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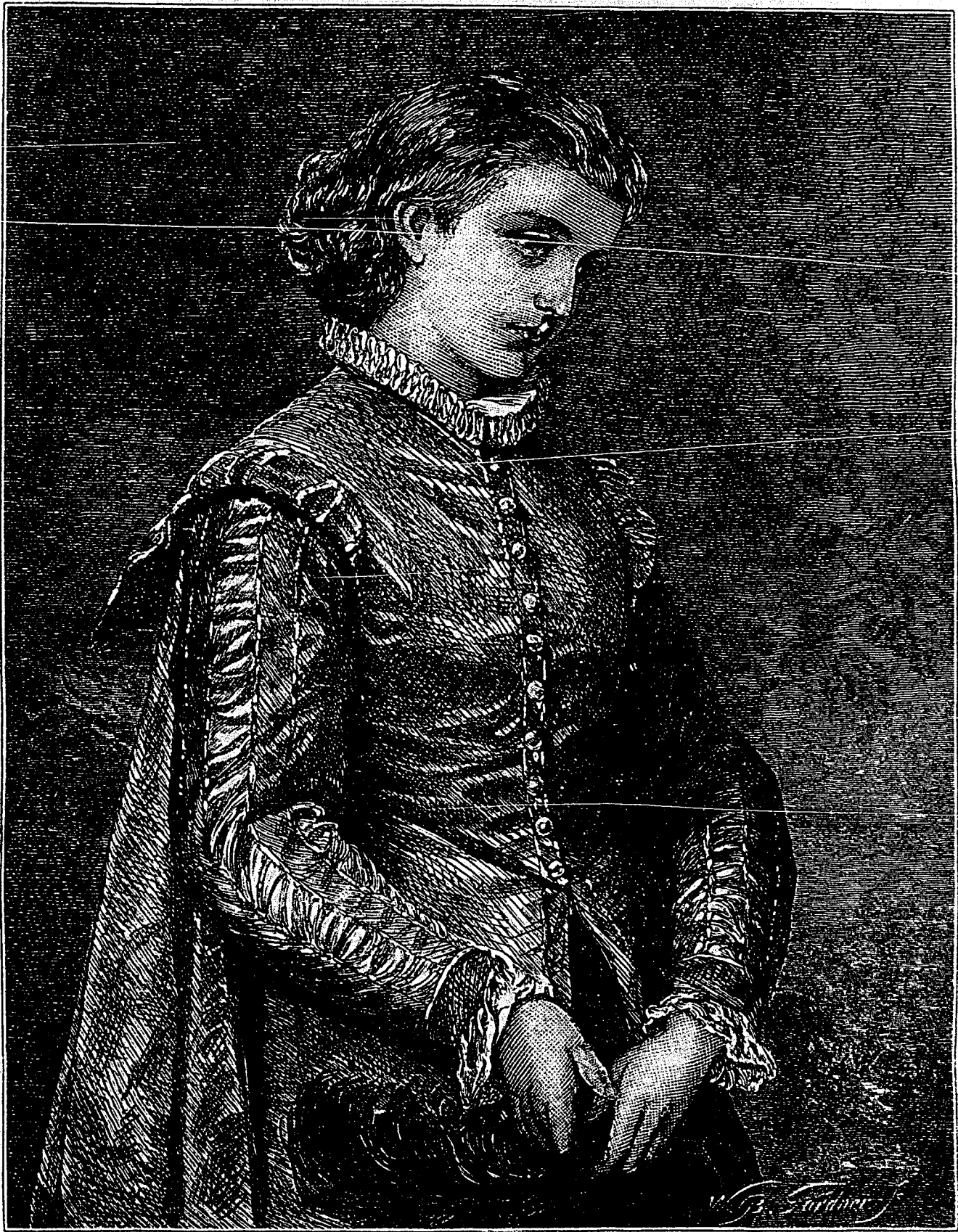
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Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

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"V I O L A ."—By W. S. HERRICK.

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

S.S. "Scandinavian," (Allan) Quebec, from Liverpool, about August 24.
S.S. "Seymour," (Temperley,) Quebec, from Liverpool, about August 24.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Aug. 24.—*Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.*
St. Bartholomew, M.
MONDAY, " 25.—Faraday died, 1867.
TUESDAY, " 26.—Prince Albert born, 1819.
WEDNESDAY, " 27.—*Toronto:* Annual General Meeting of Shareholders Western Assurance Co.
THURSDAY, " 28.—*Halifax, N. S.:* Biglin and Brown Boat Race, Bedford Basin.
Whitby, Ont.: Whitby Races.
FRIDAY, " 29.—*Whitby, Ont.:* Second Day, Whitby Races.
SATURDAY, " 30.—*Montreal:* Lachine Boating Club Boat Races.
Quebec: S.S. "Polynesian," for Liverpool.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

The 13th of August, the *casus die* which was looked forward to with much eagerness by men of all shades of politics and with anxiety by not a few, is past without giving us any new developments. Matters remain almost *in statu quo*, in the same unsatisfactory condition as before. It cannot be denied that the prorogation of Parliament at such a critical point of our political history is to be deeply regretted. The whole country was deeply interested in the matter at stake, and the universal feeling was that no delay should occur in subjecting the charges made against the Government to a most searching examination. It is true that at the close of the last session it was understood that on the meeting of the House in August an immediate prorogation should take place, but since that time further developments have been made which would have perfectly justified a violation of the understanding then entered into. This opinion is held by some of the staunchest supporters of the Government. It may safely be said that the news of the prorogation caused a feeling of considerable uneasiness. The effect on the general public was to strengthen the belief in the culpability of Ministers. It was argued upon the streets that had they been innocent of the charges laid against them, they would have hastened inquiry instead of delaying it. The phrase in most men's mouths was that "it looks very black." The Government was accused, not convicted. But the Government, instead of submitting to a trial at the hands of a House in which they had an acknowledged majority, preferred to be judged by their own nominees. Such a decision, though it is much to be deprecated, is at least a compliment to the uprightness of the ministerial members of the Commons. But what of the action of the Opposition supporters in the matter—we say nothing of the doings of Opposition members. The representative press of that party, which had hitherto, in the language of the English newspapers, indulged in language which would have shocked people at home, broke out in the fiercest denunciations. Some sheets did not even scruple to threaten the Governor-General, who throughout, it appears to us has maintained a most dignified bearing, and exhibited a most thorough understanding of his own position. A more foolish course than that adopted by the Opposition organs can hardly be imagined. Beginning with assertions they were not satisfied with advancing proofs, but immediately launched out into vituperation of the ignoblest kind. In one instance even deliberate falsification was resorted to, while in another, and a more pitiful one, a journal of great power among the party indulged in most unparliamentary language which it was afterwards shamed into retracting. But notwithstanding the fatal course pursued by the accusers the facts remain that the accused have for nearly five months remained under a cloud. To the honour of the latter be it said that in the nomination of their judges, Judges Day, Gowan, and Polette, they have at least shown themselves beyond blind partisan-feeling.

In the last number of the *Penn Monthly* the Editor says:—"The attempt to kidnap an adventurer who rejoices in the pseudonym of 'Lord Gordon Gordon' has occasioned much excitement in British America. It will be regarded there and in the Canadas as an attempt of a flagrant character to encroach upon British soil and doubtless stir up again the chronic anxiety about the designs of the United States with regard to annexation, which is one of the anxious fancies of the Canadian mind." We beg to suggest to the editor of the

Penn that he is entirely wrong, from his premises downwards. The arrest of the swindler Gordon created little or no excitement in British America. In Minnesota the excitement was intense. As to the statement that it will be regarded there (i. e. in British America) and in the Canadas as an attempt of a flagrant attempt, etc., we have no remark to make beyond the expression of a wish that Philadelphians would employ their spare time in studying up contemporary history. That "it will doubtless stir up again the chronic anxiety about the designs of the United States with regard to annexation" we utterly deny, while as to the statement that annexation "is one of the anxious fancies of the Canadian mind," we can afford to laugh at it. Some years ago it is true that annexation was one of the anxious fancies of the Canadian mind, but we have got over that. No: the feeling, as far as we can learn, that exists throughout the country with regard to that most unprincipled adventurer, "Lord" Gordon, is one of regret that he was not captured a few miles farther south. Unconsciously the writer in the *Penn* admits that the arrest of Gordon was illegal when he employs the term "kidnap." The excitement has entirely been on the American side, the Minnesotan journals vying with each other in their denunciations of British tyranny and in urging the people of the State to unite in rescuing the prisoners from "British dungeons."

(For the *Canadian Illustrated News*.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY AND CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY.

I promised at the commencement of these articles to be intensely original, and I have by no means lost the burning desire; but it seems my great misfortune to fall upon peculiarly hackneyed subjects. But I will try to act in harmony with my primitive design. English Aristocracy seems to be one of the most fixed institutions that vegetates on this globe. As I begin this article I am painfully convinced that even I will not be able to entirely root it out. But it is a pleasant thing to talk about, and it is no harm to have a ding at it now and again—it rather keeps the thing in motion. It seems a peculiar circumstance that almost all of the great writers of England in modern times have pointed their weapons at it. Some of them have hurled them with great force and directness, and still it stands, gloomy and grand. Dickens, the most popular and the most powerful of all modern novelists, has poured upon it the phials of his wrath, and wounded its feelings by the fangs of his satire: the nobility read and admire his works, but evince no disposition to resign their hereditary grandeur or to lessen their devotion to escutcheons and coronets. The peasantry of Great Britain, weep over his characters taken from their own ranks, and yet never abate in their obsequious reverence for titled dignitaries. Alfred Tennyson, the admired Poet-Laureate, has sung in sweetly flowing accents, that are repeated with profound respect by all classes of English people.

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue Heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

In his "Aylmer's Fields," he gives vent to the most pungent satire in reference to the absurd worship of family *prestige*. Still the English Aristocracy flourishes, nor seems to be yielding in the slightest. Its powerful breastworks appear proof against all the catapults, battering rams, and forty-pounders that may be hurled against them. And we, liberal and enlightened people out in America, who have learned to believe in worth rather than in birth, stand aghast at the spectacle, and mutely wonder why it is so and ask ourselves, "Will it never have an end?"

Unjust, unphilosophical and absurd, as I believe Aristocracy to be. I am not sure but that it has hitherto been a boon to the English people. The atmosphere of European countries has been favorable to its growth. With a poor, ignorant and degraded peasantry social distinctions become the inevitable, and although Lord Muteheds and Lord Verisophs has always existed, yet the gentry of the mother country has always been a tower of strength to the nation, and given it a dignity and power it could not have otherwise possessed. Lesser evils have ever been permitted to exist to prevent the introduction of greater ones.

But I have a strong conviction that the English Aristocracy is on the wane, and I don't mind giving the reasons. The age is becoming immensely liberal, which, in reality, is only equivalent to saying that it is becoming intelligent. Stringency and aristocracy are only necessary for restraining the outbursts of ignorant men; intelligent people require no such arbitrary checks, and may be safely trusted with their own government. Absolutism is almost a thing of the past, and confined nearly exclusively to savage countries. The people are becoming the sovereigns, and in proportion as intelligence becomes more generally infused, will popular rights be more and more respected. The social distinctions which prevail in England are chiefly due to the political institutions of the land. Make the one liberal and the other becomes so naturally.

When less than one century ago a nation was established in the New World upon principles of liberty and social equality, with no absurd distinctions of caste, it could not be possible that its influence would be lost on old aristocratic Countries. Europe has witnessed the rise of the United States into a powerful nationality, which after all is the great miracle of the nineteenth Century. Those tired of the perfunctory pretensions which prevail in European Countries, and which act as a barrier to the rising hopes of those whose only crime is poverty and humble birth, have sought a home in America, where all start in the race of life on an equality, and all may dare aspire to the highest positions. This alone must have its effect.

But, looking at England itself, there exist the strongest grounds for the hope that the day of ancestral pride is well-nigh done. See what the Liberal party has already achieved in the way of reform. See how each year the popular side has gained some new acquisition. See how the influence of the

Commons has steadily increased while the power of the Lords has steadily declined. The Sovereign of Great Britain, however much beloved and respected, is only a piece of political ornament whose functions are chiefly nominal. Just lately Mr. Gladstone has given the English a system of Free Schools, and the Education of the masses means death to the upper classes. But more, commerce is extending, manufactures are expanding; common people are getting rich; great noblemen are getting poor. Not only the "grand old gardener and his wife," but the opulent merchant and his wife, and afford to "smile at the claims of long descent." Memorial estates are becoming the property of successful grocers, and a general revolution is going on. The laboring classes are beginning to assert themselves. "More wages and less hours" is the cry, and consumers have got to feel these little things.

You cannot convince an Englishman that his country's aristocracy is on the wane. Not a bit of it. I have tried several times, in my poor feeble way; but it couldn't be done; even navvies grow indignant at the idea. But it is nevertheless. This is just as certain as the resurrection, and even J. B. (which stand for John Bull) has got to see and recognize it. None of us pretend to much admiration of such men as Sir Charles Dilke; but, after all, it will be seen some day that his greatest fault is that he is about a century ahead of his age. The abolishing of the purchase of Army commissions is not at all encouraging to the advocates of hereditary renown.

And now about Canadian aristocracy. If the reader was a good-humoured party, and I had him beside me, at the mention of the words "Canadian Aristocracy," I would slap him on the knee and burst out into a perfect guffaw of laughter. "Really, my dear fellow, too absurd. Ha! ha! Quite ridiculous altogether." But nevertheless we have the article. There is no question about that. After my laughter had subsided, I would forthwith grow serious, and as a reasonable and intelligent man, I would be bound to admit that it existed and flourished among us. "Here it is," as the old bachelor said when he discovered that a weeping waif had been left at his door, "and the question is what shall be done with it?"

"Yes, sir, Canadian Aristocracy, and what have you got to say about it?" Well, not much any further than just merely to have a look at the thing, and see what it is like. And here let it be remarked that it is not our titled nobility alone but must be considered: it is not a few Sir John's, Sir George's, Sir Frank's, Sir Hugh's, Sir A. T.'s, that are going to frighten us; these are comparatively harmless. It does them no good, and it does nobody else any harm, and we are not going to be dyspeptic about it. It is not our nature. We smile. Good honest Joel Phipps has never shed a tear on the subject, but then there are limits.

We visit a small seaport town in Nova Scotia, it is in the vicinity of some coal mine. Here once a year enters an English man-of-war, and remains for a few weeks. Here is where you find it. Gentle woman arouses herself. The sight of a provision ship to a starving city is a comparatively insignificant matter compared with the joy this brings to the hearts of the gushing damsels of this little village. Only a few of them, mind you. Most of them are daughters of tradesmen, who are making money, advancing the interests of the country, extending its commerce, developing its industries, and doing vulgar things generally. These unfortunate creatures have no lot or parcel in the matter. They have rosy cheeks, and rounded limbs; they are neither pale nor wrinkled, neither do they yawn, and hence are not fit for the mystic circle. But there is a class, the daughters of brilliant barristers, of half-pay clergymen, of the Judge of Probate and the Registrar of Deeds, and, possibly, the Sheriff, unless perchance, he "sprang" from the "lower ranks," these prepare to receive the veterans of the Navy. Out come the rouge boxes, and opera glasses, and white slippers. Now begins the luncheon at 12, and the dinner at 6; the ball at 10 p.m., ending at 3 a.m. Now for your toadyism, now let your insipid brothers attend to their own vulgar concerns, now produce your currant wine labelled '46 port. Now for your disgust at Americanism and everything that is "un-British." Here we have one example of "Canadian Aristocracy," a pretty successful counterfeit, but not encouraged by the climate or laws.

There are other kinds equally imposing that might be presented; but, like Alban Morley, we have an aversion to painful subjects. I am not distressed with fears lest our country should become infested with an aristocracy of exotic growth; I simply pity the poor isolated victims of this somewhat pardonable weakness. But there are phases of our social status that are worthy, perhaps, of a serious consideration—possibly, when in a serious mood, the idea may recur to me.

JOHN PIPERS.

(For the *Canadian Illustrated News*.)

THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

AUG. 13.—OLD LAMMAS DAY.

Lammas Day, says Blount, otherwise called Gale or Yule of August, which may be a corruption of the British word Gwyl-Awst, signifying the feast of August. Antiquaries are divided in their opinions concerning the word Lam, or Lamb-masse. Some suppose it was called Lammas-day, quasi Lamb-masse, because on that day the tenants that held land of the Cathedral of York, (which is dedicated to St. Peter and Vincent) were bound by their tenure to bring a live lamb into the church at high mass on that day. There is an old proverb "At latter Lammas," which is synonymous with the old "Ad Græcas Calendas" of the Latins, and the common saying, "When two Sundays come together," that is, never.

Others suppose it to be derived from a Saxon word, signifying loaf-masse, or bread-masse so named as a feast of thanksgiving to God for the first fruits of the corn, and seems to have been observed with bread of new wheat; and accordingly it is a usage in some places for tenants to be bound to bring in wheat of that year to their lord on or before the first of August.

The festival probably celebrated the realisation of the first fruits of the earth, and more particularly that of the grain harvest. When Christianity was introduced, the day continued to be observed as a festival on these grounds, and from a loaf being the usual offering at Church, the service and consequently the day came to be called Hlaf-Masse subsequently shortened into Lammas, as hlaaf-dig (bread dispenser) applied to the mistress of a house, came to be softened into the familiar and extensively used term lady.

For the Canadian Illustrated News.

MAIDS AND MATRONS.

(In reply to verses so entitled and published in the "Canadian Illustrated News," June 14th.)

- I. Happy thoughtless creatures, Whimsical and wild; Quite as full of fancies As a dreaming child. II. Gentle, happy beings, Bled with calm content, Radiant with a gladness Pure and heaven sent. III. Little feet and dainty Tripping o'er the ground. In the waltz or polka, Dancin' madly round. IV. Sober feet and steady, Sometimes very tired, But always neat and tidy As when first admired. V. Pretty little hands Full of roguish play, Making false pretences At needlework all day. VI. Useful hands and busy Ever swift to move, To ease by fond caresses The pain of those they love. VII. Arch, mischievous eyes, Brimming o'er with fun, Very often crying When the mischief's done. VIII. Eyes as true as gentle, Bright with steady gleam, Mild and loving radiance Shines in every beam. IX. Long and silken lashes Oft with tears suffused, Because their owner fancies She has been ill-used. X. Lashes long and golden Shading every glance, By their modest drooping Every charm enhance. XI. Eyebrows fine and shapely— Dangerous are these— Raised in scorn, or lowered As their owner please. XII. Brows still clear and graceful, Ne'er with passion stirred, Giving fit expression With each gentle word. XIII. Pretty shaped noses, But too apt to turn; Frequently retreating With surprise or scorn. XIV. Noses, clear-cut features For ornament and use, Testing, savory stuffing For turkey, duck, or goose. XV. Little ears too eager For their owner's praise, Fond of every scandal Envious tongues may raise. XVI. Ears all alert to listen For cry of pain or fear, But steadfastly refusing All tales of strife to hear. XVII. Cherry lips that tempt one When they sweetly smile, But, when discontented, Pointing the while. XVIII. Lips that sweetly utter Pleasant words and kind, Outlets for soul fondness, Portals of the mind. XIX. Bright and charming creatures, Matrons yet to be, When matrimonial unions Fulfil their destiny. XX. Maidens full developed; Women now complete, Knowing all the cares That motherhood makes [sweet. "Tom Brows."

For the Canadian Illustrated News.

A TRIP IN THE "ORIOLE."

The thought of having a trip down the river St. Lawrence along the south shore to Gaspé, thence to Anticosti, and back by the north shore was too irresistible, therefore the writer readily accepted the kind invitation of one of the owners of the yacht "Oriole," of Toronto, to accompany him and his friends on the voyage, more especially as it had been the writer's lot to make the passage to England two years previously with the inviter in the good steamship "Caspian," the pleasant recollections of which are still mutual.

The sailing qualities of the "Oriole" the writer had been long familiar with, as she had won laurels on the stormy lakes of Ontario and Erie, more particularly on the latter, where she had proved herself thoroughly staunch and seaworthy, and rode out gales that might have appalled any yachtsman, unless he had been related to the commander of the "Flying Dutchman."

A classical friend, in speaking of her, used to quote from an animated little poem of Catullus, that the gay Roman had probably written upon some favourite vessel, which, after long service, he had thus consecrated to the twin stars Castor and Pollux, and laid up near his beloved house on the peninsula of Sirmio. The poem thus commences:—

Phaselus ille, quem videtis, hospites, At fuisse navium celebrantibus Neque ullius nautantis impetum trabis, &c.

Which may be translated as follows and applied to the "Oriole":—

The bark, my friends, which you see here, Will tell you that it had no peer; And that no skiff that swam the main, Could get before it, strain for strain, Whether it flew with sail or oar, And this it says, not Adria's shore, With all its bluster can deny, Nor that Egean company, Nor glorious Rhodes, nor savage Thracæ, Nor Hellespont with either face, Nor the tremendous Pontic bay,— Where, till it took its watery way, It was a thing of sylvan locks, And nee'd, on the Cytorian rocks, To hiss and talk, with windy hair. &c., &c., &c.

The party, twelve in number, consisted chiefly of Torontonians, whom, upon the first introduction, the writer admired for their enjoying temper, what the Italians call Brio—a certain sparkling of the animal spirits—their blood seemed to run quick through their veins, their tempers were decidedly cheerful, and he found them from the first weighing anchor to the last dropping of the same, all jovial, courteous, hospitable; in one word, jolly; or, as an old nautical friend used to express himself, "happy as a mast-maker's dog among curled shavings;" and he desires at the outset to record his grateful expression of their uniform kindness, and to state that he is not about to write a description of the lower St. Lawrence, and the places visited, nor only the incidents of the voyage—the one has been already done ad nauseam in the "all round

guides" and the "tourist's guides," and the other would have nothing of marked interest to the general reader.

THE START FROM QUEBEC.

On the 15th day of July, in the year of grace 1873, at the hour of "post meridian half-past twelve," we began to weigh anchor, and in half an hour afterwards we were fairly under sail, and, blest with a favouring wind, we soon passed the island of Orleans. The day was deliciously clear, the burning sun tempered by the breeze, and large masses of the ever-changing cumulus clouds. The tin roofs of the houses, convents and churches which line the banks of the island and the south shore of the river shone and glittered in the sunbeams like burnished silver, and reflected their rays with intense brightness. We were all in buoyant spirits, the ladies—for we had two on board—keenly enjoyed the beautiful scenery, and at 4 p. m. as keenly enjoyed their dinner, which was as well served and as well cooked as on board one of the gulf steamers. Some who had never before visited the lower St. Lawrence were enchanted with the mountain defiles and the lofty banks of the river, whose slopes afford soil for a great variety of umbrageous forest trees. As we approached Kamouraska, a pretty village about ninety miles from Quebec, a stiff breeze or puff came down the gorge of the Malbaie river making a lively time in the cabin, and greatly alarming one of our lady passengers, and to such an extent that she rushed on deck pale with fright, her missal in one hand and a bottle of hartshorn in the other, and implored the pilot to land her at the first convenient spot. To stop at Murray Bay or Kamouraska was impossible, the sun had gone to rest, the wind had freshened, and there was every appearance of an approaching squall. The "Oriole," unmindful of her living freight, exulting felt the auspicious wind, and heeded not the curling waves, but bounded on like a proud horse spurning the ground as he rushes on to the war-cry, or to the cry of tally-ho! The Pilgrim's Light was soon passed, and the lighted windows of the houses at Rivière du Loup were shortly after seen twinkling in the darkness. Yet no landing could be effected—nothing for it but to run to the Brandy Pots, where we anchored in smooth water for the night, sincerely regretting not only the fright of our fair passenger, but the loss of the breeze, which would in all probability have carried us by the morrow's noon as far as Matane. The little bay in which we anchored, near the light-house, we christened "Persuasion Bay," out of compliment to the lady for whose comfort we laid over, as she said it was only by the greatest persuasion that she was induced to risk her life on board the yacht, and that no persuasion, not even that of the Bishop of Rimouski, would ever induce her to put her foot on board the "Oriole," unless she was snugly moored in harbour.

After breakfast we crossed to Rivière du Loup, landed our fair friend and her husband, whom we were sorry to lose, as he was proving himself not only a good sailor but "a jolly good fellow," one who had no sympathy with the sickly fellow who wrote some verses, off the Mingan, in 1853, against the art of navigation, as follows:

"Ah, sure the greedy wretch is pent In endless chains of deep damnation, Who first to plague us did invent The cursed art of navigation!"

Of all the heavy judgments passed On Egypt for her sins renowned, Salt water was reserved the last, And Pharaoh and his host were drowned.

All you who on the land abide, Our element to mourn us borrow: Let fall of tears, a briny tide, Salt water is the sign of sorrow.

Our fair friend evidently considered that a breeze on the "briny" was a heavy judgment, and that "salt water is the sign of sorrow," when with force the tempests blow, "and watery hills in dread succession flow." Upon saying Adieu she was loud in her protestations of gratitude to our pilot, Thomas Simard, of Quebec, than whom a more capable and cautious one does not exist. She rewarded him with a gratuity, and promised to offer up her prayers for all persons travelling by land or by water, &c., &c., more particularly for all those on board the "Oriole," and there was a faint murmuring upon her part about founding a chapel at Bic, to be dedicated to our Blessed Lady for the benefit of wind-bound pilots, where they could chant every day—

A-ve Mari-a! Car voi-ci l'heure sainte La cloche tin-te, A-ve Mari-a! Tous les petits anges au front radi-eux, Chantent vos louanges, O Reine des cieux!

Our other lady passenger, although suffering from sea-sickness, showed more courage, and continued with us during the passage to Gaspé, doubtless thinking that if there was any danger she had better share it with her husband.

About 10 a.m. Wednesday we left Rivière du Loup, but unfortunately the fair breeze of the previous evening had died out, and it was nightfall ere we passed the light-house at Bic. The night was clear, the sunset was a veritable feast for our eyes; it was followed by a brilliant aurora, which seemed to invade the entire celestial vault, and was at once a delight and astonishment for our minds.

On Thursday and Friday we had strong head winds, occasionally under double reef mainsail and foresail. During this time we were beating about between Metis and Cap Chatte, the monotony was only relieved by the number of porpoises and whales which came up to look at us.

EXCHANGE OF PORK FOR FISH.

Saturday we made but little headway, and various were the speculations when we should see Cape Rosier. Pools were made for midnight, but we did not arrive there for thirty-six hours after; it seemed that we should never get out of sight of the high mountains of Ste. Anne. During the morning we got close into shore somewhere about the river Pierre, and exchanged some freshly-salted pork with a fisherman for some halibut and codfish. We were liberal in our barter, giving him about four times the amount of pork, and of infinitely better quality, that he could have got in exchange from the truck-shops or fishing schooners. He was an intelligent, good-looking fellow; there was a merry twinkle in his eye, and a frankness and joyousness in his manner which was not exhibited by other fishermen that we saw in the Gaspé district. This joyousness was not so much to be attributed to the exceedingly good bargain he had made, nor to the re-

ceipt of a plug of tobacco, but more to a light heart, youth, and a strong constitution; he was not troubled with l'epouse, et les enfants, et la belle-mère. As he pulled away to his fishing ground we could hear the refrain of—

En roulant, ma boule roulant. En roulant, ma boule; Derrière chez nous 'ya-t-un étang, En roulant, ma boule.

How we should have liked to have seen him sitting down to his meal au lard frit, he would doubtless enjoy it as much as the epicure would canard sauvage en salmis and truffes au vin champagne, and perhaps much more so. The halibut and codfish that we had for dinner upon this day we would not have exchanged for the richest menu, even if it contained pâtés de foie gras, salades vénitienes, saumon froid, sauce Navigote, and these washed down with Johannisberg, Lafitte, and Tokay. We all ate most heartily, and should have done so, like the Governor of Baratara, despite all the aphorisms of the doctor of Tirteafuera, believing with Sancho Panza that "the viscera uphold the heart, and the heart the belly," and that it is fit we should be well fed to keep ourselves in readiness for the hard work of a yacht voyage.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday evening, the weather being fine and the yacht under easy sail, we indulged in songs, drank to the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty to this refrain:

"Drink to the Queen, my boys, drink! Our hearts are as full as our glasses. Who from the challenge will shrink? 'Tis a toast that all others surpasses. Then drink to the Queen, my boys, drink. Your hearts in your glasses caress her: Drink to the Queen, my boys, drink. Here's health and long life and God bless her."

The toast of "sweethearts and wives," was most enthusiastically received; a bachelor with a fine tenor voice led off, in response to the "sweethearts," with the following spirited song:

I love thee, I love thee! My raven-hair'd girl, Thy lips are the rubies, Thy teeth each a pearl: Thine eyes are the brilliants, In ivory set, Transcendently gleaming Thro' lashes of jet.

The married men, who formed the majority, in response to the "wives," sang in chorus "Home, Sweet Home!"

THE FIRST SUNDAY.

Sunday morning was ushered in with contrary winds and a rolling sea, consequently we could not conveniently have the morning service, as each man had to be at his post, more particularly the commodore, who throughout the passage evinced that cautiousness necessary for the well-being and comfort of all; therefore, as the duty of chaplain devolved upon him, we waited till 5 p.m. for the evening service, by which time the wind had abated and the sea gone down. There was no temple bell, but there was a spirit among all not to forget Him who holds the water in the hollow of His hand. There was a desire to assemble together in the little cabin "to set forth His most worthy praise, to hear His most holy Word." The commodore read in a plain and unaffected way the evening service of the church of England. The psalms of the day were not only appropriate, but they came with additional force after our three days beating against head winds.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

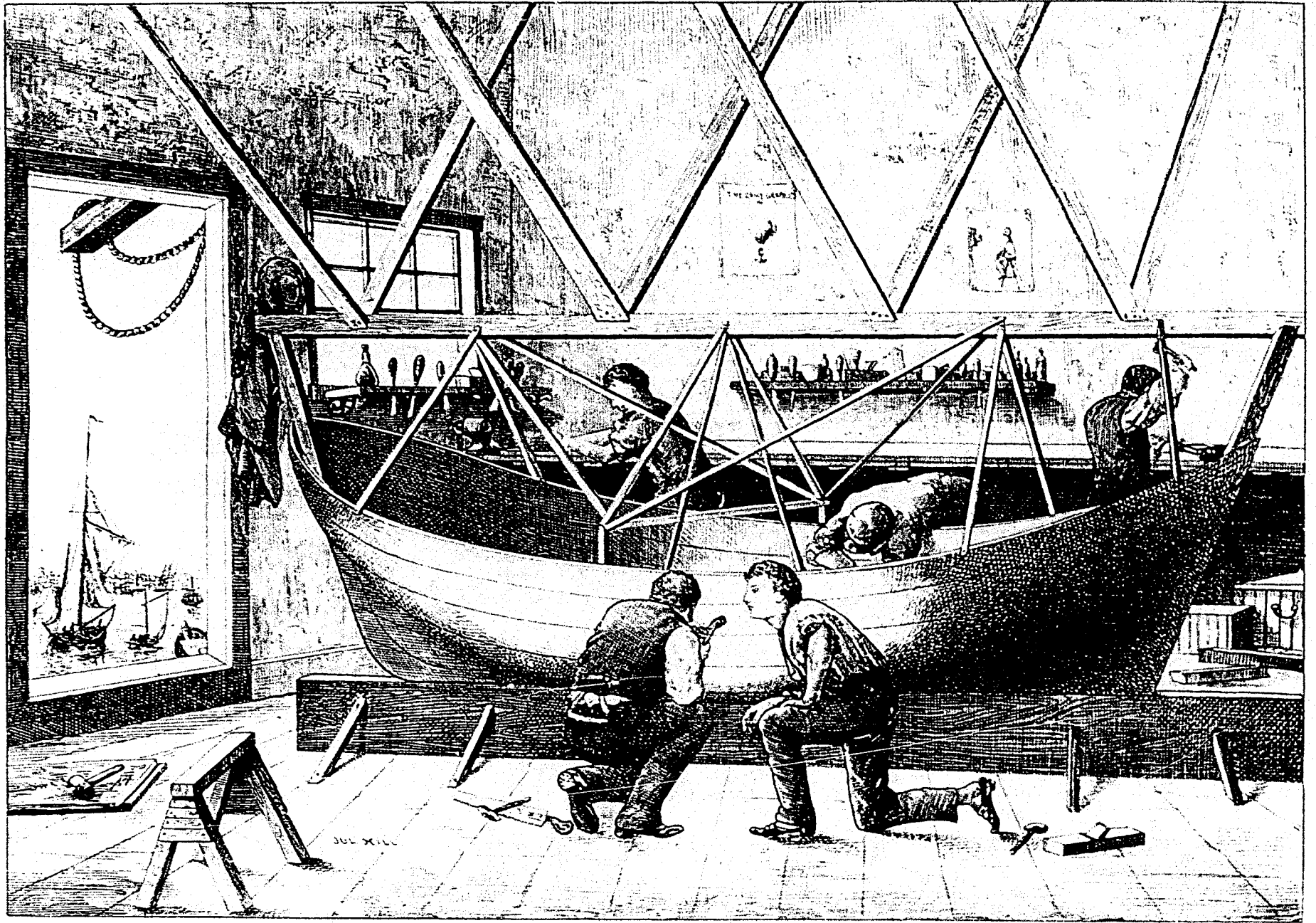
After the service we saw many very large whales, huge monsters of the deep, which recalled to our minds the magnificent description of God's great power in the Leviathan, as recorded in the 41st chapter of Job, and made us fully realize the saying of Milton:—

"Here Leviathan, Hugest of living creatures, on the deep Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims, And seems a moving land; and at his gills Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea."

CAPE ROSIER.

On the Monday we sighted Cape Rosier; when nearly abreast we hailed a fishing-boat; the fisherman hoisted sail and soon came alongside the yacht and landed some of our party at a little fishing station about three miles west of the light-house, and adjacent to a farm-house, the residence of M. Trudeau, ex-light-house keeper at Cape Rosier. Here we were regaled with some delicious milk, home-made bread and fresh butter; while partaking of this frugal repast the rain descended heavily, much to our regret, as we were anxious to proceed on our journey. We remained for about half an hour chatting with our host, and had with him a social pipe. The old gentleman, though long past three score and ten, was very cheerful; he pressed us to remain to dinner, and his invitation was most cordially extended by his daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Joseph Labelle. Time would not permit us to avail ourselves of their further hospitality, knowing that the yacht would be awaiting our arrival at Grande Grève. A hay-cart was soon provided with a thick bed of straw laid on its floor, and some heavy great coats for coverlids. After hasty adieus we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and tried to make ourselves jolly under the circumstances; but three miles over a rough concession road gave us a very uncomfortable jolting, shaking us to such an extent that had we been drinking rich cream it would have been churned into butter, and probably produced a nausea as bad as that our remaining lady passenger suffered from during all the passage; her sickness we deplored, chiefly on her account, as she was much prostrated; again, we regretted being robbed of her society. After half an hour's ride in the rain through a wretched farming country—the fields covered in some places with a little miserable grass, here and there patches of oats which may probably be in full ear by the time the harvest is ended in Ontario, the few sheep looked half starved, and, like their companion cattle, partook of that rugged meagre character so well portrayed in the pictures of Paul Potter and Berghem, probably from the luxuriant crop of thistles everywhere present—we arrived at Cape Rosier light-house, which we inspected. Mr. Auguste Trudeau, the light-house keeper, kindly explained everything connected with its construction and internal economy.

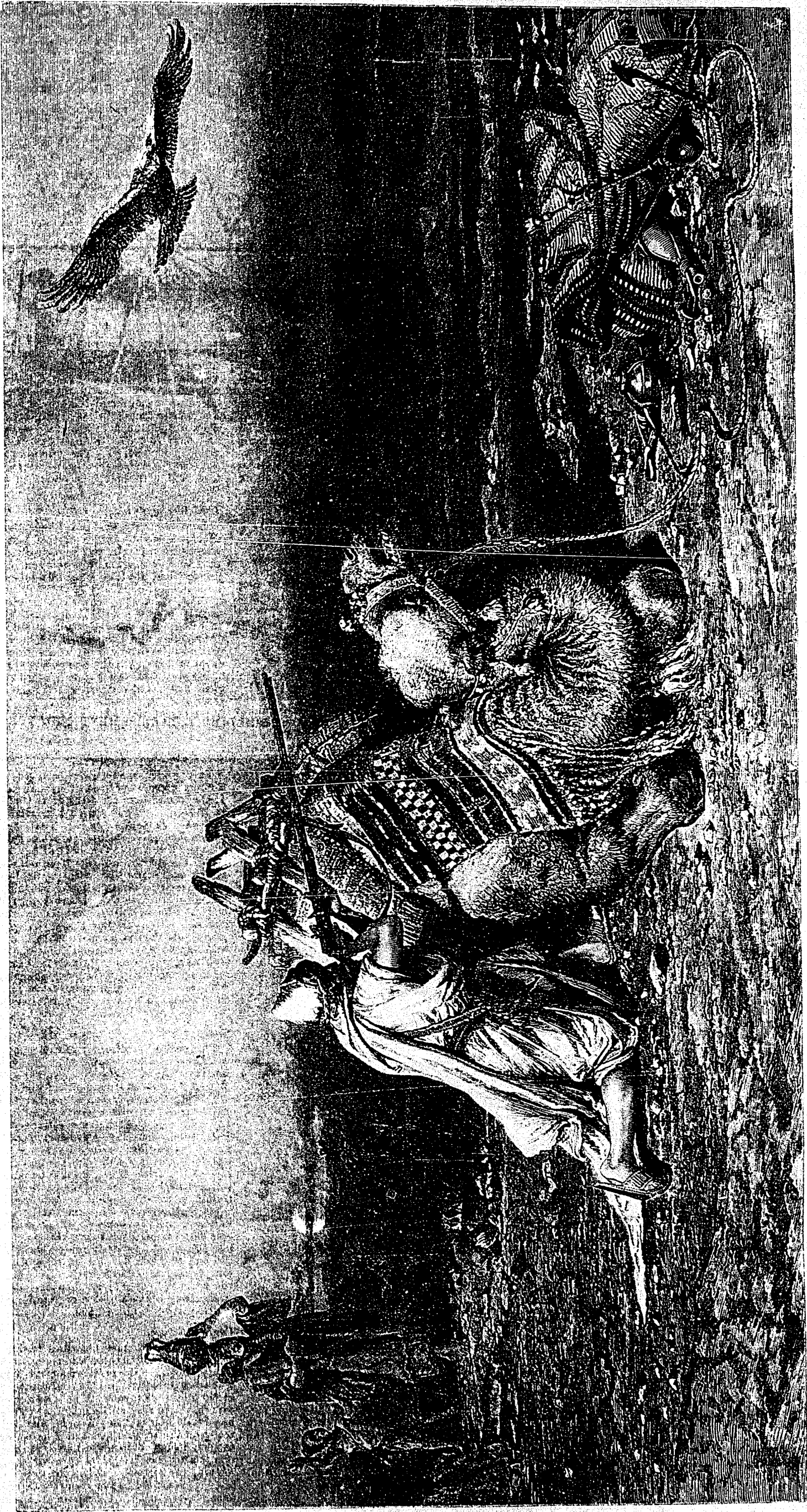
The light-house is one of Professor Kingston's meteorologi-



BUILDING THE BOAT FOR "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" BALLOON IN INGERSOLL'S BOAT-BUILDING ESTABLISHMENT, NEW YORK.



VIEW OF MONTREAL, FROM St. HELEN'S ISLAND.



THE SWOOPING TERROR OF THE DESERT.—By CARL HAAG.

cal stations, and is fitted up with a barometer, thermometer, rain gauge, and an anemometer for getting the force and direction of the wind, which can be fully and accurately determined, as the wind-gauge is placed on the point of a long, low, and flat promontory which juts out into the sea some considerable distance from the surrounding high mountains, thus possessing advantages over the wind instruments at the "Montreal Observatory," which are placed immediately under one of the steepest ledges of Mount Royal. Our inspection over, and having thanked the keeper for his courtesy, hospitality and kindness in forwarding telegrams of our safe arrival to our friends in Toronto and Montreal, whom we thought would be naturally anxious about us, as it had taken the "Oriole" six days to perform a passage which is done by the steamer "Secret" in thirty-six hours, we started on foot for Grande Grève, a small fishing settlement beautifully situated on Gaspe Bay, and separated from Cape Rosier Bay by a mountainous range.

THE ROAD FROM CAPE ROSIER TO GRANDE GRÈVE.

The first two miles was along the beach, by the margin of which we sauntered leisurely, picking up a few star fish, echinæ, and brachiopoda, stopping at intervals to watch the process of preparing and curing the codfish, which by next Lent may be seen under the shadow of the Dogana and Piazza di San Marco at Venice; or under the shadow of the Castle of St. Angelo, and the vast and wondrous dome of St. Peter's at Rome; or at the base of the marble statue of St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, giving a relish to the poor man's pumpkin seed and macaroni. In the preparing and curing the codfish the fishermen are assisted by their wives and daughters, whose labours are not accompanied with a merry song or cheery laugh, but rather with the sobs of weariness; instead of sunny cheeks and lightsome eyes there was to be seen only the pale and spirit-broken look of ceaseless toil and hopeless degradation—a degradation from which there will be little chance of redemption until the abominable and iniquitous truck system is abolished; there will be no kind hand ministered to them, nor cheerful voices making music in their homes, until this is consummated. The lives of the fishermen between Fox River and Percé being worse than that of the negro in the West Indies before emancipation, or the beggarly lazzaroni of Southern Italy; the labour of the negro being cheered by the luxurious vegetation of the cocoa-nut palm, the orange tree, the tamarind and the sugar cane; and that of the Italian by its olive groves, its sunny hills covered with vines and flowers, its monuments of past and mightier ages—wonders of art no longer to be equalled—fragments of an older and greater world! its scenes where genius and valour carried their patriotic daring and achievements to the highest summits of human greatness and devotion; its glorious shrines, temples, palaces and churches.

THE TRUCK SYSTEM.

The truck system is a system of bondage, a serfdom. The writer knows of no spot in Canada where human nature—manhood—is in a greater state of social degradation than on the shores of the codfishing grounds between Magdelaine and the Bay of Chaleurs, and he commends these wretched toilers of the seas to the notice of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, the Hon. Peter Mitchell, whose Christian name doubtless was given him by pious parents in remembrance of the Peter, from whose fettered limbs the Angel of God struck his chains and led him forth from the dungeon of the prison house to life and liberty.—the Peter who in his first general epistle says, "Above all things have fervent charity amongst yourselves—have compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful."

The petition of these fishermen is to you, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and it says: "Good sir, deliver us from the bondage of hard task-masters. This truck system is a hidden oppression which weighs heavily but silently upon our souls, sometimes upon our lives. It is an oppression which our tribunals do not punish, neither does philanthropy, which exercises itself in large cities for the prevention of cruelty to animals, attempt to mitigate, nor the Legislature to arrest. It is the indifference to our position we complain of. No song accompanies our labour; if we listen, we only hear a sound of dull and lagging footsteps, as of those that are weary in body and sick at heart. Have mercy upon us—let us have liberty."

It may truly be said that "night's daughter, Ignorance, have wrapt, and wraps" all round the district. At Cape Rosier and Grande Grève we cannot say of the poor fishermen—

with little blast
Patient of labour when the end was rest.
Indulged the day that housed their annual gain
With feasts and offerings, and a thankful strain.
The joys their wives, their sons, their daughters share.
Eased of their toil and partners of their care,
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smoothed every brow and opened every soul.

Not they seem to be ground down by abject poverty.

DESCRIPTION OF A MOUNTAIN PASS AND MORALIZING THEREON.

Here is a long halt by the way, we must now proceed on our journey. After leaving the huts of the fishermen the rest of the road lies through a mountain pass or gorge hemmed in by bold rocks about 1000 feet high—the ascent from the beach is sudden and abrupt—these rocks are sometimes covered with the dark green foliage of the fir, anon they are naked and ragged, fitting altars for the sacrifice of the ignorance and poverty of the neighbourhood, where the children look melancholy, and the pigs are attenuated, half-starved looking animals, with sharp pointed snouts, their chief food being the refuse and entrails of the codfish. The look and habits of the pigs which are probably infested with trichinæ, made us realize more fully the extra-brightening up of the fisherman's countenance off River Pierre, when we gave him some of the best mess pork that could be procured. There are few spots in Lower Canada where the eye can rest on wilder and more romantic scenery—yet without the rugged grandeur of the Saguenay district—than is to be found in this mountain pass, the top of which is about 800 feet high, exceedingly narrow, and beetles perpendicularly over the sea. It made us dizzy to cast our eyes so low; the sea-gulls that winged the midway air showed scarce as gross as sea-swallows, and the fishermen upon the beach appeared no larger than the inhabitants described in the interesting travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, more particularly the illustrious *HOUGHAMMA*, who were cut off from all commerce with other people, and

whose buildings were very rude and simple, and who had no occasion of bribery, or flattery, or pimping to procure the favour of any great man or of his minion; nor where there amongst them bullies and drunkards (as no spirituous liquor can be obtained at Cape Rosier from the truck-shops, without a certificate from the priest that it is wanted for medicinal purposes), neither were there to be found physicians to destroy their bodies, nor lawyers to ruin their fortunes, nor scoundrels raised from the dust for the sake of their vices, nor fiddlers, judges, and dancing masters. Would we could add they wanted no fence against the fraud and oppression of the factors who are the upholders of the degrading truck-system to which we have alluded.

In an umbrageous valley of this mountain pass, which is eminently beautiful we revelled; in it we collected a number of lichens, mosses, luxuriant ferns, and wild flora. At one turn a narrow path with crumbled rocks, then a deep glen with its bright green trees, filled up at the mouth with the bright azure sheet of the bay below, it looked but a step out of the leafy covert into blank infinity. Every turn of the valley was replete with beauty; to describe it wants the word painting of Ruskin, or the brush of a Creswick, or the poetry of a Wordsworth. It was green and woody and refreshed the eye:

"It was a spot which you might aptly call
The valley of seclusion."

Its very stillness was almost oppressive, there was no sound of birds, no lark at heaven's gate singing, no rossignols, no warblers of the wood, no exquisite harmony from the shrill treble of a flock of birds; no flocks or herds, no bleating of sheep or lowing of cattle; nothing but the soft melancholy of the alto of the moaning trees commingled with the bass of the unseen surge below. It was solitude—a solitude which is sometimes the best society—a solitude where the mind unburthens itself with ease and freedom—a sort of Vancluse wherein we could, in imagination, conjure up Petrarch retired from Love and Avignon, enduring the absence of his beloved Laura, and relieving himself from the false joys of a vicious and corrupted court—or the forest of Arden where the Duke with the melancholy Jacques and his co-mates and brothers in exile,

"Exempt from public haunt
Found tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The very stones preached to us, they seemed to say:—"Cry aloud, spare not the avarice and greed of those merchant-fishmongers—hard task-masters who permit in some instances the wives of the fishermen to salt down the flesh of the whale (whack) for winter food, and charge them exorbitant prices for the necessaries of life, so that the poor are always deeply in debt, and must either starve or fish." There is no escape—no competition for labour like that in the corn fields of Ontario; on the wharves of Montreal or Quebec; and in the wood-forests of Ottawa; no competition in open market where prices are regulated by supply and demand;—but they are doomed to live where the merchant buys the fish at his own valuation, and also barter out the goods sold at his truck-shop at his price, so that if fish is bought from the fisherman at half its value and the necessaries of life are sold to them at double their value, the merchant becomes rich and the fisherman becomes poor—miserably poor—there's no help for it.—Dives and Lazarus—the parable may occasionally be read with profit. The truck system is fraught with most awful consequences to the independence and moral condition of the poor fisherman. There can be no doubt that the moral and social condition of the poor of the district of Gaspé has been for a long period becoming degraded and deteriorated, and the writer believes that if the truck system were abolished and the fishermen were paid a fair price for their fish, or proper money wages for their daily labour, they would soon become more respectable in station, independent in feelings, and comfortable in circumstances. How can these poor Gaspé fishermen ever better their condition if by unfair means they are compelled to expend the whole of their earnings at the merchant's shop? There is no doubt that much injustice is done to them, and that great misery results to their wives and families.

If the fishmonger-merchant kept his shop for the purpose of securing good articles, at fair prices, to the fishermen, and he afforded no inducement to purchase at his shop except the superior cheapness and quality of his articles, there would be no reason to complain; but the cruelty which is at present inflicted on the fishermen by the purchase of his fish in goods, is often very severe—and the severity is proven by the horrible condition of the people.

The subject is commended to those merchants and traders who signed a requisition for an indignation meeting in Montreal against the "Pacific Scandal." It is further commended to the leaders of the Opposition,

"Whose ardent minds
Shape goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace, and liberty, and reform."

Assuredly men whose political eyes are too pure to behold an infringement of the liberties of the people's representatives, ought not to wink at the perpetuation of a system which depraves and degrades the poor fisherman. But let us now leave the topic, and let us most fervently hope that the attention of the Prime Minister may be called to it, for without descending to political abstractions it is the duty of a Prime Minister, more particularly if he adopts a conservative policy, to see that the voice of disaffection is not heard, and that the misery of depressive circumstances should be forgotten in the midst of physical enjoyment; and to consult the public interest, and to provide for the public good.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Penn Monthly* is late this month and hardly up to its usual standard. The most notable features are sections eleven and twelve of *The Conquest of Spain* by the Arab-Moors relating to the counter-movement produced by the rising of the Christians in the Asturias and the events which led to the establishment of the independent khalifate of Cordova; a neat verse translation of Horace's Ode to Thaliarchus; and a paper on the use of glazed tiles for mural decoration.

One of Colby's Pills will often prove sufficient.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

FLOWN.

"A wild, rebellious heart! he still, he still!
The flesh is so weak and the devil so strong,
And she was so fair,
Teach me, O Lord, submission to thy will,
O God! from off this hair, can it be wrong
To take this little relic of her hair?"

If 'tis wicked to worship a spirit so pure,
Or to press the pale lips be accounted a sin—
The lips of a saint!
Take courage, faint heart, to the end to endure,
Though thou perish, thy fellows to save and to win,
Lord, succour thy servant, whose faith is so faint!

O spirit glorified, canst thou look down,
Compassionate, from the pure angel band,
Kneel at God's throne,
Praying that my long patience win its crown,
And that my spirit join thee in that land,
Where thine, released from sin and pain, has flown?
N. P. M.

Montreal.

Miscellaneous.

Turkey a Naval Power.

Turkey now takes third place on the roll of naval countries. While England has 50, and France 30 ironclads or iron ships, Turkey has 19. The Turkish navy consists of the following vessels:—Five ironclad frigates, 5 wooden frigates, 7 ironclad corvettes, 2 monitors, 5 unarmoured frigates, 7 unarmoured corvettes, 6 unarmoured despatch boats, 4 wooden gunboats, 5 armoured gunboats, 56 transports, and 3 steam dragoes. Four of the ironclad frigates are steamers of 550-horse-power, and carry 16 guns. Four of the ironclad corvettes carry 4 guns, 300 pounders. The monitors each carry 4 guns, 250 pounders. Several ironclad frigates are in course of construction, and will shortly be added to this considerable naval force.

Lord Westbury's wit.

Lord Westbury, ex-Lord Chancellor of England, recently deceased, was the author of that sarcastic remark to a barrister with whom he was in consultation: "You had better turn this over again in what you are pleased to call your mind," and not long since he addressed the Peers as "your lordships, who are still by courtesy called learned." He was a short, stout man, with a round, rosy face, on which there usually played a soft, complacent smile. He was fond of yachting, and affected nautical ways—pilot coat, turned-down collar, and bare throat. He spoke with unctuous softness and deliberation, his words dropping from his lips like drops of honey, but the honey was always a little bitter. One of his most famous decisions was that in favour of the theological essays and reviews which made so much stir a dozen years ago. A sarcastic epitaph, composed about that time, thus commemorated him: "He abolished hell with costs, and took away from pious men the Church of England their last hope of everlasting damnation."

Cardinals' Physiognomies.

The London *Spectator* has been studying from photographs the physiognomy of the members of the College of Cardinals. Its judgment from the faces of the whole group is that they are "simple old men, with handsome, gentlemanly features, and very moderate brains. There is no one among them with a face quite so intellectual as Father Newman; no one with the true ascetic face of Dr. Manning; no dreamer, unless it be Bonaparte; no real Torquemada. There is but one strong aggressive face, with the fighting peasant beneath its steadiness (Cardinal Cullen); but one physically bad face, Casoli, who looks like a turf-man of the lower grade; and but one who would be taken for an English bishop, Filippo Sorso. There are but three who surpass the usual type—Monaco de Valetta, a superb face; Bonaparte, exactly like the first Napoleon, seminized; and Biario-Sforza, the imaginative man, who would, it is said, shake Europe by declaring for the democracies of the earth as against its kings. His face, with its steady eyes, clear-cut features, and broad determined chin, is that of a man who would have wielded the temporal power and saved Rome."

Costly Piety.

The general practicality of things which becomes apparent when two fond hearts are suddenly severed is illustrated by a late sad affair in England. A young and pleasing widower of 63 met and wooed a lady of the flighty and immature age of 45. For a time each seemed all that fancy painted, and their path was strewn with poetry and all that sort of thing. But the widower, alas! became estranged, and signified it in a letter to the lady. "I have had a good deal of unpleasantness," he observed, "since I saw you in the famly circle, and it is a dayley dish from the publick until I am hartley sick of it. Dear Aggie, do not let angry temper arise, nor animosity prevail against me for this, for I shall always entertain a friendly feeling towards you and all famley, and when we meet each other may it be with a friendly feeling until we meet in heaven, where parting shall be no more." Anybody would think that a kind and Christian statement like this should awake in reply sentiments equally pleasant. But no; that spinster did let animosity prevail, and having warmly remarked in answer, "You old hypocrite, how dare you write such stuff to me about us meeting in heaven?" she straightway began a breach-of-promise suit, and the widower's gentle piety cost him \$2,500.

Costly Beverage.

The City of Bremen possesses twelve hogsheds of what, according to certain calculations undertaken by the *Neue Free Presse*, must be the most expensive beverage in the world. The town purchased in 1624 twelve hogsheds of Rudesheimer at 300 gold thalers each. These were placed in the municipal cellars, where they still remain. At the end of next year these hogsheds will be 250 years old, and will, reckoning the interest on the original price at five per cent., have cost 790,680,000 Prussian thalers. The waste of wine from evaporation is always estimated at five per cent. per annum; there remain, consequently, only 465 bottles of the original supply. This annual loss has been made up by means of old wine found in the cellar. Calculating the price of a bottle of this wine at one thaler only, the 216,000 bottles which will have

been thus added by the end of 1874 will be worth 3,427,920,000 thalers, granting the same rate of interest, five per cent. At the end of next year the twelve hogsheds thus replenished will have cost 4,218,500,000 thalers, giving an average of 244,132 thalers per bottle. The hogsheds are not, however, all of the same value. They are filled up on a system by which the wine added must, in the course of time, pass through all the eleven hogsheds before reaching the last, which contains the oldest and most precious liquid, each drop of which, reckoning a bottle at 1,000 drops, is now worth 56,000 thalers.

High Life in Yellow Covers.

It is remarkable that the principal characters in cheap literature invariably belong to the very highest ranks of society. Sometimes the hero is a poor man; but, in that case, he always turns out to be a nobleman eventually. Even Mr. Disraeli's novels pale their ineffectual fires before the glow of more than ducal magnificence which pervades the pages of these serials. Social rank is recognized as being a very serious matter, too—a thing not to be trifled with. It is all very well for an ex-Premier of England to speak of baronets by their surnames only, and of lords with similar familiarity; but no such flippancy can be permitted here. The name and title should be given in full. If it is a large sounding name, with plenty of syllables in it—such as "Sir de Montmorency Plantagenet"—so much the better, and the whole should be repeated every time the person in question is referred to—thus: "Lord Reginald Fitzalan gazed fixedly on Lady Mabel de Vavassour for some minutes before either spoke." Every-thing that can keep up the sense of an aristocratic atmosphere is carefully dwelt upon. Chocolate is handed "in a cup worth a matter of forty guineas or so." The faithless lover leans his heated brow upon "the elegant marble mantel-piece," and the damsel whom he has betrayed buries her sobbing face in "the soft cushions of crimson velvet." Every-body is in a chronic state of evening dress. According to some of the engravings, the ladies wear it in the day-time, and even make rowing excursions in low bodices. But the engravings are not always to be depended on; in fact, there is a slight suspicion of the occasional use of old blocks, which have already done duty in another capacity; for a ship's cabin sometimes presents astonishing dimensions, and appears to have its roof supported by large marble pillars. Perhaps, however, this merely arises from a vague desire to impress the importance of the hero's social position upon the mind of the reader.

Our Illustrations.

VIOLA.

Viola is certainly one of the most lovable of Shakespeare's heroines; and, according to Mr. Herrick, the artist whose picture we engrave from the Academy exhibition, she is also one of the most paintable. She is beautiful, yet full of sweet, graceful humility; wit and intelligence beam in her bright eyes, yet her mien is engaging and harmless; and we know that her love for the Duke, into whose service she entered disguised as a page named Cesario, was tender, constant, and true, even before the momentary danger of death. The artist helps us, we think, to realise such a character as she stands before the Duke uttering the lines quoted in the catalogue from the fourth scene of the second act of "Twelfth Night":—

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

How prettily the boy's suit becomes her maiden figure! How lovingly appealing is the expression of her fair face! With what modest embarrassment does she handle her cap! Was so handsome a page ever seen? Yet, withal, sadness and hopelessness bow her head and blanch her cheek. Inevitably we must recall her own description of the maiden (meaning herself) who

Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on monument,
Smiling at grief.

FORT NIAGARA.

Fort Niagara stands at the mouth of the Niagara River, on the American shore in the State of New York, and is a place of considerable historic interest. It is one of a chain of forts originally constructed by the French, extending from Quebec on the St. Lawrence to Fort Chartiers on the Mississippi. It was built soon after the peace of Utrecht (1713) by De Vaudouin, French Governor of Canada, and was at the time of its capture by Sir W. Johnson considered a very strong fortress. Part of the original structure is still standing, the central building shown in the centre of the sketch and the square tower-like building to the left are said to be parts of the old French fort. On the first of July 1759, the British General Prideaux with an army consisting of 350 regular and Provincial troops, and 1,500 Indians, under Sir William Johnson, having embarked at Oswego, landed a short distance below the Fort at a place called Little Swamp, (now known as Bear Creek, N.Y.) and immediately laid siege to it. The regular troops engaged in this expedition consisted of the 44th and 46th regiment of the Line. The Grenadiers and light infantry of the 4th Battalion Royal Americans, and a detachment of the Royal Artillery. On the 9th July General Prideaux was killed by the accidental discharge of a mortar, and the command devolved upon Sir W. Johnson. On the night of the 12th July, M. Dumas with 1,500 men attacked the British siege works, but owing to the darkness of the night his troops got into confusion and fired upon each other and were easily driven off by the British. On the 23rd July, General Johnson hearing that the garrisons of Detroit, Venango, Presque Isle and Le Bouf had concentrated at the foot of Lake Erie for the purpose of relieving Fort Niagara, marched out with the main body of his troops and attacked them near the Falls on the morning of the 24th and after a sharp engagement routed them with heavy loss, taking their commanding officer prisoner. On the 25th July M. Ponchot, commanding officer of Fort Niagara, seeing no hope of relief surrendered the Fort with its garrison, consisting of 600 men. They were allowed to march out with the honours of war, and were afterwards sent back to France by the British Government. The next we hear in history of Fort Niagara, is

during the last war between Great Britain and the United States, 1812-1813. It was surprised and captured by a small detachment of British and Canadian troops under Col. Murry, at 3 a.m., on the 19th December, 1813. It was garrisoned by about 400 American regulars, both infantry and artillery, under the command of a Capt. Leonard, who, on the morning of the attack was sleeping at his home about three miles from the Fort

THE SPOT WHERE THE LATE BISHOP WILBERFORCE WAS KILLED,

by a fall from a stumbling horse is a place called Evershed's Rough, from the name of the neighbouring farmer, which is on the bridle-path along the valley beneath the southern slope of the chalk hills, Rammoor-common, White Downs, and Hoekhurst or Aekhurst Downs, extending from east to west between Dorking and Guildford. The illustration for which we are indebted to the *Illustrated London News*, is from a view taken by the Surrey Photographic Company, Guildford. It shows the cross which was cut in the turf, immediately after the removal of the Bishop's dead body, to mark the precise spot of his fall. A few yards behind is the slight hollow in the ground where the horse stumbled and cast its rider head-foremost out of the saddle.

THE SWOOPING TERROR OF THE OF THE DESERT.

The large drawing we have is one of an extensive series of Oriental illustrations which Mr. Carl Haag has given to the art-world from his personal observation in the East, particularly from experience gained in a journey made about twelve years back, when he penetrated as far as Palmyra, the "Queen of the Desert." Many of the series have represented incidents of Arab life in the desert—incidents often graceful and tender, sometimes pathetic and terrible, but always picturesque and romantic. Several of such representations have, like the present work, worthily occupied places of honour in the Old Water-Colour Society's exhibition.

We have heard much of the dangers of traversing the Asiatic and African deserts; and just now the subject is rendered prominent by the narratives of the sufferings of the Russian troops in crossing the steppes of Central Asia. But the particular danger indicated in this picture is probably less familiar, though it appears to be of not very un-frequent occurrence. In winging its flight over the arid waste of the desert, an eagle, pressed with hunger, will, without waiting for its rations from death, like the vulture or the carrion crow, sometimes attack living animals, and even man. Spying out its prey from an incredible distance, it will, like lightning, swoop down in ever-lessening circles, seize in its talons and carry far out of sight, a good-sized sheep or goat; or failing these, it will snatch away an infant or small child, if left for a moment unguarded. The appearance towards nightfall of such an enemy may well alarm these lonely travellers, unprovided, as they are, with any protection overhead. A single Bedawee usually travels without a tent, such shelter being generally provided by the Arabs only when they journey in company or encamp for a season. This poor Bedawee family are preparing to pass the night in mid desert, near a kind of oasis. The sun's last ray is vanishing athwart the group; the moon has risen above the Eastern horizon. The man was about to draw from the saddle-bags the scanty provisions for their frugal meal; the wife had gone to some near pool or fountain for water, and is now returning with her antique-shaped jar balanced on her head after the fashion of her ancestresses of thousands of years ago; she has her children about her; a bebe is on her arm, and elder boy toddles at her side. All around is silence and solitude—when suddenly is heard in the still air the clinging wings of the rightly-named "Swooping Terror of the Desert." Instantly, however, the father, ever ready as the champion of his wife and children against all comers, is on his knee by the side of his camel, so as to take steadier aim with his long gun at this aerial robber. Instinctively the mother pauses not to disturb his aim, and her bebe clings closer to her neck; but the brave boy, confident in his father's prowess, is already elated in anticipation of seeing their dire enemy fall dead to the ground.

From the *Daily Graphic* we copy an illustration showing the construction of the boat to be attached to Prof. Wise's balloon.

ANOTHER SKETCH TAKEN ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND

shows the view of Montreal obtainable from the northwest side of the island above the officer's quarters.

THE ROTUNDA OF THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

The illustration on page 124 gives us a most striking coup-d'œil. From the goodly company assembled under the great rotunda one may form a very fair idea of the motley crowds that have been thronging to Vienna during the last two months. We have them all here, Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and Judea, and Cappadocia, mingling with stout John Bull, spry Yankees, lively Frenchmen and stolid Germans, representatives of Spain and Italy, far off Australians, and peasants from Styria and Carinthia; Russians, Sandwich Islanders and Arabs, strangers from the uttermost ends of the earth in fact.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

The homely Old English style of the proverb, as well as the costume of the figures in the artist's design for the illustration, reminds us of certain scenes and dialogues in the comedies of Shakespeare, where a lady of rank, condescending to invite the free talk of a favourite jester or "clown," hears from him, under guise of a quaint and whimsical fancy, the suggestions of wholesome practical truth. Countess Olivia, for example, finds it worth her while to tolerate the impertinence of her privileged fool, though Malvolio says, "I marvel, your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal." The merry fellow himself does not own the customary name of his profession. "No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia will keep no fool till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards be to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, no-her fool, but her corrupter of words," that is to say her pun-ster. Such another humorous rogue is found in the domestic service of the grave Countess of Roussillon, in "All's Well that Ends Well," and his mistress calls him a foul-mouthed calumnious knave. The conversation of Rosalind and Celia with Touchstone, in "As You Like It," run in the same key. They make the fool welcome as "the whetstone of their wits," but he proves far more sharp than they supposed, and afterwards helps them to escape to the Forest of Arden. It is a cast of parts which Shakespeare much likes to exhibit; and he would have put into the mouth of this jester, upon the occa-

sion represented by the artist, some amusing comparisons of the peacock's finery with that of the sumptuously-attired dame who is admiring this splendid bird. The mere moral lesson of the proverb is trite enough.

Fun.

"What's the date of your bustle?" was what an anxious papa of Cobleskill asked his well-dressed daughter, after searching for the latest copy of his paper.

Susan B. Anthony wants the name of the Pullman cars altered either to Pull-man-and-woman or Pull-respective-of-sex cars. At the depot, on Monday evening, an eager-looking man jumped from the train and clasped a waiting woman to his arms. "Heavens, my wife!" said he. "Mercy! my ruffles," said she. Which showed what both were thinking of.

The Girl of the Period does not condescend to notice trifles. One of this variety recently had occasion to write to her mother. She added in a postscript: "Please direct your letters to Mrs. John Smith. I am married." Short, if not sweet.

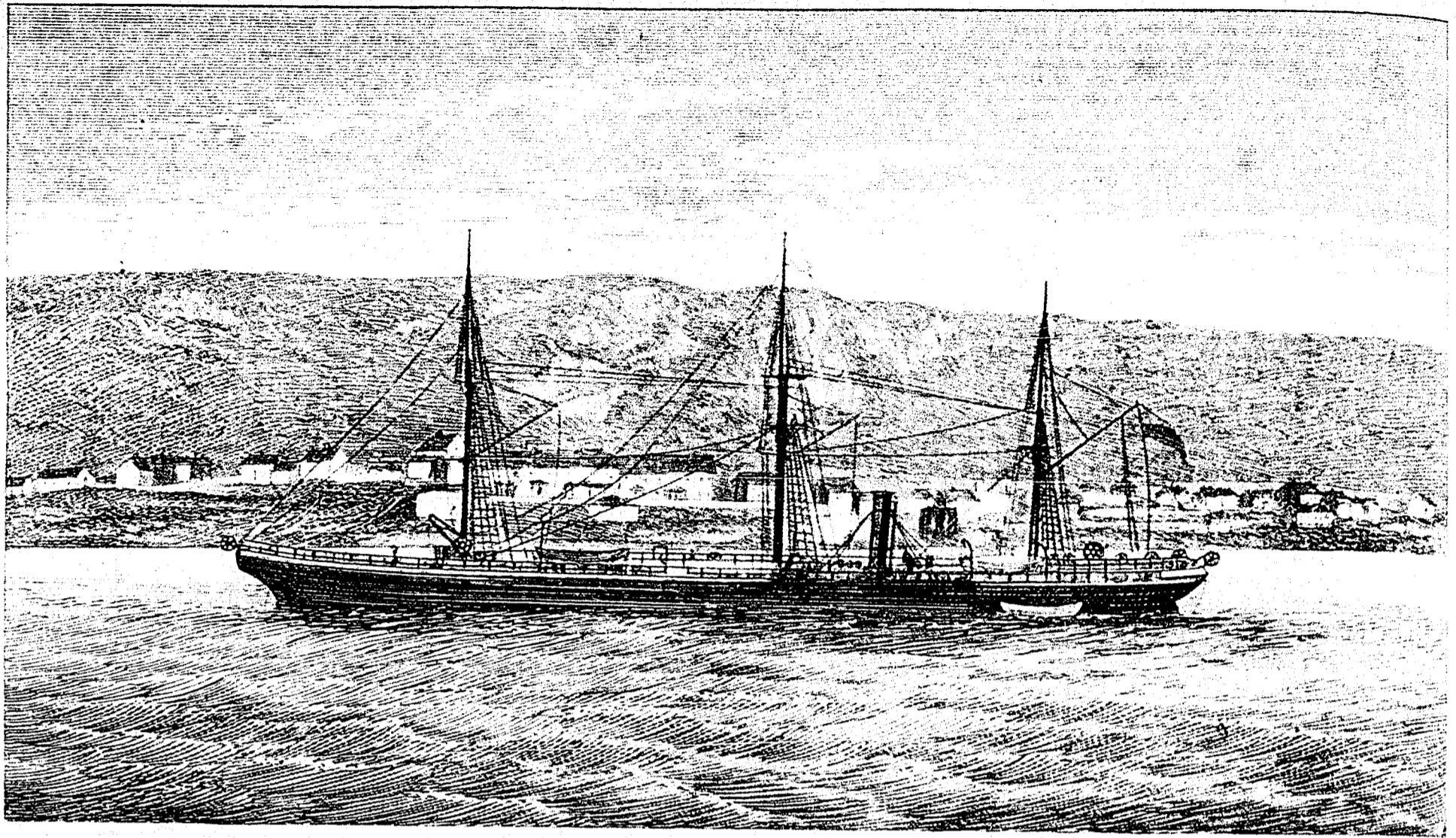
A Georgia paper recently contained the following item in its society gossip: "The amiable and delicious Miss Pilkington, whose charms of mind and person have turned the heads of our gallants, now does her hair in braids, and patronizes this paper exclusively in her personal make up."

Mr. John Owens, who lately died at Jackson, aged 114, was in some respects a remarkable man. He blushing admitted that he had used whi-key since he was ten years o'd, and had chewed tobacco and smoked, more or less, for one hundred and three years, but he never claimed that he had seen Washington.

His name was Baumgardner. He was going down to Cape May on the steamboat, and on the way his tooth began to ache in the most frightful manner. Unable to endure the pain any longer, he determined to have the tooth removed summarily. So Baumgardner got a bit of copper wire from the engineer and twisted one end around his tooth, and when the boat stopped at Newcastle he fastened the other end of the wire to the walking-beam of the engine, and waited for the jerk that would remove the tooth. The end of the beam, however, was on the down stroke, and the first thing Mr. Baumgardner knew he was proceeding toward the boiler-room with frightful rapidity. The next instant he was hauled aloft suddenly and flung feet upward into the air. Then he dived down again, then up, then down, bumping against the wood-work, rasping his legs on the rails, scalping himself against the machinery, and plunging about in the most appalling manner, until on a final up-stroke the tooth gave way, and Baumgardner was flung to the summit of the smoke-stack, whence he was rescued by the captain, who was going to thrash him for stopping off the draft. He is said to have remarked to the landlord upon his arrival at Cape May that while the low pressure steam engine is undoubtedly a useful invention, its application in the practice of the science of dentistry would be calculated to prejudice the public mind against it.

Since Mr. O'Clarance's Fourth of July celebration, says the Danbury man, North street has been comparatively quiet. But last night it was again aroused. It appears that one of our Main street clerks is keeping company with a young lady living in North street. And her father is opposed to his society, or at least that has been the impression since a fortnight ago, when he poured a tea-kettle of hot water on him. But having healed the burns, the young man determined to capture the girl in spite of the parent, and laid plans for an elopement, which was to have come off last night. The stern father received intelligence of the plan through the perfidy of the servant who had been taken into the confidence of the young people, and he concealed himself in the shade of a lilac bush, just under the window of the depraved daughter. At 12 o'clock the young man approached the spot, standing so close to our friend in the lilac bush that he could almost touch him, and could quite smell the sweet oil. A moment later a head appeared at the window, a brief whispered conversation followed, and a comforting bundle of things was dropped down, and the head retired. The young man, whose skin was off in places, and who was undoubtedly thinking of angels chasing pond-lilies across rainbows, held his hands up to catch the bundle, when he became suddenly aware that he was gripped by the legs, and in the next instant he was hurled through the air, and went nose first into an onion bed. When he got on his feet he did not pause to look up the cause of the trouble, but threw himself over the first fence and struck out for home, content to wait until the paper came out for the particulars. The first intimation the young lady had of the modification of the programme was the appearance of her father at her door, who politely extended the bundle, and kindly observed: "You dropped something out of your window, Miss." She had

croquet is not designed for the development of muscle, but merely for the enjoyment of recreation. When a man puts the preponderance of his strength in the blow he fails to progress in the game, and not only that, but he loses so much of the enjoyment, and merely expends strength that may be required to take him off the premises. An accurate eye for measuring distances and defining directions is about all the capital required in a safe and nourishing game of croquet. Considering what an excellent citizen he is in all respects we are led to regret that Mr. Hennessy did not possess these facts previous to last Monday evening. On that occasion he played his first game. There was a nice party of them on Mr. Warford's lawn, and several elderly ladies, members of the Khidgluy Mission Society, were seated on the stoop, having had a very enjoyable tea. Mr. Hennessy waited very expectantly for his turn at the game, at the same time swinging his right arm and slapping his chest to warm up his muscle. When his turn did come he determined he would surprise the congregation. And he did. He looked at the other players patronisingly and at the elderly ladies affectionately, then he raised the mallet and carefully measured the distance, and took in all the bearings between him and the ball. Then he swung it around his head once or twice, and the next minute it cut through the air like a flash of lightning, and descending square and accurately to the aim, lifted that ball into the air and drove it full against the shin of the amiable president of the Khidgluy Mission, who immediately rolled off the stoop, and went kicking and screaming into a Michigan rose bush. The awful concussion of the blow broke the head off from the handle of the mallet, and that distressing article contributed some new and startling phases to the disaster. After making several unsuccessful lunges at players whose unbleness alone saved them, it skipped across Mr. Warford's nose, taking off some two dollars worth of skin, and flying upward came down with unexpected force upon the crown of the Vice-President of the Khidgluys, who was making herself hoarse in behalf of her unfortunate superior, and brought her jaws together with such force as to nearly deprive her of one-third of her tongue. The unfortunate Mr. Hennessy appeared to be the only one to retain his presence of mind. He buttoned the mallet-handle under his coat, and threw his hat into the street, and then watching his opportunity, dashed in and caught one of the president's struggling legs, and immediately pulled her out of the rose bush and on to the walk. Then he put three of the balls in his pocket, hung his watch on the pear tree, and went home, smiling in the most imbecille manner indescribable.—*Danbury News.*



NEWFOUNDLAND.—VIEW OF HEART'S CONTENT, SHOWING CABLE TERRACE AND THE STEAMSHIP "EDINBURGH."



ENGLAND.—EVERSHED'S ROUGH, NEAR DORKING, WITH THE CROSS CUT IN THE TURF WHERE BISHOP WILBERFORCE LOST HIS LIFE.

THE STEVENSON MEDAL.

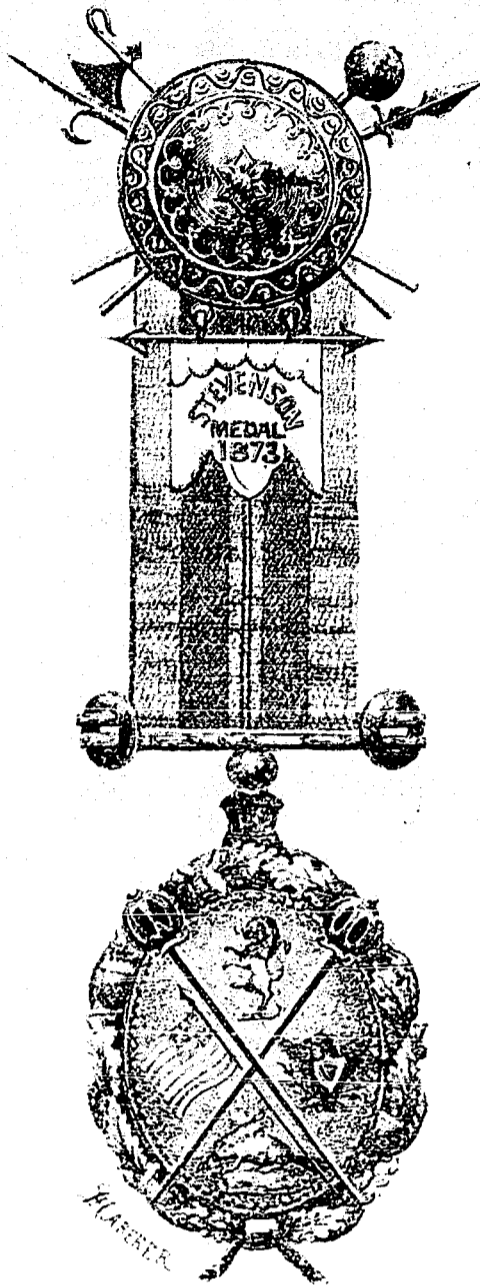
This medal—it takes its name from Col. A. A. Stevenson, of Montreal, one of the past presidents of the United Caledonian Association of North America—was presented by the Philadelphia Caledonian Club to the N. A. U. Caledonian Association for competition at the gathering which took place in the latter city on the 11th inst. Only *bona fide* members of a Caledonian Club were admitted to the competition, and the winner must carry it off a second time in three years before it becomes his property. The medal is made very much after the style of that presented last year by the Caledonian Society of Montreal to the N. A. U. C. Association; and it was owing to the beauty of design and the exquisite workmanship of the latter that the maker, Mr. Miller, of Montreal, received the order from Philadelphia to make one after a design which was sent through for the approval of the Association. It will be seen that the implements in use at Scottish games, such as the hammer, caber, quoits, etc., enter largely into the ornamentation of the medal: The obverse is a metallion in dead gold, quartered with broadswords crossed saltirewise and bearing the Scottish Lion, the American flag and arms, and the arms of Canada; the whole enclosed in a thistle wreath. The reverse presents a plain burnished gold surface with the following inscription:—

PRESENTED
BY THE
CALEDONIAN CLUB
of
PHILADELPHIA
to the
N. A. U. CALEDONIAN
ASSOCIATION.
August 11th,
1873.

The whole forms a price of workmanship which is a credit to the maker and to the city.

HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The little harbour of Heart's Content, now so famous as a landing site of Atlantic cables, is formed by an indentation on the southern shore of Trinity Bay. This Bay is one of the noblest estuaries in Newfoundland, being thirty-five miles wide at its mouth and stretching inland upwards of seventy miles. The scenery around its shores is magnificent. The harbour is about thirty miles from the mouth of the Bay. No finer site for the landing of cables could be imagined. The entrance is narrow but deep, and is guarded by two small headlands. The harbour is an irregular oval in shape, and about two miles and a-half in circuit. It is completely land-locked, and has ample depth of water to float even the "Great Eastern." Cables landed here are safe from icebergs which, with their grinding keels, would crush the slender rope of wire in shallow waters. Around the shores of the harbour are scattered the wooden cottages of the fishermen, the total



THE STEVENSON MEDAL: PRESENTED BY THE CALEDONIAN CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA TO THE N. A. U. C. ASSOCIATION.

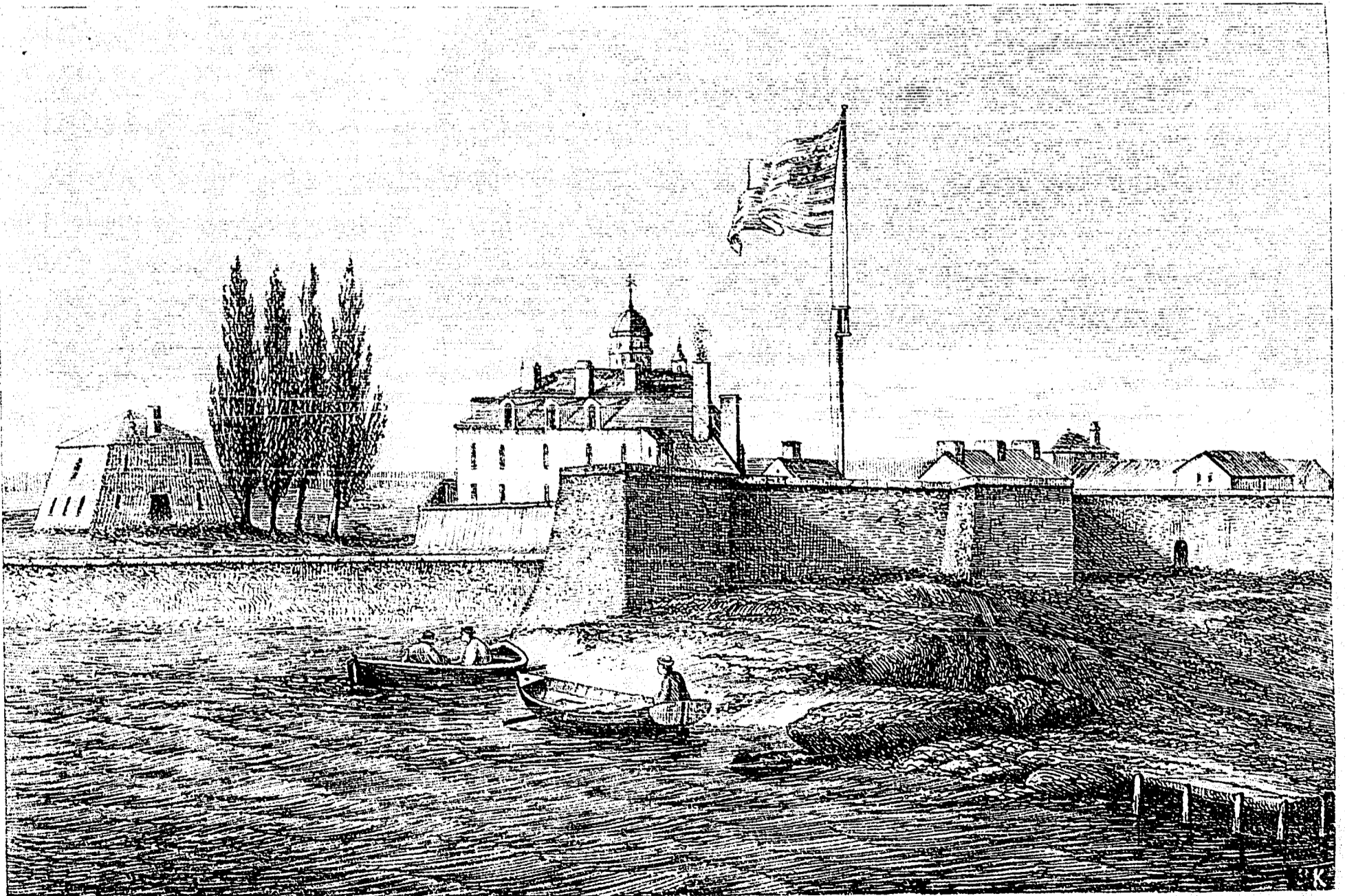
population being about 900. A handsome range of buildings has been erected by the Telegraph Company as residences for the staff of operators and their families. It is quite an ornament to the village. Behind this block is another range of buildings containing the offices of the company.

It was an impressive sight when on the evening of June 27th, just as the sun was sinking below the western horizon, the "Great Eastern" slowly glided past the little headland, and stretched herself in all her majestic proportions across the mouth of the little harbour. There stood the famous ship; her lofty masts and yards, her whole huge bulk in strong relief against the sky glowing with the last rays of the setting sun. It was a sight once seen could never be forgotten. On the morning of that day she had accomplished her wonderful task, and without a single stoppage or mishap, had laid a cable across the Atlantic in eleven days.

The "Hibernia" and "Edinburgh," the other vessels of the cable fleet, arrived later on. The latter having parted company during the gale of the 23rd, came in only on the 29th, the "Hibernia" was delayed during the gale of the 27th and arrived the following day.

THE FIRST MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

The following account of the first meerschaum pipe has been published by Messrs. Pollak & Son, pipe manufacturers, in New York:—"In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the capital of Hungary, Karol Kowates, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood, &c., brought him into contact with Count Andrassy, ancestor of the present Prime Minister of Austria, with whom he became a favorite. The Count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a large piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinarily light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must naturally be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the Count, and one for himself. But in the pursuit of his trade he could not keep his hands clean, and many a piece of shoemaker's wax became attached to the pipe. The clay however, instead of assuming a dirty appearance, as was naturally to be expected, when Karol wiped it off, received, wherever the wax had touched, a clear brown polish, instead of the dull white it previously had. Attributing this change in the tint to the proper source, he waxed the whole surface, and, polishing the pipe, again smoked it, and noticed how admirably and beautifully it coloured; also, how much more sweetly the pipe smoked after being waxed. Karol had struck the smoking philosopher's stone; and other noblemen, hearing of the wonderful properties of this singular species of clay, imported it in considerable quantities for the manufacture of pipes. The natural scarcity of this much-esteemed article, and the great cost of importation, in those days of limited facilities for transportation, rendered its use exclusively confined to the richest European noblemen, until 1839, when it became a more general article of trade. The first meerschaum pipe made by Karol Kowates has been preserved in the museum of Pesth, which, by the way, was the native city of Mr. Pollak, sen."



FORT NIAGARA, FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

ABSOLUTION.

<p>I. I am so sorry. No you are not. I will do better. Better than what?</p> <p>III. I have been thinking— Ah, that is news! We should part kindly. Just as you choose.</p> <p>V. Careless and scornful? Ah, not so fast! But I forgive you. Wait till you're asked.</p>	<p>II. Better than you, sir. Couldn't, if you tried. Men are conceited. Can't be denied.</p> <p>IV. You are unfeeling! You are in tears! None of your business! So it appears.</p> <p>VI. Now I am going. We cannot part! What is to hinder? Fate, and—my heart.</p>
<p>VII. What are you saying? You will be mine? You are so—precious! You are—divine!</p>	

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

AN INVOLUNTARY ELOPEMENT.

WHEN I called at Brocktown, on my way home from my summer holiday, I had certainly not the slightest idea of meeting my Matilda Jane.

I am attached to Matilda Jane, and I rather flatter myself that Matilda Jane has a reciprocal feeling toward me, consequently when I so unexpectedly encountered her on my evening walk I immediately came to the conclusion that it would be desirable to prolong my stay for a few days.

The friends whom Matilda Jane was visiting seemed at once to recognize the tender relations existing between us, and received me with cordial hospitality. We had a series of the most charming excursions and picnics, and my holiday, which had so far been rather a dull and prosaic affair, bade fair to culminate like the last scene of a pantomime, in a perfect blaze of triumph and delight.

My leave of absence had nearly come to a close when I suggested to Matilda Jane that we should make a short excursion through the exquisite scenery of the Thousand Islands, near which Brocktown is situated. She assented at once with the engaging readiness which this charming girl ever evinces when anything like a pleasure-trip is proposed; and we made our arrangements accordingly.

We were to take the mail steamer which left Brocktown in the morning and disembark at a port some thirty miles up the river, returning home in the evening by train with which we were assured we could hardly fail to make connection.

It was a glorious July morning when we started on our excursion. A cool fresh breeze tempered the heat and crisped the bright surface of the river into a thousand glancing little wavelets which leaped and sparkled as though rejoicing in the bright sunshine. Matilda Jane approves of this description as "sweetly poetical." Under the combined influences of glorious weather, lovely scenery, and last, though not least, an excellent dinner, the hours fled rapidly by, and it was not till we arrived at our stopping-place that we noticed we were considerably behind time, and that it wanted only a few minutes of the hour at which our return train was due, while the depot was distant some three miles from the wharf.

Trusting, however, to the proverbial unpunctuality of the railway, which of course was not the Grand Trunk, we were but little disturbed, but landed and drove to the neighbouring village. Here we learned to our dismay that the horrid railway was untrustworthy even in its vices; that the train had already arrived and departed, and that there were no means of returning home that night. Here was a pretty fix; we were totally unprepared for such an emergency, and, as Matilda Jane pathetically remarked, "hadn't even a hairpin," while to add to our dismay I suddenly recollected that I had come away from home almost unprovided with money.

Matilda Jane's pecuniary means were also extremely limited, and on calculating our combined resources we found we had not sufficient with the strictest economy to pay for our night's lodging and take us home in the morning. What was to be done? was the question which we debated with much animation. It was manifestly impossible to remain in the sequestered village where we then were, the accommodations of which were confined to a very small tavern with only one habitable chamber, which the proprietor, who persisted in regarding us as a newly-married couple on their honeymoon, tendered for our use with effusive but objectionable hospitality.

We, therefore, decided to take the next up-train to Queens-town—a course of proceeding which, although it took us still farther away from home, would yet land us in a more sophisticated place where Matilda Jane had acquaintances residing, to whom, in case of need, she could appeal. Accordingly we drove off to the railway station over three miles of the vilest corduroy road in the whole of Upper Canada. This description of road is usually regarded by travellers with a just and holy horror, but for my own part I shall ever have a grateful remembrance of this particular portion of our journey.

We progressed in a continued series of bumps and jerks which sent Matilda Jane flying into my arms at intervals of about half a minute. My Matilda is of a plump and soft construction, and I found the performance inexpressibly delightful.

I was perpetually on the alert like an expert wicket-keeper at cricket, watching with extended arms for the moment when the animated ball of muslin opposite should be propelled toward me, and I am bound to say I made very few misses. I fear, however, that my partner in the game did not find it as agreeable as I did. My style of architecture is somewhat bony and angular, and at intervals when she came into unusually violent collision with any especially knobby protuberance I distinctly heard a smothered groan. Still the dear girl bore her sufferings with the heroism of a martyr, and in what seemed to me a remarkably short space of time we arrived at the station and took our passage on the up-train.

During the journey Matilda Jane began to have great misgivings as to the explanation she should offer to her friends concerning our escapade, and naively remarked:

"You see, dear, they will make more fuss about it than if we had run away in earnest."

I feel it due to myself to state that I thereupon immediately offered to 'make it in earnest,' but was pulled up short by the enquiry as to how we could get married without money, to say nothing of subsequent arrangements. This was a poser, and I relapsed into silence.

Her misgivings culminated when we arrived at our journey's end, and after much discussion we came to the conclusion that our best plan would be to seek some quiet, cheap and retired inn where we could get board and lodging suited to our finances, and try to keep our mishap a secret from all but our friends at home, to whom we had telegraphed. This seemed delightfully easy in theory, but when we tried to put it into practice we began to realize the difficulty of an unmarried couple in our position without baggage, and with limited means getting decent and respectable accommodation in a small country town. Up one street and down another we dragged our now weary limbs in search of this retired and respectable haven of refuge, which seemed as difficult of attainment as the El Dorado of the old voyagers. We were in momentary dread of meeting some one who would recognize us, and we dodged round street corners and down by-ways in a slinking and suspicious manner which seemed to attract general attention to our proceedings.

At length we came to a quiet and decent-looking house, dignified by the title of "Temperance Hotel," in the public room of which was seated an elderly lady of staid and matronly appearance, reading a book whose very binding was suggestive of morality and total abstinence from gilding and all other vanities. Matilda Jane nudged my arm.

"This is the very place for us," she whispered; "go in and see if you can make arrangements and I'll wait here."

After a little hesitation I entered with a sufficiently embarrassed demeanour and mentioned my desires. The old lady put down her spectacles and looked at me in a severe, not to say suspicious, manner. Presently she caught sight of Matilda Jane peeping in a guilty manner round the corner of the door. Her suspicions seemed to be confirmed. She rose from her seat and said in an annihilating and withering manner, and with a strong nasal twang:

"Young man, do you know where you air?"

"Lord bless me, yes ma'am," I stammeringly exclaimed; "this is an hotel, is it not?"

"You air on the downward path of perdition," the old lady continued, with great vehemence and a total disregard of my reply. "Return before it is too late; take that unfortunet young woman back to her lawful husband and repent! and if you don't get out of this right away I'll send for a plectrum."

The old lady uttered this terrific threat with intense ferocity and volubility, and I beat a hasty retreat.

I hurried Matilda Jane round the corner, and said in agitated accents,

"Matilda, this is getting serious; we are evidently the objects of universal distrust; that insane old party actually thinks you are somebody else's wife and that I have run away with you."

Matilda Jane was horror-stricken, and went back on me in what I considered a rather ungenerous manner.

"My dear," she said, "you make your inquiries in such a sheepish manner that it's enough to excite suspicion in itself. I was rather piqued. Matilda Jane is usually complimentary, and I didn't like it, so I retorted rather crustily."

"Well, you don't look particularly innocent yourself."

"Innocent!" she replied, opening her eyes very wide; "my dear I feel exactly as if I had committed a murder and didn't know what to do with the body. The fact is," she continued, seeing that I was annoyed, and hooking her arm into mine in a delightfully cosy and confidential manner, "the fact is it does not do for people of our appearance to go into these second-rate places; it naturally excites suspicion; it isn't as if we were common looking people."

I felt much better. Matilda Jane is a girl of great discernment, and I quite agree with her.

"The best thing we can do," she resumed, "is to go to the best hotel in the place and take our chance of meeting any one we know. If we are to be found out we had better be found in a respectable place."

"But how about the money?" I replied; "we shan't have enough to pay our bill and take us home."

"Then you must see the proprietor," she retorted, and explain how we are situated, and of course he will trust us or take a cheque for the amount of our bill."

I didn't much like the anticipation, but as I could suggest no better course, I silently assented, and we wended our way to the principal hotel, which was a sufficiently imposing looking edifice. Having escorted Matilda Jane to the drawing-room, I descended to the office, and accosting a smart looking clerk behind the counter, requested to be accommodated with two rooms for the night. He pushed toward me a huge folio volume and politely requested me to register our names. I hesitated for a moment, and then did so in an indistinct manner as possible. The clerk looked for a moment at my vile calligraphy, and then said carelessly, "Any baggage, sir?"

I replied in rather a lame manner that we had no baggage.

"All right," he returned cheerfully, "in that case you must please pay in advance."

My face became scarlet, and I began confusedly to explain the state of the case. The clerk listened with an engaging smile on his countenance, and before I had got through three sentences of my laboured explanation, interrupted me.

"Don't trouble yourself to explain," he cried cheerfully, "I know all about it; you missed the train, and not expecting to stay all night, you didn't bring money enough with you; that's about the size of it, ain't it?"

"Exactly so," I replied, inexpressibly delighted at the remarkable intelligence of this young man.

"Ah," he continued, sardonically, "and you'll give a cheque for your board, won't you? or you'll remit the money when you get home, won't you? Oh yes, I know your little game; but what disgusts me with you dead beats," he continued, with an air of inexpressible disgust, "is that you ain't got more invention; you always come with the same stale old story. Why if I was in the swindling line myself I'd invent fifty better excuses than that any day in the week."

Two or three bystanders set up a derisive howl, and I felt and must have looked like a detected pickpocket. In imagination I already saw Matilda Jane and myself ignominiously expelled from the doors of the inhospitable hostelry to wander about the streets forlorn and homeless.

Suddenly a happy thought occurred to me. I took from my pocket my watch, a valuable gold one, and handing it to the clerk, said with as good an assumption of polite sarcasm as I could assume—

"Possibly, sir, as your bill for one night cannot be very large, you will be satisfied with that as security in the mean time."

The clerk took the watch, examined it carefully and de-

liberately, and then returning it to me with a polite bow, said:

"Excuse me, sir, I see it's all right; we are so often taken in that we are obliged to be very careful. James, show the gentleman to number twenty-four. We dine at six, sir."

Feeling like a relieved criminal, I returned to Matilda Jane, to whom I did not relate the indignities to which I had been subjected, but rather, I fear, led her to believe that the air of innate gentility which I had fondly flattered myself I possessed had been sufficient to allay all difficulties. We had a first-rate dinner and a good night's rest, and returned home next morning.

Of course we had to submit to any amount of chaff about our little adventure, and I have a strong suspicion that Matilda Jane's female friends regard me as somewhat of a nut for allowing the affair to terminate in so unromantic a manner. For my own part, I am determined that the next time I go on a similar excursion I will take care to be provided with a sufficient supply of funds to meet all possible contingencies.

N. H. F.

"SHODDY."

Eli Perkins has been lecturing the Saratogians on shoddy and its symptoms. He says:

When a strange family arrives at our hotel you must watch them closely. Divinity puts up certain infallible signs to distinguish the ignorant and vulgar from the children of culture and virtue.

First—If the lady comes into the parlor with a diamond ring on the outside of her glove, it is safe to ask her how much she gets a week. ("Hear, hear!" and several ladies put their hands under their paniers.)

Second—If Providence erects a dyed mustache over the mouth of the man, it is to show that he is a gambler or a vulgarian. (Cheers, when two American Club men, a gambler, and four Plug-Uglies from Baltimore put their hands over their mustaches.)

Third—If, when that new family enter or leave a room, the gentlemen rush ahead, leaving the ladies to follow, there is something "shoddy" somewhere.

Fourth—If the man presents the ladies to the gentlemen, instead of vice versa, and they all shake hands on a first presentation, then you may know they hail from Oil City.

Fifth—If, when they go into dinner, they do nothing but loudly order the waiters around, and talk about the wine, you can make up your mind that they are the first waiters they have ever had and the only wine they ever drank. If they pick their teeth at the table, or take out their false teeth and rinse them in the tumbler, (a voice, "Sheet 'em on the spot")—yes, my friends, I say that to their teeth.

Sixth—If, when the gentleman sits in the parlor talking to a lady, he don't sit up straight, but sprawls all over the sofa, puts the soles of his boots on the lady's dress, on the furniture, or wipes his shoes on his own white linen pantaloons, you'd better refuse an introduction to him. (Applause, when eight young fellows who sat with their legs radiating like the wings of a wind-mill, or sprawling one foot cross-legged in the empty air, whirled themselves right side up.)

Seventh—If the ladies in that party white-wash their faces, redden their lips, black their eyelowers, or bronze or yellow their hair, just you think this is another sign which Providence puts up so you can shun them. Enamel and dyed hair are social beacon lights to enable you to keep off the rocks of Cyprus. Just you keep away from such people, for they are wolves in sheep's clothing.

Voice from a young lady—"But we want to look beautiful, Mr. Perkins."

But this will not make you beautiful, my children. Any sweetheart who is so shallow as to take whitewash for the human skin, or rouge for the rose-cheeks of nature, is too much of a sap-head to make a good husband, and if he is smart enough to see through your deception, why he will surely leave you in disgust. (Applause by the gentlemen, while several ladies wiped their faces with their pocket-handkerchiefs.)

Eighth—If, when this family get into their carriage to ride to the lake, the young ladies appear in gaudy colors, throw over their laps a bright yellow and red or blue afghan, and the coachman wears a gold hat-band and a sprawl-tailed yellow livery, with velvet collar, and holds brass-bespangled horses by white reins, you may know that the owner keeps a livery stable, and that this is his first carriage. (Voice—"Hit 'em again, Eli.") No, my friends, I've said out.

Art and Literature.

Mr. Gladstone has been elected a member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences.

Miss Emily Faithfull's lectures, now in course of delivery, are on the following subjects: 1st. Eight Months in America; 2nd. English and American Orators; 3rd. American Poets; 4th. The present aspect of the Woman's Movement in America.

Dr. Kingsley, brother of Charles Kingsley, and the original of "The Doctor," in the book called "The Earl and the Doctor," has started with Lord Dunraven for the Yellowstone.

Among a lot of historical documents sold in Paris last month were some letters of Louis XIII. and Marie de Medici, and an autograph letter signed by Richelieu.

Lord Houghton is about to re-edit Keats' Life and Poems for the Aldine Series.

The English weekly "Once a Week," has changed hands.

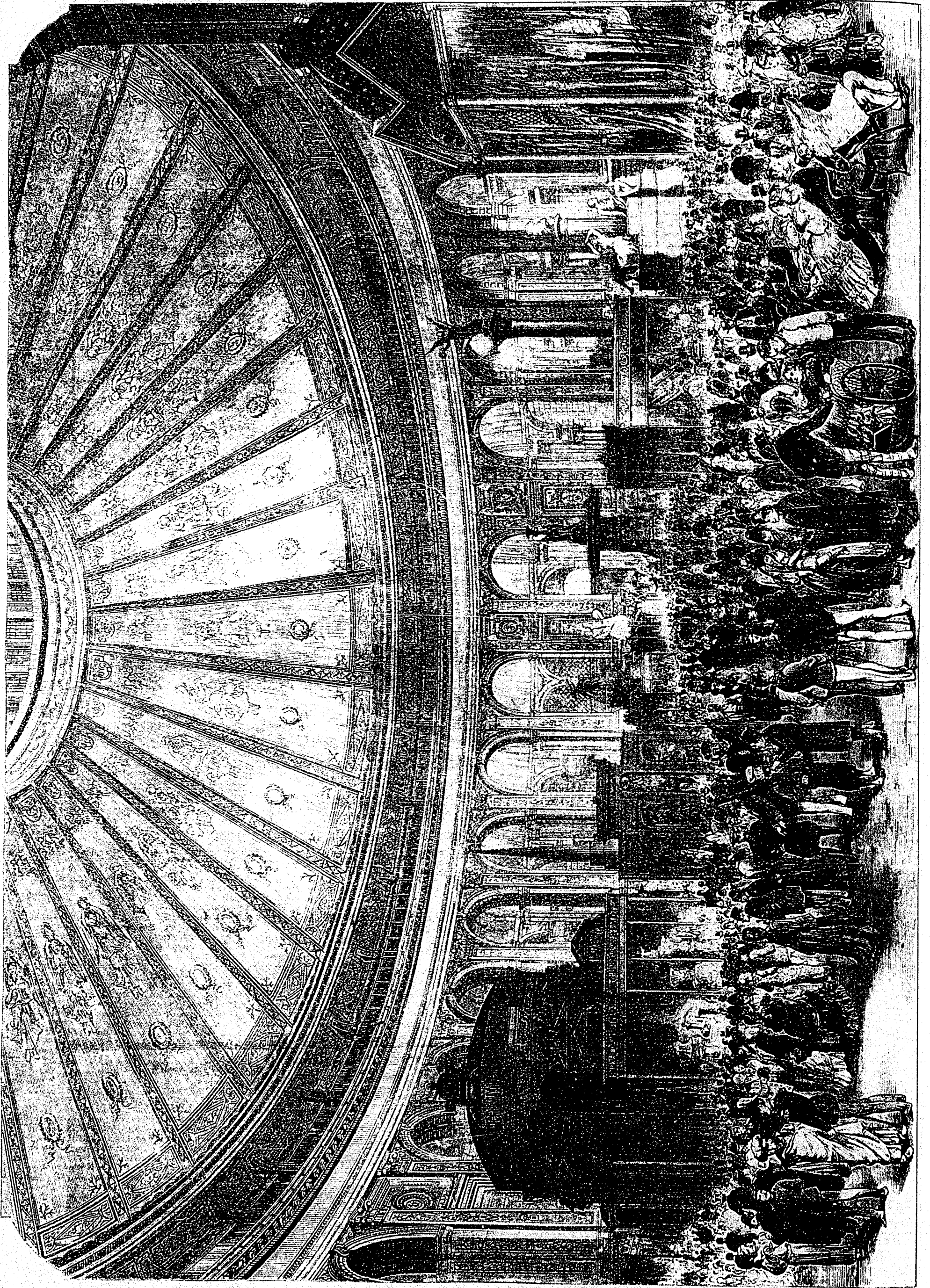
Dr. Dollinger has been elected President of the Munich Academy of Sciences. He succeeds the late Baron Liebig.

It is stated that the Roxburgh Club is going to issue a volume of coloured photo-lithographs, possibly accompanied by autotypes, of the earliest and choicest illuminations in MSS. in the Bodleian Library, beginning with those of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels.

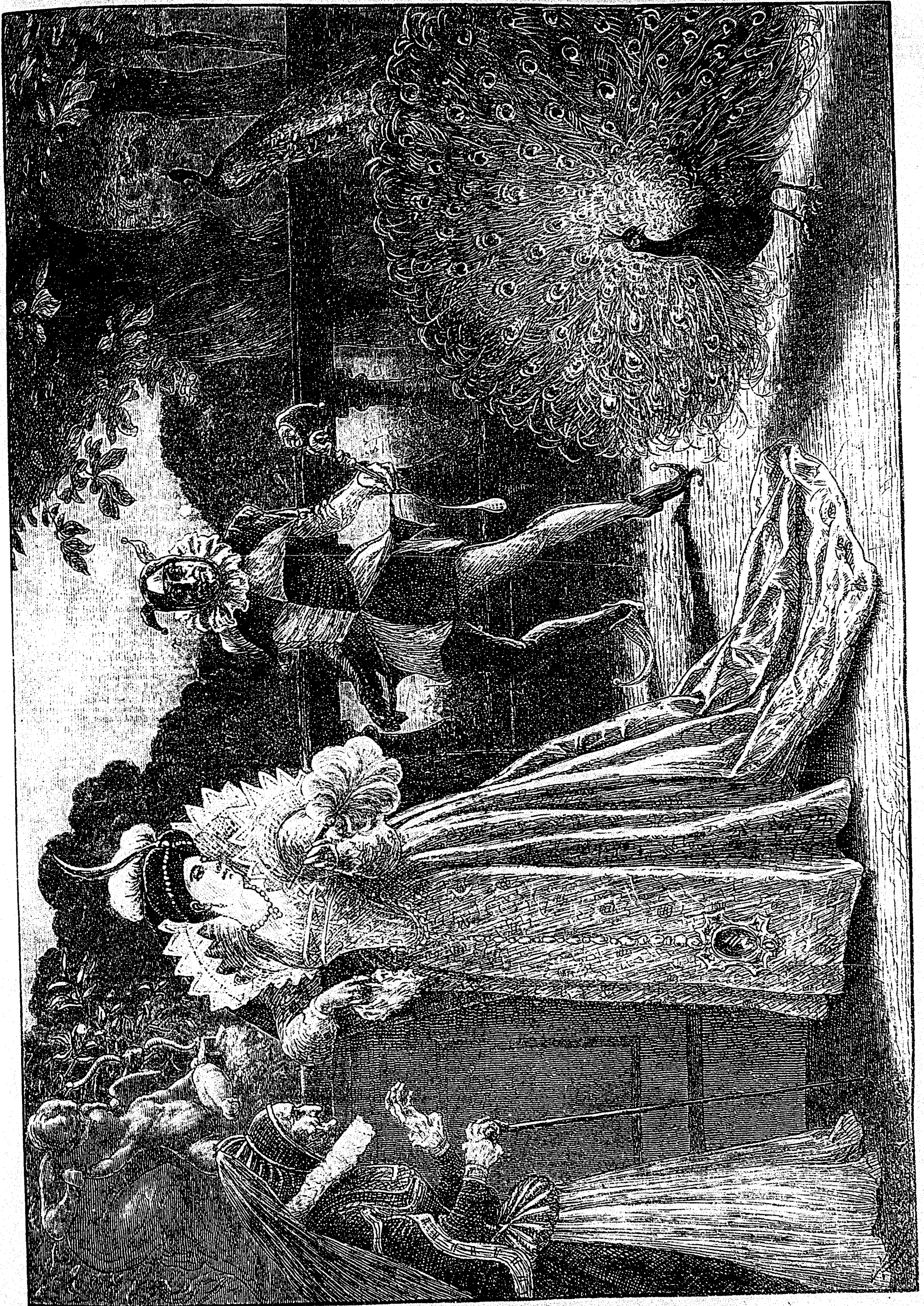
The fourth centenary of Michael Angelo's birth will be celebrated next year at Florence.

The French Government have purchased for about \$41,500 the fine fresco known as "La Magliana," attributed to Raphael.

Spooking of "Calliban, The Missing Link," by Prof. Wilson, of Toronto, the *Illustrated London News* says: "It is, from a certain point of view, creditable to Canada and flattering to the mother country that a Canadian professor should have devoted no small amount of original thought, acquired knowledge, and subtle ingenuity to a consideration of the wonderful manner in which Shakespeare unconsciously anticipates and satisfies the most startling problem of the nineteenth century, inseparable from the honoured name of Darwin, and to a conscientious attempt at rehabilitation, in the cases of two plays, of Shakespeare's text."



THE VIENNA EXHIBITION — IN THE ROTUNDA.



"FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS."

especially to an actor who relies upon the words of an author to carry on a conversation, and on the supplying words and actions of his associates to make the words appropriate. John T. Raymond was very happy in this respect. On one occasion he was delivering a soliloquy, in which the person spoken of should come on the stage at the end of the speech, but through some mishap he was not ready, and after Raymond had said, "Ha! here he comes," and looked off the stage to see why he didn't come, he improvised words to fill up time until the laggard could be brought to the wings. The scene represented a snow-covered country, and he immediately caught the chance to extricate himself. "No; he has fallen down on the ice! Now some boys come to his assistance. Good lads! raise him up tenderly." By this time the mis-sing actor was in his place and ready for his cue. "Ah!" said Raymond, "now he is able to come." And so the play went on without any but the habitué's noting that there was an interregnum. The lack of this presence of mind is a drawback. The other night *Mercy Merrick* tried to ring the bell to summon the servant, and the bell wouldn't ring. The servant came on, however, and received his orders. As he was retiring, *Julian Gray* said: "Do not deliver that message until you hear the bell ring again." By substituting "until you hear from me," would have prevented the laugh from the audience which was provoked by the allusion to the bell.

Franz Liszt is at present at Leipzig, where he will personally conduct a new mass of his own composition.

Mr. G. A. Macfarren's new oratorio, "John the Baptist," will be produced at the Bristol Festival, and Mr. Henry Smart's new cantata, "Jacob," at the Glasgow and Edinburgh meetings.

The services of *Mlle. Carlotta Patti* have been secured for a series of concerts at Covent Garden Theatre this month. *Mlle. Patti* will come from Sweden (where she was making a professional tour) expressly to fulfil her engagement. *M. Levy*, the celebrated cornet-a-piston player, is also engaged, and came from St. Petersburg for the same purpose.

From London we hear that the French season at the Princess's closed on the 25th ult. At the St. James's "Les Braconniers," has been produced, and at the Queen's Miss Nelson appeared for one night in "Romeo and Juliet."

Charles Reade is at work on a drama in which he has created a character expressly for the purpose of holding up his critics to ridicule.

Mme. Ristori will appear in London again in October at the Théâtre Comique.

Shakspeare is being played by an English company at the Paris Athénée.

The Wagnerian festival at Bayreuth has been again postponed. 1875 is the date now fixed.

The Imperial Russian Musical Society, in St. Petersburg, has offered two prizes for operatic compositions, to be competed for by native and foreign musicians. 1,500 roubles for the first and 500 the second.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The House met on the 13th and was prorogued. None of the Opposition members attended in the Senate Chamber. After the prorogation a meeting of both Ministerialist and Opposition members was held at which a resolution condemnatory of the course taken by the Ministry was passed. Ninety-one registered letters were stolen from the Toronto Post Office last week.—The Biglin-Brown boat-race for \$1,000 comes off at Bedford Basin on the 25th inst.—The Toronto cabmen have struck owing to a disagreement with the Police Commissioners.—A despatch from Fort Garry says that Lord Gordon has suddenly disappeared. It is said he has gone to the Rocky Mountains or British Columbia. A party just arrived report having met him with a large escort about one hundred miles from there.—Judges Day, Gowan, and Polette have been appointed to the Pacific Railroad Commission.—It is reported that the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin will take up their residence in Quebec until the opening of the next session of Parliament.

UNITED STATES.—The Boston agencies of four of the largest English Insurance Companies are understood to have received orders from the Home office to suspend taking Boston risks for one month in order to see what action is taken there in regard to strengthening the fire department.—Secretary Richardson has directed a thorough investigation to be made in every branch of the New York Custom House. Treasury officials whose duty it is to compromise cases, do not hesitate to say that there has been a flagrant abuse of confidence, and that parties who have been systematically defrauding the Government have done so with the connivance of trusted employees in the Custom House in New York.—Nineteen Menonite families arrived in New York last week. A colony of 5,000 souls will come out in May.

UNITED KINGDOM.—Sir John Duke Coleridge having refused the Mastership of the Rolls, it was offered to and accepted by Sir George Jessel. Mr Childers retires altogether from the Ministry in October.—A desperate riot occurred last week in the military camp on the Curragh of Kildare between two Irish regiments. Several of the participants were killed, and many received injuries.—Leeds Town Hall was destroyed by fire last week.—An Imperialist fête was held at Chislehurst by M. Rother and other prominent members of the party on the 15th to celebrate the late emperor's *jour de fête*. Prince Louis Napoleon made a speech, in the course of which he said: "Planting myself as an exile near the tomb of the Emperor, I represent his teachings, which may be summed up in the motto: 'Govern for the people by the people.'" The Prince was loudly cheered, and the meeting was most enthusiastic.—Mr. Gladstone has been legally advised that his re-election to Parliament is not required by his assumption of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.—Many coal pits in Leicestershire have been closed, several thousand miners having struck in consequence of dissatisfaction with the weighing system.

FRANCE.—It is stated upon the highest authority that Count de Chambord has announced his resolution to accept the constitution for France, prepared by the members of the Right of the Assembly and himself, and will rule both by the will of God and the good will of the people. The proclamation of Monarchy will be made in about six weeks.—Victor Hugo recently addressed an eloquent letter to the Duke de Broglie, in which he urges the release of Henri Rochefort on account of his literary eminence. The Duke has replied, declining to interfere with the course of justice, and remarking that the intellectual ability of the offender only serves to increase his responsibility.

GERMANY.—There is no truth in the report published lately in several Paris papers that Metz would be restored to France through the influence of Russia.—The *North German Gazette* stigmatised as a disgusting invention the report in the American papers of an interview with Prince Bismarck, in which the Prince is made to say that he would extirpate the idea of God and substitute that of the State. It declares that Bismarck never used such language or advocated such sentiments, and believes the falsehood originated in the machinations of the Jesuits.—Cholera is increasing in virulence at various places in Germany.

AUSTRIA.—A squadron of Austrian war vessels have been

ordered to the coast of Spain.—Many strangers are leaving Vienna, and the number of visitors to the exposition is decreasing daily.—The prizes at the Vienna Exhibition were awarded on Tuesday last.

RUSSIA.—The Imperial family of Russia will assemble to formally receive and welcome the Duke of Edinburgh, who goes to St. Petersburg in December next. The marriage of the Duke with the Grand Duchess Maria will take place in the following month.

SPAIN.—The Republicans have abandoned all the fortified positions in Navarre excepting only Pampeluna, Vittoria and Vergara. With the exception of these cities, the whole northern part of the province is in full possession of the Carlists. Don Carlos is at Alava with very few troops. Elio and Dorregary are marching with 5,000 men toward Aragon, with a view to raise that Province, and operate jointly with the movement in Catalonia and Navarre. Lissagaray is operating in Guipuzcoa and Biscay.—The wife of Don Carlos has joined her husband and will share his fortunes in the field. The Carlists are wild with enthusiasm over the event.—Berga has been captured by the Carlists.—It is officially stated at Madrid that the entire Carlist forces in Spain does not exceed 2,800 infantry, 150 cavalry, and 17 pieces of artillery.—Cartagena is preparing for a long struggle. All males above 16 years of age have been enrolled. The streets are almost deserted, and the shops are closed. The insurgents are issuing paper money. They have further liberated and armed 1,800 convicts. The German and British Consuls have left the place.—One thousand insurgent refugees from Valencia have landed on the coast of Alicante, and are levying contributions on rich towns.—Eight hundred Galician Socialists are marching on Portugal, in which country they hope to find sympathisers with their movement.—In the Cortes last week a resolution authorizing legal proceedings against nine members of that body implicated in the recent insurrection movements, was adopted. The minority remains obstinate and threatens to resign unless a general amnesty is granted to the republican insurgents.—The Cortes has approved the bill calling 30,000 reserves into active service against the Carlist and Republican insurgents.

SWEDEN.—Christianople, on Kalmar Sound, Sweden, has been entirely destroyed by fire.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The Government of Brazil has determined to prosecute the Bishop of Pernambuco, for refusing to obey its orders. During a debate in the Lower House of the Legislative Assembly, upon the course of the Bishop, the President of the Council declared that the Government would force him to comply with its demands.—The insurgents of Paraguay made an attack upon Assuncion, but were repulsed and driven off. Caballero and a number of other insurgent chiefs are reported to have left the country.—The revolution in the Argentine Province of Entre Rios continues.—A treaty of peace between Paraguay, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic has been signed.

CUBA.—Havana private advices say the insurgents are steadily closing in on Puerto Principe. The city is crowded with penniless people, and food supplies are selling at starvation rates. Owing to the scarcity of meat the Government has ceased to furnish supplies.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THE CORSETS.

A correspondent writes us as follows: "In deciding the great question which has been set forth, whether the human frame should be free or chained, D. has come to our assistance with some useful axioms fortified by professional knowledge. For this timely intervention we have to thank him, as well as for the declaration that 'absolute non-interference and an absence of all restriction were best,' but the closing portion of his essay will be found to be rather at variance with the excellent rule with which it commenced. The physiological argument is conclusive for those who will take the trouble to study it, which they may do with the aid of Dr. Andrew Combe's popular treatise; but we think D.'s supposed discovery of the exact elevation at which a woman's frame may approximately be cut in two without her being sensible of the incision, to be, in common parlance, a myth.

If it is proved, as we believe it to be, that the constriction of the waist will fail to create beauty, why should the practice be persisted in? Beauty is very much a thing of mind and *esprit*. It is idle to say that small waists are admired, because even the vitiated tastes that are pleased with waists disproportioned to the figure do not admire the sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, thin lips, limp frames, ruined appetites, and general querulousness and want of stamina which must invariably accompany the smallest failure to realize that very precise and exceedingly innocuous (D. being believed) form of cincture which he has too rashly prescribed; and whatever may be said in regard to popular tastes, we maintain that in looking at any group of faithful studies from good human models in costume, we are conscious of no instinctive desire to see the waists different from what they actually are for the reason that each bears a certain true relation to the rest of the figure.

We are pleased to say that at the bathing resorts of the St. Lawrence there are every year to be found young Canadian ladies who can pull an oar that some of our sedentary young fellows might be glad to emulate. Those sensible girls, we may depend upon it, do not constrict their waists, or take the Egyptian-mummy view of animated nature; and the boating and swimming of these maids—the latter of which enjoyments we fervently wish were entirely guarded from danger, as the government should have feeling enough to insist upon its being—will be found far better precursors of the future useful and earnest 'house-mother' than the long list of ailments and general depression of vitality that accompany the silly practice under discussion. We do not repeat the arguments here of the deprivation of vital grace, but we are well assured that a general freedom of step and movement is a quality that will appeal to every healthy eye, notwithstanding all that D. adduces. It would probably be far better to inquire into the forms of activity that will maintain the figure in light and graceful guise, as so much stress is laid on these particular merits. Perhaps our more learned professors of calisthenics could afford a hint in this department of what will be considered a really important social question. False principles can only result in defective practice, and it will be best to provide our fair ones with such rules as can be trusted. As has lately been well said: 'The realization of the ideal of life is the great design of God, and the great work of man,' and the society of Christendom is certainly beginning to be conscious of this mighty truth, although it may be far from unanimous in its modes of presenting it.

PARIS FASHION NOTES.

A new fashion which has suddenly come into favour is an outdoor garment called a "surcot." It is a sort of polonaise with plastrons entirely different in colour from the rest, and with large sleeves cut out in petal-like scollops, precisely as were worn in the fifteenth century. Sometimes the surcot is composed of a bodice only, with these immense sleeves. At other times it forms part of a polonaise. For example, a brown faille skirt of the peculiar shade known as autumn leaves; the lower part of the skirt was trimmed with folds, and with brown and silver-grey fringe; at the back there was a multitude of flounces, as well as brown and grey fringe. The surcot was brown silk, and its wide scolloped sleeves disclosed coat-shaped grey sleeves beneath. The plastron was composed of immense pearl-grey gimp leaves, entirely covering the front of the bodice; chased silver buttons fastened it. There was no basque in front, but it described a sort of rounded point like a habit bodice. The basque at the back terminated with grey and brown fringe.

Waiscoats are universally worn, and occasionally their size approaches the ridiculous; but they are more covered with the jacket of the polonaise than during the spring. The following casino toilette was made a few days ago at a famous Parisian house: A white Chambéry gauze skirt, bouillonné in front with very wide puffings; a large Montepan polonaise, made of blue China crêpe, with wide organ-pipe plaits of blue faille, lined with pink faille, and turned down to show a small portion of the pink. Very long pink silk waistcoat sleeves, with double ruffles of blue silk, lined with pink and Valenciennes lace. Black velvet waistcoats, with white piqué costumes, are very popular.

Waistbands are by no means abandoned, and as long as polonaises are in vogue they will never go out of fashion. For seaside wear they are made of Russian leather, and have a Russian leather fan and scent bottle suspended upon them, from either silver or steel chains. These look very well on *écru* dresses, which continue to remain in favour, notwithstanding their want of novelty. A ladylike style of make for an *écru* dress is to trim the back of the skirt with *écru* flounces, embroidered with *écru* thread, and to work the flat tablier in front in the same style. The polonaise is bordered with two narrow embroidered frills, and the band, bows, and sash are all of chestnut brown silk. The sailor blue linen dresses now in vogue are rendered very stylish when trimmed with a profusion of fringe and *écru* guipure. Blue linen is often used for trimming *écru* dresses. So much depends on the manner of ornamenting these linen dresses, for unless the trimming and cut impart style to the costume there is nothing very much to admire in the material.

A Charming Colonel.

The future wife of the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Maria Alexandrovna, is Honorary Colonel of the Yamburg Regiment of Uhlans, and her photograph in the uniform of this gallant troop, *czapka* on head, the white sultana hanging gracefully down, makes her the most charming colonel in all the Russias.

The Grand Duke Alexis Betrothed.

The Grand Duke Alexis, rumour says, was sent forth on his travels by his Imperial father, in order that the love he had conceived for the daughter of a tutor of the Czar might be forgotten in absence, new thoughts, and new scenes. But the Grand Duke's love resisted such treatment, and when he reached Russia again was as warm as ever. And it is to be rewarded, for he has been given permission to contract a morganatic marriage with *Mlle. Jouyoski*, his old love.

The Mole in Ear Ornaments.

We think pearls are wasted on the hilts of swords, yet it is now the great fashion in Paris to have one on a yataghan or dagger, that is worn as an ear-ring, not pendant, but to all appearance thrust through the prettiest part of one's keenest perceptive organ. It is only an appearance, fortunately, there being a spring underneath concealed by either a pearl or some jewel that serves as a hilt. It is so cleverly disposed that it fastens the murderous-looking weapon like any other ear-ring; but it looks as if a jealous *Glaucour* had fiercely plunged his weapon and left it there. This piece of jewellery is creating a great sensation. When worn by an olive-skinned brunette, whose bright eyes flash, it attracts one as pearl will sometimes, until youth finds he is the victim of cutting things.

Good Taste in Dress.

In a special article on the topic of dress the *London Globe* says: "The insatiable thirst for change of fashion precludes the possibility of the prevalence of real good taste in dress, which consists in refined simplicity, with a subservience of ornament to use. Let quiet colours in durable materials be chosen best suited to the complexion of the wearer, on the principle of harmony either of analogy or contrast, as described by Chevreul in his excellent work; let all jewellery which serves no purpose be banished; let such as may remain be of the best, or be banished too—for surely it is better to have no watch-chain, no necklace, no ear-rings (although the latter may perhaps help to shorten the appearance of an overlong neck), than to suggest odious comparisons between individuals in different walks of life. Let fat people wear neutral colours, and old people soft colours, palling with advancing age, for their faces having sunken and become dim, they will no longer be able to throw up their complexions by deftly contrasted hues, but must attain a pleasing effect by a general halo of softness, which will throw into relief the brightness of the eye, the last spot where human beauty lingers ere it fades altogether out of sight."

The Blessing of Belts.

For years women have weakly protested against their iniquity with the tyrant man in the matter of pockets, for whereas one solitary receptacle for handkerchief, purse, gloves, knife, tablets, and vinaigrette is all that fate and fashion grant to lovely woman, man has pockets of all shapes and sizes, situated in all parts of his dress, to say nothing of the ample storage room afforded by his hat. But now the leather belt comes to the relief of the fair sex, and they make good use of it. Fully equipped, a young woman wears hanging to the Russian leather band which encircles her slender waist eight articles, to wit: Sun umbrella, vinaigrette, pocket-book, fan, bunch of keys, glove-buttoner, small case for thimble and scissors, handkerchief, and, on Sundays, an ornamental prayer-book. Old gentlemen and sober young men say that ladies thus adorned look like fools, but this is only masculine envy. Woman at last assumes her proper position of superiority. No longer does she envy her brother man's pockets, since she now has a place in which to put all her possessions, and, moreover, a place which does not conceal them like a pocket, but allows them to blaze forth in glory, and excite the envy of all her cousins, sisters-in-law, and other enemies. Belts will give a death-blow to Bloomerism.

John Stuart Mills' autobiography is in the printer's hands.

WE TAKE NO NOTE OF TIME BUT OF ITS LOSS, yet it has taxed the ingenuity of man to note this loss correctly.

THE WALTHAM WATCH

approaches the perfection of time-keeping nearer than any other class of watches made. They run and keep time as the rule, not as the exception. This is the result of original and accurate machinery by which a thousand can be produced exactly alike—the result of perfect accuracy can therefore be produced at less cost than by any hand process. The grades of the Waltham watches are “American Watch Company,” “Appleton Tracey & Co.,” “Waltham Watch Company,” “P. S. Bartlett,” and “Wm. Ellery.” All the grades are guaranteed by the Company. Buyers should demand the guarantee to prevent being imposed on by worthless imitations. These watches, in Gold and Silver cases of all sizes for Ladies and Gentlemen, can be obtained through all dealers.

ROBERT WILKES,
Sole Wholesale Agent for the Dominion,
7-922208 Montreal and Toronto.

LACHINE BOATING CLUB. ANNUAL ROWING REGATTA.

THE ANNUAL ROWING RACES of this Club will take place on **SATURDAY, 30th August.** When the following Prizes will be offered for competition:

Single Scull Outrigged Boats—Two miles—Prize: A Cup presented by the President, open to members of the Club only. Entrance fee, \$5.
Single Scull Outrigged Boats—Two miles—Prizes: 1st, \$150; 2nd, \$50. Entrance, \$10.
Double Scull Outrigged Boats—Two miles—Prizes: 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$50. Entrance fee, \$5.
Four-oared Outrigged Boats—Four miles—Prizes: \$150; 2nd, \$50. Entrance fee, \$8.
Four-oared Outrigged Boats—Four miles—Prize: Cup or Medals. Entrance fee, \$5.

The above Races, which are open to all, will be subject to the Rules of the Club. Copies of these may be had on application.
Entries must be made with the undersigned before 9 p.m. on WEDNESDAY, 27th August.
S. KINNEAR,
Hon. Secretary.



Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada.

1873. Summer Arrangements. 1873.
Pullman Palace, Parlor and Handsome New Ordinary Cars on all Through Day Trains, and Palace Sleeping Cars on all Through Night Trains over the whole Line.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

GOING WEST.
Day Mail for Prescott, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and all points West, at 8.00 a.m.
Night Express “ ” 9.00 p.m.
Mixed Train for Toronto, stopping at all Stations, 6.00 a.m.
Passenger Train for Brockville and all intermediate Stations, 6.00 p.m.
Local train for Vaudreuil 5.00 p.m. every week day excepting Saturday, when it leaves at 2.00 p.m.
Trains leave Montreal for Lachine at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 12 noon, 3 p.m., 5 p.m., and 6.30 p.m.
Trains leave Lachine for Montreal at 8 a.m., 10.00 a.m., 1 p.m., 3.30 p.m., 5.30 p.m., and 7 p.m.
The 3.00 p.m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING EAST.
Day train for White Mountains, Portland, and Boston, 7.00 a.m.
Day train for Quebec, River du Loup, Capouan, and Trois Pistoles, 8.00 a.m.
Mail train for St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Quebec, Sherbrooke, and Island Pond Accommodation train for Richmond and intermediate stations, 1.45 p.m.
Night train for Island Pond, White Mountains, Portland, and Boston, 10.00 p.m.
Night mail train for Quebec, stopping at St. Hyacinthe and St. Hilaire, 11.00 p.m.

GOING SOUTH.
Train for Rouens' Point connecting with steamers on Lake Champlain, 6.00 a.m.
Train for Boston via South Eastern Counties Junction R.R., 7.30 a.m.
Express for Boston via Vermont Central Railroad, at 8.45 a.m.
Mail Train for St. John's and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly, and South Eastern Counties Junction Railway, and steamers on Lake Champlain, 3.15 p.m.
Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central, at 3.45 p.m.

As the punctuality of the trains depends on connections with other lines, the Company will not be responsible for trains not arriving at or leaving any station at the hours named.
The steamer “FALMOUTH” leaves Portland every Tuesday, at 5.30 p.m., for Halifax, N.S.
The Steamship “CHASE” also runs between Portland and Halifax.
The International Company's Steamers, also running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p.m. for St. John, N.B., &c.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.
Through Tickets issued at the Company's principal stations.
For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Depot, or at No. 143 St. James Street.
C. J. BRYDGES,
Managing Director.
Montreal, May 26, 1873.

DR. BESSEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL.
7-222.



TWO VANITIES.
(Amateur Vocalist and his Wife, singing together after an Evening Party.)
“Did I look, NICK tonight, love?” “O, SO GOOD! HERE WAS I IN GOOD LUCK!”
“FIRST-RATE LOVE! TELL ME, DO YOU PREFER ME WITH A FERRY IN MY HAIR, OR FLOPPY?”
“O, EITHER! LOOK HERE, WHICH STYLE SUITS ME BEST, AS YOU BRING ME THE FINEST OF FAVOURIT, OR THE THIRTIEN TENDENCIES OF THE DAY?”
“WELL, BOTH! DON'T YOU THINK A FALLEN RIBBON WITH BLACK LACE? Ah, Ah, Ah!”



WHOSE FAULT?
“Oh, CHARLES!” (She had returned to the Dining-Room, wondering why he had not come upstairs to her.)
“Charles looks sad, evidently taken a little too much with you?” “VERY WELL, MY DEAR! SO NOT MY FAULT! ‘SHOULD YOU PREFER COGNAC FAVORIT?’ ‘BETTER SOOTY WAS SALT!’ ‘SHE’S THE ONLY VILAIN!’ ‘A SMOOK!’ AND CHARLES FORTITRAN TOUGH AS LEATHER! WHAT DID CAPTAIN DE CAKE SAY? ‘BAG COOKERY CAUSE OF ALL SORTS OF CRIMES—FRAMED BY YOURSELF!’”

R R R.
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Cures the worst Pains
In from 1 to 20 Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS
THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,
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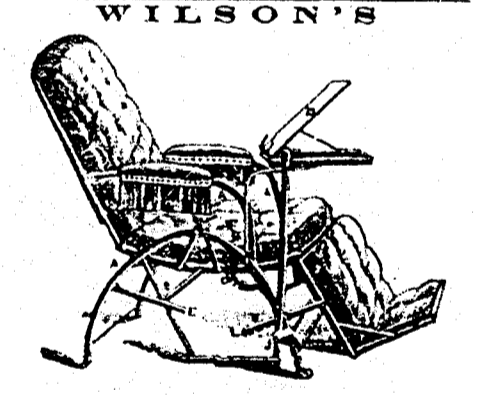
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