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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, April 28th, 1877.

MILITARY AND NAVAL ARMAMENTS OF RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The question of Russia's warlike power for offensive purposes is, at the present time, one of paramount interest to Europe and the world; it is also one to which various answers have been given, some of which are of a character to still further endanger public tranquility. It may then be not ill-timed to consider a few facts and figures, worked up in no spirit of bias, and authenticated from the most reliable sources. First, let it be stated, simple as it may appear, that it is no easy matter to arrive at a correct solution of Russia's numerical war strength. Military authorities hold opinions somewhat wide, according as they rely chiefly on official, though not necessarily correct, figures, or personal knowledge and experience in the country. Before entering further on the subject, a few words are necessary on the population and army organization, as having a direct bearing on the fighting strength.

The total population of Russia in Europe and Asia is estimated at 82,000,-000; the number of men of suitable age or military service at 6,000,000, from which may be deduced the usual onethird for physical incapacity, which leaves 4,000,000 as the available number for the various branches of the army and navy.

The re-organization of the army, which was inaugurated in 1874, is as yet incomplete. Were that system complete, it is calculated to furnish a total force in time of war of 2,000,000 men, making up the Field Army, 1st Reserves, 2nd Reserves and Irregulars. In addition to this, it is proposed to form a Landwehr, estimated at 1,500,000, which would give a grand total of 3,500,000, or nearly the entirety of the population eligible for military service.

Without entering into details and discussing the many pros and cons by which the effective strength of each branch of the service is arrived at, it may be stated that the best available statistics, compiled with personal knowledge, lead to the adoption of the following figures, as representing the actual forces at the disposal of the Russian government, namely:

> Field Army......872,000

Allowing, then, for the army organization being in a state of transition, and for other causes, the figures above quoted may be considered as the fighting strength which can be raised and sustained for war purposes. For offensive operations these figures must be reduced to much smaller dimensions.

The various races comprising the Russian Empire are by no means so devoted to imperial interest that they can be trusted without strong garrisons to watch over them. Of these races it is sufficient to mention the names of the loles, the Cancasians, the Turcomans. The long Siberian frontier also requires, at all times, to hold in check the lawless tribes of Chinese Tartary, whilst the fortresses of the Black Sea, exposed to the attacks of the Turkish fleet, would still further reduce the available troops in the field. When all these have been provided for, together with garrisons for the Baltic and Central provinces, and a probable army of observation on the Austrian frontier, about must be stayed. Russia on the Bos-400,000 or 450,000 only would remain to act offensively in the European and Asiatic territories of Turkey.

Turkey on the other hand, with her variously estimated population, and in spite of her inferior organization, can probably put forces in the field equal to her Muscovite enemy. When once the standard of a religious war-for this it is considered by Mohammedans-is raised, men and money shall flock in from all Mussulman countries. Interior disturbances among the outlying Provinces of Turkey may be expected, but if unaided by other nations, they are but isolated insurrectionary movements, incapable of mutual aid and co-operation, and easily held in check by comparatively small forces. One hundred and fifty thousand men judiciously distributed, are ample to hold in check any attempts at insurrection in the Turkish dominions. The armies of Turkey, not long after the commencement of war, with her co-religionists flocking to her standard, may easily be expected to number 600,000 men; she can, therefore, face her Russian foe on a footing of numerical equality, whilst in quality Mohammedan fanaticism renders them individually superior. Should the period of warfare long be drawn out, the large numerical superiority of the Empire of the Czar would give advantages not possessed by Turkey to keep up the strength of the combatants.

Financially, both countries are in difficulties; both, however, possess resources of vast extent, and war once engaged in, individual sacrifices would on both sides largely supplement the public coffers. This much respecting the army; now let the navy occupy a small space.

The Russian navy comprises about 175 steam vessels, carrying some 1530 guns of all sizes. Of these vessels 29 compose the ironclad fleet, carrying 143 guns. Thirteen of these ironclads are, however, only for coast defence, and carry two or four eight or nine inch guns. Of the seagoing ironclads two are circulars, or "Popoffs," one carrying two eleven inch, the other two twelve inch or 40 ton guns; six turret ships carry four or six guns of nine, eleven or twelve inches; eight other ships carry each one eight inch guns, but are for the most part armed with eighty

The Turkish navy consists of 165 vessels, of which 72 are steamers and 20 ironelads, and she is, or should be, more than a match for the Russian Black Sea

In view, for the most part, of the absence of railways on or near the probable battle-fields of both countries, it must not be expected that important results can be speedily obtained by either combatant. With both Russia and Turkey, rapidity of movement is impossible for either men or munitions, and the tactical disposition and movements of the respective armies will be largely influenced by the exigencies of the commissariat and

the prospective merits of the combatants as such, it may be predicted that the fortunes of war will vary. That the carnage will be great is certain, for each combatant is imbued with a deadly enmity to his foe, and will neither receive nor ask for mercy. Again the armies of either or both countries may be trammelled to an unforeseen extent by outbreaks of revolt and insurrection in other parts of their respective empires, and such causes may go far to turn the scale and render success impossible.

How long Europe will watch passively the deadly duel none can foresee, but mighty interests are at stake. Should Turkey be victorious, Russia would be humbled in the face of Europe; and should internal reforms keep pace with victory, Turkey would obtain a new lease of power in Europe and enjoy a footing of stability such as long since has ceased to be her lot. Should Russia, on the other hand, be victorious, her victorious arms phorus and holding the Dardanelles would be a threat to England and to Europe, and only the greatest forbearance of Russia in the hour of victory could avert from Europe complications long dreaded and prepared for, though in ignorance of the hydra-headed form they may assume.

The eyes of the world last watched the armies of Russia battling with the Turks on the banks of the Danube with varied results; opposing a stubborn resistance at Sebastopol to the united armies of two great European powers; repelling a Turkish invasion on the Black Sea shores of the Caucasus, and besieging the Mussulmen in the fortress of Kars. Since those days vast and important changes have taken place in the armies of both belligerents Flint-lock muskets, which then were, with small exception, the weapon of the Muscovite and Ottoman soldier, have long since given way to the percussion, and that again to the deadly breech-loader. The training and discipline of the soldier has improved side by side with his weapon, while field artillery and siege guns have progressed alike.

By sea, the introduction of ironclads, rams and torpedoes has revolutionized naval warfare, which under these new conditions is as yet practically untried. The duel between guns and armor-plating has been experimentally determined in favor of the former, but the result under the varied conditions of stern reality remains to be ascertained.

Winter has now raised her mantle and removed the natural difficulties to an advance of the Russian army, and the crossing of the Pruth is as the raising of curtain on that awful tragedy often before acted, but with ever shifting scenes. On the Danube and at Kars again will blood flow freely, but nowhere will public interest be more concentrated than on the naval tactics in the Euxine.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

We this week present to our readers a view of Queen's University and College, Kingston, Ont., which stands in the forenost rank among the educational institu tions of the American continent. In the years immediately preceding 1841, when the Royal Charter for the College was obtained, many (some of whom have since been removed by death) took an active part in its foundation. Among others we may mention the first Principal, Rev. THOMAS LIDDELL, D.D., and Professors Rev. Peter C. Campbell (afterwards principal of Aberdeen University, Scotland), Rev. James Williamson, L.L.D., Rev. John B. Mowatt, M.A., whose names have become honored throughout the land. In the institution, which by many labors, in the face of formidable obstacles, they assisted in bringing into existence, they have erected a monument which, we hope, is destined to suggest to succeeding generations a becoming appro-

are now, after thirty-two years of ecclesiastical separation, again united, we trust happily, in one section of the visible Church, and there is no doubt that Queen's College, under the united patronage of all Presbyterians, will prove a useful auxiliary in advancing the best educational interests of the Dominion.

The College is beautifully situated and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country and Lake Ontario. The internal arrangements of the building are very complete and furnished in the most approved style, combining all the advantages requisite for class and lecture rooms. Portions of the building are set apart for the use of the resident professors and their families. The institution having been founded by the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland, the great majority of students are of that religious persuasion, although we believe all Protestant denominations have access to its privileges.

The following is a list of the faculty: Very Rev. William Snodgrass, D.D., Principal; Rev. James Williamson, M.A., L.L.D., Vice-Principal; Rev. John B. Mowarr, M.A., Professor of Oriental Languages, Biblical Criticism and Church History; Rev. John H. McKenras, M.A., Professor of Classical Literature; NATHAN F. Durvis, M. A., F. B. S., Edinburgh, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; Rev. Geo. D. Fenguson, B.A., Professor of History and English Literature, and Lecturer on Modern Languages; John WATSON, M.A., Professor of Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics: Secretary and Registrar, Prof. Mowarr: Examiner for Matriculation in Medicine, Samuel Wood, Esq., M.A. The Principal is Primarius Professor of Divinity, and the Vice-Principal, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. The number of gentlemen who have graduated at the Queen's College since its foundation is five hundred and fifty. The annual number of students is eighty-five. The endowments are very liberal, and each year the scholarships are increased through the liberality of graduates and other friends.

There is a magnificent collection of books numbering 11,000, and valued at \$25,000, and also a very valuable collection of curiosities in the museum; but, unfortunately, these treasures have to be packed away in a great measure for want of room. A library and museum building is about all that the college needs now to render it one of the most complete educational establishments in the world. We hope some of our wealthy readers will take the note of this want and see that it is supplied. The Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, was affiliated to the University in 1867, and the following is the teaching staff:

JOHN R. DICKSON, M. D., M.R.C.S.E., and F.R.C.S.., Edinburgh, President, Professor of Clinical Surgery; FIFE FOWLER, M.D., L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, Registrar, Professor of Materia Medica; K. N. Fenwick, M.D., M.A., Professor of the Practice and Principles of Medicine, Lecturer on Clinical Medicine; M. LAVELL, M.D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children LIVAN, M.D., Professor of Surgery and Surgical Anatomy; NATHAN F. DUPUIS, M.A., F.B.S., Edinburgh, Professor of Botany and Chemistry; T. R. Durus, M.D., Professorof Descriptive Regional Anatomy; Alfred S. Oliver, M.D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Sanitary Science,

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OPENING OF THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT, -OUR illustrations show the scene in the magnificent Throne Hall of the Imperial Palace during the reading of the Sultan's speech at the opening of the new Turkish Parliament on the 19th ult. The Sultan stands in front of the throne. It is shaped rather like a sofa, and is constructed of the finest woods plated with thick gold, in which are set many glittering jewels; the seat has a cushion of black velvet, with rich arabesque military supply departments.

Where the victory may finally rest is a problem yet to be solved, but looking at Canada and still adhere to Presbyterianism overcoat, dark blue, with black trousers, mili.

tary cap and white kid gloves; but he wears the splendid badge of the Osmanich, and his clasped hands rest upon the gorgeous jewelled hilt of a priceless sabre. His two brothers, Reschi Effendi, the heir presumptive, and Kemaleddin Effendi, stand at the rearward corner of the throne, on the Sultan's left hand. A few steps in advance of the Sultan, at the right hand front corner of the square carpet is the Secretary reading the speech, which was handed him by the Grand Vizier, who had received it from the Grand Vizier, who had received it from the Sultan's own hand. Kiamil Bey, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, or Lord High Chamberlain, stands immediately before the Sultan, with hands folded on his breast, as if waiting for orders. Along both sides of the hall are ranged. in due succession, the ministers and court officials, the pashas, muchirs, ulemas and other dignitaries of the State and of the Moslem The senators and deputies, about thirty of the former and ninety or a hundred of the latter, occupy the lower end of the hall. The President of the Senate is Server Pasha, while Ahmed Vefik Effendi, a learned and enlightened man, with a character for honesty and liberality, is President of the Representative Chamber.

SACRED JAPANESE DANCE .- There is nothing offensive in this dance, as in most of Pastern dances. It is entirely symbolic and is performed only within the religious temples.

TRANSPORTATION OF CATTLE. - We gave a full description, a couple months ago, of the mechanism of cattle-transportation to England. As this was primarily a Canadian enterprise, which, as usual, the energetic American is going to take out of our hands, we supplement our description to-day by a series of beautiful sketches on the subject.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON. - Information on this head will be found in our editorial column, where we were compelled to put it, owing to lack of space.

SPENCER GRANGE, SILLERY, NEAR QUEBEC. The view exhibits the rear or garden front of Spencer Grange, two miles and a half from the ity walls of Quebec, on the St. Louis road. The house, an unpretending, cosy homestead, was designed, built and named by the late Henry Atkinson, Esq., an eminent Quebec merchant, on his selling to Government for a residence for Lord Elgin, his Chateau, at Spencer Wood. It stands enzoned with trees on the western half of the Spencer Wood domain. To the east, are visible the vinery more than om hundred feet long and what was formerly the conservatory, but is now a second vinery opening on the dining-room of Spencer Grange. The dog shown in the view is a colossal and eminently handsome St. Bernard, rejoicing in the name of WOLFE, his mate Monreal Maving died. This well known residence, attractive on account of its rustic beauty, river views, groves and English park-like appearance, has been since 1860 the property of J. M. LeMoine, Esq., the historian of Quebec, to whom we are indebted for the sketch and who, we trust, will continue the series of Quebec country seats and suburban residences, as a pendant to his other excellent works on the Ancient Capital.

CRANE ISLAND, COUNTY OF MONTMAGNY. This island, six miles long and about two in breadth, is the largest of a group of islands conceeded in May, 1646, as a scigneurie, more, probably, in that remote era, a shooting box, for His Excellency the second Governor of New France, whose parties de chasse tradition has handed down. River seenery, vast corn fields and pasture lands, with an abundance of game (Brant, Canada and snow geese, myriads of water fowl and smaller beach birds) made it much sought after. More than a hundred years ago, it was owned by a descendant of Baron do Longueuil, Emmanucl Le Moyne, part of whose manor is yet discernible: later on by Daniel Leonard de Beaujeu. The island contains from 60 to 800 inhabitants whose white roofed cottages are hid from view by the luxuriant groves of maples and spruce, which crown its high lands. The view shows amongst other objects the parish church on the north side of the Island, some fine maple sugaries and the spacious, much improved Manor house with ornate and well laid out lawns and garden and flag staff, and after a century, the old Manor is again owned by a Le Moyne, viz,: McPherson Le Moyne, Esq., our respected fellow townsman and President of the Fish and Game

SOUTHERN HOTEL FIRE. - The Southern Hotel, one of the largest and finest in St. Louis, was burned on the morning of the 11th. The fire broke out shortly before two o'clock, and spread with such rapidity than in less than an hour the entire building was in ruins. The guests rushed from their beds frantically, but many were driven back to their rooms by the dense smoke which filled the hallways. Some were rescued by means of ropes and ladders, but others, becoming desperate, leaped from the upper windows, and were instantly killed, or so badly mangled that death resulted soon after. One man who escaped lost his reason, and another, becoming demented, blew out his brains at the house of a friend. The number of killed is estimated at forty or fifty. Among those saved was Miss Kate Claxion, the actress, who narrowly escaped death at the Brooklyn Theatre fire. The money losses will probably reach 3750,000.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT OF THE SEASON. After our long winters and the isolation of an parbound river for four or five months, the

opening of navigation and the arrival of the first steamboat are events marked with general rejoic-ing. It is this scene which our artist has pictur-ed in our sketch. The first of the river boats makes its appearance crowded with farmers, their wives and daughters, who are glad to see the great city again after so long a time. They are met with equally jubilant crowds on the quays. Old Bonsecours Church is in sight, and all the surroundings are connected with the French portion of the city.

RESIGNATION OF MR. CURRIER. - Mr. J. M. Currier, senior member of Parliament for the city of Ottawa, having learned that the firm to which he belongs had, unknown himself, had business with the Government, so far showed his appreciation of the Independence of Parliament Act as to resign his seat. This he did in full session of the House, and the scene was a dramatic one. Having made a brief address, he left his place, moved to the centre of the hall, handed his resignation to the speaker and then walked out of the Commons amid the enthusiastic cheers of his triends and the silent admiration of his political adversaries.

THE JUDGE-RIDDEN PROVINCE. - This squib represents the feeling of malcontent among the lawyers of the Province of Quebec in regard to the administration of justice. It is said by some that this Province has almost double the number of judges that Ontario has, while other lawyers deny that the delays in the administration of the courts have anything to do with the numbers of the judges.

THE EDWARD MURPHY MEDAL.

In 1873, Mr. Edward Murphy, of the wellknown firm of Frothingham and Workman, Iron Merchants, of this City, founded a prize called the Edward Murphy Prize for the en-The prize consists of a gold Medal value fifty dollars, besides a purse of fifty dollars. It was founded for the encouragement as its title indicates, of commercial education among the scholars attending the Commercial Academy, under the Roman Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal.

The prize is to be awarded annually to the highest scholar, in the graduating commercial lass, and is open, without any distinction, to all students attending the Academy."

As a proof of the liberal intention of the Dopor having been fully carried out, we may mention that the medal for 1875 was awarded to Master F. J. Do an, who is a member of the Presbyterian church.

The donor has placed a sum of money in the hands of the Roman Catholic School Commission of Montreal, the annual value of which is sufficient to found the medal in perpetuity. This medal was first struck in 1876, and is from the hands of Messrs. J. S. & A. B. Wyon; being of their perfect classical workmanship. The Obverse bears the head of its founder with the legend-" Edward Murphy Donor." "Founded A. D: 1873." Reverse, a beautiful wreath of Maple leaves, enclosing an inscription of five lines with a shamrock above, and a beaver underneath, "For the encouragement of Commercial Education." Leg:—"Catholic Commercial Academy." Ex: "Montreal."

With regard to the school itself we quote the

following from its prospectus

"The rapidly increasing industry and prosperity of the city of Montreal have assumed such proportions of late years as to make it not only the commercial capital of Canada, but one of the first business centres in America.
"This being the case, it is not surprising to

find our citizens taking early measures to have the intellectual education of their young people keep place with the development of their young people keep place with the development of their material rescources. The Catholic portion of the population, unwilling to lag behind in the of intellect, felt it incumbent on them to establish a first-class Commercial High School.

"A few years ago the Commissioners of Catholic Education undertook the work, and with laudable energy and enterprise brought it to a consumation; and for the last three years it has been in most successful operation.

"The beautiful mountain of Montreal, lifting itself in "royal" grandeur above the horizon, and stretching towards the city in a series of gently undulating hills, delights the beholder and varies the beauty of the surrounding landscape. The Reservoir, the Waterworks and the McGill University, occupy one of these declivities of the mountain, while handsome country seats-the residences of private gentlemen or wealthy merchants -- occupy the others Entirely isolated eminences, and still nearer to the city proper, stood one of those hills, which, its extent and natural position, seemed well adapted for the size of a popular institution. This was the delightful spot chosen by the Catholic School commissioners for the erection of the Commercial Academy.

The main building is 165 x 45 feet, and the style of architecture is that of the sixteent century, an epoch so productive of combined strength and beauty of civil and municipal edi-The style of architecture shows how well the ogival style may be made subservient to the exigencies of modern times, as emplified in many of our public buildings and private man-sions, as well as in the less pretending residences of citizens, where elegance and beauty com-bine with solidity and comfort.

The Commercial Academy presents a strik-

ingly well-disposed group of uniform buildings the sameness of the architecture being relieved

by tall towers and pretty pavilions in pleasing variety. In the centre façade of the main building stands a stately tower, eighty feet highh, and at its base a flight of grey granite steps, crowned with two balustrades, leads to the main entrance door. Within this centre tower stands a large and costly clock, the large dial faces of which announce the passing hours with unerring certainly."

One of the chief workers in this enterprise, was Mr. P. S. Murphy, who is about founding a medal in connection with the Polytechnic course, lately added to the curriculum of the Acrdemy. The dies are now being prepared by the Messrs. Wyon, and we hope soon with a short article to usher it in to the list of our Canadia Numismatic treasures.

VARIETIES.

A GREAT ART SALE .- The greatest sale the Rue Drouot has ever perhaps witnessed took place at the auction mart there on the 7th of this month and closed on the 20th. The collection of the Duke of Alba was then be brought to the hammer. It embraces heir looms dating from the reign of Charles V. An illustrated catalogue, with a preface by M. Charles Blanc, is in itself one of the most remarkable albums of our time. Among the tapestries are 75 in gold, silver, silk, and wool, which were woven to ornamen the front of their palace when the Spanish kings were going to prove their Christianity at autos-da-fé, or queenly brides coming home. These were manufactured at Ferrara and Florence. Of the works of Pannmaker, the celebrated Flemish weaver of hangings in the Arras style, there are eleven subjects designed by Raphael, and taken from the Acts of the Apostles, the victories of the Duke of Alba, and scenes from the Old Testament. Not inferior in execution are the tapestries taken from the cartoons of Rubens, Martin Vos, and Charles Lebrun. The engravings would in themselves form one of the most remarkable galleries in the world. There are as many as 4,000. Only four pictures remain of all the artistic wealth of the Liria Palace. They are by Murillo and Velasquez. The rest have been sold piecemeal to meet the pressing wants of the family.

DISEARLI.-Englishmen seem to concede the fact that the career of Lord BeaconsField in the House of Lords has thus far been a complete success, his ascendency being as incontestable as it was in the Commons. In an age which admires nothing so much as success, the incomparable success of Mr. Diskaeth is unique. The sustained brilliancy of his career has dazzled the eyes of an entire nation. The qualities which he has displayed are those that the present generation most admire; the combination of them that Lord Beaconsfield realizes has never been witnessed before in one man. Genius, courage, a clearness of vision almost prophetic, a supreme contempt for every thing in the nature of a political principle, unfailing luck-which is, perhaps, but a weak synonym for the natural outcome of these other qualities-are gifts which no single statesman ever possessed collectively in such abundance as Lord Beaconsfield. It is not an exaggeration to say that to the vulgar mind he seems endued with a sort of supernatural power. He has succeeded so frequently in foretelling the future from the past-utterances which at the time appeared preposterous in their unwisdom and grotesque in their wildness have so often been justified by facts-that there is really a disposition to credit him with some of the attributes of the political seer. When attention is drawn to the circumstance that in his early writings may be discovered a prescience of the events of his later years, this disposition becomes a mysterious conviction, causing a genuine awe to mingle with the popular sentiment of admiration. When apparent political blunders are vindicated, and proved to be triumphant illustration of political foresight, their author has a claim to the homage of his fellowmen which may safely defy disparagement.

BURLESQUE.

FATE OF A GREAT TENOR. - A pathetic story has been going the rounds of the papers as to the manner in which Wachtel, the great tenor, first became known and famous. He was originally a poor cab driver at Dresden, and one wintry night as he was singing to himself the audience of the Grand Opera began to disperse. The entranced multitude gathered around the unconscious cabwho finished his solo amid a storm of applause, and the very next day a large purse was subscribed to send him to the conservatory at Paris. Mr. Schengler, who lives in San Francisco, according to the News Letter, was much affected by the story, and as he, too, had a voice, he determined to be sent to Paris at once. So a few evenings since he waited until the California Theatre began to let out, and mounting the box of a back in front of it, he lifted up his voice and sang. The tumultuous crowd was instantly hushed, and stopped transfixed, as with closed eyes, the absorbed singer sat, his whole inspired soul floating out in glad, triumphant notes. The selection chosen by Mr. Schengler was "Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle," one of the best of its kind, but we regret to say that at the end of the third verse a brickbat struck Mr. Schengler immediately beneath the right ear, knocking him over the dashboard, following which he was walked over and his neck stepped upon by the thoughtless throng. Mr. Schengler is con-vinced there is fraud about this Wachtel story, somewhere.

How to catch a Loose Canany. - The real vay to catch a loose canary, and the only way which can be warranted for a term of years, is to collect all your friends and family and post them around the tree or fence where the canary is at bay. Let them all furnish themselves with plenty of bits of kindling wood, sods of grass, lumps of dirt, hunks of brick, curry-combs, boot-jacks, porter-bottles, and other handy missiles, and let them fire away boldly at the canary. If the bird cowardly turns tail and flies off, let everybody follow and slam bang at him with their utmost vigour. It will be hard to confine this entertainment to your immediate circle. No boy whose heart is in the right place and who has any legs will refrain from the pursuit, and there are men who would leave a dentist's chair to mingle in the fray. There are cases, too, when a funeral would hang by a thread, as it were, in the vicinity of a canary hunt. Even from the windows of upper rooms, where sickness or deshabille may detain unfortunate enthusiasts, the e will come, ever and anon, a frantic washbowl or whizzing lamp-chimney to testify the universality of the public interest. Of course in this rapid free distribution of fire-wood and paving material, it will not be long before several your relations will wish they had brought a tin umbrella along. But considerations of mere personal comfort must not be allowed to interfere. If you keep this thing up long enough, and you all fire pretty straight you'll be sure to get your canary. And then you can have it stuffed.

HUMOROUS.

WHEN Kate Claxton goes to a hotel, she ought to be put in the fire proof safe with other combustibles and valuables.

Boswell once asked Doctor Johnson if a certain classical picture was indecent. "No, sir," replied the doctor, "but your question is."

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN .- 1. Image (of his father, of course). 2. Nonage. 3. Ofage. 4. Marriage. 5. Parent-age. 6. Anecdot-age. 7. Dotage.

It is this laying awake nights trying to deter-mine whether or not to leave your fortune to an orphan asylum or a home for old men, that makes the newspaper business so wearing.

Ir you wish to ascertain just how much disgust the human face is capable of expressing, stand around a bulletin board for a few moments while a near-sighted man is posting up the news, and observe the crowd.

EMERSON has a habit of writing down every good idea that strikes him even getting up in the night to jot down some valuable thought. We once com-menced this plan but after spending a tew weeks without sleep had to give it up.

Just as the hunter draws a bead on the gracedoes that water-fowl invariably observe something beneath the surface that it has been looking for, many a long day, and proceeds at once to business.

"WHAT should be done with our extra capital, 'inquires an exchange. We have thought about that, and come to the conclusion that perhaps it would be as well to pay the butcher and groceryman, and then if there is anything left, leave it with the proprietor of the billiard room on account.

A LAWYER was noticed at a recent concert in A bardeen enthusiastically applanding one of the singers, and trying to get up an encore. "Fond of music, isn't he?" said one acquaintance to another. "No." was the reply, "is mere professional instinct. He is moving for a new trial."

A correspondent spoke thus of Mr. Wright, the editor of the Chronotype;—" He has been known to write with a pen in each hand on two different subjects, rock the cradle with his feet, and whistle 'Hail Columbia' for the twin bables, while intently perusing one of Packer's sermons all at the same time."

ADVERTISING is a good thing, says an American paper, but, when a prominent grocer recently car-ried to a funeral an umbrella on which was painted conspicuously the business of his house, and held it over the clergyman's head while he read the prayers, the bystanders thought he was running the thing into the

WHEN a young and inexperienced man has been invited to dissect the turkey, and is in a cold perspiration over the uncertainty as to which end the wishbone is situated in, nothing pleases him so much as to have the scientific person who is present request the company to watch and note the beautiful system of anatomy displayed in a fowl.

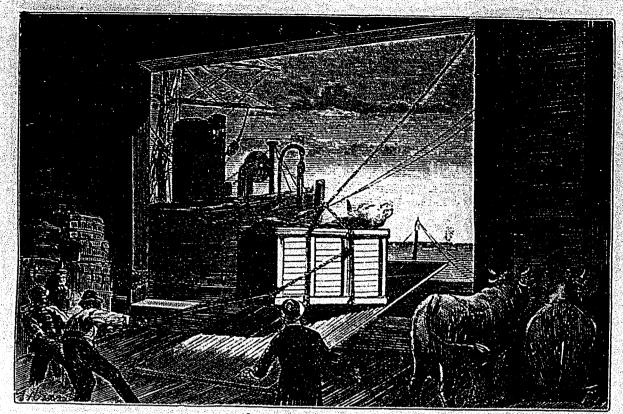
ONE night we were sitting out of doors in the ONE Hight we were stering out or assist a re-moonlight, nunsually silent—almost sad. Suddenly some-one—a poetic-looking man, with a gentle, lovely face— said in a low tone: "Did you over think of a beautiful lesson the stars teach as !" We gave a vague, appre-ciate murmur, buts ome soulless clod said, "No; what is 18?" "How to wink." he answered, in a sad, sweet

THEODORE HOOK was a clever man. " A friend Theoporte Hook was a clever man. "A friend of mine," says an author, "has a letter from him addressed to a well-known lady, since dead. In this letter Theodore says, "Will your ladyship be so kind as to ask me to-day at dinner whether I will venture on an orange?" The question was duly asked, on which Theodore promptly replied, "No, my lady, I should be afraid of falling off," Everybody laughed at the readiness of the impromptn."

A scop story is told of an English Canon. A GGOD story is told of an English Canon. Thinking himself unjustly dealt with in one of the religious papers, the Divine called upon the Editor for an explanation. High words ensued. The Canon attacked the staff of the paper. The Editor defended from. "I assure you we have a Dean upon our staff!" "Ah!" replied the Canon, "that may be, but a "Bishop is what you want." "Indeed! how so! exclaimed the Editor. "Why, you see," returned the Canon, "most of your statements require confirmation."

Still another anecdote of Senator Nve. He STILL another anecodote of Sonator Nyc. He was trying a case in the southern tier. The presiding judge had been poevish and irritable, as well as rather dull. General Nye had not only cross-examined a witness at great length, but had frequently been ruled against as impruper. At last the patience of the judge was exhausted, and he rebuked General Nye, and petulantly asked, "Guneral Nye, what do you think I smitting here fort" Nye looked up at the beach, and with a grave countenance, but a twinkle in his eva; answered composedly, "You have got me this time, your honour,"

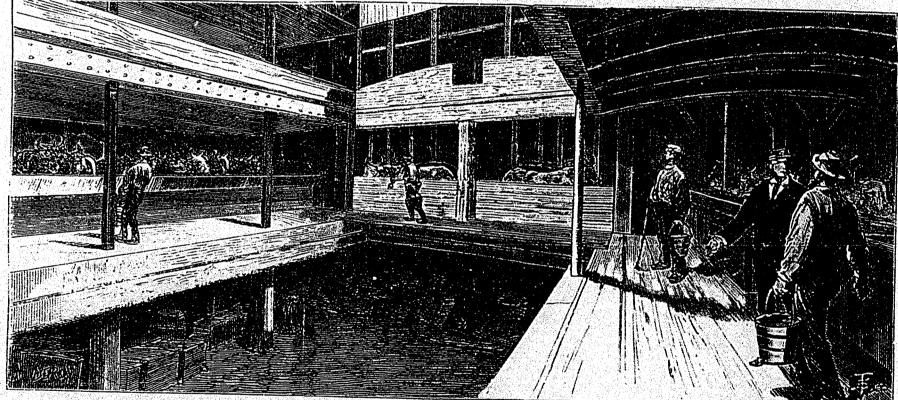
TRANSPORTATION OF LIVE AND DEAD CATTLE TO ENGLAND.



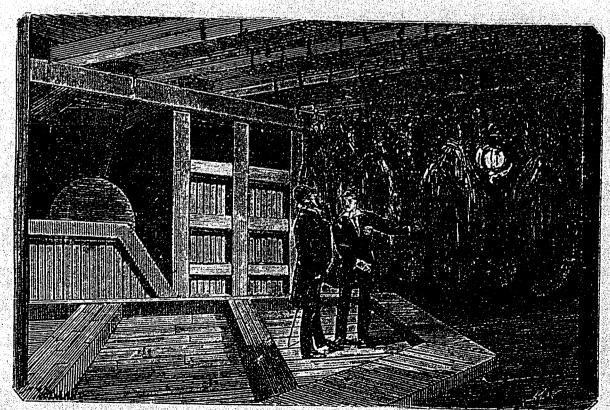
LOADING THE CATTLE.



LOADING THE ICE.



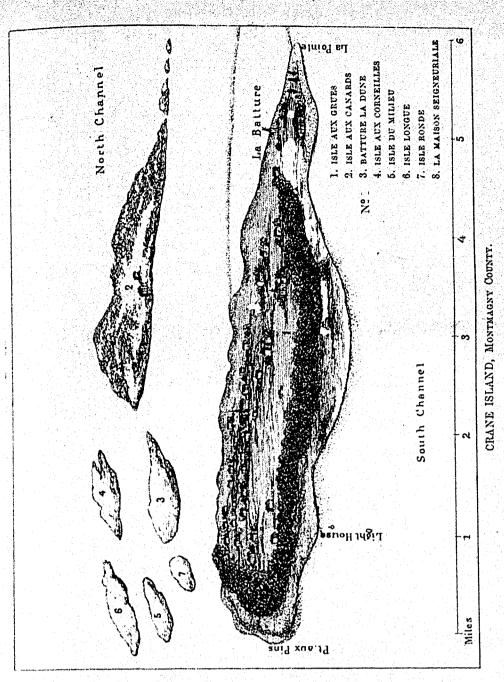
CATTLE STALLS ON BOARD SHIP.

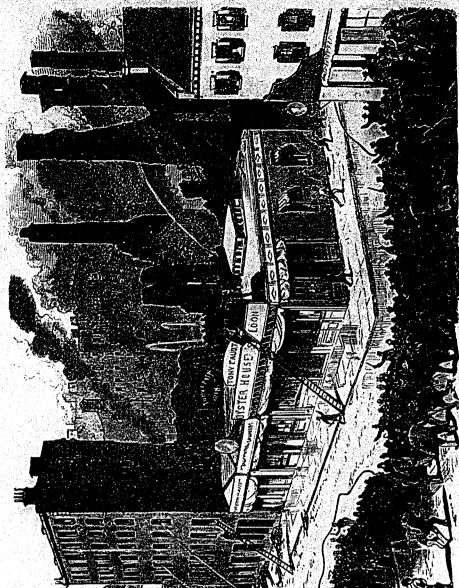


lce-House.

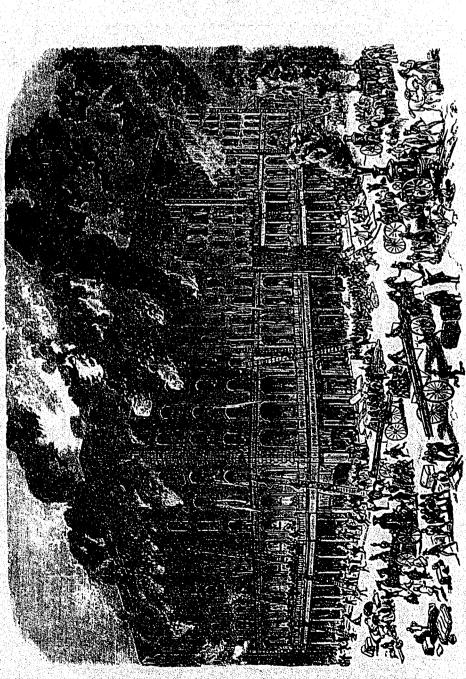


READING THE THERMOMETER.

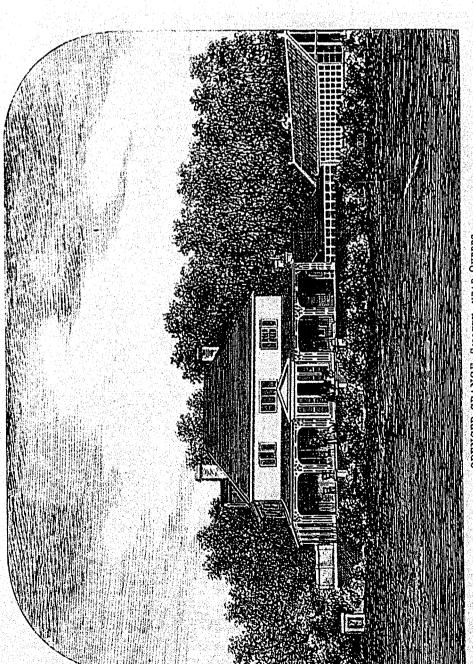




SPENCER GRANGE, SILIERY, NEAR QUEBEC.



T LOUIS .-GREAT FIRE AT THE SOUTHERN HOTEL, APRIL 11TH.



ST. LOUIS .-- SEARGHING THE RUINS FOR THE VICTIMS OF

IN THE ALBUM.

You dear old book, What tales your tattered pages tell
On which memory loves to dwell!
Let's take a look;
San on this runs. See, on this page
A lover has written a lay A lover has written a lay
To help assuage
"Fever that burns his life away."
Next leaf, a sage
Talks wisdom in a genial way.
Then here a clown
Has written down
An inharmonious jingle
About married life and single.
Here a lady
Sings sweetly of "those horrid men,"
(On the shady Here a lady
Sings sweetly of "those horrid men,"
(On the shady
Side of her nineteen years—and ten!)
Here a fellow,
"Sere and yellow"—
Now is it not enough to yex?—
Depreciates the softer sex;
Yery enough Very canning.
Don't you see t he's only funning. Bot your seer he's only ittiming.

But worst of all,

Here writes he who hates all women.

And would appull

All the votaries of Hymen;

Let him wail so.

He has cause to feel dejected, For we all know.
That ten times he's been rejected;
If he, poor man, has cause to cry.
Must Hymen, then, lay down and die?

THE TEST.

"You will live to repent, Maud!" The words were gravely, very gravely

spoken.
"I have repented," said the girl addressed as
Maud -- repented bitterly, that I ever gave my heart to a man who is nothing better than a male flirt!"

"A male flirt! Child, how can you apply such a term to Harold Date !--an upright, hon-ourable man-a man whose lofty mind and noble soul would hold in deepest scorn all things mean and base! And you accuse him, that high-souled man, of the mean and pitiful sin of flirting! Oh, Maud, be warned in time! You know not what misery your headstrong pride and jealousy will bring upon yourself and others !

The ear est face of the speaker had grown almost beautiful in its eloquence, as she thus spoke in defence of the absent Harold Dare, and Maud looked up at her in wonder.

Her companion's face flushed slightly. "He is a favourite of mine," she said, "as are all men who are good and true. Think well, Mand, before you ruin your whole life's happiness and his, just because, no doubt out of pure kindness, he paid a little attention to

a girl whom he found was a stranger at the ball."
"A little attention! Why, he danced with her several times, and devoted almost as much time to her as he did to me. And when I reproached him with it, he would not offer either

explanation or apology!"
"Of course not; because you are proud and hasty, Mand. Harold, too, is proud, with a pride nobler than your own, and he will not suffer any interference with his conduct when

he knows he is not in the wrong."

"But he was in the wrong!" said Maud, stubbornly. "He ought not to have insulted me by paying so much attention to some one

"Mand," said her companion, gently and persuasively laying her hand on the young girl's shoulder, "listen, dear, to one who is much older than yourself, and has suffered. Try to conquer your pride and jealousy, or they will be the ruin of your happiness in this world and in the next. When Harold comes this evening, let him see that you know yourself to have been in the wrong the other night, and show him that you wish all to be forgotten and forgiven. Promise, dear, for your own peace's sake."

Mand was beginning to relent.
"He will not come," she said hesitatingly.

"Not come?

"No: I-I told him I never wished to see

"Oh, Maud, Maud, unhappy girl, what have you done?"

Ellen Stauton and Maud Reeves were cousins. The latter was just twenty at the time of the opening of our story, and Ellen was ten

Ellen had acted the part of a mother to her cousin ever since she, Maud, a little desolate orphan of five years old, had been adopted by Ellen's father, and brought up as his own child. Five years before they had become acquainted with Harold Dare, a man in every way worthy of the good opinion Ellen had of him. When he began to come frequently to Dr. Stanton's house, and appeared to take pleasure in her so-ciety, Ellen deemed the visits were intended for herself, and she gave to him the whole wealth of her gentle loving heart. But when at last the sad truth dawned upon her, and she found it was her beautiful young cousin, still little more than a child, who was the attraction in his eyes, she buried her love deep down in her heart, and nobly resolved to bear her pain in silence.

Her affection for Maud never changed, and now that she and Harold were engaged her dear-

est wish was for her happiness.

Maud's was a loving, but hot and jealous nature, and it had been the source of frequent coldnesses between herself and Harold; but now a serious quarrel had taken place between them, and Ellen was deeply concerned, though see you to be she hoped that all would come right again, if what it is."

Maud would only acknowledge herself in the wrong.

That evening Maud was sitting alone in

the large and somewhat gloomy dining-room.
"I have a headache; please leave me here alone, Ellen," she had said. And Ellen, thinking that perhaps she would be best by herself,

had so left her.
By this time Maud was quite repentant, and willing to make amonds to Harold for her unreasonable jealousy of the night but one before.

"But ah !" she thought, sadly, "he will not come. He did not come last night, and he will not to-night. He is proud, as Ellen says, and

he has taken me at my word."

The fire burned low in the grate, and cast strange and weird shadows on the walls, and Maud shivered as she thought how dreary her life would be if she never saw Harold again.

Just then she started, for she heard a familiar step in the hall. The door opened, and her lover entered.

Mand glanced up quickly and somewhat apprehensively at his tail form and handsome face

as he came towards her.
"Maud," he said gravely, resting his hand on the back of her chair, and looking down upon her, "I have come to ask you if you really meant the words you said to me when last we parted, or if they were only said in the anger of the moment! Answer me, Maud."

But the sight of her lover had aroused in Maud's heart some of the old anger, and she resolved to punish him a little before she relented so she kept her face averted.

A frown gathered on Harold's brow, and his

tone was stern when next he spoke.

"Listen, Maud," he said, "I have loved you as man never loved woman before! Since first I knew you, five years ago, my whole thoughts and hopes have been fixed upon you! No dream of the future have I had in which you did not play a part, no hopes of happiness in which you did not share! To be able to win you for my wife, I would have been willing to undertake any task, however difficult, that has ever been accomplished by man! And now you, my promised wife, ac use me of the mean and pitiful sin of flirting, because, forsooth, I paid a little ordinary attention to a girl whom I knew slightly, and who I found, was almost alone amongst strangers! For this, in your headstrong pride and unreasoning jealousy, you are willing to wreck my happiness and your own--yes, your own, for, sooner or later, I firmly believe you will feel the repentance and remorse that you will have justly earned. You wish us to part; well, be it so. Perhaps it is best. I go from you now, never to return

He had nearly reached the door, when Maud

sprang from her chair,
"Harold, Harold!" she cried, "Come back! I did not mean what I said. I could not live without you."

'Do you really mean that Maud I' said Harold, turning round.

I-I am sorry for what I said the other night. But I cannot help being jealous; and I really thought that you had taken a sudden fancy to Miss Linton, she is so very prettty."
"Mawl," said her lover gravely, kissing her,

"will you never be convinced that there one on earth whom I love or ever shall love but yourself! Try, my darling, for both our sakes, to conquer that feeling of jealousy, or it will be the cause of infinite misery to us both.

"I will try, Harold, if you will forgive me

this time."
"My love," said Harold taking her in his arms, "I have forgiven you. And now, to convince you how little cause you had to be jealous, I tell you that Edith Linton is engaged to her

half-cousin, Harry Egerton, a very, very old and dear friend of mine." "Oh, Harold, why did you not tell me this

"Because you did not give me the opportunity, but accused me at once of flirting. was both hurt and angry to think that you had no more faith in me. Let us forget it now, my darling; but you must learn in future to trust me more.

For some time they sat happily talking, Maud determining in her own mind that never -no, never under any circumstances, would she doubt her lover again.

As he was going away, Harold encountered Ellen in the hall. They were very good friends and Harold knew that she was aware of his quarrel with Mand, and that he had her entire

sympathy.

"Yes," he said, in answer to her inquiring look, "we are reconciled. Maud has promised never to doubt me again; but, alas, Ellen, I fear that resolution will only last until she fancies I give her cause for jealousy again. If she could only be cured of that foolish feeling, how happy we should be!"

I have been thinking," began Ellen hesitingly.
"Thinking what, Ellen!"

"I believe I have thought of a plan, which, if you were willing to try it, would convince Mand how foolish she is to doubt you, or at least would test the strength of the resolution she has made."

"What is it? Tell it me. I am willing to try anything you can suggest." "I cannot explain it to you now; but I will see you to-morrow evening, and then tell you

"Thank you. Whatever you suggest will be good and sensible, I am sure; and if it will only teach Maud to know me better, I shall owe

you a life-long gratitude." "Ah, me ?" thought Ellen, sadly, when Harold had gone; "if I could only have won the love of such a man, how happy I should have been! But it was not to be. I wonder how it is that, in this world, people's fates are so different -some all sunshine, some all shadow. Some day we shall know; but it is weary, weary waiting !"

The morning but one after, Maud was scated in her favourite nook in the garden, reading, when a dirty, ragged little boy came towards

her.
"Please," he asked, "are you Miss Reeves?" replied Maud, looking curiously at "Yes,"

the little fellow.
"Then, miss, I've a letter for you," said the boy, producing a somewhat soiled looking epistle, and handing it to Mand.
"A letter for me. Where did you get it!"

"A woman gave it to me; and, please, I wasn't to wait for an answer," he said, darting

Maud opened the letter, and, as she did so the colour forsook her cheeks, and she grasped at the arm of the garden chair, as if for support. "It can't be true!" she gasped. "No, no; Harold never could be so false! It is some cruel trick ! I won't believe it!"

She read the letter again, which ran as follows :

MISS REEVES, ---

"If you value your happiness, heed well the contents of this letter. Your lover, Harold Dare, will this evening have an interview with the girl he loves best on earth. If you do not believe me, be near the large oak in the centre of Holm Coppies at eight o'clock to-night, and let your own eyes convince you of the truth of what I say. One who wishes you well."

"It can't be true; it is a wicked jest! Or perhaps it has been sent by some one who is envious of my happiness. I won't believe it, for did I not tell Harold that I would never doubt him again? Besides he is sure to come this evening as usual, and he never leaves till nine or after. That will prove there is no truth in what this wretched letter says. There " she cried, tearing it into small pieces and scattering them in the wind. "So shall be dispelled my

But in spite of her good resolution, she felt uneasy; and Ellen who watched her anxiously, noticed all the afternoon she was restless and reoccupied.

Evening came, and at seven o'clock, Harold's time for coming, struck, Maud's restleness in-The minutes passed, and he did not come, and she wandered to the window over-looking the drive. The moon was shining brightly, but no familiar form appeared in sight; and at last about a quarter to eight, unable to bear the suspense any longer, pleading a headache, she bade Ellen and her uncle good night, and retired to her own room.

"It must have been true after all," she murmured; "and he has been deceiving me all the time. Oh, heavens! if he is false, it will kill me! But I can bear this doubt no longer! I must-yes, I will go and see for myself.

Wrapping a long, dark cloak round her evening dress, she stole quitely from the house, and was soon in Holm Coppies.

Hastily concealing herself behind the large oak tree mentioned in the letter, and-yes ! sure enough, there was her lover coming. could not mistake, even by the pale light of the moon, his tall and noble form.

Instead however, of waiting for some one, as

Maud expected, he came straight up to her place of concealment, and confronted her.

"So, Maud," he said, in a tone of mingled reproach and sadness, "you have doubted me once again !-- and, too, after your promise of the

other night!"

"I-l---" gasped Mand in her bewilderment. "How did you know I was here, Har-

old? You came to meet..."
"You! True, I was not sure that you were here-I hope I and prayed that you were notand I came to see. It was I who sent you the letter you received this morning—sent it to test the strength of the resolution you made the

"Oh, Harold, it was cruel! How could you

do it?"
"To try your faith in me, and you have not been able to stand the test. Oh! Mand! Mand! how can i, in my turn, ever put faith promises again ?"

"Forgive me, Harold!" cried Maud, falling on her knees in the long grass. "Forgive me but this once again, and you shall not find this trust misplaced. Indeed, indeed, I did not doubt you until you did not come at the usual hour. It was a cruel thing to do, but it has not been done in vain.''

"Not cruel, Maud, if it is the means of sav-ing you from future suffering."
"It has convinced me how groundless are my

doubts of your love. Can you ever forgive me, Harold T'

'Yes," said Harold, taking her in his arms provided you will promise to believe now and always that I have this evening met the girl

whom I love best on earth."
"I do believe it, Harold," said Maud, laying her head on her lover's shoulder.

"And you will believe it always "
"Always."

They have now been married some years, and if over Maud feels inclined to doubt her husband, she calls to mind the time when she went to watch his meeting with the girl whom he loved best on earth, and it was herself. They are perfectly happy, and no one rejoices more in their happiness than "Aunt Ellen," as the children love to call her. She never married why, was a secret between her own heart and herself, for she had had several offers.

E. T.

EPEA PTEROENTA.

At the last meeting of the KUKLOS, although we had neither a large attendance of members, nor a paper read, yet our Love's Labour was not Lost. Though we had not the brilliant wordplay and tongue matches of repartee, so common among the wits of London in the reign of Elizabeth, which, according to some Shakespearians, our great Dramatist pictured in one of his early comedies, yet we had a few sharp snaps. Our wit crackers were almost as unlimited as fireworks on Guy Fawke's Night. Every Man, in his Humour, was at his best. We were all busy about nothing operose nihit agant. Sencea could not be too heavy nor Plautus too light for some of us, and for the law of writ and the liberty, there was one in our midst so good for invention of song and dialogue imit tion of the Italian Commedia al Improvisa, that if our lung-had been "tickle o' the sere" he would have converted our coughing into laughter, by his

sparkling jingles.
We had a little Shakespearian gossip and regretted the absence of an occasional visitoralas! too occasional Felix Morris, the Comedian, and also the absence of our esteemed confrère Neil Warner, the Tragedian and Paragrammatist, who is excellent in both qualities, but whether he is indebted for the latter accomplishment either to Shakespeare or to Bishop Andrews, whose Tragedies and Sermons respectively are full of puns, I know not. It has been wittily said that the sinner may be punned into repentance by reading the sermons of Bishop Andrews, and repentance, we know, Jeremy Taylor callpanilier out.

It may be said that we, of the Kuktos, were on Saturday last occasionally punned into laughter by a visitor who acknowledged his utter ignorance of the writings of the whole Bench of Bishops and the Plays of Shakespeare .. neverti. .. less he was neither an infidel nor a Frem hmanbut he was a firm believer in Pope and Butler, and thought that the best charity sermon ever written was contained in these four lines of Pope-imitating Horace :--

"Then, like the Sun let Bounty spread het ray. And shine that superfluity away.
Oh, impudence of Wealth! with all thy store.
How darest thou let one worthy man be poor?

He also thought the great Samuel, the First, (Johnson the second)

was a shrewd Philosopher.
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over:
Whate er the crabbed 'at Author bath.
We understood b' implieft faith;
Whatever skeptick cou'd enquire for.
For e'ery sky, he had a wherefore;
Koew more than forty of them do
As far as Words and Terms cou'd go.

Butler he considered had done as much as any of the mitted clergy in plucking the mask from pious hypocrisy and plentifully exposing the cruelty and disloyalty of fanaticism and sedition. The reading of Hudibras he declared was enough to create an evanescent sentiment of orthodoxy and loyalty even in the most democratic bason.

Our visitor, whom we hope to see often among us, was a provoker of mirth in our conversation. His humour was of that kind that it might be saidit was father d by Wit and mother d by Mirth and its grandfather was Good Sense. Never did our smokers, and as you know they form the majority, more thoroughly enjoy their pipes than they did last Saturday; our visitor was a good talker, "he would talk-ye gods! how he would talk !" Our club was the very reverse of the Hum-Drum; (+) which "was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes and say nothing till midnight." Our classical confrere was absent or he would have quoted from Horace, and that pertinently :--

Ex funo date lucem Cogitat, ut speciosa deline miracula promat.

for out of our smoke we had the glorious light of dazzling conversation, which, among ordinary smokers of "churchwardens" would be considered in the light of a miracle.

The sermon of Pope, was naturally enough, ontrasted by our "Elizabethans" with King Lear's allusion the houseless heads, the unfed sides, the loop'd and window'd raygedness of the poor whom he had, according to his own confession, neglected in his high and palmy

"O. I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mays! shake the superflux to them.
And show the Heavens more just." (1)

The Vernacular of William Tyndale was quoted, where the Prophet Amos reproves Israel for treading on the poor, oppressing them with grievous burdens, having no compassion for their afflictions, selling the rightcons for silver, and

(*) The use of Tobacco blasts and Lemonade almost precludes the possibility of any member of or visitor to the Kuklos suffering from a dry and purched affection of the throat, or the dry tickling in the throat which excites coughing, or of his lungs being tickled with seven with serum.

(I) SPECIATOR No. IX. March 10 1710-11.

(1) King Lear Act Ili se 4.

the poor for a pair of shoes, while they, the rich. lie upon beds of ivory, eat of the fatlings of the flock, anoint themselves with perfumes, drink choice wine out of bowls, chant to the sound of the viol. For these things, adds the Prophet, their feasts shall be turned into mourning, their songs into lamentations and their loins shall be girded with sackcloth; surely, if the Prophesy is fulfilled it may be called "a purgative for pomp.

One of your young members, a student of Mc(IIII, aptly quoted from Charles Kingsley, the Canon, who ought to have been Bishop, and the Lecturer, who during his visit to Montreal was so controlly received and hospitably entertained by the Professors of Metill and so warmly congratulated upon his advent by the council of the Natural History Society.

the Natural History Society :-- "Have I not wantoned in down and perfumes, while they, by whose labour my luxuries were bought, were pining among seents and sounds,one day of which would have driven me mad!"

This quotation brought one of our French Canadian confreres to his feet, who, without preface. gave us the following lines from Victor Hugo with a force and a beauty, an "accent and discretion" that would have done credit to Talma :---

Our conversation o' Saturday nights is never strained or confined; it is generally free, communicative and instructive, open and unreserved, and conducted with a "morum comitas," and pleasantness of temper. It would be difficult to graphically describe or to put together synthetically our talk of last Saturday, yet in the dis jointed form I now present it to you, especially that portion of it relating to Pope's sermon, it may be useful, when we regard the distress recently exemplified at Ottawa when the a cocation of the unemployed poor was rudely clamouring at the gates of the Parliament House to get an interview with the modern Coriolanus, who in my imagination, I can facey turning upon the occasion, to our modern Brutus, and saying:

" Are these your herd i-Must these have voices, that can yield them now, And straight disclaim their tongues? What is your office? You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth? Have you not set them on?"

Again, looking at the wretchedness and poverty in Montreal, the scent of its ill drained sewers. its filthy streets and lanes strewed with garbage and exerements, we might say with Lear: "Here is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption. Fie, fie, fie! Pah, pale! Give mean ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination." An alterative is wanted-something to ameliorate the condition of the needy. The "uncleanly flux of a cat" is desirable to rid one's nose of the stench of the dead carcases of these midnight prowlers. Montreal, despite the Board of Health, gives, at present, an opportunity of studying the science of filth and corruption, and, judging from the recent doings before Mr. Justice Ramsay, the science also of "beggarly cowardice and cattish ferocity." As Spenser, in his Faerie Queene says, so say all of

Such loathly matter were small last to speake or thinke."

Let me return to the word acceation which I recently used. The wrong use of it by a member, generally exact, though occasionally a little hypercritical and cynical, gave our worthy Mentor, "the Gorernor," the opportunity of being splenetic by exclaiming :

Aliquando bonus dormitat Hemerus,

but his spleen, partly occasioned by a twinge of rheumatic gout, and his abhorrence of the least impropriety of language, was but momentary.

The Governor asked one of our Ganymedes (*) to take from the shelves of our library a book entitled Shakespeare Directions, a Medley of Motley Wear by Francis Jacox, which he did and handed it to your President, who referred to a chapter, in which Falstaff calls his purse-taking exploits at Gadshill his rocation. "Why, Hal, 'is my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation." To this, Jacox adds: "Matter of fact censors have taken him at his word, and that word literally. They will not distinguish between rocation and a vocation." In foot notes he says: rocation is one's calling; contion a something that calls away from it. that diverts one from it, and so is a diversion. Shakespeare (and Falstaff) knew better than to confound the terms." "Admirably well does Fuller mark the proper distinction between vocation and accordion when he says of Bishop Andrewes and Jeremy Taylor as they meddled little with civil affairs, as being out of their professions and element: Heaven is the rocation and therefore he (Taylor) counts earthly employ-

ments accordions." "Wordsworth," says Jacox, "who (worthy of his name) weighed his words, sings of the typical child, in his ode on intimations of immortality, that he mimics all he sees,

"As if his whole vocation Were endless imitation.",

Many there are, who are no Wordsworths, and no weighers of the worth of words, who could never have found it in them to write the couplet

so, but would have infallibly made of the first line, "as if his avocation"—sacrificing the whole for the sake of the metre."

How well again William Pitt, as a lad at College, observes the distinction, when he thus writes to his mother from Pembroke Hall (Jan. 3, 1780) : "A sufficient number of idle avocations secure me quite enough from the danger of two much study." In another letter to her, dated Lincolns Inn. Nov. 23, 1790, he writes of the day being "taken up by necessary business and incidental avocations which are unavoidable.

words.
"For what is a scholar but one who retireth his person and avocateth his mind from other occupations and worldly entertainments." - Ser-

"If wit or wisdom be the head, if honesty be the heart, industry is the hand of every vocation ; without which the shrewdest insight and the best intention can execute nothing."-Sermon 14.

"Jeremy Taylor, in his second discourse on Lukewarmness and Zeal, speaks of a river that runs vigorously with a full stream, and that stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. Its vocation is to the sea; and avocations are beside the mark of its high calling. Shakespeare's Pacelle of Orleans, explaining how she, a poor shepherd's daughter, came to resign that low estate for the unwomanly calling of war, declares that God's Mother deigned to appear to her, while watching over her lambs in the sultry field,

"And, in a vision full of majesty Will'd me to leave my base vocation And free my country from calamity."

Again in the dialogue at Blackheath, between two of Jack Cade's followers, one of them quotes and applies the proverb, Labour in thy ocation. If we were to say Labour in thy avoca tion the meaning would be Labour in that which calls thee away from thy calling."

Dean Alford, in his "Plea of the Queen's English" tells us that avocation means the

being called away from something. We might say, "He could not do it, having avocations elsewhere." But in our newspapers, avocation elsewhere." But in our newspapers, avocation means a man's calling in life. If a shoemaker at his work is struck by lightning, we read, that "while pursuing his arocation, the electric fluid penetrated the unhappy person." George Eliot in her twenty third chapter of Middlemarch says "the building business, which he (Mr. Garth) had unfortunately added to his other avocations of surveyor, valuer and agent." In the Siturday Review we read of Sir Roderick Murchison as having given up the "acceations of military life"—he being at one time a captain of dragoons-for scientific study. These are cited by Jacox as an incorrect use of the word avoca-Upon reference to Johnson's Folio Dictionary (1773) I find him giving the following quotation from South to prove his definition of he word arocation-the act of calling aside: God does frequently inject into the soul blessed impulses to duty, and powerful arocations from sin," and also one from Atterbury: "By the secular cares and arocations which accompany marriage, the clergy have been furnished with skill in common life.

A Priest or Minister of the Gospel is supposed to be called by the Holly Spirit at his ordination, and to receive a Divine Summons-hence his rocation, whereas Ministers of State and Senators are too often taken from their vocations, and elected by the people to pursue those avoca-tions; thus the disciples of St. Crispin and St. Nicholas, and the collateral branches of the families of Autolycus and Sysiphus may leave their trades or professions and avocate to themselves the making of laws and the governing of the Commonwealth. Hence their avocations may be mere diversions; and the transition from diversion to derision, and from laughter to laughing stocks is more easy than the translation of a tinker into a statesman, or a pedlar into a Cabinet Minister. As well make a driver of oxen President of the Council, for of such the Son of Sirach asks, "How can he get Wisdom?

Here let me finish. I have no more wool to make a longer yarn; and leaving what I have made to the discriminating to pick out the good threads, and trusting that my yarn may help to bring about a more exact expression among our young members, I say Good-bye, sweet-hearts, Tuos. D. King.

Saturday, April 14, 1877.

THE GLEANER.

THE reported collapse of the Mont Cenis Tunne, was a Parisian vivacity for the first of

PARIS is getting ready for the grand Exposition. Ten new hotels are to be erected for the comfort of visitors who have plenty of cash.

LORD BEACONSFIELD being asked the other day how he liked the House of Lords—"I feel as if I were dead," he said, " but in the Elysian

A CYNICAL man insists that the fewer rela tions or friends we have the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you, in your prosperily they always help themselves.

LORD VIVIAN, for the benefit of his health, has just made the trip from Canada to California in his carriage, which is a sort of palace car, with all the modern conveniences stowed away

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer is again in luck. He has had a close shave of a deficit, whereas he has £153,036 to the good. It is a narrow margin; still on the right side; which is more than can be said for Canada.

MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON says her husband always used to throw off his sternness, dignity and reserve the moment he bolted the door. It always made him a boy to hold the baby, and to rock the little girl's cradle set him into raptures.

THERE are upwards of 300,000 barmaids in Great Britain, and their average earnings are upwards of 3s. a week each more than are obtained by the members of any profession, except that of "companion," to which women

OSCE upon a time the De Courcy family was one of the noblest and most powerful in France. The motto of their coat-of-arms was, "I am no King; I disdain being a Duke; I am De Courcy." The last descendant died recently; he was one of the street-sweepers of Paris.

Holding that smoking amongst boys is pernicious to their health, the Paris Society for Suppressing the Abuse of Tobacco has prepared a petition, to be presented to Parliament, asking them to prohibit youths under sixteen from using the weed in public places.

AT the U. P. meeting at Greenock, Mr. Brown Paisley said we made too much of these Church disputes. It seemed to him a characteristic of the Scotch mind to make a considerable fuss over small matters, and, like Caleb Balderstone, to ring the dinner bell even if there was only a salt herring on the table.

SIR RICHARD WALLACE, the benefactor of the Paris poor, is having constructed a hospital near the city, which is to be a very remarkable building of the kind. It will be entirely for the use of English persons, and thus the charitable donor will exonerate the Paris authorities from the care of such of his countrymen as need hospital attendance.

MR. SPURGEON set himself the other Sunday morning to denounce in the strongest terms the Committee appointed to revise the Scriptures. He said their work was simply a device of the devil, and the new version ought to be burned. It happened that a meeting of the Revision Committee was held on the previous day, and one of the members being tired of the Greek and Hebrew verbs, thought he would get some life into his soul by going to the Metropolitan Taber-nacle to hear Mr. Spurgeon. He heard the anathema pronounced over the new version, and as he is reputed to be the most profound Greek scholar in England, he must have gone to his dinner with a solemn sense of his own weak

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A female architect has lately opened an office in Boston. She is full of beautiful plans and designs.

"HER face is a Garden of Flowers," is the title of a new song; but "flowers" is evidently a misprint for "flour."

THERE is a time for everything, and the time to take a baby to a show is just after the entertainment is over.

THE Christian Union says that it makes a man purer and better to cherish a rejected love. There is more fun, however, in going off and making love to another girl.

THERE are nine things that will make a man mad, but one is enough when his wife tells him he can't have any dinner because she couldn't get the wash boiler off the stove in time.

WEDDING cake is now so artistically prepared and put up for fashionable distribution, that the bachelor recipient frequently mistakes it for a neat thing in shaving soap,

FAIR hair has quite gone out of fashion in Paris, as the colour of the season is deep orange, a line which is only becoming to brunettes. little walnut water, however, will transform a blonde into a brunette.

Caurion often averts danger. An up-town man who heard burglars in the house the other night, woke up his wife and sent her down stairs for a drink of water, and then crawled under the hed and wasn't injured in the least.

As exchange encouragingly remarks that the average young man is so unreliable that fathers ought to hide their daughters. What the average young man is afraid of is not so much that a father will hide his daughter, as that he will

"I used to put the seal of affection on my wife's lips when we were first married," said a disconsolate Benedict, "but now I have to put the seal (skin) of affection on her back. The new kind costs more, but it can't begin to compete with the other for solid comfort.

WHY is the letter d like a ring?' said a young lady to her accepted, one day. The gentlemin, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer.—" Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, - "because we can't be wed without it."

A while ago a farmer in Virginia lost his wife; and out of love for her memory, called his estate "Glemmry." A neighbour having met with the same affliction, and equally desirous of keeping before him the image of his dear departed, followed his example, and is farm is known by the name of "Glenbetsy,"

WHEN a young man from Harvard is asked if he will always love her thus, he does not answer, "Will a duck swim?" Science has taken the place of poetry, and he replies, "Will evolution from the Unconditioned working in protoplasm by accretion and absorption produce the organic cell?" Then he inquires languidly if there are any cold beans about the house.

A distinguished politician, while conversing with a lady the other evening, became piqued by her attention to a beautiful dog that was resting its head confidingly in her lap, and impatiently asked, "How is it that a lady of your intelligence can be so fond of a dog?"—"Because he never talks politics," was the prompt

"Tell your wife," says the Country Gentleman in the caption of a long editorial. Bless your soul, simple man, she knows a great deal more about it than you do. When the woman has suspended herself from the top of the division fence by the arm-pits for twenty-five minutes, what she doesn't know her husband can't tell her. Now you grumble on that.

A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married acquaintance, and said to her, "How do you contrive to amuse yourself?"—"Amuse!" said the other starting. "Do you not know that I have my housework to do?'-"Yes,' was the answer; "I see you have it to do; but, as it's never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

A young Indian girl who had curiously watched the process of making barrel heads in a flourmill in Winona, Minnesota, stole in one day, and taking possession of the stencils, ornamented her blanket with the words, "Ellsworth's Choice," and paraded the streets in great delight, but to the disgust of Mr. Ellsworth, who is a bachelor and had made no such choice.

"WHAT am I made of !" asked a little girl, fresh from her Sunday-school lesson, as she ssayed to show her knowledge to a younger sister .- "I don't know," was the honest ansister.—"I don't know, was the hollost an swer.—"What does mama sweep up from the floor?" was the first speaker's next trial in the Socratic method.—"Pins, needles, and hairpins?" was the prompt, but unexpected re-

THE children of a clergyman's family in Aberdeen were making themselves happy propounding conundrums. Directly one of them said, "Who was the meekest woman?" The clergyman seemed struck with a fresh thought and replied quickly, "We don't read of any." But Madam made herself even with him when she rejoined with quite as much quickness, " Well. we read of only one such man, and from the fuss that's made about him, it's plain they're scarce.'

"PUPSEYWACK," said Mrs. Bubblecombe to her husband, John, the other day, "our Baiseywrysey has got a sore nose and it's teething. Go and ask Dr. Brown to come right away up. There's a good Johnseywonsey Purseywack. "Muniseywumsey," he replied, "anything a Pupseywack can do for his Baiseywaysey is his love-joy. Kiss em, old fellow, once more for his little one." And a year ago Bubblecombe And a year ago Bubblecombe was the pet of the club, told good stories, played billiards, and went out buggy riding in the Cliff House. Poor fellow! How many thousands are there like him, who were once stalwart young bachelors, but whom a jury of twelve impartial citizens would now unhesitatingly send to Stockton to be treated for softening of the brain!

LITERARY.

Miss Mulocu's husband is her junior by a uarter of a century.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, the leader of the Celtie revival in Scotland, is preparing for publication a col-lection of songs and verses published in newspapers and ung at dinners.

MISS ANNE T. HOWELLS, the writer and sister of William D. Howells, is soon to be married to Mr. Achille Fréchette, a Canadian Frenchman connected with the Ottawa Government. A Halfpenny Shakespeare is one of the latest

of the many remarkable developments of the cheap press of the present day. Each of the plays is printed in small but clear type, and issued in a wrapper for a STEDMAN, the Wall Street bard, is every inch.

a family man, and is never happier than under his own roof, with his wife and two boys nearly grown, and both of them faller than their father, recounting the experience of his youth as if he were a veteran, although he is but a little over forty.

BAYARD TAYLOR, after all his travels, has settled down to deliberate domesticity, and thinks it the best thing in life. After running the sentimental gauntlet of his fair comparitots, he married a Saxon, a very agreeable and intelligent lady, and they have one child, a girl now nearly grown to womanhood.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD cleaves to the donestic altur, notwithstanding the fact that he, a poet, married a poet. Elizabeth Barstow, many years ago, and finds that the Muse never refuses the invitation of hearts because they are closely weekled by love and sympathy, and that she is not scared by children—they have one son—as many satirists would make us believe.

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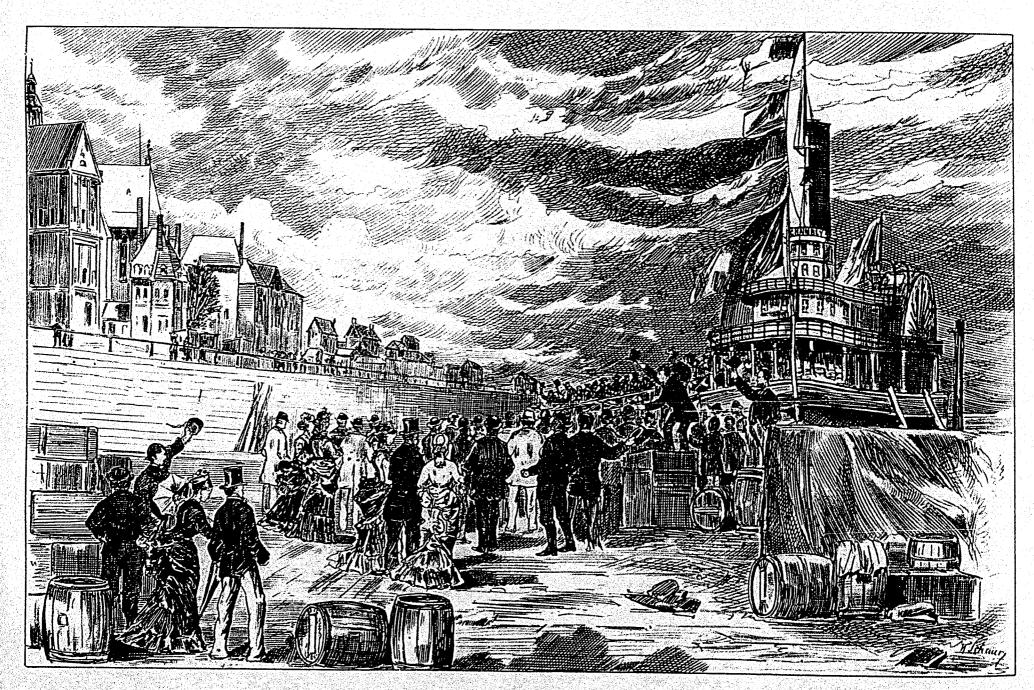
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^{(&#}x27;) A name which we call our refreshment stewards



KINGSTON.-QUEEN'S COLLEGE.-FROM A SKETCH BY A. W. MOORE.



MONTREAL.—THE FIRST BOAT OF THE SEASON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

JOHN McKELVEY, ESQ.

MAYOR OF KINGSTON.

We this week present to our readers a likeness of John McKelvey, Esquire, the worthy Mayor of Kingston, whose career is a striking illustration of the success which awaits our Canadian youth who start in life with a determination to win an honorable and useful position, by sheer industry, integrity and honest self-reliance. At an early age Mr. McKelvey entered the business of tinsmithing as an apprentice, and while learning his trade he did what we recommend every youthful mechanic in Canada to do, viz.: set apart certain hours of leisure to mental culture. By doing this, Mr. McKelvey, while yet a journeyman at his trade, won the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens, who elected him to the position of councillor in 1862, which he held until 1869 when, not seeking reelection, he threw his whole energy into his business, which, after having started on his own account, grew rapidly into the extensive and well-known firm of McKelvey & Birch. In 1877 Mr. McKelvey was elected in opposition to Mr. Brittian, and since, in his administration, he has gained the confidence of even his opponents by his business-like tact and courteous manner as Chief Magistrate of the Limestone City. He is essentially a worker, having schooled himself to habits of industry by an extended business career. With a handsome person, a genial outspoken, honest address, a well cultivated mind and taste, Mr. McKelvey is a good specimen of that important class of Canadians who seem born with the endowments requisite for leading the van in the development of our great country.

MILTON AT TABLE.—Some of his biographers have represented Milton as a man of austere life, who made himself miserable by supping on olives and water, but it seems most probable that he was something of an epicure in a quiet way, and that a savory stew was very much indeed to his taste. His wife once set before him a dish of which he was exceedingly fond, dressed with nicest culinary art, and as the poet ate, he observed, by way of expressing his thanks, "God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live, and when I die thou knowest that I have left thee all." History is silent as to the precise nature of this memorable refection, whether "grisamber steamed" or game "built up in partry," but those who think Milton had no idea of a good

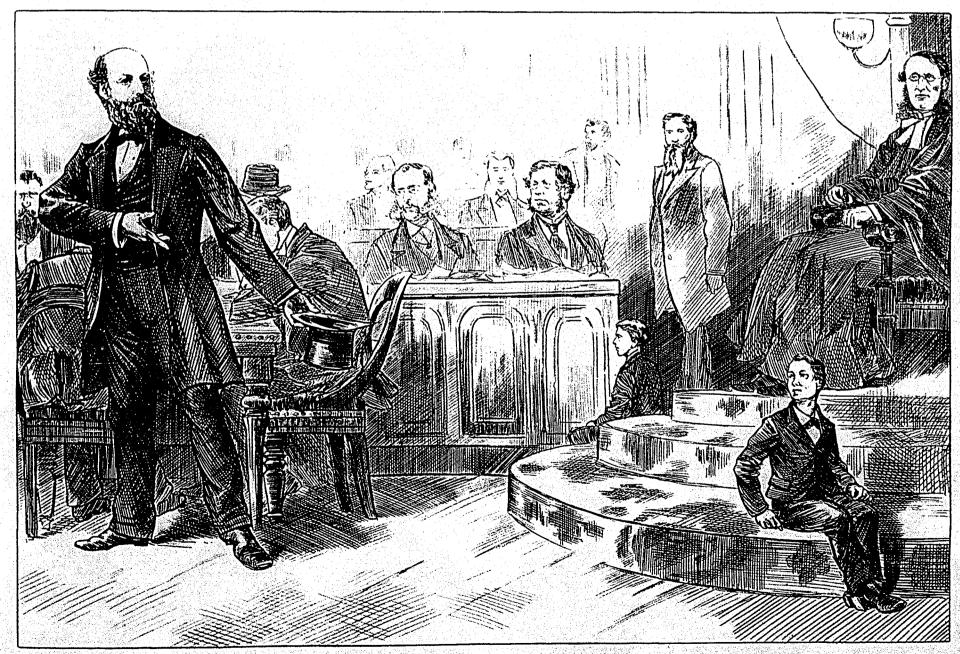


J. MCKELVEY, ESQ., MAYOR OF KINGSTON .- FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

dinner have only to turn to the description of the banquet with which the Devil tempts our Saviour in "Paradise Regained;" how unlike, he exclaims, "to that crude apple which diverted Eve!"

A SHAKSPEARE MEMORIAL BUILDING.—The association formed for the purpose of erecting a memorial building in honour of Shakspeare, upon a site on the banks of the Avon, intend, as already announced, that the building shall include a small theatre for the occasional performance of the great dramatist's plays, a library of dramatic literature, and a gallery containing pictures and statuary of Shakspearian subjects. The sum at present guaranteed will be sufficient to so far advance the theatre as to make it available for use, though lacking the proposed ornamental details, and a further sum of £4,000 is required to enable the council to proceed with the library and picture gallery. The council state that if this amount could be raised at once, the whole building could be proceeded with, and by the 23rd of April, 1878, would be ready for the inauguration. The ultimate object of the association is to form the nucleus of a School of Acting, under experienced teachers. The number of governors is limited to 100, who subscribe at least £100 each, and the council earnestly hope that the present number of 30 will be increased te 50, and suggest that corporations, guilds, or societies might appropriately become governors, thus having a permanent voice in the management of the association. They at the same time anticipate that many thousands will subscribe smaller amounts. The architects, Messrs. Dodgshun and Unsworth, are now preparing the detailed designs, and the first stone will be laid on the 23rd of April next.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.—A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the better will be the more healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore vigour to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room; a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep.



OTTAWA,-MR. J. M. CURRIER RESIGNING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.-FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

REMEMBRANCE.

"For Love is Life
Since Love remembers."
—The Earl of Dufferin.

—The Earl of Differin.

The lengthening shadows of four busied years Have hidden never in our chastened hearts Springline memories that cluster lovingly. Like tended flowers about thy graven name.—That name, which scarce without trembling still our lips Essay to utter, so fondly cherished. A pictured hill-side in some sylvan lake Blurred by the sudden blast and driving rain Freshens in loveliness when the storm is spent. Its shadowed outlines softly sinking Into depths translucent of mirrored sky. Instinct with vivid beauty, from the wrapt mind Fades nevermore.

So in nature's surface, by anguish troubled And for grief's hot rain and tempest of distress. Some dear face we could not see thre' blinding tears Deep set in halo of undying love. Is imaged now, purer far and dearer in the calm vista of that mellowed sadness. Which stricken hearts pityingly enshrines.—Blest image of the lovelier Life immortal Divinely mirroved in the tranquit depths. Of human faith, undimn'd by storms of surrow.—Translat'd thus from mortal Love to spirit Life. By fond Remembrance.

Rideau Bank, Ottawa, 17th April, 1877.

OUIP HAWTHORN'S REVENGE.

STORY OF A CANADIAN LAD.

"Well I declare: there are those Rossell girls I wonder if we are ever to have the luxury of coming here without meeting them.

The speaker was Miss Smythe, and she ex pressed herself (sotto coice) to her two lady companions as they all seated themselves in rustic rocking chairs, on the deck of the little steamer "Ocean Gem." The outline of her delicate nose was somewhat ruffled, as she spoke.

"It is provoking ; and there are those Nugent people, too, in their gaudy display, and they can't find any better amusement than to laugh and giggle with that Hawthorn boy. For my part I can't see how those girls can be spared so much from that millinery shop." It was Miss Buntington (that lovely little blonde) who thus gave vent to her feelings, and it cannot be said that her lady-like face was illumined by a particularly sweet smile as she pettishly turned her chair a little, so that she would not be compelled to look at these obnoxious people.

"It's my opinion, girls," remarked Miss Sunnyford, with an air of utter despair, "there is but one way of doing, and that is not to notice them at all, for, depend upon it, such

people cannot take a —— What the balance of this lady's remark was to have been can only be arrived at by surmise, for she was obliged to leave the sentence unfinished in consequence of their two gentlemen friends having, at this point, succeeded in comfortably enseousing themselves beside them, and, of course, that bit of dainty conversation was intended only for feminine ears. Marvellous to say, all evidence of recent displeasure vanished instantly, and the faces of the three young ladies assumed expressions the most sweet and pleasing. Indeed, at that moment, they might easily be mistaken for the "Three Graces" personified.

The gentlemen proceed to light their eigars, and then there seems to be a general interchange of quiet little pleasantries, above which can be heard, occasionally, "the silvery ring of soft laughter," as the poet so nicely puts it.

The little party seem to be exceedingly happy.

After a time, a little opening having occurred in the conversation, Mr. Arundel (the gentleman next to Miss Symthe) deliberately removed the cigar from his mouth, and, with a little yawn, remarked-

"I quite agree with your remarks of this morning, Miss Buntington; this is not a bad way of putting in an hour or two, these warm days. "I am glad you are enjoying it," said Miss

Buntington, sweetly, as she brushed away a stray bit of eigar smoke with her fan.

"It would be rather nice, old fellow," leisure-ly remarked Mr. Spoucher (the little gentleman with the blonde moustache), if it wer'nt for that swarm of youngsters, over there, kicking up such a perpetual row. What a pity their mothers don't keep them shut up somewhere,

at home."
"Why, Mr. Spoucher; how uncharitable you are," said Miss Sunnyford, feelingly. "You ought to remember that the fresh air will do them ever so much good, the little dears.

"A year or two ago," remarked Miss Smythe, plaintively, "these little afternoon excursions to Monckton were very enjoyable, but latterly, they have become so common. It is not pleasant, you know, to be thrown face to face with one's washer-woman's daughter."

"I fail to see anything very grievous about that, especially if the daughter happens to be pretty," said Mr. Arundel, as he looked toward the other end of the boat.

Oh, Mr. Arundel," ejaculated Miss Sunuyford, in an alarmed manner, and with carious emphasis; then she was obliged to cover her face with her fan for a moment, while the other two ladies looked shocked.

"As there is no law to prevent any one's coming so long as they pay the necessary quarter for a ticket, I suppose we will have to put up with the company or stay away ourselves, or else charter the boat for our own special accomdamation," said Mr. Spoucher, after considerable

reflection, and with this philosophical conclusion the subject was dropped and the conversation changed to topics more in keeping with

the poetic fancy of youth.

While these most excellent young people, representatives of some of the "first families" of the old town of H—, are thus whiling away the time, enjoying the delightful breeze of the lake and basking in the luxury of conscious superiority, let us take a little peep in the other parts of the "Ocean Gem," as she slowly pro-ceeds on her daily trip to the little village of Monekton.

Those two nice looking, fair haired girls, with blue ribbons, over there, are the daughters of Mr. Rossell, a successful bricklayer and stonemason, of H-The elderly woman beside them is their mother. The rather smart, middleaged, warm-hearted looking man, to whom she is talking, is Mr. Thompson, the butcher.

He is very fond of the bright little curly headed urchin on his knee and also of the other one which is climbing up the back of his chair. The two black-eyed girls, who are talking and laughing with the Rossells, are the daughters of Mrs. Nugent, a widow, whose husband was killed years ago in a railway accident. They have cheerful dispositions and are lively and gay. The happiness beaming in their young faces, it may be observed, springs from a feeling of independence, for they maintain themselves by the use of the needle, as millions of brave girls have done since the world began.

That good-natured, frolicsome young fellow among them, and from whom the four girls are endeavoring to recover some trifling article which he apparently has just stolen from some of them, is "Hawthorn boy"—Quip Hawthorn, chiefly noted in the town for his good natured humor and indolent habits.

They are having lots of fun and, to all apsearances, the girls are too many for Quip. By some means his chair gets toppled over and he rolls off on the floor, to the great amusement of all including Mrs. Rossell and Mr. Thompson, not forgetting the two little Thompsons. They all laugh heartily, and it is not necessary to use microscope to detect the contempt depicted in three maidenly faces in another part of the boat. Notwithstanding the frowns that are shot at them, the playful group continue their innocent amusement in this lively manner, for their mirthfulness is all unhampered by the restraints of morbid affectation.

The little steamer contains a goodly number of the townspeople, comprising old gentlemen with spectacles and newspaper : nice old ladies, some whom are knitting; fathers and mothers with their families, and dozens of young people of both sexes. All appear to be enjoying the delightful sail, and, no doubt, to many these cheap little excursions over the water are a gennine hynry.

The youngsters are running about playfully, mothers are chatting with one another, doubt-less describing how their Johnnies and Tommics and Sissies got over the whooping cough, &c., &c., while fathers, sitting by, occasionally join in the conversation or quietly take a nap, just as their inclinations may dictate.

A peaceful, happy scene. That little bright-eyed four year old girl, climbing up the low railing at the side of the boat, there, is in danger, and its mother moves quickly over and takes it away. In a few minutes, however, the child is back again, and, before observed by no one, has climbed up to the top of the railing and is actually daughing over the water. A woman near by attempts to reach it, but -too late; the little thing loses its balance and falls off into the lake. Instantly the cry goes up, "child overboard," The startled passengers rush towards the stern of the boat, and in a second all is in a wild confusion. The screams of the distressed mother as she cries, "my child, my child," are heartrending, and strong arms have to restrain her from flinging herself in after her darling.

In his commendable efforts to do something. Mr. Spoucher hurriedly throws a chair and a lady's parasol overboard. A dozen voices are shouting, "throw out a rope," "where's a life-preserver," &c., and then a young fellow is seen to tear off his coat and plunge head foremost into the lake. There is an awtul suspense until he reappears on the surface of the water. He comes up within a few feet of the drowning child. An instant later he is seen to reach out and upon their lungs," coolly retorted Mr. Spoucher, and the wittieism met with a nice little unanimous applause.

gosp the nutte thing, and is holding its head bigh out of the water. In the menutime the steamer has been stopped, and a small boat has put out to the rescue. In a few minute of the rescue. put out to the rescue. In a few minutes the child is returned to its mother's arms, not much the worse of the ducking, and its brave res-ener is warmly cheered and congratulated.

It is Quip Hawthorn. All on board had of course been thrown into a state of intense excitement, and for the re-mainder of the trip not much else could be talked of but the narrow escape of the child and its

gallant rescuer. Very cleverly done," remarked Mr. Ar-In which apposition Mr. Spougher signified his concurrence.

Who would ever have thought it was in him," soliloquized Miss Sunnyford, and a little while afterwards the dainty little Miss Burtington actually smiled and spoke a word or two to

Quip.

The kind hearted Mr. Thompson went up to him and, putting his rough hand on his shoulder, said, with moist eyes, "You're a brave lad, Quip; why the little thing would have been drowned, shure, if it hadn't been for you."

Next evening the daily "Observer and Despatch" contained a paragraph briefly describing the incident. It spoke favorably of Quip's prompt action and concluded as follows:— "This brave young fellow who is known as ' Quip Hawthorn' has rather a singular history which has now for the first time been brought to our notice. He is about eighteen, and for the last twelve years he has resided in this town with Mrs. Mayhew, a kind old widow lady without children of her own. Nothing is known of his parents or antecedents. Twelve years ago, it seems, the boy was placed on board the cass at Montreal by a gentlementy-looking man who requested the conductor to see him safely off at the station in this town. A letter addressed to Mrs. Mayhew was also given in charge of the conductor. In due time the railway officials safely delivered the child at Mrs. Mayhew's house, where he has remained ever since. The following is a copy of the letter which accompanied the boy:

Mrs. Maynew.

Dear Madam, -- I wish you take charge of my little son, Quip, for a few years, until I return to this country. That was the last wish of his mother, (now dead) who was a niece of yours. Enclosed you will find two hundred dollars for his first year's expenses, and at the beginning of each year you will receive a like amount or more. Be kind to him, and when he is old enough send him to school. Upon my return l will arrange for his further education and will amply reward you for all your trouble.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD HAWTHORS.

"Strange to say, Mrs. Mayhew can not recollect ever having known any one of the name of Hawthorn, nor was she aware, at the time, that she had a niece in Montreal. For eight years the remittances came regularly to hand through a private banking company of New York. Four years ago, however, the remittances ceased, and from that time to this she has heard nothing whatever in regard to the mysterious affair.'

The strange history of the boy was a matter of talk in the town for many a day, but as the months went by the matter was of course for-gotten, and Quip continued to be known as "that Hawthorn boy."

Ή.

The old town of H -- has long borne the re putation of being a decidedly aristocratic kind of place, but it was while a detachment of Her Majesty's - Regiment was stationed there that the social lines became definitely drawn. These lines continued to strengthen even after the troops had been removed. As is no doubt the case, in most all places in most all countries, the people became divided into two or three classes, each of which revolved exclusively with in itself.

Unfortunately for Quip he seemed to belong to no class whatever, and as he grew older he found himself obliged to stand aloof from the whole of them. The first, or upper class, would have nothing to do with him because he had no position to entitle him to consideration. The second, or middle class, could not take him up and make him one of them with any safety to his reputation, because he was tabooed by the Consequently he had to constitute himself a class by himself, and was denied all the little social privileges, which tend to make the young happy.

As his years increased he felt his social ostracism so keenly that at times he almost began to believe in his own insignificance. Nevertheless he never permitted the public to catch the slightest glimpse of his mortification. In fact, he endeavored to maintain the utmost indifference. He went about much at his own pleasure, always looking happy and cheerful, and the considerate people put him down as a good-natured, indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, and the more promising portion of the rising generation of the town was warned against associating with

But how little the people knew him. There is, after all, a great deal of truth in the old adage, "There are none so blind as those who will not see."

As time went by any one who would take the trouble to notice him might have observed a remarkable change in him. He grew reserved in his manner; his mind was wonderfully reflective, his eyes an expression indicative of considerable penetration. None of the mirthfulness which always characterized him, and which had landed him into so many youthful scrapes, had departed out of his nature it was still there, but it had been brought under control, and thus he was educating himself and he had already acquired the art of reading

human nature as easily as he would a book.

Three years after the occurrence of the incident with which this little story legins, the daily "Observer and Despatch" again concentrates the attention of the townspeople upon Quip by copying the following startling adver-tisement from a New York paper:

"PERSONAL .- Information wanted of the son of the late kichard Hawthorn, Esq., of Kingston, Jamaica, and formerly of Montreal, Canada East. The boy was left many years ago in some small town in Western Canada, and (if living) would now be about twenty-one years of age A handsome reward will be paid for particulars

that will lead to his identity, whether dead or alive. Canadian papers please copy.

"SHUTE & SHUTE, " Barristers, &c., "No. - Wall Street, "New York."

Quip immediately untwered the advertisement by telegraph, and next day received the following brief despatch in reply :-

" New York, ---, June 186---. "Quip Hawthorn, Esq., " 11-

"Come on at once. Bring all papers and documents with you. The facts, if sustained, are

"SHOTE & SHUTE,"

luasmuch as the documents and papers in Quip's possession which, in any way, bore to ference as to his origin, were of such an exceedingly limited number, not much time had to be wasted in their collection. He was, therefore, ready to start by the first train.

The townspeople now began to manifest considerable interest in the matter, and were everywhere speculating as to the probability of Quip's ultimate identity.

Many were of the opinion that he was, with. out doubt, the person advertised for, while some contended that he could not be, for they had always believed him to be the son of nabody of any consequence

This unsettled state of public opinion continued for a couple of weeks, at the expiration of which the same New York paper contained a long article catifled "Romantic Story," which

may be briefly summarized as follows:
"Twenty-two years ago, Richard Hawthorn and his beautiful young wife arrived from Eng land and settled in Mortreal. Mr. H. brought with him a moderate amount of capital, which he invested in the wholesale grocery trade, in that city. A year later, their happy home was further blessed with a 'son and heir.'

"Five year afterwards, Mr. II. was over-whelmed with grief at the loss of his beloved wife, and, when she was laid away in the grave, it seemed as though his heart had been buried with her. Before she died she expressed a wish that their child should be sent to be reared by an aunt of hers, who then resided in a small town in Upper Canada. A few months after the death of his wife, Mr. H. disposed of his extensive business in Montreal with the intention of settling in the West India Islands. The little boy was, accordingly, sent to the aunt, as desired by his wife, and Mr. II. immediately proceeded to New York, from whence he was to sail. While in this city he deposited the same of four thousand dollars in Mercer & Delera's private bank, with instructions to forward the interest accrning thereon, to the above mentioned aunt, annually, to defray the expenses of maintaining the boy.
"He then proceeded to Jamaica, where he

purchased a plantation and engaged extensively in the export of sugar. Ten years after, Mr. H. died suddenly, and, having no relatives on ti-Island, the Government took possession of his estate and set about discovering his relatives The banking firm of Mercer & Delorn was, of course, immediately communicated with, but 1.00

reply was returned. It was afterwards discovered that the firm had collapsed a couple of years before and no one knew anything of the whereabouts of any of the officials. Thus, all trace of the aunt and the boy was lost. Advertisements, however, were inserted in the Canadian papers, from time to time, but without success, until only a few days ago, when the veritable son was discovered by Messrs. Shute & Shute, barristers of this

city, who have the matter in charge. "The lucky fellow's name is Quip Hawthorn. He has ever since been living with the kind old

lady in Canada.

"He is a fine-looking young fellow and possesses some literary talent, as some of his productions have already appeared in one or two of

the weeklies of this city.
"We understand he leaves this city to-more row, accompanied by his attorney, for Jamaica. where it is believed he will have no difficulty in proving his claim to the vast estate of his father.

This remartic story was, of course, widely copied in the Canadian papers, and, as might well be expected, created a sensation in the old town of H- The peeple, for a time, forgot all their old prejudices and began to speak of Quip in glowing language. They were delighted to refer to him as their "fellow townsman," for, somehow, his good luck seemed to reflect honor upon the whole community. Almost everybody could now remember having. long ago, observed some favorable trait in his character. An odd citizen, here and there, might be found who declined to believe a word of the story about that Hawthorn boy's good luck, and occasionally the opinion was expressed that it would make no difference any way, for, no matter what amount he might fall heir to. he would soon run through the whole of it. But these people were the exception, and their un-charitable opinions had but little effect upon the general favor with which Quip and his good luck were regarded.

111.

Several months later, an item announcing the return of "Quip Hawthorn, Esq.," from Jamaica, was included in the telegraphic news from New York, and it became known in 11 that he was coming back to the old town to persuade the kind old Mrs. Mayhew to return with him to his new home.

Some of the leading people put their heads together and concluded that something ought to

Accordingly, as the train stopped at the station, Quip was astonished to hear the band rattling forth some lively air. As he stepped on to the platform he was greeted with a rousing cheer, and, after considerable hand shaking and other congratulations, he was further astounded by having a deputation from the Town Council present him with an address of welcome. After which the party proceeded up town, in two or three carriages, escorted by the band which played appropriate music.

A dinner had been arranged, in his honor, for that evening, and he said, in the course of his remarks in reply to the toast of his health, this is the prondest moment of my life," and, doubtless, he spoke the truth.

For the next few days he had many callers, and he received numerous invitations to din

A sardonic smile stole over his face as, one by one, he cast them aside and wrote a gracious declimation to all except one.

This was from the Burtingtons. The card remained in his hand very much longer than there was any necessity for. It was brief, but in it he could read volumes. As he continued to gaze upon it, the expression on his face went through a variety of changes, and a glimpse of his whole life seemed to pass before

his mental view.
"Such is life," he said to himself at the conchision of his reverie, and then he wrote out an acceptance of the invitation.

It was a large party, for the Burtingtons were very popular in their set. The Arundels, and the Sponchers, and the Smythes, and the Sunnyfords, were all there, as well as a host of others

whom it is needless to mention.

Quip was cordially received. He was arrayed in an elegant evening suit of the very latest ent, and, altogether, looked exceedingly well. His slightly reserved manner and his pleasant appearance generally, created a very favorable impression.

There was nothing ostentatious about him, however. He was, to some extent, the "chiefly observed," and he knew it, but the knowledge in no way incommoded him, nor did it interfere with the calm thoughtfulness of his coun-

He shone in the drawing-room, took part in the dances, ilirted with the ladies, and was everywhere accorded that deference which is usually paid to a young and handsome mil-

I remember that day on the steamer. Mr. Hawthorn," said Miss Burtington, as she coyly trifled with her fan, during a little pause in a waltz, "when you plunged into the lake and saved that little child from drowning; I think it was very brave. Have you forgotten the in-

"I believe I have a slight remembrance of it, Miss Burtington," said Quip, carelessly, and then he added, "but I have a much more vivid recollection of a little lady smiling upon me, afterwards, and speaking a few words of appro Do you remember that ?

Miss Burtington laughed and looked pleased, for she knew well whom he referred to. Then she said, shyly :
"That is a very little thing to remember so

long, Mr. Hawthorn.

"I can hardly regard it as a little thing, Miss

Burtington," said Quip, carnestly; "it was a kind word, and many an aching heart, in this uncharitable world, can testify as to the inestimable value of a kind and cheering word. The remark unde his lady companion feel just

a little bit uneasy Later on, during a little conversation with him, Miss Sunnylord remarked, as her little

hand rested lightly upon his arm: "How strange it is, Mr. Hawthorn, that you should have lived here so long and we not have

known you before."
"It is strange," replied Quip, dryly, and then he watched her face closely as he continued, "but I did not go out much in so-

During the evening Mr. Burtington and others expressed the hope that Mr. Hawthorn might be induced to continue to reside among To which Quip replied that "he was

afraid that was hardly possible. It was a very pleasant and agreeable evening, and everybody enjoyed themselves but one. That was Quip.

He did not go there for enjoyment; he went

for satisfaction, and he had it.

A week later old Mrs. Mayhew had disposed

of her little cottage, in which she had lived so long, and went away with Quip, whom, it is almost needless to add, she regarded with a motherly affection.

The day after their departure the Observer and Despatch contained an article entitled "Mammon Worshippers."
It was a clover satire. It ably hit off hypo-

of the world's professed friendship.

It was a cover sattre. It any mit on hypotenis, sycophants and a viriety of other human shans, and eloquently portrayed the mockery of the world's professed friendship.

It was several days, however, before the

people of if ---- learned that Quip was its author.

Quip and his motherly companion remained in New York, where he had previously secured a lucrative position on one of the great

"Shute and Shute" was a clever-looking young fellow, and he had had several years ex-perience in connexion with the press of that

He and Quip had been friends for some

Jamaica had no charm for Quip, but, were it not that his conscience pricks him occasionally, he could add his testimony that "Revenge is

W. F. McM. Hamilton, Out.

SOME FEBRILE SENSATIONS.

I awoke into life one morning after an absence from earth, so far as my own conscious-ness went, of I did not know how long. My wife says a week. It might have been five hundred years, and I would have been none the wiser. The last sensation I recollected was a dull miscrable headache, following a weary day in the office—many weary, sick-headed days of self-dissipation with work that I knew to be imperfect, and yet which had to be produced as regularly as the day came round. There was also a dim remembrance of soft hands bathing my head, and then a blank.

was astonished at myself that morning when I woke into consciousness. I tried to lift my hand, but there was no power. To turn Impossible. All capability of independent activity was gone, and I found myself as close a prisoner as though I were in the pozzi. I, who before that long blank, must I call it I had been so strong and self-reliant! There I lay, a log, listening to a wail that told me baby was no better, and a quick patter of feet that told of Violet's vivacity. By-and-by, as I was wondering what the mischief was the matter and what had brought me into such a condition, my wife came in softly and looked at me. "Why," she said, "you are awake and alive again. Do you know that you have been asleep for twenty-four hours?" I tried to answer her, but it was horribly difficult to get a tongue, ordinarily fluent enough, to discharge its accustomed duties. I believe I said that I was totally ignorant of what I had een occupied with.

"Ah, well," she said, "you are very ill, and you mustn't talk or be talked to; and you must lie perfectly still (there was no danger of my doing otherwise) and be alone.'

So with cantious, soundless footsteps she left e, and I sauk to sleep again. Waking I was me, and I sank to sleep again. Waking I was given a drink of milk, and in a little while the doctor came. He told me what a desperate character I had been for the past week; how I had been in delirium, and had kicked up a rump-He told me what a desperate us sufficient to alarm the entire neighborhood had frightened my own family out of their wits, and worked havor among sections of the fur-niture. I listened to the narration with sad interest, particularly to that portion relating to the furniture wrecking era of my exploits, and expressed the contrite hope that the remainder of my disease, whatever it was, would not expose me to any risk of an obligation to destroy my surviving chattels. The doctor smiled the smile of the discreet and went on his way

Oh, the weak weary days of fever, the lonely miserable days and nights, the restless teebleness, the impatience of the deadly control that holds one in a grasp more pitiless than iron, - for one can at least chafe at a chain-the longing. the almost insure craving for a change of postare, for a breath of fresh nir, the mad envy of those who enjoy the pleasures of active life! One lies helpless and alone, though surrounded by the tenderest friends and tended with the most loving care; alone because isolated from the pulsing life of the world by a merciless barrier, and I fear all too ungrateful to the untiring hands that strive to make the prison-couch less

I chafed under confinement like a caged lion. I had never been really ill before, and the long succeeding days made me hate myself and the world, and especially the milk-cup that stood beside me. Nothing but milk was in sight, and three quarts daily were poured into me. How, I do not know, but I shall never look a cow in the face again with any degree of innocence. At last it became unbearable, and one day I made a mighty effort, rose, walked a few steps,

The doctor's face was very stern. A kind. sympathetic gentilhometre, his coming was the quotidian beam of sunshine, barring of course, the steady beam of the unwearied, uncomplaining face of a nurse such as money never hires, and I was surprised to see him lasten upon me such a gaze as a judge generally favors a hardened offender with.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of yourself now?"

I articulated that my egotism was about up to its usual standard.

"All very well to talk that way. Here, after I had got you to a most favorable stage of your confounded typhoid, you behave like an ass, get up, shake yourself and my treatment to pieces, have a relapse and walk through the Valley of the Shadow, all because you have not patience enough to let yourself get well If you hadn't had the constitution of an elephant, Vio here would have had a chance of getting a step-father ?"

And then, with warm solicitude, he proceeded to marrate to me the danger of me making an ass of myself again by walking out of bed without his permission. He left a prescription

when he went away, and I fell asleep. I was weaker than when I awoke after the first delirium, and I am sorry to say, as irritable as a Cabinet Minister. I had lengthened my imprisonment by two weeks, and possibly injured my system seriously.

Night came. I shall never forget that first night of consciousness. The darkness was intense. The dull, heavy pain in the head which had become familiar enough to be disregarded, and the sensation along the spine that made one feel as if his backbone was composed of a succession of red-hot bed springs, intensified. I felt as if my head were encircled with the whitehot iron crown that we read of, and that it was burning into my brain, while my back rested upon the teeth of a saw. My medicine was administered and sleep came. With the sleep a dream. I may say, in order that no break may occur, that the dream lasted an entire week With the sleep a that is, while I awoke to consciousness every morning, the dream was renewed as often as l fell asleep, either during the day or at night, and its continuity was never disturbed by the intermission of consciousness. It ran along like a serial story, and a good deal more unsatisfac-

And behold I saw in my dream that I was in great plain, solitary and beyond the reach of all human assistance. I was weak and inca-pable of motion, scated as I never had been scatd before, that is cross-legged, and upon a confoundedly hard stool. My position was that of the Mikado of Japan as he sat in state screne centuries ago. The engraving in Mr. book on Japan will convey an idea of the luxury and case of the posture. I sat still and was held in a power beyond my own control. Suddenly I perceived a motion, and I felt myself being lifted slowly, almost imperceptibly upwards. My body left the ground, there was no question about that; and I mounted slowly, retaining my hard seat. I found that I was being elevated, Simon Stylites like, on a pillar, and the motion was gradual and without sensation of any kind. The duration of the movement was enormous; days passed into weeks, weeks into mouths and months into years, and still the upward motion was continued. The horizon expanded as I ascended, until that which was beneath my feet and upon which I had orginally rested, disappeared from my sight, and I perceived growing in extent belts of ocean and continent. I was convinced that my lofty seat was in the midst of the old world. Indeed, at my feet, rose in silent grandeur the Pyramids, while far away strete ed the Mediteranean, and through the gap bounded by the Pillars of Hercules I obtained a glauce of the Atlantic. Motionless and incapable of any effort I sat, receiving as it were intelligence of all that was passing in the world beneath. I lived through the bondage of the Hebrews and heard the wails the morning after the Destroying Angel had done his work. I saw the flight of the chosen people, the pursuit and the overwhelming of Pharaoh and his hosts. I saw Jason depart with his Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece; saw the countless ships gather together for the invasion of Troy and the recovery of Helen, and seemed to hear the pants of Hector as he com-passed the walls of Troy in flight before the implacable Achilles; saw the rise of the great power and its eclipse by the grandeur of the Roman, and its downfall before the crushing forces of the impetuous barbarians of the North. In fact, to be brief, the whole history of the world as I had studied it passed before me, I was a spectator, calm, passionless, of the actors as they toiled out their portions of the deeds going to make up reality and romance, and the time appeared to be infinite. The millions were born, lived, died and went back agai, into the soil; nations rose, grew, prospered, warred, decayed and disappeared; the conflict of the mystery of mankind and life went on interminably, presenting continually the same phases and in every changing relation, never much very much worse at the end beginning. Thousands of years better nor than at the beginning. passed away with change to all but me. Fixed and immovable I remained upon mylofty perch, the world sometimes hidden from me by clouds, in thunder and storm and heat and cold; insensible to outward conditions, in passionless re-When my stock of history, which I suppose was bounded by the extent of my reading, gave out. I had narrations of experiences of the most extravagant order. A fight between millions of cranes and yellow-headed monkeys occupied some eight hundred years. The monkeys were worsted, but as the survivors were transformed into an exaggerated base-ball team they got fighting among themselves and disappeared into nothinguess. Toward the end of about a quarter of a million of years, as near as I could judge, all faded away. It appeared as if the end of time had come and I was the sole remaining relic of a dissipated Kosmos. All was motionless-quiet-and pale haze until suddenly my pillar seemed to disappear from under me, and I fell with swift, steady motion into space illimitable. I continued falling for days, weeks, years, with a sensation as if all breath were gone, and needles were pricking their way into my heart. I was not alone this time; there seemed to be a shadow with me that was the spectre of my own intelligence or will, and was about as cheerful a companion as a skeleton at an Egyptian feast. We struck earth together after a very long voyage aerially. It offered no resistance to our passage. We pierced the crust as if it had been of

paper, and penetrated to the innermost secret recesses of the globe. After many days of a downward descent

through material that was con plaisantly yielding, we found ourselves in a vast gloom. Jagged rocks loomed upon every side, and at our feet rolled silently a dark sluggish river. Figure to yourself a realization of some of Dore's more gloomy illustrations to the Inferno of Dante, and you will have some conception of the scene to which febrile fancy had conducted me. My demon conceived at once that we were in the infernal abodes. I saw it written on his brain which was exposed, or his body was transparent, I forget which. We had reached there but a little while when we become aware of company on the other side of the river, and had no difficulty whatever in recognizing Ulysses and his train. We knew all about him of course, and what was his business. He had just come away from the luxurious year of ease he had been putting in with Circe, and was about to invoke the shades of Tiresias

How vividly the whole scene, as described in Book XI of the Ulysses, rose and was enacted The sturdy toil-worn warrior at the head of his followers advanced into the gloomy shade, leading with them the black sacrificial Arrived at the bank Odysseus stopped and hewed with his falchion a trench in the ground into which was poured wine, milk, water and the sacred flour of wheat. Then followed the invocation to all the Tartarean powers, the sacrifice of the sheep, and the appearance all along the dusky coasts of the shoals of spectres shricking for the blood. Ulysses, standing guard over the trench, waves the ghosts away, when uprises the form of his friend Elpenor, whose feet unfaithful with wine betrayed him and humbled him unto death; he told his story, eraved to have his remains honored, and press-ed toward the blood. To the wonderful gaze of the King next arises the shade of his mother wan and changed, and her too must be wave away from the sanguinary draught. Then uplifts the majestic form of the Theban seer, Tiersias. We saw him eagerly quaff the horrid draught and prepare to foretell Ulysses his fate. How long this lasted I cannot remember: be it sufficient to say that the visit of the Ithacan king to the infernal abodes was placed before me as if I had been an invited spectator. There was a little incongruity about the business toward the end, for somehow the crowd of "supes" who accompanied Ulysses at first disappeared, and their place was supplied by Virgil. I got Homer and Dante mixed up in some way or other, and it seemed to me that the atmosphere was growing most unaccountably hot. In a moment I felt myself encircled with fire, and was about believing that my place in that region was no longer to be a spectacular one. when I heard a yell.

It was my own. Advantage had been taken of my slumbers to apply an immense linseed poultice in the region of the waist. Intense solicitude for my well-being dictated a scalding hot one. With it this week-long dreaming ended, and with it came the reassuring certainty that my sufferings from heat were not fated to be eternal, or at least commence so soon.

I have narrated but a portion of my experi-

ences. I can now easily account for the extraordinary nature of the mental activity in its exaggerated form from the fact that I was accustomed to read a great deal and be read to, and being in a receptive condition, the fancy transformed when asleep into a spectator of or actor in the remembered history or whatever it might be, through complete subjection of the will. As one curious effect of the fever, facts which long ago had disappeared from memory have been recalled, especially names and dates, and studies over which, taking no particular interest in, I had to spend a good deal of time long ago to forget them. Whether this is a general experience I am not aware.

W. Leslie Thom.

Montreal, April 17, 1877.

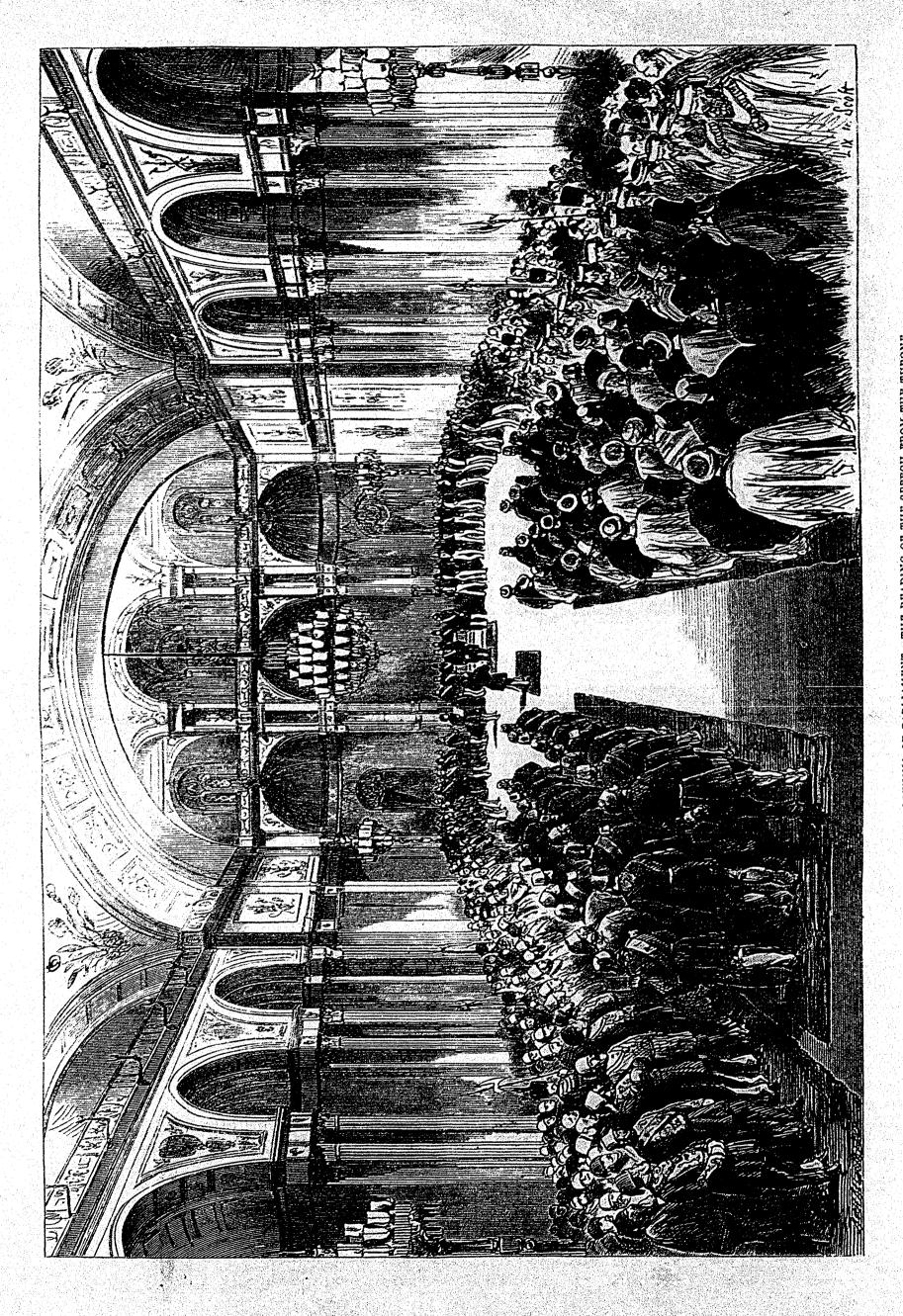
MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

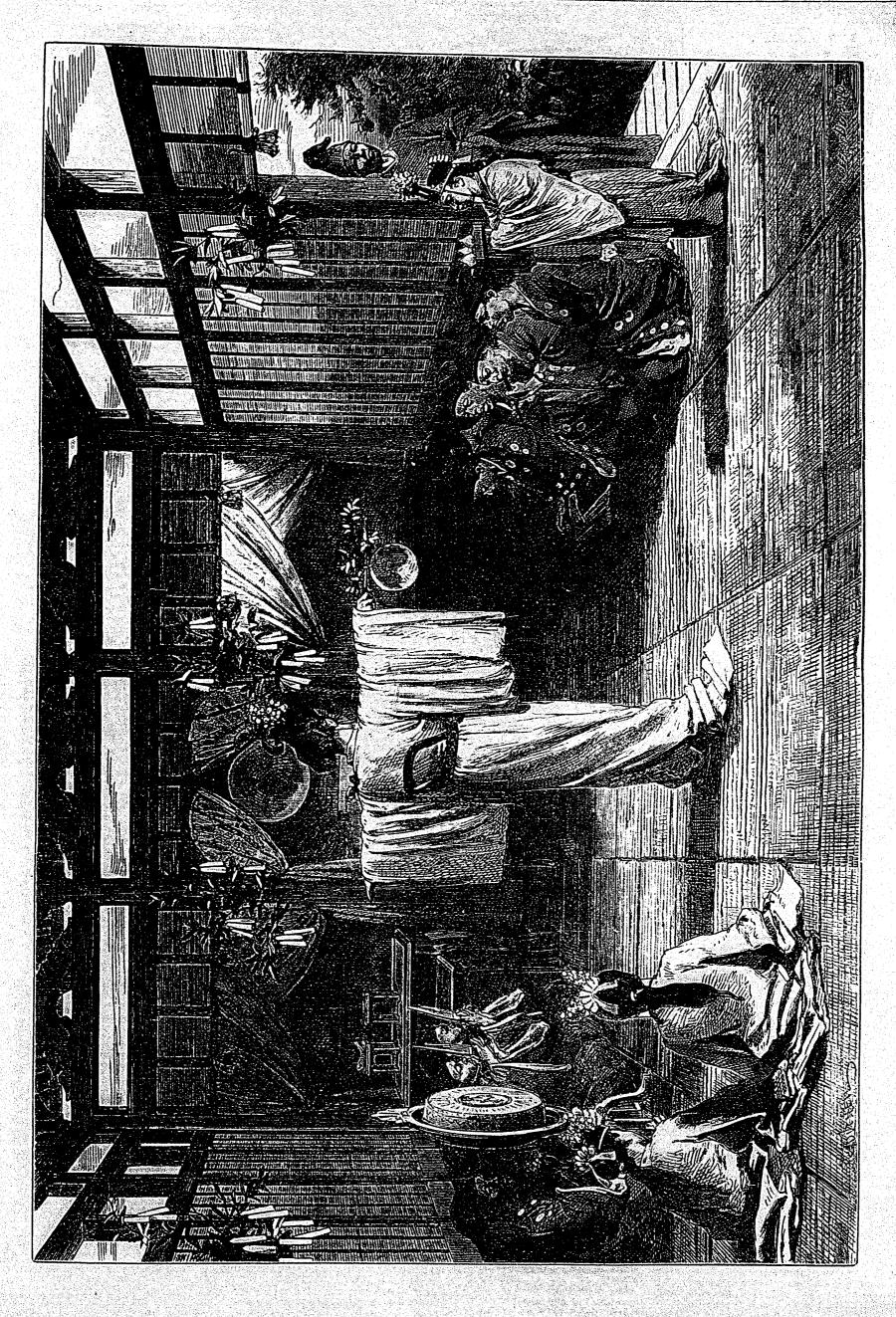
GEORGE L. Fox is recovering his health. He

was leaning out of his box at the Théatre Lyrique, in Paris, at the first representation of the Timbre d'Argent, and was following the music so intently, with his eyes fixed on the score, which he held in his hand, that the audience began watching him. Suddenly a voice in the gallery said, "That fellow in the box wants to make us think that he can read music." It is related of Gounod that not long ago he gattery said. I not ferrow in think that he can read music.

MANAGER FRANK UFFNER offers Kate Claxton \$100 a night and her expenses to star through the country as "The Daughter of the Flames," But considering her three escapes from the fire fiend, people will begin to her three escapes from the fire nead, people with degrals be superstitious, and, possibly, may not care to run the risk of going to see her act. It is said that her grandfather was one of the victims of the Richmond Theatre fire in 1811. Her grandfather Cone was an actor, but after the Richmond fire became a preacher. Perhaps Miss Claxton's wrestle with the flames will be her conversion.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week, ill be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cent, each, Devins & Bouron, Druggists, Montreals are agents for Canada.





EPHEMERIDES.

A chess story is rather a novel literary attempt, but it has been successfully written by Mr. J. G. Ascher, who conducts the chess department of the New Dominion Monthly, in a manner that is creditable to him both as a player and an author. To enjoy this story to the full it should be read with the chess-board in front of one, so that all the moves indicated by the author may be carried out. If this is done, a new sensation in novel-reading-where all sensations seem to have already been exhausted—will be experienced. We trust Mr. Ascher will try his hand again.

As one thing brings another, I may, in connection with the Royal game, place before my readers the following verses from the pen of Owen Meredith:

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were crown so sadly wise.
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyest
Ah, still, I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.
Brave Patens in valiant bettle stand,
The double Custles guard the wings:
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves sliding through the fight.
Our fingers touch: our glances meet
And faiter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field your Queen
Rides slow her soldiery between
And checks me unaware.
Ah, me! the little battle's done.
Dispersi sall its chiralry;
Full many a move, since then, have we
Mid life's perplexing checkers made.
And many a game with fortune played—
What is it we have won!
This, this at least—if this alone:
That never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise).
Can gon and I shat out the skirs. ers at those on sail mights of yore
(Fire we were grown so sailly wise),
Can you and I shat out the skies.
Shot out the world and wintry weather,
And yes exchanging warmth with eyes.
I'llay chess, as then we played together?

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for May gives the second paper on the "Austrian Arctic Expedition," the interest of which greatly exceeds that of the first paper. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining and thrilling records of Arctic adventure that have appeared for a long time. The article is fully illustrated. Constance Fenimore Woolson has a story of early Virginia colonial life, that is strikingly original in its incidents and method Another short story, by Matilda Joslyn Gage, entitled "The Walking-Fern." is of American village-life; it has some good characterization and unhackneyed incidents. Julian Hawthorne, under the title of "The Great White Wall," describes, in his own characteristic and effective style, features of the English south coast. There is a paper by Mr. Eggleston on the peculiar religious sects in Russia, derived from Wallace's and Hepworth Dixon's recent books on that country. Mr. George M. Towle gleans some of the best points in Harriet Martineau's autobiography; Lucy Hooper explains the intricate laws of Parisian etiquette; and Mrs. Church discusses seasonably the making of country and city gardens. There are poems by Stoddard, John Moran, and Nora Perry, the one by the tration from the pencil of Alfred Fredericks. The serial "Cherry Ripe!" deepens in dramatic interest. The editorial departments are as full

LIPPINCOIT'S MAGAZINE for May is an unusually varied number. Of the illustrated articles, "Down the Khine," the first of a series by Lady Blanche Murphy is noticeable both for the exquisite engravings and its agreeable sketches of famous old towns, romantic scenery, and the quaint costumes and primitive habits of the Alsatian peasantry. "Parisian Club-Life" is described at length by C. H. Harling, while Chauncey Hickox discusses briefly some of Schliemann's discoveries, and gives the welcome intelligence that the great explorer is about to revisit America. Walter Mitchell writes musingly and critically of "Burials and Burial-Places," and J. Brander Matthews gives a quantity of theatrical gossip and anecdotes relative to the subject of "Danned Plays." Of stories, in addition to a long instalment of "The Marquis of Lossie," which has now reached a crisis, we have "The Abbess of Ischia," by Robert A. McLeod, which has a tragical interest; a humorous love story, called "A Superfluity of Nanghtiness," by Edward Bellamy; and "A Queen of Burlesque," which is both odd and pathetic, and is evidently drawn from real life. There are poems by Emma Lazarus, Mary B. Dodge, and other writers, and the Monthly Gossip contains a number of short papers on "Bulgarian Rose-Harvests," "Selling a House," and other mis-cellaneous topics. The contents are of a thoroughly popular and attractive character.

system of Europe as the best method of preventing the evils and drawbacks of isolated farm life. This number of the Atlantic, like its predecessors, is also strong in poetry. Mr. Whittier contributes a sweet and characteristic soem entitled "Hymn of the Dunkers," Kloster Kedar, Pennsylvania, 1738; Mr. Long-fellow gives some smooth and flowing verses on "Castles in Spain,"—a reminiscence of foreign travel; E. C. Stedman has a pretty poem on "Seeking the May flower," and W. W. Story, the sculptor, one on Girolamo detto il Fioretino. "Spring Miracles," is the title of a little poem by Elizabeth Akers Allen. The Contributors' Club continues to be one of the most attractive parts of the magazine. Under Recent Literature, Mr. Howell's reviews at length the autobiography of Harriet Martineau, and there are several other book and art criticisms.

One of the most remarkable features of recen magazine literature is Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier's poem of "Red Riding-Hood," which opens the May number of Sr. Nicholas. It has a pervading charm of rare tenderness and feeling, as if the good old poet had felt his heart soften under the consciousness that he was writing for the little ones. There is no image but will eatch the quick fancy of the little folk; no word but appeals directly and tenderly to the childheart. He paints a wintry scene in a way to delight all boys and girls:

ght all boys and girls:

"On the wide lawn the snow lay deep. Ridged o'er with many a drifted beap: The wind that through the pine-trees sung. The maked elm boughs tossed and swung; While, through the window, frosty-starred, Against the sunset purple barred, We saw the sembre crow flap by. The hawk's gray fleck along the sky. The crested bine-jay flitting swift. The squirrel poising on the drift, Erect, alert, his thick gray tail.

Set to the north wind like a sail."

And, farther on, we find the pretty picture of

"Half lost with n her boots, her itead Warm-sheltered in her hood of red, Her plain skirt close about her drawn, she floundered down the wintry lawn; Now struggling through the misty weil Blown round her by the shricking gale; Now sinking in a drift so low Its dash of color on the snow."

St. Nicuotas has, indeed, secured a treasure in this poem, and all boys and girls should improve the chance of reading it entire.

SCRIBNER for May has several seasonable papers on home life, in-cloors and out. The most prominent of these is perhaps Colonel Waring's discussion of the organization and work of "Village Improvement Associations." Colonel Waring gives a sketch of the Stockbridge, Massachusetts, Association, and goes into the details of sidewalk and road making, and the village water supply. "One way to spend the Summer in the Country," in the same department, relates the experience of a lady in maintaining a country home in a simple way near one of the large cities. In closing his series on House-Furnishing, Mr. Clarence Cook makes a plea for individuality of living. Other illustrated papers deal with "Smith College," Northampton, Mass., the only institution for women, it Trout Fishing along a tributary of the St. Lawrence, by A. R. Macdonough; and "Greece and the Greek Museums," from Mr. Mahaffy's recent volume, by John Arbuckle. There is also a paper of "Reminiscences to Washington," from unpublished family records, in which are given a number of anecdotes and a humorous letter from Gen. Washington, with fac-similes of the entries and the curious illustrations in the family Bible and of a deed by Washington reput-ed to the shortest on record. In "Nicholas Minturn," Dr. Holland gives a diagnosis of the dead-beat contagion (for which he will suggest a remedy further on). The other serial, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. Burnett, is brought to a close. It has already been published in book form by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. John Burroughs tells an "o'er-true tale" of "A Lon-don Adventure" with confidence men. Besides the humorous verse in the "Brie-à-Brac" department, there are poems by Sidney Lanier, Emma Lazarus, and R. H. Sto thard. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland discusses the relations of the author to the movement for international copyright, the necessity of Village Reform, and the problems before the New Administration.
"The Old Cabinet" writers of "Nicholas Artemvitch," "The Philistine inside of Art," "Lowell's Protest," and "The Human Soul."

HEARTH AND HOME

LOVELINESS .- What constitutes true loveliness? Not the polished brow, the gardy dress nor the show and parade of fashionable life. A

life. There let antipathy play its part and "hate evil." But where evil is not meant, where the poor school-children of men are writing out their "copies" as well as they can, here making a blot, there misshaping a letter, there disguising it altogether so that Cadmus himself, the father of letters, if we are to believe the teaching of history, would not know it, let a kindly eye rest on any lines that are approximately straight, and so encourage the reform of the tipsy and staggering shape that as yet only distantly resemble letters.

INDIFFERENCE AT HOME, -Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence and throughout the livelong day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasur, to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seeming-ly sees no more of what has been done to please him than he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature has burned out, and mutual indifference spreads its pall over the

WOMAN. - Woman, who whilom was weak, wrought upon by the wheedling words of the wily one, since when the world weeps o'es its own wickedness. Wanting woman, the world were a waste, and we, wending our way through its wilderness, would waft our wailing to the winds and waves. Woman, without thy winsome ways, wealth were worthless, a will o' the wisp. The witchery of thy wooing words works wonders, like the waving of the wizard's wand; witness thy weariless watching over the wounded and the wretched, withstanding our waywardness through weal or woe. Wanton unddiers on the wane, writhing under wrinkles, may wage thee warfare, but the wise welcome and worship thee.

Business Training, -It takes a sound body to make a sound mind. Work is not vulgar. So long as the brain needs the juices of the body, so long will hard work be the fundamental element in the development of the mind. Business is eminently fit for a man of genius, and to earn a livelihood is the best way to sharpen one's wits. Besides, business affairs offer better opportunities at present than the so-called professions. Therefore our youth should be throughly and practically trained for business, in order that they may succeed and become a credit to whatever calling they may adopt. At the same time they should be educated not to despise labour; for, after all it is only by hard work that we achieve any success worthy of the

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES SACRED .- A wife of forty, whose life cannot have been all sunshine, writes the following advice to other married pairs: "Preserve sacred the privacies of your house, your married state, and your heart. Let not father or mother, sister or brother, or any third person, even presume to come in between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you alone, to you two. With God's help build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confident of aught that concerns your domestic peace Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew or review the vow at all temptations; it will do you both good, and thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.

READ AND HEED THIS .- Many people seem to forget that character grows, and that it is not something to put on ready-made with man-hood or womanhood, but that, day by day, here a little and there a little, it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of husiness -prompt, re-liable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and ener-getic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late to breakfast and late at school stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, an then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kndly man-a gentle-

The Atlantic for May opens with a descriptive article on the primitive musical instruments used in various barbarous and semi-civilized nations, being the first in the series on "Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centernial Exhibition." Eleven illustrations add to the interest of the text. Mr. James brings his story of "The American" to a conclusion. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., contributes a very interesting historical paper on "The Mappole of Merrymount," in which he describes Wollaston's settlement on the shores of Boston bay in 1825. Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., discusses the "Life and Work of the Eastern Farmer," and argues in favor of the village.

ngain, than see it nourishing suspicion as a habit of the mind; but would have you make it a rule never to pledge yourself to any intimacy until you have taken time to consider your first impressions, and to distinguish between the charm that really belongs to a new acquaintance, and that which was thrown over your first interview by accidental circumstances and associations.

THE BARY .-- One of the sweetest of Emerson's writings is the following :- "Who knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, and sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe! Welcome to the parents is the puny little struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small deposit asks so little that all nature and reason is on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than all vir. tue. All day between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and crows, and puts on faces of importance, and when he fasts the little Pharisce fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of blocks, thread spools, cards and checkers, he will build his pyramd with the gravity of a Palladio. With in accoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, lik. his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transporta-tion. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the neck and shoulders of all thesh. The small guchanter nothing can withstand: no seniority of age, no gravity of character uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, all fall an easy prey. He conforms to nobody; all conform to him, all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the stongest shoulder he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

WHY ADVERTISE?

People sometimes ask why does Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., spend so much money in advertising his family medicines, which are so well known and surpass all other remedies in so well known and surpass all other remedies in popularity and sale. It is well known that A. T. Stewart considered it good policy, and undendedly it paid him, to spend many hundred thousand dollars in advertising his goods, yet nolody questioned the excellence of his mochandise. The grand secret of success is offering only moch which present manifest median. ing only goods which possess merit to sustain themselves, and then through liberal and persistent advertising making the people thoroughly acquainted with their good qualities. Men do not succeed in amassing great fortunes, estal. lishing thriving and permanent business, and founding substantial institutions like Dr. Pierce's Grand Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, which costs over two hundred thousand dollars, unless their business be legitimate, their goods meritorious, and the services which they render the people genuine and valuable. Dr. Pierce does not attempt to humbug you telling you that his Golden Medical Discovery will cure all diseases. He says, "if your lungs are half wasted by consumption, my Discovery will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all cur ble bronchial, throat, and lung affections. I believe it to be unsurpassed as a remedy." The people have confidence in his medicines because he does not over-recommend them, and when tried they give satisfaction. His Medical Adviser, a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings and bound in cloth and gilt, is offered to the people at so moderate a price (\$1.50, post-paid), that it is me wonder that almost one hundred thousand have already been sold. His memorandum books are on every druggist's counter for free distribution.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of Canadian letter-TRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TOCORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F., Montreal .- Letter and problem received H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Letter and problem received many thanks. The letter shall appear next week. Correct solution of ProblemNo. 117 received.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Accept our thanks for letter containing problem which shall appear shortly. Correct Solution of Problem No. 117 received.

M. J. M. Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 117 received.

E. B. S., Stayner, Out.—Correct Solution of Problem No. 116 received.

No. 116 received. Student, Montreal,-Correct solution of Problem No.

118 received.
W. J. R. B., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 116 received.
Through the kindness of a gentleman fiving in Montreal.

the game. The subscription, 10s 6d per session, was mother stambling block to many willing learners. However, early in 1874 as few peracerding individuals formed a club at the Church Institute, which has succeeded beyond expectation. A similar club was soon after formed at the Young People's Christian and Literary Institute, and this was followed by a third club at the Catholic Institute. (The combined institutes possess about 4000 members.) Since then there has been no lack of friendly matches, tournaments, &c., both winter and summer, and a player may ensure practice any night, Sundays excepted, throughout the year. Many youths have been taught. Chess through the medium of the Institute clubs. There are now over 100 regular players in the town, and the atmost good feeling and healthy rivalry exist between them. In addition to iccal clubs, there are three other clubs easily accessible to Hull players—viz., the dourishing Grimsby and District Club, numbering 50 members, and the Barton and Winernsea Clubs."—The World.

We see it announced in the Quebee Chronich that the Sixth Annual Congress and Tourney of the Dominian Chess Association will be held in that city early in September. We should like to make a few remarks on this, but want of space compels us to leave them for next week.

We are glad to see that the spirited Chess song. "The

Week.

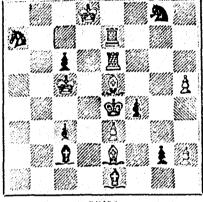
We are glad to see that the spirited Chess song, "The Royal Game," composed by Mr. J. Henderson, of the Montreal Chess Club, has found its way into the newspapers on the other side of the Atlantic.

At the request of several of our Correspondents we insert in our Column to-day one of the excellent problems of Herr Kohtz. We cannot, however, withhold the solution beyond the maid time. In the course of a fortight we feel sure its difficulties will be overcome by a good number of our chess friends.

PROBLEM No. 119.

By HERR KORTZ.

BLACK



w 1117 1

White to play and mute in three moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND. GAME 1720.

Played by ween Messrs. Blackburne and Bird in the first round of the Glasgow Handicap of 1875,

il'etroff Defence. BLACK. - (Mr. Bird.)
P to K. 4
K KU to B 3
Q KU to B 3 (b)
B to B 4
B tikes P (ch)
Eventual E WHIEK .- (Mr. Blackburne) 11 P. to K 4 2. K K to B 3 3. Q K to B 3 ray 4. B to K to 5. K takes P B takes P (ch) Kitakes Kt Q Ki to Kt 5 (ch) P to B 3 (d) P to Q 3 Ki to B 3 B to K 3 Ki from B 3 to Ki sq P to K B 4 B to Q 2 Q to K 2 P to K Kt 4 (r) Ki to K t 5 (ch) Q takes B K takes P K takes H 6. K taker II 7. P to Q 4 8. K to Kr sq (c) 9. B to K 2 10. P to K R 3 11. K to R 2 12. R to II sq 13. Q to K sq 14. P to 43 5 13. B to K B 4 经。Q证Q证

NOTES BY W. N. POTTER.

(c) An unfrequent but perfectly safe continuation against the Petroff Defence.
(b) Better, we think, is 3 B to Kt 5, when the game might have gone on as follows:—
3. B to Kt 5.

4. Kt takes P 5. Q P takes B 6. Kt to K B 3 7. B to Q 3 8. Castles

4. Kt takes P
4. B takes Kt
5. Q P takes B
5. Q P takes B
5. P to Q 3
6. Kt to K B 3
6. Kt takes P
7. B to Q 3
7. Kt to K B 3
7. Castles
8. Castles, and the position is even enough.
9. White has a position of inquestionable superiority.
9. He has nothing better.
9. Mere desperation, of course. We suppose P to Q though bad, is not worse. Anyway, the game is tically over.

1. Mr. Hist. 111.

B4: though bidd, is not worse. Anyway, the game is practically over, (i) Mr. Bird, like many other first class players, more especially those of the English school, has never gone in for acquiring much scientific knowledge. The present game is an instance of natural skill very soon coming to griet for want of theoretical nequirements. Such instances sometimes (but not very often) occur, and, in a general way, we are inclined to think that overloading the memory with variations does not lead to an enhancement of Chess power.

GAME 17stno.

A brilliant skirmish played in the Dunder Club room on the 10th of March last.

From the Glasgow News of the Week

(Fraser's Attack in the Scotch Cambit.) WHIIR .- (Mr. C. R. Baxter) BI ACK. — (Mr. —...)
P to K 4
Q Kt to B 3

1. P to K 4 2. K Kt to B 3 3. P to Q 4 4. Kt takes P 5. Kt lo K B 3 (a) 6. B to K 9

5. K! to K B 3! (a)
6. B to K 2
7. K! to Q R 3
8. Castles
9. K! to K K! 5 (b)
10. B to Q 3! (c)
11. P takes K!
12. P takes K!
13. K! to K 4
14. B to K! 2
15. Q to K! 4 (d)
16. P to K B 4
17. P! to K B 4
17. P! to K B 5
19. B takes P (ch)
20. B to K! 2
21. K! to K! 5 (ch) (c)
22. Q to K! 5
23. Q takes K! F
34. K! inkes R
25. R to K B 3
26. P takes K!

K takes B B takes K! P to K R 3 P to Q Kt 3 Chatles Kt to Kt 3 P to Q 3 K to R 8q P takes P K to R 2 P to K B 4 K to K 184 K to K 184 K to K 184 K to K 182 Q takes K! Kt takes R (ch) Black resigns

P takes P. Q to R 5

Q to R 5 Q takes K P (ch) Kt to Kt 5 B to Q B 4 Kt to K 2 Q to Q 4 Kt takes B

NOTES.

(a) Mr. Fraser has published in the Chess Players, Chronicle (January and February 1877) an analysis of this, his attack. As Mr. Fraser is considered one of the ablest analysts of the present day, his "investigations" should be of great interest to Chess players.

(b) Weak. Pto Q B 3, followed by P to Q Kt 4, would give White the better game.

(c) B to Q 2 is much stronger. The Exchanges leave Black with the superior game,

(d) From this point Mr. Baxter conducts the attack with great vigor and precision.

(e) Bravo! All this is admirable.

Our readers, when they play over this game from move 15, will excludin, "This is, indeed, Chess!" Black, when he resigns, leaves a problem for the juveniles.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 117.

WHITE.

R to Q B 2 B to K 6

1. K to K 5 2. Any move

BLACK.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 115.

This problem is incorrect in our last Column. The Black Kt must be removed, and a white P placed on White's KB2BLACK.

WHITE, BI.
P to K B 3 (ch by dis) 1. K to K 4 2. Q mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 116.

BLACK. Kat K R 8 Pawns at K R 7 and White to move and mate in two moves.

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Secretary-Trensurer. 15-17-9-207 Mentreal, 25th April, 1877.

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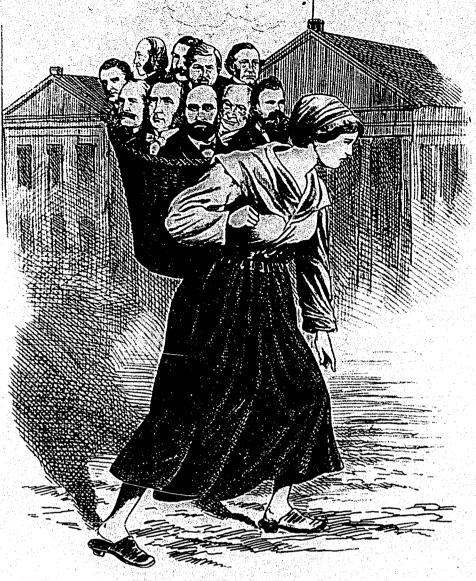


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