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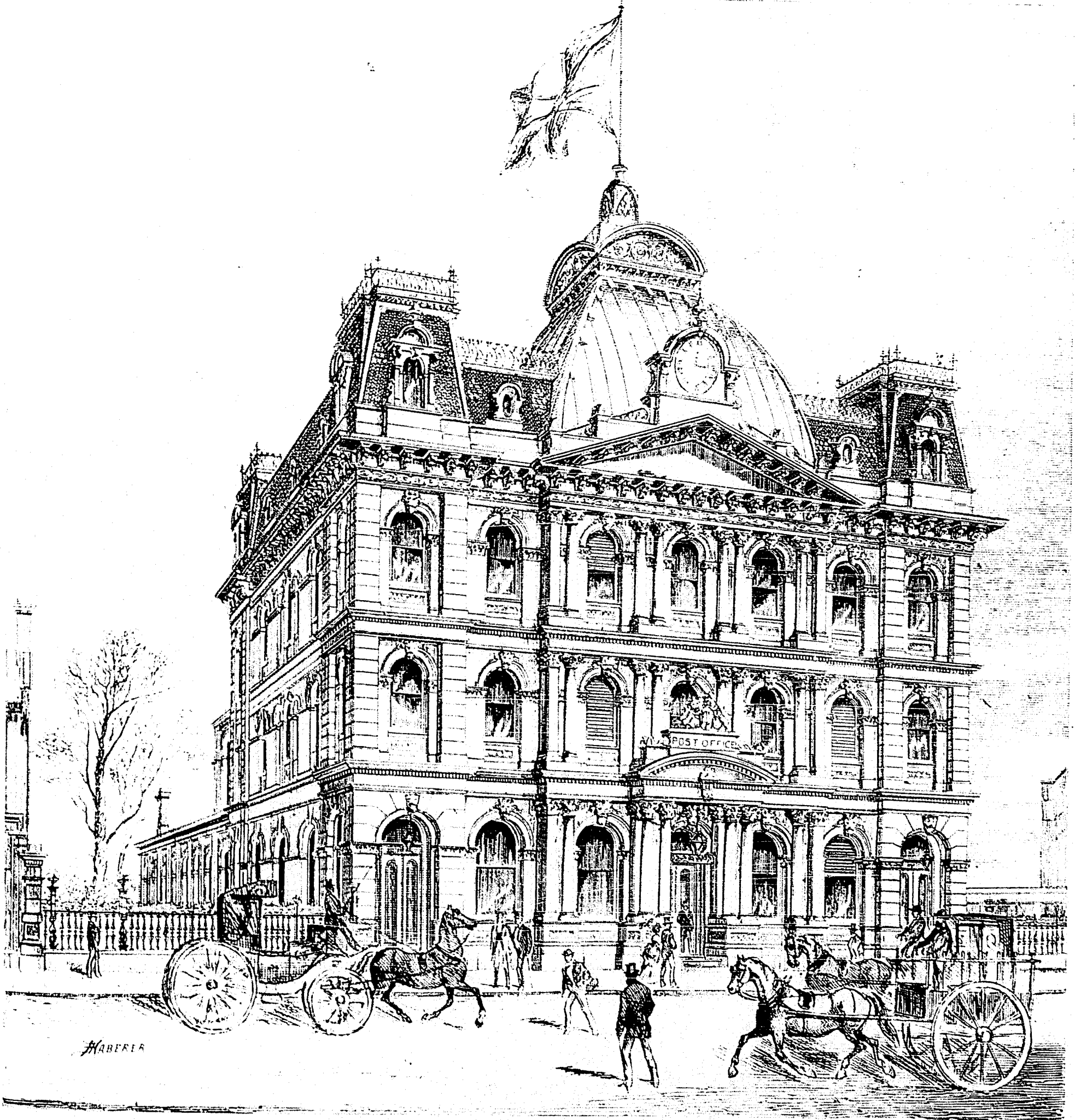
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Montreal News

Vol. VII. - No. 26.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1873.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
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TORONTO.—THE NEW POST OFFICE.

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

"Polynesian," (Allan),	Quebec,	from Liverpool,	about June 28th.
"Nestorian,"	Halifax,	" "	" 29th.
"Dominion,"	Quebec,	" "	" 30th.
"Severn," (Temperley),	" "	London,	" 30th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every subscriber served by mail will remark on the wrapper after his name figures indicating the month and year to which he is marked paid on our books. Thus, '73 means paid to 1st July, '73. '73-72 means that the subscriber has paid to 1st Sept., '72, and consequently owes us the current year's subscription, to Sept., '73. Subscribers owing current year, or arrears, will please remit at once. Subscriptions being henceforth strictly in advance, parties marked paid to some future date will please remit the next year's subscription before the date indicated on their wrapper.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1873.

The investigation at Quebec, conducted by the Department of Marine and Fisheries, into the sinking of the steamship "Northern" in the St. Lawrence below Quebec, was creditable to the Government for its fullness, and for the anxiety displayed by the Deputy-Minister to arrive at all the facts affecting the competency of the pilot in charge when the accident occurred, as well as those which concerned the vessel's competency for answering her helm. The elaborate reports of the four days' proceedings which have appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* are also a great credit to the enterprise of that maritime paper. We wish our commendations could be extended beyond these points. In the interest of the world's progress in this age of locomotion we wish the Department had taken—or, let us be hopeful and say, shall yet take—a wider view of its responsibilities to the public of Canada and of Britain by entertaining at least two other branches of enquiry in connection with this unfortunate vessel; and our more thoughtful readers have perhaps anticipated our demand. We refer to the suitability of the vessel's form for the particular trade in which she was engaged, and for the particular river whose shallows she had to traverse, or was within the risk of approaching, and—that which in the great interest of life and property is more important still—her capacity for keeping the water out after she had grounded. Of course we know perfectly well it is the duty of all concerned to keep a vessel off the rocks. We all admit that. It is the strenuous effort of all, but it is idle to say that the contingency of grounding is not one to be looked fairly in the face, and to have its consequences fully provided for. This is the distinct issue we wish to provoke, in spite of all the mist and spray with which it is sought to cloud our vision. We are informed that upon this vessel's touching the shore, the rock which unfortunately presented its points or edges to her side was at once the means of knocking a hole through her Clyde-born iron plates, and that her compartments, previously supposed to be water-tight, or at any rate called so, were utterly unavailable for the protection of her passengers and cargo. However thoughtless our public may be, it ought to recognize the fact that it was a special mercy that there was not a great destruction of human life and property—enough to set us wailing for a few months to come. Now if pilots or other employees have failed in their duty to the public, it is all very right, after proper deliberation, to visit them with due censure. Regulate your pilots by all means, as strictly as desirable, and certainly without any weak regard to their political influence as a corporation. But with all the force of common sense and of argument that we can call to the aid of this our pen, we would urge upon the Government of this maritime Dominion the necessity, in company with the tardily awakening judgment of the civilized world, of discussing the worthiness of the ship, not only under the conditions of fair weather and plain sailing, though that is very important, but also in the special contingency of disaster. Every ship, in fact, should be constructed more or less on the principle of a life-boat. Every boat should have better and more protective powers of flotation than we commonly see, and the very first step in this process will be to make the hull of every vessel of sufficient strength for the resistance of each class of casualties to which she is at any time in the least likely to be exposed. As the eyes of the public become gradually opened to the truth, they will demand this great concession on the part of the constituted authorities—for despotism is no more. We live in an age of freedom, and no mere material advantages could compensate us for the loss of it. Our freedom is limited only—but we are yet afraid sadly limited—by our ignorance of material conditions. Franchises may here and there require to be extended, in the view of some; but this, we would impress upon our wide circle of readers, is not the chief trouble

in the Anglo-Saxon branch of our more or less morally enlightened Christendom. The Anglo-Saxon communities we say have been sufficiently anxious to secure their franchises, but they have taken no commensurate pains to understand the material constitution of the world in which they live, or the principles upon which all the mechanical developments that conduce to the support of the social life are founded. The result is disaster, not only great in extent, but of frequent recurrence—disaster followed by vain lamentations; and this because the knowledge that should be protective is a mere speciality in the hands of a few, and is hampered by what are called interests—the interests of use-and-wont as opposed to the interests of human welfare, general and particular—while that important interest that in Britain and other countries would find its vocation in instructing the people in material principles, in proper subordination to spiritual life, can seldom be discovered in the faithful performance of its work. This is a gloomy outlook, it may be admitted. We have happily a progressive minister in the Marine Department of our Dominion Government, and he, along with certain earnest reformers on the other side of the Atlantic, may be considered to be for the time our chief reliance in a condition of affairs as affects ships, where the people are very literally destroyed for lack of knowledge. Our friends at any rate may rely upon it the *Illustrated News* has not yet done with this great subject.

Our Illustrations.

We have been unable to procure a description of the Toronto Post-office in time for publication in this issue. It will appear in our next.

THE ONTARIO LACROSSE CLUB ATHLETIC SPORTS

took place in Toronto on Saturday, the 31st ult. The race which forms the subject of our illustration is the four mile, for which there were six entries. It was won by Nurse after an exciting run with Kerraronwe; Daillebout, a Caughnawaga Indian, coming in third.

A scene at

THE YACHT RACE AT HAMILTON

on the 7th inst, also forms the subject of an illustration.

THE LATE SIR GEO. E. CARTIER.

We give this week three illustrations which will prove interesting to the friends of the deceased baronet; his sitting-room in London; the bed-room in which he died; and a view of the body lying in state. The photographs were sent us by Mr. Vincent, valet to Sir George, who was with him constantly, and was unceasing in his attention to the dying man; he also furnishes some particulars of his last moments which will be of interest to his friends. On the sofa shown in sitting-room, Sir George was first taken violently ill. He went out regularly every day, unless weather forbade, until one week before his death. He came from the Colonial Office about 5 o'clock p.m., and slept an hour on the sofa, after which he felt ill, and undressed and went to bed. In the bed-room where he died, on the foot of the bed will be seen his dressing-gown. He sank gradually from Monday morning, the 19th May—when inflammation of the stomach was first observed—until Tuesday morning, when at 5 minutes to 6, Mr. Vincent observed Sir George was dying. Sir George died at 6 15. Father Harkin visited him on Saturday and Sunday. About ten minutes before death he kissed the crucifix twice from Lady Cartier's hand, and said some prayer. The body lying in state was photographed at the *chappelle ardente* in Baker Street immediately after the embalming process.

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.

On the 16th inst. the ceremony which furnishes the subject of our fourth page illustration took place in the English Cathedral, Quebec, when the infant daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dufferin was christened, Her Majesty the Queen acting, by proxy, as god-mother. By request of Her Majesty the infant was named after herself "Victoria Alexandrina," to which were added by the parents "Muriel May." The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. V. Housman, rector, assisted by Rev. Mr. Rawson, and was witnessed by a large audience in which—as usual on such occasion—the fair sex predominated. The water used for the baptism was from the river Jordan, and was presented by Dr. Douglas.

THE PRINTER'S CONVENTION.

One of the most pleasant recreations which were indulged in during the late meeting of the International Typographical Union in this city was the trip to Carillon, an illustration of which will be found on the twelfth page.

THE MAGAZINES.

SCRIBNER'S.—"The Great South" series of magnificently illustrated articles begins in Scribner's for July. In the first paper, entitled "The New Route to the Gulf," Mr. Edward King gives us graphic descriptions of the movement of the army of emigrants into the great South-west land, and of the romantic border life—past and present—of that strange but now rapidly modernizing country. An entertaining illustrated paper on "Low Life in Berlin" follows this. One of the most interesting magazine articles of the day is Rev. J. A. Reed's defense of Lincoln from the attacks of certain late biographers. Another noteworthy article in this number is Dr. Newell's singular autobiographic paper, entitled, "Recollections of a Restored Lunatic." There are, beside the continuation of Arthur Bonnicastle (in which is chronicled the death of Old Jenks), stories by Adeline Trafton and Miss Osgood; a bright little article on "Children's Magazines;" a remarkable paper by "An Orthodox Minister," on "The Liberty of Protestantism," and poetry by MacDonal, G. P. Lathrop, B. F. Taylor, Miss Annan, and others. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland discusses American Morals, Skilled

Domestic Service, and Summer Play. In "The Old Cabinet" we find The Stove that Makes its own Twilight, Within and Without, Ideal and Real, Song of a Heathen—sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32. The Book Reviews are more than usually full and readable, and the other departments have their customary interest. Bret Harte's new story will begin in the August number.

The July number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, which forms the opening issue of a new volume, contains the initial chapters of a charming narrative of travel, entitled, "The New Hyperion," profusely illustrated by Gustave Doré. This record of a journey from Paris to the Rhine gives promise of much graphic and humorous writing. The pictures which embellish it, coming, as they do, from Doré's pencil, cannot fail to yield a feast of art. "From Philadelphia to Baltimore," by Robert Morris Copeland, is an illustrated article, descriptive of the beautiful scenery along one of our most important routes of travel. "With the American Ambulance Corps in Paris," by Ralph Keeler, is an interesting paper. "Our Home in the Tyrol," by Margaret Howitt, is continued in the present number of the Magazine. It well maintains the interest and attraction which it exhibited in the beginning. Will Wallace Harney's contribution, entitled, "Strange Sea Industries and Adventures," is full of information of a novel kind, and abounds in anecdotes as exciting as they are truthful. "Remarkable Passages in Shelley's Early History," by January Searle, is a paper that will be read with interest on account of the light which it sheds upon the youth of one of the geniuses of English poetry. In the department of fiction, the most prominent contributions to this issue are the continuation of Mr. Black's serial novel, "A Princess of Thule," and the conclusion of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's story, "Berrytown." The poetry of the number is notably good, particularly a charming little legend from the pen of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, entitled, "Francesca's Worship" "Our Monthly Gossip" exhibits its characteristic features.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

27. ESCAPED BY THE SKIN OF THE TEETH.—A correspondent in last week's paper, under the head of Notes and Queries, asks after the origin of the phrase "I am Escaped by the Skin of my Teeth." Had he been better acquainted with the Bible he need not have applied to the public for that information. He will find it in the Book of Job, 19th Chap. and 20th Verse. Now Job is supposed to have lived about the time of Abraham, although Moses is supposed to have been the compiler of the poem as a connected whole. It is therefore taken from the oldest book in existence. The phrase itself has puzzled many a critic as well as your humble servant.

J. OLIVER.

Galt, June 4, 1873.

27. ESCAPING WITH THE SKIN OF ONE'S TEETH.—In Notes and Queries of June 7th, "?" wishes to know the origin of the above expression. In Job xix, 20, we find the patriarch thus speaking—"My bone cleave to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." It is difficult to say what is the exact meaning of the latter part of the verse. The explanation in the Commentary by Jamieson and Fausset is a very probable one—"Proverbial. I have escaped with bare life; I am whole only with the skin of my teeth, i.e., my gums alone are whole, the rest of the skin of my body is broken with sores (Ch. vii., 5; Psalm cii., 5). Satan left Job speech, in the hope that he might therewith curse God." T. F.

Metis, P. Q.

MR. GLADSTONE'S ECCLESIASTICAL LATIN.—Referring to the letter in your issue of 7th instant, under the above heading, signed JAMES OGILVY, I beg to state that the version of the hymn attributed to Mr. Gladstone, or something very like it, was seen by me in the English monthly publication called *Notes and Queries* about the year 1857, and I was so much struck with it that I copied it at the moment when I noticed it, lying as it was on the table of the magazine room of the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh, where I was then residing. The correspondent of the publication in question before quoting the hymn put the query whether Toplady, the writer of the fine hymn "Rock of Ages cleft for me," (repeated by the late Prince Consort on his death-bed), had not taken his ideas from the ecclesiastic by whom the Latin verses had been composed. No hint was given of Mr. Gladstone being the author of this Latin version, and, if such is the fact, it must be admitted that the right honourable gentleman has produced a marvellous *fac-simile* of the hymns of the middle ages emanating from the occupants of the cloister. I subjoin a copy of the hymn, and I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES RIDDELL.

Montreal, 16th June, 1873.

Jesu, pro me perforatus,
Condor intra tuum latus,
Tu, per lympha profuentem,
Tu, per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sorores munda.

Nil, in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus cruceo gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro;
Opem debilis imploro;
Fontem Christi quero immundus.
Nisi lavas, moribundus.

Donec vita hos artis regit,
Quando nox sepulchra tegit,
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens iudex inter nubes;
Jesu, pro me perforatus,
Condor intra tuum latus.

(It will be observed that, in scanning, elisions have to be made in line five of the second verse and line one of the third verse.)

There has been a terrible boiler explosion at Wapping, London. The minister of the "Church of the British Martyrs" and other good clergyman were seeking assistance for the surviving families of the men killed; but we do not hear of any law for the inspection of such boilers, or the certifying of the engineers in charge.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

STANZAS.

(From the French of Lamartine.)

TRANSLATED BY JOHN READE.

I.

Once said I in my heart, "What shall I do with life?
Of the one who went before shall I pursue the trace?
And shall I imitate the follies of my race,
As the unconscious lamb seeks the predestined knife?"

II.

One seeks upon the sea for wealth and happiness:
The cruel wave engulphs his bark and his desires;
And on the breast of fame, to which his heart aspires,
Another dies, deceived by shadows of success.

III.

Making men's passions serve to aid his enterprise,
Another founds a throne and mounts it but to fall;
In lap of love reclined, another looks for all
The joys that life can give in some fair woman's eyes.

IV.

Slumbers the indolent in famine's gaunt embrace;
The ploughman guides his plough while meditates the sage;
The warrior loves to slay the foe in his rage,
And by the wayside waits the beggar in his place.

V.

And whither tend they all? They go where goes the leaf
Which winter's icy breath chases in cruel play;
Thus, whatsoever their lot, the throngs of men decay—
Time sows and gathers them and lays them, sheaf by sheaf.

VI.

'Gainst time they strove in vain—'tis time that conquers all—
As a stream swallows up the sand upon its banks,
So in death disappear their fleeting, shadowy ranks—
They saw the light; they died. Lord! have they lived at all?

VII.

For me, my soul will sing the Lord whom it adores
Or in the city's din, or in the desert's calm,
By riverside or sea, whatever I do or am,
At sunset or when morn the golden light restores.

VIII.

The faithless earth exclaims, "Who is this Lord of thine?"
'Tis He whose spirit dwells unseen in every place,
Of whose august step measure the bounds of space,
He by whose power alone sun, stars, and planets shine;

IX.

He who from nothing formed this earth so fair and bright,
And in the mighty void the world's foundation laid,
He who the boundless sea to know its bound has made,
He at whose glance divine burst forth the glorious light;

X.

He unto whom all days and seasons are as one—
Eternal, uncreate, changeless and without peer,
To whom all time is now, to whom all things are here,
To whom the years account for all that they have done;

XI.

He only is the Lord. Let my tongue ever sing
Unto the sons of men the glories of his name;
As long as life remains, His praise let me proclaim,
As on a harp of gold, attuned in every string.

NEW BOOKS.

A MANUAL OF POTTERY AND PORCELAIN, for American Collectors. By John H. Treadwell. Published by G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

The present volume will be found very valuable to a collector of fictile wares, and useful to the student as one of the oldest and probably the most important branches of the industrial arts.

With a remark of the author, in his preface, we heartily concur that there is a brilliant æsthetic future awaiting the North American continent, and we can share in the hope that even this generation may witness the time when the arts both fine and useful, with the growth of intelligence and taste, shall absorb the minds of our people and draw them away from the unworthy and intoxicating pursuits which too much occupy them to-day. This volume of Mr. Treadwell's is a fitting one to assist in the consummation of so desired a thing as the increased knowledge of and love for ceramic art; dating as it does from the time when the cry of Nimrod's people was "Let us build a city and tower, and make us a name;" and to that of Rhampsinitus, the King of Egypt, who, according to Herodotus, employed clay seals to secure his treasure inviolate; and again, to the time of Demaratus, a father of Tarquin, who, according to Pliny, brought the art of pottery (1050 B.C.), into Etruria, from which country has been handed down to us those beautiful Etruscan vases with paintings and sculptured designs commemorative of the fabled achievements of the heroic ages, the labours of Hercules, the adventures of Theseus, the valourous acts of the Amazons, and the renowned events of the Trojan history. Descending to the most beautiful Majolica ware so highly prized by all collectors, and of which the genuine pieces are

— "As rare
As wings upon a cat
Or flowers of air,"

more especially the *amatorii* or love plates, bearing the portraits of the ladies to whom they were presented, with inscriptions calculated to express the affection of the donor—some of these portraits painted by Maestro Giorgio Andreoli at Gubbio, and the immortal Raffaele at Urbino; and, still later to the time of Wedgwood, at Burslem, whose exquisite cameo ware—copies of modern and antique classical subjects—may be pronounced among the most beautiful and perfect that ever existed.

Every lover of art will do well to add this attractive volume, or manual of pottery and porcelain, to their library. We can truly say we have derived much pleasure from its perusal, and we can most heartily recommend it to any one who desires to be familiar with the history of one of the most interesting art-studies.

Dr. Colby's Pills cure Dysentery. Dr. Colby's Pills are painless in operation.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SPIRIT OF THE ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

From having a different creed of our own, and always encountering the heathen mythology in a poetical and fabulous shape, we are apt to have a false idea of the religious feeling of the ancients. We are in the habit of supposing, whatever we allow when we come to reason upon the point, that they regarded their fables in the same poetical light as ourselves; that they could not possibly put faith in Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto; in the sacrifice of innocent turtle doves, the libation of wine and the notions about Tartarus and Ixion.

Undoubtedly there were multitudes of free thinkers in the ancient world. Most of the Greek poets and philosophers appear to have differed with the literal notions of the many.* A system of refined theism is understood to have been taught to the initiated in the celebrated mysteries. The doctrines of Epicurus were so prevalent in the most intellectual age of Rome, that Lucretius wrote a poem upon them, in which he treats their founder as a divinity; and Virgil in a well known passage of the Georgics, "Felix qui potuit, &c.," exalts either Epicurus or Lucretius as a blessed being who put hell and terror under his feet. A sickly temperament appears to have made him wish, rather than be able, to carry his own scepticism so far; yet he insinuates his disbelief in Tartarus in the sixth book of his epic poem, where Æneas and the Sybil, after the description of the lower world, go out through the ivory gate, which was the passage of false visions.† Caesar, according to a speech of his in Sallust, derided the same notions in open Senate; and Cicero in other parts of his writings, as well as in a public pleading, speaks of them as fables and impertinence,—"*inceptis ac fabulis.*"

But however this plain dealing may look on the part of the men of letters, there is reason to believe that even in those times, the people in general were strong upon points of faith. The extension of the Greek philosophy, may have insensibly rendered them familiar with latitudes of interpretation on the part of others. They would not think it impious in Cato and Cicero to have notions of the Supreme Being more consistent with the elevation of their minds. But for themselves, they adhered, from habit, to the literal creed of their ancestors, as the Greek populace had done before them. The jealous enemies of Socrates contrived to have him put to death on a charge of irreverence for the Gods. A frolic of the libertine Alcibiades, which to say the least of it was in very bad taste,—the defacing the statues of Mercury,—was followed with important consequences. The history of Socrates had the effect, in after-times, at least in the ancient world, of saving philosophical speculators from the vindictive egotism of opinion. But even in the days of Augustus, Ovid wrote a popular work full of mythological fables; and Virgil himself, whose creed perhaps only rejected what was unkindly, gave the hero of his intended popular epic, the particular appellation of Pious. That Augustus should pique himself on the same attribute, proves little; for he was a cold-blooded man of the world, and could play the hypocrite for the worst and most despotic purposes. Did he not now and then lecture his poetical friends respecting their own appearances with the world? There is a curious ode of Horace (Book 1, Od. 34), in which he says he finds himself compelled to give up his sceptical notions, and to attend more to public worship, because it had thundered one day when the sky was cloudless. The critics are divided in their opinion of his object in this ode. Some think him in earnest, others in jest. It is the only thing of the sort in his works, and is, at all events, of an equivocal character that would serve his purpose upon either side of the question.

The opinions of the ancients upon religion may be divided into three general classes. The great multitude believed anything; the very few disbelieved everything; the philosophers and poets entertained a refined natural religion, which, while it pronounced upon nothing, rejected what was evidently unworthy of the spirit of the creation, and regarded the popular deities as personifications of its various workings. All these classes had their extravagancies in proportion to their ignorance, or viciousness, or metaphysical perplexity. The multitude whose notions were founded on ignorance, habit, and fear, admitted many absurd and some cruel imaginations. The mere man of the world measured everything by his own vain and petty standard, and thought the whole goods of the universe a scramble for the cunning and hypocritical. The over-refining followers of Plato, endeavouring to peep into the nature of things by the mere effort of the will, arrived at conclusions visible to none but their own yearning and impatient eyes, and lost themselves in the ethereal dogmatism of Plotinus and Porphyry.

The greatest pleasure arising to a modern imagination from the ancient mythology, is in a mingled sense of the old popular belief and of the philosophical refinements upon it. We take Apollo and Mercury and Venus as shapes that existed in popular credulity, as the greater fairies of the ancient world; and we regard them, at the same time, as personifications of all that is beautiful and genial in the forms and tendencies of creation. But the result, coming as it does, too, through avenues of beautiful poetry, both ancient and modern, is so entirely cheerful that we are apt to think it must have wanted gravity to more believing eyes. We fancy that the old world saw nothing in religion but lively and graceful shapes as remote from the more obscure and awful hintings of the world unknown, as physics appear to be from the metaphysical, as the eye of a beautiful woman is from the inward speculations of a Brahmin, or a lily at noon-day from the wide obscurity of night-time.

This supposition appears to be carried a great deal too far. We will not inquire in this place, how far the mass of mankind, when these shapes were done away, did or did not escape from a despotic anthropomorphism; nor how far they were driven by the vaguer fears and the opening of a more visible eternity, into avoiding the whole subject rather than courting it; nor how it is that the nobler practical religion which was afforded them has been unable to bring back their frightened

* It is remarkable that Æschylus and Euripides, the two dramatists whose faith in the national religion was most doubted, are said to have met with strange and violent deaths.—The latter was torn to pieces by dogs belonging to Archelaus, King of Macedonia, 406 B. C.; and the former killed by a tortoise which an eagle let fall upon his bald head, in mistake for a stone, and so fulfilled an oracle, according to which he was fated to die by a blow from heaven. These exits from the scene look very like the retributive death-beds which the bigots of all religions are so fond of ascribing to one another.

† Did Dante forget this, when he took Virgil for his guide through the Inferno?

theology from the angry and avaricious pursuits into which they fled for refuge. But setting aside the portion of terror, of which the heathenism partook in common with all faiths originating in uncultivated times, the ordinary run of pagans were perhaps more impressed with a sense of the invisible world than the same description of men under a more shadowy system. There is the same difference between the two things as between a populace believing in fairies and a populace not believing. The latter is on the high road to something better, if not drawn aside into new terrors on the one hand, or mere worldliness on the other. But the former is led to look out of mere worldly common-places about it twenty times to the other's once. It has a sense of a supernatural state of things, however gross. It has a link with another world, from which something like gravity is sure to strike into the most cheerful heart. Every forest to the mind's eye of the Greek was haunted with superior intelligencies. Every stream had its presiding nymph, who was thanked for the draught of water. Every house had its protecting gods, which had blessed the inmate's ancestors, and which would bless him also if he cultivated the social affections, for the same word which expressed piety towards the gods expressed love towards relations and friends. If in all this there was nothing but the worship of a more graceful humanity, there may be worships much worse as well as much better. And the divinest spirit that ever appeared on earth has told us that the extension of human sympathy embraces all that is required of us, either to do or foresee.

Imagine the feelings with which an ancient believer must have gone by the oracular oaks of Dodona, or the calm groves of the Eumenides, or the fountain where Proserpine vanished under ground with Pluto, or the great temple of the Mysteries at Eleusis, or the laurelled mountain of Parnassus, on the side of which was the temple of Delphi, where Apollo was supposed to be present in person. Imagine Plutarch, a devout and yet a liberal believer, when he went to study theology and philosophy at Delphi, with what feelings must he not have passed along the woody paths of the hill, approaching nearer every instant to the presence of the divinity, and not sure that a glance of light through the trees was not the lustre of the god himself going by.

This is mere poetry to us, and very fine it is; but to him it was poetry and religion, and beauty, and gravity, and hushing awe, and a path as from one world to another.

With similar feelings he would cross the ocean, an element that naturally detaches the mind from earth, and which the ancients regarded as especially doing so. He had been in the Carpathian sea, the favourite haunt of Proteus, who was supposed to be gifted above every other deity with a knowledge of the causes of things. Towards evening, when the winds were rising, and the sailors had made their vows to Neptune, he would think of the old "shepherd of the seas of yore," and believe it possible that he might become visible to his eyesight, driving through the darkling waters, and turning the sacred wildness of his face towards the blessed ship.

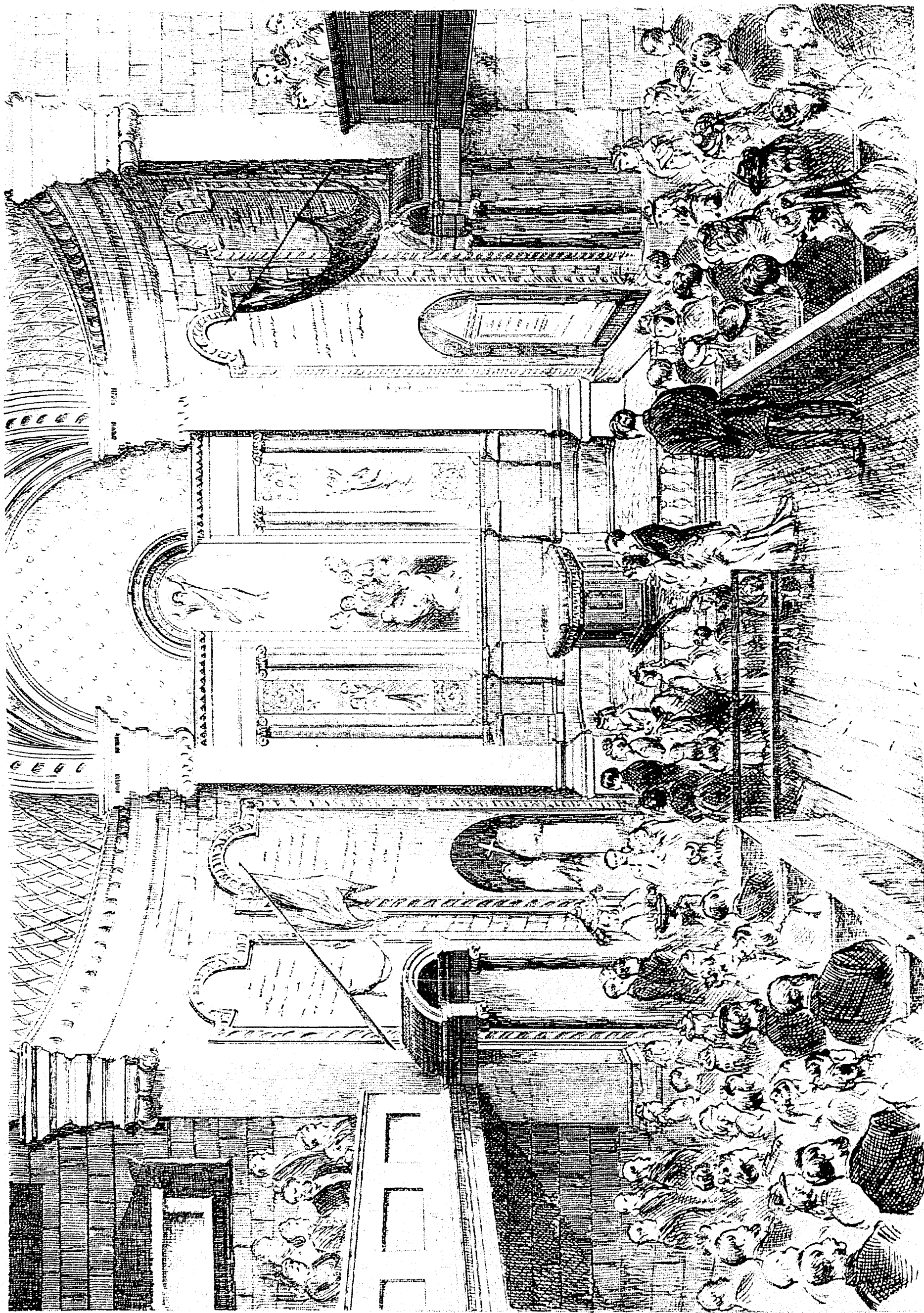
In all this there is a deeper sense of the other world than in the habit of contenting oneself with a few vague terms and embodying nothing but Mammon. There is a deeper sense of another world precisely because there is a deeper sense of the present, of its varieties its benignities, its mystery. It was a strong sense of this which made a modern poet give vent to his impatience at seeing the beautiful planet we live upon, with all its starry wonders about it, so little thought of, compared with what is ridiculously called *the world*. He seems to have dreaded the symptom, as an evidence of materialism, and of the planets being dry, self-existing things, peopled with successive mortalities and unconnected with any superintendence or consciousness in the universe about them. It is abhorrent from all we think and feel that they should be so, and yet Love might make heavens of them if they were.

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

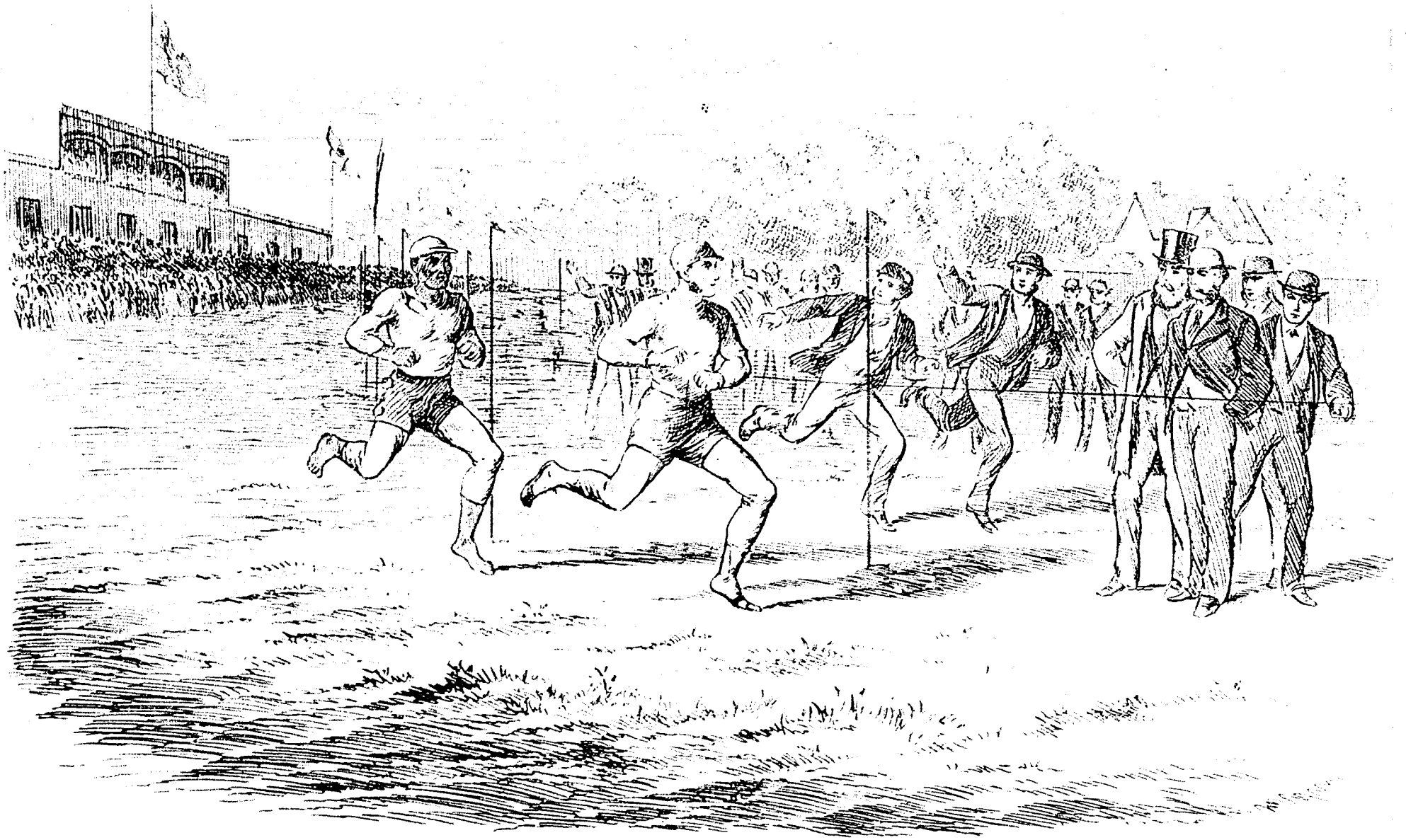
To PREVENT SUNSTROKE.—The first thing is to watch for its premonitions. We know a hot day when we see it. And the sun is always felt to be oppressive to the brain and general system before the seizure takes place. Be warned. Seek the shade. Don't attempt to fight with the great forces of nature.

But the specific preventive of sunstroke will be found in the copious use of cold water before the heat has affected the system—as cold water and ice are also the best restoratives, in medical hands, after a sunstroke has occurred. This sad visitation, so common every year on this continent, is seen to be the fruit of carelessness—a needless infliction. Take a handkerchief. Dip it in cold water and wring it out. This, placed in the crown of the hat, and its moisture renewed from time to time, will be found an effective prevention. A sponge would answer equally well, and would keep moist longer. Persons necessarily exposed to the rays of the sun should drink a glass of water from time to time, and also bathe the hands and face in cold water. It would be convenient if more of our towns and cities had drinking fountains. We may add that the white K-pi, imported from India, is a valuable protection; the white scarf twisted round the hat not half so valuable, for it leaves the crown exposed. If the above directions were generally followed, sunstrokes would be almost unknown, and every newspaper may assist in promoting this desirable end by giving them currency.

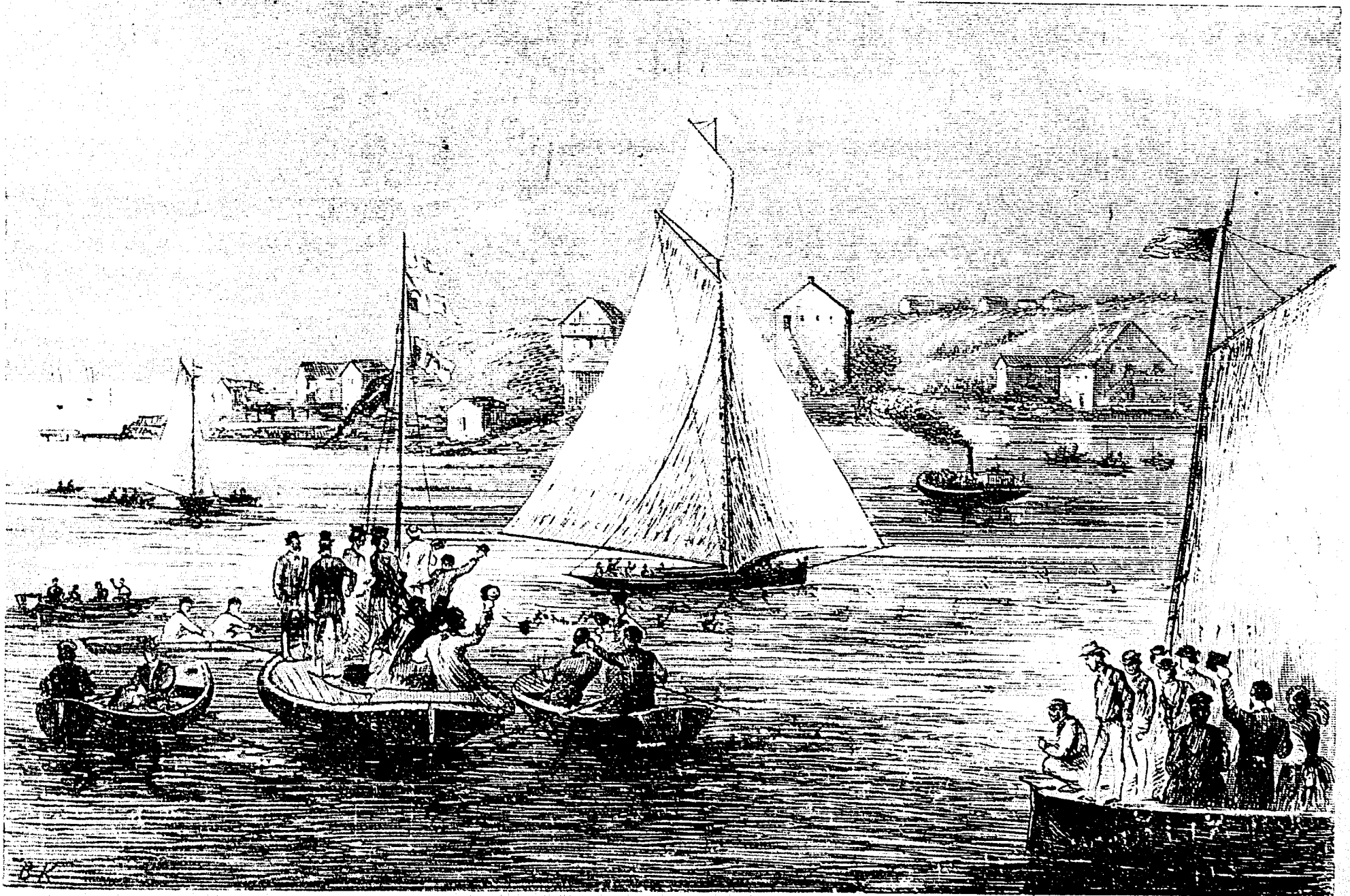
Abbé Jallabert, a canon of St. Geneviève, Paris, has written a book with the singular title, *Le Catholicisme avant Jésus-Christ*, in which he tries to prove that the belief and traditions common to pagans, Jews, and Christians draw their origin from what he calls primitive revelation. According to him the same symbols are found in all nations; their worship is identical in all its essential parts; the traditions conveyed in the Sibylline verses, Hermes Trismegistus, and Zoroaster, include the general expectation of a redeemer, and show the fundamental unity of dogmatic and moral belief in Asia and Europe. No doubt M. l'Abbé Jallabert may be called an Old Catholic with a vengeance.



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AS TAKEN BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS. DRAWN BY J. H. STUBBS.



TORONTO.—THE ONTARIO LACROSSE CLUB ATHLETICS. THE FOUR MILE RACE.



HAMILTON.—THE YACHT RACE, SATURDAY, JUNE 7. THE "LADY STANLEY" PASSING THE HOME BUOY.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

THE PATRON SAINT OF CANADA.

(From the French of F. R. Angers.)

O Patron Saint, whose day we celebrate,
Behold thy children gathered before thee;
Beneath thy glorious banner they await
Thy blessing and a happy destiny.
Round thee, the chosen watchword of their race,
Canadians rally; by thy name are known
Among the nations; oh! thy children own,
And ever more protect them by thy grace.

By thee conducted to the wilderness,
Here our brave fathers made themselves a home,
We now this noble heritage possess—
Where once uncultured savages did roam.
And when these annals of our land we trace,
The praise is thine, by whose name we are known
Among the nations; oh! thy children own,
And ever more protect them by thy grace.

In our dark days of needful trial, thou
Didst cheer us with the hope of days to come,
And didst us guide through all (as thou dost now)
When we by fear and doubt were stricken dumb.
So in our hearts thy love shall find a place
For ever, by whose dear name we are known
Among the nations; oh! thy children own,
And ever more protect them by thy grace.

June, 1873.

MARTIN BROWN.

A SLEEPING-CAR SERENADE.

Not long ago I had to travel by the night express from Montreal to New York, and feeling drowsy about eleven o'clock, presented my claim for a lower berth in the car paradoxically designated "sleeping," and tantalizingly named "palace," with sanguine hopes of obtaining a refreshing snooze. Knowing from experience the aberrations of mind peculiar to travellers roused from sleep, by which they are impelled to get off at way-stations, I secured my traps against the contingencies liable to unchecked baggage, and creeping into the back of the sepulchral shelf called a bed, I enveloped myself after the fashion of Indian squaws and Egyptian mummies, and fell asleep.

I do not know whether the noise and concussion of the cars excite the same sort of dreams in every one's cranium as they do in mine, but they almost invariably produce in my brain mental phenomena of a pugnacious character, which are nothing modified by palace cars and steel rails. This particular night there was a perfect revelry of dreams in my brain. I was on the frontier with our corps, engaged in a glorious hand-to-hand conflict with men our equals in number and valour. We were having the best of it, giving it to them hot and heavy, crash! through the beggars' skulls, and plunge! into their abominable abdominal regions. "No quarter!" It was a pity, but it seemed splendid.

Bang! roared an Armstrong gun, as I thought, close to my ear: down went a whole column of the enemy like a flash, as I awoke to find it a dream, alas! and the supposed artillery nothing more or less than one of those sharp, gurgling snorts produced during inspiration in the larynx of a stout Jewish gentleman, who had in some mysterious way got on the outer half of my shelf during my sleep, and whose ancient descent was clearly defined in the side view I immediately obtained of the contour and size of his nose. I had got one of my arms out from under the covering, and found I had "cut left" directly upon the prominent proboscis of my friend—a passage of arms that materially accelerated his breathing, and awoke him to the fact that though he had a nose sufficiently large to have entitled him to Napoleon's consideration for a generalship had he lived in the days of that potentate, yet there was something unusual on the end of it, which was far too large for a pimple and rather heavy for a fly. Perhaps it induced a nightmare, and deluded him into the belief that he had been metamorphosed into an elephant, and hadn't become accustomed to his trunk. It puzzled me to know how or why he had been billeted on my palatial shelf, for the whole of which I had paid; but as it was rather a cold night, and there was something respectable in the outline of that Roman nose, I turned my back on him and determined to accept the situation, soothing myself with the reflection that if I repeated the assault upon his nose, such an accident must be excused as a fortuitous result of his unauthorized intrusion.

I had just got freshly enveloped in the "honey-dew of slumber" when my *compagnon de voyage* began to snore, and in the most unendurable manner, the effect of which was nothing improved by his proximity. It seemed to penetrate every sense and sensation of my body, and to intensify the extreme of misery which I had begun to endure in the hard effort to sleep. His snore was a medley of snuffing and snorting, with an abortive demi-semi aristocratic sort of a sneeze; while to add to the effect of this three-stringed inspiration there was in each aspiration a tremulous and swooning neigh. I had been reading *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man* for several previous days, and began to think I had discovered some wandering Jewish lost link between man and monkey, and that I actually had him or it for a bedfellow; but by the dim light of the car-lamps I managed to see his hands, which had orthodox nails. I was now thoroughly awake, and found myself the victim of a perfect bedlam of snorers from one end of the car to the other, making a concatenation of hideous noises only to be equalled by a menagerie; though, to give the devil his due, a careful of wild animals would never make such an uproar when fast asleep.

It is a well-known fact that when one's ears prick up at night and find the slightest noise an obstacle to slumber, after much tossing and turning, and some imprecating, tired Nature will finally succumb from sheer exhaustion—she even conquers the howling of dogs holding converse with the moon and the caterwauling of enamoured cats. Cats and even cataracts, I have defied, but of all noises to keep a sober man awake I know of none to take the palm from the snoring in that car. There seemed to be a bond of sympathy, too, among the snorers, for those who did not snore were the only ones who did not sleep.

The varieties of sound were so intensely ridiculous that at first I found it amusing to listen to the performance. A musical ear might have had novel practice by classifying the intonations. The warwhooping snore of my bedfellow changed at times into a deep and mellow bass. To the right of us, on the lower shelf, was a happy individual indulging in all

the variations of a nervous treble of every possible pitch: his was an inconstant *f laetto* in sound and cadence. Above him snored one as if he had a metallic reed in his larynx that opened with each inhalation: his snore struck me as a brassy *alto*. The tenors were distributed at such distances as to convey to my ears all the discord of an inebriated band of cracked fifes and split bag-pipes playing snatches of different tunes. There were snorers that beggar description, that seemed to express every temperament and every passion of the human soul. I cannot forget one a couple of berths off, which seemed to rise above the mediocrity of snores, mellowing into a tenderness like the dying strains of an echo, and renewing its regular periods with a highbred dignity which Nature had clearly not assumed. Another broke away from the harsh notes around in soft diapasons, and with a mellifluous *soprano* which I instinctively knew must belong to a throat that could sing. Was it Nilsson? Just over my head was a jerky croak of a snore, sounding at intervals of half a minute, as if it had retired on half-pay and longed to get back into active service.

It occurred to me, when amid these paroxysms of turmoil I heard a very fair harmony between the bass of my bedfellow and the tenor of a sleeper in the next berth, that if a Gilmore could take snores into training, and by animal magnetism or mesmerism manage to make them snore in concert by note—

In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders—

we should have a diverting performance in sleeping-cars, and one objection to their use would be actually utilized as an extra inducement to patronize them.

Several times I was strongly impelled to shunt my bass snorer off the bed or twig his Roman nose, but one experiment of a kick roused such a vigorous snort, like that produced by dropping a brick on a sleeping pig, that I abandoned such physical means of retaliation. I thought of tickling his nose with a feather or a straw, but the bed contained neither, and I had not even a pin. And supposing I should stop my shelf-mate, what could I do to suppress the rest? Should I make some horrible noise between a hoarse cough and a crow, and say, if any one complained, that it was my way of snoring? But I thought that the object to be attained, and the possibility of being voted insane and consigned, in spite of protestation, to the baggage-car, would not compensate me for the exertion required; so I determined to submit to it like a Stoic. (Query: Would a Stoic have submitted?)

The more one meditates upon the reason of wakefulness, the more his chances of sleep diminish; and from this cause, conjoined with the peculiarity of the situation and the mood in which I found myself, I had surely "affrighted sleep" for that night. As I lay awake I indulged in the following mental calculation of my misery to coax a slumber: The average number of inspirations in a minute is fifteen—remember, snoring is an act of the inspiration—the number of hours I lay awake was six. Fifteen snores a minute make nine hundred an hour. Multiply 900 by 6—the number of hours I lay awake—and you have 5400, the number of notes struck by each snorer. There were at least twelve distinct and regular snorers in the car. Multiply 5400 by 12, and you have 64,800 snores, not including the snuffing neighs, perpetrated in that car from about eleven p. m. until five the next morning!

The question follows: "Can snoring be prevented?" It is plainly a nuisance, and ought to be indictable. I have heard of the use of local stimulants, such as camphire and ammonia—how I longed for the sweet revenge of holding a bottle of aqua ammonia under the Roman nose!—and also of clipping the uvula, which may cause snoring by resting on the base of the tongue. The question demands the grave consideration of our railroad managers; for while the travelling public do not object to a man snoring the roof off if he chooses to do it under his own vine and fig tree, tired men and women have a right to expect a sleep when they contract for it. Is there no lover of sleep and litigation who will prosecute for damages?

There is a prospect, however, of a balm in Gilead. An ingenious Yankee—a commercial traveller—has invented and patented an instrument made of gutta percha, to be fitted to the nose, and pass from that protuberance to the tympanum of the ear. As soon as the snorer begins the sound is carried so perfectly to his own ear, and all other sounds so well excluded, that he awakens in terror. The sanguine inventor believes that after a few nights' trial the wearer will become so disgusted with his own midnight serenading that his sleep will become as sound and peaceable as that of a suckling baby.

And yet there is nothing vulgar in snoring. Chesterfield did it, and so did Beau Brummel, and they were the two last men in the world to do anything beyond the bounds of propriety, awake or asleep, if they could help it. Plutarch tells us that the emperor Otho snored; so did Cato; so did George II., and also George IV., who boasted that he was "the first gentleman in Europe." Position has nothing to do with cause and effect in snoring, as there are instances on record of soldiers snoring while standing asleep in sentry-boxes; and I have heard policemen snore sitting on doorsteps, waiting to be wakened by the attentive "relief." We may be sure Alain Chartier did not snore when Margaret of Scotland stooped down and kissed him while he was asleep, or young John Milton when the highborn Italian won from him a pair of gloves; though it did not lessen the ardour of philosophical Paddy, when he coaxingly sang outside of his true love's window—

Sure, I know by the length of your snore, you're awake.
But really, I don't know whether women do snore. I'm not sure that the mellifluous *soprano* snore in the car was Nilsson's, and Paddy may have been joking. I know that only male frogs croak.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Rev. J. W. Brooke, recently vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, England, sends to the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following "personal," which is likely to make some stir in clerical circles abroad: "A certain clergyman died in a certain diocese toward the end of the year 1871. This clergyman had appointed as his executors a brother, who is an admiral in the British navy, together with a friend of this brother, also an admiral of high standing. The executors on examining his papers found a parcel indorsed 'Inviolably sacred: to be destroyed.' The parcel contained two documents—one a dispensation from the Pope, permitting the deceased to retain his position as an Episcopal clergyman, though actually a Catholic priest; the other a list of such of the clergy in his diocese, or near him, as are likewise possessed of dispensations."

A "NAVY" BALL.

It came in the way of my work recently to visit a colony of navvies engaged in the construction of the heaviest portion of the works on the new line of railway at present being made between Settle and Carlisle. The headquarters of this scattered colony are on the slope of an outlying butress of Ingleborough Hill, at the foot of which is a deep hole in the limestone, whence issues the headwaters of the Ribbles. From some old legend of a suicide, this wild and savage place bears the curious name of Batty-wife-hole. Three or four hundred navvies are housed in the wooden huts, covered with black felting, that have been set down at hap-hazard on to the slope above the river-head, and there are various settlements bearing outlandish names bestowed upon them by the navvies themselves. Inkermann, Sebastopol, Belgravia, Salt Lake City—all these can be reached with no greater exertion than half an hour's wade through the deep, treacherous, oozy bog of which much of the moorland is composed. True, when reached, they are not much to look at, but they are racy of phases of that curious half-savage navy life, which has in it so much that is interesting to the by-tracks of human life.

While staying in Batty-wife-hole, I became acquainted with a family which I shall call Pollen. The father had been a navy in his earlier days; but having saved a little money, had set up a tommy-shop, and was making money. His wife was a robust, powerful, purposeful dame, of immense energy, considerable surface-roughness, and real genuine kindness of heart. During my stay, I was indebted to this burly navy-woman for several good turns, in connection with which there could be no thought of self-interest. There was a married daughter who lived in a caravan at the gable of the paternal hut, and there were two unmarried daughters, one an extremely pretty girl of about twenty, the other considerably younger.

Pollen had taken a letter for me down to Ingleton, and in the afternoon I looked in to see whether he had come back. His good lady reported his non-arrival, adding:—"Afore we come here, we were on the 'Surrey and Sussex,' and this morning, Betsy Smith, a lass as my daughter knowed 'ere, comed here to see her mother, as is married on old Recks; and my girls, they be to have a holiday for to spend w' their old friend. Well, I bid them tighten themselves up a bit, and tak' a basket, and go to the top of Ingleborough Hill, the three on 'em, for a day's 'scursion, like; and when they'd come back, I'd have tea waitin', an' a cake, and I'd get in a bottle or two of wine, and we'd make a bit on't, you see, sir, for the lasses mayn't see one another no more in this here life." It seemed as if I had achieved the footing of a friend of the family; and Mrs. Pollen invited me, "if I would not think it beneath me," to look in and participate in the modest festivities of the evening. Beneath me! Why, it was the very thing I desired.

The navy population of Batty-wife-hole do not keep fashionable hours. Half-past five was the hour named by Mrs. Pollen, and I was punctual. As I came up the road from the "Chum-hole," through Inkermann, to the mansion of the Pollens, the face of the swamp in the watery twilight was alive with navvies on their way home from work. They stalked carelessly through the most horrid clinging mire. What thews and sinews, what stately, stalwart forms, what breadth of shoulder and shapely development of muscle were displayed by these home-coming sons of toil! The navy is a very rough diamond; but when you come to mix with him familiarly, and to understand him, you come to realize that he is a diamond. His character has never been more accurately delineated than in the words which I venture to quote, written by an engineer who knows him to his very marrow. "The English navy has his bad points. Very bad points they are, no doubt, but, as a rule, they have all a common origin. The fountain of all, or almost all, the troubles of an English employer of this description of labour is the ale-can. But with these bad points there are many elements of the true pith and ring of the English character. Industry like that of the bee-hive; sturdy toil such as that which was commanded by the builders of the pyramids, or the brick-building kings of Nineveh; firm fellowship and good feeling, evinced in subscriptions to sick funds and doctors' bills; clear-headed application of labour to produce a definite result; above all, a sense of the right that man and master alike have to fair-play and honest dealing: all these virtues are to be found in the kit of the navy. He is a man with whom there is some satisfaction in working, and a man as to whom you can attribute any failure in the attempt to elevate him into a position of permanent comfort and respectability not to any inherent infirmity of nature, but to want of early training and to the potent influence of strong drink."

The "lasses" had got down from Ingleborough Hill, and were seated round the huge coal-fire in Mrs. Pollen's keeping-room. It was a state occasion; and the six navvies, who are lodgers, were relegated to their own sleeping-apartment, where I found Mr. Pollen, slightly the fresher for his journey to Ingleton, and having his hair cut by one of his lodgers, prior to entering the sphere of gentility in the other room. Mrs. Pollen was painfully polite, and her notions of my capacity for rashers of bacon eaten along with buttered toast must have been based on her experience of navvies. The young ladies were at first slightly *distrain*, but Ingleborough air had given their appetite a beautiful filip. Mr. Pollen was benignly jocose, with a slight tendency to hiccup. After tea, he entertained me with an historical account of Batty-wife-hole, from his first appearance in a van on its soil, exactly three years previous. "Shortly afterwards," he said, "some chaps came down to make experimental borings, and they had to bide w' us in the van, for there were nowhere else to bide. All that winter there were ten of us living in that van, and a tight fit it were, surely. Of a night I used to have to stand by it for half an hour with the bull's-eye as a guide to the men home-coming through the waste. Sometimes one would stick, and his mates would have to dig him out; there were two chain o' knee-deep water four times a day for the fellows between their meals and work."

"It were a winter! The snow lay on the backs of the hills for two months at a stretch, and many on 'em were frozen as hard as a chip. But we got over it, somehow; and in the spring, Recks and me built this cottage, and the works began in fair earnest. There's been a good many deaths—what with accidents, low fevers, small-pox, and so on. I've buried three o' my own. I'm arter a sort the undertaker o' the place. You passed the little church down at Chapel-a-dale, near the head of the valley. Well, in the three years I've toted over a hundred of us down the hill to

the little churchyard lying round the church. The other day I had toted one poor fellow down—he were hale and hearty on Thursday, and on Tuesday he were dead o' erinsipalis; and I says to the clerk as how I thought I had toted well nigh on to a hundred down over the beck to Chapel-a-dale. He goes, and has a look at his books, and comes out, and says, says he: "Joe, you've fetched to U'kirkyawd exactly a hundred and ten corps!" I knowed I warn't far out. They've had to add a piece on to U' churchyard, for it were chock-full. And there were one poor fellow I toted down the hill as don't lie in Chapel-a-dale. It were the first summer we were here, and a cutting had been opened outside the Dents-head end of the tunnel. Five men were in a heading as was being driven in along the tack of the tunnel. There came on such a fearful thunderstorm as nobody hereabout ever saw the like afore or since. The end of the cutting was stopped up, and the water came tearing down the hillsides into it, and soon filled it like the lock of a canal. The chaps in the heading were caught afore they could get out; as the water rose, three swam into the cutting, and tried to scramble out. As the water rose, they got on a waggon that was in the heading, and tried to prop themselves up between some barrels that were on it. We could just see one, the tallest on the two—the face of him just above the water, and his hands held afore his mouth, to fend off the water that came lipping over him every now and then. He could get no higher for the head of the working, and it was horrible to see him. But we were tearing like mad at the bank of earth that was blocking the cutting, and at last we got a hole jumped through it, and then the water soon found its own vent, and emptied the cutting. The shorter of the two men in the heading was drowned, and his mouth stopped up wi' clay. He came from Kingscliff in Northamptonshire, hard by my own native place; and I got a coffin for the poor chap, and toted him down to Ingleton, and sent him home by the railway."

I don't know to what greater length Mr. Pollen's gossiping reminiscences might have extended, if they had not been interrupted by a tap at the door communicating with the room inhabited by the navy lodgers. Sundry smothered and gasping squeakings of a fiddle had been audible lately from that apartment, the sounds being suggestive of the existence of an assertive and pertinacious violin, upon which the navvies were collectively sitting, sternly determined that while they lived, it should not violate the decorous quiet incumbent on lodgers whose respected host and hostess were entertaining visitors. The "lasses," I had noticed, were yawning a little after tea, as if the hill-air of Ingelborough had induced a somniferous tendency. As the tap was heard at the door, a glance of mutual intelligence and a smile of satisfaction passed round the younger ladies, and in truth Mrs. Pollen herself did not frown as she called: "Come in." Enter a stalwart navy, whose powerful frame contrasted comically with his shamefaced countenance. He was blushing from ear to ear, yet there was a twinkle in the big black eye of the good-looking fellow that might speak of a consciousness he was not altogether taking a leap in the dark. He bore a message from the navy brotherhood in the other room. He craved humbly of "Mother Pollen" that he and they should be admitted to participate in the festivities of the evening, whereunto they engaged to contribute by instrumental and vocal music, replenishment of the refreshments utterly regardless of cost, and good behaviour. Pollen pronounced at once for their admission. Mrs. Pollen only stipulated for order; and the navy strooped solemnly in, and seated themselves on the extreme edge of a form. Mrs. Pollen offered them wine, of which all ceremoniously partook; and then the black-eyed navy took Mrs. Pollen aside, an interview which resulted in the introduction of a pair of strong ale and a bottle of whisky. The navvies were a decided acquisition. First, the black-eyed navy played a lively spring on his fiddle. I may remark, that he had imperceptibly edged off the form, and had dexterously taken up new ground between Miss Pollen and the lass from the "Surrey and Sussex." Then Tom Purgin sang *My Pretty Jane*. Mr. Purgin was a smart ruddy-faced young fellow with black curling hair, and the physical development of a Hercules. "Tom is the best man on this section," whispered Pollen to me. A dance followed—something between a reel and an Irish jig—in which the black-eyed navy immensely distinguished himself by playing and dancing at the same time; while the noise his big boots made in the double-shuffle was a Terpsichorean triumph that may be imagined, but cannot be described. The beer-pail was replenished, the ladies were radiant with good humour and enjoyment, the navvies were making themselves as agreeable as possible, and the evening altogether was passing most hilariously.

The "Surrey and Sussex" lass was suddenly interrupted in the middle of a song by a loud knock at the outer-door. Mrs. Pollen rose, and admitted a stranger, a big navy in working-dress. This worthy had no card, but he named himself as the "Wellingborough Pincer." At a glance, one could see that the "Wellingborough Pincer" was not quite so sober as he necessarily would have been if intoxicating beverages had never been invented. He was a new-comer at Batty-wife-hole, having only arrived that day; and being a Northamptonshire man, he had come to pay a visit to his "townie," as he had learned Mr. Pollen was. On Pollen the ties of "township" are binding; he hailed the "Wellingborough Pincer" with effusion; and that individual soon made himself extremely at home, resorting with marked freedom and frequency to the beer-can. Our navvies had been chafing at the goings-on of the "Pincer," but restraining themselves, for the sake of peace. His conduct was obviously leading to a shindy. Mrs. Pollen had been absent for some time, engaged in serving some customers; but just at this crisis she came upon the scene, and comprehended its bearings with a quickness which may have been owing to intuition, but perhaps more to experience. To resolve, with Mrs. Pollen is to act. In two strides she had the "Wellingborough Pincer" by the scruff of the neck, and was bundling him toward the door. He struggled a little, but Mrs. Pollen pinioned him with a vice-like grasp, and with a promptitude and dexterity which won my heartiest admiration, accomplished his ejection. I rather think she threw him out; anyhow, there was a sound as of a heavy body falling; and returning to the bosom of her family, she forbade any of "her men" from following the "Pincer" into the darkness whereunto she had relegated him. Harmony recommenced; the black-eyed navy and I became confidential; and he told me how he had loved Miss Pollen for a considerable period, how they "had squared it together," and how he only wished that her father had another van in which they might take up house-keeping. In the midst of this interesting conversation, the "Wellingborough Pincer" reappeared on the scene. Mrs.

Pollen had not bolted the door, and he had entered bent on apologizing all round, and expressing his heart-felt repentance for his conduct. It struck me at the time that the leading motive for the "Pincer's" apparent contrition was a keen anxiety to the neighbourhood of the beer-pail; but he appeared sincere, and his expressions of sorrow were graciously accepted. He made the most of his time, and it was a caution to see what quantities of beer that man contrived to swallow. But he was an ill-conditioned dog in his cups. Without the slightest warning, he suddenly hit Tom Purgin in the eye. It was good to see that honest fellow's power of self-restraint. "It will keep till to-morrow," he said with a pleasant smile, as he wiped some blood from the cut cheek-bone. This was Tom's own quarrel, and in his own quarrel he would not brawl in the presence of the women. But the blow had cut short the "Pincer's" stay under Mr. Pollen's roof. Again Mrs. Pollen was upon him; again that determined and powerful female grappled him, dragged him across the floor, and sent him forth from the door. Enlightened by experience, she this time shot the bolt.

But this "Wellingborough Pincer" was an incorrigible and indomitable nuisance. He would not retire quietly after this his second ejection. He picked himself up, and commenced a persistent hammering on the doors and window-shutters of the hut, accompanying this exercise with a voluble flow of execration of the people who were inside. With difficulty did Mrs. Pollen restrain her navvies from sallying out and inflicting condign punishment on the incorrigible "Pincer." But it was reserved for Pollen himself to vindicate the proud principle that an Englishman's house is his castle. Rising (with some little difficulty) from his seat, he oracularly pronounced the monosyllable "Joe!" At the word there emerged from under the table a powerfully built bulldog, whose broad chest, strong loins, muscular neck, and massive jaw, gave evidence of strength and purity of blood, as did the small red eye of unconquerable ferocity. Silently Pollen moved to the door with Joe at his heels. He threw it open, just as the "Pincer" had commenced to rain on it a fresh shower of blows. "Here, Joe!" was all Pollen's reply to the volley of execrations that greeted him. There was a dull thud of a heavy fall, a gurgling noise, and at Pollen's word, "Come, Joe!" the dog re-appeared, sentimentally wagging his tail. The door was shut, and the "Wellingborough Pincer" demonstrated no more against it.

After a parting glass, I withdrew from the festive scene, declining with thanks the offers of Tom Purgin and the black-eyed navy to see me home. I examined the precincts carefully, out of what was perhaps a weak apprehension that the Pincer might be lying about somewhere, mangled, helpless, and perhaps indeed throttled. But that worthy was "gone and left not a wrack behind," and I sought my couch with equanimity. A day or two later, Mr. Pollen called on me, and told me that he had received a summons at the instance of the "Wellingborough Pincer." Rather, indeed, there were two summonses, one for selling drink without a licence, the other for setting a dog at that interesting gentleman. Mr. Pollen was game for litigation, and would hear of no compromise. The "Pincer" had called upon him that morning, and expressed his readiness to stay proceedings, on condition that the dog were shot, adding that the doctor had assured him, were this not done, that his—the Pincer's—arm must inevitably be amputated. Mr. Pollen had requested him to go about his business, and was ready to face the magistrates in the serene consciousness of virtue.

I left the place before this *cause célèbre* was tried; but I heard the leading incidents—Mr. Pollen drove to Ingleton with his wife and his two witnesses, Mr. Purgin and the black-eyed navy. The "Pincer" stated his case, and summoned a witness who saw him worried by the dog. Then Mr. Pollen arose and pleaded his own cause. He cited his wife to prove that she sold no drink, but that the whole affair was her "treat" in honour of the "Surrey and Sussex" lass. The magistrates asked particularly whether it was in defence of his own premises that Pollen had called in the assistance of the dog, and on being assured that this was so, gave judgment against the "Pincer" on both counts, condemning him also in costs. On the way home, the Pollen conveyance, which contained, in addition to the load it had brought down, the Pincer's witness, was upset in the ditch, owing, it was hinted, to the collective inebrity of the passengers, but ultimately reached Batty-wife-hole, and a triumphal entry was accorded to the Pollens. The "Wellingborough Pincer" returned to work a wiser if not a better man, but he was execrated by the whole community for having imported legal proceedings into a colony where the policemen live in a sort of contemptuous toleration. Hints were uttered that his career at Batty-wife-hole would be a short one. The "Wellingborough Pincer" was last seen in the neighbourhood of a deep blind shaft, that had been excavated to divert the water from the workings in the tunnel. He may have suddenly migrated, but there are not wanting those who darkly hint that an exploration of the shaft would disclose the fact of his being in the immediate vicinity of its bottom.

Handel's oratorio "Theodora" was to have been revived at the Hanover Square Rooms, London, on the 12th inst.

During the performance of "Black-eyed Susan," at the Boston Theatre, on Saturday week, Miss Victoria Vokes, the well-known actress, fell and broke her collar-bone. Several engagements, including one in Montreal, have been postponed in consequence. In the language of the *Evening*, an English authority in all things theatrical, the following curious occurrence is said to have taken place at Brighton. The performance of "Man and Wife" at the Theatre Royal was delayed some little time on Tuesday night in consequence of it having been discovered that Mr. Charles Collette, who was playing the part of "Sir Patrick Lundy," was not in the theatre. Before, however, an apology was made Mr. Collette arrived, wet to the skin, and in a state of great exhaustion. He dressed hurriedly, and appeared on the stage, exhibiting no traces of the ordeal he had gone through. It appears that Mr. Collette had learnt the art of snake-charming in India, and was explaining the process to Mr. George Reeves Smith, the courteous general manager of the Brighton aquarium. Notwithstanding the entreaties of Mr. Smith, Mr. Collette insisted on exercising his science upon the octopus, and succeeded in luring the monster from his hiding-place, and caused it to follow him round the tank. On bending down to the surface of the water, however, the creature seemed to shake off all control, and turning his snaky feelers round Mr. Collette's neck, drew him by main force into the tank. A desperate struggle ensued beneath the water, whence "Sir Patrick Lundy" was with difficulty extricated by Mr. Smith and several bystanders. Mr. Collette has since confined his powers of charming to the patrons of the theatre, and with far greater success.

Scraps.

His Holiness has left his fortune, art works, etc., to his nephew, Count Luigi Mastai Ferretti.

A great indignation meeting is about to be held in the British metropolis on the subject of Confession.

Her Majesty has expressed her desire to act as sponsor to the Countess of Dufferin's infant. The child will be named Victoria Alexandra.

A singular instance of official carelessness has recently come to light in England, where it appears that an address sent from Madras to Lady Mayo in March, 1872, has been "inadvertently" detained at the India Office for twelve months.

The English Conservatives, elated by their late successes are about to bring a new weapon into the field in the shape of a daily paper, the subscription price of which is to be a penny per week. A circulation of a quarter of a million is expected for the new organ.

A revolving light has been invented, to be attached to the rear of trains, by which engineers behind can tell by the speed of their rotations, as shown by the succession of different coloured lights, at what rate of speed the trains are moving, and when they are at rest.

Appos of Tichborniana, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has discovered that Stilton cheese was first made by a Mrs. Orton, of Little Dalby, Leicester-shire, in 1739, and that a Mr. Samuel Orton was executed at Tyburn in 1767, going to the scaffold in a mourning coach instead of the usual cart.

Corporal Hickey, of the 63rd Halifax, has joined the Wimbledon Team in the place of Ensign Adams, of Ontario, who is unable to go. Adams' score on trial was 239; and Hickey stood next with 235. This gives Nova Scotia the largest representation at Wimbledon of all the Provinces.

Within the first ten days of the production of the postal cards orders were received to the amount of 17,671,500, or more than one-tenth as many as the present facilities of the Morgan Envelope Company could supply, working, as they are now worked, twenty hours out of the twenty-four, for a year.

The following lively advertisement recently appeared in the *New York Herald*: "The Devil's got a mortgage on Boston. Everything is going to burn up. I'm going to leave. Will sell my piano, melodeon and sewing-machine to any one living out of the city fearfully low. Address 'Presentiment,' *Herald* office."

The Japanese Tycoon, being in want of a few trowsers, has sent an official letter to Mr. Mori, his ambassador at Washington, to have made and sent to him a hundred pairs of that useful and agreeable article of drapery, his Majesty expressly dictating that they shall be of the high pocket and spring bottom pattern.

The annual meeting of the Society of Friends has just been held. They number 11,050 members in the British Isles, an increase of only twenty-seven on the numbers of last year. Scaptilism has found its way into this sect, as well as all others, and a number of members have in consequence "succeeded."

The latest boon to literary travellers is "Graphine," which is described by the London press as a little packet containing four small sheets of paper, and on cutting off a little bit, no larger than one's finger nail, and soaking it in a table-spoonful of water, it will produce a beautiful purple-coloured ink. This condensed writing ink can be carried in the pocket-book like court plaster, and no traveller need in future carry an ink-stand about him.

The question of "confession" has been debated in the Irish Synod (disestablished Church of Ireland). On a motion to revise the "ordinal," the laymen voted for revision by a majority of three to one; the clergy voted against revision. It was the wish of the laity to have the form, "Receive the Holy Ghost," altered to a prayer for the reception of the Spirit. The laymen in the Synod are more prepared for radical changes than their clerical co-delegates.

It is rumoured that the Ritualists are getting up a petition to the Convocation for the restoration of the service for Holy Communion contained in the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., and it is said that they derive much encouragement and support from the following quaint prophecy:

"For full three hundred years and moe
Sixt Edwards's mass shall be layed lowe;
When Seventh Edwards him doth rayne,
Sixt Edwards's mass shall be said agayne."

Details respecting the ceremonies which follow upon the death of a Pope are always interesting, so the following may prove acceptable:—When the Pope is dead, the Cardinal Chamberlain, adorned in purple, kneels three times with a golden hammer at the door of the bed-chamber, calling the Pope by his Christian, family, and Papal names. In the presence of the clerks and attendants he then declares "he is dead," the fisherman's ring is brought to him and broken, he takes possession of the Vatican, and the great bell spreads the news over the city. The dead Pope is embalmed, and lies in state at St. Peter's for nine days. On the tenth day, and after the burial, the new Pope is elected by ballot, and the ceremony of the coronation is then performed.

A memorial service in honour of the late J. Stuart Mill took place recently at Mr. M. D. Conway's Chapel, South Place, Finsbury, in presence of a crowded congregation. Mr. Conway commenced by reading a portion of Isaiah, which was followed by the celebrated chapter from Confucius, "On Character;" to this succeeded the recital of Buddha's essay on the human graces, excellences, and duties, and the reading of the beatitudes from the 5th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. The service concluded with a "meditation," consisting of an enumeration of the various qualities and virtues which, in Mr. Conway's opinion, are requisite to complete the ideal character of an exemplary man. The sermon, preached from the text, "The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart," was an eloquent eulogy of Mr. Mill and his writings.

The following is the form of the declaration finally adopted by the English Convocation with regard to the meeting of the Athanasian creed:

1. "That the Confession of our Christian faith, commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius, doth not make any addition to the faith contained in Holy Scripture, but warneth against errors which from time to time have arisen in the Church of Christ.

2. "That Holy Scripture in divers places doth promise life to them that believe, and declare the necessity for all who would be in a state of salvation of holding fast the Catholic faith, and the great peril of rejecting the same, so doth the Church in this Confession declare the necessity for all who would be in a state of salvation of holding fast the Christian faith, and the great peril of rejecting the same.

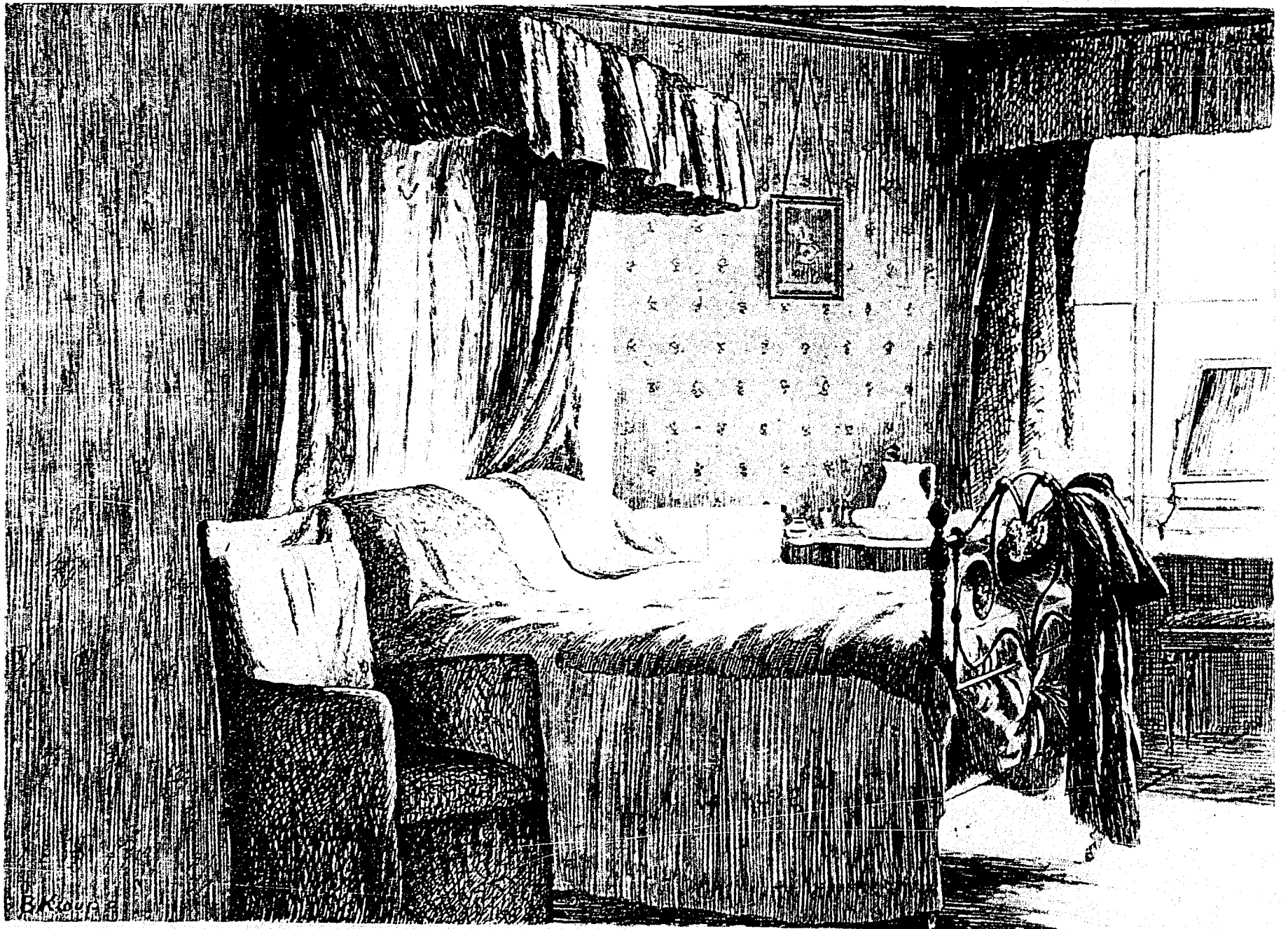
"Wherefore the warnings in this Confession of Faith are to be understood no otherwise than the like warnings in Holy Scripture, for we must receive God's threatenings even as His promises, in such wise as they are generally set forth in Holy Writ.

"Moreover, the Church doth not herein pronounce judgment upon particular persons, God alone being the Judge of all."

THE LATE SIR GEO. E. CARTIER'S HOME IN LONDON.



THE SITTING ROOM.



THE BED-ROOM, WHERE SIR GEORGE DIED.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

MY SUNDAY EVENING OUT.

BY

A.

"Please M'm, this is my Sunday evening out; can I go now?"

"No, Jane, I can't let you go out to-night. Master Freddy is unwell, and you must remain with him."

And Jane left the room with a sorrowful countenance. She was dressed ready for setting out on her few hours leave of absence. She had put on her best bonnet, with the cherry-coloured ribbons, and had a large brooch fastening her shawl, and was even drawing on a new pair of gloves as she came into the room. She had no thought of being disappointed, for the mistress had *octroy'd* a constitution to her domestics 'regulating' their Sunday evenings out; but with the despotism of a sovereign, she had revoked the edict and relegated her subject back to the nursery with Master Freddy as a companion.

Poor Jane. The little walk that you looked forward to with Tom or Harry is swept away, and the poor fellow, will keep that appointment, wearily waiting and at last turn home with a great sadness at heart, and think his Jane faithless and that she was promiscuous with some more favoured beau, and Jane goes up stairs to the nursery and pets Master Freddy and hushes him to sleep, and never vents her feelings by as much as one angry slap upon the tempting shoulders of that peevish brat.

Poor Jane. It was hard on thee that after thy toil and moil thou couldst not have thy Sunday evening out, and I swear that thy sad face as thou departedst the room spoilt my evening's enjoyment and rose up constantly, like some reproachful ghost, between thy mistress and myself, and made her otherwise pleasant laugh have an edge on it!

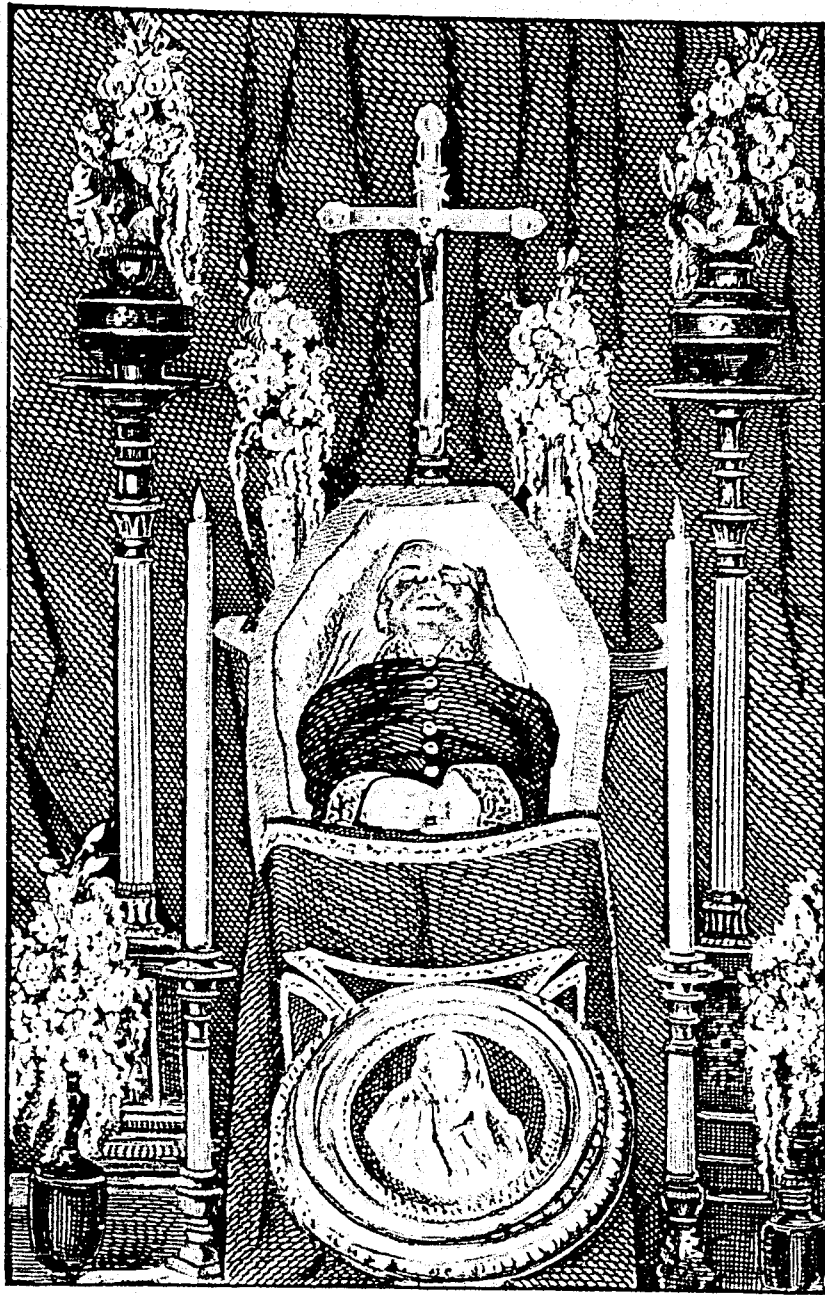
You and I, sir, when we are disappointed, are not given to turn away and bear it with a sad countenance. We fume and swear, we inveigh the Fates, and abuse our wives, and are cross to our children, and if we are annoyed, why, sir, the world shall know it. If we have a *ressess* of our own, shall our wives dare to laugh or be merry?

You, sir, had made up your mind to go to the opera, but you dilly dallied about engaging a seat till the last moment, and then the place that you wanted next the charming widow, Mrs. Sawweds, was taken, and you were annoyed, and wouldn't go at all, and came home instead and bullied your wife. You know you did, sir. You swore at her because the driver had to be *re ha f'd*, and you forgot that

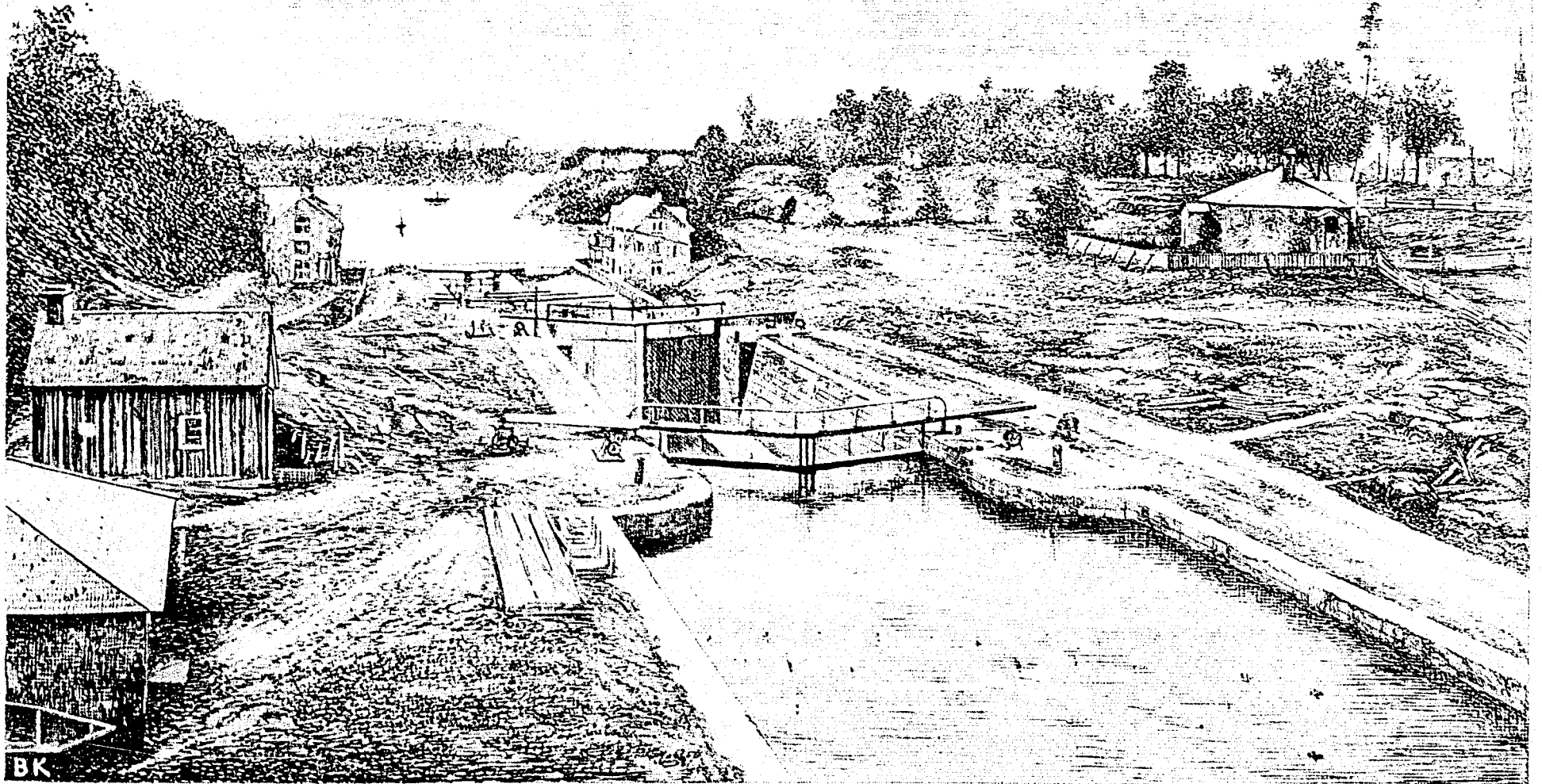
you were an hour late, and you whipped Miss Polly and sent her howling to bed, and you boxed the ears of Tom, and then you drank three tumblers of whiskey and water and went to bed crosser than ever, and your poor wife had to creep in beside you and listen to your railing until sleep overcame you, and all because, through your own fault, you were disappointed out of an evening's pleasure. Think of Jane's sad face, sir; had she not a right to vent her feelings and call her mistress a tyrant; and yet she went up stairs instead, and sat meekly by the side of Master Freddy.

Miss Rosie, you little puss, you remember that picnic that you hoped to attend with a certain military gentleman, and how you got up betimes in the morning and dressed your charming person with more than usual care, and had on your saucy little Gipsy hat by nine o'clock, and were coaxing on those delicate straw-coloured kids, waiting for the carriage to come round, when plash, plash, plash, came down the rain, and great streams were tumbling from the housetops, and great streams ran gurgling along the streets, and there was no picnic for you that day! How you tugged off those gloves, Miss, and tore them all up the back, and flung your hat to one end of the room and your lace shawl to another, and stamped up and down, pausing occasionally at the window to play an ugly tattoo on the pane, while you scowled and pouted at the torrents without, and, if you thought on the matter at all, must have obfuscated a certain Mr. Longfellow and his insane song about the beautiful rain! Rosie, *ma belle*, think of how meekly the nursery maid turned from her cavalier and went up to the nursery.

Do we think enough of our servants? Madam, Jane and Mary are not mere machines, for whose use you have paid so much, and if you only give them food to enable them to work and some corner that you can shove them into at night, you have not done your duty. It were better for you, madam, and better for them, if they were machines; but unfortunately they are human, and have souls and passions and instincts and feelings, and if we pinch them, they feel it; and if we prick them, they bleed. It is inconvenient, but unfortunately it is true. You have feelings, my charming Mrs. Crumpton, and you indulge them, you pamper your sensibilities. Are you sad? You can have quiet and soothing friends, and pleasant music, and people are considerate. But Mary down stairs is reading a letter and you ring the bell, and she crushes the scrawl into her pocket and wipes her eyes with her sleeve, and comes in with the tea-urn, and you scold her because those



THE REMAINS OF THE LATE SIR GEO. E. CARTER LYING IN STATE IN LONDON.



OTTAWA.—LOCKS ON THE OTTAWA AND KINGSTON CANAL.

muffins are a little burned, and you don't know that that letter she crushed away into her pocket announced the death of a dear sister, and you scold and scold, and she gulps down her tears and serves you for so many dollars a month, and there is no clause in the bond allowing her to weep.

Master Freddy must be amused, and poor Jane with a splitting headache goes up and sings for him and soothes his piercing cries, while you have the room darkened and the children kept away, and cooling lotions applied to your forehead, madam, when it aches; but Jane is only one of the *servi*, another race of people, who have no right to be ill.

God help them! They have their sicknesses and their headaches, and bitter disappointments. Tom marries some one else; brother Dick is sent to the penitentiary, father becomes a drunkard; their own health is bad, they are dying of consumption, and they bend their shoulders to the yoke. If they serve faithfully, they get their scanty wages and they are barked at and scolded, and when sickness comes, fling them out; let them go to their hospitals or their homes, or some other proper place, but don't trouble my lady about such *canaille!*

Do not grudge Jane her Sunday out, and let her have it with a kind word. We are all the better for a little recreation. The merchant after his toil at the desk, the schoolboy after his labours with *in presentia*, the student after his struggle with Mill and Huxley, the young lady after her season of balls and routs, and gaities, and dancing, and late bed-going, all are better for a little relaxation, a little folding of the arms, and a little idleness, a wandering down some shady lanes and angling by pleasant waters, and exchanging the desk and the college for the green sward, and the crushing, stifling drawing-room for a little flirtation by moonlight over the rustic gates or in downy arbor.

And if Jane can only run down the street and hang on the arm of her policeman or saunter away with Harry, and forget Master Freddy and servitude for an hour, while she dreams of the boy-god "who sharpens his arrows on the whetstone of the human heart," do not grudge it. God loveth a cheerful giver, if it be only a Sunday evening out to the little fag, the *servus servorum* in the scullery.

FASHIONABLE BARGEISM.

(From *Vanity Fair*.)

When a minor Mr. Buckle arises to write a history of "Society," he will no doubt commence by dividing his narrative into two distinct ages—the duelling age and the bargee age; for most certainly the abolition by law and public opinion of that perhaps barbarous but still salutary code of honour has had an extraordinary effect on the social observances of the upper classes. It has been generally supposed that the "great unwashed," as we were wont imperitively to term "our masters," used in their little differences and for their little pleasures a rough-and-ready wit and method of argument which civilization and education have banished from the washed and curled portion of humanity. No doubt this once was so. Fifty or sixty years ago a gentleman, beau, wit, macaroni, or what you please, when insulted courteously produced his card, or, if he did strike, struck in such a manner as not to inflict injury, but a sealing of the quarrel as it were beyond the possibility of reconciliation. We have altered all this. If, as La Rochefoucauld says, "la trop grande politesse dans les Etats est le présage assuré de leur décadence," England certainly must be entering on a new era of strength. As education has changed sides—as the middle and lower classes begin to pass the upper in the race for knowledge—so have social observances also changed sides, and far more courteous bearing in difficulty and difference may now be found in the tradesman's debating parlour, or in the workman's reading-room than is commonly discernible in a West-end club or drawing-room. And why? Simply because a "gentleman" so-called is under no sort of obligation to restrain his ill-humour or his natural rudeness, while a tradesman or an artisan feels that when in contact with his fellow-men he is, as it were, on his mettle to make himself as like as possible to the gentleman he innocently believes to be worthy of imitation. At a workman's club the man with the best manners and most skilled in polite observances is allowed to take the lead without question, while at Foodie's or Black's a bearish, insolent manner, or a capability of saying rude things aptly will confer the same honour. At a servants' ball the "gentleman's gentleman," whose bow is the most finished and whose style of address is the most aristocratic, easily carries off the palm of popularity among the maids. At the Duchess of Carabas's the golden youth who can say the most impertinent things to his partners or who can amuse the company by the cast-off tricks of a bad circus clown, seasoned with the good taste of the great Vance, is the monarch of the evening. At the country "outing" of a manufacturer's hands the man who insisted in throwing loaves of bread across the table at dinner or pouring glasses of wine into the pockets of his neighbour would soon be brought to a sense of *les convenances*; but at Maidenhead such witticisms attract peals of laughter, and no party is considered complete without their professors. Go into a crowd of the lower classes assembled for no matter what purpose, and then plant yourself near the supper-room door at a Buckingham Palace ball at the time when Royalty's appetite is supposed to be nearly appeased, and say which crowd is best mannered and least sharp about the elbows. Do you suppose that at an indignation meeting of washerwomen there are more pushing, pinching, and "scrimmaging" than among the ladies at a Queen's Drawing-room? As to the compliments that pass between gentlemen nowadays, it seems to be an understood thing that abusive epithets are mere wind, signifying nothing. A man is called a liar—"You're another!" is perhaps his repartee, and the matter drops at once. Now and then there is some hint of a duel thrown out; but this only means now that the parties will simultaneously apologize next morning.

Bargeeism could never have attained its present proportions had a certain amount of duelling still existed to keep it in check. A man, however much he may dislike another, will think twice before giving himself the pleasure of calling him by a bad name, if the result might be a cold morning meeting with a chance of being shot. Is there a dishonourable story afloat about anyone; each gossip takes it up, vouches for its truth, and adds a little in transmission. What has he to fear if found out? An action for libel? Pooh! that would be challenging public opinion to an extent never contemplated by the man of patent leather and gloves. To play battledore and shuttlecock, again, with women's characters is an amusing

game. In the time when a husband or a brother had a remedy for defamation, whose justice none could dispute, there was some little danger in it; but now you may blacken at your ease the fairest fame that woman ever owned. Perhaps her relations may cut you, but otherwise you have your little amusement without the smallest let or hindrance.

It is some years since Bargeeism in ball-rooms came into fashion, and it probably crept in because of the gentleness which was taking the place of the former rough joviality at dancing-parties—not of the upper classes. No doubt the first symptoms of it might be traced to the disused fashions of those parties—the dancing of wild steps, the changing and twisting of partners in the usually more decorous lancers and quadrilles. Then a race of fashionable buffoons sprang up—unworthy successors perhaps of the old "wits," or more probably of the salaried fools of earlier times—and, patronized in very high quarters, these buffoons obtained popularity, and did much towards vulgarizing the originally more gentle Bargeeism of society. Of course there are people to defend even this horse-play, witless as it is: some say that it is a good, perhaps a necessary, substitute for the drunkenness of an earlier day. But although of course the abolition of three-bottle tests of good-fellowship is a boon, it may be questioned whether it matters much if the noisy buffoon is actuated by wine or malice prepense. Of course in London a certain mixture of persons with weight and salutary influence has kept this Bargeeism within a certain boundary; but a fashionable ball in the country where the heads of society are found often shows a scene of Bargeeism, *abandon*, and witless buffoonery which is not many degrees removed from debauchery. Refinement in our upper class is dying: killed by the apathy of its adherents, even as the cause of order in France is murdered by the helplessness of the orderly majority.

"Bear-fighting" in a regiment is no doubt a pretty sport, and if a good thing for our young heroes as some contend, must be looked upon with respect. A loaf of bread thrown across the dining-table is no doubt a relief to the monotony of the repast, although the Sandhurst authorities seem to think otherwise. But no sane person can think better of a middle-aged woman, be she duchess or no, for jumping over chairs in her drawing room, playing hunt-the-slipper on the floor in a mixed company, or hitting the gentleman next her in the ribs; and the smartest young man in creation will never persuade the aforesaid sane person that he is a wit because he can squirt orange-juice into his dinner-partner's eyes or take a chair from under a friend about to sit down on it.

(Written for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.)

THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

NO. IX.—ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY.

On the *Eve* of St. John the Baptist, commonly called *Midsummer-Eve*, it was usual in most of the country parishes of England, and also here and there in towns and cities, for both old and young to meet together, and be merry over a large fire, which was made in the open street; and thus the time was spent till midnight, and sometimes till cock-crow.

Belithus tells us, "Consuetum item hac vigilia ardentis deferri faculas, quod Johannes fuerit ardens lucerna et qui domini vias preparaverit." That it was a custom to carry lighted torches on Midsummer-Eve as an emblem of St. John Baptist, who was a burning and a shining light, and the preparer of the way of CHRIST.

According to some the origin of the custom was heathenish. For in ancient times the dragons through lust polluted the air and infected the wells and fountains during the heat of the season, so that those who drank the waters or breathed the infected air were either tormented with a grievous distemper or lost their lives. As soon as the physicians perceived this, they ordered fires to be made every where about the wells and fountains, and those things which occasioned the most noisome smell to be burnt, knowing thereby that the dragons would be driven away.

The custom of kindling such fires was severely censured by the Church: and therefore in the council of Trullus this canon was made against it. (Can. 65, in Synod, Trull, ex Bals, P. 440): That if any clergyman or layman observed the rite of making on fires on the new-moon,—which some were wont to observe, and according to an old custom, to leap over them in a mad and foolish manner,—he should be deposed if the former, if the latter he should be excommunicated.

The Scholiast upon this canon hath these words:—The new moon was always the first day of the month, and it was customary among the Jews and the Greeks, to hold then a feast, and pray that they might be lucky during the continuance of the month. Of these it was that God spake by the prophet:—My soul hateth your new-moons and your Sabbaths. And not only this, but they also kindled fires before their shops and their houses, and leaped over them; imagining that all the evils which had befallen them formerly, would be burnt away, and that they should be more successful and lucky afterwards. He also tells us that on St. John Baptist's Eve, the vulgar were wont to make on fires for the whole night, and leap over them, and draw lots, and divine about their good or evil fortune.

Stow tells us in his survey of London that on the Vigil of St. John Baptist, every man's house or door being shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, or fine white lilies, and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautiful flowers, had also lamps of glass with oil burning in them all night. Some hung out branches of iron, curiously wrought containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once. He mentions also the bonfires in the streets, every man bestowing wood or labour toward them. He seems to think these were kindled to purify the air.

Dr. Moresin seems to be of opinion that the custom of leaping over these fires is a vestige of the ordeal, where passing through fires with safety was accounted an indication of innocence. There really seems to be probability in this conjecture, for not only the young and vigorous used to leap over them, but even those who were old and of grave characters.

Dr. Moresin also tells us of a remarkable custom which he himself was an eye-witness of in Scotland:—"They take the new baptized infant, and vibrate it three or four times gently over a flame, saying and repeating thrice, 'Let the flame consume thee now or never.'"

This seems to favour his supposition that passing over fires was accounted expiatory.

The origin of this St. John fire, still retained by so many

nations, and which loses itself in antiquity, is very simple. It was a *feu de joie* kindled the very moment the year began; for the first of all years, and the most ancient we know of, began at the month of June. Thence the very name of this month *Junior*, the youngest, which is renewed; while that of the preceding one is *May*, *Major*, the ancient. Thus the one was the month of young people, the other that of old men.

These *feux de joie* were accompanied the same time with vows and sacrifices for the prosperity of the people and the fruits of the earth; they danced also around this fire, for what feast is there without a dance? and the most active leaping over it. Leaping over the fires is mentioned among the superstitious rites used at the *Palilia* in Ovid's *Fasti*:—

"Moxque per ardentis stipuli crepitanis acervos
Trajicias celeri strenua membra pede."

It is also stated that each dancer or leaper at their departure took away a greater or less firebrand, and the remains were scattered to the wind, which was to drive away every evil as it dispersed the ashes.

Art and Literature.

M. Emile Ollivier is writing a history of Machiavelli. A new journal, the *NewsVendor*, is announced in London for next month.

A new story by Anthony Trollope, entitled "Phineas Redux," is commenced in the *Graphic* of the 5th inst.

The death is announced of the Baroness de Coppens d'Hond-schoote, the last surviving sister of Lamartine.

A prize of £300 has been offered by the Empress of Austria for the best history of the Geneva Convention.

The Magliana Frescoes, by Raphael, painted for a favourite hunting box of Leo X., have recently been sold in Paris.

In Italy there are now published 1,120 journals and periodicals, of which 1,098 appear in Italian, 14 in French, six in English, and two in German.

Mrs. Pender Cudlip (Annie Thomas), known chiefly in literature for her numerous novels, is the writer engaged on a memoir of the late Mr. James Hannay.

Lotta will resume her professional career at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, early in September. She is expected to bring several new plays with her from abroad.

It has been decided that the reconstruction of the Vendome Column shall be carried out at once, and, if possible, at the expense of Courbet. Moreover the statue of the First Napoleon is to be replaced on the summit.

A posthumous volume of poetry, by Lamartine, has just appeared. It contains some of his early pieces, which he in all probability thought unworthy to see the light, and, among others, a tragedy entitled "Zoraïde."

German newspapers announce that the dictionary of the German language, in course of compilation by the Brothers Grimm, will contain more words than any other publication on record. It has already reached the number of about 150,000, and by the time it is complete it will comprise at least 500,000.

Among the extensive correspondence of the late John Stuart Mill—soon, it is to be hoped, to be collected and arranged—the most curious, perhaps, in which the deceased ever engaged was a discussion which he carried on for some months in French (a language which he wrote and talked fluently) with Auguste Comte.

Mr. Henri Van Laun, the translator of Taine's "History of English Literature," is preparing a new translation of Molière's works, and will quote in it all the passages which English playwrights have stolen from the French comedian, as well as those which Molière himself stole from other writers—for instance, those in *L'Avare* from the *Autularia*. The work will be illustrated with original etchings, and with copies of the prints of his characters that were produced in Molière's lifetime.

A genius has invented a plan to prevent exposure of writing on postal cards. He proposes to write on paper and transfer the impression to the card, keeping the original. The copy is then reversed and may be easily read by holding it before a mirror, which restores the manuscript. The idea is that postal carriers and domestics will not take this trouble, and the writing will escape ordinary scrutiny. Any one can read it in the same way, however, if their curiosity is superior to their indifference.

It is stated that there were forwarded from and received at Epsom during the "Derby" week no fewer than 10,000 telegraphic messages. Of these nearly 3,500 accrued on the "Derby" day itself, and about 2,500 on the "Oaks" day. The telegraphing for the press amounted to upwards of 35,000 words; while of foreign telegrams more than 150 were sent. A staff of twenty clerks was employed throughout the meeting, and the systems of telegraphy at work embraced the Wheatstone automatic and duplex instruments.

HASTY CONSUMPTION CURED BY FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES.

CARBONAR, NEWFOUNDLAND, Jan. 3, 1871.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS,

DEAR SIR:—I came to this country in May, 1869. I found a countryman of mine laboring under some affection of the lungs. I recommended your Syrup, tried at the Druggists in Harbor Grace, but they thought I was inventing the name at their expense. However, in April, 1870, Mr. Edgar Joyce rapidly wasted away with every symptom of quick consumption, so that he was unable to walk across the room, having no appetite, pains in the left side, nervous system unstrung, dry, hacking cough, &c. Fortunately I learned that your Syrup could be obtained at Mr. Dearin's, in St. John's, and immediately procured some (showed one to W. H. Thompson, who ordered a supply from you at once). This was Tuesday afternoon; at night he took the prescribed dose, and in the morning he described the very results notified on the wrapper. His appetite soon began to return, and a voracious one it was, too; the dry, hacking cough changed into loose but violent attacks, finally disappearing altogether; pains left his side, his hand assumed its usual steadiness, and before he finished ten bottles his health was quite restored, and to-day not a more healthy person is to be found on our streets; and it is the opinion of all, had he not been fortunate in getting your valuable Syrup of Hypophosphites, he would now be in his grave.

He happened to be in W. H. Thompson's the day your first shipment arrived, and took at once four bottles to the Labrador, which he was very anxious to do, but had no occasion to use them himself. No other medicine will he ever prescribe, recommend or give, but yours.

I also recommended it to another consumptive, but have not heard from him since, as he lives in a distant part of the Island. Hoping this will give you some encouragement.

I remain yours, &c.,

D. H. BURRIGE.

No Liniment can compare with Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

THE FASHION PLATE.
SUMMER HATS.

FIG. 1. Capote of figured white Swiss muslin lined with light blue lustrine and trimmed with white lace and bows of light blue silk ribbon.

FIGS. 2 AND 4. Round hat of figured Swiss muslin, trimmed with a pinked blue silk ruche, white lace, bows of silk ribbon, and a sprig of violets.

FIG. 3. Plain white Swiss muslin capote, trimmed with rouchings of the same material, pink grosgrain ribbon and a spray of roses.

FIG. 5. Round hat of figured black tulle with veil of the same. The trimming consists of black grosgrain ribbon, black lace, jet agrafe and drops and a spray of flowers of different colours.

RIDING HABITS.

FIGS. 6 AND 7. Grey mocha habit and jacket, the latter trimmed with narrow grosgrain piping to match. Chemise of fine linen; pink *cape-de-chine* cravat and black straw hat with grey veil.

FIGS. 8 AND 9. This costume is of dark blue cloth, the jacket trimmed with velvet ribbon.

ON HOME SERVICE.

II. THE "DOMINA," OR HOUSE LADY (Continued).

If order, regularity, and care be essentially necessary in the Domina's dealings with her servants, as great or even greater is the need of cultivating these habits in her own immediate home circle. There is no doubt that the tone of the family itself insensibly affects the world below stairs. Servants, in time, would become ashamed of conducting themselves and their own affairs upon entirely different principles from those actuating their employers.

The Domina's first care obviously must be to regulate her expenses, and to consider most carefully by what especial system of management the greatest amount of comfort can be secured. For her daily and hourly actions and conduct no especial rules can possibly be laid down; for no two homes can be governed exactly alike.

Nevertheless, there are one or two principles that never can be violated with impunity. First and foremost comes true economy, the best definition of which word, as it is used here, is "the just appropriation of income." There is no establishment, however high up in the social scale, that can dispense with it. Extravagance and thoughtlessness in expenditure lead to innumerable little meannesses and parsimonious acts.

Generally speaking, it is the Domina to whom is entrusted all money needed for house and domestic purposes. The right apportionment of this money, and the not allowing the demand upon any one department to exceed the amount set apart for it, to the detriment of any other, require some skill and thought, and it is upon this just division that true economy depends, the practice of which will secure the "House Lady" from the vexations daily struggling to diminish expenditure and needless expending over small items. We need hardly say that there can be no comfort where the outgoings exceed the incomings; the daily and hourly worry incurred, is utterly destructive to home peace.

It is not our purpose here to enlarge upon all the duties of a wife with regard to her home and those dependent upon her daily love and care, they must be looked at from a different and far wider point of view; but the "House Lady" must remember that at any rate the hourly well-being and health of her husband, children, and servants rest mainly upon the judicious management of the income allotted to her. Useless, wasteful expenditure is really a melancholy thing; it has nothing whatever to do with generosity. And there is such a thing as tiring out the love and forbearance of a husband, if constant demands upon his purse are made for matters which answer no good end, and which certainly do not contribute to his peace and comfort.

So great a change of late years seems to have crept over our English homes, that to hold the opinion that the comfort and prosperity of her husband should be the first thing considered in all the Domina's home arrangements may be considered old-fashioned, and the opinion itself obsolete. Yet the woman who would do wisely must remember that her husband's welfare will not be secured if she be careless in expenditure, or if she make him second only to her children, or if she herself (from want of proper organisation, or from having failed to establish a wholesome authority) be in a continual state of worry and unrest from doing personally what ought to be done for her by her servants. A husband does not expect, after the active duties of his day are over, to find his wife pre-occupied with household cares, or too tired out to be able to afford him rational companionship. She must so arrange her outer practical duties that her mind may be at rest, and that she may not be compelled to give up all thought of mental improvement as the cares of a household increase. A little intellectual work

is absolutely essential to the woman who aspires to be her husband's best friend and companion, not his competitor! Moreover, it can only be by reading, thought, and observation that she will be enabled to make head against the constantly increasing spirit of luxury, and to dare to stand alone in upholding simplicity, order, and usefulness.

There is a species of false shame, too, very current among women who will neither read nor think, which makes them vie restlessly with each other, not as to the amount of good they can each achieve within the precincts of home, but in the freshness and costliness of carpets, curtains, napery, and plate, ignoring that a little true study of art would help them to the knowledge of how the interior of a house may be made beautiful by other decorations and adornments than those which can be supplied by the upholsterer, linendraper, or silversmith. There is no woman, no matter upon which step of the social ladder she may stand, who can neglect all mental cultivation with impunity. She will gradually sink into a common-place household drudge and gossip, and must not be surprised if her husband gives up his evenings at home for the sake of spending them where he can obtain something like intellectual companionship. It is very remarkable how often wives entirely overlook one very great means of increasing their influence over their husbands by neglecting to take interest in their professions or pursuits, whatever they may be. And yet there is hardly any work upon which a man may be engaged that cannot occasionally have some fresh light thrown upon it from a woman's point of view. Especially should this be the case with the wives of artists, whether they be musicians or architects, painters or sculptors.

The ceaseless outcry about woman's rights, the loud demands which women make to be heard in the houses of legislature, seem absolutely pitiable whilst their true domains, their own kingdoms, where they might reign as queens supreme, lie desolate and waste! These words are not too strong; it is absolute desolation which reigns in a house inhabited (not wisely governed) by a "House Lady" undeserving of the name. And in thousands of instances this desolation arises in the first place from carelessness and neglect of the simplest rules for house order. The little things of life—it is they which most affect our happiness; and it is the little irregularities, the ever-recurring instances of want of forethought, which most frequently obstruct the smooth working of household machinery. And from such slight causes as these discomfort in the home spreads, the sunlight but seldom peeps in, and only a dull grey civility remains between husband and wife, instead of perfect loving accord.

There is no putting aside the fact that children play a most important part in every household. Especially careful must the "Domina" be in her selection of nurses, for it is not too much to say that the influences surrounding a child during the first seven years of its life remain with him, for good or for evil, to the end. The particular duties of nurses will be detailed farther on; it is the position which children so often hold nowadays in a household that is here to be considered. They are made of far too much importance; hence occasionally arises a very objectionable habit—that of children giving orders to servants in an absolutely authoritative manner, a thing which should never be allowed. Their little indulgences, whether they interfere with the comfort of others or not, must always be attended to; they are veritable little tyrants, but, God bless them! sweet though *exigant* little mortals! Too much care cannot be taken of them, if it be the right sort of care—the care which watches first over their bodily health, by accustoming them to regular hours, wholesome food, and obedience (for the habit of obedience, by preventing constant fits of crying and struggles for mastery, more than any other perhaps conduces to health), and the care which prevents them from finding out of what immense importance they are. Do not let them reign supreme, for the mischief in this mistake in training will bring about in after-life is manifold. It is not easy to give up the habit of being first, and the boy who as a child is secretly supplied with indulgences about which "Papa is not to know" will, when he grows up, be hardly likely to learn what straightforwardness, self-denial, and unselfishness mean, save by the world's strange and hard lessons. The mother must be the child's first teacher; that is a duty which can never be delegated to anybody else.

Whenever space allows, every mistress of a household should contrive to have a room to herself, where she can have her children undisturbed about her for a part of her morning; from whence, too, all her orders can be given, and where all her especial "household gods," so to speak, should be gathered about her.

Who can over-estimate the worth of the influence that may arise in after-years, when the remembrance of the wise, kindly inmate of that room, always ready there, with gentle tones, to teach, help, direct, advise, or console those who came to her from time to time, arises, either in the hearts of her children who have long left their early home in order to

play their own parts in the world, or of her young acquaintances who were proud in being able to call her their friend, or in the servants who loved and respected her as a patient, kind, and watchful mistress? There is no lack of woman's work yet in England or in any country where the sacredness of a happy home binds the individuals of a family together.—Queen.

A sagacious Aberdeen papa exceedingly mortified his daughter by ordering to be printed on her wedding cards, "No presents, except those adapted to an income of £200."

The Sultan of Turkey retains the exclusive services of a lady physician, to attend the females and children of his household. The physician is a New Hampshire lady, who graduated in Philadelphia.

Dio Lewis advocates sunlight. He has been trying experiments. He attempted to make plants grow in a parlour, not very dark to be sure, but kept in the dim, twilight condition considered fashionable. The plants looked sick in four days, then they turned yellow, and finally died. He reasons that girls kept in dim, unsunny rooms will grow pale, yellow, and sickly also—if they do not die.

Lady Morgan held one rule on the education of children which cannot be too often repeated: "Give to every girl, no matter what her rank, a trade—a profession, if the word suits you better. Cultivate all things in moderation, but one thing in perfection, for which she has talent—no matter what it is—drawing, music, embroidery, house-keeping even; let her feel this will carry her through life without dependence."

The supporters of the Female Suffrage Bill in England have antagonists in high quarters. It was noticed at a recent division that the Marquis of Lorne voted against the measure, and his feeling is shared by the Princess Louise. His lordship is so strongly opposed to the movement that when asked to take the chair at the meeting of the Society for Improving the Education of Women he refused to do so unless Mrs. Grey promised that no ladies should speak. Last year several of them spoke, but this year they are to be reduced to silence.

Railway companies in France adopt the sensible plan of placing unprotected ladies in an exclusive compartment; they have ever regarded this rather as a politeness than as a right. A lady has brought the matter to a point. Returning from Amiens to Paris, and alone in a first-class compartment for ladies exclusively, the station-master at Chantilly put six men, all third-class passengers, to occupy the vacant and required seats; the lady protested, stoutly defended the Woman's Rights question, and has had the satisfaction of defeating the company, and deciding the principle in the Superior Court.

Miss Una Hawthorne, daughter of the great novelist, is doing excellent philanthropic work in London. She is engaged in establishing a "Preventive Home" for girls in connection with a suburban orphanage. Plunging into the bad homes and destitution of London, she takes girls who are morally likely to fall, or who have fallen, but are not without hope of reform, and gives them work in the laundry of the orphanage, thus at once saving the expense of hired women, which was found to be too heavy, and giving the girls a chance of elevation. The walls thus picked up receive their instruction in the trade and their board and clothing for the first six months, and wages for the second six months, when permanent places are found for them.

Made-moiselle de Malamarre de Tarbois is a young Parisian lady who recently took the veil at Noilly. She has left a world of which she was one of its gayest and most gifted ornaments under sad circumstances. She was residing with her family in their ancestral chateau, which was occupied by the Prussians. The officers were carousing in the dining-room, and one of them seized the young lady round the waist and attempted to kiss her. The maiden, fired with resentment at this outrage, seized a knife on the dinner-table and plunged it into the Prussian's breast. The lady was arrested, a court martial was summoned; but the Prince of Hesse, who commanded the district, ordered the instant release of the fair prisoner. Never was blood more justly shed, yet it has weighed so heavily on her heart that she has been driven to seek shelter from remorse in the cloisters.

At the last great meeting about Women's Rights, a lady who spoke said: "A gentleman once told her that it was quite clear that it was not intended for women to speak in public because of their voice. That was absurd, for Mr. Gladstone had stated that in a balloon a man's voice could be heard a mile, a woman's could be heard two miles (loud laughter). One was continually hearing what had been termed the peace and the war argument. It might be true that women could not go out as soldiers, but this was an argument that always reminded her that Dr. Watts, who was no mean authority, wished to confine fighting to dogs (renewed laughter). She claimed the vote for women householders who were paying their rates and taxes, on the ground of their common humanity. It all just came to this—either men were infallible or women had no souls." (Loud laughter.)

There can be no hesitation, says the *Court Journal*, in now speaking of the engagement of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Grand Duchess Marie. They met at Hesse Darmstadt a year or two since, and from that time an understanding has existed between them. During Prince Alfred's residence at Sorrento, though nominally staying at the Tasso, he has been constantly at the Imperial villa from morning till night. His Royal Highness is now returning to London, but will leave it again shortly, and join the Empress and the Grand Duchess

at Jugenheim, in Hess Darmstadt. The Emperor will also be there later, and official publicity will then, no doubt, be given to the marriage that is to be. One difficulty existed which has been surmounted. It was proposed as a condition that the Duke of Edinburgh should reside a certain period of time every year in Russia, but he refused to bind himself. Something more than rumour says that the Grand Duchess will bring her husband £20,000 a year, besides £200,000; but yet a larger fortune will be the sweet, amiable disposition of which every one about the Court speaks.

News of the Week.

It is said that Chief Justice Duval intends shortly to resign.

It is said that a fatal case of yellow fever has occurred in Brooklyn.

At last accounts the *Great Eastern* had paid out 143 miles of cable.

A DEATH has occurred in Kingston, Ont., said to be from cholera morbus.

The Shah has arrived in London and has been received with unbounded enthusiasm.

O'KELLY, the captive correspondent of the *New York Herald*, has arrived in Spain.

FIVE cases of sunstroke, one of which proved fatal, occurred in New York on 17th inst.

It was proposed to do away with the system of granting pensions to Ministers in Spain.

The Russians, after twice defeating the forces of the Khan, were pushing on for the capital.

The *Great Eastern* has commenced laying the new cable from Valencia to Sydney, Cape Breton.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has signed a treaty with Great Britain, for the suppression of the slave trade.

It is said that Colonel Jennings, late of the Hussars, will succeed Colonel Ross as Adjutant-General of Militia.

TWENTY-SEVEN steamers had gone to the China seas to convey to California a batch of some 20,000 Celestials.

The Emperor William is reported still seriously ill. Private letters are said to represent his condition as alarming.

GEN. NOUVILLAS is reported to have defeated the Carlists near Vittoria, killing and wounding 300, and taking 700 prisoners.

The bill suppressing religious orders in Italy passed the Upper House, and now awaits the royal sanction to become law.

The United States Government have purchased the British steamer *Tigress*, which will be sent in search of the *Polaris*.

A BILL providing for the collection of taxes and reform in all departments of the administration was under the consideration of the Cortes.

The cholera still continues at Memphis, the number of cases augmenting, but the disease itself yielding more readily than at first to medical treatment.

ADDITIONAL articles to the postal treaty with the United States have been signed providing for the interchange of postal cards at a prepaid rate of 2 cents.

MR. THOMAS N. GIBBS, the representative of South Ontario, in the Commons, was sworn in as Secretary of State for the Provinces, on Saturday at Quebec.

A DISEASE is prevalent among horses in the environs of Kingston, Ont., which is said to be influenza and not the epizootic which prevailed here last summer.

JUDGMENT was rendered in the case of the steamer *Murillo*, which ran down the *Northfleet*, censuring the commander and suspending his certificate for nine months.

THE inquiry into the loss of the steamer *Northern*, has commenced at Quebec. Mr. Smith, Deputy Minister of Marine, and Mr. Y. Tetu, of the Trinity Board, compose the Court.

THE tradespeople at Vienna were greatly discouraged at the small number of visitors to the exhibition, and the cost of living at places of entertainment for strangers had been generally reduced in consequence.

It was announced in the Cortes that the separation of Church and State was part of the government programme. A proposition for a loan of three hundred million reals and the imposition of additional taxes was also made.

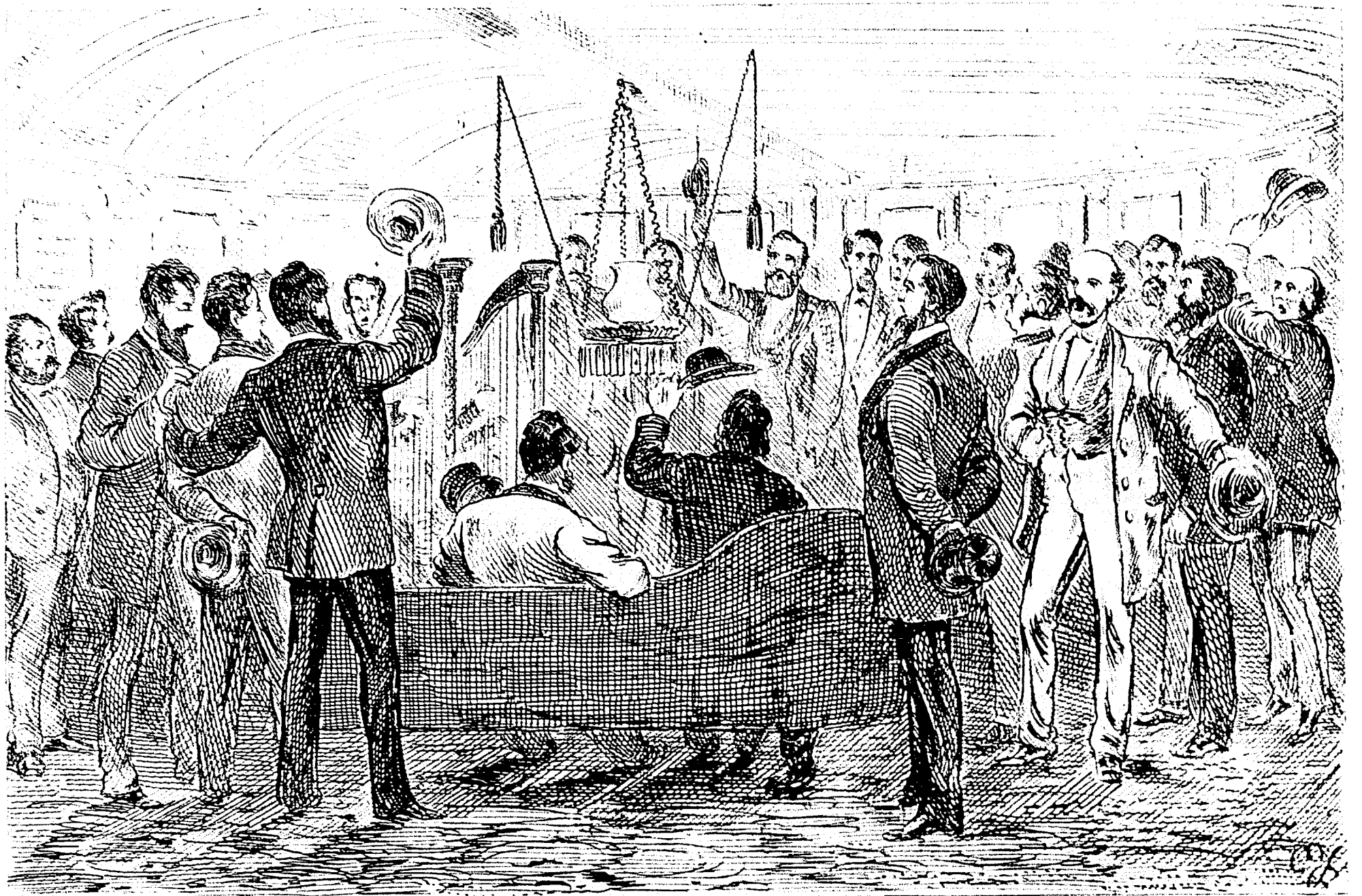
ANOTHER Borgia, in Illinois, who confesses that she has poisoned nine persons, including her husband, daughter, and other near relatives, very nearly came to her own death by swallowing one of her draughts, prepared for her son.

SPARKS, the Canadian, won the pedestrian race from Arnprior to Ottawa, a distance of forty miles, in 8 hours 17 minutes. He passed his competitor, who is an English professional, on the road, and the latter was left behind altogether having taken a fainting fit.

It is stated by the *China Mail* that the Chinese Government is about to sanction the introduction of railways, and the working of coal and iron mines in the Flowering Land. Chinese emigration to San Francisco still continues, 2,000 passengers having been landed there on Friday last. The same paper strongly denounces the treatment these emigrants receive in California.

WE learn from the *Monteban* of a recent date, that the old settlers regret that the incoming population is so largely composed of bachelors, and that they are crying out for large families and more girls. Here is an opportunity for the fair sex of older countries where the balance of population is usually on their side to an extent which enforces celibacy on a considerable proportion of their number.

In Massachusetts, when the preacher reaches "seventeenth" in his sermon, a knowing chap yells "Dro," and the congregation is promptly dismissed.



VISIT OF THE DELEGATES OF THE INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION TO MONTREAL.—ON THE WAY TO CARILLON.



EN ROUTE TO VIENNA. ON THE DANUBE STEAMER.



FIG. 1.—Figured Swiss Muslin Capote.

FIG. 2.—Plain Swiss Muslin Capote.

FIG. 3.—Figured Swiss Muslin Hat. (See Fig. 1.)

FIG. 4.—Figured Black Tulle Hat.

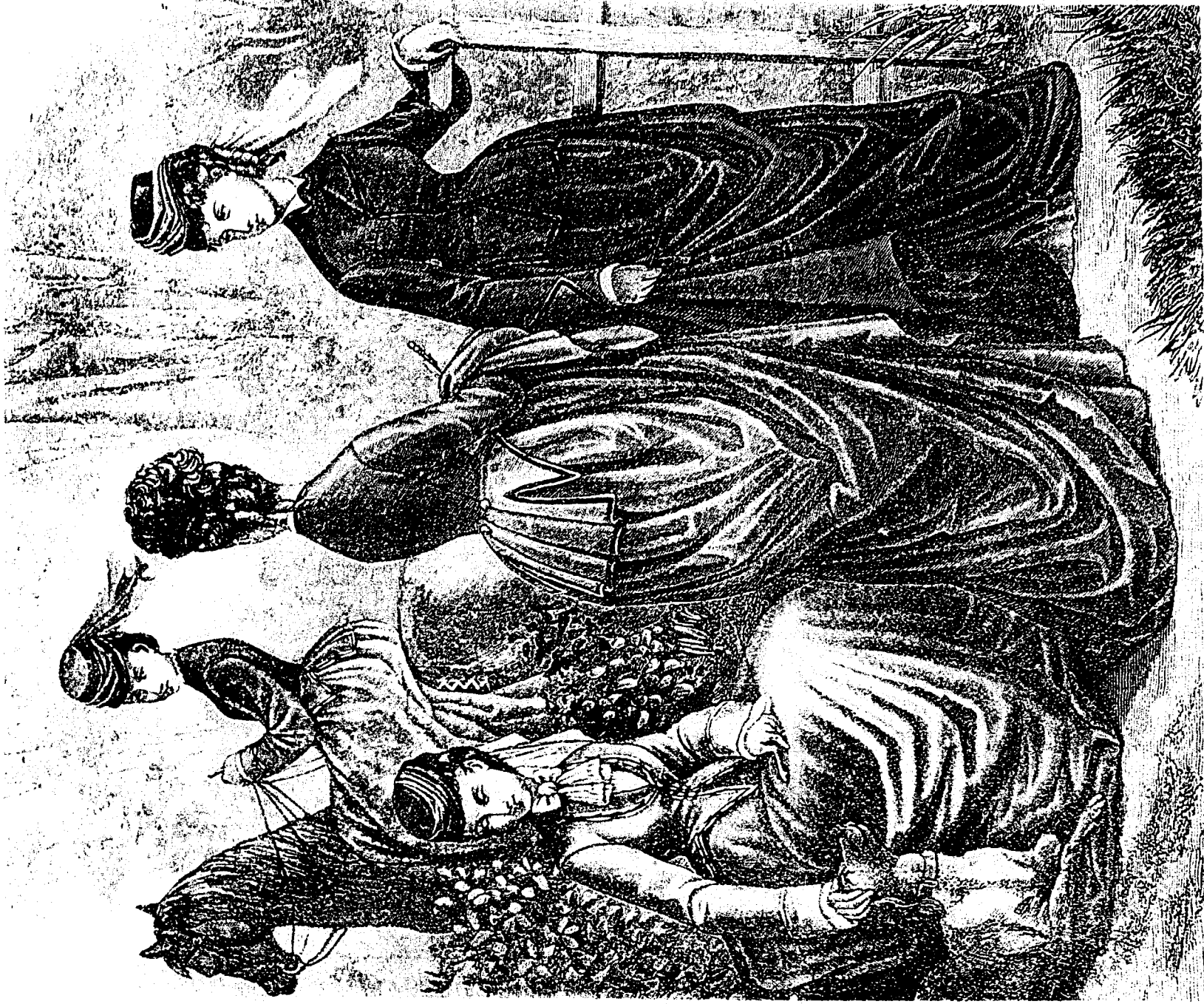


FIG. 5.—Mohair Riding Habit. (See Fig. 7.)

FIG. 6.—Mohair Riding Habit. (See Fig. 5.)

FIG. 7.—Cloth Riding Habit. (See Fig. 9.)

FIG. 8.—Cloth Riding Habit. (See Fig. 8.)

SUMMER HATS.

SUMMER FASHIONS.

BOISS. HENRI. & CO. COURMAYEUR.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

IS IT POE'S?

Statement of Mr. Robert Alden Jarvis of New York, addressed to the Editor.

Having been appointed executor to the estate of my friend Mr. J. S—— it of course became necessary that I should examine his private papers, and among them I found the manuscript of the following "strange story."

I believe I am carrying out the wishes of my deceased friend in sending you the story for publication, and I do so without expressing any opinion as to the authenticity of the tale, leaving it to yourself and others better qualified than I can be, to form an opinion on that point. I will merely remark that as I was on terms of the closest intimacy with my dear dead friend I can confidently state that although fond of the society of literary men, he was the last person in the world likely to attempt to write a tale of imagination.

W. B.

My poor friend Edgar called on me a few evenings ago, in his usual state of excitement, and walked about the room objurgating in no measured language the meanness and greed of publishers in general. He had a small roll of paper in his hand which he said was a story he had offered to old ——, but "the stingy old hunk would not even give me ten dollars for it."

After he had somewhat quieted down, I asked to see the story. He threw the roll of paper over to me and I opened and read the contents. It was one of his usual wild, weird tales, very short, and I read it to the end. "Good Heavens, Edgar," I exclaimed, when I had finished it, "what a horrible story." "Horrible or not," he replied, "there's more truth in it than you may imagine, but anyhow it would not bring me ten dollars, so here it goes," saying which, he threw the manuscript on the blazing fire, took his hat and left me. I never saw him again. In a few short weeks, his genius, his vices, and I hope I may also say his virtues, were lost to the world.

When he had gone, I retired to bed but not to sleep. My mind reverted with strange persistency to the story I had read. I regretted the destruction of the manuscript, as despite its *outré* and almost revolting character, I considered it displayed some of the genius of the writer and I thought that perhaps I myself might induce some publisher to purchase it. I knew the author would never be persuaded to rewrite it, and as it had made so vivid an impression on me that I believed I could recall nearly every word, I determined, as I could not sleep, that I would get up and endeavour to make a fair copy of it. I did so; and the following is I believe almost word for word, what I read in the original manuscript:

There is in Paris, in the Rue M—— an old bookseller's shop known to few besides biblioplists. I was in this shop on a rainy afternoon in the autumn of 18——, busily engaged in turning over some of old G——'s dusty treasures, when my attention was attracted by an enquiry for a somewhat rare German work on "Transmigration."

As this work had some bearing on the subject which I was then investigating I happened to possess a copy, and on G—— replying that he had not the book in stocks, I addressed myself to the enquirer proffering the loan of it.

From the first I had been singularly interested by the peculiar appearance of the man. He was above the ordinary height but thin almost to attenuation. Though carelessly, in fact shabbily dressed, he was unmistakably a gentleman and my opinion on this point was confirmed by the remarkable purity both of intonation and expression with which, though evidently a foreigner, he spoke the French language.

But it was the face of the man which exercised so remarkable a fascination on me; a fascination at the same time almost repulsive in its nature—it was fleshless as that of a mummy, with the skin of the colour and texture of new parchment drawn tightly over the prominent forehead and cheekbones, while his large black eyes stared out from their deep sunk orbits with a haggard, horror-stricken expression, only seen in persons suffering from some severe mental shock.

He responded courteously to my offer and accompanied me home to get the book.

From that time what I may almost call an intimacy sprang up between us; he frequently called in at my rooms and I took much pleasure in his conversation. He always avoided the question of his nationality, but I had come to the conclusion he was a German by birth, or at least by education, as he seemed to possess an exhaustible store of those weird, fantastic and supernatural tales which mark the romantic side of the German character. He never alluded to his own home nor invited me to visit him, and as I considered he might possibly be in straitened circumstances and unwilling to have his poverty observed, I never questioned him on the subject. On no occasion did he eat or drink with me, but I felt convinced from his emaciated appearance,

as well as from the strange and bizarre style of his conversation, that he was addicted to the use of stimulants, probably *absinthe* or some of those poisonous compounds which excite the brain to unnatural activity.

Our intimacy continued uninterrupted for several months, when one afternoon in November my friend entered my room and took his seat as usual on the sofa. He had scarcely done so when a little dog which had but the day before been given me by a lady with whom I was acquainted, ran into the room and jumped on to his knee. With a loud exclamation and a gesture of the intensest abhorrence, he dashed the poor animal violently on the floor and rushed out of the room.

I was annoyed and indignant at his strange behaviour, the more so when I found that the dog was seriously injured by the violence with which it had been thrown on the floor. I determined that when I next met H—— I would exact ample explanation and apology. My indignation, however, had plenty of time to cool as several weeks elapsed and I neither saw nor heard anything of my quondam friend.

One stormy night just before the close of the year, I was just about retiring for the night when a knock at the door of my ante-room arrested my attention. On opening it, I found a small boy very wet and ragged with a note in his hand addressed to myself,—the writing was blurred and almost indistinguishable, but after considerable difficulty I made out that it was H—— begging me in urgent terms to come to him instantly. As I had almost forgotten my annoyance and had become really anxious about him, I did not hesitate long, but, despite the inclemency of the weather wrapped myself in any cloak and followed my youthful conductor. On the way I questioned the lad as to the state of health of my friend, but found that he knew nothing except that an old woman had sent him with the note with orders to show the person to whom it was addressed the way back to the house which was quite on the outskirts of the city.

The night was stormy and inclement, a piercing wind blew the showers of sleety rain in our faces as we pursued our way, battling with bent heads against the gusts. Not even a fiacre was to be seen and the streets were entirely deserted.

After walking, or rather struggling on for more than an hour, we reached a house of moderate size isolated in a garden of some extent. As we passed in at the iron gates and made our way up the avenue it was not difficult to perceive, even in the semi-darkness, that the garden was wild and neglected. The house was heavily built of stone and of considerable size, and I at first concluded that it was some cheap pension or lodging-house to which motives of economy had forced my friend to retire; but on questioning my guide I was surprised to find that it was only occupied by the old woman who had sent him with the letter, and a gentleman, whom I at once concluded to be H—— himself.

Not a light was to be seen at any of the windows as I pulled the rusty handle of the door bell which I heard sounding loudly and harshly in the distance; but notwithstanding the violence of the clangour, which was distinctly audible to me as I stood outside, I had rung again and again ere I heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

The door was opened by a very old woman whom I at once perceived, by her peculiar listening appearance, to be stone deaf. She did not hear or heed any enquiry as to her master's health, but pointing to a room at the extremity of a long stone corridor, said he was expecting me.

Hastily dismissing my guide with a gratuity which called forth voluble expressions of thanks, I walked quickly down the corridor and knocked at the door of the room indicated to me. A faint voice called to me to enter, and opening the door I found myself in the presence of my poor friend.

I had expected to find him ill, but I was not prepared for the ghastly change which had taken place in him.

Always thin and haggard looking he now resembled only a resuscitated corpse, while his eyes, wild and staring as ever, were glazed and dull as the eyes of a dead man. The atmosphere of the room was heavy and sickly with the rapid peculiar smell of opium, which almost overpowered me as I entered. Inexpressibly shocked I grasped his clammy nerveless hands, and for some moments was unable to utter a word.

"Good Heavens, my dear H——," I at length exclaimed, "how frightfully ill you look."

"Yes," he replied, with a haggard smile, "I shall soon lie at rest now, but I have sent for you to ask you to do me a service." Here his voice faltered, and his eyes assumed that peculiar horror-stricken expression I knew so well. "I—I have a dog here," he stammered; "it is mad, and I want you to kill it. I cannot do it myself; will you do this for me?"

Much amazed I replied: "Surely I will if you desire it," and added, "but could you not have got some one from the street to have done it?"

"No, no," he said; "no stranger, no one but yourself;" and as he spoke the clammy

sweat rolled down his pallid face in streams, and his limbs shook as one in an ague.

"Fearing that he must be under some hallucination, and thinking that compliance with his request might calm him, I expressed my willingness to do as he wished, and asked when it should be done.

"Now, now," he replied eagerly, and, rising from his seat, he took a large double-barrelled pistol from a drawer, and pressing it into my hand led the way with trembling steps from the room.

With a strange feeling of apprehension I followed him along the corridor and down a flight of stone steps leading to the basement of the house. At the end of a long low vaulted passage was a door of great thickness heavily locked and barred; in the upper part was a sliding panel, also secured by a padlock. He handed me the key of this padlock, and whispered to me in low tremulous accents to unfasten it and kill the animal from the outside of the door.

I opened the panel, and with the pistol in my hand looked into the room or rather cell.

Couched upon the paved floor lay a creature resembling a dog, but of strange colour and shape; its head was hidden by its paws, but as I looked on it a strange undefinable thrill of dread passed over me. While I yet hesitated the creature lifted its head, and oh, horrors! showed me its sphinx-like face, and gazed upon me with its human eyes, and then I knew that there was a human soul imprisoned in that bestial carcass striving to burst from the vile tenement in which it was enshrined.

Throwing back its head the creature uttered a long mournful cry which chilled the very blood in my veins. I swear I could distinguish half-syllabled words such as we hear in the mournful ravings of insanity or idiocy. Thoroughly unmanned I drew back from the door, and turning to H—— exclaimed, "For God's sake tell me what is this?" He had sank down on the floor with his face buried in his hands.

"Kill it; kill it," he muttered.

"Kill it," I exclaimed; "I could as soon kill a human being."

With a low moan of unutterable agony he fell prone on the floor, and as I stooped to raise him, again that long thrilling cry went ringing up to Heaven. Scarce knowing what I did I closed and relocked the panel, and with a great effort raised my miserable friend and carried him back to his room. Giving him over to the charge of the old woman, who opportunely made her appearance, I rushed hastily from the ill-omened house.

* * * * *

Three days had passed since my memorable event, and I had scarcely recovered the shock I had sustained when, as I was rising from my almost untasted breakfast, I was startled by a loud peremptory knock at my door. Opening it I encountered a *gendarme* who presented me with a summons from the *Procureur*, demanding my instant attendance at an enquiry of justice then holding at a house, which I at once recognized to be my friend's residence. I hastily followed the *gendarme* into a fiacre he had in waiting. To my eager enquiries he opposed the usual reticence and imperturbability of a French official, merely replying that I should "learn all from the *Procureur*," and I had perforce to wait in a state of intense anxiety and agitation which made our rapid transit seem interminable. At length we arrived at the house, and I was ushered into the room in which I had at first seen my poor friend.

Seated at the table was the *Procureur* and his attendant official, and I was subject to a long interrogatory as to my acquaintance with and knowledge of the habits of H——. Making my replies as brief as possible, and merely stating that I had reason to believe he was in the habit of taking considerable quantities of opium, I waited with intense anxiety for my examination to come to an end.

At length the *Procureur* rose and, desiring me to follow him, led the way to the well-remembered cell on the basement. With a beating heart and trembling limbs I waited as he unlocked the door. I entered, and there in a corner of the room, resting against an angle of the wall was the lifeless corpse of my poor friend H——, while in the centre of the floor, with its head blown to atoms by the explosion of a pistol, lay the body of the THING which had been the blight and curse of his wretched existence.

W. H. F.

An Illinois girl having 30,000 dollars of her own, recently refused to marry a clergyman because she thought herself not good enough to be a clergyman's wife. He gave up his sacred calling and proposed again, and then she refused him because she thought herself too good to marry a man who would abandon his high profession to gain a woman's hand.

Surely the genius who invented wooden nutmegs and oats made of deal chips cannot yet be "played out." A Maine man is about to apply for a patent for an artificial oyster made out of flour paste, tapioca, salt, and water. The inventor places these in second-hand oyster shells, which are carefully glued round the edges. There can be no dispute as to the success of this invention.

Fun.

The Quincy, Ill., *Herald* says: "The *Weekly Montanian* wants an editor. The last one was killed by shooting him full of shingle nails."

There were ninety-seven wrathful women in New Orleans the other day, ninety-eight mothers having taken their darlings to a baby show.

A Denver paper calls the atmosphere of Connecticut staid, stereotyped and bloodless; all three adjectives are particularly applicable to an atmosphere.

The —— *Argus* says that "Senator B. is always determined to go to the bottom of everything he discusses." Just now he is discussing the Mississippi river. When will he go to the bottom of it?

An Illinois editor, speaking of one of the writers for the *Journal*, claims to be "able to endure most kinds of people," but says "he can't bear a natural fool." Unfortunately his "maternal ancestor" could.

"Murder is a very serious thing, sir," said a Arkansas judge to a convicted prisoner. "It is next to stealing a horse or a mule, sir; and I shall send you to the State Prison for six years, sir."

A writer in the *Railroad Magazine* says that "no macadamized road is fit for use till firmly cemented by continued travel." "Och!" said a son of Erin, "I shall never be able to put these boots on till I have worn them a week."

At a party the other night, a pensive young man sang most pathetically, "Where are the friends of my childhood?" A bystander was heard to observe they were probably in a lunatic asylum, if they ever had any friendship for such a man as that singer apparently was.

There are some typographical errors that rather strengthen and improve a writer's diction. A Liverpool journal furnishes a neat example. Chronicling an accident, it says that, upon receiving in his chest the contents of a gun, the victim "felt dead," not fell dead.

A woman appeared at the shop where her husband is employed a short time ago, and apologetically said: "Jim is not well. You must excuse him from coming to work to-day. He and I had a little difficulty at the breakfast table this morning, and he won't be able to work this week."

A clergyman, who owed his situation to a titled patron rather than to his abilities, in visiting his parishioners for the purpose of catechising them, asked one old stern Presbyterian—"Who made Paul a preacher?" "It wasna the Marquis," replied the old man, with a grim smile and a shake of the head.

A Western man of a curious turn of mind recently examined the hind heel of a mule of moderate size, and found it extended quite across the barn floor to the haymow opposite. It also possessed sufficient area to shut out the light of heaven completely for several minutes. This refutes the popular idea of a mule's hoof being small.

A Vallejo (California) young lady, about to go off in the cars, stepped into the dark sitting-room of the depot to kiss her friend Sarah goodbye. Owing to the darkness she didn't hit Sarah, but caromed on a Chinaman, and didn't find out her mistake until John began yelling, "Whateer for you so chokee me? Hi yah! No squeeze so muchee!" A screech, a flopping of feminine garments, a slammed door, and that girl was gone.

A Bostonian who asked his boy one day what he had learned at school, was told that his lesson had been, "Johnny shut yer jaws and can't run." He went to the school the next day, and heard the teacher tell the boys to repeat, "A comma is just a pause to count one," and then heard the class all shout in unison, "Johnny shut yer jaws and can't run." Explanations followed, and that teacher is now striving to acquire more distinct enunciation.

TWA drouthie cronies hearing that their conduct was likely to be made a matter for the Kirk Session, made up their minds to block that game by calling on the minister and promising to become teetotallers in future. After a long discussion the clergyman spoke thus to one of them:—"Peter, I think I knew you to be a man of your word, and the greatest temptation only could induce you to break it, so I will recommend a postponement of your case for a while, so that your walk and conversation will give a guarantee that you are a changed man. But as for you, William, I don't know what to say. I know you to be a man of determination, and able to stand against adversity, stand against loss of friends and relations, stand even against prosperity, which is harder, you can stand also allurements of female charms, in fact, you are able to stand all things but one." "What's that, minister?" "You cannot stand a bottle of whiskey." William replied with a broad grin, "Ye auld sneek drawer, I can stand that, there's the siller. I aye thoct ye could tak' a taste yoursell."

A LADY OF MIDDLE AGE DESIRES
a re-engagement as Governess in a Protestant family, or as Companion to a Lady. Undertakes to teach English in its different branches, also French and music to beginners; has had many years experience, and can give high testimonials and references. Address "Governess," care of Wm. Manson, Esq., Illustrated News Office, 1 Place d'Armes Hill.

Chess.

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

Two "skirmishes" which recently took place in the Montreal Chess Club:
Evans' Gambit.

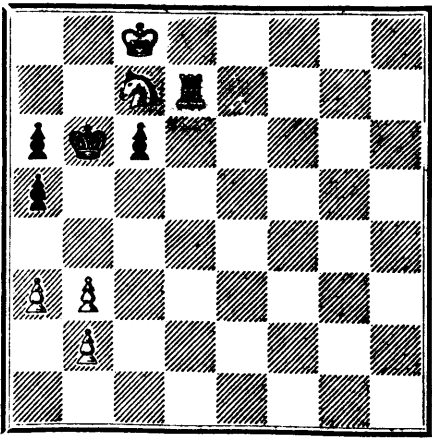
Black—Mr. J. G. Ascher. **White**—Prof. Howe.
1. P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 4th.
2. B. to B. 4th. B. to B. 4th.
3. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.
4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. B. takes Kt. P.
5. P. to Q. B. 3rd. B. to R. 4th.
6. Castles. B. to Kt. 3rd (a).
7. P. to Q. 4th. P. takes P.
8. P. to K. 5th (b). Q. Kt. to R. 4th.
9. B. to Q. 3rd. P. to Q. B. 4th.
10. P. takes P. P. takes P.
11. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th. B. to Q. B. 4th.
12. K. R. to K. sq. Q. to Q. R. 2nd.
13. Q. Kt. to R. 3rd. P. to Q. R. 3rd.
14. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 4th. Kt. takes Kt.
15. B. takes Kt. K. Kt. to R. 3rd.
16. P. to K. 6th. Q. P. takes P.
17. Kt. takes K. P. P. takes Kt.
18. B. takes K. Kt. P. takes B.
19. B. takes P. B. takes B.
20. R. takes B. ch. B. takes B.
21. Q. to K. Kt. 4th wins. K. to Q. 2nd.
(a) K. Kt. to B. 3rd is recommended here.
(b) The attack now began is conducted admirably to the end.

Scotch Gambit.

White—Prof. Howe. **Black**—Mr. J. G. Ascher.
1. P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 4th.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.
3. P. to Q. 4th. P. takes P.
4. Kt. takes P. Kt. takes Kt. (a).
5. Q. takes Kt. P. to Q. 3rd (b).
6. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. B. to K. 3rd.
7. B. to Q. 3rd. B. to K. 2nd.
8. Castles. B. to K. B. 3rd.
9. Q. to Q. Kt. 4th. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
10. P. to K. B. 4th. K. Kt. to K. 2nd.
11. P. to K. B. 5th. B. to Q. 2nd.
12. B. to K. 3rd. Castles.
13. Kt. to K. 2nd. P. to Q. B. 4th.
14. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
15. B. to Q. B. 4th. Q. Kt. to K. 4th.
16. Q. to Q. 3rd. Kt. takes B.
17. Q. takes Kt. B. takes P.
18. Q. R. to Kt. sq. B. to K. B. 3rd.
19. B. to Kt. B. 4th. Q. to K. 2nd.
20. Q. R. to Q. sq. B. to Q. 4th.
21. Q. to Q. 5th. B. to Q. Kt. 4th.
22. P. to Q. B. 4th. B. to R. 3rd.
23. Q. to Q. 3rd. Q. R. to Q. sq.
24. Q. R. to Q. 2nd. K. R. to K. sq.
25. B. to K. 3rd. Q. to K. R. 5th (c).
26. P. to K. Kt. 3rd. B. takes P.
27. Kt. takes P. P. to Q. 4th.
28. R. to K. B. 4th wins.
(a) B. to Q. B. 4th is better here.
(b) Kt. to K. 2nd. and afterwards to Q. B. 3rd, is generally preferred.
(c) An error which loses: B. takes P. ch. seems to us the move here, for if K. takes B., then might follow on Black's part, Q. to R. 5th ch. and 27. Q. takes K. P., and if White plays 26. K. to B. 2nd, Black seems still to gain the advantage by the ch. with Queen at R. 5th.

PROBLEM No. 86.

By Mr. R. H. Ramsey, Cobourg.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 84.

White. 1. Q. to Q. Kt. 2nd. { K. takes R.—P. to Q. 7th; or B. takes B. Any move.
2. P. to B. 4th dis. ch.
3. Q. mates.
Black. 1. K. to K. 5th, or a, b. K. moves.
VARIATIONS.
(a) 1. B. takes R.
2. Q. to K. R. 2nd ch. and mates next move.
(b) 1. { Kt. to B. 5th—Kt. 4th Or K. B. 4th.
2. R. to K. B. 2nd and mates next move.

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A Woman's Book About Women.

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Hamilton, Ont.

7-18 tf

1873. 1873.
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MONTREAL TO OTTAWA DAY AND NIGHT LINE.

New Iron Steamer "Peerless," Capt. A. Bowie.
Steamer "Prince of Wales," Capt. H. W. Shepherd.
"Queen Victoria," Capt. P. Y. Macdonnell.
"Princess," Capt. P. McGowan.

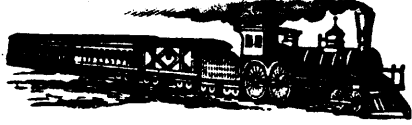
UPWARDS.
Passengers leave by the 7 A.M. and 5 P.M. trains for Lachine by Railway, and connect with the Steamers "Prince of Wales" and "Princess" for Ottawa and intermediate landings.

DOWNWARDS.
Passengers leave Ottawa at 7 A.M. and 5 P.M. by Steamers "Peerless" and "Queen Victoria," for Montreal and intermediate landings.

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(Meals and Staterooms Extra.)

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The Comfort and Economy of this Line are unsurpassed, whilst the Route is one of the most picturesque in Canada. Tourists will find this a delightful trip.
FREIGHT FOR ALL POINTS ON THE OTTAWA RIVER THROUGH WITH DESPATCH.

Single and Return Tickets may be had at the Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure Street; at the Grand Trunk Depot, Montreal; and at the Office, Queen's Wharf, Ottawa.
7-261 R. W. SHEPHERD, President.



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

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

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

GOING EAST.
Day train for White Mountains, Portland, and Boston "....." 7.00 a.m.
Day train for Quebec, River du Loup, Capouana, and Trois Pistoles "....." 8.00 a.m.
Mail train for St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Sherbrooke, and Island Pond "....." 1.45 p.m.
Accommodation train for Richmond and intermediate stations "....." 5.15 p.m.
Night train for Is and Pond, White Mountains, Portland, and Boston "....." 10.00 p.m.
Night mail train for Quebec, stopping at St. Hyacinthe and St. Hilaire "....." 11.00 p.m.

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

As the punctuality of the trains depends on connections with other lines, the Company will not be responsible for trains not arriving at or leaving any station at the hours named.

The steamer "PALMOUTH" leaves Portland every Tuesday, at 5.30 p.m., for Halifax, N.S.
The splendid steamer "CARLOTTA," running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leaves Portland for Halifax, N.S., every Saturday at 4.00 p.m. She has excellent accommodation for Passengers and Freight.
The Steamship "CHASE" also runs between Portland and Halifax.
The International Company's Steamers, also running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p.m. for St. John, N.B., &c.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

Through Tickets issued at the Company's principal stations.
For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Depot, or at No. 143 St. James Street.
C. J. BRYDGE,
Managing Director.
Montreal, May 26, 1873. 7-15 tt

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MANITOBIAN	3,150	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
POLYNESIAN	4,100	Capt. Brown.
CIRCASSIAN	3,400	(Building.)
SARMATIAN	3,600	Capt. J. Wylie.
SCANDINAVIAN	3,000	Capt. A. Aird.
PRUSSIAN	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN	2,700	Capt. Richardson.
NESTORIAN	2,700	Capt. Ritchie.
MORAVIAN	2,650	Capt. Graham.
PERUVIAN	2,600	Lt. Smith, R.N.R.
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HIBERNIAN	3,434	Capt. R. S. Watts.
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LACHINE CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until noon of Tuesday, the 8th day of July next, for the construction of two Locks, a Regulating Weir, and a Basin, near the lower end of the Lachine Canal, at Montreal, the excavation, &c., &c., connected with them, the enlargement of what is known as Basin No. 2, and deepening of a channel through it, and the formation of a new Basin east of Wellington Street Bridge.

Plans and Specifications of the respective works can be seen at this Office, and at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Tuesday the 17th day of June inst., where printed forms of Tender and other information can be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 7th June, 1873. 7-24-c

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for **MONTREAL** and Intermediate Stations will leave **RICHMOND** at 5.30 a.m., arriving at **MONTREAL** at 9.10 a.m.

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CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street:—

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872.
DEAR SIR,—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARHOUD AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. **ALFRED KNUCKLE,**
Mr. RICHMOND SPENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1872-3. Winter Arrangement. 1872-3.

On and after **SATURDAY, 21st inst.,** a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:35 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 9:30 p.m.

Trains will connect
At Painesco with trains to and from Shediac and intermediate stations.
At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations.
At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL,
General Superintendent

Railway Offices,
MONCTON, N.B., Dec. 1872. } 7-2-tf

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7-24 z

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