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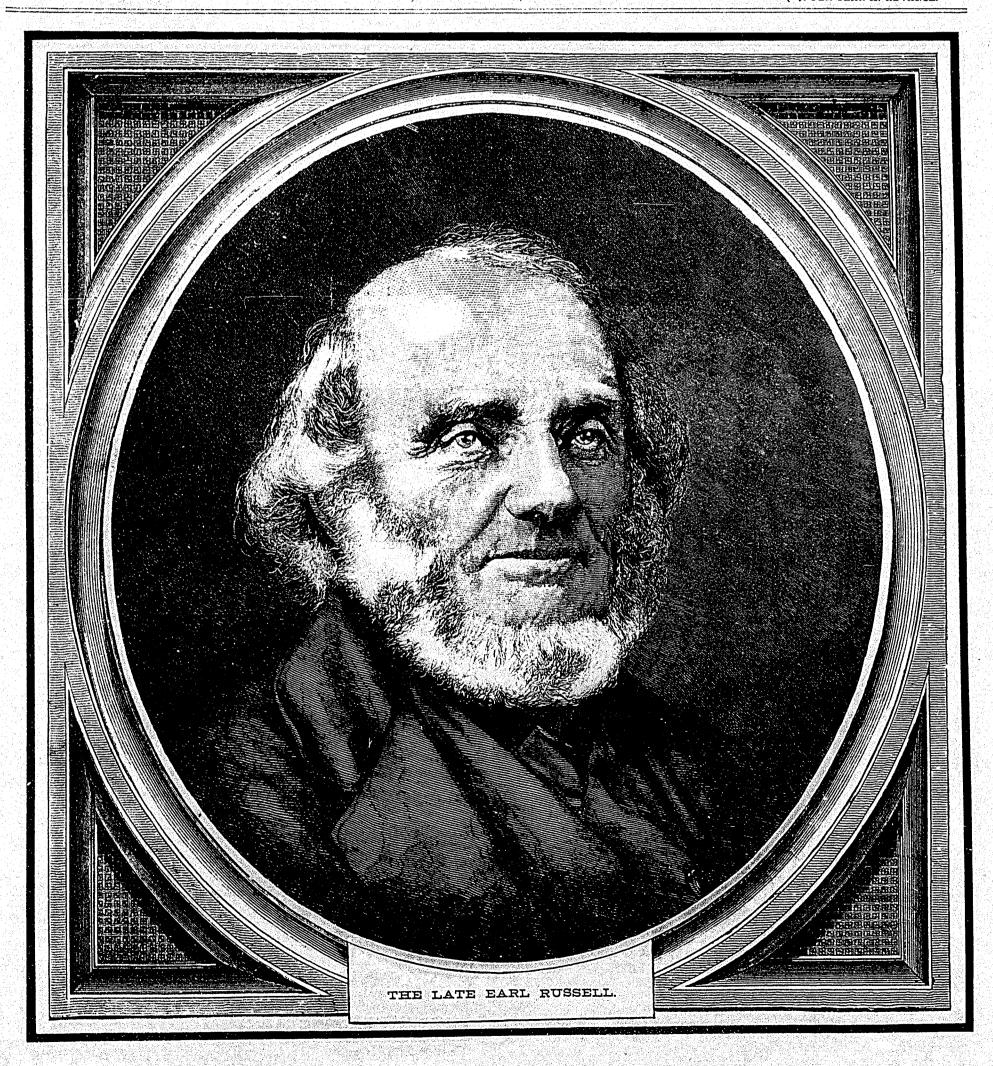
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878.

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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, June 22, 1878.

#### RELIGIOUS DELENSION.

THOMAS SCOTT, A.M., T.C.D., sends us through the Religious Societies offices, Dublin, the following scheme which we publish and commend to those who are devoted to religious direction and influences :-- Every calm and dispassionate observer must see with deep sorrow and concern the great and gradual decline that has taken place in the practical profession of true religion, during the past generation of thirty years. The fruits are an abundant proof of this statement, and the statistics of crime clearly verify the alarming observation. It behooves, therefore, every philanthropist to consider this formidable evil, and to devise or discover some means by which this calamity may be abated. and society saved from further degradation. He attributes this decline and change for the worse to insufficient and inconstant religious instruction of the young of all classes, and the setting up of the god of this world instead of the God of Creation-the All-wise and merciful Jehovah. In former times it was the practice and custom of Ministers in many places, to catechise the youth of their respective parishes or districts, for two hours on a week day, set apart for that holy and sacred purpose. And the good effects of try cannot secure a copyright in the Bri such instruction are to be seen to this day, in the holy lives of those who have enjoyed that inestimable and imperishable benefit. He would, under the deepest sense of humility and responsibility, recommend all Ministers of the Gospel to introduce, or revive universally, a weekly course of Catechetical Instruction in the most essential and saving truths of the Gospel of Christ, for one or two hours on every Saturday, so as not to exclude the more advanced in years from the profitableness of this course of instruction. He mentions Saturday as the most suitable day for this most valuable improvement and instruction.

First-Because the Spiritual duties of the Sanctuary of the Lord's Day are alone sufficient to employ all the powers of Ministers in the efficient discharge of their sacred offices, and all the youth of every class in the exclusively spiritual exercises of Devotion on the Holy Day.

Secondly-That instruction on Saturday is the best preparation for the Spiritnal observance of the Sabbath, both for Ministers and pupils.

Thirdly—That, as Saturday is generally a half holiday, and as half that day is spent in sports and play, half of the play time might be spent in the service of Him "whom to know is life eternal," and in acquiring that "wisdom which maketh wise unto salvation."

Fourthly-That, as a prize is not inconsistent with our Heavenly calling, a handsome and suitable reward should be offered to the best answerer; one for every twelve pupils, including male and female, and signed by the officiating min-

And Fifthly, and lastly.—That as intellectual earthly acquirements are rewarded and valued among men, so those spiritual gifts and knowledge of Divine things them, by their holy life and Godly conversation.

He believes that if these suggestions would be carried out generally and universally, by those "who call themselves Christians," a wonderful and marvellous change for the better would take place in the world, and a new era would commence in this generation, on which God himself would set his seal of approval, by turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. The great and good end in view is certainly worth the experiment, and he prays that God may put it into the hearts of the ministers and people to try it in every land. without delay, wherever and to whomsoever the knowledge of his Epistle reaches.

#### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

The following is what we gather from our English exchanges in regard to this very important matter :--

The Royal Commissioners on Copyright, in their report to Her Majesty, recommend that where a work has been first published in any British possession, the proprietor of such work shall be entitled to the same privileges as if publication had first taken place in the United Kingdom. Such an alteration in the law would be only a tardy act of justice to Colonial authors; for, as the Commissioners point out, "a French author can publish in France, and subsequently, upon the performance of certain conditions, such as registration, secure himself against piracy of his work through the British Empire, while the Colonial author can neither secure his property in the United Kingdom nor France. unless he first publishes in the United Kingdom." The proposal that so great an anomaly should be removed by enact ment will meet with general approval but, at the same time, if the grievance had ever been severely felt in the Colonies, it is fair to assume that long ago they would have taken steps to obtain a remedy. At the present moment a British author whe first publishes a work in a foreign countish dominions. This disability applies also to dramatic pieces and musical compositions. The Commissioners, recognizing the hardship of this state of the law, recommend that a British author who first publishes a work abroad should be allowed to copyright it in Great Britain within three years of the date of its original publication. The rights of foreign authors are to a great extent determined by treaty; but irrespective of any special agreements between our own and other countries, the Commissioners recommend that aliens, unless domiciled here, should only be entitled to copyright for works tirst published in British dominions. It is not surprising that there should have been some difference of opinion among the Commissioners on this subject. Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, in a separate report, urges that the benefits of copyright should be extended " to all authors, with out regard to nation or to place and " time of first publication." This is perhaps anticipating a much more cosmopolitan state of opinion than exists at present. Upon some other points, however, the Commissioners make large concessions. M. GAVARD, on behalf of the French Government, proposed that the necessity for the registration and deposit of copies of French works in this country should be dispensed with. It appears that only England and Spain insist upon this condition; and as the Commissioners, after consulting Mr. WINTER JONES, the Librarian of the British Museum, came to the conclusion that the deposit of foreign books in that institution was of no practical value, they recommend that M. GAVARD'S proposition should be acted upon. They suggest that, if proof of copyright should ever be required, it

foreign authors for three years; and that, if they exercise this right, their works, including translations and adaptations of dramatic pieces, shall be protected against unauthorized translations for a period of ten years from the date of publication in England.

#### COLONIAL HONOURS.

MR. FROUDE, the historian, on the

strength of a short trip to South Africa, undertakes to lecture his countrymen on what he terms their neglect of the Colonies. Much of what he says may be true enough, but the remedies, such as they ire, which he suggests are very puerile. He begins by saying that "no colonists are admitted to our ancient orders of honour." He scorns for them the "spe cial" Order of St. Michael and St. George. "A colonist, of course, might not aspire to the Sublime Garter; but not one of them has even the 'Bath.'" He has also a suggestion to make with respect to the political connection of England and the Colonies. "We cannot now admit their representatives to the House of Commons. But there is a second House to which the objection does not apply. Why should we not have Colonial Peers ?" Whether, sarcastically asks a metropolitan paper, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal would object to receive a Duke of Ottawa, a Marquis of Toronto, or an Earl of Bendigo, with others of colonial title, Mr. Factor does not discuss. But he does think "there might be a proper reluctance in these young communities to introduce among themselves the hereditary dignities of the Old World. And to meet this "proper reluctance" he suggests that eminent men of the Colonies men of large fortune, distinguished politiciaus, the equals socially and intellectually of many of those whom we select at home for political canonization" - might be life peers. After the " Bath" and the peerage, Mr. FROUDE takes up the Privy Council and "the mere title of Right Honourable." " People like these feathers in their caps, and so do their friends for them." Fourthly "there are the various departments of the Civil Service. Let examinations be held in Melbourne and Sydney, Ortawa and Capetown." "The colonists would at once have an immediate interest in the active life of the Empire." Fifthly, Mr. FROUTE lays hold of the "English professions." "We have frish lawyers and doctors, Scotch lawyers and doctors, even American lawyers, in distinguished practice among us, we would gladly see Australians and Canadians added to the The new Medical Bill specially provides for the admission of colonial doctors. Sixthly the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are to invite colonial statents and found colonial scholarships, and thus insusible links will form more strong a thousand fold than the most ingenious political contrivances." Seventhly, use is to be made of the army and navy 'Might not a few commissions be granted to the Colonies with advantage! A few nominations to our training ships? Nay, we have Highland regiments, we have Irish regiments. Why not have the Forces, and was one of the four members of

In the Editorial Notes of a late issue, the Toronto Mail has the following very pertinent remarks which ought-to be circulated as widely as possible :- "That favourite little abbreviation, "Ont.," has much to answer for, and even the word spelled out in full, when it stands by itself, is probably doing this Province no small damage. During the Centennial year, we think it was, a European purchaser, being pleased with a certain machine, desired to order some, but saw no indication of the place of manufacture except the provoking abbreviation menshould be supplied by the production of tioned, which was as Greek to him, an attested copy of the foreign register, though he did know that the machine should be most highly esteemed and admired in all those who possess and adorn ditional right of translation be given to Fortunately a paper label attached gave commutation of titles in England; for the gen-

the name of a Buffalo printer, who had printed it, and by writing to Buffalo the intending purchaser got information that the machine he wanted was made in the Province of Ontario, Dominion of Canada. We wonder how many packages of Canadian butter and cheese are being sent to Europe this very season, with nothing but that mischievous hieroglyphic, "Ont.," to indicate whether they come from Canada or from the States ! On many pieces of Canadian machinery these letters are durably marked in the iron castings; and we suggest that it would be greatly to the interest of our manufacturers to have the word "Canada" either added or substituted, even at some little trouble and cost. As for stencil plates for marking flour barrels, butter casks, cheese boxes, &c., every one lacking the word ' Canada' should be immediately destroyed, and new ones with this important addition substi-

#### LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

There are few men who have occupied a more cominent position in the politics of Great Britain during the last fifty years than Earl Russell; and the announcement now made that he has finished his career will be received with regret, wherever his name, and influence were known. It is true that he had for several years past virtually retired from public life; and with the infirmity inseparable from four scote years he had latterly lived in perfect seclusion at Pembroke Lodge. Yet he retained to the last his interest in many national questions; and only a few days before his desth a most eventful period of his history was revived by the presentation of a congratulatory address from the Desenting Churches of the country on the fitteeth anniversary of the passing of the bill for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. The life of Lord Russell was as useful as it was protracted and now that he is numbered among the departed, he will be remembered for the good he did rather than for the failings which sometimes marked his political career.

Lord John Russell, as he was long so familiarly known, was the third son of the sixth Dukof Bedford, and was born in London in 1792 His early education was obtained in Westmin ster School, after which he was sent to Edmster School, after which he was sent to Edin-burgh University, which was at that time pro-ferred to the English ones by the great Whig families. In his earlier years he directed his attention to literature, and wrote his "History of the British Constitution," the "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Urrecht," and the "Life and Times of Charles James Fox." In his later years the "Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Furone." the Christian Religion in the West of Europe. "Recollections and Suggestions from 1819 to 776," and other works, proceeded from his pen.
The puditical cuter of Level John began when

only 21 years of age, he having to-ur elected in 1818 to represent in Parliament the family borough of Taxistock. In the year 1818 he made his first Pathamentary motion in the direction of reform, and until 1831 he almost yearly bringht the subject of before the House of Commons. In the latter year, after the testignation of the Duke of Wellington, and whyn Lord John had been made a Monster of the Crown, he had the imperishable honor of proposing this bill for the last time, and it became Around the measure is closely associated the history of those days, and when in 1832 the bill received the royal sauction, it was acknow ledged that the horrors of civil war had been nairowly averted. In the year 1828 he carried his motion for the topcal of the Test and Corporation A ts in the face of the opposition of the Duke of Wellington's Government, and in 1829 gave his support to the Koman Catholic Emer-cipation Bill.

The Ministry of Lord Grey accorded to office in 1880 after the general election consequent on the death of George IV. Lord John was a member of the Gavernment, was made Paymester of Australian regiments and Canadian regi the Government intrusted with the task of mants to viously referred to. He left offen with the Melbourne Government, the successor to that of Lord Grey, in 1834, and in the first year of opposition introduced a motion in favor of taking into consideration the temporalities of the Irish Church. It was opposed by the Government, but after a three nights debate was carried by a vote of 322 against 289. He followed this in a few days by a resolution in committee to the effect that any surplus which might remain after fully providing for the spiritual wants of the members of the Irish Church should go to the general education of Christians, and on the report of the committee being received by the whole House, the Government of Sir Robert Peel was dissolved, that of Lord Melbourne restored, and Russell became Home Secretary, with a scat in the Cabinet. In 1835 he brought in a bill for the reform of the municipalities of England and Wales, which was carried, and resulted in much good.

eral registration of marriages, births and deaths, and one for the amendment of the marriage laws, which enabled Dissenters to be married in their own chapels. In 1837 he carried a number of bills so amending the criminal law that capital punishment was removed from forgery and all crimes except seven, to which attention had been directed by that other great reformer, George Cruikshank. In 1839, on the breaking out of the Canadian rebellion, he exchanged the seals of the Home for those of the Colonial office, and sent over as administrator Lord Durhum, who recognized the right of the Canadas to self-government.

In the discussion which preceded the repeal of the Corn Laws he took an active part. In the year 1841 he, indeed, proposed a fixed duty on foreign corn, and a reduction on the sugar and timber duties, which caused the defeat of the Melbourne Government. His views, however, underwent an important change, and in 1845 he wrote to the electors of the city of London, which he then represented, announcing his conversion to the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws. The resignation of the Government of Sir Robert Peel immediately followed, and Lord John was commissioned to form a Ministry. He failed in the attempt to do this, owing to dissensions among the Whigs, and Sir Robert Peel again succeeded to office, and with the aid of Lord John carried his measure for the repeal of the Corn Laws. When the Tory party broke up in 1846 he formed a Whig Administration, in which he was Prime Minister. This office he sustained until 1852, during which period many important matters engaged the attention of both the Government and the country. In 1851 the Papal Bull was issued dividing England into Roman Catholic dioceses. This act called forth an earnest protest from the Premier in his celebrated "Durham Letter," followed by the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which passed both Houses of Parliament. His Government was defeated in 1852, when Lord Derby made an unsuccessful attempt to form a Ministry. On the formation of the Aberdeen Administration he recepted the post of Foreign Secretary, with the leadership in the House of Commons. In 1854, on the breaking out of the Crimean war, he was appointed Commissioner to the Vienna Congress, but became so unpopular by recommending terms of peace that by the pressure of public opinion, he was forced to leave the Ministry. He was afterwards identified with the Ministry of Lord Palmerston, and occupied respectively the positions of Home and Foreign Secretary. In his latter capacity he took a very decided stand in reference to the "Trent" affair, and strongly resisted the demands of the American Covernment regarding the "Alabama" In 1861 Lord John was called to the House of

Lords under the title of Earl Russell, and for several years he was a most regular and useful member of that House. His strength had latterly very rapidly declined, and full of years and of honors he has new passed to his reward. In stimating his character and services, it has been well said that he has left perhaps the fullest and most honorable record of any man of his time, and the greatest enlogy that can be given him is the mere repetition of his great accomplishments, which must ever stand an undying mon-ument to his honor. He was always true to Liberal principles, and was fearless in the enunciation of his views. In point of mere intellect and oratory he has doubtless had his superiors in both Houses of Parliament. But after every deduction has been made it must be allowed that Earl Russell made good his claim to being reckoned among the first class in the great array of his country's worthies. In debate he was fearless and effective, maintaining a not unequal battle with the greatest orators of his day. an administrator he was intelligent, attentive, and painstaking. As a state-sman he was wise in counsel, fertile in resource, perhaps not uniformly prudent in action, but always highminded, but sensitively conselentions. His purity of morals, as with his great rival, Sir Robert Peel, one chief source of his popularity and power with the great mass of the people, who in Britain, may admire, but do not trust nor particularly honor, the intellectually brilliant who are morally flagitious. Had he been less cold in temperament, and had he known better and perons management of human nature," he would have been even greater and more effective than were lost.

he was. But taking him all in all for the exact figures, it is believed at the present writing that 500 men were aboard, of whom 290 were lost. he was. But taking him all in all, few, if any, of the public men of Britain during the current century have laid their country under deeper or more lasting obligations than has John first

#### POLITICAL BUT NOT PARTISAN.

Any close observer of passing events must have seen that, since Confederation, the old Liberal Conservative principles so well understood, and acted upon, by the late Sir G. E. Cartier, have been gradually disappearing from amongst the political men of the Province of Quebec, and have been replaced by an illiberal and oppressive Conservatism, resembling the former about as much as a monkey does a man. It was this Conservativeism that politically killed Sir G. E. Cartier. He was not driven out by his constituents because he was conservative, but because he was liberal. The last remnant of this liberal conservativism was torn to pieces when the Hon. Mr. Chauveau was quietly, but firmly, squeezed out of his place as Prime Minister of the Provincial Government. Then came the new era, or, more properly speaking, avery oldera, was resuscitated has occupied his position since the regiment was

and brought back to life, and ghost-like it has been creeping through the country crushing out the liberties of the people, and destroying the freedom that "CARTIER" had laboured so hard

Other events have been passing equally eserving of our observation. The old toolish deserving of our observation. Rouge principles have gradually, but surely, disappeared, and been replaced by liberal principles represented by the Hon. Mr. Joly, who with his party, at the present moment, more truly represents the principles of Sir G. E. Cartier than does any other party now in the Province of Quebec, and as an old liberal conservative of the Cartier school, I do believe that the very best thing that can happen for this Province is that Mr. Joly and his Government should succeed. I know that the Hon. Mr. Chapleau is a truly liberal minded man, as are many of his followers; but I am equally certain that no matter what his desire might be, he would be powerless to carry out the numerous reforms which are so necessary for the well-being of the Province; should be attempt anything of the sort, he would meet the same fate that Mr. Chauveau did, and be crushed out by intrigue and foul play; for this reason, if for no other, I maintain that it is necessary Mr. Joly should succeed, and that he should have a liberal support from the old liberal conservative party, if there are any of that party remaining. For should Mr. Joly not succeed, and the Government of the Province fall into the hands of such weak, pliable men as have governed it since the time of Mr. Chauveau, the very first that will cry out against these men when they are powerless to overthrow them, will be the remnant of the old liberal conservative party. And without knowing anything of Mr. Price motives for giving his support to Mr. Joly, I venture to say he has done so on the principle of an old liberal conservative. I never met Mr. Joly but once in my life and that is many years ago, but when I read of "the mistake" he made with the rioters in Quebec, I said God bless him, pity there were not more to make such mistakes no danger, such "mistakes," are few and far between. LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

COLLISION OF THE IRONCLAD. -- A terrible naval calamity occurred in the British Channel. off Folkestone, England, on the morning of Friday, May 31st. A squadron, composed of Friday, May 31st. A squadron, composed of the three largest ironclad vessels in the German navy, the "Grosser Kurfnerst," the "Konig Wilhelm" and the "Preussen," in route for Gibraltar, passed Dover shortly before nine o'clock. The "Grosser Kurfuerst" and the "Konig Wilhelm" were steaming along on parallel lines, close together. The "Wilhelm" was on the left hand, or to the seaward, and slightly ahead. Two merchantmen standing slightly ahead. Two merchantmen standing across their course from right to left, both iron clads ported their helms and passed astern of the merchantmen to avoid a collision. The order was then signalled to "starboard helm," which the "Grosser Kurfnerst" obeyed, resuming her former course, while the "König Wilheln, continued to port her helm. This brought the naval vessels directly in contact. Suddenly the "Grosser Kurfuerst" was observed to keel gradually over on her beam-ends, steam escaped from every aperture, men were seen jumping overboard, and then, after a lapse of five or six minutes, the great vessel sank in fifteen fathous of Boats from the other ironelads were launched, and a number of Folkestone fishingsmacks near by hastened to the spot, and endeavoured to rescue the seamen struggling in the water. An examination of the "Konig the water. An examination of the "Konig Wilhelm" was made as soon as the excitement permitted, from which it appeared that she had struck the "Grosser Kurfuerst" just forward of the mizzenmast. It was reported at first that the steamer's boilers exploded as she went down, but this proved to be unfounded. Several steamers went to the scene of the disaster from Dover. The Folkestone lifeboat was launched, but arrived too late to be of service. Various estimates of the number of officers and men on board have been given, but while the official re-

#### MILITARY RECORD

OF THE PRINCIPAL OFFICERS WHO FIGURED IN THE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MONTREAL.

MAJOR WICKSTEED, PAYMASTER G.G.F.G.

1837 - Gazetted 1st Lieut. "Quebec Volunteer Artillery." Served the whole campaign '37, '38, '39, 1846 2nd Captain 'Montreal Regiment of Artillery." 1851—1st Captain do., do. 1861—Joined "Civil Service Kifle Company" during "Trent' difficulty, and continued during Fenian " scare" as private. 1866—On forma-mation of "Civil Service Rifle Regiment" gazetted Paymaster with rank of Captain, and held it till the regiment was disbanded 18th December, 1868. 1872 - On formation 1st Battalion Governor-General's Foot Guards was gazetted Paymaster with rank of Major. Was Treasurer "Civil Service Rifle Assolution" 1868-9, And is Auditor "Dominion Artillery Association."

ASST. SURGEON BELL, G.G.F.G.,

formed. He has seen a great deal of service in the field; was with Capt. Perry in the Arctic regions, and is particularly well suited for the position he occupies.

MAJOR JAMES MORGAN, STH ROYAL RIFLES,

the senior Major of the regiment, has seen service in various capacities since joining as a private in 1864. He was Quarter Master Ser-geant during the Fenian scares of March and June, 1866, and was made Quarter-Master the same year. In 1869 he re-organized No. 2 Company of the regiment, and commanded it in May, 1870, when the 8th occupied the Jesuit Barracks, Quebec, during the absence of the regular troops at the front. Taking a lively interest in rifle shooting, he has been a very successful shot himself, and was on the Wimbledon teams of 1873-4. In the latter year he fired on the Kolapore eight. Major Morgan attained his present rank in April, 1874.

#### AN ADMIRABLE PAINTING.

A GENUINE MURILLO ENTITLED THE "FLAGEL-LATION OF CHRIST,

The advent in New York of so important a minting as the "Flagellation of Christ," Estaban Murillo, is an art event of the highest importance and interest. The magnificent production, now the property of the Countess M. de Pruschoff, of Paris, at present residing in New York, we have lately had the pleasure of examining several times at the studio of Mr. August Schoefit, a Hungarian artist, where the picture now is. Of about the authenticity there seems to be little doubt, both on account of its complete history to the present day, the earlier part of which is well known to the world. of the epinion of several Parisian experts, among whom we cits M. Lazerges, M. Sano and Dr. Lachaize, and of that masterly execution and evidence of soul in the work which is found alone in originals, and which no copy can reproduce. The Counts Mersey and Neuerkerke, ex-Minister of Fine Arts, and M. Jules André, director of the manufactory at Sevres, were also, it is said, convinced of its genuineness.

The history given of this very interesting work is as follows:—The daughter of Murillo, to avoid a marriage, which her father was very desirous of, with his favourite pupil, and which she objected to on account of a supposed slight tint of coloured blood, in 1605, entered the convent of Madre de Dies of Seville and Jaen. The lady abbess asked Murillo to paint a picture highly pious in subject in commemoration of the event. With a sorrowing heart at the loss of his child, and animated by the desire of painting a work worthy of the object, the painter produced "The Flagellation." It is said that the abandoned father, in the bitterness of his sorrow, symbolized it in that depicted on the face of the Redcemer, which is stated to be a good picture of himself. The painting, after it had been some time in the convent of the order at Seville, was transferred to that of Jaen. In this place it is said to have remained undisturbed for over 125 years, until the opening of the Peninsular War. During the time it was at Jaen the story is that as the painting was held in great veneration no copy was allowed to be made after it. The account further states that when, during the war-presumably in 1808, on the sacking of the town convent was in flames, the priest who had charge of it cut it out of the frame to save it from robbery or the fire and kept it in his possession. At his death the painting passed by inheritance to his brother, a school-master. It next fell into the hands of M. Rennac, of L'He Bourbon, who, on leaving for that island, about 1853, sold it to Senor Jose Gatophre, of Madrid. This gentleman disposed of the painting to an English lady, from whom it passed to M. Jules Michel, of Alse, in Provence. From this last person the Countess Pruschoff obtained the painting, which hung for a long time in her art gallery in Paris.

The large canvas, on which the hree figures are of life size, is, considering the vicissitudes it has undergone, in a good state of preservation. The marks along the edge of the frame, where new canvas was pieced on to replace that which was cut off, are distinctly visible. The painting has evidently had more than its share of varnishing, but a careful cleansing and the slightest suspicion of restoration will remove this and give to it more of its original purity of colour.

The suffering Saviour, naked, with the exception of a loin cloth, leans forward on His right foot, and with His lower arms on a low pillared stand, to which His hands are tied with a small cord, and with a suffering, saddened, yet very sweet face; looks upward as the cruel blows rain down on His tender back. One of His brawny flagellants stands to His right, with vigorous uplifted right arm holding the scourge and elenched hand about to strike, while in the shadow the other, with his face distorted by passion and hate, is also preparing for a blow. The figure in the shadow is clothed, but the muscular, hard, brown skinned body of the first man, naked like that of Christ, with the exception of the cloth, stands forward in the light, forming a masterly foil and contrast to the fine, elean white skin, slight muscular development and delicate extremities of the Christ, which show that he was unused to manual labour. The clothing of the Saviour, of that peculiar purple which Murillo always painted, lies on a stand to the right, and on the floor behind the attached, six for \$10.00.

flagellants is a wooden tub to wash the blood off the back of the suffering one when the ungodly task is done.

The drawing and modeling of the figure of Christ are refined and pure, and the lifelike, luminous colouring of the flesh is a striking point. The pose is easy and natural, and the upturned head, with its half-opened pained mouth and welling, sorrowful eyes, is given in a most masterly and sympathetic manner. The very soul of the stricken father who painted it seems to have gone into the work of depicting the anguish on the face of Jesus as an offering to the memory of that daughter lost to the world and to him. See with what assured strength and delicate modeling the chest, with the collar bones standing well out, is given; the graceful arms and delicate, long-fingered hands, as they fade, still distinct in the shadow, and note the fine drawing and modeling of the left leg and foot on which He stands. The whole figure is painted with that strength and dash kept well in hand which shows the master. The pure white drapery about the loins is also to be noted for its fine treatment.

Turn now to the figure of the powerful man on the right of the Christ. What action and what superb modeling, moulded in a vigorous, decided manner, in striking contrast to the more easy, graceful, tender style suitable to the delicate figure of the man-god! As a small point, note with what skill the clenched right hand is given, with the light glinting on the ends of the nails. As a bold line of the draw-ing we have the crank-like action of the right arm, raised, while the left is rigid in an opposite direction, showing admirably the muscles of the strong back. The harmony of the colour and composition is very fine, and the contrasts, ranging from the almost white figures in the centre to the darker one by its side and thence o the boldly indicated man in the shadow, are admirable. One interesting point is that this picture is a very fine example of nude drawing for Murillo, who usually draped his figures. Through the colour here and there, in the shadows on the flesh, we see the red paint of the background showing through, giving great transparency. This is also seen at different parts throughout the picture, and, where entirely overlaid with the colours in the shadows, gives that excess of darkness which is one of the faults of this later method of the master. This manner of painting his canvas entirely over with dark red before commencing his work Murillo adopted from Ludovici and Annibal Caracci. It gives great harmony of tone, but the shadows have, as just stated, the tendency to become too dark.

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

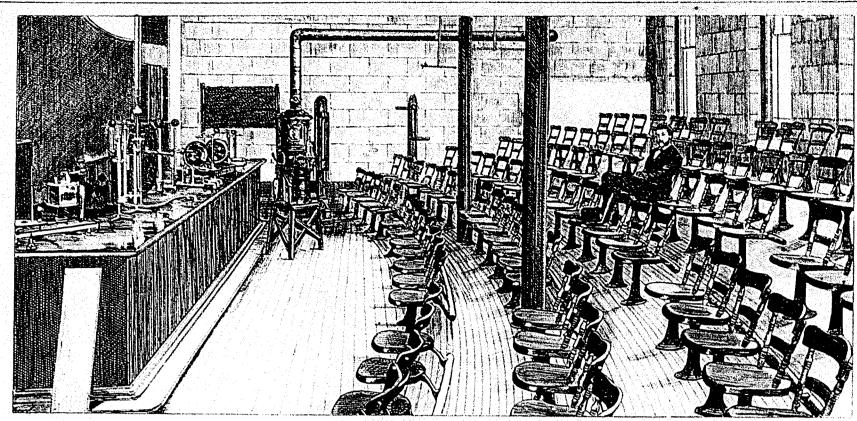
THE heavy rains are very trying for the exhioition, which, not the less, registers its 43,000 isitors daily. Some of the pools of water in the alleys are so wicked-looking, as to recall the opening day, when the public came provided with umbrellas instead of cork jackets, life belts and diving bells.

A COMPETENT French critic asserted a few venings ago, that the English schools of design have made more progress than the French in matters of taste, and this was owing to the former being fixed to specilities, and full latitude allowed to individual fancy. However, one will soon be able "to look on this picture and on that," as the French are at last in the

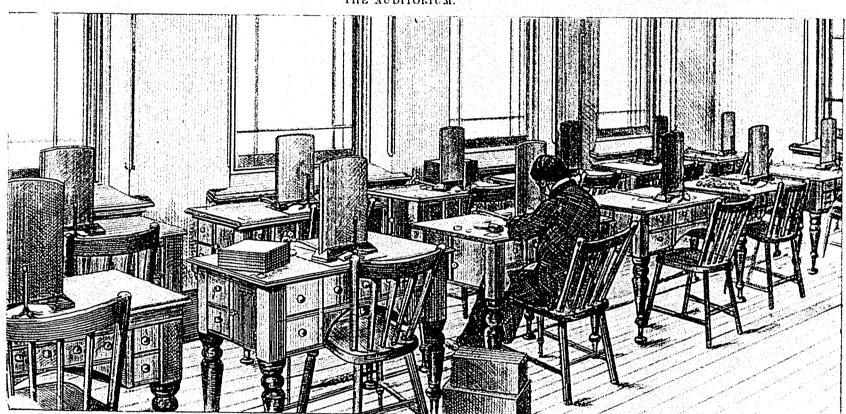
A FARE of seemingly foreign aspect and speaking with a strongly-marked foreign accent, hails a roiture, and desires to be driven to the Trocadero. The cabman observes, "Twenty francs Milrod." "Aoh, yes," the apparent Englishman is made to observe, but on arriving he drops his sham insularity, and informing him with the most perfect Parisian accent that he has mistaken his man, hands him the exact legal fare, and leaves him to his reflections.

A curtous decision relative to the right to the use of a name has been given by the Civil Court of Paris. The Salle Valentino in the Rue t. Honoré, now a public dancing saloon, was built in 1837 for classical concerts to be given under the direction of M. Valentino, a tinguished musician, who was conductor of the orchestra at the opera, and previously chapel ceed, but the name Valentino remained attached to the hall without that gentleman, who only died at Versailles in 1865, ever making any objection. His three sons, however, have since discovered that it was derogatory for the name of their father to be used as the sign of a public establishment of the kind, and brought an action against the proprietor of the premises, Madame de Ladoucette, and the director of the hall, M. Ducarre, to have it removed. The court decided that their demand was justifiable, and gave judgment ordering the title to be removed within a fortnight from the premises and all the bills, prospectuses, advertisements, &c. ; also condemned Madame de Ladoucette to pay the costs and 30,000fr. damages to M. Duarre for having leased to him with the premises a sign of which she had no right to dispose.

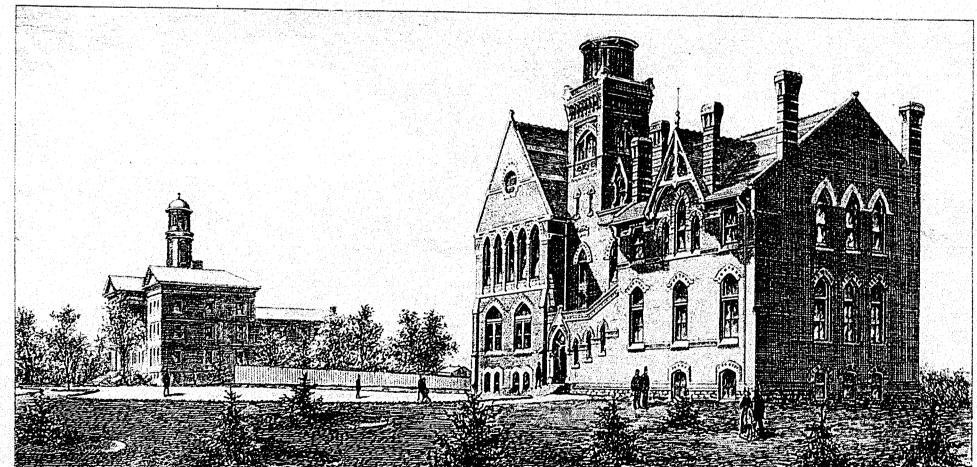
Conceit causes more conversation than wit. If you want a first-class fitting Shirt, send for samples and cards for self-measurement to Treble's, S King street East, Hamilton. Six open back Shirts for \$9.00; open front, collar



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## MILITIA OFFICERS.



BERLIN.-FIRST ATTACK ON THE GERMAN EMPEROR BY HOEDEL.

#### THE LOST EURYDICE.

24ти Макси, 1878.

[The mother of a young officer, seen at the helm when the frigate capsized, was waiting his return at Southsea. ]

Lady, she is round the Needles; now St. Catherine's

Cape they sight: Now her head is set northeastward; fore the beam the Foreland light

Look, we see the light from South Sea '-and beyond the fancy goes.

Where Eurydice e'en now is gliding under dark Dun-

Sush-like gliding, as some cloud, that, dark below, the storm wind's line.

Towers ruto silver summits, sailing o'er the tranquil

O the change !- and in an hour!-when, swan like, on

-All the movement of the haven spread beneath her

Thinking from the Foreland light-ship they perchance o'en now might see.

See the noble ship—my ship !—for brings she not my boy

Drifted from the waves the splendour; from the sky died out the blue:

Yet the lady saw not: deep beyond herself her sight withdrew.

Saushine glow'd within her bosom; happy music in her

years.

"Fit for earth, and fit for heavin," she thinks, "whateer his destined lot:"

"He is there already. Mother! Mother!—and thouse the mother of the control of the con

Thunderholts of key storm wind in its panting bosom piled. Sudden, towering angry back, a cloudy wall-claubt wido

Like a squadron at the signal, forth the mad formulo flics. Robed in blinding folds of snow, together mixing sens and skies.

-From the window turn, lady 'toward the light-hip look no more. Happy that their caust not see the darkening headland, chalky shore.

Thirty minutes since they watched her stately vision,

All beyond from outward witness bidden, lost to morial view

Voice was none, nor cry of horror; as when snow drifts whelm the dead

Smitten slain at once, and buried, where the mad fornado fell.

Right upon her side she dipp'd, then turn'd, and went

Only at her beim the last, the gallant boy was seen ;-in-

-Ah! the sun once more, uncaring, glitters o'er the hap-less dead. less dead. Golden shafts through twilight emercial piercing to their

There above the fram deck'd waters, flapping sails and shattered poles
Lift themselves, a des date beacon, o'er three hundred
English souls.

There the sun may blaze uncaring, there the ripples kiss and play. Chalky cliffs and grassy headland smiling to the smiling

But within the lady's soul the music and the glow are This alone is left to obser her, Mother! Mother!—this

Though her heart's desire on earth her longing eyes ne'er True to God and England, at the helm, she sees him-

#### PAUL CHANTREY'S DAUGHTER.

She paused a moment and gazed furtively around—this Margaret Chantrey, beautiful enough for any king's daughter, with the peculiar something that most people admit to be the prerogative of birth and breeding, an indefinable air and grace, a certain sumptuousness, if the word is not too important to apply to seventeen, blossoming in the tender sunrise of

behind her. What could this bright and fortunate and brilliant girl have to do with that poor young woman on the other side the street ? Margaret saw her; saw the pale, worn face,

the eyes that bore traces of weeping, the shabby attire. Should she pass her by?
"No," she said to herself, with passionate

eagerness, choking down a great lump in her throat—"Lina was always so good to me. It would be shameful ingratitude."

Then, bidding the maid stay where she was, she flashed across the street, caught the cold fingers from under the coarse shawl, her own warm and rosy from their nest of ermine; and in a strong, sweet voice, eried, "Lina! Lina!" "Oh!"—with a start of surprise and a look

of consternation rid of the heavy blue eyes-"Oh ! it is not you, Margaret!"

"Yes it is Margaret: Lina, I have not forgotten those old days when you and your mother were so good to us. I joust forget papa before I

"But you are-so different now," said Lina du Puy, drawing back in sudden delicacy.

There was certainly a great dissimilarity between them. Margaret Chantrey, in her silk, and velvet, and ermine, and the long white plume trailing from the hat that crowned her curls of gold; everything was, in short, most rare and elegant. The other, in her brown dress and plaid shawl, and shabby black velvet bonnet, with some faded leaves and flowers. As to the two faces they might have been a study for a painter want-

ing contrasts. Possibly Margaret Chantrey had as good blood in her veins as the proudest dame can have. Her father was that brilliant, successful artist, Paul Chantrey, who, in rare moments of boasting, would say that he traced his descent backward through generations. He was just a Bohemian, as are many other artists; perhaps their want of success makes them so. He did not paint many works. Those few were rare and beauti-Plumage furl'd and voyage over, safe the gallant ship ful; yet the public did not appreciate them will rest until the daisies had blossomed above the grave in which lay the poor, worn man. Then fine eyes in vain.

s window watch'd the lady, gazing o'er the suntit he had been more persevering, or ambitious, or main. indges said. "Here was, indeed, a genius! If the garret room, lay Madame Du Puy, he had been more persevering, or ambitious, or "She liked it better because there was no one industrious—anything but idle, and poor, and proud." But Paul Chantrey was not idle, he ainted and sold when he could find buyers. But he never asked a favour of any man. He was too gentle, and sensitive, and delicate to push his way through the turbulent crowd rushing up the hill of success; and then came his lingering illness and his death.

His wife was a noble and impoverished Italian lady. She went upon the stage for support, having no means and no friends to help Love in glory painting all the beauty of his yeathful years.

"Fit for earth, and fit for heavin," she thinks, " what ear his desired let:"

"Fit for earth, and fit for heavin," she thinks, " what earlies of refinement. Her tenderness to lain failed her. Mr. Chantrey lost caste when he married to ennoble her in the eyes of strict, pure souls who never knew cold or starvation, or hunger, or that worst of all agony-the lingering death of loved ones, when a tithe of the gold lavished by us upon a single luxary would have saved them. Being nothing but a stage singer, of course she was quite beneath the notice of well-

bred people.

She was brought home one night to Paul himself then long an invalid, with a face of ghastly whiteness, and a small scarlet stream issuing from the pallid lips. During her exertions that evening, dancing for the sick husdand that was at home, and the poor little child, she had "Not so grand that broken a blood-vessel. Paul sold the picture in ceased to care for Lina." which he had interwoven the love and ambition of his whole life, for a mere pittance wherewith to give her decent Christian burnal. Some kind, humble friends came to take care of Paul then— Mrs. Chantrey's French friend, Madame du Puy, and her daughter, Lina, Bohemiau, also, for Lina was a dancer on the same stage,

From that time Paul Chantry never did a stroke of work. He was notable to do it. But he must live. Good Madame du Puy, who had nothing but her daughter's earnings, could not keep him much. It was decided that the little Margaret should go upon the stage, and dance too; and for twelve months she supported her father. Madame du Pay nursed him, for it was dame Du Pay, earned the pittance that kept them. The girl went to and fro with Lina, who was some years

On the very night that was Paul Chantrey's last, one whom he had known well, but had not seen for years, chanced to find him out.—Richard Ashburton.—He had gone very late to college, and then made nearly the tour of the world while unsuccessful Paul was starving and dying.

"You'll save my child, my darling, Dick he said, in the tremulous death weakness." know I shall find her mother an angel in heaven, and Margaret has been an angel here."

So Richard Ashburton carried the poor girl home to his mother, who had once loved Paul God will not remember it, and be merciful?"

Chantrey like a son. "Be merciful? That's it. Merciful to me a

Yet it must be confessed that she shrank somewhat from this little dancing girl, whose mother had been a stage singer. "If Paul had but mar-ried wisely!" lamented Mrs. Ashburton.

However, they carried away the girl to their country house, and educated her, and brought her up to wealth and refinement. That was three years ago. Margaret was seventeen now, but older than her years, the result of her early Bohemian life. Just now they had come to town for a month or two so journ, and Margaret, chancing to be out alone, met Lina.

dear, noble Lina, whom she had loved with a breakes my heart to leave her alone to night."

"But I'm glad to see you—so glad," with a long, quivering breath. "And you are in trouble—you have been crying! How is—Granny?"

"That is my trouble, Margaret," answered ina and the tears flowed afresh, "I've been Lina, and the tears flowed afresh. "Pve been to beg off, but couldn't. To-night is Mademoiselle Arline's benefit, and they will not give me up. Oh, Margaret, thank God every day of your life that you are not a dancer. We must dance, even if it be on the graves of our kindred.

There was a passionate anguish in the girl's tone. A sob that shook her light frame.
"Then Granny is—"
Margaret could not finish her sentence, but

looked at her friend with an awe-stricken face. She had always called good old Madaine du Pny Granuv.

"Granny my poor mother is dying," said Lina. "Thave been, as I tell you, to get ex- either one you must remember, Rita."

ensed to-night, and cannot. It seems that I would give half my own life to stay with her till she dies."

"Do you mean -dying now! To-day!" " The doctor thinks she will last fill even-

ing." (th. Lina, Lina, take me with you. I must see her once again

The young girl clung to her friend. She was not afraid of her silks, her velvet, and costly ermine being contaminated. For somehow the old life was strong upon her, and these three years of luxury were the dream.

"But Margaret -- Miss Margaret, I ought to say -what will they think at home?

"Nothing: they won't be angry. Mrs. Ashburton may wait for me for one moment.

Running across the street to the maid who waited, Miss Chantrey told her to go home, that she was going to see a sick friend, and went back again to Lina.

They hurried along. It was noon-a bleak, dreary March day. Up-stairs in a foreign-looking place, just ready to fall into decay, here in

to make a noise over her head," apologized Richard Ashburton took a worm and tender in-

The house had been built by some aristmeratic man who had a Dutch taste. Even this up-per garret was large. It had two great dermet windows, one of which was filled with vines and flowers—a perfect greenery. The place was stately halls scrupulously neat, though the furniture was old the chances and worn. A bright fire burning in the stove an atmosphere of warmth and faint perfume, an air of quaintness unusual. Margaret paused in astonishment.

In the bed, under a snow-white cover, lay a wasted, shrunken figure. But Margaret knew it at once, and was kneeling beside the couch a moment later, her great eyes full of tender pity, her own fair face flushed and tearful, and her plump, warm hands clasping those shadows that had nearly lost their hold on life.

" You don't know me, Granny, but I'm little Rita Chantrey. You used to call me Rita you know. I have never forgotten you, nor how you held poor mamma in your arms all that long night, and how you brought some white roses to put in her cottin."

Gunny looked wistfully out of her sanken es. "You're a grand lady, now, we hear," breathed the dying woman.

"Not so grand that I've forgotten you, or

A sweet steadfast smile shone on the face. " Poor Lina! she has so few friends now. None

How the feeble voice quavered through the words. Rita's heart was full of tenderest sympa-

thy. "Child?" touching Lina, "you are going to stay with me this one evening? You may stay?"

The slowly-moving eyes questioned so bungrily that the pale girl wavered for a moment. How could she bear to tell her mother the

truth.
"I am so glad, so thankful," murmured Madame Du Puy. "No, I knew they would not a long, lingering illness and death, and Margaret | gridge just the last evening to your dying moth-Rita, I am going to the far country. will there be any place for a poor old woman like me C

"There will," said Margaret, clearly and carnestly.

"I sometimes think but I never could understand all their doctrines. A parson comes in sometimes, and the prayers are sweet. But looking back on my life, I can see that I have

done many wrong things."
"Granny," said Margaret, "you have fed the hangry and sheltered the homeless. You did not give a cup of water only, but the best you had, and sometimes all you had. Do you think

sinner! Ay, ay. He was so merciful that he sent His Son to die in our stead. Can't you say a little prayer, Rita! Our Father. That was His prayer. You know."

Margaret clasped her hands and repeated it, in a low, faltering, reverential tone.

After that she seemed to doze. Lina and Rita went over to the window and had a talk to themselves, interspersed with many tears.

"She has not suffered for anything," explain-I Lina. "Only since she got worse, when ed Lina, she feared that she might die at any moment. She, with her elegance, and refinement, and Margaret came out of her momentary trance. This going away of mine twice a day has been rich attire; her dainty feet, that seemed too She was wondering whether anything besides dreadful. Once or twice I have got off the reairy for the common stone flagging, the maid wealth made the difference between herself and hearsal. But I couldn't get off the other. It

Lina broke down sobbing convulsively.

"And they woulk not-"No, it spoils the piece. I am a good daneer, you know, and have to take a chief part. But, oh! to think that while I am dancing she may be dying. Not to hear her last word; not to

kiss the poor lips as the last breath of air flut-ters out of them !" " Let me think," said Margaret.

She looked steadily over the grey sky for many moments. Sometimes her face flushed, sometimes it was almost as pale as Granny's in yonder bed. It seemed to her one of the wrongest and saddest and cruelest things that Lina should have to leave her dying mother at the closing hour.

"Is there no one at the theatre who can take your place for one single night, Lina?

"No one. At least, they say there's not, so it comes to the same. It is but an old dance,

"Describe it to me," said Margaret. Your part especially.

Lina suspecting not the drift of the question. described her part minutely. After listening for a few minutes, the recollection of it came back to Margaret; she remembered it well.

Presently she went away promising to return soon; but there was a strange look in her large, purple-gray eyes and a peculiar expression hovering about her mouth. Calling a cub, she told the man to drive quickly, and was soon deposited at the elegant mansion that was the present abode of the Ashburtons, who had cared for her since the night of Paul Chantrey's death. They grudged her nothing, these Ashburtons education, accomplishments, luxury; and only demanded that she should forget the old like utterly in return. They spoke of her father's genius and misfortunes; but they never made the smallest mention of her mother. If, by illluck, Margaret spoke of her, she was met by a frown. Yet these three years had been very happy ones to Margaret Chantrey. They could not sigh over any lack of grace or refinement, or lack of beauty; all that was returned to them. At times it really appeared as if terest in her, but he never expressed it. There were times when poor Margaret felt like a waif stranded on some distant shore, steeped in exquisite beauty; when one chinging, blossoming vine would have been more to her than all these

It changed on this day that Margaret was whone. Mrs. Ashburton had gone to her sister's in the country, and Miss Marsh, the governess. had had a telegram in the morning to say her father was ill. Where Richard was Margaret edid not know.

"Do say of you know whether Mr. Ashburton will be in soon " she asked at one of the maids, Wilson.

None of them knew. Dinner was being prepared as usual; it was supposed he would be in

Taking something to est. Margaret changed her attite for planer things. Then she called Wilson.

"I am going to spend the rest of the day with a friend," she said. "Perhaps I shall stay all

night."
"Oh, Miss Margaret' and not even Miss Marsh here to ask ! I am atraid Mrs. Ashburnton would not like it."

Margaret had thought of this also. Perhaps her remaining out all night might offend Mrs. Ashburton. But then it night be so late.

"But where is a that you are going, Miss Margaret? The carriage had better fetch you." No, no. I shall come all safe without the carriage. Good-bye, Wilson."

"I'm not quite sure that it is right," thought Wilson. "I wish I had asked her page.

the child would not do anything wrong."

She bought some jellies and knauries, and made her way buck in a cale to the dilaphiated old house. Lina brightened at her coming, but Granny had changed strangely in these tew hours. Now and then she neutroned some wandering words, or smiled faintly in Lina's face.

And so the night dropped down upon them. Oh! I can't go, she said with a cry of "Oh! I can't go, she said with a cry of despair and pain. "And they will keep back my week's pay, and perhaps give toy place to another!

"Lina!" Margaret took the teatful face in her hands. "Lina, I have been resolving all the afternoon that you shall not go.

Lina questioned her with frightened eyes. "You shall dress, and let me go instead." "What I" exclaimed the wondering Lina.

"A' Yes will can take it. I can do the negessary dancing. I remember the part as though I had seen it yesterday. I can, and will take it. I shall enjoy it too. It seems to me that the one passion of my life is dancing. You shall stay here and watch: I know all about it, and will not be alarmed at anything. I have ordered a carriage to come for me, and it will bring me back safely."
Oh, Margaret, I cannot allow you to do

this; indeed I cannot, I will give it all up hist, theatre and all."

"Yes, you can. I am almost wild for a taste of the old life, just a glimpse of the light and glamour, and the long beats of the inspiriting music. Why, it would be delicious for this

"But your friends the Asiaburtans !

Margaret was silent for a moment. "They may be angry, perhaps, just at first; only that. Where's the harm, I and (Mrs. Ashburton and all the people we know go to see this dancing : if it be right for them to look on, will it be

wrong for me to dance?"
"My head aches," said Lina, wearily, "When I begin to think of the right and wrong, I get confused. Some of the grand ladies do things that we poor girls would shrink from, and yet

they fancy that we ""
"Hush, dear. Let me bathe your poor throbbing temples. No one expects me home until late, so do not give it a thought. I am going to dance for you to-night."

Margaret overruled thus all active scruples. She had such a pretty, imperious way; and tonight, in her glowing health and energy, she was stronger to conquer than poor grief-worn Lina.

She curled her golden loor in wavy ringlets; and it looked like a shimmering sea. Her eyes were luminous lakes, and her cheeks blossomed like the heart of a rose. Some strange enchantment justified her. She was going to have one toste of the old life.

Then she dressed herself suitably in Lina's things-they were both so much of a size as to give no difficulty on that score-and put her own plain dress over all. The corriage ordered drew up in the street below. Margaret bent to kiss poor Granny's cold, wrinkled face and pas-

sive lips.
"Don't leave me, Lina," the faint voice murmured; and it made Margaret strong.

"Good-bye, Lina," she said, with a kiss.

"I will do everything just as you have di-

rected."

She was late at the theatre. They were scolding about Lina, and she hurried into the dressing-room. The attendant there was a stranger. It was curious that it should have happened so but the regular woman was ill, and for to-night a substitute was provided. She did not know but it was the regular dancer, Lina Du Puy, whom she had to dress. The other girls were ready and had quitted the room, and the woman was a trifle gross at the tardiness of the (among them) chief dancer. So, amid much hurry, Margaret slipped into her cloudy, airy, diaphanous garments, and ran across to the stage, questioning her own identity.

The audience waited; Margaret was indeed late. This creature, Lurline, rising from the sea foam with the cloud of golden lights about her, was more beautiful than ever before. The surging tide of music throbbed on the air, and it touched some wandering chord in Margaret's

nature.

Every pulse started into passionate life. The light feet were at home in those graceful poises and whirls, and in that slow, floating, undulating movement, in which the very soul seemed to grow languid with overwhelming grace.

Up and down. Circles widening, narrowing; drooping arms, and shoulders, and eyes; soft lights in rose and violet, gold and purple; a glamour of beauty, a perpetual dazzle, until at last the Naiad disappeared in her sea-green

Then came a protonged burst of applause. Lina had never danced like this; had never looked the character as Margaret looked it. An eager childish delight seemed to thrill her every

"You look perfectly marvellous to-night?" declared Mademoiselle Arline, who rarely con-descended to speak to any of the dancers. "You-Why-are you a witch, child? It is not Lina Du Puy?"

"No, it is not Lina. Her grandmother is dying, and I came to take her place."

"Who are you?"
"Call me Lina, For I am Lina to-night." Something in the young girl checked further inquiries. And Mademoiselle was in no wise offended, since the dancing had been so vast a success, and it was her own benefit. At Easter she was going abroad to fulfil other engagements.

The piece went on. Now the audience saw a whirling, radiating circle, a haunting crowd of lovely forms and faces; then only this one peerless girl, holding them breathless. It seemed to Margaret that she could dance on those enchanted boards forever.

At last the concluding act came. There was some wonderful dancing, some bewildering fairy scenery; and Margaret, on a cloud, with her own cloud of thimsy golden hair about her, might have been the Peri indeed.

She hardly listened for thanks and compliments, but hurried off her stage trappings, and harried on her mortal garments with a feeling akin to intoxication. The hired carriage awaited her, and she sprang in, leaving hosts of questions muanswered.

Arrived at Madame Du Puy's she hastened up the stairs, hardly during to enter. Lina net her on the threshold.

"I am safe, you see. It was royal. Why should I not tell the truth! I am not fired, but full of excitement, and throbbing with a lingering sense of music. It was triumph. And your poor mother, Lina "

Lina shook her head. Margaret gathered

the truth from the room's strange stillness, "Yes, she is gone," sobbed Lina. "She rallied again after you left, and talked, oh! so sweetly. Margaret, is there a heaven for us poor folks who do the best we can in our hard, thorny path? For she was so good in her simple, homely way. And I can never, never thank you. Not for worlds would I have missed this evening with her."

choking her. Oh! how strange life was. Sor- old life. row, and death, and gayety, and carelessness, jostled each other on every side. If she could dare to tell all this to Richard Ashburton, surely

he would give her pardon! The carriage deposited her at home. She shivered a little in the hall. Reaction had set in; all her excitement was gone; how weak and tired she was no one but herself could know.

Richard Ashburton opened the drawing room door. Pale and stern, his lips compressed to a scarlet line, his eyes steady with a relentless

light, he stood. "Oh!" she exclaimed with a crimson flush,

which quickly faded to ashes.

She would have glided by him, but he barred

her with his arm, and led her into the dimlylighted room. "Where have you been, Margaret I" he asked

and his voice was steely and incisive, like the axe of an executioner,
"Don't ask me to-night," she pleaded in

pitiful bewilderment, shrinking at every uerve. Three years had come and gone since Margaret | dance in her place | Chantrey had left her home of luxury and dying mother.

tunately I know--or I fear I know. Chance took me to the old theatre to-night, and I thought I saw you amid the dancers. I could scarcely be mistaken in that face, in that shin-

ing hair. Were you there or not?"

He hoped she would give him an indignant denial. He would believe her against the evidenial. He would believe her against the evidence of his own senses. But Margaret Chantrey would have cut off her right hand sooner than utter an untruth.

"I was there."

A sharp pang, as of a knife's point, pierced Richard Ashburton's heart. Worse than all, he thought she stood there before him bold and defiant. Ah! how our friends misjudge us because a tear sometimes comes foo late. It seemed to Margaret that she should fall on the floor at his feet; the room swam round to her

tired and excited brain. Bitter anger was aroused within him, bitter scorn lay in his

"So." he said, "the old life that we have striven to lead you to forget has a stronger hold upon you than gratitude. It is as my mother predicted."

There are moments in the lives of some women when a sudden revelation lifts them up to a heaven of perfect love and trust. It plunged Margaret into a gulf of black despair. Child as they had always considered her, she knew not that she loved Richard Ashburton with a woman's enduring passion. But his tone, his stern face, missed her. What was she to him? Nothing, Just the contemptible little waif they had saved, and nothing higher or better. Yes! she might (as she believed) as well lay her soul bare to the crowd, before whom she had danced to-night, as to this man. He and his mother had deemed her a toy, but far beneath them in all the finest relations of life. And she loved him! She knew it now-she loved him; and he despised her as a thing of scorn. Poor Magaret Chantrey's heart sceined breaking then.

"You know you were to give up old associates, to blot out that past life and forget it," he resumed in his coldest tone-for, indeed, this escapade was trying him sorely. gatet, it pains me to say it, but there has been a course of duplicity persevered in that no one would hardly credit in a mere child. For this plan must have been in your mind for months, and you must have been waiting for an opportunity to put it into execution. It is not possible that you should dance as you danced tonight without long and continued practice. What can you say to my mother! Is this a fitting reward for her kindness?

He had already judged and condemned her; and, false though his assumptions were, she could not defend herself. She clasped her small white hands together, and there was a curious flickering of the lines about the month. One wild impulse crossed her soul-to thing herself at his feet and plead for a little tenderness. Could she dare to do it !"

Hesitating, she raised her eyes. How cold and pitiless he looked; how sternly condemn-No, though she fell on her knees, a penitent, and told the truth, he would not believe her; she could see that. And there rushed over herself a most condemning, exaggerated view of the step she had taken; she saw how false it had been, how impossible that it could ever be recalled. All the intoxication, the triumph, the glamour, and the glitter looked most unreal to her now.

"Let me go!" she exclaimed, with a cry of anguish. "You are cruel!"

Cruel! What have I done! Have we not both tried to lead you to forget the poverty, and toil, and evil of the past ! Have we not cared for you tenderly, surrounded you with luxury?

yet the old life is stronger than it all. But you will have to choose between us ; to renounce one or the other.

She flew past him like a wild, hunted thing, up the broad stairs to her own room, and locked the door. He doubted her. He believed she could be base and vile, and full of black deceit! He might forgive, but he could never, never love her. What mad folly in her to think that could ever have been! Mrs. Ashbutton wanted him to marry his cousin - that rich girl who was there so constantly. She had fancied that he did not care for that girl ; but she must have been mistaken. And to stay there, to see au-other worshipped with all the trust and confi-Margaret was weeping too. Changing her dence of his soul- to stay and be nothing to things again, she kissed Lina in silence, and ran down stairs, the great sobs in her throat almost bear that. Better that she could go back to the

So reasoned this inexperienced but impassioned girl. And in her toolishness, her leso-

lation, she took a fatal step.
Richard Ashburton sat a long while over late breakfast the following morning, and yet Margaret came not. Mrs. Ashburton, who had come home very late indeed, and felt weary, had not yet risen. He paced the library in tumult and impatience, waiting for Margaret; she, he supposed, was weary too; and he wanted her to come, that he might tell her how harsh he had been the past night. At midday Wilson entered her room. No Margaret was there. On the table lay a brief note, addressed to him,

" I have gone back to the old life."

"Lalways felt a little afraid," confessed Mts Ashburton in her smooth and stately tone "There was a taint of it in her blood, an alien gipsy element. Poor Paul! What a pity he should have wrecked himself by marrying that Italian singer!'

Three years had come and gone since Margaret

beauty. They had not found her. Lett it for what? Richard Ashburton often asked himself what? Richard Ashburton often asked himself that question. He had been cold and stern to her that night; pitiless, indeed, for his disappointment in her had proved so deep and bitter. But he knew now that the light in her courageous face, which had termed hardness and duplicity, must have sprung from truth and honour. Foolish, daring, and Quixotic as the honour. Foolish, daring, and Quixotic as the step she had taken that night, in dancing, had been, he wished with his whole repentant heart that he had met it differently.

He had been grave before, but now a shadow seemed to hang about him. His mother, with a woman's intuition, guessed that Margaret had been more to him than a bright, winsome child.

"Yes it is best they should be separated," she told herself; but told it with a sigh, for there was some pity in her nature as well as pride. Richard could not be made to understand the wrong it would be to his children to give them such a mother.

In this the third year Richard Ashburton went on the Continent, and made there a long sojourn; now halting at this place, now in that. In the last place he stopped at a little obscure Italian town, fever had broken out, and he took it. The inhabitants had, so many es could, run away in fright, leaving neither women nor nurses for the

Mr. Ashburton had it badly. For a week or two he was quite out of his senses. But his strong constitution had finally conquered the lisease, and the balmy April sunshine was doing

the rest.
"I owe my life to you, Doctor Biagi," he said thankfully one morning. "My mother will not know how to thank you."

The little, swarthy Indian doctor rubbed his hands together.

"It was a hard fight, signor, but the credit is not all mine-yet the signora bade me never mention it."

"The signora!" exclaimed Richard, with a

puzzled expression. "The women had all run away, you know, signor, and we could get no nurses. It might have gone badly with you, but that a beautiful English lady heard of your case, and came to nuise you yourself. She never left you until the danger was past and you were recovering consciousness. You owe your life to her more than

Who was this English lady !"

"I forget her name just now. Those Euglish names are puzzling to us Italians. She speaks our language as a native, though, and she is so beautiful: an angel's face with bright golden hair."

A strange idea brought a thrill to Richard Ashburton's weakened frame. Speaking Italian as a native—and with beautiful gold hair!

"Was she young, Doctor ?"

" Quite young. " Do you think the name was Chantrey ?

"Shan-tree! But, yes, it is like that. I did not want her to stay here; she had not the health for it; but she quietly told me she must

and should."
"What is the matter with her?" asked Rich-

ard quickly. "The malady that some of you English have,"

answered the doctor, tapping his chest. "And now she has taken the fever through nursing you. But she has it slightly."
"Taken the fever from me! Good heavens!"

added Richard, falling back on his sofa cushions.

"She saved your life," said the little doctor, in his straightforward manner.

"And though the fever has not been severe, she has little strength. If you would like to send a mes-

Ashburton feared he knew what that meant. "Yes," he answered, with a strange hush in his tone, "I would like to send a message. When are you going ! Is it far ?

"Half a league, perhaps. I shall go out

"Call as you pass," was the brief response. Doctor Biggi was not wrong when he fancied that Mr. Ashburton intended to go himself. He made no objection after examining his pulse.

A little vine embowered cottage with a sturdy peasant woman for mistress. Within the slender form of a watcher, who came forward with in anxious face. It was Lina du Puv.

The explanation of the past may be given in

a few words.

On the very day following the death of madame Du Puy, Lina received the offer of an engagement in Paris, for which her mother bad long hoped. She went to it immediately, taking Margaret with her; and hence the secret of Mr. Ashburton's non-successful inquiries about her. The engagement in Paris at an end, they came on to Italy. Both of them had been mos successful in their career since; both had led the most retired and the best of lives. Then Margaret's health began to fall. Symptoms of consumption manifested themselves. Lina remembered the death of Mrs. Chantrey, and shuddered for her friend. Giving up their engagements for a season, they came to this retired town, to see what rest and quiet would do for Margaret. But it did nothing—she grew worse and weaker. Then the fever broke out. They thought they were safe, being so far from the town. And safe they would have been, but that Dr. Biagi told them of his English patient, one Signor Richard Ashburton; and Margaret insisted upon going to nurse him. All this lana hurriedly told, together with the true history of that long-past night. Margaret had gone to dance in her place that she might stay with her

"Let me go in to her," he gasped.
Lina stood aside. Richard Ashburton entered the chamber of death; and there lay Margaret, white and wasted, but with more than mortal beauty.

"Oh, my child! my darling!" Margaret moved her eyes slowly, and then

uttered a low, passionate cry.

He took her in his arms; he kissed the pale, trembling lips and downcast eyelids, still radiant with their beautiful fringe.

"My little wanderer," he said, "my precious darling! you can never know my grief at finding you thus, too late. Oh! why did you leave me! I was cruel that night, unjust; but you need not have been ashamed of the truth. Lina has told me. It was noble, if ill-judged. And if you could understand my soul at this moment, and believe that the old dream of those days has never utterly faded-" He broke down with emotion.
"A dream?" she murmured.

"The dream that I should win you for my wife. The hope that I should. Margaret, I loved you dearly."

She raised her white, wan face, into which there came something of a glorifying flush, and

lay in his arms, softly whispering:
"It was best then that I should go, Richard.
Best for your mother's sake; for all our sakes. Let me tell the truth now-death always gives us courage, you know. Some fascination of the old life lured me, and my love for Lina and Madame Dn Puy was strong. They once stood between my father and starvation; they tended my mother; and Lina has repaid what I did that night; with the tenderest care; but for her you might never have looked upon the face of your poor little Margaret now. Yes, I went that night to dance in her stead, and fate sent you there.

"Oh, if you had told me all !" he groaned.

"You doubted me—before I had even spoken! Yes, you did, Richard. I thought you were impaicably angry, thought you scorned and despised me; while 1—God will forgive it now—loved you with a child's unreasoning, jealous adoration. To be thrust aside because I was not your equal, to be held as pet and plaything, but never aspire to the height of a friend-to see, perhaps, another loved and reverenced—ah! it was a child's foolish folly."

"I loved you then, Margaret ; loved you truly tenderly, passionately. I shall never love another.

She made an entreating gesture with her wasted hands. How bitter all this past misapprehen-

sion was!
"I was not worthy of so much love, Richard," she softly whispered. "Perhaps I never should have been. But"--raising the sad, purple eyes, full of their dying light-"I want you to know that poor dancers may be good and pure, in spite of their shortened skirts and the tinsel they must wear. I and Lina have tried to do our duty before God as truly as we could have done it had we had parents to protect us, handsome homes to shelter us. I am going to him with, so far, a clear conscience."

"And you came to save me; you have given your life for mine! Oh, Margaret! is it too you back! Ah, heaven! This is bitter."
"It is best, Richard; dear, believe me it is best," she answered: but her voice.

waver strangely, and the dusk of twilight floated before her dreamy eyes. "I thank you for some happy years. I was glad to do it --at the last. Your life is grander and broader than my poor pale years, gone astray among thorns. Ask God to forgive me all-for your sake.'

He gathered her into his arms, and the warm tears of passionate regret dropped upon her pure face, slowly turning to sculptured marble. One tender, fluttering kiss, and the old life and the new life were alike ended.

Margaret Chantrey was laid in her quiet grave which Lina Du Puy will often turn aside out of her way to tend.

Whether this bright, impulsive, but grand and tender soul was wasted we cannot decide here. Was it better that she should be taken to her rest thus early, or that she should have stayed decorously at Mrs. Ashburton's, and lived to be Richard's wife? Who can tell! God

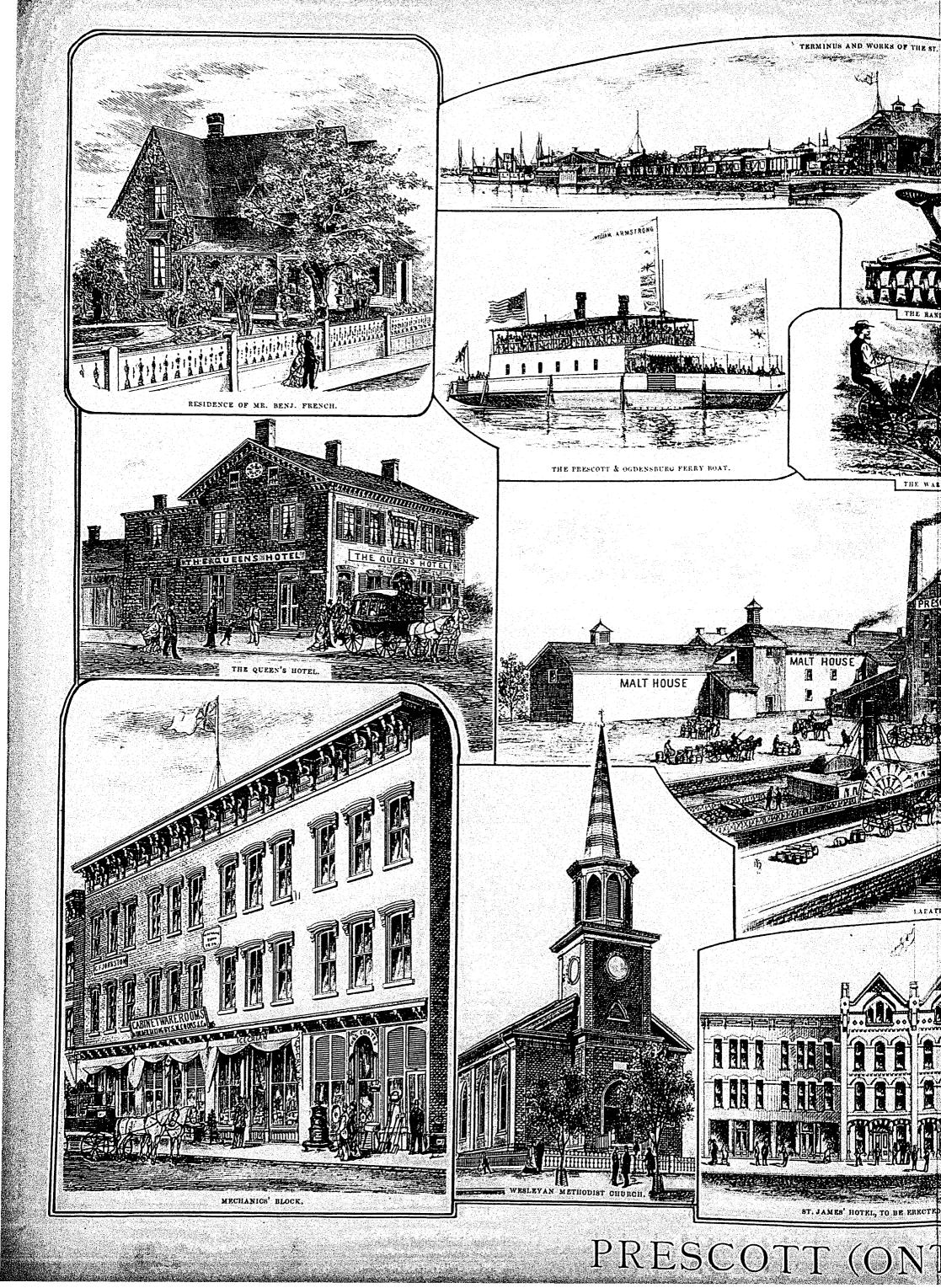
Mrs. Ashburton frets a little amid her state and elegance that Richard does not marry. She has well-nigh forgotten the laughing, wayward girl who once made the house bright.

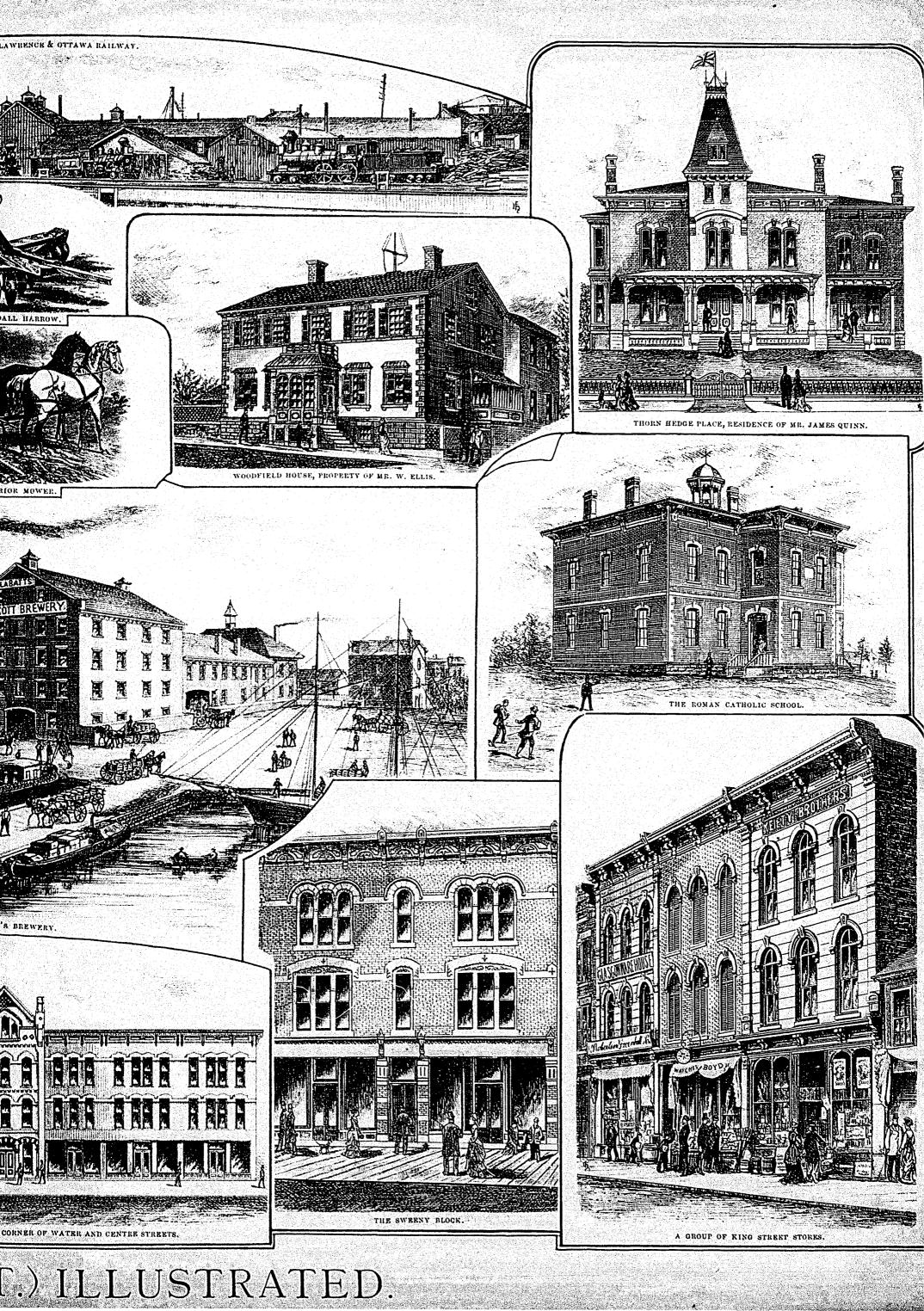
He will never forget. Is it so strange a thing to be true to the woman a man has loved, and who gave her sweet young life for his! Is it not a fragment of the greater love, left amid the ruins of this gray old world?

#### NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 190 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. Lenland, Works: 547 Craig St.

Luck and temper rule the world. Choicest assortment of French Cambric, Chorott and Oxford Shirtings in Canada at Treble's, S King Street E., Hamilton. Send for samples and price list, and have your Shirts male properly. Treble's, S King Street E., Hamilton,





#### THE HALIFAX ALPHABET.

FOR ENGLISH AND CANADIAN FISH BABIES.

A was the answer some people thought wise.
But which certainly caused as no little surprise.
"Thirty Canadians sweeping the shore."
We wonder, by Jove, that they didn't say more!
"The claim of Newtoundland is simply absurd,
So strained a construction was ne'er before heard.
Bait, ice, and transshipment, without any doubt,
Are not in the treaty; they must be ruled out.
The rights which are granted our fishermen, too,
Are not half as great as those ace grant to you.
Remissions of duty will more than suffice.
To pay for their value at least once or twice.
If aught can be wanting to what we now say,
Your own speeches will make it as clear as the day.
We quote a selection, if only to show
How terribly tight you have drawn the long bow.
Our views on the headlands are found in our 'Brisf,'
Which settles the question beyond all belief.'

B was the Brief on the Breadth of the Bays; B was the Brief on the Breadth of the Bays;
But you must not believe it whatever it says.
"Hypothetical lines are all nonsense, we vow,
And if you insist—we shall end in a row.
For Treaties, Conventions, and that sort of stuff,
We've a sovereign contempt;—it is surely enough
When we tell you no mention of fishing is found
In the works of the jurists, sound or unsound.
Territorial limits, then, must be defined
As things non-existent or simply confined Aerthorial limits, then, must be defined As things non-existent, or simply confined At the best—though of this we don't feel very sure—To three miles of the curve or indent of the shore. We'll show offers, omissions, made by your own side, Which will serve the Commissioners rightly to guide. In fine, we maintain all rights claimed heretofore, And—if you object—we won't play any more.

C was the case of the Colonies; Cram Full of surprises for poor Uncle Sam— No mention of Heallands, no showing our hand, No waiving of rights on the sea or the land! Bu: a plain simple statement of items, until The amount is summed up in a neat little Bill. Twelve millions for Canada! Twoand a half. Or something like that, for Newfoundland.

laugh!
know it is moderate, but then we don't wish
know it is moderate, but then we don't wish To charge you too highly for taking our Fish.

Tis true that the process by which we arrive
At the total is doubtful. You cannot countrie
To glean much from our "case" which will furnish a

To pick holes in our claim; we simply must beg You will take it on trust till such time as we show By the light of our evidence, whether or no Our statements are trathful; our summary just— Meantime, as we've said, you must take it on trust.

D is the naughty word, Foster oft swore D is the naughty word, rester out swore When his own witnesses proved that the fish were inshore. A similar explctive sometimes, its true. Was heard from our own side, whonever we knew That things went against us, or good points were made. Up and down went our fortunes. The game was well

E stands for energy, carnest in work,
Aye ready to labour and never to shirk.
Estands for Enterprise Earnestness, Each
Will bring things within which were out of your reach.
E is excitement, the coolest may show
When Success or Defeat tremble, just touch and go.
E is the enemy, kindlier foes
Were never Encountered: Each one of us knows
How triendships were entered on; likings begun
Which ripened and grew with each round of the Sun,
Enraging in Court: Entertaining without:
Brave foes, better friends, and we cannot feel doubt,
They won't grudge us success, now the battle is done. They won't grudge us success, now the battle is done Each fought a good fight, and the best cause has won

F is the Free swimming Fish in the Sea His value is nothing—between you and me—
He feeds, clothes, provides for the Fisherman—true
Still, his value is nothing—between me and you.
So long as the Fisherman's keel or his lead
Touches no bottom, then he's a dead head.
The reason for this we can't very well show.
But one thing is certain—it ought to be so.

G are the games that we played at the Club. The one and the ball—or the game and the rub. G are the guests they admitted to share. The pleasant white dinners they often have there. G is the genuine kindness they showed. G is the genuine kinduess they st G is the gratitude all of us owed.

H Stands for Halifax—pleasant the days
We spent there together—The Sun's genial rays
Enlivened our sejonn, made easy our task.
Lein health, strength and vigour—what more could we

Though manifold briars encumbered our way. Though manifold briars encumbered our way. The brambles seem roses when viewed from to-day; The troubles are over—anxieties past.
The trinis will vanish—the triomph will last.
We've often heard flallfax coupled with Hell!
But Heaven alliterates equally well.
Men, kindly and genial—girls, lively—not fast.
May well nake a sincer believe it's the last.
Farewell! then, farewell! may presperity fall
On man and on malden,—on each and on all!

is an Island right, little and tight, Far land for the fishing grounds found in its Bight. Three miles from the coast line the fishes abound. The most and the largest are there to be found. The Magdalen Islands are all very well. For "trash," or for "Eel grass," which never will sell. The fishermen surely must know the best spot, Prince Edward! the Island where Fish can be got!

J stands for Justice ; and here let me dream.

K is the kick which one scale gave the Beam; Justice, astonished to hear such a crash. Curiously—femioine, womanly, rash, Jast slipped off her bandage to have a sly look, And see that each scale was all right on its hook. Half expecting to see an example at home. Of what happened before at the taking of Rome. One look was enough to explain the surprise, And Justice then quickly re-covered her eyes: No Attila's sword made one side to prevail. But Boutre had sot on the edge of the scale!

L are the ladies—this subject we own.
Is above our poor Pegaaus—surely he's flown
In too lovely's course. To attain such a height
Would bring his poor moth wing-too near to the light;
Let us how then our head to Beunty and Grace
And own ourselves vanquished by each lovely face.
God speed you, fair maidens, fair matrons, to each
We wish all the happiness mortals may reach;
May maidens be married, may matrons retain
Their Youth, Grace and Beauty, until once again
The Beauty re-blossoms, the Graces renew
In children as fair as the women we knew.

M are the Mackerel swimming about. And thinking "what is all this bother about? If they take the advice of a poor little Fish. Commissioners surely would do what we wish;

Prohibit the use of that masty Purse Scine And give us the old hooking system again. We don't make a griceance of any fair sport. And never will grumbleif properly caught. But, if it is fated we come to the dieb. We want to be taken as British caught fish; British subjects we are—such would we remain. So don't let the Vankees' purse seine us again!

N are the nations who settle disputes Like men and like Christians—instead of like brutes; Though Bloodshed and Carnage may prove who is strong. They don't touch the question of Right and of Wrong!

O's opportunity offered at last
To redeem the reverses sustained in the past.
O are opinions of opposite sides.
Each one with the other innutely collides.
O are the orthodox views we maintain.
O are the others the Yankees sustain.
O's the objection Canadians feel
When Americans comein their fishes to steal.
O are the offers which often were made
To open our waters if properly paid.
O obligation devolves on them now
To pay up like men without making a row.

P is the Payment we say that they owe,
P is the Promptness to pay it they'll show;
P is Protection, a Policy proved
To presson the people. The duties removed
Would lighten Taxation—now heavily paid—
And prove real Protection, altho' it's Free Trade.

Q are the Questions to Witnesses put.

Some kept their mouths open, some kept them shut.
Q is the Quibble which made such a row,
Though we've nearly forgotten the circumstance now.
Q stands for Quits, which we'll cry on each side;
The judgment is given, by it we'll abide,
Q is the Quota which soon will be paid;
Long friends by short recknnings aften are made.

R's the "Reply," and for it we must claim. A prominent place in the Halifax game. The style might be faulty, the language was rough. But still it just proved—not too much—but enough. To show our position, establish a base. For statements we'd previously made in our case. "Twas writ in a harry, but then you must know Great generals oft fight best when near to the foc. We worked day and night, we worked with a will, And came up to time, as most Englishmen will.

S is a Squid: caught, purchased or prigged. Either lawfully taken or stealthily! iigged." Sure under a bushel thy light is not hid. O Dainty! O Delicate! Beautiful Squid. Free access to the charms has been fartered away. We hope that our consins won't bilk the fair pay. Newfoundland's agog! and would have you to know That for rights such as this she expects "Squid p quo!"

T are the thunders of Elequence borne Over hemispheres, continents, riven and torn, By the strife of the counsel, who talked day and night, But never could settle who was in the right. Thompson, Foster and Dana with lattrels we'll crown, Nor give Doutre and Whiteway a place lower down.

U was their utterance, rapid or slow, O was their diterance, rapad or slow, of which with passion, now gentle and low; Twas well that of sirens they had not the art. For each of the judges believed in his heart. Whatever the speeches might softly invite. He'd mastered the subject, and meant to do right.

V is the verdict they gave on their oath. The decision should give satisfaction to both Columbia and England—we're certain at least Between them all bitterness long ago ceased.

W are wishes most cordial to all Who sat in the Hallfax Parliament Hall. Galt, Deffusee and Kellogg I pray you accept A tribute of friendship from one who has kept. Besides records of work, those of kindnesses too. And tenders you now his acknowledgments due. To counsel and agents, to each and to all I wish that our memorles may kindly recall Pleasant days, pleasant friendships—begun, but I trust Not ended till all have ceturned to their dust!

X are expenses—no matter for those. I can't spare a minu'e. I really must close

Y is for Fon-each Canadian friend, The right hand of friendship to you I extend. Our labours are ended, our mission is done; The battle is over, the victory won

Z is the zeal which has met its reward. The result is success and a famous award. Though our paths now diverge, our thoughts may unite, We'll think on the days when we fought our good fight; Let mem'ry revert to my chief and to me. Think sometimes of Ford and of

This poem, written by the Secretary of the Halifax Commission, and sent us by one of the members, is worthy of preservation for its humour and its accurate history. - Ed. C. I. NEW-.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ANNA LOUISE CARY's salary next season will

Got Nob is busy on a new five-act opera, for libretto of which he has drawn on the story Abelard and Heloise.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG says she'll never marry a professional. At least Strakosch says she gays so. When she gets married it will be to some worthy young man who will love her for her own sake.

ENGAGEMENTS have been concluded for the fall season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre with Edwin Booth and Mmc. Modjeska under the management of Messrs. D. H. Harkins and Stephen Fiske. It is said that other distinguished artists are the subjects of pending ne-

HOWARD PAUL relates that in a moment of HOWARD FACE relates that In a moment of wild forgetfulness he asked a well-known London actress, who "makes up" skillully, her age. Her reply was frank. "I have four ages," she said. "The family archives unfortunately proclaim that I am fifty. By daylight pass for thirty-six: by gaslight not more than thirty; and with all my war paint on, in a soft light, and no rude glare. I pass for five-and-twenty."

Ir is said that the Aimee troupe made this 17 is said that the Affilee troube made this season \$67,000, of which Aimbe took \$40,000, and Maurice Grau \$27,000. These are high figures, but it must be remembered that the expenses of the troupe are are only \$2,800 a week, and that they have been taking from sixty to eighty per sent of the gross receipts. It is a good thing for them, but the managers have not found the scheme a profitable one for themselves. THE

# Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

VII.

PRESCOTT, Ont., No. 5.

(Continued)

THE NOBLE ST. LAWRENCE-THE ST. L. & O. RR .- A POWERFUL FERRY-BOAT - LABATT'S BREWERY-SOME BUSINESS MOURS-THE R. C. SCHOOL - THE COMING HOTEL -A SHORT SERMON - PRESCOTT, ADIEU.

The St. Lawrence at Prescott is a noble river. wide, deep and pure. The view, either way, is not cramped as at some other points. The river comes up to one's ideal of what the St. Lawrence ought to be. At times its grandem is of the terrible order, for instance, when it is filled with great grinding masses of lake ice, or lashed into foaming fury by a gale; but my recollections of it will be as seen during the first burst of spring -those charming days when the canopy of heaven is unspotted ethereal blue; when the sun brightens, but does not burn; when there is just sufficient motion in the air to make wavelets that dance and sparkle as though rejoicing in their prettiness. All that was needed to complete the picture was a sail or two, and generally during the day some of the Ogdensburg yachtsmen would put out and give the finishing touch to as lovely a scene as I want to set eyes upon. And then, when night fell, and the great full moon cast its mellow beams across the rippling waters, and the city on the opposite shore bonned up dimly with its spires and towers, backed by the star-studded deep blue sky, the beauty was, perhaps, enhanced, being tinged with romance, do not wonder that wonder that I do not wonder that people who have lived any length of time by the St. Lawrence cannot bring themselves to move inland, even though the inducements, from a financial point of view, may be great. Numbers, I know, fail to appreciate the glories of the great stream, their nature being atterly destitute of sentiment or poetry, but there are others who simply loss the noble river and its many attendant charms, and such as these would be miserable if forced to leave its shores and take up their abode where fields and fences everywhere meet the gaze. It is to be regretted that so far none of the cities, towns or villages bordering the St. Lawrence have even a portion of their river front laid out as a promenade. Where commerce less not required the erection of wharves, the shore is invariably disfigured with the most unsightly out-houses, pigstyes, &c. At a fabulous expense, London, great, has set about the mammoth task of rectifying the mistake of the past in this respect. The Thames embankment scheme has already cost millions sterling, and will entail many millions more. But it is everywhere recognized as a splendid enterprise and a magnificent work both useful and ornamental. No such costly works are needed in Canada, but the principle of the movement might well be adopted. "A portion of the front of every settlement along the St. Lawrence and other large rivers should be laid out as a promenade and pleasure-ground."

Those who are not physically or financially able to "go to the country," are entitled to this as a birth-right. The glorious river, with its exhilarating influences and health-giving breezes, should be monopolized by no man or set of men; it is the Almighty's gift to mankind, and it should be within the reach of the lowli st. But, as things are going, it is being gradually fenced off, so to speak, and, if a change is not made as indicated, only those who can afford the time and money to go holiday-making, will enjoy what is by rights a common heritage. Again, such improvements as I have alluded to would prove exceedingly attractive, both to tourists and dwellers inland, and, as factors in drawing business to the town, they would speedily prove paying investments. I do not address myself alone to the people of Prescott, but to all com-munities whose good fortune it is to be located by the shores of the St. Lawrence or any of the larger rivers of the Dominion. Prescott is not so badly off as some towns, because the steamboat landing and St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway wharf ensure a considerable stretch of open front, but I hope to see the day when in rear of the Town Hall there will be a terraced garden, with rustic seats and pretty pavilions taking the place of the present tumble-down sheds and accumulations of rubbish.

Having mentioned

THE ST. LAWRENCE & OFTAWA RAILWAY,

I may as well here give a few particulars respecting that road. It was opened in 1854; the main line from Prescott to Ottawa is lifty-four miles in length, and there is a branch to the Chaudiere seven miles long. The road connects with the Grand Trunk at Prescott Junction, about threequarters of a mile north-east of the town. Passengers for Prescott and the American roads are conveyed to the river-side depot by a branch By means of the steamer Transit, connection is made with the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain RR, and the Rome & Watertown RR, A through train with Pullman cars runs from Ogdensburg to Boston, and makes close connection with the trains for New York. Three trains run each way daily between Prescott and Ottawa, and a pulses day car is run through without change between Montreal and the Capital.

The works at the Prescott terminus comprise machine and car building shops, a large engine-house, &c. The Company own a floating ele-vator. The opening of the Occidental line has diverted considerable traffic from this road, but, as a line affording direct communication with the St. Lawrence and the States, it will, no doubt, increase in importance as the country north of the Ottawa becomes peopled. It is a road that has done much to promote the settlement of the section of country it traverses and taps, and though to-day it is, in a measure, overshadowed, its managers spare no pains to make the service acceptable to the public. Mr. Thos. Reynolds is Managing-Director, and Mr. A. G. Peden, Secretary-Treasurer; the general offices are at Ottawa.

THE FERRY STRAMER "WILLIAM ARMSTRONG"

is named after an influential citizen of Ogdenshurg. She was built at that port in the fall of 1876, specially to overcome the dangers and difficulties of winter navigation on the St. Lawrence. Her owner, Capt. David H. Lyon, made the design, and did a good deal of the work upon her. She has proved a complete success, as reher. She has proved a complete success, as regards winter navigation, and is greatly esteemed as an excursion boat, her great breadth making her particularly rafe. She is 113 ft. long; 30 ft. beam; draws 9 ft. 6 in aft and 4 ft. 6 inforward. She will go through clear bine ico twenty-two inches thick; her full speed is thirteen and a half knots per hour, and she will carry then and a half knots per hour, and she will carry seen and a date since per done, and say well early 800 passengers. She has ron since the day she was launched, 25th Dec., 1876, to the present time, excepting a short lay up for necessary repairs. She is now in first-class trim for excursion parties, and can be engaged upon reasonable terms.

#### LABATI'S BEENREY

is situated at the western and of the town, cover ing a large area between King street and the St. Lawrence. It was established in 1857 by Mr. William Ellis, who sold out to Mr. G. W. Smith, a noted English brewer. In 1864 the establishment was purchased by Mr. R. P. Labatt, who brought with him an experience acquired among the celebrated browers of the old country. From the first, the Prescott brewery enjoyed an excellent reputation, and the improvements introduced by Mr. Labatt added fame o what was already famous, Unfortunately Mr. Labatt's health failed, and he was obliged to give up the active management of the brewery, eaving it in the hands of a joint stock company, but retaining a large interest, which his estate still holds. The browery is now under the management of Mr. George T. Labatt, who, besides discharging the duties of Secretary, gives his personal attention to the practical business of brewing. The view conveys a very good idea of the premises, which are in all respects first-class fitted with the latest improvements for facilitating the process of manufacture. Steam power and labour saving devices have been introduced wherever practicable. The brewery has a frontage of two hundred and fifty feet; the cellars are excavated in the solid tock and extend beneath the whole area. The temperature is under complete control by means of a large ice-house placed against the western wall. full capacity of the brewery at present is fifteen thousand gallons per week, which could be considerably increased with but little trouble. Of the quality of the ale and porter turned out at this establishment, it is hardly necessary to speak the well-known label is found pretty well all over the Dominion wherever good beer is sought after. I am informed that in many daces the Stout is gradually pushing the famed luinness' out of the market, the people finding that the native article is quite equal to the im-ported and only one half the price. Labatt's India Pale Ale, too, has gained celebrity from the fact of its honest worth as a puce brew from malt and hops. Of course, there will always be those who will pay exhorbitant, prices for any-thing "imported," but in the matter of heer the people of Canada are fast learning that the more fact of a bottle bearing a certain foreign label does not always ensure a superior article. As sustaining the reputation of "native manufactures," the products of the Prescott Brewing and Malting Company must be accorded very "honourable mention."

A short distance cost of the Town Hall are

THREE SUPERIOR STORES,

forming a fine business block. First in order is Kielty Bros.' gracery establishment, carried on by Mr. M. Kielty, who started the business in 1857. The store would do credit to any city. The premises are commodious, well stocked, and neatly kept. The business embraces both wholesale and retail, in general groceries, produce and provisions, wines, liquors, china, glass, &c.
Mr. S. J. Boyd's handsome jewellery store ad-

joins the above. It is large and fully stocked with watches, clocks, silver-wate and jewellery. Few city establishments can boast a finer display of richly-filled show-cases. In connection with his business Mr. Boyd has a sewing machine department, where is to be found a large assortment of the favourite makes. The repairing is in charge of a skilled machinist.

The Glasgow Watchouse is the third in this fine block. Messrs. Robertson, Greenhill & Co. carry a large and well-assorted stock of staple and fancy dry goods, prints, cottons, tweeds, cloths, silks, dress goods (mourning goods a specialty), hosiery, gloves, ribbons, ties, &c., They are agents for Butterack's patterns.

Nearly opposite is

#### THE MECHANICS' BLOCK.

comprising four commodious stores. The first is occupied by Mr. T. Coates, manufacturer of tinware and dealer in stoves, coal oil and lamps. He has acquired the right to make the De Witt washing machine, which is a combined boiler and washer and said to be wonderfully effective. Mr. Coates is agent for the following organ manufacturers: W. Bell & Co., Guelph; Taylor Farley, Washington, Mass. ; the Smith American Organ Company of Bost n, and the Dominion Organ Company of Bowmanville.

The second one is owned and occupied by Mr. S. M. Coons, cabinet-maker, turner, undertaker,

The third is occupied by Mr. N. J. Wright, dealer in toys, fancy goods and confectionary,

The fourth is occupied by Mr. G. E. John stone, general merchant, dealing in dry goods, clothing, glassware, groceries, &c.

#### THE SWEENEY BLOCK.

opposite the Town Hall is creditable alike to the enterprising owner and the town. It comprises two fine stores, with splendid large plateglass fronts such as are rarely to be seen outside of great cities. The block is of red brick relieved with Ohio stone and presents a very pleasing appearance. The top flat is fitted up as a public hall. The stores, with a room in the rear and the basement, rent at \$300 per annum. The block was built by Mr. N. Ward, who can count upon the fingers of one hand the brick buildings in the town that he has not erected. A visitor to Prescott wanting to know something of Mr. Ward's ability as a builder has only to look around. Mr. Ward owns a brick-yard which turns out both red and white bricks of excellent quality.

#### THE SEPARATE SCHOOL.

This is one of the largest and best Catholic schools in Ontario. It was erected in the year 1875 at a cost of \$10,000. The architect, Mr. J. P. Johnson, of Ogdensburg, and the contrac-tors, Messrs. Ward & Steele, of Prescott, have just reason to feel proud of their work. The Rev. Father O'Donnell, pastor of the mission, was the prime mover in the erection of the school, and many and earnest were the efforts made by him to raise the necessary funds, and it is gratifying to know that he was at all times cordially assisted by the liberal donations of his parishioners.

There are four teachers employed in the school, with an average attendance of two hundred and fifty children.

#### A CHARMING SPOT.

As a picture-que residence there is nothing in Prescott to equal Mr. Benj. French's handsomely appointed villa Dibble street. The grounds, though not very extensive, are laid out with great taste, and during the summer constitute a bower of floral leveliness. I noticed with pleasure a love of horticulture very general among the people; beautiful window displays being quite common, but it was universally allowed that in this charming study Mrs. French carries off the palm. The floral decorations at the Church of England on Easter Day oprincipally from her conservatory) were exceedingly fine, both as regards the beauty and variety of the plants and the taste displayed in their arrangement.

#### Woonffeld House,

the property and residence of Mr. William Ellis, is situated in a very pleasant part of the town. It is admirably arranged for convenience and comfort and boosts all modern improvements, bath-room, conservatory, &c. The garden furnishes an abundance of all kinds of fruit. The stables are of a very superior order. I believe Mr. Ellis is willing to either sell or Jease and would accept any reasonable offer.

#### THE OFFEN'S BOTEL

is situated on King street, a short distance west of the Post Other. It has sixteen comfortable bed-rooms, a spacious dining-room and good accommodation generally. The stabling and sheds important points in a country town-are firstclass. The proprietor, Mr. W. G. Brunning, is an experienced hotel-keeper, and seems determined that his patrons shall carry away pleasant recollections of their sojourn at the Queen's. The St. George's dinner at this botel was one of the best I ever attended.

will be a palatial structure, situated on Water street, corner of Centre, facing the Town Hall, and from the rear commanding a fine view of Ogdensburg and the magnificent river scenery east and west. It is to be creeted by the Messrs. Buckley, who purpose putting up an establishment embodying all modern improvements and as complete as money and brains can make it. The building will be 100 feet by 70, brick and Ohio stone : it will contain five handsome and commodious stores fitted up in first-class city style. The view is from the architect's plans, This splendid hostelry is to be called the St.

#### THORN REDGE PLACE.

Among successful Prescottonians who do credit to their town and country, Mr. James Quinn merits a prominent place. After twenty-two years of business activity, first as clerk, then in the grocery and produce trade on his own account, and lastly as partner with Mr. John McCarthy the brewer, Mr. Quinn has been able,

while still in his prime, to retire from competition with his fellow mortals who are fighting the battle of life, thus setting a landable example to those who, having gained sufficient of this world's wealth, are loth to step aside and make room for the less successful crowding behind. Mr. Queen once thought the United States a better country than Canada, and he set out upon a tour of inspection visiting the Western States and the famed Pacific Slope, but he finally came to the conclusion that Canada and Prescott surpassed all he had seen, take the town and country all in all. But his travelling did him good, no doubt, as it invariably does most men who are not utter dummies. In my rambles I have met a great many Canadians who have in their earliest days had a taste of the California fever and I have always noticed that they are head and shoulders above the majority of their neighbours as regards intelligence and breadth of view. Mr. Quinn is a fair example of this, and I was not surprised to learn that, anxious to see and learn more of the world, he was about to set out for the Paris Exhibition. How much better it is for men to set their money in circulation rather than hoard it up and sit in some miserable, dark, musty store trying to conjure up something to grumble about ! Yet in every village, town and city of Canada there are to be found such as these-poor cold mortals who have toiled and moiled all their life, always getting and never halting to think what they were doing it all for. I often think when I see one of these miserable old fellows, what a deal of good they might do if only they could bring themselves to act the part of faithful stewards, and what happiness they would reap from the consciousness of having done something to lighten the gloom of a stricken home or to lift the burden oppres-sing some unfortunate fellow-creature. But, alas! there they sit and grope, knowing nothing of the sublimity of life; thinking of nothing but their balances at the bank and how they can increase them. But I digress; my admiration for James Quinn has led me to preach a sermon. However it is not long and can be easily skipped if needs be. To return to the original topic. Mr. Quinn has done his duty as a townsman; he has served in the Council; been elected Reeve, and filled a number of other offices of trust. His handsome new residence is being built on the riverside a short distance above the Grenville Brewery. It was designed by Mr. Johnson, of Ogdensburg, and when the St. Lawrence, and the home of a "real good fellow?

#### THE CEESS.

Two weekly newspapers are published in Prescott, the Telegraph on Wednesday, and the Plainteder on Friday. The former was originally called the Grenville Advertiser and enjoys the honour of having been the first paper published in the county. It was established by Mr. Robert Headlam, Clerk of the first Board of Police. It is now the property of Mr. Isaac Watson, who runs it in the interest of the Mackenzie Ministry.

The Plaindcaler is owned by a joint stock company of which the editor, Mr. T. A. Anderson, is managing-director. Its policy is anti-Mackenzie. Mr. Anderson is a shrewd clearheaded Scotchman. His articles are pilthy and outspoken, fully warranting the name of the sheet. With a population of, say 4,000, Prescott ought to be thinking of sustaining a daily paper.

#### FREE MASONRY,

The members of this ancient and honourable order, forming Central Lodge, No. 110, C. R., meet the first Tuesday in the month. They have a very creditable lodge room in the l'ost Office building and muster about one hundred members. James Reynolds, W. M.: Arthur Parker, Secretary.

#### THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

The ori inal building stood on the opposite side of the street. It was erected about 1821 and served till 1856, when the present church was built upon a site purchased from the late Alpheus Jones at a cost of \$1,200; the building costing \$8,000. It was afterwards enlarged at a cost of \$3,000, and will now seat about eight hundred. The present pastor is the Rev. G. H.

#### ADIEU

And now, bidding adieu to Prescott, I desire to acknowledge particularly my indebtedness to Col. Jessup, Mayor Buckley and Major White, of Prescott, and Mr. Roscius Judson, of Ogdensburg, for valuable information respecting "the good old days." I would like also to express my thanks to the many kind friends who helped to make my stay pleasant, and my mission successful. In all my rambles I shall ever look back to my sojourn in Prescott with unallayed pleasure.

THE net profits divided among Gilmore's Band as the result of four days' performance in Dublin were £850. Miss Lilian Morton is said to be warmly re-ceived.

MANAGER LATHROP of the Boylston Museum Alanager Lathror of the Boylston Museum has charlered a large barge with steam power, which he is having converted into a theatre in New York, and when completed it will run two trips up-the Hudson river each day with a vandeville company and a military band. It will be, called Lothrop's Floating Palace Theatre, and will sent about 1,000 persons. The trial trip will be made about July 1st.

#### NICE PEOPLE.

It would appear that society at the present time is comparatively indifferent as to whether people are good, clever, sensible, or amusing but there is a universal desire, almost amounting to a frensy, to meet "nice" people. Thus we find that whenever a country residence is to be let or sold, all the surrounding neighbours are devoutly hoping that it may be taken by nice people, and everyone wish for entrée to houses where nice people are to be met. To be nice people, and to know nice people, seems indeed to be the aim and object of life in this latter half of the nineteenth century. Even the worship of the great idol of Mammon itself is forsaken by many for devotion to the "nice." Although, however, the companionship of "nice is doubtless much to be desired, these social angels are sometimes so lacking in the qualities which are usually considered necessary to make intercourse entertaining, that one is almost tempted to shun their society for a sea-First impressions may seem to justify the use of the much coveted adjective, not only in its fashionable, but also in its general sense but on closer acquaintance it is apt to be found that those on whom the title is bestowed are wanting in some of the most important of the characteristics which it is generally understood to imply. In a small but very concise dictionary, we find the word nice defined as "very pleasant, dainty, precise." Now there are many persons who are conventionally spoken of as, not only nice, but very nice, people whom we could point out as interesting subjects on which to try the test of this definition. "Yery pleas-meaning agreeable, amiable, and good-tempered, they certainly are not; "dainty which we could hardly apply to their conversation, especially when it touches upon social scandals; while "precise" is an adjective which defines neither their behaviour nor the accuracy of their statements.

What then are the qualifications which entitle a person to be classified among "nice peo-ple". This is a question which undoubtedly This is a question which undoubtedly puzzles many of those who so glibly make use of the expression; but, generally speaking, we believe the phrase is conventionally understood to mean people who are received into good society. It does not necessarily point to the rich or to those of good family, since "nice people" are occasionally neither one nor the other; but finished will be one of the finest mansions along; it is a sine qui non that they should have a place in what is known as "society." charming and well educated persons will not do --indeed education is rather at a low premium among the "nice people"-but the aspirants to this title must, somehow or other, by fair means or foul, become acknowledged members of the fashionable world; in short, to use a modern slang expression, they must be "in the swim" of society. Although the parentage of these superior beings is sometimes the very reverse of aristocratic, this may be counter balanced by great social recommendations; but high birth is of considerable advantage at the outset of their career. To be "born of honest parents," as old biographies quaintly put it, is of no account in any way; to be the descendent of an old line of country squires is little better, unless these worthies have of late years intermarried with the nobility; but to be linked to the peerige, even by a bar sinister, makes an as-pirant quite safe. Setting aside, however, the question of birth, it is more interesting to turn to the moral and social attributes of "nice peo-ple." In the first place, we will examine the manner in which they do their duty rowards their Creator and their neighbour. They do not consider it to be what they clegantly term 'good form" to indulge in religious or irreligi ous extremes. This is the first commandment among "nice people." To go to church, and to a fashionable church, is de riquem; but religious enthusiasm must be strictly avoided. A cer tain amount of respectable piety may be tolerated as a necessiry evil; and, after all, worship is in some measure reciprocal; for if the "nice devoted spends an hour or two a week in a pret ty church, and gives away a modest sum of money which he does not miss, the devotion paid to him in return by the clergy is perhaps the nearest approach to adoration which men can reasonably expect from a fellow creature. Many nice people are doubtless sincerely devout; yet of them it is said "They are very nice people, but—," and the "but" is followed by entations aver he one failing which sull their otherwise beautiful characters-namely, their religious earnestness. As regards their duties towards their neighbours, nice people are often very charitable in nursing their invalid friends who happen to be wealthy. The poor they will also attend to so far as their labours will make them popular, and give them influence when elections take place. Besides, it is the proper thing to have the reputation of being kind to the poor, and their being so establishes a sort of mimic feudal relation between them and their poorer neighbours. When nice people are tenants, the expenditure of a very moderate sum of money, and a still more moderate amount of time, among the neighboring memhers of the labouring classes, will give them almost as much influence as would the possession a large estate. In London, they must be ever ready to subscribe liberally to the pet charities of their fashionable acquaintances. The judi-cious use of charities is of great assistance in scaling the rounds of the social ladder, and it is

satisfactory to climber to know that the money given will at least conduce eventually to their

own social advancment. By refusing all appeals in obscure cases they are enabled to give large sums, with great apparent magnanimity, to the favourite charities of the leaders of fash. ion, thus making sure of a reward in his life.

#### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

CHECK-MATE-A liberal husband.

A Young Oil Citizen calls his girl Revenge because she is sweet.

A LONDON bootmaker has this interesting announcement in his window; be sold at seven shillings a pair." Ladies will

Two ladies, mother and daughter, having been left without a male protector, now edit the Chicago Post, and edit it well.

From a boy's composition on hens: "I cut my Uncle William's hen's head off with a hatchet, and it scared her to death."

"WHAT is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little crea-ture rose and answered; "Information of the brain.

"What's honour!" asked Falstaff. That's easy. Any woman who sits behind another woman in church can tell what's on her in about two minutes.

"How nicely this corn pops!" said a young man who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded demurely, "it's got over being green."

NEARLY every woman who has attained intellectual eminence was a tomboy in her childhood, and did not wear corsets. Charlotte Cushman was that sort of a little girl.

"And they were all talking so unkindly of ou, dearest Louisa, and." -"And what were you, dearest Louisa, and--'they saying ?'--"Saying that you painted your face; and I told them that it was untrue, and that your colour was only erysipelas.'

At Warsaw there is a ladies' club wherein the rule is that no morning dress shall cost more than \$25, no evening dress more than \$50, and no bonnet more than \$7.50. At each quarterly meeting each lady must declare that she owes neither a milliner nor a dress-maker.

A CELEBRATED actress, whose fresh smile and silver voice favoured the deception, always called herself "sweet sixteen." She stated her age as sixteen in court as a witness. Her son was directly afterwards called up and asked how old he was, "Six months older than mother," was the honest reply.

EVERY meeting of the Sorosis Club opens with a wholly incomparable lunch. It is to be hoped the members don't minee and let good victuals spoil, as women do at a fashionable dinner party. The reason men do not like to have women at public dinners is, probably, because they kill all appetite by their embarrassing mineing and stiff eliquette.

THERE lives six miles from Richmond, Va., Mrs. Martha T. Hopkis, who is only thirtynine years old and has just married her sixth husband. She was married at twenty years of age, took her second husband when she was twenty-four years old, her third when she was twenty-seven years old, her fourth when thirty-two years old, and her fith when thirtyseven years old.

#### HUMOROUS.

THESE longer days will give you more time to

Ir was a lucky thing for Noah that his ark constructed for a United States war vessel.

In making strawberry shortcake care should

he taken to have the berries in excess of the saleratus. Mr. JASPER, who affirms that the world stands dill, probably never had the sidewalk fly up and hit him on the nose.

The thin, pious man who is continually groan-ing over the wickedness of the world is more troubled with dyspepsia than blessed by religion.

A Newspaper man who breaks the Sabbath. explains himself thus: "If fish are wicked enough to bite on Sunday, they ought to suffer for it."

The moon, it is claimed, has gained an inch in rapidity of motion within the last hundred years, that rate it would soon overtake a boy on an errand.

A porton went out for a day's hunting, and, on coming home, complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

Another attempt has been made to assassinate the Emperor William. It is far better to be a humble book agent than to wear a crown. Everybody feels like killing a book agent, but it can't be done. A book agent Whist Proverb: "For want of leading a

trump the trick was lost, and for want of the trick the game was lost, and for want of the game the rubber was lost, and for want of the rubber the temper was lost, and for want of the temper the friend was lost.

A COLOURED cook, expecting company of her kind, was at a loss how to entertain her friends. Her mistress said, "Chloe, you must make an apology," "Lainissus, how can I make it? I got no apples, no eggs, no butter, no nutfin to make it wid."

A YOUNG minister was preaching in Scabrook, N.H., from "I am the light of the world," and made poor work of it, stammering and stuttering and almost stopf. ping, when an indignant huckleberry peddler, a sort or masculine woman, shouted out; "If you are the light of the world you needs snuffing."

Who ever saw a rope walk !-- (Rome Sentinel.) Who ever saw a horse fly !--(Athany Argus.) Who ever saw a cat fish !--(Yonker's Gazette.) Who ever heard a mill dam !--(Boston Commercial.) Who ever saw a tree tood !--(Hackensack Republican.) Who ever saw a a milk made : ... (New York Republican.)



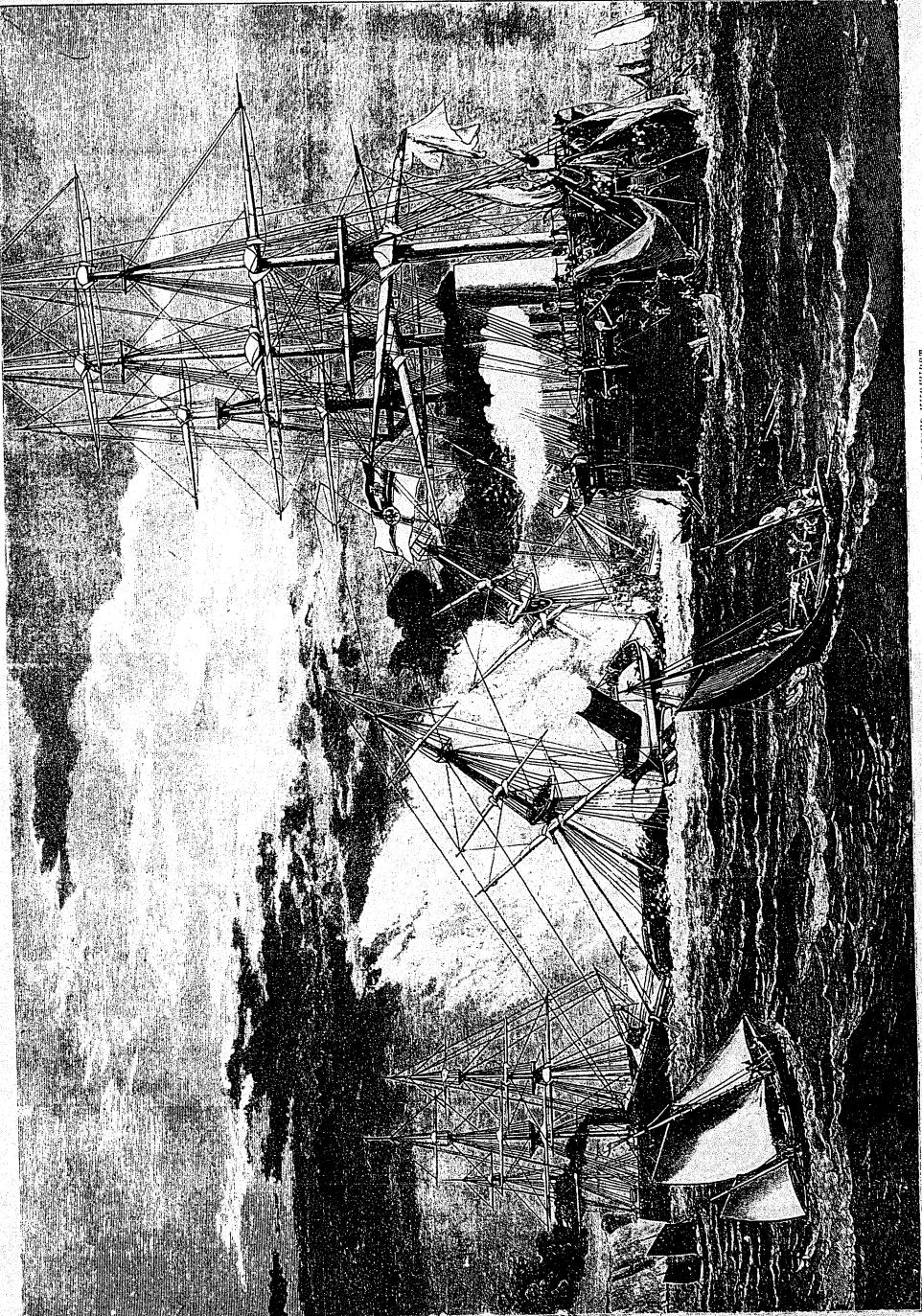
VERA ZASSOULITSCH.



COUNT SCHOUVALOFF.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE POTTER COMMITTEE INVESTIGATION. EXAMINATION OF J. E. ANDERSON.



COLLISION OF THE GERMAN TRONCLADS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: LOSS OF THE GROSSER KURFURST.

#### THE BIRTH OF GREEN ERIN.

[In the following beautiful verses there is an unusual vigour of imagination, joined to excel-lent versification, and the knowledge of the ratois is simply delicious. It was written many years ago by a young Irishman named Moore, and appeared in that very clever story "Tom Stapleton." It has lately been touched up by Mr. Frank Oakes Rose for the platform. We reprint it as recited by Mr. R-himself and several of his friends.

Wid all condescinshin, Id turn your attinshin,
To what I would minshin in Erin so green;
And without hesitayshin.
Ed show how that nayshin Became is creayshin the gim an' the queen.

It happened wan mornin'.
Widhout iny warein.
That Vayuus was been in the beautiful say:
An' be that same tokin.
(An' sure t'was provokin.')
Her pinions wur soakin', an' wudo't give play.

So Niptune, who knew her. Hogan to purshine her.
In ordiner to woo her, the wicked owld Jew (
An' he very nigh caught her.
Atap in the wather.
Great Jubither's daughter, who cried "Poo-ta loo!

But Jove, the great jaynious.
Look d down an saw Vaynus,
Au Neptune so haynious purshim her wild.
So he roared out in tundher.
He'd tare him asundher.
An shure 'twas no wondher, for tazing his child.

So a shtar that was flyin

Atound him cspyin,
Atound him cspyin,
He sazed widhout sightin', an' hurled it below,
Where it tumbled like winkin
On Neptune white sinkin',
An' gave him, I'm thinkin', a broth iv a blow!

An that shiar was dhryland, Both lowland and highland, urned a swate island, the land iv me birth! Thus plain is the sthory. Knee shit down from glory, That Erin so houry's a beaven on earth!

Thin Vayous jumped nately
On Erin so shtately.
But fayoted 'kase lately so bother'd and priss'd.
Which much did bewildher,
But ere it had killed her.
Her father dishvilled her a dhrop iv the bisht!

En that her feel glarious.

A little uprocrious I tear it might prove:

Hince how can yez blaine us

That Erin's so immosis.

For beauty, an' murther, an' whisky, an' love?

Au' that glass so victorious

#### VICTORIA COLLEGE.

This institution of learning is the property of the Methodist Church of Canada. It is immediately under the management of the College It is imme-Board, a body composed of twelve ministers and an equal number of laymen, appointed once in four years by the General Conference of the Church. No religious tests, however, are axacted of the students, and young men of all de-nominations have received instruction in its The college is located in the beautiful town of Cobourg, Out., situated on the north which the greater part has already been paid, shore of Lake Untario, about 70 miles east of and \$20,000 for "Faraday Hall," a new build-Toronto, and 120 west of Kingston. The Grand ing for scientific purposes, only recently opened. Trunk Railway passes through the town, furnishing every facility for reaching the college at of Cobourg alone. The Endowment now reaches any season of the year. Cobourg possesses many advantages as a seat of learning, not the least being delightful scenery, salubrity of climate, and generally a moral, intellectual, and enterprising population, affording good society and immunity from the unfavourable surroundings by which some institutions have been character-

This institution was founded as a seminary of and was denominated "The Upper Canada Academy." The Province at that period afforded but limited facilities for acquiring a liberal education. No funds were available to the Conference for so great an undertaking, and reliance was placed wholly on the voluntary contribu-tions of the people. Several ministers were ap-pointed to visit the various sections of the Province to explain the project and solicit assistance, the most industrious and successful of whom, perhaps, was the late Rev. John Beatty. It was resolved to build on a large scale, and to obtain the means in a sparsely settled country was a bold undertaking. Though the appeal was heartily responded to, considering the condition of the Province, it was found necessary to make an effort in England, and the Rev. Egerton (now Canada and the United States, in all the learned Dr.) Ryerson, so well-known as the founder of the Ontario Public School system, was fortunately prevailed upon to engage in the mission. He succeeded in obtaining a respectable sum of money by private application, as also, through the Colonial Department, a grant from the Provincial Legislature. He likewise secured a Royal Charter for the Academy from the then reigning monarch, His Majesty William IV. The institution, the corner-stone of which had been laid in 1831, was completed and furnished in 1836, and formally opened the same year with the Rev. Matthew Richey, D.D., an eloquent divine of respectable literary attainments, well known in Montreal, as the first Principal. To him succeeded Jessee Hurlburt, LL.D., who held the position till the Female Department was abolished in 1841, when a Charter for the "University of Victoria College" having been procured from the Canadian Legislature, the institution started on its new career, with the Rev. Dr. Ryerson as its first President. In 1844,

Dr. Ryerson having accepted the office of Chief Superintendent of Education for the Province, was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. McNabb. 1850 the Rev. S. S. Nelles, M.A., D.D., LL.D., then a rising young minister, was chosen President. The event has shown that the selection was a wise one. Dr. Nelles brought to the position untiring industry, high literary and scientific attainments, good teaching ability, power both as a speaker and writer, and admirable tact as a manager. Under his judicious guidance Victoria College has steadily advanced in popularity and influence, occupying to-day a high position among the universities of the Dominion. Dr. Nelles still presides over the destinies of the university, and to all appearance is increasing in mental vigour.

Victoria College has graduated 255 students in Arts and Science, 29 in Divinity, 70 in Law, and 841 in Medicine,—being a total of 1,195. But this gives only a partial idea of the work done by the institution. Hundreds have attended every year who have acquired knowledge fitting them for important positions in society, who were unable to remain long enough for a com- tions with that object have been set on foot, and drop on one of the petals, and looking into the plete course. The number of students in at- that the statements on that subject have been dewdrop a miniature view of the exhibition is tendance in all departments for the year just closed, is given as follows: In Arts, 123: Medicine, 127: Theology, 49; Law, 6: Science, 90, —in all, 318—But 26 of these being registered in two Faculties, the actual number of students for the past year is 228.

Amongst the institutions affiliated with Victoria College may be mentioned a French School of Medicine in Montreal.

Victoria College has had serious financial difficulties to encounter. In 1862 a debt of \$30,000 had gradually arisen, and to liquidate it the Rev. Dr. Aylesworth was selected to raise money by subscription, afterwards assisted by the Rev. Charles Fisk, a work which occupied about four years, the ministers of Conference in the meanwhile submitting to a voluntary assessment of the fund. It percent, upon their income to meet the interest on the debt and the expenses incurred by the agents.

Soon after the Confederation of the Provinces, all aid to denominational colleges was cut off, whereupon the Methodist Conference, on the re-commendation of Dr. Nelles, voted to raise the sum of \$200,000 as a permanent endowment for the University of Victoria College. The Rev. Dr. Punshon took an active part in this movement, making a personal donation of \$3,000 to the fund, and soliciting subscriptions at public the fund, and soliciting subscriptions at public being made to the House, an immediate adjourn-meetings called for the purpose in the cities and ment took place. Mr. Martin was forty-nine principal towns of Ontario and Quebec. Several Years of age. country; but only little more than one-fourth of the required amount was realized. The late Edward Jackson, Esq., of Hamilton, and Mrs. Jackson, left a legacy of \$30,000 for the Theological Department; and in 1873, the Rev. J. His labours have resulted in a large addition to the Endowment Fund and to the teaching capacity of the college. He has raised by subscription \$60,000 for permanent investment, of nearly \$115,000.

Faraday Hall, devoted to experimental and practical science, is named after the late Michael Faraday, a Christian scientist, well known for his eminent attainments. The building is one hundred feet in length by fifty in breadth, and from the ground to the top of the tower measures ninety-seven feet. Including the basement, it is three stories high. The basement story is made of Viverent learning for both sexes, pursuant to a resolution made of Kingston limestone, and the super-of the Methodist Conference adopted in 1830, structure is of red brick. There are several and was denominated "The Upper Canada rooms, spacious, and all admirably adapted to their respective purposes. Faraday Hall is well supplied with the most modern furniture and apparatus of the best quality and convenience, under the direction of Dr. Haauel, an able German Professor. The observatory is situated in a totary tower, affording a magnificent view of the tower, the country, and Lake Ontario, and contains a fine telescope, seven feet in length, under charge of Professor Bain, the popular head of the Mathematical Department.

Victoria University has ever been distinguished for the the roughness as well as the practical character of the education it imparts, and as a professions, in commercial pursuits, and in the legislative balls of the country.

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

WE understand that the Ritualists intend to dispute the legality of the appointment of Lord 'enzance as Dean of Arches.

It is said that the author of the caustic Life of Lord Beaconstield, which is now appearing in the Fortnightly Review, is the editor of a leading Liberal London journal.

ONE of the devices of the Liberals at Reading was to placard the town with an illustration of Sikh soldiers murdering two prisoners. This placard was headed "Beaconsfield's Man-Tigers."

dolence to the family of the late Earl Russell, whom His Majesty acknowledges gratefully as the unswerving champion of Italy's unity and independence.

It is reported in all sorts of circles in the metropolis, as well as in many fashionable squares, that the Premier has advised Her Mojesty to call the junior member for Birming ham to the upper house under the title of Lord Chamberlain.

"THE York" is the title of a new fashionable club now in course of formation, and for which handsome premises have been secured at the corner of St. James-street. The Marquises of Lorne and Stafford and a well-known sporting nobleman have already consented to serve on the Committee.

It is authoritatively stated, in contradiction of statements to the effect that diplomatic relations are likely to be renewed between the English Government and the Vatican, that no negotiaentirely without foundation.

A 1680 letter from a correspondent wishes to make known that the coming of Mr. Gladstone was foretold in the Psalms of David. The particular verse upon which my correspondent relies is the 5th of Psalm lxxiv., where it is written :- "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick tress."

THE concert in London for the benefit of Mario was a great success, the gross product being £1,255. Nilsson, Trebelli, Santley, Foli, and other eminent artists gave their services on the occasion. Sims Reeves was unable to sing through indisposition, so he gave 100 guineas to the fund. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teek were among the audience.

THE sitting of the House of Commons was and unexpected as the occasion for such a course; is fortunately rape. Mr. Wykeham Martin, one of the Liberal members for Rochester, had come down to the House as usual, and was writing a letter in the library, when he was seized with a Atlantic, the Hassis has never met an accident fatal illness, and expired in a few minutes. On She possed through storms of the severest class the announcement of the hon, member's death; acter, yet has never lost even a boat, and the

A NEW form of temporary insanity has been discovered or invented, called "elithrophobia." The chief symptom of this malady is a dislike to ogical Department; and in 1873, the Rev. J. Gut." It is very frequent sometimes almost the Johnson, M.A., of Toronto, formerly a minister in Montreal, was appointed as General and Financial Agent, and still holds that position. His labours have resulted in a large of live of the control of confined spaces, and an invincible desire to "get finement in order either to avoid justice or to shorten their term of imprisonment. This is now ascertained to be merely a popular delusion. They are only acting under the influence of "clithrophobia." It seems that the term "temporary insanity" is still unexhausted.

Los ion like its keen rival, Paris, is to have a "Graud Hotel," and the builders expect to be able to place it in the hands of the decorators by the end of October. The site of the building is at the corner of Northamberland-avenue, the forms size of the Northamberland-avenue, the former site of old Northumberland House, The building, we are told, will give to Trafalgar square some of the features of architectural beauty which that famous spot deserves. The total amount of the builder's contract is £200. 000. To this must be added the value of land, furniture, and decorations, which is certain to swell the amount to half a million. The Midland Hotel, St. Paneras, has cost over a million pounds, and the Charing Cross Hotel cost still more.

#### THE GLEANER.

Stxry thousand troops are garrisoned in Paris at present.

BARNUM'S circus recently took \$90,000 in twenty-three days.

GUADSTONE owns a landed estate in England of 6,977 acres.

The Empress of Austria wears a train thirty feet long, and two small boys have to carry it. THE Greeks kent no cats They domesticated

the weasel, and with it hunted vermin. AMERICA spends \$700,000,000 annually on strong drinks: England, with 6,000,000 less of population, \$750,000,000.

SOME Americans have deposited a wreath and a vase of earth from the United States upon Lafayette's tomb in the Picpus cemetery, Paris.

THE latest reports indicate that the Antonelli estate is not worth more than \$120,000 in-stead of \$2,000,000 which has heretofore been supposed to be its value.

THERE is a French prophecy which says the end of the world will come when Easter Sunday falls on St. Mark's day. This will be the case

PROF. RILEY, the American entomologist, es timates the insects do \$150,000,000 worth of damage to the crops every year, and he thinks that much of this foss can be prevented.

THE departure of Dundreary whiskers is an-King Humbert has sent a telegram of con- nounced in England. The proper thing is a

small whisker coming just below the ear, and a delicate moustache tipped at the ends into fine points.

In Germany fish are not caught for sport, and he law fixes the size of those that need not be eturned to the water. Thus, a salmen must be ixteen inches long, a perch five, and an eel fourteen.

CLOSE imitations of silver dollars are made of block tin, bismuth and pulverized glass. An immense number of these bogus coins are in circulation in the West. They imitate exactly the true colour and ring, and are about right in weight.

The Dean of Chichester made a good point on the Darwinians in a sermon at Oxford the other day. "Ye men of science," said he, "ye men of science, leave me my ancestors in Paradise. and I do not grudge you yours in the Zoological Gardens."

The latest triumph of Parisian novelty is an Exhibition bouquet," a tiny artificial rose to be worn in the buttonhole, with a crystal dewdrop on one of the petals, and looking into the discovered.

THE Sioux consider that a man who can stead and not be found out a great brave, but if he happens to be caught three or four times, his weapons are taken from him, and he is made a "squaw man," a disgrace which affects the average Indian worse than death.

Mrs. LANGTEY, daughter of the Dean of Jersey, will take rink hereafter with the histori-beauties of England. Last season people - here, even duchesses scrambled on chairs to catch a glimpse of her. She was the sensation of the drawing-room, and three of her portraits are this year on exhibition at the Royal Academy

THERE was recently a remarkable sale of old idue and white Nankin ware in London. V-termi collectors were astounded by the prigiven. Many single articles or pairs of the hawthorne pattern brought from \$150 to \$140 13 has tweek brought to a termination as sudden a tall vase, \$500 ; a pair of ginger jars, \$2,100 and unexpected as the occasion for such a course a long-necked bottle, \$730 , a ginger jar, \$2,500 is fortunately rare. Mr. Wykeliam Martin, one a pot, with cover, \$3,200 ; and its companion jar the enormous price of \$3,450.

Herriso the 197 trips she has made across the small craft that now hang upon the davits on either side of her valoon deck are the same that were hung in the same places when she was prepared for her original trip from Liverperd to New York. Considered in every respect, the Russia has been one of the best paying vessels ever owned by a steamship company

Title French press have lately been devoting attention to the origin of several words now absorbed into their language from the English "Tramway, is called after General Outram of Indian fame."

It appears from the catalogue of the Paris I x hibition, that Norway has turned her attention to utilizing some of her vast fluny products. She sends fish-skins tanned for gloves, cal-skins, prepared for harness, shark skins ten feet long and three feet wide, and whale-skins maty feet long for driving bands. It is astonishing to what useful purposes skins can be employed, and our ancestors were evidently correct in their old adage, "There is nothing like leather."

#### ABANDONED AT SEA.

At all times ships of one kind or another are fleating about at sea, abandoned by others and erew, in what seems a hopeless condition. Some are dismarthed and mere hulks, some are swimming keel upwards, some are water-logged, but being laden with timber will not sink, but are driven hither and thither as the wind and waves may direct. So people afflicted with catarrh, bronchitis, and consumption, are abandoned by physicians and friends as inentable, yet thousands of such are annually restored to perfect health by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pietce's Golden Medical Discovery. The Catarrh Remedy is unequalled as a snothing and healing local application, while the Discovery purifies and carriches the blood and inparts tone and vigor to the whole system.

VIDOLIA, La., April 17th, 1877.

DR. PIERCE

Dear Sir,-1 suffered for twelve years with that most offenase and loathsome of all diseases catarrh. My faste and smell were completely destroyed. I procured a supply of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and your Golden Medical Discovery, which I used according to directions, and a complete and permanent cure was speedily effected. I take pleasure in recommending them to all afflicted.

Ever thankfully yours, CLARA E. HUNT.

WADING RIVER, Burlington Co., N. J., Feb. 28th, 1877.

Dr. Pierce :

Dear Sir .- Your Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for coughs, colds, and consumption, I ever knew. It has saved my life.

Respectful'y yours, HELEN B. MCANNEY. 

#### THE TALE OF THE TERRIBLE FIRE.

I will tell you the tale of the terrible fire : It springs from the earth—it is dreadful and dire.

In the dark
Wintry sky,
See the spark
Upward fly; See it grow In its frame-See it glow lute flame

See it burning and blazing.

See it spring into life.

With a vigour amazing—

How it longs for the strife! Hear the noise and the rattle --How it swells, how it grows, Like the crash of a battle, Like the clash of the foes

See it rushing and rising and roaring.
See it trying to touch a tall star:
It seems in the sky to be soaring
Like a ting of flerce flame from afar.
See it turning and burning and braving—
See it streaming and gleaming and red!
Ah! the smoke in the air now is waving
Like a winding sheet of dull lead.

Hear it laugh with wild gies at each futile endeavour To quench or to quell its exuberant force:
It is flaming and free and fauthstic forever;
It delights and exults with no pany of remorae.
With no pain, with but passion—mad passion—it quivers
With its penning streams and its rearing rivers.
With its gleaning streams and its rearing rivers.

It dares to do all things that flame dares to do.

How it darts, how it dances and dashes, As though it had taken for aim,
As though it had taken for aim,
To reduce all the world into ashes
And to fling all the stars into flame!
It is glittering and glowing and glaring—
And raging it rings its own keel!
It is showing its wonderful during—
It is turning the sky into hell!

How it lazily lingers
With its swell and its fall;
With its flery flugers
Weirdly weaving a pall;
With its horsilie bleaca,
Like the wind in a storm,
With its blistering storm;
On face and on farm;

Of its flushes Besett, Only arlow Till its cries And it dies to the gloon

I have told you the tale of the terrible fire : I has sing its last song to this infinites lyre.—
It has sing its last song, it has breathed its last breath, it has lived without life, it has died without death.

... From Appletonr Journal for July.

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal - Letter and contents received. Thanks

E. S. W., St. John, N.B., Many thanks for the diagram, although not a ultable for our Column, it shall receive attention.

C. B., Montreal.-Letter and score of game received. Thanks. We hope to be able to insert the latter shortly P. A. R. Montreal - Your problem has been inspected. but it is too easy for our Column.

Student, Montreal.-Correct solution of Problem No.

#### LADY CHESSPLAYERS. (From the Field.)

COLIEGE CHESS CLUB.—Mr. Blackburne gave a blind-fold performance on Friany, the 17th of last month, at this club, which consists of ladies and gentlemen who meet at the Ladies' College, Little Queen street, Holborn. The usual attractions of such exhibitions were greatly enhanced on this occasion by the quakry of his opponents, who, six in number, all belonged to the fair sex; they were Mrs. Down, Mrs. Skellock, Mrs. Florence Down, Mrs. Jamieson, Miss Wallington, and Miss Neilie Bown. The first-named lady has already entired the reputation of heing, probably, the best metropolitan lady player, and she won, a short time ago, the first prize in the normanent of the above club, though some of the male competitors were practised members of other strong metropolitan chess societies. Mrs. Down held her own successfully against her colleptated blindfold antagonist, who had to resign a well-fought contest after about thirty moves on each side. The other annaions made as good a fight as could be expected against such a gigantic opponent, but had ultimately to succumb. The proceedings were watched by a large number of metropolitan chess masters and amateurs.

The Huddersheld College Magazine, in calling attenits last number, makes the following remarks:-

its last number, makes the following remarks:—
"In a letter which appeared in the Canadian Illustrated News some mouths ago, suggesting this same Tourney, Mr. Shaw alluded to the "seeming indifference" with which Canadian Chess was regarded by English journals. We trust this magazine was exempted from such an accusation. We have on various occasions given items of news from the colony, we beg pardon, the "Dominion" of Canada, and shall be pleased to publish some of the games when fluished, that are now in progress in our good friend's tourney."

We had a glance at a copy of Mi. Bird's, long anticipated work "Choss Openings," which has been sent to a gentleman in Montreal. It seems excellently got up, and we have no doubt the contents are equally satisfactory. We shall be glad to say more about this, however, when we obtain a copy for inspection.

PROBLEM No. 179.

By G. E. CARPEN, ER.

Paom "Miles" forthcoming "Chess Games,"

(From the Derbyshire Advertisor.)



BLACK.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 2661H. (From Land and Water.)

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of the games played by Mr. Blackburne against six lady opponents, at the College Chess Club recently.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE .-BLACK. -(Miss Nellie Down. (Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K.4 2. P takes P 1. P to K 4 7. P to Q 4
3. B to Q B 4
4. B tokes P (ch)
5. B tokes Kt (c)
6. Q to R 5
7. B to K t 5 2. Utakes P 3. B to B 4 (a) 4. K to B sq (b) (5. R takes B (d) 6. P. to Q 2 (6. Q to B 2 9. Kt to B 3 10. Kt to B 3 10. Kt to B 3 Q takes P Ki to K B 3 10. Kt to B 3 11. P takes Kt 12. Q to K 3 (a) 13. B to K 2 14. B takes B (b) 16. Castles
11. Kt takes Kt
12. P to K B 4
13. Kt to B 2
14. Kt to B 3
15. Kt takes B
16. P takes P (dis. cb)
17. R to B 7 (ch)
18. Q to R 4
19. P to K 6
20. P to R 4
22. R takes B
23. R to R 6
24. P to Q K 1 4 (b) Castle

14. B takes B (b)
15. Q to K sq
16. K to K 2
17. K to Q sq
19. B to K 14 (i)
20. B takes P (j)
21. Q to B 3
22. P to K 14 23. Q to B 4 Resigns

#### NOTES.

far the Vere invoured this move, and no doubt as be

(c) The vere involved has move, and in dialous as a system players of equal skill it may be used sometimes by way of variety in off hand games. However Kt to K B 3 is the correct continuation.

(b) The Bishop should be taken.

(c) Mr. Blackburne would admit that B to Kt 3 is somewhat stronger. However the move in the text has its robust.

24. P to Q Kt 4 (b)

its points.

(f) The King should take.

(f) Blocking up the Q B, and thereby slighting those spiteful things the principlies. Q to K sq should have

spiteful things the principiles. Q to K sq should nave been placed.

(f) Not good, but it is difficult to suggest any satisfactors line of play for White threeters B to B 4, and then Kt to Rt 5. Black's best resource is perhaps B to K Kt 5, with the object of brugging the Q to R 4.

(j) P to Q 6 dis ch) yields no solace, and in fact there is really nothing hopeful to be done. If there were any misocynist present no doubt the contemptible creature rinhead his hands with unmoning gles.

(h) Determined at any rate to take vengeance upon that most annoying Bishop.

(i) Best under the sad circumstances of the case, because if 19 B to B third then 27 Q to B fourth, winning easily.

easily.

(f) She could do nothing better, for if B to R third, then R to Q seventh (ch), followed by Q to B fourth, (b) All this is skilled, though unclavarous.

#### GAME 26776.

#### CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE

TOURNEY.

Game played recently between Messrs, Black and Wylde, Halifax, N. S.

(Evans' timelat.)

White -George P. Black, Black, John T. Wyble Halifax, N. S. Halifax, N. S. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 . P to K 4 . Kt to Q B 3

3. B to Q B 4 4. B takes P

2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Q B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 5. P to Q B 3 6. P to Q 4 7. Castles 8. Q to Q Kt 3 9. P to K 3 5. B to B 4 6. P takes P 7. P takes P 8. Q to K B 3 9. Q to K L 3 10. K K1 to K 2 10. Kt takes P 10. K K1 to K 2 11. P to Q K1 4 12. Q to K 3 13. Kt to K Kt 3 14. Kt to K K 3 16. R to Q Kt 3 17. Q takes Q 18. R to Q K 5 19. B to Q R 3 20. R takes B 21. Kt to Q 5 22. R takes Kt 23. R takes Kt 1E. Q Kt to K 2 12. B to Q 3 13. Q to Q Kt 7 14. Kt to K B 4 14. Kt to K B 4
15. B takes Kt
16. Q takes Q Kt P
17. Q to Q B 4
18. B takes Q
19. Q R to Q B sq
20. B takes B
21. B to Q Kt 5
22. Kt takes Kt
23. G Kt takes Kt
23. G K to O S S 23. R takes R 24. P to Q B 3 25. B to Q Kt 3 26. P to K Kt 4 24. R takes R 25. B to Q B 4 26. P to K Kt 3 27. R to K R t 3 28. R to K B 6 29. K to K t 2 30. P to K B 4 31. R to Q 6 32. R to K B 6 26. P to K Kt 4 27. P to K R 4 28. R to R 2 20. K to K 9 30. B to Q 5 31. B to Q B 4 32. P takes P 33. B to Kt 5 3tt. P takes P 34. K to B 3 35. B to Q Kt 3 36. It to B 5 37. R to B 6

The game was here by agreement considered drawn.

#### SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 177.

WHITE 1. R to K 7 2. Kt to K 8 3. Kt mates 1. Kt takes R at K 7 (a) [

(a) If I Kt takes R at B 4, White plays 2 Kt to K 3

#### Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 175.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. K to Q Kt M

 Kt to Q B 7 (ch)
 Kt to Q R 6 (dou ch)
 Q fo Q Kt 8 (ch)
 Kt mates 2. K to R mp 3. R takes Q PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 176

WHITE.

Kat KB5 Kat KR4 Bat KR5 Rat K R sq Pat K Kt 2 Pawas at K R 3 and K Kt 6 White to play and mate in two moves.

BLACK

SOME of the most palatial cafes on the Boulevards have lately been the haunts of well-dressed and aristocratic-looking card-sharpers. Foreigners have been constantly warned that the people who frequent these places are tricksters with high-sounding names. A night or two ago an Englishman was sufficiently imprudent to

play with some of these adventurers at the game known as "baccarat chemin de fer." He had in his pocket-book bank notes to the amount of

#### LITERARY.

5,000L, all of which he lost or was robbed of.

WILKIE COLLINS, the most "plotty" of novel-ists, spends as much money as he earns.

JAMES LAMBERT, the brave Scotchman—Charles Reade's "Hero and Martyr"—died in Glasgow a short time ago.

MR. MACKESZIE WALLACE has won, by his book on Russia, the Langton prize of 3,000 france from the Freuch Academy.

MR. TENNYSON'S publishers are on the point of issuing a new edition of the "Poetical and Dramatic Works of the Poet Laurente" complete in one volume.

CANON FARRAR has in the press the lectures on "Saintly Workers" which he delivered during Lent at St. Andrew's, Holborn.

THE poem by George Eliot, which will appear

in the July number of Macmillan's Magaziar, will be entitled " A College Breakfast Party." THE forthcoming number of the Nineteenth Century will contain an important article by Midhat Pacha on the past, present and tuture of Torkey.

Mr. Archiballe Forres, who, for the present has exchanged journalism for lecturing purposes, is soing to the United States this summer, in order to deliver his becture on his experiences with the Russian arms.

A criticis book is about to be published in London cotified "Ye Life of Jemmy Catnach," a ballad-langer of the Seven Dials. There will be forty-two wood-cuts by Hewick. Only a limited number of copies will be printed.

Is the year 1800 there were but forty-nine libraries in the United States, containing in the aggregate 80,000 volumes. There are now in the country 3,652 libraries. All the libraries contain 13,680,000 volumes, not counting those in common and Sunday-

MR. BRYANT's first collection of poems did not fill his youthful pocket. A gentleman who long ago purchased for five dollars a copy of this first edition, now very rare, took the book to the venerable poet, asking that he should write his autograph therein. Mr. Bryant compiled, saying. "Five dollars is more than I received on that whole edition."

This is about the time of year when the old man knocks off work and tells his wife he is going fishing, and he leaves home in the morning with a fishing rod and a lunch, and in the dim twilight he is transited up to the front door in a wheelbarrow by a semi-soher coadjutor, who says the old man has been sunstruck. Nobody ever finds out what becomes of the fish.

THE African explorer, Stanley, seems to have made himself rather unpopular at the Press Fund dinner. Some of his remarks drew down what were called upon a certain memorable occasion "unmiatakable sibiliations." It is said that his remarks had something to do with supposed jealousies between England and America, but both the manner and the unatter of his observations seemed to be equally displeasing to a large portion of his audience, and the speech came to an abrupt termination.

WHEN nearly tweathy wears are Frederic Miss.

WHEN, nearly twenty years ago, Frederic Mistral dedicated his "Mireis" to Lamartine, the study of Provençal was not considered so important as it now is. Mistral, however, who has a strong belief in the regeneration of the tongue of the Troubadours, has been for years engaged upon a Provençal French Dictionary, which seems now to have a fair prospect of being published. It is to appear in larraisons at two frances each, and will form two volumes when completed.

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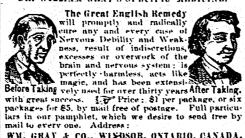
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