong, bearded men, and our homes will be painfully orderly. Will not the memory of dear boyish forms come fraught with pleasantness if we remember that we were patient and loving and helpful? that it was our influence blessed by the Omnipotent, that started the young feet heavenward? Let us exert ourselves to the utmost to have them feel as well as say, "There's no place like home."

Give your boy, when he is old enough, a pretty, comfortable room which he will take pride in showing to his friends, if you can afford it. Don't put all the pretty ornaments and tasteful knick-knacks in the parlor and spare room. Put them, at least some of them, in your boy's room. Hang pictures on the walls, (inexpensive ones will do,) pictures of flowers, birds, or landscapes, anything that will cultivate his taste and have a tendency to uplift him. Buy him books, sound instructive unexceptional books. Let him subscribe for a least one good paper, one that will help.

If, for the love of Him, we take to our home a little immortal being, and kindly minister to his welfare, we shall soon find that the heart, as well as the home, will open to the confiding touch of childhood. In blessing, we shall be blessed.

Near my own, is a home of wealth and culture, from which God has taken all the children. It seemed as if reason was tottering on its throne as the father watched the last child pass away, and, though years have gone, he is a mourner still. Would not a child-voice, in his quiet home, win his heart to its old cheerfulness? Would not some friendless little one blossom into a beautiful manhood or womanhood under the kindly influence of a title of the love which those parents lavished on their own darlings? Would not God reward them, even here, with the consciousness of having ministered to "one of these little ones?"

There are other homes, where there is "no baby in the house," that would be cheerier with bright child-faces in them. There are hearts chilled with care, and hardened by constant battling with the "stern realities" of life, into which a little child's love might creep, to warm and to soften, till they shall glow with generous impulse and prompt to noble deeds.

Many a lonely child might be more joyous, and more free from selfishness, with one to share its pastimes.

These rewards are with us, as results of our self-sacrifice; but the motive should be a desire to please and honor God, by striving to save at least one soul—leading it on, day by day, in the way of life, up to the very gate of heaven.

BURLESQUE.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.—"My folks are going to the country to be gone all summer!" enthusiastically exclaimed a little girl yesterday as she met another on Cass avenue.

"Your pa must be awful rich," replied the second.

"I never will—hope to die if I do."
"Well then pa was telling ma that we'd all go out to Uncle John's. Ma she'll work for her board, pa will work in the saw-mill, and I will pick berries and ride horse to plow corn, brother Tom will go round with a lightning-rod man, and while you folks are in the awful heat we'll be putting on airs and fixing over our old clothes for fall. Don't you tell, now, for ma is saying to everybody that she must have the country air to restore her shattered nerves."

FOURTH OF JULY.—"What do we have the Fourth of July for?" asked a Broadway boy of his ma.

"Fourth of July? why, Freddy, I'm ashamed of you. We have the fourth of July to celebrate the—husband, I declare I can't think for the moment, what is it?"

"Why, don't you know why we celebrate the Fourth. Who was it discovered America?"

"Christopher Columbus!" exclaimed the mother and boy simultaneously.

"Right and when did he discover it?"

"Why, on the Fourth of July of course," replied the mother, "but I've got the worst memory about these historical facts."

"That's it," said the wise father encouragingly, "Columbus discovered America on the Fourth of July and the nation celebrates the day in honour or the event. Freddy, I want you to study up. I should feel awfully mortified had you asked me such a question before company."

THE WIDOW FROM CINCINNATI.—A few weeks ago a Detroit widower of wealth and standing was waiting in the depot at Toledo for a train home, when he was approached by a good-looking woman, well dressed, highly educated, and so forth. She had tears in her eyes. Her hair was all mussed up. She seemed to have fallen through a bridge or been run over by an omnibus. "Sir, you look like a gentleman," she began, "and I want to ask a great, great favor of you. I live in Cincinnati, and am on my way to Detroit. I have lost my money, and I want to borrow my fare to Detroit." He gave it to her with great cheerfulness. He also paid her bill at the Island House. He also sat in the same seat with her during the rest of the journey. He found out that she had lost a dear husband about a year ago, and that she was now sighing for some one to love. She was handsome in his eyes, and he gave her money to pay her hotel bill, wrote several letters to her and was fast becoming "looney," when she appointed an interview and had "her brother" present. The said "brother" was going to shoot the widower right through the head, and the widow shed tears, fainted away and came to just in time to help count the \$300 which the Detroitier handed over to settle the case.

SAYS THE DANBURY MAN.—There are little trials and vexations of life which are too trifling to speak of, but which contribute largely to human misery. The young lady whose parents live next door to a young married couple is not on the road to unembarrassed happiness. Such a one reside on Pine street. She is in the delightful process of crystallizing a germ in the heart of a young man who is clerk in one of our fancy goods stores. On the afternoon of the Fourth he was sitting with her in the parlour, the windows open, the blinds closed, a delightful breeze floating in, and a subdued light over all. There was a moment of sweet silence. Each heart was afloat in a sea of dreamy speculation. Suddenly there came a voice from the next house—the voice of a young mother—

"Crissey, what are you doing out there?"

A very childish voice piped forth in reply—

"I'm eatin'."

"Eating what? Green apples?"

"Yes."

"Come away from there at once, you little torment."

"But I ain't eat but two," protested the childish voice.

"Two! My gracious! Come here this minute! till I poke you full of pills! I won't have you keeping me up all night with the gripes. Come here, I tell you, till I fix your insides!"

"Shall we go in the other room?" said the young lady crimsoning.

"Yes, oh, yes!" ejaculated the young clerk in a voice of horror, as he hastily prepared for a move.

VISIT TO AN OBITUARY POET.—He was a country-looking chap, with an odd mixture of sorrow and resignation on his lean countenance, and he dropped upon the startled advertising clerk of the—well, to save trouble, we won't locate the paper, but call it the Sunday Union—with the mysterious whisper of:

"She's gone!"

"Who's gone?" asked the clerk.

"Marier."

"Who in thunder's Marier?"

"My wife; she's gone!"

"Gone where?"

"Up above—died last night; want you to put it in your next issue."

"What ailed her?"

"Lockjaw. She lay for three weeks and

never spoke. Never had such a quiet time in the house before. Just do the notice up fine, will you, an' I'll see that everything is fixed up all right."

Accordingly the clerk scribbled away for a moment, handed out what he had written for inspection, and curtly remarked:

"Dollar thirty-five."

The bereaved husband read it over carefully, and finally gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"That's all right," said he, handing over the required specie, "but I s'pose you could put a verse on the end, couldn't you?"

"Well, yes," ruminated the clerk, "I guess so. What kind of a verse do you want?"

"Sumthin' tender-like an' sorrowful."

"How would this do?" asked the clerk, scratching his head with the end of his penholder:

A perfect female, folks did consider her,
She's gone an' left a weepin' widower!

"That's kinder melancholy," reflected the stranger, "but I reckon it's a little—jest a little—too personal. Jest you try again. I don't mind puttin' up hansom for sumthin' that'll rake folks' heart strings."

The clerk gazed at the ceiling for a moment, and then suggested:

The husband's lost a wife,
The children ma.
Died on Friday night,
From the lockjaw.

"Yes," broke out the mourner, wiping his nose on a black-bordered handkerchief, "but I don't own any young uns."

"What do you think of this, then?"

She always was contented,
At life she'd never carp,
Gone to be an angel
And play on a golden harp.

"Don't believe that'll suit. You see, Marier couldn't even play on a pianer, an' I know a harp would stump her sure. Poor woman! she had a tender heart, though, and made the most elegant biscuit you ver saw."

"Hanged if I won't have to charge you extra!" growled the clerk. "I ain't a Long-fellow or a Tennyson."

"I know," meekly replied the weepin' widower. "Jest try once more, won't you?"

So the clerk did try, and at last ground out the following:

On earth could not stay Marier,
So she died and went up higher.

"Sorter irreverent, ain't it?" anxiously asked Marier's relict. "I reckon I wouldn't grudge a couple of dollars for a bang-up verse."

Thus stimulated the machine poet became suddenly inspired and exultingly produced:

Cry for Marier,
Alas! she is no more—
Joined the singing seraphs
Upon the other shore.

The afflicted one uneasily took a chew of tobacco, and whispered:

"Beautiful! But there's one thing that spiles it. Marier hadn't any more melody in her than an old plow, an' it's deliberit lyin' to speak of her as a vocalist. None of them other syrups (seraphs) you alluded to could keep time with her."

"Well," thoughtfully remarked the discomfited Wood, "if this ain't all O. K. you'll have to hire a special poet. I'm played out!"

Affliction sore
Long time she bore;
Physicians were in vain!
Lockjaw ketched her,
Death it fetched her,
Gone—to rise again.

"Tell you what," enthusiastically exclaimed the widower, "that's tip-top! Here's your two dollars; you've airt them. A young man who can make up sich affectin' lines as them has a glorious futur' before him!"

And squeezing the exhausted poet's hand the elated speaker left in search of a pair of black kid gloves.

ALE AND PORTER.—There are no brands of ales and porter more deservedly popular or better known in the Dominion than those of the house of Messrs. William Dow & Co., of this city, rivaling as they do in superiority and flavor the best imported productions of the large establishments of the old country. A walk through their extensive premises alone would not give the visitor any idea of the magnitude of the business, a description of which would far exceed the limit of this complimentary notice. It is certain, however, that large business resources, thorough knowledge of the demands of trade gained by years of practical experience, and standard brands of manufacture, are advantages proportionately valuable to purchasers in every branch of commerce, being guarantees of regular goods and the closest market prices.

RAND'S New York City Business Directory for 1877.—The second volume of this valuable and indispensable work has just been issued by the publishers, Messrs. Walter Hough & Co., of 3 Park Place, New York. No pains or expense has been spared in the production of the present volume, to make it complete and reliable. It is pronounced by the New York city press to be the most complete, attractive, useful and cheapest Business Directory of that city ever issued. In typographical appearance and binding, certainly it is a fine specimen of book-making. It contains over one hundred pages more matter than the last year's volume, which has added largely to the cost of the production of the work, and compelled the publishers to issue hereafter only the full cloth bound edition at One Dollar per copy, upon the receipt of which sum they will forward the work to any address in the United States or Canada, by mail, postage prepaid.