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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878.

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ALBANIAN DELEGATION.
THE EASTERN QUESTION.

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NOTICES.

The index for the last volume of the NEWS is ready for delivery, and is at the disposal of any of our subscribers who will be kind enough to notify us to that effect.

In returning their papers, or changing their addresses by removal or otherwise, our readers are requested to see that the postmaster stamps the wrapper with his office stamp, thus relieving us of much trouble and time lost in hunting over our books.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 10, 1878.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

In publishing to-day full-page portraits of the Marquis of LORNE and the Princess LOUISE, we believe we are doing a pleasure to our readers, as well as in subjoining the following notes of biography. With regard to the fitness and gracefulness of the appointment of His Lordship to the Governor-Generalship of Canada, we cannot do otherwise than re-echo the unanimously expressed opinion of the whole Dominion press.

The MARQUIS OF LORNE, although a subject, is one of the highest in the realm, being heir to a ducal peerage, and, by right of descent, a Scotch chieftain of the first rank. JOHN GEORGE EDWARD HENRY DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND, MARQUIS OF LORNE, M. P. for the county of Argyll, is the eldest son of the DUKE OF ARGYLL; he was born in 1845, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was appointed a Captain in the London Scottish Volunteers in 1866, and to the same rank in the Sutherlandshire Rifles in 1869. He is a zealous supporter of the volunteer force, is a practised marksman with the rifle, and has shot with success at the University v. House of Lords and Common matches at Wimbledon. In person he is handsome, although very youthful in appearance; he has an agreeable ease of manner, and an expression of great good nature and kindness, and would generally attract favourable remark even from persons unacquainted with him. Those who are of his intimates are aware that he is also gifted with considerable abilities, and that, comparatively young as he is, he has given evidence of industry and of capacity for that description of work which is assigned to young men of his condition. He acted for several years as Private Secretary to the DUKE OF ARGYLL, his father, when Secretary of State for India; and at one time, when His Grace was occupied in the preparation of an important legislative measure, LORD LORNE undertook, and carried on with assiduity and success, an amount of business not usually within the sphere nor the ordinary capacity of a private secretary. In Parliament he has distinguished himself by a conscientious independence, which at least once led him to vote against the Gladstone Ministry of which his father was an eminent member. That he is influenced by the spirit of adventure which is characteristic of the greater number of young Englishmen has been shown by the extent of his travels, notably in the United States of America. The book he published on his return, entitled "A Trip to the Tropics," is a very creditable production. It is real-

ly remarkable for the impartiality and clearness of the opinions expressed in it concerning the working of the republican institutions of America, when the extreme youth and aristocratic education of the writer are taken into consideration. He has also published a couple of volumes of poems of more than ordinary merit. Although the Marquis of LORNE has not been prominent as a speaker in the House of Commons, he has been heard in other places, and appeared ready and fluent, without a trace of the awkwardness and hesitation of a comparatively unpractised orator. In the circle in which he moves he has acquired unusual esteem of affection and promises to inherit, with the high rank, the equally high character of the DUKE OF ARGYLL. If personal virtues can maintain old traditions, the head of the Campbells may be regarded in the Western Highlands for some generations to come as almost equal in authority to the Sovereign.

The noble Scottish house of Campbell, of whom the DUKE OF ARGYLL—the MacCallum More, in Gaelic phrase—is regarded as the acknowledged chief, although it stands only third in the Scottish roll of precedence among dukes, is, in one sense, the first and foremost of Scottish titles: for no other house, either of Lowland or Highland origin, ever counted among its members so great and illustrious a catalogue of ennobled and otherwise distinguished individuals. In this respect the Campbells may claim superiority over the Scotts, the Hamiltons, the Murrays, the Grahams, and even the Stuarts. In our own day they hold, or have held, the Dukedom of Argyll, the Scottish Earldom and English Marquisate of Breadalbane, the English Earldom of Cawdor, the Barony of Stratheden, and the Barony of Campbell; the Barony of Clyde, of Indian celebrity, was conferred on one who, if he had not a Campbell for his father, at least on his mother's side belonged to the clan. A Campbell, within the last twenty years, has held the Lord Chancellorship of England, a few years before having been Lord Chancellor of Ireland. At this present moment the Campbells enjoy no less than eleven baronetcies, English and Scottish, including those who have assumed the additional name in right of maternal descent. In the lists of the Orders of the Thistle and the Bath, and in the roll of "Knights Bachelors" both past and present, the name of Campbell figures very largely, and not many other names outshine it in the lists of British Generals and Admirals during the last century and a half.

The Marquis of LORNE derives his title from that district of Argyllshire which is commonly known as Lorne, or Lorn. It occupies the north-eastern portion of the county, from Oban and Dunstaffnage at its south-western extremity, to the borders of Perthshire on the east, and is cut in two by the romantic and beautiful Loch Etive, and separated on the west by a variety of narrow channels from the district of Morven. The district in very ancient times was traditionally possessed by the McDougals, a family in those days almost as powerful as the McDONALDS, "Lords of the Isles." From the McDougals it came into the royal house of STUART, or STEWART; and it will be remembered that among the victories gained by BRUCE in his eventful career was one over the then Lord of Lorne, in the Pass of Awe. According to Sir BERNARD BURKE, the broad lands of Lorne passed into the hands of the CAMPBELLS of Lochow, the direct ancestors of the present ducal house of ARGYLL, about four hundred years ago; and it is remarkable that they were acquired, just as now they are about to be consolidated and more firmly established than ever, not by force of arms, but by a fortunate marriage. Sir BERNARD tells us that Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, of Lochow, in recognition of the great additions which he had made to the estates of the House of Campbell and to his achievements in war, acquired the name of "More," or the Great, and from him the head of his descendants, down to the present day, is known among his Gaelic

tenantry and clansmen as "MacCallum More." He received the honour of knighthood in A.D. 1280, from the hands of Alexander the Third of Scotland, and eleven years later was one of the nominees of ROBERT BRUCE in his contest for the Scottish crown. This renowned and gallant chieftain was slain in a contest with his powerful neighbour, the Lord of LOVNE, at a place called "The String of Cowal," where an obelisk of large size is erected on his grave. This event occasioned feuds for a series of years between the neighbouring Lairds of Lochow and Lorne, which were terminated at last by the marriage of COLIN, second Lord CAMPBELL, of Lochow, and first Earl of ARGYLL, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, with ISABELLA STUART, eldest daughter and heiress of JOHN, Laird of LOVNE. In consequence of this union he added to the arms of his ancestors the "galley" which still figures in the CAMPBELL shield, and he assumed the additional title of Lord of LOVNE.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE CAROLINE ALBERTA is the fourth daughter of the QUEEN, and was born at Buckingham Palace on the 18th of May, 1848. She is, of course, as accomplished as assiduous, and well-directed culture can render her, and has developed decided artistic tendencies towards drawing, painting, and sculpture. The bust of the QUEEN in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1870 possessed real merits of execution and verisimilitude; and some interesting specimens of the Princess's work have been exhibited at the collection of pictures and sculpture at Bend Street, destined to aid the funds for the relief of destitute widows and orphans of German soldiers. Mrs. THORNEYCROFT has had the honour of instructing the Princess in the arts of modelling and sculpture. Her Royal Highness has also decided literary tastes, and is so assiduous a reader as to deserve the name of a student. The PRINCESS was for some years the closest companion of the QUEEN, her mother, and is greatly beloved by every member of the royal family, while her sweetness of disposition endears her to every one within the sphere of her influence. A graceful act of appreciative kindness was performed by the PRINCESS, in connection with her position as one of the lady patronesses of the National Society for the Aid of the Sick and Wounded. During the Franco-German war, to each of the surgeons proceeding under the auspices of the society to the hospitals of France and Belgium she presented, in some instances personally, a handsome pocket-case, ornamented with her monogram and escutcheon, containing the instruments required for military surgery. The interesting personal appearance of Her Royal Highness is well known to the English public generally; to those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the kindly and gracious face, we offer as good a likeness as it has been in our power to obtain. On several prominent occasions of State ceremony, the PRINCESS LOUISE has officiated for the QUEEN, and has always called forth remark for a combination of dignity and kindly graciousness, rightly considered to be the perfection of royal reception. She was married to the MARQUIS OF LORNE in 1871.

HISTORY OF THE SECOND BATTALION.

THE "QUEEN'S OWN" REGIMENT OF TORONTO.

The 2nd Battalion was formed on the 26th April, 1860, from the following independent volunteer companies, viz.: Barrie Rifle Company, organized 27th Dec., 1855; 1st Rifle Company of Toronto, organized 20th March, 1856; 3rd Rifle Company of Toronto, organized 20th March, 1856; Highland Company of Toronto, organized 31st March, 1856; Foot Artillery Company of Toronto, organized 13th Nov., 1856; Highland Company of Whitby, organized 31st March, 1858; Captain Durie (now Deputy Adjutant-General No. 2 Military District) being appointed Lieut.-Col. Commanding.

During the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in September, 1860, the first four Companies were reviewed by him in the Queen's Park, Toronto, being the only occasion on which either of the outside Companies, Barrie or Whitby, were present at head-quarters.

In the latter part of 1861, just previous to and during the Trent excitement, several independent companies were organized in the city, which by a general order issued 21st Nov., 1862, were added to the strength of the corps, making it up to a strength of ten companies, exclusive of the Barrie and Whitby companies, which were dropped. Almost immediately after this re-organization, permission was applied for to adopt the title of the "Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto," which was graciously granted by Her Majesty in March, 1863, and on the 24th May of the same year, the lady friends and relatives of the regiment presented it with a very handsome silver mace. This part of the equipment of a rifle regiment being now obsolete, it has not been used for years, though it is still highly treasured as a souvenir of old times.

Consequent upon the excitement caused by the St. Alban's raid in 1864, two companies of the Queen's Own were detailed for duty at Niagara, as a part of the 2nd Administration Battalion, under Lieut.-Col. Durie, and on their return, in 1865, after four months' service, a third was sent to Sarina for upwards of six months.

During the Fenian raid of 1866, after three months' active service in Toronto, the regiment was, on the 1st June, suddenly ordered to Fort Colborne, and the day after took part in the action at Ridgeway, in which one officer and eight non-commissioned officers and men were killed, and four officers and seventeen non-commissioned officers and men were wounded.

Proceeding from Fort Colborne to Fort Erie, where they joined the united forces of Colonel Lowry and Peacocke, they were in two or three days sent to garrison Stratford, the force then consisting of Gore's Battery of Artillery, two companies of H.M. 16th Foot, and themselves, under the command of the now celebrated Sir Garnet Wolseley, then a Colonel on the staff. After remaining three weeks in Stratford, the regiment was relieved from duty until the following August, when they were sent to the Camp of Instruction at Thorold for eight days, again to be under the command of Colonel Wolseley.

Owing to the exciting events of this year, the corps was kept constantly at work and fully up to its strength, which at that time was 600, but as an instance of its popularity, it may be stated that, on the 17th March, there were upwards of 700 regularly enrolled members on parade, while at Stratford the strength with two companies attached was over 800.

Lieut.-Col. Gilmer, who assumed command in the latter part of 1865, served through 1866 and for many years afterwards, and to him must be given the credit of creating an esprit de corps which has carried the Queen's Own through many a trying time, and which it still maintains.

One of the first corps to re-enroll under the Militia Act of 1868 was the Queen's Own, and this example was followed by many others, in whose minds at the time great doubt existed as to whether they would serve under that obnoxious Act.

A period of rest and quiet prevailed until 1871, when brigade camps throughout the Dominion were inaugurated. At those of 1871 and 1872, at Niagara, the regiment carried the palm, and as that of the latter year was probably the largest camp ever formed in the Dominion, some 6,200 being present, it was no small achievement. Again, in 1875, at the same camp, the honours were reaped by the Queen's Own.

Shortly after returning from the last camp, the services of the corps were required in aid of the Civil Power at Toronto during the Pilgrimage riots, but fortunately their assistance was not needed beyond that of the moral effect given by the presence of troops; not so, however, did they fare at Belleville on the 2nd January, 1877, when 200 of the regiment were hurriedly sent there to preserve the peace and protect the property of the Grand Trunk Railway Company from rioters in the shape of employees of that road who were on strike. The duty was arduous one, for the cold, which was intense, soon found its way through gilegarrys and serge trousers, while on arrival at Belleville, volleys of abuse, followed by ice-balls, bricks and iron units greeted the corps, who, after standing two hours of such treatment without reply, and having many men hit, were at length obliged to use the bayonet in several cases.

At the recent celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday in Montreal, the Queen's Own were present in good strength, and, judging from the reports of the public press, seemed to have upheld the reputation so long enjoyed by them.

In concluding, we might call attention to the fact that all the officers of the Queen's Own are taken from the ranks of the corps; not only have all the present officers done so, but many have had very long services therein, notably Surgeon Thorburn, who has twenty-two years' service. He was President of the Medical Board of Examiners of the Wounded in 1866 for the 2nd Military District, and is a Lecturer in the Toronto School of Medicine, Consulting Physician in Toronto General Hospital, and other institutions. Major Lee (Paymaster), has also had 22 years, while Lieut.-Col. Otter, Majors Arthur and Jarvis, Captains Miller, Foster, Allan, Vandersmissen and Hamilton vary from fifteen to seventeen years each.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.—Bishop's College owes its existence to the earnest and untiring efforts of the late Bishop Mountain, of Quebec, seconded by the zealous exertions of others, among whom the Rev. Lucius Doolittle, formerly Incumbent of Lennoxville, was conspicuous. It is a Divinity College for the training of clergymen, and also the seat of an University, which consists of a Faculty of Divinity and a Faculty of Arts, domiciled at Lennoxville itself, and a Faculty of Medicine, established in 1870 in Montreal. The College was originally incorporated in 1846, and received its charter as an University ten years afterwards. Several men who now hold distinguished places in the State as well as in the Church, have been educated within its walls and hold its degrees. The College buildings have been recently restored, a fire, in the year 1875, having entirely destroyed the main building. In their restored state, they consist of the Principal's Lodge, on the left wing; the chapel, on the right, and the main portion—dining-hall, lecture-rooms, library, and residence rooms for the students in the centre. The chapel has just been considerably enlarged as a memorial to the late Bishops Mountain and Fulford, the Rev. L. Doolittle, and, lastly, the late Principal, Rev. Dr. Nicolls, by whom the enlargement was begun. In the same precincts with the College stands Bishop's College School, an institution founded in the year 1857, for the education of boys for whom a high-class training is desired, whether as a preparation for the universities or for commercial life. It is a school after the model of the Public Schools of England, and has in the 21 years of its existence been the temporary home of many boys, both from various parts of the Dominion and from the United States. The first Rector, or Head-Master, was the present Bishop of Quebec.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LADY ODO RUSSELL'S share of the "spoil" was the silver box in which was deposited the Great Seal of England used in signing the Treaty.

MADAME PATTI has taken a little summer residence in the heart of North Wales where the prima donna will repair for a holiday of three months.

MR. CROSS has denied all knowledge of any treaty between Germany and Holland, but the opinion gains ground that other treaties are in existence, especially in French interests.

WE are to have a new theatre in the Strand for the performance of English comic opera. Yet it is a fact that not half of those now open are paying their expenses.

It is rumoured that the various *employés* in the Government offices who are known to be contributors to the Press have received an intimation that they had better be careful respecting the character of their communications.

THE will of the late Mr. Charles James Matthews, the eminent comedian, has just been proved by his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Matthews, the sole executrix, to whom he leaves all his property. The personal estate is sworn under £20,000.

AN advertisement has appeared for a theatrical company "to proceed at once to Cyprus" to open with *Othello*. Already, it is said, the Colonial Office has been besieged with applicants for the posts of relieving officer and work-house master. A newspaper is to be started to be called the *Cyprus Chronicle*.

ANOTHER illustration is given in support of the view that the Premier's novels give an insight into his system of policy. In *Tancred*, written thirty years ago, Mr. Disraeli wrote: "The English want Cyprus, and they will take it as a compensation;" and in another place: "They will not do the business of the Turk for nothing."

THE song written by Mr. Clement W. Scott in honour of the 16th July, when Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury were welcomed home, has been set to music by Mr. W. C. Levey. It is called "Stand to your Guns!" The verses were recited at the Princess's Theatre and were received with enthusiasm.

THE gossip of the law courts points to the immediate establishment of a judicial department in the Island of Cyprus, modelled on the same plan as was put in force for Fiji when we occupied the island in the Southern Sea. Military Governors cannot act unless they have legal coadjutors beside them, and accordingly we may learn at any moment of the appointment of a Chief-Justice, an Attorney-General, and a Chief Police Magistrate of the Island of Cyprus.

IN correction of a telegram from Constantinople, stating that Baker Pasha and Colonels Blunt, Allix and Baker were the only officers remaining in the Turkish service, Admiral Hobart Pasha, writing to the papers, says:—"I and three or four other ex-English naval officers are still in the Turkish service. For my part, I mean to stick to my friends for 'weal or woe,' so long as they will allow me to have the honour of serving them."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY was anxious to take out with him Second Lieutenant E. Vincent, Coldstream Guards, on his staff to Cyprus. This young officer was specially selected on account of his knowledge of modern Greek, Italian and Hindostanee, but at the last moment his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief found it necessary to withhold his sanction on account of Mr. Vincent not having yet completed the necessary service to qualify him for the staff.

THE Spiritualists have taken alarm at some of the evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the subject of the Lunacy Laws. The proof understood to have been produced that persons have in some cases been confined as lunatics on the strength of the singularity of their opinion, comes home to this section of society and accounts for their interest in the subject; and they have instructed a committee to inquire into the working and tendency of the Lunacy Laws, especially as they may bear upon Spiritualists.

HERETICAL notions have been held as to the beauty of Cleopatra's nose. There can scarcely be two opinions as to Cleopatra's Needle. It is dumpy: at least, it looks so where it now lies prone on the Embankment. London must congratulate itself that the Needle did not get fixed under the Victoria Tower where it would have been dwarfed. With the hideous shed known as Charing-Street Railway Station for its near background, it will not suffer by comparison in this respect; and perhaps one of these days it may even become for the metropolis a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

EVERY one should be reminded ere the exhibition at Burlington House closes that if they ascend a rather formidable staircase, and visit some treasures of art upstairs, the existence of which seems comparatively unknown, they will be gratified. There they will find the early copy of Leonardo's fresco of the Last Supper, made in 1510, by his pupil, Marco Oggione; and also a circular bas-relief in marble of the Virgin and Child and St. John, a genuine work by Michael Angelo; and the cartoon of St. Anne, Maclise's original cartoon for the fresco of Wellington and Blucher in the House of Lords is likewise to be found in the Gibson and Diploma Gallery.

IN the picture of the Congress to be painted by Professor von Werner, Prince Gortschakoff is represented seated in an arm-chair, and is conversing, hand-in-hand with Lord Beaconsfield. Prince Hohenzoln, leaning on the arm-chair of Prince Gortschakoff, stands contemplating this spectacle with an air denoting much satisfaction, blended with a dash of irony. In the middle of the picture, slightly in advance of the table, is the principal group. Count Schouvaloff, who has just signed the treaty, is on the left of Prince Bismarck in full uniform, who congratulates him with a shake of the hand, bestowing at the same time a kindly smile on Count Andrassy, who is likewise in full regimentals. To the right of the spectator, and slightly behind the principal group, stand the three Turkish plenipotentiaries, who by their look, full of confidence, seem to thank the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Odo Russell, standing near, for the reassuring protection which England henceforth will accord to Turkey.

VARIETIES.

SEA-BATHING.—A timely warning to those about to enjoy the summer luxury of sea-bathing. Dr. Sexton of New York finds salt water to be peculiarly irritating to the delicate membrane of the inner ear, while cold fresh water may be equally injurious. Every year hundreds of people are sent to the infirmary for treatment whose trouble has arisen from getting water into their ears while bathing, or from catching cold in the ears at such times. He recommends, as a precaution, the plugging of the ears with cotton before entering the water, particularly in surf-bathing.

ECONOMICAL.—A Boston man informs the *Globe* that he saves \$250 a year on a salary of \$1,000. He allows \$144 for rent, \$300 for food, \$75 for clothes for his wife, \$50 for clothes for himself, \$30 for theatres and concerts, \$38 for fuel and lights, \$35 for car fare, and \$30 for incidentals for himself, including an occasional cigar but no strong drink. He assures the *Globe* that he not only gets along on \$750 a year, but sits at as good a table as he wants, dresses as well as other men in his rank in life, and that his wife finds \$75 a year sufficient to keep herself in good appearance. The circumstance that she is her own dressmaker and milliner explains the secret of her being able to dress well on \$75 a year.

ONE WAY OF LEARNING TO SWIM.—Lieut. General J. E. Alexander, in view of the great numbers of lives recently lost through the inability of the unfortunate persons to swim, advocates the adoption of the following plan for teaching swimming which he says he has himself employed successfully. He writes—"Swimming may be taught in two days in this simple and inexpensive manner. A pole eight feet or ten feet long is secured and projected from the stern of a boat, an iron ring being at the end of the pole. A man rows the boat slowly in smooth water; another stands up in the boat and supports the learner by a girth round the chest and

a rope passed through the ring of the pole. He directs the learner how to make his strokes with his arms and legs (frog-like), supports him easily in the water, and gives him confidence. The third day he may dispense with the support."

FRUIT-EATING.—A very mistaken idea, writes a correspondent of a contemporary, finds a lodgment in the minds of many, otherwise sensible, persons—to wit, that summer complaints, the generic term under which the disorders peculiar to the season are known, are caused mainly by the use of fruit, and that the wise and safe plan is to prohibit its use altogether. This method, which neglects to take advantage of one of the most beneficent provisions for man's use, is detrimental to health. When fruit does harm, it is because it is eaten at improper times, in improper quantities, or before it is ripened and fit for the human stomach. A distinguished physician has said that, if his patients would make a practice of eating a couple of good oranges before breakfast from February till June, his practice would be gone. The principal evil is that we do not eat enough fruit, and that we injure its finer qualities with sugar and cream. We need the medicinal action of the pure fruit acids in our systems, and their cooling, corrective influence.

THE PRINCESS SALM SALM.—An English paper announces the death of the Princess Salm Salm. She was born at Philipsburg, December 25, 1840, Province of Quebec and her family name was Joyce; in the *Almanach de Gotha* she is described as "Agnès, daughter of the late Colonel LeClerq, or Leclair," she was well-known in the equestrian profession in this country. August 30, 1862, she married Prince Felix Constantine Alexander John Nepomucene Salm Salm, born in 1823. Him she accompanied to Mexico, where he served as General, aide-de-camp, and chief of the household of Maximilian. They returned to Europe after the downfall of the Mexican Empire, where the Princess received the order of San Carlos. Prince Felix then became a major in the Prussian Grenadiers of the Guard, and was killed August 18. His widow married two years ago a wealthy English gentleman named Heneage, who was before the courts a few months ago, vainly endeavoring to secure release from his engagements to settle upon her a certain dower and to make her an annual allowance, his complaint being that she had at her marriage concealed from him the fact that she was largely in debt. In 1875, she published parts of her own and husband's diaries kept in Mexico, and also an interesting volume entitled "Ten Years of My Life."

A MUSCULAR PRIMA DONNA.—Her face is coarse and red, and her eyes resemble those of an enraged bull when almost starting out of their sockets. She weighs nearly or quite 300 pounds, and has the muscular strength of a prize fighter. She does all her own work, and one day the impressario Morelli called to engage the well-known soprano for a season of concerts. After climbing five flights of stairs he found the giantess of a woman scrubbing the sixth flight, and when she was interrupted she turned on him in a perfect fury. "What do you want?" said she to the oily impressario, whose gentle voice begged to pass.

"I wish to see Frau Wilt," responded the director, "and would thank you to—"

"Not if I know it," cried the soprano, putting her arms akimbo and glowering down on Morelli. "First, what do you want of her?"

"My good woman, I don't know that is any of your business," said Mr. Morelli, "but if you will let me pass I don't mind telling you that I have come to see Mme. Wilt on business, and—"

The creature smiled grimly, seized her pail and mop cloth, flourished her red, brawny arms in Morelli's face, and with a simple "Follow me," mounted the stairs. She threw open the door, and entered, Morelli at her heels. Then, after going through the preliminaries of furiously blowing her nose, she wiped a great drop of perspiration from her face, and said again: "What do you want? I am Frau Wilt."

SPURGEON.—Spurgeon, (Charles Haddon,) the renowned London preacher, gained his renown earlier than most Englishmen do, being barely 54 now; and he has had a trans-Atlantic reputation for near 20 years. He began very young. Designed by his family for an independent preacher, he was drawn toward the Baptists by sympathy with their doctrines, and became an active tract distributor and school teacher of that sect, at Kelvedon, (Essex) long before his majority. He was but 17, when he removed to Cambridge, and began to deliver cottage sermons, as they were called, throughout the neighborhood. He grew popular at once—he was known as the boy preacher—and at 18 had charge of a small Baptist congregation at Waterbeach—a thing almost unprecedented in England, where the intellect ripens much more slowly than in America. His fame spread reached the metropolis, and at twenty he was pastor of the New Park Street chapel, London. He drew so largely that in two years the church required enlargement. Still it was too small to accommodate the crowds anxious to hear him, and Surrey Music hall was secured for his ministrations. Finally his followers built the enormous Tabernacle in Newington Butts, and it was formally opened in 1861. Hundreds of Americans have heard him there, and know how hard it is to get a seat on Sunday. Few of them can undersand his extraordinary power of attraction; but then they judge him by their own instead of a British standard.

BURLESQUE.

A HUMOURIST'S DINNER.—"Twenty minutes for dinner," shouted the guard, as we approached the station. Arrived there, I entered the dining room and inquired of the waiter, "What do you have for dinner?"—"Twenty minutes" was the hurried reply. I told him I would try half-a-dozen minutes raw on the shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head trying to comprehend the order, but gave it up and waited upon someone else. I approached a man who stood near the door with a lot of silver in his hand: "What do you have for dinner?"—"Half-a-crown," said he. I told him I would take half-a-crown well done. I asked him if he could not give me, in addition, a boiled pocket-book stuffed with bills, and some fried postage stamps, also an Egyptian bond, done brown, with lettuce. And I would like to wash my dinner down with bank-notes. He said they were out of everything but the bank-notes, and that as soon as the train left he would order the waiter to "draw" some.

AN ANSWER WORTHY OF A DIPLOMAT.—The old man Smith, of Richfield, is a self-sufficient sort of old fellow, and prides himself on his riding abilities. One day he espied his young hopeful leading his colt to water rather gingerly, and remarked:

"Why on earth don't you ride that beast?"
"I'm 'fraid to; 'fraid he'll throw me."
"Bring that hoss here," snapped the old man.

The colt was urged up to the fence and braced on one side by the boy, while the old man climbed on to the rails and stocked himself on the colt's back. Then he was let go, and the old gentleman rode proudly off. Paralyzed by fear the colt went slowly for about twenty rods without a demonstration. Then like lightning his four legs bunched together, his back bowed like a viaduct arch, and the old man shot up in the air, turned several separate and distinct somersaults and lit on the small of his back in the middle of the road, with both legs twisted around his neck. Hastening to him the young hopeful anxiously inquired:

"Did it hurt you, pa?"
The old man rose slowly, shook out the knots in his legs, brushed the dust from his ears and hair, and, rubbing his bruised elbows, growled:
"Well, it didn't do me a deuced bit of good. You go home."

TOO SOON.—"Dey tells me you done jine the chu'ch," said Uncle Remus to Pegleg Charley the other day.

"Yes, sir," responded Charley, gravely, "dat's so."

"Well, I'm mighty glad er dat," remarked Uncle Remus with unction. "It's 'bout time dat I wuz spectin' fer to hear you in de chain-gang, an' stidder dat hit's de chu'ch. Well, dey ain't no tellin' dese days whar a nigger's gwine ter lan'."

"Yes," responded Charley, straightening himself up and speaking in a dignified tone, "yes, I'm fixin' to do better. I'm preparin' fer to shake worldliness. I'm done quit so' shatin' wid dese white town boys. Dey've been a goin' back on me too rapidly here lately, and now I'm agoin' back on dem."

"Well, ef you done had de spunce on it, I'm mighty glad. Ef you got 'lijun, you better hole on to it 'twell de las' day in de mornin'. Hit'll pay you mo' dan politics, an' ef you stan's up like you oughter, hit'll las' longer'n a bone-fellun. But you wanta have one er dese yer ole-time grips, an' you jes gotter shet yo' eye an' swing on like Mars, Ed. Bald'in's bull tarrier."

"Oh, I'm goin' to stick, Uncle Remus. You kin put your money on dat. Dese town boys can't play no more uv der games on me. I'm fixed. Can't you lend me a dime, Uncle Remus, to buy me a pie? I'm dat hongry dat my stomach is gettin' ready to go in mo'nin'."

Uncle Remus eyed Charley curiously a moment, while the latter looked quietly at his timber toe. Finally the old man sighed and spoke:

"How long is you bin in the chu'ch, son?"

"Mighty near a week," replied Charley.

"Well, lemme tell you dis, now, fo' you go enny fudder. You 'aint bin in dar long nuff fer to go 'roun' dakin' up conterbutions. Wait ontwell you git sorter seasoned like, an' den I'll hunt 'roun in my cloze an' see ef I can't run out a thrip er two fer you. But don't you levy taxes too early."

Charly laughed and said he would let the old man off if he would treat to a watermelon.

LITERARY.

THE Queen has accepted a copy of *The People of Turkey*, by a consul's daughter; edited by Stanley Lane Poole, and just published by Mr. Murray.

A NEW work will shortly appear, entitled *Tradition and Truth*. It will consist of a contrast between the Jewish Talmud and Holy Writ in the history of Abraham and Isaac.

SIGNOR Aleardo Aleardi, a senator of the kingdom, and one of the most distinguished of contemporary Italian poets, died at Verona lately of apoplexy. His works were reviewed last autumn in the *Quarterly*.

MR. SWINBURNE has it in mind to edit a new dramatic dictionary exhaustive in the matter of names, and containing long and critical articles on the more important writers. He will write some of the larger biographies himself.

THE Rev. John Laing, of Elinburgh, has now finished his dictionary of anonymous and pseudonymous literature of Great Britain, chiefly according to the general catalogue of the Bodleian Library. Mr. Laing's work will also contain the full names of authors whose initials only occur on the title pages.



The Marquis of LORNE, Governor-General Elect of the Dominion of Canada.



H. R. H. Princess LOUISE, Marchioness of Lorne.

THE CONGRESS.

The following Latin poem, from the pen of the well-known German poet, Gustave Schwetschke, was distributed by Prince Bismarck's special request amongst the Plenipotentiaries immediately after the last sitting, and published in the London Standard.

GAUDEAMUS CONGRESSIBLE.

Gaudeamus igitur
Socii congressus,
Post labores bellicosos
Post labores gloriosos
Nobis sit decessus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
Quondam consedere,
Viennenses, Parisienses,
Tot per annos, tot per menses,
Frustra decidere.

Mundus heu! vult decipi,
Sed non decipiatur,
Non plus ultra inter gentes
Litigantes et frementes
Manus conferatur.

Vivat Pax! et comitent
Dii nunc congressum,
Ceu Deus ex machina
Ipsa venit Cypris
Roborans successum.

Pereat discordia!
Vincat semper litem
Proxenetae probitas.*
Fides, spes, et obarias,
Gaudeamus item!

G. S.

* "Der ehrlicher Makler."

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—A correspondent informs us that the version given in *The Standard* of yesterday of the congratulatory ode ("Gaudeamus igitur," &c.) addressed to the Congress by the well-known German poet, Gustave Schwetschke, and "distributed by Prince Bismarck's request among the Plenipotentiaries," is incorrect. The true version, we are assured, is as follows:—

Rideamus igitur,
Socii Congressus;
Post labores bellicosos,
Post labores bumptosos,
Fit mirandus messus.

Ubi sunt qui apud nos
Causas litigare,
Moldo-Wallachae frementes,
Graeculi esurientes?
Heu! absquatulare.

Ubi sunt provinciae
Quae est laus pacis?
Tota, totae sunt partitae:
Has tulerunt Muscovitae,
Illas Count Andrassy.

Et quid est quod Angliae
Dedit hic Congressus?
Jus pro aliis pugnandi,
Mortuum vivificandi—
Splendidus successus!

Vult Joannes decipi
Et bamboozilatur,
Io Bacche! Quae majestas!
Ostreae reportans testas
Domum gloriatur!

This version, which from internal evidence will be seen to be the true one, may be roughly Englished thus:—

Let us have our hearty laugh,
Greatest of Congresses!
After days and weeks pugnacious,
After labours ostentatious,
See how big the mess is!

Where are those who at our bar
Their demands have stated;
Robbed Roumanians rampaging,
Greeklings with earth-bunger raging?
Where? Absquatulated!

Where the lands we've pacified,
With their rebel masses?
All are gone: yes, all up-gobbled;
These the Muscovite has nobbled,
Those are Count Andrassy's.

And what does England carry off
To add to her possessions?
The right to wage another's strife,
The right to raise the dead to life—
Glorious concessions.

Well, let John Bull bamboozled be
If he's so fond of sells!
Io Bacche! Hark the cheering!
See him home in triumph bearing
Both the oyster shells!

THE RADIATION OF HEAT FROM THE STARS.

EDISON AND LOCKYER.

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS:—

DEAR SIR.—In my letter of the 22nd of July, published in your excellent paper of the 27th of the same month, the following paragraph occurs, viz.: "that all the planets radiate outwards from them into space, a certain amount of heat, and that by this means, the temperature of each planet is affected by the others in proportion to their proximity."

In the New York Herald of the 1st instant, I find that Mr. Edison's proposed manner of discovering new stars is based upon the same reasoning. His plan, as the Herald inform us, is to at ach his tasimeter to a large telescope, that whenever it points at a star, the tasimeter, in consequence of its extreme sensitiveness to heat, would give warning of the fact.

At the time of writing the letter referred to, I had not the remotest idea that any proof could be offered which would verify the statement which I hazarded to give to the public through your valuable journal; but the time is at hand which will fully establish the conjecture which I ventured to offer.

The conclusion which I arrived at was an obvious one—one that harmonizes with the operations of nature around us. No proportionate advancement, commensurate with the activity employed, can be made in the science of astronomy, until learned men recognise the fact that they should regard as a general law of nature that which comes under the observation of the senses on this terrestrial globe, and that they should not abandon principles which come under our observation every moment of our lives, unless the abandonment is forced upon them by evidence of the strongest character.

The celebrated astronomer Lockyer is stated to have said that "the Sun is the great prime mover of earth. Every cloud, every tide, every air current depends upon it." I am not prepared to vouch whether these are the identical words used by the learned astronomer, but I quote them as I find them in the New York Herald of the 1st instant. If these are Mr. Lockyer's words, I must confess that I cannot see how he can believe in the Newtonian theory, particularly that portion of it which deals with the motions of the planets in their respective orbits round the Sun. If the Sun is the "prime mover of earth," it would be interesting to those who study astronomy to know how Mr. Lockyer can possibly reconcile it with the Newtonian theory. Do tell us, Mr. Lockyer, how the Sun moves the earth. The Sun—I mean the heat of the Sun—is no doubt the prime mover, not only of the earth, but likewise of the planets of our system. I challenge the great astronomer to account for the motion of the earth, as caused by the Sun, by any manner except that which is mentioned in my pamphlet entitled "The Heavenly Bodies, How they move, and What moves them."

The reader will understand that according to the Newtonian doctrine a continued application of force is unnecessary to help the earth in motion. Newcomb, in his Astronomy, says that "the great misapprehension which possessed the minds of nearly all mankind till the time of Galileo was, that the continuous action of some force was necessary to keep a moving body in motion." Come, Mr. Lockyer, do tell us, if you can, how the Sun first moved the earth, and further if you are a disciple of Newton, do tell us by what miraculous mechanical law did the Sun withdraw his moving power from the earth, immediately after he caused it to move. You must, as an eminent man should, fully realize the absurdity of your position. It is impossible for you to ignore the fact that if the earth was in the beginning moved by the Sun, that the Sun still exercises a moving influence on the earth, and such being the case, how can you reconcile it with the Newtonian theory, and what will you say to Mr. Newcomb, who distinctly states that the idea that a continuous force is necessary to keep a body in motion is "entirely incorrect?"

I am not ignorant of the style of reasoning adopted by astronomers. In order to patch up the Newtonian theory you will probably tell us that a certain force, in the beginning, resided in the Sun; that its presence was no longer required; that it moved to some other Sun, performed the same functions there, and finally fled to some other system. You will probably answer that this reasoning is ridiculous. It cannot be more ridiculous than to state that a body can be kept moving for ever without the application of force. Well, Mr. Lockyer, if the Sun after having first moved the earth withdrew its power in some miraculous manner, and ceased to aid the motion of the earth, would it not follow as a logical sequence that the continued action of the Sun is unnecessary to cause "every cloud, every tide, every air current" to move? And to cap the climax you may with equal justice assert, inasmuch as the continuous force of the Sun is unnecessary to keep the earth in motion, that its continuous light is unnecessary to light the world, and its continuous heat unnecessary to heat the world, and finally, if you admit the name of "Sun" into your astronomical works, it is only for what he has done, and not for what he is doing. It is only a question of time when the followers of Newton will deny the existence of the Sun itself, notwithstanding that it may shine as brilliantly as it did when Adam and Eve first beheld that glorious orb shining in the firmament of heaven. I am borne out in this conclusion from the fact that to-day the major part of the so-called scientists of the world, not only deny the doctrine of the Divine Providential government of the world, but the existence of that Supreme Being who has called us into existence. I trust, Mr. Editor, that you will pardon me for trespassing so much on your space.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
DUGALD MACDONALD.
Montreal, August 5th, 1878.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE first six days' sale, at Paris, of the diamonds belonging to Queen Isabella of Spain, produced 1,592,290 francs (nearly £64,000).

AN immense lottery is to be organized at the end of the Exhibition containing two million tickets at fifty centimes. This sum will be devoted to the purchase of works of art in the Exhibition, which will be distributed by lot amongst the purchasers of the tickets.

BEING asked what was the most noticeable thing on exhibition at the Paris Show, an American replied: "The fact that the barmaid

in the English restaurant, whom I saw five years ago at the Vienna Exhibition, is not apparently a day older than she was then."

ANOTHER exhibition is already announced for 1879 at the Palais de l'Industrie. It is happily only on a small scale, and will form a mere corollary to the Grand World's Fair of the present year. It is to be called the Exhibition of Sciences applied to Industry.

THE operation of inflating the enormous captive balloon which is to make ascents from the court-yard of the Tuileries, has just commenced. The dimensions of this aerostat are such that when the car is on the ground the crown will rise forty feet above the Arc de Triomphe.

A SUM of sixty thousand francs has been voted by the French Government for International Trotting Races to take place at the Maison-Lafitte track, near Paris, in the early autumn. These measures have been rather too tardily made known to meet with complete success, but it is hoped that American trotters in particular, and Russian horses as well, will meet with French breeds in the various events.

THE following incident is reported to have occurred at the Exhibition:—One un-Frenchman like act of dishonour made a slight sensation—a boorish fellow seizing one of the Chinamen by the pigtail, asked why he wore that. This unwitting gross insult was readily avenged by the Chinese merchant catching the perpetrator by the beard, and saying in English, "What you wear that for?"

A TRIAL is now going on in the Gers of a peculiarly savage murderer named Courtade, who, having a dispute with his landlord, got the Juge de Paix to view the premises, and then shot dead the plaintiff, the judge, the registrar, and the clerk, besides grievously wounding a woman. The curious statement is made in the indictment that he was of choleric temperament, and being an old soldier was accustomed to bloodshed.

M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, commenting on the Treaty of Peace, mentions with approval the remark of an Italian journalist that it was signed with the feathers of four vultures, one pigeon, and two geese. The two last-named, M. de Cassagnac points out, are those taken from the wings of M. Waddington and M. de St. Vallier. The conclusion of the writer is that Republican France has served as an accomplice and shameful associate in a terrible diplomatic situation.

THE swimming baths on the Seine have been extensively patronized during the warm days we have had lately, and are now beginning to recover some of the profits that were prevented by the cold backward spring from making earlier in the season. The principal establishments are crowded now of afternoons, and the attendance presents a curiously cosmopolitan character. Among the constant habitués of the swimming-baths on the Seine is a Chinaman who is often to be seen paddling through the water, with his pigtail floating out behind him.

IT is not often that immortality can be purchased for so small a sum as one hundred francs. The opportunity to live for ever on a marble tablet, with the donor's name thereon in letters of gold, is offered to all Frenchmen by Monsieur Dupanloup. The tablet is to rest eternally in the Orleans Cathedral. The bishop's object is to raise 150,000fr. in order to defray the expense of ten painted windows illustrative of the life of Joan of Arc. The bishop addresses a most spirit-stirring appeal to the faithful, in which he terms Joan a warrior, a victim, and a saint.

SWEDEN, who for a second-rate nation, plays no small part at the great exhibition, has a most extraordinary exhibit in the shape of a new gymnastic or hygienic apparatus. It consists of a variety of chairs, stools, spindles, handles, stirrups, &c., which are put in motion by machinery. The person operated on goes the round of these different pieces of mechanism, which consist of about twenty distinct motions; in one he takes his seat with his arms pinned behind him, the machinery is then in motion, and the patient is jerked forwards and backwards from side to side, his arms and legs being twisted about in all directions. It is a most laughable thing to look at.

IN an age when most prestiges scarcely hold water, it is remarkable that the prestige of the dancing-gardens does not diminish. It must rain in torrents in order to make Mabilie empty, and even when the garden is uninhabitable the covered saloons are full. Mabilie is the first word strangers pronounce when they arrive in Paris. There or at the cafés chantants in the Champs Elysées you are sure to find your English, American and Russian friends. Similar gardens exist in their respective countries, but in their imagination the marvels of Mabilie are unequalled. It is the Paradise of the Prophet transported to the banks of the Seine. It is quite a sight for a philosopher of life to see them press open-eyed and open-mouthed around the quadrilles that are sheltered by the famous

zinc palm trees of Mabilie. They would not lose a single cavalier seat for the world. Ladies of the great world even do not dislike taking a turn at Mabilie behind their fan. With the hereditary curiosity of the daughters of Eve they take the liveliest pleasure in finding it abominable. Now one may find numbers of foreign ladies, some of them of high station in the world, visiting this abode of—lightness, on the arm of their husbands or brothers. It is strange, but if you go yourself you will find it to be true.

A CURIOUS and amusing incident happened at Brasseur's new theatre the other night. A foreigner, of what nationality matters not, paid his ten francs and installed himself comfortably, though not without difficulty, in his fauteuil d'orchestre, and placed his hat underneath his seat. The curtain rose, the stranger began to shake, for his laughter was Olympian and his body was colossal. The fauteuil creaked and groaned, but all was still well. At the second act the Olympian laughter redoubled, as also did the groans of the fauteuil. Finally the unfortunate chair gave way. It was inevitable. There was a terrible crash, the stranger sank for a moment, but soon rose again bearing the wreck of his hat. He at once rushed to the contrôle and demanded the price of his hat. The demand was refused and the stranger has entered an action against Brasseur for damages. Brasseur has replied by a counter action for the value of the broken fauteuil, which by the way struggled valiantly and deserves a reward. Brasseur argues that he is not bound to furnish fauteuils for people who weigh 400 pounds and whose laughter is Olympian. If people laugh à tout casser at the Nouveautés it is not the fault of the spectator. Brasseur is guilty to some extent, and his accomplices are named Christian, Céline Montaland, Silly and Dar-court.

HUMOROUS.

As a twig is bent the boy is inclined.

POLITENESS forbids looking a gift apple in the wormhole.

MISERY does not always love company, if the company happens to be mosquitoes.

WHEN a tooth begins to feel as if there was a chicken scratching at its root, it's time to pullet out.

IF there is any one who is anxious to know how to make a dollar, he is respectfully invited to visit the mint.

HOW to preserve the purity of the ballot-box—lock the box up in a fire-proof safe and throw away the key.

PHILOSOPHY puts a tramp in the shade, and makes him think capitalists are growing bloated over the proceeds of his energy.

WHEN the office seeks the man it generally finds him. When the man seeks the office he has to find himself and pay the boys.

HENNEPIN County, Minn., has \$283,376 in its treasury, and owes nobody. What under the sun is the treasurer waiting for?

THE Coming Man is all very well, but it is the Coming Woman that excites the most interest when there is not a solitary seat left in the street.

THERE isn't much fuss made over the inauguration of a box's first pants' pockets as there is over the laying of a corner stone, but there are more things put in it.

THIS is just the kind of weather that puzzles a man as to the propriety of taking his umbrella. The propriety of taking somebody else's umbrella seems to be less puzzling.

Two lawyers while bathing at Santa Cruz the other day were chased out of the water by a shark. This is the most flagrant case of want of professional courtesy on record.

PHILOSOPHERS say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag says that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in church.

IT is one thing to dare to do right, and another thing to refuse a dish of ice cream flavoured with brandy just after returning from a visit to a blast furnace in July.

WHEN a man reaches the top of a stairway and attempts to make one more step higher, the sensation is as perplexing as if he had attempted to kick a dog that wasn't there.

"DOESN'T Boston harbour remind you of the Bay of Naples?" asked an enthusiastic yachtsman. "Yes," was the answer, "at least in one respect. They are both full of water."

IT is very depressing to a summer congregation to see the minister, in the most eloquent and impassioned passage of his sermon, gesture with one hand and fight flies with the other.

"WE all knows," said a cockney school committeeman to a new teacher he was examining for her position, "that A, B and C is vowels, but what we wants to know is vy they is so."

IT is not safe to argue that a revival of business is at hand just because your wife has succeeded in disposing of your second-best suit of clothes in exchange for a green plaster of Paris parrot with a tomato-coloured beak.

"JOHN," said a poverty-stricken man, "I've made my will to-day." "Ah!" replied John. "You were liberal to me no doubt." "Yes, John, I came down handsome. I've willed you the whole country to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better."

AN American tourist was visiting Naples and saw Vesuvius during an eruption. "Have you anything like that in the New World?" was the question of an Italian spectator. "No," replied Jonathan, "but I guess we have a mill-dam that would put it out in five minutes!"

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

OUR WIVES.

THE CHANGES THAT OCCUR IN THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.

A young woman during the first week of her married life entertains vague suspicions that the statements of older wives, that the way to a man's heart is through his mouth, are true. Her Charles, who is almost, if not quite, exempt from human failings, has already manifested a profound admiration for veal pies, and has openly expressed his detestation to over-done mutton. She accordingly builds up within her a fortress of resolution, in which to guard that sacred treasure of a husband's affection. In her girlhood this young woman had spent much time in cultivating her musical taste, in reading Emerson and Carlyle; she had been fond of pretty landscapes and could use her pencil with effect, and she had been heard to declare with pride that when she married she would give up none of these things.

Let us visit her now at the end of ten years of matrimony, and we will find that she has broken her vow and thrown it to the winds. We find a tiresome sort of person whose whole intellect is absorbed in attending to the cares of house-keeping, and in getting stylish dresses for her children. Her conversation rises seldom above the level of infant gossip and servants, and the only ideas developed by time and experience are expressed in her conviction that men are the most unreasonable and selfish of creatures and women the most abused and self-sacrificing.

There is a great evil somewhere, but what is it? The husband acknowledges to himself that he is disappointed in the wife he has chosen, and yet he finds difficulty in pointing out his mistake, and hardly finds cause to blame her, for is she not a faithful wife, a devoted mother and a most frugal manager? The mistake is a national characteristic. So passionate is the American mind in pursuit of its temporary interests, that the men will suffer the chains of business to bind them down, and throttle them, while their wives bend beneath a similar yoke of duty at home.

What is lacking is the power to rise above the petty annoyances of daily life; we need to learn to distinguish trifles from affairs of moment, to know that every mole hill is not a mountain. We need not forsake the upper strata of sentiment, thought and ideality—the atmosphere of the soul—because we know that there is a lower one of routine and small vexations, in which our feet are told to tread. To breathe in the one is to receive strength and refreshment for exertion in the other. It is a very good plan to pick up needles and pins from the floor, but picking pins ought not to be made the chief object of existence, for if we move along with our heads constantly downward, we most assuredly will see nothing better than pins and needles to the end of our days.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MATERNAL INSTINCT.—One of the most touching instances of maternal instinct, as it has been called, in children, once came under Douglas Jerrold's notice. A wretched woman with an infant in her arms—mother and child in very tatters—solicited alms of a nursery-maid who was passing with a child clothed in the most luxurious manner, hugging a wax doll. The mother followed the girl, begging for relief, "to get bread for her child," whilst the child itself, gazing at the treasure in the arms of the baby of prosperity, cried, "Mummy, when will you buy me a doll?"

DEATH IS BIRTH.—No man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor faithless souls that we are! How we shall smile at our vain alarms when the worst has happened! To us here death is the most terrible word we know. But when we have tested its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what home is to the exile. It will be what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. Our fears are the terrors of children in the night. The night, with its terrors, its darkness, feverish dreams, is passing away; and when we awake it will be into the endless sunlight.

GOODNESS AND WICKEDNESS.—If there is one lesson which history and revelation unite in teaching, it is this—that goodness and wickedness ever have been, and, as long as the world lasts, ever will be, mixed up in this state of our existence—that social progress and civilization will never make goodness universal, eradicate vice, or bring the flesh into final subjection to the spirit. They teach also, like a "voice for ever sounding across the centuries, the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last, not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one."

DELAYS.—Fortune is like the market; many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and, again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken; or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom

than well to time the beginnings and onsets of all things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them; nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall fast asleep.

WALKS IN TOWN.—We prefer the country a million times over for walking in general, especially if we have the friends in it that enjoy it as well; but there are seasons when the very streets may vie with it. If you have been solitary, for instance, for a long time, it is pleasant to get among your fellow-creatures again, even to be jostled and elbowed. If you live in town, and the weather is showery, you may get out in the intervals of rain, and then a quickly-dried pavement and a set of shops are pleasant. Nay, we know days, even in spring, when a street shall outdo the the finest aspects of the country; but then it is only when the ladies are abroad, and there happens to be a run of agreeable faces that day. For whether it is fancy or not, or whether certain days do not rather bring out certain people, it is a common remark, that one morning you shall meet a succession of good looks, and another encounter none but the reverse. We do not merely speak of handsome faces, but of those which are charming, or otherwise, whatever be the cause. We suppose that the money-takers are all abroad one day, and the heart-takers the other.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is to woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her companions, her occupations, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided; the sisters to whom she has dared impart every embryo thought and feeling; the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled, and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke. Every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flees with joy into the untrodden path before her. She bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations to happiness to come. Then woe to the man that can blight such fair hopes, who can, coward-like, break the illusion that has won her, and destroy the confidence which love has inspired.

THE MISTRESS.—The best household mistress is that woman who has a practical knowledge of household duties. A knowledge of cookery will enable her to point out to inefficient cooks the cause of mistake and failure; and she should not only know how things should look and taste when sent to table, but be able to judge of, and choose well, every kind of provision. It will not be easy for cooks to impose on a lady who knows exactly how much of every ingredient is requisite for each dish, and who is able to estimate the quantity of food required daily for her household. It may not, under all circumstances, be necessary for a lady to exercise her knowledge in these important matters; and if she has a cook who has proved herself trustworthy, she will do well to delegate large powers to her. But it is obvious that, to judge the skill and honesty of her cook, the lady must possess the knowledge indicated. Nothing can be done to make domestic life better, until all women who take the conduct of households are properly educated for their business; nor can any reform in the present sad condition of our cooks and cookery be looked for until ladies courageously determine to fit themselves to work this reformation.

WHAT MEN NEED WIVES FOR.—It is not to sweep the house, make the bed, darn socks, and cook the meals that a man chiefly wants a wife. If this is all he needs, servants can do it more cheaply than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made, send him to inspect the needlework and bed-making, or put a broom into her hands, and send him to witness its use. Such things are important and the wise young man will look after them. But what the true man wants is a companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to accompany him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trial and temptations beset him; and he needs some one to stand by him and sympathise. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies, and sin; and he needs a woman who will help him to fight—who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart courage. All through life, through storm and sunshine, through conflict and victory, through adverse and favouring winds, man needs a woman's love. His heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

LONDON society possesses two ladies who both bear the name of Isabella, and who, standing to each other, as they do, in the relation of mother and daughter, are presumably of different ages, though indeed the difference might easily pass unperceived. A friend was heard lately to give the following account of them: "The one is named Isabel—the other was a belle."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A WIT recently defined a masked ball as a merciful institution for plain women.

HERE is your writ of attachment," said a town clerk, as he handed a lover a marriage license.

AN exchange tells of a man and his wife who were struck dumb. Now, why should a man be afflicted in this way?

IN the United States there are 530 females practising as doctors, 420 as dentists, 5 as lawyers and 68 as preachers.

AN Irishman recently expressed his admiration for a lady by the following remarks: "I wish I was in prison for the staling ov ye."

IT is useless to try to tire out the women. They are still asking to be emancipated, while we have hardly strength enough to call for a fan.

THE hight of politeness is passing round upon the opposite side of a lady, while walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

"JENNY, what makes you such a bad girl?" "Well, mamma, God sent you the best children He could find, and if they don't suit you I can't help it."

LITTLE Johnny ran into the house the other day with the perspiration streaming from every pore, and shouted: "Mamma! mamma! fix me; I'm leaking all over."

A CAUTIOUS lover: "When I courted her," said Spreadwater, "I took a lawyer's advice, and signed every letter to my love, 'Yours, without prejudice.'"

WHAT is the difference between a provident widow and a wife who talks about her "liege lord?" One husbands her means, and the other means her husband.

"MADAM," said a physician to a patient, "you have grown wonderfully thin of late." "Yes, doctor," she replied, "I am getting more and more emancipated every day."

INDUSTRY does not always pay. Let a husband be seen oiling the hinges of the doors in his house and his wife will at once charge him with intending to remain out till midnight.

THERE is a fortune in store for the genius who can invent a way of carrying home a mackerel so it will resemble a parcel containing twenty-six yards of silk for his dear wife.

"I suppose," said little five-year-old, in her quiet, thoughtful way, "I suppose there are men under ground that push up the flowers, don't you, mamma?"

"WHY are the men of genius so often bachelors?" asks Miss Kate Sanborn. As genius is merely another name for excellent common-sense, any answer is apt to make the married man look bad by contrast.

A MAN whose knowledge is based on actual experience says that when calling on their sweethearts young men should carry affection in their hearts, perfection in their manners, and confection in their pockets.

"What would you call a model Sunday-school?" asked the superintendent of a mal-content pupil, who had threatened to leave. "Well, one where they pass around apple-pie every Sunday, and don't have no lessons to learn. That's the hair-pin of a school for me!"

"See here, captain," said a sharp boy, who was seeking employment from an old seafaring man, "first father died, and my mother married again; and then my mother died, and my father married again; and somehow or other, somehow, I don't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home, nor no nothing."

ACCORDING to a Bohemian popular superstition, it is unlucky for a lover to visit his sweetheart except on Thursdays and Sundays. The saving in candles is simply incalculable, and the young women of the country being thus enabled to get five nights' sleep every week, preserve their singular beauty for many years.

"Not one man in a thousand marries the girl he most wanted."—(Exchange.) That's just what's the matter at our house, only more in kinks. Our girl was very sure she did want us, before the knot was tied, and said she would breach-of-promise us, and writ-of-rouster us, and ne-exeat-regnum-us, besides another writ we forgot the name of to draw-our-salary-for-us, if we didn't.

A YOUNG lady in Vassar college, at an evening party, found it apropos to use the expression, "Jordan is a hard read to travel," and, thinking it too vulgar, substituted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune cast upon the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties."

WHEN Socrates was asked how he endured Xantippe, he said he studied with a school-master how to treat a woman, and he found Xantippe kept him studying. He was content to be a student and treat his subject as something worth finding out and understanding, and in trying to learn of his wife's nature, he was sure to treat her with some respect. Study each other before marriage, and never let the study be neglected.

THAT was a delicate compliment a seven-year-old Milwaukee boy paid his mother the other evening. The family were discussing at the supper-table the qualities which go to make up a good wife. Nobody thought the little fellow had been listening, or could understand the

talk, till he leaned over the table and kissed his mother, and said: "Mamma, when I get big enough, I'm going to marry a lady just like you."

THEY were standing at a window. "In looking out-doors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting. "Yes, sir." "Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he asked, looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest. "Because ma has cleaned house, and you can see out better," she said. The elderly gentleman sat down.

"I HAVE calculated," said the eminent arithmetic man, "that the average man speaks three hours a day, at the average speed of 100 words a minute—say twenty-nine octavo pages an hour, or 600 a week; consequently, in the course of a year, the average man talks fifty-two large volumes." "Sir," said one of the audience, a man of scant respect for the sex to which he owed his mother—"does your calculation apply also to women?" "It does, sir," coldly replied the eminent arithmetic-man; "all you have to do is this," and he put an 0 after the 52.

GLUE AND THE EMOTIONS.—We shall never forget, relates Max Adeler, that evening we spent at Magruder's years ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and we went around to see her. It was summer-time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenters had been there that day gluing up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took our seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink her smiles. It seemed probable that the carpenter must have upset the glue-pot on the spot where we sat, for, after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking in several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found that we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said, "Don't be in a hurry;" and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should give one terrific wrench and then ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned, and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father, and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barrelled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a dry-goodsman. There is melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JANAUSCHEK, who is now in Kissingen, will return to this country in September.

THE subscriptions at the Royal Theatrical Fund dinner amounted to about £1,000, the Queen contributing £100.

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE is putting the finishing touches on the adaptation of one of Charles Dickens' novels.

IT is said that Ralph Modjeska, son of the great Polish actress, is shortly to appear in concert as a pianist. He has finished his studies under Liszt.

MADAME NILSSON has gone to Paris for a month's sojourn for the benefit of her health. She has arranged to make a provincial tour in England during the autumn.

M. GOUNOD's new opera of "Polyeucte" has had its first reading, which is declared to have been successful. It is announced for production on the 20th of August.

MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS, it is said, is arranging to go on the stage once more, and will reproduce the pieces that have been made famous by her deceased husband.

MADAME CAMILLE URNO will return from Paris about the first of September, and will be accompanied by the same corps of artists who so ably assisted her during the past season.

SOTHERN is expected shortly in New York from London. He is merely coming over to smoke a cigar and drink a bottle of wine with the boys, and returns in time for the London autumn season.

A MONSTER concert was given by a number of singing associations in the gardens of the Tuileries in Paris, on Sunday afternoon, the 14th ult. The performers numbered 22,000, comprising French, Belgian, Dutch and Swiss musicians.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP will return to England in the autumn, and will devote her time to her autobiography, for which she has much valuable material already collected. Her recollections go back a long way. It was she who taught Grist to tread the boards.

IT is said that the piece selected for the opening of the season at Wallack's Theatre is a dramatization of Richardson's novel of "Clarissa Harlowe," by Mr. Bouicault, who will not appear in this production, but will come forward later in an Irish play on which he is now engaged.

ROSE EYTINGE'S debut at the Olympic Theatre, London, is described as successful, but the play, a new version of "Oliver Twist," was frequently hissed on account of the realism of the situations. When Bill Sykes was wiping the blood from his boots after the murder he was greeted with cries of "Come, that will do." "This is too horrible." "Cut it short," etc. London audiences are quick to take offence at this sort of thing and to show it unmistakably.



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1. Lieut.-Colonel Otter.—2. Major and Brevet Lieut.-Col. Arthur.—3. Major and Brevet Lieut.-Col. Jarvis.—4. Surgeon Thorburn.—5. Capt. and Brevet Major Miller.—6. Hon. Major Chadwick.—7. H. 15. Captain Bowes.—16. Captain Wright.—17. Captain Strange.—18. Lieut. Brown.—19. Lieut. Langton.—20. Lieut. Delamere.—21. Lieut. Baker.—22. Lieut. Hodgins.—23. Lieut. Burrows-Glose.

OFFICERS OF THE QUEEN'S



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7. Hon. Major Lee.—8. Captain Foster.—9. Captain Allan.—10. Captain Buchan (Adjutant).—11. Captain Vandersmissen.—12. Captain Hamilton.—13. Captain Nash.—14. Captain Bethune.
15. Capt. Close.—24. Lieut. Kersteman.—25. Lieut. Biggar.—26. Ensign Pouton.—27. Ensign Jennings.

'S OWN RIFLES, TORONTO.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

'Twas the eve of the fight, and in farewell they stood
On a quarter-deck soon to be stained with the blood
Thy welfare, oh England, demandest!
Trafalgar's dark war-cloud looms lurid and red,
For the good ship will soon into action be led
By of heroes of ocean the grandest.

They are parting! Lord Nelson of Aboukir fame
Englishman thrill, as French quail at the name,
So soon to be filled with new lustre,
And Blackwood, his trusty and well beloved friend
Who argues that Nelson shall live to the end
And be present at victory's muster!

Alas! 'twas soon settled—the great hero fell,
And as he predicted, his funeral knell
Was victory's shout the air rending,
His presentiment founded on what? who shall say?
Too surely from Heaven had wended its way
To tell that life's duties were ending.

To England that glory was dimmed by the grief
Caused by the loss of her great naval chief—
Of the tidings was Blackwood the bearer,
And 'mid cheers of proud triumph for Nelson's success,
Dismay for his loss did its joy repress:
Could hero have destiny fairer?

A bright day for England when Blackwood did land
To announce the glad tidings that British command
On the ocean stood Lordlier never!
A sad one for Canada when Blackwood embarks
To leave all the hearts he has gladdened with marks
Of a way they would cherish for ever.

But if it must be so, my Lord of Clan'boye
Go, with the knowledge that all earthly joy
Canada prays may be found y-u,
May the pleasure and good you have show'ed on us
Here

Be with you and o'er you and all you hold dear,
And Heaven's best blessings surround you.

We bid you farewell with a smile and a tear!
A tear for ourselves, but a smile of good cheer,
For that smile 'e'en of joy is born,
You're departing for whom our affections are green,
But we see fill your place the beloved of our Queen,
And give hail to our rulers of Lorne!

Montreal, 31st July, 1878.

A "New Chum's" Adventures in Australia.

It has become proverbial amongst Australians that there is no country like their own to bring a man to his level, or in other words to teach him what he really can do if once compelled by circumstances. Take a man who has never handled a spade and whose pursuits have been so far of a sedentary nature, and let him suddenly find himself *sans* money, *sans* situation, and *sans* prospects of getting either, he will soon discover that there is nothing left for him to do but to "go up the country," "swag it," or "hump the drum," all colonial expressions, which signify that he will have to procure himself a pair of blankets, roll therein such of his chattels as he is able to carry, and trusting to his legs, lungs and arms, tramp away from the now "hard" city in quest of work. Let him do it bravely and without any false shame; he will feel all the better after it, physically, and if he is not inflated with false notions of gentility, morally. At home, he has perhaps been accustomed to look down upon what he has often heard contemptuously termed the "lower classes." He will, however, find these despised ones as a rule hospitable and willing to assist him if he only will respond with a show of good will. Let him remember too that at first he is worse than useless to those who employ him, and that they are oftentimes simply doing him a charity when giving him work. Moreover, in Australia are to be found in all directions so many men who have "seen better days," who are now quite content to go by such nicknames "Cockney Jack," "Yorkshire Tom," and who in times past have been one of a glittering throng at Court, that boasting of his connections will be of no avail. New comer or "new chum," as old colonials dub you, avoid parading your seventh-removed cousin who is married to Lord Ballyrag or even your first cousin Lord Knowswho, for you may be talking to a man whose brother is the Governor of an important colony in Her Majesty's Dominions; at present he is engaged in whitewashing; whilst close by, enjoying his pipe, is the son of a duke who officiates as waiter in a sixpenny restaurant at 12s. a week. *Facta non verba.* The writer is not idealizing. Rather delve away like Adam did before you and like many will after you, as long as young men leave their homes under a cloud, it is to be hoped temporary. Be a cheerful, muscular and willing worker and "old chums" will welcome you, and you soon shall obtain the much coveted appellation of "old chum." You will no longer be an apprentice, your certificate of master will be handed you in due time, *nem. con.* The writer will occasionally use the first person in speaking of his adventures, as it will be more convenient, referring as he does to incidents which are personal, and he may add, recent. Not two years ago he would never have thought of going through and seeing what he has seen, but necessity knows no law, and he is glad to be able to relate to others his vicissitudes as a "new chum," trusting they may prove interesting and even serviceable to others visiting the grand continent situated under the Southern Cross. Professionally, he is a member of the fourth estate, and Montreal readers, have, he flatters himself, read with attention if not admiration, not a few of his interesting productions recording the fact that some one fell into the Chambly Basin; that the police had received new uniforms; that the firemen were awaiting theirs; that a dangerous conflagration might have taken place if that chimney-fire on Alexander street had not been put out by a heroic fireman who chanced to be on the spot a-courting (as in London the policeman "chances" not

to be in the kitchen the night a burglar gets in to my lady's bed-chamber in search of her jewels). No doubt they have read them approvingly, and so he will beg their kind approval for these few lines taken from a diary kept day by day in the Australian bush. Melbourne is a fine city; a magnificent park, the Royal Park, and splendid gardens dot it; its growth dates from 40 years only and public buildings are therefore new and modern. Melbourne is a new city in a comparatively new colony. It presents a striking appearance, surrounded as it is with pleasant suburbs, some of which are on the seaside, so that a Victorian may inhale the sea-breeze during the summer months without incurring much expense in moving his household gods. Living is cheap when once one is acquainted with the place, but for him who is idle through necessity or without resources, it is no place to stay in. Of immigrants, too many flock to Melbourne which, with Sydney, seems to be the only two places known to those who come to Australia. Once landed, they expect, to use the popular Australian saying, "to pick up gold in the streets." The labouring-man is well enough off, especially the agricultural one; but the mechanic or tradesman as well as the clerk or member of a liberal profession must not expect to find employment so readily. They want tillers of the soil; contribute your sinews to that object and you are welcome. Most men are improvident, and so it happens that newcomers instead of familiarizing themselves with what the country requires, "do" the town and amuse themselves as long as their money lasts. And then it is pitiable to walk along Bourke street (the Notre Dame street of Melbourne), and notice the numbers of "new-comers" day after day wandering listlessly and helplessly up and down the street, discouraged because they have not at once found a high stool in a bank or in a merchant's office. Watch them and you will gradually perceive a metamorphosis in their persons. Rings, scarf-pins, watches, chains and souvenirs from the hands of loving hearts at home will gradually find their way into the hands of the Israelite above whose doors are painted the ominous words, "Immigrants' luggage bought." Suit after suit disappears and yet the "new chum" tries to keep up appearances of gentility, parting with his waistcoat for perhaps a sixpence to get a meal and buttoning his sack-coat over very likely his last shirt. 'Tis true he has heard that some day or the other he will have to go up the country, but he dreads the unknown, postpones it, and Micawber-like, waits for something that will never turn up. The day comes at last. Stock, lock and barrel have been pawned; he has not a friend nor a sixpence to pay for his bed or his breakfast. Of a night he creeps under the shelter of some hospitable *arbutus* in the public gardens or the Royal Park, or conceals himself under a heap of newly cut grass in one of the gardens. A policeman will detect the poor, shabby-genteel fellow and will pretend not to see him; his experienced eye readily distinguishes the "new chum" from the regular "vag" or the "larrikin" (the Australian loafer) and he gives him the stereotyped advice: "Go up the country, sir, even you have to beg your way for 600 miles." Another resort for penniless sleepers is the beach; many huddle into the empty boats and of a morning walk along the wharves in quest of a meal. It is hard to go and beg for it, but when a man has prowled about for two or three days subsisting on orange peel or on a few grains of Indian corn which have escaped from a hole in some sack, his innate pride gradually vanishes, and he at last ventures on board a ship, where honest Jack, who knows something of the ups and downs of the world, gladly gives him some "hard tack" and a piece of "salt junk" in return for some such trifling service as assisting in scrubbing the deck, polishing brasswork, doing a bit of scraping, painting or cleaning for a couple of hours, whilst his benefactor takes a "doss" (forty winks). Perchance a steamer going along the coast is short of a hand or two in the galley and he may earn his meals for a week or so peeling some four bushels of potatoes a day, scouring saucepans, raking out galley-fires and so forth. All the better if he can. He is sure to get his hands burnt, cut and otherwise hardened; he must rejoice at this, for he will be more likely to get work hereafter; his clothes will get stained and in fact he will look what he must soon be, a thorough working-man. And he will learn to peel potatoes. Thus when he goes up country he will be able to acknowledge the hospitality of some good housekeeper who has given him a cup of milk or a drink of tea by scouring her tinware, "ship's fashion," and by peeling her potatoes "round" and not "square," as he did at first on board, probably so that they should not roll with the ship. Let him watch the cook and the baker and he will learn many a "wrinkle" that will prove useful in its proper time. I speak from experience. I have been through all I have related so far and will continue to follow my diary. The first money I earned by manual labour was 9d; 2s. a cord was being paid on the wharf for sawing blue gum wood into two ft. lengths; the thermometer was 112° in the shade; my saw was like the school-boy's pen that "would not write;" it would not saw straight; ten hours' work for ninepence. How a friend and myself enjoyed our supper that night! The money was hard earned, but the Rubicon had been passed. By-and-bye I improved, and on the job being finished, assisted my companion, a scion of an illustrious Norman house, whose ancestor came over with the Con-

queror, in digging up a kitchen-garden and planting cabbages, receiving for that 2s. 6d. per diem and three good meals. We were in clover. Alas, these halcyon days were not to last! There is an end to everything in this world. However we had saved enough to equip ourselves for the road. Thus did we make up our "swag." A pair of grey blankets, some small bags to contain our salt, tea, sugar and flour, a "billy" (a kettle) and two pannikins completed our equipment. We agreed to "chum," i. e. go on the co-operative principle, divide profits, share losses and to abstain from intoxicating liquor. We were not to part company, or in colonial parlance, not to "sling" one another. Our first day's tramp brought us fourteen miles out of the town. We had not gone far enough to reach a station where travellers are always hospitably entertained; a handful of tea and a pannikin of flour being given to each one in return for some such trifling service as chopping a little wood or giving the station hands whatever assistance they may require. You are then at liberty to withdraw to the traveller's hut, boil your "billy," dig a hole in the hot ashes, throw into it your "damper" or unleavened cake of bread, eat your frugal supper, spread your blankets over some gum-leaves and sleep till morn, when you are off again. If it be during the shearing season, a new chum may stand a chance of being employed; he may be taken on as a "picker-up;" his duties will consist in gathering up the fleeces as fast as the sheep are shorn and spreading them on a table for the inspection of the wool-classer or sorter as he is sometimes called; or else he may be appointed aide-de-camp to the cook, when he will be initiated into the mysteries of cooking, baking and butchering; this latter accomplishment must be acquired by everyone who wishes to become useful in the bush. So our first bed was on the cold, cold ground, in a deserted fowl-house which had no door; the night was chilly and we arose next morning with stiff bones. Various and strange were our couches in our peregrinations; one night on the ground under a gum-tree, another huddled up in chaff (we enjoyed that like Sybarites), sometimes in a hay loft and oftentimes in or under a waggon. Our blankets were not always sufficient to keep us warm, and it was then that old potato-sacks would come in handy. For the benefit of the uninitiated I will here describe how they can be converted into most comfortable bedding: simply by getting into a couple of them, wrapping another round one and topping the whole with a blanket. One will thus be safe from frost or dew. Our next night brought us to Sunbury, the residence of the richest squatter in the Colony of Victoria, and it can truly be said the most hospitable; we mean Mr. Wm. Clarke. About 6,000 travellers are fed during the year on his stations. Many a new chum owes him a debt of gratitude, and I here record mine. By traveller is here meant the man who goes up the country for the purpose of seeking work. On arriving at any of Mr. Clarke's stations in the evening the weary traveller receives a substantial meal (not the ordinary rations already referred to); he may rest in a shed fitted up with bunks full of straw (a real luxury); and a good breakfast cheers him on his way next morning. The "new chum" need not expect to be the recipient of such lavish hospitality everywhere. Squatters have grown more independent now-a-days; so many men tramp across the land that they have not so great a difficulty as in former years in finding the hands they may require, and they do not therefore feel the necessity of relieving them. At most stations a pannikin of flour alone is given, and many an old "sundowner" who gets that, is getting more than he deserves. The "sundowner" is the loafer who prowls about from year's end to year's end, "making his station" as the sun goes down (hence his name); then claiming his rations. He is generally not seeking for work and has done much to harden the once generous squatter's heart and close his hand open to help the genuine worker. An anecdote may not be out of place here to illustrate the impudence of the genus "sundowner." Many have provisions in plenty, but they consider it a right to get out of the squatter all they can.

A sundowner who has more provisions than he can carry, walks into a station and asks to see the "cove" (overseer), who makes his appearance, and, taking the man to the store-room, measures out the usual pannikin of flour; the former knocks in the crown of his white felt hat to receive it, and on the overseer asking him where he'll put his tea, the fellow coolly turns his hat over, thus spilling the flour. Yet this indiscriminate way of distributing rations must be continued, for a bush fence, a paddock, or a stack of hay or straw are soon fired. At times it is impossible to reach a station, and one must be content with a shake-down at a "cockatoo's" or "cockie's" farm. This name is given to the small farmer or "free selector," as he is called, probably because he pays pretty highly for his land, whereof he can hold 320 acres only. No rations need be expected from him; however hospitable he may be inclined, he is generally poor, and regrets the day he "cut up the squatter's run" by "selecting" some of his land. The old traveller execrates him and applies all manner of unflattering epithets to him. In his eyes, he has lowered the price of labour, and is, as a rule, looked upon as a little better than a slave-driver. *Experto crede.* My first job up the country was with a "cockie," who hailed from Tipperary. He was loth to employ us when he discovered that we were not Hibernians; but he was short of hands, and the potatoes had

to be dug out. I may say here that it is a well-known fact that, in an Irish settlement in Australia, "no Englishman need apply," and when he is employed, he is made to feel that he is the recipient of a favour. Our time there was not pleasant; our co-workers were not genial. From sunrise to sundown, early and late digging potatoes at 12s. per week, in a drizzling rain, was hard work, and, to crown all, the "boss" would drop into our hut when our day's work was done and enquire—"Any of yez boys want to cut any chaff?" We stayed long enough with him to earn the price of sundry articles we were told would be required in the bush, and we parted. A short time ago I met an old Australian in Paris to whom I was relating some incidents of my chequered career in Australia, this last one *inter alia*, when he broke in with—"Well, my boy, if you have worked for a Tipperary cockie, you have been through a proper colonial mill." I cannot forget our treatment; our employer was all but a second Simon Legree. Old hands would have burnt his place about his ears; we walked quietly away, feeling confident that after what we had endured in that place we were fit for anything. By the way, 'tis time to make up for an omission. In the opening pages of this narrative is used the expression of "humping the drum." On a station, it is the rule not to give rations to any man who has not a substantial-looking swag; as in case he is hired to work he is expected to have a change of clothes, etc., and moreover, it is a check upon the tramps and vagrants. For this reason, old stagers take a "drum" (an old kerosene tin), around which they wrap a few rags, envelope the whole in a blanket, when it presents the deceptive appearance of a well-filled swag. To return to "cockies." If too poor, they are, of course, unable to give any assistance to travellers, but it is seldom on record that they demand payment for anything they may give you. Once only was I charged by a farmer's wife for a piece of bread, and next morning, on leaving her "selection," I had my revenge, by telling her that it was the "dearest and worst bread I had eaten in the colony." The thrust went home, for all farmers' wives pride themselves on the quality of the bread they bake. Strange *rencontres* are often made in the bush. I chanced to come across an old Haligonian, who was overseer to a homestead, and who had known the late Hon. Joseph Howe, and from him I learnt a fact perhaps not generally known—viz., that the Hon. Joseph Howe was one of the "typos" who set the first edition of Judge Haliburton's (also a Haligonian) well-known novel, "Sam Slick, or the Attaché." Another time I halted at an old Highlander's; he had been to many wars—through the Crimea and the Indian mutiny; a pleasant evening we spent together over a quiet pipe; his house was decorated with pictures from the "Graphic" and the "Illustrated London News;" his medals being suspended against the wall; everything was trim, and bespoke those habits of order which are inculcated in the barrack-room. Of course, a prominent place was reserved for the portraits of Her Majesty the Queen, the ex-Emperor of the French, and other celebrities of the day. The land we passed through bore many aspects; some days we would cross through vast gold-field commons, dotted with abandoned claims. How desolate they looked, and what tales many of the gold-holes could reveal, could they but speak! Many a stout man's heart has broken after fruitlessly digging for months, stimulated by vain hopes raised perchance by merely sighting the colour of gold; many a one has been shot in a drunken brawl and then tumbled into his own gold-hole, and many a one, after at last unearthing the much-coveted nugget, has seen it quickly and surely melted in the hands of that licensed thief, the keeper of the bush inn. In the bush, drugged liquor is the rule, not the exception. The "sheoak," or colonial beer, so-called from the leaves of the sheoak tree being used instead of hops, is not intoxicating enough; it must be doctored with tobacco juice or other stupefying ingredients. Not only the digger, but also the swagman's earnings pass into the hands of these robbers. Already in the colony of Victoria, where licenses are granted as freely as in Montreal by unscrupulous politicians, public opinion is crying out and asking that some check be put upon these wholesale poisoners.

Let us, however, return to work. After leaving our hard task-master we were hired by a German vine-grower, who employed us at vine-trenching and planting apple and pear trees. The pay was liberal; the hut was clean (which was not the case at our Tipperary huts), and another consideration, the food was good, plentiful and variously cooked. It was a relief after feeding continually on potatoes. *Toujours perdit* ends in becoming tiresome. By the time we had planted all the trees and dug all the trenches, shearing-season was fast approaching, and we accordingly made tracks for a large station, where we were almost sure of finding employment, and luckily we did. All our troubles for the time being ceased. We were at the end of our "wallaby-track," which in the Queen's English means our erratic promenade; for the Wallaby, a species of Kangaroo, avoids making a line as straight as a crow flies; he prefers wandering about like a true Bohemian that he is, trusting to luck for attaining what he seeks. So was it with us travellers. Shearing was not going to take place for three or four weeks yet, but the overseer engaged me as cook to some boundary riders who were to drive a "mob" (Australians don't say "flock") of sheep to a station 70 miles distant. It was a pleasant excursion. We were all mounted; I

escorted a cart laden with our tent and cooking utensils, and my duties consisted in cooking, butchering, and pitching the tent. About seven or eight miles a day would be covered. Now we would cross a vast plain, dotted with little bunches of kangaroo grass, then through the dense bush, carefully avoiding the thick mallee-scrub, wherein so many lives have been lost. If a man once gets off the beaten and known tracks into the thicket, he is lost, for so closely is it interwoven that he cannot even see the sun overhead. Of a night, after supper, we would stretch out alongside of our blazing logs, and the new chum would listen with interest to the oldsters' yarns of times gone by. *Laudatores temporis acti* are everywhere, and he would be entertained with stories of the feats of daring bushrangers or of hardy explorers. Sometimes on our road we would get up an impromptu chase after a kangaroo, a wallaby or a kangaroo rat, and enjoy a "spin" not second to a gallop 'cross country. The trees were swarming with many varieties of the parrot tribe—rosellas, parrakeets, love-birds and cockatoos, all being as common and numerous as hedge-sparrows in our lanes at home. Strange to say, no Australian bird possesses a single note of song, and although the indigenous plants almost all bear a flower, these flowers do not emit any perfume. We note this *en passant*. Our nights were quiet; at first the howl of the dingo or wild dog would disturb one's slumbers, but habit is a second nature, and they were never so bold as to approach the camp, for our faithful dogs would have made short work of them. It took us ten days to bring our sheep to their destination, and by that time I had become quite handy, and was *au fait* of most things required in the bush. One of the old drivers, acting as spokesman, said: "You can call yourself an old chum now when you get to the home-station." I had won my spurs and could rest on my laurels. This paper has already acquired a tolerable length, and I'll now close it, the more so as there is nothing particularly interesting in describing the daily duties of a shearers' cook; but I wish to relate, however, in conclusion, an anecdote to show the sagacity of the pig. On the station was an old porker called "Dennis." Every other day it was my duty as second cook to slaughter ten sheep. Dennis knew that as well as I did. He would come to me on "killing-days," look at me, grunt and smack his lips with evident satisfaction, whilst I was whetting my knife. If I did not "hurry up," he would express his impatience by that dismal grunt peculiar to animals of the porcine species when kept waiting for their food. At last a sheep was slaughtered; Dennis received what he was waiting for, its paunch; then another one, two, and even three, paunches disappeared, and then the grunt became that of a satisfied and replete animal. But Dennis was of a provident nature. He knew that later on in the day he would hunger again, and that if he left his paunches lying about, his foes, the ever-watchful crows, would pounce upon them. What did this sensible pig do? He used to pile them into one heap and coolly lie down on them. The crows were beaten. C. E. R.

FOUND IN THE SNOW-DRIFT.

Lost! Lost in a snow-storm in the wilds of Northern Michigan, with the pathless pine wilderness stretching miles beyond miles, on every side, without guide or compass, my dead horse beside me, and the snow falling so thickly and fast that the sky was dark with the swarming flashes!

Two months before I had come from New York to Pere Marquette, at the summons of my father, who had been stricken in the midst of business by a malady that eventually made me an orphan girl, with a small fortune, but without a relative in the world.

On one stormy winter morning they buried my father in a lonely burial-place, among the pines of the Notipeago river, and I was left alone. We all know the desolation of the house of death—the sombre windows, the funeral gloom, the muffled footfall, and the whispered voices—and most of us, in our dumb anguish, have felt the hovering, unobtrusive presence of sympathetic friends.

But I knew nothing of this. My father had died in a woodman's shanty in the depth of the pinery, where he had been stricken down in the strength of his vigorous manhood. The uncouth, but kind and skilful physician remained with me to the very last, and did all that humanity could do for me in my bereavement.

"I don't like to leave you alone to-night," he said to me, after the burial; "but I have a patient who is lying between life and death in our village. The storm is increasing, and it is bitterly cold; so I do not think you had best subject yourself to the disagreeable ride to-night. I will send a sledge for you in the morning."

Dr. Jones lived a mile or two away, at some indefinite (to me) village in the pine forest; and the railroad that ran through the place was to be my route of travel cityward on the morrow. A few dreary hours passed. Nightfall came, and the ring of the woodman's axe ceased. Darkness came, and I knew by the soundless desolation around me that the woodmen had gone home to their distant cabins.

I was not afraid; I was accustomed to the unbroken solitude of the wilderness. But then there was a new solitude to-night—the fearful solitude of the house through which death had stalked and left the horror of his presence upon every object round. I missed, too, the patient

figure on the bed in the dim corner, for whose lessening breath I had been wont to listen in the watches of the friendless midnight. I lit a candle and put it high upon a dresser, that its wavering light might reach the farthest nook of this doleful room. There I sat down before the stove, and tried to think. Life loomed up before me like a barren mountain on which the sunlight fell not, and the birds sang not, nor the flowers blossomed.

The new year would come to-morrow. One year ago I had been so blessed, so happy; now how hopeless, how miserable I was! One year ago Alexis loved me, and I loved him, and we were betrothed. Then my father had gone on his fatal Western quest; and a little after she came—that tigerish animal in her sumptuous beauty, who lived deliciously, and whose smile made men mad.

Alicia Lovering came with her blandishments and won the man—my lover—for whom she cared less than she did for the jewel she wore on her breast. And Alexis forgot me; and Alexis rode with Alicia in her phaeton in the mornings; he rode beside her in the afternoon, with one hand on her bridle rein and his adoring eyes upon her face; he dined with her in her luxurious apartment, he supped with her when the music was silent and the dancers were weary; they sang, and laughed, and loved; and I was forgotten.

For Alexis was drunken with her enchantments. He loved her, and he would have married her. And then the sequel came. A shabby, loathsome outlaw deposed, with the most condemnatory proof, that this runaway wife was the perpetrator of an atrocious crime for which he had been silently convicted; and that woman, a common thief, with these stains upon her soul—was Alicia.

Alexis heard the astonishing tidings, and I know he suffered. I pitied him, for I loved him still—ah, yes, for woman's heart is weak. I would have died to have saved him from the shame of that woman's foul carcases.

I never saw him but once after the awful disclosures. It was at midnight, and I met him in a lonely street. I do not think I knew what I was saying. It was my heart that spoke, while my pride was dumb.

"Oh, Alexis!" I cried, "I don't hate you; I forgive you."

I shall never forget his look as I said those words. I was awed by a proud, defiant something I had never seen there before.

I thought then that he was angry, or that he despised me, for he turned and left me without a word. I thought all this as I sat there, that New Year's Eve, in the solitary cabin, with the pale candle-light wavering across the ghostly shadows in the corners, and I did not forget that death had sat there with me like a spectre, or that outside the old year was howling in his dying agonies. I wished it was morning, and yet it was far from the midnight. Then I grew apprehensive, and longed nervously to leave the shanty and go over to Dr. Jones's, which, I thought, could not be far away.

"I will go," I decided at length.

Wrapping myself up warmly, I extinguished the candle, and securing the door of the cabin, I went to an adjoining shanty where my horse was stabled. The animal had been ailing for a day or two. "Only a cold," the woodman had said, who tended him. His food lay untouched before him, and he stood shivering with drooping head, as I entered the stable, and as I put the bridle and saddle upon him he turned pitifully towards me, as if pleading dumbly against the cruel selfishness that took him out into the bitter winter night.

"Poor old Dobbin!" said I, stroking his cold neck, half resolved to relinquish my purpose.

But when I looked out at the cabin, standing alone, and deserted in the ghostly whiteness of the storm, I felt that I could not re-enter it, remembering the dear soul that had gone forth never to return, and the cold beloved clay that lay over yonder by the frozen Notipeago.

So I led him out and sprang into the saddle. On one side lay the main road that led to Pere Marquette, and on the other a bridle path which I supposed, not knowing, led straight to Dr. Jones's house.

Poor Dobbin walked reluctantly away, and under the saddle cloth I could hear his lungs heave fitfully with his labouring breath. But I urged him on, for a superstitious dread of what was behind drove me like a god. On and on we went into the pine wilderness, along the winding track that grew narrower and darker, and strangely like the paths I had sometimes seen made by straying herds through brambly places, where the foot of man had never trod.

"Strange," I said aloud, fancying that my voice would lessen the still and dreadful melancholy of the wood. "We ought to be there. Whoa, Dobbin!"

The weak, sick, stumbling creature stopped, and taking my dead parent's last gift—a rare and costly watch—from my bosom, I touched a spring and held it to my ear. The tiny strokes, like the elfin ting of a grasshopper, told me that the hour was 12. Again I touched the spring and the fairy strokes counted thirty minutes.

"Go on, Dobbin."

The poor, faithful animal groaned, and lifted his feet wearily. The snow was up to his breast, chill and clammy, and he slipped at every step; and the sharp, jutting boughs almost thrust me from the saddle. Not a rod further on we came to the end of the path—an impassable barrier of bushy junipers and infant pines.

Nothing remained but to turn back; and for another hour the sick horse toiled through the huge drifts; and at the end of that hour he stopped before another inaccessible obstruction of hardy pines and dwarfed cypress. I knew then that I was lost.

I gave my horse the rein, and shivering and spiritless, he wandered aimlessly and futilely on. The storm had constantly increased, and the great snow-flakes came whirling down, swarming like milk-white wasps, and their touch stung like needles of ice. There was a roaring and a rolling of the heavy wind in the far wilderness, and a rushing and a rocking among the tall ghostly pines that stood like phantoms hooded and armoured in snow, and a sense of insidious and fatal cold seemed creeping through the storm. My limbs seemed frozen, and my fingers were stiffened round the bridle-rein.

"Poor, sick Dobbin!" I said again aloud, as the spent animal stopped with a moan that almost made me weep.

But that groan was the groan of his death agony. He sank upon his knees, gasped faintly, shivered with a lessening convulsion, rolled heavily upon his side, and died.

Fortunately, my dying horse did not fall upon me. I dropped the useless rein, and loosening my numb feet from the stirrup, laboured on through the snow, I knew not whither.

Lost in the pathless wilds of a Michigan pine-forest, without guide or compass, with my dead horse behind me, and the death-cold snow to my waist, and still falling like an inverted sea of frozen foam!

Again I took my watch, and touching the magic spring, held it to my ear. Ting, ting, ting. The tiny musical strokes sounded strange and sweet in that horrible place. It reminded me of a summer when I had sat with Alexis on that flowery margin of a shorn meadow, and listening to the sharp metallic hum of the roving grasshoppers. Ah, my faithless, loved Alexis! Three o'clock! Almost four hours before the dawn. And when the dawn came, where then would I be? I was lost—I was freezing—I was dying!

I toiled back through the rising snow to my dead horse, and lay down in the fatal downy drifts with my head upon his shoulder. A strange, slumberous sensation crept along my nerves, and I closed my eyes. The sweet, deadly spell of the insidious cold was upon me. Delicious visions went and came. There was love, there was ecstasy, there was heaven in the deadly lullaby of the rolling wind.

Then, through the slumberous sweetness and ineffable rapture, Alicia seemed to wander by, in her sumptuous, tigerish beauty, and her golden, glittering robes of silken tissues. And then, melodious and unreal, like a voice from heaven, I thought I heard the tones of Alexis.

I tried to speak, but I could not. I was tranced in a delicious, deadly lethargy. But the electric tones seemed nearer, and something fell upon my face warmer than the un pitying snow. What! a tear! What! the voice of Alexis here in this storm-bound wilderness, where I was lost and dying?

But it was not a rapturous vision of my freezing, failing senses.

The light of a lantern flashed over me. The strong arms were around me, and I was upborne and carried swiftly away; and I felt tears and kisses on my face, my curdling blood grew warmer, and my senses seemed to throw off the lethal spell.

"You forgave me, my angel, and I would not listen! You spoke to me in my shame and remorse, and I turned away. I was blind, I was mad, I was a weak miserable villain, Mary! I am unworthy of pardon from you!"

"You have saved my life," I whispered, with my cheek upon his shoulder as he bore me from drift to drift, "and I love you, Alexis."

"I have learned a man's lesson, Mary. I pray that I may not betray my trust again."

The winter dawn was breaking when we reached Dr. Jones'. They laid me on a couch, as weak and nerveless as a little babe. But oh! what delicate attentions did I receive.

And now for a word of explanation.

Alexis had not heard of my bereavement. But from the hour when he had fled from me and my forgiveness in the lonely street, he had sought me everywhere.

He had met Dr. Jones that day after my father's burial, and, uneasy and impatient, had persuaded the worthy medical man to return for me that night.

Finding the cabin closed and Dobbin gone from the stable, they rightly conjectured that I had started upon the treacherous path and lost my way.

That was six years ago. And to-day a little prattler on my knee, with Alexis' eyes, lisping to his mamma of his expectant New Year's gifts, asks, "Did you ever get a New Year's present, mamma?"

And I answer, "Yes, my boy; I had two very precious New Year's gifts, once upon a time—my life, and your dear papa."

And little Alexis looks at me wonderingly, and says, "I ton't un-te-stand, mamma; does you, papa?"

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company.

THE GLEANER.

EARL Beaconsfield is one of the silent men in private life. When he does talk, he talks only to the point, and avoids ladies' society.

MR. GLADSTONE'S face has become exceedingly pale, but his friends and admirers deny that he is decaying physically or mentally.

THE Royal Library at Paris contains a Chinese chart of the heavens made about 600 B.C., in which one thousand four hundred and sixty stars are correctly inserted.

EIGHT thousand gallons of water are used nightly in a storm scene in one of the London theatres. It necessitates two great tanks and a large amount of water-proof scenery.

THE Russians affirm that the total amount of the expenditure incurred on the part of their Government for war purposes in 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, and 1893, was 988,000,000 roubles.

THE young Queen of Spain, Mercedes, fell a victim to gas-poisoning. The same cause nearly carried off the Prince of Wales. The old palaces and royal residences of Europe are sadly in need of modern improvements.

FEMALE artists are invading the domain of art in France in formidable numbers. In 1874 there were 286 female exhibitors at the Salon; there were 312 in 1875, 446 in 1876, 648 in 1877, and 762 in 1878.

In the Crimean War the British lost 24,000, the French 63,000, and the Russians about half a million. Each of the armies suffered greatly from sickness. Of the British loss of 24,000, only 3,500 were killed in action and died of wounds.

AMONG the British Indian troops recently quartered at Malta there are some black Jews, members of the community of the B'nai Israel, existing on the coast of Malabar. They say they are descendants of the Jews sent by King Solomon to India to collect ivory and precious stones.

WALWORTH, England, is hereafter to have her Rosiere after the fashion of some French towns. The Rev. Mr. Nubee has introduced into his congregation the custom of electing annually the most virtuous and industrious girl of the parish to be the Rose Queen. The success of the experiment gives promise of the permanent establishment of the custom, and the second coronation of the Rosiere is announced to take place.

COUNT Schouvaloff took his little son with him when he went to sign the Berlin Treaty, in order that the boy might have an opportunity of remembering the interesting event in future years. Among other persons present were the Princess Bismarck and Countess Bismarck, who looked down upon the ceremony from a box in the hall, while Herr von Werner, the painter, whose brush is to perpetuate the Congress, sat at the table with the Plenipotentiaries.

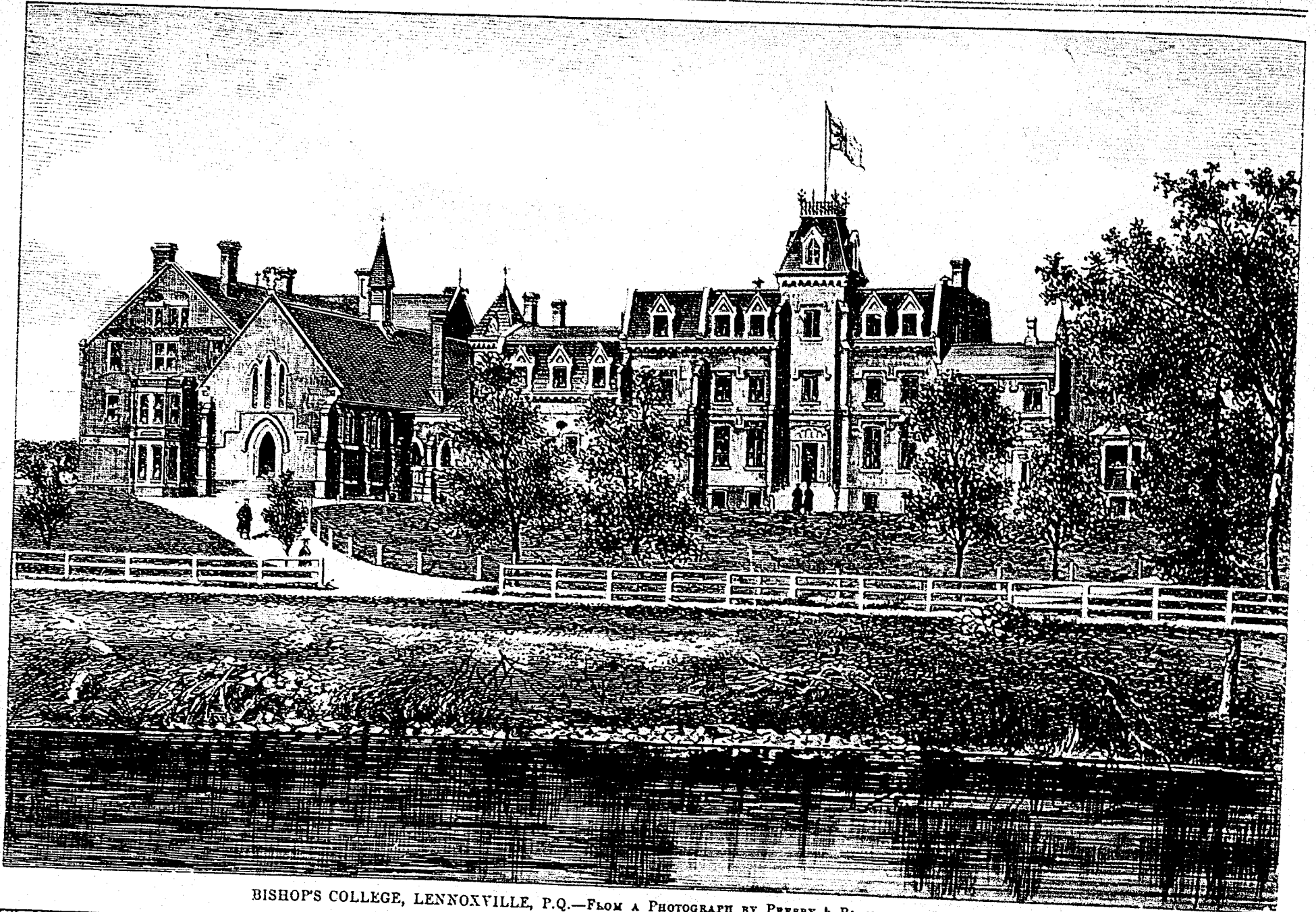
ACCORDING to Archbishop Usher, St. Patrick was born at the village of Kilpatrick, on the Clyde, in the year 372, and died in 493. Another account says that he died in 455, while Nennius, who was Abbott of Bangor in 620, states that the saint died 57 years before the birth of St. Columba, and consequently in 464. The chief incidents in his career are described by himself in his "Confession," and in a letter addressed by him to a Welsh Prince named Corotic. His family name is said to have been Maur, which was changed to Patricius by Pope Celestine, who sent him as a missionary to Ireland in 433.

THERE is a good story told on Judge Holman, of Indiana. At the time he was a member of the committee on appropriations, estimates for the bureau had been sent into the committee, and for a certain branch of the work \$200,000 was asked for. By a misprint the estimate was made to appear as \$800,000. When Judge Holman ran his economic eye over the amount he said: "Well, we will cut this down to \$600,000; it ought to be enough." Subsequently when informed that \$200,000 was all that was asked for, the judge not the least abashed, said: "Well I guess that is too much; we will cut it down to \$150,000." A good example for the Joly Government.

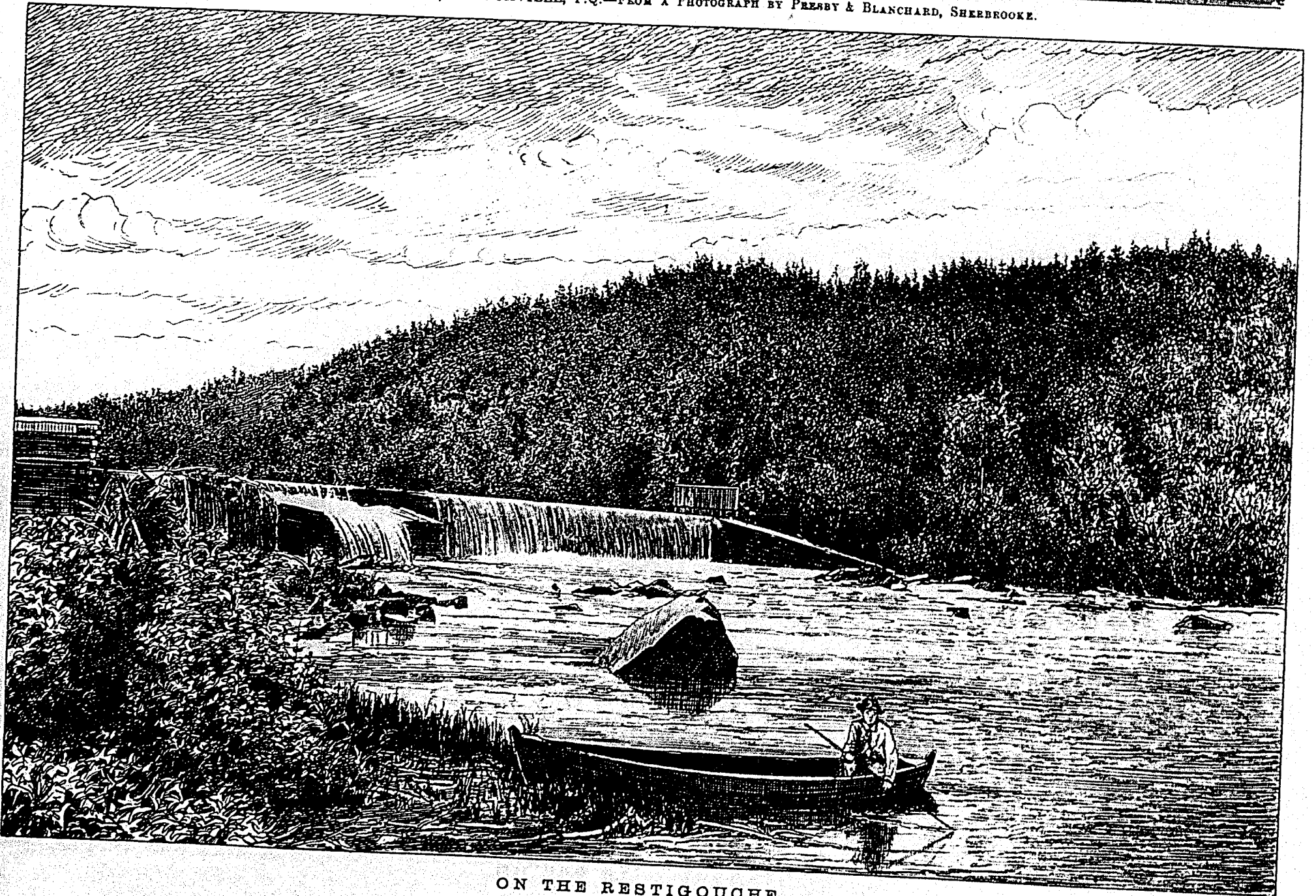
PRINCE Emmanuel Vagarides, who is likely to be the first ruler over the new state of Bulgaria, is the nephew of Aleko Pasha, formerly Turkish ambassador at Vienna, and comes of an old patriotic Bulgarian family. His great-grandfather obtained permission from the Porte to introduce the Bulgarian language into the schools and church services in despite of the endeavors of the Greek patriarch, and his grandfather and father rendered services as distinguished to their oppressed nationality. After the massacres of 1876, Prince Emmanuel was prominent in relieving the distresses of his countrymen and protecting them. He is described as a man of ability, wealth and education, whom the Russians have of late slighted, not being very desirous of encouraging a man who might be in the way of their schemes for the reorganization of Bulgaria.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

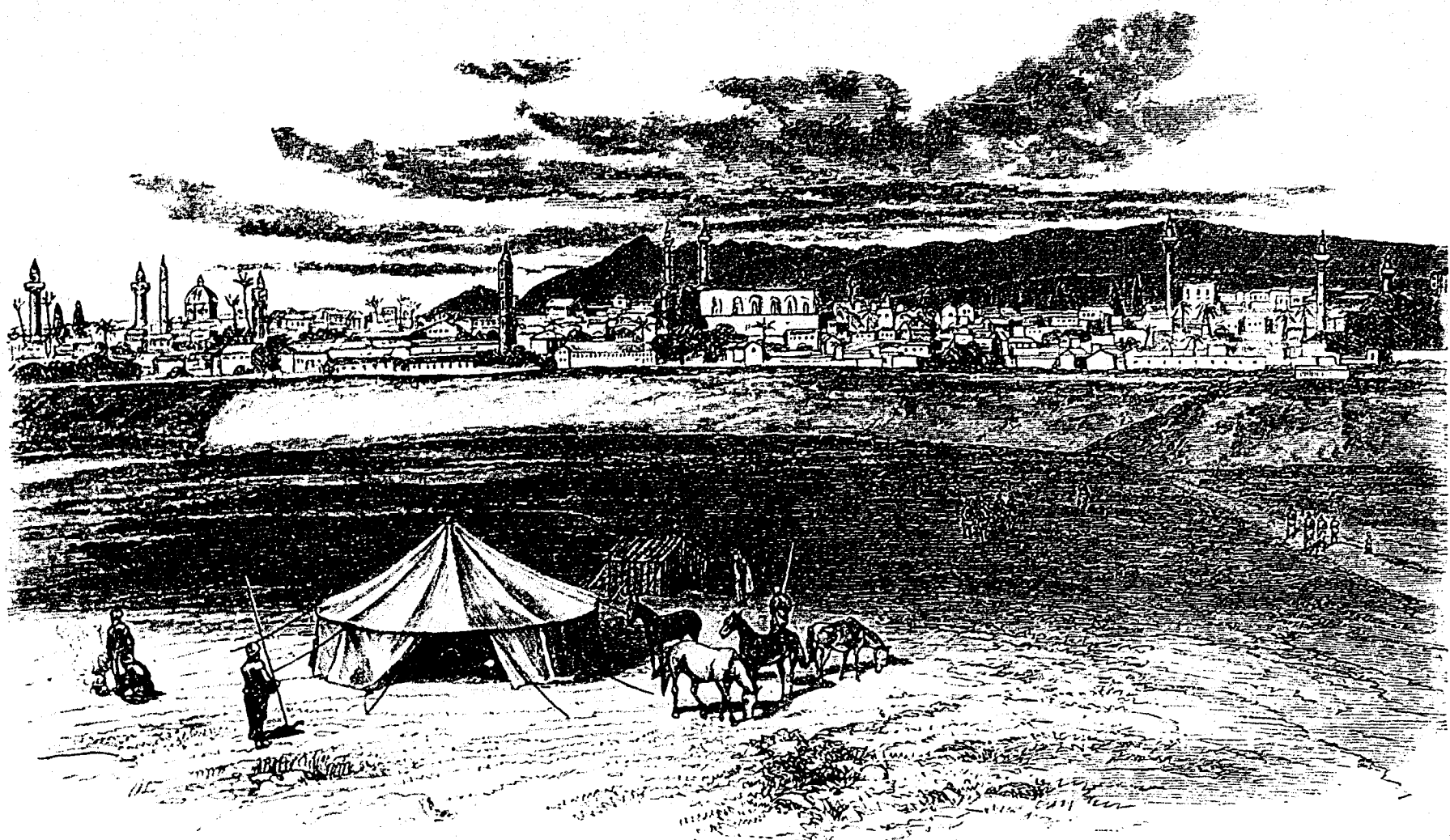
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.



BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PRESBY & BLANCHARD, SHEEBROOKE.



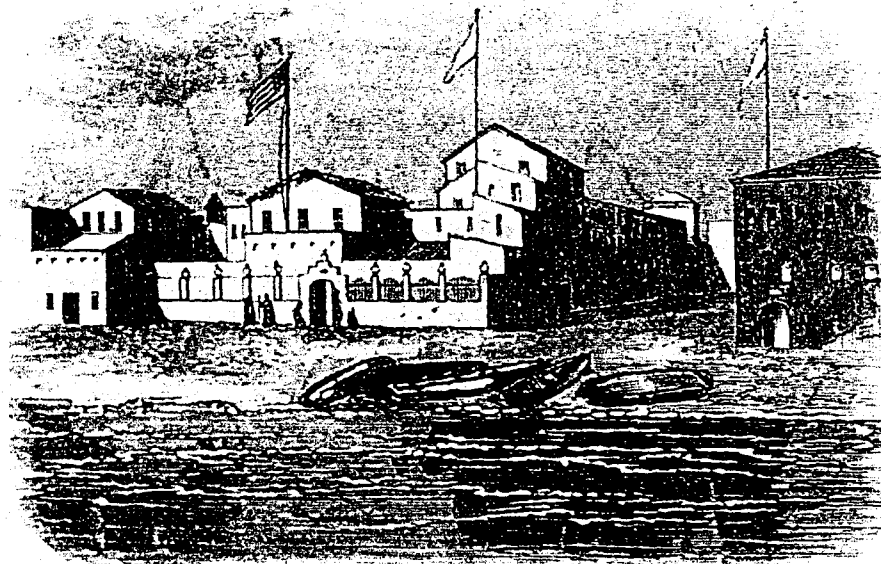
ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF NICOSIA, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND.

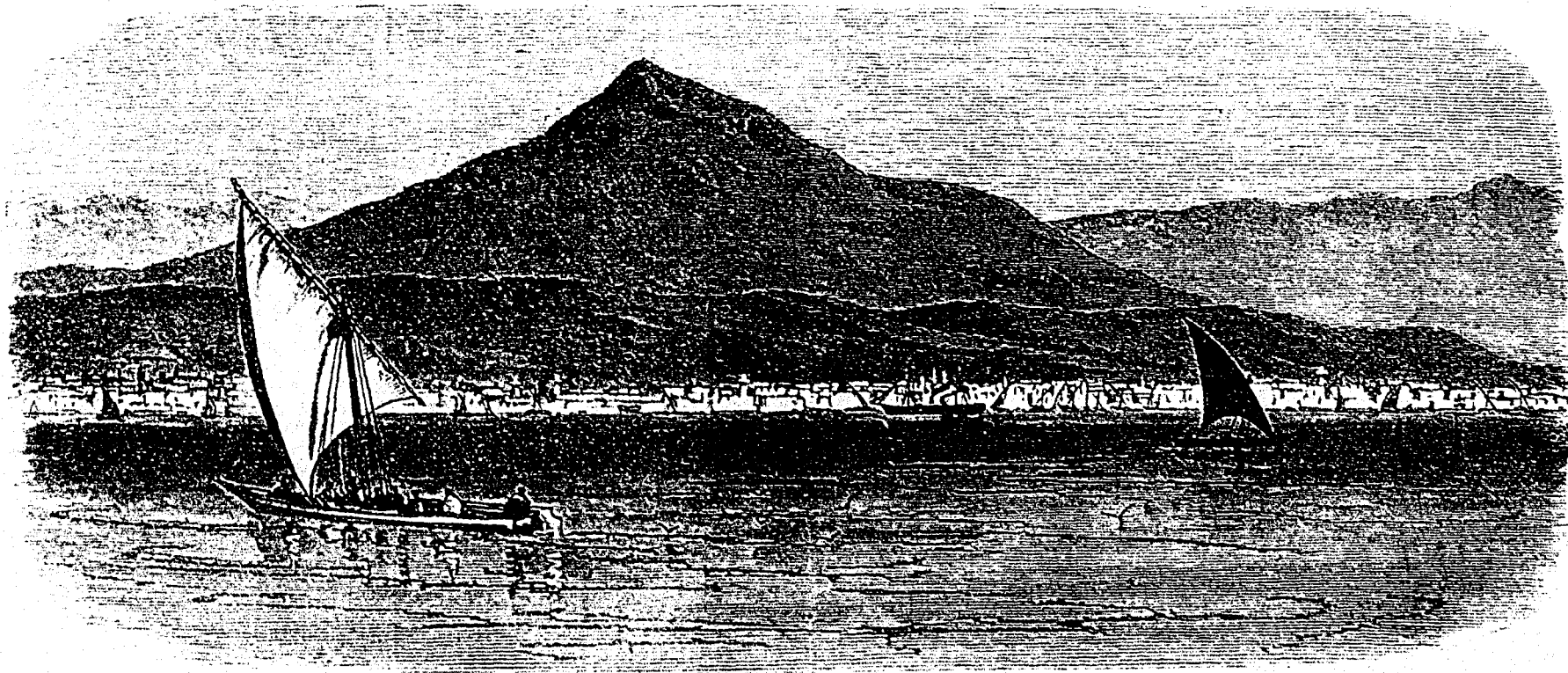
THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

THE island of Cyprus, over which the flag of Great Britain has just been raised, in pursuance of the secret treaty between the Government of that country and Turkey, lies in the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea, and has a length of about one hundred and forty miles, with a breadth of from fifteen to forty miles. The distance from its extreme eastern point to the nearest point of the coast of Syria is sixty-five miles, while on the north the distance from its shore line to the coast of Asia Minor is about eighty-four miles. The population of the island is about two hundred thousand, of whom two-thirds are Greeks and the rest Moslems, Maronites, Armenians, Roman Catholics and Jews. It is intersected from east to west by a range of mountains, called Olympus by the ancients. The island occupies a distinguished place both in sacred and profane history, having belonged alternately to the Phœnicians, Greeks, Persians, Romans, Venetians and Turks—the latter having subdued it in 1571. It was long celebrated for the quality of its wines, but the production has now become inconsiderable. The capital of the island is Nicosia, which is located nine miles from the sea, and has a population of twelve thousand. The city is three miles in circuit, is surrounded by strong walls, and includes among its principal buildings the Seraglio or Governor's Palace, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Palace of the Greek Archbishop, and the Church of St. Catherine. Larnaka, a city of ten thousand population, where the European consuls and the principal foreign merchants reside, and Limasol, are the chief commercial emporiums of the island. One of our illustrations shows the United States consular



VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE, LARNAKA.

buildings at Larnaka. The island often suffers from drought, and locusts commit great ravages. Madder root forms the principal production, and the exportation of carob beans is rapidly growing. The annual grain crop is small, but there is a considerable growth of cotton, and colocynth is extensively cultivated. The prosperity of the island has been retarded by the oppression of the Turks; but under the regime of Great Britain its interests will no doubt be largely developed. To Americans the island has a peculiar interest, owing to the discoveries made there by General Cesnola. The value of Cyprus to Great Britain lies in the fact that its possession will give her complete control of the Mediterranean, while the protectorate which she guarantees of the whole of Asiatic Turkey will at the same time give her control of the land communications between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. Under all the changes of administration to which it has been subject, the political importance of the island has never been denied. Its geographical situation makes it, in the hands of a maritime power, the virtual ruler of the whole of Southern Asia Minor to the north, and of Syria to the east. Any naval power owning Cyprus is also mistress of Port Said and the mouths of the Nile. Indeed, for a nation aiming at influence in Asia, the all-importance of its possession can scarcely be over-estimated. There are harbors which can easily be dredged for an almost unlimited navy, and all along the coast from Cape St. Andreas to Boffa there are heights which can easily be crowned with fortifications almost as impregnable as those of Gibraltar itself. And unlike Gibraltar, with its narrow strips of fertile soil about and below the Alamedas, the soil



VIEW OF LARNAKA, THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL EMPORIUM OF THE ISLAND.

of Cyprus is prolific. Even under Turkish rule its surplus revenue was nearly \$500,000 per annum, and under a better system of taxation, certain to be brought about under British sway, it will be far more fertile than Corfu ever was. If the lines of a triangle are drawn from Batoum in the north-east and Constantinople in the south-west, they will meet in an apex at Cyprus, and thus, and from many other points, the military value of its acquisition cannot be doubted.

PUNCH ON CYPRUS.

IN PAPHIAN BOWERS.

Deep little game! To win us fruits of Wars,
And yet from warlike complications screen us!
They said he'd hurl us in the teeth of Mars—
And, lo! he lands us in the arms of Venus!

WEAVING HIS CROWN.

Twine Cyprus with his Strawberry leaves? Not now;
'Tis for funeral, not festal days.
Look for fit garland to entwine his brow,
Not to Greek Laurels, but to Turkish Bays.

A REVIVAL.—Of the precious stones that used to be found in Cyprus nothing has been seen or heard for generations. Thanks to English occupation, there must be at least one Garnet there, by this time.

APPROPRIATE.—Mr. Baring, we read, has been sent to hoist the British flag at Cyprus. It should have been Mr. Bulling.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

"You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees."

SHAKESPEARE. (*Othello*, Act ii. sc. 1.)

QUEEN OF CYPRUS: Victoria vice Venus, who retires, receiving the price of her commission.

WHAT "LA REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE" SAYS TO IT.

"To fight for Turkey!" Yes; in tartines vip'rous
That is the line I urged upon John Bull.
But "keep the peace for Turkey, and hold Cyprus!"
That's not my chestnuts from the fire to pull.

SORS HORATIANA.

(For Lord B.)

"Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna profectis,
Purpureus late qui splendet unus et alter
Assulitur pannus
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare—"

Let your "High Polity's" pretentious brag
Flaunt the Imperial Purple's Indian rag;
Or if that bit of stuff be run too hard,
You may produce, and play, the Cyprus card.

THE STORY OF ROSE.

A little brown woman standing boldly relieved against the shadow of a doorway in a little brown house. Chestnut hair has she, and great woody eyes, with limpid lights and unquiet shadows, like the little brown brook in the meadow. A cheap print, whose ground plan is an expanse of brown, and which is besprinkled lavishly with tiny scarlet and yellow autumn leaves, is fashioned into a wrapper whose every fold presses itself into shape over the trim, short figure. A look of expectancy in the woody brown eyes and two poppy-burnt cheeks tell their story ably.

And while he is yet coming, and you may gaze your fill at the tropical-hued robe and the flaming face, let me tell you more about her. Her name, to begin with, is Rose Van Dyke—a nice old name enough, with associations of tubes of colour and stiff-jointed manikins, easels and sable-points and satiny folds of brown; a name that belonged to her good old father, who, dying five years ago, left it to her with his blessing. And upon this scant heritage the little brown maiden thrived and metamorphosed into the little brown woman who taught country bumpkins their first principles, and was well paid for it.

And it was well for her that she had put every extra penny by, woman-fashion, in a precious cracked tea-pot, on a high shelf; well, indeed, she thought, since Terese Van Tassel, a far-off orphaned cousin, had been thrown on her hands, and was coming to share her hearth and home with her on the morrow. Meanwhile—

A hush was in the very air. Up from the village that nestled at the mountain's base there came the soft chime of the clock in the church-tower—five, six, seven! And the echoes had not yet rolled their silvery waves of sound beyond her alert ears before the quick tread of advancing footsteps set her heart beating wildly, and she turned her face from the doorway to gain time—it was so flushed with joy.

"Looking for anyone, Miss Van Dyke?" asked a very pleasant, rich voice, in a very matter-of-fact manner.

"Yes, Mr. Lee, I was looking for you," she answered, simply.

"For me?" with an affected tinge of surprise in his voice. "How did you know—how came you to think I was coming?"

"There is the theory of mental telegraphy," she answered, drawing down the creamy covering of her eyes.

"Oh," he vouchsafed at length, but seeming unsatisfied with her answer. "What a simple little soul it is!" is his inward observation; "so sweet and fresh and artless! She has won a place in my heart of hearts, and I shall enthroned her there whenever the love-light in the brown eyes grows from a dancing will-o'-wisp to a steadier glow."

And her thoughts ran riot. "Will he never, never know? Oh, to be a woman—to sit and mop one's life away and let the grand opportunities be lost! Not daring to stir toward the haven of one's desire—not daring to lift a hand as the idol passes—poor blind idols that will go y unconscious, and crush our hearts out in the assing!"

"How goes the school, Miss Van Dyke?" he asked, looking at the queer frown that knotted itself upon her forehead.

"The school? Bah! I'm sick of the school—tired, tired, tired!" a little vengefully. "But it goes along smoothly enough, of course, and will continue in the monotonous tenor of its way until—"

"Until what?" he asked, the surprise all real now, a little anxious at her hesitation.

"Well, until my cousin arrives—and she may put me out some."

"Your cousin!" flinging etiquette to the dogs.

"Yes, sir; an orphan, if you please."

Philip Lee did not seem to be pleased. The coming of this orphan child meant to him a breaking in, in some way, upon their quiet talks and his study of her. She was a charming study to him; and when he was just beginning to turn the first leaves of this interesting book, in must come a stranger to break up his lessons piece-meal.

"How old is she, Miss Van Dyke?" feeling as if he must say something on the subject of the interloper.

"Indeed, I cannot tell; somewhere between ten and twenty I should judge;" this followed by a dolorous sigh.

"Are you not well?" Ah, what would he not have given to have been free to let that blessed word of endearment slide from its perch on the tip of his tongue! "You seem sick or sad."

"I am weary. This teaching is tiresome work; and then it is lonely here on the hill when—"

He turned those perverse eyes of his that would mirror his soul in spite of him toward the open door, and waited for the conclusion of her sentence.

But she did not finish. They sat there in quiet, these two, with glances wide apart. It pleased him that this shy being should show her preference of him before he spoke of sentiment.

Of course there was a reason for this, and what that reason was is quickly told. He had years ago loved with a young man's fiery passion a creature cold as ice, keen as a lawyer, as heartless as a sphinx. But the passionate flame burnt high, and the incense surrounded the adored one and clothed her in a halo of glory.

And when the vision spoke, and the altar tumbled at her touch; when the incense melted from before his blinded eyes and his soul saw her as she was, the flame in his heart smouldered and died, leaving nought to show for it save a scar. And the old axiom of the burnt dog dreading the fire proved a verity in his case; for, in his dealings with Miss Van Dyke, he clung to the mainland of facts, and kept from the dangerous ground of fancies.

They had known each other some half a dozen months, and he had called upon her on an average of twice each week, and sometimes oftener, for on Sunday evenings he walked beside her to and from church. He had come to unravel a little tangled thread of her inner life, and of that little skein he wove a web around and about himself from which he could not escape. He did not care to escape, in fact, but kept weaving the threads with which she unwittingly supplied him like a human cocoon.

On this evening of which I write he had come to her with a plan in his head. "I can get her to speak out now," he thought, and, thinking this, he said, rather hurriedly, as if waiting longer to hear what she might say were a thing impossible.

"By the way, Miss Van Dyke, I am going away. May I hope that you will not forget me?"

Away! she had never thought anything could change in this dull, sleepy suburb—and now the greatest change that could happen had come to her. Going away!

There was no outcry, although the heart buried under the flaming calico autumn leaves went throbbing on as if it were a hammer. Into the eyes crept a look of infinite yearning, but he saw it not, for the womanly pride came to her rescue, and her glance went roving over the faded flowers in the three-ply carpet beneath them.

"I hope I shall not be forgotten?" he repeated.

"Oh, no, Mr. Lee," she replied, more absent-minded at this instant than any dullard among her pupils.

"Thank you. Well, I must be off. The train leaves in half an hour, and I just flew up here to bid you good-bye."

The train! Good-bye! Absent-minded no longer, but, with senses fearfully alert, she reached out her hand to him in farewell. A touch of her finger-tips thrilled him through and through. What a warm little hand it was that he held within his own for a second's space.

Still, she had disappointed him; he had felt sure of an outspoken worn of sorrow at his absence, but she was silent. He dropped her hand, turned about and left the house.

"Oh, Philip! Philip!" she cried, spurred on to desperation. And the cry came to him as he passed the open window and stopped him short. He turned on his heel and came back.

The gray gleaming was almost swallowed up by the night. Away in a corner where there was least light the little brown woman had dragged herself and crouched down, her heart numb with silent agony; but on hearing his steps she arose and stood waiting for him.

"You called me, Miss Rose?" her Christian name coming out despite himself.

"Yes, I called you. Philip Lee, you have

been a good friend to me, and if you never come back again, remember there is one who names you in her every prayer, and who thanks you with her every breath, for your considerate kindness. I have been alone so long," she went on quickly. "that a friend, such as you have been to me, seems heaven sent. Let me thank you again!" She was standing before him now, looking with great liquid eyes straight into his face.

"No more than a friend to you—may I not be nearer than that?"

At this her eyes filled with tears, and clasping two small hands before them she stood there crying quietly.

"I must go—Rose—little one. Only say, may I sometime be nearer than a friend?" The tears were more than he could bear.

He had left, after kissing in knightly fashion her hand—thereby glorifying in her eyes that small member for evermore—and had been just in time to catch the upcoming train, which whirled him away to the metropolis. Here he stayed two weeks, up to his ears in business, but never so engaged as to lose from before his mental vision the exact colour and shape of a pair of very haunting brown eyes. But he would not write to her. "Perhaps the little spark I have kindled," he said to himself, "may be coaxed into a flame if I do not be too rash," and he let "nothing venture, nothing have," alone with all his might.

On the day succeeding his departure came Terese Van Tassel, who, to the infinite surprise and dismay of Miss Rose, proved herself to be—instead of the child she was expecting—a woman grown; indeed, one year older than her would-be-adopter herself.

"How strange it is, Terese," she said, in a blunt, home-truthy way, "that you should have looked for a protector in me! And your respected guardian wrote to me that I could care for you, he supposed, as he heard I was making money in a little school. How absurd all this twaddle. I take care of a big, stately, strong-built woman, fully as able to work as I! Had he never seen you, Terese, this guardian?"

Terese had listened with eyes as full of amazement at this speech as well-bred eyes could consent to be; and at this last question she turned her fair, haughty face languidly away from the little brown bundle of candour, and said, with the least possible hint of contempt in her voice, "Why, yes, Rose, of course he has."

"And he thought you would come to me for succour, and would not try to fight the world's battle for yourself?" laughing, but somewhat anxious, nevertheless.

"I could not fight that battle, Rose; I am not fit to volunteer."

"Fit!" Her voice demanded an explanation.

"Oh, what could I do?" and she held out two very long-fingered, aristocratic-looking hands as a piteous reason for her "misfitness." "You would have taken me had I been a child you expected—take me now, Rose, dear, and I will amply repay you—be your companion, read to you, help you about the house, and pray don't turn me out upon the charity of the world!"

And so Rose kept the tall, queenly girl as her companion; never guessing in her innocent heart that she was a creature cold as ice, keen as a lawyer, heartless as a sphinx.

And Miss Van Tassel ate humble pie in the sweet, depending manner of her own; did what she could to help Rose; outwardly all servility, inwardly something entirely different.

Rose was busy as a nailer with her school, which was to close the next week, and hence got small chance to gossip with Terese or grow in any way familiar. Terese minded not her inattention in the least as far as gossiping went, for she was a woman with a still tongue, and had not come clear to this out-of-the-way place on the plea of orphanage for the purpose of letting the subject nearest and dearest her heart leak out. So they went their ways until vacation came, and Rose, bringing her armful of day books and mementoes from each loving child-heart, came home for a three-months' rest.

Then they walked and talked together; Rose joyous and unrestrained as any uncaged wren, and chatting and laughing as if her whole life were taking a holiday.

But it all ended one day, when Miss Van Tassel sent a little sentence like a barbed arrow straight into the guileless heart of her cousin. They had been speaking of Rose's friends, and Philip Lee had been brought up before the bar, his friendship weighed and his kindness measured, when Terese, who had been listening greedily said, throwing in her voice an affectation of deep surprise:

"You cannot mean it, Rose, when you tell me that Mr. Lee came here to see you so often?"

"Of course, Terese, I mean it," at a loss to understand her. And Terese coolly laid before her the gossip she said she had gleaned.

"You seem to have made many friends hereabouts," said Rose, in a voice changed to that of an old, old woman.

"Only the washerwoman and the sexton up at the chapel," gazing pitilessly upon the chestnut braid-crowned head that came not even so high as her shoulder.

"And they told you that?"

"They told me that others said so—indeed, almost every one on the hill."

"And he must have known it—and he kept coming, coming. Heaven! how base he must think me!" And she went home with her heart shot through with the arrow of slander.

After that Rose carolled no more gay songs of love and war, but sat within doors, while Terese,

whose spirits, when put in the balance of those of her cousin, grew high and light, went roaming about always taking the townward track.

One night, when the pale young moon hung a silver sabre against an opal sky, there came a steady tramp of footsteps toward Terese, who had gone wandering down through the gray gloaming of the grassy front yard. Swiftly she turned, and opening wide her outstretched arms held them so in mute entreaty until he came.

The fickle moon has hidden her face behind a fast-coming storm-cloud! He cannot see a feature of the loved one, but her keen eyes pierce through the darkening gloom and feast themselves upon a face, handsome and masterful, a face she has been searching for for over a year.

"Oh, my little primrose. I could not keep the secret of my love from you! Will you accept it dear, and let me have the sunshine of your presence ever about me?"

And his only answer is a creeping of a hand into his own. Holding this treasure fast, he talks on about his brightened future, and his low, rich voice fills the small cottage, and echoes its pleasant music through the rooms.

And when the clock tolled the ninth hour he was still talking, too happy to wonder at the quietude of the chosen one at his side, too much filled with busy thoughts to notice the little figure standing behind him. But when parting-time came, and he rose to take leave of her, he found the storm had arisen in fury, and mutterings of the black artillery of inky clouds came rolling down from the western coast of heaven.

He turned about and faced the doorway. Then came a flash or a mischievous streak of lightning which made the place all about him like day. And in that second's time he saw the hands he held were not the hands of Rose, who stood, a soul-stricken wraith, in the black doorway.

"Philip," she said, her voice pinched and uncertain, "you should have told me. Did you think I would stand in your way, my friend? You are unjust—nay, more, you are unkind. I would have helped you had you let me know all this, for you have given more than I can ever repay. You are cruel, too, Terese; am I not to be trusted, then? Go away, now, Philip, for Terese must come within, else people will talk. Ah, heaven, go!"

As one blinded and stricken with a great woe, too deep for speech, Philip Lee turned about and went off under the pall of wide-spreading rain-clouds.

"You did not guess our secret, then?" Terese asked of her cousin, as she rose and followed her into the house.

But there came no answer. The poor, little tired body grew too burdened with the great suffering soul to contain it, and she fell across the bed in a dead faint.

Miss Van Tassel, among other of her pitiful characteristics, had that of excessive fright at even the appearance of death; so, seeing the white, drawn lines about the mouth of the poor, drooping Rose, she ran to the door and gave one great shout for Philip. In the flash that followed she saw him coming, striding fiercely along through the pelting rain.

He passed her without a word, and hastened to the bedside where his soul's idol lay stretched. "You have killed her, wretched woman. Out of her sight!" he whispered hoarsely, pointing to the door. And the soul of the little woman at last gained the mastery; her eyes opened again upon the familiar things about her.

Turning her face from the wall, she met the tender, anxious gaze of Philip Lee, as he knelt at her side. He touched his fingers to her lips to command silence, and told his story to her.

"Philip!" the old-womanish tones all gone, and her voice, although but a very faint voice just now, was sweet in its cadence as a bird-song; "I cannot blame her, dear, for having loved you. But, oh, to love you and lose you!"

"She never loved me for myself, as you have done, primrose; my store of worldly wealth has been her chief attraction. Stupid fool that I was to have ever mistaken her for you!" angry with, as well as feeling an utter contempt for himself.

"Worldly wealth?" looking hard at him as if she would discover in his face this new-found quality.

"Yes, darling, I am sorry to spoil your life's romance by not letting you work those tiny fingers off for me; but it is an absolute fact," he continued, with a laugh of exquisite enjoyment at her big, amazed eyes. "You have heard, no doubt, of the great Mogul of our bonny State—Gov. Philip Lee. Well, dear, I am Philip second, and no fitter ornament could I wear than my sweet blooming Rose." And he drew her head to where upon right royal breasts there flourish the crosses of honour.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE CONFOUNDED FIVE-YEAR-OLD. — A pretty little girl, about five years old, with one of those sugar-loaf hats modeled no doubt after Fra Diavolo's in the play no doubt, came on board the Staten Island ferry boat Westfield last evening.

"Is that water, auntie?" she asked, pointing to the bay. "Yes, dear," said the weary-looking lady. "Did the rain make all that water?"

"No, darling." "Why didn't the rain make all that water?" "Oh, the rain wouldn't effect it you know."

"Why wouldn't the rain 'fect it?" "Oh, you can't understand that now." "Why can't I understand it?"

"Never mind; do keep still, that's a dear; auntie's head aches." "What makes your head ache, auntie?"

"The heat, I suppose." "What makes the heat?" "The sun, of course, dear." "What is the sun?"

"You know what the sun is well enough; I shan't answer that." The little girl twisted uneasily in her chair for a moment and then burst out with the question:

"What makes horses' bones?" "I don't know," said the aunt, in a despairing tone.

"I think they're made out of skin," said the little girl, with an air of conviction. "Yes, they're made out of skin an' hair an' wool an' rubber; that's what horses' bones is made out of."

"Yes, dear," said the shameless woman. "If my pa gets that bone taken out of his leg he'll give me 'is watch. Would you have a bone taken out of your leg, auntie?"

"You ridiculous child, of course not." "Why not?" "Oh, keep still!"

The young woman then got up and nearly fell over the rail into the water. The aunt uttered a shriek, and the writer, much against his will, rescued the young lady.

"Thank you, sir," said the aunt. "What for?" asked the terrible infant. "For nothing," said the rescuer.

"Auntie, did you ever see a little dicky bird flirt up its tail an' sing?" "Yes, dear."

"Where?" "I meant no, dear." (Desperately). "Did you see that coloured lady, auntie? She had on a fearful pretty hat, ever so much prettier than yours—I want to go home."

"You musn't go home; your mamma is sick, and you must go with me." "What makes mamma sick?"

"Never mind, she'll be well again in a week or two." "But I want to know what makes her sick?"

"Never mind, dear." "Why?"—but just then the boat swung up to her pier at Stapleton, and the inquisitive young lady and her submissive aunt disembarked.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers received. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 184 received. Correct.

This week we give two more of the games recently played at the great Chess contest at Paris. Thanks to the Westminster Papers and other Chess journals of the day, we are enabled to see what is being done by each of the players who represent the Chess talent of the world, and instructive it must be to follow move after move in encounters upon each of which depends, to a great extent, the realization of fond hopes and expectations.

Our visitor, Mr. Bird, is maintaining his reputation as a great player. We trust his health will continue good. We saw a statement to the effect that a complaint of the gout, from which he suffered when in Montreal, was likely to interfere to some extent with his play at Paris.

Since writing the above, we learn that the latest news of the Paris Tournament gives the following result:

- Zukertort..... 1st.
Winawer..... 2nd.
Blackburne..... 3rd.
Bird..... 4th.
Mackenzie..... 5th.

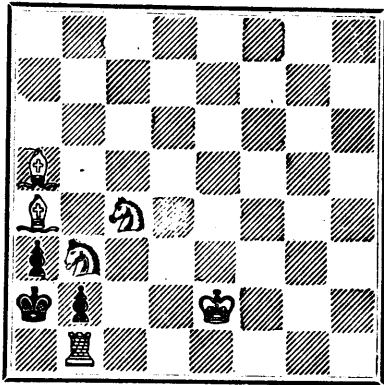
It is intimated, however, that this needs confirmation.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Ascher, the Secretary of the Montreal Chess Club, has made arrangements with the G.T.R. Co. to issue tickets at reduced rates to intending players at the forthcoming Chess Congress to be held at Montreal on the 20th of August.

PROBLEM No. 186.

By J. N. BABSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 279TH.

(From Land and Water.)

THE PARIS CHESS CONGRESS.

The following game was played in the second round of the International Tournament:

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) BLACK.—(Mr. Gifford.)

- 1. P to Q 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to Q 4
4. Kt takes P
5. B to K 3
6. P to Q B 3
7. B to Q B 4 (a)
8. Castles
9. P to B 4
10. Kt to R 3
11. Q to Q 2
12. Q R to K sq
13. P takes Kt
14. Kt to B 2
15. P to K 5

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3
3. P takes P
4. B to B 4
5. Q to B 3
6. K Kt to K 2
7. Kt to Kt 3 (b)
8. B to K 3
9. P to Q 3
10. Castles
11. P to K R 3
12. Kt takes Kt (c)
13. B to Q 2
14. Q R to K sq
15. P takes P (first hour)
16. Q to Q B 3
17. B to K 3
18. B to Q 4
19. P to Q R 4
20. Q to Q 2
21. B to K 3
22. P to Q B 3
23. B to Q sq
24. B to R 5
25. B to Q sq
26. K to R 2
27. R to K R sq
28. K to Kt sq (d)
29. P takes B
30. P to Q Kt 4 (second hour)
31. B to Q 4
32. P to R 5 (e)
33. B to K 3
34. P takes P
35. B takes Kt (g) Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) This is better than the lately fashionable continuation of 7 B to K 2, but we confess to having a preference for 7 B to Q Kt 5—an ingenious novelty introduced last year by L. Paulsen in his match against Prof. Andersen at Leipsic.

(b) Wide of the mark. He should play either 7 Kt to K 4 or 7 Castles, the former for choice.

(c) He has been losing time, and has, in consequence, a much inferior position; but this is playing still more into the adversary's hands. His best move is B to Q 2.

(d) Apparently it must come to this sooner or later; but no use, that we are aware of, running forward to meet the advancing evil.

(e) Q to K 3 must be best here.

(f) Subtlety and depth when serving soundness are always admirable. We can quite understand Mr. Blackburne selecting the safe method he has in view, rather than venturing upon B to Kt 4, though analysing at our case we find that the latter move would undoubtedly win.

(g) If 35 R to R 2, then 36 B to Kt 4, B to Q 2, 37 B takes B, and if 35 B to Q 2, then 36 Kt to B 6 (ch), B takes Kt, 37 R takes B; with a win in either case; moreover White has other profitable continuations.

GAME 280TH.

(From the Westminster Papers.)

Played in the Fourth Round on the 27th June, 1878.

(Giucco Piano.)

WHITE.—(Prof. Anderssen.) BLACK.—(Mr. Bird.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to B 4
4. P to B 3
5. P to Q 4
6. P takes P
7. B to Q 3
8. Q Kt takes B
9. P takes P
10. Q to Kt 3
11. Castles K R
12. K R to K sq
13. Kt to K 5
14. B takes Kt
15. Q to Q 3 (b)
16. Kt to K 4
17. Kt to B 6 (ch) (c)
18. Q to K Kt 3 (ch)
19. Q takes B (ch)
20. Q to K B 5 (d)
21. Q R to Kt sq
22. Kt to Q 7
23. K R to Q B sq
24. R takes Kt P
25. P to K R 3
26. Kt to B 5
27. Q to Q 3 (f) Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Kt takes K P is slightly preferable.
(b) This sacrifice is unduly venturesome.
(c) This ingenious, but not sound conception was of course in view when White made his 15th move.
(d) Q R to Kt sq at once is more promising.
(e) Well played, and destructive of any chance left to the opponent of saving the game.
(f) A sad blunder, but with care Black ought to have won whatever is done. 27 Q to B 3 would be replied to by the Rooks being doubled on the Kt file. White's best move is 27 Kt to Kt 3.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 184.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. K to Kt 8
2. Q to Q B 4
3. Q mates
1. K to R 4 or (a)
2. K moves
1. (a)
2. Q to Q B 5
3. Q mates
1. K takes P or (b)
2. P moves
1. (b)
2. K takes P
3. Q mates
1. P moves
2. K takes P

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 182.

WHITE. BLACK.

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

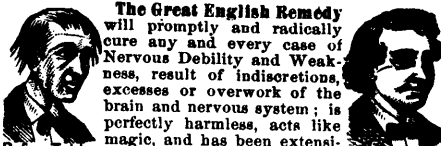
PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 183.

WHITE. BLACK.

- K at Q B sq
Q at Q R sq
R at Q Kt 7
B at Q Kt 4
Pawns at K B 4
Q 6, and Q Kt 3
K at Q 4

White to play and mate in two moves.

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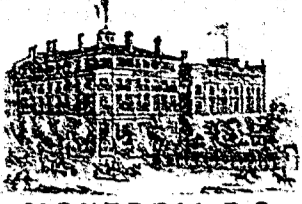
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