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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1876.

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REV. CHARLES CLARK,
LECTURER, ELOCUTIONIST, HUMORIST.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters in advance.

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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

NOTICE.

As the year is now verging to a close, we think it opportune to make a call upon such of our subscribers as are in arrears with us. The rule of payment in advance ought to be applied everywhere, and it was made one of the chief recommendations of the Quebec Press Association, lately organized in this city. All our friends should understand that an illustrated paper which requires so great an outlay, must, as a matter of business protection, insist upon this rule. For those who do not pay at once, the price of the NEWS is \$4.50 per annum, the extra half-dollar being intended to cover the interest on delay and postage. But as a further inducement, however, and in order to regulate our books and accounts with the opening of the new year, we will charge only the regular rate of \$4.00 to such of our subscribers as will settle with us immediately, or between this and the close of December. We are glad to know, from the reports of our patrons and the notices of our contemporaries of the press, that the efforts we have made to improve the paper are duly recognized, but with proper encouragement we are prepared to improve it still more. Our readers can help us in this, first by prompt payment of their subscription, and by inducing others to subscribe. Let each reader of the NEWS send us at least one subscription besides his own, and by thus doubling our circulation, we shall be enabled to give them a paper second to none in its special sphere. Canadians, all over the Dominion, should take pride in supporting an illustrated family and literary journal, and making it a truly national institution, the reflex of Canadian life, progress and thrift.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 25th Nov., 1876.

RAILWAY PROGRESS.

The *Quebec Mercury* says in the words of the late Sir Allan Macnab that in the Province of Quebec "our politics are Railways," and there is much truth in the remark. Railway communication lies at the root of almost all social arrangements, and is the stepping stone to the greatest attainments of civilized life. It is a wide and comprehensive study—this of Railways—in the multitude of points in which

the lives and welfare of the people are affected. The Railway system was inaugurated not far from half a century ago, at Manchester, by a painful sacrifice of life—no less than that of an eminent British Statesman and promoter of the movement, and which overshadowed a great festal occasion with gloom and sadness. With such a warning at the very outset the progress of the institution might have been attended by more care and watchfulness and deference to the conclusions of experts, in the sphere of engineering, than its history has so far shown to the world. Posterity will look with very mingled feelings, we believe, upon the page upon which this record of improved and multiplied intercourse will be inscribed. A violent death in pre-railway times had always tragic horror about it, and protective laws from the earliest ages were framed in harmony with such human and civic feeling. It cannot be denied that the new era has done its best towards imbuing its averages of destruction with an air of economic propriety, as if the action and aberrations of moral and mechanical forces were under the control of figures instead of being merely indicated by them. Canadians cannot be pronounced worse than other peoples in this respect—speaking in a general sense, and considering the discouragements to active thought and its realization in a new country. Amongst us care has increased of late, but we shall all admit there is something more to be done. The late Durham and Montreal disasters are brought to mind, and quite lately a man was driven over and killed in Prince Edward Street, Quebec; whilst our children are constantly in jeopardy of their lives from the same cause. The exclamation, "They should not be so careless!" will not cover the whole case, we think—indeed we feel persuaded the question of railways on city streets, as well as that of level crossings, will not be forever neglected by a humane people such as we never doubt ourselves to be. There are always some poor souls beyond the actual sufferers, to whom these losses are a deep and personal affliction, and we ought to sympathize with the woes even of the weakest amongst us. The question has its difficulties, no doubt—what great question has not? Our Quebec representatives, with the kind feelings which we are persuaded, animate their breasts, will doubtless consider these momentous questions with the gravity that belongs to them, when brought before them, even if they do not take the lead, as legislators often have to do, in their practical initiation. We cannot flatter ourselves that public opinion generally in this country has arrived at the point of giving these questions much attention—although individual journals have offered various good suggestions. Any of us who unfortunately become spectators of such a dreadful scene, and behold the triumph of uncontrolled material forces over life and sentient action, are more deeply impressed than they can describe, and it never passes from their minds, and yet they, like the others, will often feel they can do nothing. When the accident only comes before us in the journals, it excites a momentary feeling of pain, and is too often passed aside. There is no hardness of heart here—mental confusion does all the mischief in our times. What- ever may be the recklessness of crowding trains upon one another, and of rapid running of trains, which has grown up so insensibly in the vast increase of railway traffic in England—and, we must add, in the increasing ambition for speed—the public, there, are at least in advance of us on the questions we have especially referred to. As to the crossings difficulty, the best remedy in many localities, as a contemporary has suggested, would doubtless be to carry the wagon roads by means of bridges over the railway cuttings, in place of on the level, even if the municipal highways have to be somewhat deflected in order to effect the change. Failing this arrangement, watchmen and gates are required in many places where they are not now provided. With regard to the passage of railways along the length of

streets, the subject will doubtless come to be separately considered, and its difficulties fairly dealt with, in view of the vital interests of our people in the present and future.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

It may look like impertinence for any outsider to make remarks on the mode of procedure in the late Presidential election, but as an earnest friend of the United States we cannot refrain our expression of disappointment at the result as it stands at the present writing. Indeed, it appears to us simply pitiable that things should have been allowed to take the course which the whole world has witnessed since the 7th of the present month, and the impression is forced upon us that there is something radically wrong in the present method of interpreting the popular suffrage. It is inconceivable to us at this distance that, whereas the result in the largest States, even on the Pacific coast, was known within forty-eight hours, the result in so small and compact a State as South Carolina is still in doubt after a lapse of fourteen days. The suspicion forces itself upon the mind that there are causes hidden from view which have effected this singular delay. The situation looks very much as if there had been a game of chances played with the ballot boxes, and the momentous issues of the chief election in the land were left to the dexterities of manipulation. And what makes the whole business more unaccountable is that there is apparently little or nothing to be gained by it. Mr. TILDEN is the choice of the American people by the large majority of a quarter of a million, and he lacks only one of the electoral majority. Mr. HAYES, besides being in a minority on the popular vote, cannot count in any event on more than a majority of one in the electoral college, and that one, no matter what may happen, will always be suspected of fraud. Either we are very much mistaken in Mr. HAYES, or he will refuse to accept office under such anomalous and precarious circumstances. As we understand it, the President of the United States, to enjoy the respect and confidence of the country, should be the first choice of the people, and his election must be above every suspicion of treachery or trickery.

CANADA ON THE SEINE.

We present our readers to-day with a full-page view of the great Exhibition which is to be held on the Paris Champ de Mars, in 1878. It is almost too early to give full details of this gigantic enterprise, but our readers may rely that we shall not lose sight of it. Both pictorially and by literary description, we shall keep them duly advised of all the preparations that are being made towards promoting what promises to be the greatest World's Fair that has ever been held. From the engraving, it will be seen that the whole Exhibition will be consolidated into one area, not scattered about as at Philadelphia, and that the distribution of space will be so effected as to give, along one plane, a consecutive view of the products of all nations, and along the transverse plane, a graduated view of products according to their classification. This arrangement, both scientific and artistic, will greatly facilitate the purposes of study, while it will give due relief by comparison to those countries whose products are of exceptional excellence.

We have another object in calling attention to this subject in our present issue. It is to impress upon the Government and the people of the Dominion the necessity of getting ready in time to make a proper display at Paris. Canada did wonders at the Centennial Exhibition, surprising even her American neighbours, and opening, let us hope, new markets for her productions in different parts of the world. But she can do still better at Paris, where the range of competition will be wider, and where, from experience gained, she can give prominence to those resources which are, as it were, character-

istic of her soil, climate and special territorial limits. The Paris Exhibition will open in March, 1878, so that there are barely more than fifteen months wherein to make the necessary preparations. Canada has now a reputation to maintain, and we trust that she will be equal to emergency.

The winter steamer *Northern Light* made her trial trip, running from opposite the Custom House, Quebec, to Isle aux Reaux and back, performing the distance, fifty-four miles, in four hours and four minutes, which was very good time. There was not the slightest perceptible heating or charring in any part of the engine during the trip, nor a drop from any part of the boilers, which are allowed by competent judges to be perfect in every respect, raising steam quickly and doing a large amount of work with a small consumption of coal. Captain Joseph A. Brown, who had charge, says she is very quick in answering her helm, and combines all the qualities of a first-class winter steamer. She left last Wednesday for Prince Edward Island.

We call attention to the interesting paper of our distinguished antiquary and historian, Mr. J. M. LEMOINE, on the American prisoners of 1812 at Quebec, as also to the remarkably clever verses of Mr. Geo. Munnay, of this city, on the Migratory Swallows. The amount of first-class native literature regularly published in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is of itself sufficient to maintain its rank as the literary weekly of the Dominion, and as such it ought to receive the support of every person in the country who takes an interest in the cause of letters among us.

The extraordinary grand Council at Constantinople has resolved to accept the conference. It is stated that Midhat Pasha and Savafet Pasha will be the Turkish plenipotentiaries. The Porte has now abandoned the project of sending troops to Roumania to prevent the march of the Russians, but Turkey will await the attack on the southern bank of the Danube.

The Operative Cotton Spinners' Association held a meeting at Manchester, last week, and while justifying the Blackburn strike, directed the men to return to work. This action averts the lockout, which would have affected 80,000 Manchester operatives.

The latest Calcutta advices state that estimates, based on official returns from various police sections, give the total loss of life as 215,000 in those districts in India, and it is probable even this estimate is too small.

OUR PICTURES.

The reader will find that all our illustrations are described under separate headings in different parts of the paper. The Paris Exhibition is referred to in the editorial columns. The Frontenac Lakes were fully described in a previous issue when the first of the series were published. We call attention to the beautiful view in the valley of the St. Francis, near Sherbrooke, a spot well-known, but whose charm is always fresh. We present a view of the trial of Straussberg, the great railway financier, at St. Petersburg, in order to give an idea of how Courts of Justice are conducted in Russia.

HUMOROUS.

RED noses are light-houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life of the coasts of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz, and Holland.

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true politeness to his shoes.

"I'm saddest when I sing," said a Sunday evening warbler. "And so's the whole neighborhood," roared an unmelodious voice in the street.

"Is the world," said M., "there are three sorts of friends—your friends you like—your friends who do not care for you—and your friends who hate you."

A rich contractor was holding forth upon the stability of the world. "Can you account for it, sir?" he asked, turning to Fictus. "Well, not very clearly," he responded, "unless we suppose it was built by contract."

A MAN was taking aim at a hawk that was perched on a tree near his chicken coop, when his little daughter exclaimed, "Don't take aim, pa; let it go off by accident!" "Why not?" asked the father. "Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits somebody."

THE AMERICAN PRISONERS

DETAINED AT QUEBEC DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

Ere the hand of death closes over the last of the survivors of the War of 1812, it may not be out of place to invite in the columns of the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS* some data about these stirring times so well depicted by their annalists, Col. Coffin and Robert Christie and others, to supply some few missing links in the chain of minor events.

For the present this inquiry might be limited to the following heads:

1. The name and military rank of those sent prisoners to Quebec.
2. How long they were detained on parole.
3. How long in close confinement and where.
4. Who formed the escort of Quebec Cavalry (officers and privates) in charge of these prisoners.

The sources of such information must be family memoirs, diaries and the personal reminiscences of the few surviving actors in the late war.

In looking over old files of our city Journals, I find in the *Quebec Mercury* of 15th September, 1812, the following item: "On Friday, arrived here the detained prisoners taken with General Hull, at Detroit. The non-commissioned officers and privates immediately embarked on board of transports in the harbour, which are to serve as their prison. The commissioned officers were liberated on their parole. They passed Saturday morning at the Union Hotel, where they were the gazing stock of the multitude whilst they, no way abashed, presented a bold front to the public stare, pulled the smoke of their cigars into the faces of such as approached too near. About two o'clock they set off in a stage, with four horses, for Charlesbourg, the destined place of their residence."

The Union Hotel here mentioned is the identical building erected for a hotel by a company in 1805, and now owned by the *Journal de Quebec*, facing the ring.

Were these prisoners located at Charlesbourg proper, or at that locality facing Quebec, in Beauport, called *La Casardiere*, in Judge de Bonnes' former stately old mansion, on which the eastern and detached wing of the Beauport Lunatic Asylum now stands?

Tradition has ever pointed out to this tenement as that which sheltered the disconsolate American warriors in 1812, with the adjoining rivulet, *Ruisseau de l'ours*, as the boundary to the east which their parole precluded their crossing.

The result of the American defeat at Detroit had been important. "One general officer, Wade worth, two lieutenant-colonels, five majors, a multitude of captains and subalterns, with nine hundred men, one field-piece and a stand of colors, were the fruits of the victory, the enemy having lost in killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners upwards of fifteen hundred." (Christie.)

Amongst the American prisoners sent down to Quebec was the celebrated General Winfield Scott, who lived to earn laurels in the Mexican war. He was then Col. Scott, and there is yet living in Quebec an old resident, R. Unghart, who well remembers, when a boy, seeing the "tall and stern American Colonel."

Of these prisoners taken at Detroit twenty-three had been recognised as British-born and deserters from the English army. They were sent to England for trial. It is yet possible that some of the veterans of 1812, by their diaries or by other sources of information, may tell us who were the Charlesbourg or Beauport war captives in 1812. They had not been under restraint much more than a week, when by the following advertisement, dated 25th September, 1812, in the *Quebec Mercury* of the 29th September, we find the British Government attending to their comforts with a truly maternal solicitude:

"Commissary General's Office,"

QUEBEC, 25th Sept., 1812.

"Wanted for the American prisoners of war, comfortable warm clothing, consisting of the following articles:

- Jackets,
- Shirts,
- Trowsers,
- Stockings,
- Moccasins or Shoes.

Also 2000 pounds of soap."

From which it is clear, John Bull intended his American cousin should not only be kept warm, but well scrubbed as well. 2000 lbs. of soap foreshadowed a fabulous amount of scrubbing. Col. Scott and friends, were "well off for soap."

Col. Coffin of Ottawa, the able annalist of the War of 1812, in reply to a query of mine, writes me: "Scott remained in Canada from the date of his surrender, 23rd October, 1812, to the period of his departure from Quebec, say May, 1813. But he was on parole the whole time, and from Quebec, as is given in his life by Mansfield p. 55, he went in a cartel to Boston, and soon after was exchanged. Under these circumstances, I do not think it likely that he would have been escorted militarily in custody anywhere, and it may be equally doubted if the guard could have been a guard of honor. Winder may have been also taken to Quebec, or he may have been exchanged on the Western frontier. Armstrong's "War of 1812" will probably give the details."

The *Quebec Mercury* of 27th October, 1812, contains the following:

"The prisoners taken at Detroit and brought down to Quebec are on the point of embarking for Boston for the purpose of being exchanged.

Five cannon are now lying in the *Chateau Court* taken at Detroit."

In retaliation for the 23 American prisoners sent for trial to England, as deserters from the British army, the American Government had ordered that forty-six British prisoners of war should be detained in close confinement. "In consequence of this," says Christie, "the Governor ordered all the American officers, prisoners of war, without exception of rank, to be immediately placed into close confinement as hostages, until the number of forty-six were completed over and above those already in confinement. In pursuance of this order, Generals Winder, Chandler and Winchester were conveyed from their quarters in the country at Beauport, to a private house in Quebec, where their confinement was rendered as little inconvenient as their situation could admit of."

They were exchanged in April, 1814, against British officers, prisoners of war in the States.

Some twelve or fourteen years back a lively discussion took place in the *Morning Chronicle*, at Quebec, between the surviving members of the Cavalry corps, who had escorted to Beauport the American captives.

As near as I can recollect, those who took a part in this controversy were Col. Hale, who commanded the Cavalry troops, Cornet Hammond Gowen, and John Musson, a private of Quebec. All are now dead. But there must be other members of the troop still extant, and the worthies just named have left representatives in whose possession there may be files of the *Journal* containing the controversy; they would confer a favor by communicating the same.

There is still in the land of the living one of the subscribers of the *Quebec Cavalry* of 1812, old Mr. Wyse, of Charlesbourg. Unfortunately, his extreme old age prevents him from recalling the names of the Beauport prisoners of that period, though he remembers the names of his comrades in Bell's Cavalry, in 1812.

Hoping this hasty communication may elicit "new facts,"

I remain, &c., &c.,

J. M. LEMOINE.

QUEBEC, 15th Nov., 1876.

REV. CHARLES CLARK.

This gentleman was born in London, on the 19th of April, 1838. At the age of twenty he entered the Baptist College, Nottingham, as a student for the ministry. From the first he displayed an unusual degree of ability; and as soon as he had passed through the curriculum prescribed by the college, he was invited to become the pastor of the North Parade Baptist Church, Halifax, Yorkshire. He was afterward chosen minister of the church at Maze Pond, London. At both places, his ministrations were highly successful, and large congregations assembled where the attendance had previously been scanty. The next church to which he was called was Broad Mead, Bristol, which the eloquence of Robert Hall had rendered famous. Since the death of that great pastor, the congregation to which he ministered had declined, until, at the time when Mr. Clark took charge of it, the attendance had become quite insignificant. A few months effected such a transformation that the building was utterly inadequate to hold the crowds that flocked to it, and the committee were compelled to restrict admission to the holders of tickets. In the year 1868, Mr. Clark accepted an invitation from Melbourne, Australia, to take charge of the important church in Albert-street, and he preached his last sermon in London, in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. He entered upon his duties on the Sunday after his arrival, and from that day there was no doubt as to his position in the ranks of English pulpit orators. Week after week the charm of his eloquence filled the Albert-street edifice to overflowing, and visitors to Melbourne came to regard his discourses as among the choicest of the enjoyments which the metropolis of Victoria had to offer. But Mr. Clark had not long been resident in Australia before it was manifest that his culture and tastes were not restricted to pulpit ministrations. For the benefit of the funds of his church, and on behalf of charities, he delivered readings from the works of Dickens, and a lecture on "Christmas Carols," which greatly extended his fame among the general public. As a reader and lecturer he sprang at once to the foremost position in the community, a position which was never afterward challenged. By these two lectures alone over £600 were realized, and having done "so much for charity," it is not surprising that he resolved to turn his inimitable lecturing ability to other account. Taking as his agent Mr. R. S. Smythe, the most travelled manager in the world, then associated with Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. Clark obtained leave of absence from his congregation, and started for New Zealand, making his first appearance in Choral Hall, Auckland. His eloquence thrilled the people like an electric shock, and for several months, in all the principal cities and towns of that prosperous colony, he was received with unbounded enthusiasm. When he returned to Melbourne he delivered in the Town Hall, for the first time, his lecture on the "Tower of London." It was immensely successful. Week after week this grand building, capable of holding nearly 5,000 people, was thronged; many hundreds of people went again and again to hear the lecture; and almost every mail brought invitations and offers of engagement from the country.

In a few weeks, what with preaching twice every Sunday, and lecturing every evening during the week, Mr. Clark began to exhibit signs of fatigue, and his friends felt a little anxious about him. Acting on their advice, he resigned his pastoral charge for the purpose of making a lengthened tour through the United States and Canada. But though his energies are chiefly devoted to lecturing, he still preaches occasionally for special objects, when the largest churches or theatres are too small to contain the numbers that delightedly attend.

Considering the immensely broader field this continent presents, and the decided taste for lectures of a superior quality that characterises its people, there can be no question that Mr. Clark's appearances in Boston and Montreal justify the belief that, whatever were his Australian successes, they will be eclipsed by the results of his American career. In the former city he delivered his first lecture on October 17th, in Tremont Temple, where Dickens gave his readings; and so wide-spread was the interest created, that he afterward removed to the Music Hall, one of the largest buildings in the United States. Desiring to accomplish the Canadian portion of his tour before midwinter, the popular lecturer hastened to Montreal, where he gave his famous "Tower" lecture on November 6th, and on the three occasions of his appearing that week, his reception was equally flattering with that accorded to him in the centre of New England intelligence and culture. Both in Boston and Montreal the newspaper critics unite in endorsing the verdict of the Australian press, and cordially express their high admiration of the gifted lecturer and elocutionist.

Mr. Clark is fortunate in having as his companion *de voyage* Mr. R. S. Smythe, whose extensive professional travels formed the subject of an article in the *Corahill Magazine* of February, 1871, and who, after familiarising himself with every other portion of the globe where the English language is spoken, comes to this country as special travelling correspondent for several leading newspapers of Australia.

VARIETIES.

MOTTOES.—Mottoes are ticklish things; they should be apt, escaping from vague platitude on the one side, while not giving occasion for sarcastic sneer on the other. When Lord Brougham, elevated to the wool-sack after a career of popular agitation, chose as his motto "Pro rege, lege, grege," he meant it to mean "For king, law, people," and, no doubt, thought he had very happily adapted the old punning style of motto to his own case. But when an enemy perceived that "grege" could only mean "people" in a very free translation, and that "lege" might be taken as a verb, the unfortunate motto, "For king, read, mob" became a standing satire on its possessor.

A NEW BAR-METER.—A trustworthy barometer of the financial atmosphere of France is furnished by the condition of cigar ends on the steps of the Paris Bourse. According to the man whose trade it is to pick up the remnants of tobacco leaf to convert them into new cigars, and who recently confided his experience to the *Paris Figaro*, "When business is dull and nothing doing," he remarks, "the *lourders* slowly smoke their cigars quite out, first because they are idle, and secondly they are economically minded. But if a rise or fall comes, if sudden news arrives and grave rumours are current, the steps are speedily littered with half-consumed cigars, for the speculators no sooner light their weed than they throw it away to join the Babel inside the building, to rush to their agents, to sell out, or to speculate on the rise. Such stirring times are the best for our business."

MOVE ON.—Professor Elicott Evans of the United States tells this story concerning his grand-uncle Joseph Elicott and the chief Red Jacket. The two having met at Tonawanda Swamp, they sat down on a log which happened to be convenient, both being near the middle. Presently Red Jacket said, in his almost unintelligible English, "Move along, Jo." Elicott did so, and the Indian moved up to him. In a few minutes came another request, "Move along, Jo," and again the agent complied, and the chief followed. Scarcely had this been done when Red Jacket again said, "Move along, Jo." Much annoyed, but willing to humour him, and not seeing what he meant, Elicott complied, this time reaching the end of the log. But that was not sufficient and presently the request was repeated for the fourth time, "Move along, Jo." "Why, man," angrily replied the agent, "I can't move any further without getting off from the log into the mud!" "Ugh! Just so. White man want Indian move along—move along. Can't go farther, but he say, 'Move along.'"

CRITICAL PERIODS OF LIFE.—From some elaborate tables drawn up by Dr. Farr it would seem, as far as can be made out, there are certain very critical periods in our career. A baby, for instance, has a very small chance indeed of growing up. But, on the other hand, the period between the tenth and fifteenth years inclusively is that in which the death average is the smallest. At about thirty-five we must begin to take care of ourselves. At this period constitutional changes set in: our hair and teeth begin to fail us; our digestion is no longer what it used to be; we lose the vigor of youth and neglect out-door exercise; above all, the cares of life begin to make themselves perceptibly felt. It is at this time that deaths from suicide take a marked place in the returns of mortal-

ity, and there is also considerable reason to believe that habits of intemperance are apt to suddenly develop themselves. The picture, however, has its sunshiny sides. It would take of course a professed actuary to deduce from Dr. Farr's table their exact result. It appears, however, that if a man tides over his fiftieth year he may make tolerably certain of living to seventy; while if he reaches his seventy-fifth year there is very strong presumption that he will either turn his ninetieth birthday or very near it. A still more interesting question is opened by the series of tables which show the average mortality in different professions and pursuits. Gamekeepers are for obvious reasons the healthiest class of our whole population; clergymen and agricultural laborers come next, and are followed by barristers; solicitors and business men are less fortunate; while at the extreme end of the scale come unhealthy pursuits, such as printing and file-grinding.

SIGNS OF WEATHER.—Dew is always a sign of fine weather, and is never seen except under a cloudless sky. Wind and cloud are sure preventives of dew, from the simple reason that the clouds are able to retain some of the solar heat; and as they can give forth warmth, the radiation from the earth is checked, and a warmer temperature preserved. Wind evaporates the moisture as fast as it appears; and if the wind is westerly, there is little dew or cloud to be seen. The contrary is observed with an easterly wind; but a west wind blows over a vast expanse of land, and having lost its vapour, dries up any moisture it may come across; whereas an east wind, crossing the Atlantic, is full of vapour, and sheds dew on all sides. These remarks, of course, apply chiefly to particular localities, but the influence of a west wind may be seen in spring. Dew is more copiously deposited in spring and autumn than in summer, as there is usually a greater difference in those seasons between the temperatures of day and night; in spring, however, there is a small deposit of dew when a west wind prevails; but in autumn, during the soft influences of south and east winds, the earth is covered with moisture. It has also been observed that there is a greater formation of dew between midnight and sunrise than between sunrise and midnight.

ARTISTIC.

THE roll of students in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts for the present season comprises names of not fewer than 1,300 persons, being about 300 painters, 300 sculptors, and 300 architects.

THE National Gobelin Manufacture is engaged now upon some superb tapestry work for the Exhibition of 1878. Among other things may be mentioned a carpet eighty-six yards square, destined for the Palace of Fontainebleau; two large carpets for the new Hotel-de-Ville, and some panels to be placed in the new porcelain manufactory at Sévres.

MR. SAMPSON, the late city editor of the *London Times*, who died a few weeks ago, had a palace of a house near Hampton Court for his residence. Few places in England can boast of so fair a conservatory and picture gallery as those built and added by Mr. Sampson to the mansion. His collection of pictures, which will, in all likelihood, be shortly brought to the hammer comprises, among others, "The Triumph of Bacchus," by Guido; Titian's "Danaë"; two colossal pictures of the Rocky Mountains, by Bierstadt; "Petraen and Laura," by Severindoneck; a Claude Lorraine; two pictures by E. W. Cooke, R. A.; some of Mr. Macaulay's finest specimens, and several works by Crane and Eddy.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

Judgment has been given in the Charlevoix election case, sustaining Hon. Mr. Langevin in the possession of his seat.

There is nothing new from the Eastern Townships in regard to the reported Fenian movement in that direction. All is reported quiet at St. Albans.

The Quebec Council of Agriculture have decided to hold the next Provincial Exhibition at Quebec, provided the City Council place \$6,000 at their disposal for expenses.

The other day a man ploughing on the farm of Mr. Lee, near Stony Creek, Ontario, turned up a 3-pounder cannon ball, supposed to have been used in the war of 1812, at the midnight fight of Stony Creek.

It is intended to organize the Dominion Bar Society—suggested by the Nova Scotia Bar Society—at Ottawa during the next session of Parliament.

The plains of Abraham have been leased by a private association of leading citizens who will lay out the ground as a driving park, plant trees, and otherwise embellish it so that it may become the public park of Quebec. That is a proper way of preserving a great historic landmark from desecration.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Joseph W. Trutch, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, is in Ontario on a visit.

Hon. Wm. Macdougall is going to lecture in the Maritime Provinces.

Hon. Louis Richard, Legislative Councillor, Quebec, died at Stouffville, on the 13th inst.

It is stated that Hon. Mr. Justice Mondelet, of the Quebec Bar, is to have a year's leave of absence.

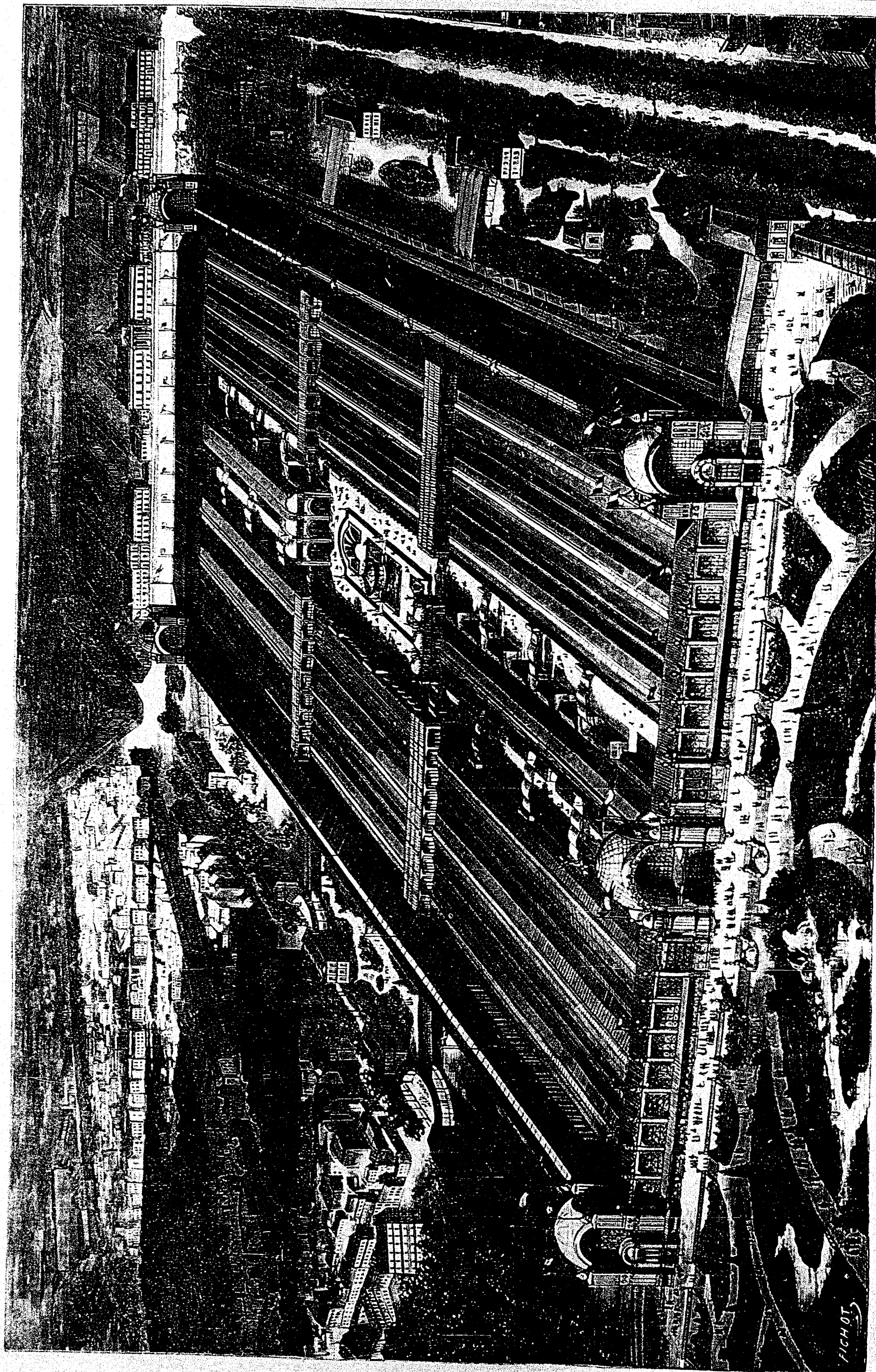
Mr. F. W. Cumberland, Manager of the Northern Railway, has left for England on business connected with the line.

Hon. John Hillyard Cameron died at Toronto, on the 14th inst. Next week we shall publish a portrait and memoir of this distinguished man.

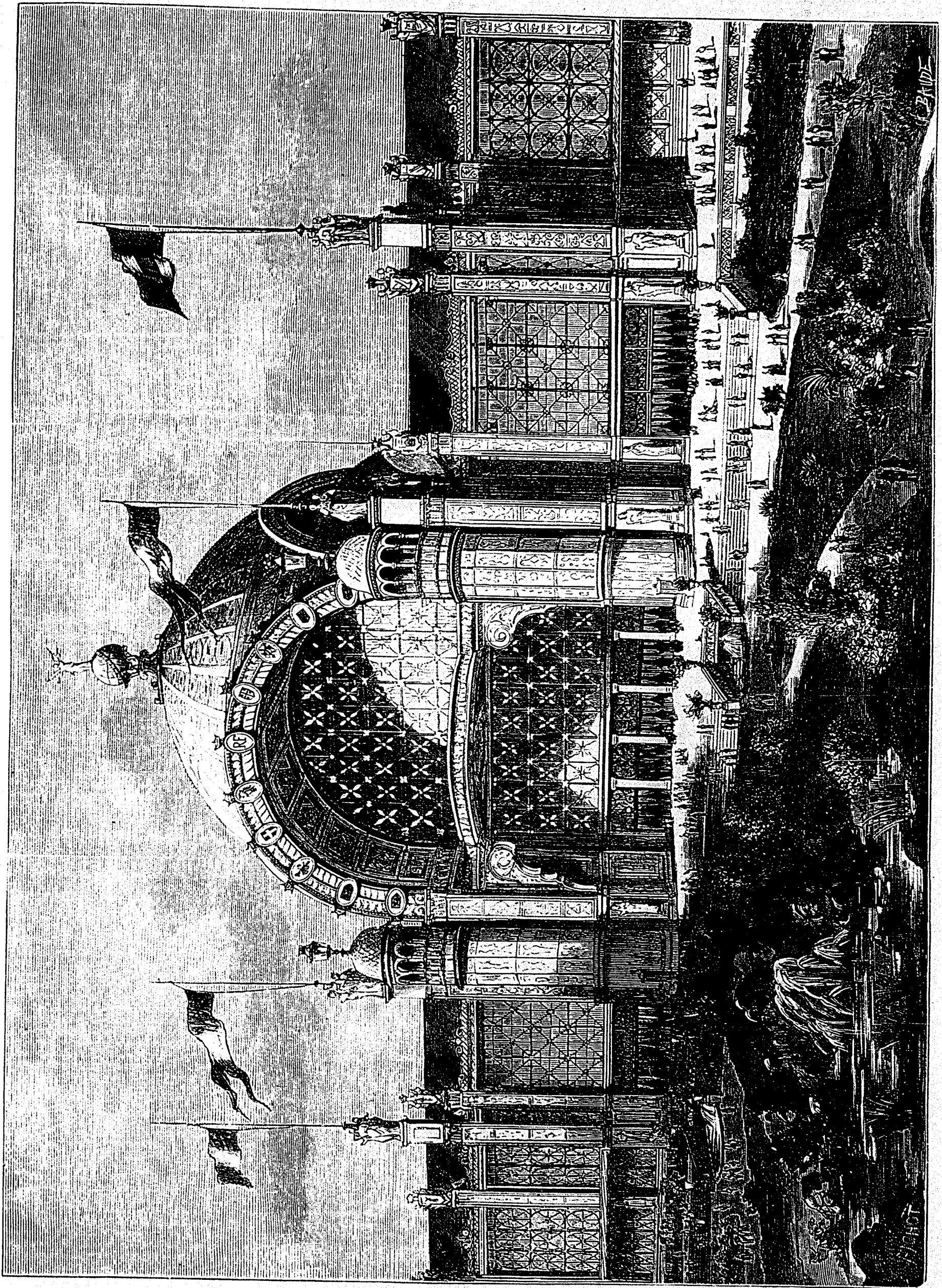
Mr. Dixon, late tutor in the Governor-General's household, has been appointed to a position in the Public Works Department.

James D. Lowin, President of the Bank of New Brunswick, has been appointed Senator for St. John, N. B., in place of the late Hon. John Robertson.

Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers, M. P., and Miss Childers were last week the guests of the Governor-General.



PARIS: UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF 1878. — GENERAL VIEW OF EXHIBITION BUILDING AND GROUNDS ON THE CHAMP DE MARS.



PARIS: PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDING OF 1876, NORTHERN FRONT.—FROM THE DESIGNS OF THE ARCHITECT, M. HARDY.

"GIVE US MORE LIGHT!"

Address to the Kuklos Club, Montreal, BY JAMES RUSSELL, Hudson, P. Q.

I. My theme is LIGHT: whereof, oh! learned few, Ye each are living particles; or rather links, 'Tis no misnomer "KUKLOS;" 'tis doubly true, And marvelously appropriate, methinks!

II. "Give us more Light!" be this your ceaseless prayer And constant watchword, ever ready: Inscribe it o'er your archives fair.

III. Light! in those fertile paths of heavenly lore Wherein it is your love to linger! On those high levels where ye soar.

IV. Light! on those deathless trophies of great arts From marble and from canvas glowing, To shed their impress on your hearts.

V. Light to illumine the broad historic page, To point the rubric of her story, To trace the errors of the age.

VI. Light on the page of biographic lore To point each moral of life's story, Those springs of action to explore.

VII. Light! on the footprints of the heaven-born muse, And round your pathway, ye who soar, And Poesy's pure light diffuse.

This very clever poem was read amid much appreciative at the last weekly meeting of the Kuklos Club, and a vote of thanks was passed to the author.

TWO TRAGEDIES IN REAL LIFE.

The Hotel S. formerly occupied an imposing space on the English Quay in St. Petersburg, and was the sumptuous abode of General S., a distinguished officer high in favour with the reigning emperor Paul I.

her with a husband of suitable rank, who was likely to continue the good reputation which her father had always borne among his countrymen. Natalie S. had been allowed to express her opinion much more freely than was usually permitted to young ladies in Russia, as to the various suitors whom the General commended to her notice.

The revolution of 1793 had lately compelled all the French aristocracy to fly from their own country; and as the conservative policy of the czars was congenial to those who had supported the ancient régime in France, they came in great numbers to St. Petersburg, and made themselves vastly at home in the drawing-rooms of that frivolous city.

It, however, happened one evening that young Natalie went to a ball, chaperoned by an elderly but indiscreet relative; and her father was to join them in the course of the night to take her home.

Two days afterwards Natalie was sitting with her embroidery at the window of her boudoir overlooking the Neva. Her father had gone to the daily parade of the troops, which was equivalent to an imperial levee; and she was perhaps reflecting that existence was rather dull, kept as closely to the house as a Turkish dame.

The next morning the General had only just set off to the parade as young Achille de Ligny appeared at the door of the boudoir; but the French émigré had hardly talked five minutes to Natalie before a noise was heard on the staircase.

The General looked suspiciously round, and told Natalie he wished to open that ottoman.

She showed him it was locked, and made a feint to find the key, which she had slipped into her pocket. He seemed satisfied, when her search was fruitless, and sat down upon it, while for a quarter of an hour he went into minute details as to her dress, the elaborate court etiquette to be observed, and the precedence of the members of the imperial family, to whom she was to make her curtsy in turn.

Then she again breathed freely, and with trembling hands unlocked the ottoman, and tried to open it; but it was beyond her powers. A cold shudder came over her as she heard no sound, and the time was passing, and her father might return.

Natalie's first feeling was of grief for him, then, perhaps not unnaturally, of alarm for herself. The law of Russia made those responsible for a corpse who were found nearest to it when it was discovered.

Vera was engaged to marry a soldier, and she undertook that she should put it out of the way, with the help of a comrade, if Natalie would induce her father to obtain his discharge from the army, and to give Vera her freedom, which could alone enable her to marry a free man.

Vera was freed by her master at Natalie's urgent request, and was married to the soldier, whose discharge was obtained. The General, perhaps, wondered at his daughter's filial devotion to himself, which had suddenly become so marked as easily to win from him these favours.

Natalie had long been pondering over some way of ridding herself of this vulgar tyrant; and now he had almost pointed it out to her. It was not difficult to obtain poison, for the rats were troublesome in the houses near the Neva, and there was always a supply kept in the house for them.

It was a reign in which Justice, after a long doze, had begun to shake herself, and deal her blows with an unsparing hand alike on lord and peasant.

no measures were taken to that effect, it became known, and even reached the ears of the emperor. Paul sent for General S., and received him in a private audience.

"I have heard," he said, "of the terrible event which has happened in your family; but I can remember nothing but your great services to the State. It must, however, be clear to you that your daughter has now only one course before her—to retire for life into a convent."

Natalie lost no time in obeying this injunction, and eventually took the vows of a nun. Her father's wealth was bequeathed to charities, and an expiatory chapel was built on each of his former estates.

The emperor's commutation of a penalty was, in this case, universally approved. It averted a scandal from a noble family, and the privileged classes asked if it would have been right that a lady should suffer for the murder of a peasant, even though he were a freed man.

A similar act of favour ten years later, though under another emperor (Alexander I.), did not meet with the same unanimous verdict, but then it was bestowed on the actor in a tragedy entirely connected with humble life.

A farmer's wife of the name of Catherine had been for a night to a fair in the nearest town, her sledge (for it was midwinter) being packed with goods to sell. She took with her a boy of five years old and an infant of sixteen months, whom she kept closely covered up on her lap under her sheep-skin cloak.

The wolves, having stopped to devour the child, again came after her, and again one had almost leapt into the sledge. If she perished the infant must also; and it seemed inevitable. Why should both die when the death of one might suffice? She tore it from her and threw it on to the snow to appease her pursuers, and the few minutes that it detained them enabled her to reach her home.

She entered the courtyard with a wild and scared expression, and the foaming horse, with bespattered harness, seemed equally terrified. The household assembled outside to hear her story, and a young serf who was chopping wood stopped with his axe poised in mid-air while she told the appalling details. He came towards her.

Directly the young man saw what he had done, he flew for water to try to restore her, and then a doctor, but life was gone. He made no attempt to conceal his act; it had been done before many witnesses, and he was arrested and thrown into prison, where, after the usual proceedings, he was condemned to receive twenty-five strokes with the knout, which, in fact, meant certain death.

His sister Lisa made a melancholy expedition to the town where he was to be tried, and there she obtained access to the priest attached to the prison, and from him learned the sentence. All St. Petersburg had been moved to try to obtain a pardon for a nobleman who had turned wrecker and caused the loss of many vessels with all their crews, but there was no one to plead for this miserable serf; and even the humane, on hearing of it, said, "Well at least he struck a woman, and so deserves to die."

Lisa asked the priest if there was a chance of the emperor (who reserved to himself the privilege of signing death-warrants) inquiring into the affair, and after reading the provocation, deigning to grant a pardon to the homicide. "Our emperor is mercy itself," he replied; "but hundreds of documents are brought to him to sign every day, and time would not allow him to read them all. This will probably not be put before him till he has looked through eighty or ninety others first." Poor Lisa was too simple-hearted to think it strange that a human life should depend on whether a sentence of death was near the top or the bottom of a pile of official papers, or on whether the emperor was too tired or too busy to peruse them.

However, capital sentences were not sent up to the emperor in the indiscriminate fashion that the priest had supposed—mixed with mercantile contracts, marriage-licences, military reports, foreign correspondence, and the bonds for monetary loans. No, the death-warrants were specially ordered to be inscribed with red ink, and tied up with black cord, that they might at once attract the imperial eye. The czar took up the report of the judgment passed on the young peasant, and perused it carefully. He then wrote upon the outside: "This deed not being one of cold-blooded murder, for the man's just indignation proves he was incapable of it, but it being clear that, without reflecting on the effect of his blow, he meant only in his ignorant blundering way to express horror of the woman's act,—let him be hereby released without the knout, and sent to colonise in Viatka, according to the provision for criminals of the third class."

The emperor's secretary shrugged his shoulders behind his imperial master's chair; and when the death-warrant was sent back thus indorsed to the governor, that functionary remarked that the emperor was inclined to be far too easy with these serf-degs. The governor had that morning, in a passion, knocked his own coachman down with such violence on a stone floor that it was only the man's thick fur cap and sheepskin coat which prevented a fatal result, and he was ill for months. But who would have accused the governor if he had thought proper to kill his own serf? None but a very foolish man indeed. All the upper class would have been against him, and henceforth ignored him; and after he had spent a fortune and perhaps years in bringing forward witnesses and proofs, some surgeon would have produced unimpeachable medical evidence that the serf had died a natural death, and the accuser might have been tried on his part for defamation of character, and most likely would have been condemned. For it was in this way that justice was hood-winked even thirty years ago in Russia.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A GENTLEMAN said, when a pretty girl trod on his toes, that he had received the stamp of beauty.

A GIRL at twenty says, "Whom shall I have?" At thirty she asks, "Who will have me?"

EVERY man ought to have a wife. If a man is happily married, that one rib is worth all the other bones in his body.

"You yawn," said a lady to her husband. "My dear friend," said the husband, "husband and wife are but one, and when I'm alone I become weary."

ENAMELLED writing master to a young lady pupil: "I can teach you nothing; your hand is already a very desirable one, and your P's (eyes) are the most beautiful I ever saw."

A MOTHER having occasion to reprove her seven-year-old daughter for playing with some rude children, received in reply:—"Well, ma, some folks don't like bad company, but I always did."

"ALL that I have seen in the world," said M——, "were undigested dinners, suppers without pleasure, conversations in which there was no confidence on one side or the other, alliances without friendship, marriages without love."

ONE morning a little four-year-old boy lay awake in his crib. His head seemed to be stopped with a cold. After vainly struggling for a while to clear it, he exclaimed, "Mamma, what is the matter with one side of my nose? It won't go."

A YOUNG impertinent said to his old maiden aunt the other day, "Well, old un, I have been reading the newspapers, and find that the births come before marriages, and marriages before deaths; will you not be married before you die?"

"AIN'T it pretty?" said Mrs. Jones, holding up her new bonnet. "There's some charming ideas in that, I can tell you."—"Glad of it," said John. "It's just as well to have ideas somewhere about your head, you know;" and he paused to catch a hair-brush on the fly.

THE *sciacants* at Hull have lately been giving some very interesting results of the trial of the strength of "stays." Surely this department should have been left to a female committee, for the true strength of "stays" can only be ascertained by experiments in very tight lacing.

FRANCING up to his mother, a little country boy said lately, "Ma, hain't I been real good since I've begun goin' to Sunday-school?"—"Yes, my lamb," answered the mother fondly.—"And you trust me now, don't you, ma?"—"Yes, darling."—"Then," spoke up the little innocent, "what makes you keep the jam locked up in the cupboard the same as ever?"

THE GLEANER.

IN Norway drunkards are compelled to sweep the streets.

THE credit for the Paris International Exhibition of 1878 has been fixed at 35,313,000f.

THE Mikado will attend the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

GREAT BRITAIN has 75,000,000 of Mussulman subjects.

NEBRASKA has a brass band composed of ladies.

THE shop girls of Boston number nearly a tenth of her population.

QUEEN VICTORIA has received from the Empress of Brazil a present of a dress woven of the webs of the large South American spider.

THE Count de Turenne, a descendant of the celebrated French Marshal of that name, is now hunting on the western prairies. The count is well-known in the best New York society.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE, the writer, is an excellent violoncellist, and is able to solace himself in that way amid the restrictions imposed upon his enjoyment of society and travel by his state of health.

DR. CAMARO CABRAL, a Portuguese doctor, has extracted eighty needles from a girl of sixteen who had contrived at different times to swallow them, and at length found them highly inconvenient companions.

THE split among the Good Templars does not seem at all likely to be healed. In England there have been two secessions, and the seceders call themselves the "Templars of St. John," and the "United Temperance Order."

WHILE the Czarowitch is far more energetic and progressive than his father, his wife, the Princess Dagmar, is said to excel both as a politician, and with the nobility and men of rank in the army for her special adherents, she is now the leader of a third great party.

A SECRET agent of Parisian police, wondering what attraction the sewers offered to so many gamins, followed some and found them fishing for rats with very strong wire lines. They explained that they got from five to ten cents (American) for the skins, according to size. They are turned into ladies' kid gloves.

There is not in the English peerage a lineal male descendant of one of the earls or barons created by the Conqueror or his immediate successors, the Norman kings of England, nor a male descendant of a baron who was at Runnymede, either for or against King John, nor of any peer who was at Agincourt with Henry V., and only one, Wrottesley, who can claim male descent from a Founder Knight of the Garter.

FOOT NOTES.

A palindrome is a word or sentence that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve:—"Madam, I'm Adam." Another is the reply of Napoleon, when at St. Helena; being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, he is said to have replied:—"Able was I ere I saw Elba."

It is said that the price of steel rails, which has fallen one third within the last few years, is now so low that the business is really profitable. A movement is on foot for an agreement between the manufacturers for regulating the production and prices. Canada has a lot on hand for which she has no use, and might enter into the market.

RENOWNED as the Egyptian ladies are for the richness of their attire, they would regard it as highly indecent to display upon the street the magnificence of their dress. When they go about the streets of Cairo on shopping expeditions, they cover themselves with a dismal robe of black. As a general rule, whatever they are compelled to exhibit to the public gaze is simplicity itself, while what they reserve for private inspection is gorgeous in the extreme.

The most distinguished dead-head on the books of the London *Daily Telegraph* is the queen and empress, Victoria. "When Prince Albert died, an editorial in the *Telegraph* so gratified the queen that she ordered a copy of the paper to be sent daily to each of the royal palaces. Ever since then, a royal edition of twenty-five copies has been daily printed in the highest style of the art and duly forwarded. No payment has ever been asked or offered."

There has long been a talk about setting up in the streets of Paris a quantity of clocks, or rather dials, marking the time with the absolute and unerring uniformity ensured by electricity. The plan is now ripe for execution, and will be shortly carried out, the municipal authorities being impelled to the step by the success of the similar dials long since erected in the principal railway stations. In Montreal we should be satisfied with even one town-clock, if we had it.

Before long Paris will be almost as modern a city as New York. Every year numbers of historic houses are demolished. In one lately razed to the ground in the Quartier de la Bastille, Peter the Great was, in 1717, the guest of Marshal de Villeroi, and when visited by Louis XV., then a child, solved a question of precedence as to which should first leave the room by taking the little King in his arms. Napoleon got over a similar difficulty with the Pope, when he drove with him, by having the carriage backed, and each entering at a different door.

The bell of St. Paul's weighs something like 13,000 pounds; Antwerp, 16,000 pounds; Oxford, 17,000 pounds; Rome, 18,000 pounds; Mechlin 20,000 pounds; Bruges, 23,000 pounds; York, 24,000 pounds; Cologne, 25,000 pounds; Montreal, 29,000 pounds; Erfurt, 30,000 pounds; "Big Ben" at the Houses of Parliament, 31,000 pounds; Sens, 34,000 pounds; Vienna 40,000 pounds; Novgorod, 69,000 pounds; Pekin, 119,000 pounds; Moscow, 141,000 pounds; and giant of all the giants, another Moscow bell weighs 430,000 pounds. It will thus be seen that Montreal's bell of Notre Dame is among the largest in the world.

ON the occasion of the consecration of a new church at Maidstone in Kent the other day, the Archbishop of Canterbury ordered some vases of flowers which had been placed on the communion table to be removed. At the luncheon afterward the Archbishop said although the flowers were perfectly harmless, they were not, in a legal sense, church ornaments, and therefore ought not to have been put on the communion table.

THE fall of Juggernaut is being widely prophesied among the Hindoos. The falling of a stone last year from the tower of the temple of Pooree produced a powerful sensation. The impression is widely spread that it betokened the end of Juggernaut, his temple, and worship. Those who have examined the temple say that it must soon fall, the walls being already interlaced with the fibres and branches of trees, which in course of time must cause the whole structure to collapse.

THE Island of Valentia, the terminus of the Atlantic cables in Ireland, is the property of Mr. Fritzgerald, "Knight of Kerry," and its extreme point is the most extreme westerly point save one, not easily accessible in Europe. The Knight is a constant resident, and takes great interest in his estate, which presents a most favourable specimen of Irish property. The traveller finds a neat and comfortable inn, and the scenery from Killarney to Valentia, and thence via Waterville and Kenmare to Cork, will amply repay him. Valentia produces enormous slabs of slate.

WITH reference to colour blindness, or the lack of power to distinguish colours, it is stated that very few of the persons so affected are conscious of the defect in their vision. Many railway accidents are caused by the colour blindness of railway employees, and the Swedish Railway Direction has recently ordered an examination to be made by oculists of all the men in its employ, so as to guard against the danger. Professor Holmgren, who has just examined the employees of the Upsala Gofve Railway, found that, out of 266 persons examined, eighteen were colour blind, and so utterly unfitted for railway service.

An unfortunate suspicion still hangs over the well-known witness in the Bravo case—Mrs. Cox, the housekeeper. Recently that lady paid a visit to her aunt, Miss Elizabeth Birch, residing in Birmingham, and after the visitor left the aunt died. Public mistrust was at once excited, for the aunt had made a will. A coroner's inquisition was opened, all papers and bottles found in the house were impounded, and a post-mortem examination ordered. The examination showed that Miss Birch died of heart disease. It was further stated that Mrs. Cox had no interest in her aunt's will; and the jury returned their verdict—that the deceased died by the visitation of God.

MARGINALIA.

A LONDON correspondent who recently visited the Empress Eugenie describes her as the model of an elegant, well-dressed woman, and little more, her tall slip of a son standing by her side, looking, perhaps, more like her brother than her son, for misfortunes and reverses have certainly not aged her handsome face. If I must state my impression, it must be that I was reminded of the consummate grace and studied perfections of some of the stars of the Theatre Francais, rather than any ideal picture of fallen greatness. Her life at Chiselhurst is quiet and simple. The Queen and the Princess of Wales pay her occasional visits, and French imperialists when in London make pilgrimages with violets in their buttonholes to Chiselhurst and the grave of Napoleon III.

An examination of the sight of the school children in Portland, Me., by Dr. Spaulding, proved that twenty per cent. were of defective vision. Many of these were very slightly affected, yet ten per cent. were short-sighted enough to need glasses. Dr. Spaulding's deductions are that the defective lighting of school rooms is one cause of the trouble, and that the habit of holding books too close to the eyes is another. He advises children not to study with their face towards a bright light, to rest the eyes frequently, and when it is necessary to use glasses, not to choose stronger ones than are needed. He adds: "They should be taught that the light should always come from the side, or even over the shoulder; that the book should be held up, if possible, and never in the lap; that they should always have a shade over a lamp standing on a table at a level with their eyes, and especially if they have to face the light, as in writing; and that all bending positions, and reading in the twilight, or with the sunlight pouring over the book, are very harmful to the eyes."

LIVADIA, the present residence of the Emperor of Russia, is an estate on the southward coast of the Crimea, at about a league and a half from a little town called Yalta, in the Government of Taurida. Yalta is about thirty-six miles from Sebastopol. Livadia, which is placed on a crest of rocks running like a cornice along the Black Sea, is a private estate belonging to the empress. It was presented to her by the Czar a few years after their marriage, his Majesty having bought it from Count Potocki. The property has an extent of about four miles in diameter, and is crossed by the post road which starts from Sebastopol, where the railway stops. On entering the domain, one sees at

each extremity of that road pillars surmounted with the arms of her Majesty, who was, as is known, a Princess of Hesse. The house on it is exceedingly modest in extent. Its construction dates from the commencement of the century; it is, in truth, only a *chalet*, in the Russo-Italian style, like most of the pleasure residences round the estate, that is to say, built half in stone and half in wood. In the middle of the park is another house smaller than that of the empress, which is reserved for the Czarowitch when he comes there to stay with the court.

HAVE YOU A SICK CHILD?—Does your little one become paler and more emaciated every day? Has it a bad breath? Does it start and grind its teeth during sleep? If so the cause is WORMS, and the child will never be well till they are removed, but be careful, do not administer the dangerous vermifuges and worm compounds in ordinary use, they will produce disease worse than the worms. Use that safe and delicious remedy "DEVIN'S VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES;" they are certain beyond any doubt to remove every kind of worm. Take no other offered you.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LEVY, the cornetist, gets \$350 per week.

BERTINI, the composer, has just died at the age of 80.

It is stated that Offenbach's next opera will be founded on Jules Verne's tale, "Dr. Ox's Experiment." The principal part is to be played by Madame Judic.

At a recent dinner given at Passy there were present the widows of the distinguished composers, Rossini and Spontini, the latter in her eighty-sixth year, and full of vigour. They remained in Paris during the siege and troubles of the Commune.

Lord Lytton is making an arrangement with Mr. Hollingshead for the production of his late father's unacted play, which is founded on the "Captivi" of Plautus.

At a recent private entertainment given in Paris by the Marquis de Caux (Adelina Patti), Cimarosa's trio from the "Matrimonio" was sung by the three sisters, Adelina, Amelia, and Carlotta Patti. Amelia Patti is Mrs. Maurice Strakosch.

THE new Court Theatre in Dresden, of which the first stone was laid in 1871, is now fast approaching completion. It will be the finest edifice of the kind in all Germany, as well for its size as for the magnificence of its decorations. It is arranged to seat 2,000 spectators.

MR. BOUCCACCI'S "Forbidden Fruit," according to the *Dramatic News*, which prints a translation of the pertinent parts of the French plays, consists of one act of "Le Procès Veardienx," and two acts of "Le Premier Coup de Canif," dovetailed ingeniously together.

VON BULOW has been staying in Hanover, at the house of the manager of the Royal Theatre in that city. He received a slight shock of paralysis while in London, which deprived him for a time of the use of his right hand, and he went to his friend's house to recuperate. There is no foundation for the reports that his mind is affected.

SOME little excitement has been caused in dramatic circles by the refusal of a soprano songstress to sing in Verdi's Opera "La Traviata," on the ground that Violetta is an improper character. This is rather a serious matter, for if our songstresses and actresses should become thus prudish, how would it be possible to put "Don Giovanni" on the stage, and whom could we get to act Lady Macbeth or the Queen in "Hamlet"?

THE villa Bertanika, near Prague, where Mozart completed his "Don Giovanni," now belongs to M. Lambert Popelka. He has recently erected on an elevation in the garden a memorial to Mozart, surmounted by the great composer's bust, and bearing the inscription: "Here Mozart completed the opera of 'Don Juan,' October 28, 1787."

LECOCQ's new piece, "Kosiki," has been produced at the Renaissance, and was very successful. The scene is laid in the far east, and the piece was to have been called "The Mikado," but the Japanese envoy objecting to the title, it was changed. The libretto is amusing, and the score is full of charming melodies much appreciated by the audience, who insisted on a number of encores.

HYGIENIC.

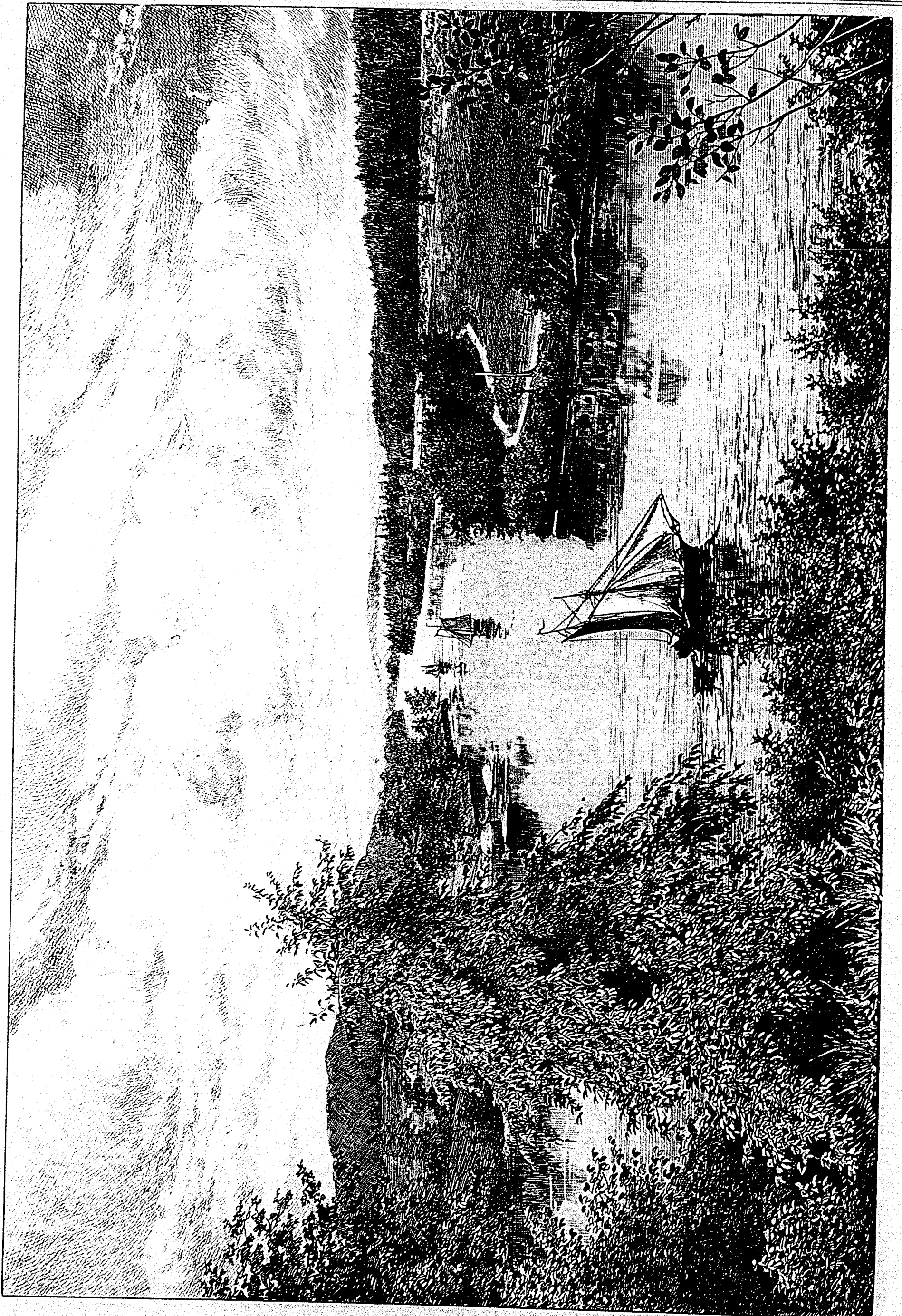
MANY persons think melons very unwholesome, but there is really no more wholesome fruit. If eaten fresh and fully ripe, they make a most agreeable addition to the breakfast and dinner table.

THE powdered leaves of *Xanthium spinosum* are the latest specific for hydrophobia. The drug is described as possessing sudorific and slightly diuretic properties. The dose for an adult is nine grains of dry powder of the leaves, repeated three times a day and continued during three weeks; to children under twelve years, half the quantity is to be used.

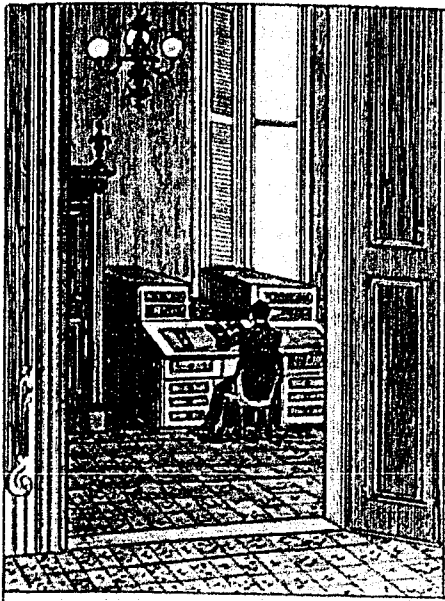
THE worst case of small-pox can be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of water, drunk at intervals, when cold, is a certain, never failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious lingering.

Medical-stimulants—eggs, beef-tea, &c.—can be substituted for alcoholic stimulants, in nearly every form of disease, with the most beneficial results, even in cases of erysipelas, typhoid fever, inflammation of the lungs, delirium tremens, &c., which have been hitherto considered impossible to treat successfully without the aid of alcohol.

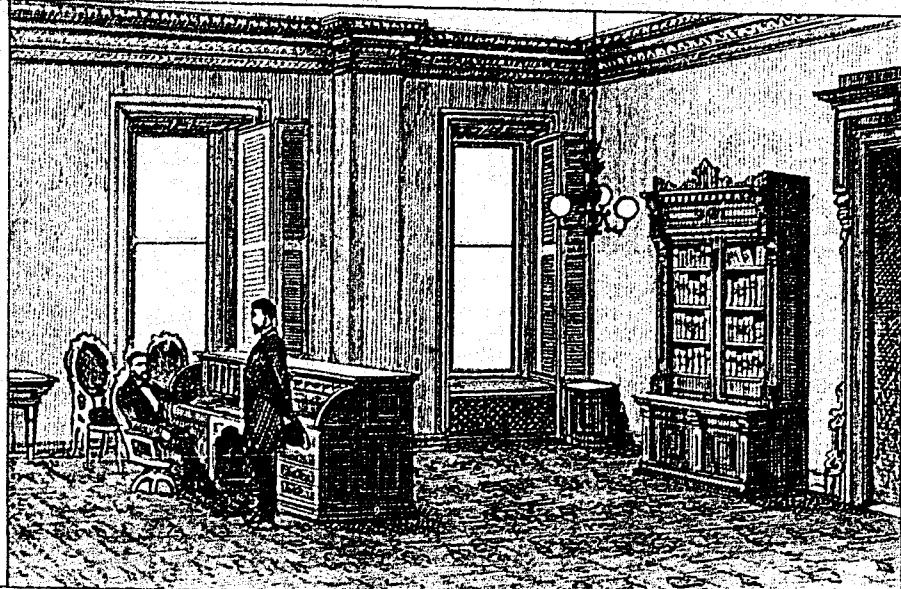
THE weight of the body has often been assumed as an infallible proof of the maintenance of the condition of the body, or of a deposition of tissue, and the food which keeps up a man's weight has been regarded as on that account satisfactory nutritious. But the weight of the body is no criterion of the value of the food taken, because, while the weight remains constant, or even increases, water may increase in the tissues and albumen and fat diminish, or there may be an increase of weight and deposition of fat, while there is also at the same time a diminution of the albumen of the body. Badly-nourished people are usually not lighter than others, but their bodies contain more water and less albumen and fat than those who are well nourished. Every cattle-feeder knows that cattle which are being fattened do not at first increase in weight proportionately to the food they take. And yet people commonly regard weight as of great importance in the case of men, though a butcher will not buy a carcass on the merits of its weight alone, he must know the quality of the meat.



EASTERN TOWNSHIPS: VALLEY OF THE ST. FRANCIS, NEAR SHERBROOKE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERRY & PARKER, SHERBROOKE.



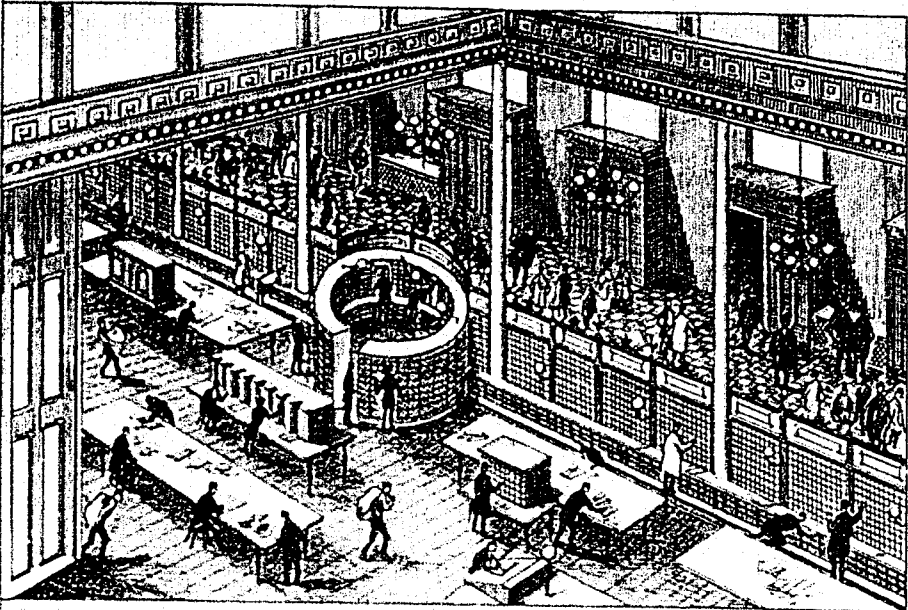
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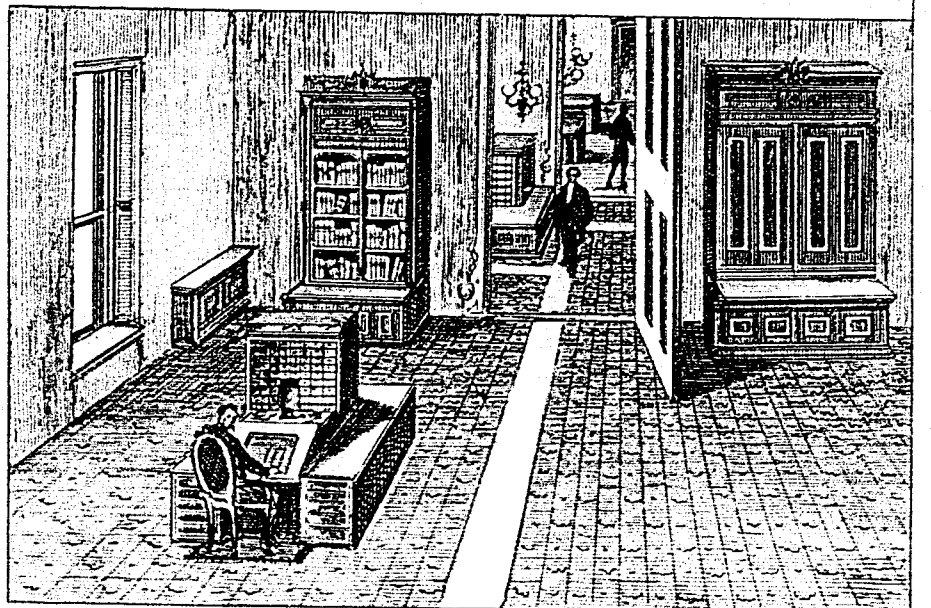
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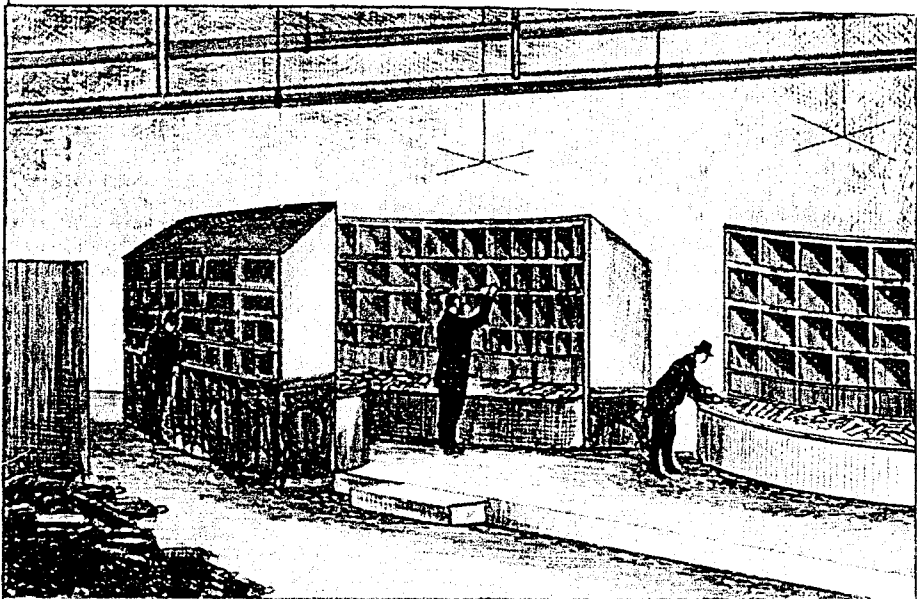
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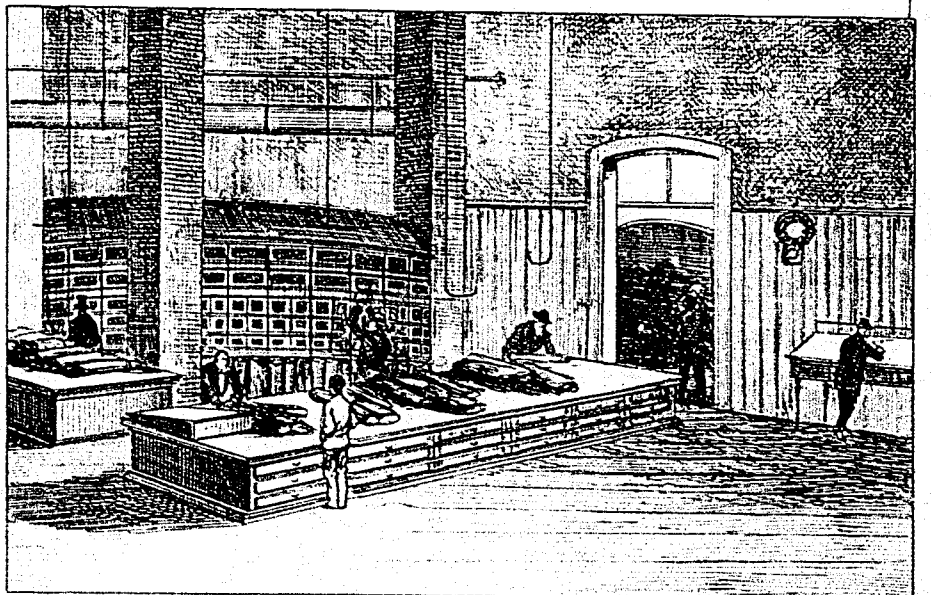
General delivery, stamping and despatch branch.



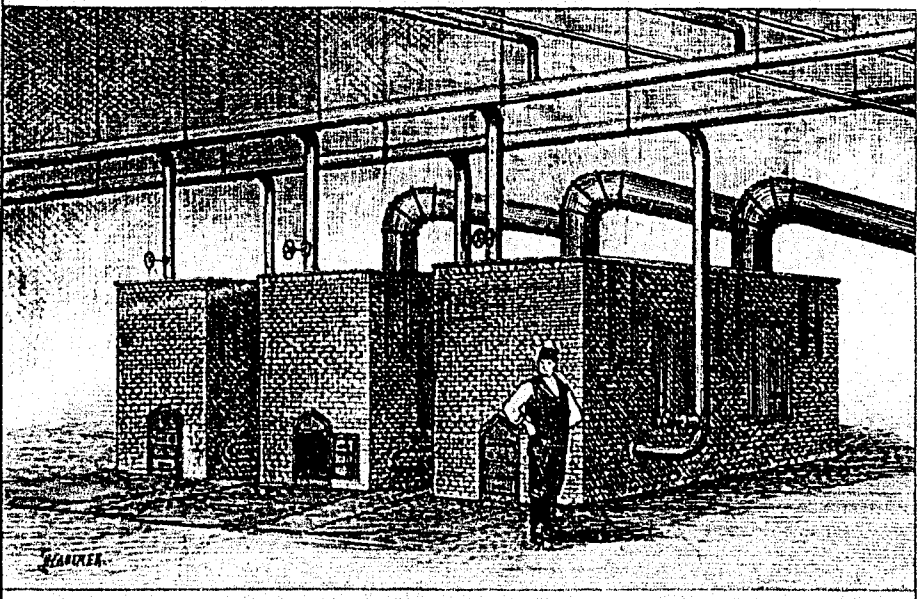
P. O. Inspector's Office.



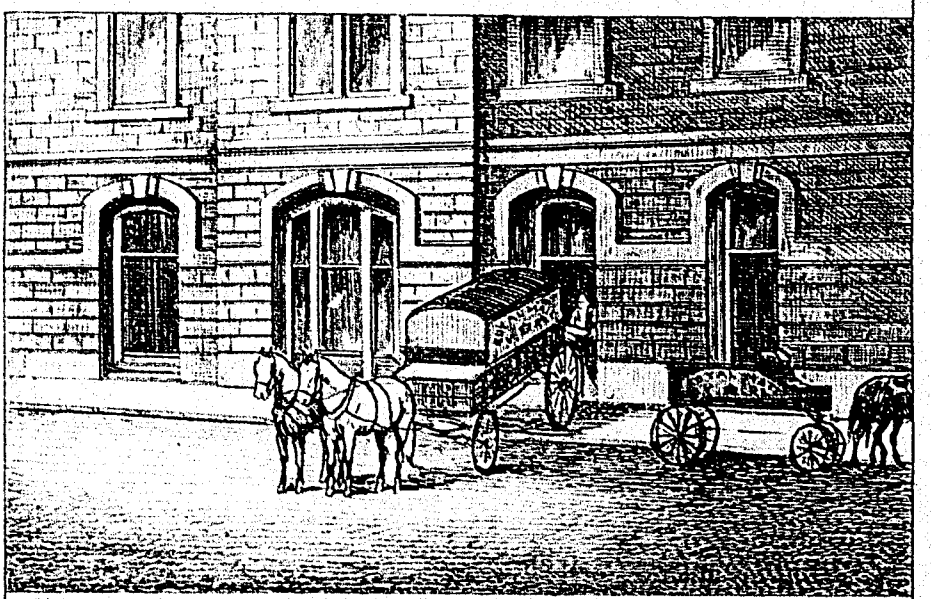
Newspaper department, in basement.



General mailing department, in basement.



Heating apparatus.



Rear entrance, Fortification Lane.

WHAT THE SWALLOWS SAY.

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

Dry leaves drop silently, and cover
The turf no longer fresh and green:
Fair weather now alas! is over,
The breeze at morn and eve is keen.

But, ere the Autumn days are ended,
Earth's latest treasures charm the sight—
The dahlia's full cockade is splendid,
The marigold is flaming bright.

In bubbling drops the rain is beating
On every fountain, while on high
The swallows hold a monster-meeting
To prate of winter, now so nigh.

By hundreds they have flocked together,
Concerting plans to flee the cold:
One says: "Tis always charming weather
At Athens, on the rampart old.

"There, on the Parthenon I've wintered
For many a year, in peaceful rest,
And where a cannon-ball has splintered
A pillar's frieze, I make my nest."

Another cries: "I hang my chamber
Within a Turkish Café's walls,
Where Hadjis count their beads of amber,
And sunshine o'er the threshold falls:

"I come—I go—I find no trouble
Mid Latakia's vapours white,
And, while the long narghile's bubble,
I skim gay turbans in my flight."

A third: "In Baalbec's temple splendid
A triglyph yields me shelter warm—
There, lightly by my claws suspended,
I screen my gaping chicks from harm."

A fourth: "In future, my address is
Rhodes, once with knightly warriors fill'd—
Beneath a capital's recesses
On some black column I shall build."

A fifth one twitters: "I am fearful
Age won't permit me far to fly:
Still, Malta's terraces are cheerful
Between blue water and blue sky."

A sixth: "For me the land of Pharaoh!
I'll paste an ornament with loam
High on a minaret of Cairo,
And quickly have my winter-home."

The last one: "Soon I shall be sitting
Above the Second Cataract:
A granite monarch there is sitting,
For swallows' nests expressly crack'd."

Then all exclaim: "With tireless motion
To-morrow we shall voyage o'er
Brown plains, white peaks, and purple ocean
Whose foaming billows fringe the shore."

With quick shrill cries and wings a-flutter
On the tall roofs and narrow eaves,
Such is the talk the swallows utter,
Scared by the Autumn's reddening leaves.

I can interpret all their prattle—
Each poet is a bird of light,
Though, like a captive, doomed to battle,
With powers unseen that check his flight.

Then, "Oh! for pinions, airy pinions,"
(As Rückert's charming verses sing)
To rove, each year, o'er earth's dominions
With swallows to eternal spring!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

GEIER-WALLY:

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

AT LAST.

"Ah!" Joseph drew a long breath. "Have you all seen it?" he asked, aloud—stooped and pressed a kiss on her hot, quivering lips. A loud hurrah pealed from every mouth. Then he raised her, and, almost fainting, she sank on his breast.

"Stop!" he said, sternly, retreating a step; "I want nothing more, one kiss is enough. You have now seen that I can conquer you, and I want nothing more!"

Wally gazed at him as if she did not understand him; her face was livid. "Joseph," she gasped, "then why did you come?"

"Did you suppose I had come to marry you?" said he. "A short time ago you said, before all the people, that Afra was my sweetheart because she could be so easily won, and Bären-Joseph would not have courage to struggle with Geier-Wally. Did you really suppose that a man who has any honor would allow such a thing to be said of him and a worthy lass? I only wanted to show you that I can cope with you as well as the bear or any other monster, and the kiss I've wrested from you I'll take to Afra, to make amends for the wrong you have done her. Remember this the next time your pride gets the better of you! I hope you'll now lose your fancy for public flouting and insulting poor, honest girls—for you've now, for once, felt what it is to be laughed at!"

A shrill peal of laughter echoed from every lip at Joseph's words. But the latter indignantly silenced the applause. "You have seen that I've kept my promise, and now I'll go to Zwiefelstein to soothe Afra, for the good little thing has been crying for fear I should harm the Höchstbauerin. May God be with you!"

He turned away, but all followed him; the joke had been too good. Bären-Joseph. Ah! he was a man! He had shown the proud Höchstbauerin that she had a master!

"It was good enough for the proud minx!"
"Served her right!"
"Joseph, this is the best thing you ever did."

"If this story gets abroad nobody will want her."

So the discarded suitors exclaimed in chorus; and all surrounded Joseph.

The dancing room was empty. Only two of the company remained with Wally—Vincenz and Benedict. Wally still stood motionless in the same spot. It seemed as if life had deserted her.

Vincenz, with folded arms, stood watching her. Benedict approached and touched her gently. "Wally, don't take it so much to heart: we are here and will get you satisfaction. Wally, speak. What shall we do? We are ready for anything: only say what you want!"

She turned and her large eyes glittered with an unearthly lustre in the corpse-like face. Her lips parted several times; but no words came. It seemed as if she had no breath to speak. At last, as if bursting from her inmost soul, she shrieked rather than uttered the words, "I want his life!"

Benedict shrank back. "Wally—God have mercy on you!"

But Vincenz approached her with sparkling eyes. "Are you in earnest, Wally?"

"In bloody earnest!" She raised her hand as if to call Heaven to witness the oath. The hand was stiff and the nails blue like those of a corpse. "So surely as my name is Wallburga Stromminger, I will marry the man who lays him dead at his Afra's feet!"

CHAPTER XIII.

IN DARKNESS.

A strange, monotonous groaning echoed all night long through the silent Höchsthof. The maid servants sometimes awoke; but not knowing what they heard, fell asleep again. The floors creaked and the rafters shook.

It was Wally, who paced steadily to and fro with a heavy tread, struggling with fate, with Providence, in the death throes of her bleeding heart. Her clothes hung about her in tatters, the carved figure of Wallburga, the crucifix, and the Madonna lay shattered on the floor, crushed in her powerless fury.

She was half undressed, and her unbound hair hung dishevelled over her bare shoulders.

A candle burned low in the candlestick, and the flickering shadows distorted the features of the shattered Christ and seemed to animate them with life. Wally paused beside the fragments. "Yes, grin at me. You take me for a fool. You're all alike. Idols of wood and paper, that can help no one! You hear neither prayers nor curses. And those you represent are, Heaven knows where, and would laugh at us if they could see how we kneel before a bit of wood!" She kicked the fragments under her bed, that they might not interrupt her pacing to and fro.

Suddenly the report of a gun echoed from the distance.

Wally paused and listened. All was still. She had probably been mistaken. Why did the sound make her gasp for breath? She could not even be sure that it really was the report of a gun. Like a flash of lightning, the thought darted through her brain:

"Suppose Vincenz has murdered Bären-Joseph!" But that was nonsense; of course Joseph was sleeping quietly at home—or perhaps at Zwiefelstein, with his Afra.

At the thought she beat her head against the wall in unutterable torture, and visions rose before her mind which almost drove her mad! Oh! if he were only dead, dead, that she need no longer think of him! She threw open the window to breathe the fresh air.

Hansl, who slept on a pole before the window, woke and fluttered sleepily in.

"Oh!" cried Wally, as she held out her arms and pressed the bird to her heart; it was everything to her, the last thing she possessed in the world.

There, that was a second shot, and this time she distinctly heard that it came from the direction of Zwiefelstein. She dropped the eagle and pressed her hand upon her heart, as if the bullet had struck her. What was the cause of this terror? The trifling incident had suddenly conjured up before her soul the horrible deed she had suggested the day before. She was forced to think how she would feel if the shot she had just heard had crushed Joseph's head, and a mad, fierce joy took possession of her. Now he belonged to her; now he could kiss no one else. And as she thought of this, it seemed as if it had really happened: she saw him on the ground, weltering in his blood; knelt beside him, took his head on her lap, and kissed the pale face—the beautiful pale face. She saw it distinctly before her! But then a feeling of pity for the poor dead man suddenly overpowered her—an ardent, inexpressible pity. She called him by every loving name, shook him, rubbed him. In vain: he would never breathe again! No, no, this must not be; he must not die, rather let her perish!

It seemed as if some spasm had suddenly contracted her heart, so that no blood could flow through her veins; and now the spasm had passed away and the warm current again ran freely. She must go out; she must see if Vincenz were at home; she must speak to him before the morning: must tell him that the horrible deed could not be done. She felt as if she were in a fever; all her pulses throbbled. She had wanted—longed for—the crime; but

the mere thought that it might have come to pass quelled her anger; and she forgave!

She threw a kerchief over her shoulders and hastened across the farmyard and through the garden to Vincenz's house. What would he, what would every one think of her? Ah! she did not care. What did anything matter now?

She reached the house. A light was burning in Vincenz's room, on the ground floor. She glided up to it; the curtain was drawn aside, so that she could look within. Her breath almost failed: the chamber was empty, the candle had burned low in the socket. She walked around the house; the door was not locked. She softly opened it and entered. All was still—as death. The servants were still sound asleep; she glided through the whole house; nothing stirred. Vincenz had gone! An icy chill ran through Wally's frame. She entered his sleeping-room; the bed was in disorder; he must have lain down, but quickly risen again. His Sunday suit was hanging on the nails, but his working clothes were missing. His hat, too, had gone. She looked into the sitting-room: the nail on which the gun usually hung was empty.

Wally stood as if paralyzed. She did not know how she got out of the house. She was obliged to sit down on a bench before the door, for her feet would carry her no farther. She tried to calm herself. He had only been restless, and gone out to hunt. What harm could he do Joseph, who was quietly asleep somewhere—she shivered—on a soft pillow; and in the day-time, when everybody was astir, no one could injure him.

It was her evil conscience that conjured up these fears, and she buried her face in her hands. "Wally, Wally, what have you become?" Insulted, scorned, humiliated before all the people, and a criminal in the eyes of God! Where was there water enough to purify her! The Asche roared below. Yes, that could wash away every stain. If she plunged into the cold torrent, all would be removed—her agony and her guilt; the unhappy creature, who was created only for a torment, would perish forever! Yes, that was deliverance. Why did she still hesitate? Let her shatter the useless husk that held her soul imprisoned in the bonds of guilt and anguish! She started up, but could go no farther; and sank back on the bench. Did the crushed, dying heart still cling to life by some invisible thread? There—thank God!—a step crossed the turf: Vincenz was coming! Now she could talk to him: now all would be well.

"The saints preserve us!" cried Vincenz as she moved forward to meet him; "you here?" He looked at her as if she were a ghost. Wally saw, by the faint light of dawn, that he was pale and agitated; he carried his gun over his shoulder.

"Vincenz," she said in a low tone, "have you shot anything?"

"Yes."

"What was it?" She looked at his game-bag; it was empty.

"Venison!" he whispered.

Wally trembled. "Where is it?"

"He is lying in the Asche!"

Wally grasped his arm; and her eyes stared at him with the fixed glare of madness. "Who?"

"Can you ask?"

"Joseph!" shrieked Wally, staggering backward.

"It was hard work!" said Vincenz, wiping his forehead; "I never thought he would fall so quickly under a shot. The devil knows what sent him wandering about in the darkness. I had made up my mind to go to Sölden early in the morning, before he was up; but he ran up; he ran directly into my hands. It was still so dark that the first bullet missed, and the second only grazed him. But he must have grown dizzy, for he stumbled on the bridge and clung to the railing; I took advantage of the moment, sprang upon him from behind, and threw him over it."

A groan, like the rattle in the throat of a dying man, burst from Wally's lips, and, like an eagle swooping on its prey, she suddenly sprang upon Vincenz, clutching his throat with both hands. "You lie, Vincenz, you lie! It's not true, or I'll murder you."

"By my miserable soul, it is true! Did you suppose Vincenz would hesitate long when there was anything to be done for you?"

"Oh! murderer, base, cowardly assassin," sobbed Wally, trembling from head to foot. "I meant no such mean, skulking, vile work! I intended he should die in open, honest conflict. May a curse rest upon you in time and eternity! May you be an outcast in this world and the next! What shall I do to you? I should like to tear you in pieces with my teeth!"

"So these are all the thanks I get," muttered Vincenz, gnashing his teeth; "didn't you tell me to do it?"

"And, if I did tell you so, were you obliged to obey?" cried Wally, in feverish agitation. "People often say things, in anger, which they afterward regret. Could not you have waited till I could come to my senses after the horrible blow? Joseph, Joseph! I am wicked and savage, but I am no murderer. Oh! if you had only waited a few hours! But your own malice urged you on, and you couldn't rest till you had given vent to it!"

"That's right, throw all the blame on me," muttered Vincenz; "yet it's as much your fault as mine!"

"Yes," said Wally, "and I will atone for it with you. There is no mercy for either of us. Blood cries for blood!" she hissed, seized Vincenz by the neck, and dragged him away with her.

"Wally, let me go. What do you mean? Merciful God! are these your thanks? Mercy, Wally, you are strangling me? Where are you dragging me?"

"Where we both belong," was the hollow answer, and she dashed on like a whirl-wind up the heights to the spot where a precipice slopes sharply down to the Asche—the spot where the deed had been done. "Down yonder," were the terrible words she thundered in his ear; "we two—together?"

"Merciful God!" shrieked Vincenz, in horror, "you swore that you would become my wife if I did the deed, and now you want to kill me."

Wally burst into her terrible, mocking laugh. "Fool, if I throw myself down there, shall we not be forever united? What? Do you try to defend your wretched life? And, seizing him with a giant's strength, she forced him toward the edge of the cliff, to hurl him into the gray depths below.

"Help!" shrieked Vincenz, involuntarily, and—

"Help!" rose faintly, like a ghostly echo, from the abyss.

Wally stood as if petrified, and released Vincenz. "What was that? Was it a spectre! Did you hear that?" she asked.

"It was the echo!" he faltered, with chattering teeth.

"Hush!" There it is again!"

"Help!" once more rose like a breath from the chasm.

"May all the saints be praised! it is he. He lives; he is hanging somewhere; he is calling. Yes, I am coming, Joseph; wait Joseph, I am coming!" she shouted, in a tone like the blast of a clarion, and in the same clarion tones she roused the sleeping villagers as she flew down the street, knocking at every door. "Help! help! Some one has met with an accident. Help, for the love of God; a human life is at stake!"

The alarm roused the people from their beds; windows were thrown open. "What is it? what has happened?"

"Joseph—Joseph Hagenbach has fallen over the precipice!" shrieked Wally. "Ropes, bring ropes. Quick, quick; it may already be too late; perhaps it will be too late when we arrive!"

And, like the wind, she darted home, collected all the ropes she could find in the barn, and, with trembling hands, fastened them together; but though she knotted cords, ropes, traces, everything she could find, they were not enough to reach down to the bottom of the chasm where he lay—God knows where!

Meantime the people, still half incredulous about the terrible news, came running up, bringing ropes, grappling-hooks, and lanterns, for it seemed as if day would never dawn, and there was a confusion of questions and outcries, for no accident had ever happened here within the memory of man, and on the broad table-land they were unprovided with the means of rescue always at hand in other places, where dizzy crags and malign clefts and chasms yearly demand their victims. They reached the scene of the misfortune, and a thrill of horror shook even the most cold-blooded as they bent over the edge of the cliff and gazed down into the gray depths, where naught was visible save the floating mist that rested on the water. Vincenz had disappeared; far and wide a death-like stillness brooded over heights and depths. Wally uttered a shout that made the very air tremble. All held their breath to listen. There was no reply.

"Joseph, where are you?" she called again, in a voice that seemed to express the concentrated agony of the whole tortured human race. All was silent.

"He will never answer. He is dead," sobbed Wally, throwing herself despairingly and in anguish upon the ground: "now all is over."

"Perhaps he has only fainted or is so weak that he can't answer," said old Klettenmaier, consolingly, and then whispered in the girl's ear:—"Wally, remember the people!"

She rose and pushed her dishevelled hair back from her forehead. "Bind the ropes together; don't stand there so helplessly—what are you waiting for?" The men looked at each other doubtfully. "We must try whether he can be found," said Klettenmaier.

The men shook their heads, but began to fasten the ropes together.

"Who will be let down?"

"Who?" cried Wally, her dark eyes gleaming with an unnatural lustre in her pale face; "I will."

"You, Wally—you are crazy—the rope will scarcely bear one, far less two."

"It need not bear more than one," said Wally in a hollow tone, joining the men to hurry the work.

"That's impossible, Wally; you must bind yourself and him to it, or how is he to be drawn up?" said the men, helplessly stopping their work; "we can do nothing except send to the villages and order rope to be brought."

"And, meantime, if he faints, he will fall to the bottom of the chasm, and it will be too late!" cried Wally, despairingly. "I won't wait till they come; here, unwind the rope and see how it is. Quick! Forward!" She shook out the tangled mass, tried the length and strength, and the men once more bent to their task, wound up the huge coil, and began to make systematic preparations. The peasants stepped forward to form a chain. "It may be long enough to reach to the bottom, but it won't bear two!"

"If it won't, let him be drawn up alone. Where he has room to lie I shall have room enough to stand. As soon as I have found a

firm foothold I'll unfasten the rope and bind him to it. Then you can draw him up, and I'll wait below till the rope comes down again."

"That won't do; we can't pull him up alone, for if he should be weak and faint he would be bruised and torn, if there were no one to help him and keep him away from the cliffs!"

Wally stood as if a thunderbolt had struck her. She had not thought of this. So she was to be baffled, she was not to reach him, unless perhaps down below in the cold bed of the Asche! The rope would not bear two; she saw that herself. "In God's name!" she said at last, and, in spite of her feverish agitation, she now stood composed, calm, and resolute, fastened the rope around her waist, and took the alpenstock in her hand. "Lower me down, that I may at least search for him. If I find him I'll stay and support him till you can get ropes and let them down to us. I'll wait patiently, though I should be obliged to hang between earth and sky for hours before they come!"

Old Klettenmaier threw himself on his knees before her. "Wally, Wally, don't do it; they all say the rope is not safe. If it must be done, let me go down; of what use is my old life, if I can do no good? We can, at least, see whether the knots are safe, and if they break it'll be only I who will fall, not you."

"Yes, Wally, listen to him," said another; "he is right, don't do it. Wait till help comes from the villages!"

Wally tossed both arms so impatiently that the crowd fell back. "When I was a child did I wait before snatching the eagle from its nest on the crag, and am I to wait now before saving Joseph? Say no more. I will, I must go to him. Quick—unwind—hold fast!" Even while uttering the words she had leaped over the edge of the cliff, and the men who formed the chain were obliged to put forth all their strength, so sudden was the jerk on the rope.

"God help us!" said Klettenmaier, crossing himself and then darting off, as if Wally's last words had given him some new idea. All gazed in terror at the girl, as she slowly sank into the sea of clouds, till it had swallowed and closed over her, perhaps forever. The people stood silently around the place where she had vanished, as if it were an open grave. The tense strain upon the rope alone gave tidings of the bold diver into the cloud ocean, and all eyes rested upon it, to see if it broke or would support her. Whenever one of the hastily tied knots was unwound each heart throbbled still more anxiously. Will it hold?

Large drops of perspiration stood upon the foreheads of the men who formed the chain, and as the coil unwound their hands involuntarily again tested the knots on which depended a human life. Thus minute after minute passed heavily away, as if time were also bound to a rope which the powers of evil would not untie. The coil continued to unwind; Wally must still be hanging in the air, had not yet found a foothold.

"The rope is almost gone," said the last man on the chain; "it won't be long enough."

"Holy Virgin, help us!" cried all with one voice; "it won't be long enough."

Only a few yards were left, and still there was no sign from below that Wally had reached her goal. The men pressed forward as near the edge of the precipice as they dared, and gave as much of the rope as possible. If it were not long enough, all would be vain, and they must draw poor Wally up, to make the perilous venture afresh.

Suddenly the coil ceased unwinding, the rope grew slack—a terrible moment! Had it broken or had its burden found a foothold?

The women prayed aloud, the children shrieked. The men began to slowly wind up the rope, but only a few feet came in; then it resisted. It had not broken; it held. Wally had found a footing. And now—hark! A faint cry rose from the abyss, and every throat shouted an answer. Once more the rope grew slack and they wound it up; this was repeated several times. Wally seemed to be climbing up the rocky cliff. In the meantime day had fully dawned, but a fine cold rain trickled down, and the mist below grew still denser. Now the rope suddenly took an oblique direction. There was a strong pull to the right; the men yielded to it and moved from the left to the right of the path. Wally still seemed to be climbing higher; they were forced to wind up more and more. "Thank God," said some of the men, "he has not fallen so very far—if he is so near the top, he may be alive!"

"Perhaps she's only looking for him," replied others. Just at that moment the rope was suddenly jerked; then it grew slack again, and a piercing shriek rang on the air.

"It has broken!" gasped the throng.

No; it grew tense once more. Perhaps the cry might have been a shout of joy. Perhaps she had found him! The women threw themselves on their knees; even the men were praying, for though all had hated the haughty "Hochstbauerin," every one who had a human heart in his breast trembled with anxiety for the brave girl hovering in mortal peril in the chaos below. If only a ray of sunlight would pierce the mist for a single moment. There they stood gazing, unable to discover anything, and were forced to wait for the slowly dragging minutes to disclose what was still concealed.

The rope held, but no sound rose from below. Had it broken and merely caught on some jagged rock, while Wally lay shattered in the Asche? Why was there no signal, no shout? And hours might elapse before help could come from the villages.

No one ventured to utter a word. All listened with bated breath. Just at that moment Klettenmaier ran up, calling and beckoning.

"See what I've brought!" He carried over his shoulder a stout rope, made for lowering into chasms. "Our Lord be thanked! When she spoke of the eagle I remembered that Luckard had kept the rope with which Stromminger lowered Wally down to the nest; and, see, I found it all safe in the corn-loft, under a lot of old rubbish."

"There is a treasure! Klettenmaier, the Lord himself sends you!" cried the crowd, in one breath. "God grant that we may still need it," said the oldest of the villagers, mournfully; "she no longer gives any signals."

"There's a pull at the rope," cried the foremost man on the chain, and at the same time rose a call, so near that when all were still the words could be distinguished, "Is there no more rope?"

"Yes, yes," was the joyous response. An iron grappling-hook was fastened to the cable as an anchor, a second chain formed, and the rope lowered into the fog-veiled abyss. The oldest villager took the command, for it was absolutely necessary that the two ropes should be drawn up at precisely the same moment, that Wally might remain with and support Joseph. The cable did not descend half so far as Wally had been lowered, when it was seized and stopped.

"Let down a few yards more," said the leader. "Wally must have plenty of rope to tie around Joseph. Enough!" he called, and at the command the men stood like soldiers on parade, waiting for what was to come next. Again there was a few minutes' pause; she must fasten the rope securely, that the perhaps lifeless body so nearly rescued might not again fall into the abyss.

"Tie it firmly, Wally," murmured Klettenmaier.

"Yes, Holy Virgin, if she only makes it strong," repeated the people.

Both ropes were jerked three times at the same moment. "Pull," said the leader, and it seemed as if his voice trembled.

The men forming the two chains braced their feet firmly on the ground, the veins on their legs, arms, and foreheads swelled; bending far forward, the muscular hands pulled stoutly on the ropes and the heavy burdens began to be raised—a terrible, responsible task—a mistake and all would be lost.

"Slowly," said the leader; "watch each other!"

It was a solemn moment. Even the children did not stir. Nothing was heard far or near except the quick, panting breath of the men, as they bent to their work. Now—now something rose through the mist; growing more and more distinct. Wally appeared, supporting with one arm the motionless body that hung from the rope, and with the other hand bracing the alpenstock against the rock, to keep herself and him from being bruised. Thus, as if rowing, she ascended through the sea of air. At last they were close to the edge of the cliff; one more pull, and they could be seized.

"Hold fast," cried the leader. Every one gasped for breath; the last effort was the hardest of all. Suppose at this moment the rope should break!

But no; those at the head of the chains bent forward and seized the two figures in a firm grasp, while the men behind clung stoutly to the rope.

"Up!" cried the foremost peasants; another pull, and they were safe on firm ground, while a ringing shout of joy relieved the oppressed hearts of the throng. Wally sank senseless on Joseph's motionless body. She neither heard nor saw that all pressed around to thank and praise her—she lay with her face upon his breast—her strength was exhausted.

(To be continued.)

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

We do not give the particulars of the late British Arctic expedition, as these have fully appeared in the daily press, but we present a map showing the route followed and the highest point attained. In the autumn of last year, immediately the *Alert* was secured in winter quarters, provisions and boats were advanced by sledge parties along the shore to the north and westward, ready for use by the travelling parties in the following spring, the depot being established within a mile of the farthest north position hitherto reached by civilised man. On Oct. 14, two days after the sun had bid the expedition good-bye for an absence of 142 days, the travellers returned from their cold and arduous journey of twenty days duration. Owing to a very heavy snowstorm, which, by protecting the sloppy ice from the intense frost, caused very wet travelling, a number of people were frost-bitten in the feet, and three amputations were necessary, one officer and two of the men being sufferers. Lieutenant Aldrich, engaged in pioneering the way for the main party, which was led by commander Markham, on Sept. 27, advanced three miles beyond Sir Edward Parry's most northern position, and from a mountain 2000 ft. high sighted land towards the W.N.W., extending to latitude 83 deg. 7 min. No land was seen to the northward. It would therefore seem doubtful whether the "President Land," which is vaguely marked on the northern verge of the map, has any real existence. Thus, within four months of leaving England, the mystery concerning the "open Polar Sea" was

cleared up. The *Alert*, advancing to the limit of navigation; had reached a higher northern latitude than any ship had previously been able to attain, and a sledge party had proceeded a few miles beyond the position gained with so much labour and privation by the gallant men commanded by Sir Edward Parry and Sir James Ross, the Union Jack planted by them passing into the guard and keeping of their countrymen, to be again pushed forward in advance during the following spring.

FASHION NOTES.

ALL over-dresses are made very long.

VELVETTES is no longer used for boys.

SCARF draperies are worn more than ever.

THE new mantles are long and narrow, particularly at the back.

DARK felt hats are more fashionable than cream or grey ones.

DRESSES, both for street and evening wear, are still fastened tightly back.

PASSEMENTERIE trimmings of great richness are much in vogue, and are extremely handsome as well as costly.

HENRIETTA cloth is now generally replacing bombazine, not only for mourning, but for other elegant black costumes.

THE most fashionable hat seems the "Piccolo," with a high crown; the bonnets, as a rule, are very close and small.

THE new evening cloaks are large dolmans of white embossed velvet, or of pale blue or cream colour, trimmed with leather bands.

VELVET will be the general material for bonnets; cut steel buckles, and basket-woven or double-faced ribbons will be the popular trimmings.

CHEVILLE plays a most important part in all the new gimps and fringes, and the ingenious manner in which it is intermixed with dead-looking silk gimp is another proof of French taste.

FUR borders to mantles are even more in vogue than last winter; and the fashionable fur for the forthcoming season is "castor des Indes," a handsome silky, black fur, soft to the touch.

BRIDS are from three to four inches wide; they are made of fine mohair, the black ground-work being a basket pattern; and on this a design is worked in bright glossy silks.

THE fashion of wearing a mass of false hair is passing away, and the great object now is to prevent the appearance, at all events, of having no addition to the natural growth.

ALTHOUGH the clinging Princesse costume, worn without crinoline, is a marked feature of the present fashions, a newer mode is to have the entire costume in one piece instead of two, as the polonaise and skirt, or in three pieces, as in the bodice, upper and under skirt.

WRAPS, sacques and cloaks are being worn much longer than during past seasons. In costumes, the outer jacket is usually half tight and comes well over the hips, being cut straight all round, and with a multiplicity of seams up the back that aid to give an appearance of slenderness to a stout figure.

JET will still be worn, particularly pink jet and the colour called "jais brûlé," a reddish or copper brown. White lace bows will be used for draping evening dresses when old lace will be affected for the purpose; very little black lace is to be used except narrow guipure embroidered and fringed.

IN lingerie there is much that is novel. There are three-cornered kerchiefs to be worn outside mantles, and made of white lawn edged with either Maltese, Valenciennes or Mechlin. They are so shaped that they fit into the shoulders with a short point at the back, while the long ends fall straight down the front.

THE Grecian Bandeau is extremely simple. The false hair is mounted in a straight line under a piece of velvet, which is tied across the head; it then falls over the natural growth of hair, and can be plaited with it and dressed in any way required. The velvet can be hidden with a coronet if preferred, but it is not necessary.

THE new winter stockings are worsted with silk, and the stripes go across the leg and not down it; but plain silk and spun silk stockings will be much worn, because the boots that extend midway to the knee, and are barred across the instep, are decidedly in favour. These bars or straps are straight, and have a button in the centre, and sometimes this button is of cut steel.

MUFFS made of the same material as the trimming of the dress are in preparation for the cold weather. There are cocks' feather muffs to match the cocks' feather borderings, and ostrich muffs to assimilate with ostrich bands, and beaver muffs for beaver trimmings. Instead of one costly muff, as in days of yore, one lady will have four or five inexpensive muffs to match either the dress or mantles. Black silk muffs, edged with a band of fur, will be worn with the long black silk cloaks that are lined and trimmed with fur.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

We have decided, in our desire to render the News still more acceptable and interesting to even the youngest classes of our readers, upon opening this column for boys and girls. We shall give every week a variety of puzzles, anagrams, arithmetical and geometrical problems, literary curiosities, historical and geographical queries, and other oddities, which by taxing the ingenuity of our youthful friends, will contribute to increase their knowledge, while passing away a pleasant evening hour. We invite them to send us their solutions in writing, and the correct solutions will be duly credited to their authors. To afford ample time for study and for the answers to reach us, the solutions will be published a fortnight after the problems.

No. 1. COSTUME.

What is that, among all the things of this world, which is the longest and the shortest, the quickest and the slowest, the most divisible and the most extended, the most regretted and the most neglected, without which nothing can be done, which devours everything that is small, and gives life to all what is great?

No. 2. ARITHMETICAL.

How can the number 100 be written with four 9's?

No. 3. ARITHMETICAL.

A Mussulman died, leaving his three children nineteen camels. The oldest was to have $\frac{1}{2}$, the second $\frac{1}{3}$, and the youngest one-fifth of the whole? How was the division made?

No. 4. ARITHMETICAL.

What are the two numbers which, on being added, give 45 for each, and which, subtracted the one from the other, leave a remainder which on addition gives 45?

No. 5. ARITHMETICAL.

How can 7 be the half of 12, and 6 the half of 11?

No. 6. LITERARY.

A Latin verse which may be read from left to right and right to left:

Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

No. 7. MECHANICAL.

A vessel at sea was about to founder. All the freight and baggage were thrown overboard, but that did not suffice. Half of the crew have to follow. There were 32 men in all, 16 whites and 16 blacks. Beginning on the left, the captain caused the pushing into the sea of the tenth, twentieth, and thirtieth, and returning began again by the eighth, &c. When the work was done the 16 blacks were gone. In what order did the captain place his men so as to save the 16 whites?

No. 8. TWO ANAGRAMS.

The following, transposed, will give the names of two celebrated painters:

1. So July has no end, sir.
2. Let paper burn, Sue.

No. 9. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A KING OF ENGLAND—gracious, good, and great;
2. A town of Italy, in the Papal State;
3. A liquor strong, which tapers all enjoy;
4. A priest of Shiloh—guardian of a boy;
5. A German town, a loyal one, it trust;
6. A Greek, who won the "noblest name of just."

The initials will show if read aright, An ancient battle of fame; While the finals, read downwards, will bring to light The defeated general's name.

DOMESTIC.

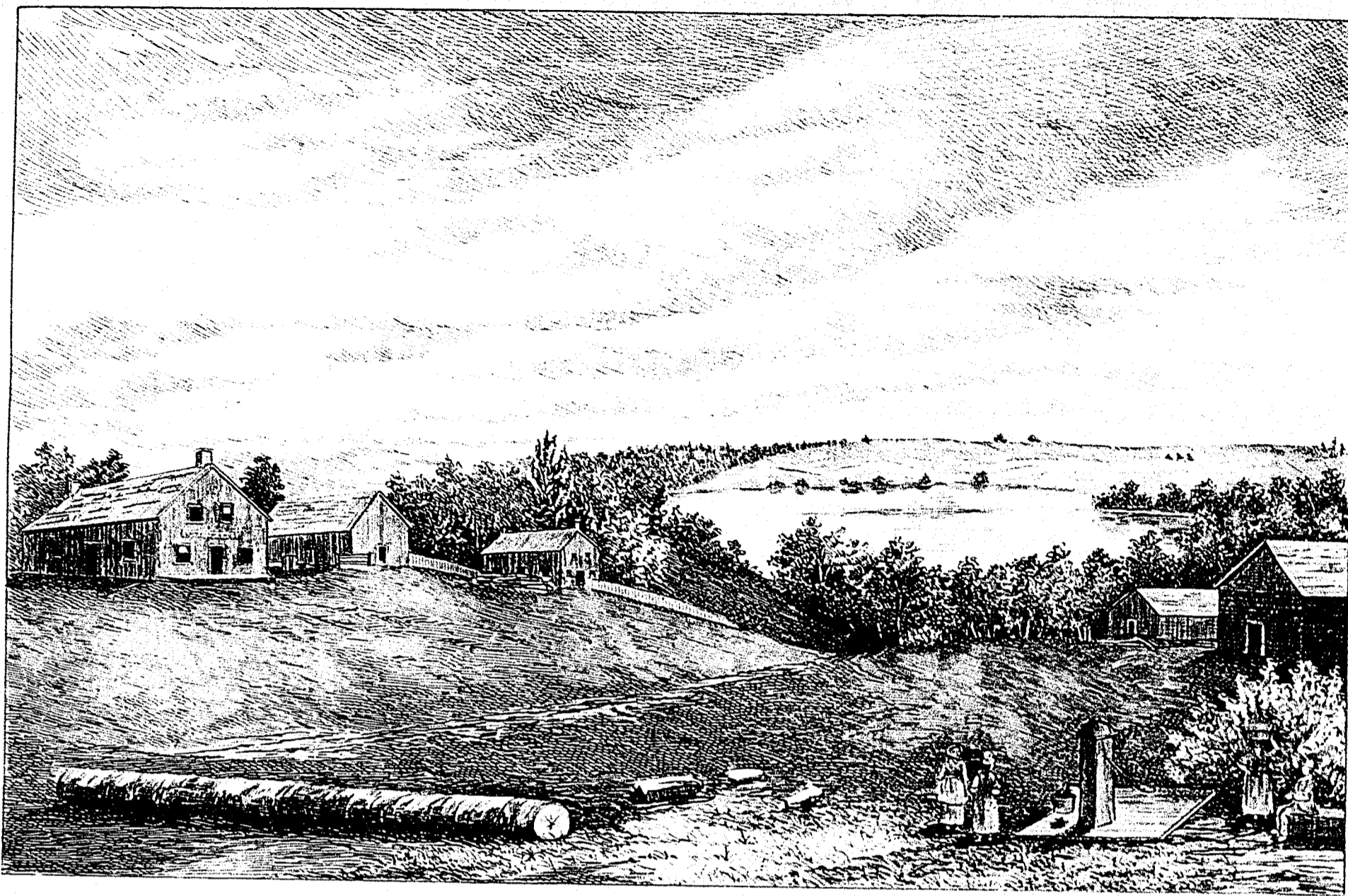
MILK.—Under no consideration should the milk pans stand in the common place where meat, etc., are stored. This is too often the practice. Not only should the odors from the meat be guarded against, but those from vegetables are equally destructive to the purity of the milk.

WELSH RABBIT.—One teacupful of chopped cheese, one teacupful milk, one egg, butter size of butter-nut; boil milk, butter, and cheese till smooth paste; add egg, well-beaten, and turn at once upon half slices of toast well buttered. Serve hot, with mustard added to the mixture while boiling, if agreeable to all tastes.

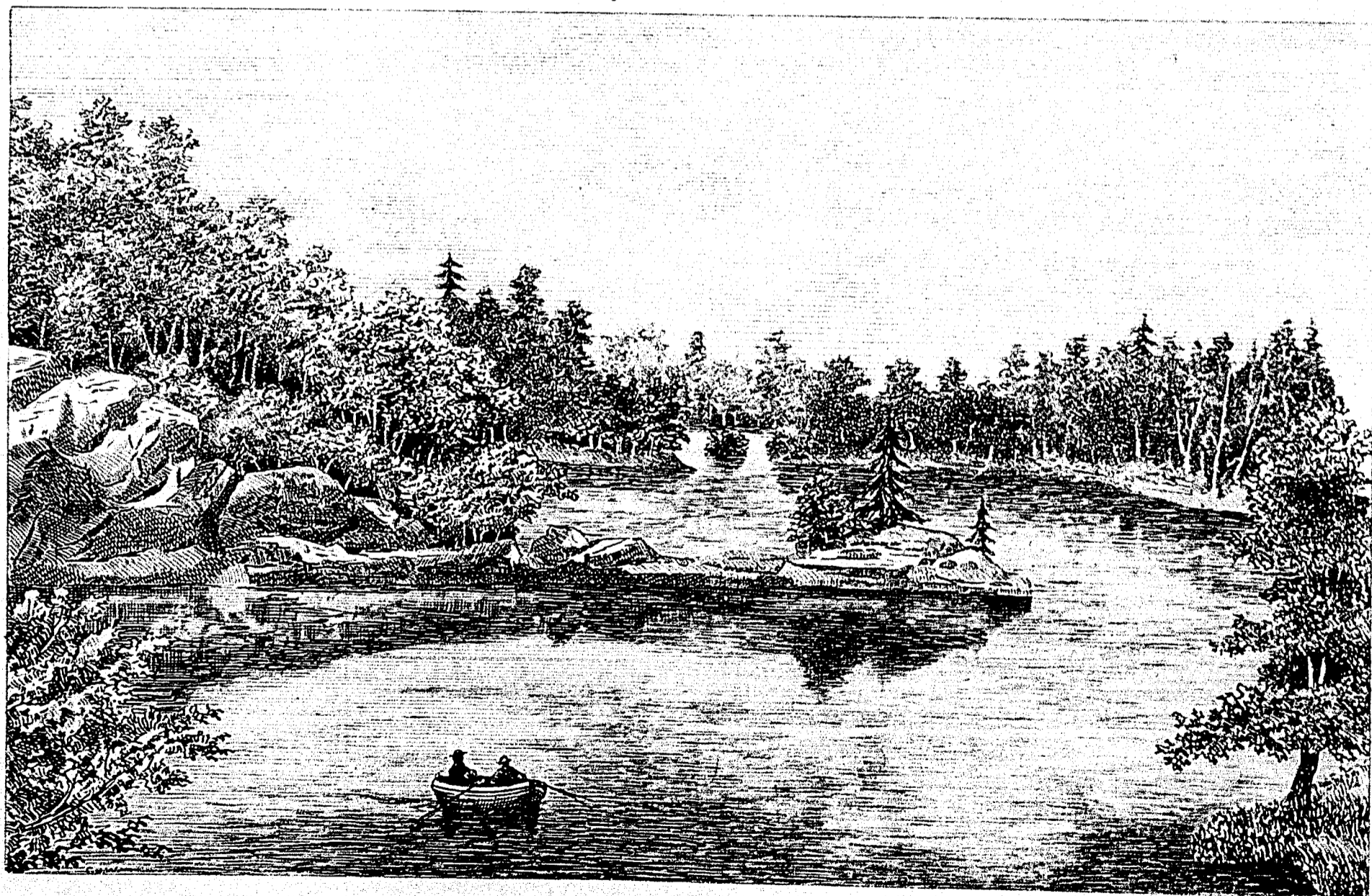
WHITE VEGETABLE SOUP.—To two carrots, two turnips, two onions, three heads of celery, three potatoes, add half a pint of split peas, boiled and rubbed through a sieve, or else the remains of pea-soup, if you have it; pass the vegetables through the sieve, add one quart of good white stock and half a pint of cream or good milk, and season to taste.

WELSH RABBIT—II.—Put a little milk in a saucepan and set it on a moderate fire; cut up in slice some new cheese, and put it into the saucepan; also stir the whole thoroughly until the cheese is melted and well mixed with the milk. Only a small portion of milk is necessary, say about one-eighth. Have some pieces of toast ready buttered and on the bottom of a dish. When the cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed, put it upon the toast and serve while hot. A golden back requires a poached egg on the top.

KIDNEYS.—*A la Brochette.* Plunge some mutton kidneys in boiling water; open them down the centre but do not separate them, peel, and pass a skewer across them to keep them open; pepper, salt, and dip them into melted butter, broil them over a clear fire on both sides, cooking the cut side first; remove the skewers, have ready some *maitre d'hôtel* butter, viz., butter beaten up with chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice. Put a small piece into the hollow of each kidney, and serve very hot. *Fried.*—After plunging them in boiling water, cut them in thin slices, and fry in hot lard or butter with pepper, salt, and then toss them for a few minutes in rich gravy. *Grilled.*—Prepare them as above; cut each kidney in half, and dip the pieces in egg beaten up with salt and pepper; breadcrumb them, dip them in melted butter, and again breadcrumb them, then grill them before a slow fire; serve with sharp sauce. *With Macaroni.*—Cook 2oz. of macaroni, broken into convenient pieces, in boiling water; skin two or three mutton kidneys, remove the fat, and slice them thin; season with salt, cayenne, and finely minced herbs; fry them on both sides in butter, then stew them in half a pint of good gravy well flavoured with tomatoes. Serve in a deep dish with the macaroni over them, and the gravy poured over; add pepper, salt, and some grated Parmesan cheese; brown with a salamander.

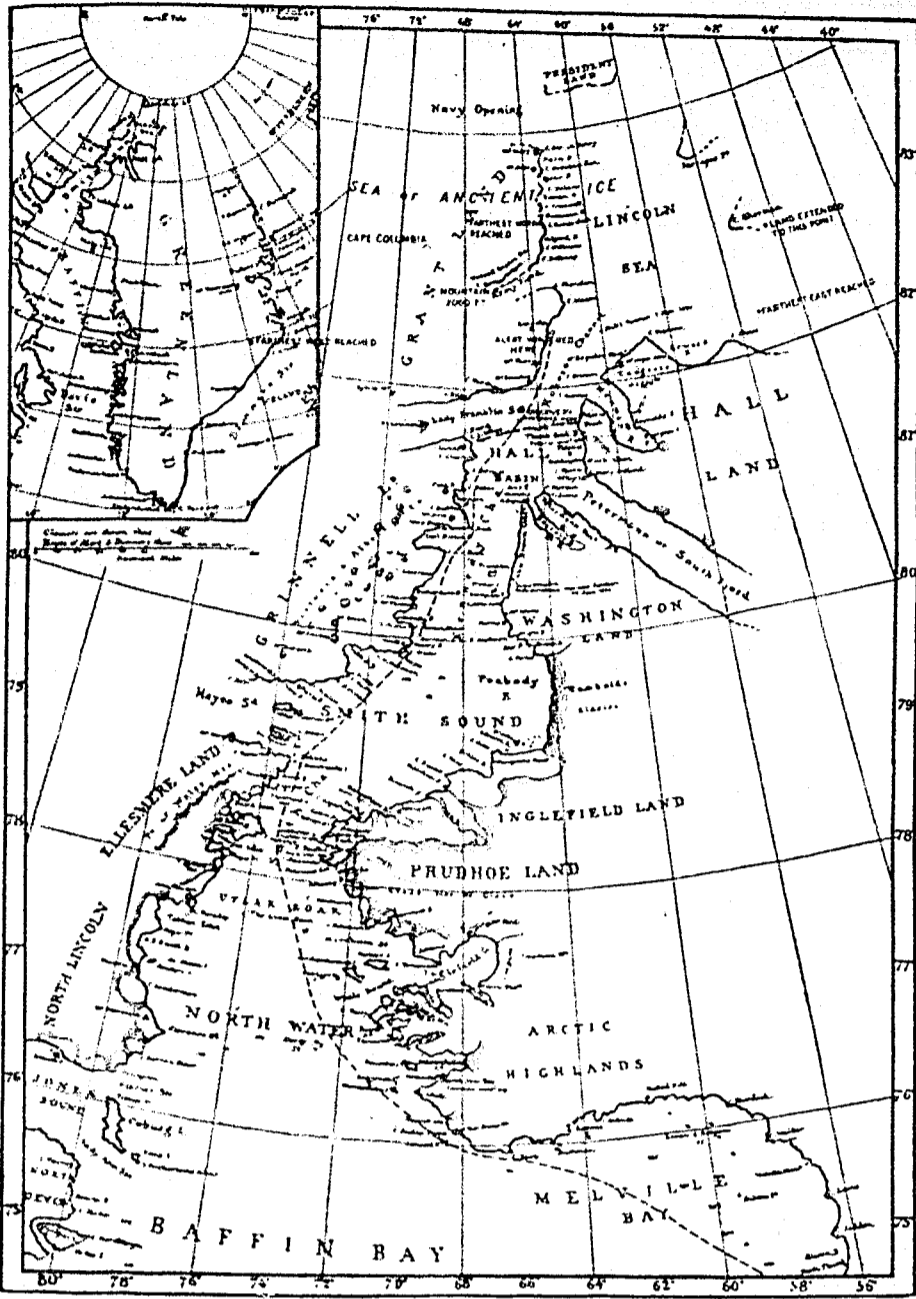


WOLF LAKE, FROM FERMOY VILLAGE.

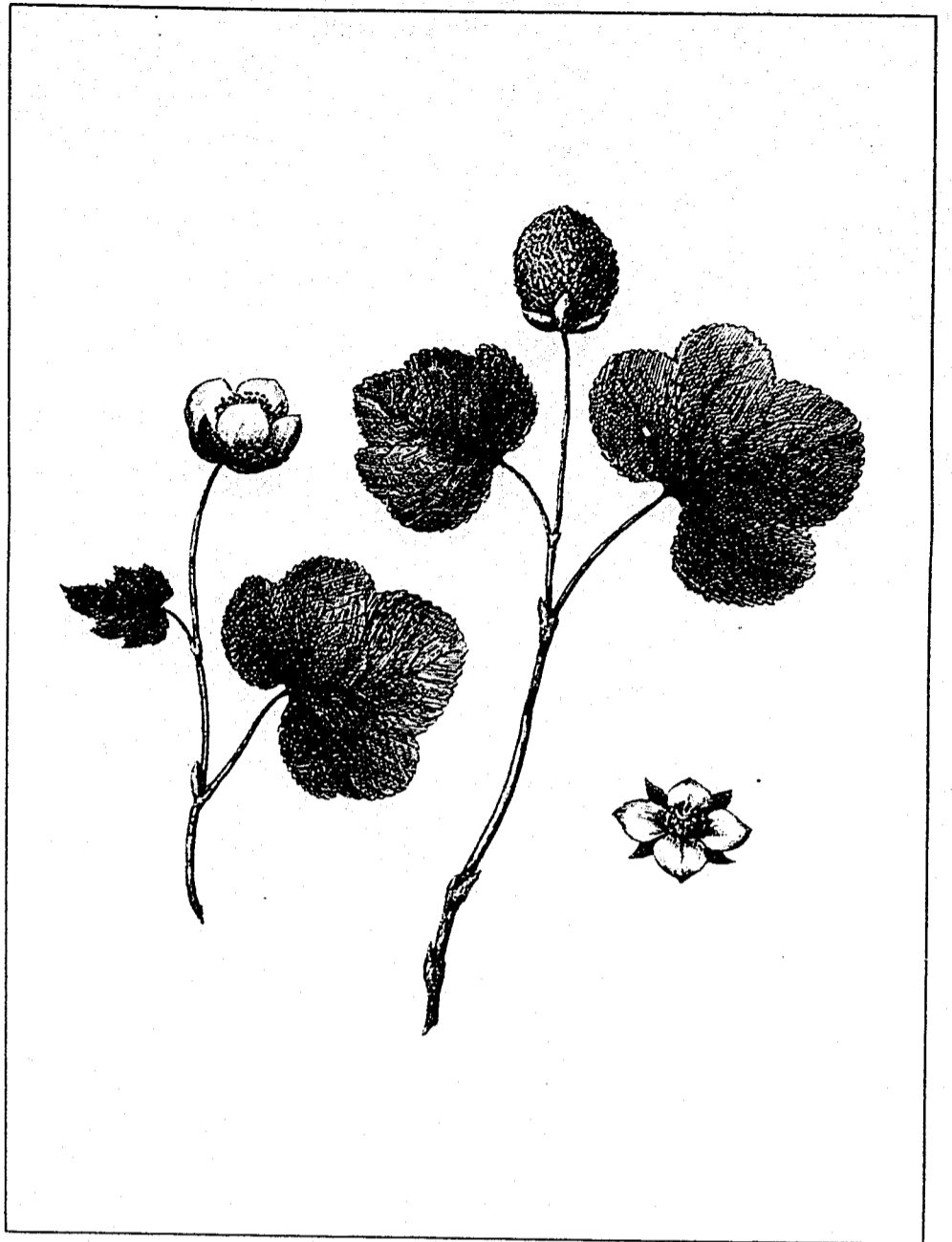


KNOWLTON LAKE.

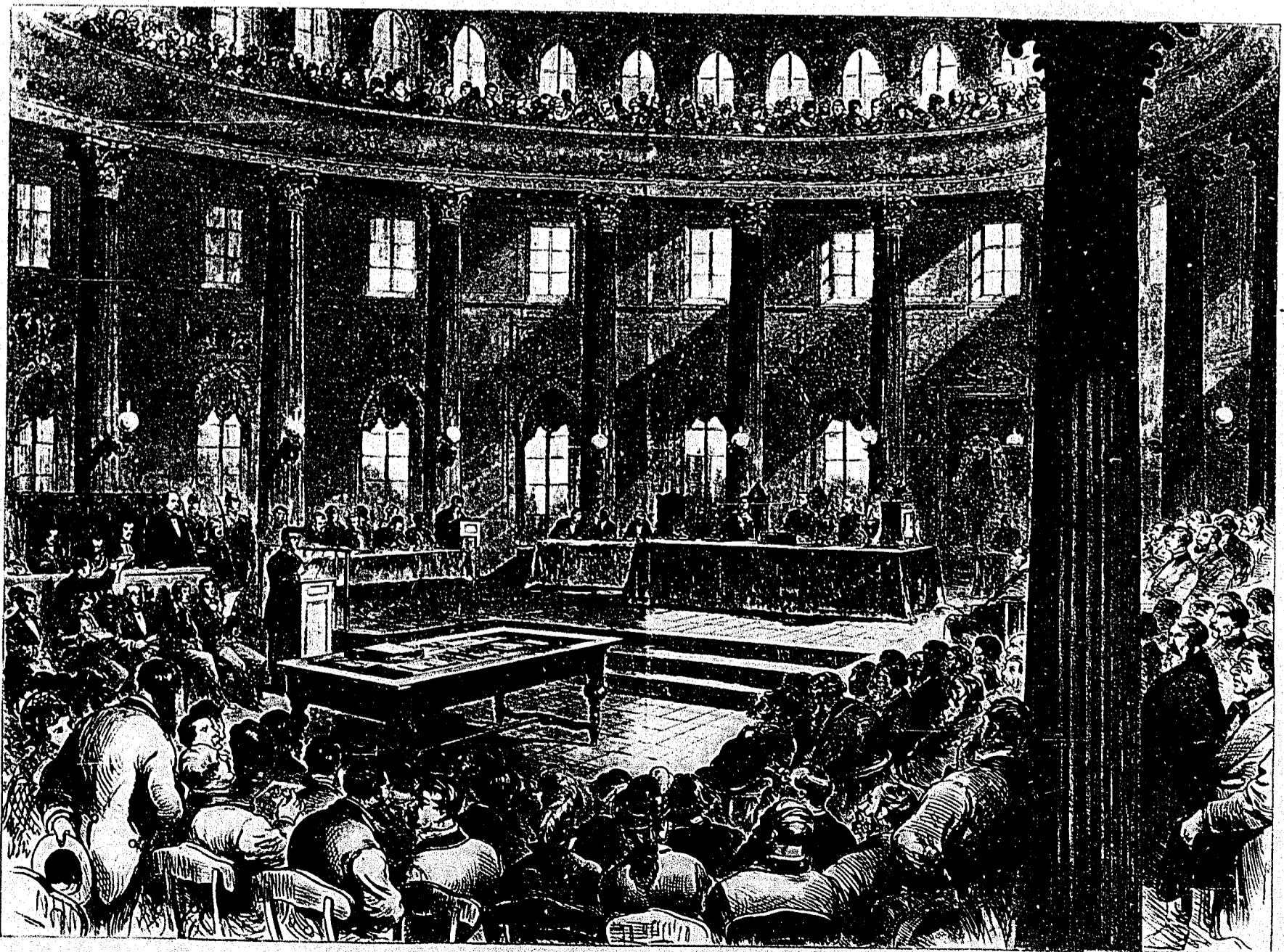
THE FRONTENAO LAKES.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. W. MOORE.



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.



THE LABRADOR BAKE APPLE.



RUSSIA.—THE STROUSBERG TRIAL IN MOSCOW.

THE HYDROCASE.

FROM THE FRENCH AND VERY FRENCHLY.

In 1857, a terrible crime was perpetrated in the neighbourhood of Versailles. Robbers broke into the Chateau L.—, during the night, and assassinated the Dowager Countess de R— in her bed. She was alone in the building with two of her grandchildren and a youth, sixteen years of age, who, hearing the voice of the old lady, flew to her room and was also murdered. A little girl, eight years of age, owed her safety only to a profound slumber. An ancient servant had been the first victim. The others had heard nothing. The Countess wore a magnificent ring which had long been unique in France. It was an hydrocase. The hydrocase is a diamond containing a single drop of water. To render this drop of water more visible, the jeweller had surrounded the diamond with square sapphires of the deepest blue. The ring had been brought from Russia by a certain Prince Gagarine, who had given or sold it to a noble lady of the Court of Louis XVI., and it became soon after the property of the mother of the unfortunate Countess de R—.

The assassins who had cut off the finger of their victim to get the ring, were never captured, and all hopes of recovering the legendary gem were abandoned by the family.

The little sleeping girl, who had so miraculously escaped assassination, lost her father and mother and remained alone in the world, the heir of a great name and a large fortune. She was sent early to a convent, and married as soon as she became of age. The marriage had not been a difficult thing to settle, as the brother of one of her convent friends was all ready to her hand.

Never was there a happier union. The young man was an only son, rich, a Marquis, in fine everything that the beautiful orphan could desire.

What had most delighted the poor child was to find a family. Her mother-in-law appeared to her an angel come down from Heaven to protect her. It is very rare that mothers-in-law so appear.

The young couple advanced from one stage of bliss to another, and in the midsummer following the marriage, the youthful Marquis gave birth to a splendid heir, "who weighed as much as an old hare," said the delighted grandfather.

To crown all, M. le Comte de B., without being asked, deigned to announce that he would himself christen the baby in the chapel of the Chateau.

II.

It is no small matter to receive a M. le Comte. Preparations went on for a fortnight, and then it turned out that M. le Comte could not come at the appointed time. There was only one comfort. The young mother would herself be able to assist at the baptism, and the preparations were continued.

Finally the happy day arrived; all the surrounding Chateaux were invited. The ceremony was magnificent, but the breakfast was clouded by a painful incident. On rising from the table to caress her babe, the young mother suddenly turned pale, tottered and fell into a swoon. She had just perceived on her mother-in-law's finger the ring of her grandmother.

She was carried to bed, where, during three weeks, she lingered between life and death. At length, one day, she summoned sufficient courage to call for her mother-in-law.

"Mother, why do you not wear your beautiful ring?"

"What ring, my child?"

"Your hydrocase."

"Hydrocase! What is that?"

"A diamond with a single drop of water in it."

"My dear, I declare to you that I do not know what you mean."

And the good lady was pained at the belief that her daughter-in-law had lost her mind, because never, never had she heard of diamonds containing water. She knew that diamonds were said to be of fine water, as there were pearls of fine orient, but that was all. The young woman did not dare to inquire further, and became more and more distressed.

One day, at a reception, when the guests had departed, she took courage again and said to her mother-in-law:

"This is the ring of which I spoke to you. Look at in this way, and you will see the drop."

"I declare it is so. Do you know this jewel?"

"I have seen one like it. Might I ask how you got this?"

"My husband gave it to me, and I never could discover why he would not tell me how much he paid for it, nor where he bought it."

The young woman grew so terribly pale that her mother-in-law perceived it.

"You know this ring," she exclaimed. "I remember that once before it produced a painful impression upon you. Speak, my dear child. Am I not twice your mother?"

"Madame, excuse me, but you remember the tragedy of the Chateau L.—?"

"Certainly."

"You remember that my grandmother, the Countess de R.—, was assassinated?"

"While you were asleep, my dear."

"The assassins not only took her life, but cut off her finger."

"Heavens! The wretches! But why?"

"To get her ring...."

"Horrible!"
"And the ring...."
"Go on."

"Is the one which you wear. I would know in a thousand."

The Marquis, astounded, rang the bell, and ordered that her husband should be sent for.

Five minutes after, the Marquis entered, smiling.

"Sir, one question, I pray you. Where did you buy this?"

"But," replied the Marquis, still smiling, "I told you I had reasons for not letting you know."

"Mon ami, we must be serious. I entreat you on my knees to answer my question."

The Marquis hesitated and appeared embarrassed. The two women trembled, and in spite of themselves, a thousand wild fancies crossed their minds.

Finally the Marquis said:

"I bought this ring at the *greffe* of the Imperial Court. I wished to hide this detail from you lest you should refuse to wear a ring which is without an equal. It is an admirable hydrocase. There are only three in Europe, that of the Emperor of Russia, that of the Princess of Mouraviell, and a third which has disappeared."

"It is this one!" exclaimed the Marquis, slipping it on the finger of her daughter-in-law.

"Take it, my child. It is God who restores it to you."

JOHN LESTERANCE.

THE NEW POST OFFICE, MONTREAL

We produce some further sketches of leading rooms in the new Post Office in our city. That designated "Accountant and Secretary," on the second story of the building, is occupied by Messrs. Laroche and Derostang, who discharge respectively the functions indicated. In this room are conducted the sales of Postage Stamps to stamp vendors and are kept the accounts appertaining to the various sources of revenue and expenditure of the office. Certain branches, too, of the Postmaster's official correspondence are here attended to. Adjoining is the office of the Postmaster himself, Mr. G. Lamothe, who here receives the many callers on official business having occasion to see him during the day. It is a pleasant-looking room and furnished in good taste, although not extravagantly. Next to it, we see the office of Mr. Emery, the Assistant Postmaster, who so ably aids the Postmaster in the general management of the office. It is only within the last few days that, much to the satisfaction of all who know him, he has resumed his duties after a long and serious illness. Then, from a skylight in the second story, we look down into the main office, in which is placed the long range of locked letter boxes and drawers as well as the "General Delivery." Here, too, all outgoing letters are stamped, assorted into pigeon-holes and made up into packages. In this same room also, the operations of the Letter Carriers' branch are conducted. It is the largest and most important room in the Montreal Post Office. It is exclusively used for the despatch of the letter portion of the mail, newspapers being dealt with in the basement beneath. And of this basement we also get a glimpse, seeing the exterior of the newspaper frame or "bank" as it is sometimes termed. This bank contains large pigeon holes or receptacles for bags for all the many offices with which Montreal exchanges mail. It is into this room that the publishers send their papers for despatch, and many are the bagsful of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS" forwarded from it to all quarters of the Dominion. It is the field of a large amount of work. We see, too, in this basement, the large furnace for the warming of this large building, which is effected by warm water circulating in coils through it. An engineer and assistant are in charge day and night. The mails are received and despatched through doors leading on to Fortification Lane, as also shown in our sketches, not a very convenient arrangement, for the Lane is narrow, but there is no alternative.

Finally, we show the room of Mr. E. F. King, the very popular and efficient P. O. Inspector, and a couple of the adjoining rooms connected with the Inspection branch. The Inspector's room is on the second story, in the East end of the building, and has a pleasant look on the Place d'Armes. The Inspection branch is that charged with the general management, under the department at Ottawa, of what is termed the "Montreal Postal Division," comprising some thirty-six counties and upwards of five hundred Post Offices, including also the Railway mail service through the Division, a system involving the employment of about thirty railway mail clerks.

THE BAKE APPLE.

The Bake Apple or Cloud Berry (*Rubus Chamaemorus*) abounds on the desolate shores of Labrador and furnishes the inhabitants with fruit which is not only agreeable, but capable of keeping during the long winter when supplies of other fruit are inaccessible. The plant has two or three imbricating leaves of a bright green color and a stem of six inches terminating in a pretty cup-shaped flower of white color. The flower is succeeded by the fruit which in form resembles the strawberry, or white raspberry. When unripe it is red. In this condition it gives a distinct tinge of red to the fields; when ripe it is yellow with a flavor between a mulberry

and strawberry. It is preserved as jam and jelly, and is frozen and packed away for winter. There are several other fruits on the coast, such as blueberries, dewberries, low cranberries. Without these few fruits the people who are shut out from the outer world for six months would suffer from scurvy. These plants were gathered at Bonne Esperance at the mouth of the Cariboo river, a small settlement consisting of a few families where, however, a Mission has been maintained for over 20 years by friends in Montreal. The staff consists of a minister and teacher; a small church and school-house have been built. The mercury often reaches over 40° below zero. The only vegetables that can be raised are turnips and potatoes in favorable seasons. The sea is the only certain harvest field. Notwithstanding all the vicissitudes to which they are exposed, the people are strong and healthy, and when circumstances compel them to leave for Canada or the States, they invariably return to their native shores as soon as chance permits.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MARRIED LIFE.—There is a blissful reliance on the devotion with which a man may inspire his wife, by proper regard to her disposition, and that gives to what may be called the fifth act of the drama of wedded life a holier and happier interest than memory, disposed as she is to gild the past, can find to embellish the scenes in which it is believed by many the torch of Hymen burns brightest.

EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE.—Unsocial humours are contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding, as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better, either by flying from or quarrelling with them. Of all excellences that make conversation, good sense and good nature are the most necessary, humour the pleasantest.

HAPPINESS.—No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favour with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity; yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre—even so, perhaps, Happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on these billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.

HOME.—Home is the place of the highest joys; religion should sanctify it. Home is the sphere of the deepest sorrows; the highest consolation of religion should assuage its griefs. Home is the place of the greatest intimacy of heart with heart; religion should sweeten it with the joy of confidence. Home discovers all faults; religion should bless it with abundance of charity. Home is the place for impressions, for instruction and culture; there should religion open her treasures of wisdom and pronounce her heavenly benediction.

WORK.—The man or woman who engages in some congenial, regular work will never be on the brink of despair; their names will never be chronicled in the list of self-destroyers, for in idleness alone is despair. Work chases it away, no matter how thickly the clouds may have gathered. Nature is one vast workshop, teeming with millions of busy workmen. If we follow in their footsteps, all will be well. The beauties, gifts, and glories of nature may be scattered around us in great profusion, yet she demands toil to reach out and grasp them, and utilise them to our fancies and wants.

AFTER MARRIAGE.—If you would not marry a young woman, provided you believed she would continue to be as she is now, without any very marked change in her disposition, then you do a very perilous thing to marry her at all. The same rule applies to the young men. Many and many a girl has made shipwreck of her happiness for life by marrying a young man in the confidence that after marriage she would wield such an influence over him as to reform his wild habits. She finds her influence diminished rather than increased, after they are married, and disappointment, disagreements, and misery necessarily follow.

CIVILITY AND CEREMONY.—Nothing is more honourable and pleasant than civility, and nothing more ridiculous and burthensome than ceremony. Civility teaches us to behave with proportionate respect to everyone, according as their rank requires and their merit demands. In other words, civility is the science of men of the world. A person of good address, who conducts herself with due circumspection, conciliates the love and esteem of society, because every one is at ease in her company; but a ceremonious woman is the plague of all her acquaintance. Such a one requires too much attention to be a pleasant associate; is too seldom satisfied with what is paid her, and every moment feels her pride hurt, by want of some frivolous etiquette. You cannot be too formal to her, nor can she dispense with her formalities to others.

DULL BOYS.—Don't be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth, but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull as boys. So was Goldsmith. So was Gibbon. So was Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon at school had so much difficulty in learning

his Latin, that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest divines the Church of England has ever produced, was so impenetrably stupid, in his early years, that his father more than once said that, if God took away any of his children, he hoped it would be Isaac, as he feared he would never be fit for anything in this world. Yet that boy was the genius of the family.

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.—Pay no attention to slanderers or gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their back-bitings do the death of neglect. What is the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to our disadvantage, by some meddling busybody, who has more time than character? These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, would you go into a hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers, in the end, if we stop to refute all the backbitings and gossippings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us bear in mind the "edumaciators" may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion.

LITERARY.

LOWELL is fifty-seven, and has the look of the critic rather than of the poet.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW is sixty-nine, and wears well the dignity of the gentleman and the poet.

WHITTIER is sixty-eight years old and a most quaint, kindly, and refined person, using habitually the Quaker "these" and "those."

A lyric poem by Milton which was given in manuscript to a friend, but not printed, will be published on the 25th of Dec., 1876, in commemoration of the poet's birth.

ACCORDING to the German philosopher, Adolphi, the number of languages spoken in Europe is 567, in Asia 337, in Africa 276, and in America 1,254 making a total of 3,434.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, just forty years of age, was born in New Hampshire, and the foundation for his reputation in New York, wrote "Walter Beane" while he was in harness, and now resides in Boston.

THE Crown Prince of Germany has made his debut as an author. Under the title *Myne Reise nach dem Morgenlande im Jahre 1873*, the Prince has described the incidents of his visit to the East. The present edition is limited to forty copies.

STODDARD is fifty-five years old, about five feet one inch high, and wears a full iron-gray beard. This author looks every inch a poet, and in conversation is bright and witty. The right hand being paralyzed, Mr. Stoddard has learned to write with his left.

THE Rev. D. H. Lowder declared, at a recent conference, that "the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments are a useful companion to Scripture, because the descriptions therein of people and scenery are descriptions which they read in the Bible, and because the morals attached to the stories are good."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday. He looks little over three score and ten, having still an erect figure and elastic step. He shows his vigor and fondness for exercise in walking, as he quaintly puts it, "every morning down to his Evening Post."

MISS BRADDON had a narrow escape, lately, when the horses in her carriage took fright at Prince's gate and ran away. They proceeded for about 400 yds., when the carriage came in contact with a lamp post, and was overturned. Fortunately Miss Braddon and her children were helped out unhurt.

WM. BLACK, the novelist, hopes to turn his American tour to good account. He not only did the Centennial and the regular American rights, but went on an excursion into the wild Indian country. He is going to lay the scene of his next tale in the United States, and it is to be published there, simultaneously with its appearance on the other side of the Atlantic.

MR. TENNYSON, now sixty-six years old, is still in his prime of thought and capacity for work. The only of his hair is an annual hay fever. He is six feet high, broad shouldered and large-boned, but not stout. His hands and feet are large. His face is long, and somewhat resembles that of Dante, save that it has not the right mould and expression of the great Florentine, and the nose is not so aquiline. His hair is long and black, his complexion olive.

WILLIAM MORRIS, the poet, lives in a charming house in London, brightened by the presence of a beautiful wife and three pretty children. His study is reached by three flights of stairs, and is a bare room, hung with lumps of tobacco, and having for writing purposes a wicker table and an ancient inkhorn. Herein the "Earthly Paradise" was written. The shaggy-haired, kind-faced poet never looks his handsome than when his little ones are dancing about him and climbing over him.

SCIENTIFIC.

Few people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression—an inch of rain. It may add such to follow this calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which at 277.274 to the gallon is 22,632.5 gallons. This quantity weighs 226,225 pounds, or 103,533 tons. One one-hundredth of an inch of rain is equal to one ton per acre.

OUT in Nevada, in a region where there are now no trees, and only a stunted sage-bush grows, there is a petrified forest. Some of the trees in size the "big trees" of California. Many stumps are still standing, and trunks and limbs strew the ground about them. A section three feet high, eighteen feet in circumference, and weighing, it is thought, three tons, was cut from one of these trees for the Centennial Exhibition. It took three men ten days to do it. These trees must have grown hundreds of years ago, when the climate of Nevada was more favourable to vegetation than it is now.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Student, Montreal. — Correct solution of Problem No. 96 received. M. J. M., Quebec. — Correct solution of Problem No. 94 received. The dual exists in this fine Problem as you point out. J. W. S., Windsor street, Montreal. — Correct solutions of Problems No. 91 and 93 received. F. N. L., Ottawa. — Correct solution of Problem No. 95 received.

We have not yet learned the result of the New York Centennial Chess Tourney. It appears however, that the following players out of the twenty-one competitors have been hitherto the most successful in scoring games: — Bird, Dehnar, Enzor and Mason.

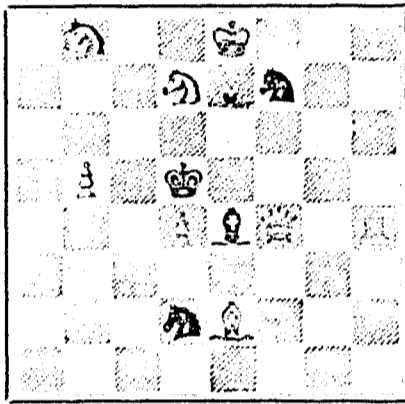
Theodore Brown, the celebrated American Problem composer, is dead. This is a great loss to Chess on this continent.

A notice appeared, a short time ago, in the American papers, that a boy of thirteen had taken the first prize in the Problem Tourney of the Detroit Free Press. We trust to see him the Morphy of future Chess celebrities. Since writing the above we have seen the final results of the New York Centennial Tourney. They are as follows: — Mason takes the first prize, Dehnar second, and Bird third. The position of Mr. Bird at the close of the Tourney, after defeating in it, Mason, Dehnar, and Enzor, his strongest opponents, requires some explanation, which we will endeavor to give in our next column.

PROBLEM No. 97.

By J. STONEHOUSE.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA. GAME 149111.

The American Centennial Game between Mr. Barbour, Philadelphia, and Mr. Judd, St. Louis.

WHITE.—(Mr. Barbour) BLACK.—(Mr. Judd)

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

And Black wins.

NOTES.

- (a) A good move. This passed Pawn at once becomes useful to Black.
(b) This move of the Kt makes Black's attack very formidable.
(c) The young player will at once perceive that Black could not take the Q without being mated next move.
(d) Winning a piece and the game. The last moves of Black are worthy of the attention of the student.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 95.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to B 7 1. K moves
2. B to K B 8 2. K moves
3. B checks 3. K moves
4. P mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 93.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to K K 6 1. P moves
2. K to K B 7 2. K to K B 4
3. R mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 94.

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at Q B 3 K at K 6
R at K B 8 R at K R 2
B at K R 5 Pawns at Q 3 and Q B 4.
K at K 2
K at Q K 2
Pawns at K K 4, and K R 4.
White to play and mate in three moves.



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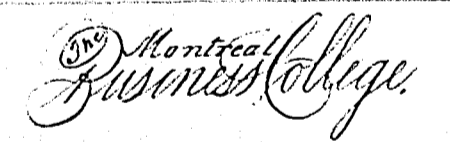
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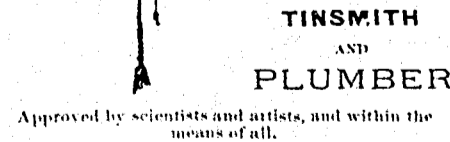
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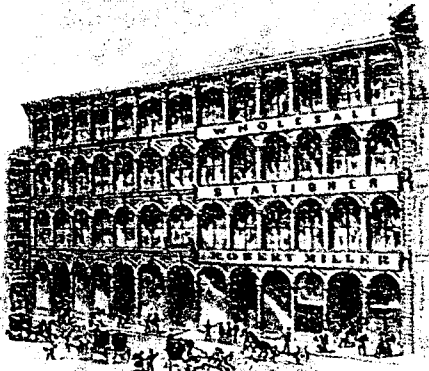
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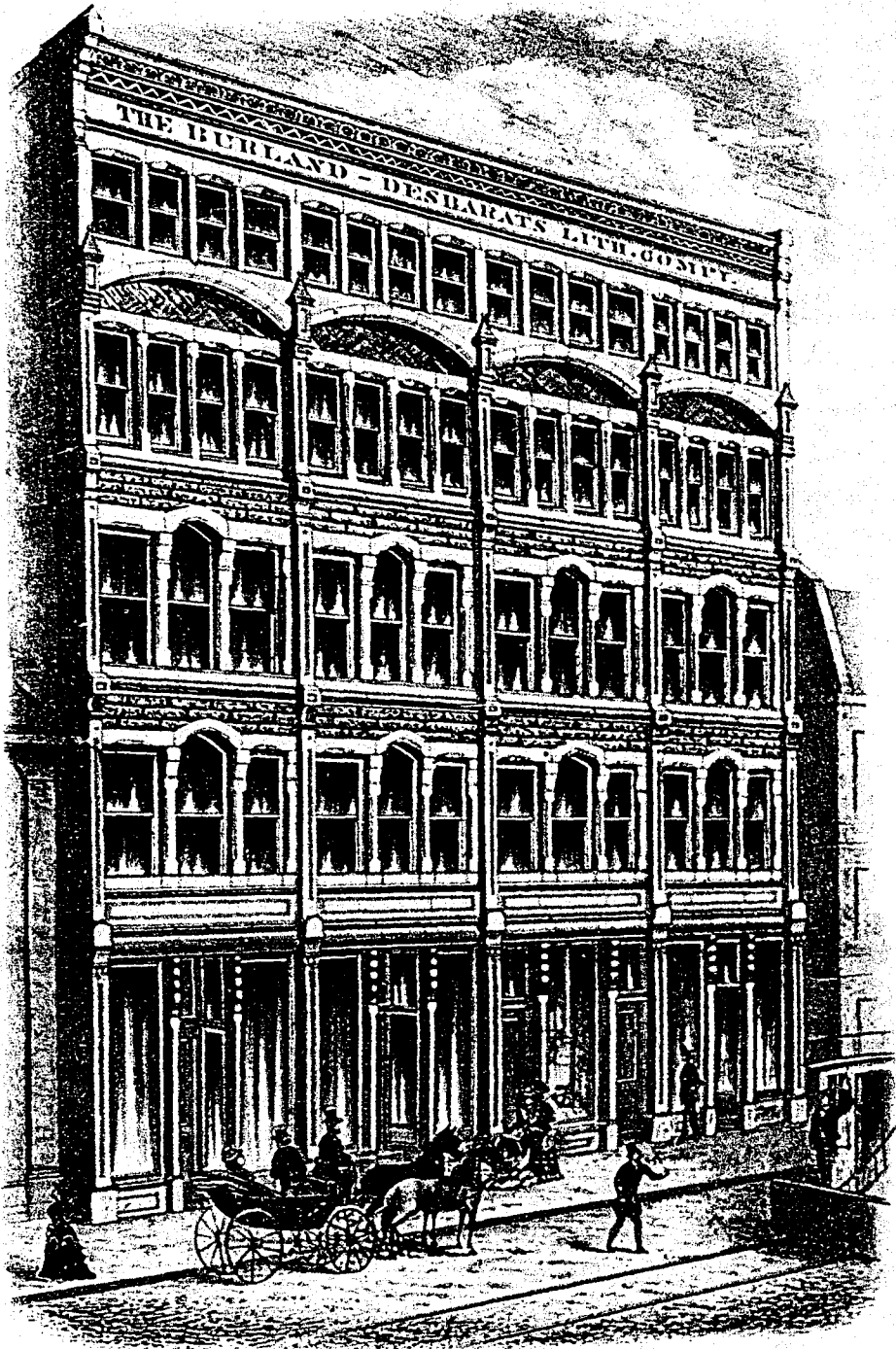
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