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Vol. XII.-No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

We publish on this page the portraits of the three personages who are most directly involved in the unfortunate drams which has just been creating so great a stir throughout the country.

JUMENT GUISORD WAS a printer of long standing in Montreel. He was a man of irrepresely-

ing in Montreal. He was a man of irreproachable morals, of the steadiest habits, of rigid honesty, and altogether a model workman. His only fault in ecclesiastical eyes was that he belonged to the Institut Canadien. This institution was in his day, and is still, under the ban of the Church, and those who die in its membership are liable to be refused sepulture in consecrated earth. Guibord was aware of this penalty, and it affected his spirit at times, but having been suddenly cut off by apoplexy, he had no opportunity, even if so disposed, to make the necessary retraction. What happened is well known. His remains were refased burial from the date of his demise, in 1869, until within a few days ago, and even then, the mob drove them away from the gates of the Roman Catholic Cemetery.

Reverend Mr. Rousselor is Curé or Rector of the Church of Notre-Dame, Montreal, and in that capacity is the official custodian of the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. He represented the Bishop throughout all the phases of this lamentable controversy. He may be regarded as the defendant in the trial of the *Institut Canadien* against the Fabrique of Notre-Dame. Mr. Rousselot, is a Frenchman by birth, but has long been a resident



From a Photograph by Grenier.

of Montreal, where he is deservedly esteemed for his many good qualities and the talents which have raised him to his present responsible position, one of the highest in the gift of his superiors.

Mr. Joseph Doutree, Q. C., has been a notable champion of advanced Liberalism in Lower Canada for many years. He is a lawyer of standing and good practice in this city. He espoused the cause of Guibord from the beginning, pleaded it in the three trials which have taken place, and won it before Privy Council. It is he who is charged with the burial of the remains, and though foiled in the first attempt, is determined to persevere until he succeeds.

Basides these three interesting portraits, we present in this issue two other views of the Guibord affair—the removal of the body from the vault in Mount Royal Cemetery, and the arrival of the hearse at the Cote des Neiges Cemetery, where the mob closed the gates and refused admission. These were the two prominent incidents which occurred on Thursday, the 2nd inst., and since then nothing of importance has happened. The mob was very violent in both language and gesture, and had there been any resistance to its will, there is no doubt that blood would have been shed. The police arrived upon the scene of tumult when it was too late, a circumstance which is usual with our civic authorities. It is expected that when the second attempt at interment is made, all proper preparations will be secured. In whatever way this business is viewed, it can only be pronounced as most deplorable, exciting passions and awakening prejudices which the best men of the country have been trying for so many years to allay.





From a Photograph by Desmarats.

THE GUIBORD UNPLEASANTNESS.

From a Photograph by Granier.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS. MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 18th, 1875.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

In the great State elections which are at present going on, or being prepared, in the United States, it was to have been expected that the financial question would have served as a pivot whereon the issues of success would turn. But both parties are divided on this subject, and the Democrats of the West are opposed to their colleagues of the East as to the advisability of returning to specie payments. The West is generally disposed towards inflation, while the East favors contraction. In order, however, to prevent a split in the ranks, and to unite upon some temporary scheme of harmonious compromise, the Democrats of Pennsylvania. imitating their friends in Ohio, have decided upon the following resolutions. They hold that the contraction of the money currency and circulating medium heretofore made by the Republican party, and the further contraction proposed by it, with a view to forced resumption of specie payments, has already brought disaster to the business of the country, and threatens general bankruptcy. In consequence, they demand that this policy be abandoned, and that the volume of money be made and kept equal to the wants of trade, leaving the restoration of legal tenders to par in gold to be brought about by promoting the industries of the people, and not by destroying them.

They add that the policy already initiated by the Republican party of abolishing legal tenders, and giving the national banks the power to furnish all the currency, will increase the power of an already dangerous monopoly, and the enormous burdens now oppressing the people, without compensating advantages; and they ask that all the national bank circulation be promptly and permanently retired, and full legal tenders issued in their place.

Furthermore, they maintain that the public interest demands that the Government should cease to discredit its own money, and should make its legal tenders receivable for all public dues, except where respect for the obligation of contracts requires payment in coin.

Finally they propose the extinction of the present national banks and the establishment in their stead of a system of free banks of discount and deposit, under such regulations as the States respectively may prescribe, and no paper money, except such as may be issued directly and upon the faith of the Federal Government, affording practically a currency based on the gold and silver and other property of the whole people of the country.

It will thus be seen that the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention demands first, that the contraction of the currency which Secretary Bristow has commenced under the law, with a view to the resumption of specie payments at a fixed time, shall be stopped, and secondly, that there shall be no national banks; that the notes of the Federal Government shall be alone tolerated as paper money; and that banks,

and deposit only, shall be established by the different States.

This is strong language, but it cannot possibly meet the views of the minority. The further question then arises—how is the minority to act? Separating from the party would only insure its defeat and lead to no practical result. THURMAN, of Ohio, has proposed a clever means of escape, which is simply to relegate the financial question to the second plane, for the present, and make the attack and rout of official corruption, the main work of the electoral campaign. On this ground all the members of the Democratic party can heartily unite, and uniting, will be sure to triumph, both in the preliminary State elections, and in the Presidential canvass of next year.

This idea has been eagerly caught up in Pennsylvania and is thus put forward by a party organ:-

The currency question to-day in Pennsylvania is an abstraction, but the existence of a Treasury Ring is a pernicious, Another reality, far-reaching reality. worse and more pernicious, is Grantism in the national administration, and this the Treasury Ring is identified with and represents. The first duty is to expel and reform these great and actual evils. No believer in hard money, and no friend of honest government, should fail to support the Erie Ticket because of anything objectionable respecting this abstraction that is contained in the platform.

SIR ALEXANDER GALT ON THE SITUATION.

As a chronicler of public opinion, and reserving our right of future comment, we think it well to set before our readers an analysis of a public letter which Sir ALEXANDER GALT has just put forth. It was written in reply to a question of Hon. JAMES FERRIER on the rumor that Sir ALEXANDER was about to reenter Parliament as member for Montreal West, in the Liberal interest.

The former member for Sherbrooke begins by stating that he continues to belong, with very many others, to that section of the so-called Conservative Party, which regretfully acquiesced in the condemnation passed by the country upon the late Administration. He cannot blame those members of his party, who found it their duty to sustain Mr. MACKENZIE'S efforts to carry on the Government, which he would have been utterly unable to do if dependent only on the support of his immediate political friends. The exigency of the hour necessitated a breach in the former party, and had he then been in Parliament, Mr. MACKENZIE would have received from him all needful support. This necessity has now passed away, and the Administration must henceforth be judged on its own merits, and not supported from any alleged fear that their resignation would absolutely restore Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD to power.

He regards the election of the latter distinguished gentleman to the leadership of the regular Opposition in Parliament as a grave mistake, which tends to perpetuate the breach in the party, and must ultimately lead either to the formation of new party lines, or to the final adherence of many of his friends to the so-called Liberal ranks.

Respecting the liabilities of the country, Sir Alexander Galt looks with the greatest alarm at their rapid and enormous increase. Commenced by Sir John, and continued and endorsed by Mr. Mac-KENZIE, they are augmenting in a ratio far exceeding any possible growth of our population or resources, and must inevitably soon reach such a point as will grievously press upon our industry. Though expenditure may for the moment add to the business activity of the country, and be useful at a period of serious commercial depression, yet if such outlay be not reproductive at a very early day, it is evident that the taxation incident to it will prove an intolerable burden.

His views with regard to the Pacific

extreme. He believes nine-tenths of the | hardly too much for reasonable people not people of Canada are convinced that the construction of the Pacific Railway is at this time, and will be for many long years, wholly unnecessary; they know the cost will be prodigious, and no one fit to govern the country can be ignorant of the fatal consequences of undertaking such an outlay. According to him the frank and honest course is to tell British Columbia that the engagement was improvident, and its fulfilment impossible; to offer reasonable equivalents for its abandonment, and failing agreement, to intimate our acquiescence in her retirement from the Confederation. She cannot complain that the connection has thus far been injurious to her; she would still remain in the Empire, and subject to the Queen.

Entering more minutely upon financial questions, Sir Alexander Galt holds that Free Trade and Protection, as abstract principles, are both alike inapplicable to Canada, from its situation and circums-Without entering upon any argument on their merits, he points out that thorough Protection would certainly sever the connection with Great Britain, destroy our principal source of revenue, and thus induce direct taxation, while perfect Free Trade would annihilate many valuable branches of industry, and necescarily cause the immediate substitution of direct taxes in lieu of customs duties to an extent that, in his opinion, would be unbearable. Though a Free Trader theoretically himself, he has always recognized the necessity and advantage of adapting the application of principles, in themselves sound, to the circumstances of our country, the habits of our people, the conditions of our climate, and our political relations to Great Britain and other coun-

After advocating the readjustment of the tariff, he goes so far as to say that he is heartily tired of our efforts at conciliating the United States commercially. These meet with no response, and even existing treaties and laws are administered by them in a spirit of petty but vexatious exaction. He trusts that henceforward the sole consideration will be how our trade legislation is to affect ourselves. Possibly this course may produce a wiser policy on their part, more worthy of a great commercial nation. He does not attribute the present industrial depression to any special cause within the power of our Legisluture to remove it is doubtless the result in great measure of over-production elsewhere and among ourselves. But it is certainly the duty of the Government to examine the allegations of the sufferers most carefully with a view to their relief if practicable. And should such relief take the form of differential duties against the United States, he unhesitatingly adopts the position that we have a distinct and inalienable right to impose such duties if we choose.

The letter concludes with these words:-I have only to add that the strength of my convictions on these subjects is such that I could not lightly consent to endorse the views either of the present Government, or of the Opposition, so far as either are ver known.

ATLANTIC ICEBERGS AND IRON SHIPS.

The accident to the Allan steamer Moravian from collision with a floating iceberg on her last voyage to Quebec, serves at least as a most impressive practical commentary upon the expositions of theory and practice in regard to Atlantic ships which have already appeared in the ILLUSTRATED NEWS. The discussions have so far mainly had reference to dangers from the field and berg ice so frequently met with on the Atlantic voyage; but the intelligent reader will easily perceive that whatever protects the hull of a ship from collisions of one kind will serve with greater or less effectiveness to preserve it from destruction under collisions of every kind, and these will include ice, rocks and other ships. In the instance before us, as we had lives jeopardised which may be looked upon as, in a measure, embodiments | leaky from neglect and the absence of tests which shall be institutions of discount Railway are bold, uncompromising and of the intellect of the country, it would be in the intervals of voyages, or have the

to expect an outspoken opinion, here and there, upon this vital, and as it will yet prove, recognizable issue. The instinct of self-preservation is not yet extinguished in the nature of man, and people will still look for defenders and exponents of the means of safety. The simplest persons know that it is necessary to give some thought to such things, and not to pass them over, always, in an interested or cowardly silence. The Hon. George Brown, Hon. M. Sprague, Chief Justices HAGARTY and ARMSTRONG, Captain WILLIAM, and Mr WILKIE, though the modern habit of reticence may possibly be upon them, can have entered into no express understanding to keep silence. We all need the information that these gentlemen can contribute. Our safety and its cause will be enhanced by such explanations, and we await them with a proper anxiety. A tacit understanding to keep silence about accidents may have existed in our Canadian social life. But it is broken through. It was nothing less than ruinous and mischievous to our nearest interests. If our ocean steamers are all that they ought to be, the sooner the fact is definitively stated the better, because if dangers of this class are inherent in ocean travel, we can inculcate the recognition of the fact upon all with whom we have influence—who will then be more likely to go into these dangers with their eyes open, and not in the bandaged condition in which so many now undertake the ocean voyage. Having arrived at this point of hopefulness and reliance that the dumb spirit in many will yet be exorcised, we can freely say that we believe there is no better managed line between Europe and America than the Allan one. This may not be so great an admission as it looks. It affords us a certain confidence as to navigation of the ships; but what does it say upon the general question of construction as now under discussion in the columns of the press? Nothing. We need to know, with authority, whether the compartments on board the Moravian could have been trusted to have preserved that ship, had the leak been a large, in place of a rather moderate one, as things go. If those compartments in the Moravian really stood the shock of the collision, there will be some comfort to be derived from the knowledge of that fact. But then it will by no means follow that if the force of the collision had not been diminished by the striking of the bowsprit in the first instance, the piercing by it of the body of the ice, and the final shattering of that spar, that the ship striking upon her bow or quarter with all her way upon her, would not have got such a shock as would have started every bulkhead from stem to stern. As it was, we are told in the columns of the Quebec Chronicle, there was just cause for alarm, not merely among the inexperienced passengers, but even with Captain Wylle and the experienced officers of the vessel. A controversy has been raised by Mr. RAE as to whether the iron plates were much or little bent, and an exact survey of the state of the ship before repairs commenced would have been very valuable; but whatever the degree of deflection, the resulting leak was sufficient to cause the first compartment to take water to the height of 3 feet 10 inches. This inflow the pumps were happily able to overcome and the leak was stopped. Both crew and passengers seem to have behaved admirably. The really valuable knowledge is as we see in cloudland. But one piece of important information ha already been made out clearly enough, having been confirmed by multiplied instances in point, and that is, that in the vast majority of cases the compartments which should be to the vessel "as the "swimming-bladder of the fish, keeping her afloat though wounded like a salmon with a fish-spear"—these compartments, we say, are usually found utterly unable from general slightness of the frame or otherwise to sustain the most ordinary shock from impact of hard bodies, or are

doors of communication in the bulkheads, or some of them, left open. This is the simple result of the general experience, which if any have taken the trouble to tabulate, as may be the case, they have hitherto failed to publish. We need not, at this moment, recite any part of the long list of shipwrecks from collisions, the ships being iron-plated; but we may state that one more was added only the other day, in the case of the British mail steamer Boyne of which our readers will find an account in the Quebec Mercury of the third This vessel went ashore, the water rushing into the vessel at the point where she caught the reef on the rocks near Brest, in the South of France, so close to the spot where the Cadiz was stranded and lost, that the divers employed about the wreck of the Cadiz were able to render im mediate help to the passengers and crew in their very narrow escape from destruction. Impressive! Yes, it is very impres sive! But it does not seem to impress the shipping interest, with their habits of underwriting their risks, as much as it does other people, and it is not likely to impress ship-builders, as long as the owners will continue to purchase of them, without reforming the construction of ships. It is the public who are chiefly impressed and even with them, there has been a tacit understanding to go "quietly" into the jaws of the deep, by themselves or their representatives. We are not going to aver that there is no excuse to be made for the owners and captains. Routine is always a terribly powerful force in human affairs, Their attention, also, is so keenly fixed upon safe navigation—and they are so convinced that if the navigation can only be made absolutely perfect, there will be no more accidents-that in sober fact they cannot even get their minds to rest upon the subject of reforms in construction. The trouble is, that grave Admiralty Courts and Special Commissions are not a bit more willing to talk about construction. Still we think a remedy cannot be much longer delayed.

There has been another railway accident at the St. Hilaire Station of the G. T. R. on the Richelieu. By the breaking of a pin, eleven heavily-laden freight cars became detached from the engine, and ran down the grade to the river. The cars all went over, cutting off the end of a barge within twenty feet of the sleeping occupants. The hands on board another barge jumped into the river, and their barge laden with sand, was caught by the descending cars bow-foremost. No one was killed. There was no brakesman on the part of the train detached. The cars were laden with Indian corn and oats, on this occasion, in place of passengers. The fall from the top of the bridge to the waters of the Richelieu is stated by the Sherbrooke Gazette to be eighty feet. No blame to anybody, of course. What will strike any reasonable persons in this connexion, will be that, if there is 80 feet space to spare under this bridge which, however, can hardly be the case, there is no need of a drawbridge at all, with none but barge traffic on the river. The barges could droop their masts as they have to do on the Thames at London.

The most absurd political stories are telegraphed from Ottawa and gravely printed in our dailies. One of the latest is that Mr. MACKENZIE has come to Montreal to confer with Mr. DEVLIN about a seat in the cabinet. Besides the primary fact that the latter gentleman is at present without a seat in Parliament, it should be remembered that the representative of the English Protestant element of Quebec in the Cabinet must be a Protestant, the other three Ministers from this Province being Roman Catholics. Another rumor is that Sir Alexander Galt is in Ottawa looking for a seat, in the Ministry. In view of his late letter, expressing dissent from the present Ministry, this statement is particularly amusing.

The British are unlucky in arbitration. The Portuguese claimed Delagoa Bay, the

natural outlet of the Dutch Republics north of Natal. The Dutch also claimed it, but made over all their rights to England by treaty. The matter was submitted to the arbritation of the French President, and Marchal MacMahon has just made the award in favor of the Portuguese. The London Spectator says significantly that "the decision will certainly deepen the prejudice against arbitration, which would appear, as at present managed, to be a cleverly devised scheme for surrendering British rights without dishonor.

The New Brunswick people are working hard to produce a creditable Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Exhibition. The fair will be held at St. John, opening on the 27 inst, and continuing a week or more. We have received a descriptive pamphlet containing full particulars of the exposition. In CORNWALL Jr. is the indefatigable Secretary and we have much confidence in his intelligent energy. All honor to our New Brunswick friends. They are far ahead of Quebec this time.

In the contest for the Governorship which is now going on in Ohio, and which will be decided next November, the Republicans are endeavoring to introduce the religious element, in the shape of a war between Protestants and Catholics. Know Nothingism, if revived, would play havoc in the United States just now, but from present indications, our Ohio friends are more intent upon the money plank of their platform than upon sectarian issues. Sensible Buckeyes!

By a declaration signed at London by Lord Derby and the Marquis d'HARCOURT, the copyright convention between England and France is so modified that imitations or adaptations of dramatic writings to the stage will henceforth be regarded as piratical. This is a blow to the British "adapters" of French plays, and the London Telegraph demands whence Englishmen are to procure fresh dramas and fresh farces without paying for them.

We regret to learn that the Toronto Sun has been obliged to suspend. It was one of the most brilliant of our dailies. In the way of humor, the Sun Skits were unrivalled for freshness and originality. We trust, however, that these Pirietechnics will not be altogether lost to our newspaper literature.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FUNERAL OF CHIEF BERTRAM.

The Funeral of the late Alexander Bertram, Chief of the Montreal Fire Brigade, was one o the largest and most impressive ever witnessed in this city. We give two views of it—the catafalque leaving the Central Station, where the deceased resided, and the procession passing down St. Lambert Hill and up St. Lawrence Main. The funeral car was very imposing. A platform had been built upon a salvage wagon, hung to the ground with massive deep-fringed black drapery, festooned in the centre of each side, and gracefully raised to meet crape-dressed trophies, representative of Mr. Bertram's career. Other chosen accompaniments of the fireman's life, tastefully draped or bound with crape, added to the elegance and suitableness of the designmaking altogether a most impressive and emble-matic combination. Over this car rose the catafalque, with its sombre pall of heavy black cloth, secured above by deep moulding, ornamented with a gold stripe. From this flowed drapery in becoming folds and decorated with tassels till it reached the supporting platform. Wreaths of immortelles placed equi-distant from each other circled the catafalque. These various arrangements made a unique and appropriate tout cuscmble, and the two firemen, who stood guard on the top of the car,—Messrs Beckingham of the Point St. Charles Station and another—showed an attitude of sorrow which their saddened countenances fully bore out, heightening the effect of the solemn and imposing funeral car.

REMOVAL OF GUIBORD'S BODY FROM MOUNT

ROYAL CEMETERY

At two o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, Sept. 2nd, Mr. Doutre presented a written order for the delivery of the body of Guibord, which order was presented to the trustees of the Mount Royal Cemetery. Among those present were a number of the members of L'Institut Canadien and old friends of Guibord. The only relative of Guibord present was Mrs. Ross, his wife's sister. At ten his genius, his married life might have been minutes past two o'clock Mr. Spriggins opened happier. Coleridge and Wordsworth were both

the door of the vault and the coffin was lifted by three labouring men, carried out, and deposited upon a frame. Mr. Doutre then asked Mr. Spriggins: "Is this the same coffin that was brought here on the 20th of November, 1869?" Mr. Spriggins. answered, "It is the same." The coffin was then placed upon the hearse, drawn by two black horses. A British flag was placed over it as a pall, and the mournful procession passed out and down the road by the back of the mountain to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. There were about fifty carriages in the three labouring men, carried out, and deposited upon a frame. Mr. Doutre then asked Mr. tery. There were about fifty carriages in the cortege proper, but many others joined on the route, and it soon increased to double the number, while the road was lined with spectators on foot, who were too late for the ceremonies in the Protestant cemetery.

GUIBORD'S BODY AT COTE DES NEIGES CEME-

Arrived at Cote des Neiges, it was found that the cemetery was in the hands of the mob, who greeted the funeral procession with discordant greeted the inheral procession with discontant cries and yells. They clustered behind the gate yelling "Il n'entre pas," "Il n'entre pas" (it shan't come in), brandishing sticks and occasionally cheering. The hearse halted at the gate, and was at one time seized by two fellows and attempted to be led away. Women among the attempted to be led away. Women among the crowd attempted to add their voice to the general din, and some were seen as stone-throwers, while the crowd momentarily increased, and had their courage kept up by the whiskey obtained at the taverns in the neighbourhood. Mr. Doutre decided, after consulting with his friends, that it would be impossible to gain admission into the grave yard, as the bailiff had come back and eported that it would take some time to get the Volunteers to quell the disturbance. The hearse moved away midst the derisive cheers of the multitude ensconced behind the gate. The body was then restored to the vault of the Protestant

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB REGATTA, TORONTO.

Our artist, who is evidently r lady's man, view ed this interesting event from the verandah of the Boat House, in the company of several lovely damsels. The races this year are described as having been singularly picturesque and successful. The result of the sailing so far as it related to the first race was to confirm the Cuthbert in her possession of the champion flag and \$200 accompanying it, and to give the Oriole an indisputable right to the second prize of \$75. Its result as bearing upon the second day's race was that the Oriole took the Prince of Wales' Cup and the Cup given by the Commodore for the fastest centre board yacht. The Brunette gained the second prize of \$50, and the Geraldine got the Cup presented by the Commodore, to be sailed for deep draught boats, she being the only one of that class that ran.

ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The annual prize meeting of the Ontario Rifle Association opened on the 31 ult. at the Garrison Common ranges. The usual preparations had been made for the event, and as a consequence there was quite a little encampment on that por-tion of the Common adjacent to the new Garri son. In the All-comers' match there were 197, a falling off of about fifty. The shooting commenced about a quarter-past one o'clock, without any formal firing of the first shot which was usual on former occasions. It lasted until half-past five, about which time the All-comers' match was concluded. The second match, that for Affiliated Associations, went on, as far as was practicable, simultaneously with the All-comers', and when the firing ceased for the day, was about half through. When the shooting commenced the atmospheric conditions were rather unfavourable; but when the sun got a little further round to the westward so as to be off the targets, they improved, and during the rest of the afternoon the weather was about as fine as could have been wished except that for nearly the whole of the afternoon the heat was so fierce as to cause great bodily discomfort to every one on the Com-

EUROPEAN PICTORIAL NEWS.

Under this heading we give six beautiful riews of current events in Europe. There are everal illustrations of the war in Turkey, such as the Fortress of Trebigne, the chief town of Herzegovina, an engagement at Newesinge, and the hurling of rocks upon Turkish soldiers by stalwart, and withal beautiful, Sclavonic women. There is also the representation of a grand water illumination in honor of the XIVth nniversary of the Sultan's accession to the throne. The twin ship Castalia is also represented. She plies between Dover and Calais, and while fulfilling many of the conditions of safety and comfort for which she was designed, she has been ound to have the counterbalancing inconvenience of slowness

WRITERS AND TALKERS.

The Baltimore American says: We are apt to imagine that good writers are fluent conversationalists; but this is not always the case There was Dr. Blair, whose mind was so chained to his pen that he was called "Dr. Speaknone." Scott was most genial in conversation, and the pleasant description of the author reading his poems and novels to his family and their affectionate sympathy is truly delightful. Dickens, too, was gifted in speech as well as pen, and perhaps had he enlivened the home circle with

great talkers, and though they professed to delight in each other's society, they always avoided meeting because neither liked to listen. Contemporary with them was Mr. Talfourd, of whom Miss Mitford says: "His conversation is so glittering, so dazzling, that listening to him is like looking at the sun; it makes one's mind ache with excessive brilliancy." But he did not ossess the secret of a pleasant conversation, for his talk was more like an harangue. Humorous and witty people are always delightful company, but those who use sarcasm are seldom popular. Some writer says of sarcasm: "It is an easy talent, for the worse wine makes capital vinegar. Poor Goldsmith was often the target for the tastic wit of his friends. He once said to Beauclerk, "I am determined to leave off prescribing for friends." "Do so, dear doctor; whenever you undertake to kill, let it be your enemies," was the reply.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Down comes Thomas Carlyle from his sanctum into the hall way—a gray-whiskered old man, with eyes half closed, as if pondering over some mental abstraction and shutting out the external world. He placed upon the table a long clay pipe, from which he had been raising a cloud of smoke, and took up one of half a dozen felt hats, with as broad a brim as you see on a Colorado ranchman's head. His clothing was of the coar-sest Scotch twill, and, like a Quaker's suit, was gray and of one color. His coat reached below

his knees.
"Umph! Who are you?" he at length said,
when his brother remarked that somebody was standing near by.

"Sir, I am one of a multitude in America who, having read a few of your works, have long had

a desire to call on you.

After the usual courtesies, I explained to him that my wish in seeing him had now been gratified and that I would most respectfully bid him that I would most respectfully bid good afternoon. Another grunt was the only reply. While bowing my way out, he stopped me with the remark: "I am going to walk. Come I went. He started off at a good, smart pace, with his hands behind him and his head slightly inclined. When, after a few moments, I ventured a question, he answered it in the old Socratic fashion by asking a dozen. He wished to know about the United States, our churches, our colleges, our public men. It was with difficulty that I could get him to talk of himself, or get his views on questions of the day. Germany, he at length said, was in a state of theological transition. Dogma was yielding to fact. The Christian Church was changing, but the grand truths of Christianity were unalterable. In the hands of Bismarck, the chiefest statesman of the age, its progress was as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. Nothing was to be feared. With England there was more smoke than fire in the air. He spoke somewhat slightingly of Gladstone and his recently-published pamphlets. He had watched him as he changed from a high Tory to a most outspoken Radical. Gladstone's gravest fault, thought Carlyle, was that he looked exclusively at the side issues of great questions. He recognized the bearings and appearances, not the underlying fact; and a fact, he continued, was a divine revelation, and he who acted contrary to it sinned against God.

"Is ('ladstone, then, only a politician?" I asked. "Much worse," was the answer; "for he always acts the politician with the wisdom of a statesman.

Here we approached a street crossing. When half way over, Mr. Carlyle suddenly stopped, and stooping down picked something out of the mud, at the risk of being run over by one of the many carriages in the street. With his bare hands he carriages in the street. With his bare hands he brushed the mud off and placed the white substance in a clean spot on the curb-stone. "That," said he in a stone as sweet and in words as beautiful as I have ever heard, "is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by my mother never to waste, and, above all, bread, more precious than gold, the substance that is the same to the body that the mind is to the soul. I am sure the little sparrows or a hungry dog will get nourishment from that bit of bread." In a moment we ar-rived at the house of one of Carlyle's friends. We separated as unceremoniously as we met.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

There has been a split in the new Spanish Cabinet under Canovas Del Castillo. Jovellar has formed a

new Ministry.

At Pittsburgh, on Saturday, Evan Morris beat Coulter in a five-mile race for the sculling championship of the United States.

Financial affairs in San Francisco continue to improve, and merchants are assisting each other as much as pos-

and merchants are assisting each other as much as possible, in order to tide matters over.

A Chicago dispatch reports the sinking of the propeller Equinox, during the recent storm on Lake Michigan, and a loss of twenty-two persons.

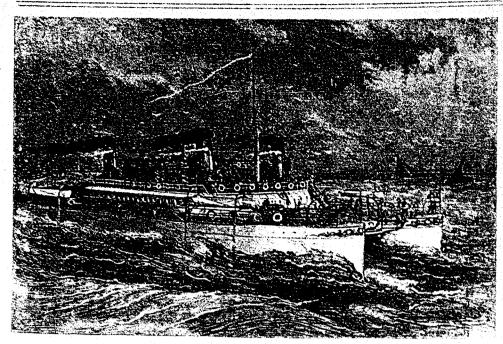
The foreign Consuls at Herzegovina are now interviewing one of the principal insurgent chiefs, with a view to arriving at a basis of settlement of the insurrection.

Admiral Le Noury, of the French navy, has been removed from his command for Bonapartist opinions expressed by him in a letter read at a banquet to which he had been invited but was unable to attend.

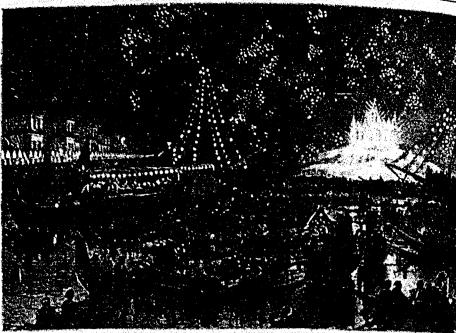
The trial of the negroes implicated in the late insurrection in Georgia has resulted in their acquittal. Order has been restored in Mississippi. The reports of disturbances in that State were exaggerated.

Bishop Bourget has written a letter to the Montreal press. He says it was the intention of the Church authorities, had Guibord's body been interred in consecrated ground, to have interdicted his grave—cut it off from the cemetery. The Queen is to be petitioned in the matter. Emperor William of Germany is to visit Italy next month. Bismarck and Moltke Will accompany him.

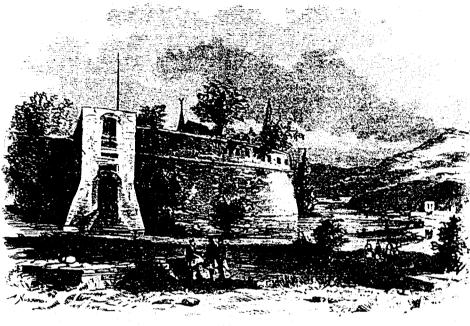
Denmark has just harvested one of the largest crops for years. Sweden also reports an abundant yield.



THE TWIN STEAMER CASTALIA.



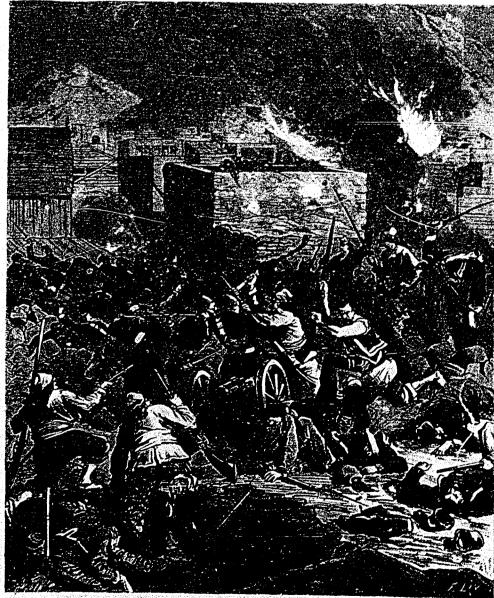
TU. KEY : 14TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SULTAN'S ACCESSION



HERZEGOVINA: THE FORTRESS OF TREBIGNE.



HERZPGOVINA: TURKISH BASHIBAZONKS.

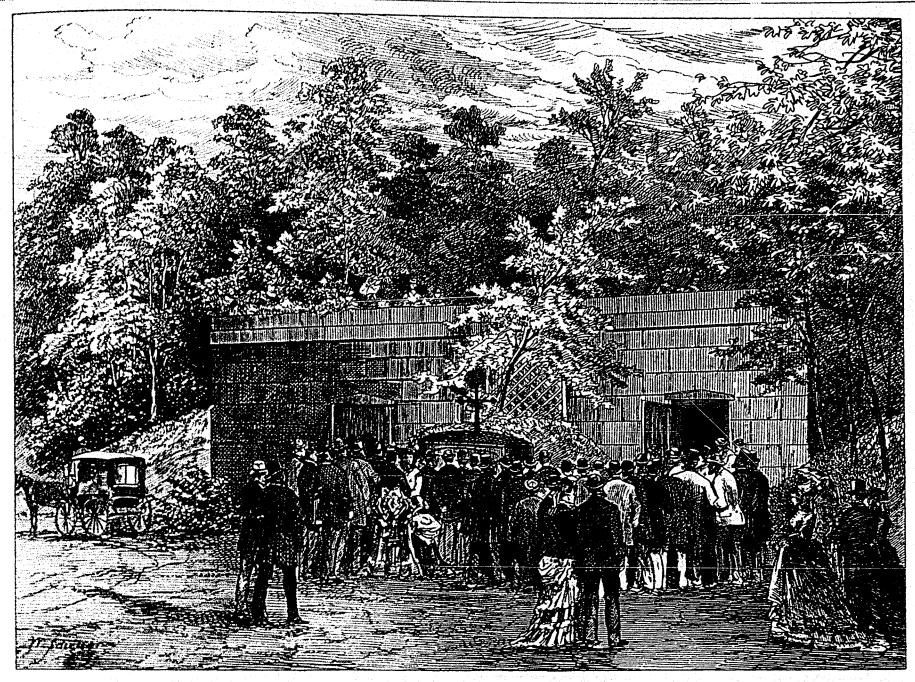


HERZEGOVINA: ENGAGEMENT AT NEWESINGE.

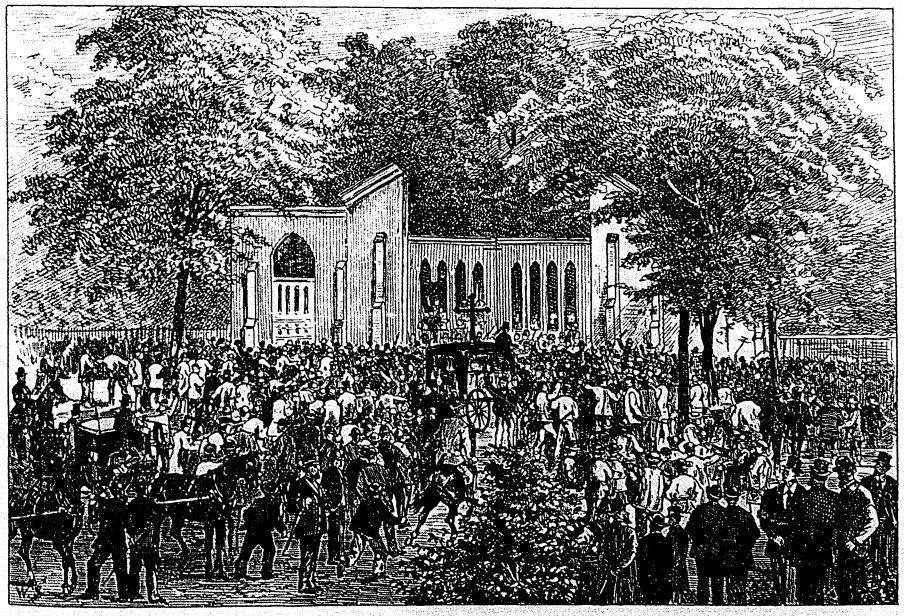


SOUTH-SCLAVONIC WOMEN HURLING ROCKS UPON THE TURKISH SOLDIERS.

EUROPEAN PICTORIAL NEWS.



REMOVAL OF THE BODY FROM THE VAULT IN MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY.



ARRIVAL OF THE HEARSE AT THE COTE DES NEIGES CEMETERY: THE MOB CLOSE THE GATES AND REFUSE ADMISSION.

THE GUIBORD UNPLEASANTNESS.

BABETTE.

Alone; and the golden waters
Are rippling to the west,
And the chime from St. Roche's belfry
Dies on the ocean's breast,
And the dimpled waves are rocking
The fishers' barks to rest.

Babette! Babette!" the mother calls, Far up above the strand,

Bring in your father's nets, my child,
And lend your little hand
To turn the wheel; nor linger there
So long upon the sand."

The sun is sinking to the sea And The sunking to the sea Incrimson robes and gold;
A chilly breath the ocean stirs And roughs her ringlets gold;
It feels to her like a farewell kiss
From lips now dead and cold.

The yellow light is on the wall, The sea-wall old and gray, With weed and lichen mantled all In sober-hued array.
The children on the pier above
Are laughing in their play.

The quaint, old, red-roofed clustered town Looks downward on the wave;
That sea from which her wistful eye
Some answer seems to crave;
That sea which took her love away
And gavehim back a grave.

Oh, eyes that once so lightly laughed!
Oh, sad, sweet lips apart!
Once crushed with passionate kisses when
He held her on his heart.
That day she stood this wall beneath
To see her lover start;

To say again the last "godspeed," And wave her 'kerchief white. And smile in hope—ah, God, who raised Those breakers wild and white, And bade the tempest to arise And rage that livelong night,

And smote the little quiv'ring bark, And tore the planks in twain, Deal gently with the broken heart Of her who all in vain Poured out her soul in fervent prayer

Nay, not in vain. The morning dawned,
The sunshine glittered fair,
And bathed in light a battered corpse.
A gleam of golden hair—
God only heard the cry of her
Who found him lying there.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LA FAVORITA.

A REMINISCENCE OF GRAND OPERA.

I.

It is the great convent of Santiago de Compostella, in the northwest of Spain. A band of hooded monks, with drooping eyelids and clasphooded monks, with drooping eyelids and clasped hands, pass along the gallery leading from the monastery to the chapel. They enter the temple and join in a hymn of praise. Following in their wake is Baltasar, the mitred abbot, and Fernando a youthful novice. Baltasar presses Fernando to kneel and take part in the sacred rites. The novice hesitates and then refuses. The abbot amazed inquires into the reason of this strange conduct. The youth replies with enthusiasm:

conduct. The youth replies with enthusiasm:
"As I knelt before the relics of Saint James and directed my prayer to the angels above, sud-denly one of them burst upon my vision!"

Baltasar is astounded and orders the novice to

explain.

The latter then broke out into that delicious The latter then broke out into that deficious solo: una vergine! un angel di Dio! "A virgin, an angel of God was rapt in prayer at the shrine beside me. A hope, a terror, a desire seized on my soul and filled me with joy. O, my father, but she was fair! The peace of my heart had fied. I raised my soul to heaven, but those eyes chained me to the earth.

The abbott at once understood the passion of the youth and tried to cure it by both persuasion and menace. But he spoke in vain. The heart of Fernando was hopelessly won and he demanded to be released from the cloister. Baltasar, with mingled feelings, of anger and pity, opens the door of the monastery and lets him go forth into the world. From a distance Fernando turns a last look at the abode of peace, and stretches out his arms towards Baltasar. But the stern monk averts his head, wipes away a tear, and disappears in the shadows of the corridor.

e youth wends his way to the beautiful isle of San Leon, a fairy spot, where the object of his adoration dwells among her maidens of honor. He enters a boat, his eyes are bandaged, and he is ferried over to the land of enchantment. There he finds himself alone with Leonora. A moment of tenderness ensues, wherein the pledges of mutual love are spoken, but to the despair of Fernando, the lady will reveal neither her name, nor her station. Nay more, she enjoins it as a condition of their love that he must fly from her, and she shows him a parchment. He entreats, implores, protests, but the interview is suddenly cut short by the arrival of Inez, the attendant, who exclaims:

"The King!"

At the words Leonora threats the parchment into the hands of Fernando and flees from the

The youth remains rooted in his tracks, astounded and desperate. The name of the King has revealed to him the rank of Leonera. He breaks out into lamentation at the fate which has set her so far above his reach, but on glancing at the scroll which she had left him, he utters a cry "Great Heaven! I am a captain! The er of arms is opened out before me, and I shall conquer a fame that will make me worthy

The gardens of Alcazar. What opera-goer but remembers the glorious aspostrophe to them which Donizetti has put into the mouth of his baritone. Alphonso, King of Castile, with his Minister, Don Gaspar, stands in a gallery overlooking this delicious retreat planted by the Moorish Monarchs. They commune together of the great victory of Tarifa, where the pride of Morocco and Granada was brought down to the dust. Don Gaspar, with a courtier's obeisance, exclaims:
"To thee, Sire, the glory!"

Alphonso responds:
"No, not to me, but to Fernando! He won
the battle. I await him at Seville, where, before my whole court, I will cover him with honors.

A moment later, Don Gaspar retires and the King, after an interval of solitude, meets Leonora, to whom he at once makes his usual protestations of love. But she repels him. In words of flame she upbraids him for his treachery and deceit. It is in vain that he strives to soothe her. The love that is once abused is lost forever, and the consciousness of sin brought home to the spirit not yet wholly corrupt, often acts as a salutary deterrent.

The interview is interrupted by the advance of lords and ladies of the court who respectfully sa-lute the King. The King takes Leonora by the hand and seats her on the throne. The noblemen group. A gay festival is about to commence when Don Gaspar enters in much agitation. He draws up to the side of the King and whispers something in his ear. Alphonso shows signs of great irritation and exclaims :

"It is false!" For all answer, the courtier presents a letter to the King, who glances at it, then turning hastily to Leonora, demands in tones of thunder: "Who thus dares address thee and speak of

love ?' The favorite recognizes the writing and replies

with effusion: A man whom I adore."

"Treason! Give me his name."

"I would rather die than betray him."
At this critical juncture enter Baltasar, accompanied by a monk who has a parchment in his hand with the Papal Seal attached. The arrival of the twain creates a great agitation among the assistants. The King summons the abbott to account for his intrusion. The churchman, nothing daunted, informs his sovereign that he is the bearer of a Bull from the Pope wherein anathema is pronounced, if the King refuses to dismiss his favorite from the court, and reinstate the Queen of Castile in all her lawful rights. Alphono refuses at first, but when all his courtiers stand aghast at his presumption, he feels his isolation and helplessness and implores from Baltasar a surcease till the morrow. The favor is granted and the painful scene concludes with the escape of Leonora in confusion from beneath the tempest of the priestly frown. III.

Fernando has returned from the wars. He is ushered into the royal presence to receive his well merited rewards. The King names him Count of Zamora and Marquis Montreale, and invests him with all the insignia of these haught titles, collar of gold and chain of precious stones. Nor is this all. Having learned at length, and to his great chagrin, of the loves of Leonora and Fernando, and being forced by the Papal interdict to part from the favorite, he consents to the union of these two hearts.

Leonora de Guzman, who, as sooften happened in those dark days of royal absolutism and licentiousness, was more sinned against than sinning, having been enticed to the palace by false promises and kept there by cajolery, still retains a sentiment of honor, and while she loves Fernando with a pure affection, will not countenance a marriage with him, until he shall be fully advised of her whole history. This noble feeling she expresses in that ravishing song which ranks among the brighest of Donizetti's gens of composition:

O mio Fernando, della terra il trono A possederti avria donato il cor; Ma puro l'amor mio come il perdono Dannato ahi! lussa è a disperato orror!

She despatches her faithful servant Inez to make all the necessary revelations to Fernando. But Don Gaspar, the Minister of the King, who had contrived this marriage in order to free his sovereign from the menaces of Rome, intercepted the messenger and put her into the custody of the guards, with orders to allow no communica-tiog whatever with her. This ruse succeeded. Leonora, thinking that Fernando knew all, and in despite of this knowledge, still desired to make her his wife, went forth to the bridal altar, when he came forward and asked her hand. The ceremony was performed and the youthful couple was very happy. But on returning from the court, Fernando was met by the assembled nobles, who immediately shrank from him and threw out half words of insinuation affecting his honor. He was at first surprised, then indignant. He demanded an explanation. But not one durst give it. It was only when Baltasar spurned him from his embrace and pronounced the words : la bella del Re, "the favorite of the King," that the terrible truth flashed upon him. Then his fury knew no bounds. Going up to the King and Leonora as they came forward to him from the cathedral, he renounced his titles, tore his collar from his neck, broke his sword over his knee, heaped imprecations upon Alphonso, and cursed the beautiful Leonora. Then the nobles opening a passage for them, and bowing to them as they pass, Fernando retires with Baltasar, to the shades of the convent of Santiago.

The cloister of the convent. On the right, a portion of the convent. In front a large cross, fixed in a stone block. Here and there, tombs and wooden crosses. The rising sun lights only those portions of the convent which are in view. The foreground is darkened by the shadows thrown from the walls of the church.

Baltasar and his monks are there. Some of the latter lie prostrate at the foot of the cross. Some of Others in the distance, are digging their graves and joining at intervals in a solemn chant.

The ceremony of Fernando's initiation in the Order is being celebrated. Baltasar holds a colloquy with his pupil and after a time the latter is left alone. Profiting by the circumstance, he carols the imperishable lay, Spirto

Spirit of light,
So fondly courted,
Once heavenly bright,
But now departed,
All joy is fied
Thou didn't awaken,
Love's hope is dead,
I am forsaken.
For thee I spurned
Each bond most holy,
From heaven e'en turned
To trust thee solely;
Baser than fair,
So false hast spoken,
My heart is broken
With fell despair.
Leonora has discovere

Meantime, Leonora has discovered how her honest intentions were thwarted by the intrigues of Don Gaspar. Having broken forever with the King, and feeling the burden of Fernando's curses on her devoted head, she wishes to die. But first the broken heart must obtain Fernando's forgive-Disguising herself in the dress of a novice, she knocks at the convent gates and is admitted. She enters the chapel as the monks file in procession with their cowls drawn over their heads. Exhausted and in despair, she sinks down at the foot of a cross in the court vard. Thither also repairs Fernando, after the rites of reception have been performed. Still living with all his thoughts in the world which he has just forsaken, he recognizes Leonora. His first impulse is to flee, but she detains him, explains everything and obtains his forgiveness. All his love returns. He would scale the walls with her, but it is too late. She expires in his arms, with the supreme cry, riuniti sarem; addio! "We shall be unitcry, riuniti sarem; addio! ed once more. Farewell."

Fernando throws himself down near his loved one and is there found by the monks on their return from church.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE A correspondent says :-- Swinburne is, prob-

ably, best known in America by his poorest work
—his "Poems and Ballads," published here
under the title of "Laus Veneris." These poems were written many years ago, and are filled with all the wildness and passion of his boyhood. A large majority of people, of course, not students of his poetry, have an idea that Swinburne is a name synonymous with dissipation and unbridled passion. Those who have carefully watched his career know that this is un-true. It is noticeable that the foremost British true. It is noticeable that the foremost British journals, such as The Saturday Review, The Spectator, The Fortnightly, etc., always treat Swinburne with the dignity and respect only awarded an author of high character, as well as of high genius and culture. Algernon Charles Swinburne is still a young man. He was born in London April 5, 1837, and entered Oxford in 1857. He left the University, however, before graduation. The father of the poet, Admiral Swinburne, is the son of Sir John Swinburne, a person whose life is well worth reading. Swinburne's mother is the daughter of the late Earl ourne's mother is the daughter of the late Earl of Ashburnham, whose family, though one of them was the closest follower of Charles I. to his death, afterward held sensibly aloof from the cause of the later Stuarts, and increased in wealth and titles. Swinburne was five years at school, four of which were passed at Eton. He never cared for any pursuit, sport, or study as a youngster, except poetry, riding, and swimming; and though as a boy his verses may have been bad enough, he was far from bad at the two latter. Being bred by the sea, he was a good oars-man, and is vain to this day of having scaled a well-known cliff on the south coast, ever before and ever since reputed to be inaccessible. All of which repudiates the charge of physical debility and puny proportions laid at his door. Several years ago the Reform League solicited him to sit in Parliament, offering to insure his seat and pay all expenses, as representative of more advanced democratic or republican opinions than were represented there. He never in his life felt any ambition for any work or fame but a poet's (ex-cept, indeed, while yet a boy for a soldier's; but his father stamped that out). He appealed the man he most loved and revered on earth-Mazzini being then luckily in London-if he thought it his duty to forego his own likings on the chance of being of use to the cause. Mazzini told him he need not. He never was more re-lieved in his life than when he felt that he could dismiss the application with a wholly clear conscience. As his ati-theism has been so much babbled about, perhaps I may here say what he really does think on religious matters. Having been as child and boy brought up a quasi-Catholic, of course he went in for that as passionately as for other things (i. e., well nigh to unaffected and unstrained ecstacies of adoration when receiving the Sacrament); then when this was stark dead and buried, it left nothing but a turbid nihilism, for a theist he never was.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FECHTER has retired to his home in Pennsyl-

KATE FIELD will come home with a new

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is seriously ill, indeed there is little hope that she will ever recover.

TITIENS is said to combine the mellifluous-ess of the nightingale with the sonority of the fog-

It is rumored that Miss Kellogg will produce "La Dame Blanche" during the coming season. This opera has been performed in Paris alone 1,346 times.

MLLE. ZULMA BOUFFAR is going to New York but not until she has played, for probably 100 nights, the character she is about to represent at the Paris Gaité.

SIGNOR BILETTA, a composer known in London, is about to produce his "Rosa de Firenze," which was first heard in Paris, at the Principe Umberto in Flo-M. Gounop has put himself at the head of a

movement for the erection of a monument to the late George Bizet, the composer of Carmen and of several

SIR MICHAEL COSTA, says that the finest voices in the world for singing are to be found in England, but that an efficient educational system has not yet been established. MR. GRAU, the New York manager, is in Pa-

ris completing his engagement for the French theatre. New York. He has secured Mdme. Judic for a series of performances in America. MISS EVA ROSS-CHURCH, the daughter of

Mrs. Ross-Church, better known as Miss Florence Marryatt, will shortly make her $d\theta but$ with the Chippendale-Vezin company at Brighton. TENNYSON has, it is rumored, consented to extend the part of Archbishop Cranmer, at the earnest request of Henry Irving. Even the burning of the Protestant prelate is to be introduced upon the Lyceum

M. HEROLD, son of the celebrated composer of the "Pré aux Clercs." has succeeded, as a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, in securing an addition of 10,000 for music to the 250,000 francs voted for the fine arts.

THE French Government has conferred on M. Membrée, the composer of the opera "L'Esclave," the Cross of Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. His new work, "Jeanne d'Arc," will not be produced at the Grand Opera before 1876.

THE house of Mademoiselle de Beaupré, the first woman who had the courage to go upon the stage, was recently destroyed. The first appearance of Mdile. was in the year 1675, feminine roles having until that time been filled by men and boys.

A delicate compliment was paid Verdi during his recent visit to Vienna. His bust was sent for from Milan, and placed among the busts of other celebrated composers in the saloon of the Imperial Opera House, where it had previously been wauting.

WAGNER claims, and, of course, correctly, that for a man or woman to sing a long and tender love-song when in the agonies of death, is absurd; therefore, he asserts the nearer music is bought to the singer's actual feelings, the more perfect the composer's art.

Wirn the sauction of the Dean of Westminster with the sanction of the Dean of Westminster it is proposed to restore the quaint Latin inscription that formerly marked, in the north aisle of the church, the grave of Henry Purcell, the greatest of English composers, and the most famous of the organists of Westminster Abbey.

and Simon Mayr, were removed to the Temple of Santa Maria, in Bergamo, during the first fortnight of this month. There was a Mass, taken from the works of the two musicians, two grand concerts, and performances of the two operas, "La Favorita" and "Don Sebastian" besides extracts from Donizetti's MS. opera, the "Duca d'Aba." THE remains of the two composers, Donizetti

THERE have been some differences between THERE have been some unitarines because Herr Wagner and his solo singers at Bayreuth, who complain bitterly of his severity at reheatsals. The famed tenor, Herr Niemann, the greatest dramatic artist of Germany, whose Rienzi, Tannhauser and Lohengrin, were things to see, has thrown up his parts in the "Nibelungen" and has left Bayreuth for Berlin. The composer will not be able to find an adequate successor to Niemann.

M. LEON ESCUDIER, the publisher in Paris of Verdi's operas, and editor of the Art Musical, has leased for a long period the Salle Ventadour, which he will open next April, with Signor Muzio, of New York, as musical director and conductor. Of course, the intention is to produce the "Aida" of Verdi, which, since its production at Cairo, has gone the round of opera houses in Italy, and has met with great success lately in Vienna. The cast in Paris will comprise Mmes. Stolz and Waldmann, Signori Masini, Pandolfini, and Medini.

VARIETIES.

IT is proposed to widen London Bridge to the extent of eleven feet on each side. The cost of the work is estimated at £55,000.

It is probable the Prince of Wales will embark on his Indian voyage at Venice, calling at Navarino or some other part in the Morea to meet the King of Greece and will join the Serapis at Suez.

THE produce of Peter's pence still amounts to about six millions of francs. This is double the sum received annually by the Pope from the budget of the temporal Government at the period of its greatest prosperity.

THE French at Dieppe have got as near to the tapis vert as possible. They call the affair the courses de salon. On a prepared circular board eight mechanical horses and jookeys are started, and the one which arrives at the signal, or nearest it, wins the s akes.

A subscription has been taken to ere of Mr. Plimsoll, M.P., in some prominent place near the docks at the East-End. The managing committee con-sists chiefly of workmen employed by large shipping and manufacturing firms at the East-End.

A practical School of Astronomy, the first in France, and probably the only one in Europe, has just been opened under the direction of Captain Mouchez, at the Observatory of Montsouris, close to Paris. The instruction is gratuitous, but the pupils are required to show sufficient theoretical knowledge to follow the practical studies with profit tical studies with profit.

THE Paris Prefect of Police has just taken an excellent measure for the safety of the public. It is now formally forbidden to horse-dealers or any individuals normally ioroudeen to norse-dealers or any individuals to drive in Paris four-horse teams or tandems, unless the coachman is provided with a certificate indicating that he has the necessary ability. These certificates will be delivered by inspectors delegated to that effect. The like necessity would stop some of the four-in-hand driving in London.

THE FLANEUR.

In a country parish, a few Sundays ago, the priest preached a sermon on the text: "The letter killeth, but the Spirit enliveneth." He adduced a number of illustrations and wound up with the following:

"You know, my brethren, that I have always been solicitous about young people. I have warned them about being alone together. I have said that a young man and ayoung woman ought not to be seen going about without witnesses, were it only to keep evil tongues from wagging. I have particularly enjoined that a young man must not go a driving with a single young girl. He must get a third person to accompany them. Now, I can't complain that I have not been pretty generally obeyed, but in some instances the obedience has been only according to the letter, not according to the spirit. For example, a young fellow takes two girls out with him, and sits upon their knees while driv-

ing."
The good priest pretended to be very wroth when he said this, but there was a lurking smile at the corners of his lips, as he related this literal carrying out of his injunctions.

The late Chief Bertram was the most active and wakeful of men. At the first tap of the fire alarm, he was among the foremost at his engine, summer or winter, at any moment of the day, at any hour of the stormiest or coldest night. For a man of his age and broken health, his activity was a marvel. But he lived only to do his duty and he died in harness.

During the two days and nights that he lay in state, prior to the splendid funeral which public gratitude decreed him, it was remarked with satisfaction that there was not a single alarm to disturb his slumber. It seemed as if all the incendiaries of the town, and even the terrible element which he had quelled so often, respected him at that solemn time.

Two gentlemen passing along in front of the

"Very remarkable," said one.
"'It is just as well," said the other, "for if the alarm had sounded while he lay up stairs, the old Chief would have leaped from his coffin and rushed to the rescue.

Beautiful tribute ! But it is best as it is. He has heard his last alarm and is now at rest--forever.

A curious way of gathering statistics

A friend of mine, making a tour of the beau-tiful Richelieu river, the Rhone of Canada, tound himself landed at the village of St. Denis, on a Sunday morning, the boat having anchored for Divine service. After strolling about for some time, visiting the battle field of November 1837, time, visiting the nature need of Avarance where the rebels gave the old Waterloo hero, Colonel Gore, a rather disagreeable drubbing, he coulled up in front of the parish church. There pulled up in front of the parish church. There he saw a number of horses and waggons belonging to the habitants. Heleaned against a telegraph pole and counted them.

There were just 100. He then began to calculate how much they were worth. Putting the waggons at an average of \$50, and the horses at an average of \$70—horses are low just now—he concluded that the parish of St. Denis was worth about \$12,000 in

horses and waggons alone. Could my friend have counted the ribbons on the pretty girls' heads as they sallied forth from church, I wonder if he could have discovered what they would come to, ribbons and girls.

A gentlemen in this city is a very hard student, but has very little time to himself. He has been trying for a long while to find a few minutes a week to burnish up his German in which he has got rusty. At last he struck upon an idea. He bought a German prayer book and uses it every Sunday at church.

"What do you think of that plan of making versions?" I asked of a clergyman, relating to him the incident.

"Perversions, you mean," he answered with a scowl.

Some body was telling me yesterday of a cheeseman out in the country who related that his men were pestered by all the small boys in the neighborhood coming around and poking their fingers

into the moulds.

'They spoil all the cheese with the nasty holes they make, the confounded little mites,

"Why, I thought that mites were always welcome in cheese," said I.

Why don't we use the word cheeseries, instead of cheese factories? It is much simpler and just as expressive. The French say fromage

A teacher of Belles Lettres, in this city, called

A teacher of belies Lettres, in this city, caned for a rhyme to the word "struggles."

The class thumbed their dictionaries, but had to give it up. At last one boy politician thought he might hand in the following:

This Province has its aches and struggles, But finds a cure in Levi Ruggles,

and he got a double mark.

Almaviva.

THE GLEANER.

BARNUM pays his new balloonist \$200 per day.

THE British Government paid out last year \$5,403,575 in pensions.

THE silver-workers, of Sheffield will give Mr. PLIMSOLL a five hundred dollar cup.

A PHILOSOPHER presents the following general deductions from his observations at a pic-

Girls with small feet are the most venturesome in climbing trees or wading swamps.

The girl who will fly in terror to the arms of her escort at sight of a toad, will, if she happens upon a snake by herself, deliberately catch it by the tail and jerk its head off.

One ordinary handkerchief is not large enough for two persons to sit upon at one and the same

The young man whose pants have been the most mercilessly torn by thorns is the one who is the most urgently solicited to climb trees and fix swings.

Bugs have no sense of propriety.

An official report places the loss of property by the recent floods in France at 80,000,000 francs, and of life at 550.

MIRAMAR, once the home of Maximilian, is being put in order for the use of Don Alfonso, the Bourbon brother of Don Carlos.

GOV. HARTRANFT of Pennsylvania has brushed away a world-wide custom. He will no longer have Friday observed as hangman's day.

A HITHERTO unexplored tumulus near Middlehill, Worcester county, England, is to be opened by the Archæological Society of London.

THE Prismoidal or one-rail railroad completed from Houston to San Antonio, Texas, is now open for trafic. Japan is building one of the same kind that will be 500 miles long.

THE French Assembly increased the salaries of teachers, in the national schools at the last session, so that males now receive from 900 to 1, 200 francs per year, and females from 700 to 900.

TWENTY forts and a large number of provisional camps are being constructed in a circle about twelve miles from Paris, and will be completed in 1878, three years sooner than was anti-

The population of Trebigne, the principal town of the Herzegovina, is about 3,000, and a wretched sort of life they lead. Their agriculture is of the rudest and laziest kind, and as there are no good roads in the country, there is no trade.

PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT deals, in the Contemporary Review, with Papias of Hierapolis, pressing the theory that he commented on an existing gospel so far as to maintain that the numerou translations which everybody made as he could had already been superseded when Papias wrote by an authorised Greek translation.

SAYS the N. Y., Sun : - " Having carefully considered a new book which he has just published, we are prepared to say—and we say it beldly—that Mr. Eli Perkins is an American humorist." He may be an American humorist, but that is no compliment to mark Twain of Bret Harte. Eli in one of the biggest frauds in literature. The man cannot white English.

THE reorganization of the Russian cavalry, just ordered by the Emperor Alexander, amounts to the permanent mobilization of some 50,000 horse. In accordance with this important measure, the greater part of the cavalry in European Russia will be always kept on a war footing, and stationed a long railway lines, so as to be ready to act at a moment's notice.

Two divers who were engaged in clearing a wreck in the sea near the Island of St. Honoret, on the French coast, are said to have been seized by a gigantic octopus, who clutched them in its hideous folds. One of them, fortunately, had his arm free and rang the alarm bell, which brought down a crowd of divers armed with pickaxes and axes, with which they cut the monster to pieces. He was found to measure three metres.

A GERMAN paper expresses uneasiness at the decreasing population of Prussia proper. Between 1861 and 1864 there was an increase of 8, 409, but between 1864 and 1867 there was a decrease of 12,922 and between 1867 and 1871 one of 56,440. Allowing for the loss of life in the last two wars, and for the Prussian soldiers quartered in France at the time of the census, the loss of population of ten years amounts to 52,200.

M. THIERS is an enthusiastic horticulturist. He knows each flower in his garden, and treats it as a personal friend. The little semi-circular pleasure-ground at the back of his mansion in Paris is tended by two gardeners. The master ideal is so high that they scarcely suffice for the work. There is no fresher or more delicious spot in Paris than this oasis. Birds are encouraged to settle in it. The Commune did not destroy the old trees; but a fine poplar and mountain ash were killed by the demolition dust.

THE Frankfurter Zeitung states that a merchant belonging to Buisen, near Cologne, was summoned before the tribunals for having, during his sleep, uttered some words which might be construed as injurious to M. de Bismarck. sentence was passed on him; but the president of the court remarked with severity that the accused had only to thank himself for the inconvenience to which he had been put, because, if he were not an enemy of Prince de Bismarck, he

ought not during his sleep to have insulted the benefactor of Germany.

A NEW variety of the Mennonite, or Continental Quaker sect, is gaining ground in Hungary to an extent that threatens considerable embarrassment to the Administration. These so-called Nazarenes not only disown all clerical organisation, and refuse to take any oath or enter any military service, but they dispute the lawfulness of taxes that go to support State Church or army. All assessments made on them are therefore levied under protest. They are said to be an offshoot of Calvinism, but have of late been largely recruited from among the working population, so that their numbers, estimated a few years since at 6,000 only, are now officially stated at 30,000, and said to be really much larger.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Too late for the fair. -An old bachelor.

When is a lover like a tailor ?—When he pres s his suit.

Love is said to be blind, but Billings says he knows lots of fellows in love who see twice as much in their girls as he can.

THE young woman who fainted away has been told by her family that it would be more delicate for her to faint at home.

A RUSSIAN PROVERB says :-- "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice before getting married, pray three times.

An "engaged" young man, whose girl makes him go home four hours before daylight, wishes the nights were three months long, as they are in

In the form of an enchanted fan appear galaxy of lovely heads typical of the beauties of the Austrian capital. The whole combination is picturesque and artistic.

Ladies should remember to keep their mouths shut when going out of a warm room into the cold sir. In fact, it would not hurt much to keep them shut most of the time.

A MILWAUKIE young man has a scrap-book containing the marriage notices of all women that he has loved, and he sits out in the moonlight and reads it and cries.

When a Canada girl loves she loves like a hand engine going to a fire. In a breach of promise suit the other day it was shown that a young lady wrote to her lover eight times per day

An Indiana girl wanted to see if her lover really loved her, and she got a boy to yell "mad-dog!" as they were walking out. The lover flew over a fence and left her to be chewed up, and she went right away and married a store-clerk.

An officer in the army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months after-wards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

A MASSACHUSETTS man is currying favor with the fair sex by a tract in which he seeks to show that there are two heavens, one for men and one for women. The latter are to pass into their heaven without discrimination, but the men are to be sifted before admission.

A LADY who was in the habit of spending much of her time in the society of her neighbours, hap pened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband, in great haste, for the physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?

The other day some ladies were out visiting. The other day some ladies were out visiting.

There being a little two-year-old present one of
the ladies asked him if he would kiss her. He
answered, "No." "What is the reason that you
will not kiss me?" "I'm too little to kiss you; papa will kiss you; papa kisses all the big girls. He was permitted to play with his toys.

CURIOUS answers often come out in examina tion for the civil service. The word "inheritance" occurring in a page of reading, the examiner interrogated the youngster; "What is inheritance?":—"Patrimony."—"What is patrimony?"—"Something left by a father."—"What would you call it if left by a mother?"—"Matrimony." trimony

A short time since, two young ladies near Camberwell were accosted by a gipsy woman, who told them that for a shilling each she would show them their husband's faces in a pail of water; this being brought, they exclaimed, "We only see our own faces!"—"Well," said the old wo-man, "those faces will be your husband's when you are married."

In a certain French comedy a young man about to be married is found under somewhat suspicious circumstances purchasing a piano. his prospective father-in-law that he intends the instrument for his bride. "But you know very well," objects the father-in-law, "that she doesn't play." "Of course I do," responds the ready-witted bridegroom, "otherwise I shouldn't be such a fool as to give her a piano."

SPEAKING of the Greek style of wearing the hair a correspondent says: Scarcely one American woman out of ten thousand has a head and face of classic mould, and nothing can be more trying to piquant faces, pug noses, and heads on which one "bump" is developed at the expense of another, than just this style of wearing the hair. It takes away all the piquancy with which nature makes up for the want of regular features, and transforms the saucy beauty into a demurelooking Quakeress. For this reason, notwithstanding its convenience, we predict that it will not be universally adopted, nor long popular.

VICTOR HUGO.

Arsène Houssaye writes :- I went to take tea with Victor Hugo. I wanted to see, at one glance, so to speak, the two most illustrious men who remain in France. Victor Hugo, who is almost as old as M. Thiers, has a superabundance of life which is inexplicable. We have been friends since 1830, and I have always found him the most valiant of men; rising early and going to bed late, a worker and a fighter, like Henry IV., having his "triple talent" in another kind. No one to-day is more gallant with women, more brilliant with men, more poetical in solitude. He continues the "Legend of the Ages," with superhuman energy, and with all the splendor of of his best years. And do you know how he rests himself from all this? At three o'clock in the afternoon he climbs nimbly upon the imperial of an omnibus, without knowing where it is going. What is that to him? so that he can breathe the fresh air, and be isolated, as he says, in the midst of the crowd. For he does not like to be recognized and so he has worn for years past no decorations. He wishes to be treated as the first comer, not from any democratic sentiment, for he estimates himself at his true value, but simply that he may not be stared out of countenance The omnibus takes him sometimes to the Arch of Triumph, sometimes to the Barrier of the Throne, sometimes to the Observatory. His en-emies say sometimes to Charenton. He does not know where he is going until the stage stops; he has passed his time dreaming or rhyming. He comes back the same way. When he comes home—dressed winter and summer in a simple dark paletot—he finds his guests awaiting him, for he has always seven or eight friends to dinner, poets and statesmen. His poetry is always tinged with politics, but his politics are always illumined with poetry. He dines at eight o'clock, as does M. Thiers. His grandchildren, the son and daughter of Charles Hugo, are there with their mother, a woman full of charm and grace. It always seems a family party at Hugo's he thouse ways seems a family party at Hugo's, he throws so much of his heart into his wit, at his table. His enemies say there is nothing else there. Do not believe it. There is not an abundance of rare wines, but there is good wine in abundance. The cook is a Cordon blev, to whom Hugo would willingly give his red ribbon, so well has he preserved the good traditions of the French kitchen. You do not go to supper after dining with Victor Hugo, as you must after so many official dinners, where they try to poison you with an endless succession of bad dishes.

ARTISTIC.

HERR BANDEL, the sculptor of the Hermann memorial, has received from the Emperor of Germany the Order of the Iron Crown of the third class.

Dr. Schliemann is engaged in visiting the prehistoric museums of the north of Europe, including those of Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Germany.

A work supposed to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds nas been discovered in Chicago. It is a portrait of Mrs. Sherman's great-grand-father, and was painted by Sir Joshua, if at all, in the prime of his powers. THE father of the late Henry Regnault, the

THE father of the fact fitting heginant, the young painter killed near Paris during the war, has presented to the Louvre a hundred sketches prepared from the compositions of his son. The most remarkable of them will shortly be exhibited at the Luxembourg.

THE Marquis Campana's collection, so far as it remains in the Mont de Piété at Rome, is to be sold. The collection comprises no less than 1244 numbers of Etruscan antiquities, and the value is estimated by connoisseurs at nearly a million of francs.

A gigantic statue of William the Conqueror is A Rigation status of William and Conquestrials to be unveiled at Falaise on the 29th of September. The monument will be surrounded with the statues of the six first Dukes of Normandy, and has been erected by subscription. It is the work of M. Louis Rochet.

Mr. George Dennis the author of the Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria, is preparing for publication a work on Syracuse and its antiquities. Mr. Dennis has for some time past been British Consul at Palermo, and there are few places which offer a richer field than Syracuse to the veteran explorer and archæologist.

THE monument to be erected near Metz, but on French soil, in memory of the battles of Mars la Tour, Gravelotte, and St Privat has been temporarily placed in the Champs Elysées. It represents France in an erect attitude placing a wreath of immortelles on the head of a wounded soldier whom she is supporting in her arms. At her feet two children seated on an anchor are catching the rife falling from his hand.

M. CHARLES TIMBAL has just finished the great freeco instrusted to him by the City of Paris for the Church of Sorbonne, and to which he has devoted three years. This freeco, which is at least six metres in width by as many in height, occupies the whole of the wall at the foot of the right transept of the church, where the tomb of the Cardinal Richelieu stands. It is a vast allegorical picture representing Theology.

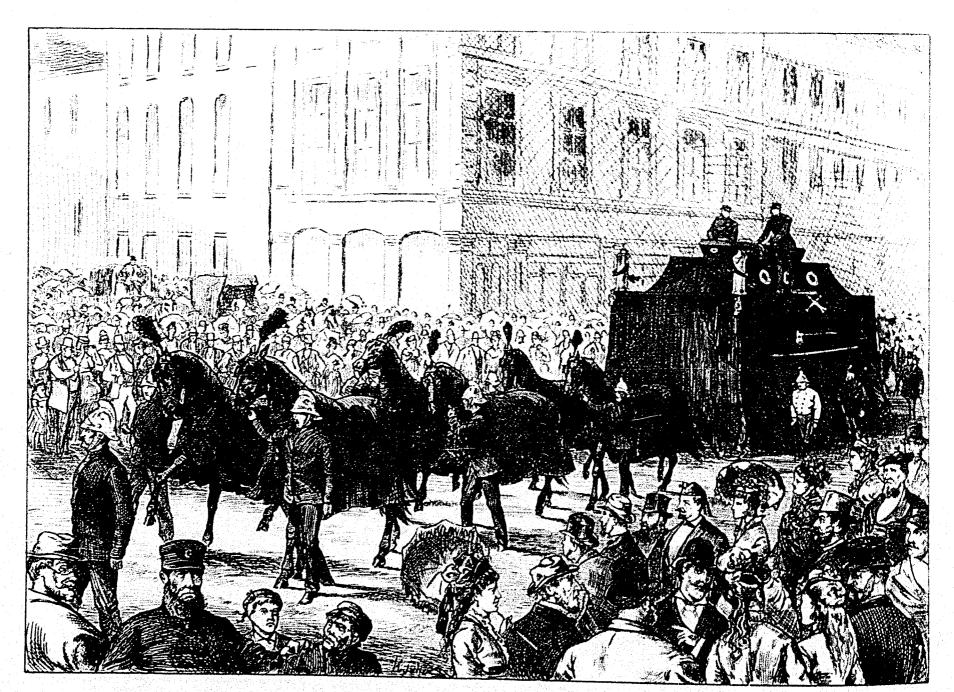
MR. ROGERS, whose plaster groups are so much admired, and adorn so many homes, has succeeded in adapting artificial stone to statuary purposes. With the assistance of Professor Joy, he has produced an artificial stone, which is cast in moulds, and the figures come out with all the lines, even the most delicate, sharply defined. The artist warrants their durability under the severest tests of any climate. The material is white, and not unlike marble in appearance.

PROFESSOR BRUNN, of Munich, condemns as work of the Cinque-Cento period the two celebrated onyx vases in Naples and Brunswick. As to 'he Brunswick vase it may not matter so much, since doubts had before been entertained about its antiquity, notwithstanding the fact of its history being known back to the year 630. But to throw suspicion on the Farnese Tazza at Naples must, when it is done by a person of Brunn's authority, lead to grave doubts as to the genuineness of large cameos generally.

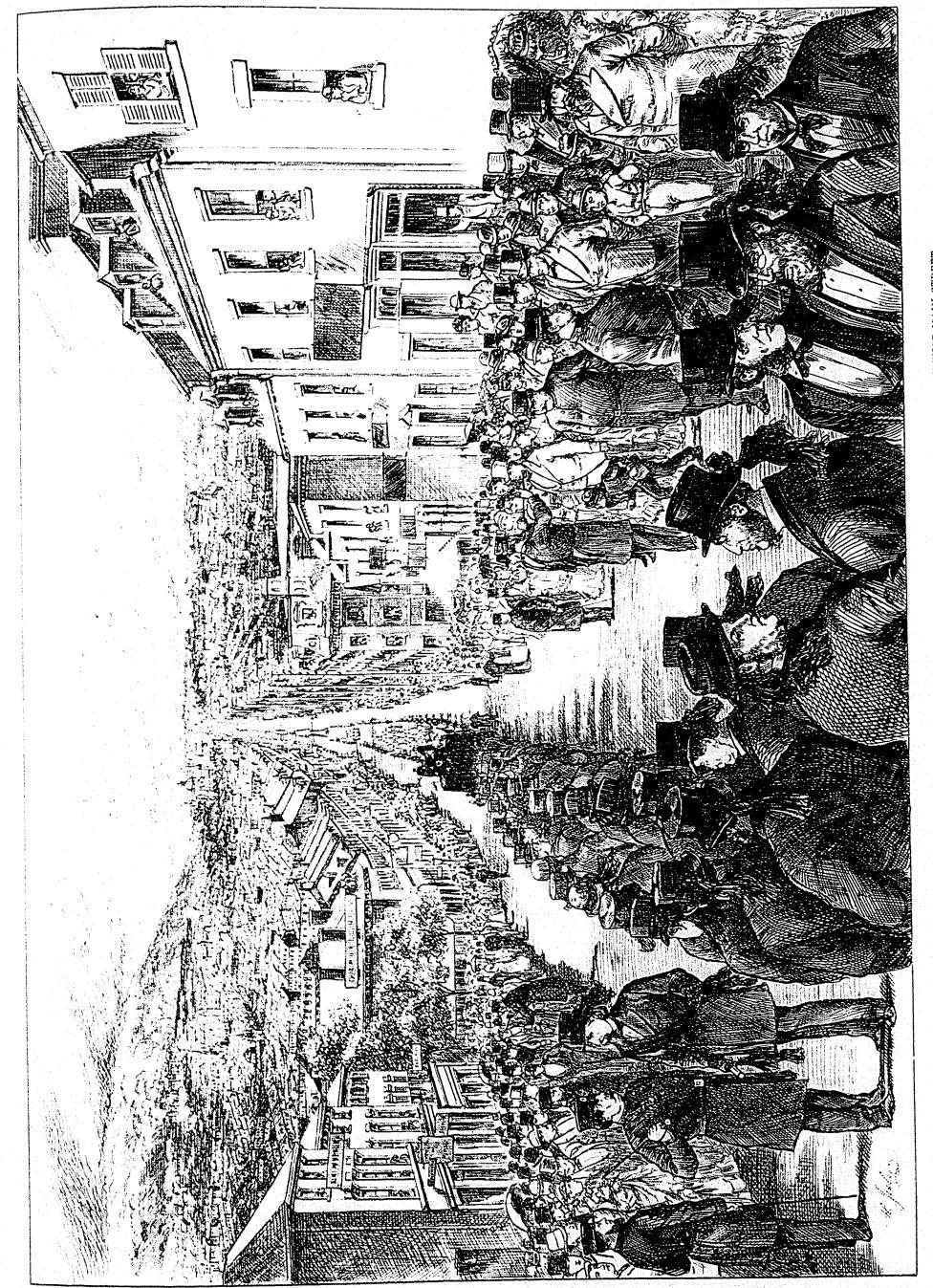
In the MSS. Department of the British Museum a whole seri sof admirable drawings have been found, which were made by W. Hodges, R.A., during the second voyage of Captain Cook. He accompanied this navigator as draughtsman. The drawings accompany the MS. account of Cook's voyages, and are, of course, hardly ever seen. One portion is in a huge portiolio, which requires the strength of several men to lift it from the shelf where it has laiu a long while. Another portion is united to the journal.



TORONTO .- THE ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING



MONTREAL :- FUNERAL OF CHIEF BERTRAM; THE CATAFALQUE LEAVING THE CENTRAL FIRE STATION, CRAIG STREET.



MONTREAL: -FUNERAL OF CHIEF BERTRAM; THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN ST. LAMBERT HILL AND UP ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.) SWEET LITTLE FLOWERS.

Sweet little flowers you came afar To cheer my weary solitude; And though your bloom he unrenewed, I hold you dearer as you are.

I hold you dear as loving hands—
For loving hands arranged each leaf;
And trembled with unconscious grief,
For one away in other lands.

I hold you dear as mother's kiss— For mother's lips have touched each flower; And in the present silent hour, You half replace the touch I miss.

I hold you dear as gentle eyes— Because of those that looked on you; Eyes ever tender, ever true, With depth of stars in summer skies.

With depth of such in community

Sweet little flowers I hold you dear.
But all your sweetness fades and dies;
While loving hands and lips and eyes

Remain to bless me year by year.

BARRY DANE.

THE LADIES' DARLING.

A writer says of "ladies' darlings:" The creature is delighted if he can persuade himself that he has reason to think that a score or so of girls are over head and ears in love with him, and there is ground for believing that he would be-come exhilarated to the last degree if he were informed that some foolish damsel has pined away and died of a broken heart on his account. The fact that so long as his vanity is ministered to he is indifferent as to what unhappiness devolves upon others, affords a not altogether agreeable but thoroughly reliable index as to his character. If he had any conscience deserving of mention he would not systematically make love—directly or indirectly—with every girl with whom he is brought in contact, but being as he is utterly reckless of the feelings of his neighbors, he does his best to enslave the fancy of ninetenths of the attractive women whom he meets under circumstances favorable to flirtation. would be injudicious to deny that he achives success—it may le that it would be unwise to declare that he does not obtain many triumphs for some girls are so silly and have such susceptible hearts that they would become fascinated with a mop-stick provided that it was skilfully set up, dressed in male habiliments, and called a man; and others, who are a trifle wiser than to be guilty of such stupidity, are still foolish enough to believe nine-tenths of what every shallow-pated noodle tells them. But though this is so, there is cause to hope that the career of the would-be ladies' darling is not one of uninterrupted success, and that he is not the object of so much admiration as he generally imagines. Occasionally he receives a prompt and decided check from ladies who have no wish to be made fools of, or to suffer in reputation, however slightly, in order that he may be glorified; while not a few females play up to him before his face and pour unmeasured contempt upon him behind his back. Nor is it surprising that they should be so, for he gives them every reason to think that he is a shallow and egotistical fool. His conversation consists of a series of dreary inauities, ridiculous compliments which are as insincere as they are in bad taste, and melancholy jokes which consist for the most part of ill-na tured speeches at the expense of some unfortunate victim or other. He seldom assumes that his lady friends have brains enough to understand anything except the most superficial matters, and when he does venture to touch on the last new book, new picture, new play, new parson, or new sensation, he merely repeats the cant jar-gon which is current in the set in which he moves, and which frequently condemns what is good and praises what is bad. Besides his manner is affected, he wears on his face an everlasting grin, and he is dressed up in such a fashion and has such a slinking way about him that he appears altogether as much unlike a genuire man as he could well do. For the rest, he lowers the moral tone of those with whom he associates, and scoffs at everything in which people of cerrect feeling take an interest.

QUEENS OF THE STAGE.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the Philadelelegraph of the Actresses' Fete for the benefit of the victims of the inundation. The fetter took place in the lovely garden of the Concert Musard, which was brilliantly illuminated, and still further decorated with Chinese lanterns of all hues, which, hung grouped against the dark foliage of the trees or clustered around their trunks, produced an exquisite effect. From time to time in the more distant thickets blue lights were burned, which threw a weird yet dazzling lustre over the scene. There was an orchestra which discoursed very indifferent music, and booths at which there was nothing particular for sale. The briskest trade was driven in tickets for the lottery, which lottery was to be drawn somewhere by somebody and with some kind of lots. Some of the actresses were in costume, one appearing as a Merveilleuse, another as a Spanish girl, two pretty creatures as Alsatian peasants, tc. Pretty Aimée, exquisitely dressed in rich embroidered muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace and looped up with pale blue ribbons, circu-ated among the groups selling lottery tickets. She was covered with diamonds, and wore a bewitching little hat shaded with a long ostrich plume of palest blue. Her smile and her grace-rul soficitations were generally found to be irre-

sistible, and her tickets went off like wildfire. Céline Montoland, Dartaux, of the Gaieté, and Schneider, the irrepressible, presided over the Tombola, and dispensed photographs of themselves as well as fruits and cigars. An immense crowd gathered around them, and each purchaser of a photograph had the pleasure of having it signed by the fair original. Montoland looked extremely lovely with her shining, blue-black hair, shining like folds of satin under a pale pink bonnet, the front of which was filled with pale pink rosebuds. The irrepressible Schneider was, of course, the centre of attraction. Flying from side to side, exhorting one, scolding another, coaxing a third, the jovial Grande Duchesse filled a large space in the consideration of the audience. Seen near at hand, traces of her age may be detected (she is well on the shady side of forty), but her laughing blue eyes, her dimples, her lovely little hands and feet, and the magnificent mirthfulness of her smile are all charms that defy the ravages of time. The third in the coterie was the quiet, ladylike Dartaux, who contented herself with dispensing her wares in more modest fashion. Schneider's dress was thoroughly characteristic of the woman. It was composed of the finest white muslin and superb Valenciennes lace, but was rumpled and crushed out of all freshness and elegance; and no wonder, for the way that she whisked her by no means small self about was wonderful to behold. The *féte* continued till long past midnight, and the pecuniary results must have been of the most satisfactory nature.

ANDERSEN.

The following fine lines, appearing recently in the London Examiner, are from the pen of a son of Justin McCarthy, the same who was with the novelist during the latter's sojourn in the United States, and seemed then to be a handsome, blueeyed lad in his teens:

"Death is the most certain messenger after all, in spite of his various occupations."—Hans Christian Andersen.

Another of the torch-bearers
Has flung his flame back to the sky,
And with his own sad wayfarers
Has turned unto the coming nigh
Of that which teaches men to die;
And we, who were the life sharers
Of all he had, a laugh, a sigh,
Have naught to give except good-by.
Lay flowers upon his hollow bed,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

H.

Good-by, then, kindly-hearted one; Farewell for all the various years Wherein thy worthy work was done, That bringeth unto listening ears Music for days yet unbegun. In life's long torch race, where we run, Thy hand held till the end was won, And yet—our eyes are wet with tears. Lay flowers upon his hollow bed, For he is dead, the master, dead.

111.

The little town of Odense
Will weep his death awhile to-day
And all who loved his kindliness
Will lack the word wherewith to say
How much they feel their lives are less.
The children, whom his voice would bless,
Will miss the gentle head grown gray,
And*the sweet life that's past away,
Lay flowers upon his hollow bed,
For he is deat, the master, dead,

IV.

No more across the Danish sea
Shall men go forth with white sails set,
And hearts that beat right eagerly,
To tell in Zealand how they met
Him mighty, who taught to be
Ideal in reality;
Now must they fare, with eyes grown wet,
A story-teller's grave to see.
Lay flowers upon his hollow bed.
For he is dead, the master, dead.

Unto the land of memory,
Where all fair things have gone and go,
Hast thou gone. Where is now the snow
Of last year a winter! where must we
Look for the dreams of night-time! So
Thy life is gone; thy work shall be
A gift, a goodly treasury.
Unto the years men yet shall see.
Lay flowers upon his hollow bed.
For he is dead, the master, dead.

J. H. McC.

A FEUDAL CITY'S CHURCHES.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette rites from Nuremberg: The most interesting old buildings in Nuremberg are the churches, and they are worth days of study. The St. Lawrence, built in 1278, is the finest. It is 332 feet long, the arched roof being supported by twenty-six large columns. The eleven large painted windows are filled with incidents in sacred and secular history, and exhibit the skill and perfection to which painting on glass was brought at least four centuries ago. The ciborium or sacrament house is beautifully wrought in stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. The base is supported by three kneeling figures, which are said to represent Adam Krafft, the sculptor, and his two assistants. Each story with its delicate carvings, grows smaller until it terminates in a bent shaft. The delicate wood carvings of Viet Stoss are very wonderful—one, particularly fine, is the Angel's Salutation. This, after hanging four centuries, fell on the hard stone beneath in 1817, and was considerably injured. It has been restored and rehung. Paintings by Wohlgemute, the master of Durer; by Durer himself, and other artists, adorn the walls and columns. These old churches are not

capable of description, for, after all one says, those who never have experienced their charm can only imagine a church of the New World. Here the stone floors covering tombs, whose entrance is marked by strangely engraved iron plates, the nave, the side aisles, the smaller hapels, the fantastic shrines, the statuary with quaint inscriptions, the queer old pulpits, the shadow of past ages, all combine to make them reverent and beautiful but indescribable. I remember passing through the church until I came to one stained glass window by Nirschvogel. Here I sat me down in awe and admiration, until the party had wandered round and round several times and were entreating me to make the usual tour and leave. But it was impossible; there was a species of fascination in the deep, rich coloring, the glossy satins, the soft velvets, and the spotless linens that all lay in rich folds and fell in harmony with the movements of the wearers who must be living, breathing human weaters who must be riving, observing influence creatures. Such flesh tints, such gorgeous coloring could not be lying cold and still on the flat surface of glass. We went to St. Sebald's Church, not so large, but full of glory and grandeur. The most beautiful work of art is the tomb of St. Schaldus in the centre aisle. This is the masterpiece of Peter Vischer, who, with his five sons, were employed on it thirteen years. The coffin containing the bones of the saint is covered with gold and silver. Around it the exquisite brass monument, on which are the figures of the twelve apostles, twelve fathers of the church, and numerous fantastic representations of genii and mermaids, intermingled with flowers and foliage. The monument weighs eight tons, and is said to be the gem of German art.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB.

Montreal is shortly to receive the visit of its favourite Club and, we may add the best of those which from time to time interpret correctly classical music. The Philharmonics have, since their last appearance here, travelled over an ex-tensive area, visiting all the principal cities in Ontario and in the United-States between this and San Francisco. Everywhere they have met with the same enthusiastic reception, if we are to judge by the more than ordinary encomiums lavished upon them by musical critics and writers.

The name of Listemann, E. Gramm, E. Weiner, A. Belz, A. Hartdegen have become as familiar on this side of the Atlantic as those of Ries, Piatti and others on the other side. The Club will this time be accompanied by Mrs. Anna Granger Dow so favourably known to a Montreal audience that we need not recom-mend her by word of praise. The programme will, as usual, be a select and varied one, Mr. Weiner introducing among us an instrument which is again becoming fashionable, the zither.

AT THE ZOO.

A zoological collection of remarkable interest. more esp cially to Londoners, has been added during the present year to the British Museum. It consists of the Thames Valley series of remains of British elephants, rhinoceroses, deer, oxen, &c., which have been discovered in the Ilford Marsher, near Stratford, during the last thirty years, and has hitherto formed the unique private collection of Sir Antonio Brady of Stratford-le-Point. The collection contains remains of 100 elephants, all of which have been obtained from liford.

DURER'S HOUSE

A Nuremberg correspondent writes: With what a strange feeling of wonder and awe we stood in the old house of A.brecht Durer, Germany's greatest master of painting. There he lived until 1528, "toiling still with busy hand." "Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies." It is true his presence still lingered in the low rooms, whose fantastic ceiling one could almost reach with outstretched handnaught else could so suddenly have checked the gay laughter with which we threaded our way through the narrow pathway, for it is too absurd to call them streets, that led to the house. Our kind landlord said to us, "Durer's house stands on the upper corner of the street named from him." We crept along the queer winding "gassen," where each house is set a little further back than its neighbor, so that each occupant may have an unobstructed view down the street—doubtless an amiable concession the old builders made to the curiosity of their wives—until we found a path dignified by the title of Durer street. At a corner house we touched a modest bell, a sprightly little woman opened the door, and in answer to our inquiry, "Is this the house of Albrecht Durer?" kindly bade us enter. Our laughter ceased as we wandered through the still, silent chambers, and realized that we trod the same ground, gazed upon the same objects, and sat upon the same benches that the old master used so many cen-turies ago. Our sadness changed into indignation when, looking up in the studio, we saw the self-same hole through which the shrewish Mme. Durer used to watch the labors of her husband, and rate him soundly if his capable hand were a moment idle. Poor man; how sad to toil un-wearyingly on without a word of encouragement. But I wonder if in him were not united the distilled essence of a hundred other cruel and tyrannizing husbands, and it was a sort of equalizing justice Mme. Durer exercised in pouring out her

vials of wrath on his innocent head. The just suffer for the unjust. It must have been for this reason this amiable, genial, loving nature was subjected to the lashings of that unbridled tongue. Oh, foolish woman! But the cobbler bard was scarce better off. His spouse, if the chronicles be true, led him too a life of tribulation. tion. But there is an expression on his face, if Nuremberg portraits are faithful, so unlike the meek, gentle face of Durer, that makes one think Mme. Hans Sachs sometimes found her master.

LITERARY.

BAYARD TAYLOR is to edit Appleton's " Picresque Europe

Mr. W. W. STOREY'S new book will appear the autumn: "Nero, an Historical Play."

MADAME CESARIE FARRENC, a charming riter of children's tales, has just died at Nice.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, although sixty-seven years

of age, is still as lithe and erect as an Arab chieftain.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon's new book will be out in the autumn. It is entitled "White Contest: America in 1875."

MISS WARNER, the author of "Wide, Wide Vorld," recently lost her father by death at her home n the Hudson, near West Point.

MR. NORMAN LOCKYER, the English astronomer, has arrived in Paris with Tennyson, whom he is intiating in the mysteries of astronomy.

Mr. ROBERT DALE OWEN'S health, according to an Indianapolis newspaper, is greatly improved, and his physician anticipates his entire recovery at an early

MISTREL, the celebrated poet of Avignon, whose Oriental poems have won him universal repute in the South, has just completed a new work under the title of Les Sabots d'Or.

THE late poet Anderssen has left all his property, amounting to about 20,000 thalers, to the Councillor of State Collin, whose family behaved very kindly to him in his early days.

M. LAURENTIE, the doyen of French journal-sts—he is eighty-two years old—has retired from the ditorship of the clerical *Union*. His successor is the Vicomte Mayol de Lupé.

THE whole of the translation of the Old Testament into modern Russian has been published, so that Russia now possesses a complete translation of the Bible, approved by the orthodox Church.

rum at Manchester, Mass, from which there is a charming sea view. On the walls are portraits of the dead that yet live—Thackeray, Dickens, Starr King, and Hawthorne.

M. HERVIEUX of Paris has been collecting most of the MSS. of English libraries containing the Fables of Æsop according to the translation of Romulus. He has done the same in German, Austrian, and Italian

DR. HORSTMANN, of Madgeburg, editor of "Old English Legends," has lately been for some weeks working in the Bodleian Library for the continuation of his publications. The legends are chiefly extracted from the famous Vernon MS.

THE Byron memorial still hangs fire. In spite a Prime Minister came to the assistance of the promoters, less than £1,600 has been raised, though it is said that £10,000 at least, will be required.

Mr. JULIUS KOSTLIN, a professor at the University of Halle, has just published what is said to be the best life of Luther yet written. In it many of the legends which have gathered round the early life of the great German reformer are shown to be untrue.

THE Marquis of Lorne has in the press a nar-rative poem of above 3,000 lines, called "Guido and Lita: a Tale of the Riviera," founded on an incident in one of the many Sarucen inroads which troubled the coast of Provence during the tenth century.

Longfellow has collected some of his recent roductions and will shortly put them forth in a volume. The book will comprise "Morituri Salutamus," the 'Hanging of the Crane," a new composition entitled 'The Masque of Pandora," and a "Book of Sonnets.

Mr. W. Fraser Rae is engaged upon a work to be entitled George Washington: the American Oppo-rition to George the Third, which will contain the results of research among official and other documents which have not been examined by any writer on the Revolu-

A document has been served on the proprietors of the Trales Chronicle, at the instance of The O'Donoghue, requiring them to give up the name of the writer of some comic verses, entitled "Parody on the Minstrel Boy," reflecting on The O'Donoghue's absence from the O'Connell centeuary.

Or all he has done, Swinburne rates "Hertha" highest as a single piece. There certainly is a good deal compressed and concentrated into that fine lyrical poem. He is now writing in the form of an essay a sort of history of the style of Shakespeare, and its progress through various stages of growth. This he will undoubtedly do well, as he has been studying Shakespeare ever since he was six years old. was six years old.

It is stated that some valuable autographs of It is stated that some valuable autographs of Galileo have been found at Milan among the State archives. These autographs are not included in the Palatine collection, but refer to his negotiations with the Spanish Government relative to ceding the application of his method for applying longitude to navigation. The letters also relate to Galileo's journey to Rome in 1624 to pay homage to Pope Urban VIII.

WITH a view to the better protection of copyright in dramatic works, a declaration has been signed by Lord Derby and the Marquis d'Harcourt cancelling the paragraph in the Convention of 1851, by which it was understood that the protection stipulated for by the was understood that the protection stipulated for by the Convention was not intended to prohibit fair imitations or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively, but were only meant to prevent pirutical translation.

Apropos of the habit of coining words, and of the sin Mr. Disraeli committed this session in that respect, an authority remarks that "Lady Morgan was the first to write the word 'talented,' which soon got into use in the newspapers." Coleridge said—"I regret to see that vile and barbarous vocable, 'talented,' stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and respectable publications of the day. Why not 'shillinged, 'tanthinged,' 'tenpenced?' &c. What Englishman would believe—at least until he had laid and lost a wager on the point—that the words 'selfish' and 'selfishness' are not to be found in Shakspeare, and were, indeed, totally unknown to all his contemporaries? Yet such is the fact. When Henry Dundas used the word 's arvation'—a new word for hunger and famine imported from Scotland—the House of Commons burst out into a roal of laughter often repeated." Apropos of the habit of coining words, and of

HEARTH AND HOME.

TEMPTERS AND CHASTISERS.—The passions are at once tempters and chastisers. As tempters, they come with garlands of flowers on the brows of youth; as chastisers, they appear with wreaths of snakes on the forehead of deformity. They are angels of light in their delusion; they are fiends of torment in their infliction.

Don't be discouraged if, in the outset of life, things do not go on smoothly. It seldom hap-pens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realised. The path of life appears smooth and easy, but when we come to travel it we find it up-hill, and generally trying enough. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinion of men, though the latter is not to be disregarded.

THE KING OF THE FAMILY.—There's no one equal to the family baby. Never a king, or emperor, or president with his power. He knows it, too, before his tiny feet can patter over the floor. When he awakes in the morning, another sun rises. When he is carried away for the night, sun rises. When he is carried away for the light, he must kiss every one, and every one rejoices in his kisses. His eating and drinking, his walking and his pantomine, are subjects for important bulletins, every day. Ah, how strange it is that this important being must one day be let down to the position of an ordinary boy. let down to the position of an ordinary boy.

SPOILED.-Naturally vivacious girls often become dull and silent just because their heads are full of nonsense about beaux and lovers. They they would be ashamed to confess, though not ashamed to entertain; and their preoccupation with a subject which they had better let entirely alone, prevents their being the agreeable and rational companions of the gentlemen of their acquaintance which they are designed to be. The most attractive girl is she who does not allow the tyrant passion, love, to run away with jovial good nature.

HIGH AIMS.-True courage and self-control are the needs of to-day. Of students, who begin with high aims, how many, year after year, fail to fulfil them—not from want of ability or opportunity, but from want of resolution! The poet Cowper was once consulted by his friend Mr. Unwin about some man's character. "All I Unwin about some man's character. "All l know," he wrote, "about him is this—that l saw him once clap his two hands upon a rail, meaning to leap over it; but he did not think the attempt a safe one, and so took them off again." This story typifies the career of not a few who promised something. Whatsoever you do, keep your hand upon the rail, even if you fail to clear it at the first leap, or, at all events, only remove it in order to try a humbler height. You are often exhorted to aim high that you may secure a lower mark—who aimeth at the sky shoots higher than he who means a tree.

LOVER AND HUSBAND.—Perhaps there is no more painful time in a woman's life than the time of transition when the assiduous lover is passing into the matter-of-fact husband, and the wooer is gradually changing into the master. Women, who are so much more sensitive than men, more sentimental too, and less content to trust in silence to an undemonstrative affection, are for the most part happy only while they are being made love to. It is not enough for them to be loved; they want to be told so twenty times a day, and to have the harmonies of life enriched by a crowd of "occasional notes," embroidering the solid substance by which they live. Men, on the contrary, get tired of making love. When they have wooed and won, they are content to be quiet, and to take all the rest for granted. They are not cold, however, because they are secure; and to most, and those the best, practical kindness is better than flattery, security ranks before excitement and hysteria, and life passed in serene friendship, fearing no evil, knowing no break, and needing no phrasing, is better than life passed in a perpetual turmoil of passion, where there are scenes and tears, and doubts and broken hearts, if there are not endless courtship and fatiguing demonstration.

THE RAVEN AND LADY GERAL-

Poe's dedication of "The Raven" to Mrs. Browning is in itself sufficient to set aside the charge of conscious plagarism in "The Raven" from "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," for certainly the last thing done by even the most artless of poets would be, after deliberately imitating a lady to inscribe the imitation to her! But that 'The Raven" unconsciously owed something of its sentiment, its rhythm, and even its actual rhyme, to the deep impression made on Poe by "Lady Geraldine," no one who compares the two poems can doubt, and two or three passages will serve to show. In "Lady Geraldine," we have:

"With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the eve the purple Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows."

In "The Raven":

"And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before."

Mrs. Browning makes Lady Geraldine's despairing lover speak of-

"The desolate sand desert of my heart and life undone." while Lenore's lover apostrophises the Raven as-

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-chanted."

The instances of mere verbal correspondence in the two poems, such as "silken murmur, "silken stirring," "within the inner chamber, "she fluttered like a tame bird," "eyes now eyes now "sne nuttered like a tame bird, "eyes now throbbing through me... are ye ever burning torrid o'er... my heart," from "Lady Geraldine:" and "silken... rustling," "into the chamber turning," "not a feather then he fluttered," "from "The Raven," are numerous; and the more singularly noticeable from the fact that in a minute and on the whole appreciative criin a minute, and on the whole appreciative, critique of Miss Barrett's poetry, contributed by Poe to the Broadway Journal, in the very year in which he wrote "The Raven," (1845,) he said that "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was "a very palpable imitation" of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." This only confirms what we have said before, that poets should be chary of accusing each other of "imitation;" unconscious reproduction being to a certain extent inevitable where sympathy and admiration are strong, and the current of thought sets in the same direction. Mrs. Browning herself either did not observe, or generously refrained from drawing attention to, these striking resemblances. She had great admiration for Poe's unquestionable genius, and wrote as follows of "The Raven," in a letter to a friend, shortly after its publication:—"This vivid writing—this power which is felt—has produced a sensation here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it, and some by the music. I hear of persons who are haunted by the "Nevermore." It seems probable that she herself came under that spell, and that the refrain of the grand, though un-prophetic poem, addressed by her to Napoleon III., "Emperorevermore," was a reminiscence of Poe's "Nevermore."

HUMOUROUS.

SAY, mister," said a soiled-looking boy on the wharf, "do you ever give a piece o' watermelon to a poor boy whose father'n mother's dead, 'n who goes to Sunday school, 'n has got a sore heel?" The man was deeply touched, and gave him a large slice.

A Scotch minister, who was famed for his dryness in the pulpit, called on one of his aged hearers, and as usual partock of a cup of tea. He remarked to the guid wife that her teapot ran very slowly. "Deed, ay," quo the guid wife "it's like yersel'; it has an useo bad delivery."

"Well, bub," replied Bijah, as he finished hanging up the broom, "this currency question bothers many besides you, though it's clear enough to me. You see that twenty-five cent scrip, don't you!"

The boy remarked that he did, and Bijah placed it on the window sill, weighted it down with a peach stone, and continued:

and continued:
"That bit of paper is marked '25 cents,' but is it twenty-five cents! Is it anything more than a piece of

paper"
"I dunno," solemnly replied the boy.
"Has that bit of paper any real value beyond its being a promise to pay !" demanded Bijah.
"What paper !,"
"That 'ere twenty-five——"
He stopped there. Some one had sneaked up the alley and slyly stolen both sorip and peach stone.
"Never mind," condoled the boy, "it hadn't any intrinsic value."

trinsic value."
"It hadn't, eh?" growled the old janitor: "I just want to catch the wolf who absorbed it!"

THE funeral party had retired from the bury-THE funeral party had retired from the burying ground, but he lingered about like a loving widower, to see the last sod put on. With his black clothes, his black slik gloves, his black-bordered handkerchief hanging carelessly in his left hand, his sombre vieage, and a half a yard of black bombazine wreathed around his black hat, he seemed the very picture of melancholy. Presently he awoke from the reverie into which he had fallen, and said to the grave-digger: "I hope you think she is comfort ble down thur. I've put in all the style I knew how: prime rosewood coffin and trimmin's, an' seventeen carriages. She oughten to be oneasy."

trimmin's, an seventeen carriages. She oughten to be oneasy."

"Oh, she'll never bother you again," cheerfully replied the brisk little spadesman, stepping back to see if he had built up the mound symmetrically.

"Well, now, I'm glad to hear you say that," [added the bereaved man, "'cause, you see, I expect to have another one afore Christmas, and I don't want the spirit of this here onfort nate to come roamin' round the house."

house."

Then he turned and walked out of the cemetery with
the expression of a man returning from the performance
of a benevolent deed.

THEY lingered at the gate until he could finish that last remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat that only partially shaded her face from the light of the silvery

moon.

He stood gracefully on the outside, with one hand resting on the gate post and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the pauels. They were looking very sentimental, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke silence in a sweet, musical voice:

"And you will always think as you do now George?"

"Ever desrest; your image is impressed upon my heart so indelibly that nothing can ever efface it. Tell me, Julia, loveliest of yoursex, that I have a right to wear it there."

Oh, you men are so deceitful," she auswered, coquet-

tishly.

"True, Julia, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a little nearer to her and insinuating himself inside the gate, "but who darling, could deceive you?"

"And if I were to die, George, wouldn't you find some one else you could love as well?",

"Never, never. No woman could ever fill your place in my heart."

"Oh, quitnow! That ain't right," she murmured, as

in my heart."
"Oh, quit now! That ain't right," she murmured, as she made a fei. t to remove his arm from around her

No, Sir : you've stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it. I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until 3 o'clock in the morning, and then come fooling around my door to worry me and wake the baby. Now take that, and sleep on it."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

The Annual meeting of the British Counties Chess As ociation took place in August last at Glasgow

The principal object of competition was the Provincial Challenge Cup. According to the original arrangements this is to become the property of the player who wins it thrice, and as Mr. Burn, a member of the association, gained it in 1873, and 1874, the present contest was on that account very interesting.

It was arranged that each player should contest one game with every other competitor; drawn games counting as half games to each player There were in all eleven contributors, and the result of the match, as far as the most successful players were concerned, gave Mr. Fisher 21 games, Mr. Burn 8 games, and the Rev. H. Archdall 6 games. We subjoin one of the games played in this Cup Tournament ; the one between Mr. Burn and Mr. Hunter, the latter the strongest player in Glasgow.

GAME 40TH.

(Philidor's Defence.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Bui

1. P to K 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd

3. P to Q 4th

4. Q takes P

5. B to Kt 5th

6. B takes Kt

7. Castles

8. Kt to Q B 3rd

9. B to K 3rd

0. Q R to Q sq

1. Q to Q sq

1. Q to Q 4th

2. Kt to Q 4th

3. Kt to Q 4th

4. Kt to Q 4th

5. P to K B 4th (c)

4. Q to Q 5th

7. P takes B

Kt to K 6th

8. Kt to C 5th WHITE .-- (Mr. Burn.) BLACK .- (Mr. Hunter.) ACK.—(Mr. Hunter
P to K 4th
P to Q 3rd
P takes P
Kt to Q 2nd
B to Q 2nd
B takes B
Kt to B 3rd
Castles
Kt to K 2nd
Costles
Kt to K sq (b)
Q to B sq
B to Q 2nd
B to K 3rd
F to K B 4th
B takes Kt
R to B 3rd
P to C B 4th
Kt to Q B 2nd
P to Q B 4th
Kt to Q B 2nd
R to Q B 4th
Kt to Q B 2nd
R to B 3rd
R to B 2nd
R to B 2nd 17, Kt to K oth 18, B to Q 2nd 19, B to B 3rd 20, K R to K sq 21, R to K 3rd 22, Q takes B 23, Kt takes Kt P 24, Kt to R 5th 25, OR to K sq R to B 2nd B to B 3rd B takes B R to K B 3sd K to B 2nd R to Kt 3rd 24. Kt to R 5th
25. QR to K sq
26. Q to Q B 4th
27. R from K sq te Q sq
28. R takes R
29. R lakes K
30. R takes Q B P (dis
oh) (d)

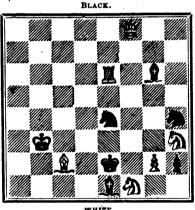
NOTES.

(a) We consider this preferable to B to Q second, as the latter move leads to a confined game for the second

- (b) Premature: advancing the pawns on the Queen's side is the play usually adopted at this juncture.
- (c) White has now the advantage in position (d) The termination is in Mr. Burn's best style.

PROBLEM No. 37.

The special prize given at a Problem Tourney in England some time ago, was awarded to the following position.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 35.

BLACK. WHITE. 1. K to K 5th 2. K to Q 5th

 Kt to Q sq
 Q to K B 5th (ch)
 Q mates Solution of Problem for Young Players,

No. 34. WHITE BLACK 1. Q B to K B 4th
2. P to Q Kt 4th
3. K to Q B 2nd
4. P to Q Kt 5th (dis ch)

> PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 35.

> > By H. A. C. F. of Quebec

WHITE BLACK. K at Q Kt 8th K at Q 4th Bat Q Baq Kt at K 3rd, Kt at Q

Kt 4th White, to play and mate in four moves.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A writer says of Hans Christian Andersen: He had not an idea of self-restraint or of apropos. and his intense egotism was nourished by everybody and everything. It never occurred to him that he was not the centre of every one's life and thoughts. He once entered a room, shook hands all round, and then descrying a stranger-a young English lady just arrived at Copenhagen -he went to her, took her by both hands, addressed her as "the English Rose, who had come to Denmark to see a great poet;" added, "all your friends will be happy that you are with Andersen," and went off to fetch a photograph of himself, which he bestowed on her with much emphasis. The admiring circle perceived nothing either absurd or blameable in this or any other manifestation of Andersen's vanity; and, indeed, its frankness, its simple reliance on every one's absolute admiration, preserved it from ridicule or censure; it was so childlike. He never conor censure; it was so childlike. He never conceived the notion of satire, he did not fear it therefore; and though his vanity was easily hurt, and he would pout and sulk like an offended child, until coaxed into good humor again, he never suspected a shade of ridicule of him in any one's manner or mind. Wherever he was, he invariably served first at table, and he was deeply grieved at a departure from this custom on the occasion of "the English Rose's" arrival at the house, near Copenhagen, where he was then staying. He became silent, then sulked, would not eat, and disappeared early in the even-ing. The next morning their hostess came to the English guest and asked her if she would mind not being helped first, "itmade dear And'sen so unhappy; he went to the kitchen and told the servants he could see they no longer loved him, since they thought more of the English lady than

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The Liver is the great depurating (purifying) organ of the system, and has very appropriately been termed the "housekeeper" of our health. I have observed in the dissecting-room, and also in making post-mortem examinations of the bodies of those who have died of different diseases, that in a large proportion of cases, the liver has given evidence of having at some time been diseased. Liver affections are equally prevalent in beasts. Every butcher knows that the livers of cattle, sheep, and swine, are ten times as frecattle, sheep, and swine, are ten times as frequently diseased as any other organ. A healthy liver each day secretes about two and a half pounds of bile. When it becomes torpid, congested, or if, from any cause, it be disabled in the performance of its duties, it is evident that the elements of the bile must remain in the blood, thus irritating, poisoning, and perverting every vital process. Nature attempts to rid the system of these noxious materials by means of other or-

of these noxious materials by means of other organs, as the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., which become overtaxed in performing their additional labor, and are unable to withstand the pressure. The brain, which is the great electrical center of all vitality, becomes overstimulated with unhealthy blood, and fails to normally perform its functions. Hence there is dullness, headache, impairment of the memory, dizziness, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. When forebodings, and irritability of temper. When the blood is diseased, the skin manifests discolored spots, pimples, blotches, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach and bowels, sooner or later, become affected, and constipation, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, or diarrhoea, is the inevitable result.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

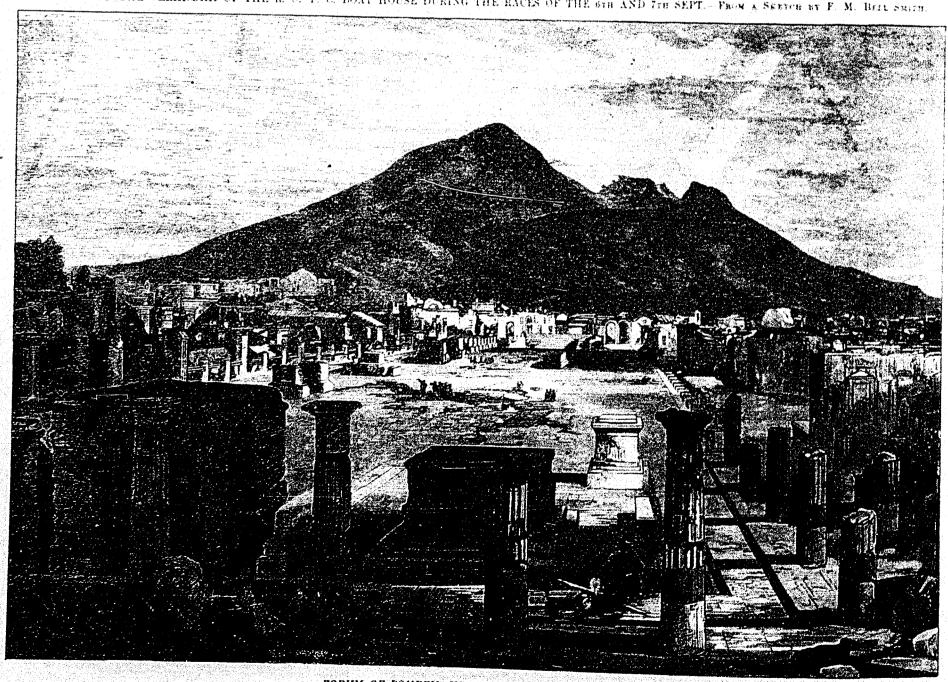
A sallow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart, a dry, teasing cough, sore throat, unsteady appetite, sour stomach, raising of the food, and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting, distress, heav-iness, and a bloated, or full feeling about the stomach and sides ; aggravating pains in the sides, stomach and sides; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pains and soreness through the bowels; constipation, alternating with diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, hervousness, coldness of the extremities, rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs (especially at night,) and chills, alternating with hot flashes; kidney and other urinary difficulties, dullness, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings. Only a few of these symptoms will be likely to be present in any case at one time. in any case at one time.

TREATMENT. - Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with small doses of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which act as an alterative on the liver. For Liver Complaint and the various affections caused by a diseased liver, these remedies are unsurpassed. The Golden Medical Discovery does not simply palliate the disease, but it produces a lasting effect. By its use, the liver and stomach are changed to an active healthy state, the appetite is regulated, the blood purified and enriched, and the entire system renovated and restored to health.

The Discovery is sold by druggists. R. V. Pierce, M. D., Proprietor, World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.



TORONTO :- ON THE VERANDAH OF THE R. C. Y. C. BOAT HOUSE DURING THE RACES OF THE BAR AND THE SEPT. Provide SEPT.



FORUM OF POMPEH, VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

POMPEILAN DISCOVERIES.

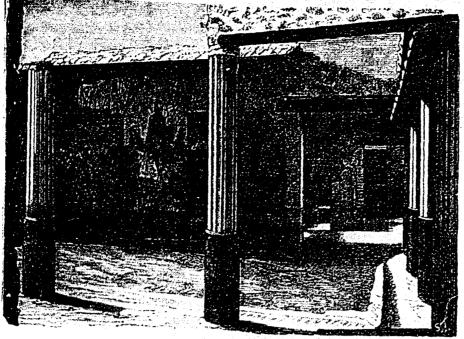
New discoveries have just been made at Pompeil, Strada di Sabia. These are the Orpheus house a factory of woollen cloth, the Luccoon House and opposite, in the same street, the house of a banker. The house of Orpheus is so called from a fresco, which we reproduse, representing Orpheus, in the midst of a woodland landscape, charming a number of wild animals.

The Luccoon House is so designated from a badly

The Laccool House's so designated from a badly deteriorated fresco representing the episode of the death of Neptune's priest and his children, as described in the second book of the Æneid.

as described in the second book of the Æneid.

A third house was unearthed, but without paintings. Two bodies were found there as as represented in our sketch. The one is a male, the other, a female. They lay in the first story of the house. The man was a Moor, as appears from certain characteristic signs on his face which have been perfectly reproduced, in their smallest details, by the moulds. The woman was quite young, as is determined by the firmness and delicacy of her form, as well as by the expression of her countenance. The work of excavation is going on with much activity at Pompeii, and, from present appearances, we may soon be enabled to chronicle further discoveries of importance.



THE ORPHEUS HOUSE.

THE VERONESE.

Writing of a performance at an amphitheatre in Verona, a correspondent says: Every one of the spectators at Verona would be recognized in Boston as Italian, and there were among them eyes as pale-blue as opal, and hair as light as the bleached Saxon locks. Still, the Italian character was plainly marked in each face; there was a childlike twinkle about the eye, a careless, improvident look that marks the common people almost universally, and every movement of the features betrayed the impulsiveness of the Italian nature. Comelier faces than those of the Verona girls are rarely seen. Piles of powdered hair adorn the head, and a black weil, daintly adjusted, gives grace to every pose; nor do they scorn to plentifully besprinkle the rich skin of their faces with a coarse white powder, which heightens by contrast rather than subdues by superposition the rich, glowing, yellow complexion.



ANCIENT FRESCO DISCOVERED IN THE ORPHEUS HOUSE.



DODIES FOUND IN THE RUINS.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE SECOND. THE COUNTRY IN DANGER. 1792.

VII.

In conclusion, when he spoke of others who were waiting to attack us in the rear, he grew pale, and said it would be the frightful side of the war if these people continued their intrigues; for the patriots would be compelled to apply to for the patriots would be compelled to apply to traitors, in order to save the country, the same laws of blood which they destined for us. Ther this man, so firm, who always gave most solid reasons for what he said, became affected, and the whole club started when they heard him in a broken voice-

say, in a broken voice—
"They will have it, unhappy people, they will have it. We have offered them peace a hundred times, we stretch out our hands to them; we say to them; 'Let us be equal; let us forget your injustice; let us think no more of it. But commit no more wrong; renounce your unnatural privileges.' But their reply is, 'No. you are our rebellious slaves; God has oryou are our rebellious slaves; God has or-dained you should grovel in the earth before us, and keep us with the fruits of your labour, from father to son. We will neither reject an alliance with our country's enemies, nor shrink from anything to remain free; what reproach can

anything to remain free; what reproach can they make us? I have done; citizens, let each man be ready to march when France calls on him to do so. Let us remain united, and let our rallying cry be, 'Live free or die!" He sat down. The enthusiasm was like the rolling of thunder. Those who have not seen similar reenes cannot form an idea of them; workmen citizens, and peasants bec me brothers there were but patriots and aristocrais, to love and to hate. and to hate.

Others spoke on the subject also; our mayor, Boileau; Pernett, the contractor for the fortifi-cations; Collins, &c. But none made the same

impression as Chauvel.

We reached home very late; it rained all the time, and on the road, in the darkness of night, every one reflected in silence. Mattre Jean alone from time to time raised his voice; he said the first requisite now was to have patriot guards, and this question alone gave rise to serious considerations, as the king would spool them. To enthusiasm succeeded distrust, and in spite of ourselves we thought Chauvel was right when he said that traitors were our greatest danger. The numerous ideas which passed through one's head at such a moment are not turough one's head at such a moment are not to be described. I can only say I felt a great change in my life impending, and that I should have to march, without doubt; and that love for my country was for me, as for thousands of others, to take the place of love for my village, the old cottage, my father, the forge, and for Margaret. While thinking these things over I mounted to my garret. It all looked very serious; but, nevertheless, in spite of what Chauvel bad to d us of the patience we should require, neither Mattre Jean, nor Letumier, nor myself could have believed we were beginning a war to last for twenty-three years, and that all the nations of Europe, beginning with the Germans would come with their kings and princes at their head to subdue us, because we sought their welfare at the same time as our own, by proclaiming the rights of man; no, such folly is unnatural, and it is with difficulty one can understand it even when one has seen it.

VIII.

You must know for several months many young National Guards had jo ned the army as volunteers; notaries' clerks, sous of employés, and tradespeople, strong, educated, and geous lads. Rottenbourg, Neuingre, Duplain, and Soye were of the number. Some have died for their country, others are become captains, colonels, and generals. They were enrolled at the commune; they received a bounty of eighty livres, and joined Rochambeau at Maubeuge, Lafayette at Metz, or Luckner in his camp bet ween Bitche and Belfort. We used to think when we saw them leave-

"These are the real supporters of liberty. If the Austrians rout these fellows, we shall have

some trouble to replace them." Only fancy our astonishment when, April 29th, the news came that our national volunteers had retreated before the Austrians withand that our regunavonets. lar soldiers had followed their example! It seemed so impossible that people said —

"Refractory priests have spread this report; they must be hunted out of the mountains."

Unfortunately, the same evening a Paris courier confirmed this news. Our paid National Guards and other troops had set out from Valen-ciences in three columns to surprise Fleurus, Tournay, and Mons, where the patriot inhabitants were expecting us. But Rochambeau, who had just been named marshal by the king, as he acknowledges in his journal, April 20th, had given notice to the Austrian general Beaulieu by a private letter, that he was about to attack him, so that our columns, full of confidence their advance, found a force of three times their strength in position on the road, with guns and cavalry and all that was needed to defeat

It is Rochambeau himself who relates this

story to the king. If, in later times, Bonaparte, Hoche, Massena, Kleber, and other republican generals had given our enemies notice of their intended movements, I do not think they would have gained many victories.

The same gazettes asserted that the national olunteers as they fell back cried out—

"We have been betrayed!" Many men of sense thought they were right and insisted that those officers of noble birth who still remained in the army intended to be-tray them. Every one cried, "Treason!" and it was not only at our club that such opinions were held. See what the Moniteur of May 3rd, 1792, says

"A deputation from the Cordellers presented itself at the har of the National Assembly. The

"'Three hundred of our brothers are dead they have had the fate of the Spartans at Thermopyle. The public voice asserts they have been the victims of treason.'

"A hundred voices cried—

" 'Turn those fellows out!'

"The cries became louder. The deputation was obliged to retire. Some Montagnards asked leave to speak. The assembly passed to the order of the day."

The majority of this Legislative Assembly, elected by active citizens only, was not in favour of equality. Lafayette was its God, and Lafayette was its God, of equality. Lafayette was its God, and Lafayette wanted to have two chambers as in England, the first to consist of nobles and bishops, would possess the king's "veto to check whatever the commons might attempt against the interest of the privileged orders. This was restablishing the three orders abolished by the Constituent Assembly. Fortunately Louis XVI. and Queen Marie-Antoinette distrusted the marguing and the Duke of Orleans was hear-

the marquis, and the Duke of Orleans was backthe Jacobins, whose power increased

Treason was apreading in La Vendée, Brittany, the south, the centre, along the frontiers, and even to the Legislative Assembly. But what grave us the greatest blow was that in the same fortnight as that in which Rochambeau was beaten by General Beaulieu, when all the scoundrels rejoiced over our defeat, when was beaten by General Beatilet, when scoundrels rejoiced over our defeat, when the émigrés called our National Guards an army of cobblers, on the 10th of May—I shall always remember it—we heard that shall always remember it—we have the the evening before, at eleven, the brave hussar regiment, Saxe, which had cut down the patriot soldiers of La Fère, which had been approved by the king, had just deserted in a approved by the King, had just deserted in a body to the enemy, every man having received six livres the day they went over; also that on the same day, May, 10th, at five in the morning, the Royal Allemand regiment had left Saint-Avold on the pretext of a march out for exertise, and hed areas the hadden at Savabrach cise, and had crossed the bridge at Sarrebruck, with arms, horses, and baggage. Such was these respectable leaders' plan: in the north, the desertion of the generals; in the east, desertion of the men; in our rear, insurrection in the

I had been excepting something of the sort for a long time. Since my meeting with Nicho-las after the Nancy massacre I felt that a worthless fellow, without sense or education, and who could only talk of his colonel, his captain, his king, and his queen as a servant talks of his master, would be capable of treason, and would turn his sword against the country which had fed him. I did not intend to tall my roor father fed him. I did not intend to tell my poor father this; but how was he to be made acquainted with such terrible news? The report of these desertions had reached the village. People were already talking about them, and from one minute to another some ill-disposed neighbour might go into the cottage and tell the old people out of mischief, as so frequently happens in the

I set off in my shirt-sleeves in very great trouble, thinking I might do better if I told him of our misfortune quietly myself; but when I saw my father working at the cottage door, and he smiled at me as I went up to him, I was so distanced that I forced all caution, and as he distressed that I forgot all caution, and as he came to meet me under the little shed, I called out to him-

Such a misfortune! Nicholas has deserted to the enemy!"

struck dead. I am very old myself now and I can still hear that cry. It was something frightful, and I grow pale when I think of

I could not stand. I leaned against the wall. If some neighbours had not come, I should have falien down by him. My mother, too, came out of the cottage cry-

ing out—
"What's the matter? What has happened?"

The great woodcutter Rougereau, who was carrying my father in his arms, replied—

"This is the work of your brave Nicholas, who has just deserted."

She disappeared, and I went into the cottage just as Rougereau laid my father on his bed. I sat down by him with my head on my knees. The perspiration ran from me like water. I wished to cry but could not.

Amidst such distress it is, however, a great consolation to know how many good friends a esesses whom he did not know of before his misfortune. I could not have believe ed it. The whole village, men, women, and children, with tears in their eyes, came to see good Father Restien. The rickety old cottage was full of people, stepping lightly and leaning over

the old linen curtains, and saying—
"Poor Father Bastien! that rascal Nicholas has given his his death-blow."

When I saw that, I understood the others had

more sense than I, and I bitterly reproached my-self. When I heard Mattre Jean say, "My poor old friend!" my heart broke, and I groaned out aloud that I had caused my father's death. However, for all that my father did not die. Doctor Steinbrenner, whom Margaret had despatched as soon as she heard of the accident, attended him very successfully, and he recovered, but with a pain in his side; he seemed to be choking sometimes. People constantly came to see him, and he would smile and say, "It's nothing." My mother could not keep those people away. I saw by her face she was put out by it, for it was the condemnation of Nico-

las and Nicolas was the one she loved.

One thing had a great effect upon her; Jean Pierre Piralle, our neighbour, told her that Nicolas could never return to France without being tried by court-martial and shot. Miralle had been a grenadler, and was acquainted with military law; but still she did not believe him, until afterward. Maitre Jean told her it was true, and that traitors were only received with shots in France. When she thought she would never see Nicolas again, she put her apron to her eyes and went into the fields to cry.

Some ime after, one day when we were alone and my father put his hand to his side as if he had a difficulty in fetching his breath, I asked

him if he felt pain there.
"Yes, my boy," said he, after looking to see if my mother was gone out, "as if some one had pricked me under the left nipple."

He remembered the letter of Nicolas when regimental fencing-master in the Royal Alle-mand regiment, and made an attempt to smile. But almost immediately he burst into tears, and lifting his bands above his head, he said—

"Oh, my God! pardon him, pardon him! The unhappy boy does not know what he is about !"

That is all he ever said, but he suffered considerably, and sometimes at night, when every one was asleep in the cottage, and he thought I slept also, I could hear him groan in his bed.

I kept as cherful a countenance as I could. Every day when I went home I sat down by my father and told him how Etlenne was improving, and that he walked better, and every Sunday I sent for him to visit his parents. That day things wen on well; the poor man's face changed, his eyes showed how he felt; he thought no more of Nicolas, and said—
"We are the happiest people in the world."

But during the week—in those days which begin at five and end at nine in the evening, during which time a basket-maker is always bent over his work—his only pleasure was to hear me whistle and sing as I came in; for I had got into that habit to conceal my uneasiness: each time he got up and came to the door.

"Is that you, Michel? I heard you. Have

you been busy to-day?"
"Yes, father, very."

"So much the better. Wa't-sit down there while I finish this basket."

My mother remained in her corner, her bands crossed on her knees, her lips pressed together; she said not a word; she was thinking of Ni-

When I went to town Margaret used to give me a parcel of newspapers, and every evening I read one to my father, who chiefly admired the speeches of Vergniaud and the other Giron-He was astonished at their courage, and began to see better why the people ought to rule. These novel ideas entered with difficulty into the mind of the poor old man, so long a slave under the rule of the seigneur and the noble. His mind always reverted to the past; he could not believe in the equality of men, and that the only difference between them was I had hardly spoken before I was shocked at my stupidity. I shall never forget the poor old man's cry. He fell on his face as if he had been man of feeling would find himself on the side of justice, which is the reason why my father ended by understanding these things.

As may be supposed after the treason of the Saxe Hussars and the Royal Allemand, Marshal Rochambeau, attacked on all sides could not retain his command. He resigned it, and our three armies on the frontier became but two; that of the north from Dunkirk to the Moselle, under Lafayette; and that of the east from the Moselle to Jura, under Luckner, an old German hussar who could hardly speak French.

The Austrians, instead of advancing, waited a long while for the King of Prussia, Frederick William, who was in no hurry to move, notwithstanding the complaints of the émigrés. Most fortunate indeed was it for the nation, which was alive to its danger; they discovered they had no muskets, and if the enemy had

taken advantage of our dismay to invade us, we could hardly have offered any resistance. Every patriot wanted a gun, but the arrenals were empty; they had been obliged at first to arm the volunteers with old rubbish of the time of Louis XV., the locks of which refused to act.
Everything was in keeping. The old cannon were honeycombed; the balls, either too large or were noneycombed; the balls, either too large or too small, fell to the bottom of the cannon at once or stuck fast in the muzzle. The powder was always good and dry, because the powder-magazines of Phalsbourg, cut out of the solid rock, are perhaps the best in France.

Such was the state of things, which was perhaps why the idea of using pikes spread over the mountain. All May, 1792, we had an enorm-ous amount of work to do. A model for pikes was sent from Paris. The shaft was of hornbeam, seven feet and a half long, the head fifteen inches, shaped like a billhook, sharp on both sides, with a hook on the lower part by which to hold cavalry. I have often said to myself while working at this cramp—

"I hope this cramp will pull the vagabond off

his horse who cost my father so much regret. I hope it may catch him by the neck."

I conjured up all this till I got into a rage; my hammer flew up and down. What thoughts for a brother to have! Here is civil war alrea. dy dividing, not only men of the same country, but even children of the same mother.

We must have forged a thousand or fifteen hundred pike-heads in a couple of months. I was obliged to engage two more journeymen, and Mattre Jean, to help me, only went to his farm at Pickeoltz once a week. It was worth while seeing us stripped to our shirts, with the red cap and cockade on our heads, working away in the street, surrounded by fifty or sixty mountaineers, every morning, before the Threa Pigeons. The forge was too small for such work and the furnace was kept alight from morning till night. One journeyman did nothing but carry the iron between the fire and the anvil.

Mattre Jean was in his element; he wore a great red cap which half covered his whiskers, and when the perspiration was pouring down our backs, and we could hardly breathe, he kept crying out—"Get on, get on; ça ira! ça ira!" And the hammers went on rattling like a dili-gence over the stones of the street.

We did get through some work then. Hot weather had come again; the village was quite green; it was splendid weather, but in the evening the journeymen; Maitre Jean, and myself were so tired that we preferred lying down after supper to going to the club, except on Saturday evening, as we could lie in bed late on Sunday morning and make up for lost time.

It has happened once or twice in my life that

when travelling about on the mountain I have found one of those old pikes among the woodcutters or lumberers behind the bed head, or against the clock-case. The people did not know what it was! I would take the old rusty pike, look at it, and turn it over, and then patriotic times would come into my mind; and used to think-

"You may have been all over Alsace, Lorraine, and Champagne. You may have parried the blow of one of Wurmser's lances, and the roar of Brunswick's cannon may have failed to appal the hand which grasped you."

Those far-distant histories reappeared. heard the cries of "Vive la nation!" "Vive la liberté!" "Vaincre ou mourir!" How the times have changed! How indeed, and men too!
In the meatime, elsewhere the Feuillants ac-

cused the patriots of factious conduct; the Gi-rondins called the Montagnards friends of anrondins called the Montagnards friends of an-archy; the Montagnards reproached the Giroudins with having provoked a war which had begun so badly; they accused them of glorifying Lafayette, the man of the Champ de Mars, the man who moved votes of thanks to Bouillé after the Nancy massacrd. They said, Deprive Lafayette of his command, since the ministry is in your hands. Lafayette is a general, in violation of the article in the constitution which forbids any member of the Assembly to accept employment from the king until four years from the date of the dissolution of the As-sembly have expired. Take his command from him, then. It is your duty."

Marat told the soldiers to shoot the generals

who betrayed them; Royon asserted in his gazette that the last hour of the revolution had : in La Vendée a Marquis de la Rouarie levied taxes and collected arms and ammunition in the king's name; nobles who wanted to get to the enemy enlisted under false names among the volunteers in the hope of escaping into Switzerland or the Low Conntries.

There were no bounds to the fury of these people, especially on Palm Sunday in April. Before the revolution the peasants used to come to town on that day carying fir-branches to have them blessed; there were processions in the streets, and Protestants, Jews, and Catholics alike were obliged to hang tapestry from their windows. It was with difficulty that Jews and Lutherans were allowed to close their shutters during the singing round the altars set up in the streets. But many patriots, Chauvel at their head, having complained of this ceremonial, the municipal body, at the requisition of the procu-reur of the commune, had ordered that as the

new constitution allowed every man the free exercise of his religion, in future no one should be obliged to display either tapestry or leaves and flowers before his house; that the National Guard could not be put in requisition for any religious ceremonies, and that no citizens could be compelled to close their shops as the proces-

sion passed.

It was also said the the émigrés were returning to Paris in thousands; that they held secret meetings there, and that we should have very had news.

(To be continued.)

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DR. A. PROUDFOOT, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Special attention given to DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR. Artificial Eyes inserted. 37 Beaver Hall. Office hours. 7 to 3 and 5 to 9 p.m. 11-7-52-93.

J. DALE & CO.,
FASHIONABLE MILLINERS & DRESSMAKERS No. 584 Yonge Street, 52-113 TORONTO. 11-10-52-113

MARAVILLA COCOA:

TAYLOR BROTHERS, LONDON, having the EXCLUSIVE Supply of this UNRI-VALLED COCOA invite Comparison with any other Cocoa, for Purity—Fine Aroma—Sanative, Nutritive and Sustaining Power. One trial will establish it as a favourite Beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, and a Soothing Refreshment after a late evening.

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The Globe says, "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and supersective sedes every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate Aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For consumers of Cocoa, especially Invalids and Dyspeptics, we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."

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11-20-56-148

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO. Augusta, Maine. 10-21-52-36.

MOLSONS BANK.

THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE MOLSONS BANK are hereby notified that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock was this day declared for the current balf year, and that the same will be payable at the Office of the Bank, on and after the FIRST DAY of OCTOBER next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th instant, inclusive.

By order of the Board.

ne 30th instant, inclusion.

By order of the Board.
F. WOLFERSTAN THOMAS,
Cashier.

Montreal, 2nd Sept., 1875. 12-12 2-204

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Marble of every description. 11-22-52-158.

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Boilers, Tanks. Fire-Proof Chambers, Wrought Iron
Beams, Iron Bridge Girders, Iron Boats, &c. For all
kinds of above works, Plans, Specifications and Estimates
given if required. Repairs promptly attended to.
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of Diving Apparatus.
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Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY,
BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65 L. J. FORGET,

J. FURVELL,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKER
104, St. Francois Xavier bt., (Exchange Bank Building.)
11-19-52-146. MERCHANTS—SEND TO HICKS' FOR CARDS

MR. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPER, HAS RECEIVED
a very fine collection of STEREOSCOFIC VIEWS of
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11-8-52-101

F. H. REYNOLDS, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, 235 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-8-52-100

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REFRIGERATORS, Filters, .Water-Coolers, .Ice-Cream-Freezers, Iron-Bedsteads, &c., &c., at MEILLEUR & CO. S.

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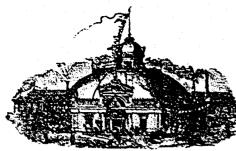
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\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to states costs but one cent. Address J. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.



Manufacturers' and Mechanics EXHIBITION, 1875.

To be held at St. John, N.B., commencing September 27th, to continue for one. Week

The competition is open to the Province, and articles represent New Branswick at the International Exhi-tion at Philadelphia, 1876, will be selected from those exhibited.

exhibited.

A great variety of machinery will be exhibited in motion, and other neweltles introduced.

The Band of the 1st Ratiolium fath Royal Rides, now stationed at Halifax, and acknowledged to be one of the best in the British service, will be in attendance day and

No pains will be spared to make this Exhibition at-

No pains will be spared to make this Exhibition attractive, and it will for surposs anything of the kind ever before attempted in the Provinces.

The most favorable arrangements found practicable will be made with Railread and Steambeat Proprietors for the conveyance of articles and passengers at reduced rates, and ample provision will be made for accommodating strangers visiting the city. All st of Hotels Boarding Houses and Private houses where ledgers will be accommodated, may be had on application to the Secretary.

IRA CORNWALL, Jr , Secretary

Office 234 Prince Witt. Street, St. John, N. B. N. B.—Persons intending to exhibit will pieuse take notice that the entries for Muchinery requiring Motire Power MUST BE made on at before August 17th, and for other articles not later than September 8th. Prize Lists and Blank Entry Forms can be had on application to the Secretary.

19:10-4-197-68.

A RMY EQUIPMENTS. CANADIAN PA-A TENT FOR SALE. Adopted by U. S. Army used by Sportsmen, Travellers, Porters, &c.

Lieut, G. H. PALMER, U. S. Army, Nashville, Tennessee

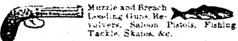
THE FOLLOWING

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warminster, Wilts :-"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appeared; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78

Remaining, Gentlemen, Yours very respectfully,
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INVENTADE THE WART PATENTS P.O. Box 313. No. 22 St. John Street, Montreal.
Page contingent on spacess. 124-52-185-os.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW YOUNG AND MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR., as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the

JAMES MATTINSON.

May lat, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undereigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodions premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice.

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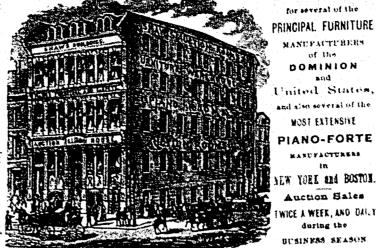
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