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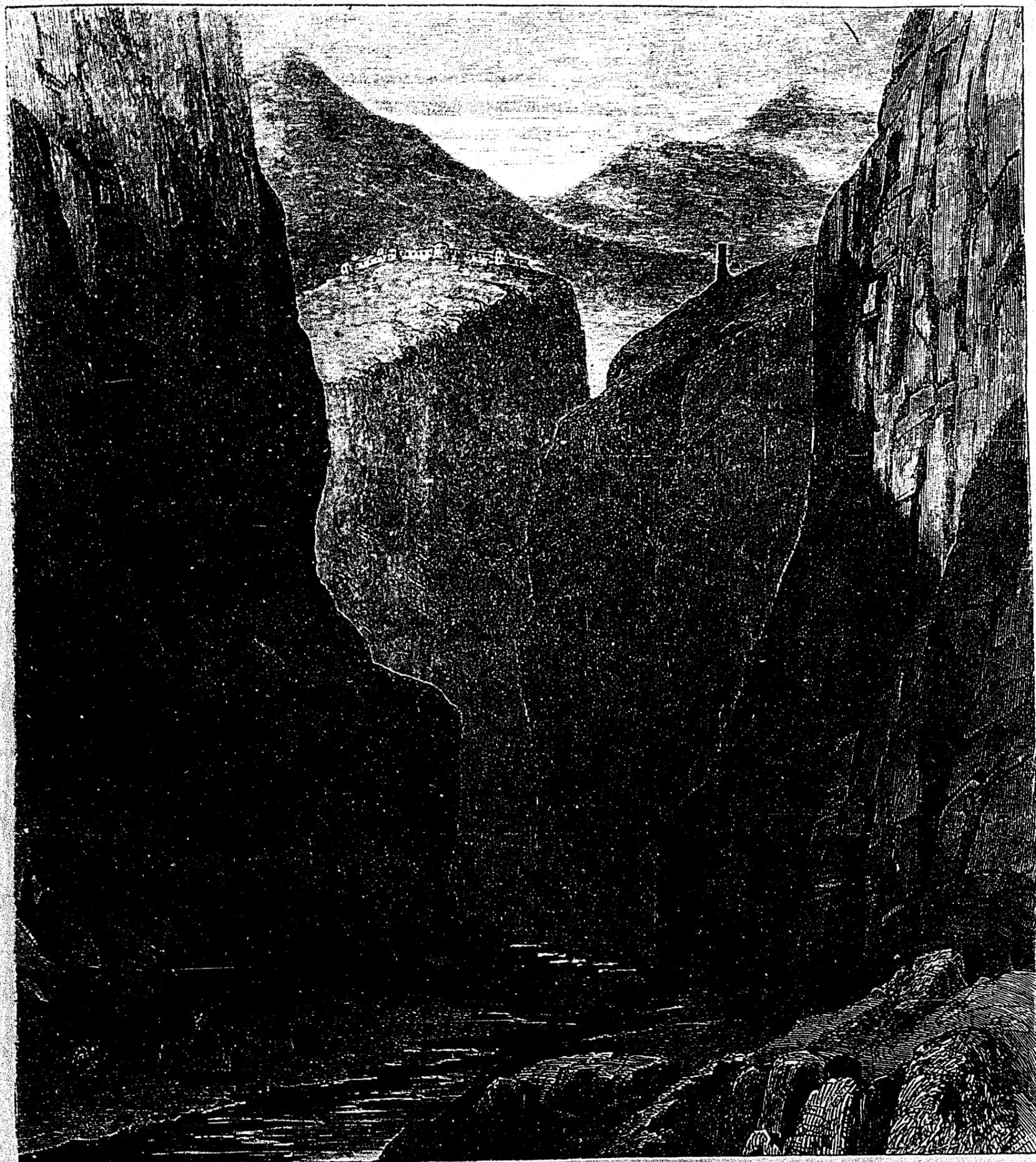
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AFGHANISTAN.—FORT ALIMUSJID, IN THE KHYBER PASS.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 16, 1878.

A NEW ERA FOR CANADA.

Before the elections it was natural enough, and quite proper, to discuss the theories of Protection and Free Trade. The topic was before the public, subject to their decision, and it was plainly the duty of those who presented themselves as their representatives to offer whatever reasons their reading or experience furnished on one or the other side of the question. But after the elections, the matter has assumed quite another complexion. Theory has given place to reality, and the country has passed from the domain of fancy to that of fact. The people have recorded their decision by an overwhelming verdict in favor of one side of the controversy, and so final is the judgment that the whole country must bow to it. Never was the voice of a majority so definite and so imperious in its conclusions. And especially should the spirit of party bend to the decision. The elections of the memorable 17th September involved not the triumph of a party, but of a policy; not the victory of the Conservatives, but of the Nationalists. It was not Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, in his individuality, that was returned to power—and we give him credit for enough statesmanship to recognize this—but Sir JOHN as the exponent and pledged executant of a "new departure" in the fiscal and commercial relations of the country. There never was a greater mistake than to suppose—as they will soon find out—who persist in saying so—that the people were carried away by a sudden whim, that popular opinion was drawn off in a whirlwind of delusive enthusiasm. No public question was ever more fully discussed than was this during the past three years. The debates in Parliament were exhaustive, and the multitudinous "picnic" speeches wore the subject thread-bare. The people were thoroughly instructed both through their teachers and their own common sense reflections—the best of all tutors. "Give the people a chance," was one of LINCOLN'S homely aphorisms, "and they will always do right." They were not so silly as to charge Government with the hardness of the times, but they believed that something might be done, or at least attempted to alleviate it. They saw the United States before their eyes, rising from the ruins of a tremendous conflict, recovering their energies, recuperating their forces, shaking off their debt, as so many links of a ponderous chain, year by year, and regaining their prosperity until their exports exceeded their imports by millions upon millions of dollars, and they forced their manufactured goods into the hitherto unapproachable markets of Great Britain. They beheld France, stunned for a moment by the hammer of Fate, and to all appearances helplessly bankrupt, clearing herself of debt as if by magic, and at the end of seven years presenting the spectacle of the most flourishing country in Europe. They heard, with legitimate wonder, that Victoria, in an incredibly short time, had shot ahead of all the Australian Colonies, as the records of the Paris Exhibition abund-

antly show. The people of Canada studied these facts and drew conclusions therefrom. What had been done elsewhere might at least be tried here. A trial could do no possible harm, and it might accomplish a deal of good. They were tired of a policy of obstruction, and of "masterly inactivity," and demanded instead a policy of construction, an attempt to build up the industrial institutions of the country, develop its immense latent resources, spread the ramifications of its commerce, and give some kind of employment to thousands of idle hands. And when, at length, the opportunity presented itself, they formulated this demand in the shape of an overwhelming vote.

We repeat that this is not a question of party. The remarkable stand of Ontario proves it. We have reason to state, after inquiry, that several Liberal members of Quebec will not oppose, even if they do not support, the development of this policy. We believe we are justified in saying that even New Brunswick will be about fairly divided on the subject. Those who will persist in attacking it, in the press or elsewhere, must know that they are running counter to national aspirations and to a determined national will. They may point their shafts, harmless as the javelin of Anchises, against what they are pleased facetiously to call the N.P., but it will remain none the less true that a truly National Policy, demanded and sustained by the people, should not be made the object of narrow partisan attack. If the scheme fails, then will be the time to cover it with ridicule, but while it is in process of formation, with all the high aims which the popular will has put into it, we boldly declare our belief that it is the duty of every patriotic Canadian, irrespective of party, to give it a fair trial.

We are not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but we venture to predict this—that if our present rulers, or any other set of men—for we repeat that we make no account of individuals or parties in this matter—succeed in elaborating a plan of industrial reconstruction, which shall revive our manufactures within proper limits, protect and expand our agricultural interests and regulate the problem of labor on the basis of a fair day's wage for a fair day's work to the majority of the unemployed, they will confer a boon second only to that of Confederation. Canada will then enter upon a new life, and her benefactors will have earned historical names.

We are aware that the task is one of great difficulty. It will require the co-operation of many wise heads, whence it is that we are pleased to see our business men, of all branches, throughout the country, forming into associations to assist, with their experience, in the good work. It will also require time and patience. Unlike the water columns of Venice, it cannot spring up at once, as from a stroke of the enchanter's wand. But, in spite of all obstacles, we believe it will succeed, because we believe that the country wants it. A young land like ours has peculiar needs, and is surrounded by peculiar circumstances not found elsewhere. We cannot be ruled from Manchester. This is a rugged primitive soil, and not entirely adapted to theories framed for other and older countries. In shaping our destinies, these facts must be kept in view, and he is the true statesman who will govern the country strictly within the sphere of its limitations and its opportunities.

COMPLICATIONS IN EUROPE.

Last week was distinguished by a series of sensational despatches bearing on the Eastern question. The first came to us from the *Manchester Guardian* to the effect that there exists a treaty between Lord BEACONSFIELD and Count ANDRASSY said to have been signed by them before the conclusion of the Berlin Congress. The purport of this treaty is that, if Russia persists in the occupation of Ottoman territory after May, 1879, Austria and England will insist on a complete

evacuation, and if in spite of the representations of these two allied powers, Russia attempted to justify her action by the inability of the Turks to protect the Christians, as in the case of Roumelia, England and Austria bind themselves to furnish an army corps to replace the Russian troops. It is added that the tenor of this treaty was communicated to the Russian authorities, but the question naturally arises whether the communication was made at the time it was signed, or whether Lord BEACONSFIELD only recently imparted the information. On this point, however, no light is thrown.

Another piece of news is traceable to the *London Standard*. That usually well-informed journal invests Count SCHOUVALOFF with a mission to Pesh, the object of which is the proposal of another Congress to give that of Berlin all possible developments. Why the Russian diplomatist should be sent to Pesh of all places is not clear, unless it be that, in spite of its intestine dissensions, the Austro-Hungarian Empire holds in its hands the key of the situation. Something like this idea was lately thrown out by the Baron VON PRETIS when he stated that the occupation of Bosnia, authorized by the Porte itself, was necessary to prevent the development, in the Balkan peninsula, of forces that, sooner or later, might prove hostile to the interests of Austria.

The latest despatches have not confirmed the rather startling information cited above, and the *Pull Mull Gazette*, whose whole course is bitterly opposed to Russia, has the rather reassuring news that the latter power openly declares its intention of carrying out the Berlin Treaty to the letter. We should like to pin our faith to this statement, but the *Golos* simultaneously intervenes with the announcement that it is impossible for Russia, under present circumstances, to fulfil the conditions of the Treaty of Berlin.

As will be seen, it is difficult to gather any light from this confusion. One or two points however, present themselves as worthy of consideration. The first is the gradual approach of England and Austria for the purposes of a joint resistance to Russian obstinacy. That Russia is preparing for such a combination appears clear enough. She is raising 218,000 recruits this year, instead of the peace contingent of 150,000 men, and it is not improbable that a large corps of observation will be stationed on the Austrian frontier. In the second place, it is being confirmed that SCHOUVALOFF will be relieved of the English mission to take a leading part in the Russian Foreign Office, as temporary, if not permanent, successor of GORTSCHAKOFF, whose career is now closing by reason of illness and old age. This change would be the more significant that it would probably lead to a renewal of the Russo-German alliance, virtually broken through the lately declared hostility between BISMARCK and GORTSCHAKOFF. The only circumstance that might check such a result would be the confirmation of the Czar's serious illness, which would invalidate his co-operation, and bring forward the Czarevitch, who is notoriously opposed to German ideas and influence. Altogether the situation is delicate and interesting, and well worthy the attention of those who study the intricate problems of diplomacy.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

It is very important, for obvious reasons, that Canadians should take an interest in the varying phases of American politics, and, as a consequence, we deem it the duty of journalists to keep them informed of these as they present themselves. The November elections in thirty States were very serious in their results, and it is well that the whole subject should be laid before our readers. The first information was that the Republicans had won a sweeping victory, but such does not prove to be the fact, the most that can be said being

that the Democrats received a significant warning, while the substantial success still remains on their side. In New York Tammany Hall was beaten outright—a consummation devoutly to be thankful for—but it must be remembered that its victorious opponents are also Democrats. Throughout the State, the popular vote was in favour of the Democracy, the figures being 90,000 against 50,000 Republicans. What the Republicans have really gained is a majority in the Legislature, thereby ensuring their election of an United States Senator. As this Senator will be Mr. Conkling, the result is a matter of even international congratulation.

This Democratic loss in New York is compensated by gains in other States; the principal feature of which is the control of the United States Senate. The present Senate is composed of 76 members, of whom 39 are Republicans, 36 Democrats, and 1 Independent. In the October elections 3 Republicans were replaced by 3 Democrats, and in November, 4 more Republicans yielded their places to as many Democrats, making a total, in the next Senate, of 43 Democrats, 32 Republicans, and 1 Independent.

With regard to the House of Representatives, the Democratic majority has been lessened by five or six votes, but the plurality still remains at about twenty. There is, however, this important point to be considered—in the event of the Presidential election of 1880 being thrown into the House—that is, not decided by the people, but left to Congress, the result would be a tie, as, giving Nevada and California—still in doubt, as we go to press—to the Republicans, the opposing delegations would stand 19 to 19, or a tie. In that case, the casting vote would lie with the Democratic President of the Senate. It must be added, nevertheless, that the chances of such a narrow issue of the Presidential election are far less after the November campaign than they were before it.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Greenback National Party, whose presence caused such confusion in both ranks, has met with signal discomfiture. In Massachusetts, where it presented the boldest front, General Butler was defeated for the Governorship by a majority of 25,000. In the next Congress there will be only six "Greenbackers," instead of the 80 that the party counted on. Their alliance with the Democrats of the North proved a source of weakness to the latter, while in the Southern States, where they were leagued with the Republicans, their co-operation only tended to cement a solid South.

The situation may, therefore, be summed up as follows: In New York, the popular vote remains Democratic, while the Legislature is secured to the Republicans. The United States Senate becomes Democratic by a majority of 11, and the House of Representatives retains a Democratic majority of about 20. It is on this basis that the XLVIth Congress will proceed, from the 4th March, 1879, till the 3rd March, 1881.

It rarely happens that the fate of a Government hangs upon a single election. But such is the case with the JOLY Administration in the County of St. Hyacinthe. The death of Hon. M. BACHAND opens that constituency. The whole tremendous force of the two parties throughout the Province will be thrown into it—the one to re elect, the other to defeat the Ministerial candidate. And the closeness of the vote in the County will give an additional point of interest, placing the result beyond the scope of ordinary foresight. In May, M. Bachand was elected by a narrow majority, and a subsequent revision of the register showed that this majority was legally still less, if not null. In September, the Conservatives carried St. Hyacinthe by a small majority. Thus the chances are evenly balanced, but not so the issue. Should the Government succeed, they will have gained

nothing beyond maintaining the *status quo*. Should they lose, the fact may involve the question of resignation. Let persons, therefore, who fancy the excitement attending the shifts of politics, keep their eyes fixed on St. Hyacinthe, the beautiful little town on the Yamaska.

Why is it that musicians are such a ticklish set, so morbidly sensitive to criticism? We have few enough of them in this city worthy of the name, and while it were desirable to have them all united, so as to accomplish something above the common for the general public, we find them constantly at loggerheads. Messrs. Maclagan and Couture are very amusing writers, and adepts in the art of bandying amenities; but really, considering the abilities of both, we should much prefer seeing, or rather hearing them combine

"In a concord of sweet sounds"

for the general delectation. Let professional drivers of the quill scribble in the papers—it is their vocation, and not unfrequently their punishment—but when a man can lead an orchestra, such as was heard at the last concert of the Philharmonic, in the exceptional interpretation of "The Creation," or when he has graduated with honours at the Paris Conservatoire, where merit is not merely relative, but absolute, he ought to know that he lowers both himself and his profession by descending into the arena of personal disputation.

THERE is already a great deal of senseless, snobbish writing about the supposed etiquette which is to reign at Ottawa, after the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. The Toronto Woman's Literary Club has needlessly been exercising itself over the subject. We have every reason to believe that our new rulers will change nothing in the admirable procedure laid down and followed by Lord and Lady Dufferin. There will be no affectation of Royalty, and while the birth of the Princess must necessarily more or less affect all those who approach her, we are certain that nothing in her attitude will force other relations than those arising out of her official position, as the consort of the Governor-General of these Provinces. We trust our leaders of fashion, at the Capital and elsewhere, will maintain their dignity, and not render loyalty ridiculous by sinking it in the impossible forms of Court ceremonial.

It is idle further to hold that small-pox rages almost exclusively among the French-Canadian population of the city. As these are in far greater numbers, the ratio of cases is larger with them, but, proportionally, there is as much of the disease among the ignorant, the careless and the filthy of other nationalities, as was found last week in the West End of the city. As the chief remedy, after cleanliness, let this view of vaccination be constantly impressed upon the lower classes—that, although not absolutely a preventive, it is a deterrent, or mitigant of the disease, and, while it can never do harm, it may in the majority of cases do good. The ignorant will come to understand this at last.

THERE is only one feature that is less satisfactory than the others in the result of the trial of the Jacques Cartier ballot stuffers. We mean the lightness of the punishment. The law should not allow the option of a fine in such cases, but decree a term of imprisonment at the discretion of the Judge, within certain limits. Tampering with the ballot is not a mere political offence, but a social and moral crime as well. The Government did only their duty in pressing the investigation, and it was a grateful appreciation of the fitness of things, on the part of the Montreal *Herald*, that it not only urged a full trial, but approved the verdict of the jury. It were more satisfactory to know that other journals had followed this fine example.

THERE is one result which we expect above all others from the recent association or "pooling" of the Montreal and Dominion Telegraph Companies, and that is the establishment of an agency in London for direct transmission of trans-Atlantic news to Canada. The American Associated Press Agency is well enough, so far as it goes, but it is by no means sufficient for Canadian wants. It would require the co-operation of only a few of our large dailies to guarantee this service, and we trust that the matter will be taken into consideration without delay.

WE find that the electoral law in certain States—Missouri, for instance—empowers the Deputy Returning Officer, at each of the polling booths, to open and count the ballots every hour; so that at five o'clock he has to foot up only the votes of the last hour, thus making speed and ensuring the total result within a few minutes after the close of the poll. Of course, his register is kept secret till the last moment.

REALLY, these Scotch people have queer ways in matters of legal procedure. The relatives of JOHN STEWART, one of the directors of the Glasgow Bank, offered \$500,000 bail for his appearance, and offered it in vain. On this enlightened continent, the man commanding such a security might not only defy the law, but continue to hold high his head among "gentlemen of the highest respectability."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DR. MILES.—Dr. Miles, who is a native of London, England, came to Canada in 1845, having been appointed Vice-Principal and Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the then recently founded College of Lennoxville. In the infancy of this institution he held, in conjunction with his professorship, the mastership of its Junior Department and Grammar School, until 1849. During the ensuing 12 years he was busily occupied, along with his clerical colleague, the late Principal Nicholls, Dr. Hellmuth, the Rev. L. Doolittle and the present Bishop of Quebec and others, in putting forward the important work with which they were charged, Bishop's College having been erected into an university by Royal Charter. In 1858 Dr. Miles took part in the course of public lectures which gentlemen from the different collegiate institutions of Upper and Lower Canada were invited to deliver in the Mechanic's Hall, Montreal, and gave a series of two upon Sanitary Science and Ventilation, which were published and widely circulated. He was afterwards, in 1862, associated with the Commission under Sir William Logan, appointed to represent Canada at the London International Exhibition of that year. On that occasion Dr. Miles was deputed more particularly in the interest of the Eastern Townships. He retained his connection with Bishop's College until 1866; and in 1867 at the Confederation of the Provinces, was appointed Secretary of the Department and of the Council of Public Instruction in the interest of the minority. The positions of Protestant Deputy Head of the Department and Joint Secretary of the Council of Public Instruction he has held under the successive administrations of the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Ouimet and DeBoucherville, and at present, the Hon. Mr. Joly being Premier and the Hon. G. Ouimet Superintendent, he continues to fill the same office. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Dr. Miles by the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, where he was a medical student, while prosecuting the academical course in the Arts, and subsequently the Universities of McGill College, Montreal, and of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, bestowed on him, their Honorary Degree of LL.D. and D.C.L. He is also a corresponding member of the London Royal Horticultural Society, and 1st Vice-President of the lately founded Quebec Geographical Society. Since coming to Canada, in 1845, to the present time, Dr. Miles has manifested much interest in Education, and in addition to his minor productions on Canadian History, he is the author of the "Child's History of Canada," and the "School History of Canada," text books in general use in the public schools, and the larger work, "Canada under French Regime." At the annual meeting of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers, held at Bedford, P. Q., the 25th. Oct., Dr. Miles was elected president for the year 1878-1879.

RED RIVER FARMS.—The celebrated Cass and Cheney farms are situated directly on the Northern Pacific Railroad twenty miles from Fargo, and the Grandin farm is on the Red River, thirty-five miles north of this place. The Cass farm is named after its owner, Mr. G. W. Cass, of New York. This farm comprises 6,000 acres, of which 5,600 acres are under cultivation, and produced this year 70,000 bushels of wheat, 6,500 bushels of barley, 8,000 bushels of oats,

and 700 tons of hay. It has for farming utensils 70 plows, 24 seeders, 70 harrows, 25 harvesters, 5 steam threshers, 5 portable engines. They employ from 50 to 150 men, according to the season. Mr. S.C. Dalrymple, Superintendent of the farm, stated, as an illustration of the richness of the soil, that 2,650 bushels of wheat were raised off just one hundred acres of land. The Cheney farm receives its name from Mr. P.B. Cheney, its owner, a well-known Bostonian. It contains four thousand acres, 3,500 being broken. The crop gathered this season is as follows: 42,000 bushels wheat, 3,000 bushels barley, 6,000 bushels oats.

AFGHAN.—In a former number we published a full description of the geography and topography of Afghanistan.

I. O. ODDFELLOWS.

On the 30th ult., in the afternoon, the R. W. Grand Lodge of Quebec of the Independent Order of Oddfellows was instituted by Bro. Dr. Ch. T. Campbell, Special Deputy Grand Sire, of London, Ontario, assisted by Bro. J. C. Becket, D.D.G.S., Montreal, Brothers Wood and Fulford, of Brockville. The following are announced as the officers elect for the present term:—Wales L. Lee, Montreal, M. W. Grand Master; Wm. Bontelle, Sherbrooke, R. W. Deputy Grand Master; Lyon Silverman, Montreal, R. W. Grand Warden; Alex. Allen Murphy, Montreal, R. W. Grand Secretary; J. Hampden Field, Montreal, R. W. Grand Treasurer; J. C. Beckett, Montreal, R. W. Grand Chaplain; Alex. A. Mavor, Montreal, R. W. Grand Marshal; T. H. Christmas, Montreal, R. W. Grand Conductor; H. A. Jackson, Montreal, R. W. Grand Guardian. The lodge room of Mount Royal Lodge No. 1, I.O.O.F., No. 243 St. James Street, was opened in the evening by the officers of the Grand Lodge of the Province of Quebec. There was a very large attendance of Oddfellows and their friends present, Brothers A. D. G. Hazle and William Clark having come from Richmond to be present at the ceremony. The proceedings opened at eight o'clock by the entrance of the officers of the Grand Lodge, a march being played as they entered. After the usual ceremonies of dedication had been gone through with, Dr. Campbell, D. G. S., of London, Ontario, addressed the audience in a very able speech, in the course of which he drew attention to the rapid strides the Order was making in Canada, and the benefits that accrue to those who are members of it. His speech was practical and to the point, and was most interesting, not only to Oddfellows, but also to those who had no connection with the Order, but who for the evening were there as guests. At the conclusion of the address a concert took place, Miss Maltby, Messrs. Armitage and Eichhorn and Mr. Neil Warner contributing to what was a most enjoyable entertainment.

Mr. Wales L. Lee, just elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and whose portrait we give in this number, was born at Cobourg, Ont., and joined the order about seven years ago, when he became a member of Mizpah Lodge, No. 3, remaining connected with it for about three years, when he left it to form Albert Lodge, No. 5. He was the first Noble Grand of that Lodge, being twice elected to that position and always maintaining his connection with the Lodge, of which he is still a member. He was one of the six members who went from Montreal to Brockville to be made Encampment Members, in order to establish an encampment in this city. In the Montreal Encampment, he held in succession the position of Senior Warden, High Priest and Chief Patriarch. Last year the Montreal Encampment petitioned the Grand Lodge of the United States to transfer the jurisdiction of the Montreal Encampment to that of Ontario, and on consummation of that, Mr. Wales was elected first Grand Representative, and also received the appointment of Deputy District Grand Patriarch. On the 20th ult., he was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, an appointment which has been hailed with great satisfaction by the members of the Order.

The Society of Oddfellows is probably one of the most useful and influential of benevolent organizations. There are two very large institutions bearing this name, quite separate and distinct from each other, viz., the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, and the Independent Order which is found all over the United States, Canada, Australia and Germany. The latter institution numbers about half a million of active members, and has its subordinate Grand Lodges in every State of the Union and every Province of the Dominion, except Manitoba, where there are as yet only a few lodges.

As an evidence of the work of the Society the statistics of 1877 may be taken; they show about 50 Grand Lodges and 700 subordinate Lodges, with a revenue of \$4,500,000 in round numbers. During the year, about 52,000 sick members received assistance; 4000 deceased members were buried by the Order, and \$273,000 expended for that purpose. It has 6000 widows under its care, towards whose support \$165,000 have been contributed, while the total relief granted for all purposes reached nearly \$1,750,000. These figures do not include the operations of that society in Australia or Germany. Since 1830, about \$28,000,000 have been expended for the relief of members.

This Order was introduced into the Province of Quebec in 1853, and became for a time exceedingly popular, many of the leading citizens of Montreal—gentlemen who have since become very prominent in public affairs—connecting themselves with it. From this Province, it

spread West, into what is now called Ontario where it has a present membership of 13,000; and East, into the Maritime Provinces, where it is also in a flourishing condition. Unfortunately, circumstances occurred that had such an injurious effect upon the Society in this locality, that in 1856 there was not a single lodge left in this Province. Subsequently, however, it had a revival, and on December 13, 1870, Mount Royal Lodge, No. 1, was organized in Montreal. The growth since that date has been very steady if not very rapid, and there are at the present date five lodges in this city, with one at Point St. Charles, and others in the various cities and towns of the Province. The establishment of the Grand Lodge of Quebec last month, giving the Order complete control of all its own local affairs, will no doubt be followed by as rapid an increase of the organization over the Province as its merits deserve.

SYNOD HALL CONCERTS.

Montreal has of late shown a growing taste for classical music, as exemplified by the hearty reception given to musical clubs when they visit the city, and to its Philharmonic Society. We are glad to notice that a new society of artists is springing up with a view of encouraging and developing this taste, under the able management of Mr. Fred. E. Lucy Barnes, R.A.M., the well-known organist of Christ Church Cathedral. The following ladies and gentlemen, all favorably known to lovers of music, constitute, with Mr. Barnes, a society which intends from time to time giving concerts at the Synod Hall, viz: Messrs. Hare, Maffre, Refehling and Wills, violinists and violacellists; Miss Holmes, Herr Bohrer, and Mr. Barnes, pianists; Mesdames Throver, Tooke, Barnes and Mr. Maillet, vocalists. As is the case at the Monday "Pop," and the London Philharmonic Society's Concerts, an analytical and historical programme of the pieces to be performed will be distributed during the concerts. The first concert of the series took place on the 5th inst., and was well attended. The selections were excellent, and the several artists were warmly applauded. Mrs. Barnes was, on a recent occasion, the recipient of a bouquet; this may be looked on as a signal mark of admiration in Montreal where our *dilettanti* are very slow in recognizing by this small yet graceful courtesy the merits of an artist. Mr. Barnes is as fortunate with the piano as with the organ, although he claims to be more at home with the latter instrument. Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Tooke delighted their audience with a duet of Mendelssohn. We hope this first concert will be followed by others and predict for them a brilliant future.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S opera, "The Demon," was recently given in St. Petersburg for the fiftieth time.

SIGNORA PEZZANO, the great Italian actress, and rival of Ristori, will shortly arrive in America from Havana, with her company, and present in her native language a series of plays.

LA CIGALE, Lotta's new piece, is described by the New York critics as the height of absurdity, dramatically, but immensely amusing in the hands of the spry little kicker.

MR. WM. DAVIDGE, one of the best comedians of the old school, is sadly wandering from place to place, although his experience and reputation entitle him to a permanent position.

HERMANN LINDE, the well-known Shaksperian actor and reciter, has been engaged by Max Strakosch to appear at Booth's Theatre on alternate nights with the Kellogg-Cary Opera Troupe, beginning January 6.

MESSRS. HATHAWAY & POND, of Boston, have engaged Marie Roze and her company, comprising Brignoli, Tom Karl, Carleton, Pease, Kaiser and Colby, for a tour of forty concerts in the United States and Canada for \$34,000.

It is not generally known that Manager Mapleson has himself appeared on the stage. But he did so at the age of five months, when he personated the infant Princess Elizabeth in Henry VIII., and was baptized in that part for a number of nights.

HUMOROUS.

CATARRH cigarettes are only a shade worse than catarrh.

A BOOK is man's best friend, and the only one he can shut up without giving offence.

THACKERAY described the kiss of etiquette as "a kiss which is like the contact of oysters."

THE only reason why we do not see ourselves as others see us is because we can't be looking everywhere at once.

A CELEBRATED philosopher used to say: "The favours of fortune are like steep rock—only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

THE winter season, with its rain and slush, is upon us, and the opportunities for sin will be double, as every man will have to bring his umbrella down town so often.

SAID a friend to a bookseller: "The book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket-books," was the laconic reply.

THE man whose lame back prevents him from splitting a stick of wood or building a fire is the one who leads an attack on a pile of ten cords of wood to help uncover and kill a frightened rabbit.

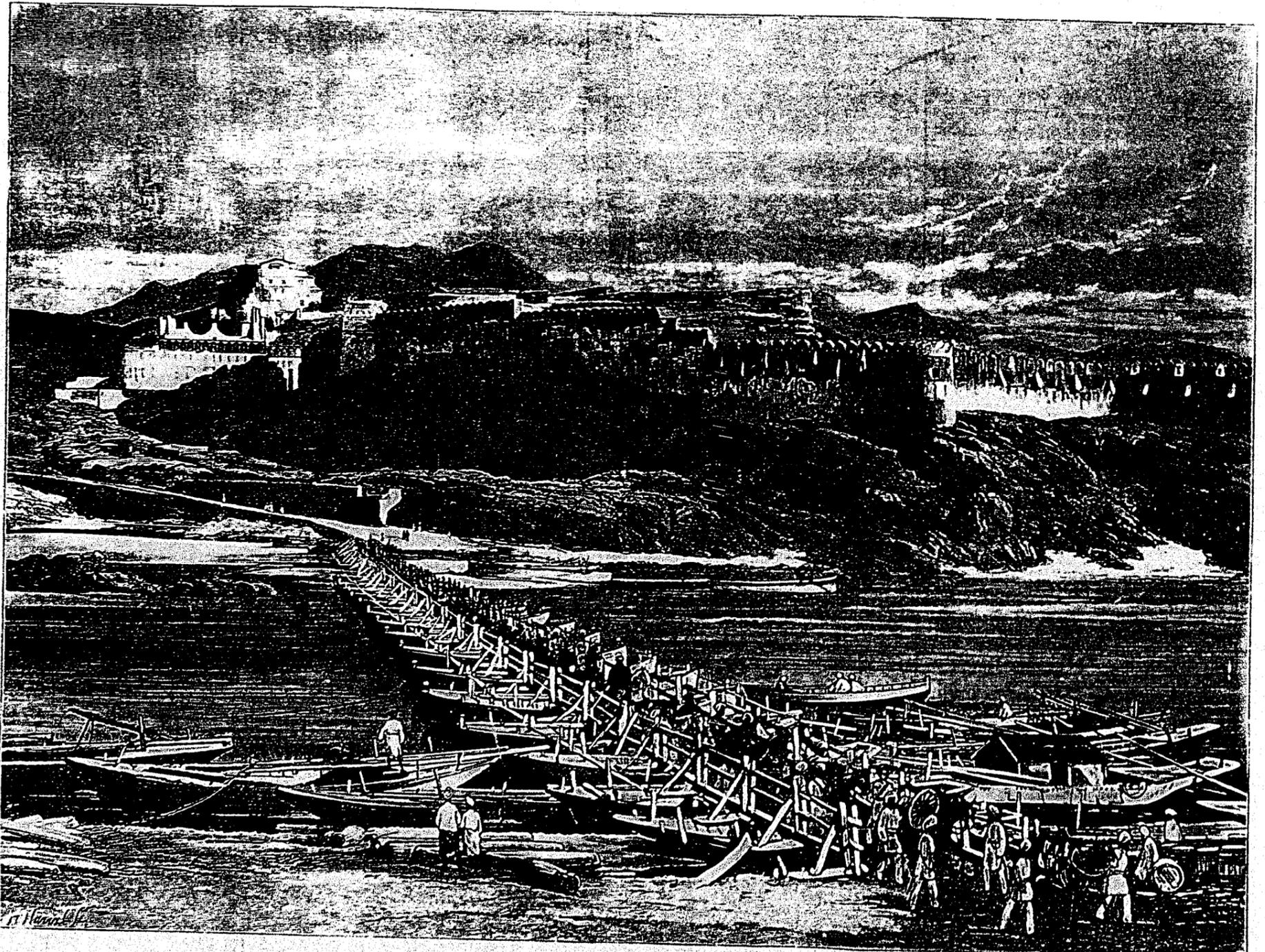
HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.



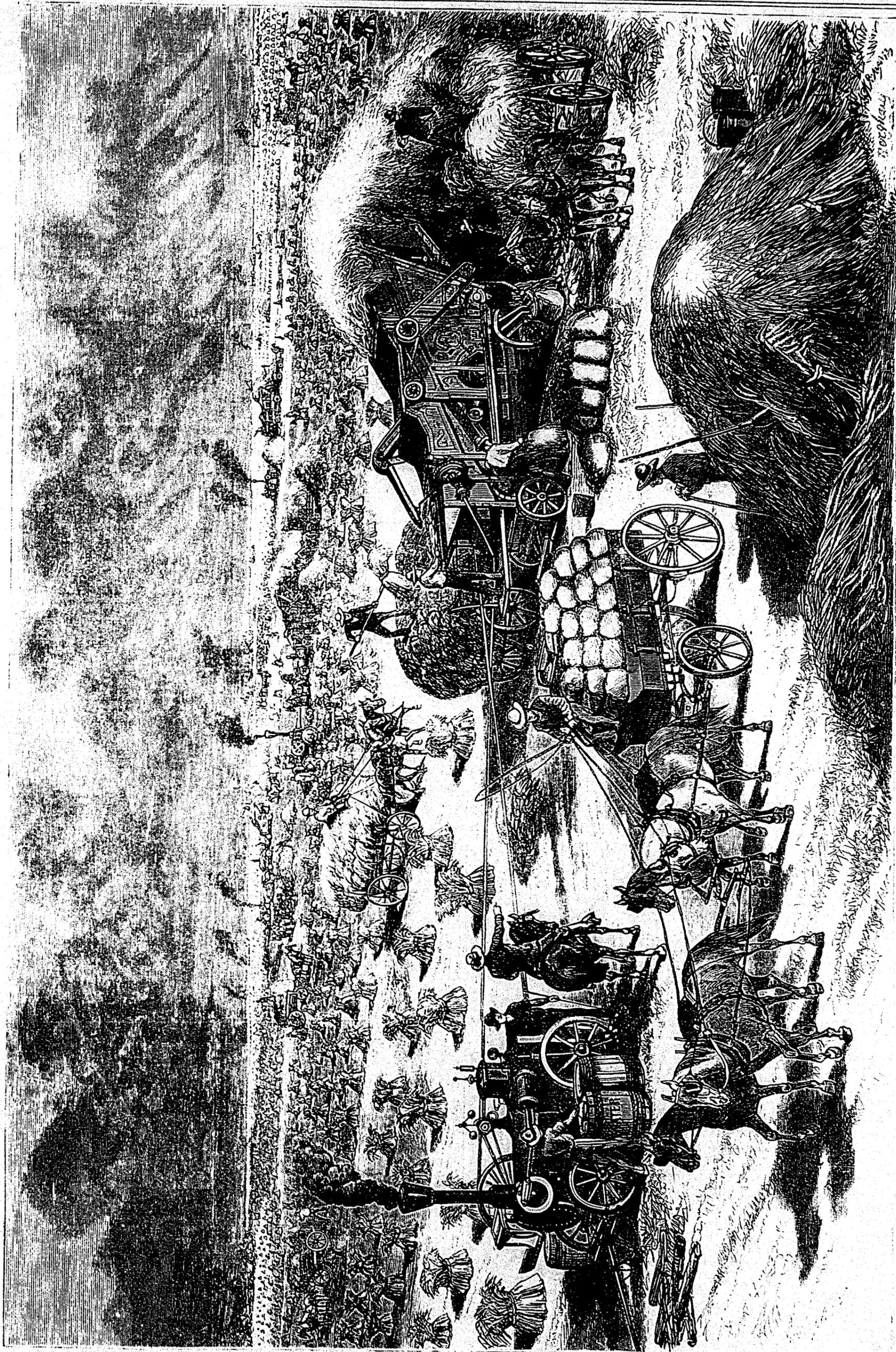
HENRY H. MILES, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.,
PRESIDENT OF THE PROVINCIAL ASSOCIATION OF PROTESTANT TEACHERS, P.Q.



WALES L. LEE,
GRAND MASTER OF I.O.O.F., GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC.



AFGHANISTAN.—BRIDGE ACROSS THE INDUS AT ATTOCK.



DAKOTAE TERRITORY.—THE MONSTER FARM IN THE VALLEY OF THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH. THRASHING GRAIN BY STEAM ON THE DALRYMPLE FARM.

THE
Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XIII.

ARNPRIOR AND VICINITY.

A GLANCE AT RENFREW—SAND POINT—BRAESIDE—"THE McNAB" AND "THE OTHER McNAB"—THE LATE DANIEL McLACHLIN, ESQ.—A SPLENDID ESTATE—ARNPRIOR AS IT IS—THE MOST NORTHERN NURSERY IN CANADA—ARNPRIOR MARBLE—BUSINESS NOTES—THE CHATS—LOVELY SCENERY AND ILLIMITABLE WATER-POWER.

On my way down the Canada Central from Pembroke, I stayed over a day at Renfrew, which I had read of in a guide-book as "a flourishing incorporated village." I found the village easy enough, and have no doubt about the incorporation thereof, but I was sorry to find the "flourish" missing. The village is situated on the banks of the river Bonnechere, about nine miles from its junction with the Ottawa. A considerable fall in the river bed occurs at the village, and the water-power thus afforded has been utilized for a variety of purposes, but the industries at the time of my visit were of a very modest character, and depended upon a very uncertain demand. Renfrew is apparently an outgrowth of the lumber trade, and its decline in a measure dates from the check which that industry experienced some few years back. If the National Policy produces the results which its advocates predict, I should say Renfrew will not be among the last to benefit by the change. It is adjacent to a good agricultural section of country, and may be said to be the terminus of the Opeongo Colonization road. It has churches, schools, a bank agency, plenty of hotels, and a weekly newspaper. It is rather prettily situated; is forty miles from Pembroke and eighty-nine from Brockville—but it wants life. Enquiring as to the standing of the townspeople, whose names were painted on a directory board, covering the side of a room in one of the hotels, I was grieved to learn that, with but few exceptions, all had either failed or left the place. The completion of the railroad from Kingston will undoubtedly largely benefit Renfrew, but I trust that even before that is accomplished a revival of the lumber trade and a full utilization of the Bonnechere water-power will have taken place—events which will at once justify the guide-book description, to which I have referred above.

Fifteen miles from Renfrew is the village of Sand Point, for some time the terminus of the Canada Central RR. It is prettily situated on the banks of the Chat's Lake, an expansion of the Ottawa River, and opposite a large group of picturesque islands. As a summer resort it offers many attractions, not the least being good hotel accommodation.

Two miles and a half from Sand Point there is a cluster of cottages and a splendid steam saw mill—the nucleus of a pretty village, but, at the time of writing, silent and deserted. This place, named Braeside, was founded by the Osborne family just in time to encounter the depression which caused the closing of lumber establishments all over the country. Occupying a charming site by the roadside there is a tastefully-designed villa, well adapted either as a summer resort or as a residence for a family tired of city life. It belongs to John Osborne, Esq., of Arnprior, who is ready, I understand, to accept any reasonable offer.

A pleasant ride of three miles by the lake side brought me to

ARNPRIOR,

a village of considerable pretensions, situated on the banks of the Madawaska, far enough back from the Chat Lake to prevent the despoilment of the shore by out-houses, pig-styes, and tumble-down sheds—the rule where a place fronts immediately upon the Ottawa or St. Lawrence—and not so far away as to render the walk to the water tiresome. Bordering the lake are the fine grounds of the Renfrew Fruit and Floral Co.; the magnificent McLachlin estate, and a grove, which, for general beauty and lovely bits of sylvan scenery, I have never seen surpassed—all, happily, thrown open to the public, and, I am glad to say, highly appreciated.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

About the year 1837, an individual known as Chief McNab secured from Government a tract of land, now called McNab Township, which he proceeded to settle with Highland immigrants. The McNab—as he delighted to be dubbed—erected his first log shanty on the lake shore at Arnprior, close by where the McLachlin mansion now stands. He brought in a good few families, and a considerable area of land was put under cultivation, but after a time the settlers became dissatisfied with the terms which the McNab exacted, and finally the Government paid the Chief to quit the place. He subsequently went to Hamilton, where he built a mansion of magnificent proportions. On each side of the gate he had placed a life-size figure of a Highlander in full costume, and over the porch the legend—"Dreadnought." The place is now a convent. A portion of the Chief's pomposity, it is related that upon one occasion, when he was making a call with Sir Alexander McNab, the

latter caught sight of the former's card, bearing the words "The McNab," and, being without an engraved card, promptly wrote upon a piece of pasteboard "The Other McNab."

The McNab settlement did not amount to much until 1854, when the late Daniel McLachlin, Esq., took up his residence and purchased the land on which the village now stands. He caused a survey to be made, built a dam and bridge, erected saw-mills, and offered building lots cheap. The result was that people flocked in, and the village grew rapidly. A very fine flour and grist mill, now owned by Eric Harrington, Esq., was erected by the late Nathaniel Burwash, Esq. It has a capacity of some 500 bushels per day. In 1861 the village was incorporated by special Act of Parliament. The same year the Prince of Wales visited Arnprior, making the trip across the lake from Pontiac in a large birch bark canoe. During his stay, His Royal Highness was the guest of Daniel McLachlin, Esq., in whose grounds, to commemorate the event, he planted a young oak, which I was pleased to see has grown finely. The Prince received from a large deputation of raftsmen an address, written on a piece of birch bark. The stalwart fellows, got up in their best holiday attire, came into the Royal presence in characteristic style—on a crib of timber—and the sight is said to have been exceedingly picturesque, each man being picked for his fine stature, and wearing long boots, grey pants and shirts, parti-coloured sashes and bright tuques. The Prince drove to Almonte—a fact which the country folks well remember, as they say the roads were never put in such splendid order either before or since.

In 1875 a very fine steam saw-mill, erected by Mr. McLachlin, was totally destroyed by fire, and has not been re-built.

THE VILLAGE AS IT IS.

Arnprior, in common with most places, has suffered keenly from "hard times." When business was brisk and the mills were all in full blast, the population was estimated at 3,000; 2,000 is now about the figure. The village covers an area of 960 acres; the taxable real estate is valued at \$359,615, and the total taxation amounts to twenty-two mills on the dollar. There is a good Town Hall building, comprising Council chamber, Clerk's office and market stalls. The public hall would be all the better for a little tasteful decoration, or even if the walls and ceiling were tinted. Arnprior boasts possession of a first-class steam fire-engine, and a few years ago attained a somewhat enviable fame on account of being the scene of more fires per week than any other village in the Dominion. There are three excellent schools—the Public School, the High School, and the R. C. School. There are six churches—Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Wesleyan Methodist, Episcopal Methodist, and Baptist. There is also a small community of Cecilites. Among other "institutions" may be mentioned a weekly newspaper and two brass bands.

The Reeve is Eric Harrington, Esq., who has held the position, with but a brief lapse, since the village was incorporated. Mr. Harrington has thrice been Warden of the County, and in 1871 was returned to the Ontario Legislature, sitting four years, and declining re-election. He is a Lieut.-Col. of Militia, and President of the Agricultural and Horticultural Association. In 1871 Mr. Harrington had a piece of land in the west end, adjacent to his residence, laid out in village lots, and quite a large suburb has thus been built up, embracing some sixty dwellings and a Baptist church.

THE McLACHLIN ESTATE.

As I have stated above, the late Daniel McLachlin was really the founder of the village, and for many years everything like progress was to be traced to him. He lived at a time when business was good; his operations were of the mammoth order and they all prospered. He could not bear to see a man idle; to give employment he often started works on the spur of the moment, such as building a row of cottages, for instance. Naturally he became exceedingly popular, and it will be many a long day ere his fame dies out. The business is now in the hands of McLachlin Bros.—the firm being composed of the two surviving sons, Mr. H. F. McLachlin and Mr. Claude McLachlin. They have extensive limits up the Madawaska, and two splendid mills at Arnprior, engaging in both the square timber and sawn lumber trade. During the past two seasons the mills have done little or nothing—a most serious blow to the village, as, formerly, when trade was brisk, they ran day and night, and the firm was able to afford employment to between six and seven hundred men. It is hoped that there is a good time near at hand, and that in the near future the busy hum of the whirling saws will be heard as of old—making night a trifle hideous to outsiders, but regarded as sweet music by the families whose bread and butter depend upon operations at the mills. Independently of the firm, Mr. H. F. McLachlin has embarked in the square timber business, having limits on the Madawaska, the Bonnechere and the Colonge. Mr. Claude McLachlin is interested in the development of the marble interest, of which more anon.

The family mansion, now the residence of Mr. H. F. McLachlin, is situated on a plateau overlooking the Chats Lake. The grounds are extensive and beautifully laid out. The descent to the water's edge is terraced and clothed with velvety grass. The views up and down the lake are very fine, particularly at sunset or by moon-

light. The proprietor kindly allows the public to enjoy the use of his magnificent property—an example which might well be followed by the owners of park-like estates in other parts of the Dominion. In the old country it is the rule for the nobility and gentry to throw open their grounds to the public under certain reasonable conditions.

Adjoining the McLachlin grounds is the beautiful grove before mentioned, bordering the lake for over a mile. This is a favourite picnic ground, and a more charming place can hardly be imagined. The soil is of a kind that never gets muddy; the trees are large and elegantly formed, the grass is soft and fine, and the whole place is well cleared of underbrush. Here and there are openings and glades giving a glimpse of the silvery waters of the lake. I remember one spot where could be seen, every afternoon, a picture worthy of Rosa Bonheur's brush. Regularly, at a certain hour, when the earth seemed to be baking, and the only sound was the "clack!" "clack!" of the flying grasshopper, some thirty well-favoured kine would slowly emerge from the dark green pine bush and enter the lake, where a sandy shallow extended far out. Slowly they would waltz out till they seemed a quarter of a mile from shore, and there they would stand up to their knees in the limpid water, as still as statues, until the melodious call of the cow-herd rang through the woods, when, as gravely as they came, they would go ashore and quietly disappear in the woods. There is another pretty place I visited several times, and each time regretted that I could not fix its beauties upon canvas. A path through a thick wood suddenly enters a clearly defined avenue, formed by the pines on each side interlacing their branches overhead. The avenue is about one hundred yards long, and at the end there is a vividly green grassy plain, with here and there a group of dark dwarf cedars. The sunlight never penetrates the avenue, which renders the vista at the end, with its lights and shades, all the more entrancing—a veritable glimpse of fairy-land; indeed, just such a spot as one could fancy would suit exactly Queen Mab and her dainty tribe of nymphs and sprites. I was not surprised to learn that the place has been christened "The Lover's Walk."

THE RENFREW FRUIT AND FLORAL COMPANY.

The little attention paid to fruit culture in the country bordering the Ottawa is quickly noticed by anyone who has travelled through Western Ontario. While in the latter part of the Dominion scarcely a suburban or rural dwelling is without an orchard, it is very rarely that one sees a fruit tree about the farmhouses of the Ottawa district. Two or three reasons are assigned for this fact. In some places there prevails the erroneous idea that fruits cannot be profitably grown in the latitudes in question; in others fruit culture has been attempted, but a fatal mistake has been made in purchasing trees from Western or Southern nurseries, and because they have not turned out well, the intention of establishing an orchard has been abandoned in disgust. Many, again, have been grossly victimized by pedlars, unknown and irresponsible, who, by dint of "cheek" and tall talk, have palmed off poor, common trees as the healthiest and best in the universe. I have before me as I write an *exposé* of a gang purporting to represent a Vermont nursery, who, last season, swindled a number of people along the Ottawa Valley in this way. Such of the trees as took root proved anything but what they were represented to be. A duped farmer writes that some apple trees which bore the high-sounding name of the ex-President of the United States, and were said to bear splendid fruit, turned out "most miserable crabs—sour and bitter"—characteristics which have never been ascribed to General Grant, even by his most severe critics. Again, some raspberries sold as "Mammoth Clusters," proved to be common plants, such as can be found along the fences." The document enumerates many other similar frauds, and concludes with an intimation that the parties who sold the trees (and the farmers) had better not revisit the scene of their operations if they value their health. The moral of all this is: Buy of responsible parties, and only such varieties as experience has proved will thrive in your locality. To meet a great want, the Renfrew Fruit and Floral Company has been formed, and there is no doubt that it will in a few years work quite a transformation in the localities indicated. The Nursery, which is the most northern in Canada, is finely situated on the lake shore at Arnprior, immediately in rear of the handsome residence of the Managing Director, John Osborne, Esq. Great taste and much ingenuity has been displayed in the laying out of the grounds, which, unlike most nurseries, are not on a dead level, but made up of wide terraces and gentle slopes, with here and there a fountain or fish-pond. The ornamental floral portions are exceedingly beautiful, while what may be termed the practical sections are systematically arranged and neatly kept. A pretty wind-mill pump forces water from the lake to a monster vat concealed in a pine grove on the highest level. From this vat pipes are laid to all parts of the grounds, enabling the plants to be watered expeditiously and liberally. The same source supplies the fountains, &c. The various buildings—green-houses, potting-houses, forcing-beds, &c., &c., are all first-class, and constructed according to the most approved designs. The increasing demand in our cities for forced vegetables during the winter months has led to considerable attention being paid to this branch, and quite a large trade in such luxuries is being built up. An interesting department is that

where mushroom culture is carried on—a long, low, windowless building, fitted up something like the steerage of an ocean steamer—boxes containing the mushroom spawn taking the place of "bunks." Mushrooms are only grown during the winter months. Unlike the wild fungi which develop in a night, the cultivated kind take from four to five days to bush above ground and open out. They are much firmer than wild mushrooms. Darkness and an equable temperature, with careful watering, are essential elements in the successful growth of these dainty edibles.

In the course of my walk through the nursery I was particularly struck with the long lines of grape vines. In their catalogue the Company say: "We have found no fruit more successful than the grape," and the splendid vines I saw, heavily laden with luscious bunches, fully bore out the remark. The vines—all in the open air—were pictures of health and prolificness. And so with other fruits, apples, pears, plums, cherries, raspberries, &c. The management has kept steadily in view the purpose for which the nursery was established—viz., "For supplying Northern and Eastern Canada with such fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs and flowers as will endure the rigors of the climate," and the result is a large and varied assortment which can be depended upon. Consequently, no one willing to be guided by experience, need fear failure, as the varieties of large and small fruits, ornamental trees, shrubs and plants recommended in the Arnprior catalogue, have been thoroughly tested, and proved to be "hardy, flowering and fruiting in perfection and giving complete satisfaction." I am informed that the Company have customers from Prince Edward Island to Manitoba, and that from the most northern latitude the testimony as to the hardiness of the trees supplied has been "exceedingly satisfactory. I may mention that a specialty is made of rose culture; the stock, comprising some two hundred and fifty varieties, and one house being devoted to the growing of ever-blooming or monthly roses. The bulk of the rose trade is carried on through the Post Office, the plants being put up in mailing packages, so as to carry safely any distance. Till within a comparatively recent date, the Americans sent over large numbers of rose plants through the Post, and thus evaded the duty. The stoppage of this has stimulated native production, and the growers are now enabled to supply plants cheaper than ever before, viz., six for one dollar—an instance of how "Protection" works.

It is to be hoped that the Renfrew Fruit and Floral Company will meet with the encouragement which so laudable an enterprise merits, and that the Ottawa region and other northern districts will ere long bear favourable comparison with the West in the matter of fruit culture. I am glad to be able to write that the prospects are good, so much so, indeed, that the Company have recently resolved to extend their operations, and for that purpose have acquired one hundred acres of land on the Madawaska river, about a mile and a half east of the village. The scheme has the support of many influential personages, the Board of Directors being composed as follows: Hon. James Skead, President; Hon. George Bryson, Vice-President; and J. Lorn McDougall, John Osborne, Allan Fraser, John Poupore, M.P., Walton Smith, James Gillies, and Willoughby Cummings, Esq., the latter gentleman also officiating as Secretary. Persons interested in fruit or floral matters should write for a catalogue, which, by the way, contains much useful information.

ARNPRIOR MARBLE.

Visitors to the Houses of Parliament, Ottawa, will notice in various places beautiful pillars of dark clouded marble, richly veined and highly polished. This marble was quarried at Arnprior, where immense fields of the same material await utilization. It might have been expected that a demand for the marble would have sprung from this exhibition of its good qualities, but probably very few who admire take the trouble to enquire any further, and doubtless the bulk of visitors set it down as a rare product of some foreign shore. Within the last few years, however, Mr. P. T. Somerville, the proprietor of the Arnprior Marble Works, has done much to improve matters in this respect. He sent a fine assortment of samples to the Centennial Exhibition, and had the satisfaction of carrying off the highest honours—no other marble-producing country offering anything to compare with his exhibits. He also made a creditable display at Paris, where he was awarded a silver medal, and, indeed, in various ways he is doing his best to make known the fact that Canada can furnish a marble which has beauties peculiarly its own, as handsome as it is durable, and of a shade which sets off the finest products of Italian or American quarries.

As might be expected of one so enterprising, Mr. Somerville has introduced steam-power into his establishment, and is thus enabled to execute work expeditiously and economically. The marble, rough from the quarry, is first sawn as near as possible to the required shape, and placed on a "rubbing bed," or circular board, which revolves while the marble is held stationary, sand and water being fed meanwhile. After the sand and water, it is rubbed by hand with coarse-grit sandstone, then with a finer grit, next with a very fine stone procured in Ayrshire, Scotland, and lastly it is polished with putty powder. If the piece is to be circular in form, it is rough-chiselled, put in a lathe, and turned with tools similar to those used for metals. It is rather astonishing to see how deep a cut can be taken,

The marble admits of a very high polish, and is well adapted for mantel-pieces, table-tops, bureau-tops, counters, monuments, and general use in ornamental building. So far, the trade has been comparatively small, but there is every reason to believe that the time is not far distant when Arnprior marble will be largely in demand. Mr. Somerville has a fine quarry near to the railway, and is prepared to furnish the trade with marble, either in the rough or finished, according to design.

STAFFORD'S DOOR, SASH AND FURNITURE FACTORY.

The extent to which the introduction of machinery has economised labour is well illustrated in the establishment of which Mr. B. V. Stafford is proprietor. In the working of wood there is scarcely an operation that has not engaged the attention of the inventive genius of the age, and the result has been appliances which accomplish speedily and correctly what was before laboriously turned out by hand. One of the old fashioned carpenters and joiners would be quite lost in a modern factory—planing, sawing, moulding, tenoning, morticing and scroll sawing is now all done by machinery, with a degree of rapidity perfecting astonishing. Mr. Stafford's premises are roomy and conveniently arranged; the machinery is all of the most modern kind, and whatever tends to cheapen and facilitate production has been introduced. In the sample-room I saw a variety of useful and ornamental articles priced so remarkably low that I fancied the proprietor wanted to clear off his stock, but I found that the rates were regular trade quotations and gave a fair living profit—all that is needed being a demand, and I do not see why our young men and maidens should hesitate a moment to plunge into the bliss of matrimonial life when they can furnish a home nowadays for a ridiculously small sum. It is a pity something cannot be done to stimulate matrimony. We have a fine country, but sadly need population and, as Lord Dufferin once remarked, a great responsibility rests upon Canada's daughters. I am compelled, however, to admit that the backwardness may not be altogether on the female side, for in the course of my ramblings I frequently hear sentiments which, summed up, may be tersely expressed in the words of the old song "Why don't the men propose?" But to proceed, Mr. Stafford is making preparations to embark extensively in the furniture business now that there is a prospect of Canadians getting fair play and a chance to supply the home market. With this view he has recently built an addition to the factory which will afford convenient storage for a large supply of dry lumber.

On the ground floor the manufacture of pails and butter tins is carried on. Blocks of white ash are sawn into staves by a cylindrical saw; the next machine joints, tongues and grooves them; they are then set up, hooped and placed in a lathe where they are turned perfectly smooth and a groove is cut to receive the bottom. Even the painting and graining of pails is done by machinery; the graining being an adaptation of the printing process. In the furniture department economy of time and labour in staining is attained by dipping the article *holus bolus* into a large tank containing the staining liquid.

The machinery is run altogether by water power obtained from the Madawaska. When fully in operation the factory will give employment to fifty or sixty men.

WHITLA'S DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT

is by all odds the finest store in Arnprior, and it is surpassed by but few city houses. As will be seen by the engraving, the building is of magnificent proportions and handsome design. The interior is in keeping with the outside—each department having ample space for a full assortment, so that customers may be reasonably certain of finding the lines they require. The upper flats are occupied as millinery, dress-making and tailoring departments, in each of which Mr. Whitla strives to keep so well up to the times that the most fashionable residents of Arnprior find there is no necessity for "running to town" for wearing apparel. In this respect Arnprior is far ahead of the average country town. The building is one hundred and four feet long, is lit with gas manufactured on the premises and heated throughout with hot water. Mr. Whitla also owns a boot and shoe store on the same street.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Lyons' Hotel is known far and wide among the travelling public as an excellent type of the country hostelry—clean comfortable rooms, a liberal table and a jolly host. A true son of "Auld Scotia," Mr. Robinson Lyons inherits the national love for song and dance, and at the Caledonian gathering in Montreal, in October, 1866, he was awarded first prize as the best Scottish violinist, which his friends supplemented with a gold medal and a handsome watch chain. He is a natural musician, playing altogether by ear, and I think there is not a Scotch tune that he cannot render. He has that long, free sweep of the bow which enables a performer to embody so much expression in his playing. The sentimental Scotch airs he gives with soul-felt pathos, but he is equally at home if lively music is required, and I question if there is anyone who can put more life into a Strathspey than Robinson Lyons.

Mr. Lyons was born at Inverary, Aberdeenshire, came to Canada forty-two years ago, and

for the past twenty-two years has resided in Arnprior. The active management of the hotel is now mainly in the hands of his son, Mr. George Lyons, the old gentleman quietly overlooking things generally and entertaining his guests with old-time reminiscences interspersed with music.

Taking a stroll down street one day I came across a shop window which had been turned into a home for what I suppose must be dubbed "A Happy Family"—I believe that is the accepted term to describe a mixed collection of birds and beasts. In the present instance the "family" consisted, as far as I could see, of some robins, a chipmunk and two or three mud-turtles, and all seemed quite contented and peacefully disposed, except one unfortunate turtle which the chipmunk had in one of its harum-scarum flights turned on its back. The poor creature kicked the air in the most lively fashion and appeared to be looking daggers at the chipmunk which sat on a branch near by calmly eyeing the scene. The proprietor of this novel exhibition is Mr. Robert Shaw, and its purpose is to draw attention to his well-appointed drug store.

The Arnprior Review is a Conservative paper owned and edited by Mr. James McLachlan, formerly of Montreal. Brother James is a pretty fair type of the modern Bohemian and was never known to be guilty of giving a vote against a motion to adjourn "from labour to refreshment." When the entertainment of a company is in order he is literally a host in himself and while his rendition of "Scot's wha hae" is unique, one of his Gaelic war songs once heard will never be forgotten. For a real old-time "Noctes Ambrosianæ" commend me to the snug back parlour of Lyons' Hotel when the host's fiddle is in good tune and the editor of the Review has a full head of steam on.

THE CHATS.

About three miles below Arnprior the river, locally termed "the lake," appears to be landlocked. Upon investigation it is found that there are a number of channels, all more or less tortuous and rapid. These channels are formed by rocky islands of all sizes and shapes covering the bosom of the lake for a distance of about two miles. Finally the rocky ledge, if I may so term it, ends abruptly and the several currents tumble into the Deschene Lake—the name given the navigable stretch between this point and Aylmer. The fall is probably forty feet and the number of cascades or "chutes," varies from twenty to forty according to the height of water. Fancy a score or more of water-falls, each distinct in its type of beauty, "all in a row," some little trickling rills, some huge volumes of foaming water rushing madly through narrow rocky gorges over which the dark pines almost meet; the largest called "The Horse-shoe Falls," of the bulk of a great river, thundering in semi-circular form into a boiling cauldron, with a force that seems to cause the adjacent rocks to fairly shiver. The Chats, as these chutes are called, extend in a line across the Ottawa from the village of Fitzroy Harbour on the Ontario side to a spot a short distance above the village of Quio, on the Quebec shore. Many years ago it was resolved to overcome this great fall by means of a canal on the north shore, but the works were abandoned after a considerable sum of money had been expended. The timber slide is on the south side; it passes through very picturesque scenery and is counted by tourists one of the nicest slides to run on the river. I spent the best part of a day inspecting and exploring the various chutes, having secured the services of a boatman who was well acquainted with the locality. We landed at the foot of each fall and climbed the rocks to the level, sometimes making an excursion along shore up the rapids, the scenery being exceedingly attractive and full of picturesque surprises. I was astonished at the immense number of saw-logs stranded and piled in the bays and at the head of many of the chutes. They are to be counted by the thousand, wedged and jammed so as to defy human efforts to set them free. When the manufacture of lumber is transferred to Pembroke or some spot nearer the lumbering districts, the great loss here indicated, and which is repeated at several other points on the river, will be a thing of the past. In the face of the fact that the Canadian lumber supply is being rapidly used up, it seems a crying shame that such vast quantities of fine timber should annually be left to rot in this way. There is a Company who undertake to "sweep," or set afloat, logs that may get stranded, but in many instances, such as that above indicated, this is impossible, and except where the work is to be easily accomplished, the "sweepers" pass by. So it is that all along the Ottawa logs are to be seen going to waste, here lining the shore singly, there in hundreds—so small is the value at present attached to a product which requires the lifetime of a man to come to perfection. The day will arrive when the matter will be viewed differently; when every log cut will be carefully watched and special pains taken to ensure its reaching its intended destination.

The fishing at the Chats is grand; a skiff can be safely rowed in front of the chutes and here the big bass and pickerel love to lay in wait for the succulent small fry. A more delightful place for trolling I never saw.

As to the meaning and origin of the name given this part of the Ottawa, various theories are advanced. On some maps the word is spelt "Shaw's," but this is apparently a corruption of

the French, just as the word "Snye" or channel, has been coined out of the French "Chenail"—and "The Snows" out of "Les Chenaux"—rapids at the upper end of the Chats Lake. An Indian told me that in the early days the islands were noted for the number of wild cats there found, and that the French voyageurs christened the place "The Chats" on that account.

It is remarkable how few people have visited this most picturesque portion of the Grand River. Even of those residing at Quio, at Fitzroy or at Arnprior, not one in a hundred has seen a sight which, if it were in the States would be advertised as one of the wonders of the world, and as such eagerly bought up by speculators. Every chute is a natural mill-power, indeed there is enough power for a thousand mills, but it is all running to waste. A long time ago a small mill was erected over one of the minor channels but it appears to have been soon abandoned. As I took my last look at the Chats I thought: will the present generation see these splendid powers utilized and how long ere the grand work of canalizing the Upper Ottawa is something more than a dream?

EMMANUEL CHURCH.

Occasional services of the Church of England were held previous to the year 1861, in Arnprior, by the Rev. J. A. Morris, then in charge of the Mission of Fitzroy and Packenham, and residing at Fitzroy Harbour. The first resident clergyman was the Rev. Thomas Bonsfield, who was appointed to the parish in the year 1861, and remained in charge till the beginning of the year 1864. During his pastorate a congregation was organized, and regular services were held in a large room over Bole's blacksmith shop. From all accounts the services in this primitive upper chamber must have been of a peculiarly hearty character. The choir was an efficient one, and the singing such as to excite the surprise and admiration of missionary deputations, and other clergymen visiting the parish.

Mr. Bonsfield was succeeded by the Rev. Oti Hackett, a clergyman from one of the Southern States, who having experienced some of the horrors of civil war, was obliged to seek peace and safety in Canada. He remained but a short time, and yet long enough to imbue the congregation with a desire to build a church.

His successor, the Rev. A. Schaffrauck, a German Lutheran, who had been received into the communion of the Church, and was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Ontario at an ordination held in St. Peter's, Brockville, in the summer of 1865, was a man of some learning in the natural sciences, holding the degree of Ph. D. from one of the German Universities. He was sent as a missionary to a German settlement at Sebastopol, in the north-western part of the County of Renfrew. From this he removed without episcopal direction to Arnprior in the following year, and assumed charge of the mixed congregation of English-speaking and German people. The Bishop permitted him to remain and he set about mastering the English language, which he could neither speak fluently nor read correctly. The first organized effort to build a church was made during his pastorate. The parish books record a meeting with this object held in his house, January 9th, 1867.

Dr. Schaffrauck remained a short time and was succeeded by the Rev. C. T. Denroche, who remained till the end of the year 1869. Before he arrived to take charge of the parish, through the exertions of the congregation, foremost among whom were Messrs. Butter and Schofield, a site for a church had been secured, and on the site sufficient stone and bricks had been collected to erect a building of modest dimensions. But Mr. Denroche foreseeing the growth of the village determined, that the church should be larger, and threw so much energy into his work that, in a short time, he had the satisfaction of seeing finished the nave of a fine Gothic building thirty feet wide by sixty long, of the early English period of Gothic architecture.

He next turned his attention to building a parsonage, and by aid of subscriptions from other parts of the diocese, the co-operation of the parishioners, and "working with his own hands," he built a large rectangular frame house, with cottage roof, and finished the interior, leaving the exterior to be completed at some future time.

Mr. Denroche, in turn, left the parish, regretted by all, to become Curate of Holy Trinity Church, Toronto, and was succeeded by the Rev. E. W. Beasen, who remained in charge until November, 1877.

Mr. Beasen was succeeded January last by the Rev. K. L. Jones, Rector of Christ's Church, Edwardsburg, and formerly Rector of Lyn. Since his advent the parsonage, or rectory as it should be called, has been so improved as to present the appearance of a completely new house, and is now one of the handsomest and most comfortable rectories in the diocese.

It is proposed to complete the church by the addition of a chancel with vestry and organ chamber, and the erection of a tower at the south-west corner of the nave.

The members of the Anglican Church in Arnprior are neither numerous nor as a rule wealthy, but the congregation comprises some zealous and active men and devoted women. The services are hearty and the singing of the choir particularly praiseworthy. Messrs. John Osborne and Robert Brown are Churchwardens for the present year, and Messrs. John Osborne, Ezra Bates and John Butler are the delegates to the Diocesan Synod.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE Western wits call bigamy Utahizing the female sex.

A GREAT curiosity—The woman who can drive a nail without hitting her finger nine times out of a possible ten.

If a man does not lift his hat when meeting a lady it is because he is baldheaded and carries a red silk handkerchief on his crown.

"THAT boy will make his mark in the world some day," said a parent of his dullest child. So he did. He never learned to write.

GIRT a tree around with bands of steel and it will die. Lace a woman in a corset and she will outlive all the doctors who warned her against it.

THE first thing some women will do when they get to Heaven will be to look and see if their wings are cut bias, while the wings of other angels are gored.

ANY fashionable woman is perfectly willing to wear a satchel chained to her belt, but would be indignant at the idea of carrying home a package.

A PORTER on a sleeping-car says that as a rule the woman who loses a fifty-cent breast-pin makes more fuss than the one who loses a whole set of good jewelry.

"THE strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a careful student of the sex, "is to want to know what is going on, and the next thing is to boss the job."

WHEN we were a boy, children were brought up; now they are "raised." Here an old maid observes that some of them ought to be raised—by the hair. But, then, what do old maids know about "bringing up" children?

It's all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ends meet.

"Oh, mother, I don't want to go to school to-day, I've got such a bad pain in my head." "Very well, you shall stay at home and take some physic." "Oh, it don't matter; I'll go, then; I've got the pain, but it doesn't hurt a bit."

It is a mistake for a young lady who contemplates marrying a "foreign count" to refuse acquainting herself with all household duties, such as washing, cooking, darning stockings, etc. To be compelled to turn her hand to such work a month or two after marriage may give her a shock from which she will never recover.

THE Sunday-school scholar may still unceasingly toil on with the problems in his catechism, and yet limp on the answer to the first question; but give him a fair chance at one session of a circus, and if he can't sing the choruses of all the clown's songs and whistle the air to the first part, he is not American bred.

THERE may be no more edifying and ennobling sight than to see a lady have a tussle with her best dress on Sunday morning, after the church bells being to ring, and she find, at the last moment, it malignantly refuses to hang right behind. Angels couldn't use their tears to better advantage than at such a time—so we've been told.

A CERTAIN little girl up town lived with two aunts, one married, with a whole lot of children, and lots of worry and bother, and the other single and having quite a comfortable time teaching school. The child one day threw her doll aside, and assumed an attitude of profound thought, which was interrupted at last by the question, "Well, Julia, what are you thinking about?" When the child let loose a ten-acre lot full of crude philosophy by answering: "I was finkin' wheyver, when I growed up, I'd beat stool or have a baby."

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING Co.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

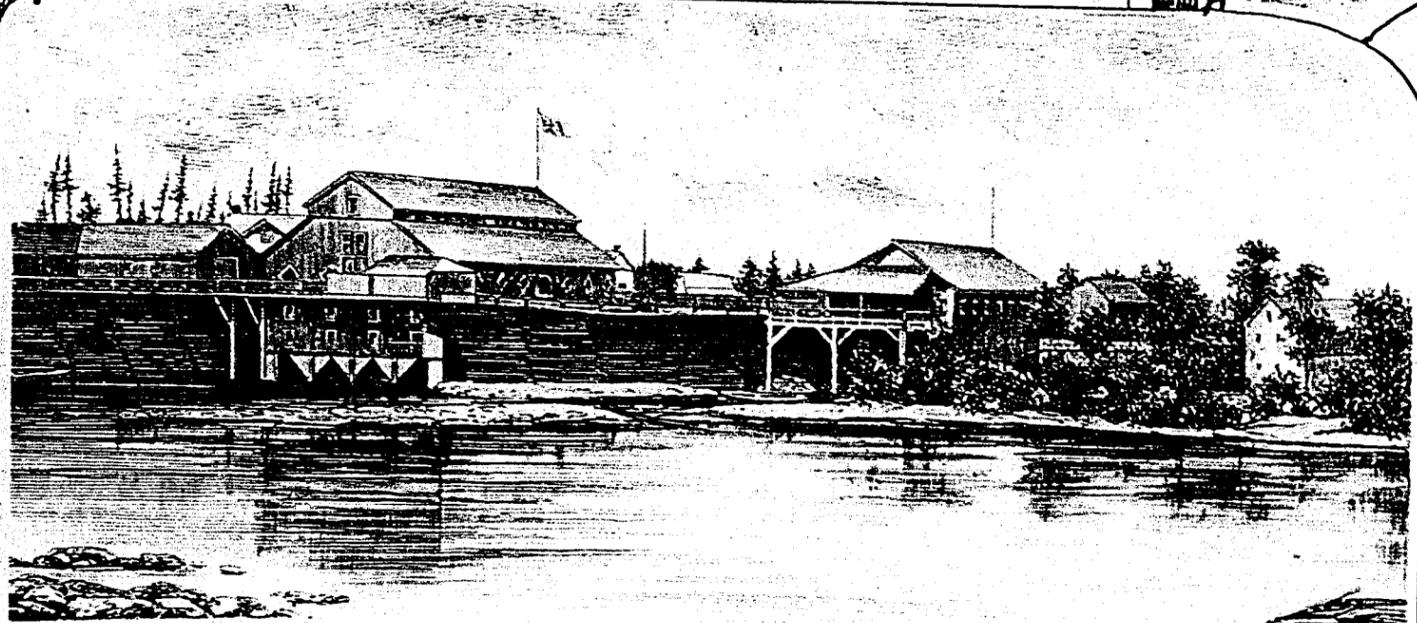
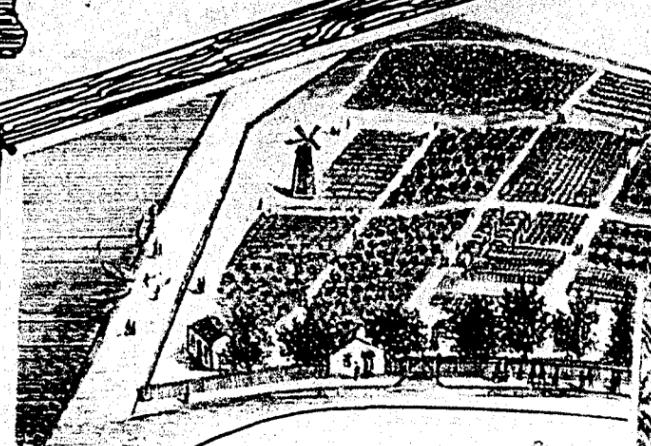
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works 547 Ontario St.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

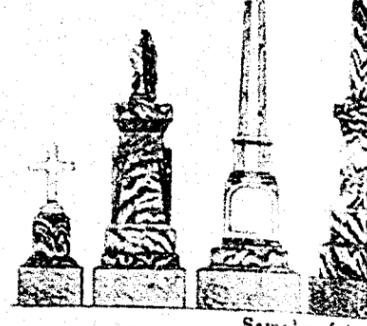
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous 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 directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



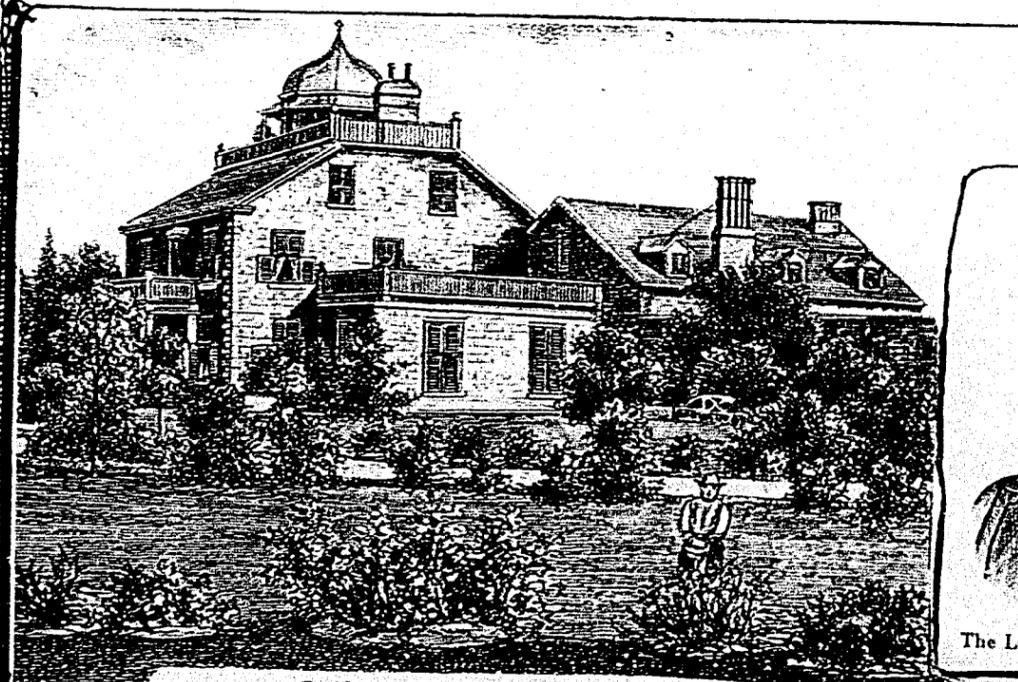
Junction of the Madawaska and Ottawa Rivers.



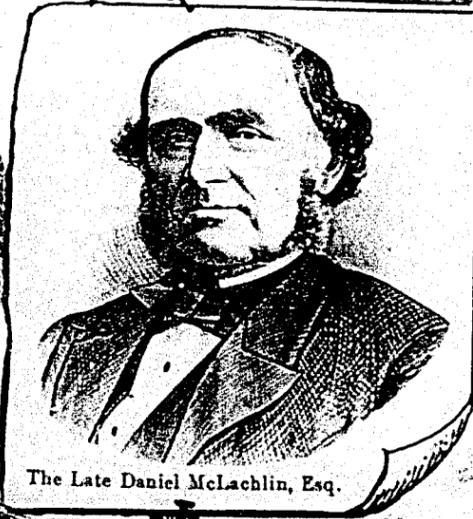
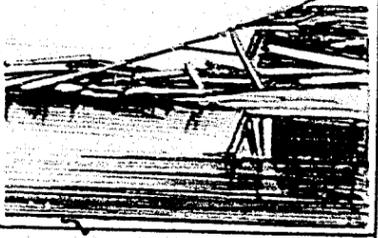
McLachlin Bros.' Mills.



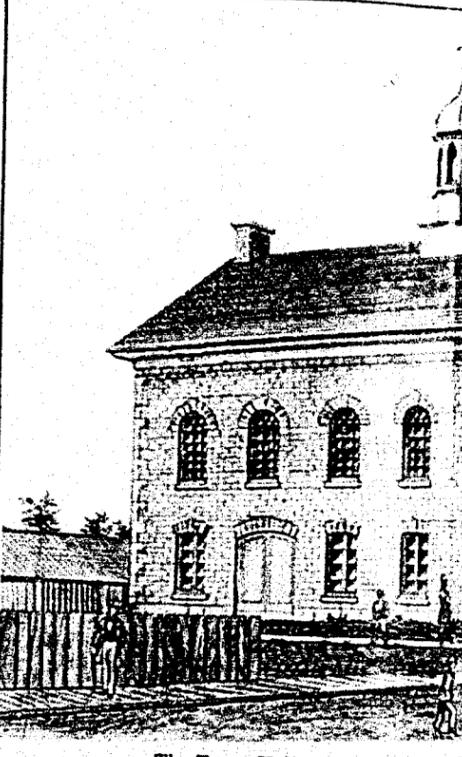
Samples of Marble



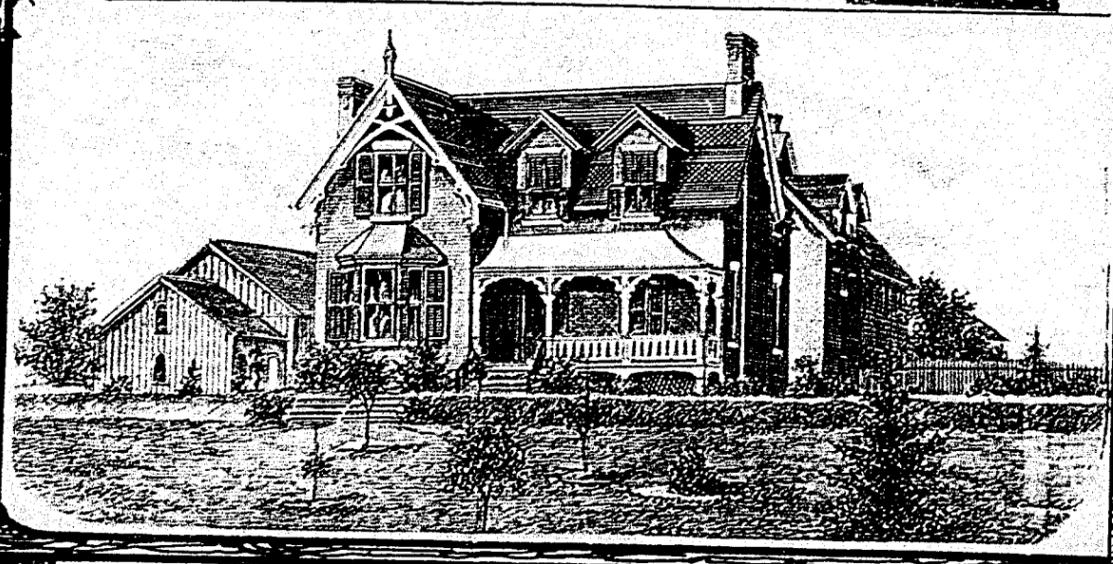
Residence of F. H. McLachlin, Esq.



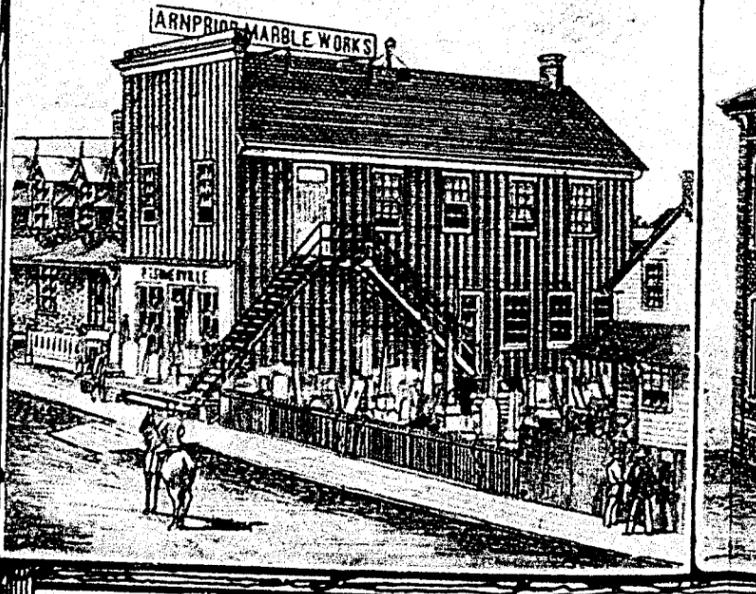
The Late Daniel McLachlin, Esq.



The Town Hall.

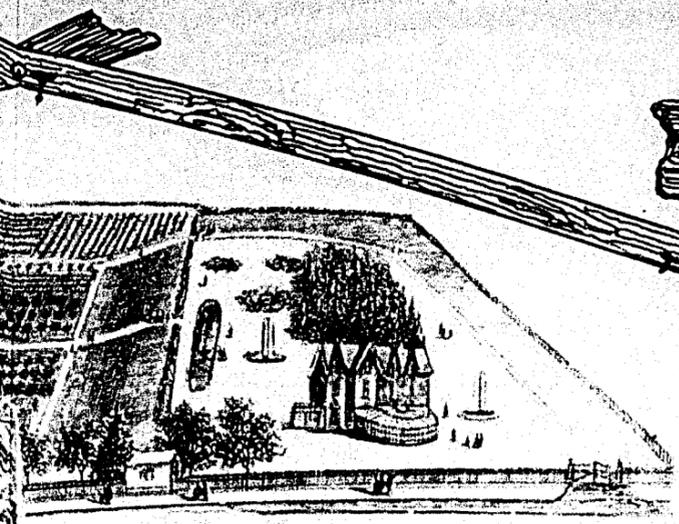


Residence of Eric Harrington, Esq.

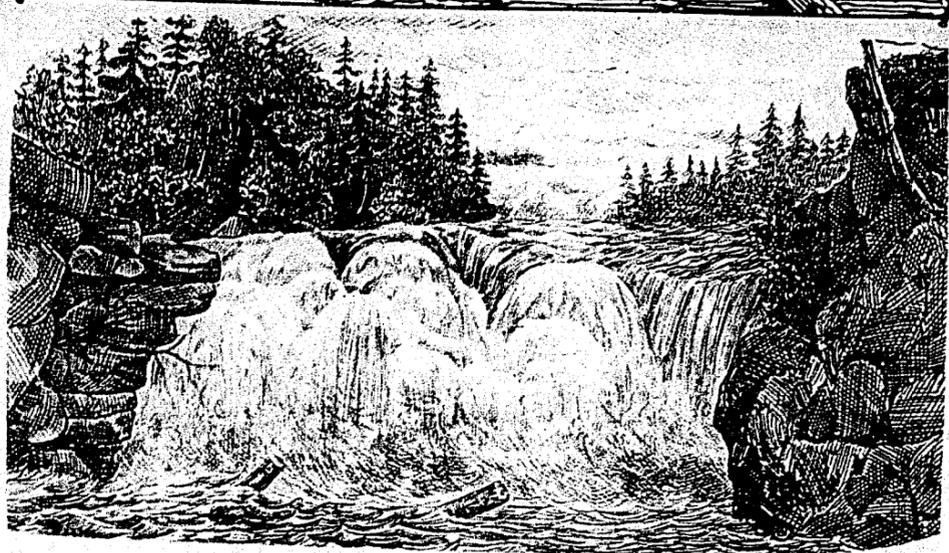


Somerville's Marble Works.

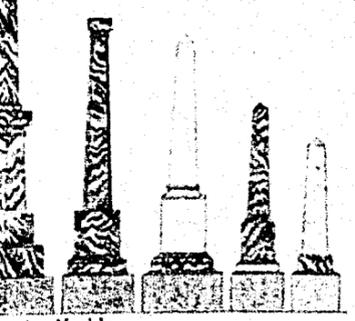
ARNPRIOR ONT.



Bird's-Eye View of the Itensfrew Fruit & Floral Co.'s Grounds.



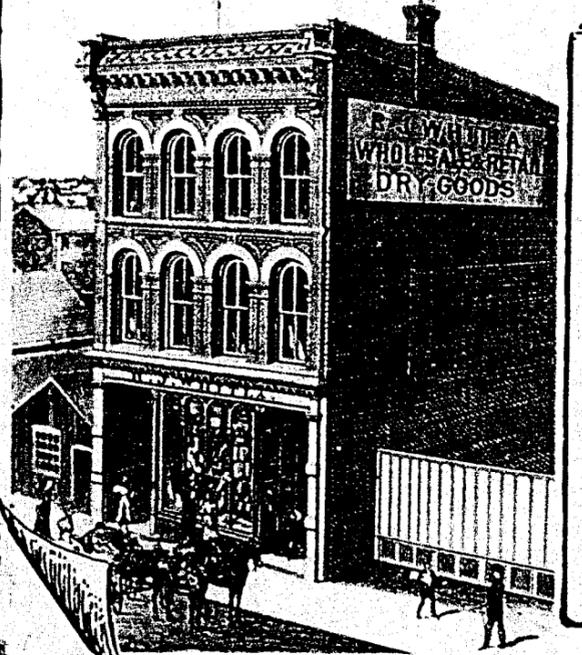
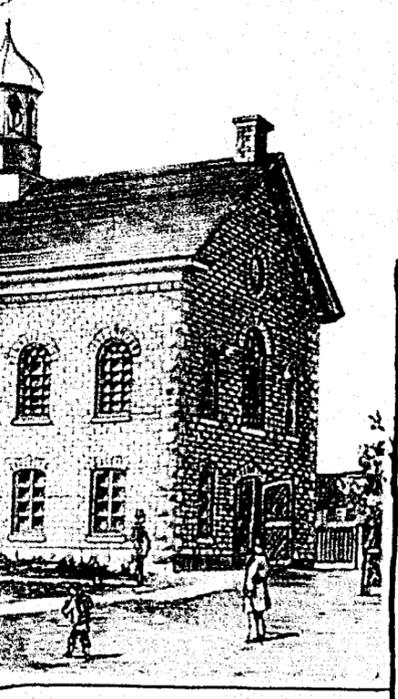
The Horse-Shoe Falls at the Chats.



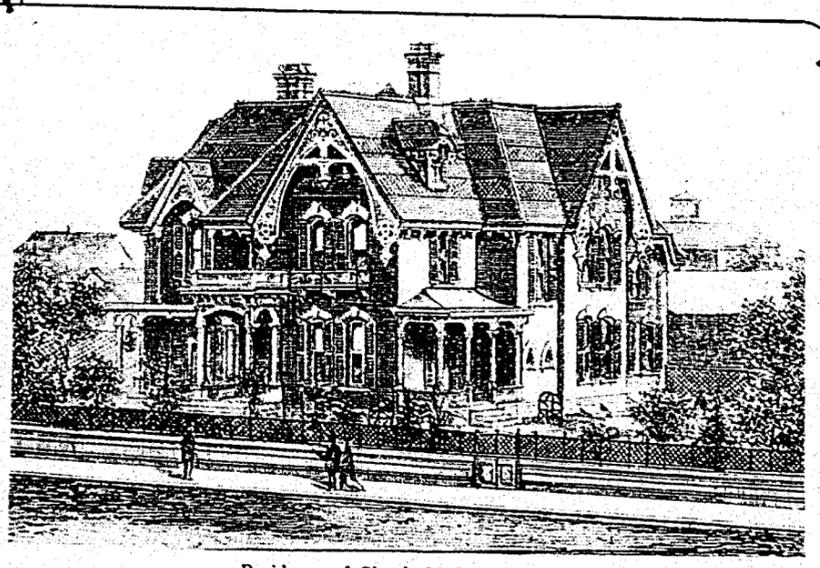
Superior Marble.



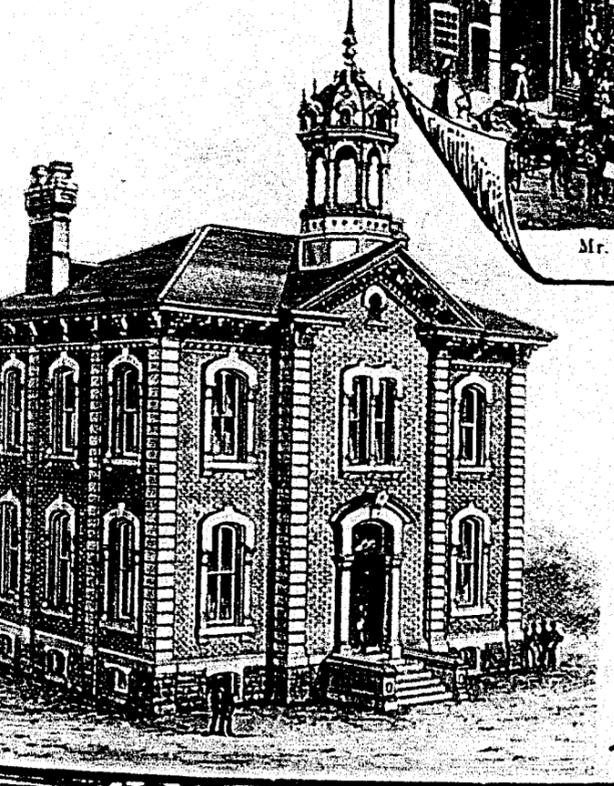
THE OTTAWA RIVER NEAR ABERPRIOR: A Few of the Chutes at the Chats.



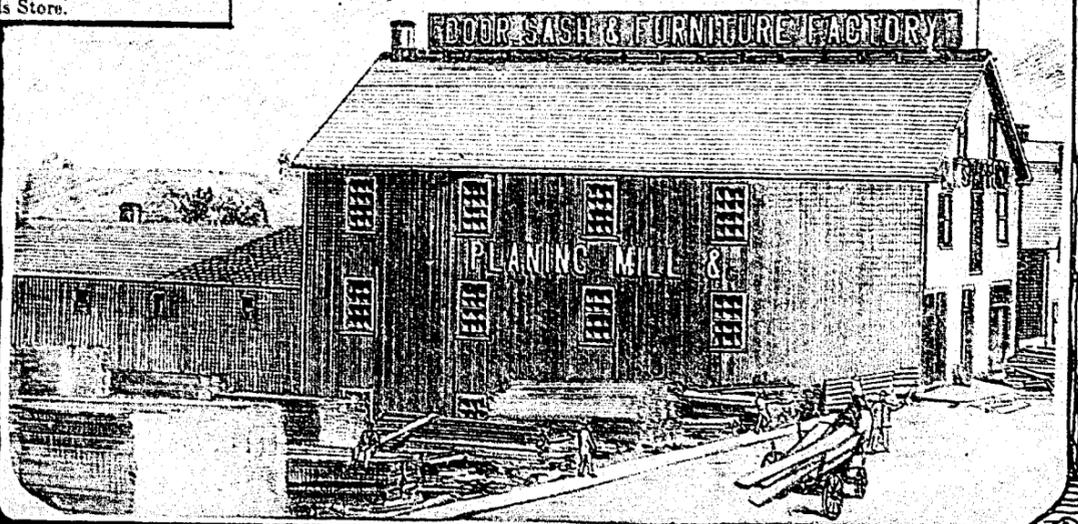
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Residence of Claude McLachlin, Esq.



The High School.



Stafford's Factory.

ILLUSTRATED.

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER.

A cry comes up unto the world of nations!
The queenly South
Lieth death-stricken, and in her prostration
Calleth with fevered mouth—

'Behold! behold! I rode in royal splendour
Over the necks of men,
Nor dreamt the millions who had no defender
Once crushed, could rise again.

I toyed and dallied with the princely nations
Who favour sought,
Self-blinded to the depths of degradation
Which slavery brought.

'I said my life shall be a dream Elysian
Of tropical delight!
Suddenly came the war cries! the derision!
Suddenly fell the night!

My children's blood sprinkled the ground like water,
O'er all the land
Stalked the red demon war, freedom and slaughter
In either hand.

"Prostrate I lay, and said in my abasement
This will atone!
To the dark past God's touch will give erasement,
I bow before His throne!"

"In vain! in vain! the pestilence is gleaming
Our war-swept land,
In fiery anguish we must learn His meaning,
We cannot change His plan!"

"Up to the solemn Heavens our cry ascendeth,
Let this great horror cease!
Thou, who this bitterness with our life blendest
Grant us Thy peace!"

E. WILSON.

BENEATH THE WAVE,

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

SIR GEORGE HAMILTON.

As the crowd swayed backwards and forwards, after the yacht sank, Philip Hayward found himself pressed nearer to Isabel Trevor and her companion, Hilda Marston. Hilda Marston was crying, and praying silently for those who, even at that moment, must be struggling in their death agony; and Isabel Trevor, with parted lips and wide-open eyes, was gazing intently upon the sea.

It was a moment of extreme excitement. The yacht had gone down so near the land, that a good swimmer could easily, in an ordinary sea, have swum to shore. But in this raging, boiling mass of waters, there seemed no hope. No hope! And yet with a cry—a shout rather—that rose above the storm, men began to call out that now they saw a man—a living man—wrestling with the waves!

For a moment he was visible—and then—O God! he disappeared. The next moment the head rose once more, and a white, despairing face looked upwards. Isabel Trevor saw that look, and a sudden passion of excitement seemed to seize her.

"Can nothing be done?" she cried loudly and wildly. "Are you men?" she went on, running forward, and up to a group of fishermen, who in their oil-skin coats and caps, were standing near. "Will you let a human creature perish before you? Will none of you risk your lives to save him?" And she pointed eagerly, as she said these last words, to the sea, and as she did so, her eyes met Philip Hayward's.

"I will, lady," he said, and he stepped forward, pale and daring.

"You are a brave man," she answered quickly. "You are a madman," said one of the fishermen, roughly. "No soul could live in a sea like you."

"I will try," said Hayward, firmly, and as he spoke he flung off his coat and boots, and then, with one look into Isabel's face—a look of far-well—he began hastily to descend the wet and slippery pathway down the cliffs that led towards the sea.

"Thou'st sent him to his death," said the same fisherman who had spoken before, glancing at Isabel.

But she made no answer. She was watching the tutor's descent; watching him struggling down the dangerous, narrow way; watching him, when he reached the great brown rocks below, stand one moment still on one of them, and then, seizing his opportunity, plunge the next boldly into the sea.

As he did so, Hilda Marston gave a cry, a cry echoed by many of the women present.

"He will be drowned," said Hilda, with a sort of moan, and she put her handkerchief over her face, to shut out the scene.

"If he is," answered Isabel, "he will die like a brave man, and not like a coward." And she looked tangentially at the group of fishermen, who moved with a sort of uneasy consciousness beneath her contemptuous glance.

"Let's get down w' ropes, maybe we can chance to help him," murmured one. "He's a brave lad," said another. "He'll never see shore again," muttered a third.

In the meantime Hayward was resolutely swimming onward, and a sort of momentary lull came over the mighty waves as he did so. He

knew he had gone forth to almost certain death, but she would see him die.

"She will see me die—she will know how I loved her then," he thought.

This, at least, was the impulse that had sent him into the boiling surf. But though it seemed a sort of forlorn hope, he did not forget that each stroke of his vigorous arm brought him nearer to the man struggling in the sea.

There he was. Hayward saw the dark head amid the blinding spray; amid the huge waves that swept over them; that parted them one moment with a great yawning gulf; that flung them the next close to each other's arms.

At last Hayward made a dash forward, and caught the man's hand.

"There! rest it on my shoulder," he said. "Don't put your arms round my neck. Lean your hand on my shoulder, and I will try to save you."

"I am done!" said the man, choking and gasping.

Then came another lull in the waves. "Take time to breathe," said Hayward, himself drawing a long breath. "Hold on fast, that we may yet get safe to shore."

The man whom he addressed was almost exhausted. But he was bold and brave, and he saw that his one chance of life lay in obeying Hayward's directions. He, therefore, rested his arm on Hayward, drew his breath, and then together they turned towards the shore.

The sea swept them on—swept them on in the great waves in which they were powerless, and was going to sweep them, Hayward saw, against the huge, jagged rocks that were standing out hard and cold to give them a cruel welcome. When he saw this he made an effort. "This poor fellow may wish to live," he thought, glancing at the white face so near his own, and he put out his arm in the hope of shielding his companion.

He heard a cheer as he did so—a cheer that seemed quite near to him somehow—and then came a shock a frightful sense of pain, and a rush and din of waters in his ears. After this he could recall nothing more. His head, in fact, had struck on the rocks as well as his arm. But, before the fierce waves could carry back their prey, one of the fishermen, who had gone down the cliffs in the hope of helping him, and who was standing with a rope round his waist, darted forward and caught Hayward by the arm. There was a brief struggle, but the hardy fisherman was used to the blinding spray, and Hayward (with the man he had saved clinging to him with the grim clutch of despair) the next moment was drawn alive upon the rocks.

What a cheer was given then, a cheer from the cliffs. Men ran down the slippery path at the risk of their lives, and one woman went also. This was Isabel Trevor. There she stood, pale, determined, and beautiful, looking at the tutor's death-like face, who was now lying stretched out on the rocks insensible. Crouching near him on his knees, and leaning against some of the fishermen, as if he were quite exhausted, was the man he had saved. But Isabel never looked at him. She was examining Hayward attentively, and presently she stooped down and laid her hand over his heart.

"Is he much hurt?" she said, and the fisherman who had caught him by the arm as he was being swept back into the sea, and who was the same man who had spoken to Isabel on the cliffs, now answered her roughly enough.

"Ay, it's as I told her," he said, looking at Isabel with his bronzed handsome face, "thou'st sent him to his death."

"Where is he injured?" she asked coldly, lifting herself up.

"On the head," said the fisherman, "and his arm's smashed." As he spoke he lifted up one of Hayward's powerless hands.

As he did so, Isabel bent down and took the tutor's cold hand.

"Mr. Hayward," she said, "Mr. Hayward?" And somehow to his dulled senses her siren voice crept, for he opened his eyes and looked at her; looked at her like the dumb beasts look when in deadly pain.

"Are you better?" said Isabel, and she took a flask containing spirit from the fisherman's hand and held it to Hayward's lips, and as she did so a sort of life seemed to creep into his veins.

"I—I—thank you," he murmured, and then his eyes closed again.

"Have him carried up the cliff at once," said Isabel, looking round with her imperious air. "Where is the doctor? Why is he not here? Let him have everything he requires—I am Miss Trevor, of the Hall."

She need not have made this announcement. They all knew her, these rough, bronzed men; knew by reputation and name the haughty beauty who never went near their squalid homes; who lived as far apart from them as if she were in another world. But she was the Squire's daughter, and as such must be obeyed; and so, as she turned away with her proud air, the fishermen, in their careless, slovenly manner, prepared to carry Hayward up the cliff.

As they were lifting him in their arms, Isabel Trevor for the first time looked at the man the tutor had saved. He was still in a state of extreme exhaustion, and was eagerly drinking some spirit that a fisherman was giving him. Isabel's eyes fell on his hands as he did so; on the white nervous hands, on the carefully kept nails on the ring on the fourth finger, on which armorial bearings were deeply cut. They were the hands of a gentleman, and from the hands Isabel's eyes travelled to the face. A pale face, with handsome features and

black brows, and with a heavy moustache shading the strong, resolute mouth and jaws.

"Are you much hurt?" said Isabel, addressing him.

Then the man looked up, and when he saw her, with the instincts of a gentleman, he tried to rise.

"I am completely exhausted," he said in a faint voice. "Am I the only one saved?" he asked the next moment.

"Ay, master," answered the fisherman who was giving him the spirit, "and if it hadn't been for you tutor lad at the scule, that they're carrying up the cliff there, thou would have gone with the rest."

"What was the name of your ship? They were saying it was a yacht?" went on Isabel.

"Yes, the yacht *Endymion*," answered the rescued man. "I was her owner—she was a good little ship, but no yacht could live in such a gale."

"There's not been the like in these thirty years," said the fisherman shaking his head.

"What is your name?" continued Isabel. "You had better be taken at once to the Hall—to my father's house, Sanda Hall."

"I thank you," said the gentleman, "and I shall indeed be grateful for some friendly shelter. My name is Hamilton," he added, "Sir George Hamilton; and will you tell me the name of the brave young man who saved my life?"

"He is Mr. Hayward, the tutor at the school here," answered Isabel. And then with the innate coquetry of her nature she went on: "I saw you—I entreated Mr. Hayward to save you."

"I thank you," said Sir George Hamilton again, and this time he looked at Isabel's beautiful face.

Shall I describe her as she appeared to him then, standing on the brown, bare rocks, with the storm raging around her, and the spray and rain beating on her golden hair? She was not pale now, but fair and blooming. Her large, restless, strangely tinted eyes, with the dark eyelashes and brows, were smiling and soft.

The excitement was over. She never thought of the man who just had died. She was thinking how one had gone out, and risked his life at her bidding, and there was another man who, perhaps, would become a victim to her beauty, too. This was what Isabel Trevor liked. She felt herself a kind of heroine because she had run down the dangerous, slippery pathway from the cliff; because she had sent Hayward out on his most fatal errand; because she was standing there in the wind and the rain, where no other woman had ventured to go.

"And you came here," said Sir George, looking round at the bleak spot on which they were standing, "to try and help some—of my poor crew?"

"I came because I could not bear to do nothing," answered Isabel. "It was dreadful—only to watch. But," she added, "let the men assist you up the cliff, and then in a few minutes you will be at Sanda Hall."

The shipwrecked man was only too glad to avail himself of her offer. He was "almost done," as he humbly expressed it, and with difficulty was dragged up the steep cliff by the fishermen, followed by Isabel Trevor. When they nearly reached the top, Isabel saw her father there watching her, looking pale and agitated, and he came hastily forward.

"Isabel!" he said, "what on earth induced you to risk your life as you have done?"

"I could not keep still," she answered. "Papa," she added, pointing to the exhausted stranger who was supported by the fishermen, "this is Sir George Hamilton, the owner of the yacht that has gone down—the gentleman Mr. Hayward has saved, and I have asked him to go to the Hall."

"Certainly," said the Squire, courteously. "I congratulate you, sir, on your escape." And Mr. Trevor held out his hand to Sir George Hamilton.

But by this time Sir George was nearly in a fainting condition. He was frightfully pale, and unable to walk; and Mr. Trevor seeing this, at once despatched a man standing by to the Hall for a carriage, and a seat having been procured, Sir George was placed in it, while the Squire and Isabel stood by his side.

The women present now divided their tearful sympathy between the rescued man and the tutor who had rescued him. Hayward at this time was being carried to the Parsonage, and Isabel heard all around comments on his conduct.

"Aye, it's cost him his life," one fine young woman, with a red handkerchief tied round her comely face, was saying.

"He had a sad look, like those who gan' young," answered a weather-beaten matron.

"Is young Hayward killed?" asked the Squire, who also heard their remarks.

"They say he's nigh to death, Squire," answered the comely young woman with a sigh.

"Indeed! I regret to hear it," said Mr. Trevor.

"It is an exaggeration, papa," said Isabel. "He spoke to me when he was lying on the rocks."

But now let us leave the group who were waiting for the Squire's carriage, and follow those who were carrying Hayward to the parsonage. Amongst these was the parson. He had not been on the cliffs when the tutor had volunteered to endeavour to save the man struggling in the sea, nor yet when Hayward had succeeded in bringing the one survivor of the crew of the yacht to the shore. But he had arrived there just when the fishermen bore the

tutor (who was then again apparently insensible) from the rocks below. The Rev. Matthew's grief and consternation at this sight was naturally extreme.

"My dear lad, what has happened?" he cried, in dismay, as his eyes fell on the tutor's pale face and outstretched form, as the fishermen laid him for a moment on the grass. "Oh, Hayward, my dear!" And the parson knelt down and took one of the tutor's cold hands in his, and began tenderly chafing it.

Then a dozen voices told what had happened, and the Rev. Matthew's kindly heart was yet more moved when he heard the tale.

"He should not have done it," he said. "My boy, my brave boy, look at your old friend! Don't you know me, Hayward?"

But no words came from the tutor's white lips. He lay there still and motionless, breathing somewhat heavily, and the Rev. Matthew grew even more alarmed as he watched him.

"He's hurt on the head," said one of the fishermen.

"God grant his brain is not hurt," answered the Rev. Matthew, uneasily. "Run, my man," he went on to one of the men standing near, "for the doctor, and bring a door from Jimmy Watson's, the joiner's. He must be carried carefully home."

In a few minutes the parson's directions were both complied with. The doctor, a tall, gaunt Scotchman, arrived on the cliffs, and having felt Hayward's pulse, pronounced that he must be taken home before anything could be done. The tutor, accordingly, was lifted on to the door procured from the village joiner's, and then carefully carried to the parsonage; the Rev. Matthew walking by his side as they went along.

As the procession entered the parsonage gateway, and crossed the rain-soaked grassplot in front of the house, Mrs. Irvine was standing at the door looking eagerly out. She had heard the report of the tutor's injuries, and stood there facing the raging tempest in her anxiety on his behalf. What a gaunt figure she was! So white, so thin, even so ghastly, with her large features, sunken black eyes, and wide, half-open mouth, which habitually showed her upper teeth. She might have been an animated corpse, so deathly did she look, and even her voice was shrill and unearthly.

"Is he dead, Matthew?" she cried, as soon as she caught sight of the tutor's pale face.

"He is dead!" shrieked a voice behind her, and a plump little figure fell suddenly backwards.

This was Amelia Irvine, the only surviving child of the Rev. Matthew and his wife. She was a stout, rosy girl, with thick waist, and thick wrists and ankles, and a face that could not perhaps have been called absolutely plain. She had been standing behind her mother, watching the tutor's arrival, and when she saw his prostrate figure carried by the fishermen on the door, and his white uncovered face, she cried "He is dead!" and fell at once, without warning, back into the arms of little Ned Marston, who was standing there also.

"Don't, Miss Melia!" exclaimed Ned, as the unexpected weight fell upon him. "I can't hold you. I can't indeed."

"He is dead!" again cried Miss Amelia, stiffening her ankles rigidly.

"Please sit on the umbrella-stand," pleaded Ned, "for I can't hold you—I can't indeed." And suiting his action to his words, he allowed Miss Amelia to fall heavily on the hall oil-cloth.

"Cruel," murmured Miss Amelia, closing her eyes, and becoming more rigid still.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Amelia Shadwell," said Mrs. Irvine, looking round, as the sound of her daughter's sudden descent reached her ear. "If Hayward's gone, you can't bring him back by fainting and that kind of nonsense; and if he ain't you'd best get up, and try to do something to help him."

"Oh!" groaned Amelia Shadwell from the oilcloth. But here it ought to be mentioned that Shadwell was Mrs. Irvine's maiden name, and she had insisted that each of her children should successively bear it. All the little Thomas Shadwells, and Matthew Shadwells, and Jane Shadwells, and various other little Shadwells, were "gone," as Mrs. Irvine expressed it, but Amelia Shadwell remained, and her mother almost invariably, in addressing her, gave her her full baptismal name.

"Get up, Miss Amelia, please do," whispered little Ned Marston, who felt rather contrite for having let her go so suddenly down. "You'll get all wet if you don't when the men come in. He's not dead, I dare say," he continued soothingly, "and if you can't get up, let me roll you to one side." And accordingly Master Ned rolled Miss Amelia into a convenient corner near the umbrella-stand, while her father and the fishermen carried the tutor into the hall.

CHAPTER IV.

SIR GEORGE'S OFFER.

When Hayward's injuries were examined, he was found to have severely fractured his right arm and his wrist. The most serious injury, however, which he had sustained was on his head. His forehead had apparently struck on the rocks, and for two days afterwards he lay in a state of semi-insensibility.

During these days a message of inquiry came from the Hall: "Sir George Hamilton and Mr. Trevor wish to know how Mr. Hayward is?" regularly asked the Hall footman, when he rang at the Parsonage bell.

The dwellers in the cottages near, among which the footman had to pass before he reached the Parsonage, regarded these visits with sympathy. With sympathy for the young man who was lying ill in their midst, and also for the stranger who had come so perilously amongst them. Some interest was excited also, when a gentlemanly, pleasant-looking man of about forty, arrived at the village in a cab, two days after the wreck of the yacht, and stopped at the public house to ask the nearest way to Sanda Hall, where Sir George Hamilton was at present staying. After the gentleman had received the proper directions, and had driven to the Hall, the driver and the cab returned to the public-house. Then it came out that this visitor was Mr. Hannaway, a lawyer, and Sir George Hamilton's man of business; Sir George being a very rich man, the cabman had been informed.

Still, though these things interested the fishing population of Sanda, they did not create in them the intense curiosity and love of gossip, which they would almost certainly have done in a country village. Whether the solemn dirges that are for ever sounding in their ears, that break over so many unseemly graves of friends and kindred, affect them with a sort of solemnity, there is no doubt that, after the heyday of youth is past, these people are, as a class, of grave and quiet deportment; the women as a rule being hard-working, sober, and virtuous.

When, therefore, on the day after his arrival at Sanda Hall, Sir George Hamilton's man of business was seen wending his way past the dilapidated cottages of the fishermen in search of the Parsonage, there was no unseemly staring at the stranger.

The women, as usual, were to be seen standing at their door-ways knitting, dressed in their short blue bedgowns pinned back, and their short blue flannel petticoats, fully displaying the blue woollen stockings beneath, and the short yellow shoes.

They glanced up as Mr. Hannaway passed. "He'll be the gentleman from the Hall," said one woman.

"Yes," answered another grave matron, and that was all.

"The lad yonder, they say, is better, then?" said the first woman who had spoken, with a nod of her head to indicate the Parsonage.

"The Lord has been merciful to him," replied the second woman, and then they both went on industriously with the blue, half-finished woollen stockings in their hands.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Hannaway had reached the Parsonage, and had been ushered into the parson's study.

This was the smallest room in the house. A little back sitting-room, dark and shabby, in which the Rev. Matthew wrote his sermons, smoked his pipe, and spent his serene hours of peace.

He was not there, however, when the prosperous man of business was ushered into it, and the prosperous man of business looked round with amused dismay at the signs of poverty it contained. Worn was the carpet, worn the black hair-seating of the chairs, and most worn of all the comfortable arm chair in which the Rev. Matthew spent so many hours. Mr. Hannaway had not been used to this kind of thing. "The poor man must be starving," he thought, and he was, therefore, quite astonished when the genial, pleasant-faced parson entered the little room.

He (the Rev. Matthew) held out his hand to Mr. Hannaway.

"Mr. Hannaway," he said, and Mr. Hannaway smiled and bowed, and then the two shook hands.

"I have called," began Mr. Hannaway, "at the request of Sir George Hamilton. I wish to express to the young gentleman who saved his life, and whom I understand is in your establishment, his deep sense of gratitude, and also to make particular inquiries about his state of health, and will be glad to know if any further medical advice is advisable."

"Then, I'm thankful to tell ye I don't think it is," answered the Rev. Matthew in his sweet-toned, half-pathetic voice. "My friend Dr. MacRay, here, told me this morning that he hopes that the dear lad will now pull through, and I feel a happy man, I can tell ye, for the news."

"I am, indeed, pleased to hear it," said Mr. Hannaway. "His condition has excited the greatest anxiety in the mind of Sir George Hamilton, who is in a state of great mental depression, also, at the loss of the whole of his poor crew."

"It was, indeed, terrible," said the Rev. Matthew with a feeling sigh.

"It was a fine yacht, the *Endymion*," went on Mr. Hannaway. "Altogether it has been a sad business, and Sir George seems to have taken it completely to heart."

"No wonder, no wonder," said the Rev. Matthew.

"Sir George further instructed me to say," continued Mr. Hannaway, "that anything that he can do to promote this young man's future—I mean the young gentleman who saved Sir George's life—he will most gladly do. Sir George, you know," added Mr. Hannaway with a smile, "is a rich man, and can afford to be a generous one."

"I shall tell the dear lad," answered the Rev. Matthew. "And this I may tell ye, Mr. Hannaway," he went on, "a finer, braver young fellow there does not breathe. He's a gentleman by birth, too," he continued, "for his father was an officer in the 84th—a lieutenant—and married when out in India the governess of his

colonel, and then died, poor fellow, of sunstroke, a year after. He has a sorrowful history, you see. A widowed mother, with her scanty pension barely sufficient to keep in life, and this one son. Well, he has an uncle—some sort of a merchant in London, I believe—and this Mr. Moxam educated young Hayward, and sent him to the University at Durham, under the idea that he might go into the Church. But the poor mother fell ill, and what could the lad do? He left college, and accepted a tutorship, so that he might help her, which he does—sending her indeed almost all his scanty earnings."

"It is highly commendable," said Mr. Hannaway.

"Yes, but the young fellow frets. I'm such a poor man myself that I can do nothing for him, though I love him as a son, but I know he is dissatisfied with his position in life, and pines for different work. Therefore, you see, if Sir George Hamilton would push him on—"

"I am sure he will," replied Mr. Hannaway, as the Rev. Matthew made an expressive pause. "Sir George will see him himself when he is better, but of this I am certain, that any profession is now open to him."

"Is Sir George a young man?" asked the parson.

"It depends upon what you call a young man," answered Mr. Hannaway, with a smile. "I call him a young man, because he is two years younger than I am. He is thirty-eight, in fact."

"And is he married?" went on the Rev. Matthew.

At this question a faint colour passed over Mr. Hannaway's good-looking, pleasant face.

"I believe not," he said, with some hesitation.

"Well, he had a near escape from death," said the Rev. Matthew, quickly, who now saw that he had asked an unfortunate question.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Hannaway, rising, "and he fully appreciates the courage of Mr. Hayward, isn't it?"

"Yes, Hayward, Philip Hayward."

"Tell Mr. Philip Hayward, then, that Sir George will call upon him before he leaves this part of the country; and in the meanwhile assure him, that whatever profession he fixes upon, he may depend on Sir George's influence and purse." And Mr. Hannaway having given this assurance, shook the Rev. Matthew's hand, and then courteously took his leave.

After he was gone, the Rev. Matthew proceeded to the tutor's sick room. There he found his wife, and his daughter Amelia. Amelia had spent the last two days in crying, and in making beef tea; but now, as the tutor was supposed to be better, she had dried her eyes, and was making beef tea more energetically than ever.

"Pa," she said, turning round her rosy, fat, common-place face, as the Rev. Matthew entered the room, "he has taken a cupful" (this was of beef-tea). "Isn't that nice? I made it myself, and I know it's good."

"Yes, my dear," answered the Rev. Matthew, glancing at the tutor's pale face lying on the pillow, "but you must not forget that he is to be kept perfectly quiet."

"Oh! I won't forget," said Amelia, gushingly, "but though he's to be kept quiet, he's to be kept up, too, and beef-tea's the thing to keep him up, isn't it, mamma?"

"Amelia Shadwell, don't let your spirits run away with you," replied Mrs. Irvine, in a ghostly voice. "You are always up or down, isn't she, Hayward?"

At this appeal a faint smile passed over the tutor's face.

"I've had a gentleman inquiring after you, Hayward," said the Rev. Matthew.

"Who was it?" asked Mrs. Irvine in her hollow tone.

"I think it must be Sir George Hamilton's agent or lawyer," answered the Rev. Matthew. "This is his card." And he placed Mr. Hannaway's card on the table, and then he placed Mr. Hannaway's card on the table, and then he placed Mr. Hannaway's card on the table.

"An' who'd he say?" she asked, after she had examined it.

"Oh! well—" hesitated the Rev. Matthew, "Hayward ought to hear that first. He spoke very generously—he made a sort of proposal."

"Matthew," said Mrs. Irvine, "if he said anything particular tell it now. You will tell it afterwards, you know that, for you can keep nothing."

"Well, my dear, Hayward will tell you himself by-and-bye," said the Rev. Matthew, meekly.

"Amelia Shadwell," said Mrs. Irvine, rising from her chair, and addressing her daughter, "come away at once. Your pa wants us out of the room, I see that. Hayward wants us out of the room, I see that also; and I mean, therefore, to go out of the room, and you must come, too."

"Another brewing will be ready in a quarter of an hour, Mr. Hayward," said Amelia Shadwell, glancing tenderly at the bed, and alluding to her beef-tea, "and in a quarter of an hour I'll bring you a fresh cupful." And then with another tender glance she followed her mother from the room.

When his wife and daughter were gone, the Rev. Matthew proceeded to deliver Mr. Hannaway's message to the tutor, and as he did so a flush came over the pale face on the pillow, and a new light into the dimmed eyes.

"He said this," said Hayward, as the Rev. Matthew paused. "He said—"

"That any profession is now open to you, my dear boy," answered the kind parson, taking the tutor's hand. "This offer may part us, but

though I grieve for this, I rejoice at the same time at your good fortune."

As the Rev. Matthew said this, the flush deepened on Hayward's face. Of what was he thinking? As wild and foolish a thought as ever crossed a young man's brain. He was thinking, "I may rise now—I may win Isabel now." Isabel, who thought as little of him as she did of the countless grains of sea sand lying on the shore!

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

CERTAINLY THE MOSS ANCIENT FAMILY.—A claim has recently been proudly put forth in New York by a family of the name of Moss to be the most ancient family of whom there is any record and scientific proof. They base their claim on the statement of a well-known professor, that the origin of life was "the moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world."

AWEEL!—A Scotch druggist was aroused by the ringing of his night-bell. He arose, went down-stairs, and served a customer with a dose of salts. His wife grumbled, "What profit do you get out of that penny?" "A ha'penny," was the reply. "And for that ha'penny you'll be awake a long time," rejoined the wife. "Aweel," replied the placid druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer; let us thank Heaven that we have the profit and not the pain of the transaction."

THE SMITHS PUT ON THE ANVIL.—It is told of the late Lord Chelmsford that so stately was his presence and so dignified his appearance that many years ago, when he was a younger man and more erect of carriage, he was accosted in the street by a hurried individual, who, mistaking him for some acquaintance, clasped him by the hand, exclaiming, "How are you, Mr. Smith?" Sir Frederick Thesiger, as he then was, drew himself up, and, gazing coldly on his questioner, replied, "Sir, do I look like a person of the name of Smith?" and passed gravely on.

SHOANNIE BROUN AND THE SASSENACH.—Scene—Ball at the close of a Highland gathering. While Shoannie Broun, the doorkeeper, who is attired in tartan trews and waistcoat, cocked bonnet, and brass-mounted sparrow-tailed coat, is busy spokenin' to one outsider who wishes to enter without the necessary ticket, another ticketless Sassenach slips past him into the ball-room. Och, ay, ay, but Shoan is very wide awake, and, just as the dancers are forming for the "Reel o' Tulloch," he ambles up the floor to the far end of the hall, where, unceremoniously seizing the intruder by the collar, he asks him in a voice of thunder, "Tid onybody see her comin' in?" The guilty intruder "desna" think it. "Och, weel," rejoins Johnnie, as he drags forth his victim, "there'll pee plenty see her gyaun oot than!" Tableau!

M. DAVID.—A French paper tells an amusing story of the absence of mind which Lamartine the poet, whose statue was recently inaugurated at Maron, so often exhibited in the management of public affairs. When he assumed office, after the Revolution of 1848, he was assailed with applications from persons who desired to obtain employment under government. Lamartine often drew up a list of those whom he was anxious to oblige, and this list was submitted to the different Ministers who had vacant appointments at their disposal. Among the appointments which appeared in the official journal one day was that of M. David to the consulate of Bremen, no Christian name or description being given. Several weeks passed without any one coming forward to fill the post; and, as there was a good deal of business to be transacted, inquiries were made with the view of discovering him. These inquiries were fruitless, and Lamartine was at last referred to. He could not tax his memory with having recommended any one of that name; and on looking at the list upon which the name was written, he suddenly remembered that, while making notes one day, he had been, as often happened, thinking more of poetry than of politics, and had jotted down the name of the Psalmist in order to write some verses about him at the first opportunity. The official journal of the next day announced that "Citizen Marchand is appointed Consul of France at Bremen, in the room of Citizen David, who is called to other duties."

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE TORONTO.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Of all the numerous athletic meetings held in Toronto, every autumn, none excite more general interest than the Annual Athletic Sports of University College. The large number of professors, graduates and undergraduates, &c., who subscribe liberally towards encouraging physical, as well as mental, training, enables the Committee of Management to offer more valuable prizes and to make better arrangements than is usual at meetings of this sort, and the consequence is that not only is the competition very keen in almost every event, but that all the *élite* of the city are present either at the games themselves, or to witness the presentation of the prizes in Convocation Hall.

It had been intended that the sports should be held after the convocation of Friday 18th, but the weather proving unfavorable they were postponed to the following Monday. The disappointment of the students at the rain of Friday must have been effectually remedied by the

beautiful warm weather of Monday, and the crowded and fashionable attendance on the grounds, where the band of the "Queen's Own" enlivened the proceedings by a programme of excellent music.

The course was laid out on the oval cricket ground in front of the college buildings, the whole drive around the green being lined by carriages.

The first part of the programme was carried out on the preceding Saturday, so that the proceedings on Monday might be finished before the shades of evening fell.

PART I. (Saturday, Oct. 12th.)

1. "Throwing the cricket-ball," won by Mr. Nelson, (95 yards.)
2. "High jump," Mr. Haultain, (T. A.), won the first prize with a very clever leap of 5 feet 2 inches; Mr. Patullo, second.
3. Long jump," 1st. Mr. Smith (17 ft.); 2nd. Mr. Freeman. "Resident Prize," (a prize open to resident students only), Mr. Patullo.
4. "Putting the stone," Mr. Watson.
5. "Hop, step and jump," After a keen contest was won by Mr. McEachern, (39 ft. 4 in.).
6. "Kicking football," Mr. C. C. McCaul, (151 feet 4 inch.)
7. "Throwing cricket ball," (accuracy), Mr. E. R. Cameron.
8. "Walking race." Mr. McEachern came in first, but was disqualified; Mr. Grace receiving first prize; (9 min. 42 sec.); Mr. Acheson, 2nd.
9. "Steeple-chase." This race was one mile over fences, ditches, &c., laid out in the Queen's Park; eight started, nearly all getting ducked at the creek, (as illustrated last week), from which point the race lay between Messrs. McCaul, Congdon and McEachern; Mr. McCaul led to within about a hundred yards of the winning line, when Mr. Congdon spurred and passed him coming in first, Mr. McCaul, 2nd.; (time 6 min. 10 sec.)
10. "Race in heavy marching order." This was open only to members of the University Company (Q.O.R.), and was easily won by Mr. Gwynne; Mr. McAndrew, 2nd.
11. "Servant's race," 1st, Bullen; 2nd, Walker.

PART II. (Monday, Oct. 21st.)

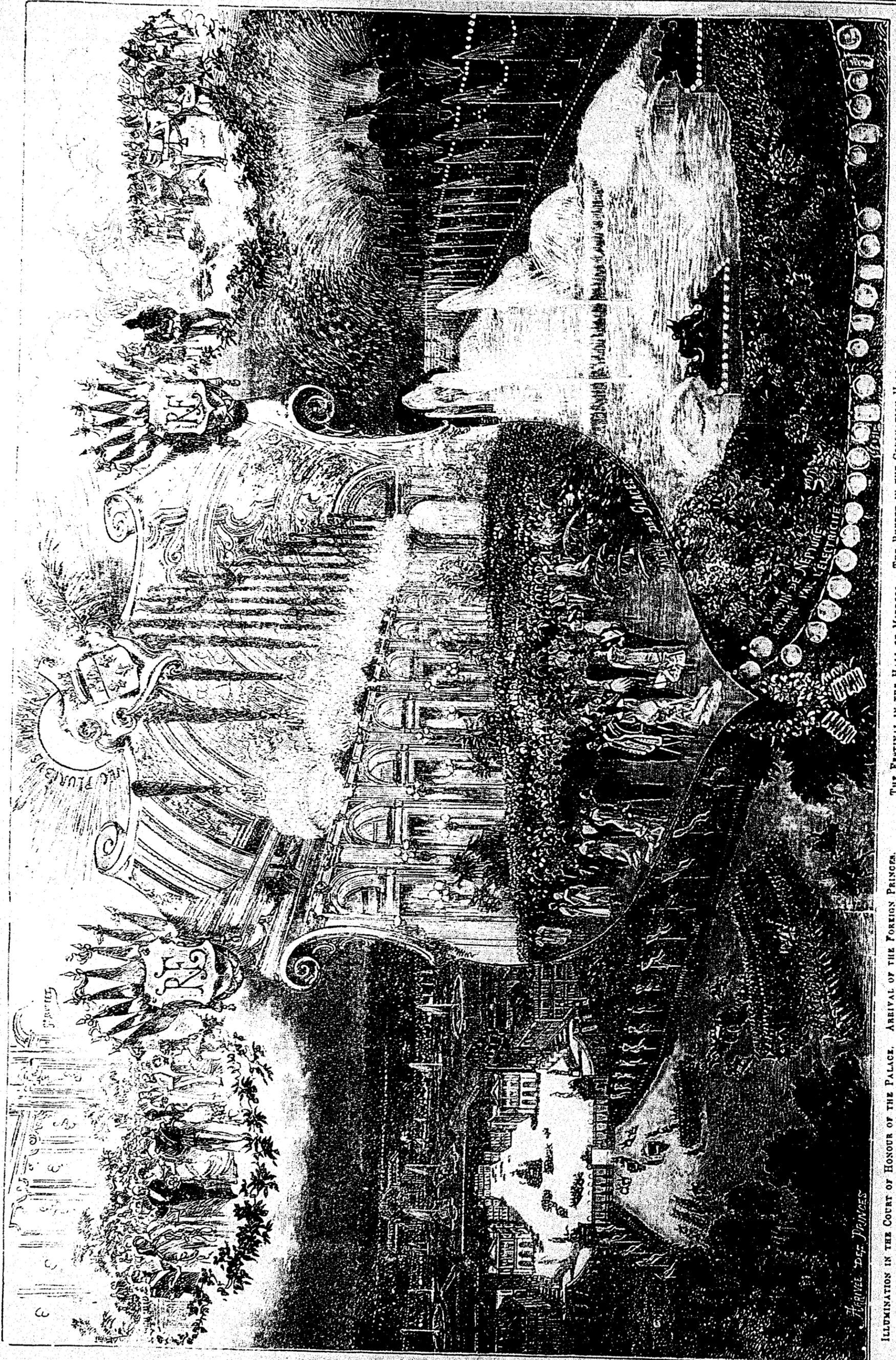
1. "Half-mile." Nine started, and after a very exciting race, Mr. McMurchy won in the excellent time of 2 min. 17½ sec.; Mr. McEachern, 2nd.
2. "Three legged race." 1st, Messrs. Nelson and Milligan; 2nd, Messrs. Haig and Smith.
3. "Mile race." Only four started, Messrs. Congdon and McCaul going ahead at once. The latter led for the first 4½ laps when, as in the steeple-chase, Mr. Congdon managed to pass him, and run in first, (5 min. 10 sec.)
4. "Hurdle race," (220 yards). About ten started. Mr. Little taking the lead cleared every hurdle and won in 31 sec. Mr. Gwynne was second up to the last hurdle when he came a cropper, and Mr. F. W. Haultain took his place.
5. "Graduate's race," (220 yards), Mr. J. H. Long ran a splendid race in 28 sec.; Mr. McGregor, 2nd.
6. "Flat race," (100 yards). 1st, Mr. Pratt, (10½ sec.); 2nd, Mr. Nelson.
7. "Open Amateur quarter mile," was won by Mr. Arthurs, in 56 sec., closely pressed by Mr. Johnstone.
8. "Half-mile race," open to undergraduates of all Canadian Universities. In this race, two men from Trinity, one "occasional" student of University College, and three regular undergraduates started. It was won by Mr. Strickland, (Univ. Col.) in 2 min. 19 sec.; Mr. McMurchy, (Univ. Col.), 2nd.
9. "Championship quarter-mile." Mr. Pratt claiming a foul, the Committee decided it should be run another day.
10. "Consolation race." 1st, Mr. Young; 2nd, Mr. Keefer.

At the conclusion of the programme the company adjourned to the Convocation Hall, where, in the absence of Miss Macdonald, Miss McCaul, daughter of the President of the College, distributed the prizes to the successful competitors.

After a few remarks from the President, the proceedings closed with cheers for the Queen, Miss McCaul, the President, and Ladies.

OMEGA.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.—Some time ago a leading London journal threw out the suggestion that it would be a good thing if some practical analyst, or somebody else, would discover an EXTRACT of unusual strength-renewing property to resuscitate the enfeebled constitution of those who by over-work or study had sacrificed themselves. The idea was admirable, and one which doubtless thousands have often expressed. And it will be surprising and welcome news to such to learn that there is already an Extract just of the nature so ardently longed for. We refer to "JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF," which possesses all the nutritive properties that can possibly be contained in any preparation. It has the unqualified recommendation of the Faculty, and is now being exclusively administered in all the leading Hospitals in Great Britain, and is even gaining popular favour on the Continent, and in America. In cases of consumption it is unparalleled, and is an admirable substitute for stimulating *solids*. It is sold in tins at a moderate cost, and may be obtained of the leading chemists and purveyors everywhere. —*The Christian Union, Glasgow.*



FIREWORKS IN THE PARK.

THE FESTIVAL IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS. THE BUFFET IN THE CONGRATULATION HALL.

ILLUMINATION IN THE COURT OF HONOUR OF THE PALACE. ARRIVAL OF THE FOREIGN PRINCES.

THE VERSAILLES FETTES.



DISTRIBUTION OF DIPLOMAS OF HONOUR BY MARSHAL MACMAHON IN THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.

I. BELFAST, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I arrived safely at Queenstown, on Sunday, the 19th instant, after a voyage taking in all sorts of weather. For three days we encountered what the Captain was pleased to term a fresh breeze, but what was in the opinion of the passengers a first-class hurricane.

For four hours before we touched at the entrance to Queenstown harbour, we had been feasting our eyes on the sight of land — the western coast of Ireland — a coast that, under ordinary circumstances, may be tame and uninteresting, but which to wretched sea-sick travellers is majestic and grand beyond description — anything for solid ground.

A little bit of a dirty steamer met the steamship, and in the midst of confusion and general excitement, we were transferred to the ill-looking craft which in a few minutes steamed past Forts Camden and Carlyle and in through a forest of masts carried by a hundred ships anchored in the beautiful bay.

As we approached the town it presented a very imposing appearance for a place of its size. It is built on ground rising so abruptly from the water that, although it towers high above us, we can from the sea look over the tall buildings that line one street to the pavement of the one running immediately behind it. Imagine a town of say twenty thousand inhabitants, consisting of long parallel streets built on the face of Mount Royal, and you have some idea of the general appearance of Queenstown.

As we neared the dock, a gang of uniformed officials scrambled on board carrying with them an air of authority that was quite mysterious. The smooth faced fellows were exceedingly polite to the well-dressed of our passengers. They forced their way through a crowd of poorly dressed people from the steerage and quickly approached the unmistakable kid-gloved gent from the cabin, with a bow and "any baggage, Sir?" They were Custom House officers, and in the innocence of my heart I pictured to myself the horrors attendant upon a thorough inspection of the baggage. Although I had no dutiable goods of any description, yet I must confess to an experience of nervousness, as I drew out my keys and proceeded to open trunks, &c., for a close scrutiny. These men were sworn to do their duty to their Queen, and I supposed that as Britons they would of course do it. The first strap of my valise was scarcely unbuckled, before the officer placed both hands upon it in such a way as to suggest the idea that he was not accustomed to the formality of opening packages in that way, and to save time was about to wrench the thing apart. After taking a hurried survey of the people about him, however, he replaced the strap with one hand, while the other was actively engaged jerking at my coat skirt, and he whispered in my ear words of such miraculous power that they actually opened my eyes, "The price of a drink, but don't let any one see you for God's sake." I despised the fellow at once and felt constrained to moralize, but alas, poor weak human nature! when I looked at the mass of baggage to be examined, I pocketed my feelings and slipped the necessary coin into the villain's hand, making the douceur purposely small because I considered generosity would be wasted on a subject like this. I had yet another trunk to be inspected and I was naturally curious to know whether this noble upholder of the law would revenge himself upon me. I said to him, "I have another trunk over there," pointing to the bow of the vessel. He replied, "Bring it here and I will examine it." The trunk was heavy, and could be reached only through a labyrinth of other trunks, and so I hesitated. Then I looked in the fellow's face to take stock thoroughly of his countenance after the utterance of so surprising an order in a gruff and commanding tone of voice, but whether he was afraid I might discover the smallness of his soul by looking at it through his eyes, or waiting for another sixpence, I do not know; he turned however, marched meekly to the package, and in suggestive silence scratched the necessary hieroglyphics signifying that it had been thoroughly examined. At that moment I happened to look forward and I observed another officer, probably one green at his business, in the act of "confiscating" a revolver belonging to one of the passengers.

I was now at liberty and truly glad to get ashore to breath the atmosphere of freedom. As I stepped on the quay, a half-dressed, shoeless and hatless forty-five years old female approached with a flourish of brogue utterly beyond my dull comprehension, but which I afterwards learned was an expression of welcome. She wanted to sell shamrocks, but I walked on, deeply absorbed in reading the good old family names on the sign-boards. There were innumerable Muldoons O'Flahertys, O'Keefes, O'Grady's, O'Connells, O'Briens and a host of others familiar to any one who is up in Irish history or acquainted with the locality between McGill street and Wellington Bridge. As I trudged along I heard at every few steps, "Good luck to you, Sir." "A pleasant journey to you, Sir." "If you don't want to allow me anything for the shamrocks, its all right, Sir." As I looked around my nose was tickled by a sprig of shamrocks which the kind and modest creature had placed in the breast pocket of my coat.

Arrested by the novelty of the proceedings and somewhat puzzled to know what it all meant, I stopped and stared rudely at my benefactor and well-wisher.

There were traces of faded comeliness in her face, and her industrious tongue dispensed the sweetest kind of brogue quicker than I could ever guess at the English of it. Had I not been duly warned against impostors, and thoroughly hardened by stories of fraud practised upon innocent travellers, my heart might have melted at an early stage of the proceedings, but here, thought I, is the first manifestation that woman has designs upon me and I must meet it with a bold front. I continued parading Queenstown with the bunch of sweet little shamrocks protruding conspicuously from my pocket while I was all the while making a great effort to look unconscious of their presence. I held out nobly, but my lady admirer continued to follow, and crowds of Paddies continued to smile knowing smiles. At last I was captured by stratagem. The flower girl darted past me into the R. R. Station and as I entered it, a crowd of boys cried out, "Give the poor ould woman a trifle, or you'll have ne'er a bid of luck in Ireland." I capitulated, paid the war indemnity and was released by my fair captor with the "blessing of God" and expression of all possible anxiety for my future happiness and prosperity.

On the ship I had formed the acquaintance of three French gentlemen from Montreal, and a fraternal feeling suggested that we would do well to travel through Ireland together. We, at once, engaged a jaunty car to do the town. On one side of the car with me, was a nervous, gouty old frogater, while on the other were two jovial fellows one of whom had crossed the Atlantic only forty-six times. These two were bent on having a good time and for the nervous man's delectation they had quietly instructed the coachman to drive fast which he commenced to do at once, and maintained a furious gallop during the whole journey. Mr. Frogater was in a terrible state of anguish. Again and again he remonstrated in profane language, but in vain. Every time we turned a sharp corner at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, he poked the carman violently in the ribs with the end of his umbrella, but the carman only drove the faster. In half an hour, however, it was all over and we were on board the train bound for the North. In my next I will tell you something about what I saw at Cork, Blarney Castle, and the beautiful lakes of Killarney.

II. LONDON, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — In my last from Belfast, I gave you some idea of the incidents attending my first hours in Ireland. Although it was Sunday, I found no difficulty in proceeding by train to Cork, for my hardened conscience suffered no qualms on the question of Sunday travelling, and the railroad companies in these parts provide ample accommodation for the particular class of sinners that I represented in this respect. It is only fourteen miles from Queenstown to Cork, and I suppose, getting there was a matter of a few minutes; but there are innumerable stations on the way, and as this was not a mail train, it seemed to me that it occupied minutes enough to make a good many hours before we reached the old-fashioned city. Here the first scene at the railway station was one of indescribable confusion, a scene that at once confirmed my impression that the wonderful railway system of Great Britain is marred by the most defective baggage arrangements possible to conceive. "Checking" is unknown here. You must see that your traps are put on board the train at the proper time, taken off at the proper place and promptly claimed when you reach your destination. I will leave it to you to imagine the chaos that ensues where innumerable valises and trunks are as much like each other as so many bricks. I found I had carried off some other fellow's box instead of my own and was enabled to rectify the mischief and escape the police only through a piece of good fortune and a little knowledge of human nature. I saw a man hurrying along the street in a state of breathless agitation, and thinking that he looked like a fellow who had lost a trunk, I hailed him, when I found that this time I had not been deceived by appearances. Mutual regrets were exchanged and both were happy.

Having arrived at the hotel I became at once curious to see the register to look for familiar names, but I did not find any. Fully three quarters of the guests were Yankees all registered as residing in "U.S.A." This way of registering struck me as a trifle indefinite, but it is at least amusing to see such evidences of the way our American cousins from obscure villages like to put on airs.

The hotel was full, crammed in fact, and I was obliged to content myself with any room I could get. It turned out to be on the seventh or eighth floor, or rather too near the sky for comfort in case of fire, but admirable for exercise and a good view of the place. I was perfectly sober, but nevertheless too much elevated to sleep well, and awakening at 4 o'clock, I became curious to see Cork. I looked out of the window and was perfectly amazed. My attention was diverted from the buildings by large black objects flying about in all directions, over house top, through the winding streets, circling up into the heavens to get a bird's-eye view of the place, and then alighting on chimney tops, flag-staves and other convenient eminences. What in the name of St. Patrick, thought I, does it

mean? Are they angels of darkness keeping late hours, or am I crazy? I conclude I they were engaged by the corporation, for now I could see they were scavenging, but unlike most corporation employees, they seemed to relish their work. When I recovered my senses, lost at the sight of so strange a spectacle, I exclaimed as the truth dawned upon me, "They are crows," and crows they undoubtedly were. I freely confess I never liked crows, but now I feel my dislike turning to respect and even affection. You will perhaps be disposed to say a crow is scarcely an object that should command admiration in a land full of worthless objects, but if you could see these birds as I saw them, I think you would even have a "hankering" after crows. But now I will leave my feathered friends with the promise of more in their favor when I can find time to tell you more of Cork and Blarney Castle.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Several communications received with thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 199 received.

H. B., Montreal.—You will find an answer to your question in our general intelligence this week.

F. A. K., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 198 received.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 196 received.

We learn from the Chess journals of the United States that Captain Mackenzie is about to make a tour in the West, and that he purposes visiting Syracuse, Auburn, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit, and, perhaps, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. We feel sure he will be received with open arms by all the Chessplayers whom he may encounter, especially after his brilliant achievements in the late Paris Tourney. It has been proposed by the amateurs of Montreal to invite him to spend a few days in our city, and we believe that arrangements are being made that will very likely lead to our having this distinguished player for a short time amongst us. The following remarks respecting him, from the Scientific American, will be found interesting:

GEORGE H. MACKENZIE.

The "Captain" as he is familiarly called, is so well known the entire (chess) world over, where he has a host of friends and admirers, and his chess achievements are so familiar to all, that it would be but a repetition to recount them, and we do not care to give a condensed and imperfect record of victories with which our readers are more familiar than ourselves; nor does it seem particularly appropriate to dwell at any great length upon one who requires no introduction, or to "write up" on a champion just in the prime of his strength, and only entering, as it were, on a career in which we expect still greater things. Mr. Mackenzie—as his name implies—is of Scotch birth, although we first hear of him in London as a player of considerable promise. He has made New York his home now for many years, where by his charming manners and scholarly attainments he has gained a host of admirers, and has been so invariably successful in all matches and tournaments that our players seem to take a pride in yielding him the palm of superiority.

The following extract from an English paper will be read with pleasure by those who feel anxious to extend a knowledge of chess to all classes of society as a healthy and elevating amusement:

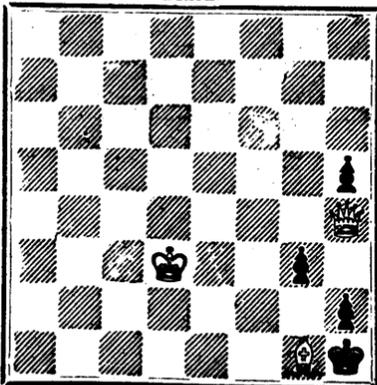
(From the Derbyshire Advertiser, Eng.)

A conversation was held in Christ Church school-room last Friday evening, on the occasion of the opening of the winter session. The programme for the season was brought forward, which includes a "Literary Society" — president, the Rev. G. G. Bosworth—meeting to be held in the large room of the British Workman on alternate Fridays at 7.30 p.m. It was also thought very desirable that a chess club should be started, in order to cultivate a taste amongst the members for this interesting game. The president of the club, Mr. F. Brown, or the honorary secretary, Mr. G. Sa'e, will be happy to receive the names of intending members, who may join any Wednesday evening at the Recreation-room of the British Workman. A pleasant evening was spent, and there is every prospect of a successful season. Mr. Councillor Buchanan promised a set of chess men and board for the use of the new club. The proceedings were brought to a close by a few appropriate remarks by the Vicar.

We have not said anything lately respecting the Tourney of the late Dominion Chess Association, as we felt that all interest in it must have ceased long ago. When it has been brought to a conclusion we shall be prepared to give the results. Several games have yet to be played, and a contest which ought to have terminated in a fortnight will, apparently, drag on its existence to the end of a period of three months.

Mr. James Mason, one of the American players in the late Tournament at Paris, has been seriously ill in London, Eng. He had a severe attack of small-pox, from which, however, we are happy to say he is fast recovering.

PROBLEM No. 200. By C. W., of Sunbury. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

GAME 312TH.

(From Land and Water.)

Played at the Frankfort Tourney, between Herr L. Paulsen, winner of the first prize, and Herr Minckwitz, winner of the fourth prize.

(Four Knights Opening.)

- WHITE. (Herr Minckwitz.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to KB 3, 3. Kt to B 3, 4. B to Kt 5, 5. B to R 4, 6. P to Q 3, 7. B to Kt 3, 8. P to K R 3, 9. Castles, 10. R P takes Kt, 11. B to K 3, 12. Q to K 2, 13. Kt to Q R 4 (c), 14. Kt to R 2, 15. P takes P, 16. P to K B 4, 17. Kt to Kt 4, 18. R takes P, 19. R to K sq, 20. Kt takes Kt (ch), 21. R to Kt 4, 22. B to Q 4, 23. B takes B, 24. R to K B sq, 25. Q to B 2, 26. R to B 4, 27. R to B 7 (f), 28. R takes R, 29. R to K sq, 30. R to K B sq, 31. Kt to R 2, 32. Q to Kt 3, 33. K takes Q, 34. R to K sq, 35. R to B sq (ch), 36. R to K sq (ch), 37. R to Q Kt sq, 38. R to K Kt sq, 39. P to Q 4 (h), 40. P to B 4, 41. P to Q 5 (ch), 42. R to Q R sq, 43. P to B 5, 44. P to B 6. BLACK. (Herr L. Paulsen.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. Kt to B 3, 4. P to Q R 3 (a), 5. B to K 2 (b), 6. P to Q Kt 4, 7. P to Q 3, 8. Kt to Q R 4, 9. Kt takes B, 10. B to Kt 2, 11. Castles, 12. P to Kt 5, 13. Kt to Q 2, 14. P to K B 4, 15. R takes P, 16. R to K B sq, 17. P takes P, 18. P to Q R 4, 19. Kt to B 3, 20. R takes Kt (d), 21. P to B 2, 22. B to K B 3, 23. Q takes B, 24. R to K 2 (c), 25. Q to K 3, 26. Q to B sq, 27. Q to K sq, 28. Q takes R, 29. Q to Kt 4, 30. B to Q 4, 31. P to K R 3, 32. Q takes Q (ch), 33. R to K B sq, 34. K to B 2, 35. K to K 2, 36. K to Q 2 (g), 37. R to B 3, 38. K to B 3, 39. B to K 5, 40. B to B 7, 41. K to Kt 2, 42. B takes P, 43. K to R 3, 44. K to Kt 4, and wins (i).

NOTES.

(a) This is so far unwise that it brings about the new and formidable variation of the Ruy Lopez, wherein White plays Kt to Q B 3 on the fifth move, a variation to which no satisfactory reply has yet been found.

(b) This runs on the same lines as the defence, which Herr Englisch adopted against Blackburne in the fourth round of the Paris tourney (5 P to Q Kt 4 and 6 B to K 2.) It gives Black a confined and uncomfortable game, but cannot well be censured in view of the uncertainty at present prevailing upon the subject. However, the results so far obtained seem to indicate 5 B to B fourth as about the best move which the second player has at his disposal, to be followed as between Zukertort and Winawer in their tie at Paris, viz., 6 Castles, P to Q Kt 4, 7 B to Kt 3, P to Q 3, 8 P to Q R 4, P to Kt 5, 9 Kt to K 2, B to Kt 5.

(c) The parties have travelled out of the Paris groove, and thereby have earned our gratitude, for we have lately had a surfeit of caviare; not, however, that we commend the text move, for how is that Knight to get out again?

(d) We prefer B takes Kt.

(e) Q takes R (ch) would be a premature simplification.

(f) P to B 3 should be played here.

(g) Herr Paulsen is only too willing to be driven to wards that imprisoned Knight.

(h) Black threatens 39 K to Kt 4, followed by 40 P to B 4, 41 B to B 3, 42 P to Q 4, etc., and White cannot prevent what is intended, save by some such losing move as that now made.

(i) This game from the twenty-fourth move to the end is a good illustration of Paulsen's thoughtful and profound style of play.

GAME 313TH.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

- WHITE. (Mr. Monck, Dublin.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. B to Q B 4, 5. P to Q B 3, 6. Castles, 7. Q takes P, 8. P to Q R 3, 9. P to Q Kt 4, 10. B to Q Kt 2, 11. Kt to Q B 3. BLACK. (Mr. Frech, Washington.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P takes P, 4. B to Q Kt 5 (ch), 5. P takes P, 6. P to Q B 7, 7. P to Q 3, 8. B to Q B 4, 9. B to Q Kt 3, 10. Kt to K B 3. (Scotch Gambit.)

These moves (except the last) from Staunton's Hand-Book, pp. 164 5, were submitted by Mr. Monck to Mr. Frech, and accepted.

- 12. Kt takes Kt, 13. Q R to Q sq, 14. Q takes B, 15. P to K 5, 16. P to K B 4, 17. P to K B 5, 18. Q takes B, 19. B to Q B sq (weak), 20. P to K B 6, 21. Q to K R 4, 22. P takes K Kt P, 23. R to K B 6, 24. Q R to K B sq, 11. Kt to Q 5, 12. B takes Kt, 13. B takes Kt, 14. Castles, 15. Kt to K sq, 16. B to K 3, 17. B takes B, 18. Q to K Kt 4, 19. Q to K 2, 20. Q to K 3, 21. Q P takes P, 22. Kt takes P, 23. Q to Q Kt 6, 24. Q to Q B 7.

I think Q to Q 6, or Q to Q B 6, intending to check next move at Q 5 is better. After the move in the text White has a won game.

The above notes are by Mr. Monck.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 198.

- WHITE. 1. R to Kt 8, 2. R to K R 8, 3. R mates. BLACK. 1. K moves, 2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 196.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q B 8, 2. P to Q R 7 (ch), 3. B mates. BLACK. 1. K to Kt sq, 2. K to R sq.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 197.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q R 4	K at Q B 4
B at K R 4	Pawns at Q 4.
Kt at K K 1	and Q Kt 3.
Kt at Q B 7	
Pawns at Q 3, K B 2,	
K Kt 5, Q B 3 and	
Q Kt 5	

White to play and mate in three moves.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The glory of summer has gone by—the beautiful greenness has become withered and dead. Were this all, were there no association of moral desolation, faded hopes, of hearts withering in the bosoms of the living, connected with the decaying scenery around us, we would not indulge in a moment's melancholy. The season of flowers will come again; the streams will flow gracefully as before the trees will again toss their cumbrous heads of greenness to the sunlight, and by mossy stone and winding rivulet the coming blossoms will start up at the bidding of their guardian. But the human heart has no change like that of nature; it has no returning springtime. Once blighted in its hour of freshness, it bears for ever the mark of the spoiler. The dews of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it, but the stone root of blighted feeling will never again waken into life, nor the crushed flowers of hope blossom with their wonted beauty.

HOW HE "STOPPED THAT BOTHER."—In one of the north-western States, where the competition in Fire Insurance has been carried to an extreme, the ingenuity of a gentleman of the German persuasion was thus illustrated: A man was building a fine house; he had got it half completed. Of course, he had been solicited a dozen times a day for weeks by parties who wanted to insure it. Our German friend arrived upon the scene one morning, and saluted the owner with—

"Pleasant day, sir."
"Yes," gruffly responded the real estate owner.
"You builds a fine house dere, my friend."
"Yes," said the other a little more gruffly than before.
"Does dem insurance men bodder you much, my friend?"
"Bother me?" they've nearly worried my life out!"

"I shtops dot bodder," reiterated the German drawing forth a brand new house plate of the Insurance Company, and displaying it before the eyes of the builder: "Shust you nail dot up on the front of your house, and den all the insurance men dey tinks you was insured. I comes by here in two or three weeks, and when you gets through mit him you gives me dot plate back again."

"All right. I'll try that."
"See here," added the builder, "you come back here in about three weeks; I want to see you again." He had evidently recovered a portion of his good humour.

"All right. I comes back," said the German. In due time he made his appearance, and the house-owner at once told him that he wanted him to insure his property, saying: "I can compete with the ordinary insurance agent, but you are entirely too sweet for me to resist, and you shall have the job." And he got it.

CATS.—"What is this?"
"This is a cat. Do you see the beautiful curve to his back? If you continue to be a good boy you shall some day have a thousand cats."
"Are cats a useful animal?"
"Yes, very. If it wasn't for the cats every house would be overrun with canary birds."

"Are cats very brave?"
"Yes. They'll hang around a corner for hours to get their claws into a poor little mouse not one-fortieth part their size."

"What food do cats prefer?"
"A twenty dollar mocking bird is their first choice. If the family are not able to keep a mocking bird, they must put up with an oriole or a German canary. It is only when suffering for food that a cat will accept of a sirloin steak."

"Cats can't sing, can they?"
"No, but bless 'em! they keep trying to learn how! They have got so they can sound the first four notes on the scale, and they are determined to get the rest."

"What time do they sing the sweetest?"
"At night, between the hours of 11 p.m. and 4 a.m. You have probably read items about bold, bad men flinging boot-jacks, sticks of wood and other missiles at singing cats. Don't ever associate with such people. Cats have as much right in America as anybody else, and it is only the mean kind of folks who will try to keep 'em from rising up in the world."

"How long do cats live?"
"Nobody knows, as no cat ever had a fair show to see how many years he could put in. After he has hung around one neighbourhood for fifteen or twenty years some one murders him in cold blood."

"Does the fur of the cat contain electricity?"
"Yes, and it is a great wonder why some of these scientific men d.d. not make use of the fact in searching for the clue to the telephone. There isn't much doubt that the day will yet come when a cat in Detroit, connected by a clothes line with one in Chicago, will form a perfect telegraph line."

"Do cats suck children's breath?"
"They do. Mothers should let their children eat onions as a preventive. Plug tobacco will answer the same purpose."

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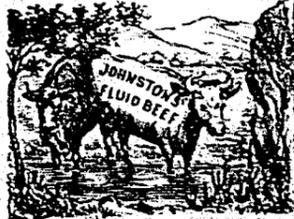


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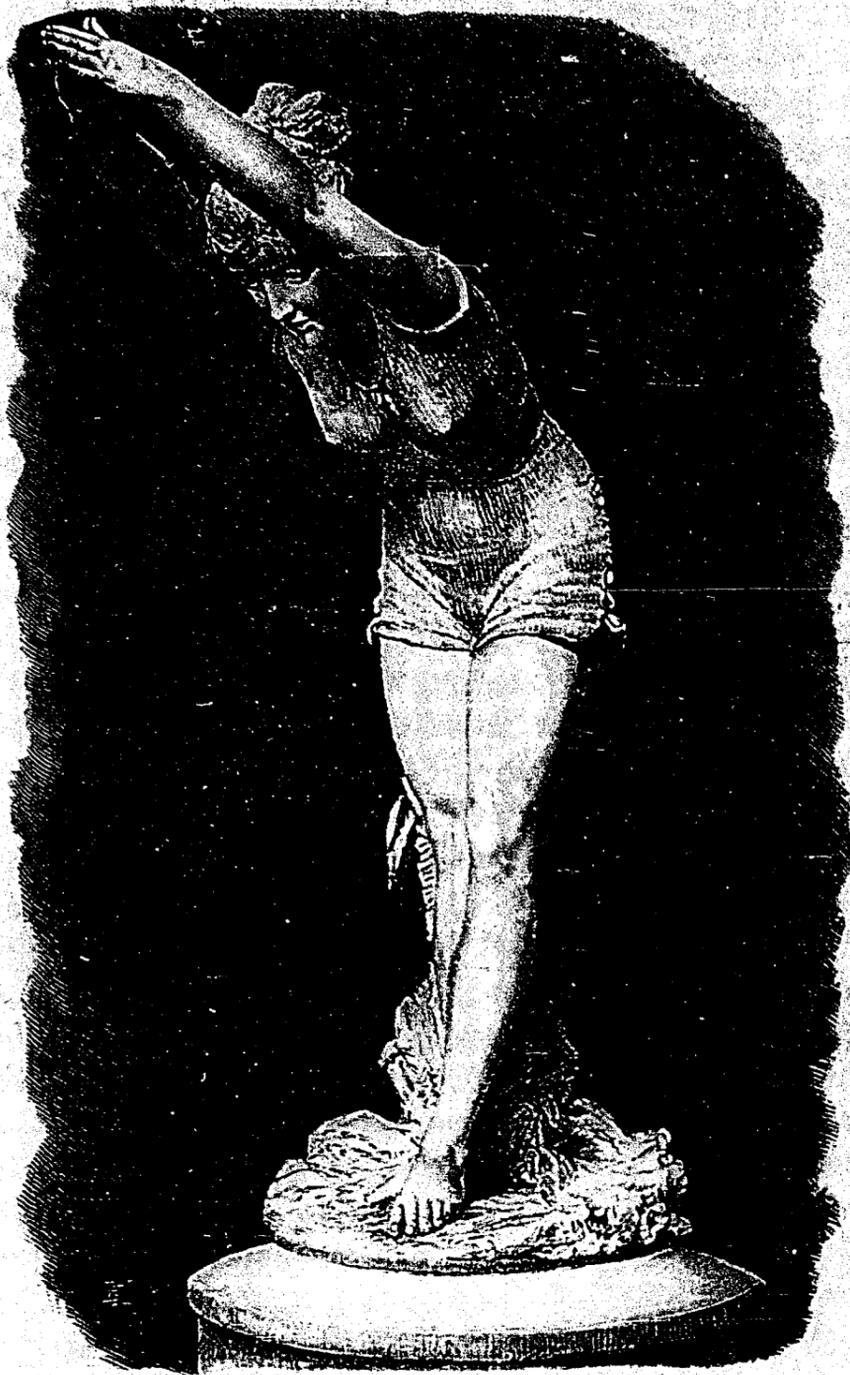
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