# Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

	Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur		Coloured pages / Pages de couleur	
	Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée		Pages damaged / Pages endommagées	
	Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée		Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées	
	Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque	$\checkmark$	Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées	
	Coloured maps /		Pages detached / Pages détachées	
	Cartes géographiques en couleur	$\checkmark$	Showthrough / Transparence	
	Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire	e) 🗸	Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression	
	Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur Bound with other material /		Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire	
	Relié avec d'autres documents  Only edition available / Seule édition disponible		Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / II se peut que	
	Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long of marge intérieure.		certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.	
<b>/</b>	Additional comments / Continuor	us pagination.		

# CORRESONATION OF THE PARTY OF T

Vol. XVI.--No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE GREAT RUBENS TERCENTENARY AT ANTWERP.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by The Burland-Desbarats Latho-GRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for elergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General

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

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

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their

# DECISIONS REGARDING NEWSPAPERS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. In suits for subscriptions, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published, although the subscriber may reside hundress of miles away.

4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is PRIMA FACIE evidence of intentional

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 15th, 1877.

# THE PROPAGATION OF DISEASE THROUGH LAUNDRIES.

This is a new point of caution in sanitary science, and the Lorent has lately given it much attention. It appointed a special commission to investigate the subject, and their report is very painful indeed. It clearly establishes that, though cleanclean linen is often the medium for propagating small-pox and other similar complaints. Under these circumstances. the recklessness and ignorance displayed. not only by common washerwomen, but even by the managers of model laundries. are totally out of keeping with the progress achieved in other sanitary matters. The smallest rooms, the most unwholesome back kitchens still seem good enough for the washing of linen; and the same mulated. The clothes that go nearest to exception, but the rule.

ground in front, called, by coursesy, a! garden. The two central cottages were occupied by washerwomen, each washing for from twenty to thirty families, according to the season. During the mouth of March last a boy, living in the first of these cottages, was taken ill with smallpox, but, fortunately, the sanitary inspector of the district received timely information, and acted with commendable energy. The linen in the house was all seized and disinfected, and the washing for customers abandoned during the course of the illness. But the inspector had no power to

continued washing as usual, hanging up their clothes to dry almost immediately under the window of the room where the patient was lying.

They visited several other laundries where there had been cases of small-pox or scarlet fever, and in every instance the clothes there washed must in all probability have been contaminated with the germs of disease, and the action of the authorities was not always sufficient to entirely dispelthe danger. They discovered, near the Blackfriars' road, a woman who took in washing for several families for a her small cottage, in the passage or in the and, some weeks ago, one of her boys was severely attacked with small-pox. Two and smoking innumerable eigars. other children were also unwell, but their let them run about as usual, and it was was riging in her tiny and overcrowded home is a most question, as she, of course, would not give all details.

families in Soho, related that she had two or three times taken and washed clothes her customers.

# SWIMMING AND FLOATING.

The sketches of the Montreal Swimming liness is the best safeguard against discuse. Club, which we published a couple of it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that weeks ago, have attracted much attention, and we are pleased to learn that the Club is daily increasing its roll of membership. We ourselves have taken interest in the keeping up in the water in the hour of

danger. tically (as far as may be out of the water) into the water, when it is rather calm, up germs that may fall on them, are thought- the water before the body, and practise the place where they are to be washed. If vere in this for several days in succession, they are taken to the suburbs it is simply and then, if possible, get a swimmer to because rents are cheaper in those districts: support your chest for a minute or two. but there, as in town, clean and dirty Or, better still, as man is nearly of the mission, and what is described is not the when the "stroke" is once familiar, that you will easily float, and what is more. For instance, at Kensal New Town, a make progression through the water. Stick district especially favoured by washers to this plan for a few more days, and then women, they inspected a row of dilapid- try your own unaided powers again, and ated cottages, each containing four rooms, you will be astonished to find that you with a little yard behind, and a plot of can swim. In this way, without any swimming-master or parade of any kind, swimming is easily learned, and then what a treat, and what a charming mode of gaining exercise, does a bath become! Instead of being a shivering duty, the daily bath is eagerly welcomed, and the whole system invigorated and braced up by it. For the swimmer leaves the water with every muscle and limb aching with his exertions, and the whole body pervaded by a healthy glow, of which he will feel the beneficial effects throughout the day. When once the stroke is familiar to a man-comes, as it were, by instinct to

daily the task of a stroke or two more, and soon the learner will find himself able to swim any reasonable distance, not now near the side, but boldly dashing out among the waves. Thus, if he finds he can only struggle on for six strokes to-day before his face sinks and he gets a ducking, to-morrow let him set himself the duty of struggling on through seven strokes, eight strokes next day, and so on, never being satisfied with his efforts until he has of strokes. In this way a visit to the river or the sea becomes a happiness to be children's school, and dried the clothes in looked back upon ever after in a man's backyard-the latter barely twelve feet is thus to have acquired the mastery over the closet. This woman had five children up and down the beach for many mornings, listening to Italian organ-grinders

symptoms were so slight that the mother in time of danger. Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unnot till they were nearly cured that the buoving weight of which depresses the attending practitioner saw them and such head. Other animals have neither motion, the department of public health and safety cooled in persuading her that they also nor ability to act in a similar manner, and are tiled floors and stairs, and safety had the small-pox. How far this woman therefore swim naturally. When a man towers for buildings of wide extent and continued washing while the small-pox falls into deep water, he will rise to the many stories. surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under the water in any way he Other cases conclusively prove how pleases, his head will rise so high as to often infected clothes are taken to public allow him free liberty to breathe, and if baths. A woman, who washed for several he will use his legs in the act of walking (or rather walking upstairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may at the Leicester-square public laundry use less exertion with his hands, or apply which emitted so peculiar an odour that them to other purposes. These plain triet, and were lately brought by him is her suspicions were excited, and, on making | directions are recommended to the recolinquiries, she ultimately discovered that lection of those who have not learned to there had been fever or small-pox among swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life

# THE LATE NEW YORK FIRE.

which the American continent has so long taken. There can be no charitable effect suffered fails to bring on a calm review of the various economies by which its industries are carried out, the result will be disappointing, and a great opportunity will subject, reading up the science or art of have been thrown away, for in times when swimming, and from three or four diff trade is brisk and speculation rife. it is ferent sources, have gathered valuable difficult indeed to get men to listen to the rules both for learning natation and for claims of common sense in their dealings with the various classes who have interests concerned. The good-will that Christian-First, work up theoretically and practity has always preached calls for new interpretations of its practical bearing with is dried in passages frequented by the the position of the body in swimming, and the fresh industrial developments of each lowest class of persons, and hung between the rhythmical extension and adduction succeeding age, but the law of kindliness walls on which the dirt of ages has accu- of the legs and arms. Then boldly walk and humanity remains always the same in its essential requirements, and demands the skin, that are the most likely there to the chin, turn to the shore, and fall that we look about us and see what are the fore to introduce through the pores any forward on the chest, letting the arms cut arrangements chiefly demanding attention. Life and health in multitudes who are lessly entrusted to a laundress without any the motions made beforehand. Never more or less dependent have to be proinquiry being made as to the suitability of mind swallowing a little water. Perse-tected, and if possible advanced and there are few things that will better tend to heal the differences that have arisenmultitudes receive with encouraging interest the instructions of the pulpit and clothes are brought into constant contact, same specific gravity as water, the addi- the Bible class, who scarcely make direct and the washerwoman's family, perhaps tion of a very few pounds of cork will applications of what they have been hearalso some of her assistants, sleep, cat. make him float. Get several pieces of ling to the life they are living and the life sicken, and die, with their customers' linen cork, therefore, and fasten them to loops they see around them. But this was not Rubens now devoted himself to studying the lying round about them. Innumerable in which the arms can be inserted, and the way of the Saviour of men. He went pictures of Giulio Romano, of Titian, and of Paul laundries have been visited by the Come with the addition of these you will find about doing good and the good be affected. Veronese, as well as other great Italian arrists, laundries have been visited by the Com- wish the addition of these you will find, about doing good, and the good he effected was exactly that which the population of the day and the land stood in need of. If, as instructed by His teachings, we also seek to do good, we no doubt find ourselves greatly circumscribed, and sometimes subjected to neglect or opposition, calling the more for patience and discretion. In some things, chiefly matters of omission, a whole continent will show itself in the wrong. When this is so, it is discouraging enough, and with many would be thought deterrent. Still our Reformers should persevere. Everything must have a beginning, and it is not always well to attempt too much at once. Tongue and pen have not yet lost their faculty of usefulness, and truth is great and will prevail in the end. All this is a propos of that sad burning of the Haves Piano-Forte Manufactory in New York. Could not the building have been made

Could it not have been better provided with means of escape ? The contingency was so serious! Why did not the people concerned think of these things? Ah: why! Because it was only a contingency. We do not provide for contingencies as a rule. The habit has not yet grown upon us, because we have not yet felt our consciences distinctly impressed with the duty. Clergy and laity alike shrink from enforcing civic duties involving expendisucceeded in performing his daily number ture. Governments pass them aside, and interest themselves about the little group of "coming events" in the political world. Let the political student take his paper life with pleasure. How much better it and write down a list of these interesting matters which are conceived to come on square, and containing the dustbin and a strange element than to have lounged the tapis. Let him take another paper and inscribe what he conceives to be the most argent wants of society as now constituted, and if the two at all correspond, Now, as to the manner of keeping affoat , we can only say it will surprise us. The social needs of the time have to be both thought and talked over before they be come political questions, and of such, m

> THE transcript of the photograph, by Norman, of the Indian Boys, which agpeared in our last number, was inadver tently styled "Oka Indians" - the fact being that they are the portraits of the little Indian scholars of Rev. Mr. Wilson, Episcopal missionary to the Algoria Dis-One bee and other vities and towns in the Province where they excited attention 5 their contlementy bearing, intelligence, and healthful appearance. The burning the late school-house in Algeria was described in the News, and it was in on nection with the increased expenses of / If the widespread depression under Mission that Mr. Wilson's tour was under more deserving than this, or more apppriate to the times we are living in.

# OUR JULUSTRATIONS.

THE RUBENS TERRESTENALLY .- The great sixmonstration which we illustrate on our first page, as having taken place at Antwerp, in the third week of August, calls for a 6 w biography of the immortal Kubens. It has been considered hitherto doubtful whether he actually born at Antwerp or at Cologne, or at so other place on the Rhine. The precise days his birth, in 1577, was June 29 His tather, John Rubens, was a citizen of Autworp, and on of the municipality, but had been compelled. In the political disturbances in the Netherlands, to remove to Cologue shortly before Peter Pass Rulens was born. It has now, however, bear ascertained that the wife of John Rubens, and mother of Feter Paul, had been left at Antwest. and it is certain that the families of both is rents belonged to that city. In his sixteensite year he was placed as a page in the household of the Countess of Lalaing, but disliked that ser-vice, and soon returned home. He chose to lacome a jointer, and was the pupil successively of Tobias, Verhaegt, Adrian van Oort, and Culc-Venius, till the age of twenty-three, when he went to Italy. He had letters of recommenda-tion from the Archduke Albert, the Austrian Vicercy of the Netherlands, to the Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, of Mantua, who appointed him a gentleman of the chamber at his Ducol Court both at Venice and Rome. In 1605 he was to Madrid, on a special mission from the Dukhis master to King Philip III, of Spain. He had by this time acquired high reputation as a Court pertrait quinter. Returning to Antweep, he finally settled in his native place, under the pattonage of the Archduke Albert and the Archduke Labett. duchess Isabella, an Infanta of Spain. Rubens about this time married his first wife, Elizabeth Brant, who died in 1626; his second wife, Helen Forman, was much younger. Both wiveare depicted, with himself, in several of his pictures of domestic seenes. He was a very properons man, and renowned all over Europe. Between 1620 and 1625 he was much employed in Paris in painting historical pictures for the decoration of the Louvre and the Luxembourg.
At Paris he gained the personal acquaintance of the Duke of Buckingham, favourite of James 1. and Chareles 1. This led to his being sent to England, in 1629, as Ambassador to the last-named King, who bestowed a knighthood upon him, and commissioned him to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall. The allegorical picture of "War and Peace," which is in the National Gallery, was also painted for interfere with the neighbours, who still him—all that is needful is to set one's self less comfortable, we say involuntarily? upon by the Infanta Isabella to exert his talents as a courtly diplomatist in her service, for which he was sent more than once to Madrid and A multitude of the pictures, large and small, which were designed by him, and which are esteemed his work, must have been executed in a great measure by his numerous pupils and m a great and assistants. During the last five years of his life he was disabled by gout in the hands. He died in 1640, the sixty-third year of his age, and was interred in the Church of St. James, at Antwerp. Among his most eminent pupils were Vandyke and Jordaens, but the influence of his bold and commanding genius has been shown in a wide sphere of modern art, not confined to the Flemich school.

INCIDENTS OF THE POLLING ON THE DUNKIN ACT IN TODONTO. Among these are sketches of Mr. Dymond, M.P., Vice-President of the Dunkin Act Association, of Mr. King Dodds, advo-cate of the Licensed Victualers Association of Ontario, and his brother, Mr. J. G. Dodds, chairman of the Organization Committee. As these latter travel over the country together in the interests of the licensed victualers, we give con them together. The Dunkin Bill has been defeated in Toronto by the large majority of 1,116. The scenes at the polling were all of a character in keeping with the system of open roting, now happily passed away, with its "hish," humour, and bribery, since the Dunkin Act was placed on the Statute Books. Considering the interests at stake, it would require all the credulity, inexperience and contemplated subjectivity of the most confirmed optionist to believe that the licensed victualers would keep possession of the poll, or hold the fort by moral force, especially with the tremendons advan-tage of concentrating in the one folling place. The promoters of the Bill, however, have found out their weakness, and will ask that the law be amended relatively to the polling, and that the 1911 itself be trimmed of its most unpalatable provisions and presented again at the expiration of two years armistice. While the war is still going on, and the forces of both sides are con-Centrating in Hamilton, Toronto may console itself by the thought that the ridings immedistely adjoining the city. North and East York, have carried the Bill, and are waiting the year's respite for its enforcement. THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG, -- Brigham

Young, Prophet, Seer and Revelator, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in all the World, died at Sale Lake City, on the afternoon of August 29th. He was born at Whittingham, Vermont, June 1st, 1801. joured the Mormons in 1832, at Kirtland, Ohio, and soon seemed an influential status. In 1835 he was one of the twelve apostles sent out to heake converts. On the death of Joe Smith in 1844 he was chosen President and Prophet. Met the disasters at Nauvoo, he, with a majority of the sect, abandoned that location early in 846. He then announced that the Salt Lake Valley had been revealed as the Promised Land, and tounded Salt Lake City in July, 1849. In the spring of 1849, immigration having greatly the reased the Marinon ranks, a State was organical by the rulers, which they termed Descret, but which Congress refused to admit as such isto the Union, constituting in place thereof the ferritory of Utah, of which, in 1850, Brighans Young was appointed United States Cov orner. Up to 1854 this state of things existed. but the Mormons subsequently defied the laws and others of the Federal authority. In 1857 President Euchanan appointed Alfred Cumuling 2, 500 tovernor of Utah, and sent an army of 2,500 men to enforce his authority. In November, 1857, Governor Cumming proclaimed the Mormons as in a state of rebellion, but in 1858 a compromise was effected by which the Federal orthority was to be respected, and Brigham Young left in power as President and Ruler of the Mormon Church. He was six feet high, and innominantly compact and well-muscled. He measured forty-four mehes around the chest, and such was his breadth in mid-person that strangers who saw him for the first time, in his short, gray business coat, imagined him a rather "stumpy" man, several inches shorter than he "stumpy" man, several inches shorter than he was. His head was of moderate size, with strong development of the basic and posterior regions of the cranium, and was by no means lacking in anterior breath. His hair was chestbut if not coloured, abundant in growth, and combed in a pedantic style into a foretop to the right side, with somewhat of the lop of a rooster's righam Young had lifteen of these were his own for time and eternity: the other four were proxy wives, being widows of Joseph Smith. The children of their naion with Brigham are credited to Joseph Smith, and go to swell his kingdom. All plural wives are known by their maiden names, to distinguish one from the other. The number of his children was about ninety.

THE LATE SIR JAMES DOUGLAS. The death of Sir James Douglas at Victoria, B.C., on 31st July last, may be likened to the removal of a time-honoured landmark. His name is so closely identified with the early history of British Columbra that it had become familiar as a house hold word. Previous to his appointment to the Governorship of Victoria the history of Sir James Douglas belongs to the North-West and Hudson Bay Companies. Sir James (then Mr. Douglas) took up his residence in Victoria in 1849, and succeeded Governor Blanchard as Oovernor in 1852. The progress of the colony was slow until the outbreak of the gold excite ment in 1858, when the country was swarmed with adventurers of all nationalities in search of the precious metal. It was then that Mr. | nature-the moral and artistic and creative

Douglas showed that the reputation he had faculties, and the powers of observation. gained while governing aborigines was not alone attributable to his herculcan strength or extraordinary courage. His ability to preserve order and enforce strict obedience to the law was equally apparent whether governing Indians or white men, and his eminent services to the country were recognized by his Sovereign and rewarded by the bestowal of the distinctive honour, first of Commander of the Bath, and on his retirement from the gubernatorial office, of the distinguished honour of Knight Commander of the Bath. Under his administration good roads were built in different parts of the Province, and the government conducted in such an efficient manner as to cause admiration in these degenerate days. The deceased was a man of great natural ability, and possessed a highly cultured and well-regulated mind. He w s eminently successful in performing his gubernatorial functions, and not even his strongest political opponents ever spoke ill of him. Since his retirement from the office of Governor of the Province in 1864, when he was succeeded by Governor Kennedy, Sir James Douglas has lived a very retired life, never meddling in political matters, except occasionally to give the benefit of his advice and experience to those governing the country. Sir James was seventy-five years of age, and died full of years and respected by

# ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The railway depôt at the Champs-de-Mars, wherein visitors to the Exhibition will alight on arriving and start from when leaving the place y rail, will be very elegant and comfortable in all its appointments. Four distinct tracks will reach the place. There will be room for four trains to start at the same time. Vast waiting rooms for the first and second class passengers will be prepared and furnished in fine style, so that the public may with comfort pass the time they must remain at the depot. The plans of this building were submitted to competent parties, and will be carried out at once.

THE managers of the Porte St. Martin have just received the inclodrama of the Wandering Jew. founded on Eugene Sue's novel. The east is exceptionally strong, Pauline Menier being really grand as Rodin, while pretty Celine Montaland is a very dream of beauty and jollity as the Queen Bacchanal. One of the most impertant personages of the piece is the real and veritable fat ox, who figures in the traditional procossion of the Beaf Gras. He is an immense fellow, whose traditional calm does not seem to be in the least troubled by the applause of the andience, and perfectly gentle and docile withal. The great drawback to these old-fashioned melodramas is their immense length. What would the theatre-going public in America say to a play that began at seven o'clock and ended at one? But the Parisians seem to like it.

THE first new play of the season was produced last Saturday, at the Cymnase. It is entitled Marthe, and is from the pen of Mr. Ohnet, a well-known Parisian journalist. Though his second dramatic venture, it is but a weak affair. showing that the ill-luck of this once charming and popular theatre has not been wholly conjured away by the magic of M. Hennequin, and the brilliant success of *Bélei*. The plot of *Marthe* is at once hackneyed and impossible. Mdme. Aubertin, a young widow, is betrothed to one M. Buvade. Her first husband, by a previous marriage, was the father of two children, a son and a daughter, Jean and Marthe. Marthe falls in love with her stepmother's betrothed : Mdme. Aubertin sacrifices herself for the young girl, and hands over to her rival her own suiter, who does not care two straws for Marthe, but who suffers himself to be disposed of in that summary manner. Certain useless complications, such as a scandal and a duel, arising from M. de Buyade's folly in sneaking into his betrothed's house by the back window when nothing hindered him from ringing the bell and walking in at the front door, saye to spin out the action to the requisite length, and to lend the incidents a touch of forced sensationalism. The play was as well acted as its inherent weakness would permit.

# THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN.

Thou who makest a child happy, art a coworker with God," said the great German. Many a mother is "driven nearly distracted," as she piteously exclaims, by the continuous screaming of her child who, if she seriously set herself about in the right way, to make him happy, would not only be a co-worker with God, be happy herself too.

But she must set herself about the business not only with her native intelligence and motherly instinct, but with a knowledge of the scientific researches of others in the art of making children happy. This is the law of the world. We cannot keep pace with the times in anything unless we take full advantage of our power of availing ourselves of the labours of our predecessors. We cannot storm the citadel of success unless we pass over the bodies of those who have already fallen in the attempt.

Fronbel was the first to investigate the ques tion how best to make children happiest. made the delightful discovery that the greatest amount of happiness was coincident with a very large amount of instruction, and that, too, in struction of the most important parts of child-

too, as well as Froebel, claim to have made a great discovery. It is that the one great natural plaything for children, that keeps them happy longest and without suspension -is clean dirt.

Have we not the old epic and poetic authority for a child being "good as gold a-making dirt-pies in the gutter?" Strangely enough we made the discovery in two entirely different ways deductive and inductive—almost at one and the same time. We argued that sand, being capable of infinite change of form, supplied a never ending source of pleasure to the young, with whom change is, as Euripides says, the great condition of happiness. We argued that the moulding and modelling of dirt satisfied at once the imitative and the creative, yea, the artistic cravings that are so strong in children. And we discovered that, as a matter of fact, children generally, and certain particular children whom we experimented on also, were always good when playing with sand for any length of time and when entirely alone.

On this followed another discovery, made sorrowfully and slowly, that, in no other way will children be happy, for long together, alone. They want some "grown-up" to have a continual motherly eye to them. And, further, they are never so happy as when some refined and sympathising lady of ripe intelligence is playing with them, having unquestioned authority, and yet is one of themselves.

And here we would enter a protest anent the responsibility which mothers incur by hiring ignorant nurses to look after their children. The uneducated girl in her teens is to our certain knowledge (believe it or not) almost always a liar, superstitious, secretly foul-mouthed and thoroughly foul-minded. We know of one innocent-looking nurse-girl who, in three weeks, taught some well-brought-up children to lie, to be immodest and to be afraid to go in the dark. Such is the inevitable awful punishment which Providence keeps always ready for a mother who betrays the most holy and sacred of trusts and shirks her motherly duties.

At the age of four the child may well leave the mother's care to go to a good kindergarten. Any defects in the mother's training will there insensibly correct themselves. He will there be kept happy by three things, studies and games and

The natural studies of a kindergarten are, of course, reading, writing and arithmetic. "Pleas-These are not pleasant in ant are toils past." the acquisition of them, but the source of infinite pleasure and profit, of course, when acquired. "I do so love my school," said my kindergarten daughter to me, "all except the lessons." But the lessons are more endurable at any rate, if not interesting, by gratifying three out of the eight natural desires—the desire that is of Approbation, of Excelling others and of Acquiring (the amove habendi) through a system of good marks and reward cards.

The kindergarten games gratify the "Appetite" for Exercise, the subsequent studies gratifying that for Rest. They gratify also the "Desire to Imitate, and the accompanying object lessons gratify the "Desire" of Knowledge. The five games to train the five senses gratify the occupation of these "cinque ports," whence we sail on voyages of discovery over the vast sea of knowledge.

Certainly we have never seen children so deeply and intelligently happy as over these kindergarten games. And, indeed, an "hour of such happiness is worth ages of" the otherwise "wondering bliss" of childhood.

It is, however, the kindergarten "works"

.r., sedentary games) which are the least known and the most effective.

They gratify the imitative, the creative and the artistic eravings. They make the hand dexterous and the fingers natty. They will keep a child amused and instructed for an hour together without moving from or fidgetting on his seat or worrying mamma or nurse.

They also gratify the highest craving of all in child-nature, that of showing love, for the kindergarten child is found at a word to delight to give away the pretty object which he is so delighted to have made. Brockville.

GERMAN STAFF OFFICERS AND THE WAR. A Berlin correspondent writes that the diligence and circumspection of the German Staff-office are prominently displayed in the present war. Day after day all the more important German, Austrian, English, Russian, and Turkish journals are read, compared, and, so to speak, boiled down to facts under the direction of Field-Marshal von Moltke and his assistants. In order to do the work thoroughly the theatre of war has been divided into sections, each section being allotted to one or several officers, who watch and criticize the operations as far as the intelligence received permits. At the close of the war the daily summaries, based upon reports of the officers, will supply the material for a comprehen-

DE GARDEN OF EDEN .-- "Allus blow'n' about de wah in Europe whenever I comes around heah," remarked Brother Gardner, yesterday, to a colored crowd on the benches at the Central Market.

sive history.

"The exhaustive test of a child's "Affections, Desires and Appetites" referred to, we adopt from Emberson's Art of Teaching, page 52. They are: Phree affections, viz.: Love to God, man, and things. Eight Desires, viz., of ille, knowledge, notice, initation, retaliation, hearting, flighting and money. Seven appealies, viz., hunger, thirst, love, exercise, vest, shelter and clothes.

"It's a big wan and I likes to keep posted," replied one who had been reading the news to the rest.

"Charles Henry, look dis way for an hour or so," said the old man as he put down his white-wash brush. Now den, whar was de Garden ob Eden ?"

"Woosh? what I know 'bout dat gard en? "Dar it ani—dar it am, Charles Henry!" exclaimed the old man, as he wiped his hald head on his coat-sleeve. "Here you is, whoopin" aroun' 'bout de Russian wah, an' all dat, when you doan' know nuffin 'bout de history ob your own State! Dat's de way wid lot's o' folks. Dey'll make de biggest kind o' fass bout Europe, when, fur all dey know, some of de watermelons which growed in de Carden of Eden kin be picked in de fence corners not six miles from dis market—purwided de night am dark 'noif'."

A New IDEA IN TEACHING .- An enterprising young teacher in Pennsylvania has introduced a new and brilliant feature in her school exercises. It consists of a discussion of the news of the day between the pupils and the teacher, the first half-hour of the morning being devoted to that exercise. The words, "The Bulletin," are drawn on the black boards in large German text-letters, and immediately below, in newspaper style, are head lines similar to those employed by daily papers in giving the points of the most important news, and then each head-line is taken up by the school, and a general interchange of views takes place between the teacher and pupils. Every month the editorship of the paper is assumed by different scholars. It is the editor's duty to examine the daily papers every morning, and to write down on the black-board, before school hours, the points for discussion, to give a head-line resume of the news of the day, as it were, and if the editor exhibits capacity for the work entrusted to him, he is often re-elected to his high position. The exercise is regarded as a part of the regular exercises, and its value is beyond description.

## ARTISTIC.

MESSES, AGNEW are once more offering a reward of  $\mathbf{E}1,000$  for the missing Gainsborough stoles some fifteen months ago.

Dr. Schliemann will exhibit at South Kensington his splendid collection of autiquities discovered on the supposed site of Troy.

ERNEST LONGFELLOW, a son of the poet, is a promising painter, and has recently sent from Imly a view of Cannes on the Mediterranean, which is described as very fine.

The new cast from spire of the cathedral of Rouen has just been completed; it has a height of 402 feet, and is the most elevated monument in the world.

Mr. CHALONER SMITH has completed his long-expected catalogue of British mezzotinte portraits the work on which he has been engaged for upwards of twenty years.

MISS THOMPSON, the English artist, will realize \$90,000 from her latest battle picture, which she has sold to the Fine Art Society, for engraving. Her next effort will be a recruiting seeme in England and will propably be called "Taking the Queen's Shilling."

EMERSON has not made from his remarkable EMERSON has not made from his remarkatore fittle volumes over \$20,000. He has gained nearly as much more by lecturing; and yet by excellent manage-ment, which one might not expect from the high idealist, and by a serene philosophy of a practical sort, he con-tinues to live on his small property.

THE Louvre has recently acquired a fine drawing of a portrait of a man said to be by Albrecht Inter; also two or three pictures of the forman and Figurish schools. One of these is dated 1520, and signed r ismissi schools. The or mass is another issue and was given to the museum by M. Gossart of Valenciennes. None of these works have as yet been catalogued.

MILE. SARAH BEKNHAMPT is occupying her convalescence modelling a group of Nubians—at present passing through Paris—for exhibition next year. The distinguished sculptress has only one fault, that of breaking her handiwork it she accidentally falls into a lowering passion,

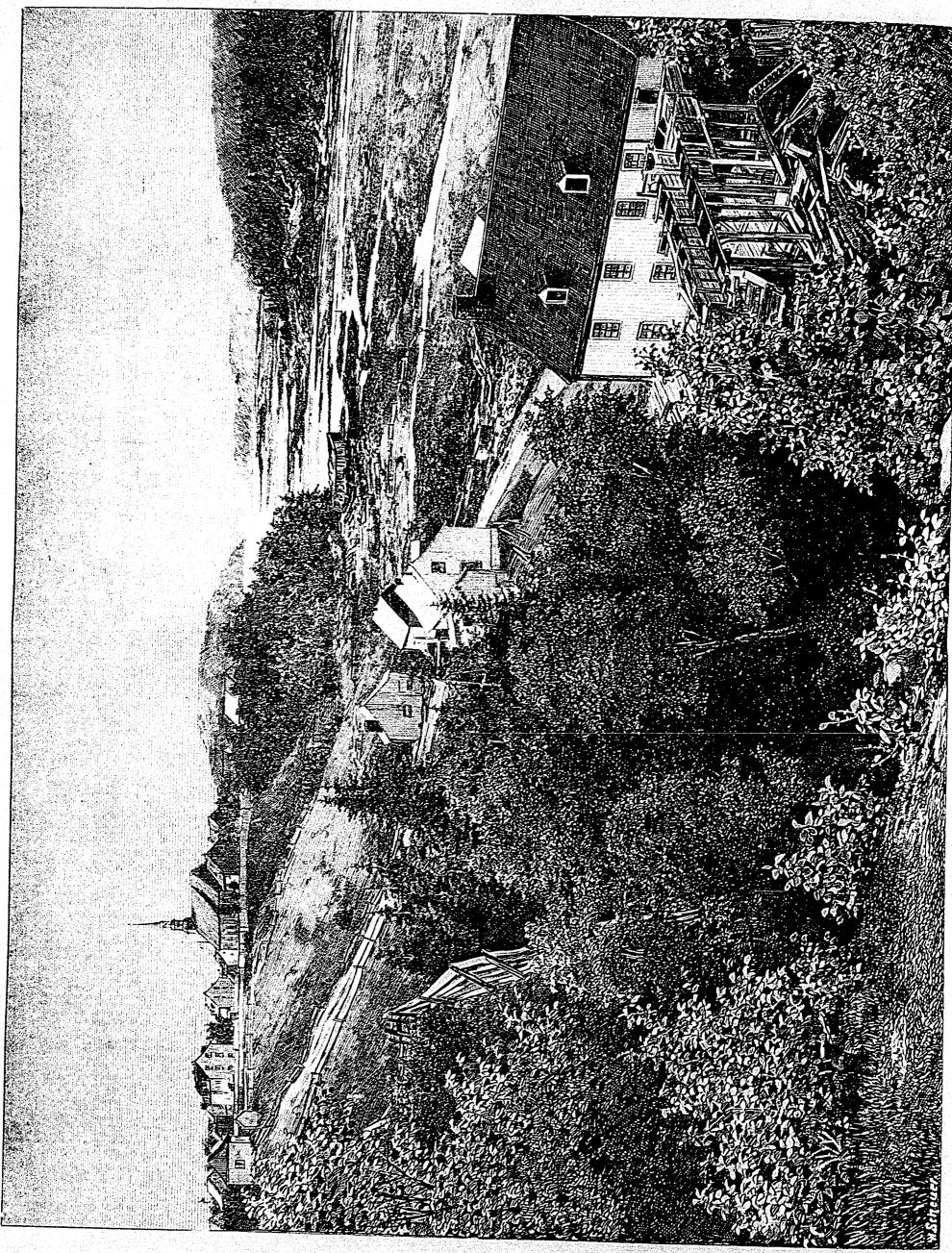
ALMA TADEMA is ongaged on a trio of small ALORA LAPIDIA IS engaged on a UTO 61 SHAII pictures illustrating painting, architecture, and sculpture. A nude model sitting to two artists in a Roman studio represents painting. The curvas devoted to sculpture is filled by a colossal head of Zens. In architecture the architect himself holds the chief place.

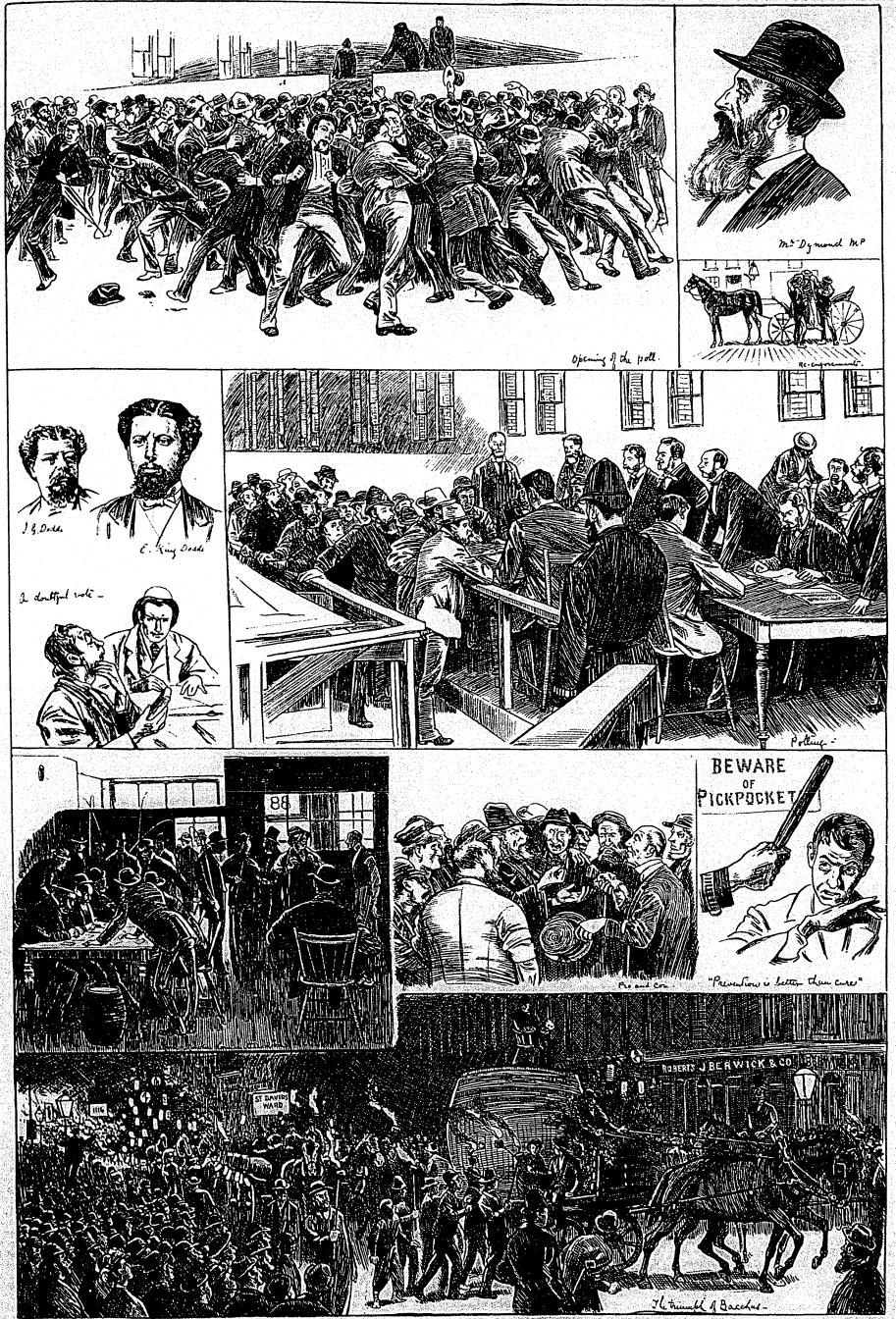
A FRENCH chemist is said to have succeeded in producing a paint with which to illuminate the numbers of street doors at night. Figures traced with it shine so as to be read through the most profound darkness; and the preparation of the compound is said to be simple, inexpensive, and not injurious.

THE Babylonian and other jewels abstracted THE Habylonian and office jeweis abstracted some months ago from the cases of the British Museum have found their way to more than one or two places on the Continent. There are altogether about thirty specimens missing from the British Museum, and there are at present distributed chiefly in Holland, at Brusseis, and at Paris. Although they have for the most part been truced, their recovery is not a perfectly simple process, and difficulties are started by the present holders when the subject of restitution to their legitimate owners is proposed. nate owners is proposed.

A discovery of a very interesting nature to A DISCOVERY Of a very interesting hattire to archaeologists has just been made at Preston, the mortaern subarb of Brighton, namely, the remains of a Roman villa. These were brought to light during the progress of excavation for building purposes, and were found at a depth of between two and three fest from the surface. They consist principally of a quantity of mosale pavement, several large portions of which have been preserved intnot; many fragments of pottery, of good workmanship; and a number of brouze and copper coins not yet classified. Aj small vise of reddish colour was found unbroken.

Messes. Lomband & Co., the photographic MESSIS. LOMBARDA CO., the photographic artists, of Pall Mail East and Brighton, have invented a new process of reproducing oil paintings, which is likely to exercise a considerable influence upon the study of art, while it will tend in an extraordinary degree to hower the cost of really fine copies of the works of great massers. The exact nature of the process is at present a secret, but it is understood that the first stage in the a secret, but it is understood that the first stage it mew art is a simple photographic negative from the original painting. The process, however, is necessarily only mechanical to a certain extent, as is manifest arone from the skilfal initiation of colour and the success with which the tone of the original work is generally preserved.





TORONTO. -SCENES DURING AND AFTER THE MEMORABLE VOTE ON THE DUNKIN ACT. -FROM SKETCHES BY W. CRUICKSHANKS.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED FOR THE DOMINION.]

# BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY,". "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY." &c.

CHAPTER III.

VICTORY ROW.

Mrs. Jeram was a weekly tenant in one of a row of small four-roomed houses known as Victory Row, which led out of Nelson street, was a broad blind court, bounded on one side and at the end by the Dockyard wall. It was not a dirty and confined court, but quite the reverse, being large, clean and a very Cathedral Close for quietness. The wall, built of a warm red brick, had a broad and sloping top, on which grew wall-flowers, long grasses, and stonecrop; overhanging the wall was a row of great elms, in the branches of which there was a rockery, so that all day long you could listen if you wished to the talk of the rocks. Now this is never querulous, angry, or argumentive. The rook does not combat an adversary's opinion: he merely states his own; if the other one does not agree with him he states it again, but without temper. If you watch them and listen you will come to the conclusion that they are not theorists, like poor humans, but simple investi gators of fact. It has a restful sound, the talk of rooks: you listen in the early morning, and they assist your sleeping half dream without waking you; or in the evening they carry your imagination away to woods and sweet country glades. They have cut down the elms now, and driven the rooks to find another shelter. Very likely, in their desire to sweep away everything that is pretty, they have torn the wall-flowers and grasses off the wall as well. And if these are gone, no doubt Victory Row has lost its only charm. If I were to visit it now, I should probably find it squalid and mean. The eating of the tree of knowledge so often make things that once we loved look

But to childhood nothing is unlovely in which the imagination can light upon something to feed it. It is the blessed province of all children, high and low, to find themselves at the gates of Paradise, and quite certainly Tom the Piper's son, sitting under a hedge with a raw potatoe for playing, is every bit as happy as a little Prince of Wales. The possibilities of the world which opens out before us are infinite; while the glories of the world we have left behind are still clinging to the brain and shed a supernatural colouring on everything. At six, it is enough to live: to awake in the morning to the joy of another day; to eat, sleep, play and wonder; to revel in the vanities of child-hood; to wanton in make-believe superiority; to admire the deeds of bigger children: to emulate them, like Icarus: and too often, like that greatly daring youth, to fall. Try to remember if you can something of the mountains. if you can something of the mental attitude of childhood; recall, if you may, some of the long thoughts of early days. To begin with, God was quite close to you; up among the stars. He was seated somewhere, ready to give you whatever you wanted; everybody was a friend, and everybody was occupied all day long about your personal concerns; you had not yet arrived at the boyishness of forming plans for the future. You were still engaged in imitating, exercising, wondering. Every man was a demigod—you had not yet arrived at the consciousness that you might become yourself a man; the resources of a woman-to whom belong bread, butter, sugar, cake, and jam—were unbounded; everything that you saw was full of strange and mysterious interest. You had not earned to sneer, to criticise, to compare,

and to down-cry.

Mrs. Jeram's house, therefore, in my eyes contained everything that heart of man could crave for. The green-painted door opened into a room which was at once reception room, diuing-room, and kitchen; furnished, too, though that I did not know, in anticipation of the present fashion, having plates of blue and white china stuck round the walls. The walls were built of that warm red brick which time covers with a coating of grey-like moss. You find it everywhere among the old houses of the south of England, but I suppose the clay is all used up, because I see none of it, in the new

We were quite respectable people in Victory Row. Of that I am quite sure, because Mrs. Jeram would have made the place much too lively by the power and persistance of her tongue for other than respectable people. We were seafaring folk, of course; and in every house was something strange from foreign parts To this day I never see anything new in London shops or in museums without a backward rush of associations which lands me once more in Victory Row. For the sailors' wives had all these things long ago, before inland people ever heard of them. There were Japanese cabinets heard of them. There were Japanese cabinets picked up in Chinese ports long before Japan There was curious carved wood and was open. There was curious carved wood and ivory from Canton. These things were got during the Chinese war; and there was a publichouse in a street hard by which was decorated,

graceful stampede, while Jack Tar, running after them, caught hold of their pigtails with the left hand, and deftly cut off their heads with the right, administering at the same time a frolicsome kick. John Chinaman's legs were generally both off the ground together, such was his fear; then there were carved ostrich eggs; wonderful things from the Brazils in fea-thers; frail delicacies in coral from the Philip-pines known as Venus' flower baskets; grew-some looking cases from the West Indies containing centipedes, scorpions, beetles, and tar antulas; small turtle shells, dried flying fish which came out in moist exudations during we weather and smelt like haddock; shells of all kinds, big and little, clubs, tomahawks, and other queer weapons carved in wood from the Pacific; stuffed humming birds and birds of Paradise. There were live birds, too; avvadavats, Java sparrows, love birds, parroquets, and parrots in plenty. There was one parrot, at the corner house, who affected the ways of one suffering from incurable consumption—he was considered intensely approach by this large and was considered intensely comic by children and persons of strong stomach and small imagination; there were parrots who came, stayed a lit-tle while, and were then taken away and sold, who spoke foreign tongues with amazing volu bility, who swore worse than Gresset's Vert Vert, and who whistled as beautifully as a boatswain—the same airs too. The specimens which belonged to art or inanimate nature were ranged upon a table at the window. They gen erally stood or were grouped around a large Bible, which it was a point of ceremonial to have in the house. The live birds were hung out-side in sunny weather, all except the parrot with the perpetual cold, who walked up and down the court by himself and coughed. The streets surrounding us were, like our own, principally inhabited by mariners and their families, and presented similiar characteristics, so that one moved about in a great museum open for general inspection during daylight, and free for all the world. Certain I am, that if all the rare and curious things displayed in these windows had been collected and preserved the town would have had a most characteristic and removable property of its arrangements. markable museum of its own.

Victory Row is the very earliest place that I remember. How I got there, the dangers to which I was exposed in infancy, the wild tragedy which robbed me of both parents,—these things I was to learn later on, because I remembered nothing of them. I was in Mrs. Jeram's house with three other boys. There was Jem, the oldest. His surname was Hex, and as it was pronounced without the aspirate 1 thought, when I had learned the alphabet, that to be named after one of the letters was a singular distinction, and most enviable. Jem was a big boy, a good-natured, silent lad, who spent all his time on the beach among the sailors. Moses came next. I never knew Moses' surname. He was a surly and ill-conditioned boy. Leonard Couleston, the third, was was pronounced without the aspirate I thought, tioned boy. Leonard Copleston, the third, was my protector and friend. The day, so far as I can recollect, always began with a fight between Leonard and Moses. Later on, towards dinner-time, there would be another fight. And the evening never ended without two or more fights. From my indistinct recollection of this period I fancy that whenever Leonard and Moses came within a few yards of each other, they as naturally rushed into battle as a Russian and Turk. And the only good point about Moses was that he was always ready to renew the battle. For he hated Leonard; I suppose because Leonard was as handsome, bright, and clever, as he was ugly, lowering and stupid.

Naturally, at the age of five one does not inquire into antecedents of people. So that it was much later when I learned the circumstances under which we four boys were collected beneath one roof. They were characteristic of the place. The paternal Moses, returning from a three years cruise in the Mediterranean, discovered that his wife, a lady of fickle disposition, had deserted. In other words, she was gone away, leaving a message for her husband to the effect that little Moses, the pledge of their affections, and his curious collection of china brought from foreign parts would between them console him for her loss. So he put the boy under the charge of Mrs. Jeram, gave her a sum of money for the child's maintenance until he came back again; smashed the crockery in a rage; wept but little, if at all, for his ruined household gods; went away and never came back any more. Jem Hex, on the other hand, was the son of a real widower, also a Royal navy man, and he was left with Mrs. Jeram to be taken care of under much the same circumstances except that he was regularly paid for. As for Leonard, you will hear about him presently. In one respect he was worse off than any of us, because we had friends and he had none. There was, for instance, an aunt belonging to Moses who came to house in a street nard by which was decorated, instead of a red window-blind, like other such establishments, with a splendid picture representing some of the episodes in that struggle. All the Chinese were running away in a distinction of the certainly did; perhaps because she felt sure he deserved it, as he certainly did; perhaps because she thought it a thing due to her own dignity as the see him about once a month. In the course of the

boy's only relative. She wore a dress, the splendour of whose original black colour was marred by patches of brown snuff lying in the creases. She was a stiff and stately dame of forbidding appearance, and manners which were conventional. Thus, she always began the conversa-tion, before she caned Moses, by remarking, even in August, that the weather was "raw." The monthly caning was the only thing, I know now, that she ever contributed towards the maintenance and education of her nephew. Jem Hex had plenty of uncles and other relations. One was a harbour boatman, a jolly old man who had been in the wars; one was a dockyard foreman, and one was a ship carpenter. They used to drop into Victory Row for a talk on Sunday afternoons when the weather was warm.

I used to envy Jem his superior position in

the world and his family connections.

I had friends, too, in plenty, but they were of a different kind. Not rich to begin with—not holders of official rank, and unconnected in any way with the Royal Navy, and, which stamped them at once as objects of pity and contempt, they were unable to speak the English tongue except with difficulty. They were big and They were big and bearded men; they had scars on their faces, and went sometimes maim and halt; they were tru-culent of aspect, but kindly of eye. When they culent of aspect, but kindly of eye. came into our court they took me up gently, carried me about, kissed me, and generally brought me some little simple gift, such as an

Somehow or other I learned that these friends of mine were Poles, and that they had a great barrack all to themselves, close to the walls, whither I used to be sometimes carried. It was a narrow building, built of black tarred wood, with windows at both sides, so that you saw the light quite through the house.

It stood just under the walls, almost in the shade of the great elms. Within it were up-wards of a hundred Poles, living chiefly on the tenpence a day which the English Government these poor follows found means by clubbing together to pay Mrs. Jerain, week by week, for my support. They went hungry that 1 might eat and thrive; they came every day, some of them, to see that I was well cared for. They took me to see that I was well cared for. They took me to their barrack, and made me their pet and plaything; there was nothing they were not ready to do for me, because I was the child of Roman Pulaski and Claudia his wife.

The one who came oftenest, stayed the longest

and seemed in an especial manner to be my guardian, was a man who was grey when I first remember him. He had long hair and a full grey beard. There was a great red gash in his cheek, which turned white when he grew excited or was moved. He limped with one foot because some Russian musket ball had struck him in the heel; and he had singularly deep-set eyes, with heavy eyebrows. I have never seen anything like the sorrowfulness of Wassielewski's eyes. Other Poles had reason for sorrow. They were all exiles together, they were separated from their families without a hope that the terrible Nicholas, who hated a rebel Pole with all the strength of his autocratic hatred, would ever let them return; they were all in poverty, but these men looked happy. Wassielewski alone these men looked happy. Wassielewski alone never smiled, and carried always that low light of melancholy in his eyes, as if not only the past was sad, but the future was charged with more sorrow. On one day in the year he brought me immortelles, tied with a black ribbon. He told me they were in memory of my father, Roman Pulaski, now dead and in heaven, and of my mother, also dead, and now sitting among the saints and martyrs. I used to wonder at those times to see the eyes which rested on me so tenderly melt and fill with tears.

Three or four days in the week, sometimes every day, Mrs. Jeram went out charing. As she frequently came home bearing with her a scent of soapsuds, and having her hands creased and fingers supernaturally white, it is fair to suppose that the went out reching the supersection. suppose that she went out washing at eighteen-pence a day. Something, indeed, it was necessary to do so, with four hungry boys to keep, only of whom paid anything for their daily bread. and Mrs. Jeram—she was a hard-featured woman with a resolute face—must have been possessed of more than the usual share of Christian charity to keep Moses in her house at all, even as a paying boarder, much less as one who ate and drank ing coarder, much less as one who are and draink largely, and brought to the house nothing at all but discord and ill-temper. And besides the food to provide, with some kind of clothing, there was always "Tenderart," who called every Monday morning.

He was the owner of the houses in the Row, and he came for his rent. His name was Barnfather, and the appellation of Tenderart, a com-pound illustrating the law of phonetic decay, derived from the two words tender heart, was bestowed upon him by reason of the uncompromising hardness of heart, worse than that of any Pharaoh, with which he encountered, as sometimes happened, any deficiency in the weekly rent. Behind him—the tool of his uncomprising rigour-walked a man with a blanket, a man whose face was wooden. If the rent was not paid that man opened his blanket, and wrapped it round some article of household furniture,

objects in every house, in every street, something from far-off lands, talk to be heard of foreign ports and by-gone battles, the poor Poles in their bare and gaunt barracks, and then the place itself. I have spoken of the rookery be-yond the flower-grown Dockyard wall. But beyond the rookery was the Dockyard itself, quiet and orderly, which I could see from the upper window of the house. There was the Long Row, where resided the Heads of Departments; the Short Row, in which lived functionaries of lower rank-I believe the two Rows do not know each other in society; there was the great Reservoir, supported on tall and spidery legs, beneath which stood piles of wood cut and dressed, and stacked for use; there was the Rope Walk, a quarter of a mile long, in which I knew walked incessantly up and down the workmen who turned hanks of varn into strong cables smelling of fresh tar; there were the buildings where other workmen made blocks, bent beams, shaped all the parts of ships; there were the great places where they made and repaired mahinery; there were the sheds themselves, where the mighty ships grew slowly day by day, miracles of man's constructive skill, in the dim twilight of their wooden cradles; there was a pool of sea water, in which lay timber to be seasoned, and sometimes I saw boys paddling up and down in it; there was always the busy crowd of officers and sailors going up and down, some of them godlike, with cocked hats, epaulettes,

and swords.

And, all day long, never ceasing, the busy sound of the Yard. To strangers and visitors in When was just a confused and deafening noise. When you got to know it you distinguished half-adozen distinct sounds which made up that inharmonious and yet not unpleasing whole. There was the chatter of the caulkers' mallets, which never ceased their tap, tap, tap, until you got used to the regular beat, and felt it no more than you felt the beating of your pulse. But it tenpence a day which the English Government allowed them for their support, with this barnlike structure to house them. They were desperately poor, all of them living mostly on bread and frugal cabbage soup. Out of their poverty, out of their tenpence a day, some of these poor follows found means by clubbing to from the boiler-makers' shop. That might be likened, by a stretch of fancy, to the crowing of cocks in a farmyard. Then, all by itself, came a heavy thud which made the earth tremble, echoed all around, and silenced for a moment everything else. It came from the Nasmyth steam hammer; and always, running through all, and yet distinct, the r-r-r of the machinery, like the rustling of the leaves in the wind. Of course I say nothing about salutes, because every day a salute of some kind was thundering, and rolling about the air as the ships came and went, each as tenacious of her

number of guns as an Indian Rajah.

Beyond the Dockyard—you could not see it, but you felt it, and knew that it was there was the broad blue lake of the harbour crowded with old ships sacred so the memory of a hundred fights, lying in stately idlesse, waiting for the fiat of some ignorant and meddling First Lord ordering them to be broken up. As if it anything short of wickedness to break up any single ship which had fought the country's battles and won her victories, until the tooth of time, aided by barnacles, shall have rendered it impossible for her to keep aftert any lorger.

impossible for her to keep alloat any longer.
When the last bell rang at six o'clock, and the workmen went away, all became quiet in the Dockyard. A great stillness became suddenly, and reigned there till the morning, unbroken save by the rooks which cawed in the elms, and the clock which struck the hours. And then one had to fall back on the less imaginative noises of Victory Row, where the parrot coughed, and the grass widows gathered together, talking and disputing in shrill concert, and Leonard fought Moses before going to bed, not without some din of battle.

# CHAPTER XVI.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Recollections of childhood are vague as a whole, but vivid in episodes. The days pass away, and leave no footprints on the sands one being like another. And then one comes, bringing with it a trival incident, which somehow catches hold of the childish imagination, and so lives forever. There are two or three of these in my memory.

It is a sunshiny day, and as the rooks are cawing all day in the elms, it must be spring. Sitting on the doorstep of Mrs. Jeram's, I am only conscious of the harmonious blending of sounds from the Dockyard. Victory Row is quiet, save for the consumptive parrot who walks in the shade of the wall coughing heavily as if it was one of his worst days, and he had got a bronchial asthma on the top of his other complaints. With me is Leonard, dancing on of his pulse, enough for him. Jem and Moses are always on the beuch. I suppose, but I am not certain, that it is afternoon. And the reason why I suppose so is that the Row is quiet. at all but the beating The morning was more noisy on account of the multifarious house duties which had to be got through. We hear a step which we know well, a heavy and lingering step, which comes slowly a neavy and lingering step, which comes slowly along the pavement, and presently bears round the corner its owner, Wassielewski. Leonard stops dancing. Wassielewski pats his curly head. I hold up my arms; he catches me up and kisses me, while I bury my face in his big beard. Then he puts me down again, lays sside the violin which he carries in one hand (it is by this instrument that Wassielewski agree a band this instrument that Wassielewski earns a hand-

THE PARTY OF THE P

some addition to the daily tenpence, and in fact pays half my weekly allowance), seeks in his coat pocket for an orange. He does all this very gravely without smiling, only looking depths of care and love almost paternal out of his deepset eyes. While Leonard holds the orange he places the violin in my hands. Ah! what joy even to draw the bow across the strings, though my arms are not long enough yet to hold the instrlument properly. Somehow this rugged old soldier taught me to feel music, and the rapture of producing music, before my fingers could handle notes or my hands could hold a bow. He leaves the orange for Leonard and myself, and dissapears. Moses returns unexpectedly, and demands a share. There is a fight.

Or it is another visitor, the Captain. He wears his blue frock-coat with brass buttons and white ducks; he carries his hands beside him, and a stick in them, which drags at his heels as he walks. We do not see him till he is with us. We look up, and he beams upon us, smiling all

over his rosy face. "How is the little Pole?" asks the kindly Captain, shaking hands with us. "How is the

other young rascal?"

I have a distinct recollection once of his eye wandering in the direction of our boots, which were certainly going, if not altogether gone, both soles and heels. And I remember that he shook his head. Also that in the evening shook his head. Also that in the evening new boots came for both of us. And that Mrs. Jeram said nodding her head, that he -meaning perhaps the Captain -was a good man.

Another recollection.

I am, somehow or other, in a street by myself. How I got there, what I proposed to my self when I set out on my journey, I cannot tell. But I was lost in the streets of the old scaport town. I was walking along the pavement feeling a good deal frightened, and wondering how I was to get back to Victory Row, or even to the Pole's Barrack, when I became aware of a long procession, consisting of sailors marching, every man with a fully on his arm, two and two, along the middle of the street, singing as they went. They were long ourls, these jolly tars, shining with grease, hanging down on elther side below, or rather in front of, their hats. Curls were the fashion in those days. There were about thirty men in this rollicking train. At their head, limping along very fast, marched my poor old friend Wassielewski, his grave face and melancholy eye a contrast to the careless and jovial crew who followed him: He was fiddling as he went one of those lively tunes that sailors love, a tune which put their legs asdancing and pours quicksilver into their teet. Some of them indeed, were caperling along the line, unable to wait till the "crib" was reached. Also, down the street, I saw another exactly similar procession. How was I to know that the Royal Frederick had been paid off that morning, and that a thousand dack Tars were all together chucking away the money in a few days which it had taken them three years to earn to the old Poly would get some share of it, however, for that was the way in which he earned the money which mostly mostly came to me.

He spied me presently standing alone on the kerbstone, and handing the fiddle to one of the men, harried across the road and took nie in

" Ladislas !" he said, with his quaint foreign accent. "What are you doing here! Why are you not at home?"

"Bring him over, Fiddler Ben," cried one of the men. "I'll carry the little chap. Lord! what's one boy! I've had a dozen of 'em at home, somewheres. Now the, messmates Strike up, Fiddler Ben. With a will, my

lad."
"It is the son of my old master and lord." began Wassielewski, holding me in his arms

helplesely, Bring along his lordship," then, said the "I'll carry the noble heatl."

The Pole resumed the fiddle with a sigh, and took up his place as band and bandmaster in

Uncommon light in the arms is the noble

duke. Many a fo'k'sle kid'ud weigh more. Poll our'n 'ud weigh twice as much. Come up, yer Ryal Highness.

I suppose I must have been a very small boy, even for a five years' old child. But the man carried me tenderly, as sailors always do. We came to a public house; that one with the picture outside of it of the Chinese war. There of hall within it end of which Wassielewski took his place and began to fiddle again. Dancing then set in, though it was still early in the morning, with great severity. With dancing, drink, With both, songs; with all three, Wassielewski's fiddle. I suppose it was the commencement of a drunken orgie, and that the whole thing was disgraceful. Remember, however, that it was more than thirty years ago, when the navy still retained its old traditions. Foremost among these was the tradition that being ashore meant drink as long as the money lasted. It sometimes lasted a week, or even a fortnight, and was sometimes got through in a day or two. There were harpies and pirates in every house which was open to dack. Jack, indeed, was cheated wherever he went. Affoat he was robbed by the purser; he was ill-fed and found, the Government paying for good food and good stores; contractors and purveyors combined with the purser to defraud him. Ashore, he was horribly, shamefully cheated and robbed when he was paid off by a Navy bill, and fell into the hands of the pay agents. He was a like porpoises; of boat expeditions up silent than Leonard, dressed in the most becoming

rough-hided ruffian who could fight, had seen enty of fighting, was tolerably inured to every cind of climate, and ready to laugh at any kind of danger except, perhaps, Yellow Jack. He was also tender-hearted and sentimental. Sometimes he was away for five years at a stretch, and, if his Captain chose to make it so, his life was a dog's life. Floggings were frequent; rum was the reward of good conduct; there were no Sailors Homes, none of the many humanising influences which have made the British sailor the quiet decorous creature, generally a tectotaller, and often inclined to a Methodist way of thinking in religion, half soldier, half sailor that he is at present.

It was an orgie, I suppose, at which no child should have been present. Fortunately at halfpast twelve, the laudlord piped all hands to dinner, and Wassielewski carried me away. would return after dinner to play on and on till night fell, and there was no one left to stand Then Wassielewski would put the fieldle away in its case, and go back to the barrack, where he sat in silence, and brooded. The other Poles smoked and talked, but this me held himself apart. He was an Irreconcil-

rable, and he refused to accept defeat. One more scene The Common Hard, which is still, after all the modern changes, a street with a distinct character of its own. The houses still look out abon the bright and busy harbour, though there is now a railway terminus and an ugly pier; though steam launches run across the water and though there are telegraph posts, cabs, and omnibuses, all the outward signs civilization. But thirty years ago it was a place which seemed to belong to the previous century. There were no great houses and handsome shops, but in their place, a picturesque row of irregular vottages, no two of which were exactly alike, but which resembled each other in certain particulars. They were two-storied houses; the upper story was very low, the ground floor was below the level of the street. I do not know I do not know why, but the fact remains that in my town the ground floors of all the old houses were below the level of the pavement. You had to stoop, if you were tall, to get into the doorway, and then, unless you were experienced, you generally fell headlong down a step of a foot or so. Unless the houses were shops they had only one window below and one above, because the tax on windows oldiged people to economise their hight. The roofs were of red tiles, high-pitched and generally broken-backed; stone-erop and house-leek grew upon them. The Hard exhouse-lock grew upon them. The Hard existed then only for the sailors. There were one or two jewellers who bought as well as sold; many public-houses; and a plentiful supply of rascally pay-agents. That side had little interest for boys. In old times the high tide had washed right up to the foot of these houses which then stood upon the beach itself. But they built a stone wall, which kept back the water, and allowed a road to be made, protects ed by an iron railing. An open space gave access to what was called the "beach," being a narrow spit of land, along wich were ranged on sither side the wherries of the beatmen. A wooden bench was placed along the iron railing near the beach, on which sat every day and all day long old sailors, in a row. It was their club, their daily rendezvous, the place where they discussed old battles, smoked pipes, and lamented bygone days. They never seemed to walk about or to care much where they sat still and sat steadily, in hot weather and in cold. The oidest thing about this line of vet-erans was that they all seemed to have wooden legs. There was, or there exists in my memory, which is the same thing, a row of wooden pegs which did duty for the lost legs, sticking out straight in front of the bench when they were on it. The effect of this was very remark-Some, of course, had lost other outlying bits of the human frame: a hand, the place supplied by a book, like that of Cap'en Cuttle, whose acquaintance I formed later on ; a whole arm, its absence marked by the empty sleeve ewn to the front of the jersey ; and there were sears in plenty. Like my friends, the Poles, these heroes had gained their sears and lost their limbs in action. Thirty years ago we were only a quarter of a century or so from the long and mighty struggle which lasted for a whole generation, and tilled this scaport town with or sailed in, the Union Jack flying at the peak, | yielding and uncertain ground. the original crew safe under hatches, in com-mand of a middy and half-a-dozen British sailors told off to take her home. They talked these old grizzle heads, of tights and convoys, and perilous times affect. I sat among them, or stood in front of them, and listened. Child as I was, my little heart glowed to hear how yardarm to yardarm, they lay alongside the Frenchman; how a dozen times over the plucky little French beggars tried to board them; how she sheered of at last, and they tollowed, raking her fore and aft; how she suddenly broke out into flame, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," blew up with all that was left of a thousand men aboard; with merry yarns of Chinese pigtails, made to be pulled by the British sailor, and niggers of Jamaica, and Dutchmen at the Cape. Also, what stories of slavers, of catching American skippers in the very act of clineking the niggers overboard, of cutting out Arab dhows, of sailing in picturesque wa-

ters where the natives swim about in the deep

rivers in search of piratical Malays; of lying frozen for months in Arctic regions, long before they thought of calling men heroes for passing a single winter on the ice with every modern appliance for making things comfortable.

Among these old salts was one-of course he had a wooden leg-with a queer, twisted up sort of face. One eye was an independent re volving light, but the other obeyed his will, and once you knew which eye that was, you were pretty safe with him. He had a very profound and melodious bass voice. When I passed he used to growl a greeting which was like the thunder of a distant salute. He never went farther than the greeting, on account of certain family differences, which made us shy of be-coming too intimate. I learned the fact from a curious ceremonial which happened regularly every Saturday night. At eight o'clock, or in summer at nine, Mrs. Jeram drew down her white blind, if it was not already drawn, placed one candle on the table, and herself between the candle and the window. The natural effect of this was to exhibit to the world a profile of herself. She sat bolt upright, and being a thin woman with plenty of bone—though the most kindhearted of all creatures—the portrait thus presented was angular, stiff and uncompromis-

Meanwhile in the street outside sat my friend "timber-toed" Jack-the ancient mariner with the deep voice and revolving eye. He was perched comfortably on a three legged stool, lent by a friend, his remaining limb tucked away snug and ship-shape among the legs of the tripod, and the peg sticking out as usual at right angles to his body. There he sat and smoked a pipe. From time to time he raised his voice, and in an utterance which shook the windows of every house in the Row, he growl-

"Ruchel! Come out and make it up.

There was no answer. Then the neighbours, who always congregated on this occasion, and took an intense interest in the progress of the family jar, murmured a soft chorus of persuasive and honeyed words, meant for Rachel too who was Mrs. Jeram. But she never

"Rachel: 'Twarn't my fault. 'Twas her

was."
"Ah! the artful thing"—this was the chorus ... which well we know them; and thev'll take in tow the best, at times; and a little in drink as well."

No answer again this time, but an angry toss of the head which conveyed to the sillimette

on the blind an expression of incredulity.

After half-an-hour's enjoyment of the pipe he old sailor would noisily beat the ashes. Then we inside the house would hear him once

"Then, Rachel, God bless you, and good night; and bless the boys. And, please the Lord, I'll be here again next Saturday. And

hoping to find you in a forgivin mood. When he was gone, Mrs. Jeram would leave her seat and come to her own chair by the fireplace. But her hands always trembled, and sometimes her eyes were wet. For it was her husband, and she could not make up her mind forgive him the old offence.

This was why, on the Hard, the wooden-legged sailor and I had little or no conversation

One day-I was between eight and nine at the time we were all four on the Logs. Logs were, to begin with, a forbidden place, and, if only on that account, delightful. But also on other accounts. There was a floating pier there, consisting of two or three square-hewn timbers laid alongside of each other between posts stuck at intervals in the mud. They had a tendency to round under the tread of a heavy man, and when that happened, and the heavy man's feet fell in between two logs, it was apt to be bad for those feet. Men-ofwar's boats used to land their officers and crew at the Logs; there was a constant running to and fro of sailors, officers, and harbour boat-Also, on the left-hand side as you went down this rough pile, there was a space of water some acres in extent, in which lay in orderly rows, one beside the other, a whole forest of timbers, waiting for time, the sun and salt water together to season them. And if the logs prosperity, self-satisfaction, and happiness, were apt to turn under the tread of a heavy Oh, for the brave old days when week after man, these timbers would turn under the foot week French, American. Spanish, and Dutch of a light boy. Judge therefore of the joy of prizes were towed into harbour by their victors, running backwards and forwards over their

Leonard, who rejoiced beyond measure to run over the Logs himself, would seldom let me come with him even down the pier, and never over the timbers. On this day, however, we had all four gone down to the very end of the Logs, half-a-dozen ships' boats had touched, landed their men, and gone back again. Jem, the simple and foolish Jem, was gazing in admiration at the sailors, who looked picturesque in their blue shirts, straw bats and shing curls. I even caught Jem in the act of feeling whether his own hair behind the ear would not enrl if twisted between finger and thumb. Moses was sitting straddle-legged on a projecting log, his boots in his hands, and his bare feet and legs lapped by the water. Leonard and I stood on the pier watching. Paesently there came along a man-o war's gig, manned by twelve sailors sitting side by side, rowing their short, deep stroke, without any feathering, but in perfect time. In the stern sat a middy, the very smallest middy I ever saw, no bigger

uniform in the world, and calmly conscious of his importance. He landed, gave a brief order, and strode as manfully as his years would allow down the Logs. As he passed on, his eye rested on Leonard and I saw the latter flush.

When the middy was gone I turned to Leonard and said with the enthusiasm of admiration, Lenny, when I grow up I shall be a middy,

A small thing to say, and, indeed, the grandear of the boy and his power overwhelmed me for a moment, else I ought to have known, at eight years of age, that children living with charwomen on charity are not the stuff out of which officers of the Royal Navy are generally manufactured.

"Ah! yah!" roared Moses, tossing up his

legs. "What are you laughing at?" cried Leonard,

in a rage.
"Ah! yah!" he repeated. "Hunchback! Hunchey in a uniform, with a sword at his side."

I declare that up to that moment I had no more consciousness of being deformed than I had of Hebrew. I suppose that in some dim way I knew that I was differently shaped-smaller than Leonard, that my clothes were not such as he could wear, but not a thought, not a rough suspicion that I was, by reason of this peculiarity, separated from my fellows. Then all of a sudden it burst upon me. Not in its full misery. A hunchback has to grow to manhood before he has drunk the whole of the bitter cup; he has to pass the years of school life when he cannot play like other boys, nor run, nor jump, nor fight like them, when he is either tolerated or pitied. He has to become a young man among young men, to realise that he is not as they are; to look on envying while they rejoice in the strength and beauty of their youth; to hear their talk of girls and sweet looks and love, while all girls look down upon him, he foolishly thinks, with contempt. I did not feel the whole misery at once. I only realised, all of a sudden. that I was disgracie, that the grandeurs which I envied were not for me, that I was to be des-, pised for my misfortune—and I sat down in this sudden misery and cried aloud.

A moment afterwards there was a fight.

as dragged me along in tow. Took prisoner I Leonard and Moses. They fought on the narrow log. Leonard was the pluckier, but Moses was the stronger. The sailors in the gig looked on and laughed, and clapped their hands. Through my shameful tears I only saw half the duel. It was terminated by the fall of both into the water, one on either side the Logs. The water was only two or three feet deep, and they came up, face to face, and driving fists at each other across the eighteen-inch plank. It was Jem who stopped the battle, stepping in between the combatants, and ordering in his rough way that both should get out of the water and fight it out on dry land.

"He called me Hunchback, Leonard," gasped, holding his hand as he ran, wet and

dripping, through the streets.

"Yes, Laddy," he replied. "Yes, Laddy, he's a cub and a cur, and a thickheaded fool. But I'll let him know to-morrow

" And you won't let him call me Hunchey,

Leonard.

Not if I have to fight him all day long, Laddy. So there.

But next day's fight, if it was begun, was never finished, because in the afternoon we both, Leonard and I, walked away with the Captain, ach holding one hand of his, Leonard carrying his stick. And when we got to the Captain's it was explained to us that we were to stay there.

( Fo be continued. )

# MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BUND TOM's gift is rapidly failing him.

THE famous tenor Tamberlick's real name is

CAMILLA Unso has fully organized her comany for the coming season FOUR English opera troupes are said to be on

heir way to this country.

SUNDAY concerts of sacred music in the Lonon concert halls have been positively forbidden.

A NEW opera by Flotow, entitled "Die Musikanten," is expected shortly on the German stage. MISS FANNY DAVENPORT has cancelled her

early engagements on account of the death of her father. She appears first in Toronto. MME. MARIE Ross, whom Strakosch has en-

Titiens repertory, and is an admirable singer in oratorio and ballads. MISS CARLOTTA PATTI, sister of Adelina Patti, is hopelessly ill with a complication of muladie-arising from the diseased hip joint which caused her lameness.

MARK TWAIN and Bret Harte's compound of non-onse, vulgarity and profanity, "Ah Sin," is only gived from utter failure by Parsloe's funny acting of the

THE Cluny Theatre has in preparation a scientific play by M, and Madame Louis Figurer, entitled "Six Parties du Monde." The director intends to spare no expense, and has ordered twelve new scenes and 100 costumes.

# PHOSFOZONE.

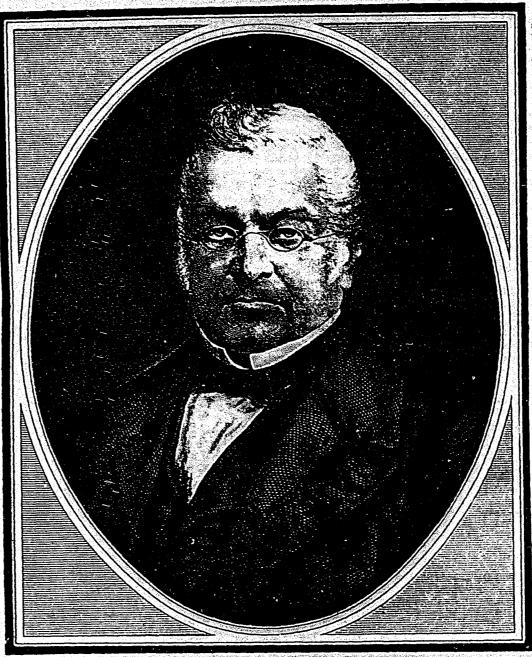
Contains the most valuable com-pounds of Phosphorus and Ozone. Certificates received daily from all quarters

The PHOSPOZONK sells well. It is a favourite tonic with the ladies. JAMES HAWKES, Place d'Armes Drug Store, Montreal. Pamphletsent postage free on application to YANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.

# M. THIERS.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born April 16th, 1797, at Marseilles. Brought up to the study of the law, he early proceeded to Paris, and there endured the hardships which most young men endowed with brains, who seek fame and position in that metr-polis, have to undergo. He because in the control of the proving a position on came a journalist, early securing a position on the staff of the Constitutionnel. His vigorous articles soon attracted attention and opened to him the doors of the most distinguished members of the Opposition, and the most brilliant society of Paris. Living on terms of intimacy with such men as Lafitte, Casimir Perier, the Counte de Flahault, Baron Louis and Talleyrand, all actors in the great Revolution, he enjoyed exceptional facilities for the collection of material by his great work. rial for his great work, L'Histoire de la Révolution Française. This magnificent history at once placed M. Thiers in the very foremost rank of French authorship, and its enormous sale raised him to comparative affluence. He was now enabled to take a responsible position in politics, and became aggressive. He established the Democratic National in 1830, and commenced a bitter war against the Poliguac ministry. His blows were terrible, and so deep was their impression upon the public mind, and so complete the dismay of the Government, that the desperate policy of issuing what have come to be termed "the Ordinances of July" was resolved upon. The consequence was that Louis Phillippe, Duke of Orleans, was elected to the throne by the popular will in place of the incapable Charles X., and Thiers, devoting himself to a public career, became Secretary to the Minister of Finance. The was abstral deputer the Minister of Finance. He was elected deputy for the town of Aix, and took his seat in the Chamber, in which he was destined to become a great power. He was a minister in the Soult Cabinet from 1832 till 1836, when he passed into Opposition. He was called to the Premiership in 1840, and initiated an offensive policy toward Great Britain and nearly embroiled the two countries in war. Louis Phillippe was forced to dismiss his Prime Minister in order to avoid a struggle which, in view of the alarmed avoid a struggie which, in view of the alarment condition of the Coutinental powers, would have involved France in an awful war. Then Thiers returned to his historical studies and devoted himself to his great Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire. This occupied him 15 years.

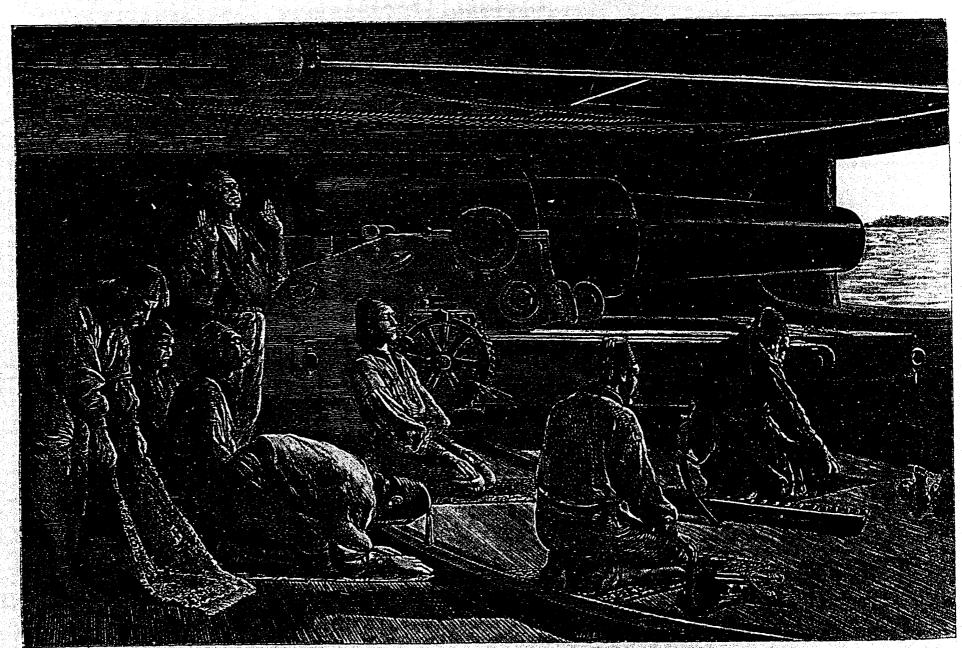
He accepted the Republic which the Revolution of 1845 brought about. In 1851, however, he was banished after the coup d'état of Louis Napoleon, and rotired to Switzerland. Being allowed to return to France, he published a continuation of his history, and was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1868, for the department of the Seine, by the Liberal Opposition.



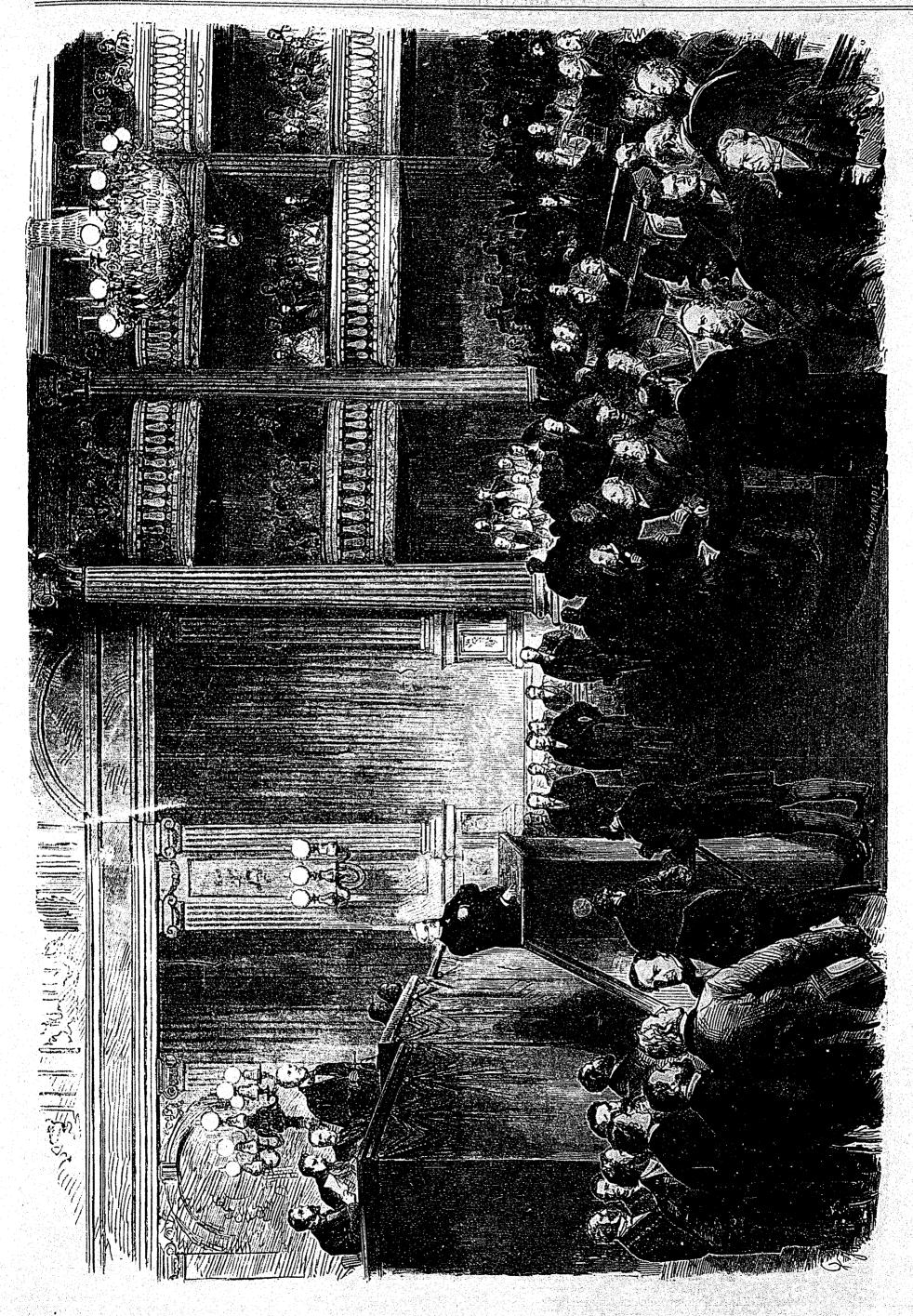
EX-PRESIDENT THIERS.

When the Duke de Grammont declared the determination of the Government to enter into war against Prussia, Thiers raised his voice and predicted defeat. He made an eloquent appeal for peace, but in vain. War was declared, and almost before Europe could realize it, German arms were sweeping France, and the Emperorand his 90,000 men were prisoners at Sedan. Then Thiers came forward, not as the exultant prophet of disaster, but as the idol of the people. Refusing to become a member of the National Government, he undertook voluntary diplomatic missions to England, Russia, Austria and Italy on behalf of France. This self-imposed work won him the grafitude of the country. He acted upon the advice of the Governments of the neutral powers to whom he had applied, and opened negotiations for peace with the Prussian King. These were unsuccessful for a time; but eventually they were accepted, and the war brought to its close. Then came the struggle with the Commune, and, having helped to quell that uprising, M. Thiers became "Chief of the Executive Power." In 1871 he was cleeted President of the French Republic, a position he held until 1873, when he was replaced by Marshal MacMahon. Latterly, as revolution seems again impending over France, M. Thiers has been looked to by the people as the only one competent to hold the tiller of State.

ADULTERATION OF WINE. The inventive powers of the French wine falsifier are apparently boundless. No sooner had a law been passed rendering penal the employment of fuchsine, of which so much was said last year, than they turned their attention to some other means for passing off bad wine as something fairly drink, able. Their attention has seemingly been at tracted to salicylic acid, of which the temakable therapeutic effects have of late been so much canvassed. It must not, however, be supposed that the wine-makers were animated with the philanthropic notion of curing the wine-drakers of all their rheumatic affections, or that they were prepared to furnish a safeguard against contagion or infection. They discovered that, mixed in certain propertion with new wine, it gave it the appearance and flavour of age. Had they stopped here there would have been but small harm done, but their next discovery was that a further addition of the same drag stopped fermentation, and conscaled all the bad quanties which wine in that e addition presents. The result would be that, so long as the wine remained in the cask or bottle, no change would take place, and the merchant might bobbly retain it in his cellar; but once drunk, the sailcylic acid is set free, and the deleteriou qualities of the wine allowed to work upon the onsumer



THE EASTERN WAR.—WITH HOBART PASHA. EVENING PRAYER ON BOARD A TURKISH IRON-CLAID.



# DEAR AUTUMN DAYS.

Dear Autumn days, soft Autumn days, We prize your tender beauties bleat : Then wearied spirits, tranquil rest While nature all her sweets displays!

The grasses clothe the meadow slopes, And golden shadows on the hills Are mirrored in the flowing rills— Each hour a fresh'ning beauty opes!

We love to hear the babbling streams Murmuring in the mountain cave; The mossy couches which they have Are filled with soothing spirit-dreams

The wild birds on their lightsome wings Flit gaily through the verdant bower; And in the glad day's winsome hour The squirrel through the forest springs.

The day star sheds a soft ning light Upon St. Lawrence sweeping grand— The rhythmic breezes softly bland Are angel voices in the night!

eet Autumn! Thou art ever dear, We watch thy glories fleeting by: The changeful beauties of your sky We long to ever linger near.

Levis, Sept. 7th, 1877.

JAMES JOSEPH GAHAN.

THE

# GOLD OF CHICKAREE

# SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

# CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"What shall be the bells in this case?" said

what shall be the bells in this case! said Rollo with his lips curling. "Red apples? Or would pound papers of tea ring better? Or both make a chime?".
"With a small tinkle of sugarplums.—And oh," said Hazel eagerly, "do give them some little niceties to put on? Or let me. I have great faith in the power of fresh collers and great faith in the power of fresh collars and

"Cannot manage anything of that sort up here," said Dane demurely. "That will have to wait for New Year's Day. Three hundred and fifty pieces of roasting beef—three hundred and fifty pounds green tea—ditto bushels of red apples—three hundred and fifty pounds sugar candy? Will that meet your notions of a chime of hells for Christmax?" of bells for Christmas?

Hazel mused over it.

"Perhaps"—she said slowly. "It is very difficult to know what will meet one's notions. If I could, I should like to give a little—just a little—bit of a touch to every spot that wants touching. A touch of light to the shadow, a touch of healing to the pain; a flower for every barren place. And so I should not like to give them a Christmas which they could eat quite all

up."
Dane's lips had been giving way, and now he

laughed out.
"You are as impracticable as if you were a fairy. All that takes time, Wych; and as I am not by nature knowing of all things, it takes study. One day you will accomplish it. But in the mean time, I should think they could not quite eat up their whole Christmas in a moment; and as I said, we will see what can be done for New Year. If you approve. At the same time, the subject is open for discussion.'

"But you need not think me more visionary than I am," said Hazel with a shy glance and laugh. "I did not mean anything quite silly. Of course—all the barren places,—only God could fill them. But a touch to the sorrow, and a touch to the need, and a touch to the forlornness,—that is what I meant."

ness,—that is what I meant.
"I did not think you meant anything silly."
I thought I was Tell me more in particular. I thought I was giving a touch to the need, with the beef; and a touch to the pleasure, with the apples and candy; and a touch to the comfort, with the tea. What shall I add to the list?"

tea. What shall I add to the list?"

"Perhaps nothing," said Hazel. "But I meant— You know, all those things are down on the same level,—and I wanted to get in strength and exhilaration of some other sort. Though I suppose," she added gravely, "I cannot guess how much even of that may be in react heaf when one has never had it before. roast beef when one has never had it before. Strength and hope and purpose may come that way too."
"They do," said Dane gravely.

"They do," said Dane gravely.
"Well then, you have only to go straight on.
Maybe they could not understand some tunes
yet, if the bells rang them out."
"Straight on," said Dane smiling. "And
that will furnish me with full occupation between this and Christmas. Now another thing. I feel for the people in the other mills, -don't

"O the other mills!" said Hazel. "I feel for anybody who has any connection with John Charteris."

"What can I do?"

"What can I do?"
"One would like to buy them all up! But failing that—What do you think to do?"
"May I have your thought first?"
"I was only thinking," said Hazel, "that it would not be good taste to go in among the Charteris men at all as among your own. Anything there, I should think, must be more general and less personal. Or done by somebody else."
"Whom, for instance?"

"If Josephine had married anything but diamonds". diamonds"—said Hazel, "I might get hold of her. Or I might do it. But I suppose you would not like that. How could one manage?" The question was put to the depths of hert eacup.
"Why should I not like it?"

Wych Hazel laughed a little. "Really," she said, "I do not know. Only you generally do dislike what I do—and I am seldom so

happy as to know why."

"That is a statement which one may call un-answerable," said Rollo with a significant line of lip. "And how you dare say it, is more than I can understand. How could one manage? Nothing easier. I draw you a cheque, and you write me an order. Unless you prefer to employ another agent."

"() I was not thinking of manage?"

"O I was not thinking of money," said Hazel. "But it would not be quite courteous to enact Christmas in the mills without a word

te the owner—bad as he is. I wonder if I could get hold of Josephine and hide behind her?"

"No. But you can try it.--What have you been doing these two months?"

"Studying,—in brief. I do not mean that I have done nothing else."
"Learning what?" They had left the supper-

table and stood together before the fire.

"Learning?"—that is another matter. When you study between fights, and fight between chudies." studies.

"Hard learning—well learnt!" said he softly.
"Tell me more. Tell me results, Hazel."
Hazel leaned her chin upon her hand, looking thoughtfully into the fire. "Results?" she "The result was unconditional surren-At least I thought so—until—"

"Until to-night. It is so good to have you back again "—she said with the same brown-

Half laughing, with extreme tenderness at the same time and also the expression of great gladness, both his arms enfolded her, and they stood quite silent for a few minutes, till Dane stooped to reach her lips.

You shall tell me the rest when you like," said he. "Do you want to tell me any more now?"
"You would not like the rest. It was a very dark time, at first, when you failed me.

He was quite silent again. Then drew her off to the sofa.

"I have another subject to talk about, Hazel."
"Well, I am ready to listen."
"You remember, I had two subjects to discuss with you.—Christmas in the Hollow we cuss with you.—Christmas in the Hollow we have arranged for. Now about Christmas here.

My time is disposed of till the day is over. Then I must go to New York. I have a variety of business to attend to. I want furniture for my new coffee room, books for the school, furniture for the new cottages, gifts for New Year. I intend to set up a grocery store also. For all these affairs, and for others, I must go to town the day after Christmas. I propose that we go

together."
"Yes, I want to go," said Wych Hazel. need a week in town, to get ready for the winter

here."

"Perhaps I shall be gone longer than a week," said Dane, keeping his gravity.

"O well—I can easily find an escort back, if I get through first."

"But I should not like that" said Dane.

But I should not like that," said Dane looking her in the face with his gray eyes very much alive. "I want your help in my work want you with me every minute-I am tired of living without you. Don't you understand?"
Yes, I understand that," said the girl said the girl.

Who should, if she did not!—

Dane's lips gave way. "You do not understand much!" said he. "Don't you see, Hazel,

I am making the audacious proposal that I should carry my wife with me?"

The girl gave a spring away from him which at once put the breadth of the fireplace between

her and any such notion.

her and any such notion.

"You characterise the idea so happily," she said, "that I will leave it there. Will you come into the other room, and rest, and he reasonable?" And Hazel disappeared into the hall and blew a ringing blast on her whistle for Dingee and lights. In the little corner room, when Mr. Rollo arrived there, he found a grand fire, and two arm-chairs on extremely opposite sides of the hearthstone, and Dingee and his sides of the hearthstone, and Dingee and his young mistress intent upon the first efforts of the newly lighted wax candles. The tall white candles, their heavy, old-fashioned silver holders; and the dark red dress, and dark brown hair; and the swarthy cheeks of the little attendant, -were all aglow in the firelight. Wych Hazel's face was as far as possible kept out of sight. Dane stood beside the mantelpiece, resting his arm there and looking on; patiently, to outward seeming, so far as any expression of impatience was concerned.

Wych Hazel stood still for a minute after

Dingee had gone, then with a slow, grave step went over and placed herself in one of the armchairs.

"Why don't you sit down?" she said. "It is not good for you to stand."
"People sit down to rest."

"Well, as you are tired already, it is the

"Well, as you are tired already, it is the only thing for you to do."
"I have not gained my cause, and I cannot rest till I do. Bid me rest, Hazel! on that understanding of it."
"Certainly not," said Hazel. "I cannot afford to lose my wits."
"I am tired of living without you, Wych. Whether you have any sympathy with that feeling I do not ask. I only ask you to consider what regard it fairly deserves." regard it fairly deserves.'

"People do not feel apart, unless there is a barrier between," said Hazel. "As when you barred me out of Morton Hollow."

"Inconsistent"—said Dane smiling; "and meakly delusive. Hazel, you must give me a Christmas gift, and you must let it be that thing which of all others I want most."

"If you put it to me what you want." said

"If you put it to me what you want," said Wych Hazel, "I should say, patience and moderation, and a little practical common sense."
"You are not the embodiment of those things," said he daringly,—"and yet I want you."

"Everything that is worth having, is worth waiting for," said Hazel composedly. "You have enough of me now to criticize—that ought to content you.'

"Does it content you?"

Hazel started up, and went to him, just touching each arm with one of her little hands.

"Olaf,"—she said, "will you please to sit down—and hush? You know what you promised when I should say that again—"

"It stock her in his arms and kissed her your

He took her in his arms and kissed her very fondly, and laughed a little; but holding her yet, he became silent again.

"I am bound!" he said. "But the nature of

the case obliges me to premise a question or two. Am I not to speak on this subject again

till you bid me?"
"No. Yes. That is preposterous. What is your next question?"

"How long must I wait first ?"

"Just as long as you can."
"Till to-morrow, then. Think of it, Hazel."
Quitting the subject then, Dane went off into talk that would not even remind her of it, unless by some delicate chain of association. He gave her the story of his two months. The sick people had been at the first removed to the end of the valley, in some shanties apart from all the rest; and there he and they had been in quarantine together. There the fearful disease had seized one after another of that little band of poor Germans last arrived, till ten of them were down with it at once. Everybody fled the spot; would not come near enough even to receive messages; and not for love nor money could help be got for nursing. Only old Gyda; and she and Rollo had had it all to do between them; even to washing the clothes the sick persons wore or had on their beds. Dr. Arthur of course had done all he could, but he had other sick beds to attend to; it was out of the question that he should devote himself solely to those at the end of the Hollow; especially as every visit there made needful a careful disinfecting and purifying process before he could approach anybody else, sick or well. Rollo and Gyda had struggled on together, one watching while the other slept. And so Dane would go from one sick-bed to the next, till he made the round, and begin again; through it all thinking of what he had left at Chickaree, and of Hazel's pleadings that he had been obliged to disallow, scarce daring to think of the possible joy of going back to her again when the distress should be over. For he could not tell that it would ever be over without first laying himself as low as those whom he tended. The shanties where the sick lay, little better than sheds, had been very good for them but very trying sometimes to the watchers. However, the abundance of fresh air, and the careful quarantine, with a blessing upon the means used, had availed. No outsider had caught the infection, and only two of the sick had died. Those two, Rollo and Arthur had buried, alone and by night.

and by hight.

Softly, slowly, as a man who felt deeply the shadow of fear under which he had been passing and from out of which he had come, Dane and Hard all this.

And as one hears the veri told Hazel all this. And as one hears the verification of some fearful dream, so Hazel listened. She had taken her foot-cushion again, and sat with varying colour and averted eyes, and now and then a "yes" of full intelligence. For the scanty details she had received from time to time, had been more than filled out by her imagination; and point by point she seemed to know the story before it was told. By and by one hand came upon the arm of Rollo's chair, and then she leaned her forehead against that hand, and so sat when the story was finished. Once or twice a quick shiver went over her;

otherwise she was quite still.

"I was not unhappy, Wych," said Dane after a little pause. "My latent longing for you it is impossible to tell; but I could not let it come to the front then. And there is a walk and a place 'with Jesus only,' which at the time is joyful, and on looking back to it seems to have wanted nothing."

Her head stirred a little; presently she an-

swered,—"I did not think you were unhappy.
If I had, I believe it would have been a help sometimes."

"Hey ?-a help ? How ?"

"You would not have seemed so far off. And I should not have seemed so much alone." "That was a mistake, Hazel."

"I only said it seemed so. But there was a certain truth in it, too; because happy people never do guess exactly what goes on in the rest of the world."

"Pray, do the unhappy people?"
But Hazel caught the sound of steps, and started away from her foot-cushion in time enough to meet Dr. Arthur midway in the room

"Rested, Dane?" said the doctor, standing before his late patient.

"That does not sound like a complicated question," said Dane; "but it means a good deal. I am ready."

"What he wants," said Dr. Arthur, turning

gravely to Wych Hazel, "is a chance. If your grace could persuade him to go off for a while, in the right company, he would come back a

new man."
"I shall have a chance this week," said Dane rising. "Come along, old fellow, or I shall prescribe for you.—I shall be here as early as I can, Hazel; before dinner."

(To be continued.)

# THE GLEANER.

GAMBETTA has only one eye.

CLEOPATRA's needle is expected in London about the middle of November.

ONE of the novelties of fashion is a lady's shoe with a looking glass heel.

BRIGHAM YOUNG was the largest depositor but two in the Bank of England.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S maids of honour receive \$3,000 a year, and their board and washing.

A NEW pin for a necktie, which has been issued by the jewellers, represents the popular Colorado beetle.

An Englishman says that American girls breathe through their mouths and talk through their noses.

An imperial edict has been issued prohibiting the smoking of opium in China, the order to take effect three years from its date.

In France they estimate the daily consumption of bread at two pounds and a quarter per person, while in England it is not quite thirteen

EARL RUSSELL recently celebrated his eightyfifth birthday. He has been in Parliament sixty-four years, and it is thirty-one since he was first made Premier.

It is suggested to English and American travelers abroad not to have their letters addressed "Esquire," as foreign post-offices fancy it is a name—hence delays and losses of letters.

It is said that an American sewing machine firm has written from New York offering £5,000 a year for the right of advertising round Cleo-patra's needle when it is fixed up.

IT has been noticed as something curious that ord Beaconsfield spells that useful medium, cheque, with an extra c, thus, cheque. We are certain that he understands £ s. d. -c.

THE Paris papers, speaking apparently from authority, assert that a matrimonial alliance has been arranged between the Prince Imperial and the Infanta Maria del Pilar, daughter of Queen THE Governor-General of Canada, while at

Manitoba, visited an orphanage and received an address of welcome from eleven little inmates of different nationalities, each speaking in her native tongue. BRIGHAM Young was driving along one of

the streets of Salt Lake City one day, and on seeing a beautiful girl, eagerly inquired who she was. He seemed confused when told she was A CIRCULAR has been issued stating that the principal parts of the Paris Exhibition building

will be finished on the 15th of September. The architects and engineers of the Foreign Commissions will then be permitted to commence the work of installation. LARGE sums of money are being silently withdrawn from the Parisian banks by many of the French families of distinction, who are in dread of another revolution or coup d'état before the

winter sets in. The money is, for the most part, being sent to England. M. TREMESCHINI, of Paris, has constructed a highly sensitive metallic thermometer on a new principle. The expansion of a small leaf of platinized silver is enlarged by a system of levers, which move a needle on a graduated scale. The action of the needle is said to be interpretated.

instantaneous. Those who should know say that Lord Beaconsfield has a County Franchise Bill in store for next year. If he passes that, and pleases the country, getting his administration also well and popularly through foreign complications, it is not unlikely, say also these well informed persons, that the coveted Garter will be his reward.

Erasmus Wilson, the eminent London surgeon, says: "In travelling it is advisable to eat frequently-not much at a time, but oftenand to avoid alcohol. Thus soup, coffee, tea, cutlets, fruit, soda or seltzer water, should form the staple of our travelling diet. Travelling naturally induces a little heat and feverishness a little heat and feverishness a little heat and feverishness and the standard to allow?" of system, which a cooling diet tends to allay.

# 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, os all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the gréatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

## THE TWO VOCALISTS.

BY GLORGE T. BULLING.

A bird perched in his gilded cage, A first perceive in misgland edge, Seeming sad, would never sing. And looked with envy on his mates Who, ever glid, were on the wing. When one they, a tiny free ford. Stopped outside the house and sang Sweetly to the sadder wee hird, with the with envisormer. Till the sir with music rang. Then, from his pendant station, Inspired by smulation, The cage bird cleared his tiny throat And wurbled back sweet note for note.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

A BIT OF ADVICE. If you are inclancholy and know not why, be assured it must arise en' tirely from some physical weakness; and do your best to strengthen yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow. The blood of a lively man is clear and quick. Endeavour, therefore, to put your blood in motion. Exerise is the best way to do it; but you may also help yourself, in moderation, with wine, or other excitements. Only you must take care so as to proportion the use of any artificial stimulus, that it may not render the blood languid by over-exciting it at first; and that you may be able to keep up, by the natural stimulus only, the help you have given yourself by the artifirad.

BAD TEMPER. . There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of a sulky kind that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence. Ill temper at any age is a bad thing; it never does anybody any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better for it. After the passion has passed away one sees that he has been very foolish, and knows that others see it, too. Bad temper in the aged is, perhaps, the most trying of all; it is, indeed, a pitiable sight to see the wrinkled check of an old person atlame with the fires of anger and passion. Since anger is useless, and an unspeakable misery to its victims, why should it be indulged in at all?

Death. All have a debt to pay that it is allowed to us to put off, as long to human foresight and human providence may enable us to defer ; seeing that, defer, and postpone, and procrustinate s we may, the debt must and will be paids for Death is the creditor. Therefore, assuming to the tull our privilege of putting off, when prudence and knowledge can effect the postponement, the payment of the inevitable debt, it is the selemn duty of every man to " set his house in order." He may sleep under gilding, or maler thatch; he may dwell in a palace or a cabin; nevertheless, it is alike operous upon him to set his house in order; for otherwise may, even in despite of his best prindence, his most vigilant watchfulness who shall secure to line the enjoyment of the tenancy of such habitation, be it of marble or of mud!

The Thormas of Life. It is not true that the world is smooth. Therefore do not teach your boys that they will find it so. If you do they will have to learn the contrary by bitter experience. Tell them frankly that the pathway of life, to active men, to such as faithfully. serve themselves and their kind, is rough, and tagged, and thorny. Then they will not be disappointed. But inculcate with this correct information lessons of physical and moral courage. Instruct them that he who shrinks from the encounter is a coward; while he who bravely does his duty, under all circumstances, in spite of opposition - sometimes, it may be, in the face of denunciation and obloquy is a true here. He has a sufficient reward, and of that he is always certain, in the more consciousness of doing right. That will always buoy him up and support him in his darkest hours.

Hot senocid and Personal Cleantiness. We may as certainly gauge the morality of a country by the condition of the women and children, by the beauty or disorder of the homes, and the respect or disdain for personal cleanliwas and adornment; all of which depend solely on woman's will and perception was we learn by the existence of railroads or the frequency of telegraphs where a country stands in relation to the more advanced conditions of civilization. The women who disregard the charm of what we may call the luxury, the elegance of household neighborhood howl. As a rule, she has been and personal cleanliness; whose eyes are not taking lessons for about five weeks, and what open to dirt; to whom rags are no shame, personal unloveliness no disgrace, home disorder no neglect of natural duty, are mainly responsible. for the corruption sure to result from this uncared-for condition of home life. With personal disregard comes personal degradation; with indifference to home comfort, neglect of property; and neglect of property brings loss, which is poverty, which is mendicancy—than which no agent is more powerful in the destruction of all

A Worn to Guas ... Girls, listen to this, and with a virtuous resolve demand as your right a pure love. Young men of bad habits and fast tendencies never like to marry a girl of their own sort, but demand a wife above suspicion. So pure, sweet women who keep from the touch vil through girlhood, give themselves, with all their costly dower of womanhood, into the keeping of men who, in base association, have learned to undervalue all that belongs to them, and then find no repentance in the sad after-

marriages purity for purity, sobriety for sobriety, honour for honour. There is no reason why the young men of this land should not be just as virtuous as its young women, and if the loss of your society be the price they are forced to pay for vice, they will not pay it. This is plain, sensible talk, and just such as ought to be heeded by all our boys and girls, till the much needed reformation is fully established. much of the happiness or misery of our children depends on this for it to pass without producing deep reflection and action in the matter in the right direction.

WIVES AND HOUSEWIVES. If young men whose incomes are under one hundred a year were bound over not to marry anyone who had not earned a diploma in domestic management and elementary physiology, a race might be produced by a process of artificial selection who would be able and willing to do all that is required of them. This new race could not marry before live and twenty; for, having to learn so many things, they would have to continue their education much longer than at present. would, however, have the advantage of giving their constitution time to harden. But love, that unfortunate disturber of the best-laid schemes, steps in, and men marry pretty little nonentities without diplomas for the foolish reason that they like them. They must be pre-pared to take the consequences, and must not epect the pleasant girl they met at a ball to turn into the housewife of the Proverbs, with the accomplishments thrown in. In households where there are grown-up spinsters it is most desirable that they should help in the work of the house. They should spare no pains to ade to the comfort and elegancies of their home. They ought to learn cooking and nursing, plain sewing, and everything that is useful. On the sewing, and everything that is useful. other hand, it can scarcely in reason be expected that a young married woman with children, and with only the assistance of a raw girl, should cook for hours every day, dust her rooms, nurse her babies, keep up her accomplishments, and retain her hold on society and her husband. Perhaps a little wholesome simplicity, and war to the knife with Mrs. Grundy, might do more for the happiness of young couples with limited means than an attempt on the part of the wives to do the work of three servants, and to keep up an appearance of having nothing to do but amuse themselves.

# BURLESQUE.

WAGSERIAN, -A Chicago man's young wife intertained him with selections of Wagner, after which he expressed himself as resigned to go to bed, where he slept very soundly. Toward midnight cats assembled in the back yard and yowled frightfully. The sleeper did not get up and throw bootjacks at them, but turned on one elbow and whispered in his dreams, "Sing it once more, Elvira, sing it once more

Wome Painting, Oh, who would die in Summer when the trees are clothed in green: when the June bug warbles sweetly, and the granger poles the bean; when the melon and the colic hand in hand together go, filling youth and lovely maidens with their sweetness and their woe; when ice cream, and worms, and picnics reign supremely thro' the day, and the dence-and the doctor-at the midnight are to pay; when the house-fly spoils our victuals and mosquitoes spoil our sleep-we would think no more of dying than we would of stealing sheep

ARSENT-MINDED. She walked on board a Desbrosses street ferry boat, intentouly on securing a good seat. She found it opposite a large window, beneath which sot two well-dressed Taking a seat, she opened a paper of peaches. After cating the best of the fruit, she arose and advanced unjestically half-way across the cabin, and, with remarkable precision, threw the paper and its contents full at the window. She hit it ; but 'twas closed tight. The gentlemen, under the shower of peach juice, skins and pits, exclaimed, "Good Heavens, what's that?" and silently but sadly began to mop off their clothes.

SHE WILL PLAY! - A Philadelphian revidently not a lover of "music") thus describes a young lady of that city who is experimenting with a new organ : "When the average young woman gets home the new forty-five dollar organ, she makes that hurdy-gurdy and the whole she lacks in experience she determines to make up in practice. There's a girl of that sort up on Touth street, and she does everlastingly whang the new organ. She gets at it early in the morning, and she is at it till late at night. But Sunday is her favorite day. It's quiet then, and she thinks the neighbourhood wants rest. So, in the morning, she whoops up the 'Angel's Whisper,' and after a while she goes in on the vocal, and grinds out 'There's a bu-ti-ful home over thar.' She 'Holds the Fort' all day, and in the evening remarks, 'I hear an angel coming,' and that 'angel' gets in and the organ gets a tresh banging as she yanks more groans out of it, while she and the young man bellow at the top of their voice. It's lively while it lasts, but how fervently it makes the people pray for the "Sweet By-and-By."

PHRASING IN CHOIR SINGING .- A little girl who was slightly ill, asked her mother to sing something nice and pretty to her. "What shall I sing?" said the mother. "O, sing that pretty days. There is but one way out of this, and hymn about Sally and George," said the little that is for you to require in associations and girl, "But I don't know such a hymn." "Yes,

you do; you often sing it—about Sally Comfort and Georgie Turner, you know." The mother sang over the familiar hymn until the delighted child exclaimed : "That's it !--that's the one!"

The particular verse that had fixed itself in the mind of the child, and proved a source of so much gratification to her, was this:

> Tis religion that can give Solid comfort while we live; Tis religion can supply Joys eternal when we die.

We were at church the other evening, where the choir consisted of a leader and half dozen young ladies, and where the music was well rendered, with the exception of enunciation and phrasing. They sang with much vim and en-

Once for Rollo!—Sinner receive it. Once for Rollo!—Brother believe.

The same choir gave the well-known refrain of "Title clear" :

My Godmi-heavenmy-ya-a-a-wimi. Godmi-heavenmi-yawl.

Precisely as we predicted.

This carelessness in phrasing often leads to an utter perversion of the sense, as in the lines:

He saw me ruined by the Fall, He loved me, notwithstanding all.

In the last line of which we have heard sung :

He loved me not-withstanding all.

The choir deliberately stopping and taking breath after the "not."

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY .- "John," said Mrs. Sanscript to her husband, one evening last week, "I've been reading the newspaper." "That's nothin'," grunted John. "I've seen people before who read newspapers." "Yes; but there are several things in the paper I can't understand." "Then don't read 'em." "What do they mean by the strike, John! What is a strike, anyhow?" "A strike is where they have struck," and Sanscript knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't grasp your meaning exactly," said Mrs. S., with a puzzled look. "Now these strikers have stopped all the rail-road trains in the country. Why did they do t?" "To prevent them from running." "Yes. but why didn't they want trains to run! Because they wanted more money for running them?" "No, you stupid woman." "Then why in the world did they stop 'em-why didn't they run more of 'em, or run 'em faster' Seems to me that would pay better." "Mary Ann, you will never surround the problem." " Maybe not, John. Some things are gotten up on purpose to bother women. Now, here's a column headed 'base ball.' What is base ball, John''
'' Don't you know what base ball is! Happy woman' you have not lived in vain.'' ''Here it says the Hartfords could not collar Cummings' curves?" "It's the way be delivers the ball." "Is the ball chained?" "No, you the ball." "Is the ball chained?" "No, you booby." "Then how does he deliver it?" "I mean pitches it." "Oh! there it says Jones nouffed a ball after a hard run. What was the ball doing after a hard run?" "Hadn't you better confine your research to the obituary and marriage columns, Mary, with an occasional advertisement thrown in to vary the monot-"Yes; but, John, I want to know! There's Mrs. Racket, over the way, who goes to all the base ball games, and comes home here to talk me blind about 'fly fonls,' 'brace hits,' talk me blind about 'ny ionis, ornee arc, 'sky-scrapers,' and all those things. For heaven's sake, what is a sky-scraper?' 'Compose yourself, old woman. You are treading on dangerous ground; your feet are on slippery rocks, while raging billows roll beneath.' 'Mercy while raging billows roll beneath." "Mercy on me! What do you mean?" "I mean, dear madam, that whenever a woman begins to pry about among these strikes, fair balls, base hits, daisy-cutters, home runs, and kindred subjects, she's in danger of being lost." "Well, I confess I'm completely lost to know what this newspaper means when it says Addy stole a base, while the spectators applauded. Have we come to such a pass that society will appland a thief! Why wasn't Addy arrested? Now, here's Manning put out by Start, assisted by Carey, and I an't see as he did anything, either. Jemima Christopher! here it says that Pike flew out. 1

these newspaper men lie so horribly?" John was fast asleen, and Mrs. anscri ed gloomily, not to say sceptically, to the letter list for information. Newspapers were not made for woman.

don't believe a word of it. I never saw a man

fly yet, and I won't believe it can be done till I

see it with my own eyes. John, what makes

# BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It was very careless leaving the parrot in the parlot Sunday evening, but she never thought anything about it till Monday morn-ing when he roused the whole house by making a smacking noise, and crying "Darling Susie Darling Susic." He kept it up all day too, and the old folks are much interested in the case.

A RUNAWAY couple went to Eugene last week to get married. The clergyman and clerk both wanted proof that the young lady was of proper age. Strategy, which has pr ved so efficient in other scenes, was resorted to with success. figures 18 were placed in the bottom of the shoes of the maiden, and one who was in the secret affirmed that she was over eighteen.

An old gentleman had three daughters, all of whom were marriageable. A young fellow went a wooing the youngest, and finally got her one-

sent to take him "for better or worse." Upon application to the old gentleman for his consent, he flew into a violent rage, declaring that no man should "pick his daughters in that way," and if he wished to marry one of his family, he might have the oldest, or leave the house forth-

SHE wore a round hat upon the back of her head like the aureole of a saint, to whom her sweet face gave her an appearance of kindred. Her bodice was close-fitting—indeed drawn tight about the waist, like the bark of a young slender tree. Her scant skirt, pulled tight in front so as to show her form, and "tied back, terminated in a short fanlike train, like the tail of a mermaid. She was mounted on shoes seven sizes too small for her feet -indeed, only her toes appeared to have accommodation in them; and the high heels coming under the instep tilted her forward, and completed the grace of her carriage. When she walked she put down one little foot after the other as if each leg were as elastic as an iron rod. It was a great pleasure to see her pegging along, like one of the drawings of some mythological biped by one of the old masters.

A COLLOQUIAL ACTOR, -Macready was one of the most careless actors at rehearsals, and was often an enigma to the country actors. one time he was playing Virginius, in which his natural and colloquial style threw the actors off their guard. One in particular imagined the to be addressing him in familiar conversation. For instance, the lines

"Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in f Or will you do so?"

were spoken very naturally, and the actor replied, "Oh, I don't mind, Mr. Macready! Just as you like-the way they do it in London." Another instance occurred when he was rehearsing William Tell. The line was, "Do you shoot?" "A little," was the answer: "but I don't fancy them cross-bows, Mr. Macready, though I'm fond of a gun."

## LITERARY.

His recent essay in the dramatic line has made Joaquin Miller at once the fion of the hour.

CHARLES WARREN STOPPARD, tired of his four years' wandering abroad, has just returned to a native land.

Ir is stated that Mr. William Longman leaves behind him several unfoished historicat work

MR. WILLIAM Mounts, the poet, has promisod to deliver in the Motropolitan next winter a series of lectures on the history of decorative act.

It is again asserted that Mr. James Gordon Bennett intends to start a daily newspaper in London, similar in style to the New York Herald of which he is

MR. HERBERT JOHN GLADSTONE, University Tollege, one of the sons of the ex-Premier, has been appointed Lecturer in Modern History at Kebla College, and will commence his duties in October next.

MRS. CRAIK, the authoress of "John Halifax. Gentleman," and other well-known works, has been bitten by a dog. Although the wound was rather a severe one, the patient is doing very well, and no evil results are anticipated. "MARK TWAINE'S" birthplace was Hanni-

bal, Mos, and the house in which he was born is still standing and is the residence of a poor family. Mark's bedroom is reached by a crazy ladder, the door is full of holes, the plaster of the ceiling has peeled away and the whole place wears a look of desolation. ACERDACH is an illustration of the truism

that there is no excellence without great laber. He die tates his stories to a shorthand writer, and never allows the first draft of his manuscript to go to press. He weeds out nearly one half of the original dictation, and the final copy delivered to the printer is entirely in his own handwriting.

Ir would scarcely be imagined that the most passionate productions of Georges Sand in her earlier days were the result of milk fresh from the cow. Alfred de Musset says that during their stay together in Venice Georges Sand required a quart of milk for every chap-

Mr. A. C. SWINBURNE having become disgusted with the immoral tone which pervades much of the novel writing of the day, has undertaken to Louish a novel for the columns of the London Tuttler. The hero is a philanthropist who conceives his mission to be reformation of society.

LONGFELLOW invariably has John Owen to do all the hard work of "finishing" his poems. Owen revises them, punctuates them, smooths their orthography if it happens to be a little rough, suggests alterations, and relieves by his labors the nged poet of all the tiresome and harassing details that make literary work such orining drudgery.

MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY has died at the early age of forty-seven. Mr. M'Carthy was for many years the editor of the Morning Star, and latterly was a writer on the Daily News. He will be best remembered, as the author of several successful novels, so nong which may be mentioned "Paul Massey" and "Dear Lady Disdain.

ANOTHER addition to the history of Canada under the French regime has been given to the world by the American historian, Francis Parkman, under the title of "Frontenae and New France under Louis XIV." with the promise that it will shortly be followed by another contribution to be styled "Montcain and the Fall of New France."

A "REVISED English Bible" has just been issued from the Queen's Printers, the chief peculiarities of which are a revision of the authorised varsion and an or which are a revision of the authorised varsion and an improved version of the text, which is divided into sec-tions and paragraphs according to the sense, the poetical portions being arranged in paral clisms in accordance with the rythmical construction of Hebrew poetry.

A REVISION of the Roman Catholic Bible is A REVISION of the Normal Carnolle Diffle is being undertaken. In England the version in use is that translated at Donai University, in France, but the idiom is considered to be now old-fashioned, and in need of modern adaptation. Dr. Newman, the eminent Oxford-convert, is one of the English translators selected, and his mastery of pure English is so conspicuous that most of the work will probably fall to him.





THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG.

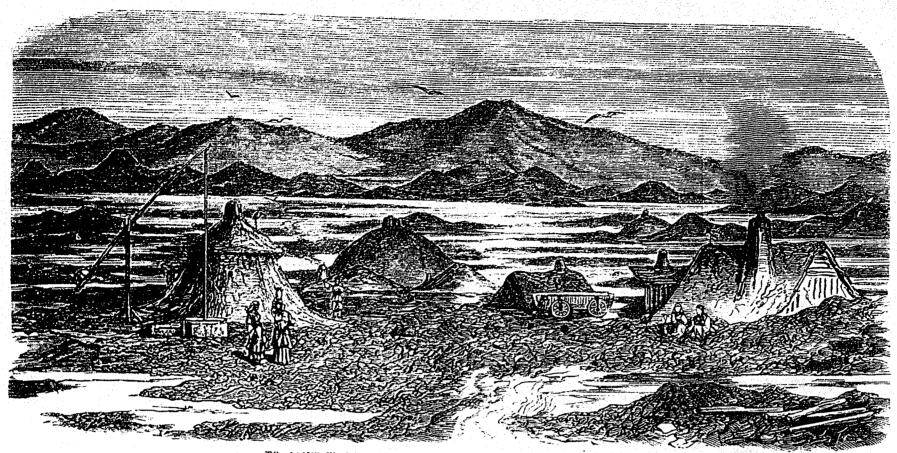
THE LATE SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.



WITH A CUSTOMER OF FORTY.

WITH A CUSTOMER OF FIFTY

# THE EASTERN WAR.



TRAJAN'S WALL IN THE VALLEY OF THE LOWER DANUBE



THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA. BAYONET CHARGE OF THE TURKS ON THE SCHATOTSKI DIVISION

# MY BARK CANOE.

O 'tis far in the west that my light bark canoe Glides swiftly along o'er the water so blue; Like a swan it glides on o'er the silvery lake That is motionless all, save the fast spreading wake.

I fear not the blast with my paddle in hand; With the bow to the breeze and the stern to the land; For she rides like a gull on the wave's foaming crest, My birch bark cance in the lakes of the west.

Like a phantom it flits o'er the swift running stream, 'Neath the light of the stars and the moon's pallid beam Now lost in the gloom of the deep wooded shore For a moment, them on to the moonlight once more.

But hark! the night brings a sound to my ear; But a murmur at first, yet I heed as I hear, 'Tis the voice of the Manitou speaks through the night, And warns me to rest till the morrow brings light.

I trust not the wavering moonlight to guide My craft 'twixt the rocks in the rapid's swift tide; So, high on the shore I upturn my frail bark— 'Tis my castle on land; on the water my ark.

Secure 'neath its shadow I rest till the day, And dream of fond faces now far, far away, And I wander in visions, through scenes that are gone, Till I wake with the first rosy tints of the dawn.

Once more on the breast of the swift dashing river, My bark dances on where the waves toss and shiver; Like an arrow shot swift from an Indian bow, It flies past the rocks to the calm stream below.

Then ask me not now, why I love my canoe,— Though soulless and voiceless, it ever is true; My silent companion awake or at rest,— My birch bark canoe in the lakes of the west. BARRY DANE.

Rainy Lake, Aug. 1877.

# A SCHOOL-GIRL FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

# CHAPTER IV.

The adventure of the mill created a great stir at Mildmay Lodge, and its master poured forth a series of exclamations, ejaculations and interrogations that fairly bewildered the listeners, whilst Mrs. Wells, the housekeeper, took possession of our heroine at once, tenderly put her to bed, and hovered around the gentle patient till the latter finally fell asleep. A physician's verdict that no danger was to be apprehended

had previously reassured all parties.

After two hours of deep slumber, Gertrude awoke, and the first object her glance rested on was Miss Brookes, who, wrapped in a large shawl, occupied an easy chair which she had drawn close to the hed

"How are you, dearest?" was the visitor's tender query. "So you feel better?"

"Much, thank you," and as the events of the previous hours rose upon her recollection, bringing with them pleasant reminiscences of her betterthed's devoted care and collective a pleasure. trothed's devoted care and gallantry, a pleasurable feeling mingled with the deep gratitude she

felt for her safety.
"We had a narrow escape, Gerty!

"Very," and the speaker shuddered.
"I suppose you feel very grateful to Arthur Rodney for his opportune assistance?"

"Surely with good cause, Charlotte!"
"Hem! yes, but he gave me to understand, remember, darling, this is strictly confidential, that he sprang forward to rescue you, impelled by a sense of duty."

Our heroine winced. Had he not already intimated the same to herself, but looking calmly

in her companion's face, she asked:

"What is your motive in telling me this? "Friendship, dearest; can you doubt it? You are not as sharp a reader of character and You are not as sharp a reader of character and conduct as I am, and I wish to give you the benefit of my clear-sightedness. Rodney, of course, till formally released by you from the tie that binds him, will consider it his duty to guard, honour and protect you. I must say, dear love, that in your place I would long since have flung him back the freedom he seems so ardently to cover." ardently to covet."

"So that he might be free, Charlotte, to ac cept and wear your own chains. I do not possess, as a rule, your clear-sightedness in judging people and their motives, but I can plainly see that, regardless of the friendship you have always professed for me, you have done your best to win the affections of my betrothed, and to

to win the affections of my betrothed, and to urge me into finally discarding him, probably for your own purposes."

Miss Brookes grew perceptibly pale, for she dreaded a rupture with the young girl whose friendship afforded her so many advantages. Accustomed to rule and influence her friend so long, she forgot that a time might come when the latter would see, judge and choose for herself the latter would see, judge and choose for herself. In a soft, almost supplicating voice, she murmur-

ed:
"Surely, dearest Gertrude, we will not allow
the true and tried friendship of our girlhood to be shaken or alienated by any new interest or influence! If I have offended, it has been most

unwillingly. Pray forgive me!"
"Willingly, but henceforth leave me to judge for myself in all matters wherein Arthur Rodney is concerned.'

"Certainly, darling!" and here Miss Brookes fell on her friend's neck, wetting it with penitential tears and murmuring: "O Gerty, if our friendship were severed it would break my heart, I love you so very dearly!"

Poor little Gertrude, regretting already her un-wonted severity, and touched by this eloquent appeal, kindly met these pluvious demonstra-tions of affection, and softly returned her friend's

Gertrude's rescue by Rodney did not tend in

any manner to draw the two together. The young girl, fearing her betrothed might misconstrue any increase of friendship on her part into a wish to assert her claim on his affection, became, with the instinctive pride of a true woman, more retiring and undemonstrative than ever, a fact patent not only to Rodney, but to others as well. The succeeding weeks of summer brought but little change to Mildmay Lodge. Miss Brookes, though more prudent in her friend's presence, continued to secure a great portion of the fickle Rodney's time and attention, and succeeded through her judicious manœuvering in conveying the impression that he was the one who planned their walks, talks, and flirtations. With simple, quiet dignity Gertrude withdrew each day more and more from the unequal contest, and avoided now, completely, all private interviews with her betrothed. Bravely but deeply she suffered for theyen contently into deeply she suffered, for, thrown constantly into intercourse with him, she found it impossible to overcome the affection so strongly rooted in her heart, and she felt that her eighteenth birthday, now at hand, was destined to find her sadder and less happy than that pleasant anniversary had ever yet done.

"Good morning, my darling," tenderly exclaimed Mr. Mildmay, as he entered the breakfast room somewhat earlier than usual. "I trust you are as well to-day, in mind and body, as your fond old father could wish?"

Gostruda replied by an affectionate caress.

Gertrude replied by an affectionate caress. Mr. Mildmay went on: "Though you would not allow me to celebrate this, your birthday, as I had wished, by giving an entertainment surpassing anything Mildmay Lodge has yet seen within its walls, I can at least bestow on you the wherewithal to purchase a gift worthy of the occasion," and the speaker placed in her hand a occasion," and the spraker placed in her hand a check for a considerable sum. "You will know best what to buy. I would only have made a bungle of it. But you look very thoughtful, Gerty; what is the matter?"
"Why, when I proposed travelling two months ago, you declined."
"Yes but I have alwared any mind in

"Yes, but I have changed my mind since then—a girl's privilege, you know—and would like now to make an extended tour."

"Very well; but in what direction, Gerty, would you like to go?"

"Very, very far, papa, dear; so far that I have scarcely courage to state it. 'Tis to Europe."
"Europe! well, that is indeed a distance," and Mr. Mildmay stroked his chin reflectively.

"And how long would we remain there?"

"As long as would suit you, dear father, but I hope not shorter than six or eight months."

"Phew!" ejaculated Mr. Mildmay, drumming energetically with his fingers on the table. "That is a somewhat serious proposition, but it can and will be done, little girl. I have always intended to take you to visit the other side, and would perhaps have spoken of it before, but you averse to travelling somehow.

"Well, there is nothing I desire more now, and I will be ready whenever you are prepared to start. The sooner the better, dear, dear papa," and a little soft hand caressingly smoothed down Mr. Mildmay's sandy and somewhat brighting locks

bristling locks.
"All right; but what about Arthur Rodney suppose he will come with us, also Charlotte? We will settle all that later; the great point

is that we should leave here as soon as possible."
"That is easily accomplished, child. The house and boys can be left—as they always are—in charge of Mrs. Wells, with whom they will be perfectly safe. My banker can furnish the necessary funds, and I see no cause for delay, unless you have not a sufficient stock of feminine

"I have quite sufficient for the present. I can make additions to it on the other side, if necessary. But do not tell this good news to

one, please, dear father, for a day or two. "Certainly not, if you wish me to be silent; and now for breakfast; I feel sharp set this

The meal over, from which Miss Brooks was absent, a not unusual occurrrence with that young lady who never sought to emulate the feats of the lark in early rising, Gertrude passed out into the garden whither she was immediately followed by Arthur Rodney.

"Rest here awhile, Miss Gertrude," he said,

stopping at the entrance of a small arbour, thickly overgrown with honey suckles and vines.

The young girl, who had reasons of her own for seeking an interview with the speaker, as-

"Do not think I have forgotten what anniversary this is," he softly said, laying on the rustic table before her a tiny but richly chased agate casket, on which her name was inscribed.

With a flush more eloquent of pain than pleasure Gertrude opened the case and surveyed the ostly brillian liamond cross it contains posed of gems of the purest water. At length she spoke .
'Tis too beautiful, Mr. Rodney, too costly, and

I cannot decide on accepting it.

Noting the cold questioning glance he bent

upon her, she hurriedly added:
"However, I have a present to give you in return, more valuable, perhaps, even than this!
"And that is--" he questioned, his late look of annoyance giving place to a bright smile,

look of annoyance giving place to a bright smile, whilst he strove, though unsuccessfully, to take her hand, "that is—"
"Your liberty. To-day, Mr. Rodney, we will mutually efface certain passages in the past from our lives. Within a few days I leave for Europe with my father, and you will be henceforth utterly free, untrammelled even by my presence."

A pause followed, during which Gertrude, though her cheek was deadly pale, affected to examine with great interest the jewel case.

"Is this announcement, Gertrude, merely a result of feminine pique or of mature delibera-

"'Tis both serious and irrevocable; and now, Mr. Rodney, do not feel hurt if I return your beautiful cross, which will be a fitting gift later for her to whom your vows and heart belong.

He looked very earnestly down in her face, and then seizing her hand held it tightly im

prisoned in his own, whilst he whispered:

"Gertrude, my darling, they are, gems, vows and heart, your own. Ah, you know not how closely I have studied for months past your matchless worth, nor how warmly I have felicited as worth. citated myself each day, that such a treasure was destined to be mine."

"O, Arthur, how can I believe you? Re-

member the attentions you paid Miss Brookes."
"I merely accepted the challenge to flirtation "I merely accepted the challenge to nirtation extended to me by that lady. Another thing, I strove to enkindle in your cold little heart, by exciting its jealousy, a small portion of the love that filled my own. However, I have a lifetime before me to win the coveted prize; and now say that you forgive me for my past apparent inconstency, knowing the motive that dictated it? You will never have cause to com-

plain of me again."
"But, Rodney, Charlotte is so handsome and accomplished, and you seemed to admire her so

"My darling, think you I could prefer her beauty, with the vain frivolous arts through which I read so plainly, to your own sweet womanly gentleness and truth; qualities which have displayed themselves more clearly and brightly every day, since our sojourn here? Gertrude, love, we will carry out your project of going to Europe, and that as speedily as possible; but," and he gently raised the fair blushing young face that had bowed itself on his shoulder, "the trip will be our wedding journar."

THE END.

# THOUSAND ISLANDS.

ALEXANDRIA BAY-WELL'S ISLAND.

"The Thousand Islands!" Those words awaken a flood of beautiful imagery in the mind, to hover about them. Their sound touches an ideal chord, and the fancy immediately teems with visions of innumerable lovely, wild, green, barren, grand, picturesque islands, which evolve and disappear before the mortal eye, like the wavering rays of the Aurora-horsalis wavering rays of the Aurora-borealis.

Who can forget the day, no matter how distant, when they stood upon the deck of the tant, when they stood upon the deck of the steamer, and, gazing out upon the enchanting scene, realized that they were among the Thousand Islands? That experience is seldom erased from the memory, for it is usually associated with all that is beautiful—summer, pleasure, friends, happiness—aye, and perhaps love—and the fancy clings to the recollection, like dew to a freshly blown rose. It really seems as though a freshly blown rose. It really seems as though nature exercised her most artistic genius in the construction and arrangement of this wonderful constellation of islands. She seems to have intended that the whole should appear to the best advantage, and all must acknowledge the eminent success of the undertaking. The grand old St. Lawrence seems proud of them, and, like the Roman mother of old with her babes, holds them up and says grandly, "These are my jewels." For upwards of fifty miles, the view from the steamer is grand, delightful, inspiring, and, as the last of the isl and fade in the distance, the eyes turn longingly back towards them, regretful that the scene is passed. One may go down the American channel, on the mail boat, any number of times, but will always feel that

the swiftly fleeting passage is not sufficient.

The eyes gaze in wonder and admiration upon the unrivalled panorama which upholds itself on either hand, but the mind can thus, at best, carry away only glimpses of a grandeur in which the soul would delight to revel.

Therefore, to obtain something like an ade quate and satisfying conception of the wondrous quate and satisfying conception of the wondrous beauty of the Island region, one must disembark from the regular steamer and go on board one of the numerous little steamers which make fre-quent trips down among the islands from Kingston. Then, rounding on the right of Point Frederick, you get a fine view of Fort Frederick, the new Military College, and on the summit of the elevation, frown the ramparts of the advance Battery, and of Fort Henry. The boat passes to the left of "Cedar" Island, upon which is erected one of those huge stone towers, which stand like great solitary sentinels, guarding the entrance to the Kingston harbor, and continues on down the Canadian channel to the quaint little old town of Gananoque, eighteen miles below.

The highland of the main shore, all along on the left, and the islands along on the right, make up a most charming scene. Near Gananoque, islands, of all sizes, are scattered about in wonderful profusion. Nearly all of the islands, derful profusion. Nearly all of the islands, above and below Gananoque, as well as many of the lovely little bays, and inlets, and coves, which their irregular shapes form, are endowed with amusing and grotesque names, such as "Fiddler's Elbow," "Crow's Foot," &c. Some of the islands are large, and many of them are covered with a wild and dense shrubbery of spruce, which gives them a curious but pleasing effect. Others are simply huge piles of barren

granite, of a coarse reddish hue. In some places, the scene is so bleak, and silent and lovely, and the whole aspect is so sombre and melancholy, the great piles of rock so barren and desolate, that one feels a sensation of mournfulness creep-ing over them. Then, suddenly, the scene changes; beautiful views of verdure-clad islands changes; beautiful views of verdure-clad islands and charmingly sequestered nooks spread out before the gaze. Enthusiasm becomes again awakened, and the heart becomes light and joyous. The mind is no longer oppressed with a feeling of boundless, solitary desolation, but is gradually filled with admiration by the irresistible beauty of the romantic scenery which smilingly invites one to ston and revel in the smilingly invites one to stop and revel in the

sensation of nature.
Thirty-five miles below Kingston, the boat winds around among the islands and enters American water at

## ALEXANDRIA BAY.

This lovely bay, with its surroundings, is acknowledged to be the most magnificent portion of the upper St. Lawrence, and is fast becoming famous as an inland summer resort. The bay proper is several miles in circumference and is girdled about by a chain of exquisite islands, many of which are dotted with fantastic little structures, the summer homes of families, chiefly from the Eastern States. Overlooking the bay is the "Thousand Island House," an immense structure—and near it is another hotel of almost equal proportions. From the summit of either of those colossal buildings can be had a bird's eye view of, perhaps, the grandest river scenery in America

The islands hereabout are devoid of that ruggedness which is observable elsewhere, and they seem to rise softly up out of the water, in which they appear to sit as easily and as grace-fully as carelessly arranged flowers in a lady's hair. Cruising leisurely in a little boat among those fantastically shaped islands, one is constantly being allured from place to place by the enchanting views which are ever presenting themselves to the astonished gaze.

To be out among these islands in the early morning, when the first rays of the sun steal across the water, as it were, to embrace and caress them; to watch the shadows creep about them in the evening, as the sunlight bids them adieu, and to behold them by moonlight, when they appear to hang like shadowy phantoms along the horizon while the silvery light shimmers and glimmers on the rippling water, constitutes a scene of beauty which must linger in

the memory forever.

Leaving Alexandria Bay and proceeding up the American channel, for a few miles, the boat stops at the now celebrated

# WELLS' ISLAND CAMP GROUND.

This delightfully situated island is some twenty miles in circumference, and a portion of it is well adapted for camp meeting purposes. The ground is laid out into avenues, is kept remarkably neat and clean, and the whole place is tastefully illuminated at night. Hundreds of tents and cottages—some of which are very hand-come—are arented about the grounds and some—are erected about the grounds, and families reside here during the whole of the summer season. The place is owned and conducted by the "Thousand Island Camp Meeting Association." It is, properly speaking, a religious summer resort. It is non-sectarian, although, perhaps, the Methodist element predominates. Many of the most eloquent ministers of both the United States and Cample as a selection. Many of the most eloquent ministers of both the United States and Canada, as well as leading temperance men and other orators occupy the platform of the immense pavilion, from time to time, and thousands of visitors are attracted from all parts. As many as half a dozen steamboats may be counted at any time at the wharf boats may be counted at any time at the wharf.

Simplicity and economy seem to be the leading features of this delightful resort, and in this respect it may be said to be the opposite to Alexandria Bay. The one may be described as a temple of fashion, where the devotees worship at the shrine of pleasure; the other is a temple of pleasure where they worship at the altar of

"So near and yet so far."

Each place is a little world within itself. Each has its own peculiar characteristics. The ambition of one is not the ambition of the other, and yet both places can enumerate their admirers by thousands.

The grand old St. Lawrence will, no doubt, continue to flow between them, however, and the only warfare that is likely to exist will be one great struggle for financial supremacy. Simplicity seems to have the best of it in the meantime, however.

One of the most interesting places on the camp ground is the large tent which contains Prof. Von Zennep's Biblical Museum. The Professor is a Biblical scholar; the articles exhibited hibited are such as are mentioned in the scriptures, and were collected by himself in the Holy Land. Delighted with the camp and impressed with a belief that its excellent moral influence must have a beneficial effect upon all who sojourn within its bounds, I have almost resolved to invite myself down, for a week or two, next summer.

After leaving Wells' Island, a pleasant sail of three hours, up the river, lands us again at the "Old Limestone City." And this suggests the idea that the denizens of Kingston ought to pass a "Resolution of thanks" to Messrs de Courcelles, de Frontenac, La Salle, and de Courcelles, de Frontenac, La Salle, and Hennepin, for the special blessing of having located their city in such close proximity to the "Thousand Islands."

QUIP HAWTHORNE. Kingston, August, 1877.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and interesting contents eceived. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No.

J. B., Montreal.—Many thanks for the score of the game sent for inspection. It shall be carefully looked

Owing to unforeseen circumstances the Dominion Chess Congress and Tourney, held this year at Quebec, which was advertised for the 21st of August, was postponed to the 28th, and this change of the time of the meeting led to modifications of the customary manner of carrying on the contest between the players on the occasion.

casion.

In the first place it was perceived that several of the players having lost time by the postponement, could make but a short stay at Quebec, and that facilities would have to be afforded them to play all their games with the players of that city before their departure. In the second place inasmuch as every player of the Tourney would have to play one game with every other player, it was stipulated at the opening meeting that the Montreal players on their return to their own city should finish their games with one another and transmit the results to the Club at Quebec in order to make up the final score. The Quebec players, also, would have to finish their contests among themselves, before the full particulars of the Tourney could be published.

The subjoined item from the Montreal Witness gives the condition of the contest at the time of the return of Montreal players.

CHESS.

## CHESS.

The score of the Tourney in Quebec, we it stood last Saturday evening, is given below. The competitors, eleven in number, were on this occasion confined to the cities of Montreal and Quebec, the Province of Ontarion thaving sent representatives.

By arrangement the contest as between the two cities was first entered upon and has been finished, except in the case of Professor Hicks, who has still three games to play against the old Capital, his duties having required his return to Montreal last Thursday week.

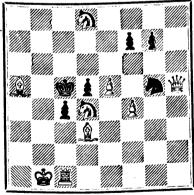
OUEBEC.

	•		
	Won.	Lost.	Drawu.
Holt	4	1	1
White	. 3	0	3
Sanderson	3	1	1
Fletcher	ĭ	2	ì
Pope	2	6	1
McLeod	õ	4	0
Bradley	õ	6	0
N	ONTREAL		
Howe	5	0	2
Hicks	3	0	1
Henderson	. 3	3	1
Shaw		4	()

The Montrealers have vet to play against each other. So also, but to a less extent, the Quebecers. Our players have all returned gratified by the hospitable hostility of their opponents. their opponents.

The annual meeting in England of the Counties Chess Association, which in its nature and object is similar to our Dominion Chess Association, took place this year at Birmingham. There were thirty competitors, who were divided into three classes, and prizes were convested for by each class. At the close of these, a handicap tourney was commenced for which sixteen players entered. The subjoined game was played in this handicap tourney. cap tourney.

> PROBLEM No. 139. By J. G. CAMPBELL. (From English Chess Problems.) BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

# GAME 201st.

(From Land and Water.)

Occurring in a handicap tourney at Birmingham, the Rev. Professor Wayte giving Queen's Knight to Mr. Shorthouse.

(K B's opening-Remove White's Q Kt.)

WHITE.	Black.
(Prof. Wayte.)	(Mr. Shorthouse.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2 B to B 4	P to Q 3
3. P to Q B 3	B to K 3 (a)
4. B to Kt 5 (ch)	P to Q B 3
5. B to R 4	B to K 2
6. Kt to K 2	Kt to B 3
7. P to Q 3	P to K R 3
8. Castles	QKt to Q 2
9. P to K B 4	B to Kt 5
10. P to R 3	B takes Kt
11. Q takes B	Kt to Q B 4
12. B to B 2	P takes P
13. B takes P	P to K Kt 4
14. P to K 5 (b)	P takes P
15. B takes P	Castles
16. P to Q 4	Q Kt to Q 2
17. Q R to K sq	R to K sq
18. Q to K B 3	Kt takes B (c)
19. P takes Kt	B to B 4 (ch)
20. K to R sq	Q to Q 7
21. Q to K B 5	B to B 7
22. P takes Kt	R takes R
And White now D	nated in two moves.

(a) Black is evidently inexperienced, and seems disposed to rely upon exchanging pieces to make the odds tell in his favour.
(b) Intending, if P takes B, to capture the Kt afterwards, winning the "pinned" Bishop.
(c) This is suicidal, but his case appears hopeless anyhow.

## GAME 202ND.

Played recently in London, Eng., between Mr. Ensor and an amateur; the former giving the odds of Q R.

## (Evans' Gambit.)

(Remove White's Q R.)

WHITE.	Black.
(Mr. Sydney Ensor.)	(Mr. T
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	B to B 4
4. Castles	Kt to B 3
5. P to Q Kt 4	B takes P
6. P to Q B 3	B to Q B 4
7. P to Q 4	P takes P
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3
9. P to Q 5	Kt to QR4
10. B to Q Kt 5	Castles
11. P to K 5	Kt takes Q P
12. Q takes Kt	P to Q B 3
13. O to K 4	P takes B
13. Q to K 4 14. Kt to B 3	R to K sq
15, Kt to Kt 5	P to K Kt 3
16. Kt to Q 5	Kt to B 5
17. Q to R 4	P to K R 4
18. Kt to B 6 (ch)	K to Kt 2
19. Kt takes R P (ch)	P takes Kt
20. Q takes P	Kt takes K P
21. Q to R 7 (ch)	K to B 3
22. Q to R 6 (ch)	K to K 2
93 Kt to R 7	P to Q 3
94. B to Kt 5 (ch)	K to Q 2
25 B takes Q	R takes B
25. B takes Q 26. Kt to B 6 (ch) 27. R to Q B sq (ch)	K to B 2
97. R to Q B sq (ch)	K to Kt sq
28. Kt to K 8	B takes P (ch
29. K to B sq	Kt to Q 6
36. Q to B 6	B to Kt 3
31. R to B3	Kt to B 4
32. R takes Kt	B takes R
33. Q takes R	P to R 3
33. Q takes R 34. Kt takes P	K to R 2
35. Kt takes B (ch)	Resigns.

## SOLUTIONS.

Solution	of Problem No. 137.
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Q Kt 5 2. B to Q 7 mate	1. P to K 4 (α)
1. —— 2. Kt mates acc.	(a) 1. Either Kt moves
	Variation.
1. B to K R 6 2. P to Q 5 3. Kt mates acc.	<ol> <li>P to K 4</li> <li>Any move.</li> </ol>

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 135. BLACK.

WHITE.

Q to Q R 8 2. Mates accordingly. 1. Anymove.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 136.

(Exercise in pawn play,)

Kat KB7 at K R 5 and K Kt 5

Kat KR sq Pawns at R2 KKt 2, KB 3 and Q 4

BLACK.

White to play and win.

EMPLOYMENT. We are offering good pay two enterprising men or women in each County. Send for the most complete Illustrated Chromo Catalogue ever published. W. H. HOPE, 26 Bleury Street, Montreal.

# **British American**

# MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent.

Capital \$100,000.

# General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange,

DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS. Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,

Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.

Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND,

President d: Manager.

# J. K. MACDONALD,

BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH, &c., 24 Latour Street, Montreal.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

In consequence of spurious imitations of

### PERRINS' SAUCE, LEA AND

which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature,



which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE

SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London,

&c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of

MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL.

14-14-52-156

# MARVEL OF THE AGE!

No House can be comfortably conducted without a

CALKINS CHAMPION WASHER



The most complete success of any invention that has ever been introduced. It washes perfectly and easily, without any hard work or wear to the clothes. Sares its cost, which is only \$7.50, in six months. No Family ought to be without one. Manufactured and sold by STOCKTON, ROSSITER & Co., 102 King Street West, Toronto. LARMONTH & SONS, 33 College Street, Agents for Montreal.

# CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. · Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain cheaply and neat'y done.

# THOS. CREAN, MERCHANT AND MILITARY TAILOR.

(LATE MASTER TAILOR IN H.M.S.)

SCOTCH TWEEDS, and ENGLISH SERGES BLACK, BLUE, and GREEN, for Suits, always on hand.

No. 435, Yonge Street,

15-95-94-979

TORONTO.

President.

# OTTAWA RIVER NAV. CO'S STEAMERS

BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Passengers by Day boat leave Montreal and Ottawa

Passengers by Day bon hard of the every morning at 7 a.m
By Night boat leave Montreal and Ottawa at 5 p.m.,
except on Saturday. Buggage checked through.
Tickets at 13 Bonaventure St. and at Railway Station,
Montreal, and at Office, Queen's Wharf, and Russell R. W. SHEPHERD,

15-21-26-259

DR. A. PROUDFOOT,

OCULIST AND AURIST Artificial Eyes inserted. Residence, 37 Beaver Hall, Montreal. 15-8-52-210

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine

# TO LET

AFIRST-CLASS BRICK DWELLING, No. 1464 Abbotsford Terrace (opposite Emmanuel Church), St Catherine Street, in good order, well drained, and rat Apply to G. B. BURLAND,

Burland-Desbarats Lith. Co., Bleury St.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON. OIL, LEAD, PAINT,

# COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS

IMPORTERS OF

English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and ·Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass.

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES CHEMICALS, DYE. STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &C.

310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,

AND 253, 255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.

MONTREAL. 15-24-52-268



CAUTION.—A great many Gentlemen buy their Shirts ready-made with a view to economy. If you really wish to study economy, the best way is to order your Shirts, which will cost no more and will keep clean longer than ready n.ade. Printed instructions and price list sent free. Address: list sent free. Address:

15-23-13-265

A. WHITE. 65 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

# THE COOK'S FRIEND **BAKING POWDER**

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

nevery family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save ha he usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

# THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME,
IT SAVES TEMPER.
IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS. 55 College Street

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

# NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

# CANADIAN MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

This VALUABLE MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been much improved during the past year, and now embodies within its pages the most Recent and Useful information published connected with Science and the different branches of Mechanical Trades, selected with particular care, for the information and instruction of Mechanics in Canada. A portion of its columns is devoted to instructive reading, suitable for the younger members of a family, of either sex, under the title of the

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY FRIEND.

SUCH AS

FLORAL CULTURE, NATURAL HISTORY, POPULAR GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS, LADIES FANCY AND NEEDLE WORK, AND SHORT PLEASING STORIES,

SELECTED NEW MUSIC. DOMESTIC RECEIPTS, &c.

The Canadian Mechanics' Magazine. with the addition of the

Illustrated Family Friend

PATENT OFFICE RECORD

Contains 16 full pages of Superior Illustrations and about 125 diagrams of all the Patents issued each month in Canada; it is a work that merits the support of every Mechanic in the Dominion, whose motto should always be

"SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY."

Price, only \$2.00 per annum. BURLAND-DESBARATS LITH. CO., PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS,

5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL

F. N. BOXER, Architect,

Editor.



FALL STYLE HATS Now Ready. Large Stock to select from.
ALL NEW GOODS. Prices Low. Large Hats to fit Large

Heads. TERMS CASH.

ONE PRICE. IOB C. THOM/SON & CO. 416 NOTER DAME ST., Cross over and see our "Nobby Styles." 16:2-13-275



New Work of Vital Interest.

Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. stg.

FROM J. WILLIAMS, P. M.

22, MARISCHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND. NORTH BEITAIN.

# A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

-Medical Advice to the Invalid

Medical Advice to the invanu.
 Approved Prescriptions for Various Aliments.
 Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Feeble Direction.
 Salt Baths, and their Efficacy in Nervous Aliments.
 The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.
 14 25-52-197

# ROBERT MILLER,

Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and

WHOLESALE STATIONER.

IMPORTER OF

Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS,

397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

WANTED, AGENTS to sell the MIRACULOUS PEN. Writes with cold water. No ink required. Always ready. Lasts one year. Sells at sight. Sample locts.; 3 for 25 cts. Address. MONTREAL NOVELTY Co.,

243. St. James Street, Montreal, P Q.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 out

DB. WILLIAM GRAT'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The Great English Remedy will promptly and radically cure any and every case of excesses or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is-perfectly barmless, acts like magic, and has been extensi-

magic, and has been extensioned before taking vely used for over thirty years after Taking, with great success. The Price: \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address:

WM. GRAY & CO., WINDSOR, ONTARIO, CANADA. Sold in Moutreal by all Druggists, and by all Druggists in Canada. 16.7-52-284

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING

# BRICK MACHINES!

Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES.

244 Parthenais St., Montreal.

BULMER & SHEPPARD.

THE FOLLOWING

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warminster, Wilts:-"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is awing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old.
"Remaining, Gentlemen,
Yours very respectfully,
To the Proprietors of L.S

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILL'S. LONDON. 16-5-52-286

# THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE. CAPITAL

ASSETS, OVER

Unlimited liability of Shareholders.

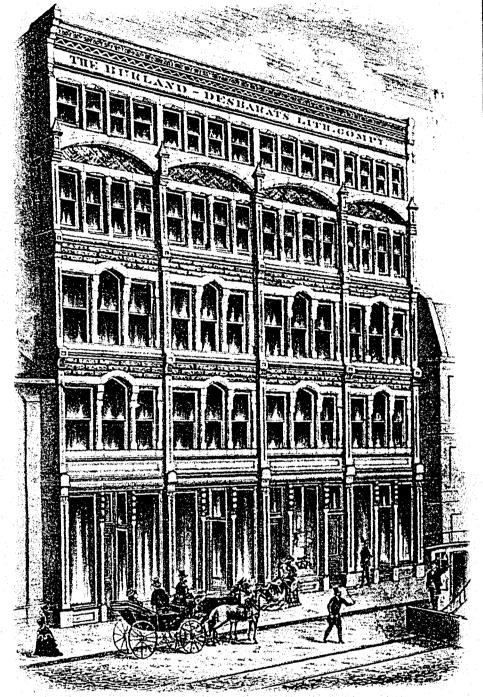
W. E. SCOTT. M. D., Medical Adviser, JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector.

LIFE. \$10,000,000

\$16,000,000 Agencies in all the Principal Cities and Towns.

H. L. ROUTH, Chief Agents.

OFFICE: 64 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal. 15-1-50-201



# NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

The Engraving, Die Sinking, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing Business

Heretofore carried on at No. 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, by the late firm of Buntland, LAPRICAIN & Co., and at

has been REMOVED to those substantial, commodious and spacious premises, erected for the Company at

3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET NEAR CRAIG, MONTREAL.

The double facilities acquired by the fusion of the two firms, the conveniences provided by the removal, and the economy and efficiency introduced by the united management, enable THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY to execute orders for every kind of

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING & ELECTROTYPING.

AT SHORT NOTICE. IN THE BEST STYLE.

AND AT LOWEST PRICES.

Our friends and the public are invited to leave their orders for every description or

ENGRAVING. LITHOGRAPHING.

> DIE SINKING. EMBOSSING.

TYPE PRINTING. ELECTROTYPING.

PLAIN, GOLD, & COLOUR PRINTING,

STEREOTYPING, &c., &c.

At the Office Bleury Street.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY A SPECIALITY.

To this branch the attention of ENGINEERS, SURVEYORS, ARCHITECTS, &c., is particularly requested; the Company being prepared to reproduce MAPS, PLANS, and DRAWINGS, in an incredibly short space of time and at a triffing cost.

ENGRAVINGS, BOOKS, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c., &c., reproduced same size or reduced to any scale.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES for manufacturers done by this process at very cheap rates.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

THE BURLAND DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY, 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

# WILLIAM DOW & CO.

BREWERS and MALTSTERS. MONTREAL.





Superior Pale, and Brown Malt, India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied.

# BELFORD BROS.,

PUBLISHERS,

60, York Street, Toronto, Ont.

Works by the Rev. John Schulte, DD., Ph. D.

# ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

Old and New. From the standpoint of the Infallibility Doctrins. Crown Svo. Cloth, \$1.00. Cloth Extra, \$1.50.

(From the Dublin University Magazine, Jan. 1st, 1877)

(From the Dublin University Magazine, Jan. 1st, 1877)

"The fairness with which he conducts the arguments is no less conspicuous than his knowledge. He does not suppress or misrepresent the views of his opponents, but gives full force to their objections and replies. His own views are set forth clearly and advocated forcibly, but without disingenuous sophistry. Nothing can be better than the tone and temper in which he writes. There is no trace of bitterness or violence throughout the volume. Its, Schulte uses no harsh words, indulges in no farce in vectives, pronounces no intolerent judgments. Such moderation and liberality as he displays are exceptional in controversy of any sort, and especially in religious in spirit. Yet they easing he ascribed to any want of real for truth on his part. He is throughly in earnest, firmly persuaded that Romanism is a pernicious error, and very anxious to impress this conviction on the minds of others. Dr. Rehulte's work may be of great service to all, whether Romanists or Protestants, who wish to investigate this matter."

Those interested in this able work will be pleased to learn that the Rev. Dr. Bakum, of Philadelphia, is making arrangements to have it published in Germany at an early day.

# HOW TO STUDY:

Hints to Students in Colleges and High Schools. Cloth, 50 cents.

(Extract from a letter from J. George Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education, Ontario.)

As a practical treatise for students, I know of none of the some compass, more valuable than this. I have carefully read it over, and would confinily recommend it to all students—beginners in our High Schools and Colle es.

The above works supplied by all booksellers, by the publishers, or by

# DAWSON BROTHERS,

Agents for Bastern Ontario, Quebec and the 15, 24-52-267 Maritime Provinces.

\$55 to \$77 a. Work to Agenta, \$10. Outfit FREE

MEN WANTED to and goods to Menous or no see 1885 a month. Service of Tarthire Grown or Tarthire Grown

WANTED MEN to travel and sell to Dendare our many and lamp gents. NO PEDBLING. Salery thorsel, bent-sea permanent. Rodel and traveling appeared paid.
MONTOR LAMP GO., 564 Main St., Concression, Omn.

USE

EXPECTORATING SYRUP,

Infants' Syrup & Tonic Elixir, 64, ST. DENIS STREET.

Corner of Dorchester.

AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

# E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS., Advertising Agents,

186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O., Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

TRANSPARENT CARDS, with your name finely printed, for 20 cents, RICH, RARE and FANCY, 1000 AGENTS WANTED, Samples Se, stamp. No Postals, Address A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N.S. 16-5-26-28)

Agents Wanted for "History of Turkey and the War in the East," by Dr. Hammond. Prospectus books are ready. Now is your chance to make money.

Address. A. H. HOVEY & CO., Publishers.
16-5-13-280 No. 48 King St., E., Toronto, Ont.

\$100 PER MONTH MADE BY SELLING our letter-copying book. No press or water used. Send stamp for circulars. Money refunded. A. ELKIN, Room 11, No. 46 Church Street, Toronto.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the Burland-Drahakath Littlegraphic Company (Limited), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street,