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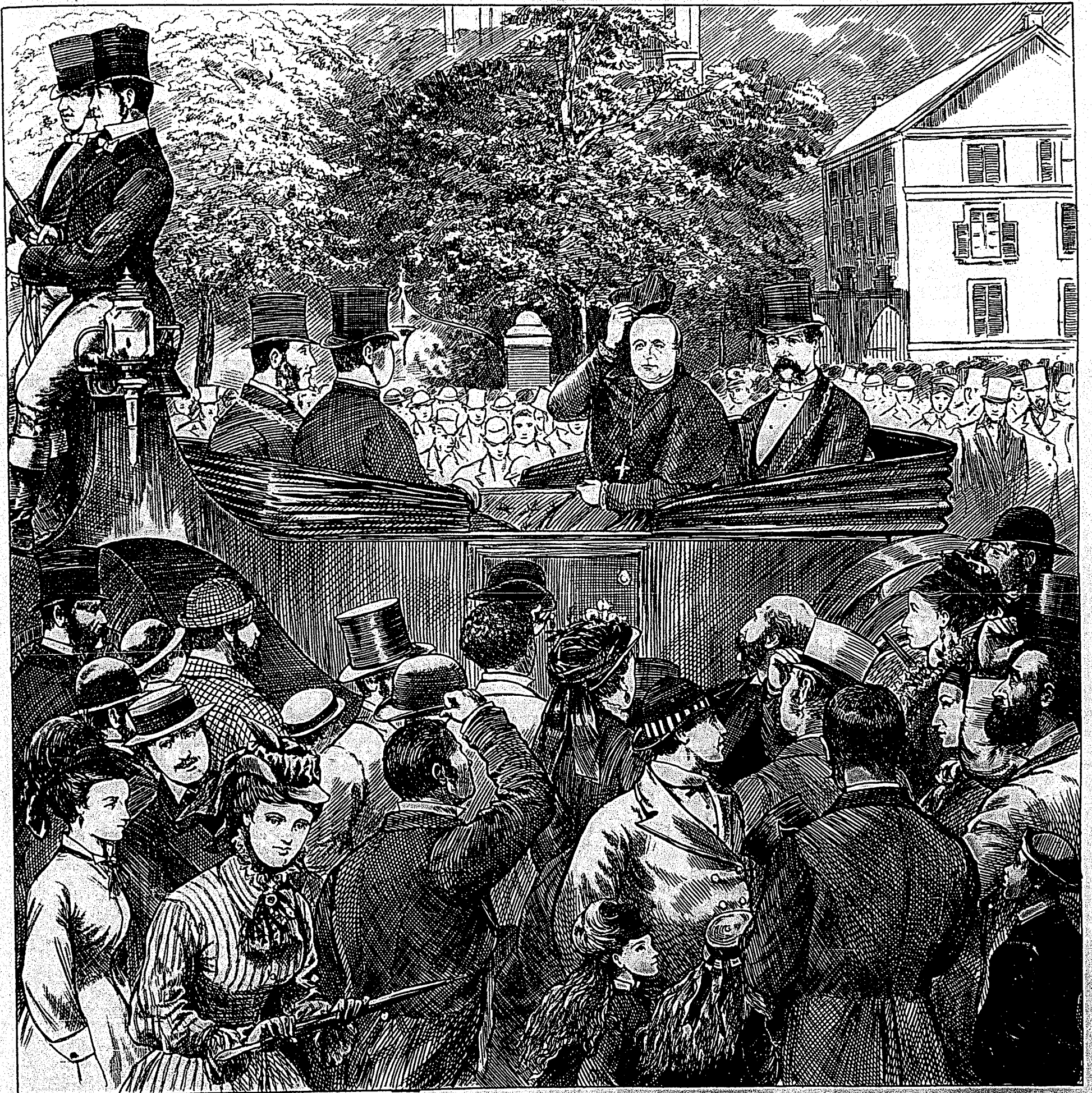
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MONTREAL.—ARRIVAL OF THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC. HIS CARRIAGE ENTERING THE PLACE D'ARMES.

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THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.

In the next number of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

will appear the portraits of all the members of the Fisheries Commission at present sitting at Halifax.

NOTICE.

Persons spending the summer

AT THE SEASIDE

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 16th, 1877.

THE QUESTION OF THE FISHERIES.

This week, the Commission of Arbitration in the Fisheries dispute between the United States and Canada, met at Halifax for the despatch of business. This Commission was instituted by a clause of the Treaty of Washington under the following circumstances, which it may be well to recall to our readers. The eighteenth article of that instrument provided that in addition to the liberty secured to the fishermen of the United States by the treaty of 1818, they should have for a term of twelve years the right, in common with British subjects, to take any fish, except shell-fish, on the coasts and in the bays of the Maritime Provinces and islands, without being restricted to any distance from the shore, with permission to land to dry their nets and cure their fish, this liberty applying solely to the sea-fishery. The nineteenth article guaranteed a like liberty to British subjects on eastern American coasts north of 39 degrees. The twentieth declared that the places reserved under the treaty of 1854 from the common rights of fishing should continue so to be reserved. The twenty-first provided that Canada and the United States should reciprocally admit free of duty fish and fish-oil the product of their fisheries, except fish from rivers and inland lakes and preserved in oil. The twenty-second article provided that as it was claimed by Canada that

they gave under article 18 more than they got under 19 and 21, a claim not admitted by the United States, a Commission should be appointed to decide what compensation, if any, should be paid by the United States, such compensation to be paid in bulk within a year after the award. It is this Commission which has just met at Halifax.

It is much too early to enter into the details of the controversy, which is a complex and delicate one. It will be altogether better to follow in this respect, rather than precede the work of the Commission itself. It may be said generally, however, as an outline of the case, that the Dominion, for the stipulated twelve years may justly present a pretty heavy bill based on the following items:—Use of fisheries: right to purchase bait and supplies and land and tranship cargoes; right to navigate the Strait of Canso; right of fishing in bays, creeks, and harbours; competition of Americans, who are better equipped, with Canadian fishermen. The total cannot well be less than ten millions of dollars, while it may rise to twenty-five millions.

On the other hand, the Americans have their case ready. Indeed, considering all that we have seen, they are prepared to dispute every inch of the ground. The first argument is that they have given Canada a free market in return for a free fishing ground, and that the result is in their favor. Thus while their own fisheries have not materially increased since the signing of the Treaty of Washington, the Canadian fisheries have steadily increased in value in the face of the competition of American fishermen, as the following table shows:—

1870.....	\$6,577,392	1873.....	\$10,754,098
1871.....	2,455,523	1874.....	11,681,196
1872.....	8,757,892	1875.....	11,013,451

At the same time the United States claim that under the treaty their markets have taken more Canadian fish than ever, the following table showing the exports from this country to American ports:—

1870.....	\$1,162,407	1874.....	\$1,304,363
1871.....	2,117	1875.....	2,467,611
1872.....	1,392,536	1876.....	1,475,337
1873.....	1,619,321		

Meanwhile the Commission is composed of able representative men from England, the United States and Canada, and as they are pledged to "a solemn declaration that they will impartially and carefully examine and decide matters referred to them to the best of their judgment and according to justice and equity," we may rely upon having full justice done to all parties. In our next number we hope to be able to present the portraits of all the gentlemen engaged on the Commission.

CANADA AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The report of the Canadian Commission at the Philadelphia Exhibition is a bulky volume, but considering the precious information which it contains, we cannot forego the labor of summarizing it for the benefit of our readers.

There are, of course, a number of branches of human art in which a country so young as ours cannot hope to compete with the older nations of the world. This is especially the case with painting, sculpture and ornamental industries of various descriptions. Comparatively few of these adorned the Canadian department. It may, however, be said that in photography the specimens exhibited by our artists were not inferior to any. In painting, our display was creditable, and in sculpture, for purposes of house decoration, our department contained what was universally acknowledged as the finest piece of workmanship in the building. The prizes taken in the Departments representing the Fine Arts were six in number.

It was in manufactures of articles of prime necessity that Canada was likely chiefly to excel, and in these she took high rank among other manufacturing nationalities. In leather of all descriptions, including the finer classes; in boots and shoes, in tweeds and knitted goods,

and domestic cottons, in stoves, tools of all kinds, printed books, and similar articles, she compared favourably with any other nationality. In woollens of all kinds shown by her, it was acknowledged frankly by competitors from various parts of the world that she took the first place, though, of course, she did not show broad-cloths, nor other goods of very finest make. She made no great display of cottons; but the few goods in this class were very excellent. In the same way it may be affirmed that her edge tools were second to none. In our machinery department the display was comparatively small, notwithstanding which some of the machine tools exhibited were spoken of by experienced and practical men as being of high value, not only on account of the excellence of their finish and the solidity of the parts, but for the novelty of their construction and ingenuity of the contrivances brought to bear in adapting them to their several purposes.

The exhibit of grains was exceedingly satisfactory, and the qualities of many of them were pronounced by good judges to be of the very highest order. In fruit the Dominion occupied a place very much larger than would be her fair share, judging by geographical proportions and her population, compared with that of the United States. So far as the Commissioners were able to form a judgment, they believe that, excepting in grapes, in the growth of which California far exceeds any other part of the North American Continent, she could find nothing to excite her envy. The Californian fruits were very much larger than those from the Dominion, or indeed from any other places, but they lost in favour the advantage which they might be supposed to have in size. A remark something similar applies with truth to one or two Western States, but in general the apples, pears and plums of Canada were equal in appearance and size to those of the United States, and sometimes superior in flavour.

In dairy products, notwithstanding the high reputation of the American cheese manufacturers, those from Canada established conclusively that they are not one whit behind the best of their Southern competitors in the quality of their products. The Canadian dairymen certainly show superior energy, it being a remarkable fact that there was more Canadian than American cheese appeared in the Dairy House—2,086 packages were exhibited, weighing 55½ tons; there were from the United States 1,012 packages, weighing over 26 tons; from Canada, 1,003 packages, weighing over 29 tons; from other countries, 65 packages, estimated at 500 lbs. One hundred awards were recommended for exhibits of cheese. Of these 45 were for the United States, 49 for Canada, and the remainder for other countries. In butter our exhibit was small, reaching only to some 1,700 lbs. out of 9,150 lbs. from all countries; but in proportion to their number, the prizes taken by Canadian butter-makers were very numerous.

Of all departments, however, Canada most excelled in the exhibition of live stock. About one third of all the horses exhibited came from the Dominion, and out of 60, 52 carried off prizes. Of horned cattle the number of exhibits was 72, and the number of prizes 33.

The number of Centennial medals taken by Canadian exhibitors was 564 in all, which shows a large percentage upon Canadian exhibits as compared with the percentage of prizes on the aggregate of the world's exhibits at Philadelphia.

Taken throughout, we agree with the Commissioners that "there can be no doubt that the Exhibition at Philadelphia has had the effect of enhancing the feeling of self-respect and patriotism of many thousands of Canadians who visited it, and who saw that, except in some special classes of production, sometimes depending wholly upon the climate or other accidental circumstances, Canadian industries were in no respect behind those so

much vaunted in the United States." We may add this tribute of General Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, who declared that "Canada had done more for the success of the Centennial Exhibition than any eight of the States of the American Union, with the exception of New Jersey and Pennsylvania."

THE HOTEL OF THE FUTURE.

Railways, steamships and hotels are cosmopolitan, and a common interest of civilized peoples, perhaps one day to be a common concern also. The era of diplomatic notes has not yet arrived which should have for their substance the condition of railway fences, level crossings or station police in a friendly country, deeply as changes might be needed, and helplessly as travellers might complain. There might be fears of giving offence, and the fears might be just enough from an international point of view in the present state of the popular sentiment. Still life is dear, and greatly involved in the affections. Common sense does keep pushing on its modes of action like a plough through a rugged soil. We look coolly at things sometimes, in spite of the telegrams, and then we may find ourselves admitting that with relations the more or the less intimate, any State will be doing wisest public service in improving these three great adjuncts to civilization within its own borders, and so enabling itself to promote intertribal intercourse with a good conscience as well as with happy results.

If the new Windsor Hotel in Montreal should really desire to make of itself one of the most popular places of entertainment of the Dominion or the continent, and fill a great want, it will endeavour to secure the fire-proof quality in its construction so as to allay the fears of travellers, and to avoid the actual catastrophe which is worse than any fears. In that case one might almost guarantee it a custom of the highest and best. Some of the suggestions for fire-escapes as applied to hotels and buildings of many stories which have appeared of late have been very defective. Neither hand-lines nor iron steps from one balcony to another will protect the fugitive from flames bursting forth from the windows close adjacent to his descent. Of course these precautions might prove infinitely better than nothing at all, but then that is hardly the point. We wish to afford security, and in a large building not fire-proof in construction, a safe descent could hardly be obtained in any other way than by brick or stone towers, with special staircases of iron from the highest to the lowest floors. It is just as well to admit the general idea, as to advocate plans which are more worthy of the ingenuity of Indians. Such towers as we speak of are now being adapted in new buildings of an institutional character. For a large hotel, one such tower would generally perhaps be insufficient. A tower or shaft might be built in the centre, with covered outlet on the basement, or one at any or all of the four corners of the buildings. If hotels will only adopt such fire-proof principles in construction as were advocated in our last issue, or even more complete ones—most especially the flooring tiles—though we could not consider the need of safety towers would be done away with, the immediate risk of fire would be brought down to a greatly lower grade, and, which is a very important item in all large buildings, the insurance premium also.

THE FIRST DECADE OF CONFEDERATION.

With the exception of an allegorical sketch in a recent number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and of a letter in the Star, followed by eloquent words of approval from the editor, we have seen nothing in the press either of this city or elsewhere to remind the public that we are fast approaching the tenth anniversary

of the establishment of Confederation. This forgetfulness or indifference appears remarkable, but however we may be disposed to qualify it, the necessity for removing it remains none the less palpable and pressing.

In the first place, we have only to reflect one moment on what Confederation has done for this country. It was a broad statesmanly idea which, when properly put before the people, seized upon their imagination and was carried out by them in a burst of enthusiasm that bore down the petty hostility of croakers and malcontents. From a number of isolated Provinces we became at once a consolidated, homogeneous people, a new nation. Our commerce increased as if by magic, manufactures—until then unknown—sprang up on every side, the exports of our forests and fisheries multiplied in a wonderful ratio, and in the first seven years of the new era Canada presented a spectacle of enterprise, prosperity and contentment which augured well for its ultimate greatness. It is true that in the past three years, there has been a reaction which we share with almost every nation of the earth, except France, but this depression will be only temporary and should not so influence our imagination and judgment as to make us overlook or appear to be ungrateful for the magnificent gift of Confederation.

We have another reason for celebrating this decennial anniversary with more than usual splendor. A school of radicals has, for years past, been doing its best to undermine the faith and confidence of Canadians in the stability of their country. What the object can be is inexplicable, inasmuch as these men are mostly Englishmen, and whatever love they have for American institutions as compared with those of their own country, must be morbid and mischievous. We have no space to detail the workings of this sect, but we cannot help calling attention to a paper in a leading British magazine, wherein a self-constituted master of the school has the impertinence to brand Canada as a failure, and to recommend her incorporation into the United States almost in the form of a supplicant. Canada a failure! Let those who think so join the band of GOLDWIN SMITH, and cross the frontier into the United States. But they who think not so—and they are the ninety-nine hundredths in the land—let them arise and proclaim to the country that they have unshaken faith in her destinies, and to Britain that they conserve their loyalty to the old red-cross flag, prepared to follow its fortunes, over land and sea, to the boundaries of the earth. These are not hollow words. This is not shallow sentiment. Loyalty is not a myth. Patriotism has still a meaning. Sir FRANCIS HICKES, on surveying the field after his return to Canada from the West Indies, said, with the insight of the statesman, that there are and can be only two parties in the Dominion—that in favor of British connection, and that opposed to it. Confederation was given us by the Mother Country; under her protection it has expanded; under her material guarantee many of its essential public works have been built, and under the confidence of her continued support alone can the scheme be consummated.

Let us, therefore, unite to celebrate the 1st July in a significant manner. The little city of Ottawa has already subscribed fifteen hundred dollars to this end. A noble rivalry should inspire us with the determination of leaving the capital far behind us. And besides the celebration of individuals, we suggest that there should be a public or official demonstration the memory of which may remain as a landmark for the generations that shall follow us.

COLONEL VOUTLER, the discoverer of the Venus of Milo, died recently at Hyeres. When a midshipman in the French navy, in 1821, he landed on the island of Milo to search for antiquities, and noticed a peasant digging for stones in the ruins of an old chapel. The peasant had unearthed part of a statue in a very bad state of preservation, and, as it was useless to him, was beginning to cover it up again; but M. Voutler at once saw the value of the discovery, and bribed the man to excavate the figure completely.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ARRIVAL OF THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC IN MONTREAL.—On Saturday morning, the 2nd inst., a vast concourse of people assembled at the wharf of the Richelieu steamers to witness the arrival from Quebec of His Excellency the Right Rev. Dr. Conroy, Delegate Apostolic to this country. As soon as the steamer was moored, a number of clergymen and the Presidents of the different Irish and French-Canadian Societies went on the saloon deck, and soon His Excellency entered dressed in his official robes, when the President of St. Patrick's Society, the President of St. Jean Baptiste Society and several other gentlemen were very graciously received. The party immediately proceeded to the carriages in waiting, the societies reformed and the procession proceeded in a long line. During the progress of the procession, Monsignor was received with uncovered heads by the bystanders on each side of the streets, returning the salutation by raising his purple cap and smiling his gratification at the demonstration. His Excellency, on descending from the carriage, was received by the sextons of Notre Dame and walked under the canopy to the main entrance, where he was formally received, and blessed the portals of the sacred edifice. The procession then moved up the nave: only the officers of the different societies entered the church, the members remaining outside. Our sketch represents the Delegate's carriage entering Place D'Armes Square from St. James street, and going around the garden before reaching the Church of Notre Dame which appears on his right. Mgr. Conroy is bowing to the multitude. On his left is Mr. Devlin, M. P., President of St. Patrick's Society; directly opposite is Dr. Rottot, President of St. Jean Baptiste Society, and Mr. Devlin's vis-à-vis is the clerical secretary of His Excellency.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN TORONTO.—We give a few sketches of this celebration, comprising sport on the Don, in the Marsh, at the Island Ferry, and one of the numerous bonfires on the street devouring without discrimination the water butts of absent tax-payers and corporation property in the shape of planks from the sidewalks. The Oval is another form of sport on the Lake Shore. Then there is the inevitable lacrosse match of Indians in "native costume," or what, by elaborate word painting and extreme courtesy, we call "tights." The cricket match of the bankers and students of Trinity College and a view of Mayor Morrison presenting a fountain to the city in Market Square, complete our series of sketches.

READING DESPATCHES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Turks who are fully alive to the value and influence of public opinion in Europe, do not, as a rule, put many obstacles in the way of foreign correspondents. But in war time they are obliged to exercise a certain circumspection, and hence they have established at Constantinople a Bureau of Examination where all the despatches and letters of newspaper correspondents are read before being sent to their destination. Our sketch represents a very handsome fellow sitting behind his desk, with cigar in mouth, intent upon his work. He looks intelligent, and like most educated Turks, doubtless understands several modern languages, English, French, German and Italian.

SALUTING THE WOUNDED.—This is one of Detaille's famous war pictures. It is simple in conception and in treatment, but the effect is charmingly sad. Slowly, and leaning on their comrades, the wounded heroes come down the rough wagon road, till they reach a place where an officer and his staff are making observations. Immediately these straighten in their attitudes and make the military salute with more than the usual formality.

THE ILLUMINATION AT MONTREAL.—The illumination on Sunday evening, the 3rd inst., was intended, we understand, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopate of Pope Pius IX. As the illumination was not continuous, but necessarily scattered, our artist selected a few of the most prominent points, chief among which, and best known throughout the country, being the Church of Notre Dame. This church was decorated with rows of lights hanging from a central point downward to the points of the spires of each tower, while in the centre of the arch thus formed were gigantic globes of light of different colors. St. James on St. Denis street, had its spire festooned with colored lights, while at St. Patrick's Church the display was particularly good, the spire and the walls of the church being lighted by hundreds of jets, and the trees hung with Chinese lanterns. At the residences of many of our Irish Catholic fellow-citizens the illumination was very tasteful and artistic. The City Hall was illuminated in all the windows with wax candle lights, and many of the river crafts also ran up lights among the rigging, giving the whole of the market wharf and vicinity a unique and pleasing appearance.

THE ARCHES OF THE GREAT PROCESSION.—Our artist has chosen a few of the principal arches through which passed the Corpus Christi procession on last Sunday week. There were fifteen of these arches in all, and some of them were very tastefully wrought.

THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.—On Monday evening, the 4th inst., there was a grand torchlight procession in honor of the Delegate Apostolic. The rallying ground of the Irish and French Societies was the Champ de Mars. The

procession, after marching with bands playing and colors flying, through the principal streets, drew up at Dominion Square, where rousing cheers were given and, where the leaders were received by Mgr. Conroy in the parlors of the Bishop's Palace. The Bishop-Delegate was heard to say that the spectacle took him by surprise, and much as he was prepared for a demonstration, the one he had witnessed far exceeded his most sanguine anticipation. After this part of the exercises was over, line was reformed, and the processionists paraded the streets for a considerable time amid an immense concourse of people.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE PROTESTANT INSTITUTE FOR DEAF MUTES.—This interesting ceremony took place on Wednesday afternoon, the 6th inst., amid a vast concourse. The building will stand on Cote St. Luc Road, commanding a fine view of Montreal Island and the St. Lawrence. It is the gift of Mr. Joseph Mackay, of this city, and the house and ground will cost him about \$40,000. This is an act of munificence which deserves to be publicly recorded. In his speech on the occasion, Mr. Mackay himself informed us that among the founders and friends of the institution may be numbered leading citizens of Montreal, both ladies and gentlemen, and special mention should be made of Mr. Charles Alexander, Mr. Frederick Mackenzie, Mr. Thomas Cramp, Mr. Andrew Allan, Mr. John Dougall, senr., Mr. Widd, the Principal of the School, as well as the Board of Governors and Managers who have done good work. The work of the school was commenced in 1870 with sixteen pupils, the largest number yet in attendance was twenty-five, during the session of 1874 and 1875. The total number connected with the school from its formation is forty-one; some of these have continued through several sessions, and others have remained for only a few months. Of the twenty-two in attendance last session, seven paid full fees, five partial fees, and ten were free pupils. Of the education given, it may be sufficient to say that it is under the able and judicious direction of the Principal and his assistants, and embraces intellectual and spiritual culture, as well as instruction in several of the useful arts of life. The pupils are prepared, when they remain a sufficient time in the institution, to make their way in this world, and have their minds and hearts turned to the higher realities of the world to come. The Government of our Province has given a small annual grant in aid of the institution; but its support has been chiefly drawn from private benevolence. Feeling deeply the importance and value of the work done, and wishing to promote its success and extension, Mr. Mackay resolved some time ago to erect this building, and to place it and the grounds attached to it in the hands of trustees, to be used by them and their successors, for the education of the Protestant deaf and dumb of this Province. Several conversations with Mr. Widd, who spoke of the necessity of larger buildings, and the difficulties in obtaining funds, led to this decision. In our next number we hope to be able to present our readers with the portrait of Mr. Mackay, together with a view of the front elevation of this new building.

SOUKHOUM KALEH.—Soukhoum Kaleh, with its bay, is a place of great beauty, enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, with a gorge and snow-capped mountain behind. Being so near the frontier, as a military post it was important, and the barracks were large; a Government steamer was always in the bay. It is the station where the large Russian steamers stop, the service between Poti, which has a bad shallow harbour, and Batoum, being performed by a smaller craft drawing less water. There being no tide in the Euxine, boats can approach the shore easily and the place was invaded with facility. The town of Soukhoum Kaleh is very straggling; its buildings mostly of wood with verandahs. There are a few villas of stone in the rear. Vegetation is most luxuriant, and the botanic garden a sort of Eden, with its orange, lemon, and box trees flourishing in the open air. During the summer the district is not healthy, though it has of late years been much improved by clearing the woods. In the winter it is mild and salubrious. Soukhoum Kaleh was founded in 1578 by the Turks, at a time when the Sultan, as Suzerain of Georgia, Mingrelia, Abkhasia, and Amritia, arrogated the right to fortify and occupy two points on the coast—one in Abkhasia, which was named Soukhoum Kaleh; the other called Poti, at the frontier of Georgia and Mingrelia, and at the mouth of the river Rion. The insignificant population of the town of Soukhoum Kaleh is chiefly Armenian and Greek; the former are traders and shopkeepers; the latter, boatmen and fishermen; most of the officials are Russians; but the natives proper—the Abkhassians—are seen from time to time only, when they bring cattle, hides and timber, which they barter for cotton stuffs, tobacco, and gunpowder. The Abkhassians, a branch of the Tcherkess (Circassians), number 60,000 or 70,000. They were at one time noted pirates in the Euxine; and are now, after the Swanny, certainly the wildest and most unmanageable mountaineers in the Caucasus, being lawless and greatly addicted to thieving and highway robbery. In 1771 they rebelled, and for a time threw off the Turkish yoke, but they most readily fraternised with the troops under Omar Pasha in 1855, and had the temerity, so lately as in 1866, to invest Soukhoum Kaleh during three days. The garrison, a very small one in time of peace, was made up chiefly of soldiers, who, becoming

physically unfit for service, required a mild climate.

BULGARIAN FAMILIES FLEEING FROM THE WAR.—These are the scenes of desolation which show the true character of war, offering a terrible contrast to the battle pictures full of color and movement which are so profusely laid before the public. Our sketch represents Bulgarians taking shelter in the Danubian line of packets and transporting their household goods to the nearest neutral port in Austro-Hungary. There they are huddled together by thousands, but through all discomforts they may at least rejoice in the safety of life and limb.

CONFLAGRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL OF METZ.—On Sunday, 6th May, at 9 p.m., fire works were sent off from the Cathedral of Metz, on the occasion of the visit of the German Emperor to Lorraine. The City Council opposed all such demonstrations several years ago, on account of the danger, but on this, as on former holidays, their will was disregarded. At four o'clock on the morning of the 7th, the cry resounded "fire at the portal of the Cathedral." This cry was uttered by the watchman who, at the same time, rang the alarm bell which soon brought together the firemen, the troops of the garrison, as well as the Emperor and the Prince Imperial. The fire, which had begun near the iron cross, over the portal, covered the whole roof in less than three-quarters of an hour, threatening the towers, and the frame work of *Mulle*, an enormous bell weighing over 12,000 kilograms. The watchman Roger, who lodges above this bell, on the platform of the tower of which he has been guardian since 1832, seeing the danger, cried out through his trumpet, "Fetch up water; the tower can be saved." Help not forthcoming, he went down to the Square below and repeated his demand. "But, my good man," said the Prince Imperial, "the engines cannot reach that far."—"Then make a chain in the stair of the tower." Saying which, the watchman returned to his post in the midst of the smoke. His efforts were not vain. The chain was made, water was sent up, the tower of the *Mulle* was saved, and Roger, the watchman, deserves the credit.

SHIPPING ARTILLERY FROM PERA.—There is an immense arsenal in Pera, the European quarter of Constantinople, and thence, as our sketch represents, the monster cannon for siege operations are shipped to the famous quadrilateral on the Danube, or to exposed points on the Asian coast of the Black Sea.

LITERARY.

WILKIE COLLINS is laid up with the gout.

MR. JOHN G. SAXE, the poet, is said to be seriously ill.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK has arranged to contribute a story to *Good Words*, beginning in January of next year.

PROF. DELIUS intends to enter the field against the English critics, who hold "The Two Noble Kinsmen" to be by Shakespeare and Fletcher.

THE Marquis of Lorne is engaged upon a new metrical version of the psalms of David, set to popular hymn tunes, in various metres.

MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS, the authoress of "Leith" and "Ought we to Visit Her?" will commence a new serial story in the August number of *Temple Bar*, entitled "A Blue Stocking."

A new work, bearing the title of *The Sea of Mountains*, by Mr. Molyneux St. John, will be shortly issued by Hurst and Blackett. It will comprise an account of Lord Dufferin's tour through British Columbia in 1876.

The Printing Times says that the Council of the Helmsin Society propose to issue to subscribers the "Golden Legend," printed by Caxton in 1481, with a selection of the illustrations from the Antwerp edition of 1505.

DR. JOYCE, the author of "Deirdre," has another poem ready for publication. He is a practising physician in Boston, and composes his poems in the street as he goes from patient to patient, correcting and revising whole stanzas in his head before touching pen to paper.

PETOFI SANDOR, the great Hungarian poet, supposed to have perished in the battle of Segesway, is said to be still living, a prisoner in Siberia. A man just returned from the mines states having seen him, and affirms his identity. The illustrious poet is now, it is said, fifty-six years of age.

BAYTON HEATH, who was Lord Byron's school-fellow at Harrow, and who, being his junior, acted as his "rag," lately said that Lord Byron wore a boot at that time on his withered foot in which a plate of tin was inserted, in the hope that it would remedy the deformity, but that the foot ceased to grow at an early period of his life, and simply shrunk up. It was not a "club-foot," as is commonly supposed. The boot was laced up in the middle.

The Natural History of Shakespeare, by Bessie Mayou, will shortly be published. It consists in quotations from that author relating to garden and wild flowers, weeds, trees, shrubs, fruits, vegetables, spices, and medicines; grain, birds, animals, fish, reptiles, and insect.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, having written books about Australia, the West Indies, and America, is now going to write one about South Africa. He is to visit that country, and to tell us about the vast empire which we are building up there, and about which most of us know so very little.

MR. HENRY WOOD's story of "East Lynne" has reached a sale in England of 65,000 copies. Counting the various editions that have been published and the number of times the dramatized versions of the story have been performed in this country, its popularity here may be considered nearly as great as in England.

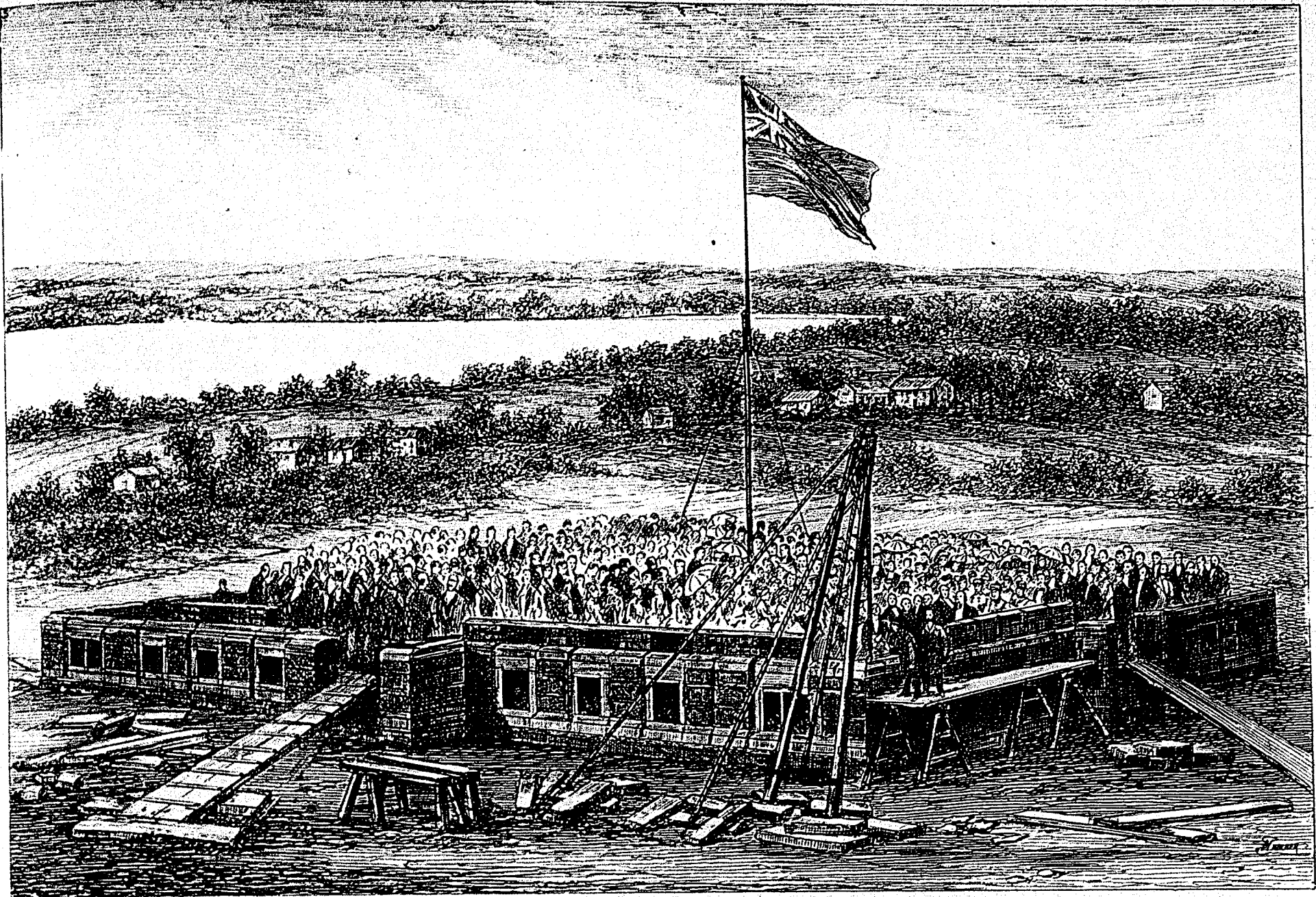
GEORGE ELIOT is thus described as seen at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery:—"Quiet and gentle, dressed in black, with a white cashmere shawl thrown square over her shoulders. The face is powerful. Wordsworth resembled a horse, the noblest of beasts, and George Eliot has similar characteristics. Beside her stood her husband, R. H. Lewis, who wears the worst of soft hats on the cleverest of heads. His conversation is simply delightful."



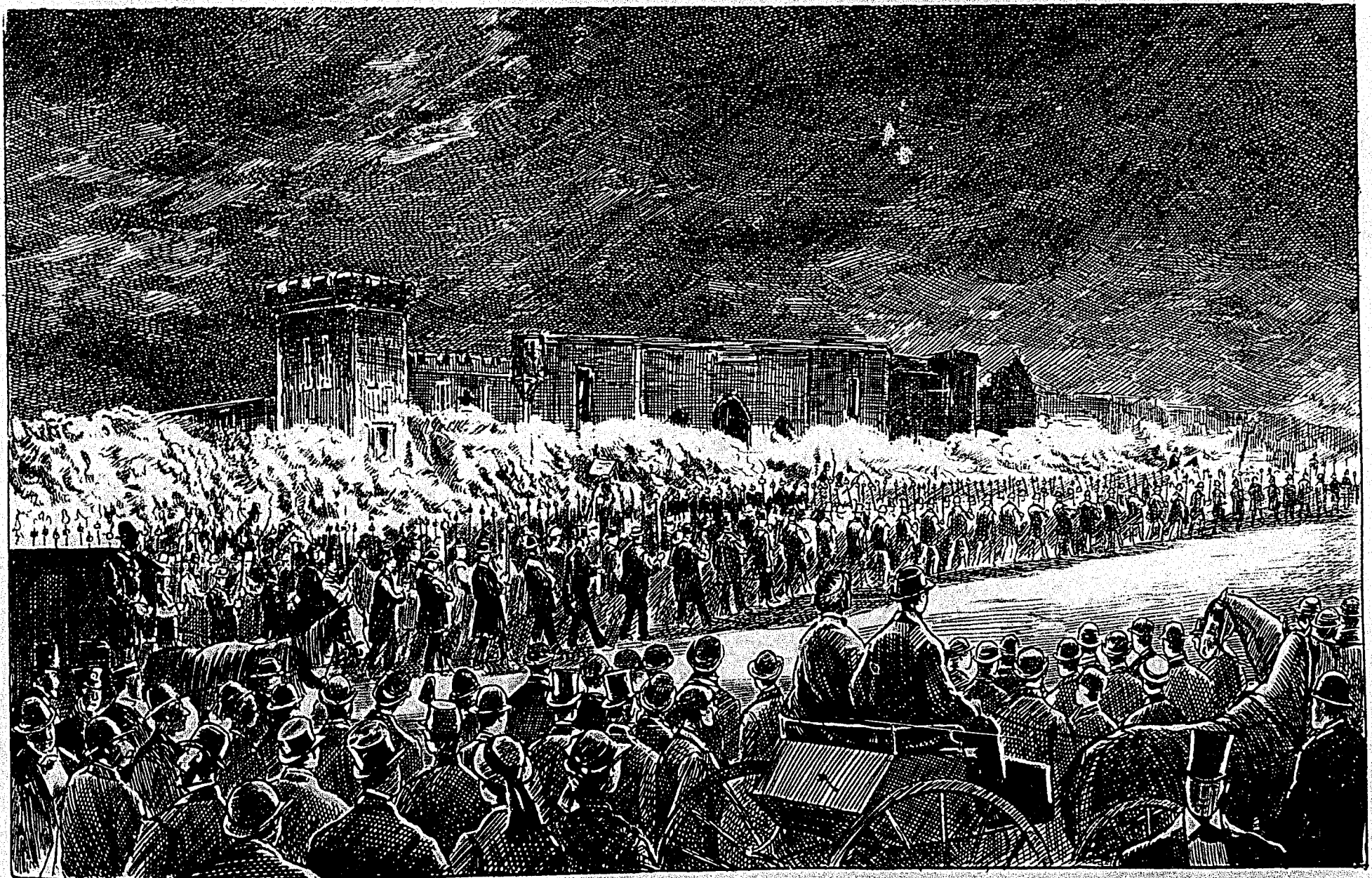
CONSTANTINOPLE.—OFFICIAL EXAMINATION OF THE DESPATCHES AND LETTERS OF FOREIGN NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.



SALUTING THE WOUNDED.—FROM THE PAINTING BY DÉTAILLE.



MONTREAL.—LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW PROTESTANT INSTITUTE FOR DEAF-MUTES



MONTREAL.—THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION IN HONOR OF THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC PASSING IN FRONT OF THE DRILL SHED.

HISTORY OF THE WAR. II.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

The Emperor of Russia declared war against Turkey on the 23rd April, in a manifest which concludes with these words:—

"The Porte did not defer to this unanimous wish of Christian Europe. Having exhausted our pacific efforts, we are compelled by the haughty obstinacy of the Porte to proceed to more decisive acts. A feeling of equity and of our own dignity enjoins it. By her refusal Turkey places us under the necessity of having recourse to arms. Profoundly convinced of the justice of our cause, and humbly committing ourselves to the grace and help of the Most High, we make known to our faithful subjects that the moment foreseen when we pronounced words to which all Russia responded with such complete unanimity has now arrived. We expressed the intention to act independently when we deemed it necessary, and when Russia's honour should demand it. In now invoking the blessing of God upon our valiant armies, we give them the order to cross the Turkish frontier."

The Porte immediately protested against this action in a State paper addressed to all the Powers, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Saviel Pacha, the same who presided over the Conference a few weeks previously, declared that the issue was forced upon his countrymen, the Russians bearing the burden of initiating the war. It was likewise hinted that now war seemed inevitable, Turkey would be willing to yield some of her pretensions, but this is not certain, nor probable.

Immediately after the declaration of the Czar, the Russian army crossed the Pruth, the dividing line between the Muscovite and Ottoman territories. Roumania, lying between this river and the Danube, was of course occupied, the Russians pleading the necessity of the case and the Roumanians pretending to yield to pressure. Roumania is a quasi-independent state under the government of its prince, Charles of Hohenzollern, but it is tributary to Turkey, and if it had maintained a strict neutrality the Russian march might have been retarded. Instead of that, when it found that the opportunity was favorable, it declared its independence of Turkey, and Prince Charles placed himself at the head of his troops. These number about 55,000 men, but they do not amount to much. It was expected that Germany, France and Italy would at once recognize the independence of Roumania, but until now they have done nothing of the kind, and of course neither Austria or England is disposed to take that step. So soon as the declaration of war was made public Austria advanced her troops to the frontier to watch over her own interests in the Slavonic provinces of Bosnia and Servia.

The latter province has honorably adhered to the treaty of peace lately made with the Porte, and has evinced no sign of a disposition to take part in the conflict.

It is different in Montenegro. There the negotiations for peace this winter and spring came to naught, and hostilities were resumed much to the discomfort of Turkey, which is thus obliged to withdraw a considerable force from the line of the Danube.

Greece has taken advantage of the outbreak of war to stir up a belligerent spirit with the object, of course, of recovering from Turkish domination the historic provinces of Thrace, Thessaly and Macedonia, but so far nothing has been done. Neither is there much sympathy for the Greek, between whom and the Turk there is nothing to choose—except this, that the former maintains his classic reputation for duplicity, while the Osmanli is invariably known to be rigidly truthful. The attitude of Great Britain since the declaration has been that of a quiescent watchfulness. The despatch of Lord Derby to Prince Gortschakoff is of that quality which insures the prompt action of old England in case of a violation of the Treaty of Paris. In other words, it is understood that England will let the war go on, but under no circumstances will she allow the Russians to enter Constantinople. They may have successes on the Danube, or in the defiles of the Balkans; they may capture the fortified towns of Armenia, but the Don Cossacks shall not be allowed to wash the fetlocks of their screws in the Bosphorus. Hence, the Grand Duke Nicholas may spare himself the boast that he will promenade his double eagles through the streets of Stamboul and unfurl his standard under the dome of St. Sophia.

This is, in a few words, the situation as it stood immediately upon the declaration of war, and as it still stands to-day without essential modification. Next week we shall study the relative forces of the two belligerents.

EPIGRAMS.

It is too much the fashion to depreciate the daily press of Montreal as compared with that of other cities of the Dominion. All things considered, the metropolis of the Dominion has reason to be proud of its papers. It is true that the morning journals are primarily commercial organs, as indeed the proprietors themselves profess, but that is natural enough in a purely commercial city—where all social, political and aesthetic considerations are made subordinate to the exigencies of trade. But these same papers have many countervailing qualities, chief of which is their moderation of tone and the

gentlemanly style in which they conduct political debate. As to the evening papers, they are unsurpassed anywhere for cheapness, variety, condensation and completeness of news. And they are not merely town papers. There is no paper more frequently quoted throughout the Dominion for its political utterances than the Star. In its own special departments of practical religion and temperance, the Witness is a recognized power throughout the land. And it is about to extend this influence. It has removed its offices to spacious and central quarters at the opening of Bonaventure street, changed its form from four pages to eight, and made the acquisition of an excellent six-feeder Hoe press capable of most rapid work. With these advantages, the Witness ought to enter upon a new lease of life and popularity, and certainly, judging from the point of view of the mere newspaper man, there is no doubt that so much enterprise deserves success.

According to the events of the war progress the attention of the public is more and more attracted to the East—people become desirous of acquainting themselves with the topography of the principal military points. We are pleased to see a Canadian firm taking the lead in supplying the public demand in this particular, not leaving this to outsiders as in former times. Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, Publishers, Toronto, issue cheap and useful maps of the war. Indeed, the prices are only nominal, while the execution of colors is all that can be desired, rivalling American work which has long been ahead in the making of maps. We have also received a splendid supplement of the London Illustrated News, containing a fine colored map of the whole seat of war from the Danube to the Caucasus, with a number of illustrations representing the military standing of both Russia and Turkey. The letter-press is decidedly good, one article on the two contending armies being by Captain Brackenbury and another on the naval forces of the two powers being by Mr. Reede, one of the greatest builders in England.

A SUBSCRIBER up in Bradford, Ont., having a high idea of the poetic contributors of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS—as well he might—writes down to say that intending to present an intimate friend of his with an album, and not being able to compose a nice piece himself (these are his own words) as a sort of introduction to the book, he thought perhaps we could furnish him with one through the columns of this journal. The further information is given that the person for whom the album is intended is "an intimate friend, but no relation." This last is a very sly touch. I wish I could write poetry so as to send a piece directly to our friend's sweetheart. Now, he needn't deny it. We understand such things down here. I call upon the poets of the NEWS to prepare a piece for our friend's album. Meantime, I may refer him to "Lines for an Album," by M. E. in the number of the NEWS for July 9th.

A QUIET philanthropist has disappeared from our midst. Mr. Benajah Gibbs departed this life the other day, leaving the sum of \$2,000 to each of the following institutions of this city:—Western Hospital, French Evangelical Church, corner of Craig and St. Elizabeth streets; Sabrevois Mission, Mission Fund of the Diocese of Montreal, Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Diocese of Montreal, Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Presbyterian Church in connection with that of Scotland, Protestant Orphan Asylum, Protestant House of Industry, Montreal General Hospital, Ladies' Benevolent Association, Montreal Lying-in Hospital, Female Home; total, \$24,000. Church Home, \$1,000; and to the Sunday-schools of Christ Church Cathedral and St. Andrew's Church, \$400 each, making an aggregate of \$25,800. He has also bequeathed a lot of land on the corner of Phillips' Square and St. Catherine street, together with \$8,000, towards erecting a suitable building for an Art Gallery, and has also donated 84 of his finest paintings and a number of magnificent bronze figures, very valuable works of art, to form the nucleus of a collection. The art gallery of Mr. Gibbs was probably the finest in Canada. By this last munificent bequest, Montreal has now a magnificent opportunity of founding an artistic institution second to no city of its size on this continent. It has been very backward in this respect so far, but now that the impulse has been given it is to be hoped that the example of Mr. Gibbs will bear abundant fruit.

A VALUED friend and subscriber from L'Original writes thus:

"Be kind enough to enlighten your respectfully upon the marital matter of ring etiquette, as there is a little variance of opinion among some of your patrons here upon the subject. Upon which fingers are the wedding and engagement rings worn?"

This is a momentous question far beyond my capacity to decide, and hence, acknowledging my ignorance, I beg my friends to come to my assistance and resolve the problem for me. A. STEELE PENN.

THE FREE LANCE.

THE sky was overshadowed last week.

THE ex-Speaker is out for a holiday. He is anglin' in Gloucester.

It seems that, having declined to join the procession on St. Patrick's Day, our Mayor is to be

kept out of all future processions whether he likes it or not. That looks like stealing a march on His Worship.

THE Quebec Government is badly muddled with its railway policy, and is in danger of literally running off the track.

Some people declare that they are in the dark concerning the object of Monsignor Conroy's mission. But surely they cannot complain of want of light after the illumination and the grand procession of torches.

THE joy of the Manitobans is premature. The grasshoppers are gone, but Cauchon is coming.

THE Fisheries Commission is about to meet in Halifax. The Americans are calculating in advance how far they will fleece the poor Canucks without appearing too voracious. The Canadians, on the other side, are already working up their faces into a smirking look of resignation. There is nothing like being used to it.

BILL FLORENCE and Ned Sothern are coming to Canada for a month's fishing. I pity Dundry when he gets hold of a big salmon on the York or Restigouche. He will lose his eye-glass, sure, and after tugging, pulling, spilling and scraping his hands, he will let go the line in terror, rush to the bank, and exclaim: "Why, that's a kind of thing no fellow can understand."

More fortunate than many politicians, Mr. Blake has used an expression which is destined to live. He called British Columbia a "Sea of Mountains," and Mr. Molyneux St. John has given that name to his book descriptive of Lord Dufferin's visit to the Pacific Province. The question arises whether is St. John more indebted to Blake for a title to his work than is Blake to St. John for condescending to immortalize the expression. The author is at least certain of selling one copy, and that Mr. Blake will buy. Hence let him be in no hurry with his presentation copy.

Spite of the well-known and merited hostility of the Postmaster-General, the Toronto Mail will not be closed. On the contrary, it will enlarge its business at the end of June.

BOB OWENS had been bragging to his mother of how many prizes he was going to carry off at the coming school exhibition. She hadn't listened to him much at first, but after taking him a grand outfit for that important occasion, she thought she was entitled to find out in advance what reward she would receive for all her trouble. So she called the boy and made him sit down in front of her, while she finished hemming the cape of his new sailor-jacket.

"Now, Bob, I want you to tell me all about them prizes of yours."

"They ain't mine yet," said Bob, modestly, as he sat in his chair with one leg under him and his right hand clasping the top.

"But they will be, I guess. There ain't a going to be any fooling about that." The old lady looked up and her eyes snapped.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Bob. "Well, first, there's for spelling."

"That's no account as ever I could see."

"Then there's for jography."

"Good. You'll find out the places about the war in the map for your father. He don't know anything about it, though he thinks he does," says Mrs. Owens, biting off her threat.

"Then there's for ciphering."

"That don't surprise me. You take after me there. I always was smart at figgers."

"Then," added Bob, scratching his head, and putting on the air of importance of the man who thinks he might as well tell a good one while he is at it, "I think—I ain't sure—but I think teacher said I would get something for good conduct."

"That would surprise me," said the mother, with just a twinkle of pride in her eyes, which meant to say that she knew her Bob was equal to anything if he only made up his mind to it.

The day of exhibition came. It is remarkable how seldom men rise to the dignity of great occasions. Women always do. Mr. Owens walked to the school-house in a careless, indifferent way. Mrs. Owens carried her head high, and still higher a huge blue gingham parasol. They got reserved seats in the auditorium. Bob sat on the platform with the other boys.

The proceedings began. After many preliminaries the teacher called out:

"Good conduct?"

No Bob Owens was mentioned.

The mother shuffled in her seat, but said nothing.

"Spelling!"

And no Bob Owens again.

"That's nothing," said Mrs. Owens to her imperturbable husband. "'T'aint no use anyhow."

"Ge-ography!"

As his name was not forthcoming, Bob hung down his head and looked properly miserable.

"Poor little fellow!" said the mother. "What a disappointment it must be for him."

"A-rithmetic!"

And still no Bob Owens.

The old lady got mad.

"What's the meaning of all this?" she growled

to Mr. Owens. "How's them prizes made up I'll see that teacher about it."

Bob was intently looking out of the window, far removed from the vanities of this world.

A little later, the teacher stepped close to the edge of the platform, and in a solemn voice, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I have had a hard set of boys this year, and I want to make an example. I am going to read to you what I call my BLACK LIST. It comprises all the idlers, truants, loafers, and ne'er-do-wells of the school. I will call them up in the order of merit."

A hushed awe pervaded the room.

"First, Robert Owens!"

There was a yell, then a crash of thunder. A small boy was seen diving under a chair after his hat, coming out at the other end and rolling through the window all of a heap. A big woman was also seen standing and brandishing an immense blue gingham parasol. In the confusion that ensued the exhibition broke up.

My friend Loftus has discovered a most delicate and artistic method of silencing a bore. When a fellow starts to tell him a story which he has heard from him at least a score of times, Loftus begins to whistle the appropriate tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

At first it is only a gentle murmur. The fiend does not notice it, but goes on with his tale.

Then it is a clear sibilation.

The brute looks up and opens his eyes, but is not so easily shaken off.

Lastly, it is a sharp explosion from full-blown cheeks.

The monster stops short in dismay, then snatches his hat and hobbles away.

L. A. LEED.

BURLESQUE.

"How do I look?"—It is gradually killing poor Mrs. Kammettle—her husband's indifference. I have no doubt he loves her, or he would if he stooped to think of it, and that her death would be a sad blow to him; but yet, his mind is pre-occupied, he answers mechanically, and his opinion is the opinion of an old snuck. She gets along very well during the week, but Sunday morning almost kills her. The programme, as they get ready for church, is for her to ask:

"Logan, is my hat on right?"

"Um," he answers.

"Is this bow tied square?"

"Um."

"Do I look pale and stylish?"

"Um."

"Would you think I had any paint on my face?"

No answer.

"Logan, do you hear me?"

"Um, yes."

"Well, would you think these cuffs had been turned end for end?"

"Um."

"Would you wear a cloak or a shawl?"

No answer.

"Logan, do you hear?"

No answer.

"Logan Kammettle, do you want to murder me?"

"Why, why, no?" he answers, looking up from his paper.

"Well, why don't you answer my question, then?"

"I will."

"Well, how does this dress look on me?"

"Um!" and he settles back again.

If I had such a husband, I'd let him through a trap-door into the cellar, or put nitro-glycerine under his rocking-chair.

DIVORCE.—A man in Wisconsin has applied for a divorce, upon the ground that his wife married him under false pretences. He says she told him while he was addressing her that she could hie an acre of potatoes and split two ears of wood between breakfast and dinner; and she had proved herself a fearful fraud because she could only split half a cord and hog three times across the field. It seems hard that men are continually to be made the victims of these designing women. Why will they wive trouble in this manner with the tenderest affections of their husbands? Why will they shatter their heart-strings? How much happier would have been the home of this Wisconsin woman if she had emulated the example of the Shoshone squaws! One of them goes out and digs twigs all day, and then wheels them home at night in a push-cart, while her self-sacrificing husband, in the depth of his unspeakable love, sits on the front door-steps smoking Lone Jack tobacco and meditating upon the number of drinks of pyrotechnical rum he can put in his jug with the money he gets when he sells that squaw.

HUMOROUS.

EVERYTHING seems to be adulterated nowadays except oysters and eggs, and they often offend their usefulness.

You can utilize your cake of maple sugar, if you find there is too much sand in it to make molasses of, by putting it in a neat frame of card-board, or some kind of fancy work in bright colors, and hanging it up against the wall to fight beetles on. It never wears out.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

Victor in poetry! Victor in romance!
 Cloud weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears;
 French of the French and lord of human tears!
 Child lover, bard, whose fame-thrills laurels glance,
 Darkening our wretches of all that would advance
 Beyond our strait their claim to be thy peers!
 A yoid genius, by thy wintry weight of years
 As yet unbroken! Stormy voice of France,
 Who dost not love our England, so they say;
 I know not! England, France, all men to be,
 Will make one people, ere man's race be run;
 And I, desiring that diviner day,
 Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
 To younger England in the boy, my son.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LOVE OR MONEY.

There were three Miss Gillets, spinsters, who lived with their Uncle Gillet, a bachelor, in their old house at Atwater; and in pointing them out to strangers, the Atwaterites were accustomed to remark upon the fact that it was love or money with them, and that a Miss Gillet who married would cease to be her uncle's heiress.

Nobody knew how much Mr. Gillet was worth, but that he was uncommonly wealthy was certain. He had no other living relations but these three girls; and his peculiar prejudices rendered it unlikely that he would will his wealth away to any benevolent or public institution whatever. So to whom could he leave the gold that he could not take out of the world with him, unless it were to Georgina, Millicent, and Dolly Gillet.

All regularly instituted public charities Mr. Gillet declared were "friends," and friends he had none. Averred that friendship was all humbug. As for marriage, it was, in his opinion, something which all sensible people eschewed.

The fact that in his earliest youth a dear friend had stolen from him the affections of the girl to whom he was betrothed, was at the bottom of all this. He trusted no one, because the two beings he had once loved and trusted utterly had deceived him.

When his brother and his wife died in one week of a fever, the bachelor uncle had done his best for the young people. He managed their little income, and provided luxuries for them which their means would not have allowed. He educated them and allowed them a few female friends. But as they grew up, one law was maintained with inviolable rigidity. There was to be no coarting and no marrying beneath his roof. Beauz were utterly forbidden; and it was understood in the family that a Miss Gillet who married would be blotted from her uncle's will.

What infatuation! They'll fight like cats and dogs in a year," he would exclaim when wedding cards were sent to him. "Take warning by this poor couple, who don't know what is before them, girls. Oh, what infatuation!"

And Miss Georgina Gillet would shake her head, and her younger sisters would follow her example, and they would cry in chorus, "What infatuation!"

They were pretty girls, tall, slender, red-cheeked, and blue-eyed; little ears like pearl, little mouths like coral, dainty waists, and cunning hands—girls to be loved and married by nature; but there was Uncle Gillet's money. So they grew up and grew older, still single, and not one of them had a thought of marriage in all her life.

There was Oliver Robb, who had followed Georgina about to and from church for a year. I don't think he wanted the heiress; I believe he loved the girl; but what use was it? Georgie had given him a glance or two, and he had found favour in her sight; but he had only a clerk's salary, and it would be so delightful to handle thousands of her own. And Millicent had met Rufus King in the apple orchard once or twice; but Dolly had never had even a passing flirtation—Dolly who was now eighteen, and prettiest of the three.

It was a well-understood matter in the village, as well as in the family, that marrying a Miss Gillet lost her inheritance. Doctor Rush in a handsome young medical man had heard it, and believed it to be true, when Uncle Gillet, having a touch of rheumatism, sent for him to prescribe. He had always thought the three slender girls, with ripe, round cheeks, dappled with peach color, the prettiest things he had ever seen; but when he stood face to face with Dolly, he fell in love with her. He looked after her as she went out of the room, and Uncle Gillet looked at him sharply.

"My niece is a pretty girl," he said. "I see you think so. She's a sensible girl too. They are all sensible girls; they prefer a single life and pecuniary independence to the miseries of marriage."

"By your advice I believe, sir," observed the doctor.

"They consider me a man of experience, and I'm entitled to respect."

"But are you not rather hard, sir?" said the doctor. "A beautiful girl like that—"

"Hard?" cried Uncle Gillet. "What's love worth? It fades in a week, and is stone dead in a year. What do men give their wives but deceit and neglect? Either the wife deceives the husband, or the husband the wife. Better never to love than to see love die. Dolly's a dear little girl. I hope she'll never fling herself into any one's arms, to be dropped when the sweetness has been kissed out. That's a wife's destiny. If she ever does, no money of mine ever goes into the brute's pockets."

"All the fault is on the man's side?" asked the doctor.

"It's a miserable muddle altogether, this marriage," said Uncle Gillet; "don't talk about it any more."

Dr. Rush did not, at that time; but about dusk next evening, Dolly, crossing the bridge just out of Atwater, paused to look down into the water; and then and there some one came behind her and said "Miss Gillet!"

She turned with a start. It was Dr. Rush. "It is growing so late that I mean to see you home," he said. "I have just left the good uncle; he is better. He will be well in a day or two. He has a strong constitution, and is a man to live to a hundred years old."

"I'm very glad," said Dolly.

"I think you are seventeen," said the doctor, smiling.

"Well," cried Dolly, "ladies don't tell their ages; but I am that, and a year more."

"Your uncle is fifty," said the doctor.

"You'll probably be sixty-seven when he takes his departure."

"My goodness!" cried Dolly; "how terribly old!"

"You don't really mean to live single all that time?" asked Dr. Rush.

"Of course I do," said Dolly, as innocently as possible.

"I don't mean to let you," said the doctor.

"I'm in love with you. If mortal love has any power, I'm going to call you my wife. Confound the money! I'll give you all you can need, and I'll try to give you all you want. Of course you don't care for me; but I'll make you. Do you want me to swear it?"

"Oh, mercy! no," said Dolly. "You are very nice, and I'm sure I—but I don't. I can't ever. Oh, goodness! don't talk so."

"You can't ever like me?" asked the doctor, insinuatingly.

"No, I don't mean that," said Dolly. "I can't ever marry."

"But you'll take a walk over the bridge to-morrow?" said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps so," said Dolly.

And so she did. She took a great many; and at last, one day, Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger, and to kiss her hand.

"I shan't have a penny," said Dolly. "You are sure you don't mind?"

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor.

"And uncle will be so angry!" said Dolly, demurely.

"But I am so glad!" said Dr. Rush. "And you must tell the truth at once, and marry me in a month. Promise, Dolly."

Dolly promised.

Georgina and Milly sat at work together that evening, while Uncle Gillet read to them. Dolly was not sewing. She held the work, it is true, but her hand never moved towards the needle. She did not hear a word that was uttered; but when at last there came a pause, she dropped the needle and started to her feet.

"If you please, uncle," she said, "there's something I must tell. I can't keep it secret any longer. It isn't a bad thing—it's a good thing; only I knew you'd be angry. I'm going to marry Dr. Rush."

Georgina and Milly screamed in chorus.

"We don't care for losing the money," said Dolly. "Money is nothing compared with love; but we want to be friends here at home. As for things left in wills, it's a miserable sort of hope. I'm glad I shan't have any. If you'll only not be angry, and come to see us, and let us come and see you, that's all we hope. He's perfectly splendid, dear Richard Rush is. I love him awfully, and he loves me awfully, and we're to be married this day month, no matter what anybody says."

"You are, eh?" said Uncle Gillet.

"Yes, sir," said Dolly.

"And he knows my opinions?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "He knows that I'll never have a penny."

"Then make fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillet.

"You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Dolly.

"No; but I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillet. "I never go to weddings or executions."

So the wedding came off.

Dolly, in white muslin, married her Richard Rush. Georgina and Millicent wept, as custom required, and spoke of their sister as "poor Dolly." They were very kind, as to a beloved, but misguided lunatic, and gave her useful presents, and promised to "do all they could for her."

Dolly did not feel that she wanted anything. They seemed poor to her, those heiresses who had no one to love them. She went to her husband's home, and never a cloud came between them, and never a change fell upon their love.

Uncle Gillet never made them a present; but he came to dine sometimes, and always kissed the last baby. As for the Misses Gillet, they had no means at command, though they had such fine prospects. Oliver Robb had been dismissed long before by Georgina. She had told him plainly that she could not sacrifice mammon to love. And Millicent had had another meeting with Rufus King in the orchard.

"It's the last time, Milly," Rufus had said.

"I can't go on offering myself for ever; but I love you better than my life, and always shall."

"I like you, Rufus," said Milly, "and it seems hard; but uncle will not relent. I can't lead a poor woman's life even for you."

"Then good-bye, Milly," said Rufus. "There's no love where money can be set against it."

So they parted. And now Georgina was forty, and Milly thirty-eight, and Dolly thirty-five.

Business went worse with the doctor. A richer practitioner had taken much of his practice.

Dr. Rush trudged over the country, in all weathers and at all hours; and so one night some ruffian, who did not know how empty his wallet was, attacked him in a lonely place, and left him for dead.

A farmer going homeward early, carried him in his cart, and he was cared for as well as he might be; but a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder are no light matters, and Dolly hardly knew what to do or where to turn. She was only sure of one thing, her love for her Richard, which grew greater with every trial.

For the sake of this, she put her pride down, and leaving the servant with her husband one day, trudged over to her uncle's house. As she drew near, she reflected on the fact that she was actually in need of charity. It was a bitter thought.

She paused within sight of the house, hardly daring to go on; and as she did so, she saw that all the blinds were down. Some one was dead.

Faint with terror, Dolly hurried on. In the hall, her sisters, who had seen her coming, hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillet was dead. He had expired suddenly at the dinner-table, and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement. But they put their arms about Dolly, and promised her to do all they could.

"Just now it isn't much," said Georgina.

"But we shall be rich women, and will help you constantly."

"I knew poor Dr. Rush couldn't get on," said Milly. "Poor dear man! He shall see that we can be friends; and if you like, we'll take two of the children."

"Never that," said poor Dolly. "Thank you; but they are our jewels."

Georgina sighed.

"Uncle meant kindly," she said. "But it is hard. We're lonely sometimes, Dolly; Milly only meant that."

Then Dolly's heart melted.

"They shall come to see you often," she said.

And she went into the dead man's chamber and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her dose of wine and jelly, and a few sovereigns.

"We'll be able to do so much more," said Milly, "when the will has been read."

"You've paid dearly for yielding to me, Dolly," said the suffering man, as she ministered to him. "Don't you wish you were still Miss Gillet and an heiress!"

But Dolly said "No" from her heart. Neither did she feel anything but tender sorrow for the prejudiced old man, whom she had been very fond of. "I chose," she said to herself, "and I chose well."

quid honey is separated from the comb. The liquid is then dried by heat, by patent process, and the dried article is left, resembling sugar; and it is put in barrels, and is ready for transportation anywhere. This dried article has been taken twice across the equator in ships and then made into omelet, and compared with omelet made from fresh eggs in the same manner, and the best judges could not detect the difference between the two. Is this not an age of wonders! Milk made solid, cider made solid, apple-butter made into bricks! What next?

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—Since Sir Robert Peel wrathfully quitted Lord Russell's Government in 1865 he has almost invariably voted with the Conservatives, although continuing to style himself a Liberal. If he had gone right over to the other side, he would probably by this time have become a Cabinet Minister, for he was a favourite of Lord Beaconsfield's (as he was of Lord Palmerston's), and he is, in a rough and ready way, a really good debater, besides the advantage of having the "ear" and the "manner" of the House. It has always been said, with great correctness, that the death of the late Sir Robert Peel in 1850, was a wonderful stroke of good fortune for Mr. Disraeli; but there was another person who was still more benefitted by that catastrophe, viz., the present baronet, who exchanged the dreariness of the city of Berne for a seat in the House of Commons and a splendid fortune. He had not been on good terms with his austere sire; in fact he was forbidden the house, and his name was never mentioned in it. The late Sir Robert was the very impersonification of starchy respectability, and had not the smallest sympathy or patience with the wildness of his heir, who was *plus lauzun que lauzun*. When he outdid the vagaries which were only his by inoculation, it was to his astonished and angry father like Pizarro introducing strange fire into the land of peace. The late Sir Robert Peel positively disliked originality, brilliancy, or genius, except of a very staid University type. Mr. Gladstone of 1841 thoroughly suited him, and of the older men, the one most probably most after his own heart was Mr. Goulburn; he never liked Lord Stanley, or, indeed, Lord Lyndhurst, and it is probable that the ardent recommendations of the latter had quite as much effect in slanting Mr. Disraeli in 1841 as the anathemas of Mr. Croker. The present Sir Robert is a clever, indeed a brilliant man, and it is a pity that he has not devoted more to politics of the time he has wasted on the Turf. As a Parliamentary debater he would have made a great success, with a little more discretion and command of temper, and his pockets would not have been the emptier. He is a good whist-player, and most likely thinks, with the late Mr. Walpole of Strawberry Hill that "one nonsense is as good as another."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

RUBINSTEIN wouldn't accept the usual \$50 for playing before Queen Victoria.

FLORENCE and Sothem will pass the summer in Canada, mostly "going-a-fishing."

MISS ENMA THURSBY will accompany Ole Bull on his concert tour through the continent.

It is said that the music from "Evangeline" has had a larger sale than any other published for years.

ANNA DICKINSON is to be painted as *Annet Doleyn* by Frank B. Carpenter, the expenses to be paid by an admirer of the actress.

THE QUEEN says of M. Faure that he is the most polished and refined of baritones, and the finest actor on the lyric stage, barring no one.

MILE. EMILIA CHIOMI, the new *prima donna* soon to be brought out by Mr. Maple-on in London, is not only an exceptional vocalist, but has a remarkably beautiful face and an impressive presence.

THE instrumental musicians of Montreal, both professionals and amateurs, have resolved to form a society to be known as the Montreal Orchestral Union, for the purpose of giving to the public of Montreal the orchestral works of the great masters.

EMMA Abbott has a head voice of considerable strength and volume, clear and flexible. Her upper notes are very good. She is quite uneven in her method and uses sustained notes too much. On the whole, although not a great artist, she will please an average concert audience.

It is not generally known that George Eliot, though she has never written a play for the stage, has yet had a hand in more than one. Her last-hand, Mr. G. H. Lewes, the philosopher, is the Mr. Saville Rowe who has a piece of the Prince of Wales's running now, and he has more than once announced a literary partnership. His fellow author is his wife, George Eliot's is not a dramatic talent; but she is capable of writing good dialogue, and her humour is real comedy.

MADAME MACMAHON sent her carriage to carry Mrs. A'haui to a ball at the Elysées. A'haui was dressed in tulle over white faille, looped up with roses and with diamonds in her hair. Round her neck she wore a circle of diamonds presented to her at her benefit. She sang "Ah, non giunge," from *La Sonnambula*, and two airs from "Linda." The Comtesse de Paris and other ladies of the highest rank pressed forward to be introduced to her. Next day she received two charming groups in Sèvres biscuit porcelain from the Elysées, with a large basket of roses and a check for 4,000 francs.

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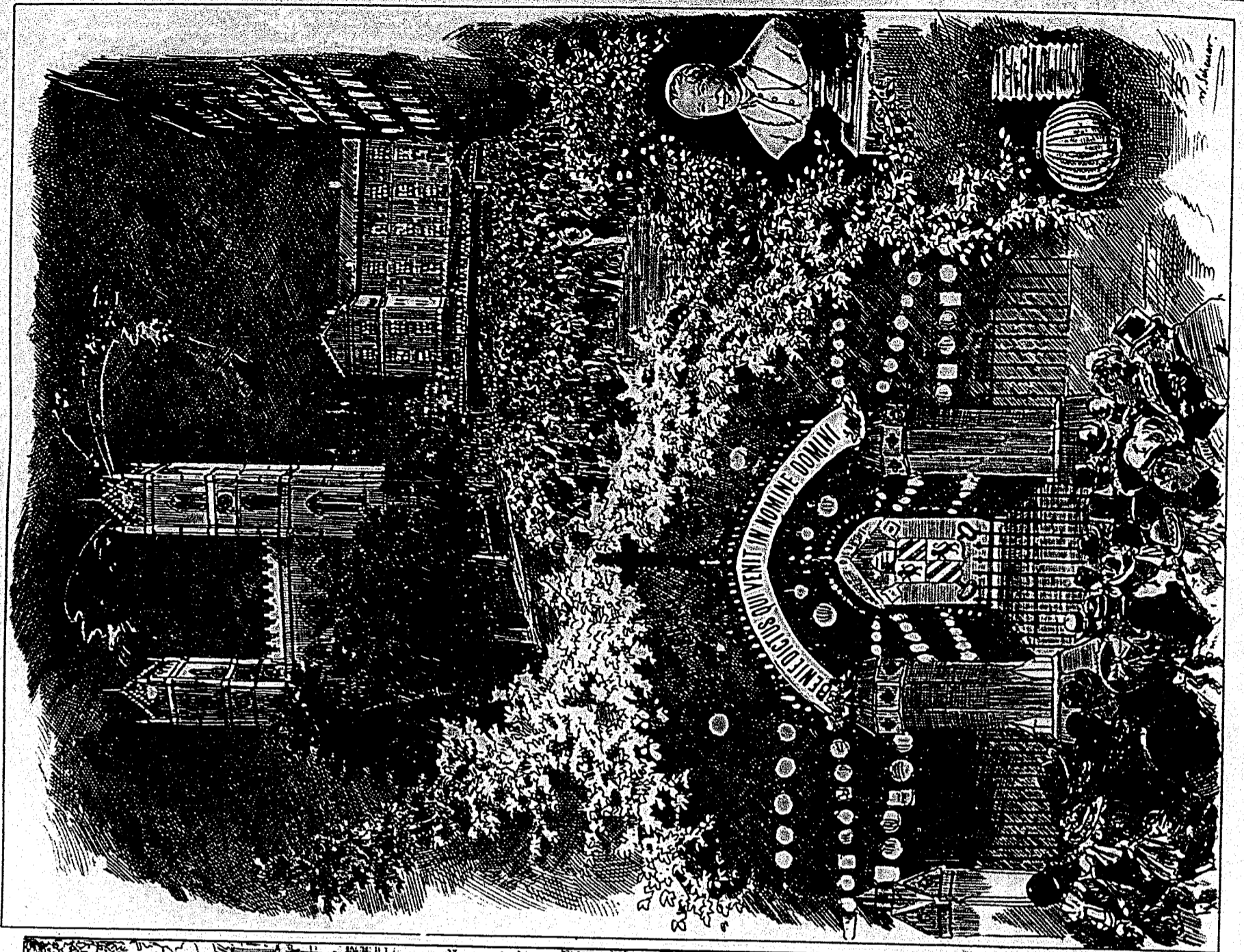
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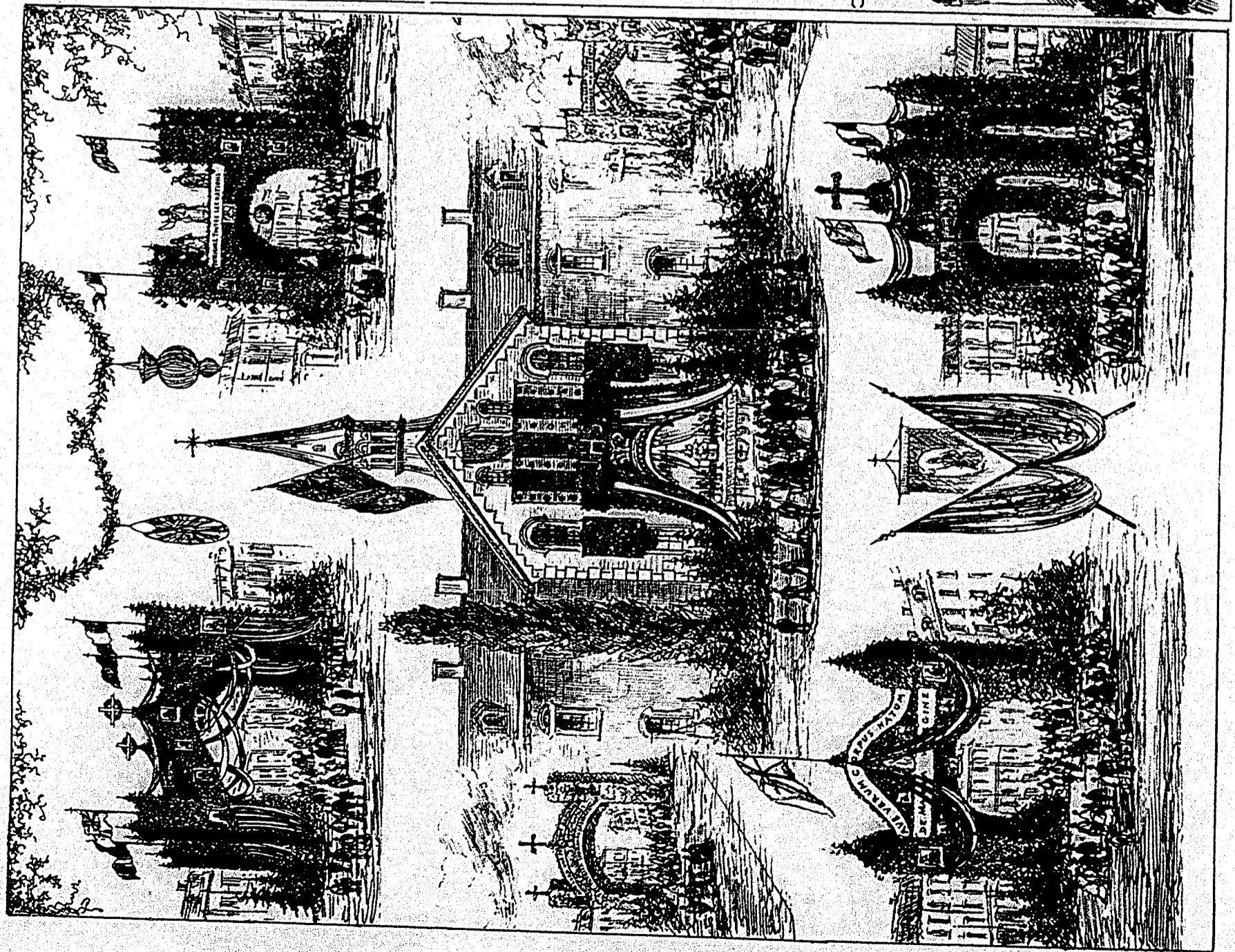
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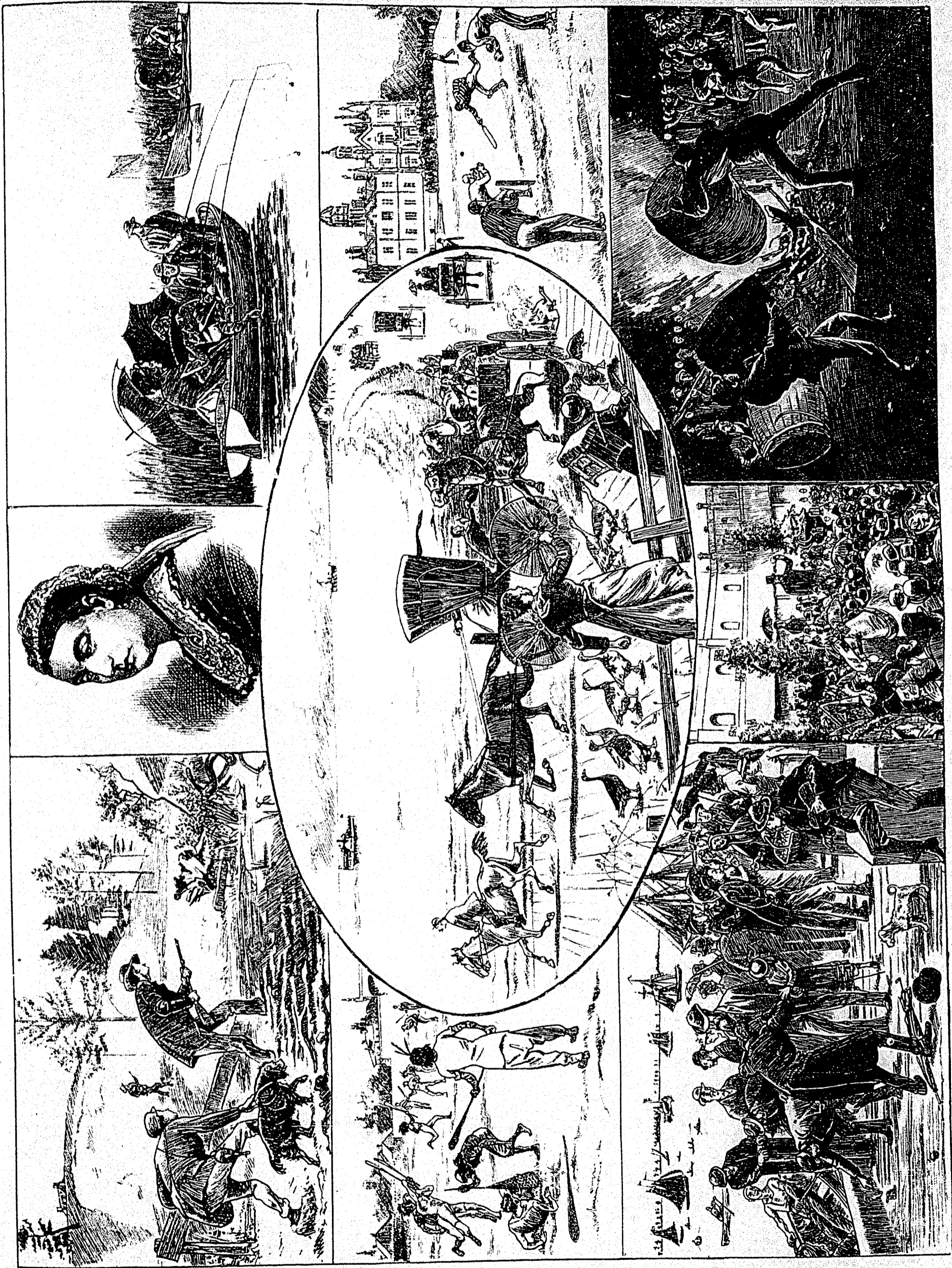
DRYING EGGS.—A large establishment has been opened in St. Louis for drying eggs. It is in full operation, and hundreds of thousands of dozens are going into its insatiable maw. The eggs are carefully "candled" by hand—that is, examined by light to ascertain whether good or not—and are then thrown into an immense receptacle, where they are broken, and by a centrifugal operation the white and yolk are separated from the shell, very much as li-



MONTREAL.—GRAND ILLUMINATION ON SUNDAY EVENING, THE 3RD INST.



MONTREAL.—THE PRINCIPAL ARCHES OF THE PROCESSION OF SUNDAY, 3RD INST.



TORONTO. — SCENES AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

THE OLD TREE

A bleak, a bleak, a blacken'd thing,
A sight unseemly to the eye—
My strength is spent, my death is nigh—
I'm but a blot upon the spring—
That spends its splendor, all around—
But death is nigh, and soon, I ween,
The blot will be beneath the green.
My limbs will crumble to the ground.

Alone I stand upon the hill,
And wring my leaden limbs, the while
The scene around me seems to smile,
For all to me is cold and still.
I'm deaf to all the present time,
I hear alone the echoes vast,
That filled the forest ages past,
Ere time had feasted on my prime.

Alone I stand throughout the days,
And slowly wring my leaden limbs,
Nor hear, nor heed the only hymns
The birds troll in their Maker's praise.
But when the night enshrouds the plain,
And stars illuminate the sky,
Then all the living seem to die,
And all the dead to live again.

And once again the forests rise
Around me here on ev'ry hand,
And o'er them all I proudly stand,
And wave my branches toward the skies.
Ah, little thinks the sleeping one
What passes 'neath my shade at night,
And vapors before the light
That rises with the red-orient sun!

The phantom forms of warrior braves
Ring phantom warwhoops through the glades
And death groans rattle through the shades,
Where bones rot low in nameless graves.
And through the startled air of night
The screeching tones of beast and bird
On ev'ry hand are plainly heard
In accents freighted with affright.

But softer notes oft swell the gale,
And whisp'ring lovers, long since dead,
Repeat the woeing words they said,
The time to— I told the tender tale;
And warbling birds take up the strain,
And thrill my branches with delight,
And far throughout the merry night
The echoes wait the sweet refrain.

The centuries circle round my feet
With all their freight of hopes and fears,
And, clad in sunshine, clad in tears,
They march along with rhythmic beat.
Of ghostly feet upon the round
They nightly make about the place,
Where, living, they were wont to trace
Their hoary footprints on the ground.

But when the first faint streak of day
Peeps o'er the bulwarks of the night,
The ghostly figures with affright
In mist and vapor melt away,
And once again I'm left alone,
A sight unseemly to the eye—
My strength is spent, my death is nigh,
And all day long I feebly moan.

Stuyver, Ont.

C. E. JAKWAY, M. D.

A JAPANESE LOVE STORY.

"The only girl I ever loved." Ancient Remark.

The temple at the little village of Meguro, outside the town of Yeddo, is celebrated as being the last scene of a highly instructive and sentimental story. The name of Meguro means "black eyes;" but whether it obtained that appellation from the pugilistic habits of its people or not, I am unable to say. As France has her grave of Abelard and Heloise for young people suffering from hopeless attachments, as England has her ballad of the forsaken maid of Woodstock town, and Scotland her "Auld Robin Gray," so Japan has its magic love-story of Kamarasaki and Gompachi. On my visit to this place, I was accompanied by a gay young Japanese, in the employment of the British Minister, who spoke most excellent English, and during the drive he told me that this was how it happened.

In the old days, when Japan was Japan, three hundred years before the obtrusive foreign devil had come, buying up all the old cloisonné, and making bad railways and building inferior steamboats for the government at extortionate rates; when gentlemen wore two swords sticking out of their belts, and the Mikado was a man often heard of, but seldom seen,—there lived in an inland town a young man called Gompachi. He was a fine-grown young man, who had done credit to his seven or eight bowlfuls of rice and high fish per diem; and except a slight partiality for sakkis and knocking-in late at nights, up to the time when the story commences, his parents must have had every reason to be proud of him. But even as Rob the Grinder met with his fate through his fondness for singing-birds, so were dogs the rocks on which Gompachi's bark was destined to come to grief. Dogs of all kinds he loved, but of fighting-dogs it was that he considered himself especially a connoisseur. Where he found them in Japan I can't imagine; for a more pusillanimous lot, more addicted to vanishing round corners as you approach, and valiantly barking from the tops of roofs and other similar points of vantage as you retire, it would be impossible to find out of Egypt. However, he either bred, or found, or what is more likely stole a dog which was able and willing to tackle any canine brother to whom he might be opposed; and Gompachi, from that time forward, began to wear coats of a noisy pattern and "obies" of a preposterous length; and other young men and their dogs got up and slid when he and his tyke were abroad; and he accumulated, by backing his animal, as many brass tempes as would fill a portmanteau—a collection amounting in value to two dollars, or, if brass happened to be up, two dollars and a half. But one day another well-grown young man came into the town, and he also had a dog, and was willing to make a match of it; and so the

appointed day came, Gompachi on the ground, leading his champion, and swaggering and rattling the tempes in his pocket, and offering odds on his favourite, as was his wont to do. His opponent was also of a speculative turn of mind, and so the bets were made and the fight commenced. The battle was so equal and sanguinary that at length both dogs lay dead upon the ground; but before giving his final kick, very much to the appreciation of all the cats in the neighborhood, Gompachi's dog had chewed off more than an inch of his opponent's tail, and on this ground his master claimed both the victory and the bets. The new-comer—who, if he had lived, might eventually have become a Japanese Gladstone—refused to pay, but declared himself willing to refer the matter to arbitration, and even hinted that two other courses were open for settling the dispute. Gompachi, however, would have none of it.

"Stump up, or I shall make you!" was all he said.

"Make your mongrel discharge that inch and a half of my dog's tail!" said the other.

Words like these in Japan can only have one ending. It was out swords and cut three times, before you could say "knife." Gompachi was one too many for the stranger, who soon made a third corpse upon the ground. Then Gompachi wiped his bloody sword upon the paper handkerchief of his opponent, and took from his pocket all the small change he could find; after which he said he felt rather delicate in the chest, and thought a little sea-air and change would be about the best thing for him. And though for months afterwards the police kept asserting that they had received "important information" as to his whereabouts, they always failed to produce his person to the authorities.

Gompachi walked away among the hills, till at last he met with some gentlemen who earned their living by sleight-of-hand tricks upon travellers on the Mikado's highways; and as he began to have cravings for two or three of his usual wash-basinful of rice, he gladly accepted their invitation to spend the night in their country house, which at that time consisted of a vast and inaccessible cave; and thus having finished his imitation of Rob the Grinder, he commenced a career on the model of that immoral young Spanish gentleman Gil Blas. The robbers had of course heard his tempes rattling in his pocket, and had noted with envious eyes the silver hilt of the sword which had cut short the possibly political career of his antagonist. But, as I have before said, he was a well-grown young man, and they thought they might as well put off the charitable task of relieving him of these articles until such time as he should be sound asleep. So they brought out the rice and the fish and the usual impossible pickles and sakkis, and spent a pleasant convivial evening with a slight tendency to feel muddled, till Gompachi arose, yawning mightily, and announcing his intention of placing his neck on the wooden dumb-bell which serves these people for a pillow, he went to sleep. He was awakened in the middle of the night, not by a pain in his neck or elsewhere, but by the apparition of a beautiful young girl of fifteen summers. Writers of novels and love tales always say "summers." Gompachi noticed, when the sakkis was out of his eyes, that she had a pair of the loveliest sparkling black ones he had ever seen peeping over a fashionable fan; a profusion of long dark hair, the neatest little sandals in the world and a panier as big as a haystack. He began to hope that his queue was sticking properly forward down the middle of his head like a sign-post, as the queues of Japanese exquisites should always do; and him thus thinking, a voice like rippling water told of his danger.

"And if you please," she said, "they're sharpening their swords in the back cave at this moment, sir; and if you're not a bigger fool than you look, you'll get out of this place a great deal quicker than ever you came in, without as much as waiting to say "Woki-hi-arrigato-ki-si-on-ara," which is being interpreted, "Much obliged to you for your information, and good-night, my dear!"

But then, with that want of consistency which makes her sex the ducks they are—except when arguing—she proceeded to inform him that she herself was the daughter of a wealthy old gentleman in Kigoto, who had made his money in the city, and that a few days before, when out for a moonlight ramble, she had been stolen by these robbers, who were making her cook and do for them all kind of horrid work, which was spoiling her hands and her figure ever so, and made her miserable, let alone there not being a bit of polished metal in the place to do her hair by.

I will say this much for Gompachi, that he was not the kind of fellow to go sneaking off and leave her to her fate, and his next imitation was the only good one I can record of him. He whipped out his sword and posted himself behind the door, thereby ending his rôle of Gil Blas, and adopting that of Mr. R. Swiveller when he aroused the single lodger of Bevis Marks. And as the first robber put his head in, he was down upon it like a guillotine, and repeated himself like a recurring decimal as each successive robber came to look after his comrades, until he had polished off the entire dozen. Then possessing himself of such portable articles as took to his fancy, he made the best of his way to Kigoto with the black-eyed moon-mie, whose name I need scarcely inform my intelligent readers was Kamarasaki. Kigotean Belgavia made great rejoicings at the return of the missing damsel, though Mrs. Grundy, of

course, had something to say about it, with unpleasent allusions to wonderful coincidence, the marines, &c. But her old father, who had made his fortune in Korean loans, and by floating companies, for the opening of mines and other useful purposes, came out liberally, and offered Gompachi five hundred golden yen, and what should have been of far greater value to him, the hand of the lovely Kamarasaki herself, who was now madly in love with her preserver. Gompachi had not the slightest objection to the five hundred yen, but as to the matrimonial side of the business he was not so clear. He was not indifferent to the lady's charms, but at any rate he thought he would like to have a look round the town of Yeddo before his wings were clipped. I much fear that his mind was again running on fighting-dogs and book-making and loud suits. He therefore dissembled, as villains in love stories invariably do, and said he would be glad to avail himself of the happiness in store for him; but that first it would be necessary for him to go to Yeddo to transact some highly important business. Her father, being a business man, rather liked this, and thought it augured well for the future. Gompachi bade adieu to the sweet little Kamarasaki (the brute!), and told her in a false flirting kernaoding kind of way not to forget him, and that when the calls of the great commercial world ceased to press upon his anxious mind, he would return and make her Mrs. Gompachi, and never dine at his club, or have his-bachelor friends to dinner, or smoke in the dining-room. Then he left for Yeddo with a gay heart and a large umbrella, thinking how much prettier gold yen rattle in your pocket as you walk, than brass tempes; and the poor little girl remained behind, to pour salt tears from those bright eyes into the gold-fish pond in the back-yard, and hold private rehearsals of imaginary conversations she would have with him when he returned, to no better audience than the sacred old family tortoise.

Gompachi was not destined to reach Yeddo without further adventures. That habit of his of always rattling his money in his pocket was, to say the least of it, vulgar; and it would have been much better if the old city gent had given him a crossed cheque payable to order, and, best of all, if he had kept it for himself or his daughter. Gompachi was still a few miles from the town when it was getting dusk one day; and though the drowsy tinkling of his gold yen might have lulled the distant folds had there been any—there are no sheep in Japan—it had a very different effect upon six highway-men, who were looking out for work, and fell upon him tooth and nail. Gompachi, it has been, I think, conclusively proved, was no coward, and he had the heads of three of them on the ground in a twinkling; but the remainder pressed on him hard and had almost overpowered him, when the arrival of an eighth person on the scene caused them to regard flight as an eligible move. His rescuer turned out to be possessed of the name of Chobei, a workman of Yeddo; that is to say, he was not of the Samurai, or military class, who were composed of swash-bucklers like our hero, but he was an honest burglar, taking part in city affairs, such as sewers and water, and was altogether a stout, simple-hearted, honest old fellow, with more good-nature than sense about him, as the sequel will fully show. A man has always a drawing to another whom he has rescued from imminent danger. Chobei took Gompachi home with him to Yeddo, and was so charmed with his manners and conversation that he begged he would continue his guest as long as he should remain in the city.

Gompachi now commenced the diligent prosecution of the important business which had so unavoidably brought him to Yeddo. He went in for a regular new fit-out of the old kind of suits—large stripes and squares, with a green dragon across the chest and a pack of hounds down his back. He also bought himself several pairs of lacquered clogs, together with umbrellas and "obies" of an even more preposterous length than of yore. I make no doubt that he would have set up a private "jirikisha," had that very handy vehicle been invented at this epoch; as it was, he was obliged to be contented with a gorgeous "norima," or sedan-chair, like a meat-safe, which soon became well-known at all the local race-meetings, matches, and dog-fights; and youths in Yeddo of sporting turn began to know that they could always get the market odds from Gompachi, and that he was generally good for a quart of sakkis, and any number of shovelful of rice, if they had the good luck to meet him after ten o'clock P.M. How the respectable old Chobei could have stood this way of going on I can't imagine; but he appears to have endured it without a murmur, like a regular old Eli. His whole conduct shows him to have been a soft-hearted old fool, and he swallowed all this, and a great deal more at the back, like a box-constrictor; for Gompachi was always knocking-in late, and must have been heard nightly by Chobei offering inarticulate invitations to the police to assist him in putting his latch-key to any practical use, and was found deep in stertorous slumbers at six in the morning in his dirty clogs upon the nice clean matting, which is the very depth of bad manners in Japan. He was also a regular attendant at the theatres, and was to be found in the greenrooms, chueking the actresses under the chin, and calling them by their Christian, or rather their Pagan, names, and accompanying them home to the Yoshiwara after the opera was over, and standing suppers regardless of expense. Now the Yoshiwara is a place where no good well-brought-up young Japanese gentleman is ever heard of, or seen. And so matters went on, and

Gompachi, from being a mere second-class country dandy, became a buck of the first water. He associated with young men whom one Vance, by an admiring country called "the Great," has distinguished by the title of the "Rollicking Raus," or, if you like it better, was now a sort of Japanese "Corinthian Tom."

About this time it was rumoured among the fashionable Yeddoans that a most lovely and accomplished actress had come to the Yoshiwara, and would act the following week at the Yeddoan Covent Garden of the period, it being positively her first appearance upon any stage. And numerous bets having been given and taken as to the colour of her eyes and hair, Gompachi, who, you may have observed, never allowed shyness to stand in the way of business or pleasure, thought he would look round on the sly and see her previous to taking a few bets on the subject; and accordingly he called one afternoon and sent up his card, a flimsy piece of paper the size of a handkerchief, with his name printed in the centre, like the wards of a beer-bottle key. As he stood near the door, with his red umbrella in full bloom to shelter him from a possible dose of cold water which he fully expected would be sent him as a present from the top-story window, he was, greatly to his surprise, immediately admitted, and, before he knew where he was, the whitest arms in all Japan were round his neck, the prettiest face was buried in his bosom, and the brightest blackest eyes in the world were pouring salt tears of joy all over the green dragon and loud stripes that decorated his manly chest. Need I explain that the owner of all these incomparable charms was none other than the foolish darling little loving peerless Kamarasaki? Yes, she it was who now sat with her small white hand in the great spooly paw of this vulgar unfaithful brute, who had never so much as given a thought for months and months to the pearl which had been placed so gratuitously beneath his feet. Little by little her story came out. She had nearly filled up the gold-fish pond with her tears, and had tucked the sacred old family tortoise into his grave a thousand years or so before his time. Then she had noted a change steal over the temper of her father. From being an easy-going pleasant old papa he had become each week more snuffy and aggravating, till one day he came home early, and sending his best clogs crashing through the paper window, he had calmly announced that the little game in the city was all up. The Korean loan had been repudiated, and he had held on too long in the bubble companies, and was hoist with his own petard. To extricate himself from these difficulties, he had imported a cargo of Chinese nutmegs, which unfortunately for him had all turned out to be wooden ones. In a word, he was completely ruined, and could not pay three tempes in the year; and at last things turned out so bad that his daughter, dear little Kamarasaki, had been obliged to come to Yeddo, and take a theatrical engagement to keep the family from starvation.

Gompachi, being one of those plausible fellows who could have talked the pigtail of a Chinaman, soon made it all square with poor little Kamarasaki, who had finished by slyly reproaching him, as well she might, for his cruelty and neglect. Whether any money was ever remitted to the old city gent, I am unable to say, but if so, I much fear it came out of the pockets of the little moon-mie. Gompachi stole all kinds of perjuries; and she, poor thing, soon got quite bewildered with the gaiety of town life to which he introduced her. What chance had she to escape from the toils of this young sinner, who could look and say such winning loving things if he chose? So for some weeks they had a tremendous time of it, bedding the fish in the moat around the Saïro, or Trosou's castle, and seeing all the races and wrestling and fine sights of the Asakusa, and having the height of fine living at the best tea-houses, till the wherewithal was all gone, and Gompachi could no longer go juggling his money as he walked, according to his wont.

As the obi and lacquered-clog makers began to call pretty often in the morning about this time, leaving souvenirs of their visits in the shape of summonses, it became clear that money must be had from somewhere. Old Chobei had been squeezed quite dry, and as it never at any period of his life appears to have entered into the brain of this young man to work, Gompachi now commenced his last and most celebrated impersonation of well-known characters, and this time chose Mr. Turpin as his model. He took long solitary walks in the country, and knocked on the head corpulent old farmers returning from market, living faster and more furiously than ever; and Kamarasaki in her innocence thought it was all right, and that the money was the fruit of legitimate business. But, to draw my story to a close, this kind of thing could not last for ever. The tenth farmer proved too much for Gompachi, and being handed over to the authorities he shortly found himself where he ought to have been long before—viz., on the execution-ground above the temple of Asakusa; and soon after his head and body, in two separate pieces, adorned the highest gibbet in that place of skulls. The soft-hearted old Chobei, instead of saying that he had long foreseen it, and that it served him right, went, like an old imbecile, and bribed the Japanese authorities—with the same ease with which, if alive, he could bribe them in the present day—to let him have the body of this "victim to circumstances;" a proceeding which all pious people with the odour of exclusive sanctity very strong, who comfort themselves with the idea of plenty of good hot brimstone for every one except the

chosen few of their own Little Bethel, will no doubt deeply deplore. He laid the body in a grave which he dug with his own hands in the sacred ground of the shrine of Meguro, and went back sorrowing to his municipal duties and clean mats; and the tragic tale of this well-grown immortal young snob was soon noised abroad throughout the city, till at last it reached the ear of Kamurasaki. Then she, poor child, arose and said never a word, but she went tripping along on her little clogs from out the gaudy Yoshiwara, and pattered away along the stony flags which lead to the temple of Asakusa, where the sacred pigeons dwell among the high eaves, and lame men offer sandals to the gods; and far beyond, she climbed the hill and crept along under the shadows of the cryptomerias that flank the path, thinking of the robbers' cave where he had fought for her so well, and the happy days spent with him in her father's house, and of the loving words and kisses with which he had stolen her heart and made her life so happy; and never letting one thought cross her despairing breast of his neglect, or his egregious snobbishness, or his abominable crimes, till she reached the place where her heart lay buried. And when she got to the grave, she flung herself on her face with a bitter cry, and drew the dagger which all Japanese girls keep beneath their obies, and know so well how to use; and then, first kissing the new-paled sods, she plunged the dagger into her breast, and the bright black eyes grew dim and glassy in death. Then old Chobei turned up again, like an amiable undertaker, and laid them side by side, and above them he put a large stone, which remains unto this day, to mark their resting-place. And all the young men of Yeddo ever since who have saw-earths, and who have found that the settlements are all right, and that there is no fear of the money reverting back to the family in case of their wives dying without issue, make their vows here, and plight their troth, and write beautiful couplets, like those you find in Mr. Gunter's crackers, and twist the long strips of paper on which they are written among the branches which overshadow the tomb.

Such is the story as I heard it from the Japanese young gentleman who spoke such excellent English—a story which every boy and girl in Japan knows by heart; and as I stood looking at the old cracked moss-grown stone one sunny evening, there occurred to me the following thoughts: First, how strange it is that so many things which are of themselves innocent and harmless should lure us to our ruin, even as Rob the Grinder was undone by singing-birds, Gompachi by dogs, English gentlemen by horses, and little Kamurasaki by her natural affections and confiding nature. Secondly, how little difference there is between human nature three hundred years ago, when all this took place, and in the year of grace 1876, and how alike it is in longitude 0 and longitude 148 east of Greenwich. Thirdly, that I am myself acquainted with several Gompachis—a little altered, certainly, to meet modern requirements, but essentially the same—who are probably at this moment walking about the neighbourhoods of Pall-mall and Belgrave. Fourthly, that if ever I, a vagabond bachelor, should meet with an English moon-mie possessing the charms and faithfulness of Kamurasaki, I would instantly propose to her, and, if accepted, try to behave better to her than did this gay young Japanese swell. And so, lighting a contemplative pipe, I returned to Yeddo with, I am not ashamed to say, a kind thought in my heart for the memory of the faithful soft-hearted old Chobei.

GEORGE A. HOLME.

HEARTH AND HOME.

PRAYER.—There is no greater argument in the world of our spiritual weakness, and the falseness of our hearts in matters of religion, than the backwardness most men have always, and all men sometimes, to say their prayers; so weary of their length, so glad when they are done, so ready to find an excuse, so apt to lose an opportunity. Yet it is no labour, no trouble they are thus anxious to avoid, but the begging of a blessing and receiving it.

BAD HABITS.—Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds. A few years ago a little boy told his first falsehood. It was a little solitary thistle-seed, and no eye but God's saw him as he planted it in the mellow soil of his heart. But it sprang up—O how quickly!—and in a little time another and another seed dropped from it to the ground, each in its turn bearing more seeds and more thistles; and now his heart is overgrown with this bad habit.

ANGER.—Anger is, at first, an off-use taken at an ill behaviour, an emotion of mind raised at the sense of injuries done to us or others. The use of anger is to stir us up to self-preservation, and to put us on our guard against injuries. When it has done this, it has performed all that belongs to it; for what measures we may take to effect this, how we may secure ourselves, and how we should behave towards those who offend us—these are the points concerning which we must not consult our passions, but our reason, which was given us to moderate our passions, and to prescribe laws for our actions.

GALEITY AND GOOD HUMOUR.—It is imagined by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to show the gladness of their souls by flights of pleasantry and bursts of laughter. But though

these men may be, for a time, heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good humour as the eye gazes awhile on eminence glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers. Gaiety is to good humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, and the other recreates and revives them.

IN BED.—It is a grateful moment, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just been tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you; the right of consciousness disengages itself one more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it. Like the eye, it is closed—the mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

"SHOW."—The world is crazy for "show." This is a fact which strikes us in whatever circle we may mix. There is not one person in a thousand who dares fall back on nothing but his real, simple self for power to get through the world and extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial art. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these times. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, you are jostled out of reach. There is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man dares to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded.

KINDNESS.—Our feelings are greatly influenced by our pursuits, and by those objects which engage our attention. The person who is continually in pursuit of opportunities for exercising the benevolent affections, either by conferring or acknowledging kindness, will overlook a thousand trifling causes of offence, which might have awakened resentment in the breast of another; while those in whom the selfish passions prevail will be equally insensible to the numberless instances of kindness, which would have filled the hearts of others with gratitude and joy—just as a person who is eager in the chase will disregard the beauties of the prospect which surrounds him, and know no more of the country through which he passed than if he had never seen it.

THE EYESIGHT.—Too strong a light in a sleeping-room is bad, especially if the bed is opposite the window; for to wake suddenly out of sleep, with a strong glaring light on the eyes, cannot but eventually injure the strongest and most healthy sight; and, where it is naturally weak, or there is any hereditary disposition towards a debility in the organs, this custom must of course exercise many pernicious effects. Persons waked from sleep should have the eye prepared by subdued light first; and if the sight be good, the time occupied in partially dressing will be quite sufficient to prepare the organs for meeting a stronger body of light. This is especially to be remembered in summer time when the chamber has an eastern aspect.

MISPLACED IDOLATRY.—One of the most painful instances of unworthy idolatry—or rather, more correctly, of idolatry for an unworthy object—is that of a mother for a bad child. Reared and loved, and believed in as the epitome of all the heroic virtues, he is, in fact, a scape-grace, and going bodily to the bad. And, though the idolatry of a mother is more tenacious than any other, and harder to be beaten from its faith and its holdings, still it has to come to disclosure sooner or later, and the big splay foot must be shown standing in mire and made of the coarsest clay, the robe of deception must be raised and its frayed and ragged fringes shown to the world at large, the love and reverence which knelt daily at his shrine must be barred out from further exercise, as were Adam and Eva out from Paradise, and the bare reality made manifest. It is woeful to see how mothers, like wives, cling to their belief in the idol long after others have seen his actual hideousness and vileness of material. Heaven gave women for some good purpose this fidelity of faith, and men take advantage of it and use it cruelly. How many hearts have been broken before now because of the shattering of their idol—because of the discovery of clay in the place of refined gold!

PERSONAL BEAUTY.—How eagerly men are engaged in the pursuit of beautiful women, and how little they dream of its brief existence! This is, undoubtedly, in obedience to a supreme law growing out of our organization; for who does not love order, harmony, symmetry, and perfection in all things? But in this eager pursuit it would be well to remember that there are qualities of far more importance than mere personal charms. True, we may be fascinated with a dark, lustrous and beautiful eye, the crimson blush of the cheek, a graceful, symmetrical form; but, after all, the inquiry should be, "Is there a soul within? Is there elevation of thought, generous principles, noble purposes, a cultivated intellect?" If not, what else would a woman of beautiful personal appearance be but as a doll or gilded toy? How long could a man of genius be induced to worship at such a shrine? How long before his affections would assume the form of hatred or contempt? Powerful passions and strong affection invariably

accompany the man of genius. Hence it is clear that unless personal charms envelope a cultivated mind as well as the sterling qualities of virtue, the noblest impulses of affection in such a man will soon be extinguished, and his fondest hopes blasted, in the selection of a partner for life. Nothing is more desirable to a man of genius in this life than the ardent affections of a good, sensible woman; and on the other hand, no offering on earth is so acceptable to a woman as the sincerest affection of a man of genius and truth.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WE pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

SPEAK low, ladies; and yet always endeavour to be high-toned women.

A LADY'S home dress ought to last a long while; she never wears it out.

MANY a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband; and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

LADIES, the best way to beautify the hand is to put a sovereign in it, and then shake hands with some suffering fellow-creature.

A CERTAIN young miss, when her parents refuse to allow her to attend a ball, will set to and have a howl at home. Interesting child!

HENS do not usually do so much damage in a garden as does the woman who goes out to throw things at them.

A MAN out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm. "Oh, yes," said he, "my wife."

WHEN Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular.—"Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

A henpecked husband says:—"Before marriage I fancied wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterwards I found out that it was all moonshine."

A LITTLE fellow, four years old, the other day nonplussed his mother by making the following inquiry:—"Mother, if a man is a mister, ain't a woman a mistery?"

A RECENTLY published notice of a marriage in Philadelphia concluded with the announcement:—"No cards, no flowers, nobody's business."

THE time is at hand when a young man with only ten cents in his pocket, vainly tries to lead his girl to the side of the street most remote from ice-cream and temptation.

A GENTLEMAN advertising for a wife says, "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occurring to her companion."

SYDNEY SMITH'S definition of marriage:—"It requires a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them."

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing red-striped stockings on his heir, "why have you made barber's poles of our child's legs?"—"Because he is a little shaver," was the neat reply.

AN American paper asks, "How can a woman make home more attractive to her husband?" There is no general answer, but in some cases the thing can be done by inviting the widow Smith round to spend the evening.

LUCAS A SON LUCENDO.—Small boy: "I say, cousin Constance, I've found out why you always call your mamma 'mater.'" Cousin: "Why, Guy?" Small boy: "Because she's always trying to find a mate for you girls."

"The little darling! he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby on purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, dear?"—"Yes, ma, to be sure it was; and if he don't behave himself, I'll do it again!"

SHE is a truly lovely spectacle, the girl just budding into womanhood, but when she dons one of those cel-pot bustles for the first time, she's just about as awkward as a hair-tipped boy trying to whistle.

DR. TYNG, Jr., says New York city has 16,000 more single men than single women. If there must be a difference of that enormity, it is pleasant to know that the majority is on the right side.

"No, ma!" she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He came out this spring in his last fall overcoat. And, O, ma! if it only matched my new dress I wouldn't care so much; but it doesn't, and we've parted."

A man was so much interested in his newspaper the other day that he read it upside down all the way home. He was sitting in a street car, and a lady stood in front of him all the way.

THE missing arms of the Venus of Milo have been discovered and will soon be restored to her. They come in rather handy; fly time is approaching, and she will need her hands to brush these troublesome insects away.

A MAN always gets through his ice-cream first and looks round with a fawn-like smile. But if his girl really loves him she will gently push her plate away from her, and say, "Won't you take a spoonful of mine?"

A MAN who from his youth upwards had been leading a most irregular life suddenly ended his bachelor career by marrying a widow worth forty thousand pounds. "Don't imagine," said he to one of his friends, "that I am simply marrying for money. If she had had only twenty thousand pounds I should have married her just the same."

WHEN you see a young fellow who a year ago used to step up and order lager for the crowd with the utmost *sans froid*, patiently trundling a baby carriage along the street on Sunday afternoon, and looking chap-fallen in his last season's hat, don't it speak volumes for the reforming influence of woman's society!

IT is human nature all over. A conductor of a street car will wait a half hour for a young lady who is hailing a car from up the street, but when an ugly old lady with a big market basket calls for him to stop, he is always looking another way, and tells the driver to whip up, as they are five seconds behind time.

"Do you very much like to have me kiss you, George?" she said, softly, stooping over him and leaving the monogram of her lips on his marble brow. "I do, indeed, dear," he said. "I just shut my eyes and try to think that I feel the touch of one who was dear to me in the days long gone by—before you and I were married!"

How often, oh, how often we find a man who will pay eleven dollars for a box of cigars without asking a question or a moment's hesitation, who will contract his brows and start back in speechless horror and stare for ten straight minutes at the item, "To one piece of dress braid, ten cents," in a dry-goods bill that his trembling wife hands him.

WHEN a Newark lover leaves the house of his adored one at a late hour in the evening, and walks musingly homeward beneath the twinkling stars, his fond fancy pictures her, clothed in white samite, resting sweetly upon her pillow, with her unbound hair tossed about her sleeping face, and angels bending over her couch whispering heavenly dreams. Perhaps at that very moment though, she is in the pantry gnawing hungrily on a lean bone.

A FAMOUS inn in Limerick in Curran's day was the old hestery called the "Gridiron." The landlady was Honor O'Loghlan, famous for her quickness at repartee. Happening to enter the bar-room after dinner, Curran proposed her health. "I give you, gentlemen," he said, "Honor and honesty." Possibly the worthy landlady did not feel complimented, for she readily rejoined, "Your absent friends, Mr. Curran."

LORD WILLIAM LENOX tells a good story of a French dramatist who, on the production of one of his pieces, sat in a secluded part of the pit applauding furiously, whilst his wife was gently clapping her hands in one of the side-boxes. At the end of the first act he looked daggers at his unlucky spouse, and making his way towards her, reproached her for her want of enthusiasm. "What could I do more," she innocently asked, "with these lovely violet-coloured gloves?"

A gentleman somewhat stricken in years, had been for some time enamored with one of the fair sex, but could not muster courage to pop the question. One morning he was resolved to make the attempt. He accordingly went to the house of the lady, knocked at the door, and she made her appearance. After a mutual nod, the following laconic dialogue ensued:—"Do you want to change your condition?"—"No."—"Nor I." And, turning about, our bachelor concluded the conversation with "Thank Heaven, I've got that load off my mind!"

DEAFNESS RELIEVED. No medicine. Book free. G.J. WOOD, Madison, Ind.

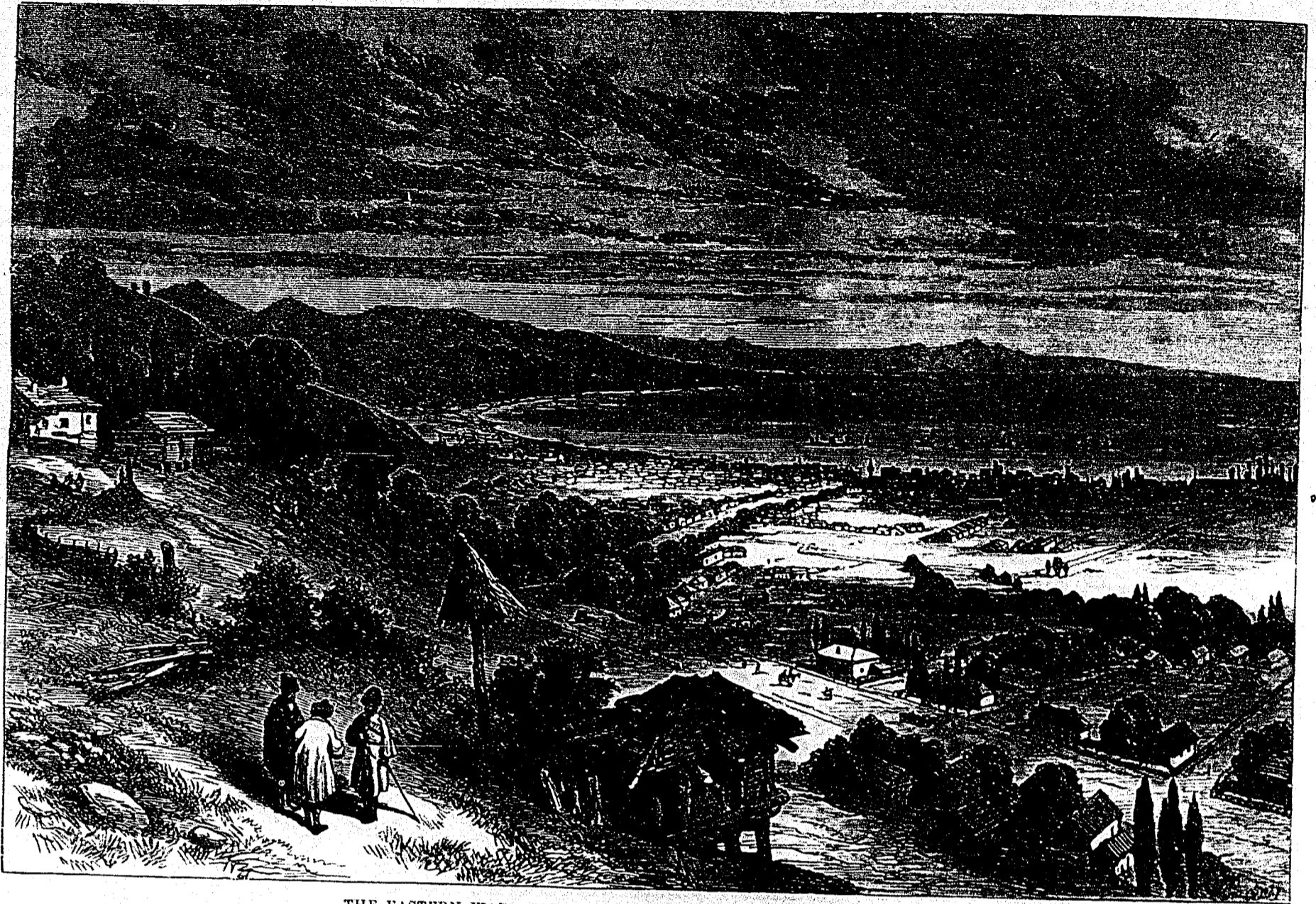
PHOSFOZONE, THE NEW TONIC.

We have used PHOSFOZONE in suitable cases with marked advantage, and were so pleased with the results that we now prescribe it constantly, having perfect confidence in its action. As a tonic during convalescence we know of nothing equal to it, and feel it a duty to recommend its use to our confrères and the public generally.—*Public Health Magazine*. EVANS, MERCER & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal. 15 24 52 299

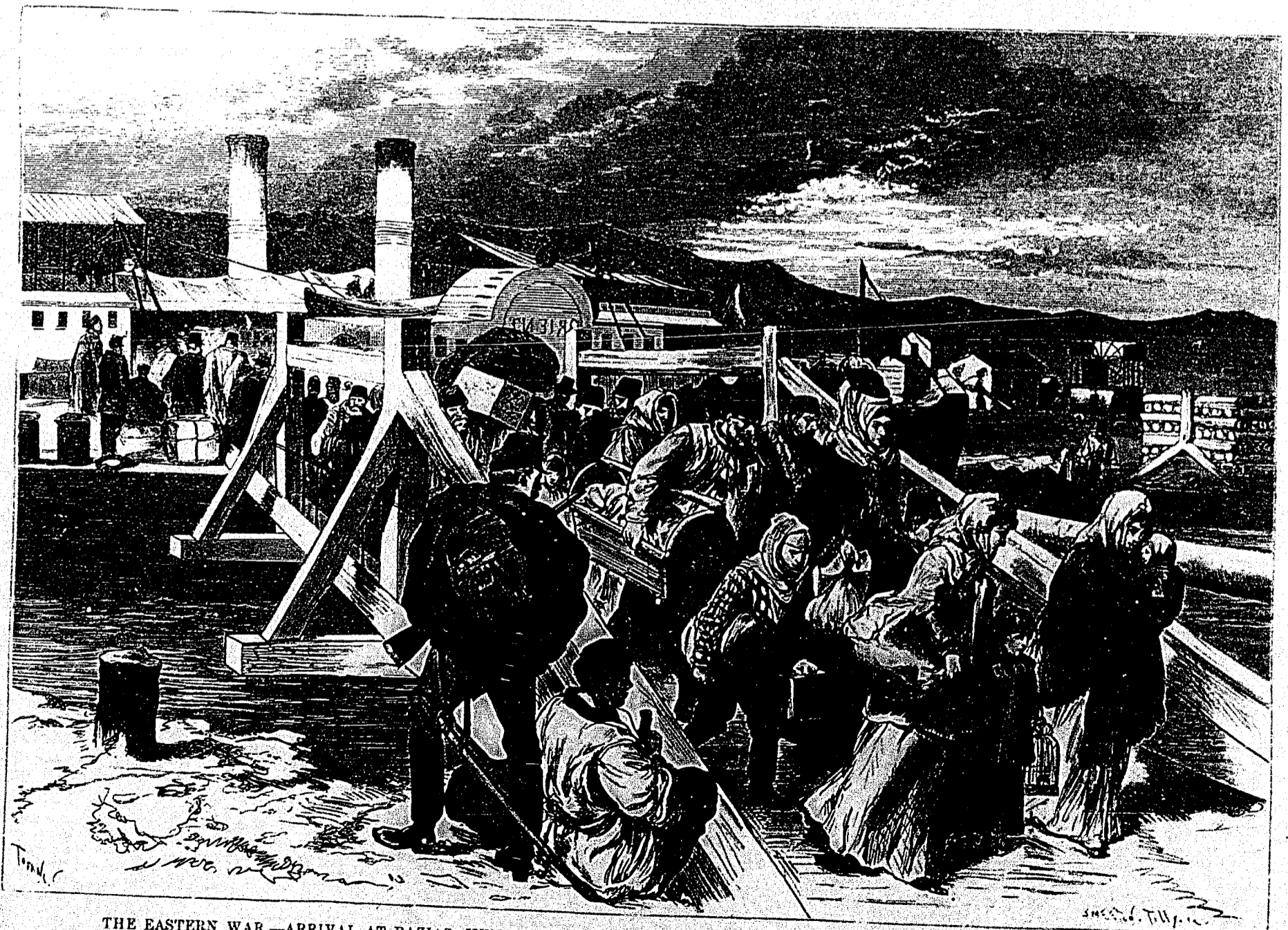
NOTICE TO LADIES.

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 prepared with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 517 Craig St.

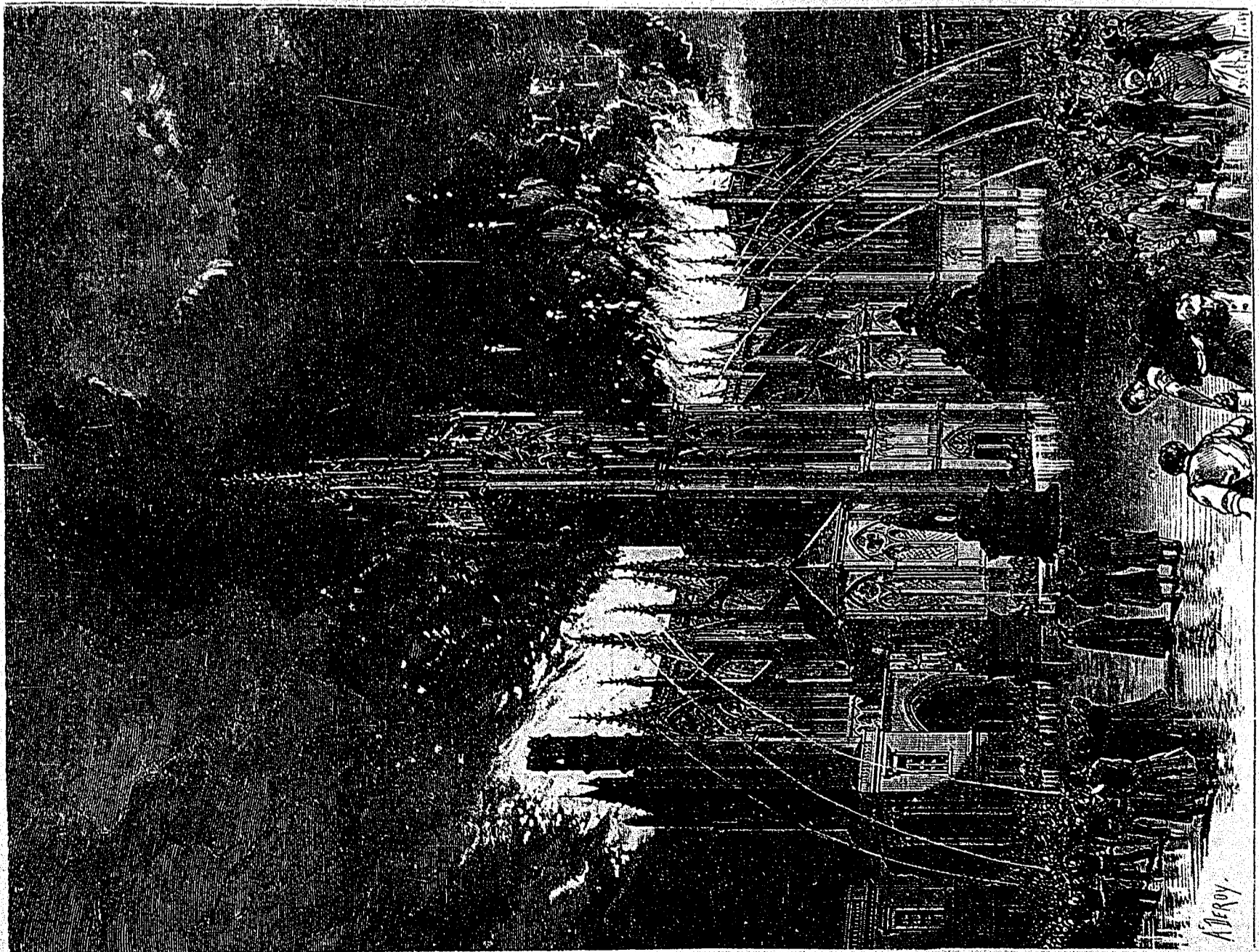
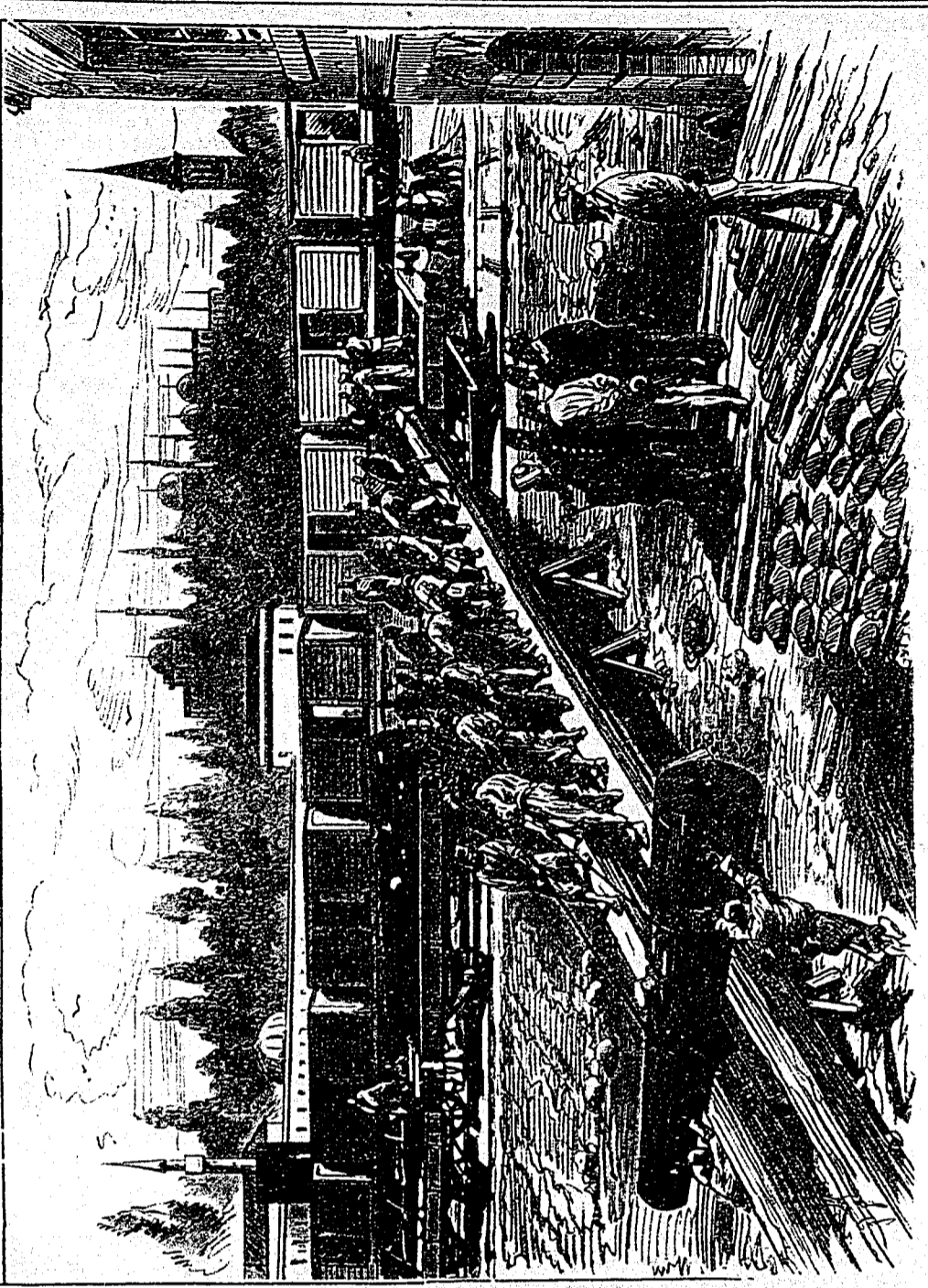
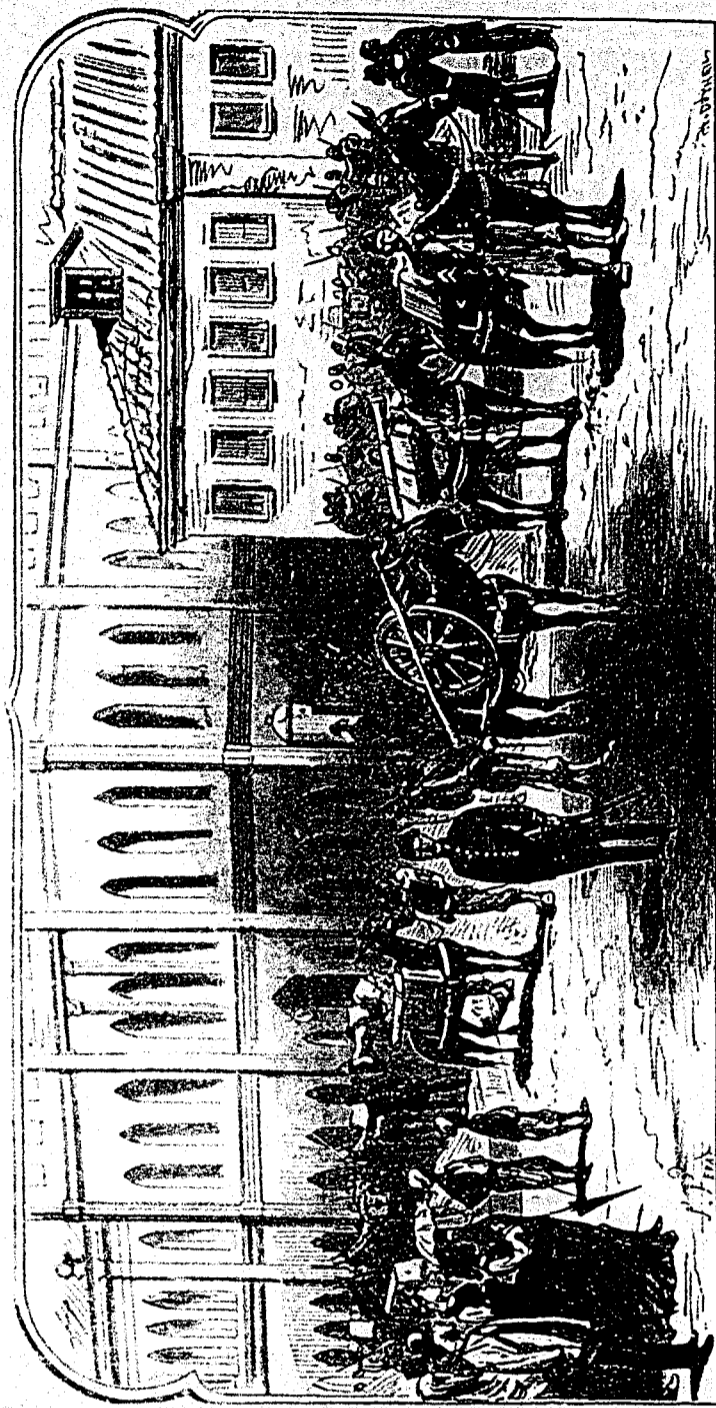
"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.



THE EASTERN WAR.—SOUKHOUM KALEH CAPTURED BY THE TURKS.



THE EASTERN WAR.—ARRIVAL AT BAZIAS, HUNGARY, OF A BOAT LADEN WITH BULGARIAN FAMILIES FLEEING FROM THE WAR.



THE EASTERN WAR.—SHIPPING OF CANNON FROM THE GRAND ARSENAL AT PERRA

CONFLAGRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL OF METZ.

LIFE.

A child stood on the pebbly beach. And tried with boyish glee To catch in his hands the crested foam, As it floated out to sea.

At length in anger at falling off, He plunged in the glittering main, But still the foam eluded his grasp, The eager pursuit was vain.

Long years rolled on, the boy was a man Who could fame and honour win, He sat again on the pebbly beach, And the tide was coming in.

The foam that once in childish days He had tried to hold in his hand, Now floated by, not attracting his gaze, And was wrecked on the rocky land.

And so it is in our heedless youth, What we long for most on earth, By the time we obtain it has lost its bloom, And proves itself nothing worth.

P. E. I.

M. E.

THE FRIEND OF THE HERO.

(Concluded from our last.)

IV.

"For this question left us to prove, Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune here."

The impressionable Thomas did not sleep well after the shooting of the weir. He was abroad early, saw the mist rise slowly from the river, and felt the chill air of dawn. As he walked briskly towards the house, Orlando stepped through a window with a great towel flung across his shoulder, seized him, and carried him off for a dip.

"Look here," said the young hero as they went towards the bath-house: "I must go away to-day."

"Go away!" echoed Thomas, blankly.

"You can stay, of course," said the other, laughing.

"But why do you go?"

"The complicated nineteenth century has intruded on me. My mother has sent for me."

"And you don't much mind going?" asked Thomas, with hesitation.

"Why should I mind?" asked his friend with a curious emphasis, as he pulled off his flannel shirt. Thomas sat meditating with his mouth open and a boot in his hand. Orlando laughed aloud, drew himself up, stretched his shapely arms above his head, leapt like a deer, and dashed like Leander into the cool stream. After a few minutes he was back again, brilliant, glowing, and joyous, shaking the drops from his close-cropped curls. Thomas was sorely puzzled. Certainly this strayed athlete belonged to a time when romance was not. This creature shouting, singing, and laughing in the fresh sunlight was no lover just summoned from the side of his mistress. And yet how pull a girl out of the water and not love her! He began to feel very sorry for Miss Jeanie, across whose quiet life this young Viking had gleamed, with his blue eyes and his careless heart. "Poor child," he murmured to himself again and again, surprised at the tenderness of his own pity. He could sympathize with her: there was a melancholy pleasure in the thought. At breakfast he was very uncomfortable. When his friend announced his approaching departure, he dared not raise his eyes, and yet he seemed to see the trouble in a sweet young face. As he was staring at his plate and feeling very hot, he heard her speaking in her usual tone and saying how sorry she was. He was lost in wonder at her modesty and self-control. He could not help looking at her, and he hoped that his glance expressed sympathy without giving offence: but she only thought that he wanted his tea.

"Must you go too?" she asked, and she handed his cup.

"No, Yes. I mean I think I had better go with Orlando."

"We shall be sorry to lose you both at once," said Mr. Dorian, looking curiously at the young man.

"I am afraid I should not be much good alone. I mean I shall be better away," and he gave an appealing look to Miss Jeanie. But that lady was inspecting the bottom of her cup with great earnestness. It was no part of her duty as hostess to press young men to stay. So breakfast passed with less than the usual gaiety, and Orlando having exhorted Mr. Dorian to try a pair of clubs, and advised Miss Tubbs and her pupils to devote their whole minds to their shoulders, entered his boat. Miss Dorian was standing on the highest of the whole steps with her crisp gown gathered carefully about her.

"Thank you a thousand times," he said, as he pushed off, "for the most splendid fun." As he swung out into the stream, Thomas came running from the house. "Hi!" cried he; "stop! I am going with you."

"No, you are not," said Orlando, unable to row for laughter. Thomas was seriously annoyed. He was unable to see the humour of this school-boy trick. It was embarrassing to be left when the hero had gone out of the story. The romance was to end, as some romances do, with a woman's sorrow and patience; and there was clearly no place for him. He humbly asked pardon of Miss Dorian, and promised to go away by train. He went gloomily into the house and sat down to Bradshaw; but as he found himself, after half an hour's study, earnestly endeavouring to reach the Isle of Man, he abandoned the book and turned to packing. Having packed till he felt silly, he left the task to the footman, and went out to have a last look at the place. There was nobody about, Mr.

Dorian had gone to town for the day. Miss Tubbs was doing the elegant English hour with the Misses Letitia and Josephine. Play-time was over, and all the vitality of the place seemed to have gone with that frank young creature, who was far down the stream poised on extended skulls, and laughing to himself.

Thomas went round the lawn and through the shrubberies, visited the stable, where he cast an unfavourable glance at the ponies—and the farm, where he chucked a stone at the turkey-cock. Thence he sauntered into the country lane, and, strolling aimlessly onward, entered the path which leads up to the easy-sloping downs. The path passes through a wood of beech-trees, which for the most part meet above it. On the left these trees are a mere belt, and Thomas stopped again and again to look with wonder on visions of sweet country framed in leaves. In some places the land sloped gently downward from the wood, and was heavy with upright wheat or barley glancing in the sun like a silver polished floor; in others it fell sharply away, and the gazer saw the country below like another world in which were no unquiet thoughts and longings. Sunlight lay broad and deep on all the land, and far away the blue-grey earth and grey-blue sky melted together as thought and dream. Thomas sighed as he saw below him the smoke rising straight from the hidden house. He was in a very sensitive mood, and some deep feeling of sympathy was stirred within him as he watched the brown path quiver with light and shade. He saw the sunlight tangled in the beech-leaves, and started as a long shaft slipped through and touched his upturned face. He was alone, and yet about him was a presence and a power. He passed the old gate, which hung idle on its rusty hinges, and came out upon the open slope. A few yards from him Miss Dorian was seated, and, as he turned with a slight start, he saw a tear upon her cheek.

"I did not know you were here. I am afraid I startled you."

"Oh no; but I am so sorry that all the fun is over."

They both spoke very quick, as if eager to avoid all misunderstanding. An awkward pause followed, and then Thomas made a stupendous effort to say something pleasant.

"I wish I was Orlando," he said, "he is so free, and can come here whenever he likes—at least, I mean whenever you like."

There was another interval of silence, and then she asked, rather coldly, "Are you so very busy?"

"I? Oh, well, I am rather. At least—but it doesn't matter. What a lovely view!"

"It is thought the best view of the house." The young man looked for a few minutes, and after doubting whether he should say it, and decided that of course he must not, observed forthwith, in a spirit of bravado, "I almost wish I had never seen it."

He turned cold at the sound of his own words, but she did not demand an explanation. She only said, "Thank you," with a strange little smile.

"I should like to say good-bye here," he said, "and go away." She turned her head and looked across the country. "Good-bye," he said as he passed behind her, and having said it he saw her eyes. He shivered from head to foot, and turned cold. Clearly he was the victim of some horrible mockery. He walked towards the gate with an instinctive desire of flight. Then he wavered and turned back.

"Miss Dorian," he began, speaking very quickly, "it can't be—I can't think—you can't be sorry because I—no, no. You must forgive me for being such a puppy." She had risen and wanted to speak, but could only twist her glove. "Good-bye," he said again with a sort of sob, "and forget what a fool I have been."

She could not speak, but she made a little movement as if to hold out the twisted glove. He seized both hand and glove. "Miss Dorian—Jeanie," he cried, and here his voice failed him.

An hour passed, and they were sitting on the hillside, and wondering at the beauty of the world.

"Jeanie," said he, "it will be an awful shock to your father."

"Not very great, I think," said she. "I almost think he suspected something."

"But I did not suspect myself. He does not know anything about me."

"Oh, yes, he does. Your friend talked of nothing but you."

"Did he talk of me?" asked he; and then added suddenly, "you don't mean to say that Orlando knew?"

"I can't say, but I think he guessed—"

"That I loved you. Oh, Jeanie, I believe that everybody knew except me. But what on earth made you like me?"

"I don't know," she said, and smiled.

"But it ought to have ended differently," he maintained in an argumentative manner.

"What ought to have ended differently?" "The story. You ought to care for the hero, and not for his friend."

STONEWALL JACKSON'S HOME LOVE.—Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson says that no man has been more misunderstood than her husband. "He is misrepresented," she asserts, "as having been stern, inexorable, and hard-hearted. He was just the opposite. He was demonstrative, as affectionate and yielding as a woman. At home he was tender, playful, and loving. His whole life hung around his home. He had no ambition, no love of power, no thought of place or pomp. His horror of bloodshed was instinctive and powerful. He served his country from a sense of duty. He was passionately devoted to children. Our first child died, and my daughter was born only a few weeks before his death. He never took a day's furlough during the war, not even to come and see his child. Just before the battle of Chancellorsville I took the little baby and went to see him. You should have seen what raptures he went into over that little girl's cradle. I have seen him kneel by her cradle for hours at a time, just gazing into her sleeping face." It was suggested that the letters to her during the war would give her many interesting points. "Oh no," she said, a charming blush stealing over her face, while soft remembrances put a new light in her expressive eyes; "they were all real love-letters. He had little room for anything else in his letters home. And then he was a very prudent man and never talked of his plans to anyone."

THOUSANDS OF AFFIDAVITS.

Many having used "patent" and prepared medicines and failed in finding the relief promised, are thereby prejudiced against all medicines. Is this right? Would you condemn all physicians because one failed in giving the relief promised? Some go to California in search of gold, and after working hard for months and finding none, return home and say there is no gold there. Does that prove it? Many suffering from Catarrh and pulmonary affections have used the worthless preparations that crowd the market, and in their disappointment say there is no cure for Catarrh. Does that prove it? Does it not rather prove that they have failed to employ the proper remedy? There are thousands of people in the United States who can make an affidavit that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have effected their entire cure. Many had lost all sense of smell for months, and pieces of bone had repeatedly been removed from the nasal cavities.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J.W.S. Montreal.—The problem as it appears in, we believe, correct. The corrections we made from your letter were unimportant.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 125 received. Correct.

A.S. Montreal.—Your Problem received. It shall be inspected.

CHESS AT QUEBEC.

Subjoined we give the score of the match between the "Greeks" and the "Trojans," which took place on Friday and Saturday, the 25th and 26th of last month.

SCORE.

Table with columns for "Greeks" and "Trojans", and sub-columns for "Won" and "Lost". Lists names of players and their respective scores.

* Drawn game.

A return match between the "Greeks" and "Trojans" will take place on Friday and Saturday next, when, in view of the near approach of the Dominion Chess Association Tournament, a large attendance should be expected.

A match has lately been played in London, England, between Mr. Blackburne and a clever amateur, Mr. Beardell, in which the former gave the latter the odds of K1 in return for one game added to his score. The contest terminated in favour of Mr. Blackburne, two games remaining unfinished.

Mr. Macdonald having been invited to attend the annual festival of the Croydon (Eng.) Chess Club contested ten games simultaneously against as many players, and in the course of two hours succeeded in vanquishing eight of his opponents, with a total score of five games to two, and two drawn games.

We were pleased to notice that one of his antagonists was Mrs. Steele, the wife of the President of the Club. It is also stated that the lady maintained an equal contest for a longer time than any other player, and unfortunately lost the game by a hasty move.

We have seen it stated in an English paper that the celebrated Paul Morphy is not only restored to bodily health and mental vigor, but that he is actively engaged in a profession in which his great talents well find ample field for their exercise.

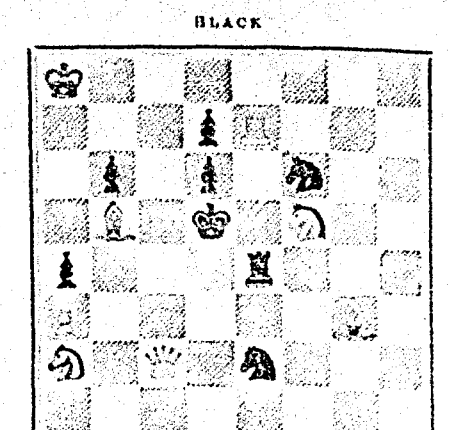
The proposed match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort, which from the skill of both antagonists is engaging the attention of the Chess world, has not yet been formally arranged, owing to some disagreement with reference to the choice of place in which to play.

PROBLEM No. 126.

(From Land and Water.)

By Mr. J. G. STONEHOUSE.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 1876.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

(MURDO GAMBIT)

WHITE.—(Mr. Huber.) BLACK.—(Mr. Macdonald.)

The following well fought game was played a short time ago at Simpson's Divan, London, Eng.

- 1. P to K4 P to K4
2. P to K4 Q to K3 P takes P
3. Kt to K B3 P to K4
4. B to B4 P to K5
5. P to Q4 P takes K
6. Q takes P Q to K B3
7. Kt to B3 (ch) Kt to B3
8. P to K5 Kt takes Q
9. P takes Q Kt takes P
10. P takes Kt Kt takes P
11. B takes P at B3 P to Q B3
12. Castles (Q R) P to Q2
13. B to K5 K to K2
14. B takes Q P P takes B
15. B takes P (ch) Kt takes P
16. B takes R B to K3
17. B to Q4 B to Q B3
18. P to Q R3 P to Q B4
19. K R to K sq B to K B3
20. K to Q Kt sq P to Q K4
21. B to B2 K to B sq
22. R to K5 R to Q2
23. K to B sq R to K5
24. R to K R5 K to K5
25. B to Q Kt6 R to Q2
26. B takes P P to K B4
27. R to K sq Kt to K6
28. K to Kt sq P to K B3
29. R to K Kt5 P to K B3
30. K R to K Kt sq P to B5
31. B to Q B3 R to Q4
32. B to K5 R to Q B3
33. B takes P K to R2
34. B to Q B sq B takes K B P
35. R to K3 B to R4
36. R to Kt3 B to Q2
37. B takes P B to Q B2
38. R to K2 B to Kt4
39. R to R2 R to Kt3
40. R to Q Kt1 R to B8
41. R to K7 Kt to Q3
42. B takes R P (f) N takes B
43. R to R4 (ch) Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) The usual and the best move here is P to Q4.
(b) P to K5 appears to be more to the purpose.
(c) By this sacrifice Black apparently hopes to derive from the attack with a Pawn superiority, but he fails to see that he assists the development of the inferior pieces.
(d) Black has played the last few moves very well.
(e) All this is very admirably played.
(f) A fine conception. White's Pawn is not more than an equivalent for his opponent's extra piece.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 1876.

Played at the Montreal Chess Club between Dr. Howe and Mr. Geo. Barry, the former giving the odds of K1.

(Remove White's Q K1.)

WHITE.—Dr. Howe. BLACK.—Mr. G. Barry.

- 1. P to K4 P to K1
2. B to Q B4 Kt to K B3
3. Q to K2 P to Q1
4. P to Q3 P to Q Kt3
5. P to K R3 B to K2
6. P to K B4 Kt to Q2
7. Kt to K B3 P takes P
8. Q takes P Kt to K R4 (ch)
9. B to K R2 Kt to K R3 (ch)
10. K to Q2 Kt to K R4 (ch)
11. B takes Kt B takes B
12. Q R to K B sq P to K B3
13. R to Q4 (ch) Kt to K4
14. B to Q5 (d) R to Q R3
15. Q to K R5 (ch) P to K B3
16. Q to K R6 Kt to K B2
17. Q to K Kt7 R to K B sq
18. Kt to Q B6 (f) Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) A good move, if properly followed up.
(b) B to Kt6, appears to be a better move.
(c) Enabling White to get all his pieces into play.
(d) The obvious move.
(e) Conclusive.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 124.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. Kt to R5 1. K takes R
2. R to Q5 (ch) 2. K moves
3. Kt mates

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 125.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. R to K R4 (ch) 1. B takes P
2. R to K R6 mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 123.

Table with 2 columns: WHITE and BLACK. Lists chess moves like Kt K4, Rnt Q K17, etc.

White to play and mate in three moves.

THE GLEANER.

MARSHAL MACMAHON has sent the Pope a splendid piece of tapestry on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee.

THE pageant of "Lady Godiva" was revived this year in the ancient city of Coventry with unusual splendour.

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GENERAL TERNERAIFF is of French origin by his mother's side. His mother's name was Desover.

AN amusing anecdote is told of the present fashion of preferring beauty of design in our houses to comfort. A country gentleman wished to rebuild his residence, and he thought himself very lucky in securing as his architect a young man who had just received the prize medal at Rome.

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Belford's Monthly Magazine. CONTENTS OF JUNE NUMBER.

- Nicholas Mistura, Chapters XVI, XVII, XVIII. Fragment of a Tragedy by Lytton. My First Salmon. Dean Stanley and Socrates. Shakespearean Studies. Life's Dawn. Historical Fragments of the War of 1812. An Anxious Day Forty Years Ago. What He Cost Her. James Payn. His Letters and Memoirs of His Life. The Levant. My Love Loves Me.

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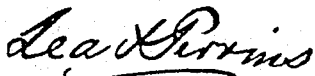
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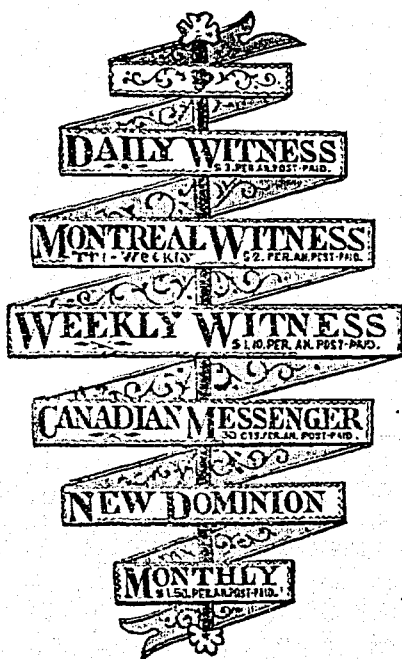


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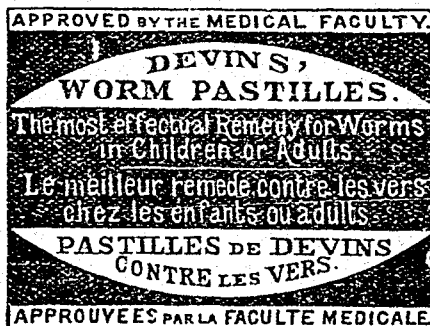
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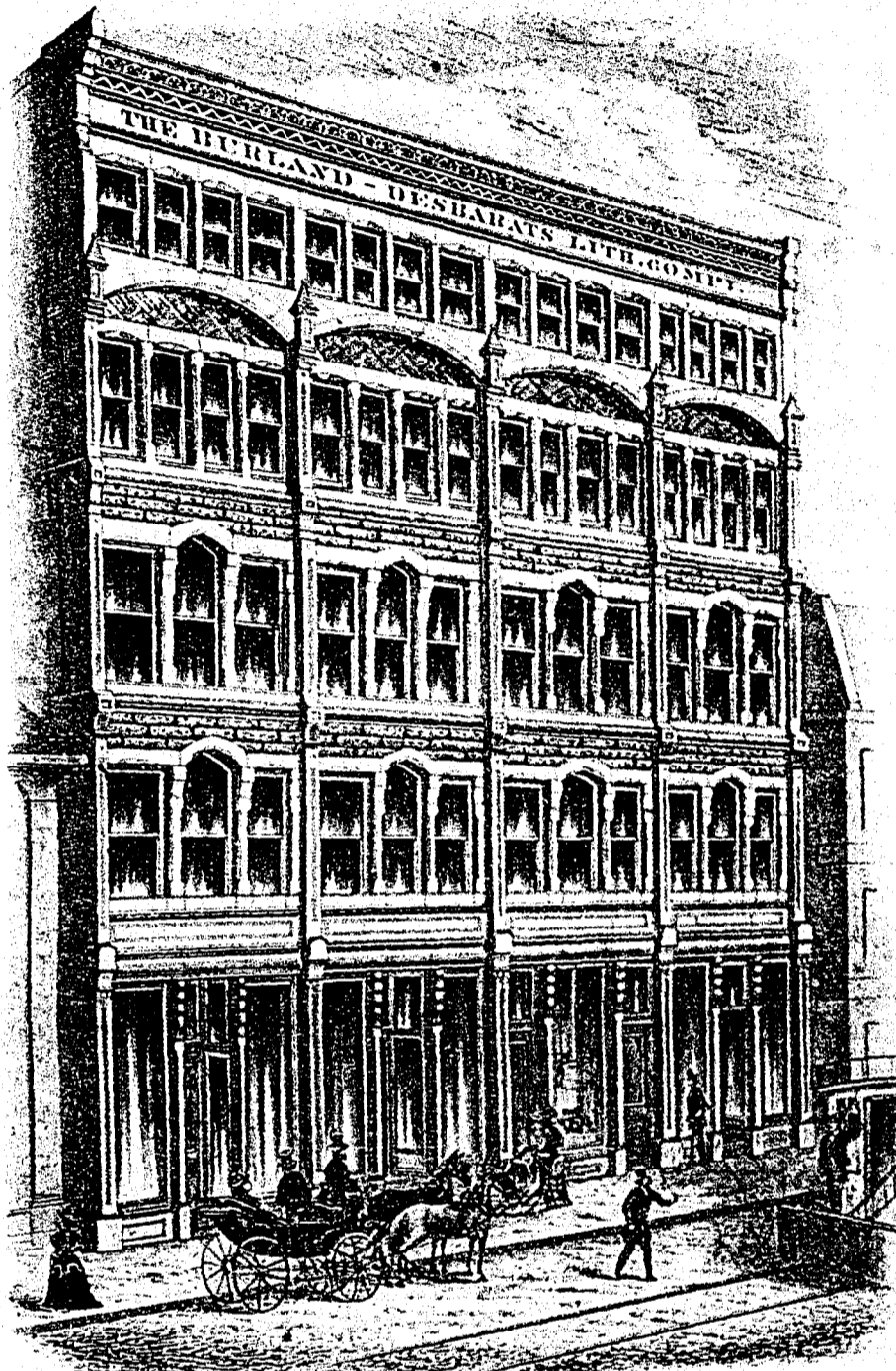
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 II.—That the proportion of Cocoa
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 by any other flavor.
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THE FOLLOWING
 IS AN
EXTRACT FROM A LETTER
 dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of
 Horningsham, near Warminster, Wilts:—
 "I must also beg to say that your Pills are an
 excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do
 enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appe-
 tite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78
 years old.
 "Remaining, Gentlemen,
 Yours very respectfully,
 L. S.
 To the Proprietors of
NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON.
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