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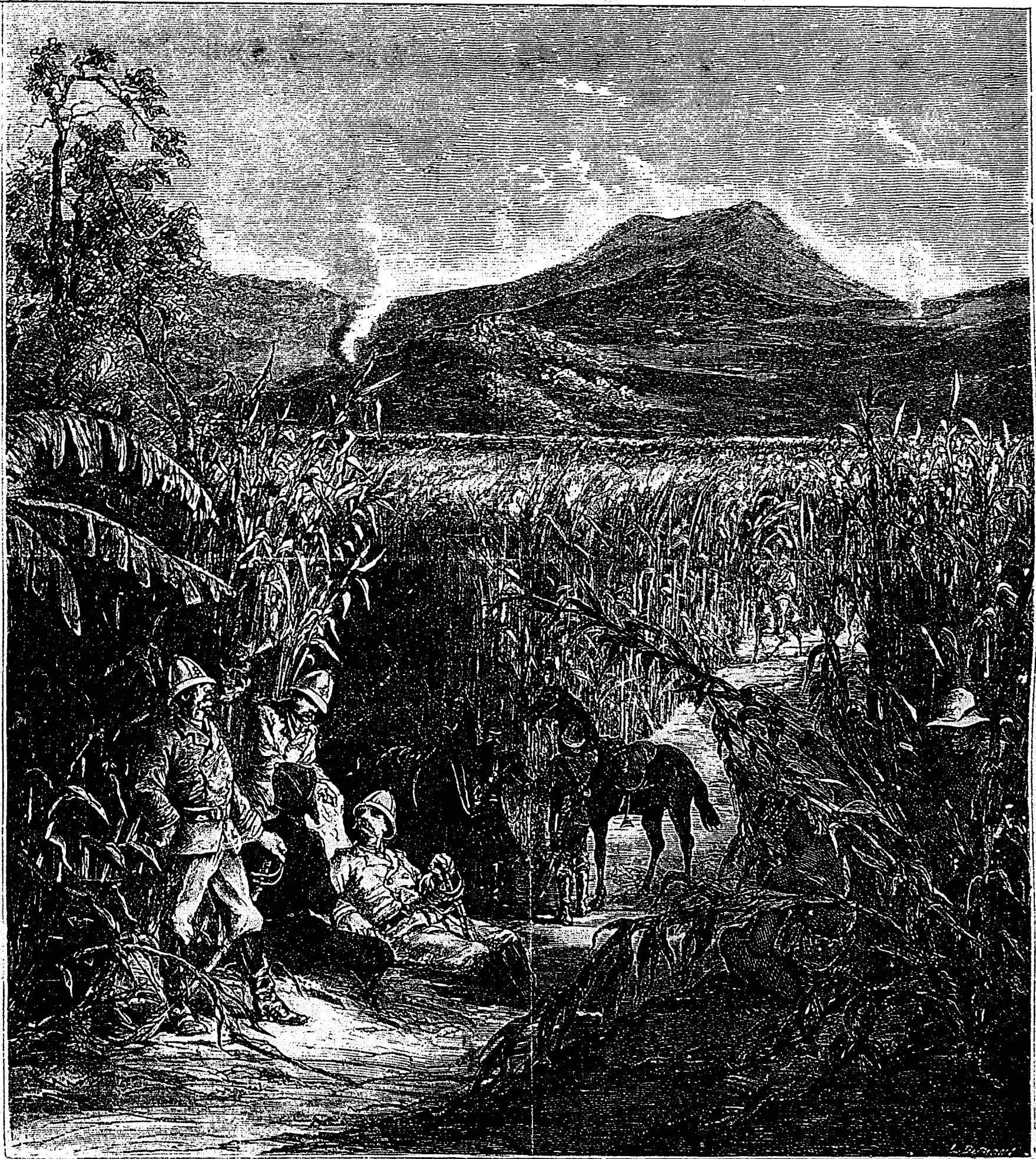
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Illustrated News

Vol. XX.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

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THE ZULU WAR.—A MEALIE FIELD SUCH AS THAT WHERE THE PRINCE IMPERIAL WAS KILLED.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

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PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that this is the XXth Volume of

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and in it we introduce a number of improvements tending to make it still more worthy of public encouragement. We have engaged the services of a talented Superintendent of the Art Department, competent to infuse new energy and excellence in our illustrations; and to show what we intend to accomplish in the Literary Department, we have only to publish the names of the following Canadian writers of note who have kindly consented to be occasional contributors to our columns:

J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.
 REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.
 DR. CAMPBELL, London, Ont.
 S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
 F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.
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 HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.
 HON. E. G. PENNY, Senator, Montreal.
 REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal.
 JOHN READE, M.A., Montreal.
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 FENNINGS TAYLOR, Esq., Ottawa.
 THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.
 REV. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.
 COUNT DE PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

In addition to these attractions we beg to call attention to the following special features of the NEWS:

I. It is the only illustrated paper in the Dominion; the only purely literary weekly, and in every respect a family paper.

II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 300, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.

III. It gives views and sketches of all important events at home and abroad, as they transpire every week.

IV. It has been publishing, and will continue to publish, illustrations of the principal towns, manufactures and industries of the country, which, when collected in a volume, will constitute the most complete pictorial gazetteer ever printed.

V. Its original and selected matter is varied, spicy, and of that literary quality which is calculated to improve the public taste.

VI. It studiously eschews all partisanship in politics, and all sectarianism in religion.

The expenditure of an illustrated journal is double that of any ordinary paper, and to meet that we earnestly request the support of all those who believe that Canada should possess such a periodical as ours. The more we are encouraged the better will be our paper, and we promise to spare no effort to make it worthy of universal acceptance. A great step will be made if, with the new volume, all our friends help us to the extent of procuring for us an additional subscriber each.

OUR NEW STORY.

In this number we continue the publication of our original serial story, entitled:—

MY GREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,
 BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

This story will run through several months, and we bespeak for it the favour which was accorded to "The Bastonnais," originally published in these columns two years ago. The subject is new and interesting. The book will deal, *inter alia*, with the mysteries of Voudouism, and touch delicately upon several of those social questions which have so thoroughly agitated the North and South since the war. Begin your subscriptions with the opening of this story.

NOTICES.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

Subscribers removing to the country or the sea-side during the summer months, are respectfully requested to send their new addresses to our offices, 5 and 7 Beary Street, and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be duly sent to them.

TEMPERATURE,

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1878			
July 27th, 1879.							
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon.. 80°	65°	73°		Mon.. 81°	68°	74°	5
Tues. 77°	65°	71°		Tues. 73°	64°	68°	5
Wed. 74°	54°	66°	5	Wed. 77°	61°	69°	
Thur. 72°	58°	65°		Thur. 80°	63°	71°	
Frid. 74°	56°	65°		Frid. 83°	67°	75°	
Sat. 80°	63°	71°	5	Sat. 81°	65°	73°	
Sun. 73°	63°	68°		Sun. 80°	65°	72°	5

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 2, 1879.

THE LETELLIER CASE.

The execution has been done, and as we write these lines, the political head of His Honour of Quebec has fallen into the basket. His successor, Dr. ROBITAILLE, governs in his stead. As respects the decapitation of Lieut.-Governor LETELLIER, there never was any reasonable doubt on the part of any well-informed man, after it was announced in the Parliament of Canada, subsequent to the large vote of the House of Commons, that the Ministers, strongly supported by that House, had advised His Excellency to remove him. We speak of the period before the reference of the case to England; but, even when it was referred, the advice of the Canadian Ministers, it was officially announced, was not rejected. It was only held over for deliberation, and in order that the hands of His Excellency might be strengthened by counsels from the Imperial authorities. When, however, it was known that the answer to this reference was that the question was one which came simply within the functions of the self-government of Canada, there was no longer, as was pointed out in these columns, a shadow of doubt. For it could not be supposed that the Marquis of Lorne would put himself in sheer antagonism with the new Parliament on a question of self-government of this nature, under our system. There may come some after-questions. We do not now discuss either the wisdom or the reverse of the action taken. We only say that in the situation which arose, after the Premier of Canada had given the advice to His Excellency, there came to be no road open for escape, either for one or the other. Perhaps Mr. LETELLIER will try to resuscitate himself under the cry of having been a martyr for economy in government, which his partisans may allege was necessary to save the Province; but this discussion has its two sides, which there will be plenty of time

to deal with. As respects the new governor Dr. ROBITAILLE, he is a well known and popular member of the House of Commons, and a man of many graces. He will probably be popular as Lieut.-Governor; and the fact of his appointment does not necessarily imperil the position of Mr. JOLY, any more than did the appointment of Mr. LETELLIER, the Conservative Ministers of Quebec of that day. Dr. ROBITAILLE will also have the advantage of the experience obtained by his predecessor.

AGRICULTURIST DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.

The news by telegraph and also by mail continues to show how profound is the feeling of uneasiness among the agriculturists in England arising from the severe and apparently increasing distress among them. The continued bad weather has now rendered a good harvest impossible; and this will make four bad harvests in succession. In the face of this calamity at home, there comes an accession of evil, at least in so far as the farmers are concerned, in the more systematised importation of wheat and meat, in the form of live stock. The wheat goes as a freight which serves as a cheapening of the carriage of live stock, and the two combined are carried profitably at very cheap rates.

A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, uses these words: "They (the Americans) can now sell grain here at 20s. the sack. Should improvements in the means of transport enable them to lay down the sack at 15s., our home growers must come down to that figure; but no one supposes that our system admits of wheat being grown at even 20s. a sack." This price would be about 53s. 3d. per quarter; and at 15s. a sack, about 40s. per quarter. The actual average price in the last week of June, according to the report of the Imperial officers of excise, was 42s. 6d. per quarter.

Wheat and meat are the two great sources from which the English farmer obtains his revenue. All his other products are of no avail, when these fail him. This is the burden of all the reports and speeches in his interest. If he should be absolutely and permanently broken down in these two great staples, his occupation would, in fact, be gone.

As having an important bearing on this great question affecting vitally the prosperity of England, we may mention that we received a few days ago, from a well-informed correspondent, a little statement, showing the possibilities of competition from Manitoba. According to this statement, the farmer in Manitoba can put wheat in his granary, with profit, at 45 cents a bushel. Ten cents a bushel additional would afford a good average price to convey it from any part of Manitoba to Winnipeg. Thence, when the railway to Thunder Bay is completed, 15 cents more, according to our correspondent, who is good authority on this point, would be amply sufficient to take the bushel of wheat to Montreal; and 10 cents more would be a full price to convey it from Montreal to Liverpool. We should thus have a bushel of wheat in the docks at Liverpool for 80 cents, having given profit to everybody up to this point; and this is about 26s. 6d. per quarter, or about half the price at which the writer in the *Fortnightly* says it cannot be raised in England!

We have before shown in these columns, that with the improved methods of culture in Manitoba, one man can manage 100 acres of wheat, up to the point of putting it through the threshing mill; we have, therefore, no doubt that to the point of putting it in his barn, the Manitoba farmer may profitably raise it for 45 cents a bushel; and the remainder of the figures furnished by our correspondent certainly do not admit of much dispute. There are many millions of acres on which wheat can thus be grown, and when there is nothing between those vast wheat-producing areas and the British farmer beyond the cheap freights we have mentioned, it does not seem difficult to predict, with

confidence, that his days of competition, as respects this great staple, are nearly over. And we are afraid the same fact is becoming to be equally indisputable, from similar causes, as regards the other great staple of meat.

Our object in these remarks is simply to establish a fact which we observe is not appreciated by the writers and speakers who are now so actively discussing this question in England. It is admitted on all hands that the manufacturing interests of England will never again allow of a tax on the food of the people; but to us, it is apparent, on the other hand, that the vast agricultural interest of England, involving hundreds of millions of capital, which is also the foundation on which the aristocracy of England rests, if not that of the throne itself, will not be content to suffer total destruction without a convulsion, such as we have not yet witnessed. There will probably be something done before matters come to this point.

OUR SURPLUS HARVEST.

We had occasion a fortnight ago to chronicle the excellent condition of our three principal harvests—the hay, grain and root crops. Since then rain has fallen considerably, and there have been local showers of hail, but, from all accounts, no material damage has yet been done, and the calculation is that another fortnight of bright, warm weather will place the yield of all our fields beyond any danger. This is a most cheering prospect, which must needs go far toward restoring public confidence. We are now almost absolutely certain that our farmers will reap sufficient for an abundant supply of all their wants and have a handsome surplus to dispose of. It is this surplus which becomes an important factor in view of the reports of a deficiency in England and on the Continent. The news from the United Kingdom is to the effect that the harvest will be notably short in all its branches. We are informed that in France an importation of no less than 40,000,000 hectolitres of grain will be necessary to supply what will be lacking in the total of home consumption. This quantity represents the handsome sum of 800 millions of francs. There is a similar deficit in Germany, Belgium, Holland and the Northern countries. The markets from which these wants are to be met are naturally those of the New World, the United States in the first place, and Canada in her proportion. During the last fiscal year the United States sent abroad 135,000,000 bushels of grain and 5,000,000 barrels of flour, and this year they will doubtless export a great deal more. Fortunately their surplus is large. The wheat and oats now harvested as far north as Upper Illinois have turned out splendidly, and the vast wheat belt of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota promises as well. The corn crop of the whole West appears to be enormous. In close proximity is our grand Red River valley, superior, if anything, to the neighbouring territories, and bound to be our own granary in the near future. Meantime, it will have its full share in the supplying of the needs of the older countries. The advantage with Ontario is its proximity to the seaboard, thereby lessening the cost of transportation and insuring a rapid transshipment. In the coarser grains, Quebec has a special advantage, which will make up for its comparatively limited breadth of wheat culture. There is no doubt that our farmers will be alive to the chances which lie open to them, and will put their grain into the market without unnecessary delay and on the assurance of fair prices. As we said a fortnight ago, this step may prove the initial one in a change from the present depression to renewed prosperity.

HON. DR. ROBITAILLE, the new Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, is forty-five years of age, having been born in 1834. He was educated at the Varennes Model School, at the Seminary of St. Therese, the Laval University, and McGill College, where he

graduated as M.D. in May, 1858. He was first returned for Bonaventure in 1861, and has retained the seat ever since. He was appointed Receiver-General in the Conservative Administration on the 30th of January, 1873, going out on the retirement of SIR JOHN MACDONALD in November of the same year. He is a gentleman of experience and moderation. Of Mr. LEBLANC we have had frequent occasion to speak in these columns.

Nearly the whole of this number is devoted to the HANLAN Reception at Niagara and Toronto, a full and consecutive description of which appeared in our last issue.

In reply to several letters of inquiry on the subject, we may state that the Chromograph, a useful and ingenious copying apparatus, a full description of which appeared in a late number of the News, has not yet been introduced into this country. It is of London invention and manufacture. From its merits, however, and the considerable demand for it caused by a simple notice in our paper, it is clear that any of our book or stationery firms that would offer it to the public would meet with a fruitful business.

THE ROD IN THE SCHOOLS.

Every now and then the newspapers have something to say about the brutality of school-masters and the use of the rod in the public schools. The question of corporal punishment can hardly be settled in an editorial article, and it has never been settled in a police court. It is a subject, however, which deserves careful consideration at the hands of parents and teachers, and like other matters worthy of deep attention, it should be approached calmly and discussed impartially. The great Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, England, and one of the foremost masters of the age, though he scarcely ever used the rod himself to enforce discipline in the school, was always a stout advocate for it. In a letter to the *Journal of Education* which he once wrote, he took occasion to combat the often expressed view that corporal punishment was degrading to a boy's spirit and manhood. "Why," said the eminent teacher, "this idea originates in the proud notion of personal independence which is neither reasonable nor Christian, but essentially barbarian. It visited Europe with all the curses of the age of chivalry, and is threatening us now with those of Jacobinism. At an age when it is almost impossible to find a true manly sense of the degradation of guilt or faults, where is the wisdom of encouraging a fantastic sense of the degradation of personal correction? What can be more false or more adverse to the simplicity, sobriety, and humbleness of mind which are the best ornament of youth, and best promise of a noble manhood?" The idea prevails to some extent among the masters of our schools, but it is to be feared, judging from the frequent complaints which reach the press, that they do not always practice it with the self-denial of Dr. Arnold. There is undoubtedly too much flogging, too many canings for slight offences which could easily be checked by punishment of another kind equally efficacious and less obnoxious to the parents of children. We by no means would have the rod banished entirely from the schools. Often it is the only means by which discipline may be maintained, and unruly boys brought to a proper condition of mind as regards their duties and the fulfilment of the obligations due their teachers. But it should be very sparingly used, and never while the master is in a passion, and only at times when the offence is aggravated and all other means have been tried to enforce obedience in the pupil, without effect. There should be no brutalizing scenes, no spectacles of cruelty, or an improper use of the weapons of chastisement. Teachers often forget when applying a corrective for a fault committed during study hours, what they owe to humanity and how far they are keeping within the letter of the law in their use of the cane or the rattan. If some masters were more careful and less inclined to be petty tyrants they would be the less likely to have to answer in a court of law for their misdemeanours in punishing a child mercilessly and brutally. No parent cares to have his children whipped by a school teacher for a trivial offence, and if the rod is to be maintained at all lawfully in the schools, it must be used more judiciously than it has been during the last few years, when cases at the police office have been alarmingly frequent throughout Canada. In New Brunswick corporal punishment is almost wholly abolished, and the system has been found to work exceedingly well. One thing it is necessary to impress on the minds of those having the care of female scholars under their control. In no case is it justifiable to use the rod on them. Girls are far more sensitive than boys, and their natures cannot stand corporal punishment at all. They shrink from the birch in dread and terror, and the only effect which it has on them is to deaden their energies, weaken their delicate constitutions and unfit them for the several

duties which in after-life they have to perform. It is an insult to their common womanhood, a sting which leaves its mark on the soul long after the reddening blow has cooled on the flesh. It is a reproach which rankles in the mind and often destroys the finer sensibilities of the intellect. When a girl breaks the rules of the school or commits faults which require correction, other means than the rod must be employed to convince her that the laws must be respected, and that discipline must be maintained at all and at any hazards. Other systems of punishment will readily suggest themselves to the teacher. Depend upon it, corporal chastisement is not the "correct thing" for girls, however beneficial it may be, when sparingly used on those of the opposite sex.

Quebec. G. S.

"PRINCIPISSA LOUISA."

The above is the translation of the English words, "The Princess Louise," in the Latin inscription on the corner-stone of Queen's College, Kingston, laid by Her Royal Highness. On it I would now say a word in the way of friendly criticism.

Ainsworth, in the English-Latin part of his Dictionary, gives two words, "Principes" and "Principissa" for "Princess." Before the last—the one in the inscription—he has put a "!" to show that it belongs to the class of words which are bad or used only by inferior writers. In the Latin-English part he takes no notice of it at all. There he translates "Principes," "a prince or princess." We also give a quotation from Ovid in which Juno is termed "Dearum Principes" (the chief of the goddesses). Therefore, according to Ainsworth, a great authority, "Principes Louisa" is classical Latin, but "Principissa Louisa" is not.

Métis, Que. T. F.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THERE are enough selfish men to accept all the sacrifices women can make.

ALWAYS add a line or two on the margin of a letter to a lady. You can't imagine how much satisfaction a woman obtains in turning a letter upside down to read a postscript.

MRS. SHODDY is thinking about keeping a carriage. She says she has thought it all over, and come to the conclusion that brooches are almost too large; that these "ere coupons are too shut up, but a nice, stylish pony phantom seems to be just the thing.

MANY a man who scolds his wife because things are not just to suit him at home will be as placid as a custard-pie and as mild as milk at a fashionable summer resort, and where nothing is so good as it is in his own house, and he knows it. It takes a man to do that.

THE New England Women's club has an educational department connected with it, and classes in botany, literature and ceramics. The botany class is the most enthusiastic. It meets regularly once a week, and its studies are taking gradually a much enlarged field.

A MICHIGAN lady is "amused at the arguments pro and con, allowing the men to smoke in the house. Now I never saw a man who did not smoke in his own house if he pleased, so I presume the women all allow it."

A BOY from New York went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips: "Yes, ma; I was wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

A MARATHON boy came home with his hair dripping wet, having just come out of the swimming hole. He was equal to the emergency, and escaped a busy time with his mother and a birch sprout by wearily wiping his forehead and remarking: "It's awful hot work hoeing down there in the garden."

"WHAT are you worth?" asked a rich old miser of a young man who was courting his only child. "Not much now, but I'm coming into a large fortune in a few years," was the reply.

The marriage took place, and then the old miser learned that the large fortune which the young man was coming into was his father-in-law's.

"A FEW words on step-mothers," remarks a Western lady: "I do not believe there is a woman in the whole United States that ever got credit for raising a step-child. No matter how strong may be her desire to rear it as she would her own, there are always persons to interfere with the domestic affairs of the family, while if it was an own child they would be beneath sowing the seed of discord and misery that can never be eradicated while life exists."

NOTICE a woman when she receives a telegram. How it does scare her! She trembles like a dish of jelly, and imagines all sorts of things. Her husband has fallen down the hatchway at his warehouse. Her Johnny has gone out sailing and is drowned. Her sister Maria has been scalded to death. Nothing short of a fatal accident quite fills the bill of her imagination. When she finally summons courage to tear open the envelope she finds a message from her husband warning her that he will bring a customer home to dinner, and she immediately calls the children together and instructs them not to ask twice for raspberries, as there's just enough to go round, and give the visitor a few extra.

THE GLEANER.

THE Duchess of Cambridge is in a very critical state of health. Her Grace is in her eighty-eighth year.

It is reported that the King of Italy will ere long pay a lengthened visit to Madeira with the view of restoring his health.

THE Princess of Wales's fashion of wearing a flower on the neck frill of her dresses close to the left ear, is being imitated by all Paris ladies.

ACCORDING to report, Prince Louis Napoleon, before starting for the Cape, had his life insured by an English Insurance Company for £30,000.

STEAM tramways are at length to be tried in London; at any rate, a company is being formed with a capital of 10,000 shares of £10 each.

THE cruise of the sons of the Prince of Wales in the *Bacchante* will be in the first instance to the West Indies and North America, calling at Halifax long enough to enable the young Princes to visit the Princess Louise.

THE story of the Prince Imperial fighting the Zulus with his great-uncle's sword is inexact. He had no sword of Napoleon the I. with him. On the contrary, the one that he carried was lately made in France, and was presented to him by one of his young friends—Commaeu.

ALLUDING to the amulet found round the Prince Imperial's neck, the *Voce della Verita* tells us that it had belonged to Charlemagne, and that it had descended from king to king, until it came into the possession of Napoleon I., whose family it had not afterwards left.

It is proposed shortly to establish in London a journal for the defence of the Russian cause in Europe and Asia. The journal, which is to appear in the English language, besides numerous extracts from the Russian press, will contain original articles intended to render the actions of the Russian Government palatable to Great Britain.

TAKEN altogether, the prospects of the approaching harvests in the United States are good, and the yield of wheat alone is estimated as probably 480,000,000 of bushels. The yield of Indian corn is expected to be greater than at any previous period, and no doubt large shipments will find their way across the Atlantic to supply the anticipated deficiency in Europe.

ONE of the rare mourners of Bonapartism is M. Thelin. He was a page under Napoleon I.; he was present at the deaths of Joséphine and Hortense, and also at that of the elder brother of Napoleon III., in the Roumagna expedition; he followed the late Emperor in America, England, and to Ham; was at his funeral, and now he has assisted at the interment of his son—a witness of the extinction of a dynasty.

THE French Government are developing the carrier-pigeon service in earnest; for in Paris and twelve of the other fortified towns no fewer than six thousand birds are now fed at the public expense. The art of pigeon breeding and training is taught to a number of officers and soldiers, and a great deal of the work of communication is regularly carried on by the pigeon-post. Prizes are given for pigeon races by the Ministers of Public Instruction and Agriculture.

VARIETIES.

COLENSO AGAIN.—Bishop Colenso has put forth the seventh volume of his notes on "The Pentateuch, and Book of Joshua," the first of which startled the public in 1862. He regards Moses as the imaginary leader of the people out of Egypt; in fact, as a personage quite as shadowy and unhistorical as Aeneas in the history of Rome or as King Arthur in the legends of the Round Table. It is by the unscrupulous falsifications of the "Chronicle" that, according to Dr. Colenso, the credit of the Levitical legislation has been in great part maintained. Not only the Pentateuch as a whole, but its constituent parts are, he tells us, of post-Mosaic origin.

AT WATERLOO.—At Waterloo the Duke of Wellington wore a grey greatcoat, cape, leather pantaloons, Hessian boots, and a plain, low-crowned cocked hat with a black cockade. The plumed high-crowned hat with which his statue at Hyde Park Corner is surmounted, is simply preposterous—that style was not worn for years after Waterloo—but perhaps it was thought artistic. Wellington rode Copenhagen (a chestnut horse which he had ridden at the battle of Toulouse) from four in the morning till twelve at night. If he fed it was on the standing corn, as the Duke sat in the saddle. When his master dismounted the horse threw up his heels, and was within an ace of kicking him in the head. Copenhagen died blind in 1835, aged twenty-eight, and lies buried within a ring fence at Strathfieldsaye.

POETRY OF THE GREATEST OF THE ARTS.—A poem consists of all the purest and most beautiful elements in the poet's nature crystallized into the aptest and most exquisite language, and adorned with all the outer embellishment of musical cadence of dainty rhyme. Hence it presents us with the highest and noblest product of the aesthetic faculty, embracing as it does, in their ideal forms, the separate beauties of all its sister arts. Whatever loveliness in face or feature, in hill or stream or ocean the painter can place before us on his breathing canvass, that loveliness the poet can body forth in his verse, with the superadded touch of his vivid imagination.

Whatever floods of sound the singer can pour out from his ever-welling fountain of liquid treble and thundering bass, that glory the poet can reproduce for us in his graphic delineation of all things seen or heard. Even more than this the poet can do. For while painting can only portray for us the forms and colours of the human face or of external nature, with at best some pregnant suggestions of the passions and emotions at work within it—while music can only play upon our inner chords by dim hints and half-comprehended touches, "telling us of things we have not seen, or things we shall not see"—the supreme art of all can utter in clear and definite language every feeling, external or internal, which makes up the sum of human life. Besides the beauty of summer flowers, and green English meadows, and Alpine snows, and the maiden's pensive face; besides the beauty of every-mingled harmony that swells from deep-toned organ-pipes or trills from modulated lips; besides its world-pictures and its music, poetry can tell us also of every love, or fear, or hope that throbs within the heart of man. Therefore we all feel that this art is the first and greatest of all arts, the art which sums up and comprehends within itself the separate excellence of all the rest.

THE LANGUAGE OF STAMPS.—The language of postage stamps, instead of flowers, has been invented by a practical American. Thus when a postage stamp is placed upside down on the left corner of the letter it means: "I love you;" in the same crosswise, "My heart is another's;" straight up and down, "Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye;" upside down in the right hand corner, "write no more;" in the centre at the top, "Yes;" opposite at the bottom, "No;" on the right hand corner at a right angle, "Do you love me?" in the left hand corner, "I hate you;" top corner on the right, "I wish your friendship;" bottom corner on the left, "I seek your acquaintance;" on a line with the surname, "accept my love;" the same upside down, "I am engaged;" at a right angle in the same place, "I long to see you;" in the middle at the right hand edge, "write immediately."

THE MIRAGE.—According to a paragraph in a contemporary, a singular example of the optical illusion known as the mirage recently occurred at Tenby. A photographer happened to take a photograph of the church spire of that town; whilst doing so he observed nothing extraordinary; but on the development of the plate, there appeared across the spire the distinct outlines of a boat with colors flying fore and aft. It was ascertained that, precisely at the time the photograph was being taken, a gun-boat was launched from the Pembroke Dock, exactly answering in appearance to the outline which so mysteriously appeared upon the photographer's plate. It is an undoubted scientific fact that, where there happens, from any meteorological cause, to be a stratum of atmosphere of considerable higher power than that immediately below it, the upper stratum acts as a kind of mirror and may reflect objects at a very considerable distance. The most extraordinary instance of this phenomenon is the well-known case of Captain Scoresby, who, whilst engaged in the whale fishery, observed the distinct effigy of his father's ship suspended in the air, and thus ascertained the fact, of which he had been previously unaware, that his father was in the same quarter of the globe as himself. The vessel turned out to have been thirty miles distant when its refracted image was seen. In the hot countries of the South and East the mirage is frequently seen, and in the Straits of Messina it has acquired the name of the "Fata Morgana," from the ancient superstition of its fairy origin.

HUMOROUS.

TRUTH is mighty—mighty scarce.

THE English Home Ruler—The lady of the house.

WONDER the English do not establish a Zoological garden in Africa.

GOOD resolutions, like a squalling baby a churen, should always be carried out.

SOME newspapers try hard to create a sensation, whereas they succeed only in creating bustle.

No matter how bad and destructive a boy may be, he never brooms degraded or loses his self-respect sufficiently to throw mud on a circus poster.

A BOY was told to correct the following sentence: "Milo began to lift the ox when he was a calf." The reply was: "Milo, when he was an ox, began to lift the calf."

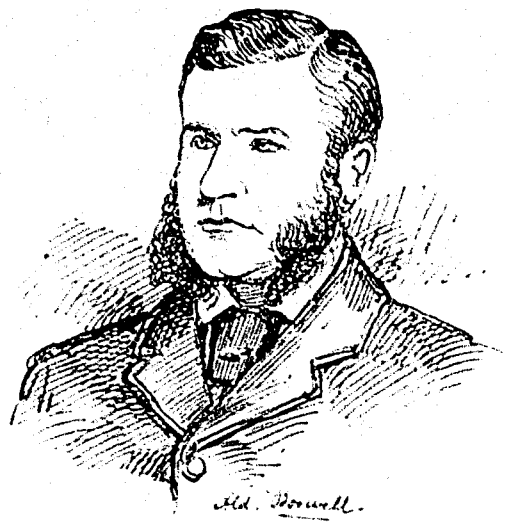
"LANDLADY," said he, "the coffee is not settled." "No," she replied, "but it comes as near it as your last month's board bill does;" and that man never spoke again during the meal.

A CERTAIN editor was taking a walk one evening with his wife, when she, who was somewhat romantic and an admirer of nature, said: "Oh, Augustus, just notice the moon." "Can't think of it, my dear, for less than twenty cents a line."

SOME one in Boston has invented a new style of boy's trousers, which is highly recommended. They have a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, and are rivetted down in the seams, and have water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs.

It is a little singular, although no less true, that one small but well constructed fly will do more toward breaking up a man's afternoon nap than the outdoor racket of a full brass band.

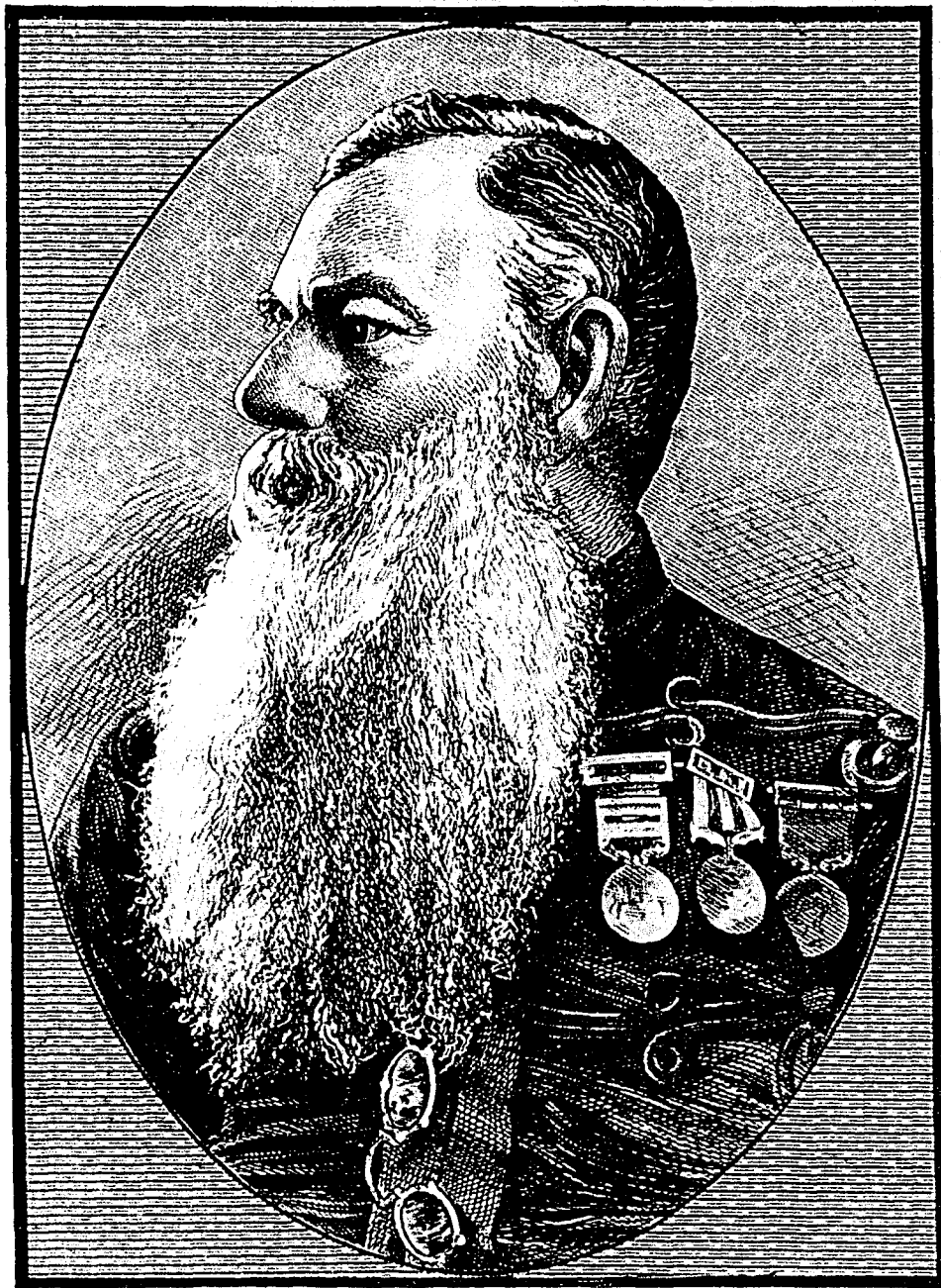
There is no circus tent, however much watched and tended, But needs some greater care: There is no hole, however well defended, But has a small boy there.



GALAXY OF TORONTO CELEBRITIES.

**THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL
AULDJO.**

Major-General John Richardson Auldjo, who died on the 28th ult., at his residence, Myrtle Bank, Broughty Ferry, Dundee, and whose portrait appears in the present issue, was the second son of the late George Auldjo, of this city, and grandson of the late Hon. John Richardson. He joined the 36th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry as Ensign on the 28th February, 1844. He served in the Sutlej campaign of 1845-46, including the battle of Allival, for which he obtained a medal. He was promoted to a Lieutenancy on 22nd June, 1847, served throughout the Punjab campaign of 1848-49, including the affair of Ramnuggur, the passage of the Chenab, the action of Sadoolapool, and the battles of Chilianwalla and Goojerat, for which he received a medal with two clasps. He proceeded to Oude in 1855-56, and during the annexation was in command of the left wing of the 36th Regiment Native Infantry, and was first attached to Brigadier Wheeler's column, and afterwards to that of Capt. Waddy, R. A., which scoured the country with Major Banks as Political Officer. He served during the Mutiny of 1857-58-59, as Compiler of Regiment from 1st April, 1857, to June, 1858, and was appointed Acting Adjutant 7th June, 1857, G. O. C. 11th September, 1857, officiating also as Quarter-master. He commanded his Regiment from 10th June, and acted as Brigade-Major at Jullunder from October, 1857, until the disbandment of the Regiment in June, 1858. Major Auldjo was next appointed by Sir John (late Lord) Lawrence to raise and command a Sikh Police Battalion at Lahore for service in the North West Provinces, Oude and Bengal, in June, 1858. This regiment was afterwards styled the 10th Bengal Sikh Police Battalion, which he continued to command in Oude in November and December, 1858, and afterwards in Tirhoot till April, 1858, (medal). He marched from Lahore for Cawnpore on 4th September, 1858, being the only European officer with 120 men (natives). This regiment formed the infantry portion of the King of Delhi's escort from Delhi to Cawnpore. He became Brevet-Captain on 28th February, 1859, and Captain on 25th September, 1860, and Brevet-Major on 28th February, 1864. He acted as Brigade-Major at Fyzabad in April, 1866, was appointed Major on 12th September, 1866, acted



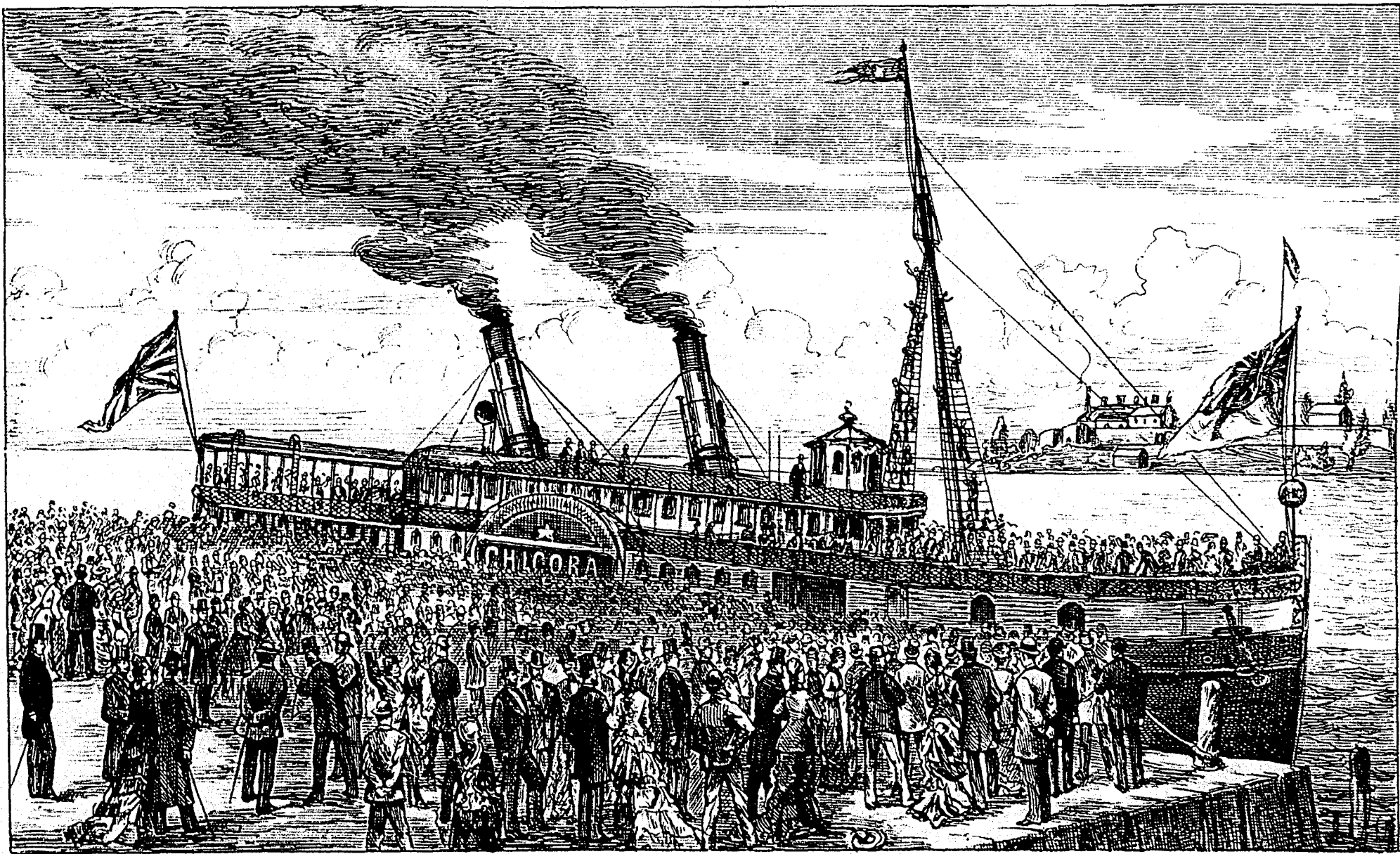
THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL AULDJO.

as Sub-Assistant Commissary-General at Fyzabad from 15th April to 15th July, 1869, was made Lieutenant-Colonel on 23rd February, 1870, acted as Assistant Commissary-General at Sealkote from 15th August to 14th October, 1871, was made Colonel on 28th February, 1875, and Major General on his retirement on 14th June, 1876.

RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP.—One of the objects of interest recently to the loungers in a West-end thoroughfare was a copy of an English newspaper, displayed in a window, in the condition it reached a subscriber in Russia, after passing through the hands of the Russian authorities. An article on Russia was entirely obliterated. The manner in which the Russian authorities manage these things is wonderfully simple and effectual. They take a printer's roller, covered with printer's ink, and run it up and down the objectionable columns till not a word can be deciphered.

POSTAGE-STAMPS.—Those who have occasion to make use of postage-stamps in large quantities are aware that the colour is easily removed, and that the hands and lips, if the stamps be moistened by the tongue, quickly become much stained. Into the composition of this colouring matter a poisonous metal enters largely. Dr. Hassall has recently subjected a number of penny stamps to analysis, and in all has found lead in large quantity, derived doubtless from the red lead employed in the colouring of the stamps. The presence of such a metal must be regarded as highly objectionable, and possibly in some cases injurious or even dangerous.

THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE.—The Japanese language is a complete hieroglyphic system, and the calligraphy a system of drawing or painting. Every schoolboy has to learn at least one thousand different characters; in the elementary schools of the Government three thousand have to be taught. A man with pretensions to scholarship must be acquainted with about ten thousand, and a very learned man with that number multiplied many times. A Japanese must devote at least ten years' persistent and earnest study to the acquisition of his own language if he desires to possess a knowledge of it sufficient for the purposes of an educated man. The mechanical art of handling the brush so as to paint the characters with skill and rapidity occupies no small part of a learner's time.



THE HANLAN RECEPTION.
DEPARTURE FROM NIAGARA ON BOARD THE CHICORA.

SONNETS.

I.

Thou lov'st and think'st thou art beloved by one,
Who chains thy will as with a magic power,
Whose smile to thee is as the radiant sun,
Touching with warmth the petals of a flower
Half hidden in some dark untroubled spot,
Chilled by the midnight wind, the morning mist,
Till vivified by warmth of heaven begot,
It lifts its head as thus caressed and clad,
Unheedful of the dangers that may lower,
And of approaching night has reckoned not,
When winds again shall rise and storm clouds blot
The pale moon's face; changing the present bower
Back to the damp, dark chilliness, where alone
Thou shalt more lonely be for pleasures known.

II.

Did I not tell thee that the glowing sun
Would hide his face beneath the Western sea?
Did I not warn thee that the fleckle one
Would tire full soon of smiling upon thee?
That yet again the summer sky would darken,
And leave thee doubly lonely, all alone?
Yet to the warning words thou did'st not hearken,
Turning a deaf ear to the ominous tone,
And now I hear thy voice in sound forlorn,
Like a faint echo of the driving wind,
That shrieking, shatters thee with touch unkind,
And by whose breath thy petals frail are torn,
Did I not tell thee it was all a lie?
And now thou knowest it as well as I.

III.

Pity thee—more than pity struggles here,
And holds possession of my throbbing breast
Shrink not away in silence, but draw near
And seek within these arms the calm of rest.
Turn not to solitude, nor let thy heart
Fade and decay as doth the blighted plant;
But rather seek some new life to impart,
Let not misanthropy play scyphophant,
And probe thy wound to give thee ghastly pleasure,
Oh! sin not thus I pray, or fond command;
But turn and see if thou canst find a treasure,
Which thou may'st lavish with unrepining hand,
Not as the miser hoards it up by stealth,
But with fond usury to increase thy wealth.
Montreal, July. BARRY DANE.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"What!"
"Your daughter and I are engaged, and we—"
"Engaged! Young man, have you lost your senses? Do you know what you are talking about?"
"I presume it appears presumption in me, but your daughter—"
"Don't mention my daughter, young man. I won't hear of it!"
"We hoped you would give your consent—"
"Never!"
"Carrie says—"
"Never mind what she says. You can't have my consent, nor my daughter. Do you understand?"
"I do, sir." And Bernard Holm turned resolutely toward the door.
Mr. Weltall looked after the retreating form of the young man with an impatient and perplexed frown; then he suddenly called him back.
"What have you to support a wife with?"
"I haven't much yet, but we are both young and can—"
"What business do you intend to follow?"
"Well, I don't know exactly; I—"
"Don't know! A young man of your age without any money, and wanting to marry a girl who has always had every comfort, and don't know exactly what to do in life?"
"Mr. Weltall, I have an ambition which I have entertained since I was a child; but I have never mentioned it to any one, fearing I might fail, and then—"
"Are you doing anything at present?"
"I am employed as an engraver in a jewelry store, sir."
"What wages?"
"Forty dollars a month."
"Is that your ambition to become a skillful engraver?"
"No, sir; it is not. I have always—"
"Well, Mr. Holm, you yourself must see that it would not do to consign my daughter to you without further notice. You are without means; without a profession, I might almost say; doing one thing and designing something different. This shows instability of character, more firmness and decision are required in order to succeed in the world, Mr. Holm, than I think you possess. But what is this ambition of yours?"
"It is to become a painter, sir, an artist."
"Indeed! Have you ever painted anything?"
"Yes, sir, quite a number of pieces."
"How much will one of your paintings bring?"
"Not very much, I am afraid; I have not sold any as yet; I—"
"No? are you painting anything at present?"
"I am engaged upon a painting which is about half finished."
"What will it be worth when done?"
"I don't know, sir; I am not sure that I can get anything for it; but I am in hopes—"
"Well, Mr. Holm, all I can say at present is, that when you have decided upon what pursuit to follow, and you seem in a fair way to succeed in it, we will talk this matter over again. If you decide to become a painter, come to me, when your picture is finished and the cash for

it is in your pocket, and we will see what can be done. If you fail I can see no hope for you, sir. Good-day!"

Mr. Weltall was in the office of his extensive manufacturing establishment when the above conversation took place.

Of large and of almost aldermanic proportions Mr. Weltall impressed one with a sense of inflexible solidity. His head was large, his face massive; his forehead broad, with corners as hard and well defined as those of his fire and burglar-proof safe. He wore a heavy gold watch and chain, with a heavy seal; also a diamond breast-pin worth thousands of dollars and the wonder of Valleythorpe. It was his boast that there was no nonsense about him; meaning thereby that he excluded everything in life from his thoughts whose practical utilities were problematical. Being then the wealthiest and most imposing personage in the village and for miles around, his astonishment was complete when Bernard Holm came to inform him that he and his daughter were betrothed. He could not credit his sense of hearing, though it was not his habit to discredit anything pertaining to himself; and he could find no words wherewith to characterize the young man's surprising audacity.

After recovering in a measure from his amazement, his first impulse was to utterly crush the young man's hopes, and put an effectual stop to any further development of this love affair, of which he had hitherto been ignorant. But when Mr. Weltall saw that Bernard turned away with an air of defiance, the thought suddenly flashed into his mind that he would not be likely to show himself defiant unless supported by the young lady's love; and if that were the case, Mr. Weltall knew his daughter well enough to know that she would marry him, whatever he might say or do to the contrary. This was a consummation he would not consider for a moment. The wily Mr. Weltall, therefore, called Bernard Holm back, knowing that if he acted in a more conciliatory manner, any immediate action contrary to his wishes would not, in all probability, be taken; and putting him on probation, as it were, time would be gained; and with time many things might come to his help.

Why Mr. Weltall was so opposed to Bernard as a son-in-law will be readily understood when it is known that he was poor, and nobody, particularly, in Valleythorpe. A person not of consequence enough to be noticed either favorably or otherwise, he was let severely alone. The fast young men of Valleythorpe, who played billiards, bet at horse races, arranged dancing parties at which each was floor manager turn about, held him in supreme contempt; they considered him a milk-and-water sort of young man, whose feelings and passions were of such a pale cast that he was incapable of any action of a decided complexion, either good or bad. The rest of the good people of Valleythorpe held him in nearly the same estimation; he was not regarded as a very likely young man; he was not rich, nor in a way to become so; that was his unpardonable sin. His poverty might have been forgiven had he shown himself eager and successful in working out of it. But he was not. He idled his time away in sketching, drawing, and painting foolish pictures. He would never amount to anything. That was the verdict of Valleythorpe. This village, which a generation or two before had been on the verge of a westward-moving civilization, was situated on a stream of water affording splendid opportunities for the employment of water-power. It was dotted with mills and factories of all kinds. The inhabitants of the place had come there poor—or their ancestors had—and by hard work and economy it had been in the power of each person to become rich; although the opportunities for becoming so now had greatly decreased, still it was expected that each one would do his best to attain wealth, let circumstances be what they would. In every hard-working and prosperous community every thought, except that of money-making, is apt to be crowded out, in the beginning of its career at least; dollars and cents is the standard of measurement for a man; in such a place the poet, the artist, the dreamer, can find no congenial abiding place. I say this is especially the case in a prosperous community in the beginning of its prosperity.

By and by, when the intoxication of money-getting begins to subside in a measure, other and more humanizing influences are allowed to creep in, and are recognized. The poet's book finds a place on the centre-table, and in the hearts of men and women; the painter and the sculptor are honoured, and their works, beginning to give delight by their symmetry and harmony, and the thought which they contain, are welcomed into every home. Valleythorpe, however, had not reached this stage in its march toward complete civilization, and Bernard, who was an artist by nature and by practice, was sadly out of place.

Bernard Holm, with an aged housekeeper, lived by himself in a small cottage left him by his parents, who were both dead. He was somewhat below the medium height, with dark hair and eyes. He always walked with his head down; now and then looking up as if surprised. When not at work, he seemingly spent all his time in sketching and drawing.

That he should be the successful wooer of Carrie Weltall, the accomplished heiress, the acknowledged belle of Valleythorpe, would have been regarded as too absurd a bit of gossip for even the most inveterate tale-bearer to hawk about. When he returned to report the result

of the interview to Miss Weltall, he appeared not to be as elate as one might suppose, considering the reasonable conditions laid upon him. The difficulty was, he had too keen a sense of his shortcomings. A man with a coarse-fibred nature and the same abilities would in all probability have succeeded better than Bernard so far.

Miss Weltall was a magnificent young lady. I use the word "magnificent" because I can think of no other adjective that describes her so fully. She was tall, a trifle taller than her lover, and splendidly proportioned. Her features were regular and cleanly cut, her complexion was light, while her eyes, which were large, had the habit of looking at one with a thrilling directness, and her hair was as black as midnight. Her will was imperious, even more inflexible than her father's. In this respect she was entirely unlike her sainted mother, who had never had a will of her own, though her husband, at times, complained while in company, in a jocular way, of the despotic sway his wife exercised over him.

Carrie Weltall became impatient with the young painter for not embracing the opportunity of showing what he was capable of, with more alacrity; especially, too, when the prize of success was herself, for she was inclined to take a hopeful view of the situation; and she succeeded at length in infusing him with some of her own enthusiasm, so that he went to the task before him in tolerable good spirits.

In a little more than half a year the painting was finished and on its way to an Eastern city to compete for a place on the walls of the exhibition rooms. A few weeks of feverish waiting, then came the decision of the judges, which was unfavorable. It had not been thought worthy of a place on the academic walls, and consequently its chances of finding a purchaser were next to nothing.

"I knew just how it would turn out before I sent it," Bernard said.

"Try again," answered his betrothed; "never give up till you succeed."

Bernard's spirits were low for a long time after. Mr. Weltall soon heard of our artist's failure, and was not slow in summoning the unfortunate man before him. Bernard was informed that, as he had failed in his part of the compact of course there could be no further thought of marriage between him and his daughter; and he wished that all intercourse between them should cease henceforth. The daughter unfortunately was present at this interview and objected to having an affair in which she was one of the principals concerned thus summarily disposed of without having anything to say in the matter. Hitherto she had remained silent; but now she rose with flashing eyes and a burning spot on either cheek, and vehemently declared that she should marry Mr. Holm if he would have her in spite of anything her father could do or say to the contrary. Yes, she should marry him to-morrow, should her father act too imperiously. Mr. Weltall grew hot and violent at this, as one might suppose, and declared in his turn that she might do so if she wished, but she would no longer be a daughter of his. The Weltall blood was subject to violent commotions at times, and it boiled in the veins of both father and daughter now. Carrie turned and looked her father full in the face.

"Good-bye, then," said she hotly, "you have no right to dictate where my affections are concerned. Come, Mr. Holm," and they went out together.

"Where will you go now?" said Bernard.

"I don't know," was the short reply.

"I will tell you," said he, "let us be married immediately, then you will come home with me." He had been roused, too, and when occasion called for it, he was not destitute of courage, he would brave the lion in his den, or walk up to the shotted cannon's mouth in time of battle; for ages, acknowledged test of bravery in a man.

"Very well, let us go over to the Rev. Mr. Turtle's." The Rev. Mr. Turtle was the parson at whose church she attended worship.

"My dear, I believe you would make a Joan of Arc," said Bernard; but she took no notice of the remark.

In less than an hour they were husband and wife. After the ceremony was over, and he had time to consider what had happened, then the Rev. Mr. Turtle was so astonished that he gave his best great-coat with his last sermons in one of the pockets, to a tramp who happened along asking alms; then he told his wife. Two hours afterward Valleythorpe was dumbfounded by the news. Three hours afterward the bride and groom were as much astonished at what had taken place as the rest.

That night Mr. Weltall's home was a dismal and cheerless place to the choleric old man, who was left alone with his wealth and his evil spirit. "What a pity," said friends and acquaintances, "what a pity that she should throw away her prospects in this mad way." And they shook their heads mournfully.

The young couple spent the first part of their honeymoon happily and contentedly in Mr. Holm's modest home; but when the honeymoon waned, the sting of failure, continually in Bernard's mind, became sharper and sharper, and finally worked its legitimate result; he was seized with brain fever, which lasted a long time. When he had recovered far enough to be able to think, he knew that the little money he had on hand must have been exhausted long ago, but everything seemed to go on as usual; his young wife was brisk and cheerful now that

her husband was out of danger, and appeared not to be hampered by the want of means.

"I suppose Mr. Weltall had to come to the rescue after all," said Bernard one day, "what money we had must have been used up long ago."

"Yes, my dear, that is all gone; but father has not helped us."

"But how have you—?"

"You mustn't talk; the doctor has forbidden it, you know. But if you will listen, I will tell you what has happened while you have been ill."

"I am all attention; may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I interrupt you."

"Well, when I saw that our fortune was fast dwindling away, I wrote a note to my father stating how we were situated, and as my anger toward him had left me, I asked him to send me some money, but—"

"And he—?"

"Be careful of your tongue, sir; it must be cleaving to the roof of your mouth now."

"Proceed, please; I'll be as mum as an Egyptian 3,000 years old, till you are through."

"But it seemed my father was angry as ever, and instead of remitting the needed help, he said he did not lend money to strangers without security."

"The bru—"

"Your tongue, sir, your tongue; I am not through yet. Not long after that the bank with which he was connected, failed, and he was left without a penny in the world. When his money was gone his friends deserted him, he suffered greatly. My heart bled for him, as in ten days he had grown ten years older. I could not endure to think he should go as a beggar among strangers, so I invited him to come here and live with us—he is here now."

An expression of vexation passed over Bernard's face, but he said nothing.

"You won't be vexed, will you, my dear?" his wife said, in answer to his expression. "He is an old broken-down man; the truth is, his mind is affected; he is very quiet, and keeps out of everybody's way as much as possible."

"Oh, well, let him stay, and welcome; but he did not show much pity on us when we were in trouble. But now tell me from what source you have been drawing your supplies."

"Do you remember that short story which was published in our magazine not long after we were married? You mentioned its having such a peculiar title, you know."

"I remember it, but what has that to do with my questions?"

"You said you thought it was quite good, didn't you?"

"I believe so, but what—?"

"I wrote that story."

"You?"

"I."

"Well, if that isn't enough to astonish an oyster!"

"I was paid for it, too," she continued, a finer color coming into her face; "and the publishers wrote me they should be glad to publish and pay for anything I might be pleased to send them."

"And you never told me anything about it?"

"I wished to surprise you some day. I had sent them a number of articles before you were taken sick, and while you were ill I also managed to send one occasionally. There's where the money has come from."

Bernard could only look at her in silence; but his face expressed the feelings he could not utter in words; then the thought of his own failure came into his mind; the ashes of dead hopes lay bitter in his heart; he turned his head away—a mist was gathering before his eyes. The young wife stole gently to his side, and kissing him on the forehead, placed a letter in his hand. "This," said she, "came while you were ill. I was sorely tempted to break it, but withstood the temptation." The following is the letter they read together:

"Mr. Holm: Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have received an offer of one thousand dollars for your painting of 'The Two Influences.' I shall hold the picture subject to your order.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your great success. Yours is a remarkable painting. To paint two faces as exactly alike in every feature as these in your picture are, and still to represent love to our fellow-man, humanity, charity and unselfishness in the face of one, and cold-hearted avarice, selfishness, and hardness in that of the other, is a great attempt worthy of the efforts of genius, and such as only genius could accomplish. If this painting were mine I should call one of the twins the Bank President, and the other the Honest Man. I am authorized to offer you \$2,000 for your next work of art, leaving the choice of subject to yourself.

"Yours truly,

"P. B. MARK."

"P.S.—The thought in your picture was accidentally discovered by the person who wishes to buy it, while looking over rejected paintings. The judges, I am sorry to say, had failed to understand the meaning of your work.

"P. B. M."

It was not many months after this that Mr. Weltall's sorrow and afflictions ended in that deep sleep that has no morning. His death was peaceful; his once strong mind was as a child's again. He spoke of the gladness and the glory there is in the earth when life and love and hope are young. He lies among the flowers, and the birds sing to him—his once neglected friends.

GLIMPSSES OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

II.

SEA SIDE HOTEL, RUSTICO BEACH,
6th July, 1879.

Before plunging in historic lore, let us rusticate one day in the sweet seclusion of green woods—over the shores of the "sounding" sea, amidst the hamlets of the descendants of the persecuted Acadians. Possibly some of them may know something of old Pierre Leblanc and his dispersed friends, which Longfellow forgot to tell us.

RACIOT, as known to the early French of the seventeenth century—Rustico, to the present inhabitants—such will be our haven of rest—there shall we rusticate. The much vaunted spot—will it come up to our expectations? A few hours will tell.

That almighty Confederation bribe, the Railway, is just now landing us at Hunter River Station, seven miles from Rustico, where Squire Newson, the enterprising proprietor of the Sea Side Hotel, keeps in readiness a line of stages.

Why is it called Hunter River Station? Is there anything there to specially attract the P. E. Island Nimrods? Was one of our first questions to the stage driver, a well-to-do Scotch farmer.

"The story is long, sir—but, I shall try and make it as short as I can,"—replied our Jehu. "Do not mind the length," we replied; "the road to Rustico will be longer than your story."—Thus discoursed our charioteer:

"In the reign of good Governor Smith, long before I was born in fact, at a time when speculators in land flocked to our island, there came an English officer bent on trying his fortune here. He was good looking and young; rich, some said. The doors of many of the quality, having marriageable daughters, were opened to him. He won the affections of a young lady—the name I forget. She had beauty—he had wealth, they were engaged. The wedding was to come off in the ensuing spring. The young lady in the meantime got to be a great sportsman; he was, when not sparring, constantly blazing away at bears, cariboo, loup-cerviers, martins and partridges. He organized a great hunt, under the guidance of Micmac Indians, at the extreme end of the island. Sickiness overtook him in the depth of the woods—one solitary Indian watched over him. No tidings came to the desponding young lady; wearied at last with hope deferred, she accepted as truth a report that her lover had perished from illness and cold. Time rolled on; the charm of a discarded lover slackened. A few months, and another wedding day was fixed on. All was joy—feasting—sunshine in her island home. Bridal dresses were ordered, as well as plum cake; youthful maidens and bachelors clustered in the ball; the clergyman was preparing to read the marriage service—the bridegroom lounged to slip on the mystic ring, when a loud knock at the parlor door startled even the aged clergyman, the door was thrown open, when who should rush in frantically, but the long absent lover. Taking in at a glance the end of all his fond hopes, he retreated outside rapidly without saying a word. The young lady fainted—there was no wedding that day, but, instead, sorrow, confusion and tears all round. Probably sickness may have impaired the mind of the English officer; instead of claiming his betrothed, he rapidly wended his way to the adjoining woods. Search was made for him that day—the next—and the next—all in vain. Many weeks after, some trappers descending the shores of the river—this very river you now see—came on the remains of the poor gentleman. Hunger and exposure had probably caused his death. The coroner living miles away, a hole was dug in the red clay and there he has rested, until some years ago, when the island having become more populous and a survey having been ordered to settle a boundary question, it was debated by one of the party whether the British officer was buried there or not. A search was made—sure enough, at the place indicated by old people, were found the skull and bones of Mr. Hunter. I could take you now to the very spot; the river has ever since been called Hunter River."

Such the version given me by my Scotch friend. On we jogged over soft, pleasant roads, of porous red soil, like the rest of the island—drawn by a powerful grey mare, a worthy descendant, we were told, of the famous horse "Messenger," who has left a numerous progeny and an honored name among the Islanders.

From Hunter River to Rustico, lies a fertile rolling country, whose potato and oat fields and heu rones are occasionally inclosed with a solid red stone fence. A clump of fir, spruce or white birch, diversifies the landscape. We rapidly closed in with a mill stream, alive with jumping trout—to the west a tasty green hedge, reminding you of Quebec hedges, showed that a Scotch gardener had tried his hand there. Three churches are here visible, an English, a Presbyterian and a R. C. temple of worship, the latter flanked on one side by the Farmers' Bank of Rustico, on the other by a lofty, handsome structure, to be opened next July as a R. C. Couvent.

The Rustico Bank discounts for the fishermen and the farmers; a phase of banking requiring, we should imagine, more than one safeguard to

ensure 10 p. c. dividends, as this favored institution, with a capital of £3,000, has been paying. 10 p. c. dividends out of a capital of £3,000 loaned out, we imagine, at 7½ p. c., exclusive of manager and clerks' salaries, this is a *tour de force* which would make the fortune of any Montreal banker, even with issue treble of capital. Rustico, by the Church Registers which begin in 1812, was a R. C. Mission, ministered to then by Rev. Mr. Beaubien, who left in 1818 and died at Montmagny about 1873. It was the episcopal seat of the late Bishop McDonald, who lived here thirty years and ultimately died at the College of St. Dunstan, in Charlottetown.

An enlightened R. C. Missionary, Rev. Mr. Belcour, seems to have been the Guardian Angel and regenerator of the poor Acadians. Instead of encouraging them to isolate themselves from their enterprising Scotch and English neighbors, he bade them to imitate their ways of tilling the soil and housing themselves. The rustic dandies, instead of covering their persons with their uncouth rag petticoats, their *draguet* and coarse cloth, were told that their morals would not be tainted by wearing dresses and bonnets like the Scottish and Irish lasses, their neighbors.

Rustico has also its legend, a pious one, connected with its chapel, in which on special, red letter days, long ago, sweet, powerful, mysterious voices blended with the choir, heard by many, unmistakable by their compass,—"the good angels of heaven," said the descendants of Acadia "encouraging them to persevere to the end, in this vale of sorrow." These sweet voices of other days are now silent. An urbane gentleman, educated in France, drove us to visit the Acadian Patriarch of an adjoining settlement—New Glasgow. The patriarch, by name Monsieur Dorion, aged 88, was absent. Alas! with him had departed our hopes of spicy bits of local information about the compatriots of Evangeline, their joys and their sorrows. New Glasgow is a sweetly pretty pastoral land of oats, potatoes, an elysium for patriotic hens, laying day and night here as elsewhere, for the prosperity and comfort of the Islanders. The export of eggs, as all can see, who cross in the Shediac steamer "St. Lawrence" or "Princess of Wales" is a mine of infinite wealth; the eggs are carefully put up in square boxes—2 feet by 1 foot 3 inches—with paper trays, each egg filling in its groove—an ingenious contrivance of their Boston customers—the same boxes, going to and fro all summer: representing a trade of many millions of eggs. Happy Islanders, to own such patriotic hens—hens of angelic morals—the saviours of the Island! May their shadow—feathers and laying qualities never grow less! Did Evangeline ever own such hens? Prince Edward Island has discovered in the black soil, which gathers at the entrance of its creeks and rivers, a compost, which is fertilizer of wondrous efficacy; a portion of the winter is devoted drawing with teams this incomparable manure, which combines marine detritus and shells and is extracted through the ice, by an ingenious, though simple machine. This black soil, called Mussel Mud, lasts more than twenty years on land and excels any stable manure.

In New Glasgow, the Scot as usual prospers fabulously and finds worthy competitors in the English and Irish. Some few Acadians are now following suit and several own well cultivated and good farms. Land is high now all over the Island.

On a sunny green slope, we were shown the paternal roof of Lt. Governor Laird. The sons of Scotia have reason to be proud at New Glasgow, P. E. I., as well as in old Glasgow.

JONATHAN OLDBRICK.

HEARTH AND HOME.

NEATNESS.—Neatness of attire should begin in the schoolroom. A young lady should dress just as carefully for school as for church or for society; school is society, and to appear at school in partial toilet is a mistake so serious as not only to warrant but to call for corrective criticism.

A GOOD WIFE.—A good wife is the most faithful and constant companion a man can possibly have by his side while performing the journey of life. When a woman loves, she loves with a double-distilled devotedness. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter. She will not change, except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy, and even then her love lingers as if loth to depart, like evening twilight at the windows of the west.

INNOCENT GOSSIP.—Do not frown upon innocent gossip. Have no tolerance for that which is malevolent, for that which insinuates evil of the absent, and for that which gloats, vampire-like, on wounded reputations. Above all, let no mother encourage in her children the habit of saying harsh, acrimonious, and bitter things of others. Let the family atmosphere be too sweet and too pure for the growth of such ill weeds. But gentle, neighbourly, well-bred gossip is fit diversion, now and then, for the home circle.

AIM HIGH.—Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest, the spirit and the sense so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and the perfect, that everyone should study, by all methods, to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments; it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new.

WEAR AND TEAR.—The tear and wear of external occupation is ever acting upon our religious life. The constant rubbing of the sand on Egyptian hieroglyphics even effaces the deep-cut characters from basalt rocks. So the unceasing attrition of multitudinous trifles will take all the bloom off your religion and efface the name of the King cut on the tablets of your heart if you do not counteract them by constant earnest effort. Our devotion, our faith, our love, is only preserved by being constantly renewed.

QUIET COURAGE.—Men know how thunder and lightning come from the clouds in summer, and they want to thunder and lighten sometimes themselves; but it is better that the contents of the clouds should drop down in gentle rains, and make something grow, than that there should be flashing and rounding in the heavens, that the oak should be crushed to pieces, which has been growing for a hundred years; and it is better, not that men should produce a great racket in the world, and work destruction round about them, but that they should create happiness among their fellow men.

TASTE FOR READING.—Sir John Herschel has declared that, if he were to pray for a taste which should stand in every variety of circumstance and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to him through life, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man, he affirms, that taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you cannot fail of making him good and happy; for you bring him in contact with the best society in all ages, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest men who have adorned humanity, making him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all times.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten!

SUFFERING AND SYMPATHY.—We must suffer before we can sympathize; and when we have suffered our experience teaches us to be pitiful to others. We can handle best the sore of which we have felt the smart, and the burden which we ourselves have borne we can help to adjust on the shoulders of others with greatest knowledge of where the corners press. All the hardness of youth comes from want of experience; and the tender pity of age, the helpfulness of maturity, comes from the foregone knowledge of pain. If sorrow does nothing else for us, it teaches us to be tender to others, and show us how to alleviate by having taught us how to bear.

DUTIES.—There are some duties which should be performed to-day, yet they will wait as patients in the ante-room of a physician. The ante-room of many souls are filled with duties that have been waiting, one two hours, another a month, a third a year; and one old grave duty, leaning on his crutch, says—"Ah, I have waited forty years for audience, and have not yet found it!" Some duties come at last, like the bailiff with his warrant, or the sheriff with his writ; they will follow you and dog your footsteps until you shall give them audience. There are some duties that can only be done to-day—to-morrow's duties being those of reparation.

GRACE IN WOMAN.—What is more charming than an agreeable graceful woman? Here and there we meet one who possesses the fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of the magical influence, which is, however, for that reason only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like a cheering warmth; she passes by, and we are content; she stays a while, and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is the aurora with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be; she makes an Eden of the house; paradise breathes from her; and she communicates this delight to all without taking any greater trouble than that of existing beside them. Is not hers an inestimable gift?

THE TRUE WIFE.—A true wife will not cherish her husband's weaknesses by working upon them to her own advantage. She should not irritate him. If irritation should occur, woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such indulgence if she does. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases, for while asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.—Not all the teaching in the world can do us any good unless we aid it by our own self-discipline. Teaching is simply the dead form of things, the dry letter of the law; while self-discipline is the spirit that gives life to the one and meaning to the other. To force a young person to do things against the natural bent of his character is, of course, the only possible method, as well as the primary meaning, of education; but, unless the char-

acter is of that automatic kind which takes habits easily for want of counter-proclivities, or unless, when of a more active sort, it has the conscious energy of self-discipline, that external pressure of teaching will have no vital effect; and when the teacher's hand is withdrawn the whole edifice which he alone has raised, and he alone sustains, will fall to the ground.

THE MANAGEMENT OF LITTLE FOLK.—It is useless to endeavour to make a child control his temper if you give way to your own, to tell him to be truthful while you are not strictly so, to inculcate neatness while careless of your own dress; the little folk are keen observers, and will not respect you unless you are worthy. Be careful not to impose unnecessary instructions—to forbid nothing without reason. It is well to infuse into every child's mind the wholesome principle of self-respect, to teach him that certain things are to be avoided and others cultivated, not because you say so, but because of his own dignity and social position. So should they be taught in their earliest years that certain things are for their good, that gentleness, unselfishness, and neatness are not only admirable in themselves and pleasant in their family circle, but that they make their possessor welcome in the outer world, and are excellent capital to begin life upon.

APPRECIATION.—Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband, when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her, and is proud of her, and believes in her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one, at least, is the fairest face in all the world; and the heart, which to her is the greatest and noblest, holds her sacred in its inmost recesses above all women, gives her a strength, and courage, and sweetness, and vivacity, which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and her heart and mind will never grow old, but will blossom and sweeten, and brighten in perpetual youth.

REST FOR THE WEARY.—How the tired man of business looks and longs for his day of leisure, or perhaps his Saturday afternoons, when he can get out of his usual groove of labour, and sniff the fresh breeze from the shady woodlands! In these few hours of leisure he often crams days of pleasant memories, and while occupied with duties a close observer sees a merrier twinkle of the eye, a more pleasant smile lights up his face, and his footstep moves with a new vigor; he is also improved in disposition, and serves himself or his employer better. To a man or woman whose whole time is leisure, no such pleasures are in store; the time hangs heavy, and all things are viewed through smoked glass, and sometimes the glass is wonderfully darkened; from such we often hear the expression, "We have not time," or, "Our time is wholly occupied." Depend upon it this is only a palliative to conscience, as regards duties, or the flimsy guise to hide our indifference from our friends.

THOUGHTFULNESS.—Each one of a thousand acts of love costs very little by itself, and yet, when viewed altogether, who can estimate their value? What is it that secures for one the name of a kind neighbour? Not the doing of half a dozen great favours in as many years, but the little everyday kindnesses, neither of which seems of much consequence, considered in itself, but their continued repetition sheds a sunlight over the whole neighbourhood. It is so, too, in the family. The child whose good offices are always ready when they are wanted—to run up-stairs or down, to get chips or rock the cradle, or to run on an errand, and all with a cheerful and a pleasant temper, has a reward along with such good deeds. If a little girl cannot take her grandfather on her lap, as he takes her on his, she can get his slippers, or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and, whether she thinks of it or not, these little kind essences that come from a loving heart are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woeful world.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FIFTY thousand people attended the funeral of Calvert, the actor, at Manchester, England.

ADELINA PATTI was hissed by the audience of the Royal Italian Opera recently while performing in L'Africaine.

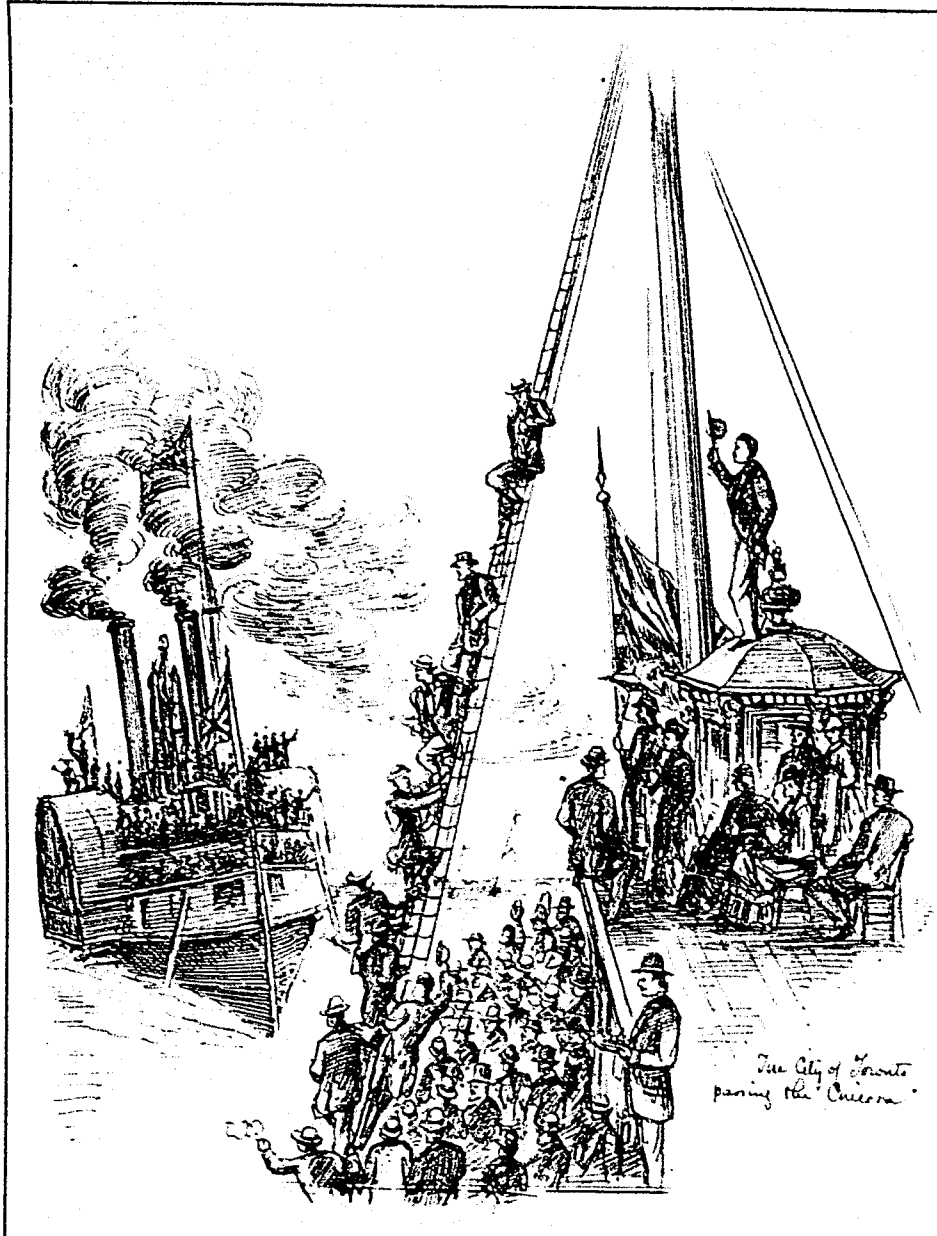
GERSTER'S magnificent voice was first discovered by a musical director of Vienna, who heard her sing at the head of a Roman Catholic procession in a Hungarian village.

MISS MINNIE HARK has just given in London her 100th representation of "Carmen." She was surrounded by flowers, and received a memorial of the occasion in the shape of a beautiful Spanish necklace.

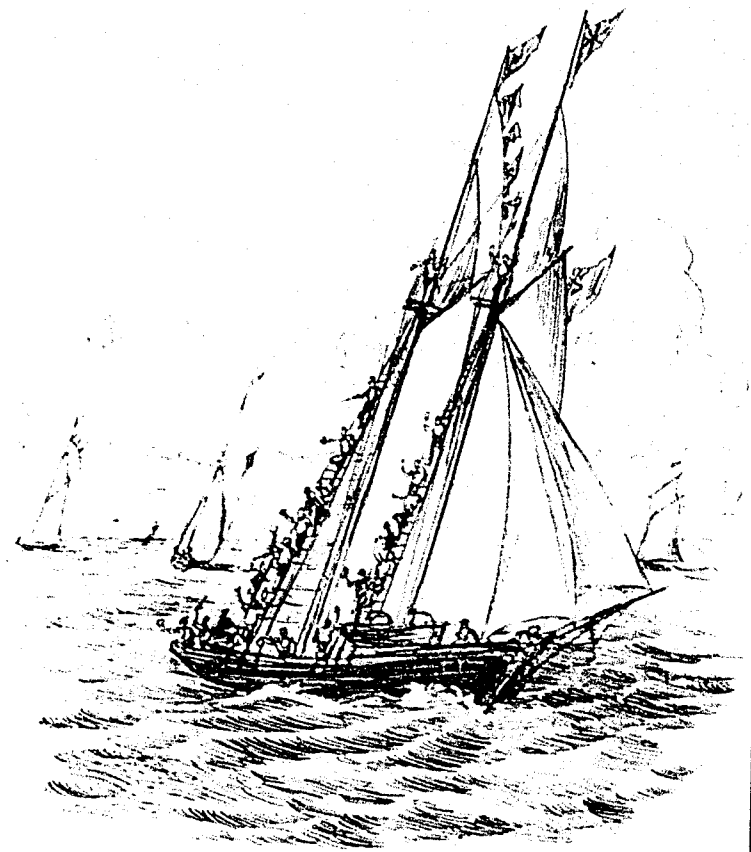
THE Spanish students who created such a sensation at the Paris Exhibition have arrived in London. The students wear the traditional dress, with a spon in their caps. They are in number about eighteen—six or seven mandolines, almost as many guitars, a fiddle, and a violinello—all stringed instruments.

INTERESTING stories are told of the versatility of the late Mrs. Howard Paul. Once in London, when there was a large take, Sims Reeves, who was the hero of the hour, sent word that he was indisposed. The manager knew this meant the return of the money. Mrs. Howard Paul was one of the singers, and at a moment's notice she went on for Mr. Reeves, and imitated his voice and manner so correctly that no one knew the difference. Afterward she included this imitation in her regular entertainment. In 1870 she accomplished the feat of singing the whole part of Dragan, in "Genevieve de Brabant," as a tenor and in French. She also sang the "Grand Duchesse" in French.

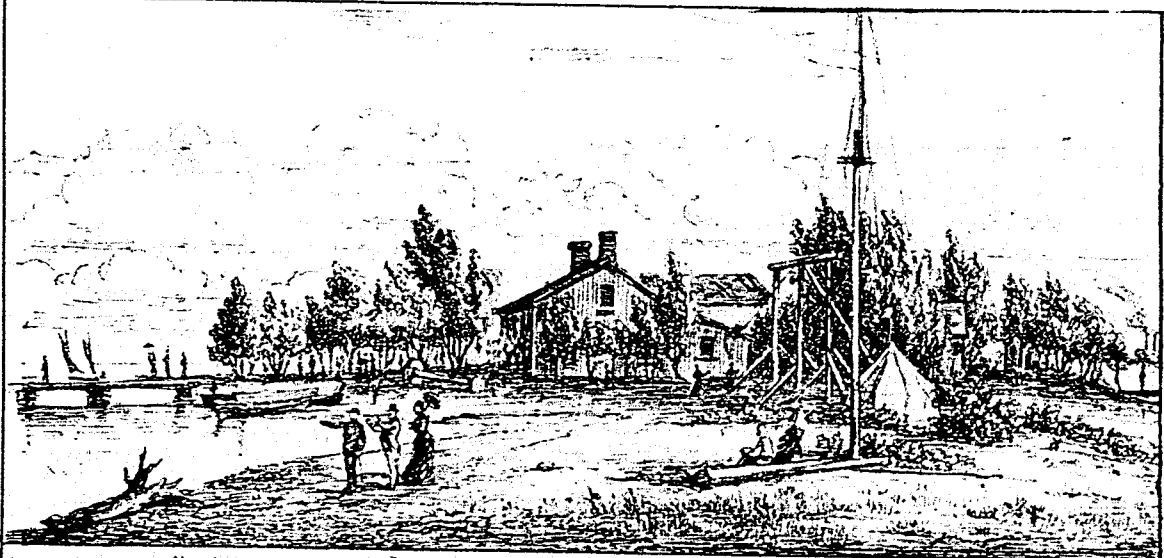
* This old French fishing post protected, of yore, by a fort, which stood on Roland's Point takes its name from a Frenchman, M. Raciot, who returned to France when England took possession of the island.



The City of Toronto passing the Chicora.



The Chicora passing the Chicora.



Hanlan's home at the Point.



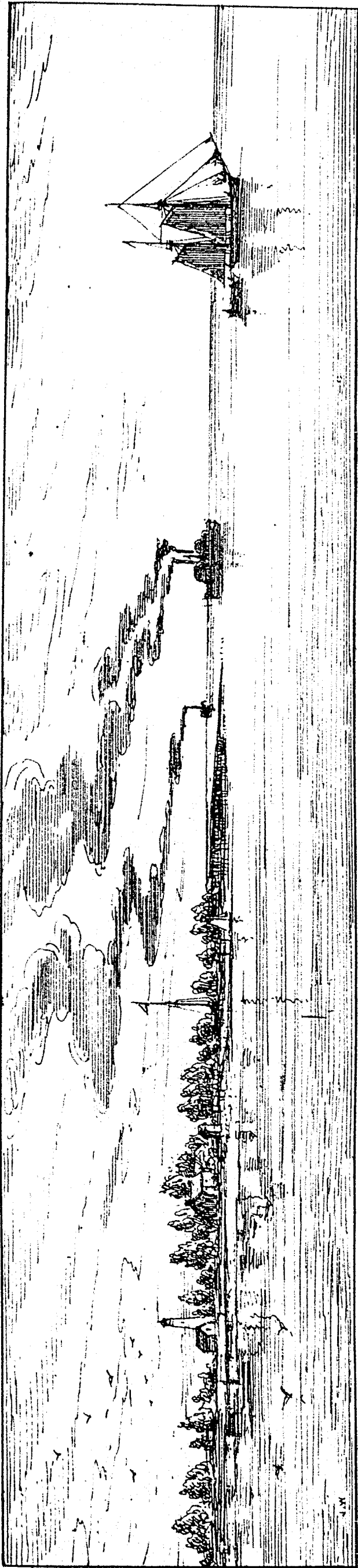
A group of the crew talking over the event of the day.



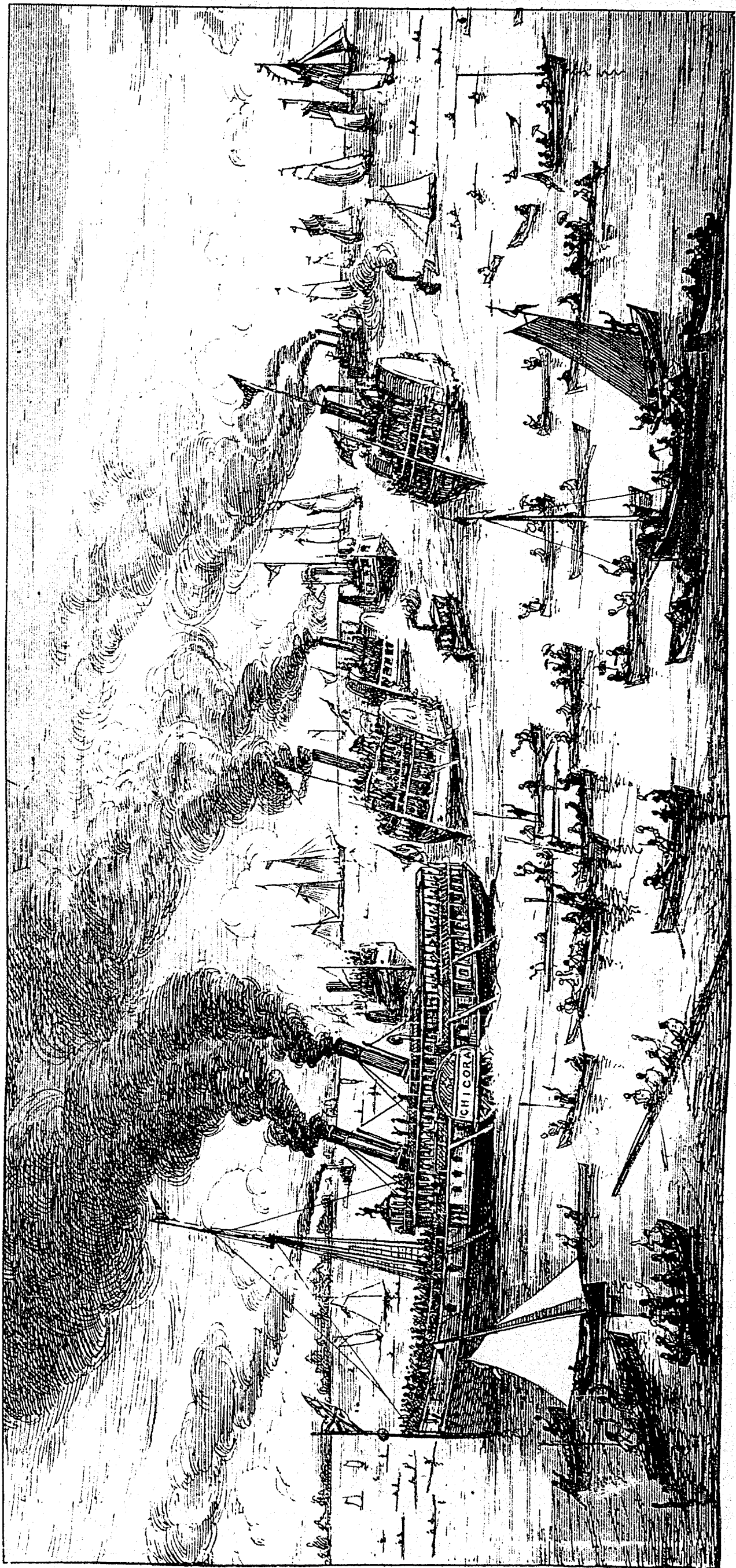
The Capt being received for the first time in Canada at the Queen's Royal Hotel.

Hanlan being interviewed by the Ladies at Niagara.

INCIDENTS OF THE HANLAN RECEPTION AT NIAGARA, ON BOARD OF THE CHICORA.



WEST POINT OF HANLIAN ISLAND.



TORONTO BAY ON THE ARRIVAL OF HANLIAN.

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MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

Book I.

AT THE QUARRIES.

XII.

HEAD SHAKEN BY THE WIND.

After so much excitement it was natural that I should experience the reaction of dullness. The want of sleep and the physical fatigue of the exertions I had made, without taking into account the emotions I had gone through, produced during the remainder of the day a torpor which I could not shake off. Indeed, I took no particular pains to rouse myself. For the two or three days following I remained listless and incurious. My studies were neglected. The voice of the professor was like a somnolent buzz in my ears. In the play-ground, foot-ball, hand-ball, base-ball were unheeded. During free time I would sometimes go up into the reading-room to wile away a half-hour with a book or magazine. But after glancing at a page or turning the leaves a little feeling of disgust would seize me and the volume dropped upon my knee. I would then sit gazing at the spectral squares of the window, forming all kinds of dreamy fancies. Was it a vision I had seen on that eventful night, or was it reality? Had I really had the audacity to slide down from the dormitory and scale the walls? Then I would feel a weight on my heart, which I had to shake off by rising and going out. Sometimes I would stand in the middle of the grounds and look down the long avenue of trees. A sweet face and bright eyes would smile on me from the leafy screen, or else a black figure would start from its sylvan hiding place and scowl upon me. Was it really true that my life had been threatened, or was it not all an hallucination? I would then walk away fatigued and bewildered.

On the fourth morning, however, I arose quite renovated. My head was clear, and a great burden seemed lifted from my heart. Remembering that there remained only ten days before the vacation and some serious work to be done, I resolved to make up for lost time. I looked forward cheerfully to a week of hard study.

During the recess, after breakfast, while walking along, absorbed in a mathematical problem which I had attacked that morning, I was accosted by one of my chums.

"Nice time for a row, ain't it, Carey, just on the eve of the long vacation?" said he.

I turned abruptly and asked—

"What row do you mean?"

"Oh! you haven't heard, have you? President is on his high horse this time, and no mistake. Case of expulsion, it appears."

"Possible? And what is it about?"

"Don't know exactly, but there is out without leave for one thing, and what is infinitely worse, you know, there is a girl at the bottom of it, for another."

And my friend walked away humming, "O Susanna, don't you cry for me."

I remained standing on the flags, thunder-struck at his words. Was it possible? Had I been detected? Had Francki seen me after all? No. That could not be, for he would have reported me long before. Had the sub-prefect, rising during the night, discovered my empty bed and dangling sheets? The smile he gave me the next morning, at the waking hour, was certainly peculiar. But no. He, too, would have reported at once, as in duty bound. Besides, I had met him several times since and he had been very gracious to me. But, perhaps, one of the boys who had seen my exploit, had let out the secret on the play-ground, and thus it had gradually come to the ears of the authorities. This hypothesis staggered me a moment, but on reflection I was convinced that not one of the boys knew of my escapade. I had certainly never breathed a word of it to anybody, and if any student had even suspected it, I was certain that he would have come first to offer me his congratulations. Mischief and rule-breaking among college boys are something sacred and heroic which is sure to bring favour on the perpetrator. Then, as to mere tell-taling or espionage, I knew that it was unknown among us, as it is in all American colleges. If, therefore, the case referred to was mine, the particulars must have come from the outside. But from whom? How could I tell? Probably in those mysterious, unforeseen ways in which bad news always comes.

I had stood there the full quarter of an hour of tress, till the great bell clanged, calling to recitation. This not only roused me from my meditations, but its gladsome echoes dispelled all my apprehensions.

"Pshaw," I exclaimed, falling into ranks, "this is only one of Harvey's hoaxes, or it is a mere rumour. And, anyhow, in a crowd of three hundred boys, why should it not be some other fellow, who, less cunning than I was, has allowed himself to be caught in a scrape?"

To reassure myself still more I managed to catch the eye of the head prefect of the grounds, who just then passed by, directing the ranks into the study-hall. He gave me the usual frank, kindly nod, and walked on. This set me right completely. I banished all my black thoughts, and never recurred to the matter seriously during the day. I did, indeed, notice during the after-dinner recreation, groups of students eagerly whispering in corners, as if discussing some important secret or other, but I made no account of them. When evening came on I was in good spirits, being pleased with my day's work, and gratified with the assurance that the story I had heard concerned another boy, a notorious malefactor.

At half-past eight, when prayer was over, and I was about to seat myself at my desk for the last hour of night studies, one of the sub-prefects touched me on the shoulder, and said:

"You are wanted in the president's room."

The words themselves, and the solemn air of the official as he whispered them, sent a chill through my veins. My eyes were darkened, and, walking from my place, I could hardly see my way to the door.

"There," said I to myself, "it is all over with me. The whole thing is out after all. If so, I am done for."

In passing through the yard, however, I checked myself a little. I took the resolution to keep as cool as I could, and to say as little as possible. That would be the best way not to commit myself.

When I reached the president's door, I stopped to make sure that I was quite calm. I then knocked not too loudly, but firmly.

"Come in," was the response, uttered in a deep, rolling voice.

I entered. The president was seated before his desk, at the extremity of the room, near a window which opened on the court-yard. I bowed and he pointed me to a chair.

XIII.

THE WORD OF HONOUR.

Father Wye—that was the president's name—was a person of whom I had always thought a great deal and who, I had the vanity to believe, thought pretty well of me. He was a very "smart" man. The general opinion among the boys was that he was the "smartest" man in the college. This was a sufficient passport to our esteem, for it is wonderful how much real cleverness in a professor impresses the imagination of students. He was indeed a thorough scholar. In other circumstances, or if he had wished it, he might have made himself a name. His was not the showy, but superficial classicism which passes for scholarship in our country, but the complete assimilation of his mental habits with antiquity, in literature, philosophy and sociology. I should say that he was not inferior to Porson, Heyne or Van Lennep. As a master of the English language I never met his superior. He knew the right word and the only right one for everything. His desk was piled with lexicons and he read these with the same interest that I, for instance, should read a novel. Nothing more entertaining than to hear him trace the origin, analogies and, as he called it, the secret history of some out-of-the-way term. He contributed several important hints to Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms*. He could quote passages from unheard-of writers with miraculous aptitude. His memory was a cyclopaedia.

He passed, too, for a holy man. He would spend hours in silent thought or contemplation. But he was not austere; "none of your wooden saints," as a companion of mine remarked. He liked to chat with the boys, and his dry jokes were famous through the college. He had two favourite books—a Kempis and Shakespeare—the two extremes, one would think, but not so thought he. There was, according to him, more moral wisdom in Shakespeare than in any mere human work, except *The Imitation*. Strike out three or four of the dramas—I have heard him say—which are irredeemable, and certain passages in the others which would seem to have been patched on expressly to meet the morbid taste of his age, and you have a work which is not only fit to read, but deserving of constant study, and productive of ever renewed delight.

Father Wye wore silver-rimmed spectacles. He had a way, when addressing you, of setting his glasses on his forehead, raising the back of his hand close to his eyes and looking very hard at his nails. At such moments he was looking very hard at you. He scrutinized you most when he seemed busy at something else. He then questioned you and listened, weighing you on his finger tips. *Quot libras.*

I took the chair which he had shown me and waited for him to speak. But instead of speaking he opened his portfolio and drew from it a paper, which he handed me to read. I read as follows:

"SIR,—One of your students, by name Carey Gilbert, has of late, at undue hours, been visiting the daughter of a most respectable family without the knowledge of her father. The young lady may be known to you, but for the present I must suppress her name. These meetings can result in no good, if they have not already done harm. I have reason to know that the young fellow is a libertine. I address myself to you because, as the boy is an orphan, he is particularly under your charge and you are responsible for him while he remains an inmate of your institution. Besides, your professional character clothes you with the necessary authority to protect an unsuspecting young woman from imminent danger. I leave the matter in your hands, confident that you will do what is proper."

"Well, sir?" asked the president, as he saw me fold the paper.

"This letter is anonymous, Father Wye."

"No, it is not. I have clipped the signature."

"Then, I have nothing to say about it till I learn who wrote it."

"Right, my boy. You are entitled to know your accuser."

And looking into his portfolio again, he produced a slip with this name:

"William Henry Pauley."

"I know no such person, sir."

"But I do. Know him well. He is a particular friend of mine. An upright, just man."

"Have you seen himself?"

"No."

"Then, how can you be certain he wrote this?"

"Because I am perfectly acquainted with his handwriting. I have received many letters from him, and the manuscript tallies exactly with this. Besides, the letter was brought here by his servant."

From the way the president spoke I felt that he regarded this argument as final and conclusive. And such, indeed, it appeared to me. I remained silent.

Hitherto we had both kept very cool, Father Wye answering my interrogations as if I had been his equal, and with much good nature. But now he assumed a more solemn manner.

"Come, Carey, this is a grave business. I can hardly believe it of you. What do you say?"

I felt goaded to speak something harsh, but mastered myself so far as to answer with emphasis:

"It is false, sir, from beginning to end."

"False? Not so fast, my boy. Let us proceed gradually."

"I give you my sacred word of honour, sir—"

"Stop, Carey, stop. Let your speech be yea, yea, or nay, nay. 'Russet yeas and honest Kersey noes,' he added, in an undertone, as if ashamed of himself for blending the profane verse with the Scriptural saw. But I forgave the good man, then and there, because I knew he could not resist the temptation of quoting his favourite, even if he had tried.

"Let us advance step by step," continued the president. "You are accused of several times visiting a respectable young lady, without the knowledge of her father. What about that?"

"I deny the fact, sir."

"Do you mean to say that you never visited the young lady in question?"

"That is another matter. If the lady in question is the one I have in my eye, of which—as no name is given in the letter—I am by no means certain, then I can truly say that I saw her once and once only."

"Hun!" muttered my questioner, probably thinking that he was coming to it.

"And without the knowledge of her father?"

"I cannot be sure of that. The meeting, I will own, was a peculiar one, but I cannot say that the young lady's father did not know of it."

"You are fencing, Carey."

"No, sir; I am speaking only what is in my mind. I would answer precisely the same if I were under oath."

"Don't take that view of it, my son. In replying to a judge you adhere only to the strict letter of truth or to the limitation put by the legal question; but with me you should be more unreserved. Please regard me, before all, as a father and friend, and only in the last resort as a judge."

This was kind, and I knew it was meant sincerely. It staggered me. I felt like throwing myself on the mercy of the president and making a clean breast of the whole case. But I hesitated and then thought better of it.

"Thank you, sir," said I, "but I must maintain my answer."

"Was the meeting sole to sole?"

"No, sir. There was a witness."

"Male or female?"

"Female."

"Older or younger than yourself?"

"Older."

"And this meeting took place at an undue hour?"

I paused a moment. The president looked very hard at his finger nails. I then answered:

"I have been out frequently of late, on half holidays, but the prefect of discipline will inform you whether or not I ever failed to return for the evening roll."

"On last half you particularly asked to remain out over night."

"I did, sir, and was particularly refused."

"Where did you want to go?"

This was too much. I turned upon the speaker a look full of pain and reproach. He at once

understood it. He was generous enough to feel that he was taking unfair advantage of my position and pressing me beyond the bounds of his case into matters which were none of his business. He, therefore, did not repeat the question, but, as if to make up for this little discomfort, pinned me with another query which was no less embarrassing, if more legitimate.

"Come now, young man," said he, facing me, not sternly, but very shrewdly, "you will not pretend that you were never out of college at undue hours and without leave?"

"Do you want me to criminate myself, Father Wye?" was my quick and nervous answer.

"I want you to tell the truth, sir."

There are moments that, when pushed to the wall, one man barricades himself behind an obstinate silence, while another blurts the whole truth, even more than he is asked, in a sublime extravagance.

I followed a prudent course. For a moment I despised the president's meanness in putting such a question, and I answered at all hazards:

"Well, sir, since you insist on knowing, I confess that once I was out of bounds, at an undue hour, without leave."

"Ah! There it is at last, Carey."

"Make the most of it, Father Wye. But please remember that the confession is voluntary."

The old gentleman laughed in such a way that I knew exactly what thoughts were passing in his mind. He laughed to think that a youngster like me should presume to take on man's airs and draw such subtle distinctions. In our college, we had not the French military, or court-martial system, but neither had we the English or American judicial system. We were not put to the water question, the thumb-screw or the black hole, but confessions could be extorted from our fears or our ignorance or our youth, and on these confessions punishment could be meted out to us. We were boys, not men. When on trial, we were not regarded as innocent till we were found guilty, but as guilty till we were proved innocent. And almost any means could be resorted to to obtain evidence. This is an inherent vice of large boarding-schools, and hardly to be imputed to the men who conduct them. I have lived to repent somewhat of the injustice I did the president on that evening.

Father Wye, rising from his desk, began pacing up and down the room, with his hands behind his back.

"Putting this and that together, Master Carey, we arrive at the truth of the statement contained in the letter. The one occasion on which you left college without leave is identical with the one occasion on which you met the young lady in question. The case is clearly stated by yourself. What more do we need?"

The cunning old man had put it pat—so pat, in fact, that I was half amused, at the same time that I was wholly enraged.

"If you are satisfied, sir, I am," I muttered between my teeth.

"The letter then says true. It refers, indeed, to several meetings, while you confess to only one. But that is merely a circumstance. *Plus aut minus*, &c., you know, as your philosophy says. The main fact is proven. The offence is of the gravest. It is a matter of expulsion."

"I am aware of that, sir. But before you pronounce judgment allow me one last word. The letter does not say true. It charges that the meetings were illicit and dangerous. That is false. If the secret were wholly mine, not partially another's, I would tell you all, Father Wye. I would much prefer letting you know everything, if I could, for then I am sure that, though you might disapprove the material fact of meeting, you would pronounce mercifully on its object. But I am tongue-tied. Do not smile, sir. I am young to speak so, but I know my position. I give you my word that the meeting was innocent. Nay, more, that it was virtuous. The letter further brands me as a libertine. I have been eight years in this institution, during the most of which time I have had personal relations with yourself. My record is there. Consult the books and bulletins of the prefect of discipline. I do not claim to be better than others, but I am willing to leave it to yourself whether I deserve the infamous name."

"No, Carey; I will say that much for you, you do not deserve the name," said the president, stopping opposite me and looking at me with a kind of sorrowful pity. "And it is precisely because your conduct has always been fair, that I am astonished to hear so much against you to-night. But at your age, boys change very fast. It is only a toss up whether they will persevere in the good path they learn here, or turn to the bad. Why have you chosen the latter course? If the offence were merely personal, we might smooth it over in consideration of your past good behavior, but as an outsider is implicated and particularly a young lady, the case is almost beyond redemption. It leaves me no alternative, I must do my duty and that promptly."

From my knowledge of the man, I knew that his mind was made up. I thought I could easily trace the process by which he had come to a conclusion, spite of all I had said. The common herd of mortals are badly off when tried by ascetic standards, and the most cruel of judges are often the holiest of men.

I resolved on a last desperate attempt.

"So you do not accept my declaration, sir?"

He had resumed his walk in the interval, but stopped short and looked as if he did not understand what I meant.

"You do not believe me on my honor!"
He smiled incredulously. I shall never forget the horror of that smile. But he answered nothing.
"Please tell me so in as many words."
He shrugged his shoulders and walked on. I rose trembling with excitement.
"For the last time, sir, I beseech you to speak."
In a quiet, easy way, he answered:
"No, Carey, I do not believe you."
"Then, sir, I have the honor to wish you good night. I shall not remain a moment longer within these walls. Good night."
I seized my hat and opened the door.
He followed me in anger and thundered out:
"Don't make a fool of yourself, young man. Beware!"
But I closed the door and walked down to the entrance. There I met Francki who was turning the lock.
"Let me out, Francki," I said gruffly.
"Hev bermission, hey?"
"Go and ask the president."
"Hote—"
"Let me out, I tell you."
And kicking aside his dogs, who were smelling at my boots, I walked into the street.

XIV.

WAS IT STUBBORNNESS OR HEROISM?

To be turned out, to be dismissed and to be expelled, are three degrees of collegiate dishonor and ostracism. To be turned out means to be sent home quietly, without any noise being made about it. To be dismissed is more public. The prefect of discipline proclaims that the culprit is no longer a member of the institution, but except in rare cases, the nature of the offence is not explained. To be expelled is a terrible thing. It is accompanied with ceremonies of funeral pomp and solemn horror. The great bell tolls as for the dead. All the students are assembled in the study hall, which is partially darkened for the occasion. The president enters clad in the robes of office and surrounded by his staff. When he reaches the platform and faces the up-turned, pale faces of the assembly, he displays a large cat-o-nine-tails. The sight of a cat-o-nine-tails in a feeble hand and raised to threaten a big strapping Western boy, is magnificent and absurd. The offender is brought forward, so as to be in the sight of all. It is wonderful how he is unmoved and trembling amid all this show. If he would, he could knock half-a-dozen of these men down and escape his doom. If he would, he could fight his way out of hearing of his dreadful sentence. But he stands passive, quiescent, resigned. The indictment is read in a grave voice, and afterward the president makes some remarks on the text. Then giving the full name of the guilty one, and recapitulating his offence he pronounces his solemn expulsion. You could hear a feather fall in that vast apartment. It is such a silence as that of the court-room when the judge puts on the black cap and delivers the sentence of death. A pen is produced and the boy's name is blotted out of the great register of the college. It is as if it had never been there. Nay, rather, it remains there with a perpetual stain on it. Then the poor fellow is ordered to pack his books, empty his desk and march out in presence of all the spectators. Opposite the gate he finds a hand-cart, on which all his luggage is piled. This he follows out into the street. He is an outcast. He goes forth into the world branded with infamy as indelible as the mark on the arm of the galley-slave. In our country it is seldom that a young man recovers from this initial shame.
The great iron doors are slammed back, the great lock turns and the boys go back to their desks in awe. The name of the victim is mentioned only in whispers till a few days later, when it is forgotten forever.
I have seen but one burial at sea and one college expulsion, but I shall never forget either.
It was nearly twelve when I found myself alone in Vert street. After standing a moment to calm my dizziness, I started to walk. I walked, and walked, going over half of the city ere day. As I walked I rehearsed in its minutest details the dreadful scene which I have just described. I shuddered to think that I was exposed to such a disgrace, but there was some comfort to feel that I would not be present to witness my degradation. By degrees, however, as my mind became clearer, I resolved to take steps to prevent myself being condemned in my absence. I must discover the mystery of that letter. Either it was a forgery, or I must find this William Henry Pauley, and make him explain. I was amazed to think that I was the victim of a conspiracy, but after what Ory had told me, I might be prepared for anything. Why was she not more explicit? What was the fatality gathering around me? What had I done to be thus tracked and threatened? I was still full of these thoughts when I found myself in front of the Planters' House. It was four o'clock, though quite light at that hour, and I was very tired. Remembering that a friend of mine was night clerk of that hotel, I walked up into the office and asked him to let me rest a little on a settee. A few words of explanation satisfied him, after which I fell into a doze. On awakening at six my first thought was to consult the city directory which lay on the counter. There I found the locality of Mr. Pauley's residence. I was tranquil enough now to read the morning papers, adjust my toilet,

and make a hearty breakfast, after which I returned to the street, reaching Mr. Pauley's house a little before eight.
This gentleman—an affable, harmless person—received me at once, and heard my story at first with incredulity, then with surprise, and finally with indignation. He protested that he never wrote a word of what I repeated to him, had never heard of my name before, and though well acquainted with President Wye, would never dream of addressing him in such a style, even if he had occasion. When I mentioned his black servant, he immediately rang for him, but the answer came that the fellow had been away all night, and was not in yet.
"This is a monstrous affair, my young friend, and must be seen to at once. I will order my buggy right away, and you will drive up with me to the college."
I was delighted. I could ask nothing better. Half an hour later we were both at the college. Mr. Pauley, as an intimate friend, went direct to the president's room, while I preferred remaining in the parlor. I do not remember how long the two were closeted together, but when he came out, Mr. Pauley passed me with a smile, and said:
"It is all right now. I must hurry back to my breakfast, but come and see me again about this matter."
He was scarcely gone when Father Wye stood before me. He, too, was smiling. I arose and took his extended hand.
"Everything is explained, Carey. Let us think no more about it. Go back to your books, now, like a good boy. Later we shall see further into all this."
"I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot return to my books."
"Why not?"
"Because of what took place last night. I cannot remain where my pledged word was doubted and denied."
"Tut, tut, don't be silly. You can't be serious?"
"But I am serious."
"It is only a week from the Annual Commencement."
"I know that, sir."
"And your valedictory?"
"Another can deliver it."
"And all your prizes?"
"I give them up. I can't help it."
Ah! those dear prizes which I had worked so hard for, it was painful to part with them.
"And your degree of Bachelor?"
"I sacrifice that, too. I really cannot help it, sir."
The tears were in my eyes.
The president gazed upon the floor for a long time, then said abstractedly:
"And are you really resolved on going?"
"I must go."
"Noble perversity!" he murmured, and I thought he was moved.
"Go, then, Carey, and God bless you!"
I bowed and stole out of the room. In the street I wept like a child.
I left the dear old college and never set my foot into it again, though God He knows how I loved, and still love it, and how often I have wandered in sight of its towers, its steeples and its walls, hardly able to resist the temptation of presenting myself at its gate once more.
Father Wye has been dead this many a long year. I attended the funeral and stood over the grave. He requires no prayers of mine, but if such could avail, he should have them. He meant me no harm. He did me a great good.
From the college I went straight home and related to my foster mother all that had occurred between the president and me on the previous evening and that morning.
"Did I do well, mamma?" I asked.
"You did well, my son," she replied, and kissed me.
Ten days later the Annual Commencement took place. Though absent, my heart was there. How eagerly I read the papers giving an account of the exercises. The next morning a large parcel came to the house, comprising the college yearly catalogue, with my name figuring everywhere in its proper place; a pile of prize books stamped with the college arms and likewise bearing my name, and a fine japanned tin box, which held the volum containing my Baccalaureate of Arts. To this parchment the president's signature with that of each member of the faculty was attached.
When my curiosity and vanity, too, were satisfied at the sight of these precious objects, I laid them down sorrowfully.
"It is a reparation," said my mother, who was standing near me.
I shook my head, muttering something about having to return them forthwith.
"We must not be unrelenting, Carey," said she.
"But I will never use them, mamma."
"Give them to me then. I will keep them among my other family treasures."
I could not refuse, but I have never seen them since.
(To be continued.)

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

AT HOME WITH SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

II.

Thackeray has been referred to in the course of these rambling remarks, and one always thinks that he too would in his good moments have been a good companion, and would have left behind him at the door, on going out, some rare bit of humor or pathos. The late Joseph Howe told me once that he did not find Thackeray agreeable; that he was cold and distant and easily bored, and that he was not pleasant to strangers. One can hardly fancy any man being cold and distant to the most humorous and genial of Canadian statesmen who had himself the literary faculty in as high a degree as it has ever been attained to by any of our public men. But perhaps the circumstances were not quite favorable, or the great novelist may not have been in good health—he suffered a good deal in his later years. For surely no man possessed a rarer social faculty, or was fonder of society and mild conviviality than he. Here is a story of Thackeray that has never been told, I believe. He was lecturing on the Georges in the United States, and we know that his pictures were not at all flattering; indeed they were scathing in their scorn, particularly as to George IV. But some people in Halifax wanted him to come there and lecture also. He refused. And there the people who invited him, if I remember rightly, abused him roundly for his disloyal sentiments towards their Majesties the Georges, and wrote in the papers to say that he would never dare to deliver his lectures in England. But he did, and he charged a guinea a ticket for them too, and had the most distinguished audiences in the empire. Macaulay attended one of them and seeing him in the front row Thackeray whispered to some friends, "Five pounds to any man who will get Macaulay out of the room." There is always that melancholy reflection for a public lecturer, or reader, or writer now-a-days, that there is pretty sure to be somebody in the hall who knows more than he does. There are probably no stronger incentives to what is popularly known as the literary life than Thackeray's books. I think he was not only the giver to us of great literary works, but that he was the cause of an immense quantity of literature in others. His books are full of literary men; some of them able and some of them mere hacks, and some of them loose enough as we all know; but somehow one seldom finds that they are not gentlemen. His lectures are mostly about literary men, the best, the highest, the most fascinating of all English literature. Books are written and reviewed in his books; newspapers are started and edited in his books—he gave the name to the present *Pall Mall Gazette*,—and the air is the air of literature as well as the air of society. In fact it is the air of London and that includes all. Hence it is that Mr. Thackeray's books are favorites with all literary men, much more so than Mr. Dickens', or any other modern writer. And such a variety of kindly, honest, loveable people as we meet there, people out of many countries and from many periods of social history. In one book, the noblest in all English fiction, we meet Mr. Joseph Addison and Mr. Richard Steele, Corporal Steele—Dick Steele, both perhaps at times a little the worse for Burgundy. Dr. Swift comes bullying, and sneering, and insulting everyone, elbowing his way through life, scornful and full of rage and hate against mankind—with just that little touch of tenderness for Stella—for Stella whom he loved and wronged and was cruel to. And, vivid as life, we have the picture of the young Pretender, the young Pretender who just lost his chance of being King by being a fribble and a fool. Let me give you one scene from "Esmond" which is the book I refer to. It is, I think, one of the most striking in literature of its kind. Queen Anne was dying. The Tory Party, and some of the Whigs too, were ready to recall the Stuarts. The young Chevalier had been brought into England by the Esmonds and had slept at their house. Miss Beatrice Esmond captivated him, that is stirred up in his foolish, frivolous mind a foolish and frivolous passion. He sent her away; and the very night the Queen died when the young Prince ought to have been waiting for his friends and his kingdom, he was dancing off to Castlewood after Beatrice. Thither Henry Esmond the elder and George his half brother followed him. And this is what occurred.
"If Your Majesty will please to enter the next apartment," says Esmond, preserving his grave tone, "I have some papers which I would gladly submit to you, and by your kind permission I shall lead the way;" and taking the taper up and backing before the Prince with very great ceremony, Mr. Esmond passed into the chaplain's little room through which we had just entered the house. "Please to set a chair for His Majesty, Frank," says the Colonel to his companion, who wondered almost as much at this scene and was as much puzzled by it as the other actor in it. Then going to the crypt over the mantel-piece, the Colonel opened it and drew thence the papers which so long had lain there. "Here, may it please Your Majesty," said he, "is the patent of Marquis sent over by your royal father at St. Germain to Viscount Castlewood my father; here is the witnessed certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening; I was christened of that religion of which your sainted sire gave all through life so shining example. These are my titles, dear Frank, and this is what I do

with them; here go baptism and marriage, and here the Marquisate and august sign manual with which your predecessor was pleased to honor our race." And as Esmond spoke he set the papers burning in the brazier. "You will please, sir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours; that my grandfather spent his estate and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my dear lord's grandfather (for lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honor to your wicked, perjured race, sent all her wealth to the King, and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes and this inestimable yard of blue ribbon. I lay this at your feet and stamp on it; I draw this sword and break it and deny you; and had you completed the wrong you designed us, by Heaven I would have driven it through your heart and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth."

I always think that is one of the finest of dramatic scenes. It is so real, so earnest, so dignified, so suggestive. It is one of the finest scenes in a fine book; the little I have extracted only indicates it to those who have read it already.

In the "Virginians" we have the descendants of these characters repeated. George the Second is on the Throne, the dapper little hero who wanted to fight His Majesty of Prussia in single combat. And young Harry Esmond, grandson of the brave gentleman of Queen Anne's wars whose bones are dust by the banks of the Potomac, comes to England. He is welcomed there in a peculiar fashion by his relatives, but kindly at heart by the old Baroness Bernstein who is the Beatrix Esmond of old time, now old and snuffy and selfish and humbled, and fond of nothing but cards and wine—an awful sermon on the old text of *vanitas vanitatum*. And Harry comes with James Wolfe to Quebec and aids in the capture of that famous stronghold. I never come up the river, as I have come of a sunny day, or gazed upon the high cliffs from Point Levis, without forgetting all the history of the place except the part which is not history at all, but which is only fiction, and yet is more vivid than any history. And I think of Harry Esmond jingling his spurs and sword about the grounds, while little Hester Lambert is weeping at home; and weeping too the lady whom James Wolfe left behind him, and who was never to see him again. And at home in England Dr. Johnson walks about puffing and blowing and saying "Sir" to everybody, and contradicting everyone and soiling his shirt-front with soups and sweets to the great delight of the ladies with whom he was dining. And old Mr. Richardson who wrote "Clarissa," was toddling about Bath with a coterie of ladies at his heels and at his elbow weeping over his sentimentalities. Books like these cannot die. They cannot be bad. They are a liberal education for those who can do no better. They are a delight and a recreation to those whose education is of the best. We cannot have Thackeray at the door with us any more. He has passed over the threshold beyond which there is no returning. But we have his books, and even five minutes at a time with them will give pleasure to the day.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

Ottawa.

LITERARY.

M. VICTOR HUGO has made an ascent in the captive balloon. He was never in a balloon before.

KINGSLAKE ascribes much of his love of the East to his mother reading Homer to him in his childhood.

M. DE REMUSAT is publishing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the MSS. of his grandmother, a lady in the Empress Josephine's household, which contains some curious details on Napoleon's conjugal relations.

THE historian Gregorovius is now, the *Academy* says, engaged on a life of Pope Urban VIII., and has collected many important documents elucidating the policy pursued by that pontiff during the thirty years' war.

A PERFECT set of the first editions of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," "Stones of Venice," and "Seven Lamps of Architecture," comprising nine royal octavo volumes, is now worth in the London book market the extraordinary sum of \$5,000, or a little more than \$555 a volume.

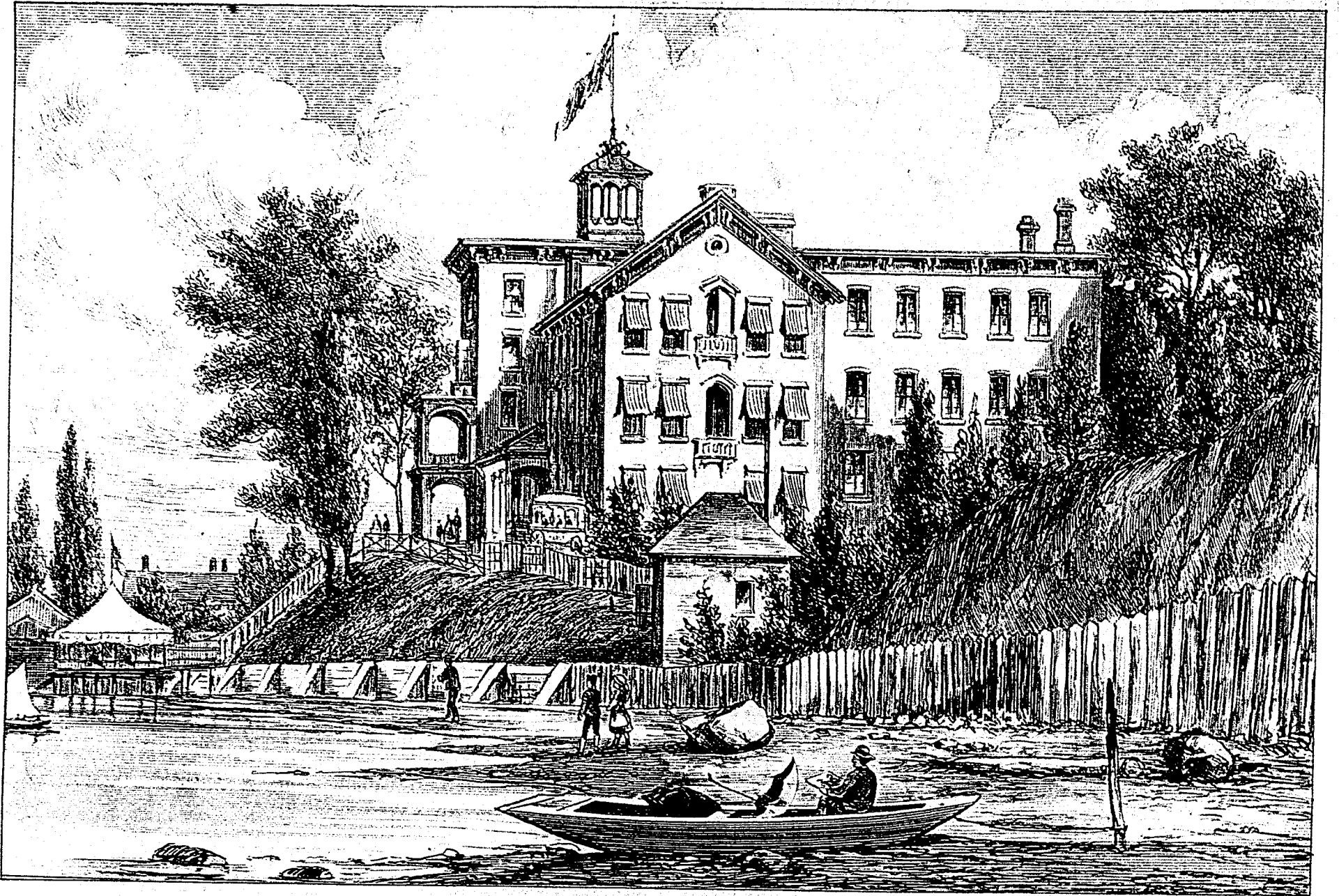
A PEN WORTH RECOMMENDING.

We have been favoured with samples of the celebrated Spencerian Double Elastic Steel Pens, and after trying them feel justified in highly commending them to our readers. They are made of the best steel, and by the most expert workmen in England, and have a national reputation for certain desirable qualities which no other pens seem to have attained in so great perfection, among which are uniform evenness of point, durability, flexibility, and quill action. It is thus quite natural that the Spencerian should be preferred and used by professional penmen, in business colleges, counting rooms, government offices, public schools, and largely throughout the country. Indeed, so popular have they become, that of the "Number One" alone, as many as eight millions are sold annually in the United States.

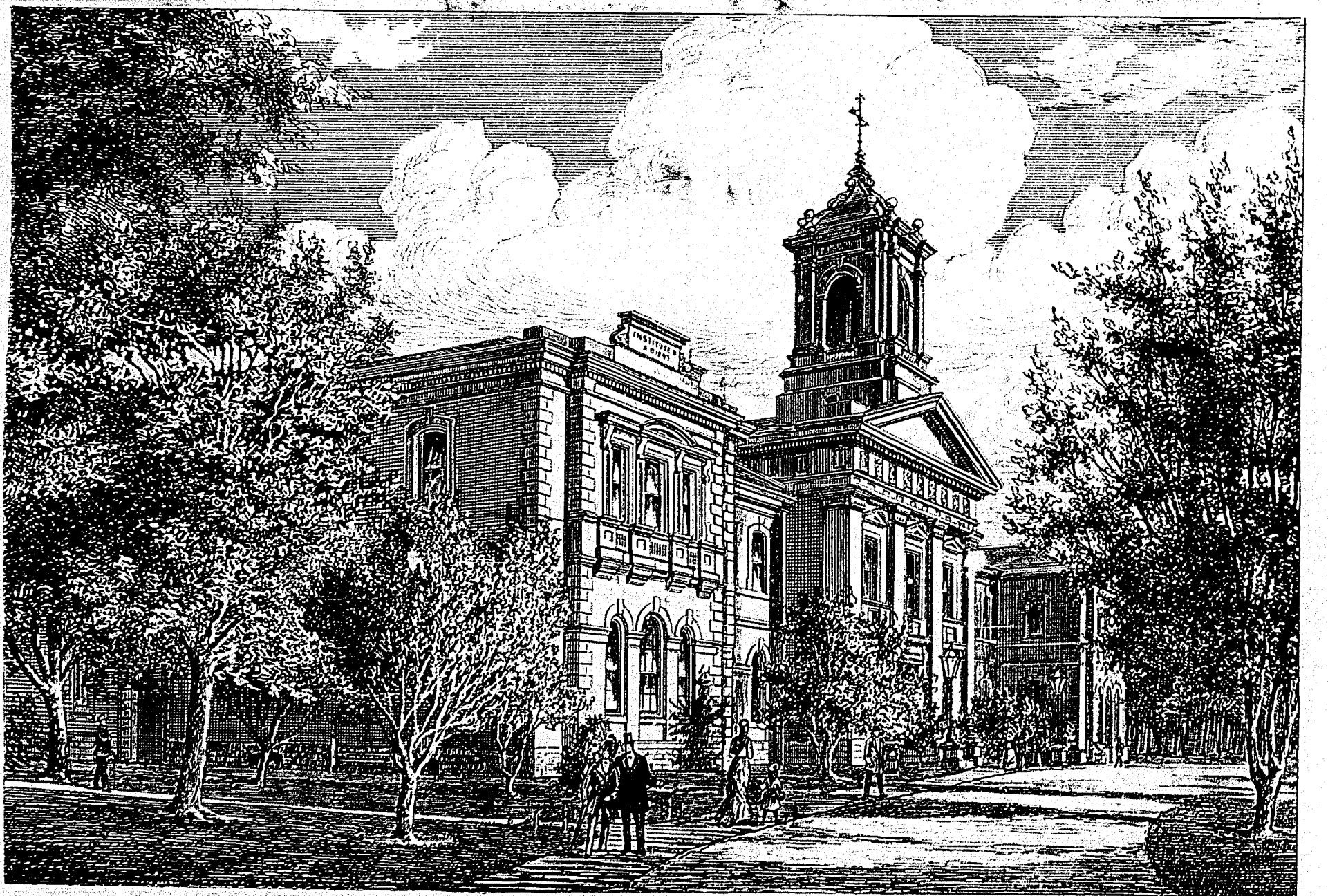
The Spencerian Pens may be had, as a rule, from any dealer; but, when not thus obtainable, the agents, Messrs. Alexander Buntin & Co., 245 St. Paul Street, Montreal, will send for trial, sample of each of the twenty numbers on receipt of twenty cents.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Eruptions on the face, so annoying to the young and baffling to medical skill, can be completely cured by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic, potash, or any injurious drug; nor, except the disease, do they affect the system in any way, save as a tonic. Box containing 120 pills, with full directions, mailed to any part of Canada for one dollar. Address W. HEARN, Chemist, Ottawa.



NIAGARA.—QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL.



TORONTO.—THE NORMAL SCHOOL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.



IN MEMORIAM.

LORD CHELMSFORD.

Lord Chelmsford is the eldest son of the late Baron, the Right Honourable Frederic Thesiger, for some time Lord Chancellor of England. The latter was the only surviving son of the late Mr. Charles Thesiger, at one time Collector of Customs in the Island of St. Vincent. The Lord Chancellor's story is a fair illustration of the accidents as well as of the opportunities that sometimes meet or overtake men in the course of their lives. He was a nephew of Captain Sir Frederic Thesiger, who was A.D.C. to Nelson at the Battle of Copenhagen, at which memorable engagement the future Lord Chancellor was also present. After the Battle of Trafalgar, when the navies of Europe had either been sunk or seized by the fleets of the United Kingdom, young Thesiger left the service to look after his own or his father's coffee plantations in the Island of St. Vincent. During his residence there, in 1812, a violent earthquake occurred, accompanied with a frightful eruption of the Soufrier Mountain, which desolated a large part of the Island and utterly destroyed the Thesiger plantations. "My occupation is gone," said young Thesiger to a relation of the writer's. "I shall return to England." He went to London, and, having entered as a student at Gray's Inn, was called to the Bar in 1818. He was a singularly handsome man, with a taste alike for hard study and wholesome enjoyment. After his admission as a barrister, he went the Home Circuit, and eventually became the leader. If, however, it was a frightful earthquake that changed his plan of life, it was a sudden illness that paved his way to promotion. He had been retained as junior counsel in an important civil suit that was set down for trial on a fixed day at the town of Chelmsford. Witnesses from abroad were in attendance. No postponement of the trial could be made without serious present loss and prospective risk. On the afternoon of the day preceding the trial the senior counsel was taken suddenly and seriously ill. It was hopeless to think of his attending court, as he was unable to leave his bed. The parties to the cause found themselves in an unlooked-for dilemma, and got out of it with commendable wisdom. Would Mr. Thesiger take the responsibility of conducting the whole case? He did so, and with such marked ability and success as to win compliments and congratulations from the Bar and the Bench. Briefs and retainers flowed in upon him on all sides, and his career was rapid and assured. An earthquake, so to speak, had made him a lawyer, and an illness had given him the opportunity of showing of what intellectual stuff he was made. Moreover, it furnished him with an introduction to the House of Commons and eventually it landed him on the Wool-sack, thus making him the keeper of the King's conscience and the presiding Peer of the House of Lords.

The eldest son of the late Lord Chancellor was in command at the Cape when his father died, in 1878, and consequently he succeeded to the title during a season of great anxiety and hard work. The good fortune that seemed to hedge the life of the father did not in the same degree appear to wait on that of the son, who for some reason or other did not appear to command the success which he deserved. There can be no doubt that Lord Chelmsford is an accomplished soldier. He has been a diligent student of the science and a dashing exponent of the practice of war. His written instructions exhibit the clearness of his mind, and the comprehensiveness of his acquaintance with all the duties that a soldier may be called on to perform. Lord Chelmsford's record is singularly bright, for it includes distinguished services in Europe, Asia and Africa. That he has been unfortunate in his latest command is not to be denied. Nevertheless, he has borne such misfortunes with a reticence and a dignity which all must feel and some will praise. Much of the blame which has been cast at him should no doubt have fallen elsewhere. The dead, however, cannot defend themselves. The tangle will, sooner or later, be unravelled, and the responsibility for such a disaster as that at Isandula, or of such looseness as that which resulted in the death of the Prince Imperial, will eventually rest exactly in the place and on the shoulders where they ought to lie. In the meanwhile we, in common with our fellow-subjects in the British Islands, rejoice greatly that the latest battle, and, we trust, the crowning victory of the Zulu war, should have been fought and won under the personal command of Lord Chelmsford.

Lord Chelmsford's brother, The Right Honourable Alfred Henry, is one of the Lord-Justices of Appeals, while his sister, Lady Inglis, is the widow of Sir John Inglis, who commanded at Lucknow during the memorable siege at the crisis of the Indian mutiny. Though few of us may have seen Sir John Inglis, many of us may remember the radiant, dashing Lieutenant of the 32nd Regiment by his unforgotten soubriquet of "Jack Inglis of the Lillywhites." Hackets, cricket, sport and fun, whether in winter or summer, at Montreal or Toronto, seemed to acquire glow and zest from the bright companionship of "Jack of Ours." That a light heart may lodge beneath a calm head is true enough; but it is, nevertheless, to connect the resolute commander of that beleaguered town in India with the mirth-making, laughter-loving Lieutenant in Canada. Earthquakes do not afford aid to everybody. If they can be turned to account it is well. Opportunities generally come to all, and when they discover the true metal who use the occasion when it arrives and show themselves equal to its requirements.

Ottawa.

F. T.

A LAKE TRIP.

In no way is the love of water better shown by Torontonians than in their large patronage of the steamers that make trips daily to the various points of interest. The oldest and still perhaps the most popular is that to Niagara. The Niagara Navigation Company's Steamers *Chicora* and *City of Toronto* (of the former of which we give a sketch on another page) are fine boats. The latter—*The City*—as she is familiarly called, was built in 1864, by Shickluna, of St. Catharines, for the late Capt. Duncan Milloy, expressly for this route. She is now commanded by his son, Capt. W. A. Milloy. *The City* has long been a favourite with the people and notwithstanding the rivalry existing commands a large share of patronage. She is well fitted up and fair to look at. The *Chicora* was formerly the *Letter B*—the famous blockade runner—for which service she was originally built. She is a Clyde built steel steamer—the largest on the lakes and carrying the only marine double oscillating engine on lake waters. The war ended, her occupation gone, she became a packet on the upper lakes, and last year was purchased by her present owners. To suit the trade she had to be greatly altered. The cabins were removed and promenade deck room substituted in great part. The saloons are fitted up not only with taste but with elegance, making a pleasant lounging place in disagreeable weather. The decks are large and the steadiness of the boat makes promenading a pleasure. Captain Harbottle, formerly of the Ontario and Kichie-u Line, is in command. This line is not only used by pleasure parties, but is also a connecting link between Toronto and the Canada Southern and New York Central Railways, landing passengers at Lewiston and at the old town of Niagara, which is within short distance of the Falls. Both boats are staunch and sea worthy, having been tested many times in some of the worst moods of treacherous Ontario.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Several communications to hand. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 230.

T. D. P., Ottawa.—Letter received. Thanks.

B., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Thanks They will be very useful.

A match between Mr. W. N. Potter, one of our strongest English amateurs, and Mr. James Mason, of New York, was begun at the City Chess Club on Monday last June 16. The games are to be played in the City and at Simpson's Divan alternately, with a time limit of fifteen moves an hour to each side, and the winner of five games will be declared the victor.—Illustrated London News.

We may add, as regards the match above referred to that the first and second games played by the contestants, Messrs. Mason and Potter, ended in draws, owing, it is stated, to a determination on the part of both players to adhere to that extreme care in their moves which is very necessary in match games, but which rarely leads to interesting and exciting positions. Two games subsequently played were won by Mr. Potter, and a third game was adjourned, but was said to be in favour of Mr. Mason.

The foregoing particulars we obtain from *Land and Water*, which, in speaking of Mr. Mason, says that his reputation was not in any way upheld by his Paris games, but has been fully justified since his residence in London. It is, also, stated that in a little match at the Divan with Mr. Blackburne, Mr. Mason recently won two out of three games.

SCORE OF THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

Table with columns for Won, Dr., and America, Great Britain, and London.

The news of the untimely death of the Prince Imperial will be received with much regret by all chess-players. Following the traditions of his house, he was a chess amateur, and it is but lately that he took part in a game contested against Dr. Zukertort, who played blind fold. Whether he would, if spared, have become proficient is a question that must now remain unsolved, but that he would, had opportunity offered, have imitated the munificence of Napoleon III. at the Paris Congress of 1867 there can be little doubt.—Land and Water.

At the Manhattan Chess Club, one day this week, Mr. Grundy, of Manchester, England, and Mr. Ryan, indulged in a lively encounter at what, in courtesy and because the chess board and men were employed, we will call "Chess." Between the hours of 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. these gentlemen contested eighty-eight games of a sort of go-as-you-please chess.—Turf, Field and Farm.

The Agr Argus and Express says:

"The Nuova Revista degli Scacchi for this month opens with a notice of the Correspondence Tourney between England and America. It publishes six of the games played, giving to each copious notes. It is pleasant to see that the efforts of the managers of this tourney are appreciated in other countries whatever they may be in this."

PARIS PROBLEM TOURNEY.

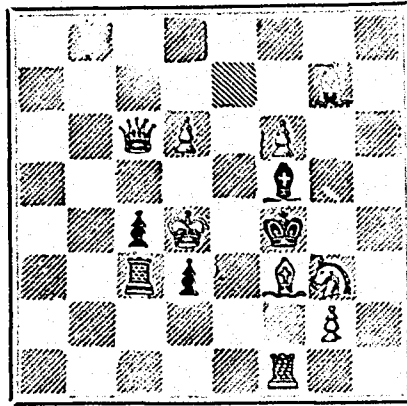
The winners are as follows:

- First prize, M. Emile Pradignat, Saint Jean d'Angely France.
Second prize, Herr J. Berger, Graz, Austria.
Third prize, Herr Fritz von Geyerstam, Sweden.
Fourth prize, Anonymus (Set mea culpa).
Prize for best problem in Tourney, M. W. Nielsen.
Prize for the problem with the most variation, Dr. C. Moor.

Honorable Mention, Mr. Pradignat, Mr. Samuel Loyd, Mr. Coates, Herr C. Bayer and Mr. Finlayson.

PROBLEM No. 235.

By ARGO BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 376TH.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game played between Mr. J. E. Narraway, of St. John, N.B., and Mr. G. P. Black, of Halifax, N.S. (Ruy Lopez.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Narraway) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. B to Q Kt 5, 4. B to Q R 4, 5. Castles, 6. R to K sq, 7. B takes Kt, 8. Kt takes K P, 9. P to Q 4, 10. Q to K B 3, 11. P to Q B 3, 12. Q Kt to Q 2, 13. Kt to Q 3, 14. Q takes Q, 15. Kt to K B 3, 16. B to Q 2, 17. R to K 2, 18. Q R to K sq (b), 19. P to Q Kt 3, 20. P to Q R 4, 21. P takes P, 22. R to Q Kt sq (c), 23. B to K 3, 24. R from K2 to QKt2 (d), 25. R takes P, 26. Kt takes P, 27. Kt takes Kt, 28. B to Q 2, 29. R takes R, 30. R to Kt 3, 31. R to Q 3, 32. B to Q B 3, 33. B takes B, 34. P to K R 3, 35. R to Q 2 (f), 36. P to Q B 5, 37. P to Q B 6, 38. P to Q B 7.
BLACK.—(Mr. Black) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P to Q R 3 (a), 4. Kt to K B 3, 5. Kt takes P, 6. Kt to Q B 4, 7. Q P takes B, 8. B to K 2, 9. Kt to K 3, 10. Castles, 11. Q to Q 4, 12. P to K B 3, 13. K B to Q 3, 14. P takes Q, 15. P to Q B 3, 16. B to Q 2, 17. Q R to K sq, 18. P to Q R 4, 19. P to Q Kt 3, 20. P takes P, 21. P to K R 3, 22. R to Q Kt sq, 23. B to K 3, 24. P to K Kt 4 (e), 25. Q B P takes P, 26. Kt to K B 5, 27. P takes R, 28. R takes R, 29. K B to Q B 4, 30. B to Q R 5, 31. R to Q 3, 32. B to Q Kt 5, 33. P takes B, 34. B to K sq, 35. B to K B 2, 36. B takes R P, 37. R to Q R sq, 38. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) The best move, according to the authorities.
(b) Something must result from all this warlike preparation.
(c) The proper move at this point.
(d) White's position, now, is much the better of the two.
(e) Black, we think, might have found a safer move than this, which evidently breaks up his game.

GAME 377TH.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

Played between Mr. H. Williams, Wrexham, Wales, and Mr. William Olcott, Hartford, Conn., U. S.

- WHITE.—(Williams) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4, 3. B to Q B 4, 4. K to B sq, 5. Kt to Q B 3, 6. P to Q 3, 7. Kt to K B 3, 8. P to K R 4, 9. P to K 5, 10. Kt to K, 11. P to Q 5, 12. Kt to K 4, 13. Q to K 2, 14. Q takes Kt, 15. Q to K 2, 16. B to Q 2, 17. P to B 3, 18. Kt to Q 3, 19. P takes B, 20. B to Kt 3, 21. B to Q R 5, 22. P to Q 4, 23. Q to K 3, 24. B takes Kt, 25. P to K Kt 3.
BLACK.—(Olcott) 1. P to K 4, 2. P takes P, 3. Q to R 5 (ch), 4. P to K Kt 4, 5. B to K Kt 2, 6. P to B 4, 7. Q to R 4, 8. P to K R 3, 9. P to K Kt 5, 10. P takes P, 11. P to Q B 3, 12. Kt to K B 3, 13. Kt takes Kt, 14. B to K B 4, 15. Castles, 16. Kt to Q 2, 17. K R to K sq, 18. H takes Kt, 19. P to Q Kt 4, 20. Kt to B 3, 21. P to K 5, 22. P to B 6, 23. Kt takes P, 24. Q takes P, 25. B takes B.
White resigns. —Hartford Times.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 31.

- WHITE. 1. B to Q 5, 2. R to Q 8, 3. B or R mates.
BLACK. 1. K takes P (a), 2. K moves, (a) 1. K takes B, 2. K moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 229.

- WHITE. 1. K to K B 3, 2. R checks, 3. B mates.
BLACK. 1. B to K Kt 2, 2. K to K 4.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 232

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



REGULATIONS

Respecting the Disposal of Certain Dominion Lands for the Purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

OTTAWA, July 9th, 1879.

Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 16 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:

- 1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purpose of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.
2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:
(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;
(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt A, to be called belt B;
(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;
(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and
(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.
3. "The Dominion lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.
4. "The lands in belt B shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty-acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of the westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of \$2.50 [two dollars and fifty cents] per acre. Railway lands proper, being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held for sale at five dollars per acre.
5. "The even-numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of 80 acres each, in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be \$2.50 [two dollars and fifty cents] per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be \$3.00 [three dollars and fifty cents] per acre.
6. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emption shall be at the rate of \$2 [two dollars] per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in the belts B and C, of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of \$2 [two dollars] per acre.
7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the price of pre-emption of railway lands to be at the uniform rate of \$1 [one dollar] per acre.
8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E shall be as follows, viz.: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.
9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz.: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase, the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.
10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colony (on railway connected therewith), viz.:
a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.
b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.
11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.
12. "Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.
13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.
14. "The above regulations it will, of course, be understood, will not affect sections 11 and 20, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 20, Hudson's Bay Company lands.
15. "Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior, J. S. DENNIS, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. LINDSAY RUSSELL, Surveyor-General.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, Commencing 14th July 1879.

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" Newcastle	11.40 "
" Moncton	2.00 A.M.
" St. John	6.00 "
" Halifax	10.35 "

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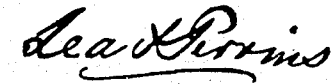


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Express Trains for Hull at	9.30 and 5.00	
Arrive at Hull at	2.00 p.m. and 9.30	
Express Trains from Hull at	9.10 and 4.45	
Arrive at Hochelaga at	1.40 p.m. and 9.15	
Train for St. Jerome at	5.30 p.m.	
Train from St. Jerome at	7.00 a.m.	

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Eastern Division.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18th. Trains will be run on this Division as follows:—

EXPRESS.		MIXED.
Leave Hochelaga	4.30 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers	7.45 p.m.	11.30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers	8.00 p.m.	4.30 a.m.
Arrive Quebec	10.45 p.m.	9.00 a.m.

RETURNING.		
Leave Quebec	2.20 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers	5.10 p.m.	11.20 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers	5.25 p.m.	3.25 p.m.
Arrive Hochelaga	8.40 p.m.	8.30 p.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.
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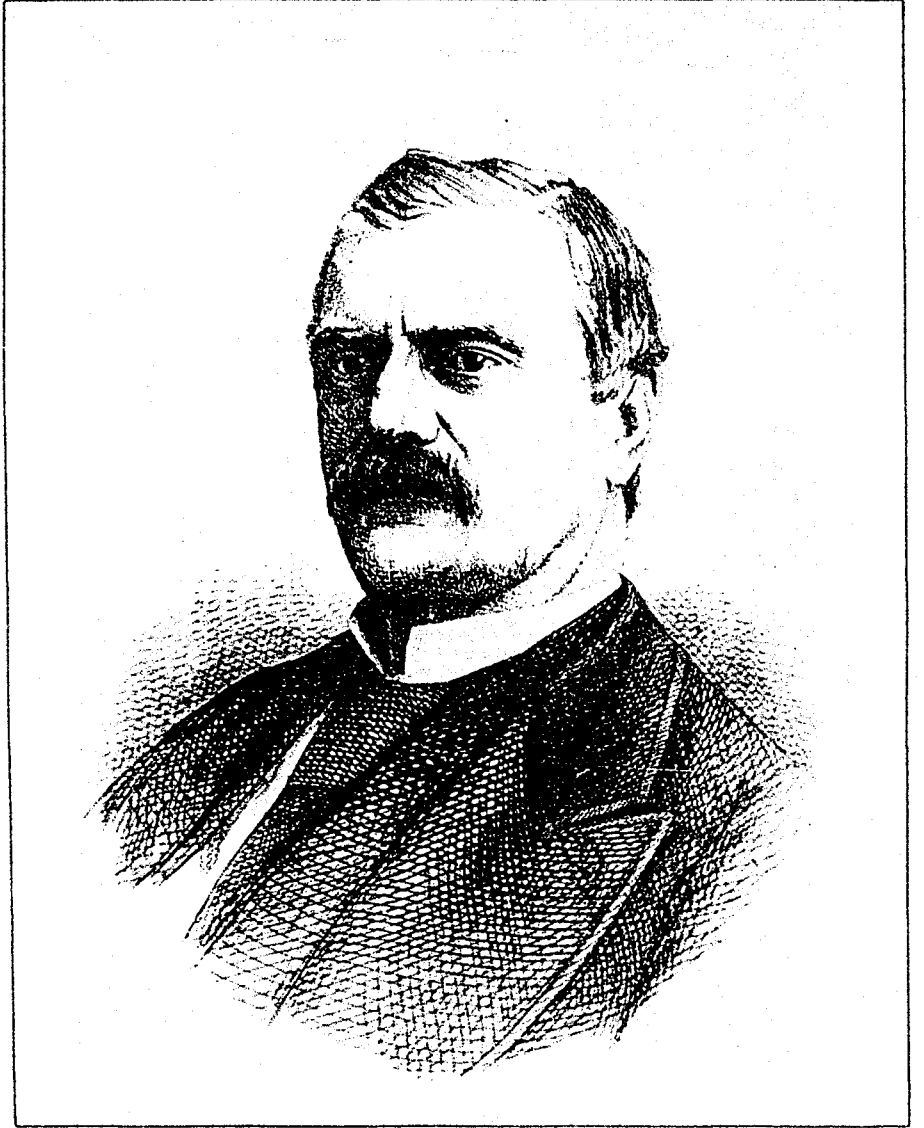
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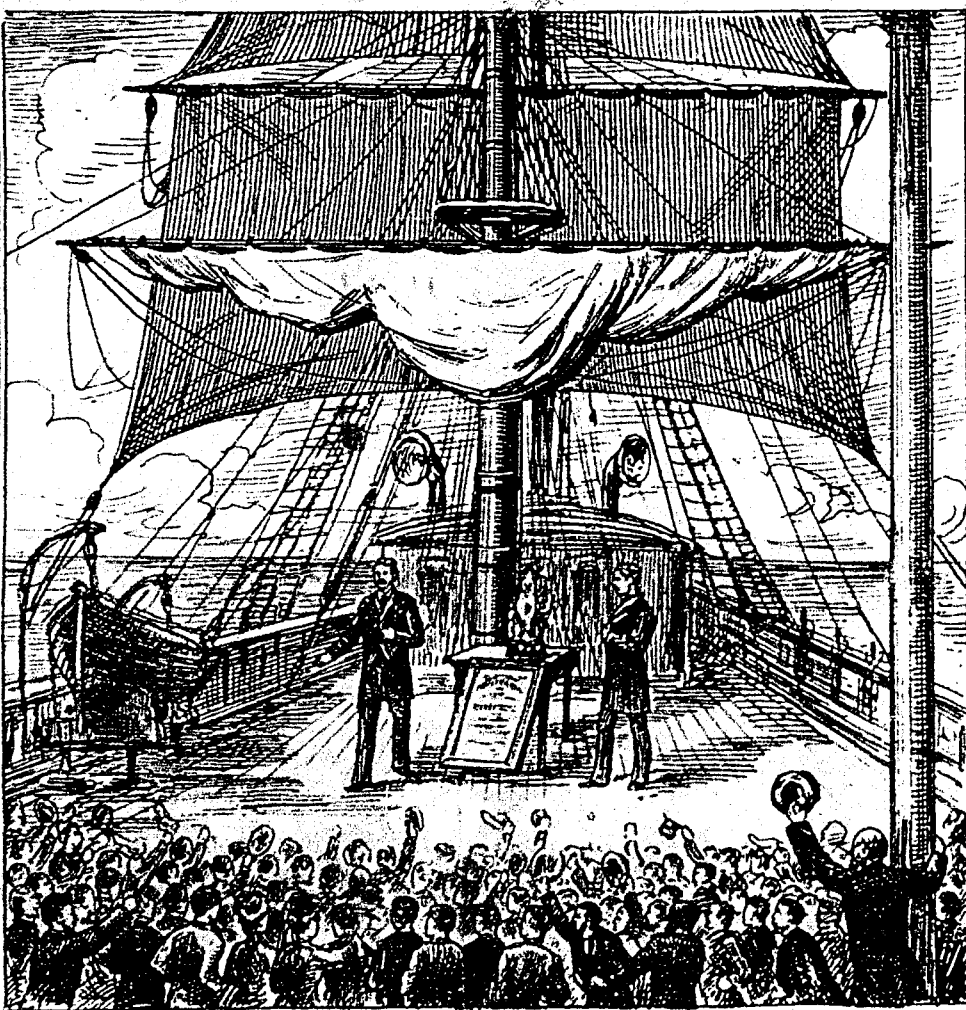


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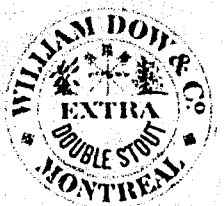
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