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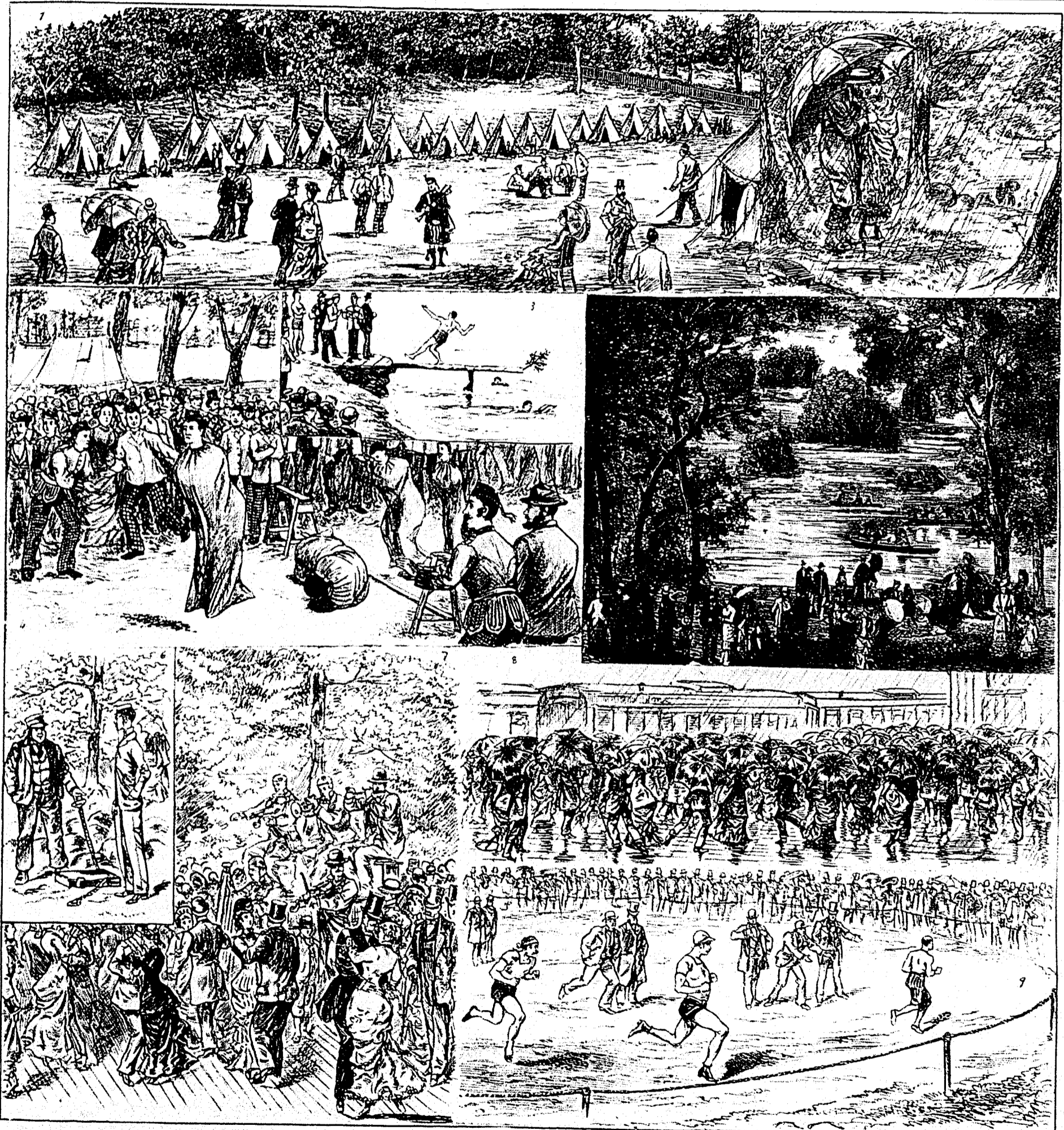
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Whistler's News

Vol. XXII.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

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1. CAMP OF THE ROYAL SCOTS ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND. 2. AT ISLE GROSBOIS. 3. THE GREASY POLE.—ANNUAL GAMES OF THE ROYAL SCOTS. 4. SACK RACE.—ANNUAL GAMES OF THE ROYAL SCOTS. 5. THE ENGLISH WORKINGMEN'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY'S ANNUAL PICNIC AT VAUDREUIL. 6. "TRY YOUR MUSCLE, SIR!" 7. THE LIGHT FANTASTIC ON THE GREEN. 8. RUSH FOR THE TRAIN. 9. THE RACES AT THE YOUNG IRISHMEN'S LITERARY AND BENEFIT SOCIETY'S PICNIC.

DOMINION DAY SKETCHES.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

NOTICE.

ONE of our collectors, who is also authorized to take new subscriptions, will visit the district of St. Hyacinthe next week, and we request our subscribers to be prepared to settle with him.

TEMPERATURE,

as observed by HERN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

July 3rd, 1880.				Corresponding week, 1879.			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
89°	82°	86°	80°	86°	83°	75°	75°
68°	68°	74°	64°	66°	65°	70°	66°
78° 5'	75°	80°	73°	72°	65°	66°	66°
71°	71°	75° 5'	75°	75°	65°	65°	71° 5'
78°	64°	71°	71°	83°	61°	72°	72°
79°	60°	69° 5'	69° 5'	86°	68°	77°	77°

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LETTER PRESS.—Editorial Paragraphs—Dominion Day—White Wings: A Yachting Romance—Eleanour, a Tale of Non-Performers—Acadia—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—The Gleaner—Hearth and Home—Varieties—Brelques pour Dames—Musical and Dramatic—Scraps—The *Flamingo* and the Icebergs—The Monument of the Prince Imperial in Zululand—The Accident at the Lachine Canal—Newstead Abbey—Weighing Scales and Health—History of the Week—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 10, 1880.

MR. GLADSTONE carried the day in the BRADLAUGH crisis, but gave his Government a wrench all the same. It always weakens a man to threaten his followers with resignation. The confidence lost by the late vote will not easily be regained, and the genius of the great Premier will have to besir itself with some popular measure to restore the old enthusiasm.

THERE is not much chance that SITTING BULL will give further trouble either to the United States or Canada, but the wily old chief manages to keep himself before the public. General SHERMAN is traveling through the Yellowstone country for the express purpose of meeting SITTING BULL and coming to some definite terms with him. The Sioux warrior is growing old and does not particularly care to leave his present quarters on the hospitable Canadian border.

WITHOUT exception from almost all points, comes the cheerful intelligence of an abundant harvest—hay, grain, roots and fruit. Here and there fears are expressed of a partial failure, owing to local causes, but in general the prospect is exceedingly encouraging. The season is already well advanced and there is less room to fear injury to the crops from a change of weather. If these forecasts prove correct a tremendous stride toward a revival of prosperity will be taken by the country, and the hopeful feeling now pervading all the commercial classes will be greatly strengthened.

SEMI-OFFICIAL intelligence from Ottawa, received at the last moment, is of the gravest importance. It is said that the reason of Sir CHARLES TUPPER's delay in going to Manitoba, and the probability of his visiting England first is that for some time past Government has been in treaty with representatives of a Syndicate of English capitalists who are now in Ottawa, with a view to forming a company with \$20,000,000 capital, to build the whole

Pacific Railway, the Government giving a land subsidy and taking no further responsibility. Negotiations are said to be very nearly completed, and Sir CHARLES is only awaiting advices from the other side before going to England to ratify the agreement with the principals.

THE Presidential campaign over the border is already raging nicely. Mr. GARFIELD is being covered with the most approved quality of abuse, and General HANCOCK is attacked even in that great military reputation which appeared invulnerable. The stately and decorous New York *Times* calls him a "block-head," and further hints that he is able to make an "ass" of himself. No wonder Governor SEYMOUR exclaimed the other day that he was "too respectable a man to be President." This atrocious style of warfare is the more unaccountable and psychologically discouraging that both the candidates were congratulated, on all sides, for their spotless character, and the general expression was that, in any case, the United States were sure of having a gentleman for President.

THE expulsion of the Jesuits from their colleges and other residences in France is being carried out with less tumult than might have been expected. Only in one or two instances do we read that the military had to be called out to maintain order. Without expressing an opinion on the question itself, as we have had occasion to do previously, there is reason for congratulation that no demonstration was attempted on either side, because, especially in the manufacturing towns, there is a strong proportion of the working classes who are very inimical to the clergy. We cannot help feeling, however, that the end is not yet—and that out of the famous Decrees a conflict will ultimately arise, shaking the Republic to its centre. Our French friends have made great strides, but they have not yet learned the length, breadth and depth of the word—Liberty.

DOMINION DAY.

We publish to-day a series of sketches connected with the celebration of Dominion Day. They are all of a recreative character, and perhaps, on that account, the more noteworthy, as expressive of the general feeling of pleasure with which the return of the auspicious day is greeted. We believe it is unprecedented that within so short a space as thirteen years, a day should have come to be so generally regarded as a National Holiday in the full sense of the term. That fact speaks volumes for the wisdom of the men who carried out the magnificent scheme of Confederation, and it shows how truly Canadians have identified themselves with the new nationality which that political event was intended to inaugurate. There were croakers in those days who prophesied that Confederation would be the death-blow of the Provinces, but they have since disappeared, and it is remarkable that many of the most prominent and noisy among them have been glad to retire into offices created by that very Confederation Act.

The general celebration of Dominion Day is the more remarkable that it is surrounded by a cluster of holidays. Just one month before there is the Queen's Birthday which, after a periodical return of 45 years, has come to be a fixture in all minds, and monopolizes all the military demonstrations. Several weeks later there is the St. Jean Baptiste celebration, peculiar to the Province of Quebec, and absorbing all the patriotism of our French Canadian friends. It follows that the celebration of Dominion Day has a character of its own, consisting of excursions into the country by water and rail. This is, perhaps, the very best manner of enjoying the day, but later, as things get more concentrated, a more official aspect will be imparted to the occasion. From one

thing, however, we have been free so far, and it is devoutly to be prayed for that we may be free from it forever—we mean the Dominion Day Orator. Whoever is acquainted with its counterpart, in the United States, on the Fourth of July, will appreciate the fervour of our deprecation, and the great immunity which we have hitherto enjoyed.

Without, however, drifting into the grandiloquence of the Fourth of July orator, we may congratulate our country on the position which she holds, and on the splendid future which lies open before her. We trust the day is past when Canadians will be ashamed of their native land. Our institutions—social, political, educational, and religious—are second to those of no people on this earth, and we have nothing to envy our American neighbours except—size. All that we want is to—grow. In other respects, we have only to live up to our opportunities to be among the happiest nations of the earth. And even in the matter of population, we shall cut a very respectable figure by the end of the century.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL MONUMENT IN ZULULAND.

This memorial cross was sent out by Her Majesty the Queen, as a token of her sympathy with the bereaved mother of the late Prince Louis Napoleon. It marks the exact spot upon which he fell when surprised and attacked by a party of Zulus who had been lying in ambush. The cross, which is of plain marble, bearing a simple inscription, is surrounded by a dwarf wall of rough stones, which also encloses the graves of the two troopers who were killed at the same time as the Prince. Shrubs and violets (the Napoleonic) are planted about the place, which thus becomes a kind of miniature cemetery. After the erection of the cross the Zulu Chief Geboodo and the chief men of his tribe, to which the party who attacked the Prince belonged, assembled at the place, and standing with their right hands uplifted, solemnly declared that the memorial and the graves should never be desecrated, a pledge which is likely to be faithfully observed, as the Zulus entertain a deeply-felt superstition regarding the spirits of the dead. The ex-Empress Eugénie arrived at Etyotyzi on the 1st of June, the anniversary of the death of her son, and was much affected during her stay. She started for her return journey on the 3rd, and on the next day the party rode over the exact path traversed by the late Prince during his reconnaissance on the Ngatu. On the following day they visited Rorke's Drift. The ex-Empress was expected to embark at Durban on the 26th ult.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT ON THE LACHINE CANAL.

The steamer "Bohemian," of the Richelieu and Ontario line left her moorings in the Canal Basin soon after 12 o'clock on Tuesday 29th ult., for the purpose of making her usual bi-weekly trip to Cornwall. The mate was in charge of the vessel at the time, and the Captain was walking along the side of the Canal. The second lock is at the head of the pool in which the Upper Canada boats lay, and it was in taking this lock that the damage was done. The lower gates were opened, and the boat made the entrance even better than is usual in the narrow limits afforded; but, having passed in, the engines were kept going full speed until the upper gates were struck and lifted clean out of their place. The great rush of water at once drove the "Bohemian" down again into the basin, and as she passed through the lower gates, which had not then been closed behind her in the ascent, the water getting behind swung the gate on the south side smartly round and smashed in the fore part of the vessel's hold and lower deck, rendering her a complete wreck. For a time the lives of all those on board seemed to be in imminent peril, for it appeared to be almost impossible to prevent the great torrent of water carrying the vessel and her living freight over the gates of the lock at the bottom of the basin. But at this juncture the mate had "full steam" put on, and the persons on other boats threw out ropes to haul by, and after a strong effort, the boat was brought to her berth which she had so recently left in a seaworthy condition, only to subside and sink to the bottom, which she did in about twenty minutes. The damage did not, though, end here, for the bottom locks were also badly damaged. At the time of the accident, two scows laden with wood were proceeding down, and the volume of water coming down so suddenly almost upset these and carried away the bottom gate. After the "Bohemian" had been fixed at her moorings, the passengers were taken off the unfortunate vessel, every one giving such assistance as was necessary; but the excitement had been so great, that by the time the boat was secured, the passengers were somewhat stupefied, and could scarcely understand what was needed from them when they were asked to come off.

In getting to her old position at the side of the wharf the boat came into collision with the stern of the St Francis, inflicting some damage to the latter boat.

In the middle of the pool on the top of the lock wall, lays a large barge named the "Kathleen," which was lifted up into its water, and left there by its subsidence. Above Black's Bridge, the water was drained out of the canal, and a fleet of twenty barges, laden with grain, lay there high and dry in company with a coal-laden barge.

COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG.

Her Majesty's ship *Flamingo* left St. John's, Newfoundland, at 5 a. m. on Saturday, June 12th, bound for her cruise on fishery protection service on the coast of Newfoundland, intending to anchor at Trepassy, eighty-eight miles from St. John's, that night. Outside a dense fog was experienced, requiring an extra lookout. Men were accordingly placed on the fore yard-arm and jibboom. The ship was making six to seven knots an hour, so as to make her anchorage before dark the same evening. Suddenly an iceberg, computed to be 200 feet high by 600 broad, was sighted right ahead. The engines were immediately ordered to be put full speed astern, and the water-tight compartments to be closed. The size of the berg was such as to prevent any turn of the helm to port or starboard being of any use to prevent a collision. The engines had just begun to move astern when the bowsprit struck the mass. Little or no effect was felt by those on board. She rebounded from the icy mass, and backed out. Upon the fore part being cleared away, she was found to be making no water, but had sustained serious injury. She returned to St. John's for repairs. Although the accident was similar to that which befell the *Arizona*, it was not so damaging.

THE CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

William H. English, the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency, was born in Lexington, Scott County, Ind., August 27th, 1822, and commenced his political career before he had attained his majority as a delegate from Scott County to the Democratic State Convention at Indianapolis, by which General T. A. Howard was nominated for Governor of Indiana. Mr. English's father, Major Elisha English, was a native of Kentucky, as was his mother, *nee* Mahala Eastin, a descendant of Lieutenant Philip Easton, who served in the Fourth Virginia Regiment during the war of the Revolution. His early education was only such as could be picked up in the common school in the vicinity, supplemented by a course of three years at the South Hanover College. At 18 years of age, having studied law at odd times, he was admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of his native State. He was subsequently admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana, and at the age of 23 he made his first appearance before the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. English began his official career, shortly after attaining his majority, as Postmaster of Lexington, his native village. In 1843, when only 21 years old, he was elected principal clerk of the Indiana House of Representatives. The young Democrat threw himself into the political canvass of 1844 with energy, and was rewarded with an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington. Here he remained for four years, resigning his office when Taylor was inaugurated President, because, having supported Cass in the National Convention, he could not, he said, consistently hold office under his successful rival. In the Democratic National Convention of 1848, Mr. English made the acquaintance of Samuel J. Tilden; in 1850 he was Clerk of the Claims Committee of the United States Senate, and Secretary of the Convention which met at Indianapolis to revise the Constitution of the State of Indiana. In 1851 he was a member of the State Legislature, and in 1852 he took his seat in Congress as a supporter of Franklin Pierce. Mr. English was a member of the House Committee on Territories, and as such participated in the debate on the Kansas-Nebraska bill. It is claimed that he, not Senator Douglas, was the first to enunciate the doctrine of popular sovereignty. He was elected to Congress a second term, against the Whig and Know-Nothing candidate, Judge Thomas C. Slaughter, and continued to support the political measures of Mr. Pierce during the Thirty-fourth Congress. His third term covered the period of the controversy respecting the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, which he opposed until that Constitution (which did not prohibit slavery) had been ratified by the people. In 1858 he was elected to Congress for the fourth time, retiring in 1860, just as the secession movement assumed menacing proportions. Understood to support the Union, he was offered the command of a regiment by Governor Morton, but preferred to start the First National Bank of Indianapolis, which went into business in 1863 under the national banking law. In 1877 he resigned his presidency of the bank on account of his health and retired from business.

AMONG the incidents of Dominion Day—many of which we illustrate to-day—none were more pleasant and successful than the annual excursion and picnic of the Young Irishman's Literary and Benefit Association. We purpose giving full particulars in our next issue.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Duke of Norfolk is continually being described as a Liberal which is a mistake. His Grace is a member of the Carlton Club, and recently he voted against the Government Burials Bill in the House of Lords.

It is said, that Royalty in a very marked way, expressed its disapprobation of the shoulder straps which many ladies have taken to wear in lieu of sleeves; they were truly nothing but beaded bands, about two inches in width, and a lady who wore a low bodice, with only this strap on her shoulders, had a denuded look which others besides the Royal censors united in condemning as a very near approach to indecency.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone has been in communication with the leaders of the Opposition and the Speaker in regard to some modification of the rule which allows any member, when he pleases, to move the adjournment of the House. To interrupt public business by proposing changes in the rules of the House is very doubtful.

MR. GLADSTONE is in the habit after the questions are over, of spending an hour in St. James' park, looking at the ducks. In the House itself he has begun to talk less, and now puts credible restraint upon his undoubted desire to jump up every half-hour and make a speech. Depriving himself of that recreation, he entertains himself by writing long letters, or instructions, or mayhap apologies, on returning from the ducks.

The question as to the salary of H.S.H. Prince Leiningen, asked by Mr. Finnigan in the House, reminds us of rather a good story. An Irish sentry on duty at Haslar gunboat ship, seeing a boat coming up the creek towards the landing place at night, hailed it, "who goes there?" The reply not being satisfactory to the Irishman, he again hailed it. This time the answer was "Prince Leiningen." "The which?" asked Pat. "Prince Leiningen," was again the reply. "Begorra," sang out Pat. "Finch Linigan or no Finch Linigan, yer don't land here," and land H.S.H. did not.

It is one of the unwritten rules of the House that the Leader shall never appear in evening dress. The rule extends largely to other members of the Treasury Bench, but as far as the Leader is concerned it is absolute. Whilst in Opposition Mr. Gladstone dined out a good deal and was accustomed to turn up late at night in regulation dinner dress, oftener than not with his white necktie all awry. He misses the white necktie so much that the other evening (on a Tuesday) he indulged in a dinner-party at home on purpose to wear the tie awry.

THERE is a flutter among the ecclesiastics in anticipation of Père Hyacinthe's visit to deliver a series of lectures. The Archbishop of Canterbury has exposed himself to much criticism from a section of the clergy for undertaking to preside at Mr. Loyson's first lecture, the subject being "Positive Christianity." M. Loyson's visit is to obtain more funds for carrying on his movement for effecting "a reform in the Church of France." About £700 has already been sent him for this purpose this year; a larger sum than this was contributed by a single American gentleman resident in Paris, and still more funds are wanted, though it would seem that work is so far limited to Père Hyacinthe's Church in Paris.

THE spectacle that was witnessed at the Mansion House last week, was unique. The City Livery Companies possess the most valuable plate in the world, and the whole of this was arrayed in the Egyptian Hall, and formed what was pronounced by connoisseurs the most marvellous collection ever got together. A private collector also supplemented the display by a unique Japanese collection. The exhibition was not limited to plate; pictures, charters, and other objects of art and antiquity being lent by the livery companies to gratify the gaze and curiosity of about a thousand privileged guests whom the Lord Mayor invited. Among them was a charter of the citizens signed by William I. in the eleventh century, but what attracted most attention were two large and rich paintings on silk, representing the death of Bhudda, which hang over the entrance to the State drawing-room. About two thousand guests responded to the Lord Mayor's and the Lady Mayoress' invitation.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Museum of Decorative Art has received a valuable donation from the English Government. It consists of twenty-one pieces of gold plate of remarkable execution, which have been placed in a glass case at the Palace of Industry, on the Champs-Élysées.

A CHECK is about to be placed on the creation of new clubs in Paris. Before 1870 there were in all thirty-nine in the capital; there are now nearly seventy. In about a dozen no gaming is permitted; in a dozen others the play is moderate; in a third dozen, play is high but generally fair; but the rest are simply hells.

M. CAPOUL, the celebrated tenor, has returned to Paris, and has recently published a letter in the *Figaro* respecting his American tour, wherein he makes the rather astonishing statement that "Pinafore" was produced in the United States ten years ago!!! He also complains of the "disloyal rivalry" of Barnum's and Forepaugh's menageries.

THE ruins of the Palace of the Tuileries are now abandoned to birds of prey like the towers of an ancient Carovingian castle. A hawk may be seen every evening at dusk to leave the ruins of the Pavillon de l'Horloge, snap up one of the tame sparrows that enliven the parterres and carry it to his nest, accompanied by the shrieks of the jackdaws, pigeons, and starlings which have built their nests in the Palais des Rois.

SOME *veinards* win fortunes with their hands, others with their brains, others again, it would appear, with their feet. Mlle. Fiocre, the celebrated ex-danseuse at the Paris Grand Opera, has just purchased 552 square metres of "ground" on the Boulevard de Courcelles for 276,120 francs. This sum is to be paid merely for the site of a new hotel which may be expected to cost at least twice as much as the *terrain*. The *Boulevard* says that this satisfactory result of pedal agility naturally calls forth the reflection, Who would not be a *danseuse*?

OF M. Montigny, the manager of the Paris Gymnase, recently dead, this story is told. A well-known playwright was objecting to certain changes the manager declared necessary in one of his pieces. "You must admit," said the author, "that I understand my business," "I think, also, that I understand mine." "Permit me to say that I know better than anybody else how my own work should be managed." "My dear sir, on that theory, a father to do the best for his child would never need a doctor."

A gaily-attired corps called the *Louveterie* was established by the Monarchy. They hunted down nearly twenty thousand wolves in ten years; but as the officers were well paid and had fine uniforms they were deeply interested in the propagation of the species. The extermination of the race would have deprived them of good pay and amusing sport. They relaxed their efforts, and have made but miserable bags during the last few years. The Government has at last taken the matter in hand. As a more practical method of ridding the country of these dangerous pests it proposes a reward of 100 francs for each wolf that is killed, 150 francs for a she-wolf about to litter, and 200 francs for the capture of a wolf which is known to have devoured or attacked any human being.

Two great events are turning the fashionable world topsy-turvy; first, blondes are no longer the belles of the day, brunettes, as pale as the moon, with large, dark blue eyes and jet black hair, swan-like neck, arms and hands like those the Venus of Milo must have had, long, slender waist and graceful undulating movements, such are the queens of beauty before whom every one stoops. Diana has dethroned Venus. Of course, blondes are everything but delighted, they are raising their admirers and straining their efforts to bring their rivals' triumph to a speedy end, but without the least success. "Chacun a son gout," laughingly plead the brunettes; and the fact is, that the reign of the blondes has lasted rather long, since it began with the accession to the throne of the Empress Eugénie. The most amusing side of the question will be to notice what number of golden-haired *élégantes* will suddenly be endowed with dark tresses, and it will be rather puzzling to find out whether they hitherto have dyed their black and glossy curls or now dye their fair locks! Where is the philosopher who will fathom this mystery?

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, June 23.—The Americans won the international rifle match at Dollymount. The French Deputies have passed the bill granting a subsidy on French-built vessels. Russia has proclaimed a state of siege in the provinces bordering on China. Mr. O'Donnell has fiercely attacked Parnell and other Home Rulers for supporting Bradlaugh.

TUESDAY, June 29.—The order of the Russian Government, admitting women to study at the medical schools of the country, has been abrogated. An anti-Bradlaugh demonstration is to be held at Hyde Park, on Tuesday, under the auspices of the Society for the Defence of Religion. In the House of Commons last night, Mr. Labouchere withdrew his motion concerning Bradlaugh, as the Premier gave notice that he would submit a resolution allowing all members to affirm who claim to do so.

WEDNESDAY, June 30.—Shooting for the Abercorn cup commenced at Dollymount yesterday. The installation of the Bishop of Liverpool took place yesterday. Buenos Ayres advices confirm the reports that peace had been signed. The Harvard-Yale race yesterday, at New London, was won by the latter. Mr. Adams, the Liberal whip, is spoken of as likely to be appointed Governor of Madras. Wallingford election yesterday resulted in the return of another Liberal by 567 to 548 votes.

THURSDAY, July 1.—The Porte is preparing for "contingencies" with Greece. The Dardanelles is said to be lined with torpedoes. The British Government have announced their intention to carry through the bill for the preservation of hares and rabbits. The House of Commons last night passed Mr. Gladstone's resolution permitting Bradlaugh to affirm, by a vote of 303 to 249. The decision of the Berlin

supplemental conference will be presented to Turkey and Greece in the shape of a collective note from the Powers.

FRIDAY, July 2.—Turkey is taking steps for the partial mobilization of the army. The French Senate Committee have reported against the amnesty. The British Government has under consideration the renewal of relations with Burmah. Bradlaugh has been served with a writ for taking his seat in the Commons and voting illegally. The Siamese Embassy visited Windsor Castle yesterday, and presented Her Majesty with the Order of the White Elephant. Private O'g, of the Welland Field Battery, won the Altcar cup yesterday. Private McIntyre, Winnipeg Infantry Co., tying for second place.

SATURDAY, July 3.—Rev. Mr. Mackonochie's living has been sequestered by the Bishop of London. The French Government will reduce the sugar duties to 30 francs from the 1st of October. A Geneva despatch says the Executive has vetoed the proposed separation of Church and State. The Porte is supplying the sinews of war to the Albanian chiefs, and volunteers for Albania are openly enlisting at Stamboul. Defective structural design, inferior material and insufficient inspection have been found to be the causes of the Tay Bridge disaster. The steamer *F. W. Harris*, 1,900 tons, from Cardiff to Montreal, struck a reef on Chauce Cove, eight miles from Cape Race, Newfoundland, on Thursday morning. The passengers and crew were taken off, and landed at St. John's. The vessel is a total wreck.

SCRAPS.

THE ex-Khedive of Egypt has lost several members of his harem by elopement during his sojourn in Naples, and has resolved to put the rest, if possible, in a place of safety. They have embarked for Stamboul, Turkey, accompanied by Redif Pasha. If they are not allowed to land, they will be taken to Egypt, and if repulsed there, they will return to Naples.

KING LOUIS of Bavaria is an uncomfortable sort of a ruler. He has an unpleasant habit of rising very late in the morning, and not going to bed until the following morning, which involves sending for his secretary in the middle of the night to transact state business. The unfortunate official always finds His Majesty on the alert, and vigorous as a bird at cock-crow.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, who lay for so many weeks at the point of death, still takes a lively interest in the affairs of the day, but he is unable to bear the least physical exertion. When he visited the Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, a short time ago, he had to be lifted from his carriage, and on attempting to move, with the assistance of a single servant, he literally sank to the ground, and was obliged to have recourse to an invalid's chair, in which he was wheeled round the building.

Vanity Fair (London) says that an amusing case of mistaken identity occurred lately in high society in the British metropolis. What Jeames would call "two scions of a noble house" are so like each other that few people know them apart. The elder was invited to dinner by a mother well known for her assiduity in hunting the heir. Knowing the trick, he sent his younger brother, who was received with honour, was placed next the daughter whose turn it was to try for a husband, and made strong running with her. Mamma was delighted, and he was invited again and again, in due time proposing, and being accepted with joy. Then came his interview with the triumphant mother, whose horror and indignation on discovering her mistake, in which it is said her daughter shared, may be imagined.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD TELEPHONIST.—She was a pretty little child, says the *Concord Monitor*, happy-hearted, full of fun and a great mimic. Only two summers had sent sunshine across her curls and waked to sensuous delight the infantile beauty of face and form. In a pleasant home she dwells—a home filled with creature comforts, among them the new innovation, the telephone. She had often watched this wonderful mechanism, and while she neither knew nor cared for the secret of its operation, she had learned by heart the peculiar and one-sided formula of a telephonic conversation. Unheeding that some one was watching her, the other day she put up a little hand to the wall and imitated the pushing of the button on the telephone. Up went the other hand to her ear as if holding the ebony cylinder, and then the little miss went on in mimicry of her elders in the following fashion:

"Hello."
Pausing for an answer from the central office.
"Hello. Please hitch on Mr. — house to Mr. — office."
Pause.
"Is 'at you, papa?"
Pause.
"When is you coming home?"
Pause.
(Turning to her dolls the little one here spoke impatiently: "Do keep still; I can't hear a word.")
"Yes." (Rising inflection.)
Pause.
"I don't know." (In doubt.)
Pause.
"Yes." (This time gleefully.)
Pause.
"Why, papa." (In surprise.)
Pause.

And so the little one went on maintaining perfectly an imaginary conversation, till at last she dropped her hand with a motion indicative of weariness from holding the telephone, and

pronounced the conventional "That's all; good-bye," with all the nonchalance of a veteran.

CANADA AS A FIELD FOR TOURISTS.—The *Halifax Morning Herald* give additional weight to the recommendation to tourists to visit the Dominion. Speaking of local scenes, it says that Grand Pre, Port Royal, Louisburg, Beauséjour, Miramichi, and several other places, the tourist would find places of surprising natural beauty, connected with historic traditions not surpassed in interest by any places on this continent. It then continues on the subject generally:—During the next few months many of our more wealthy citizens spend several weeks in travel, and they, strange to say, invariably go abroad! A very little reflection, we think, would lead them to prefer a Canadian tour. In the first place there is a great economy of time in making the scene of our travels not too remote from the starting point. In other words the Haligonian who travels in England, loses four weeks on the ocean, which his neighbour who chooses to travel in Canada spends in sight-seeing. Again, there is a vast economy in money in Canadian travel as compared with either American or European travel,—and as times are, this is an important consideration. A man can travel twice as long on \$100 in Canada, as he can in either Britain or the United States. But, in addition to all this, Canada, as the *Journal* points out, possesses many scenes and places of world-wide reputation, many of which very few Canadians have ever visited. The proverb about distance lending enchantment to the view is particularly true in reference to Canadians in the matter of travelling. The large influx of foreign tourists may perhaps teach us to prize more highly the beauties which our own land possesses in such abundance, and direct us to routes of travel which have been too long neglected.

FOOT NOTES.

A CLEVELAND lawyer, defending a handsome young lady, charged with larceny, closed his appeal to the jury thus:—"Gentlemen, you may hang the ocean on a grapevine to dry, *lasso an avalanche*; pin a napkin to the mouth of a volcano; skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon; throw salt on the tail of our noble American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of the nation; 'paste 'For rent' on the moon and stars—but never for a moment delude yourselves with the idea that this charming girl is guilty of the charge preferred against her." The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

A DETROITER has a bright blue-eyed little niece of four years. The other day he paid her a visit, and she, as usual, welcomed him with a fond embrace, coupled with a smack which echoed through the room. He presented her with the customary box of sweets, with the question, "Do you love me, little one?" "Yes, untie, I does always, sure!" she replied. After she had disposed of her candy, she climbed upon her visitor's knee, and, fondling him for a time, she surprised him with the question, "Do you love me, too?"—"To be sure I do," was the reply. The little one paused a moment, and then whispered in his ear, "Well, if you like me, too, then give me all your money."

THE English Workingmen's Benefit Society held its annual picnic at Vaudreuil, on Dominion Day, in a grove close to the depot. About 800 persons took advantage of this, the only excursion per the Grand Trunk Railway, and the officials of the Company are to be praised for the efforts made to provide sufficient accommodation, and also the excellent manner in which all other arrangements were carried out. A quadrille furnished music for those who wished to trip the light fantastic, and a large number of races were brought to a satisfactory issue. A number of boats were on hand also, and were well patronized by the excursionists. Altogether a very pleasant day was spent. Several parties who had been disappointed at other excursions availed themselves of this, and were well satisfied with all the arrangements.

CRUELTY TO WOMEN.—For the first time the agitation for seats, for shop and saloon girls, has taken practical shape in Scotland. Recently a staff of ladies made a tour of the chief warehouses and shops in the leading thoroughfares of Edinburgh, and made inquiries as to the accommodation in the desired direction. The subject had been agitated in the *Daily Review* for some time back, and the fair committee found that in several instances warehousemen and milliners had provided seats for their saleswomen, to be used during "the intervals of business." No fewer than 146 establishments were visited, and in only four instances, we are informed, were the ladies met with personal rudeness. A memorial on the subject is being signed in Edinburgh; and it is expected that the movement will extend to Glasgow, where much more work will be found for the committee.

NOTICE.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the NEWS, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

Charles Bradlaugh, who just now occupies so conspicuous a place in the attention of Englishmen, was born forty seven years ago, the son of a solicitor's clerk, at Hoxton. In his early years, he was an errand-boy, a clerk to a coal merchant, a teetotaler and a Sunday-school teacher. But at the early age of sixteen he discovered in himself certain atheistical and revolutionary opinions, together with a certain sense of power which led to his becoming the man he is to-day. He enlisted as a soldier and nearly revolutionized the Seventh Dragoon Guards; but he purchased his discharge and became clerk to a solicitor, writer and lecturer under the name of "Iconoclast." The creed he has developed during his career is that of Atheism, "Malthusianism" and Republicanism. He has, in the advocacy of this creed, said and published much that is shocking and unavoury to the least squeamish, and he is at this moment the leader of all the strongest and most irreconcilable forces in Great Britain.

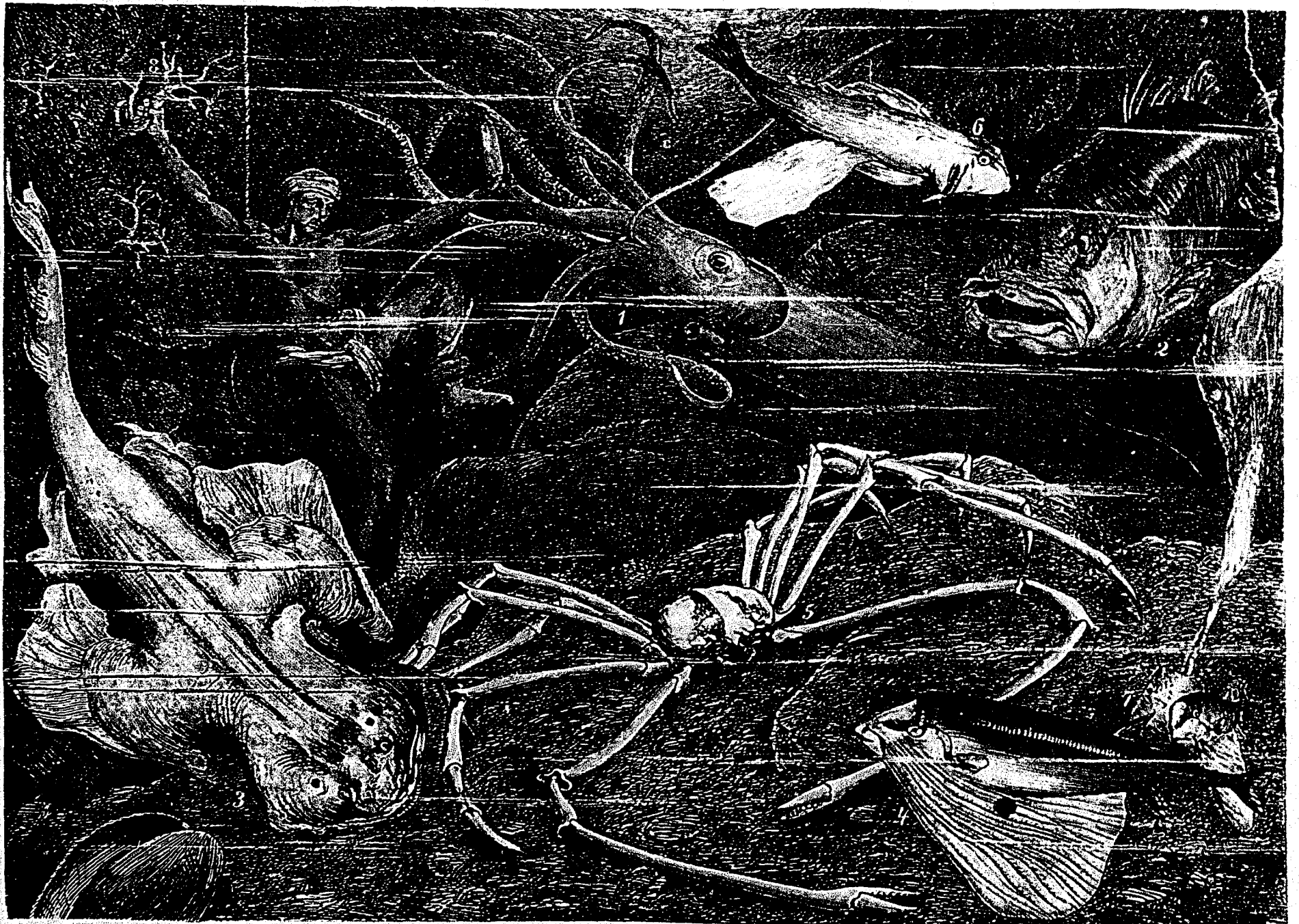
Mr. Bradlaugh is a man of great physical strength, of very considerable ability, and of inordinate boldness. He is not by any means a statesman, but he has made himself into a very good lawyer, and he is a powerful speaker and a fearless advocate of the most nauseous opinions. His influence, which is great with the lower classes of the populace, arises partly from his audacity and partly from an unlimited belief in himself, which he has communicated to many others. At the last election he was chosen to represent Northampton in the House of Commons. Upon the meeting of Parliament he declined to take the oath, proposing to affirm. This proposition encountered strong opposition; and on a motion that he be not received, the motion was referred to a committee. Upon the case coming up for action in the House, it was moved that Bradlaugh be permitted to affirm. Sir Harding Gifford moved an amendment forbidding him either to take oath or make affirmation. This was adopted by a vote of 275 to 230. On the announcement of the vote, which had the effect of unseating Mr. Bradlaugh, there was an extraordinary scene of excitement, the Opposition cheering tremendously and waving their hats. Sixty-five Liberals, including Home Rulers, voted against Bradlaugh's right to affirm. One Conservative and ten Home Rulers voted with the minority. On June 23d Mr. Bradlaugh was called on to hear the decision of the House, and, taking his place at the bar, eloquently combated the resolution arrived at against him. He said it was unprecedented to condemn



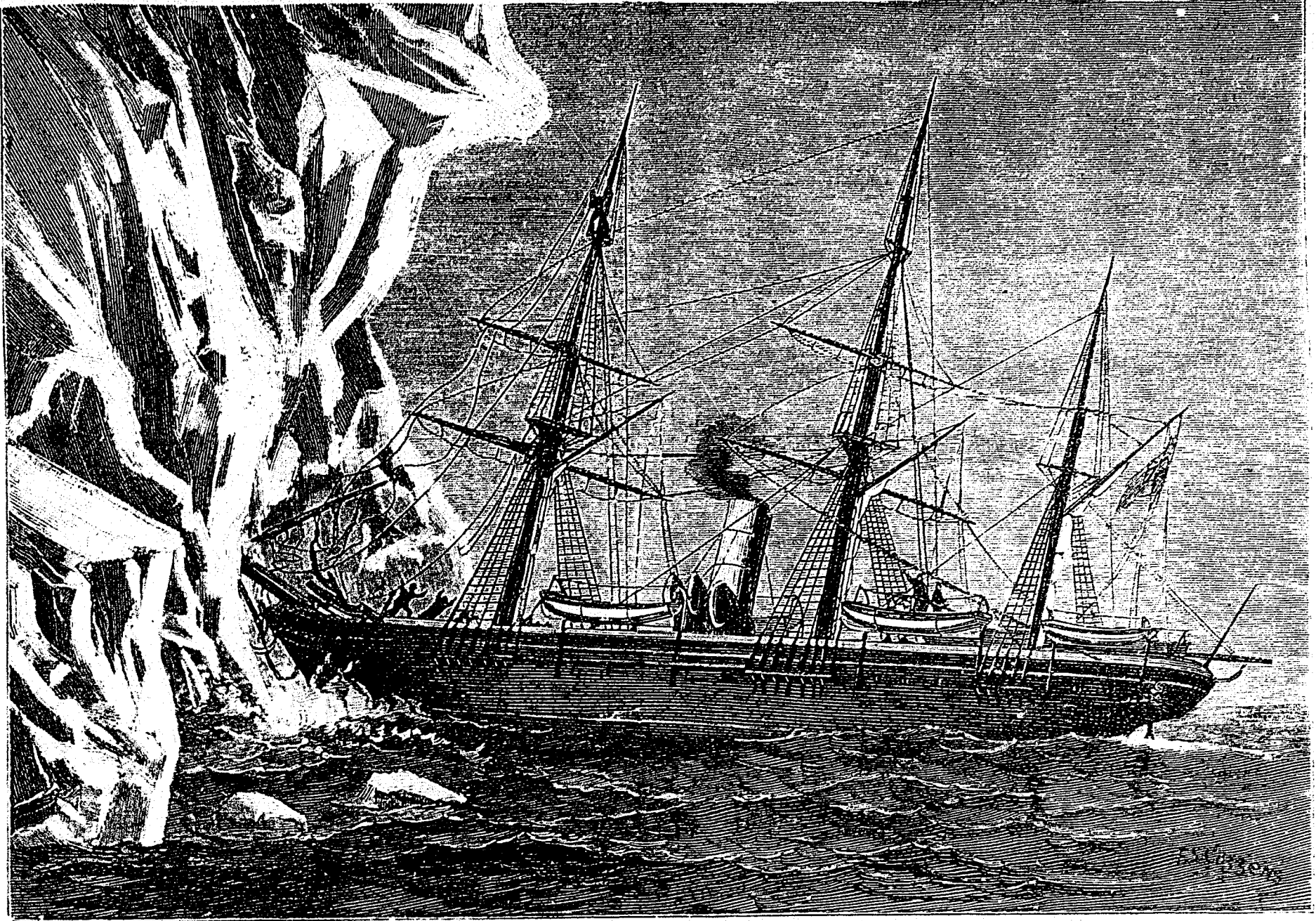
any one unheard. He argued against being accused of atheism. He said he would not forego either his opinions or his claims to his seat. The House might afterwards expel him, but until he had taken his seat it had no jurisdiction over him. The House could not override the law which permitted him to take the oath. If an appeal should be necessary, as he hoped it would not be, it must be made. He asked the House to give him the justice which the judges would give him if appealed to. He was loudly cheered.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bradlaugh's speech the Speaker demanded that he should withdraw; but he replied: "I insist, respectfully, on my right, as a duly-elected member for Northampton, to take the oath, and I respectfully refuse to withdraw." To a second request he made a like response. Sir Stafford Northcote moved that the Speaker be authorized to enforce his withdrawal, and the motion was adopted by a vote of 326 to 33. Mr. Bradlaugh refused positively to obey. He was thereupon removed beyond the bar. He returned twice, declaring that the House had no right to exclude him; that it could only imprison him. Finally the Speaker had him removed by the Sergeant-at-arms and locked up in the prison, under the Clock Tower, being followed by three policemen and a procession of members of the House. On the 24th, in the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote moved that the House having asserted its authority, orders Mr. Bradlaugh's release. This was adopted. Since then the Bradlaugh case has well wrecked the Government, and it is only on the threat of resignation, that Mr. Gladstone succeeded in rallying supporters enough to permit Bradlaugh to take his seat on a simple affirmation.

There are many bad habits which, though they cannot be called by so severe a name as vices, are nevertheless, grave faults, regrettable on all accounts, and working a great deal of mischief when indulged in. One of them is the habit of teasing. Always a tendency to be checked in oneself, as dangerous to the comfort of others and sure to weaken friendship and create enmities, teasing is an infliction we must bear with patience, if we would not be ridiculous, and in being ridiculous lay ourselves open to renewed attacks. The only thing to do is to bear the rub heroically, and never show that it chafed—unless, indeed, nature has gifted us with ready wits and a power of quick return, when we can give as much as we are obliged to receive, and silence our would-be persecutor by becoming in our turn the assailant.



THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION AT BERLIN. EASTERN FISHES.



COLLISION OF H. M. S. *FLAMINGO*, ON ICEBERGS, ALONG THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST.



BONJOUR.

ACADIA.

Acadia dear! my native land,
In loneliness I turn to thee,
Upon thy coast I long to stand,
And view again the foaming sea;

How dull! to me seems all around:
These drowsy, turbid waters sleep—
Oh, for the strangely-mingled sound,
That issues from the boundless deep!

Ye winged spirits! swift and free,
Oh! take me from this lifeless scene.
To that rude hamlet by the sea,
Where oft this restless heart hath been.

Dear is the land that gave me birth—
Ah! wherefore did I madly rove
So far from my paternal hearth,
And from the darling scenes I love?

Acadia! land of stormy mist,
Which morning robes in golden hues,
Thy gloomy grandeur shall enlist
The loftiest numbers of my Muse;

H. M. STRAMBERG.

Toronto, Ont.

ELEANOUR: A TALE OF NON-PERFORMERS.

Plain? Cecil fired at the word. Plain? She did not know what he meant. She had never promised him a common, everyday, pretty face; if he had expected a pink and white complexion and pencilled eyebrows, it was not her fault. Anthony's appearance was all that she wanted for her part; and she must beg to tell him that no woman liked dolly-faced men. Anthony's dark locks and swarthy, sunburnt brow would find admirers in plenty. If he was ugly, he was delightful. And so on, and so on, diverging to right and left of the argument, as Mrs. Cecil was apt to do.

However, she was too happy to be quarrelsome. The dear boys! She followed their grey figures with her eye until they were lost to view; and before night she was crowned with full content; for she had assured herself that her only source of anxiety was groundless. The master of Blatchworth had still a heart to offer.

He had actually arrived at her door, hale, hearty, and disengaged; and at the end of her solemn exhortation on the duty of remaining so no longer, professed himself inclined to see it in the same light.

And she had surely extended some of her sisterly cares to Noll? It was disgraceful if Noll did not turn into a Benedict, now that he had got that fifteen hundred pounds out of Aunt Maria. What could a fellow like Noll do with fifteen hundred pounds?

"For heaven's sake, Cis," cried the careful elder brother, "get him a wife, or he'll go to the devil with it!"

"Hush, hush! You must not talk like that."

"I didn't mean," said Anthony, penitently, "I say, one gets into a rough way of talking, knocking about the world; don't you mind, I'm going to stop it."

"And you are not going to knock about the world any more?"

Then she bargained that they should go over with her to call at the Castle on the following day. Two days after, shooting would begin and hours would be changed, and who could say when the acquaintance might be made if not at once; but once seen, she trusted to the fair sisterhood acting as their own magnet in the future. Oh, what a time that short intervening two miles took to get over with such companions, and how hot and tired was weary Cecil at the end! That they started late, that they kept her waiting for three-quarters of an hour, was nothing; she was good-humouredly disposed to lay the blame on the change of toilet which a morning's fishing rendered imperative; but why need they lounge, and saunter, turn aside at every opportunity and finally sit down to rest by the way—the two great hulking fellows? It was but too obvious that they were being driven against their will—that had it not been their first day, and there was no excuse handy, they would have evaded the expedition. Oliver scuds off after a rabbit, Anthony cheering him on; they investigate a well, they drink from a spring; finally both leave her to examine a blasted piece of rock half way up the hill.

At length, however, and by dint of patience and urgency combined, the entrance-gates are reached, and the toils of the journey are at an end. So she hopes fondly—but stay a bit.

"I say, Cis."

"Well?"

"Anthony and I are just going down to the shore to see about getting a fisherman for tonight. Anthony has never seen the sort of sea-fishing they have here. You go on, and we will overtake you."

* Lake Ontario.

"Overtake me? We are close at hand."
"Go in, then, and say we are coming."
And come they did,—after every one had gone out but Eleanour. The visit was a failure. After an hour's waiting, Eleanour, not without some sense of outraged dignity, had sent her sisters away, and entrenched herself in solitary state to receive the recusants. Her pretty goods should not remain for such tardy appreciation, should not have it supposed that the enforced civility of any guests of Cecil's—brothers or not—was grateful to them. She had the colour in her cheek and the sparkle in her eye when the drawing-room door opened at last; and her answer to Oliver's hasty quest round the room, was a grim smile of satisfaction.

For Oliver, now that he was actually there, was alive to the merits of the situation; and he had, moreover caught a view of an excellent croquet-lawn—the days of croquet were not yet ended—as he passed through the shrubbery; it was enough to kindle desire. He was a renowned player as he was everything else that was useful and captivating, and if he could have got Anthony even, for an antagonist, would have challenged him on the spot.

But it appeared that Anthony had not only never played, he had actually never seen the game. This was insufferable. Oliver appealed to Eleanour, to Cecil, if it was not insufferable; and by dint of volubility, flattery, and persuasion, succeeded in disarming both, and inducing them to fix upon an early day for his brother's initiation. They must make it tomorrow. Why should it not take place tomorrow? Even Cecil was surprised to see the man who had been so loathe to come, so eager to return, not reflecting that it was in the passing moment the gay soldier lived, and that in the pursuit of pleasure he could even be industrious. It was chiefly to Anthony, indeed, that blame was due, and Anthony was at least consistent; he accepted the invitation, but he did nothing to extort it.

However the players kept him to his word. It is to be presumed that he tried to learn; that he did seriously incline his ear to the counsels of the wise; but he made sad hash of it nevertheless. So much was taken for granted; so many points was he expected to bear in mind at once; and such a number of rules and regulations were dinned into his ear at the same time, that he must be pardoned for giving up the attempt, and retreating in mortification to the old-fashioned sun-dial among the bushes, where Eleanour was mounting guard.

From this retreat he viewed the combatants with no very good will. They had speedily—and he fancied joyfully—re-arranged sides; and he could tell by the general alacrity and expectation, the preparatory collecting of balls and testing of hoops, the whole stir and bustle consequent on his departure, that a well-contested match was to be played. He was no loss—indeed he must have been an intolerable drag. His going admitted another sister to play, and enabled all to let out their strength and show their skill.

Altogether he was well out of it. Away went Oliver, carrying with him his partner Kate, from right to left, from centre to side, clearing the route of all opponents' balls, and placing them delicately for future use, in the style of a master of the craft. It seemed as though he were to walk the course; but he slipped, missed an easy stroke, and in a trice the tables were turned.

It was now his turn to be chased from hole to corner by an unsparing foe; and to find himself and his fair partner lodged at extreme ends of the lawn, hopelessly disunited. So much for Julia, but Kate could play too. A lucky shot regained, as by magic, the lost position, and cleared the coast. Why should her slender fingers have trembled at that critical moment? Pure eagerness, not even anxiety, made them; she was not nervous by nature, and she was confident in herself, but she was excited, and the mallet turned her hand. If it had not touched, no mischief would have been done; but oh, woe betide the tiresome thing! it moved the ball, and made the abortive attempt count as a stroke.

The adversaries shouted, and the striker stood still; but Oliver rushed to the rescue. By turns appealing, quoting, arguing, he maintained his position till all had gathered round; and the merry voices rose and fell by turns, interspersed with soft and pleasant laughter.

So gay they seemed that "It is a nuisance to be out of it altogether," reflected the elder brother, morosely. "Makes a fellow feel rather small."

Then he essayed to explain to Eleanour how it came to pass that he was so ignorant. "I have not been in this country for six years; and though I have heard of this, I never came across any people who played."

"You will find a rage for it everywhere this summer."

"Oh, I shall play, I suppose; I shall get into it by-and-by. Are you a great hand?"

"I? Oh no," said Eleanour, with a faint smile; "I know no more of it than you do."

Unexpected consolation; he raised himself on his elbow to look into her face. "You don't say so?"

"I like to come here while they are playing, and listen to their voices, and have them all about me," continued the elder sister, in her hen-motherly fashion, "It makes a pretty sight; and it is such good exercise for the girls, too."
"Meantime you read."
"Yes."

"May I look? Coleridge. That's odd."
"Odd!" said Eleanour, warmly. "Odd, to read Coleridge!"

"Odd that you should be reading the 'Ancient Mariner,' just when I was feeling myself to be like him."

"Oh—? Indeed—?"
"Behindhand with the world. Not 'in it,' as they say on the turf. Rather a fool, you know."

"Because you cannot play croquet?"
"Pshaw!" said Anthony, shortly. "You will find there are other things I cannot do besides that."

"And do you really mind?"
"I am not sure if I do, or not. I hate the thing; but you see if all the rest are at it—." She thought she understood, and was not displeased.

Naturally he did not enjoy being left out in the cold; and she did her best to restore his self-complacency under the ordeal; and then at last Pass and Dot were tired of being umpires, and came to join the idlers. That did better, and they all went into the house shortly, and candles were brought, and there was music.

It was evident that Oliver was destined to shine as much at the piano as on the lawn. Cecil, who had enjoyed her croquet, being as good a player as any, now retreated to the sofa and the society of her father-in-law,—but Oliver was again in the front ranks of the performers. He had a sweet, rich voice, the very voice to go with Kate's clear soprano, and duets were chosen.

"Awfully nice, is it not?" said Anthony, presently; but somehow he did not look as though he found it so; he was frowning and silent, and the cheek which he rested against the soft cushion of his chair, was turned from the singers.

"I say," called his brother, probably in obedience to a suggestion, "Anthony come and take a part."

"Take a part? No thank you, I can't."
Take a part indeed! He had never taken a part in his life! Talk of taking "a part" as coolly as though it were taking a header or a fence!

He laughed, but his laughter was rather un-mirthful; and there was a momentary silence.

"It is a pity," said Cecil to herself; "but, to be sure he can listen;—and really one can enjoy and admire, too, a great deal better when one has nothing else to do, than when one has one's own business to attend to. Kate is in capital voice; and they are all four looking their best."

"Is it not delightful, Anthony?"
"Oh, delightful!"
"Don't you like being sung to?"
"Awfully."

But why, if he did, did he rise the next minute, and throw himself half out of the open window beside which Eleanour sat, just behind a silver streak of moonlight? He was not thinking that he liked being sung to. I fancy his meditations were rather of this sort: "What an ass a fellow makes of himself when he can't do anything to help of an evening! If it is to be always like this when I go anywhere, I had better stay at home. This girl, this widow, is laughing at me in her sleeve, I suppose. My ill-luck has sent me her way again. I did not see her till it was too late."

He was surprised that she did not address him; that he was let alone to choose his own entertainment; and by-and-by he could even feel inclined to enjoy the beauties of the scene without. A full moon was reflected in the water of the bay; was lighting up the innumerable herring-boats, whose brown sails were stretched motionless to dry; and was every now and then shedding its beams upon a rocky promontory or islet which would for the moment stand out from the darkness of the land shadow, and become the central glory of the picture.

It was beautiful, it was delightful. He thought himself of other such scenes he had witnessed,—of nights beneath the starry skies of Egypt, or amid the gorgeous forests of Cashmere,—of the peace of great wildernesses, and the solemn stillness of mid-ocean. In a pause of his reverie came the clash of a chorus from within,—and it sounded a discord intolerable.

Involuntarily he turned to frown; so did Eleanour; and their eyes met. "Jove, she has a fine pair!" cried Anthony to himself. But as she was star-gazing also, they did not interrupt each other—they did not even exchange a passing comment.

By-and-by, however, Cecil took her naughty boy to task. "You might at least have paid the girls the compliment of thanking them, though you would not listen, my dear brother."

"What should I thank them for?"
"Their singing, of course?"
"They did not sing to please me;—and I would very much rather they had not sung at all. It spoils my evening."

"What did you want to do?"
"Nothing,—watch the moon."

"I saw you; but that is Eleanour's prerogative, poor dear. She won't be grateful to you for disturbing her."

"I did not disturb her;—and she did not disturb me."
"No; you appeared to hold no communication. But still, I do assure you, she would prefer your going off with the others."

"But if the others go off without me?"
"Oh, now," thought she, "I understand." But she must really find out something that he could do. Even of shooting he owned that he could have enough, and so far well; but it

was asked, that he should be absolutely unable to take part in anything else.

Oliver was so clever, so handy, such a favorite, that it really was almost a pity, that he should have no Blatchworth to make it possible for him to be come a favourite to any purpose. He would, to be sure, have been puzzled which fair one to besiege, such was his devotion to all; Kate sang his songs, Julia used his pencils, Pass wore his cricket-ribbon, and Dot played with his mallet; but that difficulty could have been overcome; and for a penniless younger son who could do no more, he was certainly right to mete out his attentions with such admirable impartiality. Why with half his susceptibility, was he not Anthony; or why could Anthony not catch a spark from the flame? So cold, or so cautious, which was it?

"Quite anti-matrimonial, any way," said Alexander, rubbing his hands in the plenitude of his satisfaction. "Your plans have come to naught, Cecil; and since it is so, I may say, I suppose, that I for one am not sorry. Not but what I like your brother. He is a queer fellow, and no trouble at all in a house; but I should not have cared for people to have had the chance of saying we had him here in order to knock up a match."

He had thought of this too late. Had it occurred to him sooner it would, he now reflected have been an unanswerable reason for excluding Anthony from Crichton. However, it was as well, perhaps, after all that the thing should have been got over. Cecil would have given him no peace; and, as matters had turned out, he was not sorry on the whole that she should be quieted so effectually. Nothing but this brother's presence and indifference would have knocked her care for his welfare on the head; but now she would, perhaps, see that he might be trusted to look after it for himself.

Neither did his guests annoy him. The rattle of Oliver was harmless; and so far from Anthony's engrossing the conversation, he needed to be drawn out to make him talk.

"Eleanour is the only one who can do it," continued Alexander, having remarked on this wise to his wife. "He shirks the others, I think. He is over there now,"—it was in the afternoon,—"and they are all four gone off riding with Noll."

"Where is he, then?"
"Reading to Eleanour under a tree."

"Reading to Eleanour," said Cecil, laughing. "Well it is a good thing he has Eleanour to read to. The girls would not listen to that sort of thing for a moment. And what was he reading?"

"Oh, by George, you don't expect me to tell you that?"
"Did you not go to them?"

"Not I. I walked past, and they never saw me. I was right under their noses."
"They would think you very rude, I am afraid."

"Nonsense! How could they think me rude when I tell you they never saw me? Now, come out yourself; you and I won't waste so fine a day reading under trees, anyway."

Anthony had explained it all satisfactorily on his first appearance at the Castle. He never rode when he could walk; he had walked over to keep his brother company; and now, might he stay?

"Yes, I got him here," added Oliver, triumphantly; "but he is too lazy to go back. Pray be merciful, and don't turn him from the door."

It was quite a good thing that Eleanour was at home, for now they felt no difficulty about all the other sisters going for the ride; and all four were equipped and waiting, never having dreamed of Anthony's paying a visit that day.

Eleanour was going to sit under the oaks. He thought she would; he knew it was her favourite seat; and if he would not be in her way, if he would not disturb her, he had something in his pocket, he was very anxious to—to—. He was awfully ashamed of himself; he was afraid it would only bore her. She thought she was never to find out what was the meaning of such stammering and blushes.

At last, however, all was plain. A packet was produced, and it appeared that it contained an original manuscript; something he had once written, scarcely with a view to publication, more as a vent for his own ideas on the subject, than for any other purpose. Still he yearned for an opinion on its merits, and hers was the first he had ever been able to make up his mind to seek.

She could not but be flattered, interested, eager, now that she understood the honour bestowed on her. What would it prove? Would it be good? Would it be worthy her praise? Would it be worthy of more than hers?

All alacrity and expectation she gave her assent, and threw herself on the turf to listen. How now? Where is flown the austere, stately Eleanour, whose measured tread appeals the timid stranger, and whose calm serenity rebukes the frivolous? The abandon of the movement, the flash of her eye have transfused Anthony's auditor; and none of this is lost on him. He finds in the moment a wondrous fascination. He experiences a strange charm in making this companion the first recipient of his hidden delights. They have solaced him in his rough hut on the prairies, and accompanied him to his hammock on the broad ocean; escaped perils by sea and land; but never been submitted to mortal eye or ear, till now.

Of all people in the world, he is the least likely to be suspected of such pursuits. Why, he cannot even act a charade, or borrow a chorus! Why, Oliver has done more than one neat little

thing for the papers, and it was he who was chosen to send up that capital account of the football-match, which was thought so well done, you remember? Cecil sent for six copies; and the housemaids were not allowed to have them till after they had lain for months on her boudoir shelf. But no one would ever ask Anthony to indite even an advertisement. His letters are nothing, and he doesn't tell you things,—even Alexander is forced to admit that he never knew a fellow so free from travellers' tales,—so that though Eleanour was not surprised that he could, she was amazed that he should, write. And had it been possible, he would now almost have drawn back from the plunge, though standing on the brink. Even with his long, lazy afternoon before him, every barrier withdrawn, and Eleanour by his side, he hums and haws and hesitates.

"Now do go on." She has to implore at length.

"Shall I really?"

"Yes really. I am waiting."

"You must not be hard on me."

"I shall be, if I get the chance."

"Oh, if that is the case," says Anthony, joyously. "I don't mind. I am prepared to endure. If you will only be sincere—"

"Sincere?" cried Eleanour. "You shall see." She was quite out of herself in the excitement, quite vexed at the delay. "Upon my word," thought he, "this is uncommonly nice."

And it proved nice still as the time went on. The girls were astonished to find the pair still under their leafy canopy on their return; albeit the sun was sinking fast on the western horizon.

"What did you do with him, Eleanour?"

"I did nothing." He had to me."

"Oh, reading," said Kate, compassionately.

"Rather stupid work on a day like this. We had such a ride! I like Anthony very well, but it is a pity he has not more spirit; now, he missed a great deal by not being with us, you know."

"Perhaps," said Eleanour, smiling, "he did not think so. Give him credit for knowing his own mind, at least."

"But I never can get him to say he cares about anything."

"He does not care for the things that you do."

"Is he not hard to get on with?"

"Not at all. I never met with any one so easy."

"Well," said Pass, plaintively, "he never takes any notice at all of me. On Sunday I said something to him, and he just rushed past to get on to Eleanour, and walked off with her as hard as he could go. It seemed as if all he cared for was to get out of the way of us girls."

"And then he hangs on to poor old Nell?" said Dot.

"They quite pitied her; especially when it came out that she had had no walk, and no visitors, and no interruption of any kind; and that it was only their own reappearance which had broken up her *tristitia* with the formidable bore."

But he went home triumphant. He had seen his hearer aroused, attentive, captious, and subdued by turns. He had seen her fine eyes shining through involuntary tears, and had felt the pressure of her hand on his arm, and had heard her voice sending him forth to conquer.

It had all been infinitely more than he had dared to hope for. Ah, if others were to think as she did! The lust of fame took hold upon him, and he trembled lest he newly found a delight should vanish into thin air, should prove but a passing dream. He must make it surer, firmer. He must have more certain grounds for his elation.

Accordingly he was all impatience for such another afternoon; and one coming soon after, bright enough to tempt the riders forth again, he hurried over. Alas! the day was too hot. In vain he hinted at exhilarating motion and mountain breezes; the idea did not find favour. In short, there was something new going on. What was it? Acrostics.

And Oliver had taken prizes at acrostics—think of that! All the party had their heads together over the paper which had just come in; and Eleanour was absent from the room. Poor Anthony, he stood apart in silent disappointment; and when she did appear it was to be taxed sharply, "Do you understand what these things mean?"

"Not much?"

"Do you like them?"

"Not at all."

"Did you ever find out one?"

"Never."

The others, busy with their pencils and dictionaries, did not see the smile which chased away the cloud at this confession; and perhaps it was as well. One day he said to her, referring to the gay coloured group collected round his brother—Oliver was showing them a new way of eating melons—"A pretty mixture of colour that, taken as a whole; but, to my mind, any woman who *can*, should always wear black."

Of course she was pleased,—it was impossible to dissociate the words from the look with which they were accompanied,—and Eleanour was but human. She heard the rest of the reading on the same day—there being nothing to prevent her doing so. The young ones were presently shouting over their game, and made such a noise that it was the most natural thing in the world for the sober-minded to retreat out of hearing; and then it was too hot to go anywhere but under the oaks, where there was always the salt smell of the sea, even if there were no breeze to fan the branches.

To be continued.

THE WEIGHING SCALES AS THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

In the elegant little weighing scales in which we can sit and have our weights taken at our railway stations and elsewhere we have a trustworthy index of health and the surest beacon to warn us against the approach of insidious diseases which steal on us unawares, and which, once having fastened upon us, are quite incurable. The reason of this is that the fat of our body is the first to come in health and the first to go in disease; therefore, by weighing every week we see that our store of fat is still with us, or that it is being inordinately consumed.

Fat forms a most important part of the animal economy, and, if not a vital organ, it at least is an indispensable tissue. It forms a layer immediately beneath the skin, of greater or less thickness, according to the fatness of the individual. Besides encasing the entire body in this way, it fills up interstices between the muscles, vessels, and bones, and thus acts as a soft cushion or buffer between the soft and hard parts. The reason why it is placed as a layer all over the body is that it is a bad conductor of heat, and thus pens up the heat of the body, preventing the heat from escaping into the cold air, or water, as the case may be. In seals, porpoises, and whales this sub-cutaneous layer of fat is exceedingly thick. Besides being a barrier to heat escape, it is also to the body what the coals in a well-filled coal cellar is to the house, that is, it burns readily, and keeps up the heat of the body at those times when the food taken contains too little fat; also in cases where no food is taken at all, as in hibernating animals. In other words, the blood is kept warm and circulating by—among other things—the fat which floats in it, and this fat the blood gets from the food eaten, or it goes to its store-house of fat, if fat-containing food be not forthcoming. Fat people are often regarded as "soft," and as being not any stronger than lean ones, but undoubtedly they can hold out longer under starvation than lean ones. A tale is told of a pig being buried in its sty by the fall of the chalk cliff under Dover Castle, on December 14, 1819, which was rescued alive on the 23rd of the following May, after 120 days' incarceration. The sty consisted of a cave about 15 feet square dug in the rock, and boarded in front. The door was a good deal nibbled, and the sides of the cave were smooth from constantly being licked for the moisture they afforded. The pig was supposed to have weighed 160 lbs. when its prolonged fast commenced, but only weighed 40 lbs. when extricated. The heat of the blood of the human body and in the body of the higher class mammals is really 100 deg. Fahr. The ability of the body to maintain a pretty constant weight is a capital measure of the general health. As it is the fat of the body which is the most varying quantity, it follows that the fat is of inestimable use as an indicator, and leads friends to make anxious inquiries, and look for a slow consuming fire somewhere in the body in cases where the fat of the body is slowly disappearing.

To keep the fat store of the body steadily supplied is easy or difficult according to the digestive powers being vigorous or not, or according to the state of a person's mental disposition. The difficulty of getting fat past the digestive organs lies in the simple fact that fats are not digested in the stomach but in the small bowels beyond the stomach; but they have to lie in this organ until the other parts of the food are sufficiently digested to pass on. In waiting thus, for it may be hours, they are prone to undergo chemical change and produce volatile fatty acids which announce their presence by acrid eructations and heartburn. If fat has been subjected to great heat before being consumed it will already be changed chemically in the way previously stated. Hence the folly of eating pastry, especially after a full meal, if it be wise to eat pastry at all. Fats in the fresh uncooked state, not taken in excess, and taken alone, or nearly so, give little trouble to the digestive organs. Under all cases fat, after passing beyond the stomach, meets with the pancreatic juice which converts it into an emulsion. Once an emulsion, it is easily taken into the blood stream and utilised. For some years this emulsion has been prepared out of the body. For this purpose we take fresh unsalted lard, and the pancreas or "sweet-bread" fresh from the pig, and beat them up in a mortar; then, after adding water, the whole is strained, and the emulsion treated with ether, &c., and thus obtained in its pure state. It was a happy discovery on the part of the late Professor Bennett, of Edinburgh, to give cod-liver oil in wasting diseases, that is in diseases where there is a slow consumption of the stored-up fats of the body. The steady maintenance of a given weight in adults (as ascertained by the weekly resort to the weighing-scales) is the surest sign of health, or rather the surest sign that no insidious disease is present, which the scales detect at once. Whether, then, are young house-keepers wisest in selecting a barometer which will tell them what weather is to blow for the next twenty-four hours, or the weighing-scales, which will tell them of the approach of diseases which, once established, are incurable, but which can often be stopped at the outset?

In the midst of objects the fairest and grandest, many are indifferent and insensible. Persons have lived in scenes that never moved them, which others have come from the ends of the earth to enjoy.

THE LAST DAYS OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

"I like to see such specimens." The potato rot in Ireland, in 1846 and 1847, came like a withering blight on the glories of Gore House. That part of the countess' income which had been derived from the estates of her deceased husband was then suddenly cut off. Her ladyship had long been defying the simple arithmetical rule that two and two will not make more than four; and she now, like all who ever do so, was taught by bitter experience that it cannot be disregarded with impunity. As soon as the suspicion of inability to meet demands got abroad, demands poured in. The lady's diamonds were pledged to meet the most urgent claims. But enormous bills, that could not be thus settled, came in by dozens. £300 for Count d'Orsay's boots; £4,000 for Indian shawls, silks, and laces, for the countess; items such as these would soon empty a royal exchequer. Day by day payment was evaded. Then executions were threatened. Bailiffs stood watching at the hall door, while the upper ten thousand were diverting themselves within, careless of the secret anxieties that were fast corroding their smiling mistress' heart. For two years the Gore House was a sort of Sebastopol, testing the ingenuity of bailiff engineers. The door was never opened, but with strict precautions. The brilliant d'Orsay could only venture out on Sundays for fear of arrest. The countess was a close prisoner in her own house. At length a bailiff, more crafty than his brethren, took the fortress by stratagem. His appearance inside had the effect of the direct simoom in a garden of roses. Harlequin with his wand, or Prospero, or the weird Arabian or Northern wizard could not have effected a more sudden transformation. The lady saw in an instant that all was over. But not even in that extremity losing her presence of mind, she sent a quick message to the count's room that he had not a moment to lose. So he escaped by a back door, with a single valet and a portmanteau, and fled for refuge to France—never to behold England more—leaving debts behind him to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds. A fortnight after his hasty, ignominious flight, Lady Blessington, with her nieces, also quitted London forever, and followed the count to Paris, leaving her entire property at the mercy of her creditors.

Then commenced a nine days' sale at Gore House, the long-cherished treasures of which were ruthlessly dispersed among Jew brokers and buyers, on the faith of her ladyship's taste, which would, bye-and-bye, enable them, they foresaw, to realize a handsome profit. Guest after guest came to stare with the crowd and scan the rooms where but lately he was fain to bring the incense of his adulation; and it is thus that a faithful valet, writing to the countess, sums up the tale:—"Mr. Thackeray came also, and had tears in his eyes when he went away. He is perhaps the only person whom I have seen affected at your departure." Every article in the house, including the library of five thousand volumes, was sold off without reserve. By her ladyship's express command, the creditors got all she had, except her own picture by Chalon. The sale realized above 213,000, out of which eleven pounds balance, after paying the debts, was handed over to Lady Blessington. Twenty thousand persons visited the house previous to the auction, and the sale itself Dr. Madden describes as follows: "There was a large assemblage of people of rank. Every room was thronged; the well-known library saloon, in which the conversations took place, was crowded, but not with guests. The arm-chair, in which the lady of the mansion was wont to sit, was occupied by a stout, coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand extended on a book, the fingers of which were modelled from a cast of those of the absent mistress of the establishment. People, as they passed through the room, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornaments of various kinds that lay on the table, and some made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed. In another department, where the pictures were being sold, portraits by Lawrence, sketches by Landseer and Maclise, innumerable likenesses of Lady Blessington, by various artists; several of the Count d'Orsay, representing him driving, riding out on horseback, sporting and at work in his studio; his own collection of portraits of all the frequenters of Gore House, in quick succession, were brought to the hammer. It was the most signal ruin of an establishment of a person of high rank I had ever witnessed."

It was in April, 1849, that Lady Blessington quitted London. The whole fabric of her greatness had crumbled in the dust. At sixty years of age she found herself a fugitive in Paris—youth, beauty, wealth, magnificence, influence, illusion, all gone. Nothing remained to her but her energetic will. By this she strove to build up another fortune. Already, like Napoleon at Elba, she planned wonderful works for the future. A biography of remarkable women was to issue from her pen, and she was to spare no pains in reading up for it. She took a new residence, and still found the means of furnishing it with all that elegance of luxury and Oriental brilliancy of decoration which she could not help clinging to so long as she lived. Her taste being instinctive to her, part of her nature. To all outward appearance the brisk, buoyant spirit of her youth had come back, to enable her to brave the desolation of her age. Count d'Orsay, she fondly hoped, would obtain

some lucrative post under Louis Napoleon, with whom he had been on terms of such close intimacy. But princes, when they arrive at absolute power, are in the habit of forgetting the promises they may have made to their friends, when their star was not yet in the ascendant; and so this broken reed failed. The count got the cold shudder, and Lady Blessington sank under it. Pomp and pleasure, praise and fame, and all the lights of life were going out—the truth could not be hid. On the third of June, just seven weeks after her flight from her London home, she retired to rest for the first time in her new residence. Her health and spirits that day had been apparently good, even better than usual; but she was struck during the night by apoplexy, and died without much suffering awhile before daybreak. Her last words were, "Quelle heure est il?"—"What o'clock is it?"—and then she passed calmly into eternity. She was buried at St. Germain. Her mausoleum was designed by Count d'Orsay, and her epitaph written by Barry Cornwall and Walter Savage Landor; while Irish ivy, brought for the purpose from her native village, was planted round her grave. The count's grief at her death is described as almost frantic. Without fortune, without friends, deprived of her who had been his companion for twenty years, and slighted, as he felt, by the *parvenu* occupant of the Elysée, of whom both he and the deceased lady had ever been the kind hosts and benefactors, he naturally fell into melancholy, then into bad health, and finally, about three years after Lady Blessington's death, he died, and was laid in the same tomb, in the stone sarcophagus which he had ordered to be placed there at the time of her interment. Lady Blessington's own testimony of herself, as she left it on record, is—"I have drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs."

FOUR RICH MEN.

The Liverpool Courier gives some rather interesting particulars as to the four men who are supposed to be the most wealthy living. Of these the poorest is his grace the duke of Westminster, whose income is set down at 800,000l. a year. Taking it at that sum, the amount which the duke can spend without encroaching on his capital is 2,000l. a day, 93l. an hour and 17. 10s. a minute. The next man in the ascending scale is Senator Jones of Nevada, whose income is valued at exactly one million sterling, giving him the right to spend, if he likes, 27l. a minute out of revenue. The head of the Rothschild family comes next, with a yearly income of two millions, and the expenses which he can defray thereout are, of course, double as great as those of the senator.

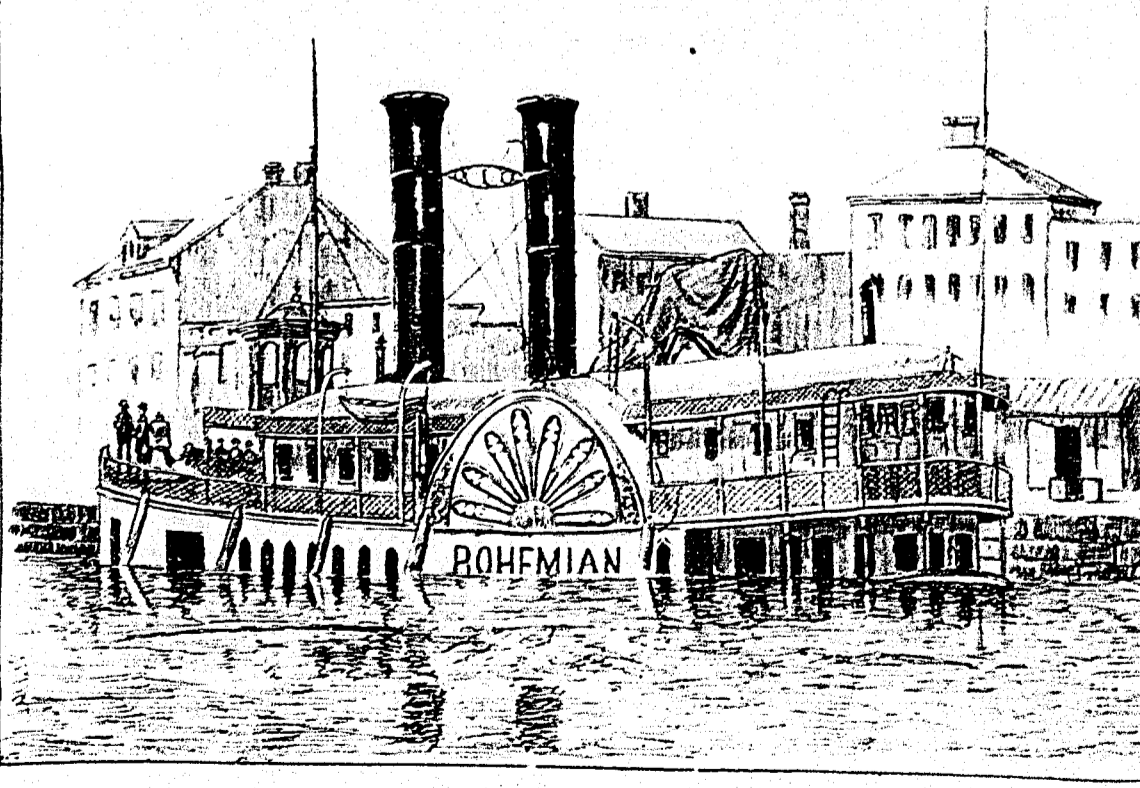
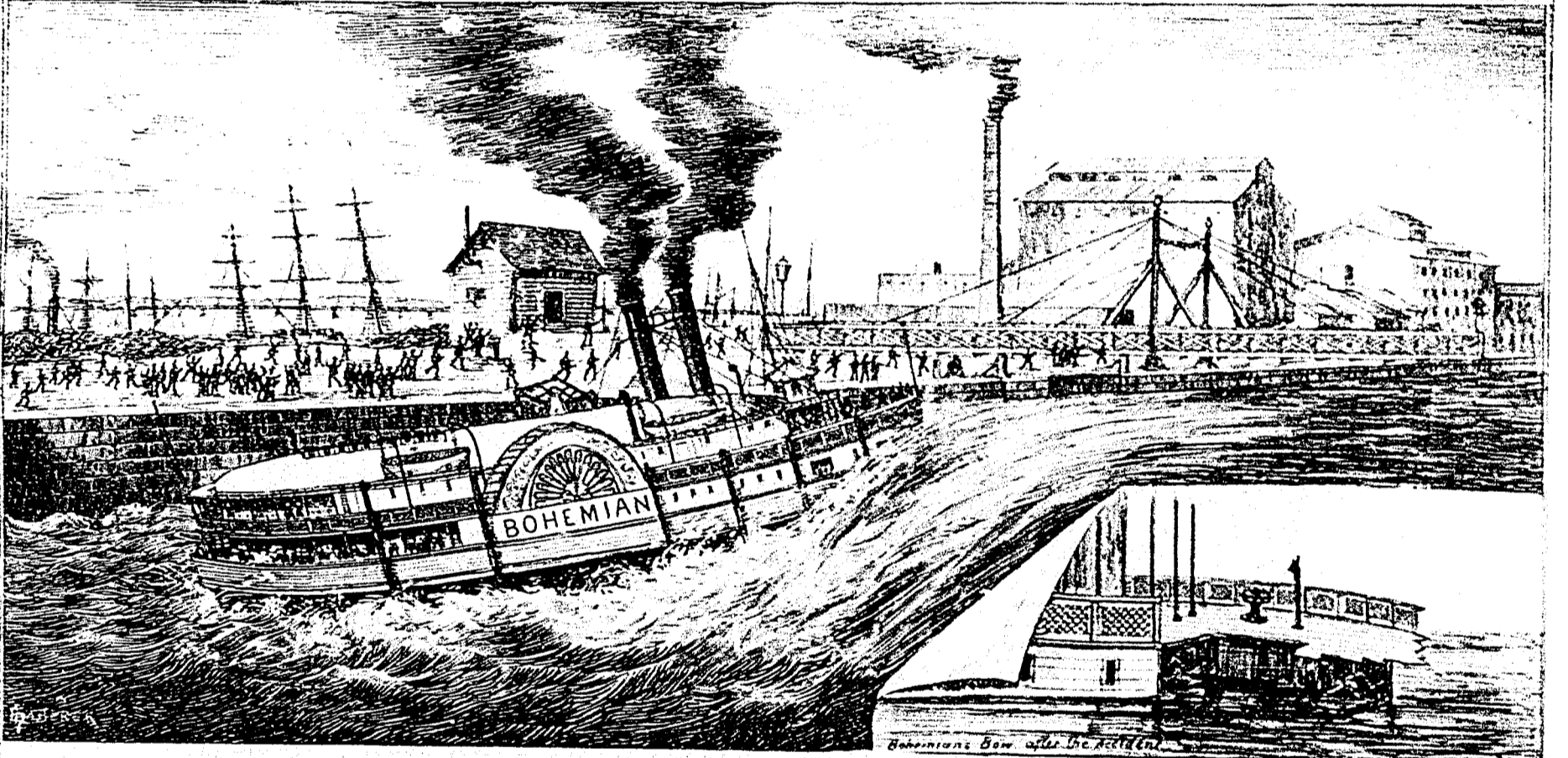
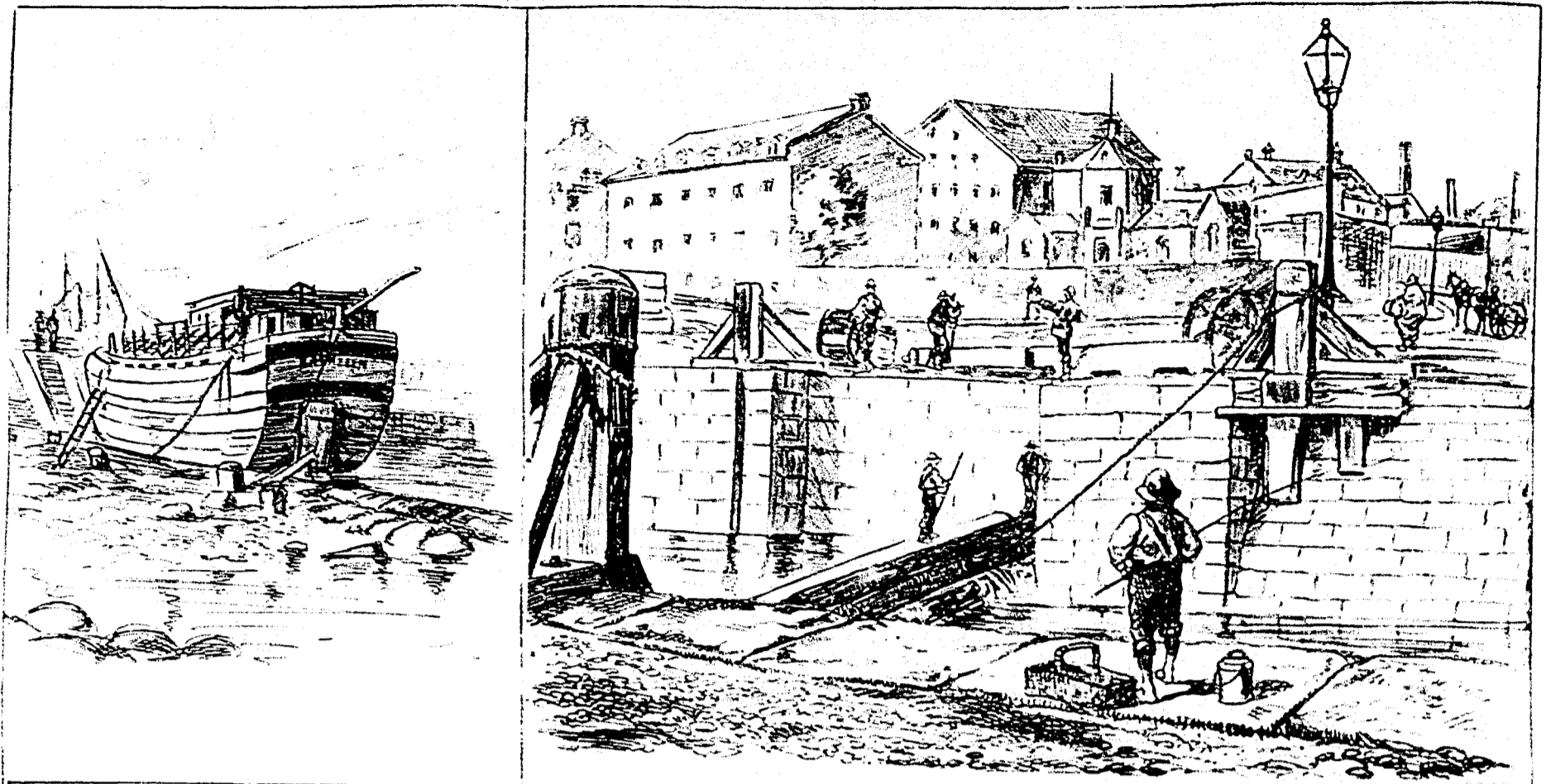
At the top of the list comes Mr. J. W. Mackey, with a revenue of 2,750,000l., which enables him to disburse 7,000l. a day, 300l. an hour, and 57l. a minute. The fortunes of the other three are insignificant if compared with this gentleman's wealth. For they were the growth of many years of either of successful toil or lucky speculation, or both combined. But Mr. Mackey, as the Courier remarks was thirty years ago a penniless boy in Ireland. Sixteen years ago he was bankrupt; and now he is the owner of the richest silver mine that has ever been discovered. There is, therefore, hope for all penniless boys in "old Ireland." We commend to them the example of Mr. J. W. Mackey, who, it appears, is now only 45 years old, and if he goes on at the same rate as during the last 16 years will have ample time to treble his fortune and possess an income ten times as large as that of the Duke of Westminster. Already the capitalized value of his property is set down at 55,000,000l. against the meagre 16,000,000l. of the duke. Such figures are pleasing to the eye and ear, but we regret to add that the Liverpool Courier does not by any means vouch for the accuracy of the totals it publishes.

LEVER used to tell with infinite drollery the following story of Mr. McGlashan, his Dublin publisher, who, by the way, was a Scotchman. At a certain dinner, fearing to be made "fun" by the wild Irish authors and scribblers, he left the table, having taken his fair share of wine, to join the ladies in the drawing-room. After a while the company heard unearthly noises in the pantry, just behind the dining room. They listened and they wondered. What could it be? Were there really ghosts in the house, as had been whispered in its ancient traditions? But summoning courage, they went, *en masse*, and they found that worthy McGlashan had, under the impression that he was going up-stairs to the ladies, ascended shelf after shelf of the pantry, and was at that moment lying at full length on the uppermost, kicking furiously at the ceiling and side-walls, and expressing the utmost surprise that he could not "get up-stairs."

A WISE DEACON.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.

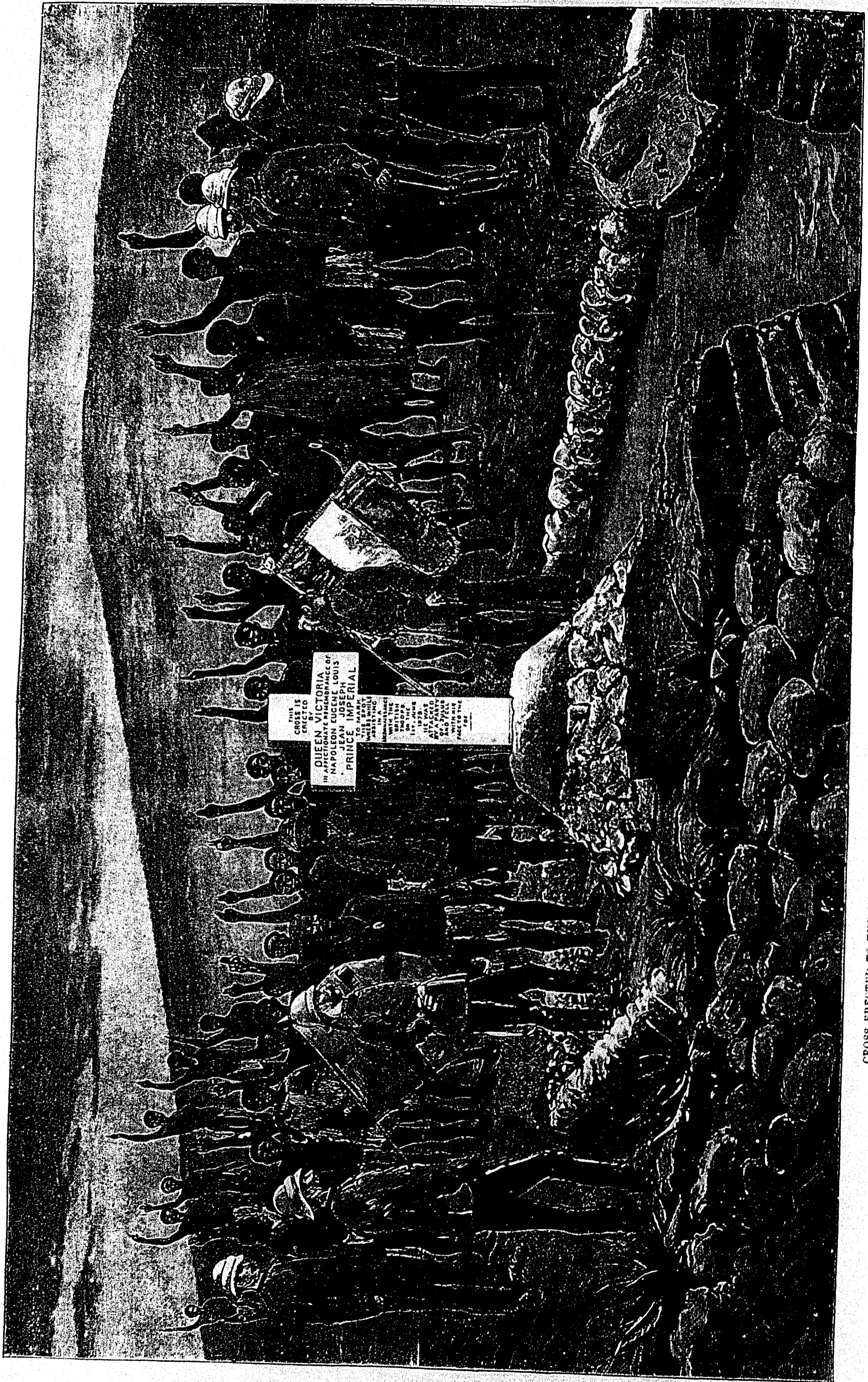


MONTREAL.—THE ACCIDENT TO THE STEAMER BOHEMIAN ON THE LACHINE CANAL.



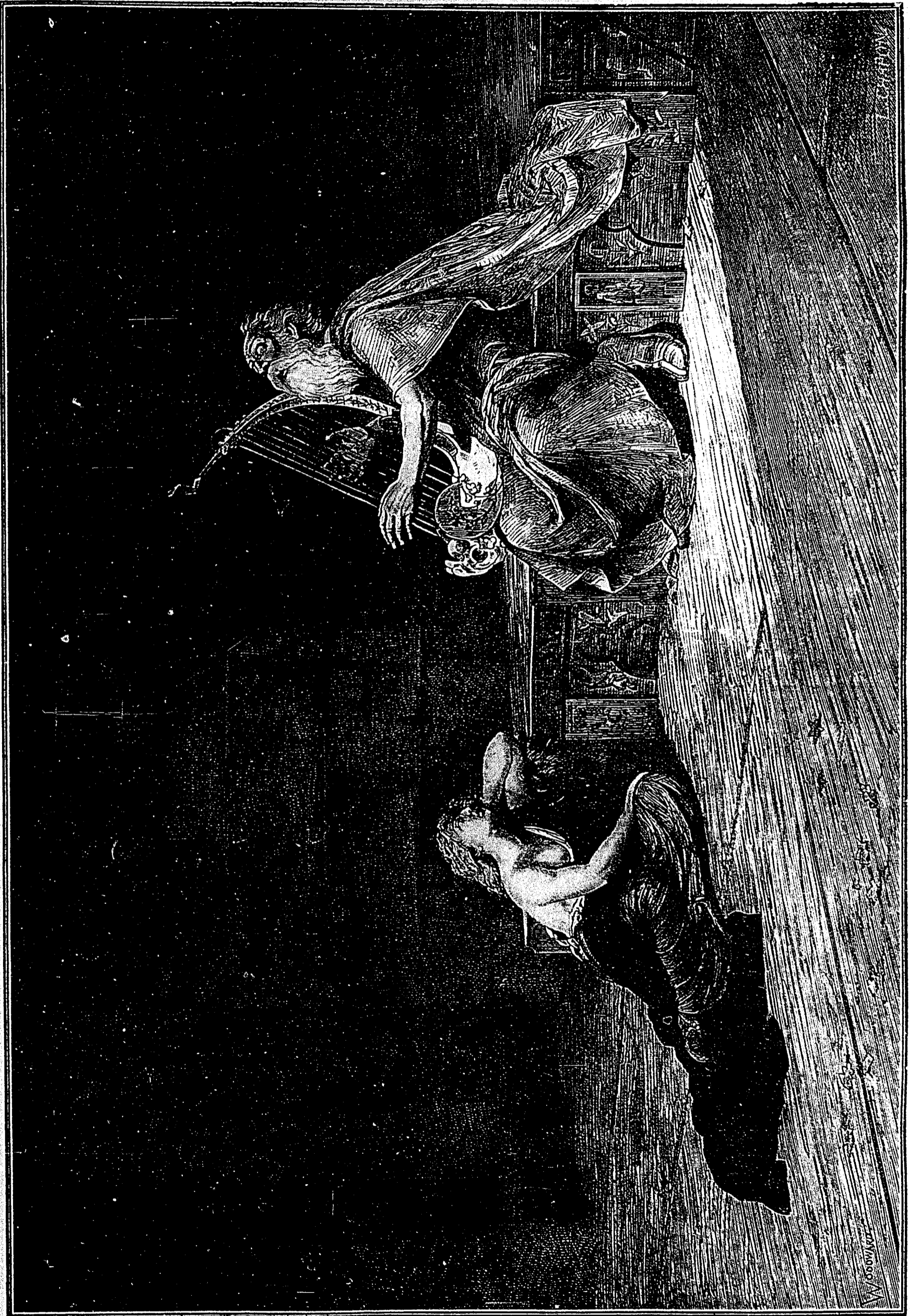
1. DE SALABERRY. 2. ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE. 3. THE CURRIERS AND TANNERS. 4. THE JOINERS. 5. THE BUTCHERS OF QUEBEC. 6. PRINTERS AND BOOK-BINDERS.
7. THE MASS ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

THE ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE HOLIDAY AT QUEBEC.



THIS IS
CROSS IS
ERECTED
BY
QUEEN VICTORIA
IN RECOGNITION OF THE
VALIANT SERVICES OF
NAPOLEON BONAAPARTE, LOUIS
JEAN JOSEPH
PRINCE IMPERIAL
TO MARK
THE SPOT
WHERE HE
DIED IN THE
BATTLE OF
ULUKELE
ON THE
18TH
MAY 1822
HE WAS
A FRENCH
GENERAL
AND FIGHTED
WITH HIS
FATHER
AT THE
BATTLE OF
WATERLOO

CROSS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN ZULULAND. ZULU CHIEFS SWEARING TO PROTECT IT.



OSSIAN'S LAMENT IN PRESENCE OF HIS SON'S WIDOW.

WHERE THE STATELY MAPLES GROW IN FAIR CANADA.

Where the stately maples grow, in fair Canada,
Where the fresh clear water flows, in fair Canada,
Where the western breezes blow,
And bright cheeks like roses glow,
Lives the fairest maid I know, in fair Canada.

In the summer time so fine, in fair Canada,
'Neath the lovely spreading vine, in fair Canada,
When the rose and columbine
Their pure fragrance sweet combine,
She consented to be mine, in fair Canada.

Though the sky was clear and blue, in fair Canada,
And the swallows upward flew, in fair Canada;
Her bright eyes seemed wet with dew,
As she said—be kind and true
Unto her who loves but you, in fair Canada.

While green grows the maple tree, in fair Canada,
While clear streams meander free, in fair Canada,
While my feet can tread the lea,
And my native hills I see,
I'll be true my love to thee and fair Canada.

St. Hypolite street, Montreal.

J. HENDERSON.

MEISSONNIER AT HOME.

Meissonnier, when in Paris, lives near the Parc Monceau. It would be more than even his reputation is worth to live anywhere else. All the great artists settle there; the sign of their progress in their profession is to build a palace in this quarter. The frontage of Meissonnier is at the top of the Boulevard Malesherbes, just at the beginning of the avenue de Villiers. Dumas and Sarah Bernhard are his neighbours, for all the artistic talents house in the same region. Each artist naturally builds in his own favorite style, and we have some wonderful structures to relieve the monotony of the paradise of M. Haussmann. One has derived his inspiration from Moorish Spain, another from Switzerland or Italy. Meissonnier's house is Italian renaissance. There is little to see outside beyond a large expanse of masonry, as neatly joined as a piece of cabinet work; but within you have the terraces and the arcades which form such charming back-grounds in the pictures of the Italian school. It is the Italian renaissance, adapted, of course, to modern French needs.

The owner has chosen a style which admits but sparingly of ornament, and which depends chiefly for its effect on the purity of unbroken line. But where the ornament comes in he has taken care to have it of the best. He has been his own designer. For the years during which the house has been in progress he has worked as an architect as well as a painter. Not a bit of the decoration in galleries, staircases and rooms but has been done from his own designs. It is a fact, but since men cannot live without a weakness, we may congratulate him on his choice. He has kept rigorously to the laws of his design. You pass from the courtyard to the studio, through a pillared hall, and up a staircase rich in carved paneling, for in the interior the style admits of somewhat greater luxuriance. Then you come to the prime wonder of the house—its immense studio. There are two ateliers; but the larger one, for some reason best known to the painter, serves as a kind of ante-chamber to the smaller. The latter is a retreat to which Meissonnier, who is one of the shyest of men, escapes from the world. It is difficult to give an idea of the amplitude of the great one without going into measurements; but certainly it would hold the deliberate assembly of a small state. Here again a rich paneling runs around the walls; and the place looks too fine for daily work. Meissonnier is understood to be reserving it for his large picture; for he means to paint a large picture of which something will be said by-and-by. Perhaps this much-talked-of project is a mere blind to relieve him of the importunities of friends who estimate canvases by the size of their frames. Considering the scale on which he usually paints, one of the cupboards of this apartment might serve him for a work-room. From the smaller studio we may pass out into the open air by a gallery which forms the roof of the arcade, and make the round of the premises to the coach-house and stables, all in perfect keeping of style. Even the back stairs are, in their way, exquisite specimens of early Italian work.

And this is but one of Meissonnier's homes. He has another at Poissy, a rural market whence Paris was fed in the old days. Here he lives in the summer time with his son, who is now out of the world of art, for his neighbour. There are two studios at Poissy, one at the top of the house, the other adjoining the stables, for use in inclement weather. At Poissy Meissonnier is something more than an artist—a municipal ruler, and he is believed to aspire to the high office of mayor. He missed it on one occasion by an unfortunate dispute with his colleagues. Whatever he may have been at one period of his life, he is now understood to be a very good republican. But there are men living who believe they have seen him in the cocked hat and green embroidery of some office of honour under the empire. They may be mistaken. He made quite a gallant stand against the authors of the "sixteenth of May," when their restrictions on the freedom of the press threatened to deprive him of his daily paper. The salon at Poissy has those quaint little square windows which so often figure in the backgrounds of his pictures. He built the country-house as he built the house in town, and he fitted it up with artistic luxuriance, designing most of the furniture himself, notably the silver services of the table. Each place has cost him something in

millions. The bill for the house in Paris has been augmented by his resolution to have all the work of the very best. He takes a peculiar pride in the thoroughness of the mechanical part of it. The stones are beautifully fitted and joined, and the building has scarcely settled an inch since the foundations were laid. This is a costly pleasure, or, say, an ingenious device for getting rid of superfluities of fortune. Without Poissy and Paris poor Meissonnier might be troubled by too rapidly accumulating millions. It is estimated that he has at least two millions in the shape of unfinished commissions in his studio at this present time.

Meissonnier goes out very little, and why should he do otherwise, having these pretty homes? A game of billiards under his own roof on a table which is just as early Italian as the rest in his favorite diversion. He has an un-failing resource against ennui in the society of his son, whom he adores, and in occasional visits to his married daughter. The younger Meissonnier is not only his son but his chosen companion and dearest friend. The elder's housekeeping habits are in part due to a natural timidity. A French writer who went to him the other day for the first biography which has ever appeared was astonished at his reluctance to furnish any details of his life. He seemed to dread to be looked at by the public. "You might have thought," said the writer, "I was 'investigating' him for some serious or shameful offence."

Meissonnier followed the Italian campaign under Napoleon III. to get materials for illustration, which he afterwards used with such effect in his picture of Solferino, and when this last and fatal struggle broke out he set forth with the army that was finally shut up at Metz. He shared the light heart of M. Olivier until the Germans began to gather round Bazaine, and then his friends began to fear he would have to share the captivity of the army. The officers saw the full extent of the danger and implored him to remove from a situation to which he was bound by no obligation of duty. So Meissonnier stole out of Metz, found his way to Paris and served through the remainder of the war as a volunteer. He has every appearance of a man who has seen such rough service. He is as short as the average French linesman, but very broad. There is nothing of the typical genius about his outer man. He has but to sit opposite to a looking-glass to have an excellent model of a professor of gymnastics or a fencing-master growing old. He has a round, full face, plenty of color in his cheeks and a bright eye, so animated in its expression that it makes you entirely forget the effect of his gray hair and beard. Intellectually and physically he would seem to be still in his prime. A friend who is modeling a statuette of him, which stands in the studio, has admirably caught this effect of wiry robustness which is the note of the figure. He has put him in the short pilot-jacket in which he usually works and has planted him very firmly on his legs. He has seized, in fact, the expression of a face, and this is one of the rarest things in portrait art.

The great picture for which the studio was nominally built is to be a revenge on the Germans and a sort of consolation for France. It is to be allegorical, therefore quite out of Meissonnier's line. May he never finish it, never even begin it! There is to be a bruised and bleeding France lying helpless with her shattered sword in her hand, and with the corpse of Regnault, the painter-soldier, on her breast. Above them hovers a Prussian eagle, hardly distinguishable in hateful attributes from the birds of night of the aviary of witchcraft. This sort of thing is unworthy of Meissonnier. No man could do it better; but, then, why do it at all? Such pictures have been turned out by fifties since the war, and they have always left the public cold. Meissonnier's best revenge on Prussia is to go on painting in his old style; but probably this one is unconsciously designed as a revenge on the critics quite as much as a revenge on Germany. It is to be of colossal dimensions; and the critics have hitherto said that Meissonnier cannot distinguish himself on any canvas much larger than his thumb-nail. It is their last ditch, and that is no doubt what makes him so anxious to storm it. They have been talking in that way about him all along; and one by one he has confounded them by doing the very things they have said he could never attempt.

He thinks that certain epochs of custom and manners produce their characteristic human form—have their effect, in fact, on the very structure of the frame, and that to reproduce them fairly you must look for men of our day in whom nature has continued the anatomical tradition. Having found such a subject, Meissonnier costumes him, tells him what he wants him to do—either to play at chess, or to read a book, or to work at a painting—and then lets him choose his attitude for himself. The sitter receives the subject as a kind of commission, and he has to pose for it according to his own device. The master watches him in every attitude and stops him when he thinks that he has found the one he wants. He does not place the man he lets the man place himself. Then he fixes the attitude in his sketch-book and from the sketch-book models the figure in wax, correcting the first crude idea, of course, all the time. From the model in wax he draws the figure on his canvas, and from model, sketch and original altogether he finally elaborates his finished work. No temptation can induce him to let a thing go with which he is not satisfied. This may seem like a common-place of praise, but it is not so; because in our days of luxurious professional living the best men are often tempted to keep

the pot boiling with scamped work. The scenes illustrative of Meissonnier's thoroughness are sometimes very curious. You may have a crowd of amateurs and dealers in the studio, bidding almost like men in an auction-room for the work as it stands unfinished on the easel. "You will let me have that." "No; you promised it to me." Meissonnier lets them talk on; and presently, perhaps, he takes up a pallet-knife and effaces, with one scrape, the principal figure. There is a cry of horror, and the artist has this collateral benefit from the sacrifice, that he is soon left alone to recommence the struggle for perfection.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

The first thing at Newstead which took me completely by surprise, for no accounts that I have seen led me to expect it, was to find that the whole country for many miles around is now nothing more or less than a colliery district. There is a colliery at Hucknall, and a large mining population is growing up around the place where Byron is buried. The church once stood in the midst of green, smiling meadows; now it is surrounded by pits, tramways and tall chimneys pouring out heavy volumes of smoke. There is another colliery at Annesley, the former home of Miss Chaworth, and to sum up all there is one at Newstead itself, not very far from the old abbey, but still not actually visible when you look out at the windows or walk in the garden. Byron, as we all know, never wanted to be buried in a church at all, but what would have been his disgust could he have foreseen that he was destined to lie amid a grimy colliery population, in the midst of coal mines, brick-works and factories. But though these things may vex a poetic soul, they bring wealth to the neighborhood, and Byron himself might have reconciled himself to the unromantic surroundings of his "old, old monastery" if he could have made the discovery which I shall presently describe.

Five miles from Mansfield, on the Nottingham road, there stands a fine old oak tree, with broad and spreading branches, just in front of some lodge gates. This tree is almost the sole relic of the ancient woods which were cut down and sold in 1798 by the fifth Lord Byron, from whom the poet inherited the estate—"the wicked lord," as he was called for many years after his death, nor has the appellation died out even at the present day among the country people round about. Within the lodge gates the road runs through large numbers of spruce-firs, dark and sombre, and gradually passes into an undulating park, and presently winds round to the left and brings the visitor to the front of the abbey, with its glorious east window and ancient cloisters—the window described by Byron himself in that noble verse:

"A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colorings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like aeroplum wings,
Now yawns all desolate; now low, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced choir
Lies with their hallicujahs quenched like fire."

I could not, by the way, avoid feeling all through the day of my visit how much better Byron had described Newstead than any other writer since his time—I do not mean more poetically, but more accurately, so that we get a truer idea of the place from his account of it than can be gathered from the pages of all subsequent writers put together, in the same way, travellers in Switzerland and many parts of Italy will find few more faithful or more interesting guides than "Childe Harold."

The present entrance-hall of Newstead is part of the old crypt of the monastery, and is now filled with stuffed animals and birds shot by Mr. Webb in various parts of the world, for Mr. Webb appears to have been a mighty hunter in his earlier days. On the floor I noticed two large blocks of coal with dates written upon them. It was explained to me that these were samples of the "black diamonds" which have been found under Newstead during the last few years, luckily for the present owner of the estate. Col. Wildman, who bought it of Byron, ruined himself over the property, and was obliged to sell it for less than a third of what it had cost him. Mr. Webb will practically get the whole estate for nothing and a handsome yearly revenue into the bargain, for he has already made enough profit out of the coal beneath Newstead to pay for the purchase of it. A seam of four feet nine inches in depth has been found on the estate, and it would take generations to work it out. If the "wicked lord" had only hit upon this discovery or the great poet himself for that matter! Either of them would soon have made the money fly.

At the top of a narrow stone staircase on the left of the hall is Byron's old bed-room, adjoining his dressing-room, with the furniture which he used left quite unchanged. There on the walls is the portrait of his servant, Joe Murray, a bluff and hearty-looking fellow, smoking a long pipe; there also is the pugilist Jackson, in a long-tail blue coat, and got up in "go-to-meeting" clothes, but looking in spite of them every inch a "bruiser." Byron's bedstead, toilet service, shaving glass and other articles are where he left them, and close by is the "ghost's room," where his page slept. These rooms have been described time after time, and I shall do no more than refer briefly to them, with special reference to any changes that have been made during recent years. The library is never shown to strangers, but I was kindly per-

mitted to see it. It is a long, low room over the cloisters of the abbey, and opens on to a balcony, from where there is a beautiful look-out over the green space within the ruined chapel. Here the east window has a very noble appearance, and Boatswain's grave is also in sight, and many fine trees, among them a grand cedar. This is altogether a charming nook. From the library I went through various bed-rooms; among others the one in which Edward III. is said to have slept while on his way to the North, "while yet the church was Rome's." I remarked in this room a fine old carved bedstead, with the date 1533 upon it. In the day-rooms now used by the family there are the Byron relics, described by Irving and others, together with some more recent additions, the most interesting of which is perhaps the cap worn by Livingstone on his last journeys—old, weather-beaten, mended with twine, and telling in itself a touching story of hardship and suffering. The African attendants of Livingstone in his last illness were entertained at Newstead by Mr. Webb and Mr. Stanley with them. A tree planted by Livingstone is in the grounds and another by Mr. Stanley. The oak planted by Byron on one side of the lawn is now a fine large tree, but it is decidedly a disfigurement to the lawn, and no wonder that both Col. Wildman and Mr. Webb have repeatedly talked of cutting it down.

Lord Byron's dining-room was also the old dining-room of the Abbots of Newstead, and here I noticed two little Chippendale sideboards and cellarets which belonged to the poet and are still used. I observed also a date on the drawing-room ceiling which no one seems to have mentioned—"March 28, 1633." In the cloisters there is a dark, underground, vault-like space in which the dead of the monastery used to be placed until the graves were ready to receive them. This was chosen by Byron as an excellent place for a plunge-bath, and he went there every day. It is a spot from which most people would shrink back with a kind of horror. The ghost of a monk was said to have been seen from time to time pacing up and down these cloisters, and his presence always foreboded evil to the lord of Newstead. This superstition has not entirely died out, although the owners of houses like Newstead do not like to talk about such things. It is a fact, however, that there are people living who are willing to testify that they have seen the spectral monk in the cloisters. I, for my part, can with a clear conscience testify that I did not.

Strange, however, are the influences of old beliefs and legends in houses of this kind. I was recently over a venerable castle in which the housekeeper assured me she had repeatedly seen ghosts and thought "nothing of it." Assuredly a more ghost-like place I never saw, nor could all the power of imagination depict one. Let me tell you a little incident. At Newstead there used to be a part of a human skull set in silver as a drinking cup. This was one of the freaks of Lord Byron, and the cup used to stand upon a table in the drawing-room for some years after his death. It was the skull of a monk, dug up in the garden. It soon became whispered that while that skull remained above ground the possessor of Newstead, whoever he might be, would have no heir, that good fortune would forsake him, and eventually the estate would pass from his hands. With Lord Byron, we know how events fell out. Col. Wildman, his old school-fellow, bought the estate, and he lived to see his son die, his fortune melt away, and Newstead go to another. It would be scarcely decorous to go into any details concerning the history of the present possessors, but it may be said that at first the strange fatality seemed destined to be repeated, when at length the skull was buried, it is said in the old chapel, but no one knows for certain except Mr. Webb himself. Not very long afterwards immense riches in the shape of coal were found lying under the very ground at Newstead, and there is no fear that the owner of the estate will have no one to succeed him. This is very curious, and there are people who would be disposed to say that it is something more.

The present lawn of the house was once the burial ground of the monks, and the gardener informed me that there were many skeletons beneath. It is here that the celebrated monument to Boatswain, the Newfoundland dog, was erected and still exists. Directly below it is a large vault, all bricked in and lined and ready for the reception of a body. This was the place chosen by Byron for his grave. It is not Boatswain's grave as all accounts had led me to believe and as is commonly supposed. The gardener assured me that no remains of a dog have been found in the vault, and he justly pointed out that the inscription written by Byron does not say that the dog is buried there—it simply says—"Near this spot," &c. The inscription was put up on the monument, but ample space was left for the insertion of the poet's name. It appears, therefore, to be a complete mistake to suppose that Byron ever wished to be buried with his dog, and with regard to the spot he selected it should be remembered that it was in consecrated ground, as he reminded the lawyers who objected to the clause in his will giving directions for his funeral.

The pond in which the monks used to keep supplies of fish remains untouched, and there is still a popular belief that great and mysterious treasures lie at the bottom of it. Hard by are the leaden statues brought from Italy by the "old Lord" and still known as the "old Lord's devils." If a workman is ever employed in or about the house now the first question he is

asked by his friends when he goes home is, "Did you see the old Lord's devils!" The lake was being cleaned out on the day of my visit, and I noticed a very narrow stream—a mere gutter—running through the mud at the bottom.

"Before the mansion lay a lucid lake, Broad as transparent, deep and freshly fed By a river, which its soft'ning way did take In currents through the calmer water spread."

Close by is the spring from which the monks used to get all their drinking water, and it bubbles up to-day through the sand, as cool and clear as it did five or six hundred years ago. The family at Newstead drew their supplies entirely from it. There is a border of old-fashioned herbaceous flowers along the terrace, and both border and terrace were made by the monks, and are kept up precisely as if they had never departed from Newstead.

L. J. J.

In all countries women love flowers—in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry indicates a revolution in all the feelings. It is a delicate pleasure which makes its way through coarse organs; it is a creature whose eyes are opened; it is the sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul which is awakened.

THE GLEANER.

JERUSALEM is being rebuilt with all the modern improvements.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY has been gazetted Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

FIRMNESS is necessary to back up good intentions. The hen that is set in her way turns out best.

DR. MAGOON, of Philadelphia, has provided a \$5,000 scholarship at Vassar College, of which he is a trustee.

A STEAM bicycle has been invented. This will fit a long felt want. A steam bicycle may explode and kill its rider.

GARFIELD'S pedigree seems to be a little mixed. Already it is said that he came from Welsh-Irish and Dutch stock. And then there was his Credit Mobilier stock.

THE person who has an idea that a Long Island sound captain wants to go down with a wreck any more than any of his passengers has real romance instead of history.

THERE are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies his nearest relatives must put him in a coffin and bury him, and the mourning doesn't begin until after the burial.

ATTENTION is called by a St. Petersburg correspondent to the fact that till now no Emperor of Russia has been a widower. A new ceremonial for the lament of the late Empress had, therefore, to be invented.

OUT of the initials of Mr. Gladstone's names the Conservatives have manufactured the word Wag, and by this incorrect appellation they speak of the Premier. He has not yet "dropped into poetry," however, like Silas of that name.

No matter how big a man a Fourth of July orator thinks himself he will discover before the evening is over that the clap who shoots off the sky-rockets will receive most of the applause.

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia, second son of the Crown Prince, who will return shortly from his voyage around the world, will commence his studies at the Strasburg University next winter.

THE average person speaks about 120 words per minute. This estimate is considerably short of that required when the speaker has a trunk full on his head while he is hunting for a sleeve button.

A KANSAS farmer found fourteen old hats, six cloth-coats, two straw beds, ten pigs and an eight-day clock on his farm after a tornado, and he wants the owners to prove property and pay charges.

MANY a future delegate, says the Boston Courier, is now swinging on the gate barfooted and bareheaded, his face smeared with molasses and his hair to open and undignified rebellion to the unit rule.

IN the next fifteen years almost all the Russian railroads now in operation will undergo the process of redemption and become government property. The Czar wants to become a railroad king, but the Nihilists will blow him up all the same.

THE poet has referred idlers to the ant for a lesson in industry. The common house-fly, however, wears the belt for persistent perseverance. One of these creatures will go a thousand times to the same spot on a man's bald head, and yet there is nothing to be gained by it in any way.

THE New York Herald is mistaken in calling Detroit the Athens of the West. Call us anything else but that. Athens means bad sidewalks, lots of mud, office holders who hang on forever, and just enough of higher education to make everybody think everybody else a fool.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 280.

The influence of delightful summer weather is felt by all our chess clubs, and it is only the enthusiast who is found poring over the chess board while all that is bright and beautiful in nature is inviting him abroad. The club room wears a dingy look to eyes just refreshed by the sun and flowers, and even the bright goblin, when day has departed, seems to be out of place during a hot summer's evening. Little then of Canadian chess can we chronicle now, and we must fain wait till long evenings and approaching winter lead the votary of the chequer-board to resume his favourite amusement.

The most stirring event of the day in chess is undoubtedly the contest between Zukertort and Rosenthal, and even that seems to have lagged lately. The latest news is to the effect that Zukertort has won another game, and, therefore, the score is now, or rather was, when it began its journey hitherward, Zukertort, 6; Rosenthal, 1. Drawn 9.

It is consequently, so far as it has gone, a very one-sided affair, and as the first seven games gained by either player will decide the contest, there seems to be no difficulty in forecasting to whom the victory will fall.

Dr. Ryall, of Hamilton, informs us that eighteen games in his Correspondence Tourney have been finished. We are glad to hear that the competitors have entered so eagerly into the fight, and hope that soon we may be furnished with a full report of this interesting chess contest.

In the International Post Card Tourney, Mr. Lopping announces that he has won two games from Mr. Jaeger, and Mr. Scott, of Chester, informs us that in one of his games with Mr. Laut he has won the Queen for a Pawn. Mr. Laut's last move was probably a mistake, but Mr. Scott has a clearly won game in spite of it. If Mr. Laut should throw up the sponge, what will Mr. Bidden say to America, 22; Great Britain, 22; and drawn 11.—Argus and Express.

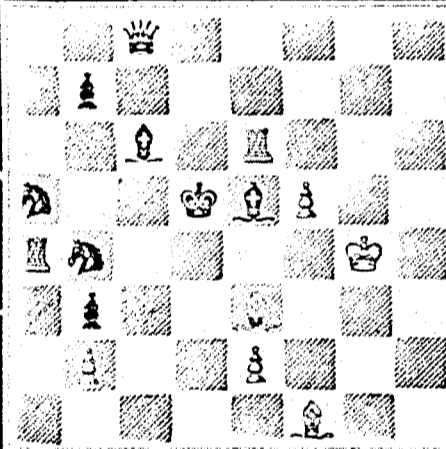
CHESS IN AUSTRALASIA.

Mr. Walker, after giving a farewell blindfold performance at Brisbane, paid a visit to the Sydney Club for a similar purpose, and is now residing at Melbourne, where he has encountered Mr. Burns and other local players. We hope to give one of his games in our next. The largest chess tourney which has ever taken place in New Zealand was brought to an end in February at Kumara. There were 21 competitors divided into six classes, the odds ranging from P and move to Q. The winners were all in the second class, and their names and scores were — Mr. Pettie, 24 games won; Mr. Ball, 22; Mr. Scott, 22.—Chesplayer's Chronicle.

PROBLEM No. 281.

By J. P. Taylor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 413.—

CHESS IN LONDON.

Fourteenth game in the Rosenthal-Zukertort match, played at the St. George's Chess Club, June 7, 1880.

(Ruy Lopez.)

- White.—(Mr. Rosenthal.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to K 5 4. P to Q 3 5. P to B 4 6. B to R 4 7. P to K R 3 8. B to K 1 9. Q Kt to Q 2 10. Kt to B sq 11. Kt to Kt 3 12. B to K 5 13. Castles 14. Kt to R 2 15. Q to K 2 16. P takes K 17. R takes K 18. P to K B 4 19. B takes P 20. P to K 4 (ch) 21. P to Q 4 22. Q R to K sq 23. B to K 5 24. B takes P (ch) 25. Q to Kt 6 26. R takes B 27. R takes Kt 28. Q takes Kt 29. Kt to R 4 30. Kt to R 2 31. K to R 8 (ch) 32. R to B 7 33. Kt to B sq 34. Q takes P 35. K to Kt sq 36. R takes R 37. Resigns

NOTES—(Much condensed.) (a) An ill-considered advance, which might have cost the game on the spot. (b) Feeble. The proper answer was Kt to Q B 3, which would have gained at least one important P on the Q side, for White could not then advance the Q P and allow the opponent to sacrifice the Kt. (c) A fine resource, which turns the tables, at least as far as the attack is concerned. (d) Perhaps best under the circumstances; but we are not quite sure whether he could not accept the proffered exchange. (e) White's conduct of this difficult ending presents a model of finessing manoeuvre.

SOLUTIONS.

- White. 1. Q to K Kt sq 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Anything Solution of Problem No. 282. In this Problem the W K should be at K B 7 WHITE. 1. Kt to K Kt 4 2. R mates BLACK. 1. P takes Kt

- PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 281. White. K at K Kt 4 Q at K B sq R at K Kt 7 Kt at K 4 Pawns at K 2 and K B 5 Black. K at Q 4 Pawns at K 6 and Q 3 White to play and mate in three moves.



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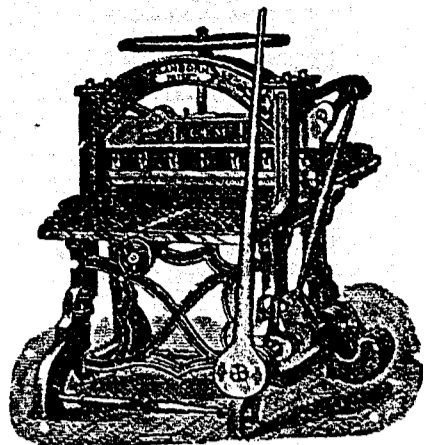
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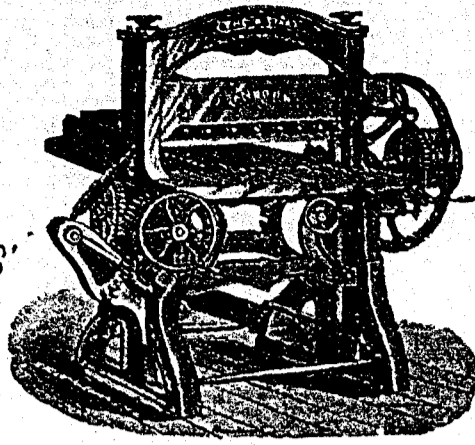
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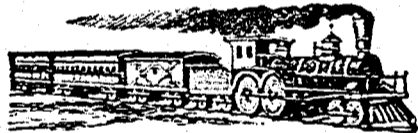
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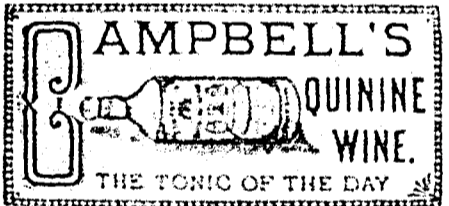
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