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THE SECTION OF THE PARTY OF THE

Vol. XIX.--No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE SALUTING BASE.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN MONTREAL.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is publi bed by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHO-GEAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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NOTICE.

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

NOTICE.

THE VICE-REGAL PARTY AT KINGSTON.

THE NEXT NUMBER OF

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will contain a number of sketches illustrating the visit of the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness to the

OLD CITY OF FRONTENAC. THE DECORATIONS OF THE CITY. A SERIES OF ARTISTIC SKETCHES. VIEW OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE. THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE. THE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE CITY HALL.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE MILITARY COLLEGE. INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT.

While reserving the number following to scenes connected with the Vice-Regal visit to QUEBEC,

we shall introduce one or two views in our next of the Ancient Capital.

These two numbers will be of special interest, and worthy pendants of the two which we have consecrated to the celebration of the Queen's Birthday in Montreal.

enliven the NEWS, and we call upon all our friends to extend to us their support.

TEMPERATURE,

As observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer an Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal. THE WEEK ENDING

June 1st, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878				
	Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon	61.7	35 €	48 9	Mon.	- 75 €	59 ≎	67.0
Tues .	67 =	43 ≎	55 €	Tues .	70 =	56, ≎	63 =
Wed.	72 =	46 =	59 =	Wed.	70 =	57 0	63 = 5
Thur.		560	66 =	Thur	70 =	56 ≥	(23 a
Frid.	6.50	60 ≎.	72 = 5	Frid	68 €	35 ≎	61 = 5
Sat	E 6 3	(28 €	770	Sat	77 =	56; =	66 = 5
Suo	K3 =	50 =	71 =	Sun	72 =	60 =	6€ ≎

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, June 7, 1879.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The honour of Knighthood in the and George bestowed upon six of our principal public men, on the occasion of the anniversary of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Birthday, naturally brings to mind the rewards lately conferred on the gallant fellows who upheld the honour of British arms and saved the remnants of a broken British army in distant Zululand. The Queen bestowed the Victoria Cross upon two officers, one non-commissioned officer and five privates, the most heroic of the heroes who fought at Rorke's Drift. The officers have already become known the world over as CHARD and BROMHEAD. They were lieutenants on the eventful night of the attack, but now they are majors by brevet. John Wil-LIAMS with two other soldiers defended a room in the hospital at Rorke's Drift for more than an hour, and when both his comrades were slain, he knocked a hole

next ward with his patients. There he tually fit to sit beside him or any of his met HENRY HOOK who, taking in the situation at a glance, joined him and while one kept the bloodthirsty negroes at bay the other broke three more partitions and brought eight patients within the inner line of defences. Men who perform such deeds deserve to be enrolled in the Peerage of Valour.

But another more gratifying circumstance is that the Victoria Cross has flashed its glory beyond the grave, being laid upon the coffins, so to speak, of two heroes-Lieutenants MELVILLE and Cou-HILL-who, with the sacred colours of the 24th bound around them, cut their way out it should be, and when the public comof the dusky hordes at Isandula, and died of wounds and exhaustion on the British side of the Buffalo river. The colours were recovered and returned to the regiment; their bodies were buried and the Victoria Cross figuratively laid upon the green sod that mantles their remains.

The Cross is essentially a military distinction and as such a thoroughly democratic institution, as much within the reach of the lowest private as of the Field Marshal. But both must win it by some salient deed of valour. On no other grounds can it be obtained. It has been said with truth that the Prince of Wales possesses every decoration in the British Empire but this. He wears the blue ribbon of the Garter, the green ribbon of the Thistle and the sky-blue ribbon of St. Patrick. He is a Knight of the Bath, of the Star of India, of St. Michael and St. George. But he has not the Victoria Cross and will probably never have it. There is some encouragement in this for the soldiers of Britain, and a pacific Queen may boast of having instituted the truest reward of merit in her realm.

WRITERS FOR THE PRESS.

Newspaper men are proverbially modest, but there are times when they are forced to blow their own horn. It is, for instance, on some great occasion when they have done an unusual amount of hard and useful work and the public does not seem to appreciate it. Take We are using every effort to strengthen and the late celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday as an example. Splendid as it was, its splendour would have died out with the setting of that evening sun behind old Mount Royal but for the writers of the press. Of the 25,000 or more people present on the field of review, it is safe to say that not ten in a thousand understood anything about the manutures. Their admiration was loyally expended on a brilliantly confused pageantry. Who explained everything to them ? The press writers in the morning papers. To the thousands in the city who were not there at all, who rendered the celebration as vivid as if they had themselves witnessed it? The reporters by the witchery of their pens. To the millions throughout the Domion and the United States who were necessarily absent, who spread column upon column at the breakfast table next morning in Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, New York, Brooklyn and Boston ? telegraph operators who-and we are happy to bear them this testimony-are the intelligent and indefatigable coadjutors of the press on all such critical occasions. But for the remarkable feats of the stenographer, who, except a chosen handful of guests, would ever have heard of the Governor-General's tribute to the United States and their President, and BEECHER'S euloguim of England's Queen and Anglo-Canadian institutions? And yet there are found people who affect to look down on the press and who speak with a sneer of "reporters." Is it their intelligence that is sneered at! As a body there are no more educated men, or men who make more useful employment of their talents. In the carriages or cars that follow the Governor-General, for instance, from place to place to chronicle his minutest acts or part of His Royal Highness for the statemost trifling sayings for the behoof of a ment. Whether the matter will rest there

entourage. Is it their industry that is sneered at? On the Queen's Birthday, for example, when the thousands retired to their homes to rest or to spend the evening in recreation, the writers for the press, after running about all day under the sun and through the dust, returned to the narrowness of their sanctums and there worked till two or three in the morning to write out their reports. A harder working set of men does not live, and we are forced to confess that they are not remunerated according to their merits. We repeat that the press is not appreciated as plain of the shortcomings of any particular paper, the retort comes sharply that the fault lies with the public. The better they patronize a paper the better it will become, and there is no surer criterion of the success of a journal than the fact that it is worked by an excellent staff of writers.

A NOBLEMAN'S INDEPENDENCE.

We had intended to refer to the follow ing incident in our last issue, but the pressure on our space in consequence of the descriptive matter connected with the celebration of the Queen's Birthday prevented our doing so. We recur to it today because, although the question is a week older, it is of that import which is never out of place. In a recent debate on the Zulu War, Sir Robert Prec, in many respects a not unworthy son of an illusrious sire, made some very disparaging remarks on the character of George IV Thereupon a weekly journal - Vanity Fair, if we mistake not,-undertook to state in rather ominous terms that Her Majesty was deeply incensed and with other members of the Royal Family had declared her intention never to take any notice of Sir Robert in the future. There was a time when such a threat would have brought the haughtiest nobleman in the realm to terms, and indeed in our own day many a titled snob or weakling would have trembled in his boots. Bu' Sir Robert Peel is made of sterner stuff. He took up his pen and sent the editor a rattling note, the following extract from which deserves to be preserved

"It is superfluous to observe that such a statement is a very impudent expression of the latest development of the ridiculous imperialism of the present day, and in the official attempt to gag members of Parliament in the free debate of questions of public interest in the House of Commons by the published menace of the royal displeasure, there is a clear breach of privilege, recalling the most studid exhibitions of royal misconduct. Royal displeasure! Imperial censure! And because a member of the House of Commons dares to express his opinion in his place in Parliament, and to quote Thackeray and history in support of that opinion! After all, it is notorious that two members of the royal family indulged in similar threats, and a great deal worse, I am sorry to say, as regards Mr. Gladstone, while the language of the Commander-in-Chief (the Duke of Cambridge) with respect to the late Government is too well known to need further comment at this present * But, as in the present instance you act as the plenipotentiary of royalty, go tell your master that I am not the sort of man to be smothered by imperial menaces, and unless I receive the most ample satisfaction from The honour of Knighthood in the The correspondents with their miraculous the royal sources which have made you their most Most Distinguished Order of Michael multiplication of work, aided by the impudent mouthpiece, I will send a copy of your statement, together with a copy of my reply, to the Prince of Wales and to the Duke of Cambridge. And, as you have published and circulated such a declaration of the intentions of the royal family with respect to my remarks in the House of Commons, I shall also avail myself of a fitting opportunity to publish and to placard in London and the Provinces, under the heading of 'Sir Robert Peel and the rest of the Royal Family,' both your official notifica-tion of the royal message and my contemptuous acknowledgment."

It will be observed that, although the editor had mentioned no names beside that of the Queen, Sir Robert boldly names the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge and to them he straightforward made appeal. In the case of the Prince we have since learned that the appeal was heard, eliciting the prompt reply that there was no authority on the into the partition and retreated into the curious people, there are men intellector not it makes very little difference Protestant Christianity, Methodism and the

Sir Robert, as many suppose, may remain persona ingrata at Court or he may not, but the pleasing fact remains that he has set an example of independence and manliness which is refreshing in view of the toadyism that is rampant in too many quarters. Loyalty is never incompatible with seif-respect, and when a man has the authority of THACKERAY to back him he may ridicule the four Georges to his heart's content and brave the resentment of all sycophants.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW WESLEY CHURCH. - A full description of this beautiful new temple of worship will be found in a separate column.

OUR NEW KNIGHTS .- The biography of each of the new knights whose portraits figure on another page, has appeared time and again in our columns, according as the turn of events brought them to the front. It remains only to congratulate them on their elevation to a dignity which they have deserved by their services to their country.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY .-- We publish again in this issue a number of pages containing illustrations of incidents connected with the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday in Montreal. Last week full descriptive letter-press was furnished, and there remains only to add a brief notice of the illustrations. The front page depicts the scene of the saluting base on the field of review, with the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise in the centre, surrounded by their personal staff. The view on the pier represents the presentation by the Mayor to the 13th Brooklyn Regiment of a magnificent flag, the gift of ladies related to officers of the Prince of Wales Regiment, and wrought with rare skill by the ladies of the Convent of Hochelaga. Mr. Beecher made the response. The leaves from our artist's sketch-book will be found entertaining, as also the little bit on the last page, cutitled "Fraternizing," and where a member of the 13th Brooklyn falls in amicably with a civilian, and they exchange head-gear. The lunch in the Crystal Palace after the review is also sketched, along with the artillery firing party.

THE MONTSERRAT Co.'s TENTS .- The attention of our readers is directed to the illustration of one of the Montserrat Company's tents, erected by H. Sugden Evans & Co., sole consignees for Canada and the United States, through whose generosity the military were indebted for a bountiful supply of a most wholesome, delicious, and refreshing beverage, called Limetta Cordial, which H. Sugden Evans & Co., with their usual generosity, gave free on the 24th to the troops on Fletcher's Field, and if we are to judge from the manner in which the efficient staff of young ladies was kept employed in dispensing about 1,000 gallous, the beverage must have been highly appreciated. Such praise-worthy action on the part of our esteemed fellowtownsmen we could not allow to go unnoticed. We understand that Limetta, or Lime-Fruit Juice Cordial, prepared from the Lime Fruit Juice, is strictly pure and free from alcohol. It is all ready to use; blended with water it makes a delightful drink, and has all the properties and virtues of the Lime-Fruit Juice, and the latter is uniformly the production of one plantation, the "Olveston," owned and cultivated by the Montserrat Company, in the Island of Montserrat, West Indies, from whence it is imported.

THE WESLEY (CONGREGATIONAL) CHURCH, MONTREAL.

Our readers are so familiar with the events which led to the separation of the Rev. Jas. Rov. M.A., and the majority of his Congregation from the Methodist body, that it is needless to repeat them. We have the more pleasing task of referring to the steps taken for the erection of the beautiful new temple of worship, an engraving of which we present to our readers to-day. Availthe establishment of Congregational churches, Mr. Roy's Congregation immediately set up ecclesiastical house keeping for themselves, never losing a Sunday or week-night service. That they were enabled to do this was greatly due to the kindness of friends who placed at their disposal Bishop's College Medical School and the Academy of Music. Through the munificent help of G. B. Burland, Esq., the contributions and promised subscriptions of the friends of Wesley Church have been so augmented as to result after, exactly two years from the painful severance of old ties, in the completion of one of the most beautiful church buildings in the city of Montreal. It is due to the gentleman named above thus publicly to state that, though many have nobly contributed to the funds of this new church, to his generosity and energy must be mainly attributed whatever success has attended the erection of the structure, or whatever good may, under God, yet result from a church whose maine will perpetuate the memory of one of the truest saints uncanonized, and within whose walls will, doubtless, be preached, with Wesley's loyalty to fact, the same gospel for which his life was spent. Hitherto that name has been associated with but two of the great divisions of

Church of England. There is a peculiar appropriateness, however, in associating with a Congregational church the name of one who wrote in 1746: "Originally, every Christian congregation was a church independent of all others." This newest of Montreal churches, then, instead of being a symbol of disanion, ought to be a centre of kindly fellowship for all. In its opening services, whether as speakers or listeners, clergymen of almost all our Canadian churches Episcopalians and Methodists not excepted, and of all the leading languages spoken amongst us, English, German and French, took a part.

The above church was opened for divine service on Sunday, the 25th May, at eleven o'clock, the Rev. A. J. Bray officiating. Towards the close of the service, the pastor, the Rev. JAMES Roy, M.A., who had preached at Zion Church, entered and offered up a prayer for his congregation. Dr. Davies presided at the organ, which is rich and full in tone, and was built by Messrs, S. R. Warren & Co., of Toronto. Th case is of rich and chaste design, in ebony and gilt, and presents a magnificent appearance. The Deacons are Messrs. G. B. Burland, Thos. Costen, John Smith, W. C. Pridham, James Popham, Wm. McGoun, Jno. Watson and John Douglass; T. Crane, clerk. At 3 p.m. the ser-vice was held by the Rev. G. H. Wells, who preached a sermon, the text being taken from Romans xiv. 7, "For none of us liveth to him-self and no man dieth to himself." In the even-ing, at 7 o'clock, Rev. J. F. Stevenson, LL.B., officiated and preached an eloquent sermon on the subject of Congregationalism, &c.

The site of the Church is on the south side of St. Catherine street, between Phillips' Square and St. Alexander street, a very favourable one being on an eminence from which a splendid view of the city can be had. The foundations are eight feet high above the ground; they are massive and constructed of limestone, the dressings and quoins chiselled, and courses rock faced. The front has three door-ways, the centre one deeply recessed with moulded jambs, detached columns with bases and foliated capitals, moulded arches, being the main entrance, thirteen feet in width and twenty-four feet in height, with a flight of stone steps to give easy ascent to the main hall. The doors on either side give access to the basement, with circular staircases to the main hall and to the galleries. In the tympanum over the main entrance Wesley Church, Congregational " is cut on a band; a richly carved and panelled gable with a grand foliated octagonal fleehe nobly crowning it, itsing fifty feet above the ground level. On each corner is an octagonal tower terminating with ornamental finials; between these towers and over the entrances the front wall recedes three feet, having richly panelled and moulded pediments running the whole length of front.

Below the superbly ornamented apex of the main gable is a large rose window, the tracery of which is wrought in a style of rare ornament-ation; the lower are of the circumference of this grand window touches the mouldings above the panels with columns, bases and carved caps. This window is deeply recessed 14 feet in width and 22 feet in height, having columns, pilasters and moulded jambs and arched mouldings, richly carved tympanum, terminating in a very rich cross of foliated design. Between this window and each octagonal tower there is a rose window seven feet in diameter filled with ormamental tracery. Above the apex rises a blocking with pilasters and columns, moulded bases and carved capitals, water tables and grand foliated plunacies. This church will be specially adapted to the requirements of Congregational worship and oral instruction. The plan is erneiform with short nave. Choir and transepts meeting in a circular centre of fifty-four feet in diameter, having twelve clustered columns, moulded bases, enriched and foliated capitals to support the arches and dome (tifty feet above the floor level), ceiling light, twenty-five feet diameter, filled with cut and coloured glass, with lantern above to give light to the centre of the church. The galleries are placed across the nave and the transepts. The choir and organ occupy the platform in rear of the minister, which is six feet above the floor level with steps from choir vestry. The minister's platform is three feet above the floor, with steps ascending on either side; in the centre is a desk, rich in design, and in front a circular railing for communicants. The seats are all carved and radiate from the centre; every sitting (eight hundred in number) has an unobstructed view of the minister, and he has a view of the faces of all the congregation. Vestries for the minister and choir are under the platform. There is also a capacious and well-lighted basement, twelve feet in height, which contains school-room or lecture hall, 48 x 52, library, five class-rooms—two of these have sliding glass partitions, which at any time will afford additional space to the Sabbathschool, or the two made into one for weekly meetings. There is a sub-cellar in front under the hall for fuel and furnaces to heat Sabbathschool and class-rooms with hot water, and the Church with warm air. Ventilating flues are placed in nave transopts, and a large shaft in dome, regulated with iron rods.

The contractors are :- Peter Lyall, mason and cut-stone work. William Lavers, bricklayer's work. Archibald McIntyre, carpenter's and joiner's work. William Kerfut, plasterer's work. John Murphy, painter's and glazier's work. William Clendinneng, cast-iron work. Theodore Charpentier, slating and galvanized iron

planned and carved the work in a manner worthy of his high professional reputation.

The organ was built at a cost of \$5,000 and contains the following stops :-

MANUAL NO. J.

Compass C C to G in alto.

Double diapason, 16 feet; open diapason, 8 feet; dulciana, 8 feet; melodia, 8 feet; principal, 4 feet; harmonic flute, 4 feet; fifteenth, 2 feet; sesquialtera, 3 ranks; mixture, 2 ranks;

MANUAL NO. II.

(Swell organ.)

Open diapason, 8 feet; viol di gamba, 8 feet coline, S feet; stopped dispason, 3 feet; stopped dispason bass, 8 feet; claribel flute, 4 feet; octave, 4 feet; mixture, 2 ranks; oboc, 8

PEDAL ORGAN.

Compass C C C to F.

Open bass, 16 feet : bourdon, 16 feet : octave, feet, contra posaune, 16 feet.

ACCESSORY MOVEMENTS.

Swell to great, great to pedal, swell to pedal, well octave coupler,

There are six pneumatic pistons to great organ three combination pedals to great and pedal organs and two combination pedals to swell organ and a tremolo to swell. The bellows of the organ are blown by Berry's patent silent balance engine organ-blower.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has given special permission for the dedication of a song, entitled "Cheer him," commemorating his return from Berlin.

The great hope of the opposition is to conjure at the next election with Lord Detby's name, especially in Lancashire, and we must lay our account to find the Earl throwing the whole weight of his influence into the scales against the Ministry.

THE war between the traders and the cooperative associations has already reached a crisis. The federation of private traders who have united to oppose the co-operative associa-tions have given notice to the wholesale houses that they must choose between them and the association for their customers.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has had many honors paid to him, but the most delicate, if not the greatest, compliment was reserved for his political opponents to accord. If we may believe an advertisement appearing from time to time in a morning contemporary, there is now in process of formation an "Anti-Beaconsfield League," devised for the express purpose of demolishing the Premier and all his works.

Co-operative stores will soon be a thing of the past; their prestige is passing away; the traders are up and stirring. Large drapery houses are now selling groceries, provisions, butter, cheese, boots, shoes, &c., far cheaper than any of the co-operative stores, and sending the goods home free of charge, and all the annoyance of waiting and making out your own bill is avoided.

THERE is talk of Trafalgar Square being im oved, by laying it out with gravel walks and planting it with plane trees. The plan has often and often been proposed, but never seriously taken up, and therefore has been allowed to drop as often as it has been mooted. It is suggested that a row of plane trees would be pleasant to the eye in front of the Royal Academy. If trees will grow and flourish in Leicester Square, why not also in Trafalgar Square ?

A LUDICHOUS incident has just occurred in a royal household. A deficit of £100 was discovered in certain of the domestic accounts. The money had been paid out in cash. Whither had it gone! It was so suspicious that the Kensington police were communicated with, and two detectives took the matter in hand. After doing everything else they could think of, those active and intelligent officers added up the accounts afresh, and it was discovered that the whole affair was a mistake in the addition. They were offered Lo each for their pains ; but the superintendent would not allow them to receive it.

A NEW light on an old story now-a-days is acceptable. Such a light beamed upon a congregation in Bloomsbury on Sunday. A wellknown High churchman occupied the pulpit for four minutes and a half, and in that time set the people right about the second chapter of Genesis. He acknowledged that he was accustomed to make mental reservations over it until he found out the truth about it. especial difficulty was the flaming sword which guarded the way to the tree of lite. Why should

by this time be too full did not occur to him. He was pleased to discover that the flaming sword did not keep people from the tree of life. It guarded them on their way to eat thereof. It was not a sword, but an index, pointing—to what? To the eucharist, which was the tree of life. In fact, our first parents might have partaken of the communion in the Garden of Eden. The congregation looked considerably astonished, and was somewhat relieved when this new interpreter of the ancient symbol and the modern fulfilment pleaded illness and descended from his perch.

ARABESQUES.

A rich speculator was passing along the street with that air of self-conscious importance which wealth imparts. . Two envious men watch his

Pretty rich fellow, eh ?"

" Well, he has laid something aside."

"Oh, yes-h's conscience. THE roughest yet.

On the slabs, tablets, urns and funeral columns

of a marble yard in this city, is the following advertisement : "Encourage the National Policy."

A JILTED lover said to his belle: "If you dismiss me I will blow my brains

out."
"In that case "-with a sparkling laugh "you will have to take mighty good aim."

Termination of an acrimonious political discussion between a Grit and a Tory:

"Well," said the former, "your party will always be branded with the letters N. P."

"Meaning?"

"National Policy."

"Why," quoth the latter, "your party has long borne the same letters."

'Meaning !"

"No Policy."

A temperance lecturer thus wound up his ad-

"The evil results of intemperance are as countless as the stars in a cloudless sky-as countless as the grains of sand on the sea-shore -as countless as the leaves of a Brazilian forest -as countless....What shall I say? as count-

less"....
"As the Justices of the Peace in the Province

of Quebec," growled an old Tory in the pit.
"Or as the Official Assignees of Sir John A Macdonald," retorted a festive Rouge from the

Superannuation is going on briskly at both Ottawa and Quebec, to make place for hungry applicants. Here is the latest claim

A rather aged and dilapidated individual applies to a certain Minister with recommenda-tions from members, and even a petition, numer-

ously signed :"You want to be superannuated. But what right have you? Did you ever occupy the posi-

"No, sir, but I have been applying for it these thirty years." He was superannuated.

A LADY, after a visit to the Art Gallery, is asked what she saw :

"Oh, many blue dresses, many strange bonnets, a great deal of rouge and lily white.
"And the pictures?"

"I'll go and see them another time."

REVIEW AND CRITICISM. ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE has a seasonable

frontispiece entitled "Summer has Come," and frontispiece entitled "Summer has Come," and opens with "A Second Trial," a story by Sarah Winter Kellogg, showing how a devoted little girl saved her big brother's fame at a college commencement. Louisa M. Alcott tells two stories in one under the title "Two Little Travelers," describing first the voyage of a tender-hearted little girl to Fayal, and its results, and then the wonderful journey of a tiny fiveyear old tot, all by herself, over four thousand miles of continent and ocean. The other short tales deal with the queer doings of "Bossy Ananias," a Southern negro boy who loved curious pets; with some Pennsylvania country people and a wise pig at a "Schnitzen"; with Queen Bess; with "The Royal Bonbon," boysoldiers of the terrible Freuch Revolution; and with "A Comet that Struck the Earth "--and some boys-in the far West, years ago. The eight illustrations to these stories, particularly that to "The Royal Bonbon," which is by Walter Shirlaw, are specially attractive. The two serials,—"A Jolly Fellowship," by Frank R. Stockton; and "Eyebright," by Susan Coolidge, with illustrations by James E. Kelly and Frederick Dielman, carry their young heroes and heroines through fresh scenes and lively adventures. In "Longitude Naught," are described with seven pictures, the Hospital and Observatory of Greenwich, England,—the place generally believed to have no longitude. ork.

The architect is Mr. John James Browne, who lived for ever! The idea that the earth would trated account of a curious. Fish that Catches

Fish for its Master"; and a description of a man's escape from an ancient castle, in "A Curious Box of Books." "Chub and Hoppergrass" is a funny terrier story with five pictures, and "How the Lambkins went South" is a ludicrous rhymed tale with a comical illustration by Hopkins. Very small readers have a large-type story, with seven pictures, about "Two Little Mothers"; and "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "The Letter-Box" contain things piquant, play-ful and puzzling for readers of all taster and all ages.

FOOT NOTES.

"SYMPATHY, THE SILVER LINK, THE SILKEN TIE."-At a performance of Rob Roy given recently at Greenock, the majority of the per-formers were Greenock amateurs. The Bailie fell to the lot of a brisk young fellow who had evidently made a study of the character. After the escape of the bold outlaw, Dongal and others join in a dance, the Bailie being led, in the excitement of the moment, to unbend from the de-corum and dignity he has studiously observed. This dance was given with so much verve that the spectators demanded its repetition. The audience was keenly sympathetic: and the or-chestra, entering into the spirit that pervaded the house, were scraping and blowing with commendable energy, when an old woman in the pitwhose sympathies were with the Bailie-reached forward, and somewhat disconcerted the leader by touching him on the bow arm, and saying in imploring tones, "Stop it, mister—stop it! Ye're makin' that auld body dance overmuch!

Armed With Alarming Argument.—It was in the Far Far West. The bar-keeper had been crossed in some way during the afternoon, and was in ill-humour. Up stepped a thirsty citizen, and rapped impatiently on the bar. "What shall it be, jedge?" asked the mixter of drinks. "Well," said the "jedge," "make it a gin cocktail with a bit of mint in it." "That ain't what you want," answered the bar-keeper; "you want whiskey straight, you do." "No, I don't," persisted the "jedge;" "I tell you I want a gin cocktail with a bit——" "No, you don't, jedge; no, you don't. You're goin' to don't, jedge; no, you don't. You're goin' to have whiskey straight; and, more'n that," he added, trying the keen edge of his bowie on his thumb-nail, "you're goin to drink it out of a tin dipper." The "jedge" admitted the force of the argument, and changed his mind. This recalls another story of an eastern man, accustomed to the luxuries to be had at Delmonico's, who dropped into a restaurant in a Nevada mining town for dinner. The head waiter, who was also junior proprietor of the establishment, accosted him with, "Well, Colonel, what'll you have?" "Beefsteak and mushrooms," answered the "Colonel," as "peart" as possible. "Guess not," said the waiter, who felt that he was being "guyed." "Guess not! Why not! Bring me a beefsteak, with mushrooms, right away?" "Look here, *tranger," said the waiter, "I don't want to make no trouble, ye know, but I don't allow no man to quarre with his vittles in this ranch." With that he took a six-shooter from his hippocket, who dropped into a restaurant in a Nevada that he took a six-shooter from his hippocket, cocked it, and, holding it in a suggestive way, added, "Hash is what you're goin' to eat." The "Colonel" had hash.

LITERARY.

Punch will celebrate its thirty-eighth birthday in July.

GEORGE MACDONALD is at work upon a story f English social life.

Mr. TENNYSON is said to have reserved the noblest poem he has ever written to be published after his death.

CARLYLE is in his 84th year, Victor Hugo is in his 78th, Longfellow is in his 73rd.

It is said that "George Eliot" will probably resume the name of Evans, as Mr. Lewis' wite is still liv

WILLIAM BLACK, who has been visiting Naples and Venice, is engaged upon a new story, which it is expected will appear shortly.

Hugo's volume of poems, "Toute la Lyre." not to appear for some months. It had been promised oth of May

MR. T. B. ALDRICH is 42 years old, A. C. Swinburne is 41, E. C. Stedman is 45, C. D. Warren is 47, and W.D. Howells is 41.

THE centenary edition of the Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, edited with memoir and notes by Charles Kent, will be immediately published.

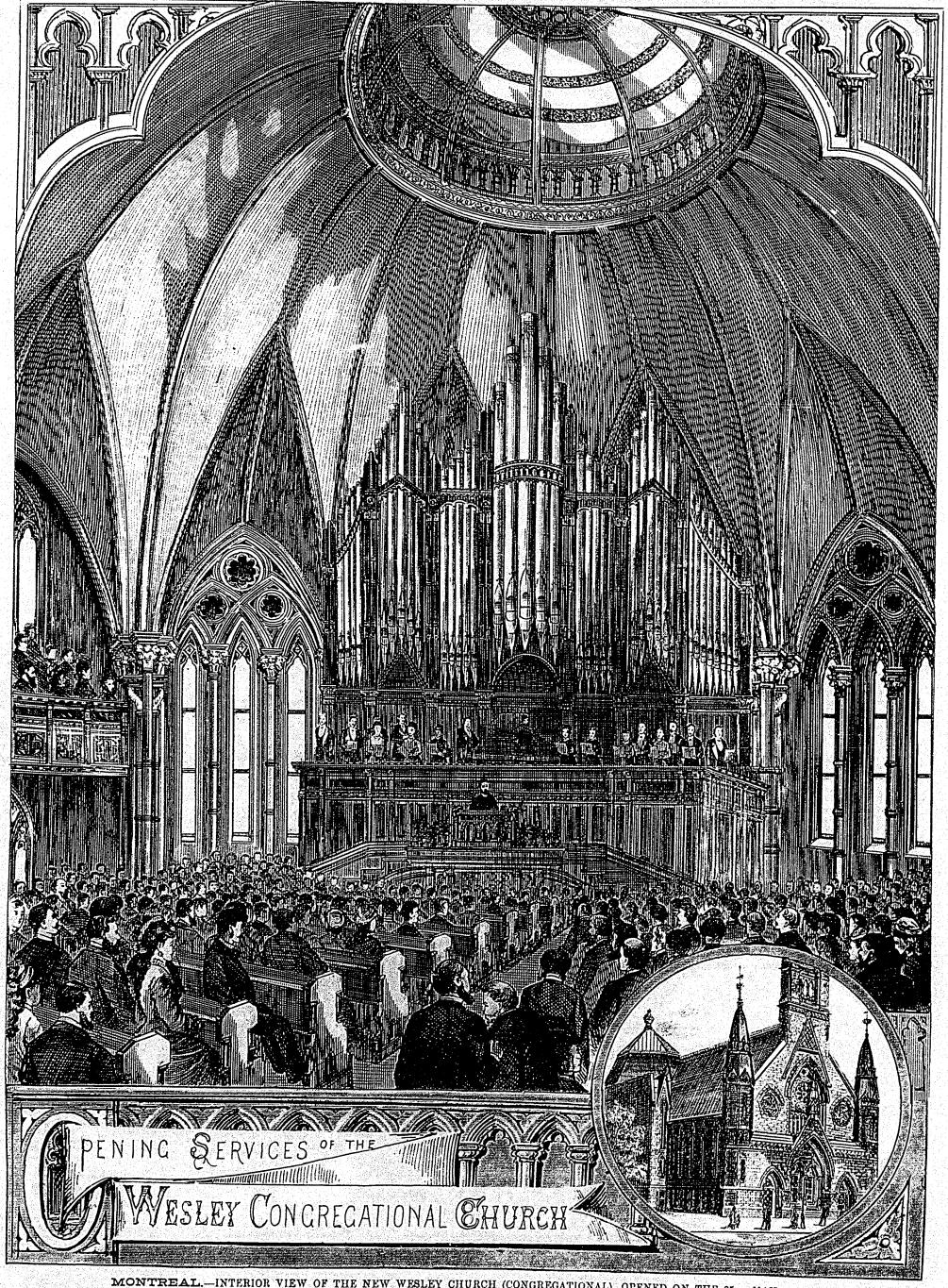
THE forthcoming work of George Eliot, which s to appear about the end of May, as was the case with 'Daniel Deronda," contains references to Jews and to Prof. Longfellow has had a gift of a pen

made from the iron fetters of Bonivard, the prisoner of Chillon. The socket is made of gold, set with three rare gems, and the handle is a piece of oak from the old frigate Constitution.

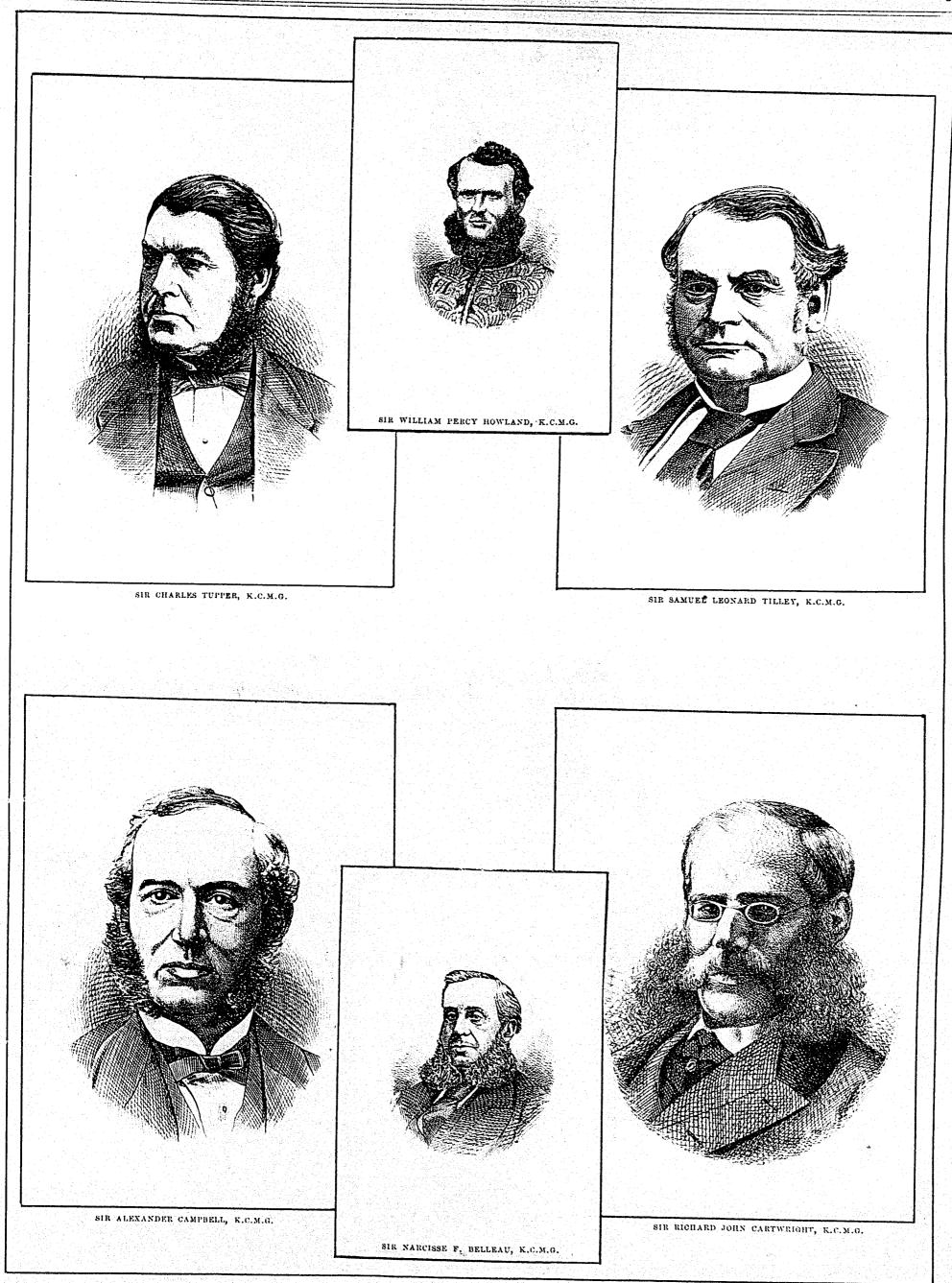
THE antithetical play upon "life" and "death" in the opening stanza of Tennyson's poem on the Princess Alice is condemned by the Athenseum as a copy of one of Shakespeare's vices of style.

THE Parrot comic illustrated paper, of which editions in Italian and French are published, is about to issue an English edition, commencing immediately. The existing editions are illustrated by a double page cartoon, exceedingly well printed in colours.

M. RENAN's sixth volume of the "Origines du Christianismo." with the title of "L'Eglise," is completely in type. The series will, however, not be concluded with this volume, as the author intended. A seventh will follow, which will contain chiefly the hieory of Marcus Aurelius and Montanism.



MONTREAL.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW WESLEY CHURCH (CONGREGATIONAL), OPENED ON THE 25TH MAY, 1879.



OUR NEW KNIGHTS COMMANDER OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

TOM MOORE.

The following poem was read at the Centennial Celebration of the birth of Thomas Moore, Montreal, May 28, 1879. The author is Mr. W. O. Farmer, an occasional contributor to our columns.

Well may Erin's Genius smile
Blandly on her own Green Isle—
On this fond, eventful day,
Well may Irishmen betray
Pride of power—that pow'r we find
In supremacy of mind—
Mind, that triumphs when unprized,
Might and matter are despised!
Lo1 amid the mists of time,
Radiant, mentally sublime,
Does that Genius lift her head,
Honor'd halos round it shed. Honor'd halos round it shed.
During ages she alone,
In all Christendom was known,
Learning's lamp to oil and trim,
When its rays grew faint and dim;
When barbarian darkness closed
When barbarian darkness closed Round the nations unopposed; When the Vandal flag, unfurled, Waved defiant o'er the world, And the Christian fabric seemed Doomed, no more to be redeemed ! Grand was Ireland's mission then— Famed her pulpit, sword and pen, Famed her Island, free from taint, Home of scholar, sage and saint, Of the brave who feared the breath Home of scholar, sage and saint,
Of the brave who feared the breath
Of dishonour more than death;
Of tried probity and trath,
Women chaste and high-seuled youth—
Sons of Brian Buromhe of old,
Who prized virtue more than gold;
Of tried hearts, to Sarsfield dear,—
Valiant hearts that knew not fear,
Who, that Limerick might be saved,
All its siege's borrors brave,
Long in check the foeman held,
And his fierce assaults repelled,
Till that fee by treach'ry base,
Won—not victory...but disgrace;
While the Ceit, robbed of success,
Saved his honour, prized not less,
Of the Fontency Brigade,
Whose impetuous charge dismayed,
Who, with rightful vengeance flushed,
Eugland's chosen legions crushed;
Of prond hards from Ossian down,
Crowned in glory and renown.
But no bard of hers before
Warbled half as sweet as Moore!
Every chord that thrills the heart.
Has vibrated to his art—
Freedom, at his bidding, wakes,
And the bonds that bind her, breaks
Love of country has he sung,
Heralding with brumpet tongue
That the blood of Emmet serves
But to brace a nation's nerves—
That a people's hopes, when just,
Tho' deferred, yet conquer must,
Rising Phomix-like on high
From the dust where patriots lie!
In hie "Rookh" reflected shew,
Rich in sancy's warmest glow,
All the East's most gorgeous dyes—
Wealth of woodland, flower and skies—
All its luxuries and ease,
Erin in "Avoca's Vale"
To enchant can never fall. Of dishonour more than death :

All the East's most gorgeous dyes-Wealth of woodland, flower and skies-All its luxuries and ease,
The most sumptuous meant to please.
Erin in "Avoos's Vale"
To enchant can never fail.
Here, in native grace she's seen,
Pride of tourist---nature's queen!
Here, all sense of pain is dulled,
And the world's vexed feelings lulled—
Poets dream their brightest dreams
'Neath the spell of rippling streams-Seoth'd by song's most duleet notes,
Fresh from feathered minstrel throats-Bless'd by skies whose blushing hues
Charm the most untutored muse!
Happy bard! What'er the theme,
Ever found to rise supreme-Whether back in Tara's Halls,
Ireland's greatness he recells,
And, once more to freedom's song,
Gives her harp enslaved so long,
Telling, in ennobling strains,
Bow our brave sires rent their chains--How on Clontarl's famous field,
The "Invader's "doom was sealed,
And the sun of Danish might!
Where's the breast that is not fired,
As the "Minstrel Boy" attired
In the arms his father bore,
Bears them to the wars once more,
And, at duty's summons, speeds,
Where the soul of bravery leads'
Could the patriot pen impeach,
In more with'ring, blasting speech,
Those who ruled, with iron hand,
His long-suffering native land!
When Court beauties, to beguile,
On him smiled their blandest smile,
And the incense of their praise
Lent a perfume to his lays-When, as hero of their toasts,
He was dined by royal hosts;
From the toils of Courts take wing,
A-1' stamp by Mam'y's atting. Would his Muse in scenes of bliss
So elysian, grow remiss,...
From the toils of Courts take wing,
As if stung by Meni'ry's sting,
And in solitude give vent
To lerne's sad lament...
Till o'er Western prairies swept
Strangers learned her woes and wept,
And thro' him, each rivet-stroke
Dealt her chains, rude echoes woke.
But when from the battle's strife
And the feuds of public life,
To more genial haunts he hies...
To domestic peace and joys,...
Does Wit's golden lining show
Through the darkest storms that blow

To domestic peace and joys,...
Does Wit's golden lining show
Through the darkest storms that blow
Here, the heart, and not the lip,
'Tis that proffers friendship's grip.
Potent, here, the magio spell
That he weaves, and weaves so well,
When his theme is Erin's fair,
World renowned for virtue rare,
Peerless for their wit and grace,
Queenly mien and pride of race.
Deep affections warm his lyre...
All its softest strains inspire.
Ceuld the sorrows of the breast
Be more feelingly expressed ...
Or more hopeless love and grief,
Find in nobler lay relief,
Than the poor affanced maid's,
Who laments her lover's shades,
In that tend rest lay of woe,
That has melted friend and foe...
'She is far from the land...'
Lay that sympathy'll command.
Long as virtue's plighted love
Is enregistered above,
Or one loyal-hearted Celt
Breathes to feel as Emmet felt.
Who, before he'd live a slave,
Freedom sought beyond the grave:

Dying in the holiest cause...
For his country's rights and laws!
Moore's, too, was that golden trait...
Theirs alone who are truly great,...
Magnanimity that soar'd
Heavenward from the grov'ling horde
Of base sectaries...a seourge
Then as now...a restless surge
(Sainst the social structure dash'd...
Into fit'ul fury lash'd
By the blustering breath of knaves
Whom intolerance rules as slaves,
Trampling conscience without shame,
In religion's sacred name.
Not one line in all he traced,
From this cause need be replaced.
Would that we, as ' hristians, could
Claim that trait...and Christians should!
May then mem'ry fondly guard
Erin's own, immortal bard...
May the name of Tom Moore ion
Serve as synonym for sorg;
Be the vestal fire all chaste
On his country's altars placed...
There to burn and feed the flame
Of the Green Isle's bardic fame,
Till she stands forth proudly free...
Free, as Destiny's decree...
First in learning, arms and mirth,
'Mongst the nations of the earth!

RED, YELLOW, AND GREEN.

BY AN OLD BOHEMIAN

It was in the year— No, hang it, not such a simpleton as that comes to, to let the cat out of the bag in such very foolish fashion. It was in the second quarter of the present century, in the ancient city of Lyons. Ah, and alas! What sweet memories of the past the name recalls!
The happiest years of my life were lived there.

It was in the Rue St Dominique, near the Place Bellecour, at the house of M. Peyrade, the famous gourmet, where I rented a tip-top apartment—a garret, not to put too fine a point upon it—measuring twelve feet by eight feet.

'Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans,' and et thirty for the metter of that and even

and at thirty, for the matter of that, and even at forty. How little we mind the number of steps that lead to the lofty roost! As we advance in years the joints are apt to grow less supple, until, in the fall of life, we find the climb no longer quite so genial as we were wont to do in its spring. The "genial climb" is an audacious crib from my dear departed friend

Jacobsen, the witty Dane of Westminster.

I had been absent a year or so from my favourite city, wandering about France, delivering lectures, I am ashamed to confess, upon a variety of subjects of which I knew about as much as Jean Jacques Rousseau did of music when he first took to giving lessons in it. But what I lacked in knowledge at the time I amply made up in self-reliance, vulgo cheek. Now cheek, you see, is a blessed gift so long as it is adequately supported by blissful ignorance. It is truly surprising with what ease and freedom people will speak or write upon almost any given matter of which they know nothing, or next to nothing. With a little knowledge comes a deal of diffidence. I do not deliver lectures now, not even upon cookery and education, two subjects on which I flatter myself no one can possibly be better qualified, both theoretically and practi-

Cally—But self-praise is no recommendation.

No, I do not deliver lectures now; the greater is the pity. I only wish I had the cheek! I used to make a good thing of it in the olden times, when Louis Philippe believed himself to be king; whilst now— Well, well, no matter; there is Nature's most beneficent law of com-pensation to fall back upon: I have but few

So I had returned to Lyons, and taken up my old quarters again at M. Peyrade's.

It has been intimated already that that gentle-man was a famous gourmet. There was barely a vintage known that his wonderful nose and palate would ever fail to detect; and he would invariably give you, with the sharpest precision, the proper name, the year, and the quality of any wine submitted to his judgment. But the man was considerably more than a mere gourmet: he was absolutely a "creator" of vintages, known and unknown. The vulgar process of blending had, in his skilful hands, gradually developed into the dignity of a fine art; whilst his inventive genius, powerfully aided by a most in-timate theoretical and practical knowledge of every branch of the subject, had effectively de-vised a sound scientific basis for the many complex and intricate operations and the delicate manipulations necessary to the successful cultivation of this very special branch of flattering nature. Is not imitation the sincerest form of

I know something of the great Hamburg vineyard, in which so many sorts of wine are made to grow that are innocent of the remotest connection with the juice of the grape. I have been at Bercy in my time, and I have marvelled at the artificial production of wines so difficult to imitate as Tavel, for instance. It has been my good or bad fortune, take it as you will, to watch the fabrication of "fiz" in certain parts watch the fabrication of the late of the Palatinate; and I have been specially privileged to see the most gripeful of all gripy wines that I have ever attempted to drink, the famous Silesian Oruneberger, turned indifferently into Duc de Montebello, or Heidseck Cabinet, or any one's Carte Blanche or Carte Noire. But never and nowhere have I met M. Peyrade's natch. I truly believe there was not a vintage that he could not "produce;" and his success in ripening and ageing young wines was simply marvellous. His immutable principle—and herein lay, perhaps, the secret of his success—was to confine himself rigorously to the scientific blending of natural vintages, without addition of

alcohol or any other foreign ingredient, except a small quantity of certain aromatic essences, in the preparation and use of which he was a per-

M. Peyrade, when I knew him first, was a man about fifty, with a pleasing frank countenance, and a merry twinkle in his dark eyes. He was by birth a Massilian or Marseillais, with a splendid drop of Greek blood in his veins, which might account for the "Greek" element in his moral composition. He was a well-bred, welleducated man, a Bachelor of Arts and Sciences in fact, and endowed with great natural gifts in many ways—among others, with no mean histrionic ability. He was cheerful and jovial, and although he had a keen eye to business, and would always take excellent care of his own interest, his natural disposition was generous and liberal.

He had taken a fancy to me from the time I had first come to his house. I had a smattering of wine-lore; not much to boast of, indeed, yet still sufficient to make him condescend to ask my opinion occasionally in doubtful cases. After a time he honoured me even so far with his confidence that he admitted me to the freedom of his cellars, and even let me into some of his secrets. Now and then he would take me with him on his trips to Burgundy, where he used to buy grape crops on the vine, to have them cut,

c., under his personal direction.

Now when I came back to Lyons, on the occasion here referred to, I had much to ask about the issue of certain Peyradean specs in wine production, in which I happened to take a special interest for some reason or other.

So I inquired also about the ultimate yield. &c., of a certain rather largish grape crop purchased some three years back in Burgundy, of which I knew he expected great things, and which he had been on the point of bottling at

the time of my leaving.
"Oh, capital! famous!" he cried. "By Jove, my young friend"—which was his favourite way of addressing me—"you have just come back in the very nick of time to behold the triumphant consummation of one of the grandest specs I have ever yet worked out. There are three thousand bottles prime lying in the great cave now, be-sides some twenty dozen seconds and thirds, admirably suited to serve as whets and baits. All got out of that crop, with only one barrique and five milleroles of blendings! It is really

something to be proud of."

Properly M. Peyrade should have expressed the quantities in hectolitres and litres; but the man was ancien régime all over. He had no love for the events of 1789 and 1792 and their outcome. Thus he clung with almost ludicrous obstinacy to the ancient moneys, weights, and measures of France before the Revolution. him there were no francs and centimes, but simply livres, louis, écus, sous, and deniers. The fangled litre, with its ascending and descending scale of corresponding measures, had no actual existence for him. He had steadfastly

declined to recognize any measures other than the old chopine de Paris, the bottle, the escandal and millerole, and the velte and barrique.

"Glorious!" I replied. "Most satisfactory indeed, M. Peyrade. Now what are you going to do with the article?" I ventured to ask diffidently. dently.

"Do with the article? Why, sell it, my dear young friend, sell it, of course. What else would you have me do with it? Three thousand bottles would surely be a few too many for my own private drinking, even though you were to tender me your friendly assistance," M. Peyrade replied somewhat ironically, with a benign

"Of course, I know that," cried I, slightly ettled. "What I want to know is the name nettled. to be given to the child. Is it to be Beaune? or Moulin-à-vent? or," I continued, with a half sneer, "perchance it is to be Pomard? I know what great things you are capable of achieving

in growing famous vintages in your cellars."
"'Ne sutor ultra crepidam' is a wise maxim, my sharp young friend," he replied, quite unruffled, with conscious superiority. "Do not travel beyond your ken. What know you of Burgundy vintages? Romanée is the ticket, my boy; Romanée Conti, and première tête to boot!"

Romanée! It fairly took my breath away. Why, did I not know the parentage and pedigree of that wine as well as the old beggar knew Monkbarn's famous Roman encampment? The grape was grown between Beaune and Nuits. I had seen it on the vine. It had been partly upon my advice that an additional fortnight's coction had been given to the fruit. I had personally assisted in cutting and gathering, and in solicitously watching and tending it, from the vineyard to the press, and from the press to the cave. And here was this Massilian Greek brazenly telling me that it was Romanée Conti! No wonder the cool announcement should strike me dumb with amazement.

"Well, I must say your assurance beats anything I have heard of in modern or ancient history," I cried at last, when I had recovered my breath. "So nothing but Romanée Conti will do for you. Excusez du peu / But, seri-

Dufour are coming here to-day to spy how the land lies. Of course I am supposed to know nothing of this intended call. Indeed, I am believed to be out." Here his eyes danced with merriment. "You just wait here"—it was in the private salon of the establishment, where only distinguished customers were received, that this conversation took place—"and you will see them, and you will be in the best position to watch proceedings. I know I can trust you. You are as close as wax. If success down to Marseilles, and you shall have five dozen green seal for your own consumption. So we will look upon that as settled. I must be off

now; à tantôt."

I learned afterwards that M. Peyrade had two samples, of one hectolitre each, taken from the bulk of the article made, and run them into separate casks. To the first cask he had added a certain quantity of one of his wonderful aromatising essences, to the second double, and to the bulk five times the quantity (in propor-tion). He had allowed it four months to work through; then he had bottled the lot. He was a deft hand at dirt-encrusting and cobwebbing bottler, and giving new corks the appearance of a ripe old age. The first portion had been sealed with red wax, the second with yellow wax, and the bulk with green wax. I had not been long left alone when the three gentlemen been long left alone when the three gentlemen were ushered in obsequiously by Charles. M. Martin was Mayor of Lyons at the time, and M. Ducoudray temporary prefect of the Rhône department. M. Dufour was one of the leading silk manufacturers of Lyons, and father-in-law of M. Arles Dufour, the famous national economist.

I rose and bowed to the three gentlemen; then resumed my seat, and went on reading my Censeur de Lyon

Charles, I must tell you, was a model waiter. He was courteous and obliging to all customers, high and humble alike, and gratuities were not the first and only consideration with him. He served you with such truly gentlemanly ease that you felt more than half inclined to doubt whether he was not a nobleman in disguise, doing the waiter for a wager. There was once a waiter at the Savage Club, whom my friend a waiter at the Savage Club, whom my friend Barnes used to call the Baron, and of whom you were really reluctant to order a go of hot or cold, he looked such a natural swell; but he was nothing to Charles. In fact, I have known in the course of my lo—that is to say, brief—career a great many Charleses, and, for the matter of that, Charlies too, and I shall ever gratefully remember Charles or Charley of the Albion in the hulvoor days of that then truly bion, in the halcyon days of that then truly noble establishment. But I never met the equal of Peyrade's Charles. He was sincerely attached to his employer, and always ready to place all his undoubted abilities unreservedly at

place all his undoubted abilities unreservedly at his service. With regard to strict adherence to truth, I must coufess, alas, that Charles was not much given to shaming the devil.

"So Peyrade is out?" inquired M. Martin.

"I believe he is gone to Fourvières," replied the veracious Charles. "I do not think he will be back before evening."

"Then, whilst the coast is clear, Charles," said the mayor, "bring us a bottle of the wine you were talking of the other day. We should

like to have a taste of it."
"Well, gentlemen," said Charles, hesitatingly, "I am afraid M. Peyrade would not like it when he comes to know it; but I will venture to risk it, to oblige you.

A few minutes after, a dirty black bottle, with a dirty red seal, was placed before the three gentlemen. It was opened by Charles, and three glasses were solemnly poured out. A faint perfume pervaded the room. The gentermine pervaded the room. The gentlemen tasted; they smacked their lips. "Delicious," muttered M. Martin. "What do you call it, Charles?" asked M. Ducoudray. "That I cannot tell," said Charles; "M. Peyrade has kept so close about it." "I think," said M. Dufour slowly and reflectively, "I think it catter like Remarks." "So it does it. Dufour slowly and reflectively, "I think it tastes like Romanée." "So it does, so it does!" cried prefect and mayor unisono. "Have you ever tasted it, Charles?" asked M. Martin. "No," Charles replied; "this is the first bottle I have taken out of the bin. "Bring a glass, then, Charles, and taste it, and let us know what you think of the vintage. You are a judge, I know," said M. Dufour. Charles tasted, with a solemn face. "Gentlemen," he said admiringly, "you are finished gournets. It is Romanée." finished gournets. It is Romanee."

Well, I must confess I felt rather small in

my own estimation. Here were three gentlemen whom I knew to be pretty good judges of wine, giving the very name to the article which had excited my derision. But this was,

after all, only another proof of M. Peyrade's unapproachable superiority in wine-growing.

They finished the bottle, and ordered another. Ere they had drunk the one-half of this, Peyrade suddenly made his appearance. He had come back quite unexpectedly; most likely he had found the height of Fourvieres too toilsome to climb that day. He cordially saluted his customers; then throwing, as it were, an accidental glance upon the bottle on the table, will do for you. Excusez du peu / But, seriously now, whom are you going to sell with it? Who do you think will buy it for Romanée Conti?"

"I told you just now that you have come back in the very nick of time to see the crowning-of the edifice. The first sale is on for today," Peyrade replied quietly. "Charles has been dropping hints about the purchase of a magnificent lot of high-class Burgundy, and he knows that Messrs. Martin, Ducoudray, and could you be thinking of? If you had made up your mind to disobey my injunction not to let these wines be touched, you should at least have the sense to place a superior quality before these gentlemen. Blockhead, go and get a bottle yellow seal and fresh glasses; and put the olives on the table."

Charles, who was almost as good an actor as his employer, looked crestfallen and contrite He admitted the justice of the reproof; he ought to have known better; he craved the gentle-men's pardon. He put the olives on the table,

and fresh glasses, and then went on his errand.

"Gentlemen," said M. Peyrade, smoothing his ruffled brow, "I hope you will pardon poor Charles. He knew he was disobeying my orders, and that must have confused him. take an olive, and I will show you what

real first-class Burgundy means."

The yellow seal was brought and opened. The perfume pervading the room was more strongly pronounced now. The three gentlemen tasted—and tasted—and tasted again. They closed their eyes in the intensity of their

Martin enthusiastically.

"Ah, Peyrade, you are right!" cried M.
Martin enthusiastically.
"This is Romanee! It is nectar fit for the gods. This is Romanee, and no mistake!"

"So it is," acquiesced Peyrade, adding, with

"So It is," acquiesced Peyrade, adding, with charming ingenuousness, "How did you find it out !—oh, I see, Charles—"
"No," M. Dufour broke in, with proud consciousness; "I found it out—we all found it out—unaided by Charles. And I think I may venture to pronounce this yellow seal Romanée Conti

Well, I see there is no keeping a secret from judges like you, gentlemen," cried Peyrade admiringly. "Yes, it is Romanée Conti. The fact is, I bought three sorts-that is to say, two sorts—three sorts is a mistake," he con tinued, with well-acted embarrassment. "O course, two sorts I mean, the red seal and the

"Ah, you have only two sorts, have you—only two?" said M. Ducoudray slowly, and with an inquisitorial glance meant to pierce the host right through. The prefect fancied that he was, in vulgar parlance, smelling a rat.
"Now look here, Peyrade, I swear you have
three sorts. No, no; I take no denial, man,"
as Peyrade made signs of denegation; "I know
'tis a fact. Now what objection can you possibly have to our having a taste of the bonne bouche? Come, let's have a bottle of the third

sort."
"Well, gentlemen, I see it is no use trying to deceive you. It was an unlucky slip of the tongue. The truth is, I was afraid you'd want to buy some; I must tell you categorically that my third sort, my green seal, is not for sale. It happens to be premiere tete, and I doubt whether the like of it is to be found in any cave within a hundred leagues round. I could not conscientiously charge more than six louis a dozen"—here I dropped the *Censeur* in sheer amazement. Heavens! ten francs a bottle! and I knew the cost of production could not possibly exceed two francs—"and the article," he continued, with calm assurance, casting a glance of warning in my direction, is safe to double its value in three or four years at the most. So, gentlemen, let it be distinctly understood, pray, that I shall have the honour to Romanée Conti, première tête, and that you will not ask me to sell you any of it. On this condition alone, let it be distinctly understood, I repeat, I'll go and fetch a couple of green seal bottles myself, as the bins are locked, and I never part with the key to any one. Eat a few olives meanwhile. Charles, come along with

When master and man entered again, each bore an elegant silver wine-cradle, in which re-posed a most ancient-looking bottle, sealed with equally ancient-looking green wax. With due solemnity the cradles were placed on the table Large glasses were brought.

Upon Peyrade's special invitation, courteously indorsed by M. Dufour, to whom I was personally well-known, I joined le cercle des buveurs, and Charles also was easily prevailed upon to give us the benefit of his well-known indepent indgment

When the first cork was drawn, a perfect nose-gay of perfumes took possession of our olfactory organs, and when we put our glasses to our lips there was a general delighted 'Ah!' in which I joined heartily and sincerely. The wine was in fact a most perfect success, and if I had not happened to know better, I should myself have sworn it was Romanée Conti, and première tête

When we had discussed the two bottles. M Dufour suddenly remembered that he had something most particular and important to say to M. Peyrade, whom he invited accordingly to grant him a few minutes in private.

When the two gentlemen had withdrawn, M. Martin said, turning to the prefect, 'I lay a waget that sly old fox Dufour is talking Peyrade out of a hundred or so of this glorious Romanée. If he succeeds I am determined to have a go in for it too.' 'And so shall I,' cried the prefect: 'and Peyrade will Said it rether the prefect; 'and Peyrade will find it rather difficult to refuse me, I know. Why, it is dirt cheap at one hundred and twenty francs the

Well, the two gentlemen were away for full renty minutes. When they came back Peytwenty minutes. When they came back Peyrade looked flushed and slightly annoyed, whilst Dufour wore a satisfied smile on his face. So we at once knew how the land was lying, and the prefect and the mayor both joined in a casion of the funeral service of Queen Mercedès,

most determined onset on the proprietor of the place, and of the incomparable Romanée Conti; and they never left off until they had, despite his most solemn protestations and most earnest denials, prevailed upon him to cede to each of them, at the moderate price of one hundred and twenty francs a dozen, twenty dozen of the coveted article, which, with the twenty dozen extorted from him by M. Dufour, made up the respectable figure of seven hundred and twenty bottles out of a grand total of three thousand.

Peyrade pathetically entreated the three gentlemen not to mention the affair to any one, which they promised of course. He knew human nature well. Was it at all likely they would keep dark about their good fortune? So before the evening of that self-same day had travelled far towards night we had M. de Merlat and M. Vautrinier, two large landed proprietors in the Rhone department, drop in, quite accidentally of course, but with their soul set upon Romanée Conti; and before the next day had run its course, successive visits of M. Broleman, M. de Cazenove, Count des Guidi, the great homœopathist, the Hahnemann of France, and the jovial Abbe Pollet, the domestic chaplain of the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, and purveyor and superintendent-general of his eminence's kitchen and cellar, had induced Peyrade to disose to these gentlemen of the entire remainder of the stock, including even the yellow and red seals, and accordingly also my own promised five dozen, for which five hundred francs were handed to me by the delighted Peyrade, who soon after also kept his promise of giving me a free trip to Marseilles. Charles had a magnificent diamond breastpin presented to him by his grate-

ful employer.

So you see this vinous tricolor turned out a good thing for me also. Tempi passati—Ehen!

SIXTEEN MELODIES.

It was only a few weeks ago that we had occasion to make reference to the literary merits of El Conde de Premio Real, Consul General of Spain at Quebec, and urge his claims to recognition among the cultivated classes of the Dominion. These claims are enhanced by the production of a musical album containing sixteen charming melodies set to English, French, Spanish and Italian words. We have gene through this collection with an interest derived from a knowledge of the fact that, although the author is not a professional musician, having been constantly engaged in diplomatic and other official duties connected with his high birth and rank, he has cultivated the beautiful art with assiduity from an early age and made it one of the ornaments of his leisure. The first quality which we have observed in these melodies, and one that will commend itself to most of our musical readers, is that they are of simple construction and easy execution. The melody is always clearly defined, but never strained, and while the piano accom-paniments are correct, they present no technical difficulties. One of the finest pieces is in naturals and several are in B flat.

The volume opens, as is proper, with a melody which may be said to give the key to the whole. It is entitled "Alone." The cadenza and closing phrases in refrain are full of feeling. "Constancy" (No. III) is in a severer style, but easy and simple and sure to become a favourite. The inconventional words are:

With thoughts of love my heart was filled, Thine eyes enkindled soft desire
Thy lips the purest sweets distilled,
Thy glances beamed with heavenly fire;
But now, alas! fate has bereft me
Of thy sweet presence, and I mourn,
Yet, oh! believe, since thou hast left me,
For thee alone my heart doth burn.

No IV is a lullaby quite brief and easy, but quaint and fitting aptly to that style of composi-tion. "Dreams" or Suenos (No. VI) is delicate and pretty, while the English words are appro

The gentle breeze now softly sighing Blends with the song of nightingale, And to their nests the birds are flying, And richest scents perfame the vale; Oh! what an hour for lovers' meeting, I'm waiting for thee' neath the shade, Then come to me with fondest greeting, And we will stray, love, though the glade.

While a vein of romance and a sentiment of love in all its phases—we suspect that the Count is a bachelor—run through all these composi-tions, we should commend as real love-songs "Thy Bright Eyes," Tus Lindos Ojos (No. VIII) "Thy Bright Eyes," Tus Linaos vijos (180. 1111)
"Maraviglia" (No. X) and "Thy Charms," Tus
Prendas (No. XV). Some will prefer the more
sprightly "Believe Me" (No. XIV), or the
more languishing strains of "Love's Anguish,"
Penas de Amor (No. II). We have no space to
notice again in datail and before concluding will notice each in detail, and before concluding will only call attention to the lovely waltz, set to French words, called "Espagne," full of local light and color. To the sound of guitar and castanet, how sweet the ditty:

> J'aime vos rivages Aux acres senteurs, J'aime vos ombrages Parfumés de fleurs; J'aime davantage La franche gaité, J'aime du village La pure liberté.

We must not forget, either, the gem of the whole work, placed at the end, "I Will Love Thee Ever" Siempre te amare, which was played and

at Quebec, last summer. The effect is said to have been most touching. We may not close without warmly commending this collection of melodies to our readers as worthy of being laid upon their pianos. They are put forth in the best style of engraving by the well-known publisher, Arthur Lavigne, of Quebec, and the rates of sale are much below the average of sheet music. We trust that neither he nor the distinguished composer will have reason to complain of a want of appreciation or encouragement on the part of the Canadian public.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MANNERS.-Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them in a great measure the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of Time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always n our mind; and, whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying "then" I will do it. No; this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may answer. never be.

SELF-RELIANCE.—There is no reason why a man should be less dexterous with his fingers than a woman; therefore the little men of the household may be introduced to the workbasket, and taught to mend and sew on buttons to their advantage in after-life. An aid to self reliance may be found in the idea of the dignity Strive to impress on children that of labour. the only disgrace attaching to honest work is the disgrace of doing it badly. "Who sweeps a room as to God's praise makes that and the action fine," says a wise singer. Thus you get the moral influence of self-reliant effort.

Few men respect girls who are ready to be wooed. The custom prevalent among a certain class of young ladies of asking, directly or indirectly, the attentions of young gentlemen, is not an admirable custom. "My son," said a not an admirable custom. "My son," said a lady to us, not long since, "is much prejudiced against a young girl, whom I admire, because she is constantly sending him notes, inviting him to be her escort here and there, and planning to have him with her." A modest, dignified reserve, which is neither prudery nor affectation, should distinguish your manner to gentlemen. Too great familiarity and too evident pleasure in the society of young men are errors into which no delicate and pure-minded girl should fall, if they desire to retain the respect of the opposite sex.

THE BASIS OF SUCCESS .- A man's success in life depends more upon his character than upon his talents or his genius. The word "character" comes from a term which means to engrave upon or to cut in. Character is that inner substantial and essential quality which is wrought into the very soul, and makes a man what he actually is. Therefore, if a man's character is good, he is sound and safe; but, if his character is bad, he is unsound and unsafe. A man of upright character, even though he may not be intellectually brilliant, will almost surely work his way in the world and achieve an honourable position. On the other hand, a man who is destitute of character, or whose character is bad, though he may have great talents, is apt to waste his life in one way or another, and at last become a

LOVERS who propose to enter the temple of Hymen should not dally too long in the vestibule. This is a progressive age, and there can be no progress in courtship beyond a certain point. When the parties to the affair have arrived at the conclusion that they were "made for each other," and cannot be happy apart, the sooner they become "one and inseparable" the better. Anti-nuptial affection is as mobile as quicksilver, and when it has reached its highest point, the safest policy is to merge it in matrimonial bliss. Otherwise it may retrograde. Very long courtships often end in a back-out on one side or the other—the retiring party being in most cases "inconsistent man." And we would hint to that unreliable being, that he has no right to dangle with an estimable woman for years without any fixed intention of marrying her. The best thing a lady can do under such circumstances is to bring matters to a focus, by asking the point-no-point gentleman what he means, and when. She can either do that or dismiss him altogether. Perhaps the latter plan would in most instances be the better one; for a man who is slow to matrimony is generally slow in all concerns of life.

It is hard for a young mother, who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature, to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators, who copy her morals and her manners. As the mother is, so are her sons and daughters. If a family of children are blessed with an intelligent mother who N.Y:

is dainty and refined in her manners, and who does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the drawing-room and an entirely different person in her every-day life, but who is a true mother, and who is always a tender, charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of peech and her perfect manners repeated in her children. Great, rough men, and noisy, busy boys, will always tone down their voices, and step quietly, and try to be more mannerly, when she stops to give them a kind word and a pleasant smile—for a true woman will never fail to say and to do all the kind, pleasant things she can that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of to-morrow. Think of it, dear sisters, and guard well your home treasures.

VARIETIES

A REFORT.—The most amiable, popular, unlucky, and impecunious of viscounts, who recently made arrangement with certain creditors, strolled, writes a contemporary, into a club a few days since. There he came upon several friends, among whom was the almost equally popular scion of the house of Rothschild. The viscount was asked by one of them whether he had won or lost. "Oh, lost, of course!" he replied, and, slapping the Rothschild scion on the back, he continued archly, "These tradesmen are the only ones that win." Young Rothschild replied quietly, "Don't call us tradesmen, or you'll be paying us a shilling in the pound.

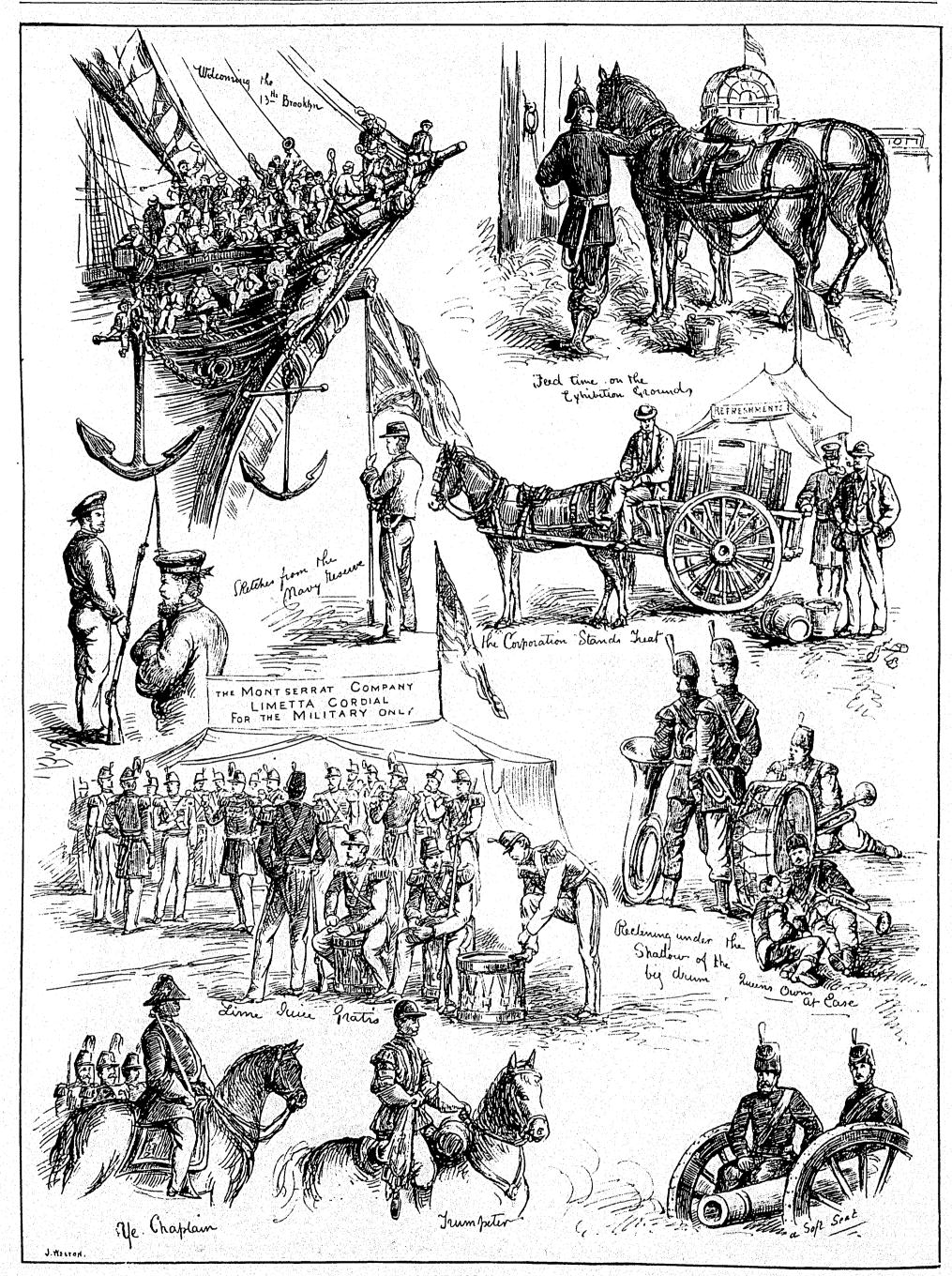
A Good Story.—A good story comes from Edinburgh about that genial Grecian Professor Blackie. One day, shortly before the close of the past session, the Professor, being through some cause prevented from lecturing, there was posted on the Greek class-room door a notice to this effect: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his classes." A waggish student, spying this, scraped out the initial let-ter of the last word of the sentence, and made it appear as if the Professor was regretful at his inability to meet those fair specimens of humanity familiarly known outside the College quadrangle as the "lasses." But who can joke with Blackie! The keen-eyed old man, noticing the prank that had been played on him, quietly erased another letter, and left the foilowing to be read by whom it might concern: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to meet his asses.'

THE HOUSEHOLD COLUMN.-In their way "Household Departments" are very good adjuncts to a newspaper when edited by a woman; but the male journalist who dabbles with the heaven-inspired mysteries of cooking runs, says a Californian paper, a frightful risk. The editor of the Weekly Petaluma Peavine started a column of that kind recently, and a few days afterwards a fierce-looking female came into the office, carefully concealing some object behind her apron. "Are you the man that published that new and improved way to make currant-cake?" He said he was. "You said to mix washing-soda with the flour, and stir in a little corn meal and sweet oil to give it consistency?" "I—I—believe so." "And to add fifteen eggs and some molasses, and two ounces of gum arabic, and set in a cool place to bake?"
"I think that was it." "Well, take that then!" And the indignant housewife knocked him down with a weapon that felt like a sand-club, but which he believed in his heart must have been a half-baked hunk of cake constructed on the Pcavine pattern.

Mr. L., a member of the Northern Circuit. well-known for his joking propensities, was, after much persuasion, induced to join the Inns of Court Volunteers. While drilling one day with the "Devil's Own," says Truth, the order was given to "double." When "halt" was ordered, this gentleman's rear-rank man slightly prodded him with his bayonet. Mr. L. threw himself upon the ground and roared for the ambulance, declaring that he was "wownded." His corporal in vain attempted to soothe him and to induce him to regain his legs. His only answer was that he was "wownded," and he demanded to be carried off in the ambulance. Then up came the captain of the company to see what the hullabaloo was about. To the plaintive request for the ambulance he gave an angry and contemptuous refusal. Mr. L., with solemn and virtuous indignation, rose to his feet, threw down his rifle, and thus unburdened his mind—"I came here to play soldiers, and, if you won't play the game properly, I won't play at all." And he marched off amid a roar of sympathising laughter.

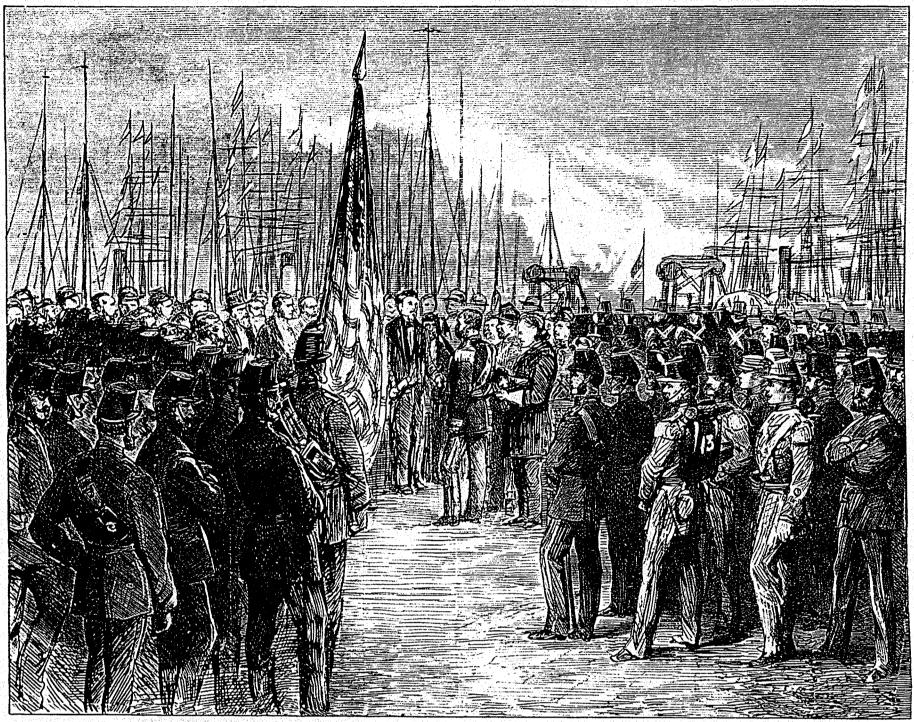
CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetabl remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarri, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester,

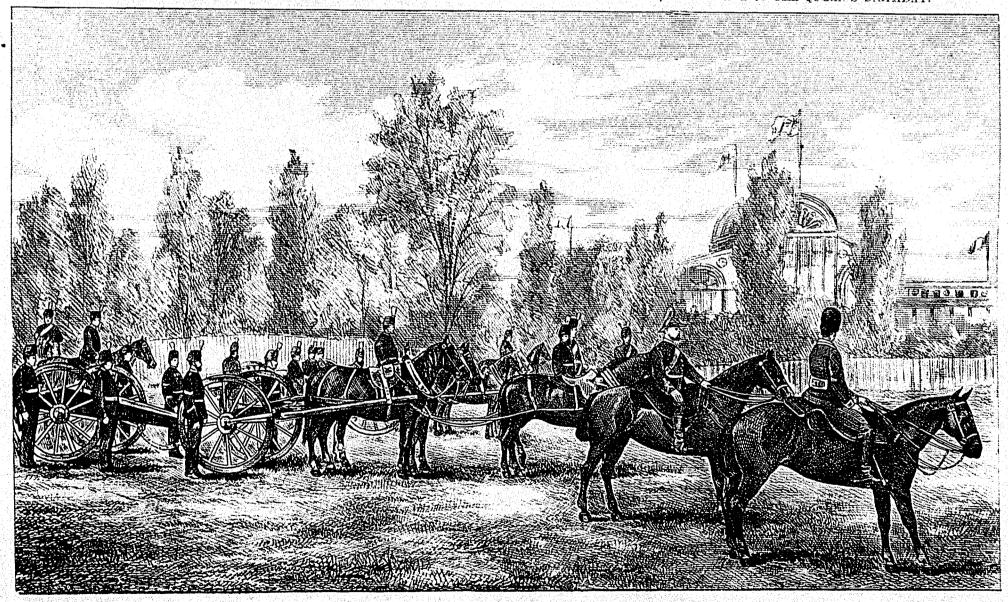


INCIDENTS OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MONTREAL.

LEAVES PROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.



PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 13TH BROOKLYN REGIMENT N. G. STATE OF NEW YORK, ON THE EVE OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.



THE SALUTING PARTY ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—FROM A PROTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON

BRISE DU SOIR.

[We eagerly reproduce the following transla tion of a famous romance from our contemporary the Gazette. The translator is L. A. C., of Brockville, Ont., and must be complimented on his rare success. Not only has he retained almost the literal meaning of the original, but has so managed the rhythm that the music suits his words fully as well, and as easily, as it does the French original. To enable our readers to judge for themselves, we append the French words. We trust we shall hear from L. A. C. again.—Ed. C. I. N.]

SWEET WIND OF EVE!

Sweet wind of eve! around my window playing, With blue forget me-nots and roses crimson blown, Oh, fragrant flutt'ring breeze! perchance amid thy stray

ing
Thou'lt wander where my dreams, my fonder thoughts
are flown!

Sweet wind of eve! oh may thy soft caresses, The purest sighs of love still breathe around her there, On her fair neck of snow whroll her shining tresses, And happy, faint and die, amid her golden hair.

Sweet wind of eve! oh whisper to her sleeping, In murm'ring music low, thy dreamy melody, While I, in tears and prayers, my lonely vigil keeping, In darkness kneel, and sing of her so far from me.

Brockville, Ont.

L. A. C.

BRISE DU SOIR!

Brise du soir ! qui viens sur ma fenêtre Bercer mes résedas et mes rosiers en fleur. Brise errante du soir ! tu passeras peut-être Où vont tous mes soupirs, les rêves de mon cœur.

Brise du soir! que ta plus douce haleine, Ton souffie le plus pur et le plus amoureux, S'épuise à sou'ever et déroule avec peine, Sur son cou libre et nu, l'or de ses blonds cheveux.

Brise du soir ! murmure à son oreille, Pour l'endormir, tes bruits, tes concerts les plus doux 'l'audis que dans les pleurs, en priant, moi je veille, Et chante dans la nuit, seul, loin d'elle à genoux.

WAS IT LOVE, OR HATRED?

I had seen something of certain parts of the State, but was a fresh arrival in the little community of Jocyltown and knew very few of the inhabitants well before an affair occurred which placed me at once on the footing of the oldest citizen. The hotel was the only brick building in the place—a new settlement on the plains which has since become a thriving centre of two railways, and, in the hotel, all that was of brick was the front. Compared to that of the log-house opposite, it was imposing, for there, Jocyl, the oldest inhabitant, had passed a lonely existence before he laid out his farm in building lots and started the rearrant and started the started that the the starte lots, and started the new town by the simple expedient of running up the hotel. Next door to the hotel, on either side, were the two principal stores of Jocyltown, built of pine and clap-boarded, and across the way, close to the loghut with its lean-to addition, labourers were digging the foundations of a Methodist church. The main hotel was not so high in the eaves as the brick front, but it spread over a good deal of ground, and an extension had been run to the rear with two elbows, so as to bring the rear back again to the line of the street beyond one of the This addition had a door marked "Ladies' Entrance," and Jocyltown was not long in finding out that it had been well named, for at least one lady, and a very pretty one too, was in the habit of coming in and out that way. Well, in this rear extension the sensation had its start, for a young married woman had been found one morning severely stabled, while her husl and had left town suddenly on a horse belonging to the hotel-keeper. When discovered she could not speak, but she made no signs of denial when asked if her husband had stabbed This was enough for the inhabitants of Jocyltown. The lady had been seen and admired for her beauty; of the husband little was known, save that he never stood treat at the bar and seemed a moping sort of fellow who kept aloof from folks, and put on airs of superior learning. At the store, where he was acting as chief clerk, he served his customers with as few words as they would allow. He had made a horrible assault with intent to kill, and probably had succeeded in his purpose. The men who had succeeded in his purpose. The men who met together at the bar were convinced of the fact, and decided that parties should start at once in search of the offender.

"It ain't actually necessary to bring him in, said the leader in this decision, as he separated with his party toward the north; "what is most to be looked after is, that he don't get further and try it on again! He's a horse-thief,

anyhow."
With these indefinite instructions clearly enough understood, we turned westward and struck out into the prairie.

I had two reasons for accompanying this party. One was, that in this direction I knew the land pretty well, and might very likely come across persons with whom I was acquainted; another was to verify a theory I had picked up from somebody. I had been told that fugitives, unless they have some definite plan of flight, are more apt to run to the west than to any other point of the compass. From the general aspect of the case, I was pretty sure that the crime was a hasty one, and the criminal a man without a fixed purpose. The road we followed was so full of tracks that nothing could be done in the way of tracing the criminal by signs. Our only plan was to follow the old-established trail until we met some one who might have seen the culprit. We had ridden about twelve miles before a turn

occurred in the road. At a point where the plain rose to a ridge before flowing up toward a hilly country with some timber beyond, it turned occurred in the road. abruptly to the south. Just here my theory stood me in good stead, for I watched the edge of the trail sharply as we made the bend, and there, sure enough, were fresh tracks of a horse between the thin wiry grass, and pointing to the westward. Without a word of comment my companions turned their horses, and we all rode a little way at a trot. Presently I began to look about me and recognized the locality.
"We have him," said I. "He has put up at

"We have him," said I. "He Clark's, over on the oak barrens."

At this name my companions looked grave, but then, justice must be done, and they had the orders of the community.

"How many miles ?" said one.

"Six, or seven."
"Humph! Sandy road, too, most of it, I'll be bound. If we rest the horses now, we can fetch it by sunset."

It was after sundown when we arrived, owing chiefly to my uncertainty of the road. However, as long as there was light, we were certainly on the right track, supposing always that the hoofmarks we were following did not belong to some one else. Later on it was needless to see them, because there was no house except Clark's in the neighbourhood. I was a little nervous at what our reception might be. Clark was not the man to allow a lot of fellows to surround his house after dark without a protest that might send more than one saddle home empty. I suggested that one should ride ahead and knock Clark up, while the others should follow immediately on

the sound of parleying.

It was black as pitch as I rode up to the frame dwelling house. It had been built in a city many hundred miles away, and ox-carted across rivers and prairies. In that rough piece of country it looked by daylight as if it had dropped from some city which had taken to traveling through the air; at night a stranger coming upon it would not have believed a modern frame

"What the — do you want, anyhow?" cried Clark from an upper window, after a prolonged siege of knocking. Knowing that he must have a rifle in one hand and a pistol in the other, I hastened to name myself, and begged him to come down and let me in. This he proceeded to do with a much better grace than his first words might have led one to suspect; for, with Clark, oaths were of little more account than extra breaths; they served as convenient points in his discourse for putting on the stress of voice. Emphasis is a difficult matter to arrange for the best of us; but Clark's arrangement was simplicity itself, for he used imprecations merely as stepping-stones down the shall

low river of his discourse.

"There's a man put up here that we are after," said I. "He's cut his wife pretty badly down

away; I want you to understand that."
"Why, you don't want to protect a murderer,

do you?" said 1.
"How do I know he's a murderer? You say so, and I won't give you the lie. But I don't really know anything about it. The man's safe in my house, and while he's there, he's safe.

While we parleyed, my companions had put the horses in the barn, and now came up. The elder moved directly behind Clark into the door.

"Hey there! —— you, who asked you in there?" cried Clark, cocking his pistol and leveling it. There was just light enough from a candle in the passage to take good and infal-"Hey there! lible aim.

"For heaven's sake, Clark," said I, catching his arm, "we are not on the fight."
"Yes, we are on the fight," said Brown, the

man who had stepped in, drawing his pistol with a quick motion. "I am, if my power is resisted. I'm the law, I am. See here." sisted.

With the other hand, and still keeping his pistol on Clark, he pushed the lapel of his coat aside and showed the metal badge of a sheriff. Clark's arm dropped at once, and we all went

into the house.
"Hang me if you'd have got in to-day, sheriff or no sheriff," said Clark discontentedly. "What e ——! I thought you was alone."
We had entered the sitting-room, and while I

busied myself with lighting a lamp and stirring up the fire in a stove at one end of the room, Clark and my two companions roused up the esently all four made thei ance. My companions were solemn; Clark was surly and fretful, while the prisoner was pale

and trembling.
"Sit down by the fire and tell us all about it," said Clark roughly, but with kindliness, pushing up a seat and pouring him out some whiskey in a tea-cup. The whiskey seemed to do the prisoner good, or else the heat of the stove allayed his fit of trembling. His dull look of misery gave way to more intelligence as he gazed from one face to another. Somehow he was not a man you could be hard on.

"Is—is she dead?" he finally managed to

stutter, looking wistfully around.

"Not yet," said Brown, the deputy-sheriff,

sternly.
"Ah!" shuddered the man, "I hope she

dall, taking a piece of navy plug out of his waistcoat pocket, and with his penknife shaving off a piece of a shape and size peculiar to himself. He offered the black cake of tobacco to the prisoner as a kind of mute testimony that his words were not meant to be offensive, but the latter shook his head sadly. We had all drawn up around the stove, and Clark brought out a demijohn of the right stuff, and two or three thick glasses, such as they use in bar-rooms. back in our chairs and rested our feet, tired with many hours in the saddle, against the projecting foot-rest which ran round the red-hot

stove.
"I'm very sorry it has come to this," said Brown, after a few moments; warmth, rest and the whiskey having somewhat subdued even the austerity of a deputy-sheriff. "You really hadn't ought to have done it, Mr. Pierre."

The man he addressed as Pierre was still young, rather slight of build and dark in colour-You could see at a glance that he was of a nervous temperament, and in the lamp-light his eyes shone with a strange effect that might be termed a glare, somewhat like those of a hunted animal at bay in a dark thicket. From the womanish way in which he sipped his whiskey, it was evident that he could have done very little drinking in his life. Whatever was the cause of his crime, rum was not. It must have been more the alcohol than the heat of the stove which brought some colour back into his cheeks. He shook his head mournfully at Brown's words, but life was not so gloomy as it seemed a few minutes before.

Well, how did you come to do it?" burst out Clark, whom curiosity, as well as disgust at the invasion of his rights of hospitality and asylum, rendered fidgety and talkative.

rendered tidgety and talkative.

Still Pierre would do nothing but shake his head and sigh. In view of having to stand a trial it was not to be wondered at that he would not commit himself. But I knew that perhaps he might never come to trial at all.

"You don't look like a man who would strike a woman." said I.

The prisoner started and gave me a quick full look of gratitude. He could be cilent no longer. "I swear to heaven," said he, "that I never laid hand on that woman before. Much as I have been provoked,—or——" here he hesitated
—'irritated—I never struck her. What happened last night was the affair of a moment. The thing I knew, I was riding out of the village and feeling that I had stabled somebody."

"And then somebody's horse," added Brown, dryly, the first flush of the whiskey having ex-

pended its softening effects.

"Oh! I was going to send the mare back."

"Ah!" ejaculated Brown, with a satire quite

lost upon the prisoner. The ice being broken, and the whiskey having

had its effect on his tongue, he now leaned back in his chair and spoke as follows:

"I might as well tell you, gentlemen, how it

all came about—at least, as far as I am able, because there are points in my experience I can't pretend to account for. The woman I hurt so badly the other night is my lawful wife; I never cared for any one else but her, and when I married her, I doubt if there was a happier bride groom in the land. Happy isn't the word; I was mad with joy and I acted in such a way that everybody was making fun of me. I saw them well enough. They thought I was blind to their ridicule, but I took it all in. Only my delight at getting Lou - that is the name of my wife-was so great that I didn't care a straw for ridi cule or anything else. Well, I had had hard enough work to get her, that's a fact, and my marriage was the triumph of three years of as great misery as I can think of. This business is bad enough, but I would rather swing than pass such a time as I did then.

"You may suppose from my saying that I had hard work to get her, that the match was uneven, or that there was something against me, or that Lou did'nt like me. Not one of these things is true. I was making a little money, had a reputation for perfect steadiness, never drank, belonged to a church and taught in Sunday. Lou hadn't a cent, never doubted my character for squareness, and took a liking to me from the first. In fact I was always bashful and never had taken to girls, while Lou had got quite a name for being a belle when I began to follow around after her. Folks actually thought better of her for having me attentive to her. That is only to show you that there was nothing against me in any way, shape or manner. Well that was the beginning of it all. I was so well received that I was certain all was right, and I suppose that turned my head a little. I just let up brakes all around, and if I didn't just love do for her. Well, she didn't quite understand it all. I sometimes think women don't know what love is; at least they don't love the way we men do. They are cool, and seem to be able to think of something far ahead when the man is half out of his mind with the pleasure right there. Pretty soon she began to fight off and dictate terms. That was all right enough; I submitted, and would have stood almost any thing. But next thing that happened she broke the engagement. Then I went to see her and we had a fine row. She told me she didn't care a button for me, and I must keep my distance, and all that sort of trash. Well, I saw pretty soon that she didn't care for anybody else, and did care for me; and so after a blow-out the matter was patched up and we were thick again as ever. After this she was more loving, but pretty soon the same thing occurred again. This won't. I have no hard feelings against her—none at all."

"Perhaps it's the other way," suggested Ran
"Perhaps it's the other way," suggested Ran-

stood that about two weeks and then dropped. I was about dead by that time, but I had determined not to make the advances, and so she had to. Well, gentlemen, I'm making too long a story. That is the way she acted a great many times. To say I loved her all through would not be true. On the contrary there were times when I hated her so that I lay awake at night just to think over what could hurt her most. Why, I have had long plans mapped out to humiliate and shame her, and it was only by keeping my memory jogged every now and then, re-calling that a man has no business with such dirty, small work that I saved myself from putting them into execution. There was one thing I noticed however. When I was near her I I noticed however. When I was near her I couldn't be half so vindictive as when we were apart. Out of sight I could ponder over the most ingenious plans for her ruin and harm, but when she was by there was something in her eyes or the turn of her head that made a baby of me at once. It was that—whatever it may be—which prevented any such move on my part and brought us together at last before a clergyman in church.

Pierre had become absorbed in his remarks and now reached automatically for his glass, which Clark had filled again with whiskey and water. It seemed to do him good to talk, and all the rest of us were so much interested that we not anly said no words, but forbore to look at him, lest something might interrupt the flow of his confessions. Weariness, warmth, the liquor, and, somewhere in the air, the feeling of a tra-gedy, combined to throw such a spell as most easily turns a man to loosening his inmost secrets from the cells where he has meant to keep them forever. The tallow candle burned dim and the stove took on the dull red glare of forged iron. It made no difference that the room and its contents were bare and vulgar, or that the men who sat about the cheap, ugly fire-place were rough in exterior and oi minds different one from another; a common interest was occupying them. It was one of those occasions when everything conspires to knit individuals into a composite group, animated by one life. So strong was this feeling of fellowship that the prisoner evidently found it difficult to remember that his position was a dangerous one, or that

three of the five men within the four walls were at least his jailers and possibly even worse.

"So we got married after all," continued Pierre, only stopping long enough to address himself to his tumbler, and never taking his eyes off the dark top of the white-and-red-bodied stove, at which we all were staring. "I suppose you are married men, gentlemen?" he said, and for the first time looked up quickly. Brown nodded gravely and assumed an answer for the rest of us; and the speaker was too busy with his recollections to consider whether

Brown had a right to act for any of the others. "Well, then, you know what it is to be married, speaking in a general way, and what a very different thing marriage is to the idea most young men form of it. I won't deny it, I am cursed with a bad temper, and every now and then it masters me. I had consoled myself ale along with the reflection that when once the ceremony was performed everything would be well, at least as far as my troubles of courtship were concerned. I soon found, however, that very much the same thing was to be my lot even after all I had gone through with. You are married: you know what an awful hold a wife has over a man, especially if he is perfectly steady, loves her to distraction, and never looks at any other woman. Well, that was the kind of a man I was, and having found it out pretty thoroughly, Lou began a systematic course of tyranny. So far from having left behind no tyranny. So far from having left behind me the anger that used to overcome me before marriage, on the contrary I often found myself hating her worse as my wife than formerly as my intended. You will understand me. I had learned to require her presence as an absolute daily necessity. Once I had merely looked forward to a union with her as the great delight of the future. She was master of the situation, therefore, and dictated terms; for my love for her was so intense that I could not bring myself to play the bully, and would do anything rather than look at another woman. It seemed to me an insult to love to dispute her commands. she was unreasonable and demanded wrong and silly things, if caprices bent her this way and that and made us both uncomfortable, there seemed to be only these two alternatives : either to convince her and get her to yield peaceably. or else to give way myself.

"It is needless to say that the latter was almost always the result. Many is the time she has gone to sleep in separate rooms, she all coolness and scorn, and l ne vilest hatrec bursting in my heart. Why I have not killed her long ago I do not know. She was so sure of me, and so unconcerned that I should take advantage of the greater strength some day to subdue her, or do her bodily injury, that it afforded her an additional pleasure to brave the rage she saw was consuming me. Sometimes, when I was at the worst, I have said to her: 'Have a care! There is a limit to all things,' and she would answer with a burst of derisive laughter. Ah, that she had taken a little notice of her

danger! Pierre sunk his head between his hands and sighed. Perhaps the motion may have had to

do with moisture in his eyes.

"Yes," he went on, "it did come, after all.

Never mind what the last cause was, the final blow to my resolution. I am telling you now

in hell, that did not seem good to me beside that woman. I felt I must kill her, if it were only to rid the world of such a pest. There was a sense all through me that her death would rest completely something that was tired and worn out, all inside my veins and nerves; as if her blood would cool some fever that had been accumulating for years. Perhaps I have never forgiven her the unnecessary cruelty of our courting days. Perhaps it is only the tortures she has inflicted since marriage which affected my very flesh. At any rate, the longing for revenge was perfectly satisfied by the act. At each blow I gave her the other night, the black cloud that had hung over my heart lightened, and I believe-God forgive me !- that I kissed

her when I left her!

"Love her?" he cried passionately, after a pause, and rising from his seat. "Yes, a thousand times more than before I gave her those cowardly stabs. I feel like a parent who has been forced to beat the child he loves most in the world. But I—unhappy wretch!—have conditted murder, and, instead of hurting her a little, have destroyed the only thing that makes life tolerable. For without her life will be intolerable, that I know. Ah, why did I hurry away! What a fool I was! After being such a coward as to touch a woman, I might have had the courage to face it out. But my mind was in a whirl, and something—somebody—said: 'Get a horse, quick, and fly!' And so I did. Could it have been Lou said that?"

Pierre stared out fixedly into space, with the round-eyed look of a man trying with all the might of his memory to recall a scene. Our host had been watching him breathlessly during the recital; whenever I stole a glance at Clark's hairy face I could see that he was not the least moved of the company. A few moments before Pierre stopped, however, Clark's eyes narrowed into a crafty expression, and, rising softly, he opened and ransacked a small drawer in a chest near the wall. His manner was so peculiar that it attracted my attention. From the drawer he extracted certain large cigars of a dark colour, and during the next few moments, while charging glasses and refilling tumblers, he managed to substitute one of these for the fresh eigar lying on the chair or table which stood by each man's seat. Brown took up his and lighted Randall followed suit, and held the eigar to his nose, at the same time raising his eyebrows in the direction of Clark. Our host nodded, as if to say: "Try it; it's first-rate," and as he caught my glance, relapsed into his chair uneasily. I, too, smelt of my cigar, and placed it unlighted between my lips. While Pierre stood gazing, in deep thought, Clark came round to me with a lighted match for my cigar. After a moment's besitation, I took it, and lit the tolacco. It had a pungent and very peculiar odour, so that I thought it wisest to pretend to smoke it without doing so. My precaution was justified a moment after. Brown's head had fallen back on his chair, his mouth was open, and he was in a dead sleep. The eigar lay on the ground. Randall had folded his arms upon the table, and his long breathing told that something—perhaps the whisky and the monotonous voice of the speaker, perhaps something else—had sent him into a heavy alumber. I was drower myself. The reson was close and warm. I threw my arms over the back of the chair near me, and, laying my head so that I could see every one on opening my eyes, shut them close, and soon was in a state of semi-consciousness which was not sleep, but certainly was not being wide awake.

Pierre at last roused himself from thought.
"Yes, gentlemen," he continued, blind to
the fact that he had talked a long while and that most of his audience could not hear him. "I am not only a criminal, but a vile coward to have run away. Oh," he cried with a sudden turn of feeling, "I must see her even if she is dead. But what keeps me here? Let us go back at once.

"No, you won't," said Clark, rising up and seizing Pierre by the coat. "You won't do no

"Good heaven! I had forgot. I am a prisoner. But we are going back, anyhow. not these gentlemen understand my position and take me back now?"

answered Clark, with a These gentlemen." derisive gesture at our sleeping forms, " are not able to get into a saddle, not to say sit in one. Besides, they have no orders to bring you back.

Here he grinned in Pierre's face and caught himself under the chin in an ugly and suggestive manner. Pierre turned a little pale. "Sooner or later," he said firmly, "it makes

little difference, except that I must see Loubefore I die. Must bell am a prisoner."

Wal, now, pard," said Clark, moved by the sharp tone of despair, "I reckon you

wouldn't flinch at the last, would ye! But as for being a prisoner—What made ye take old man Jocyl's mate?"

"I took the first horse that came to hand. I

meant to send it back."

"Well, I believe you, and thought you was square from the first. I don't mind the woman so much—that's none of my business—but the mare! I tell you it ud go ag'in my grain to help a hoss-thief!"

"No, no, no; of course I'm no horse-thief," said Pierre impatiently. "But what do you mean by help?" His face had grown bright

with hope.

"Aha," said Clark, "now you see light ahead. Go back to Jocyltown indeed,—not much! Do you see them tellows? Olium—opium did it. Just a whift of it and of they

go as sound as woodchucks, and good till 12 o'clock to-morrow morning. Now, then, you just hop on to my horse, take the road I tell you, and light out. They'll never ketch you, or my name ain't Clark."

Pierre said nothing, but his face was joyous with a solemn kind of gladness. He only grasped Clark's thick hand and shook it over and over again. They disappeared at once trom the room. To all intents and purposes I was asleep,—at least so I argued to myself—and had no call to interrupt their proceedings. My best occupation was sleep, and to this I turned with such entire success that the sun was high in the heavens before we discovered our bird was flown.

Brown, Randall and I rode into Jocyltown at sharp pace the next day with the missing mare, and didn't care to talk to anyhody until we got into the bar-room, where we told our story. I was surprised to find how little effect it had upon the audience. Instead of breaking out into curses against Pierre, they received the news of his escape very much in the light of a good joke on us. Old Jocyl never knew what a joke was, or else thought it was some form of expense to laugh, and therefore systematically refrained. There was a peculiar vein of regret in his voice, when he said:

in his voice, when he said:

"I suppose you don't know that she's mending—doing well, the doctor says."

"Don't say!" said Brown. "Well, women folks do hang on to life; they beat cats. That Pierre was a lucky fellow to have lit out just when he did. If he hadn't, I don't believe he'd

have ever known he wasn't a murderer."
"'Taint like you to do things by halves,"
growled Joeyl. "But who's goin' to pay for
the two days' use of the mare? I don't see how I'm to get even anyways, what with a wounded woman in the house and you lettin' the husband

escape!"
"Bother the old mare! You may thank me for getting her back at all. But as to the man, there's no two ways about it, Clark must have drugged the liquor. No straight whisky could have fetched me that way."

"Or the cigars," I suggested; but no one "Or the cigars," I suggested; but no one took the trouble to listen to what I had to say.
"I never was so fooled in my life," said Brown, with several gentle oaths. "If ever I catch that fellow alive, I'll take him by the ear and walk him right up to that pretty young wife he's been a-carvin',—and what she says to do that I'll do, if it's to hang him instanter!" Everybody chimed in with a chorus of appropriate for Brown was tanking to the says to the says to the says to the says to say the says to the says to say the say to say the say to say the say to say the say that the say to say the say the say to say the say the say the say the say the say that say the say the say that say the say the say the say the say the say that say the say the say the say the say that say the say the say the say that say the say the say that say the say the say that say the say the say the say the say the say the say that say the say that say the say the say that say the say the say the say the say the say that say the say the say the say the say the say that say the say the say the say the say the say that say the say that say the say the say that say the say the

roval, for Brown was standing treat at the ime, partly with a shrewd idea of taking the edge off the natural resentment of the crowd at the loss of Pierre, and partly to stop the mouths of the jokers at his expense. I had stepped to the window, when I saw cause to give Brown a private signal to come outside into the entry leading to the front door. Pulling him out on the varanda, we perceived a man alighting hurriedly from a weary horse. As he walked unsteadily up the steps, we saw that it was Pierre. Brown was so surprised that he hadn't a word to say. I stepped forward.

"What are you doing here?" I asked in a low tone. "Don't you know your danger? Or

have you heard the news?"

"What—what news?" gasped Pierre, leaning up against a pillar white as a sheet. My questions were confusing. "You don't mean

I did not answer at once, for I, too, was at a loss. Did the fool expect to find her alive after he had tried so hard to kill her? Was he hoping she was dead, or did he fear to hear that

she was!
"She's going to get well," said I, sullenly, feeling thoroughly disgusted at the bare idea that he might still wish her ill.

Pierre started with an inarticulate noise, and hurried along the veranda to the "ladies" en-trance;" but Brown was before him.

"Where are you going !" cried Brown, seizing him roughly by the arm and swinging him round. "You're my prisoner. You don't get

off this time." "I must go upstairs to see her," said Pierre,

"Right, you must," said Brown, wrathfully.
"But I shall take you there, mind that. I've

"Then come on !" cried Pierre, pushing open the door and hastening upstairs with Brown at his elbow. I followed, without stopping to ask myself what business I had there. At the head of the staircase was the door of the room Pierre stopped and drew himself up with surprising dignity. His tone would have imposed

on bolder men than Brown. "Gentlemen," he said, "stand aside. This is my wife's room!"

Involuntarily we stepped back and Pierre pened the door. The bed stood opposite, at its head sat the doctor, and in it, propped up by pillows, was his young wife, still wonder fully pretty in spite of her thin white face and grief-darkened eyes. Her inborn tact had kept her sweet-looking and coquettish even under these circumstances, where the doctor was the only visitor that could be expected to enter. Pierre leaned speechless against the door-post, unable to advance, retreat, or shut the door from our profaming eyes. His wife's eyes were closed, and the long dark lashes made her face even more charming from the child-like effect they gave to her countenance. At a low ex-

blazed upon poor Pierre, who stood vacillating in the door-way

'I knew you'ld come back," she cried with a little hysterical shriek. "You have forgiven me, I know," she went on, as Pierre ran across the room and, dropping on his knees by the bedside, raised his hands to her in dumb appeal for pardon. "And I -why I never have known what it was to love before; I promise never to torment you any more. I will be a good wife. Promise to pardon me and never go away

What Pierre answered, and what he felt Brown and I never knew, for the doctor sprang across the floor into the door-way and pulled to the door after him. Pierre could not have felt meaner than Brown and I thought him, for the woman's beauty, her lovely ways and her generosity in taking all the blame, made us ready to fight anybody and everybody on her behalf. We followed the doctor downstairs in silence, and made our way at once to the bar-room. Only oaths and whisky could relieve, in some little degree, the unwonted emotions stirring in the mind of Brown. It was in a silence big with imprecations not yet ready to burst, that Brown, with a sweep of his arm, ordered up very man and lounger to drink.

Then the torrent fell, and chiefly on the head of the ruffianly husband who could put cold teel to such a lovely bit of humanity as Mrs. Pierre. But at the end there was a breathing space to take a calmer survey of the whole affair and look at it from other standpoints.

"And yet," said he reflectively, "to see the way she took him back again! That knocks me. Why," he cried looking around and bringing his elenched fist down on the walnut, "I do believe he begun wrong. There wouldn't have been any fusa at all, if he'd only have knifed her a little first off!"

THE GLEANER.

THE Prince of Wales, it is expected, will visit the Australian Exhibition.

THE Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon hangs fire for the want of subscriptions.

THE sons of the Prince of Wales will leave the Britannia at the close of the present term in July.

Owing to the drought, the Government in Typrus has removed the import duties on all kinds of grain and fodder.

It is expected that Victor Hugo will visit England in June, and take part in the International Literary Congress.

MR. MILLAIS'S "The Order of Release," sold at Christie's the other day for 2,8351., was painted by him a quarter of a century ago for

THE largest houses in England are Wrest, Earl Cowper's; Wentworth, Earl Fitzwilliam's; and Knobe, Earl Delawarr's, where there are five acres of roof.

Ir is said one of the London Tramway Companies have bought fifty Spanish mules, of the largest size, with the view of trying the experiment of using them for draught purposes in place of horses.

THE artistic sensation of Paris is an artist named André Gauthier, who draws large crowds to see him paint a landscape in five minutes, a portrait in six, and two different pictures simultaneously, one with each hand.

A WINDOW is being erected in Cork Cathedral to the memory of Lieut. Coghill, who was killed at Isandula, while trying to save the colours of the 14th Regiment. The funds for carrying out the project are being raised by public subscription.

THE candidate for the Slade professorship of fine arts at Oxford who has been elected to succeed Mr. Ruskin, who resigned some time ago, is W. B. Richmond, the well-known painter and son of the eminent Royal Academician, George Richmond, D.C.L., of Oxford.

A LARGE number of French political refugees in London refuse to take advantage of the amnesty, or to make the necessary application at the French Embassy. They prefer to wait until another revolution shall have been effected, and they are invited over to help to save their country.

THE new armour-plated torpedo ram Polyphemus, 2,640 tons, and 5,500 horse-power, building at Chatham, is being hastened forward with all despatch, and will be ready for launching in a few months. The very peculiar construction of the ship has attracted much attended. tion, as she is so unlike any other vessel yet

ONE of the military balloons made at Woolwich arsenal, 800 cubic metres in size, has been wrecked. When about to be tried, it was inflated, but by a strong current of wind it was set free. The balloon, happily without passengers, rapidly rose to the clouds, where an explosion took place, and the remnants fell into the Thames.

THE French post offices now collect hills for persons; they do more, they receive, as in Germany, subscriptions for newspapers and periodicals in France. Another facility is the cheap telegram-card, sent like lightning through tubes across the city, and delivered within an hour a telegram is dearer, and apparently takes twice the time to be delivered.

THE success of the clevated railways in New York City.

York has led to serious consideration of the construction of similar means of communication along the line of the Liverpool docks. Mr. Ismay has urged that not only would the proposed means of transit be a profitable under-taking for the Dock Board, but would prove a great convenience to the public at large.

A SOMEWHAT curious history is attached to Mr. Wills's very excellently painted picture of "Laertes and Ophelia." It appears that, some years ago, the artist made a particularly correct sketch of Ellen Terry, but failed in being able to reproduce the study of head and face upon the present canves. From the original picture, therefore, he has cut the head and pasted it on to his present work. This has been so de-licately done that, save to the initiated, the fact would not be noticed or believed.

THE Marquis of Lorne has not altogether bandoned literature since he went to Canada. On the contrary, he has utilized a portion of his leisure from official duties in composing both prose and poetical descriptions of his travels in the Dominion. The Princess Louise is expected to enhance the value of the forthcoming volume with sketches. The projected work of Lord Dufferin on Canada, which will be to a considerable extent of a political nature, has only been postponed by his lordship's appointment to the Embassy of St. Petersburg.

PERSONAL.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH will leave for Rome early

LIEUT. GOVERNOR CAUCHON has returned to

Winnipeg. LIEUT. COL. B. STRANGE arrived at Quebec by the steamship "Polynesian" a few days ago. Wel-

THE Duke of Edinburgh will not assume command of the British North American and West Indian stations this year.

It is reported that Sir John A. Macdonald will visit Manitoba on his way to British Columbi

THE Hons, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Samuel Tilley will, it is stated, await the return of the Premier from the Panific slope before proceeding to England on fficial business

MR. SMITH, C.E., and Dr. Smith will shortly leave for Winnipeg, en route for the Basquia Mountains on an exploring expedition.

THE Governor-General and Princess Louise will not spend the summer at Haiffax, but may pay for city a visit for a week. They will visit and be formally received in St. John, N.B., and various parts of Ontario.

THE Marquis of Lorne is having two beautiful a nr. Marquis of Lorne is faving two beautiful cars built for him in Troy at a cost of \$15,000. One is to be used as a sitting-room, the other for snoking. Their fittings are inxurious, and they are made to run on any road. They will carry the Marquis and the Princess on their trip to the States.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

An important seizure of agricultural imple-

THE New Brunswick Government are making

RIDEAU HALL is to be completely removated

THE Prince Edward Island Legislative Counil will be abolished at the end of the present session.

THE Manitoba Legislature resumed work on Tuesday. There is nothing of importance yet before the House. Hon. Mr. Royal, one of the local Ministers, has resigned.

Frosts at night have done a good deal of inory to growing crops in the Province of Quebec, and to many places clover, peas and oats will have to be sown

THE interior of the tower of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa has been completed, and is now open to visitors. A door-keeper has been selected and a re-gistrar for visitors provided. THE American Institute of Mining Engineers

have accepted an invitation from their Monireal brethren, endorsed by some of the lending citizens, to hold their fall meeting this year in Montreat. THE United States Consul at Hamilton, Ont ..

reports that more than 6,000 people left that Province during the past two months for Manitoba, besides 2,800 grom other Canadian Provinces and Europe. A NUMBER of men have been employed by the

Princess Louise for some time past in manufacturing splints and bandages for soldiers wounded in the Zulu campaign. A bundle will be sent to the Cape of Good Hope in a few days. THE official return of the strength of the

forces engaged in the celebration of Her Majesty's birth-day at Montreal is as follows: General-oilicer, one; oili cers, 350; non-commissioned officers and men. 3,940; guns, 14; horses, 252.

DUFFERIN Terrrace, Quebec, is now fully open to the public. It is the largest promemade of this kind in the world, over a quarter of a mile, and 200 feet above the river. The view from both extremities is said to be unarcalled envision. FARMING operations on Prince Edward Island

are protty well advanced. The farmers are planting a large quantity of potatoes this spring, and they believe it will pay much better to grow potatoes at a fair price than to improverish the land by growing so much oats, for which the island has become proverbial.

A CARD.

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

MR. EDGAR DEWDNEY.

We publish to day the portrait of Mr. Edgar Dewdney, M.P. for Yale, British Columbia, on the occasion of his appointment as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the North-West, in place of Hon. Mr. Iaird, Governor of the North-West Territories, who resigned on account of pressure of work. Mr. Dewdney was born in Devonshire, England, in 1835, and went to British Columbia in 1859. He was married in 1864 to Jane Shaw, eldest daughter of Stratton Moir, Esq., of Colombo, Ceylon. By profession Mr. Dewdney is a Civil Engineer, and has been employed as such on the Canada Pacific Railway survey. He entered public life in 1868, sitting for Kootenay in the Legislature of the Pacific Province. He was promoted to the House of Commons in 1872, and twice reelected since. We congratulate Mr. Dewdney upon his new sphere of public service for which he is eminently fit and which we trust he will carry out to success.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY STONE.

The name of Mrs. Alexander Ross is not unfamiliar to our readers. Neither is the author of "Violet Keith," "The Wreck of the White Bear," "The Grand Gordens," &c., &c., a stranger to the majority of educated Canadians. This gifted lady has not rested on her laurels, however, and her latest production is on our table, entitled, "The Legend of the Holy Stone." We deem it the best of her works, stronger and more rounded and more condensed than any of her previous publications. Its moral tone and ethical teachings are also of a high order, without, however, intruding needlessly upon the attention of the reader or checking the march of the narrative, which is easy, natural, and alert throughout.

throughout.

Although the bulk of the story is modern in characters, locality and dramatic intrigue, it is founded on and flows directly from the beautiful old Rabbinical legend of the Holy Stone, the poetic details of which are unfolded in the first chapter. In the last chapter we take up again the thread of the legend, so as to wind up the whole and point the moral which ought to adorn every tale. We may not anticipate the interest of the reader by dissecting and analyzing the body of the story itself, as that would not be fair to the author, but we may whet his appetite

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 308.



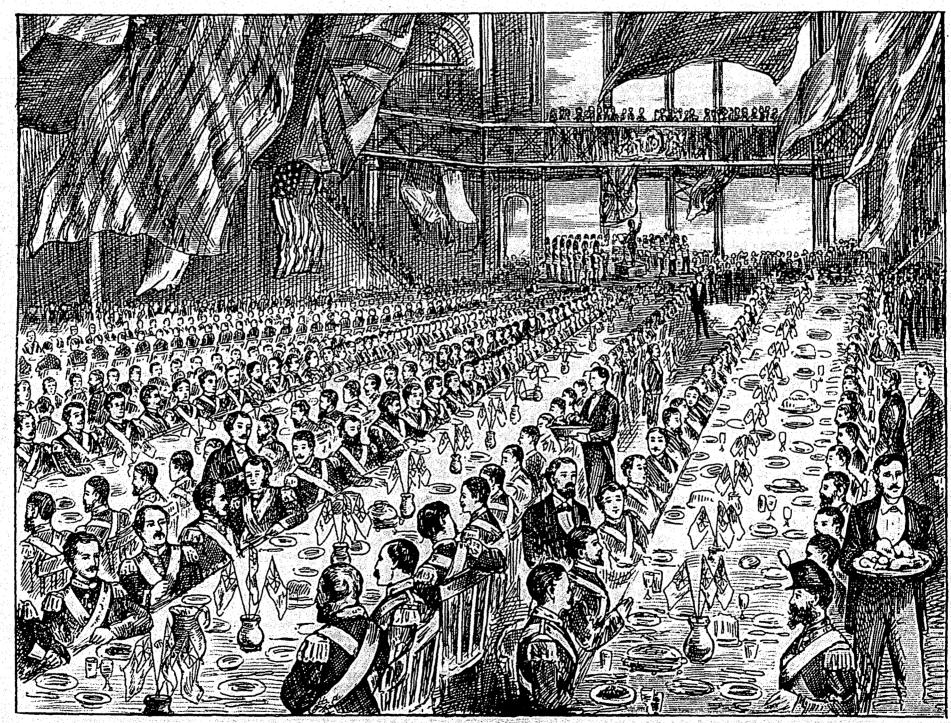
EDGAR DEWDNEY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, N.W.T.

by a brief account of the legend with which it is linked.

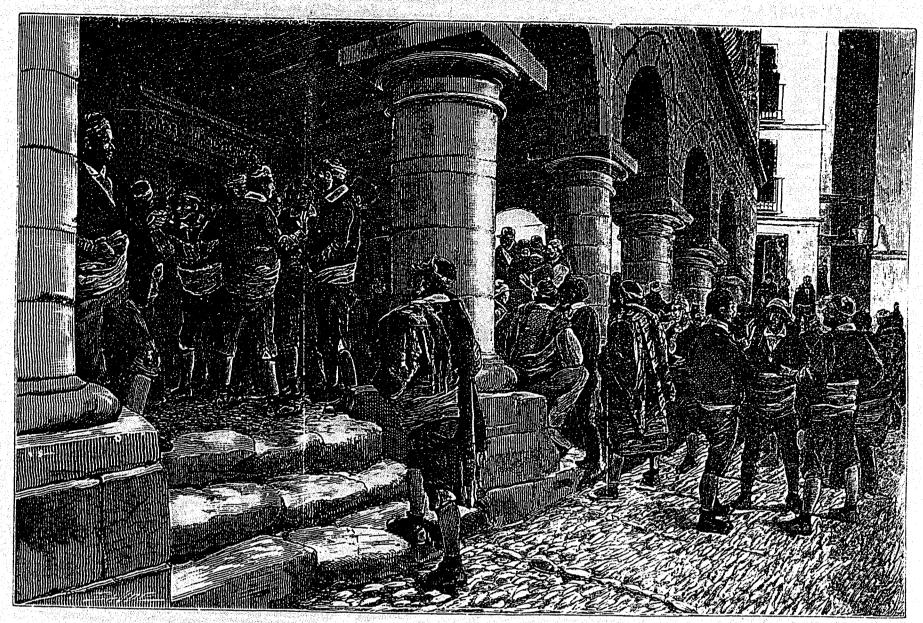
In the days of Siebert, King of the Saxons, there came to a famous abbey on the river Thames a traveller, dressed as a monk, with tonsured head, hood of serge and sandal shoon. He was admitted within the cloistral gates as Father Paul, who had been sent by the Pope on some momentous mission, the particulars of which he was to learn from the lips of the abbot, whose name was Wolfgang. The latter pointed to a church, whose walls were raised, indeed, but surrounded by unhewn stones, which demons in the night were using to demolish the temple of God. That they were devils was plain from the marks of their hoofs on the clay and sand. Exorcism had been tried in vain, and the spiritual power of the new comer from Rome was required to remove the blight and spell. After spending the night in fasting and prayer, Father Paul and all the monks repaired to the church, where King Siebert and his Queen, Athelgoda, were awaiting them on their thrones in the chancel. The Roman priest knelt at the foot of the altar, but was so long at his orison that the congregation got impatient, and the abbot had to go forth to arouse him. He found him dead? Then at once a vision appeared of a snow-white bark, freighted with white-robed men, which flashed at the chancel. Celestial music filled the temple, dying away in delicious echoes along the groined ceiling, and the ceremony of the mass was duly performed. Then the work was done. "Thus, on Thancy Island, centuries ago, was Westminster Abbey first consecrated to God and to St. Paul." The angels departed, and Father Paul was buried, but, as they land him out, the abbot found upon his breast the Holy Stone which the Angel gave unto Tobias, that it might be a token between the Angel and the Hebrew legend round the edge, but there was this discrepancy:—

It will come with a woman, It will go by a woman."

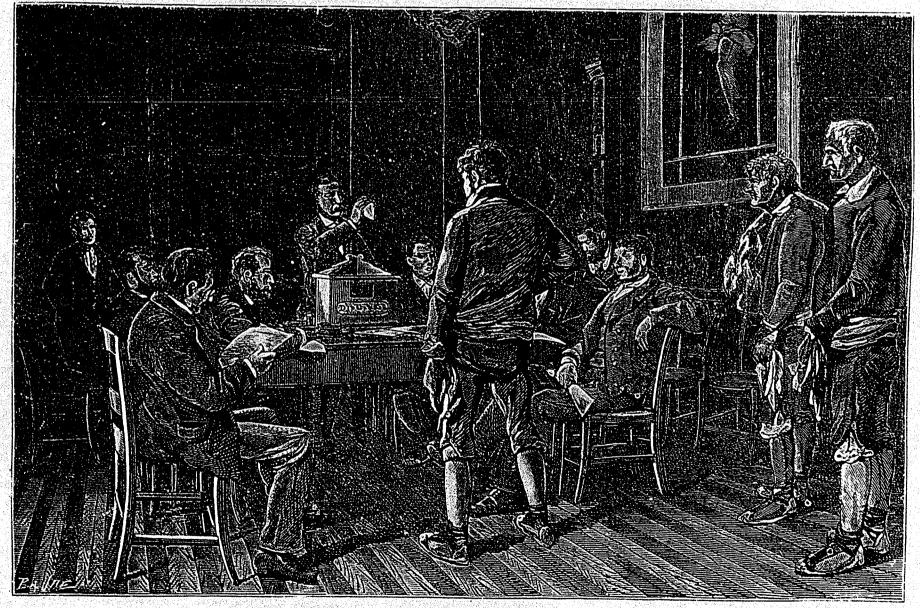
On this prophecy hangs the novel. The Holy Stone goes to Athelgods, and the story of Ruby, centuries after, tells us what became of it. We can heartily recommend the work to all our readers. It is neatly printed by A. A. Stevenson, and adorned with numerous lithographic plates by the Burland-Desharats Company, who have thus shown what facilities they have for the cheap and effective illustration of books and pamphlets.



MILITARY LUNCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE AFTER THE REVIEW ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.



YOTING AT MONZON, IN THE PROVINCE OF HUESCA.



INTERIOR OF A POLLING BOOTH.

SPANISH ELECTIONS.

"ACTA DIURNA."

The city of Venice enjoys the credit of originating the modern newspaper; but I be-lieve the honour is honestly due to the Chinese. The Chinese Gazette vas printed centuries before such a thing was known in Europe. It differs, however, from the newspapers of the United States, being exclusively the organ of the Government in everything connected with the religion, laws, manners and customs of the country. No article is published that has not first been submitted to the Emperor; and after being sanctioned by him, not a word must be changed or added. In 1818 an officer of the Chinese post-office suffered death for publishing a false piece of intelligence. What would be the effect of executing such a decree in this country may be left to the imagination of the

Etymologists differ as to the derivation of the title, some holding that the term Gazette came from the Italian Gazetra, a magpie or chatterer, and others that it derived from gazetta, a farthing of Venetian coin, which was once the common price of newspapers in the great com-mercial queen of the Adriatic. The first news-paper in Venice was published by the Govern-ment, and only once a month. The jealousy ment, and only once a month. The jealousy of the Government, however, did not allow it to be printed, and for a long time after the invention of printing, the Gazette of Venice was circulated only in manuscript. Borrowing the hint from Venice, other Governments successively established small gazettes until they be-came common to every civilized country.

The author of the "Curiosities of Literature,"

however, as already hinted, is mistaken in awarding the honour of the idea to the Venetians. Gazettes were not only published at a much earlier period in China, but the Roman historians quote the Acta Diarna Populi, or the Daily Advertisers of that empire, which doubtless furnished the original thought to the rulers of Venice. When Julius Casar entered upon his first consulate (fifty-nine years before the Christian era) he introduced a new regulation for committing to writing and publishing daily all the acts of the people. Therefore newspapers were not unknown to the Romans.

In the galleries which Cicero constructed at his villa at Tusculum in imitation of the schools of Athens, among the amusements of those who frequented them was that of a daily newspaper, which recorded the chief occurrences of public note and general interest, with the more private intelligence of births, deaths and marriages, and the fashionable arrivals, in much the same manner as those of more modern date. It was not, indeed, issued for circulation, being merely hung up either in the forum or some other place of resort, and published under the sanction of the Government for general information, but it may be presumed that it was copied for the private accommodation of the wealthy. It will thus be seen that our "bulletins" daily dis-played at the different newspaper offices are

not, as many suppose, of modern origin. The Acta Diurna also contained an authorized narrative of the transactions worthy of notice which happened at Rome. Petronius has given us a specimen of the Acta Diurna in his account of Trimalcus; and it is curious to see how nearly a Roman newspaper runs in the style of an American one. Whatever information it contained was supplied, as are the papers of the present day, by reporters, who were called "actuarii."

We may be sure, also, that these Roman bulletin-boards were surrounded by as eager a crowd of citizens as those of our own day, since Pattarch states that the country people were very curious in regard to the affairs of their neighbours. The inhabitants of the cities, he further says, thronged the court and other public places to hear the news. Juvenal notices the keenness of the Roman women for deluges and earthquakes; while, as at the present day, merchants and surveyors of corn were wont to invent false news for interested purposes. This last practice, however, was attended with some risk, as it was not uncommon to put the bearers of bad news to death.

We gather further from references made to the Acla Diurna by Seneca and other contemriters that it contained abstracts of the proceedings in courts of law, and at public assemblages; also accounts of public works or buildings in progress; a recital of the various punishments inflicted upon offenders, and a list of births, deaths, marriages, etc. We are told that one article of news in which it particularly abounded was that of reports of trials for divorces, which were remarkably prevalent among the citizens of Rome.

A few extracts from these Roman newspapers are not only curious in themselves, but illustrate the fact that mankind are much the same in all ages and countries—the progress of events and the social and civil relations of society very similar-common incidents happening for the most part anke to all. The names of Paulus Emilius, the conqueror of Macedon, Papilius Lenus, the famous ambassador, Julius Casar, Cicero and Hortensius impart an air of importonce even to the trivial circumstances mentioned in these extracts.

" FIFTH KALENDS OF APRIL, YEAR OF ROME 581.

and a decree passed that the Prectors should give sentence according to the edicts which were of personal validity. M. Scapula was accused of an act of violence before the Prætor. Fifteen of the judges were for condemning him, and thirty-three for adjourning the cause."

This M. Scapula was probably a sort of "Tammany rough," and the Pretor the justice or the mayor.

" FOURTH OF THE KALENDS OF APRIL.

" The Fasces with Licinius the Consul.

"It thundered, and an oak was struck with lightning in that part of Mount Palatine called Summer Velia, early in the afternoon. A fray happened in a tavern at the lower end of the Banker's street, in which the keeper of the Hog-in-Armor tavern was dangerously wounded. Tertinius, the ædile, fined the butcher for selling meat which had not been properly inspected by the overseers of the market. The fine is to be employed in building a chapel to

the temple of the goldess Tellus."
Some of the readers of Potter's American Monthly may recollect that a few years ago Banker's street in New York city was noted for its frays; so the resemblance is striking. The "Hog-in-Armor Tavern" was probably at the Five Points of Rome.

"THIRD KALENDS OF APRIL.

" The Fasces with . Emilius.

"It rained stones on Mount Vatican. Parthenius, the tribune, sent his crier to the consul because he was unwilling to convene the senate on that day; but the Tribune Decimus put in his veto, and the affair went no farther. Thirty boys and forty girls were born at Trimalchi's estate at Cuma. The same day a fire broke out in Pompey's gardens, which began in the night in the steward's apartments.

" PRIDIE KALENDAS APRILIS.

" The Fasces with Licinius.

"The Latin festivals were celebrated on the Alban Mount, and a dole of raw fish distributed to the people. Dimiphron, the famous pirate, who was taken by Licinius Nerva, a provincial lieutenant, crucified. The red standard was displayed at the capitol, and the consuls obliged the youth who were enlisted for the Macedonian war, to take a new oath of allegiance in the Campus Martius. Paulus, the consul, and C. Octavius, the practor, set out this day for Macedonia in their habits of war. The funeral of Marcia was performed with greater pomp of images than attendance of mourners. The ponti-fex, Sempronius, proclaimed the Megalesian plays in honor of Cybele."

At the present day, instead of there being more images than mourners, there would be more carriages, since we have so far adopted the unfeeling fashion of London that it is now not strange to hear some of our fashionable people, while affecting to deplare the loss of a friend, add the remark that they sent their carriages to the funeral.

" FOURTH OF THE NONES OF APRIL.

"A rer sacrum was vowed, pursuant to the opinion of the College of Priests. The fleet stationed on the African coast entered the port of Ostia with the tribute of that province. An entertainment was given to the people by Marcia's sons at their mother's funeral. Popilius Senos, C. Decimus and C. Hostillius were sent as ambassadors in a joint commission to the king of Syria and Egypt in order to accommodate the differences about which they are now at

"FIFTH KALENDS OF APRIL, YEAR OF ROME 691.

"M. Tullius Cicero pleaded in defence of Cornelius Sylla, accused by Torquatus of being in Cataline's conspiracy, and gained his cause by a majority of five judges. One of the Prictors advertised by an edict that he should postpone his sittings for five days on account of his daughter's marriage. C. Cæsar set out for his gov-ernment of the farther Spain, having been long detained by his creditors.

"FOURTH KALENDS OF SEPTEMBER.

The funeral of Metilla Pias, a Vestal, was celebrated. She was deposited in the family vault in the Amelia road. Q. Hortensius harrangued the people about the censorship delivered a stump electioneering speech in his own behalf). Advices arrived from Etruria that the remnants of the late conspirators had begun a tumult, headed by L. Sergius."

There is no necessity for extending these quotations from the old Roman newspapers further. These examples show that, in the ordinary progress of events, there is but little change. thing that hath been, it is that which shall be and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun. The Roman editions, however, were more concise than the moderns; and paragraphs detailing scenes and events like these, with us would be extended to thrice their length. Nor do we find in Roman editorials the modern excuses for positive untruths, such as, "If we are not mis-

taken," and "This wants confirmation."

The history of the lives which have come down to us show that, in the Roman republic with all its boasted equality and freedom, the senate frequently continued to exercise a power as arbitrary as that of the sternest despot. Like "The Fasces with Emilius the Consul.

"The consul, crowned with laurel, sacrificed at the Temple of Apollo. The senate assembled at the Curia Hostilia about the eighth hour,

by Suctonius in his life of that great man, upon obtaining his first consulship, made provisions for giving the same publicity to all the proceedings of the senate which already existed for the more popular assemblies. In the time of Augustus, however, the government had again so far assumed a despotic character that an institution of this nature was considered inconvenient, and therefore repealed; while, at the same time, the utility of this daily record was still further narrowed by the destruction of popular assemblies and by the sanguinary laws promulgated against libels, under which head was probably classed the publication of any circumstances un palatable to those in power. By way of still further restraining the liberty of the pen in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, it was ordained that the authors of all lampoons and satirical writings should be punished with death; and succeeding tyrants frequently availed themselves of this severe enactment to wreak their yengeance on those they hated or had occasion to dread—a course not wholly unlike that pursued by vindictive men in our own day, when they avail themselves of the anomalous state of the law of libel to inflict deep and often total min upon those who may have unconsciously brought themselves within the operation of the law. Although the Roman Gazette contained necessarily a very meagre abstract of public events with the awkward writing materials then in use, yet it appears that the art of the short-hand writer was not unknown to the Romans, for we read that persons of this description were employed by Cicero to take down verbatim the speech of Cato in the celebrated debate of the Roman senate upon the punishment of those who had been concerned in the Cataline conspiracy.

FASHION NOTES.

Panieus made entirely of flowers are worn in

CHINESE red and old gold are the favourite dours in furniture coverings this seaso

PRETTY batiste ties, in pale pink and blue, at Macy's, are heavily embroidered on the ends.

THE handsomest coaching parasols are in wide tripes of satin in strongly contrasting colour

FRENCH women make paniers from the apron fronts of old dresses, cutting them in two and using one-half for each panier.

THE fashionable style in gentlemen's hosiery is in clouded goods, in which obscure effects are shown in cardinal, brown and navy blue.

THE crope effect so extensively introduced this season is given in a new summer silk called mombe silk. It comes in coru, fawn, garnet and sevres blue.

Among the new fashions are the jet embroidered bonnets, the fine jets being exquisitely wrought on net, tulle and satin. Other styles of netted jet are made over satin.

Or course, it had to come. Pinafore is to be the popular name for new styles in collurs, neckties, hats and other articles of clothing or adornment during the eason just opening.

Rich black silk costumes are made up in polonaise, with revers fronts; the revers are formed either of satin, brocaded or watered silk, with collar and sleeve trimming to correspond.

FOULARDS in chintz figures are trimmed with silk to correspond with the darkest figures, and besuf-fully-tinted pearl buttons inlaid incolours to correspond with the different colours of the dress.

BELTs are very fashionable and are of all materials, leather and velvet being the most popular. Leather are the best, and these have a shall satched attached to the belt, which is useful in carrying coin.

HUMOROUS.

THERE cannot be named a single pursuit or enterprise of human beings in which there is so possibility of failure as in praying for sanctification.

Ir doesn't take long for a rural neighbourhood to find out what kind of carpets and furniture a newly-arrived family possess, after the usual round of formal calls have been made by observing women.

NEW YORK proposes to call back its Pinafore companies before the next census is taken. If it don't there is no knowing where the balance of power will

POUGHKERPSIE is to have a home for old men-"Now who," asks the Kingston Freeman, "will endow a home for old women f" What toolishness! Dear sir, there are no old women.

THE present plan adopted by churches of makcents into the basket o old-fashioned cart wheel co iwo oid-manioned cart when copper cents into the baske with as much style and flourish as if they were trade dob

A WEALTHY bank officer, on being applied to for aid by a needy Irishman, replied, petulantly: "No, no: I can't help you; I have fifty such applicants as you every day." "Shure, and you might have a hundred without costing you much, if nobody gets mere than I do "tens the restronge." do," was the response.

WE once heard of a poor fellow, a reporter, WE once Heard of "a poor lenow, a reporter, who was engaged to the lady of his choice for fourteen years, at the end of which time she sued him for breach of promise. He pleaded in defence that his heart was in the right place, but he had not been able to get a day off in which to consummate the contract. He was acquired upon the strength of this piea and the equally weighty one that he had no money and owed for six weeks' washing.

THEY come, they come ! Already the sea-serpent has been seen twice off. Nawport, a bear came out of the woods at Catskill, and the wild man run naked out of a awamp in. Texas, and bit a whole porter-house steak out of a man before help arrived. And has Saturday night, at the last stroke of twelve, a dark figure with upraised arms stood on the purch of the Burlington court house and said... 'Hat Hat Hat!' in sepulched tones. He was taken along and fined \$3.85.

They say that profanity was not known in

Blowing into the muzzle of a shot-gun is a BLOWING Into the muzzle of a shot-gun is a standard method of producing newspaper items. It remains for a young lad down town to introduce a variation. The street hose wouldn't work: the water was turned on at the spiggot all right, but there seemed to be an obstruction. He placed his mouth completely over the end of the nozzle and blowed just once. The pressure of the whole reservoir suddenly broke loose, concentrated into that one nozzle. The lad let go with his mouth and sat down about fifty feet away, down the street, and he has not yet been relieved of the impression that his brain is watersoaked.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LONDON critics say that Capoul's voice has lost uch of its former beauty.

PRETTY VINIE CLANCY will be the beroine of new English operetta next season

Lecocq, the composer, who has been seriously in, is pronounced to be much better,

Ar is said that Miss Mary Anderson, during the past season, has made quite a pretty form

A GERMAN composer, Herr Albert Diedrich, has set the story of Robin Hood as a three-act opera which has been successfully produced at Frankfort.

J. L. Toole and wife celebrated their silver wedding April 27. One hundred guests, more or less literary and artistic, attended, each bringing a gift of silver.

THE death in Paris is announced of the composer Arnoldi. In his capacity of professor of singing he was the teacher of Faure. Bouhy, and of a number of other theatrical celebrities.

THE Paris Figure publishes the music of a march composed by Count Beast, the Austrian Limbus-sador at Paris, in honour of the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria.

Sic. Sylva, the new tenor, who has just made his first appearance in London, is described as a "heroic" tenor, his voice being of the peculiar quality which makes it difficult to decide whether it is a high baritone or a low tenor.

THE Uye season of opera has not been a success at Covent Garden. There have been a number of now singers who have not particularly distinguished themselves, and not even Capoul, Maurel and Graziati have made the season brilliant. Some of the hithertounknown artists are ridiculed in the Landon press.

Mr. CELLIER is to accompany Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert next October to America. suffivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert next October to America, where a new comic opera by those two latter grathenen will be produced, ander the personal superintendence of the composer. It is intended to limit the performances of the piece for some considerable time to the United States. This project is the result of a number of applications from various American managers, who have nested large sums by the extraordinary success of the Pinafore

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The illustrations in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS The illustrations in the Canaddan ILLUSTRATEO N) we this week have been prepared with unusual care, and taking it all in all, the present is a very creditable number. Among the illustrations are: a view of the Art Association building; the inauguration of the building: the steamer "Fligate" running the rapids; the lacrosse match between the Montreal and Caughnawaga Clubs; the grand review; the reception of the 18th at Jacques Carrier pier; the valunteers drilling by the electric light and the decorations in the harbour, — Witness, Montreal,

The Canadian Illustrated News this week is an excellent number, and contains a number of illustrations with respect to the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday. The first is a view of the Art Association building, taken from about Catheart street. Next is an interior scene at the top of the stairs, His Excellency and H. R. H. having just reached the top of the handing. Then we have the lacrosse match and a two page sketch of the grand review. We have also shouting the rapids, the reception of the Thitteenth, and the scene on the Champ de Mars as it up by the magnesium light. The reading matter is also excellent.—Star, Montreal.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATD NEWS this week is more than extra in its illustrations. The troops massing on the review grounds, the reception of the 12th Brooklyn, and the opening of the art galiery are all well-done, and reflect much credit upon the artist of our contemporary. Our "Canadian Hinstrated" will soon equal its sister in the Motherland.—Herald, Montreat.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS,—This journal, Canada's lilustrated paper, presents an unusually brillout appear
ance this week, though for that matter it is always a fine
sheet. The artists employed by the Illustrated Neur care
fully follow the movements of the Nice-Regal party in
their cuts, and give faithful representations of the driling on the Champ de Mars by electric light, the shooting
of the Lachine 1 apixs by the boat bearing the RuBrooklyn Regiment, the Lacrosse match by the Montreal
and Caughnawaga clubs, the opening of the Art Association building by the Governor-General and the Princeys,
and the grand Review and sham battle in Queen's Righdny. The last-named sketch is a fine one, and displays
very great falent in the artist. It covers a whole page
of the journal, and affords a full panoramic view of the
whole field, showing even the likenesses of the principal
parties engaged. Every house in Montreal. THE ILLISTRATED NEWS, This journal, Camada . Il-

OUR CHESS COLUMN

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal .- Letter received. Thanks. Student, Montreal. - Correct solution received of Problem No. 224.

W. A. L., Toronto. -Letter received. Will answer by

P. M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 236, also, correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 232 and 223,

E. H., Montreal, Correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 223 received.

The Essay on Chess by Mons. Delannoy which gained the first prize at the Paris Literary Tournament ought to be read by every chessplayer in order that he may rightly understand the importance of his favourite game, and by every one who is not a chessplayer so that he may be induced as soon as possible to put himself in a position to reap some of the advantages which as yet he has not properly estimated.

The writer is evidently a chess enthusiast, whose devotion to the game has not been diminished either by the tribs of life or increasing years, as the following extent will fully prove.

rner will fully prove.

A translation of this Essay has been made for the Hartford Times, and has appeared lately in the excellent Chess column of that paper. We shall be glad occasionally to give extracts from it, but we must again say that the Essay ought to be in the hands of every lover of the noble game.

lover of the noble game.

"With one foot already at the brink of eternity, at the end of an existence which has frequently suffered from the most cruel trials, if, netwithisheding my seventy-three years and my afflictions, I have retained any scrap of my humour, any freshness in my ideas, any aptitude in my labour, it is to chess that I am indebted for them all. If I have laid myself open to the reproach of exaggeration, I reply that my gratitude explains it, and that facts and proofs within my personal experience have determined my convictions. I reply that I have tions."

(Chessplayer's Chronicle, May, 1879.) CHESS IN FRANCE.

The Handicap Tourney of lifty-one players, at the Cath de la Regence, ended in the first prize, a work of art presented by M. Thiband, being won by M. Chamler, who scored 40 out of 12 of his flead games. After him came Messrs, Bezkrowny and Gribius with 84 each, The latter, being of the second class, in playing off the tie, received from his opponent P and move, and won. The fourth prize fell to M. Girad, of class 3, who wan 7 games. M. Bezkrowny has won a tie match at P and two with M. Vic, they having come out equal winters in tha last monthly fourney. In the fourney for April it was compulsory to play the Evans Cambit.

(Turf, Field and Farm.)

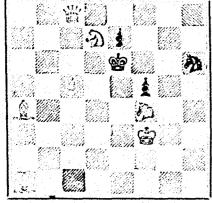
The match between Mr. Max Judd and eight St. Louis amateurs at odds of Kt has been concluded; it resulted in a splentid victory for Mr. Judd, who had undertaken to give the Kt to the strongest players who could be selected from the many residing in that city. We congratulate Mr. Judd upon his signal success.

(Land and Water)

Last Theoday Mr. J. H. Blackburne played blindfold against, seven members of the Croydon Chess Club, viz., Dr. McNiece, and Messrs. Estridge, Cooper, Yerisch, Brown, Rattenbury, and Ready. In consequence of the laws of arithmetic, with their conservative stablerness standing in his way, he was only able to win seven games. In one of the games Mr. Blackburne automoced a delicious mute in six moves. In another he left his Q en prize, and asked to have the move tack. This request not being complied with, he had only one way of saxing the game, and that was by giving mate in two or three moves. In the printed specimen of his play the opportunity of taking Mr. Blackburne's Q with a P, and it would then have been left for a K1 and B to see what they could do to mend matters.

The two move problem which we give in our Column this week seems to have not with many admirers. The Derhysite Advertiser says: In our opinion this two mover is singly perfect. The compound waiting strategic key move, together with absolute freedom from bechnical fault, places this little ruty alongside with the many genes which from time to time enrich queen Caissas 'lindem." We have some excellent problem composers in our Province and should be glad to have their opinious with reference to the qualities of this composition.

PROBLEM No. 227. By A. Norlin, (Stockholm, Sweden.) BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves

GAME SOURD

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of the seven games played by Mr. Blackburne without sight of boards or men at the Croydon Chess Ulub, on the 22nd instant;

(Evan's Gambit)

WHILE - (Mr. Blackburne.) BLACK .- (Mr. Brown)

WHITE - (Mr. Binekburner)	111-1(K (MF. 1
1. P to K 4	1. 1' to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Ki to Q B 3
	3. B to B 4 .
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes P
5. P to Q B 3	5. R to B 4
ti, Casties	6, P to Q 3
7, P to Q 4	7. Pankes P.
S. Pitakes P	S. B to Kt 3
9. Kt to B 3	9) Kt to R 4
	10. Kt to K 2
	11, Castles
	12. K! to Kt 3:
	13. Q to K sq (a)
LL Q to Q 2	14. Kt to K 4
	15. P takes Kt
16, B to B 3	16. Q to R 5 (b)
	17, Kt to B 5
	18: Q takes B
19. Kt to Kt 3	19. P to K B 3 ter
29. Q R to B sq. 21. B to B 3	20. Q to Kt 4
21. B to B 3	21. Q to K sq.
22. K to R sq (d)	22. B to Kr.5
23. P to K R 3	23. B to R R 4
94. P to B 4	24 R to () so
25. P to K 5	25 Ptakes P
26. Pinkes P	26. B to B 2
27. P to K 6	47. B takes P (e)
ve. Q to Kt 5	Residus.
- 102 · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	and the second of the second o

NOTES.

(a) A useless move, with a worse than useless object for the sequel shows that bewants to play K to K 4. Anything provably better than 13 P to Q B 4 has not yet been discovered, though Wormald prefers 13 P to Q B 3, a continuation becomed by Herr Steintz, and generally adopted on Black's twelfth move.

(b) No compulsion, but he must, even though a Pawr

(c) Which throws away another Pawu if the adver-sary so decides, but, as will be seen, the blindfold player refrains, not carrieg to win in any such calico style.

(d) Mr. Blackburne's alarum, by which his handmaid, Victory, knows that she is wanted upstairs.

(c) A disappointment for White, who was playing for something after the following style: 27 B to Kt 3, 28 Q to Kt 5, B to Q B 4, 29 Kt to B 5, R takes P, 30 Q to R 6.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY GAMES.

Between Jacob Frech, of Washing Monek, of Dublin, Ireland. 19.C., and H

GAME 364TH. WHITE, ... (Mr. Frech.) BLACK. - (Mr. Monck.) 1. P to K 4 2. B to Q B 4 3. Q K to Q B 3 4. P to Q 3 5. K K to K B 3 1. P to K 4 2. B to Q B 4 3. K Kt to K B 3 3. K K t to K D 3 4. Castles 5. P to K R 3 6. Q K to Q B 3 7. B to Q K 13 8. K to R 2 9. P to Q 3 10. B to K 3 5. K Kt to K B 3 6. B to K 3 7. Q to Q 2 8. Castles (on K side) 9. P to K R 3 10. B to K 13 11. Q K to K K 1 12. Q K to K K 1 13. K to K R 2 14. P to Q B 4 15. K K to K K t sq 16. K K to K K t sq 16. K K to K Q 17. P takes P 18. Q K t takes B 10, B to K 3 11, Q K to K 2 12, Q K to K K 3 13, Q to Q 2 14, P to Q B 4 15, P to Q R 4 16, K K to K K t sq 17, P to K B 4 18, R to ke R P 18. B takes R P 19. R takes Kt 20. R to K B B 21. Q R to K B sq 22. K to R sq 23. P takes P 24. Ki takes B Q to K B 2 P to K Kt 4 P takes Kt (ch) R takes R 20. Q takes Q feh) tal. R takes R 31. K tasks K 31. K to K 2 32. B to Q B 2 33. P to Q 4 (dis. ch) 34. P to Q 5 35. K to B 2 36. K takes P 37. K to Kt 4 38. P to Kt 3 30. B to K Kt 38, P to K t 3 39, B to K K t 6 49, K to K B 3 41 B to K 8 42, B to K 5 43, Kt to K 4 (c) 44, Kt to K 4 (c) 45, B to K 5 46, B to C 7

Bto R5 Kt to K 4 (ch) Bto K 3 Bto Q 7 Bto Q B Kt to Kt 3 Kt to K 4 Kt to K 4 Kt to K 4 Kt to K B 3 K to K B 3 K to K K 4 43. B to K 8
44. K to K 4
45. P to Q K 13
46. P to K R 4
47. P to Q R 4
48. P to K R 5
50. K to K B 3
51. B to K 8
52. P to K R 6
53. K to K B 3
56. K to B 8
60. K to B 8
60. K to K B 3
60. K to K B 3
60. K to K B 3
60. K to K B 4
60. K to K 8
60. K to B 8
60. K to K 8

K to Kt 4 K to R 4 (ch) K to R 5 K to R 5 R to K 6 (ch) K to K 6 K to R 7 K to R 4 Kt to Kt 6 (cb) 64. K to Q 84 65. K to K 84 66. K to K 84 67. B to K 6 68. K to B 2 69. B to B 5

K to Kt 6 (cb)
K to Kt 8
B to Q B 8
B to Q K 5 (cb)
K to K 6
K to K 6
K to K 7
K to K 7
K to K 8
Kt to K 8 71. B to Kt 6 Tel K to Q sq Resigned. 70 Ki to K 8 (ch 70 Kt takes Q P

S. L. 1. 3.

Salution of I roblem No. 25 PLACE.

WHITE, 1. Q to Q 2 2. B to K 2 (dis. ch) 3. R mates

If I K takes Kt, then 2 to Q to Q 7 (ch), and 3 B to K discovering mate. If 1 Kt to K 4, or Kt to Q 5, then 2 Q to Q 4

Selution of Problem for Young Players No. 123. BLACK

Q takes Q (ch)
 R to K R 3 (ch)
 R to K R 5 mate.

1. K takes Q 2. B takes R

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 324. WHITE HLACK.

K at Q R S Pawns at K B 3 K R 2, Q Kt 2 And Q R 7

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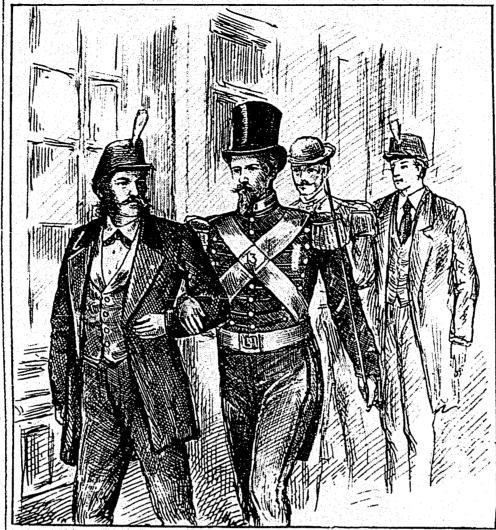
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